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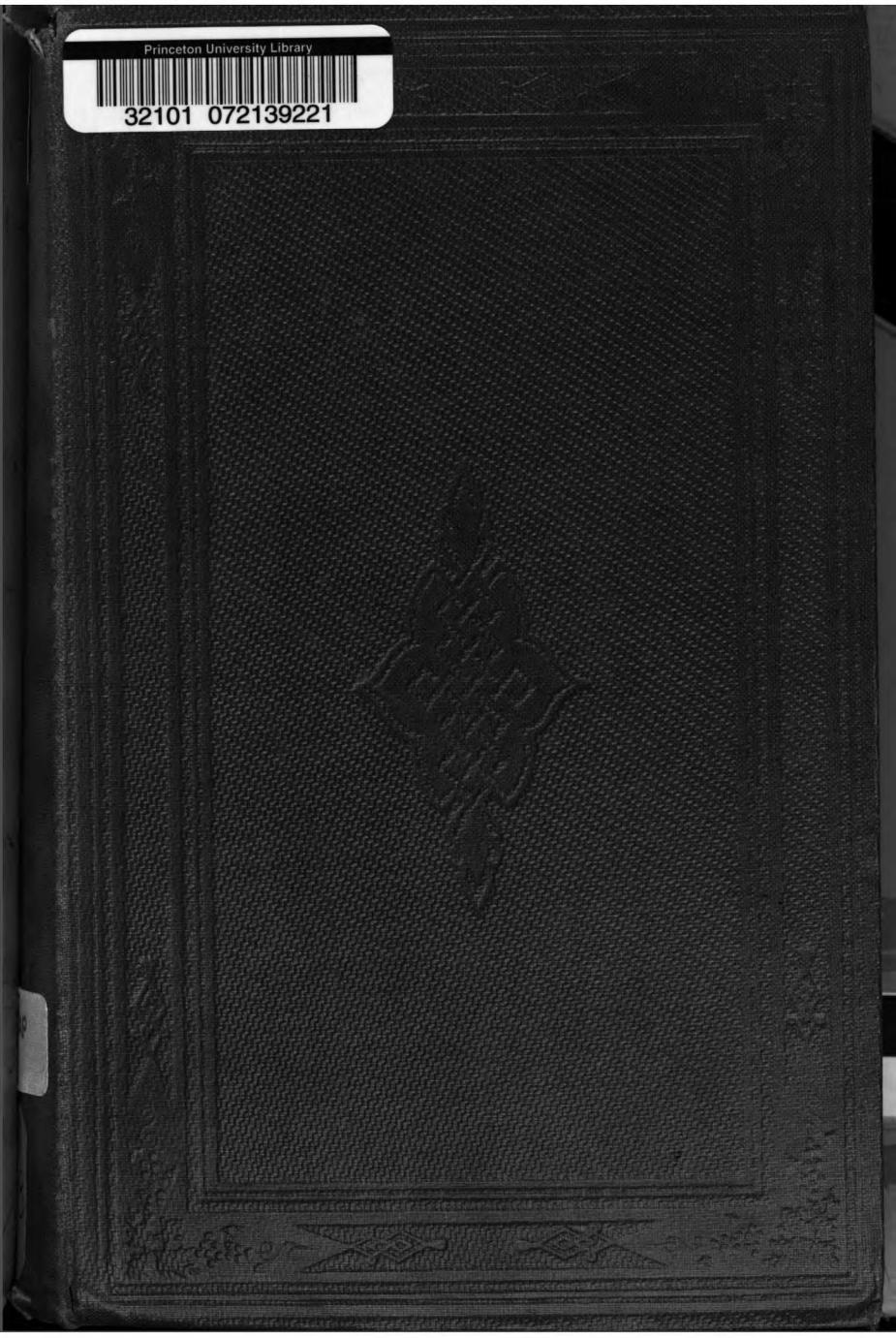
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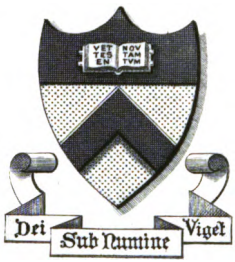

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ROCKS AT HAND. ROBBERS IN THE DISTANCE.

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THE SWEET SOUTH.

BY THE

LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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"THE SWEET SOUTH."

CHAPTER I.

No traveller in Spain ought to sojourn in Seville without paying a visit to Italica. In truth, it is really indispensable that he should turn his steps towards that highly-interesting spot. Culpably negligent would he be who, being actually in Seville, omitted to observe the ruined, deserted Italica, — that Italica which gave birth to three of Rome's mightiest emperors — Trajan, Theodosius, and Adrian; yes, he must not fail to inspect those fragment-dotted hills, once entirely covered with the superb monuments of the imperial city's pride, opulence, and glory, now so abandoned, so lonely. Call up, intelligent reader — call up to your imagination the scattered remains of that fine amphitheatre, where erst so many thousands, in wild excitement, gazed, murmured, shuddered, shrank, applauded, — now thrilled with horror, now startled with wonder! — call up to your mind's eye the dubious fragments of the noble aqueduct, or the crumbling remnants supposed to have belonged to the Emperor Trajan's armoury, — or those broken splinters of columns over which unheedingly hastens

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now the glancing lizard! What cares *he* so long as the sun is not a ruin, and so long as Nature's firm pillars remain unshaken? Empires, dynasties, states, institutions, laws, governments, may go — what are they to him?—far less than a midge's wing or a fly's drumstick!

"Man wants but little here below."

True, oh, poet-sage! but the lizard wants less,—a little food and sunshine, (which last, man, in England, by the way, does want particularly, and wants in vain!—) and air, and liberty. But let me return to Italica. Call up, too, the waving grass or the dusty hillocks, where such splendid pomps of old, doubtless, were to be seen, — and that uneven ground, which, perhaps, if excavated thoroughly, might reveal many more costly treasures of art to the connoisseur and antiquarian. Call up these, oh! reader —— and I hope they will come; but they certainly did not come to me; neither did I go to them.

For this I had the most cogent reasons; I infinitely preferred staying away, and liked being where I was.

However, for the honour of my description, I trust they *did* come to thee a little, and that they answered at once thy call and thine expectations. Dost thou not rather admire the coolness with which I cried, "Let me return to Italica!"—when I had not been there at all? In sober truth, I am to blame. I ought to have gone. Yes, I frankly admit that; and that is, perhaps, one reason why I did not go. Forbidden pleasures are said to be sweet. Bidden pleasures are rather sour,—such bidden, bounden-duty pleasures, as sight-seeings

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en règle, for example,—tiresome as constitutional walks or rational companions.

The idea of this deserted spot did not much interest me;—and truly, when you are in another place which does interest you, and going on to any other which also much excites your curiosity, it is a bore to have an Italica hanging over your head like a cold shower-bath of marble ruins, which you feel you must pull the string of, and bring about your already tingling ears,—guides, (generally a kind of torpedoes of talk,) descriptions, lizards, toads, damps, mould, weeds, and all, under the pains and penalty of being considered very slack and remiss; and besides the actual disagreeables of the toads and torpedoes at this Italica, you will have pattering about you the past Emperors Trajan, and Adrian, and Theodosius, and, pelting down, dagger-in-hand, the royal Moor, Prince Maron, (descended from Abdu-r-Rahmán Anasir,—and the clouds,)*—even Prince Maron and his elopement, and then the earthquake (which it is thought destroyed it), and the night and gloom that long environed it, and M. Boisel, who explored it, (and said he rode among† vaulted passages, and saw the most exquisite specimens of the finest sculptures somewhere, and had his laced shirt and his

* This Prince, at the age of sixteen (rather a precocious youth), being about to elope with the daughter of a slave, stabbed his own father by mistake, who sought to stop him,—he tried to conceal himself within these walls, but vainly.

† M. Boisel, in his travels in 1659, said he rode "under a portion of the vaulted passages, both to the left and right of the building." This building, I believe, is named *Los Palacios*, and is supposed to have been once the armoury of the Emperor Trajan. It is in a mouldering and decaying condition, it is said.

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redingote taken off him by shreds in its neighbourhood by admiring natives as reliques — of Parisian splendour, that they valued more than old sculptures,)—and eke bits of masonry, all in a mash, and antique fountains, with a wash, and mosaics, squash, and votive altars, plash, and sarcophagi, splash, and seas of shadow, lash, and the remnants of the great aqueduct, dash,—all poured over our poor heads — crash ;—and San Isidoro, and Alonzo Perez de Guzman—Guzman el Bueno himself, and then traces of splendour, and footsteps of Roman dominion, and the dust of ages, and indelible imprints, and mighty events and solemn reflections, all imposing in their own way as earthquakes and elopements.

And if—as sometimes happens—fiery eruptions accompanied the particular earthquake that visited and destroyed this place, a *douche* of liquid lava would not improve the charms of that bath.

Actually to have escaped all this thrills one with a sort of shuddering horror. Yes ! we shrink back, imaginatively shivering, and dreamily gulping, gratuitously gurgling, and contemplatively choking.

Mentally spluttering, we think on the magnitude of the deliverance we have had. Had we not felt already, with the exaggerated intensity of an excited fancy, a pitiless rush of ruins bubbling in our eyes (they being but the merest bubbles) bursting literally into our ears, pouring almost into our mouths, streaming into our nostrils, hissing into our very hair, and sousing generally over our much-be-ruined heads ?

No, when we must plunge into anything of the kind, we should like to have a more world-renowned and earth-famous scene for such hydrostatical expe-

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riments, where we can pick and choose for ourselves from something slightly visible and tangible, and so take, instead of this cloudy cataract, a sort of quiet foot-bath of mingled fiction and fact, or, have it gradually deepened and augmented to a fuller ankle-bath of the associative and auxiliary at pleasure, increased at will to a hip-bath of the historical and the hypothetical,—in short, just according to our fancy. But the visible and tangible, it seems, are pretty nearly wholly wanting at Italica. For it is not, by all accounts, that there is an actual Reality you are to see there,—there is hardly a reality of ruins,—but you have to build the amphitheatre from a few bare hillocks and broken stones, to rear up the walls from a pinch of dust, to construct the armoury from a crumbling heap, to raise the temples from a shattered frieze,—and to suppose the vanished birthplace, in short, of the best of emperors, (and the other two, to boot,) and to perform a great many other conjuror's tricks of the imagination: which are to be done, too, at the arbitrary bidding of your *laquais de place*, (who, bidding, benumbs you,) with his dreary drawl,—for little else is there to guide your day-dreams. After all, it is a sort of deluge of deficiency—a night-mare Niagara of nothings.

Yes, I shudder at the very magnitude of the escape,—for one may sometimes do that even a little! For example, there was really a poor man once—in the north of England, I believe—who was so horror-stricken when a bridge that he had just safely crossed over, fell, with a sudden and tremendous crash, into the deep river beneath, that he expired on the spot. That was certainly going very far; and I should think, decidedly, that that

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sensitive person was the only man on earth who ever yet died of not being killed!

In comparison with this, the feat of the Frenchman—for it really seemed a kind of *tour de force*—who died of looking at Trollhatten (the great waterfall of Sweden), which singular achievement I used to think bordered on the marvellous, seems a tolerably easy, and entirely credible, performance. Certainly you can understand this more readily than that a man should perish of being preserved—should be lost by being saved—be destroyed by being delivered, and have his final doom sealed by being in no danger whatsoever.

But I must not forget the birth-place of a leash of emperors,—emperors of Rome, too.—No! though Italica were ten times Italicised, I prefer remaining at Seville; and, in fact, great part of Italica is in Seville, and you would run away from many of its fragments, and remnants, and memorials, and reliques, by leaving this city, and, perhaps, not have time to look at them when you came back. "A poor excuse!" says some severe reader, himself a truly conscientious traveller, who never misses stopping or going to see an apocryphal anything or nothing that might have once been a Roman something, though most ideal may it have become, or most ignoble may be its present use or actual appearance. Well, then, I will make no more excuses. It was, undoubtedly, incumbent on me, as a tourist, to have gone to the exact place where Italica certainly is not; but probably should be. I ought to have conscientiously fulfilled the duty so plainly marked out for me, or, at any rate, perhaps should have performed another duty, and said I had been there, and conducted the excellent reader there too,

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in a quiet, business-like manner, without all this fuss about a little insignificant mile or two—and explaining, and gaps, and bother. I must console myself with the reflection, that if I am found wanting, so is Italica.

We saw some fine fragments from that time-wasted city in a dark, old room at the Alcazar. Little prized they seemed, left much as celery-sprouts are left, to turn pale in a dim cellar.

One of the most interesting things to be seen at that classical spot, I think, must be the tomb of poor Doña Uraca Osorio, whom Pedro the Cruel loved in his own very cruel way, and burnt alive because he could not kindle love's flame in her chaste bosom. A devoted maid lies buried at her feet, who, seeing Doña Uraca's dress partially consumed, threw herself into the flames, seeking to conceal her unfortunate mistress, and to shield and protect her alarmed and shrinking modesty, and who perished in the brave, noble attempt.

The conduct of the barbarous Pedro, with his new way of warming and winning hearts, reminds me of the mode of procedure more than hinted at in the supposititious letter I quoted in another work from our glorious Queen Bess to the unimpressionable Sir Francis Trejean, in which she tenderly reproaches that uninflammable knight for not loving her,—but, "By the Lord Harry, you *shall!* Not love me, i'faith? Fiends and furies! but I'll break every bone in your body on the rack!—I'll drag you to pieces with wild horses!—I'll do this, and more, and worse—and, Death! I'll *make* you love me!"

She might have parodied the king's speech to Warwick, ("Sir Earl! you shall go or hang,") "Sir

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Knight, you shall either love or hang!" and, perchance, the bold lady-killer, nay, Queen-killer, might have retorted in a somewhat similar strain,—"Sir" Queen, (and masculine enough she was to merit that title,) "Sir" Queen! "I'll neither love nor hang!"

The fair Uraca sleeps in the chapel of the venerable and ruined castellated monastery of San Isidoro.*

But let us leave Italica now (if one can leave a place one has never been at), and turn to the old convent of La Merced Calzada—Shoed Grace, or Grace in a Pair of Shoes (which makes one think

* The Sevillians made use of the hewn stone and the marble of the old Amphitheatre for constructing breakwaters and making roads. Part of the San Isidoro convent is said to have been built of the spoil from this Amphitheatre. A large portion of the Roman remains is said to have been employed in building the houses in Seville. Many varieties and curiosities were found during the French occupation of Seville. Near the Amphitheatre are, I believe, the remains of an aqueduct, supposed to have been built partly, if not entirely, in order to convert the adjacent arena into a sheet of water, at pleasure, temporarily, for the exhibition of nautical sports and naval encounters.

One reason given for the desolation and total ruin and desertion of Italica is the change in the course of the Guadalquiver, which washed its walls of yore. The river flows now at a considerable distance to the left. The earthquake, however, seems to afford the most satisfactory reason for its lamentable destruction and its complete decline.

The wretched village of Santi Ponce now stands on, or close by, the site of old Italica. Many coins have been found among the ancient remains; but Mr. Ford tells us the peasants generally, before submitting them for sale, by friction get rid of the "precious bloom, the patina and ærugo, the sacred rust of twice ten hundred years." Westward of Italica are some tanks that were the reservoirs of the Italican aqueduct brought from Tejada by the Emperor Adrian.

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too much of Goody Two-Shoes to be an imposing denomination). This is now the public Museum of Seville. It is a very ancient building, having been founded by St. Ferdinand.

As we walked towards the Museum, I own I felt a little afraid of being disappointed, so highly had my expectations been raised by what I had heard of its famous contents, and also by what I had actually seen of wonderful Murillo. For I really think, strange to say, the fear partly arose from the latter circumstance. Should I find him always equal to himself? Shall I meet with other paintings as charming as the "Guardian Angel?" Methought I must have seen the best of his works when I looked on the exquisite ones I had already admired! Possibly, after all, these Museum pictures might a little disenchant one.

As we proceeded on our way, we passed a man who seemed chaunting or reciting something. We asked our guide what it was. "Oh, no meaning; nothing; nothing at all; it's poetry!" Shades of Homer and Shakespeare! It was evident our *cicerone* had no more poetic fire in his composition than the terminus of the Birmingham Railway, or the Three-per-Cents. And still he went on his way muttering, "Nothing whatever. No! its poetry."

The prosaic guide seemed to have a great reverence, however, for the magical name of the mighty painter of Seville, and had duly pointed out to us his house in the *Juderia*.

This *laquais de place* was a rather pompous personage, and marched along the streets with his *capa* flying about with an air such as Henry of Trastamara might have worn when he came to reign

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here in the place of the departed Pedro. As he strutted along, however, he never failed to show us everything interesting and important, and to pause and explain anything connected with an historical event. We carefully attended to all these interstrut observations and remarks, and became gradually pretty conversant with much that is remarkable and interesting in Seville. But we are arrived at the *Museo.* Let a man put a white mark against the day when he first enjoys the truly delectable treat of feasting on the glorious specimens of marvellous Murillo which the walls of this building enshrine.

We will pass at once to the Hall of Murillo (*Sala de Murillo*). No fear of making a mistake in this. No need of a guide to tell us we are right, and no fear of being wearied here! And if all the pictures in this room beyond price, spring from the same source of inspiration, if they are all the work of one gifted genius,—independently of their nameless charm and glory of beauty, which would alone prevent weariness,—there is so much diversity in the various styles of this consummate master of his art, that many of his pictures almost seem like the productions of different hands—of distinct artists, yet all worthy rivals of the one Murillo! His first style was named *el frio;* it was decided, with positive outlines, and was rather sombre in colouring. The *calido* (or warm) was his next and second manner. The colouring now became more rich, while the outlines were still well defined and distinct. After these came the *vaporoso,* which is, as its name implies, the vapoury, and blending, and hazy.

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I suppose artists reckon the second manner the most perfect, but the *vaporoso* has many admirers, from its exquisite softness.

Strange to say, it is supposed by some that, mighty master as he was, Murillo quitted the *calido* style, and adopted the *vaporoso* because it was at that time the fashion, and brought into vogue by inferior artists—how inferior to himself! Another solution of this is, however, his being much pressed for time: we are told that, from having an immense deal of continually-increasing work on his hands and fast flowing-in orders, he had recourse to this as the most rapid method; and in this style he no longer so carefully finished his drawing, which previously to that time had been, as we have seen, most accurately defined, and most attentively executed.

A wonderful picture is the "San Tomas de Villa-Nueva!" and it did not spoil the illusion to me, that one seemed to know every beggar and poor object that is there represented, and almost every individual rag they wore. Never was anything painted, truly, so like-life, and very vivid life too—Spanish life! San Tomas is represented bestowing alms on the indigent. There are some repellent points about the picture, or, I should say, there are some points that would have been so in any other hands except Murillo's. But, as you gaze, you do not think of the hideous appearance of disease, the painful exhibition of suffering, the sad display of griping poverty, or the revolting symptoms of neglect and squalor; you are absorbed in the wonderful beauty of the picture as a whole, and you are chiefly conscious of the lovely presence of Charity, and of the atmosphere of kindness and benevolence that seems to surround this entire production of

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glorious art, as with a purifying halo—purifying as flame.

There is a rich, fervid, air-illuminating glow throughout this fine composition, which warms and flushes up the otherwise rather dark tone of the noble painting. Murillo is said to have produced this by using a ruddy-coloured priming, that gives a kindling, sunny tinge, through the superimposed coating of paint. Ardent admirer as I am of Murillo's works, I confess his colouring, priming notwithstanding, sometimes seems to me a little dissatisfactory, but only in some of his pictures; however, I speak very humbly, as a lay-woman in Art, and merely of my own peculiar fancies and prepossessions. As to his styles, I admire all; but the last two especially.

Who can find fault with the *vaporoso*, I wonder, when they look at "San Felix de Cantalicio?" It seems as if it was hardly the picture itself that was touched with these melting, misty tones, but as if it became sweetly indistinct to us through our being bewildered with its very beauty,—or is it through our swelling tears?

A lustrous, lovely haze, seems enveloping it, like a halo of its own glory, rich as the luminous-glancing effluence that floats around the superb dragon-fly, from the rapidity with which his own whirring, transparent wings, beat the air.

Beautiful *vaporoso* of Murillo! Methinks it is enough to make one like all vapours in future for ever, from Mohammed's shampooing vapour-baths to—*the* vapours even themselves!—aye, and eke the very vapours of killing charcoal, and the highly unodoriferous and unromantic ones of steam,—tolerably killing, too, sometimes.

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There is an exquisite gem here, which, had it not been so bewitchingly lovely,—so utterly beautiful a piece of perfection, that one could not quarrel with it, I might have been almost disappointed *not* to have been disappointed with!—so much had I made up my mind so to be, from the height to which expectation was carried by the commendations one had previously heard and read of it. This delicious little picture is the famous "Servilleta," said to be painted on a dinner-napkin (and to please a cook) by the enchanter Murillo. It is marvellously charming! I almost wonder that, after looking at this little masterpiece, every artist did not try painting on his dinner-napkin and doily, —or on the table-cloths, sheets, hand-towels, and dusters, on pillow-cases and pincushion-covers, with the usual exaggerated impulse of imitation, (from which it seems even Murillo was not quite free,)— partly arising from a dim hope of being similarly inspired!

This would have greatly increased the price of table-linen and household drapery, bleached and unbleached, probably; but I suspect "La Servilleta" would still have remained *the* "Servilleta," as it is now.

Luckily, however, this vain aping did not take place, or we might have had, besides the above-enumerated articles, framed and glazed pocket-handkerchiefs and painted shirt-collars.

If all accounts are true of the way in which old and, perhaps, once-famous paintings are occasionally treated here—especially by the authorities and superintendents in the immense Hospital called "*de las cinco Lagas*,"—(or *de la Sangre*,) pictures sometimes are turned into scrubbing-towels, de-

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cidedly, if scrubbing-towels are not turned into pictures.

There, too, it is said, they are often degraded from the walls to the floors, and used instead of carpets and door-mats; and it is evident oil-painted canvasses seem to these unæsthetic Huns and Vandals well adapted to stand in the place of oil-cloths. So there they are! This is treading the arts underfoot, indeed.

The charming picture that so entirely rivetted our attention (the "Servilleta") is altogether and absolutely exquisite. The heavenly child, almost springing from the Madonna's arms, seems half in the air. The "San Antonio" is a glorious picture. The St. Francis embracing the crucified Redeemer is also sublime. There is a beautiful "*San Juan con el Cordero,*" (St. John with the Lamb,) worthy of all admiration. The "San Felix de Cantalicio" is the picture the Spaniards say is painted "*con leche y sangre.*"

These pictures, and some others, are arranged in the Murillo Saloon. Such a saloon! The best of the masterpieces here came from the Convent de los Capuchinos.

Over and over again we returned to have a last look at those wondrous productions of genius,—as many last looks as *prima-donnas,* when they leave the stage, have last farewells of the *tableau vivant* they have so oft contemplated with delight in pit and boxes.

As will be seen by all I have said, I am truly a fervent admirer of Murillo; but I had half-begun a confession—shall I now proceed with it? I do not —and am almost angry with myself that I do not— very enthusiastically admire the browns, rich though

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they be, which are that renowned painter's favourite hues. The great variety he produces, still generally keeping such a prevailing tinge of that sober colour in his transcendant pictures, is really astonishing. For monks, and martyrs, and mendicants, the sedate hue he so much approved of does pretty well; but it seems scarcely suited to celestial and angelic subjects.

Nature herself loves not brown. In her gracious and sweet moods she carefully conceals every inch of the brown earth with varie-coloured vegetation or a verdant carpet. "Who ever saw a brown flower?" some writer cries (I think that delightful authoress, Miss Mitford). Certainly I cannot imagine a brown heaven!

It would take off, surely, much of our ideas of even the Archangel Raphael's splendour, if we supposed him clad in a suit of brown—in drab-tinted armour—in a Quakerish, William-Pennish drapery.

We have all heard of "celestial rosy-red," but who has ever heard of, or can conceive, celestial snuffy-brown?

We should not think much, I fancy, of an earthly king's glorious array, if we were told his coronation-mantle was of a lively mud-colour, turned up with a rich and resplendent dun.

However, there is much to be said on the other side, too;—and what question was there ever yet mooted or disputed that had not two sides?—generally, in sooth, they are octagons: some, indeed, are chiliahedrons! This colouring question, however, is not a thousand-sided one, assuredly, though it may have a *pro* and *con* or two. For instance, it may be said the Lord of Light, and Poetry, and Life, has, perhaps, given a hint to this

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mighty wielder of the pencil. The Sun and Murillo both love to tan their subjects with the walnutty, mahogany tint, that we have been commenting upon. And, decidedly, while a brown paradise is beyond what my imagination can paint (Bartolomé Esteban could paint it though, I dare say, and splendidly too), how many Spaniards would declare they had a very perfect and correct idea of brown angels —their own charming *Morenas?*

I must confess, too, Murillo's hazels and russets are the richest of all possible browns, and accompanied by warm, deep yellows. They are a good deal like the dyes of the sun-burnt *dehesas* and *despoblados* of cloudless Spain, with that ripe sun that has parched them up, smiling and beaming over them, as though to say, "I do this, but in love, not in wrath," and gilding that tanned and toasted earth till she looks like a huge bronze statue of herself. Still, though I know there are volumes to say for Murillo's glorious sombre tints, I cannot persuade myself to like thoroughly those burnt-and-pounded beef-bone-dyes, and olla and stew-colourings, for saintly and divine subjects.

Morales preferred the tints of the strong glaring red Estremaduran *chorizo*, he being of that ilk,—a brilliant ruddy dye; but you hardly like to think of a fair saint's lip the exact colour of the inside of a peppered sausage.

Velasquez, like Murillo, rejoiced in stews and ollas, and also supplied his palette from his platter. From dry bones these matchless sorcerers made flesh and blood, creating, indeed, a world of life under the ribs of death. From thence springs the name *negro de hueso*. We must acknowledge, in spite of these too savoury associations, from the

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culinary to the celestial seemed but itself half a step to Murillo.

But I have stood too long before these precious pictures, pondering over the deep, famous browns of this wonderful painter—a brown study, literally —and I must now turn to another master, though I could look at these delicious compositions of Murillo's, if they were as brown as a berry, and of no other hue, hour after hour, and day after day.

How much do we owe to those true lovers of Art * who saved these inestimable treasures from destruction, and gathered them together here for the enjoyment of multitudes!

Had they been left to the tender mercies of "Authorities," or the care of a procrastinating government, what and where might they be now? Some, perhaps, sewn into canvass-sacks for coals, and others hung in alien galleries far from bereaved Spain. This government can talk nobly and promise finely, but it is sadly like that Guadalajarean gentleman of whom the *refran* says, "*Escudero de Guadalajara, de lo que promete á la noche no hay nada á la mañana.*"†

There is an amazingly lovely "Concepcion" here, of consummate perfection, besides the other works enumerated, by the great artist of Seville.

With respect to the productions of other famed and illustrious masters in this precious collection, "The Apotheosis of St. Thomas Aquinas" is the finest picture ever painted by Zurbaran. Soult "came, saw, and" robbed,—and it was borne off to Paris, and had the honour of being placed next

* The canon, Lope Cepero, and Señor Bejarano.

†From the brave knight of Guadalajara take warning,
Each fine promise at night, still he breaks in the morning!

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to "The Transfiguration" at the Louvre, and the still greater one of being thought, when there, and tried by such formidable approximation, to be even worthy of being considered a rival to that marvellous and world-renowned picture. Zurbaran painted this triumph of genius when only seven-and-twenty.

There are other very fine pictures of this master in the *Museo*. Unfortunately, what is good here is too often in bad company, as a great many miserably-inferior attempts have been mixed with works of true value; all the rubbish should be judiciously carted away, and the real treasures preserved from vexatious proximity with the trash.

From the Cartuja came three of the superb masterpieces in this noble gallery, that are glorious, *still* glorious, although they are not improved by having been over-improved — in other words, cleaned, and scrubbed, and vilely manipulated. These are, "The Virgin protecting the Monks;" "San Bruno before Urban the Second;" and "San Hugo in the Refectory." These are all by Francisco Zurbaran.

The master of Murillo, Juan de Castillo, has some pictures here, as has also the master of Velasquez, Herrera the elder, distinguished by his spirited and vigorous style. Whatever may be thought of the pictorial performances they left to posterity (and some of the works of these two artists are extremely good and meritorious), they deserve undoubted and unbounded credit for the pupils and painters they produced and brought to such perfection!

There is a *terra-cotta* St. Jerome here by the renowned Italian, Torrigiano, the breaker of Michael Angelo's nose,—not his only title to fame.

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Torrigiano went to Granada, in the anxious hope of having the execution of the monument proposed to be erected to Ferdinand and Isabella intrusted to him; but the Españolismo of the Granadians prevented his attaining the object of his ambition.

After visiting England he once more came to Spain, and modelled an exquisite Madonna, of which numerous casts abound, and, alas! ended his days in the dungeons of the horrible Inquisition;—"*pour encourager les autres*," perchance,—who, seeing so noble a master of his art sacrificed, more, it was thought, to professional envy and spite than religious fanaticism (even bigoted as Spaniards were in those dark days), were likely to think twice before they came to ungrateful Iberia, to deck and decorate her with the rich offerings of their genius and imagination.

This building was founded by the Conquistador, St. Ferdinand. It was given up to its present use at the time of the suppression of the monasteries. The opening of this "refuge for the destitute" probably preserved the pictures that are now accumulated here, and that once adorned the convents condemned to dissolution, from a melancholy fate: their least pitiable doom might have, perhaps, been "*Andar de Zeca en Meca.*"* A public-spirited

* To go from Zeca to Mecca; to wander about. This proverb came from the following circumstance:—The Cordova mosque was called *Zeca* (or *Ceca*)—the place of purification (especially, I think, one portion of it—the *sanctum sanctorum*). It was considered by the Mahometans as a rival in sanctity to the one at Jerusalem (the *Alaksa*), and it only yielded the palm to the famed Caaba at Mecca. The Moro-Spanish devotee was, of old, supposed to have done the

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canon (Manuel Cepero), at a period when spoliation and annexation were playing terrible tricks, contrived to remove the finest paintings to the Cathedral, the Vandalic authorities thinking they did much in permitting a gang of galley-slaves to carry them there. Afterwards, by means of a private subscription (set on foot, and conducted by Señor Bejarano), they were in safety conveyed hither.

This *Museo* is by far the noblest provincial one in the kingdom, and the collection is, indeed, a splendid one.

whole duty of a pilgrim, if he visited this mosque (as that of Mecca was out of his reach). Hence the saying; and it implies a little what the English expression, going "from pillar to post," signifies.

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CHAPTER II.

THE streets in this city, like those in the Italian towns generally, are narrow. Thus, in the hot weather, the houses screen the passers-by from the sun. Seville, at present, is living in its upper story; for the wise people here vary their habits and habitations according to the season. In the summer these featherless swallows return from their winter-haunts to the cooler clime of the ground-floor.

We have been taking another rather long walk about the city, through *calles*, and *callejuelas*, and *plazas* innumerable; anxious to see all we can before we go. The names of some of the streets are not a little curious. There is a *Calle de A, B, C*, which ought to be easy to remember, at any rate, and other somewhat oddly-denominated ones.

As we walked along, our ears were assailed by the multifarious cries, and our eyes regaled with the various sights, full of "local colouring," that abound in this place. Here come a couple of *chiquitas* in diminutive mantillas, fanning themselves with a stately air and mien, while near them, do you see that group of youths—perhaps belonging to the University? How they are *tutoyer*-ing one another! perhaps they are young grandees.* There, round

* The grandees, it is said, are accustomed to *tutoyer* (or *tutear*) each other, considering the whole class as allied—*blue*-blood relations; in fact, first cousins (*primos*).

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the corner, appears a donkey, which, however, has almost *disappeared* beneath his brilliant-looking load of ripe, rich oranges, really making a little sunshine-glow around him in the cool, shady street. His master does not trust to his juicy wares being so very visible only, and he bawls out lustily,—"*Naranjas mas dulces que azucar, mas dulce que la miel!*" (Oranges, sweeter than sugar and honey!) Then come various boys and girls, who all help to give utterance to the many cries of Seville.

Next goes by a man softly playing on a guitar as he walks, thrumming it as if unconsciously, as another might "whistle as he went, for want of thought." Then comes a poor little grimy ass, loaded with coals almost from the tip of his tail to the tip-tops of his lengthy ears,—a great contrast to his orange-bearing brother.

The Sevillians seem exceedingly fond of flowers; quantities of graceful creeping plants are climbing about in all directions, and drooping down towards the street, as if they would entangle the passers-by in their odoriferous toils,—twine their hats with impromptu wreaths, or take root in the very thoroughfare, and strew the paths of the fortunate citizens with flowers and blossoms, or deck their shoes with natural rosettes. And now we walk for a brief space under a cloud—the deep shadow of a passing priest's wonderful hat, looking like a black haystack. What a gloom he casts around him as he moves along! cleverly balancing the huge affair on his much-enduring poll—if it tipped a little over his nose 'twould surely visit him with a temporary total eclipse!

But, really, from the composed manner with which he stalks by, you would suppose that actu-

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ally he had never seen his own hat—that it had positively dropped on his pericranium from the clouds; for it is difficult to imagine how he can appear so much at his ease while marching about in such superlatively ridiculous-looking head-gear, if conscious of the figure he is cutting. You might almost think he had got a child's coffin on his head, and was *en route* to the nearest cemetery; (however, we will hope there is no child there, dead or alive); or that he had donned a sable, Venetian covered-gondola; or, it may be, old Charon's boat, and he is ready to take that personage's duty on himself, and to ferry over "*las animas*" to the other side of the Styx at a moment's warning; for so grotesquely strange is this inflated, exaggerated head-dress, that you cannot for a long time get accustomed to it, or associate with it the idea of a simple, quiet priest, probably an excellent, worthy man.

But we are bound for the Caridad, which contains some of Seville's finest of fine paintings; and let us hasten our steps a little, and have plenty of time to devote to the treasures of beauty there, and to luxuriate in those gracious creations of power and genius.

"*La Caridad*" is, as its name imports, a charitable institution for indigent persons,—I understand solely for old men, of whom many may be seen hobbling about it, though, I believe, they are supposed to be bedridden; and this is part of the condition of their entry. Perhaps, however, when once taken in, they regain the use of their limbs, and the officials of the institution kindly blink their fault (of finding their own legs), stricken with an amiable ophthalmia on the subject of this dereliction

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of their duty. They are apparently happy enough here, in their well-cared-for old age; not a green—not even an olive or a rifle-green—but a very brown old age indeed; for a Spaniard, when descending into the vale of years, gets from nut-brown to coffee colour, and then to deeper muddy tints, and at last to a rather mummified tinge; and, in short, does not look as if in any sense his old age could be called green, so bewrinkled and befurrowed withal is he, as if every year, month, and day, and minute almost, had left its own score there, cut sharply into the bark-like skin of those much-lined visages.

More Chinese characters!—abstruse as those we remarked on the face of our old friend, the beggar-woman in the Cathedral. And, certainly, when you look at those complicated wrinkles, you can hardly fancy that the most hysterical of centipedes, or demoniacally-possessed of spiders, could have left more eccentric traces, if they had traversed and re-traversed those countenances at their leisure, and by some means unknown left their tracks deeply stamped behind. But whatever their complexions and countenances, the good old gaffers seemed comfortable enough, and had the air of much enjoying the otiose and lounging dignity of their very easy position.

The Caridad still contains great treasures of art, and did once contain more; but five magnificent pictures are no longer here; the paintings are gone, their places remain; and the blank walls appear dimly written over with gloomy and angry meanings, and vague and silent menacings. The mournful vacancies almost seem like gaping wounds on those bereaved, widowed walls — dire wounds

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whose scars will remain for ever. It is almost needless to repeat the old tale. Of course *here*, too, Soult "came, saw, and" stole!

"*La Sed*," and "The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes," by Murillo, are enormous pictures. The finest is the first (Moses striking the rock). The feverish longings of thirst are marvellously portrayed. Over the whole colossal canvass—over the entire mighty picture there is a hot, parched, dry, arid look, which almost makes the spectator himself feel the thirst, so accurately represented, that he is contemplating. A noble picture it is, indeed! The other, though grand, does not so much rivet the attention, or excite so keen an interest. The sculptured and painted "Descent from the Cross," over the high altar, is Pedro Roldan's finest work; but there is here a little too much frivolous flourish. There are, certainly, far too many fribbling additions and architectural appoggiaturas (if I may thus apply that musical term), and finical adornments and embellishments.

After examining the celebrated pictures which we chiefly came to see, and others, we found ourselves near an artist who was copying, apparently with great zeal, *empressement*, and attention, a picture not far from the end of the large room in which we then were. Anxious to have a glance at the picture which he was so eagerly employed in faithfully reproducing on his own canvass, and also at that carefully-traced copy itself, in which the artist appeared so deeply absorbed, we advanced a little, so as to have a full view of both.

It would not be easy to describe the horror with which we beheld the choice of the young painter. It was actually that terrible picture by Juan Valdes

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Leal, which is known commonly by the name of "The Dead Prelate," and which is famed for its hideous fidelity to nature, and its dreadful display of the sickening horrors of decomposition.

The artist, a young Spaniard, in a rather German-student style of dress, with longish hair and a rapt, earnest expression of countenance, delighted at the good taste he thought we had exhibited by coming to look at the hideous representation, was not inclined to let us escape easily. And, indeed, we stood there as if spell-bound. How true it is that often a frightful object will enchain the attention against the will, and force you to observe it, as if it were a beautiful one.

There is something of the same kind of indescribable fascination about this that some people feel about a precipice; and if frightfulness could transfix any one to the spot, a person might almost take root there, and fancy themselves changed, like Daphne, into a laurel, or like Niobe, into stone.

The artist himself, enthusiastically admiring this enchanting painting (which Murillo could not look at without applying a handkerchief to his face,—or, at any rate, he said this, or something of the kind), was very desirous we should admire it, too, and thoroughly appreciate all its excellencies, and with extreme politeness he pointed out all the tit-bits of this supper of horrors with his maul-stick, indulging in many exclamations in Spanish,—"It is so wonderful! so true to Nature! so beautifully executed! lovely! absolutely lovely! *Que hermosa! es una maravilla!* it is reality itself; 'tis life—no, death! Look! look there! and here! and there! and there!"

What these terrible tit-bits were I shall not dis-

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turb the reader's equanimity by telling him. Very wonderful! true; but very far more wonderful than pleasing. Suffice it to say, this picture of "A Dead Prelate" is a "*tableau vivant*," notwithstanding.

The young artist was such an enthusiast, and so carried away by the extraordinary perfection, as he appeared to think it, of the painting *as* a painting, that he seemed wholly wrapped up in it (and this opinion of his, on its merits, may be a true one, perhaps more than is generally known to be the case; for one should think few ever had the fancy to examine its charms of detail before)! He actually hung over it as an ardent admirer of loveliness might over some of the exquisite conceptions of Coreggio, or some of the brilliant beauties of Giorgione. One cannot but think, if this youthful aspirant in art has really thus brought himself to admire such dreadful horrors, Beauty itself must appear the reverse in his eyes.

Drag him suddenly from his awful object of admiration to a charming subject of Domenichino, —to a Venus of Titian,—and would not the lovely semblance, so utterly unlike his poor loathsome "Prelate," seem rather plain, and certainly very insipid?

What could have possessed Valdes Leal to deface his canvass with such a fearful composition? Sheep-walks of thought and design are tiresome, it is true; and but too often one gifted person monotonously treads just in the intellectual and spiritual footsteps of another; and originality is thus frequently swallowed up in a mental Macadamisation.

But it would have been better, if the painter

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could hit upon no brighter fresh idea, or strike out no fairer new composition or combination, to have gone on in the most unmitigated jogtrot, than fly to such hideous caper-cuttings of novelty. Aye! better to have clung to the most uncaracoling commonplace (in which equally his great powers of faithful execution might have shone forth) than have pranced out in such an original path, and frisked into such a novelty as that!

I am not quite sure of the fact, but I think this picture was at one time hung in the dining-room of some monks. However, I may be mistaken in the matter; but this I know, if it was not this identical picture, it was something nearly, if not quite, as horrible. Perhaps it was put there to encourage them in their self-denial: it would, indeed, be fasting made easy. Certainly, it is natural to suppose it would take away all possible appetite; and I should advise the master of some "Do-the-boys' School" to procure this copy of Leal's picture without loss of time, and hang it in the room where the wretched pupils eat their meals.

Very few visitors to the Caridad will ever have the agreeable advantage of admiring Valdes' hideous production under such charmingly or alarmingly favourable circumstances as we had. Not only was our obliging enthusiast at the pains of drawing our attention to every delectable monstrosity in the work, but there was his own copy—really marvellously well done—Oh! so startlingly, staringly horrible, so fresh, so forcible, so vivid, with all the shining, strong, clear hues of the newly put-on paint, bringing out every detestable detail with such glaring and atrocious prominence—such unmistakable conspicuousness—that if we have not

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exactly seven hundred and thirty nightmares during the next two years, we may consider ourselves somewhat fortunate.

The rapt enthusiast did not find out the horror with which his charming model, and his too accurate copy, inspired us. No, indeed; he had no eyes but for the exquisite representation he thought so inimitably bewitching; and when we at length made our escape, leaving him still murmuring fond expressions of admiration, I make no doubt he thought we fully shared his opinions, and were overjoyed to have had so felicitous an opportunity of studying this masterpiece under his appreciative guidance. He did not excuse us a single horror!

He resumed his labour of love, as we retired, with the air of a man who has done a good action, and conferred a real benefit on some of his fellow-creatures.

We rather gladly left the Caridad, somewhat revived and refreshed by the soft, pure air, and the warm, joyous sunshine.

Even the grey, mummy-like old men, who ought to be bedridden, but had rid themselves of their bed (perpetual) instead, looked rather pretty and pleasing, and fresh-coloured, in our eyes, after the ultra-frightful sight.

We passed on our way, after giving a *gratificacioncita* to one of the poor old inmates of the Caridad who had shown us about in the asylum.

Somewhere not far from there, our guide pointed out to us some fine blue *azulejos* (I think at the Atarazanas), which are embedded in a wall in the open air, and are said to have been designed by Murillo.

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Who would think of Don Juan—*the* Don Juan —Don Giovanni, the gay Lothario of Seville, founding this hospital? Such, we are nevertheless assured by some writers, is the case; and a curious tale, too, is connected with it—as curious as the episode of the marble man coming to supper with him, and *not* supping, but calling up some very ugly imps, who carried off the wretched host, by no means to eat broiled bones, but to be frizzled himself.

Don Juan—(before this festive event took place, doubtless, as those combustible little, live Lucifer-matches seldom give up their prey, so he had a relapse after founding the Caridad),—Don Juan was coming home, as was his wont, late one night from some vile orgies or other, at which were no such respectable persons as the statue of the grand *Commandatore*,—when he chanced to stumble on a solemn funeral, a gloomy contrast, indeed, to the gay festival he had just been attending!

It was a particularly melancholy-looking procession. Penitents veiled and masked, and in black, stalked slowly along, numerous mourners carried long yellow tapers, flaring dismally, and lighting the lugubrious spectacle. A taper was given him, implying an invitation to attend. He did not fancy this at all, and did not half so cordially accept it as did afterwards the stony-eyed Señor the bidding to his little feast.

He reluctantly took the taper, couldn't light it, felt like a man in a nightmare, and whispered to his nearest neighbour, giving him a slight nudge,—"Whose funeral is it? eh?"

"Whose? Thine!"

Don Juan thought the joke a bad one, and con-

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sidered that, if that were true, an earlier invitation would probably have been sent him, as it would seem rather difficult, if not impossible, to bury him, if he were not there; in fact, "unavoidable absence" on his part would most likely have thrown over the whole affair. There must be a slight mistake; yes, certainly, had the facts of the case really stood thus, they must have chiefly depended upon him, and urged his attendance sooner.

"The arrangement cannot take place without you, Sir. Sorry to discommode you; but you must really make it convenient to join our little party. (Dead, observe, quite dead.) We shall expect you without fail, at such an hour," &c.

"And they might have expected me," thought Don Juan; but, on approaching the open coffin (for, as usual, they carried the dead with the face exposed,) in sooth, he recognised himself! He had so often seen his features in the glass when decking himself out for gay scenes of revelry, that he could not doubt the very singular fact.

He was invited to his own funeral, *that* was perfectly clear; and as they seemed determined to do the civil thing by him, why, he decided to go, but felt uncomfortably cold, his limbs rather stiffened, and he was not sure whether he was walking on his head or his heels, nor whether he had any business to be walking on either, when he was going to be buried instanter.

He followed the bier to the church, at all events, by some means or other,—determined to pay himself all proper respect. Then monks and penitents began to sing very dolefully, and he joined, but did not succeed particularly well, having been drinking a little too much of the grape of Xerez;

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and he was very nearly shocking the monks, who seemed really exceedingly sincere mourners over him, by some notes of a chorus in honour of Bacchus and the ruddy wine, instead of a dismal and solemn stave in honour of his memory and himself.

There they stood in the church where his family were interred. He would not have been in the least surprised if his great-great-grandmother had suddenly stood before him, in old-fashioned garb. It could not have been more astonishing than that a man should follow his own funeral on foot,—or in any other way; or that he should be still standing there quietly, with both feet in the grave, to be his own chief mourner. Doubtless Don Juan began ruminating on all these remarkable facts. And what thoughts were they that entered his head? Perhaps something like this:—"I verily believe, now I come to think of it, that my great-great-grandmother died when she was only eighteen, and that she was a wonderful beauty. She died,—I recollect the old family histories,—leaving one lovely little daughter to transmit her charms to posterity. Yes! a famous beauty she was. I wish she would rise, by my soul! and give us her sweet society, for this place is as dull as ditch-water. Ha! I remember that beautiful picture of great-great-grandmamma in our family mansion! Yes, she died in the flower of her age—torn from her idolising husband, and all that! Beautiful! aye, such eyes! no such eyes in Seville now!—perfectly Moorish—immense, black as night; a small mouth, round as a ring, and ruddy as a rose's heart-leaf."

In short, Don Juan—that incorrigible rake,

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that incurable swain, at his own funeral, with his feet on his vault, and singing his own death-hymn, had fallen desperately in love with his own great-great-grandmother (what writer is it who gives us a fanciful sketch of this kind?) and only by report, mind ye, and the previous sight of a picture, — as princes in fairy tales manage the matter.

The young *Caballero* was roused from this sweet reverie by a nudge,—was it the lovely lady-ancestress herself?—he looks hastily up—a yellow-faced old monk, with taper as yellow, scowls at him, "The ceremony is over!" He supposes this is a gentle hint; he is a dead man—and a buried one, and must leave off day-dreams, and wake to a sense of this very dismal sleep!—for really the circumstances were so contradictory and odd, that the language referring to them is naturally rather inconsistent also. Don Juan fell on the damp, chilly pavement suddenly, and knew nothing more, save the fact of his being haunted by a lovely spectre or two, till grey dawn, when he opened his eyes with a remarkably confused recollection of monks, tapers, revelry, mourning, wine-cups, drinking-songs, burial-hymns, sweet great-great-grandmothers, with whom he was about to elope, young love and pouting lips, and *billets-doux*, and dancing, and dimples, and slender waists, and budding roses, and shrouds, and guitars, and ashes, and perfumes.

The Don had a bad headache, and longed for some sherry and soda-water; and a bad conscience, and longed for "indulgences." That conscience, in fact, stung him sorely, and he resolved upon founding a charitable institution at once. Here it is — the Caridad. But how he came ever to fall back again so sadly, I know not.

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Perhaps our lively friend reflected, what does it matter,—a man's being dead and buried overnight, if you are all right again next morning? What, indeed, are fifty funerals, if you survive them all, and are as well as ever you were in your life five minutes afterwards? He had no objection to go on sham-dying so till the end of the chapter, not he! Perhaps his love for his great-great-grandmother tormented him, and forced him to try and dissipate his low spirits by slightly drinking now and then, and so by little and little he fell back again to all his old courses.

It must have puzzled some of his gay friends, if they ever heard him singing to his light guitar,—"Beauteous little, little angel of a great-great-grandmother! Deep thy blushes when I met thee —ah! ne'er smile upon another!" &c.

Some tiresome, over-precise writers, insist on it that the hero of the midnight mock-interment was not Don Juan at all, but Don Miguel de Mañara; but I will be guided by those who declare it was the former; and far more piquant it makes the affair.

Among some of the poor infirm greybeards belonging to this asylum, and divers beggars that we afterwards encountered, what resemblances did we not trace to the personages introduced in Murillo's various glorious works! Ha! is that not Moses himself standing by that pillar? — Moses, whom we have just beheld striking the rock with his mighty wand! How comes it he is here — before us? Hasten back again, oh! revered one, to the gladdened crowds who watched thee with such deep joy. Thou wilt be there again, under that dazzlingly glaring sun — in that scorching

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atmosphere, before the bright, limpid, refreshing spring ceases to gush from the obedient rock!—before the fevered child who stood on thy left has finished the long draught of water, which his lovely mother was fondly giving him!

Surely there, too, stands, in an extraordinary disguise, the all-estimable San Tomas de Villa-Nueva; but when we saw him last, he was giving alms,* and is now soliciting them. Is it his humility that has thus made him take the character of a mendicant?

But stay! there, near him, walks along—rather trippingly, too—St. Rufina herself, but not five hundred feet high, after all!—a modest human height, as in the artist's beautiful production; but I am a little surprised to see the saint gossiping away with that cigar-puffing *contrabandista*. She cannot surely encourage smuggling?

I wonder, too, she should wear blue glass beads and others of divers colours, like a Triana gipsy. But then she was a potter's daughter at Triana. Ah! well!..... but just stop a moment. Hist! what says the saint? Let us reverently listen. "*Caramba! sabe un punto mas que el diablo!*" (He knows a little more than the devil himself!) Good gracious! that does not sound saintly. But she is thinking of that Giralda adventure, and the tempest, and the foul fiend's rash enterprise,—and possibly of some French general, who, she is afraid, *may* succeed in lifting the Giralda—in the shop-lifting sense (if war with France should ever break out again)—though Satan couldn't!

What says her companion? "*Jui! valgame el*

* The subject of one of Murillo's famous pictures.

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mengue! Churru! Por vida del demonio!" Enough! that *must* be the theme of their solemn discourse.

Let us pass on.—We feel rather bewildered! How many people here do we seem to know — to know so well, that we feel thoroughly acquainted with every feature of their faces, their air, their countenance, — the " very trick of their " smile or their frown, — that exact wrinkle, — that identical curve of the lip, — that precise curl of the brow, — that particular slope of the cheek,—that wave of the hair,—that peculiar carriage of the head,— that special and singular cast of the physiognomy, —all ! And all this host were introduced to us by that same sorcerer, Murillo. A most active master of the ceremonies indeed ! How multitudinous a company is under his orders, and how well he makes us acquainted with them !

Is not our alms-asking friend, in truth, San Tomas de Villa-Nueva? and is not the man beside him the very beggar he was before bestowing charity on, with the cloth bound about his head? But what is this?—another Moses round the corner? Who would ever have suspected the venerable patriarch to be given to such Grimaldi-like, conjuror-rivalling feats? No; as he comes nearer, I see that, though there is a resemblance, yet it is not him—Aaron, perhaps.

Sooth to say, very merry seems yon spectre of San Ferdinand, who, for some penance, or vow, perchance, has chosen to disguise himself in half an old cloak, patched in the rudest and most undignified manner, and rather more resembling tinder than cloth. Whether the wearer is a phantom or not, it is a ghost of a cloak, without doubt, if a ghost can be patched and mended up in places,

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and in other places have large holes quite through it. He is gabbling away, in a very free-and-easy way, with that cut-throat-looking lounger, part brigand, part *buhonero*,* half horse-dealer, half horse-stealer.

Certainly, too, it seems strange to see the grey-haired San Augustin so glibly chattering away to that flaunting *maja*, whom we may hear telling him about a bull-fight and a gipsy-dance! But, Saints defend us! what do I see? The much-mortified man, beginning a few steps of the *bolero* with that same saucy, smiling *morena*, all beads and flounces, knots, fringes, and colours. Fie, fie, San Augustin! Let us begone. But hark! what is he crying? . . . Why! it is the Lottery-man! — "*La Loteria antigua!*" San Augustin, indeed!

Is it possible, then, that these individuals are not the personages we dream of their being? Is it possible, at any rate, that it was not from *them* that the great artist drew his life-like subjects? Then we can only wonderingly think how marvellously like their great-great-great-great-grandpapas this generation in Seville must be, so similar are the marked features, so alike the gait, the form, the countenance, the walk. At this rate, one portrait in five or six hundred years would provide for all the representational requirements of a family in Seville, since assuredly all the great-great-grandsons seem to be the living images of their respected progenitors.

The fact really is, I suppose (although, no doubt, there must be a marked line of feature as well as expression predominating peculiarly among the

* Pedler.

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Sevillians), that Murillo painted his contemporaries so to the very life, that, by dint of studying his noble pictures, the general common characteristics of the Spanish—particularly the Andalucian physiognomy—are deeply impressed on our minds, and certainly, considering that as Spanish, like Oriental character, changes but little, and Spanish expression therefore continues the same (with, as I before said, a good deal of real similarity of mould and features), and the same bronzed hues of the same sun are still prevailing, and the same easy and noble attitudes, with the unaltered *hauteur* and negligence of old, are all unvaryingly retained — the difference can really appear but trifling—and the spectator's imagination, which has been greatly excited by those triumphs of genius, does the rest.

Proud, indeed, are often the attitudes the lowliest beggars here throw themselves into. Emaciated, ragged, penniless, half-starved they may be, but they retain a certain hidalgo air, which is in strong contrast often to their appearance.

What a stately skeleton is that leaning against that post, in another spectral shadow of a cloak! and a little farther to the right, what a Grand Mufti of a pauper is standing! and yet more remarkable than him, what a Magnifico of a Mendicant is the one to the left, strutting away, with his head as haughtily raised as if it wore a tiara, while he is majestically tossing a few threadbare strips of a *capa*, fluttering in the wind, over his shoulder, as if it were an emperor's purple, and asking alms of yonder *Caballero embozado* (muffled-up cavalier), as though he was loftily pronouncing a pardon on him for some offence! What a haughty hobgoblin it is, muttering away his petition in a

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stern, bass, deep voice, more and more impatiently, till you might think he was bidding the gentleman begone, desiring him to move instantaneously out of his path! Yet hearken a moment to these guttural grumblings:—"*Una limosina, Caballero! por el amor de Dios!*" But he is quite surpassed and thrown into the shade by that sublimity of a scarecrow advancing from the portal of that church, with keen eye, flashing fire, and a Lear-like wildness in his proud countenance. If ever a scarecrow was clad in the remnants of a Coronation mantle, surely that is the one! Yes, it is the very sublimity of scarecrowism—the triumph of tag-raggedness and of tatterdemallionism!

It is not only the grown men,—the *Caballeros*, and beggars, who look so fierce and arrogant in the sweeping folds of their noble national article of apparel, but the veriest urchins sometimes astonish you by their air of dignity and stateliness, when wrapped in a mere rag of their favourite vestment. That poor little fellow who has just bought an orange for his dinner is strutting along and arranging the folds of his cloak, as if he were Cæsar himself, when he draped himself in his proud mantle before his fall at the feet of Pompey's statue;—at least the majestic brat would do so if the folds were there, but they have dropped to pieces long ago, and left but a tatter or two behind,—only enough, indeed, to encircle his throat; but he imagines that whole cloak which is imperceptible to other eyes, and it keeps him warm, and covers him with dignity, if not with real drapery of cloth. So he struts along, flinging nothing over his shoulder, and tossing a void right and left earnestly, and settling gracefully the clasps of this

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vacancy, and muffling up his little dimpled chin and mouth in a myth, aye, and *unmuffling*, too, with true politeness,* and a good deal of bustle and ceremony, when he meets a little ragged playfellow in the street.

And now, as he in imagination removed his visionary cloak with a high and mighty air, our attention being drawn to him, do we not in a moment recognise the charming little *San Juan*, with his sweet eyes and gracious mouth? What an exquisite vision!

But how often are day-dreams dispersed rudely, and what are visions but smoke? Has not the little saint in a moment lighted a *cigarillo*, as grave as a seven-year-old judge, at its pinafored playfellow's *puro?* Then are we *desillusionés*. *Beso los manos á V. Caballerito!* The little smoker civilly makes way, but San Juan has vanished.

Stay!—is there not *there*, indeed, by that stall, one of the little angels this mighty painter has made us so well acquainted with? What a lovely brow! what orbs of light! what a smile and what a celestial countenance! And Oh! what a sweet ethereal atmosphere seems encircling him!—what a breath of Eden! Let us draw rather closer; but, mercy on us, what a whiff of garlic! The beauteous little being is stuffing a whole heap of it into his mouth! An angel gnawing garlic,—paugh! Sweet cherub, indeed! No, we must give the lovely angel a very wide berth,—the horrid idea haunts one,—'tis enough to make one think of Paradise itself as the *Kitchen*-Garden of Eden. Angel,

* In Spain, when a gentleman whose jaw is partly muffled up in his cloak, meets and greets another, it is uncivil not to remove the obstructing folds.

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avaunt ! aroynt thee — with thy vile handful of garlic !

We hastily pass on, every now and then catching a glimpse of some prophet or martyr (the former, perhaps, selling onions, and the martyr exceedingly comfortable — quite particularly so, indeed — lazily coiled up, half asleep in the sun), and of ancient beggars, of about two hundred years of age, wonderfully well preserved, considering, though naturally with eyes rather the worse for wear, teeth chiefly remarkable for their total absence, and tottering shanks, — but tolerably hearty still, for their age. Oho ! my worthy friend there, in the very attitude of thy portrait so many long lustres ago, surely thou canst tell us about the magical master ?

Wert thou not wont, as he hurried by, to place thyself in the position befitting a St. Joseph, to arrest his attention and wile some coins out of his slenderly-provided purse ?

Did not the young artist ofttimes stop and look wistfully towards thee, and then turn a glance of scorn at his own fair sketches of fruit and of flowers, though Pomona and Flora might have been deceived by these marvellous resemblances to their lovely originals ?

Hastily had they been roughly drawn, 'tis true, but still they were drawn by Murillo ; and now he is almost ready to fling them down in the narrow street, and follow his rising inspiration, — or to paint over those blushing roses and downy peaches with sacred heads and sublime countenances !

But no — not to-day. Prudence prevails, and with a stifled sigh, biting his lip and knitting his brow, he passes on to the market-place of Seville, to

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dispose straightway of his fair, slight sketches, that he may earn his frugal meal and hoard up a little sum, in order that, one day, he may accomplish his darling object—a visit to Madrid, to feast his eyes and soul on the wonders of the royal galleries there, and at the Escurial,—aye, and perhaps to see the renowned painter of the day to boot—the gifted Velasquez. And so, old man, that day thou didst not win thy coveted *ochavos*, and thou sadly saw'st Murillo speed onward, grasping his flower and fruit sketches, that he was about to sell for a paltry sum in the noisy market-place. For these little simple compositions he knew he ever readily disposed of to purchasers who would not have understood loftier works of art.

And, simple as they are in their fresh, delicate beauty, some of these hastily-executed little *ébauches* will find their way to the far realms of resplendent Mexico and golden Peru. And thou, old man!—but no!—thou never saw'st Murillo—though it seems as though *he* saw thee in his mind's eye, or thy paternal or maternal ancestor, his contemporary, was thy living counterpart, and thy paternal or maternal grandparent's complexion was roasted in the sun, to half a turn like thine!

The cloak, meseems, is rather a levelling thing, or rather it raises all to an equal height. Thus, though your ragamuffin looks splendid here, 'tis true,—I say not, as I was wont to do at Constantinople, "The beggars are the best-dressed people in the place;" for here the cloak arrays all right nobly.

At Stamboul, it appeared to me, you seemed to meet no end of decayed Sultans, and reduced Grand-Viziers, rather too proud—or too lazy—

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to ask alms very glibly, but more they gave you the idea of waiting for *you* to offer them humbly. How superior was their dress (the real old Turkish robes) to the hybrid habiliments of the pachas and rich men! But here, as I said, such is not precisely the case. The cloak is majestic on all. In this city, indeed, you constantly seem to run against broken-down grandees, — grandees of five hats without one,—used-up chivalrous knights and fierce warriors without steeds, spurs, or swords, and destitute princes without as much ground as their own shadow covers,—which verily is little enough, (inasmuch as the Arab salutation, "May your shadow never be less!" seems on no occasion to have been addressed to them; at least, if it has, 'twas with very little effect, for theirs has been getting less and less, till the lean, half-starved beings, look like shadows themselves, and the poor shade is next door to the merest nonentity). But the *Caballeros* and the wealthy, prosperous nobles too (always supposing there are such), are at least as bravely attired —for they retain their national garb.

The universal cloak is majestic on all. No! not quite on all; for there comes a mortal of very mean aspect, though be-mantled up to the chin,— submissively he follows a right Spanish-looking lady, all in a flutter of fan and flounces. Observe! the henpecked Don has been commanded to take care of the lap-dog, which in its turn rather snubs him. Poor fellow! he looks as if he had been a gay *majo*, once upon a time, but Death and Marriage humble th eproudest—*Casarás y amansarás*. ("When you're tied, you're tamed," or, "when married, muzzled.")

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CHAPTER III.

We went to see Triana, as most visitors to Seville do, and well might we be surprised, when we arrived there, at beholding the immense variety which the colour I love not—brown, can display. Really, after seeing this, one can almost imagine that a Quaker harlequin might present a pleasingly diversified appearance.

The gipsies there, in short, who flocked around the *busné*, chattering vehemently in their strange tongue, were of unimaginably various shades of that earthly tint, from the faintest *soupçon*, and least *nuage* of the palest snuff, to the darkest and deepest mahogany; rosewood, walnut, dingiest oak, and I know not how many other woods, were represented there, besides minerals innumerable, berries, and all kinds of chocolate colour, and cigar-colour, and Russia-leather colour, and toast-and-water colour, and mud tints, and gutta-percha hues. You began to think a very fair rainbow might be made up of brown alone!

How fast the Zincali gabble away their curious Roumany, their half-Hindoo dialect (or more than half, for what I know); and how the deep, dark eyes of the "*callees*" flash in the sun! and how the little Zincalies, whose name is legion, show their white teeth, relieved by their deep crimson pome-

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granate mouths, till these look, as some Irish poet, I think, phrases it,

"Like strawberries smothered in cream,"—

crame—I beg the Hibernian's pardon—I ought to have said. Their white teeth are also relieved by skins naturally dark, and totally innocent of the vile arts of soap and water. Look at this Zincaletito peering up under our parasols. Might you not take him, and mop and sop, and soak and spunge, and brush and bathe, and rasp and rinse, and wash and wipe, and grate and rub, and soap and scrub, and scour and scrape him for a couple of years or more, and not wholly cleanse nor excavate his countenance?

These Zincali generally follow the occupations of mule-shearers, smugglers, horse-doctors, horse-dealers, and horse-stealers too, probably on occasion.

Here often take place the *funciones de Gitanos*, *arañas*, and *jaleos*, and the locality frequently resounds with the buzz of many alien tongues, for travellers fail not usually to pay Triana a visit,—whether in compliment to the departed Emperor Trajan, from whose name its appellation is supposed to be corrupted, or to Saints Justina and Rufina, whose potter-parent here made jugs and jars, or to the lovely black-diamond-eyed "*Errate*" (the genuine gipsy blood—their "*sangre azul*"), I cannot undertake to decide.

Often, too, the air of this ancient and celebrated suburb echoes with the *requiebros*, *chistes*, and *chismografia* of the *majos*, who love lounging here among the smugglers and mule-croppers.

These Triana gipsies do not follow the example

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of their famed Granada brethren, who, I hear, are regular troglodytes, living in subterranean cavities. That must have some advantages too: for instance, your hare then, perhaps, occasionally catches itself for you; and Mrs. Glasse's dictum is no longer a necessity,—"First catch your hare." The unlucky animal, running over-hastily from some other danger, perhaps, runs exactly, not into your arms, but on to your roasting-spit. This is particularly likely, if he is short-sighted, and has no eyeglass, or if he is old-sighted, and has forgotten the spectacles the German tale so thoughtfully provides him with (when he takes the old gentleman's gun and glasses and goes out shooting sportsmen); or, it may be, a youthful rabbit, heedlessly gay, or preoccupied with thoughts of some parsley banquet, who may find himself suddenly in the pot, plump, and part of an olla, side by side with a cat, before he knows where he has got to. There are certainly some conveniencies appertaining to the subterraneous style, rude and unfinished as these underground houses are said to be, almost roofless and of the most rugged kind. Your dinner thus may come running to you on four legs, dishing itself up, as it were,—inviting itself to your table, not exactly as a guest, but that which is far more necessary, and taking pot-luck (for *you*) in a most original fashion. Yes! these troglodyte abodes must be capital unpremeditated traps for careless game, who thus become unintentionally *self-poachers;* for it is their own thoughtlessness that converts your innocent house in this manner into a trap.

We were amused by the comical appearance of a little brat with a huge fool's-cap on; at least his head-gear closely resembled that article of attire, of

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so uncomplimentary a nature to its wearer (and the more suiting that wearer, the more uncomplimentary), terminating in a tapering point. It was also like the hideous caps worn by the poor heretics when going to the *auto da fés* of old. Such a sly, merry little vagabond was this fool's-capped *chico!* The small burnt-sienna-tinged fry swarmed around us, as usual, attracted by the sketching apparatus, and by the actual drawings commenced.

Every now and then the adult portion of the coffee-coloured crowd swept away vigorously, as with several large invisible brooms, those little brownies, as if they had been really as puny and diminutive as the fairy creatures of that denomination. Away they retired, a living wave, with a hissing sound, partly laughter, partly complaint, like a retreating billow of the sea making its curious, half-grating noise against the pebbles and shingles.

But as fast as they disappeared, this our little rogue ever reappeared: he truly seemed a "brownie" *in propriâ personâ*. You saw him driven back with the rest, carried far away by the pressure of the juvenile throng and the toddling crowd, and the next moment there was the little *homunculus* at your elbow again, long before his companions had rallied, with his singular visage, so shrewd and sharp, that it had an old-mannish kind of air, with the most childish features. At last he was seriously repulsed; the whole readvancing body of infantry was driven back again with great loss—of rags, and tatters, and scraps, and odds and ends, left behind them! Calm prevailed. Not a boy-Jack of them was visible, or *audible*—more wonderful by far. Now to finish sketching in

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peace the Shepherdess's profile; for the name of one of the picturesque *Gitanas* was *Pastora* (shepherdess).

One glance upward, before pencil meets paper, at the finely-cut nose and chiselled mouth, and what meets the gaze but that little monkey's grinning phiz, under the huge fool's-cap, looking more laughter-provoking than ever.

Master Juanelo wanted *his* portrait taken, of course,—and thought himself in his magnificent towering cap very much more worthy of being drawn than quiet, serious Pastora, who had no fool's-cap on,—who had nothing at all on her head, forsooth, but a midnight mass of raven hair twisted and twirled about in long heavy braids and bands, and sweeping down on the bronzed shoulders like drowsy snakes coiled idly on sunburnt banks,—snakes dreaming of a near paradise. So his likeness was sketched duly, as well as Pastora's.

Another gipsy family we visited boasted of a great deal of beauty among its members. There were two very handsome sisters, serene and stately-looking, and with fine but marked features, and superb hair and eyes. A younger brother, a boy about twelve, was still handsomer, with beautifully classical features and extraordinarily rich colouring: he looked like a picture of some old Italian master that had stepped out of its frame, and put itself in disguise, to see a little of the world.

It struck me that his beautiful features were not like the usual Gitanesque type; but there seems a great variety of mould, *contour*, and expression in these Spanish gipsies. A very strong contrast does this dissimilarity present to the

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sameness exhibited by some of their Hungarian brethren. I recollect being at a place in Hungary once where there were immense numbers of gipsies assembled together at work (the race abounds much and mightily in that country). What their occupation was I forget; but one curious fact I very distinctly recollect, and that was, that they all looked *exactly* alike! It had the effect of seeing one face indefinitely multiplied in a vast number of mirrors arranged for the purpose, as I remember remarking a host of looking-glasses in curious juxtaposition some years since, placed in a beautiful room in the Palace of Compiègne, which had once been the Duchesse de Berri's *boudoir*, I think, and was left just as she had had it furnished and decorated. A person must get rather tired of themselves, it seems to me, living in such a room, with a thousand selves perpetually around them.

But to return to the Hungarian gipsies. Not only the shapes and lineaments of the faces were precisely similar, but the colour of the complexion was completely identical. One dull, unvarying brunette tint, overspread every cheek, chin, nose, brow, and throat of the whole immense assemblage. You might have thought they had covered all their faces with Russia-leather masks. And then the expression, too, was the same—absolutely the same!

They seemed each to possess no more an independent and distinct character of their own than they did a distinct and independent complexion, an original chin, an individualized cheek, a self-relying mouth, a characteristic ear, a distinguishing profile, a nose upon its own hook, or temples on their own foundations.

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It really seemed a little population of thousand Siamese-twin-power.

Neither can I say that this rather insipid concourse in any degree adorned their insipidity, at least, by the fact of the features, colouring, and form being very pleasing or lovely.

The first were decidedly of the order snub—unmitigated snub; Nature seemed to have stopped short in her work—the nose of each came to an untimely end; the chin in each seemed "cut shorter"—blunt and abrupt; the brow flattened and unfinished-looking.

The mighty Dame, being determined to save herself trouble and make them all alike, thought evidently it was not worth while to bestow any very positive traits upon this tribe; and, indeed, she possibly reflected that the idle fit which produced such monotonous uniformity would be more apparent and conspicuous, perhaps, if the faces showed prominent aquiline noses, finely-rounded chins, large, well-cut eyes, and marked foreheads, than if she made each feature of a most unpretending kind; so she suddenly broke off in her labours, and added not even the usual graceful tip to the nose, the oval point to the chin, or the rising sweep to the forehead; — and there was the result, — countless faces, stunted and obtuse, that looked not only as if they belonged to one body, but as if they appertained to some unfortunate composition-dolls, whose nasal feature generally gets worn very flat, and well-nigh obliterated, after the poor puppet has been in contact with this rough world a short time, and whose chin is too rapidly half-effaced, and condemned to reduced circumstances

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by "many a hard rub" in this troublesome, mortal existence.

But where is Triana all this time, and our comical *chico*, the little unwashed, with his sloe-black eyes, and eke, haply, sloe-black hands, to boot,—and Encarnacion, and Dolores? Let us at once go back to the latter, and finish their pictures. I am rather provoked with them for not having Gitana names, instead of these common Spanish ones. I dare say they have Roumany appellations besides; but I was told, I think, they are obliged to be christened by such names as the above, when christened at all.

I should strongly suspect, I own, that, in general, their ceremonies of this solemn kind at Triana were of the rudest and briefest;—for example, their marriages are probably a little like those Californian unions, which are said to be accomplished through an instrumentality and machinery of much simplicity; *videlicet* (as described by a Californian authority), a couple of nods and a five-dollar prayer.

The pictures of the Zincali took some little time completing, and one great difficulty was to get the exact tint of their rich, dark skins.

When the portraits were finished, they looked much more like red Indians, after all, than brown Spanish gipsies (who are, sooth to say, much like handsome mulattoes).

Their fine hair was dressed and arranged in a very peculiar manner,—made to fall from the ears something like a natural ear-ring, and singularly twined and twisted.

We visited some other interesting spots in Seville, and got home as glum Twilight was think-

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ing of coming out of her hiding-place, with the owls, and prowling about in all the many grotesque shapes we see sometimes when she is abroad. The African Zulus, indeed, pay her a pretty compliment, when they call her "The eyelashes of the Sun;" but they are an imaginative people, and speak of ice, we are told, as "water fast asleep." May civilisation never intrude on them to destroy their wild, glowing fancy, and give them kitchen-tongs and boot-jacks in place of winged phantasies and rosy dreams!

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CHAPTER IV.

THE University here was built by the Jesuits in 1565–79. The designs for it were executed by Herrera. It contains some very fine paintings; and there are a few curious *imagenes de vestir* within its walls, by Montañes, as well as some statues by that admirable artist. Roelas here particularly shines. There are also in this edifice some magnificent sepulchres of the Dukes of Medina Celi.

A profusion of churches rear their hallowed fronts in Seville, many of them containing truly interesting monuments and pictures; but particularising the latter would take too much time and space.

The names of the chief churches are San Salvador; San Clemente, which has a fine *alerce*-wood roof; Omnium Sanctorum (formerly a mosque, —it boasts a Saracenic tower and arch); Santa Maria la Blanca (once, I think, a synagogue); San Martin; San Pablo, where there is a Retablo of great splendour; San Pedro, in which there is a celebrated picture by Roelas, of "The Deliverance of St. Peter by the Angel;" San Andrés; San Juan de la Palma (also said to have been a mosque of old,—a Moorish inscription informs us that this

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fine temple was *re*built by Axataf in 1080, &c.); San Bernardo; and San Antonio Aben. Besides these, the ecclesiologist may also visit San Julian; San Lorenzo, where is a grand image by Montañes, Il Nuestro Señor de Gran Poder, and, in the *retablo*, a San Lorenzo and four medallions by the same wonderful genius. Indeed, there are few churches in Seville that he has not contributed to adorn.

San Miguel is a very old church. There is a work of Montañes here,—a representation of our blessed Saviour. In San Alberto are some Pachecos and a *Via Crucis*, nominally by Cano, but doubtful. Soult changed this church to a cartridge-manufactory, and the French made fire-wood of a superbly fine *retablo* by Roldan. Thus they cheered themselves up with capital logs at the time, and warmed future generations, too—with ire and fiery indignation.

San Isidoro contains "El Transito," the *chef-d'œuvre* of Roelas.

In Pre-Gaulite times the churches here "literally groaned" (as veracious chroniclers say of festive dining-tables) under tumuli of treasure, and piles of plate; but now, if they groan at all, it is generally over the want, and not under the weight, of such precious articles.

The Casa de Pilatos is a very curious house, now belonging to the Dukes of Medina Coeli. It is said to have been built by order of Fadrique Henriquez de Ribera, to commemorate a visit he paid, or a pilgrimage he made, to Jerusalem; and it is supposed to be an exact copy of the real house of Pilate. We were told the materials were all removed from Jerusalem itself, and the house re-

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erected here precisely as Henriquez de Ribera had seen it in the sacred city; but, I believe, this is a *roman de cicerone.*

The uneducated and very credulous among the inhabitants of Seville are of opinion that here Pilate lived in very truth! but the good *ciudadanos* must confuse Spain, and the Holy Land, and Jerusalem, and Seville, in a strange way, indeed, before they can think this. However, everything that I saw myself, and knew, and heard, of their extreme simplicity in all geographical matters, makes me think it perfectly possible that they may suppose Palestine is somewhere in a retired nook of Spain. In short, they have a vague idea that Spain contains the world; and as to the other countries—why, they are all in some out-of-the-way outskirts of that world which is thus held in their universal Spain. Still, how came they to think part of Jerusalem could get thus jumbled into Seville?

Before I give any account of the Casa de Pilatos itself, I must mention that it is consigned now to the care of an agent, who resides here, it seems, with his wife; and a charming residence, on the whole, it must be, I think. We were ushered into a suite of their rooms while we were kept waiting a little while for the showman of the place, and also, I fancy, because our *guia* had a great wish we should see some modern paintings that are to be found here, and had asked permission for us to do so.

These various pictures are all executed, we were told, by the agent himself and his accomplished wife. The one painted the landscapes, I think, and the other the figures. Many of these productions are really quite charmingly done for amateurs; and those that particularly interested and amused us

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were cleverly-finished coloured sketches of national costumes and character.

There was one painting, still, (if I remember correctly,) on the easel, of a *maja* of Seville in full dress, quite capitally done — the charms a little exaggerated, perhaps, that was all. The feet especially (finished with an excess of elaborate care) were the most extraordinary feet it was well possible to imagine, and the shoes were equally extraordinary with the feet; and how the mere mites and shreds of satin coverings could possibly be supposed to be retained on those depicted pedal atomies without a positive miracle,—seemed a profound mystery, but verily it is equally astounding in the reality. Speaking moderately, the *piés* in this portraiture were about the small size of two humble-bees! This, however, must refer solely to the length; unfortunately they were far too broad in proportion (the fault I have always observed in them). This directly gives a slightly hoofish look, as in the concise Chinese feet. In fact, brevity, breadth, beauty (the last according to Sevillian fancy only), all run to extremes in these extremities.

If they could be equally abridged, and yet sylph-like and narrow, of course they would look like the fairy Peribanou's own little pedestals; but then, without doubt, the consequence must be, the fair creature supported, or rather unsupported, by these miniatures, must tumble upon her nose, repeating this evolution at every step, to the entire discomfiture and demolition of that necessary feature. As it is, one cannot imagine any one preferring the snubbed, stubby, dumpy, cut-short, blunt, truncated air of these charming stumps, to the delicate

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slimness and aërial lightness of a French foot, for instance.

The countrymen of the little squat feet (that are invested with that pug-nosed kind of expression which their stumpiness necessarily gives), however, greatly admire them, and criticise others sharply. A favourite *chiste* (joke) of theirs is, that a capital pleasure-boat for the Guadalquivir, large enough to hold half-a-dozen rowers at least, was manufactured out of the satin dancing-pump of a fair Señora from Germany. Nor do the English and French escape. The Sevillians are no *Afrancesados* in this.

Various other *Andaluzados* of the same kind attest their belief that, out of Spain, feet may possibly be useful, but not ornamental, and that there is no hope for toes whose protecting shoes may be used indifferently as slippers or coal-barges, — *zapatos** or coffins (minus the lid).

Spain, in short, stands, pretty steadily too, and very proudly stands, (whatever may be the political footing of the nation,) on these tiny but rather squarish morsels of sole-leather, — on these wee, dainty, but a thought tub-shaped, and somewhat tucked-up, and a trifle thickset little trotters; and stands *by* them, too, right gallantly and devotedly. In the meantime, when squeezed into the shortest of shoes, these really sometimes slightly resemble, — but put your ear *quite* close, dear reader, — a little closer, pray, — a fairy's club foot! Spain and Seville forgive me!

We left this amusing and interesting studio with regret, and proceeded to examine the rest of the singular mansion, which, but for these talented

* Shoes.

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inhabitants, would be wholly deserted and neglected,—left to the owls, rats, winds, ghosts, cobwebs, shadows, damps, and echoes, and the other indwellers or visitants of the same kind, who appropriate but too many residences in this delightful land, which might be well called the paradise of rats, and the seventh heaven of spiders.

The first *patio*, adorned with the usual beautiful marble columns, leads into a second court.

I have been informed, by the way,—since I wrote, in some Chapters back, that there are eighty thousand marble pillars in Seville,—that there are in reality a hundred thousand.

I am sure I, for one, am not inclined to gainsay this, for every *patio* you peep into, as you walk along, seems swarming with them. 'Tis a perfect stiff-necked population of pillars, a whole stubborn generation of proud and polished shafts. Would that there were as many firm "pillars of the land" figuratively, as there are materially here. Then might tottering Spain be worthily upheld.

The second court above named has circular Saracenic arches, supported, of course, by the inevitable marble columns. One cannot but think that in this city, among such a superfluity of fair marble shafts, they must seem common in Sevillian eyes as old painted posts and rails in ours; indeed, the former would probably be quite bowled out by the latter here, if imported, whose comparative rarity, could they be thus introduced among them, would doubtless greatly charm the citizens.

A fountain decorates the centre of the *patio*, and large but injured statues of Minerva and Ceres adorn the angles. Around this *patio* runs a gallery, and above this is another gallery sustained: in the

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latter the columns are of more slender proportions than in the former. Lavish Saracenic ornaments admirably grace the arches below, and Mosaic *azulejos* embellish the walls, which are still further enriched by elliptical recesses, containing Roman busts of emperors and heroes.

The hall that leads from this court also has its walls garnished with Mosaic *azulejos*, and fantastical harlequinades, and above them is a profusion of delicate Arabic ornamentation; as usual, exquisite as the rarest embroidery; for they could purfle in stone in those old days, and make their walls themselves like lace-hangings. Even on closely examining the fine and subtle details of their decorations, you can hardly believe sometimes they could have thus cunningly worked them, save by a minute atomy of a sprite's needle, and a spider's-web-like thread!

This gallery is, I believe, called the Hall of the Tribunal, and is supposed to be the facsimile of the one in which Pilate pronounced judgment upon our Lord. A second gallery opens into a chapel of inconsiderable dimensions, embellished with *azulejos* and rich, lace-like decorations, the style being the sumptuous Saracenic-Gothic. Here we were shown a column made in imitation of the one to which the Holy Victim was bound.

This chapel has a very handsome roof, and has also embroidery-like, Arabic decorations.

Among other things, we were shown a niche in the wall (on the stairs, I think,) with a grating before it, likewise said to be a perfect model of the one in Pilate's real house; and there it was, they tell you, that the cock was when he crowed, and smote Peter's heart with remorse and sorrow.

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The principal saloon (also *azulejoëd* and adorned) is a fine apartment. The grottoed and bordered gardens are in a very forlorn condition. A little care might, however, render them charming.

At present weeds grow almost as high as the columns and fragments of sculpture thrown about in rude neglect, as though they were valueless as paving-stones: confusion and chaos are the order, or rather the disorder, of the day. Pope Pius the Fifth gave Perefan de Ribera (belonging to the same family as Henriquez) some of the marble antiques, scattered round, which had better be underground at Rome, instead of aboveground here in Seville, treated like a cart-load of damaged bricks, and shot among weeds and dust-heaps, like any other rubbish.

The staircase here is quite superb. The walls are lustrous and precious with *azulejos*, and a splendid gilt dome surmounts the upper part. Here is to be seen one of the numerous copies of the exquisite "Servilleta" of Murillo, the original of which we had so greatly admired at the *Museo*.

A lion for most of the visitors at Seville is the tobacco manufactory; but this we did not visit. At the Havana we had seen a good deal of cigar-making, and did not feel interest enough in the process naturally, to go into a stifling atmosphere to see it. We were walking one afternoon, and met a great many dingy-complexioned women dressed much alike in very large and rather gaudy shawls, and each, I think, with a little basket on her arm. "There are the *cigarerras* going from their work!" cried our *cicerone*. In the little baskets, I suppose, they carry some provisions for the day, the flowers with which they

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decorate their hair we are told; or a certain allowance, perhaps, of the cigars they make; for these rather mouse-coloured maidens are said to be great smokers, and, it is averred, that they also chew the quid, like our Jack-tars.

There are sometimes four thousand persons at work in that manufactory (at times even they number eight thousand); and when it is considered the principal part of this busy multitude is of the gentler sex, perhaps an impertinent masculine reader will not wonder at being told that, thus involving four thousand female tongues, the noise is that of Vesuvius (in full eruption) and Niagara chattering pleasantly together, and using speaking trumpets into the bargain.

The building covers an immense space.* The *cigarreras* are said to be plain in general, but to be fond of decorating themselves, which is so frequently the case with people destitute of good looks. Flowers are often seen entwined in their black locks when at work, I hear. They generally wear what is called the *mantilla de tira*,—whether the same kind as that adopted by the fair duchesses and countesses who go dressed as *majas* to the bull-fights, (as if to "set their" mantillas at those who hail among the *majas* their fair enslavers,) I do not know. These mantillas are crossed over the face and the chest. Among the numerous *cigarreras* we saw, I do not think there was one really pretty person; they not only appeared exceedingly ordinary-looking, but rather ungraceful and uncouth, which is not certainly the case with

* There are twenty-eight interior courts. A moat surrounds it, and carefully protects from unhallowed intrusion—*not* the *cigarreras*, but the precious cigars.

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most of the Sevillians. The occupation is said to be a very unhealthy one.

Women of all ages are constantly engaged in this cigar-making business; they earn generally about sixpence (English) a-day—sometimes a little more. But very few men, comparatively speaking, are employed; those who are, make more money than the women. (*Perhaps* because they talk less.) Rappee snuff is manufactured in the floor beneath. The favourite colour of these Daughters of Tobacco is yellow; bearing in mind what I have ventured to hint of the complexion of the cigar-manipulating nymphs, it may be thought a somewhat injudicious selection, for mouse-colour and yellow is not altogether a perfectly charming combination.

I confess to not having gone into the interior of Murillo's house, which, I am glad to say, is, or was, as I understand, in the possession of one of the most ardent admirers of the great artist,—Dean Cepero, the same who contributed so much to the preservation of many of the immortal painter's invaluable works at the time of the suppression of the convents. The collection of pictures inside this house is said to be indifferent; and as poor Murillo died here after that melancholy accident which stamped his doom (of which fact you are reminded by an inscription in the *zaguan*), such a visit could cause but little pleasure.

Murillo lives in his works, and it is in them we should look for reminiscences of this famous genius. Speaking of reminiscences, there is one spot sacred to mournful memories in this vicinage, that is somewhat instructive as well as interesting. It is the place where Fernando Cortes, the giver of

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an empire to his ungrateful country, died in affliction and bitterness of heart. We can be no admirer of the character of Cortes,—cruel and hard-hearted, indeed, he was,—but Spain owed him a mighty debt. Montezuma was avenged,—but it was by the countrymen of his conqueror and persecutor.

It was at Castileja de la Cuesta that Cortes died. The inscription over the porch of the building where he expired is a touching and melancholy one: "Aqui murió, victima de la desgracia, y la tristeza, el insigne HERNAN CORTES, gloria á nuestra Patria, Conquistador del Imperio Mexicano, en 2 de Diciembre, A.D. 1547.*

Cortes was not alone in his misfortunes. There were other illustrious sufferers among his compatriots, equal in glory, equal in grief; nay, some surpassing him: for example, Columbus the greatest! —Gonzalo de Cordova, and Ximenes.

Neither Columbus nor Cortes were allowed to repose in their graves. The former at last sleeps in the Havana; the latter—here—in his own ungrateful country. His first place of rest was Italica, whence his son removed his bones to New Spain. His mother and a female child of his slept there in Tezcuco, in a Franciscan convent, and beside their ashes his were laid. But not for very long. The remains were once more disinterred, and, with much solemnity and prodigious magnificence, were re-entombed in the capital of the splendid empire his mighty sword had won—the golden Mexico. There they were laid in the church dedicated to St. Francis. In the year 1794 they were re-exhumed,

* "Here died the victim of misfortune and sorrow, the renowned Fernando Cortes, the glory of our country, the conqueror of the Mexican empire."

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and carried to the hospital of "Jesus of Nazareth," a meritorious institution, which the living Cortes had himself founded and endowed, probably when remorse preyed on his soul, and impelled him to try and expiate thus some of his manifold sins; and now the dead Cortes was conveyed there, and consigned to a fresh sepulchre.

The revolutionists, during the first excitement of the War of Independence, sought an opportunity to break open the sepulchre, and with profane hands to eject the unconscious remains of that conqueror whose prowess and power had won for them the glorious land they lived in, and without whose mighty deeds they would probably, none of them, have had the slightest claim to the country they seemed so enthusiastically attached to.

The intended sacrilege, however, was never committed. Some devoted admirers of the departed hero, or connexions and friends of those who inherited his famous name, themselves visited the tomb, and conveyed away the *dépouille mortelle* of the celebrated victor during the night-time; it was with the strictest secresy and care, the heroic dust—that had already made so many compulsory pilgrimages—was taken from its silent home. Long home is an expression we certainly cannot use with regard to the place of sepulture of Cortes,—and it really seemed as if the soulless and lifeless body was condemned to ramble from grave to grave, a restless rover in death, as the wandering Jew was once popularly believed to be in life.

The promenades at Seville are charming. There is the Alameda del Duque, which is in the neighbourhood of the theatre; and occasionally the visitors to the latter refresh themselves between the acts by

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an agreeable lounge in the open air, on this delightful walk. The Cristina is another noble promenade. It boasts of some Oriental-looking trees, and plantations of more hyperborean growths; which latter productions, such as poplars, ash-trees, and willows, are highly fashionable, from their comparative scarcity and rarity in this sunny city of the South. Besides these attractions, it has a pavilion, of a Chinese style of architecture, a labyrinth, and a marble circular bench for the idle to repose on.

These promenades in Spain are rather curiously called saloons; but, I believe, the term applies particularly to that central portion, which is frequently somewhat elevated, entirely paved with large flagstones, and generally furnished with a kind of marble divan, or at any rate a stone ottoman of some sort, sometimes provided with an iron back. But that which constitutes one of the most agreeable attractions of the Cristina, no doubt, in the eyes of the *caballeros* who frequent it, is the fact, that around various posts at the entrances and different approaches are coiled ropes, that have been dipped in brimstone, and are kept ignited, so that the smokers may always be able to light their beloved cigars at any moment.

This is a better arrangement than that of some other towns in Spain, where boys run after the *caballeros* shrieking their shrill "*Candela! fuego! caballeros!*" with lighted ropes' ends in their hands, till the persecuted individuals sometimes take fire themselves, without the instrumentality of the lighted ropes' ends, and are ready to give the latter to the imps who torment them.

Las Delicias I have already mentioned.

A curious fair takes place in this vicinage, that

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we missed seeing. This is the Feria de Santi Ponce. I know not if it is still the case, but formerly the rank and fashion of Seville were wont to repair to the Calle de Castilla to watch the triumphant re-entry of *Majos* and *Gitanas* and *Corraleras*, into the town, after their festive doings at this popular fair. The *Aficionados* and *Majos* on horseback (with their brown enslavers seated behind them) display, then and there, their vanities and velvets to the best advantage, and the scene is all a-glow with local colouring;—natural and native colour, indeed! — no specious, factitious rouge rubbed on for the occasion, as in some sickly and forced shows of pretended nationality in other less racy, and less rudely-romantic lands.

I began this Chapter with a brief notice of the principal Sevillian churches, and I will end it by saying they were far more numerous, as well as far more wealthy, before the flight of the French locusts over the luckless land,— who razed, ruined, and desecrated, wherever they went. Some of the sacred edifices were converted by them to secular purposes; others knocked down, and others consumed by fire.

I should have mentioned in my previous little account the Colegiata San Salvador, (once Moorish and a mosque,) where there is a wonder-working crucifix, surrounded by pictorial offerings and "votive tablets," placed there by those who conceive they have benefited by its miraculous and supernatural powers. The Colegiata San Salvador boasts of a saintly image by Montañes, not perhaps so fine as some of his other numerous and noble productions.

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CHAPTER V.

As the time for our departure from Seville drew near, as is often the case, we more and more admired all that is admirable there — and there is so much! As to leaving the glorious pictures, it was really like taking leave of old friends; and the faces, if possible, will, or should be, still better remembered, for it is only and solely the outward Semblance we have become acquainted with; and yet that may well be thus impressed firmly and most ineffaceably on the mind, for through that, so full of character and individuality, (when touched by the great master,) you feel as if you knew something of the spirit itself, transferred, as it were, from its kindred dust, and enshrined, apparently, within the silent mimic temple!

It is, indeed, sad to have to say farewell to this wonderful city, with its sublime population of pictures,— an army of prophets, prelates, sages, apostles, martyrs, cherubs, hermits, and saints,—and its pages of history, so legibly written on stone and marble. This Moriscoe-Gothic-Romano Seville takes a certain hold on the affections, and long, indeed, will its memory hang about the imagination.

Seville, perhaps, is not quite so clean-looking as Cadiz; but, of a truth, there is not very much fault to be found on that score.

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One morning I was amused at watching out of my window the evolutions of an active, bustling person,—a woman-servant, she seemed to be, who, standing in the street, was most busily employed, as it appeared to me, flogging the house opposite to us, as far as she could reach it, violently. In short, she was armed with a huge rod of rags, and was switching away lustily, right and left, till one almost wondered the very stones did not cry out. She had already, I think, been basting it severely out of the windows, leaning far out for the express purpose. Still she went on whipping the house, furiously and mercilessly, all round outside, to the utmost limits to which she and her rod of rags could stretch, enough to make one think of Zobeide and the two black dogs, the young man and the mare, in the Eastern tales, and of all other things that have ever been greatly be-thonged or birch-rodded; (the dogs and the horse, however, belong to a class of creatures that are but too accustomed to endure drubbings, and thumpings, and stripes. There is nothing uncommon in *their* case). Had some Arabian enchanter, still haunting this Arabian city, transformed a cruel persecutor of this woman into a house?

Having whipped it thus soundly to her heart's content and her hands' fatigue, I conceive, she returned into the sorely-chastised mansion, which certainly looked much the better for the discipline it had undergone (which everything does not do); and its face, at least the lower portion of it, appeared smug and shining as that of Cowper's schoolboy (is it not?) who trudges to school with well-scrubbed visage.

When the mysterious chastener first came out

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of her house armed with her seeming instrument of correction,—her cat of nine tails in tatters, she might well have reminded one of those dames of Murcia who used, in former more strict days, to wear little scourges, for flagellatory purposes, like graceful ornaments hanging at their sides, and so were wont to parade on the Alameda, ready to administer to themselves, at any idle instant, a few salutary lashes; thus any little spare interflirtation, or inter-scandal-mongering moments they were prepared to improve, and might solace their consciences continually with a few comfortable whacks from the dangling rods; a brief belabouring, just to make all straight again. Very convenient! Here is the bane, and there the antidote.

I saw another woman yellow-ochreing over the outside of a house in a very masterly manner. The fair sex seem industrious enough here. A rumour went abroad that the first woman who was lashing the poor walls so furiously for cleansing purposes was no servant, but that, after hanging up her instrument of torture, she appeared very smartly dressed on the balcony, watering—perhaps soap-and-watering—her flowers, for she seems to have a praiseworthy mania for purification. It was whispered, she was the mistress of the mansion; and whether she thus exerted herself matutinally for the sake of the house's health and cleanliness, or for a little salubrious exercise for herself, I am not prepared to say. Certainly this flagellation looked like Dutch excess of nicety and propriety; but this was not corroborated by other circumstances.

The Sevillians do not seem quite so much devoted to the fandango as the Gaditanos and

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Gaditanas ; and I rather miss that wild, singular, characteristic singing, in which the latter delighted, —harsh and peacock-like though it was, sometimes.

I saw in the Spanish travels of a French author, who wrote some time ago, a couple of very pretty fandango stanzas, quite Oriental in their turn; they might have been composed by Abdu-r-Rahman. Here they are, Anglicised: of course they lose sadly:—

Tie me tight, by a single slender hair,
To thy gentle side, oh! my fairest fair,
Should that slight cord e'en chance to break, I swear,
Still for ever and aye thou'lt find me there!
Thy lips are like crimson curtains rare,—
Soft-glimpsed treasure of pearly loops they bear:
Ah! 'twixt crimson and crimson breathe perfumed air,
'Twixt curtain and curtain thy love declare.

The following is not a fandango verse, but a translated versified description of the various quarters in Seville, and the general state of their commissariat :—

From the proud Cathedral to the Magdalena
They breakfast, dine, sup,—and what plan can be saner?
From the Magdalena unto San Vicente
They're contented with dinner, and that not in plenty;—
From San Vicente to the Macarena
They eat nothing at all—can diet be plainer?—
In short, *there* they exist—every saint, every sinner,
Without any breakfast, or supper, or dinner!

I rather think I have not mentioned that Ferdinand the Seventh founded at Seville a sort of Tauromachian University—a deed worthy of the doer! Here the pupils are carefully and systematically trained in their hateful profession, if such it can be called. One of the best results gained

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by the establishment of this learned temple of Science seems the bringing to perfection of the classical condiments known by the name of *Callos y Menudos;* at any rate, it is in the vicinage of the University that the heroes of the *Aficion* feast on this favourite dish.

The students matriculating at this tender Alma Mater begin, I believe, with pasteboard and *papier-mâché* bulls, live *toros* stuffed with straw, and then exercise their skill on real young bulls, called *novillos;* but these, I fancy, have their horns sheathed or tipped with corks.

Absurd scenes sometimes take place at these exhibitions. The caprice of cruelty—for still cruelty shows its cloven foot here—invents all kinds of new devices to pamper its degraded taste.

Sometimes they have an unfortunate monkey fastened to a post, and put on a kind of small platform at the top of it; the miserable helpless wretch is usually dressed in some glaringly conspicuous and extravagant manner. The poor creature is chained, but permitted to describe a tolerably large circle,—the post, of course, forming the centre. When the bull enters, it may readily be imagined the unlucky little Jocko gets soon into a paroxysm of fear. The enraged *toro* quickly attacks the monkey's post, and hits it fiercely with his powerful horns. The hapless little *quadrumanes* naturally shakes and quakes, and can hardly keep on his insecure place, and seems like a poor ship-boy mastheaded in a storm! So terribly does the stake vibrate with its wretched little plank at top, under the assaults of the bellowing hero of the arena. The ill-starred Simian clasps it as tight as he can with both hind-paws and fore-paws; but,

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occasionally, down he comes on the *toro's* back—or his horns, just as it happens.

At another time, a rude imitation of a boat, with a full complement of donkeys decked out in tar-like trim, or else in strange anomalous costumes (intended, however, to be of naval kind, perhaps), such as scarlet shirts, and great cocked hats, or foraging caps, stuck, by some cunning contrivance, on their long ears, is thrust forward somehow into the ring. The angry and raging bull, of course, hastens to attack these queer strangers, and overturns the frail boat-basket, probably, in half a moment, scattering the frightened donkeys in all directions, tossing them into the air, and often injuring the poor things frightfully.

But adieu, indeed, to Seville! All is bustle and busy haste, and we shall shortly be once more on the Guadalquivir, and too soon shall we see the last of the *maravilla, Sevilla!*—for who knows not the apophthegm,

> "Quien no ha visto á Sevilla,
> No ha visto a maravilla?"

To which, by the bye, the Granadians retort—for there is much jealousy between the different Spanish cities,—

> "Quien no ha visto á Granada,
> No ha visto a nada,"—

(*Granaā* and *naā*, according to Andalucian orthography and pronunciation.)

Is it time to start? No; it cannot—must not—be time yet! One more look we may surely have at the Cathedral and the —— ah, no! it is quite time. Those horrid clocks! nobody speaks so bluntly and abruptly as they do. They have

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the worst manners, and make not the smallest apology for contradicting you flatly with their loud, brazen tongues, and blank, hard, unsympathising faces, and they point spitefully at your mistake with their cold hands, that never grasp your own with friendly greeting, but sometimes almost seem to catch hold of them rudely and tug you on to your doom when you would fain loiter. It is really time; so good-bye to our pleasant hotel, and our sitting-room, full of rather infamous copies of very famous pictures. I must confess, the one fatal step from the sublime seems to have been taken by some of the would-be artists who doubtfully decorated those walls. (One painting represents a woman — I don't know who or what — with a strange-looking arm, which seems to have been just vaccinated.) And good-bye to the good-natured, active *muchachas*, who ran hither and thither at our bidding with amiable readiness and alacrity! But Anglia had some fault to find with them.

"That Pay-peter (Pepita), or what is it? she is so slow! and goes and calls that Pillow*—no, Pillar—to run here, or Harlequin-her,† to help her not to understand! And then, when the two together can't make out plain language, perhaps they fetch that Sea-bastion,‡ or You-zany-oh,§—no, it's Antonio,—to grin, too, and listen."

Farewell, thou charming Seville! Farewell to Giralda and Alcazar, and to the beauteous battlements, with their bearded parapets (reverted beards are they, all standing on end), and farewell to all the curious variety of Arabic, and almost every other kind of architecture—to Gothic, Renaissance,

* Pilar. † Arquelina. ‡ Sebastian. § Eugenio.

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Græco-Romano, Plateresque, Churrigueresque, and how many other kinds? We have not time to recapitulate even their numerous names, but must hasten to the steamer,—past fruit-laden donkeys, and men, strongly perfumed with otto of garlic, yelling out, "*Quien quiere coliflores!*"—past picturesque, proud, Roman-emperor-looking beggars, and past lovely Sevillian ladies, with their pale, clear, fine oval faces, and ruddy lips, and black hair, almost sparkling in the sun with a blue lustre, and with their most graceful and most aërial-looking forms, dressed, too, to the very last perfection.

For instance, see the one just floating by, with her flounces softly flapping in the wind like a fair and fairy ship in full sail, does she not look as if she had been born in that identical mantilla,—(as they say children are sometimes ushered to existence with a caul),—and that very comb, too, in that very hair;—nay more, that exact gown, with those precise flounces, and with that self-same fan in the dainty hand,—and, above all, with those black satin *zapatos?*—Those wonderful shoes on the baby feet, which appear not to have grown since her cradle and papboat-days! the fairy, diminutive slippers, seem merely mystically to border the heels (it is said this part is kept on with a narrow piece of riband, coloured like the stocking), and just appear airily above the points of the feet.

On such a supposition only as that of the black satin being in reality black sticking-plaster can I comprehend how it is the fair señoras do not constantly cast a shoe as they walk, for I should imagine they were not *all* born in those beauty-spots of slippers!

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But we hurry on. See ye there that graceful little *aldeana* (villager) bringing eggs, butter, or something of the kind, to sell at market? Might she not be Zerlina—the charming Zerlina—herself, so shyly pretty and rustic-looking, but with a Moorish type of beauty, too,—soft, sleepy eyes, dusky skin, and smiling rich rosebuds of lips? But here we are at the steamer.

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CHAPTER VI.

HAVE we got into a floating rookery? What are all these black objects flitting hither and thither? Priests, plentiful as blackberries. What is going to happen? Is Catholic Spain going to treat her priests as she has already treated her monks? and are they shaking the dust of her cities from their shoes (to do which they must shake uncommonly hard, and long, and perseveringly)? or is everybody in Cadiz going to be married at once, or buried, or christened; and the demand of *clerigos*, therefore, far exceeding the supply there, are these reverend reinforcements hurrying to the scene of action?

We asked inquisitively what this migration of ravens meant, and were informed that it was a large cargo of *clerigos* about to be shipped from Cadiz to the Philippine Islands. They were almost all very young, and we were told most of them had never seen the sea, or hardly been away from their birth-places, perhaps, before, poor fellows! They took leave of Seville, apparently, with sorrow in their hearts, and with tears in their eyes, bundles in their hands, cigars in their mouths, *Hombres* on their tongues, not much in their heads, and nothing in their pockets.

The long sea-voyage before them will probably be a slight torture to some of them, and they may

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win the palm-branch of martyrdom before they land in the far-off islands they are bound to. None of them had on those black haystacks of hats, which are usually built up on reverend heads here; so, I suppose, they were not yet regularly ordained priests: they were all missionaries, as we afterwards learnt.

One oldish padre there was on board who rejoiced in all these haystack honours, in the full excess of that extravagant appendage to the ecclesiastical head: to and fro he strutted with this his head-burthen, looking in certain phases like an elongated bandbox in mourning; or, still more, like a black canoe. Well, if we have a collision on the river, or meet with any perils in the bay, we may take to the priest's hat!—easier to get at than most boats are when wanted in times of danger, according to various accounts of imperilled vessels; but the priest seemed to see through my intention, and dived down to the cabin, and came up again without the canoe on his head, but with a rather jaunty travelling-cap—considering it was a clerical one—in the place of it.

The captain seemed quite a Spanish "old Salt." He told me he had performed fifty voyages to the Western Hemisphere—a goodly number. Once he went to the coast of Guiana in an American vessel. He detested the "Yankis," as the Spaniards often call them, he averred, and gave various reasons for so doing. Certainly he appeared to hate them very bitterly, and very unjustly, I thought: but he seemed furiously angry at the filibustering attempts on Cuba; and, perhaps, had a cause for private pique against some of the sons of Columbia also.

Neither did the French find much favour in his

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eyes. He had met with M. Alexandre Dumas' book, "España y Africa," and abused the work and the author and his countrymen heartily.

Besides all this clever writer's positive offences, the Spaniards are furious at some negative ones he committed. Not only did he laugh at, and find fault with, much they pride themselves on, but he did *not* notice, and treated with scandalous neglect in short, some of their pet lions,—some of their favourite ninth wonders of the world;—worse, this contemptuous omission, than abuse itself. If they could have pardoned M. Dumas for saying he could not find a hatter in all Spain, and had to teach a watchmaker to put him together a head-covering of some kind (did the worthy fit him on a glass?), they could not forgive his going to the Escurial and hardly mentioning this most extraordinary edifice.

It certainly was a little strange to go to see this famous place, and give you only a description of a veal-cutlet or a mutton-chop that he got with some difficulty at an inn near it. But the Spaniards should console themselves for this sin of omission, as, if he had not perpetrated that, he undoubtedly would have fallen into a very serious one of *commission* against them, indeed. What Frenchman has ever praised or done anything but vehemently abuse the Escurial?—though, I believe, one, once upon a time, boasted of having built it.*

You might as well expect a butterfly in its teens (lately introduced to the society of sunbeams and roses from the chrysalis state—that tiresome nursery-

* A French mason engaged, who, on returning to France, bragged that he was the architect,—that he had "built the Escurial."

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confinement),—to admire Fingal's Cave, or Stonehenge, or the ruins of Nineveh, or Herculaneum, as for a Frenchman to take a liking to, or praise, the Escurial. They only tell you it acts like November and its fogs on the English, who take the opportunity of indulging in their favourite national amusement—having nothing else to do—and hang or shoot themselves there; or that, if you like to know what it is to be buried and dug up again, you have only to go to that far-famed locality.

Let Spaniards not be angry with M. Dumas, then, on this account. He really acted with great delicacy and discrimination under the circumstances, and devoted all his thoughts and attention to the inoffensive and innocent subject of supper. He, having forcibly seized on some mutton-chops, pointing meanwhile a loaded gun at the hotel-keeper's head, was eagerly anxious to possess himself of "*unas parillas*" (a gridiron). Yes, he asked for, and only seemed to think, of a mere common, humble, little every-day gridiron, when the great gridiron was so close at hand!

Really, they might consider themselves uncommonly lucky that he was contented on the occasion with this perfectly simple kitchen-utensil, belonging to the hotel, and that he did not insist on having the ninth wonder of the world to cook his chop on,—lucky that, blunderbuss in hand, he did not vow nothing but that Great Gridiron itself would satisfy him, and perhaps call for San Lorenzo, to boot, himself, as the broil he had set his heart particularly upon. And in default of this dish, or finding, haply, the broiled bones of the poor *santo* exceedingly dry, they may think it fortunate that he did not positively make a fresh martyr of the

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unlucky host, nicely done (for once) in a twinkling. It was supposed to be Mr. Cobden's reserved cutlets that the famed French author smelt, saw, loved, coveted, caught at, carried off, cooked, ate, and immortalised!

His Spanish friends must not be unreasonable when they are dealing, too, with such a candid being, so fond of making allowances, as M. Alexandre Dumas. They should be indulgent, too, to such amiable, little, general weaknesses, as shooting innkeepers, their wives, and families, or putting heads into watchcases, instead of mere commonplace beavers; and we rather suppose M. Alexandre Dumas did something like the latter, from his own account (or why did he particularly choose a watchmaker?), because there was not a single hatter in all Spain, according to him, who could make a *chapeau;*—at any rate, to please *him.*

I did not venture, however, to say to the indignant captain what I thought of this renowned writer's leaving unsaid and unsung his opinion of the Escurial. I am exceedingly curious, I confess, to see that place and touch the last bounds of boredom! Yes, I am curious to see it, because it is so abused; so many authors seem to say of it, as the Neapolitans do of their fair City of the Sea—"See it, and die;" but with a difference. As to the former, they mean of *ennui,* on the spot!—and the latter, that you can never again meet aught so charming; Life's delights are exhausted by that one rich draught!

By most accounts, it must be well worth your while going a long way—a very long way, indeed—to see this Escurial,—only for the delicious—the intensely exquisite sensation of coming away again!

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for *such* a new sensation as that must be, to judge from the descriptions of the greatly bored, is beyond all imagination and idea.

"*Ennui!*" "thy name is" Escurial! cry the visitors from all lands; or such, at least, is the sum and substance of their remarks. The Spaniards themselves avoid it; the Queen flies it; the Infants show it *distant* respect; none stay there, it seems, but Philip the Second, and the rest of the departed royalties of Spain, who would, no doubt, leave it if they could; and who certainly give it the cold shoulder.

The Pharaohs (or their countrymen-kings), methinks, were wiser than Philip the Second. They built the gloomy Pyramids for their habitations when dead, not for their abodes when living. They chose not to reside in a magnifical and mighty dead-house.

Mais, allons! while I am chattering about the distant Escurial, I am forgetting sadly the near, yet, alack! soon-to-disappear, soon-to-become-distant, Seville. But the mighty Cathedral seems to defy increasing distance, and to display its colossal pro-Portions the more, the more other edifices diminish and recede. One might almost dream it was pursuing the winged steamer. If this mountain of architecture had been the one the famous false prophet of old called to come to him, he might thus have been afraid it was really going to take him at his word (as the *Statua Gentilissima* did to Don Giovanni), and probably run over him, unable to stop when once in motion, and grind him to atoms. It is consolatory to reflect, however, that it is nothing but some optical illusion, or half-imaginative self-deception: for you are astonished

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and bewildered when churches, towers, steeples, domes, and palaces seem fading away, and becoming less and less, to see such a glorious mass still towering skyward; still so clear and distinct, and appearing, as it were, as near you as before, till you can hardly reconcile it with sober fact!

But at last even this august pile, with its rosy-tinged Giralda, like the sun sinks below the horizon. Below the horizon?—No: it is a bend in the stream that hides the crowning glory of the city from our sight, and Seville is gone indeed.

Insipid as the Guadalquivir's banks are, when you have passed by the *naranjales* (orange-groves) and pomegranates in the neighbourhood of Seville, their insipidity is, to a certain degree, relieved by the thought of the various places they remind you of. I have already mentioned the shores of the Danube, and one or two others. There is also a slight resemblance to the Scheldt not far from Antwerp, and the Rhine (where the Rhine is certainly neither lovely nor lively) at a little distance from Arnheim. The Guadalquivir has not much romantic about it, in fact, save its name, and the ideas that many people entertain concerning it, which are rooted in nothing but fancy and fable: yet natural indeed is it to associate such ideas with it.

We passed a fair and moderate number of boats, which also took off a little of the monotony of the scene. But I think Seville did not seem to possess quite so much centripetal and centrifugal power as when we came up the river. Then numerous vessels were ascending and descending, thick and thronging.

The graceful *misticoes* sometimes boast, like the

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more important vessels, very hallowed names (such as "Virgen de las Mercedes," &c.), and, indeed, some of these appellations are of so sacred a character that I will not transcribe them. It is generally the case with all Spanish ships and boats, whether seventy-fours, *fregatas*, *bergantins*, *polacras*, *goletas*, *vapores*, or *paquetes*. One of the Spanish *fregatas* is called "La Reina de los Angeles" (the Queen of the Angels).

How pretty are those vessels with their lateen sails, gliding along so swan-like, with such a life-like, natural motion! They look as if they could never have been made by human hands on land, but must have risen, like Venus, from the water itself. How much more graceful looks yon bark, with its isosceles-triangle shaped sail, gleaming between two sails of a more considerable size, than our useful, fast-going, flying fright of a steamer! Not that I think all steamers are frights; far from it: but many of them very distantly, indeed, resemble Venus rising from the sea. More, far more like Vulcan, her sooty spouse, are they, who did not rise from the water with his pretty wife, and was not given to dipping in it much, if we may credit some accounts of the smutty appearance of his mighty Blacksmithship. Too many of these invaluable and speedy kind of vessels have a remote similarity to a fragment of a cannon-foundry carried away by a long-bodied hearse, that has lost two of its wheels, with an enormous tea-kettle of boiling water concealed somewhere about it, and a kitchen-poker projecting from it, and a couple of walking-sticks stuck up in it, or a pair of old bed-posts,—and a gigantic pocket-handkerchief waving behind; (for, somehow, at times you do not so readily think of bowsprit,

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masts, and flag connected with this multiform monster as of humbler and meaner objects, even lowly domestic articles;—perhaps, brought to mind by the tea-kettle associations, which are so dedicated to the island home and hob of our forefathers); and all these seem eloping together full tear, as if X 22 and 23, and a whole body of detectives, were post-haste after them.

Besides the migrating rookery bound for Manilla, we had on board several ladies, and a very fine flaunting *majo* indeed, hung round with tags, tassels, clasps, studs, loops, and buttons, and continually employing himself in putting first one right and then the other, and in making them all display themselves to the best advantage. His magnificent cloak (with its *vueltas rojas de terciopelo*—red velvet facings), which he had lightly thrown over his glittering apparel, as if in pity to our dazzled eyes, led a sad life. It passed much of its time in the air, hovering, and without that repose which I am sure a Castilian cloak must deeply prize. Now it was tossed a little more over this shoulder, and now over that; then twisted round I cannot describe how, but so that equal portions hung down on each side to a hair's-breadth the same; and now, in a moment, it was entirely changed. The poor cloak could not have known itself for two minutes together, or enjoyed the shortest *siesta* or rest, which, as I before hinted, a Spanish cloak must exceedingly delight in, and a Spanish *majo* would, no doubt, also, save for a most awakening and uprousing conceit.

I knew little in those days of the many mysteries of Andalucian cloaks. Since then I have been slightly initiated into them, and informed by

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some Spanish friends that they themselves are practised in at least thirty different ways of arranging them; and that there are, probably, altogether, a hundred. A *caballero* of my acquaintance obligingly went through a great many of these curious mantle-evolutions one day, for my instruction and edification, and certainly many of the peculiar ways of folding and flinging about the docile cloth are exceedingly graceful and singular.

The divers twists and twirls, too, are bewildering; now hiding a little of the face, now much; now leaving nothing visible but the eyes; and then, like a Peruvian *Tapada*, showing only one optic; and now just exactly half of the two gleaming orbs, peeping above the bulwarks of the broadcloth, and now again discovering the whole face. Then all kinds of shapes the tractable article appears to take,—alternately like a scarf, a sack, a shroud, a shawl, a surtout, a skirt, a Roman mantle, a wild Indian's blanket, a blouse, a regal robe, a Muscovite pelisse. This graceful drapery is a pantomime in itself—quite a harlequin-farce (though I hardly like to compare the wearer, the grave Don, to such a light personage as Harlequin; however, grave Dons can be very merry and mirthful sometimes). Still, whatever the wizard wrapper turns to, you may be pretty sure it is going to change into something wholly different the very next moment, probably.

But to return to the particular piece of broadcloth that was put through its paces for my especial satisfaction and mental improvement.

This magical mantle seemed to obey every movement of its wearer's hand; and a thousand times more curious than the garment's own trans-

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mogrifications and counter-transmogrifications (from a classical, old, proud habiliment of purple Rome, to a likeness of the last cloak—perchance the D'Orsay or what-not— at Paris), was the immense alteration every cloak-change effected in the countenance and seeming of my Andalucian friend.

A sudden toss of the cloak, and a murderous assassin glared with* half a hateful, bloodthirsty eye, before you—a man whose soul seemed full of "stratagems and spoils:" but no such thing; it was only his cloak: his *capa* alone was full of those little unpleasantnesses, and that not materially, but only morally, which in a cloak does not signify (whereas *real* spoils in it would). Another toss, and a twist at the end of it, and a guitar-scraping romantic swain appeared, haply, leaning picturesquely against a dining-table, with his foot carelessly propped on a knife-tray, and gazing up fixedly at a suppositious balcony—in reality, at an actual bit of blank wall—or at a yet more suppositious sky, with its clouds all cracking and peeling off—since the dimmed whitewash of the ancient and rather threatening and overcast ceiling, the *cal de Moron*,—was considerably the worse for wear.

Another fling, and the gay *majo* was beheld in the full glory of his theatrical strut; another, and a *contrabandista* meets your gaze; and now he is a conspirator, stealthy and shrewd; and now a bull-fighter, bold and brazen; and now, in rapid succession, a traveller, a student, a gentlemanlike brigand, such a one as offers cigars to the gallant Señores and *caramelos* (bonbons) to the ladies; and now a *ratero*, a skulking, vile, low order of bandit;

* They sometimes conceal all but half an eye—and thoroughly villainous they look thus indeed.

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and now a political adventurer, or a strolling player, or a sprightly dancer. But I must back to my steamer.

Except the boats I have mentioned, there was little to amuse one in this *trajet*, for the banks were melancholy and much deserted.

Here and there, haply, might be a few storks or herons standing, perhaps, in the water, waiting for their dinner to come to them, and looking so attentively for the fish they expected to find, that you might have thought they were as conceited as our *majo*, and were intensely studying their own reflexion in their looking-glass—the water. They seemed not at all interested in the steamer and its inmates, and generally in an absent state of mind, with one leg carelessly tucked in their bosom, as a gentleman might thrust his hand negligently under the lappels of his coat, or in his waistcoat pocket. They stood so perfectly still, that they seemed candidates for prompt admission to a museum,—stuffed and dried, and preserved all ready.

A quiet, gentlemanlike-looking man, is walking up and down the deck, leaning on a younger gentleman's arm, and apparently enjoying the pleasant weather and rapid motion; but he does not turn to look at the storks, or the *misticoes*, or the magnificent human peacock strutting about the deck. No; for, sad truth! the poor gentleman is blind. The Captain told us it was the Conde de —— and his son.

We are getting near San Lucar; and after we have passed that, the river will become very broad, and will soon assume the appearance of an estuary. Not long after we were in the open sea. I wonder how many more times our *majo* will fling about his

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splendid cloak, with its superb facings (the cloak itself was lined with rich shot-silk), now quicker, now slower, now higher, now lower, now closer, now looser, to the right, to the left, and now forward, now backward! How marvellously he flourishes about the sweeping *capa*, with its full *dengue* (cape)! But, I think, not quite so often as before.

There are many changes. A very lively little lady, who had flown here and there like a bird out for a holiday, is hanging her head dolefully, and turning it first on this side and then on that, as if she had just found out it did not belong to her, or fitted particularly ill; thus fidgetting her terribly, and being, naturally, excessively inconvenient. One of the missionaries, too, as well as the *majo* and the *muchacha*, is beginning to turn—in compliment, perhaps, to the Ocean, a part of which we are just entering—a delicate kind of sea-green, varied pleasantly by the whites of his eyes changing softly to canary-yellows. His head also seems not very well put on: and the same remark would apply, peradventure, to others among the passengers. We might think we were at Madame Tussaud's on an extremely hot day, and that the relaxed waxen muscles were beginning to melt. The heads, particularly, seem to have been stuck upon too-slight and half-dissolved wax tapers of throats. The recumbent attitude is becoming fast the fashion. The poor pale green-and-yellow missionary, Domingo by name, struggles not against his fate. He feels he must yield at last, so he had better yield with a good grace. Poor Domingo! doubly unfortunate is he—unfortunate in being ill himself, and in his companions being well.

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These black-garmented brethren of his quiz him most unmercifully. Poor fellow, it is a shame! he is so meek, and so uncomplaining: probably because he feels too ill to be otherwise. His mercury is falling lower and lower. As he gets worse, their delight knows no bounds. "*Eh! tiene V. buena cara! Mire V. Manuel! que caidas tiene! Que ocurrencias! Sabe mucho. Ah! picaro! picaro!*"* One of them seems to think they are hard upon him. But a sable-robed savage answers him sternly and scornfully—"*Ah! que? disparates! que tonto eres. He* is too soft." Methinks they are just a little like the boys and the frogs in the fable; although they are not, it is true, the cause of the poor victim's sufferings, yet his plight is game to them and something like death to him.

But let them take care! they will, perhaps, be in the frogs' place presently. Ah! I think I see one beginning to exhibit undeniable frog-symptoms, while the jeer has hardly died on his lip; the strong, jovial voice, is changing decidedly to a weak croak, but the liveliness of the little amphibious animal is altogether wanting. If he leap at all, it will be straight into the sea, I wager.

Another looks contemplative, and he withdraws his attention, apparently, from the ill-fated Domingo, to concentrate it on the upper button of his vest and on himself. He is fast going, poor fellow! Does he not remind one of the philosopher Cavendish, who remained studying his own death most accurately, and being annoyed by the entrance of his servant

* So! you are looking very well! See, Manuel! how droll he is! how funny! he's a sharp fellow! Oh, you rogue! you rogue!

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with medicine, or something, he begged not to be interrupted in dying. It was a brave death that! He was determined to watch every symptom as long as he lived, feeling his own flagging pulse, observing his own strange sensations. (Noble heart! Anxious thus was he to throw some light on the last struggle that might be useful to others, if his failing tongue could speak his meaning. I began this lightly, and am ending it gravely, carried away by my subject: but I could not help it. Noble heart, indeed! How brave and how devoted! What more gallant spirit ever parted from the sounding battle-field, amid the roar of victory? Yes, beginning in mere jest, I have been led almost unconsciously into ending thus in serious, sober sadness.) But I have left my poor frogs altogether.

We will return to them, and I must truthfully announce that my contemplative emigrant has most decidedly changed sides, from the mocking boy to the moaning little frog. V—— and I, having roughed it on many a stormy main, were not in the least disconcerted, as may be supposed, by anything so very slightly trying as a little tossing on this small portion of sea; and there were not wanting some who gazed with surprised and rather displeased looks at us, as if they thought foreigners were giving themselves great airs in being so perfectly at home on Spanish waters, when the natives were dismally prostrated and turned to all sorts of queer colours; and altogether in very melancholy plight, indeed. As to the colours, they were pretty enough in themselves, maybe, but unbecoming to the human countenance,—to the nose, cheek, or lip (such as pea and bottle-green, a lively primrose, jonquille yellow, mouse-grey, and pale sky-blue).

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As we neared Cadiz the various-tinted victims revived.

Pea-green Domingo (green in more ways than one) had grown somewhat less like the tint of the Nereid's hair in outward show, and the others seemed desirous of ignoring their own disasters, in order to commence laughing again at him; but his meekness had flown away amazingly with his *maréo*, and he defended himself stoutly: for, in general, people seem to look upon such an attack as a high crime and misdemeanour on their own proper parts; and, I confess, I think they often owe it to themselves — to their weak-mindedness and want of "pluck," and to giving way too easily.

The first thing, generally, unaccustomed sailors begin to think and talk of is this same frightful and dreaded "*mal de mer*." This is, assuredly, the very infancy of art; they should drive it away from their thoughts by every means instead. "Oh, no, we never mention it," should be their motto.

Our much-tried young missionaries, now that their troubles of one kind are over, appear to be thinking of cares of another sort. They stare round them at Cadiz with bewildered curiosity, almost as much as they might be expected to show when they arrive at Manilla; and they seem wondering, still fixedly-looking at Cadiz, what is to become of them in such a large, new, unknown world as that. Poor fellows!

They look such a simple, inexperienced, home-baked, unsophisticated set,—just the sort of people one can imagine taking root in some quiet, out-of-the-way hamlet, and never leaving their Spanish homes in their own lonely village, or quitting their own rural village-ways, that it requires an effort

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of the imagination, indeed, to fancy them transported into the North Pacific, and among the wild tropical scenery and vegetation of the Philippine Islands; among boa-constrictors, and caymans, and savages, and palms, and wild buffaloes (far wilder than any fierce bulls of Spain), and wild boars, and bamboo-built palaces, and splendid one-storied mansions, with gallery-like balconies, enclosed in vast sliding panels, with panes of shining mother-o'-pearl in place of glass,* and iguanas, and *pirogues* (canoes), and enormous vampire-bats, and coffee-plantations, and wide-spread fields of sugar-cane, and flying leeches (unpleasing idea!), and huge, immense fig-trees (the *balèté*), and locusts, and monkeys.

However interesting to the natural philosopher, perhaps, our poor missionaries would rather not have the advantage of meeting a cayman twenty-seven feet long; for to such unpleasant lengths those creatures actually go, we are told, in those fine islands, where "all a-growing and a-blowing" are found various mighty productions of nature. Though larger than we should consider necessary for a pleasant neighbour to find on a sunny bank, the cayman shows in some things (although not, I believe, in his appetite, which is remarkably good, and rather unrefined,) very considerable delicacy. For example: it is said to have been ascertained by some excellent missionaries, who have long ago preceded Domingo and his friends, that the considerate cayman, when he selects for his mid-day meal a raw Christian (raw even though *dressed*), always takes care to swallow a stone scrupulously after him: for a

* Very thin and transparent, and allowing the passage of light but not that of the sun's scorching heat.

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grave-stone, evidently,—to do honour to his departed dinner.

This amiable attention he repeats every time he takes a slight refreshment on the delicacy, man. Alas, poor Domingo! I trust thou wilt never be the "cold missionary on the sideboard" of this man-eater, who however, certainly, by the little act of graceful politeness described above, seems to be superior in polish to the New Zealand cannibals, who are supposed to be also partial to the aforesaid dish. We never heard of their attempting to swallow even a pebble to the memory of their civilized luncheon, while the complimentary cayman, after munching his man,—after discussing his human dainties, as if to mark not only their place of sepulture, but his sense of their excellence (they having been a real good supper to him), bolts for every biped a monumental piece of granite. We have read of one who had converted his interior into quite a little churchyard, with a hundred and twenty grave-stones in it; though not of large size, of course, but miniature ones: however, the intention remains the same—he did the proper and civil thing. We swallowed the account as readily as the worthy cayman swallowed the little head-stones, after centralizing a whole congregation of Christians in his capacious maw.

Will our missionaries visit the savage tribes of the Tinguianès and the Igorrotes? After the small hands of Spanish women, our young priests will be somewhat surprised, I ween, at the hands and wrists of the handsome señoras and señoritas of the former tribe (they are reported to be exceedingly well-looking). Those ladies have their own little ideas respecting a beautiful hand and arm, and accord-

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ingly compress and flatten the latter from elbow to wrist, by means of a very strange sort of bracelets. These—like the girdles it is said Circassian women wear from their childhood—are clasped on when they are quite young, and are never taken off; this expedient makes the part of the wrist which appears beneath the fettering ornament frightfully swollen and thick, and the hand also swells unnaturally, and becomes abominably large; and this deformity the Tinguianès believe to be as lovely as a Sevillian considers her little, tiny, half-shod feet, or the Cuban beauties think their delicately-white skins! And I suppose their savage spouses, in turbans of bark, duly admire these puppy preposterous paws.

However this may be, I would wager a white kid glove our reverend young friends will not agree with them; nor would they, probably, clasp those ugly, great, swollen, huge hands, in marriage, even if they were not condemned to perpetual celibacy.

Cadiz, that silver-footed Thetis springing from the sea, and silver-headed, too,—though we do not mean she looks grey-haired, far from it, but white and glittering from top to toe,—Cadiz presents a charming aspect, as we rather slowly approach.

At a little distance she looks something like the tray of an Italian image-boy, crowded with shining marble-white forms, for here you can fancy displayed the tall, stately form of Phœbus, the "Lord of Light, and Poetry, and Life," this being her high-reared Light-tower; and there the bald head and massive contour of old Homer — (that noble cranium well imaging "the Dome of Thought, the Palace of the Soul,")—'tis her Cathedral dome. Here, again, is some fair sylph-like form—it might be a cast of Canova's Dancing-girl, or a slender and

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airy Grace, or Nymph; 'tis a spire or fantastic turret; and, ready for mischief, see a little rosy Cupidon in the corner; which is, in fact, some quaint *bijou* of a summer-house, gleaming with the softly-commencing sunset-hues. And, not far off the last, is there not a grim warrior standing,—Napoleon, or Frederick the Great? No: the form is too vast and gigantic. It may be Ajax, or Mars himself— 'tis a detached lofty portion of the mighty and formidable zone of ramparts and sea-walls that surrounds the fair city. And there seems what may be another less exalted image of the "sun in human limbs arrayed." Yes; but a little nearer we find it is a graceful and pleasant *Miradore;** which if like any Phœbus at all, must certainly resemble the Apollo of *Belvedere*. But the likeness to an image-boy's tray of snowy plaster-of-Paris casts, of lofty figures of heroes, and of busts, and monstrous forms, all white and gleaming, has vanished.

And now we are actually off Cadiz again. The missionaries still staring with very wide-opened eyes, and anxiously snatching their respective bundles, now eagerly scramble into a boat to go to land, in such haste that a priest or two might have been lost at this early stage of their voyage, if they had not clawed hold of each other, and the sailors clawed hold of them altogether, shoving them about, and treating them much as if they and their bundles were one and the same kind of lumber; for your sailor is apt not to have much respect for any one who shows himself an out-and-out green hand. Shakespeare, Alexander the Great, Socrates, Newton, and Mahomet, would have all been to them

* Belvedere.

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lubbers and louts and arrant fools, with "lots of hay-seed" in their hair.

Away went the *majo*, tags, tassels, buttons, and baubles, oblivious of his late discomfiture. Away went all the rest of the passengers, looking rather "old salt"-ish and nautical now, that they are no longer at sea, and as if they had been on the best possible terms with the briny deep during their very short acquaintanceship: in short, they gave themselves irreproachable marine airs, adopting for the nonce a certain roll in the gait and a few choice sea-terms; and certainly they thus proved regular "old salts" and perfectly good sailors—on land. Are they bidding the *calesero* on the deck of the driving-box take the helm, steer his mule to such a street, give that rolling rock of a waggon a very wide berth, and crowd all sail?

Away we went, too, and at length found ourselves reinstated and domiciliated in the hotel we formerly had apartments in. The good people thought we should come by this steamer, and there were our old rooms ready to receive us. Some dinner was quickly prepared. Anglia was not a little pleased.

"Ah, that's right: that Cook'em has remembered all about the dinner—what do you say?—oh! yes! a polly and a rose (*pollo con arroz*), I declare; and some *poison*, as the French call fish. Very fair, considering what those Spanish dinners are sometimes;—'orrid; you know I tell you so often, Squoggins—no, I've forgot the name a little—Jokehim. Bring tea after the comedy,—they may well call it a comedy,* Ourang—is that your name? Oh, no, Jogging-home! And recollect to-

* *Comida*, dinner.

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morrow, and bring besides the *papas* (such a name for potatoes!), some greens, grins, groins, grains, groans,—whatever *is* it in Spanish? he don't seem to know—oh, *verjuras!** more fit for verjuice that word; and for tea to-night plenty of *leeches*, Work-him! plenty of *leeches*,† and a-sucker;‡ and, Jug-o'-skim, don't you forget the tea-spoons—(I remember he was very careless)—and the jug of leeches. Come! they've thought of the marry-repose-her (*mariposa*). There! put it down! Grass-ears! (*gracias*, thank you), that'll do; and don't forget the tea, Jug-of-cream."

We made all due inquiries about the packets for Gibraltar, and found we should not have to wait here long. So lately have we said adieu to fascinating Seville, that we feel less sorrow at bidding farewell to this smiling Cadiz, with its rather classical-looking cathedral, bedecked with Renaissance ornaments (its *two* cathedrals, indeed, though the very poor old one hardly deserves the appellation), its charming promenades, and its projecting curtained balconies in glass cases, half-cage, half-conservatory.

Besides, we are presentient of much pleasure. A traveller must look forward, not back; and of whatever nation, must, more or less, put aside his gloom, or reticence, or worldly thoughts, and adopt a little of such light-heartedness as is displayed by yonder sable importation from Cuba, whose eyes are lighting up the darkness of his inky countenance like two editions of Copia Hassan's celebrated stone. Mark how merrily he trots along, observing confidentially to the orange he is

* *Verduras.* † *Leche*, milk. ‡ *Azucar*, sugar.

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sucking,—having no other companion at hand—how mighty happy he is; and half smothered with laughter at the wit of this subtle remark.

Our unlachrymatorial farewells (when travelling) should be forgotten as soon as uttered; or, better still, occupied with the idea of the next place we are going to visit. We should forget to utter them at all.

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CHAPTER VII.

After being detained a short time at Cadiz, waiting for the vessel that was to convey us to Gibraltar, we took our departure from the white-walled city. Anglia was particularly alert, and ready in a moment. This time she did not seem sorry to leave Cadiz; that "queer name" was, perhaps, a slight worry to her, though she boldly faced it. "Here, Juggle'em, please to carry my basket downstairs; and, Adjourning'em, be sure to tell the Callous-hero (*calasero*) to take care of the things. Thankee, You'recome. And, oh! Gobbling, put the umbrella—what do they call it?—pair-o'-augers (*paraguas*)—with the other things. What's the matter now, Adjourning-'em? I left something? Ah! it's my needle, noodle, new-doll, need-all—what do *they* call it? it's my noddle and a reel,—a rill of cotton! (I hope that 's like the Spanish.) Oh, thank you, Joke-a-ham; it's all right now. I'll put it in the basket. Grass-ears, Grass-ears, Gouging'em."

We arrived at Gibraltar without adventures or misadventures. How clearly and sharply the mighty rock showed its haughty outline against the deep cerulean sky, so abruptly, so boldly, overlooking all around, you might fancifully dream Europe was uprearing her free, proud head, to gaze over the

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purple sea at her dusky sister, Africa, her brows set with a warlike coronet, in sooth. Verily that lofty head of hers has sharp and threatening teeth in it.

This mighty monolith is not like the hollowed brazen bull of old, crammed full of men, doomed and devoted, but this granite lion (it is often compared to one) conceals plenty of destructive engines in its dark interior.

However haughtily striking and imposing its appearance is, we are told now and then by some of those persons whose delight is in disparaging everything, and taking the conceit out of even a rock, that there are numerous blocks of granite, startlingly like to this in size, shape, and appearance—numerous rocks of Gibraltar, only they are not, it seems, at Gibraltar; and, at any rate, they do not happen to stand between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean; and to swell in their lonely grandeur, as does this glorious rock, as though itself had been a supreme ocean-wave, suddenly arrested and petrified—the mountain-billow of advancing, ambitious Europe, rushing onward to overwhelm the universal earth, but struck into stone in its forward course. The moral Europe is spread over the world—we need not require that the material should be so.

No longer, since the wonders of modern inventions, is Gibraltar supposed to be of such importance as formerly; but as to cracking this nut, it would require remarkably fine teeth: it is a nut that has, not one, but a huge number of *shells* of its own,—of cast-iron. There are about eight hundred cannon here mounted, or prepared for mounting; ammunition to any extent, stores of all kinds *ad libitum*, and provisions for several years;

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so the Lion lazily stretches himself out to sleep calmly.

We went straight to the hotel, where we soon after had a visit from one of Lord N——'s brothers, Colonel P——, whose beautiful wife has been ordered to pass the winter season here, having been suffering from delicate health.

How precisely Gibraltar looked just as it did when we last took leave of it, some years ago, on our way to Malta. Still, here we find, in excellent preservation, grenadiers and geraniums, cauliflowers and cannon-balls, and howitzers and hook-noses (abounding in Jewish physiognomies under rabbinical and other Israelitish caps), and nursery-maids and bob-tailed nags, and humming-tops and three-deckers, and squalling babes and beating drums, and water-melons and Rock-scorpions (as the Anglo-Spanish natives of Gibraltar are called), and turbans and bagpipes, Moors in white robes, and dapper English waiters in white chokers, and beards, foraging caps, muskets, muslin aprons, hoops, batteries, bibs and tuckers, cricket-balls, mortars, tops and bottoms, fire-rockets, watering-pots, scarlet jackets, green veils, mustard, military bands, wide-awakes, lap-dogs, gunpowder, and mutton chops.

An English heart must feel proud as the English feet tread this Spanish soil under the old Lion's royal paw. Let us recall Webster's beautiful and noble apostrophe to Britain, wherein he says, " a Power to which . . . . . Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared,—a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat following the sun, and, keeping company

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with the hours, circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

He might have added, less poetically but quite as veraciously,—and a power whose public-houses and tap-rooms spot the entire globe; for a girdle of her pot-houses and taverns encompasses the whole wide world, even as a vile earthly zodiac, with its most unheavenly signs, "The Hen and Chickens," "The Jolly Tar," and so forth; wherein, morning, and mid-day, and afternoon, and evening, and night, potations deep, deep, and long, are indeed following the sun for ever, and keeping company with the hours (the rosy, or, alas! red-nosed hours); —and whose sons circle the earth daily and nightly with one continuous and unbroken strain and stain of "A jolly full bottle" (with other drinking airs of England), and overflowing gin-and-water, and rum, and brandy, and other choice spirits.

This national vice is carried far as our flag waves, or as our forts uprear their proud heads. Would it were not so! Then we might calmly bear the sneers of some foreign author, who tells you an Englishman abroad insists on dragging all his sweet home-joys with him, or in contriving to extract them from all sorts of uncongenial soils; these sentimental joys consisting chiefly of beef-steak puddings, bottled porter, and calomel pills.

Anything but a barren rock seems this granite mount. It produces such a variety of very opposite things, or brings them to great perfection at any rate, from a honeysuckle to a Highlander, spruce and stalwart—from an ape to a drum-major,—that it appears anything but sterile.

All *seems* the same here as it was some years

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ago, as I previously observed; but all, or a good deal, is different. Regiments have been changed, and ships have altered their stations. New, fresh flowers, blush their pretty lives away. Betty and Lucy have gone back to old England, to tell about the monkeys and young officers—by no means meaning one and the same thing; and other Betties and Lucies are guarding other squalling toddlers, fattened on other tops and bottoms.

What, indeed, is the same? Some few things are: at any rate, the cannon balls; and long, long may *they* remain as they are, peacefully piled up, as if they were so many innocent dingy turnips, or india-rubber balls for blameless play. Really, they look so immoveably, so firmly planted there, and so harmless, that you cannot fancy its ever entering into their quiet, round, bald heads, to carry off anybody else's head or leg, by any chance whatever. Long may they remain fixed there, as the rock itself; aye, as little may they play vagabondising tricks through the air as *that* is likely to do. Then they will probably stay there a pretty long time.

I remarked one change, after being here a little while, and that was in the aspect of the streets as regarded traffic. Somewhat diminished seemed the stir and bustle of the place. There appeared to me less movement and fewer laden carts. When we were here before they seemed to be running over one another, such crowds of them there were, with their magnificent teams of colossal mules. Spaniards tell you, with a rather malicious air, the place has less business and prosperity than it had, owing to various causes; but I know not whether their statements are correct. There might be a thousand

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reasons for the place appearing less busy and bustling just now. The most enterprising smugglers might be laid up with severe influenza, for example, in the present somewhat inclement weather; for Gibraltar happens not to be favoured with so fine a winter as usual.

We think of going over to take a look at Tangier before proceeding to Malaga; but though so near, this is more easily said than done. There are no steamers that make the passage, or it is quite a rare occurrence; and the little voyage in the sailing-vessels is sometimes very tediously protracted. Now may I repent of not having accepted an invitation I had when here before, to go over in a war-steamer, that was placed at the disposal of the Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar. But repentance of this sort is particularly useless, and I will summon Patience instead of Penitence to my aid, and wait for a fair wind and a vessel to take me over. In the meantime we may amuse ourselves by making plans and arrangements for a subsequent Spanish tour.

What extraordinarily contradictory accounts are given of some things in Spain! Among which I may peculiarly mention robbers. Some authors and travellers cannot go a page or a mile without encountering some dreadful blunderbussed being, brown as hard-bake, armed to the teeth, cloaked to the eyes, with the most unpleasant habit of desiring you, as well as your companions, to put your mouth into the dust — which is the same thing as putting the dust into your mouth — on a road of Spain; and the very idea of which gives one a gritty sensation against the palate, and sets the teeth on edge. Spanish dust, too, the very dustiest of powdered earth! They say, "every

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man must swallow a peck of dust before he dies;" but I wonder how many pecks the poor man who is ordered to lie down *boca á tierra* in Andalucia must swallow before *he* dies!

Sometimes, however — in fact, very frequently — or the narrative of horrors would come to an untimely end (with the narrator) before it is begun, the dreadfully ferocious monster or monsters—generally in the plural—allow one of the miserable mortals, who have been "eating dirt" so copiously, to live, and depart in peace, and out of pence, to take up the pen and give the world the account of the heinous actions of the dread monsters aforesaid; but we are to imagine a few other people assassinated, who we may suppose to have, unfortunately for themselves, less to do with pens than pence, and who consequently have no occasion to survive in order to publish the shocking story. These victims are really, in general, very much murdered in that thrilling little *roman*, and touching historiette,—the "traveller's tale," but who are, perhaps, not altogether so stark and stiff in dull reality.

The proper prescription for making up these horrible black doses of murders and mystery, of desperation and destruction, seems to be something usually like the following:—

℞

Essence of blunderbuss, pistol, knife, dagger, bludgeon, and sword	Oiv.
Dust	℔xij.
Heart's blood	℥xxxx.
Soul-harrowing oaths	℔l.
Slouched hat	℔lxx.
Powder——of gun	℔iij.
Cigars	ℨj.
Parisian bonbons	gr.iij.

Mix.

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To be taken at midnight, when it is particularly murky, and without moon and stars.

Mem.—No occasion for shaking the mixture; the patient will, perhaps, himself be shaking all the time, which will do as well (as the old nurse thought once on a time).

The other section of travellers and authors (a smaller one) laugh at the bare idea of the thing. "Out of the question!—preposterous!" They, in fact, go to the contrary extreme. You can travel with the greatest possible security in Spain,—say they. A watchmaker, if so minded, may wander about with his whole shop's contents exhibited in the openest manner: no one will be found to relieve him of a single watch-key even. Robbers are really remarkable in Spain, from their complete absence. You can't be robbed: it is a luxury you must forego. If you advertised for brigands to infest the highways for you, you would probably not find a single one to answer your advertisement. None are bred up to the trade now.

According to these authorities, if you are quite resolved on being robbed, then you must rob yourself—dexterously pick your own pocket—throw watch and money into the first ditch—pluck the ring off your own finger—the studs out of your own shirt—and go and complain to the nearest alcalde of a very handsome, gentlemanlike-looking man, perfectly well dressed, who with the coolest assurance, and with a very few words, but in a most determined manner, proceeded to seize every article of value you possessed, ending by making off with them, and leaving you for dead—till you came to life again, having only been very slightly killed after all.

Or you must bribe a bandit largely, to come and

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assault you; or you must assault *him*, and most savagely, too, and vehemently insist on his robbing you to the last farthing, varying the dull old formula, "Your money or your life" thus unusually, — "Take *my* money — or your life, you rascal!"

Steering between these two much-opposed opinions, I am greatly inclined to think it is possible to go a few miles, or even more, along a Spanish road, without meeting with any deadly, merciless brigands, with sun-roasted complexions, — villainous visages that have apparently been pickled in saltpetre, and who, notwithstanding the ferocity of their looks and lives, mix much suavity with their bloodthirstiness. For what do we generally hear of them from the heroes and victims? The miscreants usually leap lightly from their steeds, and come forward with a courteous air and bow, and conduct the whole affair most gracefully, more like dancing-masters than desperadoes, — with considerable civility cutting your throat from ear to ear, venturing to hope it does not hurt you in the least, and assuring you they suffer far more than you can do respecting the unpleasant necessity they find themselves under of interfering in any way with your jugular vein; or else knocking you on the head repeatedly with a large stone, while they gracefully offer you a cigar, if you are a gentleman, or put a sugar-plum into your mouth, if you are a lady; and, as in the former case, with uncovered head (they take care to uncover yours rather too entirely, *à la* Red Indian, it seems,) they ask pardon for the little liberty they have taken — and for the big stone, — and vow they are ashamed to make such a bungling bother, and only wish there were little patent portable guillotines in-

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vented to do the business pleasantly; or that travellers and governments would all agree that gallant bandits are not to be robbed of their hard earnings, fairly taken in the open highways, and would at once hang all gaolers and *verdugos* (executioners), and then Your Grace's head should go without anything being hammered into it for him, though he has been forced thus by fate and the folly of laws, and—pardon him— the obstinacy of *viajeros*, to stand hammering all this sense, and a stone besides, into it, for the last quarter of an hour.

How pleasing it must be to meet with such agreeable specimens of well-bred *rateros!* But really I suspect a few of the travelling gentry occasionally mistake,—in a somewhat Quixotic vein,—peaceful windmills for pocket-assaulting warriors of the wayside; and as windmills, if they have arms, have no tongues, and can talk not, any more than they can fight, (arms notwithstanding), they must imagine the eloquent discourse of which we have given a sample. We certainly doubt, in short, the fact of these brigand-adventures being so exceedingly common as some tourists and writers would lead us to think; and, on the other hand, we do not believe in the impossibility of being robbed, and handsomely, too, in a Spanish *galera*, or diligence, or on a Spanish mule. It is a feat that has been actually accomplished, and not long ago, by persons who certainly made no effort to arrive at this end, but not aim, of their journey; for some, by all accounts, were indeed thus, too speedily, taken to "that bourn whence no traveller returns."

This tragic conclusion is, however, now, I apprehend, very rare; but there is a gang of ac-

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complished ruffians about Granada who, if truth be told, would seem to stick at nothing, and their knives into everything.

I believe, without any bribery and corruption, you may be fortunate enough in this country to meet with an adventure, and an adventurer who will take care of every farthing you have in your possession for you, pocket-book and all, and consider himself your Purse-bearer, and your Keeper of the Seal, and your Chamberlain with the (watch) key, and your Groom of the *Stole*, and your *écuyer* of the *bouche* (an office known to the old French courts), which *bouche* he is fain to feed with a plentiful supper of sand, and your most complete Master of the Horse—and of the mule; for he has cut their traces, and his friends have carried them off: thus treating you altogether, not only with the greatest courtesy, but right royally, and saving you all trouble and care for the future about your property.

I should certainly recommend all travellers in Spain to leave their watches behind them for various reasons, to be specified hereafter.

Whether truly or not, I cannot really determine till I have been in the localities, but we are told there are many places travellers visit in Spain (and that are exceedingly worth visiting, too) where they must live on air, or where this must prove the chief part of their nourishment. They must seek there to rival the frugal camel, for if not, and if travelling in a party, cannibal ideas might take possession of their minds, and catastrophes might happen such as took place, we were told, in Colonel Fremont's company going overland to California. Now, by other accounts, there are robbers even in these bare and spare parts of Spain, not on the highroad, indeed,

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but in the inns and hotels, who assail you with pen and ink, and while you tremble for the fate of your travelling exchequer, literally knock you down with a feather—with a stroke of their dread goosequill; and while you ponder, utterly distracted, over its items, they seem positively to have beat out your very brains with their dire, bewildering bill,—deadliest of bill-hooks, that catches you and despatches you, and cuts you down, and cuts you up; while as to your pockets, briefly have they pitilessly done for them, and cruelly despatched, too, their innocent contents —into their own.

This kind of depredators, however, do not take your watch; and if the intending traveller has been reading any of those lugubrious accounts, he may think he had better carry his repeater with him, in case he should find himself, according to these alarming writers, stripped of his last *ochavo* on the road. But wherefore? oh, expectant tourist! In vain would you make your time-keeper act as did Hood's watch of old, when be pawned it to get him a dinner, if there is no food to be found!

The thing cannot be done (if we believe in all the recorded nakedness of the land). The "plate of the dial" would go in vain for beef where there is none. What meal would you hope for? Have a little more air?—you've had enough of that pure refreshment already on Spain's windy sierras. And how can you "make gravy-soup of the watch," where there is neither gravy nor soup? and you can't feed on the actual gold itself, like Midas. Alas! what would be the use, even if you could make

> "Time's long hand lay hold of a carver,
> His short hand take hold of a fork,"

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if we have nothing for him to cut up with the former, or to put upon the latter?

Besides, when Hood wished to pawn his "diurnal comrade," though he could not any longer go joyously to a dance in certain pleasant houses in various gay streets (as was his wont once, he tells us), he could and did go to "three balls;" but in a dreary, arid, Spanish desert, you would find no "Three Balls" to go to, though you might there be led a dance, indeed, after your missing supper. He pathetically described his grief at being obliged to undress for his dinner (having already disposed of various articles of attire, with this object), instead of dressing for dinner in the usual mode; but useless, indeed, must it be to copy his example, when, dressed or in deshabille yourself, you are, unhappily, quite sure of getting no *dinner* dressed, any more than in the dinnerless "Stow in the Wold," where "the wind blows cold."

On the whole, then, I strenuously advise every friend of mine going to travel about in Spain, to leave their watches at home; the more so, as it is difficult to imagine what possible use they can be of to any visitor in that country. What earthly good can it do you to know when the exact time comes that the diligence, mules, *mozos*, *galera*, horses, breakfast, dinner, and supper, will *not* be at the door, or on the table? What profit is it to you to know the time has arrived when they were ordered or expected? What advantage, in short, would it be to sit up, watch in hand, feeling Hope's flagging pulse, as it were, for an hour or two, or more, having the dreary consolation of knowing *you* are in time, and that the *galera*, *coche*, mules, guide, guest, or tailor, are two or three hours be-

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hindhand? Vain, indeed, the added anxiety of this useless watch—and wait.

The only people here who seem to have occasion to know how time flies, according to some writers, are the robbers; and they *do* feel an interest in it,—when the little time-pieces are encased in gold and silver. Time in pinchbeck would not bear much value in their eyes, we think. They, however, are the sole people there who seem to care about the matter at all. "Time is money" to them, indeed, under certain circumstances. Dearly would they prize an hour-glass, if the sands therein were what some poet so prettily calls (under certain circumstances too,)

"*Diamond* sparks, that dazzle as they pass."

In Spain, Time is expected to wait for every man, whatever tide may do; and neither man, woman, nor child, seem to trouble their heads farther about him. It almost seems they think he *does* wait for them, in so leisurely a manner do they generally go about everything; as if the wish expressed in the old song was granted to the greater number of them, and, indeed, they were all pretty sure to

"live a thousand long years,
And all without hurry, or trouble, or care."

About the

"Acts that they do and the arts that they learn,"

we won't say too much.

Altogether, I think your repeater would have a melancholy sinecure in Spain. You would soon discover that nothing is ever in time there, and you will be gladly, "like a Brownrigg apprentice, 'out of your time,'" too; finding everybody and every-

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thing else so entirely out in theirs; and thus no longer winding up your unlucky watch, you would suffer it to become a stop-watch, though of no more use in feeling Hope's pulse, which will be dead—on all questions respecting punctuality; that being a thing as difficult to find in Spain as perpetual motion or the philosopher's stone.

Pause a little before you think of advising a Spaniard not to lose his time; he has never found it yet, and, moreover, believes it to be the old Scythe-bearer's business to find him, and to take *him* by the forelock—if he can. From the cool way in which the great Destroyer is treated here, Spain would almost seem to have—or to fancy she has—the high privilege of entering into a mysterious Eternity of her own in this world. However, 'tis certainly anything but an Eternity of a perpetual *Now*,—'tis rather one of everlasting To-morrows, that postpone their coming for ever and aye; in fact, to all eternity.

Perhaps, after all, in some respects, the worthy Dons are right! Are we much happier with our endless, anxious punctuality and fuss? Punctuality is the soul of business; but is this same business so very much the soul of happiness as we all seem to think?—(The idea of Business having a soul at all!) Is it not a little true that joy is man's wealth, and care his poverty? Yes, is not the first his best of all wealth, if the last is not his worst of all poverty? "Procrastination" is said to be "the thief of time," but, according to apparent Spanish interpretation, who steals it "steals trash." But, verily, it is time, and more than time, to end this chapter.

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CHAPTER VIII.

A PLEASANT morning, and though the hour was terribly early, the voyagers were all ready. The vessel we were to embark in was a French boat—I think they called it the regular French Correo boat; but why that nation should have one between Gibraltar and Tangier I know not.

Among other passengers, there was a man said to be a noted *contrabandista* on board; the terror, we heard, of all the country. The man looked tame and quiet enough; though with rather a cunning sparkle in his small eyes; indeed, he was altogether exceedingly unprepossessing in appearance, and without the bold, dashing air, that these worthies, or unworthies, generally have. Two Italian signori and one English gentleman were also bound for the African shore.

There was one very singular passenger on board: this was an extraordinary-looking Moor, enveloped in his haick, of which, with the help of an oddly-peaked hood, he made a sort of tent, and there he squatted, nearly as motionless as a carved figure, except that his eyes rolled about as if they had serious intentions of taking leave of his head altogether. There were some others of his nation on board, but he seemed to hold aloof from everybody, and apparently to understand no language.

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Yet our Moor was not deaf and dumb, for when any one addressed him (and as people's curiosity was aroused they made a special point of so doing) he glared round instantly with his strange, glittering eyes, which really seemed, like the Irishman's gun, to shoot round the corners; for, without moving any portion of his wooden face, you marked the flashing glances, apparently turning round to the side of his head, as if he was peeping at his own ears. This man seemed to have the faculty of seeing behind him. Indeed, if his marvellous optics did not exactly make the circuit of his head, they looked as if they had the power of doing so, if they chose it. He now and then seemed possessed by some strange terror; indeed, he appeared to entertain great dread of the proximity of Christians.

It appeared certain he could only have been sojourning at Gibraltar for a very brief space of time, and that—whatever might be his position with regard to other tongues—he was totally unacquainted with the English language; and it seemed he had great doubts as to whether his life was safe in this Christian boat, with nothing but unbelievers around him.

Perhaps he had heard of the Inquisition of old times, and confused past and present in his not very enlightened mind; or, as he seemed a half-simple, unsophisticated creature, had his friends been frightening him for their own amusement? This we could not tell; but if he verily believed that the Inquisition was still in full vigour, and that the Crusades (if he ever heard of them) were actually going on, he could not have seemed much more alarmed than he did at thus being in the close neighbourhood of Nazarenes. In fact, he could

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hardly have looked more frightened had he thought one of the Italian gentlemen was the Pope in disguise, with moustachios and pointed beard, and a wide-awake; or little Anglia the Archbishop of Canterbury in petticoats; or the *contrabandista* the Grand Inquisitor; or the bluff sailors a group of awful Nazarene Houries; or the French captain one of the saints he had heard of, perchance, among the Spaniards who spoke his tongue at Gibraltar or Cadiz—St. Hercules, peradventure.

The poor man seemed not to have a morsel to eat, and he already looked like the *squelette vivante.* We took compassion on him, and gave him a great hunch of bread and some cheese. He accepted this with a smile, showing formidable teeth, something like numerous pointed ivory daggers all in a row; and, as usual, he rolled, and darted, and glanced his eyes about in their sockets like one possessed; and the gleaming teeth flashed and sparkled, so white and so bright, that they almost seemed darting, and glancing, and rolling about, too.

We flattered ourselves we should get to Tangier in the evening, in time to land, having started very early indeed in the morning; but we did not do so, and we had to wait till the following dawn. Very inconvenient and uncomfortable it was; but there was no alternative, and so we resigned ourselves to our fate.

Our little voyage had been pleasant enough. The scenery was truly noble and interesting. Certainly we seemed to get on very slowly; but, besides the charm of the views, we had been amused by that strange object, the Moor, crouched

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under the tent he had formed of his haick: his glittering eyes might well give us an idea of those of a serpent-charmer, if they ever fascinate the reptiles by staring at them, as those reptiles themselves are said to stare at birds. And then the English gentleman, who had been travelling about a good deal in Spain, repeated some very interesting accounts of his various adventures, in which I do not think a single robbery figured.

This was something quite new; and, consequently, much excited our curiosity.

Besides agreeably astonishing us with the extraordinary omission alluded to in his little narration, this gentleman pleasantly initiated us into the mysteries of Gazpacho-making, which we were ignorant of before; and told us how a Spanish king out hunting once on a time lost his way, and, worse, his dinner; half famished, the illustrious Nimrod reached a humble cottage, and was provided with a capital supper of Gazpacho, the only thing the poor little hut afforded. After he returned to his stately palace, the king declared that Gazpacho was the most delicious stuff he ever tasted in his life, and that the cooks of the royal kitchen were all idiots, and knew nothing, as they knew not that.

The august epicure was bent on having the receipt of it exactly as his humble hosts made it. The receipt was duly sent, and the dish the king so much praised duly made and served; but when the monarch tasted it, to his disappointment he found it very inferior to the mess that he had so highly approved of in the little cot of his lowly entertainers. He sent another message to the good peasants: "Tell them they must have

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forgotten to mention some of the ingredients, for it certainly wants *something;* of that I am quite sure." The poor rustics declared they had omitted nothing in their little receipt, and that the sauce which the simple mess wanted, in short, and which they could not supply, was *La Salsa de San Bernardo*, as the Spaniards say,—to wit, hunger. "They are right," cried the king. "I must lose my way again, and toil along for many a long weary mile in order to enjoy Gazpacho in perfection, and to endow it with the full flavour and true zest!"

Still for all this, Gazpacho is an excellent dish, but you must make Spaniards throw overboard the garlic; which they, of course, think is performing the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted. However, notwithstanding this, with the garlic heart cut out, and the garlic head cut off, the decapitated and dismembered dish is capital.

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CHAPTER IX.

In our little French vessel, called the "Correo Frances," there was as much bustle and noise when we prepared to land as the few passengers could contrive, conveniently to themselves, to make; and among the most bustling of all, and, I think, by far the most loudly chattering of all, was the whilom dumb and impassive-looking Moor, whose eyes alone gave one the idea of life, and of retaining any power of moving the day before, and who looked so shrinking and humble that he appeared to feel it an impertinence on his part to exist at all, and as if he drew every breath apologetically. In fact, this personage's entire being seemed to be in a kind of modest parenthesis, and he had the air of being truly contrite and shocked at thus taking the great and unwarrantable liberty of living.

But now, wonderful was the difference! He hardly appeared to think *our* existence excusable —miserable non-Mahometans! and, strange to say, instead of knowing no language, he suddenly seemed to be acquainted with every dialect on earth almost, and to be a kind of walking tower of Babel.

Had he been studying, while there he sat in silence, some astonishing Hamiltonian system, or other facile method that taught him a hundred languages at once, or in a very few hours? He

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certainly strongly resembled Baron Munchausen's famous horn, for the sounds that terror apparently had frozen up in his throat before, came pouring out now, unthawed, in thousands all together, in sad, meaningless confusion; for I am constrained to say, our friend in the haick appeared to talk the most unmitigated nonsense, and the merest gabbled gallimatias imaginable, as far as I could understand it, addressing himself to everybody, or anybody, or nobody: or rather, as if he considered the first the last, and that it was not worth while waiting for their answers, or troubling himself to make his *omnium gatherum* of observations clear to their dull understandings. I believe this peculiar individual had a quantity of food on board with him, though he never chose to touch it, and eagerly took the bread we offered him. In the meantime, his fears had wholly fled.

The Archbishop of Canterbury in disguise, who was tying his bonnet-strings and smoothing his ringlets, had lost all terrors for him. He spoke sternly to the blue-jacketed Saint, and stuck himself boldly in the way of the terrific tarry houries in Sou'-westers. He peremptorily shoved the Grand Inquisitor aside, and instead of kissing the Pope's toe, trod on it, in his lawless haste.

We were right glad at the prospect of landing. The early morning was very cold. My head felt almost like a snow-ball; we were shivering, and of a charming cerulean blue, and we all felt that we had had quite enough experience of the "plentiful lack" of comforts, and the extensive non-accommodations on board this dirty little vessel. We had had a long day and a long night; part of the latter our bark had been moored, and now

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we were to be *moored* to land, too, by the dusky sons of Morocco, for we could not get near the beach.

The landing was sufficiently disagreeable; however, it could not be helped, and everybody had to be carried to the shore. The Italians rode off in excellent style. One of them was full of merriment and gaiety, and when his turn came, and he was mounted on the shoulders of a sturdy Moor, he laid about him the little riding-whip he carried, pretty lustily. His dark-brown steed entered fully into this joke (which all steeds do not by any means, dark-brown or of any other colour), and cantered prancing through the water at a capital pace, splashing it about, and exciting a laugh even on some grave Moorish faces that were lining the shore. He soon deposited his merry burthen on the wet beach.

We begged for chairs of some kind, on which to be borne through the surf, and these were found and furnished; and then we landed in state, and were chaired triumphantly to *terra firma*, as energetically as if we had just been returned members for Morocco; and afterwards, without loss of time, we were all conducted to a very rude custom-house, but with very civil custom-house officers: which last was assuredly of the most consequence to us of the two. When we first entered, we were straightway introduced to the presence of an enormous turban, to which was attached a little man — at any rate, he looked little in comparison, since the before-mentioned article of dress might almost have formed the dome of a small mosque. Of course we paid our respects to the chief turban of the place, and awaited our doom with very considerable impatience.

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The functionary, whose poor little *caput* might have been utterly lost in an obscure corner of his most prodigious top-knot (like the diminutive head buried in some huge magic helmet we have read of), desired us to be seated, with much solemnity.

Notwithstanding the awful appearance of this veritable head-man,—who, however, seemed thus to have lost his head—in its own gear, we found him exceedingly courteous and amiable. He and his myrmidons merely looked on the outside of our baggage, and left the inside recesses unvisited. I think, if the poor topheavy chief officer had attempted to stoop over one of our capacious *sacs de nuit*, he would have tumbled into the carpet-bag head foremost, to a certainty; that is, *he* might have fallen in: but it would not have held the muslin mountain, which must perforce have rolled off another way.

We gladly made, when set free, our obeisances to the turban, and left the place to proceed to the Scotch Miss Duncan's well-known hostelry, of which we had heard excellent accounts: these I am delighted to be able to corroborate. We were quickly installed in very comfortable rooms there, and provided with a late, but capital breakfast. We sat down with no little glee to this welcome repast, for we had practised a somewhat compulsory abstinence on board that morning, having expected to land the evening before, and being rather short of provisions. (The fresh sea-air, too, is sometimes enough to make a frugal camel hungry.) While we were discussing this pleasant meal we were startled by suddenly hearing a loud sound, as if a whole flock of turkeys were uttering forth the

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most heart-rending gobblings and cacklings, whose distracting echoes swelled far and wide. Louder and louder grew the sound—nearer and nearer.

We hoped the kind mistress of the house, on hospitable thoughts intent, and in consequence of our having, perhaps, dropped an unguarded expression respecting our little fast this morning instead of breakfast, was not going to immolate a whole hecatomb of turkeys for our dinner. But surely never did these engaging fowls, when giving forth their loudest notes, irate at some rascally red rag and looking their very reddest themselves, breathe such dissonant, detestable sounds! We rushed in the direction of the noise to the window of the next room, which opened on a sort of terrace-balcony, and running to the end of this we espied the cause of the truly distracting disturbance.

This was a remarkable old gentleman of the Mahometan persuasion, in dignified robes and stately turban, but who seemed to have a fancy for shoving himself along, half-squatting, in the not very odoriferous mud of Tangier, or of walking perfectly bent double till his nose nearly touched the mud in question, as if it had been a pleasant perfume that he was anxious to snuff up.

Occasionally the venerable Moor raised himself upright, but only to go suddenly down again—so suddenly, that it seemed he had snapped in two, like a broken lily-stem or a storm-swept reed.

While placing himself in various and very curious *poses plastiques*, and steering himself along thus uncomfortably, this singular individual uttered forth the soul-piercing noises I have described. I hardly wondered at the distressing complaints when I saw the contortions and cramping attitudes

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of the strange being who indulged in them. To look even at these eccentric positions—necessarily, one should think, very painful ones—was almost enough to make a mere passing spectator feel dejected in his spirits, and a little crooked in the back.

Flowing robes and towering turbans, with their rich dyes, are grand and picturesque things, but they lose much of their charm and dignity when the first fall flowing into the blackest mire and the latter go nid-nodding into a stagnant pool. Likewise they do not exactly look graceful when their wearer is indulging in a kind of spasmodic and struggling mode of progress, something between a convulsive waddle, a crippled toddle, and a subdued leap-frog, that much disarranges the fine and noble folds of the sweeping garments, and sends the lofty head-gear half over the nose.

We made due inquiries as to the singular mania of the gobble-gobbling old man, and found he was one of those marabouts that are so common in Barbary. The strange cackling sounds that made us think of broken-hearted turkeys publishing their wrongs very audibly to an ungrateful world, were perfectly translateable to us, for the poor creature gobbled in good Moorish. He was calling, said our informant, on all his family, who were dead, to come back to him. "That it," cried Achmet, the Moorish waiter and factotum here; "he call 'Papa, mamma, uncles, brothers, sisters, you all come me back here.'" If his papa, and mamma, and uncles, and brothers, and sisters, were in the habit of rending the air with such a hubble-bubble of sounds as he did, lucky was it for our tympanums that these revered relations did not hear him,

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though they must have been very dead, indeed, not to do so.

Our most kind and amiable hostess told us that the French Princess Clementine, with her husband, the Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg, had lately been staying in her hotel, and she was enchanted with the affability and good-nature of the Princess.

Miss Duncan repeated a little anecdote relating to the royal visit with very great delight. A cup of coffee or something had been inquired for by one of the attendants, for the Princess. Miss Duncan herself hastened to carry it to the royal apartments, but not being able to find the Princess's maid at the moment, she ventured to tap gently at the door, and received a summons to enter. "Come in; I am only taking off my walking-boots: come in, I beg of you," cried the Princess Clementine, in such good English that it quite delighted Miss Duncan; who, however, I think, would have been still more delighted if it had been in good Scotch.

The Princess then made divers very gratifying observations respecting the comforts of this hotel, and completely won the heart of its flattered proprietress; and I am bound to add, if that respectable dame repeated these observations faithfully and literally, the royal lady spoke, after all, with a very pretty little Scottish accent indeed,—finding "everything sae vera pleasant and weel arranged," and praising "the maist carefu' hostess, and the gude accommodations here."

Miss Duncan had various other anecdotes of the different visitors to Tangier and her comfortable mansion. Among other people, she told me my brother had been there, and on a wet day had gone

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down to the kitchen to dry his own socks, to save trouble; which pleased the worthy mistress of the house much.

Next door to the hotel lives a very ill-conditioned, sour-tempered, jealous old Moor, who keeps his wives most rigorously immured. When a nephew of Miss Duncan's came to reside with her here, this worthy built up immediately an additional wall, for fear the dreadful youth should catch a glimpse of the fair inmates of the harem, or they, perhaps, catch a glimpse of him.

We took a long stroll about the town, escorted by Achmet (Miss Duncan's Moorish servant and *major-domo*), who seems an excellent creature, and diverted us very much by his curious language — a droll mixture of English, and Spanish, and Arabic, with a spice, perhaps, of Scotch, caught from his good mistress.

We bent our steps towards a Moorish school, where the children were repeating parts of the Koran, bowing almost perpetually, like so many little masters-of-the-ceremonies, or Chinese mandarin figures. We saw another school after this, in full work: indeed Education seems to be flourishing in Tangier.

One of the schoolmasters, who looked like an ill-natured Moorish Squeers of a Moslem and African Do-the-boys-House, seeing us quietly looking in, came very angrily forward and shut the door. Certainly the bonnets and English gear may, in a trifling degree, have distracted the attention of the poor little Mussulmans, who, however, kept duly dipping and bobbing most pertinaciously, and gabbling away in their guttural tongue. "Do they teach them well?" I asked of

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our guide. "Yes, teach them well; teach them much; and give them much stick — very much stick," said Achmet, who seemed to think the latter highly desirable, and that not doing this would have been equivalent to cheating the parents, as well as spoiling the sons.

We met a great many stately, serious Moors, but not our friend who made the horrible half-gobbling, half-gabbling, — half-grunting, half-gurgling sounds, we had heard in the morning. We were sincerely glad of this. "Much fool-man," says Achmet; "much fool-man he: Him call allwise for his papa and mamma to come next him, and they gone dead — all flowed away."

As we were walking along in the street, suddenly Achmet stopped, and looked attentively at the footmarks of a mule, or a donkey, on the side of the road. I asked why he studied it so closely. "Ah," he cried, "plenty cargo; plenty much heavy cargo!" He was struck by the exceedingly deep footmarks of the poor animal, showing the very great weight he must have carried. They were indeed strangely dug and cut into the ground; — "Yes, Achmet, the poor thing was sadly, shamefully over-burdened." "Hech, sirs! what a mighty big load dat *pobrecito* has been born on him."

We paid a visit to an Arab caravanserai, — at least to the outside of it, — a Fondaick, or Fondak, they call it here, I think (whence, of course, Fonda, in Spanish). Vast crowds of camels and camel-drivers were in the court of the caravanserai, most of them, apparently, lately arrived. The poor beasts were busily employed eating their suppers, but still with their saddles on. This supper is rather a grave business for them, one should think,

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as they make one meal serve them for so long a time often; and they seemed to think this, too, and to give it their most studious, earnest, and serious attention, sparing very little to us. Every now and then they swung round their proud necks, looking as stately as if they had been elected Kings of the Beasts in the place of "The Yellow-haired," as the Moors call the lion.

One of the Arabs crouched down on the bare earth among his camels, and looking the personification of poverty, had a perfect lapful of money; all, I think, in copper.

Another day we went to the Moorish burial-ground. On the graves you see frequently a bunch of evergreen, or of some other plant; and, for fear the wind should blow it away, it is carefully kept on the little mound by a stone or two being laid upon the end of the bough. Every Friday, Achmet informed us, the mothers come and put "fresh branch at sons' foot." Widows, too, come to mourn over their departed lords, asking why they have left them, and many a flowering or leafy bough is laid on the lowly sod. A touching custom! There were some palmetto bushes and wild vines, and a great many wild irises, in the cemetery, besides some stunted-looking fig-trees. It was, wisely, outside the town.

The mounds of the dead are placed so that they point towards Mahomet's sepulchre at Mecca. A few, but very few, arabesqued tombs are to be seen; usually they are unornamented, having a simple wooden memorial at the head. It is said to be an affecting sight to see the mourners arrive, wrapped in their snowy haicks, and hear them raise the voice of sorrow and lamentation afresh over their

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departed, as if they were once more newly bereaved.

We, of course, visited a Moorish house. This was not so splendid as the Princess's palace we saw at Tunis some years ago, but was very pretty and pleasant. The patio was daintily tiled, and the apartments were very sweet and perfumed. In the bedroom the sleeping-couch was in a deep alcove, with curtains drawn before it. A young negress showed us about the house, right gaudily attired in flaming fiery orange, looking a little like a sable coal that was burning up very fiercely.

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CHAPTER X.

After our visit to the Moorish house we went to see an Israelitish habitation, and admired extremely the superb Jewish dresses here. There were some handsome Jewesses, but such a magnificent and becoming costume is enough to make even a homely person look handsome. I sincerely hope, however, this little fact that I have disclosed may not have the effect of making any of my estimable female readers think for a moment of becoming Morocco Jewesses, and taking up their abode as such at either Tangier or Tetuan. At the latter place, I understand, the dress is still more beautiful and costly than here.

Besides this visit, we paid one to a Jewish bride, who, with the bridegroom, was seated in great state, receiving numerous visitors, who, every one of them, stood staring at her with all their might. When we came in, the stares were, by unanimous consent, transferred to us, and the splendidly-dressed bride was quite neglected. Her jewels blazed unseen, though so many pairs of eyes were in the room; and her richly-adorned charms were wasted on the desert air, even in the very midst and centre of that dense and inquisitive crowd.

But we compensated a little to her for this trying

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privation of curiosity and admiration among her friends, by staring all we possibly could at her—as hard as ever Psyche—or who was it?—stared at somebody, when she was told on no account whatever was she to look at him, or even to cast the very slightest glance imaginable in that direction. The proud and pranked-out beauty seemed pretty well satisfied with this profound gaze; but I confess, at first we were so dazzled by the jewels and gold, and bewildered by the number of people, that we did not well know the bride from her gallant spouse, also superbly clad, and a little like a gilt-gingerbread bridegroom, all spick-and-span and gaudy and garish: thus we stared not a little at him, too.

The dark bride was handsome: her apparel might have suited the fair Scheherezade when she married the Sultan of the Indies. But amidst so much confusion of splendour, and such a glittering mizmaze of brightness, it was difficult to study the details at the time, or remember them afterwards. I think a rose-coloured transparent veil fell round her, like a soft sunrise cloud, but studded over with silver stars, as if all of the softest and loveliest beauties of Night and Morning was thus represented in this superb veil. Then came a jacket, braided with golden threads, and hidden almost with jewels, like a little costly chain-armour vest or a priceless coat-of-mail of linked and wrought gold, and flashing precious stones. She wore magnificent earrings and other ornaments; and white velvet slippers, embroidered profusely with gems and gold, encased her delicate feet.

This lovely and sumptuously-clad being sat cross-legged on a raised couch, without stirring or

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speaking, like a fine, fair, wax-work image. She looked as if she was quite absorbed in being beautiful, and in wearing a waggon-load of gems.

After having stared at the brilliant living meteor to our full satisfaction, and, we hoped, to hers also—as evidently this was expected, and the right thing to do—we bade farewell to the shining couple, who seemed to have paid a visit to Sinbad's valley of diamonds (and to have come back stuck all over thickly with its valuable spoils and products), and who must be, of a truth, most precious to each other;—perfect treasures, indeed, if rubies and emeralds, and starry diamonds can make them so. I prophecy this beaming bride will prove a very dear wife to her husband—dazzlingly dear, in sooth. Imagine how dreadful her loss would be to him—if (when lost) she had on all her jewels.

We took rather a long walk into the country another day, still with the same excellent guide. During our ramble we saw a most delicious little *negrito* walking with his mother,—such an object! with his head shaved in an extraordinary manner, and *vêtu du climat*, or very little else. A sort of narrow semicircle of hair, or rather wool, was left from the nape of the neck to the middle of the forehead, and one small jaunty tuft was retained to the right, stuck there like a little black cockade.

This young gentleman was trudging placidly along with a sort of pickaxe-looking instrument, which they say is used here for gardening, on his small shoulder.

Had he ever beheld his quizzical image in the looking-glass? Apparently not; for he seemed quite at peace, and on the best terms with himself

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and all the world, and thoroughly satisfied with his present state and condition.

I could not, however, but pity the wee urchin, and asked why the hapless, innocent, wretch's head was shaved so closely, and his poor little pate left thus exposed to the burning sun. "To make de head good and hard—hard, like one stone. Knock, knock, knock, knock, much knock and no hurt. Good for Moorish boy have much hard head—could build houses and stone walls of Moorish boy's heads! Moorish man not mind nothing knocking hard into him. Not mind nobody rapping in to de skull—not care for tree even,"—"Really? they must be hard, indeed!—a tree?" "Quite real! No, not care for *tree mans* even, rapping on to de head. Oh! some got such beautiful hard heads, nothing 't all can be hammered in dem. Better dan much thick lead; bruise plenty rock dey could, I tink. Yes, Morocco man shall not crack brain—strong head from a child. Best way cut all de heads close off—so; then no hurt never at all: just like dat *chico*. He run 'gainst big wall; hurt wall, no harm him head. Moorish boys fight so,—butt wid de skull 'gain each oder: no break skull, make him harder—See! You trow big brick at dat *chico* [little boy]; brick break, no break dat boy." And I believe it is the case that this exposure to a burning sun, wind, and weather of all kinds, hardens, and, I suppose, thickens the Morocco-leather covering of their skulls to an extraordinary degree. It is said, the whacks they can bear unharmed are prodigious. In short, it would seem that an adept—a kind of top-sawyer among these accomplished hard-headed ones, would be a match for a cannon-ball, and

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would "much hurt cannon-ball, no hurt him skull."

We looked into a dark, gloomy hole of a cottage, in the country, belonging to a soldier. The furniture was chiefly remarkable (like the images of Brutus and Cassius in the ancient procession) for its complete absence. You looked about in vain for a chair, a stool, a bed, a bench, a board, a mat, or anything where mortal limbs usually or occasionally repose, vividly remembering that "such things" are, and are "most precious to us," when we're weary. A rabbit of any respectability would probably scorn and sneer at such a hutch. The poor soldier's wife, however, — the man-of-arms himself was absent, — seemed to do the honours of her extremely simple abode with some little pride. After all, the miserable place was clean; and, perhaps — who knows? — there may be worse hereabouts; and if comparisons are odious, still they very materially influence opinions.

It was not a little difficult to get into this somewhat troglodytish and very humble habitation, but, once in, you seemed there for life. Yes, you seemed almost destined there to remain for the term of your earthly existence (rather *too* earthly in that half-underground hole); but that thought not being pleasant, — for our parts we pondered awhile how to get out again, and resolved on trying to effect this performance by some desperate means or other.

At length the feat was accomplished by various dexterous twists, and twirls, and divings, and dartings, and drivings, and doublings, and dippings, and sudden dashings, and sideway slidings and pokings, and self-pushes, and painful cork-screwings

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about, (and what would mere thumb-screwings be to such screwings of the whole person?) and a most determined series of movements altogether; and the result of our gymnastics was, that we found ourselves actually standing on the outside of the half-cavern, half-cabin, and without any material injury to the spine, or serious contusions and sprains.

While we were at Tangier we listened to the muezzins calling from a neighbouring minaret with great delight. It pleasantly reminded one of beautiful Constantinople. We imparted our delight to Miss Duncan: she expressed herself greatly astonished, and of a totally different opinion; saying, she thought those vile noisy men half daft, and of no use in the world but to 'wilder people with their yelling, and prevent their hearing each other speak, or the sound of their own voices (which certainly would not suit good Miss Duncan at all, for she dearly loves a comfortable chat, and does not dislike the sound of her own pleasant voice by any means). "Hoot! and their screeching wakes folk up, too, when they want sair to be asleep; and ye ken weel that's no sae amusing."

Mr. Drummond Hay kindly called to see us to-day, and to ask if he could assist us in any of our plans. He told us much of Moorish life and manners that was excessively interesting. I have been re-reading—thanks to our kind hostess, who, luckily, has it here in her possession—his delightful "Western Barbary," which will bear, by the way, a good deal of re-reading.

It had been settled one day that Sara, the Jewish housemaid, was to sit for her picture in her full

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holiday attire; so up she came for the purpose, in a splendid garb, which I will describe.

Sara's jacket was of a deep green velvet, embroidered daintily and beautifully with sparkling gold, so thickly in many parts that the velvet was quite overlaid by the rich embroidery, and concealed from view. A sort of chemisette, of gold and silver cloth, was discovered beneath this. A wide and handsome sash of rose-coloured silk, shot with gold, encircled her waist. The skirt was composed of black fine cloth: this skirt had a splendid frontage of gold; slippers, profusely worked with glittering embroidery, partly covered her feet; above which appeared massive anklets of gold and silver. Bracelets of the same precious metals adorned her wrists.

Gracefully full and flowing sleeves of snowy-white, thin linen, depended from the short and thicker sleeves of the rich and resplendent jacket she wore: the folds of the former hung beautifully, and really looked almost as if sculptured in white marble instead of being shaped in white muslin; for, be it observed, Sara did not seem perfectly comfortable in her superb dress, and remained as if she were herself cut out of wood—as motionless as possible.

She was partly decked out in borrowed plumes, for she had called in the aid of some of her sister's finery, as well as her own, to show off her costume and herself to the very best advantage. She sat on the extreme brink of her chair, and how she escaped falling over the edge of this slight cane precipice I know not. She seemed sitting on the air itself—on vacancy. The Al

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Sirat arch of her Mahomedan friends might have furnished a rather comfortable sofa for her, at that rate.

She wore, of course, the beautiful tiara-shaped cap of the Barbary Jewesses; but hers was not so high or splendid nearly as many I have seen (and, naturally, it may be imagined that her dress altogether could not compare with the apparel of many of the richer Jewesses of Tangier or Tetuan). Her throat was encircled by a necklace *à deux rangs* of coral. Ponderous and really superb earrings hung glittering from her ears: they were of immense size, and were studded with emeralds. These earrings, however, were not nearly as magnificent as those of the bride we had seen, which consisted of several divisions; there were two higher ones and a lower, descending to the shoulder, and supported, I think, on the head-dress itself, for otherwise these formidable ornaments would tear the ears off by their weight.

It would rather astonish a visitor to an English hotel to see so smart and dazzling a housemaid as Sara come to bring soap and towels, or place a tea-kettle on the hob, I ween, even on a Sunday afternoon.

With much patience the poor damsel sat to have her features and her finery committed to paper; but as she maintained all the time the same rigid attitude in the most praiseworthy manner, and seemed to think it incumbent on her hardly to breathe while the important operation was going on, a sleepiness and weariness not unnaturally stole gradually over her, and the portrait that promised to be like at first, when her countenance was wakeful and sparkling, was not like her

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at all when a dull languor overspread her fair features. A little convulsion now and then hinted at a suppressed yawn. She would not have yawned for the world, doubtless, lest the portrait should gape also, — permanently gape. Heavier and heavier grew her eyelids; every trace of a smile vanished; she appeared overcome with fatigue; the red hue forsook her lips: at last she all but dropped asleep, I think, on that chair-brink; though it seemed almost as great a feat to accomplish as that performed by the Tartars who ride post to Ispahan, or Teheran, when they sleep on their horses while going at full gallop.

The portrait is *very* unlike, for the original has been little by little changing ever since she sat down to be sketched, and growing less like herself. No wonder, in that constrained attitude (though a graceful one), and evidently afraid of rumpling or disordering the least part of her borrowed plumes —her sister's contributions of caparison and coruscations; and no wonder, while that sleepy employment, sitting for her picture, is her occupation into the bargain!—and a novel occupation it is, too, for her.

But never mind. Sara will grow like her picture again to-morrow, probably; and in the meantime let us go and take a walk.

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CHAPTER XI.

As we were walking near the outskirts of Tangier, passing not far from one of the consul's houses, I was surprised to see a very handsome-looking woman, unveiled and unaccompanied, standing, looking exceedingly disconsolate, by the wayside, and dressed in a strange mixture of European and Morocco costume.

I cannot very accurately describe her dress, (as I have tried to do Sara's in the last chapter:) it was rather fantastic, but the effect was pretty, and became her, at all events. A shawl was gracefully draped around her, and a mysterious something, between a bonnet, a cap, a turban, a kerchief, a wreath, a helmet, a tiara, a hood, and a mantilla,—composed of black lace, I think, with pale yellow roses,—adorned her beautiful face. Her complexion was very fair; her sad, tearful-looking eyes, were blue as an Italian sky; her forehead smooth and white as the finest alabaster, and delicately the soft azure veins meandered over its clear surface. Her nose displayed the pure Greek line. The rose-lipped mouth looked as if smiles had long been strangers to its beauteous curves, her whole charming physiognomy bore such a mournful expression. This alone, without her great beauty and singular dress, would have arrested the attention of the

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passer-by. Something in her cast of features and countenance made us think she was a country-woman.

It seemed as if she wished to address us, and I asked the portress at the British Consulate, who happened to be standing near, if she were not English, and who and what she was. Yes, she was English, and very poor—married to a Moor or an Arab here — scarcely anything to live upon; and the good woman, who seemed herself to be a native of the "first flower of the earth, first gem of the sea," appeared full of compassion for her, and of kindly feelings of sympathy.

I afterwards entered into conversation with this new and true Desdemona herself. She told me her father lived at Deptford; his name was T—l—t, and he kept a public-house there. She seemed to have been very happy at home, and not to have wished to change her state, till, unfortunately for her, a company of Moorish posturers, or acrobats, came into the neighbourhood, and among them was her Othello. She appeared determined on becoming a Desdemona; though, if she had ever read that famous play, that would seem not a very tempting prospect, with the smothering at the end of the vista, if the resemblance was to be carried out. You may make up your mind to a great deal, and feel that the old saw says truth, and that "as you make your bed so you must lie on it," but to have the feather-bed lie on you and suffocate you, or the pillows and bolsters either, is very unpleasantly and entirely turning the tables indeed.

I had better now continue the relation, as well as I can by memory, in her own words :—

"It was very foolish of me, I know, and I ought

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to have known better than to think so much of looks and of dress; but indeed I did think, in all my life I had never seen anything half so handsome as this young Arab, or so magnificently splendid as his beautiful foreign dress. Every time I saw him he seemed handsomer and handsomer in my foolish eyes, and, unluckily, he was a great deal at our house," (I think she said he lodged there); "for my father never thought about his liking to marry me, or my fancying him: but I was a silly young thing, and his noble looks and splendid dress, and the things he said to me, quite turned my thoughtless head; for, indeed, he was very handsome, and so he is now, is Abdallah, only he works in a gunpowder-manufactory, and that makes him look so bad, and terribly black,—for he is not real black at all. And so, in short, I married him, without my parents' leave."

"Wrong, indeed."

"Very wrong, I know, it was; sadly wrong, ma'am; and I am, and have been, very unhappy, and have suffered dreadfully since, I am sure: for my father turned me from his doors—I couldn't wonder at it—and would do nothing to assist me, so undutiful as I had been, and I felt truly wretched at his anger. And so, as we were quite destitute, Abdallah was obliged to go on with the strolling company and the posture-making Arabs, and after a time went from England to Italy."

"Did your husband take you with him there?"

"Yes, ma'am. My husband disliked, very much indeed, my going about with this set; but we were obliged to do it for a livelihood. At last we left Italy and came here, where he had been living once before, and he thought he would try and

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get some work here, and so I might live more quiet and settled; and then he got this work. But it brings us in very little indeed, and it makes poor Abdallah look sadly black—shockingly black it makes him. I am sure no one would know him again."

"I hope he is kind to you?"

"Oh, yes! He's a very kind, good husband, indeed—an excellent husband: for he has not married any other wife, and doesn't mean to, which is very kind of him; and I think he doesn't want to: he is really such a good husband, and he does all he can for me and our little boy."

"You have only one child?"

"Only one, ma'am—my poor little Ali. I call him Henry—that's Harry. I can't abear to think of his being a Mahometan, and having a Mahometan name; and I teach him all I ever can to be a Christian. But they are all extremely jealous about it here, and I am afraid to let it be known; and it grieves me very much. Little Harry is a very good boy, which is a great comfort; but altogether I am miserably unhappy, and do wish my father would forgive me: then I should feel more at peace in my mind. And if they would take little Harry —that's Ali—I should be glad indeed, though 'twould be hard to part from him. Ah, poor innocent! to think if he should come to go on as they do here" (very plaintively). "Indeed, ma'am, I'm sure I can't abear to think of little Harry's marrying four wives at once. It's a shocking, cruel idea! The dear child! but I hope I shall be able to keep him out of all that. Yet these people seem to try and prevent my managing him much, though Abdallah wouldn't object. Abdallah hasn't such an

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opinion of that Prophet, as they call him,—letting people marry such a number of wives, so wicked and brazen ; —— These men should veil themselves up, by rights, like their women do, for they ought to be ashamed to show their faces. Abdallah don't approve of such ways. Nor I."

The people here appeared to look on Ali's gentle English maternal parent (from her being a foreigner and a Christian) as a kind of distant mother only to the boy, — a very distant mother indeed to this young follower of the Prophet, who had the felicity of having a believer for his faithful papa.

Many sighs poor Mary-Anne heaved, thinking, probably, of little Ali's numerous wives, while her lovely, soft, azure eyes, seemed ready to fill with hot tears. Then, with an effort, doubtless, dismissing the hourii host of her future daughters-in-law from her troubled mind, she thus proceeded :—

" I try to get work to do here, and they've been very kind to me at the Consulate, and given me a little occupation, and helped me : but I have nothing to do regular, and we are sadly ill off ; and all Abdallah can do here is to make this nasty gunpowder, and I hate it, it is too bad—it makes him like a blackamoor."

When we returned home we asked Miss Duncan if she knew anything about our poor Desdemona ; but, evidently, she was no favourite in this quarter. Miss Duncan had no earthly patience with anybody for marrying a Moor, she informed us (she would have been hard upon " the gentle lady" of Venice). She said, besides this, Abdallah's chosen spouse was very discontented, and had had a good deal done for her, and still she was

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always wanting something; but the great fault was her having married a black man. "How she could go and marry a black man like that! I can't fancy doing such an act of folly, my-leddy. I wouldn't, were it ever so. Why, what could she expect, silly hissie?" "But he is not really a negro, is he? She says he only *looks* like a black man from working in a gunpowder manufactory." Miss Duncan did not know exactly how black he was; he always looked black when *she* saw him: and he was a Moor, or an Arab, and she seemed to look upon them all as black constructively. No doubt, according to former ideas and prejudices, sable was their wear; so sable she seemed determined to consider them, and to look on their whiteness as a mere impertinence and presumption, and their fairness as something particularly unfair, and an encroachment on European prescriptive rights. (There are many really very light-complexioned, pale-eyed Moors; they are called in Barbary, The Zaar, the fair.) She could not understand, in short, how that senseless lassie could have married him. The man, too, might have had half-a-dozen wives. It was not a prudent thing. There spake the Scotch heart of dear Miss Duncan, and no doubt she was right,—"But it was too late, now, to think of that." "Weel! might be sae, my-leddy, but 'twas unco rash."

The next day, at poor Mary-Anne's particular request, I went to see her in her own wretched dwelling. She led the way to it, with many apologies, and as we went along kept looking anxiously a-head, and altogether seemed much afraid of meeting some body or some thing that she very much dreaded.

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Curiosity led me to question her as to this apparent disquietude, and to ask what was the dire expected object that caused her such extreme perturbation and affright, and I found she was terribly alarmed at the idea of meeting hapless Abdallah, with his complexion in bad order; "that nasty gunpowder" being a very sorry cosmetic. "Why, ma'am," said she, rather hesitatingly, "I was a little afraid we might meet my husband coming from that horrid work, and I should not like you to see him, all black and begrimed with that shocking gunpowder, after what I have told you of his being so handsome: for my poor Abdallah is really very handsome, and is not black at all; and I do wish to goodness he could get some cleaner work to do, not so abominably disguising-like and disfiguring."

However, we encountered no Abdallah, black or white, and duly arrived at the poor woman's miserable abode, which consisted of one dreary room, that struck you as cold as a cellar, and gave one the idea of a condemned cell in Newgate. This dwelling boasted of stone walls and a stone floor, as far as I can recollect, and had a wretched pallet in one corner for the only furniture. The comfortless, poverty-stricken place, had been very carefully fastened and secured, though why such misery and destitution were locked up thus it would be hard to say. There is plenty of want and wretchedness in the world; people need not steal that!

I asked where the youthful Ali was. She had given him in charge of a neighbour while she came to conduct me to this place, and now she ran out

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to look for him. "Ali! Harry, Harry! come here!" but after making the dismal little court resound with his Mahometan and Christian names, she came back and told me the woman had gone out and carried the child with her. After staying for a short time in the forlorn spot, and listening to some sad accounts the poor woman gave of her distress, and of the rheumatism, to which she had been exposed from the damps and coldness of the wretched room (whose appearance, and the sensations experienced even during this brief visit, fully corroborated what she said, while its very destitution spoke volumes), and after giving her a little assistance, we rather gladly left this gloomy place. She accompanied me part of the way back, still looking out nervously a-head for fear Abdallah should make his smutty appearance, "looking like a blackamoor; and he isn't that at all. No, that he isn't." She was most anxious to the last to impress on me the great truth that his present cloudy complexion was the fault of his trade, not of his tribe.

I feel sure, if her father could know her deep, touching sorrow and contrition for having offended him, and know, too, how kind a husband Abdallah has proved to her, and could he see her beautiful, pale, sad, gentle face, he would forgive this unfortunate and attached couple, and do something for them and poor little Ali,—which Mussulman name the loving English mother insisted on so ingeniously manufacturing into "Harry."

It was impossible not to feel much interested in this gentle and lovely creature's sad fate. She evidently so profoundly felt the misery of that worst of partings from fondly-cherished friends,—

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the partings of the spirit, the divisions of the affections.

The following verses of mine, perhaps, may express my meaning more distinctly:—

THE PARTED.

1.

"Thy Parted? where? Ah, gentle mourner, say,
How are ye parted?—let those tears have way."
"How?—by the Ocean—by the sounding Main,—
And all my life is doubt, fond strife, and pain.
Moans the deep sea with wild perpetual moan,
Echoes my heart with many a hollow groan:
Parted by Ocean!—'t is a dreary parting;
Full oft aches the anguished soul, sore wrung and smarting."

2.

"And *thine?* thy Parted, where? And say, how fell
The blow that taught *thy* soul to sigh, 'Farewell?'"
"Parted by Death!" deep-moved she shuddering cried.
"'T were joy to feel 't was *but* by Ocean's tide!
The very waves that sever'd, then should seem
To join us, too;—like bright links these might gleam,
Glassing yon sun, which should o'er both seem shining;—
But Death!... in hopeless grief 't is *I* am pining."

3.

"And thine? oh! low-voiced mourner, answer thou,
Why art thou parted from thy loved, and how?"
"As hopelessly, more hatefully, alas!
By barriers slight,—such barriers none may pass;
By rank—by pride, a mountain-wall of Ice—
By station—and a world of prejudice.
Strange mockery! Thus by Fate seems Grief derided;—
To be so near—and yet so far divided!"

4.

"And thou? Ah, tell me, weeping mourner, say,
How are ye parted?—give thy deep thoughts way."
"By Poverty!—we toil and toil apart;
Yet there is wealth of comfort for the heart.

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Not hopeless thus: though sundered we remain,
And to be parted must be still a pain;
But Hope smiles o'er the future, softly gleaming:—
We forward look, on happier days still dreaming."

5.

"*And thou?* thou sorrower with a tearless eye,
How are thy parted torn from thee? Reply!"
"*My* parted? Ah! what pangs, what throes! Be still,—
New pangs, new tortures, thus my bosom fill.
Deep Seas!—dim Poverty!—strange Fortunes!—Death!—
What are ye all?"—she gasped, she groaned for breath:
"Mine?—mine?—oh, deadly parting past all partings,—
Misunderstanding's deep and dreary thwartings!"

6.

"Thus are *we* severed—seas of fire thus spread
Between our Fates; would 't were the grave instead.
Yea, seas of fire that scorching, burning flow,
Each drop a death,—through all those waves of woe!
More wide, more deep,—as each sad season rolls,—
Thus are we sundered,—by our own deep souls!
Reconciliation? No! no! those who sever,
Thus sundered,—thus, full well know 't is for ever!"

Having decided on riding from hence to Tetuan (or, more properly, I believe, Tetouan), it became necessary to look out for saddles, as we had brought none with us. Nothing, of course, was to be got here but men's saddles. However, I knew it would be tolerably easy to convert them into side-saddles, by using the peak of the Moorish saddle as a pommel. For V—— and me this plan was pretty sure to answer perfectly well, but for Anglia and her companion it was more doubtful.

Riding-skirts (which I also had not brought, as this project of riding to Tetuan was an afterthought) were, without difficulty, made out of a set

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of strong Moorish haicks that I had procured; and a number of saddles were to be sent for selection in the evening. They arrived accordingly, and as merely looking at them did not seem sufficient to those who were but little accustomed to riding, and not at all to such uncouth equestrian seats as these, the novices in the art proposed to try them on the spot; so the chairs and tables and a trunk were duly saddled: for when Anglia arranged this novel plan we thought we might as well trot out *our* saddles too (though without our steeds), and we all gravely mounted.

An absurd scene, indeed, it must have been, had there been anybody to see it; but the company were too much occupied with arranging the saddles, and trying the peaks, and pommels, and stirrups, to think of that. We had a capital ride. There was a complaint every now and then that the saddles were certainly turning round, and this or that rider greatly feared she would get a severe fall; now the table (somewhat ricketty, perhaps) seemed to be moving its legs very strangely;* and likely to come down with the adventurous jockey who had mounted it; and now there was an exclamation that the box appeared to be breaking its back with the weight, for the saddles were very clumsy and heavy affairs. In the meantime, the least substantial of the chairs was going in distress, and quite a "roarer," no, a creaker, it proved; and threatened, too, to become a cracker. Being lamentably out of condition, it had as little bottom as it had speed,—and it failed sadly in the latter,—

* This was before the days of table-turning, or the table-jockey might have been, indeed, run away with—in a too-rapid, whirling waltz.

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though, haply, it started with a *rush*, or rather, a few rushes, too loosely put together. It really altogether looked a little as if one of the hardest of the riders, though not quite capable of being a horse-breaker, might, and probably would, end by being a chair-breaker; while the cane-ribbed steed of another, besides also falling dead lame, seemed terribly inclined to rear up, or even slightly to kick out behind, unaccustomed to this unwonted friction of the saddle and the forward-urging movements of the fair impatient equestrian.

What rogue of a dealer—in old furniture, what rascal of an upholsterer, ever warranted sound and safe these restive or tumble-down *montures?*

At length, however, all was settled smoothly and satisfactorily. The gallant cavalcade drew rein. Anglia was delighted to find she could sit perfectly well, and not tumble off her saddle on that fiery Bucephalus, an old box, which was certainly steadier than some of the other steeds, (that seemed capable of being a little vicious and lazy, and backing when their saddles worked themselves a trifle forward, or dashing themselves on the ground when their female cavaliers rose lightly in their stirrups;)—and it was unanimously agreed that the uncouth saddles would do,—but decidedly with other steeds.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE good citizens of Tangier are pretty well used to see Christians among them, as many come over from Gibraltar, and we found we might walk about occasionally without our guides, and not run any danger of being pelted or hooted. We strolled about one day till we unexpectedly found ourselves in the great market-place.

This presented a curious sight. Various were the costumes and classes there congregated together. There were crowds of people selling oranges and kouskousoo, and different articles of food. Here and there were some poverty-stricken beings, dressed in such coarse, rough, much-torn, and much-worn haicks, or ghelabs, that they almost seemed as if they were clad in suits of ragged old stair-carpet; and others were dight in choice new ones, so thick and stiff that they looked, on their side, as if their tailor had taken their measure and cut their clothes out of deal-boards.

From time to time a horseman, glum and grave, might be seen wending his way among the crowd; or a gallant party of returned boar-hunters, with dogs, guns, and hunting-knives, might perchance traverse the place. Stern and rather ferocious-looking Reefians were sauntering or loitering about there, wearing their hooded ghelabs, and with their

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sharp mountain-poniards hanging to their sides, and, perhaps, with their Moorish hoes* grasped in their hands. Sometimes they stand there in hopes of being hired, but I do not know whether that was the case then. These men generally leave one weird-looking elf-lock floating on their shoulders, the rest of the head being carefully shaved. They are usually tall and stalwart-looking. Throngs of ragged-coated donkeys swarmed in every direction; so ragged-coated, indeed, that their hides seemed to hang in fringes, like an Irishman's brass-buttoned blue coat. The plot thickened, and the air around us echoed with shrill cries of "*Ballok!*† *ballok!*" (Take care! take care!) which resounded particularly in our near neighbourhood; for while so occupied with staring about us, we were often running against a donkey's long ears, or stepping into any number of juicy water-melons.

The Alcazar here is curious, and, I think, well worth a visit. We went there accompanied by our faithful Achmet. The chief court is handsome. There were a number of Moorish soldiers lounging about, and a kaid, or captain of a hundred men, was among them. Of him Achmet asked permission to enter the palace. "Oh! Captain of a hundred men, may we behold the inside of the Sultan's glorious abode?" "Yea, O Achmet! and ye, O Nazarenes!" and so forth; and accordingly we went straight into the Alcazar. It was after rambling about there some time, I think, and admiring some curious rooms — among others, the place where the Sultan performs his prayers when here, (which I suppose, however, he never is,) with the

* *Agarzeen.*

† I am not sure whether the word is *Ballok* or *Vallok.*

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Mih-rab, or recess in which the Koran is placed,—that we were led rather exultingly by our guide to a favourite show-place of his apparently.

We arrived at the threshold of an apartment where the shutters were closed. Achmet, or the other Moor who was showing us over the castle, mysteriously stepped forward, and suddenly flung open these obstructing shutters, and as we advanced we caught sight of a wondrously splendid view of the sea. We were much struck with it. The position of this princely Alcazar is very grand; and from those particular windows you looked down a precipitous height, right upon the tossing, dark-blue waves of the deep. It really was exceedingly fine and striking,—a truly regal prospect,—and we admired it excessively.

So completely did the fortress-palace hang over the sea—rolling and gleaming at a considerable depth beneath, that you might have almost fancied yourself in a noble three-decker, stuck on the lofty crest of a high peak, or on the top of our own Monument, placed, in its turn, on the tip of Cleopatra's needle. The view of the town, too, is very remarkable from this royal castle, as is also the prospect of the country beyond, with the sweeping outline of the mountains in the distance—among them, I suppose, the interesting height of Bähärein, or the "two seas," from whence it is said you can see both the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean. The garden of the imperial château was pleasant and pretty, and we got some charming roses there.

On the same day we went to see the Swedish Consul's garden, which seems to be rather a lion at Tangier. We were a little disappointed with it,

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though it contained a large number of orange-trees in flower, and the air was redolent of the delicious *azahar*. At one time, I believe, when a terrible plague of locusts covered the country around Tangier, this garden suffered greatly from the winged depredators. Perhaps it has never quite recovered from their destructive attacks.

During one of our walks we saw a good many English flowers, numbers of periwinkles, and the plant familiarly called lords-and-ladies in England.

Our obliging hostess came to tell us one day, while we were staying at her house, that the Emperor of Morocco's nephew had been there to see her, on some business, I think; and she came to inform us, thinking we might like to look upon this imperial young Moor. Yes, we should like very much to see what this illustrious sprig of Fez or Fas fashion was like. (*Fas* is, I believe, the proper orthography, though *Fez* is, perhaps, the most common with us.) But he was gone. Miss Duncan thought he would come again the following morning, and then we were to see him.

However, the next day the prince did not make his appearance, and when I saw Miss Duncan in the afternoon I asked her if we should not have a peep at this nephew of the Shereefian Sultan before we went, as he had not come, it appeared, when he was supposed to be due, that morning. "Were ye not going away in the morning?" "Yes, and we were to start extremely early, too." "Weel, perhaps he might call that evening." But Miss Duncan looked a little alarmed at the idea, and after a pause, with her pleasant Scotch accent, she told us she hoped, however, he wadna be coming in the evening; because, in short—because it was

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necessary to keep a vera sharp look-out on him; and if he came at twilight — really — in fact, she might lose a few of her silver spoons and forks, which would be vera inconvenient: for she minded a little time ago, the illustrious prince had carried off some of her best candlesticks, secreted in the loose sleeves of his imperial robe.

She despatched messengers after the missing articles, and the prince sent them back. But it was vera unpleasant, and might happen again with other things;—and her eye glanced nervously around —(yon soup-ladle was certainly not safe, nor would the solid carving-knife, nor the substantial and brimming butter-boat, nor the entire cruet-stand, daunt a daring spoiler, who could stuff the articles already mentioned into the lesser divisions and compartments of his royal robes); and then, one didna like exactly to have to go and accuse the Emperor's nephew of stealing the salt-spoons or the sugar-tongs: so she didna want him to come in the gloaming.

Which cannot be wondered at, considering his sublime Highness seemed so addicted to making pockets of his sleeves, and popping other people's goods into them. After a little more conversation, Miss Duncan quitted us, looking rather pensive, and still apprehensive of the possible royal visit after dusk (which, however, happily for her and her spoons,—which latter might have got entangled in those cunning and dreaded brachial coverings,— did not take place). Something seemed to weigh very heavily on her mind—something too big for utterance, — perhaps her large English tea-urn, (dearer than cruet-stand, or carving-knife,) which

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she did not feel *quite* sure could not be poked up one of the princely sleeves.

The long loose folds of these portions of the august youth's dress seemed particularly useful to him, as well as ornamental; but how uncomfortable, having a brace of candlesticks or two bobbing against your funny-bone! or, if the candles were in them, a stream of tallow melting and running down your arm!

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CHAPTER XIII.

BEFORE we left Tangier we went to a Jew's shop to buy slippers, and cushion-covers, and card-cases, and pocket-books, and other Moorish curiosities and knick-knackeries for friends in England. We found some lovely specimens of Tangier ingenuity; amongst them, some very handsome gold-embroidered velvet books, fit for card-cases and memorandum-books: so with these, and a heap of yellow slippers and glittering cushion-covers, we provided ourselves, intending to send them, with part of the little luggage we had brought, straight back to Gibraltar.

We peeped into a mosque, a handsome one, recalling slightly some of the Constantinopolitan ones to me. The arabesques on a mosque we see from our windows at the hotel are very pretty.

Mr. Drummond Hay's story of the Christian clock-maker who was called to doctor the clock of Jamaa Kebeer (the great mosque at Tangier), which was out of order, is so excellent, and throws such a light on the stupid fanaticism of the good Mahometans, that I cannot resist the temptation of introducing here the chief points of interest in the tale. The faithful were at fault; they had tried various devices, but they were quite unavailing: they all seemed in the wrong—as wrong as the contumacious clock itself,—which would not go on.

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They could not even find out what part of the machinery was deranged. Things looked serious. The Talebs* and wise greybeards were non-plussed. And nothing looked more serious than they did. However, this and that was authoritatively declared to be the case,—but proving entirely erroneous, was as authoritatively contradicted; and, in fact, it was all literally no go. No; the clock *would* not go. It refused to strike, and seemed itself stricken with utter dumbness or decay. A sensible person protested it was clear what was the matter—the unfortunate clock was possessed. A *jin* (or *djin*, evil spirit) had got hold of the works; and when a jin gets hold of them, what, indeed, *could* they become but bad works—the worst of all works? Various kinds of exorcism were tried in consequence of this profoundly wise discovery; but, strange to say, vainly were these essayed. If it was a jin, it was a most headstrong one—he would not budge for man or Mahomet. He seemed as deaf to reason as the clock was dumb. What was to be done?

In this dilemma they bethought them of an accursed Nazarene clockmaker, sojourning then in Tangier—a Genoese, a good Catholic. They, perhaps, partly went on the principle of set a thief to catch a thief. Surely, if the wicked fiend were there, the Ghiaour could best catch him and expel him. Yes, yes, the Nazarene devil was more than a match, doubtless, for the jin, or for Sheetan himself; and if the timepiece were *not* possessed, he, being a skilful craftsman, might repair the machinery.

But how could the devout subjects of the Prince

* Moorish scribes.

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of the Faithful employ this rank unbeliever? Fixed in the wall of their sacred tower stood the clock. Could the vile "Kaffir" be allowed to plant his sacrilegious footsteps in this hallowed House of Prayer of the children of the Prophet? However, the time-keeper, Moakkeed, submitted the difficulty to the Kady (the judge), who was in his turn so deeply perplexed that he could not take the heavy responsibility on himself, and he proposed the matter should be reported to the Kaid, strongly counselling that a meeting of the local authorities should be forthwith convened. "Since, of a truth, I perceive the urgency of this affair is great, yea, I will expound the dilemma to the Kaid myself."

The council was called, and the wise men deliberated dispassionately and long together with the Kaid, and divers propositions were brought forward. One would leave the clock to its fate; another suggested that boards might be laid for the vile infidel to tread on; but this was thought not to be sufficient preservation from defilement for the floor. At last it was decided that the part of the pavement over which the Kaffir might pass should be entirely taken up, and the walls whitewashed near which he should walk.

The Genoese being called, he was informed with due solemnity of the task assigned to him, and expressly and emphatically commanded to take off his shoes and stockings on entering the Jamaa Kebeer. "That I won't!" burst forth the audacious Nazarene. "I never did that in the blessed chapel of *La Santissima*" (and here he devoutly made the sign of his faith), "and I won't do so in the Prophet's house, I promise you." An angry set of men, and sorely bewildered to boot, were the

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Oolama (learned sages); but the watchmaker was inexorable. The council had met in the early morning, and they had done nothing, — I am not sure that they had even breakfasted. It was now noon. Something must be done or decided on. They themselves sorrowfully confessed that they had accomplished nothing — absolutely nothing: they had not advanced an hair's-breadth, nor had the clock, which was as obstinate, though on the walls of a saintly mosque, as this sheetan of an unbeliever. Well, time went on, though the clock did not. Words are wind. Their consultation had proved mere empty discussion, (particularly so, if they were fasting). What was to be resolved on under the new complication of the difficulty? These bearded birds of wisdom were fast becoming as deranged as the horological machinery that gave them such sore anxiety.

At this juncture of affairs a Muezzin, with a silvery beard, craved their leave to speak. Granted. He required to know whether,—when the mosque itself was out of repair, and bricks and lime were carried therein to the masons by asses,—whether those asses did not bear their loads into the mosque with their shoes on? "True," they all admitted. And he farther wished to be instructed as to whether they thought the donkey believed that Allah was the only sovereign of all things, and that Mahomet was his holy Prophet? "Truly, no," they unanimously agreed. "Behold, then," rejoined he solemnly, "suffer this dog of a Christian to go in shod, as a donkey—remain awhile as a donkey—and come out as a donkey."

This was unanswerable and conclusive, and they universally consented to adopt this sage view of

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things; so, in the character of a donkey, Mr. Drummond Hay tells us, the Christian entered the "Mahometan temple, mended the clock — not, indeed, at all like a donkey, but as such in the opinion of the Faithful; came out again; and the great mosque of Tangier has never since needed another visit of the donkey to its clock."

The old Muezzin managed the affair capitally, certainly; but though the masons' and bricklayers' donkeys entered with their shoes on, an impartial listener might have observed to the grave council that he knew of a great many asses who *did* take their shoes off on going into the mosque; and this might have again renewed the perplexity. However, as Mr. Hay does not mention such an observation being made, I conclude it struck no one there.

We expressed a wish to our obliging hostess to taste again the national dish of the Moors, the kouskousoo (or kesksoo), which we had become acquainted with at Tunis—at Sir Thomas Reade's most hospitable castle there; and she accordingly sent us some. It was not quite so good as the Tunisian dish, though far from bad; and it is nutritious and wholesome, as well as palatable. On this are fattened the oft somewhat featherbed-like Fair of Northern Africa; at times *so* flourishing and full-blown, that they might seem to have no particular form or features, limbs or lineaments, but to emulate so many locomotive (?) living round O's. Truly they do credit to their kouskousoo.

As we were sauntering about one day, we accidentally came to a man engaged most devoutly in saying his prayers. Though we must have been a singular spectacle to him (it was in the country,

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near Tangier), he did not interrupt his prayers for half a moment to glance at us. He had prostrated himself near a well, and was very busily employed counting on his fingers, and pressing his forehead to the dirty earth. His slippers, which he had reverently taken off, were by his side. I think it was during the same walk we met one of the "Captains of a hundred men," riding on an ambling steed towards the town. Sleek enough he looked, and seemed to think himself of vast importance. Had the poor ragamuffin "hundred men" followed their portly leader, they probably would not have added much to his visible state and dignity.

The Road of the Ambassadors is a pleasant promenade enough: it is the most spacious of any of the roads leading from Tangier—"the city protected by the Lord," and is bordered by gardens and vineyards; the hedges of the lanes here, and highways (such as they are) in general, like those we remembered in distant Tunis, are picturesquely composed of the aloe and prickly pear: the former, when its lordly stem is adorned with its golden-coloured clustering flowers, is a beautiful object. This particular road, as I have observed, is called that "of the Ambassadors," and is so named on account of its being the one by which all those who have been intrusted with important missions to his Shereefian * Majesty re-enter the city.

Not far off is the alcoved sepulchre of the patron saint of Tangier, called the Kooba. The name of this saint is Sidi Mahommed Al Hadj.

In the neighbourhood of the town are some few enoclsures; beyond this lies the expanse of the open

* Descended from the Prophet.

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country. The heights of Anjĕra rear their lofty foreheads to the east, overlooking full many a partially-cultivated acclivity, the latter rising in crowded succession, one after the other, like the mighty but motionless waves of some petrified ocean. To the south-west, the towering mountain called Gibel Habeeb soars proudly; and the range of Beni Hassen and that of Beni Hoosma uplift their stately crests, as in haughty triumph, forming the north-western feet of the majestic chain of the Atlas Mountains. These noble ranges partly enclose the landscape in a gigantic and imposing frame. But we must bid farewell to Tangier.

Our little *séjour* in this town had been very enjoyable altogether, and we really felt under great obligations to the kind and attentive mistress of the hotel for all the pains she had taken to make us comfortable. She was unremitting in her amiable cares to the last, and did all she could think of to render our journey to Tetuan pleasant and agreeable to us. It was settled we were to take Achmet as our guide, who knew well the road, having often been to that city. The horses were duly ordered. Mr. Drummond Hay very kindly sent us a lady's saddle (belonging, I think, to the wife of one of the consuls), which he had borrowed for us. This is to be given to R——, who seems a little nervous about the expedition. We are to start very early in the morning.

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CHAPTER XIV.

We rose exceedingly early, but, to our dismay, heard the loud pattering of a violent storm of rain against the windows, and when the sun rose it was still pouring. We put off our departure till it cleared up a little, and then, all things being announced as ready, we mounted our horses, and taking leave with regret of our kind hostess, we started. But a catastrophe had nearly occurred at the very first moment; for one of the maids, not reflecting that a horse standing stock-still does not require to be pulled up, or made to stand stock-stiller, dragged at the bridle with some force on first getting on her steed, and had a narrow escape of causing the animal to rear and herself to come ignominiously to the ground that she had so lately quitted.

The horse, however, being of a tame and spiritless nature, merely made a remote attempt at a rear; and after just lifting up his fore feet from the ground subsided into the more lowly condition of a quadruped again, very rapidly, with the best grace possible. After this slight disturbance we all started very satisfactorily, and were soon joined by a cousin of Mr. Hay's, who came to accompany us a little way out of the town; and who, being mounted on a prancing courser, made some of our

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poor steeds by contrast look rather more mean and inelegant than they did before. One, however, a grey one, was a pretty creature, had he been better fed and groomed.

Our party (besides ourselves) consisted of Achmet, mounted on our baggage-mule—for we had but very little baggage indeed—and a boy to attend to the horses; and Mr. Hay had kindly been instrumental in procuring us the attendance of a Kaid, under whose escort we were sure to be perfectly safe, for the Moors are a loyal people, and have the greatest respect for any one wearing the uniform of their Shereefian Emperor—the brilliant Pole of the Universe, that shines so brightly in their dazzled eyes, howbeit shaded under the sacred umbrella of the Sultans. (Query, is this to protect *himself* from his hot-tempered brother, the Sun, or to save beholders from being scorched, if not blinded, by *his* powerful rays?) What the uniform of the Pole of the Universe itself was, we had not a very clear idea, for the martial personage who wore it, or was understood to wear it, was wrapped up in an immense haick with a huge hood, with slippers on his naked feet; a long Moorish gun was seen on the bow of his high-peaked Moorish saddle; his steed was a gaunt, white, bony animal, that looked as if it were the ghost of some magnificent charger of the old Moors, still retaining a haughty, warlike port, and a proud air.

We rode along the sea-beach, and all went pretty pleasantly and prosperously for a time; but hearing a slight exclamation, and looking round, I saw Anglia rolling off her saddle on to the sands, but why, it would be out of my power to say: she appeared rather alarmed, for it seemed it was not a volun-

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tary feat of agility. Yet what occasioned it? The horse had neither frisked nor stumbled, but was progressing at a most steady pace.

Perhaps Anglia had fallen asleep. Asleep or awake, there she lay, however, all on a heap, not altogether unlike a cocked hat. She, however, quickly resumed the human shape, and mounted again, and we proceeded; but soon after there was a double-barrelled tumble—slap—dash! Two had rolled off plump at the same moment, it seemed, on the smooth sands; one, apparently, without any reason whatsoever, but the other had the very good excuse of the saddle turning round.

Poor Achmet, at first, looked distracted, and made some desperate efforts to run both ways at once, as people often do under such twofold circumstances and trials, and pick up the two fallen fair ones at a blow—zigzagging about most wildly for a few moments, like very forked lightning, darting in and out, and in and out again: but at last he desisted from what seemed a rather hopeless attempt, and was much relieved in his mind, I think, by seeing Mr. Hay jump off his horse and pick up one of the prostrate.

He proceeded to gather up the other one, and was about to replace her on the saddle; but before this she was anxious to impart some interesting information to me, and holding her long skirt, and running joyfully up, triumphantly she declared she could ride very well indeed—perfectly well now; for she found she could tumble off any number of times without hurting herself—oh, yes, without hurting herself *at all.* This was a novel view to take of the perfection of good riding, but as long as she was satisfied on this particular point I was. She

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seemed a little disappointed to get no very decided compliments on her extraordinary horsewomanship; and as *that* it certainly was, perhaps it deserved more praise than it met with. I contented myself, however, with giving her a little advice as to the best means she could take in order to remain on the saddle, if she got tired of the exercise of perpetually popping off and on again; especially as I thought she probably would not find it so pleasant and amusing to tumble off on a hard road as on the soft sands. She might have become a mass of bruises, and nearly all the hues of a dying dolphin, by the time we reached Tetuan.

This sage counsel of mine she promised to attend to, and so off we started once more.

Soon afterwards we bade adieu to Mr. Hay, and pursued our course, delighted to find the weather now was likely to be extremely fine and pleasant all the way. The falls were now themselves falling off, of which I was very glad; for, unless Anglia wished to rival the Circassians in the Russian army, who, we are told, jump off their horses and on again at full speed, it seemed an unnecessary part of horsewomanship, this incessantly quitting the saddle to scramble into it again; and as it was at present conducted it was a sad waste of time to us, for she vaulted not back to her seat by any means at one bound.

We had already, indeed, lost a good deal of time by these untoward proceedings, and so, I suppose, thought Kaid El Arraby, (which Achmet told me was the name of our gallant captain, as nearly as I can write it;) for he suddenly put his great white ghost into a full trot, on which off set Anglia's steed directly, which was close to him, shambling

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and shuffling along after him. His poor rider screamed out, and if she did not roll off this time —(and she was evidently trying hard to profit by my instructions)—she made up for it by rolling about *upon* the saddle prodigiously, in the most extraordinary manner. Had I not been afraid she would again fall off, and felt sorry for her alarm, I must have laughed at the strange figure she presented while she uttered shrill, piercing cries, to the Kaid to stop.

"Whooa! My! catch him do! somebody. My! Capting! Stay, Capting Arab-ah! Capting Arab-hi! Oh! I'm frightened! Ay! stop, do! Ah! I'm battered into hatoms; Captin! whooa! he will kill me, he *will* gallop, flying shocking fast. Stay, don't go so. Oh! my chestes and wristesses! and I'm half on the ground, and half in the hair. Better have tied the bridle round my waistess, my wristesses ache so with tugging him,—ey! ay! and his joggins."

Which sentences and syllables, all disconnected and dislocated by her vehement bumping up and down, sounded strangely confused and broken; in short, jumbled to a perfect jelly of phrases, with gasping ah's and oh's, and a's, and ha's, and heigh's and ay's, and he's and hi's between, something like the following:—"Wo!-oh!-ah! My—eye! Cat-hatch him, do—hoo, some—hum—bohoo—bo—hod—die—high! My—high Cap—tin—tin! Stay—hay, Cap—hap—tin Arab—ha—ha! Cap—tin Arab—hihi! . . . . Aha—rab—ha—ho—ho! Oh! I'm a fright—a fright—ened!—ay! sto—hop, do—hoo!—Ah, I'm batter—I'm—a battery—head—batter—red into a—tom—toms. Cap—hap—tin! Wo!-oh!-ah! he wi—hill ki—hill me,

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he wi—hill gal—gal—hop, fly—highing, shock—hock—shock—hock—hock—i—ing fa—hast. Stay—hay. Do—hon't go—ho—so—ho! Oho! my—high ches—hestes and wristesses—ess—ess—esses! And I'm a-half on the grey—grey—grey—hound, and a-half in the hare. Bet—bet—her have tie—hide the bri—idle round my waistess. My wristesses ache so—ho with tug—hugging him, and his jog—hoggings!"

All which cries addressed to our woollen-helmeted knight, sans spurs—our bare-legged flower of chivalry—that gallant person, not understanding a syllable of English, disregarded (or thought were meant to hurry him onwards), till I made Achmet shout to him to draw rein immediately, and we called to Anglia to pull up her horse instead of shrieking, which latter method of managing him (a method new to the *manège*) really seemed to make that astonished quadruped go faster.

When she and her racer were once more sobered down into a walk, she seemed not a little indignant, and inclined to think the brave officer had served her this trick on purpose; and perhaps was rather angry with Achmet, too, for not sooner rushing to the rescue, that culprit looking profoundly penitent, and the dashing Captain profoundly puzzled, and particularly meek,—after a little flutter of feathers and inflamed aspect of craw, like an irate partlet whose domestic circle is invaded, she subsided into good humour again gradually; though before that happy state of things, what are those broken sobbings, and mutterings, and convulsive repetitions, that even now I hear in my mind's ear? (Why should not the mind have an ear as well as an eye?) Did they not sound as if the poor victim was *still*

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jog-jogging and jump-jumping, and thump-thumping, and bumpety-bumping, with a dire, terrible force?—the waves still run high, though the wind is down; and slight hysterical chokings help to produce a jumble of sounds at least as gibberish-like as the former;—perhaps rather more so. And seemed she not, indeed, almost unable to divest herself of the idea that she was still jerking up and down on her hard trotter—unable to banish the hateful sensations and alarm? List to the eloquent strain:—

"Yes! Cat—hatch him! He—he—whelp! Ah! that—hat's it! Oh! ey! aye! I cow-hunted on *you*, Ache—mad, to mass—ass—ass—ass—trim. Yes! Cat-hatch him *tight*. Such a rat-telling pay-ace! a wild coal-hole-halt! a raven, tear-hairing, dart-hearting, weary-earring, out-strip-hip-ping thing! After fol-hollering that Cap-cap-tin (more like a monk—ey! ay! ho!) with his hammer—ham—mer—herrings,—a 'orrid scrape—ape to get into! —It's quite a ba—boon to stop—hop, a—hand breathe a bit—hit. Oh! the rein's gone—on: Grey—rabbit tight, do. I can't bear—hair this—hiss; he'll go stalk-hawking, off again—hen there; it's hard work in—deuce—in him . . . . to stop. Cat—hatch him fast, but do—hont tut—hutch him! He's a purr—purr—fit mew—you'll! 'orrid —rid! Oh! Achemad! I hope I shall have no more shake—achings and see—sore—roarings! Let's go slow-wholly-lowly no—how. No more stri-ridings along."*

* The *translation* of this shattered speech would appear to be the following:—"Yes! catch him! Help! Ah! that's it! Oh! I counted on *you*, Ache-mad, to master him. Yes! catch him *tight*. Such a rattling pace! a wild colt! a raving,

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After this, she recovered her breath, composure, and temper, not even *brouillé* with her rough-going steed, after a few final complaints of "my wristesses aching so with his 'orrid joggings."

When, on repeatedly hearing Achmet call to Anglia to "sit straight in saddle," I looked at her, I was convinced that, instead of the certain number of rolls in the sands she had got, she ought to be uninterruptedly tumbling off and scrambling on again the whole way to Tetuan, by all the laws of gravitation and mathematical propriety. She sat as if, instead of being placed on a saddle, she was stuck on a toasting-fork, on which, naturally, she was quite unwillingly impaled; and the leaning tower of Pisa is straight to the angle she made.

In fact, without knowing it, she was indeed a most extraordinarily fine horsewoman; for who else could have sat in that way, and not rolled off at every step of the animal, instead of only every now and then? As it was, strange combative and other bumps must have been developed temporarily, one should think, on her skull, only the sand was so soft.

"Sit straight! sit straight!" cries Achmet to the delinquent, till he will surely grow hoarse.

Listen to Anglia remonstrating:—

tearing, darting, wearying, out-stripping thing!" (that poor, tame rocking-horse!) "After follering that Captain (more like a monk!) with his hammer-hammerings,—a 'orrid scrape to get into,—it's quite a boon to stop and breathe a bit. Oh! the rein's gone! grab it tight, do. I can't bear this; he'll go stalking off again, then it's hard work inducing him to stop. Catch him fast, but don't touch him! he's a purfit mule; 'orrid! Oh! Ache-mad, I hope I shall have no more shakings and see-sawings. Let's go slowly, now do; no more stridings along!"

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"Why, stupid man! if I didn't sit just a little crooked, I couldn't keep straight at all, I think, he's such a hoddgoer!"

Her steed seemed the most docile of creatures. I had stipulated for this, notwithstanding Anglia's recent feats of equestrianism on the back of an old box; and it looked hardly capable of moving his legs, but in a perpetual state of coma and insensibility, even to the little tap, tap, tap, tap, tip, tap, of the small whip which she held in her hand. If she had not relieved him of her slight weight constantly, so opportunely, he might have come to a stand-still, or tumbled as often as *she* did thus instead. Perhaps it was his surprise at these innocent manœuvres that aroused him and kept him awake; or perhaps it was the spirit of contradiction, sometimes found in animals as well as in men, that made him determined, as his rider kept performing summersets, he would do no such thing himself. But his looks were such that a sensible blacksmith might have been justified in putting shoes on the horse's knees and nose, instead of his feet, for any one might have reasonably expected him to progress chiefly on these. I believe the animal did not even stumble once!

Certainly, if any one followed in our track, they would marvel what all those roundish, deepish holes are in the sand, and wonder whether we had a resuscitated megatherium in company with us, and that thus these were his great, big, broad footsteps. Mercy on us! there is another tumble! What apparently endless *de capos* of the same performance! It grows monotonous. We stop. Anglia has long taken it as a matter of course; so has her horse, who stands quietly till she remounts. Is she not

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yawning, actually, as she drops between the saddle and the ground? She rises, dripping with sand like an hour-glass.

"Here, Hatchment, just help me up! That'll do. It's really nothing when you're used to it."

"But, missus, you justee wait till I put saddle right: you pull it all one side." Yet Anglia is indifferent; it is all the same to her whether she sits on the side of the horse or on its back. Wonderful horsewoman! At last, all is adjusted, and up jumps that female Centaur again. "Thank'ee, Hackmeat; now just look out for when I tumble off next, and catch me, if you can, to save time."

In truth, the amount of danger incurred by these tumbles was very small indeed, as the animal she rode was of diminutive proportions, and was a very quiet creature also,—docile as a dog (as I had particularly requested the steeds should be, for those two little-accustomed riders); and the poor creatures seemed really as sober as aged donkeys: certainly these two particular ones, at least, were no high-mettled "deafeners," as the Moors call their fast-going coursers; alluding to their great speed and their cutting sharply through the air, which, they say, causes the half-stunned rider to feel very "hard of hearing."

I found my Moorish saddle answer capitally (the side-saddle was given up to one of the less-practised equestrians), and after a few expiring tumbles we got on a little faster at last. We met several camelestrians on our road, and horsemen and assmen; and the scenery in many parts was very pretty.

Achmet chattered away, and amused us with his quaint English, every now and then mixed up

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with Spanish, of not the most perfect description. He gave me some account of the Emperor and his army; whether correct or not, I cannot say, but he seemed to know a good deal about it, and delivered his opinion very authoritatively, interspersing his remarks with cautions to the unlucky horsewoman before-mentioned to keep in her saddle. "Emperor at Fas have black army, *Mire V^d.* Very fine man all; very strong black man. If Emperor no had dat black army, him come off throne; certain him fall off throne—keep on saddle, ah! keep on—yes, ma'am, without the strong, black soldier, him come right off throne—very rough, bad place; take much care to no roll off. Ho! mind to no tumble off again;—den he come off throne, somebody else come on, if no brave black army help him, and take up arms,—You put down hands, not hold him up so high.—Yes! take up arms!—Very bad for Emperor if his kingdom shake—Ah! it rough here! You sit straight on saddle, and no roll 'bout—but dey fight for him and hold de sword—and no let de whip drop—with strong hand, and—no go in marsh, into de mud: make all dress so dirty—good clothes, good pay, good food for black man—all good in Emperor's army. New dress every tree months; pretty dress; mix colours."

"And good soldiers, which is of more consequence?"

"Ah, very strong man dose from Soudan—strong and brave. Sultan good to dem; dey good to Sultan. And as for de Sultan—he must trot a little here—hold him bridle right; must trot, keep up wid de Kaid and big white horse.—As for Sultan, he like dem much; without dem all go bad; but now crown keep on him head all right.

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you see. So—dere goes de veil, tumble off midst de horse's legs. You stop, missus, and no go in de puddle." Anglia, once more put in the right road, (and, by the bye, her horse, though extremely quiet, was very fond of roaming off the path,) Achmet continued:—"But white man," (white by contrast, I suppose,) "bad pay—hardly no pay. Emperor not like dem so much, and dey not so much like Emperor—pull him bit sharp! If only dem to take care, perhaps, Emperor crown tumble off—hold him head up, much up—so, dat's it."

"What's Kaid El Arraby singing?"

"Sing 'Viva Mulei Anderrahman!' dat's Sultan." (In short, a national air.)

After long hurraing screams and yells of very loud loyalty—out of tune, but loyalty can never be out of time—to "Mulei Anderrahman," (all, of course, in the highest—and shrillest possible praise of him,) I heard something that sounded like "Francés." I asked if the song did not say something about the French; did it abuse them?

"Ah! yes, yes! in song abuse de French well—very well; bad, *mala gente*. Our Emperor very brave; no like Frenchmen: we hate French, like our Emperor. Oh, hate every Frenchman—hold him bridle very tight; very fast and tight always; him run off in field, in hedge, in ditch, in tree, in hill, everywhere, no can tell where himself, in von moment: no! him not know where, self." [*Mem.* This was the roaming horse, not the Frenchmen.] "And de song abuse dem—bad people—and praise our great Emperor. Our Emperor very great—give him some stick, ma'am: yes, Señora, a little more stick, he must have de stick. Oh, dis country very brave. When French come fire, fire, not

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afraid; fight, fight; no run away—Stop him! stop him! dere is ditch you go down in: he go just where he like wid you: hold bridle;—some womans and childs even not run away. Dat make de Frenchman go back. Get back from Morocco, dey cry to him,—Aj! Baba!" ("Go on, father!" They call their horses "Father," and "Little Father," constantly; and their dogs, I am told, they call "My Son.")

"Well, you got rid of them?"

"Yes, yes! Dey can't keep hold of dis country —(you catch hold de mane too hard, you missus on leetlest brown horse, and stoop too much down)— if dey could, it should be very bad—cut heads and throats off, mans hung and have—de foot all hanging out of de stirrup, too! you shall fall off soon—take care!"

Achmet's son, a boy about twelve years old, went with us, and he called his father and the horses the same—Baba Aj (or agi, as it sounded to me; they pronounce this like the *agi* in the French word *agile*.) They also frequently call out to their horses, "Harsh! harsh!" and "Haywar" (or *awa*, as I fancy it ought to be written). I hope and think these are not bad words; they are all well known to us more by sound than sense. I believe they only mean, "Come! go along! get on! quick!" and so on. This hope of Achmet's house did not seem to me to promise to be much of a prop and stay to the declining years of his parents. Should his worthy sire have a gouty old age (if Moors ever have the gout), I doubt this young skipjack being any consolation or solace to the paternal sick armchair (supposing the sons of Barbary ever rejoice in that article of furniture).

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While Achmet was chattering away, I asked about various other things: among others, the Princess Clementine's visit, whom he said he had accompanied to Tetuan, or part of the way; while speaking, he made use of an Arabic expression (aside) that I happened to know, and he was much mystified and a little horrified at my being aware of the meaning. "Oh, de Princess like de journey very much: she was much amuse, and all the party. Von gentleman—E'Sheetan! E'Sheetan!" (the devil,) as he saw one of the animals stumble, or do something to displease him; and then he angrily addressed the erring quadruped as a Sheetan itself, and a Kaffir. Thereupon I scolded him.

"E'Sheetan! Kaffir! Sheetan? Why, Achmet, you shouldn't thus call your poor mule 'diablo,' and unbeliever! For shame! Sheetan's very bad!"

"Why, how you know the Arabic, Señora?" and Achmet was immensely diverted at the idea of my understanding what he had said. "You know dat word? Mashallah! *how* you know it? Kah! kah! kak! kak!" laughed the much-amused Achmet again and again, shaking backwards and forwards, and trying to restrain his mirth, it seemed, in vain.

"Never mind how I learnt it—you see I do know it; so pray don't call the poor animals such ugly names again, nor scold them so fiercely and angrily." (I must say he was only fierce in words, and in glowering sternly at the creatures, and very gentle in deeds with them, as far as we saw.)

"Oh, den, Señora, I not angry. I only just go tell him he be von very bad devil for stumbling—von very bad black devil—noting; and just only tell

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him go down to place below, what you call down-hill,—no, hell—no more, Señora. I speak very kind and good always my beast."

"Kind as it is, it would be kinder to call him no names at all."

"Yes, Señora Lady, only very few time; and some man call donkey one ten tousand black jin—and von ten twenty tousand worst Christian of a jin—dat's, I mean——" and Achmet seemed afraid he had got on tender ground, stopping rather confusedly.

The Kaid diverted us not a little by the grave solemnity with which he rode along in front; generally neither looking to the right nor to the left; he usually appeared absorbed in a brown study, his eyes intently fixed on the white ears or mane of his gaunt steed: so a piebald study it might be more accurately called, perhaps.

There was a stoppage now, for Anglia's horse had chosen to march off the road deliberately into the field. This singular animal seemed to be incessantly stalking some invisible creature (till he condescended to return to his duty again, and to stalk the redoubtable Kaid and his skinny quadruped once more); and as his temporary mistress never seemed to recollect the bridle was intended to act as a corrective to any such independent vagaries, she did not in the least check him; and as this secession from our party was not at first observed, some delay took place in consequence.

On went Kaid El Arraby, deeply engaged in thought, and disregarding various heart-rending exclamations and entreaties to stop. I rode after him, determined to try my hand at Arabic. "O'Kauf! Ya, Kaid El Arraby! O'Kauf!"—Stop!

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Oh, Captain El Arraby! Stop!" I suppose I spell it most atrociously, but it had the intended effect when I spake it; and the gallant warrior stood still, continuing uninterruptedly his close inspection of his horse's mane. Once he looked round, with great glittering eyes, rolling like plums on a platter, and then plunged again into his reverie. Soon the rest of the party came up. "Yalla! yalla! Kaid Al Arraby! Eshab! sook! Amshi, Kua!"—Go on! go on! Captain, get on! I am rather afraid the last expression is used only for a donkey, or haply, also, for a mule; however, that distinguished officer responded to it by going forward immediately. (I hope the cap did not fit.) After all, if it was a mode of address reserved for the brute creation, this might have been appropriated by the bony charger.

Moorish animals are rather particular, we find: for instance, you should say "Arrée" to a horse, and "Erráh" to a donkey or a mule. We are assured that you cannot more cruelly affront a Moorish horse than by impolitely calling to him "Erráh!"—"Gee-up, donkey!" as that implies.

The day continued beautiful, and we met various parties on horseback, camelback, and a-foot. The road was a great deal gayer in this respect than we expected, and we saw much more cultivated land than I anticipated.

Every now and then we came to a bad bit of road, or a sloshy heap of mud, not much for the benefit of our poor long skirts. Achmet, however, by his quaint and diverting remarks, caused us to pass lightly over those small annoyances, and we wended on our way right merrily.

"Dis country, as I tell'd you, Señora, is very brave, and when French or any rascal-mans come, all

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de strong man here soll jump up—you mind to not fall down again, 'mong dose big stones," (in a very loud voice to one of the party,)—" all will jump up and take gun in hand, and—hold up de skirts out of de mud dere—and de peoples who would come to take dat town of Tangier, and kill de Moor soldiers — oof! must not sit down on him like sack of flour—dey must bring much many cannons, fire off many bang, bang, before dey can,—Tie de bonnet strings up, for get undone, I tink, and de bonnet will go to de ditch dere, all broken,—But oh, no! dey couldn't den, even; for oh! I tell you, Lady Señora, all the mans and womans, and boys and girls, and little childs, and babbies, would all fight for mighty Emperor wid—de parasol, look dere, mind! dat sall frighten him—make him, jump, make him kick leg very high. Ah! if Sultan be put in danger—go down dat big hill there—if Sultan be put in—de bag all loose, shut him up, Salam—it soll be dreadful! Dat brave Kaid dere, should he go with his men, and many guns, and swords, in battle-field!—What you let him go into field for again? (Very loud) You pull bridle! Hoo! Great is Allah! You always pull de wrongest way, missus. I must go ride after her. . . . . Yes, Señora, de good Moors kill all enemies wid— de clean pockethandkerchief in de black mud—*fango*. Ho! stop! stay!"

" O'Kauf! Kaid Al Alrarby! Stop! Oh, Captain!"

"Yea! Daughter of the English!" And the vagabondising steed is once more pulled into the proper path all right, under a whole shower-bath of Sheetans and other vituperative interjections and objurgations. Seeing me look severe: " Oh, I speak

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him very good — too much kind. Just tell him go down dere, bad place; but not tell him stay dere never: no, no, not go stay down—anoder ting dat; just go look in, come back 'gain. No! I not said stay dere, so dat noting at all: perhaps do wish him go dead, like dat old dry stick dere. But only say very mild, dat him more cussed wickeder, poisonous, bad, dan fifty tousand ver bad black devil. French devil, I tink, get in him, worser dan any Christian jin" (muttering to himself).

"So you don't think the French Christians?"

"Oh, don't know what dey tink: dem more worse dan nobody at all."

"How pretty it is here!"

"Plenty pretty; but, ah! should go see Fas, Señora. Fine court, fine people dere, I tink; better dan Tangier and Tetuan—quite, I tink. I like go dere. Some English gentleman go sometimes to look at all de strange sights, and see de great umbrella of Sultan, I believe, and see fine horses, very grand; and den—See, de red shawl dragged in de dirty mud! de bad '*fango*'" (oozy mud). "Stop! I pick him up;—and den go in some great desert. Not good dere—noting to eat—but de sun and hot sand, dey ver shocking strong. And get murdered dere, too—very much murdered, terrible often. Bad dat: some very bad man dere. I no like go dere—desperate fierce man.—Plenty stick for him now; he no like de *fango*—dat make him dance, dance; must give him little stick here."

"There must be a great deal curious to see at Fas?"

"Yes, yes! Fine powder-play, I tink, at Fas; and gold and silver—bread have falled under mule's feet: stop two tree minutes,—and den dey fire away

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at — de gloves I tooked to carry, dey got all 'plashed."

Achmet's son was a far more extraordinary being than his father, whom he treated, apparently, exactly as he pleased. The young gentleman was a regularly spoiled child, I imagine; and one of his freaks was to make his father walk almost the whole way, while he rode on the mule provided for him and the luggage, perched among shawls and carpet-bags, and usually twisting himself about in the strangest attitudes. This young genius was excessively diverted and entertained at hearing us talk Arabic; and, indeed, it probably was not a little diverting and entertaining, considering our doubtless very original pronunciation. He constituted himself my tutor in the language, and seemed uncommonly proud when I uttered a whole sentence to his satisfaction. As well as I can recollect, this famous sentence was something like "El yom schemsh muzzyan bussouf," (Very fine sunshine to-day).

Anglia had not, of course, the slightest patience with that "horrid Harry-beak,—such stuff —worse than that Spanish guttering: 'Muzzy Anne buzz-off,' indeed!"

We found, owing to our starting so late, in consequence of the violent rain, that we should not be able to reach Tetuan in any decent time that night; and therefore, by Achmet's advice, we made up our minds to what was pretty nearly a necessity, —to sleeping at a kind of half-way house.

A furious storm of wind and rain overtook us, late, I think, in the afternoon; but this, luckily, did not last very long. There was no shelter at hand. Our horses seemed instinctively to turn their backs to the fiercely-pelting rain, and we had not the

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smallest objection to this manœuvre of theirs, as we thus turned ours too. Happily, it cleared up, and became once more fine, and the sun, together with the wind, soon dried us pretty comfortably again. We had a marsh to cross, which was rather disagreeable—for our ill-starred skirts especially. In the summer, I suppose it is quite dry. We caught Achmet's son, that monkey Salam (a variety of Selim, I should think), draping himself wildly about in our shawls and cloaks, and as they were not likely to be made cleaner, or in any way better, by this operation, we sternly forbade its repetition: but the interdiction did not affect Salam's spirits, fortunately.

It was funny to hear him constantly addressing his father and the mule he was on, and any donkey he met on the road, by the same name of Baba (father, or papa). It would seem by this, that though horses are very particular about not being spoken to in the same way as the before-mentioned humbler quadrupeds are, the men are less fastidious. Achmet himself appeared never weary of urging on the animals by Arrée! Erráh! Agi! Aj! Baba! Harsh! Harsh! and other such encouraging exclamations, which he continually intermingled with his descriptions and remarks.

"Plenty people come Gibraltar, sometime, but boat take very long now and den: very slow when wind not blow right way—very slow.—Harsh! harsh! Agi Baba!—Yes; very slow when bad wind.—Ah, you go on, Ee'Sheetan!—dat is not devil to *you*, you little brown mare: no, I not tell you devil; I only speak to Sheetan few words. But you do deserve be called ten, twenty, hunder, forty tousand devils. Go to—nowhere. I don't

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mean nowhere at all.—So den dey take very long coming dere, and very long 'deed getting back again, too, sometime in boat. But I tink you get back well from Tetuan to de Rock, if wind keep like dis—right way, and some vessel go; unless you wish stop long while, stand still, at Tetuan. Amshi! harsh Baba." (Go on, father.) "Kak! kak! hoo! kah! kah!" (laughing merrily as he recollected his own surprise;) "you know all 'bout Sheetan! What way you found him?—where you learned him? How English lady can know Sheetan so well, I can't tink nohow. Ah, you black horse! go kick strange horse again? Oh, you get along to down *dere*—at least, go *little* way down *dere* and come back. Ohoo! you black jin! No! I not call *him* dat! only speaked just von few little words wid ..... wid ....., devil, Señora" (very meekly).

Occasionally, too, this various discourse was still further varied by salutations to the people we met on the road. "Salam oo alakim;" to which they respond, "Aleekoom Salam." "I shall say Mr. Hay, when I get back, if see him—Ugh, you careless villain-ting! would you tumble down on nose wid de lady?—Salam Aleekoom" ("Peace be with you!" to a passer-by): "I did not mean, Señora, to tell de horse—Keish Komsche?" ("How do you do?")—"Didn't wish call him bad afreet. If you wear dat umbrella so in your hand, missus, you frighten him,—and I did not go to scold him, nor I didn't even call him von little Sheetan dis time, only villain-ting—Ho! once more you stumble, Kaffir! Ah! you vile 'bomilibul rascal! you bad, wretched monster of rogue-brute pony —— Blessings on your beard!" (in Arabic, to an

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old man ambling by.) "I shall tell to Mr. Hay how well we manage dis ride; say to Miss Duncan —— Now you run off road, again! I shall keep fast hold your tail, ha! you black dev —— no, you grey colt! I say all much good, and speak to Miss Duncan's nephew so. And you, tiresome fellow! you oder one, you go down on knees in puddle! Aywar! aywar! You stupid! come here! Aj! aj! I could kill a-you dead, twenty-time-over, donkey! (To the rider) Don't you pull him backwards so in field! May your end be happy!"

When the followers of the Prophet say, "May your end be happy!" to a Christian, they imply the wish that he or she, as in this case, may turn Mahometan.

"So!—what I say?" continued Achmet. "I shall say to Miss Duncan, all ver nice,—You black beast! burn your grandfaders and you, come 'long ——"

"Speak kindly to the poor horse, Achmet, oh, thou most eloquent believer in the Prophet! he looks frightened."

"Oh, no! he not frightful, Señora: oh, no! I did speak him very kind — always do. I only wished kill him a little, quite gently, and burn him 'live, and not after him dead, you know, down dere,—Oh! no! did not tell him go down hill—hell—dat place below! Ugh! wagh! bad place come to *him* den 'stead!" (Between his teeth) "Aj! aj! You stupid dog of a Sheetan! Saffee Allah!" (May Allah pardon me!) It will easily be guessed whose steed this was addressed to. Horse and rider were, as usual, erring.

But poor Anglia could not keep the creature right: now it goes lazily off on the other side,

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circling oddly about, and seems walking or waltzing in its sleep. "Come, Hawk-me-at! or you, Slam! stop him again: he *will* go on going off."

We arrived, at last, at the half-way house. It looked pretty promising outside, but when we rode into the immense courtyard, and, dismounting, began examining the stalls and loose-boxes, for such they really seemed, which were arranged all around this large open space (the caravanserai had only one story), we were quite *desillusionés*. For horses, these same loose-boxes would have done capitally, but only indifferently well for human beings, who were to be their occupants; for we found we were to take what seemed to us the animals' proper places. However, for one night it did not much matter. We found a collection of Moors and their horses camped in the courtyard; come for some great market, Achmet said, of which we had seen signs and symptoms as we rode.

After the heat of the sun in the daytime, the evening felt a little chilly, and we were granted permission, if we liked it, to go and sit cross-legged by a fire in a room, or rather cell, a trifle larger than the rest, which our imagination might have magnified to any size we liked; since every part of it was so crammed and covered with suffocating smoke, that it was next to impossible to catch a glimpse of the four bare walls which surrounded this stately chamber.

There we remained a short time, in an uncomfortable, cramped position, and rather pensive withal, cowering away from the horrible smoke, and engaged in a desperate attempt, first to believe we were very comfortable, and then to breathe; the last being, we considered, really somewhat neces-

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sary, though we seemed to be doing without it, *tant bien que mal:* till at length, not wishing to become crippled in the limbs, perfectly smoke-dried, and incurably hypochondriacal patients to boot, we sallied forth again, coughing and half-choked, into the courtyard, where the horses were getting up a little extempore fight for our amusement—perhaps to divert our low spirits, which, however, wore away by degrees, as we gradually became unsuffocated.

This slight passage-of-arms—or rather of legs, for the combatants kicked furiously—being concluded, we had nothing to do but to think of feeling famished. Aye! famished, as four female Ugolinas, without the provision of four Ugolinitos a-piece to sup on: for be it known, the fresh air and the ride had given keen appetites, and, hoping we might get to Tetuan, we had hurried on, only eating some biscuits by the way. Achmet, poor fellow! also looked very sharp-set, and, like a real Ugolino, not in a tower, but in a loose-box (which he was preparing for our reception), he might, indeed, have made a sandwich of Salam between two slices of saddle-leather: but there is reason to fear this very independent, rather tart, and sour-tempered young gentleman (at least towards his worthy *baba*), would have much disagreed with him thereupon, both before and after the slight repast.

However, happily, there was no question of supping on sons, sour or sweet, for, delightful remembrance! had not excellent Miss Duncan's advice, as excellent as herself, been taken, and, for fear of any such contingencies, had we not brought a fowl with us, and bread, and I know not what besides?

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Better than filial fricassées. By the bye, what did poor Ugolino do after he devoured those four unlucky pledges of affection? He couldn't go on eating sons for ever. I quite forget—I am ashamed to say; and there is no time in which to try and recollect it: for, stay! is not a delicious steam slowly enriching the air, sweet as the odour of Gul (the rose) to the bulbul? And are not sounds accompanying it, that break as softly on our ears as the song of that same bulbul to that same blushing queen of flowers melts into her perfumed heart?

"De dinner soll be quick time cooked; plenty dinner!" and the fragrance was the fragrance of stewing, very savoury and good. And Achmet the indefatigable was as busy as a whole hive of bees, superintending the coming dinner, and still further unpacking the mule, which seemed in small compass —good beast! — to have carried a little of everything and a great deal besides: at least, so the sequel appeared to prove; for we had quite a sumptuous repast after waiting awhile, during which time we peeped into our sleeping apartment, though, I rather think, contrary to Achmet's wish (who had not arranged it yet as he intended), and which apartment apparently contained nothing at first but the four blank walls that surrounded it, and the door which led into it, if that isn't a bull. The dirty mud floor had a damp appearance. We left this state-chamber looking a little blank also. Ah! we did not then know how fully it was furnished with some lively furniture we had rather have been without!

We were at last summoned to enter by Achmet himself, who looked very radiant and triumphant,

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though a little fatigued with cooking, scolding, unpacking, explaining, exclaiming. It was our turn to exclaim now. "What a wonderful change! Why, Achmet must be the slave of the lamp and of the ring himself! and we are all Aladdins—happy, fortunate Aladdins, without knowing it! Capital! Achmet, you have done wonders! What a marvellous alteration! How charming!" But, without more interjectional outbursts, let us describe the cause of our admiration and delight.

A beautiful Persian carpet, which had been folded many times double, and laid cushion-wise on the magic mule (which seemed a four-footed Atlas), overspread the somewhat humid floor; the saddles were changed into delightful seats; some real cushions, of small size, which the extraordinary quadruped, I suppose, had also brought, rendered them more agreeable; an extemporised little low table was covered with a capital dinner; and I do not know how much more there was, that altogether made the late stall and present state-banquetting-hall—of rather fairy proportions—look perfectly charming.

"Now you be very comfortable, eat your supper, nice foods, kind people here, good dishes, Señora, no bad Riffs. Pity Sultan don't send negro soldiers—kill dem all up. Dey very wicked mans, horrible mans — tender little chickens, see, — dey make von shocking bad fierce gang, ver savage. Now you eat dem all up quite—not leave von little bone. Dere's plenty more for us, too. I so glad you like dis room."

Our little, comfortable supper-dinner, having been despatched, the dining saloon was converted rapidly into a sleeping apartment by the same

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magical means; and the accomplished slave of the lamp having received our thanks, barred and fastened up our palatial horse-box for the night, announcing his intention of sleeping on the outside, across the threshold of the door, like Napoleon's Mameluke; — to prevent, he declared, the poor horses from walking in to what they rather naturally considered their proper quarters, and which they tried to invade perseveringly, and very energetically, several times during the night and early morning.

Really, however, our temporary abode was made wonderfully comfortable, making all due allowance for the rough impromptu nature of the arrangements: but there were some little, painful circumstances — hundreds and thousands, indeed, of these — that prevented our passing a tranquil night; circumstances which we had not foreseen, nor forefelt, but soon felt acutely indeed. B flats and F sharps, as a friend of mine tells me a friend of his calls them, mustered there in unspeakable abundance particularly; and really it seemed the last-mentioned were no common civilians of fleas. A grand army, sword in hand, seemed to be attacking us. Had not the horses made a good deal of noise in the court-yard, might we not have heard them, as the gentleman at Wexford said he did some of their kin, actually barking? so large, big, and powerful were they.

What is that some famous writer tells us — Swift, I think — respecting these wretches being preyed on by other wretches, causing us thus a glimpse of comfort — revengeful comfort?

> "Those fleas have other fleas to bite 'em,
> And so on still, *ad infinitum*."

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That *is* a solace, truly! How savagely, how spitefully, one chuckles over the thought!

Ha! ha! so you have your sleepless nights, too, when you go a-gadding to strange places, perhaps! Ho! ho! so *you* have to smart and toss—or jump, rather—with anguish, while fifty thousand little poniards, and lances, and sabres, and lancets, and thorns, and bodkins, and knives, and needles, are stuck into you! Sweet is such a vengeful thought; and, troth, we needed some consolation, hour after hour tortured and persecuted as we were. There seemed to be a sort of Fraternization-festival of the fleas going on there—a kind of Grand-Exhibition-Meeting. Ah, Eöthen! wouldst not thou have recognised there the Spanish jumper, the Italian skipper, the French tripper, the London hopper, the Turkish whopper, the Cossack thruster, the Dutch dancer, the Sardinian lancer, the Scotch advancer, the Polish prancer, the Greek assassin, the German piercer, the Irish leaper, the Egyptian stabber, the Israelitish blood-letter, the Arab prober, the Swiss sucker, the Sicilian sticker, the Portuguese sharper, the Negro biter, and the Syrian smiter? If this Peace Congress would but fall out among themselves—and perhaps, perhaps it is not so unlikely—and destroy one another! No; they have an *entente cordiale*, indeed, among them.

Who was it said he found them somewhere so numerous, that, had they only been unanimous, they would have pulled him out of bed? They *were* unanimous here, I think: they all seemed to smite together, so that checking, circumventing, opposing any successful resistance, seemed impossible. But there was no bed to pull us out of, so they left us—not in peace though,—on the floor. How the horses

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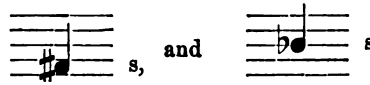
kicked, and tried to get inside! Had they their tormentors, too, outside? It seemed as though they thus sought to escape them.

Glad were we when morning dawned, and we rose from our splendid thick Persian carpet. Wild we felt to escape from the



And speaking of the latter, it was rather surprising that Achmet was not himself as flat as a pancake, when he arose from his earthly couch, for it appeared as though the horses had walked frequently over and danced upon his prostrate person; but the slave of the lamp, by virtue of its magic, perchance, escaped this flounder-like fate.

No fear of our mourning much at leaving our fairy-chamber, so abundantly furnished with fleas, besides that magnificent Persian carpet and the soft cushions. I had dim suspicions that *that* carpet was the culprit, and that its rich, thick, beautiful folds, were preserves of the vile *caza menor*. If so, better for us to have stretched our weary limbs on the lowliest mat, so that it was an uninhabited desert!

The evening before, all had seemed sweet *couleur de rose* to us, and charming, and we were quite bitten with our rapidly-furnished and embellished apartment; but when we were bitten *in* it, it was totally another thing. It is an unromantic fact that we were somewhat out of humour with it in the morning.

Verily, the evening before, this little bivouacking had seemed bewitching!—just enough of barbarous

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manners to be pleasant; a *soupçon* of savage life — a dash of the Desert without its disagreeables and destitution; but in the morning, quite the contrary: it seemed the disagreeables without the Desert. *We* ourselves had become savage, indeed, (particularly so when we thought of our small foes); but as to the life, it seemed rather tame and insipid —a tiresome half-and-half—or perhaps a mixture of too violent extremes, mud and magnificence, misery and gay mockery—the superb product of Ispahan's looms and the squalid plague of the oft-noisome caravansaries.

Thus are we, in little things as well as great, tossed about on the changeful sea of circumstance.

Now, we thought, how could we be pleased for a moment last evening with real discomfort and empty show? But so it was. A splendid suite of rooms, in a first-rate hotel, could not have delighted us as did our rough-and-ready temporary home there; and so it would have continued to charm us, but for the too piquant reasons—the myriads of reasons, most unanswerable ones, that I have referred to.

The secret of this delectation is the old story—the intense delight that almost every man, woman, and child among us feels at getting rid for a time—(a little time—if only in idea), of his, her, and its harsh, strict governess, schoolmistress, stepmother, ruler, guardian, conqueror, chastener, sovereign, lawgiver, and tyrant, Civilisation. We dare not say our souls are our own in her presence, in fact; and outwardly and materially — to set aside the unseen, and internal, and impalpable — she has besieged us, and enslaved us, and barricaded us, and oppressed us, and overwhelmed us with her

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vast armies, till we are the veriest vassals that ever kissed the hem of the robe of an imperious despot.

We English, too, are perhaps particularly chained to the triumphal car of this absolute monarch, not only by massive fetters, but myriads of small threads, like those which tied Gulliver; for she is in league with another mighty potentate against us, who knows exactly how to domineer over us savagely, and to hold us in the tightest possible leading-strings. Her name is Comfort. She sits throned in a dreadful easy chair, crowned with a soft nightcap; her glorious footstool is the fender; she haileth the sound of music in her ears—the tea-kettle simmering on the fire, or the drawing of cosey curtains—and she listeneth blandly enough to the hissing of the trophied urn, with its pomp of surrounding toast-rack, and bread-and-butter-plate, and sugar-basin.

This potent Empress wears no classic sandals, but large flannel-lined slippers; and her state-robes are a dimity dressing-gown or a loose old great-coat.

"Britons never will be slaves!"—that was said only and solely to come in rhyme with "waves." They are the greatest slaves in the whole world, perhaps, to their two hard, terrible tyrants, especially the last. There is, verily, a third, too—Custom, who sways also many thousands of "Britishers" arbitrarily enough. Thus we still see lord-mayors' shows, a gingerbread glory, with city magnates conveyed along in the rumbling likenesses of triumphal old hackney-coaches bedizened and begilt; and drink the foulest waters of poor polluted Father Thames.

As to Britannia herself, she may rule the waves

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sometimes, when she isn't sea-sick in the person of innumerable representative sons and daughters of hers I wot of, but she is tyrannically ruled by her two—nay, her three—alliterative aggressors. If that Autocratic Comfort ordered her so to do, she would off with her Roman helmet in a trice (it is my belief she has done it, but those medals and pictures tell such fibs), and shave her head, and pop on a scratch-wig, or go about like Dame Comfort herself in a cotton night-cap or a cottage-bonnet.

Alack! I bethink me there is even a fourth irresponsible, unconstitutional Dictator and Conqueror, who rules us with a rod of iron (or the stair-case-rod, when more handy). He is yclept Convenience, and his Court and his Camp are in the Cupboard. We might even admit a fifth—Conventionality, a kind of toady to the other four, but another tyrant to us; however, we suffer not so acutely under his dominion.

Let us think for a moment how utterly helpless we are, surrounded as we find ourselves on all sides by the countless and highly-disciplined troops and allies of our great-grand-siegneuress, Civilisation. Can we turn anywhere, at any single moment,—in our "tight little isle," say, for instance, without meeting and running against her soldiers, sentinels, spies, servants, suttlers, sappers and miners, supernumeraries, camp-followers, subalterns, superior officers, and engineering staff, and other endless sections and subdivisions of her grand army —her enormous, countless forces, her huge troop, her swarming legions, her thronging squadrons, her stupendous array? Every day is a battle-day with her. Very great and mighty she is, paramount at

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Court, in truth, where her "cohorts are gleaming in purple and gold," with knightly swords—sooth to say, sheathed,—(and also knightly, or at any rate knight-of-the-shire-ly bag-wigs,) and yet, sometimes, I have fancied I have seen her in the humble guise of a sort of road-mender, dropping people without end,—after paring and chipping them,—like pebbles through a machine for the purpose, to measure and try them, and to secure their being all exactly of the same dimensions and form.

But to return to her Grand Army, with which she secures our mental and material slavery. There is her generalissimo, Government; her Minister-at-War, Framework of Society; and her various commanders and field-marshals, ranging from Organisation and Order, to Seat-in-Parliament and Outers, and from Official-Power-and-Patronage to Family-Mansion and Four-post Bed, and old Turnpike-Road; but the last is about to retire incontinently, and Marshal Railroad will take his place completely (unhappily, F. M. Railroad is a very sanguinary, rash commander, fond of slaughter, and giving little quarter). There are other field-marshals and innumerable generals, some belonging to a part of the army called the Luxury corps: such as General Opera-house, Major-general Coach-and-four, or Britska-on-C-springs, and many others.

There are also General Eight-stall-stable-and-double-coach-house, General Roomy-offices, General Well-stocked Kitchen-garden, General Shooting-box-with-every-convenience-and-comfort, and the well-known General Villa-residence-near-London-with-capital-accommodation-situate-within-easy-distance-of-a-station-of-Eastern-Counties-Railway,-a-cow-donkeys-pigs-poultry, &c.; and Brigadiers

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Billiard-room, Patent-iron-safe, Library-with-or-without-books, Laundry-fitted-with-hot-closet-for-airing-linen, Pump-and-cisterns, Hot-and-cold-baths; and the young and perfumed Colonel Conservatory, a gallant and very gay beau, indeed, always with a rose in his button-hole, and a bouquet of exotics to present to his partners at balls; the smart Cornet Curling-irons; and sturdy Corporal Brass-warming-pan; and Lieutenant-General Linen, — household-and-domestic; and the Band-master, Mr. Orchestra-of-seven-hundred-performers-and-organ-of-five-thousand-pipes, with his numerous musicians, beginning with Apollonicon, and winding up with Musical-box.

And then the pleasant and sweet-spoken young Major (a minor, too, is he,) Paymaster Best Rosewood-7-Octaves-and-a-½-extraordinarily-fine-toned Pianoforte. Paymaster Pianoforte is very rich and full of notes, that, strange to say, are all of silver; then there is Cornet Walnut-wood-cheffonier; and Ensign Window-curtains; and Cornet Kidderminster-carpet-alias-Brussels-alias-Aubisson (which does not sound respectable, but is perfectly so); and Drummer-boy Gong-and-dinner-bell-and-morning-alarum-and-rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-rat-tat-with-loud-London-knocker; and Lieutenant Tea-board-and-tea-things-sugar-tongs-and-slop-bason (somewhat spoony, that young officer); and the rather cool and very dashing and sparkling Adjutant Fountain-and-ornamental-cascade-and-artificial-waterworks; and Serjeant Dessert-service (not a deserter, however, from service); and rough old Corporal Waggon-and-wheelbarrows-and-farming-implements; and the great chief (or *chef*) who has command of the mighty *batterie de cuisine*, with multitudinous titles,

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such as Grand Couvert and First-course; and manifold names,—Spit and Gridiron, and Dish-and-cover, and Saucepan; and some of his minions and subordinates boast of lofty titles, too. There is Sir-Loin, and Baron of Beef, and Prime Minister—(no!—Prime Mutton) and *Tête d'Armée;* I mean *Téte-de-veau,* and *Supréme-de-volaille!*

And then, among the common soldiers, there is Private Sitting-room, and his comrades, Boudoir and Balcony. And then there are the veterans Hearth-brush and Kettle-holder, and others of the rank and file, countless; we will but particularise a few who have more or less distinguished themselves, such as *Foot*-warmer and *Foot*-scraper of the Infantry; and Boot-jack, and Blacking-bottle, and Pie-dish, and Portmanteau, and Carriage-rug, and Soup-ladle, and Dining-table, and Looking-glass (a conceited prig enough), and Umbrella, and Hack-cab; and Omnibus of the Baggage-waggon-train; and Walking-cane in a (perpetually) marching Regiment; and Pill-box on the medical staff (verily their name is Legion).

There are some irregulars, too, that have deserted, perhaps, from other corps. There is Pick-pocket of the Rifles, Picklock of the Land (and Sea) *Transport* corps, and Swindler of the Sharp-shooters, and Forge-your-name of the Volunteers, and Begging-Letter-Writer of the (would-be) Pensioners, and Poacher of the Gunners, and also Over-charge of "the Heavies." Then there are, besides these, Prize-cattle of the Yeomanry force, Kitchen-grate of the Range-rs, I think, and Fire-irons of the Artillery, and Clothes-horse of the Cavalry. Then think of the countless *Cantinières,* that, like those in France, accompany this mighty

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host: their name is Legion, too. There are Mesdemoiselles Iced-champagne, Ponche-à-la-Romaine, Seidlitz-water, and an ocean of other waters; and there are myriads of dainty pages, who follow the more warlike Knights in the fashion of old, playing much humbler, but, in the opinion of many, very important parts. There is dapper little Papillote, Bonbon-box, Essence-bottle, Vinaigrette, Hair-pin, Gold-pencil-case, Breloque, and Perfumed-Sachet (from Paris), Bouquet-holder, Presse-papier, Lace-collar, Velvet-bound-album, Plume-of-Feathers, Wreath-of-Flowers; all kinds of fantastic and graceful little beings, dight in fair attire, and lithe and blithe: they help to fasten the threads whereof we have spoken.

And could we look with a microscope at many of our fellow-creatures — a microscope sufficiently strong to disclose to view the myriads of delicate filaments, laced, crossed, coiled, wound, twined, and twisted about them in every direction, we should better be able to appreciate their state of utter slavery and subjection. There are great numbers of persons who are really, perhaps chiefly, vanquished and domineered over by the agency of those very light troops; but there are others, alas! subdued by more dread powers,—many even prostrate under the triumphal car of General Gin-palace, —a sort of Juggernaut car in its way, crushing its thousands of voluntary victims. Lieutenant-colonel Noose, on active service (remarkable for fixing his peculiar yoke on the stiffest necks), occasionally finishes them, if the chariot-wheels of the General have not already destroyed them.

The troops commanded by General Gin-Palace are generally employed against the liberties, and

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even lives, of the poorer, uneducated classes, who are not to be knocked down by a mere feather in the hands of "Plume," the pretty page, and who escape being crushed under heaps of gold and silver, and heavy rent-rolls, and battered to bits by the prodigious siege-train of Luxury and Prosperity.

Not only the freedom of the subject is, as we have previously described, most wantonly and unsparingly attacked by that mighty despot — the absolute Queen Civilisation, that terrible, terrible C. the First, — but the health, the spirits, the energies, often fall beneath her pitiless influence. Cares without end are her ammunition and artillery, and rankling and deadly wounds they often make; and sometimes she employs the meanest troubles and anxieties to shorten the existence of her hapless followers.

We have read in some sportsman's adventures, that for want of small shot, on one occasion, he was forced to ram three-and-sixpence into his gun, and discharge this sum at the head of a wild buffalo; who found it enough — his account was settled by that—he wanted but little, "nor wanted that little long." This small change was a great change to him: he had, strange to say, actually more money than he needed, or could get rid of. Happy buffalo! But how many have been fretted and worried out of life, if not by three-and-sixpence exactly, yet by its numerous brethren and sisters, and still more (unlike the buffalo) by their absence! An American (says Rumour) devised a machine in Take-in-Town for shooting a fried fish down the throat, and the bones simultaneously behind the fire; if he could invent one for shooting money into the

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pocket—not into the pate, as in the buffalo case—and bills out of the window, he might make his fortune: and ours, also.

And Civilisation often peremptorily commands that a certain appearance shall be kept up, whether the means for it exist or no; and so the poor creatures, her slaves, go struggling on, many till the last gasp, riddled through and through with the balls that are perpetually flying about them, and which have entered into their very souls by hundreds. Some cases are as absurd as they are melancholy: *ex. gr.* the sad case of Mr. Pretentious Slendermeans. He was nearly given over, and then it appeared as if he was determined to give up, or resign, those fertile sources of sorrow and ailing, the canker-cares of the great world, and, by a tremendous operation, he had all the crowds of balls which rankled in his unfortunate *corpus*—figuratively speaking—cut out. The swarms that were extracted will hardly be credited.

But the operation, in fact, was not at all intended to have this peculiar effect; rather the reverse, indeed. However, it proved fortunate as it was. It was performed by the celebrated Surgeon Speculation, neatly, expeditiously—no necessity for any chloroform. He was assisted by two young medical students, friends of his, Turf and Billiards; rather dashing young blades. But the whole thing was thoroughly completed.

The convalescent patient, as soon as the pernicious stuff was cleared away, went for change of air to Australia or California, with all his worldly goods tied up in a pocket-handkerchief. Had the operation failed, it really seems the care-worn struggler must have gone to the bourn whence no

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traveller returns. It is to be feared, if he succeed in California, he will fall a victim again to these murderous attacks; but if he is wise, and puts on the bomb-proof armour of Prudence and Philosophy, they will only go skin-deep, and he may be almost as happy as if all his worldly goods were once more tied up in a pocket-handkerchief! But let us slightly describe some few of the balls extracted from the poor would-be-rich or seem-rich sufferer. Each has its name marked upon it, we will suppose, and a duplicate is traced on the hapless wretch's heart, as our first Queen Mary declared the word "Calais" would be found written upon hers after death.

First came a beautiful freehold estate, of I do not know how many acres; 2dly, a magnificent residence, of splendid elevation; and clustered about or attached to this were heaps of diminutive projectiles, not so dangerous, but very injurious: such as marble chimneypieces, winged wardrobes (that have winged him too surely); pier-glasses; splendid sets of plate; busts, engravings, statuettes; loo, card, fancy, Pembroke, and occasional tables; magnificent sideboards; Canterbury and other whatnots; Devonports; elegant twelve-light chandeliers; pedestal and other library-tables; chairs, with frames carved in zebra-wood; ottomans, covered with crimson and gold damask; patent extending set of dinner-tables; cheval and toilet-glasses; teapoys; a double-action harp; lounges; secrétaires; French clocks; Florentine bronzes; Indian cabinets; Dresden china; Maltese vases; Chinese jars; Turkey carpets; Russian malachite; Persian rugs; Bohemian-glass jugs; buhl ornaments; winged cheffoniers; mahogany and iron French and Arabian

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bedsteads (how came we not to profit by these latter articles of furniture in what we may almost call their own native land?), and even down to marble-top double and single wash-hand-stands; 3dly, a park, where he boasted of having a capital head—of deer; 4thly, thriving plantations (rooted evils, in their way); 5thly, pleasure-grounds and shrubberies—no pleasure to him; 6thly, an abundant supply of pure water—but he preferred wine; 7thly, very productive gardens, well stocked with the choicest fruit-trees; 8thly, melon-ground; 9thly, conservatory and greenhouse; 10thly, grape and succession-houses; 11thly, ice-house and cellars; 12thly, an immense establishment of servants; 13thly, a picture-gallery; 14thly, countless enclosures of arable land, with farm buildings, all in *in*complete repair, and four or five villages, besides fish-ponds full of carp and pike, lodges, stables, packs of hounds, hunters, coach-horses, and carriages, harness and saddlery—and that word saddlery, "gives us pause." We will break off, for the whole of the possessions,—pictures, park, packs, pike, studs, mansion, estates, carriages, horses, were "saddled" with an enormous debt.

Hideous debt! a disease that only flourishes where Civilisation tyrannises; and, in sooth, it is a cruel disease—a very severe disorder—indeed, a perfect plague. This, in addition to the rattling dull, truly leaden storm of balls and ballets (instead of bullets), and endless small-shot of follies and luxuries, and the rest that we have partially enumerated, is enough to cut a man to pieces indeed.

The case of Sir Pompous Purse-Proud was different from that of Pretentious Slendermeans, Esq. Sir P. P. was rolling in wealth, and rolled as un-

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easily as an over-burdened vessel in a heavy sea. Did Civilisation and its concomitants make him happy, or even content? No; he was selfish, conceited, puffed-up, odious, insufferable, but not happy. He had no time to be happy. Never mind. He could afford to be miserable—if he chooses. The poor sixpence-three-farthings-a-day-needy knave-of-a-nobody may, perhaps, without cash, escape without care, even under the joke of culture and civilisation. *He* can't magnificently dispense with bliss, like Sir P. P.: a little happiness is of some value to him. What else has he to fall back on? But it's all nonsense, fancy, stuff. Has it any value, indeed? Can you buy it in hard cash? No, indeed; it's worthless—mere trumpery!

Meantime Sir Pompous Purse-Proud is a slave to forms, show, self, and property. His farms, fields, game, cattle, wine, and all other things, must be the "best money can procure;" so he is afflicted by intermittent stewards, butlers, farm-bailiffs, foresters, game-keepers, cooks, head-gardeners, and so on, coming and re-coming. "The grapes, Sir Pompous; the grain-crops; the game; the groves; the gravy, Sir Pompous; the ground-rent." No matter; a little tax on his time, true, but it makes him *feel* how rich he is. So he went on till he went off, by a rich death—apoplexy; from fulness of purse, perchance, for it seemed to swell and swell him out as if the weight of gold and silver pressed on the brain.

Such fortunate-unfortunate persons as Sir Pompous are truly victims to property, the very martyrs of prosperity. Their wealth is a gilded rose. They know not what true enjoyment is. They live under and foster a false and a fatal system.

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In fact, as regards an immense portion of the mighty mischief that Civilisation does, a certain great favourite of hers has a vast deal to answer for. That high and important functionary is General £ *s. d.*, who is sufficiently known to the public at large by those powerful initials. Most things in her advancing nation and empire are intrusted to him, who actually seems often made her Viceroy or Regent; and frequently it is difficult to say which does the most harm, his absence or his presence! He is usually found to be a selfish, hard man, who does not enough consider all the true interests of his great mistress, Civilisation. He thinks himself the be-all and end-all *of* all, and that Civilisation is £ *s. d.*, and £ *s. d.* Civilisation; and when he thinks thus, and acts up to it, I own I think there is not much to choose between General £ *s. d.* covered with decorations (calling himself Vicegerent of high Civilisation) and the savage of Timbuctoo, *vêtu du climat*, and apparently having made extensive use of an unctuous cosmetic of cart's grease.

But it is time to end our chapter on Civilisation.

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CHAPTER XV.

Let me return to our half-way house, and half-way state between Barbarism and Civilisation. Imagine us (after so lately being temporarily rescued from the hosts of the latter) having just escaped from the deadly clutches of the Grand Entomological Army, and feeling rather languid and weakened in consequence; for, in an anti-phlebotomical state of salubrity, it is decidedly far from desirable to fall under such treatment.

Ha! another comfortable thought! (I mind me I had one before this.) Perhaps—*quien sabe?*—those little monsters have Dr. Sangrados of their own, who practise on them in the Spanish fashion—(many of them seem of Iberian parentage); and those pitiless M.D.'s may come to their patients, who are suffering from indigestion and dyspepsia, with a "fee-faw-fum, I scent the blood of an Englishman" (or Englishwoman, as the case may be); "give us your arm, friend. Pulse too full—jumps too faltering—jaws too feeble; the lancet will relieve you." And his victims are avenged.

Listen! What cheery voice is that? "Lady Señoras, good-morrow-morning." "Oh, its Achmet! Well, Achmet, have you made all the arrangements? have you prepared anything for us? What

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have you got to say? *Que tal?*" (What news?) "Salaam Aleikoum. I 'ranged all; you sall have some breakfast. A fine day, den we go, very nice. Here all dese tings sall eat you now." "Oh, Achmet! I hope not. Enough of *that* last night." "Oh, not 'nuff last night; must eat you all up dese dis morning." And a table was quickly improvised by a clever sleight-of-hand of Achmet's, who chose we should not see from what pumpkins and mice he made, in a moment, things quite as wonderful as a fine body-coachman, gilt coach, and horses. Over the table (the mule's pack-saddle, I am convinced, which answered admirably) was spread the nice white cloth of kind Miss Duncan's lending, and on the cloth were placed divers rude dishes, and on the dishes were laid various condiments—altogether a capital refection, highly satisfactory to the degustatory acumen of the small party; but what it was composed of I cannot remember.

And now the Enchanted Mule is to be loaded again—the four-footed Atlas; and a Cœlifer Atlas she seems withal. Did she not bring lucky stars with her, that shed round us their benign influence last night, when a *couleur de rose* atmosphere environed us entirely till ——? Ha! did that enchanted mule really bring *them*, like certain unlucky minute comets, shaking from their horrid fangs "foul pestilence and war?" A pest, indeed, they are, and their baleful influence is present, positive and undoubted. No dim and vague prophecyings of ill, no mute and mystic vaticinations here. But now, serener planets, shine; and I trust the bewitched mule may not bear away one of the malefic little live comets from this spot. These horrors are called "the fathers of leapers" by the Arabs. I

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sincerely hope they will never cross the orbit of my natal star again.

All was pronounced and announced to be right and ready now, and away we started, nothing loath, the morning being beautiful, and all promising a pleasant expedition.

Yes, off tramped our cavalcade merrily from the immense courtyard of the rude *fondaik*, and as we gave a good-bye glance at our quarters of the night before, we most earnestly hoped we might utterly disagree with our late tormentors and devourers.

I do not think the dull, spiritless ponies on which Anglia and R—— were mounted looked the better for the preceding day's journey, or the night in the courtyard, where, I suspect, the poor things got not much food, as so many horses had been there before them. Like devout Mussulman ponies, they seemed inclined to prostrate themselves perpetually; but, I think, a little like the weasel, who lived because he hadn't strength to die,—they seemed to go walking on, not having strength to tumble down; or, indeed, like the still more unfortunate quadruped who was too weak to stand or move, and yet had not the power to drop. However, I hope this was not really the case with the poor creatures in question: the fact was, their ungroomed, neglected state, made them appear much worse than they actually were.

"Why, what is that young scaramouch, Salam, doing? Look! Axe-meat, look! My stars!"

My stars, indeed! What *is* he doing, in truth? Surely he is not going to act Mazeppa on a mule (minus the rope-tyings)? Behold, he is deliberately unwinding shawl after shawl, draperies after draperies, from his diminutive person! The

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rogue! he has been twirling and twining, and turning and twisting our unlucky Paisleys and plaids about him again (not his own wrappings and wearing-apparel) like a wild Indian's blankets; and now the young *scélérat* is coolly peeling them off. He must not play these tricks with our property any more, positively.

"La! La! Ya, Salam!"—"No, no, O Salam!" "La? Siwa! Yah! yah!" laughed the merry vagabond, and urged on his mule, dancing a kind of extemporaneous shawl-dance on its back, and writhing himself about as though he was as supple as the folds of the Paisleys themselves. Then, to appease my just wrath, he came to give me a lesson in Arabic.

Achmet, meanwhile, looked on with grave admiration and a little alarm at his son's feats, who evidently governed the governor with a strong filial hand and a rod of iron. I thought, from the manner in which Achmet spoke of his pranks at home, it was clear neither he nor his mother could manage him: in short, it seemed they entirely spoilt the urchin; and he, on his part, did *not* spoil his worthy baba, for he treated him with considerable severity.

The mother's name was a very pretty one—Oomrah, the Dove; and still prettier does it seem when you associate it with one of the lovely additions the Moors and Arabs are so fond of bestowing. "Heaven's Proclaimers," they call these birds, from a fancied resemblance in their movements when cooing to those of the muezzins on the minarets, while sending forth the Holiest Name and the vocal summons to prayer.

I certainly greatly doubt this turtle-dove

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mamma's capacity (if she resemble her name) for restraining the wild-colt disposition and tricks of her harum-scarum young Hopeful. The sun soon became very hot, and V—— wished herself on the top of one of the numerous camels that passed us in long strings; for she had often heard, that the higher you are mounted the cooler is the air that encompasses you, even if the elevation is very inconsiderable. The road was far from dull,—the camels, the donkeys, the peasants, the Reeffians, the horses, made an agreeable variety; for every Reefian that passed, Achmet shook his head, and said, in a mystic manner, "Bad man! got mark." He did not allow a single exception: all were bad, according to him, and all marked; so these marks were far from being distinguishing ones.

Achmet had some trouble throughout the day, as he had on the preceding one, to keep Anglia safe from ditches, away from fields, out of hedges, detached from bushes, at a due distance from holes, on the right side of trees, off the backs of strange donkeys and irrelevant ponies, and apart from strings of camels foreign to the purpose, or extraneous mules. It certainly did seem singular, if you supposed the rider to have any kind of control over the animal she was seated upon, to see her so determined to charge an inoffensive fence, to the discomfiture of her own skirt; or to go straying away into an exceedingly uninviting field, while we all earnestly desired her to "come on," and the whole party were impatiently waiting for the termination of these rambles and vagaries; or she seemed bent on running up against some patient donkey, half tumbling or sliding off her steed at the same moment of time, as if about to

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jump, like one of Astley's performers, from the back of the one animal to that of the other.

What is Achmet about? Is it that, utterly hopeless of producing the smallest effect on Anglia, (who seems incapable of doing anything but just what her palfrey pleases), he is addressing himself to the donkey? "Ow! you git 'long your ways. Dere den, you, ough! go off de oder way. Hu! heigh! All de jins come carry you off where *dey* goes. De black old place! come, catch-a you stupid, great dunce ting! You pig of donkey! Oh, you stupid, old, big ass of donkey! You villain of hundred-ten donkeys! You malo viper of von fool donkey! You von brute of beast, you! Ya! yes, you every-kind-bad-name-can't-tink-of-ting! Foh! you Christian rascal of donkey!" No wonder the indignant ass moved off at this, shaking his long ears as if to shake the opprobrious and affronting sounds out of them, and pursued by a muttered "You a'most dat; yes, you Reefian! you all-kinds-bad-tings-dat-mustn't-say-rogue!" Then sorrowfully, "Ay, Señora, him von sad bad 'burro'" (apologetically). But I not telled him to go bad place. No. But" (angrily) "if I him master, I make it all bad place for him! He no 'casion go! him *testarudo*, ver shocking wicked ass."

We passed a number of women, dressed like ghosts, and gabbling like parrots (especially when they saw us): they were busily washing clothes. They concealed their faces most carefully from our grim captain (who certainly did not take the trouble to look at them), and from poor Achmet, whose eyes were, however, quite engrossed by that erratic meteor, Anglia, and her discursive horse.

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"Ah, missus! you go straight on now. You not go just like donkey. No! no go toder way, back Tangier, like dat ass do. Dat ass going with she's cargo back dere. Now you come, you go right straight on, dat's a-it!"

But if the Moorish washerwomen put a veil over their faces, they put no check on their tongues. Such a storm, such a typhoon and tornado of talk, it has seldom been my lot to hear before; it seemed a cyclone of conversation; and shrieked out so shrilly, that it is really almost a wonder those sharp, keen, piercing screams, do not cut through to their jugular vein, and "so an end" of them and their talk, too.

V—— writes in her Diary, that "the Arabic is so extremely guttural," and it seemed to her that they have so much a habit of changing their pronunciation frequently, "that it makes it very difficult indeed to render it in writing properly by ear."

It certainly seemed to us that the pronunciation varied exceedingly; but it may be only from slight abbreviations and other "optional" variations; like our own wouldn'ts and shouldn'ts, and hasn'ts, and isn'ts, and won'ts, and don'ts, et cætera. (By the by, how seldom in common conversation is "yes," in English, at all like itself: "ince" and "umps" not unfrequently stand in its place.) However this may be, if I attempted to write down the sort of discourse our female lavatorial legion indulged our auricular organs with, it would appear not a little strange. But I will try; because who knows what he or she can do till he or she tries? "*Ojo Alerta! amables lectores!*" if you wish to find out the meaning of

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the following, I, alas! am free to confess I cannot well help you: but should any of my readers chance to discover any latent lurking signification whatever, perhaps they would kindly forward the same to me.

"Ya! yeaya-keifkomsher-zchtah-Leif-halakyalla-valaker-Leila ya!-bokratiya-laudkrarrob-adzedzona-mahl-umshrub-ya-nohar-stock herach-adar-wadaheil-meleh: kah! kah! La! La! - - - - - ha! ha! Encin-sahabe-una-mashir nimshi-cana-kanhab-habvshia-alachércalachér-boutquees-zaar-lá-lázzaid. Ya! beschlam, lála-kohollarza-stokharach - - - - ya, jin."*

"Alcohol and stock o' arrack and gin, indeed! They all seem mad—all talking and yelling together; and not a word one can understand hardly: frightening my horse again out of the road—and goodness knows he's scarcely ever in it. A set of magpies! Slam, bring us back again—we're gone again, stupid boy! don't you see? Here we are, the other side the trees. Chattering magpies! all dressed, like doing-penance Jane Shores, in white sheets and lit candles (only not the candles); and washing white linen, too! till you may fancy them all the whitest ghostesses and all supernaturals together!" Not to be outdone (as it will

* I rather think, with reference to the above (so confused to our senses with numbers chattering together), that "Wadaheil Meleh" is Good Boy—possibly addressed to the flagitious Salam;—"Leila," or "Lālā," is Lady; "Dzedzona," a tree; "Vallah," take care; "Mahl-umshrub," to drink water; "Nohar," flower; "Zchtah," rain, &c. The latter word, I was told, meant rain; but in a vocabulary of Arabic words I see it is not inserted; but another word is given for rain. However, Arabic differs very much, indeed, in different localities.

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readily be imagined, Anglia would not submit to that, or to the trammels usually imposed on ordinary speakers), she talked as fast as the twenty or so Mooress "magpies" put together, entirely casting punctuation aside, and apparently (notwithstanding her incessant strictures on foreign tongues) determined on making her own language sound as much like High-Dutch as possible.

As to the discourse of the layers of linen, I must observe I have put it all together, not too well knowing where one word stopped and the other began, if even remotely resembling any word at all (at least, this was the case with some of the expressions; I have a faint suspicion of the meaning of a certain number of the others): besides that, these involved sentences are the contributions of many tongues, perhaps all talking on different subjects. Now one striking the ear from being suddenly pitched in a louder key; and now another more pertinaciously sustained; and all the jabberers screaming and laughing whenever they stopped to take breath. These pleasant interbabble exercises for the lungs seemed "sharper than a serpent's tooth"— sharp enough to have spurred all our idle horses into a gallop at once.

The scenery was very pretty. Hills shut in the horizon; afar were seen rocky heights, tinged with Nature's own most royal purple; in the still farther distance, the snow-capped mountains (a branch of the mighty Atlas) showed us she could don the imperial ermine cape also — while her dazzling crown is ever of the blaze of sunbeams.

We rode on leisurely, admiring all this. Soon the day became overpoweringly hot in the sun, though every now and then the road was a little

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screened and shaded by olive-trees, and dwarf oaks, and other trees. Here and there you find myrtle and tamarisk, &c. A halt was decided on in one of those more sheltered spots, for the heat was quite oppressive to some of the party. It was further resolved that Kaid Al Arraby should sit for his picture during this halt, and the ghostly white quadruped that bore him into the bargain.

This determination was duly imparted to that heroic chief, with a slight recommendation, probably, to look his very best; for a straggling brown-and-yellow smile fluttered over the features of the gallant Kaid, as, owning a little pious repugnance to have his portrait taken—(a measure not approved by Mahomet, and therefore worse than unnecessary with regard to a passport for the black-eyed Houri's Paradise) — and also some tribulation, I think, about the evil eye, he gave himself up to the pencil of the operator, to do its worst. Yes, he evidently was putting on his best look — whatever latent vanity there is in a man, is pretty sure to come out when he sits for his picture—and he acted as if he had had the advice given to him that, I think it was, the Vicomte d'Arlincourt received under similar circumstances: "Mon ami, make your great eyes." He made his great eyes, but fixed them, as usual, firmly on the two ears of his big, tall, bony charger; which in his turn fixed his with equal impassibility, as usual also, on the ground, intently; the steed on his side making his great nose,—for that osseous protuberance looked remarkably prominent in the position he had taken up. There they both remained, in their favourite deep brown study, motionless as though they were both, man and beast, cut out of chalk: and very

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long chalks those four lanky legs of the "noble war-horse" were, indeed.

Master and *monture* looked more picturesque than pretty; though I suspect the former had carefully placed himself in what he considered the most becoming angle, and was studiously and strenuously staring his best, and exerting himself hard to look handsome, stuck up in as constrained an attitude as poor Sara at Tangier, on the outer edge of her chair. However, we must confess, in this instance, it would be very hard work indeed to arrive at the handsome point. "*Il faut souffrir pour être belle,*" say the French; but our candid private opinion is, that no amount of martyrdom could have effected the object here. Aye, both of *caballo* and *caballero* one may say,—

"Algo se ha de hacer
Para hermoso parecer."

There is one Spanish proverb which, I conceive, was entirely disproved by our Moorish horse and rider: —"*El ojo del amo, Engorda el caballo.*" We have an English saying equivalent to it, I think,—"The eye of the master makes the steed fat;" or something like it. The eye of our valiant friend seemed ever fixed on his courser, but never the plumper did it make that great stalking bag of bones.

Almost the very moment the drawing was completed the Kaid eagerly desired to look at it, and he made a few suggestions with much earnestness relative to its immediate improvement, not seeming to think it at all flattering. I forget now what his remarks exactly were, and but he was very particular anxious either to have his teeth made larger, eyes rounder, or his nose sharper, or haply those slippers

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more pointed or gracefully put on, into which the bare feet of the intrepid officer were calmly thrust.

I was undoubtedly right when I observed a man's latent vanity always comes out when he sits for his picture. What a strange thing that same vanity is! From what curious hiding-places it peeps out sometimes! The poor deaf-and-dumb and blind Laura Bridgeman's governess, at Boston, stopped me when I was requesting her to tell her pupil how pleased I was to visit one of whom I had heard and read so much, telling me Laura's head was already beginning to be sadly turned by vanity and self-conceit, in consequence of the praises lavished on her cleverness and quickness by injudicious visitors, and remarks respecting her celebrity. She added, that she was constrained to be very cautious in letting her know how much she was an object of interest, and how frequently spoken of by authors and travellers. Vanity! yes; all is vanity! and all *are* vanity, in some way or other.

As for Rosinante, he neighed no remark on his portrait, but continued studying the ground, as if he had a geological commission from Dr. Buckland; well provided by Nature was poor Rosinante with such a bag of old bones as that distinguished philosopher dearly loves; and surely might aspire to be an especial favourite of his. (It is said, respecting that celebrated person, that on one occasion he got into a railway-carriage with a particularly huge bag in his hand; a lady was seated therein, who was an acquaintance, I believe, and who rather suspected something fossily or fishy, or worse, in the large sack. "Good morning, Dr. Buckland:

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what is in that great bag?" "Only some very delightful old human bones, of all kinds, wonderfully fresh. Most exceedingly interesting." The lady moved a little farther off. The Doctor doubtless fell into a soft reverie, probably deeply *épris* with some bewitching skeleton in the roomy receptacle he carried. It is said, besides, the renowned Geologist can tell, just by tasting the bones, whether they are Saxon or Celtic, Gothic, Gallic, or Roman. It may be so. What says the poet, of knowledge?—"Drink deep, or taste not," &c. We should "*taste* not," decidedly. Well,

"Where Ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.")

Portfolios repacked, and horses remounted, on we went again, meeting quite numerous trains of travelling parties—camelestrians, donkeyteers, pedestrians, horsemen, and poneymen; and then poneymen, and horsemen, and donkeyteers, and camelestrians, again. Aye, and here are horsewomen besides ourselves, too; and mulewomen, and pedestrianesses, &c. We met one excessively fine lady, attended by slaves, and with a handsome *cortège*—quite a *lionne* of a *lálá*. I, of course, don't mean one of the "Yellow-haired," which are not likely to take the beaten track (called, I believe, *treck* by the Arabs), but a lioness in the Parisian sense of the term. She was "got up" with the greatest care; very numerous and thick swathings of white apparently clung closely, and rather too tightly, round her for travelling convenience. She had on a most enormous hat of fine, firmly-plaited straw, admirably shading her whole head, face, and person too, from the sun; as completely, indeed, as if she walked under a little straw tent; (she

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had, it seemed, alighted from her mule to enjoy a short promenade): the immensely broad brim stuck out the same width all round. This extraordinary head-dress was decorated with numbers of brightly-coloured tufts and knobs of wool. The whole had a very singular effect.

The Moorish belle came close up to us, and stared with unmitigated curiosity at this cavalcade of female Nazarenes with their native escort. We stared also, following her example; and the sunshine being very strong and bright, we went on for some time blinking and winking and twinkling at each other more painfully than pleasant. We blinked the most, however, during and after our long lingering looks of inquisitiveness at the Mooress, not having the advantage of such a straw canopy over our heads as she had; with aching eyes (and some slight prospect of ophthalmia before them;) we left her, staring stoutly still, and apparently insisting on her attendants gazing with equal intensity, who did not seem to have so large a share of the foible of Eve as their mistress.

When it was not too hot we found our journey delicious—the air charming; and travelling on horseback is so pleasant—you see so much of the country and the people, and then you stop where and when you like—and are so independent! I wonder if any of the ailing could continue to be dyspeptics or valetudinarians if they went a journey on horseback through a pretty country, with a pleasant climate? Perhaps they might be quite cured by a few days of self-forgetfulness. Half the battle in these cases is getting out of the habit of being ill—out of the groove of grievances and *petite santé;* although it might, to a certain degree,

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alarm some patients. For instance, the sickly gentleman who sent one day for the doctor, in order to make a serious complaint to him—of having no complaint at all.

"Now really, Doctor, upon my word, I don't know what to think. I am afraid—I'm almost sure—something very bad is the matter with me. Why, it's a fact, I haven't been ill for a whole twelvemonth. Something must want clearing off; something serious must be brewing up and brooding, I suspect, nay, I'm certain. Deep-hidden mischief, you know, somewhere; and all that. Hang it, Doctor, I haven't even had a headache! A good twinge of gout, now, might save me; or a little bilious attack, perhaps, might do me worlds of good, and set me up again: but Nature is so deuced obstinate. I thought of a couple of blue pills, or a black draught or two, or a course of cod's-liver-oil, if you would advise it. There *must* be something radically bad, you see, under the surface, when one is so well: really so plaguy well; it's quite unnatural,—it's unwholesome."

Our friend assuredly carried his ideas to a little trifling excess; but how many really healthy persons are there who would continue so if they would but let well alone, but who mistrust their own comfortable feelings, and think Nature a kind of female Guy Faux, always plotting against them, and laying gunpowder trains, and that she must be defeated by countermines and precautions; and, besides, they would be really *ennuyé* without the luxury of a little castor-oil every now and then, and a bason of broth, and all nice and comfortable, and themselves converted into the interesting invalid, refreshed by a consolatory assurance that he looks

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"shockingly yellow;" and also by the proud consciousness that he has undone and counteracted cunning Nature's fifth-of-November-treason-plots and plans.

Deprive some Englishmen of their calomel and their magnesia, and you would leave them sadly ill—at ease, at any rate. Dear may be plum-pudding and beefsteak to their scent and soul, but as dear almost are the sparkling salts of Epsom or the fragrant tea of senna. Indeed, some literally "enjoy" bad health. To a certain extent, far wiser are our neighbours the French, with their barley-water and *eau sucrée;* though in severe complaints they perhaps trust a little too much to poor Dame Nature, alias Mrs. Guy Faux, and to said sugar and water. But if their practitioners do not cure a large number of patients, it is supposed to be quite incredible — compared with their English neighbours — how many they do *not* kill. *Vive eau sucrée!*

My reveries are more easily interrupted and put to flight than the Kaid's (though I don't think I *reveried* all that at that moment). What says our trusty squire? "Dis is nice sweet water river, Señora, here" (without sugar); "dis is clar good river. We all go droo it; we all sall drink some den." "Thank you, Achmet; we had better drink some first." It was a shallow, shining stream. Anglia's steed plunging in, showed symptoms of intending to accompany its course to the sea, and to disembogue with it into the Mediterranean. Thwarted in this, but not by her, who would have allowed him to go to the Mountains of the Moon, or to that planet itself, without the smallest opposition, at last Achmet, or "Slam," or both together,

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drag the creature back again, who then and there displays an equally ardent wish to return to Tangier, to the manger of his fathers, and the chopped straw of his happy home, being certain his rider will not attempt to check him. But he has others to deal with besides that docile and perfectly well-broken-in rider — obedient to his slightest sign. So this movement is also put a stop to by the gallant sire and son, who opposed his heart's wishes before; and we all, after a little pausing, and plashing, and pawing, and pshawing, and backing, and sidling, soon prosperously crossed the rapid-running stream, which I think is named by the Moors, Boos-afa (the Father of Clearness).

This river flows brightly and fast from its ever-abounding source in the soaring heights that tower above the city of Tetuan; (the name of *Tetouan*, as it is less commonly, but more correctly spelt, denotes in the Berber language that it boasts of numerous fountains.) After our partial immersion we continued going briskly on, anxious to arrive early at Tetuan, and see something of the place, which is picturesquely situated, and more thoroughly Moorish than Tangier. I must confess we made the Father of Clearness look rather thick and muddy from the contact with our much-suffering skirts, and the horses' mire-bedaubed legs and sides: but these were only temporary inconveniences for that liquid parent of purity.

Achmet, I think, called the stream "Tetouan," like the city itself; but as his language was not very lucid—no Father of Clearness was his eloquent tongue—he might mean merely that it was the river that ran by Tetuan. If I remember rightly, he, in common with many other foreign speakers of

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our language, was continually confounding the he's, and she's, and it's; reminding me of a waiter that attended us at our hotel once in Malta, some years since—a genuine Maltese, by name Carlo, who, I think, quite invariably called our maids "he," and himself "she." If we desired him to tell so and so to come up after she had done tea or dinner, &c., he used to answer somewhat in this strain:—"He go in tea now—let me see, six o'clock; yes, him in his tea now. She herself vill go tell him come after dat, perhaps?" "Yes; both of them." "Oh, yes, miladi, she shall tell him both—both of hims she shall go tell. And shall me take dese letters, Signora? Are him quite sealed, and ready for de post? Does it wish she run dere? For dey shall soon go, if dem not out gone now. Shall she take dem for go? or praps it haves some more oders for write."

Achmet, I say, might well remind one a little of the blundering worthy; for his him's, and her's, and it's were quite *ad libitum*. "See how him let him's horse go everywheres! and him bonnet shall almost come off in de river; and if my boy no run on mule very fast and help him, him come off too himself. My boy she very quick; she look out; and though like stand on head, and play wid de shawls, she very clever boy, si, Señora. Keif komshe taleb moostafa, salamoo! Ulalem hadj boocassem!—I speak dose two old men—very good old men: dat one with such grand plenty fine long white beard, she am von writer-man (scribe); dat oder, with great, black, thick beard, she live in Tangier. She's both good old men—much good."

As we rode on we saw people ploughing busily

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in the field near the highway; but we had not the good luck to see the incongruous mixture that we are told sometimes is beheld here at work together —a couple formed belike of a tall dromedary and a little jackass, or of a camel and a woman, yoked together. We had soon a disagreeable, ugly ditch to cross; made more disagreeable by others crossing at the same time; and as some of the horses kicked at the strangers, and Anglia, of course, went roaming off with her desultory steed, always desirous of exploring the unknown, and making researches into the hidden and remote, the affair was slightly tedious.

"Oh, good gracious! he *will* go; and I dare say he'll go backward into the bottom of the ditch; and —— there, Harkmate! he's standing on his nose!" "No, not standing on nose at all; only him drink; and you, missus, never not pull de bridle. Dere you go, in great hole in ditch! If no mind, you come killed and den go dead." And with a great deal of tugging and scolding, the horse and his rider are safely landed on the other side. (Achmet muttering gruffly to himself,—"Yes, come off too much killed, and after go near quita dead") As for the rest, they floundered and scrambled over as well as they could. Several were on their knees and noses, my poor steed among them; however, I dragged him up again, and after this all was very smooth sailing till we arrived at Tetuan.

We admired the appearance of the city much, and its brilliant whiteness, contrasted by the rich purple tints of the hills and soft blue of the skies, was very singular and pleasing. We passed through a large market-place; great was the con-

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course of people; mighty the hubbub of sounds, and mizmaze of sights. Orange mountains, not a sister-branch of those purple mountains I have just described, but mountains of ripe, rich, round vegetable oranges, cast quite a glow around; countless other eatables were exposed and spread out there in profusion; while crowds of Moors, veiled Mooresses, Jews, children, horses, dogs, and donkeys, made the whole place show itself alive, awake, astir, and particularly *aloud*. Of course the human portion of the assemblage swarmed round our cavalcade, but seemed, I thought, in perfect good humour; though, for aught I know, they were saluting us with the rhymed anathematising saying which Mr. Drummond Hay tells us of in his interesting "Western Barbary:"—"*Eusara fee Senara, Lehood fee sefood*," — "The Christian to the hook, the Jew to the spit."

However, if it were so, and had we comprehended it, it need not have alarmed us much, since a goodly number of unspitted Jews and Jewesses and Jewitinos were walking about, talking merrily, and we might, for our part, hope to remain unhooked Christians; or, if hooked in any way, doing business on our own hook only, and on none other. Whatever they sung or said, we got on well—extremely well — through the dense mass, by hook or by crook, or rather, neither by hook nor by crook, but unimpaled, and proceeding straight forward toward our destination. The people attempted not to interrupt our progress in any way. One curious circumstance that I remarked was the amazing change that came over our brave defender. Achmet, that agreeable chatterbox, became morose, gloomy, stern, impassible; a sort of crustaceous

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covering seemed drawn over his jovial features; his very voice had a newly-acquired hardness, and was strangely husky.

I am afraid Achmet, our excellent guide, is not quite as valorous as the famed Bayard, the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, and that he did not altogether like going through this large crowd in the company of Christians (from the concourse being so dense, I should think it might have been some kind of feast-day); and perhaps he thought, if the Nazarenes were hung upon the hooks, he might be suspended to some extremely unpleasant peg himself, even if he escaped the insertion of the curvated pieces of iron dedicated to those luckless Nazarenes.

This it was, doubtless, that wrought so remarkable a change in the outward man of Achmet.

I observed to him, that there was not the slightest occasion for hurrying on as he was doing, for that I never saw people who appeared so perfectly good-humoured and friendly. No longer did it seem the jocund, smiling Achmet, who answered me, but the Man in the Iron Mask; and so hollow and distant sounded his voice, it might have belonged to the Man in the Moon. A few smothered sounds came forth, to the effect that we were Christians, or something of the kind, and that those we saw were Mahometans; which we happened to know before. Not a smile broke the strict, rigorous blockade he had established between himself and the outer world.

He seemed to think, that by preserving this stubborn and severe demeanour, he should amazingly awe and impress the chattering, elbowing, crowd; and while one could hardly gaze on his

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now ferruginous-looking features without laughing, he became each moment apparently graver, harder, colder, and more impassible. As for the Kaid, I don't think he saw anything of the crowd at all; he remained deeply ruminating, poking his auburn nose out of his hood, and staring fixedly at Rosinante's two white ears, that proved endless sources of interest to him.

"Hawk-meats" seemed to have swallowed a great many inches of cold steel (not willingly, I should guess), and this had turned him into a man of metal, indeed.

He stalked along, too, with the stiff gait that might distinguish a mortal being, if his lower limbs were suddenly metamorphosed into a pair of tongs.

But you wondered to see him move at all, such a stalactite as he seemed to have become. His very turban looked rigid and rocky, and bore the appearance of having crystallised to a curious kind of twisted spar;—actually that once-pliant head-dress seemed, simultaneously with the congelation of the wearer, to have hardened and changed from muslin to marcasite.

"We will go to that Jew's house, Achmet, you know, that Miss Duncan spoke of." "Yes, lady." "And you must remember to make inquiries about vessels going to Gibraltar. If there are none, we must ride back to Tangier, and you will have to keep Anglia and her horse again out of those fifty and odd ditches, and all those fields and hedges that they frequented so obstinately." "Yes, lady." Staid and immoveable was he as a wooden wig-block—the man seemed mummified.

We left the crowd behind us, but Achmet continued to wear his impregnable fortress-aspect, and

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to retain his impassible manner and unassailable-looking mien, and his general air of being bomb-proof, hook-proof, spit-proof, peg-proof, and orange-peel-proof,—for, from certain mysterious intimations that he gave forth, the latter seemed one of the dreaded weapons of offence that might be employed against us as Nazarenes, as well as spits and hooks; and against our travelling Mentor also, perchance, for being in such bad company. Apparently this worthy personage had frozen himself in good earnest, and was quite unable to melt again. His awful gait and grim fixity of look had really seemed to check the noisiness and turbulence of the crowd; but he appeared now to have doomed himself to become a permanent wig-block, stuck on a post, or to resemble those little pillars the Turks place by their graves with marble turbans carved upon them.

However, once safely housed under the Jew's roof, to whom we were recommended to go, he rapidly renounced the iron mask, and the face which a few minutes before looked like a hard anvil, on which you might forge a horse-shoe, was all kindling and astir with lively emotions, as he spoke of that universally, invariably melting theme —dinner; and he was soon bustling about, begging Anglia and her companion to be quick and "make de room—must make it directly," quite in his own cheery-humoured style. He no longer spoke snow-balls and talked icicles.

Jugs, basins, towels, and bottles of water, were brought in quick succession by a dark-haired Jewess, not in her holiday attire, nor, indeed, in very much attire at all. But our thoughts and eyes were more occupied, methinks, with the jugs

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and basins than with her or her costume. However, whatever the raiment or want of raiment of the handmaid, the daughters of the master of the house, we hear, have exceedingly magnificent dresses, and we are to see all their jewels and finery before we leave Tetuan.

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CHAPTER XVI.

NOTHING can well look more like ghosts—even though rather substantial ones often—than do the Moorish women in this same city of Tetuan. Draped in white are they from head to heel: two dark gleaming eyes just merely glance at you between the thick folds of muslin and linen; and nothing else looks womanly or human about them. We stopped to observe a cluster of them at the end of a street, in close confabulation about the shocking-bonneted daughters of darkness, the unhallowed Ghiaours, I dare say. Their "sacred features" were deeply veiled, and their immense quantity of white drapery made them look like walking avalanches, that had slipped down from the sides of the towering mountains that overhang their city.

But far more did they look like phantoms—thoroughly ghostly phantoms—though it was broad daylight. Their heads, as well as their faces, are always entirely covered over with white linen, (the tiniest slit being left for them to peep through,) in addition to the spotless robing of their persons; and this altogether makes them look the most completely shrouded, sheeted spectres (however solid ones) that one can well imagine! Their very legs are wrapped round, and bound and bandaged with folds of white linen—seemingly there is enough

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stuff in their snowy leggings to make a Greek "fustanilla," or a Guildhall-feast tablecloth. This does not improve the symmetry of their forms, however much it may the goblinism of their aspect. I was told these women are dressed exactly as some very old sculptures in Granada Cathedral represent their countrywomen and foremothers to have been when that famous city was conquered. When we go to Granada I shall look carefully out for these wraith-like representations. On coming near to our six "White Ladies" (the Prussian Royal Family would seem to be perpetually haunted here), I observed that the ungraceful coverings that concealed their ankles had much the appearance of those great, big, many-folded cravats, that half *garotte*'d the "beaux" of George the Fourth's time; or like the white reams of chokers, such as now encircle the throats of the spruce waiters at the London hotels.

I fear I shall possibly have shocked some of my American readers, if I am fortunate enough to have any, for having talked so openly of "limbs" feminine. This fear might, perhaps, be a little strengthened by seeing, in one of their papers lately, the account of a lady who entered a shop in one of the great cities of the United States, and asked for a fine Limb-horn bonnet.

"Haven't got the article, I calculate, miss."

"My! why I see two hanging up there, close by you."

"No, miss, those are Leg-horn bonnets."

"Sir, how dare you? I'm astonished at you!"

"Oh! pardon, miss—yes, I see—they're the very best Limb-horn—beautiful article!—e-limb-ant! straight from Limb-horn itself—came by the

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same ship that brought the Pope's Limb-ate, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany's Secretary of Limbation. Very cheap, ma'am—no duty on them, and no smuggling—quite limb-al: nothing il-limb-al at all in the transaction. Permit me—I think I've got a band-box under the counter. Just lost my shopman—lately got a limb-acy—must serve myself, I'd de-limb-ated him, I guess, to get me some more limb-horns. Provoking! Pray seat yourself a moment while I'm kneeling down to get the box out—no objection to that word? I should have said, while I am jointing down, perhaps."

The Consul, a relation of Mr. Drummond Hay's, was good enough to call soon after our arrival here, and we find we are so lucky as to have an opportunity of going very shortly to Gibraltar by a vessel proceeding there from hence direct.

Mr. Hay obligingly sent us a sort of dragoman to be at our commands while here, and afford us protection. Under the shadow of this official wing Achmet relaxed a little, and gave signs of life, and though not as animated as when safe within walls, yet he thus got decidedly beyond the vegetable and mineral stage that he had stuck at before. With this escort we percolated through narrow passages and noisome lanes, witnessing much that was characteristic and amusing, and heavily be-fringing our gowns with "slovenly unhandsome" muddy material,—very plentiful in this place,—that did not improve their appearance assuredly. We took an agreeable walk with the Consul in the environs of Tetuan, but did not quite like the way in which a Moorish soldier who attended our party knocked the people about without mercy or remorse.

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Mr. Hay consolingly informed us, however, that nothing was more necessary than that a decent number of craniums should be thumped, if not broken, here, in a Christian's path; and you might almost think, from what he said, that the people would feel themselves and their pates slighted and neglected, if they did not frequently receive these cordial whacks,—a sort of delicate compliment, perhaps, to their boasted hardness;—(and recalling what our zoophytic Achmet told us at Tangier;)—the sounder the bang, of course the greater the opportunity the flattered caput has of proving how much it can resist. The soldier was not at all chary of his really high-sounding compliments. He waved round the stick or staff, or whatever his instrument was, and down came the flourishing compliment with a will. Seriously, it annoyed us much; but we are assured the insolence of the people towards Christians, without these little corrections and hints — (made clear to the dullest understanding) — would be unbearable, and might soon become dangerous.

Donkeys marvellously abounded; they shut out the horizon with their numerous long ears. The dragoman flourished his stick before their eyes, the driver his behind their tails. The hapless Neddies were on the horns of a dilemma—which to obey they knew not:

> "Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die!"

But our poor Bezonian, in this case, could only bray. However, they succeeded in shuffling by, and saving their lives, as none but donkeys, perhaps, could have had the wit and wisdom to do;—sage as their companions in reputed folly, geese,

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who are, we are told by good authority, so prudent, that they never fail to bow and bob low, and lower still, even when they pass under the very highest arches of the loftiest bridges.

As we passed on, one act of severity committed by our military escort especially grieved us. I believe the youth who suffered had been saying, or rather mumbling, something against Christians in general, and us in particular, and studiously driving his donkeys so as to push us out of their road. For this a heavy blow came down, well-aimed upon his ill-fated, unprotected skull, (he boasted no stately turban); and his sudden scream of pain, as he lifted his hand to his unfortunate head, went to our hearts; but our compassion was slightly alleviated by seeing the lad turn round soon after and cast furious glances at us, and by hearing him yelling defiance and vengeance after us and his staff-brandishing persecutor.

We hear that a Jew, having fallen under the displeasure of some of the fanatics here, was hunted out of the city, and shot like a dog, a little while ago.

Among the numerous strings of mules, horses, and donkeys (bringing in provisions and other necessaries to the city) that crowded the road which we were walking along, there was a set of ponies and of horses, I think to be sold; one of these animals, by some means, got loose, and at once a wild race and chase took place after the creature. A juvenile mob—a pack of riotous urchins—in full cry, of course, started after it in the highest glee; and by way of encouraging the animal to come back, they pelted him furiously with stones. The colt naturally tore away, plunging and kicking,

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thinking it rather good fun altogether, and the hullaballoo was extremely and eminently delightful to the feelings, heart, and mind, and soul of boy!

At length, despite all the frolics of the young two-legged human colts, the four-footed one was caught, I fancy, and tranquillity was finally restored. After prolonging our walk for some time about this interesting and thoroughly Moorish town, we returned home with our hearts still a little sore and aching at the thoughts of that horrid whack on the poor donkey-driver's head—which, I fear, must be more sore and aching still.

Achmet was very anxious we should go and visit the house of a rich old man whom he was acquainted with, or, more likely, who Miss Duncan knew, and had desired him to take us to see (as his house was reckoned pretty, and with a fine view), but I could not make out how it was exactly.

The owner of the house, a flourishing merchant of the city, and his brother, received us very kindly and hospitably, and took us into their charming garden, presenting us with some sweet roses. Their habitation itself was pretty, very clean, and nicely-furnished in the Moorish fashion. We saw an Oriental-looking guitar there, and begged to hear it played; but the merchant said it was out of order, or out of tune, and excused himself. We then all went by his invitation to sit awhile on the delightful balcony, which was truly enjoyable. The prospect was exquisite, the day enchanting. From this balcony the spectator looks on the valley of Tetuan, and the bay and straits. Numerous lovely gardens spread their flowery charms over the green bosom of the peaceful and smiling valley.

When we rose to go, our courteous host ex-

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pressed an earnest wish we should stay a little longer, as he desired much to regale us with some coffee and other refreshments, "and—and—unfortunately . . . . ." and the poor man seemed embarrassed and annoyed. The fact was, he was awkwardly placed, for he found his cook had gone out, and, in the absence of this important functionary, it seemed there was no one to prepare the intended repast.

We thanked him cordially for his amiable intentions, but preferred not to wait, but to take the will for the deed; and, after many reciprocal civilities and interchanges of complimentary expressions, we departed.

The Moors here, as far as I have seen of them, seem well to understand the graceful amenities of social intercourse, and have much of the stately *politesse* and suave courtesy of the Turks,—when the latter deign to be courteous.

As we left the rose-bestrewed gardens we met the cook himself, not in a paper cap, but a huge turban, and decked with flowing robes,—had they been of flaming hue, which they sometimes affect in these countries, they would have been more suitable,—and graced with a portentous beard. When Achmet informed him of his master's tribulations, and of the melancholy circumstance of his coffeeless guests being obliged to depart after their non-entertainment, wholly unrefreshed by the favourite thimble-full, *de rigueur*, the cook seemed seized with despair, and proposed immediately that we should return and repair the injured honour of the house, by burning our mouths in swallowing a goodly portion of the prepared Mocha scalding hot, without loss of time. But it was not ready, and

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could not be got ready for some little time; and as we had much to see and to do, we declined: still the cook almost authoritatively insisted.

What! leave his master's hospitable roof—aye! renowned for its hospitality—without a sip or a drop? as if it were even the arid desert, without its one stereotyped spring and palm-tree! And that it should be *his* fault!—he, unhappiest of creatures and cooks! But the guests *must* return, and let the would-be hospitable merchant wash out the stain that had thus befallen his house in the steaming and excellent coffee of Arabia.

We were *désolées* to give pain to the good professor of the culinary art, but we could not spare time to stay, and give *ourselves* the pain of scalding our mouths to afford him pleasure. So, with many excuses, we left the worthy *chef*, probably gravely and sadly stroking his flowing beard, and counting his rosary,—seeking consolation.

We visited an enormous kind of an open *plaza*, where, we were informed, a little while ago, there was a grand display of the "powder play," "Lab el Barrode," in which the Moors seem to delight. It consists in charging and galloping furiously about, changing their coursers while at full speed, and performing many other acts of strange agility—such as checking their steeds suddenly, and firing off muskets, then wheeling, and circling, and dashing about at an amazing pace. At this they are said to be quite wonderfully expert.

But if we had lost the "Lab el Barrode," we had the good luck, by the merest chance, to fall in with one of the extraordinary snake-charmers, so renowned in Morocco. We had been visiting different shops, watching the operation of embroidering

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in gold one of those costly pairs of slippers that they decorate so lavishly and so artistically here. A man was working away, carefully but quickly enough at it, and good-naturedly allowed us to overlook him at his delicate and elaborate task. He executed it marvellously well. Suddenly Achmet exclaimed that some public exhibition was about to take place in the square, and we saw a crowd slowly assembling in one part of its wide, open space; but, when we advanced towards them, the gathering mob turned their attention from the coming jugglery to the coming Christians, and Achmet immediately was anxious we should take refuge from their keen regards somewhere.

I consented to this measure of precaution, fearing he would become a fossil again at a moment's warning, and might not easily be turned once more into flesh and blood; and a guide with a mere incrustation of a tongue would be a useless one, where we were so exceedingly little conversant with the language of the people.

As if instinctively, he led us straight to a working ironmonger's, who was busily employed. The man of iron was by no means the man with the iron mask (such as our *cicerone* had become on the preceding night); he was of gentle countenance, and mild and suave manners. He begged us to be seated. We gladly complied with his gracious invitation. The forthcoming exhibition, we were pleased to learn, was that of a snake-charmer, the mode and method of whose peculiar conjuring tricks (for such, I suppose, they may be designated), we were desirous of having an opportunity of observing. A great many people clustered about the ironmonger's door to peep at the strangers,

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but did not inconvenience us, though they occasioned the countenance of our guide for a while to appear cuirassed and callous, and his lips to grow close and closer together, as if glued by diamond cement.

After a trifling delay all seemed to be ready in the square; the little mob rushed thither, gathering as it went; and Achmet, seeming to agree in my opinion that the minds of the public were now fairly engrossed with the spectacle they were about to witness, and that they would not waste their time in attempting to bait any hook with a live Christian, we repaired to the part of the immense square where the curious exhibition was to take place, to establish ourselves in favourable positions among the spectators. They good-humouredly allowed us to place ourselves in the front rank. The crowd had become now very large.

However, we found that before the snake-charmer entered on his strange performance, another exhibitor was to amuse the public. This was a head-thumper—I know not what else to call him—for this diversion consisted in his administering some of the most appalling and awful thumps and bangs on the head that it is well possible to imagine. These prodigious blows, however, happily for his audience, were all bestowed on his own pericranium;—and what a skull it must have been that bore them! He might almost have butted against Gibraltar Rock, and "hurt it," as the nurses say to children who have bumped their little pates against tables or floors, to console them by making them believe they have harmed the unconscious offending object—amiable lesson! Some, however, do better, and appeal to the child's compassion, instead of its

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vengeance, to divert its attention. I do not know what the instrument was that the head-pounding performer used, but it seemed of great power and weight, and deadly were apparently the hideous blows he dealt on his unfortunate cranium.

I was for some time in happy ignorance of the truth, believing it was only a cheat and trick; and that the man, though appearing to smite such horrible blows as might batter in the skulls of a dozen rhinoceroses, in reality was only beating a slight tattoo, like that of Achmet's friend, Sheetan, on his sconce.

But my mind rather misgave me when I saw that the poor wretch,—who danced round and round every time before he hammered his head,—seemed to falter and lose courage while preparing to punch fiercely his hardly-used temples and occiput, and that, capering about, he hesitated long each time before he gave the next dread thundering thump; he danced a little more, and then stopped and hesitated again: and I thought I observed that this capering was more an expression of pain than of pleasure, and that his sable visage (he came from the interior of the country) looked paler than it did before; and a black paleness—if the expression is allowable—is peculiarly grisly and grim-looking. I turned to Achmet to ask him respecting this, and saw that his countenance was full of concern. "Does he really hurt his head, Achmet? I thought it was only pretence—only make-believe."

"Oh! Señora, shocking much hurt him poor head — much, much, much," and kind-hearted Achmet shuddered. "Look, him head two time over bushel-big!—*all* bad mark!—and black face grow whiter — oh! dreadful hurt—though very

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strong skull, or else kill him head quite—crush him in, and die!"

Of course, now that we knew the true state of the case, the exhibition which we had fancied was harmless, became wholly insufferable to us, and we begged Achmet to try and interfere;—to pay the poor man all he would have got for more extensive head-basting, (cudgelling his poor brains, indeed!) and to put an end to this serious attack on the welfare and dignity of the crown.

The unhappy performer came nearer to knocking himself down than any other person I ever saw. Joyfully, indeed, the sufferer compromised the matter, and postponed any further smashing operations for the present; and it was, doubtless, a "Hope deferred" he could well afford to resign.

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE shocking affair I have described in the preceding pages cast altogether a gloom over our little party, and we were glad when the snake-charmer came forward to dispel, in some measure, our sad and painful thoughts.

This man also looked a complete savage, and was of very dingy hue.

The orchestra, which was to animate his soul with its exciting strains, was composed of two companions of his, also Arabs, of exceedingly obscure parentage, to judge from their particularly cloudy complexions.

Two were provided with rude pipes, evidently of native manufacture, and the other had a tambourine. Wild and rude were the instruments, wild and rude were the tunes, and wild and rude, *par excellence*, were the musicians themselves.

The first act of this savage drama was "making fire." The chief performer poked a number of pieces of straw, rags, hay, and such substances, into his wide-opened mouth, appearing to chew and eat them. After the first far-from-tempting mouthful, he helped himself to a second, of similar unsavoury condiments; but this time did not introduce them quite into his mouth, to the discomfiture of the papillatory organs, but placed and held them just

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against the lips; and then he puffed and blew, and blew and puffed, for a very brief period, as if trying to smoke a wrong-headed cigar, and right soon burst forth a very dense smoke. Another minute, and it was in a full blaze, and he seemed in danger of burning his mouth indeed with the flaming dainties.

However, he forbore "tickling his palate with a straw" this time,—and that a straw on fire, too; and this part of the performance, which seemed a sort of preparatory flourish, soon terminated.

Now came the snake-charming.

He drew forth,—out of a basket, I think,—a frightfully poisonous-looking spotted snake; and after waltzing about with this disagreeable partner for some time, and calling on the patron saint of all snake-charmers, he permitted the reptile to hold his tongue,—not the reptile's tongue, but the Arab's own, good reader! which must be the most unpleasant manner of becoming mum it is possible to fancy. Think of keeping silence while a snake is holding your tongue for you!

The eloquent contortions of our wild friend seemed to express as much: he twisted about like a live lithe serpent himself!

I am not sure whether this snake was one of those Mr. Drummond Hay tells us is called the Beffa. He thinks this peculiar kind is so named by the Mogrebbin Arabs, from their likeness "when in the act of darting at their prey to the Arabic letter ب, *fa; be*, being merely the article transposed." (He remarks that, in the East, the *fa* is written thus: ڤ, with the point above instead of beneath.)

This part of the performance seemed to be

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dangerous, and lasted but a very short space of time. While this was going on, the Eisowy, or snake-charmer, continued dancing and wheeling, and almost reeling about, and making various contortions, as if he was suffering pain; and the fifers and tambourine player puffed and rattled away lustily and shrilly, as with all their might; and verily the poor snakes, if they had any ear for music, would not have been charmed by *them* at all, at any rate.

One of the most striking parts of the exhibition was the peculiar applause of the dense crowd who stood around, when they saw anything they thought particularly deserving praise,—not a cry of "Bravo!" —not "*Encore!*" (not so pleasant for the principal performer, the last, under the circumstances of the case)—but the name of "Allah!" This seemed always simultaneously ejaculated. They shouted out the sacred syllables so exactly together as to produce a truly remarkable and startling effect. A slight preconcerted signal seemed to be made by one among them, and then they all burst forth, with amazing power of lungs, it must be owned; but, besides its being really very fine and impressive in itself, as they roared out the Great Name, tossing their hands aloft, it was an agreeable variation to that monotonously shrill piping, and the knock, knock, knocking, of the rough tambourine.

A great deal more of this charming process took place, and the man was much bitten, but seemed not in the least to mind it, playing with the snake in the coolest manner. At length he cruelly bit off the unfortunate snake's head, and threw it on the ground. The poor thing did not

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die for some time; indeed, Achmet said it would probably live for some hours.

We were aware that the snake-charmer had been chiefly induced to exhibit his reptiles and himself, on this occasion, from the fact of there being Europeans there, to see and remunerate him. In fact, I fancy Achmet had given him a hint to that effect (that I would repay his exertions); and therefore we determined to put a stop to this barbarity, and to keep the next poor snake's head on his shoulders. We consequently sent an emphatic message to the Eisowy by Achmet, who was empowered to treat and negotiate for this favour, that we wished conceded to the Father of Tumefaction (as some of these snakes are called,—but only a particular species, I think). Our Minister Plenipotentiary accordingly marched gravely up to the Arab, and entered into brief discourse with that wild gentleman; and a certain price was duly set upon the poor forthcoming snake's head,—not in the usual way, though,—for the money was to be paid to have it retained in its natural position and place.

And now a new reptile was introduced on the scene; generally those slimy *débutants*, when they quit the basket, make their first and only appearance on any stage,—at least it is to be supposed so, as it seems it is the usual fate of these poor nimble actors to be decapitated when the curtain falls,— a strange kind of ovation, and entirely opposed to any chance of an *encore* of the last speech, or hiss (for these modest actors are given to hiss themselves—each his own hisser); though, in sooth, there *are* performers in existence, in the civilized world too, that cannot always boast of having much head.

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Still, with regard to an *encore* under the circumstances, it would be as much misplaced as that of the Englishman at the bull-fight, who, hearing the whole assemblage frequently shouting out, "Bravo Toro!" "Viva Toro!" &c. &c. ("Viva Toro!" however, being almost as great a bull—Irish—as the Saxon stranger made,) determined to join them in making a noise, and when one of the bull-fighters was killed, thought nothing could be more *àpropos* than for him to shout "*Otra! otra!*"—*Encore! encore! Viva!*—probably without any very definite knowledge of the exact meaning of the expression;—most likely, indeed, with little more understanding of what he was saying than if it had been in Timbuctoo tongue; and he thought proper to repeat this yelling encouragement to the *toro* himself, when that distinguished performer had yielded up his life,—not discomfited by the merciless jeers of the much-amused neighbours.

The exhibition now proceeded with great spirit and *éclat*,—contortions, writhings, mutterings, fifings, tambourine-rattlings, reptiles, dancings, hissings, bitings, and that really most magnificent burst of sonorous applause. The Eisowy, selecting a man from the dense mass, proposed to him to be bitten. The young man so graciously chosen for this kind offer (pleasurable invitation!) seemed not altogether to appreciate the favour. The Eisowy might fascinate the snakes, but did not seem likely to succeed in fascinating this young Moor. He appeared inclined to turn a deaf ear to "the voice of the *charmer*, charm he never so wisely." However, at last he agreed, and a fine lively, likely snake was coiled around his brown neck, boa-

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fashion—not quite boa-constrictor fashion —which people might think, as we are on such serpentine subjects, but like the boa of sable or other fur that fair Europeans sometimes twine around their throats.

This reptile was of larger dimensions than the last, and perhaps was one of the cobra capellas, which Mr. Drummond Hay informs us are sometimes used by the Eisowy, and occasionally twisted like turbans round their heads.

The man of Soos (for these performers, the Eisowy, I believe, generally come from the province of Soos) then muttered over some solemn words, as if reciting a prayer, and having called, I suppose, on Seedna Eisor, the saint of snake-charmers, he coolly then gave the reptile permission to dart its fangs into this new hero of the mystic ring when it chose. It was an anxious moment for more than one individual present.

I imagine the young competitor for the honours of impunity from the sting and venom belonged to the sect of the Eisowys; for they alone, according to the popular superstition, and the positive assurances of the Eisowys themselves, are able to handle serpents, scorpions, and all kinds of noxious reptiles, with perfect safety and security.

We were not quite sure that the serpent, after all, would avail himself of the opportunity given him to bite the young man round whose throat it appeared to us to be so affectionately entwined. His Snakeship seemed rather dubious for a while, and perhaps thought himself affronted by being transferred from the principal performers to this comparatively insignificant individual. Perhaps he was mentally hissing over Macheath's song,—

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"How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear Charmer away."

However, presently, after the lapse of a very few moments, the serpent began to make up for any little lost time by biting the youth industriously, who did not seem quite to approve of it, or to feel thoroughly sure of his own privilege of exemption. Perhaps this young Eisowy had not often been under a serpent's teeth or fangs (the two are distinct, the power residing, I believe, solely in the latter), and not much pleased with the novel operation. He, however, "stood poison" pretty well, and bravely, on the whole; though, certainly, few ladies, I think, ever disentangled themselves of their boas in suffocatingly hot rooms more gladly and promptly than he did of his living collar and neckcloth when the experiment ceased.

The Eisowy had promised us fair, at least according to Achmet's interpretation, but deceived us, or, probably, at the moment, forgot the engagement he had entered into, and bit off the second poor snake's head, as he had done that of the first.

We were very angry with him, but Achmet seemed to think he had misunderstood or forgotten the terms of the compact. Very well, friend Eisowy, thou shalt not have the price of the snake's head that thou hast bit off with thy over-busy teeth, which do cut something sometimes.

One of the prettiest parts of the spectacle—which certainly was not altogether a lovely one—was the Soosy's making an apparently highly-intelligent and docile serpent *feign death*. He flung a little dust over its head, and there it lay, as if perfectly lifeless, senseless. Perhaps it was some stupefying stuff he threw upon it.

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There have been a great many conjectures and theories respecting this snake-charming, and the subject is so difficult and contradictory, that I will hazard none. V——, who attentively watched the man's performance, declared that his bare arm swelled immensely, then turned a kind of livid purple, through the dark brown of his skin, and even that his body swelled at one time; I thought, also, I perceived that the arm swelled, but I could not positively aver the fact. (But it is difficult to observe such changes among the violent writhings, whirlings and rapid gyrations and movements of the snake-charmers.) The puffed-up appearance of the arm only lasted for about fifty or sixty seconds, she said, and then gradually went off.

Nothing could well be more civil to us than the crowded assemblage which had collected to see the feats of the wild sons of Soos. They allowed us to stand in some of the very best places, abstained from pushing us, or crowding upon us, and, in short, treated each "abhorred Nazarene" as if she were *una de nosotros* (one of us), as the Spaniards say.

Achmet could not contrive to be frightened, and had not the smallest excuse for putting on his metaphorical coat of mail, or wrapping up his expressive, good-humoured countenance in seventy mummy casements of cynicism. The Moors were courtesy and kindness itself to us.

Among the turbaned and robed mob of spectators were some quite fair-complexioned ones. One man was a regular Zaar, red-haired, white-skinned, and blue-eyed. But several were really quite blond, and far fairer than some of our party, who

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had gradually darkened a little since leaving northern England.

Before I take leave of the snake-charmers, let me observe, that many persons, most competent to judge and give an opinion, declare themselves entirely puzzled by the extraordinary circumstances attendant on the exhibition.

Mr. Drummond Hay, for instance, asserts that, having doubts on the subject, and believing that the serpent's poison was extracted, he asked to be allowed to handle it. The Eisowy told him it was certain death, if he was not an Eisowy, and armed with entire faith in the power of their saint. The Man of Fascination ordered a fowl to be brought—the fowl was bitten, ran wildly about for a minute or so, tottered, and died!

The flesh afterwards turned of a bluish tint. Mr. Hay thinks it possible that the Eisowy prevents the serpent from using its fangs when it seizes his flesh, and that the blood is drawn simply by its teeth. If this is not the method employed, he conceives it may be that the faithful followers of Seedna Eisor possess some cunning antidote to the subtle poison, only known to themselves, and that they put this into their mouths (perhaps when they stuff in the bits of hay and straw), just before operations commence; and that during their writhings and contortions, while the rapidity of their motions prevents your closely scanning and observing what they are doing, they apply the mouth to the bitten part.

These explanations, however, the distinguished narrator of the exploits of the Eisowy only puts forth as conjectures, and informs us afterwards that, while

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he was at Tangier, a young Moor was killed by the bite of a beffa under the following circumstances:—He openly expressed his doubts of the reality of the Eisowy's power over the snakes, when witnessing one of their exhibitions. On this, the indignant followers of Seedna Eisor defied him to enter the ring, and touch one of his venomous reptiles. The youth in a moment accepted the challenge, and soon after fell dead. There are many individuals belonging to this sect. They are to be met with in most of the towns of Western Barbary. They join together on certain festivals in buildings devoted to the purpose, and there they celebrate the mysterious rites of their peculiar creed.

They declare their intense veneration and idolatry far transcends all the bounds of human reason,—and perhaps they are partly right in that supposition,—and this belief either does, or they fancy it does, produce a fearful delirium and spiritual intoxication. This exalted inebriation is encouraged and increased by less lofty stimulants, and less innocent sources of fuddle and muddle, namely, the use of an herb called *hasbeesh*, a little of which is taken at a time, and accompanied by a draught or two of water, or sometimes by the help of smoking an herb, the name of which is *keek* (also found in Morocco).

The members of this singular sect, when in this distracted and wildly-infuriated condition, march through the streets of the towns, much to the inconvenience and discomfiture of all orderly and peaceful inhabitants thereof, enacting the parts of bears, wild boars, birds, tigers, jackals, dogs, and other brutes, and succeeding in representing them with very great perfection. They claw up and eat

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almost everything thrown to them while in this state. Even live animals, horrible to say (such as sheep or kids), if cruelly flung among them by the lookers-on, will be torn to pieces by these fiendish beings, and swallowed raw. Their Emkadem, or leader, goes before the howling procession, mounted on horseback; they yell in the most hideous manner on these occasions, and in their interhowl moments they usually bark, roar, grunt, chirp, bellow, and bleat; so the concert they indulge their auditory with must be one of a rather deafening and disorderly description, and enough to drive everybody else, at least, quite as mad as themselves;—it would seem so, when they commit the barbarity of throwing them living animals to devour.

Woe to any Nazarene or Hebrew, if an individual among the raving wretches chances to get loose from the rest, for they generally pounce on them with terrific fury, as though they were their lawful prey; and, but for the help of the bystanders, these unfortunates might share the fate of the poor kids and sheep, or at least be rent and dragged to pieces.

On other occasions, they agreeably amuse themselves by lacerating their own persons, and those of their raging companions, as extravagantly possessed as themselves, and bounding and plunging about in every direction furiously.

This self-moving menagerie and aviary perform their outrageous rites in honour of the before-mentioned Seedna Eisor, who is supposed to have lived about two hundred years ago. This sainted individual seems to have been an itinerant preacher. He was journeying once upon a time through the

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desert of Soos, with an immense concourse of his admirers and followers accompanying him, when these men, not content with the wise sentences that fell like "diamonds, and pearls, and gems of price" from the mouth of their beloved Seedna Eisor, rashly demanded to have something to put into their own,—not diamonds and pearls, indeed, but much humbler things, such as a little rice or meat.

Their patron became angry, and exclaimed hastily and indignantly, "Eat poison!" which sounds sadly like a slight malediction pronounced in a fit of ill-humour and heat. Indeed, "*Kool-sim*" (swallow poison), is used as a regular oath at the present day. The people to whom it was then addressed, however, took it humbly and quite literally, in the most matter-of-fact manner. They hunted about, and finding many desert reptiles of the most venomous description, stuffed them into their mouths with the greatest composure and fullest confidence that their saint would preserve them from all harm. This, it appears, touched that sublime personage, and they were sustained perfectly on this food, and wholly unharmed, and not inconvenienced in the slightest degree. After this wonderful banquet they were always enabled to touch with impunity scorpions, serpents, and such agreeable wild game; and an Eisowy sportsman would think he had done a good day's work, by way of replenishing his larder, if he bagged a dozen rattlesnakes, a cobra capella or two, and a leash of "Fathers of Tumefaction" (the *Boomen fakh*).

Their eccentric descendants of the present day do not, I believe, supply their table with these delicacies (and in Spain some of them are consi-

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dered delicacies second-hand; for let us remember the viper-fed pork, so famous there.) But still the Eisowy of these times may be able to nourish himself on toxical comestibles, though he may not show any decided fancy now-a-days for scorpion patties, or hooded-snake pullets, or adder sandwiches.

They even appear to care not to have a broil of speckled toads occasionally, or a *piqué*—with stings *en couronne*, or an *entrée* of hornets, or a conserve of dragon-flies, though these beauteous creatures are only dreadful by name, since in that alone are they winged serpents; so I must apologise to them. Neither do the snake-charmers, for a light luncheon, discuss half-a-dozen drumsticks of centipedes, or the merry-thought of a vampire, or a fricassée of Leffla, with the fangs left in, served with asp-sauce (an importation for the *friand*), and perhaps a salad of deadly night-shade, all lubricated by essential oil of almonds—Prussic acid ratafia neat.

Besides the red-haired Moor I have mentioned, we saw several blond ones at Tetuan, one with fair skin, eyes of pure azure, and light hair (not red). The carroty are thought ill of in Morocco, and *zaar* is no term of compliment, as they are supposed to be deceitful and untrustworthy altogether; but, independently of any mental or moral qualifications or disqualifications it may be supposed to represent, we were told carrotiness is thought so pretty by the women here, that many of them, when not blessed by Nature with a fiery poll, paint their hair bright red, thinking it a truly beauteous colour. As to the frequency of it here, I certainly saw several of the natives with red hair, and red beard, too,—evidently not painted.

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We should certainly stare to see Othello come on the stage with a red wig and fiery moustachios, and a white skin; but it would be truer to nature than the appearance the beloved of Desdemona generally presents now on our boards.

Not always were the Moors of Tetuan as amiable to us as at the time of the snake-charming exhibition. I think it was the Mooresses, however, who were the chief culprits. We were walking through one of their narrow streets, nearly ankle-deep in orange-peel, as most of them are—perhaps the accumulated collection of some weeks, as I think they do not pay much attention to the cleanly condition of their city—when we observed some *Dames Blanche* apparently regarding us, as well as we could judge through their many mufflings, in the most spiteful manner, and muttering uncomplimentary additions to the name of Nazarene, which we did not quite misunderstand, but, of course, took no notice of. Achmet might have excused this, as "Sheetan" and other unflattering and opprobrious terms left their veiled lips. "Only just one two little Sheetan—not mean uncivil; very little noting dat; mean very polite—dat speak very kind oder way—he not say much bad;" but we did not like the expressions, and slightly mended our pace, to get out of ear-shot; but we did not get out of orange-peel shot, which was sent after us by the fanatical dame, who seemed to think we were defrauding her of her just right of abusing us, by removing ourselves thus promptly.

We paid no attention to this little salute, but contented ourselves with silently hoping it would not be carried on to a royal number.

There were a good many people in the street,

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and a considerable number of these sheeted, confined spectres of Mooresses among them. This orange outrage was the signal, it seemed, for further indignities. The terrible unbelieving bonnets had been assailed—the unfaithful ribbons of the vile "heathen" had been defiled—it went like an electrical shock—a stimulating *st, st*, through the female part of the crowd. In a moment I felt a very soft, slight thrust against my ankle, as if given assuredly by a very uncertain and pusillanimous slipper, and I turned round quick as thought, almost to show the cowardly assailant she had a right to hesitate a little; but rather quicker than thought that doughty daughter of the Prophet and heroine of the pantoufle had plunged deep into the crowd and fled away, as if she had absolutely vanished like a real, or rather an unreal, ghost, or like a Cinderella when twelve o'clock struck. Luckily, she hadn't a glass slipper, or it might have cut my heel.

In another moment V—— called out that she had received a sharp kick, and I saw another great heap of white linen, like a wind-blown snow-drift, scuttling along at a rattling pace to get out of sight, —ghostly-looking enough was this other gentle Mooress, so free with her slipper,—but she was real, or, at all events, her shoe was real, as poor V—— found from experience to her cost; but luckily, however, the recalcitrative fair one had been in such a mighty hurry to escape from any possible rejoinder, and tit for tat, that the damage was only very trifling.

We looked rather fiercely around, but the offending lumps of linen and bundles of drapery had literally bundled away; and I think those unknown weapons, our dreadful parasols, which were

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instinctively and so full-strongly grasped and boldly brandished, struck terror into their souls. They might think them young Shereefian umbrellas, perchance infantine *Dals* (name of the Sultan of Morocco's own alpaca), and that they were not to be affronted with impunity. We continued our walk in peace, rather more majestically and deliberately than before, to show we were not alarmed; but evidently the slipper-faction were; they really seemed uncommonly terrified at their own deeds of note. They are not the only people, I dare say, who are dreadfully frightened at their own bravery. No one knows what fears those suffer often who are exhibiting the greatest valour to the world. I remember once displaying surpassing heroism on the brink of a dread stupendous cataract! and words could not tell the tremble and alarm my own intrepidity caused me to suffer.

Why on earth Mahometan women should trouble themselves about the unbelievers or believers in their ungallant Prophet, I cannot imagine. He who permitted them only the smallest homeopathical allowance of a soul—a mere fraction and apology for one—he who really, as if especially to spite and affront them, gave them such dangerous rivals in their smiling, beautiful Houris,—I should think they ought to dislike him and his tenets particularly, and would be utter disbelievers in them themselves.

We found ourselves afterwards in an immense crowd,—men, camels, children, dogs, jackasses, countless shouts of *Ballok!* (or *Vallok*), I am not sure of the spelling. Take care! take care! every moment resounded from our companion. We were terribly afraid that Achmet would take fright. We

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ran against donkeys innumerable, who seemed to spring out of the ground like live mushrooms, just under our noses, bonnet-brims, and parasols, at every step we took, till we wished every long-eared Jack-ass and Gill-ass among them at the bottom of the Red Sea. Yes! I was afraid of Achmet growing frightened; he became a little cartilaginous in aspect, but not assified.

During one of our walks we saw a poor little girl almost without a face: it was a horrible nightmare-like sight; some cancer, or other deadly disease, had nearly destroyed all her features, unless she was born the fearful monster she was when we saw her. The poor little thing came and begged, and, deeply compassionating her, we gave her some Moorish money, and hardly daring to look at her in the face (but that, poor thing! we could hardly do), for a moment as we did so.

The district of the Jews in Tetuan is very dirty. Walking there is a penance, without any necessity for a white sheet and a candle. In civilised and Continental lands the scavenging is often done by condemned convicts, punished for their many crimes, but here the most innocent of all possible persons are doomed to sweep the most horrible of all streets with their gown-skirts (for raising them a little is next to useless), only happily not in chains. The Moorish part is not quite so bad as the Jewish, but there are numerous *immondazzios* there, too, which is the reward *there* when the sweepers are the foreign Faithless. Truly, to render a popular proverb a little less rough and commonplace, "More recalcitrant remunerations" than "considerations" doled out in certain insignificantly small "copper coins." Yet the Jews seem the most in-

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dustrious people here, and their houses internally are pretty clean.

The wardrobes of the female inmates of the house where we lodged were exhibited to us. The dress of the sister of the mistress was magnificent. This sister was very handsome, and must look perfectly superb in her gorgeous-looking attire. We were very anxious to see her in it, but she made many excuses. She would have to disrobe entirely, as she could not put the splendid array over the loose dress which she was then wearing, and she had a great deal to do, &c. &c.

She then proposed putting one of the dresses, with all the ornaments belonging to it, on V——. This we agreed to after a little demur, for she did not much like the idea of thus decking herself, so over her own simple dress these resplendent robes were arranged. Thus, when this profusion of gems and gold, the richly-embroidered slipper, the beautiful diadem, and the huge and brilliant ear-rings were tied on, they needed strong supporting threads, indeed. The effect was very imposing. It is a marvellously becoming dress, and I really think Christians might do worse things than adopt it. The head-dress and ear-rings particularly set off the features to the very best advantage. The new wearer of these costly habilaments looked uncommonly like a daughter of Judah herself, and we could not help remembering how often Sir F. T. had called her "little Jessica" in England. When the process of adorning was completed, the real Jewess, who spoke Spanish, declared, with great truth, that the pretended one looked precisely like "*una de nosotros.*"

Indeed, so delighted was she with this rapid

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conversion of a Christian into a Jewess, that she implored me as a great favour that we should come down to her brother-in-law and sister-in-law, the former being confined to the sofa by some injury to his leg.

As she was prodigiously anxious about this, and the people of the house had been very civil to us, this was agreed to, and we all went down together. The sister, entering with us, began saying that the English lady was good enough to come to see them, and that a Jewish damsel, one of "*nosotros*," who had heard of the master of the house being ill, was also come to inquire after his health, or something of that kind.

He and his wife received us with the greatest courtesy, and thanked us very much and gratefully for so kindly coming to see them; and then, looking very attentively, and with much astonishment, at the splendidly-dressed Jewess, became very much puzzled, saying, they really did not know—they did not understand it—they had not the pleasure of her acquaintance. She could not be a native of Tetuan, certainly, yet she wore the Tetuan dress. Their embarrassment and bewilderment was extreme, and amusing enough to us. At last, seeing their surprise and curiosity passed all bounds, while the unknown, mysterious, apparent daughter of Israel stood silent as a statue, or like a decked-out idol, glittering before their eyes in her magnificent array, we told them the real state of the case; and their surprise and exclamations may be imagined. There were abundant uplifted eyes and hands, and starts, and stares of wonder.

The dress was pronounced, by its unaccustomed wearer, to be exceedingly hot and heavy, and the

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tiara and multitude of jewels oppressive, the setting being ponderous, and the ornaments of considerable dimensions. "Jessica" therefore disrobed with much delight and satisfaction, and abjured Judaism much more quickly than she had embraced it (as far as outer show and semblance went), after she returned up-stairs.

Some of the children of the proprietors of the house were asleep in the room we had been conducted into, and their little beautiful dresses were stored up here. We were shown these, and especially the rich apparel kept for high days and holidays; and, seeing how much we admired them, one of the little children was unceremoniously taken out of bed to be decked out in the superb trappings; her mother and aunt assuring us, who were inclined to remonstrate strongly, on the ground of its being a rather merciless act, to gratify our eyes at the expense of chasing sleep away from their own, the poor little poppets liked it; so they were doomed to be dragged out of bed, even to be petted with diamonds and pearls, beginning with a graceful little girl, who looked, naturally enough, more sleepy-eyed than Sir Peter Lely's beauties. We were informed the little coquette was so passionately attached to her fine clothes, and so extravagantly fond of being dressed out, that it would be quite a pleasure instead of pain to the child. That she was so fond of finery certainly seemed to be an excellent reason for discouraging her tastes, and not for fostering them; but vanity in this family appeared to be regarded as a sort of virtue. They seemed a little mistaken, however, for the poor little soul, snatched suddenly out of her slumber, gazed round with her

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black and soon wide-open eyes, bright as twenty diamonds, and all flushed with amazement and sleep, poppy-cheeked and palpitating, and presently struck up a doleful, piteous whine, which not all the tempting bribes and flattering speeches her rather injudicious relatives made her anent pretty clothes, and charming necklaces and ear-rings, could subdue. The gold-embossed vest was put on the half-angry, half-tormenting child, and rubies disposed here, that looked tame compared with her pouting lip, and diamonds there, that seemed to catch their keenest flash of brightness from her great black eyes;—but still the poor little dear whined and whimpered, casting longing looks towards her lately-quitted pillow; and, in spite of entreaties that she should be carried off again to her little couch, she was kept up, and plied with many promises about beautiful new satin and velvet jackets to come, and fresh pearls in prospect, and approaching anklets, till a whole vista of vestments glittered before her, and a chorus of assurances was heard with respect to the prettiness of her actual dress now, and loud exclamations relative to how much the ladies liked to see her in it.

This little daughter of Israel looked very charming, it was true, in the splendid apparel she was encumbered with. It appeared the complete holiday costume of the Tetuan Jewesses—the jewelled tiara and all, which she wore with stately effect on her small head. The profusion of gold and embroidery, and all sorts of enriching ornaments, made almost a dazzling show altogether. A little boy, Isaac, a still prettier child than the last-mentioned, was also snatched from the arms of Morpheus into those of one of his relatives, and

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forced into the gold-stiffened sleeves of a close-fitting jacket; and he, too, was soon in full fig, and proved himself, I think, the most coquettish and vain of the whole party; contemplating with much contentment the various decorations of his dress. Little Isaac seemed to be the beauty of the family.

At length the children were once more stripped of their brilliant raiment; and happy must the poor little girl have been to find herself once more under her coverlid, safe from emeralds and sapphires, and from all attacks of amethysts or opals, and no longer an unwilling little post for hanging pretty clothes upon; and the whine softened to a faint murmur, and the murmur died away to silence, and the little woes were hushed. Two tiny pearls still decked the beauty of the child—liquid ones, on the warm cheek; but they soon dried away, and the young spirit is borne afar on the wings of Dream to a fairy land adorned with a brighter lustre, doubtless, than all the mines of Golconda could furnish. Little Isaac, too, had laid his downy, peach-blossom cheek again on his pillow, and we took leave of the parents, and very quietly departed to our own apartments up-stairs, thinking the little ones had been disturbed enough for that night.

Bigoted as the Tetuanites appear, I do not think they are quite so often seen prostrated and saying their prayers, with their faces to Mecca, as are the Moors of Tangier. Anglia did not, probably, think the worse of them for that. "Such stuff, to see a Mumy-dove rubbing his nose and chin in the dirt, as if he was not dirty enough already!"

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"A Mumy-dove?"

"Achmet says they're all Mumy-doves here. Ignorant creatures! I have no patience with their sleeves, too. Ah! propergandering and conversion won't do here. Does not the voice of one cry, who enters at the threshold, 'Think of orange-peel, potato-rind, and old shoes?' *I* don't want any proper-gander here, nor that kind of thing,—no, nothing of that,—only that they should leave off bobbing their heads in the mud, and talking such queer trash. As I say always, dead languages are like Red Ingins and mummies."

"Mummies? Theirs must be a dead language, certainly ——."

"And I always say, in Spain and here, it's nothing but a hodd noise in the throat, and just keeping moving the tongue a little."

People here have a very pretty custom, which I never remember to have observed elsewhere. They often kiss the hand on meeting an acquaintance, and then the individual whose hand has been the object of this osculation seizes his own hand, conveys it to his lips with a "gentle" violence, and kisses it on the exact spot where the lips of the other have the moment before rested. They do this very gracefully, with both dignity and elegance of manner, and it has an extremely pleasing effect.

The bazaar here is very fairly supplied with goods; numerous little shops line the covered way, on either hand. There you see some of them busily employed in embroidering velvet with fine gold for the bodices and the jackets of the fair Jewesses, and for slippers, little books, and so forth. There sit the stall-keepers in cross-legged comfort, looking so stately and calm, that their

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thread of existence seems a gold thread, too. You might fancy they were a splendid kind of spider, spinning these costly filaments out of their own golden coil of life,—there seems so little of the common work-a-day nature about them; and without the least apparent effect or labour the beautiful result richly grows under their fingers.

As I was walking along, escorted by the dragoman of the Consulate, one of the Marabouts came up to me, a well-dressed one, venerable-looking, and with a very solemn and gracious manner stopping me in my progress, and standing opposite with his strange, wild eyes fixed on my face, he made me a sort of oration, which would have been wasted "on the desert air," but for the interpreter's timely aid. I said, "I suppose he is begging—is he?" "No," replied the dragoman, and repeated what the long-bearded ancient was saying. His speech was highly complimentary, so much so, that I will not repeat it, but merely say it was very gracefully turned, and showed the good septuagenarian was a complete master of soft sawder. In no European drawing-room could flattery well have been more skilfully administered.

Evening was come in Tetuan, and we should have liked to have seen more of its curiosities and oddities, but it was necessary to be well-housed before dark; for lamps are not to be found in the streets of Tetuan, it will readily be believed; and the white-sheeted ghosts of this city would be particularly unpleasant ones to meet in the dark, as they so decidedly prove themselves alive and kicking,—most dangerous phantoms! We therefore took care to be always at the Jewish *fonda* in good time.

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The Jewesses in this city do not entirely veil themselves, but compromise the matter by half-covering their pretty faces when they go out. You may see them holding some drapery over their mouths with their not very white hands.

There are a good many poor creatures here who seem to have but little indeed to keep body and soul together; and, indeed, we observed more very ill-fed, distressed-looking objects in Tetuan, I think, than we saw in Tangier, or on the whole way to this place,—some so thin and spare-looking, to put it in the mildest form, that they might have been living for a fortnight on the infinitessimal portion of food the Spanish *estudiantes* allude to in this stanza:—

" Con las alas de un mosquito,
Y los sesos de una pulga;
Paã cuatro dias con hoy,
Que estos se des-ayuna."

Of which I annex a free translation:—

'Tis the fourth day we've fought
Hungers' powers—broke our fast;
On gnats' wings—just a thought,
On flea's brains—just a taste!

It being all settled that we were to embark on board " The Juanito," for Gibraltar, the Kaid's services were no longer required.

When that mighty warrior came to be paid, and receive his present, he, staring straight forward, just about the exact spot where the ears of his spectral-looking steed would have been, if he had not been dismounted, muttered something indistinctly, and yet impressively. I turned to Achmet for assistance, fearing the gallant captain was dissatisfied with his *backsheesh*.

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"No, no, not say dat; shall be all right, dat. Dis brave captain, you see, she shall want have little moneys for pay de horse's slippers—dat's him shoes mean;—dat's all; and quite sat-his-fizzed, all but dat little moneys for slippers for her horse, Señora."

So the "little moneys" for poor Rosinante's shoes were added, and with many thanks and civil speeches, I doubt not, if I could have better understood them, the Kaid departed with a more cheerful expression on his odd-coloured face of rather bilious hue, methinks, but well tanned withal by the hot sun of Morocco, so as you may see not very unfrequently among some of the darker Moors, when he has rather a black and yellow tinge, a little resembling the Emperor of Austria's livery, which, whatever may be thought of it in cloth and plush, is not pretty in the human physiognomy.

For Achmet, he was to see us and our few "traps" on board, and then take himself and the horses back to Tangier.

He had afforded us so much amusement, and was so useful and excellent a guide, that we were sorry to part with him. It would be some time, probably, ere we should meet with one who would make us laugh so merrily and often. He was quite a curious character altogether, and has several different complexions and tones, as painters say,—sometimes in a moment, and for a moment, red (angry),—a pretty loud "splodge of colour, I guess," but of very brief duration, chiefly arising from disappointment when Anglia would not "sit straight:" then a kind of dull, uniform, lead colour, slightly vexed and depressed—a sort of French gray (contemplative); and a dingy maroon (anxious,

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perturbed); or a palish mouse-colour, when slightly ill at ease—with regard to crowds, and hooks, and spits, and Ghiaours. Several names eke had he, *à l'artiste* still,—the naturally vivacious and the preternaturally solemn, and the severe imposing, and the agreeable imposing, too. Perchance, however, we had every reason to be thoroughly satisfied with him; he is a most capital guide, and we found him of the greatest use, and full of attention and earnest anxiety to do his duty and give satisfaction. Therefore I was able to write greatly in his praise when he came to speak to me anent a recommendation and favourable mention in "the book." He was exceedingly anxious that Mr. Hay should know he had behaved well, and expressed this in his own original manner:—

"Pray make me good in de book, madame; and pray make me good—very good—to Mr. Hay." (In the *livre des voyageurs*, at the *fonda.*) And good I, of course, made him, for good he was. "Tank you, miladi; much tanks for make me so very good. I so glad, and Mr. Hay shall see how good miladi make me; and den in de book dere I keep good alwise for all de people to see, dat wants be guided right."

But what has Anglia to say? "Now, Archmud, here, get me the candles, do; the place is so dark; never a light in the passages and *patty-o;* just like the streets—not a lamp in them: it's worse than these Spaniard towns. Now, tell them to bring the tea, I say; and why *don't* you have gas, Hank-mate—eh?"

"Gash? what gash is? You want it now, for de supper?" (Achmet, frequently appealed to on commissariat subjects, not unnaturally thought this

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gas might be something eatable.) "Don't tink him grow here at Tetuan. Dey don't eat it dis place. Oh, no! don't know noting of him here, not in dese parts. No, don't, and can't tell what him is. No, don't tink, missus, dat dey cooks it here."

"Cook it! eat it!—no, no, *gas!* What is it in the Harry-buck?—gas, gaze, gorse, goose, geese, gauze,—I don't know what you call it in your extraordinary tongue."

"It not a dinner; tongue very nice; only gas; not got dat tongue."

"Oh, well, never mind; but *I* think it near as hodd as Spanish, changing about our words, hind part before, or anyhows, Hotch-meat. But, here! take off this great big book. What d'ye call that, I wonder?—buck, back, beak, bake, bark, burk;—some outlandish difference, of course. Make room for the tray, do!"

Soon in comes our smiling, good-humoured, Jewish waitress, in an Israelitish dishabille, which *is* a dishabille, indeed,—remarkable for the number of articles of clothing, fastidiously considered necessary, omitted.

Amongst other things, our not exactly "neat-handed Phyllis" brings a small bottle of something which she seems to set great store by. Is it some very precious *liqueur?* Apparently so. She gives us to understand, in her rather curious Tetuan Spanish, that we are to take this with us on the morrow, it seems, as an offering from either herself or the master of the house. On looking at this wonderful bottle, it is discovered to contain English ale. The daughter of Judah shakes much her deep-

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dark locks, and looks triumphant. "Si! es Ingliss, y muy buena. Ah! es verdederamente ale." If she knew anything about Hebe, she evidently thought herself a representative of that useful young person, bearing nectar itself.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

FAREWELL to the City of Fountains, and to our nectar-bearing Hebe, Rebecca, and pretty little Isaac, and his fair-dark sisters!

Listen! There are the horses at the door; and look! there is that little ourang-outang, Salam, twisting about like an eel among the devoted shawls and cloaks, which he seemed to wriggle himself into in some strange manner, if he forbore to put them on him; thus following the words of our mandates to the ear, if he "broke them to the sense." He looked somewhat moodily on Anglia, who had probably, at times, energetically indorsed our sentiments on the subject of plaids and Paisleys; but Anglia's companion he greeted with obstreperous cordiality and hilarious bursts of "Hah! hah! hoo! Schumps, bussouf! Schumps! Schumps!" for he now always—very wittily, indeed, in his own opinion—addressed her thus, from her having at one time mistaken "Schumps" (the sun) for his own name, as she often heard us calling to him, "Illoum Schumps, muzzian bussouf." Proud of our new sentence in Arabic, I suppose she accosted him in all gravity as "Schumps," to his intense amusement, and he always saluted her by this Phœbus-like appellation afterwards, whenever he accidentally encountered her. This boy was full of fun and vivacity, and

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quite a character altogether; but I think, if they do not take care, and look well after this youth, he will give some trouble in time to come to Achmet and "The Dove," who seems to spoil her fledgeling sadly indeed.

Certainly these parents cannot say with the Spanish proverb,—

> "Este nuestro hijo, Don Lope,
> Ni es miel, ni hiel, ni vinagre, ni arrope;"
>
> Don Lopez, our son, does not striking shine,—
> He's nor gall, nor honey, nor vinegar, nor sweet wine.

Or it might be prettily varied thus,—

> Don Lopez, our son, takes the insipid line;
> He's nor verjuice, milk, gall, nor nice gooseberry wine:

for he has very marked characteristics. But if this proverb does not suit him, there are some that do; for instance, the following,—for although Salam had a father, yet as he seemed to be in awe of his own saucy son, and not to dare to use his parental authority, he went for nothing:—"*Padre no tuviste, Madre no temiste, hijo mal desperecerse, ó diablo te hiciste.*"

> Thou hadst not a Father—ne'er mindedst thy Mother;
> Lo! an early bad end—or the Old One's own brother!

However this might be, the capricious boy had his good points, too. But what did I leave him doing? With jocund gaiety greeting the rash pronouncer of Arabic with a delighted burst of "Schumps! Schumps! bussouf! Ah! ho! Señora Schumps!" as was his wont, dancing a kind of hornpipe with variations among the shawls on his knees or nose. "Aha, Missus! Aha, Madame! Sunshine leave me with you. Whew! oho!"

Our imposing cavalcade started in good order,

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but without the interesting Kaid mounted on that collection of long bony legs, his steed. But if we had not this terrible warrior stalking along before us, we had an accession to our party more worthy of note. The Vice-Consul, mounted on a magnificent horse, had come to accompany us in our ride down to the sea-shore. We were charmed with the beauty of the animal he gracefully rode: it was a present from no less a personage than the Emperor of Morocco himself. This Asylum of the whole World and Conqueror of Enemies had given Mr. Hay leave to choose any horse he liked out of the stables of the Shereefian house. This was during a visit that Mr. Hay paid to Fas, I forget on what particular occasion. The latter certainly seemed to have chosen well and judiciously, for the creature was not only beautiful, but appeared good; indeed he told us it was so—perfectly good-tempered and docile, and yet very spirited. Assuredly it was rather a contrast to the four-legs-and-a-backbone which the poor Kaid had so complacently bestrode at the head of our equestrian party on the journey from Tangier.

Achmet, probably, in his heart of hearts, rather lamented the absence of this "captain bold," and heroic champion, feeling the least little timorous at the thought of some possible crowd that we might encounter, and which might not be too reasonably disposed toward the unclean Faithless. He sat on his steed a little like King Charles the First's bronze statue at Charing Cross—if that, to increase its impenetrability, had been put into Wenham Lake ice,—stern, stark, cold, to Arctic chilliness; evidently thinking, that to look indomitable would make him become so in reality.

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Well, if you cannot be brave, 'tis something to look so. He seemed in an anticipatory, revengeful state of mind, and for some suppositious wrong would stand with a cold, fixed glare, enough to make one think of the Indian-hunted Trappers of the Far West, "half-page per hair and this press in."

Away we went, through streets of "orange-peel in unclean" state, and "met" no "murmur at the" city "gate," but only a delightful old porter, who refrained from bombarding us (like certain ladies of this city) with his slippers, and who came statelily forward, and without much gravity and grace offered me a bowl of fresh milk—a sign of good-will, a practical "Peace be with you;" an emblem, in short, of kindly feeling. This is a touching and pleasing custom, and we liked much the singularity and "local colouring" of the thing; also the milk, which was really capital. "Bismillah!" (Thanks to Allah!) we ought to have said in return for it, but did not. The greatly-bearded donor accompanied his kind present with many good wishes and gutturally-murmured salutations.

As we rode along, the Vice-Consul showed us the beautiful paces of his swift, gentle Arab, which, at the least sign from his rider, would start off in half a moment, like the winged wind itself—whizz! and he seemed almost at the horizon. This darling creature had one fault—if fault it be; he was apt to start violently, and once, when some yelping curs suddenly darted out on him, *malencontreusement*, making din enough to have produced a start even under the ribs of Death himself, or in the Kaid's own anatomical specimen; and causing the Shereefian Kaid, the Son of the great Umbrella,

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to make, apparently, as vast a leap as that vaccine prodigy who vaulted over the moon. However much that feat amused the laughing little bow-wow in the fine poem referred to, the dogs on this occasion seemed by no means hilariously disposed, for with some expiring yelps they retired; and, indeed, they were not unwise, for, whatever the saltatory milker did—whether she stuck impaled on the moon's horns, or impaled that satellite on hers—the Arab courser returned promptly to earth, safe and sound, with the full use of his heels.

Before we arrived at the beach, we found we had a large following, consisting of various hangers-on and idlers, who came after our cavalcade in hopes of being of use—to themselves, by earning divers backsheeses for putting themselves extremely in our way, and for bawling and bothering us terribly, and, indeed, doing a vast immensity of nothings. Among these amateurs was an oldish, stout Moor, with a very curious, deep, portentous voice, who did nothing "like anything;" talking and bustling about all the time so prodigiously, that you thought he was doing something of very vast importance in your service—everything, in fact, that you wanted. Alack-a-day! all the time he was hindering grievously, for he incessantly called upon Achmet, distracting that factotum's attention to a pitiable degree, to tell him this horse had still got a saddle on, and that the other had not got his bridle off—that one was nearly putting his right foot on a pebble, and another his left foot in a puddle, or such wise remarks; all in the deepest, most mountainous mass of a voice, which made the mouse of meaning that was produced by it the more absurd. We

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observed the extraordinarily, intensely guttural way in which he pronounced the name of our guide. In his mouth it sounded like Hackhmood, the beginning and middle of the word exceedingly thick and short pronounced. This worthy addressed long speeches in Arabic, some of which I understood with some difficulty: the name of "Hackhmood," that frequently occurred, and that was all, unless occasionally horse, or *el Kidar*, which, I believe, is pack-horse; or *alludi loo:* the former word sounds just the same as the name for a peculiar kind of boat used on the Guadalquivir, which I have mentioned before.

Arrived at the beach, we found we should have to wait a little while. However, we were not detained for a much longer period than it took to unpack all the horses and the much-carrying mule, who, be it remarked, had lost her supernatural character on the present occasion, and appeared nothing but a mortal mule. This unpacking became a particularly long and tedious job, from the immense quantity of help and assistance that was thrust upon Achmet, thick as honours on some lucky shoulders. A crowd threw themselves, chattering, on a carpet-bag, pulling and hauling it different ways; while a small mob, perhaps, entirely concealed from view a basket, for when a strict search was being anxiously made, and Achmet was rather irate with his friends and assistants, and seemed inclined to dash that *sac-de-nuit* at their heads, to the great discomfiture and destruction of that receptacle, great was the noise and fierce were the vociferations. But it might have been justifiable carpet-bagicide, doubtless.

Hark to that eager, anxious Moor, pouring out

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his always intensely-guttural Arabic, so fast and hurried that it seems as if it must choke him; and surely it *does* a little. Does he not talk in a kind of whooping-cough fashion, as he takes breath between these fits of thick-coming words, that appear to be strangling each other in his throat, if they do not strangle him? "Hackhmood" (not quite so guttural as our stout friend), "ya! Hackhmood—whoop—whoop—Eeen shall—ugh—whoop—whoop—whoop—whoop—but the reader must amiably suppose about a thousand words in place of the two or three I have written down, and that the whoops all and sundry are words, not coughs.

"Gracious patience, Slam!" cries a well-known voice, "let those shawls alone, now do; grinning, and wriggling, and dancing like the sea-serpent on the banks of the Nile! I never see such a boy! You'd think he was a kangaroo flying among the Ingy-rubber trees, so 'lastic and supple. Now, Hark-mate, take particular care of this boy; and do take this bag, and take care of it for me. That horse there has pulled my wristesses half off again."

Away went Achmet, carrying all sorts of things, and bestirring himself as usual most energetically, unpacking, arranging, minding the horses, and scolding the crowd, who, with might and main, were looking on all the time while he worked, and clamorously observing to him that they expected a really considerable amount of backsheesh for thus looking at him and seeing him labour.

"Well, I must say, Achemud is very quick: very different, now, he is to that slow creature, that Vargin at Cadiz, taking a week to bring a tray in. Such dawdling!" "Who do you mean?" "Why, that black-whiskered Vargin. I used to confuse

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his name a little sometimes, because I spoke it in general just as it is written, and at other times just as it is spoken, so it made a little difference—not much. Anyhow, they do change it for certain theirselves, a great deal: when they speak it, or put it in a book, then its Joke'em; and they call it Wargin, or something next door to it—Waggon, or that. This Moor language is as bad, almost—not quite."

"As bad! Pray, what do you think of those people who say the Spanish should be talked to angels and English to geese?"

"Oh, how shocking!"

What a blow for poor little Anglia! But she made head against it. "Geese theirselves, I think, who said it."

"You know it's full of hissing, and that is why they say so. And, furthermore, people say when the English sing choruses in English, it sounds as if they were all violently and vehemently hissing themselves and their own performances most lustily: which would be a little like geese in more ways than one, decidedly."

"Oh, how dreadful to say so of English! Such a sweet, pretty language! And these other tongues all just made out of it, too! Spoiling it, that's all, I think."

"Made out of it, indeed! What an idea!" But it is very little worth one's while to combat an *idée fixe:* if you chase it away at night, it often returns in the morning in fuller force. It is difficult enough to get rid of one's own, if one has any; but other people's—unless you are a moral and physical Hercules, never attempt it. As to your own ideas of the kind, if you try to turn away

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from them they will run after you, like that bore of a ghost who, when a poor farmer whom it had persecuted and fairly hunted and haunted out of his home, was changing his place of abode, and travelling along with waggon-loads of furniture and goods, he meets a friend. "What! you are flitting?" "Yes: I ——" began the farmer, but was cut short by another voice, issuing from among a mizmaze of mattresses, and pots, and pans. "Yes, yes, *we're* flitting," cries the ghost.

All is ready, so we must bid goodbye to the shores of Barbary, and excellent Achmet, and our poor dear *lands*, which we had become quite fond of; not including Anglia, though, I believe, who had a little grudge for her steed, anent her "chestes" and "wristesses." With respect to that dull, docile steed of hers, he certainly seldom managed to please her. If he had his nose down, she seemed to think he was standing on his head; and if he threw up that head, that he was dancing on his tail. As I said before, we were all quite sorry to say goodbye to our faithful friend Achmet; who seemed sorry, too, though he will soon return to his beloved Tangier, to hear, I hope, his friends greet his reappearance with "Hamdoolillah Salamah!" (Thanks to Heaven for your return in safety;) and this, of course, fourfold from the "Dove," Oomrah; whom he ought to greet in his turn with "Habeeby!" (oh, my beloved!) as she ought so to be. And now, amidst his good wishes and benedictions, and Salam's grinnings, and attitudinizings, and farewells, "Schumps-illam-bussoufs," addressed to the object of that pleasantry, and whooping-cough splutterings of haste from the eager talker before mentioned, and deep-mouthed brayings from our

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mightily bass-voiced friend, and a shower of "Stock-hairachs," and various Arabic expressions, we left the Tetuan shores of Africa for trite, tame, silver-fork Europe.

Tetuan looked lovely as we caught a last glimpse of it, and we felt real regret at leaving this land of tamarisk, and myrtle, and cork-trees, and aloes, and orange-trees; but a little recollection of orange-peel to astounding abundance, and at times a gyrating rather unpleasantly in the air, and jaculatory slippers, too, or at any rate some officiously thrusting themselves too much on our observation, corrected partly this sorrowing feeling.

The little vessel in which we had embarked was named "The Juanito." We had not got on board long before there was rather a threatening appearance in the sky, and the weather began to show symptoms of being unsettled and stormy—an unpleasant look-out for some in "The Juanito" who were not the best of sailors. Disagreeable enough it must be to feel your fate stealthily stealing upon you pang by pang, qualm by qualm! Deeply are those poor sufferers to be compassionated. "Never say die" was not meant for them; their whole aspect, dress, manner, vain bearing, say die, die, die! They might a little remind one of the French grammarian, who at the last gasp cried, "Je meurs ou je me meurs, car les deux se disent," and expired: for they seem mentally, if not physically, conjugating the terrible verb.

A poor chicken appeared to be of their opinion; for while the weather was getting rougher and rougher, and the "little Johnny" danced and trembled more and more on the agitated waters,

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it rather deliberately committed suicide: at least so it appeared, from its determined flutter, flutter, flutter over the bulwarks, and speedy self-consignment to the briny deep. It really looked uncommonly like it. However, poor little creature, no sooner did it find itself in the tossing yeast of waves, than a late repentance ruffled its smooth-plumaged breast. Nothing could appear more chicken-hearted, nor, though of dark hue, show more decidedly the white feather. They tried to get it back, but it was in vain; and it grieved me to see the hapless little thing fluttering and struggling to escape, and still wildly among the restless billows most chickenfully, almost as long as we could see it at all. Had that unhappy little fool of a fowl heard of "Mother Cary's chickens," and did she think she would go and make their acquaintance? We knew not.

But the increasing gathering of the waves soon after this drove the unfortunate late tenant of the *basse-cour* out of our minds. "The Juanito" itself tossed about almost in as much agitation as the evaporated chickabiddy, who had vanished and not left a feather behind to say such a chickabiddy had ever chipped the shell, clucked, and closed its career. A little while before this the captain had come to us in some distress, informing us he had cut or otherwise hurt his hand, and he wanted a rag to do it up with. We provided him with the wherewithal to wrap up his injured thumb, and, moreover, helped him otherwise by steering in his place; which amused us considerably, both of us applying ourselves to this task while he gave us the necessary directions. Soon, however, we found the helm getting more and more difficult to move, and re-

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quiring great time and exertion on our part. The captain then came himself, and said he must do it, notwithstanding his injured hand, as the weather was becoming very rough. At first, the very small crew, consisting of a man, or a couple of men, and a boy, had seemed to be rather independent of their worthy commander, and of each other, like the worthy

> " Hijos de Enriqueta Rabadilla,
> Los Cada uno en su escudilla;" *

but the discord of the elements increased their concord, as it made the poor captain forget his wounded hand.

Wilder and rougher still it grew, and as night drew on, and clouds formed black and stormy around, we were not sorry to find ourselves in the bay of Ceuta, with our sick and wounded on board. Our little *mistico* still danced about wildly, but it was repose compared to what it had been. The sky, especially towards Gibraltar, looked like a canopy of solid ebony overhanging the angry sea. We seemed doomed to be somewhat unlucky in our little voyages, both to and from the African coast.

The *mistico* boasted of no regular cabin. There was a place, not much bigger than a rabbit-hutch, or moderate coal-hole, which we discovered after many searches, and into which we disconsolately crept, taking refuge from the wind and cold. We called out to Anglia and her companion to come

* " Like Henrietta Rabadilla's sons, who, with extreme bad grace,
Has each his separate porringer, and each his separate place."

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there too, and, taking into consideration the exceedingly confined space, the gloom, and the roughness, the comfort in which we passed the night may be imagined. Happy was I to be so free from this enemy to marine peace, the *mal de mer;* but others were not equally fortunate.

Ceuta looked sadly tempting, with its brilliant lights shown off, particularly by the almost pitch darkness of the rest of the scenery. Ceuta is built on seven rocks, or hillocks (the name Ceuta is said to be a corruption of Septem;) it is a convict-station of the Spaniards, has strong fortifications, particularly on the land side, and runs a kind of "opposition" rock to Gibraltar. The garrison may be about five thousand men. It looked perfectly beautiful to us storm-tossed mariners. It is not only distance that "lends enchantment to the view," but, most assuredly, contrast also, else that is all against your own position; and the bright light, and the air of peace, and repose, and sheltered security, certainly amazingly contradistinguished from the horrible little hole we were in, bobbing restlessly up and down.

Sleep was little, indeed, to be thought of, so we had plenty of time to ponder, if we chose, on Count Julian's departure from this very Ceuta, that was sparkling before our eyes like big guns, in order to invade Spain and avenge his daughter's sullied fame and name. This expedition he undertook at the head of a host of Moors, commander and troops being all equally desirous of effecting the expulsion of Don Roderick from the throne, and laying in the dust his warlike power. (The real name of this Count Julian is supposed to have been Elianus, from whence it was corrupted to

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Elyano Ilyan.) And we might also reflect on our own countrymen in the last war, who preserved the place for the Spaniards, by whom it was then very inefficiently garrisoned, and retained by them till the peace of 1814, when it was redelivered to Spain.

The barracks where the English were quartered are said now to be the *presidio*-prison for the convicts, whom we were so much envying; and rather hard it seemed that we, comparatively blameless beings, should be put into a black hole and shaken about like dice in a box or "mice in a trap," when the criminals were slumbering so luxuriously, and "dwelling at home at ease" there, on their comfortably-fixed and illuminated rock.

We had plenty of time to think of these things, but to the best of my recollection we did not employ our leisure so well. Vain conjectures as to when we should ever arrive at Gibraltar—when this storm would subside—what the morrow would prove—principally or greatly occupying our minds more unphilosophically. A sad night, indeed! Emerging from the hole, which gave one, perhaps, a tolerable idea of the hold of a slaver, and the horrors of the middle passage — quite as much as I ever wish to have—I managed to get out on the deck for a little time, where one could breathe and stretch the cramped limbs. Rain and wind, and such darkness! And so again to the hutch, disconsolate and dreary. Oh, I am a-weary, a-weary! But far better than looking out on the pitchy gloom, and making useless guesses about one's fate, "and the uncertain wind" and weather, would have been reflections on Count Julian's convicts, or anything else that would have made one forget

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one's self and unpleasant position. But the Genius of Ennui slightly domineered over us. As for me, how I wished to fly over to Gibraltar and into to-morrow morning!—a very unusual case with me.

Morning! Yes, morning at last! Delightful Aurora! rosy-fingered, &c.! She looked particularly so to us, hapless, helpless voyagers; and perhaps would have done so had she had a scowl like a slave, and been almost as black as a sweep. But the wind had moderated, the clouds vanished, and there was promise of a charming day.

We left Ceuta with as little regret, probably, as the convicts would; or, indeed, I may add, the soldiers, too; if it is true, as we were told, that they are obliged to incarcerate themselves as closely as the prisoners, on account of the hostility of the Moors, who, it appears, pop away at them unmercifully if they venture to quit the shelter of their defences for an instant, and think nothing of bagging a leash or so of Spaniards together with wild boars or hyænas.

We rowed a little way round by the African Pillar of Hercules — *Gibel Moussa* (Ape's Hill, Abyla)—to catch a favourable current, I believe. The scenery was exquisite, and the weather splendid. What an enchanting change! The water looked like transparent lapis lazuli, fretted and wrought far, far clearer. We could see fish and different marine productions shining with fair colours. It was altogether charming. But our captain looked gloomy, as if a cloud of the stormy past night had settled permanently on his brow. What was the matter? Ay, he was afraid we should not get to Gibraltar till *muy tarde:* wind much against us.

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Landsmen know little of these things; neither do landswomen.

Another night, perhaps, in that wretched small den! That would be a nuisance, indeed. And the cloud seemed a little catching, and overspread all the brows in the boat. However, the scenery was so delicious, that we really could not help solacing ourselves with that, and with watching the beautifully transparent water and the ever-changing marine curiosities it displayed.

At length, to our joy, a favourable breeze sprang up. Captain Tarifa was in ecstacies, and his and all the other brows on board cleared up, as if by magic, in a moment. The physiognomical barometer, in fact, was universally "set fair" in our little *mistico*. Our captain was called Tarifa, as I have designated him above; but it was not his real name—a sort of nickname, he gave us to understand; I fancy, derived from his being a native of the place bearing the same denomination. If I had never heard of the likeness supposed to exist between the Rock of Gibraltar and a Lion, I could not, I am quite convinced, have failed to observe it this morning. It was most striking, most remarkable. I think one of the "yellow-haired" might be himself deceived, and run roaring along in horror at his tremendous and enormous brother, if brought face to face with him. I hope the strong one will keep silence for ever and aye, and never shake certain unpleasant fiery dew-drops from his warlike mane—a mane well be-powdered for the nonce with "villanous saltpetre."

We arrived at Gibraltar about two o'clock in the day. We found our rooms at the Club Hotel occupied, and we repaired to another *fonda*, not in

so agreeable a situation, it being in a rather stuffy street. However, we were tolerably comfortably lodged, and as we were only *en route* to Malaga it did not signify; and indeed we had not much to complain of, except, perhaps, that the Rock-Scorpion chambermaids are not the most diligent and attentive of their calling in the world. At the Club Hotel, though they were genuine Rock-Scorpions there too, they have been more carefully indoctrinated in English ways and manners.

Speaking of Rock-Scorpions, I will relate a little adventure thereupon, that once happened to us at Lyons. I had ordered some fine Lyons silks to be brought to the hotel where I was staying, and they accordingly arrived; and accompanying them came a very swarthy youth indeed, who began immediately talking a kind of severely-fractured English, of which accomplishment he seemed very proud. Of what country could he be? He looked as unlike a Frenchman as an Englishman. "Are you an Italian?" "No, no." "A Spaniard?" "No, madame; British. I British, and I British spikes. Yes, I spikes quite clear." "But your English is rather broken, allow me to say. Surely you are not an Englishman?" we cried, in wonder at the contused language he spoke in; where could he have lived in all his British born days? "Yes, yes," he hastily replied, "and not broken moshe my Englands is at all." (This was, indeed, a mistake; for it suffered from severe compound fractures at the very least.) "I complete Britisherman self, though I not been parleying Englishes moshe late; far away from my contree; but I real right down Britisherman." "Really?" "Yes; is real Rock-Scorpion, now you knows quite well."

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I had never heard of such a thing in my life, and looked, of course, much puzzled. "Rock-Scorpion?" "Yes, madame; real true dat. Born on de Rock—on de Rock itself, be sure." A passing thought probably crossed the minds of his hearers, that the poor youth was distraught. "Rock! In the name of patience, what rock on earth do you mean?" "Why *de* Rock; de great Rock; I native inhabitant ov Gib, madame; certain: Gib;" and he looked more proudly than ever, since now he hoped, it seemed, that the whole mystery would be entirely explained. But, alas! many a person who has never visited "Gib," knows nothing of that conspicuous little diminutive by which it is termed: they are no more aware of it than they are of the natives being designated Rock-Scorpions. If *we* thought the two (coat-)tailed scorpion gone mad, as though "girt by fire," and expected to see him sting himself in the head "and expire," somehow he seemed to think us most lamentable ignoramuses. "Where? What Jib? Jib? Jib where, or how?" resounded with mournful iteration of bewilderment. *Gibraltar* came then, like a bursting shell, to enlighten us or to confound us. How could we be so stupid, as not to know that "Gib" was Gibraltar, as well as that that was *the* Rock, and that Rock-Scorpions are Gibraltese, or Gibbese, or Gibbers, or happy Rockers, and all the rest of it! This, and much more, that bursting shell very loudly and fiercely seemed to express; and how came we not to recognise our countryman instanter, by his beautiful Engleeshes, and air, and features? cried that bursting shell, all in a breath—or in a bang, rather. And I don't think you can be true Britishbornmans yourselves at all, protested the bursting shell, all in

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this same boa-bang; or surely, roared forth the shell, you must have known better. And you seem very unpatriotic, if you are Britishborners, retorted the angry shell—a shell of sound and fury.

However, Scorpio composed himself by degrees after this little, brief explosion of natural indignation, and turned his attention to more silken subjects—to the rich materials he had submitted to our notice—as we did ourselves.

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CHAPTER XIX.

NEARLY opposite to the hotel, I think, was the shop of a Moor, who seemed the very impersonation of laziness and do-nothingness. He appeared, indeed, a complete predestinarian; he thought, evidently, customers would come from the clouds,—walk into his uninviting, untidy-looking shop—find the goods they wanted, or manufacture them for themselves—pay him, and walk out again—while he should sit or stand passive, perhaps fingering his rosary and muttering one of the ninety-and-nine epithets of Allah, and stroking down his solemn length of beard. He looks so idle, that life and his turban seem a burden almost insupportable to him—a couple of burdens.

Many of the Moors of Gibraltar are very fine-looking men, often extremely stately, and rather stouter, I think, than their Tetuan brethren. They seem to thrive and prosper here; not all of them being so idle as my "next-door neighbour over the way." Among the picturesque sons of Morocco you often see very tall men; they contrast most favourably with the Jews of "Gib," who are generally a very wretched-looking set, and evidently not of fastidious cleanliness. Some of the Jewish women are handsome. The Spaniards, who look with contempt on the Moors (which they never should do,

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certainly, when they turn their eyes on Seville and Granada; but then they do not admire the proudest —the Moorish—glories of their cities, after all); and they talk of Tetuan, where the Granadian Moors were supposed to have taken refuge after their expulsion from their beloved Spain, as an ape-haunted waste —"*Se fue a Tetuan para pillar Monos.*" They would be rather surprised to see what uncommonly finely-grown monkeys they are, and how high they carry their heads, and how they return disdain for disdain, and think and call even the Catholic Spaniard the *dog of dogs;* with many more burnt great-grandfathers than the most foolhardy tribe of mothers can boast of: which, doubtless, they *had*— thanks to the "*Inquisicion,*" not very nice or careful in its selection—while some of them think, perhaps, the Españoles would become a hook particularly, and would seem in their proper place and position, according to their ideas, even when stuck on such an instrument.

We found that, instead of waiting at Gibraltar for the steamer, it would be a great deal better to go to Algeciras, and stay there till the French or Spanish packet arrived. Unfortunately, as we thought, we had missed one, and it was the season when they do not go very regularly, the weather being extremely unsettled and stormy. We therefore took leave once more of Gibraltar, and went over in the steamer (that continually performs the little *trajet* between the two places) to Algeciras.

Among the passengers was a very pretty-looking lady, exceedingly well-got up, most carefully dressed —not a plait wrong, not a plait with a hair misplaced, and everything studied to a nicety. She would have passed muster in Paris. It was just

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that sort of thing that would make a Spaniard exclaim, "*Que compuesta está V!*"—How thoroughly well got-up you are! "*Me pare ce que ha venido V' en batea!*"—You seem to have brought yourself here on a silver waiter! The arrangement of the smooth glossy hair, particularly, was deserving of much admiration—a most exquisitely finished coïffure; but in a moment little Anglia picked it all to pieces, and pulled it all up, so to say, by the roots—not exactly the actual hair, but by admiration. As for the hair, she was content with picking that to pieces. This she effected by coming and maliciously whispering to me to remark that lady's false hair—all false. "Why, now, how *can* you know? I should never have dreamt of such a thing!" Oh, she knew very well—she could tell by the "parting;" and I do not know what besides. There, that is the second time Anglia has disenchanted me just in this manner, and done her best to deprive me of the pleasure of admiring. I thought it very spiteful, really; and what did it matter where the hair originally came from, so long as it looked so beautiful, and set off so much beauty, in its present position: making, in short, the lovely features of the fair lady who now wore it look so exquisite, and altogether produce so charming a picture for contemplation and admiration? What was it to me, indeed? Titian's Venus, for aught I knew, may have bought those auburn tresses that meander over her brow, and that crown her enchanting forehead. She, or her model, may have sat for her picture in borrowed braids; but neither Titian nor I, indeed, wish to know 'twas Venus in a wig that we were respectively painting and etching. Yes, it was the second time, Anglia, thou

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hast been thus malignant and ruthless. Like some rude Camanche or Blackfoot, thou seemest bent on "severing hair;" figuratively if not physically scalping, or half-scalping, the objects of thy cruel rancour! The first time it was a fair little lady at Lisbon, a countrywoman of ours, who seemed almost lost in the luxuriant profusion of her own golden ringlets. Such beautiful, sheeny, soft-flowing ringlets (for generally she was what the French sometimes call "*coïffer à la sweet girl*), in a very English style. These long, streaming, bright locks looked as if they were rich showers falling from dropping wells of gold, or of living sunbeams.

"How lovely!" we exclaimed: "a mermaid might break her heart on her comb, and shave her head from hopeless envy; or, at any rate, never put her green locks into *papillotes* again." But down came Anglia's moral scalping-knife, or "glittering forfex," and sheared off all the lovely locks—always metaphorically speaking—at one fell blow. "False! all false!" Anglia was positive; but it seemed a little strange. Some wild penitents have mortified themselves by wearing hair-shirts: was it in performance of a vow the little fair lady encumbered herself with such a load of alien locks? But such self-punishments are quite out of date. If Anglia went to Greece, she might go about, methinks, like a detective policeman, discovering all the manifold impositions there palmed upon an undiscerning public; for those classically-beautiful people wear almost cart-loads of false hair. To be sure, they do not seem to make the slightest secret of the matter. I was once in a steamer on the Egean Sea, on board of which were a good many Greeks—I think a Greek prince and princess and their suite among

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them. It was probably one of the handmaidens of the princess who wore the mighty profusion of locks I am about to describe, and which, I remember, greatly astonished me, not only from their unnecessary abundance (there were about a hundred braids, of various sorts and sizes, coiled one over the other, till the head looked like a large bushel) but because almost all of the plaits were of entirely different hues—auburn, light brown and chestnut, almost flaxen, red, blond, cendré, dark brown, nearly black. You might have thought she was commissioned by some hairdresser at Athens or in Corfu to act as a living advertising board, and march about with her head covered with specimens of his different capillary wares.

How pleasant is a fresh cold day warmed by a Spanish sun! The weather, however, is particularly rough and ungenial for this latitude, at the present time — more than it generally is at this season of the year. We heard of Spanish and French steamers disabled or prevented from starting from the violence of the gales, and of many accidents taking place here and elsewhere; consequently there was great irregularity in their arrivals and departures. Certainly the best thing to be done was to resolve patiently to bide our time at Algeciras, where we took up our abode in the *Fonda Española*. It is pleasantly and airily situated. On one side was a market-place, on the other the bay. The weather was cold, and the only appliances for heat were the *braseros* we had found so inadequate before. The poor mantillas sometimes seem almost blown off the heads of the fair wearers, and bluish-tinged noses are now and then seen peeping under them—not a becoming

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state of things; and you might be a little disenchanted with the mantilla if amongst them some of the veiled-unveiled (for the graceful head-dress is generally worn off the face) did not look so inveterately pretty that you might begin to think celestial-tinted noses *are* very celestial things in fact. This is supposing you to be a gentleman, and of a rather enthusiastic turn of mind.

The *braseros* that we rather disdained were by no means despised by the people of the house in this Fonda Española. We sometimes had to pass through a room where they were wont to assemble around a certainly very effective and colossal one, and then they seemed to be so many fire-worshippers performing silent rites around the object of their adoration. There were several generations of these good people; from grandfather and grandmother to the least *chiquito* they all paid their *devoirs* to the Genius of Warmth, apparently with much and unceasing gusto. But yet it seemed a very dreary occupation, for they had usually none other to accompany and diversify it: books, work, conversation, generally appeared wanting. The giant Ennui seemed to reign lord-paramount of the family party. Day after day to sit round that *brasero*, which does not even sparkle and flicker like a regular cozy English fire, or do anything but indifferently warm or half-warm them, must be a bore. No wonder they all looked as dull and dismal as a set of undertakers' mutes. Really, if grandpapa there in his arm-chair had acted "Grandfather Smallweed" for the nonce, and thrown a few cushions at the poor opposite granny's head, I think she would not have objected to such jactations as Mr. Dickens tells us, in his exquisite

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work, poor Mrs. Smallweed did, but thanked him heartily for the little diversion. No wonder they all looked dull and dreary, under the circumstances, and tired of themselves and of each other. Well they might be, for there are times when most of us get a little tired of all this oxygen and hydrogen, and phosphate of lime and carbon, and various other ingredients, that make up the wonderful salmagundi of our marvellous selves; and tired of all other similar combinations and compositions whatsoever. However, if we could study the whole of this extraordinary physical being of ours, let alone the far more extraordinary mental one, we should never know such weariness, surely, for a moment's space. As it is, we at times yawn and look vacantly at a dull view, a blank wall, or unfinished piece of furniture, totally regardless of the world of wonders we contain, and are, though we may know. But the works of the mysterious watch are hidden from our ken (and well it is so, or we might be looking at ourselves all day, and be like so many Hyacinths, though with different ideas); and we are positively quite indifferent to these daily, hourly miracles, that go on in us for ever, and many that we are performing for ever. Indifferent to, and wholly uninstructed, so to say, in this assemblage of an utterly inconceivable number of levers, drawn by cords, "if considered with regard to the various voluntary motions" the complex frame is capable of performing; "if with regard to the motions of the fluids it contains, it is again an assemblage of almost countless tubes, pipes, and hydraulic machines; and if considered with regard to the production of those fluids, it is again a most astonishing assemblage of chemical instruments and

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vessels, the principal apparatus whereof in the whole body is in the brain." We certainly ought not to be tired of this oxygen and carbon, and of these elements and atoms, almost endless, if we could watch the processes, and have little glass windows in various directions for that purpose; or be like a complete glass beehive on the subject. But as I once read in some book, so it is, perhaps, well indeed that it is not; for if it were, so wonderful, so intricate, so delicate, so incessant, and unspeakably extraordinary are these exquisite processes, and of such vast importance to our well-being, and even to our existence, then we should be dreadfully alarmed at the bare idea of moving this mighty apparatus from one chair to another, from the table to the door, half an inch, or a quarter of an inch: to make a progress to the nearest window would seem a fearful journey; and as for going down, or up-stairs, it would be frightful to contemplate, and we should shudder at the mere prospect of the awful earthquake a sneeze, which would appear to us must derange irreparably the whole delicate and exquisite machine; or to cough, a dread convulsion; a sigh, horrible tempest and terrific tornado; and as to laughing, we should shed little tears of horror to think of it. Such issues of shocks would seem to rend and rock the entire creation to its foundations; while to rub the tip of your nose, or the points of your fingers, either to allay a slight irritation in the latter or bring a little warmth into the former, would appear, to be sure, to cause tremendous volcanic eruptions and escape of electric fluid. Breathing, itself—exhaling and inhaling air from the lungs—would appear as so many highly dangerous experiments,

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and we should literally hardly dare to indulge in such venturesome attempts. We should all be much in the position of the poor insane gentleman who fancied himself a wine-glass, and who was afraid to go near any hard substance for fear of fracturing his very tender sides; or that of the other unfortunate, who, imagining himself to be a teapot, begged every one always to be particularly careful not to run against the handle—that being his arm a-kimbo—and thus, perhaps, crack it, and destroy his fair proportions.

But this slight, half-philosophical digression, has caused me to wander far from the family party round the big *brasero*. Among them was a transplanted Frenchman, a son-in-law of the master and mistress of the house; and one of the most remarkable things in connexion with this solemn meeting around the warmth-diffusing vessel was his having brought his French *vivacité* into such subjection, that he sat there keeping silence energetically, with the safety-valve of a shrug every now and then, or a "*Ma foi, quel mauvaistems!*" or, "*C'est ça! Encore, un peu,*" as somebody stirred the cherry-stones, or charcoal, or whatever was put in the *brasero*. His pleasant smile and cheery voice make whatever he says, though only such a very simple observation as the foregoing, appear quite witty and brilliant to these melancholy circles; and perhaps you might hear them express a lugubrious, half-lethargic approbation, for they have stupefied themselves by thus silently cowering over the chafing-dish. "*Que caidas tiene! Vimos, Carlos Piano, pero que ocurrencias!*" And thus encouraged, Don Carlos (as he was called in the house, varied sometimes by "Monsieur Charles," I believe)

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would be interested and amused, probably, at finding he was so interesting and amusing, and would probably readjust a very smart smoking-cap that he was fond of wearing, and repeat, at a proper interval, the shrug and "*C'est ça,*" with a novelty in the form of "*Diable! quel tems horrible! Tenez, es cosa espantosa; qué molestia! qué pesadez, mille diables! qué enfado!*"—a pleasing mixture of French and Castilian, which tickles their half-slumbering fancy amazingly. And this is, of course, received with a vast amount of languid applause. In fact, to judge of what we see of the soothing and sedative effects of the *brasero* on this group—lively French son-in-law and all—we should be induced to think it produced slightly the same results as opium might on this company; though they hardly got into the dream-stage, or saw visions of those extraordinary nondescripts that the eaters of opium are apparently sometimes favoured with,—such as rhinoceroses made of rose-leaves or gigantic trees hung with countless dolls, with their little wooden limbs all pinned on awry: for the interesting often verge in these visions on the confused and terrible, we find.

A really fearful storm took place while we were staying at Algeciras. A great deal of damage was done among the shipping: a French frigate that happened to be here, among other vessels, being, I understood, severely injured. In the midst of the raging storm a boat went down, not very far from the shore, and the persons in her were unfortunately drowned. Many of the people in the house who had gone to the roof to watch the dreadful but magnificent spectacle of the storm, declared it was, indeed, a fearful sight to behold.

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The waiter, when he brought in dinner, told us, in broken, agitated tones, that he had just before been the spectator of the shocking accident respecting the boat. "Oh!" he cried, shuddering, and looking utterly horror-stricken, "indeed it was a terrible sight *that* to see! It first went so, and then thus," representing its hurried, violent, or tremulous movements with his hand, and then, "*ay! que cosa tremenda!* down, down, and they all disappeared, and for ever!"

There was not much chance of the steamer coming while the weather was so exceedingly stormy, so we were obliged to call Patience to our aid, and "do as they do in Spain,"—as well as they can (which is rather too flattering a saying).

Algeciras is a nicely-built town, but a somewhat dull one, I think. There was a violent siege here in the fourteenth century, when Alonzo the Eleventh took the place, after a resistance of some twenty months. Crusaders from various countries came to help the valiant Christian warrior, and it was considered the great exploit of those times. Nearly half a century later, Chaucer, expatiating on the deeds of some son of chivalry, stout and brave, and of high renown, saith, that at "Algecir" his prowess had been exhibited. Queen Isabella the Second is also queen of Algeciras as well as of Spain (as, I believe, she is of Gibraltar—on paper). This arises from its great importance of yore. It was the stepping-stone of the Infidels to pleasant Spain, and it is now the Spaniards' stepping-stone and key to Ceuta.

Alonzo annihilated the Saracen city, and razed the fortresses. Charles the Third rebuilt it in 1760. Preventive-service cutters swarm about it here in

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piping times of peace; and in the old war-days its privateers, like birds of prey, ever hovered in swarms around and about it. It is no friend to Gibraltar, as Gibraltar now is both her present masters and occupiers. This is but natural. The bay is about five miles across: if you prefer going by land, it is about ten miles. Between Spanish Algeciras and English Gibraltar the intercommunication was very insignificant some few years ago, but since the steamer has been started that crosses from one to the other, doubtless it has been very greatly increased.

Spaniards, or, at any rate, some of them, are tiresome people to transact business with, or entrust with a commission, from their extreme dilatoriness, which is often their failing. I wanted a tarred cover for a particular trunk, and an old man here undertook to do it. We had an excellent specimen of the "*boukra balboukra*," procrastinating propensities of the Andalucians. We were detained a long while waiting for the steamer at Algeciras, so still our old promise-maker and breaker kept re-promising; the broken one, patched up, would soon look as good as new. Oh, very soon he would bring it;—oh, all right; 'twould be ready (we feared we should be at Malaga before the cover got to the hotel);—"No, no fear, *vaya, no correpriesa, cachaza! hay tiempo, hay tiempo, mañana, pasado mañana.*" Besides this, our procrastinator talked a little Eengliz—just ver litt. Steamer long, long ——." "Oh, long, long: yes; but you're to have this tarred cover ready before it comes, else I know it won't be ready at all." "Have it brought here to-morrow, now; *really*, to-morrow." "But your to-morrow, that never comes; and mind, it's

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well done." "*Corriente!*" (All's right.) "*Si! si!*" "Now you won't! You know you'll break your word again." "*Es regular que si,*" (I should suppose so); and the old man's eye twinkled. "Boot note my *culpa;* if I must note do it wickedly (badly), and it must be doed *nove* time" (showing nine on his fingers). "Well, be quick: if you do it nine times, go; and, for goodness' sake, come and tell us about this steamer coming in as soon as possible." "*Por supuesta*" (of course); and away went the gay and grey deceiver, leaving his interlocutor to think at her leisure of the variety of words, and of promises, and of non-performances. "*Cacarear y no poner huevo,*" (to make much noise and lay no eggs,) say the Spaniards, is bad; and there they are right enough: their proverbs, indeed, many of them, are quite admirable, and are really a kind of mirror, in which you see most of the defects and virtues of the people faithfully reflected. The innumerable warnings against their favourite failings and shortcomings are quite edifying, and ought to do some good in such a proverb-loving people.

Over and over again are idleness, procrastination, love of empty show, and habits of a constant tendency to exaggeration, laughed at and condemned in these *refranes.* In the following, the *perozosos* (lazy, idle people, sluggards) are attacked:—

"Quien se levanta tarde ni oye misa, ni toma carne,"—
The man who gets up late,
Nor goes to mass, nor munches meat.

"Eso se quiere (a mona) pinoñcitos mondados,"
This likes the monkey—to sit on a bough,
And eat pine-nuts, peel'd, ready-gather'd I trow.

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Mere show and outside display :—

"Los Medicos de Valencia,
Al das largas y poco ciencia;"

Come, Valencia Doctors—rat-tat-tat-tat:
But they have mighty small knowledge of this or that.

For those who love *ponderacion y que se huelgan de mentir*, they say,—"*Mi Marido va á la mar Chirlos Mirlos va a buscar.*"

Counselling self-dependence and energy :—"*El herrero de Arganda el se la huella y el se to macha y el se lo lleva á vendera a la plaza.*"

The smith of Arganda hammer-hammered away,
And he blew his own bellows,
And he sells, bold and brave, in the great square to-day,
With rich men for his fellows.

The street music of Algeciras did not seem of the highest order. The other day we saw a great crowd assembled in the square, the balconies were crowded with people, and all was to hear a blind man and his wife, as, I suppose, with him, strumming and scratching on some wretched instrument, while a sort of squeaked-out recitative accompaniment, if I remember rightly, improved this, or, rather, suited it perfectly, by being as disagreeable and as unmelodious. But the words were probably racy Andalucian Atticisms we could not catch, as the singers were some distance off, and those words were trimmed, and hacked, and amputated, and mutilated, and pollarded, of course, as usual. Where half the people play the guitar more or less well, it seemed extraordinary they should swarm around so very indifferent a performer, playing on an instrument little less than execrable; but it was the *chanzas* and *chistes*, no doubt, that amused them, otherwise they would, I think, have been

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tempted to apply one of their numerous proverbs to him:—"*El gaitero de Bujalance, un maravedi por que empiece, y diez por que acabe;*"

(Bujalance's bagpiper made such a riot,
He got one groat to begin, but ten to be quiet.)

This supposes the piping personage to rather require pressing, at first, which our street musician doubtless did not. How full of admiration for his talent seems the poor woman who accompanied him! She seemed to think it all first-rate. But, "*Dijó el Escarabajo á sus hijos, venid acá mis flores:*"

(Says the beetle to her charming sons,
Come here, my flowers! my loveliest ones!)

Reports of steamer not yet arrived, the weather having been terribly unpropitious. As our Ancient Mariner who is doing the tarred cover at his very leisurely leisure has promised to let us know the moment she appears (luckily, we have some other scouts, better to be depended on), Anglia's ill-humour rather increases with him. It seems to her, perhaps, his fault that the steamer does not come, for he had promised its advent in a very short time. "Oh, no! some little week soon it shall be here." Of course, if he promised it, the promise would be broken, and no steamer could by possibility come. "Well! where's the steamer? Where is it? I say:" as if she thought he had brought it, or ought to have brought it, in his jacket-pocket;—"that 'vapour,' (*vapoz*) as you call it." "No come dis-a-day, 'till new day to-morrow, or few more whiles, and it's time to come." "Time to come, indeed! But you're all slow alike here, Senior (Señor); steamers and all." "No slow; it come when time

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is all gone." (Meaning when it was due, it is to be presumed.) "Ah, yes! And the trunk cover, too, I suppose: you promised that this very evening, for certain." "Oh, you go ask no more: *que majaderia! vaga! disparate* — [What an absurd speech! nonsense!]—It no get itself ready yets." "No, and *you* won't till it does, I suppose, Senior." If they go on with these pleasing little quarrels, we may begin to be seriously afraid Anglia and the Ancient Mariner will really end by falling in love with each other. Beatrice and Benedict, to wit. The *billets-doux* would be curiosities in their way, I should think. *Agri dulce* would these little *esquelitas* be, I apprehend, in truth. And not a little amusing, if the old Spanish seaman, presuming on his small knowledge of steamer "Eenglish," should venture to indite his note in this island-language; that is, if he wrote at all. We will show the reader some specimens of such a travestie of tongues, without whispering to him a hint as to who was the gallant Don that indited them, or who the fair English Miss that received them: in short, I will be most discreet, and so will the reader, for he will not know who the individuals are. But I will beg him to imagine a *Caballero* piquing himself on his knowledge of languages, and an Anglo-Saxon young lady bred up and educated partly in Spain; so that, if he had chosen, he might have addressed her in his own language. Her parents and brethren may be supposed to be inimical to the match. Some of the transmogrified Spanish words and idioms, and maimed English words, the reader will probably find rather puzzling: the most abstruse I will try and clear up a little. The lady

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to whom the letters are sent seems something of a coquette :—

LETTER THE FIRST.

Hay of me ! Then I must part myself. Ah ! you will say, but it will be only a little thing of three weeks (*una cosa de tres semanas*). Your pretty friend, Enriqueta, says you have a cholera (*colera*, anger) for me, for I sad I did not queer you ! Oh, my sweat ! I said it in a brougham (I am pensive that you right it so) ; [*broma*, a jest] ; and cooled not meant it in real fashion in no mode. No, I tolled the belle Enriqueta I was weary, and came all to pieces (*hicho pedazos*, I am worked to pieces) ; and nothing new at all what I was saying, or just spoke in chancery way (*chancero*) : but, as I sad, I come all to pieces, so worn out with dollars (*dolours*, grief). But I must march, and we will not meet. Hay (ay !) Alas ! and we shall not meet soon again ! I am all dish pears (all in despair). My loaf is so large, though ! Ah ! you make me so burly (*ah ! que me burlas*), and you weep (cry) to me. " You say you're quite full of loaf, but you only act a *rôle*. It's only a little little you queer : only you no real lover sometime — more like a hater." Yet I dispense with you. Boot I *do* love you, and I shall always shoe you so, with a warm sole whose wound none can heal, and you are bound round very tight with my heart-strings. Never was a worse ship like mine ! it has such a hold ; and, O ! my idle ! And my great pangs are the rudder, that you are anchoring (hankering) after that Frenchman. Dat dose keel me. I'm frightened to think of it ; and I cannot go to sea ;

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whatever may be tide, (your parents are all so stern and prow'd,) though I sick and sick again, always, for some whey to manage it.*

Letter the Second.

My own dear,—Oh, most greaseful and wan-hearted crater, send me a squealer (*esquela*), I believe you call it, and say if the painter has taken off your head, for I shall wish to hang you now before I go. I am ver glad, indeed, you're drawn, and should like you could be quartered soon at my sister's, where I sawed you so often, and sometimes flayed you (though to flea-away is like a cow-herd), and where I scolded you two, tree time, in loving way, and gave you some knout. And, ah! I bit

* "*Ay de mi!* then I must depart! Ah, you will cry, but it will be only a little affair of three weeks. Your pretty friend, Enriqueta, says you are angry with me, because I said I did not love you. My sweet! I said it in jest (I think you write it so). I could not really mean it in any way. I told the *belle* Enriqueta I was weary to death, and knew not at all what I was saying, or just spoke it in a jocose way. But, as I said, I am wearied, and so worn out with dolor and grief (*dolores*). But I must go (*marcho*), and we shall not meet. alas! soon again. I am all in despair, my love is so great; though, ah! you laugh at me, and you cry out to me,—'You say you're quite full of love, but you only act a part: it is only a little little that you love me; and I think that you're no real lover, sometimes—more like a hater.' Yet I pardon you. But I do love you, and I shall always show you with a warm soul, whose wound none can heal; and you are bound round very tight, as with my heart-strings. Never was a worship like mine! it has such a great hold on me, O my idol! and my pangs are the ruder that you are hankering after that Frenchman. This does kill me. I'm afraid to think of it, and I cannot go to see, whatever may betide (your parents are so stern and proud), though I seek and seek again always some way to manage it."

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you, too, dere a dreadful good boy (I would have spared you if I could). Some knights passed, then I was clothes to you quite. But I wood I cooled have 'ate (hate) you when you talked to dat rug, dat French poppy. I wept, but I whipped my eyes gain. But I sall not keep de spit about it; de spit is bad. Oh, my raw jewel, and I wood never meat you in gravy anger. Come again to my sister's. Oh, I should be glad if you were quartered here alive. Still, why did you cook-it wid dat little spark, your new flame? And Enriqueta baked you up, I'm fried; while I am 'broiled wid your parents for you. But I understewed it all. You like to make me a gallows man. I am choked at you to be so light and hairy, when your heart's cords should tremble with these heavy tons of grief. But I am not real gallows yet. I should leave Your-rope if I was, for every tie should be loosened, and all "de last lynx broken 'tween us." And now you deform me, I may make visitation to your parents before I leaf here. I will go, my only blazing and booty—I will go, for a very small rat, indeed (*un ratito*); and they shall dish-cover my sad tail, and everybodies nose they should long ago. They should have shaved me all such extremities, and speared my feelings, but the whole tail must now be unfolded. I shawl see your parents and two brothers, and on all fours it all depends. I much wish you could come where my parents stays. Ah! if you could come flying—walking upon a horse to Cordova, then I could draw you to the halter there and catch you in a lasso of happy nooses (*noces*), as your great French friend says. Boot now, till the view (*hasta la vista*), good-boy. My first, last, and only floor (flower), may you

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blow ever, and give me your charming blows and sweet senses (scents). Never was such a fair rows.*

* "My own dear,—O most graceful and warm-hearted creature, send me a note (*esquela*)—I believe you call it so—to say if the artist has yet painted your head. I should wish to hang your portrait up before I go away. I'm very glad your likeness has been drawn. I wish you could be quartered soon at my sister's, where I saw you so often, and sometimes fled from you (though to flee away is like a coward), and where I scolded you two or three times in a loving way, and gave you some notes when I was close to you; and, oh! I had to bid you there a dreadful good-bye some night past. I would have spared you, if I could; but I would and could have hated you when you talked to that rogue, that French puppy. I shall keep no spite about it—spite is bad. Oh, my rare jewel; and I would never meet you in anger. Come again to my sister's. Oh, I should be so happy if you were living there, and lodging with her. But why did you coquet with that little spark, your new flame? And Enriqueta backed you up, I'm afraid; and I am embroiled with your parents and my friends for your sake! But I understood it all: you want to make me a jealous man. I'm shocked at you for being so light and airy, when your very heart's cords should tremble with my heavy tones of grief. But I'm not really jealous yet: if I were, I would quit Europe. Every tie should be loosened between us, and all the 'last links broken—quite.' And now you inform me I may make a visit to your parents before I leave the place. I will go, my only Blessing and Beauty—I will go for a very little time (*un ratito*), and they shall discover my sad tale; and everybody knows they should long ago. They should have saved me from all such extremities, and have spared my feelings; but the whole tale must be unfolded. I shall see your parents and two brothers, and on all the four the whole affair depends. I wish you could come where my parents live. Ah, if you could fly there on horseback to Cordova, then I should lead you to the altar there, and bind you in the chains of a happy marriage—*noces*, as your French friend says. But now, farewell till I see you again. Good-bye, my first, last, and only flower; may you bloom on, and bestow on me your charming bloom and sweet scents. Never was so fair a rose."

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Letter the Third.

Boot won little word this knight, in great griffe. Why you note right—it is so wrong—no billets? and I scented you seven carters (*cartas*, letters)—very small, tree-cornered carters—dis morning (like what you tolled me off in London). If you note right to me, all go wrong for me, and I grow like the pure many-axe (maniacs), and go quite raven. Perhaps I shall make my brains blow. Oh, you keel me with your silence! and I am, alass! so quite underdone.*

Letter the Fourth.

I send you, my own deer and daughter of my hart, a turkey's heart with hare, and a fine pair of herrings. (I knew you like topers, so chose dese large drops.) When dressed, they sall seem, oh, so good! Don't say dat Don Jaimes brought you all dose little gems, but he will do so. And I send you, too, a chain made of small beds; dey look very fine—light like feather, dese beds. Tie dem 'bout your trout (but I tink it is trot?) Dese small beds air vera pretty: I hop you sall be quite placed in dem. Lolita says dey are boot-ful, and make much shoe. I kiss your feet, and I hop ever and ever. And hear I must make paws. Recollect, I loave you deerly, with faith that is so

* "But one little word this night, in great grief. Why do you not write (it is so wrong), but a simple billet? and I sent you seven letters (*cartas*), very small three-cornered notes, this morning (like what you told me about that they send in London). If you do not write to me all will go wrong for me, and I shall be like a poor maniac, and go quite raving. Perhaps I shall blow out my brains. Oh, you kill me with your silence, and I am, alas! quite undone!"

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very fast: in twenty knots I could not tell you how fast. Go on without novelty, always wearying of my presence,* and tinking me, in your sweet-bore, my bird, an ass-sure lover.

P. S. Let me no if you get dis knout.†

Letter the Fifth.

Ah, thou ungrate won! Now I nose it all! My heart was your dif-fender long. I geesed, perhaps, you were gone in de contree when I revolved (*volvado*) to this town. I geesed you were indisposed of something that I lost sight of you—a little *seek*. I geesed your parents were more steered up (stirred up) with anger against my worse-ship for you. I geesed you had not got and red all my carters. After so many geeses, I find you are four swan! Ah, my duke (duck), as you say in England to wot you love, do not your chicks grow "full pail" (as the verses say — you know I loaf verses), "so fair as thou to be so fowl" with falsehood? Alas! my hard eggs (oh! my heart aches) — no, I mean hatches ‡ (I make von too little mistake, I 'fraid), as I bow my neck to the yolk. Boot my bran is all on fire—I am quiet mad! My very "foolish heart on coals of fire" is roosting (roasting?) Boot no! I am a Spaniard: I will

* Always wearing my presents.

† "My own dear daughter of my heart (*hija de mi corazen*), I send you a turquoise heart with hair, and a fine pair of earrings. (I know you like topaz, so have chosen some very large drops.) When you are dressed with them, they will look, oh, so charming! Let me know if Sir James has brought you all these little gems safely. I send you also a chain, made of small beads: they look very nice and light, like feather beads. Tie them about your throat," &c. &c.

‡ Not so unlike Kemble and his "*aitches*."

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dish-dane you. I am a Spaniard! Oh, no moor! no moor!*

* "Oh, thou ingrate one! Now I know it all! My heart was your defender long. I guessed, perhaps, you were gone in the country, when I returned to this town. I guessed you were indisposed—a little unwell. I guessed your parents' anger was more stirred up against me, and my worship for you. I guessed you had not got all my letters. And after so many guesses, I find you are a forsworn! Oh, my duck! (as you say in England to what you love,) do not your 'cheeks grow full pale' (as the verses say—you know I love verses) 'so fair as thou, to be so foul' with falsehood? Alas, my heart aches! (I make one or two little mistakes, I fear,) as I bow my neck to the yoke; but my brain is all on fire—I feel quite mad. My 'very foolish heart is on coals of fire,' roasting. But, no! I am a Spaniard: I will disdain you! I am a Spaniard! Oh, no more! no more!"

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CHAPTER XX.

It does not require much observation to see that here all is left neglected and ruined; for in this favoured and yet unhappy land, especially where self-interest is concerned, all is in disorder, all disjointed and chaotic. Peculation and embezzlement are so common here, that it would seem almost like a dereliction of duty in public men if they wandered away from that beaten track, and, by implication, appeared to condemn their companions in office.

There is, I fear, much oppression, much misrule, all sorts of small abuses, springing up like noisome weeds everywhere; and as to reformation and improvement, if there is any vitality, and if there is any movement at all, the machine of the state seems to go backwards, and wholesome ameliorations are eschewed carefully. The wrongs and errors are left—the weeds and the tares; and the good grain, wherever found, is too oft that which is rooted up. There seems to be a number of petty despotisms here, and a many-sided misgovernment; the minor vexations, oppressions, and countless accumulated grievances of the people, were as irritating and stinging as they are varied and numerous.

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A great authority said, the best way to govern (some nations, we presume) was with a hand of iron and a glove of velvet; but the Spanish rulers seem exactly to reverse this rule—to turn the advice inside out, and then to take it: for here we find the weak hand of velvet thrust into the harsh glove of iron.

Wherever you look here, to whatever department of the state you turn your attention, this truth becomes sadly and painfully manifest—incompetency, vacillation, treachery, dishonesty, are everywhere apparent.

Napoleon exclaimed, "Impossible is not French;" but it is the best Castilian imaginable. Alas! it seems that "possible" is not Spanish. If a country could be well governed by procrastination, selfishness, momentarily by fits and starts, this land would shine forth again as she once did, at the head of all the nations; but, unhappily, the opposites are required,—decision, disinterestedness, ability, consistency, energy, and clear-sightedness. If you could imagine a new government improvised every morning in Spain, and dissolved every night, —a constitution established every day and abrogated the next—in short, with a tenure of existence frail as that which Scheherezade's fair predecessors had on life and the crown—you could hardly conceive a more disorderly state of things. Without doubt, it suits, unfortunately, but too well some persons' principles, prospects, and pockets; but what a host of evils does it generate and disseminate! What active mischief! what dormant danger! what suffering to millions! what privations, hardships, losses, distresses, and wrongs of all species! And this country is fitted by nature

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to be one of the most flourishing and most felicitous on the surface of the globe. As it is, it is the Christian Turkey. The many evils adverted to are patent to Spaniards themselves, and I believe there are thousands on thousands in the country who would not suffer them another day if they did not fear, after so many mournful experiences, that they would change, perchance, from bad to worse. They often speak truly, earnestly, strongly, of their trials, and the wrongs and abuses that make their land so wretched.

After residing here a little while, and seeing somewhat of the mismanagement, and worse, of every thing in this country, we can hardly wonder that the people become sometimes impatient of their condition, and are ready to take revenge on any person they think at the head, so they get to the bottom of the mal-administration. You no longer wonder that they periodically seem to have a little fancy for Queen Christina's head.*

I read, a little time since, an imaginary conversation in an American paper between a supposed inquisitive negro traveller and a native of some particular State. I will alter and adapt it to Spanish soil, preserving the negro interlocutory with variations, and making the respondent an "outspoken," independent Andalucian: but still, despite of abuses and shortcomings, believing Spain

* That august lady, by all accounts, is quite accustomed to those little ebullitions of popular caprice, for she is reported to have said, during the late serious disturbance in Spain, "One becomes thoroughly accustomed to everything at last—even to distracting revolutions!" *Au reste*, if anybody's little finger aches in the kingdom, it is, of course, wholly and solely set down to the Queen Mother — all the Queen Mother's doing, without the slightest doubt.

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to be the greatest and loveliest of all lands. Of course, I make numerous changes in the discourse.

"Hi! wot countree am dis? Dark gentleman do tell, eh?"

"It isn't any country—it's Spain."

"Well, it am called Spain: what am de productions ob the soil?"

"Garlic, grandees, debt, dungeons, and dry ditches."

"Nuffin else?"

"Aye! knives and galley-slaves."

"May I require wot you live on? Dose kniveses?"

"No: we die on them."

"Den wot you get for to live on? Nuffin?"

"Oh, aye, we get plenty of *that*, and to spare: a full crop,—capital harvest every year! But we reap as we sow, and we cultivate *that* crop very extensively."

"Dat am right, howebbers, and den nuffin else don't magnify. Well, now, what am deir laws here?"

"Laws?"

"Aye! who makes dem?"

"Oh, anybody makes them, and nobody minds them: that is, they all have their own. They make them for themselves, and suit ourselves."

"Golly! dat am berry queer. But all right to shoot themselves some. But berry smart, likely place, dis am, I guess, anyhows. Make dem own laws, and don't nebber mind none! Dat radder fast, now."

"Oh! they wouldn't give anybody else the trouble of making laws for them, you know, just only for them to break. They've paid people here,

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and don't like to be dependent and leave other people to work for them. They hate work themselves, in short, and don't wish their neighbour to be bothered; so they just manage as well as they can."

"Golly! but dey makes dem all selves?"

"Oh! that don't fatigue them!"

"An don't de gobernment make no rules, no laws, massa? keep no order?"

"Not much: they give many an order, and put on taxes. Laws? No, they're mere licenses! Here you pay taxes and do what you like, except smuggle—that is a mortal sin; and for the rest we have secular indulgences."

"Well, I nebber heard! Hoho! Don't dere now, indeed? Well, my! And dose laws you all take trouble make yourselves, what am dey? I beg be conformed on de spot. What am dey, Massa Don?"

"Oh! I hardly know. It seems one is that everybody must be killed when his neighbour has time to kill him: for they don't like doing *that* for themselves exactly, and it isn't Spanish to go and die in a bed, like a stupid, sleepy Dutchman."

"Wot am your constitution? Wot dis form of government? I beg be reformed."

"Splendid that! You had better ask me what it isn't. A despotic queen,—a free parliament,—a responsible ministry,—an irresponsible camarilla,—a clique, you know ——."

"I knows sumpin of ebbery ting: nuffin else go ahead?"

"— and a self-governing people—quite a model—a sort of limited anarchy, thanks to the garotte and the highwaymen; which last keep

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those rascals, the French king's sons, and the civil guards, a little in order. Those Polizaites !——"

"Ain't dey good? I inquest to be 'formed."

"*Hombre!* but I believe, in truth, they *are* rather good; but, more shame for them — a little too bad of them, really! — they're not Spanish enough — copied from the French-Caramba! The idea of *our* copying anything from the *gavachos! Demonios!*"

"But you never not change your constitution von little bit? I beg be more unformed right away, Sa!"

"Well, we have a trifle changed it, a time or two; but we can have no more change now. Alas! I take it 'cause it's got nothing now to change to. It's every 'versal thing you see at one and the same time altogether; no, it's got nothing more, I suppose, on the face of the earth to change to, or we'd have it, I warrant, here in a trice. *Ea!* we should be content. We've got more than those French scoundrels, or the *Ingleses* either. The *Franchutes* are fond of changing, but they've only got one thing at a time; and the charm of the thing is that our congeries of Constitutions, all heaped together, are so beautifully balanced, as you may say, that as the man said who swallowed all the French medico's homœopathic doses at once, the one neutralises the other; and so we've got none at all. Do you take it?"

"Yes, Golly! I take it dat you've not got it, sare. No? yes! I ondercomstands you."

"That's the true thing—philosophical politics these!"

"My! yes! Got nutting you can't go lose nutting. If you were so unfort'nate dibble as be lucky, you might have shocking bad loss of dat 'ar

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f'licity. Yes, sare, you got much blessing now dat you got none; for no can lose none of it—nebber, nider. You've got no call to be happy. No, no, mosh wiseacrer dan dat,—dat's best way, Massa Spanisher, in dis world ob trubble, take no care to be nuffin, nor have no nuffin; den no trubble to keep it. No!"

"To be sure; right! you've got it; ——"

"Hope not, Sa, 'cos den I'se can lose it. See?" (with an amazing flash of white teeth).

"Ah! there's some truth in that!—I say, Pompey, were you born in Cuba, eh?"

"Cuba? No, Sa, me nebber born dere in all my life; nebber, 'pon honour, in all my life before. I'se free American citizen slave, Sa, and am not been Christianed Pompey nowhere, before camed into de world, nor no such heathen Christian names, Sir-ree,—Am Mister Augustus Ceasar Scrogginsville, ob Babylonopolis. And now, sare, to re-sum all dis; —now de re-sults ob it all. You no live on nuffin mosh, but dose knives dat you die on: you get all de forms of governments in dis happy land ——"

"Yes, and none of the realities;—save taxes,— You're an apt scholar, Darkie."

"I sall trubble de honronbubble gentleman, de white nigger, not call *me* Darkie. And now we shall re-sum. And all de peoples governs de Queen (on de bit ob parchment, heigh?), and de Queen she only governs all de peoples, poor ting! which am not mush—just nuffins at all. And dat's—dat's all, eh! ho! heigh! Dat's all! You sall have many bad folk—robbers here? Dem tells me so, 'way down in Merriky."

"*Mala gente?* Oh! aye! a few, called Ministers. As to the rest, a handful or so of poor

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fellows go on the common roads to try and get their own again; but the thieves, — the *public* thieves, call *them* thieves for their pains, mark ye! It's a good joke, very, but still it's wrong — all wrong; in Spain we shoot and hang the honest men, and the robbers go free. But *that's* our liberty, you know. Or, even if you call this taking what should be theirs stealing, it's all wrong; for you *garotté* the man who thus takes a real or two, and reward the man who takes a revenue!"

"Yah! yah! wheugh! Yes, sare: yaw! but your system am all wrong. Lookee! you should put your minister-thieves in berry grand jail. You am all wrong: you should build von berry fine prison. Den you feed dem convicts on sugar-plums, raspberry-cream ices, and plenty hot punch — half-dozen dibbles strong him must be — and bess of champagne; dat's de way de most cibbilized con-trees does."

"Why, our 'minister-thieves,' as you call 'em, *have* plenty of this sort of thing."

"Gosh! nebber mind; give 'em more, den, and make ebberybody know how well dey lives on plenty turtle soup and iced champagne, (but in dat prison, mind, Sa,) den all de rest ob de peoples want to come into dat jail, and get cibbilized, too. Dat's de way to cure and chaste-eyes de bad folk, and hinder all de odderers. See? But, sare, to re-sum agin. I see you got mosh freedom here, only it taken great care of for you, (kinder proxy-way like, by one, two, tree peoples; — so you no have it to hurt you; dey keeps it all for you;) and I see you'se got de Lynch law a little in dis country, and not know it. Dat good be-gunning; for dat's de way, when peoples likes be berry free, dey have

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some dreadful severe laws of dere own general way, and don't know it—nutting ob it, dough it ten-dibble and five quarter strong, and nebber complain, and make no considerumble noise: but if dey got less tarble laws, dey does ——"

"Dibble? Oh! gracious saints, yes! *Diablo!* I believe you; we've devils enough here to people a whole new Erebus! But the hot sun in their veins is partly in fault, and when it's not properly managed and trained, as one may say, it turns to the fire of the mischief itself. Devils! Ah, but it's not their fault if they are. Like all other fire, this I talk of is a good servant—bad master. Poor devils! I'll say this for them."

"Sare, I 'fraid I come quite wrong place. From wot you say, Gosh! I tink I get where no mean come just yet: tink it feel berry hot — I a'most fried-tened. Not wish be 'troduced to dat good— no, dat radder bad gentleman,—till next time. I take leafe to take my leaf, sare, Massa Señor. Yes, sa ——" (backing away.)

"Why, it's not so bad as that—bad enough; but, bad as it is, with the devil and all to pay here ——"

(Darkie, jumping a yard or two back,) "Oh, Golly! wat sall dat honrabububble member of society want? Somebody's souls, dat's not good for not nuffin? Might make mistake and crib mine in dis queersome country, sa —— No, sa? ——"

"Oh, you're too bad for him; he's afraid *you'll* catch *him*. So, courage; he wont touch you with a pair of tongs, Señor Negro! Well, now, this nation is only bad, mind you, because we're a noble people; and the worst among us take advantage of

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us, and keep us as poor as church mice and rats, and as bare as old hats, and fleece and flay us: we bear it because we're a magnanimous people. Do you take?"

"Yes, sa. I take dat you ab got no nuffin not to gib. I sorry to my soul for dem poor robbers at head of affairs, if dey take all and get no more: dat's series, berry series dat."

"But, notwithstanding all you know, there is no country like Spain ——"

"Oh, Lard! no. I'se 'gree wid you dere,"——

"So great, so free and rich, so proud and powerful. She doesn't 'use her strength like a giant'—that would be mean, you know; but she's got it hidden somewhere, so closely, she don't know where to find it, I suspect. But that's nothing; she's a matchless country for all that, Darkie."

"Ah, Lightie! you forgets and calls me dat mistake? Sir*ree!* Well, sa, I tank you someswearly for all de deformation. I sees you so great, and rich, and wise, and so free, and so trong, you no cannot come to show it nebber. Leave all dat ar now to little, poor, weakly countree dat can't do nuffin else."

"*Justamente!* you're an apt pupil."

"Yes, sa: I'se learned in de States great deal, and knows de stars am not put up buff dere for light dis little scrap ob world, but to make night come more dark and show it; and knows dat de world go round—turn inside-outside ebbery night and day long. Good mornen, sa."

"*Vaya usted sin novedad!* May your lordship go on without a new skin, Sir Black Knight."

"And your honrabubble worship not get no new constitushions dis mornen worserer dan de old

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ones; for 'way down in my countree, dat's wot dey says, you says, 'go on widout novelties for,' and ver bad dis is, dey says, in France. But, bress my soul! 'pon my word ob honour, no! I muss go get sumpen for eat: de more little dere is for eat, de more much I'se wanting; and more nuffin I finds, more sumpen I looks for, dat's clar. Say, sar, dat's true ting; cos I'se no like knives, like dem jugglerers. Don't, hah! yah! do tell, no? So, sa ——"

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CHAPTER XXI.

THAT there are many competent, and able, and energetic men in Spain, no one can doubt, and that disinterestedness and patriotism exist in the country; but stratum after stratum of corruption has formed, and the very ground these nobler beings have to tread seems an accumulation of abominations and vilenesses. It will require much, indeed, to purify the pestilential atmosphere that has been engendered here, so that good and honest men should breathe it unhurt. As it is, they are, as it were, forced to imbibe it; and by degrees they get accustomed to it, as the poor sometimes do to the noisome air they are constrained to breathe, till they hardly observe it at last—their senses becoming gradually and unconsciously blunted.

Better by far have a less free constitution, and carry out all its provisions faithfully and carefully. One fault of these people seems to be, that they think there is a kind of magic charm about a free constitution, as though it would work itself, and require no further care, nor watchfulness, nor labour. Surely this is, indeed a mistake. All human institutions are fallible; all need constant supervision, attention, and sedulous superintendency, and especially in a country like Spain, where many

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look on this boasted constitution but as a deadly enemy — a hated, encroaching, and dangerous enemy, to which they vow in their heart of hearts the most uncompromising hostility; a rock in their path, that they have to sap and undermine; a shadow hanging over them that they would fain dispel.

And what of the representatives of the people here — their selected and appointed guardians and sentinels? Are they, as they should be, faithful to their post, zealous and earnest, steeled in indefatigability, mailed with resolve, fired with patriotism, mantled with disinterestedness? and are they scrupulously watchful on the battlements of the perhaps secretly beleaguered or obscurely threatened constitution? Do they scan the space with scrutinising gaze, — with no light nor transient glance, nor breathe the echoing "All's well!" to the air when lurking danger is nigh and disaster is stealing onward, step by step, with stealthy tread? Have they not rather suffered treacherously hostile approaches and perilous advances — attack after attack — and allowed the defences to fall to decay, standing carelessly by on their crumbling battlements, that are almost yielding underneath their feet?

The Spaniards seem to treat their form of government as one of the simplest order and kind, — and the simplicity of governments is ever in an inverse ratio with their freedom; and still the one that has the most liberty must ever have the most elaborate intricacy and complexity.

There are so many encroachments to be guarded against, so many limitations to be imposed, so much delicate adjustment to be attended to, so much harmony of parts to be studied; and as the

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mighty scheme was originally complex, its working will be oft complex too, its improvements must be complex, and its ministrations must be complex. The subjects of a despot may sleep and take their repose; the servants of an established and liberal constitution must watch and wake: there is much to guard—there is much exposed—there are many possible dangers—there are not a few probable trials. More liberty, more license, would be easy; but it would be chaos, of course, and anarchy.

One of the most difficult, and delicate, and momentous of all human tasks, is the fitting and adapting to the stalwart and colossal limbs of Liberty—that august and awful power—the restraints, the preventive bonds and bandages, that she must consent to wear: to adjust them so that they should not impede her noble actions, her lofty movements, but yet should check and stay her if impelled beyond a just and wise course. They must not gall her—they must not loosen themselves —they must not shift their position, and cramp where they should but check, fret where they should but bind and regulate. There is nothing simple about such a government. Here there are rights to be protected and preserved, or re-defined, and perhaps more accurately discriminated or more strictly regulated; and there are to be found privileges to be watched, curtailed, or more saddled with obligations and bound with responsibilities. Here, again, are authorities to be jealously scrutinised, and to be called to an impartial and full account.

On all sides, in fact, are rights, responsibilities, powers, duties, to be observed, superintended, and rigorously investigated by a far-seeing and clearly-

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purged eye. Much is there to be maintained, and, perchance, to be slightly remodelled; numerous reforms, in various departments, call for skilful hands and ever-acute judgments.

The governed and the governing are to be overlooked, and every incipient error, every inchoate disturbance of the harmony of the mutually-influencing powers, rights, and principles, to be warded off or won back to propriety and to concordance.

They must be no sluggards who would stand sentinels here! And in all that bears on those great and important questions—where the interests and happiness of Humanity are so much at stake, so deeply involved—the patient eye, the unwearied spirit, must launch forth their keenest regards and thoughts, ay, even where the least of these momentous interests are concerned; and not alone on the Present, but on the deep-clouded abysses of the centuries that have rolled away back into the bosom of Eternity, must they gaze, and towards those that are now sleeping in that awful bosom, and waiting to rise and reign, leading forth unborn millions of millions to the troubled and heaving threshold of this starry, cloudy, weeping, smiling, living, dying earth,—this evanescent, immortal, tranquil, and stormy world.

That which the legislator does to-day, may cause either tears of untold bitterness to spring from the eyes of countless thousands unborn, or the cheer of smiles and the lustre of joy to glow on their lips and deck their countenances.

If the hand of the surgeon needs to be firm and his science perfect when he undertakes an operation on the human frame, how much more needs it that the legislator should advance with calm, and firm,

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and resolute hand, and deepest consciousness of study, and knowledge, and insight into his subject, before he lays his hand upon that which may affect the well-being, the happiness, of the hearts and homes of thousands and millions, and millions after them! A long-fixed landmark suffered to be transcended, or transplanted, or, haply obliterated, and what changes, involving others and still others, may occur age after age! A right rescinded, and what a new character may not be given to much even that has been untouched, and unthreatened with alteration!

But a mighty change must take place in this country, indeed, before we can expect to see anything of the watchfulness, zeal, or patriotic virtues we have described. The checks on Government are wantonly removed by the Government itself; the checks on individuals appear more the result of caprice than the offspring of a well-regulated, methodical, and continuously-carried-out system. Corruption seems to rear aloft its serpent head, bathed in the slime of a hundred morasses and noisome wastes, where it has full long revelled and battened; Treachery smiles on her gathered spoils; Injustice plants her dark pirate-banner; and Cupidity gloats on her lawless gains.

The Spanish people are encompassed incessantly by the greater and lesser evils that spring from a course of almost uninterruptedly continued maladministration; and one might, perhaps, say the fatal foes who outrage them, and sacrifice their weal, cross their paths daily, hourly, even at every step. On all sides the deadly whisper is hissing in their ears, the contaminating breath ruffling the air that encircles them. They are a noble people, notwith-

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standing some grievous faults, or what would they become under such unfavourable circumstances, tried by such dire chances, subject to such deteriorating accidents, and exposed to such polluting influences? Honour to the noble hearts of the Spanish people, that they are what they are at present! From the melancholy condition in which the nation is plunged, arose not long since the cry, "*Arriba! Españoles! Al arma!*—Up, Spaniards! To arms! Onward! Strike with bared steel, if ye can find it!—but if ye cannot find swords, are there not stones? and if there were not stones, have ye not hands—hands nerved by despair and the high determination of your outraged and burning hearts?"

They who conspire to ensnare and mislead the people do not all pull well together: there is a vast discordance of conflicting interests, and little real consolidation of principles among them. The possessors of fat sinecures are ready enough to help one another with respect to the division of idleness; each willingly contributes his share to the general inertness when it is a question of being a faithful, active, and honest agent of the people—the poor, betrayed people—and a protector of their rights; but where it is a question of personal interest, it is a widely-different affair indeed. Then come enmities, jealousies, hatreds, suspicions, divisions, and discords; but what is that to the nation?

The peculators, and tyrants, and deceivers, will take good care to check themselves in time, and to smooth over their differences and arrange their mutual grievances, and not to betray one another and give the unhappy people a chance of regaining what they have lost. There they stop short: then

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there are compacts, and compromises, and pacifications. Then there are combinations and concessions. There, too, they are eager and vigilant.

In a country where there is so much idleness and dislike of all labour and care, it is surprising with what pertinacity and perseverance — worthy, indeed, of a better cause — people in power, and in responsible situations of all kinds, will work indefatigably,—for themselves. Especially, it seems, when the work is dishonourable and disgraceful. This is sad, indeed; and the study of human nature in Spain, in high places and positions, might bring a man pretty certainly to the opinion of the philosopher who regarded the two-legged animal with extreme suspiciousness, and, indeed, distrusted him utterly, and with his lantern could not find one honest man — even in his looking-glass.

As for the people's affection or respect, the people's confidence and sympathy, they are and have been treated with the utmost scorn; and, in fact, are as little regarded and cherished as the people's happiness, and independence, and good. A few mouthed sentences of the paupers, all elevating Castilian, are administered from time to time to quiet them, and to deceive them still. And we may add to all this, that the people's blood is never cared for—as little as their substance—when some caprice of power, of fancied interest, of pride, seemed to point towards its shedding. When, some few years since, the pontifical throne of Pius the Ninth was in danger, the Spanish Government of the day thought it incumbent on them to send troops for its defence and support. This was considered to be chiefly owing to the preponderating influence of Queen Christina, whose feelings were

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supposed to have a bigoted tendency (and whose brother, the King of Naples, probably urged her to advise this course), and to the decidedly fanatical opinions and sentiments of the King Consort. There was also a certain amount of Castilian pride embarked in the affair, a great deal of Castilian pretension, and not a little hypocrisy added to this, in the religious section of the population. The step was sure to be popular.

But was Spain in any manner called upon to act thus, embarrassed, impoverished, and little flourishing in any way, as she was—scarcely recovered from deadly civil dissensions—and with many internal elements of disquiet and distress? A brief review of the state of circumstances previous to this ill-judged interference will, perhaps, suggest a decided negative to this. Since the year 1833 the relations between Rome and Spain had been altogether of the most eminently unsatisfactory character. The Papal Government had assumed an entirely unfriendly attitude towards the latter kingdom, and had disgorged upon its perturbed and sorely-vexed shores vast hordes of priests, perfect firebrands, and highly influential and powerful auxiliaries during such times of domestic strife and turmoil, to assist to the utmost of their power the cause of Don Carlos. When, at length, the civil commotions that racked the ill-fated country were at an end, it was only at its own chosen time, and partly because the ruptured relations between the States proved very inconvenient and at variance to the pecuniary and other interests of Rome herself; and taking into due account certain very favourable concessions made by Catholic Spain, in order to regain the forfeited favour and countenance

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of the pontifical throne, Rome vouchsafed to overlook divers past offences, and the defeat and discomfiture of her chosen candidate, Don Carlos, and to acknowledge Isabella* the Second as Her most Catholic Majesty, and again to honour Spain by taking her under the shadow of her reverend wing. Surely it was not an indispensable sequel to this far-from-disinterested conduct that Spain should plunge herself into unnecessary expenses, and risk shedding the blood of many gallant sons? A little diplomatic condoling in times of distress, and congratulatory and complimentary language in times of returning prosperity, would surely have been abundantly sufficient, and have been quite enough of interference and intermeddling in Italian affairs.

But for the reasons before stated, then, this more prudent counsel, if proposed, was overruled. No *mezzo termine* was to be thought of, and Spain could not be content without plunging into the *mêlée*, and sending a body of troops, a regular *corps d'armée*, to the shores of Italy. All that was done was nothing; all that was gained was a loss of—just such a sum as this expensive and gratuitous proceeding cost. Some, perhaps undeserved, ridicule was attached to the expedition; the generals in command were exposed to a mode of usage anything but flattering from the French military authorities there. Indeed, they were not only treated very coolly, but somewhat contemptuously, by these personages. And nothing could well end

* I fear I have made a slight mistake, in some previous portions of this volume, in spelling the name of the Spanish Queen with a Y. It is generally, and correctly, written so, (as are all the words beginning with an I,) but not usually printed so.

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more unsatisfactorily, and ingloriously, and unpropitiously, than this ill-advised expedition.

As on other occasions and at other periods when sacrifices and services have been required of this most-abused and hardly-tried people, full nobly, indeed, have they acquitted themselves, we are bound to say, and displayed all the chivalrous loyalty, the unflinching intrepidity, that so proudly distinguished their doughty and warlike forefathers. For instance, in Cuba, not many years since, when the Spanish troops fought with the most brilliant valour, impetuosity, and firm determination, that conspicuously showed their hearts were still devoted to that country which, through general misgovernment, and every species of particular maladministration, is a hard and almost a hopeless country for them.

The time may come when all the latent, noble elements of good and greatness in this ungenerously-used people may be successfully cultivated, and the evil passions engendered and encouraged ofttimes by oppression, ignorance, intolerance, and a sense of ill-usage, may be eliminated and extirpated. Then we may see, not only the Spain of old days, as regards power and prosperity, but a yet fairer one,—even one far better, far nobler,—inasmuch as one more civilised and conversant with the more elevated dictates of humanity and virtue, which in these enlightened times are becoming, happily, so highly valued and so universal.

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CHAPTER XXII.

We waited with the most exemplary patience for our tarred trunk-cover and our dawdling steamer, while the two seemed to be running a kind of donkey race, in which the last is the winner of the prize.

As for me, I occupied my many leisure hours in reading heaps of Spanish books, chiefly, I am fain to confess, of the modern novel order; for anything else, unless it was "Don Quixote," it was difficult to procure here.

Spanish novels, many of them translations from the French, therefore did I read with idle *deliqueux*, while the weather seemed bent on becoming more and more propitious for travellers by land or sea, apparently, and getting extremely cold. Our rooms, without fireplaces, were full of draughts; the key-holes were gigantic, and the interstices between doors and their cases, and windows and their frames, immense; they hardly seemed on speaking terms, and to have tried to *poner tierra por medio* (be off-away from each other — put some earth between). Really, if I have to go on much longer reading these Spanish *novelas* and *relaciones*, and sitting between quarrelsome and querulous doors and windows, loudly, and very coolly indeed,

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whistling at one another, as though each should say, "Who cares, indeed? — *vaya V. á pasear;*" there is danger of one's becoming sentimental or lymphatic, and the hopeless victim of a crick in the neck. But I trust this long-expected vessel will not be delayed much further. *Ea! animo!* the Spanish steamer's come—only a month or so after her time! What is that? *Nada, nadita!* I have reason to think. And, charming coincidence! the tarred cover hath also arrived.

"Come, that's right, at last."

"Vara quick, you see, at last. Dere, I bring him in von minute. Now, all done—finished, vera good; only slow before him done—dat's noting."

"Ha! ha! quick at last, indeed!"

"Well, here the money. Nine time him done," —and so fresh and sticky it was, it might have been done nine times nine. However, the good Ancient Mariner protested he had kept it so long, "just, at first," you "sees, to dry him" thoroughly in the sun.

It was a rather cold but fair morning when we took leave of Algeciras; the family party over the brazier sending after us numerous good wishes, and many a "*Vaya ustedes sin novedad!*" &c.

As we proceeded along we saw a group of Morocco Jewesses, apparently lately arrived from Tangier or Tetuan, quite magnificently, and almost dazzlingly, dressed, tiaraed, ankelted, zoned, brocaded, embroidered, and gilded, and attended by an obsequious-looking crowd of little boys, staring with all the staring capabilities of their large, wide-opened Spanish eyes. They seemed attired in the most stately and costly costumes, and, perhaps,

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had been attending some marriage or other festival of their people here. Handsome, indeed, they looked, as they swept along, with their jewelled glories flashing in the sun, in their superb array, like so many crowned queens in full pomp.

We were taken to some custom-house authorities before we embarked, and there was a great fuss made about passports and portmanteaus. Not even an innocent reticule was to go unsearched. However, I energetically remonstrated, and they listened to reason. Perhaps they think that in yonder slight work-bag (dangling so blamelessly on that unsurreptitious-looking arm, quite clear of the loosely-hanging cambric cloak) that there will be found *al guir cosita de puerco* (a trifle of pork), highly savoury and highly contraband; which would have been immediately confiscated and cooked, I suppose, for the good people's luncheon, and sent eyes of avidity to the suspected article.

We did not get off till the evening. When we passed Gibraltar, it had a splendid and striking effect — like a pyramid of illuminations rising from the washing waters, the rather dark night showing it off beautifully. We remained on deck till late, and, when the next morning broke, found ourselves near Malaga. Not very sorry were we for this, in sooth, for the ill-arranged, uncomfortable steamer was, as we were told, provided with nothing whatever in the shape of refreshments for the passengers, who were expected to bring their own provisions (at least, so we were informed; but there might have been a slight mistake, as it was not the authorities on board who told us this). However, as if foreseeing such inconvenient contingencies and

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ill-advised arrangements, we had brought something—although very little — with us. As it happened so, we did not much care.

But the breakfastless morning was a bore. If we could but have had a draught of milk we should have been supremely content. The captain might have had a goat on board for the supperless passengers of the preceding night. Goats are plentiful as figs in Spain,—luckily for us, for we are very fond of their rich, excellent milk. To keep goats is reckoned a profitable employment in Spain; and we are told,—"*Al año tuerto, el huerto; al tuerto tuerto, la cabra, y el huerto: al tuerto, retuerto, la cabra, el huerto y el puerco.*" ("In a bad year the orchard, in a very bad one the goat and the orchard; in a very bad one, indeed, the goat, the orchard, and the pig.") The meaning of this is described thus—that, in sterile years, the fruit of the orchard is not only much increased in value, but the cultivation of it being easier and less liable to injury, is more sure and safe than that of other productions; and the same explanation applies, of course, to the rest.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

MALAGA had looked pretty from the steamer, but very sad was the sea-scene. A furious storm, a few days ago, had done very serious mischief, and here were some lamentable-looking wrecks to be seen. One was that of a flour-laden barque, almost to pieces; yet, strange to say, we were informed the flour itself was hardly injured. The salt water had scarcely touched it, though close to it.

The weather was fine when we disembarked, and we decided on walking to the hotel, in order to see a little more of the aspect of the town than we could do in a hired vehicle. The most astonishing thing I beheld at Malaga, on that day, was the superfluity and prodigious prodigality of the anchovies, which were being carried about, apparently, by everybody in any numbers. Full-grown people passed or met you with full-grown, enormous baskets, about the size of clothes-baskets, crammed with them; boys ran by, loaded with equally full-grown ones, or with whole strings of them, or rows of them, fastened on long sticks, or festoons of them, or bunches or garlands of them. One might think that it had been hailing and showering down anchovies, as once on a time it rained somewhere a shower of frogs. There was enough to turn the

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whole sea, it seemed, into anchovy sauce, and drown Malaga besides, in their superfluity. You turned to the left, and nearly knocked your nose against a regiment of the little fish, some few striking your nose really in another way. You turn to the right, the shops overflow with the innumerable victims. If you looked behind, did you not find a long pole of thick-thronging anchovies confidentially looking over your shoulders with their poor little fishy eyes? And if you looked forward, you must look through whole avenues of anchovies; and you have piscatorial prospects on every side, and a fishy atmosphere surrounding you with circumambient whiffs and scales; and fins and tails, tails and fins, are swarming throughout the whole streets,—all the streets, seemingly, an army or navy of anchovies, looking, I must say this for them, particularly good and meritorious.

The hotel we went to is on the Alameda, and a capital hotel it is. The Alameda itself is a very handsome one, of imposing proportions, and celebrated, I understand, among its sister-promenades of Spain.

As Malaga is famed for its fine climate, I suppose we were particularly unlucky in our weather while there: we had rain, rain, rain, from morning till night, and night till morning,—I rather think, from the flooded state of the poor Alameda, early as well as late.

That dismal weather, unrelieved by a change, made one think Malaga rather dismal, too. One thing seems melancholy "here, in general"—the nomenclature of the streets and squares. There is, I hear, an Alameda de los Tristes, and La Calle de los Affligidos. I am not sure there is not a Calle de la

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Muerte (Death Street) here. There is one at Cordova, I understand, of that mournful name, relieved by another more lively one, called the "Hat-of-the-King" Street.

There is a very pretty poetical-sounding cry here—"*Las des ca illas mas frescas que las estrellas del Alba!*" (Little fish, fresher than the stars of the Dawn!") I suppose, our poor little friends that were so incessantly popping up under our noses (at least some of their brothers and sisters) the other day.

Yesterday was cold, windy, and rainy. The climate here seems determined to impress us unfavourably; but yet our consumptive countrymen flock here in the winter months. We learn that there are this year four hundred English established here for this season for their health.

What a dreadful *fléau* is that melancholy consumption!—what a scourge! generally visited on the loveliest and most interesting of our population. Strange that both the English and the Americans should suffer so much from that sad disease; it almost looks as if it was something of race. Although it is true that both climates, in their different ways, are very trying, yet it probably has more to do with customs and habits than either climate or race. The Americans are confessedly careless about wet feet, and also about protecting themselves with sufficiently warm clothing when they go out of their heated homes. You will see them frequently leave a stuffy, crowded, hot room, and go and stand in a very cool balcony, or take a turn in a damp, chilly pleasure-ground, perhaps, with only the addition (if, indeed, they trouble themselves to put anything on) of a little, web-like piece of lace

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to their thin, airy, gauzy, in-doors dress,—a low-cut, evening dress, mind, I mean; and in this sort of gossamer attire they often appear in the middle of the day at dinner, at the great watering-place hotels in the United States; at least this was the case when I was there. It is not wonderful that cold on cold should succeed, and that, perchance treated lightly and carelessly, a repetition of the wafer and web fashion, the goldbeater's skin-like soles of shoes, and the cobweb-like lace scarf, and the gauzy draperies, is pretty certain to end, alas! in early and hopeless decline.

With us this carelessness respecting comfortable costume is not at all a common fault. We rejoice in thick warm shawls and cloaks; we revel in double soles; and tie substantial linen or woollen scarfs about our well-guarded throats, when it is necessary or prudent so to do. But we also act very indiscreetly, sanitarily speaking, in other ways. We overheat our rooms, and generally skilfully contrive to have several climates in one and the same house. One apartment, perhaps, is draughty and airy, and another close and overwarmed, and a third, possibly, between the two. The dining-room or drawing-room is often made a perfect oven by a huge fire, with the addition of lights; and if it is the dining-room, hot soups and meats, and numerous attendants, frequently contribute to raise the temperature excessively; and if it is the drawing-room, hot tea and coffee slightly assist in the same way, and much increase the caloric of those who partake of them. But for the most caloric-producing apparatus of all, they are most indebted to the hosts of human warming-pans then assembled. Then there are often many passages to be

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threaded after leaving these superabundantly comfortable rooms, many degrees lower. True it is that, in many houses, the passages also are warmed; but still there is a great variation generally between the temperature of room and room, and a very trying one, indeed, between the inside and the outside of the house. We should endeavour to keep the different compartments of a house of tolerably equal temperature, and that not a tropical one. I believe to heat it with warm water is, on the whole, the best plan in every respect; but you cannot well lay down hot-water pipes through all your shrubberies and gardens; you cannot well heat with warm water your meadows, and woods, and hills, and pleasant fields. I cannot but think, though I am an advocate for comfortably, moderately warmed sitting-rooms in the winter season, that we overheat our houses lamentably often, and treat ourselves like exotics, and give ourselves thus frequently an exotic constitution,—delicate, uncertain, and apt to be deranged seriously by trifles in the end. Besides this, we subject ourselves to injurious alternations of heat and cold, such as exotics are somewhat exposed to, while we pamper ourselves partially with their climate,—and there lies the great mischief and mistake. As we treat ourselves very considerately in intention, doubtless, so we treat our horses!—for our stables usually are as much too hot as our dwelling-houses. The sad scourge, consumption, does not seem to be diminishing in our otherwise happy isles, but, I think, rather increasing.

At Malaga, as I have said, there are about four hundred unfortunate victims this year to this cruel disorder; and at Madeira, as usual, a very large

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number also. At both places it is above the average; and I think, as usual, among assemblages at this place, there are some here for the purpose of escaping a cold winter.

In almost all countries, I believe, there is more or less of consumption; but England and America far transcend all the rest.

One of the countries that one should think would be among the most exposed to it from its damp, low lands—Holland, is, as far as I have seen of it, I should say (and I have been a great deal there), rather singularly exempt from it, on the whole. The late Prince Alexander's melancholy and early decease was, indeed, owing to this fatal complaint; but it was brought on by a particular circumstance (overtraining himself to ride a race), and had nothing whatever to do, it seemed, with climate. I was much touched to receive, soon after his decease, a delicately-executed portrait of the much-lamented Prince, sent to me by his majesty, the present King. This likeness was, I think, done in the last illness of the illustrious sufferer, and the immense change in the drawn features and pallid complexion was painfully perceptible.

Rain, rain, still rain, and Malaga looking more and more melancholy—thus continually in floods of tears. We will look out of the window a little, and try to enjoy the selfish pleasure of seeing some poor people worse off than ourselves, inasmuch as we are, though imprisoned by the rain, *à l'abri*: but it is a dreary, weary, bedraggled scene. Ah! would it were *after* me, the Deluge. There goes by a cart; I don't know what it contains; they are all watering-carts now; but dust is here. Dust is really a refreshing idea to-day! How came we

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never to see or smell the charms of dust before? Something lively and exhilarating about the very thought of its dense, dancing clouds, suggestive of the sun-ray. Can that horrid, dull, slimy, clinging, grovelling mud, quite of the earth, earthy, have ever been aërial, brisk, floating, gliding, soaring, spreading, whirling dust? Ah, yes!—"*De aquellos polvos vienen aquellos lodos.*" This Alameda, we are told, was covered with water last century. Have we progressed backward? Is it 1751? Who can deny that it is under water now? There trips by a *Señorita de Malaga*, despite the rain, only looking fresher and sweeter, gay as a fairy, and as airy, and very pretty, with the soft, slightly-golden-tinged complexion (not in the least bilious, mind—nothing to do with "yellow as a guinea") rather peculiar to this part of the world, and a delicate, oval face, very small, stag-like head, gazelle-like eyes, and lips of scarlet to match the little rose in the hair, which, as well as its wearer, resembles the line,—

"The rose had been washed, just washed by a shower,"—

only for shower read flood. She is a *Malagueña muy halagueña y hechicera.* Away she trips, looking very charming, *como mil flores.* Her delicate laces and gauzes seem, as they say in Spanish, "*tan delgado que se puede beber,*"—so fine and thin, that you could drink them!—and in two senses may this be said to-day—the unhappy articles are so drenched with rain.

There patters by a hackney-carriage of some kind, drawn by very angular mules. Those sort of carriages, we read in old books on Spain, were wont to have the mules that drew them covered with

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tufts, bells, rosettes, and tassels on the harness, and to go a foot's pace, *led*—all the same now, except that they go a foot's pace *driven* instead. There! is that thunder? No! where is the lightning? Again! Cannons? No! where are the balls? Convulsion of nature? Earthquake? No, it is the Loja diligence, looking something like Knaresborough Well on wheels—dripping, dropping, and dripping, and slush-sloshing, the many mules passing on like dissolving views; indeed, all melting into fountains, like harnessed, four-legged Arethusas. However, they go at a good pace. The people at the top, in the *cupé arriba*, look as unsubstantial as if they were cut out of damp blotting paper; and that *zagal* sailing so swimmingly at the side of the cumbrous machine, he seems to have become amphibious? Has he got web-footed? How can he have managed to keep up with the mules, splashing as he does through all that water.

As to the poor little postilion (who rides here on the near horse, as is commonly the case, not on the off-horse, as in Portugal), he seems so hardened, or rather softened, to the delaying, soaking weather, that he might be a little merboy fished out from the sea here, expressly to ride postilion to the Loja diligence under damp circumstances—that terribly "juicy" weather.

But it is dinner-time, so let us go and console ourselves with some of the excellent little fish we saw carried about in such marvellous prodigality and profusion, and which we had particularly ordered, as they are exceedingly good. But what says the *mozo*, making a very long face? Ah! they are extremely difficult, indeed, to procure, are

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they? I ought to have remembered that was sure to be the case, just because the streets were almost paved with them, and they swarmed everywhere like locusts,—not, indeed, swarming of their own accord, but, lumber-wise, carried about.

Can you weakly expect to find such a thing as a button at Birmingham, or a yard of ribbon at Coventry? "*En casa del herrero cuchillo de palorrero!*" (In the house of the iron-worker a knife of wood.)

The diligence for Granada leaves this place about eleven or twelve o'clock at night, and great is then the stir and bustle. Such stamping of mules and men, shrieking of boys, and screeching of passengers after luggage, and screaming, and, I fear, swearing, of porters about the same, and *vaya ustedes sin novedads* from waiters! The arrangement might seem designed purposely to prevent early bed-goers from getting any "beauty sleep;" but I am credibly informed such is not the sole, impelling motive.

As our rooms were close to the spot whence the noisy carriages took their nocturnal departure, and unless you wished to be awoke *en sursaut*, it was useless to go to bed till after the self-removal of these nuisances. We amused ourselves one night by going to see the start, as well as to *hear* it, which we could not well help doing. What clambering up to what seemed inaccessible positions! what thrusting themselves into what seemed impossibly small places! what carrying of lanterns, bundles, and luggage! and what arrangements and disarrangements before all was ready! Why, where is that good old soul going with her little bundle and basket, up, up, and still up?

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"There was an old woman went up in a basket,
Ninety-nine times as high as the moon;
Where she was going, I couldn't but ask it,
And if she expected to travel back soon?
'Old woman, old woman, old woman,' says I,
'Pray where are you going to, so very high?'
'To sweep the cobwebs from the sky;
But I shall be back again by and by!'"

Now that's exactly what I doubt, my good little dame. You may climb up that precipitous locomotive, little Mont Blanc; but all mountain-travellers tell us the great difficulty is not ascending, but descending, when slidings, and slippings, and stumblings, and dizziness, and giddiness, are the order of the day. Look at that fat gentleman toiling up the other side! Who is it that says, with a twinkle of the eye, he began that difficult scramble at daybreak this morning, stopping half-way, and eating his dinner on the huge wheel to give him strength?

Difficult is it, indeed, to find out when or from whence any public conveyance starts in this country, or to ascertain what public vehicles there are to start at all. Mr. Ford is right, in truth, when he tells us this; but he is almost always right. I was anxious to leave Malaga for Granada. We had missed one diligence (for we wished to stay a little in Malaga, though the constant rain during our stay prevented our seeing very much there). We were emphatically told no other diligence would start for several days. I, from past experience, doubted this assertion, and prosecuted my inquiries far and wide. The same positive answer, however, was returned by everybody; so, for once, it seemed the first informant was right. Notwithstanding this, I thought there would be no harm in questioning a little also those dumb intelligences—the

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newspapers. There! one goes to-morrow! and gave the mark from this very hotel! I astonished every one with this news. Nobody knew it. Everybody is thunderstruck with surprise. "From this hotel?" cries the waiter. Ah! somebody — no one knew who—must have arranged it so. "From this hotel—and to-morrow?" cries the *mozo*. "It can't be, or, if it is, it must be a coach which never went before." "To-morrow! From this hotel?" exclaims the commissioner, in more surprise than any one, who had most particularly been sent everywhere, and to every imaginable office and bureau, for information! "So it does, but nobody knew it—no, no human being." Oh! it was all settled, then, between the diligence itself and the mules, who determined on dragging it away to-morrow, I think. You might have discovered this extraordinary determinatiou on their part, at any rate, for there it is at full-length in the paper.

There was this little excuse for the people who thus misinformed us. There was a new company lately set up, and this was a new set of diligences. Even Mr. Mark, the distinguished English consul here, who was good enough to call to see me, told me he had heard nothing of it before. He had been, however, some six weeks away from Malaga, and during the period of his absence this new service of diligences was commenced.

He was rejoiced to hear the news I communicated, as it would be a great convenience to have this additional set of public carriages running between Granada and Malaga. One set goes, I think, on *dias pares*, and the other on *dias impares*. To-morrow night we are to start for lovely Granada, and I shall anxiously watch the sky; for travelling

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under such torrents of rain as have fallen lately would be unpleasant indeed—a succession of shower-baths all the way to Granada, unless we cloaked ourselves with Spanish oak or windows. Let us study the meteorological proverbs of Spain, for they are many. *Arreboles a bados cabos tiempo de los diablos.* Another says, *Arreboles de la mañana à la noche son agua y arreboles à la noche à la mañana son soles.* Another tells us, *Arreboles al oriente agua amaneciente.* There are yet others, one of which says, *Arreboles de Arragon à la noche, son agua son, à la mañana sol seran,* and *Arreboles en Castilla, viejas à la cocina, arreboles en Portugal, viejas á solejar:* but the last do not affect us.*

Malaga is a very flourishing seaport, and an ancient one,—a very ancient one. Its age is about three thousand years. Like Cadiz, it forsook Tyre for the rising sun of Carthage, and then deserted the setting sun of Carthage to adore the golden dawn of Rome. Malaga made terms with Scipio, and she became a *municipium,* and boasted an amphitheatre, which was unburied by the Malagueños when digging the foundations of a convent (Convento de la Paz), and reburied by the ruin-despising Spaniards. Whether another portion of that, or some other antiquities, have lately again been dug up, I know not; but the commissioner, during a promenade we made about the town, pointed out to me some old walls that he declared were Roman remains and ruins.

The Moors greatly loved Malaga (*la hechicera* Malaga—"*entre jasmin y azahar,*" or rather, *we*

* *Arreboles* are the sun-flushed, glowing clouds that are seen so often at morning and evening, or at sunrise and sunset.

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thought, *entre* anchovies (*anchovas*) *y boquerones*), and looked on it as a kind of earthly garden of the Houries. Perhaps the fair Malagueñas were as bewitching then as they appear to be now, and it was the Houries who made the Heaven in their eyes.

The place was taken by Ferdinand in 1487: the siege was a tremendous one, and many horrors were perpetrated afterwards. Wholesale spoliations and shocking *feux de joie* — whose fuel was infidels — embellished the so-called *Christian* triumph.

A time of retribution came, at least for the descendants of the revellers in Moorish massacre and pillage: Sebastiani entered the city in 1810, and though no *autos da fé* took place then, there was a very sufficient variety of other monstrosities and cruelties, according to the accounts of the chroniclers of the times.

Malaga the fair is the capital of its province. It has a bishop and a cathedral, a *géfe-politico*, and about eighty thousand inhabitants, a tolerable theatre, hospitals, and a bull-fight amphitheatre, built out of a convent — somewhat of a contrast, but this is a land of contrasts;—and it has, thanks to the father of the actual consul, Mr. Mark (by whose exertions it was acquired), a Protestant burying-ground.

The Mediterranean recedes, and has receded, so much here, that the former quay of the Moors is now quite in the city. Their *alarazana* (dock-yard) is environed by houses. A fine horse-shoe arch of marble, of their construction, is still standing. The "River of the City" (Guadal-medina) divides the city from its two suburbs: it is *the* river, otherwise nameless. It sweeps away the

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accumulations of *immondezzaios* of the town; but its own accumulations of deposits neutralize a little the benefit. They choke up the harbour, and partly cause the receding of the sea.

There is an old Saracenic, castellated stronghold, which we did not go to see: it is a fortified palace. The lower part of this ancient structure is named the Alcazaba (*Arabicè, Al Kassaba*—heart, centre).

The cathedral stands on the site of the principal mosque. The Malagueños consider it extremely fine, but many persons do not thoroughly participate in their opinion. It has, however, some fine things about it—what Spanish cathedral has not?

For those who wish to carry off souvenirs of Malaga, there are some rather interesting coloured terra-cotta images of brigands, bull-fighters, contrabandistas, bolero-dancers, &c. The clay used in their peculiar manufacture, like a sweet, easy-flowing voice, has much pliancy and flexibility. Porous drinking-vessels are likewise made of it: they are called *alcarrazas*.

This city has been greatly improved, and has much advanced in prosperity during the present reign. It is rich, enterprising, and speculative, too, and mills, and foundries, and fabrics, are multiplying and spreading fast; and iron, soap, and cotton are all the rage!

A prosperous speculator here is said to have expired for joy (in 1846) on the occasion of a wealthily-laden argosy of his making its desired appearance safe and sound. Imagine dying of an ecstasy of cotton! His heart was in his purse; the one filled too suddenly, and the other straightway burst. I

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suppose the blood rushed to his banker's book, and he ceased to live, or, perhaps, we should say, ceased to make his fortune, for his life was *that* determination of blood to the balance at his banker's.

Sweet wine and raisins abound here. The latter are truly delicious; and no one knows what a raisin is, or can be, methinks, till he has eaten one or more in Malaga.

The rich muscatel wines all are acquainted with. The vines whence they come clothe those smiling heights here for many and many a long league;—those sunny heights that sweep down like earth-waves, fertile and freighted with future vinous wealth, to the purple Mediterranean—itself sometimes shining in the sunset like a mighty giant goblet of rosy wine. The best of these sweet muscatels are called "Las Lagrimas;" they are precious drops, that need no pressure (or the least possible 'suasion) to induce them to fall in luscious lapsing from the full, ripe, swollen grape. These delicious muscatel grapes are those which are turned into raisins. The fruit of the *Uva larga* is used, as well as the muscatel grapes, for these renowned raisins.

The Malagenians are not born under a very unfavourable star. Their markets seem almost glutted with wine and fruit. Almonds, figs, oils, and other exports, which have each and all a sort of twang of the sun about them—actually a sunny sound with them, if we may so say—are extensively sent from this highly-favoured locality. The sweet potatoe—insipid vegetable!—is found here, among countless other productions, and is converted into a sweetmeat. It was brought originally from the Spanish South American colonies.

To return for a moment to the raisins: they

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were made here first—a few years ago!—by the Phœnicians, and the art of their preparation has been transmitted to the Malagenians of the present days. The number of boxes annually exported is stated to be a million. The later grapes are hung up in the cottagers' houses in sweeping festoons (*colgaderas*).

The rain shows symptoms of slightly abating. We are to start at midnight in my discovery of a diligence—a new planet, a hiding-star on wheels, to me. I am rather triumphant altogether. Tickets secured. All right. And be it known to all to whom these presents shall come, we actually contrived, by representing and remonstrating—for we had set our hearts upon it (as people do when there is immense difficulty in getting anything)—to have some of these precious fish for dinner, that seemed to be scattered about in unimaginable profusion—everywhere but in the frying-pan, or the dish on the dining-table. Yes, in spite of the obstacles offered by their superabundance, we managed to have a taste of the worthy little creatures.

The magnificent raisins, for a wonder, we procured without difficulty. Perhaps it was a very scarce year for them, which might account for it! or perhaps they are no longer prepared here—fruit and fabricators, or rather merchants, may have gone somewhere else. It is interesting to think that raisins were much in favour and in great abundance of old in Palestine. We are apt to attack the Spaniards a little for not marching with this progressing age—for remaining unchanged, with rather Chinese consistency, century after century, copying their ancestors, and eschewing modern innovations and so-called improvements. Well,

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good comes out of evil (if this is an evil) sometimes. Let us be glad, for one reason, that it is so. If they had gone on, as our busy land does, hunting after novelty (the Spaniards dread it like a pest), and "a-chivying and a-chivying on" that restless and flitting phantom, Change, we should not have had such capital raisins, I opine, to-day after dinner. They have gone on thousands of years in the same unaltered mode and method. Fault-finders, taste these Phœnician raisins, and be content!

After all, are we very much the better for posting after Progress, or Change (for the one is sometimes mistaken for the other)? We may gain a good deal, perhaps; but do we not lose something? A good deal, too, peradventure! The grasping, gasping, buying, panting age, is like the picture of the child clutching at a thousand new pleasures, and letting heaps of already gathered ones drop from her hold.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

It may be doubted whether it is entirely pleasant to start from a place at midnight. A slight confusion of ideas, and packages, and places, is likely then to reign, and apt to ensue; for if you are not sleepy-headed yourself, others very probably are, and the clearest directions you may give may become the reverse, when bandied from one dreamer to another, and interpreted and acted upon by the yawning and the eye-rubbing.

We hoped to manage pretty well, however, by the light of lanterns unnumbered, and the help of relays of waiters and regiments of porters; the first landing parcels and bags multifarious from one to the other, the last hoisting them up precipitous crags of the carriage—for the great big vehicle almost looked like a mysterious mountain in the dark, with the moving lanterns gleaming like stars, only crowning its sides, not its peak.

Now stumble forward some half or three-quarters-asleep passengers. "Here! the lantern! quick! Don't you see that gentleman is getting inside the great hind wheel?"

"This way, Señor; *demonios! cuidao!*"

"And there is another—show a light immedi-

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ately—putting his foot into his *sombrero* instead of his shoe."

Our commissioner is extremely active, and yon *mozo* is rather wide awake—in truth, looking out for his *gratificacioncita*.

"The carpet-bags? Oh! thank you, *mil gracias*. Yes, that is right, inside the *coche;* but take back this pillow—it's some mistake. I'll put the cloak on. Stay, don't snatch up that table-cover; mind what you are doing, and don't put the mosquito-net on for a mantilla. Just put this shawl inside."

"*Si! Señora*" (yawn) - - - "*oh! si-i*" (yaw-awn-aw-aw-awn).

"Now, we're all ready. So are all the other passengers, too. Where's the *mayoral?* Asleep?"

"Eh? oh! coming!" (yawn) "come—*cor-ri-en-te!* - - - -" (stretch — stretch) "*no es tar-de* (nod—nod—nod).

"*Si! es tarde!*"

"Eh?" and a slight half-snore, as he began cramming things into the diligence, in a dream.

The mules seemed perfectly awake—that was a comfort: they were splendidly caparisoned, and did great honour to the liberality and taste of the proprietor of these new diligences. Crimson tassels in profusion noddled about their heads, which nodded not themselves, at least not with sleep. Bells upon bells jingled and danced about their necks.

And now, in we get, terribly squeezed and crowded; but the diligence will grow — 'twill stretch (like Enrique and Jorge there), and become soon pretty roomy, as such vehicles always do. Off we go, amid a cheerful chorus of yawns from the bystanders, by an occasionally interspersed "*Buen*

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viage!" and a prance, champ, chafe, plunge, tramp, stamp, and we go thundering through the darkness, under the great *porte-cochère* of the hotel. Verily, we seem to have capital mules; fierce and fiery as war-mules (if there are such things) seem they. And now for Granada! Whew! fair and softly. Stopped already! The crimson-tasselled mules are not all become restive, surely? and no *rateros* can have disputed thus early our passage? Have mules, *mayoral*, *mozo*, and all, tumbled off to sleep? or are we ourselves in the middle of a nightmare? Alas! we are ordered to stop by another passenger. Now, finding nobody, or hardly anybody, but ourselves, knew of this new diligence, I thought it was unnecessary to secure the whole of the inside places. Sad mistake! for it seemed pretty well known, and this freshly-introduced vehicle seemed to be built to carry just as many as chose to get into it—all Malaga (if all Malaga had a fancy to squeeze itself in it). Limitation of numbers seemed to be despised by those ardent speculators; the packing was of the most compressive description; and an old woman, who had till then seemed asleep in a corner opposite to me, burst forth at once into full-blown lamentations and jeremiads, calling upon all the saints and *Maria Purisima* most vehemently, to witness that she was utterly crushed, destroyed, pancaked, and pressed to death. The shrill, rasping voice with which she proclaimed this sad fact to all the world, was like the harsh grating of an old sign creaking painfully in a high east wind, and made one more inclined to laugh at than bemoan her woes. Besides, we strongly suspected she was not seriously damaged, for she had about the best place, and was not the worst squeezed in the coach.

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Perhaps she was the least crushed of all. "*Poco mal y bien guejado.*" (Little hurt, but a good holloa.) Or she might have said, "*Puéme una araña y atéme una sábana.*" (A spider's bite, and a sheet for bandage !)

In vain did her gentle neighbour try to give her more room ; she only found herself more vehemently poked and pushed for her pains, and the violence and fury of the ancient dame became quite extraordinary : she fought so with her sharp elbows, that the unhappy person next to her exclaimed that she was really almost stabbed through the ribs by them. In the meantime, she kept up a running skirmish at me with her knees ; but the exclamations she indulged in, and the noise she made, was the most prodigious of all, and some of her invectives must have been amusing (she jabbered so fast, and in such a *patois*, we could not catch them all) ; for they made the *Caballero* who was in the *coche* burst into perfect shouts of laughter.

Every moment she called her poor elbow-wounded neighbour "*Loca ! loca !*" (mad), and many other things besides, generally appealing to the *Sanctissima Virgen* and the *Caballero*, her countryman, to observe that there never was so patient and oppressed a victim, accompanying every appeal with a more vicious and vehement thrust—a more vigorous shove and poke. These *Inglesas*, these heretics, these strangers, why should they come to her country on purpose to squeeze her orthodox sides, and crush her to death, and suffocate her in a corner of her own coach, at least a Spanish coach ?—it was an atrocity ! Bad enough to have to sit with heretics at all ; but to be rammed and crammed up with them in this way,—it was enough

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to make any one catch the hateful infection! and when she got out of the coach, should she not be half a heretic herself—as well as all a flounder? This vile contact was terrible! Ugh! ah! yah! hah! ough! and she elbowed the nearest to her almost to death.

After suffering this sort of annoyance some time, though I own it was impossible to help laughing, I thought I would try the soothing system a little. The *Caballero* had already scolded the irate *voyageuse* severely for her violence and ill-humour to the foreigners; and she found, to her dismay, she got no sympathy from the moustachioed señor, her countryman, whatever she might do from the women saints she called upon. I hardly expected much good to arise from my attempt, for the old dame seemed as obstinate as the whole team of our mules put together. "*Clavará un clavo con la cabeza.*" (She could knock a nail in with the head—she was so stubborn.) However, there was no harm in trying; and although I took special care to protect both tibia and fibula from her incursive thrusts and angry pokes, it would cost less trouble to secure her future peaceable conduct, if possible.

I felt I must have patience, persuasion, and perseverance. *¿A la primera azadonada quereis sacar agua?** Actually the aged dame (partly, perhaps, that she was quite tired with her own violence) listened to my various epicerastic expressions, showed herself amenable to counsel, and replied in very courteous tones. I managed so well that I became an immense favourite, to the great

* At the first stroke of the spade, do you expect to get water?

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amusement of the *Caballero;* and the before-exasperated *Señora* tried in every way she could to minister to my comfort, by making herself as small as possible, removing her pointed knees as far as she could from my immediate neighbourhood, and overwhelming me with civilities, and the expression of hopes that I was not inconvenienced.

Soon after this fourth Fury went to sleep.

The road seemed very steep part of the way, and the night was very dark. At one place, the Spanish gentleman who was in the *coche* pointed out a rather precipitous slope, where, he told us, the road was considered a little dangerous at night, especially if the mules happened to turn at all restive. A town, with its twinkling lights gleaming sharply out of the surrounding blackness, seemed at a considerable distance below us, not far from this spot.

It would be almost impossible to describe the picturesque effect of the great torches carried by the *zagals*, casting now a glaring brilliance around, as they ran by the side of the carriage, and now half-expiring; then, as they shook and stirred them up, blazing out afresh with sudden, startling vividness, displaying the rugged rocks and steep ascents and descents,— their own wild, strange figures, with their blood-red sashes, and heads bound round with bright-coloured handkerchiefs, the ends hanging down behind; the *sombreros* (if they had any), thrown back, or off, and their strongly-marked features revealed. Now they stopped, supplied themselves with a fresh torch, waved the newly-ignited hand, and scrambled here, there, and everywhere, over rocks and through the bushes that skirted the road,—they looked truly like embodied will-o'-the-wisps, only they seemed far more active,

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and pretty noisy. How they shrieked and shouted to the mules and *mayoral*, in the almost unintelligible language peculiar to them!—words and whole sentences, as well as syllables, so dovetailed into one another, and knocked about so, that the whole Royal Academy of Madrid would be puzzled to know what language they could by possibility be talking,—whether that of the Houhnyhms (no compliment to the latter), or any other wholly unknown tongue. After all, I really think, much as they spoil their fine language, they cannot make anything so hideous of it as the murderers of the Queen's English, and perhaps some of the assassins of the President's American, make of our poor originally unmusical tongue (though I own I don't dislike the latter travestie quite as much).

I was once on board a Turkish steamer in the Black Sea (I think it was a Turkish vessel, if I remember rightly), but commanded by an English merchant-captain, very illiterate (which is what his class usually, I believe, are not) and very amusing; and in the course of a little conversation we had, he inveighed bitterly against the stupidity of Trieste tradesmen generally, and of Trieste tailors particularly, as something not easily to be surpassed, as he found I had lately been there.

"Well, now! in the coronation year of our gracious sov'ring, you must know, marm, I hordered — for I was determined to do honour to the occasion—well, I goes and I hordered a coronation-jacket, supper-fine, hankers—heaps of hankers on —buttons, and all right; and I horders partickler an immense We (V), with a 'uge crownd hover hit, to commem'rate the himportant day. Now, marm,

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what do you s'pose this Trieste fellow had a-gone and done when I cums to look at it?"

"Forgotten the We?"

"No, marm, no; not forgotten the We, exacerly, but hupside down he'd turned it, hanyhows! And so, hinstead of a We, there was a big Ha! (A). You may guess I was like mad for a time. Think of my beautiful coronation-jacket, so spilt and ruined-like;—cost a sight of money, in course. However, at last, thinks I to myself, leastways it's no use fretting; put a good face on it, and turn it to summat; if it arn't right, and can't do in honour of Queen Victoria, why, it'll do, with its big Ha, for Queen Haddlehead (that's King Villiam's vife as vas;—his vidow, I should say, you know, marm); so it's a queen of hold Hengland, harter-hall, you see, hat hany rate; and I kept it, and I wore it."

Revenons à nos moutons. Pardon this digression, dear reader; and, dear writer, don't lose your "moutons," begun so often, like little Bo-peep.

The morning broke over our crammed *couche* as on the *couches* of the luxurious and happy poetical beginning; but there is nothing else poetical about the affair. The morning broke, the antique dame awoke, and not in the best humour; she called on all the saints again, as if they were bound to come at her bidding, and were her peculiar household "helps." Luckily for us and themselves they did not come at all; for the coach was already quite crowded enough.

The road had become very bad and rough in portions, and she was shaken as well as squeezed, and looked with anger and horror at her rumpled

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sleeves and injured attire—partly her own fault, for pushing so furiously against her unoffending neighbour. However, one thing seemed to afford her some satisfaction. If she had to lament over a crumpled gown, and a smashed bundle or two, the contents of a precious handkerchief she grasped with tender care she evidently flattered herself were unharmed (and it was crammed with hard eggs, bread, &c.) "*Si se perdierori los anillos aqui quedaron les dedillos.*" (If you've lost your rings, you've kept your fingers.) The principal treasure was therefore safe. As to looking for anything missing on the floor of the carriage, that was, of course, in vain, till some of the party happens to get out. It was extraordinary, when we looked at the little old woman, to think it was she who had made such havoc with her elbows, and such vociferation, and fought so lustily with might and main. She was a little, shrivelled, weakly, sunken, weazened-looking being, and her voice, when not enraged, was piping and thin indeed.

She was not exactly in a fury now, but very fiery, testy, and peevish, muttering angrily to herself and to numerous canonised beings, as she made a sort of rapid toilette, or settling the handkerchief that bound her head, smoothing her gown, and so on. "*Algo se ha de hacer para blanca ser!*" (A good deal to be done to look white or fair!) For luncheon she took out her hard eggs and bread, and offered me some very graciously and amiably, and then the rest of the company less affably,—among others, the one she had so ill-used and elbowed, till sore with elbow-stabs. "*Quebrasteme la cabeza, y ahora me untas el casco.*" (You first break my head, and then bring

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me a plaster.) Literally, *anoint my skull*, or flatter me.

The violent shaking that ensued put her terribly out of temper, and frightened her too (little accustomed she seemed to travelling). "Mercy on us! the Powers protect us! good Heaven!" and then vociferations to almost all the saints in the calendar. A diligence, she protested, was the most abominable thing on earth (not very far wrong there, when on bad roads particularly). Murder! "*Ay de mi! Dedischada de mi! ay! ay! ay! ay! ah! oh!*" at every great *secousse*.

To vary the entertainment a little, the pretty views were admired and pointed out. "*Ah! Señora, mire V. que vista tan hermosa*," &c. But she would not admire the view, in order to spite the diligence. If she could have visited Eden in the Granada diligence (not so unlikely a thing, after all, reader!) she would have pronounced it, probably, quite frightful. "Ugly view!—wretched!" and she cast such a sour look out of the window, that it might have changed the meandering little rivulet out there to verjuice, and, had it still been night-time, it might have curdled the milky-way itself! Then we went too slow to please her. "Good patience! when shall we get to Loja? When? where? Why do we crawl so, *Santa Virgen?*" and we were going a good quick pace. From various remarks of hers, we discovered she seldom made a journey before; but now she was actually under weigh, she was for flying at once into port, not altogether unlike "*El mozo del Gallego, que anda todo el año descalzo y, un dia queria matar el zapatero.*" (The Gallego boy, who went all the year barefooted, and one day wanted to kill the

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shoemaker with hurrying him.) This, in fact, more strictly applies to persons who, having plenty of time in which to get some article made, neglect it, and, at the last, half kill the people with hurry and haste, because they fancy they cannot do without it.

More and more fretful became this Spanish Xantippe, (what must her Socrates not have suffered, if she ever had one?) I began to think a little more soothing was necessary, or a new outbreak of ire and elbowing might arise. A little tact and patience, too, are very needful in this world of woe and vixens, hard leathern seats, and sharp elbows. "*Este mundo es golfo redondo, quien no sabe nadar vase al hondo.*" (This world is a great gulf; whoever can't swim goes to the bottom.)

The *Caballero* who was in the coach appeared to be rather of the old beldam's opinion, and, when the *mayoral* came near the door, as we were changing mules, I think, attacked him with some sharpness, and told him he must go much quicker. I thought there was rather a cunning expression about the man's countenance as he heard this injunction. Soon after off we set, over a very bad bit of road indeed, full gallop, our heads knocked about as much as the close-packing could possibly allow us to be. We were savagely shaken about, and, by the way, so close were we crammed in, that, I think, an impression must have been stamped on the leather-lined sides of the *coche*, as clearly as that of the wife of Diomed, in the Museum at Naples, on the lava; and that stamped leather (stamped after a new fashion) must long after have retained it. With a stentorian voice and great indignation the *Caballero* ordered the offending *mayoral* to stop.

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This he did as soon as the wildly-galloping mules could be pulled up. "Come here, Juan!" shouted the gentleman (in Spanish, of course); and Juan came with a penitent-looking face. "*Quires matarnos todos?*" and he peremptorily desired him to go slower. The very imperative tone of this gentleman, and the mandates he most authoritatively issued, as well as the humble manner and reiterated excuses of the *mayoral*, rather surprised us. We found afterwards he was the Administrator of the Company.

Away we started again at a very good pace, but not so furiously. It was curious at the sharp turns on the road to see the long-eared leaders conducted by a little postilion (generally, however, this small functionary is mounted on a horse), sweeping round a long, long way before us. Now that we are more quiet, the old dame can eat some more hard eggs and bread, and take her comb out of the same old dirty-looking handkerchief, and arrange her hoary locks. How very kind of her it was to press us to eat some also, out of this receptacle for all sorts of odds and ends, and waifs and strays! "*Gusta ustedes comer, Señoras? Muchas gracias buen proveche le haga a V.*" Anglia might well be horrified. "It's a 'orrid hidear; enough to prevent one heating for a ole month. Air-combs, and heggs, and hold tooth-brushes, and cakes, and I don't know what not, next to them hall!"

I certainly should not have quarrelled with our venerable cross-patch (now, however, so gracious) for acting like "*mi comadre la Gargantona*," and had merely offered us some, and straight ate it all up herself. "*Mi comadre la Gargantona convidome a su olla, y co miesela toda.*"

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(My friend, greedy Gossip, she asked me to sup,
And without more ado ate the viands all up!)

The poor living dominoes were getting very tired of their box. We were, in fact, fast becoming misanthropical and cynical; and no wonder! In short, we were seriously suffering from low spirits and sharp cramps in the limbs. But the weather was so beautiful, and we travelled on so expeditiously and so cheerily now, that we summoned Patience to our aid, and let the wheel of Fortune and the Granada diligence turn as they might.

Fast asleep is our quondam plague, and almost every second minute down comes her head, plump, popping out of its encircling handkerchief, like an old ripe walnut tumbling from the tree, into the lap of the person sitting opposite to her; which was not me, as I had changed places after breakfast with the poor "*loca*," as the enraged *abuela* had called her. This innocent sufferer, the greatly-poked and pushed of the preceding night, had now nothing to do but to keep lifting up that head which was incessantly butting against her knees. I really thought the poor old woman would hurt her head much, she bumped it with such force against the knees of the opposite passenger. When the latter once more "gives her her head" (as they say of a horse under different circumstances), she just, perhaps, opens her eyes, glances for a moment, rather sulkily and angrily—indeed, with quite a grumpy look—at the donor, as if she would say the present was worth nothing (and probably it was not worth very much), and soon she closed her eyes once more; and then, after a moment or two, she began rebutting again, and again she had her head carefully returned to her. There! there

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is a double-barrelled whack-thwack! bump-thump! —it resounded again through the coach. Is it really of any use giving back her battered cranium, banged against that hard book, too? Yes, for it's all right. No soft skull is that; it seems made of cast-iron. Continually was this exercise repeated; indeed pretty nearly till we got to Loja, to the great fatigue, and perhaps slight damage, of the buttee. But the owner of this rebounding and resounding head, — how is it she survives such thwackings and crackings? Well, she was not killed certainly, for she still continued shooting her poor noddle at her neighbour, till the stoppage of the carriage checked their wild bobbings, and bowings, and dippings,—far beyond noddings. She must have dreamt, surely, that her head had been a few scores of times cut off, and put on again by a very obliging executioner.

When we stopped at Loja, she plunged, butting at everybody in her way, I fancy, for her poor head seemed to have got quite loose on her shoulders—and vanished.

At Loja the diligence "dined," and stopped some time. Before we started again I was pestered by a whole tribe of little beggar-boys, but as much diverted as persecuted nearly, for they almost did and said exactly as the Irishman in France did, in one of Samuel Lover's most admirable stories. I forget the name of the tale, but in it the Irishman goes to borrow a gridiron of a Frenchman, and first asks him duly if he can talk French in French. "Parley vous Frangsay?" "*Mais, oui, monsieur, sans doute.*" "Thin jist ye lind me the loan of a gridiron, will ye, my jewel?" cries Pat, particularly pat, as he thinks. The little Loja boys followed

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this illustrious example very closely indeed, though, probably, quite unconsciously, merely very slightly varying the phraseology. The principle on which they conducted the conversation was precisely the same—"*Vous parlez Français?*" partly interrogatively and partly conclusively: they would have taken no assurance to the contrary, it was quite evident. "*Oui! Eh, bien! Señorica, un ochavito, un ochavito. Soy un pobrecito. Qu'est-ce que vous dites là, mon petit?*" I determined not to aid them by a word of Spanish. A serious, half-puzzled look, and then a return to what they apparently considered a sort of charm and talisman. "*Vous parlez Frangscay?*" (very clear and loud indeed.) "*Mais, oui!*" "*Ay, Señorica, un ochavito. Ah! soy pobrecito. Ay! mucho hambre.*" When, at last, their persevering importunities became very troublesome, I tried to make them go away. (As to giving them anything, that would have brought all the ragged juvenility of Loja about us. Besides, they were not objects of compassion at all—as merry and mirthful as you please.) But I vainly sought to get rid of them, by saying, "*Fuera, chiquitos, fuera!*" (Out of the way; get along, little fellows!) or something of the kind. They seemed enchanted at a word of Spanish, and climbed on the wheels, poking their little mop-like heads and bodies, lithe as young lizards, into the window, with the greatest glee, repeating over and over again, "*Vous parlez Français, y tambien Español. Ah! un ochavito! Soy pobrecito!*" in chorus; and I'm not sure they did not mimic my expressions, "*Fuera, chiquitos! Fuera, chiquitos! Ho! ho!*" Such a noise! and such a cluster of little shock-heads, and open, jabbering mouths, were

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thrust into the big coach-window, to the indignation of the *zagal*, who came and scolded them. I believe one of the most accomplished among them actually had got as far as "*Donnez moi dinero.*" As for me, I saw my fatal mistake, and hastened to rectify it, by talking English very fast, with much emphasis and expression, to them. This had a good effect. As I spoke with much fervour, they thought, possibly, I was swearing at them; and I took care to let drive tolerably harsh-sounding English words at them,—such as, "Get along, little rogues and ragamuffins! Be off, sorry rascalions!" *Ore rotundo*, it is always a capital plan: from the lazzaroni at Naples to the *leperos* at Mexico, have I not found it answer? and I was amused to see them soon gather into a little knot, to hold a council; and first off went one, and then off went another; and the *mayoral's* appearance, and their foe, the *zagal's* continuous thunder of reproaches at them, at length dispersed them entirely. "*Chispas!* off with ye all! rascals! imps! *Vida de escapetas de caña!* Begone!" So away flutters the last rag, and out comes our new team of mules.

Not long after we had started, one of the party had asked the *Caballero*, who was talking to the *mayoral* about the mules, whether we went all the way to Granada with eight mules. "Oh, no!" he answered, "we change a good many times; it is a long distance." He actually thought the speaker expected to go all the way with the same mules!

The operation of harnessing so many mules to a coach and starting them is no very rapid one often, and sometimes not a very easy business either. Occasionally a fierce and obstinate *macho* comes forth, pirouetting about, and at times in the

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novel character of a manoped. You may well wonder what kind of a creature is going to be harnessed to your vehicle. A number of legs are seen careering in the air, and a goodly number of arms are seen reared up likewise. The legs are the *macho's* (who retains them, perhaps, on the earth), the arms, of a mob of *mozos*, who are seeking to subdue the fiery animal. He, to their many shouts, and oaths, and commands, and remonstrances, and threats, returns, probably, an indignant denial in a savage "*Im;*" and a Portuguese proverb tells us that from a woman who knows Latin, and from a mule which cries "*Im*," we should beg to be preserved: from these, says the proverb, "*Libera nos Domini.*" When such little unpleasantnesses take place between the brutes and bipeds, great is the noise, strife, stir, and waste of words, on the part of the human beings. Let us give a very brief, imperfect sketch of the conversation.

Mayoral.—Perro, so-o-o-o-o-o-o, sh . . . . . Por vida del demonio!

Zagal.—Arré! arré! cayete! la vara! la vara!

First Mozo.—Macho! macho! macho! macho-o-o-o-o-o-o!

Second Mozo.—Andad!

Macho.—IM!

Perhaps a passing *burro*, plodding patiently by, excited by the row, joins in.

Donkey.—Hee-haw! As who should say, "What a row!"

However, it is not often, I think, that the Spanish mules are really vicious.

What crowds of olive-trees in all directions! And now the road is beautiful—really quite excellent—smooth as a billiard-table, compared with

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what it was; and we go spinning away at a rattling pace, the *cascabelada* of the mules sounding merrily. · Olives, olives, olives; one gets very tired of the sight of these trees in Spain. At first they do pretty well, when they are a novelty, but afterwards you find that they are monotonous and tiresome, and, in Spain, look much like great green sponges stuck upon sticks.

One may almost say of the tree as the *refran* says of its fruit,—"*Aceituna, una es oro, dos plata, Y la tercera mata.*" (Olives, one is gold, two are silver, and the third kills you.) Rhyming this, we may say,—

> Olives,—one's gold, the proverb saith,
> The second silver, and the third—death!)

The associations, too, are not pleasant with this oleaginous tree. As you see olive, olive, olive-trees in the open air, so in the houses you find oil, oil, oil; and I think the fruit nauseous into the bargain.

And now we go dashing and jingling past *Soto de Roma*, which the Señor Administrador points out to us as the place of the "Gran Duque de Vellington." He declares it is of enormous value. It ought to be so, no doubt.

Away we rush and rattle, trampling, trundling, and tintinnabulating along, through the charming *vega* of Granada. And now here is Granada itself! Away tramp, tramp, tramp, the tinnumbulatory, long-eared train, right glad to be so near the end of their stage, I wot; and we are not sorry to be at the end of our journey.

"Why, this is never one of our things! 'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!' it is that old *duenna's* cloak, or more horrible bag, or

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something of the sort. How all the saints in Spain will be called on, and rated, too, to-night, I surmise! The *Caballero* seizes, with a laugh, his countrywoman's unintentional legacy,—to return the valuable article, I suppose, when next the *coche* goes to Loja."

The Administrador was as civil as possible, and we got all our luggage at once from the diligence, after a very trifling detention, and go straight to the Minerva Hotel, where an old Frenchman, as "*commissionaire*," patronised us exceedingly, and talked the most Spanish-French and French-Spanish alternately, to our unspeakable perplexity. I believe he is M. Louis, a well-known French deserter. Our accommodation was not good: but we discovered we had a delightful balcony, to which we repaired when we could from the less pleasant rooms. However, we could not bivouac in that, though we did not like our quarters. As it was evening, and too late to move for that night, we remained in the Goddess of Wisdom's Hotel till morning, and then migrated to the Leon de Oro, in the Plaza de Baillen, and there we were very comfortable and contented. We are overjoyed to be at last in Granada,—Granada, beloved ere seen, and, when seen, beloved the more.

This hotel is musically "situate," and just opposite the Opera-house. The Plaza de Bailen is cheerful, the people of the house very civil, and the rooms suited us extremely well. Granada is a more lively-looking, populous place than I anticipated.

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CHAPTER XXV.

No sooner had we taken apartments in the Leon de Oro than we started off to go and visit the Alhambra. It was a lovely morning, and the road to the grand Moorish palace-fortress, between umbrageous trees, is lovely also. As we walked up the hill with our guide, Eugenio Bensaken (a remarkably good one), a gentleman, who was walking up the hill at the same time towards the Alhambra, and who knew our *cicerone*, began talking to him in a vast variety of tongues. Evidently, he was quite a polyglot personage, and a little *soupçon* of a puppy, and a pedant.

"Ah! Eugenio Capo di Bacco! warm going up dese hill. *Mais, quel beau tems! Superbe! charmant!* Ah! you go to Alhambra? Many stranger comes. I hear dat some English shall be come. Ah! you heard all 'bout dat horse, eh?—bad dat. *Ach! sohr sohlect;—Ich glaube.*"

"Yes, sir, I was ver sorry," said Eugenio, after hesitating a little, to think to which tongue to respond, and then choosing English, probably in civility to us, and looking much enraged at his conceited countryman! "'tis quite bad."

"*Ja wohl! Hombre nada hay de mas cierto pero. Le mettre en colère pour cela.* Dat should

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be von absurd ting. *Sin embazzo!* Well, I say noting! *E meglio solrucciolar co piedi che colla lingua.*" (Better slip with the foot than the tongue, —or the tongues, perhaps.) "When I meet him he looked shamed. *Heu! quam difficile est crimen, non prodere vullu!* (you knows de Latin word); but dat-a man—he's fool! *il à la mer à boire!* I sall not keep de horse. What sall he can do? He has pretty hard task got. As for me, he sall tell de *mensonges* about me. *Estoy cierto soit tausend teufel. Il y a des reproches qui louent, et des louanges qui médisant.*"

"*Ciertamente, Caballero!*" and we fairly outwalked our friend, as well as I can remember, who talked so fast that he naturally became slightly blown.

And now we turn abruptly round to the chief entrance of the Alhambra, La Torre de Justicia (the Gate of Judgment). The Moors called it Bábu-sh-shari'-ah (Gate of the Law.) Yusuf the First, Abu-l-hajaj, built it.

Above the inner doorway is an inscription, recording the founder's name and its elevation. An open hand is beheld placed conspicuously above the outer arch, of horse-shoe form; and this is considered by some as intended to be a representation of Oriental hospitality and liberality. By others, it is looked on as the type of the five great commandments of the Islam creed. Others, again, surmise that it is a charm against the much-feared Evil Eye, so greatly dreaded by the children of the East, and Moriscoes, Neapolitans, and many Spaniards. Some refer this opened hand to the Israelitish *Jadh* (the Almighty hand), a favourite emblem

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of Omnipotence and Universal Superintendence,—the old saying.

After looking at this we stepped to see the sculptured key above the arch within. The key, it appears, was a token or a symbol, signifying knowledge among the Súfis. The *Almohades* are said to have borne this badge and symbol on their war-standard.

Of course the old tale was repeated to us, that the Orientals boasted of yore that the hated Christian should never see that gate opened to him till the motionless hand took up the mimic key. You enter the place through a double gate. No gorgeous Mameluke, in armed and proud array, is there now no Arab-chief, no stately Moor, stalking along with kingly dignity, and majestic countenance and step. A few sorry-looking, sallow individuals, are sauntering about, who look as if they required urgently the services of a blue pill and such correctives, and seem to have no possible business here. We believe in nothing and nobody but the Moor from the moment we pass under that magic hand; it has grasped us tight, open as it is, and we feel as if those five mystic fingers were pressing on our very hearts. We believe in the Moor here and now, and nothing and nobody else. In other times and places, snow-gatherers, charcoal-burners, and picturesque Spanish loiterers and loungers, might be interesting; in this locality, their very existence seems a flippant impertinence, calling for the most abject apology.

And now you pass on near an insignificant altar-screen, of smallest pretensions, but old as the conquest, and recording it. There is a separate

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jurisdiction in the Alhambra, dividing it from Granada, but the difference, perhaps, now is more nominal than real. However this may be, still the Alhambra has its own governor.

What traveller will not stop to see a Madonna and Infant painted by no less distinguished an artist than St. Luke?—not exactly, however, distinguished *as* an artist. Our guide did not require us to believe this, and perhaps considered St. Luke's reputation would not be in any way heightened by being supposed the author of this work of art, and that in painting he was rather more of a sinner than a saint, if he perpetrated this presumptuous piece of work: so we passed on.

Now the visitor proceeds along a narrow, enclosed path, between two walls, leading to the place called Plaza de los Algibes, beneath which are the Moorish cisterns, 'plenished by the silvery Darro. It is this Plaza that divides the palatial edifice itself from the Alcazaba. Formerly ingress was gained by the Torre del Homenage, which is reared at the termination of a five's court (*pelota*), the wall of which is a considerable eyesore and deformity in this Plaza. There is an altar of the Romans from Illiberis, which the Moors built into this Torre del Homenage. The French devised and fashioned the present entrance.

Galley-slaves are now confined in the Alcazaba. Instead of such unpleasing people, would they could have a few tame Moors to wander about in their flowing garments with streaming beards, to dress up the place characteristically!

We will hardly pause a moment to look at Charles the Fifth's unfinished huge shell of a palace. This imperial stone eagle never quite

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chipped its *cascaron ;* and there it remains, dreary and forlorn, in all its glory of creamy pudding-stone, and many monotonous basso-relievos. The interior has a huge circular *patio,* Doric and Ionic, disfiguring and disproportionate, which, however, might have made a good *circo* for bull-fights.

And now we enter the Palace of Enchantment itself, stealing quietly along, as if afraid to put our long-cherished dream to flight, or to disturb the fairy sleepers, who, alas! will never be awakened again, to light up this magic spot with their congenial presence.

Let us forget the mendicants, the criminals, the invalids, and all except the Past, the long-forgotten! the Western Kaliphs, the sons of Islam, who have here ruled, revelled, gloried, triumphed, fell, expired!

You enter by a corner, as if you were creeping into this glory of the Past surreptitiously and by stealth. Charles the Fifth demolished the former grand façade, that opened to the south. Of course it has never been restored, and the actual entrance, of Spanish origin, is a very poor substitute for it.

It is well known that the outside was made rather rugged and severe: this seems to have been done as if purposely to enhance the effect, and the delight experienced by the visitors when they were first introduced to this paradisiacal spot.

The first *patio* has divers names, each with peculiar significations; the true one being *Berkah,* the Blessing (*Beerkeh,* a very similar word in Arabic, it appears, signifies a tank—*unde Alberca* —one of the names which I will presently mention). The aliases are *de la Barca* (of the Bark), and *de la Alberca* (of the Fish-pond). In times of yore

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myrtles flourished here, whence sprang another alias—*de los Arrayanes* (*Arrayhán*, Arabicè, myrtle). This noble *patio* is extensive—about one hundred and fifty feet in length and eighty in breadth.

A graceful double corridor is found to the right, the upper portion of which is the sole specimen of the sort in the entire building.

The grand entrance of the original building of this fairy land was here, but Charles the Fifth, as I before observed, destroyed this and the whole of the winter quarter, to make room for his modern palace, which the avenging deities of the Moors seemed determined to nip in its very huge bud. The *estanque* (tank) in the centre was once environed by a Moorish balustrade, but that was *taken to pieces* and sold. The marble pavement, torn away, is much defaced.

The chambers to the right of this court were once superb, but have had their lustrous glories utterly tarnished and ruined. As you proceed in the direction of the tower of Comares there is a charming ante-chamber, or gallery. Delicate, indeed, seem the pillars on which rests the superincumbent weight; but there are pierced ornaments that lighten the spandrils, and admit refreshing breezes at the same time to play through them. Near the right end of this ante-gallery stand *azulejo* pillars of much beauty, and fragments of the rich colours which adorned originally the stucco Tarkish. Here also are beautiful honeycomb, stalactite-like pendents; and there is a waggon-headed dome, crowded with fantastical patterns, whereon the richest harmonies of phantasy are lavished.

The Court of Lions is the only part of the

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Alhambra that, I think, is somewhat flattered in descriptions and delineations; yet it only a little disappointed me, for I expected to be a little disappointed there. Beautiful it is, certainly — wonderful it is; but it is of rather insignificant size (as I had heard before I looked upon it), and this, to a certain extent, is injurious to its general effect; for there is an indefinable something about it that makes you feel, it appears to me, it ought to be of the majestic and grand order. Then, from its small size, you are brought into too close proximity with the caricatures of lions, themselves very homely and diminutive. These little ugly lap-dogs of lions are made to look more absurd from having pipes stuck into their mouths,—not tobacco-pipes, gentle reader, but water-pipes. Their legs are stumpy, their visages barbacued;—utterly unlovely as unleonine are they.

The Twelve Lions support an alabaster basin. The fountain here is, I believe, the only one that has been restored, and, I understand, it is sometimes made to play. Formerly there were pearly, bubbling fountains, dashing and sparkling in every direction, as if they were the staunchless tears of the poor excited Moor, ever-flowing, ever-springing. His *ultimi suspiri* might be hushed, it seemed, as his *ultimes lagrimas* still partly streamed. Sebastiani dried up these gushing tears, — the only ones he ever did wipe away, I should be much inclined to believe.

How unutterably, almost inconceivably, beautiful are the *Sala de los Ambajadores* (Hall of Ambassadors), and the exquisite *Sala de los Abencerrages* (Hall of the Abencerrages)! These, I confess, are my two especial favourites; but I must add a

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third, though that is yet more to be admired for the delicious views it affords than for its own beauty and perfection—the *Tocador de la Reina*. Queen Mab and all her subjects surely adorned this Hall of the Abencerrages, and still go on adorning it. It seems to change before your eyes; there is such an abounding prodigality and superfluity of beauty, that it hardly ever seems quite the same! Beauty on beauty! and still there is enough, it seems, to furnish forth a fresh younger creation!

The honeycomb stalactite roof is so delicately beautiful, so intricate, so bright, so exquisite, that it seems, indeed, a little artificial heaven, hung over your head! How many portions of these enchanting creations of the Moors appear to you like lovely stars, flourished over with flowers as lovely, and rays of the sun, blent with fragments of rainbows and the most beauteous, burning heart-veins of dazzling jewels from earth's hidden centre!

The fairies' own little delicate wings seem lightly fastened on these glittering surfaces, as naturalists transfix the most gorgeous butterflies to some dazzling, brightened page. Surely nought but the ethereal glow, the transparent, living lustre of the wings of haunting fays, trembling with dreamy purple, and azure, and gold, can have lent that sheeny sparkle, that quivering, mystic glow? There seems a very mist—a rich and lustrous mist—of radiance and beauty everywhere.

Let us walk awhile in that transcendant saloon. Will roses, and tulips, and rubies, and emeralds, and lapis lazuli, and sapphire, or even summer clouds and the laughing iris of the skies, seem fair after these astonishing hues, that shine forth still, after the lapse of so many, many years, the quint-

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essence of splendour in colour? Hidden from the sun here, and from the outward air, and with not much light to glance upon them, they retain their resplendence, and seem to burn and blaze in their secret nooks and niches, and amidst the fantastical traceries there, like the very spirits of hues, the flaming souls of little unborn or translated stars! I do not know that anywhere else, except, perhaps, among the dazzling floral glories of some parts of South America, I ever so thoroughly realised how triumphant a thing colour could be! But there seems no end to the wonders of this enthralling spot; wherever you turn you may detect some fresh object for admiration.

Where the brilliance is not so transcendant and dazzling, it is still bewilderingly beautiful. Here you have the shifting hues of the dove's neck in changeful light, the rich glories of the peacock, the glossy splendours of the bird of paradise, or of those living diamonds and rubies, the hundred-beaming humming birds. Sometimes you see the wondrous, varied lustres of the serpent's glittering scales, or the surpassing hues of some tropical fish. Rich, soft reflexions, seem quivering and shimmering in the very air, till you might imagine it was composed of, or strewn with, star-atoms and rainbow-dust!

The exquisite honeycomb roof of the Hall of the Abencerrages is one of the most admirable things here; there seems a charming blending of Nature and Art in its delicately-conceived decorations. There is something that entirely puts an end to all idea of dull formality and mere human handiwork—the laboured efforts of man—in the elaborate crystallisation of the beauteous shapes

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suspended over your head. Nature seems to have been so won over and bewitched by the feats of her sister, Art, that she rushed in, and, bringing her lap full of new treasures, and, ere this unrecked-of gifts, began herself helping and adding imperishable finish to the works so skilfully commenced. And she brings hints and harmonies from rich pearly grots and forest-bowers of coral, and bears hither the aërial, fervid gilding of sunset clouds.

Look at that sumptuous wilderness of geometrical blossoms, those flushed and flashing radiations, those intricate traceries, that seem to tangle our very thoughts into a glowing labyrinth—a labyrinth of life and light, pierced by their ever-kindling hues, till the very air around you seems also arabesqued, and gilded, and rainbowed, and quickened, with a sparkling, tremulous refulgence!

Walk wherever you will here, you may find yourself under brave roofs, sunned and starred like the arches of a miniature universe, ribbed with light, zodiacked with burning, floating gold, intersected with day-beams! On all sides of you blush and glow the treasure-encrusted walls, enriched as with the royal splendours of shivered regalias! And among the fairy alcoves and emblazoned colonnades, what endless fret-work, as of glancing, tremulous flames, or of dashing, fantastically-scattering spray! How the solemn, Oriental benedictions and supplications are showered here in such fairest profusion, that you might deem the artificers and builders *thought* in prayer, as they laboured and wrought, and almost unconsciously produced them, still filling the space rich with something more than splendour, yet speaking and sparkling through many-coloured lightnings and triumphs of radiancy.

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There are forests of blossoms twisting themselves in lovely patternings, and into splendid mockeries of jewelled missals, whose many-dyed, richly-illuminated leaves seem shining and beaming through their gemmed and treasure-emblazoned covers.

Under the gilded trellisings you wander haunted by faint resemblances of all their mystical effulgences! On all sides appear contrasted, contradictory, yet harmonious and strangely-commingling, transcendencies of beauty. Here seem flaming frostwork! the delicacy of the hoar-frost's subtlest vagaries, with the sudden, keen lustres of sparkling fire; there, starry rainbows, twinkling with the very variety and comminglement of their own dazzling colours, as if they shuddered as they shone!—there, petrifactions, that seem so light, and subtle, and transparent, in their gilded attenuation, that they appear like mystic petrifactions of silvery and golden air! And all is scintillating, and glowing, and glittering, and glancing, as if the souls of coming suns and new creations were trembling here imprisoned in a sumptuous tomb of Beauty!

And amidst all this glory and refulgence, and blaze, and triumph-flush of Indian skill, and glow of hundred-tinted birds, and luxurious magnificence, you think of Nature's work in the heart-leaves of precious flowers, in the blushing, festooning wreaths of twining coral, and of a thousand beauties, and almost miracles of Nature and Art! Surely the descendants of the Ommiades must have impregnated their thoughtful ideas with rich memories of all species of lovely witcheries and sublimities of Nature, and all that Poesy ever dreamed or caught shadowy or flashing glimpses of, in moments of

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soaring inspiration, till every thought was steeped in excess of richest and rarest loveliness. This wondrous Alhambra seems a chrysalis of new creation, yet 't is glittering as the butterfly birth itself.

And still, as we rove amid these arcades and alcoves, with their light, perforated trellises, and pillars all emblazoned, and garnished, and swathed in purple, and gold, and vermilion, as if everything were imperial and royal that the older Sultans of Granada were to look on or to pass by, do we not seem to feel a slight touch of their phantasy and their inspiration, as though we, too, could haply build Alhambras? But, alas! *à l'Espagnole*, ours remain only Alhambras of the air! And yet, sometimes, from the dainty lightness and ethereal delicacy of the whole, we are disposed to believe that the matchless, all-bewitching building itself is of woven air, and petrified dew, and kneaded moonbeams, wrought over with the far-floating, flaming cloth-of-gold rays of the rising or setting sun—empyreal and imperishable. Look but at these hanging, glittering broideries, these tender prayings and flourished enrichments!

How charming it is, too, in these fair spots, where luxuriant, real blossoms of pomegranate and rose display their floral pomp! They, too, seem to lend a new signification to the soul-refining beauty of the whole of this Dreamland, and these starry dews, and perfumes, and blushes, seem to take up the mystical tale of the flowery and richly-charactered Arabic prayers; while the whole seems mixed in one gorgeous chaos of lights, and hues, and odours, and delights; and we can hardly help thinking the Moors must have planted their trailing

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blossoms, these lovely silken broideries of Nature, tangled and wandering into fretworked niches and alabaster fragments, and that everything bears the imprint of their magical hand.

Not for mere show and vanity, or pomp and lavish luxury, did the Orientals cover over the walls with interlaced inscriptions, and the flourished and picturesque characters of Cufa and Arabia, breathing in silence, and ruin, and decay, still touchingly breathing—"Blessing! Blessing!" till all their prismatic light, and the diamond-shaming hues, appear reflecting yet another Light—a hallowed ray from deep, bright Eternity, flooded with living lustres, and hidden in its own boundlessness of glory! Buds, blossoms, leaves, all seem to repeat these inscriptions, and still seem these silent voices everywhere floating around this precious handicraft of man, like the soul of all this beauty, the high interpretation of all this elaborated decoration, and architectural poetry, and eloquence. We almost instinctively hear, too, the "Blessing! Blessing!" from the burning stars above, in the sheeny air, where the tints of many objects seem fused into one sea of gold; while the sky above, at early morn, or richly-kindling sunset, seems blowing and opening, leaf by leaf, into one great, glorious, golden, rose itself. "Blessing! Blessing!" there is no Conqueror but the Almighty! and the scrolls, fragile and flowery, or the more lasting ones, that repeat this awful, everlasting truth of truths, are hung in the firmaments,—yes, even as in the flowers, as on the dews, the clouds, the insects' shimmering wings, and the very motes that dance in the sunbeams.

From the *Tocador de la Reina* we long enjoyed

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the enchanting prospect. This supposed dressing-room of the Moorish Sultana (which Ford, however, says was, instead, a *miradore*, or a Saracenic oratory) was provokingly un-Saracenized by Charles the Fifth, in whom we do not believe in the Alhambra, having entirely transferred our allegiance, past and present, to Abderr-r-Rahman the Magnificent, or even to Boabdil the Unfortunate. We think of the Emperor Charles as a gouty and elderly Flemish gentleman, of very bad taste, in list shoes, and who probably wore a flannel waistcoat.

There are perforations in the marble slab at one of the corners of this aërial chamber, through which sweet odours are supposed to have been wafted into the place while the Sultana was fastening on her jewelled aigrettes and diamond zones. A very Oriental piece of luxury that, if not the fact; and certainly *vraisemblable*, if not the *vrai!*

We intended to come again and oft to this Palace of the Kaliphs of old, and therefore took leave of its fascinating scenes for the present without the poignant regret we should otherwise have felt. Of course we visited the *Patio de Lindaraja* (the name of a lovely Saracenic princess—some of the Spaniards tell you she was a fair enslaved Christian), and the *Sala de Justicia*, with its representations of Oriental kings, and the contiguous saloons, where on the ceilings are traced extraordinary delineations of Moors, Christians, fragments of battlemented castles, with fair dames looking from them,—the boar-chase, warriors, a chained lion, and other subjects (it is thought they were the production of some Christian apostate, and are painted on skins of beasts, joined and fastened to the dome by nails), and the *Sala de las dos Her-*

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manas (Hall of the Two Sisters), and the various other interesting localities. We walked to the Generalife, while for a time, like people who have been looking at the sun itself, and still see an immense image of him in whatever they behold, the fancy was still freshly haunted by the glorious objects we had been studying—by the lavishly-adorned, engrailed arches of the entrance to the Hall of the Two Sisters; the precious stalactite pendants of that devoted to the memory of the chivalrous Abencerrages; and the thrice-gorgeous arch opening into the central hall at the east end of the Court of Lions, with its superb inscriptions, spandrils, and archivolt, and luxury of decoration, so delicate and highly-fantastical, so minute and rich, that it almost seems lace, fine as the transparent gauze of a dragon-fly's wing, or like gossamer melting into a morning mist, till you "might drink it," as the Spaniards say—liquid lace, a trembling, glistering dew of beauty!

How marvellous it is that such an exquisite mass of this ornament still survives! looking frail and evanishing as the softest bloom on fruit—the lightest down on the most dainty flower! Yet it has survived ages on ages of time, neglect, and, worse, hours of repair, restoration, and white-washings, rubbings, and robbings, and storm, and some say earthquake, revolutions, convulsions, and the French! After this, one is tempted to think there is nothing like filagree! Adamant may fail, granite may be shattered, rocks scattered, lead melt, iron may rust, stone crumble away, steel snap, bronze break,—gossamer seems to be time-proof and war-proof. Had we not better try it for our much-talked-of defences? Perhaps the Chinese

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are not so far wrong, after all, when they erect paper bulwarks and calico fortifications.

A wild ravine divides the Alhambra from the Generalife. Here we must not expect a repetition of the costly treasure of scroll-work and arabesque, but there is much that is interesting, and the prospects are glorious.

We duly visited the old cypress-trees, where the legend says the fair and false Zoraya met her Beloved, the Abencerrage. But I believe you ought not to attempt to see the Alhambra and the Generalife on the same day; your mind is too much absorbed in the former; and I almost think, if you were shown the spot afterwards where Columbus had first conceived the New World, or Dante opened the eye of his mighty mind on three great worlds,—Earth, and the Celestial and Infernal Realms (for he did not forget or overlook the former), you would gaze with rather listless glance.

But yet we resolved to have a look at the Generalife. A stream, an offspring of the silvery Darro, dashes through the court here, beneath umbrageous leafy arches, and in its turn becomes parent of a host of minor streamlets, grandchildren of that same silvery-bearded river-god of romantic Darro, which confer endless freshness and fertility on the plants and flowers in this spot, once the beloved garden of the Moor (the Generalife, or Jennatu-l-'arif—the Garden of the Architect, from a kind of colonnaded belvedere in the gardens; and this has a splendid view, indeed, as have all the heights and commanding spots hereabouts).

From hence you overlook the Alhambra, and its grim and somewhat gloomy mass—outwardly. The shell of the pearl of price is wont to be rough;

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rose-touched in hue, however, it is as if the flushing glories within were half escaping through their sombre and mighty shroud.

Some arches and arabesques there are here, but you have so many lovelier ones before the eyes of your mind and memory that you have become exceedingly fastidious; and if legions of fairies, and armies of sprites and elves, have not apparently worked their little souls out on every engrailed arch and visionary arabesque, we turn away utterly indifferent, to say the least. We grow severe on Tarkish, and most dainty epicures of mosaic-work. We require absolute perfection in diapery, and are hypercritical in honeycomb, and exigeant in *azulejo*.

At the Generalife the so-called problematical portraits (very unproblematically unsatisfactory) of certain distinguished personages of yore were shown to us. The one of El Reychico, as far as I remember, was fair and blue-eyed. The costume is yellow, and it has some trimmings of black fur about it. There are also pictures of Ferdinand and Isabella.

You are shown here a genealogical tree of the Grimaldi. The founder was a Moor, who became Christian, as well as his son, Alonzo. This villa of the mountains and fountains, surrounded by vines and cypresses, and with dim legends, like pale clouds floating about it, belongs now, with all its fancies and its figs, its mysteries and *melecotones*, its airy visions and fairy views, and apocalyptic representations and more assured reminiscences, to the enviable Marques de Campotejar, of the family of the Moorish convert before spoken of, who, at least, should resume the Moorish dress, and be so good as act one of the desirable tame

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Moors we long so to see here, for the especial benefit of tourists and romancers.

But in speaking of the Marques de Campotejar, did I say or hint aught of the fruit and phantasies, the vines and the visions, being all his? Of course he has never seen or been near the place in his whole life (*cosa de España*), nor ever will. This surprises us, for in our country a man dearly prizes an old shed, even if 'tis his home, and clings to it (*cosa de Inglaterra*). From what I hear and observe, it seems here, if you give a man a lovely place, you drive him into helpless exile at once and for ever. The Marques lives at Genoa, and I have an idea that I once visited his palace at Genoa, in order to see some works of art. Certainly a man is well off for the beautiful and splendid who resides in *Genova la Superba;* but, when the Generalife belongs to you, overhanging the marvellous Alhambra, and looking on the lovely *vega* and encircling mountains, you need not go wandering abroad to find a spot wherein to rest your head and refresh your eyes,—no, not even to *Genova la Superba*, or glorious Italy.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

THE names of two famed rivers of Granada, the Darro and the Xenil, sound like poems and romances in themselves. Granada herself stands at the confluence of these two streams. They are supposed to be very jealous of each other, striving early, and late, and eager to ingratiate themselves in their smiling, charming Queen's good graces,—in fact, to win the love of this sweet Sultana. There is another insignificant stream, named the Duero; but this river is an absentee, like the Conde de Campotejar, and many others, and might be a pendant to the waterless Manzanares. The name has got a bridge to span it. Perhaps, after torrents of rain, the channel may just become that dreaded thing—a damp bed.

Very white is Granada, almost emulating the snowy summits of Veleta, amidst the snows of whose dazzling heights, however, lie some patches of bright verdure. Lower down are gardens and vines festooning from *treillages*.

In the environs of Granada the Xenil's sweet banks are shaded by trees, and various paths serpentine about among them.

Rushing forth from straightened glen, shaggy with reed, himself darting swift as an arrow, like a

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young warrior with silver-shining shield, from the narrow outlet of his strong castle, comes proudly the rapidly-dashing Darro. It rises from the Hill of Myrtles, near Huetor, runs in a southerly direction, and, cutting the town in two parts, unites itself to its rival, the Xenil.

The junction of the rivers takes place at the south-west of the hill. The city is built on two of its sides. Towering over all rise the stern and massive-looking reddened walls of the world-famous Alhambra.

The Cathedral here, though not very admirable in itself, contains some exceedingly interesting things; to wit, the monument of Ferdinand and Isabella, some charming pictures, and the very curious old carving representing the surrender of the Alhambra, in which Queen Isabella is seen on horseback, between her husband and the great Cardinal Mendoza. Boabdil, on foot, presents the keys. Courtiers and halberdiers are grouped behind, and forth issuing from the gates come the unfortunate infidels in couples. Another set of carvings represents the conversion of the unbelievers—a sort of cannon-ball conversion. And here, yet more than in the too-chubby-cheeked Ferdinand, and the rather respectable, fat, housekeeper-like Isabella, were we interested. Such perfect facsimiles of our Tetuan friends! such facsimiles of their white haicks, leg-bandages, slippers, and all! It would be difficult to imagine anything more startlingly accurate.

The beautifully decorated sepulchres of Ferdinand and Isabella are indeed worthy of all commendation. The tombs are of pure alabaster. They were executed by a sculptor called Peralta,

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at Genoa, we are told, and on these are laid the marble forms of the king and queen, and their daughter, Juana (who, I believe, was mother of two emperors and of four queens), and her husband, Philip the Handsome.

We were greatly charmed with the touching statue of Isabella—nothing of the fat housekeeper; the face is beautifully delicate, and the expression exquisite—so calm, that the reflexion of the noble Isabella's pure and good life seems to throw a hallowed shadow over it. You feel as though the very marble reposed there in a mild consciousness of rest, touched with peace and instinct with hope. A faint, soft smile seems breaking through its rigid bonds, like the first grey dawn of a lovely morn trembling along the horizon, looking something between the flickering ghost of the past day and the new-born infant Aurora.

The details of the *urnas* are very beautifully finished; the ornaments are cinque-cento. We were absorbed in the statues themselves; but our guide (a quiet, judicious, and well-conditioned one), begged me to observe some of the sculptured cherubs grouped about the sepulchres; and exquisitely executed, indeed, they are,—worthy of the beautiful monument itself; and that is almost worthy of the peerless queen whose pale, tranquil image lies extended upon it.

To Isabella we indirectly owe the glorious world of America. Who but she encouraged Columbus in his mighty and marvellous enterprise? The great Captain, too, and Ximenes, flourished under the fostering warmth of her enlightened and beneficent protection; and she was as virtuous a woman, too, as she was great and celebrated as

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a sovereign. All her "deeds were queens'," and all her true and lofty aspirations little less than angels'; and we may at once love, admire, reverence, and honour her.

We descended into the vault of the Royal Chapel; there we saw the coffins of the renowned and royal dead. They are strengthened with iron, rough and rude. Their names, so emblazoned on the immortal pages of history, and engraved on the heart of their country, need nothing to adorn them here. These names are the sublime ornaments themselves; they are the illumination and pomp! The coffins of Ferdinand and Isabella are not the only ones in this vault, but they naturally almost entirely rivet and engross the attention. They are undoubtedly genuine, and happily had no treasure of gold and silver about them to attract the shameless cupidity of sacrilegious spoilers, when foreign foes planted their steps here.* One little touching coffin, that reposes by the most interesting ones, I will mention. It is that of a Princely Infante, killed by an accident in his early childhood. The square where the catastrophe occurred is still called that "of the Prince." The contrast is somewhat affecting. There, beside these mighty ones, rests the little royal unknown, born and suckled in purple, so soon to change to dust!

As may readily be supposed, there are some interesting reliques here of the Conquerors,—Isabella's own missal, a chasuble embroidered by her,

* "They have never been rifled by Gaul or Ghoul. . . . . The ashes of the royal Conquerors here have never been insulted, nor have the dead been unplumbed to furnish missiles of death against the living."—*Handbook.*

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the royal standards that waved at the time of the conquest, and the sword of Ferdinand. There is a crown of silver gilt, two pixes (a golden one and another), and a very beautifully enamelled viril. These treasures are shown in the *sacristia* of the Chapel.

The *Capilla de los Reyes* is, without doubt, the glory and crown of this Cathedral. The Royal Chapel is connected with the *sagrario*, which was the mosque of the ousted infidels. It is Churrigueresquirally confused and tasteless.

Alonzo Cano, the inspired and the refined, shines forth with, perhaps, peculiar lustre here. But you can scarcely believe, when looking on the generally soft and gentle creations of his genius, that he murdered his hapless wife. The blessed Redeemer, however, with him, is usually stern and severe. There is a carved "Concepcion" of his in the detached *sacristia*, which is exquisite,—delicate as a dream, and sweet and tender as a newly-awakened hope!

A charming "Madonna and Child," by the same artist, are found in the oratorio, and a single "Virgin" robed in blue, as she usually appears at Seville. Cano was a *racionero** of this Cathedral.

There is a "Charity" here by Torrigiano, done as a sample piece, when he hurried to Granada to compete for the great sepulchre of Ferdinand and Isabella. It is worthy of that gifted master.

There are some other interesting works of art, but nothing, I think, equal to the "Assumption," by Cano, the "Concepcion," and the "Mater Dolorosa."

The architecture of this sacred building is

* A minor canon.

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Græco-Romano. There is little to admire over your head; under your feet is a fine marble pavement, white and grey.

The groined roof surmounting the fine nave is sustained by piers composed of four pillars of the Corinthian order, in which there is nothing admirable, but much disproportionate and inelegant. Considered as a whole, however, this ponderous Cathedral is exceedingly interesting, and possesses some treasures of matchless and ever-enduring value, and is one that most richly repays the pilgrim's visit to its hallowed shrine.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

THEY seem rather singular people, in some respects, these good Granadians. Broad daylight—noon—and there is a *sereno* bawling with stentorian lungs the hours. Is it necessary here to have day as well as night watchmen? Let us see what this may mean. It means that a comical beggar, a true, merry *Andaluz*, is adopting this excellent plan for attracting notice. Whether it will attract copper coins remains to be seen. The jocose rogue shouts loud enough to awaken Boabdil from the dust, in his African tent, withal.

"*Ave Maria Purisima! Ola! las doce, y mucha hambre.*" (Ave Maria Purisima! Hi! past twelve o'clock, and full hungry am I.)

The cries here seem as vociferous, and almost as numerous, as those of Seville, and with a spice of originality too:—

"*Quien me compra un pavo como un carnero?*" (Who will buy of me a turkey as big as a sheep?)

The Andalucian *ceceo* and cut-shorter fashion come out nobly, as they bawl at the very tip-top of their voices,—"*Gallinas y pollos; cornises y sorsales.*" The last are properly *codornices* and *zorzales* (quails and thrushes).

"*Ranas, cangrejas y anguilas.*" (Frogs, crabs, and eels.)

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To the following I append the English translations, just as given me on the spot, as the Andalucian clipping and cribbing from the poor words render it rather difficult for a foreigner to understand them all, when they're heard bellowed quickly and lustily forth:—

"*A quien le pinto un catre, puertas ventanas y mesas?*" (For whom shall I paint a bedstead, doors, windows, and tables?)

"*Quien tiene ceniza por jabon?*" (Who hath ashes for soap?)

"*Bamos!*" (*Vamos!*) "*unas buenas tenazas, una buena pala?*" (Come, a good tongs, a—good fire-shovels!)

"*Jarras por zapatos y hierro biejo*" (*viejo*)*!* (Jugs for shoes and old iron!)—which meaneth not that you are to wear the jugs on your feet, but to take them in exchange for old shoes, if you choose.

"*Obillos*" (*ovillos*) "*y maejillas por trapos y sombreros biejos.*" (Clews and hanks of threads for any rags and old hats.) I think *madexa* is more generally used for skein, hank; but the preceding word may be Andalucian.

"*Almidon de flor.*" (This sounds pretty, but is only, "Flowered starch.")

"*Huevos frescas!*" (Fresh eggs!)

"*Requeson fresco como la leche!*" (Fresh second curds of the cheese, as milk.) Cheese as fresh as milk—made of curds, I suppose.

"*Aqua del Avellana, aqua!*" (Hazel-nut-tree water!) This water is brought from a famous fountain here, called that of the Avellano.

"*Componer silletas!*" (To mend chairs.)

"*Servãa,*" (*cebada*) "*pãa refrescarse!*" (Barley for refreshing!)

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"*Tinta fina . . . . . escrivir!*" (Fine ink to write!)

"*Pilongueras de la vega!*" Peeled chestnuts of the plain!)

"*Cortes de bestios (vestidos) á cambio de ropa bieja!*" (Measures of dresses in changes of old cloth!)

"*Tocino jamones y tomo fresco!*" (Bacon, ham, and loin!)

"*Camponer los lebrillos.*" (To mend the tubs and pans.)

"*Quien quiere rosetas?*" (Who wishes toasted maize?)

"*Garvanzos y atarmuces!*" (Chick-peas and lupines!) The word *atarmuces* is not in my dictionary, but I copy it just as it was given me.

"*Higos Ysaveles!*" (Isaveles figs!)

"*Amdar cuchillos y tigeras!*" (To whet knifes and scissors!) This operation gets very good custom, I should think.

"*Sebollas*" (*cebollas,*) "*tomates, y papãas!*" (Onions, tomatoes, and potatoes!)

"*Aceite, vinagre!*" (Oil, vinegar!)

"*Al buen bizcocho de Mayorca!*" (To the good biscuit of Majorca!)

"*Los bollos calientes!*" (The hot small loafs!)

"*A tres 'chavos los cajillas de sevillos!*" At three *'chavos* the little boxes of wax tapers!)

"*Orejano fresco! orejano!*" (Fresh wild marjoram!) A pretty wild cry.

"*Berenjenas, pimientos!*" (Egg-plants, capsicum!)

"*Buenos ratoneras vendo!*" (I sell good mousetraps!)

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"*Alhusema*" (*Alhuzema*) "*yezca*" (*yesca*), "*pajuela!*" (This, I believe, would be lavender, spunks, and matches.)

"*Pezcãa fresca! pescãa!*" (Fresh coad—cod? —fish!)

"*Avi-chuelas! Calabazas!*" (French beans: Calabash!)

"*Serezas*" (*cerezas*), "*gordales, pepinos, albar-'coques*" (*albaricoques*) "*azucarias!*" (Cherries, cucumbers, apricots, sweet as is sugar!)

"*Ensalãa de cogolos!*" (Salad of lettuces!) *Collogos* means, says the dictionary, the heart of garden plants—the top.

"*Puntilla fina y encajes!*" (Fine narrow lace!)

It will be seen, in the foregoing, how perseveringly, in general, the Andalucians change v's into b's, and b's into v's; they also put s's for c's and z's, and z's often for s's, but they pronounce and mispronounce them all alike, it seems to me (the z's, and s's, and c's), so that does not very much matter.

We like the Granadians, as far as we have yet seen of them; they appear a fine, cordial, courteous, and well-conditioned set of people in general, with a great deal of humour and vivacity, and sometimes a certain *bonhomie*.

Granada is said to be a place where you may live in an almost princely style for a very few hundreds a-year. But poverty, even in the higher ranks, seems not uncommon here: perhaps the needy come to Granada as a refuge from dearer places, and where they are enabled to keep up a little of the outward appearances consonant with their position in society. Not a hundred miles

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from our hotel live a Count and Countess who have a smart carriage and pretty grey horses, but whose establishment otherwise seems to be conducted on strictly economical principles; and they appear to make no particular secret of this, for there, *par exemple*, is the Señora Condesa sitting placidly at her window mending her stockings, and doing other little jobs of a similar useful nature. Maid she has none; and reports have been rife that she can very prettily handle a broom, and perhaps trundle a mop; but these rumours, particularly the latter one, I attach not much credit to,—mops are rarities in Spain.

In the meantime the grey horses certainly appear to us to inhabit the dining-room. Their apartment really seems one of the most cheerful in the house, and is on the ground-floor, looking into the street. The discreet quadrupeds always march into the house, with great gaiety and decorum, by the same door their noble owners do; and out of the identical window which I always considered belonged to the dining-room (generally partly shuttered-up during the daytime), the horses' noses have incontrovertibly appeared. They seemed altogether very well-behaved, and to adapt themselves to their highly-civilised position admirably. The pretty carriage, with its domesticated and gentlemanlike steeds, constantly appear at the proper hour in the Alameda; and sometimes the Countess issues forth to go to a *tertulia* dressed in brilliant attire, very nicely, and by her own hands, too.

Observing this thrifty and notable pair, one cannot help thinking of the Marques de Avestruz:—

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" El Marques de Avestruz,
Nunca cometió destiz,
Un dia come perdiz,
Atro se acuesta sin luz."

(The Marquess of Ostrich, so gallant,
Never makes a false step, morn or night;
One day he eats partridge, I warrant,
And the next goes to bed without light.)

This he is, of course, free to do, if he chooses it; and it is better than living one half of the year by deceit and fraud, and the other half by fraud and deceit, as the proverb tells us some do:—

" Con arte y engaño,
Se vive medio año;
Con engaño y arte,
Se vive la otra parte."

Granada seems to abound in sayings, apophthegms of all sorts, proverbs, and pretty and innocent superstitions of all kinds. A Granadian wrote out for me the following customs and superstitions belonging to certain saints' days here:—

" *La Vispera de San Juan*, at twelve o'clock at night: if you wash your face well in the river Xenil, you will come out very white and fair." I can easily believe, if some of the good folks here followed this to the letter, they would, at any rate, come forth a very great deal whiter and fairer than they are now.

" Also, on this *vispera*, at the same hour, if you go and touch an osier, you will be cured, if not in perfectly strong health.

" On the day of San Juan, prepare almonds and walnuts for a favourite dish, beat up with eggs

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and sugar, and called a *cuajado* (sometimes of meat, sometimes of fruits, herbs, &c.)

"On San Lorenzo's day you may take coal wherever you can find it, at twelve o'clock precisely, but you must scrape it up.

"On St. Antonio's day you ought not to bake bread, for you should have no fires lighted in the ovens.

"On Innocent's day you may steal anything you like to lay your hands on of your friends (which does not seem a very innocent proceeding to benighted minds), and you remain absolved, if found out, by simply calling yourself '*La Inocentada.*'"

The following sentence and specimen of Granadian ingenuity may be read backwards as well as forwards:—

"*Dabale arroz á la zorra el abad.*"

The Granadian children seem to amuse themselves better and more systematically than any children I ever yet encountered; but I am sorry to say one of their favourite games is an imitation of the bull-fight. It is generally managed thus:—The boy who acts the bull has something tied on his head, to act as horns; the *picadores* are mounted gravely, pickaback; the *chulos* and *matador* have pocket-handkerchiefs floating from sticks, and the latter a terrible sword of wood,—perhaps his father's walking-stick. On comes the bull with a dreadful rush, right against one of the *picadores*, whose horse loses its hat straightway, and comes down with its chin in the mud. (Would there were never more fearful catastrophes* at the

* I am happy to say that, since I wrote the preceding part of these volumes, I have seen in the papers that several

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real scene of horrors!) All is confusion; the pocket-handkerchiefs play busily; the *chulos* dash here and there, like lightnings on two legs; the bull roars fiercely (till he nearly chokes himself with laughing), for the *picador*, when unhorsed—I mean unboyed—caught at the *toro's* jacket, and tore the collar dismally in twain, with a caper and a plunge—a wholly undignified *toro;* and at the critical moment when death and destruction seemed to hover around, off come both the bull's horns, and there they stick in the mire. Now the brave *matador* has it all his own way, and slashing away with his wooden weapon, inflicts dreadful wounds on the hair of the victim, all tangled and torn, and the shirt-sleeves of the raging bull, which seem all tumbled, and even partly ripped up.

But one of the best parts of the spectacle was, that the *chulos* were supplied with *banderillas*, which they continue to attach to the sleeves of the roaring *toro*—with a pin, perhaps—till he runs backwards and forwards, thus covered with gay bows and streamers, and looking more like a blooming sweep on May-day than a baited bull (though they do display *banderillas*, too; but these are not quite so gaudy in appearance, or do not look so conspicuous on that huge animal, in the real *circo*). Poor bull has indignity offered him by a treacherous bystander, who pulls the tail of his before-mentioned jacket. As he turns round hastily to avenge this affront, he loses both his shoes and

ladies of high rank in Madrid are endeavouring to get up a society for preventing cruelty to animals, and intend attempting the suppression of the disgraceful bull-fights. All honour to them, and success to their humane and noble efforts!

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his stockings, and hops about like a bewildered bird, or poor sparrow, in the mud, sorrily discomfited.

Merry little varlets are they who congregate in this square usually of an afternoon to play at these games. Another favourite amusement is placing one of their number upon a broad bit of plank, and when they have rudely fastened some cords for traces, they go tearing off at great pace with him in this brilliant equipage, and the boy is regularly spilt and left behind, and then jumps up and runs after the carriage and horses, with many a shout to them to stop.

Speaking of carriages, a little boy here, apparently the rather petted child of some wealthy parents, has some charming little fairy equipages. One is as slight and almost as small as an acorn-cup, and just holds the little child; it is drawn by a jewel of a donkey, of extraordinarily minute proportions. The other vehicle is of similar Liliputian dimensions.

I am delighted to hear the wild, shrill fandango again here, flourishing in amazing vigour, and generally with very characteristic, quaint words, sometimes, apparently, with no signification at all, and at other times with the smallest possible modicum of meaning that can be imagined. You might think that you had got to a final, indivisible atom of *that*, at any rate, whatever you may be able to do about matter.

"Listen! listen! listen!" for you may frequently hear three at once, not in the least incommoding one another, it seems, what they may do to you, though one is at the beginning, another in

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the middle, and a third at the end, and all the words as unlike each as can well be imagined :—

" Un estudiante tunante,
Un sastre y un zapatero ;
Son tres personas distintas
Y mirguno verdadero."

(A rascal and rogue of a student-wight,
A shoemaker and a tailor-zany,
Three persons, are all different quite,
But true, real men 'mongst these there's not any!)

" Benditos los pajaros,
Que cantan en los arboles,
Los jueves y los domingos,
Los martes y los miercoles."

(Blessed the birds are, that ever are singing,
In the green trees on better and worse days,
On Tuesdays they sing and on Wednesdays,
On Sundays and eke on Thursdays.)

" En el hoyo de tu barba,
Me quisiera estar metido,
Siete semanas y un año,
Aunque fuera engurruñido."

(Placed in your chin's pretty pit,
Long my post would I gladly keep,
Seven weeks and a year there I'd sit,
Though I must be crouched all in a heap !)

Engurruñido, an Andalucian informs us, means squatted or crouched down ; but the *agachado* seems the proper word for that. However, possibly *engurruñido* is very good Andalucian.

Some of these gay stanzas belong wholly and solely to fair Granada ; as, for instance :—

" Quiero vivir en Granada,
Porque me guste el oir,
La Campana de la Vela,
Cuando me voy à dormir."

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(Much it glads me to live in Granada,—
'Tis sweet to hear the bell pealing
From the Tower of the Watchman nightly,
When sleep o'er the senses are stealing.)

Another says:—

"En los Carmenes de Darro
Me tengo de ir a vivir,
Porque dicen que se gana
La gloria antes de morir."

(In the "Carmenes" of the Darro
I would live, far from worldly strife,
Since there 'tis they say, you inherit
Deep glory ere snatch'd from this life.)

The "Carmenes," it would seem, must have been some convent, now in all probability suppressed.

"Darro tiene prometide
El casarse con Xenil,
Y le ha de llevar en dote—
Plaza a Nueva, y Zacatin."

(The Darro's engaged most strictly
To marry Xenil, tried and true,
And this is the rich marriage-portion—
Plaza Nueva, and Zacatin, too.)

One of the prettiest of these verses is this:—

"Bendito sea tu salero,
Comita de serafin!—
Cuantas oritas de sueño,
Tengo perdidas por ti!"

(Bless'd be thy charms and thy witchery,
Bright seraph, most precious to me;—
Ah! what sweet little hours of calm slumber
I have lost—only coming to thee.)

The pretty pit of the chin is a great favourite. Here is a curious stanza anent it:—

"Ay! en el oyo de tu barba,
Estoy mandado enterrar,
Ah! que muerte tan clichosa,
Quien se hubiera muerte ya?"

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(In your chin's lovely grave profound,
My burial's to take place, 'tis said;
Oh! what a dear death of delight,
Who would not be thus tomb'd and dead?)

I am afraid I have not quite given the no-sense of this too clearly, and still more afraid that I do not perfectly understand it myself; but there is not much difference, I think and hope.

The Zacatan is an interesting and an amusing street here. The *Alcaiseria*, to the left, is modern; it was burnt down and rebuilt. Before this deplorable fire it was quite Moorish and Tetuanique.

Numerous shops line the Zacatin, all more or less Oriental-looking. The greater part are those of silversmiths. Here the traders do nothing and think less, and care least of all, apparently, what you do or think. If you require anything, you had better find it—if you can; that is, if they have got it, which they would be glad if you would inform them. Their part of the business is surely done: that is all. It seems wonderful how things are ever made here, for nobody ever seems occupied. Are they all brought from distant places? But that implies speculation and business.

The far-famed Plaza de Vivarambla who does not delight in? The gate survives. You look upon the ancient original Moorish arch—the gate of Las Orejas. The venerable *puerta* was called so because here, at a festival, ladies lost their ears, plucked away by savage rioters to get their ear-rings. Did not the same thing once happen in London, in the reign of Queen Anne or George the First? The Vivarambla is now a market-place.

Of old it was here that were wont to take place tournaments, displays of horsemanship, bull-fights,

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not altogether much unlike the powder-play at Tetuan at the present day, broils and conflicts of various descriptions, and jerreed-flingings; and now some little inhabitants of Granada amuse themselves here, and have much amused us, too, with their quaint ways. One little atom of a boy, strutting about in full *majo* costume, tasselled, and tagged, and be-sashed, and buttoned! Look at the little peeled wand in his hand, twice his own height! the embroidered handkerchiefs hanging out of his absurd little pockets! And do you hear him humming a little fandango with a tiny voice, like the very highest quaver of a musical box:—

"Viva V. sal y salero!
La sal se le va cayendo,
Y como yo voy detras,
Todo la voy recogiendo."*

The little fellow seems to think all eyes are on him, though there is not much room for them to rest on, so minute is our Liliputian *majo;* and his strut and air are *impayable*, as he walks off, gleaming in the sun like a live bauble, and as happy as a king, trolling his merry song:—

"Ole con ole y con ole,
Ole que quieres que tener ——"

But he turns the corner, and the little piping voice cannot be heard, save when he is very near.

There is a musical clock in this hotel, in the passage close to our room, of Swiss or German manufacture, which plays some very pretty tunes;

* Long live wit and the witty!
Wit in showers streams from off thee, I swear;
And I follow thee, loveliest of sparklers,
Just to gather it up with all care.

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but, having met with some unfortunate accident, or being internally disordered, or hopelessly deranged, musically speaking, it comes constantly to a most untimely end, or ridiculously sudden stop, in one of the prettiest parts of the performance,—at least as far as the tune is concerned; but the most extraordinary and doleful sounds continue for some minutes afterwards, like dismal groanings, and squeakings; and these, too, by fits and starts, and odds and ends, when you think the unearthly noise has come to an end for ever. After all, not an untimely one exactly, of course, as it is a clock we are speaking of. A fresh, broken outbreak of muttered grunts begins, till at last it really dies off till the next hour.

It has a very absurd effect, when we are engaged in conversation, to hear the poor clock joining in, as it were, with the tune, the most discordant and disconsolate groans and complainings, as if it had a terrible *mal d'estomac*, and a bad cold in its head.

Here comes Fernando, the head *mozo* here, to ask when we will have our chocolate. Fernando is a character,—a more singular being I have seldom seen. I believe he comes from Arragon. Ugly, shrewd, talking ultra-Andalucian, strange to say, and evidently fancying himself a mirror of perfection, he is excessively spoilt by the master and mistress of the hotel, who leave the whole house very much to his care. He requires a few sharp words now and then; but the real fact is, he is a very good servant spoilt and over-indulged. Now, *par exemple*, he brings our chocolate cold, and to refrigerate us more, leaves the door wide open, which he is very fond of doing. These are high crimes

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and misdemeanours: the evening had turned out very cold, and in addition to all the rest, he forgets the *brasero*.

"Really, Fernando, this is very bad," &c. &c. All Fernando's y's are j's of the strongest and most positive description; and as he changes more or less almost every other letter of the alphabet, it requires some slight quickness to catch his meaning—when he has any:—

"*Jo no se . . . . jo he traido el chocolate, ja, y* ——"

"Yes, but it's cold, and you may take it down again."

"Cold! that's too extraordinary; it was so boiling once. Cold, Señora? Well, it is a *jerro* (*yerro*, error) of somebody's,—somebody's fault; Fernando* cannot imagine whose — the cook, or the master's, or that *jerno* (*yerno*, son-in-law); of somebody's who came in just now, and talked, and made the chocolate cold; and he will yet get some fresh *ja, ja* (*ya, ya*, already, directly); and he saunters towards the sofa, and takes up a guitar that lies there, and strikes a few notes with amazing *nonchalance;* and then begs to assure the Señora she can play very well on the guitar; and that this guitar ought not to have cost more than so many dollars; and he has heard the Señora gave such and such a sum for it,—quite an imposition. Likely enough, but Fernando is very gravely requested to replace the guitar again on the couch, and on no account to try its musical powers again, but to go forthwith and see after the chocolate. He, looking rather surprised, departs, and, after some time,

* It is often the case here, that in addressing superiors, the speaker's name is repeated, instead of saying I.

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comes up with tolerably hot chocolate, and assurances that such accidents should not happen again, for he had scolded them all well down-stairs. "Jo" has told them that "Jo" will not allow such negligence, and "Jo" promised them that the Señora was *very* angry—*very* angry with them all; and "Jo" was told by the Señora to scold them thoroughly; and "Jo" was to say to them how surprised she was at such careless conduct on *their* parts. "Jo" told them, if they ever repeated it, "Jo" knew that the Señora would not excuse it; and "Jo" thought quite right too,—it was inexcusable. If they were but all like him! "Jo" didn't let the *jerba* (*yerba*) grow under *his* feet! He was tired of such slow people! This service was a sad *jugo* (*yugo*, yoke); and here the clock haply interrupted him—"Ough! hugh! oh! ho! hurrah! grumph! wagh-agh! wow!" and so forth.

The master of the Leon de Oro is a very civil and obliging man. Señor Vigaray does all he can to make us comfortable, and we intend to return here when we come back from Madrid, for we are only at Granada, *en passant*, at present, and mean to be here later, and hope thoroughly to enjoy its beauties in the finest season of the year, to go up the Sierra Nevada, and visit all the places of interest in this charming neighbourhood.

They seem to dislike the French here rather more than in most places in Spain. We hear occasional disparaging whispers and mutterings at sight of our bonnets—"*Ola! Francescas:*" and invariably, in Spain, when you are taken for French, you are very differently accosted and trusted than you are, if supposed to be English.

Not that this is from any peculiar liking for the

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English, but from a very positive dislike of the French.

It is well known how little bounden by any sentiments of gratitude the Spaniards feel with regard to our conduct towards them during the Peninsular War; but, perhaps, it is not so well understood that there really are, comparatively, but very few people who know anything at all about the matter in the country. Spanish authors generally ignore the whole affair, and give the entire credit of the expulsion of the French from Spain to the Spaniards themselves; and sometimes you may be told here the English were "very much in the way," indeed; that nobody wanted them or their help; and that they did much more harm than good.

I was not a little amused, but a trifle patriotically annoyed, in looking over a thick and rather ponderous Spanish guide-book, the other day, which professed to point out every place of interest and celebrity; and it gives you every detail of the history and peculiarities of Vittoria, Salamanca, Ciudad Rodriguez, &c., and not the remotest allusion that an Englishman ever set his foot, or ever reared a standard, there. Indeed, through the whole book, at all the places where British deeds of valour cast the brightest lustre over the British name, no word, no syllable, no hint, no sign, is to be found, in this large thick volume, that the gallant islanders ever drew a sword from scabbard here.

On the other hand, every little nameless skirmish of a few guerillas with the Gauls is magnified into a mighty victory. Places, and persons, and feats, and fights, never heard of before, or beyond

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the inglorious spots where they took place, and probably forgotten, are industriously blazoned forth in these pages, swollen out into gigantic proportions, and immortalised (?) as the most gallant deeds of the most gallant nation on the earth. The crowning climax of all this is the battle of Bailen, which is extolled as the most surpassing performance of modern warfare. Leipsic! with thy two thousand cannons, be dumb—dumb as are thy hundred thousand dead! Waterloo! hide thy diminished head in the ensanguined dust that reddens at thy feet,—the great and the decisive battle of this age is Bailen—according to the Spanish guide-book!

Such is the gratitude we have gained for all the blood and treasure that we expended in Spain,—expended in unseating a Bonaparte from its throne, and reseating a Bourbon.

Of course, it was not all for the *beaux yeux* of the Bourbons or of Spain; but still we might expect a little gratitude for our good offices,—but we should be wrong.

Little gratitude do nations ever receive from other nations in whose internal divisions, and internal distractions and disasters, they interfere. Let all those who officiously proffer their blood, their treasure, and their substance for such purposes, reflect, and beware, and think awhile, before they plunge into the horrors of war for a country that will probably be ere long more indignant than beholden to her for her efforts — more indignant, perhaps, with her friend than her foe, — indignant that thus a necessity could arise which could humble her so as to accept foreign aid, and hating the weight of obligation which she has incurred.

To-morrow we are to leave this most interesting

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place. I will finish this chapter with a Spanish farewell I wrote to Granada, half in jest, half in earnest, and its English translation, for those who are not acquainted with the Spanish tongue:—

LA VUELTA A TIERRA.

1.

Morisca Granada,
Dejarte es la muerte,
Mas——A Dios decirte,
Es mi triste suerte.
A Dios, ¡ Paraiso !
Las silvas, la sierra,
¡ Si ! pues mortal soy
Y me vuelvo á tierra!

2.

Yo con tristeza deja,
Tus escenas amadas,
Del sol cual los destellso,
¡ Son tus cimas doradas !
Como zafiro y nácar,
Es la atmósfera entera,
Pro ¡ ay! mortal soy,
Ye me vuelvo á tierra !

3.

Es siempre aqui grata,
La eterna primavera,
Dulcifica el aire,
Luz que rebebera,
Como vistas celestes,
Que ve un moribundo,
Tu gres para siempre,
¡ Mas——me vuelvo al mundo !

4.

Como tu aqui reinas,
¡ Oh ! sublime Poesia !
Y tu suenas siempre,
Graciosæ melodia.

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¡A Dios! Paraiso,
Los Llanos, la Sierra,
Pues mortal soy . . . . Hombre!
Y desciendo á tierra!

5.

Suntuosa Alhambra
Aunque Arruinæda,
¡Brillas al sol de oro
Cual una roya espada!
¡Es el partir triste
De celeste esfera!
Pero humano, soy
Y desciendo á tierra!

6.

Serán siempre bellos,
Recuerdos tan puros.
Mas . . . . ¡Oh! ultimas horas!
Tus ayes son duros.
¡Eliseo! sonries,
Y yo con profundo
Dolor ya te dejo,
¡Pues que . . . . voy al mundo!

7.

Como ¡oh! dulces rios,
Tus, aguas ondean,
Y entre Olivo y Nardo,
Ellas centellean!
¡Ah! Granada,—tu eres
Siempre hechicera
Pero ¡ay! ya es tiempo
Y voy,—voy á tierra!

8.

Un mar hay de Luces,
Un mar hay de Flores,
De azahar y rosas,
Perfumes y colores!
Cuanto mas te miro,
Te veo mas esbelta.
. . . . . No soy del Olimpo,—
¡Bajo à mi planeta!

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THE RETURN TO EARTH; OR, AN ADIEU TO GRANADA.

1.

Fair Granada! 'tis fated
I turn from thee sighing;
Loveliest scene e'er created,
Leaving thee is like dying!
Paused I here at this portal
Of Paradise peerless,
But, alas! being mortal,
To Earth must turn cheerless!

2.

Ah! these flowers and these fountains,
These Halls of old story,
And these gold-crested mountains,
Sun, lend thee new glory!
Pearl and sapphires seem gleaming,
With the atmosphere blending,
But poor mortals, still dreaming,
Are Earthwards descending!

3.

Fairest here ever smileth
Bright Spring, crown'd and queenly,
And the soft air beguileth—
Light glisteneth serenely.
Oh! Celestial sweet vision!
Like dreams to the dying,
Shine those scenes all Elysian,
But Earthwards I am flying!

4.

Fire Poetic!—all glorious!—
Here ever thou'rt reigning,
Precious music victorious!
The sense thou'rt enchaining.
Radiant scene! lovely vision!
'Twould tempt angel legions,—
Ah! for mortals *their* mission
Calls back to Earth's regions.

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5.

Red Alhambra! far-beaming
Thy glowing hue blushes;
Lo! a victor's sword gleaming,
Flash'd sunward, thus flushes!
Must I turn from this portal
Of Paradise, mourning?—
Yes, alas! the poor mortal
To Earth is returning!

6.

But yet Life shall be gladden'd,
Remembering thee ever,
E'en though now I feel sadden'd,—
'Tis the hour that we sever,
Sweet Elysium!—thou'rt shining—
But hence Earth is calling
And down, down, though repining,
From ether I am falling.

7.

Roll ye on, loveliest rivers,
Flow gleaming or darkling,
Far, where the Olive-leaf shivers,
Where Jessamine's glance sparkling.
Fairer the Eden we're fleeing,
Like sunset's last streaking!—
But—a poor Human Being
The world must be seeking.

8.

Here an Ocean of Flowers,
Of Light meets an Ocean;
All the soft, rosy hours
Call forth sweet emotion.
Seems the Olympus we're fleeing
More fair as we scan it,—
But, a mere Human Being
Must back to our Planet!

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

We started at an early hour from Granada, the *hechicera;* for surely she deserves this appellation yet more than Malaga, who, I believe, claims it; partly, perhaps, on behalf of her bewitching little fish.

The Administrador of the Madrid diligence was most obliging and courteous to us, and everything was arranged in the most convenient and comfortable manner for us. The *diligencia* stopped in the Plaza de Bailen, hard by the Leon de Oro, to take us up, and we had the *coupé* to ourselves. The weather was fine, and all promised well for our journey. If these promises were not quite strictly kept in every particular, at all events all ended well, and our *viaje* was the more interesting and amusing to look back to, than if it had not had some dark clouds hovering here and there about it.

Our *mayoral* is a *mayoral* every inch, dressed to the perfection of the character, and looking it in every feature. Full of *mayoralisms* of speech, air, and gait, he seems a complete specimen of the class, for our especial edification and enlightenment. He had apparently lately met with some accident, for he limped much, and one leg was bound and bandaged up. You felt sure it was received in the

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discharge of his *diligencia* duties,—a mule-kick, without doubt.

We rattled merrily through the streets of charming Granada, and when we lost sight of charming Granada, too. But, alack! in the midst of our flourishing exit from the *vega*, down came one of the mules—bang! The poor thing seemed to lie very quietly, and, luckily, was only dragged a very short distance, indeed, before the other seven were successively pulled up; the *zagal*, rushing to the fallen animal, proceeded to help her up expeditiously. I asked if the poor creature was hurt, and we were delighted to hear it was not. "Oh, no! not hurt; but it is the *mula de cinco años*, Señora,—the *mula de cinco años*," he repeated, in rather a melancholy and impressive tone. Whether this is any inducement to a Spanish mule to go in harness, and drag these ponderous diligences, and they feared this fall would disgust her with her profession, I do not know. Certainly this *mule de cinco años* seemed a pet and a favourite with the *mayoral*, and he treated the fallen fair one very kindly, giving her time to recover her composure, after a careful examination, to see if she was injured in any manner.

After this little episode we went on for a good while very prosperously, much diverted and interested by the species of conversation going on between *mayoral* and mules, copiously aided by the *zagal*. And well may I talk of the mules bearing their part in it; for if the latter do not exactly join in the dialogue in pure Spanish, they answer so intelligently to the different speeches addressed to them by the very ears they hear them with so eloquently moving, and by their altered

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paces, and their whole air and manner, that you understand them almost as well,—nay, perhaps better, than if they spoke Andalucian;—their language really seems a trifle plainer.

At Jaen we made our first brief stop (except, of course, for the purpose of changing mules). We had not been long there before there broke forth a sound like a distant battle and cannonading. Are we dreaming? is it 1808? and is the fierce Cossack advancing to thunder at the gates?

We look forth anxiously to see what may come of this mountain of a noise;—truly no mouse, but another mountain; for it is a rival *diligencia*, massive and huge, casting its vast shadow over the quaking ground, and at the first glimpse, coupling it with the immense noise, you half think, "Can the cathedral have put itself on wheels for the nonce, and come trundling down the side of the hill?" Beautifully drawn was the huge *coche;* the many mules sweeping round, so rapidly stepping together, seemed like well-drilled soldiers, or "keeping time like fiddlers' elbows." They appeared to wind around us like a long, living chain, in swiftly-coiling, desperate folds, but no collision took place.

Jaen is a superb old place, with its lengthened lines of Oriental fortifications climbing up the soaring height. At the gorge of the steepy approach to the Sultana of the *sierra* and the *vega*—Granada, lies this Arabic Jaen, now exceedingly Catholic; for her cathedral, that replaces an ancient mosque, is guarded with much care.

El Santo Rostro (the Holy Face) is supposed to be impressed on the handkerchief of St. Veronica. Like the Holy Coat of Trèves, this miraculous

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relique has rivals that pretend in their turn to be the real genuine treasure. Sad, indeed, are these gross superstitions.

And now fresh mules and off again, and ere very long it will be dark; and though we shall thus lose much interesting scenery, we must console ourselves with the proverb,—"*Quien fuere á Andalucia, ande la noche y duerme el dia.*" In shadows and the dusk, at any rate, reveries prosper pleasantly enough; they require not scenery and light; but mental chameleons feed on shadows, on air, on themselves, on nothing; thus disproving a little the Russian apophthegm, that tells us, "*Iz nichevo sdeilaesh nichevo.*" (Of nothing, nothing can be made.) But we shall come back this way, probably, at different hours.

And now the adventures that befell us in parts of our subsequent journey let me relate in the words of a Spanish song I composed, that rhythmically recites them, premising, however, that the robbers in this journey are not real—*that* part of the bepoetised *historiette* being romance; for I felt not to be robbed (in rhyme, at any rate) would be unwise. It would, indeed, sadly spoil the whole affair. The overturn, too, though marvellously near, was not quite a *fait accompli*, thanks to the great skill of our *mayoral* and the immense exertions of the *zagals*. We begin with

A RECITATIVO.

(*One of the sleepy Travellers loquitur. Time, midnight.*)

"Qué tiempo tan malo desde Jaen! . . . . Vaya. Bueno! aqui estamos en Bailen; pero no hay luz majuna. Qué oscuridad. Qué viento! ay! que lluvia! y como grite el mayoral."

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Mayoral.—"Adelante zagales! pá encontrar el camino! esta apagado el Farol! nadie en las calles! . . . . . qué oscuro está. Temo derribar la casa del ayuntamiento!"

(*The clock strikes twelve.*)

El Sereno.—"Ave Maria Purisima! las doce han dao y nubláaò."

Un Viajero.—"Es el Sereno! me alegro tendremos luz ahora!"

Mayoral.—"Olá Fulano! venga tu farol á encender el mio Hombre! que en abriendo el tuyo se apaga! Ahora no hay nada de luz. Buenas noches sereno."

"Paselo V. bien mayoral, y cuida do de no echar en tierra todas las casas de Bailen!"

"Pierde cuidado, compadre! Arré, anda-a-a! Ea! aqui tenemos la posãa. Al airo! nuevo tero! . . . . . Bueno! pero Santa Maria! qué tira coces el macho! quieto! Sh - - - - - - sh! . . . . . So-o-o!"

"Con tus coces puedes á Zurbel dar grima,
Y parece que has estinguido Luna y estrellas encima!
Qué perro! . . . . . Caballo! tente, que te tundo,
Te quires marcha del mundo?

O-o-o-o-o-a! mula! tormes tus patos de galgo y tus orejas de avispa."

(*A Señor coming towards the coach.*)

"Mayoral! tienes asiento?"

"Qué se ofrece, Señor?"

"Soy Don Jorge Bartolomé, Luis Geronimo de Delgado de Alfarache de Aguilar de la Gracia Real de Pomposisimo y ——"

"Tantos asientos, no solo tengo uno. Buenas noches á sus mercedes, Señores todos!"

"Soy uno solo! parate que voy contigo ——"

"Uno? que disparate! Quita! a Dios."

"Ay! amigo!" . . . . . .

"Vamos! ya estamos lejos del pueblo; qué viento!"

Viajeros.—"Malo tiempo! peor camino. . . . . Que choque violento."

Uno Viajero hablando.—"Vamos desparío, ay! que todo!"

Otro Viajero.—"Si, y qué escabroso."

"Mayoral! mayoral! nuestros huesos son votos!"

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Mayoral.—" Y los mios !"

(*Otro Viajero cantando.*)

" Ay ! poco á poco ! ay ! pian piano,
Que cantera, y que pantano ;
Es la mitad pedrejal,
Otra mitad tierne dal,
Las mulas no pueden tirar,
Diablo ! hombre ! anda ! anda-a-a-a-a-a !
Firmè ! firmè ! Caballo ! macho ! olá !
Arré ! ja ! ja ! ja ! ja ! ja ! ja !
Arré ! pulia ! jaca, jaquita !
Ja, ja, caramba ! Ra-a-a-a ! mulita ! . . . . . .
No . . . . . No ! eso no ! mira ! mira ! Ah ! hombre ! aqui
Estamos, y aqui, ay ! podremos largo tiempo quedarnos . . si !
No se puede el coche sacar de aqui nada,
Triste de mi ! ni siquiera una pulgada,
Serán mañana mas hundidas, cual puente sobre el lodo,
Para el coche venidero, mulas viajeros carruage y todo !"

(*Mule-bells are heard advancing.*)

(*Spoken.*)—" Ali ! campanillas gueno, gueno ! ¡ Olá ! ¡ Carretero ! ¿ Cuantas mulas tienes ?"

(*Sung—Carretero.*)

" Calorce !" " Y yo dien." " Bien ! bien !
Vengan aqui tus mulas tambien !
Con viento y cuatro, jui ! Vamos ahora !
Valor ! ja ! ja ! ja ! ja ! Eh ! morena ! vaya á la mora !
(*Very fast.*)—Pulia ! valerosa ! verdugo ! mariposa !
Espego ! Coronella ! Gaona ! Hermosa !
Salero Victoriana y Carbonera-a !
Leona ! Intendente ! Paloma ! Capitana-a !
(*Spoken.*)—Murciana ! Cigarrera ! macho ! macho !
Ra-a ! ¡ Macho ! macho ! macho-o-o-o-o-o ! . . . . . .
Firmè todos ! Bueno ! Gracias !"

Carretero (*cantando*).—"Aqui tienes tus mulas y un cigarro."

Una Señora.—" Y ahi van dos duros que nos ha sacado del barro !"

Carretero (*spoken*). —" Buen viaje !" "A galope ! para ganar tiempo ahora !

" Arré cayete andàd ! gueno !
Ay ! oh ! hu ! la diligencia ha volcado !"

First Passenger.—" Ay ! ay !"

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Second.—" Oh ! oh ! "
Third.—" Ah ! ah ! "
Fourth.—" U ! U ! "
" Muy malo estoy ! "
" Y yo muerte."

Mayoral (*sung*).—" Pacience, chiton ! paciencia !
Ay de mi diligencia !
Aunque charte a troche y moche,
No puede eso levantar volcado coche !
Vamos á ver ! Chispas ! que algararabia !
Qué alboreto y qué charlataneria.

(*Spoken.*)—Raa-pulia !

(*Sung.*)—Quieto ! que no habla tan fuerte a su vecina,
El que es muerto en la Berlina ;
Y quita el cadaver del que en ronda viva pero,
Hoy en el estrellado cupé arriba. Jui ! salero !

(*Spoken.*)—Esta bien otra vez en camino."

Un Viajero (*sung*).—Qué Felicidad qué agralable noche !
Que gozo viajar asi en el coche,
Y qué delicia en diligencia,
Seria pasar toda la existencia,
Ah ! qué gozo y volamos ahora." . . . . .

Ladron (*spoken*).—" Alto ahi ! . . . . . Alto ahi ! . . . . . La bolsa ó la vida ! ¡ Para ! Mayoral ! Postillon ! ni un paso mas. So-o-o-o-o-o-o ! O con un buen pistotelazo."

First Viajero.—" Que es eso ? "

Second.—" Que es eso ? "

Third.—" Que es eso ? "

Un Niño.—" Papa ! Que es eso ? "

Un Viejo gordo.—" Que es eso caramba ! "

Zagal (*spoken*).—" Ay de mi ! Ladrones ! Misericordia ! no tengo nãa que un cigarro, que he acabãa ! Ayuda ! ayuda ! Favor al rey " . . . . . .

Viajeros todos.

" Guardias civiles ! Volad á miles !
Vida de escepetas de Caña !
Ladrones agui en España !
Qué cosa tan Estraña !
Mas temed ustedes mi saña."

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Ladron (*cantando.*)

" Ah! Señorita,
Tan bonita,—
Tus manos son hermosas,
Pero sortigas mas preciosas.
Qué oregitas tambien!
Mas zarcillos valen cien!

(*Parlando.*)

Puñala!

(*Cantando.*)

Jui! salerosa!
Guapa y graciosa.

(*Very rapidly.*)

Tu semblante es hechicero,—
Mas vengan relojos alhagas y dinero!"

Otro Ladron.

" No hagais aguadar Caballeros! todo la noche,
Que estamos comprometido á otro coche,
El del Señor Ambajador de Francia,
En un camino á gran, distancia." . . . . . .

(*Spoken, after taking money, &c.*)—" Vaya! Bueno! Bueno! Adios, Cabelleros, Señoras á los pies de V^ds."

A Señora, with trembling voice.—" Hasta la vista,—hasta luego; Señores Ladrones! Beso á ustedes sus manes! Caballeros, mil gracias!"

Viajeros (*singing*).

" Ahora, vamos,
Nada llevamos,
El coche, ay! . . . . . es muy ligero!
Voy enfurecido,
Hemos perdido,
Baules, bolsas, y el equipage entero!"—
" ¡Si! ¡Si! ya vamos!
Y bien estamos,"—
" Ay! Pobrecitas!"
" Mas - - - no sea usted tonto,
Pues llegeremos à Madrid mas pronto.
Ahora en verdad, volamos,
Ea! Caballeros, vamos!"

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Mayoral (*spoken*).—"Arré! Torpes! Banderillas! . . . . . Perros! Po-o-oh! Ra-a! Comisaria, hay si me bajo! en llegando à ella le voy hacer con el pellejo una papelina! ya! la Zagala, dejala que voy à ella y à la otra . . . . . toas! toas!"

Passengers (*sung*).

"La diligencia ya no es pesada,
Es cual un Zefiro ó cual carro de Hada!—
No tiene ya cofres el saquada coche,
Ni siquiera un pobre saco de noche!
Ni un solo mendadientes
Dejaron á esas gentes . . . . .
Mas todo eso ya es nada.
Veremos cuanto antes la villa coronada! . . . .
Ya diviso la Corte alla!"

Mayoral (*spoken*). — "Cayete! Cayete! Andad! Andad-a-a-a-a-d! Arré! Leona! Diablo! Palema!"

Viajero.—"Ea! viva, viva, la sal Madrileña!
Que voy a hacer una cancionita pequeña,
Luego, de todo eso amigos!"

Mayoral.—"Arré!"

"Si! Si! Churru! churru! chachipé! Ah! todos hemos llegado ya muy bien al fin, y - - - - SIN NOVEDAD!!!!! Ladrones? et cetera? eh? oh! no es nada . . . . . No!"

Mayoral,—"O-o! . . . . . So-o-o-o-o-o-O!"

Zagal (*spoken*).—"Señores y Señoritas, una propina; una gratificacioncita."

Mayoral.—"So-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!"

A FREE TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE.

A Traveller.—"What horrid weather we've had from Jaen! Come! here we are at Bailen. But there's no light in the streets! What pitch darkness! what wind! what rain! How the coachman is holloaing out! Harkee!"

Mayoral (*to the Zagales*).—"Forward! go on first, my lads, to find the road; our lamp is out! Not a living soul in the streets! How dark it is! I'm afraid of knocking down the mayor's house!"

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(*The clock strikes twelve.*)

Watchman.—"Ave Maria Purisima! Past twelve o'clock, and a cloudy night!"

A Passenger.—"The watchman! I'm glad of it! Now we shall get a light!"

Mayoral.—"Holloa, my man! what's your name? Bring your lantern here to light ours. The deuce! in opening yours this wind has blown it out. Now there's no light at all; but we must go on. Good night, watchman!"

Watchman.—"Good luck go with you, coachman; and take you care not to drive over all the houses and the church!"

"Don't you be afraid, my friend. (*To mules.*) Come up! get along, my beauties! Ho! here's the inn at last! Now, then, look sharp! (if you can in this pitch blackness.) Quick! the fresh team out in a jiffy!"

"Aye, aye, Jarvey."

"That's right; but *how* that mule does kick! . . . . . .

(*Sung.*)

"Quiet! Whooa! with such kicks
You might the foul fiend frighten;
Why! 'twould seem you've kicked out
Moon and stars, that did the skies enlighten.
(*Spoken.*)—"Quiet, I say! What a dog! Whoo-a-a!

(*Sung.*)

"Can you do nothing but plunge and kick, alas?
But I'll stop your antics, by black St. Nicholas!"

Mayoral.

"Now, where's the postilion? where? gone to mass;
Which, in other words, means gone to get a glass,
At yon public house handy,
Of very good brandy!——"

Travellers.

"Go! go! ye're slow;
Away! away! let's not delay;
'Tis near heavenly dawn, hear the cock's warning ——"

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Mayoral.

"Aye! and they're gone to take the top of the morning!*
Horse! horse! what's the matter with thee?
Would'st run straight off to Hong Kong, prithee?

(*Spoken.*)—"Come up, little mule, raise your greyhound feet; prick up your wasps of ears. O-o-o-ah! Ra-a-a-a-a!"

A Gentleman (*spoken*).—"Coachman! I say, can I have a place?"

Mayoral.—"What's the matter, sir?"

"A place! a place! I'm in a hurry! I'm Don George Pretty-Town, Bartholeon Juigo, of Jomsi, Triptolemo de Massimo Mustimo, Pompousississimo de Guzzleman Verishohandero, Gusigandero de Ditchdullenissimus, Numskullerissimus ——"

Coachman.—"No! no! no! gentleman! I've not so many places,—not enough for half of you—only one! A good night to your worships, all!"

Gentleman.—"Well, *I'm* but one—a grandee of three hats . . . . .

(*Sung.*)

But not three heads, of course.
Those who think so are flats!
Stop! stay! listen! nay, don't forsake me;
I'm *one!*" "*One?* stuff and porridge;
I've something of knowledge."
"Pooh! pooh!"
"Adieu!"
"Ah! coachy, take me!"

Mayoral.

"We're off! wheugh! wheu - - gh!
Halloo! halloo!
So much for all of you!

(*Spoken.*)—Keep still, you mad macho! or you shall be carbonadoed—cut up, before you can bray 'Jack Robinson!'"

* When the *zagales* first break their fast (of thirst) in a glass of brandy, they call it "taking the morning."

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Mayoral, disregarding pathos and advice.

"Here we stick,
While they kick,
So-o-o-o-o! quiet!
(*To mules.*) Come, the lover's far off already,
Steady, firm, now, all firm and steady!"

First Traveller.—"How stormy!"

Second Traveller.—"How dreadful the night is! Horrid weather!—worse road!"

Mayoral.—"Aye! good bumps and thumps to warm ye!"

Two Travellers together.

"Go gently! oh! the holes and the mud!
And how stony it is, too! oh, Lud! oh, Lud!
Now softly, softly, now slowly, slowly,
For this is really melancholy!
D'ye hear us, coachman? 'tis torturing, racking;—
Oh, coachman! our bones are all broken—or cracking!"

Mayoral.

"And mine, too, adzooks! and, by the Virgin,
I can't set 'em, for I am no surgeon!"

A Passenger in the cupé arriba.

"To another 'party' the ribbons hand over,
You're no top-sawyer, we now discover."

Mayoral.

"Do you lay down the law?
Good sir, hold your jaw!
Were *that* broken, 'twould be a great mercy,
And no matter at all, but just vice versâ."

Travellers.

"Go gently, gently, our brains it fuddles;
What sad stone-quarries! what deep, dire puddles!
One half sharp rocks, and 'tother
Squash and quagmires, the coach to smother!"
(*All in grand chorus*)—"BOTHER!"

Coachman.

"There! the mules can't move, we're stuck like asses!
Steady! steady! my long-ear'd lasses!
Get on! gee! gee! Come, horse, don't be unruly;
Now, just drag and pull, my little muley!"

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Travellers.

"No! no! oh, dear!
No! no! we're here,
In the dismal mire and muck fast,
And here we may stay, I warrant, long stuck fast!"

Mayoral.

"Come! a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether;
Arré! faith! the coach is not quite like a feather!"

Travellers.

"Nought can move her now, not the least, last little;
Not a foot, inch, step, jot, hair's-breadth, or tittle!

(*Piangado, weepingly.*)

To-morrow, more buried and fix'd,
Like a bridge o'er mud slimy and viscous,
Horses and baggage with mules commix'd,
And *mayoral* sadden'd and savage;
For the next coach will be this carriage,
And travellers all quite promiscuous!"

(*Mule-bells are heard advancing.*)

Mayoral (*joyfully*).—"Mule-bells! that's right! Hi! Waggoner! hip! holloa!"

Travellers.—"Mule-bells! Hip! Ho! Bo! So! Woa! Hi! Lo! Oho!"

Mayoral.—"How many mules, pray, have you? Quick! let us know."

Carter.

"Fourteen, good Jarvey! and strappers!"

Mayoral.

"None of your whipper-snappers!
So ho! and I've got my ten;
Come! lend me yours, and we'll see what then!
With four-and-twenty, aha! we're starting;
Come, Moorish girl! pull, or your hide shall be smarting.
(*Spoken.*)—Now, then, Mrs. Colonel Mule, there! Valiant! Butterfly! Hangman! Looking-glass! Lioness! Beauty! Boarding-school Miss! Bull-fighter! Cigar-maker! Superintendent! Mrs. Captain! Pigeon! Generalissima-a! Salt-of-

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my-Soul! Graceful! Highwayman,* you He-mule! He-mule! He-mule! He-mule! He-mu-u-u-u-le!
You Son of Perdition!
Are ye out of condition?
Steady! steady! now all of you! There!
Well done! that's over, and now I don't care!"

Traveller.

"How is it?" "Why, capital! Gee up! that's right!"

Traveller.

"I'm all shivery-shaky with the fright!"

Mayoral.

"Thankee, Carter! that grey beast of yours you may brag on her,"—

Second Traveller.

"Take, oh! take with your mules—you lucky-star of a waggoner!—
A noble cigar, that I warrant's good smoking,"—

Woman's voice.

And two dollars take, too, since you've saved us from choking,—
You black-whisker'd angel and dove of a carter,"—

Mayoral.

"Now, Smuggler, pull hard, what the devil are ye arter?"

Carter.

"A fair journey to you, all through stones and slime!"—

Mayoral.

"Now for a good gallop, to make up for lost time!
(*To mules.*) Gee! Halloo! Come up! Get along! Step out! Gee!"

(*A crash.*)

A Traveller.

"Oh! the coach! oh! the coach! 'tis capsized! Ho! Halloo!"

* I really think, as these names are all those of lady-mules, I ought to have put Highwaywoman and Hangwoman. But the Spanish would not justify me in this, though it does say Mrs. Colonel and Mrs. Captain—*Coronella* and *Capitana*.

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Different Travellers.

"Oh! Oh! Ah! Ah! Ay! Ay! Ugh! Ugh!"

One, with a terrific loud roar.

"Oh, my poor lungs!"

Mayoral.

"Do hold your tongues!"

Another.

"I'm much hurt! raise this curtain."

Another.

"And I'm dead, I'm *quite* certain!"

Mayoral.

"Well, I'm glad it's no worse,
'Twas a little reverse."

A Passenger.

"But I'm slightly dead, surely?"

Mayoral.

"Oh! no! your quite purely.
But, peace! oh, cease!

(*Allegro Schergando.*)

Though you chatter like monkeys or parrots,
Talk can raise not fallen coaches nor chariots!
Come! let's see. Laws! what gibberish! what jabbering!
What a buzz, bother, blubbering, and babbling!
(*Spoken.*)—Hilloa! mule!

(*Sung.*)

Hush! hush! don't prate so, nor make such a racket,
You dead man in the corner, in a linsey-woolsey jacket!
And take down the body o' him, who lives, he says, in Ronda,
But now lies in that scatter'd, batter'd, bespatter'd *coupé* up yonder!
Ugh! I turn'd cold when I felt we were falling,
For the sake of my coach—poor, dear thing!—'twas appalling;
But the cushions, blinds, doors, pole, and wheels, seem all right—
For a moment I felt just like ice with the fright."

A savage Zagal.

"But the *coupé*, that's bad!—and this rubbish of passengers
Of themselves think and talk—not worth two pepper'd passengers!"

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Mayoral.

"Now, lazy ones! ho! spin along with your load;
So, all's right! glad am I we're once more on road.
Get along! get along! now every mule-jack of you,
Or mince-meat, quick as winking, I'll make in a crack of you!
Lagging leader! you think I can't get a good whack of you:
Here's a sound one—whizz!—on the lumbering, slow back of you!"

Chorus of Travellers.

"'Tis a charming night now! what delight and what pleasure!
Travelling thus in the coach—'tis a joy beyond measure!
And, oh! what sweet rapture (a little rough solely)
'Twould be thus, e'en full gallop, to pass through our life wholly!
Thus transported, what transport! see, see, how we're flying ——"

Robber (*spoken*).—"Hold hard! Hip! Halloa! Stop! stop! Stand still! Now, your dollars or your lives! I trust neither alternative would seriously inconvenience you,—a mere trifle, after all, to travellers accustomed to this sort of thing on these civilised roads! Take a sugar-plum, ladies!"

Second Robber.—"Sir, let me offer you a light for your cigar,—all I have being entirely at your disposition;—my utter uselessness, horse, wife (if I had one)—all but these little plain pistols, which I keep as memorials of some friends who knew their value—at their latest gasp! Halloo! Coachy! don't you move a fraction of a hair's breadth!"

First Passenger, recovering a little from his stupefaction and surprise (*spoken*).—"Well, now! what's this?"

Woman.—"La! what's this?"

A Girl.—"My! what's this?"

Very Old Woman.—"Eh! what's this?"

Child.—"Pa! what's this?"

A grumpy, old fat Gentleman, in the rotunda.—"Humph! what's this? What's the dickens?"

Postilion (*to mules*).—"We are a-going to be murdered! ha' done with your kickings!"

Woman's voice.—"Alas, robbers! Pity! help! protection! police! murder! mercy!"

"Fire! water! (I faint) air! earth! What on —— La! I mean, what on earth ——"

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"Ho! rats! mad dogs! earwigs! fits! fans! burnt feathers! salts! brandy! Lawk-a-daisy me! Laws!"
"Guards! Here! run here! quick! in the King's cause,
Or the Queen's: indeed, I'm not particular;
Nor know which is which in these trials vehicular!"

Third Robber.

"Stand still, postilion! stand!
Not another step, I command;
Or I'll shoot you on the spot,
Through your hat and through your head
Particularly dead."

Postilion.

"Don't ye, now: I don't want to be shot."

Robber.

"Aye! but if you dare move e'en the tenth of an inch . . . ."

Postilion.

"There! I stand my ground boldly. D'ye think I'd e'er flinch?"

Robber.

"Saucy? Rogue! I'll blow out your fool's brains!"

Postilion.

"Hubble, bubble!
Don't think, now, of taking so much useless trouble.
I've none! And, besides, think of garotte and gyve.
And I'm brainless enough; so do leave me alive.
Pshaw! the idea of wasting your bullets sir, me in so!
I'll be hanged if I let *you* run the risk of being so!
Shocked I should be; quite shocked: 'tis a fact. So refrain,—
Ah! take not such pains—no, nor give me such pain,
If you shot me, 'pon honour, 'twould give me, I swear,
Quite a pang—much uneasiness!—Prithee, forbear
Putting yourself so much out of the way,
For your poor humble servant myself. My lord! nay!
Castilian politeness, I now couldn't bear it.
(*Aside.*) If you take any booty, merely to serve you I'd share it."
(*To mules.*) "Whooa-a-a-a-o! sh - - - - sh!"

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Travellers (*agitata, allegro, vivoce*).

"Civil guards! quickly,
Throng ye here, thickly!
By the life of all popguns and pitchforks!
Theft in Spain!
Still 'tis plain!
But who ever heard tell *here* of sitch works?"
"Hark! they'll smart!" cries Don Thunder Bigsurgskins;
"Though they'd hides, scales, or any such thick skins,
Aye! even though they'd five skins or six skins."
But in French 'twas he spoke,
Nor let them know the joke:
So they winced not, poor folk.

Robber (*sings*).

"Now, Lady! loveliest, fairest!
Thy charms are of the rarest!
Thy hands are beauteous things;
But oh, those rings! those rings!
And those small ears—
They are pretty dears . . . . .
But, quick! give me the ear-bob each one wears.
(*Spoken.*)—Odds-bobs!

(*Sung.*)

Here no charm is wanting—
You're all quite enchanting!
Your smiles are sweet as honey!
But—just hand us your watches, your trinkets, and your money!"

Second Robber.

"Come! don't keep gentlemen waiting all night here!
We're engaged to another coach, in the road out to the right there;
Ev'n to that of my lord the Ambassador of France.
And—what the devil!
It wouldn't be civil
To leave him in the lurch to foot it and prance.
And he may lead us, too, a deuce of a dance,
If you thus keep us waiting;
'Tis so aggravating!
And our time is as precious—Deuce take it!—
As watches and the best gold repeaters can make it.

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(*Receiving money, &c.*) Come!—that's right!—Thanks!—
Farewell! You all know, Mum's the word!
Tittle tattle on other men's deeds is absurd
As their acts or affairs,
Their conduct or cares.
Of your journey pray talk, if you please;
Of roads, weather, and things such as these:
But don't, pray, now, by way of variety,
Drag us modest folks in who, in purest sobriety,
Shun all kinds of publicity and notoriety.
Forgive, fair ladies, this rough, rude talk;
I'm no speaker, not I, by a very long chalk.
I'm no orator—no! and ne'er shall I reach
Aught of fame in that way till I make my 'last speech.'
Well! a word to the wise—Be discreet!
Gentlemen, your most obedient, humble servant.
Ladies, we all kiss your feet.
These sweetmeats pray take,
And these bits of sponge-cake.
Particular thanks to you, to whom we're beholden,
Lady fair, for these trinkets and nicknacks so golden."

Woman's voice (very quavering).

"We're obliged to you, sirs, much, instead,
For taking our trifles and toys. Enough said
On that head.
Not worthy you they are, indeed.
Now farewell, sirs, farewell, 'till again we meet,
And once more greet,
On some road, on some night or some day,
In the same friendly way.
We'll take care there and then to bring trinkets and treasure,
All at your good disposition and pleasure.
And—and—and—and—of course, many thanks still to *you*,
My lord Thieves. May you rob fifty coaches! Adieu!
Yes, still at your commands,
We all kiss your hands.
(*All aside, in a whispering chorus.*) With our rings on them!
Rather a bore!
When all's done and o'er,
On their vile little fingers they've squeezed 'em.
'Tis lucky they're most of them paste,
Which they haven't found out in their wisdom,
Or haste,
Mid their hurry and haste."

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Third Robber.

"Quick! load the horses—a good appointment's rather elating.
'Twere rude to keep his Excellency kicking his heels and waiting,
And we've no excuse. True, we've watches good, acquired by us so newly,
To tell us how our precious time goes, punctually and truly"

Ladies, chorusing in a stage whisper.

"Good gentlemen thieves, stay not!
Haste! and, oh! may you all be shot!"

Mayoral shouting (in a whisper also).

"You rogues, begone!
Or I'll kill every one."

Chorus of Passengers, as the diligence continues its journey.

"Now off we're scampering,
No hampers hampering,
No bags, no boxes—the empty coach goes fleetly!
We're mad—we're furious!
Our grief's not spurious!
Portmanteaus, trunks, our baggage all we've lost completely!
Thus, thus we're scurrying,
Right fast we're hurrying!"

A squeaking voice.

"Ah! poor bereaved ones!"
"Stuff! don't be sparing, master;
We to Madrid shall get all the faster.
Now, faith! we're flying,
Quick onwards hieing,
Vieing, sky-highing
With the lightnings—trying
To beat the sighing
Swift winds, plying
Their wings undying.
No more stopping—nor shying!
'Tis *now* we're flying!"

Coachman (*spoken*).—"Get on, laggards, lazybones, sluggards, sleepers, crawlers, drawlers, creepers!
Squibs and crackers!
Whops and whackers!
Spankers and flankers!

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Nay, come up, horse! On! on!
Where is your running gone?
Why, a better goer, rather,
I've seen—no good one, naythe—
Made out of a crooked walking-stick,
Not half as stupid, or sorry, or sick."

Affected lisping Señorita.

"The mules seem like ducks now to go.
What pets! Did you ever? Oh, no!
See! they're trotting like angels to-night;
And they canter like turtle-doves quite.
How they're prancing and pawing like jewels!
Their skin seems of satin a few ells.
They're dear birds of paradise galloping,
While that horrid old coachy is walloping.
Pretty butterflies! drawing
The diligence, pawing!
Now like gazelles they're gambolling,
Like perfect divinities ambling.
Perfect darlings! that poppet,
See how it does hop it!"

A Señora, compassionately.

"Poor things, in this haste!
Ah! they drive them too fast!"

Affected young Lady.

"Nay! what stuff! would you check
The dear souls? But you think of your neck.
How they're speeding away!
Like Enchantresses posting!
Not the least bit exhausting,
Whate'er you may say."

Male Passenger.

"Ah! the diligence now seems quite airy,
Like a zephyr, or car of a fairy,
Or like the wing'd leaves on the breeze.
No box, no valise!
As light as you please.
But those sharpers—ah! they were a sharp set, 'tis true.
In what they left here and carried off, too.
See! that pug-dog remains! he the rare pet!
But no! a harmless and humble small bag of carpet.

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Now for our tooth-pegs pearly!
In that horrid hurly-burly,
When they made their shocking survey,
And turned all topsy-turvy,
Left they e'en one tooth-pick? But sure, no matter!
We shall all the sooner with mud bespatter
Madrid's gay cits.
And ha! there! there! there!
Gleams forth the town, I declare!"

A Passenger (*spoken*).—"Long live the fair ladies of Madrid! Well, as for me, I'm going to make a little, short, indeed a very short, song of all this—of all our adventures. Hanged if I don't!"

A John Bull Passenger.—"That's your sort! Now send 'em along, coachy! Tickle their tobies! hiss! hiss! hourray!"

Mayoral (*spoken*).—"Come up! come up! Gee! gee! Pigeon! Lioness!

(*Sung.*)

Now then! now then! Whew! . . . . (*whistling*).
Well, you've got here safe to-day,
Without the least or the slightest inconvenience or delay.
(*To the Mules, spoken.*)—Whooo-a-oooo! Stand still! stand still! So! poor fellows! so! Whooo-a-ooo! whooo-a-ooo!

To Travellers.

All this here work ye'll consider is summut rough and hard, gents:
After such a good, safe, and prosperous journey, ye'll tip the coachey and guards, gents!"

In the foregoing be-rhymed account, although, as I have previously intimated, the robber-part is an addition, and the *complete* capsizing of the vehicle, though it seemed almost to turn a summersault ofttimes, but, like a Dutch toy, recovered itself. But if from these particular mishaps we were spared, we had other mischances in abundance, that by no means were imaginary or agreeable. But before I relate them let me mention that the episode of the

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furiously-kicking mule, among others, is matter of fact. It was after a second contest—another battle of Bailen—we left the courtyard of the *fonda* at Bailen under a press of sashes, pits, and stones, zagales and mayoral scudding along wildly before a gale of yells and oaths; and also the rencontre with the *sereno* (watchman) at Bailen, in almost pitch darkness, in wind, storm, and rain, just as the clock struck twelve, was a real fact. Solemn and touching sounded his sonorous "*Ave Maria Purisima!*" pealing through the heavy darkness of the dismal strife of the elements, to say nothing of the rumbling of our ponderous *coche*. The light in his lantern was blown out by the wind just as he was trying to rekindle our lamp, so this is an incident strictly historical. No fable, either, is the advent of the carter, whom we so fortunately encountered in our great distress; and even with this enormous addition of mules (and from the faint, dim glimpses we could catch of them, the extraordinarily long team of animals, they made even the great, large diligence behind them look as if its weight must be a mere nothing for their collected strength), even with this reinforcement it was a tough job. All this, in short, is no romance. Hard work it was, indeed. So deeply embedded were the wheels, that nothing short of this mulish multitude could probably have availed. The delight we experienced at hearing their mule-bells at first, I cannot express; for besides the disagreeable prospect of remaining stuck there for many hours, we feared the impatience of the mayoral to get on might lead him to attempt what seemed impracticable often, and end in a *bonâ fide* overturn of the coach. And very annoying would have been the delay, and great

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the discomfort and inconvenience this would have occasioned us.

We had, of course, descended from the diligence, in order to lighten it as much as we could for the poor animals at the horrible bit of road (there had been torrents of rain lately, and besides the quagmires and sludge arising from this circumstance, stones of most unmacadamical dimensions to repair it were scattered unartistically over other parts).

In such a place it was we stuck. When we got out, we found it bad walking indeed. It was water, and we had the disadvantage of making our way along under a press of plaids and cloaks; in some parts we were sinking in thick mud, almost up to the ankles, not to say to the knees: twice were we assisted by the same benevolent waggoner, abounding in philanthropy and strong mules. We had got on tolerably for a little while after the first rescue, but again came to a dead stop; and the mayoral prudently and properly waited for the *carretero* to come up with him again.

From Bailen we had a most vicious and violent *macho*, and at a particular hill this obstinate animal refused to proceed. He had kicked most furiously when first brought out of the stables, which amusement he continued for a length of time; he seemed to think heels were only given to animals to fling up into the air, and quadrupeds liberally supplied with four legs in order to flourish them about like the wand of an orchestra conductor, or the drumsticks of a *petit tambour*. At the hill which he would not climb various stratagems and manœuvres were tried, and again and again the ascent was attempted, in vain; till all the other mules turned

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restive too, and further endeavours seemed only likely to end in serious reverses for us. In vain had the coach, over and over again, been turned, quickly and slowly—a short turn and a long turn —every turn but an absolute overturn, so far; and they tried to deceive the mules, in fact, by twisting and twirling about in all sorts of ways, as it seemed to us, to make them so giddy with this waltzing about, that they should go up the hill without knowing what they were doing, or where they were: but if this were the meaning of some of the complicated manœuvres, they failed with the vicious *macho;* for the moment he was turned to the hill again there he stuck, like an iron rock.

During some of those zigzaggings, which were of the most extravagant description, so that we were whisked quite off the road, we several times narrowly escaped going right against a tree that stood in the way; and we seemed in great danger, too, of running foul of heaps of stones as we tacked wildly about, nearly foundering in huge mud-holes, or bearing up sharp round corners, till we feared we should anchor unintentionally in a ditch for the night. I suggested to the mayoral of sending for fresh animals, and packing off the cause of the mischief and mule-mutiny back to Bailen (we were only about a couple of English miles from it), and changing this vicious mule for a more docile beast; and even of adding to our already large number of animals. The postilion was despatched to Bailen, with the unruly *macho* in tow (thinking in his inmost soul, doubtless, he had conquered; and it seemed so). Rather to my surprise, he took my advice. We waited about two hours and a half, and even more, for our mounted Mercury: why he

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was so long I am unable to say. The wind howled, the rain poured; the mayoral and the zagales slept the sleep of the innocent; while we watched wakefully, like the guilty. At last our messenger made his appearance with three horses, which were attached straightway to the vehicle. Again we started, and the same thing happened again. It was the more strange, for the hill really seemed a very inconsiderable one indeed. "Surely," I said, "you had better get back to Bailen and get another set." To our joy he turned, and away we rattled, at a famous fast pace, towards Bailen, the "*tiro*" nothing loath, naturally. But what was our surprise when, on arriving there, we found the mayoral had no intention of changing the mules; but he flourished into the inn-yard and flourished out again, restarting from the spot he had previously left hours before, as if to make believe to the mules they had just begun the stage, and returned again to the unfortunate hill that had proved such a stumbling-block in our path. The mules and horses made no attempt to stop at their own quarters in Balen, nor at the hated hill itself, when, after this, they once more confronted it. At a galloping pace our driver charged it, and away we shot up it, as though it had been the most innocent hill that ever existed. The rest of this portion of the journey the song relates. We altogether lost five dreary hours through these grievous detentions; and we were, in consequence, very nearly too late for the railroad train that conveys the Granada diligence from Aranguez to Madrid.

Everything was done after this annoying circumstance to save time; the travellers were scarcely allowed a minute in which to bolt their breakfasts

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and dinners *à la Américaine;* the poor mules were sadly beaten to make them keep up a tearing pace, wherever practicable—very much to the grief of V—— and me. The driving is very brutal in Spain generally: but no wonder, in a bull-fighting country. However, I had the pleasure of rewarding one zagal, who treated his mules better than the rest, and of succeeding in bribing another to do the same; to the anger of the mayoral, I believe, who wanted, *coûte qui coûte,* to arrive in time for the train to Madrid. A Spaniard, to whom we related the circumstance, exclaimed, "You are the first people who ever paid a zagal for not beating his mules." The young postilion, who had come a long distance (indeed, I believe the whole way from Granada), was sound asleep, nearly the entire length of the last stage, coiled round in a kind of ring, generally, till he looked like Humpty Dumpty himself, and was sometimes apparently nearly losing his head (like our friend the duenna of Loja), and then recovering it again with a sharp jerk, that might have unscrewed any less accustomed and unaccommodating noddle. For some time, snooze, snooze, snoozing, he kept perpetually bowing down, down to his horse's mane, or his saddle-bow, and then, with a slight start, drawing up that sleepy head again; only to bow again, deeper, lower, as if he were practising reverence for the *minuet de la cour,* or saluting visionary thousands inaudibly applauding his miserable performance.

As soon as the *coche* was transferred high and dry to the truck of the train, he, taking his place beside the mayoral on the front, resigned himself wholly to the dominion, in a way that seemed to say he did not mean to be called till the day after

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to-morrow,—as somebody gave orders once to be, after a rather lengthened and riotous revel. Our equine friend looks as if he would think a nap of a hundred years (such as was enjoyed by the heroes and heroines of the old fairy tale) a very passable and moderate forty (thousand) weeks' snooze!

Aranguez looked pretty, and seemed to be placed in a charming nest of greenery and water—a rare thing in this filemot-tinted country; where, in general, all appears so brown and dry, that you are inclined to wish Valencian grass were sown all over the kingdom, if the proverb speak truth of it, and it is, indeed, water. "*En Valencia la carne es yerba, la yerba agua, el hombre muger, y la muger nada;*"—(In Valencia the meat is grass, the grass is *water*, the men are women, and the women are nothing.*) But in the neighbourhood of Bailen, certainly, this aqueous grass would seem to be a totally unnecessary transplantation.

When we arrived at the terminus in Madrid, we found a capital set of mules in readiness to whisk us away into the heart of the Coronada Villa; and now we had an instance of the advantages of travelling in the diligence here—indeed it seems almost invariably done in Spain. Of course, on such roads as we had passed, just in their worst state after the winter storms, it would be a sheer absurdity to attempt to travel over in your own carriage, which must have left its bones, unques-

* Or in rhyme:—

In Valencia the meat is but grass;
The grass it is nothing but water;
Men but women;
While women are nothing—
Just nothing, each mother and daughter:
Just nothing, each mother and daughter.

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tionably, in one of these stone quarries fringed by quagmires that we had passed.

In the same train with our Granada diligence was one private carriage—I fancy, from what I heard, belonging to some ambassador, with a maid on the dickey, who was grinned at and quizzed unmercifully by a number of people, who were apparently just returning from some merry-making, and who were determined to make themselves still more merry at the poor woman's expense. She stood the laughing and jesting, however, like a heroine and a stoic, treating their uncivil demonstrations with the most sovereign contempt. As to the distinguished owners of this equipage, they had to despatch their courier to some place in the town and get horses or mules; and we were very credibly informed they would be kept waiting there at least an hour: which appeared highly probable, although their messenger was bade to use all despatch, taking into consideration the extremely leisurely mode of hurrying in common use in Spain.

Our noble-looking train of mules were some time before they were properly harnessed to the vehicle; then the postilion had to wake out of his profound sleep—profound, indeed, "by the deep nine;" or, rather, it was unfathomable. However, he woke up at last, and looked round like a Spanish Miss Van Winkle, seemingly not certain whether he was in Madrid or the moon; and such a gap had that plummet-defying slumber apparently made in his young existence, that he would scarcely have been surprised had he found the mayoral an octogenarian with a white beard, and himself a middle-aged man of corpulent proportions, and the diligence nothing but a shadow of the Past, filled with like

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shadows; but he had to scramble on a leader's back again, half asleep, and found the *coche* once more pursued him—like his own shadow turning to stone.

The zagal (if he were one, he was rather a fine gentleman), who accompanied these fresh mules, took his seat on the box and drove the team in capital style. (By the way, the zagales drove during part of our journey, whenever the mayoral took a stage or two of sleep.) I think in my life I never met with so astonishing a pair of lungs as this man possessed: he would be worth his weight in gold in Turkey, methinks. He would roar loud enough to awaken a whole very sleepy population of Orientals; and, in fact, would prove a holloaer of a hundred-muezzin power. One like him might be quite sufficient for Stamboul herself. His "*Andad! Andad!*" (always pronounced to the *tiros* in Spain with the most vehement emphasis on the "*dad*") was enough to strike terror into the heart of any created mule, and of every living horse under the sun. I think it might have forced a whole team of elephants into a full gallop, with a ten-storied pagoda on their backs; or driven a four-in-hand of hippopotamuses, or a "span" of sloths, into a furiously fast pace, like so many high-mettled racers.

Away we flew, dashing along the magnificent street of the Alcalá—one of the finest in the world, I think; and we flourished past Espartero's acacias —"*Andad! Andad!*"—till we stopped, in a very brief space of time, at the *despacio*, or diligence office. We soon afterwards found ourselves comfortably-enough lodged in the Fonda da San Luis, in the Calle de la Montera.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

We are off to the Escurial, intending on our return to visit all that is most interesting in Madrid.

I have already, however, of course, been to see Madrid's greatest glory, the transcendant picture-gallery—one of the most magnificent it is possible to conceive. But I will reserve any attempted description of it, and its magnificent treasures, till after my return from the Escurial; and, indeed, this work has so much exceeded the dimensions I originally intended it should assume, that I believe I must postpone it altogether, and many other things, for the present.

We left Madrid in one of the same lumbering and noisy, but mightily useful, species of vehicles that had conveyed us, after so many tribulations, to the capital. We passed the colossal bridge—that maximum of a bridge over the minimum of a river—which spans the far-famed Manzanares, which we had the advantage and pleasure of *not* seeing; that is, of having the opportunity of satisfactorily seeing. It was not to be seen—with our own eyes it was not to be seen; for when you have heard much about anything, you like to find it fully deserves all that has been said of it.

And now we entered the great Sahara of Madrid, for barren and dreary is its surrounding scenery

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indeed. However, the road is very magnificent; and the sound of the name of one of the places, at any rate, is consolatory—Las Rosas! One thinks of Fontenay-aux-Roses, and Cashmeer, and Chiswick, and its nursery-gardens near, and Bendemeer's stream, and what not! But, well-a-day! there is nothing but onions and garlic at Las Rosas; and as on this road you have a river without a drop of water generally, so it seems you also have a rosary without a single flower.

Uninteresting enough appeared the road. On and on we went, through a dull, lifeless-looking waste, so far peculiar that it reminded one of nothing, and recalled no associations, pleasant or unpleasant. I now, however, think it was not entirely unlike some parts of Cambridgeshire, if you could improvise a few mountains in that rather plain country; for the Warren Hill proudly overhanging famous Newmarket Heath will by no means stand for one. It is said, "there is not a tree between Newmarket and Copenhagen." This may not be quite true; but it gives one a good idea of blackness and barrenness.

But to return to Spain.

What is that great sombre object rising before us in slow, stern grandeur, and like a young mountain in the enfolding arms of another mountain? What but the Escurial itself? The Escurial! How could I for a moment apply the term "young" to that venerable, old, most dismal Greybeard of Granite? Young? The huge skeleton of the megatherium might give you as much the idea of a plump little suckling, as the Escurial of aught juvenile in art or nature. It looks as if it should be inhabited by a score of Methuse-

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lahs. Dismal seems all around it, as well as itself. Alas! I shall strike out nothing new here, if ever I do anywhere;—(aught *new* here, seems as unnatural as aught *young* young.) Here all must surely follow in the sheepwalk of every tourist who ever moved Escurial-wards with gloomy brow and saddened thought. Everything looks harsh and yet forlorn. To judge by what you sometimes read, you might think the Escurial to be "the bourn from whence no traveller returns;" for have we not been told they die of its doleful dumpishness? The Escurial seems not only dismal itself, but the cause of dismality in others. Whether, sentient or insensate, I suspect it contrives to bore all near it; even the very mountains, that stand looking sadly stupid and *ennuyé* around it. Everything looks doleful beside it and about it; and not the least so the lengthy lines of walls surrounding the now neglected little covers of the Pardo and Czarzuela—(Queen Isabel does not shoot, it seems), and "other preserves," says Mr. Ford, "of Iberiomaniac Royalty." But one part of the trial we have survived—the bleak journey to this home and haunt of gloom; and here we are, happily, arrived at the hotel in the Real Sitio.

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CHAPTER XXX.

We were sitting in our rooms at the hotel of Señor Miranda (a very comfortable one, and kept by most obliging people), just ready to start to see the architectural monster and mountain hard by, when a slight knock was heard at the door, and forthwith enters blandly an old man, rather florid-looking, and hale, with a thick stick, who seats himself without much ceremony in the first chair he finds, and wishing us good-day, and informing us (in Spanish) that we belong to him—for the day and for the Escurial, he calmly proceeds:—"You are come to see the Escurial, and I am to take you. You are to go with me, you know, and I am ready. I am Cornelio; that is, Cornelio in the Red English book: for I am in the Red Book, and know Mr. Ford. Everybody comes with me: I am the great guide." And we see the old man is blind, and dimly remember having heard or read of a blind guide to the Escurial.

"Cornelio? Very good. We will go with you."

"Oh, yes! I take in all the English—Don Brown, and Lord .... Lord Smit. Yes, I take them all in: all English, and Americans, too." (So poor Don Brown was "done brown," it seems.) He further informed us afterwards, confidentially, that

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he had a great liking for American ladies, but did not like American gentlemen. We found, too, afterwards, that among his other property—personal property, we may say—M. Alexandre Dumas and Mr. Cobden had "belonged to him." "Si, si! for I am the greatest guide—the guide to everybody." He speaks rather authoritatively altogether: perhaps he considers the Escurial belongs to him, as well as the Escurial-goers.

"Very well, Cornelius; we are yours—not till death, but—till evening." And so off we start.

"And you pass your life in showing the Escurial?"

"Oh, yes, Señora; of course."

"But what a life!"

"Ah, yes! very gay and nice."

"Ah, indeed!"

"And I know every atom of it." Which is no little thing to boast of, as there are a very great many atoms collected there.

Aye! what a dreary existence; but the old guide looks as jovial and brisk as may be. Actually not a symptom of melancholy or madness about him! But, then, he is blind. This loss of one bodily sense has preserved all his intellectual senses, maybe, in this gloomy spot. But we follow our sightless leader.

True, indeed, is all we have heard of the forbidding, austere aspect of the place. We look with a shivering, shuddering admiration, at this frigid immensity! An architectural Arctic region! We almost expect to see penguins dotting the dreary scene with dull life. Surely Philip the Second meant no compliment to San Lorenzo to make all the pilgrims to this his mighty shrine martyrs—

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though not on a gridiron (save in form) but on a glacier! What a prodigious mass of building! And what does our old guide tell us, with evident pride and satisfaction?—There are sixteen court-yards here, sixty-three fountains, eighty staircases, twelve cloisters, and of painted fresco on the walls there are three thousand feet!

As to the windows, we should imagine they are not to be counted; though some say there are eleven thousand of them. They are hideous. Vast quantities of them, as we said, there are; but they are like those in a madhouse or a manufactory. They seem like little squinny eyes, indeed; for that huge mass, however numerous and Argus-like, (if Argus had such "pig's eyes"—in short, no better in proportion—his hundred eyes were possibly not very useful to him).

The building is a rectangular parallelogram, chiefly of the Doric order. The sixteen courts divide the interior; and thus are represented the intersections of the bars of a gridiron (this is the architectural commemoration of San Lorenzo's martyrdom), the feet being formed by the four towers that elevate their granite fronts at the four corners.

There is a noble platform (a *Lonja*) at the northern and western sides; the view from thence is fine, and not entirely dreary, for you look on the mountains and on the hamlet from this platform. On the remaining sides there are gloomy terraces looking over hanging-gardens, to the full as gloomy, and exceedingly formal fishponds. The elms that adorn some sloping banks beneath, we are told by some authorities, came from old "merry England." How happens it they have not long ago hung them-

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selves, *à l'Anglaise*, in this frowning, melancholy spot? for the "merry" English have a trick of doing this on occasion. They would thus have made themselves *pendants* to the "hanging gardens," in sound if not in sense.

And now you enter the grand *patio*, called the Patio de los Reyes; for here stand the colossal statues of the kings of Judah. They are seventeen feet in height, and each and all cut from one large block of granite by Juan Monegro, enough being left to make up twelve if required. The figures have marble heads and hands, and gilt bronze crowns. As to merit, they are very mediocre; the details are uninteresting, and the effect altogether unsatisfactory.

Now we felt the dreary atmosphere of the arid, ashy place, clasping and encompassing us round as with a dull pall; not to say a wet blanket—too derogatory to this behemoth of a building. If the "Mammoth Cave" in Kentucky could be dis-subterraneanised for a spell, and introduced just for a short time to the world above-ground, with all it has of dreariness and loneliness freshly about it—with its very earth-earthy aspect—and its dismal rocks and blocks, unsound for thousands of years, looking cold, and still, and death-like—and with its solemn spaces of giant coffins and ghostly pits displayed,—it might look as forlorn and repulsive: but yet hardly so; for it has its beautifying, lovely, stalactite bowers (though their "artificial flowers" are a little stony and skeleton-like), and its mimic heavens of starry gypsum to light it up. Pharaoh, methinks, was much wiser than Philip. He built the stern, melancholy pyramid, for a place of repose for the unconscious body after death; and Philip

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raised this cold, drear structure, for his lugubrious abode during life. However, if he meant it to be a sure refuge from the world and the devil, perhaps he was in the right: the world's busy waves must have broken in vain on this grey, frozen, ashy pile; and the Father of Evil would surely fly such a woe-begone prison-tomb as this. He prefers something more smiling—a little more lively and cheerful. It would drive him away effectually, even in his little gloomy pit, when he "a monk would be." Depend upon it, he would never have been a monk among those who dwelt here.

Let us now visit the chapel. This is really magnificent! The *coro alto* here is not in the body of the church, and so does not diminish its beauty nor dwarf its apparent size. A truly pure and sublime simplicity reigns in this hallowed part of the building; but yet there is almost too deep and gloomy a solemnity, even for a chapel. "*Luca fa presto*" is the painter who covered eight of the compartments of the roof with not particularly fine fresco. The height to the top of the cupola is three hundred and twenty feet. The *retablo* of the high altar is very fine. The screen should be looked at; it is by the Milanese, Giacomo Trezzo, and it took him seven years of labour—he not being a Luca "*fa presto.*" This screen is ninety-three feet high.

It is cold here, indeed; but still the church has not the grim, deserted look, that the corridors and cloisters have since the expulsion of the poor dispossessed monks.

There are low oratories on each side of the high altar for the royal family, while kneeling effigies of monarchs and their consorts, apparently in the act

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of prayer, are placed above. There is something touching about these ever-kneeling kings and queens. Philip II. died in a chamber of insignificant size, very near the oratory beneath his effigy.

The number of minor altars exceeds forty. Some are adorned by superb pictures, painted by El Mudo (the Dumb), and Juan Fernandez Navarrete, a noble artist.

To the right of the high altar is the *relicario*. Philip accumulated relics by thousands, and they were distributed in five hundred and fifteen shrines of richly-chased plate. La Houssaye took all the treasure, and it will be readily imagined he did not consider the *reliques* as such. The Gauls also bore off above one hundred gold and silver vessels devoted to sacred purposes; likewise a superb *custodia*, costly with gold and wrought with rich gems, as well as a female image in silver; and they took care not to leave behind them the silver statue, the size of life, of San Lorenzo, which held one of the real (?) bars of his gridiron set in gold. And here, again, La Houssaye carried off the treasure—which has *not* the "real bar." Precious lamps of silver were also borne away by the French. There was at that time in the Escurial a magnificent work of art, a priceless gilt bronze tabernacle, after designs by Herrera, fashioned by Trezzo. It was one of the most superb works of art on the earth. This, after being the product of anxious labour and care, was promptly and recklessly demolished by La Houssaye's hirsute pioneers, who broke it up, believing it was of silver-gilt, and afterwards, in a fit of disgust, flung it away as wholly valueless! Alas for Soult! since actually one wishes for him here. Had he stolen it, it would still have been

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in existence *somewhere*, for certain, though that somewhere would not have been Spain.

In the *ante-sacrostia* there is nothing very interesting, and the visitor advances into the *sacristia*, Here once hung the precious *Perla* of Raphael, now at Madrid, and other most magnificent pictures. The *Perla* was placed above the wardrobes that contained the ecclesiastical dresses formerly.

The altar is splendidly decorated. There is a very fine picture here by Claudio Coello.

We visited a dreary suite of rooms, where once, I believe, some of the noblest pictures on the face of the earth were placed. They are removed; but, happily for us, we can still see them at Madrid.

The central *patio* here is called that of *de los Evangelistas;* it is a square of one hundred and seventy-six feet, with formal, over-artificial gardens and ponds. It was called thus from containing statues of the Apostles, executed by Monegro.

The *Iglesia Vieja* was used for divine service while the present one, the *templo*, was being constructed.

I must not omit to mention the Grand Staircase, which is imposing; but we did not render it justice, I am afraid, for our attention was much distracted by the rashness of our blind guide, who had already given us great alarm. It is generally said of him, that he knows the place so perfectly that he never makes a solitary mistake or a single false step; but we found, on the contrary, he was continually running himself up against sharp corners, butting against the walls, rambling down unforeseen steps, and hitting himself against unremembered pillars. There might be some special reason for these blunders of his on that particular

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day—he might be a little preoccupied or confused, or I know not what, but most certainly such was the fact; and we should doubtless have suffered more from the very dull, damp, and heavy coldness of this dreary place, as visitors generally complain of doing, had we not been kept in perpetual hot-water by these stumblings and runnings against walls of poor Cornelio. We had almost incessantly to call out to him to stop, or to take care, and to go more to the *izquierda*, or more to the *derecha*, or to beg him to avoid an entirely unyielding wall, which he was preparing recklessly to storm. And the worst of the business was, that our thus attempting to save his life and his limbs offended him mortally: it seemed a deadly offence to save him from compound fracture, and barbarity in the extreme to prevent his skull being laid open. He could not bear it to be observed that he was ever at fault; and I really believe the greater number of his slips and wrong turns—at the latter part of the time especially—arose from his great anxiety to show us how perfectly he was at home; and at times he almost ran along all the multiplied passages and cloisters of the huge building. In short, one unfortunate *faux pas* of his had probably been the cause of all his later errors; since from that moment he increased, in a kind of fit of bravado, his before moderate pace to a sort of trot, making it a point of honour, as it were, to go at a certain speed and stop for nothing, and once to point out a picture wrongly. I was compelled to observe, from whence sprang these mistakes and failures? Just before we got to the Grand Staircase he more than once bumped himself sadly against the wall, and very angry he became at our repeated and anxiously

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earnest warnings and expostulations, and perhaps injudicious but kindly-meant inquiries if he were hurt. This occasioned him to be so exceedingly out of humour. And so affronted he was at our friendly interference, all because he was very sore at our seeing he could not find his way accurately, that he actually, after charging a wall or two at a hand-canter, began rushing along backwards, in the most rash and reckless manner, apparently intending to go thus at a run backwards down the great stone staircase itself! This movement utterly horrified us. We could not even be quite certain that he knew he was so frightfully near the stairs; and, indeed, my impression at the moment was, that he had forgotten them. So terrified we were, that we screamed aloud to him to take care and keep away from the stairs; and I felt painfully alarmed for the poor man's safety. On hearing this he suddenly spun round, quick as thought, and shot down the Grand Staircase as fast as he could well go, like an arrow from a bow—really at a tremendous pace, and actually, I think, without the slightest mistake, and as light as a feather.

After this triumph he seemed quite *rayonnant*, and was in a little better humour; so I hoped he would consider he had retrieved his reputation for infallibility, and would attempt no more racings through the long-drawn passages. But this alarm took off from our admiration and observation of the Great Staircase very considerably, as may be supposed.

On the whole, however, Cornelio is an excellent guide, and it is really wonderful that he should thread the many mazes of this mighty building as he does; and his partial failure arose, I certainly

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think, from merely accidental circumstances on the day that he acted as our cicerone.

There is a battle-piece here (the battle at St. Quentin), and there is Philip II. deciding on the plan of this edifice with his architects; and on the ceiling there is the apotheosis of San Lorenzo, accompanied by saints and souls of the blessed—Charles V. and Philip II. among them, "Luca fa presto" painted this space over in seven months. No wonder his execution is often so faulty.

The upper cloister once, I believe, boasted of the *Gloria* of Titian. The *Camarin* adjoins it, formerly teeming with treasures and rarities. Luis Giordano also painted the ceilings of the *anto-coros* belonging to the *coro alto*. The stalls of the *coro* are richly carved out of seven different kinds of wood.

The *facistol* is immense, yet Cornelius, in high good humour now, showed us how it moved round easily with a single touch of the finger.

Cornelius was anxious we should admire a chandelier decorated, if I remember rightly, with peacocks; but it seemed a rather overdone, tawdry affair, and not suited to the situation in which it was placed.

At the back of the Prior's seat is the white marble representation of our blessed Saviour, presented to Philip II. by the Grand Duke Cosimo, and carried from Barcelona on the shoulders of men. It is far-famed, and has great merit.

Above the porch of the extensive *patio* of the kings is to be found the great library. The books there civilly *face* the spectators, instead of turning their backs. Before the invasion, it is said there were thirty thousand books and four thousand

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volumes of MSS. The Usurper removed them all to Madrid. Ferdinand the Seventh returned them, deducting about ten thousand, and also minus the catalogue. Not a bad idea that! Thus the missing (if, indeed, ever missed in this place) cannot be accurately ascertained.

The grand triumph of poor Cornelio was yet to come, and he seemed thoroughly to enjoy it. He told us we must go to the top of the dome to see the view. We consented, and followed him up a very dark, disagreeable staircase, where he delighted in exhibiting his superiority here over us; knowing every step of the way, he frisked sportively along, like a playful, frolicsome kid or lambkin, and went at such a pace that it was our turn to stumble and flounder, and knock ourselves about, in that dark and thrice-gloomy place, where we could not see our path.

"*Ay! es tan desagradable agin . . . Cornelio!*"

"*Desagradable! oh, no! es nada, nada!*"

And away he skipped.

Some labourers, who had been employed on some repairs, were coming down as we went up, with a great clatter; and, altogether, this ascent was particularly disagreeable for us. Cornelio's triumph and delight, however, amused us: poor man! We then appeared to be the blind, and he, with his good memory and long habit of going up and down these places, seemed to possess the clearest sense of sight; and his exclamations as we loitered in the rear, and begged him not to go on so fast, showed his great gratification. The view from the summit is fine, but yet the very mountains and scenery around seemed oppressed and saddened by

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that shadow of death that their awful-looking and dreary neighbour appears to cast heavily about it.

We paid a visit to the *Panteon*, the very home of Death, which (perhaps from the mind being prepared to find *there*, naturally and properly, a very gloomy spot), contradictorily, seemed to us rather lively and pleasant: certainly, for the dead it is a very brilliant abode; and I think many people will be of my opinion, that it is the most agreeable apartment here.

It is placed underneath the high altar, so that, when the celebrant elevates the Host, he does so precisely over the dead beneath. Philip II. merely built a plain vault here, though he actually erected the Escurial itself as a mighty tomb-house for his father; but Philip III., his son, commenced this superb Hall of Death, which Philip IV. completed, in 1654. Marble in rich varieties, and gilded garnishings, adorn the entrance. There is a jasper staircase, of yellow and green colour, descending into the vault. Gilt bronze, and fine-polished, sheeny marble, form the principal materials of this royal chamber of silence and mortality.

There are twenty-six niches hollowed out of the eight sides of this octagon, where are the *urnas* of black marble containing the kingly ashes. In the middle, covered, I think, with a royal pall, resplendent with gold and pomp, was placed a little coffin, not yet consigned to any niche: it was that of the infant Prince of the Asturias, the present queen's son, who died a few days after his birth. I remembered the disappointment in Cuba when the news came of the infant heir-apparent's decease.

The sacristan (for I suppose such was the guide

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who showed us this solemn spot) was very sulky; and Cornelio every now and then resigned us to some of the resident showmen of the place, who all, of course, expected gratuities, or *gratificacioncitas*, till they leave the visitor rather empty, and proper objects to bestow *gratificacioncitas*, or little gifts, on themselves. I think it is Victor Hugo who describes a similar arrangement somewhere in Prussia, a few years ago, where you are handed over to various guides, all playing into one another's hands, while you are expected to *pay* into all their hands. After being left almost without a kreutzer in his purse, he found yet another fee had to be paid—to the King of Prussia himself! We were a little better off here: Queen Isabel, at least, did not claim a *properia*.

Our sacristan seemed a staunch heretic-hater—as great a bigot as Philip II. himself. To whatever we asked him he grunted and grumbled a half unintelligible reply, with a kind of snarl at the end of it, and looked as if he could have broiled us on the mighty gridiron itself in the twinkling of an eye, and then eaten us without salt. At the first *descanso* (landing-place) of the staircase the surly cassocked guide, with a scowl and a growl, pointed out a door, telling us that that led to another place of sepulture. This is the *Panteon de los Infantes*, which has the common, ugly name, of *El Padridero*. In the magnificent vault below, none are entombed save crowned heads and the mothers of kings and heirs-apparent. Etiquette and propriety are strong as death in Spain; and besides the careful separations of rank, the male deceased are prudishly divided from the female corpses, and ranged on the opposite sides of the majestic and mournful resting-

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place—this resplendent chamber of death. True, if our gruff guide, the sacristan, had offered it, we should not have liked to enter that; but he really seemed to take a spiteful pleasure in telling us we could not go into this or that place. It is certainly rare, I think, in Spain, to meet such a grumpy *grognard* as this Walter; it is very uncommon to meet with any surliness or discourtesy in Spain among people who have anything to do with you.

I do not remember exactly in which room here we much admired some handsome decorations in steel and gold: it had a striking effect.

In general, the royal apartments at the Escurial are indifferently furnished, and the acme of dullness: they all look like the Panteon, as far as gloom is concerned, without the splendid decorations that enrich the one which awaits the defunct monarch of Spain.

We were shown some apartments that had been occupied by Queen Christina and by Queen Isabel, when the latter was a child. What must this place seem to a child? How must its spirits be damped amid the giant gloom of this profoundly sombre and severe building! It must either make them, one would think, the most rigorous of ascetics, or just the very reverse—the most likely extreme of the two. Fancy a poor little prattler brought up in Cheops' pyramid: methinks it would have a fancy in after life for living in a *guinguette*.

No wonder, from a natural reaction after a childhood even partly spent in this dismal palace, Queen Isabel should go dancing through life here in a way that would certainly make Philip II. stare a little with those icy-cold, grey, keen eyes of his. The rooms of the greatest interest here undoubtedly

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belonged to him. We were taken there by a very good-humoured showman, who inherited us for a time, and who was the antipodes of our glum, glumpy friend of the Panteon. This most amiable mortal rather overwhelmed us with obligingness. We must, besides this, try the others, take up something else.

I was made to seat myself in a chair where, I was assured, King Philip used to sit; and we were shown his ink-blotted writing-desk. What said he? "From hence, with a few inches of paper, I govern the world" (or something like it); and this was the magic-working writing-desk, I suppose.

We went and sat a little while on one of the terraces, for the fresh air, after all this gloom and oppressive mournful grandeur, seemed really somewhat requisite. Now I begin to understand how poor Atlas must have felt with a very heavy world on his shoulders. We felt a little like half-escaped Caryatides as we crept through the awful pile, oppressed with its architectural burdens, which seemed to weigh on our shoulders and spirits.

As we reposed ourselves here, looking at the fine but austere prospect, I bethought me (not unnaturally) of asking Cornelio if he knew where we could find horses in the village to get away from this place, and ride to Guadarrama (the diligences do not run between these places except just in the summer months). "Horses?" and he destroyed my hopes at a blow.—"*No hay!*" "Mules?"—"*No hay!*" "If we cannot ride, could we drive there in some *tartana*, or some *galera*, some cart?" "*No hay, Señora! no hay! Oh, no, Señora; no hay!*" Here Anglia, whom we had brought with us to see this wonder of Spain,

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begged me, aside, to inform her if he was not talking English, and if he did not keep on saying, "No eye, No eye!" because he was blind? It is pronounced much like it, certainly. This made us laugh, and I was sadly afraid suspicious Cornelio might think we were laughing at him; for he is decidedly touchy, poor man. We did not like to tell him what had occurred, and changed the subject.

He told us, a good many Americans visited the Escurial, and many other foreigners. He had had a great many extraordinarily distinguished people to take care of, and spoke of them very patronisingly indeed; evidently considering their visit to this place the one great event or mighty epoch of their lives. As he told us of all these various celebrities he had escorted over the palace, he seemed to entertain an idea that he was himself the most celebrated of them all. Of the giant building itself he spoke always with much tenderness and love, as if it were a great, huge plaything, or pet—a pretty bauble, though of the biggest; and also as if it were all his own. Philip the Second devised it and erected it, it seemed to him, perhaps, solely with a view to his being its exhibitor, and guiding the pilgrims of the world about it. And, indeed, one should be much inclined to surmise that Cornelio, poor fellow, is the only person who ever thoroughly enjoyed it, and whose happiness it ever made. But that it does make *his*, and his pride and glory, too, seems unquestionable.

I wonder what he dreams the Escurial to be now? Something exceedingly beauteous, fascinating, light, bright, airy, and charming—a little in the Crystal Palace, or fairy-bower style I imagine; something that would suit Aladdin and Co. His

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whole manner, and all his expressions, convince you of that. He has been blind, I believe, ever since he was nine years old; and I do not know that he was born here: so, perhaps, he never really saw it in his life.

Among other famed persons whom he boasts of having conducted over this vast edifice were M. Alexandre Dumas and Mr. Cobden. The rest of the renowned I forget. He is certainly a capital guide for a blind man; but, besides the many alarms he from time to time gave us, we found him continually pointing to one picture and minutely describing another.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

NOTWITHSTANDING Cornelio's decided assurances that "*no hay*, horses, mules, caravans, *coches*, carts, tartanas, or waggons were to be had here, I determined, in addition to numerous fruitless inquiries of waiters, commissioners, &c., to go myself (N.B.—the best way, by far, in Spain, and perhaps anywhere else) and see if I could not find anything, wheeled or legged, to transport us to Guadarrama, where I expected we should certainly find a diligence to Segovia. During all the first part of the prosecution of my inquiries, not a glimmer of hope seemed to dawn and flicker upon our minds. "*No hay! no hay!*" Anglia might have thought the entire village was stone-blind. As for horses, they seemed unknown quadrupeds here; nor could the people have stared more if we had asked for a pair of penguins to be harnessed, or a brace of kangaroos.

At last, after receiving for the tenth or eleventh time the same reply,—"Horses?"—No. "Mules?"—No. "Caravans? Carts?"—No; it struck me that, with the small amount of luggage we had brought, we could probably manage to go to Guadarrama on donkeys. And in what part of Spain can you possibly be put down without finding donkeys? aye, in abundance. I mean this, I beg

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to say, quite literally, and not in the smallest degree figuratively or satirically; for the Spaniards, whatever may be their faults, are certainly no fools—especially individually; collectively, I would not so boldly answer for them. "Donkeys? Oh, yes, yes; to be sure; of course!" Let us have such a number, at such an hour, to go from hence to Guadarrama. "Oh, yes!" And accordingly, after despatching to Madrid a little trunk that we did not care to take with us, we mounted our long-eared coursers. Highly pleased to have accomplished our object, we bade adieu to the very civil master of the hotel, Señor Miranda, who took care we should have good guides to accompany and escort us, and off we started, forming rather an imposing cavalcade than otherwise. The luggage was all carried by one strong donkey—there was but a small quantity of it; and four others carried our party very satisfactorily, pit-patting away famously.

Mine was a stupendous ass—at least as far as size went; and he might have rivalled the colossal Neddy which Mr. Ford tells us, in *The Gatherings*, belonged once to Don Carlos. I had set my affections on another one, a more active-looking little fellow; but several voices informed me this had been got ready for me, and provided with nice little delicate reins, as it was the finest beast by far. I saw in a moment I need not take this entirely as a compliment, for it was very easy to discover that one of the most eager of the speakers was horribly frightened at the idea of mounting the mammoth donkey herself—and that was Anglia. She was sure it would require a good horsewoman to ride *that* ass. (She remembered, probably, all Achmet's reproaches and rebukes.)

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Away we went: the leviathan comported himself admirably, on the whole; while a little minnow, or sprig of a sprat—a mere shrimp of a young donkey, ridden by Anglia's companion, proved really an exceedingly troublesome animal. He was an uneducated young thing, and of the giddiest description; which giddiness he probably rather increased than diminished by every now and then thinking proper to take an impromptu waltz, and by this unexpected proceeding alarming his rider not a little. He was a positive plague, that little midge of a donkey, while my walking mountain was very steady and well-conducted. And this rider of his not being a perfect ass-woman was in great tribulation, and our guides, Marcello and Bartolo, were frequently called on to help. "Oh, dear! the creature's going away from me! I'm half off! Oh, me! I'm off!" However, notwithstanding all these asinine freaks, we arrived in perfect safety at Guadarrama.

We immediately inquired about the diligence that was likely to proceed to Segovia, the place of our destination; from whence, after seeing San Ildefonso, we intended to return straight to Madrid. We took apartments in the Posada Antiqua de los dos Castillas (about which everything, in truth, seemed *antiqua* enough); a lofty name for a place anything but lofty, save in rather high charges. To our dismay, we found the diligence would not start for Segovia till Tuesday—this being Saturday. We did not like the idea of staying three nights in this uncomfortable, dirty-looking, old place, at all, which looked and seemed more odious after the pleasant and comfortable hotel at the Escurial; and we gladly accepted our host's offer to go and inspect a

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certain *galera* reposing under the old-fashioned gateway. It seemed a wretched thing, and they asked an exorbitant price for it: also we found it would be a very long time going. As these *galeras* are slow and tedious conveyances, I told the hotel-keeper I would think of it, and determined to see if there were really no other means of transit to Segovia or San Ildefonso.

We made a little promenade about the little town, or rather village. We stopped for a short time near a cottage, and seeing a stone bench, thought we would sit down a little while and enjoy the pleasant evening. We called out to ask leave of the occupants of the cottage, but received no answer at first. At length a *muchacha* appeared, and with a gentle manner and much civility begged us to be seated, and ran back hastily into the cottage, soon reappearing with an ancient chair, which she amiably proffered. Around her as she stood, gracefully grouped themselves a goodly number of little pigs, grunt, grunt, grunting away all the time we were talking, in the most pleasantly chatty and conversational manner. They were evidently companions and bosom-friends, pets and playthings of the Guadarramian mountain-nymph, and considered themselves bound to join in our discourse. We asked her if this small swinish multitude slept in the cottage, for they evidently had the complete run of the house. No! they did not sleep exactly in the house, but they came in and out when they pleased—the nice little things! We discovered that our *muchacha* had been at Madrid, where she had lived in service. She was a very favourable specimen of her class—all gentleness, courtesy, and good-humour.

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We were fortunate enough to find out, despite the reiterated protestations of our host, and every person about his establishment, including a very sour, disagreeable woman, who acted as our waitress, that there was another diligence going to Segovia—a sort of rival *coche* to the one that left the Posada Antiqua de los dos Castillas, starting from a rival house on Monday morning. Accordingly we quietly secured places in it, and arranged everything greatly to V——'s delight, who was the first discoverer of this welcome fact; and we kept our proceedings a profound secret from our former friends at the Ancient Hotel of the Two Castilles, lest they should contrive haply, by some means or other, to put a spoke in the wheel of our precious *trouvaille*—the diligence.

As we never travel on Sunday, when it can possibly be avoided, we were glad to spend this sacred day quietly, even in this unpleasant place, where the entomologically-disposed might have found objects of very high interest.

There seemed a whole regiment of troops just now here, or rather passing through the place. We saw some enormously-crowded special diligences start from hence, each engaged for troops, drawn by quite a mob of mules—twelve, in general; and I will not be sure that one had not fourteen. They were crowded with soldiers, the officers going in the coupée.

Altogether, Guadarrama was rather lively while we were there; for there were also vast numbers of laden waggons, drawn by oxen: such trains of them, that they might make you think of the thundering big trains out by the Far West, at Chihuahua, or some of those remote places, where

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the poor drivers, with glee, saw themselves afterwards living on the mocassins — "least wise the parflesh" (buffalo-hide soles), and "poor doins that 'ar feedin' us." There was a very bad bit of road just about opposite to the posada, and the shouting and noise to get the poor oxen to try their best to drag the ponderous vehicles over that deep slough were a little distracting.

A rather amusing spectacle presented itself in the course of the day in the open street. A somewhat aged dame, seating herself deliberately in a chair, with as much dignity as if it were a wicker throne (not much more ricketty than some others, perhaps), proceeded to subject her crown — that is, her head — of grey hair to the care of an attendant, who, comb in hand, stood prepared to operate at a given signal. When the mistress was ready, the maid proceeded most energetically to perform her part of the exhibition. The old dame seemed to have a vast profusion of these hoary locks; they fell around her in showers of silver, like a gleaming, flowing fountain. Meantime, acquaintances and friends of the fair grey one passed by; some stopping to exchange courteous greetings, others merely just bowing or speaking a word and passing on. The old woman, with much dignity, returned these salutations, and then shaking back the abundant silvery tresses from her furrowed brow, gave directions to her handmaiden how next to proceed. It was a curious exhibition altogether. There was considerable hair shed on the road, and when the aged señora rose from her cane-bottomed chair of state, with her profuse locks wreathed about her head, her path was paved with silver.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

MONDAY morning arrived, and we asked for the bill of the posada, seeing that we were going. It was brought by the sulky *muchacha*, and included the charge for Monday and Tuesday morning. I told her that must be taken off, as we were going away directly. We enjoyed her surprise, but she soon recovered herself. "Impossible! There is no diligence." "Yes, there is a diligence, and we are going by it." She now, looking scared, rushed down to communicate with the *patron*. Up he came. "*Dispense V. Señora:* you cannot go, believe me. There is no diligence — absolutely, positively none, till to-morrow." "But indeed there is, and I expect the mozas from the next hotel every moment to take our luggage. "The next hotel! What?" And the blow evidently told, and his countenance fell. "Ah! you have found out? .... No, you cannot have found out —No! Yes! No! You cannot believe — *Ah! V. no me Escucha*, I tell you. No, it cannot be! I am thunderstruck! The next posada, Señora? What! the next posada? How did you know? How *could* you know? That is, how do you *not* know?—for it's quite false." "Never mind how. Time presses — pray be quick. *Despachese V.*"

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"*Ah, Señora!*" (still gasping,) "*como puede haber sucedito eso. He aqui una cosa bien extraña — maudita — increible — inconcebible. Eh? . . . . me admire de ello.*"

At last I got the bill, with the additional charge expunged, for, really, it was quite enough without that; and there was some little pleasure in deducting from the gains of this greedy and unfair *patron*. The mozas arrived from the other posada, and speedily carried off our luggage in triumph, and we took leave of the landlord, looking still surprised and half-incredulous. How could we have found out? *Eh, Señora! como sabe V?*" And he went on muttering that there was no diligence perhaps, till we were seated quietly in it.

We gladly bade farewell to this very untidy inn. How untidy, a little incident that happened after our breakfast that morning will reveal. The tray had been carried out, and we were arranging some things for our journey, when I heard a sound like steps in the passage close to the door, and a great rattling it seemed among the tea-things. The tray had evidently been put down in the passage near the door till somebody was at leisure to carry it down. The rattling continued for some time, and I suspected that some one who had no business there was meddling with mine host's spoons and forks, such as they were. Accordingly we went cautiously to the door, and opened it; but just as we did so a sudden rush was made, and then, finding the foe had retreated, we returned to our occupation. Soon after, however, this bold purloiner, or whatever he or she was, also returned to his or her occupation — the attack, which he or she aforesaid right vigorously recommenced, more

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vehemently than ever, on the tea-things; or, rather, chocolate things. Now, then, another rush to the door, more rapid and decisive. We shall catch the delinquent now, I guess. Opening it suddenly, behold! the criminal is discovered in the act! What is he but an enormous black pig—grandfather to half the porkers in Guadarrama, I opine—with his huge snout well in the sugar-basin, which he has turned on one side! Everything else almost had been devoured. A hunch of bread, made very dirty by the monstrous great creature, was half eaten, I think, and left on the floor of the passage. Cups, saucers, all were lying about in unseemly confusion. But he had not pocketed the spoons of the master of "the Two Castiles!" No, nor helped himself with one, either. One might have thought of the nursery tale, where the little girl, seeing a porcine banquetter swallowing food (his bread and milk, I believe) somewhat too voraciously and impetuously, appealed to him to "take a 'poon, pig!" Actually, the audacious animal turned at the top of the staircase (which he had mounted with much agility, no doubt), and showed a decided intention of making another attack on the tray (and, perhaps, on us, too), grunting defiance loudly; but we drove him away with immense indignation. Guadarrama seems to have a weakness for pigs, and to be something of a Spanish Cincinnati. This village, or small town, boasts a Plaza; and the Plaza boasts a fine name—no less than *La Plaza de la Constitucion.*

We found a family party in the diligence, come, I believe, from Madrid—several rather too uproarious children, an aunt, and a father. We were glad to hear they were not going the whole way to

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Segovia. However, this was more pleasant travelling to some of the party than the donkey-riding, especially now that she had been mounted on that flippant see-saw, who on many occasions—if meeting a *désœuvré* donkey by the wayside, or discerning, haply, a distant thistle—danced a *pas-seul* masked. The scenery was beautiful, and very wild. In some parts, a sea of pines seemed almost to overflow and dash their dark cataracts of foliage down the rugged precipices—Niagaras of night and gleam! However, this is flattery to even the Guadarrama scenery. No landskip on earth will bear comparison with that waterskip; and what a skip it is! The names of the Guadarrama chain are said to come from Wada-r-rama, the river of the throwing.

The road is good, but is reported sometimes to be impassable in the depth of winter, from the great accumulation of snow. We passed a palace which, we were told by our travelling companions, belongs to Queen Christina, — the Duchess of Rianzares, as I observe the newspapers here sometimes style her.

We arrived in good time at immemorial Segovia —time enough to see something of this venerable city, walled, as we are told, by the Phœnicians, with its name of Iberian origin. Interesting Segovia! with its florid Gothic cathedral and Roman aqueduct: we rejoiced mightily to greet thy time-defying towers.

We found apartments in a very quaint-looking, old hotel, that might appear coeval with the aqueduct, furniture inclusive, but with a view of the Plaza, which is charming here, so ancient, and of such artistical aspect.

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To our surprise, the hostess announced herself as being English. She had nothing English about her appearance, except being a blonde, and seemed thoroughly Spanish; and she could not even speak English—her own tongue! Anglia's indignation may be conceived. It appeared afterwards, the grandfather of the *soi-disant* Englishwoman was Scotch or English: the latter, I think. She was extremely stump; and a sort of female factotum, who seemed to rule the house, master and mistress, generally spoke of her as "*esa gordita*" (that little fatty).

The accommodations offered for us by *esa gordita*, or by her prime-ministress, were not particularly comfortable or convenient; but we resolved to manage as well as we could, though Anglia was rather in dismay. "Now, it was so much better when we were at the Squirrel." "What Squirrel? where? when?" "Why, the Squirrel where there was that blind man, who kept saying 'No eye,' twenty times—that great, dismal palace, like a big town of barracks." "Oh! the Escurial?" "Yes! that's what I meant—the Squirrel." And the Squirrel it remained, and always will, I suppose, remain with her.

We had time and light enough to go and visit the cathedral that evening. A visit to those glorious ecclesiastical edifices of Spain is always a great temptation to me, and from the Plaza this solemn temple was seen to such advantage. It was, indeed, irresistible; and sorry should we have been to put off our inspection of it till the next day. The far-soaring tower is very fine and noble; three hundred and thirty feet does it shoot up into the sunny, lustrous air of Spain; and it was twenty-

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two feet higher still, but was lowered in hopes of preserving it from danger by lightning. It will easily be imagined that it commands a splendid panoramic prospect. The colour of the stone of which this sacred pile is built is rich, warm, and beautiful. It is rather over-pinnacled and under-buttressed. The western front appears altogether a little too devoid of ornament, and the eastern end is something overcharged;—it is rather over-crocketed, perhaps, and not very grandiose. But, crowned by this majestic tower, you cannot but look at it with admiration.

The interior is fine, and boldness, purity, and simplicity prevail in its architecture. The high altar is surrounded by towering railings, enriched with gilding; "somewhat," says the Handbook, "after the exquisite *purcloses* of the Certosa of Pavia." The windows boast some very rich stained glass. The diamond-patterned pavement is in part formed of beautiful salmon-coloured marble; and with the same kind the *trascoro* is finely embellished.

The great retablo is formed of the most rich and costly marbles. The Gothic cloisters belonged to a former cathedral. Juan Campero, after they were taken down, put them up once more, in 1524.

There is a fine sepulchre of Diego de Covarrubias here. The dead prelate is robed *in pontificalibus*. There are several very interesting monuments besides this one.

The Segovians have the name, we were told, among Spaniards, of being the least polished and courteous people in the kingdom. This may be a little exaggeration, doubtless; but it is mark-

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worthy that the sentence was passed on them by their own compatriots. It certainly struck us that they were much rougher in their manners, in some respects, than most of their countrymen.

One of the peculiarities of Spanish character which we especially observed (and it is a very pleasing trait) is that, however roughly they may comport themselves towards you, and I am speaking now merely of those occasionally uncivil persons (and some uncivil and uncouth persons are to be found in all countries) who attack you as you walk by as *Franchutes*—odious French, and foreigners—if you in the least degree throw yourself upon their consideration and kindness: just ask the way to any place, or if you wish to see such and such an object, they immediately become particularly kind, obliging, and civil. We found it in so many instances, that I think I am justified in calling it a peculiarity of Spanish character. I will relate a case in point. We were passing near a number of market-women and washerwomen, who with noisy ejaculations began abusing the *French*. It commenced raining, and we immediately asked the rudest and noisiest among them if we could find shelter anywhere. She instantaneously became exceedingly civil and amiable, and anxious to serve us, and all her companions remained silent and quiet; and she begged us, with most courteous manner, to follow her to her own house, or the house of some friends, near where we then were. Most hospitably were we received, chairs brought, the greatest attention shown to us, and we were pressed to stay till the rain was quite over: which invitation, as it appeared likely to pour the whole day, we did not accept. But the kind people

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almost insisted on our doing so. However, this is only one of numerous instances of the same sort.

We are a little distracted here by a vehement noise from a kind of rattle, called *carraccas*, or something that sounds like that. It is the fashion at this season for all the boys and girls in Segovia to shake with all their might; and not only the boys and girls, but the grown men and women, too, I think, so great is the noise.

Our "*gordita*" seems determined to make us the reverse of herself, as regards *embonpoint:* she almost starves us, and the little she gives us is so bad we cannot touch it. Dolorous complaints were made, and one morning Anglia brought me a paper written in Spanish, informing me it had been given her some time before, and, as far as she could make out, they wanted her to choose something for dinner.

I glanced over the scrawled paper, and asked her what she had chosen. She said, "*that,*" pointing to a word written in large, marked characters, for she thought it was most likely some kind of fish or meat; and she ran on, "it seemed no time was to be lost, for they were going to send to market *directly;* and I made out, that if I didn't let them know at once—that moment—what we would like to have, they couldn't let us have anything at all: so I thought it would be better to choose somethink."

"And do you know what you have chosen?" She had not any clear "hidear" about it, but fancied it was veal, or perhaps mutton, as they seemed very willing to get it, as if it would be quite "heasy."

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Then came a solemn announcement,—"Nay, you have chosen to *fast!*"

Poor Anglia, with horror-stricken countenance, almost tottered back against the wall. With a heart-rending sigh she repeated,—"FAST!"

"Yes! actually! Thus runs the meaning of this momentous document:—('As it is a time of strict fast for Spaniards, and it will be difficult to procure anything but a little fish and some eggs, and we must go to the market directly, we wish to know if for this week the English party will like to eat any meat or to *fast?*') So, you see, you have chosen to fast for a week, as you picked out that particular word."

Anglia's horror was most amusing.

"Well, console yourself: you have done nothing else since we have been here, you know."

That was the very thing! After being so starved, that she should go herself and sign, so to say, the death-warrant of a dinner—of a whole week's dinner! As well as I remember, we really had to fast that day, but they got viands for us the next. But our friend the kitchen was certainly the worst we had encountered in Spain. Oil, horrible oil, as much as you pleased. We might have felt like islands belonging to oil-archipelagos, so did it flow and almost overflow, greasiness being the characteristics of this hotel; while we, as much as we could, kept clear of it.

A curious object presents itself, or himself, or herself, usually at the upper windows of a house opposite: either a Castillian Georges Sand (I only mean with respect to costume) or an idiot. Some difference between the two, assuredly! This

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strange-looking being is enveloped in a man's jacket, much covered over with numerous buttons; the hair is cropped, and the aspect rather wild and fierce. The favourite occupation of the creature seems looking out of the window; but that is no sign of idiotcy in Spain, it is to be hoped, or Heaven help three-fourths of the entire population.

The Alcazar here was originally Moorish, but is now very much disorientalised. It is at present a kind of College for Military Engineers or Artillery Officers. Its great keep presents to view Castillianised bartizans and turrets, but other portions of the building are so incongruous that the architectural effect of the whole is considerably deteriorated and damaged. However, it has altogether a Gotho-Moresco aspect.

Henrique IV. repaired and restored the Alcazar in a most costly manner. Charles V. patronised and maintained it, gratified by its resistance to the *Comuneros* in 1520; and Philip II., the *Escurialense* (the Squirrel-man, as Anglia would have it), as the monks sometimes called him, re-embellished it.

From one of its windows in the *Sala de los Reyes*, the Infante Don Pedro was let fall by his nurse in 1366; he was about nine years old, and was son of Don Henrique II.

The aqueduct is magnificent—the bridge they call it, which is not putting the cart before the horse, but upon the horse; for we do not build bridges that we may go under them ourselves and the river be safely conveyed above us. That mighty work is supposed to have been erected by Trajan, but is passed over without mention as a thing of course, in those days of deeds and giants—the days and deeds of magnificent Rome. From different

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points of view this aqueduct produces a truly majestic effect, grandly overtopping the ancient city. The waters of Rio Frio are thus brought to Segovia, partly because they are more pure, and partly because the waters of the nearer rivers are not easy of access, from having precipitous banks.

There are some comparatively new portions in this noble work, but they are so finely and judiciously executed, that the difference between the ancient and the modern is almost imperceptible. It begins with single arches, that gradually rise to loftier proportions as the dip of the ground increases, till they ultimately become double. There seems a perfect uniformity of height in the arches of the superior tier, but those three that form the centre are the most lofty of all: they are about one hundred and two feet.

A number of ruinous-looking houses—ruinous, but how much younger than their colossal comrade and protector! — cling about the stone giant's mighty knees, as if imploring the continued support of those brave Titanic limbs. If they looked not so old and time-worn they would be terrible eyesores here, but as it is their decrepitude and meanness rather enhance the glorious grandeur of the Roman work; for they certainly seem to show to yet greater advantage its proud dimensions, while their rugged, irregular, fragile forms, bring out all its harmony and all its solidity. It looks down on its crumbling, mouldering parasites, as the scarped cliff may look down on a humble slope at its feet.

We had ordered a vehicle to be in readiness to convey us to La Granja, and our hosts persuaded us to take their tartana—a private one, they told us, very clean and nice, with a most capital mule. We

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accepted this offer, and started on our expedition in the gordita's splendid tartana, lined with brilliant scarlet, well supplied with noble cushions, and drawn by a noble mule, rejoicing in various brilliant trappings and accoutrements. I must say the tartana was very easy and smooth, but it was as little tough as, probably, any of its kith and kin can ever pretend to be.

We arrived at San Ildefonso, unfortunately, in a dull, drizzling rain, which, fast increasing, threatened to become soon a down-pour.

The palace, deserted at this season, and frowning in this unpropitious weather, looked dismal and gloomy—almost Escurialish. It was a considerable time before we could gain admittance to its forsaken precincts, for a somebody had to be found, who referred to somebody else, in order that the latter might hand us back to the former, that he might point out another person (all remarkable for being exceedingly difficult to find), and that this individual might suggest another still; and when we got to the last somebody in the series he had to get the key, and the key was lost, and a length of time was lost in seeking for this necessary instrument; and we lost our patience; and all seemed lost but the rain, which pattered down mournfully.

At length the various difficulties were conquered, and we entered La Granja and went through all its sumptuously-decorated rooms. It seemed almost a temple erected to cabinet-making and chandelier-fabrication; and rather a chaos of cabinet-making, too, it was. In many portions a somewhat questionable taste had predominated, and the decorations of finery and good furniture were accumulated in almost an absurd profusion. As to the number of

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chandeliers, I think I never saw anything like their superabundance of prodigality: when all lighted, surely some of the courtiers of Isabel Segunda must find it over-dazzling; for the rooms are low, and the countless lights must glare into their very eyes. They should adopt the fashion of those courtiers in the fairy tale, who always wore green shades or blue spectacles to protect their eyes, because of the beauty of the princess, that occasioned a peculiar kind of distressing ophthalmia. Queen Isabel might take it for a delicate compliment. Besides the vast numbers and magnitude of these lustres and chandeliers, their almost infinite variety is remarkable. Some influential person at court must surely have a chandelier manufactory, and is at the bottom of all this prodigious system of illumination. But let us not blame them too much; enlightenment is not generally the fault in high places here: beginning with ceilings and chandeliers, they may end with something still better. *Quien sabe?*

Philip V. was the founder of this palace. It was originally a *granga*, or grange of the monks of La Parral. He bought the farm-house, and on its site erected a palatial mansion.

An old *conserje* who showed the palace kept himself in a state, apparently, of perpetual and prodigious astonishment at the stories he himself told. As he came forth with some bouncing marvel, how he elevated his nose and protruded his eyes, as if he would shoot them out of the sockets, or stood half stupified with speechless amaze! Then he would look keenly at us, to enjoy our inconceivable surprise, too, at the thousands of millions of *reales* probably that he had arrayed in awful force against us: but, certainly, nothing so utterly surprised him

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as our *not* being surprised at all these miraculous tales. In short, our not being astounded, and our imperturbability, occasioned him the most boundless astonishment of all!

Once he thought he should most certainly completely electrify me as he mentioned some fabulous sum, which he said was paid (?) for the furniture altogether—new chandeliers exclusive. I think his assertion respecting the payment did slightly stagger me, but I recovered my composure. He announced this fearful sum in a mysterious half-whisper, his eyes starting from their orbits, and his mouth screwed to a button, as if to check the awful announcement from bursting forth too suddenly. When he had pronounced the wondrous figure, he was so unspeakably startled and astonished, that *I* should hardly have been surprised to see him bound up to the middle of one of these huge chandeliers—for there was one, of course, hanging its countless clusters of decoration just over our heads. Then the additional amazement of finding me still not overcome with wonder petrified him. People have died of joy, and grief, and fear. How he came to survive such a double-barrelled shock of amazement *is* rather astounding. He was apparently entirely dumbfoundered: which we did not vehemently regret. After this—in fact, for some time—he walked as a man in a mooding dream. We were perfectly incomprehensible—insensible, and our impressibility indefensible. It seemed utterly useless to tell us the most loyal and virtuous, and dutiful and monstrous fibs possible; for all seemed done with a laudable desire to add to the glory of Queen Isabel. We actually, I am disposed to surmise, appeared to the disappointed servitor of her majesty

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more extraordinary, in our unimpassive dullness, than even the pokers or bell-handles—worth I know not how many reales, according to him.

One thing undoubtedly surprised Anglia (and seeing this seemed to impart a faint tinge of hope to the poor man's gloomy mind and saddened bosom), and this was the splendid quality of an enormous quantity of rich silk, that played the part brown holland usually does in less regally-conducted households. "The most beau-eu-tifullest silks to cover up all the other silks from the dust! I never heard such a 'orrid shame in my life! Why, here's enough capital, lovely silk, to make dozens on dozens of dresses!" Poor Anglia cast a saddened eye of envy over the contemptuously-treated finery, then—and I am ashamed to say I forget this interesting piece of information—she plaintively stated the probable cost of the precious material; and the old *conserje's* eye sparkled with glee, though he could not follow her words. Enough! he saw it was respecting the silk of his soul, for every article there he loved fondly; and he marked a look of surprise in her animated countenance, and he seemed a little repaid for the gallant stories he had so unflinchingly told.

"My gracious! why this is richer than the other! Oh, it feels beautiful! fit for a queen!"

"Well, it *is* for a queen."

"Ah! I mean for a queen to wear, not to hang over old sofa-backs, and chairs, and chestesses. It is a burning shame, really!" And Anglia looked pathetic, thinking of the many Susans and Fannies whom this wasted treasure would render happy and smart for many a Sunday. "To keep it just for to catch all the dust! actually, to catch it all!"

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After going through a great many rooms we came to a little boudoir of the queen's, whose walls were hung with white satin, which was in its turn decorated with festoons and wreaths, and bouquets of artificial roses and other flowers.

Had the day been less gloomy, the royal apartments would, I think, have seemed brilliant and pleasant.

It was, I suppose, in one of these apartments that Philip IV. abdicated the crown: that abdication which he repudiated at the end of about seven months, at the decease of his heir, chiefly persuaded by the ex-queen, who was sooner tired of being an ex than Philip had of being a king: and accordingly he once more resumed the royal mantle and the kingly functions, apparently resolved on becoming a kind of intermittent monarch at his own will and pleasure.

After inspecting these apartments to our full satisfaction, and only partly to that of the ancient *conserje's*, we left them to go down-stairs; while Anglia cast many a longing, lingering look behind, at "that silk just used like common coverers. I suppose they make their knife-cloths of satin here, and their dusters of Genoey velvets!"

For my part, I contented myself with wondering whose perquisites were those superb loose covers, that were flung in such reckless profusion over all kinds of articles of furniture. Rather pretty pickings must they plural, or he or she singular, have in the royal household, who come in for those sheets of silks, that might have kept Cleopatra in sails for her silver-oared, cedar-decked barge, even for a dozen years. In the meantime Anglia had found another subject of sorrow. The linings to the

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window-curtains, and to the curtains hanging before some of the doors, and I don't know what besides, were of the most wonderful silk or satin, that would "stand alone, and go alone, too, almost. Why, it almost rustles as it hangs! The hidear of lining curtains with such sweet silks as that! It's the preposterousest thing! Just look at the curtains by those bustesses!"

The ball-room below-stairs, or rather ball-rooms, for there were multitudes of them (all communicating with one another, without doors, merely just partially divided)—immense, indeed, was the length of the suite entire—rather surprised us by their *coup d'œil*, to the old *conserje's* delight; it looked prodigious; while the end of the vista faded off to an almost imperceptible point. The rooms, separately, were of good size. In one was a charming fountain, whose coolness, freshness, and sweet plashing sounds, must be very refreshing to the dancers when reposing from the giddy mazes of the Terpsichorean revel. In almost all of them were sculptures, statues, mirrors, flower-stands, ornaments, and decorations of different kinds, which our guide never seemed tired of being surprised at himself; indeed, at all that he showed us he was thunderstruck. But he continued not long dumb-foundered, for he chattered away with sufficient volubility, especially since Anglia's evident wonder at the silken superfluities of the upper suite of rooms had soothed him much. Before we left the palace he took us to a kind of banquetting-hall (where he said the suppers are to be laid after the fêtes): this was yet unfurnished, and of very large size indeed, and considerable height, which the manifold ball-room—the *Sala de Baile*—itself much wanted. This great

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saloon appeared to be in a fair way to become a very richly-ornamented one, but at present all was in strange confusion there; workmen's tools, boards, &c., lying in wild disorder.

I asked the old *custodio* if he had ever had an opportunity of peeping in at a ball here. "Oh, yes, yes! indeed he had, often—very often; and it was beautiful!! And he had seen Queen Isabella herself dance, dance, dance—Oh, yes! dance away so charmingly!" And he looked quite amazed at the fact, unheard of before, apparently. And actually the old showman of the palace seemed half-inclined to display to us a few of the royal steps.

"Ah! such magnificent fêtes! And then the palace is so gay, and so very light." This I can easily believe. "And then—yes, then ——!" And fancying he sees a gleam of hope dawn for him in our "cold phosphoric eyes," and that even the impassive English will be at last quite lost in admiration, he gave us some account of some extraordinary—most extraordinary—festival, that has taken place or is taking place now, somewhere or other, or that is to take place. "Oh! so fine! so magnificent!" he exclaims, in a paroxysm; and it would cost—everything the reader likes to imagine.

And see how the rapt speaker, partly marvelling wildly at his own recital, partly wishing to see the effect he has produced on his insipid and unimpressionable hearers, backs away like an artist from his picture, staring more and more. But, alas! the *Inglesas* did not in the least marvel: nor could they, indeed, this time, for they had not even heard the glowing tale—rather wearied by such monotonous repetition.

The good *custodio*, conscious, without doubt, of

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the enormous fibs he was telling, had a trick of continually adding "*Eso es*" (This is so) to everything he imparted to us. The more unconscionably exaggerated it was, of course the more solemnly enunciated was the "*Eso es.*" But I must not do the old man injustice; of course, he had also got a trick of believing almost everything of the kind he said, though severely surprised frequently; or, in fact, he would not have been so electrified at his own announcements. He actually swallowed all his own huge storytellings. But he failed again: we remained coldly and culpably unthunderstruck, and Anglia, who had been his angel of consolation, was pensive; reflecting, doubtless, still on the works of silken supererogation above-stairs.

The gardens here are very fine and famous, but it was too rainy for us to see much of them. All is artificial at La Granja, but not so formal as might be expected under the circumstances. Levelled rocks are found here, and hollowed hills: these hills are hollowed for the insertion of water-pipes for the fountains, and for numerous tree-roots, while soil for the latter was brought from a distance. Perpetual renewal and attention are indispensable here, and without a very satisfactory result. The cost was originally at least forty-five millions of piastres —a sum that even our friend the *conserje* might be contented with, without magnifying it.

The fountains are particularly famous here, but as we did not see them playing, and other fountains overhead were playing pretty freely, I cannot form a just opinion of them. Hot pea-soup works would have interested us more at this junction than cold-water works. The sculptures seem poor. The gardens are divided into higher and lower (*altos y*

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bajos). There are numerous avenues, adorned with a whole population of statues, almost all Olympus being called into requisition, and condemned to stand there without much aid from tailor or milliner, looking sufficiently wretched and un-Olympian on such showery days as this, and as they must do, too, in cold weather, when winds and gusts blow from the mountains.

Of the fountains here there are twenty-six: the most renowned of these is La Fama, which is said to fling up its pearly pillar one hundred and thirty feet.

It was at La Granja that Ferdinand VII., in 1832, signed the revocation of the decree he had previously issued, by which he had annulled the Salic law; but it was said the deed was done when the king was utterly unconscious, and that his hand was held while the signature was being affixed to the document. Queen Christina's fears at that time preponderating, and her party being weak and insignificantly small, induced her to consent to this undoing of the work whose accomplishment she had so anxiously desired. Ferdinand, however, recovered, and in gratitude to his royal consort, who had shown him the most ceaseless and zealous attention, and a truly tender devotion, during his illness, he gave up all the chief power into her hands; of which authority she made such good use, that the result was the constitutional crown of Doña Isabel Segunda, a *Reina Gobernadora* in the widowed queen's own person, and civil wars, long, obstinate, and deadly, for unhappy and oft-convulsed Spain. Afterwards, here, in 1836, the Queen Regent was forced to proclaim the democratic and very un-Spanish Constitution of 1812.

But let us return to ourselves—we have not lost

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sight of La Granja. It was late when we got back to Segovia, and we arrived in a pelting rain; but *la gordita* came out with *mozos* and *mozas* armed with lights (awakened by our tardy arrival), she being full of the tenderest interest and anxiety respecting the splendid scarlet lining and cushions of the tartana. We, however—secondary considerations that we were—were kindly inquired after and cared for, and really great sympathy was expressed and shown by the good little gordita regarding our fate and state: but I certainly think the chief part of this tender interest was felt in honest truth for the brilliant scarlet lining aforesaid, and all the refulgent inner decorations of the precious tartana. "The dreadful day! (*Kempso muy malo verderderamente!*) "but you are quite safe and well, I trust; and—and ——" my cushions and lining, too, not damp, an anxious glance seemed to add. "Ah, Señora! you liked San Ildefonso, I am sure, and are not the worse for this little trip: nor—nor—the poor scarlet fringe: but, alas! so much rain on my poor tartana, added the peering little eye, which had some slight difficulty in peeping over the bulwarks of the puffed-up cheeks.

Segovia is not only an old but a cold place; indeed it is situated a considerable height above the sea, and has a perfectly good right to be so. At Segovia we saw a pair of the curious *Toros de Guisando*, found in different parts of Spain, and puzzling the wise: some thinking them the bull of Apis put up by the Phœnicians; others, that they were representations of elephants, placed by Hannibal as landmarks. Probably all are wrong. Whatever they are, it seems that they are not bulls, as they are very unlike any imaginable *toro*.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

We were not so sorry as we ought to have been, perhaps, to leave picturesque Segovia, for we were anxious to get back to Madrid, and see all the objects of interest there. The beautiful wild scenery of the mountains looked splendid as we drove along in the huge diligence, the day being fine, and the air clear and transparent. The Spaniards need never want a "Glass Palace," the bricks from their whole country seem shiningly cased in the gleaming crystal of this generally cloudless atmosphere and translucent air. However, yesterday, with its showery visitations, a real glass dome over our heads would not have been a bad thing, either.

We passed again (we had done so in our journey from Guadarrama) the Queen-Mother's country-house, or *quinta*, of *Quita pesares*, where she retires from the world awhile to churn little pats of prime butter, or perhaps to print them when churned.

Steep hills there are for the poor mules in some of these stages. I was glad to see some of the gentlemen, who were in various parts of the vasty *diligencia*, descended, and ascended the hills on their own legs. Good for them, and better for the mules. One amused himself by cracking a boyish whip, and shouting in the true mayoral and zagal

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style to the animals, and in a style of his own besides.—"*Arriba! arriba! ja! ja! hep-a! O-o-o-o-o! yep! arriba! Bandolera! aquella obra!* . . . ." In short, through the stage he acted as a kind of intermittent zagal, volunteering, especially at the hills, zealously. A good team they seemed, and well they did their work.

It has quite a curious effect to sit in a coupée in Spanish diligences, behind perhaps a *tiro* of twelve mules (in the mountain stages), as we have done several times in these steep roads in the bad season. You look along a perfect avenue of ears; and if there is a tower or any other very prominent object at the end, it has a very droll appearance.

At one of the places where we changed mules Anglia was in high wrath, for the mayoral allowed her to scramble down without attempting to assist her—a piece of discourtesy uncommon in usually urbane Spain, and which she much resented. (I must premise, that Anglia had heard *mayoral* pronounced in the guttural way Andalucians generally do, when the *y* is turned into something between a *j* and a *g*.) "I should think, indeed, that Mackerel might come and help me, instead of he and the jackal (*zagal*) standing grinning like polar bears. Certainly these Spaniels (*Españoles*) be as rude as ever a nation you please, when they please; and they calls theirselves so purlite, those fine mackaws (*majos*) in Handy-Lucy there! Nothing more ruder than the way they stare in their smart clotheses. Mackerel! I've no patience with him; for it is the bounden duty of Mackerels to help everybody down these 'orrid coaches."

We were fast approaching Madrid, and there seemed a remarkable stir in the road, and many

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travellers wending their way thitherwards. We were told there was a great *fiesta* going on at Madrid itself, and that the people were flocking into the capital just now to see the brilliant show. Carriages and carts, and mules and donkeys and horses, and peasants in varied colours and costumes; but the mules and horses could not boast of such brilliant toilettes as their brethren in Andalucia. Some of the female peasants seemed fond of bright hues —on this occasion, at any rate; and might perhaps exclaim with an excellent old nurse of mine, who had a great horror of delicate tints: "No, no! none of your flimsy-flamsy, Frenchified, flaring, glaring, overdone, staring, tawdry-gawdry colours for me! Your laylocks, and pinkses, and pale blues like frosty noses, and flare-up light lavenders. No, no! I like simple quiet colours. Give me good plain scarlet and yellow!"

While we stopped for the *viajeros* to get some refreshment, a gentleman came up to the door of the diligence and said, in very fair English, "Shall I have de honour to get any 'freshments for Madame, as we must not stop again till Madrid comes?" I thanked him much. "No;" adding, "you speak English well, with a very good pronunciation for a foreigner." "Madame is very good to say so. I shall have learned it in the States of de North America, for I am a Cuban, and was broughten up among de Yankis in de States—right smart people —in Boston, where I shall have been taught." Great was his delight when I told him I knew both Cuba and Boston. The former he looked upon quite as his *patrie*. He said he had "much lost his Ingliz" since he had come to Spain, for he had but very little opportunity to practise it.

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A good many Cubans, I believe, are educated in the United States. It seems natural that they should thus imbibe opinions that would make them rather discontented and dangerous citizens at home; but I suppose Cuba is destined to belong to America in the end, so this is a useful and gradual preparation for her sons, and others, thus to accustom themselves to a government and institutions so very unlike their own.

The last stage to Madrid we had horses, and very nice-looking ones indeed; but, poor things, though apparently as willing as possible, and going a capital pace, they were cruelly whipped by the zagales, who are our pet aversions, for their often execrable inhumanity.

We discovered that one of the mules of a former stage was called Little-bonnet, or Little-hat —*Sombrerilla.* Another was *Tajarito*, Little-bird. The last name was prettier and more appropriate than the former, if the creature was swift, and flew, as Spanish mules sometimes almost seem to do, particularly over very shaking and jolting roads.

One of our fellow-travellers boasted loudly that he had acted the part of a matador, the other day, at a bull-fight at Segovia, and killed the bull. He seemed a furious admirer of those hateful spectacles, and was much astonished at the coldness, and even perhaps ill-concealed disgust, with which his self-glorification about his feats was received.

We found the streets of Madrid very full of well-dressed people, parading about on foot — no carriages, apparently, being allowed to drive them during the *fiesta*, except the public diligences; and they were forced to go at a foot's-pace. We returned to the Fonda de San Luis, where we found

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our box awaiting us, sent by the obliging master of the hotel at the Escurial (Señor Miranda), which we left under his care when we made our grand exit from thence on donkey-back, the observed of all observers. We were lucky in not having encountered one of the furious gales of wind that sometimes blow here, and are said occasionally to have carried up a batch of courtiers, and made them look like a flight of geese. Our donkeys would have looked doubly asses.

A grand bull-fight took place after we had been a few days at Madrid, and to this we went. The Amphitheatre seemed enormously crowded, and it was with very great difficulty we found our way to our places. The sight is an exceedingly magnificent one. But what I thought yet finer than the sight, was the tremendous outburst and overpowering roar of the people when they shouted "Bravo!" or "*Viva toro!*" at some great feat performed. It really seemed, as it thundered from thousands of lips at once, to shake the whole amphitheatre.

Except when I once heard thunder and Niagara shouting aloud together, I never before, I think, heard so grand a sound. The bull I thought, from the great size of the amphitheatre, looked at first excessively small — completely dwarfed by the colossal proportions of the building and the extensive space in which he moved. This *toro*, indeed, might have been a smaller one than usual. He looked fierce, but bewildered, and appeared bathed in heat.

The picador has been unhorsed. We hardly dared look, but first saw that the man appeared pale as death, and was carried away at once: he

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seemed to have been jammed severely against the side of the amphitheatre. The poor horse was left blindfolded to run off, in wild terror: he looked the most helpless, bewildered creature, I ever beheld.

But while we sat trembling on our seats, and really wretched, we saw the bull make a sudden fierce rush at the hapless, frightened animal. There was a dreadful deadly shock—something horrible. With one accord we both sprang from our seats; and though it had taken us a good while, and much patience and perseverance, to get through the densely-squeezed masses assembled to see the sport to our places, we shot out like arrows. My companion, and I believe I also, could not help exclaiming in Spanish, "What barbarity! What cruelty!" A fat old gentleman was in V——'s way, but in a moment he was swept on one side, as if he were a dead leaf, to his unspeakable astonishment and consternation. It appeared certainly rather extraordinary to ourselves, *after* we got out of the place, how we could have got out, and how we could have made—so speedily, too—our rapid way, most successfully and irresistibly, through the seated throng, when on entering we found such extreme difficulty in getting through the densely-packed masses to our seats. We could not get one of the *palcos*, as we wished to do. (I believe this was an extremely full attendance.) In short, we were out of the crowd—out of the amphitheatre—in our carriage (which we had luckily kept waiting, anticipating the possibility and likelihood that we should not be able to "screw our courage to the sticking-place," and stay to witness these murderous horrors)—almost like a flash of lightning. I was

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determined to go once, and see if all I had heard from so many excellent sources, and read, was true. I was more than satisfied, and so was poor V——: it made us both almost ill, and its horrors haunted us long indeed. Brief as was the time we stayed, those horrors will never be forgotten by us. I feel quite sure of this. We resolved never to visit another Spanish bull-fight while they are exhibited as at present, and while brutality and barbarity are their distinguished features.

The Queen was at Madrid during the first part of the time we were there, but I made no inquiries as to whether any receptions were given at court at this time; but I had heard not, and was not anxious to visit the Spanish Court: but we rather wished to have a sight of Queen Isabel, and therefore, seeing the royal carriage waiting one day at the palace for her to drive out, attended by a large escort of cavalry, we alighted from our carriage and went into the court. After waiting a good while, however, a misfortune, which the pawing, champing cavalry shared with us, carriages and cavalry, coachmen and cuirassiers, were all turned to the "right about." The Queen had changed her mind—the weather was a little overclouded, and the drive was given up.

As these present volumes are drawing near to their close, I will insert here (out of its place) an account of a good glimpse we had of Queen Isabel at Aranjuez. She was driving out in the open carriage, and passed us as we were walking near the palace. The king was seated by her side. Her Majesty, on the whole, struck me as being well-looking: perhaps the nose is the least pleasing feature of the face. Her complexion seemed of a

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fine, delicate, pearly paleness: the skin very white indeed, especially for a Spanish one; and the *maintien* noble and dignified. The Queen was dressed out in the graceful fashion of her own land, but the height of the Parisian *mode;* a little fancy bonnet fluttering on her head. The King is handsome.

THE END.

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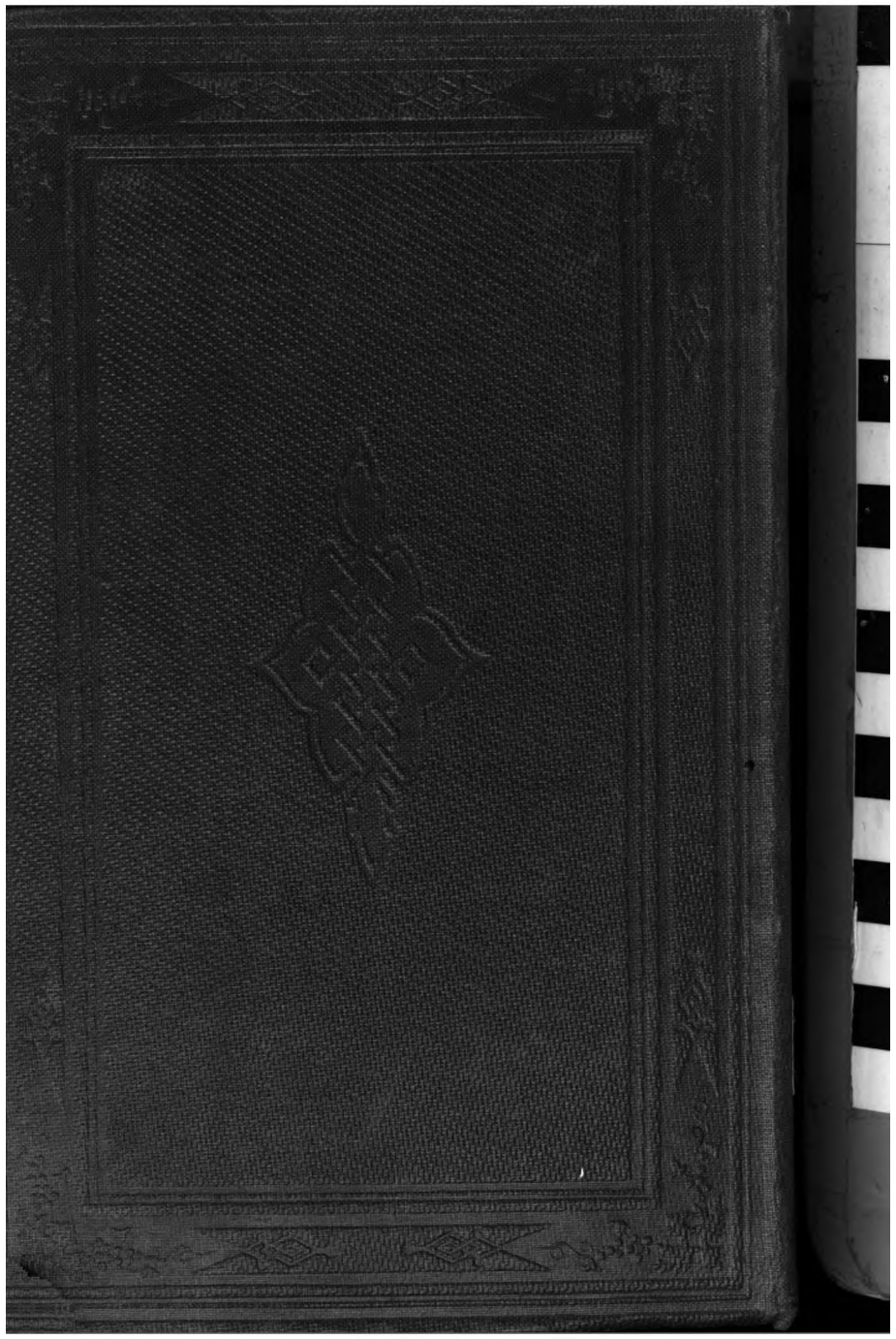

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