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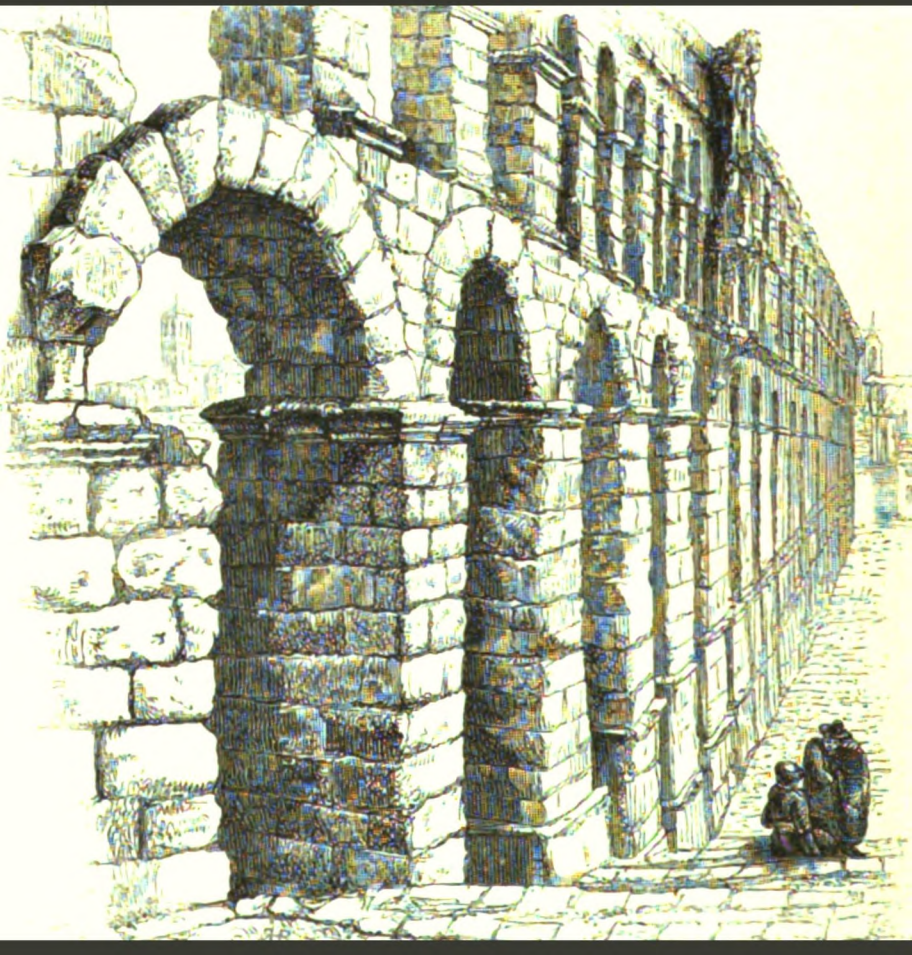

Cosas de España

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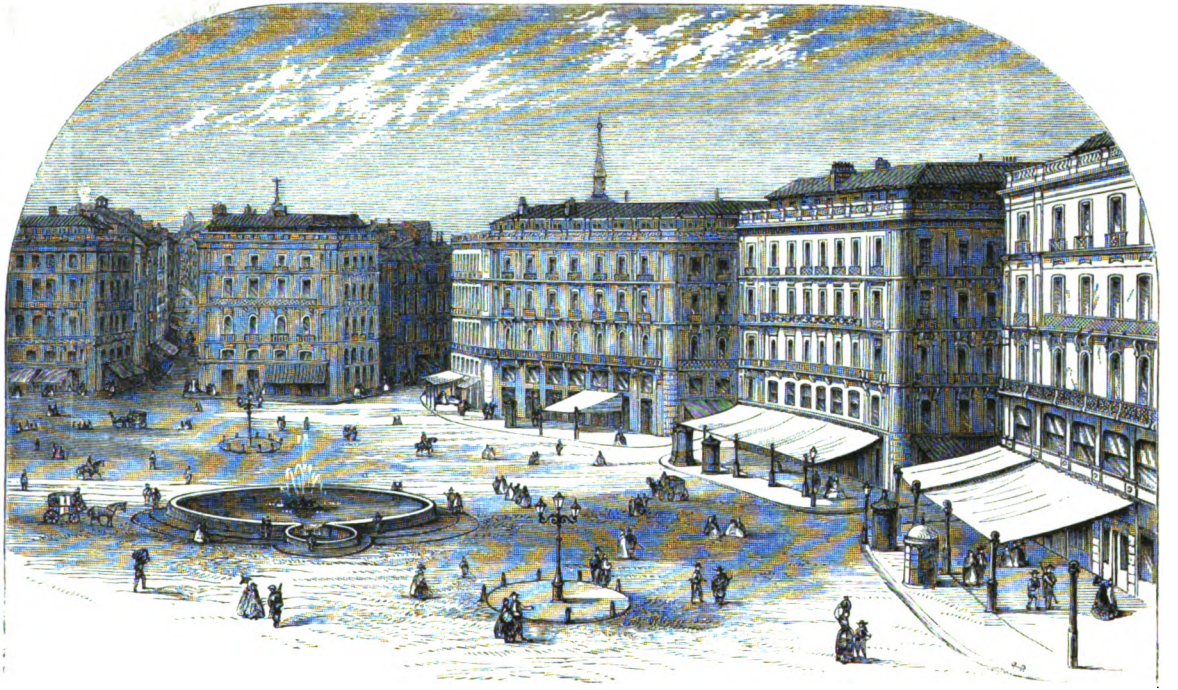

PUERTA DEL SOL, MADRID.

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COSAS DE ESPAÑA

Illustrative of Spain and the Spaniards as they are.

By Mrs. Wm. PITT BYRNE

AUTHOR OF "FLEMISH INTERIORS," ETC.

". . . Perituræ parcite chartæ."—Juv.

VOLUME I.



ALEXANDER STRAHAN, PUBLISHER

LONDON AND NEW YORK

1866

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DEDICATED

TO THE MEMORY OF

HIM

WHOSE AFFECTION WAS THE SUNSHINE OF MY LIFE,

AND WHOSE ERUDITION

FORMED THE CHARM OF A CHERISHED AND DEEPLY MOURNED COMPANIONSHIP,

WHOSE INDULGENT FONDNESS

SUGGESTED AND ENCOURAGED MY FIRST LITERARY EFFORTS,

AND, UNSUPPORTED BY WHOSE APPROVING SMILE,

I HAVE HITHERTO SHRUNK FROM OFFERING MY MODEST LABOURS TO

THE PUBLIC.

IT IS TO THEIR GENEROUS AND SYMPATHISING FORBEARANCE

THAT I VENTURE TO CONFIDE THESE PAGES.

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PREFACE.

INTRODUCTION OF RAILWAYS INTO SPAIN.

"The Spanish fleet thou canst not see, because —
It is not yet in sight:" SHERIDAN.

"De duro, est ultima, ferro." OVID.

THE introduction of railways into that country, by common consent styled "*The* Peninsula" (as if to imply that it is almost disconnected from the civilized world), is an auspicious and suggestive era in her annals. It is one of comparatively recent date; and we must admit that, as yet, she appears but little affected by the movement. It ought, nevertheless, *cæteris paribus*, to have contributed to raise her to the level of other nations; and if at first sight we are startled at the tardiness of the result, it is because we do not duly appreciate the characteristics, as well of the country as of her essentially idiosyncratic people. The deliberate movement of the tortoise bears a striking analogy to their tendencies, for deliberate and measured as are all their movements, we may reckon that, for one

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year's progress among ourselves, we must allow *them* at least a decade: Spaniards, however, like tortoises, are not without their compensatory qualities, and who knows but that, one day, they may get the advantage of their more agile competitors in the race of advancement?

Under existing circumstances, we confess we do not look for any very perceptible improvement for some time to come; and those who are acquainted with the Spanish mind will consider that not a mere step, but a gigantic stride has been gained, if only in disturbing the deeply rooted prejudices of this "*genus indocile*," and in obtaining a tacit and even partial admission that their condition is *capable* of improvement. It is no small triumph to have succeeded in introducing machinery of any kind as a substitute for the primitive employment of manual labour, —consecrated in their narrow view by the indisputable authority of antiquity; greater still, in resting a tramway on their wild and unsubjugated soil, and hollowing tunnels through their hard and forbidding primeval rocks.

The "iron age," nevertheless, which has pervaded in turns all populations of the civilized world, has now fairly penetrated into Spain, and sooner or later she must obey the inexorable law of progress inseparable from it.* The

* The first railway in Spain—that between Barcelona and Matoro—was opened in 1848. Subsequently to this, all such works were unavoidably suspended by civil commotions and want of funds; they were resumed in 1854, and in 1863 there were about 2,000 miles in active operation, besides nearly as many more projected.

The lines which in the course of 1864 prolonged their distances are, that from—

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telegraph has even spun its magic and mysterious web over not only main, but branch lines, and the increased mental activity of the people may be noted, as well by the

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Zaragoza to Pamplona . . .	179	„	209
Barcelona to Zaragoza . . .	366	„	388

An important line is now open, that from Cordova to Malaga. This new offshoot was inaugurated at the end of August, 1863. The Bishop of Cordova was present, and pronounced the benediction.

It is presumable that there will be great fluctuations before the expected effects of railway communication in the Peninsula are realized. We quote a recent report to show that, if success ultimately crowns the hopes of those who have undertaken this somewhat hazardous enterprise, there are already drawbacks in their present prospects:—

"The prospects of the great lines—which appeared to be pretty good two years since—have certainly changed very much for the worse. The traffic on the Madrid, Zaragoza, and Alicante lines continues to decline, although 759¾ miles are now in operation upon the system, as compared with 685 miles in April, 1864. Thus the amount acquired by the company to 22nd April this year was only £241,157 as compared with £261,450 in the corresponding period of 1864, showing a decrease of £20,293. On the Northern of Spain, which is now working 451¼ miles as compared with 423¾ miles in April, 1864, the receipts to 22nd April this year were £192,823 as compared with £176,397 in the corresponding period of 1864, showing an increase of £16,426.

"Annexed is a comparison showing the prices of the £20 shares of these two companies, at the close of April, 1865, and April, 1864:—

Company.	1865.	1864.
Madrid, Zaragoza, and Alicante	£13 16 0	£22 14 0
Northern of Spain . .	9 8 0	19 14 0

The Madrid, Zaragoza, and Alicante has thus lost £8 18s. per share, and the Northern of Spain £10 6s. per share. All the other Spanish lines have also experienced an immense depreciation. The £20 shares of the Barcelona and Zaragoza stand, for instance, at a trifle over £5, and the £20 shares of the Zaragoza and Pampeluna at a trifle over £6. The Northern of Spain is indebted to the Spanish Crédit Mobilier to the extent of £1,280,000. A bill is now before the Spanish Legislature, authorizing the company to issue a sufficient amount of obligations to extinguish its floating debt. The total cost of the line is estimated at £13,680,000.

"The fusion of the Barcelona and Zaragoza with the Zaragoza and Pampe-

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use made of this advanced method of communication, as by the increase in the number of letters which now pass through the post: these have been calculated at an annual average of two and a half per inhabitant.

The material "iron age" of our day may, in most respects, be regarded as singularly analogous to that moral phase, the *ferrea ætas* of the poets. Are not the vices by which they stigmatized it, precisely those recognized as the natural offspring of civilization?—

". . . . . Fraudesque dolique
Insidiæque et vis, et amor sceleratus habendi."

We grieve to think that the simple, honest, disinterested, and noble peasantry of Spain, are on the brink of such an abyss as yawns before our imagination when we read these lines, and yet it is but to be expected that in time they will follow the law common to our frail nature.

We fear a *little* civilization, like a "*little* learning," is a "dangerous thing;" and what our Trans-Pyrenæan contemporaries want, is a due proportion of the enlightening influences of modern times, and chiefly the advantages of intercommunication, to make broad their ideas, and enlarge the borders of their understandings; they must be made conscious of their *wants;* they need, in fact, in its full and

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luna is now a realized fact. In consequence of the opening of a section from Irozun to Alasua, which puts the network in direct communication with the Northern and unites the Ocean with the Mediterranean, the receipts obtained show a sensible augmentation, notwithstanding the difficult crisis through which Spain is passing. The obligation service appears now to be assured, and a small return may be gradually anticipated on the shares. The North Western, which has now 78½ miles in operation between Palencia and Leon, has just presented its report for 1864; it is not of a very favourable character."

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active operation, the incentives of the "iron age," but let us trust they may escape its blasting breath, unscathed.

With ourselves iron may be said to have become the great civilizing power of our times; and we are not speaking *iron*-ically when we assert that, assuming all forms, it accomplishes all ends, and reigns supreme, exerting over the economy of the whole modern world a sway recognized no less in its moral than in its material machinery. In war or at peace,—in locomotion or at rest,—in agriculture, manufacture, or commerce,—in the promotion of science, and the spread of knowledge,—in the multiplication and diffusion of literature, in intercourse with the remotest parts of the world, or in the narrower circle of domestic comfort, there can be no perfection, nor even progress towards it, without the concurrence of this indispensable auxiliary.

It serves alike the noblest purposes and the meanest ends; it is our trust in the hour of danger, our ally in the path of glory, and while supporting us in active and arduous duties, disdains not to befriend us in the most negative and quiescent of our occupations; from the hardest it descends to the mellowest form, and if it aid us in our sternest purposes, can also disguise itself beyond discovery to lull us to the softest repose,—

> "We sleep upon an *iron* bed,
> And think it is a feather one."

In brief, the whole machinery of modern life, domestic, social, and even moral, depends essentially on its supply and its intervention. So much so, that were that supply suddenly to fail, the order of existence would be suspended, and

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the civilized world would, at least for a time, be thrown off its balance. There is no accessory on which we are more dependent; and of metals, even gold and silver must give place to it. The prosperity of a civilized country is so intimately affected by the production, manufacture, and varied employment of this important material, that we can conceive of no analogy between ourselves and a people who are not cognizant of its value, whether as an article of commerce and manufacture, or an object of universal utility.

Yet, till within a very short time, such was the state of Spain; and we can scarcely, even now, assert that she has guessed—if indeed she care to know—the real secret of her weakness and her inferiority. Teeming throughout her territories with minerals, which, independently of her generous and fertile soil, could make her wealthy and prosperous, she seems unconscious of the untouched treasure lavished upon her, and which lies there as if waiting for the hand of industry to collect it.

Iron ore, of more or less excellent quality, abounds in all parts of the Peninsula, and both in the north and the south, where chiefly the mines have been worked, the yields have proved highly remunerative, and must be regarded as offering boundless promise. Copper has been ascertained to exist in great abundance, but like the iron mines it has been grievously neglected. Lead is perhaps even more plentiful, and according to the memoirs of the (in)famous Godoi Principe de la Paz, the lead mines of the Alpujarras and of Granada ought to prove an immense source of wealth to the country. Tin exists largely, but chiefly among the least populous dis-

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tricts. Gold was known to be in the country by the Romans, who possessed themselves of large quantities, and it only wants working now, while silver and quicksilver are met with abundantly at Almaden and elsewhere.

Of coal there are now nearly seven hundred mines; but owing to that fatal drawback, the obstinate rejection of modern and improved appliances,—to which the national apathy is only too favourable,—the advantages drawn therefrom are wholly disproportionate to this abundance, and so supine are the natives about appropriating their own produce by the simple process of industry, that they prefer bearing the expense of importing coal from England and Belgium to exploring their own mines. It will be seen that, despite the often stern and arid character of the country, Nature has been very bountiful to her, amply compensating in her mineral gifts beneath the surface, for any partial and local poverty of soil above it.*

At Somorrostro, in the Cantabrian district, there is an abundance of iron ore at the depth of a few feet, the facility of obtaining it more than repaying the poverty of the

* Spanish mineralogists have divided their country into twelve mining districts:—

The first comprises the four Galician Provinces.
The second, Oviedo, Leon, Santander, and Palencia.
The third, the Basque Provinces and Navarre.
The fourth, Zamora, Salamanca, Valladolid, and Avila.
The fifth, Burgos, Soria, Logroño, and Guadalajara.
The sixth, Huesca, Zaragoza, Lerida, and Teniel.
The seventh, Gerona, Tarragona, Barcelona, and Baleares.
The eighth, Cuença, Valencia, Castillon, and Albacete.
The ninth, Segovia, Toledo, Madrid, and Ciudad Real.
The tenth, Caceres, Badajoz, Cordoba, and Jaen.
The eleventh, Huelva, Malaga, Seville, Cadiz, and Canaries.
The twelfth, Granada, Murcia, Almeria, and Alicante.

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yield. This may be taken at 35 per cent. of iron, and under even the uncouth (mis)management, and with the rude machinery of the natives, upwards of five thousand tons a year have been known to be produced.

It is undoubtedly inferior in quality to English iron, but this is again owing to the apathy and stolidity of the people, who, having, or supposing they have, no coal in the neighbourhood, fall back upon charcoal, which is almost useless for smelting purposes;* thus the iron is rarely worth more than £25 per ton. Under these circumstances, it was for a long time actually more advantageous to import the metal from England.

Yet coal is to be found in an almost exhaustless stratum close to the surface in Asturias, not far from Oviedo, and about Langreo, in the fertile and comparatively popular district of Gyjon: the quality of this coal is only inferior to the best Newcastle produce, and the cost of working it a mere trifle: such a property in our own land would make an English capitalist's mouth water. Not so the philoso-

* This statement offers a curious parallel with the state of our own iron manufacture at the close of the seventeenth century. "Far more important, . . ." says Lord Macaulay, "has been the improvement of our iron works. Such works had long existed in our island, but had not prospered, and had been regarded with no favourable eye by the Government and by the public. It was not then the practice to employ coal for smelting the ore, and the rapid consumption of wood excited the alarm of politicians. As early as the reign of Elizabeth there had been loud complaints that whole forests were cut down for the purpose of feeding the furnaces, and the Parliament had interfered to prohibit the manufacturers from burning timber. The manufacture consequently languished. At the close of the reign of Charles the Second great part of the iron which was used in the country was imported from abroad; and the whole quantity cast here annually seems not to have exceeded ten thousand tons. At present the trade is thought to be in a depressed state if less than a million of tons are produced in a year."

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phical Spaniard, who acts as if he thought his mineral treasure—

". . . . . Melius situm,
Quum terra celut, spernere fortior,
Quam cogere humanos in usus."

The whole course of the river Nalon, which traverses this tract of the country and waters Oviedo, is smiling and attractive, but the natives appear alike unconscious of its mineral wealth and its poetical beauty. Iron abounds again here, and, as well as the coal, might be had for the trouble of digging it out. At Cristo de la Peña, near Mirés, besides chalybeate springs, there is a mine of quicksilver, and another has recently been discovered of very fine quality near Dolar, in Granada; but the most celebrated of these are at Almaden, in Estremadura. Near Roballada is a *fabrica*, where an English *entrepreneur* manufactures vermilion in large quantities; nevertheless all these good gifts are thrown away upon the indolent Spaniards, who, depressed by the discouraging effects of an unsettled and inefficient Government, prefer squalid dependence or passive destitution—if sufficiently flavoured with tobacco—to honest ease earned under the inevitable law of labour.

Aguado, the Parisian capitalist, known in Spain by his self-acquired fortune and high-sounding title of *Marques de las Marismas—en déshabille*, nothing more than "Marquis of Miasmata!" from the boggy and vaporous nature of the lands he owned—established a company for the purpose of working these valuable mines, but at his death the project came to a standstill; there is now an English enterprise on foot there, and as the railway communica-

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tion, so rapidly branching over the country, now connects Gyjon and Langreo, and another line is proposed between Oviedo and Gyjon, it is possible that these buried riches will ultimately see the light:—alas!—

"Effodiuntur opes irritamenta malorum."

May this not be their destiny, here.

At Heredia, in the neighbourhood of Gibraltar, are mines producing a finer quality of iron; the per-centage of metal to the ore, here, averages 75. The works have always been conducted on a better system, due—as is usual in Spain—to the co-operation of foreign genius.

Villanueva del Rio, in Andalusia, likewise has its coal mines, of the neglect of which, *mutate nomine*, the same account may be given; also at Villanueva, near Lérida; but all the benefits of this mineral treasure dissolve before the apathy and indifference of the inhabitants.

The progress that we may mark in the production and manufacture of iron, dates from about thirty years ago, before which time the country seemed unconscious of this vast resource; the ironworks which have been established since then, are fully capable of rendering the country independent of foreign importation. The metal used in the royal dockyards is even now entirely self-supplied.

As we proceed, however, we shall see how slight, comparatively speaking, is the change as yet produced on this singularly exclusive people, under influences which, among other races, have effected advancement at a pace apparently accelerating by geometrical progression.

If the origin of the decay of Spain be attributable to

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the mismanaged discovery of that dangerous and corrupting ore, rightly qualified as "*ferro, nocentiùs aurum*," and thus it be to the luxurious habits of her "golden age," that Spain owed the beginning of her deterioration; let us hope that the introduction of a new epoch, which we may term her "iron age," will see her, if slowly, at least surely, resume her once proud position in the great family of European nations.

The climate of Spain is exceedingly dry, a circumstance attributed to the wholesale and reckless destruction of the forests which once wooded the now desert *sierras*. War has indeed left woeful traces of her devastating ravages, and this disputed land still feels, in its physical as in its moral condition, the fatal effects of those lawless contentions which disfigure its history. It is asserted by physiologists, that to the removal of the luxuriant woods which formerly clothed, with their rich and smiling verdure, the bare and barren ranges of the mountain lands, the country owes that exquisite clearness and brilliancy of atmosphere almost peculiar to itself; there can be little doubt, therefore, that the restitution of that which Nature in her wisdom erst bestowed, would confer upon Spain a fertility and a capacity for an extended system of agriculture, which would incalculably augment her resources and must contribute to establish her prosperity. Whether the suggestion, which some years ago pointed to such a scheme, can be carried out, remains yet to be seen. Agriculture has been making decided progress since the beginning of the century; its more definite advancement having of course been dependent on the duration of peace; but when we speak of the advance of this important branch of industry, it is rather as to the

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extent of land brought into cultivation, than the adoption of the improved machinery of various sorts which has of late years caused such rapid advancement in the rest of the world. In some few parts of the country—we mean those whose freer intercourse with other nations has removed some of their inconceivable and rooted prejudices—innovations of this kind have been introduced with a certain amount of success, but as we come to the more central provinces we find them adhering to those ancient usages consecrated in their eyes by the traditional approval of their remotest ancestors.

There is more indolence in the habit of mind which produces these results than at first meets the eye. The curious fact relative to Spanish bridges, some of which remain standing monuments of the asinine density of the people, after the rivers they crossed have changed their course, or—as is by no means unusual in Spain—have altogether dried up, leaves us an evidence of the principle on which they act—we ought rather, employing a violent figure of speech, to say, of the no-principle on which they do *not* act, for the question is one of a negative rather than a positive nature. At Dueñas, Olloniego, Coria, and other places, may be seen instances of this unaccountable stolidity. "Their fathers built the bridges, and shall they pretend to say that these wise men of old did not know what they were about? Shall they presume to question, much less to destroy, the works of their ancestors!"

The Corians have thus earned for themselves the unenviable nickname of *Bobos de Coria* (*Bobo* or *Bovo* being the Arabic for a "booby"), which may be considered equiva-

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lent to the reproach implied in French, by the appellation, "*Bourgeois de Falaise.*"

Two agricultural colleges have been founded by Government, and other measures are being taken to promote the advancement of land-cultivation. Spain enjoys the immense advantage of a soil and climate so various, that it is capable of yielding all that the rest of Europe can produce, as well as much that is peculiar to the West Indies; and not only all grains, but the finest wheat in the world. As soon as Spain becomes an exporting country, this will be a considerable source of wealth to her; even as it is, great quantities of this purely white and very choice flour find their way to England by Santander.

We may venture to look forward to the day, possibly only to be witnessed by posterity, when the agricultural apparatus of modern times will, throughout the length and breadth of Spain, usurp the place of the antiquated ploughshare, which has served all the purposes and satisfied all the aspirations of the Iberian agriculturist, since it was employed in his country by the enterprising Roman progressists of two thousand years ago.

Despite the prognostics of sanguine political economists, the impenetrable conservatism of the Spanish labourer is yet unvanquished; and as we meet him homeward plodding his weary way, following his yet more weary cattle, we may as yet, depict the group in the very words of Virgil,—

"Aspice; aratra, jugo, referunt suspensa, juvenci:"—

conjuring up a picture highly suggestive of the primitive construction of the implement alluded to.

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This feat cannot have been performed in England for many centuries, if we are to credit traditions of "red-hot ploughshares," which can scarcely have been made of wood, or have been capable of being transported in this off-hand way.

Upwards of a century ago an ingenious fellow, named Joseph Lucatelli, constructed an agricultural machine, called "*sembrador*," or seed-spreader, which at once ploughed, sowed, and harrowed. The invention does not seem to have found favour with his countrymen, as the plough still in use among them is of the most antiquated make. This is in perfect harmony with the character of the people; and it is worthy of note that in the sister-country, although many clever practical inventions have been exhibited at the competitive expositions of Oporto, so strong is the prejudice in favour of accustomed usages, that not one of them has ever been adopted.

If, however, agriculture waits for the advent of a more intelligent generation, domestic economy has already been advanced by an introduction dependent on the *iron* age, which offers peculiar practical advantages in a country where *domestic* insect-life teems so abundantly. Iron bedsteads are not only employed, but are being manufactured in the country; and though some are still imported from France, the French designs are occasionally very creditably imitated.

Among other significant signs of Peninsular progress, we find that a well-organized and comprehensive association for the promotion of social science has been recently established in Madrid. There is, moreover, some vitality

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among the members, for they have not obtained without difficulty the sanction of Government in behalf of their undertaking. It comprises a practical consideration of the following subjects :—

Political and Moral Sciences.
Economical Sciences.
Instruction and Education.
Legislation.
Hygienic Science.
Literature and Art.

This important Association, from the efforts of which we may hope to date many beneficial results, provided it do not become too priggish, has put itself in communication with the London Society established for the same objects, and it will be interesting to note the details of the intercourse that we may expect to follow.

The north-eastern and eastern provinces of Spain are those which exhibit the greatest manufacturing activity, although Galicia and the Asturias, possessing fine coal-mines, and rivers which supply them with the important auxiliary of water-power, certainly ought to take the lead in industrial competition. It is very difficult, however, to discover what *is* the actual extent of the manufacturing impulse, as it is well known that a great number of cotton goods bearing the Barcelona mark are made in Manchester, and are thence surreptitiously brought into the country.

The removal of those barriers, raised by Protectionists, between France and Spain will, it is expected, make a great change in the commercial relations of the two countries. This is already very perceptible; during the

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last year the exports from Spain included fruit, oil, and wine to the value of 19,000,000 francs; lead and other metals, 19,500,000 francs; wool, silk, and skins, 11,000,000 francs; cochineal and saffron, 5,000,000 francs; cork-wood and matting, 3,500,000 francs.*

It is a long time since Spain has done business on a scale of such importance, and it offers the one chance of an improved system of manufacture, which she has hitherto determinedly resisted. If future years bring with them, as they assuredly must, increasing demands for these goods, it is quite evident a more rapid and less uncertain mode of supplying them, than can possibly be attained under existing circumstances, must be adopted, and the old Moorish method (or *no* method) of producing wine, spirits, oil, cork, &c., will only exist in the pages of tradition and the sketch-books of departed R.A.'s.

As a matter of poetry, we confess we contemplate this reformation with a sigh; but now that railways have entered the Peninsula, we must make up our minds to part with romance. It is the universal fate. "*Tout lasse, tout casse, tout passe;*" and railways will, sooner or later, be the means of bringing about this inevitable result here.

Wine and oil ought, there is no doubt, to prove a source

* The imports from France during the same period consisted of various stuffs to the value of 46,000,000 francs; wrought silk, cotton, thread, and wool, 35,000,000 francs; horses and mules, 12,000,000 francs; mercery, perfumery, and toys, 11,500,000 francs; fine wood, 9,000,000 francs; machinery and cutlery, 3,000,000 francs; cattle, 3,000,000 francs. The *Presse* states that from 8,000 to 10,000 weavers, who were discharged at Roubaix and Tourcoing in April and May last, are now re-engaged and are co-operating in the increased animation given to the manufacture of light fancy stuffs of alpaca and wool.

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of immense wealth to Spain. The vine and the olive are produced with more or less abundance throughout the length and breadth of the land; and the several soils, latitudes, and gradients of the country give so many varieties, that we may say, *il y en a pour tous les gôuts;* and with a carefully organized system, Spain has capabilities which might make her, in these two departments, mistress of the commerce of the whole civilized world. The wines for exportation are to a great extent prepared, with the addition of the usual proportion of brandy, by foreign enterprisers, after the juice has been expressed by the natives, and has passed through fermentation: but although the natives over the central part of the country still perpetuate the old Moorish method of converting their grape-juice into wine, this is chiefly for home consumption—we may almost say, necessarily so; for it is very doubtful whether wine so fabricated would be capable of exportation, much less of conservation when brought into another climate. Some of the wine made expressly for home consumption is produced in a very careless, slovenly, and primitive manner; and if it keep a twelvemonth, it is as much as is, or can be, expected of it. Such wines, after a very brief process of fermentation, are drawn off from the large Moorish stone jars, into which the juice was conveyed as soon as expressed, into those uncouth-looking pigskins or goatskins, which, be it observed, are never dressed, while they are lined with hot pitch (!), and the consequent flavour of the wine is absolutely atrocious. This happens principally in the interior part of the country. When the wine is spared this abominable contamination, it is not

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recognizable for the same vintage. The vines are not cultivated with any care, and the natural advantages which favour them are in a great measure lost.

The white wines are decidedly superior to the red; and the several wines of Malaga and Fuencarral, as well as Alicant and Fondellol, cannot be equalled by those of any other country. A calcareous soil, such as abounds in Spain, is that best suited to the growth of the vine; but some labour is required in the southern provinces in the constant and regular supply of moisture by artificial irrigation. The grapes are only fit to be picked for wine when they begin to shrivel, and they are peculiarly sweet and luscious to the taste at that moment. Black grapes are used as often as white in the manufacture of the Xeres wine, and it darkens considerably after it is first made, deepening from a straw colour to a bright golden hue. Almost all the wines made at Xeres de la Frontera and at San Lucar* are superintended by French or English manufacturers; and great attention is paid not only to the cultivation of the vines and the preservation of the grapes, but also to every process through which the wine passes. There is also a considerable amount of capital sunk in the establishment and maintenance of casks and bottles, which are almost unused by the Spaniards themselves. All this,

* This romantic little spot is celebrated for an attraction, which in the poet's—especially the Anacreontic poet's—mind is supposed to be the fitting accompaniment of choice and delicate wines. The pretty girls of S. Lucar are thus sung in one of the popular ballads of Spain:—

"Para alcarrazas, Chiclana;
Para trigo Trebujera,
Y para niñas bonitas
San Lucar de Borrameda."

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together with considerable revenue charges, goes to increase the price of these wines, and will in a great measure account for their money-value. The wines of Montilla are high in price owing to the same causes, and also because a limited quantity only is made. It is from Cordova, the province adjoining Seville—in which Xeres is situated—that the Amontillado wine is exported. There is some uncertainty in the production of this wine; when it *is* made, it often turns out to be of different flavours.

The celebrated Val de Peñas is largely manufactured at Manzanares, in La Mancha. It may really be called a "purple wine;" it is of a bluish crimson, and has a richer flavour than this class of wine usually possesses; but it is very difficult to ascertain the taste of the genuine article, and except on the spot it is impossible to judge of it. Being a very central locality, all this wine is drawn off into wine-skins for the facility of transportation, and consequently acquires the pitchy taint which entirely disguises its real flavour.

The wine that is circulated in Spain for ordinary consumption, and to be had whether at the *fondas* or the wine-shops, is very inferior to what we are accustomed to regard as Spanish wine in England. As for the *vin comùn*, it is as inferior to the *vin ordinaire* of France as ditch-water is to Stogumber ale; and the Val de Peñas, which is thought so much of in England, and really is a different article, is here rather inferior to *liquorice tea!* besides being flavoured with pitch and undressed goatskins. The Xeres is harsh and fiery, more like Cape or Marsala than any other

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beverage, and very inferior to the sherry we get in England. Malaga is treated as a liqueur, and sold at liqueur prices; but though sweet and luscious, it has a physicky taste. The Muscatel is the best fluid we tasted, and we thought it freer than any other from the nauseous flavour which spoils so many of the Spanish wines. There are several kinds of liqueurs peculiar to Spain, but none of them are very remarkable.

Catalonia and Valencia are more prolific in their *vinos tintos* than in white wines. A fine red wine, or *vino tinto*, which is a strong wine, and may be classed among the sweet wines, is made from the *tintilla* grape at Alicante; but the most distinct in flavour is the Manzanilla, an Andalusian wine, of which the Spaniards are very fond, and which has the taste of the camomile.

There is no province in Spain where the vine and the olive are not more or less extensively cultivated, but though the Biscayan coast, with Navarre on one side and Galicia on the other, may boast some very fine wines, they are altogether employed for the home market; it is from the sunny south that wines are sent out for foreign consumption. It is from the name of *vino tinto* that we have got the corrupted nomenclature of *tent* wine; the wine thus designated is the produce of a very peculiar grape, the pulp and juice of which are red as well as the skin; this grows chiefly near Cadiz. There has not yet been much improvement in the making of wine in any part of the Peninsula, and the foreign manufacturers still bear away the palm, whether in their method of proceeding in the fabrication or the machinery employed:

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the result, it must be admitted, is very superior. The Spaniards are quite capable of carrying out the improved method, and succeed perfectly well whenever they choose to adopt it, and to employ the appliances introduced into this prolific branch of industry by more civilized nations; that they are depriving themselves, by their tardiness, of one of the most bountiful sources of wealth and prosperity which has been bestowed upon their highly favoured land must be evident to every observant mind.

As regards the trade with England, we received to the 31st of July this year 263,779 gallons of red and 2,675,688 gallons of white wine, against 231,656 gallons of red and 2,702,074 gallons of white wine in the corresponding period of 1864, and 193,276 gallons of red and 2,366,543 gallons of white wine in the corresponding period of 1863.*

In the manufacture of oil they are equally behindhand. Nothing can be more simple and rude than the mechanism employed; there is no effort to spare labour, to save time, or to increase the quantity of the produce. Olives are cultivated more extensively in the southern than in the northern provinces, and the Andalusian olives

* From all foreign sources, the imports of wine to the 31st of July this year amounted to 6,755,703 gallons, as compared with 6,672,215 gallons in the corresponding period of 1864, and 5,981,612 gallons in the corresponding period of 1863. Of the total receipts this year, 2,913,467 gallons were red wine, as compared with 2,807,633 gallons in 1864, and 2,542,734 gallons in 1863 (corresponding periods). The deliveries from Portugal to the 31st of July this year were 1,547,226 gallons, against 1,576,191 gallons in 1864, and 1,517,139 gallons in 1863 (corresponding periods); and from France, 1,016,022 gallons, against 897,829 gallons in 1864, and 771,642 gallons in 1863 (corresponding periods).

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produce far the finer fruit; the berries are nearly twice the size, although there is very little difference in the size or appearance of the tree. The oil of the smaller berries is more abundant in proportion than that of the larger; it is also of finer quality.

Rice is industriously cultivated throughout Valencia, and cork in Estramadura; but if there be any manufacture (besides that of cigars) that has been pursued in Spain so as to maintain an incontrovertible reputation, it is perhaps to be found in the far-famed Toledo blades,—

"... Swords of Spain of ice-brook's temper,"—

which have always retained their superiority, as well as the traditional swords of Triano, famous in Shakspere's day (when Spain knew how to make and maintain a position), and likewise immortalized by the immortal bard: these, England herself has not disdained to draw, not merely from their scabbards, but from their source, which she was *then* unable to rival.

As for blades, however, the Spaniards ought to be able to produce *them;* they enjoy a not very enviable notoriety for cutting—not themselves, but one another, after their manner, with knives; and, as far as iron can serve their *vendetta*, we have no reason to call in question either their readiness in drawing or their expertness in employing the *cuchillo.*

A large number of the murderous weapons thus used in Spain, however,—like the idolatrous gods of the Hindus,—are got up in Birmingham for exportation thither; we can scarcely say how many, but decidedly the major part; so that, *par parenthèse*, it is we, after all—so pious and so

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humane ourselves—who help the one people to worship images, and the other to cut each other's throats!

The Toledan steel seems to have been manufactured rather for the home market than for exportation; at all events, England and France were not by any means *dependent* on Spain for this description of hardware, though for presentation swords or for *armes de luxe* they may have had recourse to the banks of the Tagus.

"The more delicate kinds of cutlery," says Lord Macaulay, speaking of England in 1685, "were either made in the Capital or brought from the Continent. It was not, indeed, till the reign of George I. that the English surgeons ceased to import from France those exquisitely fine blades which are required for operations on the human frame," and we must not forget that at the exhibition of 1851 the French carried off the prize for surgical instruments.

That the Spaniards have been held back by the disastrous effects of external war and civil strife, that they have been impoverished by flocking to different colonies, that they have undergone the disadvantages of unsettled government and an unsuitable *régime*, we admit; but, on the other hand, the natural advantages of the country are exceptional. Besides those we have already enumerated, we cannot overlook one which ought to enable Spain to claim an immense commercial superiority over most European nations. We allude to the singular facilities presented by her peninsular position to extended and successful maritime trade.

On the eastern and southern sides, she commands an unbroken stretch of nearly 1,700 miles of Mediterranean,

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and of upwards of 900 of Atlantic, coast, while on the former she possesses sixty-four, and on the latter fifty-six ports,—altogether an incomparable superiority over France.

We believe we are officially authorized in stating that in 1864 the mercantile marine of Spain was represented by about 7,000 vessels, with a supplementary amount of fishing boats, numbering about 1,000; and from the same source we draw that the country can boast a corresponding number of "hardy and effective seamen."

A word in conclusion on the army and navy of Spain, in whose moral regeneration there are prominent and significant features, not only affecting her individual security, but deciding her position and her influence in the eyes of the rest of Europe. Southey tells us that at the death of Charles III. Spain had recovered a fleet not altogether unworthy of the nation which had once proudly owned the "Invincible" Armada. It was not surprising, therefore, that a minister who risked the defences of the country as did Godoi, should end his career ignominiously, even though it be admitted that she owed him some gratitude for his previous successful efforts to forward the prosperity of the land and the people: still, his improvident, and, as it turned out, ruinous alliance with France — the effects of which are to be traced in the disasters of the present time—are not effaced, and cannot be forgotten. From the war declared by Spain against the French Republic on the failure of all the attempts of Charles IV. to save the life and the crown of Louis XVI. may be said to date the inferiority of her actual condition. Although the victory

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of the Marquis de la Romana gave the Spaniards some laurels, and inspired them with a fatal confidence in their further successes, the French soon obtained the mastery, and the inroads of the French republic were only arrested by the humiliating treaty of 1795, by which the King of Spain was compelled to yield up the oldest of the colonies of Spain—Hispaniola.

A further treaty, equally disadvantageous to Spain, known as that of San Ildefonso, bound France and Spain together by an alliance in which the advantage was all in favour of the former country; the state of France was that of a bankrupt house, and any partnership with so rotten a concern could but threaten ruin to those who shared its interests: inevitable war was the order of the day, and social and commercial prosperity, industry, and progress were seriously compromised. The battle of Trafalgar swamped the reorganized fleet of Spain, and the wars of Napoleon, claiming the aid of her troops, dispersed and dissipated her army. At the first favourable opportunity, followed the treacherous attempt of Napoleon to possess himself of the country he had first rendered defenceless—an attempt the details of which constitute one of the most eventful periods of Spanish history. Some of the particulars are very stirring, and they at all events served to show that if the energies of Spaniards were dormant, they were by no means extinct, and to exhibit the meanness and perfidy of the character of Napoleon, beside the bravery and patriotism, the fidelity and courage, of the noble-minded people of Spain—great in their misfortunes. From these horrors, incapable of

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rescuing herself, Spain was ultimately snatched by the successful but yet disastrous struggles of the Peninsular War.

To restore the shattered defences of a country, and reinstate her on a footing with her former self,—to reconstitute, in fact, as one of the first-class powers of Europe a nation, armyless, navyless, and, alas! in a commercial sense—creditless, is not the work of a day, scarcely of a century. Nevertheless, that work may be considered as inaugurated;—"well begun is half done,"—and, despite many political drawbacks, the wants of the country, so palpable to others, have now been, to a certain extent, recognized by herself. A new era has dawned upon Spain, and, among other active measures for her reorganization, a wise scheme was devised by the Government, some six years ago, whereby the interest of a sum of twenty millions, raised for defraying the expenses of public works, was to be applied partly to rail and other roads, and the rest to be divided between the expenses of re-establishing the land and maritime defences, during a period of eight years. The country has thus got the command of about £650,000 annually for the reconstruction of the navy. We confess to our surprise at finding, on investigation, that its recovery has so far been effected, that in this short time the naval armament of Spain consists of 260 vessels*—inclusive, of course—and that she num-

* Of the two first-class iron-plated ships in course of construction, one, the *Numantia*, is now completed; also, by this time, no doubt, one or two of the several 60-gun frigates which were contracted for, some time back, while among the larger class of ships are two 84-gun, four sailing frigates of 156 guns, and four steam frigates carrying 147 guns, twenty-six smaller steamers

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bers 950 guns. Her ships are all duly equipped and adequately manned.* This is a great improvement on the solitary "*Sovrano*" on which all the work and all the responsibility were thrown a little while ago.

Her regular army includes 160,000 men of all grades, and there is an efficient provincial militia of 40,000.† The Spanish soldiers are not only well drilled and well disciplined, but they have considerable initiative and no lack of bravery. Much depends on the courage, judgment, and dignity of military commanders in such a country; and to the firmness and vigour of those entrusted with responsible positions, must always be chiefly due whatever tranquillity she may enjoy, while peace is evidently essential not only to her prosperity, but to her very existence.

The present relations between Spain and Chili are fraught with the gravest apprehensions, and should they result in a war, it is impossible to foresee the extent of the disasters in which it may involve her.

We have no reason to doubt the courage of the Spanish soldier; "the Duke" himself admitted and admired it;

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mounting 142 guns, and four fully armed corvettes of 100 guns, besides ships of inferior importance, the crews of all being complete, and well disciplined.

* Macaulay states that in 1685—*not* 1865—"the English navy might have been kept in an efficient state for £380,000 a year; £400,000 was the sum actually expended, but expended to very little purpose: the cost of the French marine was nearly the same, and of the Dutch marine considerably more."

† The arsenal of Seville alone supplies all the requirements of these troops.

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and we quote, and think we may safely endorse, M. de la Borde's opinion of him:—

"The soldier of Spain is still," he says, "one of the best in Europe when placed under an experienced general, and brave, intelligent officers. He is possessed of cool and steady valour; he long resists fatigue, and readily inures himself to labour; he lives on little, endures hunger without complaining, executes the orders of his superiors without hesitation, and never suffers a murmur to escape him."

If the Spanish soldier lack the initiative, the vivacity, and the singular adaptiveness of the French, the above tribute bears witness to many valuable qualities which inspire us with considerable respect, and proclaims his fitness for the ranks.

As a proof of the exemplary discipline and order which reign in the Spanish army, we cite a circumstance which came to our knowledge a short time ago.

It appears that, in order to enable the men garrisoned in Madrid to enjoy the Christmas holidays, leave was offered to all who chose to apply for it, to visit their families, within the town, and to all the sergeants was accorded a free entrance to all the theatres: within the barracks an indulgence of extra rations, and such liberties and privileges as were consistent with circumstances, were granted, to mark the festival. Upwards of 6,000 availed themselves of the proffered leave of absence, and it is gratifying to be able to record that, notwithstanding the advantage which might so naturally have been taken of the unusual licence, not a single

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instance of the slightest misconduct occurred, neither was there a solitary case of intoxication: sobriety indeed may be regarded as a national virtue.

We close these remarks with some official information respecting the financial, social, and commercial condition of Spain, extracted from an elaborate paper by M. Darimon, one of the Legislative body. He goes back to the time of Julius Cæsar, when he supposes the Iberian peninsula to have contained 78,000,000 inhabitants, and he compares this population with that of the year 1688, at which time it appears to have been reduced by 70,000,000! for it then numbered no more than 8,000,000. How he gets his starting—and we may add, startling—figures, we know not; but if they be correct (!), the difference is very astonishing. He goes on to assert that, since 1688, there has been a steady advance in the numbers, for in a century from that time, there were in Spain 9,307,800 souls, and two years later, *i. e.*, in 1797, the population outnumbered 12,000,000. In 1820, however, the number had receded to 11,000,000; but in 1823 it had got back to the amount it reached in 1797, and again touched 12,000,000, and in 1828 mounted to 13,698,029. In 1837, matters had gone on sluggishly, for then there were only 12,222,872, and in 1842 they did not exceed 12,054,000 souls. These fluctuations appear to have continued, and are to be more or less relied upon, until, in 1861, an official census, made with great care and accuracy, showed a population of 16,000,000 over a territory of 504,643 square kilometres, and therefore very thinly scattered. Nearly 46 per cent. of the whole surface

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of the kingdom is still uncultivated. Out of 3,803,991 able-bodied men, 125,000 belong to the clergy, 241,335 to the army, navy, and military functionaries, and 478,716 to the nobility. The remainder comprises 47,312 students, 5,673 advocates, 9,351 writers, 27,922 belonging to the customs, and 206,090 servants; forming a total of 1,221,799 men living apart from all manufacturing or agricultural labour. The export trade of Spain, which in 1849 was only 270,000,000 francs, rose in 1861 to 865,000,000 francs; but it is only in 1853, 1854, and 1855 that their exports have exceeded their imports.

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COSAS DE ESPAÑA.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

"Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and azure skies,
Breadths of tropic shade, and palms in cluster-knots of Paradise.

* * * * * * *

There methinks would be enjoyment, more than in the march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind."

TENNYSON.

WHO, among the sons of men, has not beguiled his hours of idleness, or embellished his waking dreams, by rearing "*Châteaux en Espagne;*" and of all the airy fabrics which fancy loves to conjure up, and hopes one day to see realized, are there any of which the colouring approaches in brilliancy the rainbow hues we unconsciously shed over all our imaginings of Spain? There is magic in the word, and poetry in the thought; it is fraught with bright sunshine and cool shade, azure skies melting into mountain distances, gigantic rocks, and dashing waterfalls, intermin-

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gled with a tropical vegetation: it promises treasures of Oriental archæology, and remains of races whose exploits teem with romantic interest; it suggests glowing pictures of Arcadian life, transporting us into a moral as well as a physical atmosphere, of unsophisticated simplicity, such as surrounded the fabled denizens of earth during the golden age of the poets.

Alas! it is ever our fate to "mould statues of snow, and weep when they melt!" If our air-drawn vision be beautiful as a soap-bubble, it is almost as fragile. Imagination is a gift without which our moral existence would be weary indeed; but after we have enjoyed the brilliancy of its *feu follet*, comes the hour of disenchantment—the *quart d'heure de Rabelais*,—that grim compensatory clause, sooner or later the inevitable complement and consequence of all human pleasure. We are almost inclined to say,—

> "Those days were never! Airy dreams
> Sat for the picture, and the Poet's hand,
> Imparting substance to an empty shade,
> Imposed a bright delirium for a truth."

But we must not exaggerate the notion we had intended to convey, nor lead our readers to suppose that because Spain, in its actuality, falls short in many respects of the fairy ideal we had created for ourselves, it is therefore deficient in attraction and interest. Far from it: for when the bewitching prismatic hues of fancy are chastened by the soberer but unfading tints of truth, there is still an untold store of suggestive detail, and the mind may dwell in protracted security, and may live a charmed life, even on the wreck of its expectations.

Spain, whether morally or physically considered, is comparatively a virgin field of exploration,—a ground as yet so lightly printed by the footstep of the curious, that its rich and rare natural beauties, its historical associations,

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chivalrous traditions, physiological peculiarities, and moral characteristics, exhale a freshness and manifest a distinctiveness we fail to recognize in any other part of Europe ;—we say of *Europe* merely from geographical conscientiousness, for — at least ethically considered — Spain may be said to be *more* than peninsularly detached from that civilized and progressive quarter of the globe.

If it be a pleasing, it is at the same time a venturesome undertaking to describe in its several aspects the character and general physiognomy of any given country, to paint, as it were, its moral and physical expression, and then to assume the responsibility of instituting comparisons and drawing inferences ; yet without this the mere description would become a futility, an idle pastime, scarcely calculated to amuse the frivolous, certainly not to interest the thinking, mind.

This is clearly the task of one who "*mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes*," and we can but offer the best results of our limited experience, and the best efforts of our perhaps yet more limited ability to observe what we saw and to note what we observed, for the benefit of our readers. If they have already done us the honour to accompany our steps in our previous rambles in London and Paris, France and Flanders, and are willing once more to accord us their confidence, they must consent to exchange the smoothly-running, spring-cushioned conveyances, the obsequious officials, the "silken chambers," luxurious hotels, and refined cookery of civilized Europe, for the roughly-jolting, hard-seated, cumbrous, and antiquated vehicles, the sleepy and indifferent attendants, the obsolete customs, clumsy accommodation, and often repulsive *cuisine* of the Peninsula.

Touching this last, and by no means unimportant item, we have heard of a restaurateur in Paris who, by way

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of attracting our countrymen, exhibited a notice intimating that—

"Here, Restauration is practised
by means of
Large Joints
after
The English Process;"

and our own experience of German *tables d'hôte* reminds us, that out of consideration to the tastes and propensities of those matter-of-fact feeders, it was customary, after a protracted meal, to hand round slices of very under-done *rosbif*, "*rouge et maigre*," that they might not go empty away; but in Spain the British taste does not appear to be studied even in this zeal-without-knowledge fashion, and the fastidious English gentleman must submit to the hard laws of circumstance if he venture to travel in Spain. He must be content to feed his imagination on his recollections of the club dining-room, and to sustain his frame with anything he can make up his mind to regard as not absolutely loathsome, keeping in view La Rochefoucauld's wholesome philosophy, "*Lorsqu'on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a.*" Together with culinary skill, art, science, agriculture, manufacturing industry, and literature, after reaching a certain point, have suddenly stagnated there, "as by the touch of an enchanter's wand," and seem to await some magic influence to revivify them.

We may liken the moral condition of Spain to the physical aspect of Herculaneum and Pompeii, arrested in the very attitude in which, breathing, living, and unwarned, they were transfixed, and there stand offering to our contemplation, in their suggestive remains, the very actualities of life belonging to the period that preceded them, consisting of facts and details such as no historian, no painter, could have supplied.

Even so it is with living Spain: existing contempora-

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neously with ourselves, she has nothing in common with the rest of Europe, and belongs to a bygone age. We can scarcely account for the arresting influence in her case, we can only note the fact that the Spain of to-day is the very Spain of her forefathers, the living prototype of herself; and if we would transport our modern individualities into past centuries, and explore the thoughts and feelings, the theory and the practice, of times long spent, and men long dead, we may form a tolerable idea of what they were, by studying the mind and manners of the *people* of nineteenth century Spain.

It is only by travelling in Spain, and living in the midst of Spaniards, that we realize in all its practical discomfort the fact that the universal civilization of our times has as yet failed to penetrate her tobacco-thickened atmosphere; at the same time it introduces us to a state of things we could scarcely find elsewhere, and which we cannot expect will survive very long here. The day cannot now be far distant when the primitive and unsophisticated simplicity of Spain will be dissipated before the civilizing influences of more advanced nations, and the now unique Peninsula will be reduced to the level of her regenerators. It remains to be seen what compensatory attractions she will then offer in exchange for the patriarchal characteristics which have so long been, and may still be said to be, essentially her own.

Spain as she is, may be regarded as a waif of departed generations, a forgotten and forsaken relic of the past,—a past whose dim light flickers amid the mazes of tradition, surrounded by a nebulum of mystery and romance: but if its details be shrouded, our eagerness to penetrate the intervening veil, and discover the facts it conceals, is only thereby the more vividly aroused.

In her we may still contemplate an altogether unexampled instance of Oriental life transplanted into an Occi-

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dental clime, and, strange to say, *that* orientalism survives and flourishes. Instead of merging by a gradual and imperceptible advance, like the rest of the world, into successive stages of *modernity*, Spain has hitherto absolutely and successfully resisted every attempt at innovation, living on in sublime self-consciousness, and ignoring even the possibility of any system equal, much less superior, to her own.

The constitutional conservatism of the Spaniard is a marked trait in his character, and we have been disappointed, in Mr. Brace's valuable ethnological work, to find that, among other distinctive characteristics on which he enlarges, this has been passed by. It would be interesting to trace to its source an influence which so materially affects not only the past history, but the present condition and future prospects, moral, social, and political, of this interesting people, and to see whether the iron sway of steam and the free intercommunication with other nations, now gaining ground, will not overrule this hitherto unvanquished peculiarity.

So strongly inherent in their nature is this principle, that, transplant them whither you will, it has still ever ruled their actions, and proportionately limited their progress. Modern innovations, however beneficial, have always been hateful to them, and whether from an incapacity to perceive their advantages, or a prejudice inspired by pride (which suggests a humiliation in adopting inventions their own ingenuity would never have supplied), they have uniformly scouted the introduction of those improvements which have so materially advanced the prosperity and enlightenment of the rest of the world. If we pursue our observations into the Spanish colonies, or those provinces now emancipated but still peopled by the Spanish race, we shall find strongly inherent in them, their own component ingredients—good and bad. With the simplicity, disinte-

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restedness, and native dignity of the child of Spain, we find incorporated that incongruous cowardice with which he is always prone to gratify his vindictive feelings, in the mode which promises least risk and inconvenience to himself. As regards the exercise of hospitality, there is the same kindliness of manner, profession of devotedness, and absence of practical liberality, which is noticeable throughout Spain. Dinner entertainments are altogether antagonistic to the genius of the people; there is even a Basque proverb which intimates "that no one ever sees a Spaniard dine." Poor fellow! often he cannot afford it; and often, being unable to gratify both his appetite and his love of ostentation, he denies the former to afford some showy piece of finery that may satisfy the latter: no wonder, then, that it should not occur to him to offer to others, that which he so easily dispenses with, himself; one must not go away under the impression that on this account the Spaniards are an inhospitable people: to speak paradoxically, we may say they are, and are not. In Madrid and other of the large cities, where the character of the people is modified by circumstances, and their native simplicity and open-handedness is vitiated by a regard for the conventionalities of life, no doubt the dearth of even the least costly entertainments must strike a foreigner, more especially an Englishman. Nevertheless, even there, a Spaniard freely throws open his house to a stranger, with the courteous assurance that "it is his," and is always ready to receive him beneath its shelter at any hour of the day or night; but it is not in his habits, or often within his means, to follow up his welcome with those more substantial civilities which in England are alone accepted as a genuine expression of cordiality. If a stranger happen to call on a Spaniard during a meal, he is always received, but though he should be requested to sit at the table, it never occurs to his host to ask him to partake of anything.

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It has been wittily because truthfully remarked that, in England, "society is a moral fabric cemented together by dinner-parties;" and whereas, here, it has passed into a proverb that neither business, friendship, nor even charity can flourish without the intervention of this necessary element, in Spain, banquets, whether public or private, are almost unknown. The Spaniard is by no means demonstrative, and has no idea of testifying his enthusiasm, either for his friends or for any common cause which would bring Englishmen together round the social board, by making a great supper and calling many, so that we must estimate the generosity of his heart by other characteristics.

The more we study the genius of the Spaniard—and to study it effectually, we must draw our observations rather from the provincial than the civic population—the more we shall be charmed at that largeness of heart we are surprised to find co-existing with a singular narrowness of mind. The same man who, thoroughly Oriental in habits, is so completely under the dominion of blind prejudice, that he has no better reason to give for refusing to adopt a manifest improvement, accepted by the whole civilized world, than that he does not choose to be wiser than *sus padres*, will render you any service, or take you under his roof, and supply you—if you need it—with food and clothing, in a spirit of generosity which would not even comprehend your wish to repay the obligation.

There is a story, strangely illustrative of one phase of Spanish character, told by an old Spanish writer, of a nobleman, who, while drawing out his purse to satisfy the claim of a peasant, dropped it from his hand. He at once gave it a kick, desiring the serf to pick it up,—"An hidalgo," he said, "cannot soil his fingers with that which has touched the ground."

This indifference to money is found among all classes: the peasants in the more remote parts of Spain literally do

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not attach any value to it; they live in the very simplest way, provide for their own wants, which are extremely few, and often pass their lives without a single commercial transaction.

In one of the mountain districts, overtaken by thirst, we once asked a little goatherd to give us a draught of milk. The boy readily complied, supplying our whole party with a liberality which in more civilized countries would have been suggested by an eye to business; there, on the other hand, the offer of payment was declined with an inquiring look, significant of an utter ignorance of its motive. We asked the boy what was his occupation, and found that he knew but of one, that of goatherd. He was apparently about eleven years old, and had had the care of his father's small flock, following them over the mountains, ever since he could walk. We inquired if he had never lived in the town, distant about five miles, or whether he did not go there to make purchases or to sell the produce of his father's industry; but this was an idea which had evidently never entered into his head, or his father's, and he had never even had the curiosity to see what a town was like!

In his commercial transactions, the true, unadulterated Spaniard is as unsophisticated and ingenuous as the most primitive of the patriarchs. His honesty is absolutely chivalrous, and there is a breadth about it, which, in our estimate of his character, amply compensates for the artificial, and, we may add, superficial refinements of civilization.

We know of an instance where the dealings between an English commercial house and a native wine manufacturer having amounted to a considerable sum, the latter was informed that his money was ready for him, and that he could draw for it whenever he pleased. He replied he did not want it at present, and the matter stood over for two or three years. At last the Spaniard claimed his dues, which were immediately paid, with the interest thereon.

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This was at once deducted by the recipient, and returned with an intimation that he had felt hurt by the addition. "*No somos usurarios*," said he; and indeed they still retain, in its most literal and practical sense, the Gospel principle which ruled their earliest fathers, and which, as they consider, forbids them to receive even legitimate percentages.

Setting aside those of the more active coast provinces, there are but few manufactures in Spain, and these, chiefly derived from other nations, have been brought to an average degree of perfection; if we except them, the Spaniard of to-day—in the rude and simple contrivances he practises, to prepare for use his corn and wine and oil, in the hewing of wood, and especially in the drawing of water, in the construction of his habitation, in the fashion of his garments, in the universal services he obtains from his ox and his ass, and we might add from his wife, in the mode in which he transports himself and his wares from place to place,—in no respect differs from his remotest ancestor.

He refuses to be ruled by the laws of modern nations, or to bow his neck to the yoke of progress: he cannot bring himself to depart from his old local and hereditary associations, or to adopt innovations of which he is incapable of even discerning the advantages; he only sees his own insurmountable objections, such as, either that they are suggested by foreigners, that they imply a moral inferiority in himself and a capability of improvement in his own *modus agendi*, or finally that they would be subversive of his own cherished notions and habits: whenever, therefore the Spaniard is civilized, it will be in spite of himself.

If the self-satisfied denizens of the Peninsula have submitted to the partial inroad of rail and steam, it is simply because the novelty has been thrust upon them by foreign enterprise, and they have accepted the benefit rather with resigned indifference than from any recognition of the boon conferred upon them. They use them because they are

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there, and because no Spaniard would take the trouble to object to any course which is at once easy, luxurious, and cheap; but they rarely testify in any way to the benefit they derive from the ingenuity and industry of other races, nor do they even appear to appreciate them. Indeed, when pressed upon the point, they seem unwilling to admit that any improvement has resulted from the system. Under these circumstances civilization must needs be a work of time; and the disposition of the people renders it doubtful whether the results will ever be very satisfactory. We may almost place them in the same category with Solomon's *bête noire*, "a man wise in his own conceit," of whom he emphatically pronounces that "there is more hope of a fool than of him."

The indolence of the Spaniard is the fatal blot in his character, the *pars magna* in his inferiority, and the prevailing cause of all his shortcomings. He has not the energy to improve the advantages to which nature has made him the legitimate heir, and he only recognizes their value when they are returned to him fashioned and manufactured by the ingenuity, the skill, and the industry of strangers. When thus presented to him ready for use, he has no objection to avail himself of articles conducive to his comfort, but even then he proceeds with the nonchalance and indifference inherent in his anomalous nature.

We use this term advisedly, for the sons of Spain are not wanting in impetuosity when occasion offers; and their impulsiveness, when aroused, continually betrays them into acts of fatal violence. The *cuchillo*, concealed in the folds of the broad sash of Andalusians, or stuck in the belt of Northerners, is always at hand, and seldom fails to play its deadly part in even the most trivial quarrel. The *narvaja*, or case-knife, with its long, sharp, narrow, pointed blade and cross-hilt—said to be manufactured by England for the Spanish market,—occupies the depths of most pockets,

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and soon flashes out with murderous effect if the owner be provoked to the adequate point: even the ladies are said to carry miniature knives in their garters, but of the truth of this charge we altogether repudiate any personal knowledge.

Their treacherous mode of attack is revolting to every Englishman, and yet it is thoroughly systematized with them. They whip off the belt or scarf, twist it round the left arm with incredible rapidity, when it forms an almost invulnerable shield; they then watch their opportunity, attack their man from behind, and would not even scruple to strike a sleeping foe.

Doubtless "some fair mischief" is often the occasion of such catastrophes; yet it is but just to add that the frequent and irrational disputes which leave their crimson stain upon the Spanish character, seldom arise unless under the influence of intoxication. It is, therefore, fortunate that sobriety is one of the virtues of the Iberian. When drunk he is sure to pick a quarrel, and when he quarrels he is sure to draw; we may add, when he draws he is sure to kill (if he be not killed): it is always "war to the knife," and no mistake. The "noble art of *self*-defence" with nature's own weapons—a really necessary acquirement beyond the Pyrenees—forms no item in the Spaniard's educational *répertoire*. To finish the series:—if he kill he is tolerably safe from pursuit, and if pursued, almost sure not to be captured; for the Spanish police are men of peace, and not fond of too close dealings with desperate characters, while the authorities are said to wink at their "failures." But even if caught, he has not exhausted his chances, for imprisonment is a mere word, almost without meaning and without terror, a *vox et præterea nihil;* and he therefore usually escapes trial. If, however, tried, he is most probably not condemned; and even if condemned, he is for the most part recommended to mercy, and the end of all is that he becomes an object of the royal clemency.

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This *quasi*-security from pains and penalties naturally tends neither to discourage crime nor to elevate the moral tone of the country; and whenever a Spaniard meets with any serious provocation, for which, in the present lax state of the law, he knows it is useless to hope for redress, he takes himself under his own protection, and the knife soon settles the business.

This sanguinary conclusion is said to be met with the greatest *sang froid* by all parties cognizant of it, and it seldom occurs to them to interfere with the perpetrator, or to give information against him.

When, however, "Justice" does hear of criminal offences, the system pursued is one which ought certainly to prove efficient. The moment information is received of the commission of a crime, it becomes the duty of the *Juez de primera instancia* to repair to the spot, accompanied by all the *personnel* of the *juzgado*, at whatever hour of the day or night, to verify the facts, and take all the depositions that can be obtained. Even in cases of burglary or larceny a similar local investigation takes place, whatever the hour.

It is a notable fact that, amongst a population which holds human life so cheap, the crime of infanticide is altogether unknown; not because the character of "Spain's maids" stands by any means at a higher degree on the moral scale than those of other countries; but the illegitimacy of their offspring, bringing with it little social opprobrium, needs less concealment. After the birth of one such child, the father frequently marries the mother, often he supports it, and if he refuse, she will make a hard struggle to maintain it. If she find this impossible, then only she has recourse to the *Hospicio de los niños recogidos*, but these large receptacles in every town for abandoned infants, are always well supplied with inmates.

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The question of education in Spain is one which requires explanation, for the practical consideration given to it is wholly inconsistent with the results. It is scarcely credible to an observer, who cannot fail to be struck with a deficiency of cultivation in the mind and manners of the people, that there is an organized system of governmental and municipal instruction provided for children and adults, comprising normal schools for masters and mistresses, who, previously to their being appointed to the trust, must be officially authorized. Thus it is very usual in the streets of Spain to see a board over a door, bearing an inscription to the following effect:—

"Escuela de Niñas á la carga de
Doña Jacinta Cabana;"

or—

"Escuela de Niños á la carga de
Don José Riejo;"

with an "N.B." beneath, notifying that the said master or mistress has been ("certificated") "examina*do*" or "*da*" at Madrid; and in all Spanish towns of any importance, we find infant-schools, as well as institutions for education, training, and instruction in various branches of trade, some being on a very extensive scale.*

* Since the beginning of the century, the measures taken to promote education have shown great vitality. At that time, when the population was estimated at ten millions and a quarter, the total number of scholars in establishments of every class was about 30,000. Fifty years subsequently, a fifteenth of the population was found to be attending schools of primary instruction, and at that time there were little short of 1,500 training colleges throughout the country. The "Annuario Estadistico" is in the habit of stating, from interval to interval, the number of the students pursuing their education at the public universities and seminaries, and according to the figures there given, they show a rapid increase. We take it for granted these statements are correct, and agree that they argue a wonderful leap from the plodding obscurity into which the population had been thrown by misgovernment. The new system prognosticated an approaching moral regeneration and enlightenment; whether that expectation has been realized is another

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Strange to say, however, although these places are supplied with most of the modern appliances usually found in well-appointed training institutions of other countries, although the teachers appear painstaking and efficient, and the scholars seem to be intelligent above the average of their equals in age of other nations, and far brighter than the adults of their own, the practical results are very inadequate.

As regards the girls, they certainly are taught to sew, to knit, to embroider, and to perform other manual works, all productive and useful in their way, and the boys succeed indifferently well in acquiring their several handicrafts; but this is only *instruction*, and as for *education*, no traces of it appear, either at the time or in after-life, to lead any observer to suspect they had ever been under training.

The manners of the lower orders, especially of the children, are of the most primitive roughness, and, but for a peculiar and characteristic courtesy, inherent in their nature and easy to elicit,—though it seldom corrects their rudeness, unless aroused by some external influence,—they would be thorough savages. Thus if they chance to observe in the manner or dress of a foreigner, anything different from those of their own countrymen, which to them

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question. We confess we see no results in any way corresponding to the facts here asserted. Since the year 1812, the education of the people has been a charge on the Government, and it was stipulated that political instruction should form a part of that education. This was considered a wise provision against the infusion of revolutionary principles from other quarters. Pauper education is entirely gratuitous, and it has never been suspended throughout all the disasters of war and revolution, which have not only disturbed but crippled the resources of the country. The cost of the schools of primary instruction may average £33,000 annually.

The dearth of popular literature, and books of instruction at attainable prices, is very remarkable, and it is passing strange that the spread of education should not have created a want which with us has become a necessity of life.

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constitute the standard of perfection, they regard him as a legitimate object of undisguised comment and ridicule, approach him closely, and proceed to examine him and his appurtenances as if they had paid a shilling a head to study the mysterious stranger. This course is more or less pointedly pursued by Spaniards of all classes; at the same time, it is a strange fact that if, even in the midst of these uncivil demonstrations, this same foreigner appeal to one of his aggressive, but, after all, harmless examiners, for assistance in finding his way, or in obtaining other information, each one is eager to respond to the request. We fear the secret source of this anomalous civility is to be found in the self-esteem of the Spaniard, and his desire to show off: the moment he feels, or fancies, himself in any way superior to another, and finds he can bestow something in which that other is deficient, his equanimity is restored, and his natural politeness rises to the surface, concealing for the time the unamiable arrogance and misplaced assumption in which he is too apt to indulge.

Among the upper classes there has been for some time past a slow advance, but still an advance, towards a higher standard of mental culture; but unhappily, the very excellent *theory*, which decrees that no nobleman can take his seat in the Parliament of his country till he has graduated at some university, is seldom conscientiously carried out in practice. It rarely happens that a young hidalgo passes through this ordeal with honour, still less with *honours*. Sometimes he contrives to rub through; and when he is not up to this mark, *il faut bien faire un peu de contrebande*, for it would never do for a high-born Spaniard to enter society with a brand of disgrace upon his magnificent name.

The ladies of the present day seem also to be awakening from their moral lethargy; they are more conversant than formerly with modern languages, and even study to perfect themselves in some few accomplishments. We met with

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one or two who spoke English very fairly. Music—of a certain kind, and essentially national in character—is natural to them, so we may add is conversation; and neither are without their charm for those who prefer the brilliancy of natural wit or talent to the mere sophisticated developments of the intellect. But these are gifts and not acquirements; the possession of such powers may dispense them from the educational process resorted to by the women of other nations, but they are accomplishments of a different order, and if attractive from the charm of their genuineness and refreshing simplicity, are by no means progressive. They imply neither cultivation, nor exercise of the reflecting faculties, and may rank therefore with engaging animal graces rather than with the more respectable results of human intelligence.

One or two have so far exceeded the ordinary limits of female capacity in Spain as even to dip the tip of their hose into the cerulean inkbottle, and only recently we have observed the works of several Spanish authoresses, whose writings are tolerably voluminous, among contemporary publications. The most celebrated of these is Fernan Caballero,—for that is the pseudonym under which the authoress of some very clever, amusing, and characteristic tales or novelties has chosen to conceal her patronymic: she is, however, half German: of her we shall have occasion to speak farther on. Besides others, whose productions promise well for the future prospects of a literature the progress of which is so tardy, there is a lady editress of a magazine entitled, *El Angel del Hogar*, "The Domestic Angel,"—a periodical now in its second year, containing scraps of light literature, theatrical news, and fashions. It is dedicated to young ladies, and states itself to be "*bajo la direccion de Doña Maria del Phar.*" Whether Doña Maria *writes* for its columns we know not; but considering the class of subjects, we think we may give her the benefit of the doubt.

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Modern literature in Spain may therefore be considered on the eve of a new era; there are already many contemporary names which have risen to honourable distinction, and, strange as it may seem, are better known out of their own country than within it. It is a hopeful sign that men of decided genius, of taste and of imagination, and what is yet more surprising in such a country, women of talent, should have sprung up within the present century, and, notwithstanding the discouragements and disadvantages which tend to depress their energies and to damp their ardour, their productions, whether in prose or poetry, history or fiction, narrative or dramatic composition, are such as to command the admiration of persons of taste and judgment.

The want of publicity, and the imperfect machinery for spreading among the comparatively small reading population of the Peninsula, information respecting the works that are published, constitute a great obstacle in the way of literary success. But in Spain, letters have become entangled in a vicious circle; hitherto there have been no writers because there were no readers, and no readers because there have been no writers. The want of the age in the literary world of Spain, is a good, sound, intelligent, and impartial system for the supply of critical information; and until this is set on foot, literature will not flourish.

Under the existing *régime* you walk into a *libreria* and ask to see the latest publications. The *librero* receives you with a stare, and when you have repeated your question, if he be particularly brisk that day, he lifts his still sleepy eyes, and, without rising, or removing the everlasting cigar from his lips, slowly and gravely points to a copy of "Don Quixote"! You shake your head, and try to explain that you want something of more recent date, when he rouses himself the second time, and, inclining his head in the opposite direction, he indicates a "Gil Blas"!! No other idea seems

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to enter his obfuscated head, and if he were sufficiently interested in his customer to notice the astonishment of his countenance, he would only conclude that he had never before heard of these immortal works, and consider that he had just been the means of making him acquainted with them.

We may hope that the day will return, though it can scarcely be said as yet to have fairly dawned, when the descendants of Lope de Vega, of Calderon de la Barca, and Cervantes Saavedra, will remember that they once had such ancestors, and endeavour to become worthy of them.

Satire is a striking attribute of the Spanish character, and there is wonderful spirit in some of their humorous writers. There is a great deal of popular—we might almost call it orally traditional—ballad literature in Spain, which illustrates one phase of the national character. It is often very graceful, and would supply a suggestive study for those who would form a just and intimate appreciation of the genius of the people.

Of these national and popular ballads we shall have to speak later.

We have already made some allusion to the sobriety of the Spaniard, and can scarcely value at too high a rate the advantages it insures. At the same time, it is an almost inexplicable anomaly, among a people whose self-indulgence is only limited by the apathy of their normal state. They practically reverse the French aphorism in this instance, and instead of manifesting "*les défauts de leurs qualités*," may be said to be saved by "*les qualités de leurs défauts.*" It is a curious fact that this very vice of indolence stands them instead of the energy and social self-respect by which other nations are governed.

Intoxication is regarded by Spaniards with that most effectual of all censures, a derisive contempt; a sot is designated as a *borracho*, or wine-skin. This is a figure of

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speech which has been used in our own language, when a British tar, describing a gale of wind and its results, thus recorded the catastrophe:—"When the storm was at the ugliest, the captain and *another* cask of whiskey rolled overboard."

The habit of self-indulgence to which we have alluded, unrestricted as it is by moral discipline, naturally degenerates into selfishness, and often astonishes the foreigner in the form of inconsiderateness for the weaker sex. Doubtless Oriental tradition in Spain has contributed to the notion that woman is an inferior animal, subordinate to the caprices of her lord and master: and for the most part the Spanish women appear to exist solely for the benefit of the men; generally speaking, they are just sufficiently trained to form useful domestic machines.

Wives are never so well dressed as their husbands; and—whether judging by their manners and appearance or by the mode in which they are treated—they seem to belong to an inferior class. It is equally remarkable that their health and comfort is apparently far less studied than that of the men.

In walking on the "Pra'o," as is their custom late in the day, or in going into or coming out of the theatres, it is by no means uncommon to see a great burly fellow striding along, with a graceful, fragile little form tripping lightly beside him,—he, muffled in an enormous *capa* of thick cloth, faced with rich silk velvet, thrown over his shoulder as only a Spaniard can throw it, and almost meeting the broad-brimmed felt *sombrera*, beneath which his eyes are all that can be seen—while she will be wearing her usual indoor dress, the only addition being a thin Cashmere scarf thrown over her head, if she be of the middle class, or a pocket-handkerchief if of inferior rank; sometimes it is a mere veil.

The men seem to have an extreme dread of the night

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air, and it is most amusing to notice the *empressement* with with which they envelop themselves the moment the sun is down; but one never sees them manifest the smallest concern at the exposed throats and heads of their wives and daughters.

The selfishness of the Spaniard betrays itself again in his inveterate habit of smoking and the exaggerated extent to which he indulges in it. With his cigar in his mouth —and when is he ever seen without it?—the Spaniard, of whatever class, is all in all to himself, and wears a look which seems to say, "*Après moi le déluge*," so utterly independently does he carry himself to the rest of the world. He rarely seems more than *half* awake; and whenever not fast asleep,—whether walking, riding, or driving; buying or selling; in season and out of season; almost while eating or drinking, certainly while cooking—and totally indifferent to the annoyance he may be causing to others, the cigar, cigarette, or pipe, is his inseparable companion. It is true he occasionally removes it from his lips, but —only to spit; and this unattractive process he repeats so frequently, and with so little regard to the simplest rules of decorum, that it requires some skill to avoid defilement. The streets, staircases, and floors, whether of private houses, public offices, railway carriages, hotels, or cafés, are literally perpetually wet from this cause; and as they are *never* under *any* circumstances washed, the accumulation on their surface is too disgusting to admit of further allusion. Matters are perhaps even worse in the winter, when the wood or marble floors are covered with mattings and carpets, for these are no more respected than the bare boards or the stone pavements.

It is scarcely possible for the least squeamish Englishman to reconcile himself to sights of this description, which prove a continual drawback to his enjoyment of life in Spain. Meantime the very atmosphere seems loaded

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with stale tobacco. Not only the furniture, the curtains, the blankets, the table linen, reek of it,—not only the leaves of books, but the very leaves of the trees, as you walk along the *alamedas* which skirt their towns, exhale the unsavoury fumes. There is no escaping them; no, not even in the theatres, where smoking is prohibited; for during the "*entr'acte*," which occurs at frequent intervals and lasts a considerable time, all the male audience *ruit per vetitum nefas*, repairing to a large saloon attached to most of the theatres for that purpose, so that at the sound of the call-bell they return soaked with the odour of the odious weed. From the moment you cross the frontier you are in for it; and until you fairly quit the Spanish territory you must be content to be pursued, morning, noon, and night, by the nauseating effluvium and its repulsive accompaniments. The people themselves, used to these stupifying exhalations, *crassoque sub aëre nati*, take to it naturally,—in fact, we doubt if they would consider the air worth breathing if uncharged with the smell of tobacco.

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CHAPTER II.

BASSE NAVARRE.

* * * "O beata Navarra,
Se s'armasse del monte, che la fascia!"—DANTE.

SO sang the poet six hundred years ago;—the policy of the present day has been to *dis*arm boundaries of their obstacles, to level alike geographical and moral barriers, and to encourage social and commercial relations by giving every possible facility to national intercourse.

Among the improvements of the day, travelling made easy is one of the most prominent; and now that railways have levelled the *sierras* of the rigid and exclusive Peninsula, we may regard the work of civilization as fairly inaugurated, and may say, with more truth than did the Grand Monarque,—"*Il n'y a plus de Pyrenées.*"

It was as the heats of summer were cooling down into the milder temperature of autumn that we took our flight one bright morning for the south coast, with a view to steaming across the Channel, and through France to the Spanish frontier.

"From Dover to Cordova" was the watchword of our party, and in order to devote as much time as possible to the study of Spanish manners and Spanish scenery, we resolved not to be turned aside by any of the attractive halting-places we should pass through.

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Accordingly, having left London on the previous Wednesday morning, we found ourselves set down, very little the worse for wear, in Bayonne on Friday night. Territorially speaking, we were still in France, but the transitional details, which surrounded us on all sides, were more numerous and more apparent than we should have expected, and the language we heard spoken was a practical illustration of the proverb, "Parler Français comme des *Basques* (by corruption '*Vâches*') Espagnoles."

The French Basques we meet here are not, however, homogeneous with their trans-Pyrenean counterparts, of whom we shall have to speak presently. Still they are equally different from the Gallican population, and their distinctive characteristics are more than provincialisms.

The complexion, cast of countenance, and costume, have here a decided tendency towards the Southern type, which is doubtless in a great measure influenced by climate. The atmosphere possesses a geniality, and the weather a steadiness, which naturally induce habits of open-air life, and constitute one cause of local customs; and that these customs in their turn react upon character there can be little doubt. To people who see very little of the inside of their houses, domestic comfort becomes of minor importance, order and regularity cease to be regarded, and family intercourse is established on a footing of its own, in proportion as the *vie d'intérieur* is less known and less understood. Civilization and progress are naturally checked, and existence is carried on in a slipshod, hand-to-mouth, improvident, unsatisfactory way, which accounts very obviously for the condition of mind we observe among populations thus situated.

Bayonne is a busy place, and labour seems to be the order of the day. It is amusing to watch the traffic moving to and fro on the bridge, and to note the local commodities which pass in and out of the town: the mode of lading

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the mules and asses; the primitive form of the carts; the simple, antiquated yoking and befringing of the draught-bullocks; the heavy loads carried by women; the cargoes just discharged from the barges, strewn upon the quay,—each and all afford a continual source of entertainment and reflection.

Among the articles most copiously dealt in, are fir-cones, produced in large quantities in the pine forests around, where turpentine is abundantly collected; charcoal, acorns and chestnuts, grapes and melons, and—in the way of manufactures—white canvas shoes with hempen soles,—*alpargatas* as they are called,—which are worn by all the peasantry, and here usurp the place of the clattering *sabot*, while various kinds of earthen vessels are spread out for sale in a market expressly devoted to that purpose.

The architecture, whether of the streets or monumental edifices, retains its Gallican character; the shops still have their *étalages*, which they lose farther south, to assume the aspect of Oriental bazaars, and those wares whose value is further enhanced by, if not entirely due to, the harmony with which they are arranged, betray in that disposal the unmistakeable intervention of French *savoir faire*—a gift which even the English cannot emulate.

> "The French have taste in all they do,
> Which we are quite without;
> For nature, which has given them *goût*,
> Has only given us—gout!"

The names, callings, and supplementary acquirements of the shopkeepers and dealers are either painted up in Spanish as well as in French, or in Spanish only. Here and there, at the corner of a frequented street or of the market-places, appears the suggestive announcement that a professed *Escribano* carries on his calling within. An important "N.B." below, calls attention to the *avis*—"*Secrets de famille*"—and indicates the class of persons to whom the

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services of the *Escribano* extend: many of these were doubtless Spanish refugees residing in Bayonne. One of the old Spanish ballads says of these now nearly obsolete worthies,—

> "Pajaros con muchas plumas
> No se pueden mantener
> Los escribanos con una
> Mantienen moza y muger."

As we walked over the long and handsome *puente de piedra* built over the Adour, and meeting that which crosses the Nevre (for Bayonne stands on the confluence of these two rivers), it was impossible not to be struck by the foreign and—to an uninitiated eye—novel objects which continually passed before us.

A few short hours only, since we left the nebulous atmosphere, the brick walls, and prosaic thoroughfares of our own business-like, commercial, practical capital, the most serious, solemn, and matter of fact in the world, and here we were, under a bright southern sky, our vision straying along the sparkling waters or the busy banks of the broad river, until bounded by the distant mountain range, while every object moving beside and around, served to remind us, by its poetry and picturesqueness, that we were in an altogether new world. The first obstacle that met us on this same bridge was a crowd of *ouvriers* in blouses, collected in important conclave round a heavy truck, broken down with the weight of a huge block of fine white stone, drawn by a team of the finest cream-coloured bullocks imaginable, their large, sleepy eyes shaded by a fringe of scarlet tassels, and standing apparently unconcerned, only glad to be even temporarily relieved from their burden, while their drivers were deliberating how to remedy the mischief, and get their wheels once more into circulation. Next came processions of asses, covered with scarlet nets, driven by women, and carrying in their ample paniers, stretched

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with coverings of netted twine, their store of fruit or of fir-cones, just towed up the river.

Bayonne is a fortified town, with a citadel, which is readily shown, and maintains a garrison. The gates and mural defences are kept in working order, and the *casernes* are of that solid, respectable build to which we are now accustomed in all the garrison towns of France. These handsome, defiant-looking edifices no doubt produce a good moral effect on the nation as well as on its foes. Over the castellated stone gateway which terminates the bridge at either extremity, appears carved in stone the *écusson azur et fleurdelisé de France;* but the significant heraldic charges have been roughly treated during some republican epidemic, and the three blank spots whence they have been struck off by a well-aimed missile, remain to suggest the reason why they have not been restored.

The domestic pottery here, begins already to assume the classical form it attains in such great beauty and variety as we proceed. There is what we may call a jar-ring incongruity between the roughness, not to say the vulgarity, of the material and the striking elegance of the form; and yet when once the eye has come, by habit, to reconcile itself to the combination, it is a question whether one would prefer to see it produced in more costly ware, for the purpose it serves,—the vessels harmonize most happily with the aspect and costume of the peasants who bear them, with the unsophisticated ease and grace of their movements and attitudes, and no less with the old stone wells and fountains round which they are to be seen grouped.

The Cathedral rather disappointed us, *quoad* its outward aspect, and offers nothing *very* remarkable within: the apse is well buttressed; we were told to look for the English scutcheon on the roof, but either it is too much defaced, or the French sky refused its light for the pur-

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pose, for we failed to discover either leopard or lion. The pointed arches are of unusual height, and carry their date, which must have been thirteen hundred and odd, while the cloisters, which are later and more flamboyant, are effective from their spaciousness. Most visitors climb the tower, and we have to confess with regret that we did not take this trouble, as the view is said to be—and no doubt report this time speaks truly—almost remunerative. There is a period in life during which one considers it a sacred duty to ascend everything—even to a "*mât de Cocagne*," if it came in one's way: there is a feeling which raises one's self-esteem, in being able to say,—"I have been to the top of St. Paul's—of Strasbourg Cathedral—of St. Sophia—of the Great Pyramid—of the Andes;" but after a certain age, this soaring propensity subsides; we find nobody cares very much whether or not we have occupied, for a few moments, a more elevated position in the world than themselves; and as for any other advantage we may have taken by the (rising) movement, it is not very considerable: the game is scarcely worth the candle.

There are, it is true, some districts which present a very curious and interesting picture *en* bird's eye, such as, *e. g.*, those through which a river winds its shining thread, or a mountain country, where the sight can dip between the wild and daring peaks; and we even excuse Longfellow for standing on Bruges' "belfry, old and brown," when he can view with a poet's eye the flat plains of Flanders, and invest them with a halo of romance.

> "Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapours grey,
> Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay."

But, generally speaking, it will be found that a landscape loses in depth and richness, because in suggestiveness, by being seen too palpably in its extent; nothing is left to the

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imagination, and it is shorn of all the beauties of perspective, and the charm of intricacy.

A visit to Biarritz, when on our way from Bayonne to the frontier, was almost *de rigueur;* so taking leave of our good-humoured and particularly obliging host of the Hôtel Brocas, but declining his advice, which would have had us give the preference to the omnibus, we again took to the rail, and in a short half-hour arrived at the Biarritz terminus. The day was splendid, and as our object was to see the country, and our principle to eschew omnibuses whenever at all possible,—a course we strongly recommend to our readers, *pour cause,*—we left these uninviting vehicles to our fellow-travellers—and *theirs*—and found ourselves masters of an admirably macadamized broad and tempting *chaussée,* which we were told would bring us into this celebrated little watering-place in something like another half-hour.

We found objects of interest at every step, whether in the lone, roughly constructed cabins, or in the groups of primitive habitations forming hamlets, and skirting the road at intervals. The bark and foliage of many of the trees were new to us, and the nature of the vegetation decidedly southern, for we passed large tracts of *gran turco* or maize, and fields of *cañavéral.* The warbling of the birds too had its peculiarities, and the varieties of sheep grazing on the undulating pastures were of breeds not seen in more northern climes.

Tramps and gipsies too we met, with their picturesque *atelages,* and the laden mules and asses of more legitimate traders going to and from the markets, their backs fitted to their burdens by the help of ingeniously constructed paniers. After these came quaintly antiquated carts, drawn by oxen yoked together by their magnificent horns; or girls attired in short, bright-coloured petticoats, with trim, well-stockinged ankles, and balancing on their up-

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right heads, pails of milk, or baskets of grapes, or jars of honeycomb. In short, we began to forget all about the direction we were taking, and after pursuing for some miles the interminable avenue of poplars between which lay our road, and for which *la belle France* has gained an unfortunate reputation, we began to suspect that our destination ought long ago to have been reached.

These misgivings were shortly confirmed, when, on reaching a turning in the road, what should we behold calmly facing us, through an opening in the hedge, and in close proximity, but the towers and steeples of Bayonne, from which we had parted by the early train, and to which we had been returning ever since, on foot! Heartily amused at our blunder—not a very serious one, since it had procured us an entertaining and instructive stroll through a country we should not have another opportunity of exploring,—we dropped into the bifurcation, and began cutting across hedges and meadows, ploughed fields and brushwood, to make up for lost time.

Our haste, however, did not prevent us from remarking and enjoying the abundance of wild flowers, whose large size and brilliant hue could hardly be exceeded, even in the land of flowers. The deep rich rose-colour of the *erica* was especially remarkable, and told most effectively in the midst of the brilliant green of the mosses, ferns, and fine grasses.

We had not proceeded far in the new direction when our party began individually and collectively to perceive that the heat of the day and the fatigue of the walk would supply Spartan sauce to any rough refreshment obtainable in the neighbourhood, and we began to look about anxiously for a *bouchon:* any more suitable form of guest-house we naturally supposed it would be in vain to seek, and even such as this, seemed likely to be beyond our reach. However, after a short trot along the highway, we came upon

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a roadside inn, or *cabaret*, standing in a wild garden, hedged with privet and planted by the hand of nature, for there was no appearance of the care of any other gardener. A little mongrel cur came out and yapped at us, as if rather doubtful what sort of customers he saw for the first time on his master's premises, but he allowed us to pass through the open gateway, and then to take a survey of the interior of the cabin.

Through the open door we contemplated a scene for a Dutch painter to revel in;—the tumble-down walls and crazy furniture, the dilapidated staircase in the background, the occupation and attitudes of the inmates, their rough but jolly faces, and their *bizarre* costume, were all in admirable keeping. It was not neat enough, though, to make a Dutch picture; the hexagon-tiled floor, the bright brass pans and copper skillets, the snug fireplace, cheerful clock, and panelled chimney corner, with such other national details of domestic enjoyment, were altogether wanting. But the sketch would have made the better *pendant* from the very contrast of its accessories; and the half dozen unkempt, unwashed sons of the border here seated or reclining, as the case might be, and indulging in the pleasures of the pipe and the bottle, were a very fair translation into Basque, of the burly boors with which Teniers and Ostade have made us familiar. Observing our approach, the swarthy, barefooted host came towards us, and in a strange *patois*, but with a certain air of patronizing welcome, begged us to honour his threshold by stepping over it, and entering beneath the shadow of his roof; neither did he appear altogether satisfied when, between Castilian and French, we made him understand we should prefer being served *au frais*, and would content ourselves with the accommodation of the stone bench beside the door, on which we were really glad to be seated. The party within suspended their conversation, and came

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out one by one to see who and what we might be; but they did not seem to consider us very formidable, and after a peep returned to their original position. In the absence of a table, which apparently he did not possess, the landlord reappeared, bringing a clumsy wooden chair, whereon he proceeded to set down a bottle of his best wine, and a sufficient number of queer-looking tumblers. The beverage, for which he only asked us a few sous, was good in its way, —better, in fact, than much of the Bordeaux manufactured for the London market,—and answered our purpose perfectly well, giving us new vigour to pursue our journey.

The soil is sandy about here, and the country becomes very hilly as the road approaches Biarritz. As we ascended the last rising ground, and passed into a broad woody path, across which the mid-day sun poured a dappled light through the foliage, we were joined by two buxom damsels, bearing on their heads large wicker baskets, formed as if to please the dainty eye of an artist, and filled with particularly fine grapes for the Biarritz market. They chatted away cheerfully enough, talked of their gains, and of the harvest collected all round the neighbourhood during the bathing season, and to which the flatness of the remaining months forms a woeful contrast. They told us too that the arrival of their Imperial Majesties, with the little Prince and their suite, was an event of no small importance in the history of their annual receipts, and they now pointed out to us the marine palace, with its adjacent lands, in the valley below, embosomed in the pine forest which surrounds it, and forming an important feature amid the châlets and villas, cafés and restaurants, of which the place mainly consists.

The approach is pleasing and picturesque, and the first view we gained of the Bay of Biscay from the brow of the hill we now began to descend, showed us the deep blue expanse, clear, calm, and glassy as a lake. The tranquillity of the little town, and the peaceful character of its present

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uses, contrast singularly with the wildness of its site and the desolate nature of its *entourage*. The brow of the cliff on which it is scattered is lofty, irregular, and broken, and the view, from its precipitous edge, as the eye follows the curves and creeks of the coast-line, extends to the rigid, rocky steeps of Spain: gloomy, and stern, and solemn as the national character, is this first view of their hard outline.

The romantic beauty of the spot is considerably marred by the barbarism of some modern decorator, whose narrow genius has erected parapets, seats and bridges of artificial rusticity, amid Nature's wildest works; and wherever these unsightly objects obtrude themselves, it is difficult to exclude the *rococo* associations of a tea-garden.

There is, moreover, a factitious watering-place aspect about the spot, reminding one perhaps chiefly of Spezzia, but more still of the Spas of Germany, and sometimes even of Folkestone and Tunbridge Wells. Like these, during a certain time of the year, Biarritz is altogether deserted, and the futile *etiquettes* of "Houses" and "Apartments to let," appeal day after day to the vainly-expected stranger, who no longer treads the moss-grown pathways, nor disturbs the silent streets with his footfall. Then, indeed, the trees droop, the flowers wither, the weeds grow thick and rank: the sounds of brass bands are hushed, the shops are dark and empty, and the *restaurateurs* languish behind their closed shutters, for the *chef's* occupation is gone, and he himself has departed, till the returning year brings back French gaiety and English gold to set the ephemeral machinery in motion once more. When this auspicious moment has arrived, and the undisguised pleasure-seeker and *malade imaginaire*, or doctor-ridden monomaniac, have met to pursue their several objects, the speculators and peculators whom their fancies serve to support are already on the spot, and all is

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again instinct with life and "business." Biarritz, however, is a harmless place enough, and the gambling-table has never as yet caused any *esclandre* among the respectable members of society who frequent its salubrious haunts.

There is great beauty in the calmness of the peculiarly limpid but treacherous bay; and as one stands fascinated by the sunny loveliness of the scene, watching the tiny waves curling up their miniature crests along the scalloped edge of the shore, it requires a stretch of the imagination to believe that this same sea can awe us with the terrible grandeur of its storm-lit fury—that the surge can toss and boil till it lashes the steep rocky projections, or dashes with ungovernable fury through the chasms worn in the craggy cliffs by its continual chafing, or wildly breaks into the sea-wrought caverns, exhibiting one of Nature's most majestic phases. And yet even in this, its peaceful moments, we have before us the living evidence of its power: huge masses of rock, detached by the violence of the tempest-driven waves, stand out at sea, projecting above the surface of the waters, as Nature's monuments to date the annals of the bay.

The Villa Eugénie is centrally situated in the hollow of a circle, and on rising ground, and stands well protected by its park and forest-land. It is built of bright-looking, deep rose-coloured bricks, said to have been brought at great expense from England; it retains the châlet style as much as its extent will permit, but it is by no means large when considered as a palace. It was simply destined to be a summer "pavilion," only intended to accommodate a limited suite. Its chief attraction is in the view it commands of the rock-girt coast of Spain, hollowed out into its various bays, on one side, and the mysterious and crowded peaks of the Pyrenean chain on the other.

The Emperor has his farm, and is said to enjoy the change of occupation it affords him, in agricultural experi-

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ments, when passing his brief seasons of recreation here. He maintains several breeds of long-fleeced sheep, black, white, and black *and* white. These creatures have small heads, bushy tails, and gracefully curled horns; their movements are very elegant, and correspond with their delicate outline.

The place is laid out with due regard to the tastes of the visitors. Paths and tracks, some artificially wild, others marked by a cockneyfied rusticity, indicate a winding descent from the highest points of the cliff to the broad smooth sands down below, where there is excellent bathing. Bathing parties, indeed, are among the most favoured amusements of the wealthy *fainéants*, who come here for a few months to kill time when there is nothing going on in London, and they are waiting to return thither, as Dr. Johnson expressed it, "to go on with existence."

New customs create new wants; and as it is now the custom here—one to which the most prudish English ladies have consented to conform—for the beaux and belles of Biarritz society to meet under water, and enjoy the luxurious pastime in company, it was only natural that the result of this should be what a Parisian *couturière* would style a new *création* in the way of a toilette to be sported on the occasion. Why not? "One would not, sure, look ugly when one's"—bathing! The idea has been, we must allow, carried out to perfection; and the "wet drapery" in which the rounded-limbed Naïads of Biarritz disport themselves among the rocks, the corals, the seaweed, and the pink and white shells of ocean, may be pronounced a decided "*succès*."

Aquatic gambolling, however, is not the only gambling to be seen at Biarritz; and the *roulette* table rattles away as merrily as the tongues of the visitors: the jocund dance fills up the evening hours, and pony and donkey rides occupy the mornings of those who know how to avail themselves of the summer days of Biarritz.

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An amusing episode came under our observation as we stood at the window of our hostelry, which might have made "old ocean smile." We grieve to confess that the party who excited our legitimate mirth on this occasion were Britishers! Alas! why will our unlucky compatriots always contrive to make themselves ridiculous on the Continent? How is it they so rarely are seen to advantage out of our own favoured isle? they, who ought to gain by comparison wherever they may be. The trio, starting on this *asinine* expedition, consisted of two gawky and not very juvenile "young ladies," and their *alma mater*. The "dear girls" were already perched on their mangy and subdued *montures*, and all four were awaiting, with exemplary gravity, the result of the superhuman efforts of three donkey boys, to hoist into the saddle the *materfamilias*, whose bulk seemed to be altogether objected to by the quadruped on whom the lot of bearing it had fallen, for he looked round with a curiously intelligent expression of alarm and surprise, forcibly reminding us of Cruikshank's omnibus horse, and his reproachful exclamation, "What! *all* fat!" Had this poor beast possessed the ready tongue of his gifted predecessor of Balaamic memory, surely he would have successfully represented his hard case to his unthinking master: but Jack bided his time, and proved that the gift of tongues would have been altogether superfluous in his case. With the assistance of a fourth pair of arms the feat was accomplished, and the order *en marche* was given. The young ladies led the way in single file, stately and purposeful, their skirts falling gracefully over the donkeys' cruppers, and leaving it doubtful, as they descended the road, to whom the legs and tails belonged. But when it came to the stout lady's turn to follow, and a powerful whack behind made her quadruped wincingly aware that he must arrive at some resolution as to his intentions, he quietly doubled his fore-legs under him, and fairly sank

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under his burden. When a donkey takes to this course, all connoisseurs in donkey *flesh*, or rather in donkey *spirit*, know that no power on earth will prevail on him to rise till the weight is removed; and, happily, this part of the business was speedily accomplished, for the obese rider, taken by surprise at the unlooked-for *escapade*, naturally rolled backwards, and would have had an awkward fall but for the presence of mind of Jack's master, who, as he stood behind, supported the overbalanced mass until assistance could be procured. We need hardly add that the *partie* was *manquée*, and the journey was adjourned, for that day at least. Jack, rejoicing in the success of his stratagem, meanly took advantage of the confusion to enjoy a quiet roll on the grass.

We have not much to say in praise of the *cuisine* of Biarritz. It is too near the Spanish frontier not to betray its proximity in a practical contempt for culinary science as cultivated in France. Perhaps the advanced period of the autumn, at the time of our visit, justified the departure of the season *chefs*. Certain it is that their representative, into whose hands we fell, was neither seasoned to his duties, nor was he very profoundly versed in the art of seasoning his sauces: in fact, the only sauce he seemed to understand was that with which he replied to our remonstrances, and which he could hardly have expected us to swallow: the fellow was not even conscious of his own incapacity!

The direct road from Biarritz to the station, offers as pretty and interesting a country walk as one can desire, to beguile the hours of a sunny day in a new land. The bold range of the blue Pyrenees bounds the horizon most pleasingly, and the scattered hamlets through which we traced our steps, exhibit specimens of Basque cottage life which tell their own tale—a tale of poverty, simplicity, and apparent contentment. The children are plump and

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lively, like the majority of cottage children all the world over; and the pigs, their playmates, though less rotund in form—(by-the-bye, a French pig always suggests the idea of an English one which has been passed sideways through a mangle)—are quite as clean as those in Wales, and their intimacy, therefore, with their biped companions is equally unobjectionable. Few of the labourers' cottages possess a chimney, and the smoke of their bright, crackling log-fires seems to know its way out through the orifice in the roof.

We soon turned into a capital broad, hard, dry, well-made road, free alike from mud and dust, scientifically drained, and shaded by a succession of acacias at equal distances,—altogether worthy of the twin *chaussée* by which we had wandered back to Bayonne on our arrival.

As we wished, if possible, to sleep next time on Spanish soil, we took train at once for S. Sebastian.



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CHAPTER III.

THE BASQUES.

"The Basque and the Bas-Breton wait only for poets. All the instruments of poetry are ready for them as they were in England on the coming of Chaucer, and in France on that of Villon."—NODIER.

"La postrera nacion, que al yugo vino
Del Imperio Romano, solamente
Se defendió del fiero Sarracino
Aspera en tierra, en animo valiente."
LOPE DE VEGA.

HERE the traces of all Gallican characteristics become fainter and more faint; we are in the midst of a border country, whose chief boast, while maintaining a loyal allegiance to both crowns, consists in a disclaimer of any affinity with either France or Spain. The Basque provinces, comprising Guipúzcoa, Viscaya, and Alava, form an unexampled geographical episode between two countries. This singular and exclusive population refuse to recognize any connection with either nation, and arrogate to themselves, together with certain practical privileges and immunities, called *fueros*, and adhered to with invincible tenacity, a separate and independent national individuality. Their government is carried on by free assemblies, regulated by written charters, irrespectively of the authority of the monarchs governing France and Spain; and they

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have always maintained their municipal institutions, which rest on hereditary foundation.

Externally the seal of a distinctive type is set upon them, and although bordering closely on two nations wholly dissimilar, they are equally unlike either, and maintain in a remarkable degree their own identity: their complexion is brown, their hair generally black, and women as well as men are tall, vigorous, and muscular: they are said greatly to resemble in disposition the ancient Iberians, and have finer qualities than the Spaniards of the present day.

It is not only in outward aspect that the Basques differ from the Spaniards and the French; their national characteristics are peculiarly their own, and they may be said to gain by comparison with either of their neighbours. Physically considered, they are a well-grown race, and there is a manliness in their bearing which bespeaks a noble self-consciousness with a practical recollection of their traditional independence. Their ease of manner and grace of movement are very striking, and in their national dances, the poetry of their attitudes is indescribably beautiful: a Basque maiden, carrying her pitcher home from the fountain, forms as graceful a figure as can be imagined, and seems to spring from patriarchal times. The Basques have acquired a strange idea of their territorial importance,—we should say rather of their territorial *insignificance*. However, define it as they may, certain it is, they regard it as the most favoured country, their race as the noblest type of human nature, and their labouring population as the "finest pisantry, in the world."

The geographical position of the Basque provinces may be defined by tracing the courses of the four rivers flowing towards the north from the western *sierra* of the French Pyrenees. They are called respectively the Cesson to the

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east and the Nivelle to the west, the latter falling into the sea at S. Jean de Luz; and between these, the Bidassoa, and the Nive, which joins the Adour at Bayonne; we have already described this confluence. The valleys formed by these rivers are divided into the three provinces of Labourd, Soule, and Basse Navarre, and may be regarded as the Basque country.

The inhabitants of French Biscaya have been estimated at upwards of 130,000; of which 55,000 are in Labourd, 30,000 in Soule, and 45,000 in Basse Navarre. This is the border land, and, contrary to precedent, the inhabitants are on the most friendly terms with the Navarrese or Spanish Basques. The two Basque populations inclusive are taken at 784,000. The character of these people is very fine, and the courage and determination with which they have held their own, against all attacks, is as admirable as the proud and passive contentment which has withheld them from seeking to enlarge their provinces, or to increase their territorial wealth.

Lord Carnarvon speaks of them as "trained to habits of self-reliance by centuries of self-government; freemen in spirit, not in name alone; drinking in with their mother's milk a love of justice and a reverence for the law; in thought sober, yet independent and wholly without fear, except the honest fear of doing wrong; models of ancient manners and, not unfrequently, of manly beauty; faithful friends, generous hosts, simple yet inflexible observers of their word."

The history and traditions, the disposition and the language, the political and geographical position of this peculiar people render them eminently interesting in every way, and there is a romance even in their quaint superstitions. Their popular and traditional literature is suggestive of their national idiosyncrasies; while in their ballads and sayings we find the elements of an inspiration,

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a grace and a poetry which only want the means of expression in a more finished form.

Their pastorals and dramas are worthy of special study. They are not only primitive in style but serious in import, and abound with wise and useful reflections which in time become popular maxims, and pass into household words. Many of their theatrical representations are founded on heroic, and many on sacred, subjects; some are masquerades and some are "mysteries," equivalent with those of mediæval memory in England. Their tragedies are generally historical, and the traditions on which they are founded are adhered to with a fidelity which gives a higher idea of their truthfulness than of their fancy, while their comedies are used as a vehicle to hold up to public ridicule some prevalent vice, or to satirize, not the human race at large, but the objectionable excess of any national peculiarity.

Among many quaint and curious customs attributed to the Basques is one which we do not remember to have heard of in connection with the people of any other country; it is that of making actors pay a large sum for the privilege of performing, and even then, coaxing the audience to sit out the entertainment by feasting them with refreshments while it lasts. There is, however, in return, an exhibition of generous feeling on the part of the spectators, who generally bestow a liberal although *ad libitum* gratuity on the occasion. Those who cannot afford to contribute, are, however, not excluded, and even then there generally remains a considerable surplus, which pays for a banquet given on the following week. National dances and gymnastic exhibitions are introduced during the intervals of the performance; these have a plot or meaning, and usually represent some such "morality" as a struggle between good and evil spirits for the soul of a man. The Basques have at command a certain dry

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humour, and sometimes give scope to it by indirect allusion, which is not without an intelligent ingenuity.

Mr. Brace describes the Basques as "presenting the remarkable phenomenon of a race of utterly foreign origin and language inserted, or left behind from previous populations, among the Aryan races of Europe." He further asserts that "this people occupied substantially the provinces which they now hold, in the north of Spain and the south of France, during the Celtic invasions which threatened youthful Rome—through the wars of Carthage and the Roman Republic—under the empire of the Cæsars —amid the attacks of Vandals and Goths—through the fiery contests with Mussulmans and Arabs—and in the uprising of Spain against Napoleon."

Humboldt's investigations leave no doubt of the connection of the Basques with the ancient Iberians, and of their having been once scattered over Spain. Their farthest inroads upon France only reached the left bank of the Adour.

Every Basque is heir to a patent of nobility from the very fact of his being born a Basque,—

"And proud each peasant as the noblest duke."

As, however, each thus becomes the peer of all his compatriots, his rank necessarily ceases to be a distinction within his own country. There is, consequently, very little idea of *caste* or class, and a great levelling of social condition is the result. Each is a *propriétaire*, with his little patch of freehold and his *château;* for a Basque's house really *is* his castle, although, as Pierre de l'Ancre has somewhat contemptuously observed, "it be no better than a pigstye." The hereditary dwellings of chiefs are thinly scattered; the population lives in poor and irregular hamlets, and towns are almost unknown among them. That the Basque should be jealous of his blood,

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and esteem it of purer quality than that which flows in the veins of his neighbours on either side the border provinces, is not surprising; he has so eminently the advantage that he would naturally resent any expression implying a possibility of confounding the two. He is, moreover, jealous of foreign rule; he is now, as of old, "*Cantaber serâ domitus catenâ;*" and it is his pride to believe, and to make others feel, that a stranger yoke has never left its mark upon his neck; for his race, he asserts, has never been degraded or alloyed by the oppression or admixture of a foreign people.

If the Basque preserve his own distinctive type beside neighbouring races, his language, habits of life and costume are not less strikingly different from those of the surrounding provinces. The language, which is in itself full of philological speculation, has been from the time of the Romans downwards, and also by the Spanish people, regarded as an unwritten, unpronounceable *patois*, without interest and without literature; nevertheless, it has occupied the attention of many philological critics, and Humboldt, among others, has sifted its depths, though without arriving at any very definite conclusion respecting its origin and construction. One theory traces it back to the time of Noah, who is supposed to have spoken it in the ark! Some assert it to be of Sanscrit parentage; others, that it partakes of Mongolian peculiarities. It has been ignorantly set down as resembling the Welsh, Breton, and Irish languages, probably because there is an idea that many of the remaining descendants of aboriginal races are found to speak a language understood by each other. It is a significant fact that in Basque all the nomenclature of domestic animals is Finnish. Many works, and especially those of a devotional character, have been translated into Basque. That modest but learned philologist, Louis Luciano Bonaparte, who may be considered perhaps the

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very first authority on the subject of language, says, in a work published for private circulation only, "D'après les recherches les plus minutieuses que j'ai faites sur les lieux, je ne crains pas d'avancer,—1°, Que le Biscayen est parlé non seulement dans toute la partie de cette province où le Basque est en usage, mais en outre, dans une partie du Guipuscoa et dans toutes les localités de l'Alava, peu nombreuses à la vérité, où l'on ne parle pas exclusivement l'Espagnol; 2°, Que le Guipuscoan n'est parlé qu'en Guipuscoa, la seule des provinces Basques où l'on parle partout l'Euscara, et qui soit en même temps entourée de pays faisant usage de cette langue; 3°, Que le Haut-Navarrais n'est parlé que dans la Haute Navarre; 4°, Que le Labourdin n'est pas seulement parlé dans le Labourd, mais aussi à Urdax et Zugarramurdi, dans la Haute Navarre, et en même temps à Bardos en Labourd, à Domezain en Soule, et à Valcarlas dans la Haute Navarre; 6°, Que le Souletin enfin étend son domaine hors de la Soule, soit à Esquioule dans l'arrondissement d'Oloron, soit dans les vallées de Salazar, et surtout de Ronçal dans la Haute Navarre, où l'on fait usage d'un dialecte qui ne peut être rapporté selon nous qu'au Souletin."*

Their word for bread—"*arto*"—seems to be derived from the Greek ἄρτος; but this would appear to be an exception to the general etymology of the language.

The Basques are marked by many characteristic traits, among which their superstition is very remarkable, and their veneration for the dead holds a prominent place. They are backward in domestic civilization, and even in the matter of agriculture they are wofully rude, and plough their ground in the most operose and most primitive way conceivable. Notwithstanding this, they share with the aboriginal Iberian a strong taste for mining and the manufacture of iron.

* "Voyez pour plus de détails ma carte linguistique du Pays Basque."

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Basque smugglers and Basque gipsies are a race within a race. The former are, or rather were, formidable from their admirable organization, and they press all members of their community into the service; even the women and children take their part in the contraband operations by which they live. But smuggling is now almost obsolete, and the freebooters' "operations" will soon become bootless! The lives of these heroes of the border—for some among them have attained a chivalrous elevation in the estimation of their tribes—have furnished materials for an interesting collection of tales, under the title of "Romancero du Pays Basque." We regret that the author has not confined himself to *facts*, as a seriously written volume on this subject might supply much important ethnological information. They carry their heads high—these same chiefs,—and indignantly reject any idea of disgrace as attached to what they regard as an honourable and legitimate calling. They argue that they have as much right to their frontiers as the manufacturers to their fabrics, and that "protection" ought to be resisted.

As for the Basque gipsies, they make their winter habitations in trunks of trees, or in deserted huts, or rudely constructed wigwams which serve as shelter for shepherds; in summer, the blue sky is their canopy; and as for their food, it is whatever they can find; they have even been known to devour cattle that have died from disease or poison. As their lives are lawless, educationless and comfortless, so are their deaths miserable and obscure. It is, to civilized man, a mystery how they live, a mystery where they die, and a further mystery what becomes of their remains: they lie not only unknelled, uncoffined and unknown, but their graves are never to be seen; and it has been conjectured that their cemeteries are beneath the beds of rivers which are temporarily diverted from their course.

In their pride of pedigree and voluminously quartered

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shields they resemble the Welsh. The joke of the marginal note affixed to a genealogical record, to the effect that "about this time the creation took place," *mutato nomine*, would serve for an illustration of Biscayan family pride. This feeling is, after all, the foundation-stone of their exclusiveness, and of the tenacity with which they cling to every means whereby they may maintain their antiquity, and establish their claim to be an independent self-existent race. They have all the peculiarities of a mountain people: they are proud of the landownership of their diminutive farms; and they love their native country with that kind of attachment which engenders the *maladie de pays* of the *Auvergnats*, or the Heim-weh of the German highlander, when they are long absent from their wild, romantic homes. Hence the "*bellicosus Cantaber*" makes a capital defensive soldier, who will fight to the last drop of his blood, to resent insult or to parry attack upon his honoured *penates*, but is totally unfit to take service in any ranks liable to be removed from the scenes of his early associations.

The Biscayans are a laborious, single-minded, hospitable people, and possess many attributes almost ignored in Spain. They are content with their lot, which is not a very bright one, for they are not what might be called a prosperous people, but they have proportioned their needs to their means; and knowing little beyond their own history and condition, they do not dissatisfy their minds by invidiously comparing their fate and position with that of others. The soil is not remarkable for its fertility, and the simple fare to which they have accommodated their appetites is not obtained without hard toil, in which the women and children, as usual in these climes, bear the larger share. It naturally follows that, mental energy being absorbed in obtaining the absolute necessaries of daily food and shelter, and thought being occupied "*de*

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lodice paranda," more elevated considerations are neglected, and we have therefore little opportunity of judging of what sort of stuff these men of the border are made. We might fancifully speculate upon the probabilities of unconsciously passing by "some mute inglorious Milton," or ignoring among them a "village Hampden;" but unhappily, circumstances have never brought any distinguished Biscayan to light, and we are therefore compelled to leave them tranquilly to enjoy that obscurity to which fate has consigned them.

Their costume is picturesque in the same way as a tumble-down cottage, or a decayed castle, or an oak stump hollowed out by age; for it wears a look of the past, and besides, nature has a great deal more to do with it than art; but it is strikingly opposed to the extreme trimness of the Burgalese dress, to which the transition is very striking. We have remarked upon the idiosyncrasy of all that concerns the Basque, as compared with the provinces, more especially of Spain, but they are scarcely more different from them than these are from one another: every district, nay, almost every town in Spain, has its separate and distinguishing costume, habits, customs, and even domestic utensils; and the sudden change which takes place at the often merely imaginary boundary line between two provinces, is quite unaccountable. The commonest articles of household use, which abound in one town or village or district, are as unobtainable in the next, as a Chinese curiosity or an American toy.

This remark applies especially to the pottery in domestic use, and the water-jars, every one of which is a model of elegance and classical taste; the variety in which they are produced is seen at every well and fountain, where they appear to vie with each other in simple and exquisite beauty of design. They seem made to be painted, and whether as regards colour or outline, or the harmony of

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both, to be the natural accompaniment of the picturesque figures who balance them so gracefully, or stand grouped round them in attitudes full of poetry, beside some matchless relic of old Spanish or Moorish art, with its broad light and shade, and suggestive detail. Its background farther south is peculiarly congenial; it may be of orange or olive trees, aloes or broad-leaved palms, and the limpid stream, as it escapes from the marble orifice, now pours steadily into the narrow mouth, or breaks and splashes on the edge, while appears in the basin below, the clear but broken reflection of one of "Spain's dark-glancing daughters," whose rounded arm supports the handle. These materials make up an attractive picture, and need no "putting together;" it is Nature's own unobtrusive but finished composition, and as such it arrests the eye and charms the taste.

The whole catalogue of accessories in these unique landscapes of the South have a charm of simplicity, antiquity, and picturesqueness of outline, which harmonize wonderfully with the unsophisticated beauty of surrounding nature, and the venerable remains of Oriental architecture.

As we wind along the steep mountain roads, or dip into the valleys, or sweep along brief intervals of level track, the exhaustless wealth of Nature's treasury displays itself to us with lavish profusion; we are still held in admiration of one picture when a new combination of grand and novel objects comes in sight: the views are as varied as the people, and the people almost as varied as their costumes. This northern sierra of the Pyrenees is perhaps as replete with imposing and effective scenery as any part of the Peninsula, and the grand mountain passes and rocky masses towering aloft, present colossal obstacles to road-making, which might daunt the spirit of a Hannibal. Despite these formidable barriers, modern engineering science "*diducit*

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scopulos, et montes rumpit"—we may even add "*aceto,*" for though—if we adopt the more intelligible rendering of the word, it would imply no more of a feat than that performed by the navvies who have cut the wonderful railroad here,—no doubt the natives were equally astonished in both cases.

Of S. Jean de Luz, famous in the annals of mediæval history—the stronghold of the Templars—the starting-point of competitors in the Christian warriors' race for glory,—we were able to see but little. Night had veiled all terrestrial objects behind her purple curtain; the moon had not risen, and the now humble town of St. John of the Light (at least on this occasion), justified its appellation, for the lamps which illuminated its streets served to eliminate it from the surrounding obscurity: the *silhouette* of the bridge over the bright and rapid Gare, and the lights thereon, repeated in the river, with the dark outline of roofs and spires against the star-bespangled sky, flitted as a dream before our eyes, ghostly as the evanescent remembrance of the ephemeral celebrity of the place: and yet it possesses relics of its bygone days, evidences of what it once was, while it is doubly interesting from the beauty of its position, not often surpassed, even in the heart of the border provinces.

Irun, the frontier town, holds the key which admits the traveller into Spain; but it has nothing to boast of, save its proximity to Hendaye, on the other side of the road, and *thence* is brought the very excellent liqueur which bears its name—a name dear to the connoisseur, but to the traveller fraught, alas! with far less agreeable associations. To him it only recalls disturbed reveries, violently opened doors, vexatious changes of carriages, rummaging of luggage, ruffled equanimity, and unwelcome appeals for tickets,—worst of all (if retrospective annoyances could have any power over the philosophical mind), woeful visions of

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draughty, comfortless sheds, by courtesy styled "Waiting-rooms"—here "*Salas de descanso*," or "*Salas de espera*;" but *desespera* would more accurately describe the feeling they evoke. Truly may we say, they and other results of ill management are a complete damper to the satisfaction which ought to be secured to the traveller by the introduction of railroads: but *his* convenience is the last consideration that finds its way into the calculation of the Spanish officials; the thought of comfort is as foreign to the genius of a Spaniard as the word to his vocabulary, and we look as vainly for the practical as for the philological expression of it.

Irun is the station at which the overhauling of boxes takes place on the outward bound journey, while Hendaye is reserved as the place of torment on the homeward, and the different treatment of travellers at the two stations is very striking. This fact is strongly indicative of the narrow and unimproveable character of the Spaniards, who, if they were not doggedly determined to think they must necessarily know better than every one else, might certainly take a lesson in organization and expedition, no less than in politeness and consideration, from their neighbours, divided by the mere width of the road: but no—the traveller's comfort is never consulted in Spain, and there is no provision even dreamed of for affording him those facilities which, under a proper system, would cost the officials no more trouble than they are already paid for, while they would be of inestimable value to the public.

As it is, the train stops, and those who are aware of their impending calamity, turn out and rush with all speed to the "*Despacho de los Equipages*," where, after a certain time, they discover their "*baules*," and are roughly ordered to unlock them and exhibit the contents. It is fair to say that the Spanish *doudniers* are not very severe, for, in spite of their reputation, we are bound to speak accord-

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ing to our experience, and must admit we were let off most leniently; but as no notice is given by the porters that a general turn-out is expected, unless you happen to have discovered it for yourself, you are left to slumber or muse in your carriage, and to account for the half-hour's stoppage as you please, till the train moves on once more, and it is only on arriving at your destination that you discover your luggage has been stopped at Irun, because it has not been searched and marked as "*vu et approuvé*" by the custom-house authorities. As it cannot pass over the frontier without this *imprimatur*, the affair now becomes complicated, not to say desperate, and if you speak not *Castillano*, alas for the results. The upshot of all the deafening and incomprehensible explanations *de part et d'autre*, however, will be, that you must exercise your faith, send back your keys to the custom-house, and leave all your goods and chattels at the mercy of the railway officials, who, if they happen to think of it, and have nothing else to do, will perhaps recover and send it after you, and possibly you may one day see it again.

At Irun we experienced the first specimen of a Spanish "buffet," or refreshment room. The word is, beyond dispute, borrowed from the French—would that the supplies were also!—and yet it is as well to dash at once, rather than by slow degrees, into the inevitable conviction that gastronomy is a science so entirely misunderstood in Spain that one is at last tempted to wish it had been altogether ignored. Such a lean apology for a repast as appals one's hungry expectations here, could only be offered on the southern side of the Pyrenees, and at the first glance we began to feel thankful that we did not belong to the fraternity of *gourmets*, who must be sorely puzzled how to exist in this barbarous and ill-supplied country. We judged further, that a knowledge of cookery, even though it might not

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suffice to justify a pretension to the *cordon bleu*, would prove a very valuable accomplishment in a country many of whose inhabitants are satisfied with the primitive diet of acorns! Sometimes, it is true, they vary it with chestnuts, but scarcely even "*castaneæ molles*," as there are many parts of Spain where the people are too ignorant or too lazy to dress even this simple fare, and rather than take any trouble in the matter they prefer them raw;—indeed it is difficult to get anything sufficiently cooked in any part of the Peninsula. As for the "*pressi copia lactis*," that is an article of consumption not to be looked for, copiously or otherwise, in the arid plains and desolate mountains of Iberia, where "frommage du pays" is almost unknown, and Dutch cheese—unmitigated "*tête de mort*"—is regarded as a luxury, and thought cheap at the price of Gruyère in London. The lamentable deficiency of pasturage is therefore not alone felt by the eye, it deprives the poor of wholesome and staple articles of food, and the rich of some of their safest luxuries.

Milk is dear and indifferent, and cows at such a premium that sheep, asses, and goats are laid under contribution to make up the required amount.

Even wine, the natural produce of the country, is so wretchedly manufactured that it is but indifferent stuff, and is good for nothing at the end of a year. The "*vino comun*," or "*vin ordinaire*," is made by the natives; that for the foreign market passes through the hands of the English or French. In short, the only articles of consumption which a native Spaniard can turn out creditably are oil and bread; the latter is a decided success, and we are quite ready to allow that such bread is not to be found in any other country; it is of the purest white, and though close in texture, is extremely light; the crust is of a delicate fawn colour, and the surface resembles that of very smooth unglazed biscuit-ware.

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There are many varieties of bread, but all are equally delicate and palatable; we shall have to describe the process by which it is produced.

Turning in disgust from the uninviting "buffet" at Irun, we regained our carriage, preferring to delay satisfying our hunger till we arrived at St. Sebastian, where matters might perhaps be better, and could scarcely be worse—though we looked forward with some misgivings to our first experience of a Spanish *fonda.*

It was late by the time we reached our halting-place; and we were but ill-prepared for, and ill-disposed to relish, the reception we met at the station. The arrival of a party of travellers is apparently an unusual event in this place, to judge by the sensation which our advent seemed to create immediately that it became evident we were not going farther. No sooner had we stepped across the threshold of the platform than we were literally surrounded by an army of touters, each bawling into our ears, "*à tue-tête,*" the name and qualifications of the *fonda, parador,* or *posada* he was paid to recommend, and doing his best to drown the voices of *all* his rivals! So deafening was the din, and so bewildering the various noisy appeals, that we at last determined to free ourselves *vi et armis* from the unwashed and much too familiar crowd; suddenly retreating, therefore, into a vacant corner to obtain breathing room, we peremptorily ordered the fellows off, assuring them, in as loud a voice as we could raise, that we would have nothing to do with any one of them. Among these importunate rascals, we did not perceive, at the time, the railway check-taker, who was patiently waiting his turn to solicit our tickets; without recognizing the justice of his claim, and indeed for the moment forgetting his very existence, we elbowed him from us even more savagely than the rest, and so cowed was he by our fierce demeanour that he meekly retreated, abandoning his suit at the first re-

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buff. The others, seeing that even an official *dans son droit* was reduced to submission, and had made for the vanishing point, gave us credit for being really as formidable as we had tried to make ourselves appear, and tamely withdrew, leaving us at length unmolested.

At the Spanish stations there is a gaunt, uncomfortable, unwelcoming look about everything; no carpeted saloon as in England, no polished oak parquets as in France, no decorated or even decent walls, no velvet-cushioned fauteuils, no, nor even rush-seated chairs, await the passing traveller; no officious, fee-expectant porters respectfully fly to fulfil his unspoken wishes. In Spain, the railway porter is (at least in his own esteem) as good as you, "or any other man," and considers that you are as well able to see to your own affairs as he is; he therefore leaves you to enjoy the luxury of waiting on yourself, and now that we had leisure to look about us and to reflect, we began to make inquiry for our luggage. We possessed that important talisman necessary to its recovery, the *bulletin de bagage*—in Spanish yclept "*el talon de los equipages*," and duly presented it at the "*despacho*," where the "*baules*" are wont to be collected. Here, however, a new annoyance awaited us. There is, it appears, considerable jealousy between the border officials, and whenever they can do each other a bad turn, they are in nowise deterred by the reflection that they are seriously inconveniencing the passengers. In pursuance of this system, it appeared that although we had gone through all the custom-house formalities, our luggage had not been labelled, and had consequently remained on the platform at Irun; at least such was the supposition of the "*mozo*," to whom we addressed ourselves. Under these circumstances we requested to see the *gefe*, who happened to be a very civil fellow, and who, on learning the particulars, immediately took us into the telegraph office, and ordering the machinery to be set in

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motion, informed us, after the interval of a few seconds, all was right as to the safety of the boxes, and that they would be sent on to St. Sebastian by the first train in the morning.

He seemed rather proud of the opportunity of showing off what to him was doubtless a very novel proceeding, and was evidently curious to see what the effect of the display would be upon us. The intelligence conveyed was a matter of more interest to us just now than the mode of obtaining it, and it is to be feared our indifference to the ingenuity and novelty of the telegraph wires rather disappointed him. According to the system we intended to pursue, the fact of the safety of our coffers was all we required, our plan being as far as possible to adopt the knapsack principle; and accordingly, each of our party being provided with a small but commodious travelling-bag, containing all we required at one time, our trunks could always remain at the station with the reserve. On this we could draw each time we deposited them, and we thus found ourselves relieved of that odious drawback to all enjoyment in travelling—its "*impedimenta*."

Over and above the feeling of independence secured by this plan, in the matter of arrival at and departure from every halting-place, we found it invaluable in our relations with innkeepers, into whose power we thus always avoided falling. The traveller must bear in mind that in Spain mine host is—alas for human nature!—too often a rogue and an extortioner, who, after making an agreement, is quite capable of ignoring it, and then getting up an exorbitant charge which one feels bound to resist. If Boniface be in possession of goods and chattels he can detain, he is not slow to exercise the "*droit du plus fort*;" and what remedy can an unprotected stranger devise with any chance of success?

The administration of the law—we had rather not say

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of "justice"—in Spain is so imperfect, and an appeal to its intervention so expensive (between ourselves, this is not *quite* peculiar to Spain), that foreigners would find their case utterly hopeless if once they got into court, and had better adopt those prudent and simple precautions which cannot fail to keep them out of the scrape, and will at the same time preserve the most pleasant and friendly relations between the parties.

The stars were shining splendidly as we at last got free from touters and porters, and had leisure to take in the peculiar and striking aspect of the picture before us. The rocky creeks and bays formed here by the inroads of the sea at various epochs, the stillness of the water, reflecting as in a mirror the lights on the bridge, and the faint glimmer from lamps or windows indicating the existence of the little town at the foot of the steep irregular cliffs, the salient points brought into relief by the silvery light of the moon, formed a really fine combination, and impressed us most pleasingly.

While speculating on the details of the dark mass of rock and building before us, we had crossed the bridge, and had found at right angles thereto a broad and handsome *boulevard*, pursuing which, we came to a small park-like grove, intersected by a broad path or *paseo*, having seats fixed at intervals on either side, beneath the trees. The generic term for these green spots, or rather belts, enlivening the outskirts of, and common to, all Spanish towns, is *alameda*.

We had hardly entered this *bosquet* when we perceived we were being followed by a dark moving form on either side the road. These mysterious figures appeared intent on keeping us in sight, stopping when we stopped, and falling into our pace when we walked on, till meeting a priest at the entrance of the town, we asked him to point out to us the *Parador Real*, where we intended to put up;

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on this, both instantly darted forward, each with the name of a *fonda* ready cut and dried, and we recognized in our present assailants a couple of our persevering tormentors, who had actually clung on to a forlorn hope when we contrived to shake off the rest. At first we paid no attention to their importunities, but as they seemed determined not to release us, we apprised them of the futility of their pursuit, and continued to dodge them by retracing our steps every now and then; but as they still resisted every form of exorcism by which it is generally supposed that beggars and other unclean spirits can be warded off in Spain, and persisted in molesting us with their droning appeals, approaching us at the same time much nearer than was either safe or agreeable, we began to feel that more stringent measures would become necessary. Our expedient was perfectly innocuous and extremely simple, for our means were few, but it proved a *succés*. We turned suddenly round, and all opening our umbrellas simultaneously, faced the enemy. How they interpreted this response it is impossible to divine; but the effect was instantaneous—the rascals took to their heels as if they had been shot, and to our great amazement, no less than our relief, disappeared into the darkness. We had not much difficulty in finding our way to the Plaza Vieja, where the door of our *parador* was, the principal front forming one range with that of the only other respectable *fonda* in the place, and facing the bay. The streets of St. Sebastian, at least in the centre of the town, are built on a perfectly rectangular plan, similar to those of Mannheim; but there is in their detail a variety and an irregularity altogether wanting in the Rhenish town, —one of the most jejune, formal, and uninteresting, imaginable.

St. Sebastian gives one the idea of a toy-town ingeniously put together for the amusement of the architect. The shops, though small, are gay and numerous compared

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with other Spanish towns, where the shop-front or *étalage* is altogether wanting, and where it is difficult to distinguish them from the private houses. The façades are ornamented in stucco after their fashion, and exhibit details of southern usages in the prevalence of brightly-coloured striped awnings, external shutters, heavy and often richly carved stone balconies, projecting iron *rejas* or gratings to the lower windows, total absence of area and basement story, with other peculiarities unmistakeably foreign.

The pavement is quite abnormal, the whole street being paved with large flags close up to the houses, not only along both sides, but also down the intermediate portion, or what ought to be the road, without the protection of a kerb; to be sure, the traffic through these channels of communication is of a very mild order, and no doubt this arrangement serves every purpose.

If, however, the streets are singular, not less strange is all that passes up and down them; and doubtless it appeared in all the perfection of its strangeness to an eye looking freshly on the "*cosas de España.*"

How often in life we have had occasion to wish certain impressions could have been reserved, so that we might only have been brought within their influence when our judgment had been matured by time and reflection! There are few cases where such a possibility could exist. Even those objects and sensations, not designedly made familiar to us, find their way insensibly to our knowledge; and by the time we have begun to think and to judge for ourselves, there is scarcely an idea remaining, the freshness of which has not been tampered with; strange, indeed, if there be anything left we have not already learned to see through the eyes of others, and the first impression of which was not suggested by another mind. How is it we find any more originality in the world?

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All the live, and most of the dead, stock to be encountered in the streets of St. Sebastian was then really new and original to us, except in so far as we had been made aware of their existence by representations on paper or canvas; the real, living, breathing reality seemed to assure us that it was in very deed as quaint and as antiquated, and as unlike the trim, utilitarian productions of civilization, as we had been told by the poet and the painter.

From that noisiest of night-birds—that *rara avis*—the *sereno*, who unconsciously but periodically breaks your rest by his solemn and lugubrious tones, to the mischievous *chico*, who is only just as much like a *gamin* as a Spanish can resemble a French creation—all is idiosyncratic. The curiously caparisoned mules; asses laden with freights such as Spanish asses alone would consent, or be expected, to bear; oxen yoked to trucks and waggons, of forms and uses unknown to other populations; goats flocking in systematically to be milked; carts, *galeras* and *diligencias*, such as are long since exploded in the modern world, pass along the streets and bewilder the spectator with their strangeness and variety.

What shall we say of the population we meet lounging about the town, lingering in the market-place, or going through the routine of their occupation, as if life were a state to be got through, and presented no definite object? The idea of working to realize an independence never can have entered the head of a Spaniard. He lives from hand to mouth, utterly regardless of improving his future, content to admit that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Here we meet elderly females, *coiffées*, like their granddaughters, and—apparently forgetful that, whereas the latter are careless and happy, *they* ought to be (if they are not) hairless and cappy—wearing their long, attenuated, colourless tresses plaited like elf-locks in one lanky cord. If on

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week-days they conceal it beneath a dingy, brick-coloured cotton handkerchief, on "gala" occasions they unfurl the "grisly horrors of their folded tails," and display them in all their length, often below the waist, while the weary eye, and, still more, the tanned and wrinkled skin of these beldames, recall the "*mater simia*" of Tabracan memory.

Neither is their attire calculated to set off the remainder of their charms, and the square-cut, limp Holland jacket, and straight, brief petticoat, display,—the first, a figure,—the second, an ancle, capable of convincing us that we have not yet reached those "climes" supposed to produce "fairy forms with more than female grace."

If among the younger portion of the female inhabitants of St. Sebastian there be some scattered specimens of Nature's choicer handiwork, they must be considered as establishing the exception and not the rule; and a woman must be unfavoured indeed if she have not some attraction to boast, at eighteen! Thus far, however, beauty of race had not dawned upon us in Spain. Fear not, ye daughters—and more especially, ye grandmothers—of St. Sebastian, fear not to "taste the gale;" we will answer for it, there is no danger that "love should ride the wind," unless, as is said, his votaries be blind. The rough unwomanly work (*i. e.*, according to British ideas of "woman's work") to which the women of all countries but our own are condemned, will of course account in a great measure for weather-beaten complexions, a coarse expression of features, and masculine movements; and we do not mean to say that the women of Spain, who are not only hewers of wood and drawers of water, but goaders of oxen, drivers of mules, and guiders of ploughs, are a whit more unsexed than the French Provençales whom we have all seen digging and mowing, and even harnessing and currying their cattle; we only blame the poets whose beguiled imaginations have carried us deep into their own delu-

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sions, and enticed us to believe that "Spain's maids" are really "no race of Amazons."

A considerable number of the female population of St. Sebastian have devoted themselves to a seafaring life, and possess even less of the attributes of womankind than the indigo-clad amphibiæ of our seaside watering-places, who have little that is feminine about them, and never fail to remind us of a dripping blue-bag.

"O! Veri Phryges, neque enim Phrygiæ?"

As one watches them at their marine occupations, it is not easy to make out to what genus they belong; we see at once they cannot be mermaids, for with the fish's tail we should at least be entitled to expect a "*mulier formosa superne*," and we may look in vain for that, here.

The tidiest girl who crossed our path at this place was decidedly the "maid of the inn," Manoëla. All innkeepers in Spain (at least so say the travellers in that country, one and all, to the best of our recollection) have pretty daughters, and the orthodox name to which they ought to answer, is "Manoëla;" so it will do very well for us; especially as that really *was* the name of *our* innkeeper's daughter, and we like to recollect her by it, for it suits well with her tall graceful figure, easy supple gait, oval face, almond eyes, and glossy raven hair. She had a sentimental air too, and to tell the truth, her appearance contributed to reconcile us to the unhomely aspect of the entrance and uninviting stairs, for the *fonda* was above; the ground-floor forming coach-houses and stables, and being appropriated to the diligences and their appurtenances.

And, behold, as we went up, following the slim figure and delicate feet of the damsel, the staircase seemed to improve, and she passed through an archway into a polished oak-floored corridor, and unlocked several doors,

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displaying various beautifully clean, and simply but elegantly furnished bedrooms, with very satisfactory shining brass bedsteads within alcoves, draped with white muslin, and looped up with pink cords; and from this side we saw there would be a view of the isthmus, with the pointed hill called Orgull, crested by its castle, and the blue waters at its foot; and on the other side were windows which would offer capital street views and perspectives, such as a painter loves to look upon and longs to take away. All this we guessed at, beneath the star-bespangled sky, and knew what the morning light would set before us, so we made haste to secure those rooms, and having secured them, to ascertain if anything eatable could be had in the way of supper.

The *comedor* was a long, narrow, and by no means lofty room on the floor beneath us, and next to the kitchen, with which it communicated by a laudable contrivance, not uncommon in Spain, having a *guichet* just above the sideboard, so that the dishes, or rather their contents—for warming a dish is a practice most contemptuously ignored all over the Peninsula,—have at least the merit of being hot—often, alas! their only merit. The gastronomical department unhappily did not come within Manoëla's province, and we were accordingly handed over to the tender mercies of Pepita, another of the half-dozen nymphs who acted as *garçons* in the *parador*. If tender were this young person's mercies, however, not so were her chickens, for in despair of finding the *cabrito* she offered us, eatable, we fell back upon poultry, on her assurance that she had a fine fat fowl already on the spit—and wonderful assurance she must have had so to describe the lean, miserable, warmed-up biped for which an additional half hour's waiting had sharpened our appetites. By what process it had been dressed it would be difficult to determine; the skin was of the colour of parchment with a very greasy

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surface, and the poor beast must unquestionably have departed this life under pressure of starvation. The disproportion of the meagre carcase to the measure of our appetites was so absurd that we bade Pepita inquire whether the larder could afford any further supplies; but it appeared another fowl was all that could be produced, and a foul proceeding we thought it, when she brought us an exact duplicate of the first, garnished with some cold and nearly raw "*coliflor.*" Even the bread, which throughout Spain is superlatively excellent, here was detestable; and as for the wine, by courtesy styled "Bourgogne," it proved to be unmitigated vinegar and sugar. Being in the country of wines, we asked for Xeres, for which they charged us at rather more than London price, though the article was decidedly inferior to that manufactured for the English market,—it was harsh, fiery, and flavourless.

Fish is the staple diet of this place, and for those whose taste is fishy, it affords an excellent diet. We saw some enormous marine animals packed in baskets standing before the door of one of the fisherman's hovels, and as we aproached to examine them, a good-natured old fellow who was looking out of window immediately came down and insisted on uncovering his finny prizes that we might examine their proportions. They were of the form, colour, and size of a large salmon, and were called, he told us, *rechas.* Among the modern edifices in St. Sebastian is the fish market, the design of which is good, and the arrangement commodious. There is a fountain of recent construction in the centre, and several other fountains of older date in other parts of the town: to our surprise we found some of them provided with the modern contrivance of spring taps.

Our *gîte* proved unexceptionable, not only beautifully clean, but the mattresses and blankets could only be qualified by the expressive term used by the French,—*molleux;* so

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that, despite the lugubrious intoning of the *serenos*, we remained soundly asleep till 8 o'clock in the morning.

As it was at St. Sebastian that we first made acquaintance with the *serenos*, we will give them a mention—why not an "honourable mention"—here. Poor old fellows! they, like many other—what shall we call them?—institutions, we stumble upon here, are truly of the "things of Spain,"—a congenial relic of the venerable past. They carry weapons now obsolete elsewhere, they wear the garb of pictured recollections, their ways are illumined by the "light of other days." Their *silhouette* is quaint, not to say comical, and one would find it difficult to associate any idea of alarm with the harmless-looking figure—encased in its almost cylindrical, dark surtout, surmounted by a pointed hood of the same hue—even though he be, as it is said, armed to the teeth beneath this outer covering. In former days a large dog formed part of the belongings of the *serenos*; but this protection has been withdrawn of late, and now they have no resource but to perform their nocturnal vigils as much as possible in groups. When they separate at the corner of a *carrefour* to go each his own round, the noises they utter remind one most suspiciously of the boy crossing the churchyard, and

"Whistling apace to keep his courage up."

The *pavés* of St. Sebastian are, however, tranquil enough to reassure even the shaky old *serenos* to whom their repose and safety is entrusted; and if not, their nasal echo of each half hour, as it tolls out its solemn tale from the grim old belfry, followed by the *ave*, is sufficiently loud to scare away evil influences.

We cannot bring ourselves to think that these brave "men in buckram" have by any means a formidable appearance, and it would not surprise us much, should an affray take place, if they were to consider discretion the better part of valour, and though they might possibly "fight and

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run away," it is problematical whether they would ever be induced to "fight again another day."

Whether the office of these worthies extends to that undertaken by the *vigiles* of ancient Rome, who according to Plautus were bound to arrest persons found in the streets after a certain hour of the night, we cannot say, but they have been known to render service in cases both of inundations and fires, and thus far preserve the traditions we find in Livy and Valerius Maximus respecting the *triumviri nocturni.*

Every town in Spain has its staff of *serenos*, so that you are always sure of being informed of the hour of the night, at intervals of half an hour, from 8 p.m. to 7 the next morning.

The sun was shining brightly from the cloudless blue of a southern sky, and the air was already genial and balmy when we looked out on the sea-girt town. The steep and barren rocks, which must appear bleak and desolate enough in a wintry storm, now faced us in calm if not smiling repose, their hard steeps gilded by the morning sun, while their image was vividly reflected on the lake-like surface of the bay. There was scarcely a ripple even at its edge, where the tiny waves, mocking in their sunny sport the giant fury of the storm, curled their miniature foam over the bright sandy beach.

It was impossible not to be struck by the contrast between the tranquillity of the hour and the glassy smoothness of the bay, and the grim dark rocks encircling the azure expanse. Nature seems to have intended it for a bathing-place; and such a nook must it have been, wherein Diana had retired to refresh herself with her nymphs when surprised in her aquatic relaxation by the indiscreet Actæon. Hither resort the *élite* of Spanish society, when the bathing season begins, to take advantage of the cool marine breezes —for St. Sebastian is the Brighton and chief seaside watering-place of the Peninsula.

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The "machines," as we should call them—*Ibericè*, "*campimentos*"—stand within the shelter of the circular bank of rock which surrounds the beach on the land side. They are roomier than either English, French, or Belgian bathing-machines, and are nearer the ground, having no steps, and only the front entrance. They move—as easily as a Spanish bathing-machine might be expected to move—on small, thick, clumsy wheels, so that although they *could* be coaxed down to the water's edge as the tide recedes: their owners prefer, if possible, sparing themselves the trouble of moving them, and the consequence is that their *chalands*, whose convenience, as usual here, is a secondary consideration, have to walk a considerable distance to and from the water: they do not, however, sport buff, and the costume of the ladies is (intended to be) becoming.

From this point the peculiar construction of St. Sebastian can be well apprehended; it has a solemn, not to say mournful, aspect, only relieved by the mixed foliage of the chestnut, the oak, and the walnut, clothing the hills which form its background.

The houses are of a dull-coloured stone, and the windows partake of the Oriental type, and are small, therefore, in proportion to the dimensions of the buildings. The town can hardly be considered of interest in a monumental point of view; the architecture, though neither modern nor European in appearance, is mostly of recent date—the original city of St. Sebastian having been, so to speak, demolished by the fury of war during the early part of the century. The site constitutes the charm of this unique spot, and renders its natural fortifications matchless.

The water—blue, clear, and still, was resistlessly tempting for a plunge into its glassy depths, and we spent a considerable time enjoying its freshness, returning with a vigorous appetite to the *fonda* breakfast-table. A little Spartan sauce is by no means a despicable addition to a

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Spanish meal, and the coffee was scarcely such as to have been relished without it. As for the *manteca, that* was altogether impossible, and we know of no circumstance which could have induced us even to taste the tallowy-looking garlic-scented compound. Had there been any compulsion to "grease our bread," we should have infinitely preferred an English candle-end. Honey, which we asked for as a substitute, was atrociously bad—dark, thick, and evidently carelessly expressed, with an objectionable proportion of bee's-bread and exuvial admixture: add to this, the roughness of a table served without cloth, table-napkins, or even plates!

Being Sunday, we took advantage of the circumstance of finding the cathedral open—an occurrence somewhat unusual in Spain—to hear first the high, and then a military, mass, and also to inspect the interior of this building—our first introduction to a Spanish church: it displays various styles, indicating the periods at which it has been repaired. On entering, one is forcibly impressed by the dim, not to say lugubrious quality of the light. The windows are small, few in number, and placed close beneath the roof; there is no attempt at making an architectural feature of them; they are mere rectangular openings with square panes, measuring about a foot each, and the intention in their construction is evidently that of limiting as much as possible the admission of heat. The masses of gilt carving which decorate the interior of the churches in Spain form another very remarkable characteristic; the *retablo* is always especially rich, and reaches from the step on which the altar stands, to the very roof. It is nevertheless—and so indeed are most of the altar decorations throughout the churches, however venerable and magnificent the fabric — nearly always extremely *rococo*. The nave and aisles in this church, as well as in that of St. Vincent, are of a very great height.

The attendance at high mass was large: men and

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women sat on opposite sides of the nave, and used chairs for kneeling, as in France; but this was the last place at which we saw them employed in Spain. The organ is a very fine instrument, and was well played, and the *chant des vieillards* was introduced with great effect. The local authorities seem to support their dignity with the self-consciousness not unjustly attributed to personages who constitute parochial corporations, all the world over. At the commencement of the service, the great door was opened for the admission of some civic functionary, probably the mayor, who entered wearing a cocked hat and carrying a long staff, and was preceded to his seat by a Spanish "*suisse*," wearing on his breast a written description of his calling—"*celador de los templos*," transferred into the note-book of a *naïf* young Englishman thus:—".This man evidently keeps the *cellar-door* of the temple." The error was the more pardonable, as in the north, and indeed also in the south of Spain the "c" and "z" are pronounced in the English fashion, and not converted into "th," as exacted by the purer Castilian ear.

At the conclusion of the office, this dignitary was reconducted with the same ceremony; but this was not all: immediately after the gospel, a priest vested in cotta and stole issued from the sacristy, and advancing to the great man's place, saluted him forthwith.

We remarked that no incense was used in the celebration. The congregation was devout and orderly, and there was much less spitting about the floor than is usual on the Continent—even in France; there was, however, a certain slovenliness in the attitude and manner of officiating of the priests. As an instance, we may mention that although the marriages and other parochial notices were read from the pulpit during mass by another priest, there was no pause in the celebration during the time occupied by these announcements.

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The national, or rather local, costume—for it differs in every town, tells very effectively in a mixed assemblage like this—that of the women especially. Not a bonnet is to be seen in any part of Spain, except in fashionable carriages, at Madrid; in some localities the poorer classes wear no head-covering; but occasionally a handkerchief of cotton or silk, according to the means of the wearer, is tied on in various ways; sometimes it is merely thrown over the head. When the rank is a grade higher, a veil of muslin or net is used; and as the party rises in the social scale, her mantilla is of richer silk, and the lace which borders it, and serves as a covering for the head and face, is of a costlier fabric. Girls under twelve or fourteen, wear hats, and occasionally even a bonnet may be seen on them, but they are never veiled at this age. The Spanish women are decidedly more precocious than those of more northern countries: near us to-day in the cathedral knelt one of the prettiest and most graceful groups we ever remember to have seen in nature,—it is not wonderful that Spain and Italy should have produced those painters who charmed the world when they had such models to study;—the girl whose garb, attitude, and appearance arrested our attention was a young creature of apparently not more than fifteen, attired in peasant costume; her face was that of the most perfect Madonna ever traced upon canvas; the form was oval, the features faultless, and the expression so artless and childlike that had not the plump and rosy infant at her breast been in the act of drawing its sustenance from that bountiful source, it would never have occurred to an observer that she could be its mother. Her complexion was dark, but beautifully clear, with eyes of the deepest blue, and there was in them, no less than in the graceful bend of her head, a mixed expression of devout attention to the function at the altar, and of maternal pride and affection for

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the little creature in her arms, which won our admiration. Her hair was of a dark chestnut, braided on either side, and the bright-coloured handkerchief she wore across her head draped it with unstudied elegance, and cast a softening shadow over her countenance. The attitude and character of the two figures recalled some of the choicest "Holy Families" of the Spanish and Italian schools.

The military mass followed, and was attended by between two and three hundred men, each detachment mustering to the music of its own band. When all had assembled they proceeded, marching down the principal street, with military music; the great door was opened, and the men entered in double file, occupying the whole centre of the church. The mass was conducted precisely as a military mass in France, and two soldiers served, using a discordant trumpet instead of a bell. At the elevation all kneeled simultaneously, the drums rolled, and the band played the voluntary. At the conclusion of the function, the men were once more marshalled and ranged in marching order by their officers, the band struck up and preceded them to the Plaza Major, where they were discharged and suffered to disperse. The band then resorted to the centre of this large and handsome square, and began playing a series of airs which soon attracted a considerable number of persons of all ages and classes. Parties of young girls, who seemed greatly to enjoy the hebdomadal treat, were dancing with much vehemence beneath the shade of the arcades surrounding the square. Attired as they were in their gala garments, their figures and attitudes, the snap of their castanets, and the accuracy with which they kept time, rendered the groups they formed such as would have served for a scene of rustic festivity on the stage.

A number of enterprising fruitsellers had established their *étalages* around the quadrangle, and the spread of the

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luxuriant southern produce, varied as it was in form and colour, especially, perhaps, the large flat baskets of dazzling scarlet and green *pimientos*, and their gaily attired vendors dispersed beneath the arcades, formed, with the lively scene in the quadrangle, a *tout ensemble* such as a stranger delights to fall in with; it appeared to us singularly characteristic of the country.

Of these fruits, the grapes and figs proved decidedly the best speculation, though the former varied very much in quality. Of the latter we observed the three sorts simultaneously which in the south of France succeed each other in regular order,—the small, round, very sweet and luscious fig, the larger green fig, nearly white within, and the largest, dark species, with its fine, full, juicy crimson lining. The pears and apples are seldom gathered ripe, and though they look fine they have very little flavour. Peaches are not to be had, but they have a miserable imitation of them called *melocoton*. They cook their chestnuts in two ways here, boiled and roasted, but the former are by no means equal to the boiled chestnuts at Bourdeaux, which are delicious, and the latter are never more than half-cooked; except at St. Sebastian, we never met with them boiled in any part of Spain; it is remarkable that, although a staple article of food throughout the Peninsula, there is so little skill displayed in preparing them. In fact, as we have intimated before, the Spaniard is *not* a "cooking animal," and perhaps the miserable way in which he spoils his food in attempting to dress it, partly accounts for his abstemiousness and indifference to the pleasures of the table.

The Plaza Major is a handsome square, and is built with unusual regularity; every window has its *lienzo*, or awning, and each story its terrace. At nearly every casement and balcony were seated parties of women, with men standing about them, listening to the music and enjoying the lively

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scene below. Most of these were habited in bright colours, and had fans which, when they were not flirting them, were gracefully held up to shade their faces.

The majority of the shops in St. Sebastian were closed to-day, *i. e.*, no business was carried on; for although the Spaniard's house may not be his castle, his shop is his house, and he *must* open it perforce, to obtain egress and ingress, and to get air and light. Trade can never be very brisk here, neither is there much appearance of wealth or variety of choice to display in the very limited spaces called shops. We could not discover a single baker's shop in the whole town, nor did we see a loaf of bread anywhere. At some of the chandler's shops, or general dealers—in delightful proximity to Dutch cheeses, salt and smoked fish, tallow candles, bunches of chives, soap, and red herrings, were a few dry, hard rolls, not apparently of very tender age.

On our return to dinner, the fumes of the inn kitchen, redolent of garlic and hot rancid oil, acted upon us as a deterrent from the chances of what fare the *table d'hôte* might produce; we therefore declined to join the "mess," and ordered a private meal of our own selection. It was, of course, a second edition of yesterday's supper, and we made up our minds that while in Spain we should have to do as Spain does, and waive all culinary expectations.

There is little to detain the traveller in St. Sebastian after he has made himself acquainted with its very beautiful and very peculiar *entourage*, its three picturesque bays, its long iron bridge across the Urumea, its hills and rocky defences surmounted by the irregular citadel, and its surrounding range of mountains, with the valleys dividing them. The cathedral stands with peculiar but not unpleasing effect against its rocky background, and contributes to vary the perhaps too uniform lines and angles of the remainder of the buildings. The church of St. Vincent, nearly as large, is also a good feature, but there are no

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other edifices of any importance. Outside the town we came upon the circus, where during the season of bull-fights the national sport is carried on, but it is a mean structure as regards height.

At Orio, about three miles from St. Sebastian, are cotton manufactories; and at Luscate, reached by a beautiful drive through the valley of Loyola, beside the banks of the Urumea which winds through it, are some cloth works belonging to a French *entrepreneur* named Brunet. Beyond Hernani, lies the exquisitely picturesque village of Astigarrozza; the Urumea falls into the sea at the Puente Santa Catalina.

There has just been placed in the *Sala Consistorial* a vase of Sèvres China, presented by the Empress of the French, and bearing her portrait, being a companion to one sent some years ago by the Emperor. Civilities of this kind it seems are not rare, and from the observations to which they give rise, seem to arouse suspicions among the Spaniards as to whether these may not bespeak a design on the Basque Provinces. A very slight incident, however, serves to alarm these wights, and the very shadow of a Bonaparte suffices to disturb their equanimity. On the report that the nephew of the Emperor, William Charles Bonaparte, had visited Barcelona for the purpose of studying the provincial literature, all the papers were rife with conjectures as to what else he could want so near the frontier.

It was at an early hour in the morning that we bade adieu to St. Sebastian. We were not destined to see the Biscayan waters in a boil; the sun again shone out in all his splendour on the most placid of seas, and we took our leave of the Bay of Biscay without having had any ocular demonstration that it merits its boisterous reputation.

We had a good lesson here, of how far it is safe to put one's trust in the accuracy of Spanish officials. The

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station-master had recommended us to be at the starting-place at half-past seven punctually, and relying on his presumed experience, we innocently obeyed his injunction to the letter; our disgust may therefore be imagined on finding that the miscreant had deluded us into the loss of an entire hour, which we had to spend standing on a draughty platform. The train was not, in fact, due from Irun till half-past eight, and as there is no punctuality in any of the arrangements, it was nearly nine before we got off: however, if we thus paid for our lesson it was not lost upon us, and on all subsequent occasions we knew the exact value to attach to the directions of Spanish station-masters.

While awaiting the train, we had ample opportunity to study our fellow-travellers, most of whom were third-class passengers, and navvies employed on the line—all Spaniards. Their garments were highly picturesque, and warmer than might have been expected in a Spanish autumn; but the climate here is variable, and the whole interior of the country is elevated so far above the sea-line that the temperature is much lower than would be supposed. The jacket is of a stout woollen material, and is worn with one sleeve on, and hanging over the shoulder *à la* hussar, so that the waistcoat becomes the outer integument, showing the shirt sleeves, but is more than half concealed beneath the broad folds of the brightly coloured belt; within these a *cuchillo,* or dagger, is said to lurk; below the belt appears the somewhat long knee-breeches and gaiters; the substitute for a boot is little more than a leathern sole, with a broad ribbon or strap drawn across the toes, fixed in its place by narrow strips of leather, forming sandals, which twine up the leg in elaborate crossings, like the *ciocciari* of Italy,—this always appears to form a most operose *chaussure.* The head-gear consisted of a semicircular-fronted fur cap, *Ibericè, montera;* this head-gear extends to La Mancha. An atmosphere densely charged with garlic

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and tobacco enveloped these worthies, and powerfully illustrated the *proverbe travesti*, "*L'Oignon fait force.*"

Our road lay through the most beautiful mountain scenery, and we were surrounded by a distant panorama of serrated heights lost in a misty blue; one very striking craggy peak remained in sight during many miles. The proverbial idleness of the Spaniard does not extend to the Basques; the land about here, including the mountain heights, ungrateful as it is, is carefully cultivated, patch by patch; and the little huts, embowered in trees or covered with vines, and roughly constructed at different gradients on the mountains, testify to the ownership which seems to extend over this wild and irregular tract. Possibly they are the nests of squatters; but be this as it may, the land is all brought into use, and is industriously tilled. Passing through a series of pictures, alike exquisite in composition and colouring,—their effects assisted, if not created, by the clear, brilliant light and shade, we reached Beasin. Between this place and Olozaguthia the character of the country gradually becomes grander and more wild; and the road runs through a succession of tunnels, which, with the intervals dividing them, may be said to be about sixteen miles long. It certainly is a wonderful stretch of road, and its eccentricities might fairly have staggered the stoutest-hearted engineer; neither is it very reassuring to find one's self every now and then carried at steam pace along the edge of a steep embankment, whence the slightest accident might send the whole train rolling over and over into the ravine below. The magnificence of nature, as richly displayed along this road, is very much lost upon the traveller by the comparative rapidity of locomotion, or rather by the obstacles inseparable from the employment of tramways. One has just time to observe objects altogether novel and combinations truly attractive, when they disappear behind an embankment or a tunnel, and it becomes a continual vexation to feel that one is being hurried through sights

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in every way calculated to arrest the attention and to charm the mind.

Some of our readers may remember the humorous and suggestive picture of the boy who, when asked why he was crying, sobbed out that he had "swallowed his lollipop without sucking it," and no doubt he keenly felt the mistake he had unwittingly made. Alas! how many of us there are, who, through too great eagerness to enjoy a coveted pleasure, forget to husband the gratification it affords, and swallow our lollipop without sucking it! We found ourselves on this occasion precisely in this predicament, except that we were brought into it wholly against our will.

The weather was brilliant, and the bright glow of the autumnal sun imparted to the successive ranges of distant hills all the enhancements of deep warm colouring, harmonizing all hues between the richly tinted foreground and the snow-capped mountains mingling with the clouds. The solitary cottages, nests of huts, and clustered villages we passed, generally occupied a picturesque site, and gave an interest to the scene they embellished; they were always characteristic of the country, and differed, whether in grouping or in structure, from the rustic habitations of other lands. White-walled and tile-roofed they were, when not built of mud and thatched with vine branches; of the former, the walls were higher than those of an English cottage, the roofs flatter, the eaves more projecting, the windows far smaller, perhaps more numerous, and always unglazed. Often there is a projecting terrace or balcony with a tiled roof, and steps to reach it from the outside; sometimes the upper story is open to the day, forming a *solano*, and often a rude shelter or portico is constructed of rough sticks before the door, and a vine is trained over it, that the inhabitants may enjoy the cooler external air beneath its shade.

Here and there a water-wheel, or a craggy rustic bridge,

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or a pathway of rude stones across a stream, making a natural cascade, or a stone well, and primitive windlass, appear, as if to testify to the simple habits of the peasant population, while the practical details of their agricultural system carry back the observer almost to the days of the Romans. Mules, asses, and oxen are the beasts of burden of this part of the world. Of the former, we met many ridden by a peasant man, with a woman *en croupe;* many laden with sacks or panniers of every shape and size, constructed to fit the back of the beast, and sometimes reaching to the ground; these were frequently led by the bridle, driven from behind, or directed either by a man or woman squatted on the top of the load. Oxen, yoked together by the horns, or bound with a strong rope to the long pole of the strange antiquated waggons, wore a sheep-skin head-gear more or less elaborately adorned with scarlet tassels and fringes. The sheep we saw, formed a strange contrast to each other,—some being of a pure cream white, some of a jetty black, and some mixed white and black. During the first stage of this journey we saw no vineyards, whereas here they begin to abound,—also English oaks, called in Spanish "*robles*," and chestnut trees.

Birches and firs become rare after passing the French frontier, but poplars are plentiful. They have a way of polling them so as to make them grow bushy, in order to afford shade when planted along the sides of the road. Acacias or *lizarras* also, and pollard maples, are made to serve this purpose.

A curious sight was that of the almost countless number of workmen employed on the line, when resting from work to take their mid-day meal. The knots they formed were quite unique; mingled with them were women and children; and when passing the succession of groups, one might almost fancy one beheld crowded picnic parties in fancy dress, enjoying their dinner *al fresco*. Some were lazily stretched in the cast shadow of a projecting rock, others

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under a bank, or "*patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi.*" Some had spread on the ground a cloak or striped blanket, for these articles are almost synonymous here, others had secured a rough block of stone or trunk of a tree for a table, while some had possessed themselves of the more commodious contrivance of a bench. What endless studies for the painter! and how provoking it was to be whisked through it all, at railway speed!

The cattle here do not seem to be altogether reconciled to the rapid passage of a train; and it is by no means unusual to see them play the frolics which, in the early days of railways, were so commonly witnessed by passengers in our own country; one horse, indeed, amused us not a little by starting off just as his rider was about to mount, and galloping away at a furious pace, occasionally kicking his heels up in the most playful style, while his master pursued him over hedge and ditch, and had not recovered his equine property, or probably his equanimity, when we lost sight of both "the horse and his rider;" even steady old bullocks often turn restive at the plough.

This fact suggests a reflection which, as we are unable to solve it, we leave to the wiser heads of physiologists, and we would gladly be informed whether the laws of progress are recognized by the lower orders of creation. Certain it is that steam-travelling must be just as new to the cattle of the present day as to those quadrupedal patriarchs who witnessed its origin; and as we know of no traditional information on the subject, which can have been transmitted from sire to son, we ask how it comes to pass that the rising generation of four-footed beasts succumbs to the *nil admirari* principle, accepts the uncouth shrillness of the whistle and the unearthly rapidity of the locomotive as a matter of course, and browses on as calmly as his ancestors in the days when Sir V—— C—— or Lord W—— held the ribbons of the Brighton coach.

Our first halt was at Vittoria, a Basque town of no very

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great interest, but exhibiting a change in the character no less than in the costume of the population. We found the *fonda* tolerably comfortable, though we could not forget we were in Spain. The more ancient portion of the town has its picturesque points; the place is bright, cheerful, and busy, and is modernized by considerable architectural additions, the most remarkable of which is the spacious and handsome Plaza; there is here an air of greater comfort, and a higher degree of civilization, than we were destined to meet with again in our progress southward.

We are scarcely correct in speaking of the place as having been modernized; the more recent acquisitions may rather be regarded as the new town, forming a distinct section beside the gloomy old walls, and the narrow, intricate and irregular streets they enclose.

The public promenades, or *alamedas*, which skirt nearly all Spanish towns, are not wanting here, and the inhabitants take both a pride and a pleasure in their possession. On one side they are called the "Prado," on the other the "Florida," and are a favourite resort for exercise and recreation. There are certain periods of the year during which a band plays, and the middle and lower classes assemble in parties to promenade and dance. The latter exercise is carried on with a vigour and an *abandon*, from a practical experience of which, the more refined portion of society must be content to be excluded. Vittoria boasts a theatre, but just now it was closed; neither have the requirements of education been overlooked. A *Liceo* has been for some time established here to form the manners and cultivate the minds of the youthful Vittorians. The old as well as the new Plaza are frequented by rustic "*flâneurs*" of both sexes, and the compiler of a sketch-book might fix upon its pages some spirited and interesting groups. In both are fountains, where quaintly-costumed Basque girls may be seen filling their classical pitchers, while their own ears drink in all the idle gossip of the town.

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The remaining stations are stations, and nothing more, so that even when we arrive at Miranda we find it is simply the frontier town of Navarre, and, with the permission of the *douaniers*, we enter here the parched plains of the Castiles.

Miranda claims, among railway officials, a certain importance, being the starting-point of the branch to Bilbao, constructed by an English company, and traversing the wildest and most beautiful passes of the Peninsula.

The waters of the Ebro flow through Miranda, and may almost be said to form a natural boundary between the two provinces.



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CHAPTER IV.

CASTILLA.

"I knew not who had framed these wonders then,
Nor had I heard the story of their deeds;
But dwellings of a mightier race of men,
And monuments of less ungentle creeds,
Tell their own tale to him who wisely heeds
The language which they speak; and now to me,
The moonlight, making pale the blooming weeds,
The bright stars shining in their breathless glee,
Interpreted those scrolls of mortal mystery."

SHELLEY.

WILD, but not without a desolate poetry of its own, is the proud and hard old province we are about to explore: the associations, however, of tradition, compensate in a measure for the absence of the more smiling gifts of Nature; and if grand and gloomy be the character of Central Spain, at all events its arid aspect harmonizes

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with the grim old edifices of historic memory with which it abounds.

The luxuriant verdure and ever-varying foliage which contribute so generously to the beauty of the Pyrenæan scenery is left behind, and the Ebro cuts us off—for a time—from the verdant perspectives which have hitherto surrounded us. Ceres and Bacchus, however, still scatter their favours with lavish hand. Grain overflows and finds its way into foreign lands, and as for the vine, it flourishes best in the worst soils; we must therefore be content with the substitution Nature has afforded, when, in the place of leafy forests we have passed, we find ourselves travelling not only through rich cornfields, but vine-clad heights and vine-covered plains; and we may add, the luscious fruit is not only drink, but meat, and also occupation to the inhabitants, whose very moderate agricultural skill and still more moderate toil is so abundantly repaid.

Labour and appetite, however, are tolerably well balanced, and it is a novel sight—within memory of a British ploughman's or a British carter's requirements—to watch a Spanish *labrador* or *arriero* (muleteer) contentedly making his chief meal out of a bunch of grapes! There he lies, lazily plucking them off the clusters, beneath the shade of a bank, or he saunters into the market-place, where, basking in the soft sunshine, he accommodates his meal to the provision Nature has made for him.

Pasturage is woefully scarce, and the cattle are almost entirely dependent on the leaves of such trees as the province produces; these are carefully harvested, but barely suffice, and hence the dearth and inferior quality of dairy produce.

In the month of May the grass springs up, covering the fields and meadows with a brilliant verdure, but it bursts too early into birth to become mature before the great heat

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supervenes, and such is the aridity of the soil, that for lack of moisture it dries up and perishes; this is a serious drawback to the prosperity of the country, depriving it of many valuable resources, while it detracts greatly from the beauty of the scenery; if, however, we miss the depth, the brilliancy, and the variety of tint which have hitherto fascinated our gaze, we cannot but be impressed with the savage and solitary grandeur to which it has given place.

It is not only the vegetation and the scenery which remind us that we have entered a new region; we observe it in the face of man, and especially in his stature, as well as in the face of Nature, and in man's works no less than in man. In ecclesiastical as well as in domestic architecture we begin to discover differences of construction and variation of outline; but although it is remarkable for its primitiveness, and speaks to us very little of the progress of modern ages, we are still unable to detect any remains of such buildings as we are accustomed to regard as essentially Moorish in form.

Wherever he has passed, the nomadic Arab has left vestiges, as yet uneffaced, of his presence and his sway; we do not allude simply to his architectural constructions, which are immediately recognizable, first by their outline, and further by their wonderful combination of solidity with the most delicate beauty of execution, inspiring us with respect for his good sense as well as admiration for his genius and his taste,—the moral, social, and æsthetical influence he has bequeathed to after ages is yet more remarkable.

This influence, strange to say, is still paramount in Spain; we trace it in the customs, the prejudices, the bearing and the dealings of his Spanish successors at the present day; his very religion tastes of it: the practical arts, the machinery and manufacturing processes he

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employs are identical with those of his Arab forefathers; and this tenacity of traditionary usages strikes us in every phase of life; we observe it particularly in his contemporaneous ideas of architecture and the mode in which they are carried out—the style of building adapted for purposes domestic and domiciliary, the material used—principally small and very peculiar bricks, totally different from those of other countries, baked in the sun and embedded in a large proportion of mud-like cement—together with the construction and interior arrangement of all structures of purely native design,—these are so similar to the relics of Moorish times, that the modern are scarcely distinguishable from the antique, while the prevailing pale-brown hue which seems to tint everything in Central Spain, helps the illusion, and no modern introduction or improvement contributes to dispel it.

Once in Castilla, poverty is the order of the day; and as there is little enterprise in the spirit of those who people it, the commonest necessaries are scarcely to be had at *any* price.

At a Spanish "*Gara*," a *buffet* is a novel idea, so novel that it has not yet been adopted at the majority of the stations, and, of those which exist, some consist literally of a shaky, diminutive old deal table, on which the "*sordida mappa*" seems rather to disgust than to invite the most peckish traveller. The richest fare it boasts, is generally dry bread, in the form of the small loaves of the country, ostentatiously spread, to the number of seven or eight, without plates, knives or any other of the accommodations of civilized life: behind them may stand an elegant porous earthen jar of *agua fresca*, surrounded by large drinking-glasses, the only redeeming feature being the quality of both the bread and the water, in most cases such as is not easily procured in any other country. Occasionally a basket of magnificent grapes, covered with bloom, and

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kept cool beneath fresh vine-leaves, constitutes a compensating addition.

It was at such a spot we made our first acquaintance with genuine Spanish bread, and we may fairly add, this is not only a *cosa de España*, but for delicacy of taste and appearance, sweetness, lightness and all the qualities bread should possess, it justifies its reputation.

It is made in a variety of shapes, but the forms adopted in the rural and provincial bakehouses are exceedingly quaint and ancient-looking; the loaves, whether large or small, have the appearance of flattened circular pies scalloped round the edge, and thick towards the middle; in fact, in shape and almost in colour they might pass for a vegetable now nearly as well known in England as in France, called "custard marrow."

It was late in the day when we entered into Burgos, so that our first view of this wonderful and thoroughly Spanish old city was *au clair de la lune*, and the old towers of its world-famed cathedral, with their countlessly and most delicately pinnacled outline, stood out in fine prominence by this effective light. The lace-like carving, open to the sky, and the whole outline of the upper part of the building, offer one of the most exquisite specimens of florid Gothic existing; it is a nearer view which disappoints us. This gorgeous edifice is so closely built round, that it is not possible to get a distinct idea of it as a whole.

There is a Castilian grandeur, and with it a Castilian gloom over the whole town, and the houses appear all the more lofty and imposing, from the elaborate, not to say massive details of their façades, contrasted with the comparative narrowness and irregularity of the streets.

As before, we were immediately beset by a deafening crowd of touters immediately on alighting, but having previously decided on our *fonda*, we waved them majestically away, intimating that their services and their proxi-

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mity were equally uncalled for. We further astonished the natives by dealing as summarily with the omnibuses, and by quietly walking off, leaving our heavier possessions behind. Private carriages are a luxury undreamed of at a Spanish station, and few English would have the courage to risk entering a public conveyance in this country. When the whole interior can be hired, the objections are diminished, but even then the consequences are often eminently annoying.

Having got clear of the station we found ourselves in a broad and handsome *boulevard*, with the city wall on our left and a considerable suburb on our right; along our left, ran a deep, narrow moat, crossing which, we entered a colossal stone gateway, and took the direction indicated to us as that of the *Fonda del Norte*. The motto throughout Spain would seem to be, "Early to bed and *late* to rise;" and notwithstanding the comparatively advanced hour at which the Spanish day begins, there are not many gallons of "midnight oil" consumed in the Peninsula. Accordingly, the venerable streets of Burgos were wrapped in their senile repose, and very little of the activity of a modern town manifested itself during our *trajet;* the inmates of the *fonda*, however, were all on the alert the moment they espied travellers; and albeit we were mere *piétons*, and lacked the usual tests both of *fourgon* and *suite*, mine host came out to meet us with his most obsequious bow, and all the *valetaille* to boot. "Boots," by the bye, is an office not known here, but we counted three *maritornes*, and as many *mozos* followed at his heels, and lighted us up-stairs with six wax candles. No doubt it was intended for an honour, but the illumination was alarming, and might, we thought, augur ill for the length of our *cuenta*,—for we had started with a salutary and by no means unfounded suspicion of the honour of Spanish innkeepers. The only way, in fact, to avoid disputes, and to protect one's self from im-

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position, is to agree beforehand for the price of whatever is required, and we invariably found that whenever we failed to adopt this precaution the result was an attempt at extortion;—we say "attempt," because it was a point with us never to yield to an unjust demand, and we always resisted it to the end. Neither had we ever reason to repent of our firmness, and in more cases than one, returned when re-passing to the same quarters, where we found our quondam antagonists all the more straightforward, as well as the more respectful, for the lesson we had given them.

Desiring Boniface to extinguish one-half of his luminaries, we fixed upon our rooms, bargained for the use of them, and ordered supper. This meal we descended to take in the *Comedor*, where we found two gentlemen, a young and an elderly one, both Spaniards, finishing a light repast of fruit. They appeared very exclusive, and soon left us to the undisputed possession of the territory. The room had a far pleasanter and more cheerful aspect than we had yet observed in this department of Spain. It was tolerably well lighted with paraffine, and the table was covered with a moderately clean cloth, laid after the fashion of *tables d'hôte*. The usual *guichet* into the kitchen was in its place, and the *chef* (in this case a female *cordon bleu*) appeared at the opening every now and then, nodding familiarly, and inquiring how we fared. Of what the dishes were compounded, we should be sorry to risk our *ve*racity by stating, but had it not been for the state of *vo*racity to which a six or seven hours' forced fast had reduced us, we think it very probable much of the repast would have remained untouched; as it was, we contented ourselves with dining, "asking no questions." Our waiter was an intelligent little fellow of about fifteen, who told us he had a great desire to travel and see the world, but he should be afraid to go to England, because it was so very far off.

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We fancied, from the quickness with which he seemed to anticipate our requirements, that he understood what we said to each other in French, but he assured us he knew no language but his own; indeed, there was no one in the house who understood French but the *Ama*,* and as she came in while we were at dessert, took a chair, and began talking to us, as she supposed, in that language, we had an opportunity of judging how far she was skilled, or rather unskilled, in it. We soon found it impossible to understand her, and were obliged to beg she would be good enough to try Castillano.

It was tranquillizing to observe that our bedsteads were of iron, and the walls, as is usual in Spain, whitewashed; the floors, always the weak point in a Spanish interior, were not so scrupulously clean as it was justifiable to expect for the price we were to pay, but the bedding was very fair, and the sheets quite satisfactory.

The morning broke brilliantly once more, and there was a very effective breadth of light and shade down the two sides of the street when we looked out of our oriel window. Most of the other houses were adorned with oriels also, for we know not how otherwise to describe the glass cages or verandahed balconies supported on carved cantilevers outside the windows; some of the windows were provided with red, blue or green striped curtains, hung from a rod outside the window, while some were protected by awnings. The first incident in the Spanish day is a result of that instinct which prompts every native to open his window, and then to bring the various articles of bedding which have been used for the night's repose under the refreshing influence of the air and sun: first, the coverlet is hung out over the window-ledge and flutters gaily in the wind,

* It is worthy of note that the proverb, "to reckon without one's host," is rendered in Spanish by "Contar sin *la huespeda*," as if to imply that there are in Spain more hostesses than hosts.

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always showing some bright and variegated colours; the *mantas* or blankets are usually of a soft creamy white, brilliantly striped at either extremity with scarlet or blue; and the mattresses are also of some richly coloured check or stripe, so that during this early period of the morning the streets present a very cheerful and lively sight—we forbear allusion to its suggestiveness.

The dress of the Burgalese is extremely smart and pretty: it is bright, and mixed in colour, and fits with peculiar neatness, so that it conveys the idea rather of a stage costume than of one intended for practical purposes. The smoothly stockinged ankle, issuing from a shoe of fawn-coloured untanned leather, shows well below the short, full, scarlet or mustard-coloured petticoat. The tightly fitting brown cloth bodice or jacket, fastened at the waist but open at the throat, displays the figure to very great advantage, and is made more or less dressy by the exhibition of a white or coloured garment beneath. A square handkerchief folded diagonally, is thrown across the head, and when worn with a grace peculiar to some of the daughters of Spain, forms an attractive ornament to their glossy hair. Sometimes the head is covered, as in other parts of Spain, by drawing the shawl or mantilla over it. Seated on a mule or ass laden with panniers of fruit, and tastily caparisoned as they usually are, the Burgalese peasant girl makes as striking a subject as a painter could wish to reproduce; or follow her to the fountain —that fine old stone relic of the departed greatness of Burgos, the quondam capital of the province and rival of Toledo herself; see the crowd of Proutish figures, of which she is only one, who surround it—young men and maidens, old men and children, bringing their strangely fashioned stone water-jars to the sparkling source. The place is beset, for although there be five or six streams, these do not suffice for the number who are congregated

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there. The circumstance just suits these idlers, who group themselves into knots, and bask in the sun, while they gossip away the moments, waiting till their turn shall come to go into the pool. The water issues through leaden conduits, *hérissés* with sharp spikes, and fitted into orifices pierced in the stone faces of the column; by means of these, it is directed into the narrow mouth of the jars: a cork attached—here by a string, but at other places by a chain—closes it as soon as filled, for the sake of coolness. A large square block of stone is fixed beneath each pipe in the stone basin, and the jar is hoisted on to this prop to be filled.

We returned from an early stroll, to breakfast, having taken the precaution to order it before going out, and putting Mrs. Cook on her mettle by affecting to doubt her skill in the production of "coffee as in France."

The expedient was excellent, for so also was the coffee, and the bread unexceptionable; but as for the butter, we decline even to recal it to memory. We asked for honey, which was very readily produced from a mysterious cupboard in the room, and proved to be a very fine clear amber-coloured syrup, deliciously flavoured with figs. The best honey the Peninsula affords is to be found at and around Cuenca. We tried some of the celebrated *jamon*, supposed to be brought to perfection by a diet of chestnuts, but, whether spoiled in the curing or the cooking, it did not appear to us nearly so *appétissant* as a respectable English ham, and certainly lacked all its boasted mellowness. It is curious to see matters so far reversed that, whereas the swine revel in chestnuts, their masters are content to devour acorns; supposed by other nations to be only "*porcis comedenda.*"

Our next *sortie* was to inspect and study the wonders of the cathedral, and a magnificent pile it certainly is. We should doubt whether, taken all in all, it were not the most

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curious as well as the most gorgeous Gothic cathedral in the world. On first entering it, one is literally dazzled by the elaborate richness of the gilded carvings: the whole interior may be said to present one uninterrupted mass of florid decoration of the most faultless execution.

The design is of the early part of the thirteenth century, though, owing to an accident which befell the transept a century later, it was not completed until 1570, an Archbishop of Toledo, son of the Duke of Alva, having testified his love for art by supplying the necessary funds.

The three grand doorways, corresponding respectively with the nave and aisles, have unfortunately been "modernized" by the woeful taste of some narrow-minded vestry-authorities, and the rich effects of those deep and elaborately decorated recesses, as originally conceived by the architect Felipe de Borgoña, are lost to posterity. The towers flanking either side of the west entrance support the two wondrous spires, whose delicate tracery may be pronounced matchless: not only are these towers a marvel of execution, but a marvel of durability; and how their fragile-looking lace-work has resisted during five centuries the *bourasques* of this impetuous climate is inexplicable.

There must be some curious contrivance about the foundations of this church, the ground being remarkable for its inequalities, to which the building would seem to have been adapted. Thus the north door, called the *Puerta Alta*, will be found considerably above the level of the pavement of the interior. The recess of this door is deep and splayed, and its several arches are divided by ranges of statues. It communicates with the transept by a very elaborate and unique staircase; the design being that of one Diego de Silve: the figures, though artistically grouped and beautifully carved, are somewhat incongruous in their approximation. Near the opposite door, called *La Pelljeria*,

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is the grave and monument of Gutierez, executed by a sculptor named Torregiano.

On entering this spacious edifice we are disappointed in our previous estimate of its vastness; and it is difficult to credit the assertion of the Burgalese, that it is 300 feet long by 250 wide.

The choir is of overpowering dimensions, and, as is too commonly the case in all Spanish churches, in a great measure mars the effect of the nave. The massiveness of the *reja* or screen contributes still further to encumber the space. Behind the *coro* is the grand and imposing octagonal lantern, about 200 feet in height, and most floridly decorated; the arms of the Crown and of the See occupy a prominent position within it.

The *retablo* is rich, and of late sixteenth century; but in the *trascoro* are some much more recent introductions, and the mixture of Corinthian and Gothic in this grand and unique architectural monument is a regrettable blunder. We should be "curious to see the inside of the man's head" who could have sanctioned such a barbarism.

The high altar, however, was undergoing repair; and it was difficult to obtain any distinct view of that part of the church, concealed as it was by the scaffolding; within the chapels, some of the altars were a mass of carving and gilding. One chapel is literally covered with quaint and grotesque figures, and arabesque scroll and leaf work; it is painted in various colours, and has precisely the effect of Dresden china; there are two magnificent organs in the choir.

The entire absence of benches or chairs adds to the appearance of height and space. Throughout Spain, circular mats are used for kneeling, or rather squatting, during the offices; the men, when they *do* kneel, generally kneel on the floor, but the women fall into an attitude quite

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peculiar to themselves, and with the lace mantilla over their heads, and a fan in their hand, which they often raise either to shade their eyes from the sun or to conceal some sidelong glance, they assume a *pose* as graceful as it is undevotional.

We admired particularly the wood carvings of the archbishop's throne and the *sillas* and *misereres* in the choir. The several chapels are gorgeous and elaborate in their decorations and construction; and the cathedral contains a vast number of curious objects and interesting works of genius, attributed to celebrated artists both native and Italian. In the *sala capitular*, the sacristy and the cloisters, are also many relics to which a traditional history, and therefore a corresponding value, is attached; but as particulars of these abound in every guide-book, we will not burden our pages with the catalogue. Suffice it to say that we found this wonderful old cathedral sufficiently interesting to engage our attention during many hours, and that we returned to it with renewed pleasure at every visit. In fact, we had to remember that there were other objects in Burgos claiming our investigation.

Leaving the cathedral, we turned into the Plaza Major, where stands the *Casa de Ajuntamiento*, where, after many removals, repose the bones of the Cid, and those of Doña Ximena—the "Chimène" of Corneille—his wife. This extensive square is paved with small stones, and has in its centre a by no means prepossessing statue of the Bourbon king, Charles III. It was erected as lately as the end of the last century, and yet it has a quaint, ancient, essentially foreign look, like everything in and about Burgos. The square serves as a fruit market, and as we entered, presented a gay and busy scene, offering some irresistible *études de mœurs*. The fruit most abundant was the grape; and many uncommonly picturesque donkeys,

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laden with large and beautifully shaped baskets of the luscious bunches, were arriving, followed by their masters, who stood or sat grouped around in inimitable attitudes and costumes, the type both of the countenance and the dress varying according to the locality whence they came. There is a low arcade supported by columns surrounding this Plaza, and beneath this, are scantily supplied shops. On a market day they of course display all their finery, but the peasants mostly content themselves with the sight of these wares, and seem seldom to purchase anything. Besides the sellers of chestnuts, pomegranates, figs, grapes, pears, &c., we observed an outer ring of vendors of harder wares, such as old iron locks, tools, horns and grindstones, &c. Stalls of shoes too there were, of untanned leather, like our beach-shoes, and some had a *spécialité* of leather straps used for the purpose of binding the soles or sandals on to the ancles.

We tasted here, for the first time, a very capital conserve, offered for sale in a queer-looking *confeteria*, called *carne de membrillo*, which proved to be neither more nor less than a modification of the *cotignac* for which Orleans is so famous; the pastry did *not* tempt us.

Meat and vegetables, poultry and eggs, as also cheese, for which latter article Burgos has a reputation *in* Spain, are sold in the other Plaza; and there may also be seen the bronze fountain of Flora, which has some celebrity. We saw and tasted some excellent water-melons here; the rind is of a dark green, and the surface glazy, while the flesh is of a delicate tint, deepening gradually from white to rose-colour, with largish black seeds visible here and there; it is of the consistence and coolness of a water ice, and is a great luxury in sultry weather. Among the stalls in both markets, are moveable shops or *dépôts* for the sale of bread; these are known as "*despachos de pan*," for there are no private baking enterprises in Spanish towns. All

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the bread-making is accomplished at the "*horno*," generally a suburban manufactory, and which supplies both consumers and retail dealers.

Having met a considerable succession of mules bearing large panniers heavily filled with loaves, as we were ascending the Calle Alta, we thought we could not do better than track this mystery to its source, and examine the working of this, so to speak, national institution. We pursued our way up a hilly and tortuous street, along which, we continued to meet the mules and their masters descending at intervals, until we found ourselves quite out of the town. Walking on, another half-mile, we arrived at a large covered gateway, leading, by a passage,—on either side of which was a granary and flour warehouse,—into a large, untidy, unpaved square court; in the centre stood a broken-down fountain, surrounded by a large stone basin, and near it were tethered asses and mules; all round was a low, mud-walled, tile-roofed, one-storied building, and within this the bread-making and bread-baking business was carried on. The dough, we ascertained, contained a smaller proportion of leaven than is usually considered necessary, but, in compensation, it is kneaded much more laboriously; the result is that the bread, though very close in texture, is light and delicate, and as pure to the taste as the dazzling white colour is to the eye, while the objectionable acidity which renders the bread of France so unpalatable is entirely done away with. In small loaves it might almost pass for stiff pie-crust or biscuit; but where the loaves are made thick enough, the crumb is soft, and superior to the bread of all other countries. The ovens are built of smooth bricks, and heated from beneath by close charcoal fires; on our requesting these might be opened, we found the *impleados* were cooking their *ollas* within those not being used for bread. The kneading is performed in troughs, and entirely by manipulation; they

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indignantly denied all participation of the feet in this operation.

The preliminary processes of threshing, winnowing and grinding, are as primitive as the manufacture of the article.

The grain is brought by oxen in the strange-looking waggons of the country, and is discharged on a selected spot in the open air, till it becomes a colossal heap; it is then spread out on a smooth rocky surface, often natural; but when this is not obtainable, it is artificially produced by paving. The threshing is performed by means of a massy contrivance, as unlike our idea of a flail as possible. It consists of a flat, heavy block of wood, the surface which is to act upon the corn being made rough with iron points. It is dragged, by means of iron rings fixed in one side, over the grain, by oxen, mules, or horses, according to the different provinces, and by this bruising, the corn is separated from the husk. The whole is left exposed until the chaff has been blown away by the wind. The corn is then carefully picked by women, and the grinding is effected in the old way between two horizontal stones turned by ox-power.

In Portugal the corn to be threshed is spread out in an open place on a rocky surface; sometimes such spots will be found of very great extent: the threshers place themselves in two rows, one on either side the mass of grain. Those on one side hold their flails in the right hand, those opposite employ the left. As they thresh they lighten their labour by singing, and from time immemorial it has been the custom to simulate the burial service, one side singing the versicle, the other the response. All the words are parodied, but the intention is by no means irreverent. The burden of the song, which is sung first by the alternate sides and then all together, is as follows:—"Oh, ye bearers who carry out my husband to burial, beware that you graze not his winding-sheet against the wall, lest ye

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disturb his repose." No one seems able to account for this strange custom.

In the outskirts of the town, as well as within its precincts, are several desecrated monasteries and churches, now appropriated to secular uses. Near the Church of San Gil we came upon an extensive ecclesiastical building, and on approaching it discerned over the wide arched entrance, a board notifying—"*Aqui se compra cuerda y se viende abarca.*" Before the door stood as complete a painter's group as ever delighted an artist. It consisted of a dark-skinned, black-bearded fellow, gracefully dressed in one of those ample cloth mantles a Spaniard alone knows how to cast about him, and of that peculiar cigar-colour to which the peasant class appear to confine themselves. He held by the bridle one of the large sleek black mules, like his own type, indigenous to the country, across whose back was thrown a long double well-balanced sack of charcoal: the man was stooping to address a melancholy-visaged young girl, whose glossy black hair and pensive dark eyes were shaded by the folds of a highly coloured shawl, and who sat on the stone step of the door, beside a large basket of ripe grapes, covered, as the custom is, with a net.

As the door was partly open, we took a survey of the interior, and saw first a paved vestibule, and beyond, a flight of four or five stone steps; on the uppermost step or landing, from either side of which branched two stone staircases, was a larger group of seven or eight persons—men and women, busily occupied in weighing and measuring grain, of which a pile of sacks was already stacked up below. Having come so far, we naturally wished to see the remainder of the building, and, as we found it answer very well in Spain—where it seems to be too much trouble to shut up any doors—to walk on till stopped, we passed these worthies, who simply stared at, but did not venture to op-

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pose our progress, and gained the first floor. There we found ourselves in a long, wide stone corridor, having a row of somewhat dilapidated and uncomfortable-looking cells on either side, perfectly denuded of furniture. One or two of these rooms appeared to have been recently appropriated to the use of persons of a low class and of the simplest habits, and were probably the *habitaciones* of the dealers we had seen below; the next story presented a precisely similar appearance. As it stands on elevated ground, the view from the upper windows is extensive and interesting; there are some celebrated old monasterial buildings in the neighbourhood, the chief of which is the Convent of Miraflores, a Carthusian house about two miles off. Originally destined for the sepulchre of kings, it was designed in florid Gothic style, by Gil de Silve, whose son Diego has left valuable legacies of his genius in the cathedral here: it occupied four or five years in building, and was completed at the close of the fifteenth century. The weather being fine, we found this a very pleasant excursion on foot, and were much struck, on reaching the brow of the hill, with the distant aspect of the pile, the principal feature being the buttressed nave of the chapel.

Within, the most wondrous object was the alabaster monument of Don Juan (Quan, as it is pronounced here) the Second, Isabella, his wife, and that of Don Alfonso the Infante. They are a perfect miracle of design and execution, and the intricacies of the carving literally defy the eye of the artist who would transfer them to paper; they ought to be photographed, for the admiration of all who can appreciate genius and skill in art. The folds of the drapery flow with a breadth of design, and an ease of position, that could only result from the observation of a truthful mind, while the minuteness of the enrichments bespeaks a tasteful and exhaustless fancy.

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The *retablo* bears designs from the New Testament narrative, and is flanked by the figures of the royal personages interred there.

The Visigoths of more recent times have left traces of their barbarous passage through the sacred treasures of art; and when one sees what their savage fury has destroyed, one is astonished at what they have left. This applies most especially to the fine painted glass of the fifteenth century. The stalls are finely carved, and are the work of one Sanchez, who lived at the end of the fifteenth century.

The gardens and burial-ground around this edifice also experienced the roughness of the invading power, and have a desolate, neglected air, rendered yet more mournful by the solemn presence of the surviving cypresses.

The Church and Monastery of San Pedro de Cordena, said to be the burial-place of the Cid, is worth visiting, and we reached it in a short time by pursuing the road down to the valley below. A basso-relievo over the entrance represents the Cid in the heat of some desperate deed of daring, mounted on his favourite charger Babieca, who was also honoured with a special grave near the gateway of the monastery.

This edifice is said to have been the earliest Benedictine convent known in Spain, and was founded by the Infanta Doña Sancha, as early as 525, as an expiatory monument for Theodoric, her son, who was killed in the midst of a hunting-party near a spot where was a fountain known by the name of "Cara Deña," in allusion to the Veronica, and hence the corruption *Cardeña*. Some two to three hundred monks were established here, and dwelt tranquilly for nearly four centuries, when a sweeping massacre of the cowled inmates, by the Moors, took place. However, it was restored about the year 900 to its original use by Alfonso, one of the kings of Leon. Since then, war has

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again visited with its devastations the peaceful abode, and perhaps the most cruel and unpardonable injury inflicted at once upon it and upon the world was the destruction during the Peninsular War, by the French (*Et tu, Brute!*)—of its library, one of the most curious in the world.

The great Cid—the "*Honra de España*," and the admiration of his own and succeeding ages, but whose very existence has been called in question to this day by Lardner, and some other sceptical writers, whom he quotes—fills Burgos with his fame. The house where he dwelt, now marked by a few insignificant stones—the altar, before which his nuptials with Chimène were celebrated; the sepulchre which once held his dust, and the burial-place of his steed, are among the *cosas de Burgos;* for the Burgalese claim the hero especially as their own, and their heroes are not so numerous that they can afford to allow any doubts as to the traditional glories in which they assert an ownership.

The *cenijas* of the Cid have, however, so often been disturbed and tampered with that it would be very difficult to ascertain "quot libras in duce summo, invenies"—in other words, how much of them subsists in the polished walnut urn supposed to be their final resting-place, and now deposited in the *Hôtel de Ville* of Burgos. The day will come, alas! "the day decreed by fate," when the gallant exploits, even of the Cid, will reach their vanishing point in the dim perspective of time, and the authenticity of the localities they have consecrated will have ceased even to be disputed:

. . . "Mors sola fatetur
Quantula sint hominum corpuscula!"

There are three stone bridges at Burgos over the *Arlanzon*, which divides the city into two portions; the smaller

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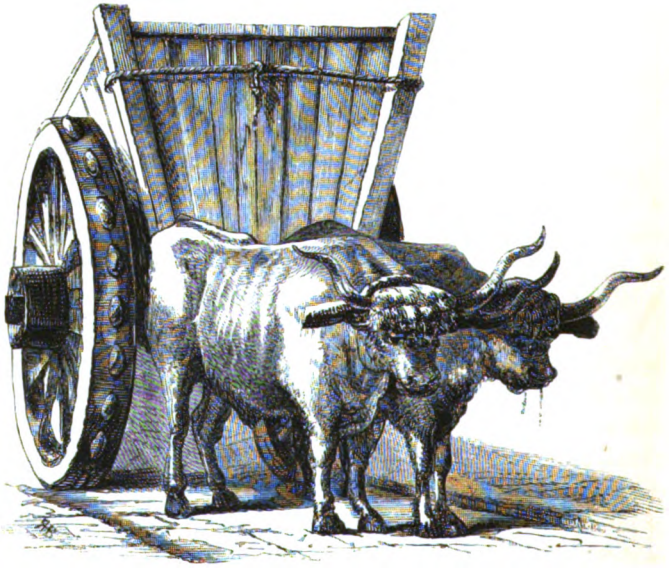
may be considered a suburb, and is known by the name of La Vega; between them they contain about five-and-twenty thousand inhabitants. A second river—El Pico, of minor importance, but branching out into several channels or rivulets called *esquevas*—traverses the city, and contributes considerably to the cleanliness of the streets.



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CHAPTER V.

VALLADOLID.

"Eres lássima del mundo,
Desengaño de grandezas
Cadáver sin alma, frio
Sombra fugitiva y negra."

QUEVEDO.

. . . "And there stood
That same old animal, the vine-dresser,
Who was employed hedging his vineyard there."

SHELLEY.

NOT knowing how we might be detained, or what description of *parador* Valladolid might produce, we thought it prudent to make sure of dining before we lost our footing at Burgos; and very well it was we did so, as. although Valladolid is perhaps the least interesting or attractive town in Spain, we found it not only difficult, but nearly impossible to get a *pied à terre* there. The choice of inns is certainly not very large. As we arrived late in the evening, according to Spanish ideas, and all were closed for the night, it was not easy to make out which *were* inns; however, at the first place at which we applied, the landlord, finding he had no room himself, was civil enough to send one of his *mozos* with us to conduct us to others, and we at last made the tour of *all* the hotels the town has to boast, but ineffectually. The only one where rooms were

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to be had—and there there were plenty—was the *Fonda de Paris;* and it soon appeared why this place was comparatively empty whilst every other was filled. The landlord, and especially two women, either his daughters or chambermaids, were so intolerably saucy and supercilious that we unanimously declared it would be impossible to have any dealings with them, whatever might be the consequences. Instead of replying to *our* inquiries, they began questioning *us* in the most patronizing tone; and finding they got no satisfaction out of that mode of proceeding, they told us they could only make a price by the day, so much per person, and that it was *de rigueur* we should take all meals at the hotel, or pay for them whether we did or not; that a night's lodging was held to be inseparable from a day's feeding, and that if we left at five o'clock on any morning, we should still have to pay for the day's board for the whole party. If, thought we, this be his language in the green tree, what shall it be in the dry! so wishing him a very good night, and, with a refinement of irony, devoutly hoping he might get plenty of customers to fill his empty rooms on these truly equitable terms, we took our leave, and found ourselves once more *sur le pavé.*

Our guide now declared himself at his wits' end, for the Spaniards are not very fertile in expedients; but we were more sanguine, and fancied that somehow or other we should fall on our feet. As we turned from the inhospitable threshold of the *Fonda de Paris*—the only advice we shall give our readers respecting which, would be, "Pray you, avoid it,"—we perceived, glimmering in the distance, a point of light of about the bigness of that in a glow-worm's tail: nearer and nearer it came, and then we saw that it was in very truth a lantern, and that there was a man buckled to it; and finding that featherless biped (unless, indeed, he possessed anywhere about him a white feather) was no other than a perfectly harmless old *sereno*, we

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opened to him our griefs. When he had heard out the list of all the hostelries we had visited, he scratched his head, much as an Englishman does when there is a *hitch* that sets him thinking—and at last ended by pointing out to us a *casa de huespedes*, which, on our pressing the point, he assured us was *muy bueno y limpio*, though only frequented by natives; but, of course, it was only a chance that there would be room even there. We took this opportunity to inquire whether there was any event of unusual interest going on to justify this scarcity of lodgings; but this did not appear to be the case, and he seemed quite used to the circumstance, which he explained by the disproportion of *ventas* to the number of travellers; and yet no one is found enterprising enough to start a respectable hotel,—perhaps because, as he added, no traveller ever thinks of remaining here more than a night.

As a *casa de huespedes* was one of the *cosas de España* we had yet to see, we thought this as good an opportunity as was likely to present itself of acquiring our experience, and accordingly wended our way thither. All was perfectly still, even after our second bang at the *porte cochère* which closed it; but a third appeal elicited a response from within, and a light soon appeared at a window on each floor successively, as the bearer of it descended the stairs, and presently unbarred and opened the door.

"Que quieren Ustedes?" said a drowsy voice, and a night-capped head followed the sound. "Queremos quartos," was our prompt reply; but the old lady shook her pate, and seemed not altogether sorry to be rid of such untimely customers.

"No tengo mas che una habitacion," said she, as she prepared to close the door. The situation was desperate, but we remembered we were in Spain, and that we had undertaken to "rough it," so—"*aux grands maux, les grands remèdes*," we gulped down our objections, and laying our

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fingers on the handle, expressed a wish to inspect the *quarters*. The entrance and staircase, though clean, were not inviting, but our hostess stopped at the *premier*, and we followed her within. Fortunately, we did not find matters quite so bad as we had expected; for although, as the Señora had stated, there *was* only one room, it possessed an alcove shut off with glazed and curtained doors, each department containing two beds. As we thus were enabled to divide our party, the ladies in the bedroom by *themselves*, and the gentlemen in the alcove by *them*selves, we had not even the task of arranging our party according to the witty little farce of "*Un Monsieur et une Dame*," whose adventures *might, mutate nomine*, have been recorded of us, though we doubt if at that particular moment they would have contributed as much to our merriment.

Having inspected the "double-bedded room," we pronounced our resolution to retain it; indeed, between ourselves—for we did not reveal this fact to the *ama*, who would doubtless have made capital out of it,—there was literally no choice between it and *la belle étoile;* so we requested her to bring in sheets, with an extra supply of washing apparatus, in which foreign bedrooms unfrequented by English travellers are usually deficient, and on the whole we had no great reason to repent of our bargain. We rose in the morning very well rested, but were sorry to experience a change in the weather, and to observe the sky disagreeably overcast: there was a bleak wind whistling through the streets, and where streets are narrow, as they mostly are here, the effect is extremely refrigerative and disagreeable.

The *casa de huespedes* was very well as a *gîte*, especially when it was Hobson's choice; but as no such necessity compelled us to eat there, we set forth to play the part of Tantalus in search of a breakfast. After traversing several streets, and visiting the church of *Sta. Maria de las*

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Angustias, chiefly remarkable for the extent of its gilded carvings, and where some ceremony connected with a local fraternity was being carried on, we descried a *café* of showy exterior, but with one most repulsive feature—a particularly unclean floor. Notwithstanding that our appetites had been sharpened by the compulsory abstinence of the previous day, we found it impossible to screw up our resolution to enter, and wandered on in hopes of finding something more practicable. *Cafés*, however, are not so plentiful in Valladolid as in Paris, and of the one or two others we saw, we were obliged to admit, that, bad as was the first, it was by far the best; indeed, we little knew that this was a very imperfect shadow of the realities we were about to encounter on our further progress; and some days later we should have been thankful to meet with the comparative cleanliness of this now repulsive place! The breakfast was, as might have been expected, dear and indifferent; the inferiority of the coffee being, however, redeemed by the excellence of the bread. We had the *sala* all to ourselves, though there were about forty or fifty *guéridons* in the room: at one end was a piano, no doubt used in the evenings when the natives sit smoking over their coffee, for the air of the place was still impregnated with the odour of last night's cigars, indeed, there is no public, or perhaps private room in Spain where this nuisance can be escaped.

Many of the streets and squares of Valladolid are encumbered with scaffoldings, labourers and building materials, as if the recollection of the cruel and irreparable outrages inflicted by the French, under the barbarous and reckless orders of Bonaparte, had suddenly burst upon them, and they thought it time to arise and endeavour to regain in some measure their former position. But, alas! such ruthless demolition is not easily effaced, and it will require a far more abundant fund of energy than is pos-

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sessed by the Spaniard of to-day to recover even in a very small degree the fame and opulence this city had once attained.

As far as mere building goes, the streets that are starting up again are wider, and the houses far better constructed, than those of the more ancient portions of the town; but works of art, and relics of antiquity, and architectural monuments—those silent stones which preach such eloquent sermons,—what earthly power can bring back these? Consigned to premature destruction, they have too closely followed those to whose keeping their memories were confided,—

"Data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulchris."

When we reflect on what civilization has lost by the uncompromising and savage extermination of valuable lore practised in this place, we are tempted to doubt whether historiographers are not mixing the deeds of earlier centuries with those of our own, and we can hardly believe that these barbarities were perpetrated by a people who pique themselves on their refinement.

It is not, however, the fierceness of man alone which has left its traces here, the elements have contributed their share, and the still remembered inundation of the Pisuerga and Esqueva in February, 1636, did an amount of damage which has not yet been repaired. There are two fine promenades on the Pisuerga,—the Plantio de Moreras and the Espolon Nuevo; the Esqueva is crossed by the Puente de las Chirimias.

The Canal de Castilla is a *magnum opus*, and, albeit it has, during its protracted formation, cost the lives of a great number of the prisoners who have worked at it, now traverses the country to the extent of thirteen leagues, and contributes greatly to the wealth and prosperity of the district through which it passes. It is, in fact, the only

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means the inhabitants possess of exchanging or transmitting their merchandise and obtaining stores. In Valladolid its utility has suggested the shops and warehouses which now crowd its banks, and it further answers the purpose of turning various mills for iron-works as well as for grinding corn. There is also a paper manufactory, on the system of Joppell, in every respect equal to that established at Tolosa. Paper is a manufacture on which the Spaniards justly pique themselves; none but linen rags are used in its composition, and the result is very satisfactory; there are other simple manufactures in Valladolid which give employment to a considerable number of hands; among these, we may mention buttons, leather, gloves, hats, pottery and earthenware.

The Plaza, with its fountain, arcaded promenade, Oriental-looking shops without shop-fronts and market-stalls, is altogether Spanish;—so are the people who saunter about them; so are the dogs whose tails are amputated whenever they have the misfortune to be pets; so are the cats which abound all over the Peninsula; so is the fruit,—the fine water-melons and finer figs, the unripe pears and the tasteless peaches; so, above all, is the meat in the butchers' shops; scanty in its supply, ghastly in colour, and stark in form, the carcases remain fixed with their limbs striking out in all directions in the attitude in which they departed this life; as for skewering them into any form which conveys the English idea of a "joint," such a thought never seems to enter, unsuggested, into the head of a foreigner.

Valladolid is supposed, among various more or less probable hypotheses, to derive its name from that of a Moorish squatter called Olid, who, pitching his tent in the valley of the Pisuerga, came to be considered lord and master of the place. It became known, in consequence, as the Valley of Olid or Valle de Olid, whence, after the building of the city, it was corrupted into Valladolid.

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This same valley consists of an extensive plain, and the surroundings of the town are not only open and airy, but laid out with due regard to sanitary considerations.

The Campo Grande is a fine open space, and the various promenades are planted with trees and covered with fine gravel. The granite seats on either side these avenues have the appearance of having been made out of some old ruined building or desecrated church.

No Spanish town is without its foundling hospital. There is one of some size here, besides other charitable institutions, and schools of primary instruction. There is also a fair-sized theatre, called *La Rinconada*, from being situated in one of the most important corner streets, but it was closed. The royal palace is not a very remarkable building, and is seldom visited by the Queen. It was built by Philip III., and the interior is certainly more attractive than would be supposed, judging from the outside. The staircase is a masterpiece of architecture, the design of Berreguete, a local artist, but fellow-student with Michael Angelo, who acquired considerable fame among his countrymen as painter, sculptor and architect. There are also two fine *patios* or courts; the palace underwent repairs and restorations under the father of the present monarch, Ferdinand VII.; it contains a tolerably complete series of busts of the Spanish kings.

Berreguete's house still stands in Valladolid, but it has been converted into a barrack, the Spaniards not caring to sacrifice utility to sentiment. Some of the streets of Valladolid exhibit, in the grandeur of the mansions which compose them, traces of the departed magnificence of this once famous and frequented city. Its university is now its principal attraction. This ancient institution, which has so long continued the seat of learning, was founded more than 500 years ago by Alfonso II., and receives students for the six faculties of theology, canon law, civil

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law, mathematics, natural philosophy and medicine. The capilla or hood belonging to each faculty is distinguished by its colour; thus the first is white, the second green, the third crimson, the fourth blue and white, the fifth sky-blue, and the sixth canary-colour. The building has undergone a modernization, not devised in the best possible taste, or with much regard to the correctness of the adornments.

A chapel is attached to the university, also a gallery, in which we saw some wretched portraits of Spanish monarchs. It is said to be attended by between two and three thousand students.

The college of Sta. Cruz is one of six celebrated colleges in Spain, and is also of old standing; nearly as venerable is its age as that of the university itself. It dates from the close of the fifteenth century, and was founded by Cardinal Don Pedro Gonzales de Mendoza, by whom it was intended likewise to contain a museum and library. The library at the present day boasts of 14,000 volumes, among which are many literary curiosities. One of these is the log-book of Magalhaes, the Portuguese navigator, whose name in a corrupted form has been given to the Straits of Magellan. There are also some interesting archives of India, collected and published by Navarese, the Spanish *savant*.

There are three extensive galleries of pictures in the Museo, but they are classified without the slightest consciousness of art, and the visitor must wade through yards upon yards of canvas to discover for himself any of the gems which are scattered thickly through the collection. Among these, besides some choice works of Velasquez, Zurbaran, and Murillo, are specimens of the Flemish and Italian schools; also those of a Portuguese named Cardenus, and of two native painters, Diego Frutas, and Diego Valentin. There are some celebrated pictures by Rubens, of which the history is not very creditable to the French,

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although it is something to say that they spared them when they destroyed so many other curiosities of genius. These they tore from their frames and carried off as their *bellorum exuviæ;* for a short time they adorned the walls of the Louvre, but were ultimately sent back when France was required to disgorge her spoils.

There is a lengthy series of sacred subjects painted on panel, the higher lights being all thrown up by pieces of inlaid mother-o'-pearl; the effect is far more curious than pleasing. No doubt this freak is a rare one, and we may add it is fortunate the fashion did not take. In this case it is not of much consequence, for although the librarian and *custodes* seemed to consider these hybrid pictures of great value, and worthy of enthusiastic admiration, the design, manipulation, and general execution were so indifferent, that the originality of the idea is their only merit.

The majority of the paintings, no less than the extraordinary wood sculptures, quite worthy of ranking with some of the best specimens of stone and marble chiselling, are the *débris* of various desecrated churches and chapels of religious houses.

Posterity owes a debt of gratitude to the artistic discrimination, manly determination, and public spirit of Don Pedro Gonzales, to whose unsupported efforts—*palmam qui meruit, ferat*—is due the preservation, collection, and classification of these altogether unique productions of genius. We allude particularly to the wood carvings, because they are altogether *sui generis*, and among them are works of extraordinary merit.

Those of a smaller size are executed by Berreguete, whom we have already had occasion to mention, the contemporary and friend of Juan de Juni, in the school of Michael Angelo, while to Juan de Juni and his successor Hernandez are attributed the larger figures. There are among them groups as well as single figures, evidently belonging

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to other groups, and several of these have formerly contributed to a very large composition representing the Crucifixion. All are more or less draped, and the flesh tints and drapery are coloured after the fashion which heralds would term "proper." The attitudes and countenances are wonderfully spirited and expressive, and bespeak a discriminating appreciation of moral situations, while the boldness of design and power of execution are very imposing. The good and the bad thief are portrayed with a masterly effect, while the ruffians, mocking and scoffing at their crucified Victim, have a demoniacal expression, in truthful keeping with the part assigned them in the terrible drama.

There is a touchingly imagined Pietà, a figure of "Our Lady of Dolours," and a masterly figure of St. Teresa, herself a *maîtresse femme*, by Hernandez; one or two St. Antonios, and B. Virgins, by Juni; also a very delicately carved figure of St. Rose of Lima, the drapery of which is beautifully modelled. Another *Pietà* group is worthy of attention, and so in fact are most of these curious mediæval relics. Sculpture seems to have been an art much studied in the province of Leon; Hernandez, indeed, was a native of Gallicia, but he resided during his whole professional life —about a quarter of a century—in Valladolid, where the unpretending house in which he lived, until his death in 1636, is still shown. He was a man of most refined mind and of truly unselfish disposition; as an artist he holds a foremost rank in the annals of his country, and there is a conscientiousness about his productions which at once disposes us to credit the tradition that he never undertook any work without first seeking the blessing of Heaven upon his efforts. He was a simple but enthusiastic worshipper of the beauties of Nature, and saw the Hand that made them, alike in her noblest as in her most obscure results; thus it was that he handled her tenderly and with the loving awe of something like a filial veneration.

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The French soldiers, who were not likely to be touched by the feeling which breathes from the works of the gentle and devoted Gregorio Hernandez, destroyed as many of his beautiful masterpieces as came in their way, and desecrated his tomb.

Juan de Juni, who has also enriched Valladolid with his chisel, was a master of another order; of his history little is known, and he is supposed to have been an Italian. The ardour of his temperament may be traced in the bold and daring strokes with which he has, as it were, wrenched his figures from the block. There is *power* in every one of his lines, and everywhere he has left the traces of a masculine mind, and of a hand made to obey its instincts. There is a precision about his touches, and a consciousness of knowledge in the anatomy of his *torsos* and limbs — whether draped or undraped—which are very imposing. Juan de Juni, like Berreguete, was, and was worthy to be, the co-disciple of the great Michael Angelo.

We found the librarian a polite and tolerably intelligent man; he spoke a little French, and of course thought we belonged to that nation—England never enters into their calculation. The library is very much like all other libraries in its construction; the subjects of the different sections are painted in gilt letters on dark blue shields, enriched with gilt scroll-work, and they seem to be carefully classified. There are two galleries, round which the books are ranged, above that formed by the room itself; in the centre are globes; there is also a small collection of coins and medals.

There are extensive vineyards in the neighbourhood of Valladolid, and we walked out some distance into the country to see what we could of the vintage; in the northern provinces they begin operations early, and the grapes were all gathered. The wind was disagreeably boisterous, and the road being considerably deep in sand,

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the quantity of dust that enveloped us was rather in excess of our requirements. We were *compelled* to "bite" it, for it filled our mouths; and as there was no glory to be got out of the act, we would willingly have dispensed with it. In the midst of our peregrinations we came upon a one-storied cottage or small villa, and supposing it possible we might find wine being manufactured within, we ascended the rising ground on which it stood and approached it; all around were vines, thickly planted, and grown in bushes, unsupported by vine-sticks, for the custom of twining them is confined to particular provinces, and in some vineyards they are "upon *two* sticks."

As we reached the door, which was wide open, we saw stretched upon a stone bench beside it, the figure of a man. He wore the peasant dress, but the material was chiefly white holland; his cap was drawn over his eyes to shade them from the sun, which was sending down a powerful heat, and his hands and feet were deeply stained with the purple dye of the grape. It was otherwise evident what he had been at, for he was sleeping heavily,—so heavily that he was not even roused by the barking of a diminutive cur who came out very fiercely on the occasion; neither did his yapping disturb any one else, for the little dwelling was quite untenanted. As we had come so far to see something of the wine-making, and the opportunity offered some small insight into it—conscious of the rectitude of our intentions, and tranquil as to the profundity of the slumbers of our unconscious host, we walked in. The living and sleeping rooms were on either side of us, and we honourably respected their privacy; but pursuing our way, and literally following our noses, we came to a cellar or stone-floored room, at one end of which was a roughly constructed wooden wine-press. The wine was clearly in process of making, for the floor was coloured with the same stain we had observed on the sleeping man's hands and

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feet; the precious juice had been trodden out, and had been run off into its earthen depositories beneath the floor, and the refuse of the grapes was already thrown out on to a heap which we discerned out of the low dark window on the further side of the house.

As this was all we could make of this "Spanish interior" we beat a retreat, and found the master of the house just waking up, yawning and stretching on his bench. He seemed slightly surprised to see a party of foreigners issuing from his mansion; but as he said nothing, neither did we, and saluting him as we passed, we pursued our way. The country is extremely flat about here, but it is all more or less cultivated, and the roads are wide, and as good as can be expected in a sandy soil. We steered ourselves by the railroad signals; but on getting back as far as the road we found ourselves on the wrong side of a fence, with no apparent opening by which we could get through. Walking a little way along, we came to the *défaut de la cuirasse*, for we found two or three pales loosened by some accident, as if on purpose to afford us a passage. However, we had scarcely begun to avail ourselves of it, when we heard loud voices uttering prohibitory admonitions with unusual vehemence, and found they proceeded from half a dozen labourers on the road, who seemed to be in a state of frightful consternation at what we were about to do. As we looked both ways, however, and discerned nothing in the shape of a train, or even a locomotive, in sight, and moreover as there was no alternative between taking advantage of this opportunity or making a round of about a mile, over a ploughed field, we affected not to suppose the appeal could be addressed to us, and pushed on with perfect unconcern; the shouting continued as we "crossed the line;" but finding us resolute, they at length gave in, and went on with their work, perhaps considering us hopeless lunatics. We soon came to a turnip-field, and after the turnip-field

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to a walled garden, and after the walled garden to a species of farmyard, where we found a draw-well worked by an ox, the water being brought up in earthen jars, or *arcaduces*, clumsily tied, by means of grass or reeds, on to a wheel—called a "*noria*," — and discharging their contents into a narrow wooden conduit, whence it poured into a trough, just as it has for the last half-dozen centuries, when the model was first set up by the Arab predecessors of the present unprogressive generation. "Neither the ox, nor the ass" (who was employing him) appeared to notice us, so we made for the river, which we reached through a steep and rugged road, cut through banks of stone, and encumbered with building materials, for they were engaged in erecting a bridge here: the bridge, however, was very far from being finished, and certainly was not likely ever to be of any use to us, so that we were rather relieved from our perplexity by the sight of a ferry just returning from the other side, with three or four stolid Valladolidians, and a—perhaps not much more stolid—donkey in the midst of them. As soon as this precious cargo had landed we seized on their places, and in a minute or two were carried across the muddy stream. The object of our excursion was the prison, a large and very imposing square granite building, apparently walled in with something like fortifications; but as, curiously enough, the gates were set open, we walked in.

This building was, we learned, formerly a monastery, but has now for some time served as an asylum for criminals, civil as well as military, and children no less than adults, but all male. The women's prison is in the town, and if our informant was correct in his statement, — which we were almost inclined to doubt,—whereas the latter only number 150, the former amount to 1,200!

They are imprisoned for terms varying from two to twenty years,—many for murder. As the governor took

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us for French, and thought we should be gratified to find a Spaniard who could speak our language, even though a convict, he sent for one who, having been placed in durance vile for murdering a man—who however, had first murdered his father—was a prisoner of very respectable standing, and had attained a confidential position as a reward for good conduct. They both accompanied us into every department of the building, and answered all our inquiries with the greatest patience. The rules seem very mild, and it is rarely that any of the prisoners attempt to escape, though the governor told us one of them had succeeded in getting away, lately. We asked if he had been recaptured. "Oh no," was the reply, "we did not pursue him; the chances are we should not have caught him."

The diet is very low, and they *never* taste meat; the governor was thoroughly incredulous when we described to him the diet of a prisoner in England. "Why," observed he, sagely enough, "they must wish to get *into* prison in England if they are petted in that style." We admitted such cases had been heard of. The only luxury they get here, is the white bread of the country, the same as is allowed to paupers, and one pound per day is the allowance. It is very superior to the *pan de municion* of the Spanish soldier. The mess they receive for dinner is a most repulsive-looking compound, and consists of dried peas,—*garbanzos* (the *pois chiches* of France), soaked and stewed in oil. We saw the rations put out ready for distribution; they were spread over the floor of the pantry in copper pans, and we were invited to taste this queer-looking stuff—an experience we courteously waived. The kitchen wherein it is manufactured has the smell of a mousetrap, owing *possibly* to the hot rancid oil which is employed in its manufacture. Not only is the quality of the food indifferent, but it is small in quantity, and is

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never varied; it is distributed lukewarm twice a day: on Sundays they get a quarter of a pound of bacon.

There are several *ateliers*, among which all the prisoners are distributed; the largest is that devoted to the looms, and a great deal of linen cloth is made on the premises: it seemed to be of excellent quality. There are tailors and shoemakers; all work very neatly, and to all appearance industriously, being encouraged by receiving a proportion of their earnings. The blacksmith's shop is apparently the favourite; there is also a great preponderance of carpenters. There is a *contre-maître* to each trade, and the work is sent in by various employers in the town, mostly large dealers, but often also by private individuals; the prisoners, however, get plenty of occupation: one ironmaster has recently become bankrupt, whose house alone, kept fifty hands constantly at work.

The men were very respectful in their manner as we passed through the *ateliers*, and instantly responded to the warden's order of "*Gorros abajo*"—"Hats off"—as we entered.

The dormitories are as uncomfortable as all the other domestic arrangements, and the condition of floors and staircases was unlike that of *any* public institution in England, and a formidable contrast to what we see in our own prisons, where one might, as the saying is, literally "eat off the floors." The prison is not supposed to supply bedsteads or bedding, and prisoners who cannot afford to provide themselves with this accommodation have no choice but to dispense with it, and to lie on these peculiarly unclean floors, which are never washed, and rarely even swept.

There is one department called the "*Barberia*," where the prisoners are shaved once a week gratis, during certain hours on Friday and Saturday. The men are sent up in detachments, and as there is only one Figaro, who does not

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care to be *quà, là, sù* and *giù* at the same moment, like his ubiquitous prototype, the model shaver of Sevilla, the patients must needs await each his turn. They may be seen, therefore, seated in rows on two wooden benches facing each other, on either side the door of the shaving-room, awaiting their turns.

In the infirmary there were five patients; another had died the day before, and was already buried. There is a doctor and a chaplain, but neither appears very efficient.

The chapel is a very plain and most unattractive place; though large, it can only contain a fourth of the prisoners, so that, as there is only one mass a week, the bulk of them, who are obliged to remain in the draughty corridor outside, never hear mass at all. This corridor is their *préau*, or recreation-room, and during the office they amuse themselves by playing at various games.

Notwithstanding the very indifferent way in which moral discipline is practically carried out, there is a show of theoretical morality, and pious aphorisms are painted up on tablets all round the walls for the edification of the prisoners. The kitchen is about the most repulsive department in the establishment, and the porringers of half-cold oil and haricots, standing in rows in a thorough draught on the unclean, uneven stone floor for hours before it is distributed, must make every meal a penance. The portions seemed very insufficient, but, *per contrà*, where the mess is objectionable, the less there is of it the better.

The adjutant and the promoted prisoner, who accompanied us over the building, were exceedingly civil, and the latter could not be persuaded to accept any gratuity for his trouble. Indeed, this is a Spanish peculiarity, which strikes an Englishman very forcibly, that no one seems to understand being feed for services of this nature; and one looks in vain for the expectant hand of the obsequious attendant, surreptitiously curled into a safe receptacle for the half-

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crown or crown one is expected as a matter of course to drop into it.

The offer of such a gratuity sets the "noble blood" of the meanest Spaniard simmering,—we beg his pardon, there are no mean Spaniards, they are all *hidalgos*,—*Dons*, *Risias* or *Tios* at the very least,—if, therefore, they courteously render you a service, as from one gentleman to another, when you stretch out your hand towards theirs, they naturally suppose it is for a shake, which they cordially grant you, doubtless thinking they have added an honour to the service, and are thus doubly your superiors; but when, accepting the shake with a condescending consideration for their ignorance of your greatness, you delicately leave two or three *pesetas* in their palm, so far are they from suspecting the "indignity," that the coins fall to the ground, and all you receive in return is a reproachful look of astonishment accompanying the inquiry as to whether you thought it was "*por el interese*" they had obliged you.

We had to make our way back over the blocks of stone and depths of sand, and to climb down the rock again to the ferry; this time it had on board a goatherd, with his small cattle going into the town to be milked; we managed to trim the boat, and got safely over, and we observed that on neither occasion did the passengers pay anything; but this time Charon did condescend to take a few quartos, and even thanked us for the donation.

As we had no cause for returning to the town, we proceeded to the station where we had deposited our smaller luggage after breakfast, and ordered dinner at the *buffet*. On our arrival, however, we found nothing ready, and not only had to wait a considerable time, but to make a very bad meal when we *had* waited. Every dish was different from what we had ordered. This we were content to waive; but we found afterwards that the substitution had

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been made with intent, and that it was in order to double the charges we had agreed for, *selon la carte.* It is only fair to state that this villanous attempt at extortion was made by a French *entrepreneur*, who owns the gastronomical department of the *estacion.*



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CHAPTER VI.

THE ESCORIAL.

"Alas! man makes that great which makes him little.
I grant you in a church 'tis very well
What speaks of heaven should be by no means brittle,
But strong, and lasting till no tongue can tell
Their names who reared it; but huge houses fit ill—
And huge tombs worse—mankind since Adam fell:
Methinks the story of the tower of Babel
Might teach them this, much better than I'm able."

Don Juan.

"Mors ultimo rerum est."

HORACE.

HAVING explored the objects of interest in this famous old city, we availed ourselves of the night-train onward, in order to make our next halt at Escorial. Railway locomotion is not yet brought to perfection, nor even to accuracy, here, for we were nearly two hours longer on this journey than the time prescribed. However, we reflected within ourselves that similar occurrences *some-*

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times happen on other roads besides those between Valladolid and Escorial, and quite as near London as Madrid. The consequence of this delay was, that we reached our destination just as the morning was breaking, and had no reason to regret the mistake.

What a beautiful—nay, almost inspiring sight it was! We forgot all our fatigue. A fine moonlight had contributed greatly to compensate for the discomforts of the night travelling, and had discovered to us one of the wildest and most untamed tracts of country the Peninsula has to offer; and this was exactly the circumstance under which to make acquaintance with it. For many miles we passed through masses of granite, and between vast undulating plains, scattered with huge blocks of unhewn stone, menacingly poised like logans, others grouped in inexplicable combinations, as if from time immemorial these vast rock-strewn plains had been the young giants' playgrounds.

We passed few habitations of any kind, and those were huts—or, more correctly speaking, wigwams—distant from the road, and halfway up the slope of some far-off mountain,—a mere speck in the desert waste, making its solitude more solitary.

The sun rose, as he rises in these latitudes, almost without the warning crepuscule which to northern nations gradually announces his approach, but shedding a deep rose-coloured glow "o'er hill, and dale, and plain," and tinting the magnificent cordilleras known as the Puerta and the Guadarama.

We rose instinctively to take in the glorious sight; and in the midst of Nature's own wildest sojourn we discerned the walls and pinnacles of a domed and extensive pile of buildings elevated on a well-wooded rise. Gradually it enlarged, then disappeared on our right, and soon greeted us again on our left in its now developed magnificence, for

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it was quite near; and then we knew that our eyes rested on the world-famed, time-honoured, quaintly devised convent-palace known to history and romance as the ESCORIAL, —the residence, the retreat, and almost the fortress, of Spanish monarchs while they lived, and the sepulchral receptacle of their uncrowned ashes when they died.

One is reminded here of the reply of the wily courtier to his royal pupil, who, when reading history, naïvely inquired, "Comment! les rois meurent-ils donc?" "Hélas! *quelquefois*, Monseigneur," reluctantly answered he, with an expressive shrug. Under the tell-tale dome of this right royal sarcophagus we cannot forget that even the potentates of Spain *occasionally* depart this life, for it is beneath its lofty span that their mouldering remains are henceforth destined to repose. Contending dynasties have been compelled to mingle their dust here, nor are the bones of the haughty Castilian sovereigns disturbed by the adventitious clay of the Bourbons.

It is not *much* to be wondered at, that the monarchs who are to have so much of the Escorial after death, should prefer their other palaces while in the flesh. It cannot be very pleasant—especially while they have all the accessories of royalty to attach them to life — to feel they are walking about over the very tomb that is yawning for their mortal coil as soon as they shall have shuffled it off.

When we had fairly landed, had got clear of the station, and could begin to look about us, we found ourselves surrounded by a panorama as wild and as unique as the most imaginative eye could desire to behold; its characteristic was solitude, and its beauty, a thing of itself. Canopied by the deep blue sky, still blended with the transparent, roseate tints of early morning, the extreme distance, caught as it was, here and there, between the gigantic mountains, was of a soft cobalt-grey, marking the outline of the far-stretch-

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ing *sierra*. Nearer in tone and distinctness of form, came the boldly-marked, barren range of the Guadarama, stern as the granite which composes it, and only varied by dark and fathomless ravines. On one side, the thick forests of deep green pines contrasted with the brighter hue of elm, acacia, poplar, and oak; on the other, lay a vast expanse of desert landscape, the dew of morning upon it, with the sleeping hamlet for its foreground. Such were the elements of the picture, and its centre of attraction was the ESCORIAL.

It is not possible to visit a place which has haunted our waking dreams and gilded the speculations of a life without singular emotions of interest and curiosity: in this instance, the incongruities of its destination, the strangeness of its architecture, and the peculiarity of its site, seem to add to the fascination with which the imagination is drawn to it. Placed as it is, in the very centre of a cordillera of colossal mountains, their stern and rugged nature, difficult approach and denuded *entourage*, render the position peculiarly adapted for the purpose originally designed by the royal founder. There is a melancholy grandeur and a desolate sternness in all that surrounds it, which seem to indicate its fitness for the dwelling of an ascetic monarch and its equal appropriateness for a royal tomb. The mind seizes the analogy between Nature in the dignity of her uncultivated simplicity, and kings divested of their brief, extraneous magnificence, and consigned to the ghastly disillusions of the grave.

When the Spanish monarch fixed on the Guadarama for his royal father's burial-place he selected it advisedly; even Spain herself, solemn as she is, could not have afforded a more impressive spot.

The sounds of busy life are hushed, and the merry laugh of youth was never echoed back by those grim old mountains: for this is no place for the habitation of man; the

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very beasts and birds are silent—all nature is subdued; the sterile soil refuses life to vegetation, and the livid hue of the hard granite rock harmonizes with the rest.

When he made it his palace, Philip must have felt himself enclosed in a living grave, and the Court of any other king whom history has made us acquainted with, would have been strangely out of place here. But Philip II. was *not* Louis XV., neither was the Escorial, Versailles; and the two palaces, each in its *spécialité*, reflect as a mirror the different characters of the two monarchs, who may be said respectively to have personified asceticism and sensuality.

The fulfilment of his pious vow was in Philip's mind throughout the progress of his work, and the thank-offering for the victory of St. Quentin, sanctified by the dedication of its sanctuary to St. Lorenzo, maintains in all its details the solemn character of the purpose to which, by his father's behest, it was to be appropriated. Juan Bautista, of Toledo, was appointed its architect, and Juan de Herrera, who survived him, and ultimately finished the work, was associated with him in his labours.

Millions must have been squandered by Philip in the prosecution of this absorbing project; and in order to carry it out to the end with the same rigorous determination, he offered it to the Hieronymites, whose rule was the severest of those of any of the monastic orders in Spain: the conditions would perhaps have been too stringent upon any others, as they required that prayer should be offered up unceasingly day and night in the chapel.

It is a significant fact, bearing strongly on the strange cast of Philip's mind, that the addition of Portugal to his dominions, which was achieved during the period that this mania had possession of him, in no way diverted him from his pre-occupation, and he rather bore it with the philosophical indifference of an ascetic, than triumphed over it with the gratified ambition of a patriotic and victorious

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monarch. It was well poor Philip did not live to see this idol of his life a prey to the blackening flames which in 1671 consumed the greater part of his work, and destroyed the treasures of art he had so laboriously accumulated within it.

We must suppose ourselves, during these reflections, of which all around us was so suggestive, to have crossed a scrubby meadow, and, taking a wide road on our right, to have reached a capital hard, broad path, shaded by an avenue of pollard elms, with granite seats on either side, for it is a steep ascent: on our right the country is open to the mountains, on our left is an extensive forest; we gain the termination of the avenue and pause again, for there are two roads, right and left, and another straight before us. We perceive two picturesquely-ragged rascals on a bank, breakfasting off bread and garlic, who readily tell us the way, and point to the path facing us; it is another ascent, of about the same degree of acclivity as the first, but it winds, it is broader, and is shaded less regularly, and with fine forest trees; it is, in fact, a road, and no longer a path: we reach the insignificant little town, and the noble proportions of the palace on our left appear more colossal still. We are all impatience to visit this caprice of a king, the description of which has so often captivated our fancy; but it is not yet half-past seven, and there can be no chance of gaining access to the interior at this hour. We determine, therefore, to make good use of the intervening time, for we begin to remember that we have travelled all night and taken nothing; so we wander on in search of a *parador*, and at length finding a promising turning to the right, boldly state our requirements to a good-humoured young girl peering at us from an upper chamber, and wondering who and what we can possibly be: she soon puts us in the right way, and we get fairly into this eccentric little town. It is made up of hilly, roughly-paved streets, but

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they are wide, while the houses are low, and the bright-coloured stone of wall and pavement gives to it all a remarkably clean, cheerful appearance. We become aware that we are attracting as much attention as the indolent Castilian ever takes the trouble to bestow on an unusual sight; for few of our countrymen come here. At last we descry, on a small board suspended outside a very humble but neat-looking house, in a street bearing the magniloquent appellation of *Calle del Duque de Alba*, the announcement, "*Café y Fonda de Paris.*" We were not in a humour to be over-fastidious, and decided on putting up here without further search. A motherly old woman with a white frilled cap came to the door, and addressed us in a language which might possibly once have been French, but had evidently long been out of use; however, she assured us she could make excellent coffee, and, moreover, would give us with it, *leche de vacas.* She showed us into the whitewashed parlour, into which the entrance-door opened, and produced a new-looking deal table, but no cloth or napkins. However, when the bread, honey, grapes and pomegranates, eggs and coffee were spread, we were far too hungry not to do ample justice to the fare before us, and quite willing to waive conventionalities.

The weather was brilliant; and after breakfast we set forth to make ourselves acquainted with the little town. The streets have all received very high-sounding names, which raise a smile, when one compares their meaning with the unpretending dwellings; the shops are of the same calibre as those in an English village, where "mugs, mousetraps, and other groceries are sold;" or where, when you ask for writing-paper, you are told with a self-satisfied bow, "I'm quite out of *that*, sir, but I have some very excellent split peas."

There are several curious-looking old churches, but after 9 a.m. these are all closed: there is a miniature fish

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market, vegetable market, and an arcaded street, also of small dimensions, with shops of a very humble character. We also descried a *cuartel*, but on the whole not much to detain the curious, so we now directed our steps to the monumental memorial of St. Lorenzo.

The Convent-Palace of the Escorial, with its domed chapel, is situated as palace never was before, and forms an object of absorbing interest, as the traveller approaches the charmed spot where it is rooted, unchanged through centuries, braving all the inroads of destruction, and looking as firm and immoveable as if it had been planted there yesterday. Time has passed *levi pede* over its massive walls and countless courts, without leaving a trace behind—storms and winds have swept past, and left it scathless—civil war and foreign invasion have alike respected its stones, or *they* have resisted the attacks whether of elemental strife or human fury. The smooth granite blocks which build up its imposing walls show not a scar; the mortar which unites them is as firmly embedded as on the day when Philip II. beheld the completion of his devout work, and pronounced it to be very good.* The grand and gloomy fabric towers over the rocky desert—a monument of solidity—too melancholy to be proud, too dignified to be defiant, but calmly conscious of its iron strength, and impressing beholders with a conviction of its indestructibility;—

* Philip laid the first stone of this his pet palace with his royal hand, in 1563; during twenty years the progress of the work was his hobby, and his recreation, if not his occupation; the *last* stone it received was fitted into its place in 1583. It was then that Philip set himself to collect for it, from within and without his dominions, all the treasures and curiosities of art which his wealth could supply; the palace was to be enriched with pictures, sculptures, and articles of *virtù*, and the chapel with every relic that was obtainable. It was some twelve years before the place was really completed; and Philip, who was now broken down in health and vigour, insisted on being present himself at the inauguration, and invited the papal representative to sanctify his monastic palace by assisting. Very soon after this, in 1598, he died, at the age of seventy, having reigned nearly fifty years.

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. . . "Quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec potuit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas."

It seems to stand with sullen determination there where it was placed, in the very heart of the *sierra* —stone of its stone, and strong of its strength, a giant among giants; for, strange to say, its proportions suffer no diminution from the lofty objects with which it is surrounded. And are they not kindred natures? Beautified, polished, formed, and transformed by the hand of man, it is yet taken from among its huge and rugged brethren, and, renewed in outward aspect, possibly still occupies the very foundation on which it rested when first eliminated from the chaotic mass.

All is solemn stillness: not an insect buzz disturbs the sultry air; while of animal life the sole trace we can discern is the flitting of the lizard, as his silver-grey scales glimmer in and out between the stones, or the skip of the large brown grasshopper rejoicing in the genial glow, and leaping from flag to flag in the vacant courts: as he drops, he closes his grey wings, and reposes in colourless security, undistinguishable from the granite pavement.* Meantime, the noonday sun pours its glare into the quadrangles, and —while the broad transparent cast-shadows sleep on the grass-grown stones—justifies the presence of the thick panelled shutters which close the numerous windows, and maintain the coolness of the cloisters.

The only moving thing which breaks the silence is the sparkling water, splashing as it has so long been wont, into that ancient marble basin in the centre of each court; on it flows, and on it drops, with its continuous steady splash, regardless alike of the lapse of years, the change of dynasties, the fall of empires, or the existence of any world exterior to its precincts!

* The natives call these grasshoppers, we know not why, "*Caballitos del diablo.*"

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The sky was of the purest and most unclouded azure; not a fleck was there to interrupt the vast and blue expanse: the tint was of that intense and mellow quality peculiar to these climes, and which it would be impossible to describe unless by its effect. In England we look *at* a fine clear sky, in Spain we look *into* it.

We had the vast and storied place all to ourselves, and rambled over its intricate, labyrinthine, marble staircases, its mosaic-paved courts, its corridors and cloisters, without let or hindrance, more than once losing ourselves in its mysterious passages. The sixteen inner courts are all precisely similar, the grass grows alike among all the pavements, and the marble fountain, which occupies the centre of each, is an exact repetition of every other. All were alike abandoned and silent; the only sign indicative of human occupation was the odour of culinary preparations, proceeding from some remote corner of the spacious and once busy offices—indicating preparations for a monastic repast. One wing of the palatial retreat is restored to the possession of Religious, and serves as a residence for Seminarists, to whose use and that of the students, are appropriated the grand and noble terraced gardens.

As we wandered hither and thither, at every turn becoming more and more mystified, we thought to recover our way through a massively panelled oak door, which we found to be partially open, at the extremity of a cloister. A powerful scent of a well-baited mousetrap, recalling to us the prison kitchen at Valladolid, issued from the aperture, and still further piqued our curiosity; not apprehending that there was any trap for *us*, we entered, and found ourselves in a vaulted corridor, paved with stone flags; on our left was a door into an inner court, square, and with four precisely similar doors in the four corners. We purposely left open that by which we had entered, and opening one of the others at a venture, got

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into another vaulted stone corridor, across which, and opposite to us, was a third door, half open. Within was a long well-proportioned hall, very much darkened on account of the heat, but light enough to enable us to perceive that it was a *comedor*. The floor was of oak, and down one side of this refectory was a long table, nearly the length of the room, covered with a clean white cloth, and laid for about thirty people. Beside each cover was a decanter of bright crimson wine, most likely Val de Peñas. As this was in all probability the monks' *almuerzo*, we clearly had no business there, and had no sooner discovered the nature of the room than we beat a hasty retreat; but it was no easy matter to retrace our steps, and when we got back into the square hall, where we had taken the precaution of leaving our door open, we found it had by some accident got closed, and that we were completely *désorientés*. We ventured on the one immediately opposite, but this was clearly not ours, for the odour of toasted cheese—in reality caused by the rancid oil usually employed for cookery here—was stronger than ever, and now was borne to our olfactories mingled with that of garlic, salted fish, and other provisions, such as might be expected to issue from a monastic kitchen in Spain; and then we thought we heard voices in the distance, and tracing these voices and these odours, we discovered if we had lost one way we had found another, for we had evidently wandered unwittingly into the domestic regions, and active preparations were making to set on table the meal of which we had already seen and scented the preliminaries. As we were hesitating in which direction we should turn, a lay-brother, carrying in one hand a bread-basket, and in the other a very secular-looking cruet-stand, issued from the pantry: he started on seeing a party of outlandish beings, probably unlike anything that entered into his calculations, but we soon reassured him; and finding that we were quite harmless,

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and not likely to bite, he obligingly consented to show us the kitchens and offices, and then reconducted us to the outer air.

After visiting conscientiously and at leisure, every part of the edifice that was accessible, we discovered a narrow but massive granite *escalier dérobé*, leading through a mysterious stone passage to a small terrace or balcony on the south side of the palace, communicating with the grand, broad-terraced grounds which skirt this imposing façade, where the windows seem absolutely countless: these gardens have a magnificence of their own, and are in wonderful keeping with the severe style of the edifice. Not a flower is to be seen; while the colossal, and yet closely trimmed hedges, enclosing plantations of box trees, fashioned into fantastic forms, generally globular, partake of the aspect of firmness and solidity which pervades everything here. Beyond these is a broad, handsome esplanade, protected by a massive granite balustrade, and hence is obtained a view scarcely to be surpassed in beauty or extent. The elevation is considerable—indeed, the plateau is 3,000 feet above the sea line,—and the extent of range proportionately vast. Immediately below, is a steep ravine, an appropriate basis to such a superstructure. On the right there is a second level of terraced gardens, laid out in the same style; but in the centre is a large oblong white marble bath, filled with the purest water, supplied from the surrounding ranges by the summer thaws, when—

> "The snow upon the lifeless mountains
> Is loosened into living fountains,—
> The solid oceans flow, and sing, and shine."

This reservoir—some five feet deep, is balustraded round, and from the marble terrace which forms its margin the water is gained by a broad flight of marble steps descending into it. Like the smoother of the twin sources of the Scamander,—

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. . . Θέρεϊ προρέει εἰκυῖα χαλαζῃ,
Ἢ χιόνι ψυχρῇ, ἢ ἐξ ὕδατος κρυστάλλῳ
Ἔνθα δ' ἐπ' αὐτάων πλυνοὶ εὐρέες ἐγγὺς ἔασι.

A subterranean stone passage communicates thence with the palace. The fountains in the courts and gardens are numerous, and are said to amount to between sixty and seventy; there are eighty staircases; and, it has been stated, eleven thousand windows; and the edifice covers upwards of half a million square feet of ground.

The next object to which we turned our attention was the chapel, for there is a fixed hour at which the sacristan is disengaged, and that had now arrived. This is the nucleus, and, as it were, the kernel of this splendid shell. There is a magnificent Doric entrance to the *Patio de los Reyes*, the Court of Kings, which precedes the chapel, but this is reserved exclusively for the admission of royalty, whether in a state coach or a state hearse. To make it more regal it is adorned with the effigies of Jewish monarchs, remarkable for being cut out of one block of granite, although each must be nearly 20 feet high. These dimensions include the heads, which, as well as the hands, are of white marble: they have gilt metal crowns on their heads, and are the work of a native sculptor, named Montenegro: in this court there are nearly 300 windows.

The approach to the chapel is surprisingly effective. You enter a dark vaulted passage, and suddenly emerging into a lofty archway, find yourself within the building, the sublime simplicity of which is literally overpowering. The proportions are not only vast, but in perfect harmony, and the effect can scarcely be described; it must be experienced to be appreciated. The architect who conceived this noble edifice must have had a grand imagination, but we doubt whether he himself were not awed by the wonderful success of his work when it was actually realized.

The ground plan is a Greek cross, and each limb covers

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a space of the same dimensions as the Patio de los Reyes, viz., 320 feet long and 230 wide. The height to the top of the cupola is 330 feet. The four massive square columns which form the cross and support the cupola have an altar on each side of them; the spandrils of the cupola are painted in fresco, and are the work of Luca Giordano. There is a predominance of blue in these subjects, and the amount of colour gained here and in the remainder of the roof—the work of Luca Cangiagi—tells very effectively from the unadorned surface of the rest of the interior. The nave and transepts are equal in width, and the large squares of black and white marble with which they are paved are in very good taste, severe and chastened like the rest. The steps leading to the high altar are of red veined marble, and the *retablo* is elaborate in decoration, the panels being filled with pictures; these are not by very first-rate masters, but still the effect is rich. The centre panel represents the martyrdom of St. Lawrence, in very *glowing* colours. The shafts of the columns which separate these pictures are of polished jasper, with gilt capitals and bases. We heard of, but did not see, a "magnificent gilt bronze tabernacle," by Jiacome Trezzo, and were told it was the pride of Spain, as being one of the choicest works of art the country contained. It occupied seven years of the life of the ingenious Milanese artist, but was mercilessly and vexatiously destroyed by the French, who finding, contrary to their expectations, that it was not gold, broke it up and threw it away. There are still many thousand relics left, for the satisfaction of those who may value the fact. There are tribunes, or pewed recesses, for the Royal Family on either side the altar, and above these are effigies of several of the sovereigns of Spain and their queens. That of Philip II. stands here, just above a small cell whither he was, at his own wish, carried to die in sight of the high altar. Over the minor altars, which are very

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numerous, are some good pictures of the Italian and Spanish schools. Of the latter, the best are by Navarete, surnamed *El Mudo*—the Dumb. His draperies are very remarkable, and there is a brilliancy about his pictures which often reminds one of the Venetian school.

The sacristy, as well as its antechamber, are worthy of attention, if only for their ceilings; the latter is richly ornamented in arabesque, while the former, more like a gallery than a room, being upwards of 100 feet long and not 25 feet wide, is painted in compartments by Fabricio and Granelo. This room formerly contained some valuable pictures by Raphael and other Italian painters, hung above the presses which contain the sacred vestments; but these were carried off by the French, together with many other valuables, and all the gold and silver work that could be found.

The famous *Retablo de Sta. Forma*, given to Philip II. by Rudolph II. of Germany, stands here. A handsome altar was erected to bear it, by Charles II., in 1684.

A picture by Claude Cuello hangs before it, and ought to be studied by the connoisseur; it represents the *manifestado*, or annual exhibition of the *Forma*, which takes place on the 29th September and the 28th October, and the miracle which tradition has connected with it. On the return of these anniversaries the picture is let down so as to show the *Forma*.

Thence we were conducted along the cloisters which surround the large courts. The first is 212 feet square, and the walls are coarsely painted with mural daubs, representing various legends, chiefly local. The paint has chipped and peeled considerably, and shows evidences of rougher usage than time alone can have inflicted. The Court of the Evangelists is adorned with statues by Montenegro. The centre is fitted up with a characteristic garden, consisting of formal paths edged with cut box-tree hedges,

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and diversified with basins of water. The *salas de los capitales*, called respectively the *Vicarial* and the *Prioral*, —once famous for the masterpieces of pictorial art they contained—now, alas! present within no object of interest, and can only be restored to their primitive splendour by the powers of imagination. Velasquez, Titian and Raphael, who were worthily represented here, must now be admired there whither the rapacity of the conqueror has translated their works. One or two *chefs-d'œuvre* which have been left here are, however, neglected, and exposed to damp and dust; and the lovers of art ought perhaps to rejoice that the other gems have been transferred into more intelligent keeping. The upper *claustro* is reached by the grand staircase, and a grand staircase it is, from the noble width of its granite steps, and the fine proportions of its walls and painted roof: the frescoes are by Luca Giordano and Pietro Pelegrino, and the evident rapidity with which they are said to have been finished is worthy of the former. There is nothing in the execution to make one doubt the report that all these paintings were completed in seven months; they are about as imperfect as a production turned out in that limited period might be expected to be. The *Camarin*, though still shown, is denuded of its pictures and relics. The Prioral has a view of the terraces and gardens, but is also *minus* a picture—for which it was erewhile famous—of one of the early priors, by Coello, the place of which knows it no more.

In the *coro*, to which this leads, we find more mural decoration by Luca of the hasty pencil, and in a wide and lofty, but rather obscure passage, leading into what we might call the organ gallery, are 220 colossal volumes designated as the *Libros de Coro*, and containing all the church music. These monster books are kept between two massive stone shelves, fitted with *coulisses;* and the bindings—of proportionate thickness—are supplied with

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castors or wheels at either end, by means of which they are rolled into and out of their places. The lectern on which they are placed in the centre of the *coro* is a most wondrous affair; and as for the notes of music and the words, they are traced as by the hand of some giant on the huge and richly illuminated sheets of parchment of which the books consist, and might be read with ease from the other extremity of the choir. These books are 300 years old. The gallery, organ-loft, or choir, occupies a noble space, and faces the high altar.

In the centre is suspended a very curious crystal chandelier of the sixteenth century, a royal gift; it is of enormous size, and very elaborate in design. In a little out-of-the-way nook behind, we were shown a white marble life-size Crucifixion, on a black cross. It is not easy in this confined space to obtain a good view of it, but the handling is delicate, and the anatomy powerful; this work is attributed to Benvenuto Cellini, and bears his name, with the date 1562. Its history says it was given by Cosmo de Medici to Philip II., was landed at Barcelona, and was carried thence to Escorial by four bearers, on foot, each contributing a shoulder to the burden.

Immediately beneath the high altar in the subterranean region is the royal vault, the *pars magna*, and the very *raison d'être* of the whole enormous pile. In accordance with the original intention of Charles V., that a monument and nothing more should be raised to his memory, his son Philip, to whom the behest was committed, had designed and built a plain and unpretentious vault, the simplicity of which gave it an appropriate and suggestive solemnity. At these portals ma-jest-y leaves its externals behind it, and becomes, philosophically as well as philologically, "a jest." When the denuded corpse, or (as the Spaniards, if coarsely, at least truthfully and powerfully, express it on their tombstones) the "*cadaver*" of royalty is undistinguish-

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able from the carcase of a slave, it is a mockery to carry state pomp and ceremony any further—to dispute with corruption what is now fairly its own—to attempt, by the delusions of superficial glitter, to conceal the humiliating realities of the grave.

So thought not Philip III., nor indeed his successor, the fourth of that name, for, between them, they devised and completed the royal burial-place as it now stands,—a compilation of polished marbles and gilded bronze, with a lavish amount of elaborate workmanship bestowed both on it and its approaches; the result is a costlily decorated octagonal chamber, with a fine concave roof, measuring from 35 to 40 feet in diameter. The sides are fitted with horizontal niches, one above the other; four on each of six sides; on the seventh, and opposite the entrance, hangs a crucifix. In each niche is a porphyry sarcophagus with fluted cover, enriched with gilt mouldings, and raised on gilt feet. On the side of each *urna*, and facing the spectator, are inscribed the name, style and title of the royal personage whose remains are consigned to its keeping. Few, alas! are proof against the—

. . . . "Laudis titulique cupido
Hæsuri saxis cinerum custodibus; ad quæ"—

how mortifying for such, the thought!*—

"Discutienda valent, sterilis mala robora ficus."

None but princes who have reigned, or queens who have borne monarchs, are admitted to the distinction of admission within the royal charnel-house. The bodies of kings and of queens *regnant* are on one side the vault, while

* "I should die content," said the Electress of Hanover, mother of George I., on her death-bed, "if I could but know that on my tombstone would be engraved, 'Here lies Sophia, Queen of England.'" Poor woman! had she but survived one week, her harmless ambition would have been gratified!

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those of kings' and queens' *consorts* are on the other. The *urnas* wherein the remains of the present Queen, her mother and her husband, *are* to be one day deposited, stand ready, and seem to gape for their expected prey. It is not surprising that her Majesty should rather incline to shun the Escorial as a place of resort when she requires *délassement* and cheerfulness. Since the year 1700 the Escorial has almost ceased to be the residence of living royalty. The staircase leading to this chamber of death is, as we have intimated, costly both in material and construction; the steps are of polished marble, the walls of jasper, panelled out with gilt mouldings. It is dark, and we were lighted by the aid of waxen tapers; for though there is a chandelier suspended from the ceiling, there does not appear to be even one *veilleuse* kept burning in this sepulchre, doubly impressive in its gloom, from the sudden contrast with the brilliancy of the external light.

The most interesting and suggestive object here, is the porphyry *urna*, uniform externally with the rest, in which reposes the anatomy of the once restless and potent Charles Quint.

We remember once, when visiting the cemetery of Père la Chaise, being obligingly informed by an officious *croque-mort*, "C'est de ce côté-là que reposent les *grands morts!*" What a strange anomaly in the juxtaposition of the two ideas! and how feeble is language, which, after all, afforded him no means of expressing otherwise what he intended to convey! The lugubriously ridiculous term involuntarily recurred to us here, in the presence of this mighty dust: if ever there was a "*grand mort*," surely we were gazing on his ashes now! Unhappily for the "*grands vivans*," the universal leveller recognizes no such distinctions:—

"Omnes eodèm cogimur: omnium
Versatur urna seriùs ocyùs
Sors exitura, et nos in æternum
Exilium impositura cymbæ."

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The remains of Charles were of course the first regal spoil deposited within the vault of the Escorial; but they did not remain long in their solitude, although limited is the number of those privileged to lie there. It is said that when his sarcophagus was opened prior to removal, although he had been buried nearly a century, his "*cadaver*" was perfectly recognizable.

Halfway down the gloomy stairs is a door, giving entrance to a somewhat less exclusive burial-place, described as the *Panteon* or "*Podridero*,"—literally the rotting or festering place—*de los Infantes*. If the Spaniards have not yet acquired the refinements of modern philology, there is at least a certain amount of courage and male energy in this undisguised form of speech. It *is* "calling a spade a spade." In this common catacomb are deposited the bodies of all royal personages who have not come within the category of reigning sovereigns: we would not recommend any one to descend into this "*albergo di squalor*" unless he share the tastes of George Selwyn.

The private apartments, now almost entirely disused, are worthy a visit, if only to assure one's self how little there is to see in them. They consist of a long narrow gallery, chopped up into an interminable suite of diminutive and yet gaunt, inhospitable rooms. The furniture is of the style known as that *de l'Empire*, which is equivalent to adding that it is shabby, faded, and of that stiff type of old-fashionedness which has no redeeming feature; its *charpenterie*, generally white and gold, is both very much chipped and discoloured, and the cushions are hard and bare, covered with tightly strained satin, the original colour of which it would be difficult to determine, frayed into holes at all the angles, and into slits in the middle. The tables have a prim, prudish, *noli me tangere* aspect, and the legs at the corners and sides seem to deprecate any attempt to get a seat under them. The chairs,

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instead of affectionately opening their arms to receive you, like a soft, well-conditioned modern French *fauteuil*, seem to draw in their elbows with a defiant reticence, and cry, "Avaunt!" from every ridge and angle of their ugly outline, as you approach to see where you may take hold of them without hurting yourself.

The floors *may* be of oak, but they may also be, and we suspect they *are*, of brick; however, they are entirely masked by a roughly plaited rush matting. They tell you these are removed, and *alfombras* or carpets take their place, whenever the Royal Family visit the palace; but these visits are brief, few, and scattered. The Queen never remains here more than one night; and a pretty *remue-ménage* it must be when she does come. There is nothing for use here, and all her paraphernalia, domestic as well as ceremonial, accompany her. This niggardly proceeding is inconceivable to an English mind, familiar with the plurality of luxuriously furnished town and country residences of our gentry, and the scale of *à fortiori* liberality on which *our* royal palaces are supplied; but it *is* understood in other countries besides Spain. We remember once, when selecting an *appartement meublé* in Paris, being practically enlightened on the mode in which they manage these things, there. A lady of the party remarking she only saw one carpet in the whole *suite* of rooms, the *concierge* replied, in the simplest and most respectful manner, "C'est bien cela; Madame ne saurait occuper toutes les pièces en même temps; quand Madame est dans son salon, eh bien! voilà son tapis—quand Madame dine, elle emporte son tapis dans la salle à manger—quand Madame se couche, elle étend son tapis dans le cabinet de toilette." The ingenuity of the idea deserves commendation; it *could* only occur to a Frenchman. One curious piece of furniture we saw in the royal nurseries was a low table about two feet square, with a blue satin cushion fitted to the top, on which the

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infantitos and *infantitas* are dressed, in order that their little *Altissimos* may not come into too close contact with plebeian flesh and blood. There are also some diminutive pink satin arm-chairs shown, which are in use by the small scions when they are brought to the Escorial.

The chief, indeed the only, attraction these rooms can boast, are the richly painted ceilings, scarcely less elaborate than those of Italy, and the tapestries on the walls: these are real curiosities of what may be called *early* art, for, although of such fragile materials, they are fresh, bright, and in wonderful preservation, and yet must be between three and four hundred years old. They consist of specimens of French, Flemish and Spanish manufacture, for each of these countries has had its royal tapestry looms. Those of Gobelins are slightly faded; but in other respects the artists and weavers of the several manufactories have successfully vied with each other to produce results worthy of competition: the subjects represented are lively and characteristic, and very varied. There are also some fine specimens of painted china vases, and pedestals of handsome proportions, from the royal manufactory at Seville, said to have rivalled that of Sèvres. Not a bedstead, however, is to be seen in the whole of the palace; these, and the bedding which covers them, are all brought from Madrid with the Court!

In the *Salle des Gardes*,—a long, bare-looking, brick-floored corridor at right angles to the wing appropriated to the Royal Family, are some extremely curious mural paintings; they represent the victory of John II. over the Moors at Higueracla, and were copied, by order of Philip II., by Fabricio and Granelo from cartoons found at Seville in the Alcazar. The other subjects occupying the spaces between the windows are the battle of St. Quentin, which it is natural to find here, and some of the victories in Flanders. This hall is hence called, *Sala de las Batallas*. The room is shown

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in which Ferdinand VII. was born; also the monk-like cells used by Philip II., who passed his most ascetic life within the walls of the building, parts of which he made so magnificent for others, sanctifying his privations by offering their results to the adornment of the temple. The greatest, if not the only pleasure the melancholy monarch ever knew, and his favourite recreation after transacting affairs of state, was that of watching the progress of this mighty structure, and contemplating its completion. Doubtless he meditated, not unfrequently, on the time when the heart that beat with higher aspirations after the glory of another world than the ambitions of this, should be still, and the brain, the hands, the limbs, so actively engaged in preparing his grave, should repose there in the silence and solitude of the desert. The post of observation to which the royal anchorite daily ascended to make the survey of his operations has been named the *Silla del Rey*, and commands a very extensive view, not of the building alone, but of its surroundings. Among these we observed a smaller palace, which, but for this, we should probably never have heard of, as the Spaniards are what may be termed "men of course," and take it for granted either that you know as much about things as they do, or that you do not care to inquire after what you may *not* know; so that the explorer has to find out everything for himself. This smaller building goes by the name of the *Casa del Principe*, and very much resembles the *Casa de Labrador* at Aranjuez, or some of the numerous *Casas de Campo* about Madrid. The sovereigns of Spain appear to have had a strange childish mania for erecting toy-palaces, on which enormous sums must have been expended, for they are finished in a style of costly and reckless magnificence altogether out of character with the exterior, or even with the design,—above all, with the neglect into which they are allowed to fall.

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Such is the *Casa del Principe;* and the only feeling it inspires, is one of regret that so much labour and material should have been thrown away on so ungrateful and utterly useless a concern. The gardens are elaborately laid out; and water being plentiful, the fortuitous circumstance has been taken advantage of to adorn the grounds with tanks and fountains.

The Spaniards are great in the art of road-making,* and they have noble ideas of what a royal road ought to be; the more it is to be deplored that they have found no royal road to general progress and civilization. In this matter, however, and wherever we can, we will give them their due, and we gladly record our testimony to the ingenuity, no less than the industry, with which they have challenged the opposition of Nature, making this grand connecting line between the two palaces a very "giant's causeway."

This road bravely traverses the Guadarama chain, and in the winter is often blocked up with snow: just now it was in perfection, and the wide extent of country it majestically commands from its foreground of granitic rock and pine forest, presents a contemplation of Nature on her loftiest scale.

This masterpiece of highways was made, "regardless

* It may be interesting to our readers to know that the roads in our own country, of which we have long been justly proud, were not remarkable for any of the qualities which now distinguish them till within a somewhat recent period. Roads first became the subject of fixed laws under Queen Mary, these regulations being improved under Elizabeth. Under the former it was first enacted that each parish should maintain its own roads: under the feudal system there was a proviso on the part of the peasantry that the lord of the manor should maintain the roads, and in the sixteenth century this onus was transferred to the parish.—(See "Roderick Random.")

Gibbon tells us that there was at one time a Roman road 4,080 Roman miles long, extending from the wall of Antonine in Scotland, to Rome, and thence to Jerusalem.

In the last century it was as difficult to get roads made in England, as it now is in Wales.

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of cost," and entirely for his own personal convenience, about a century ago, by Ferdinand VI.; the highest point over which it carries the traveller reaches an elevation not far short of 5,500 feet above the level of the sea, so that the difficulties of construction may be calculated.

The palace of S. Ildefonso, more commonly called *La Granja*, because erected on the site of an old grange, which occupied the ground when Philip V. took a fancy to it, stands on an elevation of nearly 4,000 feet, and one of its merits in the eyes of a Spaniard seems to be that it enables the royalty of Spain to dwell on an eminence which looks down upon all the other sovereigns of the earth. It is, however, so surrounded by mountain peaks,—the loftiest of which, the Peñalera range, rears its proud summit to a height of 8,500 feet above the sea line,—that when on the spot, one is only made aware of its elevated position by the coolness of the atmosphere.

This, like many other parts of Spain, reminds us strongly of Switzerland, as far as Nature's handiwork is concerned; but in the operations of man there is a blank, and the whole aspect is changed by the absence of those neat little *châlets*, so picturesque and so poetical, inseparably combined with our recollections of the Alpine land.

The palace is a second Versailles, having been erected with the view of satisfying the homesick aspirations of the first Bourbon monarch, who never succeeded in forgetting his origin and nation, having been accustomed throughout his boyhood, to look to a future he would very much have preferred, but which was destined never to be realized.

The morbid longing which led to the introduction of French customs, and the fostering of French feeling, only tended to denaturalize the Spaniards, to emasculate the national character, and discourage native energy, while it effected little or no progress in civilization, and wrought no

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approximation to the advancing genius of the other European people.

This upstart modern French *château*, in the heart of the wild and severe *sierra*, is an incongruity, not to say an impertinence, setting all harmony and keeping at defiance. It seems to have no business there, and obtrudes itself before the eye, the creation of a vitiated taste, or the result of a perverse determination to testify an alien contempt for the very soil on which it is built, and the atmosphere which surrounds it. In the midst of the untamed majesty of Spanish scenery, the Palace of S. Ildefonso, with its gardens and its fountains, seems to be a *mistake* of the architect, and acquires, from its position, a tawdry, trifling character, which cannot fail to be evoked by the proximity. Here the stiff Dutch horticulture, which has obtained such favour in the pleasure-grounds of French palaces, is brought into violent and invidious juxtaposition with the grandiose lines of Nature's own tracing.

Philip V., however, was either insensible to the discord of such a combination, or the violence of the contrast suited his taste, for the *Granja* became his favourite residence. Once put in hand, the King established his Court within its precincts; there he lived, and there he died, and was buried, refusing to mingle his Bourbon dust with that of his Austrian predecessors, and remaining true to his prejudices even beyond the grave. The fountains—suggested by those of Versailles, and named after their cherished prototypes—are decidedly superior to them in magnitude, elaboration, and especially in the quantity and quality of the water. Whether pouring down in a broad and glassy sheet, or flowing as a transparent veil over deep marble steps, or trickling from a basin, or darting upwards in a sparkling stream, reflecting the rainbow hues of the brilliant sunshine, it betrays its abundant crystal source, so grievously deficient in the French gardens from which the idea

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is borrowed. There its scantiness is illustrative of their own proverb, "*On dirait qu'ils ont pleuré pour l'avoir.*" Five-and-twenty of these successful efforts of horticultural genius are scattered about the extensive pleasure-grounds, and they display their *grandes eaux* as at Versailles, but only on four or five consecrated days during the summer months, when even the indolent Spaniards are moved to become excursionists, and flock from Segovia, Madrid, and the neighbouring villages to witness the spectacle. On these occasions the water is not mechanically pumped up at a laborious expense, disproportionate to the result, as is the scant and muddy liquid at the French palace; the reservoir here, is supplied by the bountiful hand of Nature, and the limpid source which furnishes the grand show at La Granja contributes its quota spontaneously to the entertainment of the beholders.

As there are statues at Versailles, of course La Granja must have them too; accordingly every here and there appears a pedestal, supporting an Apollo and Daphne, a Bacchus or a Ceres. The sculptures here placed, however, have no particular merit, though the *guardabosques* seem to consider that they ought to be admired. The gardens are stiff as their models in design; but, unlike the Escorial, the broad paths are bordered with flower-beds. Into the lower gardens, which are walled, fruit-trees of choice descriptions have been brought, and the barren rock has been ingeniously forced into the service. Its surface has, at an enormous cost, been cut away, and the hiatus filled in and levelled with a stratum of productive soil, renewed from time to time; thus Nature has, in every way, been coaxed or constrained to deviate from her own established course. The mountain panorama which surrounds this strange anomalous creation of a perverted fancy has a peculiar but not an unpleasing effect in summer; in winter, or even late in the autumn, these hard denuded ridges

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are covered with snow, and seem to suggest the presence of wolves, which sometimes intrude somewhat closely upon the precincts of royalty; their dismal howl has been known even to disturb its downy slumbers.

The palace itself consists of a large semi-quadrangular edifice of three sides, the fourth being supplied by a handsome railing. The centre or main building is of great length; it has a Corinthian façade, and is of course the portion occupied by the Queen and King Consort, who resort hither for some months every year; the two wings are respectively appropriated to the suite and general household. The interior is cheerful and unusually light, in this country of darkened windows; it corresponds with the outside, and one might, as regards decorations and tapestries, fancy one's self in a royal *château* of France: the furniture—albeit selected and imported from France by Ferdinand VII.—is shabby, and not in the best possible taste; one regrets to be told that previously to this refurnishing, S. Ildefonso contained not only pictures of some of the most celebrated schools, but specimens of antique statuary, which were at that time removed to the *Corte*—as Madrid is called. Among these curiosities were the marbles of the Swedish Queen Christina, obtained by purchase for the Spanish monarch.* This palace has been the scene of many events of interest and historical importance: though erected at a reckless expenditure, it never seems to have occurred to the Bourbon Philip to count the cost of his undertaking, or to reflect from what source he could draw the sums required for the liabilities it entailed. The consequence was, what might be expected; the royal coffers were bankrupt long before the building and planting had been paid for; the King died, leaving to his successor the

* Amongst the pictures are two Claudes, the original drawings of which are in the Duke of Devonshire's collection. They have been published by Boydel.

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heritage of a futile debt, together with a large stock of unfinished residences, begun by his ancestors, and relinquished by himself, for the sake of this expensive hobby.*

Charles III., who had a great idea of doing something for his country, and handing down his name as a patron and a founder, established here a manufactory of linen, and the famous *fabrica de cristales*, whence glass and china were to be supplied to Spain. Looking-glass was also produced here, but as the sand was to be had from no nearer a place than Segovia, two leagues off, and as the expense of bringing in the raw materials and carrying out the finished articles, and the risk of breakage were considerable, this scheme has never flourished, either in the manufacture of glass or china, as its founder expected, for he intended it to be a second Sèvres. It boasts its *ateliers* for engraving, painting, and gilding, and the Spaniards are proud of its productions, which they consider rival those of any manufactory in Europe. There is a further trade here in glass, crystal, and china ornaments for the person, such as pins, earrings, bracelets, brooches, &c.

The geological formations met with in this neighbourhood are various, and consist of granite, with micaceous feldspar, black *chorlo*, slate, flint, *caneo*, porphyry, and *piedra lidia*.

The handsome church or *Colegiata* is one of the features of the place. It is built in the form of a Latin cross, and has a dome covered within with frescoes by two inferior native artists, named Bayen and Mœlen; the divisions between the painted compartments are white and gold. The *retablo* is supported by red marble pillars, and is composed of jasper, the tabernacles of lapis-lazuli, and the altar is of Neapolitan design, Solimena being its architect.

* The gardens of S. Ildefonso cost between £7,000,000 and £8,000,000, and a great portion of this sum was expended on them by Ferdinand VI.

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There are some specimens of very *rococo* statuary in this chapel. Some remains are still to be seen of the ancient "grange" which gives its name to the royal residence of S. Ildefonso. There is a population scattered round the spot which has dwindled from four to two thousand inhabitants. It of course flourishes or fades according as it receives or misses the sunshine of the royal presence: and since Aranjuez has become the favourite resort of the Royal Family, the other country palaces have to suffer the consequences of this neglect.

As usual, where there is one palace in Spain, there is always a cluster of little palaces round it, and besides visiting the famous oak plantation of Robledo—a part of the royal patrimony—we found we had still much to see.

First there was an old hunting-seat, occupied as a palace by the King while S. Ildefonso was being put together. It is nearly three miles off, and is called Val Savino. Some years ago it was seriously damaged by fire, and remains in a half-ruined, neglected condition, offering very little interest to the visitor. On the right hand of the road, and about six miles from Segovia, is the dairy-farm of the Queen-mother. In former days, when—as now—butter was an accessory rigidly to be avoided in Spain, the produce of her Majesty's cows enjoyed an exceptional reputation, and was sold at an exorbitant price to a few favoured ambassadors.

This retreat was named by its royal foundress the *Quinta*, or farm of *Quita-peseres*—"set aside care,"—*Gallicè*, "*Sans Souci*." We must not omit to mention the palace of *Rio Frio*, on the Eresma, a clear stream, in whose cool waters perhaps the best trout in Spain are to be got. This royal edifice was begun on a scale of great magnificence, but unhappily the treasury of Queen Isabel, widow of Philip V., was not so large as her ideas, and the consequence was

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that she was compelled to stop short *in medias res*, for she could neither finish what she had begun nor pay for what she had finished. The granite and marble employed in the building testify to the splendour of the unfulfilled design.



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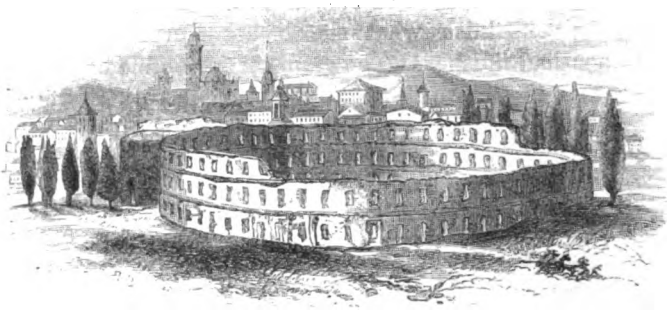

CHAPTER VII.

SEGOVIA.

"I wandered through the wrecks of days departed."
SHELLEY.

SEGOVIA is the next place of interest, whither the road we are now pursuing leads, and a quaint and curious old city it is. From a population of 30,000 it has now dwindled to 10,500, and its past importance is discernible even through its present decay and neglect. The wall, once its protection and defence, is falling to pieces for want of repair. It is of very ancient structure, and gives ingress into the city by its seven gates, and two smaller entrances, or *portillos*. The streets are narrow, intricate, and irregular; the latter may likewise apply to the Plaza, the approaches to which are crooked and inconvenient, but it encloses a fine open space. Segovia is a bleak, draughty old city, but the whole mass, as seen from a distance, is extremely picturesque and idiosyncratic. It has an Alca-

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SEGOVIA.

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zar towering over the rest of its buildings, and as it stands on a rising mound of rocky foundations, the foot of which is bathed by the Eresma, and the noisier river expressively denominated El Clamores, it possesses many points of resemblance with Toledo. There is a great deal of verdant beauty about the valleys of these rivers, which contrast very effectively with the rocky and barren character of the rising ground chosen as the site of this venerable place. The round towers which jut out from its broken walls make an excellent feature in the picture it presents,—the roofs, façades, and balconies of the houses, with an occasional *loggia* in the upper story, supply details which give it an historical as well as an architectural interest. But the pride and glory of Segovia is her fine old Roman aqueduct, the origin of which is beyond the date of any tradition. Various are the paternities ascribed to it, but its date and author are still open to dispute; and as in such cases—especially in a country like Spain—men willingly take refuge in the supernatural, they have had recourse to the "deus intersit" principle, and, reversing the influence, have attributed this wonderful triumph of engineering to the . . . Devil! He must have been a benevolent devil, at all events, for without it, the Segovians, notwithstanding the proximity of their two rivers, would be, so to speak, waterless. The banks are steep, so that, besides being indifferent in quality, the water is difficult of access; it was indeed therefore a boon which enabled the inhabitants to draw this great necessary of life from the peculiarly pure and salubrious source of the Rio Frio, at a distance of about ten miles.

El Caseron, a fine and ancient tower situated at the first turn in the road between S. Ildefonso and Segovia, is the starting-point of the aqueduct. It bends round, forming several angles before it arrives at the city wall.

To the antiquary there can be no doubt as to its Roman

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origin, and it is a work for him to meditate on as he surveys its proportions, and contemplates its solidity and endurance. There it stands, as if by some supernatural agency, a granite structure of "arches on arches,"—for where the nature of the ground requires elevation, the arches rise to a double tier,—and yet consisting merely of one stone, laid, or rather fitted one on another, with so much discrimination and accuracy, that the whole has been maintained in its entirety during the lapse of ages by the architectural intelligence which first devised it. The fury of the Goths left this unique monument intact, but when, in 1070, the Moors ravaged Segovia, they knocked to pieces some forty of these venerable arches. This destruction was repaired, about the end of the fifteenth century, by Isabella the Catholic, who entrusted the care of repairing it to a monk, a native of Asturias, named Escovedo. He literally restored it, for, being happily a man of practical sense and good mechanical knowledge, owing to his early occupation, which was that of a builder, he did not attempt to interfere with the work before him, and contented himself with simply reconstructing the damaged portion. He presented himself to the Queen on the completion of his task, and not only received her Majesty's approval of his performance, but beyond his pay she authorized him to keep the timber he had employed in scaffolding and machinery; she further entrusted him with the construction of the bridge across the Eresma. The Segovians are proud of their bridge, and have blazoned it as a charge on their city shield; some, however, assert that "El Puente" there immortalized is not the bridge, but the aqueduct. There is a head peering over it, supposed to be that of the son of Pompey.

The most elevated portion of the aqueduct reaches the height of a hundred feet, and comprises the three centre arches. It is to be deplored that, of the inscription origi-

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nally carved upon this fine old Roman monument, the vestiges remaining are not such as to enable the keenest examiner to discover any portion of its signification. The fall given to it is one foot in a hundred, so that from Caceta to the last arch of the aqueduct, the declivity is twenty-nine feet, thereby imparting a rapidity of flow to the water, and insuring to it the power of overcoming any accidental obstacle which might impede its course.

We visited the cathedral, a spacious and imposing Gothic pile, reconstructed in the early part of the sixteenth century, after the model of the superb cathedral of Salamanca; the work of the same architects—father and son—Juan and Rodrigo Gil de Ortañon: the nave measures a hundred and twenty feet by forty; the tower is domed, and is said to reach the height of three hundred and twenty-five feet, and there is a tradition of its having been lowered by twenty feet to render it less obnoxious to lightning. One of the most magnificent and striking views the Peninsula affords is commanded from its summit, and well repays the fatigue of the ascent. The "heart of iron beating in the ancient tower"—*prosaicè*, the clock-bell—weighs a hundred and ten *arrobas*, or five thousand five hundred pounds.

The marbles employed in the *marqueterie* pavements and other decorations of this edifice are choice and beautiful. They are brought from Tarifa and Tolosa, and are tastefully and effectively employed in the construction of the high altar and the altar of the apse. This is chiefly the work of Salibatina (who was extensively patronized by Charles III.); it was a more recent addition.

The earlier monuments have been disturbed, but afterwards collected, and packed away without much reverence for the bones whose last resting-place they were constructed to signalize. Rodrigo, the younger architect, who at least seems entitled to a corner in the edifice raised by his own and his father's genius and intelligence, has been ruthlessly

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ejected from his silent nook; among the tombs still extant there are, however, monuments to admire, which become of interest as we read the names which illustrate them. Attention is specially called to that of Covarrubias by the "*Celador de los templos:*" the effigy of this ecclesiastical dignity is powerfully carved on his tomb.

The light which is suffered to illumine this beautiful Gothic edifice is a striking feature in a country where the chief object of the native architecture seems to be to keep every church in a state of, at all events, complete *physical* obscurity.

The cloisters are likewise a masterpiece of Gothic taste. They are said to have been rebuilt in the earlier part of the sixteenth century. We were much struck with a fine altar-piece by the native sculptor Terni, celebrated for the boldness of his designs. This group is a "Pietà" of colossal size, and the expression of the B. Virgin's countenance is very wonderfully rendered.

The Alcazar not only forms a picturesque object in the pile of the grand old city, but invites a minute and attentive survey. We made our way to it by the stream of the *Clamores*, where we came upon a highly picturesque and characteristic scene—a scene in which eyes and ears shared the surprise and entertainment. The *Clamores*, be it known, is the wash-tub of Segovia, and the countless water-witches, who, joyous over their occupation,—

εἵματα χερσὶν ἕλοντο καὶ ἰσφόρεον μίλαν ὕδωρ.

The merry prattle of this bevy of Segovian nymphs, "the Naiads of the stream," has doubtless given its name to the river, whose own babbling is decidedly less noisy. If the sight before us was an *étude de mœurs*, it was no less a study of form and colour, costume and national character. The sun-browned washers, with their *bizarre* garments mirrored in the stream, and surrounded by the heaps of bright-

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coloured linen, formed a lively foreground to the receding banks, the picturesque old bridge and lofty cliff; its gibbet height (the Montfauçon of Logroño), thence called *Beña grejera*, literally the *rendezvous* of carrion crows, embraces the spot where the bones of the unfortunate Tordesillas (suspended with his head downwards) were left to whiten, when, in 1522, he was torn to pieces by the people, who could not wait to consummate their fury till they reached the place of execution. At a nearer point the trickling waters of Fuencisla, and the cypress of the barefooted Carmelites, with its traditional legend,—and beyond, the sunny panorama, of which the proud old Alcazar forms the centre of attraction, leave a pleasing impression of solemn Segovia, by no means inferior in interest to our other reminiscences of the venerable cities of Spain.

As we approached this commanding building, we were struck with the mixture of architecture it exhibits, the long sloping slate roof and dormer windows giving it the aspect of a French *château*,—the turrets which break the line of the keep-wall proclaim it a castle of Castile, while the earlier portion is unmistakably Moorish. The latest innovations were introduced by the Emperor Enrique, who restored it for his own occupation, 1450. This fortress-palace has been the scene of many royal pageants and residences, as well as of events of historical importance.

Our Charles the First, on the occasion of his romantic expedition in the character of "Cœlebs in search of a wife," accepted the hospitality of the Alcaide, and made a halt here. The spot must have been congenial to the frame of his mind, and no doubt his occupation of the old Moorish castle and gardens suited with his chivalrous pursuit of his unknown princess.

In addition to its regal guest-chambers, the Alcazar of Segovia boasts a donjon-keep, wherein many state prisoners

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have been confined. Among other celebrities, the captivity of Gil Blas has not been forgotten, and on the principle of the imaginative sacristan, who used to exhibit among his relics a piece of the ladder Jacob saw in his dream, the *gardiens* of the Alcazar will point out to you with the greatest *sang-froid* "the cell of Santillane."

His quarters were not very luxurious, according to modern English ideas of imprisonment; but we must remember that our gaols offer comforts unknown in *palaces*—to say nothing of castles—in Spain.

The interior of this fortress is rich in Moorish decoration, especially as regards the ceilings, which are in pendent stucco work, gilt and very effective. Of the royal escutcheons emblazoned on the panels in the great hall, the last is that of Philip II., who quarters with his arms those of England on behalf of Queen Mary I., his wife. The Alcazar contains several handsome saloons, of which the *Pieza del Cordon* is the most curious. It is a long, waggon-headed room, and there is a legend attached to it which does not seem very consequent, that the cord of St. Francis, or rather a model of it, was preserved in it to commemorate a storm of lightning which alarmed Alonzo the Wise, while pursuing some scientific researches there. Probably the symbol purported to record some vow extorted by fear from this monarch on the occasion. None of the Spanish kings have been very famous for their bravery. The *Sala de los Reyes* is so called from the statues of kings (rather quaint than beautiful) which are disposed there. The chapel is a fine building, enriched with arabesque work and marbles.

The Alcazar has withstood some fierce attacks, the severest which it successfully resisted having, perhaps, been that of the *Comuneros*, or levellers, of the early part of the sixteenth century, who, presuming on the strength rather than the numbers of their band, resolved to carry out their prin-

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ciples by abolishing all authority, and demolishing everything that represented it. In Segovia, the Alcazar was naturally the first object of this insane fury, and nobly did its proud walls resist their onslaught. Not so the venerable cathedral, on which they now wreaked a double vengeance: this superb old monument, the pride of Segovia and the rival of that of Toledo, succumbed during this mad tumult.

These self-styled "Patriots," whose avowed purpose was to destroy the foreign courtiers and favourites of Charles V., were led on by a tanner of skins named Vallorio, who gained his popularity by pursuing a policy which, whilst it cost him nothing, was disastrous to the people; thus he organized a system of plunder, by means of which his lawless followers could satisfy their rapacity and indulge the spirit of adventure which animated them.

The Mint—*Casa de Moneda*—established by King Alfonso VII., and greatly improved by Philip II., was originally the manufactory whence proceeded all the coin of the country; the Alcazar, communicating with it, served to contain and protect the money when struck. As usual in Spain, the machinery was constructed to be moved by water-power, and the Eresma served the purpose. It is now nearly a century and a half since the gold and silver coining apparatus has been removed to Madrid, where within a very few years a new and very handsome building has been erected for the purpose (of which *in loco*); the copper currency alone is now struck at Segovia, although the Rio Tinto, whence the copper is brought, is at a considerable distance.

A new copper currency has long been a great desideratum, whether on account of the debased condition of the existing coinage, or the inconvenient division of the *real*—the standard of value in Spain. This piece, worth about 2½d. English, contains 8½ *cuartos*, and this unaccountable ar-

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rangement has always been a source of inconvenience and dispute. In a country where commercial transactions are carried on, on so poverty-stricken a scale, and values are made out to such a nicety as this reckoning by farthings implies, the odd half-farthing assumes a proportion of its own, and will not admit of being disregarded. A few months ago a remedy was attempted by the abolition of the old *cuartos*, and the creation of a new piece called a quarter-*real*, thus making the subdivision of the *real* equal; but the coinage is still very confused, and the *ochave*, a worthless little piece, value a quarter of a farthing, and *called* "an eighth," has no reference to any existing coin. The coinage is partly decimal, inasmuch as the *real* is the hundredth part of an *Isabellino* = £1 0s. 7d. of our money, and divided into five *duros*; the *duro* is again divided into five *pesetas*, but the *peseta* is equivalent to four *reals*.

The handsomest coin they have is the *onza*, a gold piece, value sixteen *duros*, but it may be said to be obsolete, as these have ceased to be issued for some time, and none have been coined with the present Queen's effigy.

The Hieronymite monastery, with its fine tower, known as *El Parral*—a building of the fifteenth century, Gallego being the architect—is snugly embosomed, as its name implies, within its vineyards; their luxuriant verdure masks with happy effect the surrounding rocky steps, and renders its site and aspect such as are to be seen only in Spain. The cloister is well proportioned, and the ceiling rich, but that of the library is more elaborate. The refectory is also a handsome hall, but the chapel, of which be it said, the entrance is worthy of the rest, contains some choice relics of art of the period.

The carved work of the choir, the choicest work in which has been bestowed on the walnut-wood stalls, was executed by Bartolomé Fernandez, and was added about a quarter of

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a century after the fabric itself was terminated. The decorations, including the *retablo* of the high altar, are of the same date, and the painted portions are the work of Diego de Urbin*a* (no connection with one Raphaele di Urbin*o*). Padilla and his wife's family, by name Pacheco, have splendid monuments raised to their memory here.

There is also a famous Dominican monastery, that of Sta. Cruz, which we were not able to visit. Within that of S. Juan is the burial-place of Colmenares, the historian, who lived about the middle of the seventeenth century. We observed here a handsome Moorish gateway, in good preservation—the Puerta de Santiago.

The river Eresma, which waters this city, was (in the days in which Segovia was the mart for the finest wools in Spain) supposed to possess a particular virtue for washing and cleansing the fleeces, and the shearing and sorting gave occasion for grand annual festivities. These took place in the late spring—the *verano* of the Spaniards, as distinguished from the *primavera*, or early spring. All the commerce and manufacture connected with this commodity has, however, now fallen into a state of great depression; the raw article has dwindled away in quantity, and inferior qualities find their way hither, so that the cloth produced is no longer made with the same finish as in the palmy days of the now venerable city. As usual in Spain, it is again here to prejudice and ignorance, and that strange Oriental disposition to trust rather to the traditionary wisdom of past generations than to the improving genius of fresh and vigorous intelligence, that the decadence of this once wealthy and prosperous community is mainly attributable. The hand-loom weavers unfortunately pursued with success the short-sighted policy which was attempted in so many other instances, and happily *only* attempted. Here they broke to pieces the machinery with which they were supplied, and refused

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to have anything to do with innovations, preferring to perpetuate all the difficulties and imperfections of the primitive contrivance they had always seen used by "their fathers and *their* fathers before them."



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CHAPTER VIII.

MADRID.

"La venturosa villa sobre fuego,
Que primero que Roma fue fundada,
Pues orno la fundó Principe Griego
De Manto en muger Mantua llamada.
Viseria un tiempo Usario; y Madrid luego
Por la escuela famosa celebrada,
Que madre del saber la llama el Moro*
Baña este arrogo† con arenas de oro."

IT is devoutly to be hoped that a railway may soon unite Segovia and Madrid, for a more detestably-managed *trajet* in all its arrangements, than that the traveller is now compelled to adopt, can scarcely be imagined.

In Spain, the luxury of a hired private carriage, rendering travelling for a party of four much pleasanter, more independent, and sometimes even more economical than a public conveyance, is altogether unobtainable, and there is no alternative but the odious *diligence* or a quadruped. Now as the weather in the north of Spain is quite as uncertain as in our own variable climate, it is obvious that the latter mode is only to be thought of under very favourable circumstances, and we did not feel at all safe in venturing it on this occasion, so we committed ourselves to the tender mercies of the huge

* Lopez Tamariz. † Manzanares.

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and ungainly machine, and were rumbled and tumbled up hill and down hill, and along level ground, till we reached Villalba, from which the distance is one hour by rail to Madrid. The country between it and S. Ildefonso offers one of the most beautiful bits of scenery imaginable. It is diversified with the artless freedom of Nature's enchanting hand, and exhibits a series of pictures which no painter could have limned. Rock and mountain, plain and valley, and sparkling streamlets in abundance, combine to enrich the view with which the tedium of the road is beguiled, at the same time that it forms a most invidious contrast with the flat, uninteresting country more immediately surrounding the metropolis of the Peninsula.*

It was tolerably late in the evening before we reached this same upstart city—the plausible modern usurper of the capitular honours of Spain, and certainly not entitled by any of its natural qualifications to take precedence of its more justly distinguished predecessors in this pre-eminent position.

Centralization is not as yet a "*cosa de España.*" Paris may be France, but Madrid is not the Peninsula: whenever we can predicate the reverse, whenever Spain becomes Madrid, she will cease to be Spain. Such a result, however, is altogether beyond the nature of things—that is, of "things of Spain;" it implies an artificial condition, wholly incompatible with the habit of mind of these children of

* The lamentable destruction of their forests by a former witless generation, and the unwillingness of their equally unwise successors to take measures for restoring them, is attributed by Sir J. Dillon, the English ambassador at the Court of Charles III., when travelling in Spain a century ago, to the usual results of the national character, which appears to have undergone no improvement since. "It is no easy matter," he says, "to conquer prejudices, or to dissuade the Castilians from their erroneous conviction that an increase of trees would only augment the number of birds to eat up their corn and devour their grapes."

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Nature. That matters are tending towards this, is not to be doubted; but, thus far, the other large cities of Spain have maintained their position, and before Madrid can claim such a supremacy as will entitle her to rank as the metropolis, both she and her rivals must undergo proportionate modifications, such as can only be the work of time and the result of events.

Madrid, unlike other capitals, has no bishopric, and lacks, therefore, that almost indispensable object of interest—a cathedral. In fact, to make a *dry* joke, we may assert that there is neither *see* nor river. The insignificant streamlet which can scarcely be said to *water* it, and called by the high-sounding name of the Manzanares, is neither useful nor ornamental. It does not even serve as an excuse for bridges; those which have been constructed for the mere practical purpose of crossing it, are in such wretched taste, and of such poor materials, that they neither embellish the city nor add to its importance. As to the waters, like those of a much more important river, the Loire—which sometimes takes into its capricious head to inundate the surrounding country, but yet at others dries up so as to be traversed on foot even at Tours—the Manzanares occasionally forgets it *is* a river, and when it does *not*, it is little better than a contemptible ditch.

Here we may say, "Rusticus expectat dum *con*-fluat amnis," and truly he may wait long enough for such a consummation. The chief use of the Manzanares corresponds with that of the Clamores at Segovia, being devoted to the laundresses of the capital; and a very curious sight it makes, whether there or here. Their occupation of it may be considered to begin at the Puente de Segovia, and to be carried on with vigour throughout the whole district. In every direction in which the eye turns, it beholds one vast drying-ground, thickly strewn with white patches, interspersed here and there with a bright

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mixture of coloured varieties which serve to break the monotony; acres upon acres of barren land, irresponsive to any other effort at utilization, are covered with this abundant "laundry-produce," while numerous "lines," supported by their staves, bear on their springy length, garments of every hue and every use, blown by the breeze into fantastic and suggestive shapes, and assuming occasionally the most grotesquely menacing attitudes. We agreed to call this *faubourg* the Washington of Madrid.

However, this was not our first view of the city, and if we have forstalled the account, it was in our zeal to vindicate the utility of what the Madrileños—apparently ignoring the contempt with which it is treated by others—*call* their "river;" and having said this, we fear we have laid before our readers all that can be urged in its favour.

A humorous sarcasm on this so-called "river" occurs in Alexandre Dumas's account of a *corrida de toros*, during which, his son having nearly fainted, a glass of water was brought him; after taking a sip of it he returned the remainder to the attendant, saying,—"Portez cela au Manzanarés, cela lui fera plaisir."

Very different thoughts naturally claimed our attention just at this moment, our preoccupation being to gain a *gîte* at the earliest convenient moment, and we had not come unprepared; we had provided ourselves with the names of the principal hotels, and were therefore armed against our sworn foes, the touters, who beset us furiously here. "Of course," drawls out our fashionable friend, who passes his winters on the *Rive droite*, and thinks he knows his Paris like a guide-book—"of course" you would order yourself to be driven to the "Hôtel des Princes," or if that were full, you would try to put up with the "Paris."

"My dear sir, 'of course' we did no such thing; we didn't take a journey to Madrid to see 'how they manage things in *France;*' we wanted to make our *études de mœurs*

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Espagnols among Spaniards; and, moreover, we wanted to be *obliged* to speak their language." And so we had made special preliminary inquiry for a respectable, thoroughly *Spanish* hotel, our sole stipulation being that the one recommended should be as clean as an hotel in Madrid *could* be.

The one pointed out to our notice was the "Fonda de Barcelona," situated in the Calle de la Abada (or Rhinoceros Street), *haciendo la eschina a la calle de Chinchilla*, and in convenient proximity to the central point of Madrid, known to creation by the magniloquent appellation of the Puerta del Sol,—on the principle, presumably, of *lucus a non lucendo;* for we were never able to detect the vestige of a gate, or even any position a gate could have occupied, though tradition places one there at some comparatively remote period in the brief history of the mushroom capital. Some assert that it takes its name from a castillo (a *château en Espagne?*) which stood here in days of yore, and bore on its façade an image of the orb of day.

Towards the Calle de la Abada we accordingly turned our faces, and asked if *cuartos* were obtainable. We were requested to alight; but a less attractive entrance perhaps never presented itself to a weary traveller, ready to be satisfied with anything short of a dungeon or a cavern. The doorway was not a *porte cochère*, it admitted us nevertheless into a wide but dark, and not over-invitingly-scented passage leading into a small court: on the right was a wooden staircase, with dingy balustrade of very unclean aspect; it could scarcely have been scoured within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and apparently had not been even swept for days.

Halfway up the first flight was the "*despacho*," a dark, forbidding little room, the residence of the *amo*, and apparently, like the cobbler's stall, "it served him for parlour, and kitchen, and *h*all;" this led to the *comedor* and

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kitchens. Pursuing our way upwards to the first landing, we found this quaint old house was built round a small court, and each story had its balustraded gallery or *solano* looking into it; at last we arrived at the rooms destined for our occupation, but with an inward protest against such an approach, and a gloomy suspicion that if such were the staircase, the bedrooms *must* be among impossible things. To our surprise, however, we found the rooms very tolerable, and the bedding scrupulously white and clean; the blankets, though of native manufacture, were equal to any Witney article we had ever seen; they were new, cream-coloured, with deep crimson borders, and as *moëlleux* as the most fastidious sleeper could desire; and the beds were concealed within airy, well-ventilated alcoves, divided from the room by glass doors. Altogether they had a very comfortable appearance; . . but those objectionable stairs! it seemed impossible to overcome the repugnance they had excited; and on consideration we decided on betaking ourselves else-whither, late as it was.

We thought possibly a Spanish hotel might really be incompatible with the fastidiousness of English habits; and being open to conviction, we first inspected the "Hôtel des Princes," and then that of "Paris," but altogether failed in discovering the superiority conventionally accorded to them, probably by those who have not taken the trouble to compare them, while the outrageous exorbitance of the charges, the tyrannically-enforced law which compels the travellers who put up there to take all their meals, whether they approve of them or not, within the hotel,—refusing to separate the charges respectively for board and lodging,—and above all, the supercilious impertinence of the "*impresa*," thoroughly disgusted us with this French importation.

We certainly gave this phase of Madrid life the fairest of trials. We visited successively four or five of what are

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pronounced to be the best Spanish hotels, but without in the least mending the matter; on the contrary, not only were the staircases equally repulsive, but the rooms far less attractive: some, indeed, were incomparably worse in every respect; so that, recognizing the subjectivity of all things, and admitting that *parmi les aveugles les borgnes sont rois*, we began to entertain a more favourable opinion of the accommodation offered by the Fonda de Barcelona, and determined to retrace our steps thither.

If we are to credit the curious details supplied in Wood's "History of Bath" (1749), we need not attribute to "foreign" habits the condition of things which went nigh to scare us away from the capital of the Castiles.

We learn from that writer that "the gentlemen who visited the springs slept in rooms hardly as good as the garrets which he lived to see occupied by footmen." (What would Mr. Wood have said to the apartments reserved in 1849 for *our* "gentlemen's gentlemen"?) The floors of sitting-rooms were uncarpeted, and were coloured brown with a wash made of soot and beer to hide the dirt. Not a wainscot was painted; not a hearth or a chimney-piece was of marble. A slab of freestone, and fire-irons worth three or four shillings, were thought sufficient for any fireplace. The best apartments were hung with coarse woollen stuffs, and were furnished with rush-seated chairs."

We might supply our readers with some curious details of the genuine "Spanish interiors" we visited that night. Happily, we returned just in time to secure the complement of rooms we required, for another party had come in, and had already pounced on two of those which had been submitted to our choice.

As soon as we had established ourselves in our quarters, we received a visit from the *amo*, with whom we had previously made our arrangements, and about which he seemed particularly reasonable and liberal, charging us a very fair price

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for our beds and rooms, and leaving us to do just as we pleased about our board. To be compelled to feed at any given place in Spain, where the *cuisine* is such a ticklish affair, would be hard indeed upon an Englishman, be he ever so little fastidious; and we appreciated this delicate forbearance on the part of our *amo*. He now came to inquire in what way he could serve us, and also, we suspected, to show off his French. There are few Spaniards accomplished enough to converse in that language; and his *prose* was so utterly incomprehensible that we begged him to adhere to his native language, informing him, to his great astonishment and apparent satisfaction, we were not of that nation.

"Ah! you are Neapolitans, I see," observed our host, with a knowing wink, evidently very well satisfied with his own shrewd, but to us unaccountable, guess.

"Not exactly."

"Belgians?"

"Vous n'y êtes pas."

"Russians, perhaps?"

"Encore moins."

"Germans then?"

"Well, that is rather nearer the mark; but," pursued we, not caring to announce our *procedencia* to our simple-minded host, lest the fact should tell disadvantageously in our dealings, "what are you going to give us for supper? that is more to the purpose just now."

"That is very true," replied he; "we have not much at this late hour. Cepengdan," he continued, relapsing obliviously into his mangled French, "qué pensez-vous autres d'on pol rôti?"

"Qu'est-ce que cela signifie?—un pol rôti! c'est un plat dont il nous reste à faire connoissance: *voyons* d'abord votre *pol*, nous allons en suite vous en donner des nouvelles."

"Sin dudo, sin dudo," said our *amo*, who was on the whole a very reasonable party; and then, trotting to the

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staircase, he called out, "Gregorio, Gregorio! Trae aqui el pollo frio."

As this order was expressed in tidy Castillano, it explained the mystery at once; and it only remained for us to enjoy the joke, and make the best of the supper, for we had strongly suspected he was going to make us partake of a "poor Poll," or some other pol-luted thing; but they do not do these things even in Spain, where we never saw, much less were expected to eat, even a "*civé de matou;*" and we managed to make a very respectable meal out of our "*pollo asado,*" or roast chicken, *arosé* by some highly creditable sparkling *cerveza,* or bottled beer, at two *reals* a bottle.

It is a curious fact, however, that this was the only chicken we ever could or did manage to eat in Spain. Whether it was intended as a "decoy duck" or not, it is difficult to say; but as often as we tried to repeat the experiment, so often did we fail to obtain anything but a wretched skeleton compressed into a tightly strained parchment skin, only serving to keep the bones together, and with an extremely unctuous surface. The poor bipeds are allowed to "walk" and, no doubt, to "talk" too if they please, half an hour before they are on the spit; and we consider it is really very unreasonable to expect they should even wish to cut up tender after such treatment. All we can say is that we were thoroughly baffled by these feathered fowls.

A kitchen in Spain is a sight to be seen. The fine, blazing, ingeniously-commodious range of our own domestic sanctum is replaced by a brick charcoal stove; and the *batterie de cuisine* consists literally of the *pot au feu,* and nothing more, unless it be a frying-pan and sometimes a copper stew-pan, or "two at the most." In one of these the water for tea or coffee is boiled, immediately after the soup has been poured out of it, so that it acquires

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a very decided flavour of garlic, with a beautifully diversified surface of eyes, as numerous as those on a peacock's tail, and as rich in grease as that is in colour.

Stewing is accomplished in an earthen pipkin, and the process is pursued with such order that the result would be quite comical at any time when one was not hungry. The piece of *vaca* (!) to be operated upon—the very name is suggestive of the tallow and hemp into which it is about to be converted—is kept on the fire till every vestige of juice has evaporated, and a stringy mass is produced which falls into separate greasy threads as the knife and fork are applied to it. We are inclined to recommend "*lomo de cerdo*" (loin of pork), or *chulitas de ternera* (veal chops), as eatable dishes in Spain. Stewed partridges form a favourite mess; indeed, they seem to have no idea there can be any other way of cooking them; and at last one becomes so sick of this species of game, that it is irksome even to see them on the wing. It *is* "*toujours perdrix*" with a vengeance! The Spanish confectioners are great at sweets, and make all sorts of good things with almonds and sugar; their "*turon*" is a capital compound; and at Seville, the varieties of pastry and sweetmeats are perfectly bewildering, and extremely cheap.

Next to the *cuisine*, beds become perhaps the most important consideration to a traveller; and of those provided by our *amo* we cannot speak too highly. They were soft, springy, and beautifully clean, and cradled us most snugly till about seven o'clock next morning—the *early* dawn of Madrid operative life, and equivalent to five in Paris or London.

It has become a conventional practice to deny the cleanliness of the Peninsula, especially in the matter of domestic vermin. We think it only fair to speak of it as we found it; and although it certainly was our lot at Cordova "*malos pati culices*," it was the solitary instance

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in which we ever saw any of these uninteresting entomological specimens.

Victor Hugo's mother, during her husband's diplomatic residence in Madrid, describes the "*swarms*" of these creatures she encountered in the blue satin and amber silk draperies of Prince Masserano's Palacio. All we can say is, we were lodged in a thoroughly Spanish house (certainly sixty years later than the time Madame la Générale alludes to), and never saw the ghost of a "Norfolk Howard."

After all, Spain is not so *arriéré*, and we may blush to read in Pepys's "Diary," at the date of 1668, the following quaint entry:—

"12*th*, *Friday*.—Up, finding our beds good, but *lousy*; which did make us *merrie*"!

To describe the din with which this same day breaks in the Calle de la Abada, with anything like a chance of conveying an idea of its discordance, is a task we renounce. Anything (happily) more peculiar to itself, more complex, or more deafening could hardly be conceived,—the bewildering "*cris de Paris*" are soft music in comparison.

"Ah! quelle cohue!
Ma tête est perdue,
Moulue ou fendue;
Où donc me cacher?
Jamais mon oreille
N'eut frayeur pareille,
Tout Paris s'éveille
Allons nous coucher."

The Calle de la Abada, be it known, is one of the busiest, liveliest, and most characteristic thoroughfares in Madrid; it is also one of the noisiest. It may be regarded as one of the arteries which communicate with, and feed the Mercado del Carmen; and besides this, narrow as it is, an irregular row of stalls planted along the middle of the street attracts a considerable traffic, and part of the business of

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the vendors is to waylay customers and to forestal the market. As these *puestos* stand pretty closely together, and every stallkeeper "hath found a tongue," and every tongue pitches its tone according to the diapason of the organ it interprets, and the humour of its owner, the variety is considerable, and each might be capable of appreciation, if they were not heard all at once. Above this confused Babel, may be distinguished the dominant sounds of the half-dozen nearest. These afford the unfortunate hearer an opportunity of meditating on the unflagging perseverance with which these salesmen will continue hour by hour, and without an instant's cessation, to repeat the same cry; and this not for once, but beginning afresh each day of every week of every month, for years together—nay, for a lifetime!

Progression is an idea which does not as yet appear to have entered into the philosophy of a Spanish market-man or market-woman: men here do not, ordinarily speaking, rise from small origins, or step from lower into higher positions; as they were in the beginning so they continue, and in all probability ever will be: so that they can live from day to day, able to satisfy their very few wants, they take no thought for the morrow, nor trouble themselves with "cares beyond the day:" consequently, these poor creatures who earn their scanty livelihood by the uncomfortable processes of street commerce are, as it were, condemned not only to hear but to contribute to make this unendurable noise to the end of their existences.

It was while lying comfortably stretched in a half-waking reverie, speculating on this strange condition of things, that we were all at once startled by what seemed a sudden commotion in the street, in the midst of which was heard the loud and violent ringing of a most clamorous bell. Visions of the tocsin involuntarily rose before us, and rushing, *in statu quo*, to our quaint old draped

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balcony, from which we might easily have shaken hands with our opposite neighbour, had he been awake, we looked into the narrow but busy and sunny street.

What a sight it was! what continuous movement, and what a *mélange* of sex, age, costume, wares, beasts of burden and types of humanity! The street itself presented in its accidented architecture, that essentially picturesque appearance peculiar to foreign towns, and of which each foreign town offers its own distinctive type, the detail depending on the habits and necessities of position of each country. Here the projecting glazed balconies, with striped draperies of different colours, are a very marked feature; the *égouts* or *gargouailles*, which are made to convey the rain water in frequent and abundant streams from the roof, so as to fall with considerable momentum from that elevated height on to the devoted heads and down the backs of the passers below; the heavy overhanging cornices and handsome balustrades, the deep embrasures of the windows, the awnings and sun-blinds, and other incidents resulting in salient lines and points, which caught the bright sunlight, and cast broad transparent shadows, contributed to render the perspective of the street most picturesquely interesting. Below were the quaint shops, some verging into the modern style, others most un-European in aspect.

Immediately below our window was a table spread with a white cloth, on which were ranged cups of coffee and chocolate, and cans of milk, and round this were congregated many members of the lower class, to whom this simple breakfast no doubt offered great facilities: next to the dame who presided over it, was a lad selling huge fresh green water-melons, and shouting at the top of his voice, and by the hour together, "*A cuatro cuartos, melones,*" this price being equivalent to one penny of our money. He had some at "*seis cuartos*" when you came to buy, and

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even at one and at two *reals*, but he only *called out* the more attractive price: human nature is pretty much the same all the world over.

Farther on were grapes—*such* grapes! large, and fresh, and ripe, and of that beautiful transparent mellow green which is nearly yellow: how beautifully shaped the bunches were, and how like a picture they looked, half buried in vine leaves, in those curiously fashioned baskets covered with nets! how well the purple varieties mingled with them, and with those wonderful greengages, and figs, and apricots! and then came masses upon masses of those dazzlingly rich, glazed, crimson and green *pimientos;* and then what an abundance of colossal chestnuts! and next to these a *puesto* or stall, whereat were suspended *cabritos*, still wearing their furry coats, and looking like very funnily shaped hares: but we must not forget the *tintamarre* which brought us to the balcony. A huge broad-wheeled waggon, drawn by mules, advanced up the street; in front of this was fixed on a pivot, the formidable bell, and by a rope attached to it, its noisy clapper was swung into motion: at the stunning appeal, out came the goodwives of each house, bringing baskets laden with all the refuse they had collected in the matutinal sweepings, and these they flung on the cart; a second carter, whose place was behind, assisted in disposing the dust in the cart, and returning the baskets to the owners. At each stoppage, *i. e.*, at an interval of two or perhaps three houses, the bell was agitated again, and a more unearthly row than that produced by the whole combination can scarcely be imagined: it was essentially a *cosa de España*, and interested us accordingly. By about nine o'clock the street was cleared, but the market itself seemed to go on all day, and every day; and as it was our shortest cut into the Puerta del Sol, we had to push our way through its busy scene much oftener than was pleasant.

It was, however, always a curious sight, and we gradu-

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ally got acquainted with the various kinds of fruit, vegetables, poultry, eggs, game, and fish, sold there, together with their prices, which, with the sole exception of fruit, we found higher than in either London or Paris. Vegetables appear to be extremely scarce, and fish is not easily procured, or in very large quantities: a great deal of it comes from Alicante, and, like all other market-produce in Spain, it makes a perfect picture; the silvery sides of the scaly denizens of the deep, with their undulating outline, lie so gracefully in the oblong osier baskets, embedded in the leaves of the *palmito* or fan-palm, sometimes with a block of crystal ice beside them, while the vendors wear a costume of their own, so entirely piscatory that they look half amphibious, and one would scarcely be surprised to see them unfurl a scaly tail and stand upon it! stout burly fellows they are, and evidently not of Madrid birth or parentage. Besides fresh fish, fish pickled, preserved or salted abounds in the market here; Mediterranean thunnies fresh from Valencia are offered for sale, beside barrels of the same fish boiled and ready for use. A more important mart for fish is that of the Plazuela de San Miguel, between which and the Plazuela de los Mestenes there is considerable rivalry. It appears the *vendidores* of this latter market have claimed a restitution of their rights to trade in fresh fish, which has for some time past been suspended; they allege that *their* market is roomier, better ventilated, and in all respects superior to the Plazuela de San Miguel, and also assert that the population in their neighbourhood has become more numerous.

There is a far more independent tone in the bearing of the market-people of Madrid than in those of Paris, and the thrifty *ménagère* may walk unmolested through the avenues of *puestos*, selecting her provisions, and be altogether spared the coaxing and cajoling which arrests her at every step in the *Marché de Sèvres*, or the *Halles*. We heard no

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form of allocution equivalent to the persuasive addresses of the *dames des Halles*, who almost stun the *mère de famille* with their *câlineries* to patronize them—"Par 'ci, ma p'tite 'biche." "C'est à moi, mon p'tit chou, n'est-ce pas?" "Etrennez moi, donc; je vas vous arranger à plaisir,"—till she really does not know which way to turn, and sometimes has recourse to flight to escape the shrill persecution. Here, the *pregonadores* maintain a more dignified bearing, and sit beneath their awnings, matchless pictures of Spanish feature, attitude, and costume—content to wait till custom comes to *them*. They have no idea of disturbing themselves to run after *it*; if it tarry, they always have one resource, and betake themselves to the employment of combing each others' hair, which as it requires a daily *espulgo*, may as well be got over at one time as another; thus they turn to account these *moments perdus*;—be not shocked, delicate reader, this is a *trait de mœurs*, like many others unknown in our own blest isle, and you must accustom yourself to such if you venture into the Peninsula.

The occupation has an evident interest for those who are pursuing it. No doubt there is excitement in the search, and triumph in the capture; at all events, it is so engrossing, that a customer not only is, but expects to be, kept waiting till it admit of a pause. This was our first stroll, and continuing our course across the Carmen, we arrived at the Calle de Montera, one of the best shop streets—we might call it the Bond Street—of Madrid, and considering the crowds by which it is thronged, it is as inconveniently narrow. Down the Montera, then, we turned, and following its incline, for it descends gradually from the Fuencarral, where it is crossed by the Calle Jacometrezo, we came into the Puerta del Sol. It was a lively scene, and the Madrileños and Madrileñas were already sunning themselves in the bright morning air; the fountain, playing in the elegant oblong stone basin which

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forms the centre of the spot, threw up its waters in a single jet some twenty feet high, and inclining gently in the breeze, drooped like a light feather, while the rainbow tints sparkled in its curl. The Puerta del Sol has all the attributes of a fashionable lounge, and is not ill-proportioned to the extent of the city, though too limited in size to be considered a very magnificent *plaza, per se;* still, it is surrounded, or rather formed, by very handsome modern *façades;* the principal side is occupied by the "*Ministério de la Gobernacion,*" now used as a *cuartel,* but originally the Casa de Correos; the present Post Office being removed to the Caretas, a short distance beyond. Its general construction is very effective; it is, in fact, the *rond point* in which centre all the handsomest streets in the capital: if not profane, *parvis componere magna,* we might call it a magnified and polished version of the Seven Dials. The fine broad Calle de Alcala, the Carera San Geronimo, the Caretas, the Calle Major, the Calle del Arenal, the Carmen, the Preciados, and the Montera, all abut upon it, and bring the "*lions* and *lionnes*" from all quarters to their daily *flâneries* in this Regent Street of Madrid.

As it was now fully breakfast-time, we began to look out for a *café,* and, believing the Spanish houses quite impossible, we cast our eyes on the two or three professedly French, within range of the Puerta: some were smartly decorated, and looked very Parisianesque in their getting up—indeed, from what we saw through the large windows, almost amounting to glazed walls, we were very nearly deceived, but one glance at the floor betrayed the cloven hoof; it was a "*cosa de Madrid!*" for such floors seem peculiar to the capital, and are, happily, unparalleled in other towns, even in Spain. Here, scouring a floor is a process undreamed of; the custom is to sweep, and then water them with an *arrosoir* to lay the dust; but when one

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considers the treatment of floors and staircases of the inhabitants who smoke from morning till night, and spit without intermission, till the aggregate result is almost equivalent in moisture to a shower of rain—would it were so in kind, as well as in degree! — we presume to think a greater rather than a less amount of ablutionary remedy would be desirable. So, however, thinks not the Madrileño, and he is quite content, even in the most elegant *cafés* and the choicest *restaurants* of the metropolis, to exist, to feed, to smoke and to lounge, while his wife, mother, or sister sweeps the train of her *basquina* over an accumulation of daily deposits, forming a series of strata it would be neither interesting nor agreeable to explore.

As it was with the hotels, so it proved with the *cafés*, and we found them, on examination and comparison, so much "six of one and half-a-dozen of the other," that we ended by returning to what we had at first despised, and gave our patronage, by way of trial, to the "*Iris*." It was a long, spacious room, filled with rows of small *guéridons* for parties of two and three, and long tables, likewise of white marble, to accommodate those which were more numerous; the former were moveable, the latter fixed, and were supplied respectively with comfortably-cushioned *tabourets* and broad benches, covered with green Utrecht velvet, and edged with brass nails. Everything looked clean and inviting except the floor, which was absolutely disgusting: we saw we must make up our minds to this, and began to look upon it as one of the horrors of Spanish travel which are generally regarded in England as constituting an absolute *veto* on the attempt to undertake it.

As soon as the winter sets in, curtains and carpets are produced: as for the former, the evil they bring in their train, or rather in their folds, arises from the tobacco-smoke which impregnates them, and sends forth its reeking odour with nauseating effect; with respect to the latter, they

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become a decided nuisance, for the Madrileños are so wedded to their habits that they treat their *alfombras* precisely as they did the bare floors which they now cover, —and the consequences may be imagined. They are enough to "floor" the least fastidious.

We called the *mozo*, and asked if we could have *café-leche con pan;* as for *manteca*, which he offered us, we had long since discarded that condiment from our bill of fare.

The "*café-leche*" seemed to be thoroughly understood as an article of supply; it stood ready on the hot plate of the kitchen within, in two large brass kettles, one containing the coffee and the other the milk: we were served in tumblers, and however hot the liquid may be, these tumblers never crack. It was not *very* much like coffee, and the milk, which was of goats, was not very much like milk; but the bread, as usual, was beyond all praise. The only addition to this simplest of breakfasts, obtainable at a *café* of this description, is *huevos cocidos*, or boiled eggs; the staple supply here, being more in the cellar line, and comprising wines and *liqueurs*, with *horchata*, *leche de almendras*, and other cooling drinks. Milk is a favourite beverage, even among the men, and it is not at all unusual to see gentlemen sipping glasses of milk while smoking a cigar.

There are other descriptions of *cafés*, which partake more of the character of a *restaurant*, and where *cenas* and *almuerzos* are announced. In the suburban quarters, among *restaurants* of a lower class, the numerous houses where notices are put up to the effect that persons can bring their own *comestibles* and have them cooked on the premises, are doubtless a relic of the scarcely yet obsolete system, so long essentially Spanish, under which the wayworn traveller met with no accommodation beyond that of four bare walls and a roof, and was expected to arrive supplied, not only with the appetite ready sharpened, but with all that was

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necessary to satisfy it. What a suggestive *trait de mœurs*, and what a penance travelling must have been under this arrangement!

Chocolate is excellent, but much too substantial for a beverage. It is always accompanied with sponge-cakes, and the indispensable *carafe* of cold water, without which it would scarcely be wholesome. *Café noir* and *café au lait* are very extensively consumed, and it is therefore all the more inexplicable why coffee should be so indifferent in quality: this may proceed partly from ignorance as to the best way of preparing the raw material and of manufacturing the liquid, or it may be the result of the lazy and perfunctory way in which every act of labour is performed here. We shrewdly suspect, however, that the inferiority is due, in a great measure, to the extensive adulteration of the coffee with roasted acorns, of which it is evident enormous quantities are consumed by the bipeds. As for the parties to whose special troughs this article of consumption is consigned in other countries, *they* are fed upon chestnuts, so that if the prodigal son had followed his porcine occupation in this country, he would not have been so badly off in descending to the husks which the swine did eat.

Another defect in the coffee here, is that it is always *over*-roasted and *under*-ground (indeed, when made, "under ground" would be its proper destination in any other part of the world), besides being, according to the most antiquated and now exploded notions, made into a decoction! The result of this aggregation of blunders is a most unpalatable production; but so vitiated is the taste of the native consumers by the incessant use of the weed, that they appear wholly unconscious of its detestable flavour.

Tea sells here at about thirty-six reals, or nine francs, per pound, and upwards. It is to be had at the *cafés*, but it is only asked for by such as wish to pass for having attained advanced ideas.

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Bread is made in great perfection and in considerable variety in Madrid, and there are a great many bakers' shops; but the baking is not carried on by them, their places are mere *Despachos de Pan*, or *dépôts* for bread, which is manufactured at the several *hornos* or *taonas*, of which there are two or three in each district. They know nothing of bread machinery of any kind, and knead all their dough by hand, notwithstanding which it is exquisitely white and delicate. The baking takes place twice daily, *i. e.*, at seven in the morning and three in the afternoon.

There are various shades of bread in the provinces; but in Madrid the fine and white is the staple article, and, like Death, serves indiscriminatingly, *regumque turres et pauperum tabernas.** Besides this there are rolls, and flat cakes made with oil, and an attempted imitation of that disagreeable manufacture used in France: this goes under the name of *Pan Frances*, but is vastly superior to *any* bread made in France, though by no means equal to the real Spanish article, in which—we repeat the admission—Spain excels all other countries.

Our breakfast-hour was evidently not that of the natives, for not a footstep disturbed the tranquillity of our repast, that is to say, not the footstep of a *chaland;* as for other interruptions, they were frequent. First, we were accosted by a party having lottery-tickets to sell on commission, and who took great pains to convince us that if we did but select the right number, we were sure of the prize! Our next assailant was a little ragged beggar-boy, who might very well have walked out of one of those pictures of Murillo which so graphically bring home to us the "reali-

* J. Talbot Dillon, ambassador at the Court of Madrid a century ago, mentions that the bread was "white and excellent," and adds, that "when the barrenness of the surrounding country is considered, the Plaza Mayor" (now no longer a market-place) "is extremely well supplied with all manner of provisions."

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ties" of Spanish life. The little fellow seeing us at table, through the windows, and in his active mind contrasting his situation with our own, came in to claim the reversion of our rolls and sugar. The tone in which a Spanish or Italian beggar asks for alms has something very striking in it; it is not, in the least, that of a person doubtfully craving a favour: he contrives—though using precisely the same words as an English mendicant—to impress you with the idea he doubtless himself entertains, that you are merely the steward of all that you possess beyond himself, and that he is simply reminding you he is in need of an advance for pressing emergencies: sometimes the waiters object to the intrusion of these boys, but generally they wink at it.

Emissaries of the news-offices also frequent the *cafés*, offering for sale, according to the hour of the day, morning and evening editions of the *Iberia*, the *Correspondencia*, the *Epoca*, the *Novedades*, &c., &c., with a little weekly affair called the *Cascabel*. There is an *Illustrado*, of moderate pretensions, but this is not carried about, and as the circulation appears limited, only a small number are printed; no doubt, if the proprietors were more spirited, as with many other undertakings in Spain, it would go on briskly; as it is, there is the greatest difficulty in obtaining a copy: the office is rarely open, and the newsvendors, who are very supine in their way of proceeding, can scarcely be induced to give themselves the trouble of procuring any paper, or periodical with which they are not habitually supplied for their regular subscribers.

Though the number of Spanish newspapers is greatly on the increase, a Spanish paper at best is a tame affair, diminutive in size, and poor in its contents: the advertising system, so largely employed in our country, is comparatively unpractised here. No doubt this very significant symptom of civilization will one day indicate the march of

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intellect and the triumph of progress in Spain; but at present it is a phase of speculation either unknown or not believed in, besides being inconsistent with the *nonchalant* habits and limited wants of the population. One or two stray individuals now and then announce their wares, and the fourth side is generally filled—after the "*Diario de Madrid*"— with "*Anunzios*," the foremost of which are the long announcements of deaths, occupying often a quarter of a column each, headed with a black cross, and surrounded by a broad black border, and sometimes crossing two columns, as follows, showing that economy of space is not studied:—

✠

EL ILMO. SEÑOR

D. BARTOLOMÉ OBRADOR Y OBRADOR, doctor en medicina y cirujía, consejero real de agricultura, industria y comercio, catedrático de término, jubilado, de la universidad Central, director jubilado del cuerpo de sanidad militar, ex-diputado á Córtes, caballero comendador de la real y distinguida Orden americana de Isabel la Catolica, condecorado con varias cruces de distincion por acciones de guerra y de mérito por epidemias, etc., etc.,

falleció el 23 febrero de 1865 á las 4 de la madrugada.

El Excmo. señor ministro de Fomento, jefe; el Excmo. señor rector y claustro de catedráticos de la universidad Central; la Ilma. Sra. D.ª Antonia Carrió y Ramon de Obrador, viuda; los hermanos, sobrinos y testamentarios de dicho señor, ruegan á los amigos que por olvido involuntario no hayan recibido esquela de invitacion, se sirvan encomendarle á Dios y asistir al funeral que por el eterno descanso de su alma deberá tener lugar en la iglesia parroquial de San Luis el dia 2 del corriente á las siete de la noche, en lo que recibirán especial favor.

El duelo se despide en la iglesia.

Births and marriages are not habitually made known in

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this way, neither have our Spanish neighbours arrived at that pitch of refinement which calls attention to delicate questions of etiquette regarding the transmission of cards, &c., or hints that, So-and-so being dead, "friends at a distance will be *pleased* (?) to receive the intimation."

Occasionally a short paragraph is inserted giving notice of some matrimonial union in the upper circles of society, and indulging in encomiums on the real or imaginary charms of the bride, and even expatiating on the costumes of the assistants. The following will give an idea of the style of these *comptes rendus*, not very unlike our paragraphs headed "Marriage in High Life:"—

"Antes de ayer, el Excmo. señor Nuncio de Su Santidad casó y veló en e oratorio particular de su palacio, á la amable, linda y simpática señorita doña María del Pilar de Melgar y Quintano, hija de la Excma. señora marquesa de Canales, con el apreciable y distinguido caballero del hábito de Calatrava D. Francisco de Pliego Valdés y Castañeda, hijo del excelentísimo señor marqués de Villarreal del Tajo. La ceremonia, á la que asistieron únicamente ambas familias á consecuencia del luto en que se encuentran por una pérdida irreparable esperimentada no hace mucho tiempo en la del novio, terminó con una sentida plática que S. E. dirigió á los nuevos esposos, que se oyó con el mayor agrado y complacencia. Ya al marcharse los concurrentes se les sirvió un elegante chocolate, que fué una prueba mas de la finura y delicadeza que tanto distinguen al respetable y dignísimo representante de la Santa Sede."

In a Spanish newspaper, none of the paragraphs are headed, which gives it a very unsatisfactory and undefined appearance; this, however, is in keeping with the roughness of the paper and the unfinished nature of the type.

It is not unusual to meet with accounts of private entertainments, giving very much such particulars as are found in the columns of our fashionable periodicals.

The drawings of lotteries are events of the greatest interest in Spain, and as the results are looked for with the most feverish excitement, it is by no means unusual to see a whole sheet of the daily papers occupied with columns of figures headed "Sorteo de la Lotería y Lista de los Numeros

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Premiados." Land, houses, horses and other objects of value and importance, offered for sale, are advertised, but generally very concisely. The localities and qualifications of hotels, schools, academies, &c., are notified; occasionally shops and their wares are puffed, but not exaggeratedly; also things lost, and for the recovery of which a "correspondiente gratificacion" (the amount of which is never stated) is offered. In one corner of the paper, particulars are given of bull-fights, and of theatrical and other entertainments.

Most of the papers contain a *feuilleton*, generally a translation from some light French novelette of the day, and for the most part very trashy, so that the space left for actual news and information is very much reduced. But the Matritenses themselves, and therefore still less the rest of the nation, are by no means a reading or even a *news*-reading people. They are not of a mould to be excited by political discussions, as are their cis-Pyrenæan neighbours. Still, the liberty of the press, though not quite so tightly restricted as in France, is to a certain extent under *surveillance;* and, whether from this or other causes, their leading articles are, for the most part, insignificant. Local and foreign chit-chat, accidents and offences, constitute the staple of the contents of a Spanish newspaper, of which even police cases and law reports form an insignificant item.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE STREETS OF MADRID.

"When from high spouts the dashing torrents fall,
Ever be watchful to maintain the wall.

* * * * * * *

At night are watchmen, who, with friendly light,
Will teach thy reeling steps to tread aright;
For sixpence will support thy helpless arm,
And home conduct thee safe from nightly harm."

GAY'S "TRIVIA."

BREAKFAST despatched, on emerging again into the fashionable *quartier*, we found the streets tolerably full, for the morning was still cool, though sunny, and

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the natives seemed on the alert to take advantage of the circumstance. Their essentially Oriental type of face and figure, and perhaps, more especially still, the local costume, imparted a most picturesque and attractive aspect to the scene before us. There is a *certo non so che*, very provocative of admiration, in a Spanish woman's gait,—

Vera incessu patuit dea:—

black is the prevailing hue in her dress, and, relieved by a little bit of brilliant colour, it is bewitchingly effective. The long, broad, and graceful folds of her *basquina*, generally black, are yet occasionally of a rich blue, pink, green or yellow, when the brilliancy of the colour is discreetly tempered by a skilful arrangement of stripes of black velvet, or trimmings of handsome black lace. The *mantilla* is always black, and so,—unless on special occasions, is the veil,—that "jet black veil that mocks her coal-black eye." These idiosyncratic garments are part and parcel of the supple form that wears them, and though they might be *put on* by any one, they can be *worn* by none but a Spaniard. The delicate texture of the lace, and the graceful folds into which it can be draped, are thoroughly appreciated by the Spanish damsel, who knows exactly when to tone down the flashes of her eye by its intermediation, and when to discover the brilliancy of her rich and transparent complexion, by gathering the elaborate retification as a frame *around* her face, instead of spreading it as a tantalizing curtain *before* it.

The fan—that dangerous weapon in a Spanish woman's hand,—though held in the most easy and apparently natural manner, becomes a very snare: there is a coy archness—you cannot say where or why—in the petulant curve of the delicate wrist that wields it, in the angle at which it is held, and in the proportion of the countenance that it conceals or reveals; and there is a purpose in the act, alto-

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gether independent of the ostensible one of screening from the scarcely more searching rays of the meridian sun those soft, velvety eyes to whose mute eloquence the fan is such an invaluable coadjutor.

With her veil and her fan, and a natural damask rose behind her ear, mingled in the rich coil of her silky tresses, a Spanish woman is armed with irresistible weapons—

'Αντ' ἀσπίδων ἀπασίων,
'Αντ' ἐγχέων ἁπάντων.

If armed for Cupid's warfare, she is not less proof against the attacks of Phœbus, who "woos in vain to spoil that cheek;" and, despising the protecting shelter deemed indispensable in less ardent climes, she trusts to her skilful use of the *abanico* to supply all the intervention she needs.

A Spanish woman imparts a portion of her own personality to the fan she holds, and she betrays her character in the way in which she handles it. It is as expressive of herself as her autograph, and she can make herself recognized by her fan across the Pra'o, or from the farthest corner of a ball-room, while at the same time, if she choose to ignore a troublesome acquaintance, she has but to screen herself behind the magic and flexible semicircle. And then what a pretty detail it forms in her piquant costume! What artist is there who does not appreciate the Protean facility with which it seems pleased to let itself be opened or closed, or archly half shut, or turned upwards or downwards, or foreshortened, or used suggestively as a mask to half-concealed beauty, or ingeniously made to cover any little defect in a face where beauty lurks, but would be overlooked without this little stratagem! It is strange, when the fan is an article of such primary importance, and possesses so many capabilities unknown or unvalued in other lands, that its manufacture should not form an item among

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the commercial speculations of the country. The great majority of the fans used in Spain,—even those on which are depicted Spanish subjects, are the results of French taste and French industry. Some few, it is true, are made at Malaga and Barcelona, apparently the two most industrious places in the Peninsula in the production of fancy articles, but they are roughly finished, and cost very dear; the best and most reasonable in price come from France.

It is some time before the eye gets used to the appearance of women comparatively bareheaded in the streets, but as the style is natural to these women, and is certainly not accompanied by any bare*faced*ness, there can be no real or valid objection to the custom; and when, by degrees, habit has made us familiar with it, the bewitching substitute—the veil—gains wonderfully on the taste, and the most elegant Parisian bonnet looks frumpish and overladen when seen beside it. The glossy plaits, which the Spanish women know how to coil with such *agaçant* tortuosity, are twisted into rich masses, the hair being brushed off the face so as to show to the greatest advantage the chiselled outline of the forehead and features, the long, dark, silken lashes, and the blue veins of the temples, eminently suggestive of the singular transparency of their dark, smooth skin, and the "*sangre azul*" which flows beneath it.

While the women charm you with the graces of their national characteristics, doubly fascinating from their harmony with the national costume, the men affect the Parisian style, and attire themselves in garments conformable with those of more conventional nations; but they always retain the circular cloak, which forms a very important article in the *répertoire* of a *petit-maître*.

Like the fan of the women, the cloak or *capa* of the men has a science of its own, and there is a great deal of meaning in the way of wearing it. It is essential it should

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be either perfectly circular, or a circle and a quarter in circumference, when laid down on the ground, the collar being curled round and forming the centre. It is of fine glossy cloth, the beauty of the material being proportioned to the taste, means and position of the wearer. It should be lined with quilted silk, but faced with silk velvet of the richest quality and brightest colours obtainable. This "facing" is called the *vuelta*, and the art of wearing the garment to the greatest advantage consists, above all, of displaying this feature to the uttermost. When worn held up and open in front, it is said to be *torciado;* when thrown over the shoulder so as to envelope the whole figure, and leave only the eyes exposed, or rather to allow them a peep between the folds of the *capa* and the brim of the *sombrero*, it is styled *embuzado*, and thus *la jeune Espagne* "Tanta est quærendi cura decoris," struts along in dignified self-consciousness, with a gait which challenges admiration and braves criticism. The *capa* has its uses besides those of a mere integument; and independently of the meaning given to the different ways in which it is worn, it has been known to serve purposes of gallantry, and to give evidence of that chivalrous spirit which erewhile animated the breasts of the Spanish youth. Sir Walter Raleigh's famous "hit," which has embellished the pages of history, and handed down his name to posterity with that *prestige* which won him his sudden high position and subsequent celebrity, may have been by no means the result of an original impulse; it was long a Spanish custom, and exists to this day among the students of Salamanca, who, at the celebration of one of their festivals, are in the habit of spreading their cloaks—no matter how tattered—on the ground, in the hope that they may serve as carpets for the pretty little feet of their *concitoyennes*.

The expression "*capa y. Espada*," usually applied to a *pièce de théâtre* which is superior to a farce, but not worthy

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to be called a comedy, and also employed to designate excellence in other matters, originates in the graceful dress worn at Court, and distinguished as the *Capa y Espada* costume.

In another hour, a shake of the kaleidoscope had wrought a change in the streets of Madrid. What had become of that throng of *flâneurs* and *flâneuses?* The streets were comparatively deserted; but the tropical heat of the day soon suggested a reason—it was the hour claimed by Nature for the necessary repose of the "*siesta.*" Life is, comparatively speaking, suspended during this interval, and the temperature is such that the shelter of a roof becomes a positive luxury; business, strange as the notion may seem to an Englishman, stands still; even the shopkeeper—but the shopkeeper of Spain is a type—ceases to sell, and the weary are at rest. The languid Madrileño fatigued with doing nothing, stretches his limbs much after the fashion of an idle lapdog, or a petted cat, and reposes in entire security, well aware that no business can be transacted during the consecrated period. Buyer and seller, master and servant, ox and ass, everything indeed that hath breath, is paying his devotions to Morpheus, and "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," proclaims his sway undisputed.

To ourselves, the heat did not appear so oppressive as to the natives, and we found the hour of the *siesta* one very favourable to the exploration of the streets, inconveniently crowded at other times.

There are in Madrid four markets; these and the streets leading to them are busy, noisy places, but are well supplied with fruit, vegetables, and fish; poultry, game, rabbits, frogs, hens' and turkeys' eggs, besides which bread and a cheap kind of pastry, are included in the list. Some kinds of fruit at this season, *e.g.*, oranges and lemons, are exceedingly dear. The finest grapes one could wish to see may

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be had at six *cuartos;* peaches, pears, and figs at ten *cuartos* per lb., while as much as two *reals,* or sixteen *cuartos,* are asked for an orange or a lemon. The finest melons are to be had at ten *cuartos* the pound; they are also sold at two *cuartos* the *rabanada,* or slice; and it is amusing to see the relish with which they are devoured by the *gamins* of this thirsty capital, as they plunge their white incisors into the luscious and mellow wedge with an expression of intense physical enjoyment, eminently illustrative of the Italian saying, that therein "*si beve, si mangia e si lava il viso.*"

The streets of Madrid are noisier than those of any other capital we know of; they are for the most part narrow, intricate and crowded, and there is apparently no restriction on the "*cris de Madrid:*"—

> . . "Linguæ centum sunt, oraque centum
> Ferrea vox;"—

they succeed each other all day, and accompany the process of dealing for a variety of articles which are sold in a much less obtrusive way in other cities. Thus, for example, let us imagine a quaintly costumed fellow carrying a crook-like stick, and driving before him a flock of turkeys down Regent Street, occasionally calling out at the top of his voice, "*Pavo-o-o-os.*" The idea seems utterly incompatible with all our preconceived notions, yet this is a daily sight in all the streets of Madrid. The expression of the birds is most ridiculous as they strut along; for the most part a black herd, with their crimson crests erect, apparently entertaining a very self-sufficient idea of their own importance.

The would-be purchasers come out of their doors at their approach, and naturally select the finest bird, feeling him scrutinizingly through his feathers, to ascertain the probable amount of flesh they conceal. After passing this examin-

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ation—unlike other candidates for approval—it is only if satisfactory, that *he* is plucked.

Other poultry hawked about for sale are treated differently. They are not trusted to their own discretion, but, being first tied together by the legs, are carried head downwards, protesting against what they no doubt justly consider this *foul* proceeding, with all the power of their wings and beaks.

As you are recovering from one stunning cry, another deafens your sense of hearing. The pot and kettle mender is pursuing you with his nasal "*Com-po-ne-er tiana-jas pla-a-a-tas, y-y-y fu-u-en-tes*"—mercilessly drawling out the syllables, and rendering the annoyance as prolonged as possible. The newspaper hawkers are extremely clamorous; and scarcely less noisy are the retailers of cooling drinks, of *agua fria* and of *fosferos* or *lumbre* (for lighting cigars), *i.e.*, fire *and* water, and of *aguardiente* or "fire-water," while fellows selling *castañas calentitas*, grapes, and other comestibles peculiar to the locality, jostle against you at every step. The vendors of lottery tickets, who are always blind people, but whose physical obfuscation can scarcely equal the moral darkness of their patrons—the blind leading the blind,—contribute their share to the general obstacularity of street progression, and moreover disturb you with their ceaseless cry, "*Hay billetes á ochenta reales—diez reales*," &c., as the case may be.

We should not, however, be so severe upon Madrid, if we were to cast a retrospective glance on our own blest isle at a comparatively recent period: in Smith's "History of Westminster" we shall find some startling particulars relative to the state of our, now, grand "city of gardens, walls and wealth amazing," at the close of the seventeenth century, which it would be difficult to match even in Madrid.

"If," says this writer, "the most fashionable parts of the

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capital could be placed before us, such as they then were, we should be disgusted by their squalid appearance, and poisoned by their noisome atmosphere: in Covent Garden a filthy and noisy market was held close to the dwellings of the great. Fruit-women screamed, carters fought, cabbage-stalks and rotten apples accumulated in heaps at the thresholds of the Countess of Berkshire and of the Bishop of Durham."

Another writer, of about the same date (1678), tells us, "The centre of Lincoln's Inn Fields was an open space where the rabble congregated every evening, within a few yards of Cardigan House and Winchester House, to hear mountebanks harangue, to see bears dance, and to set dogs at oxen. Rubbish was shot in every part of the area. Horses were exercised there. . . . At length palisades were set up, and a pleasant garden laid out."

From Malcolm's "History of London," we learn that during the first quarter of the eighteenth century "St. James's Square was a receptacle for all the offal, the cinders, the dead cats and dead dogs, of Westminster. At one time a cudgel player kept the ring there. At another an impudent squatter settled himself on the spot, and built a shed for rubbish under the windows of the gilded saloons in which the first magnates of the realm—Norfolks" (not Norfolk Howards), "Ormonds, Kents and Pembrokes—gave banquets and balls. It was not till these nuisances had lasted through a whole generation, and till much had been written about them, that the inhabitants applied to Parliament for permission to put up rails and to plant trees."

We found in hot, dry weather in Madrid, the dust most objectionably abundant, and only laid by a very partial and imperfect system of irrigation, peculiar to the spot; it is applied in the wider streets and more important *quartiers* alone, and the feat is accomplished by means of a machine

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resembling a garden-engine, from which the water is directed by a hose across the street. When one patch is sufficiently wetted, the stream plays over another portion: the water-plugs being placed in the pavement at convenient distances for the purpose.

A water-company which would undertake to bestow a universal irrigation over this most particularly dusty town, would be an unspeakable blessing. As it is, the quantity of dust—not gold dust—one collects in a day is most inconceivable: a walk in the Plaza de la Constitution is absolutely choking, and the Prado is almost as disagreeable. There is a high service supply in the houses, but the water-rate ought to be moderate, as the quantity used is extremely minute.

As much as a hundred years ago, we are told, the "town was well supplied with water, and there were conduits in the principal streets:" at that time they were paved, some with cut flint, and others with pebbles found in the neighbourhood, but this was protested against by foot-passengers, who objected to their sharpness, and also found the foot pavement very inconvenient, on account of its narrowness.

When the weather is wet, the streets are as uncomfortable as streets can possibly be. Except in the more modern quarters of the town, the inevitable proximity of the vehicles to the foot passengers renders the splashing a matter of necessity, while the strange and uncivilized mode of disposing of the rain-water from the roofs provides a continual shower-bath of the dirtiest water. We were glad to see that the Madrileños are at last beginning to appreciate the advantages of rain-water pipes, and in some parts of the city the antiquated "*canelones*" have already disappeared. Where they do exist, the effect is "telling" in the extreme. There is often a great deal of rain, especially during the aptly-named "*lluvioso Octubre*," in this same Madrid, and it generally falls in violent

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showers, which are rendered still more formidable from the loud patter of the multiplied torrents pouring from every roof on to the pavement, unless intercepted by the umbrella of the unlucky passenger; the volume of water they contain, falls with considerable impetus, and therefore penetrates the stoutest silk, while the splash, repeated as it is at every fourth or fifth step, keeps the patient continually under water.

In the narrower streets these waterspouts cross each other, so that the only chance of safety is to walk with the utmost *uprightness* in the middle of the road, and to be content to escape with the splashings. As may be supposed, under the watery sky of what is recognized as "the rainy season," the gutters soon widen into rivers—far more worthy of the name than the Manzanares. In their headlong passage they have suggested to the street boys a "*petite industrie*," which, if better carried out, would become highly acceptable; on occasions of urgent necessity they set themselves to improvise bridges by means of planks across these torrents, and were it not that they are generally much too slight, the bepuzzled foot-passenger would do well to avail himself of these temporary contrivances; as it is, however, the intervention is worse than useless, since the chances are that the frail board becomes a *pons asinorum:* it first cracks and then snaps in the middle, and the passenger has no redress, when repenting his misplaced confidence, he finds himself plunged in the discoloured stream, the laughing-stock of the *mozos de cordel* and any other idle fellows who may be standing about. These rascals, who are of the hireling and mercenary class, will not even help the fallen to rise, unless on the promise of a fee for the service.

From a book called "Lettres sur les Anglais," dated about the year 1606, we gather that the state of London streets in those days was not very dissimilar to that of Madrid streets in 1866. "The pavement," says the writer,

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"was detestable; all foreigners cried out shame upon it. The drainage was so bad that in rainy weather the gutters soon became torrents. Several facetious poets have commemorated the fury with which these black rivulets roared down Snow Hill and Ludgate Hill, bearing to Fleet Ditch a vast tribute of animal and vegetable filth from the stalls of butchers and greengrocers. This flood was profusely thrown to right and left by coaches and carts. To keep as far from the carriage road as possible became therefore the aim of every pedestrian. The mild and timid gave the wall; the bold and athletic took it. If two roisterers met, they cocked their hats in each other's faces, and pushed each other about, till the weaker was shoved towards the kennel. If he was a mere bully, he sneaked off, muttering that he should find a time: if he was pugnacious, the encounter probably ended in a duel behind Montagu House."

To return to Madrid. As regards cleansing the streets, the scavengers make a lazy day's work of clearing and carting away rubbish and "dust," succeeding the matutinal dustman, whose services seem to count for nothing, seeing that there is no established hour, as in Paris, after which it becomes illegal to obstruct the roads with heaps of refuse.

Some of this work is still accomplished, as is usual in Oriental nations, by lower-class members of the canine species—for the most part idle dogs, *désœuvrés* in their habits, and who have little to do but to devour the offal, and grin about the city. These "*perros*" are of a larger size than the ordinary type of London street-cur, but they trot about with the same *air capable*, as if they were carrying on some private business of their own, and knew perfectly well what they were about.

Their lives are sometimes protracted to a venerable old age, and they frequent their wonted purlieus to the last.

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There is no drain upon the canine community in Madrid, to supply the youthful "Knockemoffs and Sawyers" with live subjects for the experiments of the dissecting-room. Happily for the dogs of Madrid, University College does not send its myrmidons so far, and therefore the worthy quadrupeds live out their lives, unmolested by those modern bravos of our London streets who for a few paltry shillings —nay, pence—will treacherously kidnap any member of the canine race that will serve their employers' purpose. There are cases in which, it is true, their intervention becomes an act of mercy; one day, walking through the Plaza Santa Anna, we saw a decrepit old poodle, in all probability a *ci-devant* pet, creeping miserably about, and seeking an out-of-the-way corner where he might lay him down to die. There was no one at hand to shorten the last wretched hours of his existence, or to shake up his dying pillow if he had had one; and his rigid and tottering limbs hardly supported the now light weight of his shrunken frame. He was frightfully emaciated, and there was no butcher's shop at hand where we could even try the effect of a meal; we saw it would be useless to offer him money, and he seemed beyond any consolation words could supply; we felt we could not help the sad case, and, however reluctantly, we were compelled to abandon him to his fate, moralizing as we went.* Alas! why do we desire long life! we will not believe, until experience enlightens us,—

> "Quàm continuis, et quantis, longa senectus,
> Plena malis!"

In some parts of Spain an official is maintained in the churches, called "*perrero*," whose business it is to keep

* An ingenious Spanish statistician has taken the trouble to calculate the number of dogs existing in Europe. He founds the average from which he starts on the number of dogs (eighteen to one human being) in France, where, being taxed, they are also counted; and as the results of the last census show that Europe possesses 277,000,000 inhabitants, there must be very nearly 4,000,000 *perros* in that single quarter of the globe.

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the dogs out. Generally speaking, however, in these spacious edifices the presence of a dog or two, even during the Divine offices, is not observed, and they go in and out unmolested as in Rome: not so in Paris: a story is told of a fashionable preacher at the Madeleine, who, observing one of these vagrants in church, interrupted his sermon to say to the *Suisse*, in language suited to the delicate ears of his aristocratic congregation, "Enfant de l'Helvétie! veuillez éconduire ce symbole de la fidélité."

At night the streets of Madrid are far more picturesque than by day. A characteristic feature is found in the quaint stalls or *puestos* held within the *portes cochères* and doorways of old-fashioned houses, illumined sometimes by a single candle, or more often still by a classical-looking hanging lamp, with perhaps another, flickering in the dim and mysterious depths beyond, just suggesting by its uncertain light an arched vault or an ancient staircase, while the doorway is half blocked by way of foreground, by a table or counter spread with fruit, vegetables, or jars of *horchata* and *limonata*. Sometimes the *tienda* is that of an herbalist, sometimes it is the residence of an *escribaño*, and in any case it is often a busy scene, forming the resort of gossips whose active gesticulations, quick repartees, and *bizarre* costume, impart to the whole scene its own unmistakable *cachet*. Thus it is by no means unusual to see the spacious vestibules of antiquated and disused mansions abandoned to the purpose of open shops. The large, imposing doors, once serving a nobler purpose, are thrown back, and sometimes expose to view a curious scene. This evening we passed one such, which struck us by the peculiarity and picturesqueness of its aspect. At a little distance back, on the large stone flags, stood a long table in guise of counter: it was covered with a clean cloth, and on it were placed rows of tumblers and spoons in white china saucers. Behind it sat the master of the business,

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and in the background we discerned, within a massive grated partition, several stalled calves, the mother cows being kept for milking in another recess beside them. This "interior," lighted by two suspended lamps, and offering some really fine effects, was simply one of those numerous "*casas de vacas*" which abound in the streets of Madrid. It is hardly safe to buy milk "*de confiance*" here, for unless the purchaser can satisfy himself by ocular demonstration he may feel pretty sure that the *leche*, the *nata*, and *manteca* he is consuming are either "*de burras*" or "*de cabritas*."

One marked feature in the streets of Madrid, after dark, is the sudden issue of beggars, who seem to collect their harvest at this hour. They establish themselves outside the doors of churches, and drone out their "*Por Dio seras*," by which name they have come to be called, to each passer-by. If they can find a street where there is a length of blank wall, or any accidental hoarding, or other spot where there is a chance of being able to sit undisturbed, they take up their abode there for the time, and make capital out of their several afflictions.

Some will call the attention of their victims by rattling a tin box, or turning a hurdy-gurdy, or scraping a guitar to the prolonged measure of their plaint, but all ask alms in a tone, and with expressions which imply that they have a perfect right to whatever you may bestow. They all wear authorized medals, as in Paris, and are duly qualified by some frightful sore, by infirmity, or accumulation of infirmities: but mendicants are by no means numerous in the daytime, unless in the churches or outside the gates of the city. Major Dalrymple, writing of Madrid a century ago, says, "Some of the streets, such as the Calle de Atocha, Carrera de San Geronimo, Calle de Alcala, &c., are spacious and handsome; particularly the latter, the entrance of which is near two hundred feet wide; they are kept per-

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fectly clear, are well paved and lighted, lamps being placed at every fifteen or sixteen yards." Dillon, the Ambassador, a writer of the same date, bears his testimony to the fact that "the streets of Madrid were well lighted, but on moonlight nights the lamps were not used."

We cannot say, however, that we consider the lighting in Madrid over-liberal, and the shops, being illumined with *réverbères*, throw the light inward; still they impart some brightness to the streets, until the *étalages* are closed—generally at an early hour—when there is a sensible difference; however, there is enough light for all purposes, and if we compare the streets of Madrid after dark with those of London less than two hundred years ago, as given by Seymour in his "History of London," we shall find the advantage to be all on the side of the Spanish capital. This seems to be a severe remark; but, *en revanche*, in some other of her social arrangements Spain is at least two hundred years behind us.

"When the evening closed in," says this observant writer, "the difficulty and danger of walking about London became serious indeed. The garret windows were opened, and pails were emptied, with little regard to those who were passing below. Accidents were of constant occurrence, for, till the last year of Charles II., most of the streets were left in profound darkness. Thieves and robbers plied their trade with impunity, yet they were hardly so terrible to peaceable citizens as another class of ruffians. It was a favourite amusement of dissolute young gentlemen to swagger by night about the town, breaking windows, upsetting sedans, beating quiet men, and offering rude caresses to pretty women. A succession of dynasties of these tyrants had, since the Restoration, domineered over the streets. The machinery for keeping the peace was utterly contemptible. There was an Act of Common Council which provided that more than a thousand watch-

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men should be constantly on the alert in the City from sunset to sunrise, and that every inhabitant should take his turn of duty. But this Act was negligently executed, and at last became a dead letter."

The markets, which are open *every* day, are also busy *all* day and part of the night; they are lighted in a picturesque fashion by suspended lamps and lanterns, and the scene is generally a lively one.

There are numberless small eating-shops for the working classes. Some are such as we mentioned before, abounding particularly in the suburbs, where "*Se guisa de comer.*" Had the word been dis-*guisa* we might allow it a more congenial interpretation; most of those within the town, supply the food they cook. It stands exposed in the dingy windows, where, behind the dusty panes, covered with cobwebs, may be discerned suspicious-looking dishes of fried fish, very stiff and stale; incomprehensible portions of fowls, rabbits, or *cabritos;* rabanadas of flesh; stewed fruit very dull in colour, vegetables, soup, and dry-looking pastry, generally made with oil—the whole extremely repulsive.

There are some open shops, where the dealers seem to be eternally frying a kind of cake manufactured with flour and oil; the dough is formed into rings, fried, and then strung on a string by the dozen. They are of about the consistence of an *échaudé.* This kind of cooking is generally performed on a low flat stove, with a hot plate on the top, and holes which can be enlarged or diminished by adding or removing iron rings made to fit into each other. These stoves are similar to those known in France and Belgium as *cuisinières.* The whole concern, and the persons employed in the business, are extremely unattractive. If ever the *proverbe travesti* which declares, "Il ne faut croire que la moitié de ce qu'on *dîne,*" were needed as a caution, it might be applied here. No doubt the "*cerbezas*" and "*vinos*" provided are as

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frelatés as the edibles and the condiments under flavour of which their dubious origin is concealed.

Any *comedor* more uninviting than that in which these messes are served could scarcely be met with, unless in the Quartier Mouffetard of Paris, in the Rue Gracieuse, at the Lapin Blanc (now, alas! a thing of the past), the Grand Chêne, or any other well-known haunts of the "*royaume de la chiffe.*" They are certainly not *less* dirty, dingy, or repulsive, while the atmosphere has the advantage in the matter of tobacco smoke, which envelopes, as with a mantle, every Spanish interior. In the early morning the streets of Madrid afford breakfast-stalls for the working-classes, chocolate being the chief beverage supplied.

We found ourselves still pursued by our old friends, the *serenos.* Even in the "*Corte*" and capital, they have as yet no more modern institution. We could observe no alteration in the type; it was an unadulterated duplicate of all we had met before; but the *sereno* of the capital, if unaltered in his external man and in his habiliments, is already becoming demoralized in his habits, and indolently shirks half his cry. The monster deliberately omits the pious canticle of traditional custom, and contents himself with simply calling out the hour of the night in plain chant, "*Las cuatro menos un cuarto . . . y se-ré-no*"—"*Las cinco in punto . . . y lluvioso;*" the diction of this last word being contingent on the state of the atmosphere, it is varied according to its changes; but the fact that these "*oiseaux de nuit*" have retained the milder qualification as a name, tends to make us suppose that serenity is the normal attribute of a Spanish night. "*Ave Maria purissima! las dos y sereno*" is the provincial cry. If any nocturnal catastrophe occur, it is the duty of the *sereno* to announce it, along with the hour at which it happens; thus in case of a fire, the public is apprised that it is "*las tres y media, y fuego,*" being further informed it has

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occurred "*en la parroquia de S. Gines,*" or whatever other parish may have been thus visited. The *sereno's* knowledge of the locality is acquired from the alarm bell, for which he has to be on the *qui vive*, and he recognizes it from the number of strokes, each parish being designated by a different number.

In case of thieves, the *sereno's* signal is given with the *pito* or pipe, with which he blows the alarm, and then his brother *serenos* are all alive for once; the dreaded "ear-piercing" sound is passed on from one to another; lanterns are seen approaching the spot from all directions, amid re-echoed cries of "*Favor! favor! ladrones,*" crowned at length—sometimes—by the shout of triumph when the delinquent is caught, "*Aesse, áesse, al ladron!*"

If there be hardships in the life of the *sereno*, however, there are sometimes little gleams of sunshine—no; of moonshine—alas! often of *mere* "moonshine"—flitting across his gloomy path. The *sereno*, be it remembered, is not an entirely official, mechanical apparatus, wound up to "go" at night and "stop" during the day; he has a home—such as it is,—probably a wife, and possibly even children; and though his duty compel him to turn out, *chuzo* in hand, at the coldest and ghastliest hour of the twenty-four, with no other companion than his lantern, and—regardless of weather—to perambulate the solitary streets, while his fellow-citizens are stretched on beds of down, and buried under fleecy blankets and silken quilts, it is not to be supposed that he has no share in the feelings which appreciate these creature comforts; and those who sleep in security under his vigilance ought to recognize the service with gratitude.

We admire the equanimity of his nature, and the benevolent readiness with which he will render any belated street passenger a civil turn. He has been known, with a delicacy worthy of a loftier destiny, to go out of his way

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to avoid a street in which, according to law, his presence must necessarily put an unwelcome period to the tender aspirations of a "fond youth serenading his love;" at other times, he accords his sympathy and protection to such "jolly dogs" as, even in sober Spain, *sometimes* lose their way by night, and forget to "go home till morning." We ourselves have been indebted more than once to the good offices of the *sereno*—not exactly for *this* kind of assistance, but for a somewhat similar service. Our hotel closed early in Madrid; and on returning from the theatre, we often found Gregorio had retired to rest, which it must be admitted the poor fellow needed, leaving us to grope our way upstairs in the dark; on such occasions the lantern of the old *sereno* was very acceptable, and he would readily precede us upstairs with it, to our very door, and allow us to light our *vela* from its flame.

Let us turn our retrospections homewards, and remember that it was only in the last year of the reign of Charles II. that any fixed organization took place among the police of London. "This institution has perhaps added as much to the happiness of the body of the people," says Lord Macaulay, "as revolutions of greater fame. An ingenious projector, named Edward Heming, obtained letters patent, conveying to him the exclusive right of lighting up London. He undertook, for a moderate consideration, to place a light before every tenth door, on moonless nights, from Michaelmas to Lady-day, from six to twelve at night. They who now see the capital all the year round, from dusk to dawn, blazing with a splendour compared with which, the illumination for La Hogue and Blenheim would have looked pale, may perhaps smile to think of Heming's lanterns glimmering feebly before one house in ten during a small part of one night in three,"—and, he might have added, being considered a boon!

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Shall we venture to throw a stone at the prejudices of the Spanish mind when we learn that, with the streets in the state we have seen described above, "there were fools who opposed the introduction of what was called the new light as strenuously as fools in our age have opposed the introduction of vaccination and railroads—as strenuously as the fools of an age anterior to the dawn of history opposed the introduction of the plough and of alphabetical writing?"

Serenades in Madrid do not all discourse eloquent music. Sometimes an unearthly *vacarme* will suddenly be heard proceeding from an ordinarily quiet street, the din being produced by the striking of kettles and saucepans, converted for the nonce into drums; bells of all sorts and sizes rattled against each other; brass mortars, with their deafening pestles, and other appropriate concomitants, forming an aggregate as incomprehensible as stunning. To the initiated, however, this mystery has a meaning, being neither more nor less than the description of serenade offered here, as in Italy, to bride and bridegroom on the occasion of a second marriage. On such an occasion the intervention of the *sereno* is welcome indeed, and the small fee with which the mortified pair purchase his protection is cheerfully paid.

A frequent but unmelodious noise, to which the visitor has to harden himself during the hours of sleep in Madrid, is the occurrence of a succession of heavy knocks at various *portes cochères* down the length of his street: whether the youth of Madrid are not trusted with the latchkey by their landladies, or whether the Matritenses have not as yet attained to that degree of civilization which has made these precious auxiliaries indispensable in this go-ahead state of society, we know not. As to the knocking, however, we can vouch for that, from bitter experience, having been awakened from our pleasing dreams on various oc-

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casions by loud, sharp blows, often repeated some twenty times, with more or less vigour, according to the aggravations of the case.

Another of *our* peculiar nightmares was occasioned by a musical neighbour with card-playing propensities, and an unmitigated nuisance we found him. Whenever he happened to be alone, his guitar was his inseparable companion, and when his friends visited him, a game at cards was certain to be the consequence. Had they been content with a quiet, respectable, silentious and dignified game at whist, which need have disturbed no one, we should have entertained the most neighbourly feelings towards him; but so far from this, by whatever name the game may have been called, it was one which involved some most noisy process; at intervals, of very frequent recurrence, the cards were banged upon the table with tremendous violence, and a great deal of loud talking and altercation accompanied the blows, making altogether what might be called a *tapage d'enfer*, for nothing short of that will describe it; this frequently lasted till two or three o'clock in the morning, when the guests would retire. How we rejoiced, even in the loud farewells, the heavy tramp and unbridled voices as they descended the stairs, and even in the bang of the large door, which made every window rattle, and every nerve vibrate, in the midst of the surrounding stillness! This was on the first occasion; and as their voices sounded beneath our windows, and died away along the street, we rocked ourselves with the belief that at last we were about to begin our retarded night's rest. Alas! alas! never was hope more delusive; this was but the beginning of sorrows! The reckless rake had not half done with us yet; after lighting his friends down-stairs, he retraced his steps to his room, humming as he walked, and, shutting himself within, sat down with the greatest deliberation: we were listening eagerly for some welcome indication of prepara-

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tions for rest, when what was our horror to hear the ominous twang of a string under process of tuning; then another, another, and another, were successively wound up to the required pitch—and so was our choler. There was no longer any doubt as to what was to follow. Oh, our prophetic soul! the guitar! there it came; the same unchanging, wearisome, irritating twang, accompanying the jarring monotone of the particularly unpleasant voice we had so dreaded.

Spanish music has a strange and strong affinity with that of the Orientals, and those of our readers who have had the misfortune to be tormented with the din of the black fellow who plays the *tamtam* in the streets of London, can form some idea of what it must be to live next door to a maniac afflicted with a musical taste, which finds no other form of expression. These native melodies seem to be entirely confined within one octave, and unless adapted to a *bolero*, or otherwise expressly treated in a lively manner, they are more plaintive than the music of an Æolian harp.

Thrum, thrum, went the instrument of torture, just sufficiently muffled by the thickness of the clumsy, old-fashioned door to convert the sound into a sort of *faux bourdon*, while the active foot of the performer beat time with provoking regularity, and the boards of our floor vibrated responsively to the action, the uncertain and particularly unharmonious voice repeating the same sounds, and the same combination of those same sounds, as if his purpose was to work up the nerves of his victims to desperation and vengeance. Yet there we lay, worn out and powerless; sleep was now a condition so utterly foreign to the circumstance, that we had leisure to brood over the injury, and to meditate a means of conveying an intimation of our dissatisfaction.

Our tormentor could afford to fritter away the small

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hours in practising his detestable serenades; possibly, even, he was making us the victim of a "woful ballad to his mistress' eyebrow," and addressing his monotonous plaint to some fair creature whose gaping lattice, on the opposite side of the street, invited the tender homage. Be it so, we were hardened even against this touching view of the case. We thought of the early hour at which we had to rise next morning, and felt relentless. *He* had no such compulsion to consider; *he* had no notion of early rising, and could take good care not to let himself be disturbed till the middle of the next morning; when his custom—the luxurious wretch—was, to sip his chocolate in peace, buried in the depths of his mattresses. What would we have given to have got possession of that abominable guitar, and to have laid it about the empty head of its restless owner! We began to understand the state of mind of a Parisian friend of ours who, whenever he was out of temper, would exclaim between his teeth, doubling his fists menacingly at the empty air—"*Ah! mon Dieu, mon Dieu! Si je pouvais seulement casser quelquechose!*"

We had seen in the corner of our room an antiquated machine, intended possibly for a bootjack, but much more fit for our present emergency. The time was come for active measures; we, too, felt impelled to "*casser quelquechose;*" we groped our way to the spot, seized the weapon, and applied it with all our might against the stout oak panels of the door which alone separated us from our revenge. We repeated the blows with a most intense sensation of relief and satisfaction, as we found the first were immediately followed by a complete cessation of the obnoxious sounds. Our neighbour was then at length stunned in *his* turn! We began to persuade ourselves that our object was accomplished, and to regret our tardiness in this late application of so simple a remedy; under this conviction we withdrew beneath the blankets, and, some-

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what appeased, began to compose ourselves to our long-deferred rest.

The attitude we had chosen was scarcely settled, however, before our idle and most uncomfortable neighbour, having recovered from his surprise, and apparently not apprehending the appeal, had resumed his occupation, and was once more strumming his guitar, and chanting with his cracked voice the same tuneless, graceless ditty. To turn round and repeat our admonition more violently than at first was so natural an instinct, that it was done before we had thought of it, and with the same result; only this time we sat up and waited for the event. After a pause, a voice called out in *Castillano* of the loudest pitch, "*Que quiere V.?*" We were much too wise to vouchsafe any reply, considering it far more politic to veil our remonstrance in mystery, and a silence on both sides ensued. To our consternation, however, we found we had not yet vanquished our man, for he actually began inflicting his "*peine forte et dure*" upon us a third time with most puzzling perseverance. The position had become untenable, and we hesitated not to administer a further dose, the violence of which was proportioned to our irritation: the stout oak door winced, and a loud crack announced that we could carry this mode of remonstrance no further. Fortunately we were at last understood; and the musician, finding *our* drum more powerful than *his* strings, gave up the contest, and we were fain to conclude he had tumbled into bed.

In a few minutes a melody of another description, and which would at another time have been anything but a relief, came, at almost welcome intervals, to announce that our foe was safe for the night.

We have had occasion to mention the *escribaños*, and saw several of them in the exercise of their *métier* at Madrid: their occupation, however, must have considerably

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diminished of late years; indeed the wonder is, there should be any capital at the present day where such employment can be found at all: but Madrid is exceptional in "capital blunders." There is a small stationer's stall near the post office, where a written notice is appended, to the following effect:—"*Aqui se sillan cartas á dos cuartos.*" We do not remember to have seen this elsewhere.

The *mozos de canteros* congregate about this spot, and form the most picturesque groups: their costume greatly assists the effect; it consists of a round jacket, wide folded scarlet sash, short trousers, and laced sandals—the whole surmounted by a broad-brimmed "wide-awake;" on the shoulder is strapped a small leather or pig-skin saddle, on which to rest the *cantero* (here, an elongated egg-shaped copper water-jar, with its bung attached by a small chain), and as they walk along, their cry is "*Quien quiere agua fresca?*" This water-jar terminates in a *cusp*, and cannot therefore be set down in an upright position; when rest is required, the vase is deposited erect in a tripod stand constructed for the purpose. Ice is by no means abundant when the hot season is over; and cream and water ices—"*geladas*"—are already unobtainable at the beginning of autumn; they are by no means a modern luxury here, and the system of selling cooling beverages has undergone no change.

"Ice is to be found," says a writer of the last century, "in hot weather, at a very cheap rate in most parts of Spain. The *aguadors* are always Galicians or French Basques; they either carry their water-jars and glasses themselves, or make them fit into the panniers of their asses. It is noteworthy that no Spaniard, however poor, will descend to the degradation of becoming a water carrier. The method of cooling water, and preserving it in cellars or caves, was first introduced into Spain, at Valencia, by Don Louis Casteloi, a gentleman of the Court of Charles III.;

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he has on this account been surnamed Don Luis de la Nieve. In the reign of Philip III. a tax was levied on preserved snow at the suggestion of Pablo Jarquies."*

There are a considerable number of fountains in Madrid; that which occupies the largest space being the one in the centre of the Puerta del Sol, and the next most remarkable that of the Fuencarral, at the top of the Calle de Montera. Those to be found along the Prado, at frequent intervals, are costly and elaborate, and some of them in very good taste: one, called "*del Berro*," in the neighbourhood of the town, has long served to supply the Royal family.† In the older quarters the fountains partake of a different character, and being rather for use than for ornament, are naturally the result of circumstance and native taste, and not of architectural emulation. While the former affect the costliness and grace of a Parisian monument, and modernize and embellish those streets and *carrefours* where they have been erected, the latter please the eye by their less sophisticated and more utilitarian form. It is a gay and busy sight when the Matritenses congregate round this centre of gossip, tell their own tales, and receive those of others. At some of these fountains the water is caught in small tubs called *cubas*.

One of the most tasteful is of white statuary marble, consisting of figures gracefully grouped: it is one of those now nearly finished in the Palace Gardens.

There is a provoking disregard of the trouble given to strangers, in the carelessness with which the names of streets are designated, while on nearly every house is

* This is almost as bad as taxation in England at the time when Swift begged his friend to lower his voice to a whisper when speaking in praise of the air of Ireland. "Don't let 'em hear that," said the witty Dean, "or we shall have it taxed."

† At Aranjuez, the water is so bad that it is always sent to the Palace in casks during the residence of the Court there.

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inscribed, in conspicuous letters, "*Asegurada de Incendios,*" —a notice less important to the public than to the occupant, and possibly also his neighbours, if we believe that

"Tua res agitur, paries deum proximus ardet."

This intimation is so much more ostentatiously exhibited than the name of the street that it would not be very surprising if the traveller should mistake the one for the other. We all know the story of the hapless Frenchman who, having carefully noted in his pocket-book the name of the street in London in which his hotel was situated, on wishing to return to dinner, desired the cabman to drive him to "Stick no bills"! The number of houses insured in Madrid is very considerable, and, according to statistics, increases every year. The insurance is not confined to fire, there are also suggestive insurances against *granizo*—hail.

The *coches de colleras,* or hired carriages, are very superior —whether in construction or condition—to those of London. Their charge is, as in Paris, "*à la course,*" and the price a peseta (*i. e.,* four reals, or about a franc) for the *carera:* if sent for from their stand to a house they charge two courses. The drivers are neatly dressed, and the horses, generally speaking, are in fair condition. In wet weather they are covered with horsecloths, and the same care is manifested for their well-being as for cattle of a higher class.

When plying for fares, a little metal flag is hoisted on the top of the vehicle, notifying, by the words "*Se aquila,*" that it is for hire, and as soon as engaged, it is removed. On the doors of these conveyances the words "*Comodidad Publica*" announce that they are at the public service. Some are drawn by one horse, some by two; and the latter, by a fair arrangement, are entitled to double fare.

It is not unusual in the streets of Madrid to meet a *coche*

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de colleras escorted by two acolytes bearing lighted tapers, and preceded by a third, tinkling a bell; within, is seated a priest bearing the holy Eucharist to a sick or dying person: at the sound of the bell, vehicles draw up, and all foot-passengers fall on their knees. In Spain it is the custom, when a new carriage is purchased, to abstain from using it until it has been *étrenné* by being employed for this sacred service. We remember being told by a late eminent prelate, whose father resided at the time in Cadiz, that on the occasion of a new carriage having been built for his use, it was brought out every morning, and stood during eight or ten days before the *porte cochère* of his house, until at last, one day, a priest passed by, bearing the blessed Sacrament. The owner then came down, and requested the priest to alight from the hired carriage, and to step into his, himself carrying the canopy which covered the sacred burden during its transition, and walking beside the carriage to its destination.

When a house or an apartment is to let in Madrid, a simple sheet of paper is tied to one corner of the balcony. There are rarely, if ever, any signs to the shops, though the *cafés* and hotels are designated by distinctive dedicatory titles.

One characteristic of the streets here, is to be found in the remains of the large plaited palms tied across the balconies on Palm Sunday, and which, having been blessed, are considered a preservative against thunderstorms. Under these circumstances, they are, if possible, retained from year to year, so that the house may never lack the protecting influence. It is very unusual, now, to see images of saints niched at the corners of the streets, but in some of the less frequented streets are oratories, or little chapels, within grilled recesses; these do not seem made to open, and we never saw any one within them.

There is a great deficiency of baths in Madrid, and the

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few *establicimientos* which exist, do not appear to be much employed. One—considered the best—we found in a wretchedly dilapidated state, with only two of its baths available! and these were so much out of order that they told us it would take a long time to prepare them. Another *casa de baños* in the Calle Major was in rather better trim, and though the house is by no means an ancient one, its construction is very Oriental. We were conducted through a dark passage, and down a short flight of stone steps into a paved court, where was a fountain plashing, apparently intended to be ornamental: the baths are built round this court, but are entered from a passage within. The dressing-rooms are spacious, and the baths are of marble resembling sienna in colour, but probably *marbre du pays;* the floors are matted, and beside each bath is a thick, loose rush mat, such as are made here, having the appearance of a heap of cut grass. The rooms are conveniently fitted, but they are not lighted with gas, and the bather is accommodated with a *vela*, or taper; this bath, however, is far from deserving to be called a "*bain complet*," for there is neither fireplace nor sofa, and the real luxury of which the bath is capable can scarcely be said to be understood. None of the refinements of a Parisian *établissement de bains* are obtainable on the premises; and if a bather were to ask to be supplied with a *plat*, or even a cup of coffee, we suspect the proprietor and attendants would open very wide eyes. We thought the price of these baths excessive at six reals, with an additional charge for *ropa*, according to the quantity used.

There are two more such houses in Madrid, in tolerably fair working order, but all are on a small scale.

There are some noble streets in Madrid, and those leading from the Puerta del Sol to the Prado are as fine, in an architectural point of view, as any in Europe. The Carrera de San Gerónimo, the Alcalà and Atocha, are the prin-

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cipal, and along the broad and handsome lines of communication they form, are many private residences owned by the aristocracy, and styled *casas-palacios*. That of the Marques Casa-Trujo in the Alcalà, of the Duque de Medina Celi in the Gerónimo, and other similar edifices, give a magnificent idea of private life among the grandees. Handsome stone façades, with rich mouldings, cornices, columns and pilasters, lofty arched entrances through beautifully tesselated passages into marble-paved courts, cooled by fountains and scented with brilliant flowers, form a combination which not inaptly describes these dwellings. In some, the inner court is reached by a paved entrance, and the carriages drive through it, to the foot of the grand marble, softly-carpeted staircase, with its polished handrail and gilt balustrade.

There is, in course of construction, a street of magnificent proportions, which is to unite the Plaza de Toros with the promenade of the Fuente Castellana. The houses, according to the present design, will be on a scale of much grandeur, and are evidently intended to draw thither the wealthiest families of the capital. There is, however, some hesitation to build, which we can well understand, on the part of the proprietors; for we do not exactly see whence these wealthy families are to come. Madrid is not London; it is not even Paris; and there are, as it is, a sufficient number of grand houses to accommodate all the grand families that are likely to require them; there is, therefore, another intention with regard to these new houses, by which they would be built of different calibres, so as to accommodate customers of various means. As the houses in Madrid are let in flats, this need not interfere very much with the elevation, which may still remain very imposing. All the newer part of the town shows an immense improvement on the more antiquated, and in this respect we may discern a stride in advance, especially if, going back to the year

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1830, we recall what Madrid was before the Marques* (Viudo) de Pontejos introduced as improvements the paving, lighting, and naming of the streets and numbering the houses.† This great public benefactor, whose name ought to be rescued from oblivion by the justice and gratitude of his fellow-citizens, set on foot a new system of scavenging, part of which had for its object to prevent the accumulation of dust-heaps before the doors of the houses. Would that some patriotic enterpriser would in like manner take compassion on the Eternal City and its "*immundizias!*"

We made our way to the "Pra'o" this afternoon at the witching hour which assembles all the beauty and fashion of the capital in a moving crowd on this singular and world-famed promenade. The weather was brilliant, and the sight a most inspiring one. The company was numerous, and consisted of cavaliers and cavalières, handsomely dressed, mounted on magnificent horses; señoras and fascinating señoritas, with argus-eyed dueñas, lazily reclined in open carriages, and graceful veiled and mantled women, with their be-cloaked male relatives, treading with that light step and graceful movement peculiar to the daughters of the Peninsula, the umbrageous walks:—

> Illam, quicquid agit, quoque vestigia flectit
> Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor.

Mounted guards were stationed at fixed intervals on the

* Literally, the "Dowager Marquis."

† About 160 years ago, we learn that in our own now highly civilized city, replete with the minutest details of civilized life, "the houses were not numbered. There would indeed have been little advantage in numbering them; for of the coachmen, chairmen, porters, and errand boys of London, a very small portion could read. It was necessary to use marks which the most ignorant could understand. The shops were therefore distinguished by painted signs, which gave a gay and grotesque aspect to the streets. The walk from Charing Cross to Whitechapel lay through an endless succession of 'Saracen's Heads,' 'Royal Oaks,' 'Blue Bears,' and 'Golden Lambs,' which disappeared when they were no longer required for the direction of the common people."

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broad avenue, and rode backwards and forwards until they met each other, along the two-mile length of this busy scene. The dresses were very rich, and we observed great luxury in the bonnets worn by the fair Matritenses, who, in their rage for something foreign, rob themselves of the most attractive ornament of their costume. This "outlandish" head-dress is as yet, we were glad to see, limited to the upper ten thousand; and the middle-class damsels, who have the good taste to adhere to their bewitching national accessories, gain immensely by their forbearance. We had not as yet seen the arch and matchless Sevillanas, in whom those coquettish Spanish characteristics, *almost* irresistible in a Madrileña, are multiplied and intensified; and, to our unpractised eye, the Prado presented a scene of enchantment to which nothing seemed wanting. It was so unique a vision, that we ceased to wonder at the romances which it is not surprising it should have suggested to a vivid imagination; indeed, the incidents in which it seemed to abound, might well form the woofs of some of the most intricate webs of fiction. We drove along for some time speculating upon the histories, strange and fanciful no doubt, of these denizens of the grand promenade of Madrid, and we observed that some portions of its lazy length were visibly more favoured than others. Near the Calle del Posito, or public granary, we came upon the great fountain of *Cibeles*, and round about this point, not only was the assemblage of people considerably thinned, but those frequenting it were of a different class and character; quiet, business-like, and grave, they had selected this comparatively deserted nook, and though they met and conversed, it seemed to be in a more serious way, and with an air which benevolently excused the go-ahead frivolity of the frequenters of the "Salon del Prado," as the gayer and more fashionable division is designated. The centre of the "Salon" is marked by the *Fuente de las Quatro Estaciones*, while the remainder of it is

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broken at various distances by others more or less elaborate, and all well supplied with water. Not far from here is the enrailed marble monument, erected on the spot where it occurred, to commemorate the massacre of the victims of the Dos de Mayo (1808). Murat's fatal mistake on this sanguinary occasion will never be forgotten by the Spaniards, and the wreaths of *immortelles* which cover, not only the monument itself, but the ground on which it stands, and the cypresses which wave around it, sufficiently attest the vividness of their recollection. The French, no doubt, recollect it too, but with somewhat different feelings; and if their nation had no share in the disgraceful and impolitic act by which so many citizens were indiscriminately butchered, at least they must be conscious that the cruel, senseless, and most clumsy act was that of their representative, and that—in the eyes of Europe collectively, as well as of Spain individually—it is a stain on their humanity and their judgment. This dire catastrophe brought out all that was great and noble, self-sacrificing and patriotic, in the Spanish character; and if their chiefs acted like cowards and traitors, the people—the *plebs*—that is, the nerves and sinews of Spain, recognized their duty, resisted the tyranny of their oppressors, despised the desertion of their leaders, and, fighting to the last, fell like men and heroes. The historical details of this exciting episode need not be repeated here, but they should be remembered as constituting the melancholy but glorious event which justifies the mingled pride and indignation with which the Spaniard still recalls the *Dos de Mayo.*

The monument bears an exciting inscription, and keeps the horrid act it commemorates, invidiously before the eyes of the people, reminding them that it is erected over a spot soaked and reddened with the blood of victimized brethren.

In the days of Philip III. the Calle Major was the

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fashionable promenade of Madrid. Calderon, in his "Mañanas de Abril y Mayo," a dramatic production which Spanish commentators have ventured to pronounce a worthy counterpart to his immortal English contemporary's "Midsummer Night's Dream," makes Don Juan tell Don Pedro that, since the night on which he killed his rival,—

> "De doña Ana lo que puedo
> deciros, es que ni el rostro
> le he visto desde el suceso
> désa noche, ni en ventano
> ni en iglesia, ni en paseo
> de Prado y *Calle Major*."

It used to be the custom in Spain, when a royal personage had alighted at a private house, to suspend a chain above the door in festoons, fixing them with ornamental arrow-heads; persons still living have seen these, but the practice is now obsolete, and as a substitute the owner is allowed to place over his entry the royal arms, and to assume certain colours in his liveries.

Shops are an attractive feature in a capital city. We are almost enabled to form an accurate judgment of its wealth and importance, its present prosperity and future prospects, from the commercial activity we see displayed in these retail emporiums.

There is a strange mixture in the calibre of the shops of Madrid. In the fine broad streets of the more modern quarters, one might fancy oneself in some parts of Paris, or at least of Brussels; it is true there is not a great deal of display in the windows, for Spanish shopkeepers do business cautiously: they very seldom sell anything, and cannot afford a very large outlay of capital. The native population are extremely close in their expenses, and look well at a coin on both sides, before they spend it. They act on the very sensible principle of never buying anything they can possibly dispense with. What a vast amount of

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rubbish we should *not* have in our houses if we could but persuade ourselves to do likewise! The result, however, of these penurious habits tells very visibly on the commercial classes. Foreigners are their chief customers, and, as these cannot be very numerous, they are made to pay a heavy penalty on every purchase. Indeed, the shops must close but for this chance custom, which has come to be their chief reliance. All articles in the way of dress—*nouveautés*—naturally enough come from Paris; so does jewellery, so do furniture and decorations, *objets de luxe* of whatever description; and so in fact, we may add, does *everything*—everything that is worth looking at. Even the photographic pictures and stereoscopic views of their own scenery are beyond the activity of a Spaniard to produce, and all these are the work of French manipulators. Ready-made clothes—"*ropas hechas*"—come from Barcelona; and, with the exception of one or two showy depôts near the Puerta, the clothes mart may be said to be confined almost entirely to the Calle Major and Plaza of the same name, otherwise called Plaza de la Constitucion. The "*capas*" exposed here for sale are uncommonly knowing in cut and gaudy in the colour of their "*vueltas*," and many a longing gaze does the wistful eye of *la jeune Espagne* of all classes cast upon these tantalizing garments, as they hang warily folded, and disposed so as to increase their attraction by the judicious juxtaposition of their velvet linings. One side of the Plaza Major is entirely occupied by dealers in the *clothes line*. "*A la Ciudad de Barcelona*" is a favourite dedication for a tailor's establishment. On the other three sides of this square, the shops beneath the old colonnade are devoted to miscellaneous trades, and all do business in a very small way. The centre is a fine open space, and, the houses being lofty, with handsome *façades*, each side having a centre house, the *tout ensemble* is tolerably imposing. In the middle stands an equestrian

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statue of Philip III., and seats are placed around the railed space at convenient distances. The Plaza Major, therefore, becomes the playground and *rendezvous* of children and young people of the middle and lower classes, as the Plaza del Oriente is that of the scions of the nobility and their *nodrizas*.

It is not unusual to see dancing-parties exercising themselves actively if any street music happen to strike up, and then the scene is eminently foreign. Sometimes the Queen takes this Plaza in her drives, and the mounted escort and outriders who precede her, come dashing and clattering through the noble and antiquated arched entrances, of which there is one in each of the four corners. The view through these into the irregular street beyond has a very *Proutesque* character.

The shops that affect the Parisian style, if more showy, are far less interesting to the visitor than those genuine Spanish *tiendas* which remind one so powerfully of the Oriental character of the nation. These quaint-looking recesses—for they are uncommonly cavernous in their aspect—offer no indication of the description of merchandise they contain, and afford scarcely any intimation that they are shops at all. When the nature of the goods is such that they can be stowed away in drawers or packed away on shelves, it requires some initiation in the habits of the country to recognise one of these marts. A counter there usually is; and sometimes the goods—generally a very slender stock—are *en evidence*, if you peer into the back of the premises to look for them, but there is neither *montre* nor *étalage*, and the vendor either has not the remotest idea of exhibiting them to tempt you, or does not choose to give himself the trouble to produce them till they are asked for. What a blessing it would be if this spirit of indolence could be infused into the grasping conscience of the London haberdasher, who perseveres in asking your

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permission to "tempt" you with some article which has been already ostentatiously placed before your eyes, and who persists in bringing you half a dozen things you do not want instead of the one you require.

Every accessory in these clumsy old *tiendas* looks like a thing of the past. It has an obsolete aspect which sometimes jars with its fresh condition and the obvious newness of the material which composes it; we can scarcely believe that people of our own date are going on making such things at this time of day; the weights and scales and measures all conform with the most recent of tariffs, and yet they look as if they had just been taken out of Noah's Ark. There is perhaps nothing more suggestive in a Spanish town than these antiquated shops.

We have already spoken of some of the suburbs of Madrid. To-day we found ourselves in a *faubourg* on the other side of the city, and of quite a different description. It presented one of those phases of social life which always appear incongruous when we meet them in close proximity with their opposite extreme. Cities—and even comparatively large cities — must naturally always present their extremes in juxtaposition; and it is generally around and about, though often out of sight of, the palaces of the wealthy that we discover the hovels of the destitute. Our peregrinations had led us without the Puerta de la Atocha, and it was as we were returning by the outskirts of Madrid that we passed through a cluster of dwellings of the most abject description. Indeed, they straggled along the road all the way between this and the Prado, by which we re-entered Madrid.

These cabins—for they could not be termed houses—consist of only one story. The floor, if it can be called floor, is level with the ground; it is neither paved nor boarded, but simply laid with round rough stones embedded in the mud; sometimes there is a rough pavement of red

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tiles, and often the bare earth. The outer door opens into it, and, indeed, is the chief resource the occupants have to look to, for light. The solitary window is extremely small; and, being unglazed, it is often necessary, under stress of weather, to cover the opening; this is usually closed with a curiously-thick shutter which resembles the door; and both are elaborately panelled in small deep squares. This room is divided across the middle so as to form an alcove, which contains the bed. White dimity curtains occasionally drape the opening. The furniture, which is reduced "*à la plus simple expression*," is generally very dilapidated. The chimney-pot is a very uncouth contrivance, and the roof is covered with heavy ridge-tiles. As the occupants live chiefly outside their huts, there is generally a roughly constructed awning, which they call an *emparrado*, consisting of the spreading branches of a vine, or *parral*, supported on a clumsy framework of wood fixed against the wall and resting on two uneven poles. It forms a pretty and attractive subject for the pencil, especially when the door-step is occupied by a group of figures sheltering themselves beneath it from the rays of the sun. The children play before the doors and in the road in village style, and the mothers are sometimes industriously occupied as they watch them; more often they stand about idly gossiping in groups.

A striking characteristic of the suburbs of Madrid consists in their having no appearance of *being* suburbs; they are like distinct and independent villages, and seem to derive no benefit, either in prosperity or civilization, from their proximity to the metropolis: their inhabitants possess none of the attributes of a citizen; and although but a few steps outside the crowded streets, one might fancy oneself in the depths of the provinces. In this estimate we are not guided by the poverty alone, which stares us gauntly in the face as we survey these squalid and denuded hovels, we are more impressed by the unsophisticated aspect both

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of the dwellings and the population, their peasant costume, their evident power of endurance, and apparent contentment under the privation of almost the commonest necessaries, though within the daily consciousness of refinements and luxuries, the inseparable adjuncts of city life and habits. Centralization has not as yet taken root in Spain, and Madrid has not perhaps been the capital city long enough to monopolize an amount of interest to which its natural qualifications by no means entitle it.

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CHAPTER X.

MADRID—PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

"Hominem pagini nostra sapit."
MARTIAL.

"Notandi sunt tibi mores."
HORACE.

THE Opera-house is a fine, handsome stone building, but the performances seem to have no regular order, and take place by fits and starts. The "*Empresa*" is neither wealthy nor liberal, nor, it would appear, well supported, and therefore there is very seldom any great attraction. One night during our stay, there was a great rumpus in the house: "Lucrezia Borgia" was announced, Madame P * * and Signor B * * * being the principal performers. Their Majesties sent word to say they should be present, and their intention was notified by a placard affixed to the walls outside the house, as well as in the box office, and the approaches were guarded by mounted soldiers; but no one apprehended the managerial catastrophe that impended.

It appears that for some time past the *habitués* had been dissatisfied with the entertainments provided, and this discontent having reached its culminating point, a large quantity of tickets were bought up by combination,

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and just as the Royal party had taken their seats, and the orchestra had played the first few bars of the overture, a systematic hiss proceeded from all parts of the house. In vain the performers endeavoured to drown the disapproved sound with all the force of their instruments; the offended party had come there for the purpose of expressing their dissatisfaction, and they had no intention of being diverted from their purpose. The more sonorously the trumpets brayed, the more powerfully the kettledrums vibrated, and the more deafeningly the clarionets squeaked and the cymbals clashed, the shriller were the cat-calls, the more ear-piercing the whistling, and the more stunning the uproar. It was evident the clamorous party were determined not to be appeased, and must gain their point, and accordingly the Queen and the King, to make whom the witnesses of such a scene was certainly not very respectful, were compelled to retreat; the performance was suspended, the audience dispersed, and the theatre was closed. The next morning a bulletin printed in large letters appeared outside all the doors, to the effect that the management regretted extremely the disaster of the previous evening, would endeavour for the future to satisfy the public by a more sedulous attention to their requirements, and would do their best to supply a better selection of vocalists. There was an abjectness in the tone of this apology which contrasted curiously with the concluding very characteristic paragraph, to the effect—by way of a tardy reparation —that the *Empresa hoped in the course of a month or two* to be able to secure the valuable services of Signor Mario.

As far as our observation has gone, the cast of the operas given here, seems miserably poor, and this is the sole entertainment of the evening, as there is no ballet.

The "Real Teatro," or Italian Opera, is by far the largest house; the "Principe" is also a finely proportioned building; the others are the "Zarzuela," also a handsome

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edifice, the "Variedades," and the "Novedades." The "Zarzuela," as its name implies, is for light comedy and *vaudevilles*, and differs from the "Variedades," where there is no admixture of music.

One feature in the performances here, deserves notice and commendation. We allude to the marked propriety of manner of the women, and the respect with which they are treated by the men: there is none of that hugging and kissing which always appear so objectionable on the French and English stage; the utmost freedom a man ever takes with a woman is to kiss her hand.

There is a heaviness in the performances, and the pieces are not well selected, but the acting is always clever and appreciative, and the pronunciation distinct. This is a great advantage, and we hardly expect it, seeing that the Spaniards generally, and the Southerners in particular, have a very lazy way of enunciating, and drop their consonants with the greatest *sang froid*, often converting the noble Castilian language into a mean, expressionless *patois*.

We went frequently to the "Zarzuela," the comic theatre of Madrid, answering to the "Vaudeville" of Paris—the pieces being interspersed with songs, and preceded by an overture, with symphonies between the acts.

The doors open at 8.15, the performance commences at 8.30, and terminates about midnight. The attendance was tolerably full; the house, which is remarkably clean and bright-looking (white and gold with crimson draperies), is distributed with a greater regard to the comfort of the audience than the profits of the manager. The whole of the pit is divided into roomy, luxurious-looking stalls, the seats being distinct *fauteuils*, painted white and gold, with crimson velvet cushions, and occupied by ladies as well as gentlemen: there is a broad access down the middle, corresponding to our "Fop's Alley" at the opera-house of former days, suppressed to create a few more shillings

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a night, and to render everybody uncomfortable. All the other seats are equally roomy, and the house is not ill ventilated. It was the custom in the last century at the theatres, for all the women—who then wore the Spanish dress—to be "lodged by themselves in a gallery over the boxes, called the *cazuela*, whither the men, during the representation, were not allowed to go; but they had," adds the author we quote, "various signs by which they communicate with each other at a distance, for intrigue is one of the great pursuits of both sexes here." The orchestra is wide, and the performers have elbow-room. We thought the performance excellent, and the singing first-rate, but the stage effects were very poor, the decorations and scenery inferior, and the whole of the mechanical part extremely *arriéré*.

A great deal of time was lost before the rise of the curtain, and each interval between the acts was evidently busily occupied in lengthy preparations which produced very little result; possibly this might be partly to favour the smoking, which is not allowed within the house, and there was no objection made to these delays on the part of the *assistans*, the male portion of whom systematically retired to their cigars the moment the performance was suspended. Whether from their incapacity to invent or to execute any more elaborate *mise en scène*, or whether from a rigid observance of the Horatian precepts, the unity of place is undeviatingly preserved on the Spanish stage; there is no scene-shifting; such as it is at the rise of the curtain, such it remains until the drop falls.

The costumes were careful, and in no way stinted, and such accessories as there were, were moderately-well supplied. The audience was an intelligent one, and evinced a discriminating appreciation of the merits of the performance; one irresistibly comic scene was clamorously redemanded, and the *encore* was responded to by a repeti-

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tion *en entier*. We were unable to obtain a play-bill—indeed, we never saw one in the house; while programmes of the *next* evening's performance are industriously distributed to the spectators.

As the ordinary costume of the women is a black or white lace veil over the head, there is no question of bonnets at a place of public entertainment, and the appearance of the house was therefore much more dressy than when attended by an audience of the same class in London or Paris.

The inferiority of the stage in Spain is too palpable not to excite observation, and becomes the subject of suggestive reflection. The history of a people is necessarily more or less reflected in that of the national and contemporaneous drama. The brief theatrical notices which appear from time to time in the papers show, that if there are many translated pieces produced on the Spanish stage, there are also many original plays written at the present time. Señor Peria is a popular contemporaneous writer, and his "*Summa y Signe*" was brought out with great success a short time ago at the "Jovellanos." "*Esto cuarto no se Aquila*" is a piece which always attracts a crowded house; and "*El Hijo de Lavapies*" is a new *zarzuela*, which has also become a great favourite; but it is curious that when "*Las Trapisondas de la Calle de Gitana*"—which is a translation from the French—was given, it excited so much applause that the audience asked for the author's name. This piece has enjoyed immense popularity. Señor Palon is another modern play-writer, who brought out recently at the "Novedades" a piece entitled "*La Espada y el Laud*," while at the same theatre another indigenous comedy is announced, called "*La Loteria del Diablo*."

It is not unusual in Madrid for the nobility to give entertainments in which private theatricals form a promi-

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nent feature. The Duchess of Medinaceli is one of those who lead the fashion in such matters, and during a *soirée* given at Christmas-time, the dramatic programme announced, with other smaller pieces, "*El Sistema Homeopatico*" and "*El querer y Pascar.*" In the performance, the Duchess herself took part, also Fernandez Saavedra, with Carmen Paz, and Membiela, the sons of Ventura de la Vega, author of "*La Muerte de César,*" Gonzalo Vilches and Gonzalo Saavedra.

The noble family of Lasala are also wont to hold these assemblies; but this year they do not "receive," owing to the death of their uncle, the Marqués de la Laguna: by some curious arrangement (the *rationale* of which is, no doubt, to be found in the laws of Spanish etiquette), while maintaining the conventional usages of mourning to the (black) letter, they are virtually overruled by the substitution of a series of "*bailes y chocolates,*" to be given by "*los Duques,*" (*i.e.*, the Duke and Duchess) de Fernan-Nuñez.

The Duke and Duchess of Sotto Mayor, the Señores de Vineul, the Señores de Riquelene, Madame Weisweiller and Los Barones de Ortega, are among those who throw open their *palacios* in this way to their friends. At the latest entertainment given by the latter, was performed a French *vaudeville*, "*Mon Ami du Café Riche,*" in which some very distinguished members of the aristocracy took part. Besides the Baronesa were a daughter of S. A. the Infanta Doña Ysabella, M. Odillon Barrot, and Señor Don Ismael de Ojeda. After the performance, Señor Parera sang an *aria buffa* of Donizetti, and Señor Zabalza executed on the pianoforte a fantasia on the *motifs* of "*El Trovador.*" A characteristic incident followed; it was Saturday evening, and at the stroke of midnight, being now Christmas-day, the company adjourned to the elegant little private chapel to hear Mass. During the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, a magnificent

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plegaria by the "Maestro" Inzenga was sung by several of the "*Señoritas y Caballeros*," the solo parts being given in great perfection by the Baronesa and the Señora de Lujan. It does not appear that there was a *reveillon* to conclude with, after the fashion of other countries when midnight Mass is attended *en petit comité;* and it is so much out of Spanish usages, that in all probability this expensive kind of *finale* would not have been thought of.

The *tertulia* is a species of entertainment essentially indigenous of the soil, and consists of a vespertinal *réunion* for social purposes, in which, however, dancing is seldom included, and refreshment as rarely: when it is provided it generally consists of chocolate. A *tertulia literaria*, as its name implies, is a *conversazione*, and may be rendered more or less attractive by the congeniality of those who are called. To these, ladies are not invited; but at *tertulias* non-literary, the society of women forms the chief attraction, and it is said that these *réunions* are the sources of a great many matches. Cards constitute one portion of the evening's entertainment; and the hours at which they take place seem to vary, seeing that it is not unusual to attend two or even three in an evening. They seldom commence earlier than half-past seven, or conclude at a later hour than two in the morning. The guests are sure to go home sober, unless they are likely to become intoxicated with cold water; "*ratafia de grenouille*"—as the French *troupiers* are wont to denominate orgeat, or lemonade—being the strongest beverage ever produced on the occasion.

We find in the correspondence of Major Dalrymple a description of a tertulia he attended in Cordova just a century ago, so exactly answering to those held at the present day, that we subjoin his account, as illustrative of the changeless nature of social habits in the Peninsula.

"I attended," he says, "an assembly at the residence of

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the Condessa de Villa Novas, who had lately lost a near relation. The company appeared in mourning; every female on entering the assembly, after paying her respects to the mistress of the house, went round the whole circle, took each lady by the hand, muttered some compliments, of which they had great abundance at command, and then sat down. When all the company was assembled, servants came in, dressed also in mourning, with glasses of iced water and sugar-biscuits, afterwards with chocolate, cakes, sweetmeats, and, to conclude, more iced water. These *refrescas* are the chief entertainment of the natives; for the pleasures of the table are scarcely known amongst them: they seldom dine or sup together, except on a marriage, the birth of a first son, or some other festive occasion. The company sat and conversed together,—for on these melancholy occasions there is no card-playing,—making little societies of conversation till towards eleven o'clock, when they all retired, the ladies going through the same ceremony on leaving as on coming into the room. The etiquette of these assemblies, and indeed of all others throughout the country, is extremely tiresome, though they are polite enough in making allowance for strangers."

Bailes and *sarraos*, or dances and balls, are given very freely during the season, which is at about the same time of year as in Paris.

To return to the drama. "Refined comedy," says an English traveller in Spain, of the last century, "has no place upon the Spanish stage; neither is the tragic muse supported by the performers; distress and joy, in long and tedious speeches, are alike repeated, with a composed countenance and a dull monotony, that lulls the audience to sleep. Buffoonery, indeed, has its full force; it is equally mixed with the serious and comic. The *gracioso* and *graciosa* are constantly introduced, to draw the attention of the audience, by endeavouring to make them laugh, by

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means of grimace, jokes, and quaint expressions. The farces, that are represented between the acts of the principal piece, are sometimes humorous, though often low; they are generally scenes of gallantry at an inn, on the public walks, at an icehouse, &c.; and as the great pursuit of these people is intrigue, the artful schemes of both sexes to accomplish their ends are ludicrously introduced.

"The fashionable vice of *cortejos* to married women is constantly lashed. The *tonadillas*, or musical dialogues, of a composition peculiar to this country, sung between the acts, are lively and agreeable. The *fandango*, also introduced after the farces, is a lascivious dance brought from the West Indies, of which the natives are as fond as the English used to be of the hornpipe. I imagine this dance originally came from the coast of Guinea: I have observed at Tetuan, the Emperor of Morocco's black soldiers dance, with castanets in their hands, in a manner very similar. There is a kind of comic opera represented in summer, called the '*zarzuela*;' I was at one of them—a translation of the French '*Le Roi et le Fermier*,' from the English 'Miller of Mansfield;' the voices and music in general were but indifferent. I have been told that there are above ten thousand plays in the Spanish language; the person who informed me said he had seen a list of eight thousand, amongst which Lopez de Vega and Calderon are most respectable figures; and I make no doubt but that in a more refined age the beauties in the compositions of the former, the celebrated contemporary and correspondent of Shakspere, will be cleared from the pile of rubbish that now conceals them, and by another Montague held forth to immortalize his name."

We have seen that modern Spain has her dramatic authors, and authors of merit too: we may add that there is scarcely a Spanish writer of the day who has not contributed at least one comedy to the stage-literature of his

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country. Of these Rubi and Martinez de la Rosa are among the principal, and Moratin, whose "*El si de las Niñas*" and his "*Comedia Nueva*" have made him very popular.

We must not, however, lose sight of the fact that Spain is an essentially slow country; it is long before improvements of any kind—much less literary or dramatic—can be established among a people where hitherto intercommunication of ideas has been so limited: very probably the present generation may live out their lives, and drop into their graves without as much as recognizing the existence of their own contemporary writers. Like the fixed stars,—the nearest of which have been calculated to be so distant that they may have ceased to exist thousands of years ago, while we are examining them with our telescopes—remote posterity will by-and-by awaken to the consciousness of the cæcity of their forefathers, and acknowledge, when they are no more, that there were (comparatively speaking) literary giants in those days.

It may be thought strange that, having thus the means of improving the stage, contemporary Spaniards fail to take advantage of it. But there is no energy to bring attractively before public attention works which, being new, require the impetus of an enterprising spirit in their production, and theatrical entertainments continue to hold a secondary position. In the meantime the bull-fight, which has undergone no modification, retains all its pristine barbarity, and with it, its pristine popularity, and it would be profanity, according to a Spaniard's notion, to meddle with it—to him it is the embodiment of perfection. This, his distinctive sport, has maintained its traditional supremacy through all the vicissitudes which have otherwise affected the Peninsula. It survives to be cherished by the modern Spaniard with the enthusiasm with which it was applauded by his ancestor—an enthusiasm which we

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contemplate with surprise, almost with incredulity, when we compare it with the apathy and indifference with which he passes by everything else. Still, though by no means flattering to his tastes and perceptions, this preference is to be explained: the sport is one which, addressing itself immediately to the senses, would naturally delight minds of an uncultivated class; though, we admit, it offers some redeeming features, and we should wish to think that a surviving sentiment of admiration for personal prowess and feats of manly strength formed one element in the popularity of this unique exhibition.

If it can be enjoyed without any mental effort, and in no way calls into activity those faculties which constitute the privilege of more refined natures, and of which the Spaniard knows neither the existence nor the value, at all events it serves to interest him, in his own way, and to afford him one of the highest enjoyments of which he has made himself capable. He has, somehow or other,—by what process it is not ours to explain,—contrived to stifle the voice of humanity, and to divest himself of all feeling of compassion for the dumb creatures recklessly, barbarously, nay, wilfully sacrificed for his wanton sport; and he can and does thoroughly appreciate the ingenuity and address, the physical agility, accuracy of eye, muscular force, and perhaps moral courage of the combatants; for there is no doubt every *lidiador* exposes himself to a greater or less amount of danger every time he enters the arena, though usage and the degree of confidence he may ultimately acquire in his own skill may diminish both the real peril and his apprehension of it.

That a distinct idea of possible evil results is entertained, is evident from the fact that the combatants frequently prepare themselves for the fight as if they were going on to the battle-field, with serious doubts as to the issue; and it is said that almost all confess and communicate on the previous day. The Spaniard partakes of the superstitious

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character common to Oriental nations; and as he has a faith, generally sustained by very strong convictions, his tendency to go beyond the limits of mere belief shows itself in the ultra-strictness with which he fulfils, under pressure of fear, those practices he has learned to consider good and useful, in themselves, under ordinary circumstances.

The first Monday after our arrival in the capital of the Castiles, we learnt that one of these *gran fiestas* was to take place, and being essentially a *cosa de España*, we felt ourselves bound to witness it at least once. "Weather permitting" is always a condition affixed to the announcement of a *corrida*, and as in our own watery and uncertain climate we can do no more on occasion of an outdoor entertainment, we consider the N. B. on the Spanish programme in every way noteworthy.

The gods on this occasion were unquestionably propitious. The windows of heaven were closed; and not only closed, but draped with that deep, soft cerulean curtain with which Nature has tenderly canopied the sunny South. The *corrida* would therefore come off; and as we had secured our places at the little *kiosco* which contains the *bureau* in the *calle* of the *Atocha*, on the previous day—subject to the proviso that the money was to be returned if the sky should scowl—we had nothing to do but to make our way to the spot. Down the broad Calle de Alcalà we accordingly proceeded, and across the Pra'o—deserted at this hour, for it was but three in the afternoon, numbers of people of all classes having their minds and footsteps turned in the same direction. Splendid equipages we saw, following the same road, and equestrians in great numbers. In fact, one phase of the impending pageant met our gaze the moment we came in sight of the colossal, glaring, circular building shortly to be the scene of so much wild excitement, suffering, and

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bloodshed. It looked like a whited sepulchre, fair outside, but full of dead carcasses and all uncleanness. The sun smiled brightly on the hurrying crowds rushing in to secure the best places they could obtain. The whole neighbourhood was full of idlers, beggars, pedlers, vendors of *agua fria* and *horchata*, of grapes, melons, and especially of circular paper folding-fans, fixed on small sticks and roughly put together for the ephemeral use of the occasion. They were ingeniously cut out of pink, blue, green, or yellow posting-bills, the large black letters on which, formed a strange and cabalistical pattern on the radiated circle when unfolded.

Empty vehicles of every class and capacity, relieved of their burdens, stood pell-mell in a dense mass outside the amphitheatre, from the clumsiest bullock-drawn cart to the most elegant London or Paris-built barouche. Riding horses, indicative of the quality and social standing of their respective owners, were mingled with these, all being crowded together on the shady side of the monster edifice. We presented our tickets and passed in. The interior passages, staircase, and galleries were of an extremely slight and temporary character, being apparently run up with light boards, not very close together. Our seats were on the first row of the first tier of the arcaded gallery, and as soon as we had settled ourselves in our places and could begin to look round us, it was to survey one of the most extraordinary sights the imagination can picture. The whole of that vast amphitheatre was densely packed, head over head, from the projecting seats below, to those farthest back, in the uppermost tier, with an assemblage of types representing not only every phase, but every finest shade of every phase, of curiosity and eager expectation. Men, women, and children, of all ages and all classes, might be discerned there; and from the most distinguished *hidalgo* to the most abject *pariah*, all were at that moment animated

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by one common interest, and brought together by one common object.

Bills — here we might appropriately use the French term, "*bull*etins"—of the performance, on coloured paper, were copiously distributed, and floated about as they were passed from one to another of the vast and eager multitude. We subjoin a fac-simile of this document, by which it will be seen six bulls were announced, being three from each of two *ganaderias*, or breeding and training meadows, the colours being respectively blue, crimson, and yellow:—

PLAZA DE TOROS.

EN LA TARDE DE LUNES 17 DE OCTUBRE DE 1865, SE VERIFICARA
(si el tiempo no lo impide)
LA 21.ª MEDIA CORRIDA DE TOROS.
PRESIDIRA LA PLAZA LA AUTORIDAD COMPETENTE.

Se lidiarán SEIS TOROS de las ganaderías y con las divisas siguientes:

Toros.	Ganaderias.	Vecindad del Ganadero.	Divisas.
TRES	de D. Manuel Bañuelos y Salcedo ...	Colmenar Viejo....	Azul turquí.
TRES	de D. Mauricio Rosendo.....	Madrid.....	Encarnada y amarilla

LIDIADORES.

PICADORES..... *Francisco Calderon* y *Antonio Calderon*, con otros tres de reserva, sin que en el caso de inutilizarse los cinco pueda exigirse que salgan otros.

ESPADAS..... *Francisco Arjona Guillen* (Cúchares), *Gonzalo Mora* y *Antonio Carmona* (el Gordito), á cuyo cargo estarán las correspondientes cuadrillas de banderilleros, inclusa la del *Tato*.

SOBRESALIENTE DE ESPADAS..... *Mariano Anton*, sin perjuicio de banderillear los toros que le correspondan.

El apartado de los toros se hará en la Plaza el dia de la corrida á las once y media. Los billetes para verle desde los balcones del corral y toriles, se espenderán á cuatro reales en la Administracion, contigua á las Caballerizas, desde las once en adelante.

SE PREVIENE AL PUBLICO DE ORDEN DE LA AUTORIDAD.

1.º Que no se lidiará mas número de toros que los anunciados, y que habrá dispuestas banderillas de fuego y algunos perros de presa para los toros que

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no entren á varas, segun disponga la Autoridad, pero advirtiendo que el toro á quien se echen perros, no será reemplazado con otro.

2.° Que está prohibido que los concurrentes se dirijan insultos ni improperios.

3.° Que tambien está prohibido arrojar á la Plaza cualquier objeto que pueda perjudicar á los lidiadores ó interrumpir la lidia.

Y 4.° Que nadie puede estar entre barreras sino los precisos operarios, ni bajar de los tendidos hasta que esté enganchado el último toro, en la inteligencia de que los transgresores á estas disposiciones se pondrán á disposicion del Sr. Presidente para imponerles el castigo á que se hayan hecho acreedores.

LOS PRECIOS DE LAS LOCALIDADES SERAN LOS MISMOS DE LAS CORRIDAS ORDINARIAS DE ESTE AÑO.

Los niños que no sean de pecho necesitan billete.

El despacho de billetes de la calle de Alcalá, establecido en el kiosco inmediato al Café Suizo, estará abierto el Sábado y el Domingo, desde las diez de la mañana hasta el anochecer, y el Lunes, desde la misma hora hasta las tres y media de la tarde. El despacho de la Plaza de Toros se abrirá el dia de la corrida á la una.

Se advierte que una vez tomados los billetes, no podrán devolverse sino en el caso de suspenderse la funcion.

LA CORRIDA EMPEZARA A LAS TRES Y MEDIA EN PUNTO.

Una música tocará antes de principiar la funcion y en los intermedios.

The sun was pouring an almost torrid heat into the midst of the open circus, and although the blue and white striped awnings were unfurled and sloped over the upper galleries, they did but little service, and the glare from the sand of the spacious arena sent back the heat, which seemed at once to rise from the ground and to descend from the sky. The broad-brimmed hats of the men, shaped for the most part like those one sees in Chinese pictures, and the fans of the women, seemed to answer all the purpose of sunshades to each individual. The brightly-coloured circular paper hand-screens, and here and there a bunch of flowers in the hair, had an admirable effect, and, with the variegated waistcoats of the peasant-men, and the brilliant petticoats of the women, lighted up the mass of human forms, for the most part attired in black, and gave it the appearance of a gay parterre; while the con-

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tinual movement of the pink dots called hands and faces, and the ceaseless buzz and clatter of voices, gave a wondrous vitality to the strange and busy scene, the brilliancy of which was only clouded by the smoke of thousands of cigars, all smouldering at once. It was a sight to see, if there had been nothing else to follow it, and every group —nay, every face, and every figure and attitude, was a study; they reflected emotions which no other circumstance could elicit, and illustrated the national character in the very perfection of its own peculiar type.

To ourselves the feeling was something akin to that with which one might expect to be overcome if about to witness an execution.

The Queen's balcony—fronted by a white marble balustrade and canopied with white marble—occupies a prominent place, and the President's box is only second in importance; her Majesty, however, is seldom present at these spectacles, partly on account of the expense, as royalty here never appears in public except in great state, and a *Funcion Real* is a very elaborate affair.

A band, consisting of drums, clarionets, trumpets and fifes, was stationed in the orchestra opposite the royal box, and played before the commencement of the performance and during all the intervals after it began.

The Royal box was occupied to-day by a photographer and attendants, who was engaged in taking views of the scenes with his camera. We regretted to find, on examining them, that the process was not the instantaneous one, and, moreover, that he had selected the moments during which there was least movement, therefore those least characteristic of the circumstance.

To describe a bull-fight, when we remember how often, how minutely, and how graphically it has been depicted before, whether by pen or pencil, seems a work of supererogation; and yet it would be strange to offer to the

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"gentle," and above all to the *inquiring*, reader—a much fitter term to apply to him at the present day—a collection of *cosas de España* in which that singularly characteristic pastime should *not* be depicted. We suppose that every one who narrates a fact witnessed by himself, and the details of which he was intensely interested in observing, receives his own proper impression of the same, and in giving that to others, he may be laying before them something much newer than might be thought could be supplied to the reproduction of an already familiar picture: we therefore modestly offer the results of our experience.

When we had taken our seats, and had found leisure for reflection, our position appeared to us in all its novelty and strangeness. There we were, actually within that magic circle, which, by its mysterious attraction, can draw a whole nation into its delirious whirlpool! That world-famed and unique spectacle which, for centuries, has roused the astonishment and evoked the abhorrence of the civilized world, was about to be enacted before our eyes. As we recalled the details, the recital of which had so long provoked our curiosity and excited our aversion, we were surprised to find ourselves there, and almost wished we could see any way to escape; but that would have been impossible now. Our places were in the front row, and every seat behind and around us was now filled up; every face was concentrated on the arena, wholly absorbed in what was to follow. Gradually it developed before our eyes like the realization of a dream, and as each incident followed, so unvaried is the performance, that it seemed to us as if we must have seen it all before; every detail took its place exactly as described in authors more than three centuries old: prepared, however, as we were for all the particulars of the "entertainment" we had united with this large concourse of spectators to behold, the sensation produced by the sanguinary drama was an altogether

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new one; and as we watched its effect on the living faces of the masses of our fellow-creatures who surrounded us, it seemed all at once to reveal to us a strange and unsuspected, not to say startling, phase of the human mind.

While ruminating on the unusual sight, we were roused by a sudden cessation in the flutter of movement, and a suspension of the buzz of voices around us; the music of the band was silent, and the trumpets from the tribune sounded their ominous flourish; every eye was turned as that of one man, on the space below.

One of the barriers enclosing the arena, and forming the circular passage which surrounds it, was suddenly thrown back, and—preceded by two mounted *alguazils* solemnly clothed in black, in galloped a numerous team of mules driven from behind. They were gaily caparisoned, and, mingled with the bright colours of their trappings and floating ribbons, was the gold and silver lace which covered their harness, glittering in the sun, while the little gilt bells with which they were bedizened tinkled at every movement; on either side walked, with brisk step, the gaily-attired *lidiadores*, in Andalusian costume of the richest material, their hair bound up in nets with a bow of coloured ribbon at the nape of the neck, the short claret-coloured velvet jacket richly braided with gold, the blue satin vest and velvet breeches, with pendent ribbons, gold lace and hanging gilt buttons, and the tight pink silk stockings, with dapper, pliant buckled shoes; in short, they looked like so many Figaros attired to play the "*Barbiere de Sevilla.*" With them were the *chulos*,* or *sobresalientes*, being embryo *toreros*, who wear scarlet shirts and white nether garments, like cricketers, and maintain their place within the narrow ring surrounding the arena,

* It has always been the custom for the *toreadors* to attend the levées of young men of fashion, where the modes of attack and defence are learnedly discussed.

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ready to render any service on emergency, to execute all minor offices, and thus pass their apprenticeship to superior duties; alongside trotted the dogs—*los perros*—only called on by way of insult to bait such bulls as are considered too tame and mean-spirited to show fight without this additional incitement; behind came the *picadores*, five in number, wearing their broad hats, and with iron-cased limbs, looking stiff and majestic. Armed with their long heavy lances they were mounted on ponderous saddles, in which they were, so to speak, *emboités* before and behind, while their footing was rendered sure by the massive wide triangular stirrup, in which the foot is literally lost to sight. The horses they rode held up their heads as if, with a flickering remnant of aroused pride, they wished in the glittering procession to show what they had once been; their attenuated necks, however, and gaunt limbs formed a ghastly contrast, not only with the effort, but with all the surrounding pomp and paraphernalia. Poor beasts, it was with *them* after all, even before the bull, that our strongest sympathies went; *they* at least were doomed, while the fate of others was only problematical; the dogs, if employed, were comparatively safe, for they were sure to be called off before they were much injured, on account of their value to their owners; besides this, when they do fight the bull, it is on equal terms, both parties make the best use they can, in that contest, of their natural defences, and, barbarous as may be the sport, there is at least some equality between the combatants: but the horses are condemned beforehand; already drained to the dregs, of their services, it is when they are literally unfit for any further use, and their lives have been worn out for their master's benefit, that they are still made to serve, in death, for the inconceivable pleasure of his barbarous sport. There is something inexpressibly touching in the willingness and even attempted spirit with which these poor creatures, uncon-

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scious of the horrible fate which awaits them, carry their rider round the arena, and do their best to the very last to bear him out of danger, while *his* business is to lead them, literally, blindfold *into* it. The cruel deaths of the horses form the chief excitement of the sport, and so eager are the spectators for this frightful sight, that if it does not occur soon enough or often enough, they are ready to bring down the building with their shouts.

To return to the glittering, tinkling, delusive procession, which came in with a burst (eliciting a simultaneous cry of applause which shook the air), swept round the vast circle, halting for an instant below the President's box, that the kneeling *alguazil* might receive in his hat the key of the bulls' prison, which the President drops into it . . . and was gone! All were patient now, for they knew the sport had fairly begun. After a brief interval, a second flourish of trumpets blew, and through another similar door—this one communicating with the bulls' place of confinement alone—the chief performer was introduced.

The bull is always an object of intense interest with the public, and more especially of course with the fancy-men, who collect in and about the spot, and knowingly exhibit their acquaintance with "bull-flesh" by calling one another's attention to the "points" they detect. The bull is only seen for the first time when he is let loose into his place of execution, and where the business of his life begins, a short half-hour before his death! These animals are bred and reared in the *ganaderia* or pastures some distance in the country, and when the *Empresa* has decided whence are to be drawn those they require for a *Funcion*, the *picadores* are sent on the previous day, armed and in companies, to select, capture, and fetch them in. This is a service of some danger, and requires courage as well as judgment; it is one which excites the greatest eagerness amongst all interested in the sport. The bulls, when fixed

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upon, are lured away from their liberty and their mountain homes, by oxen taken there for the purpose, and are driven into the cities where they are to exhibit, if possible, during the very small hours of the night, when there are fewest persons about. A considerable force of men, horses, and dogs are employed to carry the business through.

The bulls are all confined, without food, in separate cells or *torils*, during the period that intervenes, and so furious have they become during the time, that the doors by which they pass from their prisons to the arena are contrived in such a way that the person who opens them always remains out of the creature's sight. When the moment arrives, the door is opened from above, when the *garrocha*, with its streamer, or *devisa*, fixed to a long sharp steel pin, is adroitly dropped—also from above—into his back between the shoulders, avoiding the spine: the man whose duty it is to introduce the bull into the arena then draws back the door with a rope, and the opening door, while it completely covers him, forms a passage across the fenced ring separating the arena from the lowest seats, and the bull has no alternative but to enter the circus. The folding or double barriers opening into the circus are then closed, one upon the other, by the *chulos* who stand behind them, and who easily avoid the bull by remaining thus *en cachette* until he has passed them.

No sooner was egress offered him than he rushed headlong into the circus, dashing madly round as if he sought an escape; baffled in this, and scared by the fanfare of the trumpets, the glare of the sun on the yellow sand, and the vociferous shouts of the people, he suddenly stopped, raised his head, and stared wildly round. The blood was already streaming from his neck where the *devisa*,* in this case a sky-blue riband, had been fixed. Meantime the

* The *devisa* differs in colour, and indicates the *ganaderia* whence the bull has come.

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lidiadores, fifteen in number, were scattered about the arena, each with a brightly tinted cloak of different colours twisted about his arm, the *picadores* being drawn up in a defensive attitude, one behind the other, as far as possible from the centre of the circus. The horses, we observed, were blindfolded, *pour cause*. Some precautions were taken for the safety of the *toreros;* thus there were, here and there, slits in the barriers,* through which an expert fellow could glide, in extreme cases, and there is a step all round, from which the more readily to vault over the paling. For the protection of the public, a tight rope was strained all round the circus, fixed to iron stays, to arrest the progress of the bull, if, in his fury, he should attempt to scamper upwards among the spectators. This frequently occurs, to the great delight of those who are far enough off not to be damaged, and who seem to forget that the next time it may be their turn. Frightful indeed are the accidents, both among actors and spectators, which sometimes happen during these games; and, as they are generally of some unexpected kind, one never knows whether some awful casualty may not be on the point of occurring; it is always on the cards.

The bull now discovered his adversaries, and seemed instinctively to recognize their treacherous intentions. The people became impatient for an attack, and the trumpets blew; the *capeadores* hovered about, dazzling, perplexing, attacking and repelling the bewildered brute, according to the different colours of their cloaks, and always gracefully and ingeniously eluding his vengeance. At length one, emboldened by success, continued his provocations beyond the bounds of discretion; the bull

* At Seville the *lidiadores*, at least those who are on foot, have an additional chance of safety in the wooden screens placed all round at intervals, about fifteen inches in front of the fenced ring, behind which they can glide, without fear of being followed by the bull.

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abandoned the others, and, selecting his persevering tormentor, defied him to single combat. Scattering about the sand with his hoofs, he ploughed the ground with his muzzle, and, putting himself in a butting attitude, he pointed the back of his head and the tips of his horns with menacing determination towards the object of his just vengeance. The agile *torero*, however, knew his bull; he never lost presence of mind for a moment, but twisting about the *capa* till it became inflated, he flung it before the beast's face, and, under cover of its folds, fled nimbly to the barrier. The bull, furiously enraged, tossed the crimson silk, tearing it with his horns, and then, discovering how he had been duped, made for his foe with redoubled rage; but the *capeador* had just gained the time he needed to vault over into the fenced ring just as the bull came up with him. His eye was dilated, and seemed to glare with fire; he had pursued his foe with such fury that the impetus given to his course served him instead of address, and, never losing sight of his man, he followed him, tumbling rather than leaping, over the barrier into the narrow passage, within one short section of which man and beast were now shut up together.

The approving roars from the amphitheatre were deafening; it was difficult not to be carried away by the general enthusiasm; it was a moment of intense excitement; the life of a fellow-being seemed to hang on a thread, and a moment more must decide his doom. It was a struggle between brute force and intelligent activity:—the man got the better of it. In that instant he made another desperate bound, and leaped over into the next division. The people, true to its character,—

> "Sequitur fortunam, ut semper, et odit
> Damnatos,"—

and who but now had thundered a unanimous "*Bravo*

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toro!" changed its cry, and it was now the *lidiador* they hailed. But he was not saved yet; the next move—quick as thought—was on the part of the bull, who, making a second and almost supernatural bound, was seen coming up with him a third time, when the active fellow, by a happy inspiration, leaped back into the arena, and his brethren in arms, rushing to the rescue, threw open the communications to give his provoked and angry foe free course, till, one of the barriers being opened, he spontaneously returned into the circus, when it was neatly closed, and the combatant was saved for *this* time. Still panting from the desperate chase, the disappointed brute now turned upon the first *picador*, but received a check from the point of his lance; a broad stream flowed from the widening gash, crimsoning the sand, and, as might be expected, the wounded beast turned again with greater fury on his assailant, who by this time had driven his spurs into his horse, and by a bound had cleared the spot, so that the creature's horns struck violently, and with a fearful crash, into the wooden wall, and the bull, who as yet had gained no advantage, baffled and stung, coursed once more, desperately round the ring.

The men seemed to be taking breath; but the spectators had no intention of being satisfied with this tame dallying, and they vociferously signified their disapprobation. The trumpet sounded once more, and the *picador* advanced a second time to the bleeding hero of the sport, and provoked him with his "*vara*," at the same time siding up to the fence, so that, in case his horse should fall, he might secure an escape: the sagacious beast, albeit blindfolded, seemed to have an instinctive presentiment of the fate that awaited him; he trembled for a moment in every limb, as the bull, with a thundering roar, rent the air; but, obedient to the spur and to his master's voice, he recovered his pace, and advanced to meet the inevitable attack. The bull, lowering

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his head, rushed at the *picador*, and, with all the force of his weight, plunged his horns deep into the poor beast's right flank, turning him completely round as on a pivot, and lifting his hind quarters several times from the ground, the horse kicking violently. It was a ghastly group. The *picador* kept his seat unmoved, while the whole assemblage yelled its savage delight. The attention of the bull, as soon as the lance had forced him to withdraw his horns, was called off by the *chulos*, who dazzled him with the evolutions of a yellow cloak, and the gored steed, now released, but frightfully torn, tottered on, a piteous spectacle, endeavouring, with his fast-failing strength, to bear his rider out of danger. Arrived near the middle of the arena, however, his broken steps were arrested; his hour was come, and, making one last but futile effort, he fell with his rider heavily to the ground. When a *picador* falls, and with his horse upon him, it is no easy matter for him to rise; and no sooner had the wretched steed succumbed, than the bull, dashing at the struggling and powerless mass, "in one red ruin blent," attacked horse and man once more, with all the vigour of his horns. The *picador* was utterly helpless; embedded in his deep saddle and ponderous stirrups, his lower limbs cased in iron, he had not the shadow of a chance of extricating himself. His lance he had dropped, and all he could do, and all he did, was to urge his dying horse with violent and desperate blows to rise and release him. The cruelly-used beast, willing and intelligent to the last, mangled as he was, and almost swimming in the crimson pool beneath him, made a supreme effort to rise; it was in vain, and all he could now do was to serve as a shield by receiving the attack of the enraged bull, instead of his master. Still the position was eminently critical; the struggles of the dying horse under the horns of the infuriated bull complicated the position, and the next

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moment might decide the helpless man's fate. He looked around, dismayed, when another *picador* advanced, and, driving his lance into the bull's shoulder, aroused him to the consciousness of a new foe. The *toreros* and *chulos* took advantage of the diversion to bear the bruised and wounded *picador* off the field, and the expiring horse—not deemed worth a thought, because, pecuniarily speaking, he was valueless—was left there, not only to struggle in the agonies of a cruel death, but to form a butt for the frantic bull every time he passed him in the fight.

Meantime, as if to carry their barbarity to the lowest depth, two or three *chulos*, watching their opportunity, advanced to the moribund horse, and, beating him violently with clubs and sticks, tried to force him to rise, but in vain; his feet, once so swift, were destined never to support him again, and, after several attempts to comply, he dropped his head heavily, and with an almost human expression of powerlessness and despair. His savage tormentors were not satisfied even now, and as if determined the noble beast should not even die in peace, forestalled the few moments he had yet to breathe, by dragging off, with frightful violence, the heavy accoutrements with which he was encumbered; and, having possessed themselves of these articles, departed without having even had the grace to put an end to his miserable existence, the bull being engaged in a deadly combat with the second *picador* on the other side of the circus. The second *picador*, indeed, came off better than the first. *His* horse, after the first goring, and when just about to fall, was recalled by a sharp spur-stroke in his already lacerated sides; he started off at a convulsive gallop, and bore his rider nearly round the ring, a miserable spectacle. His entrails were dragged along till, his feet getting entangled in them, his master, with surprising skill, contrived to dismount before he fell, and, abandoning the dying and defenceless creature to the

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fury of the bull, who again gored and tossed him violently, escaped scot-free.

But the term of the persecuted *toro's* own existence was shortening, and the people, fearing lest his end should arrive before they had had all the enjoyment that could possibly be extracted from his struggles, called loudly for the *banderillas*. The trumpet blew its approving blast, and two bold *banderilleros* presented themselves, after the bull had been provoked by the *chulos* into the right position and attitude, for these new tormentors to commence their attack. The *banderillero* was an accomplished *torero*, who understood his business, and he took in at a glance the bull he had to deal with. His is a perilous office, but he executed it with intelligence, skill and grace; he hovered about and around his bewildered victim, turning and twisting his *banderillas* with provoking perseverance, and gliding aside with surprising muscular accuracy every time the poor bull tried to parry a feint; at last he succeeded in planting his gaudy instruments of torture in the exact spot in which a clever *artiste* is bound to spike them, unless he can face the execrations of an assemblage of fastidious and disappointed *connoisseurs*. As it was, they testified their appreciation of the barbarous feat by a thunder of applause as the nimble *torero* eluded the pursuit of his foe by a swift retreat. The bespangled and befringed *banderillas* drooped over with their own weight, and flapped violently on either side of the poor wretch's neck, as with a sudden start and piteous roar at the unlooked-for aggravation, he bounded furiously across the sand, tearing up the ground with his horns and hoofs, and tossing everything in his way, in his frantic efforts to rid himself of the new torment; the blood, which had coagulated into a gory texture, hanging like a broad crimson sheet from either side of his neck, completely concealing his hide, now started in a fresh stream from the new wound, and his parched tongue hung from his mouth,

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eloquently appealing in its mute helplessness for one small drop of water. Strange to say, the pitiful sight touched no responsive chord in the hearts of that countless mass of humanity; on the contrary, like the beast of prey who has once licked up blood, this insatiate crowd seemed to gloat over the scenes that had well-nigh sickened us; so far from being moved to compassion, regret or sympathy, they urged on the remaining *banderilleros*, eager in their turn to show their skill, and after the usual flourishes, two more pair of fiery *banderillas* were adding their piercing points to the smarting shoulders of the luckless bull, "butchered to make a *Spanish* holiday." What must the Roman circus have been, if this was so unendurable!—and yet tender, gentle, loving womankind assisted—ay, and applauded at the ghastly human sacrifice.

For ourselves, we found *this* quite enough, and wondered how it could be possible none other there, shared our horror; but it was mockery, in such a place, to seek for "hearts," or to expect to discover traces of humanity! How could they be supposed to survive such an ordeal?

We asked ourselves incredulously, *Were* they human beings? and *had* they any hearts? and if so, by what process had they learned so completely to stifle the sweet voice of mercy, and to resist all the generous impulses of our common nature. *Our* sympathies, we confess, were all with the cruelly-used bull, and the unfortunate horses, and at that moment, we felt but little alarm or concern for the *toreros* who went in for excitement, for gain, and for glory, and we could not forget that whatever damage they might sustain, would certainly have been of their own seeking; not so the hunted, mangled, gashed and bleeding victim, alone and defenceless in the midst of a savage multitude, among whom he sought in vain one pitying eye! Alas! no; all were not only combined against his life, but had doomed him to die by a process of the most refined

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cruelty it could have entered into the mind of an ingenious and intelligent being to devise. Where were the wide and breezy pastures, till then, the only world he knew? and how the thought of them contrasted with the arid sand, and noisy, heated atmosphere, redolent of blood, carnage and death! Escape there was none. It was a real relief when at length the final trumpet blew its fatal blast, and the *espada* came forward, bowed to the President, threw off his cap, and displayed his crimson flag. It was Cuchares —the great Cuchares himself: the theatre rang with applause. The Toledo steel, bright as a mirror, flashed in his practised hand; dexterously he felt his ground; he eyed the bull, and in a moment—a critical moment for him—perceived by tests his experience suggested to him, the nature of the animal he had to deal with, and the mode in which he must be treated . . . and . . . despatched. All the other *toreros* had retired, and he stood alone, as an executioner, face to face with his foredoomed victim. It was a supreme moment, and the attention of the amphitheatre seemed breathlessly concentrated into a single point.

There is a wonderful power of fascination in perfection of any kind, and, notwithstanding the nature of the act in which it was to be displayed, we felt ourselves insensibly drawn under its influence.

The *matador* began his operations by dallying with the bull: possessing all the qualifications of a first-rate *espada*, the confidence he had in the accuracy of his eye and the steadiness of his hand was apparent in every gesture; the group formed a singular *tableau*, and the attitudes supplied a series of excitements. Every head was stretched forward with an eagerness which offered each individual character without disguise, to be read like the page of a book. The interest was intensified by a sudden and unexpected plunge on the part of the bull; it was

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vigorous, but it was his last; the poor beast was received with masterly self-possession on the point of the sword, which entered deep, deep into the shoulder, just above the blade, and with a fearful groan, the huge and bloody form fell, an inert mass, to the ground.

The crimson tide of life burst like an unstemmed torrent from his wide nostrils and gaping mouth, and with a quiver which seemed to communicate itself to the whole amphitheatre, he was still for ever. The air was rent with shouts of men, screams of women, cries of approbation and roars of applause, which were still at their height, when one of the barriers suddenly opened, and the mules, with their harness glittering, and their *grélots* tinkling, trotted gaily in; a rope was fastened with great dexterity round the neck of the still palpitating carcase, which was then dragged off with incredible rapidity, leaving a purple furrow in the sand: the dead bodies of the luckless horses, one of which still lingered on, were mercilessly disposed of in a similar manner; the *chulos* came in, some raked over the large deep stains beneath where the dead had lain, and cleverly masked the tracks they had left, and others sprinkled fresh sand over the spots. All traces of the deadly contest were obliterated, and in a few moments the arena, bright and sunny as ever, was prepared for a new *corrida;* the *toreros* appeared again, as smart and dapper as at first, their costumes as fresh, their silk stockings as spotless; not a splash of blood had touched them, and their limbs appeared to retain their original pliability to the last. One *corrida* is so like another, the routine is so precisely the same—never, apparently, having varied since the first bull-fight that ever was exhibited in the crudest times, and—unless there be an accident—the detail is so slightly varied, that it would be needless to add to the notes we have already recorded, especially as it is not an entertainment we would willingly linger over, even in recollection. We felt we ought to see

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it once; we saw it, were utterly disgusted, and hope never to witness the horrid exhibition a second time.

A by no means uncommon entertainment in Spain is the sham bull-fight; and if they would but keep to the *novillos embolados*, with which there is no bloodshed, the pastime is sufficiently interesting to satisfy all rational people. These things are well got up here, with scenery, and a plot, in which feats of *tauromaquia* are introduced with excellent effect; but even these are not always got through without butchery. In all probability they would find no favour with the public without this seasoning. Still they must be far more profitable to the "*Empresa*," as a real bull-fight is a very costly affair, and would scarcely pay, but for the immense numbers who attend it. A Spaniard will part with his last rag, and forego his necessary food, rather than miss a *corrida*, if he can by any possibility scrape together a sufficient sum to pay for the very lowest place. The Madrid *circo* is said to hold 12,000 people, and the prices of seats vary according to the expenses of the *funcion*.

The seats below the first gallery are not only exposed to the broiling sun, but are always in more or less danger of being invaded by the bull; they are, however, sought after by the "Fancy," as implying a fearlessness which they affect if they do not entertain; but for the most part they are occupied by the lower classes, who cannot afford anything better. A higher price is charged for seats on the shady side of the amphitheatre.

The *espada's* task is full of risks, and as it requires consummate address (only to be acquired by great experience), and some anatomical knowledge to finish the bull off at one blow, and at the same time to pierce him at the exact spot decided on by *connoisseurs*, this functionary is regarded as the most important in the whole transaction. All are more or less liable to fatal accidents, and the *espada*, or,

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as he is called in the south, the *matador*, shares the danger equally with the rest, though at first sight his may seem the least perilous office; but we must remember that he is alone, unsupported, and that after the bull once comes within his province, the other *toreros* have done with him, and those diversions made by them in behalf of one another, and often the salvation of the endangered, never come to *his* aid.

This circumstance greatly increases the interest aud excitement of the closing scene, and imparts to it an impressive solemnity, which, in the critical moment, is absolutely awful.

The fate of the unfortunate Pepete, the *espada* of *espadas*—"*le Rubini des matadors*," as a French lady once described him to us, is a sad illustration of the dangers to which this part of the business exposes a man. He was a universal favourite, and is remembered with a sigh to this day, although his death took place two years since, and the Spaniards are naturally philosophical in their grief.

Pepete, strong in his past successes, and forgetting that

ὁ μεγας ὄλβος οὐ μονιμος ἐν βροτοῖς,—

was on the point of finishing off the bull with his usual *sang froid* and consummate skill, when the beast, who was neither so exhausted nor so subdued as he supposed, made a sudden spring; Pepete had recourse to his well-known nimbleness, fled to the fence, and was over it in one bound; the bull, to the surprise of all, including, no doubt, Pepete himself, by a convulsive effort, not only followed him, but, butting at him before he could avail himself of any further means of safety, literally nailed him to the wall with his horns, which passed through his chest. The expiring *torero* was extricated, and borne away before the eyes of the assembled thousands, who, in the excitement of the hour,

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scarce vouchsafed an inquiry as to his fate, and the spare *espada*, or "*sobrasaliente*," always at hand in case of an accident of this kind, obeyed the signal trumpet which, according to the routine never departed from, called him to supply the place of his fallen rival. He finished the work which death—not, alas! the death all had premeditated—had interrupted, and received the "*Bravos*" originally intended for Pepete, but not destined to be his.

Pepete, it is said, has never been replaced; he is *succeeded* by *Domingué, el Tuerto*—the One-eyed, having had his eye put out by the horn of a bull; since then he has worn a glass eye in its place. Guillen, surnamed *Cúchares*, and Carmona, *el Gordito*, are also of the first order.

Donato, the one-legged dancer, belonged to this fraternity, and lost his other limb by an accident on the arena. When these catastrophes occur, there is no cessation in the *funcion;* wounded or killed, the sport goes on as if nothing had happened!

All the celebrated *lidiadores* have pet names, by which they are familiarly recognized among the *habitués*. Thus, "*Antonio Carmona* is surnamed *el Gordito*," the Fat; "*Francisco Arzone Guillen—Cúchares;*" "*Antonio Sauchez —el Tato*," the Stammerer; and "*Manoel Fuentes—Bocanegra*," the Dusky-mouthed: these are all *espadas*. Then there is "*Vilovicioso—el Garrido*," the Handsome, a *banderillero*, and so on. There are often two or more brothers among these *toreros*. A curious *détail de mœurs* appears in the announcements that the *Empresa* of the "Plaza de Toros" at Cadiz, which has also taken under its management that of the *Puerto*, has entered into an engagement with *el Maestro Carmona* (*el Gordito*) to *torear* (literally, to fight bulls) with his *cuadrilla*, or band, during six "*funciones*," or performances, then to be given in each of the two circuses, to celebrate respectively the Fiestas of Corpus Christi, of SS. John, Peter, James, and Anne.

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The profession of a *torero* is no doubt one replete with peril, and that it exposes those who follow it to violent and frightful deaths is undeniable; but this may be said of many other occupations, and at all events these are all very liberally paid, not only in money, but in the hero-worship of the million—if we may thus style the *plebs* of this thinly populated land.

As we have pursued the *toro* from his birth in the *ganadería* to the last scene of his "strange, eventful history" in the "Plaza de Toros," we may as well go on to say what becomes of him—*i. e.*, of his flesh—after his exit from this world. *He*, poor fellow, not only suffers the death of a malefactor, but is "quartered" *after* his execution. His mangled carcase is *dépecé* into joints, and is then sold to the butchers. The unanatomical operation is performed in a gloomy paved court, with high brick walls,—over which might fairly be placarded, "Mangling done here,"—just without the amphitheatre, and the *meat* (?) is drawn up by means of a lift, by the purchasers who assemble at the railing above to bargain for it. Report asserts that the poor, superannuated, diseased horses, only fit for the knacker when they are coaxed on to the arena, are cut up and sold indiscriminately along with it! People connected with the "ring" deny the ghastly impeachment, but we confess the suspicion took away our appetite for flesh-meat in Madrid for some time.

A *corrida* of a different character, we were told, was to take place at Vicálvaro, a small *pueblo* near Madrid, given by the artillerymen amongst themselves—the Ensign D. Diégo Merino was to take the part of *espada;* for of the four bulls announced, two were to be "*de puntos*," and two "*para el capeo.*" The two sentenced to death were to be afterwards cooked to make the next day's rations, being the Fiesta of Santa Barbara, a great day in the garrisons. (The name is not inappropriate to the deed.)

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This would seem to imply that meat killed in this way was considered a delicacy, and offered as a treat.

On festival days, weather permitting, and provided it be the season of bull-fights, there is generally a grand *Funcion*. We saw announced on one such occasion that there would be a splendid mock fight between Spaniards and Moors, with the storming of the Alcazar, to be got up with a tremendous display of fireworks. In the course of this exciting drama, there would be six *toros* introduced, of which three would be *de muerte*. Besides these there were to be *novillos* (or young bulls) *embolados, i. e.*, with their horns sheathed. On these days the theatres are open at *las cuatro de la tarde*, instead of in the evening.

Bull-fights are held all the year round, and the *corrida* announced for Christmas-day was described as *the one* which had so often been postponed, sometimes on account of rain, and at others on account of heavy falls of snow. It had, however, to be put off again till the 6th of January, when, to celebrate the Feast of the Kings, and in order that the people might neither be disappointed nor suffer from the damp, the *Empresa* employed hands (*brazos*) enough to remove and cart away all the snow that had accumulated within and about the "Plaza de Toros."

A fancy bull-fight was given at Huesca, where the antagonists were a bull and an elephant. The latter made very short work of it, doubling up his adversary in no time, and demolishing the barriers of the Plaza into the bargain.

The elephant, who evidently was more than a match for his masters, tore open the doors of several houses, and smashed a couple of mules who were behind one of them. Being taken on to Zaragoza he rooted up some trees and knocked down several lamp-posts at the entrance of the town. His owners, having been condemned to pay the damage of this frolic, determined that their costly *protégé*

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should enjoy no more of his fun that day; they therefore clapped him into a railway van, and carried him off to the Plaza at Madrid, where the profits of his engagement might be made to pay his expenses.

Sir Talbot Dillon relates that, at a *corrida* at which he was present at Madrid, during his embassy in 1778, a *gitana*, or gipsey-woman, signalized herself by attacking the bull. She was tossed by him and bruised, when the whole theatre rang with applause;—it is ever the custom to applaud the victor;—however, to reward her resolution, the Marques de Cabrignani called out, "Viva la Louisa!" and threw her a handful of hard dollars.

The Portuguese have bull-fights, but they are decidedly less savage than those of Spain. This amusement was altogether abolished in Portugal under the late dynasty, but is now resuscitated. The bulls are always "*embolados*," *i. e.*, they have their horns capped, and they are fought without *picadores*, so that no horses are killed. At the same time, the *banderillas* are thrust into their necks, and as they are allowed to depart when the sport is over, and to return to their native scenes, to be recaptured several times, they begin at last to suspect the rough handling to which they are to be subjected; the wounds repeatedly made by the insertion of the *banderillas* in course of time become unsightly, and in the end they go the way of all bulls, and arrive at the slaughterhouse,—"Tout chemin méne à Rôme."

At Arles there are hebdomadal bull-fights during seven or eight months of the year; they take place every Sunday in the venerable old Roman amphitheatre,—a miniature "Coliseum," only in better preservation: the bulls are fetched in, on the previous evening by the *picadores*, and are confined in the dens formerly used for the wild beasts—for these, as well as the caverns used for the confinement of the unhappy prisoners who were to fight them, are still

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extant. These bull-fights, however, are always bloodless the bulls are generally what the Spaniards call *embolados*, so that they cannot gore. Although the place is a ruin, the people crowd into it and clamber into all the nooks and corners they can find; half a franc entrance-fee is claimed, and a little more is charged for seats, such as they are, on the stone blocks. The President and attendants occupy the seats erewhile used by the Roman Emperors. The bulls are led back to the breeding-place next day, and great care is taken not to use the same bulls again for some time.

We dined on our return from the Corrida at our own hotel, and having ordered Gregorio to bring us up the *carte* along with the *couverts*, we were curious to try some of the dishes inscribed thereon. The variety, however, proved not very bewildering, for it appeared there was no more left of anything we happened to ask for, and the stereotyped reply was, "*Ah! quest', e concluido*," or "*E terminado;*" accompanied with the characteristic shrug. At last we asked what there *was*, and after another journey to the kitchen, Gregorio reported that if we wished to dine at once, all they had *ready* was "*Rosvif*" and "*Viftek con patatas.*" It was not a very promising bill of fare, but there was no choice, so we ordered up the due number of *raciones*, and desired him to add to this a supplementary *tortilla al rhum*. This precaution was by no means a useless one, for as it turned out, we were reduced to the *tortilla* in question, and another or two added to it. As to the "*Rosvif*" and the "*Viftek*," they reminded us of the Irishman's dinner, which he ingeniously varied by ordering alternately "beans and bacon," and "bacon and beans;" they were one and the same article, with different names, and both totally uneatable. We asked Gregorio jokingly whether the dishes before us were not the produce of the *corrida*. To our surprise, not to use a stronger word

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he took us *au grand sérieux*, and replied that he didn't know, but that very good beef did come from there. He didn't *think* any of it found its way to the hotel, but for *his* part, *he* didn't object to horseflesh; he couldn't see why it shouldn't make just as good beef as "bulls," or "cows" either, for the matter of that: all this was said with the most innocent air, and with the most unsophisticated astonishment at *our* astonishment, and it really was difficult to reply to his argument. The fact of beef being called "*vaca*" decidedly prejudices the eater against it, and yet the question has been asked, "What's in a name?"

In the evening we went to the "Circo del Principe Alfonso," on the Prado, a newly constructed amphitheatre, of rather smaller dimensions than that in the Champs Elysées at Paris. There were some well-executed feats of horseman and horsewoman-ship, and the horses were peculiarly beautiful, graceful, and well-trained animals. Besides carrying their riders round during the performance of their various *tours de force* and ingenious efforts of skill and agility, the horses acted parts of their own—fired off pistols, danced polkas, sat and took coffee at tables, rolled barrels uphill, and executed a succession of other feats, which showed that they had received a very careful and elaborate education. The second part consisted of some very surprising gymnastic *tours de force*, the executants being a father and eight children. They were French, and all very handsome, sized on a graduated scale, and varying from six to less than two feet in height. The smallest of this wonderful family was literally a mere ball, but he had his little part, and he went through it bravely, and with the *aplomb* of a practised hand. He seemed to enter into the fun of the thing with uncommon spirit, and on being *encored*, bowed to the *assistance* with an air of combined gratification and firmness, which said as plainly as words—"I

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am very much flattered by your approval, but I really can't go through the fatigue a second time; so Good night, gentle public;" and having *looked* all this, he retired, making somersaults, to the intense mirth of the spectators.

The evolutions carried out by the rest of the family were most wonderful, and most of them seemed positively dangerous. One feat, by a youth of about fourteen, in which he climbed up to the highest point of the domed roof, about sixty feet from the ground, by a single rope, and when arrived there, stood on the ceiling with his head downward for some time, so alarmed the spectators, that they called out "*Basta! Basta!*" from all parts of the house, and had the sense not to applaud till the lad was fairly restored to *terra firma*, right side upwards.

This trait of humanity deserves to be recorded, and it took us by surprise, in contrast with the barbarity which had so disgusted us at the bull-fight in the morning, among the same class of people.

The house is handsome, fresh, and clean, and the decorations are white and gold, with crimson velvet seats; notwithstanding this, smoking is not prohibited here, and the company was not slow to take advantage of it.

At Christmas-tide the Spaniards indulge in a special kind of dramatic entertainment, called *Nacimiento.* It consists of a model of a stable, with scenery, representing the birth of our Lord, similar to the *Presepios* of Italy, the *Crèches* erected in France, Belgium, and sometimes also in the chapels of private houses among Catholics in England, made up with wax figures and remaining for some weeks.

The *Nacimientos* resemble the *Presepios*, but they include a performance of the sacred scene, with episodes introduced: they are often got up with great solemnity; sometimes the rude simplicity with which they are arranged, and especially the quaint anomalies and ana-

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chronisms of the pantomime, the dialogue, and the costume, render them somewhat ludicrous to a fastidious taste.

The *Nacimientos* are often performed by the clever little *troupe* of the "Nueva Infantil." Their own theatre is on the Prado, near the Plateria San Martin, but they engage themselves at any other theatre, and prove a considerable attraction. At other times of the year they perform pieces written expressly for them, and in which they earn great admiration. The star of the company is a very graceful and clever little girl, of six years old, named Dolores Recio.

On Christmas-eve, these children went through the representation of a very elegant little sacred drama, composed for the occasion by the Señores Bejar and Llanos, and called "*El Lucero de Belen*," the star of Bethlehem. The performance took place in their own tasteful little theatre; the scenery and dresses were highly creditable, the stage effects being very simple; but the precision, intelligence, and expression with which the infant actors performed their parts was worthy of all praise.

During the great festivals of the Church, it is customary in Spain to change the nature of the theatrical performances, and to give pieces representing sacred subjects; thus, on the same evening, at the theatre of San Fernando, at Seville, was announced a serious drama, by Signor Tranquela, entitled "*Herodas*." This piece was brought out at Malaga, where it was much applauded.

Concerts are given in the larger and smaller halls of the "Conservatorio," and generally attract a good audience. One of the most admired *réunions musicales* of this season included as its greatest stars, Herr Engel, whose performances on the harmonium, and M. Jules Lefort, whose unique style and expressive voice, have been the theme of so much deserved admiration in our own and other capitals of Europe. "Lions" of this description constantly visit the capital to afford the attraction of foreign art to the

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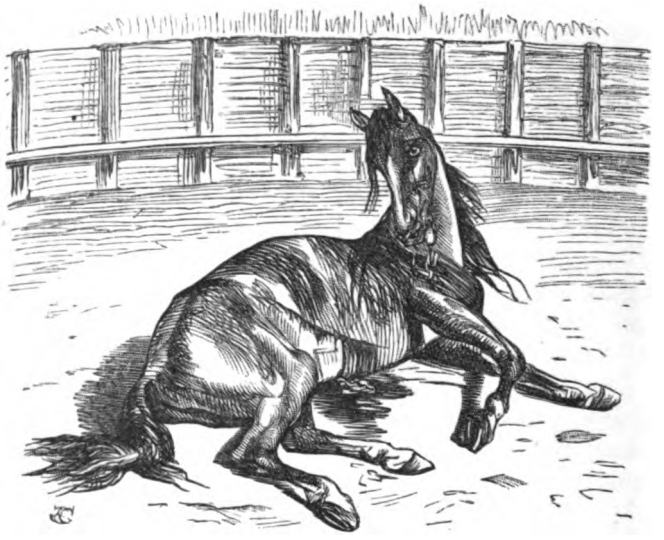
native entertainments; we were told that an English singer of great merit, named "Tom Hohler" (?), had been visiting several of the large towns in Spain, where he had been very warmly received.



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