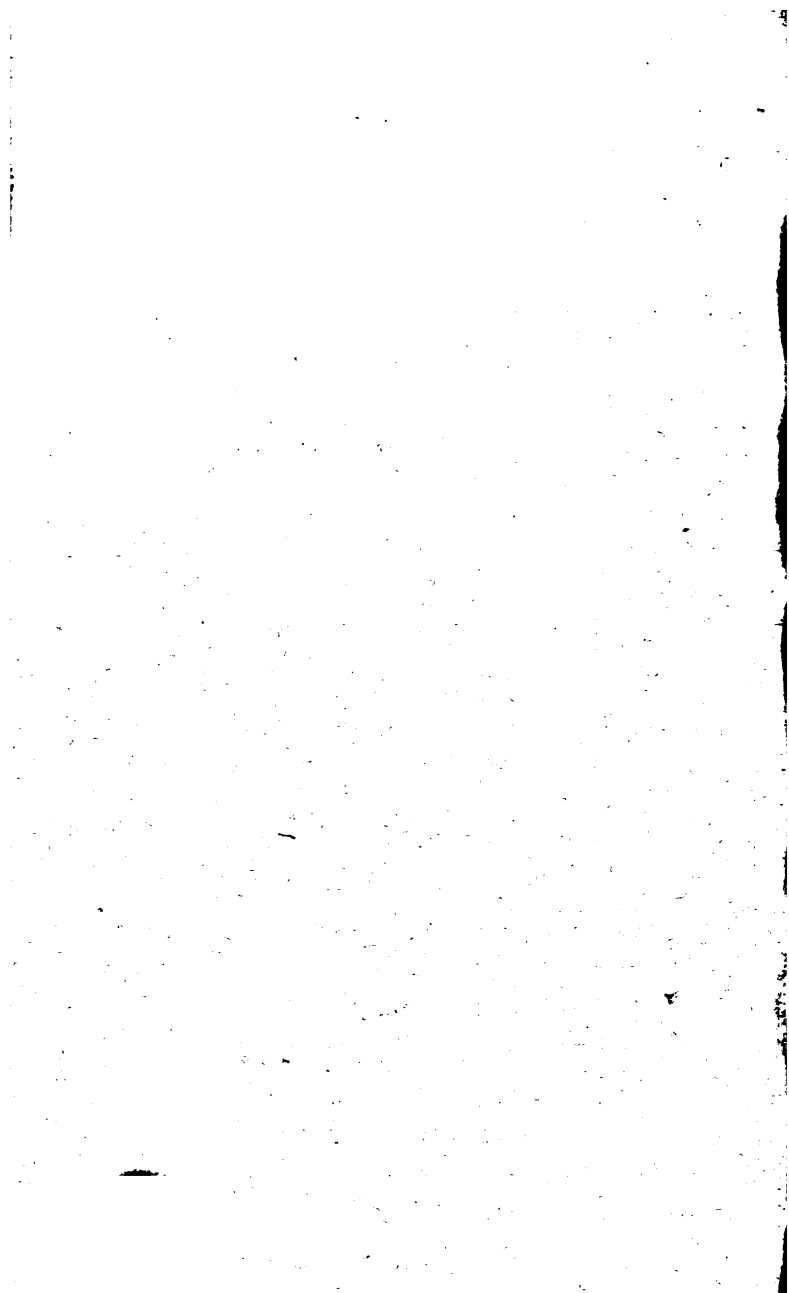


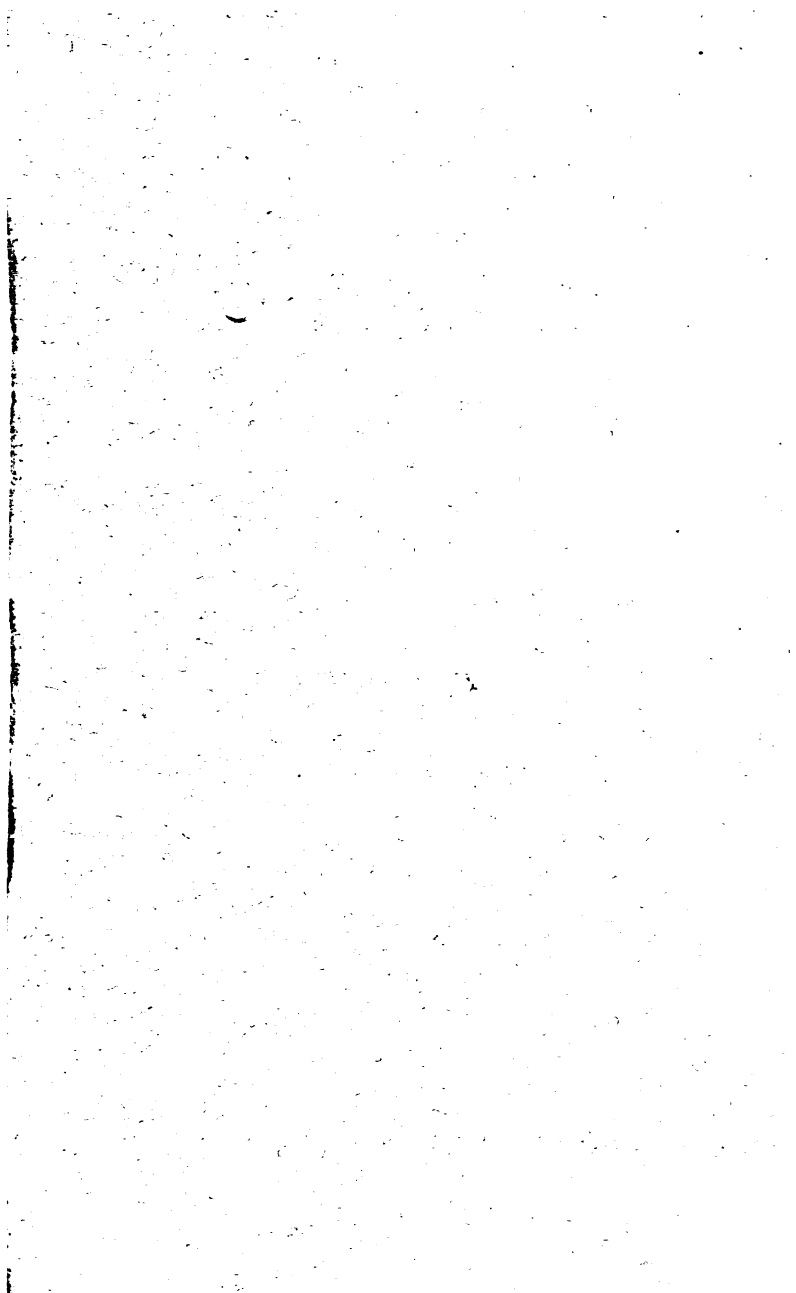
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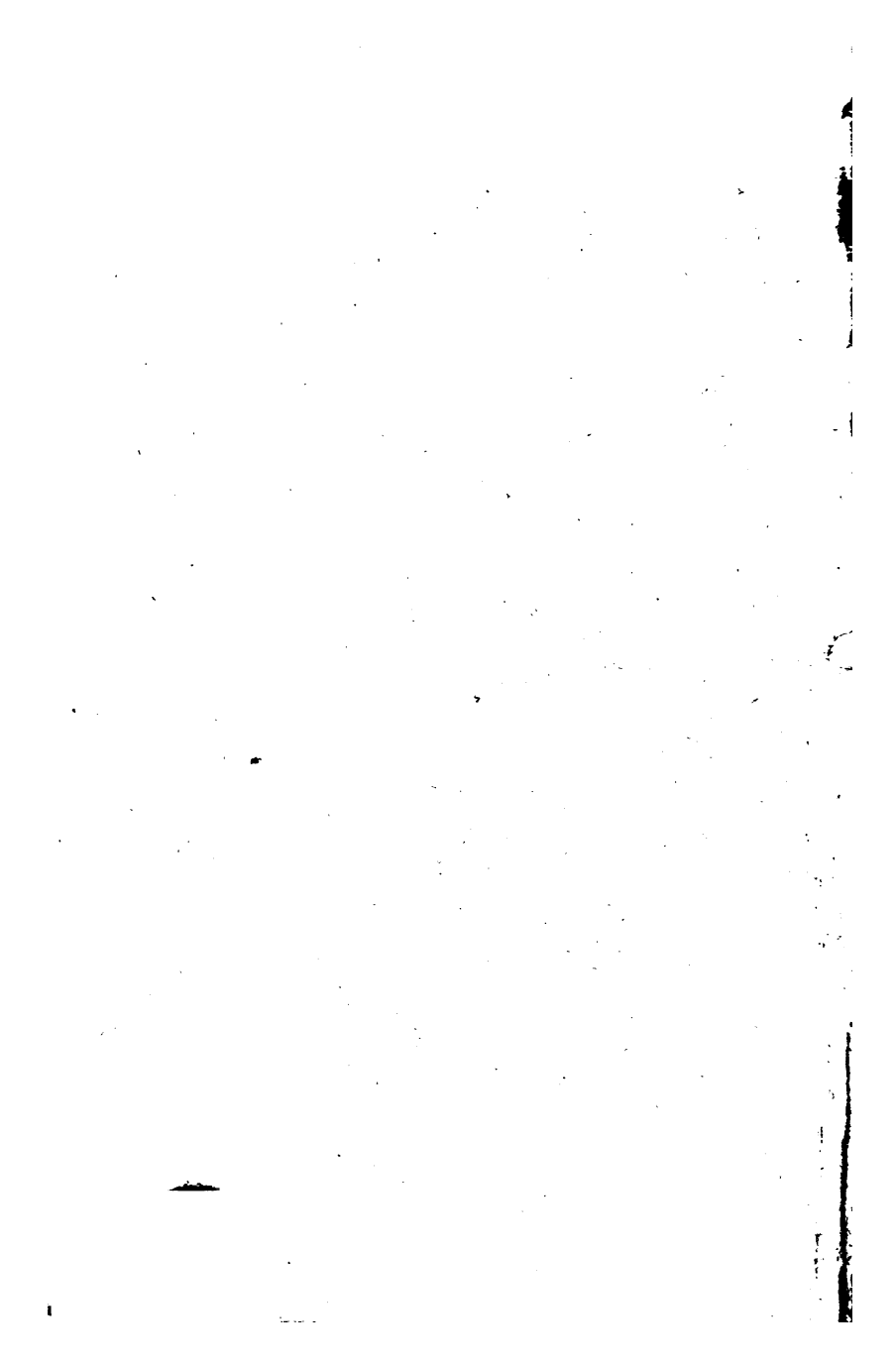
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1855







HANDBOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN SPAIN.

BY RICHARD FORD, F.S.A.

PART I.

ANDALUCIA, RONDA AND GRANADA, MURCIA, VALENCIA, AND
CATALONIA; THE PORTIONS BEST SUITED FOR THE
INVALID—A WINTER TOUR.

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QUIEN DICE ESPAÑA—DICE TODO.

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THIRD EDITION,
ENTIRELY REVISED, WITH GREAT ADDITIONS.

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1855.

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TO

SIR WILLIAM EDEN, BART.,

THESE PAGES ARE DEDICATED, IN REMEMBRANCE OF PLEASANT
YEARS SPENT IN WELL-BELOVED SPAIN,

BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND,

RICHARD FORD.

N O T I C E.

THE Publisher of the 'Handbook for Travellers in Spain' requests, that travellers who may, in the use of the Work, detect any faults or omissions which they can correct *from personal knowledge*, will have the kindness to mark them down on the spot, and forward such notes, favouring him at the same time with their names—addressed to Mr. Murray, Albemarle Street. They may be reminded that by such communications they are not merely furnishing the means of improving the Handbook, but are contributing to the benefit, information, and comfort of future travellers in regard to a country, which is in a state of considerable change and progress.

. No attention can be paid to letters from innkeepers in praise of their own houses; and the postage of them is so onerous that they cannot be received.

CAUTION TO TRAVELLERS.—By a recent Act of Parliament the introduction into England of *foreign pirated Editions* of the works of British authors, in which the copyright subsists, is *totally prohibited*. Travellers will therefore bear in mind that even a single copy is contraband, and is liable to seizure at the English Custom-house.

CAUTION TO INNKEEPERS AND OTHERS.—The Publisher of the Handbooks has learned from various quarters that a person or persons have of late been extorting money from innkeepers, tradespeople, artists, and others on the Continent, under pretext of procuring recommendations and favourable notices of them and their establishments in the Handbooks for Travellers. The Publisher, therefore, thinks proper to warn all whom it may concern, that recommendations in the Handbooks are not to be obtained by purchase, and that the persons alluded to are not only unauthorised by him, but are totally unknown to him. All those, therefore, who put confidence in such promises may rest assured that they will be defrauded of their money without attaining their object.—1855.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

THE rapid exhaustion of two large editions of this 'Handbook for Spain,' a country hitherto little known and less visited, proves that the Pyrenees have ceased to bar out travellers from England, to whose *especial* use this work is destined.

Of the many misrepresentations regarding the Peninsula, few had been previously more systematically circulated, than the dangers and difficulties. It was our office to show, that this, the most romantic and peculiar country in Europe, might in reality be visited throughout its length and breadth, with ease and safety,—that travelling there was no worse than it was in most parts of the continent in 1814, before English example forced improvements. The greatest desideratum was a practical Handbook, since the national *Guias* are scanty and unsatisfactory, as few Spaniards travel in their own country, and fewer travel out of it; thus, with limited means of comparison, they cannot appreciate differences, or know what are the wants and wishes of a foreigner. Accordingly, in their Guides, usages, ceremonies, &c. which are familiar to themselves from childhood, are often passed over without notice, although, from their novelty to the stranger, they are exactly what he most desires to have pointed out and explained. Nay, the natives frequently despise, or feel ashamed, from a sensitiveness of being thought "picturesque barbarians," of those very things which the most interest and charm the foreigner, for whose observation they select the new rather than the old, and point out their poor pale copies of Europe, in preference to their own rich and racy originals. Again, the oral information to be obtained on the spot is generally meagre; as these incurious semi-orientals look with jealousy on the foreigner who observes or questions, they either fence with him in their answers, raise difficulties, or, being creatures of self-esteem and imagination, magnify or diminish everything as best suits their own objects and suspicions. The national expressions "*Quien sabe? no se sabe,*"—"who knows? I do not know," will often be the prelude to "*No se puede,*"—"it can't be done."

This Handbook endeavours to show what might be known and what may be done in Spain, with the least difficulty and the greatest satisfaction. With this view, the different modes of travelling by land or water, and the precautions necessary to be taken to insure comfort and

security, are first pointed out in the Introduction. The Provinces are then described one after another. The principal lines of high roads, cross-communications, names of inns, and quality of accommodation, are detailed, and the best seasons of the year for exploring each route suggested. Plans of tours are drawn up, and the best lines laid down for specific and specified objects. The peculiarities of districts and towns are noticed, and a short account given of the local antiquities, religion, art, scenery, and manners. This work, the fruit of many years' wandering in the Peninsula, is an humble attempt to furnish in the smallest compass, the greatest quantity of useful and entertaining information. Those things which every one, when on the spot, can see with his own eyes, are seldom described minutely; stress is laid upon *what to observe*, leaving it to the spectator to draw his own conclusions; nor is everything that can be *seen* set down, but only what is *really worth seeing*,—*nec omnia dicentur* (as Pliny says, 'Nat. Hist.,' xiv. 2), *sed maxime insignia*; and how often does the wearied traveller rejoice when no more is to be "done;" and how does he thank the faithful pioneer, who, by having himself toiled to see some "local lion," has saved others the tiresome task, by his assurance that it is not worth the time or trouble.

The philosophy of Spain and Spaniards, and things to be known, not seen, have never been neglected; therefore dates, names, facts, and matters are mentioned by which local interest may be enhanced. Curiosity is awakened, rather than exhausted; for to do that would require many more such volumes as this. But as next to knowing a thing oneself, is the knowing where to find it, sources of fuller information are cited, from whence this skeleton framework may be filled up, whilst such a reference to the best authorities on nice occasions, offers a better guarantee than any mere unsupported statement; and the author whose object is *truth*, and whose wish is to have his views disseminated, must feel much flattered to find the *good use* his pages have been of to many authors, gentlemen and ladies too.

In Spain, a few larger cities excepted, libraries, newspapers, cicerones, and those resources which so much assist the traveller in other countries of Europe, are among the things that are not: therefore the provident traveller should carry in his saddle-bags food both for mind and body, some supply of what he can read and eat, in this hungry land of the un-informed. A little more is now aimed at than a mere book of roads, or description of the husk of the country. To *see* the cities, and *know* the minds of men, has been, since the days of the Odyssey, the object of travel: but how "difficult is it," in the words of the Great Duke 'Disp., Dec. 13, 1810), "to understand the Spaniards exactly!" Made
) of contradictions, they dwell in the land of the unexpected, *le pays de*

l'imprévu, where exception is the rule; where accident and the impulse of the moment are the moving powers; a land where men, especially in their collective capacity, act like women and children; where a spark, a trifle, sets the impressionable masses in action, and where no one can foresee the commonest events, which baffle the most rational and well-founded speculations. An explosion may occur at any moment; nor does any Spaniard ever attempt to guess beyond *la situación actual*, or to foretell what the morrow will bring: that he leaves to the foreigner, who does *not* understand him—accordingly, sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. *Paciencia y barajar* is his motto, and he waits patiently to see what next will turn up after another sunrise and shuffle. His creed and practice are “Resignation,” the *Islam* of the Oriental; for this singular people is scarcely yet European; this *Berberia Cristiana* is at least a neutral ground between the hat and the turban, and many still contend that Africa begins at the Pyrenees.

Be that as it may, Spain, first civilized by the Phœnicians, and long possessed by the Moors, has indelibly retained many of the original impressions. Test her, therefore, and her natives by an Oriental standard,—decypher her by that key,—how analogous will much appear, that seems strange and repugnant, when compared with European usages! This land and people of routine and habit are potted for antiquarians, for here Pagan, Roman, and Eastern customs, long obsolete elsewhere, turn up at every step in church and house, in cabinet and campaign. In this age of practical investigation, the physical features of Spain, her mighty mountain ranges and rivers, her wealth above and below ground, her vegetation and mines, offer a wide and almost new field to our naturalists and men of science.

Again, to those of a less utilitarian turn, here are those seas which reflect the glories of Drake, Blake, and Nelson, and those plains that are hallowed by the victories of the Black Prince, Stanhope, and Wellington; and what *English* pilgrim will fail to visit such sites, or be dead to the *religio loci* which they inspire? And where better than on the sites themselves, can be read the great deeds of our soldiers and sailors, their gallantry and good conduct, the genius, mercy, and integrity of their immortal chiefs, which will be here faithfully yet not boastingly recorded? While every lie and libel is circulated on each side of the Pyrenees, is, forsooth, the truth to be altogether withheld in pages destined especially for their countrymen? Is their history to be treated as an old almanack, in order in false or cowardly delicacy, to curry favour with unprincipled vanity writhing under defeat, or with impotent pride resenting benefits which imply inferiority? The mirror that shall truly reflect Spain and her things, her glories and shame, must disclose a chequered picture

in which black spots will contrast with bright lights, and the evil clash with the good; sad indeed will be many a page; alas! for the works of ages of piety, science, and fine art, trampled down by the Vandal heel of destroyers, foreign and domestic, who have left a deep footprint, and set "the mark of the beast," which will pain the scholar, the artist, and the philanthropist. If, however, such crimes and culprits come like dark *shadows* (for not one tithe of the full substance of crime will be set down), it must never be forgotten that these verdicts of guilty refer to *particular* individuals and periods, and not to any nation in *general* or to all times. And far more pleasant has been the duty of dwelling on deeds of skill and valour performed on the peninsular arena by native or foreigner, by friend or foe, and of pointing out the excellences of this favoured land of SPAIN, and of enlarging on the generous, manly, independent, and picturesque PEOPLE, whose best energies in peace and war have been too often depressed by misgovernment in Church and State.

However it may be the bounden duty of an honest guide to put English travellers in possession of the *truth* as regards many things, facts and persons, and thus to guard them against misrepresentations, our readers need by no means, on crossing the Channel, blurt out all they know of these truths, often the worst of libels. These double-edged weapons may be kept undrawn until necessary for self-defence. Gratuitously to wound a sensitive kindly people, is neither polite or friendly in the stranger, who is their guest—who will pass more quietly through the land by making things pleasant to the natives, and if speech be silver, silence is often gold.

"Hæc studia adolescentiam agunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiscum, perigrinantur, rusticantur."—Cicero, pro Arch. 7.

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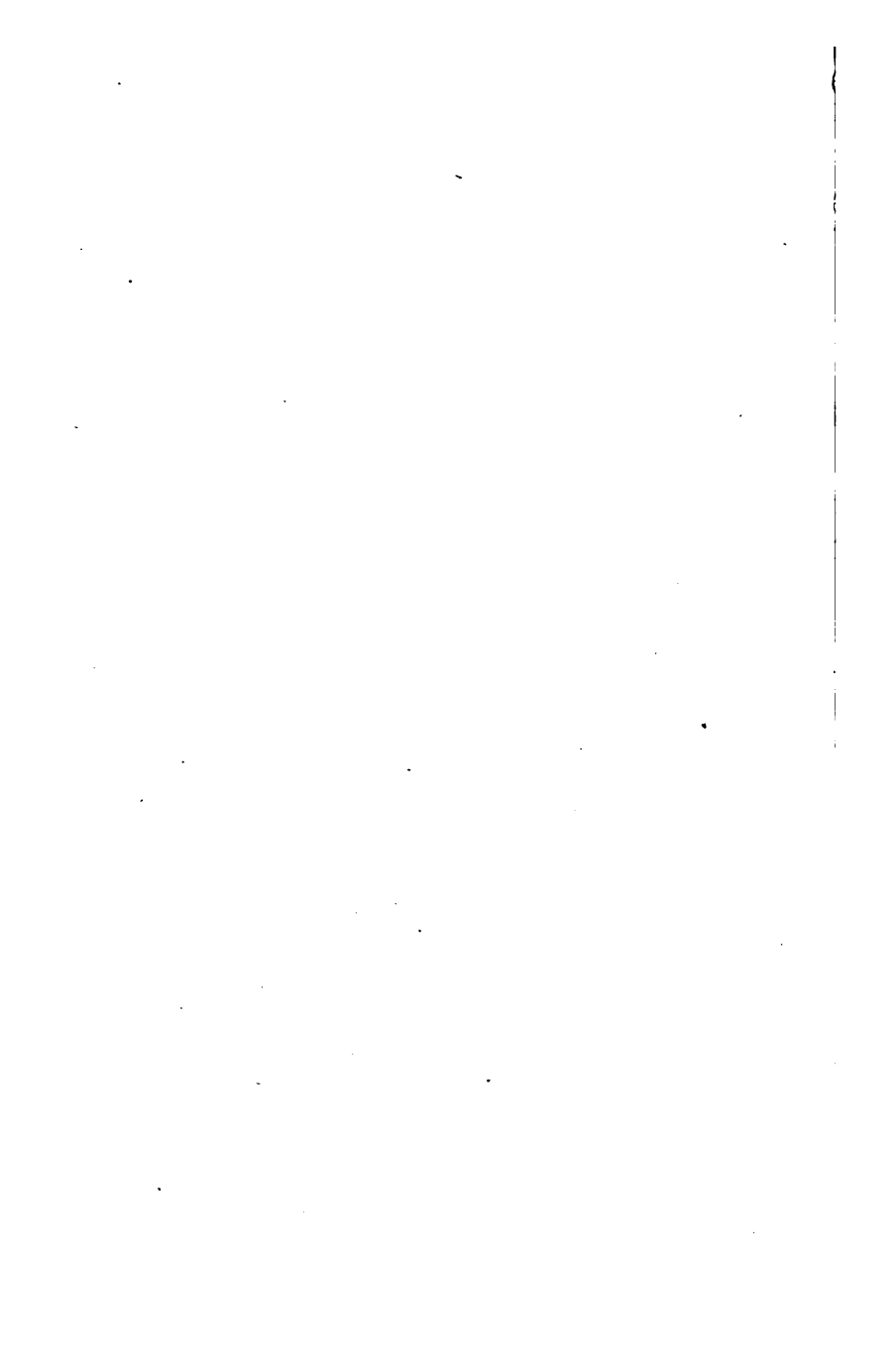
FOR

TRAVELLING IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

A SUPPLEMENT TO THE HANDBOOKS FOR SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

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GENERAL REMARKS.

THE changes which have taken place in the modes of travelling in Spain, since the first publication of this 'Handbook,' in consequence of the increased facilities of access by steamboats, the introduction of railways in several parts of the country, and the general improvement which has taken place in roads and inns, have removed many of the difficulties and inconveniences described by Mr. Ford. A journey to Spain, including a visit to all the principal cities of the Peninsula, can now be performed with far greater ease and economy than at any former period; and as these facilities of travel are daily increasing, a much larger number of our countrymen will doubtless be induced to avail themselves of the means now open to them for seeing one of the most interesting countries in Europe. Mr. Ford's 'Handbook' retains an undiminished value for all that relates to the history, the literature, the antiquities, and arts in Spain; but some of its topographical details have been modified by recent improvements; and the mode in which such a journey can best be performed is materially altered. Thus, it is no longer necessary, or even expedient, to perform any considerable portion of the journey on horseback, though that mode of travelling still retains a charm in certain seasons of the year, and for adventurous travellers having unlimited time and money at command. Excursions on horseback can be made with advantage from the principal towns, but this is all that is now requisite.

The following general remarks are the result of a tour made in the autumn of 1860, and they are offered to the public in the hope that they may furnish some practical assistance at the present time to persons about to undertake a similar journey:—

I.—DRESS AND PREPARATIONS FOR TRAVEL.

Luggage.—As the transport of luggage by railways and diligences in Spain is extremely expensive, it is of importance to reduce the "impedimenta" of the traveller to the smallest practicable compass.

Ladies' Dress.—Ladies will find it advantageous and agreeable to confine themselves to *black dresses*, as colours are not worn in Spain except by persons who copy the French fashions in Madrid. In almost all other towns, and especially in churches, black alone can be worn without attracting attention. A black alpaca dress is the most suitable attire for travelling and walking. It is also expedient to relinquish altogether, on landing in Spain, everything resembling a French bonnet, and, still more, an English lady's hat, and to adopt at once *the veil or mantilla* as the only covering for the head. Our fair countrywomen will find it a most becoming and convenient dress; and if they wish to avoid being stared at, this is the mode of effecting it.

Parasols.—Parasols are not commonly carried, as in Spain the universal and indispensable *fan* is made to perform the part of a screen, and every-

body walks in the "*sombra*," the shady side of the street. A white umbrella is, however, to be recommended for the sun.

Spanish Inns.—Most of the appliances of civilized life are now to be had in the Spanish inns, at least in the larger towns. They are generally clean, and the best of them are kept by Frenchmen or Italians. Water is everywhere abundant. Indeed the copious use of water is one of the characteristics of Spain. But care should be taken not to drink of it too freely.

Insects.—A mosquito-net is necessary, and can generally be had. The linen is always exquisitely clean, and the practice of the country is to whitewash the walls every spring. Hence it is not common to be teased with insects; but the prudent traveller will do well to arm himself with a supply of "Persian powder," which is a specific against these annoyances.

Post Offices.—The precautions recommended in Part I., pp. 21, 22, are still as necessary as ever. The traveller should by all means search the tablas for himself, as he can best recognise his own name under some unexpected disguise. If he has reason to expect letters, he should not be content to search under the initials of his Christian and surnames, and of the word Esquire (p. 22). Letters for foreigners are generally put into a list apart, under the head "Extrangeros;" but, if it is possible that a letter for the traveller may have been posted by a correspondent in Spain, he should not be content with examining the foreigners' list. If he leaves a letter to follow him, the chances are against its coming to hand.

The "*Provant*."—Precaution on this point is not so often necessary as it was when Mr. Ford wrote, but (except on the greatest high roads) it is still prudent, when commencing a journey, to make inquiry on the subject, and be on the safe side. Making up the traveller's little packet of provision is a familiar process at every decent house of entertainment. If you fall in with chance fellow-travellers, natives of the country, you may expect that they will have their stores, and hospitably (in good earnest) offer part to their neighbours, and you will of course wish to have the power of exchanging such civilities. Scenes of this kind of good fellowship, which occur so often in the romances (see a good instance in 'Don Quixote,' Part II., c. 54), are not quite out of date yet in the real life of Spain.

If you are in the wilds, your guide, if he knows his duty, will be always on the alert to catch up and stow away any article of provision (a chicken, fish, a rabbit, &c. &c.) when opportunity offers. Wherever you go, it will be wise to have with you a flask of good brandy (do not reckon upon meeting with this in Spain) and a store of tea from England. Add to this a small metal teapot; it will often be useful, and the Alforjas will take anything. It is also convenient to have a luncheon-basket, containing a bottle of wine, with glasses, and a sandwich-case, as the day's fast is sometimes a long one, and the supply of food not always abundant.

Wine.—The red wine commonly served in Southern Spain is "Val de Peñas," which has a taste of the skin not at first agreeable; but the wine is sound and wholesome.

Cookery.—The use of garlic in cookery would seem, at least in hotels, to have abated, and in general the cookery is savoury and palatable.

Money.—The gold and silver coinage of Spain has of late been extremely improved. The gold pieces of 100 *reals*, called *Isabellinos*, are handsome and convenient. They are worth in round numbers an English guinea. The half-dollar pieces (silver) of 10 *reals* are also very convenient. It is desirable now to avoid taking French five-franc pieces (called in Spain *Napoleones*), as they pass for 19 *reals*. French gold does not pass without loss. The paper-money of the Bank of Spain at Madrid, and of the branch banks of Cadiz, Seville, &c., is convenient, as long as the traveller remains in the same place; but it cannot be circulated without loss in other towns.

II.—STEAM COMMUNICATION WITH THE COAST OF SPAIN.

England to Spain direct, viâ Gibraltar.—The most direct steam communication from England to Spain is to Gibraltar, as the Peninsular and Oriental boats no longer touch at Cadiz. The voyage to Gibraltar, from Southampton, by the Alexandrian boats, may be made in about six days.

Viâ Lisbon.—The voyage from Southampton to Vigo and Lisbon may be made in five days by the Peninsular and Oriental Company, or by the boats of the Royal Mail Company, which touch at Lisbon on their way to Rio Janeiro. From Lisbon the traveller may proceed by the boats of the *Compagnie St. Nazaire* (which are small, but safe and well appointed), three times a month, to Cadiz and Malaga. The land-journey from Lisbon to Madrid is long, fatiguing, and uninteresting.

Marseilles to Spanish Ports.—The most expeditious and commodious mode of reaching Spain at the present time is by way of Marseilles. The boats of the Lopez line leave that port every Tuesday, and touch at Barcelona, Alicante, and Malaga; the passage to Barcelona being about 18 hours. The boats of the *Messageries Impériales* (French), carrying the mails to Oran, leave Marseilles every Wednesday, after the arrival of the mail from Paris. A short time, however, is requisite in Marseilles for the formalities of embarkation, which are gone through without trouble or expense by the officers of the steamboat companies. These boats touch at Valencia, which they reach in about 36 hours. A traveller leaving London on Monday evening for Paris, and proceeding the next morning by the day train to Marseilles, may take the boat for Valencia on Wednesday evening, reach Valencia on Friday morning, and be in Madrid on Saturday. The cost of this journey is about 12*l.* to Valencia and 15*l.* to Madrid (first class). The Spanish boats and French commercial boats (on alternate Tuesdays) are, however, cheaper than the *Messageries Impériales*.

Travellers landing at Barcelona, and wishing to continue their voyage along the coast, will find steamers starting every three or four days for Valencia, Alicante, Malaga, Gibraltar, and Cadiz: and in fine weather nothing can be more delightful than such a coasting voyage.

Custom-houses.—The custom-house authorities, and the local custom-houses, are still a great annoyance in Spain. They infest not only every

port and landing-place, but every railway station, and the gate of every town. Even between Cadiz and Port St. Mary's luggage is examined. A *peseta*, judiciously administered, will, however, diminish this inconvenience.

Porterage.—Porterage is also one of the traveller's troubles in Spain. Wheelbarrows are unknown, and trucks only coming into use, and are held to be inconsistent with the dignity of the Spanish character. Everything is therefore to be carried from the landing-place or the station on men's heads, unless a carriage can be procured, which it often cannot be. The charges for porterage are excessive. Each porter will take about 1 cwt. of luggage, and two or three dollars, or even more, are demanded for the transport of luggage which would cost in London or Paris half-a-crown. At Madrid and Cadiz especially this should be looked to, and a bargain made, if possible, beforehand.

III.—RAILWAYS IN SPAIN.

The author of the 'Handbook' has pointed out with his accustomed vivacity the difficulties which were likely to check, and even defeat, the attempt to construct railways in Spain (p. 740). The configuration of the Peninsula, intersected by huge *sierras* running east and west, offers a series of natural obstacles, especially to lines running north and south. The want of capital, of confidence, and of engineering skill (for, of all the nations in Europe, the Spaniards are the most devoid of ingenuity), are other obstacles of at least equal magnitude. But in spite of all these objections, the fact is, that an extensive system of railways is actually being constructed in Spain, chiefly by French capitalists and French engineers—that several hundred miles of railway are already open and in full activity, connecting Madrid with the important ports of Alicante and Valencia, and also uniting Cordova and Seville to the port of Cadiz—and that every year will add a considerable instalment to the railway facilities for travelling in Spain. In no country are railways more needed by the tourist. A large portion of the interior of the kingdom is totally devoid of picturesque beauty. Nothing can exceed the arid monotony of La Mancha, of Estremadura, of Murcia, and of great part of the Castiles. In fact, until the traveller reaches the mountains, where of course the lines are interrupted, the faster he can travel the better.

We shall therefore proceed to give our readers a brief sketch of the principal lines of railway projected, or in process of execution, in Spain, adding to what extent they are available at the present time.

NORTHERN LINES.

Two great lines will connect Madrid with the northern frontier of the Pyrenees; the one passing through Avila, Valladolid, Burgos, Vittoria, to Irun, whence it will join the French lines at Bayonne; the other proceeding by Saragossa and Lerida to Barcelona, whence it will be prolonged to Perpignan.

MADRID TO BAYONNE.

The first of these roads will be 625 kilometres in length, and will doubtless form eventually the principal line of communication between Madrid and Northern Europe. At present the only portion of the line open for travellers is that between Burgos and Valladolid and San Chidrian, 135 Eng. m. The works, however, are being actively prosecuted, and in the course of 1861 the line will probably be opened from Madrid to the Escorial, on the way to Avila. The line, however, is still so broken and incomplete that it cannot be recommended to travellers, especially as difficulty is frequently found in obtaining places in the public conveyances from that terminus.

BAYONNE. *Hotel*: St. Étienne—comfortable.

SAN SEBASTIAN. *Fonda* de St. Isabel—strongly recommended. *Hôtel Lafitte*—dirty and disagreeable.

BURGOS. *Parador* de las Diligencias; —del Norte y Mediodia, good. (The office of the diligences, bearing this name, is the greatest coach establishment at Madrid.) The *Parador* is very good, and the coach-office of the Norte &c. diligences is under the same roof (1859).

Do not be persuaded that the remnant of an evening will be enough for Burgos. The cathedral and city, and the convents of Miraflores and Las Huelgas, are well worth a day at least: and the (so-called) Michael Angelo (p. 846) deserves to be looked at in good light and at leisure.

VALLADOLID TO SANTANDER.

Railway from Valladolid to Alar del Rey, 78 Eng. m.; 2 trains daily. Rail from Alar del Rey to Reinosa. Reinosa to Santander, see Part II., p. 857. *Fonda de Paris* at Valladolid—bad. *Railway*, Santander to Bareana.

PERPIGNAN TO BARCELONA.

The line of Barcelona and Saragossa is, upon the whole, preferable at the present time for those who prefer the land route. A railway is projected, but not yet made, from Perpignan to the frontiers of France (31 kilos.) by the valley of the Tech. From the frontiers to Barcelona is a distance of 144 kilos. The traveller takes the Spanish diligence at Figueras, which conveys him *viâ* Gerona to Tordera. Thence to Barcelona the railroad is open: 41 Eng. m.; 3 trains daily in 2½ hrs.

BARCELONA TO SARAGOSSA.

This railroad is open to Lerida (110 Eng. m.); and on the same line, from Madrid to Saragossa, it is open as far as Guadalaxara (57 kilos.). Public carriages run in connexion with the trains; but the distances not yet laid down are considerable, and in Spain there is no other resource but the diligence, in which places are not always to be had. Private posting is difficult, expensive, and rarely resorted to except by the royal family; and the old *coche* is out of date, or enormously dear and slow. No dependence can be placed on any line of public carriages in Spain, even when advertised, except upon the principal roads. Bye-roads should be avoided.

BARCELONA TO HOSTALRICH.

A railway of 41 m. is open.

MADRID TO ALICANTE AND VALENCIA.

The best line of railroad at present opened in Spain is that which connects the great Mediterranean ports of Valencia and Alicante with Madrid. The line is finished and well served, though the trains do not travel with much rapidity. The distance from Madrid to Alicante is 282 Eng. m.; the time about 15 hours. To Valencia the line branches off at Almansa, and the time is about 16 hours. This circumstance renders it expedient, at the present time, to make Alicante or Valencia the point at which you enter Spain. There is a short branch on this line from Aranjuez to Toledo. The branch to the S.W. also forks off at Alcazar, whence the traveller may proceed by rail to Val de Peñas, about four hours from the great pass of the Sierra Morena, which is the principal line of communication to Bailen, and from thence to Granada on the one hand, and to Cordova and Seville on the other.

Should the traveller not contemplate a visit to Madrid, but only to Andalusia, he should stop at Alcazar on his way from Valencia, take the down-train to Manzanares and Val de Peñas, and so on by the diligence.

Works are in progress to connect this point on the central railroad of the S. with the line of Andalusia: but at present there is a break of about 24 hours' diligence-travelling between Val de Peñas and Cordova. To Granada the road by land is somewhat longer. The passage of the Sierra Morena is full of interest and beauty.

ANDALUSIAN LINE.

The Andalusian Railroad is open from Cadiz to Seville (95 Eng. m.): the terminus is on the quay, close to the steamer's landing-place. Travellers may cross the harbour in a steamer to Port St. Mary's, where there is an excellent inn (Vista Alegre), and join the railway there.

Another railway line is open from Seville to Cordova (130 kilos.), the stations being on opposite sides of the town of Seville; but this matters the less as few travellers desire to pass through Seville without making a halt there. The utmost facility, therefore, now exists for visiting the whole valley of the Guadalquivir and Guadalete. The steamboats from Seville to Cadiz have ceased to ply for passengers, but they go to San Lucar.

IV.—PRINCIPAL POINTS OF INTEREST ACCESSIBLE IN A TOUR OF TWO MONTHS IN THE SOUTH OF SPAIN.

Assuming that many of our countrymen will take advantage of the increased opportunities for visiting Spain which we have just described, although they may be unable to devote to it the time and money requisite for a journey on horseback, we shall briefly touch on the leading features of such a tour, which may easily embrace everything most worthy seeing in central and southern Spain—the most interesting parts of the country.

We have already observed that, supposing the traveller to start from Marseilles, he may without difficulty touch at Barcelona; or, if he enters Spain by the Perpignan and Tordera

road to Barcelona, he may proceed from thence by the next packet to Valencia. This would in either case avoid a tedious and fatiguing diligence journey to Madrid.

From Barcelona to Tarragona (one of the most interesting places in Spain) there is a small steamer two or three days in the week—voyage about 5 h. A very good inn at Tarragona (Fonda de las Cuatro Naciones, in the Rambla), kept by Tyrolese.

Railway—Tarragona to Reuss.

Chance shipping may be had from Tarragona to Valencia, but the berths very likely to be occupied from Marseilles or Barcelona. A steamer goes

from Tarragona to Tortosa up the Ebro, and there the diligence can be taken to Valencia.

Barcelona. Silk-works at end of the town (Escuder's, 1858) well worth visiting. Another object of some interest is (1858) *La España Industrial*, a factory on the English plan, employing between 1300 and 1400 hands, for cotton-spinning and calico-printing. It is carried on by a Spanish company; the workpeople are mostly Spanish; the management and machinery English.

Valencia is unquestionably one of the most interesting cities of Spain. In addition to the high merit of its school of art and of its public buildings, which are sufficiently and accurately described in the 'Handbook,' the following points deserve attention.

On landing at the Grao or port, about 2 m. from the city, the traveller should at once secure a *tartana*, or covered cart without springs, which is the only vehicle of the country, to convey himself and luggage to Valencia. There is a railroad, but it is not worth while to take it for so short a distance.

Hotels.—The *Cid*, near the Cathedral, is very good. The *Fonda de Paris*, in the Calle del Mar, is excellent, being kept by a worthy Frenchman who was formerly one of Queen Isabella's cooks.

Valencia is well provided with shops, better in some respects than any other Spanish provincial town. Large quantities of *fans* are manufactured here; the best depôt for them is at Colomina's, Calle de Zaragoza, No. 29. Colomina is the first fan-maker in Spain, and has also shops in Madrid (8, Atocha), Seville (Sierpes, 82), and Cadiz (Ancha, 13). Old fans are not easily procurable in Spain at a moderate price, and many of those commonly sold are French. The famous black silk of Valencia is still to be obtained, but it may be suspected that it is, in point of fact, manufactured in Lyons. The church music in Spain is often exceedingly fine, and

the organs in all the great cathedrals magnificent. At Valencia, for example, in the Church of the Corpus Christi (a collegiate establishment), the music is well worth attention. In almost every church the precentor is a well-trained musician, with a fine voice to lead the choir.

The Botanic Garden of Valencia is highly interesting, and the northern traveller will be struck by the magnificent growth of plants and trees in the open air, which attest the mildness of the climate. The date-palm flourishes. The Norfolk Island Pine (*Araucaria excolesa*) may be seen growing in great beauty at *M. Ellinger's* garden near the town; *daturas*, *ignonias*, *parkinsonias*, and other greenhouse plants flourish with the greatest luxuriance. The garden is under the direction of M. Roubillard, an eminent French horticulturist. The same gentleman has a *geranium farm* near the city, where he manufactures scents and essences for the Paris perfumers.

Several excursions should be made from Valencia. One to Murviedro (Saguntum) is a ride of 12 m., best done on horseback, though there is a carriage-road (Handbook, p. 383). To the south, on the Madrid railway, lies Xativa, surrounded by the Huerta, a district of extraordinary luxuriance and fertility, admirably cultivated. Xativa and the neighbourhood well deserve a day, and on the lines of rail pleasure gardens have sprung up, much frequented by the Valencians. The Parador at Xativa is a very fair inn. Denia and Albufera may also be visited with interest. The campaigns of Suchet, in Napier's 'Peninsular War,' should be read here.

The new Plaza de Toros (bull-ring) of Valencia, finished in 1860, is, perhaps, the finest in Spain. It is said to hold 20,000 people, and the traveller whose curiosity leads him to be present at one of these celebrated Bull *Fiestas* may think himself fortunate if he encounters that entertainment at Valencia. The most popular *cuadrilla* of *Toreros*, with the leading *swords* of the day, avail themselves of the railroads to give more fre-

performances in the provinces, without forfeiting their engagements at the Court.

ALICANTE TO ELCHE.—By *tartana*, 3 to 4 hours. Carriage hire there and back about 4 duros. *Posada de Tadeo* at Elche very tolerable: much frequented in summer. Go into one of the date-gardens, and see a boy climb the stem of a palm; they will do it gladly for two or three reals.

Elche is on the high road from Alicante to Murcia, a journey performed easily within the day by the *correo*. The country and costumes on this journey are more oriental than about Valencia, and the palm scenery at Callosa more truly picturesque than at Elche. Murcia full of interest and beauty: several diligences in the day from thence to Cartagena (1859).

You may go from Murcia to Alicante by a hired *tartana* in two days, sleeping at Orihuela not uncomfortably, but *tartana* is very uneasy travelling. The scenery is picturesque.

At *Alicante* there is a new *Fonda*. Vapor, now removed to a large building on the quay.

Madrid.—From Valencia it may be assumed that the traveller will be tempted by the railway* to proceed at once to Madrid, where the magnificent gallery of pictures is of itself a sufficient inducement and reward for a journey to Spain. But if he intend eventually to leave the country by one of the northern routes, it may save time to take Madrid at a later part of the tour.

The hotels of Madrid were long a standing reproach to that capital, but they are now very much improved. The *Fonda de Inglaterra*, just opposite the British Legation, occupies the palace formerly inhabited by the Grand Inquisitor. It is a first-class hotel, frequented by strangers of distinction and by many members of the diplomatic body. It is near the Palace, but far from the Gallery, the Prado, and the more animated parts of the city.

* Valencia to Almanza Junction is 72 Eng. m. in 4½ hours.

For this reason many travellers would prefer the *Fonda de los Embajadores*, in the Calle de la Vittoria, or the new *Peninsulares*, in the Calle de Alcalá. The former of these houses is kept by a Frenchman. The table-d'hôte is excellent, the rooms well furnished and clean, the prices moderate. In this, as in all the hotels of the chief towns in Spain, the practice is to pay from 40 to 50 reals a day per head (7s. 6d. to 10s.), according to the apartment occupied; and this sum includes breakfast à discretion, lodging, and dinner at table-d'hôte at 6 o'clock. Travellers will find it best to conform to the usages of the country in respect to their meals. In Madrid, and all the other towns of importance, *valets-de-place*, or local servants, can be hired, speaking French, Italian, or English. With their assistance persons not speaking Spanish will meet with no serious difficulties in that respect.

Observe that there is a *Fonda Inglesa* or *Hotel Ingles*, to which persons looking for the "*Inglaterra*" are sometimes misdirected. Divine service is now performed at the Embassy by an English clergyman at 11 and 5 on Sundays.

Mariano de Beica, a first-rate courier-servant, of scrupulous honesty and devotion to his duties, is to be heard of at the *Fonda de Inglaterra*, or at the *Hôtel St. Etienne*, or 8, Rue d'Espagne.

BAYONNE. If proceeding from Madrid towards Bayonne by the *Diligences del Norte y Mediodia*, endeavour to secure places in the diligence to which Mr. Lestrade is conducteur. His civility and respectability ensure the traveller all possible comfort.

There are excellent photographs of Spanish scenery and antiquities published at Madrid by an English artist, Mr. Clifford, 13, Calle de las Infantas.

Excursions may now be made by rail from Madrid to Toledo and back in the day, but it is far better to take two or three days, as few places deserve a careful visit more than Toledo; and,

as it is necessary to do the whole on foot or on donkeys, the streets not admitting any sort of carriage, the excursion is too much for a single day. The palace and gardens of Aranjuez, from which place the railway to Toledo branches off, may be seen at the same time.

TOLEDO. Fonda de Lino apparently the best hotel, and central, but much run upon since the opening of a railway from Madrid, and not very commendable, but you may eat and sleep there without disgust. There is also tolerable accommodation at the *Fonda de los Caballeros*.

Romualdo Cabezas, an excellent valet-de-place, speaking French; to be heard of at the Lino, and generally well known. A cicerone at Toledo is almost indispensable.

Hire a little open carriage (it costs about 2 duros) and drive round the exterior of the town; a beautiful excursion of 3 hrs., especially if you finish it about sunset. At the *Fabrica de las Armas* you may buy one of the elastic swords mentioned at p. 797, but probably will not find it ready made. They will send it to Madrid for you.

MADRID TO AVILA.

As soon as the Northern Railway is opened to the Escorial (which will probably be the case this summer), that excursion may also be made in one day; at present it requires two. The same excursion may be extended with advantage to Segovia, but Segovia lies at a considerable distance from the line of railway by Avila.

Avila is one of the most curious towns in Spain: a diligence journey of about 12 hrs. (night). Fonda San Vicente, just outside the gates, a very fair country inn, much preferable, seemingly, to the Parador, in the town, where the diligence stops.

Lose no time in getting permission (and the keys) to see the suppressed convent of San Tomas; you may meet with delays, and it is an object of first-rate interest (see Part II., p.

747). You may take the Escorial in your way back to Madrid. Diligence from Avila to Guadarrama arrives time enough for sleeping (journey from 7 in the evening to about 1 in the morning), but it would be best to write for a bed beforehand. Accommodation at the Parador very good for a country place.

Horses may be had at Guadarrama to go to the Escorial, a short two leagues and a pretty ride.

ESCORIAL. *Inn*: the Fonda de Miranda; hardly even second-rate in its style, but not uncomfortable quarters. A smaller inn opposite.

You may go the round of the sights, and dine at Madrid on the second day; but it is much better to take one more. If possible, be here on a moonlight night. By day, the terraces (p. 753, always open (except from 1 till 3), are a magnificent and delightful walk in fair weather. Should time not permit of seeing everything, the Casa de Abajo may be left out without much regret. The Casa de Avriba (p. 763, ¼ hr's. walk from the hotel (carriage road), commands one of the most picturesque views of the monastery.

The Silla del Rey is worth visiting, if only for the pretty forest scenery by the way; but 2 hrs. at least should be allowed for it.

Madrid by diligence; journey between 4 and 5 hrs. In summer be timely in securing your place.

From the Escorial to Segovia you may go on horseback. The distance is differently stated in Part II., p. 749, Rtes. 100 and 101; but it is at least 10 leagues.

At Segovia, the Fonda del Aguila is excellent, and charges moderate; French cook.

Get an official permission to enter the curious Round Church of Vera Cruz and the Parral, and to walk on the top of the Aqueduct. All these are under the Government lock.

From Segovia you may go to Valladolid, crossing the country on horseback or in a small carriage to Fonda San Rafael, a great carriers' inn, not desirable, apparently, for a sleeping

place, where you catch the diligence (have your place secured at Madrid), and, leaving the Fonda about 2 P.M., arrive at Valladolid between 4 and 5 the next morning. *Inn*: Parador de las Diligencias, good.

To Burgos, a diligence journey from 5 in the morning to 6 in the evening. (Other coaches go at different hours: Valladolid is a great centre of traffic. 1858.)

From Valladolid, an easy morning excursion to Simancas and back. But if you wish to inspect any archives of first-rate interest (see Part II., p. 565), you had better go provided with a special introduction.

MADRID TO GRANADA AND CORDOVA.

If the object of the traveller be to visit the south of Spain, he will quit Madrid by the same railroad which conveyed him thither from Valencia, and proceed as far as Alcazar (148 kilos.); thence taking the *ramal*, or branch line of Ciudad Real, he will proceed to Manzanares, memorable for the scene of Don Quixote's knight-hood, and to Val de Peñas, to which place the railway has just been opened.

At this point the diligences for the south, before referred to, join the railroad. There is accommodation at the railway station for travellers who wish to break the journey, but in that case it is necessary to take places in the diligence beforehand at Madrid, to ensure the possibility of continuing it.

The two lines of public carriages, running to Granada on the one hand, and to Cordova on the other, follow the same route across the Sierra Morena as far as Bailen. At Bailen they diverge, the road to Granada passing through Jaen; that to Cordova through Andujar, and down the valley of the Guadalquivir.

There is no carriage-road from Cordova to Granada. Travellers must either send round their baggage and ride across, an undertaking of three days, with indifferent accommodation, or else they must return to Bailen, the

point of junction of the two high roads.

A more complete tour may be made by proceeding at once from Granada to Malaga (2 days' ride by Alhama, or 14 hours' diligence by Loja); thence by sea or on horseback to Gibraltar; from Gibraltar to Cadiz, Seville, Cordova, and so back to Madrid. Señor Salamanca has undertaken to connect Granada with central Spain by a railroad, but at present the work is not begun.

Granada unquestionably combines more than any other place in Spain the charm of beautiful scenery, a delightful climate, historical associations of the most romantic character, subjects of every kind for the pencil of the artist, pleasing excursions, and the conveniences of life.

The *Fonda de la Alameda* is an excellent hotel, with spacious apartments and a good table-d'hôte. Provisions of every kind are abundant, even fresh fish being brought every morning from the sea-coast at Motril, by the muleteers, across the mountains. Travellers who prefer a more rural mode of life will find accommodation at the *Fonda de los Siete Suelos*, on the Alhambra itself, and immediately under one of the ruined towers of the great palace which bore that name. It is, however, a restaurant rather than a hotel, and much renowned for the sweet ham of Alpujara, which should by all means be eaten here. Opposite to it is the *Fonda de Ortiz*, also recommended.

The strictures introduced into the 'Handbook' as to the state of the Alhambra are now inapplicable. The beautiful walks up the "Red Cliff," under the white elms presented to Granada by the great Duke of Wellington, have been enlarged, and are well kept; in fact, they form a promenade of matchless beauty. Neither beggars, nor convicts, nor filth are to be seen; everything, on the contrary, is neat and in good order.

In the interior of the palace all unseemly incumbrances have been removed, and repairs, which are now

executed in very good taste, being exact reproductions of the originals, are steadily going on at the expense of the Queen. Many of the plates of *Tarkish*, which had become dilapidated or destroyed by whitewash, have been removed and re-cast in the same patterns. The marquetry ceilings, lattice-work, and doors of chestnut wood, all of which had greatly suffered, have been to a considerable extent renewed. Even the roofs of the galleries surrounding the Court of Lions have been restored in coloured tiles. The works are carried on under the direction of Don Raphael Contreras, "Restaurador del Palacio Real de la Alhambra," who resides in the Calle Gonzales, and whose studio well deserves a visit. He has not only reproduced with complete accuracy the patterns and impressions of the palace in every part, but he has reduced the whole decorated surface of the buildings on the scale of $\frac{1}{12}$ th (an inch to a foot), so that the whole may be procured in a portable form.

In a private house on the right bank of the Darro, in the Carrero del Darro, opposite the Church of Santa Anna, the Empress Eugénie of France was born. Her uncle, the Count Montijo, was Captain-General of Granada for many years; and here her father, Count Teba, who was an Afancesado during the reign of Joseph Buonaparte, lived in retirement with his brother at the time of her birth. The house is now occupied by a Mexican nobleman.

Since the suppression of the monasteries, the Church of the Certuja may be visited in greater detail than formerly, when its gates were closed by the stern order of St. Bruno (see 'Handbook,' p. 324). The church, cloisters, and refectory of the monastery remain. Observe the exquisite doors and furniture of the choir and *sagristia* of ebony and tortoise-shell, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and silver.

The best general view of Granada is from the Hermitage of San Miguel, a height to the east of the city, whence the traveller may return by the Gitanos' quarter.

Malaga.—For a winter residence for invalids Malaga has long been the most frequented spot on the coast of Spain, and its climate is undoubtedly delicious. The *Hotel de la Alameda*, adjoining the diligence office, is a large well-appointed house, where apartments may be had on moderate terms. The *Hotel del Oriente*, also on the Alameda, is however in some respects to be preferred. The *Hotel Victoria* is also recommended. An excellent suite of furnished apartments may sometimes be hired in the house of the British Consul. Malaga has the advantage of an English chapel, and the less cheerful privilege of a Protestant cemetery, a thing still rare in Spain.

Nevertheless it may be doubted whether Malaga has any great advantage over Valencia in point of climate, and in all other respects Valencia is preferable. The latter city is far more considerable, less exclusively commercial, and the environs far more pleasing.

The route from Malaga to Gibraltar is described in the 'Handbook' (Rte. 24), but there is almost daily communication by steamers, and the passage is generally made in 5 or 6 hours.

The voyage from Malaga to Cadiz, without touching at Gibraltar, is about 15 hours.

Cadiz is the point, on the western coast of Spain, from which the cities of Andalusia may be most easily visited, as it is connected by railroad with Seville, Xerez, and Cordova, and there are carriages from Port St. Mary's to San Lucar.

The traveller who lands on the quay in front of the water-gate of Cadiz will find porters to convey his luggage to the hotels, but few or no wheel-carriages, as they scarcely exist in the city. He will, consequently probably have to walk about a mile to the extremity of the tongue of sand on which Cadiz stands. Luggage is examined at the city gate every time it is brought in, and the search is strict, especially for tobacco.

The *Hotel de Cadiz*, on the Plaza San Antonio, is considered the best,

and the table-d'hôte is good, but the apartments are scantily furnished. The *Fonda de las Cuatro Naciones*, Calle de Camino, is also well spoken of, and so is the *Hotel Blanco*.

The *mats* of Cadiz well deserve attention; they are made with great skill and taste, and are superior to any other matting in Spain.

The Protestant Cemetery, situated about a mile outside the land-gate, is interesting. Not a few of our countrymen, some of them men of energy and genius, are laid on this narrow tongue of sand between the ocean and the bay.

But there is little to detain the traveller in Cadiz after he has beheld the enchanting spectacle of its white towers rising from the waves. The interior of the town is to the last degree monotonous, and it has no resources but a good club-house and a theatre. The Alameda along the seawall to the west has recently been planted and extended.

Port St. Mary's, on the opposite side of the bay, is far more pleasing, and it is a convenient arrangement to proceed at once by the steamer to that place if the tide suits, and make the *Puerto*, rather than Cadiz, the traveller's head-quarters.

At the *Puerto*, the *Hotel Vista Alegre* is in all respects excellent. Excursions may with ease be made by railroad and steamer to Cadiz, to Xerez, to Trocadero, the dockyard at Caraccas, and San Lucar. In summer *Port St. Mary's* is renowned for its bull-fights, there being no *Plaza de Toros* at Cadiz itself. The country houses in the neighbourhood of the *Puerto* are pretty, and it lies in the very centre of the sherry trade, where *amontillado* of the purest quality may be drunk without stint from the butt. The water of Cadiz is detestable, being kept in tanks only; that of the *Puerto* is good, and, indeed, is exported in large quantities for the use of Cadiz.

It may here be observed, however, that *Agua*, always an inviting thing in Spain, often produces unpleasant relaxing effects; and that the traveller will do well to be on his guard, and to

have a vial of laudanum in his port-manteau.

Cadiz to Seville.—The direct railroad is now finished from Cadiz to Seville, but *Port St. Mary's* is also a convenient point of departure. A viaduct is carried over the Lagoons, where salt is made, which may be seen piled up in pyramids, to *Port St. Mary's*.

Xerez Stat. is only 20 min. by train from *Port St. Mary's*, and it is expedient to make a separate excursion to this place, which well deserves a visit. (*Handbook*, Rte. 4.)

The Andalusian Rly. from the Bay of Cadiz runs across a plain of prodigious extent, the greater part of it being uncultivated. Population is extremely sparse, and the towns inconsiderable. There is probably no line of rly. in Europe of equal extent (unless it be in Russia) which has cost so little labour in construction, and so little displacement of rural property.

The distance from the rly. terminus at Cadiz to Seville is 94 Eng. m., and the whole journey from Cadiz is performed in about 5 hrs. The fare (1st class) is 54 reals.

Seville.—No place in Southern Spain is so attractive as Seville for a lengthened sojourn, but the country about it is flat, with the exception of the ridge of low hills forming the valley of the Guadalquivir. The climate is too hot in summer, and far colder in winter than places nearer to the coast; but in spring and autumn it is delightful.

The hotels in Seville are among the best in Spain. The *Fonda de Londres* in the *Plaza Nueva*, kept by a Piedmontese, is perhaps the best. The *Fonda de Madrid* and the *Fonda de Paris* are also good. Good carriages can be hired here by the day or hour at a moderate price. A French valet-de-place, named Alphonse —, may be heard of at the *Fonda de Londres*. He is an excellent travelling servant, and an intelligent trustworthy man.

Little need be added to what is said in the '*Handbook*' (Rte. 7) of the cathedral of Seville, which remains undoubtedly one of the finest and most

perfect monuments of Late Gothic in the world. The traveller will do well to procure a copy of the 'Descripcion Artistica de la Catedral de Sevilla,' by Don Juan Cean Bermudes, published in Seville (Calle Genova, No. 40) in 1857.

The two grand characteristics of this cathedral are the perfect unity of design and execution which pervade it—it has none of the capricious variety of the Gothic, but a severe and symmetrical uniformity; and, secondly, the fact that *all* the windows are of stained glass. The splendour of these colours in the Andalusian sun exceeds belief. The effect is that of jewels set in dark majestic aisles; but as no white light enters the building, the vivid hues of the windows, and the pervading gloom of the edifice, are absolutely fatal to the oil paintings it contains.

Three sides of the high altar are completely walled in with stone, which makes it, in fact, a central chapel (*capilla mayor*) open only to the choir on the W. Externally, this chapel is surrounded by 56 sculptured kings and saints round the walls in niches.

The coro entirely blocks up the 4th and 5th transverse arches, reckoning from the W. end, so that the length of the ch. can only be seen by the vast lines of the roof. The great retablo, richly carved, is so dark that it is difficult to observe it, but about noon the light falls grandly on the holy rood.

Museum of Pictures, Seville.—The death of the late Dean Cepero (*vide* 'Handbook,' p. 192) has been a severe loss to the arts in Seville, and but little progress has been made towards the completion of the Seville Gallery. In 1860 most of the pictures had been taken down to be re-arranged, and a new catalogue was in preparation. The light in the *Sala de Murillo*, being altogether from a window at one end of the room, is unsatisfactory.

The restoration of the *Alcazar* of Seville is now completed; the coarser portion of the whitewash crust on the Turkish has been removed, and the whole somewhat coarsely repainted in the original colours, red, blue, and

white. The Hall of the Ambassadors is splendidly regilt, and, though very inferior to the more skilful restorations of the *Alhambra* at Granada, the effect is good. The *Alcazar* has been inhabited by the Duke and Duchess de Montpensier within the last few years, but the Queen of Spain has never yet visited Seville.

Palace of San Telmo, Seville.—Amongst the improvements and additions made of late years to the edifices and galleries of Seville, none better deserve notice than the Palace of San Telmo, originally constructed for a school of naval cadets (which has been removed to Cadiz), and now inhabited by H. R. H. the Duke de Montpensier and the Infanta his wife. The whole building has been renovated by the good taste of its present occupants; it is sumptuously furnished, combining the elegancies of Spain with the luxuries and comforts of France; and the gardens, which have been greatly enlarged, are of vast extent and most varied interest.

The palace and grounds can be visited with a permission from the major-domo of the Prince, when the Royal family are not residing in the apartments. A fee of 1 dollar is paid for the ticket. The grounds are occasionally thrown open by the Prince to the public.

Upon the sale of the private Spanish Gallery of King Louis Philippe, in London, after the Revolution of 1848, the Duke de Montpensier purchased several of the most important works which had previously been bought for his father by Baron Taylor, and transported from Seville to Paris. They are now restored to the spot where they are best appreciated, and to these some other Spanish works of high merit have been added. Observe particularly the finished sketches of Velasquez for his grand equestrian portraits of Philip IV. and Olivares, presented to the Duke by Queen Isabella; two fine groups of apostolic heads, by Herrera el Viejo; a Magdalen just converted from the vanities of the world, by Bocanegra; the cele-

brated Murillo known as the Madonna de la Faza (the Sash); and four of the finest Zurbarans in existence, representing the Nativity, the Circumcision, the Adoration of the Magi, and the Annunciation.

The Montpensier collection also contains a large number of portraits and family pictures of interest. Observe also one of the finest works of Tony Johannot, the Duc de Guise presenting wounded soldiers to Charles IX. and Catherine de Medicis.

At the head of the great gallery is a noble antique head, probably a Ceres (?), found amongst the ruins of Italica, the Roman Seville.

It may here be remarked that very little attention has as yet been paid in Spain to the Roman remains, which unquestionably abound in the country. Antique sculpture has scarcely a place in the Spanish gallery. In the Casa di Pilatos, at Seville, and even in the Museum, marbles of a fine period and in good preservation may be found here and there, thrown aside as things of no account. The ruins of Italica judiciously explored would be a mine of classical wealth.*

To return to the gardens of San Telmo. They extend from the palace along the banks of the Guadalquivir, and comprise an extensive grove of orange-trees, a vast arboretum, in which are to be found all the newest and rarest plants and trees that will support the climate of Seville, with some magnificent palm-trees transplanted by order of the Duke from the neighbourhood of Cadiz; a menagerie, with kangaroos and other animals in parked enclosures; a dairy, with Alderney cows; and every sort of garden ornament and amusement. Near the wall at the farthest extremity of the garden was the *Quemadero*, or burning-place of the Holy Inquisition, which performed its office with so much energy in Seville that 36,000 heretics are said to have perished in the flames there, probably on

this very spot. Some calcined bricks have recently been found, with the mark of the Holy Office upon them, which are supposed to have been on the identical site of the stake. The last burning is believed to have occurred here in 1751. The Duc de Montpensier has, however, effaced all traces of this hateful memorial of cruelty and intolerance. On the other hand, some Protestant and English tombs are carefully preserved in the grounds, of persons who were buried here when the illiberality of the Spanish Government left them no other resting-place on its soil. Some interesting Roman tombs have been recently discovered on the same spot.

Railway from Seville to Cordova.—The station is on the opposite side of the town from the station of the Cadiz railway, and is $\frac{1}{4}$ m. from the town. The distance from Seville to Cordova is 80 Eng. m.—time 4 hrs.—fares, first-class, 52 reals. The line follows the course of the Guadalquivir the whole way, and is not devoid of natural beauty and interest. The Castle of *Almodovar* rises grandly on a peak of rock above the river, about 2 leagues before reaching Cordova; the railroad is carried through a tunnel at the foot of it.

At Cordova the *Fonda Suiza* (kept by Puzini, a native of the canton of Ticino) can be recommended. It has lately been removed to a commodious mansion belonging to one of the old families of the place, and is well furnished. The *Fonda Ricci* is also good, kept by an Italian. The inns are inferior to those of Seville.

In spite of the desolate aspect of the streets of Cordova, it is one of the most interesting cities in Spain. It is difficult to realize its population and its splendour under the Romans and the Moors, when it boasted more than a million inhabitants. But the *Mesquita* is a monument of unparalleled interest, both for its Moorish architecture and its Byzantine ornaments. The situation of Cordova is picturesque, as it lies within reach of the southern slopes of the Sierra Morena,

* See on this subject the work entitled, 'Bosquejo de Italica 6 apuntes que juntaba para su Historia D. Justino Matute y Gaviria. Sevilla, 1827.'

and more than one interesting excursion may be made to ruined castles and abandoned monasteries within a few miles of the city. It is a mistake to suppose (as many travellers do) that there is nothing to be seen in Cordova but the Mosque, and that a few hours consequently suffice. Some days might certainly be spent agreeably in exploring a place of so much ancient grandeur, and now so imperfectly known.

The silversmiths of Cordova still retain their cunning, derived from the Moors, and even the tanning of Cordovan leather is not wholly extinct. It is one of the few places in Spain which has not yet been completely ransacked and cleared out by the curiosity-mongers.

From Cordova the traveller may with ease resume the diligence, and return, *via* Bailen, to Madrid, or to the eastern coast, or he may ride over the hills by Baena to Granada, an expedition of about 3 days.

EXCURSION TO THE BALEARIC ISLES.

Balearic Isles.—Instead of going direct to Barcelona from Valencia, a very interesting detour may be made by taking the weekly steamer from Valencia to the Balearic Isles, and thence proceeding to Barcelona.

The steamer "James I." is a good fast boat, comfortable, and regular in its passage.

In 12 hours from Valencia we reach the island of Iviza, or Ibiza, where the steamer stops about 3 hours, giving sufficient time for the passengers to breakfast on shore, and ascend the hill crowned with fortifications overlooking the town.

Resuming our voyage, and passing several less important islands, we arrive in about 6 hours at Palma, the capital of Majorca, or Mallorca, as it is usually spelled. Palma is a busy seaport, with a large trade, good and clean streets, which were just being lighted with gas when we were there.

Fonda de los Quatre Naciones, kept

by a Frenchman since 1856, good, clean, moderate, and well supplied, with an excellent cuisine. One day will suffice to see Palma. In the cathedral is some magnificent stained glass. Pop. 45,000. Café de l'Orient the best.* The costume is very peculiar.

Soller is a village in the mountains, and beautifully situated. The road to it is good, and may be traversed by vehicles in 3 hrs.

If the traveller wishes to see the stalactite caves at *Asta*, he should order a good horse and charrette, and be prepared for 3 days of rough road and poor accommodation. Passing through a series of fruitful gardens, we reach Manaco in about 7 hrs., and here it may be well to put up for the night, as there is no fonda at San Lorenzo. Observe the costume of the peasants: white crape, or black hats, with peacock-feathers, for the women, and Greek pantaloons for the men. The Mallorcans are sprightly and intelligent, with no small natural pride, and a large amount of honesty and truth. There are said to be no robbers or assassins in the Balearic Isles.

About 3 hrs. from Manaco we find the village of *Asta*, with a small fonda, much infested by mosquitoes, but kept by a worthy woman, who will do her best to make her guests comfortable in the one large room appropriated for all.

The guide for the caves is a fine young man, Juan Grau, who walks and talks well. Charge, a dollar and a half.

A map of Mallorca may be obtained at Palma. It is 60 years old, but accurate, and interesting as indicative of the little change which years witness in places such as these. Drawings of the caves are sold at Gelabert's, Plaza de Cort, Palma.

The road to the cavern can be traversed by ponies, but it is better to walk. 2 hrs. should be allowed for going, the same for the return, and 3 hrs. more will suffice to see the caves.

* Visit the market-place early in the morning, and at 4 o'clock see the troops drilled on the glacis.

The entrance is a few yards from the sea, facing north. There are 2 caves, and in the second 4 principal branches.

The inspection of the whole can be easily accomplished, as the floor is good, and a passage into the second cave, discovered in Sept. 1857, enables the visitor to walk in without the use of ladders, as in former times. The interiors of the caves are said to be the finest in Europe, presenting an endless variety of columns, pilasters, and fes-

toons of grey limestone, shaped in every possible fantastic form by stalactites and stalagmites. The highest pillar is about 70 feet in altitude. In one grotto is a fountain; in another the form of the roof is Gothic; in a third there is a canopy with crystal drapery; and in a fourth the sonorous pillars are called the organ.

In returning to Palma many splendid views are obtained of the mountains to the west of the town. In winter these are covered with snow.

HANDBOOK OF PORTUGAL.

LISBON.—The Hôtel Central seems now (1861) to be the best, though rather too near the water (i.e. mud, at low tide); Street's Hotel, very rough, and with the same objection in a greater degree; Hôtel d'Italie, in the Largo do Loretto, said to be good, but Portuguese only spoken.

Hôtel Durand, in the street leading from L'ô do Loretto to the waterside, is kept by an Englishwoman and her Swiss husband, who are very attentive to their guests. House, though small, is clean and moderate. This house is much frequented by members of the diplomatic corps.

Lawrence's Hotel, or rather Boarding-house, at Buenos Ayres, though

unpretending, is probably the best. Pretty view behind. The landlady, who is very attentive, keeps the English hotel at Cintra.—*J. C.*

A railway (Central Peninsular) has been opened from Lisbon to Ponte d'Asseca, by Carregado, rather more than 40 Eng. m.; 3 trains daily, in about 2 hrs.; also a short railway from Barreiro to Vendas Novas.

MADEIRA.—The first and only carriage-road is from Funchal to Cama di Lobos, about 5 m., of which above 3 are finished, affording a beautiful drive along the shore. At present there are only a few carriages. The whole road will be finished this year.

SECTION I.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

- I. *Spain and Spaniards; National Characteristics.*—II. *Passports.*—III. *Custom-house Officers; Prohibited Articles.*—IV. *Spanish Money.*—V. *Steam Communications.*—VI. *Travelling by Land; Roads; Posting Regulations and Charges; Post-office and Letters; Mail-coaches; Diligences; Muleteers; Riding Tours.*—VII. *Inns.*—VIII. *Robbers.*—IX. *Geography of Spain; Provinces and Climate; what to observe; Tours in Spain; Tour for the Idler; the Grand Tour; Hints to Invalids; a Riding Tour; Mineral Baths.*—X. *Skeleton Tours:*—1. *Roman Antiquarian Tour;* 2. *Moorish Tour;* 3. *Geological and Mineralogical Tour;* 4. *Tour over the Cream of Spain;* 5. *A Summer Tour in the North of Spain;* 6. *A Central Tour round Madrid;* 7. *An Artistical Tour;* 8. *A Military and Naval Tour;* 9. *Shooting and Fishing Tours;* 10. *Dillettante Tours: Spanish Sculpture, its varieties; Pasos; List of Sculptors;* 11. *Dillettante Tours: Painting; Spanish Painting and its Characteristics; Cautions to Purchasers; List of Painters;* 12. *Spanish Architecture; its varieties and periods; List of Architects;* 13. *Ecclesiological Tour; Spanish Cathedrals; Disposition and Technical Terms.*—XI. *Religious Festivals Tour.*—XII. *Kings of Spain.*—XIII. *Table of Contemporary Sovereigns.*—XIV. *Royal Arms of Spain.*—XV. *The Era and New Style.*—XVI. *Spanish Language and Phrases.*—XVII. *Relative Scales of Spanish and English Weights, Distances, and Measures.*—XVIII. *Authorities quoted:*—1. *Historical and Artistical;* 2. *Religious;* 3. *Military; French, Spanish, and English;* 4. *Miscellaneous Books.*—XIX. *A Word to Book Collectors.*—XX. *Hints to Authors.*—XXI. *The Bull-fight.*—XXII. *The Spanish Theatre: Dances, Music.*—XXIII. *Spanish Cigars.*—XXIV. *Spanish Costume; Mantilla and Cloak.*—XXV. *General Hints and Advice on Conduct.*

I.—SPAIN AND SPANIARDS.

SINCE Spain appears, on the map, to be a square and most compact kingdom, politicians and geographers have treated it and its inhabitants as one and the same; practically, however, this is almost a geographical expression, as the earth, air, and mortals, of the different portions of this conventional whole, are altogether heterogeneous. Peninsular man has followed the nature by which he is surrounded; mountains and rivers have walled, and moated the dislocated land; mists and gleams have diversified the heaven; and differing like soil and sky, the *people*, in each of the once independent provinces now loosely bound together by one golden hoop, the Crown, has its own particular character. To hate his neighbour is a second nature to the Spaniard; no spick and span constitution, be it printed on parchment or

calico, can at once efface traditions and antipathies of a thousand years; the accidents of localities and provincial nationalities, out of which they have sprung, remain too deeply dyed to be forthwith discharged by theorists. The climate and productions vary no less than do language, costume, and manners; and so division and localism have, from time immemorial, formed a marked national feature. Spaniards may talk and boast of their country, of their *Patria*, as is done by the similarly circumstanced Italians, but like them and the Germans, they have the fallacy, but no real Fatherland; it is an aggregation rather than an amalgamation,—every single individual in his heart really only loving his native province, and only considering as his fellow-countryman, *su paisano*—a most binding and endearing word—one born in the same locality as himself: hence it is not easy to predicate much in regard to “the Spains” and Spaniards in general, which will hold quite good as to each particular portion ruled by the sovereign of *Las Españas*, the plural title given to the chief of the federal union of this really little united kingdom. *Españolismo* may, however, be said to consist in a love for a common faith and king, and in a coincidence of resistance to all foreign dictation. The deep sentiments of religion, loyalty, and independence, noble characteristics indeed, have been sapped in our times by the influence of transpyrenean revolutions.

In order to assist strangers in understanding the Peninsula and its people, some preliminary remarks are prefixed to each section or province, in which the leading characteristics of nature and man are pointed out. Two general observations may be premised. *First*. The People of Spain, the so-called Lower Orders, are superior to those who arrogate to themselves the title of being their Betters, and in most respects are more interesting. The masses, the least spoilt and the most national, stand like pillars amid ruins, and on them the edifice of Spain's greatness is—if ever—to be reconstructed. This may have arisen, in this land of anomalies, from the peculiar policy of government in church and state, where the possessors of religious and civil monopolies who dreaded knowledge as power, pressed heavily on the noble and rich, dwarfing down their bodies by intermarriages, and all but extinguishing their minds by Inquisitions; while the People, overlooked in the obscurity of poverty, were allowed to grow out to their full growth like wild weeds of a rich soil. They, in fact, have long enjoyed under despotisms of church and state, a practical and personal independence, the good results of which are evident in their stalwart frames and manly bearing:

Secondly. A distinction must ever be made between the Spaniard in his *individual* and in his *collective* capacity, and still more in an *official* one: taken by himself, he is true and valiant: the nicety of his *Pundonor*, or point of personal honour, is proverbial; to him as an individual, you may safely trust your life, fair fame, and purse. Yet history, treating of these individuals in the collective, *juntados*, presents the foulest examples of misbehaviour in the field, of Punic bad faith in the cabinet, of bankruptcy and repudiation on the exchange. This may be also much ascribed to the deteriorating influence of bad government, by which the individual Spaniard, like the monk in a convent, becomes fused into the corporate. The atmosphere is too

infectious to avoid some corruption, and while the Spaniard feels that his character is only in safe keeping when in his own hands, and no man of any nation knows better than how to uphold it, when linked with others, his self-pride, impatient of any superior, lends itself readily to feelings of mistrust, until self-interest and preservation become uppermost. From suspecting that he will be sold and sacrificed by others, he ends by floating down the turbid stream like the rest: yet even *official* employment does not quite destroy all *private* good qualities, and the *empleado* may be appealed to as an *individual*.

II.—PASSPORTS.

A Passport—that curse of continental travelling, and still essential in Spain—may be obtained at the Foreign-office, Downing-street, for 7s. 6d., by any British subject, backed with the recommendation of a banker. It had better be *viséd* by the Spanish Ambassador in London. As this *Refrendacion* is expressed in the Spanish language, the import of a foreign passport becomes intelligible in Spain, where, out of the large towns, few persons understand either English or French. The essence of a passport is the name and country of the bearer; all the rest is leather and prunella and red-tapeism.

Travellers who propose taking Portugal in their way to Spain, may obtain a passport from the Portuguese consul, at No. 5, Jeffreys-square, St. Mary Axe; the fee is five shillings. It must be *viséd* at Lisbon by the English and Spanish Ambassadors previously to entering Spain. Those who enter Spain from France must have their passports *viséd* at Paris by the Spanish Ambassador, and at Bayonne by the Spanish and English Consuls; the latter demanding a fee, “according to Act of Parliament.”

At the principal sea-ports of Spain, foreigners are constantly arriving in the steamers without passports, who, if they wish to travel into the interior, obtain one from the local authorities, which is never refused when applied for by the English Consul. This especially holds good with regard to those who visit the coast in their yachts, or in ships of war. Those English who go directly to Gibraltar require no passport; and when starting for Spain they can obtain one either from the English Governor or from the Spanish Governor of Algeciras: both of these require to be *viséd* by the Spanish Consul at Gibraltar, who demands a trifling fee.

Although in peaceful times, and since the decree on this subject of February 15, 1854, many rigid rules are relaxed, yet as they may be put in force, ultra-prudent travellers who intend travelling with fire-arms, (which on the whole had better be avoided, a pocket revolver perhaps excepted,) should have the circumstance mentioned on their passport by the Spanish official at starting, when it is first *refrendado*. And it is not amiss to have specified the particular objects of travel, such as botanising, geologizing, sketching, &c. In our and in all troublesome times a stranger making drawings or writing down notes in a book, “*sucando planos*,” “taking plans,” “*mapeando el pais*,” “mapping the country,”—for such are the expressions for the simplest pencil sketch—was liable to become an object of suspicion in out-of-the-way places, and was thought to be an engineer, a spy, and at all events

about no good. This Oriental dislike to the *impertinente curioso* tribe dates from the French having, previously to Buonaparte's invasion, sent emissaries in the guise of travellers, to obtain such information as afterwards facilitated their obtaining possession of the citadels, treasures, and pictures of their deceived ally. Matters are, we are told, much mended; but let artists remember that Hogarth and Wilkie were arrested for even sketching Calais, and it is always best to be on the safe side.

All persons, moreover, had better avoid evincing particular curiosity in regard to military matters, fortresses, arsenals, barracks, &c.; and should refrain from sketching them, which, in the Draco laws of Spain, is of itself a serious offence; nor indeed are these objects deserving of notice, being mostly hors-de-combat, after the Oriental fashion, and, as the Duke said, "wanting in everything, and at the critical moment."

Our own system, which answered perfectly when Ferdinand VII. was king, and may again, was, not only to have the object of travelling and inquiries clearly explained on our passport, but on arrival at any town, to communicate intention of drawing, or anything else, to the proper authority, and obtain his sanction. We always travelled with a captain-general's passport, a most desirable document, as it is expressed in the Spanish language, which everybody understands, and which rouses no suspicions like one couched in a foreign tongue; it is the *military* document of the great military officer, under whose especial protection all foreigners are placed. Again, it is a sort of letter of recommendation to all other officers in command on the line of route, on whom the bearer should call the *first* thing, as when once a Spaniard's suspicions are disarmed, no person can be more courteous or attentive.

In whatever language his passport be couched, let every Englishman, like good old George III., glory everywhere in his British birthright, and proclaim it loudly and with thanks to God: *Señor, gracias á Dios, soy Caballero Ingles*. Again, as the thing cannot be avoided, the traveller should early form the habit, *the very first thing on arrival*, to ask the innkeeper what steps are necessary about passports and police—which now in some sort represent the Inquisition—and forthwith see that he is quite *en règle*. The habit once established of complying with these forms practically gives little trouble, and will obviate a world of vexation, inconvenience, and loss of time. The necessary formalities are soon done; and usually great civility is shown by the authorities to those travellers who will wait upon them in person, which is not always required, and who do *take off their hats*—that outward visible sign of good breeding and good intentions on the continent, which is so frequently disregarded by our cool, curt, and catch-cold countrymen, to their infinite cost. The Spaniards, who are not to be driven with a rod of iron, may be led by a straw, and in no country is more to be obtained by the cheap outlay of courtesy in manner and speech; "*cortesía de boca, mucho vale y poco cuesta*." As a general rule, the utmost care should be taken of this odious passport, since the loss of it naturally subjects the stranger to every sort of suspicion. It should be carried about the person when travelling, as it is liable constantly to be called for: to prevent it from being worn out, it is advisable to have it laid down by Mr. Lee, 440, West Strand, on fine linen, bound into a small pocket-book, with blank leaves attached, on which signatures may be written.

III.—CUSTOM-HOUSES.

Akin to the nuisance of passports is that of the *Aduaneros*, the custom-house officers, and of the receivers of the *derechos de puerta*, or dues levied at city-gates on *comestibles de boca*—articles of eating and drinking. From the number of the employed it would seem that every province and town in Spain was at war with or foreign to its neighbour: No prudent traveller will ever risk his ease and security by carrying any prohibited goods with him. The objects most searched for, are sealed letters and tobacco: if the lover of cigars has a considerable stock with him (a pound or so may pass), he is advised to declare it at once, pay the duty, and obtain a *guia*, or permit, which exempts him from further molestation. English fire-arms and gunpowder are altogether prohibited. Sportsmen, however, who enter Spain from Gibraltar, may manage to introduce their own guns and ammunition.

As the *Resguardos*,—the custom-house officers and preventive service—have a right to examine baggage, it is of no use either to resist or lose thus time and temper; much more may be done by good humour, patience, civility, and a cigar: raise therefore no difficulties, but offer your keys, and profess the greatest readiness to have everything examined. Recent travellers report that *bribing* is now out of fashion in Spain, and that no money should be offered, as is enjoined but not practised on our railways. But in our time the grandest panacea was cash, the oriental *Backshish*, and those who preferred peace to *pesetas*, paid with both hands. The official ophthalmia created by an apposite sprinkle of gold-dust was marvellous in its rapidity and completeness, and the examination ended in being a mere farce. The *empleados*, used to be defined as gentlemen, who, under the pretence of searching portmanteaus, took money on the highway without incurring the disgrace of begging, or the danger of robbing. The bribe, if given, must be administered with some tact, as a "*propina para echar un traguito*," a something to drink your health with, &c. However, there is no great difficulty in the matter, for where there is a will on one side to give, there is a reciprocal desire on the other to receive, and the itching palm expands and contracts by instinct to the soothing and sovereign ointment. These things may be changed, but the traveller will soon see how the wind lies, and judge whether he should bribe or not.

IV.—SPANISH MONEY.

Our advice coincides with that of the roguish Ventero to Don Quixote and of honest Iago in Othello—"put money in thy purse," as it is the *primum mobile* in all *cosas de España*. "The first thing they (the Spaniards) invariably want," as the Duke said, "is money:" their paramount worship of the Virgin is secondary to the adoration of Mammon.

With few exceptions, the currency consists of specie—copper, silver, and gold. Accounts are usually kept in reals, *reales de vellon*.

Copper Money—" *Monedas de Cobre*."—The lowest in denomination is the ancient *maravedi*, now an imaginary coin, on whose former value treatises have been written by Saez and others, and which still forms a numismatic bone of contention. At present 34 make a Spanish *real*.

The current copper coins are—

<i>Ochavo</i>	=	2	<i>maravedis</i> .
<i>Cuarto</i>	=	4	"
<i>Dos cuartos</i>	=	8	"

For a general rule, the traveller may consider the "*cuarto*" as equivalent to a French sou, something less than our English halfpenny, and as the smallest coin likely to come much under his observation. Those below it, fractions of farthings, have hardly any defined form; indeed, among the lower classes every bit of copper in the shape of a coin passes for money.

Silver Coins—" *Monedas de Plata* "—are

The <i>Real</i>	1	2	4	10	20
<i>Dos reales</i>		1	2	5	10
<i>Peseta</i>			1	2½	5
<i>Medio Duro</i>				1	2
<i>Duro</i>					1

The *real* is worth somewhat more than 2½*d.*; the *dos reales*, or 2 reals, somewhat less than 5*d.*, and may be considered as equivalent to the half-franc, and representing in Spain the sixpence in England. The *peseta* comes very nearly to the French franc. Of these and the "*dos reales*" the traveller should always take a good supply, for, as the Scotchman said of sixpences, "they are canny little dogs, and often do the work of shillings." The half-dollar varies, according to the exchange, between two shillings and half a crown.

The dollar of Spain, so well known all over the world, is the Italian "*colonato*," so called because the arms of Spain are supported between the two pillars of Hercules. The ordinary Spanish name is "*duro*." They are often, however, termed in banking and mercantile transactions "*pesos fuertes*," to distinguish them from the imaginary "*peso*" or smaller dollar of 15 reals only, of which the *peseta* is the diminutive.

The "*duro*" in the last century was coined into half-dollars, quarter-dollars, and half-quarter dollars. The two latter do not often occur; they may be distinguished from the "*peseta*" and "*dos reales*" by having the arms of Spain stamped between the two *pillars*, which have been omitted in recent coinages; their fractional value renders them inconvenient to the traveller until perfectly familiar with Spanish money. The quarter-dollar is worth 5 reals, while the *peseta* is only worth 4; the half-quarter dollar is worth 2½ reals, while the *dos reales* is only worth 2. The *duro* in accounts is generally marked thus \$. This coin is now getting scarce, having been much melted down abroad, and is nearly superseded in Spain by the French *pièces de cinq francs*, here called *Napoleones*, and these are the best coins a traveller can take, as each is current everywhere for 19 reals.

The *Gold Coinage* consists of the

<i>Duro</i>	1	2	4	8	16
<i>Dos duros</i>		1	2	4	8
<i>Doblon</i>			1	2	4
<i>Media-onza</i>				1	2
<i>Onza</i>					1

The new coin, the *Isabelino*, the Spanish sovereign, is worth 5 *duros*, or 100 reals. The ounce, when of full weight, is worth sixteen

dollars; the exact value, however, is uncertain, since these large coins, are much worn by time, and the *sweating* by the fraudulent, and seldom have preserved their legal weight and value. Those thus deficient ought to be accompanied with a certificate, wherein is stated their exact diminished weight and value. This certificate may be obtained in the principal towns from the "*contraste*," or "*fiel medidor*," the person who is legally authorized to weigh gold coins supposed to be light, and his place of abode is well known. All this, however, leads to constant disputes and delays, and the stranger must take care when he receives *onzas*, except from first-rate Spanish bankers or merchants, to see that these great coins are of correct weight: two grains are generally allowed for wear. It is better, except when residing in large towns, only to take the smaller gold coins, to which objections are seldom raised. The traveller who is about to leave the high road and visit the more rarely frequented districts and towns, should have nothing to do with any *onzas* whatever; for, when these broad pieces are offered for payment in a small village, they are apt to be viewed with distrust, and are difficult to be changed, while with the smaller ones nothing of the kind occurs.

Some gold coins have a narrow thread or cord stamped round them, and are then termed "*de premio*." They have a small additional value—the gold *duro*, for instance, circulating for 21 *reales* 2 *cuartos*—but they should be avoided by the traveller, as he will seldom be reminded when paying them away, that he is giving more than he ought. These coins, in common with all which are not the simplest and best known, only entail on him probable loss and certain trouble in adding up accounts and making payments.

There are two imaginary coins with which old-fashioned Spaniards perplex strangers when naming prices or talking of values, just as is done with our obsolete guinea: one is the "*ducado*," worth 11 reals, or about half our crown; the other is the "*peso*," the piastre, worth 15 reals, and by which, although imaginary, the exchange on England is still regulated: thus so many pence, more or less, as the rate may be high or low, are reckoned as equivalent to this "*peso*:" the exchange on the principal cities of Europe is generally published in all Spanish newspapers. 36 pence is considered to be par, or 48 for the dollar, or "*peso fuerte*," as it is called, to distinguish the *whole* piece from the smaller one. The traveller may calculate by this simple rule how much he ought to get for his pound sterling. If 36 pence will produce 15 reals, how many reals will 240 pence give?—the answer is 100. This being a round number, will form a sufficient basis for one newly arrived in Spain to regulate his financial computation: he may take a *hundred reals as equivalent to a pound sterling*, although he will be most fortunate if ever he gets it—or even 95, the practical par—after all the etceteras of exchange, commission, and money-scrivening, are deducted. The usual mode of drawing on England is by bills at 90 days after sight, at a usance and half, 60 days being the usance. The traveller who draws at sight, "*corto*," or at shorter dates, or "*a treinta dias*," at 30 days, ought in consequence to obtain a more favourable rate of exchange.

In the passive commerce of Spain the infant trade of banking is

seldom separated from the general business of a merchant, except in the chief towns; among these the circular notes of Messrs. Herries and Farquhar, and others, are tolerably negotiable.

The traveller, on arriving at the first principal city on his projected line of tour, if it be one at all out of the beaten line, should draw a sum sufficient to carry him to the next point, where he can obtain a fresh supply: and, in order to prevent accidents on the road, the first banker or merchant should be desired to furnish smaller letters of credit on the intermediate towns. Those acquainted with the mysteries of bills and exchanges in London may frequently obtain paper on Spain here, by which a considerable turn of the market may be made. Of foreign coins, the English sovereign is worth 95 reals, the French napoleon 75.

It is needless to trouble the traveller with the infinite local coins which circulate in the different provinces, remnants of their former independence, and the more as a scheme is in contemplation of reducing the varied monies of Spain to the decimal system of France—from *centigranos* copper, to *Isabelinos* in gold, to be worth 100 reals.

V.—STEAM COMMUNICATIONS.

The whole line of coast, an extent of nearly 600 leagues, is provided with steamers. The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, which takes her Majesty's mails on to Malta and Alexandria, offers a regular conveyance from London to Gibraltar. To secure passages and to obtain information of every kind, applications may be made at the Company's office, No. 122, Leadenhall Street, or at Oriental Place, Southampton. The Company publishes a little *Hand-book*, which contains everything necessary to be known, as to days of departure, fares, &c. As these are liable to annual changes, travellers should apply personally or by letter to the secretary, Mr. Howell, and may be assured that they will meet with great civility and attention. The Company has agents in the principal seaports abroad, of whom all necessary information can be obtained on the spot.

The average fares may be thus stated:—

	First Class.			..	Second Class.		
	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
To Vigo . . .	8	0	0	..	5	0	0
Oporto . . .	9	0	0	..	7	0	0
Lisbon . . .	10	0	0	..	7	10	0
Cadiz . . .	12	10	0	..	9	0	0
Gibraltar . .	13	0	0	..	9	10	0

Children under 10 years of age, if with the parent, are charged half the above rates; under 3 years of age, free. The fares include a liberal table, and wines, for first-cabin passengers; and for second-cabin passengers, provisions without wines.

Baggage.—First-class passengers are allowed each 2 cwt. of personal baggage; all above that quantity will be charged at the rate of 1s. per cubic foot. Each vessel carries a medical officer approved of by government. Experienced and respectable female attendants for the ladies' cabin. Private family cabins for passengers, if required. The average passages may be taken as follows:—

	IN SUMMER.	IN WINTER.
	Hours.	Hours.
Southampton to Vigo . . .	96 to 105 ..	112
Vigo to Oporto	8 to 9 ..	11
Oporto to Lisbon	18 to 19 ..	22
Lisbon to Cadiz	27 to 31 ..	34
Cadiz to Gibraltar	7 to 10 ..	11

The vessels generally remain about 3 hours at *Vigo*, 1½ off *Oporto*, 12 at *Lisbon*, and 3 at *Cadiz*; *Gibraltar* is usually reached the 8th day. The direct passage is accomplished in 5½ days. A new Screw Steam Shipping Company was contemplated in 1854, to run weekly between London and the South of Spain. Fares, to Cadiz or Gibraltar, chief cabin, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 2nd cabin, 6*l.* 10*s.* The steamers on their arrival at Spanish ports are soon surrounded with boats to convey passengers on shore, the demands of the unconscionable crews rising with the winds and waves. The proper charges per tariff are a *peseta* per person, two reals per portmanteau, and one for each smaller package; a passenger without luggage has to pay two reals for being landed, or put on board. The word "*tarifa*" itself generally settles disputes.

The foreign steamers are neither such good sea boats, nor so regular or well manned as their English competitors. From *La Teste*, near Bordeaux, one runs to *San Sebastian* and *Corunna*; another touches at the ports between *San Sebastian* and *Malaga*. There is regular communication between *Cadiz* and *Marseilles*. The steamers usually remain about half a day at *Algeciras*, a whole one at *Malaga*, a few hours at *Almeria*, half a day each at *Cartagena* and *Alicante*; a whole one at *Valencia*, a few hours occasionally at *Tarragona*, two days at *Barcelona*, and half a one at *Port Vendres*. The exact particulars, times of sailing, fares, &c. are to be seen in every inn on the coast, or may be ascertained from the local agents. Remember, if you wish to forward baggage or packages by these steamers, to have them very carefully directed to the person to whom they are consigned, and to take a receipt for them and forward it per post to your correspondent, desiring him to send for the articles the moment the steamer arrives, or they will either be left on board, or lost, after the usual fashion of the unbusinesslike, pococurante Mediterraneans.

VI.—TRAVELLING BY LAND—ROADS—POSTING—POST-OFFICE—MAIL-COACHES—DILIGENCES—COCHES DE COLLERAS—MULETEERS—RIDING TOURS.

The railroad is in its infancy. Spain, a jumble of mountains, with few large cities, and those far between, with an unvisited, unvisiting population, and a petty passive commerce, is admirably suited for the time-honoured national locomotive, the ass and mule. There has, however, been much talk of the *Ferro Carril* system, which is to cover the Peninsula with an iron net-work of communications, level the sierras, and pay 20 per cent., &c. This is proposed to be done chiefly by English gold and Navvies. A comedy or tragedy might be written on the plausible schemes by which the gullability of John Bull has been tickled and his pockets lightened. Hitherto the "Powers that be" in Spain have scarcely settled the *sine quâ non* preliminary step, *i. e.* the

division among *each other* of the plunder in granting "concessions," &c. Permissions, forsooth, for silly foreigners to be allowed as a favour to do the work—throw away time and cash, in order to be laughed at, insulted, and ultimately cheated for their pains.

Meantime there are eight royal roads, *caminos reales—carreteras generales*, which branch forth from the capital like spokes of a wheel, and run to *Irun*, to *Barcelona* by *Valencia*, to *Cadiz* by *Seville*, to *Granada*, to *La Junquera* by *Zaragoza*, to *Corunna*, *Oviedo*, and to *Portugal* by *Badajoz*. These first-class roads are also called *Arrecifes*, from the Arabic word for *chaussées*, causeways: they are made on the Macadam system, admirably engineered, and kept in infamous neglect. The wear and tear of traffic and weather has destroyed the surface material, forming holes, and *malos pasos*, by which coach-springs are cracked and travellers' bones dislocated: nevertheless, heavy turnpike and ferry tolls are raised at the *portazgos y barcas*; recently some stir of improvement is visible both in the repair of the older roads, and in the construction of new ones; ordinary but carriageable roads are called *caminos carreteros*, *caminos de carruaje*, *de carretera*, and are just practicable: bridle-roads are called *caminos de herradura*. Bye-ways and short cuts are termed *trochas*, *travesias* and *caminos de atajo*, and familiarly and justly called *caminos de perdices*, roads for partridges; nor should any man in his senses or in a wheel-carriage forget the proverb *no hay atajo, sin trabajo*—there is no short cut without hard work. A *rambla*—Arabic *raml*—sand, serves the double purpose of a road in summer for men and beasts, and a river bed in winter for fish, fools, and wild fowl. This term and thing is pretty general in Valencia and commercial! Catalonia.

Internal locomotion has been lately facilitated throughout the Peninsula as regards public conveyances, but the progress is slow; travelling in your own carriage with post horses, changing at each relay, is only practicable on the high road from *Irun* to *Madrid*, and even then is certainly not to be recommended; nor is it usually done except by Cabinet couriers or very great personages. However, by making an arrangement with the persons who horse the diligences, journeys have been performed on the leading roads by persons in their own carriages. The '*Guia General de Correos*,' by Francisco Xavier de Cabanes, 4to., Mad., 1830, is useful, since posting, being a royal monopoly, is fettered with the usual continental checks and bureaucratic bothers.

The distances are regulated and paid for—not by posts, but by leagues, *leguas*, of 20,000 feet, or 20 to a degree of the meridian, and somewhat less than three miles and a half English, being the nautical league of three geographical miles. The country leagues, especially in the wilder and mountainous districts, are calculated more by guess-work than measurement. Generally you may reckon by *time* rather than distance, the sure test of slow coaching, and consider the *league* a sort of German *stunde*, an *hour's* work. The term "*legua*" is modified by an explanatory epithet. "*Larga*," or long, varies from four to five miles. "*Regular*," a very Spanish word, is used to express a league, or anything else that is neither one thing nor another, something about the *regular* post league. "*Corta*," as it implies, is a *short* league, three miles. These leagues, like everything in Spain, vary in the

different provinces, and it is contemplated, in imitation of the French, to introduce one standard; when Iberian ears will be astounded with *myriometros y kilometros*—but this scheme is easier talked about than done. Post-horses and mules are paid at the rate of six reals each for each post league, and five only when the traveller is on the royal service. The number of animals to be paid for is regulated by the number of travellers; more than six, however, are never put on; if the passengers exceed six in number, six reals more are charged, over and above the price of the six horses put to, for each traveller exceeding the number; a child under seven years of age is not reckoned as a passenger; two children under that age are to be paid for as one grown-up person. If the postmaster puts on for his own convenience either more or less horses than the tariff expresses, the traveller is only bound to pay for the number therein regulated. The postilions are obliged to travel two leagues in an hour, but they, if well paid, drive at a tremendous pace. They may not change horses with another carriage on the road, except with the consent of the traveller. Their strict pay is three reals a league; but the custom is usually to give seven, and even eight, if they have behaved well: by law the post-boy can insist on driving from the coach-box, "*el pescante*," and as nothing of that kind is attached to some britchkas and English carriages, an additional *real* is the surest mode of obviating these discussions and mounting him on his horse. The postilions, if they infringe any of the rules, are liable to lose their "*agujetas*"—their "*propina*" (*προπινην*)—something to drink—pour boire—trink-gelt). The postmaster of the next relay is bound to adjudicate on the complaint of the traveller, and he himself is amenable, if the traveller be dissatisfied with his decision, to the director of the superior administration at the next town, and he again to the "*superintendencia general*," the chief authority at Madrid.

As regards post-offices and letters, the general correspondence of Spain is tolerably well regulated; a single letter, *una carta sencilla*, must not exceed six *adarmes*, or half an ounce; the charge for postage increases with the weight. The English system has been recently introduced; a uniform charge for postage—by weight—now prevails over Spain, irrespective of distance. The stamps are called *sellos*. English newspapers, when not prohibited, are free to Spain; pamphlets and papers fastened like ours, with an open band or *faja* for directing, are charged at the rate of four reals the pound. As private letters are opened with very little scruple in Spain, correspondents should be cautious, especially on political subjects. Letters from England must be prepaid. A traveller may have his addressed to him at the post-office, but it is better to have them directed to some friend or banker, to whom subsequent instructions may be given how and where to forward them. In the large towns the names of all persons for whom any letters may have arrived which are not specially directed to a particular address, are copied and exposed on boards called *las tablas* at the post-offices, in lists arranged alphabetically. The inquirer is thus enabled to see at once if there be any one for him by referring to the list containing the first letter of his name, and then asking for the letter by its number, for one is attached to each according to the order it

stands in the list. He should also look back into the old lists, for after a certain time names are taken from the more recent arrivals and placed among those which have remained some weeks on the unclaimed board. He should look over the alphabetical classifications of both his Christian and surname, as ludicrous mistakes occur from the difficulty Spaniards have in reading English handwriting and English names. Their post-masters—no decyphers of hieroglyphics—are sorely perplexed by our truly Britannic terminal title *Esq.*: and many a traveller gets scheduled away under the letter E. Prudent tourists should urge home correspondents, especially their fair ones, to direct simply, and to write the surname in large and legible characters. The best mode, while travelling in Spain, is to beg them to adopt the Spanish form—"Señor Don Plantagenet Smytheville, Caballero Ingles." This "*tablas*" system occasions loss of time, temper, and *letters*, for any one may ask for those of any other person and get it, so few precautions are taken. As a rule, Plantagenet Smytheville, Esq., should look if there be a letter for him under P. for Plantagenet, and under S. for Smytheville, and under E. for Esquire. It is always best to go to the post-office and make these inquiries in person, and, when applying for letters, to write the name down legibly, and give it to the *empleado*, rather than ask for it *vivâ voce*. The traveller should always put his own letters into the post-office himself, especially those which require prepayment, "*que deben franquearse*." Foreign servants, and still less those hired during a few days' stay in a place, do not always resist the temptation of first destroying letters, and then charging the postage as paid, and pocketing the amount. Travellers, when settled in a town, may, by paying a small fixed sum to the post-office clerks, have a separate division, "*el apartado*," and an earlier delivery of their letters: Letters are generally sent for; if, however, they be specially directed, they are left by a postman, "*el cartero*."

Riding post is called, from its expeditious nature, *viajar á la ligera*; the traveller pays six reals a league for his own, and as much for the horse or mule of the postilion who accompanies him; one real less is charged if he be on the royal service. Cabinet couriers, "*correos de gabinete*," have the preference of horses at every relay. The particular distances they have to perform are all timed, and so many leagues are required to be done in a fixed time; and, in order to encourage despatch, for every hour gained on the allowed time, an additional sum was paid to them: hence the common expression, "*ganando horas*," gaining hours. These methods are getting obsolete.

Letters are conveyed on the chief roads in mails, *Sillas correo*, *Sillas de posta*; the carriages take two or three passengers on the road from Madrid to Irun. The rate of travelling averages six miles an hour, and, as scarcely any stoppages are allowed, a prudent traveller will attend to some sort of "*proband*," although the less eaten and *drank* on such feverish jaunts the better; the fares will be learnt at the post-offices; they average about 3*d.* a mile English. Very little luggage is allowed, and extra weight is paid at three reals the pound. No time should be lost in securing your place, as these mails are liable to be full, especially in the summer time.

The public coaches or *diligencias* are based, in form and system, on

the French diligence, from whence the name is taken ; these copies are preferable to their originals, inasmuch as the company who travel by them, from the difficulties of travelling with post-horses, is of a superior order to those who go by the dilly in France, and the Spaniard is essentially much higher bred than his neighbour, and especially as regards the fair sex. The Spanish diligences go pretty fast, but the stoppages, delays, and "behind time" are terrible.

Travelling in the *diligencia*, odious in itself, is subject to the usual continental drags, *billetes*, and etceteras previously to starting; the prices are moderate, and vary according to the places, the *rotonda*, the *interior*, the *berlina*, and the *coupé*; very little luggage is allowed, and a heavy charge made for all extra. Be very careful as to directions on your luggage, avoiding the "*Esq.*," and have it all registered; and take your place in time too, as the *diligencias* fill very much, especially during summer; the passengers are under the charge of a conductor, the *mayoral*; meals are provided at the coaches' own baiting inns or *paradores*, which are sufficient in quantity, endurable in cookery, and reasonable in charges.

On those roads where there are no diligences, recourse must be had to the original and national modes of travelling. You can hire a *coche de colleras*, a huge sort of lord mayor's coach, which is drawn by half-a-dozen or more mules, and which performs journeys from thirty to thirty-five miles a-day, like an Italian *vetturino*; this is at once a slow and expensive mode of travel, but not unamusing, from the peculiar manner in which cattle and carriage are driven. This picturesque turnout, like our "coach-and-six" in Pope's time, is fast disappearing. Those natives who cannot afford this luxury resort to the *galera*, a sort of covered waggon without springs, which, being of most classical discomfort, is to be sedulously avoided, *que diablo allait il faire dans cette galère*. Smaller vehicles, such as *calesas* and *tartanas*, are also to be occasionally hired for smaller distances. So much for wheels.

A considerable portion of the Peninsula, and many of the most interesting, untrodden, unbacknied localities, can only be visited on the back of animals or on one's own feet. As a pedestrian tour for pleasure is a thing utterly unknown in Spain, it is not to be thought of for a moment, while excursions on horseback are truly national, and bring the stranger in close contact with Spanish man and nature. He may hire horses and mules at most large cities, or join the caravans of the regular muleteers and carriers who ply from fixed places to others. These *arrieros* (arr—*arabice* "gee up"), *cosarios y ordinarios*, have their well-known inns or houses of call and stated days of arrival and departure: moderate in their charges, they are seldom molested by robbers on the road. Those who can only ride on an English saddle should procure one before starting, and every man will do well to bring out a good pair of English spurs, with some spare sets of rowels, and attend to their efficient sharpness, for the hide of a Spanish beast is hard and unimpressionable. Heavy luggage may always be sent from town to town by the *arrieros*, whose *recuas de acemilas*, or droves of baggage-mules, do the office of our goods-train.—N.B. Remember to be careful in the directions, to take a receipt and forward it per post to the person to whom your articles are addressed, desiring him to call for them. The muleteers of Spain form a class of themselves, and are honest, }

trustworthy, and hard-working; full of songs, yarns, lies, and incorrect local information.

It cannot be said that their animals are pleasant to ride, nor indeed are the hacks, *hacas*, and cattle usually let for hire much better; to those, therefore, who propose making an extensive riding tour, especially in the W. provinces, the better plan is to perform it on their own animals, the masters on horses, the attendants on mules. The chief points in such journeys are to take as few traps as possible, trunks—the impedimenta of travellers—are thorns in his path, who passes more lightly and pleasantly by sending the heavier luggage on from town to town; “attend also to the *proveud*,” as the commissariat has ever been the difficulty in hungry and thirsty Spain. Each master should have his own *Alforjas* or saddle-bags, in which he will stow away whatever is absolutely necessary to his own immediate wants and comforts, strapping his cloak or *manta* over it. The servant should be mounted on a stout mule, and provided with strong and capacious *capachos de esparto*, or peculiar baskets made of the Spanish rush; one side may be dedicated to the wardrobe, the other to the larder; and let neither master nor man omit to take a *bota* or leather wine-bottle or forget to keep it full; spare sets of shoes with nails and hammer are also essential. But when once off the beaten tracks, those travellers who make up their minds to find *nothing* on the road but discomfort will be the least likely to be disappointed, while by being prepared and forearmed they will overcome every difficulty — *hombre prevenido, nunca fu vencido*, a little foresight and provision gives small trouble and ensures great comfort. The sooner all who start on riding tours can speak Spanish themselves the better, as polyglott travelling servants are apt to be rogues; a retired cavalry soldier is a good man to take, as he understands horses, and knows how to forage in districts where rations are rare. Few soldiers are more sober, patient, and enduring of fatigue than the Spanish; six reals a day, food, lodging, and some dress, with a tip at the end, will be ample pay. He must be treated with civility, and abusive speech avoided.

VII.—SPANISH INNS.

The increase and improvement of public conveyances, by leading to increased travel and traffic, has caused some corresponding change for the better in the quantity and quality of the houses destined to the accommodation of wayfaring men and beasts. As they are constantly changing, it is not easy to give their names in every place. These conveniences are of varied denominations, degrees, and goodness, or they may be divided into the bad, the worse, and the worst—and bad is the best: first is the *Fonda* (the oriental *Fundack*), which is the assumed equivalent to our hotel, as in it lodging and board are furnished; second is the *Posada*, in which, strictly speaking, only the former is provided; thirdly comes the *Venta*, which is a sort of inferior *posada* of the country, as distinguished from the town; at both *Posada* and *Venta* the traveller finds the means of cooking whatever provisions he has brought with him, or can forage on the spot, and he is charged in the morning a moderate sum for the *ruido de casa*, the noise or row which he is supposed to have kicked up in the peaceful dwelling. These *khans* are generally harderless, although the *ventero*, as in Don Quixote’s time, will answer,

when asked what he has got, *Hay de todo*, there is everything; but *de lo que V. traie*, "of what you bring with you," must be understood.

The traveller, when he arrives at one of these *Posadas*, especially in rarely visited places, should be courteous and liberal in using little conventional terms of civility, and not begin by ordering and hurrying people about; he will thus be met more than half way, and obtain the best quarters and accommodation that are to be had. Spaniards, who are not to be driven by a rod of iron, may be tickled and led by a straw. Treat them as *caballeros*, and they are of a high caste, and they generally behave themselves as such. No man who values a night's rest will omit on arrival to look at once after his *bed*: a cigar for the *mozo*, a compliment to the *muchacha*, and a tip, *una gratificacioncita*, seldom fail to conciliate, and secure comfort.

The "*ventorillo*" is a minor class of *venta*, and often nothing more than a mere hut, run up with reeds or branches of trees by the roadside, at which water, bad wine, and worse brandy, *aguardiente*, true *agua ardens*, disflavoured with aniseed, are to be sold. In out-of-the-way districts the traveller, in the matter of inns, will seldom be perplexed with any difficulty of selection as to the relative *goodness*; the golden rule will be to go to the one where the diligence puts up—*El Parador de las Diligencias*. The simple direction, "*vamos a La Posada*," let us go to THE inn, will be enough in smaller towns; for the question is rather, *Hay posada, y donde esta?* Is there an inn, and where is it? than Which is the best inn?

N.B. All who travel with ladies are advised to write beforehand to their banker or friends to secure quarters in some hotel, especially when going to Madrid and the larger cities.

The charges of the native inns are not exorbitant; generally by a dollar to two dollars a-day, bed and board are paid for; where, however, establishments are set up on what is called the English or French system, foreign prices are demanded, and very considerable ones, considering the poor and copied accommodation. Those who propose remaining any time in a large town may make their own bargain with the innkeeper, or can go into a boarding-house, "*casa de pupilos*," or "*de huespedes*," where they will have the best opportunity of learning the Spanish language, and obtaining an idea of the national manners and habits. These establishments are constantly advertised in the local newspapers, and the houses may be known externally by a white paper ticket attached to the *extremity* of one of the window balconies; for if the paper be placed in the *middle*, it only means "lodgings to let here." The traveller will always be able to learn from his banker, or from any respectable inhabitant, which of these boarding-houses enjoys the best reputation, or he may himself advertise in the papers for exactly the sort of thing he wants.

VIII.—SPANISH ROBBERS.

Banditti have long been the bugbear of Spain, for a bad name once gotten is not easily removed, and still less when the conventional idea is kept up by sundry writers in England who instruct the public on the things of Spain, where they have never been, and feed foregone conclusions.

SPAIN.—I.

sions. Undoubtedly on the long highways of a thinly-peopled land accidents may occur, as Spanish gentlemen who have met with misfortunes in troubled times will take to the road. But robbery is the exception, rather than the rule, in Spain; and latterly precautions have been so increased that some ingenuity must be displayed in managing to get waylaid and pillaged—not that to the very ambitious for such events, or to the imprudent and incautious, the thing is altogether impossible. The experiment might be tried with prospect of success in Andalusia, taking Ronda as the centre of a robbing radius.

Referring to the 'Gatherings,' ch. 16, for other details, suffice it here to say that the best plan is for the traveller never to trouble his head about the matter, nor to frighten himself with shadows of his own raising; let him turn a deaf ear to the yarns of muleteers and the positive facts of waiters, and ride boldly on; nevertheless he will do well in suspicious places to abjure foolish chattering about his plans, lines of route, hours of starting, and so forth, and still more to avoid any exhibition of cash and attractive items of property, silver dressing-cases, and so forth, which often suggest the getting up an extempore bit of robbery for his particular benefit, for in Spain, as elsewhere, *la ocasion hace al ladron*. Again, should he have the misfortune to fall among regular thieves, he ought to be prepared with a sufficient sum about his person, say from 5*l.* to 10*l.*, in order to keep them in good humour, as they are prone to make an example of the unhappy wight who evinces, by empty pockets, the *malice prepense* of depriving them of their just perquisite; an empty purse is a beggarly companion, and they are apt to inflict blows on its proprietor, *dandole palos*, or to strip him to the skin, *echandole en cueros*, pour encourager les autres. A common gilt watch and chain ought not to be omitted. Englishmen, except when well armed and travelling in numbers, should never attempt resistance against a regular band of Spanish robbers, as it is generally useless, and may lead to fatal consequences; whereas a frank, good-humoured surrender, presence of mind, and a calm, courteous appeal to them as *Caballeros*, seldom fails to conciliate the "gentlemen," and to chloroform the discomfort of the operation. The robbers consist of several grades. The *Ladrones en grande* are an organised gang of well-mounted, well-armed men from 10 to 14 in number, and commanded by a chief, and as they seldom attack travellers except at a great advantage, it is better to lose one's dollars than one's life, and to submit with a good grace to the polite request of putting your face, mouth downwards, into the mud,—the *Boja abajo*, which will take no denial; in fact, the non-compliance is understood to mean resistance; and cases have occurred where foreigners, from not understanding the force of these two words, and not having laid themselves down, have been shot forthwith.

The next class are the *Rateros*, the rats. These are not organised permanent bodies, but skulking, ill-conditioned footpads, who lurk about suspicious *ventas*, on the look-out for an accidental affair. They seldom attack armed and prepared persons. A lower ruffian still is the *Raterillo*, or small rat, who is a solitary performer, confining his attacks to the utterly defenceless. A revolver is a sure remedy for these major and minor rats; and no bad pocket-companion on the highways and byways of Spain, as contributing to a general feeling of confidence.

The regular and only really formidable robbers have almost disappeared on the high roads, in consequence of the institution of a body of mounted and well-armed men, who are stationed in the principal routes as escorts and patrols. They are called *Guardias civiles*, to distinguish them from *military* guards. The system was borrowed from the gendarmerie of France, whence the troopers were called by the people *Hijos de Luis-Felipe*, sons of Louis-Philippe, or *Polizones*, a new word coined out of the old French *Polissons*. Diligences in periods and localities of danger are usually provided with guards of their own, and there is also in most large towns a body of armed men on foot, called *Miguelites*, whose business it is to keep the peace, and by whom convoys of value and travellers of rank are escorted. They resemble the Peelers, the police in Ireland, and are formed of active, excellent men, brave, temperate, and indefatigable. There are also few places in which an extempore protection may not be hired of *Escopeteros*, or men armed with a gun, which in truth is the definition of half the Iberian family when outside a town's walls. Except when ladies are in the case, and the localities are notoriously infested for the moment, all these precautions are needless. A riding party of armed Englishmen may dismiss the bugbear altogether, from the Pyrenees to the Straits of Gibraltar. In general Spanish robbers are shy of attacking Englishmen: they have a wholesome fear of the strength of our gunpowder, and of our disposition to show fight.

IX.—THE GEOGRAPHY OF SPAIN.

One glance at a map of Europe will convey a clearer notion of the relative position of Spain in regard to other countries than pages of letter-press; an advantage which every school-boy possesses over the Plinys and Strabos of antiquity, who were content to compare the shape of the Peninsula to a bull's hide. This country, placed between the latitudes $36^{\circ} 57'$ and $43^{\circ} 40'$ north, extends from longitude $9^{\circ} 13'$ west to $30^{\circ} 15'$ east: the extreme length has been calculated at about 200 leagues of 20 to the degree, and the greatest breadth at somewhat less than 200; and the whole superficies, including Portugal, is stated to contain upwards of 19,000 square leagues, of which somewhat more than 15,500 belong to Spain; it is thus almost twice as large as the British Islands, and only one-tenth smaller than France; the circumference or coast-line is estimated at some 750 leagues. This compact and isolated territory, inhabited by a hardy, warlike population, ought, therefore, to have rivalled France in military power, while its position between those two great seas which command the commerce of the old and new world, its indented line of coast, abounding in bays and harbours, offered every advantage of vying with England in maritime enterprise. Nature has provided outlets for the productions of a country rich alike in everything that is to be found either on the face, or in the bowels of the earth; the mines and quarries abound with precious metals and marbles, from gold to iron, from the agate to coal; a fertile soil and every possible variety of climate admit of unlimited cultivation of the natural productions of the temperate or tropical zones: thus in the province of Granada the sugar-cane and cotton-tree luxuriate at the

base of ranges whose tops are covered with eternal snow. The unremitting bad government of the Gotho-Spaniard has done its worst to neutralise the advantages of this favoured land, which, while under the dominion of the Romans and Moors, resembled an Eden, a garden of plenty and delight. Now vast portions of the Peninsula offer a picture painful to be contemplated by the philosopher or philanthropist: the face of nature and the minds of men, dwarfed and curtailed of their fair proportions, have either been neglected and their inherent fertility allowed to run into luxuriant weeds and vice, or their energies misdirected, and a capability of good converted into an element of disgraceful eminence in deeds of evil.

In geological construction, Spain, almost an agglomeration of mountains, is raised in a series of elevation terraces on every side from the coasts; the central portions, higher than any other table-lands in Europe, range on an average from 2000 to 3000 feet above the level of the sea, while from this elevated plain chains of other mountains rise. Madrid, placed on this central plateau, is situated about 2000 feet above the level of Naples, which lies in the same latitude; the mean temperature of the former is 59° , while that of the latter is $63^{\circ} 30'$; it is to this difference of elevation that the difference of climate and vegetable productions between the two capitals is to be ascribed.

Fruits which flourish on the coasts of Provence and Genoa, which lie 4° more to the north than any portion of Spain, are rarely to be met with in the interior of the elevated Peninsula: on the other hand, the low and sunny maritime belts abound with productions of an African vegetation; and botany marks climate better than barometers or thermometers. The mountainous character and general aspect of the coast is nearly analogous throughout the circuit which extends from the Basque Provinces to Cape Finisterre, and offers a remarkable contrast to those sunny alluvial plains which extend, more or less, from Cadiz to Barcelona, and which closely resemble each other in vegetable productions, such as the fig, orange, pomegranate, aloe, and palm-tree. Again, the central table-lands, *las Parameras*, equally resemble each other in their monotonous denuded aspect, in their scarcity of fruit and timber, and their abundance of cereal productions.

Spanish geographers have divided the Peninsula into seven distinct chains of mountains. These *cordilleras* arise on each side of intervening plains, which once formed the basins of internal lakes, until the accumulated waters, by bursting through the obstructions by which they were dammed up, found a passage to the ocean: the dip or inclination of the country lies from the east towards the west, and, accordingly, the chief rivers which form the drains of the great leading channels between the principal water-sheds flow into the Atlantic: their courses, like the basins through which they pass, lie in a transversal and almost a parallel direction; thus the Duero, the Tagus, the Guadiana, and the Guadalquivir, all flow into their recipient between their distinct chains of mountains.

The Moorish geographer Alrasi took climate as the rule of dividing the Peninsula into distinct portions. *The first or northern zone* is the *Cantabrian*, the European; this portion skirts the base of the Pyrenees, includes portions of Catalonia, Arragon, and Navarre, the Basque pro-

vinces, the Asturias, and Galicia. In this region of humidity the winters are long, and the springs and autumns rainy, and it should only be visited in the summer. This country of hill and dale is intersected by streams, which abound in fish, and which irrigate rich meadows for pasture. The valleys form the dairy country of Spain, while the mountains furnish valuable and available timber. In some parts corn will scarcely ripen, while in others, in addition to the cerealia, cider and an ordinary wine are produced. Inhabited by a hardy, independent, and rarely subdued population, these mountainous regions offer natural means of defence. It is useless to attempt the conquest with a small army, while a large one starves for want of support in the hungry localities. *The second zone*, the Iberian or the eastern, in its maritime portions, is more Asiatic than European, the inhabitants partake of the Greek and Carthaginian character, being false, cruel, and treacherous, yet lively, ingenious, and fond of pleasure: this portion commences at Burgos, and is continued through the Sierras of Albarracin and Segura to the Cabo de Gata, and includes the southern portion of Catalonia and Arragon, with parts of Castile, Valencia, and Murcia. The sea-coasts should be visited either in the spring or autumn, when they are delicious. They are intensely hot in the summer, and infested with myriads of muskitoes. The districts about Burgos should be avoided as being cold, except during the summer months. Thus the upper valley of the Miño and some of the north-western portions of Old Castile and Leon are placed about 6000 feet above the level of the sea, and the frosts often last for three months at a time.

The third zone, the Lusitanian, or western, by far the largest, includes the central parts of Spain and all Portugal; and in the physical condition of the soil and the moral qualities of the inhabitants, portions present an unfavourable view of the Peninsula: the inland steppes are burnt up by summer suns, tempest and wind-rent during winter, while the absence of trees exposes them to the violence of the elements; poverty-stricken mud-houses, scattered here and there in the desolate extent, afford a wretched home to a poor, proud, and ignorant population. These localities, which offer in themselves little pleasure or profit to the stranger, contain however many sites and cities of the highest interest. Thus New Castile, the sovereign province, besides the capital Madrid, comprehends Toledo, the Escorial, Segovia, Aranjuez, Avila, Cuenca, which none who wish to understand Spain and the genuine old Castilian cities can possibly pass by unnoticed.

The more western portions of this Lusitanian zone are much more agreeable; the ilex and chestnut abound in the hills, while the rich plains produce corn and wine most plentifully. The entire central table-land occupies about 93,000 square miles, and forms nearly one-half of the entire area of the Peninsula. The peculiarity of the climate is its dryness; rain is so rare, that the annual quantity on an average does not amount to more than 10 inches. The olive, however, is only to be met with in a few and favoured localities. *The fourth zone*, the Bœtican, the most southern and African, coats the Mediterranean, basking at the foot of the mountains which rise behind and form the mass of the Peninsula; this mural barrier offers a sure protection

against the cold winds which sweep across the central region. The descent from the table elevations into these maritime strips is striking; the face of nature is quickly and completely changed, and the traveller passes from the climate and vegetation of Europe into that of Africa. This region is characterised by a dry burning atmosphere during a part of the year. The winters are short and temperate, the springs and autumns quite delightful. Much of the cultivation depends on artificial irrigation, which was carried by the Moors to the highest perfection; indeed water, under this forcing, vivifying sun, is synonymous with fertility; the productions are tropical; sugar, cotton, rice; the orange, lemon, and date. The *algaroba*—*ceratonia siliquastrum*—and the *adelfa*, the oleander, form the boundary marks between this, the *tierra caliente*, and the colder regions by which it is encompassed. Such are the geographical divisions of nature with which the vegetable and animal productions are closely connected. The Bœtican zone, Andalucia, contains in itself many of the most interesting cities, sites, and natural beauties of the Península. Cadiz, Gibraltar, Ronda, Malaga, the Alpujarras, Granada, Cordova, Seville, Xerez, are easy of access, and may be visited almost at every portion of the year. The winters may be spent at Cadiz, Seville, or Malaga, the summers in the cool mountains of Ronda, Aracena, or Granada. April, May, and June, or September, October, and November, will, however, be the most preferable. Those who go in the spring should reserve June for the mountains; those who go in the autumn should reverse the plan, and commence with Ronda and Granada, ending with Malaga, Seville, and Cadiz; and this region will be found by the invalid infinitely superior as a winter residence than any portions of the South of France or Italy.

The internal communication of the Peninsula, thus divided by the mountain-walls of *Cordilleras*, is effected by high roads, carried over the most convenient points, where the natural dips are the lowest, and the ascents and descents the most practicable. As a general rule, the traveller should always cross the mountains by one of these. The goat-paths and smuggler-passes over other portions of the chain are difficult and dangerous, and seldom provided with villages or ventas: the farthest but fairest way about, will generally be found the best and shortest road. These passes are called *Puertos*—*portæ*—mountain-gates: the precise *ghaut* of the Hindoos.

The term *Sierra*, which is commonly applied to these serrated ranges, has been derived from the Spanish *sierra*, a saw; while others refer it to the Arabic *Sehrah*, an uncultivated tract. *Montaña* means a mountain; *Cerro* a hog-backed hill; *pico*, *picacho*, a pointed height. *Una cuesta*, a much-used expression, means both an ascent and descent. *Cuesta arriba*, *cuesta abajo*, up hill, down hill. There are few of the singular-shaped hills which have not some local name, such as *Cabeza del Moro*, the Moor's head; or something connected with religion, such as *San Christobal*, *El Fraile*, &c.

There are 6 great rivers in Spain—the arteries which run between the 7 mountain-chains, the vertebræ of the geological skeleton. These 6 water-sheds are each intersected in their extent by others on a minor scale, by valleys and indentations in each of which runs its own stream. Thus the rains and melted snows are all collected in an infinity

of ramifications, and carried by these tributary conduits into one of the 6 main trunks, or great rivers: all these, with the exception of the Ebro, empty themselves into the Atlantic. The Duero and Tagus, unfortunately for Spain, disembogue in Portugal, thus becoming a portion of a foreign dominion exactly where their commercial importance is the greatest. Philip II. "the prudent," saw the true value of the possession of Portugal, which rounded and consolidated Spain, and insured to her the possession of these outlets of internal produce, and inlets for external commerce. Portugal, that *angulus iste*, annexed to Spain, gave more real power to his throne than the dominion of entire continents across the Atlantic. Nor has the vision of a Peninsular union ever faded from the cabinets of Spain. The *Miño*, which is the shortest of these rivers, runs through a bosom of fertility. The *Tago*, Tagus, which the fancy of poets has sanded with gold and embanked with roses, tracks its dreary way through rocks and comparative barrenness. The *Guadiana* creeps through lonely Estremadura, infecting the low plains with miasma and ague. The *Guadalquivir* eats out its deep banks amid the sunny olive-clad regions of Andalusia.

Spain abounds with brackish streams, *Salados*, and with salt-mines, the remnants of the saline deposits, after the evaporation of the seawaters. The central soil, strongly impregnated with saltpetre, and always arid, is every day becoming more so, from the Castilian antipathy against trees. No skreen checks the power of evaporation; nothing protects or preserves moisture. The soil, more and more baked and calcined, has in some parts almost ceased to be available for cultivation: from want of plantations and dykes the slopes are liable to denudation of soil after heavy rain. Nothing breaks the descent of the water; hence the naked, barren stone summits of many of the sierras, which, pared and peeled of every particle capable of nourishing vegetation, loom forth, the skeletons of a land in which life seems extinct; not only is the soil thus lost, but the detritus thus washed down forms bars at the mouths of rivers, or chokes up and raises their beds; thus they are rendered liable to overflow their banks, and to convert the adjoining plains into pestilential swamps. The volume of water in the principal rivers of Spain has diminished, and is diminishing. Rivers which once were navigable, are so no longer, while the artificial canals which were to have been substituted remain unfinished: the progress of deterioration advances, as little is done to counteract or amend what every year must render more difficult and expensive, while the means of repair and correction will diminish in equal proportion, from the poverty occasioned by the evil, and by the fearful extent which it will be allowed to attain. The majority of Spanish rivers—torrents rather—scanty during the summer time, flow away with rapidity when filled by rains or melting snow; they are, moreover, much exhausted by being drained off, *sangrado*, bled, for the purposes of artificial irrigation. The scarcity of rain in the central table-lands diminishes the regular supply of water to the springs of the rivers; and what falls is soon sucked up by a parched, dusty, and thirsty soil, or evaporated by the dryness of the atmosphere. An absence of lakes forms another feature in this country of mountains.

These geographical peculiarities of Spain must be remembered by the traveller, and particularly the existence of the great central eleva-

tion, which, when once attained, is apt to be forgotten. The country rises in terraces from the coast, and when once the ascent is accomplished, no *real* descent takes place. The roads indeed *apparently* ascend and descend, but the mean height is seldom diminished, and the interior hills or plains are merely the undulations of one mountain. The traveller is often deceived at the apparent low height of snow-clad ranges, such as the Guadarama, whose coldness will be accounted for by adding the elevation of their base above the level of the sea. The palace of the Escorial, which is placed at the foot of the Guadarama, and in a seeming plain, stands in reality at 2725 feet above Valencia, while the summer residence of the king at *La Granja*, in the same chain, is 30 feet higher than the summit of Vesuvius. This, indeed, is a castle in the air—a *château en Espagne*, and worthy of the most German potentate to whom that element belongs. The mean temperature on the plateau of Spain is as 15° , while that of the coast is as 18° and 19° , in addition to the protection from northern winds which their mountainous backgrounds afford; nor is the traveller less deceived as regards the height of the interior mountains than he is with the table-land plains; his eye wanders over a vast level extent bounded only by the horizon, or a faint blue line of other distant sierras; this space, which appears one level, is intersected with deep ravines, *barrancos*, in which villages lie concealed, and streams *arroyos*, flow *unperceived*; another important effect of this central elevation is the searching dryness and rarefaction of the air. It is often highly prejudicial to strangers: the least exposure, which is very tempting under a burning sun, will bring on ophthalmia, irritable colics, and inflammatory diseases of the lungs and vital organs. Such are the causes of the *pulmonia* (the endemic disease of Madrid), which carries off the invalid in a few days.

These are the geographical, geological, and natural divisions of the Peninsula, throughout which a leading prevailing principle may be traced. The artificial, political, and conventional arrangement into kingdoms and provinces is so much the work of accident and of absence of design; indeed, one who only looked at the map might sometimes fancy that some of the partitions were expressly devised for the sake of being purposely inconvenient and incongruous.

These provincial divisions were however formed by the gradual union of many smaller and previously independent portions, which have been taken into Spain as a whole, just as our inconvenient counties constitute the kingdom of England. Long habit has reconciled the inhabitants to these divisions, which practically suit them better than any new arrangement, however better calculated according to statistical and geographical principles. The French, when they obtained possession of the Peninsula, with their fondness for departmentalization, tried to remodel and recombine ancient and antipathetic provinces, to carve out neatly and apportion districts, à la mode de Paris, in utter disregard of the wishes, necessities, and prejudices of the respective natives. No sooner was their intrusive rule put to an end, than the Spaniards shook off their paper arrangements, and reverted, like the Italians, to those which pre-existed, and which, however defective in theory, and irregular on the map, suited their inveterate habits. In spite of the failure of the French, Spain has been recently re-arranged, and the

people parcelled out like pieces on a chess-board. It will long, however, defy the power of all the reformers, commissioners, of all the doctrinaires, of all the cortes, effectually to efface the ancient, deeply-impressed divisions, which are engraven on the retentive characters of the inhabitants of each distinct province, who next to hating their neighbours, hate innovations.

The political divisions of former times consisted of 14 large provinces, some of which were called kingdoms, as Granada, Seville, Cordova, Jaen, Murcia, Valencia, &c. : others principalities, like Asturias : others counties, like Barcelona, Niebla, &c. : and lastly, others were called provinces, like New and Old Castile, Estremadura, &c. : Biscay was termed *el Senorio*. Spain, was then divided by "decree," into 49 provinces, viz. : Alava, Albacete, Alicante, Almeria, Avila, Badajoz, las Baleares, Barcelona, Burgos, Caceres, Cadiz, las Canarias, Castellon de la Plana, Ciudad Real, Cordoba, la Coruña, Cuenca, Gerona, Granada, Guadalajara, Guipuzcoa, Huelva, Huesca, Jaen, Leon, Lérida, Logroño, Lugo, Madrid, Malaga, Murcia, Navarra, Orense, Oviedo, Palencia, Pontevedra, Salamanca, Santander, Segovia, Sevilla, Soria, Tarragona, Teruel, Toledo, Valencia, Valladolid, Vizcaya, Zamora, Zaragoza. There is now a scheme to reduce these 49 into 20 provinces, in the hopes of diminishing departmental expenditure and malversation, and to further the centralizing system, which France has made the fashion.

The present population, with a slow tendency to increase, may be taken at 13,000,000, although Madoz rates it at 15,000,000. Drought, the great bar to the fertility of soil, also tends to check fertility of women. The prevalence, again, of foundling hospitals, and the large number of natural children exposed by unnatural parents in these charnel-houses to a certain massacre of innocents, and the drain of deadly Madrid on the provinces at large, keeps down the scanty population. The revenue may be taken at some 12,000,000*l.* Badly collected, and at a ruinous per centage, it is exposed to infinite robbery and jobbery. In Spain a little money, like oil, will stick to every finger that handles it.

Spain, in the time of Ferdinand VII. one of the most backward nations in Europe, has since his death made considerable advance. The sleeper has been awakened by the clash of civil wars, and, however far the lagging is yet in arrear, a certain social and administrative progress is perceptible. The details connected with each ministerial department, their separate duties, and what is or ought to be done under each head, Justice, Finance, Home, Board of Trade, War, and Marine, are set forth in the *Spanien und seine fortschreitende Entwicklung*, Julius v. Minutoli, Berlin, 1852, but the infinite details of the working and social life are put by him in too complimentary a style. Most Spanish things so tinted *à la rose* on his paper appear perfect ; but when tested by practice, many a magazine will turn out to be an arsenal of empty boxes, and many an institution of peace and war be found "wanting in everything most essential at the critical moment." A swelling, pompous show of canvas is spread over a battered, unseaworthy hull. The use made of our *Handbook* by this industrious Prussian, and also by his countryman Zeigler in his recent *Reise in Spanien*, 1852, is flattering.

No doubt Spain has taken part in the general progress of the last

score of years, and a marked improvement is perceptible, especially in medical science, and in the national education of the people. While in 1803 only 1 in 340 were educated, it is now, we are told, calculated that to every 1 in 17 the means of elementary schooling is offered. If this be true, then England, the leader of *moral* civilization as France is of *sensual*, may well take a leaf from the horn-book of Spain.

TOURS IN SPAIN.

However much the Gotho-Spaniards have destroyed, disfigured, and ill-appreciated the relics of the Moor—in their eyes an infidel invader and barbarian—the remains of that elegant and enlightened people will always constitute to the rest of mankind some of the foremost objects of curiosity in the Peninsula, and are indeed both in number and importance quite unequalled in Europe.

TOUR FOR THE IDLER AND MAN OF PLEASURE.

Perhaps this class of travellers had better go to Paris or Naples. Spain is not a land of fleshly comforts, or of social sensual civilization. *Oh! dura tellus Iberiæ!*—God there sends the meat, and the evil one cooks:—there are more altars than kitchens—*des milliers de prêtres et pas un cuisinier.*

Life in the country, there, is a Bedouin Oriental existence. The inland unfrequented towns are dull and poverty-stricken. *Bore* is the Genius Loci. Boasted Madrid itself is but a dear, second-rate, inhospitable city; the maritime seaports, as in the East, from being frequented by the foreigner, are more cosmopolitan, more cheerful and amusing. Generally speaking, in Spain, as in the East, public amusements are rare. The calm contemplation of a cigar, Mass and telling of beads, and a *dolce far niente*, *siestose* indolence, appear to suffice; while to some nations it is a pain to be out of pleasure, to the Spaniard it is a pleasure to be out of painful exertion: leave me, leave me, to repose and tobacco. When however awake, the *Alameda*, or church show, and the bull-fight, are the chief relaxations. These will be best enjoyed in the Southern provinces, the land also of the song and dance, of bright suns and eyes, wholesale love making, and of not the largest female feet in the world.

Before pointing out other objects to be observed in Spain, and there only, it may be as well to mention what is *not* to be seen, as there is no worse loss of time than finding this out oneself, after weary chace and wasted hours. Those who expect to find well-garnished arsenals, libraries, restaurants, charitable or literary institutions, canals, railroads, tunnels, suspension-bridges, polytechnic galleries, pale-ale breweries, and similar appliances and appurtenances of a high state of political, social, and commercial civilization, had better stay at home. In Spain there are few turnpike-trust meetings, quarter-sessions, courts of *justice*, according to the real meaning of that word, no tread-mills or boards of guardians, no chairmen, directors, masters-extraordinary of the court of chancery, no assistant poor-law commissioners. There are no anti-tobacco-teetotal-temperance-meetings, no auxiliary missionary propagating societies, no dear drab doves of peace societies, or African slave emancipationists, nothing in the blanket

and lying-in asylum line, little, in short, worth a quaker's or a revising barrister of three years' standing's notice. Spain may perhaps interest a political economist, as affording an example of the decline of the wealth of nations, and offering a fine example of errors to be avoided, and a grand field for theories and experimental plans of reform and amelioration. Here is a land where Nature has lavished her prodigality of soil and climate, and which man has for the last four centuries been endeavouring to counteract. *El cielo y suelo es bueno, el entresuelo malo*. Here the tenant for life and the occupier of the peninsula *entresol*, abuses, with incurious apathy the goods with which the gods have provided him, and "preserves the country" as a *terra incognita* to naturalists and every branch of ists and ologists. All these interesting branches of inquiry, healthful and agreeable, as being out-of-door pursuits, and bringing the amateur in close contact with nature, offer to embryo authors, who are ambitious to *book something new*, a more worthy subject than the *decies repetita* descriptions of bull-fights and the natural history of mantillas, ollas, and ventas. Those who aspire to the romantic, in short, to any of the sublime and beautiful lines (feelings unknown to the natives, and brought in by foreigners themselves), will find subjects enough in wandering with lead-pencil and note-book through this singular country, which hovers between Europe and Africa, between civilisation and barbarism; this land of the green valley and ashy mountain, of the boundless plain and the broken sierra; those Elysian gardens of the vine, the olive, the orange, and the aloe; those trackless, silent, uncultivated wastes, the heritage of the hustard and bittern;—striking indeed and sudden is the change, in flying from the polished monotony of England, to the racy freshness of that still original country, where antiquity treads on the heels of to-day, where Paganism disputes the very altar with Christianity, where indulgence and luxury contend with privation and poverty, where a want of much that is generous, honest, or merciful is blended with the most devoted heroic virtues, where the cold-blooded cruelty is linked with the fiery passions of Africa, where ignorance and erudition stand in violent and striking contrast.

There let the antiquarian pore over the fossils of thousands of years, the vestiges of Phœnician enterprise, of Roman magnificence, of Moorish elegance, in that land "potted" for him, that repository of much elsewhere long obsolete and forgotten, and compare their massiveness and utility with the gossamer Aladdin palaces, the creatures of Oriental gorgeousness and imagination, with which Spain alone can enchant the European F.S.A.; how tender the poetry of her envy-disarming decay, fallen from her high estate, the dignity of a dethroned monarch, borne with unrepining self-respect, the last consolation of the innately noble, which no adversity can take away; how wide and new is the field opened here to the lovers of art, amid the masterpieces of Italian genius, when Raphael and Titian strove to decorate the palaces of Charles, the great emperor of the age of Leo X. Here again is all the living nature of Velazquez and Murillo, truly to be seen in Spain alone; let the artist mark well and note the shells in which these pearls of price shine, the cathedral, where God is worshipped in a manner as nearly befitting his glory as finite man can reach—the Gothic gloom of the cloister, the feudal turret of Avila, the vasty Escorial, the rock-built alcazar of im-

perial Toledo, the sunny towers of stately Seville, the eternal snows and lovely vega of Granada; let the geologist clamber over mountains of marble, and metal-pregnant sierras; let the botanist cull from the wild hothouse of nature plants unknown, unnumbered, matchless in colour, and breathing the aroma of the sweet south; let all, learned or unlearned, listen to the song, the guitar, the castanet; mingle with the gay, good-humoured, temperate peasantry, free, manly, and independent, yet courteous and respectful; live with the noble, dignified, high-bred, self-respecting Spaniard; share in their easy, courteous society; let all admire their dark-eyed women, to whom ages and nations have conceded the palm of attraction, to whom Venus has bequeathed her girdle of fascination; let all—*sed ohe! jam satis*—enough for starting on this expedition, where, as Don Quixote said, there are opportunities for what are called adventures elbow-deep. “*Aquí, Hermano Sancho, podemos medir las manos hasta los codos, en esto que llaman aventuras.*”

In suggesting lines of routes in Spain, a whole year would scarcely suffice to make the grand and complete tour. It might be performed in the following manner; the letters annexed signify that the means of progress can be accomplished S. by steam, C. by public conveyance, R. by riding:—

THE GRAND TOUR.

Start from England by the Steam-packet about the end of March for Cadiz, and then proceed thus—

	Puerto, by Steam.	Alberca, R.	Sept.	Burgos, C.
	Xerez, Coach.	Ciudad Rodrigo.		Valladolid, C.
	Bonanza, July 24.	Salamanca, R.		Segovia, R. C.
	Seville, S.	Zamora, R.		Escorial, C.
May 6.	Cordova, C.	Benavente, R.		Avila, R.
	Andujar, C.	Astorga, R.		Madrid, R.
	Jaen, C.	Ponferrada, R.		Toledo, C.
May 20.	Granada, C.	Lugo, R.	Oct.	Aranjuez, C.
	Alpujarras, Ride.	Aug. 5. Santiago, R.		Cuenca, R.
	Berja, R.	Aug. 10. La Coruña or		Madrid (winter),
	Motril, R.	Ponferrada.		or at
June 5.	Malaga, R.	Orense, R.		Valencia, C.
	Antequera, R.	Tuy, R.		Xativa, C.
	Ronda, R.	Vigo, R.		Villena, R.
	Gaucin, R.	Santiago, R.		Murcia, R.
	Gibraltar, R.	La Coruña, C.		Cartagena, C.
June 25.	Tarifa, R. or S.	Oviedo by the		Orihuela, R.
	Cadiz, R. or S.	coast, R. S.,	Spring.	Elche, C.
	Seville, S.	or by Cangas		Alicante, C.
	Aracena, R.	de Tineo, R.		Ibi, R.
	Badajoz, R.	Aug. 10. La Coruña.		Alcoy, R.
July 5.	Merida, C. R.	Oviedo, R.		Xativa, R.
	Alcantara, R.	Leon, C.		Valencia, C.
	Coria, R.	Sahagun, R.		Tarragona, C. S.
July 16.	Plasencia, R.	Burgos, R.		Reus, C.
	Yuste, R.	Santander, C.		Poblet, R.
	Abadia, R.	Bilbao, R.		Cervera, R.
	Batuecas, R.	Vitoria, C.		Igualada, R.

Spring.	Cardona, R.	Huesca, C. R.	Pamplona, R. C.
	Montserrat, R.	The Pyrenees, R.	Elizondo, R.
	Martorell, R.	Tudela, C.	Vera, R.
	Barcelona, R.	Pamplona, C.	Irun, R.
	Zaragoza, C.	Summer. Tolosa, C.	
Summer.	Jaca, R.	Irun, C. or	

HINTS TO INVALIDS.

The superiority of the climate of the South of Spain over all other regions of Europe, which was pointed out in our former editions, is now ratified in the able and practical treatise of Dr. Francis,* the "Clark of Spain," and the first to grapple professionally, after much personal experience and examination, with this hygienic subject. Fair Italy, with her classical prestige, her Catholic associations, her infinite civilization, and ready access, has long been the land of promise to our travellers expatriated in search of health. But the steam and rail of England have now annihilated time and space, and her pen has pioneered the path to distant Spain, and dissipated the delusions and dangers of banditti and garlic. Independently of a more southern latitude, the geometrical configuration of Spain is superior; while the *Apennines*, the backbone of Italy, stretching N. to S., offer no barrier to northern cold, the *sierras* of Spain, running E. and W., afford complete shelter to the littoral strips. Again, where the skiey influences of Italy are enervating and depressing, the climate of the Peninsula is bracing and exhilarating. Free as a whole from malaria, *dryness* is the emphatic quality of the climate. *Malaga*, on the whole, may be pronounced the most favoured winter residence in Europe, and justly claims to be the real Elysian fields—*pace* those of Paris and Naples.

As Spain itself is a conglomeration of elevated mountains, the treeless, denuded interior, scorching and calcined in summer, keen, cold and wind-blown in winter, is prejudicial to the invalid; the hygienic characteristics of the maritime coasts to the W. from Vigo to San-Sebastian, are soothing and sedative—a relaxing influence prevailing as the French frontier is approached; the strip to the E., from Barcelona to Cadiz, is more bracing and exhilarating; midway, in Murcia, occur the driest regions in Europe, with Malaga for the happy medium.

The benefits derived by well-timed change of climate in cases of consumption, dyspepsia, bronchitis, and chronic complaints, the climacteric failure of *vis vitæ*, and the vivifying influence on the health of mind and body—re-oxygenated, as it were—are matters of fact. The stimulus of glowing light, and the effect of warm and constant sunshine on surfaces chilled by the wet blanket of fog and cloud, works wonders. The insensible transpiration proceeds constantly; the skin then does its work to the relief of the internal organs. The water drunk in Spain, where—in the warmer portions—diabetes and dropsy are little known, is deliciously pure. The wines of the south especially—Malaga and Manzanilla—are dry, cheap, and wholesome. The *cuisine*, in a country where people eat to live, not live to eat, will indeed keep body and soul together, but will tempt no weak and wearied "*stomach*" to re-

* Change of Climate, &c., with an account of the most eligible places of residence for invalids in Spain, Portugal, Algeria, &c., by D. J. T. Francis, M.D. London, 1853.

pletion. The peptic benefits of climate on the natives are evident by the way they digest an oil, vinegar, and vegetable diet, and survive chocolate, sweetmeats, and bile-creating compounds. The *sustaining* effect is proved by the untiring activity of the very under-fed masses, where many seem to live on air, like chamelions. How strong are Spanish lungs—*teste* their songs—and how few are their winter-coughs—*teste* their churches!—The *brain*, again, in a land of *No se sabe*, and where there is no reading public, no hourly penny-post or *Times*, is left in comparative rest—rare boons these for the two organs that have the least holiday under the mental and physical toil entailed by our over-refined civilization. The very dullness of Malaga—Prose is the tutelary of Spanish towns—benefits the invalid. There are no wearying æsthetic lions to be encountered—no Madame Starké to be “*done*”—no marble-floored and peopled Vaticans to be slidden through—no cold Coliseums to be sketched—no Fountains-of-Egeria picnics—no “season” dinnerings and late balls, to excite, fever and freeze by turns: at Malaga the invalid leads a quiet life, calm as the climate, and, blessed with an otiose oriental real *dolce-far-niente* existence, can leave nature to her full *vis medicatrix*. To be always able to bask in the open air, to throw physic to the dogs, to watch the sun, the country, and the people, with the satisfaction of every day getting better, are consolations and occupations sufficient. The invalid will, of course, consult his medical adviser on the choice of residence best suited to his individual case: and the specialities of each locality are given by Dr. Francis with medical detail. The precautions necessary to be observed are no less fully set forth by him, and the general benefits derived from a *riding tour* in Spain pressed on the convalescent. And we too, who have thus wandered over many a hundred leagues of wild and tawny Spain, can fully speak to the relief thus afforded to severe dyspepsia, and may be permitted to say a little word.

Cato, a great traveller in ancient Spain, thought it a matter for repentance in old age to have gone by sea where he might have gone by land. And, touching on the means of locomotion, Rails and Post-horses certainly get quicker over a country, but the pleasure of the remembrance, and the benefits derived by travel, are commonly in an inverse ratio to the ease and rapidity with which the journey is performed.* In addition to the accurate knowledge which is acquired of the country, (for there is no map like this mode of surveying), and of a considerable and by no means the worst portion of its population, a *Riding Expedition* to a civilian, is almost equivalent to serving a campaign. It imparts a new life, which is adopted on the spot, and which soon appears quite natural, from being in perfect harmony and fitness with everything around, however strange to all previous habits and notions; it takes the conceit out of a man for the rest of his life—it makes him bear and forbear. There is just a dash of difficulty and danger to give dignity to the adventure: but how soon does all that was disagreeable fade from the memory, while all that was pleasant alone remains—nay, even hardships, when past, become bright passages to the recollection. It is a capital practical school of moral discipline, just as the hardest

* In the first edition of this Handbook the whole subject of a riding tour, horses, servants, and *modus operandi* is discussed at much length.

mariners are nurtured in the roughest seas. Then and there will be learnt golden rules of patience, perseverance, good temper, and good fellowship: the individual man must come out, for better or worse; on these occasions, where wealth and rank are stripped of the aids and appurtenances of conventional superiority, he will draw more on his own resources, moral and physical, than on any letter of credit; his wit will be sharpened by invention-suggesting necessity. Then and there, when up, about and abroad, will be shaken off dull sloth. Action! will be the watchword. The traveller will blot out from his Spanish dictionary the fatal phrase of procrastination—*by-and-by*, a street which leads to the house of *never*, “*por la calle de despues, se va á la casa de nunca.*” Reduced to shift for himself, he will see the evil of waste, “*sal vertida, nunca bien cogida;*” the folly of improvidence and the wisdom of order, “*quien bien ata, bien desata;*” fast bind, fast unbind. He will whistle to the winds the paltry excuse of idleness, the “*no se puede,*” the “*it is impossible*” of Spaniards. He will soon learn, by grappling with difficulties, how they are *best* to be overcome,—how soft as silk becomes the nettle when it is sternly grasped, which would sting the tender-handed touch,—how powerful an element of realising the object proposed, is indomitable *volition*, and the moral conviction that we can and *will* accomplish it. He will never be scared by shadows thin as air! when one door shuts another opens, “*cuando una puerta ce cierra, otra se abre,*” and he who pushes on surely arrives, “*quien no cansa alcanza.*” These sorts of independent expeditions are equally conducive to health of body: after the first few days of the new fatigue are got over, the frame becomes of iron, “*hecho de bronce.*” The living in the pure air, the sustaining excitement of novelty, exercise, and constant occupation, are all sweetened by the “*studio fallente laborem,*” which renders even labour itself a pleasure; a new and vigorous life is infused into every bone and muscle; early to bed and early to rise, if it does not make all brains wise, at least invigorates the gastric juices, makes a man forget that he has a liver, that storehouse of mortal misery—bile, blue pill, and blue devils. This *health* is one of the secrets of the amazing charm which seems inherent to this mode of travelling in spite of all the apparent hardships with which it is surrounded in the abstract. Escaping from the meshes of the west end of London, we are transported into a new world; every day the out-of-door panorama is varied; now the heart is cheered and the countenance made glad by gazing on plains overflowing with milk and honey, or laughing with oil and wine, where the orange and citron bask in the glorious sunbeams. Anon we are lost amid the wild magnificence of Nature, who, careless of mortal admiration, lavishes with proud indifference her fairest charms where most unseen, her grandest forms where most inaccessible. Every day and everywhere we are unconsciously funding a stock of treasures and pleasures of memory, to be hived in our bosoms like the honey of the bee, to cheer and sweeten our after-life; which, delightful even as in the reality, wax stronger as we grow in years, and feel that these feats of our youth, like sweet youth itself, can never be our portion again. Of one thing the reader may be assured—that dear will be to him, as is now to us, the remembrance of these wild and joyous rides through tawny Spain, where hardship was forgotten ere

undergone: those sweet-aired hills—those rocky crags and torrents—those fresh valleys which communicate their own freshness to the heart—that keen relish for hard fare won by hunger—the best of sauces—those sound slumbers on harder couch, earned by fatigue, the downiest of pillows—the braced nerves—the spirits light, elastic, and joyous—that freedom from care—that health of body and soul which ever rewards a close communion with Nature—and the shuffling off the frets and factitious wants of the thick-pent artificial city.

MINERAL BATHS.

These are very numerous, and have always been much frequented. In every part of the Peninsula such names as *Caldas*, the Roman Calidas, and *Alhama*, the Arabic *Al-hāmūn*, denote the continuance of baths, in spite of the changes of nations and language. From *Al-hāmūn*, the Hhamman of Cairo, the name of our comfortable Covent Garden Hummums is derived; but very different are the Spanish accommodations, which are mostly rude, inadequate, and inconvenient. The *Junta Suprema de Sanidad*, or Official Board of Health, has published a list of the names of the principal baths, and their proper seasons. At each a medical superintendent resides, who is appointed by government; and who will swear—if given a double fee—that his waters in particular will cure every evil under the sun.

Names of Baths.	Province.	Vicinity.	Seasons.
Chiclana	Andalucia.	Cadiz.	June to Oct.
Paterna de la Rivera .	do.	Medina Sidonia.	June to Sept.
Arenocillo	do.	Cordova.	do. do.
Horcajo	do.	do.	{ May to June. { Aug. to Sept.
Alhama	do.	Granada.	{ Apr. to June. { Sept. to Oct.
Graena	do.	Purullena.	{ May to June. { Aug. to Oct.
Lanjaron	do.	Lanjaron.	May to Sept.
Sierra Alamilla . .	do.	Almeria.	{ May to June. { Sept. to Oct.
Guarda vieja . . .	do.	do.	do. do.
Marmolejo	do.	Jaen.	{ Apr. to June. { Sept. to Nov.
Frailes	do.	do.	June to Sept.
Carratraca	do.	Malaga.	do. do.
Archena	Murcia.	Murcia.	{ Apr. to June. { Sept. to Oct.
Busot	Valencia.	Alicante.	{ May to June. { Sept. to Oct.
Bellús	do.	Xativa.	{ Apr. to June. { Sept. to Oct.
Villa vieja	do.	Castellon.	{ May to July. { Aug. to Sept.
Caldas de Monbuy .	Catalonia.	Mataró.	{ May to July. { Sept. to Oct.
Olesa y Esparraguera	do.	Barcelona.	July to Sept.

Names of Baths.	Province.	Vicinity.	Seasons.
Alhama	Arragon.	Calatayud.	June to Sept.
Quinto	do.	Zaragoza.	May to Sept.
Tiermas	do.	Cinco-villas.	do. do.
Panticosa	do.	Huesca.	June to Sept.
Secura	do.	Daroca.	May to Sept.
Fitero	Navarra.	Pamplona.	do. do.
Hervideros	La Mancha.	Ciudad Real.	June to Sept.
Fuencaliente	do.	do.	May to June.
Solan de Cabras	New Castile.	Cuenca.	June to Sept.
Sacedon	do.	Guadalajara.	do. do.
Trillo	do.	do.	do. do.
El Molar	do.	Madrid.	do. do.
Ledesma	Old Castile.	Salamanca.	do. do.
Arnedillo	do.	Logroño.	do. do.
Alange	Estremadura.	Badajoz.	do. do.
Monte mayor	do.	Caceres.	do. do.
Artejo	Gallicia.	La Coruña.	July to Sept.
Lugo	do.	do.	June to Sept.
Carballino	do.	Orense.	July to Sept.
Cortegada	do.	do.	June to Sept.
Caldas de Reyes	do.	Pontevedra.	July to Sept.
Caldelas de Tuy	do.	do.	do. do.
Cestona	Guipuzcoa.	..	June to Sept.
La Hermida	Asturias.	Santander.	do. do.

X.—SKELETON TOURS.

The Peninsula may also be divided into regions which contain peculiar objects of interest. The vestiges of epochs run in strata, according to the residence of the different nations who have occupied Spain; thus the Roman, Moorish, and Gotho-Spaniard periods are marked by evidences distinguishing and indelible as fossils.

No. 1. A ROMAN ANTIQUARIAN TOUR.

Seville.	June.	Coria, R.	Valencia, C.
Italica, R.		Plasencia, R.	Murviedro, C.
Rio Tinto, R.		Capara, R.	July. Tarragona, C. S.
May. Merida, R.		Salamanca, R.	Barcelona, C. S.
Alcantara, R.		Segovia, R.	Martorell, C.
Alconetar, R.		Toledo, C.	

No. 2. A MOORISH ANTIQUARIAN TOUR.

Seville.	June.	Granada, C.	June. Malaga, R.
May. Cordova, C.		Alhama, R.	Tarifa, R. S.
Jaen, C.			

TOURS FOR NATURALISTS.

The natural history of Spain has yet to be really investigated and described. This indeed is a subject worthy of all who wish to "book something new," and the soil is almost virgin. The harvest is rich, and although labourers have long been wanting, able pioneers have broken the ground, and a zealous band is following. The great extent and peculiar conformation of the Peninsula offer every possible scope

to the geologist and botanist. The damp valleys of the Asturias and the western provinces combine the varieties of Wales and Switzerland; the central portions contain the finest cereal regions in the world, while the mountains of Andalucia, covered with eternal snow, furnish an entire botanical range from the hardiest lichen to the sugar-cane which flourishes at their bases: vast districts of *dehesas*, or abandoned tracts, ~~bear in spring time the aspect of a hot-house growing wild; such is the profusion of flowers which waste their sweets, noted and gathered but imperfectly, in this Paradise of the wild bee, this garden of weeds, albeit the *Barbaries Botanica Hispanica*, complained of by Linnæus, is now in a fair way to be eradicated, and this very much by foreigners, as the Spaniard, like the old Romans and the Oriental, is little sensible to the beauties of nature for herself, when unconnected with the idea of his pleasure or profit—garden or farm; and an antipathy to trees forms quite a second Castilian nature.~~

Consult on the *Flora Hispanica*, the works of Quer Cavanillas and those named by Miguel Colmeiro, 8vo. 1846, in his list of Spanish botanical books. The botanist and entomologist may peruse with advantage the *Reise-Erinnerungen aus Spanien*, by E. A. Rossmässler, 2 vols., Leipzig, 1854, especially on the subject of snails.

Naturalists—happy men—for whom Nature spreads a bountiful banquet, whose infinite variety neither time nor man can destroy, should by all means *ride* on their excursions. Much of the best ground is totally uncarriageable. Remember, above all things, to bring all necessary implements and scientific appliances with you from England, as neither they nor their pursuits are things of Spain.

The eastern and southern portions of Spain should not be visited before May, or the northern much before June.

To geology, a new science even in Europe, the Moro-Spaniards are only beginning to pay attention—mining excepted—and even there again the *foreigner* has dug up his share at least of treasure buried in the native napkin. What a new and wide field for the man of the hammer! Here are to be found the marbles with which the Romans decorated their temples, the metal-pregnant districts which, in the hands of the Carthaginians, rendered Spain the Peru and California of the old world! We are enabled, by the kindness of Sir Roderick Murchison, to offer the substance of various memoirs and notices on the geological structure and sedimentary deposits of Spain, prepared chiefly by Monsieur de Verneuil, his intelligent collaborateur in Russia. The central part of Spain is distinguished by 3 chains of mountains which constitute the skeleton of the country, the *Guadarrama*, the *Montes de Toledo*, and the *Sierra Morena*. Having emerged before the secondary period, these ridges formed islands, in each of which are traces of silurian or other palæozoic rocks, and around which were accumulated the Jurassic and the cretaceous deposits.

Primary rocks.—One the highest of these, the *Guadarrama*, is principally composed of granite, gneiss and other crystalline schists. Towards the E. these disappear under the sedimentary formations, whilst to the W. they proceed to the frontier of Portugal. The primary rocks occur in two other and very distant parts of Spain. The province of Galicia is principally composed of granite, gneiss and mica-schist, occasionally surrounding patches of slate and limestone; these rocks are of great

antiquity, and form a sort of expansion of the palæozoic chain of Cantabria. The Sierra Nevada, S. E. of Granada, offers an example of a great mass of crystalline schists. The abundance of garnets in the mica-schist, the crystalline structure and magnesian condition of the thick band of limestone which surrounds the central part, indicate the energy of the metamorphic action which has here taken place.

Palæozoic rocks.—The Sierra Morena is the tract in which most of the Silurian fossils have been discovered. This range is composed of slates, psammites, quartzites and sandstones; the strata often placed by violent dislocations in a vertical position. Making a section across the chain N. to S., the formations succeed each other in an ascending order. The oldest or lowest traces of life, trilobites, occur in black shivery slates. The upper Silurian rocks are poorly represented in the Sierra Morena, the Devonian rocks more fully. The carboniferous deposits, situated towards its southern part, contain great masses of limestone. The two sides of the Sierra Cantabrica in Leon and the Asturias, present deposits of Devonian fossils, and offer points of pilgrimage for all palæontologists. These Devonian rocks constitute the axis of the Sierra Cantabrica on its southern side, and are covered in the Asturias or on the N. by the richest coal-field of Spain. In general the carboniferous strata are vertical; this disadvantage is lessened by the mountainous relief of the country, in some parts of which the beds of coal can be worked 1200 or 1300 feet above the level of the streams. The depth of the whole group may be estimated at 10,000 or 12,000 feet.

No fossils of the Permian rocks have ever been found in Spain, but the analogy of rocks and stratigraphical indications have referred to that formation the red magnesian limestone, and the gypsiferous marls of Montiel, of the lakes of Ruidera, and the famous cave of Montesinos in La Mancha.

Secondary rocks.—The Trias triple may be traced from the Pyrenees to the provinces of Santander and Asturias, but it does not contain the 3 series of rocks from which the name originated; and the muschelkalk being entirely wanting, it is reduced to marls and sandstones of red colour placed between the lias and the carboniferous strata. The Jurassic and cretaceous groups extend over most of the eastern and southern part of Spain, covering vast areas in Catalonia, Arragon, Valencia, Murcia, Malaga and Ronda; lying upon the red sandstone, they constitute most of the high lands and mountains which to the E. of Madrid make the *divortia aquarum* between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean sea; they surround the central and more ancient parts; along the Guadarrama the chalk penetrates into the very heart of the country. It will prove a hard task to separate the Jurassic and cretaceous rocks of Spain; especially in the S., where the metamorphic action has produced so many alterations in the rocks, and has so obliterated the fossils. The districts of Malaga and Ronda seem to possess a geological constitution very analogous to that of the Venetian Alps. In effect, beneath the miocene and nummulitic rocks, rises a compact white limestone not to be distinguished from the Italian *scaglia* and *biancone*, succeeded near Antequera and other places by a marble of reddish colour full of Ammonites, which may be compared to the Oxfordian *Ammonitico rosso* of the Italians.

In the eastern regions, mountains more than 5000 feet high are com-

posed of triassic, Jurassic, and cretaceous rocks. The greatest part of the Jurassic fossils belong to the upper lias. The Oxfordian Jura occurs at Teruel; but at present the upper part of the oolitic series, or the Portlandian group, is unknown. The same may be said of the Neocomian rocks. The chalk of Spain appears to consist only of the hippuritic limestone and seems to correspond with the upper greensand, but not with the Neocomian or lower greensand. Above the chalk, and, having, apparently been submitted to the same disturbances, lie the nummulitic rocks, the true lower and eocene well exposed in the province of Santander. At Malaga a great discordance may be observed between the nummulitic limestone and the miocene, or younger and older tertiary deposits, the first being highly contorted and the second slightly inclined.

The younger *tertiary rocks* cover vast areas in Spain; generally horizontal and extending in vast plains, they contrast strongly with the secondary and nummulitic, or older tertiary beds, which are always contorted and form undulating or mountainous countries. All the great valleys of the Ebro, the Douro, the Tagus, the Guadiana and the Guadalquivir, have been bottoms of seas, estuaries or extensive lakes. The purely freshwater deposits cover a larger area than the marine ones, extending over Old and New Castile from the Cantabrian chain to the Guadarrama, and from the Guadarrama to the Sierra Morena through the great plains of the Mancha. In some places these deposits reach the altitude of 2500 feet; thus proving how great elevation Spain has undergone even in recent times; recent in effect, to judge by the freshwater fossil shells, identical with those living now, and by the bones of great mammoths discovered in the *Cerro San Isidro*, near Madrid. Most of the marine deposits, and especially those of the basin of the Guadalquivir, are miocene, and upon them lie here and there some small pliocene, or newer pliocene (modern) deposits, formed on the maritime shore and composed of pebbles and fragments of an *Ostrea* resembling the living species. It was probably in the most recent of these periods that the extinct volcanos of the Peninsula broke out. Three foci of eruption are known; one at the cape of Gata, the other in the neighbourhood of Ciudad Real, and the third near Olot in Catalonia.

The geology of Spain is not sufficiently advanced to attempt a classification of its mountains considered with respect to their periods of elevation. The Sierra Morena is probably the most ancient; for on both its sides the tertiary strata in contact with the old rocks are horizontal. Near Cordova, for example, the miocene beds with the huge *Clypeaster altus* are to be seen in that position, and on the northern side at Santa Cruz de Mudela horizontal bands of freshwater limestone loaded with *Helix*, lie upon highly inclined, trilobite Silurian schists. More recent movements have taken place in the Guadarrama; since at the southern foot of that high range, and on the road from Madrid to Burgos, the same freshwater limestone is slightly elevated. In the Pyrenees, as well as in the mountains which rise in the most southern part of Spain, the subsoil has been fractured by violent and recent disturbances. The tertiary formations of the Ebro, and those of Leon along the Cantabrian chain, are often much elevated. In Leon they are even vertical near the chain, but soon resume their horizontality to range over the great plains of Castile.

No. 3. GEOLOGICAL AND MINERALOGICAL TOUR.

	Villa Nueva del Rio	Coal		Minglanilla . . .	Salt
Spring.	Rio Tinto . . .	Copper	Summer.	Teruel . . .	Fossils
	Logrosan.	Phosph. of Lime		Caudete . . .	Fossils
	Almaden . . .	Quicksilver		Albarracin . . .	Iron
	Linares . . .	Lead		Daroca . . .	Iron
	Baeza . . .	Lead	Spring.	Calatayud . . .	Iron
	Granada . . .	Marbles		Tortosa . . .	Marbles
	Berja . . .	Lead		Cardona . . .	Salt
Spring	Marbella . . .	Iron		Ripoll . . .	Iron
or	Macael . . .	Marbles		Durango . . .	Iron
Autumn.	Cartagena . . .	Silver	Summer.	Bilbao . . .	Iron
	Hellin . . .	Sulphur		Biscay . . .	Iron
	Petrola . . .	Salt		Gijon . . .	Coal

No. 4. A TOUR OF THE CREAM OF SPAIN.

May.	Cadiz, S.	June.	Granada, C. or R.	July.	Valencia, C.
	Xerez, C.		Madrid, C.		Tarragona, C. S.
	Seville, S.		Avila, C.		Barcelona, C. S.
	Cordova, C.		Escorial, C.		Cardona, R.
	Osuna, R.		Segovia, C.		Igualada, R.
	Ronda, R.		Toledo, C.	Aug.	Zaragoza, C.
	Gibraltar, R.		Aranjuez, C.		Burgos, C.
	Malaga, S.	July.	Cuenca, R.		Irun, C.

This tour comprehending samples of every city and scene, will enable the traveller on his return to talk competently on the things of Spain.

No. 5. A SUMMER'S TOUR IN THE NORTH OF SPAIN.

	Irun, C.	July.	Logroño, C.	Aug.	Montserrat, R.
	Vitoria, C.		Pamplona, C.		Cardona, R.
June.	Bilbao, C.		Pyrenees, R.		Urgel, R.
	Santander, R. S.		Zaragoza, C.		Gerona, R.
	Burgos, C.		Barcelona, C.		Perpiñan, C.

A pleasant long-vacation trip to the angler and water-colour painter.

No. 6. A CENTRAL TOUR ROUND MADRID.

	Avila, C.	July.	Plasencia, R.	Aug.	Aranjuez, C.
	Escorial, C.	Aug.	Yuste, R.	Sept.	Cuenca, R.
	Segovia, C.		Alcantara, R.		Albarracin, R.
July.	Valladolid, R.		Merida, R.		Solan de Cabras, R.
	Salamanca, R.		Talavera, R.		Guadalajara, C.
	Ciudad Rodrigo, R.		Toledo, R.		Alcalá de Henares, C.
	Batuecas, R.				

This home circuit, which includes some of the noblest mediæval and truly Spanish cities, some of the most picturesque and historically interesting sites, is doubly refreshing to mind and body after the withering, dessicating influence of a residence at Madrid.

No. 7. AN ARTISTICAL TOUR—THE PICTURESQUE.

As Spain, despite of our Roberts and Wests, continues still much in the dark ages of Indian-ink in these matters; artists, to whose benefit this Handbook aspires, should, before leaving England, lay in a stock of materials, such as block-books, liquid water-colours, camel-hair brushes, permanent white, and good lead-pencils.—N.B. Before using them, attend

to our suggestions at page 14, and prepare for meeting little sympathy from the so-called better classes. Often, in truth, will the man of the pencil sigh, and say, why will not the people show us themselves, their real homes, and ways? why will they conceal what the rest of the world wishes most to see and sketch? Servile imitators of the foreigner, whom they affect to despise, they seem in practice to deny their fatherland and nationality. They bore us with their pale copies of the long-tailed coats of London, and the commonplace columns of the Paris Bourse. They deluge us with all we abhor, and hide the attractive panorama which Spain presents in her own dear self, when her children, all tag, tassel, and filagree, dance under fig-tree and vine, while behind cluster Gothic ruins or Moorish arches, scenes and sights ravishing to all eyes save those of the *Español ilustrado*; his newly enlightened and civilized vision, blind to all this native beauty, colour, and originality, sees in it only the degradation of poverty and decay; nay resenting the admiration of the stranger, from which he infers some condescending compliment to picturesque barbarians, he intreats the inspection of his paletôt, or drags him away to sketch some spick and span academical abortion, to raise which some gem of ancient art has been levelled.

Ronda, R.	Escorial, C.	Santander, R.
Gibraltar, R.	Avila, C.	Bilbao, R.
Alhama.	Plasencia, R.	Vera, R.
Malaga, R.	Juste.	Jaca, R.
Granada, R.	Batuecas, R.	Huesca, R.
Lanjaron, R.	El Vierzo, R.	Pyrenees, R.
Elche, R.	Cangas de Tineo, R.	Manresa, R.
Cuenca, R.	Oviedo, R.	Monserrat, R.
Albarracin, R.	Pajares, C.	Rosas, R.
Toledo, C.	Reinosa, R.	

Military and naval men, and all who take interest (and what Englishman does not?) in the fair fame of our arms, must ever connect the Peninsula with one great association, the War of Giants waged there by Wellington, and all who desire to know the real rights of it, may stow in their saddlebags the well-compiled *Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns*, by Hamilton, revised by F. Hardman, 1849. Those who cannot, will at least find that the author of this Handbook, who has performed the pilgrimage to these hallowed sites, has, so far as limited space permits, recorded facts.

No. 8. A MILITARY AND NAVAL TOUR.

Cadiz	} Andaluçia.	Burgos	} Old Castile.
Barrosa		Navarrete	
Trafalgar		Espinosa	
Tarifa		Somosierra	
Gibraltar		Rioseco	
Granada	} Leon.	Benavente	} Leon.
Navas de Tolosa		Salamanca	
Bailen		Ciudad Rodrigo	
Castalla	} Valencia.	El Bodon	} Galicia.
Almansa		La Coruña	
Valencia		San Payo	
Murviedro		Vigo	
Ordal		Cape Finisterre. }	

Barcelona . . .	} Catalonia.	Arroyo Molinos . .	} Estremadura.
Molins del Rey . .		Almaraz . . .	
Bruch . . .		Badajoz . . .	
Rosas . . .		Albuera . . .	
Gerona . . .		Gevora . . .	
Figueras . . .		Medellin . . .	
Lérida . . .	} Arragon.	Talavera . . .	} New Castile.
Almenara . . .		Madrid . . .	
Belchite . . .		Ocaña . . .	
Zaragoza . . .	} Navarre.	Ucles . . .	} La Mancha.
Tudela . . .		Villaviciosa . . .	
Pamplona . . .		Montiel . . .	
Vera . . .	} Basque provinces.	Ciudad Real . . .	}
San Marcial . . .		Sierra Morena . .	
The Bidasoa . . .			
San Sebastian . . .			
Hernani . . .			
Vitoria . . .			
Bilbao . . .			

No. 9. SHOOTING AND FISHING TOURS.

Although game is not preserved in Spain as among ourselves, it is abundant; nature, by covering the earth with aromatic brushwood in vast extents of uninhabited, uncultivated land, has afforded excellent cover to the wild beasts of the field and fowls of the air; they are poached and destroyed at all seasons, and in every unfair manner, and more for pot considerations, than sport—especially near the towns. The *ferce nature* flourish, however, wherever the lords of the creation are rude and rare. The game takes care of itself, and is abundant, not from being strictly preserved, but from not being destroyed by *scientific* sportsmen. Spain was always the land of the rabbit (*conejo*), which the Phœnicians saw here for the first time, and hence some have traced the origin of the name *Hispania*, to the *Sephan*, or rabbit of the Hebrew. This animal figured on the early coins of the *cuniculose Celti Iberiæ*, (Catullus, xxxv. 18.) Large ships freighted with them were regularly sent from Cadiz for the supply of Rome (Strabo, iii. 214). The rabbit is still the favourite shooting of Spaniards, who look invariably to the larder. Pheasants are very rare: a bird requiring artificial feeding cannot be expected to thrive in a country where half the population is underfed. Red-legged partridges and hares are most plentiful. The mouths of the great rivers swarm with aquatic birds. In Andalusia the multitude of bustards and woodcocks is incredible. There is very little difficulty in procuring leave to shoot in Spain; a licence to carry a gun is required of every native, but it is seldom necessary for an Englishman. The moment a Spaniard gets out of town he shoulders a gun, for the custom of going armed is immemorial. Game is usually divided into great and small: the *Caza mayor* includes deer, *venados*, wild boars, *javalis*, and the chamois tribe, *cabras montañeses*: by *Caza menor* is understood foxes, rabbits, partridges, and such like "small deer." Winter fowl is abundant wherever there is water, and the flights of quails and woodcocks, *codornices y gallinetas*, quite marvellous. The Englishman will find shooting in the neigh-

bourhood of Seville and Gibraltar. There is some difficulty in introducing our guns and ammunition into Spain, even from Gibraltar.

The lover of the angle will find virgin rivers in Spain, that jumble of mountains, down the bosoms of which they flow; most of these abound in trout, and those which disembogue into the Bay of Biscay in salmon. As good tackle is not to be procured in Spain, the angler will bring out everything from England. The best localities are Plasencia, Avila, Cuenca, and the whole country from El Vierzo, Galicia, the Asturias, the Basque provinces, and Pyrenean valleys.

No. 10. DILLETANTE TOURS.—SCULPTURE.

Seville, S.	Madrid, R.	Rioseco, R.
Granada, C.	Toledo, C.	Valladolid, C.
Murcia, R.	Escorial, C.	Burgos, C.
Valencia, R.	Avila, R.	Zaragoza, C.
Cuenca, R.	Salamanca, R.	Huesca, R.

There is very little good ancient sculpture in Spain, and there never was much; for when the Peninsula became a Roman province, the arts of Greece were in the decline, and whatever sculpture was executed here was the work either of Romans or Spaniards, who never excelled in that art. Again, most of whatever statuary was introduced into the Peninsula by the Trajans and Adrians, was destroyed by the Vandal Goths, who, as Christians, abhorred the graven images of pagan gods, and hated Rome, its works, and especially those connected with the fine arts, to which they attributed degeneracy and effeminacy; thus, when they struck down the world-oppressor, they cast the statues of its chiefs from the pedestal, and the idols from the altar. The Goth was supplanted by the Moor, to whose creed iconoclasm was essential; he swept away whatever had escaped from his predecessor; nay, the pagan fragments and papal substitutes were alike treated with studied insult, either buried, to prevent resurrection, in the foundations of their buildings, or worked in as base materials for their city walls. The Spaniards as a people have no great archæological tendency. Born and bred in a country whose soil is strewed with the ruins of creeds and dynasties, and their edifices, they view the relics with the familiarity and contempt of the Bedouin, as old stones, which he neither admires nor preserves; if they excavate at all, it is in hopes of finding buried hoards of coin; accordingly, whenever mere antique remains are dug up, they have too often been reburied, or those which any rare alcalde of taste may have collected, are left at his death to chance and decay; in the provincial towns the fragments are lumped together after the fashion of a mason's stoneyard. Classification and arrangement are not Spanish or Oriental qualities.

The Church, again, almost the sole patron of sculpture, only encouraged that kind which best served its own purpose. She had little feeling for ancient art for itself, which, if over-studied, necessarily has a tendency to reproduce a heathen character and anti-Christian. Cathedral and convent also, who had their own models of Astartes, Minervas, and Jupiters, in their images of the Virgin and saints, abhorred a rival idol. Thus Florez and other antiquarians (the best of whom have been clergymen and busied about the archæology of their

own Church and religion constantly apologise for bestowing attention on such *un-Christian* inquiries.

The historical research of Spaniards has hitherto been seldom critical; they loved to flounder about Tubal and Hercules; and when people have recourse to mythology, it is clear that history will not serve their ends. The discussion and authenticity of a monk's bone have long been of more importance than a relic of Phidias. Yet Spain may be said to be "potted" for antiquarians, as the conservative climate of many portions of the Peninsula rivals even that of Egypt, in the absence of damp, "your whoreson destroyer." Thus Roman bridges, aqueducts, tanks, and causeways exist in actual use, almost unimpaired; nay, even the fragile *Turkish*, the plaster-of-Paris wall-embroidery, the "diaper, or pargetting," of the Moors, often looks, after the lapse of ten centuries, wherever man has not destroyed it, almost as fresh and perfect as when first put up. The catena of monuments from the cradle of the restored monarchy is almost complete; and, such is the effect of climate, that they even disappoint from lacking the venerable ærugo of age to which we are accustomed in a less beneficent climate; so many things in Spain look younger by centuries than they really are.

The best and most national sculpture of Spain is either mediæval or consists of religious subjects, sepulchral monuments or graven images; unfortunately many of the former, from being placed in convents founded expressly for the burial place of nobles and prelates, were first mutilated by the enemy and have perished since the suppression of monasteries. The Spanish name for a site or vault destined to many burials of one family, is oddly enough termed a *Pantheon*. Some of the most magnificent mausoleums were executed by Italian artists from Genoa and Florence, to whom several Spaniards proved worthy rivals. These memorials are among the choice things to be observed. The Christian sentiment rules impressively in them; there is no aping the creed or costume of Pagan antiquity,—everything speaks of the orthodox faith of the period and people; the prelate and the soldier alike lie stretched on the bed of death, and the hands clasped in prayer, now that sword and crozier are laid aside, indicate a trust in another life. Emblems of human fragility they lay flat and dead, while faith was alive: but as infidelity crept in, worldly pride kept pace, and sepulchral figures began to rise, first on elbows, then on seats, to stand boldly bolt upright at last.

Many of these fine Spanish sepulchres have been carefully and accurately drawn by Don Valentin Carderera, to be hereafter, we trust, engraved, and thus in some sort preserved.

SPANISH SCULPTURE.

Spanish sculpture is so peculiar in one branch, and has hitherto been so little critically considered, that the attention of the scholar and archaeologist may be called to it in a page or two. This branch includes the holy images, and these *Simulacros y Imagenes*, are as little changed in name and object as the *simulacra et imagines* of the Pagan Romans. Some are destined to be worshiped in niches and on altars, others to be carried about in the streets by *cofradías*, or brotherhoods, for adoration during religious ceremonies, and especially during passion week,

whence such graven figures are called PASOS. They are the identical *ξοανα*, the *ειδωλα*, the idols which the lust of the human eye required, the *doli* or cheats of the devil, whence S. Isidoro derives the name of an invention which nowhere now rules more triumphantly than in his own Seville.

The great demand for these carvings has induced many first-rate artists in Spain to devote themselves to this branch of sculpture; hence Cano, Montañes, Roldan, Becerra, Juni, and Fernandez rank exactly as Dædalus, Emilis, and others did among the ancients. The fine specimens of their works have a startling reality; the stone statues of monks actually seem fossils of a once living being; many others are exquisitely conceived and executed; unfortunately, from the prudery of Spanish draperies, much of the anatomical excellence is concealed from being dressed and painted; strictly speaking, they attempt too much. The essence of statuary is *form*, and to clothe a statue, said Byron, is like translating Dante: a *marble* statue never deceives; the colouring it does, and is a device beneath the severity of sculpture. The imitation of life may surprise, but, like colossal toys, barbers' blocks, and wax-work figures, when bad, it chiefly pleases the ignorant and children of a large or small growth, to whom a painted doll gives more pleasure than the Apollo Belvidere. The resemblance is obvious, and cannot give pleasure, from want of the transparency of skin and the absence of life. The imitation, so exact in form and colour, suggests the painful idea of a dead body, which a statue does not. Most of these images appear to strangers at first revolting or ridiculous; but the genius of the Spaniard seeks the material and natural rather than spiritual and ideal, and the masses require objects of adoration suited to their defective taste and knowledge, so their sapient church has largely provided for their cravings—hence the legions of tinsel caricatures of the human and divine which encumber the houses of God, but which delight and affect the nation at large, much more than a statue by Phidias. The illiterate congregations gaze with a sincere faith; they come to worship, not to criticise, and bow implicitly down, with all their bodies and souls, before the stocks and stones set up for them by their pastors and masters. The devotional feeling prevails entirely over the æsthetic; and at all events these tangible and bodily representations of persons and events connected with the Scriptures and church legends, realised them to those who could see, but not read, and thus did their work well before the schoolmaster was abroad. Now they have served their turn, and when the dislocated and desecrated groups are moved from the temple to the museum, for which they were never intended—when they are thus placed in a secular gallery, the original sentiment is lost, as well as the fitness and meaning of the *religio loci*. In their original chapels they had a speaking reference to the tutelar patron or miracle; but the cheat, of their tinsel colours and clothing, which was concealed in the solemn semi-gloom, is revealed in the broad daylight, and they look like monks turned out of their convent into the wide world. Many of the smaller *ξοανα* are preserved in glass cases, after the fashion of surgical preparations.

The works of the following sculptors are the best deserving of notice; they flourished or died about the period affixed to their names, as given by Cean Bermudez, to whom refer for details:—

Mateo, El Maestro	1188	Berruguete, Alonso	1545	Juni, Juan de . . .	1585
Aleman, Juan . . .	1460	Tordesillas, Gaspar		Trezzo, Jacome . . .	1589
Dancart, El Maestro	1495	de	1545	Jordan, Esteban . .	1590
Florentin, Miguel .	1510	Machuca, Pedro . .	1545	Leoni, Pompeo . .	1605
Torrignano, Pedro.	1520	Xamete	1550	Hernandez, Gre-	
Bartolomé, El		Leoni, Leon	1555	gorio	1635
Maestro	1520	Villalpando, Franco	1561	Pereyra, Manuel . .	1645
Forment, Damien .	1525	Siloe, Diego de . . .	1562	Montañes, Juan	
Valdelvira, Pedro .	1540	Tudelilla	1566	Martinez	1645
Copin, Diego and		Morel, Bartolomé .	1566	Cano, Alonso	1650
Miguel	1540	Becerra, Gaspar . .	1566	Roldan, Pedro	1650
Borgoña, Felipe de	1543	Ancheta, Miguel de	1575		

The Spanish painted and dressed images so precisely tally in material, form, painting, dressing, and adoration, with those of Pagan antiquity, that the scholar will pardon a few more remarks, which those who will not, can skip, or turn to the Académie des Inscriptions, xxxiv. 35; to Quatremère de Quincy, Jup. Oly. p. 8, s. 9; and particularly to Müller, Hand-buch der Kunst (1830), p. 42 et seq. Statues of *marble* were a late introduction in Italy (Plin. Nat. Hist., xxxiv. 7), and are still very rare in Spain. Cedar and the resinous woods were older and preferred from the "eternity of the material" (Plin. Nat. Hist., xiii. 5). The Cyllenian Mercury was made of the arbor vitæ, *Θυω*, the exact Alerce of Spain. When decayed they were replaced. Pliny, jun. (Ep. ix. 39), writes to his architect, Mustius, to make or get him a new Ceres, as the old one was wearing out. Pausanias (ii. 19. 3) mentions the *ξοανος* of Argos, the work of Attalus the Athenian, just as Ponz would cite the San Jeronimo of Montañes at Italica. It is difficult to read Pausanias, and his accounts of the statues new and old, the temples ruined and rebuilt, without feeling how much would suit a Greek *hand-book for Spain*, mutatis mutandis, so many objects pointed out to notice resemble each other in nature and condition. Some *ξοαυα*, as is the case in Spain at this moment, were made of baked clay, *terra cotta*, because cheaper. Juvenal (Sat. xi. 116) and Josephus (contr. Ap. ii. 35) laugh at these makeshifts. They, however, answered the purposes for which they were intended just as well then as now. The ancient *ξοαυα*, like the Spanish *Pasos*, had their prescriptive colours. As Re of Egypt, like Pan, was painted red, Osiris, black and green, the Athena of Skiras, white, and Apollo's face was frequently gilded, so in Spain the Virgin in her '*Purissima Concepcion*' is always painted in blue and white, St. John is always dressed in green, and Judas Iscariot in *yellow*: "and so intimately," says Blanco White ("Letters," 289), "is this circumstance associated with the idea of the traitor, that it is held in universal discredit." Persons taken to execution are clad in yellow serge. That colour was also adopted by the Inquisition for their *san benito*, or dress of heresy and infamy. The hair of Judas is always red, or of Rosalind's "dissembling colour something browner than Judas's." Athenæus (v. 7), in that most curious account of the procession of the images of Bacchus, mentions that his *αγαλμα* was clad in purple, and that of Nyssa in *yellow*. Much of this chromatology, no doubt, is based on traditions preserved by these rubrical formulæ. The ancient temples, like the Christian churches in the middle ages, were painted with blue, vermilion

and gilding, and, rightly in an artistical point of view, it became necessary to dress and colour the images up to the general tone of everything around them; they otherwise would have had a cold and ineffective character. This colouring in Spain was deemed of such importance, that Alonso Cano and Montañes generally stipulated that no one but themselves should paint the figures which they carved, or give that peculiar surface enameling called *el estofar*. When properly carved and consecrated, these figures were treated by the ancients, and now are by the Spaniards, exactly as if they were living deities. Real food was provided for them and their chaplains. They were washed by attendants of their own sex. In Spain no man is allowed to undress the *Paso* or *sagrada imagen* of the Virgin, which is an office of highest honour. Some images, like earthly queens, have their *camarera mayor*, their mistress of the robes. This duty has now devolved on venerable single ladies, and thence has become almost a term of reproach, *ha quedado para vestir imagenes*,* just as Turnus derides Alecto, when disguised as an old woman, "cura tibi effigies Divum, et templa tueri." The making and embroidering the superb dresses and "Petticoats" of the Virgin afford constant occupation to the devout, and is one reason why this Moorish manufacture still thrives pre-eminently in Spain. Her costume, when the *Pasos* are borne in triumphal procession through the streets, forms the object of envy, critique, and admiration.

All this dressing is very Pagan and ancient. We have in Callimachus the rules for toilette and oiling the hair of the *ξοανον* of Minerva; any man who saw it naked was banished from Argos, a crime punished in the myth of Acteon and Diana. The grave charge brought against Clodius by Cicero was, that he had profaned the *Bona Dea* by his presence. The wardrobe of Ægyptian Isis was provided at the public cost; and Osiris had his state-dress, *λεπον κοσμου*. The Peplum of Minerva was the fruit of the five years' work of Athenian matrons and virgins. Castæ velamina Divæ. The Roman *Athena* were so well dressed, that it was considered to be a compliment to compare a fine lady to one. Plaut. Epid. (v. 1, 18). The ancients paid much more attention to the decorum and propriety of costume than the Spaniards. In the remote villages and in the mendicant convents the most ridiculous masquerades were exhibited, such as the Saviour in a court-dress, with wig and breeches, whereat the Duc de St. Simon was so offended (xx. 113). The traveller must learn to bear with stranger sights. If once a people can be got to *believe* that a mannequin is their god, if they can get over this first step, nothing else ought to create either a smile or surprise. These *Pasos* are brought out on grand occasions, principally during the Holy Week. The expense is great, both in the construction and properties of the melo-dramatic machinery, and in the number of persons employed in managing and attending the ceremonial. The French invasion, the progress of poverty and infidelity, has tended to reduce the number of *Pasos*, which amounted, previously, to more than fifty, for instance, in Seville. Every parish had its own figure or group; particular incidents of our Saviour's passion were represented by companies, *Cofradias*, *Hernandades*, who took the name

* The idol of Juggernaut, in even British India, had some 641 attendants:—120 cooks, 20 keepers of the wardrobe, and 3 persons to paint the eyebrows.

from the event: they were the *ιερη εθνη* of the Rosetta stone, the *Κωμάρια* of Clemens Alex. (Strom. v. 242), the ancient *εραπια*, the *Sodalitates*, the unions, the *Collegia* which in Rome were so powerful, numerous, and well organized that Julius Cæsar took care to put them down (Suet. 42). The Sovereign of Spain is generally the *Hermano Mayor*. These guilds, lodges constituted on the masonic principle, give an occupation to the members, and gratify their personal vanity by rank, titles, and personal decorations, banners, emblems, and glittering tomfoolery. The expenses are defrayed by a small subscription. The affairs are directed by the *Teniente Hermano Mayor nombrado por S. M.* There is no lack of fine sounding appellations or paraphernalia, in which Spaniards delight.

Seville and Valencia still more, are the head-quarters of these *Lectisternia*, *Anteludia*, and processions. And really when a Protestant scholar beholds them, and remembers his classical studies, time and space are annihilated, he is carried back to Arnobius (lib. vii.), "Lavatio Deum matris est hodie, Jovis epulum cras est, lectisternium Cereris est idibus proximis;" and the newspapers of the day now give just the same sort of notices. The images are moved on platforms, *Andas*, and pushed on by men concealed under draperies. The *Pasos* are quite as heavy to the weary as were those of Bel and Nebo (Isaiah xlvi. 1). Among the ancients, not only the images of the gods, but the sacred boat of Osiris, the shrine of Isis, the ark of the Jews, were borne on staves, just as now is done with the *custodia* in Spain. Those who wish to compare the analogy and practice of the ancient and still existing proceedings in Spain, are referred to the sixth chapter of Baruch, wherein he describes the identical scenes and Babylonian *Pasos*—their dresses, the gilding, the lights, &c.; or to Athenæus (v. 7) and Apuleius (Met. ii. 241), who, *mutatis mutandis*, have shown "what to observe" and describe in Spain, especially as regards the *Pasos* of the Virgin. Thus the Syrian Venus was carried by an inferior order of priests: Apuleius calls them *Pastoferi*, the Spaniards might fairly term theirs *Pasoferi*; *Paso*, strictly speaking, means the figure of the Saviour during his passion. The *Paso*, however, of the Virgin is the most popular, and her gold-embroidered and lace pocket handkerchief long set the fashion for the season to the Andalusian dandyettes, as the procession of the Long-Champs does at Paris. This is the exact *Megalesia* in honour of the Mother of the Gods, the Great Goddess *μεγαληθεος*, which took place in April (see Pitiscus, in voce, for the singular coincidences); and the *paso* of Salambo, the Babylonian Astarte Aphrodite (see Hesychius), was carried through Seville with all the Phœnician rites even down to the 3rd century, when Santa Rufina and Justina, the present patronesses of the cathedral tower, were torn to pieces by the populace for insulting the image; and such would be the case should any tract-distributing spinster fly in the face of the *Sagrada imagen de la Virgen del mayor dolor y traspaso*, which is now carried at about the same time of the year through the same streets and almost precisely in the same manner; indeed, Florez admits (E. S. ix. 3) that this *paso* of Salambo represented the *grief and agony* felt by Venus for the death of Adonis. A female goddess seems always to have been popular among all Southrons and Orientals. Thus Venus

when carried in pomp round the circus, was hailed with the same deafening applause (Ovid. *Art. Am.* i. 147) as the goddess Doorga, when borne on her gorgeous throne, draws from the admiring Hindoos at this day (Buchanan's *Resear. in Asia*, p. 265), or the Virgin's image does at Seville. There is little new of anything under the sun, and still less in human devices. Many a picturesque Papal superstition has been anticipated by Pagauism, as almost every bold vagary of Protestant dissent has been by the fanatics of the early ages of the church; whatever is found to have answered at one time will probably answer at another, for poor human nature seldom varies in conduct, when given circumstances are much the same.

NO. 11.—DILETANTE TOURS.—PAINTING.

Seville.

Madrid, C.

Valencia, C.

There are three great schools of Spanish painting, Seville, Valencia, and Madrid, and the productions of their chief masters are best to be studied in their own localities. Few cities in Spain possess good collections of pictures, and, with the exception of the capital, those which do, are seldom enriched with any specimens of *foreign* schools, for such is that of Valencia as regards Seville, and *vice versa*. The Spaniards have ever used their art as they do their wines and other gifts of the soil; they just consume what is produced on the spot and is nearest at hand, ignorant and indifferent as regards all others, even be they of a higher quality.

The earliest art in Spain, as exemplified in missals, offers no national peculiarity. The first influence was produced by the family of the Van Eyk's, of whom John visited Portugal in 1428; and M. Gachard has shown that he went on to the Alhambra to paint the Moorish kings. The Flemish element yielded to the Italian in the 16th century, which, after a brief period of Spanish nationality, faded into the French school. The general character, is *Truth* to Spanish nature, expressed in a grave, religious, draped, and decent style, marked by a want of the ideal, poetical, refined, and imaginative. The naturalistic imitation is carried fully out, for the Church, the great patron, neither looked to Apelles or Raphael, to Venus or the Graces: she employed painting to decorate her churches, not private residences; to furnish objects of devotion, not of beauty or delight; to provide painted books for those who could see and feel, but who could not read; her aim in art was to disseminate and fix on the popular memory, those especial subjects by which *her* system was best supported, *her* purposes answered; and *her* Holy Tribunal stood sentinel over author and artist: an inspector—*censoy y veedor*—was appointed, whose duty it was to visit the studies of sculptors and painters, and either to destroy or to paint over the slightest deviation from the manner laid down in their rubric for treating sacred subjects: for to change traditional form and attribute was a novelty and a heresy, in fact a creating new deities. Spanish pictures, on the whole, will, at first sight, disappoint all those whose tastes have been formed beyond the Pyrenees; they improve upon acquaintance while one is living in Spain, from the want of anything better: there, however, the more agreeable subjects are seldom to be seen, for these naturally have

been the first to be secured by foreigners, who have left the gloomy and ascetic behind; thus, in all the Peninsula, not ten of Murillo's gipsy and beggar pictures are to be found, and the style by which he is best known in England, is that by which he will be perhaps the least recognised in his native land.

Our readers are most earnestly cautioned against buying pictures in Spain; they will indeed be offered, warranted originals, by Murillo, Velazquez, and so forth, more plentifully than blackberries, but *caveat emptor*. The Peninsula has been so plundered of its best specimens by the iron of Soult, Sebastianis, and Co. in war, and so stripped in peace by the gold of purchasers, that nothing but the veriest dregs remain for sale; the provincial galleries, Seville and Valencia excepted, prove to demonstration by their absence of the good, and by the presence of unmitigated rubbish, the extent to which the processes of removal and collecting have been carried on. The best Spanish, and the almost naturalised Spanish painters may now be named; the dates indicate the epoch about which they flourished or died, as given by Cean Bermudez and Stirling, to whom refer for details :—

Rincon, Antonio..1500	Cespedes, Pablo de 1600	Valdez, Sebastian
Fernandez, Alejo .1525	Mascagio, Arsenio 1600	de Llanos1660
Gallegos, Fernando 1530	Joanes, Juan Vi-	Zurbaran, Fran-
Campana, Pedro..1552	cente1605	cisco.....1660
Vargas, Luis de ..1565	Orrente, Pedro...1620	Iriarte, Ignacio ..1660
Coello, Alonso San-	Roelas, Juan de	Moya, Pedro.....1660
chez1565	las1625	Arellano, Juan de.1670
Navarrete, Juan	Espinosa, Geroni-	Bocanegra, Pedro
Fernandez1570	mo Rodriguez..1630	Atanasio1675
Morales, Luis de .1575	Bisquert, Antonio.1630	Carreño, Juan Mi-
Theotocupuli, Do-	Diaz, Diego Va-	randa de.....1680
menico, <i>el Greco</i> 1578	lentin1640	Murillo, Bartolomé
Pardo, Blas del..1579	Cano, Alonso1645	Esteban1680
Villegas, Pedro de 1590	Herrera el Viejo..1655	Herrera, El Mozo.1680
Ribalta, Francisco 1590	Ribera, Josef de..1655	Cerezo, Mateo...1680
Pantoja de la Cruz,	Velazquez, Diego	Coello, Claudio ..1680
Juan.....1595	Silva de1659	Goya1800

Spain is no paradise for the Print-collector; calcography never flourished on a soil where the graver was too difficult for a people who bungle when mechanical nicety is requisite. Flemings and foreigners were usually employed. The native copper scratchers just supply the coarse prints of Madonnas, miracle-working monks, &c. These caricatures of art answered admirably as *Dii cubiculares*, and, hung up in bedrooms, allured Morpheus and expelled nightmare; and now-a-days French artists are employed in lithographs, and any works requiring skill.

No. 12.—SPANISH ARCHITECTURE.—VARIETIES AND PERIODS.

In despite of the ravages of foreign and domestic Vandals, Spain is still extremely rich in edifices, civil and religious, of the highest class; yet our architects and archaeologists almost ignore a land, which is inferior to none, and superior to many countries in Europe, in variety and mag-

nificence of specimens of every period, character, and quality. Moorish architecture will be best studied in Andalucia, where noble specimens of mosque, palatial fortress, castle, and private dwelling, remain; suffice it to name Seville, Cordova, and Granada. The earliest Spanish buildings will be found in the Asturias, the cradle of the monarchy; they are generally called *Obras de los Godos*, works of the Goths—not Gothic, or *Tedesco*, as they long preceded the use of the pointed arch. The Romanesque, Byzantine, and in some districts the Norman, succeeded and led to this later Gothic, and the examples scattered over the length and breadth of the Peninsula are no less varied than splendid; there are specimens of every period and phase of this glorious and most Christian style, advancing in fulness of beauty until the beginning of the 16th century, when it set at once in all its glory, to be followed by the restoration of the antique, or, as it is here called, the *Græco-Romano* style. The cinque-cento taste—the exquisite *Renaissance*, *pace* Ruskin—which grew out of this, was nowhere carried to more gorgeous profusion than in Spain, then the dominant power of Europe. The semi-Moro genius of the land lent itself readily to arabesque decoration and surface ornamentation: the native quarries furnished precious materials, while the New World lavished gold to defray the cost. This style was exalted to its highest grade by a glorious host of Spanish artists, who rivalled in marble and metal the Bramantes and Cellinis of Italy; from its delicate details, wrought like a finely-chiselled piece of plate, this style is called in Spain *el Plateresco*, and also *de Berruguete*, from the name of the great architect, sculptor, and painter, who carried it out to its full perfection, and whose exquisite works are deserving of the closest study.

The Plateresque period, which flourished under the Imperial Charles, waned under his severe son, Philip II., who introduced the strictly classical, and eschewed prodigality of ornament; this style is generally known in Spain as that of *Herrera*, from being adopted by that illustrious man, the builder of the Escorial. Architecture, which grew with the monarchy, shared in its decline, and succumbed under the influence of *Churriguera*, whose name, like that of a heresiarch, has become synonymous in Spain, with his doctrine and with all that is false and vile in taste: thus *el Churriguerismo*, *Churrigueresco*, is used in the sense of *Rococo*; marble and wood were then tortured into absurd caprice, and gilding plastered on with greater profusion than even in the worst period of Louis XIV., when almost everything was a lie. There is scarcely a village in Spain whose parish church has escaped the harpy touch of this fatal epoch; it was succeeded by the *Græco-Romano* academical style, with all its exclusiveness, pedantry, and prejudice, introduced by the Bourbons, and practised at present. Hence the poor conventionalities of their modern buildings, without soul, spirit, interest, or nationality (Longe fuge!); yet these bald veneerings, coldly correct and classically dull, are admired by Spaniards, who point them out to the stranger's notice, in preference to the nobler examples of the Moorish, Gothic, and Cinque-cento periods, which too often have served as "quarries," for when mere *fashion* rules, the one-ideal exclusionists "use up" the monuments of better days as materials: the systematic aversion to Moorish remains—*los resabios de los Moros*—which has long

prevailed in Spain, is a remnant of the old leaven of antagonistic races : the writings and admiration of foreigners for the relics of these elegant Orientals have somewhat stayed the destroyer and pedant purist Iberian.

The lover of mediæval architecture will be pained indeed in many a city of Spain : her age of religious pomp has passed away, although that of railways has scarcely begun. The length and breadth of the land is strewn with ruins, the fruits of this century's double visitation, when the toe of the modern reformer has trodden on the heel of the Gallic invader. Ruin, in this respect the order of the day since the Invasion and the Civil Wars, has culminated in the suppression of the monastic orders, once the great patrons of the convent and cloister. While in England the ravages committed at the Reformation are mantled with ivy and a poetry and picturesqueness added by the gentle hand of Time the great healer, in Spain the raw wounds gape bleeding in all their recent hideousness. The Spaniard in the mass cares for none of these things ; living for himself, and from day to day, he neither respects the dead nor their old stones, nor until the mischief was nearly done, was any thought given to stay the evil : *socorros de España, tarde o nunca*. The *Memoria* or Report of Valentin Carderera, Madrid, 1845, to the *Commissions of Historical and Artistical Monuments*, reveals the ravages committed by foreign and domestic vandals, the apathy of local authorities, their "no will and no way," the want of funds everywhere.

The *España Artística y Monumental*, 3 vols. folio, was published at Paris, in 1846, by Genaro Perez Villamil, an artist of our Roberts' school, having been got up in France, from want in Spain of lithographic-engravers. The balderdash portions of the letterpress were "done" by an Afrancesado, Patricio Escosura. Assuming to be general, the work is confined to the particular Castiles ; many of the drawings made by Don Valentin Carderera, an accurate and excellent Aragonese archæologist, were so tampered with in the French polishing and "cooking," that he retired from the concern in disgust. (See our Review of this subject in the "Quarterly," CLIV. vi.)

Among the best architects of Spain the following may be mentioned. The date marks the epoch about which they flourished or died, as given by Cean Bermudez, to whom refer for details :—

Tioda, or Fioda .. 840	Badajoz, Juan de .1512	Xamete1550
Mateo, Maestro ..1160	Machuca, Pedro..1520	Carpintero, Macias 1560
Blay, Pedro.....1435	Ibarra, Pedro de .1520	Villalpando, Fro. .1560
Colonia, Juan de .1442	Forment, Damien .1520	Herrera, Juan de .1570
Gumiel, Pedro ...1492	Ruiz, Fernan.....1520	Theotocupuli, Dom 1575
Egas, Henrique ..1494	Borgoña, Felipe ..1525	Monegro, J. B. ..1580
Arandia, Juan de .1499	Colonia, Simon de 1525	Mora, Francisco ..1596
Berruguete, Alonso 1500	Riaño, Diego. ...1525	Churriguera, José 1725
Andino, Cristobal. 1500	Valdelvira, Pedro. 1525	Juvara, Felipe ...1735
Rodriguez, Alonso 1500	Yoli, Gabriel ...1525	Rodriguez, Ven-
Gil de Hontanon,	Siloe, Diego1525	tura1750
Juan.....1511	Bedel, Pedro.....1550	Sabatini, Francisco 1760
Covarrubias, Al ^o .1512	Ezquerria, Pedro..1550	

Some of the best works on these dillettante subjects—a prominent feature in this book—will be found at p. 72.

No. 13.—ECCLESIOLOGICAL TOUR.

Seville, S.	Madrid, C.	Oviedo, R. S.
Cordova, C.	Avila, R.	Leon, R.
Jaen, C.	Escorial, R.	Burgos, R.
Granada, C.	Segovia, C.	Zaragoza, C.
Madrid, C.	Valladolid, R.	Huesca, R.
Toledo, C.	Salamanca, R.	Barcelona, C.
Cuenca, R.	Zamora, R.	Tarragona, C. S.
Alcalá de Henares, R.	Santiago, R.	Valencia, C. S.

The most remarkable churches and cathedrals will be found in this route; the other examples worth observation will be pointed out at their respective localities. As a general rule the student should carefully examine the metropolitan cathedral of each see, as it will be usually found to furnish the type of the minor collegiate and parochial churches within the diocese; and although a general homogeneous style marks architectural periods throughout the Peninsula, yet architecture, like dialects and costume, has its localisms and provincialisms, which are very pronounced in Spain, itself an aggregate of unamalgamating components.

The stranger may be made acquainted with some of the leading dispositions and technical terms, as regards the Cathedrals of Spain, which necessarily form a leading item in the "what to observe" of intelligent investigators, and one especial object of this Handbook; the exteriors are often surrounded with a *long* platform, or *lonja*, which, if ascended to by steps is called a *gradus*, "grees;" the principal front is frequently left unfinished, first in order to disarm the evil eye, and next to serve as a constant pretext for begging pious contributions for its completion. The western entrance commonly presents the chief façade, and is called *fachada principal*; the naves, *naves*, are supported by piers, *pilones*, from whence springs the roof, *boveda*. The side aisles, *alas*, wings, are called *laterales*, *co-laterales*; at the doorways is a *pila*, stoup, or bénitier, which contains the *agua bendita*, or holy water, with which, as the devil cannot abide it, every Spaniard crosses him or herself on entrance, *santiguanse*. The quire, *coro*, is ordinarily placed in the centre nave, thus blocking it up and concealing the high altar; its back, which fronts the spectator who enters from the west, is called *el trascoro*; the lateral sides are called *los respaldos del coro*, over which the organs are usually placed. The quire is lined with stalls, *sillas*; the seats, *silleria del coro*, are generally carved, and often most beautifully, as are the desks of the quirister's books, *los atriles*, and the lecterns or *facistoles*.

Opposite to the *coro* an open space marks the centre of the transept, *crucero*, over which rises the great dome, *el cimborio*; this space is called the "*entre los dos coros*;" it divides the quire from the high altar; and is usually isolated and fenced off by a *reja*, "purchlose," or railing; these and the *cancelli*, gratings (whence comes our term chancel), are among the most remarkable and artistical peculiarities of Spain, and, from being made of iron, have happily escaped the melting-pot. The pulpits, *pulpitos*, *ambones*, generally two in number, are placed in the angle outside the chancel: they are fixed N.W. and S.W., in order that the

preacher may face the congregation, who look towards the high altar, without his turning his back to it. Ascending usually by steps is the *capilla mayor, el presbiterio*, where is the high altar, *el altar mayor*, on which is placed a tabernacle, *el tabernaculo, or ciborio*, under which the consecrated wafer is placed in a *viril*, or open "monstrance," whenever it is displayed, or *manifestado*. When the wafer is not so exhibited, it is enclosed in a *sagrario*, or tabernacle. In some highly privileged churches, as at Lugo and Leon, the wafer is continually displayed for public adoration; in others, only at particular times: but generally, in great towns, this privilege is conceded to all the churches by rotation, and continues during 40 hours, *las cuarenta horas*, which are duly mentioned in almanacs and newspapers. From the high altar rises a screen, or *eredos*, called *el retablo*; these, often most magnificent, are reared high aloft, and crowned with a "holy rood," *la Santa Cruz*, which is the representation of Christ on the Cross, with St. John and the Virgin at his side. The *retablos*, most elaborately designed, carved, painted, and gilt, *estofado*, are divided into compartments, either by niches or intercolumniations; the spaces are filled with paintings or sculpture, generally representing the life of the Virgin, or of the Saviour, or subjects taken from the Bible, or from the local legends and tutelars, and do the office of books to those who can see, but cannot read. The place of honour is usually assigned to *la Santisima*, the most blessed one, the Virgin, the "Queen of Heaven" (Jer. xlv. 17), the real goddess, the Isis, Astarte and Great Diana of Spain. The Virgin is represented mostly in the attitude of her Conception, Assumption, or as bearing the Saviour as either infant or dead—in either case to exalt her. To her, indeed, most of the cathedrals of Mariolatrous Spain are dedicated, whilst in every church in the Peninsula she has her Lady Chapel.

Few Spaniards at any time, when traversing a cathedral, pass the *high altar* without bowing and crossing themselves, since the incarnate Host is placed thereon: and in order not to offend the weaker brethren, every considerate Protestant should also manifest an outward respect for this the Holy of Holies of the natives, and of his Redeemer also. Sometimes kings, queens, and princes are buried near the high altar, which is then called a *capilla real*. The sarcophagus, or bed on which the figures representing the deceased kneel or lie, is called *urna*. Spaniards, in designating the right and left of the altar, generally use the terms *lado del Evangelio, lado de la Epistola*: the *Gospel* side, that is the right of the celebrant looking from the altar; the *Epistle* side, that is the left. These are the spots occupied by the minister while reading those portions of the service. The altar on grand occasions is decked with superbly embroidered coverlets; a complete set is called *el terno*. The piers of the nave are then hung with damask or velvet hangings, *colgadasuras*; the back of the altar is called *el trasaltar*, and here in some cathedrals is *el trasparente*, a huge pile of elaborately worked marble, which is anything but transparent.

Spanish cathedrals generally have a parish church attached to them, *la parroquia*, and many have a royal chapel, *una capilla real*, quite distinct from the high altar, in which separate services are performed by a separate establishment of clergy. The chapter-houses should always

be visited. The *sala del cabildo*, *sala capitular*, have frequently an ante-room, *antesala*, and both generally contain carvings and pictures. The *sagrario* is a term used for the additional chapel which is sometimes appended to the cathedral, and also for the chamber, *el relicario*, where the relics and sacred vessels of silver and gold are or rather were kept, for their portable and ready money value were too evident to escape the greedy eye of French invaders and Spanish appropriators; in reality, to plunder church plate was the paramount object of almost every Buonapartist *Victor*, to "faire bien ses affaires," and enrich themselves by sacrilege, pillage, and speculation. One of the earliest thoughts of the Duke was how "to make the French *generals* disgorge the church plate which they had *stolen*" (Disp., Aug. 23, 1808): this he settled by English steel purgatives; indeed, the hope of pillage is what endeared war to the revolutionary upstarts of France, and to which they sacrificed every military principle and consideration for the lives of their men (Disp. Dec. 29, 1810). The crime entailed the punishment; the impediments of plunder formed a marked feature both at Baylen and Vittoria, the first and last blows dealt in Spain to the rapacious Eagle. As specimens of church plate worth notice are the altar candlesticks, *candeleros*, *blandones*; the *calix*, or sacramental cup; the *porta pax*, in which relics are enclosed, and offered to devout osculation; the *crucos*, crosses; *baculos*, croziers; and the vergers' staves, *cetros*. The traveller should always inquire if there be a *custodia*, whether of silver, *plata*, or of silver gilt, *sobredorada*. They are called *custodias* because in them, on grand festivals, the consecrated Host is kept. The *custodia*, containing the wafer, *thus guarded*, is deposited on Good Friday in the sepulchre, *el monumento*. This temporary monument in some cathedrals—Seville, for instance—is of great architectural splendour.

The vestry is called *la sacristia*, and its official servant, *el sacristan*: here the robes and utensils of the officiating ministers are put away. These saloons are frequently remarkable for the profusion of mirrors which are hung, like pictures, all around over the presses: the looking-glasses are slanted forwards, in order that the priest, when arrayed, may have a full-length view of himself in these clerical Psyches. The dresses and copes of the clergy are magnificently embroidered, for the Spaniards excel in this art of working silver and gold, which is Oriental, and inherited from both Phœnician and Moor.

The painted glass in the windows, *las vidrieras de las ventanas*, is often most superb, although the Spaniards themselves have produced very few artists in this chemical branch, and mostly employed painters from Flanders and Germany.

The chief *rejeros* or makers of the exquisite *purcloses*, railings, are Francisco de Salamanca, 1533; Christobal Andino, 1540; Francisco de Villalpando, 1561; Juan Bautista Celma, 1600. Their works are of the highest merit and interest, and quite unrivalled in Europe; they flourished in the gold and silver ages of Spain. The most remarkable *plateros* or workers in silver are the D'Arphe family, 1500; Juan Ruiz, el Vandolino, 1533; and Alonso Becerril, 1534. Unfortunately the value of the mere material has tempted the spoiler, and consigned to the melting pot many a precious remain of ancient piety, art, and magnificence.

XI.—RELIGIOUS FESTIVALS TOUR.

Religion has long been mixed up most intimately in every public, private, and social relation of Spain. There a powerful and intelligent clergy monopolized soul and body, dwarfing both; and secured the good things of *this* world to themselves, by promising to others the blessings of the *next* one. The priesthood, in order to prevent the exercise of *thought*, furnished food for the eye—not mind—and from the beginning marshalled into their service even popular amusements, making a holy day and a holiday synonymous. Moralists and philosophers may speculate on the changes, whether for better or worse, wrought by the diminution of these popular amusements and occupations. The masses at least were not driven to the pothouse or politics; now-a-days, as the cloisters come down in every town, colosseums arise for the bloody brutalizing bull fight; yet the church ceremonials, on grand days, although now much shorn of their splendour, should always be visited, and especially when celebrated in honour of the tutelar saint or miracle of any particular district: local costumes and manners will be best studied at the *Fiestas y Romerías*, the Festivals and Pilgrimages to some high place or shrine, and at the *Veladas*, the Wakes or Vigils, the German *Kirchweih*, which in a fine climate are at once attractive and picturesque. Akin to these scanty relaxations of the peasantry are the *Ferías* or fairs, a word which also has a double meaning for the Spaniards, who, imitating the Moors at Mecca, have always been permitted to combine a little traffic with devotion. These local festivities are however sadly fallen off from their pristine getting up and large attendance.

The principal local saints, sites of pilgrimage, and leading fairs will be mentioned in their respective places: travellers curious in these festivals should endeavour to be at *Valencia* April 5, at *Madrid* April 15, *Ronda* May 20, and *Santiago* July 25, and should always remember to be in some great city during the Holy Week or *Semana Santa* (Seville is the best), and during *Corpus Christi*, a moveable feast which takes place the first Thursday after Trinity Sunday, and is celebrated every where in Spain with great pomp, especially at Seville, Granada, Valencia, Barcelona, and Toledo. All the infinite holy days that are kept in honour of the Virgin deserve notice, as do the more gloomy services connected with the dead on the days of All Saints and All Souls in the beginning of November. The festivities of Christmas and Carnival time are more joyous, and very national and peculiar.

XII.—KINGS OF SPAIN.

In the subjoined chronology of the order of succession of the Kings of Spain, from the Goths, the years of their deaths are given from the official and recognised lists.

<i>Gothic Kings.</i>	A.D.		A.D.		A.D.
Ataulfo	417	Eurico	483	Agila	554
Sigerico	417	Alarico	506	Atanagildo	567
Walia	420	Gesalico	510	Leuva I. . . .	572
Theodoredo	451	Amaralico	531	Leovigildo	586
Turismundo	454	Theudio	548	Recaredo I. . . .	601
Theodorico	467	Theudesilo	549	Leuva II. . . .	603

KINGS OF SPAIN—continued.

	A.D.		A.D.		A.D.
Witerico	600	Garcia	913	Fernando IV. el	
Gundemaro	612	Ordoño II.	923	Emplazado	1312
Sisebuto	621	Fruela II.	924	Alonso XI.	1350
Recaredo II.	621	Alonso IV. el		Pedro I. el Cruel	1369
Suintila	631	Monge	930	Henrique II.	1379
Sisenanto	635	Ramiro II.	950	Juan I.	1390
Chintila	638	Ordoño III.	955	Henrique III.	1407
Tulga	640	Sancho I.	967	Juan II.	1454
Chindasunido	650	Ramiro III.	982	Henrique IV. el	
Recesvinto	672	Bermudo II.	999	Impotente	1474
Wamba	687	Alonso V.	1028	Doña Isabel, la Ca-	
Ervigio	687	Bermudo III.	1037	tolica	1504
Egica	701	Doña Sancha.	1067	Fernando V.	1516
Witiza	711			Doña Juana	1555
Don Rodrigo	714			Felipe I.	1560
		<i>Kings of Castile and</i>		Carlos V., I. de	
		<i>Leon.</i>		España	1558
<i>Kings of Leon.</i>		Fernando I.	1067	Felipe II.	1598
Pelayo	737	Sancho II.	1073	Felipe III.	1621
Favila	739	Alonso VI.	1108	Felipe IV.	1665
Alonso I. el Cato-		Doña Uraca	1126	Carlos II.	1700
lico	757	Alonso VII. Em-		Felipe V. abdi-	
Fruela I.	768	perador	1157	cated	1724
Aurelio	774	Sancho III.	1158	Luis I.	1724
Silo	783	Alonso VIII.	1214	Felipe V.	1746
Mauregato	788	Henrique I.	1217	Fernando VI.	1759
Bermudo I. el Di-		Fernando II.	1188	Carlos III.	1788
acono	795	Alonso IX.	1230	Carlos IV., abdi-	
Alonso II. el Casto	843	Doña Berenguela	1244	cated	1808
Ramiro I.	850	San Fernando III.	1252	Fernando VII.	1833
Ordoño I.	862	Alonso X. el Sabio	1284	Isabel II.	
Alonso III. el		Sancho IV. el			
Magno	910	Bravo	1295		

XIII.—TABLE OF CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.

The periods have been selected during which leading events in Spanish history have occurred.

A.D.	Spain.	England.	France.	Rome.
800	Alonso II. el Casto	Egbert.	Charlemagne	Leo III.
877	Alonso III. el Magno	Alfred.	Louis II.	John VII.
996	Ramiro III.	Ethelred II.	Hugh Capet.	Gregory V.
1075	Sancho II.	{William the Conqueror}	Philip I.	Gregory VII.
1155	Alonso VII.	Henry II.	Louis VII.	{Adrian IV., Breakspeare.
1245	San Fernando	Henry III.	St. Louis	Innocent IV.
1345	Alonso XI.	Edward III.	Philip VI.	Benedict VI.
1360	Pedro el Cruel	Edward III.	John II.	Innocent VI.
1485	Isabel la Catolica	Henry VII.	Charles VIII.	Innocent VIII.
1515	Fernando de Aragon.	Henry VIII.	Francis I.	Leo X.
1550	Carlos V.	Edward VI.	Henry II.	Paul III.
1560	Felipe II.	Elizabeth	Charles IX.	Pius IV.
1644	Felipe IV.	Charles I.	Louis XIV.	Innocent X.

A.D.	Spain.	England.	France.	Rome.
1705	Felipe V.	Anne	Louis XIV.	Clement XI.
1760	Carlos III.	George III.	Louis XV.	Clement XIII.
1808	Fernando VII.	George III.	Buonaparte	Pius VII.
1840	Isabel II.	Victoria	Louis-Philippe	{ Gregory XVI. and Pius IX.

XIV.—THE ROYAL ARMS OF SPAIN.

These, which appear on most of all religious and public buildings, offer fixed and certain aids in marking dates. They have from time to time undergone many changes, and those changes denote epochs. The "canting" *Castle* was first assumed for Castile, and the Lion for *Leon*;—the earliest shields were parted per cross; gules, a castle, or; argent, a lion rampant gules, or more properly purple. In 1332 Alonso XI. instituted the order of *La Vanda*, the "Band," or scarf, the origin of "blue and red ribbons;" the charge was a bend dexter gules issuing from two dragons' heads vert. This, the charge of the old banner of Castile, was discontinued in 1369 by Henry II., who hated an order of which his brother had deprived him. The colours of the flag of Spain are red and yellow, because Castile bears gules and or.

The union of Arragon and Castile in 1479, under Ferdinand and Isabella, caused changes in the royal shield, then divided by coupe and party; the first and fourth areas were given to Castile and Leon quartered, the second and third to Arragon—Or, four bars, gules—and Sicily impaled; Navarre and Jerusalem were added subsequently: Ferdinand and Isabella, who were much devoted to St. John the Evangelist, adopted his eagle, sable with one head, as the supporter of their common shield: they each assumed a separate device: Isabella took a bundle of arrows, *Flechas*, and the letter *F*, the initial of her husband's name and of this symbol of union. The arbitrary Ferdinand took a Yoke, *Yugo*, and the letter *Y*, the initial alike of his wife's name and of the despotic machine which he fixed on the neck of Moor and Spaniard: he added the motto *TANTO MÔTA*, *Tanto monta*, Tantamount, to mark his assumed equality with his Castilian queen, which the Castilians never admitted.

When Granada was captured in 1492, a pomegranate stalked and leaved *proper*, with the shell open-grained *gules*, was added to the point of the shield in base: wherever this is wanting, the traveller may be certain that the building is prior to 1492. Ferdinand and Isabella are generally called *los Reyes Católicos*, the Catholic Sovereigns: they were very great builders, and lived at the period of the most florid Gothic and armorial decorations: they were fond of introducing figures of heralds in tabards.

The age of their grandson Charles V. was again that of change: he brought in all the pomp of Teutonic emblazoning: the arms of the Roman Empire, Austria, Burgundy, Brabant, and Flanders, were now added, and the apostolic one-headed eagle gave way to the double-headed eagle of the Empire: the shield was enclosed with the order of the Golden Fleece; the ragged staff of Burgundy, and the pillars of Hercules, with the motto *Plus ultra*, *plus outre*, were added. Philip II. discontinued the Imperial Eagle, but added in two escutcheons of pretence the arms of Portugal, Artois, and Charolois. These were omitted by his grandson Philip IV. when Spain began to fall to pieces and her

kingdoms to drop off; on the accession of Philip V. the three Bourbon *fleur de lys* were added in an escutcheon of pretence.

The arms of every important town in Spain will be found in the '*Rusgo Heroico*' of Ant. Moya, Madrid, 1756. Those of private families are endless. Few countries can vie with Spain in heraldic pride and pedigree literature, on which consult '*Bibliotheca Hispanica Historico Genealogico Heraldica*,' Q. E. de Frankenau, 4to., Leipsig, 1724: it enumerates no less than 1490 works; the real author was Juan Lucas Cortes, a learned Spaniard, whose MS. treatises on heraldry and jurisprudence fell into the hands of this Frankenau, a Dane and first-rate plagiarist, by whom they were appropriated in the most bare-faced manner. On the copious subject of Spanish Heraldry and Genealogy, our paper in the '*Quart. Review*,' No. cxxiii. may be consulted. The chief towns rejoice in magnificent epithets, "Noble, Loyal, Faithful," &c. "*Heroic*" is so common, that the French soldiers, under Angoulême, could not help laughing when the poltroon municipalities came out to surrender their keys instanter. These craven corporations often enjoy *personal* rank, "excellencies," and so forth.

XV.—THE ERA.

The antiquarian will frequently meet with the date *Era* in old books or on old inscriptions. This mode of reckoning prevailed in the Roman dominions, and arose from the date of the particular payment of taxes, *æs era*, "when all the world was taxed;" therefore the Moors translated this date by *Safar*, "copper," whence the Spanish word *azofar*. It commenced in the fourth year of Augustus Cæsar, and according to some, on March 25th, according to others December 25th. Volumes have been written on this disputed point: consult '*Obras Chronologicas*,' Marques de Mondejar, folio, Valencia, 1744, and the second volume of the '*España Sagrada*.' Suffice it now to say, that to make the *Era* correspond with the *Anno Domini*, thirty-eight years must be added; thus A.D. 1200 is equivalent to the *Era* 1238. The use of the *Era* prevailed in Spain down to the twelfth century, when the modern system of reckoning from the date of the Saviour was introduced, not, however, to the exclusion of the *Era*, for both were for a long time frequently used in juxtaposition: the *Era* was finally ordered to be discontinued in 1383, by the Cortes of Segovia.

The Moorish *Hegira* commences from Friday, July 16, A.D. 622, *Era* 660.

The New Style was introduced by Gregory XIII. into *Spain* in 1582, at the same time that it was at Rome; October 5th of the Old Style was then called October 15th. This change must always be remembered in ascertaining the exact date of previous events, and especially in comparing Spanish and English dates, since the New Style was only introduced into England in 1751.

XVI.—SPANISH LANGUAGE AND PHRASES.

Some acquaintance with this noble idiom is absolutely necessary to get on tolerably in the Peninsula, where, as with Orientals, no other is spoken or understood, the large cities and seaports excepted. The "unvisiting, unvisited people of Spain have never felt the necessity of

using any other language but their own, and have left to a fraction of their so-called betters the disgrace of exchanging a nasal nondescript, which they call and fancy French, for their sonorous Castilian, in which, as Charles V. said, "God ought alone to be addressed in prayer;" and in truth of all modern languages it is the most fitting and decorous medium for solemn, lofty devotion, for grave disquisitions, for elevated, moral, and theological subjects; an exponent of national character, it partakes of the virtues and vices of the Spaniard—it is noble, manly, grandiloquent, sententious, and imposing. The commonest village *alcalde* pens his placards in the Cambyses state-paper style, more naturally than Pitt dictated king's speeches, extemporaneously. The pompous, fine-sounding expressions and professions, convey to plain English understandings promises which are seldom realized by Spaniards. The words are so fine in themselves that they appear to be the result of thought and talent. The ear is bewildered and the judgment carried away by the mistakes we make in translating all these fine phrases—*palabras*, palaver, which are but Orientalisms, and mean, and are meant to mean, *nothing*—into our homely, business-like, honest idiom. We take Spanish syllabubs for English plum-pudding, and deceive ourselves only; for no official Spaniard ever credits another to the letter: our *literalness* induces us to set them down as greater boasters, braggarts, and more beggarly in performance than they really are. This wordy exaggeration is peculiar to southern imaginative people, who delight in the ornate and gorgeous; our readers must therefore be on their guard not to take all this conventional hyperbole of Spanish grandiloquence *au pied de la lettre*, for much less is meant than meets the ear. Such words must be much lowered down, to reach the standard of truth, and like their paper, when not protested, which is by far the safest way, at least discounted; a deduction of 25 per cent. will seldom be found enough, if the *bonâ fide* value is wished to be ascertained. Again our early education at Public Schools and Universities leads us to associate a Roman and Classical feeling with this superb idiom, in which the Latin element is less changed than in any other modern language; with the phraseology of Cæsar and Cicero we cannot help connecting much of their greatness. The Spanish *idiom*, at least, is the manly son and heir of the Latin, as the Italian is the fair and elegant daughter.

The repugnance to all commercial and mechanical pursuits which has been inherited from the Goths, and the fetters by which national intellect and literature have been so long confined, have rendered the language of Castile comparatively unfit for most of the practical purposes for which there is such a growing demand in this business-like, utilitarian age. It has yet to be hammered on the anvil of mere popular concerns, and is from its very structure as unfitted for rapid condensed conversation, as are those Spanish talkers and twaddlers who use it in writing or speaking; however, as no other language is in vogue, the traveller must either hold his tongue or adopt theirs. Nor will those who understand Latin and French find much difficulty in mastering Spanish; while a knowledge of Italian, so far from being an assistance, will prove a constant stumbling-block. Both languages, as we have said, are children of the Latin, but the one is the son and the other the daughter; the terminations of the former end in masculine consonants, of the latter in feminine vowels.

The pronunciation of Spanish is very easy; every word is spoken as it is written, and with the lips and mouth, not the nose; the consonants *g*, *j*, and *x*, before certain vowels, have a marked Arabic and German guttural power, which confers a force, manliness, and a back bone that is far from disagreeable. In fact, this manliness, combined with gravity and oriental majesty, is what principally distinguishes the Spanish from the Italian language. Again, every word is written and spelt as it is pronounced—a comfort to a student that is denied in our so-called orthography, in which letters seem to have been given to conceal the sounds of words. The *g*, *j*, and *x* before vowels is generally written now with *j*, although they may be used optionally. Thus the correct thing is to spell *Ximenez*, *Gimenez*, as *Jimenez*. Again, the *b* and *v* have long been cognate and convertible; thus *Aqui se vende buen vino*, occurs on inn sign-posts, as often as *Aqui se vende buen vino*.

The original language of the Iberians was the Basque, which is now confined to its hilly corner. It was superseded by the *Romance*, or corrupt idiom formed from the fusion of the Roman and Gothic languages; this hybrid underwent a further change from its admixture with the Arabic at the Moorish invasion, when two new dialects were formed—the *Aljama* or Spanish, as spoken by the Moors, and the *Algarabia* or Arabic, as spoken by the Spaniards. This latter was so bad, that the term, in its secondary sense, is applied to any gibberish—*garabia*—a word which, strictly speaking, means *logat-al-árabra*, the Arabic language. In Andalusia, as might be expected, this fusion was the greatest, and the province, in the names of her rivers, towns, and mountains, still retains the language of her former possessors, although the Spaniards have even forgotten their meaning: thus they pleonastically call the *Wadi 'l kiber*, the great river, *el rio grande del Guadalquivir*; los baños de *Alhama*, the baths of the bath; el puente de *Alcantara*, the bridge of the bridge.

Although *el hablar Castellano* means emphatically, speaking Spanish, each province has its dialect. These may be conveniently classed under four great branches:—the primitive Basque; the Valencian and Catalanian, which comes near the Provençal, as the Arragonese does to the langue d'Oc, or Lemosin; the Asturian and Gallician; and the *Castilian*, which thus may be compared to a heap of corn, composed of many different classes of grain. The purest *Castilian* is written and spoken at Madrid and at Toledo, the most corrupt in the cities of Andalusia. One marked difference in pronunciation consists in the sound of the *th*; the *Castilian* marks it clearly—*Zaragoza*, *Tharagotha*; Andalus, *Andaluth*; *placer*, *plather*; *usted*, *usteth*: while the Andalusian, whose *ceceo* is much laughed at, will say *Saragosa*, *placer*, or *plaser*, *Andaluce*, *uste*. The traveller should never pronounce the *h* when at the beginning of a word; *hombre*, *hacer*, must be *Ombre*, *ather*. The *Castilian* speaks with a grave, distinct pronunciation, *ore rotundo*, enunciating every letter and syllable. The Andalusian clips the Queen's Spanish, and seldom sounds the *d* between two vowels.

The *Castilians* are sparing of words. If speech be silver, silence, say they, is often gold; and, throughout Spain, much intercourse is carried on by signs, especially among the lower classes; thus, energetic defiance or contempt (the national oath—the *carajo*—expressed by telegraph) is

irresistibly conveyed by closing the fist of the right hand, elevating it, and catching the elbow in the palm of the left hand, and thus raising the right arm at a right angle. People call each other by a polite hissing, or rather by the labial sound *P*s, *ps*. The telegraph action of this sibilant—*Hola! ven aca, querido!*—is done by reversing our form of beckoning; the open hand is raised, and the palm is turned toward the person summoned or selected, and the four fingers drawn rapidly up and down into the palm. Admiration—*sobresaliente, que buena moza!*—is expressed by collecting the five fingers' tips to a point, bringing them to the lip, kissing them, and then expanding the hand like a bursting shell. Dissent—what a lie—*mentira*, or have nothing to do with it, her, or him, *no te metas en eso*—is quietly hinted by raising the single fore-finger to the nose, and wagging it rapidly and horizontally backwards and forwards. Astonishment, incredulous surprise, or jocular resignation under unavoidable, irremediable afflictions—is dumbshowed by crossing oneself, as is done on entering a church in Spain. The ancient contemptuous "*fig of Spain*"—a fig for you—is digitally represented by inserting the head of the thumb between the fore and middle fingers, and raising the back of the hand towards the person thus complimented. The fair sex carry on dumb-show, but most eloquent "conversations" with the fan, *abanico*; and a signal-book might be written on the polyglot powers of this electric telegraph. Their management of it, or *manejo*, is unique and inimitable.

In Andalusia, the head-quarters of the fancy, *la Aficion*, a sort of slang is very current which is prevalent among *majos*, bull-fighters, and all who aspire to be sporting characters; it is called *Germania*, *gerigonza*, *jerga* (whence, perhaps, our *jargon*). It has often been confounded, but most erroneously, with *Rommany*, or the language of Spanish gipsies, *Gitanos*, which is a Hindu dialect, whereas *Germania* is simply a language of metaphor, or a giving a *new* conventional meaning to an *old* word. Thus *colegio*, a college, in slang means a prison, because there young culprits become masters of sinful arts. Mr. Borrow, in his graphic '*Zincali*,' and A. F. Pott, in his learned compilation '*Die Zigeuner*,' 2 vols., Halle, 1845, have exhausted the subject of gipsy philology.

The best method of acquiring the Spanish language is to establish oneself in a good *casa de pupilos*, to avoid English society and conversation, to read Don Quixote through and aloud before a master of a morning, and to be schooled by female tongues of an evening. The ladies of Spain prove better mistresses, and their lessons are more attended to by their pupils, than the inflections and irregular verbs of a snuffy *tobaccose* pedagogue, a bore, and a button-holder, *majadero y botarate*. Mr. Lee, bookseller, 440, West Strand, can generally recommend a good Spanish language teacher, e.g. *Del Mar*, whose grammar is very good. The old dictionary, '*Tesoro de la Lengua Castellana*,' of Don Sebastian Covarrubias, Madrid, 1611 and 1674, abounds with quaint and *Quixotic* information. The Spanish *Diccionario Nacional*, with Supplement, is trustworthy, and the French and Spanish Dictionary of Nuñez de Taboada is one of the best; those who wish to trace the Arabic influence on the Spanish language will find in the *Arte de la Lengua Arabica*, and the *Vocabulario Arabico*, by Pedro de Alcalá, &c.,

Granada, 1504 (generally bound up together), the exact idiom spoken by the Moors of Granada.

As a "wrinkle" to students it will be found useful to add to their Taboada dictionary sundry blank sheets, and set down on them the colloquial, conversational phrases which recur the most frequently, for spoken language differs everywhere most essentially from written; take, for example, a couple of leaves from our book, in which the common every-day and lighter subjects have been purposely selected.

Ojala! I wish I could, would to Allah it were so!

Si Dios quiere, if God pleases. The Inch allah! of the Moors.

Valgame Dios, God bless me.

Ave Maria purisima, a form of admiration and salutation.

Sabe Dios, quien sabe? God knows, who can tell?

No se sabe, nobody knows, that depends.

Muy bien, very well.

Segun y conforme, just as it may turn out.

Corriente, all's right, certainly.

Es regular que si, I should suppose so.

No hay inconveniente, it is quite convenient.

Está dos leguas mas alla, it is two leagues further on; *mas aca*, nearer.

En el día de hoy, now-a-days.

Lo hago por amor de Vmd.,* I do it for your sake.

Es casa de mucho aseo, it is a very comfortable house.

Me armó una trampa, he laid a trap for me.

Con mucho descoco y descaro, with a regular brazen face.

Vaya Vmd., mucho muy en hora mala, ill luck betide you (au oath).

Ya se ve, mas claro, certainly, quite clear.

Cabal, no cabe duda, exactly, there can be no doubt.

Es verdad, tiene Vmd. razon, it is true, you are right.

Por supuesto, of course.

Me lo presumo, me lo figuro, I presume so, I conclude so.

Sin embargo, á pesar de eso, nevertheless, in spite of.

Que buena moza! what a pretty girl!

Muy guapa, muy guapita, very nice, uncommonly nice.

Me lo dijo un tal. Don Fulano, so and so told me, Mr. What-d'ye-call-him. *Fulan* is pure Arabic.

Perdone, Vmd., dispense *Vmd.*, excuse me, forgive me.

Disimule Vmd., pardon me.

Eso no puede ser de ningun modo, that cannot be on any account.

Eso no era en mi año, it was not in my year, it did not happen in my time.

Y no era mi daño, I have no right to complain.

Pues, señores, and so, sirs, as I was saying.

Con que luego, and so then.

De botones adentro, inside outside.

Me viene como anillo al dedo, it suits me like a ring does a finger.

Que se aguante hasta el jueves, let him wait (till Thursday).

Sabe muy bien guisar, he is a capital cook.

Muy hinchada, que tono se da! very proud, what airs she gives herself!

No me da la gana, I don't choose, I am not in the humour.

Ya está hecha la diligencia, the commission or thing is already done.

Que disparate! what nonsense!

Hombre de bien, a good, an honest fellow.

Tunante y embustero, a good-for-nothing liar.

Mueran los gavachos, death to the miscreants (the national wish as regards the French).

Picaro, picara, rogue (may be used playfully).

Buena alhaja, buena prenda es Vmd., you are a pretty jewel.

Calavera atolondrado, empty noddle (skull).

* *Vmd.* is explained in page 124.

Muy ordinario, very bad style.
No vale nada, it is worth nothing.
Me quiere mucho, he is very fond of me.
Le mande á un recado, I sent him on a message.
Es hombre tan formal como nosotros, he is as well-bred as we are.
Con quien se puede tratar, you can live, do business with him.
Con toda franqueza Española, with all Spanish frankness.
No tiene educacion, he is very ill-bred.
No conoce el mundo, has no knowledge of the world.
Tiene cara de hereje, he is very ugly.
Tiene pecho como tabla de animas, she is very scraggy.
Ha quedado para vestir imagenes, she is an old maid.
Es una erudita á tu violeta, una mari-sabidilla, she is a blue.
Los Españoles son muy valientes, the Spaniards are very valiant.
Algunos con las dientes, some with their teeth.
Mueren como chinches, they die in numbers.
Una esquila, una esquelita, a note, a billet.
A medio pelo, half-seas-over.
Vamos á las tiendas, let us go shopping.
Vamos, vamos á la calle, let us go out (literally, into the street).
Que lastima! what a pity!
Me da lastima, I am very sorry.
Me da tanto coraje, it puts me in such a rage.
No me quemes la sangre, don't vex me (burn my blood).
Me hace volver loco, he drives me mad.
Vengo sofocado, I am suffocated with rage.
Quedarse fresco, Llevar chasco, to be done,
Ah que me burlas, ah, you are joking at me.
Lo dice en broma, he says it in-jest.
Corazon de cuartel, a heart as roomy as a barrack.
No como pan de valde, I don't eat my bread gratis.
No compro nada de gangas, I buy nothing a bargain.

Le pone el pie en el pescuezo, she hen-pecks him.
Tengo mi angel de guarda, I have my guardian angel.
Tengo bula para todo, I have a bull for everything (I am a privileged person).
Tiene el diablo en el cuerpo, he has the devil in him.
Que mas le da á Vmd.? what is that to you?
No le hace, it does not signify.
No por los lindos ojos de Vmd., not for the sake of your good looks (eyes).
Rezelo que lo tomen á mal, I am afraid they may take it amiss.
Una cosa de tres semanas, about three weeks.
Mande Vmd. con toda franqueza, command me quite freely.
Echaremos un paseito, let us take a walk.
Tenga Vmd. cuidado, take care.
No tenga Vmd. miedo, cuidado, don't be afraid, don't mind.
Aqui estoy yo, I am here.
No lo reparé, I paid no attention to it.
He leído una porcion de ellas, I have read some of them.
Pondré tierra por medio, I shall be off, (put earth between).
Hace mucho papel, he makes a great show.
Salió á las tablas, went on the stage (boards).
Echemos un cigarrillo, let us make a cigar.
No fumo, no gasto cigarros, I do not smoke, I never use cigars.
Fuego, candela, light (to light cigars).
Que tonto eres! how silly you are!
Me volvió la hoja, he changed the subject, turned over a new leaf.
Dice sandezes, he talks nonsense.
Sabe mucho, he is a clever fellow.
Sabe un punto mas que el diablo, he knows a trick more than the devil.
Cachaza, hay tiempo, patience, there's plenty of time.
No corre priesa, there is no hurry.
Conque se marcha Vmd. de veras? so you are really going?
Es preciso, no hay remedio, it must be, there's no help.
Hola! Señor Don Jose; que tal?
 Hollo! Mr. Joseph, what news?

Se dice en el pueblo, they say in the town.

Mentiras, no lo creo, fibs, I don't believe it.

Que chismografía! what tittle-tattle!
Mala lengua tiene Conchita, little Concha has a wicked tongue.

No te metas en eso, have nothing to do with it.

Que caídas tiene! how droll he is!

Que ocurrencias! how witty!

Eso va largo, that's a long affair.

Por lo que á mi toca, as far as depends on me.

Que cara tan risueña! what a cheerful countenance!

Tiene Vmd. buena cara, you are looking very well.

Que compuesta estás! how well dressed you are, how well got up!

Venida en batea, you seem to come in a waiter (out of a bandbox).

Hija de mi alma, de mis ojos, de mi corazón, daughter of my soul, of my eyes, of my heart.

Como V. guste, as you like it.

Toma, para echar un traguito, here's something to drink.

Mucha bulla para nada, much ado about nothing.

Estoy en el uso de la palabra, I have not lost my speech.

Calle Vmd. hombre, calle la boca! hold your tongue, sir!

Calle Vmd. muger! hold your tongue, madam!

Que le parece á Vmd.? what do you think of it?

De me Vmd. el pico de la cuenta, give me the change of my bill.

Estoy muy de prisa, I am in a great hurry.

Esto no acaecerá otra vez, it shall not happen another time.

Que enfado, que pesadez—que molestia, que majadería! what a bore, what a nuisance!

Diga Vmd., mire Vmd., tell me, look here.

Tenga Vmd. la bondad de decirme, be so good as to tell me.

Hágame Vmd. el favor, do me the favour.

Guste á Vmd. decirme, pray please to tell me.

Acaeció en el tiempo del rey Wamba, it happened in the time of Wamba.

No me pasa el pellejo, it does not wet through my skin.

Tomar el aire, el fresco, to take an airing.

Jesus! que calor hace! how hot it is!

Vengo molido, hecho pedazos, I am knocked all to pieces.

Manos blancas no ofenden, white hands (the fair sex) never hurt.

Conque me marchó, so I must go now.

Vaya Vmd. con Dios, well, God bless you.

Quede Vmd. con Dios, may you remain with God.

A los pies de mi señora, my respects to your wife.

Agour, good bye; pronounced *abour*.

Muchas memorias, remember me to all.

Expresiones, say everything civil from me.—*Adios*, adieu.

Hasta la vista, Hasta despues, au revoir.

Cosas de España—"Things of Spain;" i. e. peculiarities tending to illustrate national character.

The expression is common among all classes, and is that by which the natives designate anything which they either cannot or will not explain to strangers.

Bisños—Wanters; Beggars; the

"under which King, *Bezonian*?" of

Pistol is an old Spanish term, and

much used by Toreno to express the

soldiers of a regular Spanish army

—*Cosas de gran paupertas, egestas*—"always," as the Duke

says, "hors-de combat, always in

want of everything at the most

critical moment;" so in Italy, the

needy troops of even Charles V.

were always asking for every-

thing—*Bisogna carni, Bisogna denari*.

Nosotros—We, i. e. the Spaniards;

the collective expression of individual egotism; each I or item of the aggregate considering himself as No. 1 among mortals, as Spain is No. 1, the first and foremost of nations.

XVII.—RELATIVE SCALE OF SPANISH AND ENGLISH WEIGHTS, DISTANCES, AND MEASURES.

Now that civilization is all the rage in Spain a scheme is in contemplation to introduce one uniform rule in these matters, which is to be based on the decimal and French system; meanwhile,

Spanish.	<i>Weights.</i>	English Equivalent.
12 Granos	1 Tomin.	
3 Tomines	1 Adarme.	
2 Adarmes	1 Dracma	= Drachm.
8 Dracmas	1 Onza	= Ounce.
8 Onzas	1 Marco	= Marc.
2 Marcos	1 Libra	= Pound.
25 Libras	1 Arroba	= Quarter of Cwt.
4 Arrobas	1 Quintal	= Hundred Weight.

<i>Distances.</i>		
12 Lineas	1 Pulgada	= Inch.
12 Pulgadas	1 Pie	= Foot.
1½ Pie	1 Codo	= Cubit.
2 Codos }	1 Vara	= Yard.
3 Pies }		

The English foot is 13 Spanish inches. The English yard is 1 Spanish and ¾ inches. The English mile is 1925 Spanish yards, 2 feet. The new Spanish legua is equal to about 3¼ English miles.

Corn and Dry Measures.

4 Ochavillos	1 Ochoavo	
4 Ochavos	1 Cuartillo	= Pint.
4 Cuartillos	1 Celemin	= Peck.
12 Celemines	1 Fanega	= About one Cwt.
12 Fanegas	1 Caiz.	

Our quarter is about 5 Fanegas, 1½ Celemin. 1 bushel is about 7¼ Celemines.

An *Aranzada*, or Spanish acre, is as much land as a pair of oxen can plough in a day; a *Fanega* is that quantity which requires a *Fanega* of grain to sow it.

Liquid Measures, Wine, &c.

4 Copas	1 Cuartillo.	
4 Cuartillos	1 Azumbre	= Pint.
2 Azumbres	1 Cuartilla	= Quart.
4 Cuartillas	1 Arroba.	
29 Arrobas	1 Bota o Pipa	= About 110 to 115 gallons.

About 7 Cuartillos make our Gallon.

XVIII.—AUTHORITIES QUOTED.

This Handbook, destined chiefly for the antiquarian and dilettante on his travels, does not profess to enter into prisons, poor-law, power-loom, political economy, or statistics, grave matters detailed in Madoz and Minutoli, while our lighter volumes are intended to go in *Alforjas* and be handled on the saddle. In quoting authorities for statements, Spanish authors will be chiefly selected, as being the most readily accessible in a country where foreign books are very rare; when other authors are

quoted, those will be taken who, by common consent, in Spain and out, are held by their respective countrymen to be most deserving of credit: a frequent reference will be made to authorities of all kinds, ancient as well as modern. Thus the home reader or writer who is anxious to pursue any particular subject will find his researches facilitated, and all will have a better guarantee that facts are stated correctly than if they were merely depending on the unsupported assertion of an individual.

1. HISTORICAL AND ARTISTICAL AUTHORITIES.

Mariana (Juan de), *Historia General de España*, in books and chapters: this history, written originally in Latin, was also published in Spanish with corrections and additions by its learned author in 1628, who is termed their "Livy" by his countrymen. The work, continued and illustrated down to Charles III., by *Eduardo Chao*, 4 vols. 8vo., Mad. 1849, offers a fair collection of *facts*, for it was not likely that the author, a priest and Jesuit, would have taken liberal or philosophical views of many of the most important bearings of his country's annals, even had any truly searching spirit of investigation been ever permitted by the censorship of the Government and Inquisition.

Mohammedan Dynasties in Spain, 2 vols. 4to., London, 1841-43, by *Don Pascual Gayangos*, the first Hispano-Arabic scholar of his day, who unites to indefatigable industry a sound critical judgment; written in English, this work must henceforward take its place as *the* text-book on the subject.

Historia de los Arabes en España, by *Juan Antonio Conde*, 4 vols. 4to., Mad. 1820-21, is compiled entirely from Arabic authorities, and is very dry reading; the premature death of the author prevented his giving it the last finishing touches, hence sundry inaccuracies, and a general want of arrangement. It was translated into French by a M. Marles, 3 vols., Paris, 1825; or rather murdered, as the original text is misrepresented and rendered uncertain by the introduction of new and inaccurate matter.

Diccionario de las Bellas Artes, 6 vols. 8vo., Mad. 1800, by *Juan Agustin Cean Bermudez*, forms a complete dictionary of all the leading artists of Spain, with their biographies, lists of their principal works, and where they are or *were* to be seen; for this book in the hands of the Soult and Co. proved a catalogue which indicated what and where was the most valuable artistical plunder. The substance has been most ably and agreeably eviscerated by W. Stirling in his *Annals of Spain*, while the mass of additional information is what might be expected from the research of this accurate and indefatigable author. Consult also *Handbook of the Spanish School of Painting*, by Sir E. Head, 1848; and the condensed epitome of architecture, sculpture, and painting, "*Die Christliche Kunst in Spanien*," Leipzig, 1853, by J. D. Passavant, the director of the Frankfort Museum, who purposes to write an artistical tour through the Peninsula.

Noticias de los Arquitectos y Arquitectura, by J. A. Cean Bermudez, 4 vols. 4to., Mad., 1829, is an excellent dictionary of architecture. This author edited and improved the text of Don Eugenio Llaguno y Amirola;

unfortunately both wrote under the influence of their purist pedantic Græco-Romano academical age, which had little feeling for any of the earlier styles. To investigate the remains of classical antiquity, and to urge on and eulogise classical copyists was their chief end, to the comparative neglect of other branches of the subject. The *Sumario de las Antigüedades Romanas en España*, 1 vol. fol., Mad. 1832, by the same author, gives a correct summary of all the chief remains of antiquity which still exist in Spain, with copious indexes.

An epitome of *Spanish Architecture* will be found in a paper of ours in the Quarterly, No. cliv. (1846). Consult also the useful *Ensayo Historico*, by José Caveda, 8vo., Mad. 1849, in which every style is traced from the Roman to the present period, with the still-existing examples cited.

Historia Critica of Juan Francisco Masdeu, 20 vols. 4to., Mad. 1784, 1805. This work of research, although tedious, contains a vast collection of documentary information and antique inscriptions; these title-deeds of the dead, saved from the wreck of time, are now doubly valuable, as many of the originals have perished. Here, while no dry bone of antiquity is left unpicked, too much of the mediæval and modern has been passed over. Begun, like many things of Spain, on too grand and extensive a scale, this work never was completed.

For the ancient *geography* of Spain, consult *Géographie von Hispanien*, Konrad Mannert, 8vo., 3rd edit., Leipsig, 1829; and, better still, *Hispanien*, Fr. Aug. Ukert, Weimar, 1821, second part, p. 229. For early *History* down to the Goths, consult *Histoire Générale de l'Espagne*, B. Depping, 2 vols. 8vo., Paris, 1814; and excellent, but not yet completed, *Histoire de l'Espagne* of M. Romey. However, as to her history, few countries are more indebted to another than Spain is to English and American writers; suffice it to mention the names of Robertson, Dunlop, Coxe, Irving, Prescott, Lord Mahon, Stirling, and others.

The *Viaje de España*, by Antonio Ponz, 18 vols., Mad. 1786-94, presents a valuable itinerary of Spain as it was, before the most precious monuments were destroyed, and its treasures plundered by Vandals foreign and domestic. This Leland of Spain published his itineraries to rebut some caustic criticisms of the *Vago Italiano*, the Padre Caimo; for it is, and has long been one of the weaknesses of Spain since her decline, to consider herself the object of the envy and admiration of the universal mankind, and to fancy that all are conspired to misunderstand and depreciate her superior excellencies; then, as now, those foreigners who tell the *truth*, are set down as liars, libellers, and antagonists, just as if a mariner should quarrel with his best friend, an honest barometer. Ponz, a kind-hearted careful observer, could not escape the one-sided prejudices of his age, which looked only to the antique, or to the imitations of classical style. He was cruelly addicted to the Castilian disease of twaddle, and the pith of his 18 tomes might be condensed into half-a-dozen.

Diccionario Geografico, by Sebastian de Mifiano, 10 vols. 4to., Mad. 1826-9. This geographical and topographical description of the Peninsula was somewhat "done to order" for the home market, and over coloured to flatter the government of the day; it is now completely superseded by the *Diccionario Geografico Estadistico Historico* of Pascual Madoz, xvi. vol. 4to., Mad. 1848-50. This important work is indeed a creditable monument of individual perseverance, unaided,

may thwarted by some of the "powers that be." They disliked "taking stock" when they had no effects, and obstructed revelations of the prison-house, and of that nakedness of the land brought about by *misgovernment*—the true source of evil to which Madoz alludes, as much as he dare do. The people, on their parts, disliked to be numbered, as betiding no good, and significative of fresh taxes, increased conscription, &c.

The articles in this work differ, having been furnished by "1000" local contributors. The amount of information in statistics, in judicial, criminal, commercial, and fiscal details, is considerable, and must prove of great use to *original* tour writers. The geologist also will find much new and interesting matter. P. Madoz, a gallant partizan, and a Catalan liberal, was banished by Ferdinand VII. to France, of whose young school he became a disciple; hence he sneers at England—*fria calculadora*—and attributes Spain's independence to Spanish arms alone! Never weary of monsterring her molehills into mountains, of trumpeting forth the bush-fightings of partizau warfare, as *prodigios de valor*, he escapes from the chronic atrophy of *present* paralysis, to recollections of a glorious *past* and hopes of a brilliant *future*.—*Cosas de España*; and we may mention one other "thing:" when the real value of this work was recognised, the government felt bound to offer some sort of patronage, and as "funds were wanting," hit upon this scheme. All *cesantes*, widows, &c., who had pensions with long *atrasos*, arrears, were allowed to take copies of this work, without payment, to the amount due to them from Government, which many did, selling them forthwith; thus a work worth 80 dollars fell, from the glut in the market, to about 15 or 20.

The best and rarest of the local histories will be named in their respective localities. This branch of Spanish literature forms indeed a goodly row on the book collector's shelf—*præclara Supellex*.

2. RELIGIOUS AUTHORITIES.

La España Sagrada, commenced in 1747, now consists of 47 vols. 4to.; this a grand work, framed on the scope of the *Italia Sacra* of Ughelli, 1644, and the *Gallia Christiana* of the brothers Sainte Marthe, 1715, was compiled by the learned Padre Henrique Florez, who may be called the Dugdale, Muratori, or Montfaucon of Spain. The *Academia de la Historia* of Madrid is charged with its continuance, but so many of the archives of cathedrals and convents were made cartridges of by the Soulets and Suchets, and destroyed during the recent civil wars and sequestrations, that the treatment of the latter dioceses must of necessity be somewhat inferior to the former, from the lack of those earliest and most interesting documents, which, fortunately printed by Florez, were thus rescued from destruction; Florez is also the author of *Medallas de España*, 3 vols. folio, Mad. 1757, 73. The 3rd volume, rather rare, and smaller than the two preceding, treats of the coins and medals of Spain earlier than the Romans, and down to the Goths: plates are given of the examples, and a short account of the mints in which they were struck. These, the portrait and picture books of antiquity, and of all its remains those which have best escaped, now possess a value far different from their original monetary standard, and one the ancients never contemplated, and illustrate at once the religion, war, and history of the past.

Flos Sanctorum, or *Vida de los Santos*, by the Jesuit Pedro Ribadeneyra and others. The Madrid fol. edit. of 1790, 3 vols., is that here quoted. It gives the present church authorised version of legends and monkish miracles—shorn indeed from the *Legenda Aurea* of Voragine, and suited to more enlightened and sceptical times. Fr^o Pacheco, in his *Arte de la Pintura*, also details the correct colours and attributes with which these legends were to be expressed by the imitative arts; consult also *Pictor Christianus Eruditus*, Juan Justerian de Ayala, fol., Mad. 1730; or the Spanish translation by Luis de Duran, 2 vols. 4to., Mad. 1782. Without some of these books none can hope to understand the fine arts of the Peninsula, whether in cathedral or gallery; indeed, Palomino (ii. 131) considered a work of this kind to be absolutely *indispensable* to every Spanish artist, as being to modern papal hagiography, what a Lemprière is to ancient pagan mythology. Nor in many cases will much more be found to be changed than the mere names.

3. MILITARY AUTHORITIES.

These necessarily are of 3 classes, and belong to the invader, the *French*; the invaded, the *Spanish*; and the deliverer, the *English*. They correct and explain each other.

Œuvres de N. Buonaparte, 5 vols. 8vo., Paris, 1822. *Le Style est l'Homme*, and great as this great general was in victories—Marengo, Jena, Austerlitz—and greater in the number of his reverses—Egypt, Russia, Leipzig, and Waterloo, he was greatest by far as a phrasemaker, a writer of leading articles, and was indubitably the first “Thunderer” of France. These tomes contain his Moniteur proclamations, bulletins, and information, “garbled,” as the Duke says, “in the usual Jacobin style,” and filled with “the usual philippics” against *la perfide Albion et son or*. True exponents of this true Italian and of his machiavellian system, his compositions breathe fire and spirit, *splendide mendax*; and if occasionally Ossianic, and the very reverse of the dispatches of our plain veracious Duke, were admirably suited for his readers and purposes. Although the truth is seldom in them, they fascinate by their “invention” and daring, and burn like sparks struck from granite by the sword. His nonsense suited the nonsense of a time and followers, who neither understood nor appreciated a quiet undemonstrative performance of duty; to whom, from having no feeling for moral greatness, *La gloire* came more acceptable when arrayed in the melodramatic tinsel of a *Franconi Murat*. These things are matters of taste and race. To deny Buonaparte’s military merits would be absurd, and in none more so than an Englishman, at whose expense no single leaf of his large chaplet was earned; and those who unjustly seek to curtail its fair proportions, rob our soldiers and sailors of half their glory; but as a man and a civilian he was mean, and the incarnation of selfish egotism.

Histoire de la Guerre dans la Péninsule, General Foy, 4 vols., Paris, 1827. This author, one of the humble instruments of the *despot* Empire and rule of brute force, became a patriot under the gentle *constitutional* Restoration. Like all inferior imitators, he out-herods and out-buckrams Buonaparte. Even his friend Chateaubriand, no foe in the abstract to

charlatanism, describes him as "homme d'imagination et sujet à se tromper" (*Congrès de Vér.* 43). Eloquent and clever as M. Foy was, he could not always *invent* facts, or *guess* numbers accurately; nor was he equal to that most difficult of all tasks, the sustaining consistently throughout a "fiction of military romance." The truth creeps out in accidental contradictions. Foy, says Sir G. Murray ('*Quart. Review*,' cxi. 167), who knew him well in peace and war, has as "a writer shown notoriously the grossest ignorance in respect to many particulars connected with England, about which a very slight inquiry would have set him right." M. Foy, who was present at every *sauve qui peut*, from Roleia to Waterloo, has the face to deny to the Duke the commonest military talent, attributes his successes to accident, and ascribes the valour of British soldiers principally to "beef and rum;" see i. 230, 259, 290, 325, et passim. *Risum teneatis?*

Journaux des Sièges dans la Péninsule, J. Belmas, 4 vols. 8vo., Paris, 1836, projected by Buonaparte in 1812, and finished by Soult, professes to be based on authentic *documents* (for what they are see p. 79) in the French war-office—it details how the English forces were *always* double in number to the French, the reverse being nearer the truth.

Much the same may be said of the *Victoires et Conquêtes des Français*, 26 vols. 8vo., Paris, 1818-21; this compilation of a set of inferior officers and small gens-de-lettres, after the second capture of Paris, exhibits throughout an untrue, unfair, and virulent tone against the countrymen of Nelson and Wellington, about whom they write so much in hate and ignorance, and so little in fact or honour; and yet this is the vomit to which some of our neighbours return when writing on this subject. (See M. Gagenon on the Duke of Wellington, 1852.) The characteristics of other modern historical romance writers of the Lamartine and Thiers class are thus truly hit off by our Napier, when dealing with the latter little gentleman's, "pages sparkling with *paste* brilliants, but wanting the real jewel truth."

The *Itinéraire descriptif de l'Espagne*, by Alez. de Laborde, 6 vols., Paris, 1827, like Murphy's 'Alhambra,' was a bookseller's speculation, and in both cases it is difficult to believe that the authors ever were at all in Spain, so gross, palpable, and numerous are the inaccuracies: some idea of the multitudinous and almost incredible mistakes and misstatements of Laborde may be formed by reading the just critique of the '*Edin. Rev.*' xv. 5. The third edition, 1827, was tickled up by one Bory de St. Vincent, an aide-de-camp to Soult, a rabid Buonapartist, and author of a poor *Guide des Voyageurs en Espagne*, Paris, 1823. Of his *qualifications* he gives an account in the *Dédicace*—"having galloped in less than a year more than 1400 leagues." "Vous jugerez par ce *rapide* narré, des facilités que j'ai eu pour *bien voir* l'Espagne, et *concevez* que j'ai cru pouvoir en écrire avec connaissance de *cause*." This Bory afterwards became, like Foy, a *patriot*, and in 1815 edited, under a false name, a jacobin paper at Ghent.

Biographie Universelle, 74 vols. 8vo., Paris, 1811-43, is a respectable compilation, although not free from bias whenever tender national subjects are concerned.

The materials for writing political and military history, under Buonaparte, were systematically tampered with, and the sources of

correct information were corrupted as a matter of course; his throne was hung around with a curtain of falsehood, lined with terror; or, in the words of his own agent, l'Abbé de Pradt, with *ruse doublée de terreur*. Under him, says even Foy, i. 17, "La presse était esclave; la police repoussait la vérité avec autant de soins, que s'il fût agi d'écartier l'invasion de l'ennemi." "At all times," says the Duke ('Disp.' July 8, 1815) "of the French revolution, the actors in it have not scrupled to resort to falsehood, either to give a colour or palliate their adoption or abandonment of any line of policy; and they think, provided the falsehood answers the purpose of the moment, it is fully justified."

Under the system, formed in the school of such revolutions, the truth could seldom be known, when a disaster was represented as a victory, and the meaning-pregnant word *honour* was narrowed into mere *honneur*, or exhibition of personal bravery in the field; it followed, in the utter want of moral principle, that neither to lie or steal were held to disgrace a general, provided he was not beaten in battle. Buonaparte renewed, in war and politics, the old "Dolus an virtus quis in hoste, requirit;" and to him again is applicable the character given by Livy to Hannibal (xxi. 4): "Has tantas viri virtutes, ingentia vitia equabant; inhumana crudelitas, perfidia plusquam Punica, nihil veri, nihil sancti, nullus Deum metus, nullum jus jurandum, nulla religio."

Nor can it be wondered at, when sans-culottes were thus placed at the head of chivalrous civilized France, that a low morality should have been too much the order of the day; *tel maître, tels valets*. When Lefebvre broke his *parole*, his master—instead of sending him back, as the Duke would have done, "had any English officer been capable of such dishonour" ('Disp.' Oct. 20, 1809)—approved of the foul deed, and promoted him! Under such circumstances, the Duke "could place no confidence in their parole" (June 30, 1811). Now the farceur Foy, who ascribes the bravery of our dull slow soldiers to "beef and rum," thinks that "honour is a motive too delicate for their dense organization, and that our officers lack the exclusive idolatry of it of the French" (i. 235, 241), and this while Buonaparte was doing his best to bring back those dark ages, when telling a lie was but a familiar jest, and a breach of parole and perjury only a *façon de parler*. "Francis familiare erat *ridendo* fidem frangere" (F. Vopiscus Proculus). "Si pejeret Francus quid novi faceret, qui perjurium ipsum *sermonis genus* putat esse, non criminis" (Salvien de G. D. iv). The Duke knew exactly what he might venture to believe, for he distrusted even their honour among each other: "Although we rarely find the truth in the *public* reports of the French government *or of their officers*, I believe we may venture to depend upon the truth of what is written in cipher" ('Disp.' January 29, 1813). But according to M. Foy, Wellington was "un General vulgaire!" (i. 325); "d'un portée ordinaire!" (i. 259), when compared with the Marshals of the Empire, "Demigods of the 'Iliad'" (i. 325); whom—par parenthèse—he defeated one after the other, as easily as he did their master. And now in 1852! according to M. Thiers, Nelson, when not at sea, is still *un homme borné!* and Wellington *d'un peu d'entendu!* These historical romancers become, however, authorities when admitting anything against themselves. Such confession is so diametrically opposed

to their whole system, that the reluctant testimony of an unwilling witness becomes admissible: how great indeed a defeat must that be which they term a "*non succès*," or do not claim as a victory, such as Talavera, Barrosa, Albuera, Fuentes de Onoro, Toulouse, &c.—*si videas hoc, gentibus in nostris, risu quatiare!* It is indeed strange that any individuals of a nation so chivalrously martial, of such undisputed bravery, should not understand how well it could afford to admit a reverse in a fair well-fought fight, and that any one of a people of such singular cleverness should not perceive that honesty, in the end, is the best and the most manly policy; and passing strange, that their power and keen sensitiveness of ridicule should not observe the smile and pity with which the rest of the world, who know the truth, peruse such braggadocio balderdash and sheer military romancing, as Walter Scott happily terms what the Foys, Bory St. Vincents and Co., put forth as *History!* Meantime no English traveller who values his time, temper, or breath, will argue these points. It is useless to attempt to convince men against their will, and cruel to undeceive their cherished delusion, *animi gratissimus error; qui decipi vult decipitur.*

SPANISH MILITARY AUTHORITIES.

They have two objects: one to detail the systematic razzias and the wrongs which they sustained from their invaders; the second, to blink as much as possible the assistance afforded by England, and to magnify their own exertions. They all demonstrate, to their own and Spain's entire satisfaction, that the Peninsula and Europe also, was delivered from the iron yoke of Buonaparte by *Nosotros*, and by *them alone*. Their compilations are wearisome to read, floundering through paltry partisan *guerrillas*, "little wars," by which the issue of the great campaign was scarcely ever influenced; they, in a word, join issue with the Duke, who when a conqueror in France, Spain's salvation being accomplished, wrote thus:—"It is *ridiculous* to suppose that the Spaniards or the Portuguese could have resisted *for a moment* if the British force had been withdrawn" ('Disp.' Dec. 21, 1813). The traveller, when standing on the battle-plain of Talavera, Barrosa, and Salamanca, will hear the post of superiority assigned to *Nosotros*, by whose misconduct on each of these very occasions *our* full triumph was marred.

Histoire de la Révolution d'Espagne, 3 vols. Leipsig, 1829-31, by Schepeler, a Westphalian, holding a commission in the Spanish service, and imbued with all the worst national prejudices. Hispanic Hispanior, he vents his dislike to the French by appalling details of sacks, &c., and his hatred to the English by sneering at her generals and soldiers.

La Historia Política y Militar, 3 vols. Madrid, 1833, was compiled "to order" of the grateful Ferdinand VII. by one José Muñoz Maldonado, from *official* Spanish papers, in order to fool Spanish pride, "*orgullo nacional*," to the top of its bent, and to write down Col. Napier's truthful and therefore most unpopular revelations. Hear the Duke's opinions on these Peninsular sources of *historical* information:—"In respect to papers and returns, I shall not even take the trouble of reading them, because I know that they are "*fabricated for a particular purpose*, and cannot contain an answer to the *strong fact* from

me." "Nothing shall induce me even to read, much less to give an answer to *documentos* very ingeniously framed, but which do not contain one word bearing on the point." ('Disp.' June 4, 1811.) "I have no leisure to read long papers, which are called *documents*, but which contain *not one syllable of truth*." These, like the *pièces officielles et justificatives* of the Buonapartists, on which certain authors base their astounding romances, are, Anglicè, *lies*, and from them Maldonado ascribes the glorious result to the petty war of the *guerrilleros*, and *not* to Salamanca and Vittoria nominatim (iii. 442), for the part of Hamlet is pretty much omitted; it was the *Spanish* armies that the Duke led to victory (iii. 594), the English are not even named: the Spanish military conduct throughout humbled Buonaparte, and "obfuscated in sublimity anything in Greek or Roman history" (iii. 601). What hellebore can cure a disease like this?

The *Historia del Levantamiento, &c. de España*, 5 vols. 4to. Madrid, 1133-27, by the Conde de Toreno, the celebrated loan financier and minister, is written in pure Castilian, although tainted with an affectation of quaint phraseology: he has also *borrowed* largely from Southey, without acknowledgment.

All these works, written either by official personages or under the eye of the Government, are calculated also to suppress the true, and suggest the false; they advocate the *few* at the expense of the *many*; they defend the shallow *heads* and corrupt *hearts* by which the honest members of the Spanish nation were sacrificed, by which whole armies were left wanting in everything at the most critical moment, and brave *individuals* exposed to certain collective defeat. As Orpheus and San Antonio charmed brutes, by dulcet strains and sermons, so Spanish *juntas* and authors manage to seduce their countrymen by flattering tales, and by cramming them with *La Magnanima Mensogna*, or *Romance*, so congenial to their ardent imaginations and self-conceit: the universal nation believes greedily what it vehemently desires; they are told, and doubt not, that their *Guerilla* or petty war was the battle of giants; that their puddle was the ocean, their minnows the tritons, and a very small supply of the oil of facts suffices for the lamp of their so-called history. The inveterate Eastern idiosyncrasy seeks to be deceived with false prophecies, and "the people love to have it so." Hence, as in the days of Jeremiah (v. 31), "The priests have rule by these means; and Spanish histories of the war are only to be paralleled by Spanish histories of monkish miracles and legends.

Far be it from us to imitate their example; for, however thwarted by their miserable leaders in camp and cabinet, honour eternal is due to the PEOPLE OF SPAIN, worthy of better rulers and a better fortune! And now that the jobs and intrigues of their Juntas, the misconduct and incapacity of their wretched Generals, are sinking into the deserved obscurity of oblivion, the *national resistance* as a whole rises nobly out of the ridiculous details, a grand and impressive feature, which will ever adorn the annals of haughty Spain. That resistance was indeed wild, disorganized, undisciplined, and Algerine, but it held out to Europe an example which was not shown by the civilized Italian or intellectual German. A wide distinction must ever be drawn between individuals and their country at large. Thus in speaking of chivalrous, intellectual,

and mighty France, never is the time-honoured glory of the white *panache* of her Henri IV. intended to be stained by the foul deeds committed in camp or cabinet, in cloister or city, by criminals whom a Robespierre Revolution raised to a momentary command; and we gladly hail in our present ally, a foe whom we ever have found worthy of our steel in war, and now in peace a no less noble competitor in all that humanises and ennobles mankind. *Esto perpetua!*

ENGLISH MILITARY AUTHORITIES.

These are of all classes and quality. Among the minor and most entertaining are the works of Gleig, Sherer, and Kincaid. Hamilton's *Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns*, revised by F. Hardman, 1849, is on the whole one of the fairest compilations from the best authorities. We shall chiefly quote three others.

Southey's *History of the Peninsular War* is a true exponent of its author, a scholar, poet, and blind lover of the Spaniards, their ballads and chronicles. It breathes a high, generous, monarchical tone; a detestation of the tyrannical and revolutionary, and a loathing for cruelty, bad faith, and Vandalism. It is somewhat descriptive, excursive, and romantic, and the work of a civilian and professional man of letters; indeed, military men assert that the author had not the slightest perception of their craft, or ever grappled with the object of any campaign, or understood a single battle. The Duke thought the "book a romance, and so I told him"—*ipse dixit*.

The *History of the War in the Peninsula*, by Napier, in most respects the antithesis to Southey, is the book of a real soldier, and characterized by a bold, nerve, and high-toned manliness. The style is graphic, original, and attractive. He scourges with a whip of steel our own and the Spanish governmental *mediocrities*, such, without the Duke's Dispatches, as the world never could have believed. He has placed on record "the ignorance and incapacity, the vanity, cowardice, hopeless imbecility, insane arrogance, and restless, intriguing, false, and treacherous spirit of our Peninsular allies," and has demonstrated, irrefragably as a problem in Euclid, that "Spain at the end was as helpless as she had been at the beginning and all through the war, and quite unequal to her own deliverance either by arms or policy; that it was English valour and English steel, directed by the genius of an English general, which, rising superior to all obstacles, whether presented by his own or the Peninsular governments, or by the perversity of national character, *alone* worked out her independence;" and his best efforts, it may be added, were thwarted by a malignant opposition, whose hopes of getting into place, based on Buonaparte's success, led them to bully and hamper a feeble ministry; in fact, to defeat the foe in the field was the easiest of the Duke's herculean labours.

In vain have authors on both sides of the Pyrenees tried to write down Napier's facts, stern things and sternly expressed in the rough-rider, double-shotted style of a hard-hitter and good hater; and be his political and strategic *opinions* what they may, his stated *facts* are trustworthy; for the Great Duke, who liked the gallant soldier as a man, readily afforded him any information. The author, although anxious to be impartial, is unaware of his strong under-current of democratic preju-

dices; his ultra-advocacy of Soult, and idol-worship of Buonaparte, not merely as a general, but as a man and statesman, justify the excellent criticism of Lord Mahon, that this work is by far the best *French* account of the war. If Napier's modern Cæsar be the superhuman perfection of civil and military genius, what must that far greater Man be who cropped all his blushing honours to make a garland for his own crest? that man who never lost a gun, who never had a *sauve qui peut*—no Egypt, Leipsig, Russia, or Belgium—one whose coup-de-grace, Waterloo, "settled Boney," decided the fate of the world, and gave it peace for half a century—whose Waterloo is an epic of itself, to which Marengo, Austerlitz, and Jena, are mere glorioles and episodes, full of sound and fury, and signify nothing?

Colonel Napier deals gently with the Duke's opponents in the field, treating their systematic plunder, &c., as customs of war. Soult, who never met the English but to be defeated, is in fact the Achilles of his Iliad, of which the ill-fated Moore is the "Hector." Meantime, the real "*Deus ex machina*"—the Duke—is constantly criticised; the faults he committed are set right, and he is shown how much better the campaign might have been managed in Napier's opinion; all these commentaries were indeed written more for the benefit of posterity than of his Grace, who thus wrote to Mr. D. Perceval, June 6, 1835:—"Notwithstanding my great respect for Colonel Napier and his work, I have never read a line of it, because I wished to avoid being led into a literary discussion, which I should probably find more troublesome than the operations which it is the design of the Colonel's work to describe and record." Those curious to see the critic criticised, may turn to the reviews of Napier's History, written in the "Quarterly" by Sir George Murray, a brother soldier, and one who fought every inch of the campaign.

The recent edition of Napier (1853) is valuable, from the crushing rejoinder made by the fearless author to the "inventions" of M. Thiers's *real* French version. A soldier like Napier may indeed give his opinion in councils of war and battle; and no Polybius ever described the actual conflict with more spirit-stirring touch; but when Monsieur Thiers lectures a Wellington on the art of war, the old story of the pedant Phormio and Hannibal at once occurs:—"I have indeed seen many dotards in my life," said the greatest general of antiquity, "but none so bad as this."

Napier's new edition is unfortunately disfigured by multitudinous misspellings and mistakes in Spanish names and orthography; a reference to the commonest map and dictionary might have obviated this "intrepidity of error," to use one of our author's criticisms of Sir Walter Scott's History. In any future edition an index will add much to the utility of the work.

Dispatches of "the Duke." This is the TRUE ENGLISH book, which with the companion volumes of immortal Nelson posterity will never let die: this is the antidote and corrective of all libels, and the final court of appeal in all questions of real facts. Here is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and no mistake; nothing is extenuated, nothing is set down in malice. Wellington, born, bred, and educated like a gentleman, could not lie, like revolutionary upstarts

whose low-birth habits no subsequent titles could eradicate. La casque sent toujours le hareng. In this country, where "character" makes or mars a man, the Duke would just as soon have thought of robbing a church, as of telling a lie. Clear in his "great office," he never alloyed his glory with the dross of pillage or peculation. Honesty was his policy; his shrine of immortality was approached through the temple of virtue, and he trusted to a grateful country to provide means to support a dignity which he had carved out with an untarnished sword. A conqueror of conquerors, he scorned to bully, and was too really powerful to exchange the simplicity of greatness for bulletin bombast, the hectoring rhodomontade of theatrical clap-trap. He scouted all the balderdash of "driving leopards into the sea," of "finishing campaigns with thunderbolts," and similar feats, sooner said than done. He was too just and generous to deny merit to a brave although a vanquished opponent. Serene and confident in himself—*αξιως ων*—he pursued his career of glory, without condescending to notice the mean calumnies, the "things invented by the enemy," who judged of others by themselves: for wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile. The Duke's writings are the exponent of the man; they give a plain unvarnished tale, with no fine writing about fine fighting. Every line bears that honest ENGLISH impress TRUTH, without which there can be no real manliness or greatness; and when will any of the "demigods" of the Revolution dare to publish his private correspondence? The Duke's own portraiture is unprecedented, and the *moral* exhibition of *abnegation of self*, and of that first and paramount duty, *the serving King and country*, is more valuable than this record of unparalleled military achievements, itself one more enduring than bronze.

Wellington, the real *editor* of his works, read all in proof, and corrected every page with his own hand. The papers were set up in type exactly as they had been written. But now, when the campaign was concluded, always considerate for others, he struck out every name and sentence which might give pain, and to such an extent, that matter sufficient for six additional volumes was cancelled. One copy alone exists of the entire work, and consists of the identical sheets marked by the Duke's revising pen. And when the present generation is past, when personal considerations cease to operate, and history can fairly claim its entire rights, these now sealed-up volumes will raise their author to even a higher pinnacle, by a more complete display of all his qualities, both as a man and as a general, and by a further revelation of the inadequacy of the means by which ends so great were accomplished. Then, as he remarked himself, "When my papers are read, many statues will have to be taken down."

The publication of this code of the "Soldier and Gentleman," this encyclopædia of military and administrative science, forced our opposition to admit the union in him, of all those high qualities which the glorious profession of arms peculiarly calls forth. In these unaffected documents, they who run must read his love for King and country, his spotless honour and honesty, exalted sense of duty, god-like presence of mind, self-relying courage in danger, serene equanimity alike in reverse or victory; his lofty contempt of calumniators—his self-denial and scrupulous consideration of others—his sagacity and

forethought—his unsparing, intense labour of body and mind—last, not least, his modesty and simplicity.

The nervous, perspicuous, idiomatic style of these despatches, drawn from deep wells of pure Anglo-Saxon undefiled, is no less truly English in word than in thought; they tell their own story, with the unadorned eloquence of real patriotism. The iron energy of his sword passed, like Cæsar's, into his didactic pen, and he used either instrument with equal facility, to turn his antagonists to flight or shame. He fought as he wrote, and so he spoke. Hyperbolic only in the defence of comrades, he knew how cheering the note of praise is to the distant soldier fighting for his King, and how depressing the cold blast of a factious parliamentary Opposition. He was no Athenian sophist skilled in logomachies—no practised debater, no intellectual gladiator; he just said the right thing at the right time, constantly expressing the most in the fewest words, and his character carried conviction. All understood his blunt discourse—soldier-like, as if giving the word of command; and few took offence at his honest home-thrusts, or could resist his sledgehammer blows on the nail's head. He used his words to explain, not conceal his thoughts; not a few terse phrases have passed into proverbs already—but a quiver might be filled with the pithy, pointed shafts shot from his mind, that arsenal of sound judgment, wide experience, and common sense—*mens sana in corpore sano*.

4. MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.

The Duke's Dispatches, so far as they go, give the best idea of Spain and Spaniards, and of a true Spanish Handbook he must form the hero; and many are the sites which, gilded by his name and fame, stir up the inner heart of his countrymen. The other works, native and foreign, which treat on local and general subjects, will be pointed out in their proper places, and form a new branch of literature, well worth the consideration of the traveller and bibliophile. The *Bibliotheca Hispana Vetus et Nova*, by Nicolas Antonio, 4 vols. folio, Mad., 1788, and edited by the learned Bayer; although the arrangement is very inartificial and confused, it is one of the best bibliographical works of Spain. The lover of black letter and of books printed in Spain before 1500, cannot dispense with the *Typographia Española*, Francisco Mendez, 4to., Mad., 1796. The *Index Expurgatorius*, published at Madrid by the orthodox Church, is also an excellent *vade mecum* and guide to all about to form a really good library, as the priests, deadly foes to mind, carefully inserted every book likely to furnish useful and entertaining knowledge.

XIX.—HINTS TO BOOK COLLECTORS.

A word to our beloved brethren bibliophiles. Books in Spain have always been both scarce and dear, for where there are few purchasers, prices must be high to remunerate the publisher or importer. The public libraries of Spain are few and imperfect. Those recently formed in provincial towns consist of brands rescued from the suppressed convents, and chiefly relate to monastic and legendary lore. Every collection or library, again, in Spain is subject to dilapidations of various kinds. There is seldom any catalogue, and, should one exist,

it is soon mislaid. None then can check directors and *Empleados*, who pick out the plums, exchange imperfect copies for the good ones, and thus men, beggars by birth, end with fine galleries and libraries. Señor Conde for example. *Quis custodes, custodiat?*

The works mentioned in this *Handbook*, and principally the topographical, have become rarer and dearer since the publication, as more collectors have been put on the scent in England, and in France also, as Monsieur Maison, in his pirated *Guide du Voyageur*, appropriated all our bibliographical information, in common with everything else that suited the French market. Most of the Spanish classic authors have been reprinted in Paris by the bookseller Baudry, under the direction of Señor Ochoa, one not over-qualified for the difficult task.

The lighter literature of Spain of the Picaresque, Salas Barbadillo class, *Los libros de entretenimiento*, are very rare. Few copies were printed originally, and they have either perished in the use of thumbs at home, or were exported to Mexico in the reign of Charles II., when they met with no sale at home from mystical books being all the fashion. Many more were burnt by the priests, who, on the death of collectors, frightened the widows and women (like Don Quixote's niece) with the idea of their sensual, Satanic, and heretical tendency.

In the rare instances where books prohibited by the Inquisition were permitted, they were kept caged like wild beasts under lock and key, and those semi-permitted were first emasculated, the best passages *borrado* or inked over by the *Inquisition*, who watched with eye of Argus and hand of harpy over the smallest expression of truth, or the slightest hint that might set human intellect on thinking. The males of the Sp. masses to this day read little but their old ballads, and the Cid is still their hero; while the females love lives of saints, monkish miracles, and such like *obras de devotion* which their Church substitutes for the Bible.

The commonest editions of the classics are hardly to be had. The Spaniard never was much of a critic or learned annotator; and in general there are very few of his books by which a foreigner, accustomed to better works on the same subjects, will be much benefited or amused. Spanish literature, depressed and tinctured by the Inquisition, was a creature of accident, and good productions occurred only like palms in the desert; it never exercised a connected influence on national civilization, excepting its chronicles and ballads—the *chap*, the household books of the people, and the delight of the vulgar to this day, consist much of this poetry of national heroism, which the learned despised, while vast indeed was the proportion dedicated to scholastic theology, monkish legends, and polemical research, and the cloister was the best customer. In general there is a want of sound critical judgment, of bold, searching, truth-grappling philosophy. The Spaniards themselves are aware of this comparative inferiority, although none dared, for fear of the furnace, to name the real cause. Half their works on literature take the explanatory and apologetical tone. Since the recent changes, matters have had a tendency to improve, but still theology, law, and medicine, form the chief subjects. There are very few classical works beyond mere school-books, and those mostly in Latin. Greek, indeed, was never much known in Spain; even learned men quoted from Latin translations, and, when they used

the Greek word, often printed it in Roman letters. Greek books were either printed in Flanders or procured from Italy, owing to the scarcity of its type in Spain. The Latin Vulgate, in fact, superseded the Greek Testament. German is altogether modern Greek to Spaniards. There is a sprinkling of English works, grammars, 'Vicars of Wakefield,' and 'Buchan's Domestic Medicine.' 'Valter Scott,' double done into Spanish from the French, fares no better than the Bard of Avon—'Cheshire, que les Anglais écrivent Schakspir;' who, travestied "en Français," is like Niagara passed through a jelly-bag. Real French books are more common, and especially those which treat on medical, chemical, and mechanical subjects; and as Spain imports her literature and paletôts from Paris, one of her worst misfortunes is that she is mistaught what is going on in intellectual Germany and practical England, through the unfair, garbled, and inaccurate alembic of French translation. This habit of relying on other nations for original works on science has given a timidity to Spanish authors, as it is easier to translate and borrow than to invent. They distrust each other's compositions as much as they do each other's word, and turn readily to a foreign book, in spite of all their dislike to foreigners, which is more against persons than things. The bulk of Spaniards would as soon think of having a cellar as a library, and generally speaking the trash offered for sale has few attractions for a foreigner. A "reading public" in Spain, long among the things wanting out of the Church, is still in an infant state, and is still rocked in the cradle of *Liceos*, *Casinos*, and other copies of trans-Pyrenean club civilization. Most of the curious private Spanish libraries were dispersed during the war of independence, when those which were not stolen by the Junots, made into cartridges by the Soults and Suchets, or burnt to heat their camp-kettles, escaped to England, and even the best books of these are seldom in good condition; the copies are torn, worm-eaten, stained, and imperfect, for the Spaniards, like the Orientals, never were collectors or conservators, nor had a real keen relish or perception of matters of taste and intellectual enjoyment; they are to modern nations what the old Romans were to the Greeks—soldiers, conquerors, and colonists, rather than cultivators of elegance, art, fancy, and æsthetic enjoyments. The collector of rare and good books may rest assured that a better and cheaper Spanish library is to be formed in one month in London than in one year in Spain. The native bookseller, sui generis, and one of the true *Cosas de España*, is indeed a queer, uncomfortable creature for an eager English collector to fall foul of. He sets ensconced among his parchment-bound wares, more indifferent than a Turk. His delight is to twaddle with a few cigaesque clergymen and monks (when there were monks); and in fact they were almost the only purchasers. He acts as if he were the author, or the collector, not the vendor of his books. He scarcely notices the entrance of a stranger; neither knows what books he has got or what he has not; he has no catalogue, and will scarcely reach out his arm to take down any volume which is pointed out; he never has anything which is published by another bookseller, and will not send and get it for you, nor always even tell you where it may be procured. As for gaining the trade allowance by going himself for a book, he would not stir if it were twenty-five hundred instead of twenty-five per cent. Recent tra-

vellers report that now-a-days the genus *Bibliopolium Ibericum* is getting a trifle sharper. In the days of Ferdinand VII., whenever we were *young* enough to hint at the unreasonable proposition of begging one of them to get us any book, the certain rejoinder was, "*Ah que! I must mind my shop; you have nothing else to do but run up and down streets*"—*tengo que guardar la tienda, V. está corriendo las calles*. When one of them happens not to be receiving visitors, and, for want of anything better, will attend to a customer, if you ask him for any particular work—say Caro's 'Antiquities of Seville,' he will answer, "Veremos—Call again in a day or two." When you return the third or fourth time, he will hand you Pedraza's 'Antiquities of Granada.' It is in vain to remonstrate, as he will reply, "*No le hace, lo mismo tiene, son siempre antigüedades*"—"What does it signify? it is the same thing, both are antiquities." If you ask for a particular history, ten to one he will give you a poem, and say, "This is thought to be an excellent book." A book is a book, and you cannot drive him from that. If you do not admit the proposition, he will say, "Why, an Englishman bought a copy of it from me five years ago." He cannot understand how you can resist following the example of a *paisano*—a fellow-countryman. If he is in good humour, and you have won his heart by a reasonable waste of time in gossiping or cigarising, he will take down some book, and, just as he is going to offer it you, say, "Ah! but you do not understand Spanish," which is a common notion among Spaniards, who, like the Moors, seldom themselves understand any language but their own; and this, although, as you flatter yourself, you have been giving him half an hour's proof to the contrary; then, by way of making amends, he will produce some English grammar or French dictionary, which, being unintelligible to him, he concludes must be particularly useful to a foreigner, whose vernacular they are. An odd volume of Rousseau or Voltaire used to be produced with the air of a conspirator, when the dealer felt sure that his customer was a safe person, and with as much self-triumph as if it had been a *Tirante lo Blanc*; and, in fact, in the good old times, selling such books was as dangerous as fireworks—a spark might blow up shop and keeper. His dismay at the contemptuous *bah!* with which these tomes of forbidden knowledge were rejected could only be depicted by Hogarth.

XX.—HINTS TO AUTHORS.

The necessity of a third edition of this *Handbook—con perdon sea dicho*—is one proof that *il n'y a plus de Pyrenees*, so far as they existed to bar out our nomade travellers. Nor has the volume been *altogether useless* to many, who think a visit to Spain entails the necessity of "writing a book," just as if it were to Timbuctoo. The missionaries from Albemarle Street, the first in many a field, have been best served, and if *some* of the substance printed by their followers has been anticipated by them, the public may not necessarily be the loser; those who travel and write the quickest, who indite "*Revelations*" from the tops of dillys, and "*Glimpses*" from the decks of steamers, may

not always benefit mankind by discussing matters they do not quite understand, whether original or appropriated.

Meantime, to pillage the things of Spain, in peace as well as war, seems to be considered fair game by some across the channel. Thus one Monsieur Maison has larded his second edition of his own meagre *Guide de Voyageurs en Espagne*, Paris, 1851, by wholesale piratical appropriation of this Handbook, emasculated, indeed, by much suppression of the truth as regards the Bonapartist invasion. It is seldom that French travellers have done justice to their neighbour. Light, clever, and amusing, they have chiefly skimmed the surface, writing down on their tablets the scum that floats up; thus, from their *Voyage de Figaro* down to Dumas, they have indulged in a travestie, quizzing tone, to the un-speakable wrath of Spaniards, who, taking the syllabubs seriously, employ ponderous authors to upset them instead of swallowing the joke; so Marliani was set on Thiers, to refute his version of Trafalgar, and a heavier treatise is concocting to rebut his bulletin of Bailen.

The grave and sensitive Castilians are, and with justice, pained by hasty glances bestowed by the barbarian eye on only that half of the subject, of which they are most ashamed, and consider the least worth notice; this prying into the nakedness of their land and exposing it afterwards, has increased their dislike towards the *impertinente curioso*. They well know and deeply feel their country's decline; but like poor gentlefolks, who have nothing but the past to be proud of, are anxious to keep these family secrets concealed, even from themselves. This dread of being shown up sharpens their inherent suspicions, when strangers wish to examine into their ill-provided arsenals, and the beggarly account of their empty-box institutions, just as Burns was scared even by the honest antiquarian Grose—

A chiel's amang ye, takin' notes.

At the same time, when Spaniards are once satisfied that no harm is intended in sketching, &c., no people can be more civil in offering assistance of every kind, especially the lower classes, who gaze at the, to them, magical performance with wonder: the higher classes seldom take any notice, partly from courtesy and much from the *nil admirari* principle of Orientals, which conceals both inferiority and ignorance. Let no author imagine that the fairest account of Spain as she is, setting down nought in malice, can content a Spaniard; morbidly sensitive and touchy, as the worst class of Americans, both are afflicted with the notion that all the world, who are never troubling their heads about them, are thinking of nothing else, and joined in one common conspiracy, based in envy, jealousy, or ignorance: "you don't understand us, I guess." He considers it no proof either of goodness of breeding, heart, or intellect, to be searching for blemishes rather than excellences, for toadstools rather than violets, and despises those curmudgeon smell-funguses who find all a wilderness from La Mancha to Castile—who see notes rather than beams in the brightest eyes of Andalusia. Many blots exist, indeed, and Spain and Spaniards have much too long been taken at their own magniloquent and magnificent valuation. How shortlived this imposing kingdom's real greatness! begun under Ferdinand and Isabella, and waning even under Philip II. How much was

owing to accident and externals—to the possession by Charles V. of the New World, of Italy, the Low Countries, and Germany! How soon, as these dropped off and Spain was left by herself, did poverty and weakness, her normal and present condition, return! After years of systematic national self-puffing, an honest Handbook, we repeat, is bound like an appraiser, to do his duty to his employer, yet the *whole* unpalatable *truth*, told here in strict confidence, need not be repeated to the thin-skinned natives, by those who consult and put faith in a *Red Murray*; and assuredly the Peninsula affords room for other and more pleasant topics, and many and sweet are the flowers to be yet gathered.

Those kind readers who do the author of this Handbook the honour of trusting to his lucubrations on the things of Spain, will find several other matters discussed at more length in his first edition of this work, 1845, out indeed of print, but of which copies occasionally may be obtained of Mr. Lee, 440, West Strand; and also in his

Historical Inquiry of the Unchangeable Character of a War in Spain. Murray. 1837.

Gatherings in Spain. Murray. 1846:

On Cob Walls—the Moorish and Arabic	} Quart. Rev., No. cxvi.	
<i>Topfia</i>		
The Theatre of Spain	do. do.	cxvii.
Banditti	do. do.	cxviii.
Heraldry, Genealogy, Grandees.	do. do.	cxix.
Bull Fights	do. do.	cl.
Ronda and Granada	do. do.	clii.
The Age of Ferdinand and Isabella	do. do.	cliii.
Architecture of Spain	do. do.	cliv.
Spanish Ladies' Love—The sack of } Cadiz by Lord Essex }	do. do.	clv.
The Paintings of Spain	do. do.	clvi.
The Literature of Spain	do. do.	clvii.
Charles V. at Yuste	do. do.	clviii.
Spain in 1466—the Bohemian Embassy	do. do.	clx.
Apsley House—The Duke	do. do.	clxi.
Spanish Ballads	Edin. Rev.,	No. cxli.
Bible in Spain	do. do.	clv.
Larpen's Journal in Spain	do. do.	clxix.
Gipsies of Spain	Brit. and For. Rev.,	No. xxvi.
Ballads of Spain	Westminster Rev.,	No. lxx.
Biography of Velazquez	Penny Cyclopædia.	
Campaigns of Wellington	Illustrated. Brettell. 1852.	
Bull Fights illustrated	Hogarth. 1852.	

XXI.—THE BULL-FIGHT.

The bull-fight, say what moralists may, is *the* sight in Spain, and to see one certainly forms the *first* object of all the younger portion of travellers from every nation; and as not to understand after some sort the *order* of the course, the salient features, and the *language* of the "ring,"

argues in the eyes of the natives an entire want of liberal education, no Handbook for Spain can be complete without some elementary hints as to "what to observe," and what to say in the arena; there the past is linked with the present, and Spanish nationality is revealed, and no mistake, for trans-Pyrenean civilization has not yet invaded this sacred spot. The bull-fight, or, to speak correctly, the Bull-Feast, *Fiesta de Toros*, is a modern sport, and never mentioned in any authors of antiquity. Bulls were killed in ancient amphitheatres, but the present *modus operandi* is modern, and, however based on Roman institutions, is indubitably a thing devised by the Moors of Spain, for those in Africa have neither the sport, the ring, nor the recollection. The principle is the exhibition of horsemanship, courage, and dexterity with the lance, which constituted the favourite accomplishments of the children of the desert. In the early bull-fight, the animal was attacked by gentlemen armed only with the *Rejon*, a short projectile spear about four feet long. This, the *pilum* of the Romans, was taken from the original Iberian spear, the *Sparus* of Sil. Ital. (viii. 523), the *Lancea* of Livy (xxxiv. 15), the *ακοντιον* of Strabo (iii. 150), and is seen in the hands of the horsemen of the old Iberian-Romano coinage. To be a good rider and lancer was essential to the Spanish *Caballero*. This original form of bull-fight, now only given on grand occasions, is called a *Fiesta real*. Such a one Philip IV. exhibited on the *Plaza Mayor* of Madrid before our Charles I.; and Ferdinand VII. another in 1833, as the ratification of the *Juramento*, the swearing allegiance to Isabel II. (See our paper *Quar. Rev.*, cxxiv. 305.)

These *Fiestas Reales* form the coronation ceremonial of Spain, and the *Caballeros en Plaza* represent our champions. Bulls were killed, but no beef eaten; as a banquet was never a thing of no-dinner-giving Iberia "Nullus in festos dies epularum apparatus" (Justin, xlv. 2).

The final conquest of the Moors, and the subsequent cessation of the border chivalrous habits of Spaniards, and especially the accession of Philip V., which deluged the Peninsula with Frenchmen, proved fatal to this ancient usage of Spain. The monkey-puppies of Paris pronounced the Spanish bulls, and those who baited them, to be brutes and barbarous. The spectacle, which had withstood the influence of Isabella the Catholic, and had beaten the Pope's bulls, bowed before the despotism of fashion. But while the periwigged courtiers deserted the arena on which the royal eye of Philip V., who only wanted a wife and a mass-book, looked coldly, the sturdy lower classes, foes to foreign innovation, clung all the closer to the pastime of their forefathers; by becoming, however, *their* game, instead of *that* of gentlemen, it was stripped of its chivalrous character, and degenerated into the vulgar butchery of low mercenary bull-fighters, just as our rings and tournaments of chivalry, did into those of ruffian pugilists.

The Spanish bulls have been immemorially famous. Hercules, that renowned cattle-fancier, was lured into Spain by the lowing of the herds of Geryon—*Giron*,—the ancestor (*se dice*) of the Duque de Osuna. The best bulls in Andalusia are bred by Cabrera at Útrera, in the identical pastures where Geryon's herds were pastured and "lifted" by the demigod, whence, according to Strabo (iii. 169), they were obliged, after fifty days' feeding, to be driven off from fear of bursting from fat. The

age of lean kine has succeeded. Notwithstanding that Spaniards assert that their bulls are braver than all other bulls, *because* Spaniards, who are destined to kill and eat them, are braver than all other mortal men, they (the bulls) are far inferior in weight and power to those bred and fed by John Bull; albeit, the latter are not so fierce and active, from not being raised in such wild and unenclosed countries. Some of the finest Castilian bulls are bred on the *Jarama*, near Aranjuez, by the Duque de Veraguas, a great torero and descendant of Columbus, but one who has not yet discovered a new world. To our graziers these bulls would seem poor brutes, and gain few prizes at "the Show," being raised for baiting not breeding. We are not going to describe a bull-fight; the traveller will see it. Our task is to put him in possession of some of the technical rules and terms of art, which will enable him to pass his judgment on the scene as becomes a true amateur, *un aficionado*. This term *aficion* is the origin of our "fancy."

Bull-fights are extremely expensive, costing from 300*l.* to 400*l.* a time; accordingly, out of the chief capitals and Andalucia, they are only got up now and then, on great church festivals and holy days of saints, royal and public rejoicings. As Andalucia is the head quarters of the ring, and Seville the capital, the *alma mater* of the tauromachists of the Peninsula, the necessity of sending to a distance for artists and animals increases the expense. The prices of admittance, compared to the wages of labour in Spain, are very high.

Nor are all bulls fit for the *plaza*: only the noblest and bravest animals are selected. The first trial is the *Herradura*, "Ferradura: à ferro," the branding with hot iron. The one-year-old calf bulls are charged by the *conocedor*, the herdsman, with his *garrocha*, the real Thessalian goad, *οππηξ*. Those which flinch are thrown down and converted into oxen. The kings of Spain, from Philip IV. to Ferdinand VII., attended by their delicate queens and maids of honour, invariably witnessed this operation at Aranjuez! The bulls which pass this "*little go*," the *Novillos*, are in due time again tested by being baited with tipped horns, *embolados*; but, since they are not killed, this pastime, as based on fiction and impotent in conclusion, is despised by the true *torero* and *aficionado*, who aspire only to be in at the death, at *toros de muerte*. The sight of the bull-calf is amusing, from the struggle between him and his majesty the mob; nor is there any of the blood and wounds by which delicate strangers are offended, as at the full-grown fight. Bull-baiting in any shape is irresistible to the lower classes of Spaniards, who disregard injuries done to their bodies, and, what is far worse, to their cloaks. The hostility to the bull, his second nature, grows with his growth. The very children play at *toro*, just as ours do at leap-frog, when one represents the bull, who is killed *secundum artem*. Few grown-up Spaniards, when on a journey, can pass a bull (or hardly even a cow) without bullying and insulting him, by waving their cloaks in the defiance of *el capeo*. As bull-fights cost so much, the smaller towns indulge only in mock-turtle, in the *novillos* and *embolados*. In the mountain towns few bulls, or even oxen, are brought in for slaughter without first being baited through the streets. They are held by a long rope, *toros de cuerda, de gallumbo*. Ferd. VII., at the instigation of the Conde de Estrella, and of Don José Manuel de Arjona, founded a tauro-

machian university, a *Bull-ford*, at Seville, near the *matadero*, or slaughter-house, which long had been known by the cant term of *el colegio*. The inscription over the portal ran thus:—*Ferdinando VII., Pio, Feliz, Restaurador, para la enseñanza preservadora de la Escuela de Tauromachia*: Ferd. VII., the pious, fortunate, and restored, for the *preservative* teaching of the Tauromachian School. In fact, bread and bulls, *pan y toros*, the Spanish cry, is but the echo of the Roman *Panem et Circenses*. The pupils were taught by retired bull-fighters, the counterpart of the *lanistæ* of antiquity. *Candido* and *Romero* were the first professors: these tauromachian heroes had each in their day killed their hecatombs, and, like the brother-lords Eldon and Stowell, may be said to have fixed the practice and equity of their arenas on sound principles which never will be upset.

The profits of the bull-fight are usually destined for the support of hospitals, and, certainly, the fever and the frays subsequent to the show, provide both patients and funds. The *Plaza* is usually under the superintendance of a society of noblemen and gentlemen—arenæ perpetui comites. These corporations are called *Maestranzas*, and were instituted in 1562, by Philip II., in the hope of improving the breed of Spanish horses and men at arms. The king is always the *Hermano mayor*, or elder brother. These tauromaquian brotherhoods were confined to four cities, viz. Ronda, Seville, Granada, and Valencia, to which Zaragoza was added by Ferdinand VII., the only reward it ever obtained for its heroic defence against the invaders. The members, or *maestranteras*, of each city are distinguished by the colour of their uniforms: as they must all be of gentle blood, *Hidalgos*, and are entitled to wear a gaudy costume, the person-decorating honour is much sought for.

The day appointed for the bull-feast is announced by placards of all colours. We omit to notice their contents, as the traveller will see them on every wall.

The first thing is to secure a good place beforehand, by sending for a *Boletín de Sombra*, a shade-ticket. The prices of the seats vary according to position, as the great object is to avoid the sun; the best places are on the northern side, in the *shade*. The transit of the sun over the Plaza, the zodiacal progress into Taurus, is certainly not the worst calculated astronomical observation in Spain: the line of shadow defined on the arena is marked by a gradation of prices. The sun of torrid, tawny Spain, on which it once never set, is still not to be trifled with, and the summer season is selected because pastures are plentiful, which keep the bulls in good condition, and the days are longer. The fights take place in the afternoon when the sun is less vertical. The different seats and prices are detailed in the bills of the play, with the names of the combatants and the colours and breeds of bulls.

The day before the fight the bulls destined for the spectacle are brought to a site outside the town. N.B. No amateur should fail to ride out to see what the *ganado*, the *bichos* or cattle, is like. The *encierro*, the driving them from this place to the arena, is a service of danger, but is extremely picturesque and national. No artist or aficionado should omit attending it. The bulls are enticed by tame oxen, *cabestros*, into a road which is barricaded on each side, and then are driven full speed by the mounted *conocedores* into the *Plaza*. It is so exciting a spectacle

that the poor who cannot afford to go to the bull-fight risk their lives and cloaks in order to get the front places, and best chance of a stray poke *en passant*.

The next afternoon (St. Monday is usually the day) all the world crowds to the *Plaza de toros*; nothing, when the tide is full, can exceed the gaily and sparkle of a Spanish public going, eager and dressed in their best, to the *fight*. They could not move faster even if they were running away from a real one. All the streets or open spaces near the outside of the arena are a spectacle. The merry mob, always on the scene, like the chorus in a Greek play, is everything. The excitement of these salamanders under a burning sun, and their thirst for the blood of bulls is fearful. It is the bird-lime with which the devil catches many a male and female soul. There is no sacrifice even of chastity, no denial which they will not undergo to save money for the bull-fight. It is to Madrid what a Review is to Paris, and the Derby to London. Sporting men now put on all their *majo*-finery: the distinguished ladies wear on these occasions white lace mantillas; a fan, *abanico*, is quite necessary, as it was among the Romans (Mart. xiv. 28). They are sold outside for a trifle, made of rude paper, and stuck into a handle of common reed. The *aficionados* and "the gods" prefer the pit, the *tendido*, or *los andamios*, the lower range, in order, by being nearer, that they may not lose the nice traits of *taurumaquia*. The *real thing* is to sit across the opening of the *toril*, which gives an occasion to show a good leg and an embroidered gaiter. The *plaza* has a language to itself, a dialect peculiar to the *ring*. The *coup d'œil* on entrance is unique; the foreigner is carried back to the coliseum under Commodus. The classical scene bursts on him in all the glory of the South. The president sits in a centre box. The *despejo*, or clearing out the populace from the arena, precedes his arrival. The proceedings open with the procession of the performers, the mounted spearmen, *picadores*; then the *chulos*, the attendants on foot, who wear their silk cloaks, *capas de durancillo*, in a peculiar manner, with the arms projecting in front; then follow the slayers, the *matadores*, and the mule-team, *el tiro*, which is destined to carry off the slain. The profession of bull-fighter is very low-caste in Spain, although the champions are much courted by some young nobles, like our blackguard boxers, and are the pride and darlings of all the lower classes. Those killed on the spot are denied the burial rites, as dying without confession. Springing from the dregs of the people, they are eminently superstitious; they cover their breasts with relics, amulets, and papal charms. A clergyman is in attendance with *su magestad*, the consecrated host, the Incarnate Deity kept waiting in person, in case of being wanted! for a dying combatant whose carcase was long denied Christian burial.

When all the bull-fighting company, thus glittering in their gorgeous costume, have advanced and passed the president, a trumpet sounds; the president throws the key of the *toril*, the cell of the bull, to the *alguacil* or *police* man, which he *ought* to catch in his feathered hat. This gentleman is unpopular; the people dislike the finisher of the law, and mob him by instinct as little birds do a hawk; as the *alguacil* generally rides like a judge or a Lord Mayor, many are the hopes and kind wishes that he may tumble off and be gored by a bull of *Nemesis*.

The different performers now take their places as our fielders do at a cricket-match. The bull-fight is a tragedy in three acts, lasts about twenty minutes, and each consists of precisely the same routine. From six to eight bulls are usually killed; occasionally another—a *toro de Gracia*—is conceded to popular clamour, which here will take no denial.

When the door of the *toril* is opened the public curiosity to see the first rush out is intense, and as none know how the bull will behave, well or ill, all are anxious to catch his character. The animal feels the novelty of his position, turned from his dark cell into glare and crowd. He is the foredoomed Satan of the Epic; ignorant indeed of his fate, for die he must, however skilful or brave his fight. This death, the catastrophe foreshadowed again as in a Greek play, does not diminish the sustained interest of the spectators, as the varied chances in the progress of the acts offer infinite incidents and unexpected combinations. In the first of the three acts the *picadores* are the chief performers; three of them are now drawn up, one behind the other, to the right at the *tablas*, the barrier between the arena and spectators; each sits bolt upright on his Rosinante, with his lance in his rest, and as valiant as Don Quixote. They wear the broad-brimmed Thessalian hat; their legs are cased with iron and leather, which gives a heavy look; and the right one, which is presented to the bull, is the best protected. This grieve is termed the *espiniñera*—the fancy call it *la mona*—the more scientific name is *gregoriara*, from the inventor, Don Gregorio Gallo—just as we say a spencer, from the noble Earl. The spear, *garrocha*, is defensive rather than offensive; the blade, *la pua*, ought not to exceed one inch; the sheathing is, however, pushed back when the *picador* anticipates an awkward customer, and they know a bull's qualities better than any Lavater or Spurzheim. A butcherous bull is called *carnicero*, who charges home, and again one charge more; *siempre llegando y con recargo*. None but a brave bull will face this *garrocha*, which they recollect of old. They dislike kicking against the pricks, and remember these rods of their youth. Those who shrink from the punishment, *castigo*, are scientifically termed *blandos*, *parados*, *temerosos*, *recelosos*, *tardos á partir*, *huyendose de la suerte*, *tardos á las varas*. When the bull charges, the *picador*, holding the lance under his right arm, pushes to the right, and turns his horse to the left; the bull, if turned, passes on to the next *picador*. This is called *recibir*, to receive the point—*recibió dos puyazos, tomó tres varas*. If a bull is turned at the first charge, he seldom comes up well again—*teme el castigo*. A bold bull sometimes is cold and shy at first, but grows warmer by being punished—*poco prometia á su salida, bravo pero reparoncillo, salió frío, pero creció en las varas*; ducit opes animunque ferro. Those who are very active—*alegres*, *ligeros*, *con muchas piernas*: those who paw the ground—*que aranan, escarban la tierra*—are not much esteemed; they are hooted by the populace, and execrated as *blandos*, *cabras*, goats, *becerritos*, little calves, *vacas*, cows, which is no compliment to a bull; and, however unskilled in bucolics, all Spaniards are capital judges of bulls in the ring. Such animals as show white feathers are loathed, as depriving the public of their just rights, and are treated with insult, and, moreover, soundly beaten as they pass near the *tablas*, by forests of sticks, *la cachiporra*. The stick of the elegant *majo*, when going to the bull-fight, is *sui*

generis, and is called *la chivata*; taper, and between 4 and 5 feet long, it terminates in a lump or knob, while the top is forked, into which the thumb is inserted. This *chivata* is peeled, like the rods of Laban, in alternate rings, black and white or red. The lower classes content themselves with a common shillelah; one with a knob at the end is preferred, as administering a more impressive whack. Their stick is called *porra*, because heavy lumbering. While a slow bull is beaten and abused, nor even his mother's reputation spared, a murderous bull, *duro chocante carnicero y pegajoso*, who kills horses, upsets men, and clears the *plaza*, becomes deservedly a universal favourite; the conquering hero is hailed with "*Viva toro! viva toro! bravo toro!*" Long life is wished to the poor beast by those who know he must be killed in ten minutes. The nomenclature of praise or blame is defined with the nicety of phrenology: the most delicate shades of character are distinguished; life, it is said, is too short to learn fox-hunting, let alone bull-fighting and its lingo. Suffice it to remark that *claro*, *bravo*, and *boyante* are highly complimentary. *Seco*, *carnudo*, *pegajoso* imply ugly customers: there are, however, always certain newspapers which give *fancy* reports of each feat. The language embodies the richest portions of Andalusian *salt*, and is expressed without any parliamentary periphrasis; during these saturnalia the liberty of speech is perfect; even the absolute king bows now to the people's voice; the *vox populi* is the *vox Dei* in this levelling rendezvous of bloodshed. The nice distinction of praise or blame, of merit or demerit, in bulls and artists, are expressed in scientific terms, which all the toresque "*fancy*" have at their tongues' tips, and students will find in the lucid glossaries of the great works of Pepe Illo and Montes.

The horses destined for the *plaza* are those which in England would be sent to the more merciful knacker; their being of no value renders Spaniards, who have an eye chiefly to what a thing is worth, indifferent to their sufferings. If you remark how cruel it is to "let that poor horse struggle in death's agonies," they will say, "*Ah que! no vale nã,*" Oh! he is worth nothing. When his tail quivers in the last death-struggle, the spasm is remarked as a jest, *mira que cola!* or when the blood-boltered bull is mantled with crimson, your attention is called to the *bel cuerpo de sangre*. The torture of the horse is the *blot* of the bull-fight: no Englishman or lover of the noble beast can witness his sufferings without disgust; these animals being worth nothing in a money point of view increases the danger of the rider; it renders them slow, difficult to manage, and very unlike those of the ancient combats, when the finest steeds were chosen, quick as lightning, turning at touch, and escaping the deadly rush: the eyes of these poor animals, who will not face the bull, are often bound with a handkerchief like criminals about to be executed; thus they await blindfold the fatal gore which is to end their life of misery. If only wounded the gash is sewed up and stopped with tow, as a leak! and life is prolonged a minute for new agonies. When the poor brute is dead at last, his carcass is stripped as in a battle, and looks poor and *rippish* indeed.

The *picadores* are subject to hair-breadth escapes and severe falls: few have a sound rib left. The bull often tosses horse and rider in one ruin; and when the victims fall on the ground, exhausts his rage

on his prostrate enemies, till lured away by the glittering cloaks of the *chulos*, who come to the assistance of the fallen *picador*. These horsemen show marvellous skill in managing to place their horses as a rampart between them and the bull. When these deadly struggles take place, when life hangs on a thread, the amphitheatre is peopled with heads. Every expression of anxiety, eagerness, fear, horror, and delight is stamped on speaking countenances. These feelings are wrought up to a pitch when the horse, maddened with wounds and terror, plunging in the death-struggle, the crimson streams of blood streaking his foam and sweat whitened body, flies from the infuriated bull, still pursuing, still goring; then is displayed the nerve, presence of mind, and horsemanship of the undismayed *picador*. It is, in truth, a piteous, nay, disgusting sight to see the poor dying horses treading out their entrails, yet saving their riders unhurt. The miserable steed, when dead, is dragged out, leaving a bloody furrow on the sand, as the river-beds of the arid plains of Barbary are marked by the crimson fringe of the flowering oleanders. A universal sympathy is shown for the horseman in these awful moments; the men shout, and the women scream, but this soon subsides. The *picador*, if wounded, is carried out and forgotten—*los muertos yidos, no tienen amigos*, the dead and absent have no friends,—a new combatant fills the gap, the battle rages, he is not missed, fresh incidents arise, and no time is left for regret or reflection. We remember at Granada seeing a *matador* gored by a bull; he was carried away for dead, and his place immediately taken by his son, as coolly as a viscount succeeds to an earl's estate and title. The bull bears on his neck a ribbon, *la divisa*; this is the trophy which is most acceptable to the *querida* of a *buen torero*. The bull is the hero of the scene, yet, like Milton's Satan, he is foredoomed and without reprieve. Nothing can save him from a certain fate, which awaits all, whether brave or cowardly. The poor creatures sometimes endeavour in vain to escape, and they have favourite retreats in the *plaza, su querencia*; or they leap over the barrier, *barrera*, into the *tendido*, among the spectators, upsetting sentinels, water-sellers, &c., and creating a most amusing hubbub. The bull which shows this craven turn—*un tumante cobarde picaro*—is not deemed worthy of a noble death by the sword. The cry of dogs, *perros, perros*, is raised. He is baited, pulled down, and stabbed in the spine. A bull that flinches from death is scouted by all Spaniards, who neither beg for their own life nor spare that of a foe. The tension of their excitement is only to be discharged by blood: and, if disappointed in that of beasts, they will lap that of men: from insulting bad bulls, they pass to the *empresa*, the management. The cries *cabestros el circo* and *á la carreta* are anything but complimentary.

At the signal of the president, and sound of a trumpet, the second act commences with the *chulos*. This *chulo* signifies, in the Arabic, a lad, a merryman, as at our Astley's. They are picked young men, who commence in these parts their taumaquian career. The duty of this light division is to draw off the bull from the *picador* when endangered, which they do with their coloured cloaks; their address and agility are surprising, they skim over the sand like glittering humming-birds, scarcely touching the earth. They are dressed, *á lo maja*, in

short breeches, and without gaiters, just as Figaro is in the opera of the '*Barbiers de Sevilla*.' Their hair is tied into a knot behind, *mono*, and enclosed in the once universal silk net, the *retecilla*—the identical *reticulum*—of which so many instances are seen on ancient Etruscan vases. No bull-fighter ever arrives at the top of his profession without first excelling as an apprentice, *chulo*; then he begins to be taught how to entice the bull to them, *llamar al toro*, and to learn his mode of attack, and how to parry it. The most dangerous moment is when these *chulos* venture out into the middle of the plaza, and are followed by the bull to the barrier, in which there is a small ledge, on which they place their foot and vault over, and a narrow slit in the boarding, through which they slip. Their escapes are marvellous; they seem really sometimes, so close is the run, to be helped over the fence by the bull's horns. Occasionally some curious *suertes* are exhibited by *chulos* and expert *tórreros*, which do not strictly belong to the regular drama, such as the *suerte de la capa*, where the bull is braved with no other defence but a cloak: another, the *salto tras cuerno*, when the performer, as the bull lowers his head to toss him, places his foot between his horns and is lifted over him. (N.B.—The correct term in toresque euphuism is *astas*, spears; *cuernos*, horns, is seldom mentioned to ears polite, as its secondary meaning might give offence; the vulgar, however, call things by their improper names) The *chulos*, in the second act, are the sole performers; another exclusive part is to place small barbed darts, *banderillas*, which are ornamented with cut paper of different colours, on each side of the neck of the bull. The *banderilleros* go right up to him, holding the arrows at the shaft's end, and pointing the barbs at the bull; just when the animal stoops to toss them, they dart them into his neck and slip aside. The service appears to be more dangerous than it is, but it requires a quick eye, a light hand and foot. The barbs should be placed exactly on each side—a pretty pair, a good match—*buenos pares*. Sometimes these arrows are provided with crackers, which, by means of a detonating powder, explode the moment they are affixed in the neck, *banderillas de fuego*. The agony of the tortured animal frequently makes him bound like a kid, to the frantic delight of the people; while the fire, the smell of singed hair, and roasted flesh mingled with blood (a *bifstek á l'Español*), faintly recalls to many a dark scowling priest the superior attractions of his former amphitheatre, the *auto de fe*. But ceremonious murder delights all classes.

The last trumpet now sounds; the arena is cleared for the third act; the *matador*, the executioner, the man of death, stands before his victim *alone*, and thus concentrates in himself an interest previously frittered among the number of combatants. On entering, he addresses the president, and throws his *montera*, his cap, to the ground, and swears he will do his duty. In his right hand he holds a long straight Toledan blade, *la espada*; in his left he waves the *muleta*, the red flag, the *engaño*, the lure, which ought not (so Romero laid down in our hearing) to be so large as the standard of a religious brotherhood, or *cofradía*, nor so small as a lady's pocket-handkerchief, *pañuelito de señorita*; it should be about a yard square. The colour is red, because that best irritates the bull and conceals blood. There is always a spare *matador*, in case of accidents, which may happen in the best regulated bull-

fights ; he is called *media espada*, or *sobresaliente*. The *matador* (*el diestro*, the cunning in fence in olden books), advances to the bull, in order to entice him towards him—*citarlo á la suerte*, *á la jurisdiccion del engaño*—to subpoena him, to get his head into chancery, as our ring would say ; he next rapidly studies his character, plays with him a little, allows him to run once or twice on the *muleta*, and then prepares for the *coup de grace*. There are several sorts of bulls—*levantados*, the bold and rushing ; *parados*, the slow and sly ; *aplomados*, the heavy and leaden. The bold are the easiest to kill ; they rush, shutting their eyes, right on to the lure or flag. The worst of all are the sly bulls ; when they are *marrajos*, *y de sentido*, cunning and not running straight, when they are *revueltos*, *cuando ganan terreno y rematen en el bulto*, when they stop in their charge, and run at the man instead of the flag, they are most dangerous. The *matador* who is long killing his bull, or shows a white feather, is insulted by the jeers of the impatient populace ; he nevertheless remains cold and collected, in proportion as the spectators and bull are mad, and could the *toro* reason, the man would have no chance. There are many *suertes* or ways of killing the bull ; the principal is *la suerte de frente*, *ó la veronica*—the *matador* receives the charge on his sword, *lo mató de un recibido*. The *volapie*, or half-volley, is beautiful, but dangerous ; the *matador* takes him by advancing, *corriéndose lo*. A firm hand, eye, and nerve, form the essence of the art ; the sword enters just between the left shoulder and the blade. In nothing is the real fancy so fastidious as in the exact nicety of the placing this death-wound ; when the thrust is true—*buen estoque*—death is instantaneous, and the bull, vomiting forth blood, drops at the feet of his conqueror, who, drawing the sword, waves it in triumph over the fallen foe. It is indeed the *triumph* of knowledge over brute force ; all that was fire, fury, passion, and life, falls in an instant, still for ever. The team of mules now enter, glittering with flags, and tinkling with bells, whose gay decorations contrast with the stern cruelty and blood ; the dead bull is carried off at a rapid gallop, which always delights the populace. The *matador* wipes the hot blood from his sword, and bows with admirable *sang froid* to the spectators, who throw their hats into the arena, a compliment which he returns by throwing them back again : when Spain was rich, a golden, or at least a silver, shower was cast to the favourite *matador*—those ages are past. These hats—the type of *Grandeza*—are the offerings, now that cash is scarce, of generous poverty not will, and as parts and parcels of themselves—shocking bad some, it must be admitted.

When a bull will not run at all at the *picador*, or at the *muleta*, he is called a *toro abanto*, and the *media luna*, the half-moon, is called for ; this is the cruel ancient Oriental mode of houghing the cattle (Joshua xi. 6). The instrument is the Iberian bident—a sharp steel crescent placed on a long pole. The cowardly blow is given from behind ; and, when the poor beast is crippled, an assistant, the *cachetero*, pierces the spinal marrow with his *cachete*—*puntilla*, or pointed dagger—with a traitorous stab from behind. This is the usual method of slaughtering cattle in Spain. To perform all these vile operations, *el desjarretar*, is considered beneath the dignity of the *matador* ; some, however, will kill the bull by plunging the point of their sword in the vertebrae, *el*

descabellar—the danger gives dignity to the difficult feat. The identical process obtains in each of the fights that follow. After a short collapse, a fresh object raises a new desire, and the fierce sport is renewed: nor is it assuaged with less than eight repetitions; and when darkness covers the heavens, the mob—*fax nondum satiata*—retires to sacrifice the rest of the night to Bacchus and Venus, with a passing homage to the knife.

The Spaniards, sons of “truces Iberi,” are very tender on the subject of the cruelty or barbarity of this spectacle, which foreigners, who abuse it the most, are always the most eager to attend. Much may be said on both sides of the question. Mankind has never been over-considerate in regarding the feelings or sufferings of animals, when influenced by the spirit of *sporting*. This sentiment rules in the arena. In England no sympathy is shown for *game*—fish, flesh, or fowl. They are preserved to be destroyed, to afford *sport*, the end of which is death. The amusement is the *playing* the salmon, the *fine run*, as the prolongation of animal torture is termed in the tender vocabulary of the chace. At all events, in Spain horses and bulls are killed outright, and not left to die the lingering death of the poor wounded hare in countless *battues*. Mr. Windham protested “against looking too microscopically into bull-baits or ladies’ faces;” and we must pause before we condemn the bull in Spain, and wink at the fox at Melton or the pheasant in Norfolk. As far as the loss of human life is concerned, more aldermen are killed indirectly by turtles, than Spaniards are directly by bulls. The bull-fighters deserve no pity; they are the heroes of low life, and are well paid—*volenti non fit injuria*. We foreigners come coldly and at once into the scene, without the preparatory freemasonry of previous acquaintance, and are horrified by wounds and death to which the Spaniards have become as familiar as hospital-nurses.

It is difficult to change long-established usages, customs of our early days, which come down to us connected with interesting associations and fond remembrances. We are slow to suspect any evil or harm in such practices, dislike to look the evidence of facts in the face, and shrink from a conclusion which would require the abandonment of a recreation long regarded as innocent, and in which we, as well as our parents before us, have not scrupled to indulge. Children, *L’age sans pitié*, do not speculate on cruelty, whether in bull-baiting or birds’-nesting. The little *dons* and *duenas* connect with this sight their first notions of reward for good conduct, finery, and holidays, where amusements are few; they return to their homes unchanged, playful, timid, or serious, as before; their kindly social feelings are unimpaired. And where is the filial, parental, and fraternal tie more affectionately cherished than in Spain? The *Plaza* is patronised by the Queen our Lady, Q. D. G., whom God preserve! is sanctified and attended by the clergy, and conducted with state show and ceremony, and never is disgraced by the blackguardism of our disreputable boxing-matches. The one is honoured by authority, the other is discountenanced. How many things are purely conventional! No words can describe the horror felt by Asiatics at our preserving the blood of slaughtered animals (Deut. xii. 16; Wilkinson, ii. 375). The sight of our bleeding

shambles appears ten times more disgusting to them than the battle-wounds (the order of the day) of the bull-fight. Nor would it be very easy to conceive a less amiable type of heart and manner than is presented by a mounted English butcher-cad. Foreigners who argue that the effects produced on Spaniards are exactly those which are produced on themselves, are neither logical nor true reasoners; and those who contend that the Spaniards massacre women and defenceless prisoners because they are bull-fighters—*post hoc et propter hoc*—forget that the unvaried testimony of all ages has branded the national character with cold-blooded cruelty. They have never valued their own, nor the lives of others.

Fair play, which at least redeems our ring, is never seen in or out of the bull fight (yet as yet there is no betting in their "ring," no bull backed to kill so many horses, or a man at long odds). The *Plaza* but holds up a mirror to nationality. In it, as out of it, all true Spaniards scout the very idea of throwing away a chance,—"*dolus an virtus quis in hoste requirat?*" How much of the *Punica fides* and Carthaginian *indoles* is retained, witness the back-stabbings and treacheries, by which, from the assassins of Sertorius down to the Morenos, Marotos, and Nogueras of to-day, Europe has been horrified; these unchanged, unchangeable features in Oriental and Iberian character imply little disgrace, and create less compunction. "Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones." They rarely observe amnesties, seldom pardon or forgive opponents when in their power. These characteristic tendencies, which slumber in quiet times, but are not extinct; which, however condemned by Spaniards individually, hardly ever fail to guide them when assembled, whether in *cortes* or *junta*; have long preceded the bull-fight, which is rather an effect than a cause. The Spanish have always been *guerilleros*, bush-fighters, and to such, a cruel mimic game of death and cunning must be extremely congenial. From long habit they either see not, or are not offended by those painful and bloody details, which most distress the unaccustomed stranger, while, on the other hand, they perceive a thousand novelties in incidents which, to untutored eyes, appear the same thing over and over again. They contend that the more the toresque intellect is cultivated the greater the capacity for tauromachian enjoyment. A thousand minute beauties, delicate shades, are appreciated in the character and conduct of the combatants, biped and quadruped. The first *coup-d'œil* of the gay costume and flashing eyes of the assembled thousands is magnificent; this novel out-of-door spectacle, *à l'antique*, under no canopy save the blue heavens, fascinates, and we turn away our eyes during moments of painful details—which are lost in the poetical ferocity of the whole. These feelings are so infectious, that many a stranger merges into the native. The interest of the awful tragedy is undeniable, irresistible, and all-absorbing. The display of manly courage, nerve, and agility, and all on the very verge of death, is most exciting. There are features in a bold bull and accomplished combatants, which carry all before them; but for one good bull, how many are the bad! Those whose fate it has been to see 99 bulls killed in one week (Madrid, June, 1833), and as many more at different places and times, will have experienced in succession the feelings of admiration,

pity, and bore. Spanish women, against whom every puny scribbler darts his petty *banderilla*, are relieved from the latter infliction by the never-flagging, ever-sustained interest, in being admired. They have no abstract, no Pasiphaic predilections, no *crudelis amor tauri*; they were taken to the bull-fight before they knew their alphabet, or what love was. Nor have we heard that it has ever rendered them particularly cruel, save and except some of the elderly and tougher lower-classed females. The younger and the more tender scream and are dreadfully affected in all real moments of danger, in spite of their long familiarity. Their grand object, after all, is not to see the bull, but to be seen themselves, and their dress. The better classes generally interpose their fans at the most painful incidents, and certainly show no want of sensibility. They shrink from or do not see the cruel incidents, but adore the manly courage and address that is exhibited. The lower classes of females, as a body, behave quite as respectably as those of other countries do at executions, or other dreadful scenes, where they crowd with their babies. The case with English ladies is far different. They have heard the bull-fight not praised, but condemned, from *their* childhood: they see it for the first time when grown up, when curiosity is their leading feeling, and an indistinct idea of a pleasure, not unmixed with pain, of the precise nature of which they are ignorant, from not liking to talk on the subject. The first sight delights them: as the bloody tragedy proceeds, they get frightened, disgusted, and disappointed. Few are able to sit out more than one course, *corrida*, and fewer ever re-enter the amphitheatre. Probably a Spanish woman, if she could be placed in precisely the same condition, would not act very differently, and the fair test would be to bring her, for the first time, to an English brutal boxing-match.

Thus much for *practical* tauromachia; those who wish to go deeper into its philosophy—and more books have been written in Spain on *toresque* than on most surgical operations—are referred to “*La Carta historica sobre el Origen y Progresos de las Fiestas de Toros*,” Nicholas Fernandez de Moratin, Madrid, 1777; “*Tauromaquia, o Arte de Torear; por un Aficionado*,” Madrid, 1804. This was written by an amateur named Gomez; Jose Delgado (*Pepe Illo*) furnished the materials. It contains thirty engravings, which represent all the implements, costumes and different operations; “*La Tauromaquia, o Arte de Torear*,” Madrid, 1827; “*Elogio de las Corridas de Toros*,” Manuel Martinez Rueda, Madrid, 1831; “*Pan y Toros*,” Gaspar Melchor de Jovellanos, Madrid, 1820; and the “*Tauromaquia completa*,” Madrid, 1836, by Francisco Montes, the *Pepe Illo* of his day, long the joy, glory, and boast of Spain. The antiquity of the bull-fight has been worked out in our paper in the ‘Quarterly Review,’ No. cxxiv. 4. See also the graphic illustrations of Mr. Price, London, Hogarth, 1852.

To conclude it may be remarked, that latterly, since the recent *Ilustracion*, the march of intellect, civilization, and constitutions, nothing has progressed more than the bull-fight. Churches and convents have been demolished, but, by way of compensation, amphitheatres have been erected: but now-a-days the battlement comes down and the dung-heap rises up—*Bajan los adarves y alzanse los muladares*.

XXII, SPANISH THEATRE.

The theatre, dances, and songs of Spain form an important item in the means of a stranger passing his evenings. The modern drama of Europe may be said to have been formed on this model, whence was borrowed the character and conduct of The Play, as well as the arrangements of the Theatre; and Spain is still *the* land of the *Fandango*, the *Bolero*, and the guitar.

The Spanish drama rose under the patronage of the pleasure-loving Philip IV.; but its glory was short-lived, and now it hardly can be called flourishing, as few towns, except the largest, maintain a theatre. In Spain actors, long vagabonds by Act of Parliament, were not allowed to prefix the cherished title of *Don* before their names—a remnant of the opposition of the clergy to a profession which interfered with their monopoly of providing the public with religious melodramas and “mysteries;” the actor was not only excluded from decent society when alive, but refused Christian burial when dead, accordingly, in a land where the spirit of caste and self-love is so strong, few choose to degrade themselves alive or dead.

The drama, too, of Spain has declined with the country itself, and is almost effaced from the *repertoire* of Europe. The plays of Lope de Vega and Calderon have given way to pieces translated from the French; thus Spain, as in many other things, is now reduced to borrow from the very nation whose Corneilles she first instructed, those very amusements which she once taught! The *old* theatre was the mirror of the manners of the time, when the bearded *Hidalgos* strutted on the stage representing the bravoës and bugbears of Europe. Spain was not then ashamed to look herself in the face; now her flag is tattered, she shrinks from the *present*, and either appears in foreign garb or adopts the Cids and Alvas of a more glorious *past*. Meanwhile the *sainete* or Farce is admirably performed by the Spaniards, for few people have a deeper or more quiet relish for humour, from the sedate Castilian to the gay Andalucian. In playing these farces, the performers seem to cease to be actors, and simply to go through a part and parcel of their daily life; they fail in tragedy, which is spouted in a sort of unnatural rant, something between German mouthing and French gesticulation. The Spanish theatres, those of Madrid scarcely excepted, are badly lighted and meagerly supplied with scenery and properties.

The first Spanish playhouses were merely open courtyards, *corrales*, after the classical fashion of Thespis. They were then covered with an awning, and the court was divided into different parts; the yard, the *patio*, became the *pit*. The rich sat at the windows of the houses round the court, whence these boxes were called *ventanas*; and as almost all Spanish windows are defended by iron gratings, *rejas*, the French took their term *loge grillée* for a private box. In the centre was a lower gallery, *la tertulia*, the quarter chosen by the erudite, among whom it was the fashion to quote *Tertulian*—*los Tertulianos*. The women, excluded from the pit, have, as at our rails, an exclusive “ladies’ carriage,” *la tertulia de las mugeres*, reserved for themselves, into which no males are allowed to enter. This feminine preserve used to be termed *La Cazuela*—

the pipkin or *olla*, from the hodgepotch or mixture, and also "*la jaula de las mugeres*," the women's cage. There they congregated, as in church, dressed in black, and with mantillas. This dark assemblage of tresses might seem like the gallery of a nunnery; let there be but a moment's pause in the business of the play, then arose such a cooing and cawing in this rookery of turtle-doves, such an ogling, such a flutter of mantillas, such a rustling of silks, such telegraphic workings of fans, such an electrical communication with the pittites below, who looked up with wistful, foxite glances, on the dark clustering vineyard so tantalizingly placed above their reach, as to dispel all ideas of monastic seclusion, sorrow, or mortification. The separation of combustible materials in an inflammable climate dates from Augustus (Suet., 44). In the fourth century, at Constantinople, the women sat apart in an upper gallery of the churches, to the injury and interruption of male devotion.

Good music is seldom heard in Spain, notwithstanding the eternal strumming and singing. Even the masses, as performed in their cathedrals, from the introduction of the pianoforte and the violin, are devoid of impressive or devotional character; there is sometimes a poorish Italian opera in Madrid and elsewhere, which is patronised by the upper classes because a thing of London and Paris; it bores the true Spaniards to extinction; they are saltatory and musical enough in their own Oriental way, and have danced to their rude songs from time immemorial, but are neither harmonious, nor have any idea of the grace and elegance of the French ballet; bad imitators of their neighbours, the moment they attempt it they become ridiculous, whether in cuisine, language, or costume; indeed a Spaniard ceases to be a Spaniard in proportion as he becomes an *Afrancesado*; when left to their original devices, they take, in their jumpings and chirpings, after the grasshopper, and have a natural genius for the guitar and *bolero*; indeed one charm of the Spanish theatres is their own national *Baile*—matchless, unequalled, and inimitable, and only to be really performed by Andalucians. This is *la salsa de la comedia*, the essence, the cream, the *sauce piquante* of the nights' entertainments; it is *attempted* to be described in every book of travels—for who can describe sound or motion?—it must be seen. Yet even this is somewhat scornfully treated by the very upper classes as the uncivilized feat of picturesque barbarians, and it is, indeed, the *expression* of Spain, and owes nothing to civilization; the whole body and soul of the south is represented by movements, as poetry is by words, whereas in France people dance only with their legs. However languid the house, laughable the tragedy, or serious the comedy, the sound of the castanet awakens the most listless; the sharp, spirit-stirring click is heard behind the scenes—the effect is instantaneous—it creates life under the ribs of death—it silences the tongues of women—on n'écoute que le ballet. The curtain draws up; the bounding pair dart forward from the opposite scenes, like two separated lovers, who, after long search, have found each other again, and who, heedless of the public, are thinking only of each other. The glitter of the gossamer costume of the *Majo* and *Maja*, invented as for this dance—the sparkle of gold lace and silver filigree—adds to the lightness of their motions; the transparent, form-designing *sayá* of the women heightens the charms of a faultless symmetry which it fain would conceal; no cruel stays fetter serpentine flexibility. Their very

bones seem elastic; their frame and physique is the voluptuous exponent of beings with real bodies who dance, and very unlike the wiry over-trained professional dancer. They pause—bend forward an instant—prove their supple limbs and arms; the band strikes up, they turn fondly towards each other, and start into life. What exercise displays the ever-varying charms of female grace, and the contours of manly form, like this fascinating dance? The accompaniment of the castanet gives employment to their arms, upraised as if to catch showers of roses. *C'est le pantomime d'amour*. The enamoured youth—the coy, coquettish maiden; who shall describe the advance—her timid retreat, his eager pursuit, like Apollo chasing Daphne? Now they gaze on each other, now on the ground; now all is life, love, and action; now there is a pause—they stop motionless at a moment, and grow into the earth. There is a truth which overpowers the fastidious judgment. Away, then, with the studied grace of the foreign danseuse, beautiful but artificial, cold and selfish as is the flicker of her love, compared to the real impassioned abandon of the daughters of the South! There is nothing indecent in this dance; no one is tired or the worse for it. “Un ballet ne saurait être trop long, pourvu que la morale soit bonne, et la métaphysique bien entendue,” says Molière. The jealous Toledan clergy wished to put this dance down, on the pretence of immorality. The dancers were allowed in evidence to “give a view” to the court: when they began, the bench and bar showed symptoms of restlessness, and at last, casting aside gowns and briefs, joined, as if tarantula-bitten, in the irresistible capering.—Verdict for the defendants, with costs; *Solvuntur risu tabulæ*.

The *Bolero* is not of the remote antiquity which many, confounding it with the well-known and improper dances of the Gaditanas, have imagined. The dances of Spain have undergone many changes in style and name since the times of the Philips (see Pellicer, *Don Quixote*, i. 156). The *fandango* is considered to be an Indian word. The now disused *zarabanda* was probably the remnant of the ancient dances of Gades, which delighted the Romans, and scandalized the fathers of the church, who compared them, and perhaps justly, to the capering performed by the daughter of Herodias. They were prohibited by Theodosius, because, according to St. Chrysostom, at such balls the devil never wanted a partner. The well-known statue at Naples of the *Venere Callipige* is the undoubted representation of a Cadiz dancing-girl, probably of Telethusa herself (see Martial, E. vi. 7, and Ep. ad Priap. 18; Pet. Arbiter, Var^m. Ed. 1669). In the Museo Borbonico (Stanza iii. 503) is an Etruscan vase representing a supper-scene, in which a female dances in this precise attitude. She also appears in the paintings in the tomb at Cumæ, where the persons applaud exactly as they do now, especially at the pause, the *bien parado*, which is the signal of clapping and cries—*mas puede! mas puede! dejala, que se canse*. *Orza, orza! zas punalada, mas ajo al pique!*

These most ancient dances, in spite of all prohibitions, have come down unchanged from the remotest antiquity; their character is completely Oriental, and analogous to the *ghawassee* of the Egyptians and the Hindoo *nautch*. They existed among the ancient Egyptians as they do still among the moderns (compare Wilkinson, ii. 243, with Lane, ii. 98). They are entirely different from the *bolero* or *fandango*, and are

never performed except by gipsies; and, as the company is not select, and more heads than hearts broken, are likened to "gipsy's fare," "*merienda de Gitanos*." Every young antiquarian should witness this exhibition which delighted Martial, Petronius, Horace, and a *funcion* can always be got up at Seville. This singular dance is the *romalis* in gipsy language, and the *de* in Spanish; the *χειρονομια*, *brazee*, or balancing action of the hands,—the *λακτισμα*, the *zapateado*, *los taconeos*, the beating with the feet,—the *crissatura*, *meneo*, the tambourines and castanets, *Bætica crumata*, *crotola*,—the language and excitement of the spectators,—tally in the minutest points with the prurient descriptions of the ancients, which have been elucidated so learnedly by Scaliger, Burman, the Canon Salazar (*Grandezas de Cadiz*, iv. 3), and the Dean Marti (Peyron, i. 246). These Gaditanian dances, which the aesthetic Huber (Skitzen, i. 293) pronounces "die Poesie der Wollust," are perhaps more marked by energy than by grace, and the legs have less to do than the body, arms, and hips. The sight of this unchanged pastime of antiquity, which excites the lower classes of Spaniards to frenzy, will rather disgust an English spectator, possibly from some national mal-organization, for, as Molière says, "L'Angleterre a produit des grands hommes dans les sciences et les beaux arts, mais pas un grand danseur! Allez lire l'histoire." However indecent these gipsy dances may be, yet the performers are inviolably chaste; young girls go through them before the applauding eyes of their parents and brothers, who would resent to the death any attempt on their sister's virtue, and were she in any weak moment to give way to a *busné*, or one not a gipsy, and forfeit her *lacha ya trupos*, her unblemished corporeal chastity, the all and everything of their moral code, her own kindred would be the first to kill her without pity.

The dances of other Spaniards in private life are much the same as in other parts of Europe, and, having nothing national, cease to have a particle of interest, nor is either sex particularly distinguished by grace in this exercise, to which, however, they are much attached. *Escozesas* and *Rigodones* form a common conclusion to the *tertulia*, where no great attention is paid either to music or costume. The lower, uncivilized classes adhere, as in the East (Wilk., ii. 239; Lane, ii. 64-74), to their primitive dances and primitive Oriental accompaniments—the "tabret and the harp;" the guitar and tambourine—*toph*, *tabor*, *tympanum*—with the castanet: *tympana vos bucusque vocat*. No people play on these castanets, *castanuelas palillos*, so well as the Andalucians; they begin as children by snapping their fingers, or clicking together two bits of slate or shell; these castanets are the Bætican *crumata* and *crotola*, and *crotalo* is still a Spanish term for the tambourine, and their use still, as in the days of Petronius Arbiter, forms the *delicie populi*. Cervantes describes the "bounding of the soul, the bursting of laughter, the restlessness of the body, and the quicksilver of the five senses," when this clicking and capering is set going. It is the rude sport of people who dance from the necessity of motion; and of the young, the healthy, and the joyous, to whom life is of itself a blessing, and who, like bounding kids, thus give vent to their superabundant lightness of heart and limb. Sancho, a true Manchegan, after the saltatory exhibitions of his master, professes his ignorance of such elaborate dancing, but for a *zapateo*, a

knocking of shoes, he was as good as a *gerifante*. Unchanged as are the instruments, so are their dancing propensities. All night long, says Strabo (iii. 249), and Sil. Italicus (iii. 349), did they dance and sing, or rather jump and yell out, "*ululantes*," the unchanged "howlings of Tarshish."

The Iberian warriors danced armed; like the Spartans, even their relaxations preserved the military principle, and they beat time with their swords on their shields. When one of their champions wished to show his contempt for the Romans, he retired before them dancing a derisive step (App. *Bell. Hisp.* 410). This *pyrrica saltatio* is of all ages and climes; thus the *albanatico* of the Grecian Archipelago is little changed from what it was in Homer's time; the Goths had it, and the Moors likewise; our *morris*-dance is but the Moorish one, which John of Gaunt brought into England, the peasants in Spain occasionally dance it still in all the perfection of ancient step and costume. The most picturesque exhibition of these wild dances which we ever saw was at Quintana Duenas. This armed dance, mimic war, was invented (se dice) by Minerva, who capered for joy after the overthrow of the rebel angels, giants, Titans—the victory of knowledge over brute force. Masdeu in the last century describes these unchanged dances as he saw them at Tarragona (*Hist. Crit.* ii. 7), when some of the performers got on each other's shoulders to represent the Titans, and the Dance retained its Pagan name—*el Titans, Bayles de los Titanes*.

The *seguidilla*, the guitar, and dance, at this moment form the joy of careless poverty, the repose of sunburnt labour. The poor forget for them their toils, *sans six sous et sans souci*, nay, sacrifice even their meals, like Pliny's friend Claro, who lost his supper, *Bætican olives and gaspacho*, to run after a Gaditanian dancing-girl (Plin. *Ep.* i. 15), and, as of old, this dancing is their relaxation and *Requies* (Sil. It. iii. 346). In venta and court-yard, in spite of a long day's walk, work, and scanty fare, at the sound of the guitar and click of the castanet a new life is breathed into their veins; so far from feeling past fatigue, the very fatigue of the dance seems refreshing, and many a weary traveller will rue the midnight frolics of his noisy and saltatory fellow-lodgers. Supper is no sooner over than "*après la panse la danse*,"—some black-whiskered performer, the very antithesis of Farinelli, "screechin' out his prosaic verse," screams forth his "*coylas de zarabanda, Las Canas*," either at the top of his voice, or draws out his ballad, "melancholy as the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe;" both feats are done to the imminent danger of his own trachea, and of all un-Spanish acoustic organs, and after the fashion of Gray's critique, "*des miaulemens et des hurlemens effroyables, mêlés avec un tintamare du diable—voilà la musique Française en abrégé*." As, however, in Paris, so in Spain, the audience are in raptures; "all men's ears grow to his tunes as if they had eaten ballads." This *Cana*, the unchanged Arabic *Gaunia*, for a song, is sad and serious as love, and usually begins and ends with an ay! or sigh. The company takes part with beatings of feet, "*tacneos*;" with clapping of hands, the *χπορος*, "*palmeado*," and joining in chorus at the end of each verse. There is always in every company of Spaniards, whether soldiers, civilians, or muleteers, some one who can play the guitar, *poco mas o menos*. Godoy, the Prince of the Peace, one of the most worthless of the multitude of worthless

ministers by whom Spain has been misgoverned, first captivated the royal Messalina by his talent of strumming on the guitar. Isaiah gives the truest image of the desolation of an Eastern city, the "ceasing of the mirth of the guitar and tambourine." In most villages the *barbero* is the Figaro, who seldom fails to stroll down to the *venta* unbidden and from pure love of harmony, gossip, and the *bota*, where his song secures him supper and welcome; a *funcion* is soon *armada*, or a party got up of all ages and sexes, who are attracted by the tinkling, like swarming bees, and the more if the stranger volunteers to pay for refreshments. The guitar is part and parcel of the Spaniard and his ballads, and, so say the political economists, has done more injury to Spain than hailstorms or drought, from fostering singing, dancing, and idleness; the performer slings it across his shoulder with a ribbon, as was depicted on the tombs of Egypt 4000 years ago (Wilkinson, ii. ch. vi.). It is the unchanged kinoor of the East, the *κithαρα*, cithera, guitarra, githorne; the "guiterne Moresche" of the minstrellers (Ducange). The performers, seldom scientific musicians, content themselves with striking the chords, sweeping the whole hand over the strings, *rasqueando*, or flourishing, *floreando*, and tapping the guitar-board with the thumb, *golpeando*, at which they are very expert. Occasionally in the towns there is a *zapatero* or a *maestro* of some kind, who has attained more power over this ungrateful instrument; but the attempt is generally a failure, for it responds coldly to Italian words and elaborate melody, which never come home to Spanish ears or hearts; like the guitar of Anacreon, love, sweet love, is its only theme, *ἔρωτα μόνον*. The multitude suit the guitar to the song; both air and words are frequently extemporaneous; the language comes in aid to the fertile mother-wit of the natives; rhymes are dispensed with at pleasure, or mixed up according to caprice with *assonants*, with which more of the popular *refranes* are rounded off than by rhymes. The *assonant* consists of the mere recurrence of the same vowels, without reference to that of consonants. Thus *santos*, *llantos*, are rhymes; *amor* and *razon* are *assonants*; even these, which poorly fill a foreign ear, are not always observed; a change in intonation, or a few thumps more or less on the guitar-board, does the work, and supersedes all difficulties. These *morce pronunciacionis*, this *ictus metricus*, constitute a rude prosody, and lead to music just as gestures do to dancing,—to ballads,—"*que se cantan bailando*;" and which, when heard, reciprocally inspire a Saint Vitus's desire to snap fingers and kick heels, as all will admit in whose ears the *habas verdes* of Leon, or the *cachucha* of Cadiz, yet ring. The words destined to set all this capering in motion—not written for cold critics—are listened to by those who come attuned to the hearing vein—who anticipate and re-echo the subject—who are operated on by the contagious bias. Thus a sound-fascinated audience of otherwise sensible Britons, tolerates the positive presence of nonsense at an opera. To feel the full power of the guitar and Spanish song, the performer should be a sprightly Andaluza, taught or untaught; and when she wields the instrument as her fan, as if part of herself, and alive, no wonder one of the old fathers of the church said, that he would sooner face a singing basilisk: she is good for nothing when pinned down to a piano, on which few Spanish women play even tolerably. The words of her song are often struck off at the

moment, and allude to incidents and persons present. Sometimes those of *la gente ganza, que tiene zandunga*, are most clever, full of epigram and *double entendre*; they often sing what may not be spoken, and steal hearts through ears, for, as Cervantes says, *Cuando cantan encantan*: at other times their song is little better than nonsense, with which the audience is just as well satisfied. For, as Figaro says—"ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante." A good voice, which Italians call *novanta-nove*, ninety-nine parts out of the hundred, is very rare; nothing strikes a traveller more unfavourably than the harsh voice of Spanish women in general. The Spanish guitar requires an *abandon*, a fire, and *gracia* which could not be risked by ladies of more northern climates and more tightly-laced zones. The songs, the ballads, "this free press" of the people of Spain, and immemorially their delight, have tempered the despotism of their church and state, have sustained a nation's resistance against foreign aggression.

Not much music is printed in Spain; the songs and airs are frequently sold in MS. Sometimes, for the very illiterate, the notes are expressed in numeral figures, which correspond with the number of the strings. Andalusia is the chosen spot to form the best collection. Don N. Zamaracola has published a small selection—' *Coleccion de Seguidillas, Tiranas, y Polos*, Mad. 1799, under the name of Don Preciso. The *Seguidillas, Manchegas, Boleras* are a sort of madrigal, and consist of 7 verses, 4 lines of song and 3 of chorus, *estrevillo*; the *Rondenans* and *Malagenas* are couplets of 4 verses, and take their names from the towns where they are most in vogue; the term of others, *La Arana*, comes from the Havana. The best guitars in the world were made by the Pajez family, father and son, in Cadiz.

Meanwhile the genuine airs and tunes are very Oriental, of most remote antiquity, and a remnant of primitive airs, of which a want of the invention of musical notation has deprived us. Melody among the Egyptians, like sculpture, was never permitted to be changed, lest any new fascination might interfere with the severe influence of their mistress, religion. That both were invented for the service of the altar is indicated in the myth of their divine origin. These tunes passed into other countries; the plaintive *manerôs* of the Nile, brought by the Phœnicians into Spain, became the *Linus* of Greece (Herod. ii. 79). The national tunes of the Fella, the Moor, and the Spaniard, are still slow and monotonous, often in utter opposition with the sentiments of the words, which have varied, whilst the airs remain unchanged. They are diatonic rather than chromatic, abounding in suspended pauses, and unisonous, not like our glees, yet generally provided with an "*estrevillo*," a chorus in which the audience joins. They owe little to harmony, the end being rather to affect than to please. Certain sounds seem to have a mysterious aptitude to express certain moods of the mind in connection with some unexplained sympathy between the sentient and intellectual organs: the simplest are by far the most ancient. Ornate melody is a modern invention from Italy; and although, in lands of greater intercourse and fastidious civilization, the conventional has ejected the national, fashion has not shamed or silenced the old-ballad airs of Spain—those "howlings of Tarshish." Indeed, national tunes, like the songs of birds, are not taught in orchestras, but by mothers to their infant

progeny in the cradling nest. As the Spaniard, in the mass, is warlike without being military, saltatory without being graceful, so he is musical without being harmonious; he continues much the raw man material made by nature, and treating himself mostly as he does the raw products of his soil, takes things as he finds them, leaving art and final development to the foreigner. He is better seen in the streets than in the saloon—in the Serrania and far from cities. The *venta* after all is the true opera-house of Spain: all the rest is London *leather* or Parisian *prunella*; *y no vale nada*. The student may consult *Origen de Teatro Español*, M. Garcia, Madrid, 1802; *Tratado del Histrionismo*, Pellicer, Madrid, 1804; *Origenes del Teatro Español*, Moratin, Madrid, 1830; and the excellent work on the *Spanish Theatre* by the German Schak; see also our papers, on the *Spanish Stage*, 'Quart. Rev.' No. cxvii.; and on *Spanish Ballads*, 'Edin. Rev.' No. cxlvi.

XXIII. SPANISH CIGARS.

But whether at the bull-fight or theatre, lay or clerical, wet or dry, the Spaniard during the day, sleeping excepted, solaces himself, when he can, with a cigar; this is his *nepenthe*, his pleasure opiate, his *te veniente die et te decedente*, which soothes but not inebriates.

The manufactory of the cigar is not the least active of all carried on in the Peninsula. The buildings are palaces; witness Seville, Malaga, and Valencia. As a cigar is a *sine qua non* in a Spaniard's mouth, it must have its page in a Spanish *Handbook*. Ponz, the first in that field, remarks (ix. 201), "You will think me tiresome with my tobacco-nistical details, but the vast bulk of my readers will be more pleased with it than with an account of all the pictures in the world." This calumet of peace is the poor man's friend, calms the mind, soothes the temper, and makes men patient under trouble, and hunger, heat, and despotism. "Quoique puisse dire," said Molière, "Aristote et toute la philosophie, il n'y a rien d'égal au tabac." In larderless Spain it is meat and drink both, and the chief smoke connected with caterings for the mouth issues from labial chimneys.

Tobacco, this anodyne for the irritability of human reason, is, like spirituous liquors which make it drunk, a highly-taxed article in civilized societies. In Spain, the Bourbon dynasty (as elsewhere) is the hereditary tobacco-nist-general; the privilege is generally farmed out to some contractor: accordingly, a really good home-made cigar is with difficulty to be had in the Peninsula for love or money. There seems to be no royal road to the science of cigar-making; the article is badly made, of bad materials, and, to add insult to injury, charged at an exorbitant price. In order to benefit the Havana, tobacco is not allowed to be grown in Spain, which it would do perfectly near Malaga, for when the experiment was made, and proved successful, the cultivation was immediately prohibited by the government. The badness and dearness of the royal article favours the well-meaning smuggler; and this corrector of blundering chancellors of exchequers provides a better and cheaper thing from Gibraltar. No offence is more dreadfully punished in Spain than that of tobacco-smuggling, which robs the royal exchequer—all other robbery is as nothing, for the lieges only suffer.

The encouragement afforded to the manufacture and smuggling of cigars at Gibraltar is a never-failing source of ill blood and ill will between the Spanish and English governments. This most serious evil is contrary to treaties, injurious to Spain and England alike, and is beneficial only to aliens of the worst character who form the real plague and sore of the Rock.

Many tobaccose epicures, who smoke their regular dozen, place the supply sufficient for the day, between two fresh lettuce-leaves, which improves the narcotic effect. Ferdinand VII. was not only a great manufacturer but consumer of certain *Purones*, a large thick cigar made expressly for his gracious use in the Havana, and of the *vuelta de abajo*, the very best, for he was too good a judge to smoke his own manufacture. The cigar was one of his pledges of love and hatred: when meditating a treacherous *coup*, he would give graciously a royal weed to a minister, and when the happy individual got home to smoke it, he was saluted by an alguacil with an order to quit Madrid in twenty-four hours.

The bulk of Spaniards cannot afford either the expense of tobacco, which is dear to them, or the loss, of *not* losing time, which is very cheap, by smoking a whole cigar: a single cigar furnishes occupation and recreation for half an hour. Though few Spaniards ruin themselves in libraries, fewer are without a little blank book of *papel de hilo*, a particular paper made best at Alcoy, in Valencia. At any pause all say at once—*pues señores! echemos un cigarito*—well then, gentlemen, let us make a little cigar: when forthwith all set seriously to work; every Spaniard, besides this book, is armed with a small case of flint, steel, and a combustible tinder, "*yesca*." To make a paper cigar, like putting on a cloak, flirting a fan, or clicking castanets, is an operation of much more difficulty than it seems, but Spaniards, who have done nothing so much from their childhood upwards, perform both with extreme facility and neatness. This is the mode:—the *petacca* (Arabicè Buták), a cigar case worked by a fair hand in coloured *pita* (the thread from the aloe), is taken out—a leaf is torn from the book, which is held between the lips, or downwards from the back of the hand, between the fore and middle finger of the left hand—a portion of the cigar, about a third, is cut off and rubbed slowly in the palms till reduced to a powder—it is then jerked into the paper-leaf, which is rolled up into a little squib, and the ends doubled down, one of which is bitten off and the other end is lighted. The cigarillo is smoked slowly, the last whiff being the *bonne bouche*, the *breast*, *la pechuga*. The little ends are thrown away (they are indeed little, for a Spanish fore-finger and thumb is quite fire-browned and fire-proof). Some polished exquisites, *pollos*, use silver holders. These remnants are picked up by the beggar-boys, who make up into fresh cigars the leavings of a thousand mouths. On the *Prados* and *Alamedas* urchins always are running about with a rope slowly burning for the benefit of the public. At many of the sheds where water and lemonade are sold, one of these ropes, twirled like a snake round a post, is kept always ignited, as the match of a besieged artilleryman. In the houses of the affluent a small silver chafing-dish, *prunæ batillum*, filled with lighted charcoal, is usually placed on a table. This necessity of a light levels all

ranks ; it is allowable to stop any person in the streets, for fire, "*fuego*," "*candela* ;" thus a cigar forms the bond of union, an isthmus of communication between most heterogeneous ranks and ages. Some of the Spanish fair sex are said to indulge in a quiet *cigarilla*, *una pajita* ; but it is not thought either a sign of a real lady, or of one of rigid virtue, to have recourse to stolen and forbidden pleasures ; for whoever makes one basket will make a hundred—*quien hace un cesto, hara un ciento*.

Nothing exposes a traveller to more difficulty than carrying tobacco in his luggage ; whenever he has more than a certain small quantity, let him never conceal it, but declare it at every gate, and be provided with a *guia*, or permit. Yet all will remember never to be without some cigars, and the better the better ; for although any cigar is acceptable, yet a real good one is more tempting than the apple was to Eve. The greater the enjoyment of the smoker, the greater his respect for the donor ; a cigar may be given to everybody, whether high or low, and the *petaca* may be presented, just as a Frenchman of *La vieille cour* offered his snuff-box, as a prelude to conversation. It is an act of civility, and implies no superiority ; there is no humiliation in the acceptance—it is twice blessed—"it blesseth him that gives and him that takes ;"—it is the spell wherewith to charm the natives, who are its ready and obedient slaves, and a cigar, like a small kind word spoken in time, works miracles. There is no country in the world where the stranger and traveller can purchase for half-a-crown, half the love and good-will which its investment in tobacco will ensure : a man who grudges or neglects it is neither a philanthropist nor a philosopher.

Offer, therefore, your cigar-case freely and cheerfully, dear traveller, when on the road ; but if you value your precious health of mind or body, your mens *sana* in corpore *sano*, the combined and greatest blessings in this life, use this bane of this age but sparingly yourself : abuse it not. An early indulgence in this vicious and expensive habit saps life. The deadening influence of this slow but sure poison tampers with every power conferring secretion of brain and body ; and although the effects may not be felt at the moment, the cigaresque spendthrift is drawing bills on his constitution which in a few years assuredly must fall due, and then, when too late, he will discover what far higher pleasures, intellectual and physical, have been sacrificed for the filthy weed.

XXIV.—SPANISH COSTUME—CLOAK AND MANTILLA.

The Spaniards, in spite of the invasions of French milliners and English tailors, have retained much of a national costume, that picturesque type, which civilization, with its cheap and common-place calico, is, alas ! busily effacing. As progress in Spain is slow, fortunately the *Capa* and *Mantilla*, nowhere else to be met with in Europe, still remain to gladden the eye of the stranger and artist, and however they may be going out of fashion at Madrid, are fortunately preserved in the provinces.

Dress, from its paramount importance, demands a page. *We strongly recommend* our readers, ladies as well as gentlemen, whose grand object is to pass in the crowd incognito and unnoticed, to re-gird themselves out

at the first great town at which they arrive, for unless they are dressed like the rest of the world, they will everywhere be stared at, and be pestered by beggars, who particularly attack strangers.

Black from time immemorial has been the favourite, the national colour, *μελανειμονες απαρτες το πλειον εν σαγοις* (Strabo, iii. 233). This male *sagum* is the type of the modern *saya* or *basquiña*, the outer petticoat, feminine, which is always black, and is put over the indoor dress on going out. The Greeks translated the Tyrian phrase "*Bewitching of naughtiness*" by the term *βασκανια*. Black, the colour of etiquette and ceremony, is the only one in which women are allowed to enter churches. Being that of the learned professions, it makes Spaniards seem wiser, according to Charles V., than they really are; while, from being the garb of the bereaved, it disarms the evil eye which dogs prosperity, and inspires, instead of associations of envy, those of pity and respect. It gives an air of decorum and modesty, and softens an indifferent skin. Every one in England has been struck with the air of respectability which mourning confers, even on ladies' maids. The prevalence of black veils and dark cloaks on the Alameda and in the church, conveys to the stranger newly arrived in Spain the idea of a population of nuns and clergymen. As far as woman is concerned, the dress is so becoming, that the difficulty is to look ugly in it; hence, in spite of the monotony, we are pleased with a uniformity which becomes all alike; those who cannot see its merits should lose no time in consulting their oculist.

The beauty of the Spanish women is much exaggerated, and more loveliness is to be seen in one fine day in Regent-street than in a year in Spain. Their charm consists in symmetry of form, grace of manner and expression, and still more, as in the case of a carp or *Raie au beurre noir*, in the *dressing*; yet, such is the tyranny of fashion, that many of its votaries are willing to risk the substance for the shadow, and to strive, instead of remaining inimitable originals, to become second-rate copies. Faithless to true *Españolismo*, they sacrifice on the altar of *La mode de Paris* even attraction itself. The *Cocos*, or cottons of Manchester, are superseding the *Alepines*, or bombazeens of Valencia, as the blinkers and bonnets of the Boulevards are eclipsing the *Mantillas*.

The Mantilla is the aboriginal female head-gear. Iberia, in the early coins, those picture-books of antiquity, is represented as a veiled woman; the *καλυπτρα μελαινη* was supported by a sort of cock's-comb, *κοραξ*, and the partial concealment of the features was thought even in those days to be an ornament (Strabo, iii. 164). Thus Poppæa, according to Tacitus, managed her veil *quia sic decebat*. The *caru tupida* or *tapada*, or face so enveloped, was always respected in Spain, and even Messalina shrouded under the mantle of modesty her imperial adulteries. The Gothic *mantum* so called, says S^r. Isidoro (*Or.* xix. 24), *quia manus tegat tantum*, was made of a thickish cloth, as it was among the Carthaginians (see the Mantilia of Dido, *Æn.* iv. 705), whence the Moorish name *Mantil*. The Mantilla, an elegant diminutive of the *Manto*, is now made of silk or lace; formerly it was substituted by the coarse petticoat among the lower classes, who, like Sancho Panza's wife, turned them over their heads from pure motives of economy. In fact, as in the East, the head and face of the female were seats of honour, and never to be exposed; accordingly, by a decree of Philip IV., a woman's *mantilla*

could not be seized for debt, not even in case of the crown. From being the essential article of female gear, the *manto* has become a generic term, and has given its name to our milliners, who are called *mantua-makers*.

There are three kinds of *mantillas*, and no lady can properly do without a complete set: first the *white*, used on grand occasions, birth-days, bull-fights, and Easter Mondays, and is composed of fine blonde or lace embroidery; yet it is not becoming to Spanish women, whose sallow olive complexion cannot stand the contrast, so that Adrian compared one thus dressed to a sausage wrapt up in white paper. The second is black, made of *raso* or *alepin*, satin or bombazeen, often edged with velvet, and finished off with deep lace fringe. The third, used on ordinary occasions, and by the *Fancy*, and called *Mantilla de tira*, has no lace, but is made of black silk with a broad band of velvet. This, the veil of the *Maja*, the *Gitana*, peculiarly becomes their eye of diamond and their locks of jet. The *Mantilla* used to be suspended on a high comb, *peineta*, and then crossed over the bosom, which is, moreover, concealed by a *pañuelo*, or handkerchief. These are the "hoods and ushers" of *Hudibras*, and without them, unless the house was on fire, no woman formerly would go out into the streets, and indeed when thus enveloped nothing can be more decent than the whole upper woman; *matronæ præter faciem nil cernere posses*. The smallest display of the neck, &c., or *patriotismo*, is thought over-liberal and improper, and one of the great secrets of a Spanish woman's attraction is, that most of her charms are hidden.

The *Mantilla* is kept in its proper place by the fan, *abanico*, which is part and parcel of every Spanish woman, whose nice conduct of it leaves nothing to be desired. No one understands the art and exercise of it, the *manejo*, like her: it is the index of her soul, the telegraph of her chameleon feelings, her signal to the initiated, which they understand for good or evil as the wagging of a dog's tail. She can express with her dumb fan more than Paganini could with his fiddlestick. A handbook might be written to explain the code of signals. Remember not to purchase any of the old Rococo fans which will be offered for sale at Cadiz and Seville as Spanish, being however all made in France; the prices asked are exorbitant, for which foolish English collectors may thank themselves. There are more and better of these fans to be had in Wardour-street than in all Andalusia, and for a quarter of the money.

The *Mantilla*, properly speaking, ought not to be worn with curls, *rizos*, recently introduced by some French perruquiers; these are utterly unsuited to the melancholy pensive character of the Spanish female face when in repose, and particularly to her Moorish eyes, which never passed the Pyrenees; indeed, first-rate amateurs pronounce the real *ojos arabes*, like the palm-tree, to be confined to certain localities. The finest are "raised" in Andalusia; they are very full, and repose on a liquid somewhat yellow bed, of an almond shape.

The Spanish hair is the glory of the sex; herein, like Samson's, is the secret of her strength, for, if Pope be infallible, "Her beauty draws us by a single hair"—Sancho Panza says more than a hundred oxen. It is very black, thick, and often coarser than a courser's tail, especially with the lower classes; nourished by copious *larding*, and undwarfed

by caps, it grows like the "bush," and occasionally becomes the well-stocked preserve of *caça menor*, which afford constant sport and occupation to most picturesque groups à la Murillo.

The hair of the better classes is attended to with the greatest care, and is simply braided à la Madonna over a high forehead. The Iberian ladies, reports Strabo (iii. 248), were very proud of the size of this palace of thought, and carefully picked out the *προκομια*, the superfluous items, to increase its dimensions. The Andaluza places a real flower, generally a rose or a red pink, among her raven locks; the children continue to let long Carthaginian plaited *Trensa* hang down their backs. There are two particular curls which deserve serious attention: they are circular and flat, and are fastened with white of egg to the side of each cheek: they are called *Patillas* or *Picardias*, Rogueries—*Caracoles de Amor*—the French *accroches cœur*, "springes to catch woodcocks." These are Oriental. Some female mummies have been discovered with their *patillas* perfectly preserved and gummed on after 3000 years: the ruling passion strong in death (Wilk. ii. 370). The Spanish she-Goths were equally particular. S^a. Isidoro (*Or.* xix. 31) describes some curls, *ancixæ*, with a tact which becomes rather the *Barbiere de Sevilla* than its archbishop. When an Andaluza turns out with her hair dressed in its best, she is capable, like Roxalana, of upsetting empires, *trastornar el mundo*.

Thus much for our fair readers; one word now on the chief item of male costume in Spain. The cloak, *capa*, is to man what the *saya* and *mantilla* are to woman. The Spaniards represent the *gens togata* of antiquity, and their *capa* is the unchanged Pænula, *Τεβεννα*. This emblem of civilization and symbol of Roman influence was introduced into Spain by Sertorius, who, by persuading the natives to adopt the dress, soon led them to become the admirers, then subjects, of Rome—*Cedent arma togæ*. The Andalucians (Strabo, iii. 254) were among the first to follow this foreign fashion. They gloried in their finery like the Germans, not seeing in this *livery*, as Tacitus did, a real badge of the loss of national independence—"Inde habitus nostri honor, et frequens toga, idque apud imperitos, *humanitas* vocabatur, cum pars cervitutis esset." Much the same case is now going on with French bonnets and English coats; the masses of Spaniards have never left off their cloaks and jackets. This jacket, the ancient *χιτων*, tunica, *synthesis*, was worn by the Carthaginians (Plaut. *Pæn.* v. 2), just as it is now by the Moors. The Spaniards live in jackets, they are the "*tunicatus propellus*" of Europe. Augustus Cæsar, who, according to Suetonius, was chilly, wore as many as Hamlet's gravedigger does waistcoats. Ferdinand VII., the week before his death, who gave a farewell audience to a foreign minister in a jacket, died in harness: like him and Cæsar, Spaniards, when in the bosom of their families, seldom wear any other dress. *O tunicata quies!* exclaims Martial (x. 51); nor can anything ever exceed the comfort of a well-made Zamarra, a word derived from Simúr—*mustela Scythica*. The merit and obvious origin of this sheep-skin costume account for its antiquity and unchanged usage. S^a. Isidoro (*Or.* xix. 24) calls it *pallium*, *a pelle*.

The *capa* is cut in a peculiar manner and rounded at the bottom; the circumference of the real and correct thing is seven yards all but three

inches and a half: "*bis ter ulnarum toga*. As cloaks, like coats, are cut according to a man's cloth, a scanty *capa*, like the "*toga arcta*" of Horace, does not indicate affluence or even respectability. St. Isidoro did well to teach his Goths that their *toga* was a *tegado*, because it concealed the whole man, as it does now, and well, provided it be a good one; *una buena capa, todo tapa*. It covers a multitude of sins, and especially pride and poverty—the twin sisters of Iberia. The ample folds and graceful drapery give breadth and throw an air of stately decency—nay, dignity—over the wearer; it not only conceals tatters and nakedness, but appears to us to invest the pauper with the abstract classicality of an ancient peripatetic philosopher, since we never see this costume of Solons and Cæsars except in the British Museum. A genuine Spaniard would sooner part with his skin than his *capa*; thus when Charles III. wanted to prohibit their use, the people rose in arms, and the Squillacci, or anti-cloak ministry, was turned out. The *capa* fits a Spaniard admirably; it favours habits of inactivity, prevents the over-zealous arms or elbows from doing anything, conceals a knife and rags, and, when muffled around, offers a disguise for intrigues and robbery; *capa y espada* accordingly became the generic term for the profligate comedy which portrayed the age of Philip IV.

The Spanish clergy never appear in public without this *capa*, and the readers of the *Odyssey* need not be reminded of the shifts to which Ulysses was put when "he left his cloak behind." St. Paul was equally anxious about his, when he wrote his Second Epistle to Timothy; and Raphael has justly painted him in the cartoon, when preaching at Athens, wearing his cloak exactly as the Spanish people do at this moment. Nothing can appear more ludicrous to a Spanish eye than the scanty, narrow, capeless, scapegrace cloaks of English cut: the wearer of one will often see the lower classes grinning, without knowing why. They are staring at his cloak, its shape, and way of putting it on. When a stranger thinks that he is perfectly incognito, he is pointed out to the very children, and is the observed of all observers. All this is easily prevented by attention to a few simple rules. No one can conceive the fret and petty continual worry to which a stranger is exposed both from beggars and the *impertinente curioso* tribe by being always found out; it embitters every step he takes, mars all privacy, and keeps up a continual petty fever and ill-humour.

A wise man will therefore get his cloak made in Spain, and by a Spanish tailor, and the more like that most generally worn the better. He may choose it of blue colour, and let the broad hem or stripe be lined with black velvet; red or fancy colours and silks are *muy charro*, gaudy and in bad taste: *he must never omit a cape—dengue esclavina*, whence our old term *slaveyn*. A *capa* without a cape is like a cat without a tail. As the clerical *capa* is always black, and distinguished from the lay one by its *not* having a cape. Whenever an Englishman comes out with a blue cloak and no cape, it appears quite as ludicrous to Spanish eyes as to see a gentleman in a sack or in a *red* cassock. It is applying a form of *cut* peculiar only to clergymen to *colours* which are only worn by laymen. Having got a correct *capa*, the next and not less important step is to know how to wear it; the antique is the

true model ; either the *capa* is allowed to hang simply down from the shoulders, or it is folded in the *embozo*, or *á lo majo* : the *embozar* consists in taking up the right front fold and throwing it over the left shoulder, thus muffling up the mouth, while the end of the fold hangs half way down the back behind : it is difficult to do this neatly, although all Spaniards can ; for they have been practising nothing else from the age of breeches, as they assume the toga almost when they leave off petticoats. No force is required ; it is done by a knack, a sleight of hand : the cloak is jerked over the shoulder, which is gently raised to meet and catch it ; this is the precise form of the ancients, the *αναβαλλεσθαι* of Athenæus (i. 18). The Goths wore it in the same manner (S^r. Isidoro, *Or.* xix. 24). When the *embozo* is arranged, two fingers of the right hand are sometimes brought up to the mouth and protrude beyond the fold : they serve either to hold a cigar or to telegraph a passing friend. It must be remembered by foreigners that, as among the ancient Romans (Suet. *in Claud.* vi.), it is not considered respectful to remain *embozado* on ceremonious occasions. Uncloaking is equivalent to taking off the hat ; Spaniards always uncloak when *Su Majestad*, the host or the king, passes by, the lower orders uncloak when speaking to a superior : *whenever the traveller sees one not do that with him, let him be on his guard*. Spaniards, when attending a funeral service in a church, do not rend, but leave their cloaks at home behind them : the etiquette of mourning is to go without their *capa*. As this renders them more miserable than fish out of water, the manes of the deceased must necessarily be gratified by the sincerity of the sorrow of his surviving and shivering friend.

The *majo* fashion of the wearing the cloak, is that which is adopted by the *chulos* when they walk in procession around the arena, before the bull-fight commences. It is managed thus : take the right front fold, and whip it rapidly under the left elbow, pressing down at the same time the left elbow to catch it ; a sort of deep bosom, the ancient *umbo*, *sinus*, is thus formed, and the arms are left at liberty. The celebrated *Aristides* at Naples is cloaked somewhat in this fashion. *We strongly advise the newly arrived traveller* to get his tailor or some Spaniard just to give him a few lessons how to perform these various evolutions ; without this he will never pass in a crowd. If he puts his cloak on awkwardly he will be thought a quizz, which is no element of success in society. Everybody knows that Cicero adopted the cause of Pompey in preference to that of Cæsar—because he concluded, from the unintellectual manner in which the future dictator wore his cloak, that he never could turn out to be a great man. Cæsar improved as he grew older, when nothing fidgeted him more than any person's disturbing the peace of his *sinus* (Suet. 82, and see the note of Pitiscus) ; and, like the Egyptian ladies' curls, the ruling passion was strong in his death, for he arranged his cloak as his last will and deed. Cato and Virgil were laughed at for their awkward togas ; no Englishman can pass for a great man in Spain, unless his Spanish valet thinks so when he is cloaked.

The better classes of Spaniards wear the better classes of cloth. The lower continue to cover their aboriginal sheepskin with the aboriginal cloth. The fine wools of Spain—an ancient Merino sold in Strabo's

time for a talent (iii. 213)—produced a corresponding article, insomuch that these *Hispanæ coccinæ* were the presents which the extravagant Chloe gave her lover (Mart. iv. 27). The poor were contented then, as now, with a thick double cloth, the “*duplex pannus*” of poverty and patience (Hor. 1 *Ep.* xvii. 25), and it was always made from the brown undyed wool; and there are always several black sheep in every Spanish flock, as in all their cortes and juntas. Their undyed wools formed the exact *Lacernæ Bæticae* (Martial, xiv. 133), and the best are still made at Grazelema. The cloth, from the brown colour, is called “*pañó pardo*.” This is the mixed red rusty tint for which Spain was renowned—“*ferrugine clarus Iberá* ;” among the Goths the colour was simply called “Spanish,” just as our word drab, incorrectly used as a colour, was originally taken from the French *drap*, cloth, which happened to be undyed. Drab is not more the livery of our footmen and Quakers, than “brown” is of Spain, whether man or mountain—*gente* or *Sierra Morena*. The Manchegans especially wear nothing but jackets and breeches of this stuff and colour, and well may their king call his royal seat “*el pardo*.” Their metaphors are tintured with it. They call themselves the “browns,” just as we call the Africans the blacks, or modern Minervas the blues: thus they will say of a shrewd peasant—Yorkshire—“*Mas sabe con su grammatica parda que no el escribano* ;” he knows more with his *brown* grammar than the attorney. The *pañó pardo* is very thick, not only to last longer, but because the cloak is the shield and buckler of quarrelsome people, who wrap it round the left arm. The assassins of Cæsar did the same, when they rushed with their bloody daggers through frightened Rome (App. *B. C.* ii. 503). Cæsar himself, when in danger at the battle of Lerida, did the same thing (*Bell. Civ.* i. 67). The Spaniards in the streets, the moment the sharp click of the opened knife is heard, or their adversary stoops to pick up a stone, whisk their cloaks round their left arms with marvellous and most classical rapidity. Petronius Arbiter (c. 30) describes them to the life—“*Intorto circum brachium pallio composui ad præliandum gradum*.” There is no end to Spanish proverbs on the cloak. They wear it in summer because it keeps out heat; in winter because it keeps out cold. *Por sol que haga, ne dejes tu capa en casa*—the common trick upon a traveller is to steal his cloak. *Del Andalúz guarda tu capuz*. A cloak is equivalent to independence, *debajo mi manto, veo y canto*, I laugh in my sleeve; and, even if torn and tattered, it preserves its virtue like that of San Martin; *debajo de una capa rota, hay buen bebidor*—there is many a good drinker under a bundle of rags.

The Spaniards as a people are remarkably well dressed; the lower orders retain their peculiar and picturesque costume; the better classes imitate the dress of an English gentleman, and come nearer to our ideas of that character than do most other foreigners. Their sedate lofty port gives that repose and quiet which is wanting to our mercurial neighbours. The Spaniard is proud of himself, not vain of his coat; he is cleanly in his person and consistent in his apparel; there is less of the “diamond pins in dirty shirts,” as Walter Scott said of some continental exquisites. Not that the genus dandy, the *Pollo*, does not exist in Spain, but he is an exotic when clad in a coat. The real dandy is

the "*majo*," in his half-Moorish jacket. The elegant, in a long-tailed "*fraje*," is a bad copy of a bad imitation—a London cockney, filtered through a Boulevard badaud. These harmless animals, these exquisite vegetables, are called *lechuginos*, which signifies both a sucking pig and a small lettuce. The Andalucian dandies were in the war called *paquetes*, because they used to import the last and correct thing from England by the packet-boat. Such are the changes, the ups and downs, of coats and countries. Now the Spaniards look to us for models, while our ancestors thought nothing came up

"To the refined traveller from Spain,
A man in all the world's new fashions planted!"

The variety of costumes which appear on the Spanish public *alamedas* renders the scene far gayer than that of our dull uniform walks; the loss of the parti-coloured monks will be long felt to the artist. The gentlemen in their *capas* mingle with the ladies in their *mantillas*. The white-kilted Valencian contrasts with the velveteen glittering Andalucian; the sable-clad priest with the soldier; the peasant with the muleteer: all meet on perfect equality, as in church, and all conduct themselves with equal decorum, good breeding, and propriety. Few Spaniards ever walk arm-in-arm, and still less do a Spanish lady and gentleman—scarcely even those whom the holy church has made one. There is no denial to which all classes and sexes of Spaniards will not cheerfully submit in order to preserve a respectable external appearance. This formed one of the most marked characteristics of the Iberians, who, in order to display magnificence on their backs, pinched their bellies. The ancient Deipnosophists (Athen. ii. 6; Strabo, iii. 232), who preferred lining their ribs with good capons, rather than their cloaks with ermine, wondered at the shifts and starvation endured by poor gentlemen in order to strut about in rich clothes, and forms one of the leading subjects of wit in all their picaresque novels: "silks and satins put out the kitchen fire," says poor Richard. Spaniards, even the wealthy, only really dress when they go out, and when they come home return to a dishabille which amounts to dowdiness. Those who are less affluent carefully put by their out-of-door costume, which consequently, as in the East, lasts for many years, and forms one reason, among many others, why mere fashions change so little: another reason why all Spaniards in public are so well dressed is, that, unless they can appear as they think they ought, they do not go out at all. In the far-spread poverty many families remain at home during the whole day, thus retiring and presenting the smallest mark for evil fortune to peck at. They scarcely stir out for weeks and months; adversity produces a keener impatience of dishonour than was felt in better days, a more morbid susceptibility, an increased anxiety to withdraw from those places and that society where a former equality can no longer be maintained. The recluses steal out at early dawn to the *missa de madrugada*, the daybreak mass, which is expressly celebrated for the consolation of all who must labour for their bread, all who get up early and lie down late, and that palest and leanest form of poverty, which is ready to work but findeth none to employ. When the sad. congregation have offered up their petition for relief, they

return to cheerless homes, to brood in concealment over their fallen fortunes. At dusky nightfall they again creep, bat-like, out to breathe the air of heaven, and meditate on new schemes for hiding the morrow's distress.

XXV.—HINTS ON CONDUCT—DRESS—CREED—VISITING—MODES OF ADDRESS, &c.

In conclusion and recapitulation, a few hints may be useful to the stranger in Spain as to conduct. The observance of a few rules in a country where "manners maketh man" will render the traveller's path one of peace and pleasantness. First and foremost, never forget that the Spaniard is of a very high caste, and a gentleman by innate aristocracy; proud as Lucifer and combustible as his matches, he is punctilious and touchy on the point of honour; make therefore the first advances, or at least meet him a little more than half way; treat him, be his class what it may, as a *Caballero*, a gentleman, and an old and well-born Christian one, *Cristiano viejo y rancio*, and therefore as your equal. When his self-esteem and personal sensitiveness are thus once conciliated, he is quick to return the compliment, and to pay every deference to the judicious stranger by whom he is put in his proper place; all attempt to bully and browbeat is loss of time, as this stiff-necked, obstinate people may be turned by the straw of courtesy, but are not to be driven by a rod of iron, still less if wielded by a foreigner, to despise whom is the essence of nationality or *Españolismo*. It need scarcely be said, in a land so imbued with Orientalisms, that the greatest respect is to be paid to the fair sex for its own sake, whatever be woman's age, condition, or appearance—nor will love's labour be lost. On landing at Calais, the sooner Mayfair is wiped out of the tablets of memory the better, nor can any one, once in Spain, too constantly remember to forget England. How few there, or indeed any where on the Continent, sympathise with our wants and habits, or understand our love of truth and cold water; our simple manly tastes; our contempt for outward show compared to real comfort; our love of exercise, adventure, and alternate quiet, and of all that can only be learnt at our public schools. Your foreigner has no Winchester or Eton.

Civil words and keeping out of mischief's way are everywhere the best defence. Never grudge wearing out a hat or two by touching it or taking it off; this is hoisting the signal of truce, peace, and good will; the sensitive Spaniard stiffens when hats are not off, and bristles up like a porcupine against the suspicion of a *desaire*. Be especially polite to officials, from the odious custom-house upwards; it is no use kicking against the powers that be; if you ruffle them they can worry you, by a relentless doing their duty: these nuisances are better palliated by honey than vinegar; and many of the detentions and difficulties of our unwise travellers are provoked by uncourteous demeanor, and growlings in a tongue as unknown to the natives as the Englishman was to Portia—"He understands not me, nor I him." Dismiss the nonsense of robbers from your head, avoiding, however, all indiscreet exhibition of tempting baits, or chattering about your plans and movements. By common preparation mere footpads are baffled: to attempt resistance against an organised band is sheer folly: do not

mix yourself with Spanish politics or civil wars — leave them to exterminate each other to their liking, like Kilkenny cats. Avoid logomachies, or trying to convince the natives against their will; it is arguing against a north-east wind, and a sheer loss of time, too; for, in a fine, indolent climate, where there is little to do—no liberty of press or circulating libraries—the otiose twaddlers spin Castilian nonsense by the yard. Mind your own business, and avoid things that do not concern you, taking especial care not to intermeddle.

In the large towns the costume of an English gentleman is the best; avoid all semi-bandit, fancy-ball extravagances in dress; hoist, indeed, British colours there as everywhere. Thin cashmere or *cubica* is far preferable to cloth, which is intolerable in the hot weather. Pay daily visits to Figaro, and carefully eschew the Brutus beards, and generally, everything which might lead the bulk of Spaniards to do you the grievous injury of mistaking your native country. A *capa* or cloak used to be absolutely essential, and is so out of Madrid, *paletots* notwithstanding: and how much in appearance and in health have those Spaniards lost, who, like the Turks, ape the externals of foreign civilization; how skimpy and pigmy and common-place they look stripped of their ample folds: let your cloak be of plain blue colour, faced with black velvet. Remember to get it made in Spain, or it will not be cut full enough to be able to be worn as the natives do: take particular care that it has a cape, *dengue*, *esclavina*, unless you wish to be an object of universal attention and ridicule; and mind to let your tailor give you a few lessons how to put it on like a Spaniard, and to show you the different modes of muffing up the face, a precaution necessary in the Castiles, where the cold airs, if inhaled, bring on sudden and dangerous *pulmonia*. This artificial *respirator* keeps out both the assassin breath of cold, and the salitrose dust. No English-made *capa* can be properly *embozada*, that is, have its right fold thrown over the mouth and left shoulder, descending neatly half-way down the back. Our cloaks are much too scanty, *no tienen bastante vuelo*. In the conduct of cloaks, remember, when you meet any one, being yourself *embozado* or muffled up, to remove the folds before you address him, as not to do so is a great incivility: again, when strangers continue to speak to you thus cloaked, and as it were disguised, be on your guard.

Take great care, when actually travelling, to get the passport *refrendado y corriente* in time, and to secure long beforehand places in the public conveyance. Carry the least possible luggage you can, never forgetting that none is so heavy and useless in Spain as preconceived prejudices and conventional foregone conclusions, although of genuine London or Paris manufacture. When you arrive at the place of your destination, if you wish to do or see anything out of the common way, call on the *jefe político*, or *comandante de armas*, or chief authority, to state frankly your object, and request his permission. For travelling, especially on riding tours and in all out-of-the-way districts, adopt the national costume of the road; to wit, the peaked hat, *Sombrero gacho*, *calañes*, the jacket of fur, the *Zamarra*, or the one of cloth, the *Marselles*; the grand object is to pass incog. in the crowd, or if noticed, to be taken for a native. You will thus avoid

being the observed of all observers, and a thousand other petty annoyances which destroy privacy and ruffle temper. You may possibly thus escape the beggars, which are the plague of Spain, and have a knack of finding out a stranger, and of worrying and bleeding him as effectually as the mosquitos. The regular form of uncharitable rejection is as follows:—*Perdone V. (Usted) por Dios, Hermano?*—My brother, will you excuse me, for God's sake? If this request be gravely said, the mendicant gives up hope of coppers. Any other answer except this specific one, only encourages importunity, as the beggars either do not believe in the reality of the refusal, or see at once that you are *not* a Spaniard, and therefore never leave off, until in despair you give them hush-money to silence their whine, thus bribing them to relieve you from the pleasure of their company.

Ladies will do well to adopt the national and most becoming *mantilla*, although in large towns the hideous bonnet is creeping in. They must also remember that females are not admitted into churches except in veils; black also used to be the correct colour for dress. Spanish women generally seat themselves on the pavement when at prayers; it is against all ecclesiastical propriety for a lady and gentleman, even man and wife, to walk about arm in arm in a church. Spaniards, on passing the high altar, always bow; beware of talking during mass, when the ringing of a little bell indicates the elevation of the Host, and the actual presence of the incarnate Deity. It is usual to take off hats and kneel when the consecrated wafer is carried by in the streets; and those Protestants who object, should get out of the way, and not offend the weaker brethren by a rude contempt of their most impressive ceremonial.

Protestants should observe some reserve in questions of creed, and never play tricks with the faith or the eye; *con el ojo y la fe, nunca me burlare*. There is no sort of religious toleration in Spain, where their belief is called *la Fe*, and is thought to be *the* faith, and the only true one. You may smile, as Spaniards do, at a corpulent canon, and criticise what he practises, but take care to respect what he preaches. You will often be asked if you are a Christian, meaning a Roman Catholic; the best answer is, *Cristiano, si, Romano Catolico, no*. Distributors of Protestant tracts will labour in vain, and find that to try to convert a Spaniard is but waste of time. The influence of the Voltaire school with the propagandism of revolution and atheism, has sapped much, both of the loyalty and religion, of the old Castilian; but however the cause of the Vatican may be injured, that of Protestantism is little advanced: for there is no *via media*, no Bible in Spain; Deism and infidelity are the only alternatives, and they are on the increase. The English are thought to have no faith at all,—to believe neither in the Pope or Mahomet, but in gold and cotton alone; nor is this to be wondered at in Spain, where they have no ostensible religion; no churches or churchyards; no Sundays or service, except as a rare chance at a seaport in some consul's parlour. Being rich, however, and strong, they escape the contumely poured out in Spain on poor and weak heretics, and their cash is respected as eminently catholic.

Conform, as nearly as you can, to the hours and habits of the natives, get up early, which is usual throughout Spain; dine or rest in the middle of the day, for when everybody is either at table or the *siesta*, it is no use

to be running about sight-seeing when you are the only person awake. *On all occasions pay with both hands*; most locks in Spain are to be picked with a silver key, and almost every difficulty is smoothed by a properly administered bribe, and how small an additional per centage on the general expenditure of a tour through Spain is added by such trifling outlays! Never therefore, cross the Pyrenees to wage a *guerrilla* warfare about shillings and half-crowns. N.B. Have always plenty of small silver coins, for which great is the amount of peace, good will, and having your own way, to be purchased in Spain, where *backshish*, as in the East, is the universal infallible "open *sesamé*" and most unanswerable argument. A Spanish proverb judiciously introduced always gives pleasure, nor need you ever fear offering your cigar case, *petaca*, to any Spaniard, still less if your tobacco be of the legitimate Havana; for next to *pesetas*, rank cigars, as popular instruments of waxing in the favour of Iberian man, and making him your obedient servant.

When on a riding journey, *attend to the provend*; take a *mosquitero* or mosquito net, and some *solution of ammonia*, the best antidote to their stings; avoid all resistance to robbers when overmatched; keep your plans and movements secret; never rub your eyes except with your elbows, *los ojos con los codos*, but use hot water to them frequently, or a lotion of calomel and rose-water; never exercise them in prying about barracks, arsenals, and citadels, and still less in sketching anything connected with military and national defences, which are after all generally but beggarly shows of empty boxes.

Letters of *Introduction* are desirable. In cities, where a lengthened stay is contemplated, their utility is obvious. They may be procured and taken on tours and excursions, but need not always be presented. Of service in cases of difficulties, they involve otherwise much loss of precious time in visits and in formal intercourse with strangers, whom one never saw before and may never meet again; and for your life avoid being carried off from the *posada* to a hospitable native's house, if freedom and taking "ease in mine own inn" have any charms.

In choice of lodgings, especially in winter, secure upper floors which have a *southern* aspect. The sun is the fire-place of Spain, and where his vivifying rays enter, the doctor goes out; and, dear reader, if you value your life, avoid the sangrados of Spain, who wield the shears of the fatal sisters. Fly also from the *brasero*, the pan of heated charcoal, the parent of headache and asphixia; trust rather to additional clothing than to charcoal, especially to flannel; keep your feet warm and the head cool, by avoiding exposure to midday sun and midnight bottle: above all things, carry not the gastronomics of the cold north into the hot south. Live as the natives do, consuming little meat and less wine; sleep the midday siesta as they do, and avoid rash exposure to the delicious cool night breezes. Sleep high, avoiding the ground floor, as the poisonous Malaras of fine climates creep on earth, and more so by night when they are condensed, than by day; throw physic to the dogs, avoiding constipation and trusting to diet and quiet; a blue or a rhubarb dinner pill generally will suffice. Cod liver oil may as well be taken out by consumptive travellers, as it is dear, indifferent, and rare in Spain.

Next to the Spanish bandit and doctors, with whom your purse or life are in danger, avoid investments in Spanish insecurities. Nothing

a "shop-keeper nation" justly dislikes more than a fraudulent bankrupt or a stock exchange repudiator: it is safer to buy our Three per Cent Reduced at 100, than Spanish Five per Cents. at 35.

When you have letters of introduction to any Spaniards, both ladies and gentlemen should be very particular in being well dressed on the first visit of etiquette: black is the correct colour of ceremony. Call yourself with your credentials. Ladies should come in a carriage, as *venido en coche* is a mark of respect. If the parties called upon be out, leave your credentials and card, writing on the corner of the latter E. P., which means *en persona*. When you ring at the door, probably an unseen person will exclaim, "*Quien es?*" "Who's there?" The correct countersign is, "*Gente de paz,*" "Persons of peace." As the first visit is always formal, observe how you are treated, and practise the same behaviour exactly when the call is returned. You will be conducted to the best room, the *sala de estrado*, and then led up to the sofa, and placed on the right hand. Very great care will be paid, or in our time used to be paid, to your hat—type of grandeeship—which a well-bred Spaniard seizes and seats on a chair as if it were a person: be careful to pay this compliment always to your visiting friend's beaver. When you get up to take leave, if of a lady, you should say, "*A los pies de V. (usted), Señora,*" "My lady, I place myself at your feet;" to which she will reply, "*Beso á V. la mano, Caballero,*" "I kiss your hand, Sir Knight:" "*Vaya V. con Dios, que V. lo pase bien,*" "May you depart with God, and continue well;" to which you must reply, "*Quede V. con Dios y la Virgen,*" "May you remain with God and the Virgin." Ladies seldom rise in Spain to receive male visitors; they welcome female ones with kisses both at coming and going. A gentleman must beware how he offers to shake a Spanish lady's hand, as it is never done, except when the hand is offered for better or worse; it disarranges her mantilla; nor should he give her his arm when out walking. On leaving a Spaniard's house, observe if he thus addresses you, "*Esta casa está muy á la disposicion de V. cuando guste favorecerla,*" "This house is entirely at your disposal, whenever you please to favour it." Once thus invited, you become a friend of the family, *uno de nosotros, de la familia*. If the compliment be omitted, it is clear that the owner never wishes to see you again, and is equivalent to an affront. When a lady makes a visit, a well-bred host hands her down stairs to the door of her carriage, taking her by the hand; but properly no pressure is admissible, although such things have occurred. Remember always to pay a visit of ceremony to your male and female friends on their birthdays, or *el dia de su santo*, and to attend to your costume and put on your best black: on New Year's day bring some small gift with you, as an *estrella*. If, when you call, are admitted, and a Spanish lady happens to be alone, you should not shut the door, as according to the laws of all social propriety it must be left open, or at least ajar. In walking with a Spaniard, if you wish to show him respect, take care to let him be inside of the two, *tu comes exterior*: the same nicety of relative position should be observed in seating him on a sofa or in a carriage. A well-bred man always when he meets a lady makes way for her, passing outside; although the strict rule in street-walking, which, from their narrowness and the nice point of honour of touchy passengers, has been well defined,

is that whoever has the wall on his or her right hand is entitled to keep it.

On passing soldiers on duty, remember that the challenge of a Spanish sentry is "*Quien vive?*" The answer is "*España.*" Then follows "*Que gente?*" The answer is "*Paisano.*" The sooner and clearer strangers answer the better, as silence rouses suspicion; and in Spain a shot often precedes any explanation.

When you meet your Spanish friends, stop, uncloak, uncover, and attend carefully to the whole process of greetings in the market-place. These things are not done there in our curt and off-hand How are you? way. You must inquire after the gentleman's own health, that of his wife (*como está mi Señora la esposa de V.*), his children, et cetera, and then you will be thought to be a *hombre tan formal y cumplido como nosotros*, that is, as well-bred as a Spaniard. If when walking with a Spaniard you pass your own house, do not fail to ask him whether he will not step in and untire himself a little, "*No quiere V. entrar en esta su casa, y descansar un ratito?*" You beg him to come into his, not your house, for thus you offer it to him.

This offering obtains throughout. If a Spaniard admire anything belonging to another, his friend instantly places it at his disposal, *está muy á la disposicion de V.* The proper reply is a bow, and some sort of speech like this: *Gracias, está muy bien empleado*, or *Gracias, no puede mejorarse de dueño.* Thanks, it is already in excellent hands; it cannot better its master by any change. In like manner, and especially when outside cities, if any Spaniards pass by when you are lunching, picnicking, or eating, never fail to invite them to share your meal, by saying, *Gusten ustedes comer?* will your graces be pleased to dine? To omit this invitation is a flagrant breach of the laws of hospitality; nor is it always a mere compliment on their part, for every class of Spaniard is flattered if you will partake of their fare. However, it is safer to decline with the set speech, *Muchas gracias, buen provecho le haga á ustedes.* Never at all events, in this or on other occasions, omit these titular compliments. Phrases and forms of address are exponents of national character, and how superb is the pomp and circumstance of these swelling semi-Orientals; here every beggar addresses a brother mendicant as *Señor*, *Don*, and *Caballero*, as a lord or knight. As all are peers, all are "*Vuestra Merced*," "*Your Grace*," which, when not expressed in words, is understood and implied by the very grammar, as the mode of addressing in the third person, instead of in our curt second "*you*," has reference to an implied title. In towns there is scarcely any dinner society, and luckily; nor is such an invitation the usual compliment paid to a stranger, as with us. Spaniards, however, although they seldom *bid* a foreigner, will accept *his* bidding. It is necessary, however, to "press them greatly;" for the correct national custom is to decline. Remember also to apply a gentle violence to your guest, to induce him to eat, and if you are dining with him, let your stomach stretch a point; for unless you over-eat yourself, he will fancy that you do not like his fare. He will assuredly heap up your mess most profusely, for, as in the East, where dinners are scarce, quantity is the delicate mark of attention. It was in our time by no means unusual for strangers, after eating ices or taking coffee at a public café, to find, when they went to pay, that the bill had already been discharged by

some unknown Spaniard. Accordingly, if you see friends of yours thus refreshing themselves, pretty ladies for instance with whom you wish to stand well, you may privately tell the waiter that you will be answerable for their account. It is very easy afterwards, when you meet with your fair friends, to let them infer who was their unknown benefactor. It was sometimes rather dangerous to accompany an extravagant *Andaluza* out shopping, *á las tiendas*, as a well-bred man of the old Spanish school was bound never to allow her to pay for anything. This custom, however, has got somewhat obsolete since the French invasion, good money and manners having become considerably scarcer in consequence of that visitation.

All Spaniards, however, are still prodigal to each other in cheap names and titles of honour; thus even beggars address each other as *Señor y Caballero*, Lord and Knight. The most coveted style is *Excelencia*, your Excellency, or, as it is pronounced, *Vuesencia*, and it only belongs to grandees and men in highest office. The next is *Vuestra Señoría*, your Lordship, of which the abbreviated form is *Usia*; this belongs to *titulos de Castilla*, to men who are titled, but not grandees. It is, however, very seldom used, except by the lower classes, who, when they want to toady an Englishman, will often say, *Por vida del demonio mas sabe Usia que nosotros*—by the devil's life, your Lordship knows more than we do; which, if a traveller has this Handbook, is very likely to be the fact, as the natives generally know nothing. The common form of You is *Usted*; *vuestra merced*, your grace. It is generally written simply *V.*, or in older books *V^{md}*. If you do not know a Spaniard's Christian name, it is well-bred to insert the *de*, the German *Von*. Thus *Señor de Muñoz* is the appellation of a gentleman; *Senor Muñoz* that of a nobody. When the Christian name is used with the title Don (*Dominus*, Lord), this Don becomes exactly equivalent to our knightly Sir, and never must be prefixed to the patronymic by itself. Thus you must say Don Hernando Muñoz, and not Don Muñoz, which sounds as ridiculous and ignorant to Spanish ears as Sir Peel does to ours.

Spaniards, when intimate, generally call each other by their Christian names, and a stranger may live among them and be known to all the town as "Don Ricardo," without half a dozen persons in it being aware of what his patronymic is. The custom of *tutear*—the endearing *tutoyer*, unusual in England except among quakers, is very prevalent among familiar friends, and is habitual among grandees, who consider each other as relatives, *primos*, cousins.

The forms of letter-writing differ also from ours. The correct place of dating from should be *de esta su casa*, from this *your* house, wherever it is; you must not say from this *my* house, as you mean to place it at the disposition of your correspondent; the formal Sir is *Muy Señor mio*; My dear Sir, is *Muy Señor mio y de todo mi aprecio*; My dear Friend, is *Mi apreciable amigo*: a step more in intimacy is *querido amigo* and *querido Don Juan*. All letters conclude after something in this fashion—*quedando en el interin S. S. S. [su seguro servidor] Q. S. M. B. [que su mano besa]*. This represents our "your most obedient and humble servant;" a more friendly form is "*Mande V^{md}. con toda franqueza á ese S. S. S. y amigo af^{mo}. Q. S. M. B.*" When a lady is in the case, *P [pies]* is substituted for *M*, as the gentleman

kisses her feet. Ladies sign *su servidora y amiga*; clergymen, *su S. S. y capellan*; military men seldom omit their rank. Letters are generally directed thus:—

Al Señor,
Don Fulano Apodo
B. L. M.
S. S.
R. F.

Most Spaniards append to their signature a *Rubrica*, which is a sort of intricate flourish, like a Runic knot or an Oriental sign-manual. The sovereign often only *rubricates*, as Don Quixote did in the matter of the jackasses: then his majesty makes his mark, and does not sign his name.

The traveller is advised *at least* to visit and observe the objects pointed out in the following pages, and never to be deterred by any Spaniard's opinion that they are "not worth seeing." He should not, however, neglect looking at what the natives consider to be worth a foreigner's attention. As a sight-seeing rule in towns, make out a list of the lions you wish to see, and let your lacquey de place arrange the order of the course, according to localities, proper hours, and getting proper permissions. As a general habit ascend towers in towns to understand topography; visit the Plazas and chief markets to notice local fishes, fowls, fruits, and costumes—these are busy sites and scenes in this idle, unbusiness-like land; for as Spaniards live from hand to mouth, everybody goes there every day to buy their daily bread, &c., and when nightfall comes the royal larder is as empty as that of the poorest *venta*—and then, as elsewhere, be more careful of keeping your good temper than sixpences: never measure Spanish things by an English standard, nor seek for moles in bright-eyes, nor say that all is a wilderness from Burgos to Bailen. Scout all imaginary dismals, dangers, and difficulties, which become as nothing when manfully met, and especially when on the road and in *ventas*. View Spain and the Spaniard *en couleur de rose*, and it will go hard if some of that agreeable tint be not reflected on such a judicious observer, for, like a mirror, he returns your smile or frown, your courtesy or contumely; nor is it of any use going to Rome if you quarrel with the Pope. Strain a *point or two* therefore, to "make things pleasant." Little, indeed, short of fulsome flattery, will *fully* satisfy the cormorant cravings of Spanish self-love and praise appetite; nay, facts and truths, when told, and still more, when printed, by a foreigner, are set down as sheer lies, libels, or absurdities—*mentiras y desperates*; and are attributed to the ignorance and jealousy of the rest of mankind, all conspired to denigrate "Spain, the first and foremost of nations." Remember, also, that "to boast of their strength is the national weakness;" and the Spaniards, in their decrepitude, talk and swagger as if Charles V. still wielded their sceptre, and as if their country—blotted from the map of Europe—were the terror, the envy, and admiration of the whole world: whatever, therefore, we may think and know to the contrary, it is generally the most prudent and polite to smile and pass silently on, like Milton, *con volto schiolto e pensieri stretti. Con qué, buen viaje!*

— "Si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus impertit, si non —his utere mecum."

SECTION II.
ANDALUCIA.

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ANDALUCIA.

THE kingdom or province of Andalusia, in facility of access and objects of interest, must take precedence over all others in Spain. It is the Tarshish of the Bible, the "uttermost parts of the earth," to which Jonah wished to flee. This "ultima terræ" was called Tartessus in the uncertain geography of the ancients, who were purposely kept mystified by the jealous Phœnician merchant princes, who had no notions of free trade. This vague general name, Tarshish, like our Indies, was applied sometimes to a town, to a river, to a locality ; but when the Romans, after the fall of Carthage, obtained an undisputed possession of the Peninsula, the S. of Spain was called Bætica, from the river Bætis, the *Guadalquivir*, which intersects its fairest portions. At the Gothic invasion this province, and part of Barbary, was overrun by the Vandals, whence some assert that both sides of the straits were called by the Moors *Vandalucia*, or *Beldal-Andalosh*, the territory of the Vandal ; but in the word *Andalosh*, the land of the West (*Hesperia*), a sounder etymology may be found. Here, at all

events, at the fall of the Gothic rule, as in a congenial soil, the Oriental took once more the deepest root, and left the noblest traces of power, taste, and intelligence, which centuries of apathy and neglect have not entirely effaced—here he made his last desperate struggle.

The Moorish divisions into *Los Cuatro Reinos*, the "Four Kingdoms," viz. Seville, Cordova, Jaen, and Granada, still designate territorial divisions, which occupy the S. extremity of Spain; they are defended from the cold N. table-lands by the barrier mountains of the *Sierra Morena*—a corruption of the Montes *Marianos* of the Romans, and not referring to the tawny-brown colour of its summer hortus siccus garb. The four kingdoms contain about 3283 square l., composed of mountain and valley; the grand productive locality is the basin of the *Guadalquivir*, which flows under the *Sierra Morena*. To the S.E. rise the mountains of *Bonda* and *Granada*, which sweep down to the sea. As their summits are covered with eternal snow, while the sugar-cane ripens at their bases, the botanical range is inexhaustible: these sierras also are absolutely marble and metal-pregnant. The cities are of the highest order in Spain, in respect to the fine arts and objects of general interest, while Gibraltar is a portion of England herself. *Andalucia* is admirably suited to our invalids; here winter, in our catch-cold acceptation of the term, is unknown. The genial climate forms, indeed, one of the multitudinous boasts of the natives, who pride themselves on this "happy accident" thus lavished on them by nature, as if the bright skies were a making and merit of their own. Justly enough did the ancients place their Elysian fields amid these golden orange groves; these were alike the seats of "the blessed, the happy, and long-lived" of Anacreon, as the homes of the rich and powerful of Holy Writ. These favoured regions, the sweetest morsel of the Peninsula, have always been the prize and prey of the strong man, no less than the theme of poets; and the *Andalucians*, from the remotest periods of history, have been more celebrated for social and intellectual qualities than for the practical and industrial. They are considered by their countrymen to be the Gascons, the boasters and braggarts of Spain; and certainly, from the time of Livy (xxxiv. 17) to the present, they are the most "imbellés," unwarlike, and unmilitary. It is in peace and its arts that these gay, good-humoured, light-hearted children of a genial atmosphere excel; thus their authors revived literature, when the Augustan age died at Rome, as during the darkest periods of European barbarism, Cordova was the Athens of the west, the seat of arts and science. Again, when the sun of Raphael set in Italy, painting here arose in a new form in the Velazquez, Murillo, and Cano school of Seville, the finest of the Peninsula.

The Oriental imagination of the *Andalucians* colours everything up to their bright sun. Their exaggeration, *ponderacion*, or giving weight to nothings, converts their molehills into mountains; all their geese are swans; invincible at the game of brag, their credulity is commensurate, and they end in even believing their own lies. Everything with them is either in the superlative or diminutive. Nowhere will the stranger hear more frequently those talismanic words which mark the national ignoramus character—*No se sabe, no se puede, conforme*, the "I don't know;" "I can't do it;" "That depends;" the *Mañana, pasado mañana*, the "To-morrow and day after to-morrow;" the *Boukra, bal-boukra*, of the procrastinating Oriental. Their *Sabe Dios*, the "God knows," is the "Salem Allah" of the Moors. Here remain the *Bakalum* or *Veremos*, "We will see about it;" the *Pek-éyi* or *muy bien*, "Very well;" and the *Inshallah, si Dios quiere*, the "If the Lord will;" the *Ojala*, or wishing that God would do their work for them, the Moslem's *Inco-Allah*, the old appeal to Hercules. In a word, here are to be found the besetting sins of the Oriental; his indifference, procrastination, tempered by a religious resignation

to Providence. The natives are superstitious and great worshippers of the Virgin. Their province is her chosen land, *La tierra de la Santisima*, and practically the female worship of Astarte still exists in the universal absolute Mariolatry of the masses, however differently the Roman Catholic religion may be understood theoretically by the esoteric and enlightened. Seville was the head-quarters of the dispute on the Immaculate Conception, by which Spain was convulsed. The Andalucians are also remarkable for a reliance on supernatural aid, and in all circumstances of difficulty call upon their tutelar patrons, with which every town, church, and parish is provided. Yet, if proverbs are to be trusted, little moral benefit has been the result of their religious tendencies. *Al Andaluz cata la Cruz* (*catar* is the old Spanish for *mirar*)—"Observe how the semi-Moor Andalucian makes his cross." *Del Andaluz guarda tu capa y capuz*; keep a look-out after your cloak and other chattels. In no province have smugglers and robbers (convertible terms) been longer the weed of the soil.

In compensation, however, nowhere in Spain is *el trato*, or friendly and social intercourse, more agreeable than in this pleasure-loving, work-abhorring province. The native is the *gracioso* of the Peninsula, a term given in the playbills to the cleverest comic actor. Both the *gracia*, wit, and elegance, and the *sal Andaluza* are proverbial. This *sal*, it is true, cannot be precisely called Attic, having a tendency to gitanesque and tauromachian slang, but it is almost the national language of the *smuggler, bandit, bull-fighter, dancer, and Majo*, and who has not heard of these worthies of Bætica?—the fame of *Contrabandista, Ladron, Torero, Bailarin, and Majo*, has long scaled the Pyrenees, while in the Peninsula itself, such persons and pursuits are the rage and dear delight of the young and daring, of all indeed who aspire to be sporting characters. Andalusia the head-quarters of the "fancy," or *aficion*, is the cradle of the most eminent professors, who in the other provinces become stars, patterns, models, and the envy and admiration of their applauding countrymen. The provincial dress, extremely picturesque, is that of Figaro in our theatres; and whatever the merits of tailors and milliners, Nature has lent her hand in the good work: the male is cast in her happiest mould, tall, well-grown, strong, and sinewy; the female, worthy of her mate, often presents a form of matchless symmetry, to which is added a peculiar and most fascinating air and action. The *Majo* is the *dandy* of Spain. The etymology of this word is the Arabic *Majar*, brilliancy, splendour, jauntiness in walk, qualities which are exactly expressed in the costume and bearing of the character. He glitters in velvets, filigree buttons, tags, and tassels; his dress is as gay as his sun; external appearance is indeed all and everything with him. This love of *show, boato*, is by some derived from the Arabic "*shouting*;" as his favourite epithet, *bizarro*, "*distinguished*," is from the Arabic *bessard*, "*elegance of form*." The word *majo* again, means an out-and-out *swell*, somewhat of the "tiger," *muy fanfaron*; *fanfaronade* in word and thing is also Moorish, as *fanfar* and *hinchar* both signify to "*distend*," and are applied in the Arabic and in the Spanish to *las narices*, the inflation of the barb's nostrils, and, in a secondary meaning, to *pretencion*, puffed out pretention. The *Majo*, especially if *crudo*, or boisterous and *raw*, is fond of practical jokes; his outbreaks and "larks" are still termed in Spanish by their Arabic names, *jarana, jaleo*, i. e. *khala-a*, "waggishness."

The lively and sparkling semi-Moro Andalucian is the antithesis of the grave and decorous old Gotho-Castilian, who looks down upon him as an amusing but undignified personage. He smiles at his harlequin costume and tricks as he does at his peculiar dialect, and with reason, as nowhere is the Spanish language more corrupted in words and pronunciation; in fact, it is scarcely intelligible to a true Toledan. The *ceceo*, or pronouncing the *c* before certain vowels as an

s, and the not marking the *th* clearly—for example, *plaser* (placer) for plather—is no less offensive to a fine grammatical ear than the habit of clipping the Queen's Spanish. The Castilian enunciates every letter and syllable, while the Andalusian seldom sounds the *d* between two vowels; *lo come*, he eats it, and says, *comio*, *querio*, *ganao*, for *comido*, *querido*, *ganado*; *no vale nã*, *no hay nã*, for *no vale nada*, *no hay nada*, and often confounds the double *l* with the *y*, saying *gallangos* for *gayangos*.

The fittest towns for summer residence are Granada and Ronda; Seville and Malaga suit invalids during the winter, or Gibraltar, where the creature comforts and good medical advice of Old England abound. The spring and autumn are the best periods for a mere tour in Andalucia; the summers, except in the mountain districts, are intensely hot, while the rains in winter render locomotion in the interior almost impracticable. The towns on the coast are easily visited, as constant intercommunication between Cadiz and Malaga is kept up by steamers, which touch at Gibraltar and Algeciras. The roads in general are infamous—mere mule tracks, owing nothing to art except the turn-pike toll; while canals are wanting, alike for trade or irrigation, and the rivers are ceasing to be navigable from neglect. There is much talk of the rail, as soon as the struggle who is to have the greatest share of plunder in the *concessions* and *schemes*, is settled by the “powers that be.”

The river Guadalquivir is provided with steamers to Seville; but with the exception of the road from Cadiz to Madrid, and that from Malaga to Granada, there are no decent public carriages. The primitive Bedouin conveyance, the horse, prevails, and is much to be preferred to the *galeras*, or carriers' waggons, which drag through miry ruts, or over stony tracks made by wild goats; into them no man who values time or his bones will venture. In spite of a fertile soil and beneficent climate, almost half Andalucia is abandoned to a state of nature. The soil is covered with lentisks, Liquorice and *Palmitos*, the indigenous weeds, and other aromatic underwood, and is strewed with remains of Moorish ruins. The land, once a paradise, seems cursed by man's ravage and neglect. Here those two things of Spain, the *dehesas y despoblados*, will be fully understood by the traveller as he rides through lands once cultivated, now returned to waste, and over districts once teeming with life, but now depopulated, and who will then and there learn completely to decline the verb “*rough it*” in all its tenses.

A THREE MONTHS' TOUR.

This may be effected by a combination of Steam, Riding, and Coaching.

April. Gibraltar, S.	April. Cordova, C.	May. Lanjaron, R.	June. Loja, C.
Tarifa, R.	Andujar, C.	Berja, R.	Antequera, R.
Cadiz, R.	Jaen, R., or	June. Motril, R.	Ronda, R.
Xerez, C.	May. Bailen, C.	Velez Malaga, R.	Gibraltar, R.
San Lucar, C.	Jaen, C.	Alhama, R.	
Seville, S.	Granada, C.	Malaga, R.	

Those going to Madrid may ride from Ronda to Cordova by Osuna. Those going to Estremadura may ride from Ronda to Seville, by Moron.

MINERALOGICAL-GEOLOGICAL TOUR.

Seville	Cordova, R.	Cabo de Gata.....	Marbles.
Villa Nueva del Rio, R..	Bailen, C.	Adra, R.....	Lead.
Rio Tinto, R.....	Linares, R.....	Berja, R.....	Lead.
Almaden de la Plata, R..	Baeza, R.....	Granada, R.....	Marbles.
Guadalcanal, R.....	Segura, R.....	Malaga, C.	
Almaden, R.....	Baza, R.	Marbella, R.....	Iron.
Excursion to Logrusan, R.	Purchena, R.....	Gibraltar, R.	
Phosphate of Lime.	Macael, R.....		Marbles.

ROUTE I.—SOUTHAMPTON TO CADIZ.

The better plan is to proceed direct to Cadiz, where the change of climate, scenery, men, and manners effected by a six days' voyage is indeed remarkable. Quitting the British Channel, we soon enter the "sleepless Bay of Biscay," where the stormy petrel is at home, and where the gigantic swell of the Atlantic is first checked by Spain's iron-bound coast, the mountain breakwater of Europe. Here *The Ocean* will be seen in all its vast majesty and solitude: grand in the tempest-lashed storm, grand in the calm, when spread out as a mirror; and never more impressive than at night, when the stars of heaven, free from earth-born mists, sparkle like diamonds over those "who go down to the sea in ships and behold the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." The land has disappeared, and man feels alike his weakness and his strength; a thin plank separates him from another world; yet he has laid his hand upon the billow, and mastered the ocean; he has made it the highway of commerce, and the binding link of nations.

The average passage of the steamers from Southampton to Cadiz, stoppages in Galicia and Portugal included, is about seven days, and the first land made is the N.W. coast of Spain, whose range of mountains, a continuation of the Pyrenean vertebræ, forms, as we have said, the breakwater of Europe against the gigantic swell of the Atlantic. For La Coruña and Vigo see Index. Omitting Portugal, as foreign to this Handbook, the voyage from Lisbon to Cadiz averages between 30 and 35 hours. When wind and weather permit, the cape of St. Vincent is approached sufficiently near to see the convent perched on the beetling cliff, and to hear its matin or vesper bell, and see a fine rotary light, eclipsed every two minutes. The *Montchique* range of mountains rises nobly behind in the background.

El Cabo de San Vicente, the Cape

of St. Vincent, is so called from one of the earliest Spanish saints, Vincentius, a native of Zaragoza, who was put to death by Dacian, at Valencia, in 304. The body, long watched over by crows, was removed to this site at the Moorish invasion, miraculously guarded by these birds; and hence the convent built over the remains was called by the infidels *Kenisata-l-gorab*, the church of the crow. According to their geographers, a crow was always placed on the roof, announcing the arrival of strangers, cawing once for each; and the point to this day is termed by the natives *El Monte de los Cuervos*. About 1147 Alonso I. removed the holy body to Portugal, two of the crows acting as pilots, just as Alexander the Great was guided over the desert to the temple of Jupiter Ammon. The Spanish crows are blazoned on the arms of the city of Lisbon. These birds continued to breed in the cathedral, and had regular rents assigned for their support. Dr. Geddes (*Tracts*, iii. 106) saw many birds there "descended from the original breed, living witnesses of the miracle, but no longer pilots." For the legend consult Prudentius, *Perist.*, v. 5; Morales, *Coronica*, x. 341; *Esp. Sagr.* viii. 179, 231.

This promontory, always in fact a "Holy Head," a sort of Samothrace, was the *Κουρβον*, *Cuneus*, of the ancients; here existed a circular druidical temple, in which the Iberians believed that the gods assembled at night (*Strabo*, iii. 202). Hence the Romans, availing themselves of the hereditary *Religio Loci*, called the mountain *Mons Sacer*, a name still preserved in the neighbouring hamlet *Sagres*, founded in 1416 by Prince Henry of Portugal, who here pursued those studies which led to the discovery of the circumnavigation of Africa. *Sagres* was once considered the most western point of Europe, and to which, as the first meridian, all longitudes were referred.

The waters which bathe these shores have witnessed three British victories. Here, Jan. 16, 1780, Rodney attacked the Spanish fleet under Langara, captured 5 and destroyed 2 men-of-war;

had the action taken place in the day, or had the weather been even moderate, "none," as he said in his dispatch, "would have escaped." Here, Feb. 14, 1797, Jervis, or rather Nelson (although not mentioned in Jervis' dispatch), with 15 small ships, defeated 27 huge Spaniards, "rattling through the battle as if it had been a sport," taking 4 prizes, and saving Lisbon from Godoy, the tool of France. Here, again, July 3, 1836, Napier, with 6 small ships, beat 10 Portuguese men-of-war, and placed Don Pedro on the throne of Portugal.

Rounding the cape and steering S.E., we enter the bay of Cadiz; the mountain range of Ronda, landmarks to ships, are seen soaring on high, while the low maritime strip of Andalucia lies unperceived. For all this coast, consult the *Derroteros*, by Vicente Tofino, 2 vols. 4to., Mad. 1787-9. Soon fair Cadiz rises from the dark blue sea like a line of ivory palaces; the steamers generally remain here about 3 h., before proceeding to Gibraltar. What a change from Southampton! What local colour, what dazzling blues and whites, as we near this capital of southern seas, so young, so gay, bright and clear as Aphrodite when she rose from the waves here! And how strange the people of this new clime, with black eyes and ivory teeth, bronzed cheeks, shaggy breasts, and sashes red! The landing, when the sea is rough, is often inconvenient, and the sanitary precautions tedious. It is carrying a joke some lengths, when the yellow cadaverous Spanish *health* officers inspect and suspect the ruddy-faced Britons, who hang over the packet gangway, bursting from a plethora of beef and good condition; but fear of the plague is the bugbear of the South, and Spaniards are no more to be hurried than our Court of Chancery. Extortionate boatmen, who sit like cormorants on the coast, crowd round the vessel to land passengers; the proper charge is a *peseta* a person, and the word *tarifa* is their bugbear. There is the usual trouble with the *Aduaneros*,

Resguardos, and other custom-house officers, who are to be conciliated by patience, courtesy, a cigar.

CADIZ. *Inns*.—Hotel *Blanco*, No. 60, on the Alameda, with a fine sea view; very good. Blanco himself is trustworthy and intelligent; English Hotel—Ximenes, No. 164, Alameda; *Hotel de Europa*; *Oriente*, in French and Spanish style; *Cuatro Naciones*, Plaza de Mina. An excellent *casa de pupilos* in the *Calle de San Alejandro*, kept by Mrs. Stanley, is well fitted for private families and ladies. Good lodgings and fare may be had at *Juan Muñoz*, 117, C. del Baluarte. The fans, mantillas of Cadiz (Spanish mantillas imported into England pay a duty of 15 per cent.), rank next to those of Valencia and Barcelona; the gloves are excellent, especially the white kid, six reals the pair. Ladies' shoes are very cheap and good, as the feet at Cadiz are not among the ugliest on earth. The town is famous for sweetmeats, or *dulces*, of which Spaniards, and especially the women, as in the East, eat vast quantities, to the detriment of their stomachs and complexions. The *Calle Ancha* is the Regent Street of Cadiz.

There is a good *Casino* or club on the *Plaza San Antonio*, into which strangers are easily introduced by their banker.

The Cadiz guitars, made by Juan Pajez and his son Josef, rank with the violins and tenors of Straduarus and Amati: the best have a backboard of dark wood, called *Palo Santo*. The floor-mattings are excellent: the finest are woven of a flat reed or *junco* (the *effusus* of Linnæus), which grows near Lepe and Elche; these and the coarser *Esteras* used for winter are designed in fanciful Oriental patterns, and can be made to any design for 6 to 8 reals the *vara*: they last long, and are very cool, clean, and pleasant. Visit one of the manufactories to see the operatives squatted down, and working exactly as the Egyptians did 3000 years ago.

Books to consult.—For the antiquities, *Grandexas*, by Jn. Ba. Suarez de Salazar, 4to., Cadiz, 1610; *Emporio*

de el Orbe, Geronimo de la Concepcion, folio, Amsterdam, 1690; *Cadiz Phenicia*, Ms. de Mondejar, 3 vols. 4to., Mad. 1805; *Historia de Cadiz*, 1598, Oroasco, 4to., 1845; *Manuel de la Provincia*; *Luis de Igartuburu*, 4to., Cadiz, 1847.

A couple of days will suffice for seeing this city, whose glories belong rather to the past than the present.

Cadiz, long called *Cales* by the English, although the oldest town in Europe, looks one of the newest and cleanest. The rust of antiquity is completely whitewashed over, thanks to an Irishman, the Governor O'Reilly, who, about 1785, introduced an English system. It is well built, paved, lighted, and so tidy, thanks to the sewer of the circumambient sea, that the natives compare *Cadiz* to a *taza de plata*, a silver dish (Arabicé *tast*). It rises on a rocky peninsula of concreted shells (shaped like a *ham*), some 10 to 50 feet above the sea, which girdles it around, a narrow isthmus alone connecting the main land; and in fact *Gaddir*, in Punic, meant an enclosed place (Fest. Av. Or. Mar. 273). It was founded by the Phœnicians 347 years before Rome, and 1100 before Christ (Arist. 'De Mir.' 134; Vel. Pat. i. 2. 6). The Punic name was corrupted by the Greeks, who caught at sound, not sense, into Γαδισσα, quasi γυνή δισσα, a neck of land, whence the Roman *Gades*. *Gaddir* was the end of the ancient world, the "ladder of the outer sea," the mart of the tin of England, and the amber of the Baltic. The Phœnicians, jealous of their monopoly, permitted no stranger to pass beyond it, and self has ever since been the policy of Cadiz. *Gaddir* proved false to the Phœnicians when Carthage became powerful; and, again, when Rome rose in the ascendant, deserted Carthage in her turn, some Gaditanian refugees volunteering the treachery; (Livy, xviii. 23). Cæsar, whose first office was a quaestorship in Spain, saw, like the Duke (Disp. Feb. 27, 1810), the importance of this key of Andalusia (Bell, C., ii. 17). He strengthened it with works, and when Dictator gave

imperial names to the city, "*Julia Augusta Gaditana*;" and a fondness for fine epithets is still a characteristic of its townfolk. *Gades* became enormously rich by engrossing the salt-fish monopoly of Rome: its merchants were princes. *Balbus* rebuilt it with marble, setting an example even to *Augustus*.

This town was the great lie and lion of antiquity; nothing was too absurd for the classical handbooks. It was their Venice, or Paris; the centre of sin and sensual civilization; the purveyor of gastronomy, ballets, and other matters for which the Spaniard of old, "*Dedecorum pretiosus emptor*," paid par excellence (Hor. Od. iii. 6, 32). Italy imported from it those *improba Gaditana*, whose lascivious dances were of Oriental origin, and still exist in the *Romalis* of the Andalusian gipsies. The prosperity of *Gades* fell with that of Rome, to both of which the foundation of Constantinople dealt the first blow. Then came the Goths, who destroyed the city; and when *Alonso el Sabio*—the learned not wise—captured *Kádia* from the Moors, Sept. 14, 1262, its existence was almost doubted by the infallible Urban IV. The discovery of the New World revived the prosperity of a place which alone can exist by commerce, and since the loss of the Transatlantic colonies ruin has been the order of the day. Hence the constant struggle during the war to send out troops, and expend on their recovery the means furnished by England for the defence of the Peninsula. The population of Cadiz in the war time, which exceeded 100,000, has now dwindled down to some 53,000. Made a free warehousing port in 1829, a fillip was given, but the privilege was abolished in 1832, since which it is rapidly decaying, as it cannot compete with Gibraltar and Malaga, while even the sherry trade is passing to the Puerto and San Lucar. It has a joint-stock bank and issues its own notes.

Cadiz was sacked June 21, 1596, by Lord Essex, when Elizabeth repaid, with interest, the visit of the Spanish *invincible* armada. The expedition was

so secretly planned, that none on board, save the chiefs, knew its destination. An officer named Wm. Morgan, who, having lived in Spain, knew the dilapidated state of her defences, advised *instant attack*; and so the garrison was found wanting in every thing at the critical moment, and was instantly taken. Antonio de Zufiga, the corregidor, having been the first to run and fall to his prayers, when every one else followed their leader's example. The booty of the conquerors was enormous; 13 ships of war, and 40 huge South American galleons were destroyed, whereby an almost universal bankruptcy ensued, and the first blow was dealt to falling Spain, and from which she never recovered. The best account is by Dr. Marbeck, physician to Lord Essex, and an eye-witness, Hakluyt, i. 607.

Cadiz was again attacked by the English in 1625; the command was given to Lord Wimbleton, a grandson of the great Burleigh. This was a Walcheren expedition, ill-planned by the incompetent Buckingham, and mismanaged by the general, who, like the late Lord Chatham, proved that genius is not hereditary; (see Journal and Relation, &c., London, 4to., 1626). Another English expedition failed in August, 1702. This, says Burnet, "was ill-projected and worse executed." The attack was foolishly delayed, and the Spaniards had time to recover their alarm, and organize resistance; for when the English fleet arrived in the bay, Cadiz was garrisoned by only 300 men, and must have been taken, as the Duke of Ormond told Burnet.

Cadiz in the recent war narrowly escaped, and from similar reasons. When the rout of Ocaña gave Andalusia to Soult, he turned aside to Seville to play the "conquering hero." So Alburquerque, by taking a short cut, had time to reach the Isla, and make a show of defence, which scared Victor. Had he pushed on, the city must have fallen; for everything was then, as now, most orientally out of order, the fortifications being almost dismantled. The bold front presented by Alburquerque

saved the town. He soon after died in England, broken-hearted at the injustice and ingratitude of the Cadiz Junta. Thus Spain generally rewards those who serve her best. Previously to his timely arrival, the junta, "reposing on its own greatness," had taken no precautions, nay, had resisted the English engineers in their proposed defences, and had insulted us by unworthy suspicions, refusing to admit a British garrison, thus marring the Duke's admirable plan of defending Andalusia. They despised him when they were safe: "Sed ubi periculum advenit invidia atque superbia postfuere" (Sallust, B. C. 24). Then they put away their envy and pride, and clamoured for aid in their miserable incapacity for self-defence with bated breath and whispering humbleness; and General Spencer was sent from Gibraltar with 2000 men, the Duke simply remarking on withdrawing our troops after they had done the work, "it may be depended upon, that if Cadiz should ever again be in danger, our aid will be called for" (Disp. Nov. 11, 1813). And never let this true key of Spanish policy be forgotten. That semi-Moorish government, so long as the horizon at home and abroad is fair, will bully and bluster, will slight and ill-use England, its best friend; but whenever "the little cloud" arises, whether from beyond the Pyrenees or the Atlantic, it will hurry to kiss the hand it stung, and will petition for help in craven consciousness of impotence. The real strength of Spain consists in its weakness, and in the forbearance and endurance of other and real Powers.

The first step the Cortes took was to meditate a law to prevent any *foreign* soldiers (meaning English) from ever being admitted into a Spanish fortress; and this after Cadiz, Cartagena, Tarifa, Alicante, Ceuta, &c., had been *solely* defended and saved by their assistance. Now-a-days, according to Spanish histories, Cadiz is the "bastion where the finest troops in the world were baffled by *Spanish* valour alone;" for the Mel-lados and Co. do not even mention the

English. So it has always been and will be: Spain, at the critical moment, loves to fold her arms and allow others to drag her wheels out of the mire; she accepts their aid unceremoniously, and as if she was thereby doing her allies an honour; she borrows their gold and uses their iron; and when she is delivered, "repudiates;" her notion of repayment is by ingratitude; she draws not even on the "exchequer of the poor" for thanks; nay, she fleches from her benefactors their good name, decking herself in their plumes. The memory of French injuries is less hateful than that of English benefits, which wounds her pride, as evincing her comparative inferiority.

Cadiz, being the "end of the world," has always been made the last asylum of gasconading governments, since they can run no further, because stopped by the sea: hither, after prating about Numantia, the Junta fled in 1810, setting the example to their imitators in 1823. Then the Cortes of Madrid continued to chatter, and write impertinent notes to the allied sovereigns, until Angoulême crossed the Bidasoa; when they all forthwith took to their heels, fled to Cadiz, and next surrendered. Thus this city, which so long resisted the mighty Emperor, because defended by England, when left to its single-handed valour, succumbed with such precipitation that the conquest became inglorious even to the puny Bourbon. Yet the city still glories in the epithet "*Heroica*," one in truth so common to Spanish cities, that the French, in 1823, when the mayors came out with their pompous titles and keys to surrender them *instantly*, scarcely could refrain from laughter.

Cadiz, purely a commercial town, has little fine art or learning; *les lettres de change y sont les belles lettres*. It is scarcely even the *jocosa Gades* of the past; for the society being mercantile, is considered by Spaniards as second-rate. The women, however, fascinate alike by their forms and manners. Cadiz, it is said, is rather the city of Venus, the mother of love, than of the chaste Diana; and the frequency of consump-

tion in so fine a climate may be traced to the early, general, and excessive indulgence. The wretched foundlings in the hospital *La Cuna de como chinchés*; this mortality, it is said—a modern massacre of the innocents—averages 75 per cent. The lower orders have borrowed from foreigners many vices not common in the inland towns of temperate and decent Spain. Cadiz, as a residence, is but a sea-prison; the water is bad, and the climate during the *Solano* wind (its sirocco), detestable; then the mercury in the barometer rises six or seven degrees, and the natives are driven almost mad, especially the women; the searching blast finds out everything that is wrong in the nervous constitution. The use of the knife is so common during this wind, that courts of justice make allowances for the irritant effects, as arising from electrical causes, the passing over heated deserts. Cadiz used to be much visited by yellow fever—*el vomito negro*—which was imported from the Havana. The invalid will find the soft and moist air somewhat relaxing; but the city is well ventilated by fresh breezes, and the sea is an excellent scavenger.

There are very few good pictures at Cadiz. The new *Museo* contains some 50 or 60 second-rate paintings, hundreds of books and pictures having been left to rot on the floors by the authorities; among the best, or rather the least bad, are, by Zurbaran, the San Bruno—Eight Monks, figures smaller than life, from the Cartuja of Xerez; two Angels ditto, and six smaller; the Four Evangelists, San Lorenzo and the Baptist. There is a *Virgen de la Faja*, a copy after Murillo, by Tobar; a San Agustin, by L. Giordano; a San Miguel and Evil Spirits, and the Guardian Angel. The pride of the Gaditanians is the Last Judgment, which, to use the criticism of Salvator Rosa on Michael Angelo, shows their lack of that article, as it is a poor production, by some feeble imitator of Nicholas Poussin. An echo also greatly amuses grown up children.

Cadiz is a garrison town, the see of a bishop suffragan to Seville. It has a fine new *Plaza de Toros*, built outside the town by Montes, who half ruined himself thereby. It has two theatres; in the larger, *El Principal*, operas are performed during the winter, and in the smaller, *el del Balon, Sainetes*, farces, and the national *Bailes* or dances, which never fail to rouse the most siestose audience. Ascend the *Torre de la Vigia*, below lies the smokeless whitened city, with its *miradores* and *azoteas*, its look-out towers and flat roofs, from whence the merchants formerly signalled the arrival of their galleons. While Madrid has not one, Cadiz possesses two cathedrals near each other. The old one, *La Vieja*, was built in 1597, to replace that injured during the siege. Its want of dignity induced the city, in 1720, to commence a new one, *La Nueva*; but the plans given by Vicente Acero were so bad that no one, in spite of many attempts, was found able to correct them, so the work was left unfinished in 1769, and the funds, derived from a duty on American produce, were regularly appropriated by the commissioners to themselves. The hull, used as a rope-walk, remained, like a stranded wreck on a quicksand, in which the merchants' property was engulfed, until the interior was completed by Bp. Domingo de Silos Moreno, chiefly at his own expense, during a time of civil war and church sequestrations. The florid Corinthian is overcharged with cornices and capitals, and bran-new pictures—daubs. Observe, however, in a chapel behind the high altar, a fine *Concepcion* by Murillo. There is a history of this cathedral by *Javier de Urrutia*, 1843.

The sea-ramparts which encircle the city, extending more than 4 m. round, are on this side the most remarkable; here the rocks rise the highest, and the battering of the Atlantic is the greatest as the waters gain on the land; their maintenance and rebuilding is a constant source of expense and anxiety. Here idlers, seated on the high wall,

dispute with flocks of sea-birds for the *salmonete*, the delicious red mullet. Their long angling-canes and patience are proverbial—*la paciencia de un pescador de caña*.

Los Capuchinos, the suppressed convent of San Francisco, were the headquarters of Lord Essex in 1596. Here is the *Academia de Nobles Artes*, with a museum, consisting chiefly of rubbish, and shabbily managed because of the old story "no funds." The building is now used as a lunatic asylum. The *Plaza de Mina* has been created out of the convent garden: then and there the *Dragon-tree*, bleeding from the tomb of Geryon, the last of its race, was barbarously cut down, and even the matchless palm-grove shorn of its glories. The chapel contains the Marriage of St. Catherine, the last work of Murillo, who in 1682 fell here from the scaffolding, and died in consequence at Seville: the smaller subjects were finished from his drawings by his pupil Fro. Meneses Osorio, who did not venture to touch what his master had done in the first lay of colours, or *de primera mano*. A San Francisco receiving the Stigmata is in Murillo's best manner. Notice also in a chapel opposite a *Concepcion*. These pictures were the gift of Juan Violeto, a Genoese, and a devotee to St. Catherine; but the chief benefactor of the convent was a foreign Jew, one Pierre Isaac, who, to conciliate the Inquisition, and save his ducats, took the Virgin into partnership, and gave half his profits to her, or rather to the convent. Some single figures by Zurbaran came from the Cartuja of Xerez.

Following the sea-wall and turning to the rt. at the *Puerta de la Caleta*, in the distance the fort and lighthouse of San Sebastian rises about 172 ft. above the rocky ledge, which proved the barrier that saved Cadiz from the sea at the Lisbon earthquake in 1755. Next observe the huge yellow Doric pile, the *Casa de Misericordia*, built by Torquato Cayon. This, one of the best conducted refuges of the poor in Spain, sometimes contains 1000

inmates, of which 300 to 400 are children. Its great patron was O'Reilly, who, in 1785, for a time suppressed mendicancy in Cadiz. The court-yards, the *patios* of the interior, are noble. Here, Jan. 4, 1813, a ball was given by the *grandees* to "the Duke," fresh from his victory of Salamanca, by which the siege of Cadiz had been raised, and Andalusia saved, in spite of the marplot Cortes.

Passing the artillery barracks and arsenal, we turn by the *baluarte de Candelaria* to the *Alameda*. This charming walk is provided with trees, benches, fountain, and a miserable statue of Hercules, the founder of Cadiz, and whose effigy, grappling with two lions, the city bears for arms, with the motto "Gadis fundator dominatorque." Every Spanish town has its public walk, the cheap pleasure of all classes. The term *Alameda* is derived from the *Alamo*, or elm-tree. Sometimes the esplanade is called *El Salon*, the saloon, and it is an *al-fresco*, out of doors *Ridotto*. *Tomar el fresco*, to take the cool, is the joy of these southern latitudes. Those who have braved the dog-days of the Castiles can best estimate the delight of the sea-breeze which springs up after the scorching sun has sunk beneath the western wave. This sun and the tides were the marvels of Cadiz in olden times, and descanted on in the classical handbooks. Philosophers came here on purpose to study the phenomena. Apollonius suspected that the waters were sucked in by submarine winds; Solinus thought this operation was performed by huge submarine animals. Artemidorus reported that the sun's disc increased a hundred fold, and that it set, like Falstaff in the Thames, with "an alacrity of sinking, hot in the surge, like a horse-shoe," or *stridentem gurgite*, according to Juvenal. The Spanish Goths imagined that the sun returned to the E. by unknown subterraneous passages (San Isid. *Or.* iii. 15).

The prosaic march of intellect has settled the poetical and marvellous of ancient credulity and admiration;

still, however, this is the spot for the modern philosopher to study the descendants of those "*Gaditanae*," who turned more ancient heads than even the sun. The "ladies of Cadiz," the theme of our old ballads, have retained all their former celebrity, and have cared neither for time nor tide. Observe, particularly in this Alameda, their walk, about which every one has heard so much, and which has been distinguished by a competent female judge from the "affected wriggle of the French women, and the grenadier stride of the English, as a graceful swimming gait." The charm is that it is *natural*; and, in being the true unsophisticated daughters of Eve and nature, the Spanish women have few rivals. They carry their heads with the free high-bred action of an Arab, from walking *alone* and not slouching and leaning on gentlemen's arms, and daintily from not having to keep step with the longer-legged sex. They walk with the confidence, the power of balance, and the instantaneous finding the centre of gravity, of the chamois. The thing is done without effort, and is the result of a perfect organization: one would swear that they could dance by instinct, and without being taught. The *Andaluza*, in her glance and step, learns, although she does not know it, from the gazelle. Her pace, *el Piafar*, and her pride may be compared to the *Paso Castellano* of an ambling Cordovese barb. According to Velazquez, the kings of Spain ought never to be painted, except witching the world with noble horsemanship, and, *certes*, their female subjects should never be seen except on foot, *Et vera incessu patuit dea*. As few people, except at Madrid, can afford to keep a carriage, all classes walk, and the air and soil are alike clean and dry. Practice makes perfect; hence the *élite* of the noblesse adorn the Alameda, while in London the aristocratic foot seldom honours the dirty earth.

The *Gaditana* has no idea of *not* being admired. She goes out to see, and still more to be seen. Her cos-

tume is scrupulously clean and neat; she reserves all her untidyness for her husband and sweet domestic privacy. Her "*pace*," her *aire* is her boast: not but what first-rate fastidious judges consider her *gracia* to be *menos fina* than that of the more high-bred *Sevilana*. Her *meneo*, however, is considered by grave antiquarians to be the unchanged *crissatura* of Martial.

The Spanish foot, female, which most travellers describe at length, is short, and with a high instep; it is plump, not to say pinched or contracted. An incarceration in over-small and pointed shoes, *il faut souffrir pour être belle*, occasionally renders the ankles puffy; but, as among the Chinese, the correct foot-measure is conventional; and he who investigates affairs with line and rule will probably discover that these *Gaditanas* will sooner find out the exact length of his foot, than he of theirs. The Spaniards abhor the French foot, which the rest of mankind admire—they term it "*un pie seco*," dry measure. They, like Ariosto, prefer "*il breve asciutto e ritondello pede*." Be that as it may, there can be no difference in opinion as to the stockings of open lace embroidery, *medias caladas*. They leave nothing to be desired. The Spanish satin shoe and white kid glove deserve the most serious attention of all our lady readers; although the former are somewhat too pointed, and cut too low in the quarter, whereby the pressure is thrown forward, and the tarsus and meta-tarsus uncovered, which occasions bunions; but vanity can endure even a corn.

Formerly the Spanish foot female was sedulously concealed; the dresses were made very long, after the Oriental *ποδημας*, *Talaris* fashion; the least exposure was a disgrace; compare Isa. iii. 17; Jer. xiii. 22; Ezek. xvi. 25. As among the Germans (Tacitus, Ger. 19), so among the Spanish Goths, the shortening a lady's *basquiña* was the deadliest affront; the catastrophe of the Infantes of Lara turns upon this curtailment of Doña Lambra's *sayá*. The feet of the Madonna are never

allowed to be painted or engraved; and it was contrary to court etiquette to allude even to the possibility of the Queens of Spain having legs: they were a sort of royal *αρωδα*, of the bird of Paradise species.

Those good old days are passed; and now the under-garments of the *maja* and *bailarina*, dancer, are very short, they substitute a make-believe transparent *fleco* or fringe, after the Oriental fashion (Numb. xv. 38), or the old Egyptian (Wilk. ii. 81). The Carthaginian Limbus was either made of gold (Ovid, *Met.* iii. 51) or painted (*Æn.* iv. 237). Those of the *maja* are enriched with *canutillo*, bugles or gold filigree. They are the precise *καλασινις* of the Greek ladies, the *instita* of the Roman. This short garment is made to look ample, it is said, by sundry *zagalejos* or *intimos*, under-petticoats, and ingenious contrivances and *jupes bouffantes*, bustles, and so forth; *no todo es oro, lo que reluce*.

The foot, although it ought not to be shown, figures much in Spanish compliment. *A los pies de Vmd.* is a caballero's salute to a Señora. *Beso a Vmd. los pies* is extremely polite. If a gentleman wishes to be remembered to his friend's wife, he says, Lay me at her feet.

Remember, in walking on this or any other alameda, never to offer a Spanish lady your arm, and beware, also, of the honest Englishman's shake of a Spanish lady's hand, *noli me tangere*. She only gives her hand with her heart; contact conveys an electrical spark, and is considered shocking. No wonder, with these combined attractions of person and costume, that the "Ladies of Cadiz" long continued to be popular and to exercise that womanocracy, that *Γυναικωκρασια* which Strabo (iii. 251) was ungallant enough to condemn in their Iberian mothers. But Strabo was a bore, and these were the old complaints against the "mantles and whimples," i. e. *las sayas y mantillas* of the Tyrian women, who, as the scholar knows (*Il.* vi. 290), embroidered the *mantilla* of Minerva's image.

But Cadiz was the eldest daughter of Tyre, and her daughters naturally inherited the Sidonian "stretching forth of necks, wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go" (Isa. iii. 6). Alas! for the sad changes making by the commonplace chapeau!

Barring these living objects of undeniable antiquarian and present interest, there is little else to be seen on this Alameda of Cadiz. The principal building, *El Carmen*, is of the worst *churriguerismo*: inside was buried Adm. Gravina, who commanded the Spanish fleet, and received his death-wound at Trafalgar. Continuing to the E. is the large *Aduana* or Custom-house, disproportioned indeed to failing commerce and scanty revenues, and where everything that is vicious and anti-commercial in tariffs is worthily carried out by officials hateful everywhere to travellers. Here Ferd. VII. was confined in 1823 by the constitutionalists. Thence the artist should pass to the *Puerta del Mar*, for costume, colour, and grouping. Here will be seen every variety of fish, and female from the mantiliad *Señora* to the brisk *Muchacha* in her gay *pañuelo*. The ichthyophile should examine the curious varieties, which also struck the naturalists and gourmands of antiquity (Strabo, iii. 214). Here, as at Gibraltar, the monsters of the deep in form and colour, blubbers, scuttle-fishes, and marine reptiles, pass description; *as triplex* indeed must have been about the stomach of the man who first greatly dared to dine on them. The dog-fish, the *Pintarojo*, for instance, is a delicacy of the omnivorous lower classes, who eat everything except toads. The fish of the storm-vexed Atlantic is superior to that of the languid Mediterranean. The best here are the *San Pedro*, or John Dory, our corruption from the Italian *Janitore*, so called because it is the fish which the *Porter of Heaven* caught with the tribute-money in his mouth; the *Salmonetes*, the red mullets (the *Sultan al hut*, the king of fishes of the Moors) are right royal:

have them fried simply in oil, and give directions that the trail, *las tripas*, be left in them, which Spanish cooks, the worst in the world, otherwise take out; here may be seen other fishes not to be found in Greenwich kitchens or in English dictionaries: e. g. the *Juvel*, the *Savalo*, and the *Mero*, which latter ranks among fish as the sheep does among animals, *en la tierra el carnero*, *en la mar el mero*. But *El dorado*, the lunated gilt head, so called from its golden eyes and tints, if eaten with Tomata sauce, and lubricated with golden sherry, is a dish fit for a cardinal.

The new prison and unfinished *Escuela de Comercio* are cited by natives among their lions. The handsome street, *la Calle Ancha*, and in truth the only broad street, is the lounge of the city; here are all the best shops; the *casas consistoriales* may be looked at. The chief square, and really a *square*, planted, and provided with seats, is placed under the protection of San Antonio, because his statue in 1648 came down from its pedestal to heal some sick. (Peyron, i. 243.)

The Cortes of Cadiz sat during the war of independence in San Felipe Neri. Their debates ended Sept. 14, 1813: many are printed in 16 vols., 4to. *Diario de las Cortes*, Cadiz, 1811-12. This Spanish Hansard is rare, Ferd. VII. having ordered all the copies to be burnt by the hangman as a bonfire on the first birth-day after his restoration. Whoever will open only one volume must admit that the pages are the greatest satire—the *Moniteur* excepted—which any set of misrulers ever published on themselves. The best speech ever made there was by the Duke (Dec. 30, 1812), after his usual energetic, straightforward, English fashion.

The members were perfectly insensible to the ludicrous disproportion of their inflated phraseology with facts; vast in promise, beggarly in performance, well might the performers be called *Vocales*, for theirs was vox et præterea nihil: an idiot's tale, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing, be-

ing mere *Palabras*, palaver, or "words, words, words;" "a *volley* of words" instead of soldiers; "a fine *exchequer* of words" instead of cash. The curse of poor Spain are these *juntas* or *cortes*, caricatures of parliaments, where things are talked about not done, or if done, done badly; it is adding insult to injury when the forms of free men are made instruments of tyranny.

Now as few things alter in Spain, and none so little as any governing body of any kind, hear the oracular Duke, who appears at once to have understood the Cortes by the instinct of strong sense: "The leading people among them have *invariably* deceived the lower orders, and instead of making them acquainted with their real situation, and calling upon them to make the exertions and the sacrifices which were necessary *even for their defence*, they have amused them with idle stories of imaginary successes, with visionary plans of offensive operations, which those who offer them for consideration know they have no means of executing, and with the hopes of driving the French out of the Peninsula by some *unlooked-for good*" (Disp., May 11, 1810). Again, "It is extraordinary that the revolution in Spain should not have produced one man with any knowledge of the real situation of his country; it really appears as if they were all drunk, thinking and talking of any objects but Spain: how it is to end God knows!" (Disp., Nov. 1, 1812). This, however, still is and has long been the hard lot of this ill-fated country. Spain, says Justin (xliv. 2), never, in a long series of ages, produced one great general except Viriatus, and he was but a guerrillero, like the Cid, Mina, or Zumalacarregui. The people, indeed, have honest hearts and vigorous arms, but, as in the Eastern fable, a *head* is wanting to the *body*. The many have been sacrificed to the few, and exposed to destitution in peace and to misfortune in war by unworthy rulers, ever and only intent on their own selfish interests, to the injury of their fatherland and countrymen.

Every day confirms the truth of the Duke's remark (Sept. 12, 1812): "I really believe that there is not a man in the country who is capable of comprehending, much less of conducting, any great concern."

THE BAY OF CADIZ.

A rail is in contemplation for this circuit; but in Spain, a land where, as in the East, time is of no value, and want of funds the chronic complaint, the natives seldom do to-day what can be put off for to-morrow, their beloved *Mañana*; and well did our wise Bacon wish that his tardy death might come from Spain: *me venga la muerte de España*. Even rail matters here move like our Court of Chancery; in fact, all love to leave something for posterity to do, and do not go to work, as they say, *con esa furia que por ahí se acostumbra, como si el mundo se fuera acabar*; so mean time take a boat.

The outer bay is rather exposed: the S.W., but the anchorage in the inner portion is excellent. Some dangerous rocks are scattered opposite the town, in the direction of Rota, and are called *Las Puercas*, the Sows—*χουπίdis*; for these porcine appellations are as common in Spanish nomenclature as among the ancients, and the hog-back is not a bad simile for many of such rocky formations. *Rota* lies on the opposite (west) side of the bay, and is distant about five miles across. Here the *tent* wine used for our sacraments is made; the name being nothing but the Spanish *tintilla*, from *tinto*, red. The next point is *La Puntilla*, and then that defended by the battery *Sa. Catalina*.

EL PUERTO DE STA. MARIA, Port St. Mary, and usually called *el Puerto*, the port (o-Porto), was the Portus Menesthei (*Le Min Asta*, Portus Astæ), a Punic word, which the Greeks, who, as usual, caught at sound, not sense, connected with the Athenian Menestheus. It lies distant from Cadiz 8 l. by land, 2 l. by sea.

Inns.—Near the landing-place is the *Vista alegre*, which to a *cheerful* look-

out unites cleanness and sundry English conveniences rare on the continent. Here the Guadalete enters the bay; the bar is dangerous, and much neglected. In the days of sailing-boats, prayers to the blessed souls in purgatory and making crosses were chiefly resorted to; now small steamers go backwards and forwards three times a day; the passage takes from half to three-quarters of an hour. The *Puerto* is pleasant and well built; pop. 18,000. The river is crossed by a suspension bridge: in the *Plaza de Toros* was given a grand bullfight to the Duke, described by Byron, better as a poet, than as a correct *torero*. The soil of the environs is rich, and the water so excellent that Cadiz is supplied with it to the cost of 10,000*l.* a-year, while ancient Gades was supplied by an aqueduct, which O'Reilly would have restored had he remained in office.

The *Puerto*, one of the three great towns of wine export, vies with Xerez and San Lucar. The principal houses are French and English. The vicinity to Cadiz, the centre of exchange, is favourable to business, while the road to Xerez is convenient for conveying down the wines, which are apt to be staved in the water-carriage of the Guadalete. Among the best houses may be named Osborne and Duff Gordon, whose *Amontillado* is matchless, Mousley, Oldham, Burdon and Gray, Pico, Mora, Heald, Gorman and Co. The *bodegas* or wine-stores deserve a visit, although those of Xerez are on a grander scale. The town is vinous and uninteresting: the houses resemble those of Cadiz: the best street is the *Calle Larga*; the prettiest *alameda* is la Victoria. Here Ferd. VII. landed, Oct. 1, 1823, when delivered from the Constitutionalists by the French, and forthwith proceeded to violate every solemn pledge to friend and foe. Here, July 30, 1843, Baldomero Espartero, the Regent Duke, driven out by the intrigues of Louis Philippe and Christina, concluded his first career on board a British line-of-battle ship.

The bay now shelves towards *Cabe-*

zuela, and narrows as it draws to the inner division; the mouth is defended by the cross-fires of the forts *Matagorda* and *Puntales*. At the latter Lord Essex landed in 1596 and *did* take Cadiz; which Victor bombarded from the former and *did not* take. Now row up the *Trocadero*, which divides an islet from the main land. Fort San Luis, once a flourishing place, was ruined by Victor, an enemy, in 1812, and annihilated by Angoulême, an ally, in 1823. Of his taking the *Trocadero*, the glory of the Restoration, even Messieurs Bory de St. Vincent and Laborde are ashamed. The French, led by the ardent and aquatic Gen. Goujon, passed through four and a half feet of water. "Les constitutionnels prirent alors la fuite," so the assailants, "sans avoir perdu un seul homme," carried the strong fort, "sans effusion de sang." Those who fight and run away, may live to fight another day. Yet Mr. Campbell, when Bacchi plenus it is to be presumed, apostrophised these truly *quick* heroes as dead ones:

"Brave men, who at the Trocadero fell
Beside your cannon, conquered not, though
slain."

Matagorda was dismantled by Victor; a few fragments may be seen at very low water.

At the head of the Trocadero, and on an inner bay, is *Puerto Real*, founded in 1488 by Isabella. This, despite of its *royalty*, is a tiresome poor and fishy place of parallel and rectangular streets. It was the headquarters of Marshal Victor, who, by way of leaving a parting souvenir, destroyed 900 houses. Here a new basin for steamers blessed by the Bishop in 1846, and waltzed in by the ladies, still excites the wonder of Cadiz. Opposite is the river or canal *Santi* or *Sancti Petri* (the Sancto Petro of olden chronicles), which divides the Isla from the main land. On the land-bank is one of the chief naval arsenals of Spain, *La Carraca*, the station of the *Carracas*, the *carracks*, galleons, or heavy ships of burden: a word derived from the low Latin *carricare*, to load, *quasi*

sea-carts. The Normans invaded these coasts of Spain in huge vessels called *karákir*. This town, with the opposite one of San Carlos, was founded by Charles III. to form the Portsmouth and Woolwich of his kingdom. Previously to the Bourbon accession Spain obtained her navies, ready equipped, from Flanders, but urged on by France, and made the tool of the family compact, she soon warred with England; and now *La Carraca*, like El Ferrol and Cartagena, tells the result of quarrelling with her natural friend. These are emblems of Spain fallen from her pride of place through Bourbon friendship. Every thing speaks of a past magnificence. A present silence and desolation contrast with the former bustle of this once-crowded dockyard, where were floated those noble three-deckers, Nelson's "old acquaintances." The navy of Spain in 1789 consisted of 76 line-of-battle ships and 52 frigates; now "the Spanish fleet ye cannot see, because it's not in sight;" it is nearly reduced to that *armada*, decreed to be built in birthday gazettes of 1853. In truth non-commercial Spain (Catalonia excepted, which is not Spain) never was really a naval power. The Arab and Berber repugnance to the sea, and the confinement of the ship, still marks the Spaniard; and now the loss of her colonies has rendered it impossible for Spain to have a navy, which even Charles III. in vain attempted to force, although Mons. Gautier was his shipwright.

How changed the site and scene from the good old times when Mago here moored his fleet, and Cæsar his long galleys; when Philip anchored the "twelve apostles," the treasure-galleons taken by Essex; when Drake, in April, 1587, with 30 small ships destroyed more than 100 French and Spanish "big braggarts," singeing, as he said, "the King of Spain's whiskers;" here were collected in after times the 40 sail of the line prepared to invade and conquer England—St. Vincent and Trafalgar settled that; here, in June, 1808, 5 French ships of the line, runaways

from Trafalgar under Mons. Rosilly, surrendered *nominally* to the Spaniards, for Collingwood, by blockading Cadiz, had rendered escape impossible.

The *Santi Petri* river, the water key of *La Isla*, is deep, and defended at its mouth by a rock-built castle. This, the site of the celebrated temple of Hercules, was called by the Moors "The district of idols." Those remains which the sea had spared have chiefly been used up by the Spaniards as a quarry. Part of the foundations were seen in 1755, when the waters retired during the earthquake. For the rites of this pagan convent, see our paper in the *Quar. Rev.* cxxvi. 283. The river is crossed by the *Puente de Zuazo*, so called from the alcaide Juan Sanchez de Zuazo, who restored it in the fifteenth century. It is of Roman foundation, and was constructed by Balbus to serve both as a bridge and an aqueduct. The water was brought to Cadiz from Tempul, near Xerez, but both were destroyed in 1262 by the Moors. The tower was built by Alonso el Sabio, who had better have restored the aqueduct. This bridge was the *pons asinorum* of Victor, as the English never suffered him to cross it. Here the Marshal set up his batteries, having invented a new mortar capable of throwing shells even into Cadiz. The defeat of Marmont by the Duke at Salamanca recoiled on M. Victor—*abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit*. Now his failure is explained away by the old story, "inferior numbers." The allies, according to M. Belmas (i. 138), amounted to 30,000, of which 8000 were English "men in buckram," "Victor ayant à peine 20,000." For once Napoleon told the truth at St. Helena when he said, *Victor était un bête, sans talens et sans tête*.

From this bridge return by land through *La Isla de Leon*, so called because granted in 1459 to the Ponce de Leon family, but resumed again by the crown in 1484. This island was the Erythraea, Aphrodisia, Cotinusa, Tartessus of the uncertain geography of the ancients. Here Geryon (Γειών, a

fine old fellow, the *Stranger* in the Hebrew fed those fat kine which Hercules "lifted;" and whose golden fleeces—fine wool—tempted the Phœnician argonauts; and his descendant the Giron (Duque de Osuna) is still the great Lord of Andalucia; but the breed of cattle is extinct, for Bœtican beef, or rather *vaca*, cow, is now of the leanest kine, and the bulls are better for baiting than basteing.

San Fernando, the capital of the Isla, is a straggling decaying town, but gawling with its fantastic lattices and house-tops, and the bright sun which gilds the poverty. Here the Junta first halted in their flight, and spouted (Sept. 24, 1810) against the French cannon. Salt, the staple, is made in the *salinas* and the marshes below, where the conical piles glisten like the white ghosts of the British tents, when our red jackets were quartered here. The salt-pans have all religious names, like the line-of-battle ships (when there were any), the wine-cellars of Xerez, or the mine-shafts of Almaden, e.g. *El dulce nombre de Jesus*, &c. In these marshes breed innumerable small crabs, *cangrejos*, whose fore-claws are tit-bits for the Andaluz ichthyophile. These *bocas de la Isla* are torn off from the living animal, who is then turned adrift, that the claws may grow again for a new operation; chameleons also abound. At No. 38, just below the Plaza, Riego lodged, and proclaimed the "constitution" in 1820. The secret of this patriotism was a dislike in the ill-supplied semi-Berber army, to embark in the South American expedition with which Ferdinand hoped to reinforce the blunderer Morillo.

Passing the *Torregorda*, the busy, dusty, crowded, narrow road *La Calzada* is carried along the isthmus to Cadiz. Still called *el camino de Ercoles*, it runs where ran the *via Heraclea* of the Romans, which led to his temple: nor is the present road much more Spanish, since it was planned in 1785 by O'Reilly, an Irishman, and executed by Du Bouriel, a Frenchman.

A magnificent outwork, *La Corta-*

dura, cuts the isthmus, which, supposing it had guns and men, and either were in efficient order, it would defend. Now Cadiz is approached amid heaps of filth, which replace the pleasant gardens demolished during the war. To the left of the land-gate, between the *Aguada* and *San Jose*, is the English burial-ground, acquired and planted by Sir John Brackenbury, father of the present consul, for the bodies of poor heretics, who formerly were buried in the sea-sands beyond high-water mark. Now there is "snug lying" here, which is a comfort to all Protestants who contemplate dying at Cadiz, and are curious about Christian burial.

Cadiz is soon entered by the land-gate, the *Puerta de Tierra*. The walls and defences are sadly dilapidated, and might be taken by a bold boat's crew. The grand secret in any warfare against Spanish fleets, forts, or armies, is to attack them *instantly*, as they will "always be found wanting in everything at the critical moment."

Cadiz is a good point of departure for ships. Vessels sail regularly for the Havana; steamers proceed to England and Egypt, to Portugal and the Basque provinces and France; also to Gibraltar, Valencia, and Marseilles. Others navigate the Guadalquivir up to Seville, while diligences run by land to Xerez and on to Madrid. The days and hours of departure will be seen placarded on every wall and are known at every inn.

ROUTE 2.—CADIZ TO GIBALTAR, BY LOS BARRIOS AND TARIFA.

	Miles.
Chiclana	13
Va. de Vejer	16 .. 29
Va. Taibilla	14 .. 43
Va. Ojen	11 .. 54
Los Barrios	9 .. 63
Gibraltar	12 .. 75

The most expeditious mode is by steam, and the passage through the straits is splendid. The ride by land, for there is no carriage road, has been accomplished by commercial messengers in

16 hours. Taking that route, the better plan is to leave Cadiz in the afternoon, sleep at *Chiclana* the first night, and the second at *Tarifa*. Those who divide the journey into two days, halt first at *Vejer*; from hence there are two routes, which we give approximately in miles—and such miles! The first route is the shortest. At the *Venta de Ojén* the road branches, a track leads to *Algeciras*, 10 m.; it is a wild and often dangerous ride, especially at the *Trocha* pass, which is infested with smugglers and charcoal-burners, who occasionally become *rate-ros* and robbers. At all events, "attend to the provend," fill the bota with wine, and the basket with prog. The most interesting route is—

	Miles.	
Chiclana	13	.. 29
Va. de Vejer	16	.. 43
Va. Taibilla	14	.. 59
Tarifa	16	.. 71
Algeciras	12	.. 80
Gibraltar	9	.. 80

Quitting the Isla at the bridge of Zuazo we reach *Chiclana*, on a gentle sandy eminence. Pop. 4000. It is the *landing*, not watering, place of the Cadiz merchants, who, weary of their seaprisons, come here to enjoy the terra firma. The air is pure and the baths luxurious. It is, moreover, a sort of medical Botany bay, to which the Andalusian faculty transports those many patients whom they cannot cure: in compound fractures and chronic disorders, they prescribe bathing here, ass's milk, and a broth made of a long harmless snake, which abounds near Barrosa. We have forgotten the generic name of this valuable reptile of Esculapius. The naturalist should take one alive, and compare him with the viper which make such splendid pork in Estremadura (see Montanches), or with *les viperes de Poitou*, to whose broth Mde. de Sévigné attributed her good health. (Let. July 8th, 1685.) From the hill of *Santa Ana* is a good panorama; 3 L. off, sparkling, like a pearl set in gold, on a hill where it cannot be hid, basks *Medina Sidonia*, Medinatu-Shidunah, the

city of Sidon, thought by some to be the site of the Phœnician Asidon, but all these tit bits for the antiquarian are "Caviare to the general." The sulphur-baths here, especially the *Fuente amarga*, are much used in cutaneous and cachetic complaints.

The town looks pretty from afar with its white houses, gardens, and painted railings, but it is ill-paved, worse drained and lighted, and, in fact, is not worth visiting, being a whitened sepulchre full of decay; and this may be predicated of many of these hill-fort towns, which, glittering in the bright sun, and picturesque in form and situation, appear in the enchantment-lending distance to be fairy residences: all this illusion is dispelled on entering into these dens of dirt, ruin, and poverty: reality, which like a shadow follows all too highly-excited expectations, darkens the bright dream of poetical fancy. Yet what would life be without hope, which still cheers man on, undaunted by experience. Again, once for all, it may be said that generally the correlative of the picturesque is the uncomfortable, and the better the food for the painter's eye outside the town, the worse the chance of bed and board inside.

Nothing can be more different than the aspect of Spanish villages in fine or in bad weather; as in the East, during wintry rains they are the acmes of mud and misery: let but the sun shine out, and all is gilded. His beam is like the smile which lights up the habitually sad expression of a Spanish woman. Fortunately, in the south of Spain, fine weather is the rule, and not, as among ourselves, the exception. The blessed sun cheers poverty itself, and by its stimulating, exhilarating action on the system of man, enables him to buffet against the moral evils to which countries the most favoured by climate seem, as if it were from compensation, to be more exposed than those where the skies are dull, and the winds bleak and cold. *Medina Sidonia* gives the ducal title to the descendants of *Guzman el Bueno*,

to whom all lands lying between the Gaudalete and Guadairo were granted for his defence of Tarifa. The city was one of the strongest holds of the family. Here the fascinating Leonora de Guzman, mistress of the chivalrous Alonso XI., and mother of Henry of Trastamara, fled from the vengeance of Alonso's widow and her son Don Pedro. Here again that *cruel* king, in 1361, imprisoned and put to death his ill-fated wife Blanche of Bourbon,—the Mary Stuart of Spanish ballads,—beautiful, and, like her, of suspected chastity; this execution cost Pedro his life and crown, as it furnished to France an ostensible reason for invading Spain, and placing the anti-English Henry of Trastamara on the throne.

Leaving *Chiclana*, the track soon enters into wild sandy aromatic pine-clad, snake-peopled solitudes: to the r. rises the immortal knoll of *Barrosa*. When Soult, in 1811, left Seville to relieve Badajoz, an opportunity was offered the Spaniards, by attacking Victor in the flank, of raising the siege of Cadiz. The expedition was in an evil hour entrusted to Manuel de la Peña, a fool and a coward, but the favoured creature of the Duchess of Osuna. The expedition was mismanaged by this incapable from beginning to end. In February, 11,200 Spaniards, 4300 English and Portuguese, were landed at the distant Tarifa, when La Peña, instead of resting at Conil, brought the English to the ground after 24 hours of intense toil and starvation. Graham, contrary to his orders, had injudiciously ceded the command in chief to the Spaniard, who, on arriving in the critical moment, skulked himself away towards the Santi Petri, ordering Graham to descend from the *Sierra del Puerco* the real key, to the *Torre Bermeja*, distant nearly a league. The French, who saw the error, made a splendid rush for this important height: but the gallant Græme, although left alone in the plain with his feeble, starving band, and scarcely having time to form his lines, the rear rank fighting

in front, instantly defied the united brigades of Ruffin and Laval, commanded by Victor in person, and having riddled the head of their columns with a deadly fire, then charged with the bayonet in the "old style:" an hour and a half settled the affair by a "sauve qui peut." Victor decamped, while La Peña did not even dare to follow up and finish the flying foe. No single stroke was struck that day by Spanish sabre: but assistance from Spain arrives either slowly or never. *Socorros de España tarde o nunca*. This is a very favourite Spanish proverb; for the shrewd people revenge themselves by a *refran* on the culpable want of means and forethought of their incompetent rulers: Gonzalo de Cordozo used to compare such help to San Telmo (see Tuy), who, like Castor and Pollux, never appears until the storm is over. Blessed is the man, said the Moorish general, who expects no aid, for then he will not be disappointed.

Graham remained master of the field. Then, had La Peña, who had thousands of fresh troops, but moved *one step*, Barrosa would indeed have been contemporaneous with Torres Vedras, for on that very day Massena too began his retreat. Victor, when he saw that he was not followed, recovered from his panic, and indited a bulletin, "how he had beaten back 8000 Englishmen." Now-a-days our lively neighbours claim a more complete victory, and, entering into details, relate how Graham's triple line, with 3000 men in each, was *culbuté* by the French, who were "un contre deux," and that "the loss of the eagles was solely owing to the *accidental* death of the ensigns." How very unlucky!

Touching the real truth of this engagement at Barrosa, what says the Duke (Disp., March 25, 1811), to whom Graham had thought it necessary to apologise for the *rashness* of attacking with his handful two entire French divisions?—"I congratulate you and your brave troops on the signal victory which you gained on the 5th; I have no doubt whatever that their success

would have had the effect of raising the siege of Cadiz, if the Spanish troops had made any effort to assist them. The conduct of the Spaniards throughout this expedition is precisely the same as I have ever observed it to be: they march the troops night and day without provisions or rest, and abusing everybody who proposes a moment's delay to afford either to the fatigued or famished soldiers; they reach the enemy in such a state as to be unable to make any exertion or execute any plan, even if any plan had been formed; they are totally incapable of any movement, and they stand to see their allies destroyed, and afterwards abuse them because they do not continue, unsupported, exertions to which human nature is not equal." La Peña, once safe in Cadiz, claimed the victory as *his!* and now the English are either not mentioned at all by Spanish *historians* (Igartuburu, p. 179, Madoz, vii. 324), or the ultimate failure of the expedition is ascribed to *our* retreat! (Maldonado, iii. 29.) La Peña, *el delincuente honrado*, was decorated with the star of Carlos III. and Ferd. VII., in 1815, created a new order for this brilliant *Spanish* victory!! The Cortes propounded to Graham a grandeeship, as a sop, which he scornfully refused. The title proposed, *Duque del Cierro del Puerco* (Duke of Pig's-hill), was in truth more euphonious among bacon-loving Spaniards than ourselves.

Buonaparte attributed Victor's *defeat* to Sebastiani (Belm. i. 518, 25), who, influenced by jealousy of his colleague, confined himself to advancing to *San Roque*, where he remained pillaging.

Barrosa was another of the many instances of the failures which the *disunion* of Buonaparte's generals entailed on their arms. These rivals never would act cordially together: as the Duke observed when enclosing an intercepted letter from Marmont to Foy, "This shows how these *gentry* are going on; in fact, each marshal is the *natural* enemy of the king (Joseph) and of his neighbouring marshal" (Disp., Nov. 13, 1811).

Spain.—I.

The ride from Barrosa to Tarifa passes over uncultivated, unpeopled wastes. The country remains as it was left after the discomfiture of the Moor, or looks as if man had not yet been created. To the r. is *Conil*. 3 L. from Chiclana, and 1 L. from Cape Trafalgar. Pop. 3000. Built by Guzman el Bueno, it was famous for its tunny fisheries. In May and June the fish return into the Atlantic from the Mediterranean. The *almadraba*, or catching, a most Arabic affair, as the name implies, used to be a season of great festivity. Formerly 70,000 fish were taken, now scarcely 4000; the Lisbon earthquake of 1755 having thrown up sands on the coast, by which the fish are driven into deeper water: the "*atun escabechado*," or pickled tunny, is the *ραφιχουσι*, the "Salsamenta," with which and dancing girls, Gades supplied the Roman epicures and amateurs. Arcestratus, who made a gastronomic tour, thought the under fillet to be the incarnation of the immortal gods. Near *Conil* much sulphur is found.

The long, low, sandy lines of *Trafalgar* (Promontorium Junonis, henceforward Nelsonis) now stretch towards Tarifa; the Arabic name, Taraf-alghar, signifies the promontory of the cave. This cape bore about 8 m. N.E. over those hallowed waters where Nelson, felix opportunitate mortis, sealed the empire of the sea with his life-blood; for things so great can only be carried through by death: *Nelson* was that glorious concentration of national spirit, which made and will make every English sailor do his *duty* to the end of time.

Trafalgar—tanto nomini nullum par eulogium—changed Buonaparte's visionary invasion of England, into the real one of France; England left now with no more enemies on the *sea*, turned to the *land* for an arena of victory. The spirit of the Black Prince and of Marlborough, of Wolfe and of Abercrombie awoke, the sails were furled, and that handful of infantry landed on the most western rocks of the Peninsula which marched in one triumph—

ant course until it planted its red flag on the walls of Paris. This doing the *old* thing in the *old* style is thus pleasantly referred to by M. Foy, i. 197: "Bientôt cet *art nouveau!* pour les Anglais allait leur devenir nécessaire presque à l'égal de la science navale."

Nelson, on the memorable Oct. 21, 1805, commanded 27 small ships of the line and only four frigates: the latter, his "eyes" were wanting as usual; he had prayed for them in vain, from our wretched admiralty, as the Duke did afterwards. The enemy had 33 sail of the line, many of them three-deckers, and seven frigates. Nelson, as soon, as they ventured out of Cadiz, considered them "his property;" he "bargained for 20 at least." He never regarded disparity of numbers, nor counted an enemy's fleet except when prizes after the *battle*—synonymous with him with victory. He, with hope deferred, had long chased them over wide seas, in full cry, every rag set, every sail bursting with impatience, and No. 16 signal for "close action" hoisted; and now, when at last he saw them, it was to give his "Nelsonic touch" no "drawn battles now," but simple—*Annihilation*. Nelson was wounded at a quarter before one, and died 30 minutes past four. He lived long enough to know that his triumph was complete, and the last sweet sounds his dying ears caught were the guns fired at the flying foe. He died on board his beloved "Victory," and in the arms of its presiding tutelary, only 47 years old: "yet," says Southey, "he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done, nor ought he to be lamented who died so full of honours at the height of human fame, and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us not, indeed, his mantle of inspiration, but a name and example which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England; a name which is our pride, and an example, which will continue to be our shield and our strength.

Thus it is that the spirits of the great and wise continue to live and to act after them." This indeed is immortality.

The Spaniards fought well at *Trafalgar*, the nadir of their marine, as *Lepanto* was its zenith: Gravina, their gallant noble admiral was wounded and died, refusing to have his arm amputated, and telling Dr. Fellows, that he was going to join *Nelson*, the "greatest man the world has ever produced."

The French vice-admiral, Dumanoir, having kept out of the action, fled at the close, "backing his topsails," says Southey, "to fire into the captured Spanish ships as he passed," when the indignant crews intreated to be allowed to serve against their quondam allies. This Dumanoir, with four runaways, was caught, Nov. 4, off Cape Finisterre by Sir Richard Strachan, when all were taken, his own ship, the "Formidable" being the first to strike. This man, who, Southey thought, "ought to have been hanged in the sight of the remains of the Spanish fleet," was acquitted at Toulon, because he had "*manœuvré selon l'impulsion du DEVOIR et de l'honneur!*" and was made a count in 1814 by Louis XVIII. Nelson's notions of honour, duty and manœuvring were after a different fashion. His *manœuvre*—a nautical novelty indeed—was to break the long line of the foe with a short double line; a manœuvre which few foreign fleets will try against an English squadron, whose guns would sink their opponents as they approached singly; however according to M. de Montferrier, 'Dictionnaire de la Marine,' Paris 1841, "C'est à cette science, la *manœuvre*, que la marine Française doit toutes ses victoires; en effet, il n'y a point d'exemple, où, à forces égales, une armée Anglaise nous ait battus!"

Be that as it may, some how or another, this *Trafalgar* "*settled Boney*" by sea, to use the Duke's phrase, when he did him that service by land; all his paper projects about "ships, colonies and commerce," all his fond phrases of "French lakes," were blown to the winds; accordingly,

he omitted all allusion to Trafalgar in the French papers, as he afterwards did the Duke's victories in Spain. Thus Pompey never allowed his reverses in the Peninsula to be published (Hirt. *B. H.* 18). Buonaparte received the news of his misfortunes at Vienna, which clouded *le soleil d'Austerlitz* with an English fog: his fury was unbounded, and he exclaimed, "Je saurai bien apprendre aux amiraux Français à vaincre" (*V. et C.* XVI. 197).

Five months afterwards he slightly alluded to this *accidental disaster*, ascribing it, as the Spaniards falsely do the destruction of their *invincible armada*, not to English tars, but the winds: "Les tempêtes nous ont fait perdre quelques vaisseaux, après un combat imprudemment engagé." Yet Villeneuve had that decided numerical superiority without which, according to Buonaparte's express orders, an English fleet was *never* to be attacked and our sole unsubsidised allies, "les tempêtes," in real truth occasioned to us the loss of many captured ships; a storm arose after the victory, and the disabled conquerors and vanquished were buffeted on the merciless coast: many of the prizes were destroyed. The dying orders of Nelson, "Anchor, Hardy! Anchor!" were disobeyed by Collingwood, whose first speech on assuming the command was, "Well! that is the *last* thing that I should have thought of!" Collingwood also made another small mistake in his dispatch: Nelson did not "*die* soon after his wound;" he *lived* to gain the whole victory.

Although none on either side of the Pyrenees have yet claimed Trafalgar as *their* victory, yet all are convinced, had real nautical valour and science not been marred by fortune and accident, that it ought not to have been *ours*. Every lie circumstantial was published at the time; thus the *Journal de Paris*, Dec. 7, 1805, added 8 ships of the line to the English squadron, while the *Gazetta de Madrid*, of the 19th, added 12. Although all these inven-

tions are disposed of by Sir Harris Nicolas in Nelson's *Dispatches*, immortal as those of the Duke, the controversy is not ended; and the Spaniards have taken such offence at their allies' version of Trafalgar, as given by M. Thiers in his *Histoire du Consulat*, Lib. XXII., and especially at the sneer that five Spanish men of war then and there fled, having "sauvé leur existence beaucoup plus que leur honneur;" that a grave refutation was put forth at Madrid in 1850 by Manuel Marliani, and it is a very pretty quarrel as it stands; meantime both of the beaten parties contend that each of their single ships was attacked by five or six English. The *real heroes* of the day and their *défaits héroïques* were either *Señores* Churraco, Galiano, &c., or *Messieurs* Lucas, Magon, &c., small mention being made of the nobody Nelson, a sort of loup-marin, a man, according to M. Thiers, *assez borné* when off his quarter-deck. The French Admiral Villeneuve was said to have killed himself in despair at his disgrace, but, says Southey, "there is every reason to conclude that the tyrant added him to the numerous victims of his murderous policy," and the silence observed in the 'Moniteur' strengthens this suspicion (see *Vict. et Conq.* XVI. 198).

The country now presents a true picture of a Spanish *dehesa y despoblado*. The rich soil, under a vivifying sun, is given up to the wild plant and insect: earth and air teem with life. There is a melancholy grandeur in these solitudes, where Nature is busy at her mighty work of creation, heedless of the absence or presence of the larger insect man. *Vejer*—*Bekkeh*—offers a true specimen of a Moorish town, scrambling up a precipitous eminence. Pop. 9000. The venta lies below, near the bridge over the Barbate. Here Quésada, in March, 1831, put down an abortive insurrection. Six hundred soldiers had been gained over at Cadiz by the emissaries of Torrijos. The loss in the whole contest, on which for the moment the monarchy hung, was one killed, two wounded, and two

bruised. According to Queseda's bulletin, worthy of his namesake Don Quixote, his troops performed "*prodigios de valor!*" a shower of crosses were bestowed on the conquering heroes. Such are the *guerrillas*, the truly "little wars" which Spaniards wage *inter se*; and they may be well compared to the wretched productions of some of the minor theatres, in which the vapouring of bad actors supplies the place of dramatic interest, and the plot is perpetually interrupted by scene-shifting, paltry *coups de théâtre*, and an occasional explosion of musketry and blue lights, with much smoke (of cigaritos).

A mile inland is the *Laguna de Janda*. Near this lake, Taric, landing from Africa, April 30, 711, encountered Roderick, the last of the Goths. Here the action commenced, July 19, which was decided July 26, on the Guadalete, near Xerez. This one battle gave Spain to the Moslem; the secret of whose easy conquest lay in the civil dissensions among the Goths, and the aid the invaders obtained from the monied Jews, who were persecuted by the Gothic clergy. Taric and Musa, the two victorious generals, received from the caliph of Damascus that reward which since has become a standing example to jealous Spanish rulers; they were recalled, disgraced, and died in obscurity. Such was the fate of Columbus, Cortes, the Great Captain, Spinola, and others who have conquered kingdoms for Spain.

At the *Va. de Taibilla* the track branches; that to the l. leads to the *Trocha*, while a picturesque gorge to the rt., studded with fragments of former Moorish bridges and causeways, leads to the sea-shore. At the tower *La Peña del Ciervo*, the Highar Eggel of the Moors, the coast opens in all its grandeur.

"Where Mauritania's giant shadows frown,
From mountain-cliffs descending sombre
down."

And here let the wearied traveller repose a moment and gaze on the magnificent panorama! Africa, no land

of desert sand, rises abruptly out of the sea, in a tremendous jumble, and backed by the eternal snows of the Atlas range; two continents lie before us: we have reached the extremities of the ancient world; a narrow gulf divides the lands of knowledge, liberty, and civilisation, from the untrodden regions of barbarous ignorance, of slavery, danger, and mystery. Yon headland is Trafalgar. Tarifa juts out before us, and the plains of Salado, where the Cross triumphed over the Crescent. The white walls of Tangiers glitter on the opposite coast, resting, like a snow-wreath, on dark mountains: behind them lies the desert, the den of the wild beast and of wilder man. The separated continents stand aloof, frowning sternly on each other with the cold injurious look of altered kindness. They were once united; "a dreary sea now flows between," and severs them for ever. A thousand ships hurry through, laden with the commerce of the world: every sail is strained to fly past those waters, deeper than ever plummet sounded, where neither sea nor land are friendly to the stranger. Beyond that point is the bay of Gibraltar, and on that gray rock, the object of a hundred fights, and bristling with twice ten hundred cannon, the red flag of England, on which the sun never sets, still braves the battle and the breeze. Far in the distance the blue Mediterranean stretches itself away like a sleeping lake. Europe and Africa recede gently from each other; coast, cape, and mountain, face, form, and nature, how alike! Man, his laws, works, and creeds, how different and opposed!

It is geologically certain that the two continents were once united by a dip or valley, as is proved by the variations of soundings. The "wonder-working" Hercules (*i. e.* the Phœnicians) is said to have cut a canal between them. The Moors had a tradition that this was the work of Alexander the Great (Ishkhander), who built a bridge across the opening, then very narrow; it gradually widened un-

til all further increase was stopped by the high lands on each side. On these matters consult Pliny, 'N. H.' iii. 3, and the authorities cited in our paper, Quar. Rev. cxxvi. 293.

The Moors called the Mediterranean the *White Sea*, *Bahr el Abiad*, and *Bahr Rum*, the *Roman Sea*; they termed this *Estrecho*, this *Strait*, which our tars have vulgarised into the "Gut," *Bab-az-zakak*, the "gate of the narrow passage." The length of the straits from Cape Spartel to Ceuta in Africa, and from Trafalgar to Europa Point in Spain, is about 12 L. The W. entrance is about 8 L. across, the E. about 5 L.; the narrowest point is at Tarifa, about 12 m. A constant current sets in from the Atlantic at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. per hour, and is perceptible 150 m. down to the Cabo de Gata; hence it is very difficult to beat out in a N.W. wind. Some have supposed the existence of an under current of denser water, which sets outwards and relieves the Mediterranean from this accession of water, in addition to all the rivers from the Ebro to the Nile in a coast circuit of 4500 L. Dr. Halley, however, has calculated that the quantity evaporated by the sun, and licked up by hot drying winds, is greater than the supply, and certainly the Mediterranean has receded on the E. coast of the Peninsula. The absorption on a surface of 1,149,287 square statute miles, by Halley's rule, would amount to 7966 million tons a day; yet, on the whole, the level of the Mediterranean remains unchanged, for Nature's exquisite system of compensation knows no waste.

Between *La Peña del Ciervo* and Tarifa lies a plain often steeped in blood, and now watered by the brackish *Salado*. Here *Walia*, in 417, defeated the *Vandali Silingi* and drove them into Africa; here the chivalrous *Alonso XI.* (Oct. 28, 1340) overthrew the united forces of *Yusuf I.*, *Abu-l-hajaj*, King of *Granada*, and of *Abu-l-hassan*, King of *Fez*, who made a desperate and last attempt to reinvade and reconquer Spain. This victory paved the way for the final triumph of the Cross, as the

Moors never recovered the blow. The accounts of an eye-witness are worthy of *Froissart* (see *Chron. de Alonso XI.*, ch. 248, 254). Cannon made at *Damascus* were used here, for the first time in Europe, as is said by *Conde*, iii. 133. According to *Mariana* (xvi. 7) 25,000 Spanish infantry and 14,000 horse now defeated 400,000 Moors and 70,000 cavalry. The Christians only lost 20 men, the infidels 200,000. Such bulletins are to be ranked with those of *Livy* or *Buonaparte's* "military romances." These multitudes could never have been packed away in such a limited space, much less fed. To count is a modern practice—the ancient and "bulletin" mode was to guess numbers, and to augment or diminish as suited best.

TARIFA, Pop. 9,000, the most Moorish town of *Andalucia*—that *Berberia Cristiana*—was the ancient Punic city called *Josa*, which *Bochart* (Can. i. 477) translates the "Passage;" an appropriate name for this, the narrowest point of the straits: the Romans retained this signification in their *Julia Traducta*: the Moors called it after *Tarif Ibn Malik*, a Berber chief, the first to land in Spain, and quite a distinct person from *Taric*. *Tarifa* bears for arms its castle on waves, with a key at the window; and the motto, "*Sed fuertes en la guerra*," be gallant in fight. Like *Calais*, it was once a frontier key of great importance. *Sancho el Bravo* took it in 1292, when *Alonso Perez de Guzman*, as all others declined, offered to hold this post of danger for a year. The Moors beleaguered it, aided by the *Infante Juan*, a traitor brother of *Sancho's*, to whom *Alonso's* eldest son, aged 9, had been entrusted previously as a page. *Juan* now brought the boy under the walls, and threatened to kill him if his father would not surrender the place. *Alonso* drew his dagger and threw it down, exclaiming, "I prefer honour without a son, to a son with dishonour." He retired, and the Prince caused the child to be put to death. A cry of horror ran through the Spanish battlements: *Alonso* rushed

forth, beheld his son's body, and returning to his childless mother, calmly observed, "I feared that the infidel had gained the city." Sancho the King likened him to Abraham, from this parental sacrifice, and honoured him with the "canting" name "*El Bueno*," The Good (*Guzman, Gutman, Goodman*). He became the founder of the princely Dukes of Medina Sidonia, now merged by marriage in the Villafrancas. On this spot the recording ballads in Duran, v. 203, will best be read.

Tarifa, nearly quadrangular, contains some 12,000 inhab.; the narrow and tortuous streets are enclosed by Moorish walls. The Alameda runs under the S. range between the town and the sea: the *Alcazar*, a genuine Moorish castle, lies to the E., just within the walls, and is now the abode of galley slaves. The window from whence Guzman threw the dagger has been bricked up, but may be known by its border of *azulejos*; the site of the child's murder is marked by a more modern tower—called *La Torre de Guzman*. The "Lions" of *Tarifa* are the women, or *las Tarifeñas*, who are proverbial for *gracia y meneo*. They continue to wear the *mantilla* as the Arabs do the boorko, and after the present Egyptian fashion of the tob and Hhabarah, in which only one eye is discovered; that however is generally a piercer, and as it peeps out from the sable veil like a star, beauty is concentrated into one focus of light and meaning. These *tapadas*, being all dressed alike walk about as at a masquerade, most effectually concealed, insomuch that husbands have actually been detected making love to their own wives by mistake. These Parthian assassin-glances have furnished jokes abundant to the wits of Spain. Quevedo compares these rifle-women to the *abadejo*, which means both a water-wagtail and the Spanish-fly; and thus combines the *meneo* and the stimulant. Such, doubtless, was the mode of wearing the *mantilla* among the Phœnician coquettes. "Woe," says Ezekiel (xiii. 18), who knew Tyre so well, "Woe to the women

that make kerchiefs upon the head of every stature to hunt souls." Next in danger to these *tapadas* were the bulls, which used to be let loose in the streets, to the delight of the people at the windows, and horror of those who met the uncivil quadruped in the narrow lanes.

The crumbling walls of *Tarifa* might be battered with its oranges, which although the smallest, are beyond comparison the sweetest in Spain, but defended by brave men, they have defied the ball and bomb. Soult, taught by Barrosa the importance of this landing-place, was anxious to take it, and had he done so, must soon have been master of all Andalucia, Gibraltar excepted. Gen. Campbell, in defiance of higher authorities, most wisely determined to garrison it, and sent 1000 men of the 47th and 87th, under Col. Skerrett: 600 Spaniards under Copons were added. Skerrett, brave but always unfortunate, despaired; but Charles Felix Smith of the Engineers was skilful, and Col., now Lord Gough, a resolute soldier. Victor and Laval, Dec. 20, 1811, invested the place with 10,000 men; between the 27th and 30th a practicable breach was made near the *Retiro* gate; then the Spaniards under Copons, who were ordered to be there to defend it, were *not there*—they, however, survived to claim *all* the glory (Madoz, xiv. 609; Nap. xii. 6); but Gough in a good hour came up with his 87th, the "Eagle-catchers," and, with 500 men, beat back 1800 picked Frenchmen in a manner "surpassing all praise," and has lived to conquer China and Gwalior. Victor, *Victus* as usual, retreated silently in the night, leaving behind all his artillery and stores. This great glory and that astounding failure were such as even the Duke had not ventured to calculate on: he had disapproved of the defence, because, although "we have a right to expect that our officers and troops will perform their *duty* on every occasion, we had no right to expect that comparatively a small number would be able to hold *Tarifa*, commanded as it is at short distances, and enfiladed in every direc-

tion, and unprovided with artillery, and the walls scarcely cannon-proof. The enemy, however, retired with disgrace, infinitely to the honour of the brave troops who defended Tarifa" (Disp., Feb. 1, 1812). The vicinity of Trafalgar, and the recollection of Nelson's blue jackets, urged every red coat to do that day more than his duty. Now-a-days the *Tarifeños* claim all the glory, nor do the *Paez Mellados* and Co. even mention the English: so Skerrett was praised by Lord Liverpool, and Campbell reprimanded; sic vos non vobis! The English not only defended but repaired the breach. Their masonry is good, and their inscription, if not classical, at least tells the truth: "Hanc partem muri a Gallis obsidentibus dirutam, Britannii defensores construxerunt, 1812." In 1823, when no 87th was left to assist these heroic *Tarifeños*, the French, under the puny Angoulême, attacked and took the place instantly: the inference is conclusive.

The real strength of Tarifa consists in the rocky island which projects into the sea, on which a fortress has long been building. There is a good lighthouse, 135 ft. high, visible for 10 L., and a small sheltered bay. This castle commands the straits under some circumstances, when ships are obliged to pass within the range of the batteries, and if they do not hoist colours are at once fired into, especially those coming from Gibraltar. They fire even into our men of war: thus, in Nov. 1830, the "Windsor Castle," a 74, taking home the 43rd, was hulled without any previous notice. The "Windsor Castle," like a lion yelped at by a cur, did not condescend to sweep the Tarifa castle from the face of the earth, yet such is the only means of obtaining redress: none is ever given at Madrid. England is nowhere treated more contumeliously than by Spain and Portugal, the two weakest and most ungrateful governments in Europe, and saved by her alone from being mere French provinces. The Duke, even while in the act of delivering them, was entirely without any influence (G^d. Sept.

5, 1813), and not "even treated as a gentleman." "There are limits, however," as even he said, "to forbearance." Tarifa, indeed, is destined by the Spaniards to counterbalance the loss of the *Rock*. This fortress is being built out of a tax levied on persons and things passing from Spain into Gibraltar: thus the English are made to pay for their own annoyance. Tarifa, in war time, swarmed with gun-boats and privateers. "They," says Southey, "inflicted greater loss on the trade of Great Britain than all the fleets of the enemy, by cutting off ships becalmed in these capricious waters." A frigate steamer at Gibraltar will soon abate that nuisance. Those who wish to examine Guzman Castle, or to draw it, may as well obtain the governor's permission, since the vicinity of Gibraltar, which has been made the hot-bed of revolutionists of all kinds, from Torrijos downwards, has rendered every Spanish garrison near it almost as sensitive as the Phœnicians, who welcomed every stranger who pried about the straits by throwing him into the sea. The Spaniards in office are apt to have a *delirium tremens* when they see the man of the pencil and note-book: they instantly suspect that he is making a plan to take the castle.

The ride to Algeciras over the mountain is glorious; the views are splendid. The wild forest, through which the Guadalmacil boils and leaps, is worthy of Salvator Rosa. Gibraltar and its beautiful bay are seen through the leafy vistas, and the bleeding branches of the stripped cork-trees, fringed with a most delicate fern: the grand Rock crouches *à guisa de Leon cuando se posa*. How imposing this mountain mass ere the sun has risen from behind! "Poussin," say the French, "could not paint it; Chateaubriand could not describe it;" or M. Joinville take it. This is indeed the sentinel and master of the Mediterranean, the "Great Sea" of the Bible, the bond of nations, the central cradle of civilisation; and different indeed would have been the world's condition, had this expanse been

a desert sand; and happy the eye and the moment when any catch their first sight of this most classic sea, to behold whose shores was truly, as Dr. Johnson said, the grand end of travelling. These are the waters on which commerce first wafted with white-winged sails all the art and science that raises us above the savage. How grand the page of history that records the mighty deeds they have witnessed! how beautiful in picture and poetry this blue and sunlit sea! The general colour is the deepest ultramarine, with a singular phosphorescent luminosity produced by the myriads of infusoria: a green tint indicates soundings, and a deep indigo blue, profound depth.

Algeciras lies in a pleasant nook. Inns: *Fonda Francesa* near the beach. *Fonda de España*. This, the *Portus Albus* of the Romans, was the green island of the Moors, *Jeziratu-l-Khadrá*; an epithet still preserved in the name of the island opposite, *La Isla Verde*, also called *de las Palomas*. The King of Spain is also King of *Algeciras*, a remnant of its former importance, it being the Moors' key of Spain. It was taken by the gallant Alonso XI., March 24, 1344, after a siege of 20 months, at which foreign crusaders from all Christendom attended, who no doubt did the best of the work, for the benefit and glory of *Nosotros*. It was the siege of the age, and 40 years afterwards Chaucer, describing a true knight, mentions his having been at "Algecir"—a Waterloo, a Trafalgar man. Our chivalrous Edward III. contemplated coming in person to assist Alonso XI., a monarch after his own heart. The *chronica de Alonso XI.* gives the Froissart details, the gallant behaviour of the English under the Earls of Derby and Salisbury (Chr. 301), the selfish misconduct of the French under Gaston de Foix, who kept aloof at the critical moment (Chr. 311). The want of every thing in the Castilian camp was terrific: *cosas de España*. Alonso destroyed the Moorish town and fortifications.

Modern rectangular common-place

Algeciras, pop. 11,000, has risen like a Phoenix, having been rebuilt in 1760 by Charles III., to be a hornets' nest against Gibraltar, and such it is, swarming with privateers in war-time, and with *guarda costas* or preventive service cutters in peace. What a contrast from old Moorish Tarifa; in a morning's ride we jump from one age and people to another. The handsome plaza has a fountain erected by Castaños, who was governor here in 1808, when the war of independence broke out. He, as usual, was without arms or money, and utterly unable to move, until the English merchants of Gibraltar advanced the means; he then marched to Bailen, where the incapacity of Dupont thrust greatness on him. The artist should sketch Gibraltar from near the aqueduct and *Molino de San Bernardino*. The walk to the water-falls is picturesque, the cork-trees grand, the picnicks pleasant.

Between *Algeciras* and Tarifa, June 9, 1801, the gallant Saumarez attacked the combined French and Spanish fleets under Linois; the enemy consisted of 10 sail, the English of 6. The "Superb," a 74, commanded by Capt. Richard Keats, out-sailed the squadron, and alone engaged the foe, taking the "St. Antoine," a French 74, and burning the "Real Carlos" and "San Hermenigildo," two Spanish three-deckers of 112 guns each. Keats had slipped between them, and then out again, leaving them in mistake from the darkness to fire at and destroy each other. *Algeciras* is the naval and military position from whence Gibraltar is watched and worried, for the *foreigner's* possession of that *angulus* rankles deeply, as well it may. In the tenacious memory of Spain, which never forgives or forgets, it is hardly yet a *fait accompli*. During summer, the cool stone-houses of *Algeciras* are infinitely better suited to the climate, than the stuffy dwellings on the arid rock; and here the foreign steamers touch, which ply backwards and forwards between Cadiz and Marseilles.

The distance to Gibraltar is about

5 m. across by sea, and 10 round by land. The coast-road is intersected by the rivers Guadarranque and Palmones: on crossing the former, on the eminence *El Rocadillo*, now a farm, the corn grows where once *Carteia* flourished. This was the Phœnician *Melcarth* (Melech Kartha), King's-town, the city of Hercules, the type, symbol, and personification of the navigation, colonization, and civilization of Tyre: the Phœnicians, be it remembered, called it Tartessus, Heracleon. Humboldt, however, reads in the *Car* the Iberian prefix of height. This was afterwards among the earliest and one of the few Greek settlements tolerated in Spain by their deadly rivals of Tyre.

Carteia was sacked by Scipio Africanus, and given (171 B.C.) to the illegitimate children of Roman soldiers by Spanish mothers (Livy xliii. 3). Here the younger Pompey fled, wounded, after his defeat of Munda, whereupon the *Carteians*, his former partisans, at once proposed giving him up to Caesar: they have had their reward; and the fisherman spreads his nets, the punishment of Tyre, on her false, fleeting, and perjured daughter. The remains of an amphitheatre, and the circuit of walls about 2 miles, may yet be traced. The Moors and Spaniards have alike destroyed the ruins, working them up as a quarry in building Algeciras and San Roque. The coins found here are very beautiful and numerous (see Florez, *Med. i.* 293). Mr. Kent, of the port-office at Gibraltar, formed a *Carteian* museum, consisting of medals, pottery, glass, &c. Consult, for ancient authorities, Ukert (i. 2. 346), and '*A Discourse on Carteia*,' John Conduit, 4to., London, 1719; and the excellent '*Journey from Gibraltar to Malaga*,' Francis Carter, 2 vols., London, 1777.

From *El Rocadillo* to Gibraltar is about 4 m. through the Spanish lines. The whole ride from Tarifa took us about 10 h.

Midway towards Abyla the great sea-fight took place between Lœlius and Adherbal (Livy xxiii. 30), and again between Didius and Varus, and that fearful subsequent storm which,

as after Trafalgar, buffeted victors and vanquished (Florus, iv. 2).

ROUTE 3.—CADIZ TO SEVILLE BY STEAM.

While waiting for the completion of a *railway* there are several ways of getting to Seville; first, by land, in the diligence, through Xerez; secondly, by water, by steamers up the *Guadalquivir*; and thirdly, by a combination of land and water.

Those who prefer the land, may take the diligence to *San Lucar*, which it reaches, having passed through the *Isla* and made the circuit of the bay there, a route interesting only to crab-fanciers and salt-refiners. The country, vegetation, and climate are tropical. Between the Puerto and San Lucar the traveller will remember the Oriental ploughings of Elijah, when he sees 20 and more yoke of oxen labouring in the same field (1 Kings, xix. 19).

San Lucar de Barrameda, Luciferi Fanum, rises amid a treeless, sandy, undulating country, on the l. bank of the Guadalquivir. White and glittering, it is an ill-paved, dull, decaying place; pop. 16,000. Inn, *Fonda del Comercio*; the best café is *El Oro*, on the Plazuela. This town, taken from the Moors in 1264, was granted by Sancho el Bravo, to Guzman el Bueno. The importance of the transatlantic trade induced Philip IV., in 1645, to resume the city, and make it the residence of the captain-general of Andalucia. Visit the ancient English Hospital of St. George, founded in 1517 by Henry VIII. for English sailors. Godoy, in 1799, sold the property, and *promised to pay* interest on the proceeds. In 1854 the *unpaid* capital and arrears due from the government amounted to 2400*l.* From San Lucar Fernando Magalheans embarked, Aug. 10, 1519, on the first circumnavigation of the world: the *Victoria* was the only ship which returned Sept. 8, 1522, Fernando having been killed, like Capt. Cook, by some savages in the Philippine Islands. San Lucar exists by its wine-trade, and is the

mart of the inferior and adulterated vintages which are foisted off in England as sherries. Nota bene, here, at least, drink *manzanilla*, however much it may be eschewed in England, which being, fortunately, not a wine growing country, imports the very best of all others, leaving the inferior for native consumption. The name describes its peculiar light *camomile* flavour, which is the true derivation, for it has nothing to do with *manzana*, an apple, and still less with the town Manzanilla on the opposite side of the river. It is of a delicate pale straw colour, and is extremely wholesome; it strengthens the stomach, without heating or inebriating; hence the Andalucians are passionately fond of it. Excellent *manzanilla* is to be procured in London, of Gorman, 16, Mark Lane. Drink it, ye dyspeptics!

The climate of San Lucar is extremely hot: here was established, in 1806, the botanical Garden de *Acclimatation*, in order to acclimatize South American and African animals and plants: it was arranged by Boutelou and Rojas Clemente, two able gardeners and naturalists, and was in high order in 1808, when the downfall of Godoy, the founder, entailed its destruction. The populace rushed in, killed the animals, tore up the plants, and pulled down the buildings, because the work of a hated individual. But at all times Spanish, like Oriental vengeance is blind even to its own interests, and retaliates against persons and their works even when of public utility.

San Lucar is no longer the point of embarkation, which is now about a mile up the river at *Bonanza*, so called from a hermitage, *Luciferi fanum*, erected by the South American Company at Seville to *Na. Sa. de Bonanza*, or our Lady of fine weather, as the ancients did to Venus. Here is established an *aduana*, where luggage is examined. The district between Bonanza and San Lucar is called *Algaida*, an Arabic word meaning a deserted waste, and such truly it is: the sandy hillocks are clothed with aromatic brushwood, many pines, and wild grapes. The

view over the flat *marisma*, with its agues and fevers, swamps and shifting sands, *arenas voladeras*, is truly desert-like, and a fit home of birds and beasts of prey, hawks, stoats, robbers, and custom-house officers. M. Fenelon, in his 'Télémaque' (lib. viii.), describes these localities as the Elysian Fields, and peoples the happy valleys with patriarchs and respectable burgesses.

For the journey by water, the departures and particulars of the steamers to Seville, are advertised in the Cadiz papers and placarded in all the posadas. After crossing *La Bahia* the Guadalquivir is entered, near Cipiona Point. Here was the great Phœnician lighthouse called *Cap Eon*, the "Rock of the Sun." This the vain-glorious Greeks, who never condescended to learn the language of other people, "barbarians," converted into the Tower of Cepio, *του Καπιωνος πύργος*, the "Cæpionis Turris" of the Romans. Those who wish to avoid the rounding this point by sea may cross over to the *Puerto*, and take a *calesa* to *San Lucar*, and there rejoin the steamer. Seville is distant about 80 m. The voyage is performed in 7 to 8 hours, and in less when returning down stream. Fare, first cabin, 3 dollars; there is a good restaurant on board.

La Puebla	14½ L.
Coria	2
Gelbes	¼
San Juan de Alfarche	¼

The smoke of the steamer and actual inspection of the localities discharge the poetry and illusion of the far-famed and much overrated Guadalquivir of classical and modern romance. "Thou Bætis," sing the native poets, "crowned with flowers and olives, and girdled by beauteous nymphs, wafest thy liquid crystal to the west, in a placid amorous current." Spaniards seldom spare fine words, when speaking of themselves or their country; and this pellucid river, in sober reality and prose, is here dull and dirty as the Thames at Sheerness, and its "Elysian Fields" are as unpicturesque as those at Paris or our "Isle of Dogs." The turbid stream slowly eats its way through an alluvial level,

given up to herds of cattle and aquatic fowls: nothing can be more dreary: no white sails enliven the silent waters, no villages cheer the desert steppes; here and there a *choza* or hut offers a poor refuge from the red hot sun. In this riverain tract, called *La Marisma*, swamps, ague, and fever are perpetual. In these plains, favourable to animal and vegetable life, fatal to man, the miserable peasantry, like those on the Pontine marshes, look yellow skeletons when compared to their fat kine. Here in the glare of summer a mirage mocks the thirsty sportsman. This *Sarab* or vapour of the desert with its optical deceptions of atmospheric refractions is indeed the trick of fairies, a *Fata Morgana*, and well may the Arabs term it *Moyet-Eblis*, the Devil's water. On the r. hand, in the distance, rise the mountains of Ronda. The Guadalquivir, the "great river," the *Wáda-l-Kebir* or *Wáda-l-adhem* of the Moors, traverses Andalucia from E. to W. The Zincali, or Spanish gipsies, also call it *Len Baro*, the "great river." The Iberian name was *Certis* (Livy xxviii. 16), which the Romans changed into *Bætis*, a word, according to Santa Teresa, who understood unknown tongues, derived from *Bæth*, "blessedness;" but the Generalissima of Spain had revelations which were denied to ordinary mortals, to geographers like Rennell, or to philologists like Humboldt and Bochart, who suspects (Can. i. 34) the etymology to be the Punic *Lebitisim*, the lakes or swamps of the *Bætis* termination, whence the *Libystino lacu* of Fest. Avienus (Or. Mar. 289). The river rises in La Mancha, about 10 L. N. of Almaraz, flows down, and at Ecija receives the Genil and the waters of the basin of Granada: other numerous affluents come down from the mountain valleys on each side. Under the Ancients and Moors, navigable to Cordova, it formed a portavena to that district, which overflows with oil, corn, and wine. Under the Spanish misgovernment these advantages were lost, and now small craft alone reach Seville, and with difficulty. They have been

talking for the last 300 years of improving the navigation, see *Las obras del Maestro Perez Fernan de Oliva*, 4to, Cordova, 1586, p. 131; and in 1820 a new company—conservators of the river—was formed for the purpose, and a *tax* laid on the tonnage of shipping, which has been duly levied, although not much more has been done beyond jobbing: meantime the bed is filling, the banks falling in, with no side canal, nor railroad, to supply the want and shorten the line of this tortuous river.

The river below Seville has branched off, forming two unequal islands, *La Isla Mayor* and *Menor*. The former the *Kaptal* of the Moors, and *Capitel* of old Spanish books, has been cultivated with cotton by the company, who also cut a canal through the *Isla Menor*, called *La Cortadura*, by which 3 L. of winding river are saved. Foreign vessels are generally moored here, and their cargoes are conveyed up and down in barges, whereby smuggling is vastly facilitated. At *Coria*, famous under the Romans for bricks and pottery, are still made the enormous earthenware jars in which oil and olives are kept: these *tinajas* are the precise *amphora* of the ancients, and remind one of *Morgiana* and the *Forty Thieves*. The river next winds under the Moorish *Hisnu-l-faraj*, or the "Castle of the Cleft," or of the prospect "al Faradge," now called *San Juan de Alfarache*; and then turns to the r., and skirting the pleasant public walk stops near the *Torre del Oro*, gilded with the setting sun, and darkened by *Aduaneros*, who worry passengers and portmanteaus.

ROUTE 4.—CADIZ TO SEVILLE BY LAND.

San Fernando	2†
Puerto Real	2 .. 4†
Puerto de Sa. Maria	2 .. 6†
Xerez	2 .. 8†
Va. del Cuervo	3† .. 12
Fa. de la Vizcaina	1 .. 13
Torres de Alcaza	2† .. 15†
Utrera	3† .. 19
Alcalá de Guadaira	2 .. 21
Sevilla	2 .. 23

This is a portion of the high road from

Cadiz to Madrid; the whole distance is 108½ L. There is some *talk* of a railroad, to be made and paid for by Englishmen, but *festina lente* is a Spanish axiom, where people are slow to begin and never finish. The journey is uninteresting, and sometimes dangerous: leaving Xerez the lonely road across the plains skirts the spurs of the Ronda mountains, sometimes the lair of *mala gente*, Moron being generally their head-quarters, for smuggling and the intricate country favour these wild weeds of the rank soil.

The best plan of route from Cadiz to Seville, is to cross over to the Puerto by steam and take a *calea* to Xerez, paying 1 dollar; although the road is indifferent the drive is pleasant, and the view from the intervening ridge, *La buena vista*, is worthy of its name: the glorious panorama of the bay of Cadiz is a perfect *belvedere*. There is a decent *posada* at this half-way resting-place. From Xerez drive in a *calea* to Bonanza, about 3 L. of wearisome road, and there rejoin the steamer. The best *Posada* at Xerez is of *San Dionisio* on the Plaza *La Consolacion*. *F. Travieso*—3, *Calle de la Lenzeria*. The great hospitable wine-merchants seldom, however, permit any one who comes with an introduction "to take his ease in mine own inn."

Xerez de la Frontera, or *Jerez*—for now it is the fashion to spell all those Moorish or German guttural words, where an X or G is prefixed to an open vowel, with a J: e. g., Jimenez for Ximenez, Jorge for George, &c.—is called of the *frontier*, to distinguish it from *Jerez de los Caballeros*, in Estremadura. It was termed by the Moors *Sherish Filistin*, because allotted to a tribe of Philistines. The new settlers from the East, preserved alike the names of their old homes, and their hatred of neighbours. *Jerez*, pop. 34,000, rises amid vine-clad slopes, studded with *cortijos y haciendas*, with its white-washed Moorish towers, blue-domed *Colegiata*, and huge *Bodegas*, or wine-stores, looking like pent-houses for men-of-war at Chatham. Supposed

by many to have been the ancient *Asta regia Cesariana*, some mutilated sculpture exists in the *Calle de Biscocheros* and *Calle de los Idolos*, for the Xereanos call the old graven images of the Pagans *idols*, while they bow down to *nue sagradas imagenes* in their own churches. Part of the original walls and gates remain in the old town: the suburbs are more regular, and here the wealthy wine-merchants reside. Xerez was taken from the Moors, in 1264, by Alonso el Sabio, the Learned. The Moorish *alcazar*, which is near the public walk, is well preserved, and offers a good specimen of these turreted and walled palatial fortresses. It belongs to the Duque de San Lorenzo, on the condition that he cedes it to the king whenever he is at Xerez. The *Casa de Riquelmes*, with its *torre de Homenaje*, may also be visited. Observe the Berruguete façade of the *Casas de Cabildo*, erected in 1575. Notice the façade of the churches of Santiago and San Miguel, especially the Gothic details of the latter. The *Colegiata*, begun in 1695, is vile churrigueresque; the architect did not by accident stumble on one sound rule, or deviate into the commonest sense: but the wines of Jerez are in better taste than the temples, and now-a-days more go to the cellar than to the church. The vinous city has a few books and coins. The legends and antiquities of Xerez are described in *Los Santos de Xerez*, *Martin de Boa*, 4to., Seville, 1671; and there is a new history by *Adolfo de Castro*. Xerez was renowned for its *Majos*, who were considered, however, of a low caste, *muy-cruos*, *crudos*, raw, when compared to the *Majo fino*, the *muy cocio-cocido*, the boiled, the well-done one of Seville—phrases as old as Martial. The *Majo Xerezano* was seen in all his flash glory at the much frequented fairs of May 1 and Aug. 15; but picturesque nationalities are giving place to the common-place coats and calicos of civilization. He is a great bull-fighter, and a fine new Plaza has recently been built here. His *requiebros* are, how-

ever, over-flavoured with *sal Andaluça*, and his *jaleos* and jokes rather practical: *Burlas de manos, burlas de Xerezanos*. The quantity of wine is supposed to make these *valientes* more boisterous and occasionally ferocious, than those of all other Andaluçians: "for all this *valour*," as Falstaff says, "comes of sherris." They are great sportsmen, and the shooting in the *Marisma*, especially of deer, bustards, wild fowl, and woodcocks, is first-rate. Parties are made, who go for weeks to the *Coto de Doña Ana* and *del Rey*.

The growth of wine amounts to some 500,000 *arrobas* annually; this Moorish name and measure contains a quarter of a hundred weight: 30 go to a *bota* or butt, of which some 34,000 are annually produced, running from 8000 to 10,000 really fine. This wine was first known in England about the time of our Henry VII. It became popular under Elizabeth, when those who under Essex sacked Cadiz brought home the fashion of good "sherris sack." It is still called *seco* here, which is the old English *seck*, the French *sec*, a word used in contradistinction to the *sweet* malvoisies. It was ousted by *Madeira* wine, but brought back into fashion by Lord Holland, whose travels in Spain abroad, and table at home, gave him the right to dictate in dinnering at least. Meanwhile the bulk of good Spaniards scarcely know sherry beyond its immediate vicinity. It is, in fact, a foreign wine, and made and drunk by foreigners; nor do Spaniards like its strength, and still less its high price. Thus, even at Granada, it is sold as a liqueur. At Seville, in the best houses, one glass only is, or in our time used to be, handed round at dinner as the *golpe medico*, or *chasse*, the *μικροί κρη- λικος* of Athenæus (i. 20). The first class, called "*Vino seco, fino, oloroso y generoso*," is very dear, costing half a dollar a bottle on the spot. Pure genuine sherry, from 10 to 12 years old, is worth from 50 to 80 guineas per butt, in the *bodega*; and when freight, insurance, duty, and charges

are added, will stand the importer from 100 to 130 guineas in his cellar. A butt will run from 108 to 112 gallons, and the duty is 5s. 6d. per gallon. Such a butt will bottle about 52 dozen.

The excellence of sherry wines is owing to the extreme care and scientific methods introduced by *foreigners*, who are chiefly French and Scotch. The great houses are Pedro Domecq, Pemartin, Gordon, Garvey, Isasi, Bermudez, Beigbeder. A *Bodega*, the Roman *horrea*, the wine-store or apotheca, is, unlike our excavated cellars, always *above* ground. The interior is deliciously cool and subdued, as the heat and glare outside are carefully excluded; here thousands of butts are piled up during the rearing and maturing processes. Sherry, when perfect, is made up from many different butts: the "entire" is in truth the result of Xerez grapes, but of many sorts and varieties of flavour. Thus one barrel corrects another, by addition or subtraction, until the proposed standard aggregate is produced. All this is managed by the *Capataz* or head man, who is usually a *Montañes* from the Asturian mountains, and often becomes the real master of his nominal masters, whom he cheats, as well as the grower. He passes this life of probation in tasting: he goes round the butts, marking each according to its character, correcting and improving each at every successive visit.

The *callida junctura* ought to unite fulness of body, a nutty flavour and aroma, dryness, absence from acidity, strength, spirituousity, and durability. Little brandy is necessary: the vivifying power of the unstinted sun of Andalucia imparting sufficient alcohol, which ranges from 20 to 23 per cent. in fine sherries, and only 12 in clarets and champagnes. Fine, pure old sherry is of a rich brown colour. The new raw wines are paler; in order to flatter the tastes of some English, "pale old sherry" must be had, and the colour is chemically discharged at the expense of the delicate aroma. The *amontillado* is so called from a peculiar, bitter-

almond, dry flavour, somewhat like the wines of Montilla, near Cordova: much sought after, it is dear, and used in enriching poorer and sweetish wines. There is always a venerable butt that contains some *Madre vino*, or rich wine, by which young butts are reared as by *mother's* milk. The contents are very precious, and the barrels named after Ferdinands, Nelsons, Wellingtons, kings and heroes. The visitor is just allowed a sip, by way of *bonne bouche*. The sweet wines of the sherry grape are delicious. The best are the Moscadel, the Pedro Ximenez, so called from a German vine-grower, and the *Pajarete*; this term has nothing to do with the *pajaros*, or birds which pick the most luscious grapes, but simply is the name of the village where it was first made.

Every traveller will of course pay a visit to a great *Bodega*, the lion of Xerez and big as a cathedral, a true temple of Bacchus: those of P. Domecq or Charles Gordon are the finest. The former gentleman has some pictures, but his best gallery is that of butts of sherry. There the whole process of making sherry will be explained. The lecture is long, and is illustrated by experiments. Every cask is tasted, from the raw young wine to the mature golden fluid. Those who are not stupefied by drink come out much edified. From the result of many courses of lectures, we recommend the student to hold hard during the *first* samples, for the best wine is reserved for the last, the qualities ascending in a vinous climax. Perhaps the better plan would be to reverse the order, and begin with the best while the palate is fresh and the judgment sober. All the varieties of grape and soil are carefully described in the *Ensayo sobre las variedades de la Vid en Andalucia*, Simon Rojas Clemente, 4to., Mad., 1807; in the *Memorias sobre el Cultivo de la Vid*, Esteban Boutelou, 4to., Mad., 1807; see also our notices in the 'Quarterly Review,' cxxvi. 308; and in the 'Gatherings,' ch. xiv. The student will also do well to drive out and visit some

crack vineyard, and inspect the vinous buildings and contrivances. Many of the great growers have villas on their vineyards, such as *El Recreo*, *Valsequillo*, *La Granga*, &c.; this latter belongs to Mr. Domecq, whose vineyard, *Macharnudo*, is the primest, and really the *Johannisburg* of *Xerez*; the Carrascal, Barbiana alta y baja, Los Tercios, Cruz del Husillo, Añina, San Julian, Mochiele, and Carraola, are also deservedly celebrated.

No one should fail to visit the *Cartuja* convent, which lies about 2 m. to the E., although this once magnificent pile is now desecrated. The finest of the Zurbaran pictures have passed into England, having been sold dog-cheap at the sales of Louis Philippe and Mr. Standish, in 1853; some few others, the refuse, are in the Museo at Cadiz. This Carthusian monastery was founded in 1477 by Alvaro Obertos de Valetto, whose figure in armour was engraved in brass before the high altar: one Andres de Ribera, in the time of Philip II., added the Doric *Herrera* portal: the more modern façade is very bad. This Cartuja was once very rich in excellent vineyards, and possessed the celebrated breeding-grounds of Andalusian horses, to which the French dealt the first blow. The decree of suppression, in 1836, destroyed, at one fell swoop, both monk and animal. The establishments have been broken up, and the system ruined. The loss of the horses will long be felt, when that of the friars is forgotten. On the Carthusian convents and monks of Spain, consult *Primer Instituto de la Sagrada Religion de la Cartuja*, Joseph de Valles, 4to., Mad., 1663.

Below the Cartuja rolls the Guadalete. A small hill, called *el real de Don Rodrigo*, marks the head-quarters of the last of the Goths: here the battle was terminated which put an end to his dynasty (see p. 148). Lower down is *el Portal*, the port of Xerez, whence the sherries were embarked for *el Puerto* before the railroad conveyed the butts to the very shipboard.

The *Guadalete*, from the terminating

syllables, has been connected, by those who prefer sound to sense, with the *Lethe* of the ancients, which, however, is the *Limia*, near *Viana*, in Portugal, and obtained its oblivious reputation, because the Spanish army, their leader being killed, forgot on its banks the object of the campaign, and disbanded most orientally each man to "his own home." *Cosas de España*.

This *Limæa*, or *Limia*, was the furthest point to which *Brutus* advanced, as his troops trembled, fearing that they should forget their absent wives. *Florus* (ii. 17. 12) records this unmilitary fear. *Strabo* (iii. 229) observes that some called the *Limia* *Βελιωνα*, which *Casaubon* happily amends *οβλιωνας*, the *Fluvius Oblivionis* of *Pliny*, *Mela*, and *Livy*. The Græco-Roman name of the *Gaudalete* was *Chrysos*, and golden is the grape which grows on its banks: it is that fluid, and not what flows between them, which erases their absent dames from the memories of bad husbands. It is stated by *Florez* (*Esp. Sag.* ix. 53) that the name *Chrysos* was changed by the victorious Moors into *Wad-al-leded*, *El rio de deleite*, the river of delight; but this is a very doubtful etymology, and the Moorish name really was *Wada-lekah*. A wild bridle-road through *Arcos* communicates with *Ronda*. See p. 263.

The *Camino real*, on leaving *Xerez*, on one side skirts a waste called *La Llanura de Caulina*; it is well provided with bridges, by which the many streams descending from the mountains to the rt. are crossed. The lonely expanse is truly Spanish, and in spring teems with beautiful flowers, of which the botanist may fill a vasculum and a note-book.

Utrera, *Utricula*, during the Moorish struggle, was the refuge of the agriculturist who fled from the Spanish *talas* and border forays, and is inhabited by rich farmers, who rent the estates around, where much corn, oil, fruit, and wine is produced; here vast flocks are bred, and those fierce bulls so renowned in the *Plaza*. Pop. 11,000. The streets and *alamedas* are kept

clean and fresh by running streams. Formerly flourishing and very populous, it fell into decay, but within 10 years has been much improved by an *álcalde* named *Cuadra*. The Carmelite convent was turned into a prison, and the *Sn. Juan de Dios* into a philharmonic theatre. The *Sa. Maria de la Mesa* has a good *Berruguete* portal, called *el Perdon*, and a tomb of a *Ponce de Leon*, with an armed kneeling figure. There is a ruined castle. *Utrera*, in a military point, is of much importance. The high road from *Madrid* to *Cadiz* makes an angle to reach *Seville*, which can be avoided by marching from *Ecija* direct through *Arahal*. The saints of *Utrera* have long rivalled the bulls: thus the *Virgen de la Consolacion* at the *Convento de Minimios*, outside the town, N.E., is the *Palladium* of the ploughmen. Built in 1561, it used to be frequented by thousands on the 8th of Sept., when a fair was held, and votive offerings made: now little more takes place than the sale of children's toys; nay, there is a scheme of turning the building into a madhouse. *Tempora mutantur*. Consult an especial book on this "*Santuario*" by *Rodrigo Caro*, 8vo., *Osuna*, 1622. Consult *Epilogo de Utrera*, *Pedro Roman Melendez*, 4to., *Sevilla*, 1730. About 2 L. from *Utrera* is a fine olive *hacienda* of the *Conde de Torre Nueva*, which is well managed; at *Morales* 1 L. to l. are the ruins of a most ancient castle. There is a short bridle-road to *Seville*, by which *Alcalá* is avoided and left to the rt.

Alcalá de Guadaíra, where the *Posada* is very tidy, signifies the "castle of the river *Aira*," and was the *Punic Hienippa*, a "place of many springs." It is also called *de los Panaderos*, "of the bakers," for it has long been the oven of *Seville*: bread is the staff of its existence, and samples abound everywhere; *Roscas*, a circular-formed *rusk*, are hung up like garlands, and *hogazas*, loaves, placed on tables outside the houses. "*Panis hic longè pulcherrimus*"; it is, indeed, as *Spaniards* say, *Pan de Dios*—the "angels" bread of "*Esdras*." Spanish bread

was esteemed by the Romans for its lightness (Plin. 'N. H.' xviii. 7). All classes here gain their bread by making it, and the water-mills and mule-mills, or *atahonas*, are never still; they exceed 200 in number: women and children are busy picking out earthy particles from the grain which get mixed, from the common mode of threshing on a floor in the open air—the *era*, or Roman area. The corn is very carefully ground, and the flour passed through several hoppers in order to secure its fineness. Visit a large bake-house, and observe the care with which the dough is kneaded. It is worked and re-worked, as is done by our biscuit-bakers: hence the close-grained caky consistency of the crumb. The bread is taken into Seville early every morning. Alcalá, pop. about 6000, is proverbial for salubrity, and is much resorted to as a summer residence, and it always escapes the plagues which so often have desolated Seville; the air, freshened by the pure Ronda breezes, is rarefied by the many ovens, of which there are more than 50. For local information consult the *Memorias Historicas de Alcalá*, Leandro Jose de Flores, duo, Sevilla, 1833-4.

The castle is one of the finest Moorish specimens in Spain, and was the land-key of Seville. It surrendered, Sept. 21, 1246, to St. Ferdinand, the garrison having "*fraternised*" with Ibn-I-Ahmar, the petty king of Jaen, who was aiding the Christians against the Sevillians, for internal divisions and local hatreds have always been causes of weakness to unamalgamating Spain. The Moorish city lay under the castle, and no longer exists. A small mosque, now dedicated to *San Miguel*, on whose day the place was taken, and made into a barrack by the French, is all that remains. Observe the *tapia* walls, the *mazmorras*, subterranean corn granaries, the cisterns, *al-gibes*, the inner keep, and the huge donjon tower, *la torre mocha* (mota), built by the Spaniards. The river below makes a pretty sweep round the rocky

following the slopes of the irregular ground. The gardens are all that Flora and Pomona can combine.

In the town observe the pictures in *San Sebastian* by Fr^o. Pacheco, father-in-law to Velazquez, and also a "Purgatory" by him in the church of *Santiago*. In the convent *de las monjas* is a Retablo with six small bas-reliefs by Montañes. The "Sa. Clara receiving the Sacrament" is the best; his small works are rare and beautiful.

Alcalá, the "city of springs," supplies temperate Seville both with bread and water, prison or Iberian fare. The alembic hill is perforated with tunnels: some are 2 L. in length. The line of these underground canals may be traced on the outsides of the hill by the *lumbreiras*, *lowres*, or ventilators. Do not fail to visit the *Molino de la Mina*, whence Pedro de Ponce Leon, in 1681, took the title of marquis. The excavations in the bowels of the rock are most picturesque, and no crystal can be clearer than the streams. Some of these works are supposed to be Roman, but the greater part are Moorish. The collected fluid is carried to Seville by an aqueduct; the first portion is enclosed by a brick *cañeria*. The Roman works were completely restored in 1172 by Jusuf Abu Jacob (Conde, ii. 380); but all was permitted, as usual, to go to decay under the Spaniards: the coping was broken in, and the water became turbid and unwholesome. In 1828, Don Jose Manuel de Arjona, *Asistente* of Seville and its great improver, set apart about 40,000 dollars from a tax on meat, for the restoration of this supply of vital importance to an almost tropical city; but this ready money was seized upon, in 1830, by the needy Madrid government, and spent in putting down Mina's rebellion after the three *glorious* days at Paris. The aqueduct, on approaching Seville, is carried in on some 400 arches, called "*Caños de Carmona*," because running along the road leading to that city. The sportsman may walk with his gun over the flats between Alcalá and Seville to the

l. of the high-road, which are full of snipes and wild-fowl in winter.

The valley of the *Guadaira* above Alcalá should be visited by the artist, to see the Moorish mills and towers which *Iriarte* sketched, who, according to *Murillo*, was fit to paint Paradise, so relative is praise. *Iriarte*, a second-rate artist, was almost the only landscape-painter Spain has produced. There, as among the ancients, landscape was used as a mere background or accessory, and deemed beneath the dignity of art. Neither the Church nor the people were worshipers of Nature, or had any genuine perception of her charms.

Leaving Alcalá, the noble causeway winds gently round the hill, hanging over the river. In the plains below, amid orange and olive-groves, rise the sun-gilt towers of stately Seville. The Moorish *Giralda* is pre-eminently the emphatic point. To the r. of the road, about 2 miles from Seville, is the *Mesa del Rey*, a square stone table on which the bodies of criminals are quartered, "a pretty dish to set before a king;" this is an Arabic custom, and such a table exists at Cairo (Lane, i. 332). Next, we reach *La Cruz del Campo*, placed in an open Moorish-looking temple, but erected in 1482. It is also called *el Humilladero*: here travellers used to kneel, and thank the Virgin and Santiago for safe arrival at their journey's end, having escaped the pains and perils of Spanish travel; now both these dangers and their piety are much decreased; here the *Estaciones* (see p. 187) from the *Casa de Pilatos* terminate.

The bridle-road from Xerez to Seville is much shorter than the circuit made by the diligence; it crosses the plains, but is scarcely carriageable except in summer.

ROUTE 5.—XEREZ TO SEVILLE.

Lebrija	5
Cabezas de Sn. Juan	2 .. 7
A los Palacios	3 .. 10
Sevilla	4 .. 14

An uninteresting ride over the Ma-

risma leads to Lebrija, nicely placed on a slight eminence, with a decent *posada*. This is the ancient *Nebriassa-Veneria*, according to *Pliny* ('N. H.' iii. 1); others read *Venaria*, and connect it with the huntings of the *Nimrod* *Bacchus* and his wines (*Sil. Ital.* iii. 393). *Bochart* derives the name from the Punic *Nae-Pritza*, a "land of overflowing," to which these riverain flats are subject. Here was born the great grammarian and restorer of letters in Spain, *Antonio Cala Jarana del Ojo*, better known as *Nebriassensis*. Observe *La Mariquita del Marmolejo*, a headless Roman statue, now christened the little marble *Mary*; notice the florid plateresque *Retablo* of the *Parroquia*, once a mosque, with some of the earliest carvings in cedar and mahogany of *Alonso Cano*, 1630-36, especially the *Virgin and Child*, with all his mild and melancholy grace, and the *St. Peter and St. Paul*. Behind the church is a pretty orange planted cloister, with a good crucifix by *Montañes*. Leaving *Lebrija*, the plains become more monotonous. Of *Cabezas de San Juan*, a miserable hamlet, the proverb says, *No se hace nada en el consejo del rey, sin Cabezas*. To judge by the results of most of the councils of *Madrid*, the cabinet has too often been selected from this wrong-headed village. It was one of the first places which responded to the cry of *Riego*, for which he was hanged, and so many others lost their heads on the scaffold. Before arriving at *Los Palacios*, is a long-ruined Roman and Moorish causeway, *La alcantarilla* (Arabicè, the little bridge), raised on account of the inundations above the level of the *Marisma*, and now half dilapidated. *Los Palacios* are any thing now but palaces. The common occurrence of the term denotes either the past magnificence of Spaniards, or their habit of calling their geese swans.

ROUTE 6.—SAN LUCAR TO AYAMONTE.

Torre de Solavar	2	
Torre de Carboneros	1	3
De la Higuera	2	5
Del Oro	3	8
Moguer	3	11
Huelva	1	12
Alfaraque	1	13
Cartaya	2	15
Lepe	1	16
Redondela	1	17
Ayamonte	3	20

It remains to describe, as shortly as possible, the dreary roadless country which lies on the r. bank of the Guadalquivir, and which extends to the Guadiana and the Portuguese frontier. This is called the *Marisma* or marsh district, and also the *Condado*, or county of Niebla: formerly it was a petty Moorish kingdom and with most of this district passed into the great Guzman family. Let none go there except driven by dire necessity, or on a sporting excursion. Spanish mis-government and neglect have here done their worst.

There is constant communication by water in picturesque *Misticos*; those who go by land must ride. The accommodations are everywhere wretched: attend, therefore, to the provend, as nothing of comfort will be found but what the wayfarer brings with him. The wide plains are almost uninhabited and uncultivated, but the inherent fertility of the soil is evidenced by the superb stone-pines and fig-trees, which may be termed indigenous. The coast-road is guarded by *Atalayas*, or "watch-towers," Arabicè *Taliah*, from *talâa*, to "look out from above:" they are of remotest antiquity, as the coasts of Spain have always been exposed to piratical descents from Africa, where the descendants of the Carthaginians never forgot their dispossession by the Romans. The Berber Moors recovered the country of their Oriental forefathers; and their descendants, again dispossessed by the Spaniards, remember a land which they still consider their rightful property.

Hannibal built so many of these *atalayas* on the coast from Cadiz to Saguntum that they went by his name, "turres, speculas Hannibalis" (Plin. 'N. H.' ii. 71); Cæsar followed his example (Hirt. 'B. H.' 7); from these, signals were made by fire at night, by smoke by day. These were the "sign of fire" (Jer. vi. 1), the *φρουρα* of Thucyd. (iii. 22), and see Polyb. (x. 43, 45), and the magnificent lines of Æschylus (Ag. 291). Pliny describes these "ignes prænunciativos" as used "propter piraticos terrores," and so Charles V. repaired these martello towers when threatened by the invasions of Barbarossa. Thus they have occupied the same sites, and testify the continuance of the same fears of unchanged Iberia, whether Carthaginian, Roman, Moorish, Gothic, or Spanish; many are very picturesque, perched on headlands and eminences; they stand forth on the blue sky, like lonely sentinels and monuments of the dangers of this evertroubled land. They now are generally occupied by preventive service guards.

They are commonly built in *tapia*, a sort of African or Phœnician concrete, introduced with the system of the towers themselves, and like them continued unchanged in the cognate lands of Spain and Barbary. The component mixture of stones, mortar, and rubble, is placed moist in a moveable frame of wood kept together by bolts; it is then rammed down, the bolts withdrawn, and moved onwards or upwards as the case requires. Hence the Romans called them "*parietes formacei*," walls made in frames (Pliny, 'N. H.' xxxv. 14); he particularly describes those of Spain, and notices their indestructibility: they, in fact, become solid masses, petrifications. The Goths continued the practice, calling the method "*formatum*;" and *horma* still means a mud wall. The word *tapia* is Arabic; it is still called *tobi* in Egypt, and signifies an earthen wall, Devonice, *Cob*. These walls continue to be now built both in Andalucia and Barbary after the same ancient method (see our paper in the Quart. Rev. cxvi. 537, for

the learning and practice of these varieties of *Cob*).

Moguer—Lontigi Alontigi—the present word means in Arabic *caves*, of which there are many in the neighbourhood—rises gently above the Río Tinto, and traffics in wine and fruit; the town and castle are much dilapidated. The parish church-tower is built after the Giralda of Seville. Below Moguer is the port, *Palos*. Palos Etreplaca. Visit, one short L. from Palos, the Franciscan convent Santa Maria *Rábida*, a Moorish name so common in Spain, and signifying “frontier or exposed situations,” *Rábitah*, *Rebath*, which were defended by the *Rábitos*; these were the *Marabitos*, the *Morabitos*, the *Almorabides* of Conde, a sort of Ghilzee, a half fanatic soldier-monk, from whom the Spaniards borrowed their knights of Santiago.

This convent was ordered, in 1846, to be preserved as a national memorial, and is to be fitted up for invalid soldiers; it has already given shelter to those great men whom Spain could once produce; but it is now fast going to ruin, and the wood of the cells stripped off. Here, in 1484, Columbus, craving charity with his little boy, was received by the Prior Juan Perez de Marchena. This monk, when the wisest kings and councils had rejected as visionary the scheme of the discovery of the New World, alone had the wit to see its probability, the courage to advocate the plan, and the power to prepare the experiment. He must, indeed, share in the glory of the discovery of America, for by his influence alone with Isabella, was his protégé Columbus enabled to sail on this expedition. The armament consisted of two caravels, or light vessels without decks, and a third one of larger burden; 120 persons embarked and started “on the 3rd of August, 1492, from this port of Palos, and bidding adieu to the Old World, launched forth on that unfathomed waste of waters, where no sail had ever been spread before” (Prescott, ii. 214). Columbus was accompanied by

some adventurers of the name of Pinzon, a family not yet extinct in these localities; and to this very port, on March 15, 1493, 7 months and 11 days afterwards, did he return, having realised his grand conception, conferred a new world on his sovereigns, and earned immortality for himself—services soon to be repaid by breach of faith and ingratitude. *Cosas de España*. At Palos, again, Cortes landed in May, 1528, after the conquest of Mexico, and also found shelter in the same convent walls where Columbus had lodged on his return 35 years before, and like him returned to be also slighted and ill-rewarded. By a strange coincidence, Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, was also at Palos at this moment, commencing that career of conquest, bloodshed, and spoliation, which Cortes was about to close. Pizarro was assassinated. Those accomplished Americans, Prescott and Washington Irving, have with singular grace and propriety illustrated the age of Ferdinand and Isabella, when their country was discovered. For the best works on its early history, consult catalogue published by Mr. Rich, in London, 1832: or, in the ‘*Bibliothèque Americaine*,’ by M. Ternaux. Paris, 1837. Palos now is a poor fishing port, and a thing of decrepid Spain.

Huelva, *Onuba*, of Phœnician origin (consult “*Disertacion sobre Onuba*,” Barco y Gasca, 4to. Sev. 1755; and ‘*Huelva ilustrada*,’ Juan. Ag. de Mora. 4to. Sev. 1762), stands on the confluence of the Odiel and Tinto. Some antiquaries read in the word *Onuba* “abundance of grape bunches.” Astarloo prefers the Basque, and translates *Wuelba* as a “hill placed under a height.” It is a seaport, and the capital of its triangular province; there are two middling *posadas*; pop. 7000. It is a busy tunny-fishing town, and in constant communication with Portugal, Cadiz, and Seville, sending much fruit and floor mattings to the latter places. The water is delicious. The vestiges of a Roman aqueduct are fast

disappearing, having long served as a quarry to the boorish cultivators of the rich environs. Meantime the modest motto of the place is "Portus Maris et terræ custodia!"

Huelva is 15 L. from Seville; the road is merely a bridle one. The chief traffic is carried on by passage-boats, which navigate the Guadalquivir. The land route is as follows:—

San Juan del Puerto	2	
Niebla	2	.. 4
Villarasa	2	.. 6
La Palma	1	.. 7
Manzanilla	2	.. 9
San Lucar la Mayor	4	.. 13
Seville	3	.. 16

The country is uninteresting, although of extraordinary fertility in titheable oil, wine, fruit, and grain. Niebla, accordingly, has 5 parish churches, and had 2 convents, a decent spiritual supply for 580 inhab. Niebla, the ancient *Ilipla*, (Livy xxv. 1), lies between the rivers *Villarasa* and *Beas*, and has a castle ruined by the French, and a most ancient but dilapidated bridge. It is the chief town of its county or *condado*, which formed a small principality under the Moors; here much bad wine is made, which is sent to San Lucar, and converted for the English market into fine sherry, neat as imported, at only 36s. the dozen, bottles included. *Palma*, with some 3500 souls, is equally dull, which, indeed, may be predicated throughout this fat district, which a judicious traveller will carefully avoid.

Continuing R. vi., after leaving Huelva and crossing the Odiel de *Lepe*, *Leppa*, *Leptis*, near the Rio de Piedra: it is a poor town in a rich district, having been twice sacked by the French. The population, some 3000, are fishermen and smugglers. *Lepe* furnished the Londoners in Chaucer's time with "rede and white wine," which, according to the Pardoner's tale, was sold in "Fish Street and Chepe," and "crept subtly" into the brains of the citizens. These drinks probably came from *Ré-dondella*, where the wines are excellent, and the fruit delicious, especially

the figs, the best of which are the *Lozio* and *Bezo mudo*. Here grows the reed, *junco*, of which the fine Andalusian *esteras*, floor-mattings, are made. *Ayamonte*, *Sonoba*, *Ostium Anæ*, was the city whence the Roman military road to *Merida* commenced. An island on the *Guadiana* is still called *Tyro*, and vestiges of ruins may be traced. Population, nearly 5000. There are 2 *parroquias* and a ruined castle, and although a frontier fortress it is in a most Spanish and Oriental state of neglect, yet it calls itself the key and port of the *Guadiana*: the neighbouring pine-forests provide timber for building *mis-ticos* and coasting craft.

In the ninth century the Normans or Northmen made piratical excursions on the W. coast of Spain. They passed, in 843, from Lisbon down to the straits, and everywhere, as in France, overcame the unprepared natives, plundering, burning, and destroying. They captured even Seville itself, Sept. 30, 844, but were met by the Cordovese Kalif, beaten and expelled. They were called by the Moors *Majus*, *Madjous*, *Magioges* (Conde, i. 282), and by the early Spanish annalists *Almajuzes*. The root has been erroneously derived from *Mayes*, *Magus*, magicians or supernatural beings, as they were almost held to be. The term *Madjous* was, strictly speaking, applied by the Moors to those Berbers and Africans who were Pagans or *Muwallads*, *i. e.* not believers in the Koran. The true etymology is that of the *Gog* and *Magog* so frequently mentioned by *Ezekiel* (xxxviii. and xxxix.) and in the *Revelations* (xx. 8) as ravagers of the earth and nations, *May-Gogg*, "he that dissolveth."—The fierce Normans appeared, coming no one knew from whence, just when the minds of men were trembling at the approach of the millennium, and thus were held to be the forerunners of the destroyers of the world. This name of indefinite gigantic power survived in the *Mogigangas*, or terrific images, which the Spaniards used to parade in their religious festivals, like the *Gogs* and *Magogs* of our civic wise men of

the East. Thus Andalucia being the half-way point between the N. and S.E., became the duel meeting-place of the two great ravaging swarms which have desolated Europe: here the stalwart children of frozen Norway, the worshippers of Odin, clashed against the Saracens from torrid Arabia, the followers of Mahomet. Nor can a greater proof be adduced of the power and relative superiority of the Cordovese Moors over the other nations of Europe, than this their successful resistance to those fierce invaders, who overran without difficulty the coasts of England, France, Apulia, and Sicily: conquerors everywhere else, here they were driven back in disgrace. Hence the bitter hatred of the Normans against the Spanish Moors—hence their alliances with the Catalans, where a Norman impression yet remains in architecture; but, as in Sicily, these barbarians, unrecruited from the North, soon died away, or were assimilated as usual with the more polished people, whom they had subdued by mere superiority of brute force.

ROUTE 7.—SAN LUCAR TO PORTUGAL.

Palacio de Doña Anna	4
Al Rocio	3 .. 7
Almonte	3 .. 10
Rociana	2 .. 12
Niebla	2 .. 14
Trigueros	2 .. 16
Gibraleon	2 .. 18
San Bartolomé	3 .. 21
A los Castillejos	3 .. 24
San Lucar de Guadiana	3 .. 27

The first portion is some of the finest shooting country in Andalucia. *Marismillas* is an excellent preserve. The palace of *Doña Ana*, a corruption of *Oñana*, was the celebrated sporting seat of the Duque de Medina Sidonia, where he received Philip IV. in 1624. To the N. lies the *Coto del Rey*, or *Lomo del Grullo*. The shooting-box of this royal preserve was built last century by Francisco Bruna, the alcaide of the alcazar of Seville, under whose jurisdiction these woods and forests are or were. Parties who come with a permission

from the *Alcaide* can be lodged in this *Palacio*, as it is here called; but this Spanish palace, as often elsewhere, means, in plain English, *cuatro paredes*, four bare walls. A prudent man—*experto crede*—will always send on a galera laden with everything from a cook to a mattress: take especially good wine, for fuel and game alone are to be had. This *coto* is distant 8 L. from Seville, and the route runs through

Bolullos	3
Aznalcazar	2 .. 5
Villa Manrique	1 .. 6
El Coto	2 .. 8

The ride is wild; the first 5 L. run through the *Ajarafe*, Arabic *Sharaf*, "the hilly country." This fertile district, once called the garden of Hercules, was reserved by St. Ferdinand as the lion's share at the capture of Seville. It produced the finest Bætican olives of antiquity, and under the Moors was a paradise, but now all is ruin and desolation. The Spaniards in their *talas*, or raids, ravaged everything, and broken roads and bridges mark their former warfare. The ruins have remained unremoved, unrepaired, after six centuries of neglect and apathy; meanwhile there is not only excellent lodging for owls in the old buildings, but capital cover for game of every kind, which thrive in these wastes, where Nature and her *fersa* are left in undisputed possession. No man who is fond of shooting will fail spending a week either at the *Coto del Rey*, or that of *Doña Ana*.

Leaving the last place, and passing the sanctuary of our Lady of Dew, we reach *Almonte*, in the "*Condado*" of Niebla, which is described at p. 162.

Trigueros (Cunistorgia) was the port whence the ancients shipped the ores of the Sierra Morena, the Montes Marianos. *Gibraleon*, as the Arabic name signifies, "the hill of Color," pop. 2500, is a decayed but ancient place. *San Lucar de Guadiana* is the poor, ill-provided frontier town, on its river, which divides Spain from Portugal, and is navigable to the picturesque rock-built Mertola, 5 L. *Ayamonte* lies

below San Lucar, distant about 6 L. by water (see Rte. vi.): we again repeat, let none visit this rt. bank of the Guadalquivir, except to shoot.

SEVILLE.

"*Quien no ha visto á Sevilla,
No ha visto á maravilla.*"

"He who has not at Seville been,
Has not, I trow, a wonder seen."

Inns.—*Fonda de Madrid*, Plaza de Magdalena; the best but dearish; *Fonda de Europa*, Calle Gallegos; good, charges 30 reals a day; *La Reyna*, Calle de Jimios, an old and more genuine Spanish *posada*, is kept by a civil Portuguese; coldish in winter, it is pleasant enough in summer. *Posada de la Union*, Calle de la Union. There are many decent *casas de pupilos*; the charges vary from 15 to 25 reals a day; lodgings also may be had in plenty, and bad dinners sent from the restaurateurs. The traveller should lodge near the Plaza San Francisco, and if he intends to reside here a winter, in the Calle de las Armas, or at all events in the parish San Vicente, which is the aristocratic quarter. Avoid the flat districts near the *Macarena*, as subject to inundations, and the neighbourhood of the *Torre del Oro*, near which the open *Tagarete*—little better than a Fleet-ditch—exhales fever and unhealthiness.

In the quarters we recommend, while few large houses are to be let furnished, the rent for those unfurnished is moderate—from 40*l.* to 50*l.* a year: a palace, as far as size goes, may be had for 100*l.* a year; a Spanish house, at best, is poorly furnished, according to our wants and notions, but carpets, &c., are a nuisance here to every living being except fleas.

Those about to furnish will find tolerable and second-hand articles supplied at the brokers' shops, which form a street of themselves, running out of the *Plaza de la Encarnacion*: and these *chalanés* will, when the stranger leaves, take the things off his hands; let no new comer buy or sell with these unconscionable people, but commission

some respectable native; thus a house may be furnished in a day or two.

Seville, this marvel of Bætica, the *Zeviya de mi alma* of the Andalucians, being a place of easy access and of many attractions, is more visited than most cities of Spain: accordingly the demand of foreigners has created a supply of that useful personage the regular lacquey de place, who is rarely to be met with in other towns. Among them *Antonio Bailly*, to be heard of at the Reyna, or at his house, No. 5, Calle Reynoso, can be recommended, not only as a good guide in the town, but for a courier or travelling servant throughout Spain: he has much experience in that line, and makes a capital factotum and dragoman to those who cannot discourse eloquent Spanish. Antonio is fat and good-humoured, speaks English well, can sing a good Andalusian song, manage to get up a gipsy *funcion en Triana*, &c. &c. This dance is the real thing, and the unchanged exhibition of the *Improbæ Gaditanæ* of antiquity. A public *Baile* is given in the Salon *Oriente* every Saturday evening, admittance one dollar. English ladies had far better not go. Another intelligent guide, *Gustave de Willinski*, may be heard of at the Europa. By birth a Pole, he was formerly a professor of languages, of which he speaks many. *José Lasso de la Vega*, an officer who once served under Sir C. Campbell, and who is to be heard of at the *Union*, speaks excellent Castilian. *Pascual Rose*, at the Madrid, a native of Gibraltar, speaks five languages, is a good cook and a capital servant. Ditto *Frederick Barlow*, who was born in Spain of an English father. *Gaetano Peickler*, an ancient and good Cicero, lives at No. 3, Calle de los Menores; he is a Spaniard by birth, although of German origin, and speaks English well: he traffics also in copies of pictures, clay figures, &c. All travellers should consult Don Julian Williams, our most excellent and obliging Vice-Consul. There is a Casino here in the *Plaza del Duque*, in the old ducal palace; but no one is admitted in the *Majo* (the genuine

dress of Seville) dress, all nowadays is so civilised and denationalised!

The fair sex will find the *Calles Francos* and *de la Sierpe* the most fashionable and best supplied shopping streets. Generally speaking the different trades dwell, as anciently in the East (Jer. xxxvii. 21), in streets appropriated to themselves; thus booksellers congregate in the *Calle de Genoa*—their Paternoster-row; silversmiths live under the arcades of the Plaza and in the adjoining *Calle Chicarrerros*; hardware dealers, here called *los Alemanes*, reside opposite the cathedral; saddlers and makers of the gaiter, the embroidered national *botin*, in the *Calle de la Mar*: of these Bernardo Delgado is the best; Penda, *Calle de la Borcigüeneria* (a Moorish boot), was the crack *majo* tailor; Martinez, *Calle de Genoa*, ranks high for mere European raiment. The names of many of the streets—*Calle Francos*, *Genoa*, *Alemanes*, *Placentines*, &c., offer the surest evidence that traffic was chiefly managed by foreigners, Flemings especially, who had factories and privileges, and this even in vaunted commercial Seville.

The invalid will find Seville a very eligible place for winter residence. Dr. Francis (p. 37) gives full hygienic details, and justly enlarges on the voluptuous softness of the air, of a nature which exhilarates both morally and physically. He dwells on the effects of its sunshine, which rekindle strength and youthful feelings. *Calmness* forms a marked character of the climate, which is dryer and warmer than Cadiz, and very suitable for cases of bronchitis and atonic dyspepsia; another peculiarity is the kindly manner in which serious wounds heal.

The man of letters will not lack food for the mind, as few cities have had more chroniclers than Seville. The best works are *Historia de Sevilla*, Alonso Morgado, fol., Sev. 1587; *Historia de Sevilla*, Pablo de Espinosa de los Monteros, fol., 2 parts, Sev. 1627-30; *Antigüedades de Sevilla*, Rodrigo Caro, fol., Sev. 1634; *Anales Ecclesiasticos*, Diego Ortiz de Zuñiga,

fol., Sev. 1677; this excellent work was continued down to 1700 in the 2nd ed. by Espinosa y Carcel, 5 v. 4to., Mad. 1795-96. *Anales Ecclesiasticos y Seglares*, from 1671 to 1746, by Lorenzo Bautista. Zuñiga, fol., Sev. 1748; also *Compendio Historico*, Sev. 1766; and the new ed. under the name of Varflora: this author also published a work on the Worthies of Seville, *Hijos de Sevilla*, 1796. Of modern guides there is the poor 'Guia' by Herrera Davila, Sev. 1832; *Seville and its Vicinity*, by F. H. Standish, Lond. 1840, a still more dull, inaccurate compilation.

The capture of Seville from the Moors by St. Ferdinand, a campaign of romance, has been illustrated by the ballads and fine arts of Seville. The student will consult the Froissart-like *Chronica del Sancto Rey*, by Don Lucas, Bishop of Tuy, an eye-witness, fol., Valladolid, 1555; the *Memorial*, Juan Pineda, fol., Sev. 1627; *Acta S. Ferdinandi*, Daniel Paperbroch, fol., Antwerp, 1688; the *Fiestas de la Santa Iglesia de Sevilla*, Fernando de la Torre Farfan, fol., Sev. 1672-3: this, one of the few really artistical books of Spain, is illustrated with etchings by Sevillian painters. For the fine arts there are the excellent *Descripcion Artistica de la Catedral de Sevilla*, Cean Bermudez, 8vo., Sev. 1804, and his little volume on the *Pintura de la Escuela Sevillana*, Cadiz, 1806, and the *Sevilla Artistica*, J. Colon y Colon, Sev. 1841; for Ecclesiastical Antiquities consult Florez, *Esp. Sag.* ix.; Ponz, *Viage*, ix.; *Sevilla Pintoresca*, Jose Amador de los Rios, 4to., Sev. 1844. The Arabic in it is inaccurate: the author then had no Gayangos to help him. Consult also *Noticia Artistica* by Gonzalez de Leon, and the good article on Seville in Madoz, xiv. 209, which is a book of itself.

There are two plans of Seville; one very large and accurate, by Vargas y Machuca, 1788; the other more convenient for the pocket, by Herrera y Davila, 1832. The streetology is difficult as the town is a labyrinth of lanes, each of which resembles the other; and

as the names of many of them were very absurdly changed in 1845, the little duodecimo street guide, or *Callejero*, published in 1846 by Alvarez, will be useful.

Before examining Seville as it is, a brief epitome of the past may be pre-faced: the history and date of its foundation is lost in the obscurity of remote antiquity, as is pretty clear, when men go to Hispan and Hercules, who probably never existed. The old name *Hispal* sounds very Punic, and is derived by Arias Montano from *Sephela* or *Spela*, a plain, which is much more likely than the derivation, *a palis*, the piles on which it is *not* built; this, a mere coincidence of sound, not sense, misled San Isidoro (Or. xv. 1), a dreadful "maker of shots," but who, being its archbishop, might have known better. But sound etymological principles are quite modern, and when Niebuhr alluded to "that unspeakable spirit of absurdity which always came over even the most sagacious Greeks and Romans the moment they meddled with etymology," he might well have added "patristic and mediæval scholars and even saints." Be that as it may, *Hispal*, if not of Iberian foundation, was certainly a Phœnician settlement connecting Gaddir with Cordova: the Greeks changed the name into *Ἰσπολα*, and the Romans into *Hispalis*, of which the Moors made *Ishbiliah*, whence *Sibilia*, *Sevilla*.

Of its ante-Roman history little is known beyond the fact that it was soon eclipsed by Itálica, a military town, by Gades, a sea-port, and by Cordova, the residence of patrician settlers. Julius Cæsar patronised Seville, because Cordova had espoused the side of Pompey; having captured it Aug. 9, forty-five years before Christ, he became its second founder, made it his capital, a *conventus juridicus*, or town of assize, and gave it the title *Romula*, the little Rome; but even then it was more a Punic than Roman city, and by no means splendid, according to Italian notions (Strabo, iii. 208); it was, however, walled round (Hirt. 'B. H.' 35).

Seville was the capital of the Silingi, and of the Goths until the sixth century, when Leovigild removed his court to Toledo, as being more centrally situated, while Hermenegildus, his son and heir, remained as viceroy; he soon relinquished the Arian faith, and declared against his father, by whom he was put to death as a rebel; but when the Athanasian Creed was finally introduced, he was canonized as a martyr. These religious wars were headed by the brothers San Laureano and San Isidoro, men of powerful intellects, successively Archbishops of Seville, and now its sainted tutelars. The former is called the "Apostle of the Goths," the latter the "Egregious Doctor of Spain." (See Index, *Isidoro*.)

Seville, with all Spain to the west, was conquered by the Mahomedans under the same Kalif Walid, who subjugated Scinde also to the east. The unwarlike city surrendered to the Moors at once, after the defeat of Don Roderick on the Guadalete: there was treason and dissension within its walls, for the de-throned monarch's widow, Egilona, soon married Abdu-l-aziz, the son of the conqueror Musa-Ibn-Nosseir. Seville continued its allegiance to the Kalif of Damascus until the year 756, when 'Abdu-r-rahmán established at Cordova the western Kalifate of the Beni Umeyyah family, to which Seville remained subject until 1031, when that dynasty was overturned, and with it the real dominion in Spain of the Moor. Then the ill-connected fabric split into sects, *almohades* and *almoravides*, and separate adventurers set themselves up as kings—sheiks—over each province and town, to become rivals and enemies of each other. The Sevillian separate monarchy was short-lived. The house divided against itself could not stand, and still less at a moment when the kingdoms of Leon and Castile were consolidated under St. Ferdinand, one of their best of kings, and bravest of soldiers.

He advanced into Andalucia, taking city after city, the petty rulers being

unable to resist single-handed: nay, partly from tribe hatred and partly from selfish policy, they assisted as allies of the Christians, each bidding against each other; thus Ibn-l-ahmar, the upstart Sheikh of Jaen, mainly contributed to the capture of Seville. The city was besieged from the S.E. side, at Tablada, Aug. 20, 1247: the details are quite a romance, especially the vision of the Virgin, the breaking of the bridge of boats by Ramon Bonifaz, and the prowess of Diego, *El Machaca*, the brother of Garcí Perez de Vargas, the model of Don Quixote (i. 8). These are the subjects and heroes of ballads, and of the poem of the Conde de la Roca, *El Fernando, ó Sevilla Restaurada*, Milan, 1632: an author who modestly likened himself to Tasso, and took San Isidoro for his Apollo. Seville surrendered Nov. 23, 1248, on *el día de San Clemente*. The citizens had previously been subject to the Emperor of Morocco, but at the death of Arrashid, their African liege lord, in 1242, they had chosen a king of their own, whom they soon displaced, establishing a sort of republican Junta, headed by Sakkáf, the Axataf of Spanish annals. Thus Seville was lost to the Moors after a possession of 536 years. After the capture St. Ferdinand divided the houses and lands among his soldiers, and this curious '*Repartimiento*,' or Doomsday Book of Seville, exists, printed in the 2nd vol. of Espinosa's work; and many families can trace their actual houses and possessions up to this original partition. For the nobility of Andalucia, see *Nobleza del Andalucia*, Gonzalo Argote de Molina, fol., Sevilla, 1588: it has plates of their coats of arms, and is a fine and rare book.

St. Ferdinand granted to the city for arms, himself seated on his throne, with San Laureano and San Isidoro for his supporters. He died here, while meditating an invasion of Africa, worn out by long services, May 31, 1252, and was canonized in 1668 by Clement IX.; his body was removed to its present shrine, in 1729, by Philip V. All these

Spain—I.

events and persons form subjects for the authors and artists of Seville, and are therefore briefly stated. They have been tersely summed up in the distich which is inscribed over the *Puerta de la Carne*—

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

This is thus paraphrased over the *Puerta de Xerez*:—

"*Hercules me edificó,
Julio César me cercó
De muros y torres altas;
(Un Rey Godo me perdid), omitted.
El Rey Santo me ganó,
Con Garcí Perez de Vargas.*"

"Hercules built me; Julius Cæsar surrounded me with walls and lofty towers; a Gothic king lost me; a saint-like king recovered me, assisted by Garcí Perez de Vargas."

Seville, in the unnatural civil wars after the conqueror's death, was the only city which remained faithful to his son and successor, Alonso el Sabio, *the learned*, but not wise. He was like our pedant James I., so well described by Gondomar, as "The most learned fool in Christendom," and both would have made better professors than kings—*capaces imperii, nisi imperassent*. Alonso gave Seville the badge, which is to be seen carved and painted everywhere. It is called *El Nudo*, and is thus represented: No. 8 DO; the hieroglyphic signifies *No-m'ha dexa-Do*, "It has not deserted me." *Madeza* in old Spanish meant a knot, and is the Gothic *Mataxa*, Nodus (San. Isid. *Or.* xix. 29). Thus was reproduced unintentionally the old Phœnician merchant mark, the *Nodus Hercules*—the knot which guaranteed the genuineness of the contents of every bale: hence the *Mark* of these founders of commerce became the symbol of peace, trade, and of the god of thieves, and was perpetuated by the Greeks in the twisted ornaments of the herald *Caduceus* of Mercury (Macrob. *Sat.* i. 19).

Seville continued to be the capital of Spain, and especially of Don Pedro, who was more than half a Moor, until Charles V. removed the court to Valladolid; yet it remained faithful—true

to the sun, although not shone upon—during the outbreak of the *comuneros*, and was rewarded by a motto, “Ab Hercule et Cæsare nobilitas, a se ipsâ fidelitas.” The discovery of the New World raised Seville to a more than former splendour; it became the mart of the golden colonies, and the residence of princely foreign merchants. Buonaparte’s invasion and the subsequent loss of the transatlantic possessions cast her down from her palmy pride of place. The Junta risked the battle of Ocaña in despite of the Cassandra warnings of the Duke, and were defeated; the conquerors then overran Andalusia, and in a few days the *heroic* city surrendered (Feb. 2, 1810), without even a show of fight. Soult then became its petty king, for he set Joseph at defiance. “Mercy,” says Schepeler, “was erased from his orders of the day:” here he levied gigantic contributions, and “inexorably,” as he boasted, carried into effect his Draco decree of May 9, 1810, ordering “all Spaniards taken in arms to be shot, without any form of trial;” for this he himself was excluded from the law of nations by the Regency. Aug. 15. Well might Toreno (xvi.) exclaim, describing the illegal execution of Juan Manuel Lopez, Nov. 29, 1811: “*Desgarra el corazon crudeza tan desapiadada y barbara.*”—Toreno (xx.) estimates the French plunder at six millions sterling; and he gives the details; so does Schepeler (iii. 129). Soult’s name is held at Seville in the same detestation as Murat’s is at Madrid, and Sebastiani’s at Granada. These calculations do not include the stolen pictures; Soult asked the dealer, Mr. Buchanan, 100,000 napoleons for the Murillos alone. As Moore at Sahagun had once before saved the Andalusians, now the Duke at Salamanca, delivered them again, a little fact entirely omitted by Madoz (xiv. 429), and Soult fled from Seville Aug. 27, 1813, closely followed by Col. Skerrett. Sir John Downie, when his Spanish legion of Loyal Estremenians would *not* fight, joined the English, who would, and charged the bridge

three times; he was wounded and taken prisoner, yet threw back to his followers his sword, that its honour might remain unsullied; it was that of Pizarro, and had been given to him in reward of previous valour, and now is in the Armeria at Madrid, No. 1769: Downie was afterwards made *Alcaide* of the Alcazar, not *Alcalde*, as Col. Gurwood, *not* the accurate Duke, notes (Disp. June 11, 1809). The office of *Alcaide* is one of high honour; it is the Moorish *Kaid*, Dux Arcis, the other a petty village magistrate: it is almost the difference between the Constable of the Tower, and a Tower constable. Downie began life as a clerk in the commissariat, and was a true Andalus. The English entered Seville amid the rapturous acclamations of the inhabitants, thus delivered from Soult’s terrorism, scaffolds, and confiscation.

Seville, in 1823, was made the asylum of the bragging Cortes, who halted here in their flight from Madrid, and who again fled at the first approach of Angoulême; but this capital of the ever unwarlike Andalusians never held out against any one except Espartero in July, 1843. That siege lasted about 9 days, and during 6 only were any bombs fired. Accordingly, less than 100 Sevillians were wounded, of whom only 20 died: of the assailants only 29 were killed. Such was the *efficacy* of the attack and defence on a city containing nearly 100,000 souls.

Seville, the marvel of Andalusia, can be seen in less than a week, but the invalid, artist, and antiquarian may employ some weeks there with pleasure and profit. The best time to visit this town is in the spring, before the great heats commence, or in autumn, before the November rains set in. The winter is occasionally very wet; ice and snow, however, are almost unknown, except for eating, when brought as luxuries from the mountains of the Sierra Morena: the lower part of the town, near the *Alameda Vieja*, is often flooded by the river inundations, but the streets are

provided with *malecones* or hatches, which are then shut down and keep out the water. The summer is so very hot, that it is almost impossible to face the sun, which, with every precaution, can with difficulty be reduced to 84° Fahr. in-doors. However, the town is never more healthy than during these great heats. Then the inhabitants keep still in their cool houses until the evening; but this confinement is against the curious sight-seeing stranger. Seville is one of the most agreeable towns in Spain for a lengthened residence, except in the dog-days. It is near Cadiz and Gibraltar, and of easy access to the Englishman. The shooting to the rt. of the Guadalquivir is good and novel; the theatres are tolerable; the masquerading at carnival-time entertaining; the dances, both those of the stage and the gipsies, are truly national and Oriental. The fairs of Mairena and Itálica (the latter now the fashion) exhibit the *Majo* and *Maja* glittering in their native sun, shorn, indeed, of former glory, by the fatal invasion of calico and civilisation, the worst foes to barbaric splendour and costume. Seville is the alma mater of the bull-fight, and the best animals and masters of the art are furnished from Bætica. The religious functions are unrivalled, especially in the Holy Week—Corpus, St. John's Day—Christmas, with its *Nacimientos*, carols, and shepherd-dances—and the winter Rosarios. The ceremonial of the *Semana Santa* is second in interest to that of Rome alone, and is in many respects quite peculiar, such as in the *Pasos*, or painted and graven images, which are carried through the streets in solemn procession; then also the *monumento*, or sepulchre, in which the host is buried, is lighted up in the cathedral, and forms a splendid sight, which must be seen to be really understood.

These form a large item of the scanty and moderate amusements of the bulk of Sevillians. Their life is very Oriental; they delight in cool repose and the cigar. They hate bustle, exertion, or

being put out of their way: from not being overdressed with amusements—all tasted, nought enjoyed—they are not liable to bore, which haunts the most mis-named, most ennuyed people on earth, *our* gay world: pleasure to them is an exception, and is enjoyed with the rapture of children. They plunge at one bound from habitual gravity into boisterous joy—*du sublime au ridicule*. This alternation of sloth and violent exercise—*inedia et labor* (Just. xliiv. 2)—was one of the marked features of the Iberian character, as it also is of Asiatic nations. To be driven about and abroad, in a thirst for public amusements, is the desperate resource of the higher states of wealth, luxury, and civilisation.

The city itself lies on the l. bank of the Guadalquivir, which flows along the arc of its irregular, almost circular shape; the circumference is about 5 m.: it is enclosed in Moorish walls of concrete *ortapia*, which, towards the Puerta de Cordova, are some of the most perfect in Spain, and are provided with 66 towers and 15 gates. Seville is the see of an archbishop, having for suffragans Cadiz, Malaga, Ceuta, the Canary Islands, and Teneriffe. It was once one of the most levitical cities of Spain, and contained 140 wealthy convents and churches. It is the residence of a captain-general, of an *audiencia*, whose chief judge is called *el Regente*; it contains 28 parishes and 10 suburbs of *arrabales*, of which Triana, on the opposite bank, is like the *Trastevere* of Rome, and the abode of picturesque gipsies and smugglers, and where the artist leaves his heart. Seville has the usual provincial civil and military establishments of all kinds, such as barracks, prisons, hospitals, and so forth, which do not deserve much notice of foreigners, who manage all these things so much better. But Spain is not the place for political economists, lovers of statistics, poor-laws, and drainage; *suaves res*. Seville possesses a Royal Alcazar, a *Plaza de Toros*, 2 theatres, a liceo, public library and museum, a university, and beautiful walks: it glories

in the titular epithets of *muy leal y noble*, to which Ferd. VII. added *muy heroica*, and Señor Lopez, in 1843, "*invicta*," after the repulse of Espartero. All this would seem ironical to those who do not know Spaniards and their system of concealing disgrace by granting honours in proportion as they are least deserved. Seville, fit capital of the "maxime imbelles Turdetani," has always been the first to brag and then surrender: it has never successfully resisted any one, except their Duke of Victory! The population exceeds 100,000. Madoz makes it 119,600.

The city was purely Moorish, as the Moslem, during a possession of 5 centuries, entirely rebuilt it, using the Roman buildings as materials. The climate is so dry and conservative that the best houses are still those erected by the Moors, or on their models, and most charming and unique they are, and perfectly suited to the climate: narrow tortuous streets which keep out the sun, and wide spacious mansions with cool courts and gardens: now the Baker Streets of civilisation are all the rage; and stuffy small houses with staircases, and broad streets, in which mortals are roasted alive, prove how wise the Moors were. Of Roman remains there are, consequently, scarcely any. The Sevillians pretend that the walls and the *Torre del Oro* were built by Julius Cæsar, which is sheer nonsense, as they are incontestably Moorish, both in form and construction. The Roman city was very small: it extended from the Puerta de Carne, through the Plaza San Nicolas and San Salvador, to the Puerta de Triana. In the *Calle de los Marmoles* exists the portico of a Roman temple; 3 pillars remain built into the Moorish houses, with their shafts deeply buried by the accumulated rubbish. In the *Alameda Vieja* are 2 Roman pillars, moved there in 1574 by the Conde de Barajas, the great repairing and building governor of his day, who put them there in imitation of the Piazza de Signori at Venice. In the *Calle Abades*, No. 22, are some well-preserved Roman

subgrundaria, or *underground* tombs for infants, whose bodies were never burnt on funeral piles; they were discovered in 1298 and shut up, because thought to be the schools where the Moors taught magic; they can be now descended into, and are curious. In the *Ce. de la Cuna*, No. 8, was accidentally discovered a subterranean Roman aqueduct, which still flows full of fresh water, although its existence is absolutely unknown to the majority of Sevillians, and no steps have ever been taken to trace or recover this precious supply. In the *Casa de Pilatos* are some mutilated antiques, of the second-rate merit of such sculpture as is usually found in Spain. In the Museo are heaped up, as in a stonemason's yard, a few antiques of a low art, found in some road-making and accidental excavation at Italica. Don Juan Wetherell, Plaza San Bartolomé, No. 16, has a collection of Roman and Mexican antiques: the latter were formed in S. America by a judge named Gonzalez Carvajal. A catalogue, with lithographic prints, was published by Mr. W. at Seville in 1842.

Seville is, however, a museum of Moorish antiques, and one of the best places to observe the Arabic ceilings and marqueterie woodwork, *artesonados y ataraceas*; the stucco panelling, Arabic Turkish, the *lienzos de Almizates*, *Almocarbes*, *Ajaracas*; notice also the elegant window divided by a marble shaft, *Ajimes*, an Arabic term, meaning an opening which lets in the sunbeam: beautiful specimens exist in the Alcazar, Calle Pajaritos, No. 15, Casa Prieto, Ce. Naranjos, and Casa Montijo, behind the Parroquia of Omnium Sanctorum. A vast number of Moorish houses exist, although sadly degraded by adaptations to modern wants and usages. The streets are narrow—a wise provision—in order to keep them shady during the heat—now the mania is to widen them: the exteriors are plain, and windows looking to the streets were hardly known before the time of Charles V. They are still barricaded with *rejas*, or iron gratings,

and protected in summer by an *estera*, or matting, thus forming a favourite *al fresco* boudoir for the fair sex. These shutterless windows form the evening rendezvous to the cloaked lover who whispers soft nothings to his bar-imprisoned sweetheart; hence he is said to live on iron, *comer hierro*; another term for this popular recreation is *pelar la pava* "to pluck the turkey." The houses generally have an entrance porch, *el Zaguan* (Arabic *sahan*), which leads to the *cancel*, or open-worked iron gate; the interiors are built with an open square courtyard, *patio*, on each side of which are *corredores* supported by marble pillars; a *fuenta* or fountain plays in the middle; this court is covered over in summer with an awning, *velo*, *toldo*, and becomes the drawing-room of the inmates, who, during the summer, occupy the cool ground-floor, and migrate to the warmer upper one in winter. These houses are rich in Moorish earthenware tilings, which are still called *azulejos*. This word, like *azul*, is derived from the Arabic, but from a different root. The latter is derived from *lazurad*, the lapis lazuli; the former from *Zuleija*, *Zuleich*, a varnished tile. *Lazurad*, indeed, strictly speaking, was borrowed from the Persian; the Arabic word blue being *azrag usruk*, is blue black, whence our *Blue Beard*; the feminine is *zurka*, whence the Spanish *zarco*, which is only applied to light blue eyes. Most names of colours in the Spanish are derived from Arabic words, such as *Albayalde*, *Carmesi*, *Gualdo*, *Azulturqui*, *Ruano*, *Alazan*. The Moor was the real chemist and decorator, from whom the rude Gotho-Spaniard learned his arts and the words to express them. The use of the *Azulejo* is very ancient and Oriental. The sapphire and blue were always the favourite tints (Exod. xxiv. 10; Isa. liv. 11). The substance is composed of a red clay, the surface of which is highly glazed in enamelled colours. The material is cool, clean, and no vermin can lodge in it. The Moors formed with it most ingenious

harlequinades, combining colour and pattern. These enamelled tiles, undoubtedly, were the types of the *Majolica* of Italy, which passed from Valencia to Majorca (*Majolica*), and thence to Pisa and Pesaro.

The best *Azulejo* specimens in Seville, are the *Dados* in the *Patio* of the Alcazar, of which some are Moorish, others are of the time of Don Pedro, while those in the chapel were made in 1504. Next in date comes the most curious portal of *Las Monjas de Sa. Paula*; then the *dados* in the *Casa Pilatos*, and after that the summer-house in the Alcazar garden, 1546; of the same period are the Berruguete *dados* in the Alcazar library. Those at *San Augustin* were designed in 1611, when yellows were all the fashion; soon after the custom of representing monks and sacred subjects became very prevalent. See, for examples, the façade of the church to the rt. outside the *Puerta del Popolo*, and those in blue at the *Caridad*, after designs of Murillo.

More than half Seville is Moorish, but we shall only select the cream; and first, visit the cathedral tower, the GIRALDA, so called from the vane, que *gira*, which *turns round*. Of this beautiful belfry, and unique in Europe, much error has been disseminated. It was built in 1196 by Abu Jusuf Yacub, who added it to the mosque which his illustrious father, of the same name, had erected. According to Zuñiga (i. 3), the foundations were composed of destroyed Roman and Christian statuary: the Moors attached such veneration to this *Mueddin* tower, that before the capitulation they wished to destroy it, but were prevented by the threat of Alonso el Sabio of sacking the city if they did. "Abu Jusuf Yacub was the great builder of his age (See also Conde, ch. 43); he caused a bridge of boats to be thrown across the Guadalquivir on the 11th of October, A.D. 1171. He built also a portion of the exterior walls, and erected wharfs along the banks of the river. He repaired the Roman aqueduct, now known as the *Caños de*

Carmona. He raised the great Mosque of Seville, which was similar in design and execution to the celebrated *Mezquita* at Cordova; begun in Oct., A.D. 1171, it was completed by his son and successor, Abú Yúsuf Yakúb, who, in the year of the Hejira, 598 (A.D. 1196), added the tower, the work of Jáber, whom the Spanish authors call *Gever*, and who, from the coincidence of his name, has been reputed, though most erroneously, to have been the inventor of algebra.* This tower, like the *koot-sabea* of Morocco, and the smaller and unfinished one of Rabát, also the works of the same architect, was, probably, erected for the double purpose of calling the faithful to prayer, and for astronomical observations. On the summit were placed four brazen balls (*Manzanas*, apples), so large, we are informed, that, in order to get them into the building, it was necessary to remove the key-stone of a door, called 'The Gate of the Muezzins,' leading from the mosque to the interior of the tower: that the iron bar which supported them weighed about ten cwt., and that the whole was cast by a celebrated alchemist, a native of Sicily, named Abú Leyth, at the cost of 50,000*l.* sterling. And it is a curious fact, showing the minute accuracy of the writer from whom we quote these particulars, that when, during the earthquake in 1395, 157 years after the overthrow of the Moorish power, these balls, together with the iron support, were thrown down, the latter was weighed, and the weight, as given by one of the historians of Seville, is exactly the same as that stated by the Mohammedan writer." Thus much our accurate friend Gayangos, who here, and for the first time, has cleared away the slough of errors in which many have been engulfed, and threatens all those who copy what they find written in bad Spanish and worse foreign guides.

To build towers was the fashion of

* Algebra is simply a contraction of the Arabic phrase *Al-jábre*, condensation, contraction, in contradistinction to *Al Mok'abalah*, comparison, confrontation.

the period. Thus the Asinelli tower of Bologna, 371 feet high, was raised in 1109, and that of St. Mark, at Venice, 350 feet high, in 1148.

The original Moorish tower was only 250 ft. high, the additional 100 being the rich filigree belfry, was most happily added, in 1568, by Fernando Ruiz, and is elegant and attractive beyond description. It is girdled with a motto from the Proverbs (xviii. 10); *Nomen Domini fortissima turris*. On grand festivals it is lighted up at night, and then seems to hang like a brilliant chandelier from the dark vault of heaven. The pretty form and idea was taken from the silver Custodias of the period. This "star-y-pointing tower" forms the emphatic feature of Seville; seen from afar it rises like the mast of a mighty ship. It is a square of 50 ft. The Moorish *ajaracas*, or sunk patterns, differ on each side. Observe the elegant intersecting arches, so common in the Norman-Saracenic of Apulia. The upper niches were painted in fresco by Luis de Vargas, 1538-58; but the work is almost obliterated, while the subjects lower down have been repainted and spoilt. The ascent is by easy ramps. The panorama is superb, but the clock, made by a Franciscan monk, one Jose Cordero, 1764, is here considered the grandest marvel: it replaced the first ever put up in Spain A. D. 1400. The pinnacle is crowned with *El Girandillo*, a female figure in bronze of *La Fe*, The Faith, a somewhat strange choice of a *vane* blown about with every wind (of doctrine), and of a sex and character for what should never vary or be fickle,* not, perhaps, ill chosen by a church which veers as best suits its own interest, twisting the scriptures at its will; and, as Dryden says—

"Such airy faith will no foundation find,
The words a weathercock to every wind."

The figure is truly Italian, and was cast in 1568 by Bartolomé Morel. Al-

* The Pagan Spaniard Seneca may be quoted.

"Vento quid levius? Fulmen—quid fulmine? Fama. Quid Fama? Mulier—quid Muliere?—nilil."

though 14 ft. high, and weighing 2800 lbs., it turns with the slightest breeze. It bears the *Labaro*, or banner of Constantine. This belfry is the home of a colony of the twittering, carcering hawk, the *Falco tinunculoides*. The first Christian knight who ascended the Giralda after the conquest was Lorenzo Poro (Lawrence Poore), a Scotchman. His descendant, the Marques de Motilla, still owns the ancestral house in the Calle de la Cuna. A Scotch herald will do well to look at the coats of arms in the Patio.

The Giralda was the great tower from whence the mueddin summoned the faithful to prayer, and here still hang his substitutes, the bells, for they are almost treated as persons, being all duly baptized, before suspended, with a peculiar oil, which is consecrated expressly during the holy week, and they are christened after saints. The largest is called *Santa Maria*, or *La Gorda*. When Spanish *campanas* are rung, the performance is called a *repique*, which is totally unlike our sweet village bells, or impressive cathedral peal. In no country was the original intention of bells, *per cacciare il diavolo*, to scare away the devil, more piously fulfilled than in the Peninsula: all are doleful, from the dull tinkle of the muleteer's *cancelero*, to the passing toll of the steeple. There is no attempt at melody in their *repique*, no chime, no triple bob majors. The music is devoid alike of ringer science, rural rustic melody, or the solemn association of sounds, the poetry of the steeple, the "highest bordering on heaven." The *campanas* are headed with cross beams of wood, almost of the same weight as the bells themselves, and are pulled at until they keep turning round and round, head over heels, except when they are very large; then the clapper is agitated by a rope, *á golpe de badajo*. Any orchestral discipline and regularity is not a thing of Oriental Spain; the bells are all pulled their own way, like a company of guerrilleros, or a Dutch concert, where each performer plays his own tune. Each bell, be it said,

is struck singly for its special purposes: *La Gorda*, for instance, at the *Ave Maria*. A solemn peal is called *clamor de campanas*; and a requiem for a dead pope or king, a *tocando á muerto*.

The Giralda is under the especial patronage of the two *Dioas*, the *Santas Justina y Rufina*, who are much revered at Seville, and not at all anywhere else. In a thunderstorm, 1504, they scared the devil, who unloosed the winds to fight against this church: this, their standing miracle, is the one so often carved, and painted by Murillo and others: and, due proportions considered, these young ladies must have been at least 500 ft. high, and a tolerable match for the father of all lies. The Royal Academy of Seville, however, published in 1795 (!) a learned dissertation to prove the authenticity of this miracle. (!!)

No wonder, therefore, in July, 1843, when Espartero bombarded Seville, that the people believed that the Giralda was still encompassed by invisible angels, headed by these Brobdignac tutelars, who turned aside every shot. These ladies were the daughters of a potter in Triana, a low suburb, in which coarse earthenware is still made. Morales has written their biography in 8vo., Perpiñan, 1598; and Florez, *Esp. Sag.* ix. 108, 375, gives the whole legend. In the year 287 these gentlewomen insulted the *paso* of Venus Salambo, and were put to death. Now-a-days the *Virgen de los Dolores* (Ceres $\chi\delta\upsilon\alpha$, of grief, as lamenting the loss of her child Proserpine) has superseded that idol; and were any of the modern potteresses of Triana, or tract-distributing Protestant spinsters, to insult the *sagrada imagen* of the Virgin in the *pasos* of the *Semana Santa*, they would run a better chance of being sacrificed by the mariolatrous Sevillanos than made saintesses.

Of the other Moorish minaret or *mueddin* towers, observe those of San Marcos, Santa Marina, Santa Catalina, and Omnium Sanctorum. That of San Pedro has been modernized.

Below the Giralda is the Moorish

Patio de los Naranjos, the court of orange trees, with the original fountain, at which the cleanly Moslem once "performed" what polite writers call "his ablutions," so hateful to the orthodox Spaniard. Only two sides of "this court of the house of the Lord," *his rivas*, or "grove" remain. Enter it at the N. by the rich *Puerta del Perdon*, which was modernized in 1519 by Bartolomé Lopez. Observe the Moorish arch and original bronze doors, but the belfry is modern. The *terra cotta* statues are by Miguel Florentin, 1519-22. The "Saviour bearing his Cross" was by Luis de Vargas, for it is ruined by repainting. This subject, the *Via Crucis*, the *Via Dolorosa* of the Italians, is commonly called in Spain *la calle de Amargura*, the street of bitterness, from the agony endured by the Redeemer.

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone
Leads to the place where sorrow is unknown."

This door suffered much, Aug. 7, 1839. Entering to the r. is the *sagrario*, or parish church, and in front the Gothic pile, and the Giralda rising like a mast of the nave. To the l. is a stone pulpit, where San Vicente Ferrer, and other instigators of *autos de fe*, have preached (see the inscription). In the l. corner a staircase leads to the chapter library, *La Columbina*, so called because left to the canons and bookworms by Fernando, the son of Columbus. It was then, perhaps, the finest in Europe, and destined by him to be a nucleus—a future Bodleian, but the chapter grossly neglected their trusts, although largely endowed. About 60 years ago the *lineæ et blattæ* were dusted out, and what they had not destroyed, re-arranged. It still contains about 18,000 volumes; among them inquire for a damaged MS. of the founder's travels, and for those books which contain notes written by the great Columbus himself, e. g. in a *Tractatus de Imagine Mundi*, Petri de Aliaco, his cabin companion during his eventful voyage; also look at the MS. tract drawn up by him when in prison, to satisfy the Inqui-

sition and prove that his discovery of the New World was predicted in the Scriptures. The fine set of the works of Handel were given by Lord Wellesley, whose recreation (worthy son of Lord Mornington, a musical sire) was listening to the high mass in the cathedral. Above the book-shelves are hung portraits of archbishops, and the pictures themselves mark the rise and decline of church power. The older, the Tello, Albornoz, Luna, Toledo, Fonseca, and Mendoza, are men of master mind, who bore their great commissions in their looks; the latter, in their blue and white ribands and periwigs, are mere stall-fed courtiers, or boudoir-frequenting Abbés. The "cretinised" Bourbon Cardinal Luis is the climax of the imbecile. Thus the church has degenerated with the state, art, and country. Observe also a portrait of Fr^o Bonifaz, a physician, by Al^o Cano; and a San Fernando by Murillo, not very fine. Inquire for the sword of the great Count Fernando Gonzalez, and used by the hero of Seville's conquest, Garci Perez de Vargas, in cutting Moorish throats, as some verses shown with it detail; read them. The reader of Don Quixote and Spanish ballads will of course remember *Don Diego el Machuca*, the *pounder*, so called from hammering down the Moors. This, the Oriental title of Judas Maccabæus, was also given to Charles Martel. By this *hammer*, who at Tours crushed the crescent, Europe was saved to be Christian instead of Mahomedan; and types of the chivalrous and of individual personal prowess are dear to Spaniards and Asiatics.

On the staircase observe the tomb of Inigo Mendoza, 1497; and in the *Cuarto de los Subsidios*, a Pietá by Juan Nuñez, one of the earliest of Sevillian painters: opposite the *Puerta del Perdon*, in the *Sala de la Hermandad del Santisimo*, is a "Dispute of the Sacrament," by Herrera el Mozo (the *hermoso*, "the beautiful one" of Mr. Inglis!); it is affected and indistinct. The others are by Arteaga: observe a small infant Saviour, by Montañes.

A dark gate, where a horseshoe of the old mosque remains, leads into the interior; here hangs what was the crocodile, or *el Lagarto* (whence our term *alligator*), sent to Alonso el Sabio, in 1260, from the Soltan of Egypt, who requested the hand of his daughter: the Infanta declined a suitor whose first present scarcely indicated the affectionate. Here are buried some of *los conquistadores*, the conquerors of Seville, *e. g.*, Pedro del Acero, 1265.

Before entering the cathedral, walk round the outside, which, with the adjoining buildings, offers a most interesting epitome of the rise, progress, and decline of Spanish church architecture: here are specimens of every style, from the Moorish down to the modern and academeal; commence at the N. side: observe the solid *tapia*, Moorish walls, the square buttresses, the bearded or flame-fringed battlements. The elevated steps are called *Las Gradass*, the old English "grees," degrees. The truncated pillars belonged to the mosque, and, previously, to Roman temples. This terrace was long the exchange of Seville. Here, according to Navagiero (*Viaggio* 13), the merchants lounged, *tutto il giorno*, on this *il più bel ridotto de Seviglia*; so the idlers and money-changers, from resorting to the cathedral of old London, were called "St. Paul's Walkers."

Those who wish to see the outside of the cathedral before examining the inside, will turn to the E., to the *Archbishop's Palace*, a Churrigueresque pile, built in 1697. The staircase is handsome; the curious clerical cell, *La Parra*, in which peccant priests once were imprisoned, deserves notice: otherwise the interior contains little worth mention, being meagrely furnished. Here Soult, "Plunder-Master-General" of the French, resided, when the walls were adorned with his precious *collection* of Spanish pictures; fortunately he could not "remove" the Giralda. It was on the plaza opposite that the cloaked patriot Spaniards watched those of their *Afrancesado* countrymen who frequented the *foreigners'* councils

and feasts, and destined them to the knife-stab. Some French officers one day were admiring the Giralda, when a *majo* replied, "*y con todo eso, no se hizo en Paris*," and yet it was not made at Paris; and fortunately, from its size, it could not be "conveyed" away by the modern Verres.

Passing onward to the l. rise the Moorish walls of the Alcazar, while to the r. is the ~~semicircular~~ exterior of the chapel of San Fernando, adorned in the heraldic Berruguete style of Charles V.; next comes the *Contaduria*, or chapter counting-house, plastered in the plateresque balustraded taste, above which soars the sombre Gothic. The S. entrance of the transept is unfinished; in front is the noble *Lonja*, *casa longa*, the exchange, the *long* room. This, although somewhat low, is a fine specimen of the skill of Herrera, by whom it was designed. Formerly, the bill-brokers and gossipers desecrated the cathedral, until the Archbishop, Christobal de Rojas, in 1572 (the year after Gresham had removed our money-changers from St. Paul's by providing them with the Royal Exchange of London), petitioned Philip II. to follow this example, even of heretics, and erect a suitable *casa de contratacion*, or house of contracts, for the growing commerce of Seville. But trusts in it were given to the untrusty, and regulations framed which strangle commerce, in order to favour the smuggler and the fraudulent. After infinite difficulties Juan de Herrera concluded the edifice in 13 years, which was opened for business Aug. 14, 1598. Juan de Minjares was employed in the construction. It is an isolated quadrangle, each side being some 200 ft. wide by 63 ft. high to the *ante peso*. The stone came from the quarries of Martellila, near Xerez. The pilasters and windows are not pleasing, but the Doric and Ionic *Patío* is magnificent: ascending a marble staircase with modern jasper ornaments and an *altarito* of bad taste, to the upper floor, is *el Archivo de las Indias*, the archives of S. America, which were arranged

here by Charles III. in 1784; the necessary alterations have ruined the proportions of the design of Herrera. The papers were brought together from the archives of *Simancas*, and put in order by Lara and Ceán Bermúdez; they are stowed away in handsome mahogany Doric bookcases, in docketed bundles, above 30,000 in number, which have never been fully investigated. Official difficulties have been thrown in the way of the "barbarian" eye, eager to pry into the things and secrets of Spain. Observe the marble pavement; the inner corridor is modern and paltry: the portrait of Columbus is quite as apocryphal, and by no means so fine, as that by Parmigianino at Naples. In an end room are some vile portraits of the ungainly Spanish sovereigns since Carlos III. The lower story is appropriated to *el consulado*, the tribunal of commerce. The *Lonja* was scarcely begun before real commerce departed; in the Plaza S^{co}. Tomas, just beyond, No. 15, is said to be the barber's shop of the immortal Figaro; every traveller who has music in his soul should be shaved there, and if any of his molars—*muelas*—are extracted, let him especially take care of them, as according to an old Spanish prejudice, at the Resurrection, all souls who in the flesh have lost their wise teeth, *las de Juicio*, will come to earth to hunt for them.

The W. or grand façade of the *Cathedral* remained incomplete until 1827, when the modern and inferior work was commenced. Few Spanish works of any kind are ever completed chiefly from *want of funds*. Again a fear of the *evil eye* induced the leaving a little something wanting; and the clergy, by keeping portions unfinished, always had an excuse for begging contributions from the pious rich: observe over the side doors the quaint figures in terra cotta, by Lope Marin, 1548; the contrast of expression in the severe faces of the males, and the smirking females, is remarkable.

The enormous over-ornate pile to the l. is the *Sagrario*, or parish-church

annexed to the cathedral, in which many of the archbishops are buried. This was commenced by Miguel de Zumarraga in 1618, when architecture was on the decline, but not finished until 1662. The interior consists of a single nave, the size of which has often rendered doubtful the security of the building. The roof, by Borja, is in bad taste, as are some jasper altars by the notorious Churrigueraque Barbas. The *Retablo* raised by him was so absurd that the chapter at last took it down and replaced it by a grand Reredos, which came from the Franciscan convent, and is known in books of art, as that of the *Capilla de los Vizcainos*. The sculptured Sa. Veronica and San Clemente are by Pedro D. Cornejo; the Virgin with Christ, St. John, and the Magdalen, are by Pedro Roldan, and very fine, although their effect has been much injured by vile tinsel crowns and glories; by the same sculptor is the basso relievo of the entrance into Jerusalem. The door leading into the cathedral and adorned with statues and Corinthian pillars is by Joseph de Arce, 1657.

The *Cathedral* itself is ~~one of the~~ largest and finest in Spain: the solemn and grandiose or "*Grandesza*" is its distinctive quality, as elegance is of León, strength of Santiago, and wealth was of Toledo. The site is that of the successive temples of Astarte, Salambo, Mahomet, and Maria. The original mosque, on whose peculiar oblong quadrilateral form it is built, was erected by Abu Yusuf Jacob-Al-Mansúr, 1163-1178, and remained uninjured until 1480, when it was pulled down, and this cathedral commenced, which was opened for divine service in 1519. The chapter in their first conference determined to "construct a church such and so good that it never should have its equal. Let posterity, when it admires it complete, say that those who dared to devise such a work must have been mad." There was method in such madness.

The name of the architect is not known. His was no Deo erexit Voltaire vanity, he worked, with no thought

of *self*, for the sole love and glory of God. The gigantic expense of the colossal cathedrals, raised in days of poverty, contrasts with the paltry pew-pens contracted for in this age of capital; and how different are the benefactions! Now the gift of half an acre from one who owns half a county, is trumpeted forth as magnificent, and 20*l.* is a donation from a sovereign. The old Spaniards trod in the steps of the early Romans, and reserved their splendour for the house of God. "In supplicis Deorum magnifici, domi parci" (Sall. 'B. C.' ix.). The sacred edifice is inside and outside a museum of fine art in spite of foreign and native church spoliations. It preserves the Basilica form of the original mosque, and is an oblong square, some 431 ft. long by 315 ft. wide; it has 7 aisles—the two lateral are railed off into chapels; the centre nave is magnificent, the height amazing, being 145 ft., while the *cimborio* or transept dome rises 171 ft.; the offices connected with the cathedral and chapter are built outside to the S.; the superb pavement, in black and white chequered marble, was finished in 1793, and cost the then enormous sum of 155,304 dollars.

On entering the cathedral, at the W. end of the centre aisle, lies buried Fernando, son of Columbus, or *Colon*, as Spaniards call him, and one who would have been a great man had he been son of a less great father. Observe the quaint *caravels*, or ships of the navigator; how small their size, for the mighty journey over vast and unknown seas! No Cunard line then: and the motto again how short, but the greatness of the deed suffices: *A Castilla y a Leon, mundo nuevo dió Colon*; read also the touching epitaph of his son. Many careless writers describe this as the tomb of Columbus himself, who died at Valladolid, and whose bones at last rest in the Havana, while the ever inaccurate Châteaubriand observes, "Christophe Colomb, après avoir découvert un monde, dort en paix à Seville, dans la Chapelle des rois" (Congr. de Ver. 45).

Over this grave-stone, during the holy week, is erected the *monumento*, an enormous wooden temple in form of a Greek cross, in which the host is deposited. It was designed and executed in 1544, by Antonio Florentin, and originally consisted only of three stories, terminated by a cross, but subsequent additions were made in 1624 and 1688, which have injured the effect, and rendered the whole out of proportion for the cathedral, being some 130 ft. high. However, when lighted up during the night of Thursday and Good Friday, after the host is enclosed in the silver *custodia*, the effect is most marvellous, and there are few things like it in Spain or Italy.

The cathedral, is lighted by 93 windows; the painted ones are among the finest in Spain: the earliest are by Micer Christobal Aleman, 1504, Observe the "Ascensions," the "Magdalen," a "Lazarus," and an "Entry into Jerusalem," by Arnao de Flandres and his brother, 1525; and the "Resurrection," in the Capilla de los Doncellas, by Carlos de Bruges, 1558. These artists were foreigners and Flemings, as their names denote. Advancing up the aisle, the grandeur of which is broken up by the *coro*, observe its *trascoro*, a rich frontage of Doric work, with precious marbles. The picture over the altar is extremely ancient. The poor "San Fernando" is by Pacheco, 1633. Two doors on each side lead into the *coro*; the 4 bas-reliefs were made at Genoa. Above rise the enormous organs: the palisades of pipes and cumbrous ornaments are churrigueresque and inappropriate, but as instruments the deep-swelling tones are magnificent; that to the l., *al lado de la Epistola*, was made by Jorge Bosch in 1792: it is said to have 5300 pipes and 110 stops more than that of Hærlem.

Before entering the *Coro* observe its *Respaldos* and the cinque-cento capilla de San Agustin, and the exquisite Virgin carved by Juan Martinez Montañes, the Phidias of Seville (ob. 1640). This sweet and dignified model was the

favourite of his great pupil Al^o. Cano. The tasteless chapter have disfigured her gentle serious dignity with vile tinsel gewgaws, repugnant alike to good taste as to the lowly character of the Lord's handmaid; but the spirit of real devotion, as well as that of superstitious idolatry, is quite irrespective of fine art: the most hideous fetish or the gaudiest doll is more worshiped than the finest M. Angelo, just as a true religious feeling purifies the coarse and elevates the low, and generates a devotion altogether distinct from mundane or critical admiration.

The *coro* is open to the high altar, and is railed off by a fine *reja*, the work of Sancho Muñoz, 1519. The *Silleria del Coro* was carved by Nuño Sanchez, 1475, Dancart, 1479, and Guillen, 1548. Of the 117 stalls observe the archiepiscopal throne in the centre: the elegant *facistol* is by Bartolomé Morel, 1570. In the *entre los coros* is put up during Easter week the exquisite bronze candlestick, 25 feet high, called *El Tenebrario*, and wrought, in 1562, by the same Morel: when the miserere is sung in the holy week, it is lighted with thirteen candles: twelve are put out one after another; indicating that the apostles deserted Christ; one alone of white wax remains burning, and is a symbol of the Virgin, true to the last. At Easter also, the *Cirio pasqual* or "fountain-candle," which is equal to a large marble pillar, 24 feet high, and weighing 7 or 8 cwt. of wax, is placed to the l. of the high altar. Before ascending the steps to it observe the two pulpits and the *reja principal*, made in 1518 by the lay Dominican Fr^o de Salamanca: those at the side are by Sancho Muñoz, 1518, and are first-rate specimens. The Gothic *Retablo* of the high altar, divided into 44 compartments, is unequalled in Spain in size and elaborate details; designed in 1482 by Dancart, it was finished in 1550: it is said to be made of *alerce* (see Cordova), with which the plain of Tablada, near Seville, was covered in the time of the Goths (Morgado, 96). The carvings

represent sacred subjects from the New and Old Testament and the life of the Virgin. The Alfonsine tables, which are usually placed on the altar, contain the relics collected by Alonso el Sabio. The silver work and frontage of the altar, as also the *atriles*, are the work of Fr^o. Alfaro. The *Respaldo del altar*, of richest Gothic, is by Gonzalo de Rojas, 1522; the terra-cotta figures are by Miguel Florentine, 1523. Here in a small room are some curious pictures by Alejo Fernandez, in the half-gilded Byzantine style. They deserve notice, as Fernandez was the master of Castillo, whose pupils were Cano and Murillo. Here hung the two superb Murillos—the "Birth of the Virgin" and the "Repose in Egypt," which on M. Soult's arrival were concealed by the chapter; a traitor informed him, and he sent to *beg* them as a present, hinting that if refused he would take them by force (Toreno, xx.). The worthy Marshal one day showing Col. Gurwood his "collection" at Paris, stopped opposite a Murillo, and said, "I very much value *that* specimen, as it saved the lives of two estimable persons." An aide-de-camp whispered, "He threatened to have both shot on the spot unless they *gave* up the picture."

Walking round the lateral chapels, and beginning at the door of the Sagrario, is that *de los Jacomes*. Observe a Roelas, retouched by one Molina and quite spoilt. In the next chapel, *la de la Visitacion*, is a *Retablo* painted by Pedro Marmolejo de Villegas, born at Seville, 1520-1670, and an imitator of the Florentine school. Observe the portrait of Diego de Roldan, who gave this *Retablo*. In the *Ca. de N.S. del Consuelo* is a "Holy Family," the masterpiece of Alonso Miguel de Tobar, the best perhaps of Murillo's pupils, 1678-1758. Then, passing the grand door, is the precious "*Angel de la Guarda*," the *Genius natale Comes*, a guardian angel holding a sweet child, by Murillo: next, a fine "Nativity," by Luis de Vargas, who may be called the Pierino del Vaga of Seville, 1502-1569.

mechan!

In *Ca. de San Laureano*, observe the tutelar saint walking without his head: in these miracles, *c'est le premier pas qui coûte*. Many Spanish female saints spoke after decapitation—the ruling passion strong after death. So of old Philomela's tongue vibrated after it was cut off (*Met. vi. 556*). So says Lane (*Mod. Egypt. i. 300*), a Moslem santón spoke without any head at all. In Dante's '*Inferno*,' xxviii. 121, a gentleman converses holding his own head in his hand like a lantern. Ariosto's Orrilo looks after his own head when cut off, and very sensibly puts it on again as if it had been his hat; and Isabella, of the same romancer, murmurs out after death the name of her loved Zurbino.

In the next chapel of *Santa Ana* is a *Retablo* of the date 1504, with very curious costumes, painted with all the defects of Juan Valdes Leal, 1630-1691, the rival and foe of Murillo. A door now leads to the archives, which are very perfect, as the chapter sent them to Cadiz, and they thus escaped being made into cartridges by M. Soult. Adjoining is the *Mayordomía*. N.B. Examine the splendid choral books. Returning to the cathedral in the *Ca. San Josef*, observe a "Nativity," by Fr. Antolinez, ob. 1676; and a marriage of the Virgin by Valdes Leal; and in the next, a statue of San Hermenegildo, by Montañes; and the magnificent tomb of the Archb. Juan de Cervantes, ob. 1453, the work of Lorenzo de Mercadante. In the *Sacristía de la Antigua* are a few paintings by Antolinez, el Griego, Zurbaran, Morales, and some flower-pieces, by Arellano, 1614-1776. The chapel itself is one of the Sancta Sanctorum. Observe the marble *Retablo*; the silver railing, with the words "Ave Maria;" and the ancient picture painted in the style of Cimabue, but more probably Byzantine: the sacristan will swear that it is by St. Luke, and that it remained even in the Moorish mosque, and of itself miraculously introduced San Ferdinand into Seville, opening the gates and shutting the sentinel's eyes;

justly therefore a quarto volume was written on this Palladium of the city by Antonio de Solís, Sevilla, 1739. The fine *plateresque* tomb of the "great" Cardinal Mendoza, erected in 1509, is by Miguel Florentin; and, opposite, that of Archb. Luis de Salcedo, a feeble imitation, in 1741. The frescoes were painted by Domingo Martinez. The marble statues in the *Retablo* are by Pedro Duque Cornejo.

Now advance into the transept, and look up at the Gothic balconies of the galleries. The mahogany clock is in the worst French and modern taste. To the rt. of the *Puerta de la Lonja* is the celebrated "*La Generacion*" of Luis de Vargas. The breast of Eve was covered by the prudish chapter. This truly Italian picture, and the painter's masterpiece, is also called "*La Gamba*," from the *leg* of Adam—*ex pede Herculem*—which Mateo Perez de Alesio is said to have said was worth more than all his colossal "Saint Christopher," painted opposite in fresco in 1584, and which is 32 ft. high. San *Christobal*—for thus he is half Christianised and Punicised—was a Saracen ferryman—*portitor ipse Charon*. He is painted at the entrance of most Spanish cathedrals, of colossal size, that all may see him, because all who look on him cannot come on that day to an evil death.* He carries the infant Saviour, who holds the globe in his hand, across a river. This Baal is the *Cœlifer Atlas, Christoferos*. Few *Relicarios* in Spain are without one of his teeth, of which he must have had more than a crocodile and larger than an elephant, for which some heretic naturalists have taken or mistaken the molars. In the *Ca. de la Santa Cruz* is a "Descent," by Pedro Fernandez de Guadalupe, 1527. Next enter the most elegant *Sacristía de los Calices*, designed in 1530 by Diego de Riaño. Observe the Crucifix by Montañes, the Tintoret-like portrait of Contreras, painted in 1541 by L. de Vargas; and the nun Dorothea, by Murillo, finished

* Christophori Sancti speciem quicunque tuetur
Istâ nempe die non morte malâ morietur.

in 1674; a "Saviour," by Roelas; and a fine "St. Peter," by Herrera el Viejo. The patronesses, *Santas Rufina* and *Justina*, were painted in 1817 by Goya: the fit models for this David-like abomination were two notorious frail ladies of Madrid named *Ramona* and *Sabina*. The picture was meant for a chapel, but was banished by the prudent bishop into this *Sacristia*. Thus of old the mistresses of painters and great men were the models of the pictures of *Venus*; particularly *Flora*, the beloved of *Pompey*; and *Campaspe*, the beloved of *Alexander*; while *Phryne* was the model of both *Apelles* and *Praxiteles* (*Athæn.* xiii. 591). *Arellius* (*Plin. Nat. Hist.* xxxv. 10) was remarkable for painting goddesses from improper models.

The architecture of this *Sacristia* is in the transition style, when the Gothic was giving place to the Græco-Romano and plateresque. Here lie some of the *Conquistadores de Sevilla*. Observe the marble tables and pavement. In the next chapel are four tombs of armed knights and ladies. Enter the *ante-sala* of the *Sacristia mayor*; observe the trunk-like roof and the cardinal virtues in niches. In the *Sacristia*, observe the plateresque carved door, and the *armarios*, or plate-chests, by *Pedro Duque Cornejo*, 1677-1757, pupil of *Roldan*. The *Sacristia mayor*, the triumph of the rich plateresque, was built by *Diego de Riaño*, 1530. The dresses of the clergy are kept in new presses, made in 1819 by order of a barbarian Canon, named *Santos*, who destroyed the glorious old ones of *Guillen*, 1548, a few of whose Michael Angelesque panels are let into the modern wood-work. Observe the colossal silver *Custodia*, finished in 1587, by *Juan d'Arfe*, the *Cellini* of Spain. This masterpiece was unfortunately "beautified and repaired" in 1668, by *Juan de Segura*, during the Immaculate Conception mania, who placed the *Virgin* in the position of the original figure of *Faith*. The inscription is by the painter-author *Pacheco*. Another *Custodia*, which weighed above a cwt. of pure gold, was

melted for a royal *donative* in 1796—a mild term for compulsory church appropriation and confiscation: observe especially the exquisite *Tenebrario*, and the two full-length *Murillos*, painted in a bold style in 1655; that representing *San Leandro* was the portrait of *Alonso de Herrera*, *Apuntador del Coro*, and that of *San Isidoro* of *Juan Lopez Talavan*. The "Descent" from the cross, over the altar, is by *Pedro Campana*, who, born at *Brussels* in 1508, and a pupil perhaps of *Michael Angelo*, was one of the first to introduce the Italian style; and this, painted in 1548, and considered by some his finest work, became the marvel and model of *Seville*, because new in style to their eyes: now it seems somewhat dark and hard; but such, when it was first exhibited, was its life-like awful character, that *Pacheco* (*Arte* 57) was afraid to remain after dusk alone; and before it *Murillo* used to stand, watching, as he said, until those holy men should have finished taking down the *Saviour*, and before this picture he desired to be buried; it then decorated the altar of his parish church, *La Santa Cruz*. *Soult's* vandals levelled that *Holy Cross* down to the dust, and cast out the ashes of *Murillo* to the winds; they then broke the picture into five pieces, which was left so, until the English drove them out of *Seville*; then the chapter employed *Joachin Cortes*, who was occupied for three months in the restoration.

Underneath it are kept the usual assortment of authentic bones and relics, bits of the cross, crown of thorns, the *Virgin's* shift, &c.: observe the identical keys presented to *St. Ferdinand* when *Seville* surrendered: that given by the Jews is of iron gilt, and the letters on the wards represent "Melech hammelakim giphthohh Melek kol-haaretz gabo,"—the King of kings will open, the king of all the earth will enter; translated by Spaniards *Dios abra y rey entrará*; the other key of silver gilt was given by *Axataf*, and is inscribed in Arabic, "May Allah render eternal the dominion of Islam in

this city;" these indeed are real relics. The *tesoro* or treasury lies in a court to the rt. It has been sadly thinned by foreign and native spoilers; yet there is a goodly sideboard of church plate and some very fine silver oil vases, candlesticks, &c.: observe the tablets called *Las Alfonsinas*, studded with Marian relics, and a fine cross made in 1580 by Fr^o Merino: see also a golden *incensario*, and a cross made from a "nugget" of the new world, offered by Columbus. The *Retablo* of the *Ca. del Mariscal* contains some of the latest and finest works of Campana, and shows how much he improved after seeing the elegant L. de Vargas. Notice also an excellent Purification of the Virgin, and some portraits of the founder's family. In the *Ante-Cabildo* are some marble pilasters, statues, and medallions made at Genoa, with inscriptions by Fr^o Pacheco: in a little court-yard is an inscribed Gothic stone relating to Bishop Honoratus, successor to San Isidoro, A.D. 641.

The *Sala Capitular*, or chapter-house, is another of Riaño's exquisite plateresque saloons, and easier to be described with the pencil than pen, built in 1580, it is elliptical, 50 ft. long by 34 ft.: observe the marble pavement, worked to correspond with the elaborate ceiling. The beautiful "*Concepcion*" is by Murillo; "St. Ferdinand" is by Pacheco; the "Four Virtues, with Shields and Children," are by Pablo de Cespedes, the learned painter-poet of "Cordoba," 1538, 1608, and retouched by Murillo in 1667. The 16 marble medallions were made at Genoa; the eight ovals between the windows are painted by Murillo. In the *Sala Capitular de abajo* are full-length royal portraits from Alonso III. down to Charles V. Observe the cinque-cento cornice, the medallions, the pavement with the No Do device of Seville. Returning through the *Ca. del Marisal*, to the *Contaduria Mayor*, is a "St. Ferdinand," by Murillo, a "Sacrifice of Abraham," in which the Isaac is evidently taken from one of the sons of the Laocoon, and a "Rufina and Jus-

tina," by Pablo de Cespedes; here are kept the chapter accounts.

The first chapel on the E. end, called de la "*Concepcion grande*," is in degenerate cinque-cento: here lies buried Gonzalo Nuñez de Sepulveda, who, in 1654, richly endowed the September "Octave" in honour of the "Immaculate Concepcion." The ashes of the *conquistadores* of Seville were carted out to make room for this benefactor. Observe the pictures treating of that mystery; the large crucifix has been attributed to Alonso Cano. At this Octave and at Corpus, the Quiristers or *Seises* (formerly they were six in number) dance before the high altar with castanets and with plumed hats on their heads: dressed as pages of the time of Philip III., they wear red and white for Corpus, blue and white for the festivals of the Virgin, who, bodily and verily, so says the Sacristan, appeared in those colours to Santa Brigida. These dances were the ancient *Εμμυλια*, the grave-measured minuet; thus David praised the Lord with a song and the dance. These must not be confounded with the *Καπαλα*, the jig, and those *motus Ionicos* of the daughter of Herodias; but nothing has suffered more degradation than the dance.

The *Capilla Real* is almost a church by itself, with its regular staff of clergy. Built in 1541 by Martin de Gainza, it is artistically inferior to the saloons of Riaño, for the plateresque was then going out of fashion; 81 ft. long, 59 wide, 130 high, it is entered under a lofty arch. The statues of the apostles and evangelists were sculptured by Lorenzo del Vao and Campos in 1553, from designs by Campana. The *Reja* is of the bad period of Carlos III.: here are the tombs of Alonso el Sabio and Queen Beatrix, and medallions of Garcí Perez and Diego Perez de Vargas. The *Retablo* by Luis Ortiz, 1647, is in vile taste: over the altar is placed the *Virgen de los Reyes*, a miraculous image given to St. Ferdinand by his cousin St. Louis of France. St. Ferdinand, who died May 31, 1252, lies before it stretched out in a silver

and glazed *Urna*, made in 1729: the body nearly perfect, is displayed on May 30, Aug. 22, Nov. 23, and none should fail to attend the most striking military mass, when troops are marched in and the colours lowered to the conqueror of Seville: observe the original sepulchre of the king, on which the *Urna* is placed, with epitaphs in Latin and Spanish to the rt., and in Hebrew and Arabic to the l., with orles of castles and lions; the epitaphs were composed by his son, Alonso el Sabio. Florez has published a quarto explication of them, *Elogios del So. Rey*, Mad. 1754. The Banner of Spain and the sword of St. Ferdinand are kept in this chapel, the sword saved from Soult by a chaplain, used to be taken out on all grand war expeditions; and on his saint's day it is exhibited, and a sermon, *el de la espada*, is preached, in which its virtues are expounded. In this chapel also is buried the gentle and beautiful Maria de Padilla, the mistress of Pedro el Cruel, and the Minister Florida Blanca.

The *Retablo* in the *Ca. de San Pedro*, in the Herrera style, contains pictures by Fr^o Zurbaran, 1598-1662: observe the lock of the grating "*Cerrojo de la Reja*," made by Cordero, but this corner of the cathedral is too dark to see anything well; in the north transept is a charming "Na. Sa. de Belem," or a delicious "Virgin and Child," by Alonso Cano. In the *Ca. de San Francisco* is the "Assumption of the Tutelar," one of the best works of the presumptuous Herrera *el Mozo*.

The window, painted in 1556, is remarkable. In the *Ca. de Santiago* is a picture of that patron of the Spains, riding over Moors, with miraculous energy, by Juan de las Roelas (1558-1625). The painted window, the "Conversion of St. Paul," 1560, is full of the richest reds and blues; the "San Lorenzo" is by Valdes. Observe the tomb of Archb. Vargas, ob. 1362, era 1400; and in the next chapel, that of Baltazar del Rio, Bishop of Scalas, 1518, a friend of Leo X. The is Italian work; the last chapel

contains the *Pila* or font, with the Giralda windows, painted in 1685. Here is the large and much-admired painting, the "San Antonio" of Murillo: the infant Saviour attended by cherubs visits the kneeling monk; unfortunately, in 1833, it was cruelly retouched, and *bañado*, or daubed over, by Gutierrez, an operation we saw performed and vainly protested against. This once noble work was painted in 1656 in Murillo's best period. Mons. Viardot (*Etudes*, 429) and the stupid verger tell an idle tale that "Our Duke" coveted the picture, and offered to cover this gigantic canvas with ounces of gold, but that the chapter declined. "L'Angleterre a gardé son or, et Séville le chef-d'œuvre de son peintre—gloire à Séville." Supposing that this were his chef-d'œuvre, which it is not, and supposing the Duke offered his cash, which he did not, surely English gold is no worse than French iron. It is, however, quite common in Spain, when the value of anything is wished to be enhanced, to say, "An Englishman bid so and so for it." This at least is a compliment to our honesty; we do not rob, but are willing to pay for what we have the taste to admire. No offer of cash by M. Soult is ever cited, he found steel and stealing cheaper. This picture disappointed Wilkie, and, to our mind, has always been overrated: but as it is the fashion to praise it, the cuckoo note is repeated.

This cathedral should be visited at different times of the day and evening, in order to fully estimate the artistical changes and effects of light and shade. The interior is somewhat dark, but it is a gorgeous gloom, inspiring a religious sentiment, chastening, not chilling, solemn, not sad. The contrast with all out of doors is striking; and, after the glare, heat, noise, and crowds, the still, subdued, cool quiet soothes body and soul. The sun, about two o'clock, falls on the Holy Rood over the *Retablo*, and produces a splendid effect. The cathedral is always thronged, not only by the devout, but by idlers, beg-

San Antonio cut out of stolen in 1940's - found in New York - 1940's

gars, and sinners. The sexes are not allowed to walk about or talk together; the ancient *Silentiarii*, in the form of *celadores*, and *perdigueros*, beadles, and vergers, keep guard, and papal excommunications are suspended *in terrorem*; nor are women allowed to enter after *oraciones*, when the shades of evening come on, and the pretext of "going to church" reminds the scholar of Ovid (*Art. Am.* i. 8. 74, and iii. 638), who teaches women to make the pretence of going to the mass of Isis an excuse to meet their lovers. It was not prudent even to ask what took place before her *Retablo* (*Am.* ii. 2, 25). Juvenal (ii. 6, 487) uses the strong expression, *Isiacæ Sacrarum Læne!* And the cathedral of mariolatrous Seville is a chosen rendezvous; lovers care little for the presence of the *Imagenes Sagradas*—they are, say they, *Santos muy callados*, and never tell tales.

These evils are, however, easily avoided. Not so another nuisance, common to this and most churches in Spain, the beggar tribe, who, like mosquitos, smell the blood of an Englishman; remember, therefore, the specific phrase, *Perdona Vmd. por Dios, Hermano!* My brother, will your worship excuse me, for God's sake! The beggar bows—he knows that all further application is useless; the effect is certain if the words be quietly and gravely pronounced.

X Now visit the Alcazar; but first observe a singular Moorish skew-arch, in a narrow street leading to the Puerta de Xerez, which proves that the Moors knew its use at least eight centuries ago. The *Alcazar* is entered by two gates, either by that *de las Banderas*, where the colours are hoisted when the king is residing, or by that *de la Monteria*, from whence he sallied forth to the chase. The grand portal is apparently Moorish, yet it was built by Don Pedro the Cruel, the great restorer of this palace. At this period the elaborate Oriental decorations of the Alhambra were just completed by Yusuf I.; and Pedro, who was frequently on the best terms with the

Moors of Granada, desirous of adopting that style, employed Moorish workmen. Observe the delicate arabesques, the pillar-divided windows, *ajimezes*, and the carved soffit. The quaint Gothic inscription almost looks like Cufic; it runs thus; "El muy alto, y muy noble, y muy poderoso, y conquistador Don Pedro, por la gracia de Dios, Rey de Castilla y de Leon, mandó facer estos alcazares y estas facadas que fue hecho en la era mil quatro cientos y dos," that is, A.D. 1364.

The royal residence—*Alcazar*—*al-Kasr*, ~~the house of Casr~~, whose name is synonymous with majesty, occupies the site of that of the Roman prætor; it was rebuilt in the 10th and 11th centuries, by Jalubi, a Toledan architect, for Prince Abdu-r-rahman Anna'sair Lidin-Allah [the defender of the religion of God].

It has been often and much altered by Ferdinand and Isabella, and Charles V., and Frenchified by Philip V., who subdivided the noble saloons with paltry lath and plaster *tabique*. Don Pedro began by repairing the whole of the western side, and his painted ceilings still remain, as the badge of his *Banda* evinces. Isabella erected the pretty chapel up-stairs, with the very interesting *Azulejo* ornaments. Charles V. was here married to Isabella of Portugal, and, being of chilly habits, put up the fire-places in the second-floor to the E. He also repaired the stucco *lienzos* of the grand *patio*. Philip II. introduced the portraits into the hall of ambassadors; Philip III., in 1610, built the armoury, and Philip V., in 1733, raised the pillared *Apedero*: here he resided in morbid seclusion for 2 years, amusing himself with religious penances and fishing in his pond. The *oficinas* over the baths of Padilla were erected by Ferd. VI. This Alcazar was barbarously whitewashed in 1813, when much of the delicate painting and gilding was obliterated; considerable and creditable restorations were begun by Arjona in 1830, and carried on by the Infanta during her residence here.

On entering, the columns in the vestibule are Roman, with Gothic capitals: these belonged to the original palace. Don Pedro brought from Valencia many other pillars taken out of the royal Aragonese residence, which he destroyed. The grand *Patio* is superb, 70 ft. by 54. It was modernised in 1569. The stucco-work is by Fr^o. Martinez. Many of the doors, ceilings, and *Azulejos* are the genuine Moorish ones; the oldest portion fronts the garden. Visit the pretty *puppet Patio de las Muñecas*, and the adjoining saloons, which have been restored. The hall of ambassadors has a glorious *Media naranja* roof: but the Spanish balconies and royal portraits mar the Moorish character; the baboon Bourbon heads, royal Cretins, are both an insult and injury. Here the contemptible Seville Junta sat until they ran after Ocaña. In the next room it is said that Don Pedro caused his brother, *El Maestre de Santiago*, whom he had invited as a guest, to be murdered. Another anecdote of this Richard III. of Spain deserves mention. Abu Said, *el Bey Bermejo*, who had usurped the throne of Ismael II. of Granada, fled to Seville from the rightful heir, under promise of safe conduct from Pedro, who received, feasted, and then put his guest to death, in order to seize his treasure in jewels, under circumstances of inhospitable and mocking cruelty; (see his *Chronica*, ch. 6). Gayangos found, in an Arabic MS. in the British Museum, a contemporary account of the event. Among the gems is specified "three huge rubies," big as a pigeon's egg—*huevo de Paloma*. One was a Koh-i-noor, to which Pedro attached such value that he specified it in his will, as the "*Balax* of the Red King." (*Balaxi* is a Persian word for Granate, and is taken, says Ducange, from the name of a province, *Balacia*. The old English term, as used by Dugdale, was *Ballace*.) This particular gem was given by Pedro to our Black Prince after the victory at Navarete. This is the "fair ruby, great like a racket-ball," which Queen Elizabeth showed

to Mary of Scots' ambassador, Melville, and which the canny chiel wanted her to give to his mistress, and is the identical gem which now adorns the royal crown of England in the Tower.

Fail not to visit the truly Arabian suite of rooms fronting the garden, and then ascend to the second story, modernised by Charles V.: walk out on the terrace over the garden: visit Isabella's chapel, which lies to the N.W.; it is very small, 15 ft. by 12, but is covered with cinque-cento *Azulejo*, is quite Peruginesque, and perhaps is the finest Christian specimen of this material in Spain. They were painted in 1504 by *Niculoso Francisco*, an Italian. See inscription on a label to l.

Pass next along a corridor to the *Cuarto del Principe*. This truly Alhambraic room is placed over the entrance vestibule. In a long saloon down-stairs were kept, or rather were neglected, in heaps on the floors, those antiquities which chance discovered while a road was making at Italica, and which were not reburied, from the accident of the *Alcaide* Fr^o. de Bruna being a man of taste. The Alcazar was also made by Soult his receiving-house general of stolen goods. When he fled from Seville, after the Duke's defeat of Marmont at Salamanca, more than 1000 pictures were left behind, such was his hurry.

Now visit the cinque-cento gardens, laid out by Charles; they are among the most curious in Europe. Observe the tank where Philip V. fished, and the vaulted *Baños* where Maria de Padilla, mistress of Pedro el Cruel, bathed, and which probably were originally prisons. Maria ruled in this *Alcazar*, and so tamed her royal beast that the vulgar attributed her influence over *Pedro* to magic, but it was nothing but the natural and all-sufficient charms, the *witchcraft* of a fair and gentle woman. The gardens are those of a Hesperus, "not fabulous;" their levels vary, and the plots are divided by orange-clad walls; the balmy air is perfumed by the *asahar* or blossom and by the golden fruit. The

compartments are arranged in quaint patterns cut in box and myrtles, such as the eagles and coats of arms of Charles V., the precise work of the Roman Topiarius; and such were the sunny gardens in which Martial's Cadiz friend Cano loved to sit, inter tepentes buxus (iii. 20, 12). Beware of certain hidden fountains in the walks, with which the unwary traveller will be sprinkled. Visit the semi-Moorish *azulejo*-adorned Kiosk in the under garden, and ascend the rustic terrace to the N. for the view.

Among the most remarkable houses in Seville visit the *Casa O'Lea*, 14, *Calle Botica del Agua*. It is a perfect Moorish specimen; the Spanish white-wash was picked off the spuosa by an artist named Bejarano, long notorious for repainting and ruining old pictures. After that this house fell into the hands of a Frenchman, one M. Dominie, who destroyed the rich *Artesonado* ceiling, and put up a modern flat one! and, what is worse, this fashion became the rage in Seville, and has laid low many a relic of this class. Soult had turned the room into a stable. In the adjoining *Calle de los Abades*, No. 27, was a singular vaulted Moorish saloon, recently modernised by a Goth. In the same street, *Casa Carasa*, No. 9, is a superb specimen of the Arragonese plateresque, erected in 1526 by canon Pinero; visit it without fail, for the medallions are quite Raphaellesque. But whitewashing with the fatal *Cal de Moron*, the bane of Seville, has much obliterated the delicate outlines of this once fairy *Patio*. Go also to the *Calle de las Dueñas*, a most Moorish palace of the D. of Alba, and now, alas! fast going or gone to ruin; here Lord Holland lived. It consisted once of 11 *Patios*, with 9 fountains, and more than 100 marble pillars. Walk through its gardens and the *forest* orange-trees and myrtles. On the *Plaza del Duque* is the palace of the great Guzman family, now cut up and divided into many minor residences. Here is the *Casino*, or club. In the *Casa Cantillana*, *Puerta de Xerez*, Lord Wellesley resided. The

house was afterwards made a diligence-inn, and then a wine-store. How are the mighty fallen in Spain, men and mansions!

The family house of the *Taberas*, which all who read the charming drama of Sancho Ortiz de Roelas will visit, is in the *Ce. de la Inquisicion Vieja*. Here is still shown the garden-door by which Sancho el Bravo intended to carry off the beautiful Estrella de Sevilla. This house, in 1833, was tenanted by a Frenchman, who converted it into a dyeing-factory; and when we were there last, he was meditating trimming up the gardens *a la mode de Paris*; next visit the *Casa de Pilatos*, so called because said to be built in imitation of that of Pontius Pilate at Jerusalem. The black cross in the *Patio* is the point from whence *Las Estaciones*, the stations to the *Cruz del Campo*, begin. Few Spanish cities are without these stations, which generally lead to the *Calvario*, a Golgotha, or hill with crosses on it, and erected in memorial of the crucifixion. During Passion Week these stations are visited; at each of them a prayer is said allusive to the separate sufferings of the Saviour, which are carved, painted, or indicated at each. This palace was built in 1533, by the great nobleman of the day, Fadrique Enriquez de Ribera, in commemoration of his having performed the pilgrimage to Jerusalem in 1519. He was accompanied by the poet Juan de Encina, who published their tour, *Tribagia*, Roma, 1521, also at Seville, 4to., 1606, and reprinted at Madrid, fol., 1748. The architecture proves how closely the Spaniards of the 15th century imitated the Saracenic forms, and the influence their sensual civilization obtained over the Gotho-Spaniard, who with increasing power began to appreciate elegance and luxury: all is now scandalously neglected. The saloons of state are whitewashed, and turned to base purposes; the gardens are running wild; the sculpture is tossed about as in a stonemason's yard. Observe the Gothic balustrade over the entrance,

the grand *Patio*, with its fountains and injured Roman statues of Pallas, Ceres, and others. The Virgin's chapel, with a copy of the *Servilleta* of Murillo, is adorned in the most gorgeous Saracenic-Gothic style. Ascend the magnificent staircase to the chief suite of rooms. Everything that stucco, carving, *Azulejo*, and gilding could do, was done. In the pleasant garden, visit the grotto of Susanna, and observe marbles and sculpture, given to Perafan de Ribera by Pius V., cast like rubbish amid the weeds. A selection was removed to Madrid by a Duke de Medina Celi, to whom this deserted palace now belongs.

The lovers of Prout-like bits must visit the Jew's quarters. Before their expulsion from Seville they lived in a separate "Jewry," or Ghetto, *La Juderia*, which resembled *La Moreria*, where the Moriscoes dwelt, and is a perfect labyrinth of picturesque lanes. In the *Juderia* is the house of Bartolomé Esteban Murillo, a Sevillian by birth, and the head of the Andalusian school, for Velazquez more properly belongs to Castile: it lies close to the city wall, the last to the rt. in a small *plaza* at the end of the *Callejuela del Agua*, or, in the new-fangled nomenclature, at the end of the *Calle de Lope de Rueda, Plaza de Alfaro*. The parish church, *La Santa Cruz*, in which he was buried, was pulled down under Soult's rule, who scattered his bones. Murillo was baptized Jan. 1, 1618, in the *Magdalena*—that church also Soult destroyed. His baptismal entry has escaped, and may be seen at *San Pablo*. The street in which he was born now bears his name. His tomb consisted of a plain slab, placed before Campana's picture of the Descent from the Cross (see p. 182), with a skeleton engraved on it, and the motto, "Vive moriturus." His painting-room, nay, living-room, for he lived to paint, was in the upper floor, and is still as sunny and as cheerful as his works. There he died April 3, 1682. In the garden observe the fountain, and Italian frescoes, compositions of fauns,

mermaids, and women with musical instruments. They have been attributed by some to Murillo, which they certainly are not, and by others to L. de Vargas, which is more probable. This house was purchased for about 1200*l.* by Canon Cepero, when the Chapter, foreseeing the coming shadows of state appropriation, sold off much of their disposable property; and, indeed, Cepero, subsequently the Dean, a man of great taste, was worthy to dwell in this house, over which such recollections hover. It was he who did so much to rescue art at Seville during the constitutional outbreaks; and if his own collection contained many *bad* pictures, their quality was no fault of his, for where good ones are *not* to be procured, which is "*the great fact*" of Seville, there *bad* become the best.

El Corral del Conde, Calle Santiago, No. 14, was a barrack of washerwomen. What a scene for the pallet! what costume, balconies, draperies, colour, attitude, grouping! what a carrying of vases after the antique! what a clatter of female tongues, a barking of dogs, a squalling of children—all living Murillos—assailed the *impertinente curioso*! Alas! that every day there is less washing.

For *plateresque* architecture, the best specimen is *La Casa del Ayuntamiento*, the corporation-house on the great *plaza*, built in 1545-64 by some great unknown. The exterior is a silversmith chasing in stone-work: observe the staircase, the carved doors, and *sala grande baja*, with the Spanish kings, arranged in 35 squares, or *Lacunas*, on the ceiling. Admirable also is the inscription on Spanish *Justicia*; the very sound of which, so perfect in theory, practically implies delay, injustice, ruin, and death. The *Audiencia*, or high court of what is called *Justicia* in Seville, sits in the opposite corner of the *Plaza*, and is presided over by a *Regente*. The prison close by is a sad scene, and is called by the *Majos*, either *el colegio*, the school for teaching rogues, or *La Posada de los Franceses*. The different quarters into which

Seville is divided are well expressed in these verses :—

“ Desde la Catedral, á la Magdalena,
Se almuerza, se come, y se cena;
Desde la Magdalena, á San Vicente,
Se come solamente;
Desde San Vicente, á la Macarena,
Ni se almuerza, ni se come, ni se cena.”

The once wealthy clergy gathered like young pelicans under the wing of the mother church. The best houses were near the cathedral, in the *Calle de los Abades*. This Abbot's street was their “close.” here, “their bellies with good capons lined,” the dignitaries *breakfasted, dined, and supped*; recently their commons have been much shortened. In the *San Vicente* lived the knights and nobles, and the *Calle de Armas* was the aristocratic street of arms. Here the *hidalgos*, with their wives and daughters, ate less and dressed more: they *only dined*; they pinched their stomachs to deck their backs: but the most ancient unchanged Iberian characteristic, from Athenæus to Lazarillo de Tormes, has been external show and internal want. The *Macarena* now, as it always was, is the abode of ragged poverty, which never could or can for a certainty reckon on one or on any meal a day; but they and their skins and jackets, are meat and drink to all lovers of the picturesque.

The *Calle de los Abades* should be visited, although no longer so redolent of rich *ollas*. The cathedral staff consisted of an archbishop, an auxiliary bishop, 11 (now reduced to 5) dignitaries, 40 (now reduced to 16) canons, 20 prebendaries, 20 minor canons, 20 *vienteneros*, and 20 chaplains of the quire. Their emoluments were very great: nearly 900 houses in Seville belonged to the chapter, besides vast estates, tithes, and corn-rents. Mendizabal, in 1836, appropriated all this to the State, which was to pay the clergy a diminished income, which it has not done. Formerly this street was a rookery, nor were the nests without progeny. The Pope might deny his clergy wives and children, but the devil provided them with housekeepers and

nephews. The former are called *amas*, not from *amare*, but the Sanscrit a *house*: so Ducange derives the synonym *focaria* — “ancilla quæ focum curat clericorum; concubina.” In the mediæval period the concubines of the celibate clergy were almost licensed, as among the Moors. The mistress was called *barragana*, from the Arabic words *barra*, strange, and *gana*, *ganidir*, a connexion: hence, in old Spanish, natural children are called *hijos de ganancia*, which has nothing to do with *gain*, and is more analogous to the “strange woman” in Judges xi. 2; others, and probably more correctly, have derived the word from the Arabic *Barragan*, single, unmarried; which was essential to secure to the parties thus cohabiting without marriage, the sort of morganatic status allowed by the law. Many were the jests as regards the children born in this street :—

“ En la calle de los Abades,
Todos han Tios, y ningunos Padres.”

The little ones called their father their *wrole*, and he called them his *nephews*.

“ Los Canonigos Madre, no tienen hijos;
Los que tienen en casa, son sobrincicos.”

The wealth and comparative luxury of this order of the Spanish clergy of course exposed them to popular envy, reform, and plunder; pious innovators were urged by the auri *sacra* fames of our Henry VIII.; and certainly the church had so well feathered its nest, that Death met with few ruder welcomes than when he tapped at a right rev. and venerable dignitary's door, who was contented with his sublunary lot, his pretty house, *housekeeper*, good cook, good income paid quarterly, and pair of sleek mules; the priestly maxim, the canon, or *Regla de Santiago*, was thus laid down :—

El primero—es amar á Don Dinero.
El segundo—es amolar á todo el mundo.
El tercero—buen vaca y carnero.
El cuarto—ayunar despues de harto.
El quinto—buen blanco y tinto.
Y estos cinco mandamientos, se encierran en dos,
Todo para mí, y nada para vos.

The first is—to love the Lord Money.

The second is—to grind all the world.

The third is—good beef and mutton.

The fourth is—to fast when one can eat no more.

The fifth is—good wine—white and red.

And these five commandments may be summed up in two—

Everything for me, and nothing for you.

And certainly, when the religious establishments numbered 74, and the gratuitous schools only 1, the clerical element might be said to prevail over the educational. In truth, the pomp and power of the full-blown church gave cause to many complaints and calumnies. It was accused of becoming rich by professing poverty, of monopolising mundane affairs by pretending to renounce them, and of securing to itself the good things of the present world, by holding out to others hopes of those of a future one.

The great square of Seville was long called *de San Francisco*, from the neighbouring now ruined and crumbling convent. Murillo painted, in 1645, for its small cloister, *el Chico*, that series of 11 superb pictures which first made his talents known in Seville, after his return from Madrid. All these were removed by force of arms by Soult, save one, which, from his hurried flight after Salamanca, he left behind in the Alcazar, and which is now in our collection, purchased and paid for.

A new square is building on the convent's site, in which the picturesque and national will be superseded by the comfortable, civilised, and commonplace. The old genuine *Plaza* remains, however, still the heart of the city—the forum, the place of gossip and of executions, and in look is still very Moorish and picturesque, with its arcades and balconies; under the former are the jewellers' shops. The *Calle de Genoa*, at the opposite corner, is the Paternoster-row of Seville as regards booksellers' shops, and of the *Pasos*, a favourite spot to see the processions of *Pasos*, or dressed and painted images (see p. 49) during the Holy Week. These relics of pagan mummeries will please the antiquarian more than the

pious and the Protestant; the utter want of all devotional sentiment in the natives, who come only to see the show and be seen, is no less painfully striking than the degradation of the Deity by these tawdry masquerading spectacles.

The finest pictures in Seville are in the Cathedral, *La Caridad*, the *Museo*, and the University. *La Caridad* is an alms-house, destined for some 80 poor old, and chiefly bed-ridden, men: it lies outside the walls, near the river. This hospital, dedicated to St. George, was founded in 1578, for the decent interment of unburied paupers, and of criminals, whose remains previously were left to rot on the gibbets. It was rebuilt in 1661 by Miguel de Mañara Vicentelo de Lara, who, when young, was in profligacy a Don Juan of Seville redivivus. He was hurried in the *Capilla mayor*. Read his epitaph—*cenizas del peor hombre que ha habido en el mundo*: and also consult his life and death by Juan de Cardenas, *Atto.*, Seville, 1679. He was the personal friend and patron of Murillo. Observe the colonnaded *Patio*. On entering the church, the carved and painted Descent from the Cross over the high altar is the masterpiece of Pedro Rodan; the almost startling reality is marred by tinsel dresses and architectural fritter. Observe under the *coro* the "Triumph of Time," and a "Dead Prelate," by J. Valdes Leal, a putrid picture, which Murillo said he could not look at without holding his nose. Here he painted, in 1660-74, that series of grand pictures, of which Soult—hence justly called by Toreno the modern Verres, and by Mr. Stirling the Plunder-Marshall-General—carried off 5, all of which is entirely blinked by Monsr. Maison in his pilfered *Guide*. But the Marshall was moderate when compared to his model, Verres, who took 27 pictures from the *Minerva Medica* alone (*Cic. in Ver. iv. 55*). His "Grace" bribed Buonaparte with one, the *Sa Isabel*; two others, the "Abraham and angels," and the "Prodigal Son," he sold to the D. of Sutherland, and the "Healing the Cripple" to Mr. Tomline,

at fabulous prices; the fourth, the "Angel and St. Peter," passed, at his *final sale*, in 1852, to Russia. The large amount of cash that that sale produced offers another proof of the judgment with which Soult, "that well-known French dealer," "collected." The Spaniards only recently filled up the blank spaces; the gaps long yawned like graves: *hiatus maximè deflendus*.

The Murillos now in the *Caridad* are an "Infant Saviour" on panel, and injured; a "St. John," rich and brown; a "San Juan de Dios," equal to Rembrandt; the *Pan y Peces*, or Loaves and Fishes; but the figure of Christ feeding the Five Thousand, which ought to be the principal, is here subordinate: the "Moses striking the Rock" is much finer; this is indeed a representation of the Hagar-like thirst of the desert, and is justly called *La Sed*: the figure of Moses is poor, and wants relief, but the parched groups are excellent. Both pictures are colossal, and painted in a sketchy manner, calculated for the height and distance of their position from the spectator, which, however, is inconveniently high and distant; but here they still hang, like rich oranges on the bough where they originally budded.

At Seville, as elsewhere, those good pictures that M. Soult did not "remove" by iron, the English have carried off by gold, and little now remains but unmitigated rubbish, to which fine names are all given, *caveat Emptor*; here all the geese are swans—all are Murillos, all by Velazquez, and so forth; but it is sheer loss of time to visit these refuges of the destitute and worthless; and our collectors cannot be too earnestly cautioned against making purchases, and picking up an original for an old song. Among the least bad may be mentioned the collections of Dean Cepero, who lives in Murillo's house, and that of *Don Aniceto Bravo*, No. 40, *Calle de los Catalanes*, which contains 700 and more "warranted originals," and the collections of Señores *Garcia* and *Saenz*. The once really genuine and precious galleries of Don Julian Williams, Canon Maestre,

and the Conde de Mejorada, have had all the plums picked out.

Since the dissolution of the convents, many pictures, and some neglected antiquities, have been collected in the *Merced*, which is now the provincial Museum. This noble edifice was founded in 1249 by St. Ferdinand. The *Patio* and *Azulejos* are of the time of Charles V. Before the invasion even, it was full of fine paintings; but a French agent had previously, in the guise of a traveller, noted the contents; and the same individual, so the prior informed us, reappeared with the army, and laughed at the deceived monk, when he demanded them by the list drawn up on his former visit. That respectable character Nero was the first who devised sending commissioners to pillage art, altars, &c. (Tac. An. xv. 45).

At Seville, Bartolomé Esteban Murillo is to be seen in all his glory, and a giant, like Antæus, on his native soil. His finest pictures, painted for the Capuchinos, were sent off, in 1810, to Cadiz, and thus escaped. Murillo, born at Seville, and baptized Jan. 1, 1618, where he died, April 3, 1682, was the painter of female and infantine grace, as Velazquez was of more masculine and intellectual subjects. Both were true alike in form and colour to Spanish nature—both were genuine, national, and idiosyncratic. Murillo had three styles: the *Frio*, his earliest, being based on Ribera and Caravaggio, was dark, with a decided outline. Of these were the pictures in San Francisco. His second manner was his *Calido*, or warm, when his colouring was improved, while his drawing was still well defined and marked. His third style was the *Vaporoso*, or misty, vaporous, and blending. This he adopted partly because Herrera el Mozo had made it the fashion, and partly because, being stinted for time from the increased orders, he could not finish so highly. Thus, like Turner and Wilkie, to get more quickly over his work, he sacrificed a somewhat of his previous conscientious drawing.

The *Museo* of Seville, which is by far the first provincial one in Spain, is, as most other things there, the creation of accident and individuals; nor does it contain a single specimen of Velazquez, the greatest painter of Spain, and in this his native city. In 1836 the Canon Manuel Lope Cepero, now the dean, a gentleman of real taste and high honour, managed at the suppression of the convents, when appropriation and Vandalism were the order of the day, to get the best pictures removed to the Cathedral, a sanctuary where they were saved from the spoilers; the authorities, who cared for none of these things, affording no other assistance than that of *galley-slaves*, to do the mere porters' work! In 1838 Señor Bejarano managed by a private subscription to move them into their present situation. Meanwhile, as nothing in Spain is ever complete, here in Seville we sigh for fine specimens of Velazquez, Luis de Vargas, and even Alonso Cano; nevertheless it is the best place in the whole Peninsula to study the masters of this school, many of whose names and works have scarcely even been heard of in England, such as the Polanco's, Valdez Leal, Varela, Vasquez, &c. A meagre catalogue of this Museo was published in 1850 by one Alvarez.

At the entrance is the elaborate iron Cruz, which stood formerly in the *Cerrageria*, and is the work of Sebastian Conde, 1692. The other antique sculpture scattered about in most admired disorder, is second-rate. The fine *Silleria del Coro* by P. D. Cornejo, from the *Cartuja*, is placed in a room below, as also the carvings by Montanes. Among the finest pictures observe No. 1, the Apotheosis of Thomas Aquinas, the master-piece of Francisco Zurbaran, and painted in 1625, for the *Colegio de Santo Tomas*; "Removed" to Paris by Soult, it was recovered by Wellington at Waterloo; the Head of St. Thomas is the portrait of a Don Agustin de Ecobar; the drapery, velvet, armour, &c., offer a blaze of splendour combined with much more stuff

and substance than in the ornamental brocades of P. Veronese; Zurbaran is called the Spanish Carravaggio, but he is much more Titianesque, more elevated in mind and manner. Among the other Zurbarans observe, "San Henrique de Sufon" and No. 10 "San Luis Bertran," and the "Padre Eterno;" also, No. 150, a Saviour in violet as a youth plaiting a crown of thorns; also the three first-rate pictures from the *Cartuja*—"San Bruno before Urban II.," "the Virgin protecting the Monks," and No. 137 "San Hugo in the Refectory;" although unfortunately injured by over cleaning, they are magnificent. No one ever painted fleecy-hosiery Carthusian monks like Zurbaran; he was, however, apt to draw too much from lay figures, which gives a hard outline, no throbbing life heaves under his regular folds. The studier of style will notice the peculiar pinky tone of this master, especially in female cheeks: they seem fed on roses, as was said of Parrhasius and Baroccio; but the prevalent use of rouge at that time influenced his eye, as it did that of Velazquez. No. 19, *San Pedro Nolasco*, is by Fr^o. Pacheco, the feeble master and father-in-law of Velazquez. By the presumptuous and conceited *Herrera el Mozo* is No. 13, Santa Anna and the Virgin.

Of Juan de Castillo, Murillo's master, observe the series of 5 from the Monte Sion, especially the "Annunciation," "Visitation," "Nativity and Adoration, and Coronation of the Virgin." In No. 136 the "San Andres" of Roelas, a child is almost equal to some by Correggio, as a warrior is to one by Titian. Of *Herrera el Viejo*, the bold dashing master of Velazquez, who lost his scholars with his temper, observe the *San Hermenegildo*, to which the artist owed his safe deliverance; guilty of a forgery, he had fled to an asylum, where he painted this picture. Philip IV., who saw it in 1624, inquired for the author, and pardoned him, observing that such talents ought never to be abused. His

San Basilio is bold and Ribera-like: observe the kneeling bishop and the handling of the drapery, for in it is the germ of Velazquez. The pictures of Frutet, a Calvario, Christ on a Cross, Descent, and a Virgin, which came from Las Bubas; as well as those of the presumptuous Juan Valdes, from San Geronimo, are second-rate; observe, however, the *Calvario*, and those relating to San Jerome, which are painted with a most Spanish defiance of time, place, and costume. Notice especially the *terra cotta*, "St. Jerome" of Pietro Torrigiano, which was long in the Buena Vista convent. This great Italian, born at Florence about 1470, and known in history for breaking his co-pupil Michael Angelo's nose, was sent to Spain by his patron, Pope Alexander VI., a Borgia and a Spaniard. He came to Granada in the hopes of executing the Sepulchre of Ferdinand and Isabella; rejected because a foreigner, he turned to England, and wrought that of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey. Torrigiano returned to Spain, where he modelled a Virgin, of which the exquisite *La mano á la teta*, in the Seville plaster-shops, is a cast. He died—oh! blot to Seville—tortured in the vaults of the Inquisition, nominally because of suspected faith, but really a victim of artistical jealousy and *Españolismo*. But so Bernard Palissy, the Luca de la Robbia of France, perished in 1589, consigned to a dungeon by bigoted persecutors.

Near this "St. Jerome" is a *Santo Domingo*, from *Portaceli*, by Montañes. The anatomical and fair nudity of the Italian contrasts with the brown draped work of the Spaniard. Observe also a crucifix and a St. Dominick by the same sculptor, and a crucifix by Matias Vazquez de Leca, 1614; from the *Cartuja* convent, the four repainted Virtues, and the *Sillería del Coro*. Notice also No. 114, a "Last Supper," and a "Christ," by the learned Pablo de Cespedes; a Battle of Clavijo, by Juan de Varela; a portrait of Ferd. VII., by Goya; and No. 380, the celebrated Last Judgment, by Martin de Vos, from San Agustín, whose female nudi-

ties were so long a stumbling-block to the priests, who could not say mass quietly before them. Pacheco (*Arte de Pint.*, 201), states the case of a venerable prelate who was so troubled by the deshabelle of a condemned gentlewoman, that he pronounced exposure to a hurricane in the storm-vexed Bermudas—he had been a sailor in his youth—to be infinitely less perilous.

The Murillos are placed in the *Sala de Murillo*, like gems set in a diadem. The finest came from the Capuchin convent, for which they were painted at his best period. Although the present light is better than that of their original positions, yet they lose something by the change, as Murillo, in designing them, calculated each exactly for its locality, and painted up to the actual light and point of view; and we moreover much miss the *Capuchino* cicerone, who seemed to have stepped out of one of the pictures to tell us where Murillo went for a model, and how true was his portrait; the *Santo Tomas de Villanueva*, No. 155, was called by the painter *su cuadro*, his own picture. The beggars are beyond price; the smallest is worth a wilderness of best dressed lords and ladies of the bed-chamber; none could represent them and Franciscans like Murillo, and simply because he painted them the most, and drew only what he saw actually in the *Macarena* and at every convent gate, as all who remember the genus monasticum will admit. His was a faithful transcript of Spanish mendicant and monastic nature, neither more nor less. No. 154, the *San Felix de Cantalicio*, is the perfection of the *vaporoso*: the delicate young flesh of the child, the Corregiesque morbidez, contrasts with the greys of the aged saint. This, say the Spaniards, is painted *con leche y sangre*, or with milk and blood. No. 156, the *Santas Justa y Rufina*, is in his *calido* style, forcible, and yet tender. "The Nativity;" No. 152 "The Adoration of Shepherds;" *San Leandro* and *San Buenaventura*—observe the peeping boy like Correggio, not that Murillo

ever studied from him, he looked rather to the children as painted by Roelas. Observe the *San José*; *San Juan con el Cordero* and No. 165, "The Virgin and Child," called *La Servilleta*, because said to have been painted on a dinner-napkin; the child almost struggles out of its mother's arms, and out of the picture-frame. What a creative power, what a coiner was our Murillo, who could convert into a bank-note a napkin, in which most Spaniards bury their petit talent! No. 161, "St. Francis embracing the Crucified Saviour:" here is seen Murillo's great power of drawing. Observe, also, "The Virgin and Angels with the Dead Christ," and "The Annunciation." No. 157, the *San Antonio*, is a finer picture than that in the cathedral; observe the monk's expression looking on the child that is seated on his book. Also No. 162, *San Felix*, half-length. All these came from the Capuchinos. There is also an early Murillo, a "Virgin and Child," from San Jose, and two of San Agustin. The rest of the collection, some hundred pictures, are by different artists, and of different degrees of merit. The above selected are the pearls of greatest price. And last, not least, observe No. 151, *La Concepcion* by Murillo, once a gem of the Capuchin convent. No. 1 is another and larger of this popular Seville subject, but not so fine: Murillo, from his excellence in painting this "mystery," was called *el pintor de las concepciones*.

The crowning and protecting mystery of Spain is the dogma that the Virgin was born free from all taint of original sin. This is so peculiar and national, occurs so frequently in church, chapel, and gallery, and has occupied so many pens, pencils, and chisels, that some explanation is absolutely necessary in any 'Handbook for Spain.' The assertion that she was exempt from original sin—which by deifying the *Woman*, denies the humanity of the Saviour, a dogma which, in 1854! is the panacea of Pio Nono—was due to a heretic, Pelagius, while the orthodox St. Augustine taught the reverse

(de N. et G. 36; contra Jul. v. 15, vi. 22). The dispute of this Immaculate Conception waxed warm in the 13th century, but the Roman clergy took little interest in a mere question of casuistry. The Council of Trent blinked the question, wishing to decide nothing (see Sarpi *Historia*, p. 188, ed. 1629). Not so the Spaniard, whose worship of an Astarte is almost sexual: accordingly, when it was revived in 1613, a Dominican monk having contended that the Deipara was liable to the pains and penalties of original sin, their rival mendicants the Franciscans affirmed that she was exempt. Those of Seville took the lead so violently that, before the Dominicans were silenced by the Pope, the whole population assembled in churches, and sallying forth with an emblematical picture of the *sinless* Mary, set upon a sort of standard surmounted by a cross, paraded the city in different directions, singing praises to the *Immaculate Conception*, and repeating aloud the hymns of her *rosary*. These processions long constituted one of the peculiar usages of Seville; and, although confined to the lower classes, assumed that characteristic importance and overbearing spirit which, as among the Moslems, is attached to religious associations in Spain. Wherever one of these processions presents itself to the public, it takes up the street from side to side, stopping the passengers and expecting them to stand uncovered in all kinds of weather till the standard is gone by. These banners are called *Sin Pecados*, that is, "sinless," from the theological opinion in support of which they were raised.

They take place during the holy week and the winter season, and are very picturesque. At nightfall the long lines of men, women, and children, two and two, are seen twinkling through the narrow streets, which are illuminated from the balconies of the houses. Their hymns are precisely the old, *Nocturnis, Hecate, triviiis ululata per urbes*; and there is something striking in the melody of the chant of distant voices heard as it approaches: the procession

is headed by devotees, who carry richly chased lamps, *faroles*, on staves. The parish priest follows, bearing the glittering banner of gold and velvet, the *Sin Pecado*, on which the Virgin is embroidered; as soon as the cortège passes by, the candles in the balconies are put out: thus, while all before is one glare of light, all behind is dark, and it seems as if the banner of the Virgin cast glory and effulgence before her, like the fire-pillar which preceded the Israelites in the desert. The scholar may compare all this with the accounts of the "Omnipotentis Deæ fœcundum simulacrum;" the lamps, songs, *antecantamenta*, and processions of the *Pompa* of Isis described by Apuleius, 'Met.' xi. 243, et seq. The air of the music varies in different parishes: the words are *Dios te salve Maria, Uenâeres de gracia, el Señor es contigo, bendita tu eres entre todas las mugeres, y bendito es el fruto de tu vientre; Jesus! Sta. Maria, Madre de Dios, ruega Señora por nosotros pecadores ahora y en la hora de nuestra muerte.*

The Spanish government, under Charles III., showed the greatest eagerness to have the *sinless purity* of the Virgin Mary added by the Pope to the articles of the Roman Catholic faith. The court of Rome, however, with the cautious spirit which has at all times guided its spiritual politics, endeavoured to keep clear from a stretch of authority, which even some of its own divines would be ready to question; but splitting, as it were, the difference with theological precision, the censures of the church were levelled against such as should have the boldness to assert that the Virgin Mary had derived any taint from her ancestress Eve; next, having personified the *Immaculate Conception*, it was declared that the Spanish dominions in Europe and America were under the protecting influence of that mysterious event: the declaration, on the 22nd October, 1617, diffused joy over all Spain. Seville went religiously mad. Zuñiga and Valderama enter into all the details of the bull-fights which were celebrated on the

occasion. Charles III. afterwards instituted an order, to which he gave his name "*Carlos Tercero*," under the emblem of the Immaculate Conception—a woman dressed in white and blue; and a law was enacted requiring a declaration upon oath of a firm belief in the Immaculate Conception from every individual previous to his taking any degree at the universities, or being admitted into any of the corporations, civil and religious, which abound in Spain. This oath was administered even to mechanics upon their being made free of a guild. At Seville a college, *Las Becas*, was founded solely to instruct youth in the defence of this mystery. All the facts and opinions, both *pro* and *con*, are collected by the Franciscan Pedro Alva y Astorga, under the title "*Funiculi nodi indissolubiles de conceptu mentis et ventris*:" Brussels, 1661. The author left 18 more volumes on this subject, which still remain unpublished (see Antonio, 'Bib. Nov.' ii. 168). The arguments may be summed up in three words, *decurit, potuit, fecit*. The miracle was becoming the occasion, it was in the power of the Almighty to work it, and he did.

Formerly no one entered a house or company without giving the watchword of Seville, *Ave Maria purissima*, to which the inmates responded by the countersign *sin pecado concebida*: now the first portion is generally the indication of a visit from a mendicant.

Seville having taken the lead in the dispute, as became the capital of ultramariolatrous Andalucia, *La tierra de la Santissima*, it is natural that some of the most perfect conceptions of Murillo and Alonso Cano should have been devoted to the embodying this incorporeal mystery; and never has dignified composure and innocence of mind, unruffled by human guilt or passion, pure unsexual unconsciousness of sin or shame, heavenly beatitude past utterance, or the unconquerable majesty and "hidden strength of chastity," been more exquisitely portrayed. She appears in a state of extatic bea-

titude, and borne aloft in a golden æther to heaven, to which point her beauteous eyes are turned, by a group of angels, which none could paint or colour like Murillo, who seems to have studied in heaven those little cherubs of which that kingdom is made. The retiring virgin loveliness of the blessed Mary seems to have stolen so gently, so silently on her, that she is unaware of her own power and fascination. The Inquisition required the Virgin to be painted as about fifteen years old, very beautiful, with those regular features which the Greek artists selected to express the perfect passionless serenity of the immortal gods, devoid of human frailties, and the type of "the unpolluted temple of the mind;" that her attitude should be—

"Her graceful arms in meekness bending
Across her gently budding breast;"—

that she should be clad in a spotless robe of blue and white, because she appeared in those colours to Beatriz de Silva. She should bruise with her heel the serpent's head; thus trampling on the author of original sin. She should stand on the moon in a crescent shape; thus combining at once the symbol of Pagan and Moslem, the crescent of Isis, of Diana, and of the Turk. The horns should be placed downwards, because in fact the moon is always solid, although it appears to us, from the sun getting between it and the earth, to be occasionally a crescent. The moon is introduced because the "Woman, clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars" (Rev. xii. 1) is held at Rome to signify "the Virgin," while Protestants interpret the "Woman" as an image only of the Christian or spiritual Church. Meantime these stars should never be omitted. The body of the Virgin should float in an atmosphere of light, derived from herself. The cordon of San Francisco, sacred as the *Zennaar* cord of the Brahmans, should encircle the whole, because it is the badge of that order which defended her immaculate conception. The subject is often

surrounded with smaller pictures, which represent those different attributes and manifold perfections of the Virgin, which are celebrated in her Hymn and Litany. Murillo's unapproachable pre-eminence in representing this charming subject procured for him the name of *el pintor de la Concepcion*. The draperies of the Virgin must be very long, and her feet never shown; and this forms one guide to distinguish Spanish from Italian pictures of this subject.

The mystery of the incarnation is shadowed out in the armorial bearings of the Virgin, the *vase with lily-branches, jarro con acucenas*, which is to be seen sculptured in Spanish cathedrals, most of which are dedicated to her, and not to the Father or Son. In the middle ages an idea was prevalent that any female who ate the lily would become pregnant: *Lucina sine concubitu*. See some remarks of ours in the 'Quar. Rev.' cxxiii. 130.

The University of Seville was originally a convent erected by the Jesuits in 1565-79, after designs of Herrera, and in their peculiar worldly pomp, which contrasted with the gloomy piles of the more ascetic orders. When Charles III. expelled them in 1767, it was assigned, by the praiseworthy efforts of Olavide, to purposes of education. The arrangement in the church of the subsequent frieze, cornice, and architraves is objectionable, when compared with the original Doric. Recently many churrigueresque altars and absurd ornaments have been removed. It may be called the second *Museum* of Seville, and the founder was the same worthy Cepero. A tolerable library has been formed from those of the suppressed convents, and the system of education has been modernised and improved since 1846.

Although the position of the *Coro Alto* of the chapel spoils the general effect, the raised *altar mayor*, with its tabernacle by Matias, 1604, is noble. The superb Corinthian *Retablo* designed by Alonso Matias, in 1606, contains three grand paintings by Roelas—a Holy Family, with Jesuits;

a Nativity; and an Adoration. No one ever painted the sleek and oily grimalkin Jesuit like Roelas. Observe an Annunciation by Pacheco; a St. John the Evangelist, and a St. John the Baptist, by Alonso Cano. The statues of St. Peter and St. Paul are by Montañes. Observe the smaller picture by Roelas, and particularly the Infant Saviour. *Al lado del Evangelio* are the bronze monuments of Francisco Duarte and his wife Catalina, ob. 1554; both were brought in 1840 from the Convento de la Victoria de Triana.

The *Retablos* of the chapels of *Concepcion* and *Las Reliquias* deserve notice: in the latter are pictures in the manner of Pacheco. Observe the two images made to be dressed, *imagenes de vestir*, of Francisco de Borja and San Ignacio, wrought in 1610 by Montañes; the latter was coloured by Francisco Pacheco, and probably is the best portrait of the founder of the order of Jesuits that exists; also by him a crucifix and a fine *Concepcion*; and some pictures, by Cano, of the lives of San Cosmé, San Damian, a Saviour, and a Holy Father. Among the monumental curiosities removed from Santiago de Espada, a church which Soult turned into a stable, observe, first, the founder's tomb, Lorenzo Suarez de Figueroa, with his favourite dog Amadis at his feet; and next the sepulchre of the learned Benito Arias Montano, ob. 1598: these were brought also from the Santiago, and properly placed here as an example to young students; remark the costume. In an apartment recently fitted up are 4 heads of Latin fathers by Alonso Cano, 2 pictures by Roelas, and a good Zarbarán.

On the suppression of the *Cartuja* convent, the burial-place of the Ribera family, Canon Cepero induced their representative, the Duke of Medina Celi, to remove the fine sepulchres of his ancestors: that of Pedro Enriquez, ob. 1492, was sculptured at Genoa by Antonio Charona in 1606. The Virgin and Child is much admired, as also the weeping genius, called *La Tea*,

from the reversed torch; its companion was taken to Madrid. The armed effigy is somewhat heavy. Observe the statues of Diego Gomez de Ribera, ob. 1434, and his wife Beatriz Puerto-Carrero, ob. 1548. Among others of this warlike family, most of whom spent their lives in combating the Moor, are Perafan de Ribera, ob. 1455, and another of the same name, ob. 1423, aged 105; perhaps the finest is that of Doña Catalina, ob. 1505, which was made for her son Fadrique, in Genoa, 1519, by Pace Gazini. It was mutilated by the French, by whom the splendid bronze of this Fadrique was destroyed, when Soult converted the Cartuja into a barrack: one large flat monumental engraved brass only escaped—the effigy of his nephew Fadrique, ob. 1571, viceroy of Naples, where it is conjectured that it was executed. For further details consult *Una Visita á la Universidad*. A. M., de Cisneros y Lanura, Seville, 1853.

Seville, in good old times, contained more than 140 churches, filled with objects of piety, art, and value; many were plundered and pulled down by Soult's sappers, and others since the suppression of monasteries have shared a similar fate. These establishments were well endowed, and afforded a festival and spectacle of some kind or other for almost every day in the year, and, in fact, monopolized the time and relaxation of the people. There are three kinds of religious days or festivals: the first are called *Fiestas de precepto*, on which no sort of work may be done; the second are *Fiestas de concejo*, which might and ought to be held sacred also; the third are *Fiestas de medio trabajo*, half holidays, when work is permitted on condition of having first heard a mass; the scholar may compare the ancient *Dies Festi—et Profesti* (see Macrob. Sat. i. 16; Virg. Georg. i. 268). M. Soult arrested all this prodigious and pious idling: first, by sapping the religious principle of belief; secondly, by knocking down the buildings, and seizing the funds by which the holiday shows were supported.

Among the most interesting old churches which survive, the ecclesiologist may still visit *San Lorenzo*: here is a "Concepcion" by F. Pacheco, 1624; an "Annunciation" by Pedro de Villagas Marmolejo, who lies buried here, with an epitaph written by Arias Montano. Here also is buried the prolific priest Juan Bustamante, ob. 1678, etat. 125; this true *Padre* was father of 42 legitimate and 9 natural children. In the *Retablo* are 4 medallions and a *San Lorenzo*, by Montañes, by whom also is *Nuestro Señor de gran Poder*, a superb graven image.

In the *Colegio*, or ancient university, *de Maese Rodrigo*, so called from the founder, Rodrigo Fernandez de Santaella, 1505, are or were some injured pictures by Zurbaran. The portrait of the founder, by Zurbaran, has been entirely repainted by Bejarano. Readers of Cervantes should look at the *Marmorillos*, mentioned in the *Rinconetes y Cortadillo*.

San Clemente contains a splendid *alerce* roof, and a plateresque high altar by Montañes, and a portrait of St. Ferdinand by Valdes, and 2 pictures of him by Pacheco: the *Azulejos* are curious, and of the date 1588. Observe the grand and powerful St. John the Baptist, carved by Jaspas Nuñez Delgado, and painted by Pacheco.

San Miguel is very ancient; the statue of the tutelar is either by Roldan or his daughter; observe the pillars and capitals, and the Christ, by Montañes, bearing his cross; it is one of his finest works, and is called *El Padre Jesus de la Pasion*. It has an especial *cofradia* for its worship and custody. The pictures called "Raphael and Vandyke" are bad copies.

The magnificent ch. of the convent of *St. Pablo* has been recently appropriated to the parish: it contains paintings by Arteaga, and frescoes by Lucas Valdes, and some fine *Pasos*.

In *San Andres* is a "Concepcion" by Montañes, with many small pictures by Villegas.

In *San Alberto* is a *Via Crucis*, said to be by Cano, and several Pachecos;

the glorious *Retablo*, by Roldan, was pulled down by the French and sold as wood for firing, when Soutl turned the ch. into a cartridge-manufactory.

The tower of *San Pedro* is Moorish; observe the *artesonado* roof and the fine *Retablo*: the pictures by Campana have been repainted. The "Delivery of St. Peter" is by Roelas.

San Juan de la Palma was a Moorish mosque dedicated to the Baptist; the Arabic inscription at the entrance records that "this great temple was rebuilt in 1080 by Axataf." The cross occupies the site of the palm, under which the dead were buried. One of the corpses, in 1537, hearing a rich Jew say that the mother of God was not a Virgin, rose from his grave and denounced him to the Inquisition, who burnt the sceptic and confiscated his property. Inside is a "Crucifixion" by Campana, early and hard, and an infant Christ by Montañes.

In *San Isidoro* is "*El Transito*," or the death of the tutelar saint, the masterpiece of Roelas, a very great master, although much less known and appreciated than he deserves: observe the gray heads, the Correggiesque flesh tints, so much studied by Murillo, and the admirable composition. The lower portion is the finest, and the heads are evidently portraits. Here also are an indifferent "St. Anthony" and "St. Paul," by Campana, both repainted, and some pictures by Valdes: the *El Cireneo* is carved by Bernardo Gijon.

In *Santa Maria la Blanca*, a synagogue down to 1391, are some granite columns, thought to be Roman. Soutl plundered it of the 5 Murillos, leaving only by him a "Last Supper," in his *frio* style. Here is a "Dead Christ," by L. de Vargas; very fine and Florentine, but cruelly injured and neglected.

The *Colegiata San Salvador* continued in its original mosque form down to 1669, when it was rebuilt in the worst Churriguerismo, and afterwards still more disfigured by Cayetano Acosta, by whom is the abominable

Transfiguration; the image of San Cristobal is by Montañes, those of Sa. Rufina and Sa. Justa are by P. D. Cornejo. The *Patio* was the original Moorish court: here is a miraculous crucifix, *El Cristo de los Desamparados*, where countless pictures and "votive tablets" are hung up by those relieved by its miracles, as in the days of Horace and Tibullus. The sick come here for cure, and suspend legs, arms, and models of the parts benefited, made of wax, which become the fee of the priest; and from the number it would seem that he has more practice, and effects more cures, than the regular Sangrados; but it must be remembered that those who are not cured but die, make no signs.

San Vicente was founded in 300. Here, in 421, Gunderic, entering to plunder, was repulsed by fiends. Here San Isidoro died, A.D. 636: the affecting account, by Redempto, an eye-witness, is printed in the *Esp. Sagr.* ix. 402. Outside is painted the tutelar with his familiar crow holding a pitchfork in his mouth: a rudder would have been more appropriate (see p. 130). But these attendant birds are an old story—Juno had a cuckoo on her sceptre (Paus. ii. 17. 4), Jupiter preferred an eagle, Esculapius a cock. Inside is a painting of Christ by Morales, and some large pictures by Francisco de Varela.

In *San Julian* is a fresco of St. Christopher by Juan Sanctis de Castro, 1484; it was barbarously repainted in 1828. Under some shutters to the l. is a "Holy Family" by him, which has escaped better, and is one of the oldest paintings in Seville: the kneeling figure is one of the Tous Monsalvez family, who were buried here, and to whom the Virgin appeared on a broom-bush; hence she is called *de la Iniesta*. Observe the *Rejas*, made of votive chains of captives delivered by her interference. Catenam ex voto Laribus—so the Phileans offered their chains to their goddess (Paus. i. 58). There is a curious old folio on her legend. The "Concepcion" at the altar is, some

say, by Cano. The plateresque *Retablo* has a fine painting of Santa Lucia, the patroness of eyes (*lux*, light). In the church of this *Santa Lucia*, once a mosque, is a "Martyrdom of the Patroness," by Roelas, and a sweet *Conception*, attributed to Cano.

San Esteban, once a Mosarabic church, contains specimens by Zurbaran, and a fine "Christ bearing the Cross," by Montañes.

The tower of *San Marcos* may be ascended, as Cervantes often did, to see the house near it of his beloved Isabella.

In *San Martin* is a "Descent from the Cross," ascribed to Cano; but it is a Roman painting, and inscribed "Jo. Guy. Romo. f. año 1608;" observe the chapel of Juan Sanchez Gallego, built in 1500, and repaired in 1614. In the *Retablo* are some early paintings by *Herrera el Viejo*.

The admirers of Roelas should visit La Academia, where is a "Concepcion" by him equal to Guido.

N.B. Several pictures by Roelas exist at *Olivares*, 4 L. N.W. of Seville, and a pleasant ride. He was canon of that church. There he painted, in 1624, a "Birth of Christ," now much injured; an "Adoration," an "Annunciation," a "Marriage of the Virgin," the "Death of St. Joseph;" but although his last, they are not his best works. Here he died, April 23, 1625.

The *Calle de la Sierpe*, the Bond-street of Seville, leads to the *Plaza del Duque*, where the great Dukes of Medina Sidonia had their palace. This central square is planted, and forms the fashionable nocturnal promenade; during the summer months, and which is truly southron and striking. It is a miniature Vauxhall, minus the price of admission or the lamps; but the dusk is all the better for those who, like glow-worms, need no other light but their bright eyes, which never sparkle brighter than by night, and it has not yet been settled whether the fair sex of Seville blushes or not in the dark: certain it is, that the moon, which cannot ripen grapes, here ripens love, and in these torrid climes the rays of the cold chaste

orb of Dian are considered more dangerous than the *tabardillo* or *coup de soleil*: "*mas quema la Luna, que el Sol*," the moon sets more on fire than the sun, so propinquity is doubly hazardous, since the Spanish man is peculiarly combustible, *fire* itself according to the proverb, and the woman being *tow*, the smallest puff of the evil one creates an awful conflagration.

"*El hombre es fuego, la muger estopa,
Viene el diablo y sopla.*"

Continuing from this plaza, walk by the ch. of *San Vicente* to the *Alameda Vieja*, the ancient but now deserted walk of Seville. The water of the fountain here, *del Arzobispo*, is excellent, and the best in Seville. Look at the Roman pillars and statues (see p. 172). Here reside the horse-dealers and jockeys, and cattle-dealing continually goes on.

June is the great month for *Veladas*, vigils, and wakes, nocturnal observances kept on the eve preceding the holy day: the chief is that on the 24th, St. John's day, and is celebrated on this old Alameda, and is proverbially merry:—

"*La de San Juan en Sevilla
Es alegre á maravilla.*"

This St. John's, our midsummer eve, is or was devoutly dedicated to flirtation by both sexes, who go or ought to go out at daybreak to gather vervain, *coger la verbena*, which represents in Spain the magical fern-seed of our forefathers. Bonfires are lighted, in sign of rejoicings—like the *bon-feu* of our Guy Fauxes—over and through which the lower classes leap; all this is the exact manner by which the ancients celebrated the entrance of the sun into the summer solstice. The fires of Cybele were kindled at midnight. The jumping over them was not merely a feat of activity, but of meritorious devotion (Ovid. *Fast* iv. 727):

"*Certe ego transilii positas ter ordine
flammas.*"

This custom of passing through the fire of Baal or Moloch was expressly forbidden in the year 680, at the 5th

council of Constantinople, to which the younger classes of Sevillians are as scandalously inattentive as the Irish at their similar Baal-tinné. But civilisation is sapping creeds and practices in Spain.

To the left of the fountain is a barrack of tattered invalids, which once was a convent of Jesuits, and when that order was suppressed was given up to the Inquisition. The edifice, rather cheerful than forbidding, partakes more of the attraction of its first proprietors than of the horror of its second. Dismantled by the populace, it contains no record of its dungeons, and torture-rooms; but, fast hastening to ruin, is in all respects a fit abode for its inmates.

Turning to the rt. is *La Feria*, where a fair is held every Thursday, which all should visit; it is the precise Sook e juma of Cairo; the street leads to the *Plaza de la Encarnacion*—now the market place, to construct which the French pulled down a convent dedicated to the Incarnation. Here the naturalist will study the fish, flesh, fruits, and fowls; the fish and game are excellent, as is also the pork, when fattened by the autumnal acorn, the *bellota*. Instinct teaches these feræ naturæ to fatten themselves on the good things which a bountiful nature provides. Those meats which require artificial care, and the attention of man, are very far inferior. Observe the purchases made, the two-ounce "joints" of meat or carrion, for the poverty-stricken *olla*, *parsimonious* as in the time of Justin (xliv. 2). It must be remembered, that in this burning climate less animal food, which generates caloric, is necessary than in the cold north. Notwithstanding, the Spanish proverb considers the man who dines in Seville as especially favoured by heaven, "*A quien Dios quiere bien, en Sevilla le da de comer*," few of our English readers will think so.

In the *Calle del Candilejo* is a bust of Don Pedro, placed, it is said, in memorial of his having here stabbed a man. The *Rey Justiciero* quartered

himself in effigy *only*. His and Lord Byron's "friend," Don Juan, was a Sevillian *majo*, and a true hidalgo. The family name was Tenorio. He lived in a house now belonging to the nuns of *San Leandro*, in which there is some good carving, although the French did infinite mischief there. (For his real pedigree, see our paper in the 'Quar. Rev.' cxvii. 82; consult also the *Burlador de Sevilla* or *Convidado de Piedra*, by Tirso de Molina, with Ochoa's preface in the *Tesoro del Teatro Español*. Paris, 1838; vol. iv. 74); the Tenorios had a chapel in the Franciscan convent, where the murdered Comendador was buried, and to which *Don Juan* fled, when the monks killed him, and trumped up the story of his Devil-death: the chapel and the *statue* were destroyed when the convent was burnt.

Do not fail to look at the extraordinary *Azulejo* portal of *Santa Paula*, of the time of the Catholic kings; the carvings in the chapel are by Cano. The French carried off all the pictures. Here are sepulchres of Juan, constable of Portugal, and Isabel his wife, the founders.

The founding hospital, or *La Cuna*, the *cradle*, as it is called in Spain, is in the *Calle de la Cuna*; a marble tablet is thus inscribed, near an aperture left for charitable donations:—"Quoniam pater meus et mater mea deliquerunt me Dominus autem assumpsit" (Ps. xxvii. 10). A wicket door, *el torno*, is pierced in the wall, which opens on being tapped, to receive the sinless children of sin, whom a nurse sits up at night to take in. This, formerly little better than a charnel-house, and where sinless children of sin and innocents were massacred (see 'Gatherings,' p. 223), has been taken in charge by some benevolent ladies, assisted by Sisters of Charity, and, although the shadow of death still hovers over this so-called *cradle* of life, is better conducted: the inadequate funds are much increased, a duty of a real being levied for its support on every *fanega* of corn sold in the market.

Seville is surrounded with seven

suburbs; the circuit of the Moorish walls, about a league, with its gates and towers, once numbering 166, contains many objects of first-rate interest. We shall commence going out from the *Calle de las Armas*, by the *Fuerta Real*, the *Royal Gate*, through which St. Ferdinand entered in triumph. It was called by the Moors *Gules*, which the Sevillians, who run wild about Hercules, consider to be a corruption from that name: it is simply the gate of *Gules*, a Moorish suburb (Conde, iii. 35). The present gate is built in the Roman style, and is disproportionate to the site. Emerging from a dip to the rt. is the *Colegio de Merced*, or *San Laureano*, which was pillaged and desecrated by Sault's troops, and made a prison for galley-slaves by the Spaniards; behind it are the ruins of the house of Fernando, son of the great Columbus. The suburb is called *Los Humeros*, supposed to have been the site of the Roman naval arsenal. Here were the *tunnels* and Moorish dock-yard, and residence of fishermen. It is now tenanted by gipsies, the *Zincali*; Seville in their Romany is called *Ulilla* and *Safacoro*, and the Guadalquivir, *Len Baro*, or the Great River. *Zevya* is their darling city, where so much is congenial to their habits. Here always resides some old hag who will get up a *funcion*, or gipsy dance (see 'Gatherings,' p. 327). Here will be seen the dark-eyed *callees*—*ojos con gran fuego y intencion*—and their lovers, armed with shears, *para monrabar*. Here lives the true blood, the *errate*, who abhor the rest of mankind, the *busré*. Borrow's accurate vocabulary is the key to the gitanesque heart, for according to him they have hearts and souls. As the existence of this work of the Gil Blas of gipsies is unknown to them, they will be disarmed when they find the stranger speaking their own tongue; thus those who have a wish to see the fancy and *majo* life at Seville, which is much the fashion among many of the young nobles, will possess *la clé du caveau*, and singular advantages. Our younger Britons must be cautious, for,

as Cervantes says, "These gipsies are but a good-for-nothing people, and only born to pick and steal;" they are "fish-hooks of purses," as Solorcano has it. The pretty gipsy lasses are popular; they traffic on sure wants; they prophesy money to Spanish men, and husbands to Spanish women; and in spite of their cheating words, a little will stick with listeners who readily believe what they vehemently wish.

Turning to the rt., between the river banks and the walls, is the *Patin de las Damas*, a raised rampart and planted walk, made in 1773. The city on this side is much exposed to inundations. Opposite in its orange-groves is Mr. Pickman's pottery—once the celebrated *Cartuja* convent; beyond rise the towers of Itálica and the purple hills of the *Sierra Morena*.

Passing the gate of San Juan is *La Barqueta*, or the ferry-boat. In the *Chozas*, opposite, true ichthyophiles go, like herons on the bank, to eat the shad, *Savalo*, the Moorish Shebbel. *Los Huevos* and *Savalo asado* are the correct thing, but this rich fish is unwholesome in summer. Here also *El Sollo*, the sturgeon, is caught, one of which the cathedral chapter used to send to the royal table, reserving the many others for their own. The walls now turn to the rt. Half a mile outside is the once noble convent of St. Jerome, called, from its pleasant views, *La Buena Vista*. The fine church was used for the furnaces of a bottle manufactory; that has burst since, and become bankrupt, but the smoke blackening the sacred pile has left the mark of the beast; it had previously been turned into a school, which also failed. The *Patio*, in Doric and Ionic worthy of Herrera, was designed by two monks, Bartolomé de Calzadilla and Felipe de Moron, in 1603. Observe the spacious red marble staircase, and the rich plaster pendentives to the ceilings in the first floor leading to the mirador. Here Axataf took his last farewell of Seville, when St. Ferdinand entered. Returning by gardens hedged with aloes and tall whispering canes, is San Lázaro, the *Leper Hospital* founded in

1284: the term *gafó*, leper, the Hebrew *chaphaph*, was one of the 5 actionable defamatory words of Spanish law. Observe the terra cotta ornaments on the Doric façade. The interior is miserable, as the funds of this true Lazar-house were either appropriated by the government or converted by the trustees chiefly to their own use. There are generally some twenty patients. Here will be seen cases of elephantiasis, the hideous swelled leg, a disease common in Barbary and not rare in Andalusia, and which is extended by the charity-imploing patient in the way of the passenger, whose eye is startled and pained by what at first seems a huge cankered boa-constrictor. These hospitals were always placed outside the cities: thus for this purpose our St. James's Palace was built; so, among the Jews, "lepers were put out of the camp" (Numb. v. 2). The plague-stricken were compelled to dwell alone (Lev. xiii. 46). The word *Lepero*, at Mexico, is equivalent to "beggar." He is the *Lazzarone* of Naples, that Paradise of idlers.

A Moorish causeway, raised in order to be a dam against inundations, leads to *La Macarena*, the huge *La Sangre* Hospital rising to the rt.; this is the suburb of the poor and agricultural labourers. The tattered and parti-coloured denizens of all ages and sexes, the children often stark naked, *vêtus du climat* as in Barbary, and like bronze Cupids, cluster outside their hovels in the sun. Their carts, implements, and animals are all pictures; observe the primitive carts, true *plaustra*, netted with *esparto*, and the patient resigned oxen with lustrous eye, so scriptural and sculptural, and mark the flower-adorned *frontales* between the horns; everything falls into a painter's group, a tableau vivant, and particularly as regards that Entomological Society which forms by far the most numerous and national of Spanish naturalists; they pursue certain "small deer," *caza menor*, for which a regular battue is always going on in the thick preserves of the women's hair. Here Murillo

came for subject and colour; here are the rich yellows and browns in which he revelled; here are beggars, imps, and urchins, squalid and squalling, who, with their parents, when simply transcribed by his faithful hand, seem to walk out of the frames, for their life and reality carries every spectator away.

Continuing the walk, turn l. to the enormous Hospital *de la Sangre*, or *de las cinco Llagas*, the 5 bleeding wounds of our Saviour, which are sculptured like bunches of grapes. Blood is an ominous name for this house of *San-grado*, whose lancet, like the Spanish knife, gives little quarter; neither does this low quarter, exposed to inundations and consequent fevers, seem well chosen as a site for a hospital. This edifice was erected in 1546 by Martin de Gainza and Hernan Ruiz. The intention of the foundress, Catalina de Ribera, was more perfect than the performance of her successors; after her death the funds were misapplied, only a fourth part of the plan was finished, and the building remains, and *may* remain, unfinished, although a pious person, named *Andueza*, has left legacies for the purpose.

The S. and principal façade, 600 ft. long, presents a noble architectural appearance of the classical Ionic and Doric style. The portal is one of the good architectural bits in Seville. The interior *Patio* is striking; the handsome chapel occupies the centre; on the front are sculptured medallions of Faith, Hope, and Charity, by Pedro Machuca; the chapel is a Latin cross, with Ionic pillars; the *Retablo* of the high altar was designed by Maeda in 1600, and gilt by Alonso Vazquez, whose pictures in it have suffered from neglect and repainting. Observe the "Crucifixion," with the "Magdalen," and eight Virgins, by Zurbaran, of no great merit. Invalid pictures, at all events, were not *restored* in this hospital, as many were used as floor-cloths.

The interior management of this hospital, now the principal one of Seville, is hardly yet a thing of which Medical Spain can be proud, although

recently somewhat improved in that respect, and much boasted of here.

Returning to the city walls, observe *la Barbacana*, the Barbican, Arabicè *Babel-cana*, the gate of the moat, or enclosure. The circumvallation all the way to the gate of *Osario*—so called because leading to the Moorish burial-ground—and admirably preserved, is built of *tapia*, with square towers and battlements, or *almenas*, which girdle Seville with a lace-like fringe. Near the *Cordova gate*, and opposite the hermitage of *San Hermenegildo*, where Herrera el Viejo was imprisoned, is the Capuchin convent of *Santas Justina* and *Rufina*, built on the spot where the lions would not eat these ladies patronesses of Seville. The church was long adorned by the Murillos now in the *Museo*; and rich was the treat in our day to see them all hanging as placed by the painter himself, with the bearded *Capuchinos* for ciceronis, who might have sat for the original monks, and who looked as if they stepped from the frames, of pictures, which they thus realised. Near the *Puerta del Sol*, the most E. gate, are *Los Trianarios Descalzos*, the site of the palace of Diogenianus, where the above-mentioned *Santas Justina* and *Rufina* were put to death. This fine convent was pillaged and desecrated by Soult's troops. Passing the long fantastic *salitres*, the saltpetre manufactory, now abandoned and going to ruin, the scene becomes more lively at the gate of Carmona. To the l. is *San Agustin*, once full of Murillos; M. Soult, having carried off the best, gutted the convent, and destroyed the magnificent sepulchres of the Ponce de Leon family, and rifled the graves: the tombs were restored in 1818 by the Countess-Duchess of Osuna, and an indignant record placed of these outrages against the dead. Next, this convent was made a den of thieves, a prison for galley-slaves, and is now become a matting manufactory, not worth inspecting. This side of Seville suffered somewhat from the bombardment in July, 1843.

The long lines of the aqueduct, *Los*

Caños de Carmona, now run picturesquely up to the *Humilladero* or *Cruz del Campo*. It was to this spot in April that all the world used to go, to behold the *Majos* return from the *Feria de Mairena*, before it was shorn of its glory. The next gate is *la Carne*, so called because leading to the shambles. To the l. is the suburb *San Bernardo*, which must be visited; the mounds of earth are composed of the collected heaps of Seville dust-holes; a planted walk leads to the *Fundicion*, the low, large artillery-foundry erected by Charles III., who employed one Maritz, a Swiss, to cast his cannon; once one of the finest in Europe, now it is one of the very worst: power of motion is obtained by mules or rude *maquinas de sangre*, engines of blood, not steam, and murderous is the waste of animal labour. Soult reorganised this establishment. Here were cast, by a Catalan, those mortars, á la Villantroy, with which Victor did not take Cadiz, while one of them was taken and now ornaments St. James's Park. Soult, before he fled, ordered as a parting legacy the foundry to be blown up, but the mine accidentally failed. The furnaces were then filled with iron, and with those cannon which he could not remove; but the amalgamated masses were subsequently got out by the Spaniards, and remain as evidence of his culinary talents. The relic is called *la torta Francesa*, or French omelette; a flint was also placed in the wheel of a powder-mill, which, when set in motion, struck against a steel; and by this cowardly contrivance, Colonel Duncan and other men were blown to atoms. (Conder's 'Spain,' ii. 14.) The splendid cinque-cento artillery, cast in Italy at a time when form and grace were breathed even over instruments of death, were "removed" by Angoulême in 1823. The Bourbon was the ally of Ferdinand VII.; Soult was, at least, his enemy.

In this suburb was the celebrated *Porta Celi* (Cœli), founded in 1450; here was printed the *Bula de Cruzada*, called because granted by Innocent

III., to keep the Spanish crusaders in fighting condition, by letting them eat meat rations in Lent when they could get them. This, the bull, *la Bula*, is announced with grand ceremony every January, when a new one is taken out, like a game certificate, by all who wish to sport with flesh and fowl with a safe conscience; and by the paternal kindness of the Pope, instead of paying 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*, for the small sum of *dos reales*, 6*d.*, a man, woman, or child may obtain this benefit of clergy and cookery: but woe awaits the uncertificated poacher—treadmills for life are a farce—perdition catches his soul, the last sacraments are denied to him on his deathbed; the first question asked by the priest is not if he repents of his sins, but whether he has his *bula*; and in all notices of indulgences, &c., *Se ha de tener la bula* is appended. The bull acts on all fleshly, but sinful comforts, like soda on indigestion: it neutralizes everything except heresy. The contract in 1846 was for 10,000 reams of paper to print them on at Toledo, and the sale produced about 200,000*l.*; the breaking one fast during Lent used to inspire more horror than breaking any two commandments; it is said that Spaniards now fast less—but still the staunch and starving are disgusted at Protestant appetites in eating meat breakfasts during Lent. It sometimes disarms them by saying "Tengo mi *bula* para todo." M. Soult robbed the till, burnt the printing-presses, and converted everything into a ruin (see 'Gatherings,' p. 243, and 'Compendio de las tres Gracias de la Santa Cruzada,' Fr. Alonso Perez de Lara, Mad. 1610).

The *Parroquia de San Bernardo* contains a superb "Last Judgment," by the dashing Herrera el Viejo; a "Last Supper," in the Sacristia, by Varela, 1622; and a statue of the "Tutelar," by Montañes, and others by Roldan. Here also is the *matadero*, the slaughter-house, and close by Ferdinand VII. founded his tauromachian university. These localities are frequented by the Seville fancy, whose favourite and classical dishes of a sort

of tripe, *callos y menudos*, are here eaten in perfection. See Pliny, 'N. H.,' viii. 51, as to the merits of the *Callum*. N.B. Drink manzanilla wine with these peppery condiments; they are highly provocative, and, like hunger, *la Salsa de San Bernardo*, are appropriately cooked in the parish of this tutelary of Spanish appetite. The sunny flats under the old Moorish walls, which extend between the gates of *Carmona* and *La Carne*, are the haunts of idlers, *Barateros*, and gamblers. The lower classes of Spaniards are constantly gambling at cards: groups are to be seen playing all day long for wine, love, or coppers, in the sun, or under their vine-trellises, capital groupings and studies for artists. There is generally some well-known cock of the walk, a bully, or *guapo*, who will come up and lay his hand on the cards, and say, "No one shall play here but with mine"—*aquí no se juega sino con mis barajas*. If the gamblers are cowed, they give him *dos cuartos*, a halfpenny each. If, however, one of the challenged be a spirited fellow, he defies him. *Aquí no se cobra el barato sino con un puñal de Albacete*—"You get no change here except out of an Albacete knife." If the defiance be accepted, *vamos alla* is the answer—"Let's go to it." There is an end then of the cards: all flock to the more interesting *écarté*. Instances have occurred, where Greek meets Greek, of their tying the two advanced feet together, and yet remaining fencing with knife and cloak for a quarter of an hour before the blow be dealt. The knife is held firmly, the thumb is pressed straight on the blade, and calculated either for the cut or thrust, to chip bread and kill men.

The term *Barato* strictly means the present which is given to waiters who bring a new pack of cards. The origin is Arabic, *Baara*, "a voluntary gift;" in the corruption of the *Baratero*, it has become an involuntary one; now the term resembles the Greek *βαρβατος*, homo perditus, whence the Roman *Balatrone*, the ruiners of markets, *Barathrumque Macelli*; our legal term

Barratry is derived from the medieval *Barrateria*, which Ducange very properly interprets as "cheating, foul play." Sancho's sham government was of *Barateria*; *Baratar*, in old Spanish, meant to exchange unfairly, to thimble-rig, to sell anything under its real value, whence the epithet *barato*, cheap. The *Baratero* is quite a thing of Spain, where personal prowess is cherished. There is a *Baratero* in every regiment, ship, prison, and even among galley-slaves. For the Spanish knife, its use and abuse, see *Albacete*.

The open space beyond the *Carne*, and called *el Rastro*, presents a no less national scene on the *Sabado Santo*, which may be considered a holiday equivalent to our Easter Monday. There and then the Paschal lambs are sold, or *corderos de Pascua*, as Easter is termed in Spanish. The bleating animals are confined in pens of netted rope-work; on every side the work of slaughter is going on; gipsies erect temporary shambles on this occasion; groups of children are everywhere leading away pet lambs, which are decorated with ribbons and flowers. The amateur will see in them and in their attitudes the living originals from which Murillo faithfully copied his *St. Johns* and the infant Saviour, *el divino Pastor*. This buying and selling continues from the Saturday until the end of Monday.

The huge mounds of rubbish opposite are composed of the accumulated dungholes of Seville, and under them are buried those who have died of plagues, which these *Immondezaios* are enough to render endemic; they were allowed to accumulate, while the clergy managed to suppress *theatres* to prevent recurrence of plague, a punishment from heaven.

Returning to the walls are the cavalry barracks, in which men, horses, and saddles are occasionally wanting. Now the Alcazar towers above the battlemented girdle of walls to the rt. The classical gate, *San Fernando*, was built in 1760; here it was that the Virgin miraculously introduced *St. Ferdinand* into Seville during the siege.

To the l. is the *Fabrica de Tabacos*, where tobacco is made into snuff and cigars. The edifice has 28 interior *patios*, and the enormous space covers a quadrangle of 662 feet by 524. It was finished in vile taste in 1757 after plans of one Vandembeer, a fantastic Dutchman. It is guarded by a moat, not destined to prevent men getting in, but cigars being smuggled out. This national manufactory may be said to be the only genuine and flourishing one in Spain: it was fortified in 1836 against the Carlists, but the *fighting* ended in smoke.

There are sometimes as many as 4000 persons employed in making cigars, and principally female: on an average 2 millions of pounds are made in a year. A good workwoman can do in a day from ten to twelve bundles, *atados*, each of which contains 50 cigars; but their tongues are busier than their fingers, and more mischief is made than cigars. Few of them are good-looking, yet these *cigarreras* are among the lions of Seville, and, like the *grisettes* of Paris, form a class of themselves. They are reputed to be more impertinent than chaste: they used to wear a particular *mantilla de tira*, which was always crossed over the face and bosom, allowing the upper part only of most roguish-looking features to peep out. In the under-floor a fine rappee snuff is made, called *tabaco de fraile*: it is coloured with red *almagra*, an earth brought from the neighbourhood of Cartagena. These "pungent grains of titillating dust" closely resemble the favourite mixture of the Moors, and one comes out powdered as with rhubarb, and sneezing lustily. The use of tobacco, now so universal among all classes in Spain, was formerly confined to this snuff, the sole solace of a celibate clergy. The Duc de St. Simon (ix. 125) mentions, in 1721, that the Conde de Lemos passed his time in *smoking* to dissipate his grief for having joined the party of the Archduke Charles—*"chose fort extraordinaire en Espagne, on ne prend du tabac que par le nez."*

vis is at least a national *Fabrica*,

although a mania rages in Spain just now, of encouraging native talent, and Spaniards are striving to do badly and dearly what elsewhere can be done better and cheaper. Essentially agricultural, and makers of nothing well except paper cigars, with mistaken industry they neutralize the gifts of Providence, and neglect their soil, which produces easy and excellent raw produce, to force cotton-spinning, iron founderies, manufactories, &c. Thus the tall British chimney rises on the ruins of the Castilian convent belfry. The iron and engine works of Señor Bonaplata, in the suppressed San Antonio, beat Birmingham in the eyes of the Boetians; but when it is added that there is no bank at Seville, the Manchester school will understand the petty, paltry, passive retail commerce of this marvel city of Spain.

On the flat plain outside the walls, called *El Prado de San Sebastian*, was the *Quemadero*, or the burning-place of the Inquisition, where the last act of the religious tragedy of the *auto de fe* was left, with the odium, to be performed by the civil power. The spot of fire is marked by the foundations of a square platform on which the faggots were piled. Here, about 1781, a *beata*, or female saint, was burnt, for taking upon herself the hen and heretical office of hatching eggs. Townsend, however, (ii. 342), says that she was very bewitching, and had a successful monomania for seducing clergymen.

Elderly Spaniards are still very shy of talking about the *Quemadero*; sons of burnt fathers, they dread the fire. *Con el Rey y la Inquisicion, chiton! chiton!* Hush! hush! say they, with finger on lip, like the image of Silence, with King and Inquisition. As the heavy swell of the Atlantic remains after the hurricane is past, so distrust and scared apprehension form part of the uncommunicative Spaniard in dealing with Spaniard. "How silent you are," said the Empress of Russia to Euler. "Madam," replied he, "I have lived in a country where men who speak are hanged." The burnings of

torrid Spain would have better suited the temperature of chilly Siberia.

The effects are, however, the same, and this engine of mystery hung over the nation like the sword of Damocles; invisible spies, more terrible than armed men, omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent, aimed at every attribute of the Almighty, save his justice and mercy. It arrested the circulation of life, and man's heart trembled to hear the sounds of his own beating. It brooded like a nightmare on the body and breath of the nation; hence their dwarfed literature, and unsocial isolation. The dread of the Inquisition, from whence no secrets were hid, locked up the Spanish heart, soured the sweet charities of life, prevented frank and social communication, which relieves and improves. Hospitality became dangerous, when confidence might open the mind, and wine give utterance to long-hidden thought. Such was the fear-engendered silence under Roman tyranny, as described by Tacitus (*Agr. ii.*): "*Adempto per inquisitiones et loquendi et audiendi commercio, memoriam quoque ipsam cum voce perdidissemus, si tam in nostrâ potestate esset oblivisci quam tacere.*"

It is as well, therefore, here as elsewhere, to avoid jesting or criticism on this matter; *Con el ojo y la fe, nunca me burlaré*. Spaniards, who, like Moslems, allow themselves a wide latitude in laughing at their priests, are very touchy on every subject connected with their creed; however *enlightened* now-a-days, it is a remnant of the loathing of heresy and their dread of a tribunal which they think sleepeth, but is not dead, scotched rather than killed. In the changes and chances of Spain it may be re-established, and, as it never forgets or forgives, it will surely revenge, and the spirit of the Inquisition is still alive, for no king, cortes, or constitution ever permits in Spain any approach to any religious toleration.

The Inquisition, a tribunal of bad faith, bigotry, confiscation, blood, and fire, was initiated by St. Dominick, who learnt his trade under Simon de

Montfort, the exterminator of the Protestant Albigenses. It was remodeled on Moorish principles, the *garrote* and furnace being borrowed from the bow-string and fire of the Moslem, who burnt the bodies of the infidels to prevent the ashes from becoming relics (Reinaud, '*Inv. des Sarasins*,' 145).

Spanish cities have contended for the honour of which was the first seat of this *holy* tribunal, once the great glory and boast of Spain, and elsewhere her foul disgrace. This, says Mariana (*xxv. 1*), was the secret of her invincible greatness, since "the instant the holy office acquired its due power and authority, a *new light* shone over the land, and, by divine favour, the forces of Spain became sufficient to eradicate and beat down the Moor."

Seville was the first and the headquarters of these bright fires. The great claim put forth in 1627 for the beatification of St. Ferdinand was, that he had carried faggots himself to burn heretics. But the spirit of the age was then fanatically ferocious. Thus Philip le Bel, his cousin, and son of St. Louis, tortured and burnt the Templars by a slow fire near his royal garden; and our Henry's writ de heretico comburendo, and approved of by Coke (*iii. Inst. 5*) *pro salute animæ*—out of regard for the soul of the burnt man—was only abolished by Charles II. The *holy* tribunal was first fixedly established at Seville in 1481, by Sixtus IV., at the petition of Ferdinand, who used it as an engine of finance, police, and revenge. He assigned to it the Dominican convent of St. Paul, and when that was found too small for the number of its inmates, gave it the citadel of Triana. This tribunal, judge, jury, and executioner of its victim, was too truly a thing of Spain not to root and flourish in a congenial soil. Lay pride allied itself to *such* a religion, the *grandees* held office both from bigotry, love of new titles, and self security, by becoming members of the dreaded system. Tomas de Torquemada was the first high-priest who carried out, to use Bossuet's mild phrase, "the holy se-

verity of the church of Rome which will not tolerate error." According to the best authorities, from 1481 to 1808, the Holy Tribunal of Spain burnt 34,612 persons alive, 18,048 in effigy, and imprisoned 288,109—but these vast numbers are questionable—the goods and chattels of every one of them being first duly confiscated. In addition to these victims it entailed to poor, uncommercial, indolent Spain, the expulsion of her wealthy Jews, and her most industrious agriculturists, the Moors. The dangerous engine, when the supply of victims was exhausted, recoiled on the nation, and fitted it for that yoke, heavy and grievous, under which for three centuries it has done penance; the works of Llorente have fully revealed the secrets of priestcraft in power. The best account of an *Auto de Fe* is the official report of José del Olmo, 4to., published at Madrid in 1680.

Near the *Quemadero* is San Diego, a suppressed Jesuit convent, and given in 1784 to Mr. Wetherell, who was tempted by Spanish promises to exchange the climate of Snow Hill, Holborn, for torrid Andalusia. Townshend (ii. 325) gives the details. This intelligent gentleman, having been the first to establish a tannery with steam-machinery in Spain, was ruined by the bad faith of the government, which failed in both payments and promises. The property has now passed by a Spanish trick into other hands, the court of appeal having been induced to allow a false deed, or *Escritura*. Mr. Wetherell lies buried in his garden, surrounded by those of his countrymen who have died in Seville: *requiescant in pace!* The scene of a countryman's grave cut off in a foreign land is affecting, and doubly so to those who have left here a branch of themselves; pull out, therefore, the nettle which has no business to grow here.—R. F.

On the other side of the plain was the great city cemetery of *San Sebastian*, now moved N. not to offend the Infanta who lived near it. Into this Romanist Necropolis no heretic, if dead,

is allowed to enter; nay, the orthodox canons of the cathedral have a separate quarter for the laity. Burial out of towns—a hygienic necessity—was vehemently opposed by the Spanish clergy, who lost their fees, and assured their flocks that those interred out of their parish churchyard, would risk the neither resting in their graves, nor rising at the resurrection. The catacomb system is here adopted: a niche is granted for 80 reals for 6 or 7 years, and the term can be renewed (*prorogado*) by a new payment. A large grave or ditch is opened every day, into which the bodies of the poor are cast like dogs, after being often first stripped by the sextons even of their rags.

This cemetery should be visited on the last night of October, or All Hallowe'en, and the vigil of All Saints' day; and again on Nov. 2, the day of All Souls, when all the town repairs there. It is rather a fashionable promenade than a religious performance. The spot is crowded with beggars, who appeal to the tender recollections of one's deceased relations and friends. Outside, a busy sale of nuts, sweetmeats, and cakes takes place, and a crowd of horses, carriages, and noisy children, all vitality and mirth, which must vex the repose of the blessed souls even in purgatory (see 'Gatherings,' p. 250).

Returning from *San Sebastian* to Seville, the change from death at the *Puerta de Xerez* is striking: here all is life and flower. This quarter, once the dunghill of the city, was converted into a Paradise by Jose Manuel Arjona, in 1830. This, the last Asistente of Seville—*ultimus Romanorum*—was its Augustus: to him are owing almost all of the many modern improvements, paving, lighting, cleansing, &c. The principal walk was laid out by him in honour of Christina, then the young bride of Ferdinand VII. *El Salon* is a raised central saloon, with stone seats around. In the afternoon and evening all the "rank and fashion" assemble to promenade here. Beyond, along the bank of the river, are *Las Delicias*, a charming ride and walk.

Here is the botanical garden, and truly delicious are these nocturnal strolls. Night in the south is beautiful of itself. The sun of fire is set, and a balmy breeze fans the scorched cheek: now the city which sleeps by day awakes to life and love, and bright eyes sparkle brighter than the stars. The semi-obscure, not too dark for them, hides poverty and decay, and pleasant it is to listen to the distant hum of the guitar, and think that a whole town is happy.

At the land side of the walk is a huge pile of churrigueresque, long the nautical college of San Telmo, the patron of Spanish sailors, who, when the storm is going to be over, appears at the mast-head with a lambent flame. It was founded by Fernando, son of Columbus, and built in 1682, by Antonio Rodriguez. Here the middies were taught navigation in a room, from a small model of a three-decker. When the nautical college was removed to Cadiz, as somewhat a sinecure, the Spanish fleet being a myth, the Duke of Montpensier and the Infanta bought the building, and have very much improved it, inside and outside.

The *Puerta de Xerez*, said to be built by Hercules (*Hercules medifco*, p. 169), was at all events rebuilt by the infidel. Now the *arroyo Tagarete* reappears. This rivulet, or rather Fleet-ditch, winds round the E. and W. sides of Seville, and here empties itself and its impurities into the *Guadalquivir*. The filthy contents of this open sewer decomposing under the sun breed fever and unhealthiness. Any real board of health would order it instantly to be covered over. The Moorish walls which hang over this stinking Styx once were painted in fresco. Up to 1821 they connected the Alcazar with the outpost river-guarding tower, called *La torre del Oro*, "of gold," to distinguish it from *La Torre de Plata*, that "of silver," which lies nearer the mint. These fine names are scarcely sterling, both being built of Moorish *tapia*. The former one, most absurdly ascribed to Julius Cæsar, was raised

by the Almohades, who called it *Borju d-dahab*, "the tower of gold," because their treasure was kept in it; now it is only gilded by sunsets. It was used by Don Pedro *el Cruel*, as a prison for his enemies and his mistresses. The Spaniards have built a sentry-box on the top of this Moorish tower, where their red and yellow flag occasionally is hoisted.

Passing on is the *Aduana* or Custom-house, a hotbed of queer dealings, which lies between the *Postigos de Carbon* and *del Aceite*: inside are some pretty Prout-like old houses for the artist.

Close by are "the *Atarazanas*," the *Dar-san'-ah*, or house of construction of the Moors, whence the Genoa term *darsena*, and our word arsenal. The present establishment was founded by Alonso el Sabio, and his Gotho-Latin inscription still remains imbedded in the wall near the *Caridad* hospital. Observe the blue *azulejos*, said to be from designs by Murillo, who painted the glorious pictures for the interior (see p. 190). This modern arsenal, which generally is miserably provided, is never worth inspection: it is not better provided with instruments for inflicting death than the wards of *La Sangre* are with those for preserving life. Misgoverned, ill-fated Spain, which, in her saltrose table-lands, has "villainous saltpetre" enough to blow up the world, and copper enough at *Rio Tinto* and at *Berja* to sheathe the Pyrenees, is of all countries the worst provided in ammunition and artillery, whether it be a *batterie de cuisine* or *de citadel*.

Adjoining the arsenal is the quarter of the dealers of *bacalao* or salted cod-fish. "You may nose them in the lobby." This article long formed a most important item in national food. The numerous religious corporations, and fast-days, necessarily required this, for fresh-water fish is rare, and sea-fish almost unknown, in the great central *parameras* of the Peninsula. The shrivelled dried-up cod-fish is easily conveyed on muleback into uncarriageable recesses. It is much consumed,

mixed with rice, still all along the *tierra caliente*, or warm zone of Spain, Alicante being the port for the S. E., as Seville is for the S. portions: exposed to the scorching sun, this salt-fish is anything but sweet, and our readers when on a journey are cautioned not to eat it, as it only creates an insatiable thirst, to say nothing of the unavailing remorse of a non-digesting stomach. Leave it therefore to the dura ilia and potent solvents of muleteer gastric juices. At all events it ought to be put many hours *al remojo*, to soak in water, which takes out the salt and softens it. The Carthaginians and ancients knew this so well that the first praise of a good cook was Scit muratica ut maceret (Plaut. 'Poen.' i. 2, 39).

In this piscatose corner of Seville, poverty delights to feed on the Oriental cold fried fish, and especially slices of large flounders, whiting, and small bits of *bacalao* fried in yolk of eggs, called familiarly *Soldaos de Pavia*, because yellow was the uniform of that regiment, and possibly in remembrance of the deficient commissariat of the victors of that day. The lower classes are great fish-eaters: to this the fasts of their church and their poverty conduce. They seldom boil it, except in oil. Their principle is, when the fish has once left its native element, it ought never to touch it again. Here, as in the East, cold broiled fish is almost equivalent to meat (St. Luke, xxiv. 42).

Next observe the heraldic gate, *del Arsenal*, of the Strand, and a sort of Temple Bar; the contiguous streets have long been inhabited by denizens of indifferent reputation; here the rogue of a *Ventero* in Don Quixote was educated; here Cervantes placed the school of *Monopodio*, who in his *Rinconete y Cortadillo*, "Hole-and-corner man and cut-purse," gave the idea of Fagin and "artful dodger" to Dickens; but nothing is new under the sun, not even thimble-rigging, *ψήφισακίαι*. The open space in front is called *la Carretería*, because here

carts and carters resort; and also *el Baratillo*, the "little chepe," from being a rag-fair, and place for the sale of marine stores or stolen goods. Accordingly, the new public prison is not ill placed here, on the site of the old convent, *del Populo*. Near this is the *Plaza de Toros*, which is a fine amphitheatre, and will hold more than 12,000 spectators, although injured by a hurricane in 1805 and unrepaired, especially on the cathedral side, which at least lets in the Giralda and completes the picture, when the setting sunrays gild the Moorish tower as the last bull dies, and the populace—*fax nondum lassata*—unwillingly retire. This Plaza is under the superintendence of the *Maestranza* of Seville. This equestrian society of the highest rank was formed in 1526, to encourage tournaments and the spirit of chivalry then wearing out; now the chief end is the wearing a scarlet uniform.

Tauromachian travellers will remember the day before the fight to ride out to *Tablada* to see the *ganado*, or what cattle the bulls are, and go early the next day to witness the *encierro*; be sure also at the show to secure a *boletín de sombra* in a *balcon de piedra*, i. e. a good seat in the shade.

Leaving the *Plaza*, we now approach *el Rio*, the River Strand, where a petty traffic is carried on of fruit, mattings, and goods brought up in barges; so much for the scanty commerce of a city thus described four centuries ago by our pilgrim (Purchas, ii. 1232):—

—"Civyle! graund! that is so fre,
A paradise it is to behold,
The frutex vines and spicery thee I have told
Upon the haven all manner of merchandise,
And karekes and schippes of all device."

Here the hungry tide-waiters look out for bribes, and an official post-captain pompously announces the arrival of a stray smack. A rude boat-bridge here for ages stemmed the Guadalquivir, and was at once inconvenient in passage and expensive in repair: formerly it was a ferry, until Yusuf abu Yacub first threw across some barges Oct. 11, 1171, by which the city was provi-

sioned from the fertile *Ajarafe*; the destruction of this communication by St. Ferdinand led to the surrender of Seville. This bridge of boats has been for ages a source of profit to the commissioners, who have received funds sufficient to have built one of marble: a suspension bridge has since been erected, and was inaugurated in June, 1852, and blessed by the priests. The people at first were afraid to cross the heretical bridge—a *punte del Diablo*, or *del Ingles*, although the first stone was sanctified by the Dean.

Next observe *el Triunfo*, a monument common in Spanish towns, and raised in honour of the *triumph* obtained by the advocates of the Immaculate Conception; a statue of the Virgin and local tutelars are usually placed on the erection; the Doric gate which here leads into the town is called *la Puerta de Triana*, because facing that suburb: it was erected in 1588, and is attributed to Herrera. The upper story was used as a state prison—a Newgate: here the Conde del Aguila, the Mæcenas of Seville, was murdered by the patriots, urged on by the Catiline Tilli (see Schep. i, 269, and Doblado's Letters. p. 439). The plain beyond was formerly *el Perneo*, or the pig-market; during the cholera, in 1833, the unclean animals were removed to the meadows of the virgin patronesses Justa and Rufina, behind *San Agustín*, and the space made into an esplanade: now re-entering by the *Puerta Real*, the circuit is concluded.

Of course the traveller will ride out some day to *Alcalá de Guadaira* (see p. 159).

A smaller and home circuit should also be made on the rt. bank of the Guadalquivir, crossing over to the suburb *Triana*, the Moorish *Tarayanah*, a name supposed to be a corruption from *Trajana*, Trajan having been born near it, at Italica. It is the *Transtevere* of Seville, and the favourite residence of gipsies, bull-fighters, smugglers, robbers, and other picturesque rascals; hence it is much frequented

by the *áficion*, by fancy men and *Majos*, who love low company: this is the place to behold a *glorion de gitanos*, got up in all the glory of Gaditanian dancing, *jaleos y arañas*, un *festejo de gente buena con muchissimo mostagan*. To the rt., on crossing the bridge, are some remains of the once formidable Moorish castle, which was made the first residence of the Inquisition, the cradle of that fourth Fury. The Guadalquivir, which blushed at the fires and curdled with the bloodshed, almost swept away this edifice in 1626, as if indignant at the crimes committed on its bank. The tribunal was then moved to the *Calle San Marcos*, and afterwards to the *Alameda Vieja*. The ruined castle was afterwards taken down, and the site converted into the present market.

The parish church, *Santa Anna*, was built by Alonso el Sabio, in 1276: the image of the "Mother of the Virgin," in the high altar, is a *Virgen aparecida*, or a divinely revealed palladium, and is brought out in public calamities, but as a matter of etiquette it never crosses the bridge, which would be going out of its parochial jurisdiction: in the *Trasero* is a curious Virgin, painted and signed by Alejo Fernandez; in the plateresque *Retablo* are many fine Campanas, especially a "St. George," which has much of a Giorgione. The statues and bas-reliefs are by Pedro Delgado. Visit the church *Nuestra Señora del O*; many females are here christened with this vowel. Great quantities of coarse *azulejo* and *loza*, earthenware, are still made here as in the days of Santas Justa and Rufina. The *naranjales*, or orange-gardens, are worth notice. The principal street is called *de Castilla*: here the soap-makers lived, whence our term Castile soap. (?) There is a local history, "*Aparato de Triana*," Justino Matute, Seville, 1818.

To the rt., a short walk outside Triana, and on the bank of the river, is the *Cartuja* Convent, dedicated to *Nuestra Señora de las Cuevas*, and begun in 1400 by Arch. B. Mena: the funds left

by him were seized by the Government, always needy and always unprincipled. Finished by Pier Afan de Ribera, it became a museum of piety, painting, sculpture, and architecture, until *el tiempo de los Franceses*, when, according to Laborde, iii. 263, "Le Ml. Soult en fit une *excellente* citadelle, dont l'Eglise devint le magasin; la Bibliothèque ne valoit rien; elle a servi pour faire des gargousses" (cartridges); unlike our Essex at Cadiz in 1596, who ordered the fine *Osario* library to be preserved, and gave it to Bodley, and many of the books are still preserved at Oxford; the silver full-length saints, San Bruno, &c., were melted by Soult into francs. Sequestered latterly, and sold, the convent has been turned into a pottery by Mr. Pickman, a worthy Englishman, who, not making the chapel his magazine, has preserved it for holy purposes. Now the drones are expelled, the block of the convent is the hive of busy ceramic bees, originally swarmed in England. Mr. Pickman, a foreigner, warned by Mr. Wetherall's fate, took into partnership certain natives. Observe the fine rose window in the façade, and the stones recording the heights of frequent inundations; inquire in the garden for the old burial-ground, where foreigners now rest, and the Gothic inscription of the age of Hermenegildo. N.B. Its oranges are delicious.

Following the banks of a stream we reach the miserable village of *Santi Ponce*, a corruption from the name of San Geroncio, its Gothic bishop, or, according to others, of *Santo Pozo*, the "holy well:" it was the once ancient Italica, the birthplace of the Emperors Trajan, Adrian, and Theodosius; it was founded v.c. 547, on the site of the Iberian town Sancios, by Scipio Africanus, and destined as a home for his veterans (App. "B. H." 463). It was adorned by Adrian with sumptuous edifices. The citizens petitioned to become a *Colonia*, that is, subject to Rome, instead of remaining a free *Municipium*: even Adrian was surprised at this Andalusian servility (Aul. Gell. xvi. 13). Many Spaniards

assert that the poet *Silius Italicus* was born here; but then the epithet would have been *Italicensis*: his birth-place is unknown; probably he was an Italian, for Martial, his friend, never alludes to his being a *paisano*, or fellow-countryman. From his admiration and imitation of Virgil he was called his ape. To the Spanish antiquarian he is valuable from having introduced so many curious notices in his *Punica*. Pliny J. (Ep. iii. 7) thus justly describes his style: *Silius scribebat carmina majore curâ quam ingenio*.

Italica was preserved by the Goths, and made the see of a bishop: Leovigild, in 584, repaired the walls when he was besieging Seville, then the stronghold of his rebel son Hermenegildo. The name Italica was corrupted by the Moors into Talikah, Talca; and in old deeds the fields are termed *los campos de Talca*, and the town *Sevilla la vieja*. The ruin of Italica dates from the river having changed its bed, a common trick in wayward Spanish and Oriental streams. Thus Gour, once on the Ganges, is now deserted. The Moors soon abandoned a town and "a land which the rivers had spoiled," and selected Seville as a better site; and ever since the remains have been used as a quarry. Consult "*Bosquejo de Italica*," Justino Matute, Sevilla, 1827; and for the medals, Florez, "Med.," ii. 477. Of these many, chiefly copper or small silver coins, are found and offered for sale to foreigners by the peasants, who, with a view of recommending their wares, polish them bright, and rub off the precious bloom, the patina and ærugo, the sacred rust of twice ten hundred years.

On Dec. 12, 1799, a fine mosaic pavement was discovered, which a poor monk, named Jose Moscoso, to his honour, enclosed with a wall, in order to save it from the usual fate in Spain. Didot, in 1802, published for Laborde a splendid folio, with engravings and description. The traveller will find a copy in the cathedral library in the *Patio de los Naranjos*, at Seville. Now this work is all that remains, for the

soldiers of M. Soult converted the enclosure into a goat-pen.

The amphitheatre lies outside the old town. On the way ruins peep out amid the weeds and olive-groves, like the grey bones of dead giants. The amphitheatre, in 1774, was used by the corporation of Seville for river dikes, and for making the road to Badajoz. See the details, by an eye-witness, "*Viaje Topografico desde Granada á Lisboa*," duo. 1774, p. 70. The form is, however, yet to be traced, and the broken tiers of seats. The scene is sad and lonely; read in it by all means the sweet ode by Rioja. A few gipsies usually lurk among the vaults. The visitors scramble over the broken seats of once easy access, frightening the large and glittering lizards or *Lagartos*, which hurry into the rustling brambles. Behind, in a small valley, a limpid stream still trickles from a font and still tempts the thirsty traveller, as it once did the mob of Italica when heated with games of blood.

The rest of Italica either sleeps buried under the earth, or has been carried away by builders. To the west are some vaulted brick tanks, called *La Casa de los Baños*. They were the reservoirs of the aqueduct brought by Adrian from *Tejada*, 7 L. distant. Occasionally partial excavations are made, but all is done by fits and starts, and on no regular plan: the thing is taken up and put down by accident and caprice, and the antiques found are usually of a low art. The site was purchased, in 1301, by Guzman *el Bueno*, (see p. 149,) who founded the castellated convent *San Isidoro* as the burial-place of his family. The sacred pile, built like those in Syria, and near the infidel, half fortress and half convent, was gutted and ruined by Soult on his final evacuation of Andalucia, and next was made a prison for galley slaves. The chapel is, however, preserved for the village church. Observe the statues of San Isidoro and San Jeronimo by Montafies, and the effigies of Guzman and his wife, who lie buried beneath, date from 1609. The tomb was opened

in 1570, and the body of the good man, according to Matute (p. 156), "found almost entire, and nine feet high;" here *lies* also Doña Uraca Osorio, with her maid Leonora Davalos at her feet. She was burnt alive by Pedro the Cruel for rejecting his addresses. A portion of her chaste body was exposed by the flames which consumed her dress, whereupon her attendant, faithful in death, rushed into the fire, and died in concealing her mistress.

The *Feria de Santi Ponce*, in the beginning of October, is the Greenwich fair of Seville, and all the rage just now: then booths are erected in the ancient bed of the river, which becomes a scene of *Majeza* and their *Jaleos*. The holiday folk, in all their Andalucian finery, return at nightfall in *Carretas* filled with *Gitanas y Corraleras*, while *los majos y los de la aficion* (fancy) *vuelven á caballo, con sus queriditas en amcas*. Crowds of the better classes come or used to come out to see this procession, and sit on chairs in the *Calle de Castilla*, which resounds with *requiebros*, and is enlivened with exhibitions of small horns made of *barro*, the type of the *Cornudo paciente* of Seville; the civilization of the coat, alas! is effacing these nationalities; already the females are quitting their charming costume for bonnets à la Française and Manchester cottons; then with their dark faces, white gowns, and gaudy ribbons, they put one in mind of May-day chimney-sweeps.

The traveller may return from Italica to Seville by a different route, keeping under the slopes of the hills: opposite Seville, on the *summit* to the rt., is *Castileja de la Cuesta*, from whence the view is fine and extensive. Here, at No. 66, *Calle Real*, lived Fernan Cortes, and died Dec. 2, 1547, aged 63, a broken-hearted victim, like Ximenez, Columbus, Gonzalo de Cordova, and others, of his king's and country's ingratitude. He was first buried in San Isidoro at Italica, until his bones, like those of Columbus, after infinite movings and changings of sepulture, at last reached Mexico,

the scene of his glories and crimes during life; not however doomed to rest even there, for in 1823 the local patriots intended to disinter the *foreigner*, and scatter his dust to the winds. They were anticipated by pious fraud, and the illustrious ashes removed to a new abode, where, if the secret be kept, they may at last find rest.

Keeping the hill *Chaboya* to the rt., we reach *San Juan de Alfaraچه*, Hisnal-faraj, "of the fissure or cleft;" it was the Moorish river key of Seville, and the old and ruined walls still crown the heights. This was the site of the Roman Julia Constantia, the Gothic Osset, and the scene of infinite aqueous miracles during the Arian controversy: a font yet remains in the chapel. Read the inscription concerning the self-replenishing of water every Thursday in the *Semana Santa*; consult the quarto *Sobre la milagrosa fuente*, by Josef Santa Maria, Sev. 1630, and the *Esp. Sag.*, ix. 117. Strabo, however (iii. 261), points out among the marvels of Bætica certain wells and fountains which ebbed and flowed spontaneously. Observe the *Retablo*, with pictures by Castillo, which originally existed in the *San Juan de la Palma*. The panorama of Seville, from the convent parapet, is charming. On the opposite side of the river is the fine *Naranjal* or orange-grove of the house of Beck, which is worth riding to. "Seville," says Byron, and truly, "is a pleasant city, famous for oranges and women." There are two sorts of the former, the sweet and the bitter (Arabic *Narang*, unde *Naranja*), of which Scotch marmalade is made and Dutch Curaçoa flavoured. The trees begin to bear fruit about the sixth year after they are planted, and the quality continues to improve for 16 to 20 years, after which the orange degenerates, the rind gets thick, and it becomes unfit for the foreign market, which always takes the best. The trees flower in March, and perfume the air of Seville with the almost sickening odour which retains its Arabic name *Azahar*; from the blossoms sweetmeats are made, and

delicious orange-flower water; buy it at Aquilar's, *Plaza San Vicente*; nice sweetmeats are made of them by the nuns; to eat the orange in perfection, it should not be gathered until the new blossom appears. The oranges begin to turn yellow in October, and are then picked, as they never increase in size after changing colour; they are wrapped in Catalan paper, and packed in chests, which contain from 700 to 1000 each, and may be worth to the exporter from 25s. to 30s. They ripen on the voyage, but the rind gets tough, and the freshness of the newly-gathered fruit is lost. The natives are very fanciful about eating them: they do not think them good before March, and poison if eaten after sunset. The vendors in the street cry them as *mas dulces que almibar*, sweeter than syrup, like the "Honey, oh! oranges honey" of the Cairo chapmen.

Toma, niña, esa naranja,
Que la cogi de mi huerta;
No la partas con navaja
Que está mi corazon dentro.

The village below the hill of *Alfaraچه*, being exempt from the odious *Derecho de puertas*, and being a pleasant walk, is frequented on holidays by the Sevillians, who love cheap drink, &c. Those who remember what preceded the birth of El Picaro Guzman de Alfaraچه—a novel so well translated by Le Sage—may rest assured that matters are not much changed. *Gelves*, Gelduba, lies lower down the river. This village gives the title of Count to the descendants of Columbus: the family sepulchre is left in disgraceful neglect.

EXCURSION TO AN OLIVE-FARM.

The olives and oil of Bætica were celebrated in antiquity, and still form a staple and increasing commodity of Andalucía. The districts between Seville and Alcalá, and in the *Ajarafe*, are among the richest in Spain: an excursion should be made to some large *Hacienda* in order to examine the process of the culture and the manufacture, which are almost identical

with those described by Varro, Columella, and Pliny. Formerly Seville was surrounded with splendid *Haciendas*, which combined at once a country-house, a village, and oil-manufactory: the *fiestas, y convites de campo*, kept here by the wealthy proprietors, were celebrated before the ruin entailed by Buonaparte's invasion, as few have been able to restore their ravaged establishments. Whole plantations of olives were burnt down by Soult's troops, while our Duke issued strict orders forbidding this ruinous practice; matters are, however, mending, thanks to the great exports of oil to England.

San Bartolomé, a farm belonging to the Paterna family, may be visited as a fine specimen of a first-rate *Hacienda*; it contains about 20,000 trees, each of which will yield from 2 to 3 bushels of olives; the whole produce averages 5000 arrobas (of 25 lb.), which vary in price from 2 to 5 dollars. The olive-tree, however classical, is very unpicturesque; its ashy leaf on a pollarded trunk reminds one of a second-rate willow-tree, while it affords neither shade, shelter, nor colour.

The trees are usually planted in the formal rows: a branch is cut from the parent in January; the end is opened into 4 slits, into which a stone is placed; it is then planted, banked, and watered for 2 years, and as it grows is pruned into 4 or 5 upright branches: they begin to pay the expense about the 10th year, but do not attain their prime before the 30th. The best soils are indicated by the wild-olive (oleaster, *acebuche*), on which cuttings are grafted, and produce the finest crops (Virgil, *G.* ii. 182). The Spaniards often sow corn in their olive grounds, contrary to the rule of Columella, for it exhausts the soil, *chupa la tierra*.

The berry is picked in the autumn, when it is purple-coloured and shining, *baccæ splendentis* divæ: then the scene is busy and picturesque; the peasant, clad in sheep-skins, is up in the trees like a satyr, beating off the fruit, while his children pick them up, and his

wife and sisters drive the laden donkeys to the mill. The ancients never beat the trees (Plin. *Nat. Hist.* xv. 3). The berries are emptied into a vat, *El trujal*, and are not picked and sorted, as Columella (xii. 50) enjoined. The careless Spaniard is rude and unscientific in this, as in his wine-making; he looks to quantity, not quality. The berries are then placed on a circular hollowed stone, over which another is moved by a mule; the crushed mass, *horujo, borujo*, is shovelled on to round mats, *capuchos*, made of *esparto*, and taken to the press, *el trujal*, which is forced down by a very long and weighty beam (the precise *Biga, Trapectrum, ἄλυσσος*), composed of 6 or 7 pine-trees, like a ship's bowsprit, over which, in order to resist the strain, a heavy tower of masonry is built; a score of frails of the *borujo* is placed under the screw, moistened with hot water, which is apt to make the oil rancid. The liquor as it flows out is passed into a reservoir below; the residuum comes forth like a damson-cheese, and is used for fuel and for fattening pigs; the oil as it rises on the water is skimmed off, and poured into big-bellied earthen jars, *tinajas*, and then removed into still larger, which are sunk into the ground. These amphoræ, made chiefly at Coria, near Seville, recall the jars of the forty thieves; some will hold from 200 to 300 arrobas, *i. e.* from 800 to 1200 gallons.

The oil, *aceite* (Arabicè *azzait*), is strong and unctuous, and the real juice of the berry, and not equal perhaps in delicacy to the purer, finer produce of Lucca, but the Spaniards, from habit, think the Italian oil insipid. The second-class oils are coarse, thick, and green-coloured, and are exported for soap-making or used for lamps. Candles are rare in Spain, where the ancient lamp, *el velon* or *candil* (Arabicè *kandeel*), prevail, and are exactly such as are found at Pompeii; the growers of oil petitioned against lighting Spanish towns with gas, "lamps being preferable to this thing of the foreigner." A

large farm is a little colony; the labourers, fed by the proprietor, are allowed bread, garlic, salt, oil, vinegar, and *pimientos*, which they make into *migas* and oriental *gazpacho* (Arabic, soaked bread), without which, in the burning summers, their "souls would be dried away" (Numb. xi. 6). Bread, oil, and water was a lover's gift (Hosea ii. 5). The oil and vinegar are kept in cow-horns ("the horn of oil," 1 Sam. xvi. 13), which hang at their cart sides. This daily allowance, *Επισημασι* 'Ημμεροσφισ, *Chœnis*, corresponds minutely with the usages of antiquity as described by Cato (R. R. 56), and Stuckius (Antiq. Conviv. i. 22; ed. 1695). The use of oil is of the greatest antiquity (Job xxiv. 2): it supplies the want of fat in the lean meats of hot climates.

The olive forms the food of the poorer classes. The ancient distinctions unchanged. The first class, *Regiæ*, *Majorinæ*, are still called *las Reynas*, *las Padronas*. The finest are made from the *gordal*, which only grows in a circuit of 5 L. round Seville: the berry is gathered before quite ripe, in order to preserve the green colour: it is pickled for 6 days in a *Salmuera*, or brine, made of water, salt, thyme, bay-laurel, and garlic; without this, the olive would putrefy, as it throws out a mould, *nata*. The middling, or second classes, are called *las Medianas*, also *las Moradas*, from their purple colour; these are often mixed in a strong pickle, and then are called *Aliñadas*: the worst sort are the *Rebusco*, *Revuses*, or the refuse; these, well begarlicked and be-pickled, form a staple article of food for the poor. The olive is nutritious, but heating; the better classes eat them sparingly, although a few are usually placed in saucers at their dinners; they have none of the ancient luxury, those *Aselli Corinthii*, or silver donkeys, laded with panniers of different coloured olives (Petr. Arb. 31; Ovid, *Met.* viii. 664).

The geologist may visit *Villanueva del Rio*, 7 L. from Seville, and examine the coal mines, which, long neglected,

are now worked by the *Reunion* Company.

ROUTE 8.—SEVILLE TO RIO TINTO AND ALMADEN.

	L.
Venta de Pajanosá	3½
Algarrobo	1½
Castillo de las Guardias . . .	3
Río Tinto	5
Araçena	5
Fuentes de Leon	5
Segura de Leon	1
Valencia	3
Fuente de Cantos	1
Llerena	4
Guadalcanal	4
Fuente Ovejuna	5
Velalcazar	5
Almaden	6
Santa Eufemia	3
Al viso de los Pedroches . . .	2
Villanueva del Duque	2
Villaharta or Villarta	5
Cordova	6

This is a riding tour of bad roads and worse accommodations; attend, therefore, to the provend; and get letters of introduction to the superintendents of the mines. The distances must be taken approximately, as they are mountain leagues. The botany is highly interesting, and game abundant. A double-barrel gun is useful in more respects than one. For some remarks on mines in Spain and the most useful books, see Cartagena, and p. 339.

Passing through Itálica, the high road to Badajoz is continued to the *Venta de Pajanosá*, 4 L.; then a rude track turns off to the l. over a waste of cistus and aromatic flowers to *Algarrobo*, 1 L., a small hamlet, where bait. Hence 3 L. over a similar country to a mountain village, *Castillo de las Guardias*, so called from its Moorish watch-tower: here we slept. 5 L., over a lonely *dehesa*, lead next day to *Río Tinto*, where there is a decent *posada*. The red naked sides of the copper mountain, *La Cabeza Colorada*, with clouds of smoke curling over dark pine-woods, announce from afar these celebrated mines. The immediate approach to the hamlet is like that to a minor infernal region; the road is made of

burnt ashes and *escoria*, the walls are composed of lava-like dross, while haggard miners, with sallow faces and blackened dress, creep about, fit denizens of the place; the green coppery stream which winds under the bank of firs is the *tinged river*, from whence the village takes its name: flowing out of the bowels of the mountain, it is supposed to be connected with some internal undiscovered ancient conduit: the purest copper is obtained from it; iron bars are placed in wooden troughs, which are immersed in the waters; the *cascara*, or flake of metal, deposited on it is knocked off; the bar is then subjected to the same process until completely eaten away. The water is deadly poisonous, and stains and corrodes everything that it touches.

These mines were perfectly well known to the ancients, whose shafts and galleries are constantly being discovered. The Romans and Moors appear chiefly to have worked on the N. side of the hill; the enormous accumulation of *escoriales* show to what an extent they carried on operations.

The village is built about a mile from the mines, and was raised by one Liberto Wolters, a Swede, to whom Philip V. had granted a lease of the mines, which reverted to the crown in 1783. Paralysed by the French invasion, in 1829 it was farmed to *Señor Remisa* for 20 years. It is principally occupied by the miners, but the *empleados* and official people have a street to themselves. The view from above the church is striking; below lies the town with its green stream and orange-groves; to the l. rises the ragged copper-hill, wrapped in sulphureous wreaths of smoke; while to the rt. the magnificent flat fir bank, *la mesa de los pinos*, which supplies fuel to the furnaces, is backed by a boundless extent of cistus-clad hills, rising one over another.

A proper officer will conduct the traveller over the mines, who thus follows the ore through every stage of the process, until it becomes pure copper; visit therefore the Castillo de Solomon

Spain.—I.

in the *Cabeza Colorada*. Entering the shaft, you soon descend by a well, or *pozo*, down a ladder, to an under gallery: the heat increases with the depth, as there is no ventilation; at the bottom the thermometer stands at 80 Fahr., and the stout miners, who drive iron wedges into the rock previously to blasting, work almost naked, and the few clothes they have on are perfectly drenched with perspiration; the scene is gloomy, the air close and poisonous, the twinkling flicker of the miners' tapers blue and unearthly; here and there figures, with lamps at their breasts, flit about like the tenants of the halls of Eblis, and disappear by ladders into the deeper depths. Melancholy is the sound of the pick of the solitary workman, who, alone in his stone niche, is hammering at his rocky prison, like some confined demon endeavouring to force his way to light and liberty.

The copper is found in an iron pyrites, and yields about five per cent. The stalactites are very beautiful; for wherever the water trickles through the roof of the gallery, it forms icicles, as it were, of emeralds and amethysts; but these bright colours oxidize in the open air, and are soon changed to a dun brown. When the *Zafra*, or rough ore, is extracted, it is taken to the *Calcinacon*, on the brow of the hill, and is there burnt three times in the open air; the sulphur is sublimated and lost, as it passes off in clouds of smoke; the rough metal, which looks like a sort of iron coke, is next carried to be smelted at houses placed near the stream, by whose water-power the bellows are set in action. The metal is first mixed with equal parts of charcoal and *escoriales*, the ancient ones being preferred, and is then fused with *brezo*, a sort of fuel composed of cistus and rosemary. The iron flows away like lava, and the copper is precipitated into a pan or *copella* below. It is then refined in ovens, or *reverberos*, and loses about a third of its weight; the scum and impurities as they rise to the surface are scraped off with a wooden hoe. The pure copper is then sent

either to Seville to the cannon-foundry, or to Segovia, to be coined.

There is a direct cross-ride over the wild mountains to *Guadalcanal* and *Almaden*. Attend to the provend and take a local guide. It is far better to make a detour and visit *Aracena*, 5 L. and 6 hours' ride, over trackless, lifeless, aromatic wide wastes of green hills and blue skies: after *Campo Frio*, 2 L., the country improves and becomes quite park-like and English. *Aracena* is seen from afar crowning a mountain ridge: here is a good *posada*; population about 5000, which is swelled in the summer, when the cool breezes tempt the wealthy from Seville to this *Corte de la Sierra*. Ascend to the ruined Moorish castle and church, which commands a splendid mountain panorama. The Arabesque belfry has been capped with an incongruous modern top. It was to *Aracena* that the learned *Arius Montano* retired after his return from the Council of Trent. From hence there is a direct bridle-route to *Llerena*, 12 L., turning off to the rt. to *Arroyo Molinos*, 4 L., and crossing the great Badajoz and Seville road at *Monasterio* 3, thence on to *Montemolin* 2, *Llerena* 3. There is a direct road from *Aracena* to *Badajoz*, through *Xerez de los Caballeros*, a picturesque old town with Moorish walls and a grand tower; remembering, on passing *Fregenal*, to observe at *Higuera la Real*, $\frac{1}{2}$ L., the 6 pictures by *Morales* in the parish church.

Let us first mention the route on to *Zafra*. The country is charming. Leaving *Aracena*, 5 L. of iniquitous road lead to *Fuentes de Leon*: the country resembles the oak districts of *Sussex*, near *Petersfield*; in these *Encinases* vast herds of swine are fattened. At *Carboneras*, 1 L., the route enters a lovely defile, with a clear torrent; all now is verdure and vegetation, fruit and flower. The green grass is most refreshing, while the air is perfumed with wild flowers, and gladdened by songs of nightingales. How doubly beautiful, as reminding one of dear England! These districts once be-

longed to the rich convent of *San Marcos* of *Leon*. Thence to *Segura de Leon*, 1 L., which is approached through a grove of pine-trees, above which the fine old castle soars, commanding a noble view. It is in perfect repair, and belonged to the Infante *Don Carlos*. *Valencia de Leon* has also another well-preserved castle, with a square *torre mocha*, or keep: observe the brick belfry of the parish church, with its machicolations and fringe of Gothic circles. In these vicinities occurred one of those authentic miracles so frequent in Spanish history, and so rare elsewhere. In the year 1247 *Don Pelayo Perez Correa* was skirmishing with some *Moors*, when he implored the Virgin to detain the day, promising her a temple, as *Cæsar* did at *Pharsalia*, to vow a temple *ex ymperio*, to *Venus Genetrix*, App. B. C. ii. 492. The sun was instantly arrested in its course (compare *Oran* at *Toledo*). The chapel built by *Correa*, which marks the site, is still called *Santa Maria-Tudia-Tendudia*, a corruption of his exclamation, *Deten tu el dia!* Thus the immutable order of the heavens was disarranged, in order that a *guerillero* might complete a butchery, by which the grand results of the *Seville* campaign were scarcely even influenced. This was a true miracle of Spain, that country of localism, for no change in the solar system ever was observed by the *Galileos* and *Newtons* of other parts of the world. *Correa* on the same day struck a rock, whence water issued for his thirsty troops. See *Espinosa*, '*Hist. de Sevilla*,' iv. 156. Accordingly, in the '*Memorias de San Fernando*,' iii. 116, *Madrid*, 1800, this wonder working partisan is justly termed the *Moses* and *Joshua* of *Spain*.

Crossing the *Badajoz* road, we now turn to the rt., to *Llerena*, *Regiana*, an old walled agricultural town of some 5000 souls, and of little interest save to the lover of miraculous *taumachia*. Here, on the vigil of *San Marcos*, and it occurred in other neighbouring villages, the parish priest, dressed in full canonicals, and attended by his flock, proceeded to a

herd of cattle, and selected a bull, and christened him by the name of Mark, the ox being the symbol of that apostle. The proselyte then followed his leader to mass, entering the church and behaving quite correctly all that day; but he took small benefit either in beef or morals, for on the morrow he relapsed into his former bullhood and brutality. After mass he paraded the village, decorated with flowers and ribands, a sort of *Bœuf Gras*, and behaving like a lamb; and as he was miraculously tame, *sine feno in cornu*, the women caressed him, as *Marquito*, dear little Mark. Such was the Egyptian adoration of Apis, such the Elean idolatry, where the females worshipped Bacchus under a tauriform incarnation (Plut. *Q. R.*; Reiske, vii. 196). If the selected bull ran restive, and declined the honour of ephemeral sainthood, as John Bull sometimes does knighthood, the blame was laid on the priest, and the miracle was supposed to have failed in consequence of his unworthiness: he was held to be in a state of *peccado mortal*, and was regarded with an evil eye by the suspicious husbands of the best-looking Pasiphaes. If Marquito stopped before any house, the inhabitants were suspected of heresy or Judaism, which was nosed by the bull, as truffles are by poodle dogs. It will easily be guessed what a powerful engine in the hands of the priest this pointing proboscis must have been, and how effectually it secured the payment of church-rates and Easter offerings. The learned Feyjoo, in his '*Teatro Critico*,' vi. 205, dedicates a paper to this miracle, and devotes 25 pages to its theological discussion.

Near Llerena, April 11, 1812, Lord Combermere, with his cavalry, put to indescribable rout 2500 French horse, supported by 10,000 infantry, the rear-guard of Soult, under Drouet, who was retiring, baffled by the capture of Badajoz. Few charges were more "brilliant and successful" than this. (Disp., April 16, 1812.) They rode down the flying foe like stubble in the plains.

On leaving *Llerena*, the road runs for 4 L. over wide corn tracts, studded with conical hills, to *Guadalcanal*, said to have been the Celtic *Tereses*. The silver and lead mines are situated about a mile to the N.E. The river *Genalija* divides Estremadura from Andalucia. These mines were discovered in 1509 by a peasant named Delgado, who ploughed up some ore. In 1598 they were leased to the brothers Mark and Christopher Fugger, the celebrated merchants of Augsburg, who also rented the quicksilver mines at Almaden; and they, keeping their own secret, extracted from the *Pozo rico* such wealth as rendered them proverbial, and *Ser rico como un Fucar* meant in the time of Cervantes being as rich as Cræsus, or, as we should say, a Rothschild. They built a street in Madrid after their name. Their descendants, in 1635, were forced to give the mines up; but previously, and in spite, they turned in a stream of water. Yet the fame of their acquisitions survived, and tempted other speculators, with "dreams of worlds of gold," and in 1725 Lady Mary Herbert and Mr. Gage endeavoured to drain the mines: these are Pope's

"Congenial souls! whose life one avarice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Asturian mines;"

a slight mistake, by the way, in the poet, both as to metal and geography.

The scheme ended in nothing, as the English workmen were pillaged by the Spaniards, who resented seeing "heretics and foreigners" coming to carry off Spanish bullion. In 1768 one Thomas Sutton made another effort to rework them. Thence crossing the *Bembezar* to *Fuente de Ovejuna*, pop. 5500; it stands on the crest of a conical hill, with the *Colegiata* on the apex, like an acropolis. The "sheep-fountain," *Fons Malaria*—some say the right name is *Abejara*, alluding to the bees and honey—is at the bottom to the W.: coal-seams occur here, and extend to *Villaharta*. The direct road to Almaden runs through *Belalcazar*, 20½ L., by *La Granja* 5½, *Valsequillo*

4, *Belalcázar* 5, *Almaden* 6: not interesting, it is very devoid of accommodation: sleep at *Valsequillo*, pop. about 8000, placed in a hilly locality near the *Guadiato*, once famed for the wines grown on its banks. *Belalcázar*, pop. 2500, stands in a well-watered plain. It is a tidy dull town, so called from its former most magnificent palatial fortress, *Bello Alcazar*, built in 1445, by Gutierre Sotomayor, and once one of the grandest in Spain, but since used as a quarry by the boors. It belongs to the Duke of Osuna. The *Pozo del pilar* is a fine work; hence crossing the *Guadamatilla* over a broken bridge to Santa Eufemia and Almaden.

The better route, perhaps, although equally wearisome, is by *Espiel*, which is reached following for five hours the *Guadiato*. *Espiel*, pop. 1000, has a bad *posada*. About 4 L. on the road to Cordova is a fine ruin, the Castle *de mano de hierro*, of the iron hand.

A tiresome ride leads to "*Almaden del Azogue*," two Arabic words which signify "the Mine of Quicksilver," and show whence the science was learnt. As the *posada* is miserable, lodge in some private house. The long narrow street which constitutes this town is placed on a scarped ridge: pop. about 8000. Walk to the *Glorieta*, at the junction of three roads, and also to the *Retamar*: look at this sunburnt, wind-blown town, which is built on the confines of La Mancha, Andalucía, and Estremadura. The *Sisapona Cetobrix* of Pliny (N. H., xxxiii. 7) was somewhere in this locality. The mine is apparently inexhaustible, becoming richer in proportion as the shafts deepen. The vein of cinnabar, about 25 feet thick, traverses rocks of quartz and slate, and runs towards *Almadenejos*. Virgin quicksilver occurs also in pyrites and hornstein, and in a greyish conglomerate called here *Fraylesca*, from the colour of a monk's frock. Generally the mercury of Almaden is not found in veins, but seems to have impregnated three vertical strata of a quartzose

sandstone, associated to slates rather carbonaceous. About 4000 men are thus engaged during the winter, the heat and want of ventilation rendering the mercurial exhalations dangerous in summer. The gangs work day and night, about 6 hours at a time, and hew the hard rock almost naked. There are three veins, called after the saints Nicolas, Francisco, and Diego; the adit lies outside the town; the descent is by steep ladders; the deepest shaft is said to be 1000 feet, and the lode improves the deeper it is worked. The wells, elsewhere called *Pozos*, are here termed *Tornos*, and the shafts, or *Ramales*, *Cañas*: they extend under the town; hence the cracks in the parish church. The mineral is raised by a splendid mule-worked *atahona*. The arched stone galleries are superb: the furnaces of the smelting-ovens, in which the ore is sublimed, are heated with sweet-smelling *brezo*. The men thus employed are much more healthy than the miners, who suffer from salivation and paralysis. The mercury is distilled by two processes; either by that used at Idria, which is the best, or from certain ovens or *Buitrones*, *Hornos de Reverbero*, invented by Juan Alonso de Bustamente. An original engine made by Watt is still in use; elsewhere it would be put in a museum as a curious antique.

The quantity of mercury now obtained is enormous. The Fuggers only extracted 4500 quintals annually; now between 20,000 and 25,000 are procured. The price has also lately risen from 34 to 84 dollars the quintal. *Almaden* produces some 250,000*l.* a year profit to government, and is one of the few real sources of income. The quicksilver always has been a royal monopoly, and as its possession converted the ore of the new world into bullion, has led to indescribable jobbing and robbing: the management latterly, since the pecuniary importance has increased, has been given to a *gefe* of scientific attainments, and schools are instituted. For all details consult *Minas de Almaden*, Casiano Prado;

Widdrington, ch. vii.; the *Apuntes*, by Joaquim Erguerra del Bayo; and ditto, by Lucas de *Alduna*; see also the scientific details of Rafael Cabanillas, Madoz, ii. 21. (See also p. 339.)

Those who do not wish to visit *Almaden* may return to Seville from Guadalcanal by *Constantina*, Laconimurgi, a charming fresh mountain town, whence Seville is supplied with fruit and snow: thence to picturesque *Cazalla*, 3 L. Equidistant from these two towns is a lead and silver mine, called *La Reyna*. The iron-mines at *El Pedroso* deserve a visit: this busy establishment is the creation of Col. *Elorza*, an intelligent Basque, who made himself master of the system of machinery used in England, which he has here adopted, and by so doing has infused life and wealth into this Sierra, which elsewhere is left almost abandoned, roadless, and unpeopled. Game of every kind abounds. The botany is also very interesting. At *Cantillana*, Illia, 6 L., the mining district finishes, and everywhere the *escoriae* show how much it once was worked. *Cantillana*, according to Don Quixote, ii. 49, is the Lincoln of Spain, over which the devil looks. *Vamos por otra parte, que está el diablo en Cantillana*—why he should be there particularly none can tell but himself. The roads are infamous, the ferry boats bad, in spite of the great traffic between Almaden and Seville. Hence to Seville, by *Alcalá del Rio*, 5 L., over an excellent snipe and woodcock country, but without any accommodation for horse, wheel, or man, except at the miserable *el Bodegon*. From *Cazalla* a route passes on to the coal-mines of *Villanueva del Rio*, long, in spite of the facility of water-carriage, allowed to remain almost lost: now they are in work, and the mine of Col. *Elorza* was by far the most scientifically conducted. The coal is well adapted for steam-engines. The river may be either crossed at *Alcolea del Rio*, or the land route through *Santi Ponce* regained.

The geologist and botanist, when once at *Almaden*, may either join the

Madrid road at *Trujillo*, having visited *Logrosan* and *Guadalupe*, or strike down to *Cordova* by a wild bridle-road of 18 L. This ride occupies 3 days: the first is the shortest, baiting at *Santa Eufemia* and sleeping at *Viso*. *Santa Eufemia* domineers over the fertile plain of *Pedroches*, which separates the table-land of *Almaden* from the range of the *Sierra Morena*: here mica slate occurs, followed by granite, which commences at *Viso*, an agricultural town of some 2500 inhab., and distant 12 L. from *Cordova*. The second day the country is tolerably well cultivated until, after a wild *dehesa*, you ascend the *Sierra Morena*: the country becomes now most romantic and full of deep defiles, leading into the central chains. The hills are round-backed, and of moderate elevation, covered with *jaras* and aromatic shrubs, but utterly uninhabited. *Villakarta*, where sleep, is a picturesque village on a slope of the *Solana*. The last day's ride continues through the sierra, amid pine-forests, with traces of seams of coal, which extend W. to *Espiel* and *Valmez*, to a venta, from whence you look down on the plains of *Andalucia*, and descend in about 3 h. to *Cordova*. This line is of the highest interest to the geologist and botanist. From *Almaden* to *Ciudad Real* are 16 L., and it is in contemplation to construct a regular road,

ROUTE 9.—SEVILLE TO MADRID.

Alcalá de Guadaira . . .	2	
Mairena	2	4
Carmona	2	6
La Portuguesa	2½	8½
La Luisiana	3½	12
Ecija	3	15
La Carlota	4	19
Mango Negro	3	22
Cordova	3	25
Casa Blanca	2½	27½
Carplo	2½	30
Aldea del Rio	3½	33½
Santa Cecilia	2½	36
Adujar	2½	38½
Casa del Rey	2½	41
Ballen	2	43
Guarroman	2	45
La Carolina	2	47
Santa Elena	2	49
Va. de Cardenas	2	51

Almurádel	2	..	53
Santa Cruz	2†	..	55†
Valdepeñas	2	..	57†
Consolacion	2	..	59†
Manzanares	2†	..	62
Va. de Quesada	2	..	64
Villarta	2†	..	66†
Puerto Lapiche	2	..	68†
Madridejos	3	..	71†
Canada de la Higuera	2	..	73†
Tembleque	2	..	75†
La Guardia	2	..	77†
Ocaña	3†	..	81
Aranjuez	2	..	83
Espartinas	2†	..	85†
Angeles	3	..	88†
Madrid	2†	..	91

When ladies are in the case it will be prudent to write beforehand to some friend in Madrid to secure quarters at an hotel. This wearisome journey is now (1854) shortened by the rail, which is opened from *Tembleque* to *Madrid*; this high road is in very bad order; the accommodations are indifferent; the diligence inns are the best.

After leaving the basin of the Guadquivir the road crosses the *Sierra Morena*, ascending to the dreary central table-lands. *Cordova* is almost the only object worth visiting on the whole line. There is some talk of a railroad to connect that city with *Cadiz* by the level line of the Guadquivir, to be made and paid for by Britons bold.

For *Alcalá*, its fine castle, bread, and water-springs, see p. 159. *Matrena del Alcor*, was once celebrated for its 3 days' horse-fair, held April 25th, 26th, and 27th. It was a singular scene of gipsies, legs *chalanés*, and picturesque blackguards; here the *Majo* and *Maja* shone in all their glory. The company returned to Seville at sunset, when all the world was seated near the *Caios de Carmona* to behold them. The correct thing for a *Majo fino* used to be to appear every day on a different horse, and in a different costume. Such a *majo* rode through a gauntlet of smiles, waving fans and handkerchiefs: thus his face was whitened, *salíó muy lucido*. The *Maja* always, on these occasions, wore the *Caramba*, or riband fringed with silver, and fastened to the *Moño*, or knot of

her hair. She ought also to have the portrait of her *Querido* round her neck. The *Majo* always had 2 embroidered handkerchiefs—her work—with the corners emerging from his jacket pockets; but all this picturesque nationality is getting obsolete, and is voted uncivilized.

Creting an aromatic uncultivated tract, the clean white town of *Carmona* rises on the E. extremity of the ridge, commanding the plains both ways. The prefix *car* indicates this "height." The old coins found here are inscribed "Carmo," Florez, 'M.' i. 289. Cæsar fortified the city, "the strongest in the province," which remained faithful to the Goths until betrayed to the Moors by the traitor Julian: St. Ferdinand recovered it Sept. 21, 1247, and his standard is borne every anniversary to the Hermitage Sn. Mateo, founded by him. He gave the city for arms, a star with an orle of lions and castles, and the device "Sicut Lucifer lucet in Aurorâ, sic in Wandaliâ Carmona." Don Pedro added largely to this castle, which he made, as regarded Seville, what Edward III. did of Windsor, in reference to London: here, in 1368, he kept his jewels, money, mistresses, and children. After his defeat at *Montiel*, his governor, Mateos Fernandez, surrendered to Enrique on solemn conditions of amnesty, all of which were immediately violated, and himself and many brave soldiers executed. The site is still called el Rio del Cuchillo; but Spaniards say that capitulations make good paper to light cigars with.

Carmona, the Moorish Karmunah, with its Oriental walls, castle, and position, is very picturesque: pop. 15,000. *Fonda de las Diligencias* good: and a *Posada* on the suburban plaza. Observe the tower of *San Pedro*, which is an imitation of the metropolitan *Giralda*; remark the massy walls and arched Moorish city-entrance. The patio of the university is Moorish; the church is of excellent Gothic, and built by Anton. Gallego, obt. 1518. The "Descent of the Cross" is by Pa-

checo; a Venetian-like San Cristobal has been repainted. The *Alameda* with its fountain, between a dip of the hills, is pleasant; by starting half an hour before the diligence, all this may be seen, and the coach caught up at the bottom of the hill. The striking gate leading to Cordova is built on Roman foundations, with an Herrera elevation of Doric and Ionic; the alcazar, towering above it, is a superb ruin. Don Pedro and the Catholic kings were its chief decorators, as their badges and arms show. The view over the vast plains below is magnificent; the Ronda and even Granada chains may be seen. It is somewhat like the panorama of the Grampians from Stirling Castle, on a tropical and gigantic scale. Consult '*Antigüedades de Carmona*,' Juan Salvador Bautista de Arellano, 8vo., Sevilla, 1618.

Descending into the plains, the road continues over aromatic uninhabited uncultivated wastes: soon after *Moncloa*, with its palms, a bridge is crossed, formerly the lair of a gang of robbers, called *Los Niños de Ecija*; although now extinct, these "Boys" are immortal in the fears and tales of Spanish muleteers. The miserable post-houses *La Portuguesa* and *La Luisiana*, called after Spanish queens, are almost the only abodes of man in this tract of rich but neglected country.

Ecija, Astigi (of Greek origin, and the city par excellence), in the time of the Romans, was equal to Cordova and Seville (Plin. 'N. H.' iii. 1; Pomp. Mela, ii. 6): it rises amid its gardens on the Genil, the great tributary of the Guadalquivir, just where it was navigable: pop. 24,000. The inn, *la Posta*, is decent. *Ecija* is a well-built, gay-looking, improving town, but still socially very dull. Some of the Moorish gates and massy towers remain. From the extreme heat it is called the *Sartén* of *Andalucía*, and the produce of corn and oil is consequently very great. This roasted and toasted town bears for arms the sun, with this modest motto, *Una sola sera llamada la Ciudad del Sol*; thus Boetican frying-pans

assume the titles and decorations of an Heliopolis.

Ecija boasts to have been visited by St. Paul, whose gilt statue surmounts the *triumfo*, placed here in honour of his having converted his hostess, *Santa Xantippa*, wife of one *Probus* (these shrew grey mares always have good husbands). See for authentic details '*Esp. Sag.*' iii. 14, Ap. viii., and Ribad, ii. 284. One of the earliest bishops of *Ecija* was St. Crispin, but that was before neighbouring Cordova was so famous for its Morocco leather.

Observe the *Plaza Mayor*, with its pretty acacias and *Amazon* fountain, and the *Azulejo* studded church-towers: the columns in those of *Santa Barbara* and *Santa Maria* are Roman, and were brought from a destroyed temple, once in the *Calle de los Marmoles*. The house of the Marquis de Cortes is painted in the Genoese style; here the king is always lodged. Of other finely balconied and decorated mansions observe those of Peñafior, Benameji, and Villaseca. The cloisters of San Francisco and San Domingo may be visited. There is a fine but narrow bridge over the Genil: the edifice at its head is called *el Rollo*, *El Rollo* meant the gallows, usually built of stone and outside of the town; and from the steps being worn round by walkers sitting down, *rollo* in time obtained the secondary meaning of a promenade, a pretty one that ends in a gibbet. *Ecija* has also a charming alameda outside the town, near the river, with statues and fountains representing the seasons, and a new and magnificent *Plaza de Toros*, built on the site of a Roman amphitheatre. For local details consult '*Ecija y sus Santos*,' Martin de Roa, 4to., Sevilla, 1629; and the *Adicion* of Andres Florindo, 4to., Sev. 1631.

10 L. over a waste lead to Cordova. *Carlota* is one of the *newas poblaciones*, or the newly-founded towns, of which more anon (p. 236). *Cordova*, over which so many associations hover, seen from the distance, amid its olives and palm-trees, and backed by the

convent-crowned sierra, has a truly Oriental look : inside all is decay. The diligence inn is at the other end of the town. Those only passing through Cordova should get out at the bridge, look at the Alcazar and Mosque, then thread the one long street and take up the coach ; and as most of them usually breakfast or sleep here, stopping in the first case about 2 h., ample time is thus given to see the *Mexquita*. Those going to ride to Granada will find the *Posada del Sol*, or *del Puente*, humble, although truly Spanish, more conveniently situated, as being close to the mosque and bridge ; it is the resort of muleteers. N.B. Drink *Montilla* wine.

CORDOVA retains its time-honoured name. *Cor* is a common Iberian prefix, and *tuba* is said to mean important, *Karta tuba*. Bochart, however, reads *Coteba*, the Syrian *coteb*, "oil-press ;" the *trapeta* (Mart. vii. 28) for which this locality has long been renowned. Corduba, under the Carthaginians, was the "gem of the South." It sided with Pompey, and was therefore half destroyed by Cæsar : 23,000 inhabitants were put to death in *terrorem*. His lieutenant Marcellus (Hirt. 'B. A.' 57) rebuilt the city, which was repopled by the pauper patricians of Rome ; hence its epithet, "*Patricia* ;" and pride of birth still is the boast of this poor and servile city. *La cepa de Cordova* is the aristocratic "stock," like the *ceti* of Cortona in Italy. The Great Captain, who was born near Cordova, used to say that "other towns might be better to live in, but none were better to be born in." As the Cordovese barbs were of the best blood, so the nobles protested theirs to be of the bluest. This *sangre azul* or *sangre su*, the azure ichor of this élite of the earth, is so called in contradistinction to common red blood, the puddle which flows in plebeian veins ; while the blood of heretics, Lutherans, Protestants, and political enemies, is held by Spanish *sangrados* and heralds to be black, pitchy, and therefore combustible. The blood of Jews especially is thought to be both sable and to *sink* ; and it

has been said that the Jews were called *Putos*, quia putant ; certainly, as at Gibraltar, an unsavoury odour seems gentilitious in the Hebrew, but not more so than in the orthodox Spanish monk.

Bætica, besides blood, was renowned for brains ; and the genius and imagination of the Cordovese authors astonished ancient Rome. Seneca (De Suas. 6 sub fin.), quoting Cicero, speaks of the "pingue quiddam atque peregrinum" as the characteristic of the style of Sextilius Ena, one of the poets of *facunda Cordoba*, the birthplace of himself, the unique Lucan, the two Senecas, and of other Spaniards who, writing even in Latin, sustained the decline of Roman poetry and literature ; not but what the turgid Lucans of Spain corrupted the pure Augustan style of Italy of old, as the Cordovese Gongora did in modern times. In these older works must be sought the real diagnostics of Iberian style. The Andalusians exhibited a marvellous (for Spaniards) love of foreign literature. Pliny, jun. (ii. 3), mentions an inhabitant of Cadiz who went from thence, then the end of the world, to Rome, on purpose to see Livy ; and having feasted his eyes, returned immediately ; St. Jerome names another Andalusian, one Lacrinus Licinius, who offered Pliny 400,000 nummi for his then unfinished note-books. *Ces beaux jours sont passés*, for now no Andalusian would lose one bull-fight for all the lost *Decades* of twenty Livys.

Cordova, under the Goths, was termed "holy and learned." Osius, the counsellor of Constantine and the friend of St. Athanasius, who punningly called him *σάουσιος*, was its bishop from 294 to 357 : he presided at the Council of Nice, which was the first to condemn prohibited books to the fire. Under the Moors, Cordova became the Athens of the West, or, in the words of Rasis, the "nurse of science, the cradle of captains." It produced Avenzoar, or to write more correctly, Abdel Malek Ibn Zohr, and Averroes, whose proper name is Abu Abdallah Ibn Roshid ; he it was who introduced Aristotle to

Europe, and, in the words of Dante, "il gran commento feo." The wealth, luxury, and civilization of Cordova, under the Beni-Ummeyah dynasty, almost seems an Aladdin tale; yet Gayangos has demonstrated its historical accuracy. All was swept away by the Berbers, true Barbarians, who burnt palace and library.

Spanish Cordova for some time produced sons worthy of its ancient renown. Juan de Mena, the Chaucer, the morning star of Spanish poetry, was born here in 1412; as was Ambrosio Morales, the Hearne, the Leland of the Peninsula, in 1513, at No. 10, *Calle del Cabildo Viejo*; so also Tomas Sanchez, the Jesuit, and author of the celebrated treatise *De Matrimonio, que le sapeva mas del Demonio*. The abominations of the modern Dens are blank cartridges to this cloaca of casuistic filth; yet the author was innocent of any obscene intentions, and treated the case simply as a surgeon dissects a subject. The best and uncastrated edit. is that of Antwerp, 3 vols. fol. 1607. Here, in 1538, was born Pablo de Cespedes, the painter and poet, overrated by Spaniards; and in 1561, Luis de Gongora, the Euphuist; here, in *San Nicolas*, Gonzalo de Cordova, the great (and truly great) Captain of Spain was baptised. Well, therefore, might Juan de Mena follow Rasis in addressing his birthplace as "the flower of knowledge and knighthood."

Cordova was always celebrated for its silversmiths, who came originally from Damascus, and continue to this day to work in that chased filigree style. Juan Ruiz, *El Vandolino*, is the Cellini of Cordova. The *joyas*—Arabic *jauhar*, brilliant—and earrings of the peasantry deserve notice, and every now and then some curious antique emerald-studded jewellery may be picked up.

Roman Cordova resisted the Goths until 572, but Gothic Cordova was taken by the Moors at once by Mugueith el Rumi, the Mogued of Spanish writers; at first it became an appanage of the *Khalifa* of Damascus. The successor and representative of

Mahomet, the *Emir al Mumenin*, the Commander of the Faithful; the distant kingdom in 756 declared itself independent, and rose to be the capital of the Moorish empire of Spain, under Abderahman (Abdu-r-rahman, the servant of the compassionate). He was the head and last remaining heir of his dynasty, the Ummeyah, which had been expelled from the East by the Abasside usurpers. No fiction of romance ever surpassed the truth of his eventful life. Under him Cordova became the Kalifate of the West, and the rival of Baghdad and Damascus, and was the centre of power and civilization in the West, and this at a time when weakness, ignorance, and barbarism shrouded over the rest of Europe. This revolt in Spain dealt the death-blow to the Kalifate of the East, and was followed by the loss of Africa. From the 9th to the 12th century Baghdad was eclipsed by Cordova, which contained in the tenth century nearly a million inhabitants, 300 mosques, 900 baths, and 600 inns. It withered under the Spaniard; and, rich and learned under Roman and Moor, is now a dirty, benighted, ill-provided, decaying place, with a population about 55,000.

The most flourishing period was A.D. 1009. The Moorish dynasties are usually divided into four periods:—The first extended from 711 to 756. Then the newly-conquered peninsula was called the *Island*, *Gezirah*, and those portions which were not under the Moslem *Velad Arrum*, the land of the Romans, as the Goths were termed. During the first period Spain was governed by Amirs, deputed by the Kalif of Damascus. The second period commenced when Abdu-r-rahman declared his independence, and made Cordova his capital, whence he was called *Al-dakhel*, "the enterer," the conqueror. This period extended from 756 to 1036, and its dynasty declined about 1031, under Hishama III., having given 17 sultans. The Moorish power in Spain, which was founded by the Ummeyahs, fell with

them. Now, in the third period, two factions took the lead in the divided house; first, the Almoravides-Murabitins (*Rábitos*, or men consecrated to the service of God, the types of the Christian knights of Santiago), and secondly, their rivals, and by whom they were put down in 1146, viz. the Almohades, or Unitarian Dissenters, or fanatics (Al Muevahedun); they were headed by Ibn-Abdallah, a Berber lamplighter, who persuaded the mob to believe that he was the Mehedi, or "only director," in the paths of virtue. There was no tyranny, no Vandalism, which this Jack Cade in a turban did not commit. This degrading domination ceased about 1227, when the whole Moorish system was shivered to pieces like the fragments of the exploding shell, or (like those molluscs, which, when divided, have such vitality, that each portion becomes a new living creature) became independent, "Quot urbes tot reges;" each portion becoming the prey of some petty ruler, who being all rival upstarts, never acted cordially together. They were *sheiks*, however, rather than *kings*, and such as those of which Joshua in the East, and the Cid in the West, overcame so many. This, in reading the early history of Spain, must always be remembered. The misapplication, or mistranslation of our more extensive term, king, for the lesser title of a powerful baron, as in the case of Lear, gives an air of disproportion to the narrative. The divided and weakened Moorish principalities gradually fell before the united Spaniards, and Cordova was easily taken, June 30, 1235, by St. Ferdinand—a king, eye every inch a king.

Then it was that Ibnu-l-ahmar, a vassal of St. Ferdinand, founded, in 1238, 1492, the fourth and last dynasty, that of Granada, which after two centuries and a half, was in its turn undermined by internal dissensions, until the union of Aragon and Castile under Ferd. and Isab., taking place at the period of the greatest Granadian divisions, completed the final con-

quest, and terminated the Mohamedan dynasties in Spain. The Cordovese power rose with the master-minded Abderahmans, and was maintained by Al Mansúr, the mighty captain-minister of Hisham. Even then a germ of weakness existed, for the Kalif of Damascus never forgave the casting off his allegiance: he made treaties with the French against the Cordovese, while the Cordovese allied themselves with the emperor of Constantinople, as the rival of the Eastern kalif. Both parties occasionally used the services of the Jews, renegades, mongrels, *Muwallads* (disbelievers), and especially the Berbers, deadly foes to the Cordovese Moors, whom they abhorred as descendants of Yemen and Damascus, and as their dispossessors, for they claimed Spain as theirs in right of their Carthaginian ancestors, who had fled to the mountains of the Atlas from the Romans. These highlanders, although Pagans, and utterly *barbarous*, thought themselves alone to be the salt of the earth, and assumed the epithet *amarzeegh*, or *nobles*. At once the strength and weakness of the Moors, first they aided in conquering the Goths, and then turning against their allies, upset the most elegant and accomplished dynasty that Spain has ever witnessed.

For Cordova consult '*Antigüedades de España*,' Morales, Alcalá de Henares, 1575, chap. 31: '*Almakkari*,' translated by the learned P. Gayangos. The third book records what Cordova was in all its glory. Southey, in art. i. 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' has given a portion of the 10th and 11th vols. of Florez, '*Esp. Sag.*;' '*Los Santos de Cordova*,' M. de Roa, 4to., Sev. 1615, Lyons, 1617, or 4to., Cordova, 1627; '*De Cordova in Hispania*,' and ditto, 4to., Lyons, 1617; '*Antigüedades de Cordova*,' Pedro Diaz de Rivas, 4to., 1624; and '*Antiguo Principado de Cordova*,' M. de Roa, 4to., Cordova, 1636; '*Palestra Sagrada*,' Bart^e. Sanchez Feria, 4 vols. 4to., Madrid, 1772; '*Catalogo de los Obispos de Cordova*,' Juan Gomez Brayo, 2 vols., fol., 1778,

and the *Indicador*, by Luis Maria Ramirez de las Casas Deza; and the *Manualito* de Cordova; read also Lebrecht's essay in Ashur's *Benjamin de Tudela*, ii. 318.

Cordova, this Athens under the Moor, is now a poor Bœotian place, the residence of local authorities, with a liceo, theatre, a *casa de espositos*, *plaza de toros*, and a national museo with some rubbish in *San Pablo*, and a library of no particular consequence; a day will amply suffice for everything. The city arms are "a bridge placed on water, allusive to that over the river; the foundations of it are Roman; the present irregular arches were built in 719 by the governor Assamh." At the town entrance is a classical Doric gate erected by Herrera for Philip II. on the site of the Moorish Babu-l-Kanterah, "the gate of the bridge." The relievos on it are said to be by Torrigiano. Near this is *El triunfo*, a triumph of superstition and churriguerism, which was erected by the Bishop Martin de Barcia. On the top is the Cordovese tutelary saint, Rafael, who clearly is unconnected with his namesake of Urbino. The *Alcazar* rises to the l., and was built on the site of the *Balatt Ludheric*, the Castle of Roderick, the last of the Goths, whose father, Theofred, was Duke of Cordova; formerly it was the residence of the Inquisition, and then, as at Seville, that of miserable invalid soldiers. The lower portions were converted into stables by Juan de Minjares in 1584, for the royal stallions: near Cordova and Alcolea were the principal breeding-ground for Andalusian barbs, until the establishment was broken up by the invaders, who carried off the best mares and stallions. Here, under the Moors, were the *Atharas* (unde *Haras*), the mounted guard of the king, and they were either Christians, Mamelukes, or Slavonians, *foreigners*, with whom suspicious despots like to surround themselves.

The bishop's palace, close by, was built in 1745, and is in a bad rococo style: the inside is all dirt, decay, and

gilding, marble and whitewash; ostentatious poverty. In the *Sala de la Audiencia* are a series of bad portraits of prelates. Here Ferdinand VII. was confined in 1823, and attempted to escape through the garden, in which observe the gigantic lemons, Arabic *laymoon*. The artist must not fail to walk below the bridge to some most picturesque Moorish mills and pleasant fresh plantations.

The cathedral or the mosque, *La Mezquita* as it is still called (*mesgad* from *masegad*, Arabic to worship prostrate), stands isolated, and has served as the chief temple to many creeds, each in their turn. The exterior is forbidding, being enclosed by walls from 30 to 60 feet high, and averaging 6 feet in thickness: walk round them, and observe the square buttress towers with fire-shaped or bearded parapets; it is the type of that which was at Seville. Examine the rich Moorish spandrils and latticed openings of the different entrances. Enter the Court of Oranges at the *Puerta del Perdon*, of which the type is truly Oriental (1 Chr. xxviii. 6). The cistern was erected in 945-6, by Abdu-r-rahman. In this once sacred *reservas* and "Grove," this "court of the House of God," importunate beggars, although bearded, cloaked, Homeric, and patriarchal, worry the stranger and dispel the illusion. Ascend the belfry tower, which, like the Giralda, was shattered by a hurricane in 1593; it was recased and repaired the same year by Fernan Ruiz, a native of this city. The courtyard was built by Said Ben Ayub in 937; it is 430 feet by 210. The 19 entrances into the mosque are now closed, save that of the centre. Observe the military columns found in the middle of the mosque during the repairs of 1532: the inscriptions (re-engraved in 1732!) record the distance, 114 miles, to Cadiz, from the Temple of Janus, on the site of which the mosque was built. The interior of the cathedral is like a basilicum, for the Moors introduced a new style of building in Spain, or rather converted the *basilicum* to the

mosque, as they had adapted the Bible to the Koran. This specimen offers the finest type in Europe of the true temple of Islam. The labyrinth, a forest or quincunx of pillars, was chiefly constructed out of the materials of a temple of Janus, consecrated to St. George by the Goths. Out of the 1200 monolithic columns—now reduced to about 850—which once supported its low roof, 115 came from Nismes and Narbonne, in France; 60 from Seville and Tarragona, in Spain; while 140 were presented by Leo, Emperor of Constantinople; the remainder were detached from the temples at Carthage and other cities of Africa; the columns are in no way uniform—some are of jasper, porphyry, verd-antique, and other choice marbles: neither are their diameters equal throughout, the shafts of some which were too long having been either sawed off or sunk into the floor to a depth of four and even five and six feet; while in those too short, the deficiency was supplied by means of a huge and disproportionate Corinthian capital, thus destroying all harmony and uniformity. The Moslem was the thief of antiquity. This passion of the Arabs for appropriating Roman remains has always been and is general, wherever they settled; the materials of their buildings were seldom extracted from the quarry. From the Tigris to the Orontes, from the Nile to the Guadalquivir, the cities of the first settlers are entirely built from the wreck of former ones. Ctesiphon and Babylon furnished materials for the private and public buildings of Baghdad; Misr was transformed into the modern Cairo: Tunis rose out of the ruins of Carthage; and in Spain few are the Roman cities whose site was not changed by the conquerors, by transporting their materials to a distance of two, three, and even more miles, from the original spot whereon they stood; this being principally the case whenever the deserted city occupied the centre of a plain or valley; for the Arabs, from habit, as well as from an instinct of self-preservation,

always chose to locate themselves on high ground, as most calculated for defence. The old sites are to be traced by the distinguishing epithet *La Vieja*, which is equivalent to the Greek *τα παλαια*, the Moorish *Baleea*, the Turkish *Esly Kalli*. Our *Old Sarum* is an apt illustration, where the ancient city was absorbed by more modern Salisbury, and used up, serving in its decay to elevate its rival.

Abdu-r-rahman began the present mosque, July 2, 786, copying that of Damascus; dying June 10, 788, it was finished by his son Hixem in 793-4, and was called *Ceca*, *Zeca*, the house of purification, the old Epyptian *Sékos* (*σενος*, adytum). In sanctity it ranked as the third of mosques, equal to the Alaksa of Jerusalem, and second only to the Caaba of Mecca. Conde, i. 226, details its magnificence and ceremonials. A pilgrimage to this *Ceca* was held to be equivalent in the Spanish Moslem to that of Mecca, where he could not go: hence *andar de zeca en meca* became a proverb for wanderings, and is used by Sancho Panza when soured by blanket-tossings. The area is about 394 feet E. to W.; 356 feet N. to S. The pillars divide it into 19 longitudinal and 29 transverse aisles; the laterals are converted into chapels. Observe the singular double arches and those which spring over pillars, which are one of the earliest deviations from the Basilica form: the columns, as at Pæstum, have no plinths, which would be inconvenient to pedestrians. Some of the upper arches are beautifully interlaced like ribbands. The roof is about 35 feet high, and originally was flat before the modern cupolas were substituted by one Valle Ledesma in 1713. The real lowness is increased by the width of the interior, just as the height of the gothic is increased by the narrowness of the aisles. The *alerce* wood of which it is formed remained as sound as when placed there nearly eleven centuries ago; and, when taken down, the planks were much sought after by the guitar makers. This tree, called in the

Arabic dialect of Granada, Erza, *Erc* the *Eres* of the Hebrew, the *Laris* of Barbary (the root of *Larix*, larch), is the Thuya, the Thus articulata, or arbor vitæ, which in the time of the Moors grew plentifully near the *Gumiel*, as it still does in the Berber mountains, beyond Tetuan, from whence it was brought here (Morales, 'Ant. de Esp.' 123). Spain was always celebrated for the durability of its timber and excellence of its workmanship. The Phœnicians were the great carpenters of antiquity, and selected as such by Solomon for the temple at Jerusalem (1 Kings v.). Pliny, 'N. H.' (xvi. 40) speaks of the antiquity of the beams of the temple of Saguntum, which were durable like those of Hercules at Cadiz (Sil. Ital. iii. 18).

Visit the *Capilla de Villaviciosa*, once the *Maksurah*, or seat of the kalif. Observe the *Mih-rab*, the elaborately ornamented cabinet or recess in which the kalif performed his *Chotbâ*, or public prayer, at the window looking to the *Ceca*, or sanctum sanctorum. Observe the quaint lions, like those in the Alhambra, and the *Azulejos*, and the arabesque stucco, once painted in blue and red, and gilded. The inscriptions are in Cuphic. This spot has been sadly disfigured by Spanish alterations. Visit the *Calle San Pedro*, once the *Cella*, the "*Ceca*," the Holiest of Holies, and the *kiblah*, or point turned to Mecca, which lies to the E. from Spain, but to the S. from Asia; observe the glorious Mosaic exterior unequalled in Europe, and of truly Byzantine richness. The Greeks soon made friends with the dynasty of Cordova as the natural enemy of their eastern antagonist the kalif of Damascus. According to Edrisi, this splendid Mosaic was sent to Cordova from Constantinople by the Emperor Romanus II. It was their *ψηφισμα*, which the Moors pronounced Tsefysa, Sofezabâ. There is nothing finer in this kind at Palermo or Monreale. A paltry *reja* rails off the tomb of the constable Conde de Oropesa, by whom, in 1368, Cordova

was saved from Don Pedro and the Moors. Its Spartan simplicity contrasts with the surrounding gorgeousness. This chapel the Spaniards call *Del Zancarron*, in derision of the *foot-bone* of Mahomet; the chapel is an octagon of 15 ft.; the roof, made in the form of a shell, is wrought out of a single piece of marble. The pilgrim compassed this *Ceca* seven times, as was done at Mecca; hence the foot-worn pavement.

The lateral chapels of the cathedral are not very interesting. Pablo de Cespedes, ob. 1608, is buried in front of that of *San Pablo*: by him are the paintings of St. John, St. Andrew, and a neglected "Last Supper," once his masterpiece. In the *Calle San Nicolas* is a Berrugete *Retablo*, and paintings by Cesar Arbasia, of no merit. In the *Capilla de los Reyes* was buried Alonso XI., one of the most chivalrous of Spanish kings—the hero of Tarifa and Algeciras: his ashes have been moved to *Sn. Hipolito*, but his ungrateful country has not even raised a poor slab to his memory. In the *Capilla del Cardenal* is the rich tomb of Cardinal Pedro de Salazar, ob. 1706. It is churrigueresque; the statues are by José de Mora. In the Panteon below are some fine marbles. The two bad pictures in the Sacristia, and ascribed to Alonso Cano, are only copies. The church plate once was splendid; the empty cases and shelves remain from whence Dupont and his plunderers carried off many waggon loads. A few cinque-cento crosses and chalices were secreted, and thus escaped, like the Custodia. This is a noble Gothic silver-gilt work of Henrique de Arphe, 1517. It was injured in 1735 by the injudicious additions of one Bernabé Garcia de los Reyes. The marvel, however, of the verger, the great and absorbing local lion, is a rude cross scratched on a pillar, and, according to an inscription, by a Christian captive with his nail (? a nail)—*Hizó el Cautivo con la Uña*.

So much for the Mosque. The modern addition is the *Coro*; this was

done in 1523 by the Bishop Alonso Manrique. The city corporation, with a taste and judgment rare in such bodies, protested against this "improvement;" but Charles V., unacquainted with the locality, upheld the prelate. When he passed through in 1526, and saw the mischief, he thus reproved the chapter:—"You have built here what you, or any one, might have built anywhere else; but you have destroyed what was pulled in the world. You have pulled down what was complete, and you have begun what you cannot finish." And yet this man, who could see so clearly the motives in corporate eyes, was the Vandal who disfigured the Alcazar of Seville, and tore down portions of the Alhambra, to commence a palace, which ever now is unfinished; oh! fit ruler of Spaniards, whose poor performance ever shames their mighty promise!

The *Coro* was commenced by Fernan Ruiz in 1523, and completed in 1593. The cinque-cento ornaments and roof are picked out in white and gold. The *Silleria*, by Pedro D. Cornejo, is churrigueresque; he died in 1758, æt. 80, and is buried near the *Capilla Mayor*. The excellent *Retablo* was designed, in 1614, by Alonso Matias; the painting is by Palomino, and is no better than his writings; the tomb, *Al lado de la Epistola*, is that of the beneficent Bishop Diego de Mardones, ob. 1624. Lope de Rueda lies buried *entre los dos coros*. For other details consult the *Descripcion, &c.*, of *Casas Deza*, D^{no}. Cordoba, 1847.

The walk round the lonely walls is picturesque. They are Moorish, and built of *tapia*; with their gates and towers they must have been nearly similar to that original circumvallation as described by Cæsar (B. C. ii. 19). Observe the palms overtopping the wall from a convent garden near the *Puerta de Plasencia*. The first palm ever planted in Cordova was by the royal hand of Abdu-rahman, who desired to have a memorial of his much-loved and always regretted Damascus; his plaintive sonnet is still extant. The octagon tower, near this *Puerta*, *La*

Mala Muerte, was erected in 1406 by Enrique III.

The Moors and Spaniards have combined to destroy all the Roman antiquities of Cordova. The aqueduct was taken down to build the convent of San Jeronimo. In 1730 an amphitheatre was discovered during some accidental diggings near San Pablo, and reinterred. In making the prisons of the Inquisition some statues, mosaics, and inscriptions were found, all of which were covered again by the holy tribunal as being Pagan. Formerly there were 35 convents, besides 13 parish churches, in this priest-ridden city; most of these are overloaded with barbaric churrigueresque and gilding. Ambrosio Morales was buried in *Los Martyres*, where his friend the Archbishop of Toledo, Rojas Sandoval, placed a tomb and wrote an epitaph; the ashes were moved in 1844 to the *Colegiata de San Hipolito*. The *Plaza*, with its wooden galleries, and the *Calle de la Feria*, abound with Prout-like bits. Observe a common-place modern portico of 6 Composite pillars, by Ventura Rodriguez, much admired here. Some 250 bad pictures were got together in the *Colegio de la Asuncion*. The sword of the Rey Chico and the Arabic bell of Samson may be inquired after. Mediæval Cordova totters and every day disappears: the fine old houses of the ruined nobility and absentees are either converted to vile purposes or pulled down. The convents shared the same fate. The traveller may visit *La Corredera*, once the plaza for tournaments and bull-fights. A grand new arena has been raised at the *Paseo Grand Capitan*. The Moorish house *La Cuadra*, on the *Plazuela San Nicolas*, deserves notice. Commerce has fled with arts and arms. The peculiar leather, called from the town *Cordovain*, Cordovan, was once celebrated, but the Moors carried their art and industry to Morocco: a few miserable tanpits near the river mark the difference between the present and former proprietors. The chief manufactures at present are

Olives and tubs for them. Cordova was always most servile and priest-ridden; the theatre in Ferd. VII.'s time was closed, because some nuns saw the devil dancing on the roof. Thus, in ancient times, the brazen tree of Apollo remonstrated when a dancer came near it, who was torn to pieces by the priests (Athen. xiii. 605). Cordova is now dying of atrophy: it has neither arms nor men, leather nor prunella; the first blow was dealt by the barbarian Berbers, the last by the French.

A morning's excursion may be made to the *Val Paraiso*, and the hermitages in the Sierra Morena; the path ascends through gardens. At *San Francisco de la Arrizafa* was the fairy villa, the Rizzifah of Abdu-r-rahman, i. e. "the pavement"—unde Arricife; Conde and the accurate Gayangos have detailed from Arabic authorities the historical but almost incredible luxuries of this Aladdin palace. This museum of Oriental art, like the villa of Hadrian, near Tivoli, was entirely destroyed, Feb. 18, 1009. The chief leaders, says the historian Ibnu-r-rakik, were only "ten men, who were either sellers of charcoal (*carboneros*), butchers, or dung-carriers" (Moh. D. ii. 228 and 488). The inhabitants made no resistance; now, even the traces of these palaces cannot be made out—etiam periere ruinae. A scheme has recently been set on foot to make excavations and researches.

The hermitages on the Sierra above were to Andalucia what Monserrat was to Catalonia: desecrated and suppressed, they now are hardly worth going up to; the excursion, however, affords a true notion of Andalucian vegetation, and the views from above are extensive.

The hermitages on the Sierra—thebais, a Laura, a Mount Athos—never wanted a tenant of the bravest and best born; in the Iberian temperament, as in the Oriental—*inedia et labor*—violent action and repose are inherent. The half monk, half soldier crusader, after a youth of warfare and bloodshed, retired with grey hairs to cleanse with holy water his blood-stained hands. This was the cold fit,

the reaction after the fever; some excitement, too, was necessary, and as the physical forces decayed, a moral stimulant was resorted to (see Monserrat, p. 419.)

Cordova has never recovered the fatal June, 1808, when it was entered by Gen. Dupont: although no resistance was made, the populace was massacred, and the city, *Mezquita*, and churches were plundered (Foy, iii. 231); every one, says Maldonado (i. 291), from the general to the fraction of a drummer-boy, giving themselves up to pillage. The officers vied with the rank and file (Madoz, vi. 658). The "plunder exceeded ten millions of reals:" 8000 ounces, or 25,000*l.*, were found in Dupont's luggage alone: see Maldonado (i. 335); who, with Toreno (iv.), gives all the scandalous details.

General Villoutreys, who was sent to Paris with the news, although traveling express, halted a day at Bayonne, to convert his illgotten Spanish gold into lighter French billets de banque (Maldonado, i. 333): compare Diod. Sic. (v. 305) and his character of the "excessiye love for bullion" of the old Gaul. Well may Bory exclaim (Laborde, iii. 201) that "Le souvenir du Varus Français est demeuré *odieux* aux citoyens de Cordoue." Even Foy, in spite of his "generous patriotism," does not dare to hide the notorious truth: he tells the sad details (iii. 231), the sack of the mosque, the inexcusable butchery of peaceful, defenceless multitudes. In the words of even Thiers it was "*une veritable brigandage*." Our Napier (i. 8), notwithstanding, asserts that, "as the inhabitants took no part in the contest, and received the French without any signs of aversion" (thus far he is correct), "the town was protected from pillage!" Buonaparte, however, who knew the real facts, told Savary that he could only account for the "unusual cowardice and subsequent defeat of Dupont's troops at Bailen, from a fear of losing their plunder,"—and he was right. Those who rob, as the

Duke told so often the Spaniards and Belgians, are worth nothing when faced against the enemy.

There is a bridle cross-road from Cordova to Granada, 22½ L. (see R. 14), and a new road is contemplated to Malaga, *vid* Fernan Nuñez, Montemayor, Montilla, Aguilar, Benamegi, and Antiquera, which, if finished, will bring Malaga in land and carriage communication with Madrid, Seville, and Cadiz. Meantime the roads of this rich province are most disgraceful,

Quitting Cordova at 2 L., the Guadalquivir is crossed by the noble bridge of dark marble, built by Charles III., at Alcolea. This is so fine that the Spaniards say that the French, when they saw it, asked if it were not made in France. Alcolea is a common name in Spain, being the *Alcalah*, the fortress, the outpost of the Moors. Here, June 7, 1808, Pedro Echavarri, a "returned convict, half madman and entire coward" (Schep. i. 280), who had promoted himself to the rank of lieutenant (thus Morillo and others rose to rank), with some thousand men, ought to have stopped Dupont, but at the first French advance this general turned and fled, never halting until he reached Ecija, 40 m. off; others ran even to Seville, and were the first messengers of their own disgrace (Foy iii. 229); then had Dupont pushed on, instead of thinking of plunder, he would have won Andalusia without firing a shot. Ferdinand VII., however, in 1814, instituted an order of honour for the *prodigios de valor* exhibited at Alcolea, and gave Echavarri the only grand cross. All this is omitted by Madoz (i. 456). Again, in 1836, the dastardly citizens of Cordova yielded to a handful of men under Gomez,

Near Alcolea is the great stable *La Regalada*, for the once celebrated breeding-grounds of Cordovese barbs: the establishment has never recovered since the best stallions were carried off by the invaders. At *Carpio*, with its Moorish tower, built in 1325, the costume begins to change, the women wearing green serge *sayas*, and hand-

kerchiefs and shawls instead of mantillas. Passing through fertile tracts of corn and olives is *Andujar*, Andura, a dull unwholesome town on the Guadalquivir of 9000 souls, with an old dilapidated bridge: the diligence inn is decent. For history consult *Vida de Santa Eufrasia y Origen de Andujar*, Antonio Terrones de Robres, 4to. Gran. 1657. Here are made the porous cooling clay drinking-vessels, *alcarrazas*, Arabicè Karaset, which, filled with water and arranged in stands or *tallas*, are seized upon by thirsty Spaniards on entering every venta. The *Parroquia Santa Marina* was a mosque: the *montes* in the neighbourhood abound in game. At Andujar were signed two memorable documents; first, July 23, 1808, the convention of Bailen, and secondly, Aug. 8, 1823, the decree of the Duke of Angoulême, whereby superiority was assumed by the French over all Spanish authorities. This was resented by the whole Peninsula, for it touched the national *Españolismo*, or impatience under foreign dictation; it converted every friend, nay, even the recently delivered Ferdinand VII., into a foe to the knife.

From *Andujar* there is a carriageable road to *Jaen*, 6 L., and thence to *Granada*, Rte. 16.

Continuing on to Madrid the road soon ascends the hills, over a broken country, down which the Rumbler boils. The memorable battle of Bailen took place between the post-houses *La Casa del Rey* and *Bailen*. BAILEN! This great name, which first, which last is repeated by Spaniards, is the *one* victory, the hapworth of triumph which covers a multitude of intolerable defeats, such as in no history can be paralleled except by that of themselves. BAILEN, where "Nosotros crushed the veterans of Austerlitz and Marengo," [Dupont's troops being, in fact, raw conscripts and "*des soldats novices*," Foy, iv. 109,] "and thereby saved, not Spain alone, but Europe!" As the road to Madrid offers little to look at or write about, the *real truth*

may at once amuse the English and instruct the Spanish reader while journeying over dreary and dull La Mancha.

When Cuesta had, by being beaten at Rioseco, opened Madrid to the French, Buonaparte and Murat considered the conquest of Andalucia to be merely a *promenade militaire*. Dupont accordingly was sent from Toledo, May 24, 1808, with 10,000 men, and boasted that on the 21st of June he should be at Cadiz: his forces were next increased by 12,950 more men under Vedel; but Dupont mismanaged the whole campaign: he arrived, without obstacles, at Andujar, and then neither pushed on to Cadiz, nor fell back on Madrid while the mountains were open. Meanwhile Castaños was enabled to move his *bisónos* from Algeciras, by the help of a loan advanced by the merchants of Gibraltar, and marched towards Andujar with 25,000 men: his army, both in men and generals, was little more than nominally Spanish, although Madoz, iii. 303, says they were *casi todos Andaluces!* The 1st division was Swiss, and commanded by Reding, a Swiss; the 2nd was commanded by De Coupigny, a Frenchman; the 3rd by Jones, an Irishman, and the best troops were Walloons. The 4th division, which really consisted of Spaniards, who now claim all the glory, never fired a shot, and Castaños, their chief, only arrived after the battle was gained; previously Dupont had so mismanœuvred and scattered his forces, that Castaños, by marching Reding to the r., got between him and Vedel. The positions were singular, each being placed in these hilly defiles between two fires: Dupont between Castaños and Reding, Reding between Dupont and Vedel.

July 18, Dupont quitted Andujar like a thief in the night. So careless was the Spanish look-out, that the enemy had marched five hours before Castaños even knew that he was gone. Dupont was met at daybreak of the 19th by Reding and Coupigny, drawn up in a strong hill position. The battle was of short duration, for the

French had become demoralized by indulgence in pillage; more than 1500 men were actually employed in guarding the "impedimenta," or waggons of plunder; thus, as at Victoria, the crime entailed its own punishment. But according to Justin (xxxii. 2) such defeat is no unusual consequence of Gallic plunder, and especially when sacrilegious; hence the classical proverb *Aurum Tolosanum*, the curse-entailing pillage of Delphos, which haunted the French of Toulouse, and the comrades of Brennus. Such was the just retribution of Nemesis, *Uttor Sacre pecunia*. And some high officers, says Foy (iv. 100), "anxious to secure their *butin infame*, were ready to listen to dishonour;" the uneven country was also in favour of Reding, as it rendered all scientific manœuvring impossible; in short it was a Roncesvalles.

The report of the firing during the contest brought up La Peña with the 4th Spanish brigade, and Vedel with his division; thus Reding was attacked in front and rear by Dupont and Vedel, while Dupont was exposed in the same manner to Reding and La Peña; but the Spaniards arrived first, for Vedel had halted some hours to permit his troops to convert into soup a flock of goats which they had caught: thus nearly 20,000 Frenchmen were sold for a mess of pottage: "La destinée des nations dépend de la manière dont elles se nourrissent," says Brillat-Savarin. This ought to be a warning to so truly great a gastronomic nation, how they meddle with the cuisine of the rude Iberians, who were sad goat-eaters, according to Strabo (iii. 155, *τραγοφαγῶνι μαλισθα*).

All parties were anxious to come to some terms, particularly the chiefs, Dupont and Castaños; indeed the latter, on his arrival, after all the fighting was over, would have readily granted a convention of Cintra had he not been prevented by Count Tilli, a sort of commissioner of the Seville junta.

Every moment's delay rendered the position of the French more desperate.

The burning Andalusian sun, and the want of water, were more formidable than the Spaniards. Read Livy (xxxiv. 47) to see a former example of these effects on a French army. When the troops ventured down to the stream below, they were shot by hornet swarms of armed peasants. Eventually, on the 23rd, 17,635 Frenchmen laid down their arms. The panic spread far and wide: whole detachments of French along the road to Madrid volunteered their own submission. Joseph Buonaparte fled from Madrid instantly, having first pillaged everything; but the invaders ran away from the coming shadows of only their own fears, for Castaños, so far from advancing on the foe, more amazed at his victory, than even the French at their defeat, actually marched back to Seville to dedicate flags to St. Ferdinand: nor did he reach Madrid until Aug. 23, when he proceeded to kneel before the Atocha image of the Virgin, and thank her for her interference (Schep. i. 458). Meanwhile Buonaparte was silently preparing his great revenge unmolested by the Spaniards, who quietly reposed under their laurels, not taking the smallest steps even to dislodge the French runaways from the line of the Ebro; they thought the war concluded by one blow; and even the sober English caught the infection, and imagined Bailen to be a tragedy to be repeated whenever the French appeared, until further notice. The rewards given to Castaños, this conqueror by deputy, were as slow as his military movements; he was not made *Duque de Bailen* until nearly a quarter of a century afterwards, and then simply and solely because Christina was anxious to create a liberal party for her own ends. To his praise be it said that he was free from mean jealousies, and cheerfully served under the Duke of Wellington, and of all his countrymen was best liked by their allies. He was fully aware of his own utter military incapacity, and being a true *Pillo Andaluz*, cut his joke on himself and on everything else. Thus,

when Dupont on delivering his sword, made a grandiloquent speech in the *Honneur et Patrie* style: "this is the first time mon épée has witnessed defeat." "Ma foi," replied Castaños, "what is odder still, this is the first time mine has witnessed a victory."

Castaños, who trimmed and weathered all the storms of Spanish politics, died liked by all Sept. 23rd, 1852, aged 95. On the 14th of that month, also full of years and honours, our great Duke had led the way, as he was wont. They indeed justly represent the shares of the real work done in the war of independence by England and Spain.

Castaños was a gentleman, and to his honour opposed the Punic manner in which the convention of Bailen was broken on some quibble about the impossibility of sending the French home in "*Spanish ships*." Thus retaliation and poetical justice were satisfied rather than good faith. The French, who had sowed in the storm, now reaped in the whirlwind. "They were treated," says Southey (ch. viii.), "as criminals rather than soldiers; as men who had laid down their arms, but could not lay down their crimes." "On leur réclamait avec menaces et injures les vases sacrées des églises," (Foy, iv. 107). Many were massacred in cold blood on the road, others were starved in the Cadiz hulks, the rest were exposed on the desolate island of Cabrera, without food or clothing, to feed on each other like howling wild beasts, in spite of the indignant remonstrances of English officers, who are now charged by some French! with the guilt of the very crimes, which they did every thing in their power to prevent.

Buonaparte concealed Bailen and the truth from his slaves: "Les Français," says Foy, "n'en eurent même pas connaissance." When the retreat from Madrid could no longer be kept back, he only hinted in the '*Moniteur*,' Sept. 6, that the heat of the weather and the superiority of the Ebro water were the causes; just as at Trafalgar he ascribed the *accidental disaster* to the elements. Barring this fanfaron-

nade, his military genius fully comprehended how little Spanish strategics had caused the victory; and, writing immediately after the disaster, he remarked, "Les Espagnols ne sont pas à craindre, toutes les forces Espagnoles ne sont pas capables de culbuter 25,000 Français dans une position raisonnable;" and subsequent events showed how true was this opinion. He never again lost any great battle with the Spaniards, and in a few months routed these very heroes of Bailen, who displayed everywhere the most incredible cowardice and incapacity. Even Schepeler observes, "Le son de ce mot *Bailen* produisit un vertige de triomphe, et livra à Buonaparte mainte armée Espagnole." This victory of an accident really proved to Spaniards a disaster, for they now took the exception for the rule, and imagined that their raw levies, wanting in everything, and led by incapable officers, could beat the highly organised veterans of France led by good commanders; in vain the Duke urged them to keep to their hills, and wage a Fabian defensive warfare, which history, the nature of the broken country, and the admirable *guerilla* qualities of the Spanish people pointed out. "I am afraid," said the Duke, "that the utmost we can hope for is, to teach them how to avoid being beat. If we can effect that object, I hope we might do the rest" (Disp. Aug. 18, 1812). But their *Españolismo* took huff; they were not to be taught; and these "children in the art of war" were naughty enough to quarrel with their kind nurse and well-meaning instructor. Bailen always interfered; they were always fighting it over again, planning how to catch all the French at once in one trap. This idea led them to quit the mountains and descend into the fatal plains, there to extend their lines, in order to surround the enemy and catch him in a trap, when these Tartars, by one charge of cavalry, generally put them to rout.

Meanwhile the effect of Bailen was electrical; for the truth could not be quite stifled, even in France. Europe

aroused from her moral subjection; Spain retook her place among nations; and England, thinking her now worthy of her friendship, rushed to her final deliverance.

After nearly forty years, a monument was talked about being erected on this glorious site; and even this, a thing of accident, was not got up to honour Castaños or his troops, but to express by a side wind the national disgust at the marriage of the Spanish Infanta with the French Duc de Montpensier.

A more curious monument will be the official Spanish book that is to be written on the battle, in order to confute the statements in Thiers' "historical romance;" just as Marliani was employed as the mouthpiece of Castilian indignation, to rebut the same lively gentleman's version of Trafalgar. Meantime the name *Duona* was long given to "a croptailed rip," in coarse and horse parlance in central Spain.

The town of *Bailen* or *Baylen*, Betula, is most wretched, and is no bad sample of those of the dreary localities which we are approaching; pop. under 3000: the diligence *Parador de la Paz* is a poor inn. There is a ruined castle here, with a machicolated tower belonging to the Benavente family, now to the Osuna; observe the palm-tree. Those who are going N. may now bid adieu to the vegetation of the *tierra caliente*, while those who are coming S. will welcome this harbinger of the land of promise. Now commences the *pañó pardo*, the brown cloth, and the *alpargata*, or the hempen sandal of the poverty-stricken Manchegos.

Leaving Bailen the road enters the Sierra barrier, which rises between the central table-lands and the maritime strips; and striking is the change of vegetation, the best test of climate, when this frontier is passed. The hilly road is admirably planned, having been executed by Charles Le Maur, a French engineer in the service of Charles III. These localities at the gorge of the mountains have naturally been the theatre of battle: in these parts Publius Scipio defeated Asdrubal, and here

in modern times the Spaniards have twice worsted their most inveterate foes. About 2 L. to the rt. of *Carolina* are *Las Navas de Tolosa*. *Navas* is a Basque word, and like the Iberian term *Nav*, enters into names connected with "plains,"—*Navia*, *Navarra*. This is the scene of a former *Bailen*, called *de las Navas de Tolosa* by the Spaniards, and by Moorish annalists that of *Al'akab*. Here, Monday July 16, 1212, *Alonso VIII.* defeated *Mohammed Ibn Abdallah*, surnamed *Annassir Ledin-Allah*—the Defender of the Religion of God—King of Morocco. The conquest of Toledo by the Christians had led to a fresh invasion of Spain from *Barbary*: the news spread dismay over Christendom, and *Innocent III.* proclaimed a general crusade. It is said that no less than 110,000 foreign crusaders came to assist the Spaniards from all parts of Europe, although the Spaniards claim all the glory for themselves, as in the *Peninsular war*; and, as scarcely any mention is made of the Duke and the English, who did that deed, and all the glory taken to *Nosotros*, and this while thousands are alive who know the real truth, some doubts may be raised as to this former statement and exclusive claim, but no doubt that foreign auxiliaries bore at least their share in the burden of the fight. The allies left Toledo June 21, to meet the invaders. They found the passes guarded by the Moors, and despaired, when a shepherd, since ascertained to have been *San Isidro* himself (see *Madrid*), appeared miraculously and pointed out a by-path: so at *Marathon*, where a stranger, like *San Isidro*, in a rustic dress, assisted the Greeks, and then disappeared, the oracles afterwards declared him to be *Hercules* (*Paus. i. 32*). The Christians opened the attack; the *Andalucian Moors*, true to their old unwarlike character, were the first to turn and run (*Conde, ii. 423*). The remainder followed their example; 200,000 infidels were killed, while scarcely 25 Christians fell; so writes the pious and fighting archbishop *Rodrigo*, who was present:

by birth a Frenchman, and fired with all the military spirit of his gallant nation, this eye-witness was a better hand probably at guess-work than arithmetic. He vouches also for the fact that no wood was burnt in the victor camp, except the spears, arrows, and (long) bows of the Moors. See, also, p. 97, *Annales Ecc. de Jaen*. *Jurado*. Those who have read any Spanish general's or junta's accounts of their victories! during the *Peninsular* and recent wars, will see how little changed are these unchangeable romancers. The victory could not be followed up; the Spaniards, as usual, in want of everything, were unable to move; they therefore returned to *Toledo*, to thank *San Ildefonso*, instead of marching on *Seville*; just as *Castafios* returned after *Bailen* to *Seville*, to thank *St. Ferdinand*, instead of marching on *Toledo*.

Carolina. Diligence *Parador* good. This is the chief place of the *Nuevas Poblaciones*, or the new towns of this district: pop. 2800: it is tidy and clean, laid out by line and rule, and in academical rectangular and commonplace; perfectly uninteresting and un-Spanish, it is much admired by the natives, because so European and civilized. The fair skins of the people, and the roads planted with trees, are more German than Iberian. These wild hills were formerly left to the robber and the wolf, without roads or villages. Spain, after colonizing the new world and expelling her rich Jews and industrious Moors, was compelled to repopulate the *Despoblados* with foreign settlers. In 1767, *Don Pablo Olavide*, a Peruvian by birth, planned the immigration of Germans and Swiss to what they were told was a "mountain paradise," by a bribe of pecuniary assistance and promise of immunities; all these pledges were broken, and most of the poor foreigners died broken-hearted of the *maladie du pays*, execrating Punic Spain, and remembering their sweet *Argos*. *Olavide* himself, this modern *Cadmus* or *Deucalion*, who had infused life into the silent mountains, and one of the few enlightened Assis-

tantes Seville ever had, fell in his turn a victim to bigotry and ingratitude. One stipulation had been the non-admission of monkish drones into these new hives: a capuchin, named Romuald, thereupon denounced him to the Inquisition; he was arrested in 1776, his property confiscated, and he himself confined in a convent in La Mancha, subject to such a penance as the monks should inflict. He escaped into France, shaking Spanish dust off his feet for ever.

The road made by Charles III. winds through a mountain gorge, with toppling crags above and around, some of which are called here *los organos*, from representing the pipes of a gigantic organ, and soon passes by *Las Correderas* and the magnificent narrow gorge *Despeña-perros*—"throw over dogs," meaning the "infidel houndes." This is the natural gateway to dreary *La Mancha*, as Pancorbo is to Castile. Adieu now gay Andalucia and the tropical vegetation. Those who advance N. exchange an Eden for a desert, while those who turn their backs on the capital, at every step advance into a more genial climate and a kindlier soil. In the war of independence the Seville Junta only *talked* of fortifying this natural Thermopylæ, this Bolan pass; nothing was over done except on paper; and after the rout of *Ocaña* the runaways dared not even stand behind the rocks, where 100 old Greeks would have checked the advance and saved Andalucia. Jan. 20, 1810, the French, under Dessolles, forced the pass in spite of the heroes of Bailen and their ten thousand men, who dispersed "every man to his own home;" and this on the plains of Tolosa! yet the country is a natural fortress, and well did the Duke know its value. It might have been made the *Torres Vedras* of Andalucia. His plan, when he contemplated defending Andalucia, which failed from the Junta's suspicions regarding Cadiz, was to make Carolina his head-quarters. "I think," said he, "while *I am there* the French will not venture to pass the Sierra." Now, when he was *not* there,

in two days, they forced 50 m. of almost impregnable passes.

The province of *La Mancha*, into which we now enter, contains about 7500 square m., with a scanty population of 250,000. It is chiefly tableland, elevated at a mean height of 2000 feet above the sea-level. Although apparently a plain, it is very undulating; in the dips, occasionally, a streamlet creates a partial verdure and fertility, but water is the great want; indeed, some see the origin of the name *Mancha* in the Arab *Manxa*—dry land. Denuded of trees, it is exposed to the cutting wintry blasts, and scorched by the calcining summer heat: tawny and arid is the earth, while the dust, impregnated with saltpetre, and the fierce glare of the sun blind the eye, wearied with prospects of uniform misery and a grievous want of anything worth notice, either in man or his works, or in the nature with which he is surrounded; the traveller is sickened with the wide expanse of monotonous steppes, and over which nought but the genius of a Cervantes could have thrown any charm, gilding, as it were, its unendurable misery and dulness.

The towns are few, poverty-stricken, and without a particle of comfort or interest: the mud-built villages, the abodes of under-fed, ill-clothed labourers: besides the want of water, fuel is so scarce that dry dung is substituted, as in the East. These hamlets, wretched enough before, were so sacked by the Duponts and Soult, that they never have recovered. The plains produce much corn, saffron, and in some places rich wines: the mules are celebrated. The *Manchego* is honest, patient, and hard-working when there is any one to hire him; his affections are more developed than his reason. Temperate, brave, and moral, he is attached and confiding when kindly used and honestly dealt with; reserved and stern when he suspects ill-treatment and injustice. He is plainly clad in *paño pardo*, with a *montera*—the Iberian *μικρα*—on his head, a most inconvenient cap, which neither

defends the head from the sun, the rain, or cold; yet, in spite of all these untoward circumstances in man and his country, this is the province of the song and dance, the *Seguidilla* and *Manchega*. Honest, homely Sancho Panza is a real Manchegan peasant. He is the true *Juan Español*, the simple gaffer goosy, the John Bull of Spain. *Dos Juanes con un Pedro, hacen un asnon entero*.

After passing the gorge of *Despeña-perros*, to the rt. is the *Venta de Cardenas*; here we think of Don Quixote, Cardenio, and Dorothea, for these fictions rank as realities. In the immediate Sierra to the l. is the scene of the knight's penance. Near *Torre Nueva* he liberated the galley-slaves. As we are now in Don Quixote's country, and as it has been our fate to pass no less than six times over this dreary road of bore, we entreat the traveller to arm himself beforehand with a Don Quixote: some intellectual provender is no less needful for the mind than "vivers and provend" are for the body in the hungry barrenness of La Mancha, so a few remarks on Cervantes may not be out of place here.

According to M. Montesquieu, the sayer of smart things, "this, the one and only good book of Spain, is employed in exposing the ridicule of all others." Certainly, for Don Quixote's sake, a vast tribe of Spanish sins in print may be spared, which, to no loss of mankind, might be condemned to the fire of the Don's niece or the furnace of the inquisition of Ximenez; but we must not suppose that it was written to put down knight-errantry; that exponent of a peculiar age had passed with its age, and had Don Quixote been a mere satire on it, both the conqueror and conquered would long ago have been buried in the same grave and forgotten. Those who say that Cervantes "laughed Spain's chivalry away," forget that it had expired at least a century before his birth. It is impossible not to see that it is "Cervantes loquitur" all through, and that the tale is made the vehicle for his own chivalrous temperament, and for

his philosophical comment on human life, his criticisms on manners, institutions, and literature. The actors in the narrative—the "*Cura*," for instance, the Canon, and Don Quixote himself—are the mouthpiece of the author, as the "*Cautivo*" is the hero of some of his real adventures when captive in Algiers. Don Quixote is a delineation of the old high-bred Castilian, a hater of injustice and lover of virtue; he is indeed a monomaniac, but that one point is not one which is unbecoming to an hidalgo; although the sweet bells of his intellect are jangled and out of tune, he is always the gentleman, always disinterested, generous, elevated, and beneficent; he gradually recovers his senses in the second part, when our feelings of pity and sympathy, always strong in his favour, increase. Cervantes probably did not intend or anticipate the spirit of ridicule which he excited against this sentiment of "the chivalrous;" accordingly the tone and character of his hero rise in the second part; he is exposed to somewhat fewer rude and less personal mishaps. Undoubtedly Cervantes contributed to injure the heroic and energetic character of the old Castilian, for one cannot laugh at books of chivalry without in some wise affecting the principle; but his real and avowed object was to put an end to the absurd romances which it was then all the fashion to read.

The second part was produced from an author under the name of Alonzo Fernandez de Avellanada having put forth a spurious continuation, published at Tarragona, 1614. This called up the hitherto careless Cervantes, who has transfixed the plagiarist by the *banderillas* of his wit. He then became so chary of his hero that he killed him, in order, as Addison said of Sir Roger de Coverley, that no one else might murder him; then, as he says with honest pride, "did *Cid Hamet Ben Engeli* lay down his pen, and place it up so high that none since have ever been able to take it down." This "canting" name of Ben Engel, is thought by Conde to shadow out in Arabic the Spanish word

"Cervantes," the "son of the stag," *Ciervo*; the final *ez* being in Basque nomenclature equivalent to our son, Juan Juanes, John-Johnson. The prefix, Ben-Ibn meaning "son" in the Arabic, is the French Fitz-fils, and Eggel-Agl is a stag.

It is a mistake to consider Sancho Panza (*Paunch*) to be a vulgar clown; he is the homely, shrewd, natural native of La Mancha, and may be compared with the grave-diggers in "Hamlet," or the *Δημος* in Aristophanes. Notwithstanding his preferring his belly to honour, and his *bota* to truth, his constant and truly Spanish reference to self and his own interests, we love him for the true affection which he bears to his master, for his Boswell-like admiration, which hopes everything, believes everything, in spite of his hero's eccentricities, which he cannot help noticing and condemning.

But none who have ridden far and long with a single humble Spanish attendant, will think either his credulity or confidence in the least forced. The influence of the *master* spirit over the *man* is unbounded; nor is it any exaggeration to say, that these squires end in believing their English "*amo*" to be invincible and infallible, if not supernatural, although not perhaps owing to a very orthodox spiritual connexion. Hence the Spanish troops, composed of such materials, entertained, said the Duke (Disp. May 6, 1812), an opinion that our soldiers were invincible, and that it was only necessary for them to *appear* (like Santiago) to secure success. The attachment of these fine fellows becomes devotion, and they will follow their new master to the end of the world like a dog, leaving their own home, and kith and kin. Neither is the admirable and decorous conduct of Sancho, when made a governor, at all in variance with Catholic Spanish or Oriental usages. There the serf is the raw material for the Pasha and Regent. "*Debajo de ser hombre puedo venir á ser Papa,*" says Sancho. In Spain, as in the East, the veriest jack in office, armed with authority, becomes in his

petty locality the representative of the absolute king; he suffices for the welfare of the many, or, it may be, their oppression, as the jawbone of an ass did in the hands of a Samson. Again, where laws and habits of ceremonial manner are so well defined, and the bearing of the lower classes so naturally high bred, every one on his promotion falls, like the Oriental, into his place, without effort or uncertainty.

The spirit of wit which pervades Don Quixote is enhanced by the happy and original idea of bringing the sublime into a constant contact with the ridiculous; hence the never-failing charm of the conversations of master and man, *los graciosos razonamientos*, the well-compounded salad of practical, utilitarian, all-for-the-main-chance, common sense, with the most elevated abstract romance of chivalrous *μεγαλοφυξια*; yet the opposition, however marked, is always natural. The Hidalgo, tall, spare, and punctilious, clad in armour and mounted on a steed worthy of the burden, is balanced by the short, round, fat, and familiar squire, clad in his *pañó pardo*, and straddling his ignoble "*rucio*." The one brave, temperate, and vigilant, the other cowardly, greedy, and somnolent: never was the *tel mattre tel valet* doctrine more contradicted. The master, always reasoning well and acting absurdly; the servant, like the Spaniard in general, seeing clearly and distinctly what is brought closely to him, but with no wider grasp than his own petty profit and locality. Both, however, are always and equally serious, and intensely in earnest; the knight never losing sight of his high calling, the squire of his own eating, interest, and island, and, to make perfection perfect, both speaking Spanish, that magnificent and ceremonious idiom, and yet so capable of expressing the proverbial mother wit of the lower classes. This state-paper language of big promise, and beggarly, not to say ridiculous, performance, has long been, and long will be, the natural and appropriate vernacular of juntas and

generals, and the multitudinous Quixotes and Quesadas of the Peninsula.

This truth to Spanish nature, and the constant contrast of the sublime and the ridiculous, of grandeur and poverty, runs like a vein of gold throughout the whole novel. If true wit consist in bringing together things which have no apparent connexion, then all books must yield to this. The high is always being brought alongside the low by the master, and the low raised up to the high by the servant, by Don Quixote in ventas, and by Sancho among dukes and duchesses. It is the true Mock Heroic, and another charm is the *propriety* of the story: everything is possible, nay probable, to happen to any one whose head was turned by knight-errantry, and who set forth in search of adventures at that period and in that country. The simple-spoken villager, thus transported into new society, delights mankind by his earnestness, his absence of all pretension to be saying good things, and his utter unconsciousness of the merriment which they produce. He never laughs at his own jokes, which others do all the more, for although he never read a word of his countryman Quinctilian, he fully acts on his principle:—"Quam plurimum dictis severitas affert, sitque ridiculum id ipsum quia qui dicit non ridet." (Inst. vi. 3.) So Sancho, like Falstaff, is not only droll himself, but the cause of wit in others. The happy idea of juxta-position of this novel is one reason why all nations love it; however ill translated, there is no mistaking the rich racy wit of sayings, doings, and situations; from our delight in this well-conceived plot, and in our eagerness to get on with the story, to the master and his man, we skim over the episodes, the beautiful descriptions, the rural and poetical disquisitions. The delicate Spanish "*Bor-racha*" is, however, untranslatable; like Burgundy, it must be quaffed on the spot; the aroma is too fine for transportation. The proverbs of Sancho are comparatively misplaced out of Spain. To English ears they con-

vey a sort of vulgarity, which they neither do, nor were intended to do, with Spaniards. Cervantes, like Shakspeare, is honourably distinguished from his contemporaries, by an avoidance of those coarse, dirty, and indecent allusions, which were then so prevalent in the picaresque and fashionable literature, insomuch that he was condemned as austere: he felt that a want of decency is a want of sense. His moral is always high, he shuns and abhors the low,—odit profanum vulgus et aroet. With him repressed thought took refuge in light burlesque, in hidden irony, and side-wind assaults. His critical taste led him equally to eschew the affected euphuisms of the day; his tact and judgment always kept his wit and ridicule in its proper place, while a rich air of poetry, and a dramatic delineation of character, which are breathed over the whole, show that he was not merely a writer of novels, but of tragedy almost reaching the epic. Never let Don Quixote be out of our readers' *alforjas*. Let it be one of the "*little books*" which Dr. Johnson said no man ought ever "not to have in his pocket." It is the best HAND-BOOK for La Mancha, moral and geographical: there is nothing in it imaginary except the hero's monomania. It is the best comment on Spaniards, who themselves form the most explanatory notes on the work, which reflects the form and pressure of them and their country.

One word on the different and the best editions of this Shakspeare of Spain.* Happy the man whose eye can glance on a goodly set of the

* Cervantes and Shakspeare died *nominaly* on the same day — Pellicer says, 23rd April, 1616; but it must always be remembered, in comparing Spanish dates with English, that dates apparently the same are not so in reality. The Gregorian calendar was adopted in Spain in 1582, in England in 1751. We must therefore make an allowance between the old style and the new style, and add to the English date, in order to obtain the true corresponding Spanish date previously to 1751, 10 days up to 1699, and 11 afterwards. Cervantes lived and died poor. Spain, ever ungrateful to those who served her best, raised no monument to his memory. It is only the other day that she has given him a stone, to whom living she denied bread.

earliest, worthily arrayed in fawn, olive, and tender-tinted old morocco! and such as may be seen in the Grenville collection of the British Museum. The first edition of the first part, Juan de la Cuesta, Mad. 1605; the first edition of the same, as amended by the author, Juan de la Cuesta, Mad. 1608: the first edition of the second part, Juan de la Cuesta, Mad. 1615; and consult Brunet, "Manuel du Libraire" (i. 370), and "Nouvelles Recherches" (i. 295). Of the reprints of the original text the first really fine one was published in London by Tonson, 4 vols. 4to. 1737, as the first really critical one was that of John Bowles, 6 vols. 4to. 1781, and from which every subsequent commentator has borrowed largely. Of modern Spanish editions the finest, that "*de lujo*," was published for the Academy of Madrid, by Ibarra, 4 vols. fo. 1780. That of Juan Ant^o. Pellicer, 6 vols. 8vo. Mad. 1797, contains many valuable notes. The last, and not the least, is that of Don Diego Clemencin, the author of the "Memoirs of Queen Isabella," 6 vols. 4to. 1833-39.

Don Quixote has been translated into most languages; but England, whose practical genius had anticipated this travestie of the knight-errant in the Sir Topaz of Chaucer,—England, the real nation for wit and genuine caricature, the land of Butler, Fielding, and Hogarth,—has published far more splendid translations of Don Quixote than the rest of the continent. The best, in some respects, is the earliest, that of Thomas Skelton, 1612-1620, which breathes the spirit of the age and quaint manners. Of those by Smollett, Jarvis, and Motteux, the last is the very worst. It is, however, a *peccado mortal*—a heresy—to read Don Quixote except in his own language. Such authors, like Dante, fix a language; from the feeling that they cannot be adequately translated we learn the original. What idea can be formed by Shakspeare, when curled and powdered by Monsieur Ducis? Even Schiller and Schlegel, translating into a cognate idiom a cognate work, have often

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missed the charm, and turned English gold into German silver.

Cervantes, like Velazquez, was not merely a portrait-painter of the Hidalgo, but a poet—a critic of poets, and somewhat too true a one to be very popular—an author of comedy, tragedy, satire, and light novels. To him was granted that rarest gift of the Deity, *invention*, that spark of the Creator's own prerogative. The popularity of Don Quixote has eclipsed, and justly, the other works of Cervantes, and his taste and style in the drama approached too nearly to the Greek theatre to succeed with Spaniards, whose *Españolismo* prefers the particular nature by which it is surrounded. His "Numantia" and "Trato de Argel" have been compared to the "Perse" and "Prometheus." This Iberian Æschylus gave way before the rising sun of Lope de Vega; he retired as Walter Scott did before Byron, to immortalise himself by his novels. Lope de Vega was also imitated by the elegant and poetical Calderon and the soft harmonious Guillen de Castro. These three illustrious authors were as nearly contemporaries as Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides among the Greeks; Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, and Ford among the English. They elevated their stage to the highest pitch of excellence, from whence it soon declined, for such is the condition of human greatness. The first edition of the theatrical works of Cervantes, "*Ocho Comedias y Ocho Entremeses*," was published at Mad. by the Viuda de Alonzo Martin, in 1615. It was republished at Mad. in 2 vols., 1749.

The amusing little satire in verse of Cervantes, "*El Viaje al Parnaso*," has not been sufficiently estimated out of Spain. The first edition is that of Alonzo Martin, Mad. 1614; Sancha republished it at Mad. in 1784.

The first edition of his other novels, "*Novelas exemplares*," that of Juan de Cuesta, Mad. 1613, is rare: in default of which the collector must be contented with the Mad. edition of Sancha, 2 vols. 1783; "*Los trabajos de Persiles*," were first published at Mad. in 1617.

One word now for honest Sancho Panza's proverbs, *Refranes*, which are peculiarly classical, Oriental, and Spanish. These ethical maxims, *Γραμαί*, these wise saws and instances, are in the mouth of every Solomon or Sancho of the Peninsula; they are the "refrain," the chorus and burden of their song: they are the philosophy of the many, the condensed experience and knowledge of ages, when the wit of one man becomes the wisdom of thousands. The constant use of a *refran* gives the Spaniard his sententious, dogmatical admixture of humour, truism, twaddle, and common sense; a proverb well introduced—*magnas secat res*: it is as decisive of an argument in Spain as a bet is in England. This shooting a discourse always is greeted with a smile from high or low: it is essential, national, and peculiar, like the pitched skin *borracha* to Spanish wines, and garlic in their stews: therefore we have sometimes larded our humble pages with this flavouring condiment.

Collectors of Spanish proverbs may purchase *Proverbios*, Lopez de Mendoza, fol. Sevilla, 1509; *Refranes*, Hernan Nuñez el comendador, fol. Salamanca, 1555; or the 4to. ed., Lérida, 1621, which has the curious work of Mallara reprinted with it, the original edition of which, entitled *La Philosophia Vulgar*, by Joan de Mallara, is a folio, Sevilla, 1568, and absolutely necessary to curious collectors. There is also *Lugares communes*, 4to., printed at Madrid, 1613, by Juan de la Cuesta, the publisher of Cervantes. The modern collection by Repulles, in 6 duo. volumes, is useful.

Santa Cruz de Mudela is a dull, unwholesome town: pop. 5500. It is celebrated for its garters, which the women offer for sale to the passengers; some are gaily embroidered and enlivened with apposite mottos, e. g.

"*Te digan estas ligas
Mis penas y fatigas.*"

*Soy de mi dueño; Feliz quien las
aparta; intrepido es amor, de todo sale
vencidor*; and so forth; but "Honi
oit qui mal y pense." These epigram-

mata are truly antique, and none wrote them neater than the Spaniard Martial. Of such class was the inscription on the girdle of Hermione—*φιλοι με και μη λυπιθεις ην τις εχη μ' ιτιρος*: compare them with the devices on the Spanish *cuchillos* of Albecete, the "cutler's poetry."

Hence to *Valdepeñas*, a straggling mud-built place of some 11,000 souls, with an indifferent inn. The red blood of the grape issues from this *valley of stones*, and is the produce of the Burgundy vine, transplanted into Spain. The liquor is kept in caves and in huge *tinajas* or jars; when removed it is put into goat and pig-skins, *cueros*, such as Don Quixote attacked. The wine, when taken to distant places, is generally adulterated; and, however much is pretended to be sold in London, "neat as imported," nothing is more difficult than to get it there pure and genuine. When pure, it is rich, fruity, full-bodied, high-coloured, and will keep well, and improve for 10 years. The best *Bodegas* are those which belonged to Don Carlos, Juan Puente, and the Marques de Santa Cruz, who has a mansion here. The wine is worth on the spot about 4*l.* the pipe; the land-carriage is, however, expensive, and it is apt, when conveyed in skins, to be tapped and watered by the muleteers, whence *vino moro*—that is, wine which has never been thus *baptized*—is proverbially popular: Valdepeñas sometimes goes wrong during the sea voyage; the best plan is to send up *double* quarter sherry casks, which then must be conveyed to Cadiz or Santander.

The town of Valdepeñas was sacked by the invaders, June 6, 1808, under Liger Bellair; 80 houses were burnt, and the unresisting, unarmed population, butchered in the cellars in drunken sport (Toreno, iv.).

Valdepeñas lies about half-way between Granada and Madrid; those who wish to go to Estremadura will turn off to the rt. through *Sacruela*. The geologist and botanist, proceeding to Seville, may make a riding detour,

visiting Ciudad Real and Almaden (see p. 247), and thence to Cordova, avoiding thereby the uninteresting angle of Bailen and Andujar; the route will be found at p. 221.

After leaving Valdepeñas the misery of villages and villagers increases to *Manzanares*. Pop. 9000. *Parador del Carrillo*. The men get browner and poorer, the women more ugly, country and cloaks more rusty and threadbare. Hemp is a luxury for shoes, and the rare stocking is made like that of Valencia, without feet, an emblem of a student's purse, open and containing nothing. The cloaked peasants grouped around their mud cabins seem to be statues of silence and poverty, yet the soil is fertile in corn and wine. At the *Venta de Quesada* Don Quixote (*quesada*, lantern-jawed) was knighted, and Cervantes must have sketched the actual inn, and its still existing well. The water communicates with the Guadiana, the under-ground Mole of Spanish rivers. Indeed, the ancient name, Anas, is derived from this "hide and seek" propensity; *Hanas* in the Punic, and *Hanasa* in the Arabic, signifying "to appear and disappear." It is called the *Lucatee* by the Spanish Gitanos. The Wadi-Anas, like the Guadalquivir, eats its dull way through loomy banks—a subterranean not a submarine Alpheus: it rises in the swamps, or *Lagunas de Ruidera*, and loses itself again 15 miles from its source, at Tomelloso; it reappears, after flowing 7 L. underground at Daymiel. The lakes which it throws up are called the eyes, *Los ojos de la Guadiana*, and the ground above is called the bridge. This and the eyes lead to trivial witticisms, in regard to the dark glancing Manchegas, and this bridge's superiority over the Pont Neuf at Paris. The disappearance is not sudden, like that of the Rhone, which descends into a gulf, as here it is sucked up into unpicturesque marshes. Their chief interest arises from Don Quixote. The *Cueva de Montesinos*, into which the knight descended, although the name savours of romance and the peerage of Charlemagne, really exists in

the *Campo de Montiel*. This site was the last scene of the fratricidal warfare between Pedro the Cruel and Henry of Trastámara, who here butchered his king and brother, aided by French knights, by whom the monarch was held unfairly down in the death-struggle. The decisive battle of *Montiel* was fought Wednesday, March 14, 1369. The dilatory Spaniard Pedro was surprised before his forces joined, by the rapid Frenchman Mosen Beltran de Claquin, the "hero" Duqueslin of the French, *un vil traïdor* according to the Spaniards. (See *Cronica del Rey Don Pedro*, c. vi.). An indifferent history of this king has been written by P. Merimée. The cave lies about 1 L. from the village of *Osa de Montiel*; it is near the *Ermita de Saellices*, and one of the *lagunas*, of which by the way there are 11, and not 7, as Cervantes says. They are full of fish; each has its own name, that of *La Colgada* being the largest, deepest, and most interesting, because its cool waters are guarded by the rock-built ruined castle of *Rochafrida*, in which lived Roca Florida, to whom Montesinos was married.

Al Castillo llaman *Rocha*,
Y á la fuente *Frida*.

These lakes, these eyes of the Guadiana, which, according to the Don, were fed to overflowing, as the Nile was by the tears of Isis (Paus. x. 32, 18), from the tears of Belerma, with her 7 daughters and 2 maidens weeping for her Durandante, slain at Roncevalles, are really formed by the accumulation of waters which flow down from the *Sierra de Alcaraz*. The *Cueva de Montesinos* (Don Quix. ii. 23) itself is about 40 yards wide and 60 deep, and is used as a refuge in storms by hunters and shepherds. The entrance is blocked up with underwood. As in the Don's time, it is the haunt of bats and birds, who have deposited a bed of *guano* nearly a foot thick. The cave probably was part of an ancient mine, as a labyrinth of shafts have been traced, and heaps of metallic rubbish, *escoriales*, found. There is a lake at the bottom.

Perhaps *Madridejos* is the most convenient place to start from on a trip into Don Quixote's country, as *El Toboso* lies about 7 L. distant, through Guero 4, and *Osa de Montiel*; and only 8 L., through *Solana 1*, *Alhambra 3*, and thence 4 more. A pleasant tour might be made by following the Don's route, which commentators have laid down, or rather attempted, for Cervantes wrote with the greatest geographical carelessness and inaccuracy. See, however the map of his route in the 2nd vol. of Pelliser's Madrid edition, 1798.

El Toboso is a poor place on a plain, although of a European reputation; the name is derived from the *tobas*, or sort of porous stones, which still, as in the time of Cervantes, are much used in making water-jars. According to Pellicer and Cervantic commentators, the original of the Don's *sweetheart* Dulcinea, Aldonza Lorenzo Corchuelo, was a Miss Aldonza (a word which means sweet) Zarco de Morales, and she lived in the still existing *Casa de Torrecilla*. *El Toboso* was moreover founded by Don Perez Correa, for whom the sun stood still (see *Detentudia*, p. 218).

Continuing the high road to Madrid is *Puerto Lapiche*, a poor place, where the Don informed Sancho that they might get elbow-deep in adventures. The "Pass" is placed between two olive-clad gentle slopes, with sundry groups of windmills, which, being smaller than ours, are really not unlike giants at a distance; they are very numerous, for this is a country of much corn to grind, and little water-power. The crack-brained knight might well be puzzled by these mills, for they were novelties at that time, having only been introduced into Spain in 1575, and had just before perplexed even Cardan, the wise man of his age, who describes one as if it had been a steam-engine: "Nor can I pass over in silence what is so wonderful, that before I saw it I could neither believe nor relate it without incurring the imputation of credulity; but a thirst for science overcomes

bashfulness" (*De Rer. Var.* i. 10). A new road is in contemplation from *Puerto Lapiche* to *Almaden*, and hence into *Estremadura*.

Four L. from *Manzanares* to the rt. is *Argamasilla de Alba*, in the prison of which Cervantes is said to have written his *Don Quixote*. According to a tradition in the village he was confined in the *Casa de Medrano*. But free and immortal have been the works composed in durance vile: the Bible was translated by Luther in the Castle of Wartburg; the prison-engendered poem of Tasso, and the pilgrimage of Bunyan, roam over the world fresh, and unconfined as the air we breathe.

Near *Villarta* the province of New Castile is entered, which here resembles *La Mancha*. *Madridejos*, pop. 7000, has a nice, cool, refreshing inn. The bread is exquisite, although the water is bad, and the cheese not much better, however well it did for the *Alforjas* of honest, hungry Sancho, and his mule-teen digestion. The railroad which runs in 3 h. to Madrid commences at *Tembleque*, a cold, stony, wretched place. *La Guardia*, rising on a ridge of rocks, was once an outpost guard against the Moors. This hamlet was the birthplace of *Juan Passamonte, el Niño de Guardia*, the theme of many a pen and pencil of Spain. The Toledan clergy in 1490 accused the rich Jews of crucifying a Christian boy at their Passovers, and putting his heart into a *Hostia*, and for the pretended sacrifice of this Juan, the wealthiest Israelites were burnt and their chattels confiscated. This accusation was very prevalent, e. g. our St. William of Norwich, and the boy Hugh of Lincoln. Consult, on this legend, and miracles of *el Niño de Guardia*, works by Rodrigo de Yepes, 4to. Madrid, 1583; by Juan Marieta, 8vo., Mad. 1604; by Sebastian de Nieva; by Ant. Guzman, 1720, and also by Pisa. The orthodox account is painted in the parish church of *La Guardia*, and in the hermitage *Jesus* the actual cave is shown in which the martyred boy was kept and scourged three months before the Jews crucified

him: credat Judæus. Here, and indeed generally in these corn-growing central plains, the traveller should remark the *eras*, the common Spanish and Oriental threshing-floors in the open air, and the driving the *trillo* over the corn, with horses, after a most Homeric fashion (see Gatherings, p. 115). The females hereabouts look half Swiss, half Dutch, with their blue and green petticoats and handkerchiefs under their chins. The miserable population, whose houses were burnt by the invaders, burrow like rabbits in troglodyte excavations, whence they emerge to beg of the diligences as they ascend the hill.

Thence to *Ocaña*, between which and *Los Barrios* the Spaniards, Nov. 19, 1809, suffered a defeat, one of the greatest of these many feats. In that year the Junta of Seville, urged by intriguers who sighed to get back to Madrid, and by others who wished to do without the English assistance, determined, in defiance of the Duke's warnings and entreaties, to assume the offensive. His letters seem really to have been written *after* the events, and not before them, so completely, with the intuition of strong sense, did he understand the Spaniards; and so truly did he prophesy their certain discomfiture, the loss of Andalucia, and his own compulsory retreat into Portugal. The Junta prepared an army of 60,000 men, armed and equipped by English monies. The leader, one Juan Carlos de Areizaga, advanced from the defiles, giving out that the English were with him; and such fear thereupon prevailed at Madrid, where the report was believed, that the enemy thought at once of retreating without a fight; and had Areizaga advanced, he must have surprised and overwhelmed the handful of French at Aranjuez (Belmas, i. 99): having, however, by his delay given Soult the means of collecting troops, he then, as if infatuated, risked a battle in the plain. There two short hours more than sufficed for 25,000 brave French to put 55,000 Spaniards to an indescribable rout, during which Areizaga placed himself on a belfry in *Ocaña*, a mute

spectator of his own disgrace, giving no directions whatever, except to order his reserve, a body of 15,000 men, who had not fired a shot, to retreat. He then, and Freire, the *hero* of San Marcial! set the example of flight; nor did either even attempt to make a stand behind the impregnable rocks of *Despeña-perros* or *Alcalá la Real*. Their unhappy troops, deserted by their chiefs, could but follow their leaders. *La Mancha* was covered with runaways. Soult took 42 cannon, 26,000 prisoners, and killed 5000, while his loss barely reached 1600. The Spanish army disappeared from the face of the earth: after the Oriental fashion, every man fled to his city and country. But *Ocaña* is but a thing of Spain, past and present, where misfortune is no school. Compare Medellín, Ciudad Real, &c. *Ocaña* was forthwith sacked, and the precious archives of the Ayuntamiento burnt.

Buonaparte, who, jealous that it could be supposed in France that any one could do great things except himself (Foy, i. 159), scarcely noticed the event. "*Le Moniteur* fit à peine mention de cette mémorable affaire, dont celui qui l'avait conduite eut pu comme César rendre compte en trois mots, veni, vidi, vici." Yet as a victory it was most important, since it fixed Joseph on the tottering throne, gave Granada to Sebastiani, Seville to Soult, and placed the treasures and supplies of rich unpillaged Andalucia in their clutches. "Alas!" said the Duke, whose great plans were thus frustrated, "that a cause which promised so well a few weeks ago should have been so completely lost by the *ignorance, presumption, and mismanagement* of those to whose direction it was confided" (Disp. Dec. 6, 1809). "Nothing would do but fighting great battles in plains, in which their defeat is as *certain* as is the *commencement* of the battle." Ferdinand VII., a prisoner at Valençay, was mean or false enough, probably both, to write to congratulate Joseph on this victory (Schep. i. 69); while this incompetent Areizaga—*Honradis-*

simo militar! repeats Madoz now-a-days, xii. 210—who lost it, instead of being cashiered, was presented by the Junta with a fine horse, and was afterwards made Captain General of Biscay by this very Ferdinand in 1814: *Cosas de España*.

The diligence *Parador* and *Posada de los Catalanes* are decent; *Ocaña* is an uninteresting place, with some dilapidated barracks: pop. 5000. As the roads from Valencia, Murcia, and Andalusia meet here, there is a constant passage of carriages, carts, and muleteers; members of the temperance society will find the water here, which is so scarce and bad in La Mancha, most abundant and delicious. The *fuenta vieja*, with its aqueduct, has been attributed to the Romans. The public *lavadero* is worth the artist's attention for picturesque groups of garrulous particoloured washerwomen. Alonso de Ercilla, the author of the '*Araucana*,' the epic of Spanish literature, was buried in the convent of *Carmelitas Descalzas*. His ashes were scattered to the dust by Soult's troops; yet Ercilla was a soldier, and soldiers have been the best poets and novelists of the Peninsula. At Ocaña the natural son of Philip IV., Don Juan of Austria, who played such a distinguished part in the minority of Charles II., was brought up. The natural children of the Spanish kings never were allowed to enter Madrid during their father's life, from the grandees disputing their taking precedence over them.

Emerging through a rocky gorge of volcanic hills, we reach Aranjuez (for details consult Index); and on passing the palace, and the *Plaza de San Antonio*, the Tagus is crossed by an iron suspension bridge. Driving up the verdurous *calle larga*, a noble stone bridge, built by Charles III., is carried across the Jarama. After ascending the *Cuesta de la Reina*, the descent recommences, and the oasis Aranjuez, with its green meadows, gardens, nightingales, and watersprings, disappears, while its remembrance becomes doubly delightful from the contrast with tawny

nakedness. A railroad, opened Nov. 13, 1850, runs from the portal of the palace to Madrid.

Continuing by the road soon after passing *Valdemoro*, which, why and wherefore we know not, is coupled with *Pinto*, to express a "half tipsy, half seas-over man" in Spain, is the castle of *Pinto*, in which the Princess of Eboli was confined by Philip II. The Hermitage and Telegraph of *Pinto* is considered to be the central point of the Peninsula. Soon Madrid is perceived, rising on a broken eminence out of an apparent plain. Only a portion being seen, it looks small, modern, and un-Spanish, from its low domes and extinguiser-shaped spires: the last relay is at *Los Angeles*, "The Angels," where devils would not live could they help it. Approaching the bed of the Manzanares the scene improves, especially when there is any water in it. The dip is crossed by a superb viaduct. The diligence usually winds round the mean mud walls to the rt., enters the *Puerta de Atocha*, and then passes through the *Prado* and *Calle de Alcalá*; thus offering, for the first sight, the best promenade and finest street of the capital. For Madrid, see Sect. xi., New Castile.

ROUTE 10.—VALDEPEÑAS TO ALMADEN.

Moral	2	
Almagro	2	4
Ciudad Real	3	7
Al Corral de Caraqueel	3	10
Cabezarados	3	13
Abenajar	1	14
Saceruela	4	18
Almaden	5	23

The road to Ciudad Real is carriageable. It is in contemplation to improve the whole route from *Puerto Lapiche* and thence on to *Almaden*, and so on into Estremadura. *Almagro* is a well-built, agricultural town, with a fine convent of the Calatrava order of the 16th century: observe the staircaise and cloisters. Much blond lace is made here. At $1\frac{1}{2}$ L. distant, on the

road to *Almodovar del Campo*, is *Granatula*, the village in which Baldomero Espartero was born, in 1790. His father was an humble dealer in Esparto. The son, destined to be a monk, began life as a poor student, but, when the war of independence broke out, his martial turn led him to join *el batallon sagrado*. In 1816 he volunteered to serve in S. America. Having, it is said, won money of Canterac and other generals, with whom pay was in a case of stagnation, he was paid by promotion. He fought well during the previous campaigns against Bolivar. This war was ended by the battle of *Ayacucho*,* in Lower Peru, where Sucre (Dec. 8, 1825) completely defeated the royalists. A *Cintra* convention ensued, by which the beaten officers secured their safe *transportation* to Spain, and to new titles; hence the depreciatory *apodo*, or nickname, *Los Ayacuchos*, of which Maroto, Valdes, Rodil, Tacon, Seoane, and sundry other mediocrities were among the stars. Espartero having obtained the rank of a colonel, and being quartered at Logroño, there married Doña Jacinta de la Cruz, a most excellent lady of considerable fortune. The *Ayacuchos*, companions in disgrace, clung afterwards together; the defeats by the Carlists of the blundering Valdes, Cordova, and Co., made way for Espartero, whose fortune was completed by the death of Zumalacaregui, and his relief of Bilbao by help of the English; then he soon managed the Vergara convention with his brother *Ayacucho* Maroto, and thus rose to be the Duke of Victory. Personally a very brave and honest man, he was timid and vacillating in authority, and therefore fell under the intrigues of Christina and Louis Philippe; as Regent he was disposed to govern according to constitutional law. Now-a-days—1854—he has a better chance. *Vereamos*.

Ciudad Real; Posada de las More-

* *Ayacucho* is an Indian word, and signifies the "plain of the dead," as it was the site of one of Almagro's and Pizarro's early butcheries of the poor aborigines, whose manes were now avenged.

ras: this royal city, although Cervantes did call it "imperial and the seat of the god of smiles," is one of the poorest and dullest of the inland capitals of Spain, and one of the most *atrasado*, and that is saying something: pop. about 10,000. The capital of its province, one rich in mines and in neglected capabilities, it was built on a plain near the *Guadiana* by *Alonso el Sabio*, and entitled *Real* by Juan II. in 1420; portions of the walls with towers remain. Before the final conquest of Granada it was, in fact, the frontier city and seat of the Court of Chancery for the south. Here Ferdinand and Isabella organised the *Hermidad*, a mounted brotherhood, a *gendarmerie* or *guardia civil*, to protect the roads. Among the few objects at Ciudad Real, visit the noble pile of the hospital founded by Cardinal Lorenzana, converted into a barracks by Sebastiani; notice the curious strong semi moresque *Puerta de Toledo*. The city is under the patronage of the *Virgin del Prado*; her image, found in a meadow, is the palladium of the parish church; the silver offerings disappeared mostly in the last war. This church has a magnificent single Gothic nave and a Retablo with subjects from the Passion, carved in 1616 by Giraldo de Merlo, and almost equal to Montañes: a lofty tower has recently been built.

Near Ciudad Real, on the 27th March, 1809, while Victor was routing the "old blockhead" Cuesta at Medellin, did Sebastiani, with only 12,000 men, by one charge! put to instantaneous flight 19,000 Spaniards, commanded by Urbina, Conde de Cartoajal. This *pobrecito* had marched and countermarched his *Bisnoños* almost to death for 48 hours, and for no object (Toreno, viii.). In the moment of attack he lost his head, and one regiment of Dutch hussars! scattered the whole Spanish army! 1500 were killed, 4000 taken prisoners. Cartoajal and the rest they ran away: then, as usual, were lost all the English arms and stores provided for the defence of the Sierra Morena, but which, entrusted to fools and cowards, became, in fact, so much...

assistance, as elsewhere, to the common enemy. Cartojal, instead of being cashiered, was *praised!* by the Cadiz regency, and was declared to have deserved well of his country! (Schep. ii. 671).

The Spanish army disappeared from the face of the earth; after the Oriental fashion, every man fled to his city and country. But all this is but a thing of Spain, past and present. What says Livy (xxx. 17), describing the victory of Manlius: "Turdetani (the Andalusians), freti tamen *multitudine sud obviæ* ierunt agmini Romano. *Eques immissus turbavit extemplo aciem eorum.* Pedestre prælium nullius ferme certaminis fuit. Milites veteres, *perites hostium bellique*, haud dubiam pugnam fecere." Again, on another occasion, "Pulsi castris Hispani, aut qui ex prælio effugerant sparsi primo per agros (see Talavera, &c.), deinde in suas quisque civitates redierunt" (Livy, xxix. 2).

ROUTE 11.—SEVILLE TO BADAJOZ.

Aracena	18
Segura de Leon.	6
Valencia.	3
Zafra.	3
Fuente del Maestre	3
Santa Marta	2
Albuera	3
Badajoz	4

This, the mountain road, must be ridden: for the first 24 L. see p. 216. At *Valencia*, 3 L. from *Segura de Leon*, is another fine castle. Passing *Medina de las Torres* we reach *Zafra*, placed under a denuded ridge to the l.: pop. some 5000. *Posada de Pepe* indifferent. This most ancient city was the Segeda of the Iberians and Julia Restituta of the Romans. It is full of buildings begun in better times and on a grand scale, but they have either remained unfinished, or have been destroyed by the invaders under Drouet, in 1811.

The great lords of *Zafra* were the *Figueroas*, whose dukedom of *Feria* is now merged in that of the *Medina Celi*. Their shield, charged with canting fig-

leaves, still appears on the chief edifices, although generally defaced by the French. First visit the ducal *Palacio*, passing out by the handsome granite *Puerta del Acebuche*: this Gothic *Alcazar* was erected, as an inscription over the portal states, by Lorenzo Suarez de Figueroa, in 1437. Near the porch is one of the curious primitive iron-ribbed cannon, saved from the many others which the invaders destroyed when they plundered the once curious armoury and made a fortress of the palace. The patio has been modernized in the *Herrera* style, and is handsome, with fine marbles, Ionic and Doric pillars, and a fountain. The interior, gutted by the enemy, has been degraded by the stewards of the duke, who have from time to time suited this once lordly dwelling to their base wants and tastes. The open arched galleries between the huge towers of the *Alcazar* command fine views over the gardens and olive-grounds of the environs.

Adjoining to the *Alcazar* is the unfinished convent of *Santa Marina*, which was desecrated by the invaders. In the chapel observe the sepulchre of Margaret Harrington, daughter of Lord Exton, erected in 1601 by her cousin, the Duchess of Feria, also an English woman; she was the *Jane Dormer*, the most trusted of *Queen Mary's* ladies of honour, and the wife of *Philip II.'s* ambassador in London at the important moment of *Elizabeth's* succession. Her body rests here, but, true to her country in death, she sent her heart to England. Her effigy kneels before a prie Dieu, with a mantle on her head; it was once painted, but has been whitewashed: her portrait was destroyed by the French.

Going out of the *Puerta de Sevilla* is a nice little *alameda*, with a delicious water-spring, brought in on arches, and called *La fuente del Duque*. Among the Græco-Romano buildings in *Zafra* observe the magnificent marble Doric and Ionic *patio* of *La Casa Grande*, built by the *Daza Maldonados*, and the fine colonnades; notice also the Doric and Ionic brick tower of the *Colegiata*; neither of these edifices are finished, or

ever will be: meantime the *Plaza de Toros* has been completed.

Visit next the *Santa Clara*, founded by the Figueras in 1428 (see date over portal); the invaders desecrated this convent and mutilated the recumbent figures of the founder and his wife, and a Roman statue in a toga and sandals: observe the effigy of Garcilazo de la Vega, killed before Granada in the presence of Enrique IV.; remark his singular bonnet. The French made this gallant knight's statue, with others of the Figueras family, the butt of wanton outrage; observe that without a head, called Doña Maria de Moya.

The road at *Zafra* diverges, and passes either to *Merida*, 9 L., by dreary *Almendralejo*, where, Aug. 25, 1847, the great silver Disco of Theodosius was found, now at Madrid in the Academy of History, and then either by arid *Torre Mejia*, or by the high road through *Albuera*.

ROUTE 12.—SEVILLE TO BADAJOZ.

Gullena	4	
Ronquillo	3	7
Santa Olalla	4	11
Monasterio	4	15
Fuente de Cantos	3	18
Los Santos	4	22
Santa Marta	5	27
Albuera	3	30
Badajoz	4	34

A diligence, bad and dear, runs this line in from 24 to 30 h.: the posadas are indifferent throughout. This extremely uninteresting road winds over the Sierra Morena chain. Few travellers are ever met with save the migratory caravans, which bring corn down from Salamanca and take back salt from Cadiz. The carts, oxen, men, and dogs are made for artists, and their nightly bivouacs of sheep, folded or rather netted in *enredelados* with ropes of *esparto*, and clustering by the sides of the roads, in the glens and underwood, are very nomade, national, and picturesque. *Ronquillo* rejoices in having given birth to the famous Alcalde of Charles V., a Spanish Jeffries, whose

Draco process has passed into a proverb; he convicted and executed all culprits—the old for what they had done, the young ones for what they would have done, had they been spared and grown up; he it was who hung up the Bishop of Zamora at Simancas.

Above *Santa Olalla* is a ruined Moorish castle, whence enjoy a panorama of mountains. Soon we enter Estremadura (see Sect. vii.). At *Monasterio*, *Posada del Montañes*, is the point where the waters part, descending either into the Guadiana or Guadalquivir. *Fuente de Cantos* is the birth-place of Zurbaran; the hill towns are uninteresting and agricultural; the natives seldom stray beyond their parishes or are visited by strangers. Pigs and game of all kinds thrive in these ranges of the *Sierra Morena*.

Albuera—*Parador del agua*—an insignificant hamlet of itself, owes its European fame to its “glorious field of grief,” and the murderous conflict, May 16, 1811, between Soult and Beresford. Passing the bridge the town rises in front; the battle took place on the ridge to the l. After Massena, instead of driving the English into the sea, as he boasted, was himself driven by them from Santarem, the Duke advanced on Estremadura to retake Badajoz; but his plans were marred, by Mahy's negligence in Galicia, which forced him to return. Now, rapid expedition was everything, as the fortress was to be pounced upon before the French could relieve it, yet Beresford's “unfortunate delay” gave Philippon the governor, ample time to provision and strengthen the place, besides enabling Soult to march from Seville to its relief. Blake and Castaños, gluttons for fighting, then persuaded Beresford to risk a general action when nothing could be gained by a victory, for the siege was virtually raised, while a reverse would have entirely paralysed the Duke, and neutralised the glories of Torres Vedras. Beresford had only about 7000 English, and, although he knew the ground well, “occupied it,” says Napier, “in such a manner as to

render defeat almost certain." He was the only man in the army who did not see that the hill to the rt. was his really vulnerable point, and where, to make bad worse, he placed the Spaniards. Soult, who saw the blot, attacked and drove them back without difficulty, and the "whole position was raked and commanded." Then Houghton led up the 57th, who saved the day, the Spaniards remaining, as at Barrosa, "quiet spectators." "Out of 1400 men 1050 were killed and wounded;" "the dead lay in their ranks, every man with a wound in the front." Their brave leader fell at their head, cheering them on to the bayonet charge, which, as usual, settled the affair. "Then 1500 unwounded men, the remnant of 7000, stood," writes Napier, "triumphant on the fatal hill." "This little battalion," says the Duke, "alone held its ground against all the French *colonnes en masse*." Soult in vain pushed on with the reserves under Werlé, who was killed, and his troops fled, throwing away their arms (Vict. et Conq. xx. 242): "Mais que pouvaient 5000 baïonnettes contre un ennemi *quatre fois plus nombreux*?"—for thus 1600 men are converted into 20,000 men in buckram by one dash of a French pen.

Beresford, who had actually ordered Halket to retreat, was saved, says Napier (xii. 6), by Col. Hardinge, who, on his own responsibility, brought up Cole and Abercrombie; others, however, and Beresford's dispatch, assign this merit to Cole, who in fact was the superior officer.

Both armies bivouacked on the ground; and had Soult the next day, with his 15,000 Frenchmen, ventured to renew the attack against 1600 English, he must have succeeded; but, awed by their bold front, he retired, leaving nearly 1000 wounded to his repulser's mercy. His army, even in the words of Belmas (i. 184), his own author, "se débanda dans le plus affreux désordre; le moral se trouvait fort affecté." The French real loss was between 8000 and 9000 men—even they admit 2800; that of the English was

4158, of the Spaniards 1365. The Duke in public shielded Beresford, whose great capabilities for drilling the Portuguese he justly appreciated. "Another such a battle, however," wrote he privately, "would ruin us. I am working hard to set all to rights again." On the 21st he visited the field, and in a few weeks offered Soult another chance of another *victory*, which the Marshal, who knew that a better man was come in, politely declined; he, however, claimed the "complete victory" as his; and now his *non-succès* is ascribed to the numerical superiority of the English. Durosoir (Guide, 244) simply states that 20,000 French fought against 45,000 English or Spaniards; which Bory de St. Vincent (Guide, 109) makes out to be 22,000 against 50,000, Soult's real forces amounting to 19,000 foot and 4000 horse; thus *history* is written in France; for the *truth*, read Napier (xii. 6), and his unanswered and unanswered replies to Beresford, vol. vi. and the Duke's 'Dispatches' (vol. vii.). The Portuguese also claim the fighting as theirs: "après la bataille d'Albuera," relates Schepeler, "j'entendis moi-même un officier Portugais dire, 'Les Espagnols se sont battus comme des lions, les Portugais comme des serpents, mais les Anglais *Niente Niente!*' (not at all,) dit-il avec dédain;" and the Spaniard Blake, in his letter thanking the Regency for making him a captain-general for his services on this day, never even alluded to the English; and now-a-days, *all* the glory is claimed by *Nosotros*; according to Madoz (i. 343), the English division was saved by Ballasteros! and this signal instance of Spanish inefficiency termed, "Una de las mas dignas glorias del Pueblo Español!!" Recently, however, a sort of monument has been erected in which, *credite posteri!* even the names of the English generals are inscribed—what a compliment to them—*pari passu*, with those of the Spaniards! For *Badajoz*, see Sect. vii. Those who wish to avoid Badajoz can ride in one *long* day direct from *Albuera* to *Merida*, about 10 L. through *Lobon*.

SECTION III.

RONDA AND GRANADA.

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The last of these two Routes is well suited for geological and botanical pursuits. The early summer and autumnal months are the best periods for these excursions.

THE SERRANIA DE RONDA.

The jumble of mountains of which Ronda is the centre and capital, lies to the l. of the basin of the Guadalquivir, and between the sea and the kingdom of

Granada. The districts both of Ronda and Granada are an Alpine interchange of hill and valley: ~~although only separated a few leagues from the plains and coasts of Seville and Malaga,~~ the difference of climate and geography is most striking; thus, while the barley harvests are over in the *tierra caliente* about the middle of May, the crops in the *Vega* of Granada are green in June. These mountains form the barrier which divides the central zone from the southern, and are a sort of offshoot from the great Sierra Morena chain. Temperate Ronda is consequently much resorted to in the summer by the parched inhabitants of the hotter districts. Ronda, elevated amidst its mountains, enjoys at once the fresh breezes from the sea and the open country; the air is pure, rare, and bracing; thus, in summer the mornings and evenings are cool, although the thermometer in the shade reaches 80° at mid-day, when the prudent traveller, invalid or not, will restore his bodily vigour by an indoor siesta.

The roads are steep, rugged, and bad: many are scarcely practicable even for mules. The Spaniards in olden times never wished to render their Seville frontier very accessible to the Moors, and now the fear of facilitating an invasion from Gibraltar prevented the Bourbon from improving the communications. The *posadas* are not much better than the roads, and suit the iron frames, and oil and garlic *alia* and digestions of the smugglers and robbers, who delight, like the chamois, in hard fare and precipices. The traveller must attend to the provend or "proband," as the great authority Captain Dalgetty would say: a *caballero* visiting these hungry localities should "victual himself with vivers" for three days at least, as there is no knowing when and where he may get a tolerable meal. Ronda and Granada are good central spots for excursions. Their snowy sierras are river sources for the *tierras calientes*, and the fruits and vegetation in the fresh hills are those of Switzerland; thus to the botanist is offered a range from the hardiest lichen of the Alps, down to the orange and sugar-cane in the maritime strips. This *serrania* is best seen in the summer, for at other times either the cold is piercing, or the rains swell the torrents, which become impassable.

The natural strength of this country has from time immemorial suggested sites for "hill-forts" (Hirt. 'B.H.' 8), the type of which is clearly Oriental; perched everywhere like eagles' nests on the heights, and exactly where a painter would have placed them for a picture, they are the homes of brave highlanders, to whom the chase and smuggling are daily bread. The French, during the Peninsular war, were so constantly beaten back by these sharpshooters that they became very shy of attacking hornets' nests fuller of lead than gold. These partisans were true sons of the Iberians of old, those Spanish cohorts which defeated the Romans "sub jugo montis," in rocky defiles, the types of Roncesvalles and Bailen. "Adsuetoir montibus et ad concursandum inter saxa rupeque." (Livy, xxii. 18). The hills were their "country;" for Diod. Siculus has anticipated Rob Roy's designation of his wild domain. "The *Guerillero*," said the Duke, "is the only useful arm; he is better acquainted with his trade than what is called the officer of the regular Spanish army; he knows the country better, and is better known to the inhabitants, and above all he has no pretension to military character" (Disp. May 3d, 1810). The raw material of the *guerillero* was in all times the bandit; robbery was the stock on which this patriotism best sprouted. Compare Livy, xxviii. 21; Florus, ii. 17, 15; Strabo, iii. 238, with the modern warwhoop, "*Viva Fernando y vamos robando*." The system of smuggling is the best organised one in this uncommercial land, where the *contrabandista* corrects the blundering chancellors of exchequers and custom-house officers. Spain has an enormous frontier to watch, and is a land in which an honest official seldom grows; all duties above 25 per cent. everywhere encourage the smuggler, and here the fiscal regulations are so ingeniously absurd, that the fair merchant is

as much hampered thereby, as the irregular trader is favoured; the operation of prohibitory and excessive duties on articles which people must, and therefore will have, leads to breaches of the peace, injury to the fair dealer, and loss to the revenue; the enormous profits tempt the peasantry from honest occupations, and render those idle, predatory, and ferocious, who under a wiser system would remain virtuous and industrious; the *fiscal* is the curse of Spain and Spaniards, it fosters a body of reckless, active armed men, who know the country well, and are ready for any outbreak. They emerge, elements of disturbance, from their lairs, whenever the political horizon darkens, just as the stormy petrel comes forth from his hidden home to usher in the tempest. Smuggling habituates the already well-disposed Spaniard to breaches of the law, to a defiance of constituted authority; and a hatred to the *excise*, which pinches his belly, is as natural to the heart of man, as a dislike to duties on dress is to the soul of woman. In Spain the evasion is not deemed a heinous crime, or a moral offence, but barely a conventional one; a *malum prohibitum*, not a *malum per se*; those who defraud the custom-house are only considered as attacking an odious administration by which the nation at large is robbed. The masses in Spain go heart and mind with the smuggler, as they do in England with the poacher. They shield a bold useful man who supplies them with a good article at a fair price. Nay, some of the mountain curates, whose flock are all in that line, just deal with the offence as a *pecado venial*, and readily absolve those who pay for a very little detergent holy water.

The Spanish smuggler, so far from feeling himself to be a criminal or degraded, enjoys in his country the brilliant reputation which attends daring personal adventure, among a people proud of individual prowess. He is the model of the popular sculptor and artist—the hero of the stage, its Macheath: he comes on dressed out in full *Majo* costume, with his *retajo* or blunderbuss in his hand, and sings the well-known *Seguidilla*: “Yo que soy contrabandista, yo-ho!” to the delight of the old and young, from the Straits to the Bidasoa, tide-waiters not excepted. In his real character he is welcome in every village; he brings sugar and gossip for the curate, money and cigars for the attorney, ribbons and cottons for the women. He is magnificently dressed, which has a great charm for all Moro-Iberian eyes, whose delight is *Boato*, or external ostentation. He is bold and resolute. “None but the brave deserve the fair.” He is a good rider and shot, knows every inch of the intricate country, wood or water, hill or dale; he swears and smokes like a man, and displays, in short, all those daring, active, and independent personal energies which a debasing misgovernment has elsewhere too often neutralized.

The expensive preventive service of *Resguardos*, *Carabineros*, &c., which is everywhere established in order to put down the smuggler, in reality rather assists him, than otherwise. The *empleados* of all kinds receive a very small salary, and that is often ill-paid. It is impossible to resist the temptation of making in one evening more than a six-months' pay: practically the custom-house officers receive their emoluments from the smuggler, who can readily obtain all the official documents, legal certificates, &c., on false returns; again on the frontier, where armed parties are stationed to intercept smugglers, a free passage is bargained for with those very guards who were placed there to prevent it; quis custodes eustodiet? The commander, when duly bribed, pretends to receive information of smuggling in a distant quarter, withdraws his men, and thus leaves everything open for “running the cargo.” These gentry, in fact, only worry inoffensive travellers, or, in a word, all who do not pay them hush money.

The traveller near Gibraltar will see enough of the *Contrabandista Rondeño*, and a fine fellow he is: a cigar and a bot of wine open his heart at the *Venta* fire-side, and he likes and trusts an Englishman, not that he wont rob him if in want of cash. The *Contrabandista* of Ronda is one of the most picturesque of his numerous class in a locality where “everybody smuggles.”

ROUTE 13.—SEVILLA TO GRANADA, BY
OSUNA.

There are many ways of performing the journey from Seville to Granada; 1st, by steam to *Cádiz* and *Malaga*, and thence by *Loja* in the diligence; 2ndly, by riding across the wild country through *Osuna*; 3rdly, by going in the diligence to *Cordova*, and then riding over the mountains by *Alcalá la Real*; and 4thly, which perhaps is the best for ladies, by coach to *Andujar*, and then across to *Jaen*, or by the *Madrid* diligence up to *Bailen*, and thence taking the down diligence to *Granada*.

Gandul	3	
Arabal	4	.. 7
La Puebla	4	.. 11
Osuna	3	.. 14
Pedraera	3	.. 17
Roda	2	.. 19
Alameda	2	.. 21
Va. de Archidona	4	.. 25
Loja	3	.. 28
Va. de Cacín	2	.. 30
Granada	6	.. 36

This direct road, between these important cities, can scarcely be called one; the line is, however, practicable for carriages during the summer, and is taken by the *galera*, which performs the journey in 6 days; in England a railroad would run it in 6 h. There is a talk of one to *Osuna*. The *posadas* are bad; attend to the provend. Well-girt riders may do the journey in 4 days.

These districts, although the soil is fertile and the suns genial, have been abandoned by the Spaniard since the Moorish conquest. Corn-plains have become *dehesas*, overgrown with *palmitos*, and the lair of the wolf and robber; those travelling with ladies should scarcely venture on this route without an escort.

At *Gandul* is a Moorish castle, amid palms and orange-groves, after which a wide level leads to *Arabal*, where the *posada del Sol* is tolerable; *Moron* rises on its conical hill to the rt. *Osuna*, a large town of 15,000 souls, hot in summer, but healthy, domineers over its fertile plain. Although a central point it is left in a most scandalous want of common communications, and nearly

inaccessible in wet weather and winter. *Posada, Caballo Blanco*, and *del Rosario*, at the outside, coming from Seville. The apex of the triangular hill is crowned by a castle and the *colegiata*; the streets are straggling; the buildings are whitened with *cal de Moron*; the carnation pinks, grown in pots imbedded in the houses, are superb.

Osuna was called *Gemina Urbanorum*, because 2 legions, and both of Rome, happened to be quartered there at the same time. The Spanish annalists prefer deriving the name from *Osuna*, daughter of *Hispan*, who married *Pyrrhus*, a killer of boars; hence the arms of the city, a castle with 2 boars chained to a window. The early coins found here are numerous and curious (*Florez*, 'M.' ii. 625). *Osuna* was taken from the Moors in 1240; Philip II. granted it to *Pedro Giron*, whom *François I.* used to call *Le bel Espagnol*. For this noble family (doubtless descendants of the fabulous *Geryon*) consult the '*Compendio de los Girones*,' *Jerº. Gudiel, Alcalá, 1577*. The *Girons* became the true patrons of *Osuna*; thus *Juan Tellez*, in 1534, founded the church, and his son, in 1549, the college. Ascend to the castle: the panorama is extensive. The *colegiata*, built in 1534, in the mixed Gothic and cinque-cento style, was converted by *Soult* into a citadel and magazine, for, as in olden times, *Osuna* is an important military position, from its fine spring, water being wanting in the plains (*Hirt*, 'B.H.' 41). The *Marshal's* soldiers amused themselves with mutilating the terra cotta sacred subjects over the cinque-cento portal, and with firing at the grand Crucifixion by *Ribera*, which was afterwards restored by *Joaquin Cortes*. There also are other 4 gloomy pictures by *Ribera* in the *Retablo*, which were brought from *Naples* by the celebrated *Viceroy Duke*. The marbles of the pavement are fine; *Soult* carried off more than 5 cwt. of ancient church plate; a gilt *Cordovan* cup has alone escaped. Visit the underground portions of this ch. The *Patio del Sepulcro* is in *Berruguete* taste. In the *Sacristia* is a *Christ*, by *Morales*. The vaults are supported by

Moorish arches. The mortal remains of the Girons lie in a labyrinth of sepulchral passages. The present Duke, 12th of his family, scarcely attends sufficiently to the decorous condition of the ashes of his ancestors.

Leaving *Osuna*, 2 short L. are *Aguas dulces*, whose sweet waters create an oasis in these aromatic *dehesas*. *Estepa* lies to the l. about 2 L. from *Roda*, on the road to *Ecija*; some traces of *Astapa* are yet visible on the hills of *Cunorra* and *Camorrillo*. This guerillero hill-fort rivalled Numantia, and when besieged by the Romans, 547 u. c., its inhabitants destroyed themselves, their wives and children, on a funeral pile, rather than surrender (Livy, xxviii. 23). For the old coinage see Florez, 'M.' ii. 624.

Roda is, as its Arabic name *Rauda* implies, a garden of roses *roda*; the *posada* is clean: between *Pedrera* and *Venta de Archidona* are the immemorial robber haunts, *la Va. de Cobalea* and *el cortijo de Cerezal*, where Jose Maria so long ruled; indeed this broken and intricate country is made for *ladrones* and beasts of prey; the aromatic underwood and wild evergreen oaks are scattered in a park-like manner all the way between *Osuna* and *Loja*.

Alameda lies amidst its olives and corn-fields in the bottom of a valley; the *Posada* bad; the shooting is excellent. Passing on to the rt. in the plain is the salt lake of *Antequera*, which glitters like a mirror; the city and the Lovers' Rock lie beyond (see Rte. 21). A wild iniquitous cross road communicates between *Antequera* and *Andujar*, 19 L. through *Benamegi Cabra* and *Porcuna*; and another equally cut-throat track runs from *Antequera* to *Ecija*, 12½ L. through *La Roda*. After quitting the *Va. de Archidona* by all means go a little out of the way to the rt., and pass through *Archidona*; after ascending the steep *Puerto del Rey*, we reach *Loja*, which is, as its Arabic name implies, the "Guardian," the advanced sentinel of the Vega of Granada; the opening view is most picturesque. The castle towers from a rock in the middle of the town; below runs the Genil, crossed by a Moorish bridge, while be-

yond rises the *Sierra Nevada*, with its diadem of snow.

Inns: The best, *de los Angeles*, is but bad in spite of the patronage of *angels*! be content therefore, ye mortals—ditto *Jesus Nazareno* and *José*. *Loja* is rapidly improving; pop. nearly 14,000; with a new *posada* and theatre. This place, being the key to Granada, was once of great importance. Ferdinand and Isabella besieged it in 1488, and took it after 34 days, very much by the aid of the English archers under Lord Rivers. Washington Irving, in his charming 'Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada' (which here should be read), gives a "romantic" account of this affair (ch. xxxix.). "Lord Rivers was the first to penetrate the suburbs, and was severely wounded. His majesty visited the tent of the English earl, and consoled him for the loss of his teeth by the consideration that he might otherwise have been deprived of them by natural decay; whereas the lack of them would now be esteemed a beauty rather than a defect, serving as a trophy of the glorious cause in which he had been engaged." The earl replied that "he gave thanks to God and to the Holy Virgin for being thus honoured by a visit from the most potent king in Christendom; that he accepted with all gratitude his gracious consolation for the loss he had sustained, though he held it little to lose two teeth in the service of God, who had given him all." But different is the historical account of an eye-witness. Peter Martyr, whose authentic epistles none should fail to peruse in these localities (Lett. lxii. Elzevir ed.): *Ab orbe venit Britano juvenis, animo, genere, divitiis, et titulo pollens, Scalæ comes* (Lord Scales) *cum pulcherrimâ familiarum patrio more arcubus et pharetris armatorum catervâ. Is post fortia testibus Hispanis facta, dum per scalas murum inter consortes scutatus ascenderet, saxo percussus ad tentoria deportatur exanimis. Chirurgorum cura exactissima vitam servat, sed anterioribus ictu saxi dentibus amissis. Reginam ubi primum extentorio licuit exire, quæ nuper advenerat, it salutatum: dolenti*

oris fœditatem Reginæ ad ablatos dentes, juvenis alludens, 'Christo qui totam eam fabricaverat domum, fenestellam se fecisse, qua facilius quod intus laterat inspicere possit,' lepide respondit: placuit Regibus argute dictum, atque honestis illum muneribus donatum ad natale solum in Britanniam remiserunt." Ferdinand gave to Loja for arms, *gules* a castle or, and a bridge argent, with the device "*Flor entre Espinas*."

It was to *Loja* that Gonzalo de Cordova, *el Gran Capitan*, and Spain's almost only real Great Captain, retired from the suspicions of the ungrateful Ferdinand, who, like an eastern khalif and a modern junta, dreaded a too victorious servant. Yet here such was the prestige of his influence and career, that, like Wallestein, his mere name improvised armies in the hour of need of his master. He died at Granada of a quartan fever, Dec. 2nd, 1515. Mr. Prescott has given us a correct sketch of his life and character in his admirable 'Ferdinand and Isabella' (see also our paper in the 'Quar. Rev.' cxxvii. 51). Charles V., in 1526, employed Hernan Perez del Pulgar to write a chronicle of his former chief the great Captain. Seville, 1527. It is rare, but was reprinted at Madrid in 1834, by M. de la Rosa, with a poor life and notes. There is also a biography by the commonplace Quintana. The old '*Coronica del Gran Capitan*,' folio, Alcalá de Henares, 1584, although interesting as a romance, is, as Cervantes says (speaking through the Curate), a *true history*: the French work by Florian is worse than worthless in this respect. It was to *Loja* also in our days that Narvaez retired when out of favour with Christina. The road to Granada, neglected for centuries, has at last been put in order.

Between *Loja* and *Lachar* are two wretched *ventas*: *La del Pulgar* might better be called *de las Pulgas*, from its host of vermin. Passing a mountain torrent, is *la Va. de Cacin*, and then opens the celebrated Vega of Granada like the promised land.

ROUTE 14.—SEVILLE TO GRANADA, BY CORDOVA.

By far the best plan is to go to Cordova in the diligence in about 22 hours, and then hire horses and ride over the mountains. The roads are very bad, the inns no better; yet by attending to the provend the thing is to be endured. It has been done in 2 days, but 3 are better. The scenery is alpine and full of picturesque castles and localities, celebrated in Moro-Hispano foray.

CORDOVA TO GRANADA.

Santa Cruzita	4
Castro del Río	2½ .. 6½
Baena	2 .. 8½
Alcalá la Real	6 .. 14½
Puerto Lope	3 .. 17½
Pinos Puente	2 .. 19½
Granada	3 .. 22½

After passing over tiresome *dehesas* and plains, producing some of the finest wheat in the world, ascending and descending *Cuestas*, crossing and recrossing the Guadajoz, we reach *Castro del Río*, built on an eminence, and hence pass through wild districts studded with eagles' nest villages and *atalayas*, to *Baena*, a ride of some 11 h.

Baena, with a poor but dear *posada*, is one of the most considerable central towns of these districts: Pop. above 11,000. The *posada* is bad. The old town was built on the hill above, which is crowned with a castle, once the property of the great Captain. The modern one below has a fair plaza. The *Santa Maria* has some old inscriptions and a good silver *Custodia*. The site of the Roman town is still marked, and antiquities are constantly found and destroyed: in 1833 a sepulchre was discovered, said to be that of the families of Pompey and Gracchus.

The climate, olives, corn, water, and fruits are delicious: the river Marbella produces a sort of tench called here *arrigueta*, which the naturalist should examine and eat. The mineralogy and botany deserve attention. Near *Baena* a curious yellow orchis abounds. The armorial bearings of the town are five

Moors' heads, which were cut off by five Spaniards of Baena, after a desperate combat.

From *Baena* the direct road runs to *Antequera*, 12 L.; through *Cabra* (*Ægabrum*, *Agabra*, Punicè—a fort), 3 L., which is a rich agricultural town. Pop. under 9,000. It once was the see of a bishop: the tortuous town is built under two hills. The tower of *Homenage* of the old castle remains: the *Plaza*, although irregular, is striking; and the streets on the level are handsome and cleansed with running water. There is a curious old stone used for the font in San Juan. The parish ch. *de la Ascencion* was a mosque, and has been badly altered inside after the model of the cathedral of Cordova. The *pasos* of the *Ermita Sa. Ana* are worth notice, especially the silver Saviour, large as life, and a beautiful Virgin *de la Soledad*, ascribed to Juan de Mena. The town is surrounded with gardens, which produce excellent fruits and vegetables, from the abundance of water. The wines made in the *Pago de Rio frio* vie with those of Montilla. The geologist should examine an extinct crater at *Los Hoyones*, and the curious cave *de Jarcas*. The reader of *Don Quixote* (ii. 14) may inquire for the celebrated *Cima*, into which the *Caballero del Bosque* leapt. *Lucena*, *Erigena*, is another of these large towns which no one visits. Pop. under 17,000. Like *Cabra*, it also is placed under two hills, with the best-built streets on the level. The *San Mateo* is a fine church, 1498, with an extravagant new *Sagrario*, 1772: it abounds in fruits of a rich well-irrigated soil under a glorious sun. The apricots are renowned. Here, April 21st, 1483, the Conde de *Cabra* took *Boabdil*, *el Rey chico de Granada*, a prisoner. Consult *Memorias de Lucena*, *Cardenas*, 4to., *Ecija*, 1777. Three L. on is *Benamegi*, near the *Xenil*, a town of bandit and robber ill-fame. Hence, by *dehesas* and *despoblados*, 4 L. to *Antequera* (see R. 21).

Continuing R. 12 and leaving *Baena*, although it is only 24 m. to *Alcalá la Real*, it is a 7 to 8 hours' ride: the old *posada* bad and dear: the *posada S. Anton*, on the *Alameda*, is better spoken

of. The very picturesque town, with its bold towers, rises on a conical hill: the streets are steep, the *Alameda* is charming. This was once the stronghold of the *Alcaide Ibn Zaide*: being taken, in 1340, by *Alonso XI.* in person, it obtained the epithet *Real*. The beacon-tower *La Mota, el Farol*, the light to guide prisoners escaping from the Moors, was erected by the *Conde de Tendilla*, the first governor of the *Alhambra*. Here, Jan. 28th, 1810, *Sebastiani* came up with the runaways from *Ocaña* and again routed *Areizaga* and *Freire*, who fled, without even making a show of defence, to *Murcia*, abandoning guns, baggage, and everything. A mountain defile to the l. leads to *Jaen*.

The road to *Granada* continues through splendid mountain scenery and strong defiles, where *Freire*, however, made no stand. *Illora* lies to the rt. on a hill. Soon the glorious *Sierra Nevada* is seen through an opening in the hills: and, after passing the *Venta del Puerto* the *Vega* expands to the view. It was on the bridge of *Pinos*, which is soon crossed, that *Columbus* was stopped, in Feb. 1492, by a messenger from *Isabella*, who informed him that she would espouse his scheme of discovery. He had retired in disgust at the delays and disappointments which he had met with in the court of the cold cautious *Ferdinand*, until his more generous queen, urged by the good prior of *Palos*, at last came forward. Thus *Columbus* was recalled, and she was rewarded with a new world. The offer was made in the very nick of time, and even then he hesitated to plunge into the heart-sickening intrigues of the Spanish court. Had he proceeded on his journey to our *Henry VII.*, that sagacious monarch, ever alive to maritime expeditions, would have listened at once to his proposals, and *S. America* would have been English, Protestant, free, and rich, instead of *Papist*, bigoted, beggarly, and bloodthirsty: on such trifles do the destinies of nations turn.

The wooded *Soto de Roma*, the Duke of *Wellington's* estate, lies to the rt.: to the l. is the hill of *Elvira* (see p. 325), one of the advanced guards of *Granada*.

ROUTE 15.—SEVILLE TO GRANADA
BY JAEN.

Go in the diligence to *Andujar* (see R. 9), and thence by a bad but carriageable road to *Jaen*, 6 L.; or go on to *Bailen*, and then take the down diligence to *Jaen*. 6 L. The *Guadalquivir* is passed by a suspension bridge near *Mengibar*. Both these routes are uninteresting, and occasionally robber-infested; they are carried over treeless plains, cold and wind-blown in winter, calcined and dusty in summer. The road from *Jaen* to *Bailen* was commenced in 1831.

ROUTE 16.—ANDUJAR TO GRANADA.

Mengibar	2
Jaen	4 .. 6
Va. del Chaval	4 .. 10
Campillo de Arenas	3 .. 13
Segri	3 .. 16
Mituganda	2 .. 18
Granada	4 .. 22

Six mortally wearisome L. lead to *Jaen*; the best inn is that of the diligence, *El Café Nuevo*; the other is *El Santo Rostro, Calle de Matadero*, "the Holy Face in Butcher-street."

Jaen, *Jayyan*, was a little independent kingdom under the Moors, consisting of 268 square L. The capital—the Roman *Auringis*, *Giennium*—stands like a sentinel at the gorge of the mountain approach to *Granada*. *Gien* in Arabic is said to signify fertility; and the town was also called *Jayyenu-l-harir*, "Jaen of the Silk." Its position is most picturesque, lying under a castle-crowned hill; the long lines of Moorish walls and towers creep up the irregular slopes, and the artist will do well to follow the circuit. The jumble of mountains, and those called *Jabalculz*, *La Pandera*, and *El del Viento*, almost deprive the city of sun in the wintry days. These are the local barometers. *Cuando Jabalculz tiene capuz y La Pandera montera, Llovera aunque Dios no quiera*. Near the *Jabalculz* are some mineral baths called *de Jerez*;

the walk there is delightful, the botany very rich. *Jaen* has been compared to a dragon, a watchful *Cerberus*. It is a poor place, amid plenty: pop. 17,000, and principally hardworking agriculturists. These boors, termed *Pastoris*, are so dull that *Jaen* is called the *Galiccia* of *Andalusia*. The fruit-gardens outside the town are charming, freshened and fertilised by living waters which gush everywhere from the rocks. *Jaen* is, however, very wind-blown in winter.

The place surrendered itself to *St. Ferdinand* in 1246; as *Ibnu-l-ahmar*, "the Red Man," a native of *Arjona*, who had raised himself from the lowest classes, to be its ruler, being at variance with the Moorish king of *Seville*, was unable single-handed to oppose the Christians, and in self-defence declared himself their vassal.

Jaen is a bishopric conjointly with *Baeza*. The cathedral is built after the style of its metropolitan at *Granada* and *Malaga*. The old mosque was pulled down in 1492, and in 1532 *Pedro de Valdelvira* introduced the Græco-Romano style; the plan is noble and regular. There are 4 entrances: the W. façade stands between two fine towers; the Corinthian interior is all glare, whitewash, and looks like a Pagan temple. The *Sacristia* and *Sagrario* are elegant: of the church plate, notice the silver *Custodia*, by *Juan Ruiz*, and the statue of *San Eufrasio*; but the grand relic is *La Santa Faz, El Santo Sudario*, or, as it is commonly called, *El Santo Rostro*, the Holy Face of our Saviour, as impressed on the handkerchief of *Santa Veronica*, which this saint is said to have lent to the suffering Saviour on the road to *Calvary*; but the very name, *verum icon*—the true portrait—denounces the pious ex post facto fraud. Hence some say her name was *Berenice*; be this as it may, the cambric, like a copper-plate, has given off many impressions for true believers, by which many souls have been saved and the true church much enriched, so many *proofs*, in fact, that the existence of "eleven thousand virgins," all *Veronicas*, may be inferred. Mere connoisseurs when they look at this fetich regard must regret that no

pope, no Leo X., ever decreed the multiplication of the divine Saviours of Raphael. This particular duplicate was brought to Jaen A.D. 44, by San Eufrasio, a disciple of Santiagos: other authors contend that it was San Atendrio, the bishop of Jaen, who rode the devil pick-o'-back to Rome to torture the pope that carried back the "Holy Face." See Feijoo, *Cart. Erud.* i. 24; iii. 21; and Southey's irreverent ballad. It was borne by St. Ferdinand at the head of his armies all over Jaen, and is copied in small silver medallions, *niellos*, in black and white, which are worn by the peasants and robbers as amulets. Jaen, indeed, is a modern Tripoli, and its relic is the *το του θεου προσωντων* of the ancients. It is shown to great personages privately, and to the public on Good Friday and the Ascension of the Virgin; the lower classes rely upon it in all calamities, yet it could not save them from the French, by whom under Cassagne the town, in July 1808, was so sacked and the women and babes so butchered, that the man and his men must have reasoned like Dante's Devil in the 'Inferno' (xxi. 48): "Qui non ha luogo il Santo Rostro;" possibly the Gaul questioned its genuineness, for certainly Lucca boasts a duplicate, called "Il Volto Santo." Those curious as to their authenticity may consult '*Discursos de las Efigies y verdaderos retratos non manufactos del Santo Rostro*,' Juan de Acuna del Adarve, Villanueva, fol. 1637; also read the *Tradicion*, by Bartolomé Isquierdo. Now-a-days in the mania of civilisation, ancient Jaen itself is shaken, and every day the past disappears to make place for the modern and common-place. If the portal of San Miguel by Valdelvira still exist visit it, and also the plateresque *Altar Mayor* at *La Merced*; the fine palace of the *Villar Don Pardos*; the portal of that of *Suarez de la Fuente el Sauce*, and the house of *los Masones*. Meantime bull-fighting flourishes and a new *Plaza de Toros* was built in 1847 for 8000 persons.

Visit at all events the Alameda with its alpine view, and walk through the tortuous old town to the *Fuente de Mag-*

dalena, which bursts from a rock as if struck by the wand of Moses. There is a sort of *Museo provincial* in the ex *jesuitas*, with some hundred bad pictures.

It was at Jaen that Ferdinand IV. died suddenly, in his 25th year, on Sept. 7, 1312, exactly 30 days after he was summoned to appear before the tribunal of God by the two brothers Pedro and Juan Carvajal, of Martos, when on their way to execution by the king's orders and without sufficient evidence of their guilt. Hence Ferdinand, who died on the appointed day, is called *El Emplazado*, "the cited." Mariana (xv. ii.) compares his death to those of Philippe le Bel, and Clement V. the French pope, who were cited by the templar, De Molay, to appear before God within a year and a day to account for their perfidy, rapine, and butchery; they both died at the exact period of their summons.

For history, legends, and antiquities, consult '*Relacion de Jaen*,' Gasp. Salcedo Aguirre, 8vo., Jaen, 1614; '*Historia Ecclesiastica*,' Francisco de Rus de la Puerta, 4to., Jaen, 1634; '*Santos y Santuarios*,' Francisco de Vilches, fol. Madrid, 1653; '*Historia de Jaen*,' Bartolome Ximenez, Paton, 1628—the real author was one Petrus Ordoñez de Zavallos; '*Anales Ecclesiasticos*,' Martin de Ximena Jurado, Madrid, 1654—a very curious book; '*Retrato de Jaen*,' Josef Martinez de Mazas, 4to., Jaen, 1794.

The highly picturesque road to Granada was opened in 1828. The first portion runs through a well-watered valley full of figs, apricots, and pomegranates. The gorge then becomes wilder and narrower, and is carried through the *Puerto de Arenas*, the sandy gate of Granada; formerly carriages went by the *ramblas*, river beds, an arch Spanish practice, but rather an inconvenient one, so a road was engineered at last by one Esteban, and the work is excellent. Many new *posadas* have been set up on this road at the places where the diligence changes horses. Those who are riding may put up either at miserable *Campillo*, or go on $1\frac{1}{2}$ L. to *Campotejar*; and if they wish to quit the dusty road, may turn off to the rt. at a *cortijo*, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a L. from *Campillo* to

Benalua 1 L., thence to *Colmara* 4 L., and so on 2 L. to Granada, a lonely but beautiful ride.

ROUTE 17.—SEVILLE TO RONDA,
BY OLVERA,

Gandul	3
Arahal	4 .. 7
Moron	2 .. 9
Zaframugon	2 .. 11
Olvera	2 .. 13
Setenil	2 .. 15
Ronda	2 .. 17

For *Gandul* and *Arahal* see p. 254. It is best to push on the first night to *Moron*, Arumi, pop. 9000, built on irregular acclivities, with the remains of its once almost impregnable Castle to the E. erected by the Moors on Roman foundations; it was blown up by the retreating French. The chalk, *Cal de Moron*, makes the fatal whitewash, by which so much mediæval and Moorish decoration has been obliterated. Not that, as old Feltham said of the Dutch, Spaniards are more careful of their house-fronts than of their bodies, or of their bodies than of their souls. The *tortas de Moron* have a Peninsular celebrity.

In the *Sierra de Laita* are remains of old silver-mines, and load-stones and emeralds are found here. *Moron* is a notorious den of thieves. Even the women, according to *Rocca*, opposed the French, while the masculine gender of *Andalucia* yielded; these are the worthy mothers of the noble mountaineers into whose fastnesses we now enter. *Olvera* rivals *Moron* in notoriety of misrule: pop. 6000. It is the refuge of the man of blood; hence the proverb, "*Mata al hombre y vete á Olvera*," kill your man and fly to *Olvera*. The inhabitants on one occasion, being compelled to furnish rations to a French detachment, foisted on them asses' flesh for veal; this insult, says *M. Rocca*, was thrown always into their teeth: "*Vous avez mangé de l'âne à Olvera*." His '*Guerre en Espagne*' is a charming, well-written book, and one of the best French

military accounts. It details hardships endured by his countrymen in these hungry hills, where for one cook, there were a thousand sharpshooters. *Rocca* afterwards married *Madame de Staël*.

ROUTE 18.—SEVILLE TO RONDA,
BY ZAHARA.

Utrera	5
Coronil	3 .. 8
Puerto Serrano	4 .. 12
Zahara	2 .. 14
Ronda	4 .. 18

Set out from Seville in the afternoon and sleep at *Utrera* (see p. 159), and then perform the rest in two days. You can, however, avoid *Utrera*, and bait your horses at the *Venta de Utrera*, which is nearly half way, and inspect the capital olive *hacienda* of the Conde de Torrenuevo. The *dehesas y despoblados*, delightful to the wild bee and botanist, extend to castle-crowned *Coronil*; *Posada Nueva*; the other Inn is *de los Dolores*, of which thin-skinned travellers' recollections are dolorous. The *Puerto* is the mountain-portal through which robbers descend to infest the high road to Cadiz. The 6 L. to Ronda are very long, and equal to 7. After tracking and crossing the *Guadalete* we reach a new *venta*, built under *Zahara*, which is a true Moorish eagle's nest crowning its pyramidal hill, and so fortified by nature with rocks for walls, and river for moat, as to be almost impregnable before the invention of artillery. The capture by *Muley Aben Hassen* in 1481 was the first blow struck in the war, which ended in 1492, by the conquest of Granada, just as that of Saguntum by Hannibal led to the downfall of Carthage. Hence by the *Cuesta de la Vina* by picturesque defiles to *Ronda*.

ROUTE 19.—SEVILLE TO RONDA,
BY ECIJA.

Those who have not seen Cordova will, of course, go there in the dili-

gence, and return by it back again to Ecija, and thence take horses for the Sierra.

Osuna	4†	
Saucejo	2‡	7
Va. de Grenadal	2‡	9‡
Setenil de las Bodegas	1‡	10‡
Ronda	3	13‡

Sleep at *Osuna* (see p. 254). The ride is desolate; at *Saucejo* it crests the hills, and soon becomes very picturesque; thence to *Ronda* in about 6 h, a lonely and sometimes dangerous journey.

Ronda has tolerable *posadas*, *de las Animas* and *de San Carlos*, in the old town. The *Pastelleria de Cuatro Naciones* can be the most recommended; the landlord civil: in the new town there is a very tidy little *posada*, *de San Cristobal*—the Christopher—to which Etonians may go, in the *Calle del Alberto*, and near the *Alameda*, *Posada del Tajo*. Those who prefer a private and quiet house will find many on *El Mercadillo*, near the *Plaza de Toros*. The charges at the fair time—the season—are generally higher than at others. Roman *Ronda*, *Arunda*, lay 2 L. north, at *Acinipo*, now called *Ronda la Vieja*. The Moors, who chose new sites for most of their cities, used up the ancient one as a quarry for their *Rondah*, as the Spaniards have done since. The *Ronda* corporations have been such busy Vandals, that these ruins, considerable in 1747, now scarcely exist, and do not deserve a visit. The coinage is described by *Florez* (M. i. 153).

Ronda, say the Spaniards, is the *Tivoli* of *Andalucia*, but *Trajan*, although an *Andaluz*, built no villa here, and its *Mæcenas* was the Moor, from whom it was taken by surprise by *Ferdinand* in 1485. The town hangs on a river-girt rock, and is only accessible by land up a narrow ascent guarded by a Moorish castle. It contains 13,000 Inhab., chiefly composed of bold, brave, fresh-complexioned mountaineers, smugglers, and bull-fighters, and *Majos muy crudos*. The *Tajo*, or chasm, which divides the old and new town, is the emphatic feature. The *Guadalvin*, Arabicè the "deep stream," called lower down *El Gua-*

diro, girdles *Ronda*, as the *Marchan* does *Alhama*, the *Tagus Toledo*, and the *Huescar* and *Jucar* encircle *Cuenca*. Those in search of the picturesque should begin at the old bridge of *San Miguel*, and descend to the mill below. The modern bridge, which at the other extremity of *Ronda* spans a gulf nearly 300 feet wide, and connects the new and old town, and was built in 1761, by *José Martin Aldeguela*, who was dashed to pieces by a fall: standing on it, " 't is dizzy to cast one's eyes below." The Moorish mills in the valley must be descended to, passing out of *Ronda* by the old castle. The view from them, looking up to the cloud-suspended bridge, is unrivalled. The arch which joins the *Tajo* hangs some 600 ft. above, like that in the *Koran*, between heaven and the bottomless pit; the river, which, black as *Styx*, has long struggled heard but not seen, in the cold shadows of its rocky prison, now escapes, dashing joyously into light and liberty; the waters boil in the bright burning sun, and glitter like the golden shower of *Danaë*. The giant element leaps with delirious bound from rock to rock, until at last, broken, buffeted, and weary, it subsides into a gentle stream, which steals like happiness away, adown a verdurous valley of flower and fruit, and offers no inapt emblem of the old Spaniard's life, who ended, in the quietism of the cloister, a manhood spent in war, hardship, and excitement. There is but one *Ronda* in the world, and this *Tajo*, cleft as it were by the scimitar of *Roldan*, forms, when the cascade is full, as we have seen it and as it ought to be seen, its heart and soul. The scene, its noise and movement, baffle pen and pencil, and, like *Wilson* at the Falls of *Terni*, we can only exclaim, "Well done, rock and water, by Heavens!"

In the town, visit the Dominican convent; the Moorish tower stands on the verge of the chasm. There is another Moorish tower in the *Calle del Puente viejo*; visit, in the *Calle San Pedro*, *la Casa del Rey Moro*, built in 1042, by *Al-Motadhed*, who drank his wine out of jewel-studded goblets

formed from the skulls of those whom he had himself decapitated (Conde, ii. 26). Here is *la mina de Ronda*, a staircase cut down to the river in the solid rock. Descend to the singular Nereid's grotto below, which was dug by Christian slaves, in 1342, for Ali Abou Melec. The bitter task of descending and raising water passed into a proverb, *Dios me guarde del zaque de Ronda*; the steps were protected with iron; these the Spaniards sold, and they were then replaced with wood, which General Rojas, the governor, who lived in the house, used up, in 1833, for his kitchen firing.

Ronda is an intricate old Moorish town of tortuous lanes and ups and downs. The houses⁶ are small; the doors are made of the fine *Nogal*, or walnut, which abounds in the fruit-bearing valleys. The fruit, especially the *Peros*, *Samboas*, *Ciruelas*, and *Melocotones* are excellent; indeed the apples and pears of Ronda are proverbial. The damsels, unlike those of tawny Andalusia, are as fresh and ruddy as the pippins. Ronda is the cool summer residence for the wealthy of Seville, Ecija, and Malaga. Being highly salubrious, the longevity is proverbial; thus Vicente de Espinel, born here in 1551, died at the age of ninety; he was one of the best musicians, poets, and novelists of Spain, and translated Morace's 'Art of Poetry.' Espinel had served in the campaigns of Italy, and in his picaresque tale of Marcos de Obregon—translated by Major Langton—gives his own adventures; it is from this work that Le Sage borrowed freely for his Gil Blas. True believers, who wish to shorten the pangs of purgatory, can do much in a month at Ronda. In the church, the *Socorro*, they may be succoured at the rate of a million days' indulgence, by one touch, such is the benefit of the *cuenta del Millon*, while in this life the longevity of Ronda is expressed in a proverb, *En Ronda los hombres á ochenta son pollones*. These hardy octogenarian chickens, according to M. Rocca, used to hide in the rocks, and amuse themselves with popping at the French sentries. The land-gate was repaired

by Charles V. The Alcazar, or castle, is the property of the Giron, and the *Duque de Ahumada* is hereditary governor. The invaders blew it up on retiring, from sheer love of destruction, for it is entirely commanded, and since the use of artillery valueless as a military defence.

The fine stone-built *Plaza de Toros*, or bull arena, is in the new town, near the rose-garnished *Alameda*, which hangs over the beetling cliff: the view from this eminence over the depth below, and mountain panorama, is one of the finest in the world. After the bull-fights, vultures—which the natives swear are eagles—hover around, attracted by the dead animals, adding to the *Salvator Rosa* sentiment. The *Plaza* itself, and all the cells for the bulls, and the contrivances for letting them in and out, are well worth examination by taumachians. The fairs and *Fiestas* are of the first order. May 20th is, or rather was, the time to see Ronda, its bulls and *Majos*, in their glory. This is the great leather, saddlery, embroidered gaiters, garters, mantas, and horse fair, to which many detachments of English officers ride from the Rock, and some in one day; but commonplace civilization is ruining the national and the picturesque. The *Maestranza*, or equestrian corporation of Ronda, takes precedence over all others.

The Ronda horses are small, but active; José Zafran is the Anderson of the *Serrania*. Excursions may be made to *Ronda la Vieja*, to the picturesque cavern *La Cueva del Gato*, which lies, with its untrodden stalactical caverns, about 2 L. N.W., from whence a rivulet, a gushing *Vaucluse*, emerges and flows into the *Guadairo*. N.B. After seeing this *Cueva* ride round by *Benajuan* and *Montequaque* to the gorge of *Zumidero*, equal to any thing in the Alps, thence to *Ronda*, an excursion which will take 6 h. For antiquities consult 'Dialogos por la Historia de Ronda,' 1766, Juan Ribera; also Carter's excellent 'Journey,' 1777.

ROUTE 20.—RONDA TO XEREZ.

Grazalema	3
El Bosque	6
Arcos	11
Xerez	16

This, one of the wildest rides in the *Serrania*, is eminently lonely but picturesque; a horse with baggage can get to *El Bosque* in 4 h., and thence to *Arcos* in 6, and in as many more to *Xerez*. Passing the almond and walnut groves of the valley of the *Guadavro*, we enter a *dehesa* of cistus and quercus *Quexigo*. About half way is a rocky gorge, a notorious robber-lair. Here we once counted 15 monumental crosses in the space of 50 yards, stretching out their black arms in Spanish welcome; they are raised on the "heap of stones" (*Josh. vii. 26*); the "shreds, flints, and pebbles thrown for charitable purposes" on the murdered traveller's grave. These are the *λιθοι λογαδεις* of Pausanias (x. 5, 4); the heaps over the dead, *ταφαι* tumuli, which in Turkey are thought to conceal treasure. *Mal Tepce* (*ταφος*). It was an Oriental and Roman custom to cast if only one stone. *Quamquam festinas non est mora longa*. A simple wooden cross bears the name of the victim, and the date of his foul unnatural murder, cut off in the blossom of his sins, no reckoning made. Pray God for his soul! These crosses, here the signs of execution not redemption, do not affect or alarm the Spaniard, who is used to appalling symbols in churches and out; he is indifferent from habit to associations of blood and wounds, at which the solitary stranger is disagreeably startled; a shadow of death seems to hover over localities where such stones preach Spanish sermons, *te saxa loquuntur*; a dreary feeling will steal over the most cheerful, boldest mind, it is not good to be alone. The wanderer, far from home and friends, feels doubly a stranger in this strange land, where no smile greets his coming, no tear is shed at his going,—where his memory passes away, like that of a guest who tarrieth but a day,—where nothing of human life is seen, where its existence only is inferred by these stone-piled cairns which mark the

unconsecrated grave of some traveller like himself, who has been waylaid there alone, murdered, and sent to his account with all his imperfections on his head! These Spanish milestones, memento mori, are awkward evidences that the repetition is not altogether impossible, and make a single gentleman, whose life is not insured, keep his powder dry, and look every now and then if his percussion cap fits.

Grazalema, *Lacidulia*, *Posada—La Trinidad*, is plastered like a martlet-nest on the rocky hill, and can only be approached by a narrow ledge. The inhabitants, smugglers and robbers, beat back a whole division of French, who compared it to a land Gibraltar. The wild women, as they wash their parti-coloured garments in the bubbling stream, eye the traveller as if a perquisite of their worthy mates. The road now clammers over the heights under the mountain nucleus *San Cristobal*, the Atlas of Roman Catholics. It is also called *la Cabeza del Moro*, and is the first land seen by ships coming from the Atlantic. The summit is generally snow-clad. Seen from that height the plains of the Guadalquivir are laid out like a map; we slept at a tidy *posada* in *El Bosque*. Continuing the ride through a pleasant country, we reach *Benamahomad*, a hamlet all girt with streams and gardens. Hence, over a undulating pine-clad *despoblado* to *Arcos de la Frontera*; which rises over the Guadalete in two points, one crowned by a tower, the other by a convent. Crossing the wooden bridge, a steep ascent, overlooking a yawning precipice, leads up to this steep wild place of truly Andalusian *majos*, who continue to wear the national costume in all its glory. The portal of the *Parroquia* is in the Gothic of the Catholic king. The banners taken at Zahara in 1812 were kept in the *San Pedro*. There is a decent *posada* on the r. hand, at a distance of the town to Xerez. Pop. at 11,000. The views from above are superb, ranging over the Ronda tains. The plains below, being gated from the river, produce abundant crops and fruits.

Arcos, *Arci* Colonia, *Arco Brija*, was an Iberian town, *Brija* being equivalent to "city,"—burgh, borough, bury, *αργυρος*. It was taken by Alonso *el Sabio* from the Moors, and was called *de la frontera* from its frontier position; almost impregnable by nature, it was embattled with walls and towers, portions of which remain. The *Arcos* barbs, and their watchful daring riders, are renowned in ancient ballads. They were reared in the plains below, and especially in the once famous *Haras* of the Carthusians of Xerez. The intervening country is without interest.

ROUTE 21.—RONDA TO GRANADA.

Cuevas del Becerro	3	
Campillos	3	6
Bobadilla	3	9
Antequera	2	11
Archidona	2	13
Loja	3	16
Granada	8	24

This may be ridden easily in 3 days by a well-girt horseman. From *Ronda* to *Campillos* 9 hours; *Campillos* to *Loja* 12 hours, allowing one for baiting; *Loja* to *Granada* 9 hours, allowing half an hour for halting; *Antequera* lies out of the direct road, but is well worth visiting; those in a hurry might sleep the first night at *Campillos*, or at the solitary *venta* under *Teba*.

The only mid-day halt is the *venta* at the *Cuevas del Becerro*, "Caves of the Calf," a den fittish for beasts, but the place may be left out altogether, in which case the half way will be at the *Venta del Puerto*. Nature, indeed, enthroned in her alpine heights and green carpeted valleys, has lavished beauty and fertility around; man alone and his dwellings are poverty-stricken. About half way on to *Campillos*, *Teba*, *Theba*, rises on the r., but is not worth ascending up to. The name, which has puzzled antiquarians, occurs in the Egyptian *Thebais*, and *Tape* in Coptic means "head, capital." The son of Abraham by the concubine *Rennah* (Gen. xxii. 24) was called *Teba*.

Thebes in *Bœotia* was founded by the Phœnician *Cadmus*; and the word *Teba*, in *Bœotian* dialect, signified a hill (M. Varro, 'R. R.' iii. 1), which coincides with this locality. Meantime the *Bryants* and *Fabers*, and dabblers in *Noetic* and *Archite* archæology, contend that *Teba*, in *Syriac* (*Tzeses*, Scho. Lyc. 1206) a *heifer*, and in *Hebrew* an *ark*, alluded to the female symbol of the regeneration of nature in contradistinction to the male principle *Gor* (*Hebrew*), *Zappos*, a bull and a coffin. *Teba* (not this one), say they, was the eminence on which the *Noetic ark* rested, but perhaps they may be wrong.

Andalucian Teba was recovered from the Moors by *Alonso XI.* in 1328. *Bruce*, according to *Froissart*, when on his deathbed, called the good *Lord James* of *Douglas*, and told him that he had always wished to fight against the enemies of *Christ*, and that, as he had been unable to do so while alive, he now selected him, the bravest of his knights, to carry his heart, after his death, to the *Holy Land*. As there were no ships going directly to *Jerusalem*, *Lord James* proceeded to *Spain*, and, thinking fighting the Moors in the intermediate time would be the most agreeable to the wishes of the deceased, proceeded to the siege of *Teba*. He wore the royal heart in a silver case around his neck. In the critical moment of the battle, he and his followers were abandoned by their *Spanish allies*; then the good *Lord* threw the heart of the *Bruce* into the fiercest fray, exclaiming, "Pass first in fight, as thou wast wont to go, and *Douglas* will follow thee or die," which he did. For historic references see our paper, 'Quart. Rev.' cxxvi. 310. In our times the fair *Condesa de Teba*, a fair scion of the illustrious house of *Guzman*, won the imperial heart of *Napoleon III.*

There are some decent *posadas* at *Campillos*, on the *Alameda—La Corona*, *Jesus Nazareno*, and *Santa Maria del Carmen*. The *Salina*, or *Salt Lake*, distant 2 L., forms a striking object from *Campillos*.

Antequera, *Anticaria* was in the time

of the Romans, as now, an important city of the second order; lying, however, out of the high road, it is seldom visited. Pop. 16,000. The best inns are *Posada de la Castaña*, *La Corona*, and one in the *Calle de las Comedias*. The ancient town was situated at *Antequera la Vieja*. The remains of a palace and a theatre, almost perfect in 1544, were used as a quarry to build the convent of *San Juan de Dios*; a few fragments were saved by Juan Porcel de Peralta in 1585, and are imbedded in the walls near the *Arco de Gigantes*, going to the castle court. Others were then brought from *Nescania*, 7 miles W., where a hamlet was erected in 1547 for the invalids who came to drink the waters of the old *Fons divinus*, now called the *Fuente de Piedra*, because good for stone and gravel complaints.

Antequera (Antikeyrak) was recovered from the Moors in 1410 by the Regent Fernando, who hence is called "*El Infante de Antequera*." He gave the city for arms the badge of his military order, *La Terraza*, the "vase" (*quasi de terrâ*) the pot of lilies of the Virgin, under which the mystery of the divine incarnation was shrouded (see our Remarks, 'Quart. Rev.' cxxiii. 130). This order, the earliest in Spain, was founded in 1035 by Garcia of Navarre.—See the curious details, p. 177, *Discursos Varios*, D. J. Dormer, 4^o. Zarag, 1683. *Antequera* contains some 20,000 Inhab., chiefly agricultural; they wear the *majo* dress, and are fond of green velvets and gilt filigree. In the fertile plain is a peculiar salt *laguna*, or lake. The town is clean and well built. The *Colegiata*, gutted by the invaders, has been partially refitted; but poverty of design unites with poverty of material. The castle is Moorish, built on Roman foundations. Observe the Barbican. Ascend the *Torre Mocha*, with its incongruous modern belfry. Observe the Roman frieze and cornice at the entrance. The view is striking. In front, the Lover's Rock rises out of the plain, and to the r. the three conical hills of *Archidona*. The castle is much dilapidated. The curious old mosque in the enclosure was converted by the

Spain.—I.

French into a store-house, but the magnificent Moorish armoury disappeared when the city was sacked by them; the enemy, at the evacuation of *Antequera*, wished to destroy the castle, but Cupid interfered; the artilleryman left to fire the train lingered so long taking his last farewell of his nut-brown *querida*, that he was himself taken prisoner, and so the walls escaped. When we were last at *Antequera* the governor was in the act of taking down the Moorish mosque, to sell the materials and pocket the cash. The tower of *San Sebastian*, the clock, and the copper angel the vane, are thought magnificent by the natives.

Antequera, probably because it suits the rhyme, is the place selected by the proverb which indicates the tendency in Spaniards of each person taking first care of himself: "*Salva el sol por Antequera, venga lo que viniere, el ultimo mono se ahoga*. I'll be off, for the last monkey is drowned." Occupy extremum scabies. This is, however, only the *sauve qui peut* principle of the selfish of all times and places, whose cry is, the devil take the hindmost.

Antequera was the home of the great Alcaide Narvaez, *el de la gran lanzada*.—See the curious *Historia*, &c., by Francisco Balbi de Corregio, 4^o, Milan, 1593. This Don was no less redoubtable a personage in his time than Don Ramon, the Duke de Valencia, was in ours. Consult for local history *Panegiricos*, &c. Pedro de Espinosa, 8vo., Xerez, 1628; *Historia de Antequera*, Francisco Espinosa y Aquilena, 8vo., reprinted Malaga, 1842.

From *Antequera* there is a bad but carriageable road to Malaga, 9 L., which is to be continued on to Cordova. Ascending the height is a *lusus natura*, called *el Torcal*, an assemblage of stones which look like a deserted town. The 8 L. are hilly, dreary, and townless. Leaving the pass *Boca del Asno* are the wretched ventas, *de Galvez*, 4 L., *de Linares*, 2 L., and *de Matagatos*, 1 L., a true *kill-cat* den, where none but an *ass* will open his mouth for food. The views on descending to Malaga are delicious.

The ride to *Granada* is pleasant.

Just outside the town, on the road to Archidona, is *la Cueva de Mengal*, which looks E., and is some 70 ft. deep, it was only examined for the first time in 1842, by Rafael Mitjana, an architect of Malaga. He got the interior cleared out, by assuring the Antiquarian authorities, but not antiquarians, that treasures were buried there. It was long known by the shepherds and neglected; some consider it Celtic, others Druidical. See the *Memoria*, published by Mitjana. 8vo. Malaga, 1847. Observe the hawkheaded form of the *Peñon*, and the profile of a female cut as it were from the hill above Archidona: on leaving this *Cueva* we reach the banks of the *Yeguas*, and the *Peña* or *Peñon de los Enamorados*, which rises like a Gibraltar out of the sea of the plain. Sappho leaps of true love, which never did run smooth, are of all times and countries. Here, it is said, a Moorish maiden, eloping with a Christian knight, baffled their pursuers by precipitating themselves, locked in each other's arms, into a stony couch. (See the story at length in Mariana, xix. 22, and in Southey's ballad on Laila and Manuel.) The verdurous valley is still the mid-day halt of the sun-burnt traveller, who tastes the joy of living fountains of water under the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

"Flumina muscus ubi et viridissima gramina ripâ
Speluncæ que tegunt et saxea procubat umbra."

Leaving the rock to the l., and passing a pretty olive-grove, the road turns to Archidona, *Xapundon*, and thence winds to *Loja*. (See p. 255.)

ROUTE 22.—RONDA TO MALAGA.

Al Borgo	3
Casarabonela	2 .. 5
Cartama	3 .. 8
Malaga	3 .. 11

Those who ride this wild mountain route must indeed rough it. Attend carefully to the provend, for, however satisfactory the banquet of alpine scenery, there is more food for the painter and poet's eye, in fine frenzy rolling, than for his body. The ride takes 13 good h. with stout horses;

ladies had better brave the fatigue than the Posadas, and ride it at once, leaving *Casarabonela* and *Cartama* about $\frac{1}{2}$ a L. to the rt.; you can ride from Ronda to a wood $\frac{1}{2}$ a league beyond *el Borgo*, in 5 h.; thence to a venta 1 L. beyond *Casarabonela*, $2\frac{1}{2}$ h.; dine there; thence to Malaga in about 6 h., by a plain that seems never coming to an end.

By the other route, after leaving Ronda and ascending the *Puerto de los Espinillos*, and passing the arches of the aqueduct, cross the stream *del Toro*, and thence to the *Puertos del Viento*, and on to that *de los Empedrados*. Wind-blown and stony indeed are these mountain defiles, nor is the locality near the latter, which is called *Dientes de la Vieja*, ill named; a broken wild tract leads to miserable *El Burgo*, with its bridge and hamlet. Thence over a *dehesa* by the passes of *El Hornillo* and *Media Fanega*, to the stream and wretched venta of *Casarabonela*. After descending, the *Cuesta de Cascoral* is the usual halting-place; and bad it is, but perhaps less bad than the venta of *Cartama*, which may be left to the r. about $\frac{1}{2}$ a L. There is also a farm or *Cortijo de Villalon* farther on, where travellers may rest at night. *Cartama*, Cartima, is built on a hill, and the prefix "car," "kartha," shows its punnic origin. It was once a fine city (see Livy, xl. 47); although some think that he refers to another *Cartima*, near Ucles; remains, however, are constantly discovered, and, as usual, either neglected by the authorities or broken up by the peasantry. On one occasion the late Mr. Mark, consul at Malaga, observing some marble figures worked as old stones into a prison wall, offered to replace them with other masonry, in order to save the antiques. The authorities, suspecting that they contained gold, refused, but took them out themselves, and were with difficulty prevented sawing them in pieces, and at last, not knowing what to do with them, cast them aside like rubbish outside the town. Spaniards being generally ignorant of the real value of these matters, whenever a foreigner wishes to have them pass at once into hyperbolical

notions, and estimate at more than their weight in gold, relics which they before considered more worthless than old stones. Leaving *Cartama* and the *Sierra*, we enter the rich plain of *Malaga*, studded with ruins, villages, and *haciendas*.

ROUTE 23.—RONDA TO GIBRALTAR.

Atajate	2	
Gaucin	3	5
San Roque	6	11
Gibraltar	2	13

This superb mountain ride threads hill and dale, along the edge of precipices. By starting from *Ronda* at 7 A.M. you may reach *Gaucin* about 3½ P.M.; next day, by leaving *Gaucin* at 6 P.M., you get to *Gibraltar* between 4 and 5 P.M.; you can ride easily from *Ronda* to *San Roque* in 15 hours, halting 2 at *Gaucin*. There is also a lower and smoother road by which *Gaucin* may be avoided altogether (see next column). At the bottom of an alpine defile is *la Fuente de Piedra*, placed in a funnel from which there is no escape should a robber ambuscade be laid. Thence, scrambling up the mountains, we pass Moorish villages, built on heights, with Moorish names and half-Moorish peasantry, e. g. *Atajate*, *Benarraba*, *Benadalid*, *Ben Alauria*. These settlements of *Beni*, "children," mark the isolating love of tribe which the Arabs brought with them from the East, implanting on a new and congenial soil the weakness of the nomade race of *Ishmael*, whose hand is against every one, and against whom every hand is raised. These unamalgamating "*Beni*" united, however, against the French, who found in such robbers more than their match. The hard-working high-land peasants cultivate every patch of the mountain sides, terracing them into hanging gardens, and bringing up earth from below in baskets.

Gaucin is most romantically situated on a cleft ridge. The *Posada de la Paz* is tolerable, but not cheap: the *Posada Inglesa* or *del Rosario* is newer. Here (Sept. 19, 1309) *Guzman el Bueno* was killed, in the 53rd year of his

age. Ascend the Moorish castle, much shattered by an explosion, April 23, 1843. The view is glorious. *Gibraltar* rises like a molar tooth in the distance and *Africa* looms beyond. In the hermitage of the castle was a small image of the Infant Saviour, *El niño Dios*, which, being dressed in a resplendent French court suit, was naturally held by Spaniards in profound veneration far and wide. Some of the miracles he works seem positively incredible. This image is now worshipped in the parish church.

Leaving *Gaucin* is a tremendous descent by a sort of earthquake dislocated staircase, which scales the wall barrier to this frontier of *Granada*. The road seems made by the evil one in a hanging garden of *Eden*. An orange-grove on the banks of the *Guadairo* welcomes the traveller, and tells him that the *Sierra* is passed. To those coming from *Gibraltar* this mountain wall is the appropriate barrier to *Granada*, while *Gaucin* crests the heights like a watchful sentinel. This oleander-fringed river is crossed and re-crossed, and is very dangerous in rainy weather. On its banks is the lonely *Venta del Guadairo*, where whatever provend you have brought with you can be washed down with wine of *Estepona*, whose flavour is pleasant, and colour amber and yellow. By cutting off now to the l., and keeping along the sands to *Gibraltar*, you can avoid *San Roque*, and thus, if late, save 2 L. Those who go to *San Roque*, after passing the ferry of the *Xenor*, sweet glades of chesnut and cork trees, will duly and pleasantly arrive. Observe the shepherds armed, like *David*, with their sling, wherewith they manage their flocks. This, introduced by Phœnicians, became the formidable weapon of Oriental and Iberian (*Judith* vi. 12; *Plin*, 'N. H.' vii. 56; *Strabo*, iii. 255). It was much used in the *Balearic Islands*, hence so called, *αγο του βαλλιου*. These are the slings with which the shepherds knocked out *Don Quixote's* teeth. Compare the *Hondas* of Old *Castile*.

This mountain route from *Gaucin* is rather severe: an easier one, but a

long single day's ride, lies by the valley of the Guadairo, avoiding the hills. Leave *Ronda* by the *Mercadillo*, descend to the river, keep along its pleasant banks to *Cortes*, which is left about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile to the r., without going to it; then continue up the river valley, to the back of *Gaucin*, which rises about 3 m. off to the l., and is not to be entered. Ascend the hill to the *Ximena* road, and soon strike off to the l., through *la Boca del Leon* to the Corkwood, and thence to *San Roque*. The *Arrieros* try to dissuade travellers from taking this valley, and best route, in order to get them to sleep at some friend's house at *Gaucin*, and thus employ the horses for two days instead of one.

San Roque. There is good accommodation at Macre's Hotel, *El Correo Ingles*, Calle San Felipe. The town was built in 1704 by the Spaniards, after the loss of Gibraltar, when they used up the remains of time-honoured *Carteia* as a quarry. It is named after its tutelar saint, San Roque. This modern Esculapius is always, like his prototype (Paus. ii. 27, 2), painted with a companion dog, who licks the wound in his thigh: here he has a hermitage and fixed residence; consequently, perhaps, no place is more wholesome; it is the hospital of the babies and "scorpions of Gib," who get at San Roque "sound as *rouches*;" in fact, as in cases of royal touching for evil, when a patient is given over, he is pronounced incurable by *Rey ó Roque*. The town is very cheap; a family can live here for half the expense necessary at Gibraltar: pop. above 7000. It is the chief town of the *Campo de Gibraltar*, and has always been made the head-quarters of the different Spanish and French armies, which have not retaken Gibraltar. The descendants of the expelled fortress linger near the gates of their former paradise, now, alas! in the temporary occupation of heretics, since they indulge in a long-deferred hope of return, as the Moors of Tetuan sigh for the re-possession of Granada. Even yet our possession of the Rock is not quite a *fait accompli*, and the king of the Spains still calls him-

self the king of Gibraltar; of which the *alcaldes* of San Roque, in their official documents, designate themselves the authorities, and all persons born on the Rock are entitled to the rights of native Spanish subjects. The town, from being made the summer residence of many English families, is in a state of transition: thus, while the portion on the Spanish side remains altogether Spanish, and the road to the interior execrable, the quarter facing "the Rock" is snug and smug, with brass knockers on the doors, and glass in the windows; and the road is excellent, macadamized not by the Dons, but by General Don and for English convenience. No San Roquan ever looks towards Spain; his eyes, like a Scotchman's, are fixed southward on "*La Plaça*," the place for cheap goods, good cigars, and his *El Dorado*, his *ne plus ultra*. At every step in advance Spain recedes; parties of reckless subalterns gallop over the sands on crop-tailed hacks, hallooing to terriers, and cracking hunting-whips—animals, instruments, and occupations utterly unknown in Iberia. Then appear red-faced slouching pedestrians in *short black gaiters*, walking "into Spain," as they call it, where none but *long and yellow* ones are worn: then the shoals of babies, nursery-maids, men, women, and everything, vividly recall Gosport and Chatham. Spain completely vanishes and England reappears after passing the "*Lines*," as the frontier boundaries are called. The civil and military establishments of Spain, everywhere rather out of elbows, are nowhere more so than here, where they provoke the most odious comparisons. These semi-moor natives neither see nor feel the discredit and disgrace of the contrast. The miserable hovels are the fit lair of hungry bribetaking officials, who exist on the crumbs of "the Rock," one broadside from which would sweep everything from the face of the earth. These "*Lines*" were once most formidable, as Philip V. erected here, in 1731, two superb forts, now heaps of ruins; one was called after his tutelar

saint, Felipe, the other after Santa Barbara, the patroness of Spanish artillery. The British agent at Madrid was instructed to remonstrate against the works, but he wrote back in reply, "I was assured if the whole universe should fall on the king to make him desist, he would rather let himself be cut to pieces than consent" (Cox, *Bourb.* iii. 240). They were so strong, that when the French advanced in the last war, the modern Spaniards, unable even to destroy them, called in the aid of our engineers under Col. Harding, by whom they were effectually dismantled: this is at least a *fait accompli*, and they never ought to be allowed to be rebuilt, since to raise works before a fortress is a declaration of war; and as Buonaparte's announced intention was to take Gibraltar, Sir Colin Campbell was perfectly justified in clearing them away, even without the Spaniards' permission, to say nothing of their having petitioned him to do so.

Now this destruction, a work of absolute necessity against the worst foe of England and Spain, is made, with *La China* and *San Sebastian* (see Index), one of the standing libels against us by the Afrancesados. Fortunate indeed was it for many Spaniards that Campbell did destroy these lines, for thus Ballesteros and his *bigoños* was saved from French pursuit and annihilation by skulking under our guns (Disp., Dec. 12, 1811). Ferdinand VII. was no sooner replaced on his throne by British arms, than this very Ballesteros urged his grateful master to reconstruct these works, as both dangerous and offensive to England. Gen. Don, governor of Gibraltar, thereupon said to the Spanish commander at Algeciras. "If you begin, I will fire a gun; if that won't do, I shall fire another; and if you persevere, you shall have a broadside from the galleries." If Spain meant to retain the power of putting these lines *in statu quo* after our expulsion of the French, she should have stipulated for this right to rebuild them, previously to *begging us to raze them for her*.

Beyond these lines are rows of sentry-boxes which enkennel the gaunt

Spanish sentinels, who guard their frontier on the *espanita lobos* or scare-crow principle. These ill-appointed *Bisoños*, types of *Σκαρα*, Egestas, stand like the advanced sentinels of Virgil's infernal regions,

"Et metus et malessuada fames et turpis Egestas
Horribiles visu"—

A narrow flat strip of sand called the "neutral ground," separates the Rock from the mainland; seen from a distance, it seems an island, as it undoubtedly once was. The barren, cinder-looking, sunburnt mass is no unfit sample of tawny Spain, while the rope-of-sand connection is a symbol of the disunion, long the inherent weakness of the unamalgamating component items of Iberia.

Cross however that strip, and all is changed, as by magic, into the order, preparation, organization, discipline, wealth, honour, and power of the *United Kingdom*—of Britannia, the Pallas or armed wisdom of Europe. The N. side of Gibraltar rises bluffly, and bristles with artillery: the dotted port-holes of the batteries, excavated in the rock, are called by the Spaniards "*las dientes de la vieja*," the grinders of this stern old Cerbera. The town is situated on a shelving ledge to the W. As we approach the defences are multiplied: the causeway is carried over a marsh called "the inundation," which can be instantaneously laid under water; every bastion is defended by another; guns stand out from each embrasure, pregnant with death,—a prospect not altogether pleasant to the stranger, who hurries on for fear of an accident. At every turn a well-appointed, well-fed sentinel indicates a watchfulness which defies surprise. We pass on through a barrack teeming with soldiers' wives and children, a perfect rabbit-warren when compared to the conventual celibacy of a Spanish "quartel."

The traveller who lands by the steamer—Gibraltar is some 1540 miles from Southampton—will be tormented by *cads* and *touters*, who clamorously canvass him to put up at their respective inns.

"Club-house Hotel" is good and reasonable; rooms cool, large, and airy; very prudent travellers may agree about prices beforehand: "Griffith's Hotel," table d'hote, at 2s. 6d. "Dumoulin's French Hotel," *Fondu de Europa*, cheap and airy. *Parker's Hotel, Calle Real*, cheaper; Elias Natson there is a good guide. At "Griffith's" is one Messias, a Jew (called Rafael in Spain), who is a capital guide both here and throughout Andalusia. The hospitality of the Rock is unbounded, and, perhaps, the endless dinnering is one of the greatest changes from the hungry and thirsty unsocial Spain. As there are generally 5 regiments in garrison, the messes are on a grand scale. But death is in the pot, and some faces of "yours" and "ours" glow redder than their jackets; so much for the tendency to fever and inflammations induced by carrying the domestics and gastronomics of cool damp England to this arid and torrid "Rock." This garrison, one of the strictest in the world, is a capital school for young officers to learn their duty.

This being a fortress, on war footing, strict precautions are of course taken; everything is on the alert; the gates are shut at sunset and not opened until sunrise, and after midnight civilians used to be obliged to carry a lantern; nor is any one allowed out after midnight, except officers and those passed by them. No foreigner can reside on the Rock without some consul or householder becoming his surety and responsible for his conduct. These precautions are absolutely necessary, as this place can never be taken except by treason, and many are those who, under a species of cordial understanding, conceal a deadly *arrière pensée* of hatred. Gibraltar ("L'ombrageuse puissance."—*Maison*, p. 504) is excessively displeasing to all French tourists: sometimes there is too great a "*luxu de canons* in this fortress ornée;" then the gardens destroy "wild nature," in short, they abuse the red jackets, guns, nursery-maids, and even the *monkeys*: ever perfidious, say they, the ambitious aggression of England.

The truth simply is, that this key of *their* lake is too strong, and can't be taken by their fleets and armies.

There is no real difficulty with respectable foreigners, who find plenty of persons ready to be security for their good behaviour: permits to reside are granted by the police magistrate for 10, 15, or 20 days. Military officers have the privilege of introducing a stranger for 30 days, which with characteristic gallantry is generally exercised in favour of the Spanish fair sex. Those who wish to draw or to ramble unmolested over the rock should obtain a card from the town-major, which operates as a passport.

Spanish money is current at Gibraltar, but some changes have been made.

	D.	R.	Q.	£.	s.	d.
Doublon (or onza, at 52d. the dollar)	16	3	9	4
‡ ditto ditto	8	1	14	8
Four-dollar piece	4	0	17	4
Dollar, pillared, Mexican or Colombian	1	0	4	4
‡ ditto, Spanish	6	0	2	2
‡ ditto ditto, or 5-real piece	3	0	1	1
Reale y media	1	8	0	6‡
Doce	12	0	3‡	4
English penny	4	0	0	1
Ditto halfpenny	2	0	0	‡
Ditto farthing	1	0	0	‡
Chavo, half an English farthing, or ‡ quarto

Mem.—English silver coins are scarcely ever used except by travellers. The value of a shilling is only 11d. in mixed copper and silver money, or 2 reals and 11 quartos; English 6d. changes for 5‡d. or 1 real 6 quartos. The copper coins are a mixture, a few from every nation: none go for more than 2 quartos, except the English penny.

The English at Gibraltar have Anglicized Spanish moneys; the letters D, R, and Q, above, mean dollars, *duros*, royals, *reales*, and quarts, *quartos*. The *onza* is called the *doublon*, and the *pesos fuertes* "*hard dollars*:" each is divided into 12 imaginary reals, and each real into 16 quartos; besides this the English have coined 2 quarts and 1 quart, *i. e.* half-pence and farthings, with the Queen's head and reverse a castle. Much bother and considerable quiet cheating arises from people asking prices in shillings and sixpences,

by which, as they are to be paid for in Spanish moneys, the traveller is "done." a prudent man will always bargain in the coins of the country. The comparative value of English and Spanish moneys has been fixed by proclamation at 50 pence the dollar, and at this exchange the civil officers and troops are paid. The real value of the dollar varies in mercantile transactions according to the exchange, being sometimes as low as 48 pence, at other times as high as 54. Letters of credit on the principal Spanish towns can be procured from the Gibraltar merchants, Mr. S. Benoliel, Turner and Co., or Messrs. Cavalleros and Mr. Rowswell.

At Gibraltar, among other things which are rare in Spain, is a capital English and foreign library, called "the Garrison Library;" planned in 1793 by Col. Drinkwater, and completed at the public expense by Mr. Pitt, it contains, besides newspapers and periodicals, a well-selected collection of some 20,000 volumes.

Here let the traveller, with the sweet bay and Africa before him, a view seldom rivalled, and never to be forgotten, and seated on an easy chair, (which is not a *cosa de España*) look through *Descripcion de Gibraltar*, Francisco Perez, 4to., Mad. 1636, or the excellent *Historia de Gibraltar*, by Ignacio Lopez de Ayala, Mad. 1782. Three books of this work were put forth just when all the eyes of Europe were bent on the "Rock," which the Count d'Artois (Charles X.) came to take, and did not. The 4th was never published, and the why will be found in the *History of the Siege*, by Col. Drinkwater, 1783, and republished by Murray, 1844. It details the defence, and utter frustration, by sea and land, of the combined fleets and armies of Spain and France. The *History of the Herculean Straits*, by Col. James, 2 vols. 4to., London, 1771, is a mass of dull matter, handled in an uncritical manner. The "Pillars of Hercules," by Mr. Urquhart, are the Ne plus Ultra of nonsense. See our paper inklings on it in the Quarterly, No. clxxii. There is a small *Handbook for*

Gibraltar, London, 1844, and a work on its botany and geology, *Flora Calpensis*, by Dr. Kelaart; but the ablest work, scientific and nautical, is the '*Mediterranean*,' 8vo. 1854, by Admiral Smyth. Rowswell and Bartolots are the best booksellers on the Rock.

The bay is formed by 2 headlands, by *Europa Point* on the Rock, and by *Cabrita* in Spain. Its greatest width from E. to W. is 5 m., its greatest length from N. to S. about 8; the depth in the centre exceeds 100 fathoms. The anchorage is not, however, very good, and the bay is open and much exposed, especially to the S.W. winds; then the vessels tug at their cables like impatient horses, and when they do break loose, get stranded. The wind currents generally sweep up and down through this funnel, "the straights." The E. or *Levante* causes terrible losses in the bay, and is termed the tyrant of Gibraltar, while the west is hailed as the liberator. The old mole offers a sort of protection to small craft: notwithstanding the commerce that is carried on, there are few of its appliances—quays, wharfs, docks, and warehouses—for even the English seem paralysed in this climate of Spain. The tide rises about 4 ft. The Rock consists principally of grey limestone of the oolitic period and marble; the highest point is about 1430 ft., the circumference about 6 m., the length from N. to S. about 3. It has been uplifted at a comparatively recent epoch, as a sea-beach exists 450 feet above the water's level.

The Rock was well known to the ancients, but never inhabited; nor is there any mention of any town on it. The Phœnicians called it *Alube*; this the Greeks corrupted into *καλυβη*, *καλπη*, *Calpe*, and then, defying nature as audaciously as etymology, they said it signified "a bucket," to which shape they compared the rock—"a tub to a whale." *Calpe* has been interpreted *Ca-alpe*, the cavern of God, and as *Cal-be*, the watching at night. *Cul*, *Coll*, *Cala*, is, however, a common prefix to Iberian and Oriental terms of height and fortress. Ayala derives *Calpe* from the Hebrew and the Phœ-

nician *Gulph*, *Calph*, a *caved* mountain, and rejects the *Galfa* or *Culpe*, quasi *Urna*. *Calpe* was the European, and *Abylu* the "lofty" (the rock of Abel), the African pillar of Hercules, the *ne plus ultra* land and sea marks of jealous Phœnician monopoly: here, in the words of Ariosto, was the goal beyond which strangers never were permitted to navigate; *La meta que posse ai primi naviganti Ercole invitto*. The Romans are thought never to have really penetrated beyond these keys of the outer sea, or the Atlantic, before the reign of Augustus (Florus, iv. 12). *Abyla*, Abel, Harbel, which according to many signified the "mountain of God," rises some 2200 feet. Of this name the English made their "Ape's hill," a better corruption, at least, than the Greek "bucket." The Moors call it *Gibel Mo-osa*, the Hill of *Musa*. The Spanish name is *Cabo de Bullones*, Cape of Knobs. Be these names what they may, the high rocky fronts of each continent remain the two metaphorical pillars of Hercules; and as what they originally were was an unsettled question in Strabo's time (iii. 258), they now may be left in peace. Joseph Buonaparte, Feb. 1, 1810, decreed the erection of a third pillar; "Le Roi d'Espagne veut que entre les colonnes d'Hercule s'élève une troisième, qui porte à la postérité la plus reculée et aux navigateurs des deux mondes la connaissance des chefs et des corps qui ont repoussés les Anglais" (Belmas, i. 424), and this near Tarifa, Barrosa, and Trafalgar!!! Compare this with his brother's bully pillar at Boulogne that lifts its head and lies, and the medal, prepared before hand, but not issued. *Descente en Angleterre, fruppé à Londres!*

In the mean time Gibraltar bears the name of its Berber conqueror, *Gebal Turik*, the hill of *Tarik*, who landed, as Gayangos has demonstrated, on Thursday, April 30, 711. He contributed much to the conquest of Spain, and was rewarded by the khalif of Damascus with disgrace. *Tarik* was a true Pizarro; he killed his prisoners, and served them up as rations to his troops (Reinaud, 'Inv. des Saracins,'

5). This delicacy formed a *rechauffé* in modern Spanish bills of fare: the *entrée* was pleasantly called *un grisado à la Quesada*, the patrotic *nacionales* having killed and eaten part of that rough and tough royalist in 1836.

The fierce Berbers had for ages before looked from the heights of the Rif on Spain as their own, and as the land of their Carthaginian forefathers: many were their efforts to reconquer it, even during the Roman rule, from the age of Antoninus (Jul. 13) to that of Severus (Ælian Sp. 64). These invasions were renewed under the Goths, especially in the 7th century (see Isidore Pac. i. 3). Their attempts failed so long as the Spaniards were strong, but succeeded when the Gothic house was divided against itself.

Gibraltar was first taken from the Moors, in 1309, by *Guzman el Bueno*; but they regained it in 1333, the Spanish governor, *Vasco Perez de Meyra*, having appropriated the money destined for its defence in buying estates for himself at Xerez (*Chro. Atons. xi. 117*). It was finally recovered in 1462 by another of the *Guzmans*, and incorporated with the Spanish crown in 1502. The arms are "gules, a castle or, and a key," it being the *key* of the Straits. Gibraltar was much strengthened by Charles V. in 1552, who employed *Juan Baut*. Calvi in raising defences against *Barbarossa*.

Gibraltar, on which our sagacious *Cromwell* had an eye, was captured during the War of the Succession by *Sir George Rooke*, July 24, 1704, who attacked it suddenly, and found it garrisoned by only 80 men, who immediately had recourse to relics and saints. All ran away except the curate of *Santa Maria*, who was accused of remaining to "steal the sacramental plate" (*Ayala, p. 325*). This good priest rescued a *San José* from the heretics by putting the image on a mule and passing the saint for a living sinner. Thus *Æneas* fled with his *Penates*, and so the Goths transported their relics to the Asturias when Toledo was captured by the infidels. Gibraltar was then taken by us in the name of the Archduke *Charles*, and another stone

fell from the vast but ruinous edifice of the Spanish monarchy: but George I. would have given it up at the peace of Utrecht, so little did he estimate its worth, and the nation thought it a "barren rock, an insignificant fort, and a useless charge." So it was again offered to Spain if she would refuse to sell Florida to Buonaparte. What its real value is as regards Spain will be understood by supposing Portland Island to be in the hands of an enemy. It is a bridle in the mouth of Spain and Barbary. It speaks a language of power, which alone is understood and obeyed by those cognate nations. The Spaniards never knew the value of this natural fortress until its loss, which wounds their national pride, and led Buonaparte, when he found he could not *take it*, to say, that while it opened nothing and shut nothing, our possession of Gibraltar secured for France Spair's hatred of England. Yet Gibraltar in the hands of England is a safeguard that Spain never can become quite a French province, or the Mediterranean a French lake. Hence the Bourbons north of the Pyrenees, have urged their poor kinsmen-tools to make gigantic efforts to pluck out this thorn in their path.

The siege by France and Spain lasted 4 years. Then the very ingenious Mons. d'Arçon's *invincible* floating batteries, that could neither be burnt, sunk, nor taken, were soon either burnt, sunk, or taken by plain Englishmen, who stood to their guns, on the 13th of Sept. 1783. Thereupon Charles X., then Count d'Artois, who had posted from Paris to have glory thrust upon him, posted back again, after the precedent of his ancestors, those kings with 20,000 men, who march up hills, and then march back again. He concealed his disgrace under a scurvy jest: "La batterie la plus effective fut ma batterie de cuisine." Old Elliott stood during the glorious day on the "King's Bastion," which was erected in 1773, by Gen. Boyd, who, in laying the first stone, prayed "to live to see it resist the united fleets of France and Spain." His prayer was granted; there he died

contented, and lies buried in it, a fitting tomb; *Gloria autem minime consepulta.*

Gibraltar is now a bright pearl in the Ocean Queen's crown. It is, as Burke said, "a post of power, a post of superiority, of connexion, of commerce; one which makes us invaluable to our friends and dreadful to our enemies." Its importance, as a *dépôt* for coal, is increased since steam navigation. Subsequently to the storming of Acre, new batteries have been erected to meet this new mode of warfare. Sir John Jones was sent out in 1840, and under his direction tremendous bastions were made at Europa Point, Ragged Staff, and near the Alameda; while heavier guns were mounted on the mole and elsewhere. Nor need it be feared that the bastions and example of Boyd will ever want an imitator in *secula sæculorum.*

Gibraltar is said to contain between 15,000 and 20,000 Inhab., exclusive of the military. In daytime it looks more peopled than it really is, from the number of sailors on shore, and Spaniards who go out at gun-fire. The differences of nations and costumes are very curious: a motley masquerade is held in this halfway house between Europe, Asia, and Africa, where every man appears in his own dress and speaks his own language. Civilization and barbarism clash here indeed. The Cockney, newly imported in a week per steamer from London, is reading this 'Handbook' while seated near a black date-merchant from the borders of the deserts of Timbuctoo, each staring at, and despising his non-descript neighbour. The Rock is a Babel of languages, and "you don't understand us" is the order of most market-places. Of foreigners, the Jews, who are always out of doors, are the dirtiest; the Moors the cleanest and best behaved; the Ronda smuggler the most picturesque. The British houses, the rent of which is very dear, are built on the stuffy Wapping principle, with a Genoese exterior; all is brick and plaster and wood-work, cribbed and confined, and filled with curtains and carpets, on purpose to breed vermin

and fever in this semi-African hotbed ; calculated to let in the enemy, heat, so that Nelson, who dearly as he loved the "old Rock," hoped that all the small houses at its back might be burnt ; "perhaps if half the town went with them it would be better." (Desp. March 20, 1805.)

These ill-contrived tenements are fit only for salamanders and "scorpions," as those born on the Rock are called. The monkeys, in fact, are the oldest and wisest denizens of the Rock, as they live cool and comfortable on the sea-blown cliffs. The narrow streets are worthy of these nut-shell houses ; they are, except the Main Street, yeilded "lanes," e.g. Bomb-house Lane and Horse-barrack Lane. Few genuine Moro-Peninsular towns have any *streets* ; the honesty of England scorns the exaggerations of Spanish *Calles*, and calls things here by their right names ; in fact, this and most things show that the bold Briton is an interloper, and not "of the country." But John Bull, like the snail, loves to carry his native shell with him, irrespective of changes of climate or habits of different conditions and necessities.

The "Main, or Waterport Street," the aorta of Gibraltar, is the antithesis of a Spanish town. Lions and Britannias dangle over innumerable pot-houses, the foreign names of whose proprietors combine strangely with the Queen's English. "Manuel Ximenez—lodgings and neat liquors." In these signs, and in the surer signs of bloated faces, we see that we have passed from a land of sobriety into a den of gin and intemperance ; every thing and body is in motion ; there is no quiet, no repose ; all is hurry and scurry, for time is money, and Mammon is the god of Gib., as the name is vulgarized, according to the practice of abbreviators and settlers of "Boney." The entire commerce of the Peninsula seems condensed into this microcosmos, where all creeds and nations meet, and most of them adepts at the one grand game of beggar my neighbour.

The principal square is the "Commercial." Here are situated the best hotels and the "Public Exchange," a

mean building, decorated with a bust of Gen. Don. Here are a library and newspapers, and a club, to which travellers, especially mercantile, are readily admitted. In this square, during the day, sales by auction take place ; the whole scene in the open air, combined with the variety of costume, is truly peculiar. The out-of-doors dress of the females is a red cloak and hood, edged with black velvet of Genoese extraction.

Gibraltar has one great comfort. There are no custom-houses, no odious searchings of luggage ; almost everything is alike free to be imported or exported. Accordingly, the barren Rock, which in itself produces nothing and consumes everything, is admirably supplied. This ready-money market infuses life into the Spanish vicinity, which exists by furnishing vegetables and other articles of consumption : the beef, which is not a thing of Spain, comes from Barbary. Gibraltar is very dear, especially house-rent, wages, and labour of all kinds. It is a dull place of residence to those who are neither merchants nor military. The climate is peculiarly fatal to children during early dentition ; otherwise it is healthy ; disagreeable, however, during the prevalence of easterly winds, when a misty vapour hangs over the summit of the Rock, and the nerves of man and beast are grievously affected.

The Gibraltar fever, about which doctors have disagreed so much, the patients dying in the mean while, *como chinches*, is most probably endemic ; it is nurtured in Hebrew dirt, fed by want of circulation of air and offensive sewers at low tide. It is called into fatal activity by some autumnal atmospheric peculiarity. The average visitation is about every twelve years. The quarantine regulations, especially as regards ships coming from the Havana and Alexandria, are severe : they are under the control of the captain of the port. There is an excellent civil hospital here, arranged in 1815 by Gen. Don, in which Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Jews have their wards separate, like their creeds.

Gibraltar was made a free port by

Queen Anne; and the sooner some change is made the better, for the "Rock," like Algeria, is a refuge for destitute scamps, and is the asylum of people of all nations who expatriate themselves for their country's good. Here revolutions are plotted against friendly Spain; here her revenue is defrauded by smugglers, and particularly by alien cigar-makers, who thus interfere with the only active manufacture of Spain.

Gibraltar is the grand *dépôt* for English goods, especially cottons, which are smuggled into Spain, along the whole coast from Cadiz to Benidorme, to the great benefit of the Spanish authorities, placed nominally to prevent what they really encourage. The S. of Spain is thus supplied with as much of our wares as it is enabled to purchase, nor would any treaty of commerce much increase the consumption.

Recently some reforms have been made in Gibraltar, long a spot of much mismanagement and expense, which now pays the governor and civil officers, &c. It is cleansed and lighted by a rate on houses. Spirits pay a considerable, and wine, tobacco, and licences a small duty. The military officers are paid by government, to whom Gibraltar is a most valuable *dépôt* for shipping troops to the colonies; and the new fortifications have naturally been paid for at the cost of the mother state.

The "Rock," in religious toleration, or rather indifference, is again the antithesis of Spain. Here all creeds are free, and all agree in exclusive money-worship. There are now two bishops here; the elder is a Roman Catholic, and appointed by the Pope *in partibus infidelium*. The *Santa Maria* his church, is poor and paltry, and very unlike the gorgeous pantheons of the Peninsula. Here, in the juxta-position of the Bible, he hides those "mummies" which show best by candlelight. Gibraltar, in good old Roman Catholic times, had its local saints and miracles, like every other Spanish place. Consult *Portillo*, book iv., Sevilla, 1634; and *Ayala's Historia*. To them the

Spaniards fled when attacked by Adm. Rooke. Now Elliot and Boyd are the English tutelars, and the bastions and galleries are their *Milagros*.

The Jewish synagogue is noisy and curious; the females do not attend, as it is a moot point with their Rabbins whether they have souls, to allow that would bring them to a too near equality with the male sex; nor do the men pray for them—at all events, they only thank God in their orations that they are not women, who, be it said, as far as bodies and beauty go, are often angels ready made. There is a *ci-devant* convent chapel in the governor's house for Protestants, and a newly erected church or cathedral in the *Moorish* style, and not before it was wanted: this was finished in 1832, and Gibraltar has, at last, a Protestant bishop; and thus at last has been wiped out the scandalous neglect of all our governments at home for the spiritual wants and religious concerns of its colonists: while the activity, intelligence, and industry of England have rendered every nook of the Rock available for defence, no house until lately was raised to God. The colonisation of the English Hercules has never been marked by a simultaneous erection of temples and warehouses; a century elapsed, in which more money was expended in masonry and gunpowder than would have built St. Peter's, before a Protestant church was erected in this sink of Moslem, Jewish, and Roman Catholic and Protestant profligacy.

The law is administered here according to the rules and cases of Westminster Hall, and those technicalities which were meant for the protection of the innocent, of course, have become the scapeholes of the worst of offenders. It might be apprehended that a code and practice hardly fitted by the growth of centuries for a free and intelligent people would not work well in a foreign garrison with a mongrel, motley, dangerous population, bred and born in despotism, accustomed to the summary bowstring of the Kaid, or the *cuatro tiros* of the Spaniards; accordingly, when gross violations of international law and common sense

take place, the Spanish authorities never give credit to the excuse of the English that they are fettered by law; and by imperfect power. As they do not believe us to be fools, they set us down for liars, or as the encouragers of abuses which we profess to be unable to prevent; such, say they, are the tricks of "*La perfide Albion*."

Gibraltar is soon seen; nowhere does the idler sooner get bored. There is neither letters nor fine art, the arts of making money and war excepted. The governor of this rock of Mars and Mammon resides at the convent, formerly a Franciscan one. It is a good residence. The garden, laid out by Lady Don, is delicious, but Scotch horticulture under an Andalusian climate can wheedle everything out of Flora and Pomona.

The military traveller will, of course, examine the defences and the "Guards." He may begin at "Land Port;" walk to the head of the Devil's Tongue Battery; visit the "Fish-market;" observe the finny tribe, strange in form and bright in colour: besides these monsters of the deep, snails, toadstools, and other delicacies of the season are laid out for your omnivorous foreigner. The fish is excellent and always fresh, for whatever is not sold during the day is either given away or destroyed at gun-fire.

Now follow the sea or "Line Wall" to the "King's Bastion;" give a look at the new church, or cathedral of Holy Trinity, a heavy semi-Moorish temple for the Protestant bishop of the Mediterranean diocese: in the inside lies Gen. Don, the Balbus, the Augustus of the Rock, which he strengthened and embellished; his bones rest on the site which he so loved and so much benefited.

Now pass out the "South Port," by the gate and walls built by Charles V. as defences against the Turks, into the Alameda or Esplanade, formerly called the "red sands," and a burning desert and a cloacal nuisance until converted by Gen. Don, in 1814, into a garden of sweets and delight, of geranium-trees and *bella sombras*; and beautiful is shade on this burning rock: thus Flora is wedded to Mars,

and the wrinkled front of a fortress is smoothed with roses. The "guard-mountings" and parades take place on this open space; the decorations of the garden are more military than artistic: here is a figure-head of the Spanish three-decker "Don Juan," a relic of Trafalgar; observe a caricature carving of old Elliott, surrounded with bombs as during the siege; a bronze bust of Wellington is placed on an antique pillar brought from Lepida, with a doggish Latin inscription by a Dr. Gregory. Close by, Neptune emerges from the jaw-bones of a whale, more like a Jonah than a deity; under the leafy avenues the fair sex listen to the bands and gaze on the plumed camp, being gazed at themselves by the turbaned Turk and white-robed Moor. At one end of this scene of life is a silent spot where officers alone are buried, and into which no "Nabitan" or "Scorpion" is permitted to intrude.

This part of the fortress has recently been much strengthened, and may now defy attacks from armed steamers. A very formidable work has been sunk on the glacis, and is christened *Victoria* battery. The new bastion running from the Orange bastion to the King's, and a very magnificent defence, bears the name of Prince Albert. Another, from its sunken level and zigzag form, is familiarly called the Snake in the Grass.

The surface of the Rock, bare and tawny in summer, starts into verdure with the spring and autumnal rains, which call the seeds into life; more than 400 plants flourish on these almost soilless crags. Partridges and rabbits abound, being never shot at. The real lions of "Gib." are the apes, *los monos*, for which Solomon sent to Tarshish (1 Kings x. 22). They haunt the highest points, and are active as the chamois; like delicate dandies, they are seldom seen except when a Levanter, or E. wind, affecting their nerves, drives them to the west end. These exquisites have no tails, and are very harmless. There is generally one, a larger and the most respectable, who takes the command, and is called the

"town-major." These monkeys rob the gardens when they can, otherwise they live on the sweet roots of the *Palmito*; for them also there is a religious toleration, and they are never molested: but such is the principle of English colonization, *ne quieta movere*. We do not seek to denationalize the aborigines, whether men or monkeys.

Mons. Bory de St. Vincent, speculating *con amore* on "ces singes," has a notion that men also came from Africa into Spain (Guide, 237), and hence into France. But his learned countryman D'Hermilly, following Ferreras, opined that the Iberian aborigines arrived directly from heaven by air; indeed, the critical historian Masdeu, who knew his countrymen better, had only ventured to hint in 1784 that they might have possibly arrived by land. Now, as far as Spain is concerned, the monkeys are confined to this rock.

To the rt. of the gardens are "Ragged-staff Stairs" (the ragged staff was one of the badges of Burgundian Charles V.); this portion, and all about "Jumper's Battery," was, before the new works, the weak point of the Rock, and here the English landed under Adm. Rooke. Ascending "Scud Hill," with "Windmill Hill" above it, and the new mole and dockyard below, is the shelving bay of *Rosia*. Near this fresh, wind-blown spot, which is sometimes from 5 to 6 degrees cooler than the town, is the Naval Hospital, and fine Spanish buildings called the "South Barracks and Pavilion." The "Flats" at Europa Point are an open space used for manœuvres and recreation. Gen. Don wished to level and plant it, but was prevented by some engineering wiseacres, who thought *level* ground would facilitate the advance of an enemy! and the troops were exercised on the burning neutral sands for the benefit of their legs and eyes. That most expensive article, a good English soldier, was too long scandalously neglected at "Gib.," and in nothing more than his dress, his barrack, and his water; a better order of things was commenced by Gen. Don. Some new tanks have recently been made for each

barrack. The supply, for which the soldier was charged, was brought in (when the public tanks got low) from wells on the neutral ground at a great expense. The salubrity of these Europa Point and Windmill Hill barracks is neutralized by their distance from Gibraltar; when not on duty, the soldier is in the town or *Rosia* pothouses; there he remains until the last moment, then heats himself by hurrying back up the ascent, and exposing himself to draughts and night air, which sow the seeds of disease and death. Shade, water, and vegetables are of vital importance to soldiers brought from damp England to this arid rock. Were the crags coated properly with the manure and offal of the town, they might be carpeted with verdure, and made a kitchen-garden. If ever Gibraltar be lost, it will be from treachery within; and this was once nearly the case, from the discontent occasioned by the over discipline of a royal martinet governor. The evil will arise should any *efete* general, or one who has never seen active service, be placed there in command. He might worry the men and officers with the minutiae of pipe-clay pedantry: under this scorching clime the blood boils, and the physical and moral forces become irritable, and neither should be trifled with unnecessarily.

The extreme end of the Rock is called "Europa Point; here, under the Spaniards, was a chapel dedicated to *la Virgen de Europa*, the lamp of whose shrine served also as a beacon to mariners; thus quite supplanting the Venus of the ancients. Now a new Protestant lighthouse and batteries have been erected: on the road thither are some charming glens, filled with villas and gardens; albeit these pretty Rura in Marte savour more of the Cockney than of Hercules. Round to the E. is the cool summer pavilion of the governor nestled under beetling cliffs; below is a cave tunnelled by the waves: beyond this the Rock cannot be passed, as the cliffs rise like walls out of the sea. This side is an entire contrast to the other: all here is solitude and inaccessibility, and Nature has

reared her own impregnable bastions: an excursion round in a boat should be made to Catalan Bay. Returning from this extreme point, visit St. Michael's Cave, some half way up the Rock; here affairs of honour of the garrison are, or used to be, settled. The interior of this extraordinary cavern is seen to greatest advantage when illuminated with blue-lights: after this visit the Moorish water-tanks, which have offered both a model and an example to ourselves. The naval commissioner's house, on this slope, long the head-quarters of jobbing, is the perfection of a Mediterranean villa. Among the many caverns of this Calpe, or *caved* mountain, is that called "Beefsteak Cave," which lies above the flats of Europa. Nomenclature assuredly marks national character, and this savours more of Mons. Foy's beef-fed Briton than of the hungry, religious, water-drinking Spaniard, whose artillery tank at Brewer's barracks below is still called "Nuns' Well."

Another morning may be given to visiting the galleries and heights: first ascend to the castle, which is one of the oldest Moorish buildings in Spain, having been erected in 725 (?) by Abu Abul Hajez, as the Arabic inscription over the S. gate records. The *Torre Mocha*, or *Torre de Omenaje*, is riddled with shot-marks, the honourable scars of the siege: near this the "galleries" are entered, which are tunnelled in tiers along the N. front; the gold of England has been lavished to put iron into the bowels of the earth. But the glorious defence made Gibraltar popular, and no money was grudged on defences, which Eliot had just proved were not wanting. These batteries are perhaps more a show of terror than a reality; at the extremity are magnificent saloons, that of Lord Cornwallis and the "Hall of St. George," where immortal Nelson was feasted.

Visit next "Willis Battery;" the flats which overhang the precipice were once called *el Salto del Lobo*, the Wolf's leap: then ascend to the "Rock-un," placed on the N. of the 3 points; the central is the "signal-post;" here

at sunrise and sunset is fired a gun, which, "booming slow with sullen roar," speaks the only language which is perfectly understood on both sides of the straits. This, like the sword of Alexander, cuts the knots—the *enredos y embustes* of the Spaniard in authority, who, like the nettle, stings the hand that treats him gently—the Duke knew how to grasp him with iron clench. "The only way to get them to do anything on any subject is to frighten them" (Disp. Nov. 2, 1813). Again, Nov. 27, 1813, "You may rely on this, that if you take a firm decided line, and show your determination to go through with it, you will bring the Spanish government to their senses, and you will put an end at once to all the petty cabals." "Nothing," says the Duke, "can ever be done without coming to extremities with them" (Disp. Dec. 1, 1813). A man-of-war in the Bay of Cadiz will effect more in a day than six months' writing reams of red-taped foolscap: this was Elizabeth's and Cromwell's receipt. No Spaniard, prince or priest, ever trifled with their Drakes, Blakes, and other naval diplomats.

The feu-d'artifice, on the Queen's birth-day, is very striking; the royal salute begins at the Rock gun, comes down the hill, by the Galleries, to Willis's battery, and is then taken up by the troops at the bottom.

The signal-house, under the Spanish rule, was called *el Hacho*, the torch, because here were lighted the beacons in case of danger: near it is *la Silleta*, the little chair, to which formerly a narrow path led from Catalan Bay: it was destroyed to prevent surprises, as Gibraltar was once nearly retaken by a party of Spaniards, who crept up during the night by this *Senda del Pastor*; they failed from being unsupported by their friends at the Lines, who never arrived at the moment of danger; and when the English scaled the hill, the assailants were found to be unprovided even with ammunition: *cosas de España*. The S. point of the Rock is called O'Hara's Tower or Folly, having been built by that sapient officer to watch the movements of the

Spanish fleet at Cadiz, when there was one; it was soon afterwards struck by lightning, which completed its inutility.

The view is magnificent; it is indeed the sentinel watch-tower of the Mediterranean, the battle-sea of Europe, to visit whose shores must ever, as Dr. Johnson says, be the first object of travel. Descending amid zigzag, admirably engineered roads, chiefly the work of Gen. Boyd, the views are delicious, while the browsing wild goats form foregrounds fit for Claude Lorraine. The sandy strip, or neutral ground, has a cricket-ground and a race-course, *cosas de Inglaterra*: passing the Devil's Tower, an ancient barbacan, is an approach to Catalan Bay.

Inland excursions may be made to San Roque, 6 m.; to Carteia, 5 m.; to *Ximena*, lodge with Don Juan de Leon, 24 m., with its Moorish castles and caves. The pedigree of these caves is undeniable: when Crassus took refuge in them they belonged to one *Pacicus*, and when visited by Mr. Conduit still belonged to one *Pacheco*. This name is itself Phœnician, *Pithuac* the *παταριος* of the Greeks. See this point enlarged on by us in 'Quarterly Review,' No. cxxiii. p. 100. Or you may excuse to Tarifa, 24 m.; to Algeciras, 10 m. (see Index).

There is good rough shooting in the neighbourhood of Gibraltar, especially the woodcocks in the "*Cork Wood*," and partridges and wild fowl in the vicinity of *Estepona*. Excursions on horseback, or with the gun, may be made to the convent of Almoraima, 14 m., and 4 m. on to the nobly-situated castle of *Castellar*, the property of the Ms. de Moscoso, who owns large estates in these districts. Sebastian *el Escribano* is the best guide there, but the "*Gib*." hacks know the way blindfold. For fox-hounds, the "*Calpe Hunt*" have been kept ever since 1817, when started by Adm. Fleming. Foxes are rather too plentiful, as Don Celestino Cobos, the owner of the first *Venta* cover, is a great preserver; and since the hunt gave him a silver cup, a vulpicide is unheard of. The best "*meets*" are "*first and second Ven-*

tas," Pine Wood, Malaga Road, and Duke of Kent's farm. Horse-keep is reasonable, about two dollars per week for each horse; the price of a nag varies from 20 to 150 dollars.

None should omit to cross the Straits, and just set foot on Africa, and remember to eat *Kouscosou*; the contrast is scarcely less striking than passing from Dover to Calais. The excursion into Barbary is both easy and interesting. The partridge shooting and wild-boar hunting, near Tetuan are good; a small steamer, set up, it would seem, to facilitate smuggling, runs from Algeciras to neighbouring ports. There is also a constant communication by *Misticos* and other craft between Barbary and the "*Rock*," which is supplied with beef by contract with the Emperor of Morocco; and steamers, English and French, ply irregularly every week to Tangiers: the former the best. Cross, therefore, over to Tangiers, which once belonged to England, having formed part of the portion of the Portuguese wife of Charles II. Put up with *La Escocesa*, or Miss Duncan, a Scottish ladies' house, which is clean and comfortable; excellent accommodation, with moderate charges, is to be also had at Mrs. Ashton's. Mr. Hay, the English consul and author of the amusing account of the Moors, understands the country and natives better than most men. Visit the Alcazar, the Roman bridge outside the town, and the Swedish and Danish consuls' gardens; visit also some Berber village or Douar, and the lake near Cape Spartel. Previously to returning from Tangiers to Gibraltar, be sure that the boat is likely to arrive before gun-fire.

Obtain by application to the English consul a soldier as an escort, and ride in 12 h. to picturesque Tetuan; lodge in the Jewish quarter with Solomon Nathan. The daughters of Israel, both at Tetuan and Tangiers, are unequalled in beauty: observe the eyes, feet, and costume of these true Rebeccas. The Jews speak a corrupt Spanish. Visit the Kaid in the Alcazar, taking a present, for *Buchsissh* is here everything: visit also the bazaar and the Sultan's

garden. Tetuan was founded in 1492 by the refugees from Granada; many of the families yet exist, who retain the title-deeds of their former estates, and the keys of their doors ready for re-occupation. Tetuan and its population may be taken as a type of what the Spanish Moor and his cities were. There is no danger or difficulty in this interesting African trip. The Spaniards despise the Moors, and being utterly ignorant of their real condition fancy Tetuan to be a wilderness of monkeys; hence the proverb, *Se fue á Tetuan para pillar monos, or para coyer monos*. The old leaven of mutual hatred and ignorance remains, and there is no love lost on either side.

Another day's sail may be made from Algeciras to *Ceuta*; this opposed rock to Gibraltar is the Botany Bay of Spaniards. The name is a corruption of "septem," the seven hillocks on which it is built; it is very strongly fortified, especially on the land side, and is well garrisoned for Spain, with 5000 men. *Ceuta* should belong, as it once did, to the owners of Gibraltar, and then the command of the Straits would be complete, except in fogs; and we deserve to have *Ceuta*, for during the war such were the neglect and incapacity of the Spanish juntas, such their unworthy suspicions of England, and refusal to admit our troops, that the French, or possibly even the Moors themselves, would have taken it had not Sir Colin Campbell sent over 500 men under Fraser on his own responsibility; and even these were long kept out in the boats, permission to land being refused by the Spaniards, but Fraser insisted, saying, "*Ceuta must be preserved.*" No sooner were the Cadiz Cortes saved by the victory of Salamanca, than they contemplated passing a law to prevent any foreign soldier (meaning British!) from ever being admitted into a Spanish garrison, and this when their chief garrisons not taken by the French were precisely those which, in their hour of need, they had entreated England to defend. At the peace in 1814, Ferdinand VII. made a formal and ungracious demand

that its and his deliverers should evacuate the place.

The town of *Ceuta* is clean, and paved in a mosaic pattern. *Posada, la do Rosalia*. The (formerly) English barrack is now a wretched *presidio* or place for convicts, who are not at all well kept or treated; in fact their death economises rations and makes them quite sure. All the Spaniards, however, are confined to their rock, and kept in *presidio* by the Moors, who shoot at them the moment they stir beyond their defences, and the chief supplies of this dull town of banishment come from Algeciras. From *Ceuta* the Moors embarked on their invasion of Spain; the secret mover of this expedition was the person called Count Julian, who is said thus to have revenged his daughter's injured honour by dethroning Don Roderick, her seducer. It is not clear who or what he was; his real name was Olianus, whence Elyano Ilyan: he was probably a rich Berber merchant, and one of great influence over those fierce highlanders of the lower Atlas (consult the curious and learned note, 'Moh. D.' i. 537; and see *La Cava*, post, p. 285).

Those who have not been to Ronda, should ride by Gaucin, Ronda, and Casarabonela to Malaga. To those who have the choice, two routes are open, either by land, or by sea by the steamer, which is the most rapid, and the sea-coast is magnificent all the way down to Almeria; if they go by land, nota bene to fill the provision hamper before starting with a farewell joint of the roast beef of old England.

ROUTE 24.—GIBRALTAR TO MALAGA.

Va. del Guadalro	4
Estepona (long)	3 .. 7
Marbella	5 .. 10
Ojen	1 .. 11
Monda	2 .. 13
Malaga	5 .. 18
Or,	
Marbella	10
Fuengirola (long)	4 .. 14
Benalmadina	2 .. 16
Malaga	3 .. 19

This may be ridden in two days' hardish work. The distance from Gib-

raltar to Estepona is good 7 L., and take 8 h. riding, and from Estepona to Fuengirola 10 L.

Gibraltar, as Strabo observed, lies about half way between Cadiz and Malaga. The coast bridle-road is as sandy as the trochas of the Serrania are stony; the line is studded with *atalayas*. Passing through the "Lines" along the sands, cross the dangerous valley of the *Guadaíro*, Fluvius Barbesulæ; in fact, from the number of bridgeless torrents pouring down from the hills, this route becomes impracticable in rainy weather. *Estepona, Ciniána*, was built in 1456 from a ruined Moorish town: it supplies "the Rock" with fruit and vegetables. Pop. 8000. *Posada* kept by Christobal Navarro. A few arches remain of the ancient aqueduct of *Salduba*, at *Las Bovedas*. On the hills to the l. is *Manilba*, the *Hedionda*, or fetid Harrowgate waters, of the coast. The hygean spring offends the nose and palate, but benefits the stomach; the smell and taste, according to local legends, are attributed to the farewell sigh of a water-devil, who, on being expelled by Santiago, evaporated, like a dying attorney, with a sulphurous twang.

Next is crossed "el Rio Verde." This wild oleander-fringed mountain torrent is translated by Bishop Percy as a "gentle river with willowed shore:" assuredly the prelate never crossed it, as we have done, when swollen by a heavy rain; but, as he said, "green would not sound well:" what would he have done with the Red Sea? But green being the colour of the prophet, is esteemed in tawny Spain, where it is scarce, and *ojos verdes*, despite of "green-eyed jealousy," is a delicate compliment to those of a lady. Green in the symbol of colours signifies *hope*;—and what is life in Spain or out, without it? This river is one of sad recollections in the ballads of Spain. On the hills above, Alonso de Aguilar, with the flower of Andalusian chivalry, was waylaid and put to death by El Feri, of Benastapar. The unburied bones, still bleaching, were found in 1570 by his great-grandson; and such, for many years, will be the bone-strewed pass of Cabool; for

the Spaniards, like the Orientals, generally leave the disposal of the bodies of the slain in battle to the vulture, the *rechamah* of Scripture, and the national undertaker. The Iberians believed that the souls of those whose bodies were thus exposed were transported at once to heaven (Sil. Ital. iii. 342; xiii. 471). The ancients held this bird to be sacred because it never preyed on the living, and was an excellent undertaker and scavenger. Spain is the land of the vulture: the flocks hover over their prey, and soar sulkily away when disturbed, parting the light air with heavy wing. During the late wars the number of these feathered *guerrilleros* multiplied fearfully, like those of the *latro implumis* kind. Battle, murder, and sudden death provided sustenance to the carrion-feeders, whose numbers increased with supply of subsistence. The indecency of the Spaniard towards a dead body is very remarkable; a live man is of small value, a dead one of rather less. The *Sangrados* have small use for anatomical subjects, since it saves them trouble to practise on their patients before the *coup de grace* is given.

Diego de Mendoza (Guerras de Granada, iv.) describes the discovery of these bleaching bones, and the rage and grief of the army. He borrows, without either acknowledging the obligation, or improving on his original, from Tacitus, 'An.' i. 61, whose splendid account of the finding the remains of the legions of Varus is well known. Mendoza is now called the Spanish Tacitus, just as Toreno might be termed their Southey, as far as *loaming* other men's ideas go.

Marbella, a pretty town with a pretty name, rises in a sweet climate amidst groves and gardens, backed by the Sierra Blanca, for here verdant hills are called *white*, as azure streams are *green*. Isabella is said to have exclaimed, "*Que Mar tan bella!*" Marbella is frail and fair, and, like Potiphar's wife, is said to steal raiment:—

"Marbella es bella, no entres en ella;
Quien entra con capa, sale sin ella."

The *posadas* San Christobal and La Co-

rona are decent. Consult 'Conjeturas de Marbella,' Pedro Vasquez de Clavel, 4to., Cordova. It was taken from the Moors in 1485. Pop. 5000.

Near the Rio Verde are the iron-works, *La Concepcion*, established by the late Manuel de Heredia, who introduced the English system, and operatives. The ore is rich, but want of fuel neutralises this bounty of nature.

The road now branches; that by the coast passes the castle of

Fuengirola—Suel—*Posado del Salvador*; this place stands boldly on a crag jutting over an orange-garden. Here Lord Blayney immortalized himself. Sent in Oct. 1810, by Gen. Campbell, from Gibraltar, to surprise this castle and act upon Malaga, "he made," says Napier, "his dispositions with the utmost contempt of military rules," lost 2 days in cannonading the castle with 12-pounders, and thus afforded Sebastiani time to come up with a superior force. To crown the blunders, Blayney, according to his own book, "took these French for Spaniards;" and they took him prisoner. The real Spaniards, having left the English to bear the burden of the fight, now re-embarked under the protection of the Rodney's broadsides. Lord Blayney ate his way through Spain and France, and then published a narrative of a forced (meat?) journey, 2 v., London, 1814, to the infinite joy of reviewers, who compared it to Drunken Barnaby's travels. The castle is what the Spaniards term a *Casa de ratones*; and in this rat-trap, in 1834, the poor rebel dupe Torrijos and his companions were caught by the sanguinary scoundrel Moreno, who shot them all like dogs at Malaga.

On leaving *Marbella*, avoid these scenes of dishonour, and turn into the mountains to the l. by *Coin*; 3 L. of ascent amid vines lead to *Ojen*, a romantic village in a bosom of beauty. Passing on, lie the hamlet and castle of *Monda*, near which was fought the Waterloo of antiquity. The exact site is unknown; so much for glory! Some contend that Pompey's camp was near the rt. bank of the *Seco*,

while others maintain that the real venue is to be laid at *Montilla* near Cordova. Be that as it may the present village was built by the Moors from the remains of the ancient city, which is still called *Monda la Vieja*. Munda was of Iberian origin. Mon, Monoa—unde Mons—is a prefix of height. It lay to the W., and was, according to Strabo, the metropolis of the district. Consult 'Examen de las Medallas atribuidas á la Ciudad de Munda,' G. L. Bustamente, fol. Mad. 1799.

Here, in a conflict between Scipio and Magon, the former was wounded (Livy, xxiv. 42). Here, or wherever it was, Cæsar, March 17, 47 A.C., defeated the sons of Pompey: this, the "last of battles," left the conqueror without a rival, and gave the world to one master (Florus, iv. 2, 32; Lucan, 'Phar.' i: 40). Cæsar arrived from Rome in 24 days (Suet. in Vit. 56). The first news of his coming was conveyed both to his own troops and to the enemy by his actual arrival (Hirt. 'B.H.' 29). Hirtius, a friend of Cæsar's, describes the plain, and the bright sun, which shone out as if the gods had made it a day for triumph, like *Le Soleil d'Austerlitz*. He makes the best of the event, and enumerates the number of the slain, the prisoners, and the captured standards, but Florus gives those details which the conqueror concealed. The countenance of Cæsar, which used to brighten at the trumpet-sound, was overcast; a silence came over the contending armies, who knew how important was the hazard of the cast. The veterans, flushed with 14 years of victory, wavered, and Cæsar himself for a moment despaired and meditated suicide (Suet. in Vit. 36). He flung himself from his horse, and cast off his helmet that he might be known (App. 'B.C.' ii. 804): the day was won, not by the soldiers, but by the general (Vell. Pat. ii. 55). The conqueror then remarked that previously he had always fought for victory, but then for his very life. 30,000 of the enemy were slain, and a rampart of dead bodies was raised around Munda,

for want of gabions (App. loc. cit.). Cæsar then cut down a forest for palisades, leaving a single palm standing, an omen and record of victory (Suet. Aug. 94). For other details of these districts, consult *Esp. Sag.* xii. 291.

A rich fruit district intervenes to *Coin*; *Cartama* lies on a hill to the l.: thence, leaving *Churriana* to the rt., through *Alhaurin el Grande*, of Moorish origin—*al haur*, the valley—distant 4 L. from Malaga; it is much resorted to for the baths, since an establishment on the Graefenburg principle has been set up. There is a decent inn in the *Calle San Sebastian*, and a so-called *Murillo*—a St. Francis—in the parish church. The *Huerta, hoya* or valley, near Malaga, is renowned for fertility, and was studded with hamlets filled with industrious Moriscoes, but the Spaniards, by expelling these admirable agriculturists, have converted an Eden into a desert. Malaga lies beyond, girt with hills, and basking at their base on its sunny slope. Crossing the *Guadalorce*, is a combined aqueduct and viaduct, which is destined to bring water from the *Sierra of Mijas*, and serve also as a road. Begun in 1726 by Geronimo Solis, after plans of Toribio Martinez de la Vega, the funds, raised by a tax on oil and wine, were first jobbed by the directors, and in 1742 the residue was seized by the needy government.

Malaga: Inns—At the hotel of the *Alameda*, built on it and kept by Mr. Hodson, charges 2 dollars a day, and at the *Victoria* recently erected near it, and managed by Mr. Frank, English comforts may be enjoyed under an Andalusian climate. Mr. Hodson keeps a shop, “a store,” near his hotel, where British beer, soda water, &c., may be had; he also acts as an agent in sending wines, &c. to England. For summer, the *Oriente*, kept by a Swiss, will be found very cool and reasonable. The *Fonda de la Dunza, Plaza de los Moros*, kept by Matias Balcon, a worthy civil Gallician, who speaks English, is very good and reasonable; terms 5 pesetas a-day. There is a good *table d’hôte* at 3 and 5 o’clock;

the waiters speak English, French, and Spanish: Balcon also understands all about hiring horses, mules, filling *botas y alforjas*, whether you are bound for Granada, Ronda, or Gibraltar. For horses and mules, Pedro Perez, 7, *Calle de Postas*. Other inns are *Fonda de los Tres Reyes—Cuatro Naciones*, good and clean—*Parador de las Diligencias*, dirty. There are also many *Casas de Pupilos*: one at Romagnoli, near the cathedral, can be recommended as a fair quarter.

Invalids, and especially those whose lungs are affected, will find the climate of Malaga superior to anything in Italy or Spain. The characteristics are constant sunshine and dryness of air; in 1850 only seven days of real wet occurred; clear sunshine is the rule. The mean winter temperature from 8 to 10 A.M. ranges from 50. to 51. Patients will, of course, consult Dr. Francis, and read his chapter x. The *Topografica Medica of Vicente Martinez y Montes*, 4to., Malaga, 1852, embraces every detail. Winter, in our acceptation of the thing, here is almost unknown: open to the S. and sea, the sunny city is sheltered from the N. and E. by the mountains. Well may the poets sing—

Malaga la hechicera,
La del eternal primavera,
La que baña dulce el mar
Entre jasmín y azahar.

Nor is Malaga itself the only asylum for the invalid, as in the pleasant village of *Torremolinos*, distant about 2 L., Don Nicolas Parody, who speaks English, has recently fitted up a very fine *hacienda*, with every sort of accommodation for those sent abroad for the sake of health. This villa, and many in the city’s neighbourhood, is full of sun, flower, and fruit. Among the prettiest *casas de recreo* are those of the widow of the Prussian consul, and of the Conde de Villacazar.

The province of *Malaga*—pop. 440,000—and one of the richest in Spain, is indebted to nature for a fertile soil, and to the sea for an outlet; the range of hills abound in metals and marbles, in mineral waters, and streams, while the botany is of every zone. The

stalactical caverns are no less numerous than curious. One glance over the details of Madoz, xi. 39, is enough to show how a Buckland is desiderated to explore the untrodden caverns of *Ardulez*, *Benitez*, *Las Tijaras*, *Tio Leal*, *Los Centules*, &c. Hasten there, ye men of the vasculum and hammer.

In summer it must be remembered that the climate of Malaga is almost tropical. In the botanical garden the *Kermes cochenilla* is reared on the *Cactus opuntia*; the coffee, cocoa, cotton-plants, and the sugar-cane thrive here. As a mercantile residence, the town is agreeable. The better classes are well off, gay, and hospitable; the ladies are pretty, sprightly, and fascinating. Mr. Mark, the English consul, is full of attentions and civilities to his countrymen, as his father was before him. Dr. Shortliff is a resident English physician. A chaplain performs full service at 11 and 4, in a room fitted up at the consulate.

For local history, &c., consult *Malaga, su Fundacion*, Martin de Roa, 4to. Mal. 1622; *Conversaciones Malagueñas*, Cecilio Garcia de la Leña, 4 vols. Mal. 1789; the real author was one Cristobal Medina Conde, a notorious inventor of frauds. The new and not completed *Historia*, &c., by Ildefonso Marzo, bids fair to be the best.

Malaga is the capital of its province, the residence of the superior authorities, *Gefe* or *Gobernador*, and bishop, suffragan to Granada: pop. 80,000, and increasing. It has a cathedral, a *casu de espositos*, hospitals, a naval college; a decent theatre, built by Masonesqui; a *casino*, reading-room, excellent baths; a *plaza de toros*, constructed out of a Franciscan convent; a fine quay, pier, and Alameda; a public bank is talked about. The coat of arms are the 2 tutelar martyrs, *San Cyriaco* and *Santa Paula*, with the castles of *Alcazaba* and *Gibalfaro*, and the *Tunto Monta* of Ferdinand for a motto.

Malaga is the chief port of Granada; the position is admirable; the *Guadalmedina*, or "river of the city," divides it from the suburbs *Perchel*

(from the *perchas* of the fishermen) and *La Trinidad*. This river never had a name of its own. *Mal. ichaque flumen urbis cum cognomine* (Fest. Av. de Or. Mar. 431). It is a mere brook in summer, but a devastating torrent in winter. It is the bane and antidote of the city: the deposits block up the harbour, while, like an Alpheus, it cleanses away with its freshes the accumulations of plague-engendering filth to which the inhabitants are strangely indifferent; albeit, with their port, their prosperity must depart. The schemes for improving this torrent-bed by dykes, channels, &c., are infinite. The sea meantime recedes; thus the old Moorish quay is now in the town, and the *Alameda* was covered with water last century.

Phœnician Malaga, like Cadiz, is of immemorial antiquity, and the judgment shown in the selection of site is evidenced by a commercial existence and prosperity of 3000 years. The name is taken either from *Melech*, *King's* town, or from *Melach*, the salt-fish, the *μαριχμα* of Strabo, those anchovies and *boquerones* for which, then as now, it is celebrated. Thus Sidon has been derived from *seid*, salt-fish. Humboldt, however, considers Malaca to be a pure Iberian name—*Mal*, a hill, with *carra*, the termination of locality (Bergseite). Malaga, like Cadiz, a city of selfish merchants, deserted Tyre for rising Carthage, and then deserted Carthage for rising Rome. Having made terms with Scipio, it became a municipium, and was embellished with an amphitheatre, part of which was laid open in digging the foundations of the *Convento de la Paz*, and reburied, as usual.

Malaga, *Malakah*, was a city so much after the Moor's own heart, that Rasis describes it as a paradise on earth. It was taken by Ferdinand Aug. 18, 1487, after a dreadful siege; and on the anniversary, at 3 o'clock P.M., the great cathedral bell is struck 3 times. The king broke every pledge, and celebrated his triumph with confiscations and *autos de fe*. See Pulgar, Chr. de los Reyes, ch. xciv. et seq.

The manes of the murdered Moors

were avenged by Sebastiani, who entered Feb. 5, 1810. The Malaga junta, after the rout of Ocaña, made no sort of preparation; they did not even remove their stores or artillery; while Col. Abello, who commanded here, set an example to the junta of taking to their heels at the first sight of the French advance. The city was then sacked, and Sebastiani "qui faisait bien ses affaires," exacted 12 million reals. See for details of his bloodshed, lust, and rapine, Toreno xi. and Schepeler ii. 534.

The *Malagueños* again made no resistance to the French in 1823; and the invaders, under Ct. Loveredo, drew out on the Alameda the cartridges which they had loaded at the Bidasoa, and threw them in the faces of the patriots, their *promenade militaire* being concluded: Malaga shared with Lugo, May 20, 1843, in taking the lead in the *Espartero pronunciamento*: to pronounce is rather popular here; as, whenever one of these patriotic declarations takes place, authority is at an end, and everybody robs the public till, and smuggles in cigars and cottons for their private good.

Malaga, being, as it was from its very beginning, a purely commercial city, and without arts or letters, is soon seen. Taste is here confined to raisins and sweet wine. A couple of days will more than suffice to the traveller. From the summit of the hills *Santo Ritaz* 3 L., or *Potron* 2 L. The panorama of sea and land is magnificent. The best points of view of the city are from the mole-head, the convent, *La Trinidad*, and the noble Moorish castle, which was built in 1279, at once a palace and a fortress. The lower portion is called the Alcazaba, *Al Kas-sabah*, Arabicè the heart, the centre. It is connected with the upper keep, the Gibalfaro, the "hill of the Pharos." Observe a fine Moorish horse-shoe gateway, incongruously ornamented with old Roman columns and modern Roman Catholic images. *La Puerta de la Cava* is connected by the vulgar with *La Cava*, Count Julian's daughter, whose violation by Don Roderick introduced the Moors

into Spain, a questionable story at best; at all events *La Cava* is a corruption of Alcaba, the descent; and Cava herself is nothing but Cahba, which in Arabic signifies a lewd woman, a "curse," whence the old Spanish phrase *Cavasa gavasa*; akin to which is *gabacho*, miscreant, the Spanish term for a Frenchman, a word derived as some say from a dress, *gavach*, worn by them. That Don Julian or Elyano assisted the Moorish invasion is certain (see p. 280), but the name of this Helen, his daughter, is never mentioned, except in later ballads and sayings. *Ay! de España perdida por un gusto y por la Cava*.

The Moorish *Atarazana*, or dock-yard, is now in the town, from the sea's receding. A beautiful marble horse-shoe arch remains: this has been disfigured by a paltry shed, and narrowly escaped being pulled down in 1833; and there is talk now of the "necessity of new improvement." The Spaniard in authority has small feeling for Moorish art, which he considers a remnant of a barbarian infidel and invader; nay, he resents the admiration of foreigners, because it implies inferiority in himself.

The ch. of *Santiago* was a mosque; the brick tower and some *azulejos* yet remain. The grand mosque was pulled down to make room for the mixed Corinthian cathedral, which was begun in 1538, and only finished in 1719. The original design, by Diego de Siloe, was departed from by each succeeding architect. The façade stands between 2 towers; one *está por acabar*, and the other is drawn out like a telescope, with a pepper-box dome, some 350 ft. high, and commanding a glorious view: ascend it. Opposite the *Santo Tomas* is one of the fine old Gothic doors, with curious *azulejo*. The interior is a failure. A heavy cornice is supported by grouped fluted Corinthian pillars, placed back to back on ill-proportioned pedestals. Observe the red marble pulpit. The altar mayor, designed by Alonso Cano, is light and open. Observe a "*Concepcion*," attributed to Mateo Cerezo, but it is either by Valdes Leal or some second-rate

Sevillano; a "Virgin and Child," Morales, is doubtful: the "Virgin," or "*Madona del Rosario*," by Cano, is good. The *Silleria del Coro* was carved in 1658 by Pedro de Mena, a pupil of Cano. The façade of the Sagrario, although illtreated, is in good early Gothic. The bishop's palace is near the cathedral.

Malaga is exposed to winds from the E. The mole which protects the shipping was built in 1588: walk to the end for the view, especially from the summit of the new lighthouse. The large white custom-house building in the foreground, all roof and window, was destined for the *Lonja*, or exchange. The Alameda is delicious: the houses on it are the best in Malaga; somewhat too sunny by day, the evening gas-lit promenade is most fashionable; and here will be seen *Las Malagueñas*, who are "*muy hilaqueñas*," very bewitching. The walk is full of flowers and water. The marble fountain, with groups of female figures somewhat too undressed for Spanish propriety, was made at Genoa, and given by that republic to Charles V.

On the beach, in the *Playas de San Andres*, below the Carmen convent, where a spinning-factory now rises, Torrijos and some 50 of his confederates were shot by General Moreno, Dec. 11, 1831, as rebels and traitors; now, in the changes and chances of Spain, they are honoured as martyrs of liberty, and a monument has recently been erected in the plaza *del Riejo*, with their names and laurel crowns. They were put to death without even the form of trial; and as this course in Spain was quite a matter of course, the affair created little sensation beyond just the immediate neighbourhood, and would forthwith have been forgotten among other treacheries, bloodsheddings, and *Cosas de España*, had not an Englishman, Mr. Boyd, suffered among them; his case was taken up by the London press, who reasoned remarkably well, barring the slight mistake of confounding Spanish law with English; his was the first body interred in the new Protestant burial-ground. The man of blood,

Moreno, who began his career at the massacres of the French in Valencia, 1808, lured Torrijos into the trap, corresponding with him under the name of *Viriatus*, and pretending also to be discontented; rewarded by being made Captain-General of Granada by Ferdinand VII., he was disgraced by Christina in 1832, when she wished to make for herself a liberal party. He then became a Carlist, and was murdered at Urdax (see Index) by his soldiers, after the traitorous convention of Maroto at Vergara. *Nec lex est justior ulla, quam necis artifices arte perire sua*. For the details of all this Punic and Iberian treachery and bloodshed, see Boyd Papers, printed by the House of Commons, 4th July, 1834.

Visit the Protestant burial-ground, not because it is a pleasant "bourn from whence no traveller returns," but as being the first site permitted here in our times for the repose of our heretical carcasses, which used to be buried in the sea-sands like those of dead dogs, and beyond the low-water mark; nay even this concession offended orthodox Spanish fishermen, who fearing that the soles might become infected, took the bodies up in the night and cast them into the deep to feed sharks withal. This cemetery, which lies outside the town to the E., is the work of Mr. Mark, father of the present consul, who planted and enclosed the ground, and all travellers who contemplate dying in Malaga, and are curious about their Christian burial, must be thankful for this prospect of comfortable lying at last. (See for cemetery details 'Gatherings, p. 252.')

Malaga, besides legitimate traffic, carries on great smuggling with Gibraltar and Marseilles, by which the authorities, especially commissioners of customs and preventive officers, are said to get rich; the steamers facilitate this contraband, and the establishment of cotton manufactories near the beach is very *convenient*, as Manchester goods sometimes pass for genuine Spanish.

Malaga is more renowned for wine

and fruit than literature or fine arts; the chief, if art it can be called, is the making painted *terra-cotta* images of *Mujos*, *Contrabandistas*, and local costume. Those of Leon are excellent; he is dead, but the shop goes on behind the *Café de la Loba*, *Calle Santa Lucia*. Jose Cubero may also be recommended. The clay is very pliable, and does not crack in baking. It is found near the convent *La Victoria*. Excellent *alcarrazas*, porous drinking-cups, are also made of it. This convent deserves a visit; it was so called because it was the site of the royal head-quarters during the siege of Malaga. It is open on Sundays and every morning. Observe the tomb of the Conde de Buena Vista and his wife. To the rt. of the high altar is the banner of Ferdinand, and to the l. the red ensign of the Moor—curious relics, as the former was the one actually hoisted on the *Torre del Homenaje* at the city's surrender.

Malaga, since the death of Ferdinand VII., has been much changed and improved, and is now a flourishing seaport, trading with every quarter of the globe. Iron-foundries, soap-fabrics and cotton-mills, are fast rising. The chief impulse to all this was given by the late energetic and enterprising Manuel Agustin de Heredia. The tall smoking chimnies of his new *Constancia* look odd under this azure sky, transported as it were from Lancashire, for their sooty sins. The fear is that the Malagenians, whose true wealth lies in the produce of the sea, and of the earth's surface, may waste their industry in pursuit of shadows. Wine and fruit are their real staples, not cotton bales and pigs of iron, the produce of Manchester and Birmingham. The mania and mistake, just now, is to wish to make for themselves wares, bad and dear, in preference to importing them good and cheap. Nay, even the immemorial hereditary *Salsamenta* are passing away, since these innovations.

The sweet Muscatel wines of Malaga are well known; they are the "*mountains*" of our ancestors, and grow for leagues and leagues on the vine-clad

heights which slope down to the sea. The richest are called *Las Lagrimas*, like the *Lacrymæ Christi* of Naples, and are the ruby tears which drop from the grape without pressure. The making the dry wines was first introduced by an Englishman named Murphy; they are much more agreeable and wholesome than the vile San Lucar stuff. A butt is worth about 10*l*. About 40,000 are made, of which 30,000 are sent to America and England, and sold as "genuine pale sherry." The other exports are oil, figs, orange-peel for making *caraoa*, almonds, and raisins; for the latter the Muscatel and *Uva larga* grapes are used, and these Bacchus-beloved hills are so extensive as to form one vineyard down to Adra. The green grape is exported to England in jars, in the exact amphoræ seen at Pompeii; these are the *Ollares* of Martial (vii. 20). The raisins, so common in Palestine (1 Sam. xxv. 18; xxx. 12), were first made here by the Phœnicians, and after a lapse of many thousand years are still the *most* of Spain. A million boxes are annually exported; those anxious to see the process may visit the store of Mr. Clements, one of the greatest of the merchants in this line. The raisins are prepared by cutting the stalk partly through, and letting the grape dry in the sun. The finest are the "*Muscateis*," and the next the "*Blooms*;" these are cured in the same way, being only varieties of grapes. The commoner sorts are called *Lerxias*, from being dipped in a ley made of burnt vine-tendrils. The late grapes, "*quæ de tardis servantur vitibus uvæ*" (Mart. i. 44), are, as in Martial's time, hung up in festoons in the cottages of the peasants, and thence are called *Colgaderas*. The Spaniards have also preserved the unchanged Roman name for Raisin, *Pasa*. *Uva passa pensilis* (Plaut. 'Pœn.' i. 2. 99). The vineyards in the wine-making districts of Spain are seldom enclosed with any fence; they are left open to the passer-by: when the grapes begin to ripen, in those fields near a roadside temporary sheds and awnings are run up, or huts built with reeds and boughs, in which

the *Viñadero*, a watchman, is placed, who creeps in and out with his gun. These are the Oriental "Booths which the keeper maketh," Job xxvii. 18: the "*lodjes* in a garden of cucumbers," Isa. i. 8. The guard rushes out like a fierce dog at all who pick and steal, and is the subject of vast abuse from the baffled wayfaring Spaniards, who swear that the grapes are sour, and he is a *puñetero*; nor is the guardian slow in returning his *cornudos* and other ancient and classical compliments; but *Niñas y viñas son malas de guardar*; y *miedo guarda la viña y no el viñadero*. Those who wish to see all the glory of grapes should be here during the *Bendeja*—vintage—in the autumn. Another fruit abounds at Malaga, the *Batata*, or sweet potato, the *Convolvulus Batatas* of Linnæus, which was introduced from the S. Americas; it is used as a sweetmeat, and is sold ready boiled in the streets. Among eatables may be mentioned a small fish, called *Jangueta*, something like white bait. Generally speaking the meat is bad in Malaga; agriculture being as much neglected here as floriculture. The fish is excellent—that fattens itself—while cattle require the care of man. The botanist may consult the *Voyage Botanique*, Boissier, 1837; and he should visit a nopal garden—where the cochineal coccus cacti is reared on the *Opuntia Coccinellifera*: the period of gathering the insect is in May.

About 7 L. N.E. of Malaga are the celebrated mineral baths of *Carratraca*. The best accommodations are at the *Casa Donoy*, and the *Parador de Juan Arcos*. The medical director, Dr. Monja, is the Dr. Granville of the locality. The waters are sulphuretted hydrogen of the temperature of 14° Réaumur; the source is constant and abundant. They are much frequented from June 20 to Sept. 20. The large open tanks, *albercas*, in which the patients bathe, are a disgrace to decency and civilization. *Cosas de España*. (See Madoz, v. 615.) Near this place and *Hurdales* is a singular cavern, discovered in 1821, the glittering stalactites and spars of which, if visited by torch-light, produce a magical effect.

Malaga communicates with *Mar-seilles* and the Eastern coast of Spain by means of a regular service of indifferent steamers; they also go westward to *Cadiz*; *Heredia* established another line, which is, or was, to run backwards and forwards to *Bilbao*; inland, new roads are contemplated between *Cordova* and *Granada*. Meanwhile there are 2 roads from *Malaga* to *Granada*: the first, which is very bad and circuitous, is by *Loja*, 12 L.; it takes 14 or 15 h. to ride. The *Torcales* and stony *lusi-naturæ* will interest the geologist. This is performed by a diligence, which starts from the *Alameda* hotel; the first portion is very hilly and lonely; on ascending to the *Fuente de la Reina* (taste the water) the views over *Malaga* are glorious. After *Colmenar*, 4 L., occur several bad *ventas*; that *del Pobre* is worthy of its name; take, therefore, from *Malaga* a well-filled basket. Passing the *Puerto* and descending to the *Venta de Alazores*, *Loja* is reached, where the coach stops an hour or so. See for *Loja* p. 255.

ROUTE 25.—MALAGA TO GRANADA,
BY ALHAMA.

Velez Malaga	5
Viiñuela	2 .. 7
Alhama	4 .. 11
Cacín	2 .. 13
La Mala	2 .. 15
Granada	3 .. 18

This is by far the most interesting route, but it must be ridden. Attend to the provend; you can hire mules and horses at *La Dunzas*, which generally are charged 12 dollars each for the journey to *Granada* and back; you can engage one *Manuel Ramos* on the tour round *Granada*, *Ronda*, to *Gibraltar*; or *Pedro Perez*, who is well spoken of; at all events, fill the *bota* and basket, for the road is stony and hungry. A well-girt horseman, by leaving *Malaga* at 4½ A.M., may reach *Velez Malaga* at 9½, where he may breakfast and bait the *ganado*. It will take about 7 h. to arrive at *Alhama*, where sleep; by leaving *Alhama* at 6 A.M., and allowing half an hour to see the baths, *Granada* may be reached between 2 and 3 in the afternoon.

Those who prefer sleeping at *Velez Malaga* may leave Malaga in the diligence, which gets there in about 4 h.; and start early for Granada the next morning, as 14 h. will be required.

The road to *Velez Malaga* is good and has its diligence. The sea and the *Abulaya* towers lie to the rt., the vine-clad mountains to the l. *Velez Malaga*, Menoba, or Sex Sesta, rises, with spires and fortress, on a gentle eminence over the Rubito, pop. 14,000. *Posada de los Caballeros*: Observe the towers of the two parroquias. N.B. Taste the *Miel de Cuna*, or sugar-cane honey; for local history consult '*Historia y Grandezas de Belez*,' Francisco de Vedmar, Granada, 4to., 1652. The climate is delicious. The martlets, thick as motes in the sun-beam, approve the sweet-wooling breath of Heaven. It is in the heart of a land overflowing with oil and wine; here is the palm without the desert, the sugar-cane without the slave. The spires and convents cluster around the ruins of a rock-built Moorish castle; above rise the lordly barren mountains *de Tejada*, which look coldly down on the industry of the humble plain. The water-courses, which have peeled the sierras, deposit the soil and *detritus* in the valleys of *Velez*, and the combination of moisture under a tropical sun produces the *batata*, indigo, and sugar-cane. The latter was brought here from Sicily by the Carthaginians. The ancients did not understand the processes of crystallization and refining; the canes were sold in the streets (Lucan. iii. 237) just as they now are in Andalusia; the Moors introduced the cultivation. Ebn-el-Awam, writing in 1140, quotes from an earlier Arabian author the methods of culture. The sugar-cane was first sent to Hispaniola from these parts in 1506. It is still cultivated about the town, and sugar made here.

The town was taken from the Moors by Ferdinand *el Catolico* in person, who himself here killed a Moor, with which he was so pleased that he gave the city for its arms his own figure on horseback spearing an infidel. In the *Encarnacion* is preserved the sacra-

Spain.—I.

mental plate used by him after this victory. The Hermitage *San Sebastian* was founded in 1489 by Ferdinand, in honour of the self-sacrificing Sebastian Pelao, who saved the king from the spear of an infidel by placing himself between.

Velez Malaga was the birthplace of Joaquin Blake, the friend of Mahy, Ballesteros, and of all opposed to the Duke and the English alliance: he was the loser of more pitched battles ("mas de cien," says his worthy eulogist Maldonado) than any man in ancient or modern history, Spanish included. He was the son of a rebel Irish shopkeeper, and began life as a lecturer in a military school on the art of war: the poor pedant, learned in theory, never mastered its practice, and to his "ignorance in his profession" the Duke ascribed his last feat, the loss of Valencia; but his defeats never made him unpopular with Spaniards, who admired his courage, and still more his *Espaniolismo* and *patriotismo*, in preferring being routed himself, rather than permitting better men, because *foreigners*, to lead Spaniards to victory.

This "child in the art of war" was no relation of Robert Blake, the great admiral of Cromwell, who at the age of fifty passed from the army into naval command, and always was victorious; he was the master and terror of the Mediterranean. He, in 1654, summoned the viceroy of Malaga to surrender to him a priest at whose instigation the mob had risen upon some English sailors during a religious pageant. The governor trembled and complied. Blake received the culprit, who expected death, with great kindness, and sent him back with a message that he would prevent his sailors' misbehaviour for the future, "but that no one should presume to punish Englishmen except himself."

The road now becomes infamous, 2 L. to *Viuñela* are pleasant; nature here is fruity and verdurous. It is the home of Pomona and Flora. Passing ruined *Zalea*, the mountains become steep and barren. *Alhama* is so called from the baths, *Al-Hammam*

(whence our Hummums in Covent Garden). The number of these which existed in the time of the cleanly Romans and Moors is evidenced by the frequent recurrence of places called *caldas*, *calúdas*, hot springs, and *Alhamas*. The town, wild and picturesque, is the Ronda of these alpine districts, and is perched on the edge of an awful rent in the hills round which the river *Marchan* sweeps, and backed by its own sierra, in which the *Tijuda* rises 8000 ft. above the sea. It was the land-key of Granada, and its romantic capture, Feb. 28, 1482, by the Ms. of Cadiz, spread consternation into the Alhambra, and paved the way for the final conquest of Granada. The well-known plaintive ballad commencing "*Ayl de mi Alhama!*" (which Byron translated "Woe is me Alhama!" but it should be "Alas! for my Alhama!") expressed the national lamentation of the Moors. Consult for historical facts Pulgar, '*Chronica de los Reyes*,' iii. 2. The place was sacked by the French, Feb. 2, 1810, when the clergy and notables were butchered (Madoz, i. 599).

Prudent travellers will put up for the night at a private house on the *Plaza*, known to *Ramos* and experienced muleteers, by the name of *La Casa de los Caballeros*, the Gentlemen's house: it is clean and free from vermin, but the larder is empty. As for the regular *posada*, albeit ycleped *La Grande*, it is truly iniquitous: diminutive indeed are the accommodations, colossal the inconveniences; but this is a common misnomer *en las cosas de España*. Thus Philip IV. was called *El Grande*, under whose fatal rule Spain crumbled into nothing, when, like a ditch, he became greater in proportion as more land was taken away. All who are wise will bring from Malaga a good hamper of eatables, a bota of wine, and some cigars, for, however devoid of creature-comforts this *grand hotel*, there is a grand supply of creeping creatures, and the traveller runs a risk of bidding adieu to sleep, and passing the night exclaiming, *Ayl de mi Al-*

hamas. Matters are, however, somewhat mended lately.

Alhama continues to bear for its arms a castle with two keys, emblematic of its being one of the keys of Granada. It was the *Astigis Juliensis* of the Romans. In the Moorish period it was much frequented for the baths (which can be visited next day when riding past them); now it is a picture of decay. The traveller may look at the aqueduct on the *Plaza*, peep over the *tajo*, pass on to the church, with its single tower, and thence under an archway by the miserable prison, from whose lofty grated windows the stranger is howled at by wretches in whose eye is famine, and on whose countenance is guilt and oppression: the inmates let down by long strings baskets to receive rare donations of food, alms, and occasionally files, false keys, and implements for escape, as used to be done in England. Compare our 'Spectator,' No. 82. Passing the arch at the head of a staircase which leads into the church is a most picturesque house in which many varieties of architectural style are introduced in juxtaposition. There are the Gothic windows of the fifteenth century, the peculiar "*ball*" ornament so frequent in Toledo; there are the projecting ornaments such as occur at Salamanca and Guadalajara, with an Arragonese character of solidity, all combined in this singular façade; many of the houses of Alhama are *casas solares*, or the family mansions granted to those who assisted at the conquest. The stone of which they are built is much corroded. The armorial bearings over the portals contrast with the misery in-doors, and pride is coupled with poverty. The population is clad in brown like that of *La Mancha*, for the gay *Andaluz Majo* has disappeared.

The view of the *tajo* from the convent is striking. Below tears the foaming *Marchan*, winding through ravines and rocky pinnacles. The whole scene, Ronda on a smaller scale, is made for the painter; on the ledges of the beetling cliffs picturesque houses topple, with trellised vines and hanging gardens, while below boil the

streams of water-mills and cascades. Alhama is seen to best advantage at its fair-time, Sept. 8.

The road to Granada descends from Alhama. Continuing up the bed of the river, and passing a picturesque mill, to the l., at a short distance, are the mineral baths. The waters issue out of a dip in the hills, in that sort of position so common to warm volcanic springs. They are strongly impregnated with *nitrogen gas*, as was first ascertained by Dr. Daubeny (see also Madoz, i. 593); considered to be beneficial for dyspepsia and rheumatism, they are frequented in spring and autumn. The bath called *el Baño de la Reyna* is circular, has a dome over it like the Pantheon at Rome, a round opening to the sky, and quite in the style of the Romans, by whom it pro-

bably was erected. The Moorish bath, *el Baño fuerte*, so called from the heat and strength of the waters, as it is nearer their source, is well preserved and very picturesque, with its emerald pool and spiry clouds of steam. A new bath for one person has recently been constructed, in a parallelogram form, with steps to descend into it; placed between the two older ones.

The road reascends, soon to descend by a deep gorge to the wretched village of *Cacín*, which is placed at the bottom of a funnel. Reascending it continues to the poor *Venta de Huelma*, and thence to *La Malá*, with its salt-pans, Arabic *Maláha*; about 2 m. on it enters the Vega of Granada, which is spread out like a green carpet below the towering Sierra Nevada, now seen in all its alpine majesty.

KINGDOM OF GRANADA.

THE kingdom of Granada is the most eastern of "*Los Cuatro Reinos.*" The length from E. to W.S.W. is about 240 miles; its breadth varies from 30 to 80. The area contains about 9000 square m., and the population reaches a million. It consists of mountains, plains, "*Vegas*" (Bekáh, Arabic, a watered valley between hills), and a maritime strip. The *Sierra Nevada*, with its "*diadem of snow*," rises nearly 13,000 ft. above the level of the sea, which washes its S. slopes. Thus, under a latitude of 37°, eternal snow and the blood-heat of Africa are combined; hence every variety of production, from the hardiest lichen to the cotton-plant and sugar-cane. This kingdom, being the last home of the Moors, who fled hither from the Christian advance, became the epitome of their various arts, commerce, and agriculture, of which none have survived, save the latter; and that, albeit degenerated, still forms the wealth of the province, which teems with corn and wine, oil, silk, and fruit. The snowy range is a perpetual Alembic of fertilising water, which is commensurate with the heats; as the hotter the weather the greater is the melting. The water is wealth, for the soil of the plains, although light, becomes highly productive under combined heat and moisture. The hemp is the finest in the world, and the succession of the crops never ceases. The line of irrigation, like a Rubicon, divides the desert from a paradise, while all within its influence is green and fruitful, all beyond it is barren and tawny—a feature frequent in this Land of Contrasts. In objects of interest Granada, and there is attraction in the very name, contains the Alhambra. The alpine range of the *Alpujarras*, grand beyond conception, is the Switzerland of Spain; nor can anything be more sunny and Mediterranean than the littoral districts.

This mountain range pregnant with interest to the artist, the botanist, and geologist, abounds with minerals and beautiful marbles. Well, therefore, might the Moors consider this favoured region to be a portion of heaven fallen on the earth. Few parts of the Peninsula present a sadder contrast between the past and the present. Under the Moors Granada was rich, brilliant, learned, industrious, and gallant, now it is poor, dull, ignorant, indolent,

and dastardly. The Spaniards, have, indeed, laboured hard to neutralise the gifts of a lavish nature, and to dwarf this once proud capital down to a paralysed provincial town. The Granadan native partakes more of the Murcian than the Andalusian, and has little in common with the Moor, whose dominion, nevertheless, lasted longer here than elsewhere in the Peninsula. The best time to visit Granada, and make excursions in the mountains, is from June to October.

The name Granada is a corruption from *Karnáttah*, the ancient fortress of Phœnician origin. The prefix *car* occurs in many "cities" built on an eminence, *c. g.* Carthago, Carteia, Carmona, Cartama. *Nita* has been interpreted by some as "stranger," the "city of the stranger," of "pilgrims" (Casiri, 'Bib. Esc.' ii. 247), and by others as the name of a local goddess. The town *Karnáttah*, at the Moorish invasion, was given by one of Tarik's lieutenants to the "Jews," and hence was called "Karnáttah-al-Yahood." It occupied the site of the present "*Torres Bermejas*," and ranged above the "Campo del Principe," being quite distinct from *Illiberis*, with which it has since been confounded. This *Illiberis*, which signifies in Basque the "new city" (Neapolis, Newtown, Neustadt, Villanueva), was built on the Sierra Elvira.

When the Umeyyah kalifate was broken up, *Illiberis* was seized by a Berber chief, whose nephew, *Habús Ibn Mákesen*, in 1019, removed his residence to the stronger position of *Karnáttah*, and then as usual destroyed the older town. "*Granada la Vieja*," employing the Phœnician and Roman remains as a quarry for his new buildings. The conquests of Jaime I. in Valencia, and of St. Ferdinand in Andalusia, ruinous elsewhere to the Moorish cause, created the prosperity of Granada, which became the asylum of every Moslem refugee from all other parts of Spain. The remnant of the Moors now fled to the rocky fastnesses of the *Alpujarras* before the triumphant cross, as the Goths had retired to the Asturias before the conquering crescent. *Ibnu-l-ahmar*, "the red man," the successful upstart ruler of Jaen, and reluctant vassal of St. Ferdinand, was the real founder of this kingdom. He was a prince eminent in every respect, and his talents (obt. 1273) were inherited by his two successors. Then was erected the *Alhambra*, the fortress palace, which Moors have delighted to adorn, and Spaniards to disfigure. The death of St. Ferdinand was the life to the infant monarchy of Granada, for his heir, *Alonso*, catching at shadows lost real substances, and wasted the gold of Spain, in his foolish ambition to become Emperor of Germany. The civil wars which clouded his later years, and weakened his successors, gave time to the Moorish kingdom to grow strong, as the Christians turned against each other those arms which might better have been employed against the common enemy, the infidel.

Granada, which under the Moors contained half a million souls, was most flourishing. The date of its ruin is Jan. 2, 1492, when the banner of Castile first floated on the towers of the *Alhambra*. Internal dissensions, by which *Ibnu-l-ahmar* was enabled to found the kingdom, led to its decline and ruin; and as *Cava* prepared the ruin of the Gothic monarchy, and opened the throne to the Moors, so a Christian woman now occasioned the Moslem downfall. Her name was *Isabel de Solis*, on whom *Martinez de la Rosa* wrote a poor novel. She was the daughter of the governor of *Martos*, and, being taken prisoner by the Moors, became the favourite wife of *Abú-l-hasan*, king of Granada. Her Moorish appellation is *Zoraya*, "Morning Star," in allusion to her surpassing beauty, on account of which 'Ayesah, another wife and cousin of *Abú-l-hasan*, became jealous of her rival, and the court was divided into two parties. The *Zegris* (*Thegrim*, the people who came from *Thegr* or *Arragon*) espoused her faction, and the *Abencerrages*, the *Beni Cerraj* (the children of the saddle, or palace), that of *Zorayah*. In June, 1482, *Abú-Abdillah*, son of 'Ayesah, 19th king, dethroned his father. His name was corrupted

by Spaniards into Boabdila, while the Moors also called him *As-Saghir*, the younger—the less (whence the Spanish term, *el Rey chico*), to distinguish him from Abú-l-hasan, his father, and often called *el Zogoihi*, the unfortunate. Thus the Moorish house was divided against itself, just when Castile and Arragon were united under Ferdinand and Isabella. On the *Rey chico's* being taken prisoner at Lucena in 1483, the old king returned, and, being blind, abdicated in favour of his brother, Mohamed XII., called *Az-zaghal*, the valiant. Boabdil now became a vassal of Ferdinand, and at length, after a long siege, surrendered himself and his kingdom. According to Arabian authors, he was treated harshly; certain it is that the Spaniards violated most of the pledges and capitulations. Cardinal Ximenez, deaf to the entreaties of the mild Ferdinand de Talavera, the first archbishop of Granada, proceeded to convert men by fire and sword, at which the Moors rebelled, and were then put down without mercy. Again similar ill usage, in 1570, drove them to arms; again they were crushed by John of Austria, and finally expelled, in 1610, by Philip III., as the Protestants afterwards were by Louis XIV. This great crime was then imputed to him as a glory, and made the subject of sundry second-rate poems; and, in fact, he was yelled on by all Spain, which thirsted for their blood and gold; now that the ill effects of this deed are evident, it is alleged in his excuse that the Moriscos, differing in blood and creed, were dangerous aliens on an exposed coast, and that they were always ready to join an invader, whether Moslem or Christian. In addition, the example of the Moors was quoted as a precedent against themselves; for when the Al-mu'ahhidin, or Spanish Christians, who continued to live among them, invited Alonso I. of Arragon to invade Granada in 1122, they were in consequence banished to Western Africa (Moh. D. ii. 307). The Moors, when free and powerful, were feared, hated, and honoured by Spaniards, *Cubaleros cum Moros*; when conquered they were termed *Moriscos*, "little Moors," a diminutive which implies contempt. *Vae victis!* for then they were converted, robbed, burnt, and finally banished.

The details of the conquest of Granada must be looked for in Prescott's able work. The effects are less understood. The possession of the Moors, the apparent weakness of Spain, was in fact the secret of her strength. Then all parties, as in their private juntas, united to pull down the holder of power, and when that was accomplished, fell to loggerheads with each other, quarrelling for the spoil. The struggle during the war, like a breeze upon a lake, kept fresh the energies of the nation. Thus while the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, which was thought by the infallible Pope to be a calamity and divine judgment, turned out to be a divine blessing, by the dispersion of classical lore, the harbinger of modern knowledge, the capture of Granada, which the same oracle pronounced to be a compensation for that infidel success, proved the cause of the ruin of Spain. It paved the way to the loss of all liberty, to apathy, corruption, and death; the mainspring which a war of eight centuries, *pro aris et focis*, had kept in motion ceased to vibrate when the great end was accomplished: a reaction ensued; a moral and physical stagnation came over the listless conquerors. Civil and religious despotism saw and seized the moment, so advantageous to itself, and whilst the people of Spain were giving loose to the disarmed intoxication of success, they were shorn of their strength, and awoke from the lascivious dream emasculated and enslaved. Castile, like her arid, tree-stripped plains, from the lack of the nutriment of wholesome institutions, withered away; a curse was on her womb; she became incapable of giving birth to men who should do deeds worthy to be had in remembrance, or to authors whose works posterity would not willingly let die. Read, therefore, in the *Alhambra*, the legend tales and ballad romances of the old days of Crusade. The melancholy retrogression of a once noble nation increases the interest of these relics of better times, which have drifted down like the spars of a storm-wrecked battle-ship. In this contrast between former pride of place and present nothingness, our sympathy, as we tread the lonely Alhambra, is

awakened by the *religio loci*, and the more when the change is borne with uncomplaining dignity; for bitter, in the words of Dante, is the pang "ricordarsi del tempo felice nella miseria." Spain, like a Porus, dethroned, yet conscious of innate royalty from which nought can derogate, looks down with self-respect on the changes and chances of fickle fortune. Although now the mock of Europe, which once grew pale at her name, Granada is still the chosen land of romance, where the present is forgotten in the past, and where, although her harp be unstrung, and her sword pointless, the tale of *Auld lang syne* still re-echoes through her benighted courts, where, although her laurel-leaf be sere, the many flowers which still enamel the neglected Generalife attest that once a garden smiled.

The persecuted Moriscos were amply revenged by the French. The rout of Ocaña gave Granada to Sebastiani; then the strong mountain passes of *Alcalá el Real* were abandoned without firing a shot by Freire, the hero of San Marcial! and thus the invaders conquered the kingdom of Granada in fewer days than the Spaniards had employed centuries. The Granadine patriots, distinguished even in Andalusia for bragging and doing nothing, scarcely made a semblance of defence. Then the Alhambra was desolated, churches and palaces were pillaged, books and MSS. made into cartridges, prisoners and monks put to death, having been first tortured with an ingenuity of cruelty: see *e.g.* the execution of Moreno. Sout at last became jealous of Sebastiani, a colleague who collected pictures, "et qui (although by birth the son of a Corsican cooper) se faisait prince," and he procured his rival's dismissal. Sebastiani quitted Granada June 26, 1811, "avec un grand transport, sous escorte," "goods carefully removed," of all his treasures. The transports of the people were even greater: "Comme le nom de Murat est éternisé dans Madrid, le sien l'est à Granade," says Schepeler, who gives the details of lust, rapine, and butchery (iii. 112, 167-169), which, with this Corsican's collectings, are all blinked by Mons. Maison.

The local and county histories, and other works referring to the important events and "romance" of Granada, are infinite. For details of the final conquest in 1492, consult the eye-witnesses, '*Chronica de los Reyes*,' Hernando de Pulgar, folio, Montfort, Valencia, 1780; '*Decades*,' duo, (Elius Antonio Nebrissensis (Antonio de Lebrija), Granada, 1550, or folio, Gran., 1545; '*Opus Epistolarum*,' Petri Martyris Anglerii, folio, Alcalá de Henares, 1530, or the Elzevir reprint, folio, Amsterdam, 1670; the *Conquest of Granada*,' by Mr. Irving; and the '*History of Ferdinand and Isabella*,' by Mr. Prescott, a work of first-rate excellence. For the "romance," the '*Guerras de Granada*,' 2 vols., a Moorish tale of 'sixty years since,' the prototype of the Waverley novels, and which has gone through as many editions, written by Gil Perez of Murcia, it was translated, or rather murdered, into French, by one A. M. Sané, Paris, 1809. The rapid and immediate deterioration of Granada under the Spaniards is told by an eye-witness in '*Il Viaggio Fatto in Spagna*,' Andrea Navagiero, Vinegia, 1563—a little gem. Consult the admirable '*Mohamedan Dynasties*' of Gayangos, not omitting his article on the Moors in the '*Penny Cyclopædia*;' for the rebellion of the Moriscos, '*Historia de la Rebellion*,' Luys de Marmol Carvajal, folio, Malaga, 1600, or the Sancha edition, 2 vols. 4to., Madrid, 1797, which contains a good map of Granada by Felix Prieto; also '*Las Guerras de Granada*,' by Diego Hurtado de Mendoza; of this the editions are infinite. That of Mallen, Valencia, 1830, is convenient in form. Beware of the inaccurate French works of Florian and Châteaubriand, which can only mislead. For antiquities consult '*Antigüedades de Granada*,' Francisco Bermudez de Pedraza, 4to. Madrid, 1608; or the second and improved edition, folio, Gran. 1638. There is a modern reprint of a portion of it, 4to., by Francisco Gomez Espinosa de Monteros, Gran. s. d., but about 1819; '*Dialogos de las Cosas Notables de G.*,' Luys de la Cueva, 4to. Sevilla, 1603; '*Paseos por G.*,' Juan de Echeverria. These were first published 1764, in weekly papers, under the name of Josef Romero Iranzo, and then

republished in 2 vols. 4to. Gran. 1814, by Julian Maria Perez. Echeverria was ignorant of Arabic, and not partial to truth. When our good friend, Canon Juan Soler, asked him why he did not continue the work, he replied, "*Esto cansado de mentir*," I am tired of lying. '*Cartas del Sacristan de Pinos*, 4 vols. duo., Gran. 1761; but one of the best guides for the Alhambra is '*Nuevos Paseos*,' 3 vols. duo., Simon de Argote. The third volume is very scarce: the author never even saw it in print; it was only just put up in type when the French evacuated the city, and, as he was an *Afrancesado*, and a jackal of Sebastiani, he fled with his patrons. Then the *Granadinos*, who care for none of these things, sold the sheets for waste paper. *Viaje de España*, Nicolas de la Cruz, Cadiz, 1812, vol. 12, treats of Granada; for a Geological sketch of Granada and Murcia, Chas. Silvertop, 8vo. Lond. 1836. *El Libro del Viajero en G.*, Miguel Lafuente Alcantara, 8vo. Gran. 1843; and by the same author, *Historia de G.*, 4to. 4 vols. Gran. 1843, reprinted at Paris in 1851. *Manual del Artista*, José Gimenez Serrano, a poor duo. Gran. 1845.

There are several plans of the town, besides that of Felix Prieto. First, that drawn by Ambrosio de Vico, and engraved about 1624 by Francisco Heylan; next, that published in 1796 by Francisco Dalmau, which is excellent. Of engraved works of the Alhambra, the first was '*Antigüedades Arabes*,' 4to. s. d. about 1785; a second and folio edition was published in 1804. The Arabic inscriptions were poorly translated by Pablo Lozano. This work was badly copied by James Cavannah Murphy—'*Arabian Antiquities*,' London, 1816—a mere book-making job, and it is difficult to believe that Murphy was even ever on the spot. This is the book puffed with outrageous eulogiums by Dr. Dibdin in his '*Library Companion*,' but let no man about to form a '*Spanish*' library ever consult that doctor. The '*Souvenirs der Gande*,' '*Essai*,' and other works, par M. Girault de Prangey, Paris, 1837; the '*Erinnerungen*' of Wilhelm von Gail, Munich; and even the splendid work of F. M. Hessemer, Berlin, 1836, 4to., fade before the English publication by Owen Jones, '*Plans of the Alhambra*,' London, 1842. The scrupulous architectural and artistical accuracy is rivalled by the gorgeous execution. The value of the engravings is enhanced by a masterly history of Granada, and by really accurate translations from the Arabic inscriptions by Gayangos. The substance of the former with woodcuts, and the whole of the latter, have been thrown by Owen Jones into his *Alhambra Handbook* for the Crystal Palace. The minor works, albums, lithographs, annuals, and so forth, scarcely deserve notice, beyond the charming poetical drawings of Roberts, which are pirated by Frenchmen in their '*Unicvers Pittoresque*,' and by M. Maison in his map, without whispering whence they stole their sweets.

GRANADA.—Among the best hotels are *La Amistad*, No. 39, Calle de San Anton, the host, Don Jose Vasquez, is an excellent Master also in Spanish; *La Minerva*, or *Parador de las Diligencias Generales*, No. 40, Acera del Darro, Carrera del Genil, is very fair. The charges are from 24 to 34 reals per day. Miguel Ramirez (Napoleon) is a capital guide for a ride round the *Atpujarras*. *Fonda del Leon de Oro*, No. 246, well placed on the Campillo or Plaza de Bailen; kept by Vigarai. *La Nueva*—the *Fonda del Comercio*, near the theatre and public

walk, is now merely a *Neveria*, or café and ice-shop: other and bad *posadas* are *de los Tres Reyes*, *La Cruz de Malta*, *San Rafael*, *La del Sol*. The *Café Suiso* is well spoken of. There are decent *Casas de Pupilos*, one in the Calle de las Arandas, at the corner opposite the Conde de Santa Ana: another *En los Tintes*, and near the San Espiritu, corner of *Calle sin Salida*; another in the *Plazuela de Trovar*; another in the Calle de las Sierpes. Good lodgings may be had near *El Campillo*, and *Carrera del Darro*. The

artist should live up in the Alhambra, where he will always find a lodging, and there is a tolerable *posada*, kept by Francisco Torriesta; indeed, the *real thing*, independently of the associations, is to live in the Alhambra. There everything is Moorish, while below, Granada is no better than any other Spanish town. Again, the *Cuesta* of the Alhambra is a toil to ascend, and those who do so come up heated and tired. "*Me coje siempre cansado*," said our poor old Dr. Tortosa, although he received a triple fee. To enjoy the Alhambra one must saunter about it when fresh and "in the vein," and especially by moonlight. (See p. 312.)

Granada, being much visited by foreigners, has its local guides which are hardly things of incurious Spain. Since *Mateo Jimenez*, the immortalised by Washington Irving, has come to grief, a legion of ignorant touters has sprung up, who mislead and plunder strangers. Those who do not wish to be led into ditches, should make a point of securing *Emmanuel Bensaken*, who is to be heard of at the Minerva. He speaks English and many languages, and knows the south of Spain perfectly; sometimes he is called *El Moro*. At all events, a Moor was a better lionizer of the Alhambra than *Monsieur Louis*, a Buonapartist deserter, who, like a true Frenchman, could not speak Spanish or comprehend Spaniards. *Eugenio Bensaken*, junior, his son, can also be most highly recommended as a travelling servant. The best guide up the *Sierra Nevada* is *José Villegas*, servant to *Juan Baltazar*, who lets horses. He knows every goat track in the hills.

Granada is the capital of its province; pop., about 60,000, having been about 400,000 under the Moors. It is the see of an archbishop, whose suffragans are Guadix, and Baza, and Almeria, the residence of a Captain-General, and of the civil and military provincial authorities. It long was the seat of the southern *Chancilleria*, or Supreme Court of Appeal, but a new *Audiencia* was formed at Albacete, in 1835, to the injury of Granada, by removing lawyers and clients. It has a

cathedral, 23 parishes, a university, Liceo, *Casino*, public library, *Plaza de Toros*, and Museo. The natives thus parody the proud boast of hated Seville, for the two cities abhor each other as in the time of the Moors:—

"*Quien no ha visto á Granãa
No ha visto á nãa.*"

And certainly art and nature have combined to render Granada, with its alps, plain, and Alhambra, one of those few places which realize all previous favourable conceptions. The town is built on the spurs of the mountains which rise to the SE. to their greatest altitude. Like Broussa, in Asia Minor, it has its Olympus, valley, and fortress palace. The city overlooks the *Vega*, and is about 2445 ft. above the level of the sea: this altitude, coupled with the snowy background, renders it a most delicious summer residence; while this bosom of snow furnishes a continual supply of water for irrigation; accordingly the *Vega* supplies every vegetable production, and is "a spot," said the Arabians, "superior in extent and fertility to the valley of Damascus;" they compared the white villas and farmhouses which sparkle amid the eternal verdure to "Oriental pearls set in a cup of emeralds." These dwellings are still called "*Carmenes*," from *Karm*, Arabic a vineyard. Granada is built on, and at the base of, several hills: the *partida* to the rt., which hangs over the Xenil, is called *Antequeruela*, the "Little Antequera," to which the natives of that town fled after its capture, in 1410. The Alhambra is built on a crowning height, that hangs over the Darro, which separates the *Antequeruela* from the *Albaicin* — *Rabad-hu-l-Bayisin*, "the suburb of those from Baeza," to whom it was assigned in 1227, when that city was conquered by the Christians: from this Arabic *Rabad* is derived the Spanish word "*Arrabal*," suburb. The best portion of the town lies at the base, while none but the poor live above. The *Granadinos* despise the Alhambra, as a *casa de ratones*, or rat's hole, which indeed they have made it.

The society of Granada is dull. To those who arrive from Seville, the inhabitants do not look either so well dressed, so gay, or intelligent. There are fewer *Majos*, and the women are inferior walkers and talkers; they want the real *meneo y gracia*, although they contend that "*Las Granadinas son muy finas*." The houses again are smaller and less Oriental, for Granada was built by impoverished defeated refugees, not like Seville, by the Moor in all his palmy pride: they have fewer marble-pillared *patios*; the *Zaguan* is smaller, and is paved with black and white stones; the fligree *Cancel* is changed into a heavy oak door. Square pilasters replace in shops and streets the pillared shafts of Seville, and the windows have more balconies and fewer *Retas*.

Granada now stagnates in bookless ignorance; it has neither letters, arts, nor arms, that of cock-fighting excepted. Education is at the lowest ebb. The petty commerce is passive: there is a want of roads, whether leading to the seaboard or inland, by which it is isolated and kept poor; in short, like Cordova, from being an Athens under the Moors, it has become a Bœotia under the Spaniards of to-day; for in better times it was the birthplace of Fray Luis de Granada, one of the most eloquent and pathetic writers of Spain (consult his *Vida y Virtudes*, by Luis Muñoz, duo., Mad., 1711); of Lope de Rueda, the precursor of Lope de Vega and the dramatists; of the historians, Luis de Marmol and Hurtado Mendoza; of the sculptors, Juan Martínez Montañés and Alonso Cano.

The "canting" arms of Granada are a pomegranate, "Granada," stalked and proper: some, catching at sound, not sense, have derived Granada from this "*Granatum*," but the Moorish name was Karnattah, and they never would have taken a Latin word had they wished to call the town "Pomegranate," because the hills are divided somewhat like that fruit. They would have preferred their own word Roman, and to this day a salad made of pomegranates is called "Ensalada

Romana." It would be not less absurd to interpret this as *Roman* than to connect Karnattah with a pomegranate.

As the *Alhambra* is to our countrymen the emphatic attraction of *Granada*, and indeed we may say of Spain, its rise and decline may be briefly stated.

The *Alhambra*, the *Acropolis*, the *Windsor Castle* of *Granada*, is indeed a pearl of great price in the estimation of all travellers from foreign parts, for few *Granadinos* ever go there, or understand the all-absorbing interest, the concentrated devotion, which it excites in the stranger. Familiarity has bred in them the contempt with which the Bedouin regards the ruins of Palmyra, insensible alike to present beauty as to past poetry and romance; and most Spaniards, although not wearing turbans, have the true Oriental lack of the organs of veneration, and think of nothing beyond the present tense and the first person—self. The leaven, again, of hatred against their old rival the Moor and his works is not extinct, and affronted by this Moorish worship, they resent the preference shown by strangers to those relics which they have, Gothlike, disfigured, as implying Spanish inferiority. The admiration of European pilgrims have recently shamed the authorities into a somewhat more conservative feeling towards the *Alhambra*; but their good intentions are questionable, as they repair and beautify on churchwarden principles, and "restore" the ruins, as they do the old masters in the *Madrid Museo*, effacing the lines where beauty lingers. Even in this their tardy appreciation they look to the main chance: thus Mellado, in his *Guide*, 1843, p. 229, after lamenting that there should be no *Noticias* of the *Alhambra*, of which he speaks coldly, suggests, "as so many English visit it, that a descriptive work would be a *segura especulacion*,"—a safe speculation. Thus the poetry of the Moor is coined into the Spanish prose of profitable *pesetas*.

It was our fate during two summers, more than 20 years ago, to reside in the *Alhambra* itself, and hold constant converse with many aged chroniclers, *Hijos de la Alhambra*, who had seen many things with their own eyes, and

heard the past from their parents. These living organs of tradition are now scattered or dead, and memory once interrupted can never be recalled.

The building was commenced by Ibn-u-ahmar in 1248; it was continued by his son Abu-abdillah, and finished by his grandson Mohammed III., about 1314. The founder, like Edward III. at Windsor, has everywhere introduced his motto, his "Honi soit qui mal y pense." The words *Wa lu ghaliba illa Allah*—and "there is no conqueror but Allah," are to be seen in every portion of the *Turkish* and *Azulejo*. The origin is this: when he returned from the surrender of Seville, his subjects saluted him as *galib*—the conqueror, and he replied—adopting the *Tahlil*, or true Mussulman war-cry—"There is no conqueror but God." This motto also appears on his coat of arms, which is the banner of Castile, granted to him by St. Ferdinand, and the same as adopted by Don Pedro for the badge of his order of the *Vanda*, or Bend. This bend, once blue, was changed into "red" to compliment this Moorish William Rufus (Conde, iii. 38).

The great decorator was Ynsuf I., who, although unsuccessful in war (see Salado, p. 149), was eminent in the arts of peace: so vast were his revenues, that he was imagined to possess the philosopher's stone; but his secret was quiet and industry, "et magnum vegetigal parsimonia." He regilt and repainted the palace, which then must have been a thing of the "Tales of the Genii;" now all is deserted and unfurnished, and the mere carcase. The colours are obliterated by Spanish whitewash, which destroys sharpness of outline and fills up open work, and the proportions are destroyed by centuries of ill-usage; yet time and the dry air of Spain have used it gently, treating it like a beautiful woman. What must it once have been—cum tales sunt reliquie! Peter Martyr, an Italian of taste, thus wrote when he entered it in the train of the Gothic conquerors: "Alhambra, pro! dii immortales! qualem Regiam! unicum in orbe terrarum crede!"

The degradation of this Palatial fortress, this acropolis, this Windsor castle of the Moors, dates the very day of the Castilian conquest, when the "Purifications" of Isabella's monks, that is, the whitewashings and removals of Moslem symbols, commenced; then the iron forged at Gothic Toledo, shattered the gossamer fabric of the Moor. What Ferdinand and Isabella began, their grandson Charles V. carried out, who proceeded to remove by the wholesale "the ugly abominations of the Moors." He modernized and rebuilt portions, put up heavy ceilings, cut out over-wide fireplaces, took down the Moorish *Tarkish*, ran up partitions, opened and blocked up passages, and converted the dwelling of an Oriental sybarite, into lodgings for a chilly Flemish gentleman. His son and the Philips simply neglected the Alhambra, which in the absence of damp would have stood for ages, for here scarcely the sepulchre is shrouded by a lichen. The palace shared in the decline of the monarchy, and was made in 1664 an extra-judicial asylum for debtors; thus poverty crept into the "rules" of the king's house. It was next given up to invalid soldiers, prisoners, and convicts, and, in a word, made a den of thieves.

The Alhambra, for the first 2 centuries after the conquest, scarcely attracted the attention of other European nations; indeed to travel, except on compulsion, was not then the fashion. The names of visitors begin to be inscribed on the walls about 1670. After nearly a century more of neglect, the Alhambra was put into a sort of repair by Richard Wall, the Irish ex-minister of Charles III. Unfortunately it was selected in 1792, at that king's death, as the prison of Aranda, who was displaced from the ministry to make way for the minion Godoy, when the apartments of Charles V. were whitewashed, and all the rich Italian arabesques obliterated. The governor at that time, one Savera, resided in the suite of rooms over the mosque, from which every vestige of Moorish taste was swept away. He placed his kitchen and filthiest appurtenances in a Moor-

ish mirador, where marble and gilding yet linger amid abominations indescribable. Charles IV. next gave this petty appointment to a Catalan named Don Luis Bucarelli, who had been wounded in a battle with the French, and was half-witted and bedridden. He had 5 daughters, who married paupers of other parts of the Alhambra, and were all quartered in it; they laid their hands on everything that could be moved or sold. In vain were representations made by foreigners to the wittol Charles IV.; he desired "that the old man should not be worried;" so plunder thus authorized did its worst during the remainder of Bucarelli's life. He was succeeded by Don Lorenzo Velasco y Navarra, who, by endeavouring to correct some abuses, became unpopular with the *contador* or the treasurer, who, on Godoy's downfall, managed to effect his dismissal on the plea of his being a protégé of the ex-minister. The hereditary office of *contador* had been purchased by the Prado family of Philip V., and was held by one Don Jose Prado, 40 years, he being the worst holder ever known except his son *Antonio*. Albeit malpractices and petty larcenies are *venial* sins in most Spanish "unjust stewards," yet such were the *mortal* offences of the son, that he was actually turned out of the office. This family of caterpillars had pretty well eaten up the patrimony of the Alhambra, while the remaining sums destined for repairs, &c., were divided, as usual, by the other authorities. About 1808 Don Ignacio Montilla was appointed governor. His wife kept her donkey in the beautiful chapel, and made the *Patio de la Mezquita* a pen for her sheep. But Ocaña soon brought in the wolf, and Sebastiani arrived in January, 1810. Montilla, for the sole crime of not presenting himself to this potentate, was imprisoned in the Comares tower, and only saved from instant execution by some Poles who were quartered in the Alhambra. His friends then got "*La Panera*," at whose house Sebastiani was lodging, to intercede. The lady was rich and beautiful, so Mammon allied to Venus subdued the General's heart,

and in this rare instance he departed from "salutary rigour," and was guilty of clemency. To the Alhambra no mercy was shown. He first proceeded to convert it into a *place d'armes*, for which purpose countless houses were demolished; Moorish mosque and Christian churches alike turned into magazines, and convents into barracks; the Moorish pavement of blue and white in the Court of Lions was torn up to make a garden there, like that of a badaud guinguette at Paris. The shrubs blocked up size and space, and concealed beauties of every kind, while their roots injured the intricate vein-work of pipes by which the fountains played, and their watering destroyed the rooms below. Not contented with this, on evacuating the Alhambra, Sept. 17, 1812, the French mined the towers and blew up 8 in number, many of which were models of Moorish art; they intended to have destroyed them all at one fell swoop as their parting legacy, but their agent, Don Antonio Farses, an *Afrancesado*, took fright, and ran away after his protectors. They retreated at 9 in the morning, and Farses had, like an unpunctual Spaniard, only commenced the blowing up at 11; the fusees were put out by an invalid soldier named José Garcia. Let these deeds be held in everlasting remembrance.

Montilla now returned; but no sooner had Ferdinand VII. reached Madrid than he left his post, like most Spaniards, to job for a better place. Then one Villa Ecusa was directed to collect all that the French had not taken away, for they had made the Alhambra their receiving-house. He was assisted in his commission by Don José Prado, the *contador*, and Antonio Maria Prieto y Venencio, the "*escribano*." verbum sat. They gutted the Alhambra, they tore off door-locks and bolts, took out even panes of glass, and sold everything for themselves, and then, like good patriots, reported that the invaders had left nothing. The Court of Lions was now impassable from ruin; some of the animals were broken and thrown on the ground. Then stepped in the second founder of the Alhambra—not

a commissioner of taste—"rien, pas même académicien"—but an humble female peasant, Francisca de Molina, whom Montilla had appointed portress. She is the Doña or *Tia Antonia* of Washington Irving, and, with her niece *Dolores* and *Mateo Ximenez*, will live immortalized by his ingenious pen. As we lived with these ladies 2 summers we can vouch historically that the *Tia Frasquita* was cross and crabbed, *Dolores* ill-favoured and mercenary, and *Mateo* a chattering blockhead; out of such worthies genius has made heroes and heroines, for the power of romance can gild the basest metals. Montilla had granted to the *Tia* the use of the *Adarves* and the garden, and she made money by showing the place and dressing picnic dinners, until some ultra-bacchic festivities caused that permission to be withdrawn.

No sooner were the French troops ejected from the Alhambra, by the recoil of the Duke's victory at Salamanca, than this *Tia* went to work to repair their ravages. Labor ipse voluptas. She set the Lions on their legs, and cleared away the rubbish. At length the indignant remarks of foreign travellers shamed the authorities, who commenced some trifling restorations; but in 1821 an earthquake shattered the ancient pile, and the times were out of joint, and the *Constitution* in force; then Montilla, being a royalist, and a gentleman by birth, was persecuted by the patriots, by whom one Juan Camerara was named governor, and as the city Junta seized for themselves the scanty funds of the *real patrimonio*, the Alhambra again hastened to decay. In 1823, when Ferdinand VII. was delivered, Montilla returned; but he resigned in 1827, and was succeeded by a Col. Francisco la Serna, whose great object was to find work for galley-slaves: in an evil hour he selected the Alhambra for their occupation. His first step was to try to expel the *Tia Frasquita*, who, having lived 60 years in the palace, was not only Lioniser, but its Lioness, Queen, and Cook, being nick-named *La Reyna Coquina*. La Serna next converted a

large portion of the Alhambra into stores for the salt-fish of his scoundrel charge; at this vandal work we beheld his worthy galériens working in chains for weeks, in 1831, tearing down and casting over the battlements the Moorish *lienzos* and *azulejos*, quæque ipse miserrima vidi. In March of that fatal year, as if destruction were its rule, a large portion of the curtain or outer wall, hanging over the Darro, fell in, which has since been rebuilt. In that summer, however, Mr. Addington, the British ambassador, coming down from Madrid to visit our humble selves then living in the Alhambra, induced the authorities to remove a powder-magazine, which, as it had no conductor, not even a holy-week palm-branch, was liable, during any lightning storm, to vie with Vandals, foreign and domestic. Thus, as an *accident*, the moving power of things of Spain, prevented the complete destruction of the Alhambra towers by the French, the accidental visit of an Englishman may have preserved the remains of what Gaul and chance had spared.

When Ferdinand VII. died, and civil wars broke out, the Alhambra, in common with the Escorial Aranjuez, and everything royal, was left to go to ruin. In 1837 the governor cut up the Moorish doors of the *Salu de los Abencerrages*, and permitted another man of taste to "repair and beautify" *la Casa Sanchez*. This once, when inhabited by honest Sanchez, of whom Panza was the type, was one of the most picturesque and most Moorish of dwellings. During the panic occasioned by the incursion of the Carlists under Gomez, a good deal more mischief was done in what was called putting the place in a state of defence: at length, in 1842, Argüelles, tutor to the Queen, destined a small sum from the privy purse for absolute repairs, which have been tolerably done, and are continued slowly at present.

The first object of every English traveller is the Alhambra; ascend therefore the *Calle de los Gomeles*, and, passing under the gate *de las Granadas*, enter the magical jurisdiction of this

fairy palace. 3 paths diverge; that to the rt. leads to the *Torres Bermejas*, the "red towers," a sort of outwork, which deserves a subsequent visit. This, the most ancient portion of Granada, existed when Illiberis was the chief town, and is mentioned as "Kal-'at Al-hamra," "the red castle," by an Arabian poet, so early as A.D. 864. It was afterwards called *Medinah Al-hamra*, "the red city" (Casiri, 'Bib. Es.' ii. 249). Pedro de Alcalá, in his *Arabo-Hispano dictionary* of the time of the conquest, translates *Bermeja* by Amhar (*hamra* in the feminine), a name well applicable to the red ferruginous concrete *tapa* of which it is built. It may have existed even before the Romans; indeed, some antiquarians, who can see far into a milestone, pretend to recognize Phœnician work. Habus Ibn Makes, when he removed from Illiberis in 1019, erected above this outwork the *Kassabah Al-hamra*, "the enclosure of the red," the present *Alcazaba*. This *Ibnu-l-ahmar* selected for his residence, and built the *Kasru-l-hamra*, the "Alcazar, or palace, of or in the red enclosure." The long lines of walls and towers crown the hill, and follow the curves and dips of the ground, just as an artist would have placed them; there is no attempt at symmetry or anything straight; hence, as at Jaen, *Xativa*, &c., the elegance and picturesqueness of these Oriental fortifications; they are the antitheses of the commonplace line and rule *places* of Vauban, which are as worthless to the artist as admirable to the engineer.

The Moorish towers rise like reddish cork models out of a girdle of trees, which contrasts with the stony sierras above. The centre walk leads to the public gardens, that to the l. to the *Alhambra*; the wooded slopes are kept green by watercourses, and tenanted by nightingales; although everything looks the work of nature, it is the creation of man, as the Moor changed the barren rock into an Eden; had the French intentions succeeded, all would have relapsed into barrenness, from their destruction of the supply of water: the elm-trees came from England, and

here being rare, are as much admired as palms would be with us; on reaching the height is a semi-circular barbican, and below it a fountain, wrought in the coarse stone of *Elvira*, in the *Beruguete* style. It was erected by the *Alcaide Mendoza*, whose arms, with those of Charles V., are sculptured on it. The river-gods represent the *Genil*, *Darro*, &c.: this monument has recently been barbarously repaired and "restored."

Granada is a city of fountains which, a luxury with us, is a necessity here. The *Darro* and *Xenil* are drawn off in canals from high up near their sources, and thus the waters retain the original elevation above the town; columns are accordingly thrown up from fountains in great body and height.

A sharp turn conducts to the grand entrance, *La Torre de Justicia*, the "Porch," the "gate of judgment," the "Sublime Porte," at which the king or his *kaid* dispensed judgment, as in the East (*Deut.* xvi. 18; *1 Kings* viii. 7), after an ancient fashion, which at least was more rapid and cheap, and possibly quite as equitable, as any modern Court of Chancery, either below the hill or elsewhere. This gate was erected in 1308 by *Yusuf I.*, *Abú-l-hajáj*, a great decorator of the *Alhambra*. The Moors called it *Bábu-sh-shari'ah*, the "gate of the law." The inscription over the inner doorway records its elevation and the name of the founder. It ends, "May the Almighty make this [gate] a protecting bulwark, and write down its [erection] among the imperishable actions of the just." The Moorish diapery has been broken, to make a niche for a poor wooden image of the Virgin.

Over the outer horse-shoe arch is seen an open hand, which some consider an emblem of hospitality and generosity, the redeeming qualities of the Oriental. Others think it a type of the 5 principal commandments of the creed of Islam—"To keep the fast of Ramadan, pilgrimage to Mecca, almsgiving, ablation, and war against the infidel." Others refer it to the Hebrew *jadh*, the hand of God, the Oriental symbol of power and provi-

dence. But the true meaning of it is a talisman over the portal against the much dreaded "Evil Eye," at which Orientals and Spaniards have always and do still tremble. The Morisco women wore small hands of gold and silver round their necks, like the Neapolitans, and a substitute for the classical phallic symbol of defiance. Charles V., by a Pragmatica in 1525, forbade this usage. In the *Sila de los Embajadores* is an inscription to the same purport: "The best praise be given to God! I will remove all the effects of an evil eye upon our master Yusuf," &c.

Over the inner arch is a sculptured key, in which some see the Oriental symbol of power (Isa. xxii. 22), and others the "key of David" (Rev. iii. 7). Others, however, hold that it is allusive to the "power of the keys," by which the true prophet opened the gates of heaven and hell. Then it is said to be simply a badge of honour, like the keys worn by gentlemen of bed-chambers and titled menials; the key, however, was a symbolic sign among the Sufis, denoting knowledge—"the key by which God opens the heart of believers." It occurs over many Andalusian castles, especially those built after the arrival of the Almohades, a word corrupted from *Al Muráhedum*, or Unitarians, a domineering religious sect, who bore this particular badge on their banners. There is an idle tale, how the Moors boasted that this gate never would be opened to the Christians until the *hánd* took the key.

The entrance is carried through a double gate: "David sat between the two gates" (2 Sam. xviii. 24). Here is a guard-room; and the intricate tortuous passages are contrived so as to obstruct an entering enemy. Now, instead of the well-appointed Mameluke and glittering Moor, or iron-clad champion of Tendilla, a few gaunt, bandit-looking invalids are huddled together.

Passing onwards, near a paltry altar-screen, is a Gothic inscription, coeval with the conquest, recording that event, and the appointment of Inigo Lopez de Mendoza as alcaide. The jurisdiction of the Alhambra is separate from that of Granada, and has

its own governor. The office was one of high honour, but is now altogether second rate. The Virgin and Child, in the *Retablo*, was painted by Saint Luke, to which, if any doubted, Mateo Ximenez would swear. In our time no donkeys were allowed to go through this passage, because some had grossly misbehaved themselves before the sacred painting. Hence a narrow wall-enclosed lane leads to the open place, *Plaza de los Algibes*, under which are the Moorish "cisterns," which are filled by the Darro; they are cleaned in January, and then can be visited. In summer an awning is erected over a well, whence a supply of cool water is sold to those who come up from Granada with donkeys. This Plaza divides the palace from the *Alcazaba-Kassabah*, the citadel. The latter was formerly entered by the *Torre del Homage*, of "Homage," which rises at the end of the *Pelota*, or fives-court, whose wall much disfigures the Plaza. Observe a Roman altar from Illiberis, imbedded by the Moors in this tower; it is inscribed by the grateful Valerius to his "most indulgent wife," Cornelia.

The present entrance to the I. was made by the French. The Alcazaba is now used as a prison for galley-slaves. The once most curious Moorish armoury was sold by its governor, Bucarelli, to defray the cost of a bullfight. Ascend the *Torre de la Vela* by its narrow staircase. Here, as an inscription records, the Christian flag was first hoisted by the Cardinal Mendoza and his brother. The panorama is glorious. Below lies Granada, belted with plantations; beyond expands the Vega, about 30 m. in length by 25 in width, 70 in circumference, and guarded like an Eden by a wall of mountains. The basin was once a lake, through which the Xenil burst a way at Loja. The Vega is studded with villas and villages; every field has its battle, every rivulet its ballad. It is a scene for painters to sketch, and for poets to describe. To the I. rise the snowy Alpujarras, then the distant Sierra of Alhama, then the gorge of Loja in the distance, then the round

mountain of Parapanda, which is the barometer of the Vega, as Soracte was to Horace; for when its head is bonnetted with mists, so surely does rain fall: "*Cuando Parapanda se pone la montera, Lluève aunque Dios no lo quisiera.*" Nearer Granada is the *Sierra de Elvira*, the site of old Illiberis, and below the dark woods of the Duke of Wellington's *Soto de Roma*. To the rt. is the rocky defile of Moclin, and the distant chains of Jaen.

The *Torre de la Vela* is so called, because on this "*watch-tower*" hangs a silver-tongued bell, which, struck by the warder at certain times, is the primitive clock that gives notice to irrigators below. It is heard on a still night even at Loja, 30 m. off, and tender and touching are the feelings which the silver sound awakens. This bell is also rung every January 2, the anniversary of the surrender of Granada; on that day the Alhambra is visited by crowds of peasantry. Few maidens pass by without striking the bell, which ensures a husband, and a good one in proportion as the noise made, which it need not be said is continuous and considerable. The fête is altogether most national and picturesque. Ascend this *torre* just before the sun sets, to see what is his blaze of glory in these southern latitudes, when he incarnadines heaven and earth. Then, as darkness comes on, the long lines of burning weeds and stubble in the Vega run and sparkle, crackling like the battle flashes of infantry; and, in the old warder's remark, recall the last campaigns of the Moor and Christian.

The under line of bastions, or *adarcos*, which extend to the Gate of Justice, were laid out by Charles V. in hanging gardens with fountains, busts, and cinque-cento sculpture. ~~The cypresses seen everywhere from afar, are the sole constant mourners of the Moor. The vines, *Parapanda*, are said to be of the time of Boabdil.~~ Their boa-constrictor-like stems wind round the square pilasters. The outer bastions, below the Alcazaba, were destroyed by the French, and are now a weed-overgrown ruin.

In a small court of the *Alcazaba* is a marble sarcophagus or tank, with basso-relievos of animals; among them the "*deer-slaying lion*," which occurs so often in Greek art. It is difficult to say whether this rude sculpture be antique or Moorish. An Arabic inscription is carried round the border, but this may be later than the carving; at all events, *stags* are animals connected by Orientals with the fountain, "*as the hart panteth for the water-brooks:*" and the Spanish Moors, among other departures from strict Moslem rules, did not reject either paintings or carvings of living objects.

Returning to the *Plaza de los Algibes*, is an isolated Moorish tower *La Torre del Vïno*, built in 1345 by Yûsuf I. Observe the elegant Moorish arch, and the *Azulejos*, with which Spanish filth and neglect contrast. This oratory was first turned into a temple of Bacchus when the Alhambra had a privilege of introducing wine; now it is sacred to Cloacina Granadina. The large palace opposite was begun by Charles V., and, symbol of himself and Spain, great in conception and impotent in conclusion, is unfinished and unroofed; yet to raise this edifice, which he could not complete, Charles destroyed large portions of what the Moors had finished. This palace is, however, what the Spaniards admire, and to this, *their* building, and not to the Alhambra, *that* of the Moors, do they direct the stranger's attention. The foundations were laid with an evil omen, and in the tears of a pillaged people. The funds were extorted from the Moriscos to buy off the dreaded inquisition, which, nevertheless, was let loose on them.

This true *Château en Espagne* was begun in 1526, progressed slowly until 1633, and was then abandoned. It consists of a square of 220 ft., with 3 elaborate façades, and was one of the first buildings erected in Spain in the Græco-Romano Bramante style. The ornaments of the grand portal and windows, ascribed to Berruguete, are by Pedro Machuca. As works of art, the basso-relievos are much overrated; and such is the poverty of invention,

that the same compositions are simply reversed. The creamy pudding-stone is called *Almendrado*, and comes from the quarries of *El Turro*. The interior is cut up with a disproportioned Doric and Ionic circular *patio*, which, however well contrived, if the emperor meant to use it as an arena for bull-fights, must destroy the proportions of all rooms near it. The court, however, has generally been made a working-place for galley-slaves. There was a notion of offering this huge shell to the Duke of Wellington, with hopes that he would finish it with English gold; but it ended in nothing. There was some talk also of Queen Christina taking it in hand, but *de lo dicho al hecho, va gran trecho*.

Before entering the Moorish palace look around at this Plaza, where everything is typical of the past and present. In front the massy towers of the Moors frown over ruins and neglect. The uneven weed-encumbered court is disfigured by invalids, beggars, and convicts, emblems of Spanish weakness and poverty. The clanking of the criminal's chain has replaced the cry of the Mueddin and the *Algara* of the Moorish knight. The unfinished palace of the Austrian which insults the half-destroyed abode of the Western Kalif—is a thing of Spain, of to-day, where old systems are overturned by rash innovators, who have been unable to raise any new ones in their place.

The present entrance to *la real casa Arabe* is of Spanish construction, and lies in an obscure corner; for Charles V., adding insult to injury, did not even set his new building in a parallel line with the older one, and destroyed altogether the previous and noble façade which opened to the south. Before entering it may be as well to say a word on the erection of this edifice, the Arabic inscriptions, colours, ceilings, and architectural peculiarities: its decay has already been recorded.

The severe, simple, almost forbidding exterior of the Alhambra, gives no promise of the Aladdin gorgeousness which once shone within, when the opening of a single door, as if by the 'ap of a fairy's wand, admitted the

stranger into an almost paradise. In common with other Moorish commanding Alcazares, it is built on the crest of a hill and of *lapia*. The picturesque walls and towers, which fringe the heights, follow the natural lines of the uneven ground. This fortress-palace, the dwelling of an Oriental, was intended to awe the city below with the forbidding exterior of power, to keep out heat, enemies foreign and domestic, and to keep in women. The plain aspect was adopted to avert the effects of the evil eye, the bugbear of Orientals, which scowls on the over prosperous, and dogs their felicity. The interior voluptuousness and splendour was masked like the glittering spar is in a coarse pebble.

The internal arrangements were purely Oriental, with its colonnaded walks, the fountains, baths, the diaper-stucco *Tarkish*, *Azulejo* dado, above which hung the rich *Artesonado* roof, gilded and starred like a heaven. "The architecture of the Arabs," says Owen Jones, "is essentially religious, and the offspring of the Koran, as Gothic architecture is of the Bible. The prohibition to represent animal life caused them to seek for other means of decoration—inscriptions from the Koran, interwoven with geometrical ornaments and flowers, not drawn decidedly from nature, but translated through the loom; for it would seem that the Arabs, in changing their wandering for a settled life, in striking the tent to plant it in a form more solid, had transferred the luxurious shawls and hangings of Cashmere, which had adorned their former dwellings, to their new, changing the tent-pole for a marble column, and the silken tissue for gilded plaster;" and certainly he might have added that the palm-tree was the type of the columns which they used in their *patios*. With regard to the Arabic inscriptions, these *epigrammata* are written in an ornate character, and are decorations of themselves; their usage was borrowed from the phylacteries, the *preservative* devices of the Jews. Gayangos observes of their import, that "They are of three sorts:—*Ayd*,

that is verses from the Koran; *Asjá*, that is, pious sentences not taken from the Koran; and *Ashár*, that is, poems in praise of the builders or owners, of the palace." Like most Oriental poetry, the import is altogether flat and insipid to European readers; the charm appears to consist rather in sounds and words than in meaning; now both are lost to eyes that understand not. But well might the poet Iman Ibn Nasr inscribe one wall thus: "Look *attentively* at my elegance, thou wilt reap the benefit of a *commentary on decoration*," and certainly surface ornamentation and gorgeous fanciful elegance, were never carried to higher perfection than on the walls of the Alhambra.

The inscriptions belonging to the first two classes are generally written in Cufic, the character of the city El Koofeh, founded about the 17th year of the Hegira. The square form lends itself to geometrical patterns; indeed, it is as difficult to distinguish the letters from the diagrams, as it is the modern Arabic character from the scrolly ornaments. The Cufic letters are often so arranged as to present a uniform appearance both ways; "thus the inscription can be read from the r. to the l., or from the l. to the r., and upwards or downwards. The long poems are all written in the African hand, with such care that no letter is ever wanting in its diacritic points, and the vowels and grammatical signs are likewise inserted." The modern Arabic character, the *Neshki* or more cursive, was adopted about the year 950, but the old Cufic one continued to be used in inscriptions in conjunction with it down to 1508. These records, so speaking to the Moor, are full of meaning; telling at every turn the greatness, goodness, and unity of the Godhead; they are now lost on the "inattentive" stranger, who can neither read nor interpret the writings on the wall.

The colours employed by the Moors were, in all cases, the primary—blue, red, and yellow (gold); blues predominating to correct the reds and yellows, and thus preserve the harmony of colour

for which the Moors had a "highly organised natural instinct." The secondary colours, purple, green, and orange, only occur in the dados of *Azulejo*, which, being nearer the eye, formed a point of repose from the more brilliant colouring above; some may now seem green, but this is the change effected by time on the original metallic blue. The Catholic kings used both green and purple, and their work can easily be discovered by the coarseness of execution and the want of the harmonious balance of colours, which the Moors understood so much better. Under the Moors, according to Owen Jones, the marble pillars were gilt, but the Spaniards found it easier to scrape off the gold in their repairs, and thus expose the white stone, than to regild them. The elegant palm-like pillars deserve notice, and especially the variety of their capitals; these are, in all cases, carved in white marble; only the embellishments on the mouldings, which are now indicated by faint lines, are painted, the ground being blue, and the ornament the white surface of the marble; in some cases this order is reversed: few of the capitals retain their colouring perfect, although traces of it appear in almost all; the ground is frequently red, with blue leaves on the upper surfaces; all the bands and inscriptions were in gold; the common inscriptions are, "And there is no conqueror but God;" and "Blessing." The dados of *Azulejo* and "frets" deserve careful notice. Intricate as these interlacings appear, they are formed on the simplest rules: "If a series of lines," says Owen Jones, "be drawn equidistant and parallel to each other, crossed by a similar series at right angles so as to form squares, and the spaces thus given set off diagonally, intersecting each alternate square, every possible combination may be obtained; or an equal variety will result by drawing equidistant lines diagonally and setting off the spaces at each square at right angles." In the *Azulejo* pillars the component parts are the same, the infinite variety of pattern being obtained by changing the colours and juxtaposition of the separate parts.

Where these *Azulejo* tiles are used as pavements, if *inscribed* they have been most likely placed there by the Spaniards, for the Mohamedans are most careful even of treading on any accidental scrap of paper, for fear it should contain the revered name of Allah. Many of the marble pavements in the Alhambra clearly were not the original ones, as they are placed above the ancient level, and conceal portions of the Mosaic dado.

The honeycomb stalactical pendentives are all constructed on mathematical principles; they are composed of numerous prisms, united by their contiguous lateral surfaces, consisting of seven different forms proceeding from three primary figures on plain; these are the right-angled triangle, the rectangle, the isosceles triangle. The various component parts are capable of an infinite variety of combination, as infinite as the melodies which may be produced from the seven notes of the musical scale. The conical ceilings in the Alhambra attest the wonderful power and effect obtained by the repetition of the most simple elements; nearly 5000 pieces enter into the construction of the ceiling of *Las dos Hermanas*; and although they are simply of plaster, strengthened here and there with pieces of reed, they are in most perfect preservation: but the carpentry of the Phœnicians passed down to the Moor. These houses, "ceiled with cedar and painted with vermilion" (Jer. xxii. 14), are exactly those of the ancient Egyptians (Wilk. ii. 125).

The *Artesonado* ceilings, the shutter and door *marqueterie* works, resemble those in the Alcázar of Seville. The patterns, although apparently intricate, are all reducible to the simplest geometrical rules, and the same principle applies equally to the *Lienzos* and *Azulejos*. A common principle of surface ornamentation pervades, as the Moslem prohibition of introducing living forms, narrowed and fixed the decorative scope, and more care was taken in the contrast of colour and variety of lines. The Arabian style certainly consists of the multiplication of the

ornate and minute, and has neither the grand size of the Ægyptian, the exquisite proportion of the Greek and Roman, or the solemnity of the Gothic.

The mode of hanging the doors is that used by the ancients in their temples, and continued in the East to this day; they move on pivots, forming part of the framing, which are let into a socket in a marble slab below, and above into the soffit of the beam; a bolt usually secures, at the same time, both the flaps of the folding-doors and the wicket.

Entering by the obscure portal of Spanish construction, to the l. is the quarter allotted to the governor's residence. The suite of rooms is noble, but every beautiful vestige of the Moor has been swept away. The first *patio* has various names; it is called *de la Alberca* and *de la Barca*—of the "Fish-pond," of the "Bark;" these are corruptions of the true Moorish name "*Berkah*," "the Blessing," which occurs all over it in the Arabic inscriptions. "*Beerkeh*," in Arabic, also signifies a tank, *unde* Alberca. The side walls are planted with myrtles, whence it is called *de los Arrayanes*, *Arrayán*, Arabic "a myrtle." It is about 150 feet long by 80 wide.

To the rt. is an elegant double corridor, the upper portion, recently repaired, being the only specimen of its kind in the Alhambra. Here was the grand entrance of the Moors, which, with the whole winter quarter, was pulled down by Charles V., who built up his palace against it. The under saloon was converted by the French into an oil-magazine; the tank, *Estanque*, in the centre of the court, was formerly enclosed by a Moorish balustrade, which was pulled down and sold in the time of Bucarelli. The marble pavement came from Macael, and is now much broken up, as the French here piled up their firewood for their camp kettles.

The saloons to the rt. of this *patio*, were once most gorgeous; they belonged to the monarch's wife, and hence are still called *el cuarto de la Sultána*. These were gutted in 1831 by the governor La Serna, who con-

verted them into store-rooms for the salt-fish of his presidarios. On the opposite side is a small room fitted up by Ferdinand the Catholic, as the ceiling shows, for the archives, which, contained in iron trunks, have never been properly examined. In 1725 the contador Manuel Nuñez de Prado printed some of them; but as he was very ignorant and made the selection himself, garbling and falsifying the pages, the extracts only related to saints, relics, and nonsense, and were so absurd that he was advised to buy up the copies, which, consequently, are very rare. A new compilation was then made by Luis Francisco Viano, a canon of the Sacro Monte, who employed Echevarria as his amanuensis. Just when they were printed Prado died, and with him his project, as the attorney Venencio then sold the sheets for waste paper. This little room contains or contained a fine Moorish marble table, and a splendid earthenware vase, enamelled in blue, white, and gold; the companion was broken in the time of Montilla, who used the fragments as flower-pots, until a French lady carried them away. There is some difficulty in getting into this room. The governor, the contador, and the escribano, each have a key of three locks, and these worthies, like Macbeth's witches, must be well paid before they will meet—"nuestro alcalde, nunca da paso de valde." The *Azulejo* dado which ran round this *patio* was stripped off by Bucarelli's daughters and sold. Near the archives is the Moorish door which led to the mosque.

Advancing to the great tower of Comares, observe the elegant ante-gallery; the slim columns would appear unequal to the superincumbent weight were not the spandrels lightened by perforated ornaments, by which also a cool current of air is admitted. *Lightness* was the aim of Moorish architects, as *massiveness* was of the ancient Egyptians. The real supports were concealed, and purposely kept unexpressed, so that the apparent supports, thin pillars, and gossamer perforated fabric, seemed fairy work: the object was to contradict the idea of weight, and

let the masses appear to hang in air floating like summer clouds. Observe the divans or alcoves at each end of this anteroom, and especially, near that to the rt., the *Azulejo* pillars and portions of the original colours with which the stucco *Turkish* was decorated. Observe, in this anteroom, the ceiling—a waggon-headed dome of wood, of most elaborate patterns, and the honeycomb stalactical pendentives.

Before entering the Hall of Ambassadors, pass by a staircase to the l., which leads up to the governor's dwelling, to the *Mezquita*, once the mosque of the palace. The *patio*, a picture, was made a sheep-pen by Montilla's wife, and since a poultry-yard; one façade retains its original Moorish embroidery, and the beams of the roof are the finest specimens in the Alhambra. The upper part of the cornice above the stalactites is wood, and from the form of the barge-board may be collected the shape of the original tiles which rested on it. The inscriptions between the rafters are "*Al-Mann*," "*The Grace*" of God; and on the moulding underneath, "And there is no conqueror but God," alternately with "God is our refuge in every trouble." A barbarous Spanish gallery destroys one side: observe the two pillars of the vestibule and their unique capitals. The door of the mosque was stripped of its bronze facings by the Bucarellis, who sold the copper: a fragment only remains, which was out of the reach of these harpies.

Proceeding to the *Mezquita*, the roof was re-painted by Ferdinand and Isabella. Near the entrance on the rt. is the exquisite niche, the *Mihrab* or sanctuary, in which the Koran was deposited. The inscription at the springing of the arch is "And be not one of the negligent." Turning to the l. is the mosque, which Charles V. converted into a chapel, thus himself doing here what he condemned in others at Cordova (p. 230). The incongruous additions mar this noble saloon. A heavy ill-contrived altar is placed in the middle, while all around figure dolphins, pagan mottoes, and

cinque-cento ornaments, with the arms of the Mendozas, the hereditary alcaldes. A raised gallery or pew, partly gilt and partly unfinished, recalls the "beautifying and repairing" of some bungling churchwarden. The floor of the mosque has been lowered about 2 feet, probably with a view to obtain height for the pew gallery.

Reascending to the anteroom of the *Sala de los Ambajadores*, on each side at the entrance are recesses into which, according to some, the slippers were placed—an Oriental and Roman custom (Exod. iii. 5; Mart. iii. 50, 3). The Asiatic, being the antipodes of the European, takes off his shoes, not his hat, as a mark of respect: others contend, and perhaps rightly, that these niches were meant to contain *alevarazas*, or porous drinking vessels filled with cool water, the luxury of the East; and this notion is borne out by the import of some of the inscriptions round these apertures, e.g., "If any one approach me complaining of thirst, he will receive cool and limpid water, sweet without admixture." This reception-room of state occupies the whole interior of the Comares tower, which is a square of 37 ft., by 75 ft. high to the centre of the dome: observe the *Azulejos*, the *Turkish*, and the site of the royal throne, which was placed opposite the entrance. The rt. inscription runs, "From me, this throne, thou art welcomed morning and evening by the tongues of *Blessing—Berkah*—prosperity, happiness, and friendship; that is the elevated dome, and we, the several recesses, are her daughters; yet I possess excellence and dignity above all those of my race. Surely we are all members of the same body, but I am like the heart in the midst of them, and from the heart springs all energy of soul and life." The l. inscription runs, "True, my fellows, these may be compared to the signs of the zodiac in the heaven of that dome, but I can boast that of which they are wanting, the honour of a sun, since my lord, the victorious Yusuf, has decorated me with robes of glory, and excellence without disguise, and has made me the *Throne of his Empire*: may its

eminence be upheld by the Master of divine glory and the celestial throne!" And splendid indeed must all have been under the Moor, and in perfect contrast with the present Spanish abomination of desolation. The existing ceiling, an *artesonado* dome of wood, ornamented by ribs intersecting each other in various patterns, with ornaments in gold, painted on grounds of blue and red in the interstices, is composed of the *Alerce*, and darkened by time; the original ceiling was of stucco, but fell down with an arch which once was carried across the hall. The enormous thickness of the walls may be estimated by the windows, which are so deeply recessed as to look like cabinets, or the lateral chapels of a cathedral. The views from them are enchanting. "Ill-fated the man who lost all this," said Charles V. when he looked out. The saloon has been much injured by earthquakes and the heavy wooden shutters introduced by this Charles. Below this hall are some vaulted rooms, where some second-rate marble statues, probably by Pedro Machuca, 2 nymphs and a Jupiter and Leda, are deposited, being considered too nude for Spanish prudery. Observe the infinity of subterraneous intercommunications, most of which have been blocked up by the Spaniards: these were the escapes of the Sultan in times of outbreak. Here also were the state prisons, and from the window looking down on the Darro it is said that 'Ayeshah, fearful of her rival Zoraya, let down Boabdil in a basket, as James I. was from the castle of Edinburgh.

Coming up again, turning to the rt., a heavy gallery, built by Charles V., leads to the *Tocador de la Reina*, or the dressing-room of the Queen, as the Spaniards have called this somewhat exposed, and à la *Bathsheba* *Mirador*, which is only the *Tooc* keyseh of the Moslem of Cairo (see Lane, ii. 62). The chilly Fleming Charles blocked up the elegant Moorish colonnade, and the marble shafts still struggle to get out of their mortar prison. The royal dressing-room is about 9 feet square; the interior was modernised

by Charles, and painted in arabesque like the Vatican loggie; but no picture of art can come up to those of nature, when we look around on the hills and defiles as seen from between the marble colonnade. The artists were Julio and Alesandro, pupils of Giovanni da Udina, who had come to Spain to decorate the house of Francisco de los Cobos, the Emperor's secretary, at Ubeda. They represent views of Italian seaports, battles, ships, and banners, but have been barbarously mutilated. These walls are scribbled over with the names of travellers, the homage of all nations. In a corner is a marble slab drilled with holes, through which perfumes were said to have been wafted up while the Sultana was dressing, after the fashion of the "Foramina et Specularia" of the ancients, but the room was either an oratory or a mere *mirador*, as an exposed *alfresco* dressing-room would have been an absurdity.

From the anteroom of the Comares a passage, protected by iron gratings, leads to the Moorish baths; this place is absurdly called *el Carcel de la Reina*, from supposing it to have been the dungeon of 'Ayesshah. The defences are of Spanish construction, and were put up in 1639 to protect the royal plate-closet. The little *patio* below is well preserved, for these *baños* lay out of the way of ordinary ill-usage. They consist of *El Baño del Rey* and *El Baño del Principe*. The vapour-bath is lighted from above by small *lumbres* or "louvres." The Moorish cauldron and leaden pipes were sold by the daughters of Bucarelli. The *Azulejos* are curious. The arrangement of these baths is that still used in Cairo: the bathers undressed in the entrance saloon, and underwent in the *Hararah*, or the "vapour-bath," the usual shampooings. The upper portion of the chamber of repose has a gallery in which musicians were placed. Among the inscriptions is "Glory to our Lord, Abú-l-Hajaj Yusúf, commander of the Moslems: may God render him victorious over his enemies! What is most to be wondered at is the felicity which

awaits in this delightful spot." Near the *baños* is a whispering-gallery, which pleases the childish, tasteless natives more than any Moorish remains. The suite of rooms above were modernised by the newly married Charles V., who arrived here June 5, 1526. Here Spaniards contend that Philip II. was at least begotten, if he was born at Valladolid, May 21, 1527. The ceilings, heavy fire-places, and carvings of Charles, are diametrically opposed to the work of the Moor: he demolished everything both here and to the l. in the *Patio de los Arrayanes*, called also *De Lindaraja*, from the name of a Moorish princess. There is an Arabic fountain in the court.

Retracing our steps through the *Patio de la Alberca*, we pass by an anteroom, much altered by Ferdinand and Isabella, and still worse by Philip V., into the Court of Lions, a Moorish *cloister*, but one never framed for ascetics. Here Spanish bad taste and foreign Vandalism have done their worst. The vile tiled roof, fitter for a barn than a palace, was clapped on by the Irishman Wall in 1770—a round hat on a gorgeous Mameluke. The cockney garden was the work of the French; that, thank God! has been done away with recently. The repairs and whitewashings are Spanish. *Ay! de mi Alhambra!*

The *patio* is an hypethral quadrilateral oblong of some 116 feet by 66; 128 pillars of white marble 11 feet high support a peristyle or portico on each side, so say travellers of the line and rule class: at each end, two elegant pavilions project into the court. The columns are placed sometimes singly, sometimes grouped; although they are so slender that they scarcely seem able to support the arches, 5 centuries of neglect have not yet destroyed this slight fairy thing of filigree, which has not even the appearance of durability; wherever the destroyer has mutilated the fragile ornaments, the temple-loving martlet, guest of summer, builds his nest, and careers in the delicate air, breaking with his twitter the silence of these sunny, now deserted, courts, once made for Ori-

ental enjoyment, and even now just the place to read the *Arabian Nights* in, or spend a honeymoon.

The *fuente* in the centre is a dodecagon basin of alabaster, resting on the backs of 12 lions, rudely and heraldically carved, and closely resembling those of Apulia and Calabria, by which tombs and pulpits of Norman-Saracenic mosaic work are supported. These Arabian sculptures make up for want of reality by a sort of quaint heraldic antiquity; such were those described by Arnobius (*Adv. Gen.* vi.), "Inter Deos videmus Leonis torvissimam faciem." Their faces are barbecued, and their manes cut like scales of a griffin, and the legs like bedposts, with the feet concealed by the pavement, while a water-pipe stuck in their mouths does not add to their dignity. Lions, from remote antiquity, have been used as supporters; the Oriental type will be found in the throne of Solomon (1 Kings vii. 29; x. 20). In fact, the whole Alhambra must have been like the ancient and Byzantine palaces. The Hypodromus, the "portico with a hundred pillars," the *Azulejo* pavement, the cypresses, the net-work of fountains, the sound of falling waters, are all detailed by Martial (xii. 50) and Pliny, jun. (*Ep.* v. 6), and such was the palace of Justinian described by Gibbon. The inscription round the basin signifies, "Blessed be He who gave the Imám Mohamed a mansion, which in beauty exceeds all other mansions; and if not so, here is a garden containing wonders of art, the like of which God forbids should elsewhere be found. Look at this solid mass of pearl glistening all around, and spreading through the air its showers of prismatic bubbles, which fall within a circle of silvery froth, and flow amidst other jewels, surpassing everything in beauty, nay, exceeding the marble itself in whiteness and transparency: to look at the basin one would imagine it to be a mass of solid ice, and the water to melt from it; yet it is impossible to say which of the two is really flowing. Seest thou not how the water from above flows on the surface, notwithstanding

the current underneath strives to oppose its progress; like a lover whose eyelids are pregnant with tears, and who suppresses them for fear of an informer? for truly, what else is this fountain but a beneficent cloud pouring out its abundant supplies over the lions underneath, like the hands of the Khalif, when he rises in the morning to distribute plentiful rewards among his soldiers, the Lions of war? Oh! thou who beholdest these Lions crouching, fear not; life is wanting to enable them to show their fury: and Oh! thou, the heir of the Anssár, to thee, as the most illustrious offspring of a collateral branch, belongs that ancestral pride which makes thee look with contempt on the kings of all other countries. May the blessings of God for ever be with thee! May he make thy subjects obedient to thy rule, and grant thee victory over thy enemies!"

Since the damages done by Sebastian, the fountains of the amphibious Moor, which played here in all directions, long remained ruined and dry. That of the Lions alone is restored, and occasionally is set in action. Some of the most beautiful chambers of the Alhambra open into this court: beginning to the rt. is the *Sala de los Abencerrages*; the exquisite door was sawn into pieces in 1837 by the barbarian Spanish governor: observe the honeycomb stalactite roof; the slender pillar of the alcove explains how Samson pulled down the support of the house of Dagon. The roof and *Azulejos* were repaired by Charles V.: the guide points out some dingy stains near the fountain as the blood-marks of the Abencerrages, massacred here by Boabdil: alas, that boudoirs made for love and life should witness scenes of hatred and death! And oh, dearest reader! believe this and every tale of the Alhambra, a sacred spot far beyond the jurisdiction of matter-of-fact and prosaic history: do not disenchant the romance of poetry, the genius loci; where fairies have danced their mystic rings, flowers may spring, but mere grass will never grow: above all, eschew geology; deem not these spots ferruginous, for nothing is more cer-

tain than that heroic blood never can be effaced, still less if shed in foul murder. Nor, according to Lady Macbeth, will all the perfumes of Arabia mask the smell. This blood is quite as genuine to all intents of romance as is that of Rizzio at Holyrood-house, or of Becket at Canterbury. Beware, says Voltaire, "des gens durs qui si disent solidés, des esprits sombres qui prétendent au jugement parce-qu'ils sont dépourvus d'imagination, qui veulent proscrire la belle antiquité de la fable—gardez-vous bien de les croire."

At the E. end of the court are 3 saloons of extremely rich decoration: the *Sala de Justicia* is so called from an assemblage of 10 bearded Moors seated in a council or divan, which is painted on the ceiling. According to Mendoza (Guer. de Gran. 1), the portraits represent the successors of King Bulharix; all this is sheer nonsense—but they, painted about 1460, deserve notice as giving the true costume of the Granada Moor; the other pictures represent chivalrous and amorous subjects, all naturally tending to the honour of the Moor, whose royal shield is seen everywhere: in one a Moor unhorses a Christian warrior; another represents a captive lady leading a chained lion, while she is delivered from a wild man by a knight. Observe a game of draughts (the *dámeh* of the Arab, the *aux dames* of France); also the boar-huntings, with ladies looking out of turreted castles, Christians on horseback, Moors in sweeping robes, with a background of trees, buildings, birds, animals, magpies, and rabbits, painted like an illuminated book of the fifteenth century, or a dream of Chaucer's:—

— "On the walls old portraiture
Of horsemen, hawkes, and hounds,
And hartes dre all full of woundes."

It is not known by whom these pictures, unique considering the period, persons, and locality, were executed, probably by some Christian renegade. They are painted in bright colours, which are still fresh; the tints are flat, and were first drawn in outline in a brown colour, and on skins of ani-

mals sewn together and nailed to the dome: a fine coating of gypsum was used as priming—a common process with the early Byzantine painters: the ornaments on the gold ground are in relief; they are now, and have long been, neglected. It is to be wished that these relics, which in any other country would be preserved under glass, should be accurately copied the full size, for the plates in Murphy are beneath criticism, from their gross inaccuracy.

Of the many beautiful arches in this building, few surpass that which opens into the central saloon; observe the archivolt, spandrels, and inscriptions: surface lace-like ornamentation never was carried beyond this. In the last of the 3 rooms the cross was first placed by Cardinal Mendoza, and the identical one is preserved at Toledo. Ferdinand "purified" these once gorgeous saloons, that is, white-washed them, and introduced his and his wife's badges, the yoke and the bundle of arrows. And there is a moral in these symbols, which Spaniards now-a-days will not understand: they inculcate "union," the "drawing together," and a fair equality, instead of struggle for pre-eminence. It was by Arragon and Castile's "pulling together" that the Moorish house, divided against itself, was overthrown.

Opposite to the Sala de los Abencerrages is that of *Las dos Hermanas*, so called from the 2 slabs of Macael marble, sisters in colour and form, which are let into the pavement. This formed a portion of the private apartments of the Moorish kings, of which so much has been destroyed, and the alcoves or sleeping-rooms on each side give it the character of a residence. This Sala and its adjuncts is unequalled for the beauty and symmetry of the ornaments, the stalactite roof and general richness, notwithstanding the degradation and defilements perpetrated during the sad long years of Spanish misrule. What must it once have been, cum tales sunt reliquæ! Well may one of the inscriptions invite us to "Look attentively at my elegance, and thou wilt reap the benefit of a commentary on decora-

tion; here are columns ornamented with every perfection, and the beauty of which has become proverbial—columns which, when struck by the rays of the rising sun, one might fancy, notwithstanding their colossal dimensions, to be so many blocks of pearl; indeed, we never saw a palace more lofty than this in its exterior, or more brilliantly decorated in its interior, or having more extensive apartments." This beautiful saloon was made a work-shop under Montilla, and in 1832 was mutilated by the corporation of Granada, who employed a dauber, one Muriel, to put up some paltry things for a fête given to the Infante Francisco de Paula, for which the Moorish decorations were ruthlessly broken, and the "marks of the beast" are yet visible. The entrance to this *Sala* passes under some most elaborate engrailed arches with rich intersecting ornaments; observe the Oriental method of hanging the doors. Above is an upper story with latticed windows, through which the "dark-eyed," or Hauras of the Hareem, could view the fêtes below, themselves unseen and guarded, the idols of a secret shrine, treasures too precious to be gazed upon by any one but their liege lord. This *υπερορον* and *Γυμνασιον* is similar in construction to those used still in the East and in Tetuan; but here, as elsewhere, everything proves the extent of Spanish destruction, which has swept away the important portions of the Seraglio or Hareem, and rendered, as Owen Jones says, even an imaginary restoration of the original building impossible.

At the end of the *Sala* is a charming window looking into the *Patio de Linderaja*, which Charles V. disfigured with his brick additions. This *Ventana* and its alcove were the boudoir of the Sultana, on which poetry and art exhausted their efforts; all the varieties of form and colour which adorn other portions of the Alhambra are here united. The inscriptions, to those who do not understand Arabic, appear to be only beautiful and complex scroll-work; while to the initiated they sing "Praise to God! Delicately have the fingers of the artist embroidered my

robe after setting the jewels of my diadem. People compare me to the throne of a bride; yet I surpass it in this, that I can secure the felicity of those who possess me."

Such is the Alhambra in its decayed and fallen state, unvisited save by the twittering martlet, who, like the stranger, comes with the spring and flies away with the last smile of summer; now it is but the carcase of what it was when vivified by a living soul; now it is the tomb, not the home of the Moor. It may disappoint those who, fonder of the present and a cigar than of the past and the abstract, arrive heated with the hill, and are thinking of getting back to an ice, a dinner, and a siesta. Again, the nonsense of annuals has fostered an over-exaggerated notion of a place which from the dreams of boyhood has been fancy-formed as a fabric of the Genii. Few airy castles of illusion will stand the prosaic test of reality, and nowhere less than in Spain. But to understand the Alhambra, it must be lived in, and beheld, as we have done so often, in the semi-obscure evening, so beautiful of itself in the South, and when ravages are less apparent, than when flouted by the gay day-glare. At twilight it becomes entirely a vision of the past, for daylight dispels the dreamy haunted air, and we begin to examine, measure, and criticize, while on a stilly summer night all is again given up to the past and to the Moor: then, when the moon, Dian's bark of pearl, floats above it in the air like his crescent symbol, the tender beam heals the scars, and makes them contribute to the sentiment of widowed loneliness. The wan rays tip the filigree arches, *semant les murs de trefles blancs*; a depth is then given to the shadows, and a misty undefined magnitude to the saloons beyond, which sleep in darkness and silence, broken only by the drony flight of some bat. The reflections in the ink-black tank glitter, like subaqueous silver palaces of Undines; as we linger in the recesses of the windows, below lies Granada, with its busy hum, and the lights sparkle like stars on the obscure Albaicin as if we were looking

down on the *cielo bajo*, or reversed firmament. The baying of the dog and the tinkling of a guitar, indicating life there, increase the desolation of the Alhambra. Then in proportion as all here around is dead do the fancy and imagination become alive, the halls and courts seem to expand into a larger size: the shadows of the cypresses on the walls assume the forms of the dusky Moor, revisiting his lost home in the glimpses of the moon, while the night winds, breathing through the unglazed windows and myrtles, rustle as his silken robes, or sigh like his lament over the profanation of the infidel and the defilement of the unclean destroyer.

The Alhambra hill is about 2600 ft. long by 730 ft. in its widest part; the thick average 30 ft. high and 6 ft. thick; ~~substantially a grand piano~~, with the point to the *Torre de la Vela*; it is girdled with walls and towers. Many of these, exquisitely ornamented, formed the detached residences of favourite sultanas, royal children, and great officers. Leaving the palace by a small door at the hall of justice, is an open space, on which a few years ago, was a fine Moorish tank, now filled up with rubbish by galley-slaves. To the rt. is a small Alameda, and the parish ch., *La Santa Maria*, built in 1581, by Juan de Vega, which was turned into a magazine under Sebastiani; on the S. side, let into the wall, is a Gothic stone, found in digging the foundations, and recording the restoration of 3 churches by one Gudilla; observe the use of *servulos operarios*, instead of the ablative, as an early instance of the change taking place in grammatical Latinity. Following the outer wall to the l. is the *Casa del Observatorio*, so called from its *mirador*, or *Casa Sanchez*, from having been the dwelling of honest Sanchez, our most trustworthy muleteer, who now lives in the Alhambra, *Puerta del Carril*, and may be most safely employed. Once most picturesque, inside and outside, and beloved by every artist, in 1837 it was ruined by a barbarian *empleado*. To this was attached a Moorish *Mezquita*, which is

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now isolated in the garden below, of which the *mihrab*, or holy niche for the Koran, is most elaborate. Near this a modern mosque has been erected, or rather a sort of caricature summer-house, which is admired by the natives, and this even in the Alhambra! Here also among weeds lie the two Moorish lions, which formerly were in the *Casa de Moneda*.

Continuing lower down is the Moorish postern gate, *La Torre del Pico*, but the machicolations are of the time of the Catholic sovereigns. The French intended to blow this tower up, as a parting legacy; the holes made by their miners yet remain, and prove their good intentions, but the procrastination of their agent, Farses, saved the building. From this gate a path, crossing the ravine, leads up to the *Generalife*; return, however, first, to the Casa Sanchez. In the garden opposite was the house, for it no longer exists, of the Conde de Tendilla, the first *Alcaide* of the Alhambra. The fruit grown on this spot is especially exquisite. The bones of the gallant Tendilla were placed under the high altar in the adjoining convent of Franciscans, founded by himself; these Sebastiani scattered to the winds, making the place a barrack for Polish lancers; here the body of the Great Captain was placed until removed to San Jeronimo; and here also, under the two engrailed Moorish arches, long rested the coffins of Ferdinand and Isabella, until their sepulchre in the cathedral was finished: pillaged and desecrated by Sebastiani, this convent has since been turned into a magazine by the Spaniards.

The grand mosque of the Alhambra stood near; it was built in 1308 by Mohammed III., and is thus described by Ibnu-l-Khâtîb:—It is "ornamented with Mosaic work, and exquisite tracery of the most beautiful and intricate patterns, intermixed with silver flowers and graceful arches, supported by innumerable pillars of the finest polished marble; indeed, what with the solidity of the structure, which the Sultan inspected in person, the elegance of the design, and the beauty

of the proportions, the building has not its like in this country; and I have frequently heard our best architects say that they had never seen or heard of a building which can be compared to it." This, continues Gayangos, was in very good preservation until the ruthless occupation of Sebastiani, when it was entirely destroyed.

Turning hence, again, to the walls, visit *La Torre de las Infantas*, once the residence of the Moorish princesses, now of squalid poverty; to the l. are 2 other towers, called those of *del Candil* and *de las Cuatras*; the latter contains elegant arches and delicate *Turkish*. Continuing to the rt. is the corner tower, *de la Agua*; here an aqueduct, stemming the most picturesque ravine, supplies the hill with water. The retreating invaders blew up this and the next tower, and had they succeeded, as they wished, in destroying the aqueduct, the Alhambra would have become again a desert. Other Corsican-injured towers now intervene between "*Los Siete Suelos*," the 7 stories, or the former grand gate by which Boabdil went out, descending to the Xenil by the *Puerta de los Molinos*: hence it was afterwards walled up, as being a gate of bad omen. This is a pure Orientalism. So likewise, when princes came in, "This gate shall be shut, it shall not be opened, no man shall enter in by it" (*Ezek. xlv. 2*). All was wantonly blown up by the enemy. The walls were 14 ft. thick, but what can withstand "villainous saltpetre?" Whatever escaped did so by lucky accident, and now the ruins of 6 towers, their fragments of embroidery and porcelain, testify what they once were; all this quarter, with the Moorish palace of the Mufti and *La Casa de las Viudas*, was levelled by Sebastiani to make an exercising-ground for his soldiers. Passing the *Puerta del Carril*, by which carriages enter the Alhambra, the circuit is completed.

To visit the *Generalife*, pass out at the *Puerta del Pico*; to the l. are the remains of the stables of the Moorish guard. A deep and romantic ravine now divides the hill of the Alhambra

from the *Sierra del Sol*. Ascending amid figs and vines is the *Generalife*—Jennatu-l-arif, the "garden of the architect," of whom Isma'il-Ibn-Faraj, the Sultan, purchased the site in 1320. This mountain villa, *Senectutis nidulus*, now belongs to the Marquis of Campo-tejar, of the Grimaldi Gentili family. He is an absentee, living at Genoa, so the real owner, as usual, is the administrator. This is a villa of waters; the canal of the Darro empties here its full virgin stream; it boils through the court under evergreen arches, while an open colonnade overlooks the Alhambra, no longer seeming like a filigree boudoir, but a grand sombre solid mass of fortress. The paltry chapel is not worth visiting; the living-rooms are at the head of the court, but the inmates and furniture present a miserable contrast with Moorish forms and colour. Observe the arches and arabesques; here are some bad and apocryphal portraits; one of *El Rey Chico* is dressed like François I. in yellow and black fur, and has the inoffensive look of a man fitter to lose than to win a throne; here is also a bad portrait of the Great Captain, in black and gold: ditto of Ferdinand and Isabella. Observe the genealogical tree of the Grimaldi; the founder, Cidi Aya, a Moorish infante, aided Ferdinand at the conquest, and became a Christian by the name of Don Pedro; here also is his son Alonso, trampling like a renegade on Moorish flags; the sword of the Rey Chico was the greatest curiosity of the house. Visit the cypresses, the "trysting-place" of the Sultana; which are enormous, and old as the Moors; the frail Zoraya is said to have been discovered under them, with her lover, the Abencerrage; but all this is a calumny of Romancers, and time out of mind trees have borne false witness, like the "Holm and Mastick" of the chaste Susanna. The guides, however, point them out, exactly as the myrtles at Træzene, under which Phædra became enamoured of Hippolytus, were shown in the days of Pausanias (i. 22, 2), and the tree in Crete, under which Zeus and Europa dallied, was a lion in the time of Theophrastus (*Hist. Plant. i. 9*).

Behind these cypresses is a raised garden, with flights of Italian steps, perforated with fountains; ascending are some remains of Moorish tanks, and among them the well-built *Algibe de la Lluvia*, about which the guides tell a stupid story of Don John of Austria's thirsty troops: the palace of *Los Alizares*, which stood above, has disappeared; indeed, whatever escaped the Spaniard has been swept away by the Gaul. On the top of the hill is a knoll called the Moor's chair, *la Silla del Moro*; here are the ruins of a Moorish building and of the Spanish chapel of Santa Elena, which Sebastiani's ravagers clambered up to overturn: the view is splendid; that, thank God! never can be defiled or destroyed. Return to Granada by the Generalife and the cypress avenue; thence, over an unirrigated and therefore tawny waste, to the *Campo Santo* or burial-ground. This truly miserable place is a true thing of Spain—a land without taste or tenderness. Those who dislike cemeteries may, on leaving the Generalife avenue, turn to the rt. by the public gardens to the site of the convent *de los Martires*.

The curious *Mazmorras* on the platform have been filled up; these artificial excavations are remnants of the Moor, the modern Moorish term is *metamor*; *matmorra* in Arabic means "a prison," for, like the *λακκοι* of the Athenians, herein were guarded either corn or convicts. The dungeons of the Inquisition at Seville were called *Mazmorras*. These granaries were invented in Egypt. Such were the "storehouses" of Joseph (Gen. xli. 56). The use of them passed thence into Thrace, Africa, and Spain. Consult Pliny, 'N.H.' xviii. 30, and Varro, 'R.R.' i. 57. In these, *Syros*, *Zuqous*, grain was preserved for more than 50 years, and they were admirably contrived for concealment during the *forays* of invaders (Hirt. 'Bell. Afr.' 65). At Burjasot, near Valencia, they are still called *Silos*, probably a corruption of the ancient name, since *Scilo* in Basque signifies an "excavation;" they are lined with a cement, like the Moorish water-tanks.

The convent *de los Martires*, where bishop Pedro Gonzalo was martyred in 1456, and the first chapel built by the Catholic kings, has been sequestered, and is pulled down for the sake of its materials. The garden, with its little aqueduct, is pretty. Next visit the *barranco* or ravine behind it, where gipsies live in troglodyte burrows, amid aloes and prickly pears. The dark daughters of Moultan sit in their rags under their vines, while their elfin brats beg of a stranger an *ochavico*. Hence to the *Campo del Principe*—the parish ch. of San Cecilio is said to have been a Mosarabic and has the privilege of ringing its bell on Good Friday, when all other belfries are mute, and so on to the fine convent, *Santo Domingo*, which now serves for the *Museo*. The noble facade is by Diego de Siloe. The interior chapel is all frippery, and the altar del *Rosario* of outrageous churrigueresque; the collection of pictures are unmitigated rubbish. Granada never had much fine art, and all the best disappeared during the invasion and reforms. Sebastiani got the lion's share. He employed Argote as his jackal, from whose mouth we had the details of his doings as duly recorded in our previous editions. Among the least bad pictures now here are the portraits of Ferdinand and Isabella by *Antonio Rincon*—the Mabuse of Spain. These probably are the identical pictures alluded to by Cean Bermudez (Dic. iv. 198). There are also specimens of the conceited second rate *Atanasio Bocanegra*, and a parcel of San Brunos and Carthusians by *J. Sanchez Cotan*. Observe the portable altar from the St. Jerome Convent, with 6 fine enamels on copper, in the style of Jean Penicaud of Limoges, unfortunately the original mounting has been destroyed. Notice also some carving by Mora and Risueño, pupils of Cano. The works of this chief of the Granada school have been so effectually "removed" by Sebastiani and Co., that were it not for the cathedral he would scarcely be represented in the very city on which he lavished his talents. Next visit the convent gardens, and especially the *Cuarto Real*, which was a

royal Moorish villa. The approach is under a high embowered archway of bays and enormous myrtles. Observe the saloons and the *Azulejo*, with Cufic inscriptions in green, white, and blue. The white tiles with golden scrolls occur nowhere else. The painted Turkish was whitewashed by the French; this garden was called by the Moors *Almanjara*, and the suburb *Vib-ul Fajarin*. It was ceded, April 5, 1492, to Alonso de Valiza, prior of Santa Cruz, of Avila. Of the two gardens, the larger belonged to Dalahorra, mother of Muley Hacen, and the smaller, which, in 1615, was built over by the monks, to the Alcalde Mofarax. The original deed was copied into the *Libro Becerro* of the convent, from which we made an abstract. The "livery of seisin" was thus:—Don Alonso entered the garden pavilion, affirming loudly that he took possession; next he opened and shut the door, giving the key to *Macafreto*, a well-known householder of Granada; he then went into the garden, cut off a bit of a tree with his knife, and dug up some earth with his spade. Such was the practice of Moorish conveyancers.

Passing out by the *Puerta del Pescado* is a Moorish gateway with 3 arches. Return now to the *Campillo*, the "little field," or space, opposite the inn, and the site of the monument to the unfortunate Maria Pineda and the actor Isidoro Maiquez; tragedy and farce. The theatre is tolerable, and was built by the French, who, to enlarge this *place*, took down a portion of the Moorish citadel, *El Bibautaubin*, which was formerly surrounded by walls and towers; one tower still exists below *Fonda del Comercio*, imbedded in a modern barrack, the portal of which is churrigueresque, and worthily guarded by statues of Hogarth-like grenadiers. Here is the *Carrera del Darro*, or public walk, with planted avenues, which communicates with the Alameda on the Xenil, and is much frequented in the mornings of winter, and the evenings of summer.

The *Darro* rises from the hill of myrtles near *Huetor*, and approaches Granada under the *Monte Sacro*, a hill so

called from the finding certain sacred bones and relics, to which are attributed the sweetness and fertilizing quality of the stream. The walks on both sides of this swift arrowy *Darro* up this hill are delicious: the stream gambols down the defile; hence its Arabic name *Hádaroh*, from *Hadar*, "rapidity in flowing." The Romans called the river *Salon*. Gold is found in the bed; whence some wisecracks, catching at sound, have derived the name *Darro*, "quasi *dat aurum*;" and in 1526 a crown was given to Isabel, wife of Charles V., made from *diminute nuggets* found in this *Pactolus*. Here amphibious gold-fishers still puddle in the eddies, earning a hard and miserable livelihood in groping for poor diggings; *nugæ difficiles*. The gorge through which it flows under the Generalife was the *Haxariz*, or "Garden of Recreation," of the Moors, and was studded with villas. The *Darro*, after washing the base of the *Alhambra*, flows under the *Plaza nueva*, being arched over, and when swelled by rains, there is always much risk of its blowing up this covering. Such, says the *Seguidilla*, is the portion which *Darro* will bear to his bride the *Xenil*.

"*Darro tiene prometido,
El casarse con Xenil,
Y le ha de llevar en dote
Plaza nueva y Zacatin.*"

The Moorish *Zacatin*—*Arabicè* *Zacca*; streets, passages—is as antique as the Spanish *Plaza nueva* is modern. In summer it is covered with an awning, a *toldo*, which gives a cool and tenty look. Go, without fail, ye artists, to the back part, the *respaldos*, and sketch the Prout-like houses and toppling balconies, so old that they seem only not to fall. Here is every form and colour of picturesque poverty; vines clamber up the irregularities, while below naiads dabble, washing their red and yellow garments in the all-gilding glorious sunbeams. The *Darro* reappears at the end of its career at the "*Carrera*," and then marries itself to the *Xenil*. This—the *Singilis* of the Romans, the *Shingil* of the Moor—flows from the Sierra Nevada through a most alpine country. The waters,

composed of melted snow, are unwholesome, as, indeed, are most of those of Granada, which have a purgative tendency. The Moorish poets, who saw in the Xenil the life-blood of the Vega, the element of wealth, compared its waters to "melted gold flowing between emerald banks." "What has Cairo to boast of with her Nile, since Granada has a *thousand* Niles?" The letter *she, sheen*, has the numerical value of a thousand; hence the play on the name *Xenil*.

The artist will, of course, trace this Xenil up to its glacier sources, from whence it gushes, pure, cold, and chaste. Far from cities, and free from their drains and pollutions, the waters descend through a bosom of beauty, jealously detained at every step by some garden, which woos its embrace, and drains off its affection. The fickle impatient stream, fretted at every stone which opposes its escape, enters Granada under the Antequerula, and is crossed by a bridge built by Sebastiani, who, laid out a botanical garden on the banks, which the Spaniards destroyed on his departure, carrying their Iberian hatred and vengeance from persons to things and even benefits. The *Salon*, or fine walk, was much improved in 1826 by Gen. Campana. The *Bomba* fountain is vastly admired by the natives, but the other sculptural decorations are in the vilest art: never were pomegranates worse imitated than in this town of *Granada*, which teems with real models, and once was celebrated for its Alonso Canos and carvers. The beauty and fashion of Granada congregate on this Alameda, which is constantly injured by overfloodings. The Xenil and Darro unite below it, and, after cleansing the town of its sewers, are "*sangrado*," or drained, themselves for the irrigation of the Vega. The Xenil, soon increased by infinite mountain tributaries, unites, a noble stream, with the Guadalquivir, near Ecija. The grand fête on this Alameda is St. John's Eve, when at 12 o'clock, at the cry of *las doce*, all rush into the Xenil to wash their faces and thus ensure good complexions.

There is not much else to be seen in

Granada. Walk up the *Carrera del Darro*, to the celebrated *Plaza de Vibrambla*, the "gate of the river:" the Moorish arch struggles amid modern additions, incongruous but not unpicturesque. The old gate is called *de las orejas*, because at a festival in 1621 the mob tore off the ears of many ladies to get the rings; formerly it was called *de los cuchillos*, because here the police stuck up the dagger-knives found on rogues; the modern gate is called *de las cucharras*, of the spoons: pleasant and poetical nomenclature! The quaint Moorish *Plaza* was converted by the Spaniards into a market-place: one row of old Moorish houses, with squarish windows, remained on the N. side, so lately as 1843, when they were pulled down by one Ramon Crook, and the present buildings in the Baker-street style erected. This is the square so famous in ballad song for the *Cañas*, or the Jereed, and the bull-fightings of Gazul. Here the pageantry of *Pasos* and *Corpus Christi* are displayed; the members of the Ayuntamiento looking on from their appropriate *Casas de los Miradores*. Recently this place has been "lighted and improved," whereby its Moorish character and ballad interest is ruined and all the associations put to flight by the prose of commonplace civilisation. On market-days sorts of booths and stalls are put up, much like the tents of an Arab *Douar*. The fruit is very fine, especially the grapes, figs, and melons: the latter are piled in heaps like cannon-shot; few, however, of the arsenals of Spain can vie with this supply of natural artillery. The figs pass all praise, from the fleshy purple *Breba* to the small greengage-looking later fruit. The *Breba* or early fig is here, as in the East, thought unwholesome, and leading to bad consequences (Hosea ix. 10); by which few transpyrenean travellers seem to be deterred. Keeping along the l. side, enter the *Pescaderia*; the old wooden balconies will delight the artistical eye as much as the ancient fish-like smell of the shambles will offend the nose. To the N. of the Plaza is the palace of the archbishop, whose sermons Gil Blas

was simple enough to criticise. The irregular pile has been modernised, and contains nothing remarkable. The cathedral adjoins it, and was built on the site of the great mosque, when the gothic style was going out of fashion. It is by no means a fine building, although the *Granadinos* think it a rival to St. Peter's. Walk round it; it is blocked up by mean houses and streets; the open W. front is unfinished, while the heavy N. tower, of Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders, wants the upper story; and the other, which was to have been its companion, is not even begun. The lover of Cano will visit his *obrador* in the tower. The grand entrance is divided by 3 lofty lancet recesses, broken by circular windows; the cornice is crowned with pyramidal vases. The facade is, moreover, paganised with grinning masks, rams' horns, and unfinished festoons. All this vile sculpture is by local artists, the twins de Rojas, de Uceda, Risueno, and others not worth naming. The market-groups all around are much better worth the painter's notice.

Walking to the rt., you pass the plateresque front of the archbishop's palace, a *casa de ratones*, although Le Sage, who never was in Spain, describes it as rivalling a king's palace in magnificence. There are a good many very bad pictures inside. Close adjoining is the *Sagrario*. Then rises the royal chapel, of the rich Gothic of 1510. The Berruguete doorway is later, and was built by Charles V. Observe the "St. John," the patron of the Catholic sovereigns. Thus, their eldest son was called *Juan*, their daughter *Juana*, so the apostolic eagle was their armorial supporter, and their convents were dedicated to *San Juan de los Reyes* as their royal apostle.

The *Casas del Cabildo* opposite are in outrageous churrigueresque: observe a truncated Roman pillar, inscribed "Furæ Sabinæ." The once exquisite o'd Gothic house in the *Calle de la Mesa Redonda* was recently modernised by a modern Goth named Heredia. Turning to the l., enter the *Calle de la Carcel*, "the prison-street;" the unt unshorn inmates of the house,

whence this name, quickly will smell a stranger, and yell from behind the grating for charity and food like wild beasts who have not been fed. Opposite is the *Puerta del Perdon*, an unfinished cinque-cento plateresque portal of the time of Charles V., by Diego de Siloe.

Entering the cathedral at the W., the glaring whitewash is most offensive: this iniquity was perpetrated in order to please Philip V. Two doorways, one of the *Sala Capitular* and that opposite, are left undefiled, and shame, with their sober, creamy tone, the cold glare around. The cathedral was built in the pagan Græco-Romano style, just when the Christian Gothic was going out of fashion. It was begun March 15, 1529, from designs of Diego de Siloe, in the Corinthian order, but without good proportion, either in height or width. The groined roof of the five naves is supported by piers composed of four Corinthian pillars placed back to back, and on disproportioned pedestals. The *coro*, as usual, occupies the heart of the centre nave; the *trascoro* is churrigueresque, and made up of red marble, with black knobs and white statues; those at the corners, of heroes and heroines in Louis XIV. periwigs, were placed there to gratify Philip V. The organ is plastered with gilding. The white and grey marble pavement is handsome: the E. end is circular: the high altar is isolated and girdled by an architectural frame. The admirable *Cimborio* rises 220 ft.: observe the noble arch, 190 ft. high, which opens to the *coro*.

The dome is painted in white and gold. The effigies of Ferdinand and Isabella kneel at the sides of the high altar: above and let into circular recesses are the colossal heads by Adam and Eve, carved and painted by Alonso Cano; by him also are the seven grand pictures relating to the Virgin, whose temple this is. They are her "Annunciation," "Conception," "Nativity," "Presentation," "Visitation," "Purification," and "Ascension." They can be closely examined from an upper gallery, but then they seem very coarsely painted, because destined to be seen from below, and at a distance.

Cano (1601, ob. 1667) was the minor canon, or *Racionero*, of this cathedral, which he has enriched with the works of his chisel and brush, and under its quire he lies buried. Observe by him an exquisitely carved "Virgin and Child," once placed at the top of the *Facistol* in the *coro*, but recently removed for safety to the altar of *Jesus Nazareno*, a precaution not unnecessary, as the *San Pablo* by Ribera was stolen in 1842: the child is inferior, and possibly by another hand. By him in the *Capilla de la Santa Cruz* are the heads of St. John the Baptist, full of death, and of St. Paul, full of spirit; being of the natural size, they, however, look too much like anatomical preparations: the essence of sculpture is form, and, when colour is added, it is attempting too much, and we miss the one thing wanting—life. Over the door of the *Sala Capitular* is a "Charity," by Torrigiano, executed as a sample of his talent when he came to Granada to compete for the "Sepulchre of the Catholic Sovereigns:" it is a Michael-Angelesque picture in marble. Among the paintings observe, in the *Capilla de la Trinidad* and *Jesus Nazareno*, three by Ribera—St. Anthony, St. Jerome, and St. Lawrence; four by Cano, and not very fine—a Saviour bearing his Cross, St. Augustine, a Virgin, and a Trinity, the Father bearing the Dead Son: the large pictures in the transept are by Pedro Atanasio Bocanegra, a disciple of Cano, who exaggerated one defect of his master—the smallness of the heels of children. Bocanegra was a vain man, and painted pictures larger in size than in merit. Observe, however, the "Virgin and San Bernardo" and the "Scourging."

In the *Capilla de San Miguel*, the first to the rt. on entering, is a fine melancholy Cano, called "*La Virgen de la Soledad*," which recalls the statue of Becerra in the San Isidro at Madrid, and is indeed the type of this subject. This chapel was decorated with marbles, in 1804, by Archbishop Juan Manuel Moscoso y Peralta, and finished in the fatal 1808. One of the best of Spain's great prelates, this good man

expended his large private fortune in works of piety and beneficence. He was brutally treated by Sebastiani, who "removed" his fine pictures and melted his superb gold custodia; but fortunately his magnificence in this chapel was not wholly displayed in metallics of value to melt. The single slab of the altar was brought from Macael: the red marbles came from Luque: the four serpentine pillars from the *Baranco de San Juan* (see p. 328). The geologist will also remark, in the *Capilla de la Virgen del Pilar*, which is exactly opposite that of San Miguel, some singular pillars brought from Loja by Archbishop Galvan. This chapel is much frequented by true believers from its multitude of indulgences and privileges.

Behind the equestrian figure of Santiago, and too high up to be well seen, is a Florentine copy of a Virgin and Child, painted by St. Luke, which was given to Isabella by Innocent VIII., and before which mass is said every January 2nd, the day of the conquest of Granada, when it is lowered for public adoration. In the *Capilla de la Antigua*, so called from the Image found in a cave, and used by Ferdinand as a battle banner, are two curious portraits of Ferdinand and Isabella, copied by Juan de Sevilla after Rincon; the light is bad, and these historical gems are sadly neglected, that of the king having a hole in it. They are represented kneeling at prayers under rich canopies; the king is clad in armour, the queen in a blue and mooroon cloak. Reds are the prevalent colours, and the style is Venetian. The image of the Virgin itself is very sacred: of the time of the Goths, it revealed itself miraculously at Avila, and was brought by Ferdinand and Isabella to the siege of Granada, and set up at San Sebastian, to whom Marshal Sebastiani was no kinsman. In the detached *Sacristia* is a charming "*Concepcion*," carved by Cano, with his peculiar delicate hands, small mouth, full eyes, and serious expression; also by him, in the Oratorio, is a "Virgin" in blue drapery, and very dignified, also a Crucifix by Becerra.

The *Capilla de los Reyes*, placed between the *Sagrario* and *Sacristia*, is the gem of the cathedral. The rich Gothic portal, having escaped the Bourbon whitewash, contrasts with the glare around. It is elaborately wrought with emblems of heraldic pride and religious humility. The interior is impressive; silence reigns in this chamber of the dead, and accords with the tender sentiment which the solemn Gothic peculiarly inspires.

This royal chapel, like that of St. Ferdinand at Seville, is independent of the cathedral, and has its separate chapter and chaplains, and is divided into two portions. The *Coro alto* is adorned with the shields and badges of the Catholic sovereigns. The superb *Reja*, of iron, partly gilt, was made, in 1522, by el Maestre Bartolomé, whose name is near the keyhole.

On each side of the high altar kneel carved effigies of the king and queen, which are very remarkable, being exact representations of their faces, forms, and costumes: behind Ferdinand is the victorious banner of Castile, while the absorbing policy for which both lived and died—the conquest of the Moor and the conversion of the infidel—are embodied behind them in singular painted carvings; these have been attributed to Felipe Vigarny, and are certainly of the highest antiquarian interest. In that which represents the surrender of the Alhambra, Isabella, on a white palfrey, rides between Ferdinand and third king, “the great cardinal” Mendoza; he sits on his trapped mule, like Wolsey, and alone wears gloves; his pinched aquiline face contrasts with the chubbiness of the king and queen. He opens his hand to receive the key, which the dismounted Boabdil presents, holding it by the wards. Behind are ladies, knights, and halberdiers, while captives come out from the gates in pairs. Few things of the kind in Spain can be more curious. The other basso-relievo records the “Conversion of the Infidel.” The reluctant flock is baptised in the wholesale by shorn monks. Observe the costumes: the mufflers and leg-wrappers of the women—the

Roman *fuscia*—are precisely those still worn at Tetuan by their descendants, who thus, as Orientals do not change stockings or fashions, corroborate the truth of these monuments.

In the centre of the chapel are two magnificent sepulchres, wrought, so it is said, at Genoa by Peralta, in delicate alabaster; on these are extended the marble figures of the Catholic sovereigns, and those of their next successors. Ferdinand and Isabella slumber side by side, life’s fitful fever o’er, in the peaceful attitude of their long and happy union; they contrast, the ruling passion strong in death, with the averted countenances of Juana, their weak daughter, and Philip, her handsome but worthless husband. Observe carefully the details of these *urnas* and the ornaments: in that of Ferdinand and Isabella the four doctors of the church are at the corners, with the twelve apostles at the sides: Ferdinand wears the Garter, Isabella the Cross of Santiago. Their faces are portraits: their costume is very simple. Analogous is the *urna* of Philip of Burgundy and *Juana la Loca*—crazy Jane. They are both gorgeously attired: he wears the Golden Fleece. The decorations are cinque-cento, and some of the sculptured children are quite Raphaellesque.

These royal sepulchres are superb. The statue of Isabella is admirable; her smile is as cold and her look is as placid, as moonlight sleeping on snow:

— “in questa forma

Passa la bella donna e par che dorma.”

She died indeed far from Granada, but desired to be buried here, in the brightest pearl of her crown. The sentiment is truly touching, and the effect aimed at is fully produced: the subject is the Christian’s death, who, stretched on the tomb, has yet the hope of another and a better life. Isabella was the Elizabeth of Spain, the brightest star of an age which produced Ximenez, Columbus, and the Great Captain, all of whom rose to full growth under her smile, and withered at her death. She is one of the most faultless characters in history, one of the purest sovereigns who

ever graced or dignified a throne, who, "in all her relations of queen or woman," was, in the words of Lord Bacon, "an honour to her sex and the corner-stone of the greatness of Spain."

For the true character of the Catholic sovereigns consult Prescott's excellent work, or Shakspeare, who, understanding human character by intuition, thus justly describes Ferdinand:—"The wisest king that ever ruled in Spain:" and makes Henry VIII., when describing the virtues of his ill-fated Katherine, thus portray her mother Isabella:—

"If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness, saint-like, wife-like govern-
ment,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious, else could speak thee out
The Queen of earthly Queens!"

Next descend into their last resting-place; a low door—mind your head—leads down to the vault, a small space, as Charles V. said, for so much greatness. The royal coffins are rude and misshapen, plain and iron-girt; they would shock Mr. Banting, but they are genuine and have never been rifled by Gaul or Ghoul, like those of Leon and elsewhere. The ashes of the royal conqueror have never been insulted, nor have the "dead been unplumbed to furnish missiles of death against the living." The letter F. marks that of Ferdinand. The religio loci and sepulchral character is injured by some modern churrigueresque stucco-work.

Thus the earthly remains of prudence, valour, and piety moulder alongside of those of vice, imbecility, and despair. These sad relics of departed majesty, silent witnesses of long bygone days, connect the spectator with the busy period which, heightened by the present decay of Spain, appears in the "dark backward of time" to be rather some abstract dream of romance, than a chapter of sober history; but these coffins make the past and present real; and everything at Granada, art and nature alike—the Alhambra, the battle-field Vega, the snowy Sierra, towering above, more lofty and enduring than the py-

ramids—form the common monuments and the best histories of these, the true founders of their country's shortlived greatness. Then it was, in the words of an eye-witness, "that Spain spread her wings over a wider sweep of empire, and extended her name of glory to the far antipodes." Then it was that her flag, on which the sun never set, was unfolded, to the wonder and terror of Europe, while a new world, boundless and richer than the dreams of avarice, was cast into her lap, discovered at the very moment when the old world was becoming too confined for the outgrowth of the awakened intellect, enterprise, and ambition of mankind.

Among other relics which are shown in the *sacristia* of this chapel, and which were bequeathed by Ferdinand and Isabella, are the identical royal standards used at the conquest, and the sword of the king; observe its singular semicircular guard: also a plain silver-gilt crown, a Gothic cross, two pixes (one Gothic), an exquisite enamelled *viril*, one of the finest things of the kind in Spain, and the queen's own "missal," which is placed on the high altar on the anniversary of the conquest: it was finished by Francisco Florez on Monday, July 18, 1496: it contains 690 pages: one of the best of the illuminations is the "Crucifixion," p. 313. Observe also a chasuble embroidered by Isabella, a small "Adoration of the Kings," by Hemling of Bruges, and in a chapel to the rt. a singularly ancient picture, probably of Fernando Gallegos, the Van Eyk of Spain: the centre, the "Descent from the Cross," has been mutilated by chapter barbarians, who have driven nails in it to support a crucifix. A darkish passage connects this royal chapel with the *Sagrario*, which was the original mosque; and now is a lumber-room! here is hung the portrait of *Hernan Perez del Pulgar* (1451, 1531), *El de las hazañas*, and the knight who, during the siege, rode into Granada, and affixed a taper and the "Aye Maria" on the doors of this mosque, thus consecrating it, as it were, to her, a feat which is charged on his shield.

While alive he was allowed the honour of sitting in the *coro*, and at his death was buried in the tomb-house of royalty, and on the site of his great deed.

The *Sugrario* itself is a monstrous jumble of churrigueresque, costly in material and poor in design. The pillars are too low and the altars tawdry. The "*San Jose*," by Cano, is hung too high to be well seen. Here lies the good Fernando de Talavera, the first archbishop, obt. May 14, 1507. The Conde de Tendilla, the first Alcaide of the Alhambra, raised this tomb, and inscribed it "*Amicus Amico*."

On leaving the cathedral enter the *Zacatin*, the "shopping-street" (*Zok*—Arabic market) of now decayed Granada: to the l. is the *Alcaiseria*, which has been restored since the fire July 20, 1843; previously it was an identical Moorish silk-bazaar, with small Tettuan-like shops, and closed at night by doors. Half-way down the *Zacatin* cross the Darro over a bridge to the *Casa del Carbon*. This Moorish palace—*Carbone notandum*—was built very early in 1070 by Bádís, and was used, it is said, by the brother of Boabdil as his royal mews: now it is degraded into a den of beggars, *Carboneros*, and their charcoal. The archway is very rich. Adjoining is the house of the Duque de Abrantes, by whose wife this Moorish residence was some years ago modernised and white-washed. Below is a subterranean passage, said to communicate with the Alhambra: for his incurious grace blocked it up without any previous examination. This grandee possesses much land in the Vega: one farm was bought of the Infanta Fatima in 1495 for 4000 reals, and is now worth a million. His Arabic title-deeds deserve the notice of conveyancing amateurs.

The *Zacatin* is filled with petty silversmiths; at the end is the *Plaza nueva* and the *Chancilleria*, or Court of Chancery, with its handsome façade, built in 1584, by Martin Diaz Navarro, after designs of Juan de Herrera. Here resided the Captain General. The court, since recent alterations, is no longer what it formerly was, when the sole grand tribunal of

appeal for the S. half of Spain. Pursuing the course of the Darro turn to the l., near a half-broken Moorish arch, which, stemming the torrent, connected the Alhambra hill with the Moorish Mint. This *Casa de la Moneda* opposite, "*La Purisima Concepcion*," was turned by the Spaniards into a prison, and next pulled down in 1844: there was a curious Arabic inscription over the door. In the *Calle del Bañuelo*, No. 30, is a Moorish bath with horseshoe arches; it is entered from the back, and is quite a picture, although now only used by women who wash linen and do not wash themselves. One of the first laws after the conquest of the Catholic sovereigns was to prohibit *bathing* by fine and punishment. (*Recop.* viii. 2, 21.)

Passing the elegant tower of *Santa Ana*, we reach the *Alameda del Darro*; a bridge leads up to the Puerto de *los Molinos*, and also to the l. up to the medicinal *Fuente de los Avellanos*, which is by some considered to be the *Ayn-adama*, the "fountain of tears," corrupted by Spaniards into *Dina-damar*. This *squirt* is compared by the charlatan Chateaubriand to *Vaucluse*! Those who do not cross the bridge may continue to ascend to the *Monte Sacro*, where a gross trick was played off in 1588 on the Archbishop de Castro, who founded a college on the site of some discoveries of forged relics, and marked the spots by crosses. A folio, *Discursos sobre la Certidumbre*, &c., was published at Granada in 1601, by Gregorio Lope Madera, to prove their undoubted genuineness; and in the last century Echevarria made an attempt to revive the forgeries, whereupon the learned canon Bayer managed to have a commission of inquiry appointed by Charles III. The report is indeed a curious 'Blue Book,' printed by Ibarra (*Razon del Juicio seguido en la ciudad de Granada, ante Don. Manuel Doz*; folio, Mad. 1781), from which it appears that Alonso de Castillo and Miguel de Luna, two notorious impostors, forged the writings and hid the bones and lead vessels both here and in the *Torre Turpiana*; these they soon dug up, and then revealed the rare dis-

covery to the prelate, who actually employed the very originators of the trick to decipher the unknown characters. They professed to relate to San Cecilio, since the patron of Granada, and some say a disciple of Santiago's, who deaf and dumb from boyhood, after having been cured by a miracle, came to Spain, and there went blind. His sight, however, was restored by wiping his eyes with the Virgin's handkerchief, for which relic Philip II. sent, when ill in 1595. Some of these vouchers for the cure of San Cecilio were written by a miraculous anticipation in choice Castilian; and Aldrete, the antiquarian, narrowly escaped being burnt for saying that the Spanish language did not exist in the first century.

Descending again to the Alameda del Darro, turn up the *Calle de la Victoria* to the *Casa Chapis* on the rt. hand, a now degraded but once beautiful Moorish villa. Observe the patio, the galleries, and the enriched window, which open towards the Alhambra; now ascend to the *Albaicin*, and visit the church of *San Nicolas* for the view, and there are few panoramas equal to it in the world. This saint is the patron of robbers, schoolboys, and portionless virgins, but his church was broken into by some worthless thieves, men without honour; whereupon "Old Nick" drove them out with his crosier. The miracle represented in a rude picture is hung here as a notice to other trespassers. One of the confessionals was lined, when we were last there, with a French paper of Venus, Cupid, and flowers, suggestive of sins; the *Albaicin* suburb, busy and industrious under the Moor, is now the abode of idleness and poverty: it still retains its own circumvallation, and many of the Moorish houses of the humble refugees from Baeza still remain here unchanged.

Passing out at a portal another ravine is crossed, beyond which is another suburb, also walled in by long lines, which terminate at *San Miguel el alto*. Sebastiani's troops burnt this chapel and sanctuary, but the glorious views remain, which they could not destroy. The long line of wall which runs up

to this height is called *La Cerca del Obispo*, because raised by Don Gonzalo de Zuñiga, the captive Bishop of Jaen, as his ransom. From the conical height the prospect of Granada and the Vega is magnificent; the sunsets are unrivalled, none should omit the ascent.

Turning to the l. we descend into Granada by a ravine; to the rt. was the ancient Moorish *Casa del Gallo*, which was pulled down in 1817 to build a tile-manufactory; formerly it was a look-out guard-post, and the weathercock indicated watchfulness—"fore-warned, fore-armed." The vane consisted of an armed Moor, whose lance veered with the wind.

"Dice el Sabio Aben Habus
Que así se ha de guardar al Andalus."

This was held to be a charmed talisman, and its being taken down by the Moors was thought to have entailed the Christian triumph.

Crossing the defile the walls of the Albaicin may be re-entered by a Moorish gate, above which is another, called *La Puerta de Monayma*. This fine masonry tower overlooks the entrance to Granada and the *Puerta de Elvira*, which has been barbarously repaired.

Opposite is an open space, converted in 1846 into a charming *Paseo y Alameda*; in the centre is *El Triunfo*, with a statue of the Virgin by Alonso de Mena, near which executions used to take place. Here, in May, 1831, Mariana Pineda, a lady of birth and beauty, was strangled; a simple cross marks the spot; her crime was the finding in her house an embroidered constitutional flag. This Alice Lisle of Spain, was generally thought to be guiltless, and that the evidence of treason was placed in her house by some agent of Ramon Pedroza, a low *empleado* of Granada, whose addresses she had rejected. Her body, in 1836, was raised and carried in state to the *Ayuntamiento*; and on the anniversary of her execution, the sarcophagus is taken in solemn procession to the cathedral, where an impressive requiem is performed. The erecting a statue is talked about, and the vile model in plaster by one Gonzalez is in the Museo; no ship's figure-head can be worse.

Next visit the *Cartuja* convent, a little way out of the town to the rt., once so rich in works of art, piety, and value: Sebastiani, having first pillaged and desecrated everything, made it into a magazine; then disappeared the pillars of silver, and the fine pictures by Cano; now it is suppressed. The doors of the chapel are beautifully inlaid with ebony and tortoiseshell: the sanctuary is paved with a rich marble pattern in black and white. Observe the *Comodas* in the Sacristia, the *Azulejo* in the cloisters, and a cupola by Palomino. Here also are some poor paintings by J. S. Cotan, of the English Carthusians, martyred, in 1535, by Henry VIII.; this is a favourite subject in Spanish *Cartujus*, in order to increase the national dread and anti-Lutheran bigotry; but everything now is fast hastening to ruin. The gardens are charming: those who have leisure may pursue their ride or walk to *Visnar*, a villa of the archbishop, built by *Moscoso y Peralta*, which is deliciously situated and overlooks the Vega.

Returning to the *Plaza del Triunfo*, at the corner is the *Hospital de los Locos*, founded by Ferdinand and Isabella, and one of the earliest of all lunatic asylums. It is built in the transition style from the Gothic to the plateresque, having been finished by Charles V. The initials and badges of all parties are blended. Observe the *patio* and the light lofty pillars. The interior is clean, but devoid of good management; all the lunatics, except those who are locked up because dangerous, are allowed to associate together, with little attempt adopted to promote their recovery. At the upper end of this Plaza is the bull-fight arena, and near it "*Las eras de Cristo*," "the threshing-floor of Christ." In the adjoining *Calle de San Lazaro* is a large hospital, and a real lazar-house. Retracing our steps to the *Calle de San Juan de Dios*, visit the hospital founded by this saint himself. Juan de Robles was a truly philanthropic and good man, and before the spirit of his age; thus from his preaching the necessity of founding hospitals he was shut up as a madman,

and his *jaula* or cage is still shown: he died March 8, 1550, and was canonised in 1699 by Urban VIII. Consult his '*Biografía*,' by Francisco de Castro, 8vo., Granada, 1613, and printed again at Burgos, 1621. Over the entrance is his statue by Mora in the usual attitude in which he is painted and carved, namely, that in which he expired—on his knees, as did our Alexander Cruden author of the Bible Concordance. His body was kept in an *urna*, with pillars and canopy of silver, melted by Sebastiani, who also "removed" the best pictures. The hospital has two courts; the outer has a fountain and open galleries; the inner is painted with the saint's authentic miracles: in one he tumbles from his horse, and the Virgin brings him water; in another, when sick, the Virgin and St. John visit him, wiping his forehead. In the W. angle of the outer court over a staircase is a fine *artesonado* ceiling.

Hence to *San Jeronimo*. This once superb convent, now a cavalry barrack, was begun by the catholic sovereigns in 1496. The chapel was designed by Diego de Siloe: left incomplete, the building was finished by the widow of the Great Captain, as Blenheim was by Old Sarah. On the exterior is a tablet supported by figures of Fortitude and Industry, inscribed "*Gonzalvo Ferdinando de Cordoba magno Hispanorum duci, Gallorum ac Turcorum Terrori*:" below are his arms, with soldiers as supporters. The grand *patio* is noble, with its elliptical arches and Gothic balustrades. The chapel is spacious, but suffered much in the earthquake of 1804. The *Retablo* of four stories bore the armorial shields of Gonzalo. The effigies of the Captain and his wife knelt on each side of the high altar, before which he was buried: the epitaph of this truly great man is simple and worthy of his greatness:—"Gonzali Fernandez de Cordova, qui propria virtute magni ducis nomen proprium sibi fecit, ossa perpetuæ tandem luci restituenda huic interea loculo credita sunt, gloria minime consequuta." This convent was pillaged by Sebastiani's troops, who insulted the dead lion's ashes, before

whom, when alive, their ancestors had always fled. Serrano gives the details, p. 255. They tore down the Sacristia for the sake of the wood, while Sebastiani destroyed the tower in order to use the materials in building a bridge over the Genil; they carried off the Great Captain's sword and pulled down his banners. The final ruin of the monument of artistical and military greatness dates from domestic revolutionists and Vandals. At the suppression of convents in 1836 a Spanish mob robbed and destroyed everything; even the bones of the Great Captain and his wife were dug up and cast out.

We are now approaching the aristocratic portion of Granada, and the *Calle de las Tablas*. Here the Conde de Luque has a fine mansion. There is not much else to be seen in Granada. The churrigueresque *San Augustias*, on the Darro walk, has 12 apostles carved by Pedro Duque Cornejo, and a rich jasper *Camurin*, under which is the miraculous image, *la Patrona de Granada*, which once upon a time came from Toledo of its own accord. This idol is carried in a pagan *Pompa* to the cathedral every Easter Monday. Christina, in 1846, gave it a crown of gold as an offering of gratitude for its having dethroned Espartero, and the servile priest-ridden town petitioned that it might be raised to the rank of Captain General. The city was moreover honoured with the title *Heroica*, because its mob assisted Concha to hunt his brother-in-law Espartero out of Spain, and it was permitted to add to its shield the banner of Castile, waving from the Torre de la Vela! Near *San Francisco*, now turned into the post-office, is a quaint old house, *La Casa de Tiros*, with a façade of soldiers and projecting arms. Another house worth looking at is the *Casa de Castril*, near the *San Pedro y Pablo*, with good cinque-cento ornaments inside and out, after designs of Diego de Siloe, 1539. There are sundry tales about the motto, *Esperando!r*, &c., not worth recording. In *Santa Catalina de Zafra* is a tolerable picture of the marriage of the tutelary, by Alonso Cano. Visit by all means the *San Juan*

de los Reyes. Observe the tower; this was the first Moorish mosque consecrated by the good Archbishop Ferdinand de Talavera: here Isabel attended mass, and gave a *Retablo* with portraits of herself and husband by Antonio Rincon. In the *Calle de Elvira* is the heavy, ill-executed fountain *del Toro*, erroneously attributed to Berruguete, for it is a libel on that eminent artist.

EXCURSIONS NEAR GRANADA.

These are numerous and full of interest to the historian, artist, and geologist. The Englishman, be his pursuits what they may, will first visit the *Soto de Roma*, not that it has much intrinsic interest beyond that reflected on it by the Great Captain of England. This property lies about 3 L. from Granada, and is bounded to the W. by the *Sierra de Elvira*, which rises like a throne of stone over the carpeted Vega, for its advanced guard or sentinel; a spring of water, however, gushes from this rocky alembic, and is good for cutaneous complaints. Near *Atarfe* are some remains of the ancient city *Illiberis*. Here the celebrated Council was held about the year 303, at which Osius of Cordova presided over 19 Spanish bishops. The 81 canons breathe a merciless anathema and death, worthy of the land of the future Inquisition. The crimes and penalties give an insight into the manners of the age. The canons are printed in Pedraza, 217. The best edition of the early councils and canons of Spain is the '*Collectio Maxima*,' José Saenz de Aguirre, fol., 4 vols. Roma, 1693-4; or the fol., 6 vols. Roma, Jos. Catalani, 1753. See also '*La Defensa y aprobacion del Concilio Illiberitano*,' F. Mendoza, fol., Mad. 1594.

This hill possesses a mournful fame in Spanish history from the defeat of the Infantes Pedro and Juan. They had advanced against the Moors with "numbers that covered the earth." After much vainglorious boasting they retired, and were followed, June 26, 1319, by about 5000 Moorish cavalry, and entirely put to rout: 50,000 are said to have fallen, with both the Infantes. The body of Don Pedro was skinned,

stuffed, and put over the gate of Elvira; many princes were slain, and among them the Lord of Ilkerinterah, or England, just as Lord Macduff was wounded at the very similar affair of Ocaña. This disaster was amply avenged 21 years after by Alonso XI. at Tarifa, and again by Juan II., or rather Alvaro de Luna, who here, in June, 1431, defeated the Moors. The battle is generally called *de la Higuera*, from the little fig-tree under which the king bivouacked, or others say, from the bribes enclosed in figs with which Alvaro corrupted the Moorish captains: of this engagement there is a most curious chiaro oscuro drawing on a wall at the Escorial.

The *Soto de Roma* is so called, either from the "Wood of Pomegranates," or more probably from the village *Roma, Rumi*, which, in the time of the Moors, was inhabited by Christians, *Rum, Rumi*; situated on the Xenil, it is liable to constant injuries from its inundations. The estate was an appanage of the kings of Granada, and was granted May 23, 1492, by Ferdinand to his lieutenant at that siege, the uncle of the celebrated Señor Alarçon, to whom were committed as prisoners both François I. and Clement VII. His '*Comentarios*,' folio, Madrid, 1665, detail services of 58 years. Thus, the brightest pearl in the coronets of the first and last soldier proprietors, was earned from the broken diadem of France. The *Soto*, on the failure of the Alarçon family, was resumed by the crown, and henceforward granted to court favourites. Charles III. gave it to Richard Wall, his former prime minister. This Irish gentleman lived here in 1776. Before he came here the house was in ruins, and the lands neglected, the fate of most absentee properties in Spain, but Wall, although 83 years old, put everything into perfect order. Charles IV., after his death, granted the estate to the minion Godoy. At the French invasion Joseph, "qui faisait bien ses affaires," secured the property to himself. The victory of Salamanca proved a flaw in the title, whereupon the Cortes granted the estate to the able practitioner who settled the

reconveyance; and this is one of the few of their grants which Ferdinand VII. confirmed, but very reluctantly: the Duke of Wellington held it by *escritura de posesion*, in fee simple, and unentailed. It contains about 4000 acres, and was celebrated for its pheasants that Charles V. had introduced, and which were destroyed in the time of Sebastiani.

The value of this estate has been enormously magnified by Spaniards, first from their habitual "*ponderacion*," then from a desire to exaggerate the national gift, and lastly from their not knowing what they are talking about. Thus, said they, the "*Soto* is worth at least a million," until in Spain and out of Spain it was considered an Eldorado. In sober reality, the land itself is poor, and the house, this so-called "palace," in England would only pass for a decent manor-farm. The whole property, in 1815, produced about 3000*l.* a-year; it then declined, in common with all other estates in the Vega, in which, in 1814, wheat sold at 60 to 70 reals the fanega, and oil at 85 reals the arroba. In 1833 wheat sank to 30 and 35 reals, and oil to 30 and 35 reals. Since the recent changes everything has got worse, and the rents have decreased and the burdens increased. Under Ferdinand, the conditions of the grant were respected; under the liberal constitution, many a right was violated. The estate was tithe-free, but, when the church revenues were "appropriated," a full tithe was exacted for state and secular coffers. The rambling old mansion at the *Soto* contains little worth notice, the greengages in the garden excepted. Since the death of Gen. O'Lawlor the property is administered by Mr. Grindley.

The visitor, if on horseback, may cross the Xenil—that is, if there be no flood—and return to Granada by the now decayed agricultural *Santa Fe*, the town built by Ferdinand and Isabella while besieging Granada. The miserable spot was much shattered by an earthquake in 1807. Here the capitulation of Granada was signed, and the original deed is at Simancas. It was dated at this town of "*sacred*

faith," as if in mockery of the Punic perfidy with which every stipulation was subsequently broken. Nulla fides servanda est hereticis. It was from *Santa Fé* that Columbus started to discover the New World, and also to find, when success had rewarded his toils, every pledge previously agreed upon scandalously disregarded. *Cosas de España.*

ASCENT OF THE SIERRA NEVADA.

The lover of alpine scenery should by all means ascend the *Sierra Nevada*. The gossiping book of Dr. F. Pfendler d'Ottensheim—8° Sevilla, 1848—is useful as to the altitudes, botany and Hygienic details. The highest peak is the *Mulhacén*, so called from Boabdil's father. The next is *El Picacho de la Veleta*, "the watch-point," which appears to be loftier, because nearer to Granada, and of a conical, not a rounded shape. This eternal rampart of the lovely Vega is very impressive: the sharp mother-of-pearl outline cuts the blue sky; clear and defined, yet mysteriously distant, size, solitude, and sublimity are its characteristics. The adventurous are inspired to scale the heights, and win the favours of this cold beauty, and she will be melted by such daring. The distance to this point is about 20 m., and may be accomplished in 9 h. Those who start in the night may return the next day. The author has been up twice—a sort of Spanish Mont Blanc ascent in those days—sleeping the first time al fresco near the summit, and the second at the *Cortijo del Puche*—the pipkin—when a delicate English lady and a grave ambassador composed the party. The greater part of the ascent may be ridden; for the *Neveros*, who go nightly up for snow, have worn with their mules a roadway.

Leaving Granada, and crossing the Xenil, a charming view of the city is obtained from *San Antonio*. Thence skirting the *Cuesta de la Vacca*, an hour and a half's ride leads to the *Fuente de los Castaños*, and another hour and a half to the *Puche*, where the mountain is cultivated. Near here is *El Barranco de Viboras*, the viper cleft: these snakes enjoy a medicinal reputation second only to those of Chiclana.

Passing *El Dornajo*, an alpine jumble of rocks, we mount above the lower ranges of the pinnacles, and now the true elevation of the *Picacho* begins to become manifest, and seems to soar higher in proportion as we ascend. The next stage is *las Piedras de San Francisco*, whose black masses are seen from below resting on the snowy bosom of the Sierra. Now commence the *Ventisqueros*, or pits of snow, from which the mountain is seldom free, as patches remain even in the dog-days. These, which, when seen from below, appear small, and like white spots on a panther's hide, are, when approached, vast fields. At *El Prevesin* is a stone enclosure, built up by the *Neveros* as an asylum during sudden storms; and here the first night may be passed, either ascending to the summit in 3 h., to see the sun set, and then returning, or mounting early to see the sun rise, a sight which no pen can describe. The night passed on these heights is piercing cold—"the air bites shrewdly;" but with a "provend" of blankets, and of good *Vino de Baza*, it will kill no one. While beds are making for man and beast, the foragers must be sent to collect the dry plants and dead underwood, of which such a bonfire can be made as will make the gaping Granadians below think the *Picacho* is going to be a volcano, *probatum est*. No diamonds ever sparkle like the stars on the deep firmament, seen from hence, at midnight, through the rarified medium. After the *Prevesin* begins the tug of war. For the first hour there is a sort of track, which may be ridden; the rest must be done on foot. The effects produced by the rarity of the air on the lungs and body are not felt while seated on a mule; but now that muscular exertion is necessary, a greater strain is required than when in a denser atmosphere. The equilibration of air, which supports the bones, as water does the fish, is wanting, and the muscles have to bear the additional weight; hence the exhaustion.

The *Picacho* is a small platform over a yawning precipice. Now we are raised above the earth, which, with all its glories, lies like an opened map at our feet: when the vapours

ascend from the ocean, they are spread out in the plains beneath like a fleecy sea, out of which the black pinnacles of lower mountains emerge like islands; when the thunder-storms roll below your feet, you look down even on the lightnings. Now the eye travels over the infinite space, swifter than by railroad, comprehending it all at once. On one hand is the blue Mediterranean lake, with the faint outline even of Africa in the indistinct horizon. Inland, jagged sierras rise one over another, the barriers of the central Castiles. The cold sublimity of these silent eternal snows is fully felt on the very pinnacle of the Alp, which stands out in friendless state, isolated like a despot, and too elevated to have anything in common with aught below. On this barren wind-blown height vegetation and life have ceased, even the last lichen or pale violet, which blooming like beauty on the verge of ruin, wastes its sweetness wherever a stone offers shelter from the snow; thousands of winged insects lie frozen, each in its little cell, having thawed itself a shroud, with its last warmth of life. In the scarped and soil-denuded heights the eagle builds; she must have mountains for her eyrie. Here she reigns unmolested on her stony throne; and lofty as are these peaks above the earth, these birds, towering above, mere specks in the blue heaven,

"Yet higher still to light's first source aspire,
With eyes that never blink, and wings that never tire."

To the botanist this sierra is unrivalled. The herbal of Spain was always celebrated (Pliny, 'N.H.' xxv. 8). The vegetation commences with the lichen and terminates with the sugar-cane. At the tails of the snow-fields the mosses germinate, and from these the silver threads of new-born rivers issue. The principal heights of the Alpujarras chain are thus calculated by Rojas Clemente:—

	Feet.
Picacho Mulahacen . . .	12,762
Picacho de la Veleta . . .	12,459
Cerro de la Alcazaba . . .	12,300
Cerro de los Machos . . .	12,138
Cerro de la Caldera . . .	10,908
Cerro de Tajos altos . . .	10,890
Picon de Jerez	10,100

The geologist may take a pleasant day's ride from Granada to the quarries from whence the green serpentine is obtained. They lie under the *Picacho de la Veleta*, and belong to the Marquis de Mondejar. Ascend the charming valley of the Xenil to Senes, 1 L.: thence to Pinos, 1 L.; and to *Huecar*, 1 L. Here vast quantities of silkworms are reared. The whole process of the breeding, &c., is nasty; cocoons are placed in hot water to destroy the animal, and the winding the thread is anything but a sweet-smelling job; but seen from afar, as the peasants prepare the golden tissue in most patriarchal poverty, the poetry and the picturesque is perfect. While the dinner is getting ready at the tidy *Tío Pardo's* (Nunky Brown) (bring the materials with you), ride up the defile to the *Barranco de San Juan*, $1\frac{1}{2}$ L., taking a *Huecar* guide. The green serpentine blocks lie in the bed of the stream. Return to *Huecar*, and let both men and beasts dine.

Another morning ride will be over the cricket-looking grounds, *Los Llanos de Armilla*, to *Ahendin*, and thence by the Padul road to some sandy knolls, where, from want of water, all is a desert, tawny and rugged as the few goats which there seek a scanty pasturage. Granada now is lost sight of, and hence the spot is called *El ultimo suspiro del Moro*, or *La cuesta de las lagrimas*, for here Boabdil, Jan. 2, 1492, sighed and wept his last farewell. Then the banner of Santiago floated on his red towers, and all was lost. Behind was an Eden, like the glories of his past reign; before him a desert, cheerless as the prospects of a dethroned king. Then, as tears burst from his water-filled eyes, he was reproached by 'Ayeshah, his mother, whose rivalries had caused the calamity. "Thou dost well to weep like a woman for that which thou hast not defended like a man." When this anecdote was told to Charles V., "She spake well," observed the Emperor, "for a tomb in the Alhambra is better than a palace in the Alpujarras." Thither, and to *Purchena*, Boabdil retired, but not for long. He sickened in his exile, and passing over into Africa, is

said, to have been killed in a petty battle, thus losing his life in defending another person's cause better than he did his own (*Hist. Africa Marmol.* i. 248). Gayangos, however (*Moh. D.* ii. 390), has ascertained that he lived at Fez until 1538, where his posterity was long to be traced, but reduced to the lowest poverty, existing as beggars on the charity doled out at the mosque-doors! a sad reverse of fortune, and a melancholy conclusion of the brilliant Mohammedan dynasty in Spain.

Do not return to Granada by the same road; but ask for the villages *Dotura* and *Otrusa*, and then strike to the rt. and cross the rivulet *Dilar* to *Zubia*, to which, during the siege, *Isabella* rode to have a view of the *Alhambra*: while she halted in the house with *Claude-like* miradores, a Moorish sally was made, and she was in much danger. In memory of her escape she erected a hermitage to the Virgin, who appeared visibly for her protection, and the building still remains amid its cypresses. Returning home, just on entering the avenue of the *Xenil*, to the l., on its banks, is *Sun Sebastian*, once a Moorish *Caaba*, to which *Ferdinand* and *Isabella* accompanied *Boabdil* on the day of *Granada's* surrender.—Read the inscription let into the wall. The extraordinary *Alamo*, or tree, under which the first mass was said, stood here, but was cut down by some barbarians in 1760. This most interesting building has since been turned into a low *Venta*, and now is going to the dogs—what more need be said of the modern degenerate *Granadinos*.

From *Granada* many ride to *Gibraltar* by *Loja*, *Antequera*, and *Ronda* (see *Rte.* 21).

The important communications between *Granada* and the sea-coast have been long scandalously neglected; improved routes, however, are in slow progress to *Malaga*, *Almeria*, and *Motril*. Meantime a sort of *gondola* performs the distance to *Almeria* 24 L., sleeping the first night at *Guadix*, the second at the poor *Venta Dona Maria*, arriving the third at *Almeria*. Those about to ride to *Malaga* viâ *Alhama* may

hear of horses at the *Posada de la Estrella*. Luggage can be forwarded to *Seville* by the galeras of *Huete*, to *Malaga* by those of *Gomez*, to *Almeria* by those of *Barranco*.

ROUTE 26.—GRANADA TO ADRA.

Padul	3	..	
Durcal	2	..	5
Lanjaron	3½	..	8½
Orjiba	1½	..	10
Cadjar	5	..	15
Ujjar	3	..	18
Berja	3	..	21
Adra	2	..	23

This is a ride full of historical, artistical and geological interest. The traveller should master his *Mendoza* fully to understand the historical incidents; and the trip may be prolonged from *Adra* either E. or W. ward, without returning to *Granada*: or the return may be made by *Motril*, principally over new ground. There is a direct road to *Almeria* without going through *Adra*; you then turn off soon after *Ujjar* to *Fondon* 3 L., where you can sleep; the direct road does not go through *Lanjaron*, which, however, deserves a visit. *Fondon* is a nominal 9 L. from *Almeria*, which are equal to 12. The best division would be to sleep at *Orjiba* the first night and the second at *Fondon*.

This excursion skirts the S. bases of the *Alpujarras*, the last mountain refuge of the *Morisco*. The sierras of *Gador* and *Contravieja* are the nucleus, which some consider to be the "Hills of the Sun and Moon" of the Moors. The entire chain is called the *Sierra Nevada* (the *Himalaya* or "Snowy Range" of Spain), the "Sholayr" of the Moors. The name *Alpujarras* is the corruption of *Al Busherat*, "grass," the mountain district of pastures, which extend W. to E., about 17 L. long by 11 broad. They are divided into 11 portions or *Tuas*, dependencies (*Arabicè* *Tâ*, obedience). This territory was assigned to *Boabdil* by the treaty of *Granada*, of which every stipulation was soon broken, and the *Moriscos* perfidiously hunted out like wild beasts, until expelled at last in 1610, by the feeble *Philip III.*, a tool in the

hands of a powerful church, but their resistance in these broken glens and hills was desperate. Most of them, when banished, went to Tetuan and Salé; there they took to piracy, and avenged themselves on all Christians by peculiar ferocity. The name of the "rovers of Salée" is familiar to all readers of nautical forays. Thus the Spaniards, who had before expelled the wealthy commercial Jews, now completed their folly by the banishment of the industrious agricultural Moors, depriving their poor indolent selves of money and industry, of soul and body alike. They found it easier to destroy and drive out than to conciliate and convert. They thought it a proof of Roman force of character, to make a solitude and call it peace. For particulars read Mendoza's '*Guerras de Granada*.'

Passing the *Ultimo Suspiro* (whence there is a wild ride to *Alhama* by *Cacín*), we descend from a ridge of barrenness into the basin between the sierras of Granada and Alhama, which is an irrigated garden of olives, palm-trees, and oranges. *Padul*, with its water-gushing marshes, is quite an oasis of verdure, much of the swamp below and of *La Laguna* was drained by the Herrasti family, of which the gallant defender of Ciudad Rodrigo was a member. The alpine views of the Sierra Nevada from *Durcal*, which lies basking under the spur called *Sahor*, are superb: here vast quantities of *esparto* and flax are grown. Passing *Talara*, whose stream tears down a wild cleft, observe the *Puente de Tablado*. *Lanjaron*—Fonda francesa, and the private house of *Don José Pajes*—justly called the Paradise of the Alpujarras, is seated on the sierra slope *Bordaila*, at the head of the delicious valley of *Leorin*. The gorge is a grand chasm, and a celebrated site in the Morisco campaign (Mendoza iv. 31; v. 9). *Lanjaron*, Pop. about 3000, is a picturesque Swiss town, whose fresh air, fruit, and mineral waters attract summer visitors from the scorching coasts. The bathing season is from May 15 to Sept. 30. The walnut, hesnut, and olive grow here to an

enormous size. Below the town is a Moorish castle, perched on a knoll, with a splendid view. The peasantry are hard working and poverty stricken, while nature all around teems with fertility; the fruit and grapes are delicious, and the broken hills abound in subjects for artists, while the botany and geology are as rich as they are hitherto unexplored. A long league leads to *Orjiba*, which lies at the base of the *Picacho de la Veleta*. The *Acquia de las Ventanas* is picturesque; here are some mines, *las Minas de los Pozos*, which were worked by the Romans, but abandoned a few years ago, because the natives were scared by a skeleton found in them.

Orjiba, with its double towered church and castle, is the capital of its hilly *partido*: Pop. 3200. Every possible spot is cultivated with fruit-trees; some of the gigantic olives are of the time of the Moors. The *Barranco de Poqueira* and the mill and cascade of *Panpaneira* are very picturesque, and are worth visiting; there is a tolerable *posada*. Leaving *Orjiba*, the broken road winds up the bed of a river, the *Cadiar* or *Guadulfeo*: if the waters are low, the rider should by all means go by the *Angostura del Rio*. This is a *Salvator-Rosa*-like gorge, which the torrents have forced through the mountain. The rocks rise up on each side like terrific perpendicular walls, and there is only an opening sufficient for the river—what sections and strata for geologists! The traveller passes, like the Israelites, through these lonely depths, into which the sun never enters: when the snows are melting, or in time of rains, the deluge rushes down the stony funnel, carrying everything before it. Such a one had occurred just before we rode through, and the wreck and ravages were visible far and wide. Emerging, the last 3 L. to *Cadiar* become less interesting as the river-bed widens. *Cadiar* has a vile *posada*: beware of bills; but remember the hams. It lies about 2 mountain L. below the *Picacho de la Veleta*, and there is a chamois path over the heights to Granada. Up in the mountain is *Trevezel*, 3 L. from *Cadiar*, where the "*Jamones*

dulces de las Alpujarras" are cured; no gastronome should neglect these sweet hams. Very little salt is used; the ham is placed eight days in a weak pickle, and then hung up in the snow; while at *Berja*, and in less elevated places, more salt is used, and the delicate flavour destroyed. The hamlet *Trevez* (pop. about 1500) is situated among these mountains, only 1 L. from the top of *Mulahaen*. The whole of the *taa*, of which it is the chief place, is wild and alpine; the trout in the river *Trevez* are also delicious.

Moorish *Ujjar*, famous in the *Morisco* wars for sieges and massacres, the capital of the *Alpujarras*, is girt with hills, and hangs over the *Adra*. Every patch of ground is cultivated: grapes grow in terraced gardens, and in such declivities that the peasants are let down by ropes to pick them, like *Shakspeare's* samphire-gatherers. The *Colegiata* is built on the site of the destroyed mosque; a magnificent avenue of gigantic elms, planted by the Moors, was cut down by the *Vandal* chapter and municipal corporation—arcades ambo—to build some paltry offices.

The inhabitants, some 3000, are half Moors, although they speak Spanish. The women, with their apricot cheeks, black eyes and hair, gaze wildly at the rare stranger from little port-hole windows, which are scarcely bigger than their heads. Three long L., by a *rambla* of red rocks, lead to *Berja*. *Alcolea* lies to the l. Here the foragers of *Sebastiani* butchered the curate at the very altar, scattering his brains over the crucifix; 400 persons were massacred; neither age nor sex were spared (*Schep.* iii. 112). The avenger of the *Morisco* meted out to the *Spaniards* from their own measure: "how shall you hope for mercy rendering none?"

Berja-Vergi, is a busy, flourishing, and increasing town; pop. under 9000. It lies under the *Sierra de Gador*, a mountain of lead, some 7000 ft. high and 10 L. in circumference. The mines have been in work since 1797, and are only continued while they remunerate: the ore occurs in uncertain quantities, sometimes in veins, and at

others in deposits, or *bolsadas*. Large fortunes have been made by the early speculators, who have creamed the hill and enjoyed the first sale. The finest ore sometimes yields 70 per cent. pure lead; much was exported in the ore state for want of fuel. Latterly, some smelting and flattening houses have been erected on the coast, and worked with English machinery. *Berja* is full of new houses, in which the wives and families of the miners reside; the men are mostly lodged on the limestone hill, near the works. The *Sierra* is honeycombed in all directions, the shafts being sunk in an oblique direction; the working is injurious to health, affecting the teeth and bowels. The miners occupy rude stone huts; their food, and even water, is brought up to them. No women or dogs are allowed to remain on the hill. At the edge of the *Gador* is an old Phœnician mine called *La Sabina*, about which infinite fables are current. The miners are ignorant and superstitious; working in the dark underground, they naturally are less enlightened than those *Spaniards* who live in the bright world.

Berja is also full of asses and mules, on which the ore is carried to the seaport, *Adra-Adra*, Arabicè *Virgin*—2 L. In spite of the traffic, the roads are iniquitous, and have always been so, for, said a Moorish poet of these localities, "There is no remedy to the traveller but to stop; the valleys are gardens of Eden, but the roads those of hell;" as, indeed, are most of those of *Andalucia*, the paradiso of poets, the inferno of donkeys. Winding along this mule-track, down a gorge of a river, we reach *Alqueria*, and thence through sugar-plantations arrive at *Adra, Posada nueva*. *Asdiza* was a town founded by the Phœnicians (*Strabo*, iii. 236), and placed judiciously on the hill the *Monte Cristo*. The modern portion, built below, is constantly exposed to fearful inundations from the river *Adra*, and to the agues bred by its swamps, all of which might be obviated by proper dykes and dams which should be

placed higher up. The port is tolerable, but exposed to the W. The sea once came up to the walls of the Moorish castle, but has retired. From the watch-tower, *la Torre de la Vela*, a tocsin rang out a summons to arms on the approach of African pirates, but now cannon and every means of defence are wanting. Pop. about 8000. Some smelting-works have been established here by Heredia and others, on the English principle.

Malaga lies 27 L. to the W. of Adra.

ROUTE 27.—ADRA TO MALAGA.

Gualchos	7
Motril	3 .. 10
Salobreña	1 .. 11
Almuñecar	3 .. 14
Torroz	4 .. 18
Velez Malaga	4 .. 22
Malaga	5 .. 27

From *Adra* the leagues are long and wearisome, but we rode in one day to *Motril*. Passing the fine English smelting-houses, we reach *La Rabitá*, a sort of port to *Albuñol*, which lies inland 1 L., and is most rich in wines, raisins, and brandies: the latter are exported viá *Rabitá* to *Xerez*, to suit the "neat as imported" compounds to Britanic palates. The new road from *Granada* to *Motril* is to pass near *Albuñol*, and, if it ever be finished, will facilitate its exports. Now the sands become African. The fishermen, dusky as Moors, dwell in *chozas*, Arabic "huts made of reeds." The long range of grape hills commences near *Gualchos*, whence a very steep track amid vines leads to *Motril*, which lies below in its green vega of rich alluvial soil. The region is full of fish and fruit. The amphibious agricultural population about 12,000. The *posada* is decent. The road continues to coast the sea to *Salobreña*, the city of *Salambo* (*Astarte*), and once the important Moorish town *Shakúbániah*, and now dwindled to a hamlet; the rock-built castle, in which the Moslem guarded his treasures, is now a ruin, and the present poverty needs no store-house.

Almuñecar, the al Munnecab, Arabic "the gorge," of the Moors, pop. 5000, has a somewhat exposed port and a ruined castle. Here sugar and cotton, *azucar y algodón* (sugar, cotton, Moorish things and names), yet remain, and great efforts are making to extend their culture. The soil in the valley is very rich, being formed of the detritus of the hills and alluvial deposits, and under the Moor the district was a golden strip, and studded far beyond Malaga with towns and cities. Now *dehesas y despo-blados* attest the dominion of the Gotho conqueror. For Velez Malaga, see p. 288. Those who wish to return to *Granada* from *Motril*, instead of going to Malaga, may take this line.

ROUTE 28.—MOTRIL TO GRANADA.

Velez de Benaudalla	4
Rio Grande	2½ .. 6½
Pinos del Rey	2 .. 8½
Padul	3 .. 11½
Granada	3 .. 14½

A new road is making from *Granada* to *Motril*. Leaving *Motril*, ascend the *Sierra de Lujar*, with fine sea-views, and thence to *Velez de Benaudalla*,—Belad, "the land of the children of Audalla;" it is generally called *Velezillo*: pop. 3000. The *Rio Grande*, a "large river" in rainy times, and a small one at others, joins the *Guadalfeo* near this hamlet: the castle is picturesque on its knoll. Now ride on to a mill, where an artist might linger a week. Some olive-trees, planted by the Moors, are gigantic. Soon after the road branches, and a short cut to the rt., by a wild river, leads to *Durcal*, and thence by *Granada*; we took this route as saving 4 L. The further and fairer way goes round by the picturesque valley of *Pinos del Rey*.

The districts lying to the E. and N.E. of *Adra* are of the highest interest to the botanist and geologist; being almost virgin ground, they are strongly recommended to travellers ambitious to "book something new."

The maritime and rugged province of *Almeria*, of some 220 square L., consists chiefly of ramifications from the Sierras. The roads and accommodations are bad. The population, some 300,000, is just now running mining mad; neglecting agriculture, the real wealth of this region of fruit and fertility. The evidences of volcanic disturbances are very frequent. The excursion is, however, one of some hardship, and it must be ridden. "Attend to the provend," and take a local guide from time to time, especially if the expedition be prolonged to the forest of *Segura* and the lead-mines of *Linares*, near *Ubeda*. The following route is recommended; where an asterisk is placed, the distances cannot be exactly stated; indeed, in the mountain and forest country the leagues are conventional and mere guesswork. It will be always advisable in each place to apply to the cura or the alcalde in any case of difficulty.

ROUTE 29.—ADRA TO CARTAGENA.

Adra	
Dalias	3
Roquetas	4
Almeria	4
Tabernas	5
Mojacar	5
Vera	2
Pulji	4
Puerto de las Aguilas	3
Algarrobbillo	2
Almazarron	4
Cartagena	5

Dalias is a poor place, liable to earthquake, and dreary is its sandy plain, *el Campo*, which might easily be irrigated: *Roquetas* and the coast are no better. *Almeria*—Murges, Portus Magnus of the ancients, *Al-Meryah*, Arabicè, "the conspicuous." Inns: *Fonda de los Vapores*, *Fonda Malaqueña*. Under both Roman and Moor it was the "great port" of traffic with Italy and the East, and one of the richest manufacturing towns. Under its Moorish independent chief, Ibn Maymún, it was a perfect Algiers, a pirate port and pest, whose galleys ravaged the coasts of France and Italy.

Then, according to the proverb, *Granada* was merely its farm; "*Cuando Almeria era Almeria, Granada era su alqueria.*" Indeed the site is a bosom of plenty, as the luxuriant figs and cactus testify. It was taken by the Spaniards, Oct. 16, 1147, chiefly by means of the Genoese, who were anxious to abate this worse piratical nuisance than even *Tortosa*. See a most curious Latin Leonine poem on this conquest. Esp. Sag. xxi. 399. The Genoese obtained for their sole reward the dish out of which the Saviour is said to have eaten the last supper. The Spaniards appropriated the town and the glory to themselves; and the region under their rule is no longer, as sang its Arabian eulogist, "a land where, if thou walkest, the stones are pearls, the dust gold, and the gardens paradise." The town is walled in with forts to the seaboard. The houses are small, the women and climate African: pop. about 20,000. Some bustle is given to the decay since the introduction of steamers, which touch here up and down. The remains of the bold picturesque Moorish castle of *Keyran*, now called the *Alcazaba*, command the town, and were repaired by Charles V., who there hung a bell to give warning of piratical descents. The walls at the back and beyond *La Olla* are very picturesque, running up and down the declivities. The port is without a mole, yet the vestiges of one constructed by the Moors might have suggested such an absolutely necessary improvement, and recently a pier has been projected, on paper only, although there is a paid *junta* for the purpose, and plenty of the finest stone close at hand—*cosas de España*. The former *atarazanas*, or dockyards, may also be traced. *Almeria* is a chief town of the district, and residence of petty authorities, who—*se dice*—get wealthy by encouraging smuggling from Gibraltar. It has a Gothic cathedral with an unfinished tower, and is almost a castle, having been built so strong in order to resist the pirates; notice a rich Corinthian façade, and medallions of St. Peter and St.

Paul; the interior is whitewashed; observe, however, the fine marbles in the pulpits and altars, especially one in the chapel of *La Virgen del Carmen*. The painted and gilt medallions are in good cinque-cento taste. *Santiago* is said to have disembarked here A.D. 37, whereat the Gallicians and Arragonese, each of whom swears that the apostle first disembarked in their country, are much vexed: and, as he never came to Spain at all, who shall decide? The inhabitants of Almeria are subject to eye-complaints.

About 2 L. in the Sierra are the much-frequented baths of *Alhamilla*; there are two seasons,—from May 1 to June 30, and from Sept. 1 to the end of October. The site is delicious, and the views charming; so much for nature. The bathing and social accommodations very bad; so much for the natives. The commerce of the province of Almeria consists principally in the produce of the lead-mines, and the esparto and barrilla, of which quantities grow on the plains. The arbol de tinte, a sort of *acacia*, from which a dye is made, flourishes here. The geologist will, of course, visit *El Cabo de Gata*, the “Cape Agate,” distant 15 m. S.E. This is the ancient *Promontorium Charidemi*, a word derived by Bochart (Can. i. 34) from the Punic *char-adem*, caput sardii, the sardonyx, Arabicè *Kheyran*. It is a rock formed of crystals, spars, and agates, of 8 L. by 5 L. in extent. Visit the cavern in the *Montaña del Bujo*, where amethysts are found. The evidences of volcanic disturbance are very clear: the conical *Moron de los Genoveses*, some 300 feet high, has clearly been thrown up; many similar *cerros* exist. The *Vela blanca* is a white spot, a landmark to travellers on this windy cape, since, according to the nautical adage, “At Cape de Gat, take care of your hat.” Other knobs have a religious nomenclature common in Spain, such as “*El Sacristan*” and “*Los dos Frailes*,” equivalent to our “parson and clerk,” “devil’s peaks,” &c. Those going to Cartagena, who dislike steam

conveyance, may ride across the sandy coast, provided they can face insects, and fleas especially.

This route is very uninteresting, and the accommodation wretched. The coast continues studded with watch-tower *atalayas*, and the plains produce esparto and soda-plants. The route runs inland to *Tabernas*, leaving *Cabo de Gata* to the rt.; it comes out on the sea near *Mojacar*, Murgis acra, the promontory on its spur of the *Sierra de Cabrera*, with its ruined castle and pretty *glorieta* walk. Hence to *Vera*. Barea—the “end” of the Tarraconese division—is a seaport from whence are exported the corn, barrilla, esparto, &c., of the rich environs. The climate is delicious; hic *ver* perpetuum: pop. above 8000. Hence cross over the *Almanzora*, the “river of victory,” often with no water in it, by the *Cortijo de Pulpi* to *el Puerto de las Aguilas*, a small place so called from a rock at the entrance of the nicely protected harbour, which resembles the head and beak of an eagle. The town consists of two intersecting streets, which nestle at the foot of a rock and castle, destined in 1766 by Charles III. as the port of the country up to Murcia. A carriageable road communicates hence to Lorea, 5 L.: the character of the country is calcined and barren, save the *Esparto* and *Palmito* weeds. *Almazarron* is an industrious place: pop. some 5000. The land and sea afford occupation. From the number of ruins discovered in the vicinity, this is supposed to have been the site of an important Carthaginian settlement. In the Sierra of *Almazarron* silver ores occur, while from the hill San Cristobal alum is extracted, and the red earth, *almagra*, which is used for rubbing Merino sheep, polishing mirrors, and mixed with the red rappee snuff of Seville. The friable rock is first roasted, and then slaked. When the alum is deposited in solution, the residue after evaporation is the *almagra*, which, according to Captain Widdrington, is a silicate of iron, according to others

an oxide. Much barrilla is made here, and burnt with the shrubs of these timberless plains. Crossing the *Almanzora* to the l., 1½ l., is the silver-pregnant *Sierra de Almagrera*. The mines were discovered by a poor weaver who, under the pretence of shooting, passed his days here, until near a ridge or dip called *el Barranco Jaroso* he found specimens; these he carried to Granada and Cordova to be assayed, when they proved to be galena or argentiferous lead: being utterly without money, he at last confided his secret to Don Miguel Soler, proprietor of the land, and the real discoverer according to Madoz, to whose account and details the traveller is referred, as also to the excellent work on *La Industria Minera* by *Ezquerria del Bayo*. Soler formed a club of 12 friends, who making a purse of about 100*l.*, proceeded to obtain a legal grant of the site, and employed a competent engineer: on the 21st of April, 1839, a rich lode was discovered about 50 feet below the earth. This *bonanza* or godsend was called *La Carmen*, in honour of the Virgin, as sole dispenser of the bounties of heaven. The shares soon rose from 150 dollars to 60,000. Indeed, 1800 arrobas of ore, of 25 lbs. each, were raised per day, even with the rudest machinery. This sudden acquisition of wealth attracted thousands of competitors to "the diggings," and what a few years ago was a wild and dreary waste is now studded with buildings, traced into roads, crowded with labourers and smelting-furnaces. To complete the works, a draining company has been formed for the purpose of opening an adit, now nearly completed. The outlet is on a level with the sea, and the line will communicate with that part of the Sierra which contains the principal mass of ore, a distance estimated at 2200 yards. These mines were certainly worked by the ancients, but long remained among the many treasures buried in the Spanish nation, until rediscovered by sheer accident: here first

appeared that germ of mining and gambling madness with which Spain and the whole modern world seem infected. The original discoverer died a pauper, without even a room in a poor or an alms-house, while the Carthaginians erected a temple to the *San Aletes*, by whom these identical ores were first found (Polyb. x. 10).

From *Almeria* there is a cross but carriageable road to *Guadix* 15 l., through *Rioja*, *Ocaña*, and *Finaña*.

ROUTE 30.—ALMERIA TO JAEN.

Almeria	
Rioja	4
Senes	
Macael	2
Purchena	1½
Baza	7
Orcera	4
Segura	5
Hornos	3
Iznatorafe	3
Ubeda	5
Baeza	1
Linares	3
Mengibar	4
Jaen	3

This circuit, interesting to the naturalist, runs through an almost terra incognita. The leagues are long and uncertain, the communications and accommodations rough in the extreme. It is, however, a voyage of discovery well deserving to be undertaken, and on which further information is much requested for this Handbook.

Macael, poorly built amid the finest materials, lies under the *Sierra de Filabres*, whence the view over the country is singular, as it resembles a stormy sea suddenly petrified. *Macael* is one block of white marble, whence were extracted the thousands of pillars which the Moors raised in the patios of Seville and Granada; now, in the pining atrophy and marasmus, they are scarcely worked. *Purchena* is historically interesting, as being the town to which Boabdil retired, it having been assigned to him as his petty estate, and part of his alcazar still remains. For *Baza*, see p. 343. Thence a bold lover of natural history may strike to the *Pozo*

del Alcon, where the pine forests commence. Hence to *Cazorla*, which forms one point of a triangle with *Puebla de Don Fabrique*, distant 15 L. The roads are iniquitous in these tangled groves of fine oaks and pines. At *Orcera* was the governmental establishment of woods and forests, whence the arsenals of Cadiz were supplied, but the noble buildings were all burnt by the French. The forest of *Segura*, *Saltus Tigiensis*, extends about 80 L. by 60. The visitor should apply to the resident authorities for permission to explore the localities, stating frankly his objects; otherwise his arrival will create an infinite hubbub, and he will be exposed to every sort of suspicion and inconvenience. The *Guadiana*, which flows into the *Guadalquivir*, is useful for floating down timber. The forest is sadly neglected and ill-used; game of all kinds abounds, and wolves are so numerous that sheep can scarcely be kept.

Passing through a fertile well-watered country is *Ubeda*, built on an olive-clad slope by the Moors, with the materials of the Roman *Betula*, now *Ubeda la Vieja*. *Ubeda* was taken by *Alonso VIII.* eight days after the victory of *Las Navas de Tolosa*. The Spaniard, writing to *Innocent III.*, stated that it "then contained 70,000 Moors, of whom many were put to death, and the rest made slaves to build convents in Spain, and the city razed to the ground." When these Christian destroyers retired, the Infidels rebuilt *Ubeda*. But the ill-fated town was again taken by *St. Ferdinand* on *Michaelmas-day*, 1239. Hence the city arms—gules, that Archangel, with an orle, argent, of twelve lions, gules. *Ubeda* contains about 15,000 inhabitants, principally agriculturists.

Here are excellent specimens of *Pedro de Valdevira*, an architect of the sixteenth century, and second only to *Berruguete*. The cathedral, once the mosque, has been built into a Corinthian temple, in a style similar to those of *Jaen* and *Granada*. Near the high altar was buried *Don Bel-*

tran de la Cueva, the reputed father of *La Beltraneja*, the rival to *Isabella* the Catholic. The *Mæcenas* of *Ubeda* was *Francisco de los Cobos*, secretary to *Charles V.* He brought from *Italy* *Julio* and *Alessandro*, pupils of *Jean de Udina*, to decorate his house with arabesques. The mansion, cruelly degraded, still exists in the parish *Santo Tomas*. He also employed *Pedro de Valdevira*, in 1540, to build the beautiful *San Salvador*. The stone is of a bad colour, and the interior has been overgilt and altered. Observe the *Portal del Llano*, and the entrance and inside of the rich sacristia: walk by the pretty *delicias* to the *Cadenas*, or convent of Dominican nuns, built in 1566 by *Vasquez de Molina*, sec. to *Philip II.*; the façade is by *Valdevira*; the hospital is a fine building: observe the tower, the cloister, and the minute bassi-relievi on the *retablo*. The funds have long been misapplied, and the mismanagement is complete. Visit the *Lonja*, and the buildings in the *Exido*—the "Exodus," or place of departure for *Baeza*, distant 1 L. There is a profusion of water, and fertility is everywhere the consequence; indeed, the whole of the *Lomas de Ubeda* is some of the finest land in the world. Under the Moors it was densely peopled, and a granary; now much is *despoblado* and neglected, and the people dull and backward; indeed, since the days of *Don Quixote* (ii. 33), *ir por los cerros de Ubeda* is equivalent to going out of your way or talking nonsense, and the roads are some of the very worst in Spain.

Baeza—*Beata Bæcula*—is the spot where *Scipio* the younger routed *Asdrubal* (v. c. 545), killing 8000 Carthaginians, and taking 10,000 Spaniards prisoners (*Livy*, xvii. 18). Under the Moors it became a flourishing town of 30,000 souls. It was taken and sacked by *St. Ferdinand* in 1239, and has never become again what it once was. The miserable Moors took refuge in the *Albaicin* of *Granada*. *Baeza* is a handsome town, with old walls and towers,

of which the *Abatares* is the finest. Pop. about 4000. There is a good new posada in what was the Franciscan convent. The noble buildings of the sixteenth century, and now deserted halls, bear record of former importance. The position, on a lofty *loma*, with pure air, rich plains, and abundance of water, is well chosen. All this rich district fell in 1810 at once into Soult's grasp from the misconduct of the Spaniards under Castejón. The principal edifices are the oratorio of San Felipe Neri, the grand patio and staircase of the university, the fountain with caryatides in the Plaza, and the cinque-cento gates of Cordova and Baeza. The cathedral is joined with that of Jaen, under the same mitre. It was modernised in 1587, and dedicated to the "birth of the Virgin." This mystery is represented in a basso-relievo by Jeronimo Prado, over the classical portal. The chapel of San José is in excellent plateresque. It was for this cathedral that Francisco Merino, one of the best silver-workers of Spain (obit 1594), made a magnificent *custodia*.

But the pride of Baeza was the being the birthplace of the 11,000 virgins commonly called of Cologne, but who were Spanish, according to Vilches, in his '*Santuarios*,' i. 28, 26. These ladies, really born in Cornwall about the year 453, were daughters of one Nothus, a great lord, and the Bastards are still among the best born in the West of England. Some sceptical critics contend that the eleven thousand were in reality only twins, and by name Ursula and Undecimilla; others assert that the mistake arose from the abbreviations of an old manuscript, "Ursula et XI. M. V.," meaning simply, Ursula and eleven martyr virgins. At the same time, there must have been many thousands of them, more perhaps than at present, since there is scarcely a *relicario* in Spain which cannot boast a virgin, or two of them, while the numbers in Germany and Italy are still more astounding.

The celebrated sculptor, Gaspar Berra, was born at Baeza in 1520.

Spain.—I.

Linares—Hellanes—is placed in a pleasant plain under the Sierra Morena, with an abundance of fertilising streams: population under 7000. It was celebrated in antiquity for its mines of copper and lead, which are still very productive, especially those of Los Arrayanes, Alamillos, and La Cruz. Every day new shafts are being opened; but, as at Berja, the working is very prejudicial to the miner's health. About half a L. distant is the supposed site of Castulo or Cazlona, where mutilated sculpture is frequently found and neglected. At *Palazuelos* are the presumed ruins of the "palace" of Himilce, the rich wife of Hannibal, and near is the site of the great battle won by Scipio (Livy, xxiv. 41). The fine fountain of Linares is supposed to be a remnant of the Roman work which was connected with Castulo. N. of Linares, and about 5 miles from Carolina, in the *Cerro de Valdeinferno*, are certain ancient mines, which still are called *Los Pozos de Anibal*. The geologist may strike on to *Vilches*, a small place with 2000 souls, placed in the midst of neglected mines of copper and silver. The wild shooting in all this district of *Las Nuevas Poblaciones* is good, so also is the fishing in the *Guadalen*, *Guarrizaz*, and *Guadalimar*.

The two towns of Baeza and Linares, only 3 L. apart, as is common in unamalgamating Spain, do not love their neighbour. *Baeza quiere pares, y no quiere Linares*.

The traveller may either strike up to Bailen, 2 L., or return to Granada by Jaen—2 L. to the Venta de Don Juan, and 1 L. to the bridge over the Guadalquivir at Mengibar, and thence 4 most dreary L. to Jaen. See Index for details.

The communications from Granada will be found in the preceding pages: to Jaen, Rte. 16; to Cordova, Rte. 14; to Seville, by Osuna, Rte. 13; to Ronda, by Antequera, Rte. 21; to Malaga, by Alhama, Rte. 25; or by Loja, Rte. 13. There now remains the Route to Murcia and the Eastern provinces.

SECTION IV.

THE KINGDOM OF MURCIA.

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Orhuela; Elche; Alicante.			

THE petty *Reino de Murcia* contains about 660 square L. It is of an irregular shape, about 25 L. long by 23 broad, and is bounded to the E. by Valencia, to the N. by Cuenca and La Mancha, to the W. by Granada, and to the S. by the Mediterranean. It is thinly peopled and very dry: drought, indeed, is the local curse: and frequently for many months in succession not one drop of rain falls on the parched, riverless portions. Man and nature are withered up; dust returns to dust, and all becomes a desert. The artificial remedies, the *Presas* and *Pantanos*, and methods of irrigation introduced by the intelligent, industrious Moors are well worth notice. (Consult the *Memoria*, by *Rafael de Miranda*, 8vo. 1836.) Where they exist under this ardent sun, the well-watered portions and *Huertas* compensate by their prodigious fertility, producing the palm, orange, and carob tree, silk, soda, bass-grass, red peppers, and wines. The mineralogy is most interesting, especially in the mining districts near Cartagena. The best line of route is that which comprehends Lorca, Murcia, Cartagena, Elche, and Alicante. The springs and autumns are the fittest seasons for travelling; the former are all flower, the latter all fruit. Murcia was the cherished province of the Carthaginians, and was destined by them to replace their loss of Sicily, as it contained those mines which enabled the family of Hannibal to war against Rome itself. The Goths of Murcia made honourable resistance against the Moors, and their leader, Theodimir—*Tadmir Ben Gobdos*—was allowed to retain an independent sovereignty during his life; hence the province was called *Belad Tadmir*, a word often confounded with *Tadmor*, a country of palms, which do indeed flourish here. Under the Moors Mursiah became one continuous "garden," and hence was called *El Bastan*, and sometimes *Misr*, Egypt, to which it was compared. When the Kalifate of the Ummeyyah was broken up, Mursiah split off into an independent state under the Beni-Tahir family, which ruled from 1038 to 1091; after this, internal dissensions led to the triumph of the Spaniards. The Moorish Murcians were reputed to be ob-

stinate and disobedient; and the province, lying in an out-of-the-way corner, is still considered by Spaniards to be the Bœotia of the south. Thus in schoolless Murcia, *Murtia*, the pagan goddess of apathy and ignorance, has long ruled, and rules, undisturbed and undisputed. Few men in anywise illustrious, have ever been produced by this Dunciad province. The lower classes, chiefly agricultural, are alternately sluggish and laborious. Their physiognomy is African, and many have migrated latterly to congenial Algeria. Superstitious, litigious, and revengeful, they remark of themselves and province, that the heaven and earth are good, but all that is between them is bad. *El cielo y suelo es bueno—el entresuelo malo.* The littoral plains, especially about Cartagena and Alicante, are much subject to earthquakes, and are rendered insalubrious by salt-marshes. The salt made from them is chiefly shipped to the Baltic. The soda-plant grows abundantly: of the four kinds—the barilla, algazal, sosa, and salicor—the first is the best. It is a low-tufted spreading bush, of a greenish colour, ripening into a dull brown. The plants, when dry, are burnt on iron gratings over pits; and the saline particles sink below in a vitrified mass. An acre of barrilla will produce a ton of alcali, but it is an exhausting crop. Here also the *esparto*, the bass feather-grass or Spanish rush, *Spartium junceum*, *genet d'Espagne*,—*stipa-macrochloa tenacissima*—grows naturally in vast quantities: hence the district of Cartagena was called by the Greeks, το σπασταριον—το ιουγγαριον πιδιον, and by the Romans *Campus Spartarius*, *Juncarius*. The name of this “*stipa-tenacissima*” is said to be derived from *σπυρα*, *conserere*, and the plant resembles the *spear-grass* which grows on the sandy sea-shores of Lancashire. This thin wiry rush is still worked up into the same infinite purposes as are so accurately described by Pliny ('N. H.' xix. 2); such as matting, baskets, soles of sandals, ropes, &c. It was exported largely to Italy (Strabo, iii. 243). These are the Iberian whips of Horace (Epod. iv. 3). The rush, when cut, is dried like hay, and then soaked in water and plaited, and is very enduring; and the hand-manufacture, as formerly, employs multitudes of women and children. Snails, especially a kind called *Serranos*, are much eaten in these districts.

The present section will include a portion of Valencia, as Murcia is quitted near Orihuela; but the description of the Elche, Alicante, and Xativa districts will, however, come conveniently to the traveller who approaches those regions from Granada. Murcia is very ill provided with roads; even the great communication between Granada is but just carriageable, badly furnished with bridges, very wearisome, and with poor accommodation. The best plan will be, on leaving Granada, to make an excursion into the Alpujarras to Almeria (R. xxvi.), and then take the steamer to Cartagena. There is a good local and heraldic history of Murcia, the '*Discursos Historicos*,' Francisco Cascales, Murcia, 1621; or the new edition of 1775. Murcia, a metal-pregnant district, at this moment is mining mad, for the Spaniard, not ill-disposed in the abstract to Mammon worship, has caught a new infection from the foreigner in its practical exhibition. Some account of these mines, ancient and modern, may interest those who love either to “speculate,” or to dig out the ore of the past from the rubbish of oblivion. Here the antiquarian will find the identical shafts of the Carthaginians reopened, after a discontinuance of so many centuries: and the same districts are again made busy by this ancient source of wealth and industry.

Spain has long supplied the world, both the old and new, with the precious metals—herself the Peru of antiquity, she enriched Tyre and Rome with bullion from her own bosom, as in later times she supplied Europe from her Transatlantic possessions. The Phœnicians, the first to discover her metallic wealth, long kept the secret to themselves with a jealous monopoly, which their descendants imitated in regard to their golden colonies of the New World. The merchants of Tyre found the natives of Tarshish (the south of Spain) much

as the aboriginal Indians were when discovered by the Spaniards; and totally unacquainted with the conventional value of the precious metals as a representative of wealth, for no mention whatever is made of coin. They treated them simply as materials for the construction of the meanest utensils, for managers and water-vessels (Strabo, iii. 224). The Phœnicians carried bullion away in such quantities, that when their ships were freighted to the full they made their anchors of silver (Diod. Sic. v. 358, Wees.): the coasts of Palestine were encumbered therewith, so that in the house of Solomon (who traded with Hiram) everything was of gold and "silver was accounted nothing" (1 Kings, x. 21). The very next verse shows that all this came from Spain. Hence the possession of this country of gold, the source of the sinews of war, and the secret of power, soon became the bone of contention among nations (App. 'B. H.' 482). The fame of the Romans was spread over the East, in consequence of "what they had done in Spain, the winning of the mines of silver and of gold which is there" (1 Macc. viii. 3). Everything which regarded this subject interested the avarice of Roman adventurers, who, says Diodorus Siculus, flocked to Spain in the hopes of suddenly becoming rich, just as the Spaniards did to Peru and Mexico; accordingly, there was no want of authors on Spanish metallurgy. From the now lost works of Posidonius, the chief authority, Strabo and Diodorus Siculus derived their principal information. Posidonius, according to Strabo (iii. 217), was so dazzled with the subject, that, departing from his ordinary prose to indulge in poetical exaggeration, he adventured on the pun, that Plutus, not Pluto, lived beneath the Spanish soil. Strabo goes on to say, that men would bore down to the latter to dig up the former. Even this cautious geographer warms when enlarging on the wealth of the Peninsula. See also the beautiful exordium of Pliny to his 3rd book on the fatal greediness for gold, and the "profunda avaritia" of his countrymen. No tale could, in fact, be too exaggerated for the credulity and the golden visions of the reading public of Rome, who thought that the streets of Spain were paved with gold, just as the modern Romans think those of London now are. The Tagus was said to roll over golden sands, while the ploughshare of the Gallician turned up clods of ore (Justin, xlv. 3). The Iberian names of these interesting lumps, *Palas*, *Palacranus*, *Baluces*, have been preserved, while the rest of the dictionary has perished. It is still true, as was remarked by Strabo (iii. 210, 216), that those portions of the Peninsula where the soil is most barren are the most fertile in the precious metals.

Those who have read of the murders committed in the S. American mines by the Spaniards, and of the myriads of poor Indians wasted, blood, bones, and all, as *machinas de sangre*, will be satisfied, on comparing the recorded iniquities committed here by the Carthaginians, that the Punic taint, when gold is in the question, has remained unchanged in their descendants. The accounts given by Diod. Siculus of the mode of working the mines of Egypt (iii. 181) and of Spain (v. 359) prove from the identity of practical details, that the Phœnicians introduced the Oriental system. Nothing could exceed the cruelties exercised in both countries on the *ergastula*, the gangs of wretched miners, who were composed of captives and criminals; they toiled day and night, naked, and urged on with the lash, until death came as a welcome deliverer. In the mines near Cartagena 40,000 men were thus employed at once (Strabo, iii. 220), and the daily returns of silver amounted to 25,000 drachma; and one mine alone, called *Bebulo*, produced to Hannibal 3 cwt. of silver daily (Plin. 'N. H.' xxxiii. 6). *Credite posteris*. The mines were drained by hydraulic machines, *κρηται*, the invention of Archimedes, and imported from Egypt, just as the steam-engines are now brought there from England, for the Spaniard never was a mechanician. The old shafts burrowed into the mountains, by which rivers were turned off, are distinguishable from the Moorish by being *round*, while the latter are *square*. Job (xxviii. 7) alludes to these Phœnician tunnellings,

the remains of some of which are still thought to be traceable at Rio Tinto, and the S^o Spirito, near Cartagena. These shafts, the Greek *σπηλαια*, *Σπηλαια*, and Roman *Cuniculi*, were called by the natives *arrugia*, in which, and its Greek corruption, the Iberian or Basque root *w*, "water," is evident. The wells, *pozos*, were called *agangas* and *agogas*, for the Romans, mere military conquerors, preserved, nay derived, these technical terms from their more ingenious predecessors, just as the Gotho-Spaniard adopted the nomenclature of the Moor.

The Iberians, like the modern Spaniards, rude and careless manufacturers, took the raw material just as bountiful nature offered it to them, and left to the stranger the processes of artificial perfection. Thus their bullion was exported, as now, in pigs, or "spread into plates" (Jer. x. 9). How little all the processes of separation and amalgamation were known may be inferred from the Saguntines having simply melted their gold and silver with lead and brass, in order thereby to render it useless to Hannibal (App. 'B. H.' 435). It has also been ascertained that even 12 per cent. of silver is yet to be extracted from the ancient slags, *escoriales*, left by them; so imperfect was their system of smelting. It would appear that the advanced metallurgical science of Egypt and Phœnicia, from whom the Jews learnt their processes even of reducing and dissolving gold (Exod. xxxii. 20), was not kept up by the colonists of Carthage.

The Carthaginian labourers in these districts were then, as now, very poor; the ore was dug up by a sweat of blood, and modern Spaniards have always neglected the surer source of wealth, agriculture, which lies on the surface of their fertile soil; they have, like Orientals, loved to gamble; buoyed on by their imaginations, and readily believing what they eagerly desired, they have sighed for sudden acquisition of riches, for some brilliant treasure accident, and have thus lost the solid substance in the attempt to catch at a glittering shadow. The want of fuel is a serious objection; thus the juxtaposition of English iron and coal has won the Spaniard's gold, to whom the angry gods denied these gifts, while they granted richer ores. Industry, again, is wanting, that alchemy which converts these baser substances into precious things, and solves the doubt of the Roman philosopher, "argentum et aurum, proprii Dei an irati negaverint, dubio;" and poor Spain herself has too long been a mine worked by avarice and iniquity. The Moorish invasion led to the abandonment of these ancient mines, as this portion of the Peninsula became a scene of domestic and foreign warfare; and when the Moor was at last conquered, the almost simultaneous discovery of the New World threw into the lap of Spain a virgin source of unexhausted wealth, it was no longer worth while to expend heavy labour and capital on the long-neglected mines at home, when the supply could be so well procured elsewhere, so they were closed in 1600 by a royal order. Latterly, since the loss of the Transatlantic colonies, much attention has been directed to these former sources of treasure; and foreign capitalists have poured in with foreign science and machinery, and even the Spaniard, cautious as he is in embarking his hoard in any commercial adventure, joins in this race for gold. It plagues over their most inveterate national and even religious antipathies. He co-operates with Jew and Gentile, for the Rothschilds, wise as their king Solomon, have again sent forth their agents to Tarshish, buying up the bullion, and making advances for new operations. These are chiefly directed by Englishmen and Frenchmen. Even the coals used for smelting are brought from Newcastle.

Among the finest refining establishments in these metal-pregnant districts may be named *La Britannica* and *La de San Juan*, at Alicante. The amalgamation works of *San Isidoro*, at Escombrera, and *La Regenerada*, at Almazarron, deserve notice. A new custom-house has been opened at *Porman*—Portus magnus—solely for these galena mines. The bonanzas of *La Espe-*

, La Observacion, and Emilia, of San Gines, on the Rico Cerro de Oro, be visited: at S^o Spirito was discovered, in 1481, a Carthaginian shaft, supported by masonry. However, the talk of this angle of Murcia is about ores, and the traveller will hear of nothing else: every day some new association is formed, some new ground broken. These, and all other particulars, will be learned from his consuls at Cartagena and Alicante, or any respectable merchant or resident.

The mineralogist and speculator is referred for additional information to the '*Historia Natural*' of Bowles; the '*Comentarios de las Ordenanzas de Minas*,' Antonio Xavier de Gamboa, folio, Mad. 1761, translated by Richard Heathfield, Longman, 1830; also '*Registro de las Minas de la Corona*,' Tomas Gonzalez, 2 vols. Mad. 1832; and '*Minero Español*,' Nicacio Anton Valle, Mad. 1841; a newspaper also was established, called *El Boletin de las Minas*, which is exclusively dedicated to mining information. The best spots for the student in these matters will be *Cartagena* and *Alicante*, in the vicinity of which occur the chief mines, smelting and other establishments, which are principally carried on by French and English speculators.

ROUTE 31.—GRANADA TO MURCIA.

Huetor . . .	1†	..	4†
Molinillo . . .	3	..	6
Diezma . . .	1†	..	6
Purullena . . .	2	..	8
Guadix . . .	1	..	9
Venta de Gor . . .	3	..	12
Venta de Baul . . .	1	..	13
Baza . . .	3	..	16
Cullar . . .	4	..	20
Chirivel . . .	3	..	23
Velez Rubio . . .	3	..	26
Lumberas . . .	5	..	31
Lorca . . .	3	..	34
Totana . . .	4	..	38
Librilla . . .	4	..	42
Murcia . . .	4	..	46

This bad road is practicable for strong *galeras* and *tartanas*. It is better to ride it, hiring horses to Lorca, whence a diligence runs to Murcia; reserving, however, a power of taking the horses on, if preferred. By leaving *Granada* at 4 A.M. you can easily reach *Guadix* to sleep. The city is quitted by the *Puerta de Fucalauza*, Arabicè, the pass or gate of the almond-trees, a two hours' mountain ride leads to the tolerable posada at *Huetor*. Hence, passing the lofty crags, the picturesque defiles and descents, to *Molinillo*, and wild aromatic *dehesas* to burnt-up *Diezma*. The arid soil contrasts with the snowy *Sierra*, which glitters to the r. Near *Purullena*, the miserable peasantry dwell in holes or *cuevas*, excavated from the soft hillocks. Many of the loftier hills to the r. bear names connected

with the silver-mines of antiquity, such as *Sierra de la Mina*, *Sierra del Pozo*, &c.; indeed, all this range, down to the *Sierra de Filabres* and *Vera*, is marble and metal pregnant. In these districts, probably, were the *Orospeidan* chain; the *Oros* *αργυρου* of *Strabo* (iii. 220); the *Mons Argentarius* of *Fest. Avienus*. *Bochart* interprets the word *Orosphed* quasi *Phed*, Punicè silver. Gold mines exist in the *Monte del Sol*, not far from *Cenes* and *Huetor*.

Guadix, Acci, Arabicè *wadi-ash*, the water of life, *eau de vie*, in its mulberry-groves looks more cheerful. There is a decent *posada del Sol* under the town, near the gate, and a nice little *Alameda*. *Guadix* contains 9000 souls, and is a bishopric suffragan to *Granada*, although it claims much greater antiquity and to have been converted by *San Torcuato*, one of the seven prelates sent expressly to Spain by *St. Peter and Paul*. Walk up to the *Plaza*, with its columns of the 15th century: thence to the *Paseo de la Catedral*, and observe the view over the *Veja*. The cathedral is unimportant, although rejoicing in the epithets of holy and apostolical. The *coro* is enriched with many small statues, carved in pear-wood; the *silleria* is in exaggerated plateresque: the pulpits are composed of the red and green *Alpujarras* marbles. Coming out towards the bishop's palace is a Roman stone, let into the wall, and inscribed "*Colon Accis*." Hence by the *Calle de la Mu-*

ralla to the ruined Moorish castle. Observe the extraordinary character of the environs. The whole country about the town resembles a sea, whose waves have suddenly been transformed into solid substances. The hillocks rise up fantastically into conical and pyramidal shapes: their marly sides are excavated into caves, the homes of the troglodyte poor. No wonder some are called *los dientes de la Vieja*, although they are more like the teeth of a petrified colossal crocodile than of an old woman. These localities, once covered by water, have been ploughed by the retiring floods into gullies, by which the whole district is intersected. Guadix is renowned for its knives, made with a *molde*, or catch, by which the blades can be fixed and converted into a dagger; admirable for stabbing, nothing can be ruder than this cutlery, which however answers Spanish purposes, and that *guerra al cuchillo* which proved scarcely less fatal to the French than the British bayonet. (See Albatete.) From Guadix a road leads to Lanjaron, by Tiana, Lanjar, and Orgiva. Consult *Historia del Obispado de Guadix y Bara*. Pedro Suarez, fol. Mad. 1696.

About $1\frac{1}{4}$ L. from Guadix are the baths of Graena, open from August to October. The accommodations, as usual, are wretched; and many visitors prefer lodging in the cool caves of the hills to the hot and inconvenient houses. Leaving Guadix, whence the road branches off for Almeria, and threading a sea of pointed hillocks, sandy, earthy, and tawny, amid which the *esparto* rush grows luxuriantly, passing a stream and a wild ascent, a midday halt may be made at the poor *Venta de Gor*. Ghaur means a pass in Hindee, while *ghur* in Arabic is a bottom, a flat low country. The town lies to the r. Hence to Baza, 3 long L. The clay-built-looking city lies in a rich *hoya* or plain, surrounded by a country ploughed up by ravines and Brobdignag furrows. Baza, the Roman Basti, the Moorish Bástah, is an agricultural town of some 10,000 souls: the posada is roomy and good. Fragments of antiquity are constantly found in the Vega, and are as con-

stantly neglected or broken to pieces by the peasants, who, like Moors, think they contain hidden treasures. Baza was taken by the Christians, after a siege of seven months, Dec. 4, 1480. Isabella came in person, then and there, as everywhere else, the harbinger of victory. This gentle and delicate queen possessed the masculine virtues of our bold Bess, while a soul of Cæsar was enshrined in the form of Lucretia. She braved all hardships, hurried to every post of danger, regardless of weather or ill health, and appearing at the nick of time, like our Elizabeth at Tilbury Fort, communicated to her troops her own dauntless spirit. The Spanish artillery was under her especial management, for she perceived the power of this arm, hitherto undervalued from being worked insufficiently. She was the soul and spirit of every campaign, by providing the finance and commissariat, things rare in Spain, and recorded by P. Martyr as *belli nervos*. She pawned her jewels to pay the troops, seldom paid since; established military hospitals, and maintained a regular discipline: her camp, says P. Martyr, resembled a republic of Plato's. Need it be said that her armies were victorious? for Spaniards make fine soldiers when well fed and led. She placed her battery on the site of the present *posito*, or grain deposit, and some of her cannon, used as lamp-posts! remain near the rose-planted Alameda. They are composed of bars of iron bound by hoops, and have no wheels, being moved by strong rings. In the *Colegiata* is the fine tomb of the patron, *San Maximo*. The splendid Custodia was the work of Juan Ruiz of Cordova. Near Bara, November 3, 1810, Blake and Manuel Freire were signally beaten by the French. The town was sacked by Sebastiani.

Baza is renowned for rich red wines, the beverage of Granada. The women are among the prettiest in Spain, and, as at Guadix, fair complexioned. The female peasants clad in green *sayas*, with black stripes and red edgings, with their sandalled, raked feet, upright elastic step, as they carry

baskets or pitchers on their heads, are quite classical and melo-dramatic Hebes. The Valencian costume now begins, and the striped *manta* takes the place of the cloak. There are two local histories: one by Gonzalo Argote de Molina; the other by Pedro Suarez, fol. Mad. 1606.

Hence by a poplar Alameda to *Cullar de Biza*, which lies in a ravine below its Moorish ruin, and in a valley of maize and vines. It is a straggling place of some 5000 souls built on its stream. Half of the dwellings are mere holes dug in the hill-side, in which the rustics burrow and breed like rabbits, and they are all fur in their sheepskin jackets. Here, in August, 1811, Freire was again beaten to shreds even by Godinot, one of the worst of French generals, whose incapacity allowed his foe, skilled in flight, to escape (Toreno, xvi.).

Ascending a broken ridge, the miserable *Venta de las Vertientes* marks the summit, from whence *divortia aquarum*, the "parted waters," descend both ways. *Chirivel* is in the district of flax and hemp, *lino y cáñamo*. The latter, when cut, is soaked for 8 days, until the rind rots; it is then beaten on round stones, and drawn through an iron-toothed machine. The whole process is unwholesome, for the offensively-smelling soakings produce fever, while the minute particles which fly off during the beating irritate the lungs and induce consumption. *Velez el Rubio* is approached by an awful league, *la del Frayle*, which is at least 5 miles long. The stream is pretty; and the two rocky knobs of the *Frayle* and *La Monja* are singular. *Velez el Rubio* is a poor but well-peopled place of some 12,000 souls, in a most fertile district, which also abounds in fine jaspers: the white houses lie under the castle in a picturesque hill-girt situation. Near it is the *fuentes del gato*, a ferruginous mineral water, and excellent for nervous disorders. The huge *posada del Rosario* was built in 1785 by the Duke of Alva, who owns large estates in these parts. The exterior is grand, the interior is all want. *Velez el Rubio*, although unarmed and

unresisting, was sacked by Sebastiani in April, 1810.

Passing the steep *Cuesta de Viotar* we enter Murcia. The high road to Lorca is carried over the ridge at *el Puerto de Lumbreras*: but the traveller should make a mountain *détour* to the l. by the noble castle of *Xiquena*, dining at the *venta* on the opposite side of the river, and beyond the picturesque mills. The stone pines are magnificent. Make then a *détour* to the l. to the *Pantano* of Lorca: an enormous dyke, called *el puente*, is built of a fine yellow stone across the gathering ground of a narrow valley, 1500 ft. high, and consisting of 7 ramps or *caminos*, each 12 ft. wide; the base being some 84 ft. thick. This dams up the rivulet into a reservoir lake; the accumulated waters are doled out to the lands below, water being the thing wanting in this desiccated district. These *Pantanos* are the precise Byzantine *ὄψαλις*, the *Bendts* by which Constantinople is supplied. This one was a speculation of the company de Prades, formed in 1775, by whom money was raised for the Murcian canal at 7½ per cent., which, being guaranteed by Charles III., was lent readily. In 1791 Godoy reduced it to 3 per cent., deducting the whole amount of the previously paid difference of 4½. The dyke across the gorge, finished in 1789, was filled for the first time in Feb. 1802, and gave way April 30, destroying the suburb of San Christobal, and much of the city, and injuring everthing for nearly 50 m. below. Similar was the reservoir and the destruction of the Sitte Mareb, the work of Solomon's Queen of Sheba, which swept entire cities from the face of Arabia (Sale's 'Koran,' i. 12). Something on a smaller scale occurred at Helmforth, Yorkshire, in 1852, but as that particular dam was in Chancery who can wonder at the ruin? The Murcians, in remembrance of these aqueous avalanches, oppose the repairs of the *Pantanos*. It is with them a question of fire v. water—either to be burnt up by the sun or drowned.

Following the lines of damage for 2 L., we reach *Lorca*, *Elicroca*, *Lorcá*, with a decent inn, *de San Vicente*, and

diligence to Murcia: the town is built under the *Monte de Oro*, on the banks of the Sangonera, or Guadalentin, which soon falls into the Segura. Lorca is a dull, rambling old city, with steep and tortuous streets, but clean and good houses: Inhab. under 22,000, and recently impoverished by mining gambings. This city was the Moorish key of Murcia. The castle—a fine specimen—is worth visiting for the superb view it commands. The tower *Espolon*, and the long lines of walls, are Moorish. That called the *Alfonso* is Spanish, and was built by Alonso el Sabio, who gave the city for its arms his bust on this tower, with a key in one hand and a sword in the other, with the legend, —

“Lorca solum gratum, castrum super astra locatum,
Ense minas gravis, et regni tutissima clavus.”

The façade of the *Colegiata* is Corinthian and composite. The interior is dark, but rejoices in relics of its patron *San Patricio*, a rival to St. Patrick. The tower has a Murcian pepper-box dome. The old Plaza, with its arched prison and rambling streets, are picturesque. There is a tolerable Gothic church, *La Santa Maria*. The walks are pleasant, especially the Alameda, near the river. In the *Corredera* is a pillar and Roman inscription. Images of San Vicente Ferrer (see Valencia) now begin to appear. Lorca was twice sacked by the French, and especially in Aug. 1810, by Sebastiani. Here, Feb. 1811, Freire fled as usual on the mere approach of Soult. There is a local history, ‘*Antigüedades, &c., de Lorca.*’ Pedro Morote Perez Chacocos, fol. Murcia, 1741; and *Ordenanzas y Privilegios*, 4to. Gran. 1713.

From Lorca to Murcia the route is arid and desolate from want of water. Totana and the mud-built *Librilla* are the head-quarters of Murcian gipsies, whose costume is very gay and ornate. They are the innkeepers of the district. Their grand rendezvous is at Palmas de San Juan, where they dance the *Toca*, *Ole*, and *Mandel*. Totana is divided by these dark children of the Zend into two portions, called *Sevilla* y

Triana, in remembrance of the capital of Bœtica; the hugest tinajas are made here. Near Totana commences *La Sierra de España*, in the snow of which the gipsies traffic. Totana contains 8000 souls, and has a *Colegiata*, a fine fountain, supplied by a handsome aqueduct. The vegetation, where there is water, is tropical: tall whispering canes and huge aloes, towering up in candelabras, are intermingled with palm-trees and gigantic sun-flowers, whose seeds are eaten by the poor. The *Barracas*, or low cottages of the peasants, have projecting roofs, generally thatched with *sisca*, and gable ends, on which the cross of *Caravaca*,* the relic of these localities, is elevated; this now supersedes the Holy Face, the *Rostro* of Jaen. For relics in Spain, like our county magistrates, have small power out of their jurisdiction. In the distance the cathedral tower of Murcia rises above level plantations of oranges, mulberries, golden maize, and red pepper. The peasants, with handkerchiefs on heads like turbans, and white kilts, look, from this contrast of linen with bronzed

* Caravaca lies up in the hills, 14 L. from Murcia, on the road to *Albacete* (18 L.) The town is pleasantly placed at the head of a vega, under a fine castle; ascend to the *Capilla Mayor* of the church, the site of the local miracle, and notice the Baso relieves, the votive gifts, and the Cross itself. The grand festival is May 3. The cross is brought down with wonderful pomp to the town and bathed. The waters then become miraculously impregnated, and the peasants and patients plunge in. Compare this with *Il Santo Lago* near Rome, where the pagan priests of Cybele dipped the image with an annual *pompa* in the *Alma*, which became instantly endowed with medicinal and sanative properties.—*Ovid Past.* iv. v. 395. *Am. Marc.* xxxiii. 6. The arms of Caravaca are a “red cow, with a cross on its back;” all this has reference to the captive Don Gines Perez Chirinos, who being very desirous, May 3, 1231, to say mass to a Moorish king of the ill-omened name Deceyt, had no cross, whereupon angels brought this identical one down from heaven, and the Moor was instantly converted. Miracles have ever since been wrought. Rings, when rubbed against the cross, protect the wearers from illness. The peasants fancied that this Cross would secure them from Sebastian’s pillagers, which it did not. Volumes have been written on its past powers. Consult *Cuatro ciento Milagros*, Jaime Bleda, 8vo. Val. 1800; *Cascales*, p. 17; *Historia*, Juan de Robles, 4to. Mad. 1615; ditto Martin C. F. Pintero, fol. Madrid, 1722; *Madoz*, v. 522.

flesh, as dusky as Moors. The pretty women are made more so by their ballet costume of blue *sayas* and yellow boddices. Murcia is entered by the pleasant *Alameda del Carmen*, traversing the Plaza with its highly-worked iron balconies, and thence over the muddy, half-exhausted Segura, by a fine bridge built in 1720.

Inns: Posada Francesa, and one in the *Plaza de San Leandro*; other *posadas* are the *San Antonio* and la de la Alhondiga. *La del Comercio* is in the Calle de la Rambla del Cuerno. In the Calle Mayor are two decent *casas de pupilos*; one kept by Juan Gutierrez, the other by Dona Maria Romero. Consult '*Discursos Historicos*,' Cascales, fol. Murcia, 1614. In the first edition there are 135 coats of arms, which are usually placed before the 20th discourse. The work was reprinted at Murcia, in 1775.

A day will suffice for Murcia: the capital of its province, it is placed in the centre of the most fertile *Huerta*, the Moorish *al-Bastan*, "garden," which extends 5 L. in length by 3 in breadth, and is watered from a magnificent Moorish contrivance called the *Contraparada*, and by the river, which is *sungrado*, or bled to death. Silk is the staple, and red-pepper powder, which is sent all over Spain. Murcia was built by the Moors, from the materials of the Roman Murgi, Murci Arcilacis. It was called Mursial, and Hadhrat Tadmira, the "court of Theodomir," its independent Gothic province. It neither is nor ever was dedicated to Venus, the lover of myrtles, as some, misled by mere sound, have affirmed. The Segura is the Tader, Terebis, Serebis of the ancients, the Skehurah of the Moors. The city contains about 35,000 souls, and is the see of a bishop suffragan to Toledo, who is still called *de Cartagena*, which was originally the site of the metropolitan, and since the removal, the two cities have abhorred each other most devoutly. Murcia was taken from the Moors in 1240, by St. Ferdinand; it rebelled, and was reconquered by Alonso el Sabio, who left, as a precious legacy, his bowels to the dean and chapter, i. e. coals to

Newcastle; had he bequeathed a portion of his brains, this Dunciad see and city might have profited, for it is the dullest city in Spain, which is no trifle, and one of the driest; but whenever rain is wanted, the miraculous image of our Lady of *Fuensanta*, the patroness of Murcia, is brought in grand procession from *Algezares*, 1 L.; the priest having first consulted his barometer before fixing the day. This little town sends forth the peculiar itinerant hucksters and pedlars, the *Montañeses* of Murcia. Her sanctuary, is also a favourite holiday lounge for devout persons. The image is duly brought to the cathedral during the September *Novenas*.

The streets of Murcia are generally narrow, and many of the houses are painted in pink and yellow colours; those of the *Hidalgos* are decorated with armorial bearings; observe, for example, the Casa Pinares, in the *Calle de la Plateria*. The city arms are six crowns with an orle of lions and castles. Visit the Alcazar, fortified in 1405 by Enrique III. N.B. Ascend the cathedral tower, which was begun in 1522 by Cardinal Mateo de Langa, and finished in 1766. The stone chain is in compliment to the Velez family, whose armorial bearing it is; crowned with a dome, this tower, the type of most other belfries in this province, rises in compartments, like a drawn-out telescope; from the summit the eye sweeps far and wide; below lies the circular city, with flat bluish roofs, and cane pigeon-houses. The *Huerta*, where there is water, is green; where that ceases, as beyond *Alcantarilla*, the tawny desert recommences. The plain is studded with farms and drooping palm-trees; the pointed isolated hill to the E. is the *Monte Aquado*, whence a title is taken, like our Montague and Egrement. The cathedral was begun in 1353, and altered in 1521; the façade, by Jayme Bort, is a churrigueresque. Notice the *Portada de los Apostoles*; inside observe the Gothic niches behind the *Coro*, the carved *Silleria* and organ, and the chapel, with an alto-relievo, in stone, of the Nativity; the sculpture is not good, but the effect, in

the dim light, is striking; opposite, in a gaudy frame, is a pretty Madonna and Child; the *Retablo* is full of old carving; the stones near the high altar are picked out with gold, as at Toledo; here, in an *urna*, are the precious bowels of Alonso el Sabio; and opposite, in a silver vase, are portions of the tutelary saints San Fulgencio and Santa Florentina, whose brother was the great archbishop San Isidoro. The *Sacristia mayor* has some fine dark wood-carving, of 1525; the portal is rich plateresque; much of the splendid plate was stolen and melted by the French, especially the *Custodia* and *Copon* of pure gold. The smaller silver *Custodia*, which escaped miraculously, is ornamented with grapes and spiral columns, and was made by Perez de Montalto, 1677. As usual, this cathedral has a parish church annexed, dedicated to the Virgin, and called *La Santa Maria*. In the *Capilla del Sagrario* is an excellent Marriage of the Virgin, by Juanes, painted in 1516 for Juan de Molina: see the inscription. The *Capilla de los Velez* contains some singular stone chains, the badge of the family; the portal of bluish-veined marble is enriched with statues of royal and local saints, in which figures San Hermenegildo, who was born at Cartagena: the interior is octagonal, and incongruous in style and ornament. Observe the St. Luke writing his Gospel, by Francisco Garcia, 1607, and the *Pasos*, the chains and sprigs of a tree, and the gigantic skeleton. This cathedral suffered much in the earthquake of 1829, when the tower, façade, and dome of the transept were cracked. The capacious episcopal palace near the cathedral a vile Rococo thing of the bad period of 1768, and made worse by its pink and green daubings, is here an object of vast admiration.

Murcia has little fine art; much of the carving in it and the province is by Francisco Zarcillo, who died here in 1781, and who, had he lived in a better age, possessed the capabilities of a true artist. In the church of *San Nicholas* is an exquisite San Antonio, in a brown Capuchin dress, about 18

inches high, carved in wood by Alonso Cano, and inscribed; it is the gem of Murcia. The traveller may walk through the *Traperia* and *Plateria*, busy streets, with summer awnings stretched above, and sparkling dressed peasantry grouped below; here are the shops of the silversmiths and the sellers of *mantas y alforjas*, i. e. gay party-coloured striped mantles and saddle-bags. The *mantas*, which are much renowned, used to have a knot of ribbons in the corner, generally added by the fair hand of a *querida*. The *Almudí*, Arabicè "*Granary*," is still the corn magazine; the post-office and prison contain some Moorish remains: there is also a *Plaza de Toros*. The favourite walks are the *Carmen*, the *Glorieta*, and the *Arenal*, the "*Strand*." The red granite monument to Ferdinand VII. is heavy, and the weirs and water-mills would be more picturesque were the stream of a better colour. The admirer of gipsies should walk out towards *el Malecon*, where they congregate. There is a good botanical garden, an ill-provided hospital, and an establishment for spinning *esparto*, like flax or hemp, originated by a foreigner, Mons. Simonet. A Señor Estor has a gallery of pictures.

The Murcians, although dull, are no cowards; thus in the War of the Succession, its gallant bishop Luis de Beluga beat off the Germans, and held it for Philip V. This province was never permanently occupied by the French, although overrun by Soult's brother and Sebastiani, who came rather to levy contributions than from any military reasons (Toreno, xv.), Sebastiani was its Alaric; he, in March, 1810, sallied from Granada with 6000 men; Freire, although he had 19,000 men, did not dare to face him (Nap. xiii. 6), but fell back on Alicante, where there were English to support him, as at San Marcial. Sebastiani was the first who arrived on the 23rd of April, 1810, at un plundered Murcia; having pledged his word of honour that persons and property should be sacred, he entered the confid-

ing, unresisting town, "assumed royal honours, and, because the municipality had not welcomed him—son of a Corsican cooper!—with *salvos*, fined them 100,000 dollars; after having got together some five quintals of plate from churches, and convents, and private houses, he returned to Granada 'laden with plunder and infamy.'" Toreno's (xi.) details are fully borne out by Schepeler (ii. 537), see also Madoz (xi. 753). To this fatal sack Murcia owes its denudation of wealth and art.

Sebastiani was afterwards imitated by Sout's brother, who during one of his *razzia* visits was feasting in the bishop's palace when the inhabitants, headed by Martin de Cervera, rose on their plunderers; Cervera was killed, and the site of his death is still pointed out. Gen. Sout rose, panic-struck, from table, and fled, committing atrocities too frightful to be narrated. See Toreno, xvii. and Schepeler, iii. 497.

There are regular diligences to and from Lorca, Cartagena, and Alicante, but to Madrid there is only a *galera*; the common carriage in these parts is the Valencian one-horsed *tartana*, which may be hired at from twenty to twenty-four reals per day, not including the keep of the driver and his horse. In the vicinity of Murcia are many mineral and sulphur baths; the most frequented are those of *Archeva*, 4 L.; *Alhama*, 6 L.: the hot baths are subterraneous, and supposed to be of Roman origin; *Azaraque*, 2 L. S. of *Hellin*. The accommodations are very bad, and the *local* doctors swear that the waters are dangerous if taken without *their* previous advice. This corner of Spain is the chief volcanic district of the Peninsula, which stretches from Cabo de Gata to near Cartagena; the earthquakes are very frequent. This district lies nearly in the same parallel as Lisbon, where earthquakes and volcanic rocks also occur; and the same line, if extended westward, would touch the Azores, which are also volcanic; and eastward would run through Sicily and Smyrna, both which localities present the same class of phenomena.

ROUTE 32.—MURCIA TO MADRID.

Lorqui	3	
Cieza	4	.. 7
Torre	3	.. 10
Hellin	3	.. 13
Venta Nueva	4	.. 17
Pozo de la Peña	2	.. 19
Albacete	2	.. 21
Madrid	35	.. 56

This is an uninteresting route; the road is still bad, although there has been long much talk about improvements, which will be a national benefit, by opening this country with sea-ports, and bringing law and security into a wild bush district, the lair of all sorts of ill-conditioned persons. Meantime the traveller must ride or get to *Albacete* as he can, and there take up the Valencian diligences. The fertility where there is water is unrivalled: the cochineal or *Nopal* is abundant; the population is agricultural, and the women busy spinners. At *Lorqui*, near the Segura, much rice is grown; near it is the site where Publius and Cneius Scipio were defeated and killed by Massinissa, 211 B.C. The Romans had taken 20,000 Spaniards into their pay, and were deserted by their allies in the critical moment, and left to bear the whole brunt single-handed.

Cieza, pop. 6000, rises above the river on a peninsula table over plains of incredible fertility; on the opposite hill are the remains of an ancient Roman town. *Hellin*, Ilunum, a town of 7000 souls, lies on the slope of the Segura chain; the *Posada nueva* is the best; the Roman city was at *Binaseda*, where vestiges may be traced. *Hellin* is a tidy town, of 8000 souls, well paved, with neatly-painted houses, and an air of comfort and *aseo*; the *parroquia* is very fine, with 3 aisles; observe the *boveda*, supported by pillars, and the masonry and the marble pavement at the entrance; from the hermitage of San Rosario, in the old castle, the view is extensive; the *Pasos*, or graven images, are also worth notice. Near *Hellin*, 2 L. S., are the mineral baths of *Azaraque*, and, distant 4 L., the celebrated mines of sulphur known to the Romans.

Hellin was dreadfully sacked by the French under Montbrun (see Schepeler, iii. 495); and afterwards became the point where Joseph, flying from Madrid, and Sout from Seville, after Marmont's rout at Salamanca, united with Suchet; the misconduct of Ballesteros, by disobeying the Duke's orders to place himself in the *Sierra de Alcaraz*, left the way open to the enemy to regain Madrid: *Socorros de España*. From *Hellin* there is a wild mountain track to *Manzanares*, 14 L. through the *Sierra de Alcaraz*. The high road to Madrid and Valencia is entered at *Pozo de la Peña*; for which and *Albacete* see Rte. 106.

ROUTE 33.—MURCIA TO CARTAGENA.
9 L.

Those passing to Alicante may either go direct in the diligence, in some 11 h., or they may take the one to Cartagena, 3 h., and then the steamer; or they may ride from Cartagena to Orihuela, and then take up the Murcian diligence to Alicante, by which means they will see *Eliche*, the Palmyra of Europe, the plan we should suggest. Proceeding to Cartagena, after crossing the Segura, the well-planted good road soon ascends a ridge, and, passing *el Puerto*, descends into the uninteresting salitrose plain; the *Esparto* flourishes on this parched desert, where the effects of drought are unmistakable. Inns, *Cuatro Naciones*, *Fonda del Leon*: but bad is the best.

Cartagena, *καρχηδών ἡ νέα*, Carthago nova, was the new Carthage founded by the Barca family, when they meditated making themselves independent rulers of Spain (Justin. xxi. 4); this name is a double pleonasm; Carthago Karth hadtha, meaning itself the "new city," in reference to old Tyre. The admirable port stood opposite to the Carthaginian coast and half-way between Gaddir, Cadiz, and Barcino, Barcelona; it was their grand arsenal; their *Sebastopol* or naval base for aggressive operations, when they departed from the policy of the Phœnicians, which, eminently pacific and commercial, was satisfied with found-

ing factories on the coast, and made no attempts at pushing conquests into the interior; the Carthaginians, who sought in Spain for an indemnification of their loss of Sicily, after the first Punic war, carried out a system of aggression and extension.

A full account of the capture of Cartagena by Scipio is given by Livy (xxvi. 42), and a still better one by Polybius (lib. x). Like the Duke in regard to Ciudad Rodrigo in our times, Scipio pounced on the fortress before the enemy could relieve it; he formed his plans with such secrecy that neither friend nor foe even suspected his intention. The Carthaginians, like modern Spaniards, were quite unprepared; they had only 1000 men in garrison, never dreaming, says Polybius, that any one would even think of attacking a place reputed to be so strong, and Scipio, who knew the importance of taking them by surprise, gave them no time for preparations; he stormed it by fording the marsh during a low tide, and took it in one day.

"All Spain was in this one city;" the booty was prodigious. Even Livy was ashamed of the enormous lying; "mentiendi modus adeo nullus." Scipio's conduct as a general was exceeded by that as a man; brave as merciful, he scorned to tarnish his great glory with the dross of peculation, and in his chivalrous generosity to the vanquished, and his high-bred delicacy towards the women, deserves the signal honour of being compared to our Duke. Although the loss of this naval arsenal was the first blow to the power of the Carthaginians in Spain, their leaders, models of modern juntas, at first concealed the disaster, then attributed it to accident, and next undervalued its importance, to deceive the people.

Cartagena continued to flourish under the Romans, who now called it "Colonia Victrix Julia." All the ancient learning is collected by Ukert (i. ii. 400). The place was all but destroyed by the Goths, who were not a naval people; and San Isidoro, who was born there in 595, speaks of it as then made desolate by them (Orig. xv. 1).

Cartagena is now a *Plaza de Armas*, and gives the name to a bishopric, although Murcia has been the See since 1219, made so at the petition of the clergy, who were afraid of the sea pirates; for the ecclesiastical history and hagiography, consult '*Discursos de la Ciudad Cartagena*,' Fr^o Cascales, 8vo., Valencia, 1598; reprinted at the end of his *Tublas Baticas*, 8vo., Mad., 1779. '*Cartagena de España ilustrada*,' Leandro Soler, 2 vols., 4to, Granada, 1614; reprinted at Murcia, in 1777. '*Inscripciones*,' Conde de Lumiares, 4to, Murcia, 1777-78.

Cartagena, now much decayed, is a true picture of Spain, fallen from its pride of place, in the general national paralysis; it scarcely contains 30,000 Inhab., instead of the 60,000 of 1786, when Charles III. endeavoured to force a naval establishment. This far-famed arsenal was so reduced, that Toreno records, when the war of independence broke out, there was not even lead for bullets; the few unserviceable ships then in it were only saved by our Capt. Hargood, after infinite difficulties, raised by the officials, who suspected him of evil motives. Yet here were fitted out those fleets which were crushed at Cape St. Vincent and Trafalgar. *Cartagena*, like El Ferrol, La Carraca, and other Spanish naval arsenals, is in a wretched condition, notwithstanding its noble buildings, superb arsenal, and grand docks, in which *only* ships, men, and means are minus.

The port, scooped out by the mighty hand of nature, "impensio Naturæ adjuncta favore" (Sil. Ital. xv. 220), alone remains the same; owing nothing to the care of man, nor to be spoilt by his neglect, it is the best on this eastern and harbourless coast, and was ranked with July and August by the admiral of Philip II., when the monarch demanded which was his safest harbour: here even the navy of England might ride. It is accurately described by Virgil (*Æn.* i. 163); "Est in successu longo locus," &c. The 4 hills described by Polybius remain unchanged, save their names: they still fringe the bay and render it landlocked and lake-like, like Balaclava. The botanist

should examine the sea weeds by which the quays and groins are tapestried. The island, *La Isleta* or little island, $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. from the narrow entrance, is also called *La Escobrera*, a corruption of the ancient name *Scombaria*, from the scombri or mackerel from which such famous pickle was made (Strabo, iii. 239). Visit the *arenal*. The best street in Cartagena is the *Calle Mayor*, the finest *Plaza* is *La Merced*. There is plenty of good red marble for ornamental purposes. To see the arsenal, an order must be procured from the Commandante de Marina; but ruin, neglect, and emptiness prevail everywhere, and the traveller will be pained when he walks round the silent quays; Terret solitudo et tacentes loci—nothing is busy or noisy but the summer grillo, chirping over rotting hulks and the skeleton of the navies of Spain. At the head of the harbour is a fine parade, minus men, and a marine school, minus scholars. Everything bespeaks a country out of elbows and hors de combat. The fortifications, barracks, hospitals, arsenals, extensive ropewalks, foundries, basins, and dockyards are fine, all that is wanting is life; the docks were formerly pumped out by the galley-slaves, and the details of Townshend and Swinburne, eye-witnesses, recall the hell under earth, and the murderous system of the Carthaginians, described by Diod. Sic. (v. 360). The port of *Cartagena*, now there is no navy, and commerce prefers Alicante, is chiefly used by the steamers which touch going up or down the coast. The lead and silver mines *promise* future prosperity; meantime the fish of this coast is excellent, especially the *folado*. The tunny catching, the export of barrilla, and the mining and smelting, are the chief occupations of the population. A glass-manufactory has recently been established by an Englishman, as here nature furnished abundantly the raw materials of sand and alcali, which no native ever thought of combining.

Cartagena, during the Peninsular war, being defended by the English, was, like the similarly circumstanced

Cañiz, Tarifa, and Alicante, never possessed by the French, in spite of all their numbers and efforts. The town is dull and unhealthy, and the water brackish. The swamp *el Almojar* is left imperfectly drained, as if to breed fever and pestilence. The stone used in building is friable, and adds to the dilapidated look. The traveller may ascend some of the heights for the view; either of those of the chief forts, *Las Galeras*, *La Atalaya*, or *San Julian*. They are very fine, and only now want guns and a garrison; yet even these, when fully armed, in 1585, our gallant Drake—called *el pirata Ingles* in 1850 by Madóz, v. 597—laughed to scorn, when he took and sacked the town, “singeing another of the King of Spain’s whiskers.” The alcazar was built in 1244 by Alonso el Sabio, who gave the city for arms “that castle washed by waves.” However torpid man and water, the element of hatred against their neighbour Murcia burns fiercely: they never have forgotten or forgiven the removal of the see.

ROUTE 34.—CARTAGENA TO ALICANTE.

The coast road is 18 L., and very indifferent. *Cabo de Palos*, the S.E. Cape of Spain, lies 6 L. to the E., and is the termination of a ridge of hills. The track passes by the shallow landlocked lake *la Encanizada de Murcia*. The ride to Orihuela is 9 L. over plains which produce the *esparto*, *barilla*, *palmito*, and *orozuz* (liquorice). Crossing the ridge at the *Venta de San Pedro*, the basin of the Segura and the province of Valencia are entered.

Orihuela, the Auriwelah of the Moor, still looks oriental amid its palm-trees, square towers, and domes. It was the Gothic Orceles, and was well defended after the battle of the Guadalete. Theodoric here made a stand, and, by dressing up the women as soldiers on the ramparts, obtained excellent terms from 'Ab-du-l-'aziz, and retained his sovereignty for life, being called Tadmir Ben Gobdos, the Son of the Goth (Conde, i. 50). There is a local history

by F. Martinez, 1612. Orihuela was made a bishopric in 1265, and is suffragan to Toledo. The principal buildings are the cathedral, which being small, was enlarged and barbarised in 1829 by one Ripa; the *armario* in the *Sacristia* may be looked at; observe the *San Francisco*, the *Colegio de los Predicadores*, with cinque-cento windows: in the *Santo Domingo* is a sort of *Museo* of bad pictures and worse books. Orihuela is a long, straggling, over-churched town, inhabited by wealthy proprietors and agriculturists: pop. under 17,000. The university is now suppressed. There is an old prison near the *Pla de Fruta*, and a fine gate of the *Colegio*, 1548; a modern bishop's palace, 1733, with a sort of library. The municipal archives are curious. The *alameda del Chorro* is charming. The best point of view is from the *Monte del Castillo* and the *Colegio de San Miguel*, itself a fine object from below. The Segura divides the town, and often injures it by undermining the foundations; however it fertilizes one of the richest plains in the world: the vegetation is gigantic, and the oleanders are absolutely trees. According to the proverb, the corn-plains of Orihuela are independent even of rain: *Lhueva o no lhueva, trigo en Orihuela*. There is an excellent treatise on the irrigation of this *huerta* by *Roca de Togores*, 1832. The maritime strip is sandy, and studded with brackish lakes (*lagunas*), from which salt is extracted. From *Orihuela* to *Alicante* are also 9 L.—2 to *Albatera*, 3 to *Elche*, and 4 on: there is a sort of a diligence.

Leaving Orihuela, to the rt. rises the metal-pregnant ridge *el rico cerro de oro*. The tropical country and climate are very remarkable: the dusky peasantry in their white *bragas* and striped *mantas* look like Greeks; the thatched cottage of Murcia now gives place to long, low, white, flat-roofed Eastern buildings, with few windows, and girt by beauteous palm-trees. *Callosa* lies to the rt., under its castle-crowned rock, with a good church of the time of Charles V., and images by Zarcillo. Excellent *esteras* are made here. This district is very subject to earthquakes;

thus one in March, 1829, destroyed many villages, and particularly *Torre Vieja*, near the sea, and its *laguna*, consequently San Emigdio, the especial tutelar against *los temblores de tierra*, has since been rather in disrepute. 3 L. from Orihuela, on the l., is *Crevillente*, long the hilly lair of the bandit Jaime *El Barbudo*, immortalized by those charming writers Huber and Lord Carnarvon. He surrendered to Don José Misté, on solemn promise of pardon and promotion for himself and company, whereupon Don José hung him forthwith, and put his head up at Crevillente, over the prison, and then shot the rest of the gang. *Cosas de España*. So in 1365, Enrique III. invited Eslava, the gallant governor of Orihuela, to a meeting, and had him murdered.

There is only one *Elche* in Europe: it is a city of palms: the Bedouin alone is wanting, for the climate is that of the East. There is a decent *posada*, and a good local history, '*Illice*,' Juan Antonio Mayans y Siscar, 4to. Valencia, 1771. *Elche*, *Illice*, lies about 2 L. from the sea; here winter is unknown; the town is flourishing, and contains some 18,000 souls; it is divided by a ravine, over which is a handsome bridge. The aspect is Oriental: the reddish Moorish houses, with flat roofs and few windows, rise one above another. To the left is the *Alcazar*, now a prison, while all around waves the graceful palm. The *Santa Maria* has a fine portico, organ, excellent masonry, and a Tabernacle made of precious marbles. From the tower the extent of the palm plantations can be understood: they girdle the city on all sides, thousands, in number, and many of a great age. The palm, however, is infinitely more graceful when seen singly, or in isolated groups, than thus huddled in belts and number. Raised from dates, and fed with a brackish water, they grow slowly, to some 50 feet in height, each rim in the stem denoting a year. The males bear white flowers, which blossom in May; and with the farina the females are impregnated. The Moors made this use of the male dust

long before Linnæus discovered the sex of plants; the females bear fruit, which ripens in November. The dates are inferior to those of Barbary; the ordinary are much used as fodder for cattle. When ripe, they hang in yellow clusters underneath the fan-like leaves, which rise, the umbrella of the desert, in an ostrich-like plume from a golden circlet. The gatherers ascend the single branchless, cable-like stems dexterously, with only a rope and bare feet. The palm-trees are decreasing: the male and barren ones yield a profit by their leaves, which are tied together from April to June, and blanched, as gardeners do lettuces, or Spanish mothers bandage up their babies; by this cruel process—high-treason to the majestic palm—some 10 stems are obtained from each, which are worth a dollar in Spain and Italy, and are used for the processions of Palm Sunday, being certain defences all over Spain against lightning, if blessed by the priest who sells them; which, most fancifully and intricately plaited, are then hung up at the house balconies, and are cheaper, at least, if less philosophical, than a conductor made of iron. The festival of the Virgin, Aug. 15, in the *Santa Maria*, is curious and picturesque. Those going from *Elche* to *Madrid*, without visiting *Alicante* (for the latter route see Rte. 37), must ride to *Albacets*. 24 L., that is, until the projected royal railroad be completed.

ROUTE 35.—ELCHE TO MADRID.

Monforte	4
Monovar	2 .. 6
Venta de las Quebradas	3 .. 9
Yecla	2 .. 11
Venta Nueva	2 .. 13
Monte Alegre	2 .. 15
Venta de la Higuera	1 .. 16
Pretola	3 .. 19
Pozo de la Peña	3 .. 22
Albacete	2 .. 24

The road enters the Sierras by the basin of the river *Elche*, and passes the *Pantano*, of which there are several in these districts. The sides of the hills are terraced into gardens. After a narrow gorge, the road ascends to the *Pedreras de Elche*, and thence down

to *Monforte*, in its pleasant valley, with its once strong *mount* fort, now a ruined castle; thence entering a broken country to *Monovar*, a flourishing town built on a slope. Near it is the *charco amargo*, a salt mineral water, excellent for cutaneous diseases. 3 L. S.E., near *Pinoso* is the celebrated *Cerro*, or *Cabeza de la Sal*, an entire ridge of salt, hard as crystal, and of variegated colour. It extends E. and W. nearly 2 L., and rises 200 ft. The *cuevas* or salt caverns, especially *La Pared*, well deserve a visit from the geologist. 2 L. to the N.W. of *Monovar* is a lake called *Salinas*, which occasionally overflows and fills the atmosphere with fever.

The road now re-enters Murcia, and, emerging from the hills, arrives at *Yecla*, a large town of 14,000 souls, built under the *Cerro del Calvario*, from the ruined castle on which height the view is splendid. The district was peopled by the Romans, and vestiges of their buildings are yet to be seen at *Marisparra*, now a farm, where antiquities are constantly found, and as constantly neglected and destroyed.

Monte Alegre, 3500 souls, has a good *posada*, and a ruined Moorish castle on the hill *Serratilla*. Now we enter one of the richest grain portions of Murcia. To the l. of the *Venta de la Higuera* is the salt lake, much frequented for cutaneous disorders. After *Pretola* or *Petrola*, the high road is reached.

Those going to *Valencia* from *Elche*, without visiting *Alicante*, have the choice of two picturesque roads; they may ride to *Almansa*, and there take the diligence, or, which is far better, proceed by *Xativa*.

ROUTE 36.—ELCHE TO XATIVA.

Monforte	4
Elda	3 .. 7
Villena	3 .. 10
Fuente de la Higuera	3 .. 13
Moxente	2 .. 15
Xativa	4 .. 19

There is also a new route to *Elda*, by which *Monforte* is avoided. 2 L. to *Aspe*, 1 to *Novelda*, 1 to *Elda*.

Leaving *Monforte* the wild road

winds over *las Salinetas*, amid rocks of reddish marble, through the fruitful valley of *Elda* and *Petrel*; although scarcely 2 m. apart, the inhabitants of these two places keep up the ancient hatred of creed and race: but nothing is so difficult to love as your neighbour, and therefore it is positively commanded. The Petrelians of *morisco* origin, although speaking Valencian, abhor the Eldanians, who speak Castilian, and hold themselves only as descendants of conquerors and old Christians. Passing the *Pantano* and *Sax*, which rises on its conical, castle-crowned hill, and is famous for its bread, the route runs along the frontier of Murcia; the hills abound in aromatic plants, and such is their traditional fame, that Moorish herbalists even yet occasionally come here to gather simples. This broken frontier country is full of points of defence and hill forts: it was the scene of sundry skirmishes between Suchet and Sir John Murray, and discreditable alike to both. At *Biar* (Aparium, and it is still famous for honey) to the rt., the latter lost his guns, which (as at Tarragona) he thought a "trifle," and "rather meritorious," to use the contemptuous expression of the Duke, writing about these wretched performances (Disp. Aug. 8, 1813).

Villena is placed in a fertile plain under the *Cerro San Cristobal*; the streets are narrow and winding; it contains 7500 souls. This is the place which Lord Galway was besieging when he was inveigled by the French into fighting the rash battle of *Almonsa*. The castle is still a grand object: this town was most ferociously sacked by Montbrun, who, in Jan. 1812, had been detached from Marmont by the express order of Buonaparte, Nov. 11, 1811: by this blunder Marmont was weakened, and beaten by the Duke, while Montbrun, like Ney at *Quatre Bras*, was marched and counter-marched for nothing: thus he arrived too late to aid Suchet, and, failing in intercepting Mahy after the rout of *Valencia*, attacked *Alicante*, only to be signally repulsed by the English: then he retired, venting his spite by burning

and plundering everything; a trade he had learned under Massena in the flight from Santarem. He was sent to his last account by a bullet at Moskowa, Sept. 7, 1812.

At the *Fuente de la Higuera*, which is an important strategic point, Jourdan, Soult, and Suchet, after the rout of Salamanca, met with their retreating forces, and held a council of how best to escape into France; when Ballesteros, by refusing to obey the Duke's—a *foreign* generalissimo's—orders, opened the way for them to Madrid (Disp. Nov. 1, 1812), a feat blinked now-a-days by his countrymen. From this place the road branches off to the l.; it leads over the Puerto *Almansa* to the high road to Madrid (see Rte. 6), while to the l. another runs to *Xativa* by *Moxente*. *Montesa* lies to the l.; this was the chief residence of the commander of the order of this name, founded in 1319 by Jaime I., and into which the Templars, persecuted by Philippe le Bel and Clement V., were received. The magnificent castle was injured by an earthquake, March 23, 1748. For the history of this order consult '*Montesa Ilustrada*,' Hippolyto de Samper, 2 vols. folio, Valencia, 1669.

ROUTE 37.—ELCHE TO ALICANTE.

The plain, about half way, is divided by a ridge, and the pass *el Portichon*; *Alicante*—Lucentum—*Hala*, Arabic transparent—lies under its rock-crowned castle, and is not seen till closely approached. It is defended by a strong outwork, *el Castillo de Fernando*, which was built in 1810 by the advice of the English, who paid for it, like the *Cortadura* of Cadiz; and like Cadiz, Alicante being also defended by our fleet and men, never was taken by the French. Gen. Montbrun came up to the crumbling Moorish walls, received a few English shots, and skulked back again. Now, Madoz (ii. 670), blinking this, claims the glory for the Spaniards!

The best inn is *el Vapor*; then *Posada*

del Union and *el Leon de Oro*. *Alicante*, a purely mercantile place, is much addicted to smuggling, especially on the wild coast near *Benidorme*; hence the secret of its many patriotic *pronunciamientos*. The moment liberty is proclaimed, license is the rule; the public till is robbed, the authorities dispossessed, and vast quantities of prohibited goods introduced: the steamers, French and Spanish, which touch here, are said to do business in this line. It takes about 12 hours to pass in them between Valencia and Alicante.

Alicante is the residence of the English consul, Captain Barrie, an obliging, intelligent gentleman. Many English merchants live here, who import salt fish, *bacalao*, and export wine, almonds, coarse raisins—the *lexias* of *Denia*—and potash for the linens of Ireland. The wines, rich, with a rough taste combined with sweetness, are used to doctor thin clarets for the British market. The celebrated *Aloque*, the best of them, ought to be made from the *Monastrel* grape: however, the *Forcallada Blanquet* and *Parrell* are used indiscriminately, and hence it is said arises the name *Aloque*—"A lo que saldra." The fertile *Huerta* is best seen from the tower at *Augues*. The olives, especially the *grosal*, are fine; the carob-trees numerous and productive. The farms are very Moorish, fenced with hedges of canes—*arundo donax*—or tied up with the *esparto*: that of the Marquis de Peñacerrada is worth visiting. The *Huerta* is irrigated from the artificial *Pantano de Tibi*, 4 L., to which every one should go; and to the E. by the *Azuds* of *San Juan* and *Muchiamiel*. This work, as the word *sudd* denotes, is purely Arabic; the *compuertas*, or hatches, are ingenious. Here the succession of crops never ceases. There is no winter; one continual summer reigns in this paradise of Ceres and Pomona; but the immediate environs are arid and unproductive; and the swampy coast towards Cartagena breeds plagues of flies, fevers, and dysenteries, which the immoderate use of the *Sandia* or water-melon, encourages.

Alicante itself is a dry healthy spot,

with a mild, equable, and warm climate, where high winds and wintry colds are all but unknown. The summer heats are increased from the radiation caused by the white limestone rock which shelters the N. and N.E. of the town; the mean annual temperature is 63·7°, and of the winters 52·1°. The many English merchants long settled here, have improved *Alicante* as a residence for our invalids; the place contains about 19,000 souls; has a *circulo*, or club, and a fine new theatre, and a poor *Museo*: its trade is no longer what it was. This key of Valencia rose in consequence of its castle, which protected it from the Algerine pirates: Philip II. added works, employing the Italian engineer Cristobal Antonelli. The rock is friable; the black chasm was blown asunder by the French in 1707, after Almansa, when General Richards and his garrison were destroyed by the mine. The castle is in poor order, and not worth seeing. The city bears for its arms this castle on waves, with the 4 bars of Catalonia. The under town is clean and well built; the port is a roadstead rather than a harbour; it lies between the Capes *La Huerta* and *San Pablo*. The view from the mole-head is pretty; a fixed light is placed there 95 feet high, which may be seen at a distance of 15 miles. The *Colegiata* is dedicated to San Nicolas. Our "Old Nick," the patron of Alicante, is or was the portioner of poor virgins, and a model of fasters; for, according to Ribadeneyra (iii. 28), when a baby this good child never, during Lent, sucked before the evening, and only once on Wednesdays and Fridays.

The first stone of his church was laid in 1616 by Augustin Bernardino: the fine white material came from the *Sierra de San Julian*: the noble dark portal was built in 1627. If this church were not blocked up by the Coro, it would be a superb specimen of the Herrera style. The houses of the bishop, of the Calle de Altamira, and *del Ayuntamiento* with its *façade* and *miradores*, may be looked at. The Marquis del Angolfa, in the calle

mayor, has a gallery of some 1000 pictures, all warranted originals: *casi todos originales*, says Madoz (ii. 654): *sed caveat emptor*. Consult, for local history, *Lucentum, ó la Ciudad de Alicante*, A. Valcarcel, 4to. Val. 1780.

Alicante, in March, 1844, was the theatre of Don Pantaleon Boné's abortive insurrection; this caricature of "Boney" was shot in the back, with 23 officers; without even the form of a trial, by Roncali, who soon rose in consequence to be made Count of Alcoy and war minister.

ROUTE 38.—ALICANTE TO XATIVA.

The high road to Madrid passes through *Monforte* and *Yecla*: a coast-road is contemplated to Valencia by Denia. There are 2 routes to Alcoy, and thence to Xativa, 13 L.: that to the r. passes *Busot*, with its excellent mineral baths and wretched accommodations, and 2 L. on reaches *Xijona*; built like an amphitheatre on a shelving hill, with a fine old ruined castle. It contains 4800 souls, and has 2 good streets looking over its gardens. The honey is delicious, and much used in making the celebrated *mazapanes*, marchpanes, *turrones de Alicante* (*τυρως*), the almond-cakes or cheeses—the French nougat. The Spanish women, as those in the East, are great consumers of *dulces* or sweetmeats, to the detriment of their teeth, stomachs, and complexions; they are the solace of the fair whether imprisoned in convent or harem—sweets to the sweet: but the goddess of beauty herself, Aphrodite, had a liquorish tooth, and piled honey and sweet wine on her *τυρως* (Ody. r. 68): *cheese-cakes*, therefore, are a classical cosmetic. The road to the l., however, is to be preferred, and must be ridden: after 2 L. the mountain passes are entered, whence amid almond-groves to the *Pantano de Tibi*, a magnificent dyke, made in 1594, which dams up the torrents of the gorge of the hills *Mos del Bou y Cresta*. The traveller should walk on the top

of this vast wall or breakwater, 150 feet high and 66 feet thick: above expands the lake-like reservoir, below bold masses of warm rock, with here and there elegant stone pines. Hence, amid rocks of reddish marbles to the straggling *Tibi*, which hangs with a Moorish castle on an arid hill: to the l. lies *Custalla*, in its plea-ant *Hoya*. Here, July 21, 1812, while the Duke was defeating the French at Salamanca, did General de Lort, with 1500 men, utterly put to rout 10,000 Spaniards under José O'Donnell, who, not choosing to wait for the arrival of the Anglo-Sicilian army, formed the usual plan of surrounding the French, in order to catch them in a net; he, as usual, was caught by these Tartars, for De Lort opened the ball by ordering a few hold dragoons to charge the bridge of *Biar*, where the Spanish artillery were strongly posted, and overwhelmed them instantly. Their whole army ran away; then, had not Colonel Roche, with a handful of English, manfully checked Mesclap at Ibi, Alicánte itself must have been lost.

Roche entered that city and was received with almost divine honours. Maldonado (iii. 277) ranks this saving San Roque with Paulus Emilius and the heroes of the classics, which indeed he was, when compared to the Blakes, Cuestas, and *Nosotros*, who, in the words of the Duke, "were the most incapable of useful exertion of all the nations that I have known, the most vain, and at the same time the most ignorant of military affairs, and above all, of military affairs in their own country" (Disp., Aug. 18, 1812).

This Bœotian nook of Spain was the favoured resort of another sort of non-descripts, the military agents sent to Spanish juntas by the British Government, the Greens, Doyles, &c., *fortemque Gyam, fortemque Cloanthum*. While the names of Hill and Picton are unknown, the Murcian echoes heavily repeated those of Don Carlos and Don Felipe, and others who here played the first fiddle; being the distributors of English gold and iron, these worthies were worshipped by the recipient Spaniards, who soon discovering their weak side, set

them on horseback and covered them with flattery, ribbons, and titular rank, which cost, and were worth, nothing. These rambling missionaries, being selected from almost subalterns, thus found themselves by the sport of fortune converted into generals and ambassadors, and the heads of these nobodies became turned with new and unused honours; they caught the national infection, and their reports became inflated with the local exaggeration and common nonsense. They were not altogether uninterested in keeping up a delusion which secured the continuance of their employment, and prevented their relapse into pristine insignificance; and their rhapsodies became the sources of information on which Frere, the English ambassador, relied; and like him, our poor cabinet turned an inattentive ear to the prophetic doubts, and stern, unpalatable truths of Moore and Wellington, who saw through the flimsy veil of *documentos* and professions, and knew the real weakness and utter incapability of self-defence. The Duke placed small reliance on these missions, and was anxious that they should be discontinued, or at least put under his orders (Disp., May 3rd, 1812), as he well knew that they did more harm than good, by fostering foolish hopes and absurd expectations both in Spain and in England.

At *Custalla*, April 13th, 1813, another battle took place between Suchet and Sir John Murray, in which neither commander evinced a particle of talent; both were inclined to retreat, which fortunately Suchet did first, as Soult did at Albuera, and thus Murray, like Beresford, remained master of the field. The French now claim this "affaire" as their victory, while the Spaniards call the triumph theirs, omitting all mention of the English (Paez, ii. 87). *Ibi* is a red, warm-looking hamlet, nested amid its olives, and overlooked by a castle. *Alcoy* lies 2 L. up the valley. This day's ride is full of Italian scenery, stone pines, cypresses, and figs in autumn drying on reed stretchers, amid terraced groves of almond-trees. *Alcoy*—*Parador de las*

Diligencias—is built in a funnel of the hills, on a tongue of land hemmed in by 2 streams, with bridges and arched viaducts. The N.E. side is Prout-like and picturesque, as the houses hang over the terraced gardens and ravines. This town, of some 25,000 souls, is busy, commercial, and filled with coarse woollen dyeing and paper manufactories. Here is made the *papel de hilo*, the book *Librito de fumar*, which forms the entire demi-duodecimo library of nine-tenths of Spaniards, and with which they make their *papelitos*, or economical little paper cigars. The *peladillas de Alcoy*, or sugar-plums made of almonds, are excellent. *Alcoy*, being in the centre of many roads, is well placed for trade and military strategies. Suchet held it as the key of the district. The medicinal botany is very rich, and Moorish herbalists come here even to this day. Alcoy is filled with new manufacturing buildings, a novelty seldom seen in inland Spanish towns, where, as in the East, decay is the rule, and repairs the exception; the lower classes have an air of sullen unwashed operative misery; they wear also "shocking bad" round hats, which give them a pauper look; nor are the courtesies and salutations of high-bred Spain so frequent—so much for the civilization of the "Mill and Beaver." The grand day to be at Alcoy is April 23, the festival of *St. George*, the city patron, who appeared here in 1257 battling against the Moors. Sham fights *en costume* are celebrated. On the 24th the *Alarde*, or Review, takes place, when the discomfiture of the infidel is completed—few sights in Spain are more national, mediæval, and Moorish. A longish L. more, skirting a pleasant river, leads to *Concentayna*, Pop. about 8500, another industrious picturesque town, walled, and with a grand square Moorish tower called *el Castillo*. Notice the weeping willows, and Capuchin convent. Some pictures by Juliano are much admired here, and the rich tomb of Diego Benavides. Beyond, the *Sierras de Mariola* and *Muro* rise above a plain studded with villages. Crossing the ridge to the l. is *Adsaneta*, and thence

3 L. to *Xativa* (*Jativa*, for the former name is now restored).

The *Posada de las Diligencias* is very good, so are the baths, and refreshing after the long ride; while the reader of Ariosto may fancy himself in the identical hotel where the fair *Fiametta*, its *Maritornes*, played her prank on *Giocondo* and his companion after they had quitted *Valencia* "ad albergare a *Zattiva*" (xxviii. 64). *Xativa*, or *San Felipe*, was the Roman *Setabis*, celebrated for its castle and linen. The fine handkerchiefs so praised by *Pliny* and *Martial*, and all the fashion at *Rome*, were considered equal to those of *Tyre*, from whence the art was introduced. An ancient inscription records this Phœnician foundation: "*Sætabis Herculeâ condita diva manu.*" *Bochart* (*Can. i. 35*) derives the name from the Punic *setibuts* tela byssi, "the web of fine flax." It was also called *Valeria Augusta* by the Romans, and *Xativa* by the Moors, from whom it was taken in 1224 by *Jaime I.* He termed it one of the eyes of *Valencia*, being the key to the S., as *Murviedro* was to the N. *Don Pedro*, in 1347, made it a city, and gave it for arms a castle with his band gules and the four bars of *Catalonia*: for the old coinage, see *Florez 'M.' ii. 555.* *Xativa*, in the War of Succession, was stormed by the French, under *Asfeld*, with overwhelming forces. Defended by the people and "only 600 English," it afforded a type to *Zaragoza*, every house was defended with "unrivalled bravery and firmness." After 23 days' struggle the last holds surrendered; then *Asfeld* proceeded to butcher, "the priests and trees were not sufficient for his victims." *Berwick* next ordered the city to be razed, "in order to strike terror into the minds of the people," and as the very name of *Xativa* grated in his ears, it was changed for *San Felipe*. The English soldiers continued to hold the castle until starved out; they then surrendered on honourable conditions, every one of which were "shamefully violated by the victors" (*Mahon, vi.*).

Xativa now contains about 13,000

souls. The rivers Albarda and Guadamar dispense fertility over the *Huerta*: the climate is delicious, the plain, a paradise of flower and fruit. The *Colegiata*, dedicated to San Feliu (see Gerona), was built in 1414, and since *doricised*, has a fine dome and an unfinished portal. At the altar of San Gil is blessed, every Sept. 1, the holy *hinojo*, or fennel, to be carried round to all houses: see '*Viaje Literario*,' i. 10, by Villanueva, Mad., 1803; a useful volume as regards the ecclesiastical antiquities of Xativa. The *Reja de la Coro*, in black and gold, and the pink marble *Baldaqum* of the altar, deserve notice.—[N.B. The marbles of Xativa are rich and infinite; visit the quarries at *Buiscarro*, in the *Serra Grosa*, 3 L. N.E.]—Observe *Nuestra Señora de la Armada*, a singular virgin of great antiquity; also *Nuestra Señora de Agosto*, rising from a sarcophagus supported by gilt lions. The Gothic façade of the *Hospital* is very rich and remarkable: in the *Calle de Moncada* observe the palace of that family, and the *ajimez* or window divided by thin, lofty marble shafts, which is quite Valencian. The *Alameda*, with its palm-trees, is shady and Oriental. The *Ovalo* with its fountain is delicious; water indeed abounds, being brought in by two aqueducts. A new *Plaza de Toros* has been raised on the ruins of the *Carmen* convent. In the suburbs ascend the zigzag cypress-planted terraces of the *Monte Calvario*: the view is ravishing; the grand castle is here seen to the best advantage. Next ascend to this castle, taking the *Campo Santo* in the way, and the hermitage, San Feliu, said, under the Moors, to have been a Mosarabic temple: observe the horseshoe arches, the ancient pillars and jaspers, inside and outside, and the Roman inscription, near the font, "Fulvio L. F." Near the convent *El Mont Sant* is a Moorish cistern. The castle is of a vast size; the *Torre de la Campana* at the summit commands the panorama of the garden of Valencia, which, with all its glories, lies below. The fertile plain, green as the sea, is whitened with quintas spark-

ling like sails. The health-impairing cultivation of rice is the only drawback. To the rt. extends the lake of *Albufera* and the blue Mediterranean: *Valencia* glitters in the middle distance, backed by the towers of *Murviédro* (*Saguntum*).

In this castle were confined the *Infantes de la Cerda*, the rightful heirs to the crown, but dispossessed by their uncle, *Sancho el Bravo*, about 1284. The Duke of Medina Celi is their lineal descendant. Here also did *Fernando el Católico* imprison the Duke of Calabria, the rightful heir of the crown of Naples. That ill-fated prince surrendered to Gonzalo de Cordova, who swore on his honour, and on the sacrament, that his liberty should be guaranteed. No sooner did the prisoner touch Spain than every pledge was broken. This is one of the three deeds of which Gonzalo repented on his death-bed: but Ferdinand was the real culprit; for, in the implicit obedience of the old Spanish knight, the order of the king was paramount to every consideration, even in the case of friendship and love (see the beautiful play of '*Sancho Ortiz*'). This code of obedience has passed into a proverb—*Mas pesa el Rey, que la sangre*: and even if blood were shed, the royal pardon absolved all the guilt—*Mata, que el Rey perdona*. The king, as the fountain of all honour, could salve over dishonour. The *Lealdad* of the old hidalgo was like the *Αναγκη* of the Greek drama, a fatal necessity. Here also was confined the infamous Cæsar Borgia, also a prisoner of Gonzalo's, and to whom also he pledged his honour: the breach of this pledge was his second act of which he repented when too late. The Borjas were an ancient family of Xativa, and here in July, 1427, was born Rodrigo, afterwards Alexander VI. The Borgias long monopolized the simple see of Valencia, and when Alonso de Borja became its bishop, in 1429, it was raised to be an archbishopric by Innocent III., and Rodrigo was named by his uncle, Calixtus III., the first primate: when he too became pope, July 9, 1492, he appointed (Aug. 31) his

natural son Cæsar as his successor to this see, which after this renunciation he bestowed on his kinsman Juan de Borja, and again, when he died, appointed another relation, Pedro Luis de Borja. Thus five of this family held this wealthy see in succession. These Spanish popes, Calixtus III. and Alexander VI., scandalized even the Vatican by their avarice, nepotism, and crimes,—

“Vendit Alexander claves, altaria, Christum,
Emerat ille prius, vendere jure potest.
De vitio in vitium, de flamma transit in ignem,
Roma sub Hispano deperit imperio.”

The Borja family, however, produced a paragon Jesuit saint, as if by way of compensation for its *Santita* Alexander VI. For the miracles of this San Francisco de Borja, see his *Vida* by *Pedro Ribadeneyra*, 4^{o.}, Mad. 1592; and ‘*Heroyca Vida*,’ fol. Mad. 1726. He was the 4th Duke of Gandia, and was converted from all mundane things by the frightful sight of the dead body of Isabel, wife of Charles V., when he opened the coffin to verify the contents. At Xativa also was born, January 12, 1588, Josef de Ribera, who going *young* to study at Naples, was therefore called by the Italians “the little Spaniard,” lo Spagnoletto. He became the leader of a gloomy although naturalist school, where more churches and convents were built than palaces, and was a painter-monk, formed by taste and country to portray the church-militant knights of Santiago, the blood-boltered martyrdoms, resignation under torture, attenuated ascetics, and ecstatic Faquirs of the province of San Vicente Ferrer, the forerunner of the Inquisition. Ribera delighted the Spaniards, who will and must have blood and reality; there is no mistake in his executioner handling, fitted 'tis true rather to disgust than *encourager les autres martyrs*.

ROUTE 39.—XATIVA TO VALENCIA.

Carjaente	2†	
Alcira	1 ..	3†
Algameci	1 ..	4†
Almuzafes	2 ..	6†
Catarroja	2 ..	8†
Valencia	1 ..	9†

There is a regular diligence. The road runs over a rich extent of rice-grounds and gardens. All plains are wearisome to travellers, and especially when, from hedges and fences, nothing is to be seen. The sun is terrible. The railroad to Valencia commences at *Alcira*: Inn, *Fonda Nueva*. This rail is indeed no *cosa de España*, and forms in this land of contrasts not one of the least of changes, as we pass from the national ruts, mules, and *coches*, to the rapidity and *bone repose* of the Great Western.

The *Arrozales*, or rice-grounds—things of the Moor—commence here also; they fill the air with fever and mosquitos—*longe fuge*—those, however, who can brave these local plagues will find *Alcira*, a place girdled by rivers and intersected by canals, excellent to study the system of irrigation handed down from the Moors. (See p. 383.) Now the peculiar character of Valencia is not to be mistaken in the coloured tilings or *azulejos*, the costume, the reed-fences, and the *Algarrobas* hanging outside the *Ventas*; but the people are poor in the bosom of plenty. At *Cilla* the Madrid *arrecife* is entered; at the *Cruz del Campo* the city jurisdiction commences: the infinite votive crosses denote the frequency of the assassin stab, for which the Valencians are notorious—that is if these frail memorials be not scheduled away and denied. In these days of steamers and Handbooks, when long unvisited Spain is more exposed to the “barbarian eye,” these symbols are discontinued, as inferring a lack of morality and civilization in the first people of the earth.

SECTION V.

VALENCIA.

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		Peniscola; Morella; the Ebro.	

TOURS IN VALENCIA.

The S. portions will be found described in the last pages of Sect. IV. The towns are few; Elche, Xativa, and the Albufera, are the leading features. The Summers are intensely hot; the Springs and Autumns are the best periods for travelling. Valencia is a charming Winter residence.

THIS *Reino*, now province, although one of the smallest provinces in Spain, yields in fertility and delight to none of the others. The Moors placed their Paradise at this spot, over which they imagined Heaven to be suspended, and that a portion of it had fallen down on earth, "cælum hic cecidisse putes," while the Jews forgot in it, even their Sion. This province consists of 838 square leagues, of 20 to the degree, and of these only 240 are level land, being chiefly the maritime strip, which extends in length about 64 m. It is defended from the cold central table-lands by a girdle of mountains, which act not only as a barrier against the winds, but are magazines of timber and fuel, and reservoirs of snow (an article of absolute necessity), and sources of rivers. Its width varies from 6 to 20 L., being narrowest near Orihuela and widest in the centre. The mountains abound with marbles and minerals. The botanist and geologist should make excursions to the Sierra of Espadan when near *Castellon de la Plana*.

To invalids and consumptive patients the climate of Valencia is decidedly superior to that of Italy; there is a most delicate softness in the air, which is so dry withal, that salt undergoes no change. Rain is very scarce; frosts are almost unknown, whilst the sea-breeze tempers the summer heats, and the fresh mountains offer verdurous retreats. This clean, lively capital—a city of the sea and sun, with a climate soft and mild, and skies free from fogs and rain—offers an excellent winter residence to those suffering under chronic bronchitis, atonic dyspepsia, gouty and calculous diseases. The mean annual temperature is 65·5°; that of winter 49·7°. It has the advantage also—of possess-

ing, what is rare in Spain, an excellent physician, Dr. Battles, of whom Dr. Francis writes most favourably. To botanists the Flora of Valencia is that of a natural hothouse, and unrivalled in colour and perfume. The *Huerta*, most truly the Garden, is irrigated by the Turia, or Guadalaviar, Arabicè *Wadda-l-abyâdh*, the white river. This great vena porta is so much drained or bled, *sangrado*, for the use of the huerta and the city, that when it reaches the capital in its natural bed it is almost dry. The Moors have bequeathed to the Valencians their hydraulic science by which they exercised a magic control over water, wielding it at their bidding: they could do all, but call down the gentle rains from heaven, that best of all irrigations, *agua del cielo, el mejor riego*. The network of artificial canals is admirable. The *canal del Rey* on the Jucar, near Dutilla, and the whole water-system about Alcira and Aljamesí, deserve the closest examination of our engineers and agriculturists. The still existing technical terms prove whence the theory and practice were derived.

The artist will sketch the picturesque *noría*, Arabicè *anaoura*, the Cairo *sâkiiyeh*, or large water-wheel, which, armed with jars, descends into the well, and as it rises discharges the contents into a reservoir.

The *Huerta* of Valencia is irrigated by 8 canals, of which the *Moncada* is the chief main-trunk artery or principal canal, Arabicè "*canna mucenñal*," and supplies all the smaller veins, *acequias*, Arabicè "*ciquia*," of the circulation: this is managed by a reticulated network of minute ramifications, and dams, *azudas*, Arabicè *sudd*. The idea is simple, but the execution is most difficult; and often the greatest triumph of the hydraulist is where his works are least apparent, for however level these plains in appearance, they are by no means so in reality. The chief object was to secure a fair distribution, so that none should be left dry, none overflowed. When the engineer ceases, the legislator begins, for since water here, as in the East, is the life-blood of the soil, and equivalent to fertility and wealth, the apportionment has always been a source of solicitude and contention. Rivalry has indeed been derived from *Rivus*, the bickerings about water-brooks; and so the *Wells* in 'Genesis' (xxvi. 20, 21) were named *Esek*, contention, and *Sitnah*, hatred; accordingly here, where the knife is always ready, precautions are taken to keep the peace. The regulating tribunal, *de los acequeros, or del riego de las aguas*, instituted by Alhaken Almonstansir Billar, still exists in its primitive and Oriental form and force; 7 judges, chosen by each other, out of the yeomen and irrigators, the *labradores y acequeros* of the *Huerta*, sit at 12 o'clock every Thursday, in the open air, on benches at *La puerta de los Apostoles*, at "the gate" of the cathedral, and decide all complaints respecting irrigation in a summary way. In this court of common sense, no pen, ink, and paper, special pleadings, or pettifogging attorneys are permitted. The patriarchal judges understand the subject practically, and decide without appeal; the discussion is carried on *vivâ voce* in public and in the "*Lemosin*," or the dialect of the people: consult for details the *Tratado de la Distribucion del Rio Turia, &c.*, F. X. de Borrell, fol., Valencia, 1831, and *L'Irrigation dans le Royaume de Valence*. Jaubert de Passa. Thus irrigated, the rich alluvial plains, which bask in the never-failing all-vivifying sun, know no agricultural repose; man is never weary of sowing, nor the sun of calling into life. The produce is almost incredible under this combined influence of heat and moisture, and the Valencian, with all his faults, is hard-working and industrious, and, like his soil and climate, full of vitality. Thus, in one year, four, nay five, crops are raised in succession. Rice, *arroz*, Arabicè *arooz* (oryza), is the great cereal staple, and the pest of the province. This source of wealth, sustenance, and life, is also one of disease and death. The rice-stalks shoot up from tufts into most graceful ears: as heat and water are absolutely necessary for this grain, many portions of Valencia are admirably calculated by nature for this culture, since the rivers, which in some places are sucked up, reappear in marshy

swamps, or *marjales*, and in lakes, of which the *Albufera*, Arabicè "the Lake," is the most remarkable. In these *arrozales*, or rice-grounds, the sallow amphibious cultivator wrestles with fever amid an Egyptian plague of mosquitos, for man appears to have been created here chiefly for their subsistence. The mortality in these swamps is frightful, and few labourers reach the age of 60. The culture of rice was introduced by the Moors; the grain enters largely into the national cuisine of the Valencians, their *pilafs* and *pollos con arroz*. The increase of these rice-grounds, from their great consumption of water, and injurious effects on public health, has long been opposed by the legislature.

The province produces wine, oil, barrilla, esparto, hemp, flax, cochineal, and fruits, especially figs, almonds, dates, oranges, and grapes: of these last the "Valentius" are made: they are a coarse raisin, exported from Denia, and called there *Lejias*, from the lye in which they are dipped. The honey is also delicious; from this and almonds is made the celebrated sweetmeat *el turron*; silk is another staple, and the *Huerta* is covered with the white mulberry, "food for worms." The animal spins its cocoon and is then destroyed in boiling water: the process is nasty, but as the peasants, seated under their vines and figs, wind out the golden tissue, the grouping is picturesque. The *Raso* and black silk, for *Mantillas* and *Sayas*, is equal to anything made in Europe. The profusion of mulberries has rendered the purple colour of the fruit, the *morado*, a favourite one with the painters of Valencia, and the makers of *Azulejos* and stained glass, just as the rich brown *olla* colour of Seville was with Murillo in Andalusia, of the *chorizo* tint with Morales in Estremadura. Valencia is deficient in animal and cereal productions; corn and cattle are brought from the Castiles and Aragon; both men and beasts eat the *garrofus* or sweet pod of the *Garrofal*, *Algarrobo* (Arabicè *el gharroob*); this is the carob-tree (*Ceratonia siliquestrus*). These pods and husks, which ripen early in August, were the food of the prodigal son, and are everywhere hung up-like kidney-beans outside the *ventas*, as signs of the neat accommodation within. The over-irrigation diminishes the flavour of vegetables, which lose in quality what they gain in quantity: "Irriguo nihil est elutius agro." Hence the proverb allusive to the aqueous unsubstantial character of Valencian men, women, and things: "*La carne es yerba, la yerba agua, el hombre mujer, la mujer nada*." This is a mere play upon words, for these ethereal women, whose minds and bodies are supposed to evaporate, are much more than nothing, and the cuisine is excellent. Those who eat the national "*Pollo con arroz*" will never talk about the mere "idea of a dinner," facetious tourists to the contrary notwithstanding: as for the women, they will speak for themselves. The lower classes in the *Huerta*, who toil under an African sun, live on water-melons, cucumbers, and *gazpacho*, without which their "souls would be dried away." (Numb. xi. 6).

The sea-coast, like that of the W. of the Peninsula, is the terror of mariners; yet it is not the iron-bound barrier which fronts the fierce Atlantic, but a low sandy line, fringing the quiet Mediterranean; still it is open and portless. The sea has a disposition to recede, and the coasts to get shallower from the detritus brought down by the river's freshes. The whole line is studded with *Torres y Atalayas*, raised as watch-towers against the African pirates. The population of this province is on the increase, although the Castilian and Frenchman have done everything to reduce it to the solitude of Andalusia and Estremadura. About the year 1610 more than 200,000 industrious Moorish agriculturists were expelled by the bigot Philip III. In the next century Valencia, having espoused the Austrian side in the war of succession, was all but exterminated by the French in 1718, and her liberties taken away; but Philip V., with all his enmity, could not unfertilize the soil. The population recovered like the vegetation, and however in our times trampled down by the iron heel of Suchet's military occupation, has kept pace with subsistence, and now the province

contains more than a million inhabitants. Competition renders the peasant poor amid plenty; but he is gay and cheerful, his mind and costume are coloured by the bright and exciting sun, which gilds poverty and disarms misery of its sting. The fine climate is indeed health and wealth to the poor; it economises fire, clothes, and lodgings, three out of the four great wants of humanity. Since the death of Ferdinand VII. numbers have gone to settle in congenial Algeria; but in compensation, while pauper Spaniards emigrate to Africa, French fortune-hunters flock to Spain.

The upper classes are among the most polished of Spain, and the Valencian, if unwarlike, has always distinguished himself in art and literature. Under the Moors this city was the repository of theological science; under the Spaniards it boasts of San Vicente, whose miracles have employed the pens and pencils of native talent. It is the home of the learned divine Juan Luis Vives, the Bacon of Spaniards, who forget that their countryman *learned* at Oxford, not at Salamanca. On these local worthies, consult '*Escritores de Valencia*,' Vicente Ximeno, 2 vols. fol., Val., 1747-49. Valencia also is proud of her poet Christobal Virues, and of Guillen de Castro, the dramatist; while her Juanes, Ribalta, Ribera, Espinosa, Orrente, and March, form a school of painters second only to that of Seville. In the last century Valencia took the lead in critical learning, and produced Mayans, Sempere, Masdeu, Cavanilles; while her printers Salva, Cabrerizo, Mallen, and Montfort, were worthy of such authors. Valencia was the first place in Spain where printing was introduced, viz., in 1474, and in latter days the volumes from the presses of Montfort vied with those of Baskerville and Bulmer, Bodoni and Didot.

The lower classes are fond of pleasure; their national song is called *la Fiera*; and their dance *La Rondalla*, or roundabout. They execute this well to the *tamboril* and *dulzayna*, a sort of Moorish clarinet requiring strong lungs and ears. The dialect commonly used, the Lemosin, is less harsh than the Catalan, which some have attributed to the admixture of a French *Auvergnat* idiom introduced by the number of volunteers of that nation who assisted Don Jaime in the conquest of Valencia; for this dialect consult '*Diccionario Valenciano y Castellano*,' Carlos Ros, 8vo., Val. 1764; or the more modern '*Vocabulario Valenciano Castellano*,' Justo Pastor Fuster, Val. 1821. Ros also published a collection of local proverbs, '*Tratat de Adages*,' 8vo., Val. 1788.

In darker shades of character the Valencians resemble both their Celtiberian and Carthaginian ancestors; they are superstitious, cunning, perfidious, vindictive, sullen and mistrustful, fickle and treacherous. There is a sort of *tigre sin je* character; one of cruelty allied with frivolity; so blithe, so smooth, so gay, yet empty of all good: nor can even their pleasantry be trusted, for, like the Devil's good humour, it depends on their being pleased; at the least rub, they pass, like the laughing hyena, into a snarl and bite: nowhere is assassination more common; they smile, and murder while they smile. In crime statistics those against the person prevail. The *Cruz del Campo* was once indeed a field of crosses, records of the coward stab, and the province has been called *Un paraíso habitado por demonios*, a paradise peopled by devils. The infamous Cæsar Borgia was a true Valencian, as were his chosen *Sicarios* and bravos; their leader, Michalot de Prades, who, after cutting throats with his *broca*, became a monk at Monserrat, has bequeathed his name to the armed companies of *Migueletes*. The narrow streets of Valencia seem contrived for murder and intrigue, which once they were; consequently, in 1777, a night-watch was introduced by Joaquin Fos, copied from ours, and the first established in Spain; the guardians were called *Serenos*, "clears," from their announcing the usual fine nights, just as our Charleys ought to have been termed "cloudies." The Valencians are great drivers of mules and horses, and many migrate to Madrid, where the men are excellent *Caloseros*, and the women attractive

vendors of delicious orgeat and iced drinks. Like the Orientals, although wanting in many essentials and necessities, they are rich in what we British have not; they may not be blessed with carpets, trial by jury, beef, beer, breeches, 'Punch,' and the 'Examiner,' but they have wine, grapes, and melons, guitars and love-making *ad libitum*, and *melodrames* in churches gratis.

The physiognomy of the Valencians is African. The burning sun not only tans their complexions, but excites their nervous system; hence they are highly irritable, imaginative, superstitious, and ultra mariolatrous; their great joys and relaxations are religious shows, *pasos*, pageants, processions, *Comparsas y Rocas*, and acted miracles and church spectacles. The dramatized legends and the "*Miracles de San Vicente Ferrer*," the tutelary of the city, rank first in these "*Fiestas de calle*," or street festivals; many accounts are printed of the centenary ones, called *Siglos*; in these little children play a great part, dressed like angels, and really looking like those creatures of which Heaven is composed, although some grow up to be devils incarnate. The *Dia de Corpus*, or procession of Christ present in the Sacrament, is the *sight* of Spain, and accordingly has, from time immemorial, been brought out to amuse princes, whenever they chanced to be in Valencia; and in our time Ferdinand VII., the beloved, having expressed a "*pious curiosity*," the incarnate Deity, *locally present*, as they believe, was paraded out to amuse such a mortal! Since the suppression of convents, the expense of these exhibitions is defrayed by the *Cofradías y Hermandades*, of which there are no less than 66! One of the most powerful was in honour of the *correa*, or leather strap which the Virgin gave to St. Augustine, thereby supplanting the *cistus* of Venus.

The Valencian San Vicente de Ferrer, who led the way in preaching the crusade against Jew and Moor, renewed the cruel bigotry and persecution for which this Eastern side of Spain was notorious in the age of Diocletian; his disciples took as an example the principles recorded in the inscription copied at Tera by Masdeu (H. C. v. Inscip. 353), when a temple was raised to the *Mother of the Gods*, on account of the suppression of "Christian superstitions;" or that found in Spain and quoted by Muratori (i. 99), in which Nero is praised for having cleared the country of robbers and those who preached this "*novam superstitionem*." Their ancestors, bigoted then as now to female worship, spurned the new Christian religion, just as the votaries of *La Virgen de los Desamparados* do the new Protestant doctrine, which refuses the transfer of adoration and salvation from the Son to the Mother, and just repeated the argument of the Spanish pagan in Prudentius (Per. v. 24) against new gods and rituals.

The Valencians, always adhering to their "old" gods, which had as it were a legal settlement, were most intolerant of any competing deity, never admitting into their Pantheon any rival. Having taken the name of *Roma* for their city, they imitated its exclusiveness (Cic. de Leg. ii. 8); for the Romans attributed plague to the worship of foreign gods (Livy, iv. 30), and burnt the mass books of strange religions (Livy, xxxix. 16), just as Ximenez did the Koran: in vain in 1715 the government wished to introduce at Valencia the Madrid saints' days and calendar, in order to preserve some degree of unity and uniformity in the *soi-disant* one and the same faith and practice: what was the reply?—"no parecia cosa conveniente introducir aqui Santos incognitos y excluir á los naturales y algunas festividades ab antiquo celebradas" (Villanueva, ii. 160). They refused to exchange their *native* saints and household gods for strange ones. Their patron was San Vicente, not San Isidro: what's Hecuba to them? Nor are such religious feelings, deep-fanged like trees rooted on the tomb of Geryon, to be plucked up without drawing blood. Tutelars in fact are, and even religion is, local in Spain, the worship of the Virgin alone excepted; she is the great Diana of Valencia, and the first book ever printed in Spain was here and in her honour:—'*Obres o Trobes—de lohor de la Sacratissima Verge Maria*,' 4to., 1474; and Villanueva (i. 108) prints in 1803

a Te Deum Marial, in which she is thus acknowledged to be *their* goddess. "Te Matrem Dei laudamus, te *Dominam* confitemur, te dominationes honorant Angelorum—*Dominam*; Tu es Regina cœlorum, tu es Domina Angelorum—tu es nostra *interventrix*—Fiat misericordia tua, Domina, super nos, ut tua mansuetudini grati simus; in te, *Domina*, sperantes, perfruamur tuis aspectibus in æternum." Again the Valencian University was the first in 1530 to swear to defend her immaculate conception.

The male costume of Valencia is antique and Asiatic: the men wear the hempen sandal or *alpargata*, called also *espartinies*, and their legs are either naked or covered with stockings without feet; these Greek leggings, greaves, the *media Valenciana*, are a common metaphor for a Spanish student's purse. The white linen drawers are very classical, and are called *calces de traveta*, *bragas*, or *sarahuells*, the original Arabic name. Those curious in the learning of breeches may compare them with the Celto-Gallo *braccæ*, the Greek *Kovaxois*, the Romaic *foustanelli*, the Highland kilt *brecks*, and the *bragon bras* of Brittany. These are the small-clothes which Augustus, when at Tarragona, put on in order to please the natives, as George IV. did the kilt at Edinburgh, thereby displeasing the Lowlanders. Augustus, however, set the fashion, and they became so wide that sumptuary laws were passed to curtail these broad-bottomed extravagancies. The Maragatos in the Vierzo still continue to offend, "more honoured in the breach than the observance." Their waists are girdled by a gay silken sash, *faja*; the upper man is clothed with a velvet or gaudy jacket, *jaleco*, with open shirt-sleeves; over the shoulder is cast the *manta*, the many-coloured plaid, which here does the duty of the Castilian *capa*; on the head, and long, lanky, red Indian-like hair, is bound a silk handkerchief, which looks in the distance like a turban. These *bragas*, and the *manta* of every stripe and hue, are exactly what Tacitus has described (H. ii. 20)—*Versicolore sagulo braccas*, tegmen barbarum. It is the "coat of many colours" mentioned in the Old Testament (Gen. xxxvii. 3).

The Valencian women, especially the middle and better classes in the capital, are by no means so dark complexioned as their mates; singularly well formed, they are among the prettiest and most fascinating in all Spain; they sit at work in the open streets, and as they wear nothing on their heads but their hair, "their glory," they have to us a dressy look. Their ornaments are most classical; the roll of hair, *el moño*, is pierced with a silver-gilt pin, with knobs, the *acus crinatoria* of Martial (ii. 66; *acus crinalis* Apul. Met., viii. 543); it is called *aulla de rodete*; the silver-gilt comb is the *pineta*, and one of a singular triangular shape is called *la piezu*, *la llase*; this is frequently engraved with the great local patroness, *Nuestra Señora de los Desamparados*; the cross is called *la creu*. As the Valencians are no less ignorant than superstitious, talismans and small penates, or idols of saints in silver, are sold in great quantities. as also little hands and horns, the old phallic antidote to the evil eye, *el mal de ojo*, which is dreaded here, as much as among the Pagans, Moors, and Neapolitans.

The collector of topography and local history will find an ample field in the many tomes which treat of Valencia and its province and worthies; happy, thrice happy he who sees on one goodly shelf clean and perfect copies of the '*Coronica*' of Pero Anton Beuther, 2 vols. fol., Val. 1546-51; 2nd part, 1551-63; or the edition 1 vol. fol., Val. 1604-5; very rare to complete; the volume with the *linajes* displeased the nobility, who bought it up and burnt it; the '*Chronyca*' of Martin de Viciana, black letter, 2 vols. fol., Val. 1564; '*Anales del Reyno de Valencia*,' Francisco Diago, fol., Val. 1613; the '*Historia*,' in two parts, by Pero Anton Beuther, 1 vol. fol., Val. 1538, or 2nd edit. 1551; 3rd 1604; the '*Historia*,' by Gaspar Escolano, 2 vols. fol., Val. 1610-11; '*Sagrario de Valencia*,' Alonso del Castillo Solorçano, 1 vol. duo., Val. 1635; '*Lithologia*,' Joseph Vicente del Olmo, 4to., Val. 1653; '*Resumen Historial de Valencia*,' Pasqual Esclapes de Guillo, 4to., Val. 1738. And for the worthies, '*Escritores*

del Reyno de Valencia, Vicente Ximeno, 2 vols. fol., Val. 1747-49; '*Biblioteca Valenciana,*' Justo Pastor Fuster, Val. 1827,—both of which are excellent works; '*Elogio funebre de los Valencianos,*' Pujalte, 8vo., Val. 1813; '*Viaje Literario,*' Joaquin Lorenzo Villanueva, vols 1 and 2, 8vo., Mad. 1803. The *Manual* by José Garulo, 1841, is a useful guide. For Natural History, the excellent '*Observaciones,*' Antonio Josef Cavanilles, 2 vols. fol., Mad. 1795-97, with a very accurate map of the province. Consult also Ponz, vol. iv., and '*España Sagrada,*' viii. '*Historia de Valencia,*' Vicente Boix, 3 vols. 4to., 1845.

Mem.—Collectors of Spanish books will find some excellent basil skins for their bindings at Valencia, called *pellejos chispeados*, or *jaspeados*: the colours are gay, the patterns fantastic. This leather is or was chiefly used in lining *Tartans*, now alas! on the way to be superseded by linings à la Long Acre.

VALENCIA. Inns, *Fonda del Cid*, Plaza de Arzobispo, near the cathedral: small but very comfortable, with a good table d'hôte at 2½ and 5. French and English spoken and newspapers taken in. *Posada de las Diliencias*, Plaza de Villaraza; *Fonda Francesa*, kept by Monsieur Laurent, with table d'hôte at 5 for 10 reals; *Hotel de Madrid*; *Fonda de Europa*; *Plaza de la Constitucion* (where François I. was lodged). The *Cusas de Pupilos* are indifferent; the best is in the Calle de Caballeros. The best booksellers are *Mallen*, *Cabrerizo*, Calle San Vicente. Café, *del Sol*, Calle de Zaragoza. Delicious *Orchátas* are sold en el Mercado and el Palau. The baths are good, especially those of Espinosa, and in the "Hospital." Valencia is well supplied with shops; the *Plateria* should be visited, as the silver flowers made for the hair are peculiar, and still more so are the ornaments à la antique, made for the peasants.

The name of Valencia, this town and province of unsubstantial disrepute, is fondly derived from, or considered equivalent to ROMA, because *Powen* in Greek signifies power, as *Valentia* does in Latin. Thus, because for a wonder Valencia was not taken in 1843 by the Esparterists, owing solely to the treachery of Zabala, the wishy-washy citizens, *valientes con los dientes*, and hares not lions, petitioned to be called "magnanimous." Valencia was founded by Junius Brutus for the veterans who had warred under Viriatus (Livy, ep. lv.). It was destroyed

by Pompey, and when rebuilt became a "Colonia," and the capital of the Edetani. Taken from the Goths by the Moors under 'Abdu-l-'aziz, son of Musa Ibn Nosseyt, in 712, it was annexed to the kingdom of Cordova; when the Ummeyah dynasty fell to pieces, it threw off its allegiance in 1056. The Christians, as usual, took advantage of these intestine dissensions between rival rulers, and Alonso VI. placed Yahya on the throne, and surrounded him with Spanish troops. This created an insurrection: a rebel chief, one Ibn Jehaf, murdered Yahya, and a pretext was afforded for Spanish interference, and the celebrated guerrillero, the *Cid*, aided by the local knowledge and influence of Alvar Fanez, took Valencia, which capitulated after a siege of 20 months, A.D. 1094-5. The first act of the *Cid*, whose perfidy and cruelty is the theme of the Arabian annalists, was to burn Ibn Jehaf alive on the great plaza (see Conde, Xerif Aledris, 165, and more fully 'Moh. D.' ii. Ap. xxxix.). Here he ruled despotically until his death in 1099, when the Moor, Oct. 25. 1101, dispossessed his widow Ximena, but Valencia was retaken Sept. 28, 1228 (others say Sept. 29, 1239), by Jaime I. of Aragon, and was brought into the Castilian crown by Ferdinand's marriage with Isabella, being inherited by their grandson Charles V. The first blow to its prosperity was dealt by the bigoted and barbarous expulsion of the industrious Moriscoes, under Philip III. The second was given by Philip V.

Valencia, as it had flourished under the Austrian dynasties, opposed the French claim, and was robbed of its liberties and gold by Philip V. The remembrance of past ill usage, and the dread of future, induced the populace to rise instantly on the news of Murat's butcheries of the *Dos de Mayo*, 1808. Then the tree of patriotism and independence, watered everywhere else with blood, was inundated in this land of irrigation: 363 French residents were massacred, June 5, 1808, in the *Plaza de Toros*, butchered to make a Valencian holiday; the mob, nothing loth, were goaded on by the canon Balthazar Calvo; the few French who escaped were saved by an Englishman, Mr. Tupper, and this while Buonaparte and his *Moniteur* were ascribing every horror in Spain to *la perfide Albion*. Moncey advanced in June with 8000 men, and had he not loitered the 25th at the *Venta de Buñol*, Valencia must have fallen, as in the *valiant* town all was cowardice and confusion: the generals and nobles wanted both hearts and heads; but while they fled, their vassals combated. A bold monk named Rico animated the populace, and Moncey was beaten back, retiring with great loss on Almansa, and there, had the *Conde de Cervellon* shown either courage or brains, not one of the enemy could have escaped. Subsequently Blake, after courting defeat near Murviedro, fell back on the city, and, on Suchet's advance, concluded his inglorious career by surrendering with 20,000 men and 390 guns; "misfortunes to be attributed," said the terse Duke (Disp., Jan. 20, 1812), "to Blake's ignorance of his profession and Mahy's cowardice and treachery." Suchet pledged himself that no man should be molested, but no sooner was he master of the city than he put to death all who had most distinguished themselves in the national cause, and continued his executions through all the province, from which, in 38 months, he extorted 37 millions of reals, while his bombs and pickaxes created irreparable loss to literature and the fine arts. When Wellington, at *Vitoria*, repaired the failures of the

Spaniards before Valencia, Suchet evacuated the impoverished city July 5, 1813, and Francisco Javier Elio entered. Here he welcomed Ferdinand VII., April 16, 1814; who, hearing of Buonaparte's downfall, determined to upset the Cortes, and found a tool in this *servil* Elio, who during the struggle had been a time-server, and so disgraced at *Biar* and *Castalla* as to be suspected, says Napier (xxi. 1), of a treacherous understanding with the French. This "Monk" of the restoration was rewarded by being made Captain-General of Valencia, where he signalized himself by persecuting his former friends, by whom he was murdered in 1822, when the *Constitucion* was in power. *Cosas de España*. In 1838 the *valiant* city trembled at the mere approach of Cabrera, 1840: Christina abdicated here, and Espartero became Regent; and here, in 1843, Narvaez was welcomed to upset him, and be rewarded with the title of Valencia.

Valencia del Cid is the capital of its province, the see of an archbishop, the residence of a captain-general, formerly a viceroy, and has an *audiencia* or supreme court of justice, a university, theatre, *Plaza de Toros*, museum, and two public libraries, and the usual prisons, hospitals, barracks, &c. It is a cheap well-supplied city, for here fish, flesh, fruit, and green herbs abound. The society is easy, and there is a good *Casino* or club to which strangers are easily introduced; the climate delicious, the winter-shooting first-rate; the pop., including the suburbs, reaches 70,000. It has a cathedral and 14 parish churches; the countless convents, first plundered in the war, are now suppressed. The city in shape is almost circular; the Turia flows along the N. base: the sandy bed of this exhausted river is crossed by 5 wide bridges, which serve as viaducts in time of inundations. The *tapia*, battlemented walls, built in 1356 by Pedro IV., are very perfect and picturesque. Walk round them. There are 8 gates; some retain their towers and machicolations; that of *El Serranos*, begun in 1349, and of

El Cuarte, 1444, are used as prisons (Newgates). Outside the latter is the *Plaza de Toros*, and the highly interesting Botanical Garden; indeed this is a city of flowers; and here the French under Moncey were repulsed by Rico and Tupper. The city inside is very Moorish and closely packed, with few gardens within the walls; the streets in general are narrow and tortuous, and the houses lofty and gloomy-looking, but admirably calculated to keep out the enemy, *heat*.

Those who land only for a few hours from the steamer, may obtain a rapid general notion of the best parts of Valencia, by taking the rail from the *Grao* or by jumping into a *tartana*—make your bargain as to fare—and driving round the following course: Start from the great door of the cathedral, passing down the *Calle de Zaragoza* into the *Calle San Martin* and *San Vicente*, coming back by the *Calle San Fernando*, to the *Mercado*; thence by the *Calle del Cuarte* and *Caballeros*, turning to the l. by the *Calle de Serranos*, and going out at the gate to the banks of the *Turia*; thence to the *Puerta del Real*, crossing over and following the *Alameda*, and recrossing at the *Puerta del Mar* to the *Glorieta*, and then back again by the pretty planted road to the *Grao*. The streets are in some cases left unpaved, in order that the scrapings may furnish manure for the *Huerta*: all this is managed by *El tribunal del repeso*, whose president is the exact Roman *Ædilis* and Moorish *Almotacen*. N.B. For excursions in the *Huerta*, hire a *Tartana*, the common Valencian vehicle, which resembles a dark green covered taxed cart; the type is the Oriental or Turkish *Araba*. It may be compared to a Venetian Gondola on wheels, and, like that, although forbidding-looking, often contains a deal of fun, like mourning-coaches when the funeral is done. The name is taken from a sort of felucca, or Mediterranean craft. Now-a-days, in the civilization mania, English broughams, and French cabriolets are superseding the national vehicle. Good riding horses may be hired at *el meson de Teruel*.

The first thing which the Cid did on capturing Valencia was to take his wife and daughters up to a height, and show them all its glories. Ascend, therefore, the cathedral tower, which is open from 8 to 12 A.M., and from 2 to 5 P.M.; it is called *El Micalet*, or *del Miguelete*, because its bells were first hung on St. Michael's Feast. This isolated octangular Gothic belfry is built with a brownish stone, 162 ft. high, and disfigured by a modern top. It was raised in 1381-1418 by Juan Franck (see the inscription), and was intended to have been 350 ft. high; the panorama is very striking, nay, to the northern children of the mist and fog, the bright sky itself is wonder enough, giving a glimpse of the glory of heaven, an atmosphere of golden light which Murillo alone could paint when wafting his Blessed Virgin into Paradise. The air is also so clear and dry that distant objects appear as if quite close. By taking up the map of the town by Francisco Ferrer, the disposition will be soon understood. The streets are so narrow that the openings scarcely appear amid the irregular, close-packed roofs, of which many are flat, with cane cages for pigeons, of which the Valencians are great fanciers and shooters. The spires rise thickly amid blue and white-tiled domes; to the N. are the hills of *Murviedro*, *Saguntum*; the *Huerta* is studded with *Alquerias*, farm-houses and cottages, thatched like tents, and glittering like pearls set in emeralds. In the *Micalet* is the great bell, *La Vela*, which, like that of the *Alhambra*, gives warning of irrigation periods.

The cathedral, *La Seo*, the See, was built on the site of a Roman temple of *Diana*. It was dedicated to the Saviour by the Christian Goths, to *Mahomet* by the Moors, and to the *Virgin* by the mariolatrous Spaniards, thus restoring it to a primitive female deity. This cathedral was raised to metropolitan rank, July 9, 1492, by Innocent VIII.; Rodrigo de Borja, afterwards Alexander VI., being the first archbishop. The suffragans are Segorbe, Orihuela, Mallorca, and Minorca. This edifice, one of the least

remarkable of Spanish capitals, has been vilely modernized inside and outside; begun in 1262 by Andres de Albalat, the third bishop, the original edifice was much smaller, extending only to the chapel of San Francisco de Borja; it was lengthened in 1482, by Valdomar; but as the height of the first building was preserved, it now appears low and disproportioned to the length. The original style was Gothic, but the interior was Corinthianised in 1760 by Antonio Gilabert; the principal entrance is abominable, the receding circular form being in defiance of all architectural propriety. It was modernized by one Corrado Rodulfo, a German, and presents a confused unsightly jumble of the Corinthian order, with bad statues of the local saints, Vicente de Ferrer, Luis Beltran, and others, by Ignacio Vergara, a pupil of Bernini. The Gothic interior has 3 aisles, with a semicircular termination behind the high altar. The transept and fine *cimborio*, built in 1404, are the best portions: here 2 Gothic gates face each other; one *de los Apostoles*, with figure of the Virgin and seraphims, the other *del Palau*, with the heads of the 7 couples who contributed to repeople Valencia, when conquered by the Christians (see Madoz, xv. 376); behind the circular end is the celebrated chapel of *Nuestra Señora de los Desamparados*.

The Corinthian *Silleria del Coro* is carved in walnut: this with the bronze portal were given by the Canon Miedes. The elaborate *Trascoro* was wrought in alabaster about 1466, although it scarcely appears so old. A variety of holy subjects in high relief, 6 on each side, are set in 8 reddish pillars with gilt Corinthian capitals; the high altar was unfortunately modernised in 1682. The original *Retablo* was burnt on Easter Sunday, May 21, 1460, having been set on fire by a pigeon bearing lighted tow, which was meant to represent the Holy Ghost in some religious ceremony. The *altar mayor* was restored in 1498 in exquisite silver-work by Jaime Castellnou, the Maestro Cetina, and Na-

dal Yoo, but most of the bullion was stripped off and melted in 1809. The painted door-panels, once framed with plate, escaped, and of these Philip IV. well remarked, that if the altar was of silver they were of gold: they are painted on both sides and in a very fine Florentine manner, and have been attributed to Leonardo da Vinci, or at least to his pupils Pablo de Aregio and Francisco Neapoli, 1506. Villanueva (i. 39), however, thinks them to be the works of Felipe Paulo de Santa Leucadia, a Burgundian artist. They were ordered and paid for by Rodrigo Borja in 1471, who, whatever his vices, was a magnificent prince, as his decorated chambers in the Vatican still evince. Observe particularly the Nativity, Ascension, Adoration, Pentecost, the Death, Resurrection, and the Ascension of the Virgin. The finest is perhaps that to the bottom on the rt.; the dead figure is grand, while those in the foreground are superior to Masaccio. Observe also the landscape in the Resurrection; these grand things, here buried in a napkin, ought to be better known in Europe. The walls were painted in fresco by P. de Aregio and Francisco Neapoli; but all was destroyed in the barbarous "improvements" of Archbishop Cameros in 1674-82.

Next observe the painted doors behind the altar, especially the Christ seated; this grand work has been injured by the key and the friction of opening and shutting. Here are preserved the spurs and bridle of Jaime the Conqueror. Part of the old *Retablo* exists, and is put up in the *Capilla de San Pedro*. At the *Transaltar* is an elegant tomb, with plate-resque ornaments and pillars: observe in the superb painted windows the rich greens of the centre one, and the purples and scrolly gold-work of the others. Near the *Puerta del Arzobispo* is the chapel of San Vicente Ferrer; observe 2 fine pictures of him and his model and master, Saint Dominick. Thence pass to the three *Sacristias*, and over the door of one is a grand "Christ mocked before

Pilate," in darkish style; also observe on the other side, and opposite the door of the sacristy, a "Christ bearing his Cross," equal to Sebastian del Piombo, by Ribalta; also a "Deposition," ascribed to Jean Belino, and a "Conversion of St. Paul:" in the *Sacristia*, modernised in white and gold, is a "Saviour with a Lamb," by Joanes; an "Abraham and Isaac," by Espinosa; and a truly Raphaelesque Holy Family, by Joanes, in which St. John gives the Saviour a blue flower. Observe also a crucifix of ivory which once belonged to San Francisco de Sales, and the ivory *báculo* of St. Agustin, which is kept here in a case.

The *Relicario*, once rich in relics and gold and silver, was much thinned in 1809 of the latter. Among *Las Reliquias*, as described by Villanueva (ii. 22), observe especially a tooth of San Cristobal, big as that of an ass, and which some heretical naturalists assign to a Rhinoceros, but comparative anatomy upsets many a *Buddha* relic. This Valencian talisman is here adored every July 10, a particular holiday, inasmuch as the Jewish synagogue at Valencia was plundered on that day in 1391, and the Hebrews massacred, San Cristobal being seen on the housetops encouraging the disciples of San Vicente Ferrer. Villanueva gives an engraving of this wise tooth, for the benefit of posterity, in case the original should decay. Yet when alive the good ferryman must either have had a new set of teeth every year, or a mouth better furnished than an alligator's, for there was scarcely a *relicario* in Spain which could not boast of a noble grinder. But the *clerigos* know the full value of a good masticator, which is more precious in a canon's jaw, than the pearl in Cleopatra's ear.

The glorious custodia of 1452 was melted during the war. An arm of St. Luke is kept in a handsome case, and a portrait of the Virgin, said to be its work, in a pretty Gothic silver frame. The emphatic relic is *el santo calix*, the identical cup used at the last supper, of which so many are shown in different orthodox *relicarios*. This

one was brought from the monastery of *San Juan de la Peña*, but it was broken in 1744 by a clumsy canon named Vicente Trigola. A solemn festival and service was performed to this relic Aug. 31; and Agustin Sales, in 1736, wrote a volume to prove its authenticity and power of working miracles. This *santo calix*, a fine bit of mediæval silver-work, is kept in a quaint silver box, with an exquisitely chased paten, ornamented with enamel and an engraving of the dead Saviour in the Virgin's arms. Note also the head of Santo Tomas, which was taken every year in grand procession to revisit his body, at the *Socos*. The fine crucifix by Alonso Cano, once in the *Socos*, is in the Sala Capítular; it is life size, and rather unpleasing, from the open mouth, but it is carefully modelled. This grandiose sala was built in 1358 by Pedro Compte. Observe in the same chapel a chain hung on the wall, which is said to be a trophy carried off from Marseilles. Inquire also particularly in the *sacristia* to see the *terno*, and complete set of three *frontales*, or coverings for the altar, which were purchased in London by two Valencian merchants, named Andrea and Pedro de Medina, at the sale by Henry VIII. of the Romish decorations of St. Paul's. They are embroidered in gold and silver, are about 12 ft. long by 4, and represent subjects from the life of the Saviour. In one—Christ in Limbo—are introduced turrets, evidently taken from those of the Tower of London. They are placed on the high altar from Saturday to Wednesday in the Holy Week. A *terno* is only used on grand *funciones*, when a *Misa de tres* is celebrated by a *Presbytero en casulla* and two *Diaconos en dalmaticas*. There is also a *pañó de pulpito, de atril, a frontal*, and a *palla* to cover the *patena* or top of the sacramental cup. Enquire also for a *missal*, said to have belonged to Westminster Abbey before the Reformation.

In the altar of *San Miguel* is a Virgin by Sassoferrato, and above a fine Christ holding a globe. Inquire also for a "Virgin" and superb portrait of

the priest Agnesio by Joanes; his "Baptism of the Saviour," over the font or *pila*, is very fine. The expression of patience and devotion in the Son's face is very remarkable. In the *Capilla San Luis* is the tomb of Archbishop Ayala, 1566; the prelate lies in his robes: the fresco paintings are by Josef Vergara, and bad. The *Capilla San Sebastian* contains several paintings by Orrente, of which observe the tutelar saint, the masterpiece of this Valencian Bassano. Ribalta, when told that he was going to paint it, said, "Then you will see a fine *Santo de lana*," alluding to his sheepish style. The sepulchres of Diego de Covarrobias, obt. 1604, and Maria Diaz, his wife, are fine. The *Capilla de San Pedro* was modernized in 1703; the altar is churrigueresque; the walls were painted by the feeble Palomino, and the cupola by the more feeble Canon Victoria. Observe the exquisite "Christ in a violet robe with the wafer and chalice," by Joanes. Observe portions of the alabaster screen, which originally formed the *Retablo* of the high altar; the "Christ bearing his Cross," by Ribalta: many fine pictures have recently "disappeared;" enquire, however, for the portrait of "*El Beato Ribera*," and the "*Santo Tomas de Villanueva*," both by Joanes. The *Sala Capitular* has also been modernized, in white and gold, with pinkish marble pillars. The *Capilla de San Francisco de Borja* is painted in fresco by the poor Bayen and Goya. In an altar to the N. in a glass case and covered with dust is a grand *Ecce Homo*, which probably is by Ribalta.

Leaving the *Puerta de los Apostoles*, is an incongruous modern brick building stuck on to the cathedral, the old gate contrasting with an open circular white Ionic erection, which, with its double gallery, looks like a *Plaza de Toros*; an arched passage leads to the chapel of *Nuestra Señora de los Desamparados*, the Virgin of the Unprotected, to whom, when not protected by allies, the Blakes and Mahys applied in times of danger, instead of putting their own shoulders to the wheel. The ancient sanctuary was rebuilt in

1667, on the site of a temple to Esculapius, whose practice has now passed to this *Minerva Medica*: her benefits are evinced by infinite votive offerings. But as Diagoras said there would be many more votive tablets, if all who were not cured offered also (Cic. N. D. iii. 37). Be that as it may, no wonder that her image is placed in the Valencian hospital, *el General*, since the *Medicos de Valencia*, according to the proverb—*pace Dr. Battles*—have *luengas faldas y poca ciencia*. Among the infinite names and attributes of the Virgin none is more common in Spain than that of *los Remedios*. The chapel, modernized and beautified in 1823, in the vilest taste, is a gaudy oval, enriched with marble pillars and gilt Corinthian capitals: the dome was painted and puffed by Palomino, in his own book (ii. 296). He inscribed it "Non est inventum tale opus in universis regnis." The subject is the "Coronation of the Virgin by the Trinity;" the execution is below mediocrity: the *Palladium* of Valencia itself; the *sagrada imagen*, richly arrayed and decorated, is placed under a superb *camarin* of jaspers; it was carved in 1410, by order of the Spanish antipope Luna, Benedict XIII., who destined it for the chapel of a lunatic asylum: others say it was made by 3 angels in 3 days, a legend which is painted in the picture here by Orrente. During the war the image was created by the sane Valencians *Generalisima*, just as Teresa of Avila was appointed *Comander-in-Chief* by the Cortes of Cadiz, which refused to appoint the Duke of Wellington; accordingly when the French entered Valencia, this image of the Virgin wore the 3 gold bars, the emblems of the rank of *Captain-General*, and the *Marques de los Palacios*, commander of the city, took few other steps of defence than laying his baton at its feet. It was then carried in pomp round the walls, the whole population exclaiming, "The divine mother will protect us." Much reliance was also placed on lighted candles, as, 2 burning before *La Madonna* having escaped a bomb, a Spanish colonel assured the inmates of the

house that she would save Spain "because the number two signified perseverance." See for details Schep. iii. 437, 488.

The prelate's palace is close to el Seo: it once contained a fine library, formed in 1762 by Don Andres Mayoral: the chapter library was also very rich in medals, antiquities, and liturgical codices, made in 1812, during Suchet's occupation, food for bombs, and fuel for camp kettles. The shelves have in some sort been refilled. Next visit the fine saloons in the *Casa Consistorial*, or the *Audiencia*, a noble Doric pile: the view from its balustrades is fine. Ascending to the first floor and entering the anteroom of the great saloon, observe the portraits of the kings of Spain, hung around, below the cornice; *el Salon de Cortes* is a noble room, and has its walls painted in curious old frescoes by Cristobal Zariñeña, 1592, but since vilely gone over with oil, representing the different members, and seemingly over the places which the originals occupied; above is a charming carved gallery, then a balustrade, pillars, cornice, and rich panelled ceiling, rare treats for the architectural eye. In a chest are kept the sword of the conqueror Jaime, and the Moorish keys of the town surrendered to him; in the library is a curious MS. relating to the city's commerce in the 15th centy. The chapel of the Virgin and 3 adjoining courts contain nothing remarkable. Below, the *Secretaria del Gobierno* has also a fine gilt and carved ceiling.

The *Calle de Caballeros* is, as its name implies, the aristocratic street. The character of these Valencian houses is anything but unsubstantial, as they have an air of solid nobility: a large portal opens into a patio, with arched colonnades, which are frequently elliptical; the staircases are remarkable for their rich banisters, and the windows are either Gothic or formed in the *ajimez* style, with a slender single shaft dividing the aperture: the long lines of open arcades under the roofs give an Italian lightness in these modernising days. Whenever a house is now taken down it is

obliged to be set back, with a view of widening the streets; the rebuilt mansions are uniform and commonplace, with rows of balconies. Of the most remarkable houses observe the fine specimen "*la Casa de Salicofras*," with noble patio and marble colonnade. The upper *corridor* is charming, with slender *ajimez* pillars. Observe the portals and doorways. It, in latter times, has been degraded into a printing concern and a chocolate-shop! Another good house is in the Calle Cadirers: observe that of the *Marques de dos Aguas*, Plaza de Villaraza, which has a grotesque portal, a fricasee of palm-trees, Indians, serpents, and absurd forms, the design of one Rovira and the work of Vergara. In the house of the *Conde de Cervellon*, near the *Puerta del Mar*, Ferdinand VII. was lodged on his return from France. The house-fancier may visit that of *Pinohermoso*, *C. del Gobernador Viejo*, and of Baron Llauri, with its fine Genoese marbles: from the balcony of *Tio Florido's* house the patriot Riego harangued the mob.

The vast mansion of the *Conde de Parsent*, *Calle de Carniceros*, contains some good pictures: observe the Adoration of Shepherds, a St. Catherine, Christ breaking the Bread at Emmaus, by Ribalta. The *Marques del Ráfol* has also a collection: observe the San Pedro Pascual, a head of Christ, Morales, 2 Dominican Monks plucking Flowers, a Crucifixion, San Bernardo, Isaac and Abraham, all by Ribalta; also his portrait by himself; a fine San Sebastian, by Ribera; San Vicente preaching, Joanes. The celebrated æsthetic hairdresser, *El Peluquero Pedro Perez*, whose house was crammed with an omnium gatherum of art, where all the geese were swans, died in 1848, leaving his *treasures* to his old maid. The Spanish and Celtiberian coins were good until the perruquier polished off the venerable ærugo, lathering and shaving them as it were, a common fate in Spain. This numismatic Figaro was, after all, himself, like old Tradescant, the most curious of his rarities. This Figaro of taste, when he laid aside his razors, was appointed "*Conserge*" to the Academy of Nobles

Artes of San Carlos, *Plaza de las Barcas*, where are some second-rate objects of art, and bad pictures with good names, a *Transfiguration* by Ribalta, a *San Sebastian* by Ribera, and some portraits of poets from the monastery Murta. A barber, however, is a personage in this land of Figaro. Suchet, too, who shaved Valencia pretty well, began life as 'prentice to a perruquier. In the *Calle San Vicente* lives a hatter, *el Sombreroero*, who has also some Barberic pictures, which he shows readily to strangers; they are but second-class. Ditto a *Señor De la Cuadra*.

The *Colegio de Corpus* or *del Patriarcu* is a museum of Ribaltas. It was founded in 1586, and finished in 1605 by the Archbishop Juan Ribera, a scion of that powerful family of Seville. He is generally called "*El Santo Ribera*," having been canonized in 1797: he died in 1611, aged 78, having been primate of Valencia 42 years: see the engraved stone in the middle of the transept. He was a ferocious persecutor of the Moriscos; one of his pulpit diatribes is printed by Dr. Geddes in his *Tracts* (i. 166, 3rd edit., Lond., 1730). His life has been written by Francisco Escriba, 4to., Valencia, 1612, and by Juan Ximenez, fol., Roma, 1734. The noble Corinthian chapel of the college was built by Anton del Rey, after, it is said, a plan of Herrera. It is somewhat dark, the windows being very small; the walls again, like in the temples of Babylon (Baruch vi. 21), are "blacked through the smoke" of the "incense offered to the queen of Heaven" (Isa. xlv. 25), *nigra fædo simulacra fumo*; moreover the daylight was purposely excluded by desire of the founder, who wished to give the impressiveness of religious obscure to the ceremonies, which show the best in their own dim shadow. The *miserere* on a Friday morning is, or was in our time, one of the most impressive services of Spain: be there at 10, as soon after the darkling chapel is rendered darker by drawing blinds over the windows and shutting the doors, to exclude also the idle trifler: the whole space above the high altar is now covered with a

purple pall, the colour of mourning; none stand near it save the silent quiristers; next an aged priest approaches and prostrates himself; then all kneel on the ground and the solemn chant begins. At the first verse the picture above the altar descends by a noiseless unseen machinery, and the vacancy is supplied by a lilac veil with yellow stripes; as the chant proceeds this is withdrawn, and discloses one of a faint grey, which, when removed, discovers another of deep black, and then after a lengthened pause another and the last. The imagination is thus worked up into a breathless curiosity, which is heightened by the tender feeling breathed out in that most beautiful of penitential psalms. Then at once the last veil of the temple is as it were rent asunder, and the Saviour appears dying on the cross; a sepulchral light is cast on the brow, on which a sweat of agony seems to mantle, while "the shadow of death hangs on the eyelid" (Job xvi. 16). This melodramatic representation, which realises, as it were, the Crucifixion, was too harrowing to be long looked at; but soon a distant quire of silvery voices struck up, and the pall closed over the spectacle: one not to be profaned by irreverent or lengthened curiosity.

The scholar will compare these many curtains, these "hangings" (2 Kings xxiii. 7), and their gradual withdrawal, with those described by Apuleius (Met. xi. 252), "*Velis reductis in diversum*;" and still closer by Tertullian, in his first chapter *ad Valentinianos*! where the phallic idol was revealed: "*nihil magis curant quam occultare, quod prædicunt—tantam majestatem exhibere videatur quantam præstruxerunt cupiditatem; sequitur jam silentii officium, attentè custoditur quod tardè invenitur; cæterum tota in adytis divinitas, tota suspicia epoptarum, totum signaculum revelatur.*" Some have read instead of the "sighs of the admitted eye-witnesses," *tot siparia portarum*, "so many curtains of doors;" but either reading is equally applicable to what takes place on this occasion at Valencia.

The sculptor should examine this crucifix as a work of art; and by application to the rector, and a fee to the *sacristan*, it can be seen in the afternoon, when the chapel is closed to the public; get a ladder and lights, and then will be revealed the ropes and contrivances by which all this solemn scene-shifting is managed. The carving is one of the finest in Spain, but nothing is known of its origin. It belonged to the founder, and was placed here by his express order, as a relic, from the number of miracles which it worked. To us it appeared to be Florentine, and of the time of Jaen de Bologna. The material is a dark wood; the feet, extremities, and anatomy are very fine: observe the broad modelling of the forehead, and the lines about the mouth, where character resides; as *death* is here represented, the absence of life, which is so felt in painted sculpture, does not offend.

The whole church deserves a careful inspection, as here Ribalta is properly to be estimated: in the first chapel to the l. is one of his masterpieces, and painted in a style between Titian and Vandyke; "San Vicente de Ferrer visited on his sick bed by our Saviour and Saints;" he rises on his pallet, his expression of humble gratitude contrasts with the kindness and sympathy exhibited towards him; the light is unfortunately bad. Next pass to the high altar, which is a superb pile of green marbles and jaspers; the crucifix is concealed by a grand "Last Supper" by Ribalta; the head of an Apostle with a white beard is equal to anything painted by the old Venetians; the Judas in the foreground is said to be the portrait of a shoemaker by whom Ribalta was worried; above the Supper is a charming "Holy Family," also by Ribalta; the child is painted like Titian: in the small recesses on each side of the altar are 2 fine pictures on panel in the style of Juanes; in that to the rt. our Saviour is at the column, in that to the l. he bears his cross. The cupola is painted in fresco, with martyrdoms and miracles of San Vicente, and holy subjects, by Barto-

lomé Mañarana (Kill Frog). The picture in the *Capilla de las Animas* is by F. Zuccaro. The body of the founder is preserved in a sarcophagus, and lies clad in episcopal robes, with a crozier between the legs; the gold and silver ornaments were stripped off by Suchet's troops: the features are pinched and wasted; the gorgeous copes and trappings mock the mouldering mummy: in the *Capilla de San Mauro* is another of these melancholy relics.

The *Sacristia* is fine, and was built by Geronimo Yavari. The wardrobes with Doric ornaments are good; in an inner room is the *Reliquario*; the bones, &c., are arranged in rows like an anatomical museum; the invaders "removed" the gold and silver settings. The spectator kneels while the showman points to each, and an assistant draws out the items as by rote. This exhibition usually takes place immediately after the Friday miserere, and destroys all devotional sentiment; it is a farce after the tragedy. Observe, however, a small altar painted by Joanes, and the picture of a dead prelate with Satan and an angel contending for his soul, which belonged to *El Santo Ribera*, and was always kept in his room as a *memento mori*. Notice also an ivory and a bronze crucifix of Florentine work. The *Sala Capitular* contains a few pictures, but the light is very bad. The fine Doric and Ionic cloisters, with an Italian marble colonnade, were erected in the Herrera style by Guillem del Rey; Suchet converted them into his magazine or receiving-house. Observe an antique Ceres, which has been bunglingly repaired. Here are 4 pictures by Joannes Stradanus—The Ascension, Birth, Supper, and St. John: they are kept covered, except on *el dia de Corpus*. Next ascend by a noble staircase to the library: over the door is a statue of Hercules. Those books which escaped the modern Omars are put away in handsome Ionic cases, for the banquet of worms. Here are some portraits of Spanish kings, &c. The rectoral lodgings are also up-stairs, and contain fine pictures: inquire for a portrait of Clement VIII., and for that of the

founder, an intelligent old man with long pointed nose and square beard; it is by Juan Zerineña: also for a Christ in the Garden of Olives, by Ribalta; and by the same master a superb Christ at the Column, painted in the style of Sebastian del Piombo: observe also a Christ bearing the Cross by Morales, and a noble picture of a *Beata* in a brown dress by Ribalta; the best time to see these interesting objects is of an afternoon, but ladies are not admitted. Thus the ungallant priests of the temple of Hercules at Cadiz warned off female trespassers, coupling them, *que cochinos!* with swine. Sil. Ital. iii. 22.

Near this *Colegio* is the *Universidad*, a fine, large, red building, and much frequented by students: the library is well arranged; that founded by Bayer in 1785, was burnt by the French in 1812, but has been replaced since from the suppressed convents, and now contains some 40,000 volumes. Among them a copy of the rare *Tirante Lo Blanc*, of which the finest known is in the Grenville library of the British Museum, and another in the Sapienza at Rome; it also possesses some rare bibles, books of chivalry, and Spanish *cinque-centos*, and some vellum MSS., e. g. a Virgil, Pliny, Livy, and Aristotle, with excellent illuminations, which formerly belonged to the *Convento de los Reyes*, and escaped Suchet's firebrands by having been sent to Majorca before his arrival. Suchet, uneducated, ignorant, and tasteless, only "collected" cash; in matters of art-plunder, he was to Soult what Mummius of old was to Verres. No bibliophile should fail visiting the library of Don Vicente Salva, which is eminently rich in curious, and exclusively Spanish books, the earliest and rarest.

Formerly travellers who wished to scourge themselves (see San Gines, Madrid), found whips and every accommodation, after *las Oraciones*, in the church of *La Congregacion*; now this is converted into a college for officers, to whom the mention of these previous practices is unpleasant. That fine church, built in 1736, by one Tosca, has been given to the clergy

of Santo Tomas, and has some tolerable pictures; but that of the Virgin is not by Leonardo, as is here pretended.

Since the suppression of the convents a provincial museum has been established in the former convent *del Carmen*, where the great Valencian school may really be studied and appreciated: it contains 600 or 700 pictures, of which the vast majority are worthless. The best are placed in a Sala by themselves. The chief painters to be observed are Vicente Joanes, the Spanish Raphael, and head of the Valencian school; he was born at Fuente la Higuera, 1523 ob. 1597; he was buried in the *Santa Cruz*, but his ashes were moved to this *Carmen* in 1842; then Francisco de Ribalta, who is the Spanish Domenichino and Sebastian del Piombo combined: he was born in Castellon de la Plana about 1551, died at Valencia, 1628, and is buried in the *San Juan del Mercado*: he was the painter of San Vicente de Ferrer, i. e. a local painter of a local subject; just as Murillo was of the *Concepcion*, so worshiped by Sevillians. There is a picture, probably by Ribalta, in Magdalen Chapel, Oxford, although even his name has not penetrated into those cloisters, and the picture is ascribed to artists with whose works it has not even a remote resemblance.

Another great Valencian, Josef Ribera (Spagnoletto), was pupil of Ribalta: he was born at Xativa, 1588, and died at Naples, 1656, where he led the Hispano-Neapolitan school. He painted cruel martyr subjects in a decided Caravaggio style of marked shadows and lights (see p. 359). Jacinto Geronimo Espinosa, the best of a family of painters, was born in Cocentaina, 1600, and was also a disciple of Ribalta: he died at Valencia, 1680, and is buried in San Martin: he imitated the Carracci school. Pedro Orrente, the Basano of Spain, and as monotonous and multiplied, was born at Monte Alegre about 1560, and died at Toledo, 1644: he principally painted cattle and Adorations of Shepherds: although he was a mannerist, he coloured his low subjects well; he was the master of Pablo Pontons, whose pictures are seldom

seen out of Valencia, and of Esteban March, a painter of battle-pieces, who died here in 1660; both these imitated the Bassanos through Orrente. These pastoral pictures are as tiresome as pastoral poetry, which then was all the fashion: Scripture was degraded by peasant forms; angels became accessories to cattle; there may be the merit of truth to ordinary nature, but divine subjects require a more epic treatment. The Zariñenas are another Valencian family of painters of second-rate merit. Valencia has produced no great sculptor.

Among the best pictures by *Joanes* are 3 of our Saviour, Nos. 239, 244, 246; observe especially that from *Santo Domingo*, in a violet dress: a magnificent San Francisco de Paula, in a brown dress leaning on his staff, from *Los Minimos*, and 236 an Assumption of the Virgin. Remark, by *Ribalta*, 2 of the Virgins, 412, 69; and San Vicente preaching, from *Santo Domingo*; San Francisco, from *Los Capuchinos*; a Cardinal, by *Espinosa*; a Holy Family; a St. Jerome, an Assumption, from *Santo Domingo*; a San José, from *Los Agostinos*: by *El Bosco* (Jerome Bosch of Bois le Duc), whose grotesque hobgoblin pictures, St. Anthonys, &c., were once popular in Spain; the 3 singular pictures from *Santo Domingo*—the Crowning with Thorns, the Christ at the Pillar, and in the Garden: inquire for the altar of Jaime I., with its singular old paintings. There is a clever picture, a Procession in honour of the Virgin, by *Orrente*. *El Beato Nicolas Factor* was born in 1520, in the Calle del Mar, Manzana 4, at Santa Teclas, where is the jasper-adorned Grotto in which *San Vicente* was martyred, and marked by an Italian statue. The blessed Nicolas is buried in the extramural convent *Sa. Maria de Jesus*, outside the Puerta de San Vicente, and now a silk manufactory. He lies in the chapel, and is painted over the altar, in the air and in extacy; the picture when slipped aside reveals his well-tanned body in a black and gold cherub-supported sarcophagus. Consult Stirling's excellent Annals of Spanish Artists.

Visit the church of *San Juan* to see the celebrated *Concepcion*, or *La Purisima*, which formerly was in the *Compania*, having been painted for *los Jesuitas*, and under the following circumstances:—the Virgin herself appeared in person to the Jesuit Martin de Alvaro, and desired him to have her painted exactly as he then beheld her. He applied to Joanes, giving all the details of the vision; the artist, after many failures, by the advice of Alvaro, confessed and went through a long religious exercise, and then produced this picture; the Virgin when it was finished descended from heaven and expressed herself satisfied (see Palomino, ii. 395). Charles IV. wished to remove it to Madrid when he founded her order, but refrained from fears of a popular outbreak. The figure is colossal, but the expression is meek and innocent: on each side are emblems and mottoes allusive to her manifold perfections. Here also is a Saviour holding the wafer, by Joannes.

Visit the church of *San Martin*; over the door is a bronze equestrian statue of the tutelal dividing his cloak; it weighs 4000 lbs., and the horse is heavier. In the interior is a grand Dead Christ, lamented by the Marys, by Ribalta, and a Crucifixion over a *Retablo*. Visit by all means the *San Nicolas*, originally a Moorish mosque, the frescoes are by Dionis Vidal, a pupil of Palomino. The church is disfigured by stucco abortions. Calixtus III. was curate here, and his medallion is placed over the principal entrance. Observe especially the paintings by Joanes over both the altars, to the rt. and l. of the *Altar mayor*. On the l. is a *cenacolo*, kept under a case, which is considered by Cean Bermudez to be his masterpiece. Notice also 8 smaller pictures of much beauty, and, above all, those connected with the Creation. The paintings on the rt. hand altar are inferior, and were probably finished by the scholars of Joanes. On an altar in the side aisle are other pictures by this master, some fine; and in the *Sacristia* 2 heads of Christ and the Virgin, painted on a round panel, in his best style.

The *Escuela Pia*, a tolerable seminary, was built in 1738 by the Archbishop Mayoral: the rotunda is very noble, but has been injured by lightning. The green marbles of Cervera used here are rich: observe the San Antonio, a fine picture by Ribalta, painted something like Guercino. The saint in black holds the child in his arms, while an angelic quire hovers above.

The *Puerta del Cid*, by which the Champion entered, and now in the town near the gate *el Real*, is built into the *Temple*, where was the tower called *Alibufat*, on which the Cross was first hoisted. This church once belonged to the Templars, and was given to the order of Montesa in 1317: ruined by an earthquake in 1748, it was rebuilt in 1764 by Miguel Fernandez. The portico is fine: observe the circular altar, with choice jaspers and gilt capitals, under which is the Virgin's image, and the doors leading to the *Presbitero*; in this edifice the *Licco artistico* hold their meetings. Suchet plundered the *Temple* of much plate, and turned it into a custom-house. The numerous convents of Valencia, like most of the churches, were tawdry in decoration, for in no place has churriguerism and stucco done more mischief, while whole Cuenca pine-forests were carpentered into deformity and plastered with gilding.

The principal plaza, called *El Mercado*, is in the heart of the city, and was the site of tournaments and executions, where the Cid and Suchet put prisoners to death without trial or mercy. The market-place is well supplied, and the costume of the peasants is very picturesque. Here is the *Lonja de Sedu*, the silk-hall, a beautiful Gothic building of 1482. The saloon is magnificent, and supported by spirally fluted pillars: this is the Chamber of Commerce; observe in a pretty garden attached to it, the beautiful Gothic windows, medallions with heads, and coronet-like battlements. The staircase of the *Lonja* is good. The window-ornaments and armorial decorations were mutilated by the invaders. Opposite to the *Lonja* is the church of the *Santos Juanes*, which also has been

disfigured with heavy overdone ornaments in stucco and churrigueresque. The much-admired cupola is painted in fresco by Palomino, and, although puffed in his own book (ii. 290), is a poor performance; San Vicente figures like the angel of the Apocalypse. The *Retablo*, by Muñoz, is bad; the marble pulpit was wrought at Genoa by one Ponzanelli.

The *Plaza de Santa Catalina* is the mart of gossip, and the fair sex returning from mass make a point of passing through it to see and to be seen. The hexagon tower of the church, built in 1688, is disfigured by windows and rococo pillars and ornaments. The Gothic interior has been ruined by stucco. It was made a straw magazine by Suchet, who tore down and destroyed the glorious altar *de los Plateros*, painted by Ribalta: the adjoining *Plaza de las Barcas* is nothing more than a wide street. Close by is the *Colegio*, founded in 1550 by Santo Tomas de Villanueva, archbishop of Valencia, with its quaint irregular *Patio*. In the *Cuarto rectoral* is the grand picture, by Ribalta, of this prelate surrounded by scholars. The *Santo* was buried in San Agustin (*El Socós*), in a noble sepulchre. This building serves now for the *presidio correccional*, a reformatory philanthropic penitentiary—not a thing of Spain—which was founded by the patient and energetic Don Manuel Montesinos: it is clean and well managed. The prisoners are employed at different works, and the silent system observed. See the account of the *Sistema*, by Vicente Boix, 1850.

The N.E. corner, between the gates *el Real* and *del Mar*, is full of interest. On the *Plaza de la Aduana* is a huge red brick Doric pile, with vile statues by Vergara, built for Charles III. by Felipe Rubio, in 1760, as a custom-house: but it was soon, under the commerce-strangling system, like that of Malaga, converted into a manufactory of cigars. The charming *Paseo de la Glorieta*, so frequented by the fair sex, was laid out and planted in 1817 by Elio, who converted into a garden of Hesperus a locality made a desert by Suchet, who razed 300 houses to clear a

glacis for the adjoining citadel. When Elio was massacred in 1820 by the Constitutionalists, because a royalist, they selected this very garden for his place of execution, and the Valencians wished to tear up even the trees and flowers, because planted by a royalist hand (compare San Lucar and Granada, pp. 154, 317).

When Ferdinand VII. was restored to his full power in 1823, Elio, although dead and buried, was restored to his rank and honours, and his name figured for years afterwards among the generals in the Spanish army-list "unattached." This deceased, made immortal by a decree, was probably far from being the worst of his brother generals. Death has long been defied by the powers in Spain; the Inquisition perpetuated infamy, and the absolute king guaranteed honour, beyond the grave.

The citadel was built by Charles V. to defend Valencia against Barbarossa. The Glorieta, with its statuettes in the box circles, is a delicious promenade, and frequented by the fashion and beauty of the town; of course the traveller will go there at the proper hour in the cool evenings. But medical men have observed since its opening an increase of consumptive disorders, arising from night exposure after the perspirations of the hot day. On the N. side is the *Plaza de Santo Domingo*. The convent was founded by Jaime I., who laid the first stone; it was once a museum of art of all kind, until desolated by Suchet, who bombarded Valencia from this side. It is now occupied by the captain-general; the church and chapels are converted into store-rooms for artillery and ammunition, and the pictures removed to the Museo; once the lion of Valencia, it still deserves a visit. Observe the Doric portal and statues. The chapter-house and cloisters are in excellent Gothic; the latter, planted with orange-trees and surrounded with small chapels, was the burial-place of the Escala family, whose sepulchre was most remarkable on account of the costume of 2 armed knights. In the *Capilla del Capitulo*, which is supported by 4 airy pillars, San Vicente

Ferrer took the cowl. His chapel by Antonio Gilabert is a pile of precious green and red marbles, jaspers, and agates. The chapel of San Luis Beltran, where his uncorrupted body was kept, was adorned with pillars of a remarkable green marble; here were the beautiful tombs of the monks Juan Mico and Domingo Anadon. The chapel of the *Virgen del Rosario* was all that gold and decoration could make it, and contrasted with the severe sombre Gothic of the *Capilla de los Reyes*, founded by Alonso V. of Arragon, and now the *Panteon Provincial*. Here are the Berrugete sepulchres of Rodrigo Mendoza, obt. 1554, and Maria Fonseca his wife. The superb railings were torn down by Suchet's troops, who also burnt the noble library.

San Vicente is the tutelar of Valencia, and none can understand Ribalta without some knowledge of his history, which has given much employment to the pencils, chisels, and pens of Spaniards. Consult his *Life* by Vicente Justiniani, Val. 1582, and his '*Milagros*,' Francisco Diago, 4to. Barcelona, 1600; ditto, Juan Gabaston, 4to. Val. 1614; '*Historia de la Vida Maravillosa*,' Valdecebro, 4to. Mad. 1740; '*Vida, Milagros*,' &c., Thomas Merita y Llazar, 8vo. Val. 1755, with rude woodcuts of his chief miracles; and the '*Sagrario*' of Solorçano (see p. 9), and Esp. Sagr. xxxix. 52. San Vicente is called the St. Paul of Spain, and is the "glorious apostle" of Valencia. He is painted flying in the air, like the winged angel in the Apocalypse (Rev. xiv. 16), with an inscribed scroll, "timete Deum," while mitres and cardinals' hats lie neglected on the ground, alluding to his repeated *nolo Episcopari*. Miracles preceded his birth, for his father was an honest attorney. His mother when pregnant heard a child harking in her womb. Thus Pliny (N. H. viii. 41) mentions a pagan dog speaking, but not in a woman's belly; and Livy (xxiv. 10) tells us that a babe in utero matris exclaimed *Io triumphe*. So the mother of the bloody Dionysius dreamed that she produced a *Satyriacus* (Cic. de Div. i. 20). So Hecuba and the dam of the Inquisidor St. Dominick dreamt that they were pregnant of fire-brands. San

Vicente's mother, instead of consulting a *sage femme* in this *uterine* dilemma, went for advice to the Bishop Ramon del Gasto, who assured her—a compliment to her sex—that she would produce a “mastiff who would hunt the wolves of heresy to hell.” But as Fielding says of Jonathan Wyld the Great, such men cannot come into the world like ordinary mortals, so nature introduces them on the stage with a grand preparatory flourish.

The babe was whelped in 1350 in the *Calle del Mar* (Manzana 91), where an oratorio still marks the sacred spot. The young terrier in due time became a monk of the persecuting Dominican order, and soon a leader of these *Domini Canes*, those bloodhounds of the Inquisition. He then commenced an itinerant preaching crusade against the Jews, and agitated even Ireland, travelling there on an ass. He was followed by a pack of disciples, who, *credite posteri*, whipped each other for their mutual solace and benefit. Spain, however, was his “best country;” here he converted 100,000 heretics, for he preached a crusade of blood and confiscation to a fanatic people whose dark points of character are envy, hatred, cruelty, avarice, and intolerance. Thus they gratified their worst passions ostensibly for the sake of religion, and the foulest crimes that could disgrace human nature were travestied into acts of piety. S^r. Vicente still is the schoolmaster of Valencia. Visit his *imperial* college, which is well managed. He was a true Valencian; such Ribera was in painting, Borgia and Calvo were in practice. He died in France, April 5, 1418, aged 60: his miracles pass all belief and number, and he began working them as soon as he put on the cowl. His first essay was tried on a mason, who, tumbling from a housetop as Vicente was passing by, implored his aid. “Nay,” replied the humble monk, “I dare do nothing without first having the permission of my superiors.” He returned to the convent, obtained leave, and then came back and saved the mason, who in the meantime had remained suspended in mid-air, arrested in his fall by an emanation of power unknown to San Vicente himself. The

saint afterwards cured the sick, expelled devils, raised the dead, had the gift of prophecy, and predicted the papacy of Calixtus III., who rewarded it by making him a saint, a natural *empéño* or job, which most Spaniards will always do for a *païsano*. He lived and died a virgin, having continually kicked the devil out of his cell whenever he came in the shape of a pretty woman; he never washed or wore linen, and as he slept in his woollen clothes, which he never changed, his odour of sanctity spread far and wide, and three days after his death his fragrancy converted many from their sins; he was always refusing mitres; the Virgin constantly visited him in his cell, and when he was sick, the Saviour, attended by St. Francis and St. Dominick, came to comfort him. The events of his life and miracles still form the religious melodramas of Valencia. Thus by his intercession no lightning can fall on his city; but his great local miracle, the restoring a stew of rice which a boy coming from a bakehouse had let fall, is deservedly popular in a city which exists chiefly on this grain and mess.

As San Vicente was baptized in *San Esteban*, his “*Bautismo*” is still regularly performed there by appropriately dressed characters, April the 5th. His “*miracles*” are represented during his *Novenario*, in the open streets, where altars are erected to him; these exhibitions on the *Mercado*, *Tros Alt*, and *Plaza de la Congregacion*, are so extraordinary that they must be seen to be credited. St. Vincent of the Cape is also a Valencian tutelar, who was put to death in the *Santa Tecla*, *Calle de Mar*; his prison in the *Plaza de la Almoína* was renewed in 1832. In this church is also a miraculous image, *El Cristo del Rescate*, which is prayed to when rain is wanted, and the glass is observed to be falling. The ch. of *San Salvador* possesses the identical miraculous image, *El Cristo de Beyrut*, which is described by all local historians as made by Nicodemus, and on which St. Athanasius is said to have written a treatise; many Jews have been converted by the blood and water which issue from its wounds. It navigated by itself from Syria, as once

was common enough in antiquity and Spain. Compare Santiago at *Padron* and the Cristo de *Burgos*; compare the wooden Hercules that sailed much in the same way from the same country, Tyre. (Paus. vii. v. 3.) The image worked its way up to Valencia against the river-stream; a monument, erected in 1738, marks the spot where it landed. Consult the work of J. Bau. Ballester, Val. 1672, on all the facts and miracles of this image. Valencia has no end of churches, many of which were once mosques, which we in mercy omit, but the sight-seer, if not weary, may look at some pictures in *San Andres*, and by Joanes in the *Retablo* of San Bartolomé, and a Saviour in *San Pedro*. Observe also a grand *Paso Nuestra Señora del Carmen*, which has a rich *cofradía* to defray the *culto* and candles. In *San Esteban* is the adorable and miracle-working body of San Luis Beltran, who was born close by; an oratory marks the sacred spot.

Valencia is indeed studded with gods and goddesses *Engötterte*, as Schiller sung of pagan Greece. Here is a local *turbi Deorum*, which, as Juvenal said, no Atlas could carry; and Cicero could behold this restoration of his Pantheon, would find merely a few names changed, the same "numerous deorum innumerabiles"—the plures quoque Joves—the many St. Vincents—the Dianæ item plures—the many Virgins of *Carmen*, *Des imparados*, &c. The scholar may turn to his remarkable passages, de Nat. Deo. i. 30; iii. 16, 22.

There is a good new theatre in the *Calle de las Barcas*, with a handsome room, in which, sometimes, an Italian opera is performed. There are some books and natural history at the *Sociedad Economica*, Plaza de las *Moscas*: the public archives are in the *Jesuitas*. The hospitals of Valencia are well managed for Spain. The *Casa de la Misericordia*, or poor-house, is a fine edifice. The *Presidio* or Penitentiary in *San Agustín*, and the *Galera* for women, are well managed and may be visited by visiting justices. The arms of the city are the four bars of Catalonia, with a bat, indicative of vigilance, *á quien vela, todo se revela*.

Valencia is celebrated for its *Azulejos* from the time of the Moors; and no doubt the celebrated Rafael ware, or *Majolica*, arose from some specimens carried from Majorca (*Majolica*) by the Italians to Pisa. The best shops are in the *Calle nueva de Pescadores*, and near the *Calle de Rusafa*; many subjects are kept ready-made, and any pattern can be imitated. The richest colours are the blues, blacks, and purples. The clay, of a chocolate brown, is brought from *Manises*. The white varnish is given by a mixture of barilla, lead, and tin: the ovens are heated with furze, and the clay is baked 3 days and 3 nights, and requires 4 days to cool. Visit the manufactory of Vals, in the suppressed extra-mural *Capuchinos*.

Valencia abounds in pleasant walks; take one to the river, or rather the river-bed, for it is so drained for irrigation, that, excepting at periods of rains, it scarcely suffices for the washerwomen. The massy bridges and their strong piers, which seem to be sinecures, denote, however, the necessity of protection against occasional inundations. Thus the *Puente del Mar* was carried away in the flood of Nov. 5, 1776. The Valencians are great pigeon-shooters. The dip, at *La Pechina*, is the resort for *el tiro de las palomas*: cock-fighting is another pastime; the grand *Reñidero de Gallos* is in the *Llano de la Zaidia*, and cowardly cockthrowing goes on outside the gate *San Vicente*. Observe near *La Pechina* an inscription found here in 1759—"Sodalitium vernarum colentes Isid." This was an ancient *cofradía* to Isis, which paid for her *culto*, so inveterate is this habit. There is a treatise on this inscription, by Augustin Sales, Val. 1760. Valencia once abounded in inscriptions, most of which were buried in 1541 under the bridge *Serranos*, by a priest named Juan Salaya, because *pagan*. The next bridge, walking to the rt., is that of *La Trinidad*, built in 1356: then comes the *Real*, the Moorish *Jerea*—Arabicè *Sharea*, of the law—which fell in, and was restored by Charles V. Crossing over was the site of *El Real*, the royal residence of the viceroys, which was pulled down in

the war, and the space since converted into a pleasant plantation. The river now divides the Glorieta from the long avenues of the delightful Alameda, whose shady overarching branches continue to *el Grao*, the gradus, or steps to the sea. This agreeable drive is the lounge of the natives, who flock here in the summer for the sea-bathing. Vast sums of money have been expended, since 1792, in the attempt to make a port, the one thing wanting to Valencia, of this bad sandy roadstead, which is much exposed to gales from the S. and the S.W., and to the choking from the *Turia*, but the French invasion arrested the good work. The *Muelle*, or mole, was to be pushed forward in two piers, with towers and batteries at each extremity. The *temporada de los Baños* is a gay period. The baths are thatched with rice straw. The road is then thronged with *tartanas*, which convey all sexes to their immersion, hissing hot like horseshoes. The Grao waters are said to soften the female heart, and to cure confirmed sterility. Here, if fame reports true, wantonness is concentrated under the pretence of health, and many a Penelope comes away a Helen. But so it was in olden times if those Spaniards, Martial xi. 80, and Seneca, Ep. 51, deserve credit. See also the case of the Ciuthia of that minute (Propertius i. 11, 27).

Of all the rascally tribe of watermen and cads, who have fish-hooks for fingers and harpoons for thumbs, those of the Grao are the most unconscionable. If, however, you know the tariff, they give up disputing; the proper charges are a *peseta* each person; *two* reals for a portmanteau; *one* for each smaller package. If without luggage, the price is two reals to land and two to be put on board. N.B. The charges for a *tartana* are 6 reals per hour.

Those returning to Valencia should enter by the *Puerta del Mar*; here once stood *El Remedio*, which, with the splendid sepulchres of the Moncada family, was destroyed during recent reforms.

The communications between Valencia and the other provinces are numerous; for those S. with Alicante and

Murcia, see Routes 36. 38. The steamers communicate with Alicante and Cadiz. With Madrid there are two routes. One, that taken by the diligences, runs through *Almansa*. The second, which passes through *Cuenca*, is nearer and by far the most interesting. The communications with Zaragoza, run through *Teruel* and *Daroca*. There is and long has been some talk of a rail between Valencia and Madrid. Some Londoners in 1845 put forth a prospectus, which shows what the gullibility and geographical ignorance of the "City" will swallow. "For only 2,500,000*l.* the sea-port of Valencia was to be opened for Madrid, with a pop. of 800,000 (200,000), and the plan was to pay 28 per cent. Apply for shares at No. 37, Moorgate-street."

Meantime a bit of a railroad runs from Valencia to *Alcira*, and the natives, who think it almost unique, sometimes point it out proudly to Englishmen, and ask patronisingly, whether they have yet got *Ferros cariles* in England.

An excursion should be made from Valencia to *Denia*, visiting the *Albufera* lake, and returning by *Alcira*, where the rice-grounds and acequias are highly interesting. The towns are very populous; the fertility of the soil is incredible. It is a land of Ceres and Bacchus, Flora and Pomona, while the sea teems with delicious fish. The national method of fishing called *Las Parejas del Bou*, and often prohibited from sweeping the sea, is managed by two boats—*pairs of oxen*; to each of which the ends of a deep net or *Seine* is attached.

ROUTE 40.—EXCURSION FROM VALENCIA.

Cilla	2	
Sueca	3	5
Cullera	1	6
Gandia	4	10
Denia	3	13
Gandia	3	16
Carcajente	4	20
Alcira	1	21
Ajamesi	1	22
Valencia	5	27

This celebrated lagoon, the *Albufera*, Arabic *Albahar*, "the little sea, the lake," commences near *Cilla* or *Silla*, the sea and throne of Flora and Pomona, and extends about 3 L. N. and S., being about 9 L. in circumference, and from 3 to 12 ft. deep. It narrows to the N., separated by a strip of land from the sea, with which a canal, *Perello*, that can be opened and shut at pleasure, communicates. It is fed by the Turia and the *Acequia del Rey*. It fills in winter, and is then a complete preserve of fish and wild-fowl. The fishermen dwell in *chozas*, exposed to agues and mosquitos. 70 sorts of birds breed here in the *broza*, bush, and reeds; the small ducks and teal are delicious, especially the *Foja*. There are 2 public days of shooting, the 11th and 25th of Nov., when many hundred boats of sportsmen harass the water-fowl, which darken the air. The *dehesa*, or strip between the lake and sea, abounds with rabbits and woodcocks, *gallinetas*. This lake and domain, valued in 1813 at 300,000*l.*, a royal property, was granted to Suchet by Buonaparte, who created him a French *Duc* by the title of *Albufera*, in reward for his capture of Valencia. The English Duke of Wellington, at Vitoria, unsettled the conveyance, and rendered this water Suchet another of the aqueous non-entities of Valencia, which he had pretty well *raséé*, *razziaed*, and *Sangradoed*, alike after his pristine barber, as his later barbarous habits; *tonsoribus notum*. Ferdinand VII. would have confirmed the gift to Suchet, a destroyer, although he made difficulties about the *Soto* of Granada which had been granted to our Duke, his deliverer, to whom, strange to say, this very *albufera* was contemplated being given, had not the Valencians, to their shame, raised objections! Charles IV. had made it over to the minion Godoy, as he had also done the *Soto de Roma*.

Sueca, Pop. 8500, is in the heart of the rich rice-country, *las tierras de arroz*. So is *Cullera*, Pop. 7000, built on the mouth of the Jucar. Admirably placed, it might easily be made

a secure port for this portless coast, by connecting the shore with the *Moro* and other points, which nature seems to suggest, and thus offer an outlet to a district which, with the *Huerta of Gandia*, is an Eden of fertility. *Gandia*, Pop. 5500, with its ancient walls and towers, contains a fine Palace, where lived the sainted Duke F. de Borja, with remains of gilding, *azulejos*, and faded splendour. The geologist may ascend the *Monduber*. Visit also, near *Benidoleig* (3 L.), the stalactical *cuevas* under the *Sigulís*, with curious lake in the centre caverns. Examine also the marbles at Marchquera and *Tramus*. Take a local guide. *Denia*, Pop. 2500, is the capital of its *Marquesado*, and once a good haven and well fortified, is now without port or defence, nor are any steps taken to set matters right. Now, near the *Torre de Carruz*, carob-trees rear their stems, in the place of the masts of ships when Sertorius made it his naval station (Strabo, iii. 239). *Denia*, with its picturesque old fortifications, lies on, nay, in the sea, under the rock *el Mongó*, which rises about 2600 ft., commanding the views which gave one of the ancient names *Emeroscopium*, derived from this peep-of-day look-out for pirates; the present name is a corruption of *Dianium*, from a celebrated temple to Diana of Ephesus, who now is supplanted by *la Virgen de los Desamparados*. The *Huerta* is covered with vines, olives, fig and almond trees: the great traffic is in the *Denias* or coarse Valencian raisins, used in England for plum-puddings; inferior to those of Malaga, which are dried in the sun, these are cured, as at Smyrna, in a lye, whence they are called *lexias*. The *Mongó* slopes down to the Cape San Antonio, and at its back 1 L. from *Denia* basks the picturesque town of *Jabea*, Pop. about 3500, which the lovers of Claude Vernet and Salvator Rosa should visit: indeed the whole *Marina*, like the coast of Amalfi, is a picture: you have a beauteous sky, blue broken headlands, a still deep-green sea, with craft built for the painter skimming over the rippling waves, and a crew dressed as if for an

opera ballet; then inland are wild mountain gorges, mediæval turrets and castles, placed exactly where the artist would wish them, and rendered more beautiful by time and ruin. There are many *cuevas* or grottos in the mountains, one especially called *del Organo*, and the *Cueva del Oro*.

The coast on rounding Cape *San Antonio* is broken by headlands, of which those of *San Martín*, *Monayra*, and the isolated rock of much botanical interest *Hifac* or *Ayfac*, are the most remarkable. In the bay is *Calpe*, Pop. 1200, a small Gibraltar, distant 3 L. by land from *Denia*; it was the site of a Roman town; antiquities and mosaics are constantly discovered, and as constantly neglected or destroyed. At the curious *Baños de la Reyna*, between 2 promontories, are the remains of a Roman fish-pond (consult the work of *Cavanilles* for botanical details). From *Calpe* to *Gandia* there is a wild inland route through the hills, by *Benisa*, *Alcannal*, *Orba*, *Sagra*, and over the ridge of *Segarria* to *Pego*, and then crossing the *Bullent* or *Calapatar* river to *Oliva*. From *Gandia* the road turns off to the l. over the hills, through *Barig* and *Aygues* to *Alcira*.

The high road and railroad pass through an "isolated" tract (*Arabicè Gesirah*—Island), round which the rivers *Albayda*, *Sellent*, *Gabriel*, and *Requena* flow into the *Jucar*. Wall-girt *Alcira*, (see p. 359), Pop. 13,000, and placed in a bosom of plenty. The rich district is chiefly watered by the *Acequia del Rey*, a cornucopia of fertility. The engineer should visit *Antella* (1 L.), and examine the magnificent new *azud* archwork, and where the canal is first fed from the *Jucar*. The parish church of *Aljames*, Pop. 4500, has a good *Retablo*, and some pictures by *Ribalta*, but the best were taken away by *Godoy*.

Those proceeding N. by steam should previously make an excursion inland, while those who are going by diligence to *Tarragona* may ride to *Murviedro*, and there take up the coach, having secured their places for the number of days in advance.

ROUTE 41.—VALENCIA TO
MURVIEDRO.

Liria	4
Chelva	5
Segorbe	5
Murviedro	6

On quitting Valencia we strike into the *Campo de Liria*, rich and healthy too, for here flourish the vine and olive, not the pestilence-spreading rice. *Manises*, where the clay for the *azulejo* pottery comes from, lies to the l. *Liria* is a large town: Pop. 8000, principally agricultural. This is the "hameau de cinq ou six feux" which the accurate *Le Sage* gave to *Gil Blas* as his domain. *Liria* was built in 1252, by *Jaime I.*, on the site of a Roman town *Edeta* (*Lauro*), destroyed in the wars of *Pompey* and *Sertorius*, of which a portion of a reservoir yet remains. *Liria* gives a ducal title to the *Duque de Alva*, who represents the *Duc de Berwick*. In the handsome *Parroquia* observe the *coro*, properly placed round the *presbiterio*. The classical façade, with statues of *St. Vincent*, the *Virgin*, &c., is by *Tomas Esteve*, 1672; in the inside observe a *Concepcion* by *Espinosa*, 1663, and the *Mausoleum of the Duchess of Alva*, by *Alvarez*. Ascend also to the *Colegio de San Miguel* for the delicious view of the country; the image of the saint over the altar-mayor was respected by the French in 1812, and the *Beatas* respected by *Cabrera* in 1836, when he sacked the town. *Liria* is best seen on the 29th of Sept. *Michaelmas-day* attracts the peasants in their classical dresses: the *Eremitorio* on his mountain is also much visited. In the neighbouring hills of *San Miguel* and *Barbara* are singular marble quarries.

At *Benisano*, a village $\frac{1}{2}$ L. below *Liria*, and near the high road, are the ruins of the Moorish castle, now belonging to the *Conde de Casal*, in which *François I.* was confined until July 20, 1525. He was landed a prisoner after *Pavia* on June 29th, and was allowed to remain only 2 days in Valencia. *Benisano* is the *Venysollo* of *Mous. Champollion Figeac's* treatise, and from whence *François* sent an envoy with a most humble letter to *Charles V.*

An excursion should be made to the *Curtija de Portuceli*, in the opposite hills near *Olocau*, and about 2 L. N.E. from *Liria*, and 3 L. from *Valencia*. This suppressed convent commands a fine view of the plain and sea, was founded in 1272 by the bishop, *Andres de Albalat*, and was once a museum of art. Here *Alonso Cano* took refuge after the death of his wife; for her imputed murder by him is an idle calumny of the gossiping *Palomino*, unsupported by any evidence; had it been true, would *Philip IV.* have made him a canon, or been his patron? He carved for the monks a crucifix, and painted several pictures, now gone. This majestic convent was renowned for its frescoes and rich marbles, now it is desolate, yet the picturesque wooded mountain situation is unchanged. The superb aqueduct is of the time of the Catholic sovereigns. The wine, "*vino rancio*," is excellent. From *Liria* to *Chelva* the direct road is through *La Llosa*. It is better to turn off to the l. and visit *Chestalgar*, near the *Turia*, where are some remains of a Moorish aqueduct. All this district, up to 1609, was inhabited by industrious *Moriscos*. At *Chulilla*, famous for apricots, is the extraordinary *Salto*, or leap: the *Turia* has cut its way through perpendicular walls of mountains (see particularly the peninsula of rocks at *La Punta*). *Chulilla* was the scene of much "little war" during the *Carlists* struggle. Re-entering the *Campo*, and keeping the *Turia* on the l., is *Chelva*, a rich village; Pop. 4500. In the *Rambla de los Arcos* is a fine Roman aqueduct: the arches which span the defile are rare bits for the artist. One portion is injured, the other nearly perfect. The *Campo de Chelva* is most fertile; the "*Pico*" hill, distant 1 L., is singular.

From *Chelva* it is better to retrace the route to *La Llosa*, and thence to *El Villar del Arzobispo*, for the circuit by *Alpuente* and *Yesa* is tedious; then strike into the *Lacobas* hills, famous for rich marbles: a cross-road of 5 mountain leagues leads to *Segorbe*. At *Alcublas*, $2\frac{1}{2}$ L., which is in the heart of the rugged country, the road branches

and leads W. through *Oset* to *Andilla*, distant about 3 L.; this hamlet of 700 souls, sunk amid the mountains, has a very fine parish church, and some noble pictures by *Ribalta*. The *Retablo* is classical and Corinthian, and enriched with statuary and *basso relievos*; the insides of the shutters are painted with the following subjects—the Visitation of the Virgin, her Presentation, *Santa Ana* and *San Joaquin*, and the Circumcision; the outsides with—the Dispute with the Doctors, a *Riposo*, the Birth and Marriage of the Virgin. These were executed in *Ribalta's* best period. *Ponz* (iv. 194) prints some curious details as to the erection and prices of this fine *Retablo*, which is buried in these lonely regions. 1 L. from *Andilla* is *Canales*; the villagers exist by supplying the snow, of which so much is used in *Valencia*, from the *Bellida* hill. Returning to *Alcublas*, about half way in the hills is *La Cueva Santa*, or a deep cave, in which is a sanctuary of the Virgin. The chapel is below, the rock forming the roof, and you descend by a staircase. This holy grotto is visited on the 8th of Sept. by the peasantry from far and near.

Segorbe, which is considered to have been the *Segobriga Edetanorum*, contains about 6000 souls, and rises in its valley above the *Palancia*, surrounded by gardens, which, under a beneficial climate and copious irrigation, are incredibly fertile. The view from the rocky pinnacle above the town is charming. *Segorbe* was taken from the Moors by *Don Jaime* in 1245. There is a history of the cathedral, *antigüedades*, &c., by *Francisco de Villagrassa*, 4to., *Valencia*, 1664. The edifice is not remarkable, but has a *Retablo* of the *Joanes* school and a good cloister. Parts of the ancient castle and walls were taken down to build the *Casa de Misericordia*. The limpid *Fuente de la Esperanza*, near the *Geronomite* convent, gushes at once a river from the rock; the water has a petrifying power. *San Martin de las Monjas* has a *Doric* façade; inside is the tomb of the founder, *Pedro de Casanova*; inquire for the fine *Ribalta*, the *Descent*

of Christ into Hades. In the *Seminario* is the tomb of the founder, Pedro Miralles; his effigy kneels on a sarcophagus, on which some of the events of his life are sculptured. Remains of Roman walls and cisterns are preserved, and some Doric pillars are let into the house of the D. of Medinaceli. Near the town is the suppressed Carthusian convent of *Val de Cristo*, with its picturesque paper-mills. Unresisting and unwarlike Segorbe was taken and sacked by Suchet, and again taken by Cabrera in 1835, who had only 440 men!

For the high road to Zaragoza, through Xerica, Teruel, and Daroca, see Index of vol. ii.

Murviedro, with a poor *posada*, lies on the Palancia. The long lines of walls and towers crown the height, which rises above the site of *Saguntum*, founded, 1384 years before Christ, by the Greeks of Zacynthus (*Zante*) (Strabo, iii. 240), and one of the few emporiæ the jealous Phœnicians ever permitted their dreaded rivals to establish on the Peninsular coasts. It was formerly a seaport, but now the fickle waters have retired more than a league. No Iberian city has been more described in history. Being the frontier town, allied to Rome, and extremely rich, it was hated by Hannibal, who attacked it. The obstinacy and horrors of the defence rivalled Numantia. Sil. Italicus (i. 271) gives the sad details. The town perished, said Florus (ii. 6, 3), a great but mournful monument of fidelity to Rome, and of Rome's neglect of an ally in the hour of need; *Saguntum* was revenged, as its capture led to the second Punic war, and ultimately to the expulsion from Spain of the Carthaginian. It was taken in 535 B.C. See also Pliny, iii. 3; and read on the site itself Livy, xxi. 7.

Saguntum, rebuilt by the Romans, became a municipium, and fell with the empire, the remains having been ever since used by Goth, Moor, and Spaniard, as a quarry above ground. As with Italica, mayors and monks have converted the shattered marbles to their base purposes. Mutilated fragments are here and there imbedded

in the modern houses; so true is the lament of Argensola:—

“ *Con mármoles de nobles inscripciones
Teatro un tiempo y aras, en Sagunto
Fabrican hoy tabernas y mesones.* ”

The name *Murviedro* (*Murbiter* of the Moors) is derived from these *Muri veteres*, *Muros viejos*; the *la vieja* of Spaniards, the *παλαια* of Greeks, the *citta vecchia* of Italy—Old Sarum. So the Italian names *Viterbo*, *Orvieto*, *Cervetri*; and others represent the *Urbs vetus*, *Vetus urbs*, *Ceres vetus*, &c. Fragments of the once famous red pottery are found, the Calices *Saguntini*, Mart. xiv. 108, on which the Comte de Lumières wrote an 8vo., *Barros Saguntinos*, Val 1772. Many coins are dug up here; indeed, the mint of *Saguntum* struck 27 specimens (Flores, ‘M.’ ii. 560). The modern town, straggling and miserable, contains about 5000 inhabitants, agriculturists, and wine-makers. The great temple of *Diana* stood where the convent of *La Trinidad* now does. Here are let in some 6 Roman inscriptions relating to the families of *Sergia* and others. At the back is a water-course, with portions of the walls of the *Circus Maximus*. In the suburb *San Salvador* a mosaic pavement of *Bacchus* was discovered in 1745, and soon after was let go to ruin. The famous theatre, placed on the slope above the town, to which the orchestra is turned, was much used up by Suchet to strengthen the castle, whose long lines of wall and tower rise grandly above; the general form of the theatre is, however, easily to be made out. The Roman architect took advantage of the rising ground for his upper seats. It looks N.E. in order to secure shade to the spectators, who thus, seated in *balcones de sombra*, as at a modern bull-fight, must, like those in the Greek theatre at *Taorminia*, in *Sicily*, have enjoyed at the same time a spectacle of nature and of art. The local arrangements, such as are common to Roman theatres, resemble those of *Merida*, and have been measured and described by *Dean Marti*; *Ponz*, iv. 232; in the *Esp. Sag.*, viii. 151. There is also a Latin and Spanish letter in 4to. Val. 1711, to *Josef Ortiz*, dean

of Xativa; and a *Disertacion*, by Enrique Palos y Navarro, 4to. Val. 1807.

Ascending to the castle, near the entrance are some buttresses and massy masonry, said to be remains of the old Saguntine castle. The present is altogether Moorish, and girdles the irregular eminences. The citadel, with the towers San Fernando, and San Pedro, is placed at the extreme height, and probably occupies the site of the Saguntine keep described by Livy (xxi. 7). Suchet stormed the fortress from this side. The castle is rambling and extensive, with some Moorish cisterns, built on the supposed site of a Roman temple. There is a remarkable echo, and a few fragments of sculpture neglected as usual by the inæsthetic governors, and mutilated by Suchet's soldiers. The views on all sides around are very extensive, especially looking towards Valencia from the governor's garden. This fortress is the key of Valencia, which never can safely be attacked from this side while it remains untaken; yet, although ample time and warning of coming calamities were given, neither Blake nor the Valencian junta took any steps to render it tenable; but the gallant governor, Luis Andriani, everywhere repulsed the French, and as Suchet's only chance was the winning a decisive battle, a Fabian defensive policy, on the part of the Spaniards, must have caused him to retreat, and if Blake had only done nothing, Valencia was saved; but he was determined, like Areizaga at Ocaña, to "lose another kingdom by the insatiable desire of fighting pitched battles with undisciplined troops, led by inexperienced officers." (Disp. Nov. 27, 1811.) Accordingly, he marched from Valencia with 25,000 men, and attacked Suchet, who had less than 20,000, in the plain, Oct. 25, 1811. Before the battle he made every disposition to ensure its loss, and, in a very short time after it began, fled with his whole army under the very eyes of the garrison, who caught the infection and capitulated that very night—unworthy children of Saguntine ancestors, and forgetful of the *religio loci*. The loss of Valencia

was the result. The castle is now sadly dilapidated, fine new names indeed are given to bastions, &c., but everything *real* is wanting.

There are two means of getting to Tarragona and Catalonia—one by the steamer which sails to Barcelona, arriving in about 24 h.: the other by the diligence. The Ebro divides the provinces of Valencia and Catalonia; those going to Zaragoza by Tortosa will stop at Amposta, and then proceed by Rte. 43.

ROUTE 42.—VALENCIA TO
TARRAGONA.

Albalat	2	
Murviedro	2	4
Almenara	1½	5½
Nules	1½	7
Villa Real	2	9
Castellon de la Plana	1	10
Oropesa	3	13
Torreblanca	2	15
Benicarló	3	18
Vinaróz	1	19
Amposta	4½	23½
Perelló	4	27½
Hospitalet	3½	31
Cambrils	2½	33½
Tarragona	3	36½

This, the regular diligence-road, coats along the Mediterranean, and is not particularly interesting, excepting at Tarragona and its vicinity; the coach from Valencia reaches Barcelona in about 40 h.

On leaving Valencia to the rt., amid its palms and cypresses, is the once celebrated Geronomite convent *San Miguel de los Reyes*, formerly the Escorial of Valencia. It was built (the ruins of Saguntum serving as a quarry!) in 1544 by Vidaña and Alonso de Covarrubias for Don Fernando, Duke of Calabria. This ill-fated heir to the throne of Naples surrendered to the Great Captain, relying on his word of honour, and was perfidiously imprisoned for 10 years at Xativa by Ferdinand the Catholic. Released by Charles V., and appointed Viceroy of Valencia, he raised this convent for his burial-place; the effigies of the founder and his wife were placed at each side of the high altar. The marbles and cloisters were

superb. All was sacked by Suchet, who burnt the precious library, while Sebastiani bought the lands for less than one-fourth of the value, and even this he did not pay. A trial took place in Paris in 1843 between him and the heirs of one Crochart, a French paymaster, who speculated in these joint investments. The curious evidence lifted up a corner of curtain, and revealed how these things were managed under the empire. And next to Soult and Sebastiani this gentleman was one of the chief "collectors" of Spanish art, with small reference to picture *pay-ing*. Now everything is going to the dogs, and the conversion of the ex-convent into a cigar manufactory, is prayed for as a salvation.

To the l. is *Burjasot*, built on a slope amid its gardens, and the favourite country resort of the Valencians: on the way to the hermitage *San Roque* are 41 curious enclosed Moorish *mazmorras*, or caves, excavated in the rock, for preserving corn. Here they are called *siches*, in Spanish *scilos*. These old crypts resemble those on the *Martires* at *Granada*—the Sicilian *Sili* (see p. 315). The esplanade on which they are placed commands a charming view of Valencia: the figs are excellent; the plants, transported to Marseilles and Genoa, denote their parentage in the names *Bougasotes* and *Broggiotti*. It was here that the troops of *Cabrera*, March 29, 1837, wound up a banquet with the *feu d'artifice* of shooting their prisoners—*Cosas de España*. Passing *Albalat*, *Puig* lies to the rt. near the sea; here *Jaime I.* in 1237 routed the Moorish king *Zaen*, and in consequence captured Valencia. We now approach the sites of one of the worst of *Blake's* multifarious disgraces, by which the Spaniards lost this capital on the same field where it was won by their better-led ancestors. Crossing the *Palancia*, and leaving *Murviedro*, under the spurs of the *Sierra de Espadan* is *Almenara*, Arabicè the lantern, the pharos, or place of light, with its ruined castle on a triple-pointed hill, on which once stood the temple of *Diana*, to which the sea formerly reached. A stone pyramid, with 4 coats of arms, marks the jurisdiction

of 4 bishoprics—viz. *Tortosa*, *Máyorca*, *Valencia*, and *Segorbe*.

The good road continues winding through hills, amid vines, carob-trees, and aromatic shrubs, to *Nules*, a town of 2500 souls, fortified with towers and walls, with regular streets and gates. *Villa Real* was built by *Jaime I.* as a "royal villa" for his children. The octagon tower of the tasteless *Parroquia* is remarkable. After crossing the *Milares* by a noble bridge, built in 1790, we reach *Castellon de la Plana*, of "the plain," so called because *Jaime I.*, in 1233, removed the town from the old Moorish position, which was on a rising $\frac{1}{2}$ a L. to the N. Inn, decent, *Parador del Leon*. This flourishing place, in a garden of plenty, is fed by an admirable acequia, and very uninteresting. Pop. 15,000. Here *Ribalta* was born in 1551. The churches and convents once contained some of his finest works. There is some talk about a provincial *Museo*. In the *Sangre*, a church disfigured by modern stucco, some of these paintings were abandoned to dust and decay. The *Sepulcro* is so called from a tomb at the high altar which was sculptured by angels. In the modernised *Parroquia*, which has a good Gothic portal and tower, is a "Purgatory" by *Ribalta*. The *Torre de las Campanas* is an octagon, 260 feet high, and built in 1591-1604. These towers or belfries are very common in *Arragon* and *Catalonia*, to which we are approaching; indeed, the towns, peasants, and products along this route are very like one another. This place may be made the head-quarters of the naturalist, who hence can make excursions to the hilly group *Las Santas*, to *Peña Golosa*, the highest knoll, and the nucleus of the chain, and to *Espadan*, where mines of copper, cinnabar, lead, &c., abound. The chief mineral baths are at *Villacreja* (3 L. from *Nules*). There is a statistical *Memoria* of *Castellon de la Plana*, by *Santillan*, 1843. The district was much impoverished during the *Carlist* civil war.

The lover of rustic fêtes should attend, the 3rd Sunday in *Lent*, the pilgrimage to *S^{te} M^{de} Madalena*, on a hill 1 L. E.; a grand procession is

made to the site of the old town. A *Porrait* or Fair is then and there held at noon, and *Gayates*, illuminated cy-presses, carried at night. The whole is very Pagan and picturesque. The Ecclesiologist may visit the *Cueva Santa*, near the *Alcublas*; the Carthusian *Vall de Cristo*, near *Altura*, and the *Bernudine* convent at *Benifasá*, built in 1233 by Jaime I., and where Cabrera spent the summer of 1834.

The road now passes the aromatic spurs of the *Peña Golosa* hills, emerging near *Cubanes* (3 L.), in its pestiferous undrained marshes. Near *Oropesa*, whose fine castle was dismantled by the French, are the remains of a Roman arch. Traversing the plains of *Torreblanca*, we reach *Alcald de Gisbert*, a tortuous town with a fine *Parroquia*, which has a classical portal and a good belfry of masonry, erected in 1792. On emerging from a gorge of hills, the promontory of *Peñíscola*, with its square castle on the top, appears to the rt., looking like an island or a peninsula.

Peñíscola, Peninsula (Pop. 1500), is a miniature Gibraltar; it rises out of the sea, inaccessible by water, about 240 ft. high. It is connected with the land by a narrow strip of sand, which sometimes is covered by the waves. It surrendered to Jaime I., who ceded it to the Templars, a portion of whose church yet remains. At their dissolution it was given to the order of Montesa. Here Pope Luna, Benedict XIII., took refuge after he was declared schismatic by the Council of Constance, and from Dec. 1, 1415, to Jan. 29, 1423, surrounded by his petty conclave of 4 cardinals, fulminated furious bulls against his enemies. His tower, *La Torreta*, was destroyed by the French bombardment, with much of the town, which has never recovered. *Peñíscola* is supplied with a fountain of fresh water, the one thing wanting to Gibraltar. There is a singular aperture in a rock, through which the sea boils up; which is still called *El Bufador del Papa*. *Peñíscola* is a miserable place. It is a *plaza de armas*. Wanting in everything the rock is girdled with battlements, and was much strengthened for Philip

II. in 1578 by his Italian engineer Antonelli. It was scandalously betrayed to the French in Feb. 1810. One Pedro Garcia Navarro was appointed governor by Blake, because anti-English! with whom Suchet opened a correspondence and bought the fortress, as Soult purchased *Badajoz* of the scoundrel governor Imaz: this Navarro was then made a member of the French Legion of Honour! All this is blinkey by Madoz, xii. 795.

Benicarlo, Pop. 6000, is a walled town, with a ruined castle and a sort of fishing-port called *el grao*, but is miserable amid plenty; being a residence of poor agriculturists, the streets are like farm-yards. The ch. has its octangular tower. This district is renowned for red and full-flavoured wines, which are exported by Cete and the Languedoc canal to Bordeaux to enrich poor clarets for the English market: the liquor, when new, is as thick as ink, and deserves its familiar appellation, "black strap;" it is much used to concoct what the trade call *curious* old port. Much bad brandy is also made, and sent to Cadiz to doctor up worse sherry. During the vintage the mud of these towns is absolutely red with grape-husks, and the legs of the population dyed from treading the vats. Nothing can be more dirty, classical, and unscientific than the *modus operandi*. The *torcular*, or press, is rudely classical; the filth and negligence boundless; but everything is trusted to the refining process of Nature's fermentation, for "there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." The town was much battered by Cabrera, who took it in 1838.

Vinaróz: *Parador*, inn. This busy old seaport on the Cervol has crumbling walls and an amphibious population of some 6500 souls, half-peasant half-sailor. The sturgeon and lampreys are excellent. In the *Palacio* here the Duc de Vendôme, the descendant of Henry IV., and a caricature of his virtues and vices, died of gorging the rich fish—a death worthy of a man whose habits were only fit for the pen of a St. Simon or a Swift. Philip V. removed to the *Escorial* the body of

Vendôme, to whom he owed his throne; and *Villa Viciosa* in some degree re-deemed the crushing defeat which Vendôme had received from Marlborough at Oudenarde. The bay is open and unsafe; the palms are Oriental; and the *Chalupas* truly picturesque Mediterranean craft.

Morella (*Castra Ælia*) the winter quarters of Sertorius, lies 9½ L. to the W. of Vinaróz, through La Jana 3½ L. It is the hilly capital of its hilly *partido*, and, being on the frontier of Arragon and Valencia, becomes an important fortress in war-time; indeed, at all times the intricate broken metal and mineral-pregnant *Maestrasgo* is a favourite lair for *facciosos* of all kinds. Here the climate and vegetation are no longer those of the warm plains, and the people are wild, rude peasants. *Morella* is a scrambling half-ruined city of 5000 souls, with steep streets, picturesque ravines, and Moorish walls and towers; it rises up in tiers to the point of the hill, which is coroneted by its rock-built castle, apparently impregnable, in which the Moorish tower *de Zeloquia* still remains, although much knocked about in the civil wars. *Morella* has a noble aqueduct. The *quire* in the *Iglesia Mayor*, built in 1317, is singular, being raised on arches and pillars; thus the general view is not cut up; the clergy ascend by a curious staircase which winds round a column. A picture of *Jaime* offering a bit of the true cross, is here attributed to Ribalta. The interior effect has been injured by raising the pavement, and the churrigueresque *altar mayor*. This strong town surrendered to Suchet after the fall of Mequinenza, without even the shadow of a defence. *Morella* was the chief hold of Cabrera, who scaled the castle by ropes furnished by a partisan within, on the night of 25th Jan. 1838, and here afterwards twice beat back the Christinos under Oroa and Pardinás, and was made Conde de Morella in consequence. It was taken in 1840 by Espartero, a magazine having blown up accidentally, *i. e.* a matter of course almost in Oriental and Spanish citadels. The Morellians have a Valencian love for religious melodramas and processions; that to the *Virgen de Vallivena*,

every 6th year, the first Saturday in May, is fanatically picturesque.

Leaving *Vinaróz*, and crossing the *Cenia* by a fine bridge built by Charles IV., Catalonia is entered, as the harsh dialect and red woollen caps announce. This is the district of the "truces Iberi," the most ferocious of ancient Spaniards: nor are they much changed; the dangerous road to *Amposta* is infamous in robber-story. The traveller will pass the 2 rude stone crosses where, Oct. 30, 1826, the murder was committed of which the "Young American," Mr. Slidell—the Commodore Mackenzie of the brig Somers, and mutiny execution—gave such a true and affecting account. The poor lad was named Ventura Ferran, and was killed with 28 stabs, "each a death to nature." Carlos Nava, the Mayor, had his brains beaten out with a stone: the culprits were 3 vile *Rateros* or footpads.

San Carlos de la Rábida was built by Charles III. The road continues to coast the beach, with carob-planted hills to the l., and the *Sálinas*, or port *de los Alfuques*, to the rt. These are the "chops" of the Ebro, Al-fakk Arabicè, a jaw. A much-wanted canal is destined to connect the river with the sea, for its natural mouth is dangerous, from a long reef and sand-bank. A fine road leads to *Amposta*, a miserable, aguish, fever and mosquito-plagued port on the Ebro, with some 1000 sal-low souls. The Ebro, which eats its turbid way through these levels, is the largest of the rivers which flow eastward in the Peninsula. It rises in the valley of *Reinosa*, meanders in a tortuous direction through the basin between the Pyrenean and Idubedan chains, and disembogues by many mouths into the Mediterranean, after a course of some 123 L., and fed by 150 tributaries. A communication with the Atlantic by means of a canal has been contemplated between this river and the Duero. The Ebro is the *Ἰβηρὸς Ἰβηρος*, the Iberus, Hiberus of the ancients, a name in which Spaniards, who like to trace their pedigree to Noah, read that of their founder Heber. Bochart considers the word to signify "the boundary," *Ibra*, just as it is used

in the sense of the "other side" in Genesis xiv. 13; and this river was, in fact, long the boundary; first, between the Celts and Iberians, and then between the Romans and Carthaginians. Others contend that this river gave the name to the district, *Iberia*: Iber, Aber, Hebro, Havre—signifying in Celtic "water." Thus the *Celt-Iber* would be, the Celt of the River. Humboldt, however, whose critical etymology is generally correct, considers all this to be fanciful, and is of opinion that the aboriginals gave this primitive name to the river. It formed, in the early and uncertain Roman geography, the divisional line of Spain, which was parted by it into Citerior and Ulterior; when the Carthaginians were finally subdued, this apportionment was changed. As it is the good fortune of most foreign rivers to be made navigable by British skill and enterprise, whose steam first civilised the Seine, the Rhine, and the Danube, so no end of schemes are in the air to render the Ebro navigable with English capital and workmen. It was surveyed in May, 1846, by Messrs. Donkin and Pope, with a view of improving its navigation, &c. They built a boat at *Logroño*, which, when launched, astonished the natives as much as the *barco incantado* of Don Quixote did in the same place.

There is some talk of the road from *Valencia* to *Barcelona* being carried round by *Tortosa*; thus the dangerous and often difficult ferry of *Amposta* would be avoided. Meantime nothing is done; the coast, in spite of shipwrecks, has no lighthouse; the road to *Tortosa* (2 L.) is almost impracticable; and the canal to *Alfiques*, although begun by Charles III., is not yet finished. After crossing the Ebro the road continues over a mosquito-infested plain. *Tortosa* is soon seen to the l., and the sea is approached amid gorges of rocky hills. The coast and villages are defended against sea-pirates by towers. The costume of the women changes: many protect their arms from the plague of flies by a sort of mitten, or rather a Valencian stocking without feet. Their earrings are truly Moorish, and so heavy that they are suspended by a thread round the ear: during

meals, maid-servants, with flags made of the *palmúto*, or with fans painted with flowers and silvered handles, drive away the flies. These are the classical *muscaria*—the original fan, and are described by Martial (xiv. 67), and such are the *Manáshéh* of the Arabs.

Approaching *Perelló*, the uncultivated plains are covered with aromatic herbs; after which a gentle ascent leads to the gorge, or "*Coll de Balaguer*," a notorious robber lair. The *Barranco de la Horca*, the "ravine of the gibbet," connects the vocation with its end. Above, on an eminence, is a hermitage dedicated to *Nuestra Señora de la Aurora*: the view is charming. *Fort San Felipe*, the key of the gorge, was taken from the French by some English sailors, June 7, 1813. The locality, land and sea, is highly *Salvator-Rosa*-like, until the road emerges into a cultivated plain. *Hospitalet*, so called because founded by an Arragonese prince for the reception of way-worn pilgrims, is strengthened with a square and machicolated tower. Now the vineyards recommence, and continue to fringe the coast for 30 L. The red wines are strong, the muscadels delicious, the brandy true *aguadiente*, *ardiente*, i. e., fiery: during the time of the slovenly vintage, all these villages are redolent with wine, and stained with the blood of the grape. *Cambrils* is a vinous town, Pop. 2000; here the palm and aloe flourish. It was sacked in 1711 by the troops of Philip V., under the cruel Marquis de los Vélez. Approaching *Villa Seca*, the busy town of *Reus* sparkles to the l., while, in front, *Tarragona* lords it over its fertile *campo*,—seated on a rock-built eminence, with tiers of wall and bastion rising one above another, while the cathedral seems the donjon-keep of the imposing outline. The shipping come close under the not over-safe mole to the rt.; while the aqueduct connects the mass with the *Fuerte del Olivo* on the other side. Passing the *Francoli*, either through it or over a narrow Moorish-looking bridge, *Tarragona* is entered by the modern gate of *San Carlos*. There is a tolerable *Meson* in the *Calle de San Carlos*.

SECTION VI.

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The most interesting Routes are 46, and those in the Pyrenees. The Springs and Autumns are delicious on the coast; but the mountain districts should only be visited in Summer. Barcelona and still more Valencia are excellent winter-quarters for invalids.

THE principality of Catalonia—*Cataluña*, *Gothalunia*—constitutes the north-eastern corner of the Peninsula: in form triangular, with the Mediterranean Sea for the base, it is bounded to the N. by the Pyrenees, W. by Arragon, S. by Valencia. It contains about 1000 square L., and a population exceeding a million, and increasing. The sea-board extends about 68 L. The coast, after the bay of Rosas, opens to the S., but is destitute of good harbours. This is a province of mountains and plains. The former to the N.W. are covered with snow, the lesser hills with wood, the valleys with verdure, and each is watered by its rivulet. This barrier between Spain and France is intersected by picturesque and tangled tracts, known to the smuggler. One high road by Gerona passes into France: the only others run to Zaragoza and Valencia. A new *Carretera* is contemplated from Barcelona to Madrid, by Mora de Ebro and Molina de Aragon, by which a distance of 100 miles will be saved. There is much talk of railroads—the thing wanting to this country. Catalonia is the

Lancashire of Spain, and Barcelona is its Manchester. Besides being wholesale manufacturers, the Catalans are amongst the best retail tradesmen, innkeepers, and carriers of the Peninsula, indeed, "*Vamos al Catalan*" is equivalent in many places to going to a shop. The transport of bales has raised up a tribe of *Culeseros*, *Carreteros*, and *Arrieros*, as well as of *Venteros*, at whose taverns they put up: long habits of traffic have accustomed them to the road, its wants and accommodations. The diligence system of Spain commenced here.

The principal rivers empty themselves into the Mediterranean, the *Fluvia* near Figueras, the *Ter* near Gerona, the *Llobregat* near Barcelona, and the *Francoli*, near Tarragona, but the *Ebro* is the grand natural aorta, however little use has been made of it. The *Cenia* divides this province from Valencia and the *tierra caliente*, or the hot zone, which extends to the S.E. from Andalusia. The climate and productions now vary according to the elevations: the hills are cold and temperate, the maritime strips warm and sunny; hence the botanical range is very great; but whether climate or soil be favourable or not, the industry and labour of the Catalan surmounts most difficulties, and the terraced rocks are forced to yield food, *de las piedras sacan pines*, while in the valleys, by patience, the mulberry-leaf becomes satin. The Catalans are the richest of Spaniards, because they work and produce the most. The Tarragona district, as in the days of Pliny, furnishes wines, which, when *rancios*, or matured by age, are excellent; the best are those of *Benicarló*, and the delicious sweet malvoisies of *Sitges*. Nuts, commonly called Barcelona nuts, are also a great staple. The *algarroba*, or carob-pod, is the usual food for animals, and sometimes for men. The cereal productions which, except near Urgel, are deficient, are supplied, together with cattle, from Arragon. The abundance of sea-fish, however, compensates; and this pursuit renders the Catalans some of the best sailors of Spain. The principality abounds in barrilla, especially near Tortosa. The geology of Catalonia, according to Mr. Pratt, is characterised by a series of ridges running N.E. and S.W., parallel with the coast. Towards the N.E. they are interfered with by intrusive rocks of granite, porphyry, and lava, and frequently disturbed at other parts of their course. The oldest sedimentary rocks are chialstolite schists, resting on granite. On these repose mountain limestone, with associated coalbeds, and red marly sandstone, with rock-salt. Limestone with oolitic fossils, near Figueras, is associated with the above rocks, and in a district that has been laid down as cretaceous, on the maps of the French geologists. The tertiary rocks are of great extent and interest. Ridges formed of hills of nummulitic rocks occur at Gerona, Vich, Caldas, and Villa Franca, respectively. Miocene tertiary deposits are found near Barcelona; whilst Rosas, Villa Nueva, Manresa, Solsona, and Urgel are situated on tracts of younger tertiaries. Marbles and minerals are found in the mountains, with jaspers and alabasters, and the finest at Tortosa and Cervera. Iron is plentiful in the Pyrenees, and coal at Ripoll and Tortosa. The salt-mountain of Cardona is quite unique. There are eight cathedral towns, of which Tarragona, the metropolitan, and Barcelona, are the most interesting. Commercial Catalonia has never produced much art or literature. Among the objects best worth seeing are the Pyrenees, the salt-mines of Cardona, the convent of Montserrat, and the town and antiquities of Tarragona. The ecclesiastical architecture partakes more of the Norman Gothic than is usual in Spain.

The Catalans are neither French nor Spaniards, but a distinct people, both in language, costume, and habits; indeed, their roughness and activity are enough to convince the traveller that he is no longer in high-bred, indolent Spain. Your republican who thinks rudeness a proof of equality and independence, inspires every well-bred gentleman with a desire to have as little to do with him as possible. Children of the Celtiberian, they sigh after their former independence, their patriotism is most "parochial" and local. Catalonia, with

its Cleons in calico, and Catalines in cotton, is the strength and weakness of Spain; and no province of the unamalgamating bundle which forms the conventional monarchy *de las Españas* hangs more loosely to the crown than this classical country of revolt, which is ever ready to fly off. Rebellious and republicans, well may the natives wear the blood-coloured red cap of the much-prostituted name of Liberty! Their murders of prisoners during the civil war were frightful. The *Patulea*, or plebs, wore gridirons à la San Lorenzo, and cried, *Madrões á la poeta!* Moderates, to the frying-pan! Others, to show their Voltairian progress, dragged images of Christ about, with ropes on the neck: Catalonia, the perpetual governmental difficulty, is the spoiled child of the Peninsular family, to which, although the most wayward and unruly, the rest of the brood are sacrificed. Taken by themselves the Catalonians are frugal, industrious, honest, and rough diamonds. Powerfully constituted physically, strong, sinewy, and active, patient under fatigue and privation, brave, daring and obstinate, and preferring to die rather than to yield, they form the raw material of excellent soldiers and sailors, and have, when well commanded, proved their valour and intelligence by sea and land. The Catalonians, under the Arragonese kings, during the 13th century, took a great lead in maritime conquest and jurisprudence, nor was trade ever thought here to be a degradation, until the province was annexed to the proud Castiles, when the first heavy blow was dealt to its prosperity. Then ensued the constant insurrections, wars, and military occupations, which crushed peace-loving commerce. To these succeeded the French invasion, and the loss of the S. American colonies. The former export trade has consequently dwindled down, with the exception of Cuba, to the home market, and even there it is met by the competition with France and England. Meantime, Catalonia is to France what Gibraltar is to England, the inlet of contraband goods: "everybody smuggles here," which no government, although perfectly aware of the fact, has been able or has dared to prevent. The plea of "protecting the nascent industry,"—"encouraging infant manufactures of the country,"—is a farce; the manufactures of Catalonia are very much the blind by which prohibited goods are clandestinely introduced. This Atlas, which pretends to carry all the cotton of Spain on its back, cannot supply wares for one-third of the national consumption. If the number of spindles alleged to exist in this province were true, Spain ought to consume more than double the raw cotton that she really does. In spite of this, their writers swagger about the "fear and jealousy!" evinced by envious foreigners! at the vigour infused in 1832 to Catalan cotton-spinning by one Bonaplata, a Bonaparte in calico (Madoz, i. 458). Yet comparatively the home manufacturer sluggardises protected by monopoly, and while the smuggler grows rich the treasury gets poorer.

Be that as it may, our trade with Barcelona, the commercial capital of Spain, once extensive, now scarcely exists beyond sending coal and machinery, for the French have completely ousted us; indeed, many Catalans are not much more than agents for the smuggling French goods, which are frequently introduced with counterfeit marks, and as if of Spanish manufacture. Once abolish the prohibitory system, and both these interests would fall to the ground; once open the trade, and give a fair stage and no favour, then England, with her cheaper and better wares, must get the lion's share: hence these powerful, rich, active, and well-organised interests oppose every mention of commercial treaties or alterations of tariffs. A Gallo-Catalan conspiracy bribes the government commissioners, tampers with their reports, purchases the venal press, and, if all that fails, threatens, as an *ultima ratio*, a rebellion. The whole Peninsula suffers, and is pauperised and demoralised from these intrigues; for a sensible commercial tariff is the only remedy which might drag this ill-fated country from her financial slough of despond. Such a change would infinitely more benefit Spain than

England: and yet the monopolist opponents re-echo the old story, old as the time of Philip IV., that the "golden trade" of Spain is of vital importance to England! and that the forming a commercial treaty is pressed on Spain by our government, to save our people from absolute starvation! This nonsense—taken for gospel in Spain—is disseminated by legions of French *commis voyageurs*, gentlemen who hate razors, truth, and soap, and who now invade Spain; for to France this commerce is indeed of vital importance; but England, that "nation of shopkeepers" forsooth, sends no travellers for commissions, bribes no newspapers,—nay, it would seem as if Spain's beggarly custom were beneath the notice of our princely merchants. Commerce and freedom, which usually enlighten mankind, have never extinguished Catalan superstition; thus Barcelona alone, in 1788, contained 82 churches, 19 convents, 18 nunneries, besides oratories, etc. (Ponz, xiv. 7). These fierce republicans and defiers of the sceptre have ever bowed abjectly to the cowl and crosier; like the Valencians, while they tremble to disobey a priest-enjoined form, they do not scruple to kill a man; but their ancestors were the first to deify their despot Augustus, while alive; and they set an example of servility to Spaniards, although despised, even by Tiberius, for erecting temples to him (Tac. An. i. 78, iv. 37.)

Meanwhile, Catalonia is no particular place for the man of pleasure, taste, or literature. The national costume, like the painted stuccoed houses, is rather Genoese than Spanish. The men wear long loose cloth or plush trousers of dark colours, which come so high up to the armpits that they are all *breeches* and no body. Their jackets are very short, and are hung in fine weather over their shoulders. In winter they use a sort of *capote* or *gambote*, which supplants the Spanish *capa*. Another peculiarity in the head-gear is, that they neither wear the *sombrero gacho* of the S., nor the *montera* of the central provinces, but a *gorro* (*gorri* means red in Basque) or red or purple cap, of which the Phrygian bonnet was the type; the end either hangs down on one side or is doubled up and brought over the forehead, and has a high-treasonable Robespierre look. The wearers are fond of broils, are gross feeders, and given to wine, which they often drink after the fashion of the Rhytium and phallovitrolic vessels of antiquity; they do not touch the glass with their lips, but hold up the *porron*, or round-bellied bottle with a spout, at arm's length, pouring the contents into their mouths in a vinous parabola; they never miss the mark, while a stranger generally inundates either his nose or his neckcloth. The women fit to marry and breed Catalans are generally on a large scale; and, neither handsome nor amiable, they lack alike the beauty of the *Valenciana*, the *gracia y aire* of the *Andaluzá*. The ordinary costume is a tight boddice, with a handkerchief *mocado*, or a serge *manto* on the head. Their amethyst and emerald earrings are quite Moorish, and so large and heavy as to be supported by threads hung over the ears. They speak a local, and to most an unintelligible language—a harsh Lemosin, spoken with a gruff enunciation. The '*Diccionario Manual*,' by Roca y Cerdá, 8vo. Barcelona, 1824, is a useful interpreter between the Spanish and Catalan. They also have local coins, *ardites*, weights, and measures, differing from the Spanish, and perplexing the stranger, and usually reckon by *pesetas*, not *reals*, which represent the old *libras catalanas*, the French *livres* or francs.

The history of Catalonia is soon told. The neighbour, from the earliest period, began her aggressions, and the Celtic Gaul invaded and harassed the Iberian. The border races at last united, by a compromise, rare in the history of rival neighbours, into the *Celtiberian*, which, partaking of both stocks, inherited the qualities of each, and became the most aurivorous, cruel, perfidious, brave, and warlike population of the Peninsula. Catalonia was the first conquest of Rome; and here that empire, raised by the sword, first fell by the sword, for by this province the Goths also entered Spain, and it still bears the record in the name *Gothalunia*. The Goths were welcomed by the

people oppressed by the rapine and extortion of Roman governors, and free and independent bands of *Bacaudæ* or *Bagaudæ* rose against them, as they did in our times against the French; the Goths were dispossessed by the Moors, or rather the Berbers, the real ravagers of the Peninsula. These in due time were beaten by the Spaniards, aided by the troops of Charlemagne, whose principle was to uphold all who were enemies to the Kalif of Cordova. When the Moors were driven back beyond the Ebro, the reconquered province was divided into departments or *Vegueries*, and governed by deputed counts. The national liberties were secured by a code of *Usages*, and the people were represented by local parliaments or *Universidades*. The sovereignty became hereditary about 1040, in the person of Ramon Berenguer, who allied himself with the French and Normans; hence the introduction of their style of architecture. Catalonia was united to Arragon in 1137 by the marriage of Ramon Berenguer IV. with Petronila, the heiress of Ramiro *el Monje*; and both were incorporated with Castile by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Always hankering after former independence, Catalonia has never ceased to be a thorn to all its foreign possessors. The pages of history are filled with the outbreaks of this classical province of revolt. It rebelled against Pedro III, of Arragon, in 1277 and 1283; again in 1460, against Juan II., by espousing the cause of his son Don Carlos, and afterwards by declaring itself a republic, which was not suppressed until 1472. It yielded only a surly allegiance to the Austrian dynasty while in vigour; but in 1640, seizing on Philip IV.'s infirmity as its opportunity, it threw itself into the arms of Louis XIII., who proclaimed himself Count of Barcelona, taking, in 1642, Perpignan, the great object of Richelieu, and thus depriving Spain of Roussillon, her north-eastern bulwark, at the moment when she lost her western in Portugal. This insurrection, put down in 1652, was renewed in 1689. Louis XIV., at the peace of the Bidassoa, 1660, guaranteed to Catalonia her liberties, which his grandson Philip V. abolished altogether, having previously carried fire and sword over the ill-fated province. Then was laid on, as a punishment, a heavy income-tax, in lieu of all other Spanish imposts, but this, by unfettering commerce, proved to be a saving benefit, since the native industry expanded once more. In our times there never has been an insurrection, whether for the French or against them, whether for a Servile or Liberal faction, in which the Catalans have not taken the lead. Placed between two fires, and alternately the dupe and victim of Spain and France, they have no reason to love their neighbours, although willing to side with either, as suits their private and local interests. This has always been a marked, and perhaps necessary policy on the Pyrenean frontier, and is the result of *position*. Deep and immortal is their fear and hatred of France. "Nulle part ailleurs," says even General Foy (iv. 137), "les pères ne transmettent aux enfans plus de haine contre les Français, leurs voisins. Ils leur reprochent de les avoir entraînés pendant le 17^{me} siècle dans les révoltes continuelles contre les Rois d'Espagne, et de les avoir abandonnés ensuite au ressentiment d'un maître outragé." For the last years they may seem friendly to their neighbours, in order to use them in abetting their opposition to free trade and commercial treaties with England. Our best policy is to leave them quietly alone. The French can no more play on the Catalan guitar, than the blundering meddlers in Hamlet could govern the stops of his pipe.

Among the best authorities on Catalonia are '*Chroniques de España*,' Miguel Carbonell, fol. Barcelona, 1547; '*Centuria o Historia*,' &c., Estevan Barelles, 1 vol. folio, Barc., 1600; '*Historia de los Condes*,' Francisco Diago, fol. Barc. 1603; '*Coronica*,' Geronimo Fujades, fol. Barc. 1609; or the new edition, 8 vols. 4to. Barc. 1829-32; '*Historia*,' Bartolome Desclot, fol. Barc. 1616; '*Idea del Principado*,' Josef Pellicer de Tovar, 8vo. Antwerp, 1642. For Philip IV.'s wars, the '*Historia de los Movimientos*,' by Francisco Manuel de Melo, 4to.

Lisboa, 1645, or the Sancha edition, Mad. 1808; '*Discursos*,' Francisco de Gilibert, 4to. Lérida, 1616; '*Sumari dels Titols*,' Andreu Bosch, fol. Perpinya, 1628, in Catalan; '*Descripción de Catalonia*,' Marca, fol.; '*Cristal de la Verdad*,' Gab. Agust. Rius, 4to. Zar. 1646; '*Atroces Hechos Franceses*,' Luis de Cruzamonte, 4to. 1633; and '*Pasajios fatales del mundo Frances*,' R. D. de Rocabert, Zar., 4to. 1646; '*Cataluña ilustrada*,' Estevan de Corbera, Napoles, 1678; '*Anales de Cataluña*,' Narciso Feliu de la Peña y Farell, 3 vols. fol. Barc. 1709; also the '*Memoirs of Dunlop*.' For the wars of succession, Lord Mahon's excellent history. For commercial history, '*Memorias sobre la Marina*,' Antonio Capmany, 4 vols. 4to. Mad. 1779-92; and '*El Codigo o Libro del Consulado*,' 2 vols. 4to. Mad. 1791, by the same able author. For the ecclesiastical, Florez, '*Esp. Suj.*,' xxiv., Parte i. 2. And for Roman inscriptions, the '*Sylogé*' of Josef Finestres, 1762. For botany, '*El Catalogo*,' by Dr. Miguel Colmeiro. For Catalan authors, consult '*Memoria para una biblioteca de escritores Catalanes*,' Barc. 4to. 1836, with Appendix by Juan Cermenon, Burgos, 4to. 1840.

Those who enter Catalonia from Valencia (Rte. 42) may, if going to Zaragoza, turn off from *Amposta* (p. 389), joining the Barcelona high road either at Fraga or Lérida. This cross-route is scarcely carriageable; it is better to ride it.

ROUTE 43.—AMPOSTA TO FRAGA.

Tortosa	2	
Jerta	2½	4½
Pinell	2	6½
Miravet	2	8½
Mora de Ebro	2	10½
Asco	2	12½
Flix	1	13½
Tayá	3	16½
Mequinenza	3	19½
Fraga	3	22½

Ascending the banks of the Ebro we reach *Tortosa*, a picturesque scrambling jasper-built old town, placed on a sloping eminence, and parted by a cleft or *barranco*; Pop. 20,000; it rises grandly, with its fortified walls, buttressed old castle, and cathedral, over the river, and has an imposing look when seen from the redoubt *el Rastro*, or from the *Roquetas* on the opposite bank. To the l. is the outwork *Tenaza*, a suburb, and the castle; above are the forts San Pico and Orleans. The river front is defended by the bastion *St. Pedro* and the tower *Cureta*. The Ebro is subject to inundations, and the boat-bridge is contrived to meet these risings and falls.

A suspension-bridge of silver might have been built for less than what the repairs have cost. So much for Bridge Commissioners all over the world. The city is subject to inundations from the *Barranco del Rastro*, in spite of the subterranean drain on a large scale. As small ships come up from the Mediterranean, the quay has been compared to the *Ripa Grande* of Rome. The river higher up (2 L.) ceases to be navigable on account of *La Cherta*, the fall of which sometimes is 15 ft., and like that of Old London Bridge.

The *posadas* are bad. *Tortosa* is a dull town, with narrow streets, and houses marked with the local character of solidity; the territory around is very fertile in fruit, wine, oil, corn, and green herbs, as it is watered with numerous *norias*, but the irrigation is still ill managed and inadequate. Vast quantities of soda are made; the fish is excellent, especially the sturgeon and lamprey. The hills abound with coal, minerals, and marbles, and the magnificent jaspers of *Tortosa*; the *montes reales* produce fine pine-timber. The winter wild-fowl shooting in the salt marshes all the way down the Ebro is first-rate.

Tortosa, Dertosa, an important city of the *Hercaones*, was called by the Romans "Julia Augusta Dertosa." It had a mint, and the coins are described by Cean Ber. 'S.' 30, and Florez. 'M.' i. 376. For the history see *Esp. Sag.* xlii.; *Historia de la Santa Cinta*, Francisco Martorel y de Luna, Du., Tortosa,

1626. *Tortosa fidelissima*, Vicente Miravel y Forcadell, 4to. Mad. 1641.

According to Martorell the local annalist, Tubal first settled at Tortosa, Hercules followed, and then St. Paul, whose local name here is San Pau, and who here instituted as bishop Monsenor Ruf (Rufus, Ep. Rom. xvi. 13). Be this as it may, it is certain that under the Moors Tortosa became, in the words of the conqueror, "gloria populorum et decor universæ terræ," and was the key of the Ebro and of this coast, just as Almeria was in the south. It was besieged in 809 by Louis Le Débonnaire, son of Charlemagne, who was beaten off. He returned, however, in 811, and captured the town. It was soon recovered by the Moors, and became a nest of pirates, and a thorn to Italian commerce. Hence Eugenius III. proclaimed a crusade against it, and the place was taken in 1148, nominally, by the Spaniards under Ramon Berenguer, but in reality by the Templars, Pisans, and Genoese, who fought and gained the battle, just as they had previously done at the S. pirate port of Almeria. The Spaniards were in utter want of everything, although Ramon had taken even the sacred plate of the churches of Barcelona. The Moors made a desperate attempt, in 1149, and nearly succeeded in recapturing the town, for the inhabitants, reduced to despair, meditated, like the Saguntines, killing their wives and children. One husband revealed the plan to his spouse, who collected all the women, and, encouraged by the Virgin, deceived the infidels by mounting the battlements, while the men sallied forth and routed the Moors. Don Ramon, in consequence, decorated them with a red military scarf, the order of *La Hacha*, and considerably permitted the Amazons to receive dresses free from duty, and at marriages to precede the men.

Tortosa was taken by the French under Orleans (afterwards the Regent), July 15, 1708, who compelled the garrison, in defiance of the laws of civilized warfare, to enlist in the French service. In the war of independence it was shamefully surrendered by the

lâche Conde de Alacha to Suchet, Nov. 2, 1811.

The Gothic cathedral occupies the site of a mosque built in 914 by Abdu-r-rahman, as a Cufic inscription preserved behind the *Sacristia* recorded. The name of the tower, *Almudena*, is an evident corruption of the *Al Muad-din*, or the summoner of the faithful to prayers. The cathedral was dedicated to the Virgin in 1158-78 by the Bishop Gaufredo. The chapter was formed on a conventual plan, the canons living in community after the rules of the order of St. Augustine; this arrangement was confirmed in 1155 by Adrian IV. (Breakspeare, the English pope), and the identical bull is printed in the *Esp. Sag.* xlii. 303. The present cathedral, built in 1347, has a fine approach, but the principal classical façade, with massive Ionic pillars, has been modernised, and with its heavy cornice is out of character with the Gothic interior, where also the demon of *churriguerismo* has been at work. The E. end terminates with a semi-circular absis. The *coro* is placed around the high altar, and not in the central nave, as is more usual. The fine *Silleria*, with rich Corinthian ornaments, "poppy-heads," and saints, was carved by Cristobal de Salamanca, 1588-93. The ancient pulpits with basso-relievos deserve notice. The beautiful *reja del coro* was raised by Bishop Gaspar Punter, and is enriched with jaspers and Berrugete details. The iron *reja* to the high altar is equally remarkable: the modern overdone organs are sadly out of character. The cathedral is full of precious marbles, especially the chapel of the *Cinta*, but the paintings on the cupola, and the style of architecture, are beggarly, when compared to the materials. The baptismal font is said to have belonged to Benedict XIII., who also gave his golden chalice to the chapter. The *relicario* is still rich in sainted bones, left behind by Suchet, who only carried off the gold and silver mountings. Observe in the *Cupilla de Santa Candia* the inscriptions of the tombs of the 4 first bishops—Gaufredo, ob. 1165; Ponce, ob. 1193; Gombal,

ob. 1212; and Ponce de Torrellas, ob. 1254: observe also the tomb of Bishop Tena. Look at the portal leading to the cloister and its 5 statues. A small portion, also, of the original conventual buildings yet remains, and a curious old chapel with red and green pillars. Adrian VI. was Bishop of Tortosa.

The palladium of the cathedral and the city is the *Cinta*, or miracle-working girdle, which the Virgin, attended by St. Peter and St. Paul, brought down in person from heaven in 1178, and delivered herself to a priest, whose name and the why and wherefore are unknown; there is, however, a poem on the subject in Latin and Spanish by José Beltran y Ruis. A grand mass is performed to this *Cinta* every second Sunday in October. The gift, declared authentic, in 1617, by the infallible Paul V., has long worked miracles, especially in obstetric cases. Thus in the spring of 1822 the *Cinta* was brought in solemn procession to Aranjuez, in order to facilitate the accouchement of the two *infantas*. *Vocata partubus Lucia veris adfuit*.

The Barbary Moors have a cannon at Tangiers by which a Christian ship was sunk, and across this their women sit to obtain an easy delivery. In all ages and countries where the science of midwifery has made small progress, some supernatural assistance is contrived for perils of such inevitable recurrence as childbirth; so the panacea in Italy, the girdle of St. Margaret, became the type of this *Cinta* of Tortosa, and was resorted to by the monks in all cases of difficult parturition. The former was supposed to benefit the sex, because when the devil wished to eat up St. Margaret, the Virgin bound him with her sash, and he became tame as a lamb. This accoucheur sash also produced others, and in the 17th century had multiplied so exceedingly, that a traveller affirmed "if all were joined together, they would reach all down Cheapside;" but the natural history of relics is too well known to be enlarged upon. The scholar will remember the *Cistus* of Venus, the *Cingulum* of Claudia (Lactantius, Or. Err. ii. 7), and the *Cinxia*, who presided

over virginal zones (Arrobius, iii.). *Hallarse en Cinta* in Spanish is equivalent to being with child, *enceinte*; according to the Venerable Bede the abbess Elfrida was cured by the touch of the girdle of St. Cuthbert. This, like the rope of St. Francis, has succeeded to the *Cingulum Herculis*, which Festus states aided the increase of families in antiquity. The arms of Tortosa are a castle and the Virgin standing, holding this *Cinta*, with the motto, *Amparanos á la sombra de tus alas*: see also Moya, '*Rasgo*,' p. 333. This panacea failed to deliver the city from Suchet.

The *Colegio*, founded in 1362 by Bartolome Ponz, was improved in 1523, and confirmed as a college in 1545: the elegant cloisters are Doric and Ionic, with medallions of royal personages from Ramon Berenguer downwards, wrought in a fine Aragonese style. In the church of San Juan is the grand sepulchre and kneeling figure of Bishop Juan Bautista Veschi, ob. 1660; and a miracle-working crucifix.

Ascend to the ruined castle, with its wide ill-kept bastions, moats, &c. all hors de combat; the views over the town and environs are splendid. There are also some ancient *Mazmorras*. Visit the *Barbacana* and moat near the *Puerta del Temple*, where, Feb. 16, 1836, the Christianist General Noguera, Mina readily consenting! put to death, in cold blood, the old mother of Cabrera, to revenge his defeat by her son. The old lady died like a man, and was a true daughter of the former Amazons of Tortosa, and mother to brave sons. The authentic facts are detailed at p. 175 of the *Historia de Cabrera*, by Damaso Calbo y Rochina de Castro, Mad. 1845; a book which none who wish to understand the internecine character of Spanish hostilities amongst each other should fail to peruse. The recollections of the ancient sex of Tortosa might here, at least, have saved one female victim. Well said the old Cid—

"*Con Mujeres teneis manos!
Por Dios! bravos Caballeros!*"

This unmanly act was received with shouts of disgust in England, and of

applause in Spain. Nogueras, to quiet our representations, was disgraced *pro formâ*; but the act was lauded by the press of Zaragoza, whose national guard petitioned to have the "prudent and vigorous" officer reinstated in command, which he was; in 1843 he was the favourite popular candidate for the representation of Madrid, the capital, and he would well and truly have represented the majority of his constituents: and the fond memory of this exploit continues to give such satisfaction to the Catalans, that Nogueras was elected in 1851 member for *Fraga*.

Leaving *Tortosa* the road continues along the basin of the Ebro to *Mora*, a town of 3500 souls, which had two singular local tribunals, called "*Del Bayle*," of the Baili Bailiff, and "*Del Prohombre*," of the Prudhomme, granted by Juan Conde de Prades in 1400. They acted as checks on each other, for such is the *divide et impera* of Spain's distrustful misgovernors. *Flix* is girdled by the Ebro in a bosom of fertility. The irrigation is managed by a canal, which is supplied by a large *norria*, water-work. The corn of Aragon is drawn from hence down the river in boats for Catalonia, but the *Presa de Flix* impedes the navigation. The new and direct road from Barcelona to Madrid is to pass through *Mora de Ebro*. There is a good quarry of stone, which was used for the new front of the *Tortosa* cathedral. *Mequinenza*, with about 1500 souls, rises boldly over the Segre and Ebro, which it commands; here is a ferry-boat. The irregular castle, once the palace of the Marques de Aitona, crowns the steeps; inaccessible except to the west. This fine specimen, with its towers, was of great importance in the War of Succession, as forming a central point between Lérida and Tortosa. This key of the Ebro was besieged in May 1811, by General Musnier, and was defended by Manuel Carbon with 1200 men; but on the 4th and 5th of June the French got into the town, which they sacked and burnt, and the castle capitulated on the 8th. Suchet the same evening sent a detachment against *Morella*, which surrendered at once in

the general panic. *Mequinenza*, which afterwards protected Suchet's retreat, was gained by stratagem. One Juan Van Halen deserted from the French, bringing away their cipher, whereby forged orders were made out by the Baron de Eroles; thus the governors of Lérida, *Mequinenza*, and Monson were deceived, and the places recovered from the enemy.

Now the road branches off, to *Fraga* 3 L., and to *Lérida*, after passing the *Segre*, 7, through *Aitona*, 3 L. from *Mequinenza*. For the communication between Zaragoza and Barcelona, by *Fraga* and Lérida, see Rte. 129.

ROUTE 44.—TORTOSA TO TARRAGONA.

Venta de los Ajos	2
Al Perelló	3 .. 5
Hospitalet	3 . 8
Cambrils	2½ . 10½
Reus	1½ . 12
Tarragona	2 . . 14

There is some talk of a railroad from Tortosa to Barcelona. For Perelló see Rte. 42, and Reus, p. 405. The best inns at Tarragona are, *Parador de las Diligencias*, *El Meson Nuevo*, and *Calle de St. Carlos*. Consult '*Grandezas de Tarragona*,' Luys Pons de Ycart, 12mo. Lérida, 1572-73, the '*Esp. Sag.*,' vols. xxiv. xxv.; for the coinage, Florez, '*Med.*' ii. 579; and for the Roman inscriptions, Cean Ber., '*Sum.*' 8. For the antiquities, *Tarragona monumental*, J. F. Albouara, and A. Bo-farull.

Tarragona, as a residence for invalids, is remarkably healthy; the air is mild, but from its great dryness, bracing and rather keen. There are no standing waters, nor is irrigation employed; the walks are excellent, looking down to the sea; while in various directions on the land side are scattered pine woods, heaths, and aromatic wastes, where the wild-lavender and sweet-smelling shrubs perfume the air even in mid winter.

TARRAGONA, rising above the Francoli and the sea, on a limestone rock some 760 feet high, was selected by the Phœnicians as a maritime settlement, and called *Tarchon*, which Bochart interprets, a "citadel;" and such ever has been, and still is, the appearance and character of this "Arce potens Tarraco." Conveniently situated for communication with Rome, this strong point was made the winter residence of the Prætor. The fertile plain and "aprica littora" of Martial (i. 50, 21), and the wines of "vitifera Lætantia," the rivals of the Falernian, still remain as described by Pliny, 'N. H.' xiv. 16, and Mart. xiii. 118. The brothers, Publius and Cneius Scipio, first occupied Tarragona, which Augustus raised to be the capital, having wintered here (26 B.C.), after his Cantabrian campaign; here he issued the decree which closed the temple of Janus. The favoured town was intitled "Colonia victrix togata turrita," togata being equivalent to imperial, since the *gens togata* were the lords of the world. It was made a *conventus juridicus*, or *audiencia*; had a mint, and temples to every god, goddess, and tutelary; nay, the servile citizens erected one to the emperor, "Divo Augusto," thus making him a god while yet alive. This temple was afterwards repaired by Adrian, and some fragments in the cloisters of the cathedral are said to have belonged to it.

Tarragona was taken by the Goths and became their capital. The Moors under Tarif, "made of the city a heap," and the ruins remained uninhabited for 4 centuries. The metropolitan dignity, removed by the Goths to Vich, was restored in 1089, to the disgust of Toledo, who disputes the primacy. Tarkuna, or rather the site, in 1118 was granted by San Oldegar, of Barcelona, to Robert Burdet, a Norman chief, a warrior, as his Norse name *Burda*, to fight, explains. His wife, Sibylla, during her husband's absence, kept armed watch on the walls, and beat back the Moors, after which the city grew to be a frontier fortress, and nothing more; for Christian commerce

centred at Barcelona, while Moorish traffic preferred Valencia.

Tarragona, in the War of Succession, was captured by the gallant Peterborough. It was invested by Suchet in May, 1813, who gained the land-key, the *Monte Olivo*, by means of a traitor. The lower town was taken June the 21st, and the upper on the 28th. The women and children who crowded to the English boats, the Spaniards refusing to embark them, were *mitrillé* by Suchet, as at Lérida. The horrors of the subsequent sack surpass anything recorded. Suchet ordered and encouraged every atrocity, for with cold-blooded premeditation he had threatened "to intimidate Spain by the destruction of an entire city," and he boasted of his horrors. See Southey, ch. 36; Schepeler, iii. 425; and particularly the article in the recent '*Diccionario Geografico*' of Barcelona.

The loss of Tarragona was chiefly owing to Spanish misconduct; Campoverde outside and Contreras inside from jealousy had sent Sarsfield away with his relieving troops at the most critical moment. The disgrace was shared by some English, for in June Skerrett arrived with 1200 men, and, had they been landed, Suchet would not have dared even to attempt the storm; but, according to Napier (xiii. 6), the "surf, and the enemy's shot, and the opinion of Doyle and Codrington" prevailed, and the army and navy of England remained idlespectators of the "untoward event." Tarragona again witnessed French success and British failure; for in 1813, when the Duke was advancing a conqueror into France after Vitoria, he ordered Sir John Murray to attempt Tarragona by a "brisk attack," in order to create a diversion and prevent Suchet from marching to aid Soult. Murray, with 14,000 men and the identical artillery which had breached and won Badajoz, sailed, May 31, from Alicante, and arrived June 3 before Tarragona. The citadel was defended by Bertolletti, with only 1600 men. Time was now everything, yet Murray potted and paltered, and Suchet advanced to the relief; at the first idle report of

which Murray raised the siege. The indignation of the army was so great that personal insult was offered to him: he forthwith re-embarked amid the jeers of soldiers and sailors, and with such haste that he left behind him his heavy guns and stores, Adm. Hallowell in vain having begged a delay only of 6 hours to remove them; Murray, unconscious of shame, quietly going to bed and sleep (Napier, xxi. 1). "The best of the story is," said the Duke, "that all parties ran away: Maurice Mathieu ran away, Sir John Murray ran away, so did Suchet." Murray made light of his disgrace, and talked of his guns as "old iron," which it was his habit to abandon, as at Biar, and "rather meritorious;" colours, at that rate, are but bits of bunting. "This unfortunate failure" (Desp., July 19, 1813) and the loss of this battering-train "crippled" all the Duke's future "operations," compelled him to blockade instead of laying siege to Pamplona, and thus gave an opening to Suchet to advance on his flank in Arragon; and had he been free from jealousies of Soult, combined they might have arrested even Wellington himself in the Pyrenees. The repeated defeats suffered there by Soult single-handed, compelled Suchet to evacuate Tarragona, and Aug. 18 he blew up the fortifications. Un- sightly is the ruin and painful the recollections, and to none more than the Englishman when he reflects on those miserable ministerial mediocrities by whom the energies of this country were misdirected; what excuse can be found for those who, having the choice of a Hill, Picton, Cole, Pakenham, Graham, etc., could select for this E. side, men whose whole careers, civil and military, had before been a failure, as ever after.

TARRAGONA is still a *plaza de armas*, by name at least, as for all real strength of war it is entirely unprovided: the city contains about 12,000 souls; in the time of the Romans it exceeded a million. It consists of an upper and under town; the under is protected by a range of bastions fronting the Francoli, the port, and mole, while an inner line of

works protects the rise to the upper town. A wide street, the *Rambla*, runs at this point almost N. and S., and is defended to the sea-side by the bastion *Carlos V.* The upper town is girdled with ramparts and outworks: that of the memorable *Olivo* should be visited for the view of Tarragona. The walk round the lofty ramparts is striking; even the ruins speak Latin and bear the impress of Cæsar; what a sermon in these stones, which preach the fallen pride of imperial Rome! Part of the bases of the enormous Cyclopean walls near the *Carcel* or *Quartel de Pilatos* (Pontius Pilate being claimed by the Tarragonese as a townsman) have been thought to be anterior to the Romans. This edifice, said to have been the palace of Augustus, half destroyed by Suchet, has since been made a prison. The bossage work of this ruin upon ruins resembles that of Merida and Alcantara; the thickness of the walls in some places exceeds 20 ft. Many remains of antiquity are constantly found at Tarragona, and as constantly either reburied or mutilated; a few fragments of low art, and among them an Apollo, are huddled away in the *Academia* among other "old stones." Ship-loads of antiquities, it is said, were carried off by the English in 1722, and Florez (*Esp. Sag.* xxiv. 2) is grateful to the foreigners for having thus preserved what the *abandono y ignorancia* of his countrymen would have let perish; some of them are at Lord Stanhope's seat, Chevening. Some Egyptian antiquities have recently been said to have been found here, and of which have been published rude lithographs, but they may be safely pronounced to be spurious; the hieroglyphics are clumsy forgeries, and the figures a hodgepodge of antiquities of all periods.

Leaving the *Puerta de Santa Clara*, near the *Bastion del Toro*, and close to the sea-shore, are a few misshapen remains of what once was an amphitheatre, which have always been used as a quarry. Portions of a circus 1500 feet long, but now built over, are to be traced between the bastion of Carlos V. and *Santo Domingo*. The site was

partly excavated and ascertained in 1754 by an Irish gentleman named Coningham. The stupendous walls near the *Plaza San Antonio*, which overlook the sea, deserve notice. How clearly ancient Tarragona was used up as a quarry in rebuilding the modern town may be seen at the end of the *Rambla* in the *Almucen de Artilleria*; and the Roman inscriptions imbedded here and elsewhere are so numerous that the walls are said to speak Latin. Observe No. 13, *Calle Escrivania*s Viejas, the window and lintel made up of Roman remains, and the singular Hebrew-like inscriptions. There are others also in the courtyard of the archbishop's modern palace and in the cathedral cloister. The bossage stones in the *Campanario* and walls of the cathedral prove that they once belonged to former edifices.

Two ancient monuments situated at a distance from the town have therefore escaped somewhat better. About 1 L. on the road to *Lérida* to the r. is a superb Roman aqueduct. It spans the dip of a valley from which the loftiest arches rise 96 ft. high; double, 11 below and 26 in the upper tier; they diminish in height as they ascend the slopes; the length is 700 ft. The water runs partly underground nearly 20 m. from the "*Pont d'Armentara*." This aqueduct is called *el Puente de Ferreras*, and by the vulgar *del Diablo*, giving as usual all praise to "the devil," as pontifex maximus. In this respect, however, the real devils in Spain were the clergy, as the Puentes del *Obispo*, *Arzobispo*, *Cardenal*, etc. best prove: they were truly *Δαίμονες*, or as San Isidoro interpreted the word *Δαίμονες*, skilful and intelligent, and to knowledge they added wealth and beneficence. The view from above is charming; the lonely rich ochry aqueduct, stretched across a ravine, with here and there a pine-tree soaring out of the palmito-clad soil, looks truly the work of those times when there were giants on the earth. Ruined by the Moors, it so remained upwards of 1000 years, until repaired by the Archbishops Joaquin de Santiyan de

Valdivielso and Armañac; what they repaired, Suchet destroyed, who broke it down near the *Olivio*: it has since been set to rights.

Make another excursion 1 L. to the N.W. of Tarragona, along the sea-coast, to a Roman sepulchre, called *La Torre de los Escipiones*, although the real place of the burial of the Scipios is quite unknown; the picturesque road runs amid pine-clad hillocks, which slope down to sheltered bays, where fishermen haul in their heavy nets, and where painted barks sleep on the lazy sea; on the ridges above bird-catchers spread their toils. The monument lies close to the road, amid aromatic shrubs all life and colour; two injured figures, in mournful attitudes, stand on the front; the stonework is much corroded: an alabaster inscription was taken down by Card. Ximenez; in that which remains the word *perpetuo* is just legible, as if in mockery of man and his perishable works. The view towards Tarragona is ravishing; the beauty of the present is heightened by the poetry of the past. The rock-built city slopes with its lines of wall down to the mole, studded with white sails, while the vapoury distant hills and the blue sea peep through vistas of the red branches of the pines, and glitter through the dark velvet of their tufted heads; and then the sentiment, the classical Claude-like feeling inspired by the grey Roman tomb!

The cathedral and the fortifications are what best deserve notice in modern Tarragona; the former partakes much of the Norman character; the approach, as is usual in Catalonia, and like that of the semi-Norman Amalfi, ascends by a flight of steps from the busy market-place *de las Coles*. The effect has been well calculated; as the high altar in Spain is raised by steps above the level on which the congregation kneel, so this temple rises above the town: thus everything tends to elevate the priest above the people; they look up to him and his dwelling, until the transition from a material superiority soon passes to one moral and spiritual.

According to local annalists the

original cathedral was built by Santiago, and in it St. Paul preached (neither of whom ever were in Spain); meantime the façade of the present edifice rises to a triangle, with a truncated point; the superb rose window was commenced in 1131 by San Oldegar, aided by Robert Burdet, who went especially into Normandy for his garrison and architects. Thus, as in Sicily, where his contemporary and countryman Roger employed Norman and Saracenic workmen, a fusion of style is produced, which is also to be traced here in the round low arches, the billet and zigzag ornaments in the cloisters, and the circular machicolated end of the cathedral, and its style of towers. The Normans were bitter foes to the Moslems, first, because both were of the same trade, invaders, and secondly, because they had clashed in Sicily and Spain. The northmen never forgot their repulse by Abdurrahman (see p. 164), and readily allied themselves with the Catalans, passing either from Sicily in ships, or through France from Normandy. Their impression, however, was short-lived, and the unrecruited race died away, or was assimilated with the more polished people whom they had subdued.

The archives of the cathedral, once among the most complete and curious, were mostly burnt by Suchet; fortunately, an abstract of them had been made in 1802 by the learned canon Domingo Sala, which he permitted us to peruse; that, doubtless, has since perished. The large deeply-recessed pointed Gothic porch, with the apostles on the sides under Gothic niches, is the work of Cascales, 1375; the façade is earlier, and was finished in 1280 by Archbp. Olivella, who retired to the monastery of Cornalbau, stinting himself of everything to save money for God's work. The iron-plated doors, the strange hinges, knockers, and copper *bullæ* were added in 1456, by Archbp. Gonzalo, as his arms denote: he lies buried on one side, and to the l. a prelate of the Medina Celi family. The doorway is divided by a figure of the Virgin and Child, and above is the Saviour, with

popes and emperors praying: this singular work is attributed to Bartolomé, 1278. The interior of the cathedral, with its low massy piers, is simple and grandiose; the *pila* or baptismal font is a Roman bath, or sarcophagus, found in the palace of Augustus; the grand *Retablo* was constructed of Catalonian marbles, by Pedro Juan and Guillen de Mota, in 1426-34. The Gothic pinnacles were once painted and gilt; the principal subjects of the basso-relievos are from the martyrdom of Santa Tecla, the tutelur of Tarragona; her grand and picturesque festival is celebrated on the 23rd of September, with sky-rockets, dances, &c., on the *plaza*; she was converted by St. Paul, to whom she consecrated her virginity; thereupon Thamiro, to whom she was to have been married, brought an action for this breach of promise; the Spanish judges ordered her to be burnt alive, but as she came unhurt from the furnace, she was then cast to lions, who only licked her feet; she was next exposed to the rage of bulls, and lastly to the lust of soldiers, who resisted a temptation difficult to their habits. Previously to Buonaparte's invasion she protected the church plate: when *Pedro el Ceremonioso* wanted to take some without leave, she descended from heaven, and dealt him *una palmada*, a box on the ear, of which he died January 5, 1387 (*Abarca*, Ann. de Aragon, p. 11, ch. 12). So Ceres, at Miletus, punished the sacrilegious soldiers of Alexander the Great (Val. Max. i. 2), *asi el amor vengasus agravios*, in spite of the proverb that ladies' hands do not hurt, *manos blancas no ofenden*. (By the way, the Spanish female hand is one of the ugliest and least white in Europe. It is, as Rosalind says, "a leathern hand, a stone-coloured one, a *huswife's* hand," and it is the result of the latter. The constant habit of embroidering hardens the finger-points; not that their *palmada* would on that account be the less effective.) Thence Santa Tecla was justly reckoned by the chapter the first of female martyrs, and her aid is prayed for under all difficulties; but, like the Cinta of Tortosa,

she failed in the case of Suchet's siege. She was held to be most efficient in the pulpit. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "a woman preaching is like a dog walking on his hind legs, it is not well done, but you are surprised that it is done at all." Her chapel, which was modernised in 1778, is very rich in red marbles, Corinthian pillars, and poor sculptured reliefs of her history by one Carlos Salas. Observe, however, the tomb and costume of the Archbp. Olivella.

The gorgeous windows in the transept were painted by Juan Guarsh, 1574: the elegant Gothic chandeliers are modern, and were made at Barcelona: the *Silleria del coro* is excellent, and carved in 1478 by Francisco Gomez and his son. Observe the archbishop's throne and the *reja*: the organ, one of the best in the province, was designed by Canon Amigó, of Tortosa, in 1560. Many tombs here are extremely ancient; behind the altar is that of Cyprian, a Gothic archbishop, 683; observe those in the l. transept, in chests resting on stone corbels; the dates range from 1174 to 1215; several of the deceased were killed in these foray periods (Hugo de Cervellon, Villadez, Moltz, &c.). The *Capilla del Sacramento*, with its noble and truly classical Corinthian portal, was built in 1561-86 by the Archbishop Agustin, the first of modern coin-collectors, from a design of his own; corrected by the Canon Amigó; he died in 1586, leaving Santa Tecla and this chapel his sole heirs: his fine tomb is the work of the celebrated Pedro Blay, 1590: the chapel was originally the refectory of the canons when they lived in community; the roof has been thought to be Roman. Suchet used it as a military magazine; the marble *Retablo* is filled with paintings by Isaac Hermes, 1587. Of the sculpture, the Aaron and Melchizedec are by Albrion and Nicholas Larraut, 1588; the bronzes of the *Sagrario* are by Felipe Volters, 1588.

In the rt. transept, near the *altur del Santo Cristo*, observe the rude and most antique ships and crosses let into the walls: the badge of the cathedral

is a cross in the shape of an Egyptian Tau. The chapel *de la Virgen de los Sustras*, the Tailors' Virgin, and that under the organ, erected, in 1252, by Violante, wife of Don Jaime, to her sainted sister Isabel of Hungary, are very ancient. The *capilla de San Juan* and that of San Fructuoso, a tutelar of Tarragona, obiit 260, were erected by Pedro Blay: another local tutelar is San Magin, who when alive dwelt in a cave, was brought in to the Roman governor like a wild beast, executed, and since has worked such astonishing miracles (see *Esp. Sag.* xxv. 177) that the Junta in 1808 chose him for their Captain-General. He is prayed to in cases of deafness, bad eyes, and *el mal Frances*. The fine Raphaellesque paintings in the chapel *de la Magdalena* were destroyed by the French; the *terno*, which, like that of Valencia, is said to have belonged to St. Paul's of London, escaped, and is used at Easter. There is also some fine Flemish tapestry with which the pillars are hung, or *colgado*, on grand festivals. Among the tombs observe, near the altar, that of Juan de Aragon, Patriarch of Alexandria, ob. 1334; the expression is, perhaps, too smiling. Near the *Sacristia* is that of Archbishop Alonso de Aragon, ob. 1514: observe also that, by Pedro Blay, of Archbishop Gaspar de Cervantes Gaete, who was at the Council of Trent. The allegorical statues are fine; observe that of Archbishop Pedro de Cardona, and his nephew's, Luis, also archbishop, with the elegant scroll-work and children: finer still is that of Archbishop Juan Teres, under a Corinthian pavilion, by Pedro Blay.

The exquisite cloister is a museum of antiquity and architecture. Ascend the terrace of a canon's house to obtain a view of the truncated towers of the cathedral, their strange windows, the machicolations of the circular end, the rich projecting Gothic chapel, and the square transept with rose window. In the cloisters below, the pointed windows are divided by smaller round-headed Norman arches, while in the space above are circular openings with Moorish ornaments, which were much de-

faced by Suchet's troops. Observe the cornice of chequer and billet mouldings, with a fringe of engrailed arches resting on corbels or crockets of heads; observe the romanesque capitals and fantastic carvings, among them a rat and cat funeral: the Norman zigzag or chevron is remarkable. In the walls are embedded fragments of Roman sculpture, said to be portions of the temple of Augustus; observe also a Moorish arch of a Mihrab or oratory; the cuphic inscription states that it was made by Giafar for the prince Abdalâ Abdurrahman, "the servant of God—of the compassionate," in the year of the Hegira 349, A.D. 960. Among the sepulchral inscriptions is one A.D. 1194 to Raimundus Boneweworte (? Buonaparte), *hujus ecclesiæ præpositus*; another inscription, "*8th Company*," comes home to every English reader. The central garden is quaint; a coarse alto-relievo with mythological figures is used as a seat—"old stones." In this cloister the ashes of Jaime el Conquistador, and of other royal personages, repose at last, having been removed from Poblet. Near the cathedral is the *Quartel del Patriarca*, formed out of a Roman edifice, and much injured by Suchet, perhaps because François I. was kept a prisoner in it. Behind the cathedral is a very ancient little church called San Pablo, and said to have been built by the apostle himself. Not far off is Sta. Tecla, La Vieja—also attributed to the same illustrious architect, but it is probably an erection of the 12th century—the cornices, windows, and portals are worth notice. Walk out also to the gates of *San Antonio* and *Merced* to look at the old walls and striking views of this ancient and now desolate city.

Tarragona unfortunately has a bad port. A *muelle*, mole, or pier, was chiefly made out of the ancient amphitheatre by the chapter, who in 1491 employed Arnau Bouchs. The present is the plan of one John Smith. Recently improvements have been made in spite of the rivalry and opposition from the port of *Salou*—one more convenient for the cotton-spinners of Reus. Tarragona exports nuts, of which vast

quantities are gathered in the *Selva de Avellanós*.

EXCURSIONS TO REUS AND POBLET.

There is constant local means of getting to and from Reus, 2 L. This modern lively manufacturing town which contrasts with desolate decaying Tarragona, is the flourishing capital and the centre of its rich and highly-cultivated *campo* or *comarca*. The older portion of *Reus* was built in 1151; the more modern rose about 1750, when many enterprising English settled there and established a commerce in wines, brandies, and leathers, the firm of Harris taking the lead. The new portion, with its wide plazas and streets, glaring in summer and cold in winter, contrasts with the tortuous but cool and sensible lanes of the earlier town. Ascend the San Pedro for a view. The *arabal*, a street built on the former suburb boundary, is a sort of boulevard. The *mercado* is the centre of shops and loungers, a sort of arcaded exchange. There is a theatre and decent inns and cafés, for it is a busy place with its silk and cotton works. Pop. above 20,000. Monday is the best day to go to *Reus*, as being the market. The seaport *Salou*, the rival and bane of Tarragona, is exposed to all winds but the east, and is really safe only in summer. *Reus*—rich, commercial, selfish, and cowardly—opened its gates to the French in 1808, and was half ruined by their exactions under M'Donald: in 1835 it distinguished itself by cold monk murder, and in 1843 by "little warrings," in which the rival generals, Zambrano and Prim, both were made *Condes de Reus*! arcades ambo.

Another excursion may be made on horseback to *Valls*, 3½ L., and *Poblet*. *Valls*, with its old walls and towers, is a thriving town of 16,000 souls. Here the Spaniards were completely beaten, Feb. 25, 1809, by St. Cyr, and Reding, the real hero of Bailen, received his death-wound: the disheartened troops abandoned artillery and everything, when the town was sacked, and the whole district fell into the

clutches of the invaders. On the same plains Jan. 16, 1811, Sarsfield revenged this disaster, and routed Gen. Eugene and an Italian detachment of Macdonald's, a little fact entirely suppressed by Buonaparte.

1½ L. from *Valls* is the decayed town of *Montblanch*, Pop. 4000, with its old walls, towers, and four gates; and about 2 L. more lies the once celebrated Cistercian monastery of *Poblet*, which is placed at the entrance of the rich valley *La Conca de Barberá*, and was itself the Pearl of the "Shell." Monastic devotion was judiciously sheltered by a spur of the hill *Prades*, and cheered by fertile farms and far-famed vineyards. The mitred abbot, "purple as his wines," reigned in Palitinate pomp. In the recent reforms, July 24, 1835, he and his monks fled; then the axe felled his fruit trees, and the torch fired the cells; ruin and robbery have since been the order of the day, and the glories of *Poblet* are of the past: what they once were are recorded in the *Historia*, by Jayme Finestres, 4 vols. 4to., Cervera, 1753; in Ponz, xiv. 220; and Madoz, xiii. 94; and more fully in the description of *Poblet*, by Andres de Bofarull, Tarragona, 1848. The foundation was after this wise. In the time of the Moors, a holy hermit named *Poblet* retired here to pray, but an emir, when hunting, caught him and put him in prison; but on the angels of heaven having broken his chains three times, the Moor repented, and granted him all the territory of *Hardeta*; when the Christians reconquered the country, the body of *Poblet* was revealed to the church in 1149, by miraculous lights, and Ramon Berenguer IV. immediately built the half-fortress convent *El Santo*, and confirmed to the clergy who discovered the holy bones the whole of the extensive Moorish grants. Thus the convent became enormously rich, and was made the *Escorial*, the burial-place of the Aragonese kings, and afterwards of the dukes of Cardona, who repaired the sepulchres and church. This resting-place of royalty was ravaged by the roops of *Suchet*, and worse again by

the Spanish revolutionists of 1835; still the long battlemented walls are very picturesque, and the cloisters impressive. The ruined portico, coro, with the *saló capitulár* and monumental slabs, offer a faint record of this former pantheon, where so much royal dust reposed. The ashes of lines of kings cast to the wind, were in part collected by a local curate named *Sorret*, and removed to the cloister of the cathedral at Tarragona: requiescant in pace! The grand objects of former *Poblet* were the sepulchres, in which several of the deceased kings had two effigies, one representing the monarch armed or arrayed in royalty, the other as clad in the garb of a deacon or a monk. This is truly characteristic of the mediæval Spaniard, half-soldier, half monk, a crusading knight of Santiago; his manhood spent in combating for the cross, his declining years dedicated to religion. No country has ever produced more instances of kings retiring to the cloister, nor of soldiers resigning the sword for the crucifix, and washing off the blood from their hands, making their peace with God, after a life of battle in his cause. Jaime the Conqueror contemplated ending his life here as a monk, where Pope's Duke of Wharton actually did die. The artist or antiquarian going to *Poblet* should not forget at dinner to drink the rich red wine *del Priorato*.

ROUTE 45.—TARRAGONA TO
BARCELONA. 4

Torredembarra	2	
Vendrell	2	4
Villafranca de Panades	3	7
Vallirana	3½	10½
Barcelona	3½	14

There is a regular communication by diligences. To the rt. rises the tomb of the Scipios, and the *Gayá* is crossed, and thus described by Lord Wm. Bentinck (no notability either with sword or pen): "The river, having no water in it, and being only impassable from the steepness of its banks, is passable for infantry everywhere."

(Disp., Aug. 25, 1813.) Passing that, to the rt. is a picturesque ruined castle and *atalaya*; then *Aitafulla*, with its square tower on the sea, and *Torre-dembarrà*, Pop. 2000, with its octangular keep. In this rich district the olive and vine flourish, and irrigation is managed by the Moorish noria. The Roman arch, the *Arco de Bara*, the next object of interest is much injured, and the statues gone: it is best seen from the Barcelona side; the inscription ran, "Ex testamento L. Licini, L. F. Serg. Suræ consecratum." At *Vendrell*, Pop. 3500, with its dragon-fly-winged windmills, the country becomes densely peopled: the view from the fine parish belfry is extensive.

Arbos is placed on a hill, with a splendid prospect; the town was one of the first places sacked by the French, under Chabran, who burnt the village and the villagers alive in it (Schep. i. 223). Soon the panorama opens over *Villafranca* and the skeleton mountain of *Monserrat* looms with jagged outline: at *Olerdola*, which lies to the rt., are some Roman tombs cut in the rocks; at the entrance of *Villafranca* is a monument to the memory of Wm. Hanson, killed in the late war. *Sidges*, famous for its sweet wines, lies on the coast about 7 m. to the rt.

Villafranca de Panades, inn, *Parador nuevo*, is a walled town of some 5500 souls: founded by Amilcar, it was the earliest Carthaginian settlement in Catalonia; it was retaken from the Moors in 1000 by Ramon Borel, and, being a frontier of a disturbed district, was declared free, and highly favoured with privileges, in order to entice settlers—hence its name. The *Rambla* is a pretty walk. The *Parroquia*, a fine specimen of masonry, has a noble nave; the lofty belfry or Catalonian tower is crowned by a bronze angel. The *Panades* district is very fertile; the fine road soon enters the grey rocky hills and aromatic underwood: ascending to the *Cruz* or *Coll de Ordal*, Barcelona glitters in the distance. Here a magnificent bridge, *de Lledones*, spans the ravine; this was the important point which Sir Fred. Adam did not secure, and thereby did secure

defeat. Lord Wm. Bentinck moved, Sept. 5, 1813, from *Villafranca*: Adam, on the 12th, reached *Ordal*, and, although warned of the French advance, left this the only approach open, so Gen. Mesclop crossed the unguarded bridge by moonlight, and a confused retreat ensued. Adam fell back on Bentinck, who was driven by Suchet to *Arbos*. A thousand men and four guns were thus lost by these blunderers, and the great plans of the Duke were again deranged as by the bungler Murray at *Tarragona*. He even feared that "Suchet would tumble" such opponents beyond the *Jucar*, and meditated coming himself in person to set all to rights; and had he done so, how differently would matters have been managed! As it was, his difficulties were constantly increased by the blunders of the Murrays, Bentincks, and Adamses, under whom our armies failed on this coast, and being pitted against whom Suchet—who luckily never met the Duke—rose rapidly to fame. The despatches of the Duke to Bentinck, embodying the whole art of war in Spain, remain for posterity, however thrown away on him to whom they were addressed.

The road descending from these disastrous hills reaches *Molins del Rey*, a whitewashed town backed by vine-clad slopes, which was sacked and burnt by the French in 1808, when retreating from their defeat at *Bruch*. The *Llobregat*, *Rubricatus*, flows in a muddy reddish stream under a long, solid, heavy, red-stoned bridge. Here, Dec. 21, 1808, Gen. Chabran utterly routed the Spaniards under *Vives* and *Reding*, the former only coming up to see his troops in full retreat. Nothing but this shameful defeat could have enabled St. Cyr to relieve Barcelona, or have saved the French from utter ruin, for they were at that moment driven to the last extremities. Then and there these patriots lost all the arms and stores supplied by England—furnished, in fact, as elsewhere, to the enemy.

Now begins the dusty thickly-thronged high-road to Barcelona: the dial, emblem of the Catalan's knowledge of the value of time, is now placed on most

of the stuccoed and painted houses. This primitive clock, which is rather for the benefit of the passenger outside than for the tenant inside, is peculiar to this city of Barca. The dial, of Chaldean origin (2 Kings xx. 11), was not introduced into Rome until after the first Punic war (Pliny, 'N. H.' vii. 60). Clocks indeed are not much more common in the interior of Spain than in Barbary; the sun and shadows are the primitive method of counting the flight of time in countries where it is of little value. The busy women sit in the open air making lace: the peasants are all trousers, and their loaves are those of Brobdignag, some weighing 30 lbs. Crowds are now to be met either snoring in their carts, singing, or drinking out of *porrones* at the *ventorillos*.

Barcelona soon opens in view, with its lines of walls and fortifications and its Catalonian towers. It is well situated on a rich "pla" or plain, girdled by fresh hills, and irrigated and fertilised by the river *Llobregat* and the canals *Condal y Real*. These advantages are counterbalanced by the town being a *plaza de armas*. The garrison precautions impede free ingress and egress; the place is exposed to sieges, and its proportions, limited by the girdle of walls which cannot be extended to meet a growing prosperity; hence, in addition to their turbulent rebellious tendencies, the Barcelonese have always been anxious to pull down these fortifications, promised indeed as a cuirass against enemies, but in fact a straight waistcoat for themselves. Liberty and commerce cribbed, cabined, and confined, pines, pent up in what is but a prison on a larger scale. *Barcelona*, besides social advantages, has natural attractions to our invalids for a winter residence; accessibility and proximity to France, favourable accidents of locality, an open sea and plain, with a mountain-skreen from northerly winds, are among the advantages enumerated by Dr. Francis. Barcelona enjoys a winter and annual temperature warmer than Rome or Naples, averaging about 50° 18': the townsfolk are hardy and long-lived.

Inns.—The Catalan takes kindly to the hotel and kitchen. *Fonda del grande Oriente*, excellent; the charges are 5 pesetas a day: *Cuatro Naciones*, good, charge 35 reals per day: the *Falcó*, opposite the theatre. The minor *posadas* are called *hostals*. The *Casas Pupilos* (*Casas de Desposa*) are ill adapted for ladies, and not often frequented by foreigners. The warm baths are good. Carriages for country excursions are always to be found near the *Puerta del Angel*.

Among tradesmen may be named *booksellers*, Sauri, Calle Ancha; Brusi, Calle Libretería; Piferer, Plaza del Angel; *jewellers*, Ortels, Soler, &c.—they all live together in the Plateria, which everybody should visit. The *mosquetonets* of Barcelona are excellent; let none going to Valencia omit to buy one at Amigo y Sauri, Calle Corders. There are constant communications by steam (office Calle de la Merced), and by diligences (Rambra, No. 101), in every direction. For excursions to the smaller towns, each locality has its *hostal*, its inn of call, at which the *Galeras*, *Carrabas*, and muleteers are always to be heard of. The best works on Barcelona are the '*Historia de los Condes*,' Francisco de Diago, folio, Barcelona, 1603; the '*Trofeos y Antigüedades*,' Juan de Dios Lopez, 4to. Barcelona, 1639; Florez, '*Esp. Sag.*' xxix.; '*Disertacion*,' Isidoro Bosarte, 8vo. Madrid, 1786; Ponz, xiv.; and the '*Memorias*,' and '*Libro del Consulado*' of Capmany. There is a useful *Guia* published by Sauri, and maps of the streets and the vicinity published in 1818 by Monfort, and by Oliva in 1840. The *Catedratico de las Cusvas* is a learned man and excellent Spanish master.

BARCELONA, one of the finest and certainly the most manufacturing city of Spain, is a better placed and handsomer city than Madrid. It is, we repeat, the Manchester of Catalonia, which is the Lancashire of the Peninsula. Some 50 tall chimneys besmoke the city, and an iron work set going by a Mr. Kent, modestly called *El Nuevo Vulcano!* Compared, however, to the mighty hives of English industry and skill, everything is petty. The *Rambra*

divides the old town from the new, and runs nearly N. and S. It once was a streamlet, *la Riera den Malla*, of the "Mall," which bounded the W. wall of Barcelona. The word *Rambla* (Arabic *Raml*, a sandy heap) means a river bed, which in Spain being often dry in summer is used as a road, just as the *Corso* (the Spanish *Coso*) became a *Cours* at Marseilles, and a race-course at Rome. The channel taken in, on the extension of the city, like the Boulevard of Paris, is now made the great aorta, and a charming walk planted with acacias and laburnums; like the *Unter den Linden* at Berlin, this is the fashionable promenade by day and night, and the *Corso* of the renowned carnival of Barcelona. On it the traveller should lodge, as here is the theatre, *Liceo*, the post-office, the diligence-office, and the bureau for passports, the best shops, and most gape-seed.

Barcelona, according to local annalists, was a Laletanian city, founded of course by Hercules, 400 years before Rome. Refounded 235 B.C. by Amilcar Barca, father of Hannibal, and thence called *Barcino*, it became the Carthago Nova of the N. coast. The Punic city was small, and only occupied the hill Taber, or just the present site around the cathedral. In 206 B.C. it was made a colonia by the Romans, and called "*Faventia Julia Augusta Pia Barcino*." It was, however, eclipsed by Tarragona, the Roman capital, and by *Emporixæ*, a busy Greek sea-mart. Taken about 409 by the Gothi-Alani, it soon rose in importance, and coined money with the legend *Barcinona*; two councils were held here in 540 and 599. When the Moors destroyed Tarragona, Barcelona, awed by the example, capitulated, was kindly treated, and became a new metropolis. After many changes and chances during the 8th and 9th centuries, in 878 it was ruled by an independent Christian chief of its own, whose 12th descendant dropped the title of Count of Barcelona, on assuming that of King of Arragon. During the middle ages, like Carthage of old, Barcelona was the lord and terror of the Mediterranean, and divided with Italy the enriching commerce of the *Spain*.—I.

East, and trade was never held to be a degradation, as among the Castilians; accordingly, heraldic decorations are much less frequent on the houses here, where the merchant's *mark* was preferred to the armorial *charge*. The Catalans, then at peace and free, for the Spanish and Moorish struggle was carried on far away in the S., were protected by municipal charters and *fueros*; their commercial code dates from 1279, and *El consulado del mar de Barcelona* obtained the same force in Europe, as the *Leges Rhodix* had among the ancients. It was then a city of commerce, conquest, and courtiers, of taste, learning, luxury, and the Athens of the troubadour. Here, April, 1493, did Ferd. and Isab. receive Columbus, after his discovery and gift of a new world. But the Castilian connexion, with its wars, pride, and fiscal absurdities, led to the decay of Barcelona, and the citizens soon discovered the danger; thus when Charles V. came there, he was only received as their nominal king: hence their constant desire to shake off that *foreign yoke*. Thus, in 1640, they rose against the taxation and violation of their usages by Philip IV., and threw themselves into the arms of France; turning however against her in the War of Succession, and espousing the Austrian cause.

When the glorious career of Marlborough was arrested by party moves, the curse of England, Barcelona was left alone to combat her two powerful neighbours, France and Spain. Louis XIV. then sent Berwick with 40,000 men to aid Philip V., whilst an English fleet, under Wishart, blockaded—*proh pudor!*—their former allies. The city refused to yield unless its "*fueros*" were secured, and was therefore stormed by the French; Sept. 11, a white flag was hoisted, but in vain, *Mata y Quema* was their war cry, and Berwick applied the torch himself; and when the sword, fire, and lust had done their worst, all the privileges guaranteed by France were abolished by Frenchmen (*Mahon*, ix.).

Buonaparte obtained Barcelona by perfidy; he knew its importance, and called it the "first city" and key of

Spain; "one which could not be taken, in *fair* war, with less than 80,000 men." Accordingly in Feb. 1808 he sent Duhesme with 11,000 men, but in the character of allies, who desired, as a "proof of confidence and harmony," that his troops might alternately mount guard with the Spanish; this granted, on the 28th he seized the citadel, having drawn out his soldiers under the pretence of a review; Ezpeleta, the Captain-General, at the same time giving up the fortress of Monjuich. (Compare Figueras and Pamplona.)

After the restoration, this turbulent town, under the Conde de España, who ruled with a rod of iron, quailed and was quiet, but in 1827 it rose in favour of Don Carlos, and ever since has taken the lead against every established authority. General Lauder opened the ball by opposing Christina, in 1834: soon after Barcelona "pronounced" for Espartero in 1840, and against him in 1841-2-3. Being "all for itself," it is in fact always ready to raise the banner of revolt.

To all but commercial travellers a few days will suffice. The most amusing periods are Christmas and the New year, when all are dancing and eating, especially a sort of wafers called *Neulas*, and the almond-cakes *Turrones*. Jan. 17 is the day of San Antonio Abad, the patron of the lower Catalans and pigs; then quadrupeds are blessed. Muleteers and asses perform the *tres Tours*, a procession 3 times round his church: observe their costume and the huge *tortells*, a sort of loaf which is hung to their saddles. Feb. 12 is the festival of the great Diana of Barcelona, *Santa Eulalia*, when all the world goes out to dine, dance, and play the *Sortija*, at Sarriá; the *torna boda* is repeated on the Sunday next ensuing. The Carnival of Barcelona, *las Carnes toledas*, is to Spain what that of Rome is to Italy: then the *Rambla*, like the Corso, becomes a masquerade out of doors; while the Thursday, "*Dijous gras*" (Jeudi gras), is celebrated gastronomically. On the first day of Lent, Barcelona goes out of town into the country to "bury the Carnival," "*enterrar al carnestoltas*," as the Sar-

dina is disposed of at Madrid. The evening show, at the *Puerta del Angel*, of the returning thousands is interesting, as to the costume and manners of the Catalan, male and female.

Easter Monday is a grand holiday; then infinite numbers go either to *Coll* or *Gracia*. April 23 is the day of St. George, the tutelard of Catalonia, when a flower-fair is held near the *Audiencia*, to which the fairer sex resort, themselves the fairest flowers. Nowhere is *el dia de Corpus* observed with more magnificence. On San Juan, July 25, young and old turn botanists, and sally forth *coger la Verbena* for good luck; San Pedro, June 29; Santiago, July 25; and all the festivals of the Virgin, are kept with much splendour. Nov. 1, "All Saints' Day," is honoured by eating *Panellets*, which are raffled for in *Rifas* in the streets: the next day is sacred to the dead, when all the living go to visit the "*Cementerio*" outside the walls. Dec. 21 is the fair of Barcelona, and is frequented by the peasantry from far. Here the artist will sketch the pretty *payesas* and their *mocados* and holiday dress: the *Rambla* is then filled with men and turkeys, and the *Bocaria*, *Call*, *Plateria*, and *Moncada* streets with booths and purchasers.

Barcelona (Pop. above 150,000) is the capital of its province, the see of a bishop, the residence of the Captain-General and *Jefe politico*, and the seat of an *Audiencia*. It has a university, academies, and the usual civil, military, art and humanity establishments, more common otherwise in European than Spanish towns.

Although there are few things more repugnant to English notions than all that concerns *Justicia* in Spain, a word at which the natives tremble as we do at the thoughts of Chancery, a Howard may visit the *Carcel Nueva*, or spacious and well-arranged New Prison, built in 1838-40; the younger culprits are here taught *las primeras letras*, to read and write; visit the *sala de declaracion*, where the judge listens concealed behind a grating, while the accused is confronted with the accuser! At the *Casa de Caridad*, founded in 1799, more than 1000 poor men, wo-

men, and children are usefully employed. The *Presidio*, or place of detention for convicts, is on a large scale; the culprits during the term of their confinement are instructed in different trades, and receive half their earnings, part at once, which they expend in tobacco, and the remainder on leaving, by which means they are not forced into new crimes by being cast without means or character on the wide world; the other half is retained to defray the general expenses. Yet little attempt at moral reformation is made, and not half are reclaimed; safe custody rather than philanthropy is the principle: they are tolerably fed, as well, indeed, as Spanish soldiers: they sleep on the ground like pigs, on mats in long corridors; generally speaking, there is an open grating at one end, at which sentinels are placed with ball cartridge. There is a sort of school for the younger offenders.

Barcelona has its own literary and academical establishments: there is a Lancasterian school, a *casino* or club, with newspapers, reading-rooms, a *liceo*, and *Academia de Buenas Letras*, and some well-conducted hospitals, especially the "*General*." That of *Santa Cruz* may be "walked" through by a M.D., albeit the entrance-wall, decorated with the skulls and bones of the killed and wounded, presents unpleasant prospects to patients. There is a good "*Biblioteca Nacional*," Riera de San Juan, open every morning; in this are collected some 40,000 tomes, the remnants of the Conventual libraries, of which thousands of volumes were destroyed by the mob; there is another smaller library, the "*Episcopal*," and a most superb national *Archivo de Aragon*. The new theatre, the *Liceo*, is the finest in Spain. The salon is superb. That of *Santa Cruz* is the *Casino*. The *Museo* is at the *Lonja*. Modern books are much wanting; in fact there are "no funds," and the Catalan public is no great reader.

To understand the localities of this city the traveller should first ascend the cathedral tower with his map, and then walk through the beautiful pro-

menades with which Barcelona abounds; first, for the interior is the unrivalled Rambla; then, for the land side, the *Muralla de tierra*, which is both a walk and a drive. The fortifications on this land side, already rendered useless, are to be pulled down, and the city is to be extended towards *Gracia*, taking in the intervening plains and villages. The Madrid road issues from the *Puerta San Antonio*; beyond, the gardens and "*torres*" extend to *Sarriá*; at the *Puerta del Angel*, a noble walk, made in 1824 by the M. de Campo-sagrado, leads to *Gracia*. The road to France issues from the *Puerta Nueva*; outside to the l. is a wide extent of densely peopled garden district; to the rt. is the citadel, and beyond this the *Cementerio*, with its catacomb niches, and a chapel built by a Florentine named *Ginesi*. Near the *Puerta Nueva* begins *El Paseo Nuevo*, or "*El Lancasterin*," so called from its founder, the *Duque de Lancaster*. The avenues are shady, and the stone seats commodious. The nereids, tritons, royal busts, all chin and nose, and sculpture, are poor as regards art. The garden "*del General*," at the other end, was laid out by *Castaños*, in 1816, with pepper-trees, flower-beds, statues, ponds with swans, and aviaries. The cold drinks at the grand café near it are delicious. The walk on the sea-board, on the mural terrace or rampart, the *Muralla del Mar*, is, as at *Palermo*, the fashionable morning and evening lounge; it is most charming, being enlivened by flotillas of single-sail craft: sheltered and sunny in winter, and freshened by the sea-breeze in summer. The modern *Plaza del Mar* opens to the mole, looking towards the *Plaza de Toros*, built in 1833, and Genoese-looking suburb *Barceloneta*. The *Plaza del Palacio* is the resort of the official, military, and commercial classes. The environs of Barcelona are delightful. The sea and town form the base of a rich plain, girdled by hills, which rise to a mean height of 700 feet, from whence the bridgeless *Besos* and the tributaries of the *Llobregat*, the bane of the port, descend. This "*Pla*" is studded with "*Torres y Huertas*,"

which extend from the city walls to *Gracia* and *Sarriá*, the Hampstead and Clapham of the rich merchants, and the Greenwich of the multitudes, who go there on the holidays to eat and dance. The country and views are beautiful. Among the city boxes, *el Laberinto* and that of *Senor Anglada*, both near *Horta*, are the most renowned; *calesas* and carriages are always to be had at the *Puerta del Angel*, to make excursions, either over the *Pla* or to the Baths, *las Celdas de Montbuy*, 3 L. off, which were taken in 1844 by *Isabel II.*: the season is both in spring and autumn; the warm waters contain muriate and sulphate of soda, and are beneficial in cutaneous complaints.

The streets in the older part of the town are narrow and tortuous, shady and sheltered: they are being gradually widened; in the present rage of modernising, convents are converted into "mills," and new streets are built in imitation of those in the *Rue Rivoli* at Paris, with arcades and shops, rather than after the old Catalan character. But the Catalans in their present civilization mania reject the old styles of house and street architecture, well suited to their climate and habits, to copy arrangements calculated for other zones, and totally different wants and conditions.

Visit *la Plateria*, where all this innovation has not yet crept in. The form of many of the ornaments worn by the peasants is quite classical and antique, although the work is rude and coarse. Observe the huge earrings of amethysts, the "*Arracadas*" (an Arabic word and thing), and the "*Joyas*," made with emeralds and coloured stones. The botanist, ornithologist, and artist will, of course, visit the *Borne*, or market behind the *Santa Maria del Mar*, where all sorts of vegetables and fruits, and birds of sea and land, are sold by picturesque "*Payesas*." The ichthyologist will pass to the *Pescaderia*, opposite the *Aduana*, where the finny show is magnificent. The new market *Bocaria* is built on a modern plan, on the site of the convent *San Jose*—a Covent-garden.

The principal Roman antiquities to

be found in the oldest portion of the town are but fragments, having for 15 centuries been ill-treated by Goth, Moor, and Spaniard. In the *Calle del Paradis* some columns built up by houses are supposed to have been the termination of the aqueduct from *Collcerola*, of which an arch remains in the *Calle de Capellans*: there are 6 in one house; 1 is seen in the *Patio*, 3 in a room, and 2 in an upper garret. These have been called the tomb of *Hercules*, *Atanufus*, &c. Opposite the *Puerta de Santa Lucia* of the cathedral, in *Casa 15*, called *del Arcediano*, are some Roman inscriptions, and a good sarcophagus with hunting reliefs, now used as a water-tank. A better marble, with a Roman female, called here *Priscilla*, and a head of *Bacchus*, exist in the *Casa del Pinos*, *Plaza Cucurella*. The plateresque cinquecento ornaments of this ancient mansion deserve notice, but they have been barbarously white-washed. In the house of *Senor Bails*, *Calle San Pedro Baja*, is another sarcophagus, used also as a tank; in the *Academia de Buenas Letras* is a collection of pictures of no great merit, and mutilated antiquities: a *Proserpine* is the best. Some Roman sewers, cloacas, or *clavequeras*, still exist in the *Calle de la Boqueria* and that *de Junqueras*: in the *Gefatura Politica*, on the staircase, is a colossal female foot, said to have been part of a *Juno*.

In the church of *San Miguel* is a blue and white Mosaic Roman pavement, with tritons and marine subjects, considered to have belonged to a temple of *Neptune*; although some have thought it the work of Greek artists of the 13th century. It has been barbarously mutilated by modern steps, tombstones, &c. This church is of great antiquity, having been altered in 1002: the font appears to be part of an ancient candelabrum. The principal portal, with a statue of the tutelary, is a mixture of the Norman and Saracenic styles: observe the square pilasters adorned with flowers and vases, and a Roman inscription to one *Licinius*, let into one of the walls. In the *Fonda del Sable* is a sculptured marble, of a low period of art. In the

Calle de los Baños are some old Moorish baths, converted into a stable!

The churches are very ancient; some are of singularly elegant Gothic, and many have the square and polygonal belfry. The cathedral *la Seu* or *Seo* rises on the highest part of the old town, and is built on the site of a previous Pagan temple. The Christian chapter naturally nestled around, in the excellent houses of the *Calle del Paradis*. This cathedral is a type of the ecclesiastical architecture of Catalonia: the characteristics are the elevated flight of steps at the approach, the belfry towers, the lofty roof, supported by slender elegant piers, the splendid painted glass, the semicircular colonnade which girdles the high altar, and below it the chapel crypt, with its elliptical arch; a profusion of Saracens' heads are used as bosses and corbels, to encourage the old crusaders. The infusion of a Norman style cannot be mistaken. The principal façade is unfinished, with a bold front, poorly painted in stucco, although the rich chapter for three centuries have received a fee on every marriage for this very purpose of completing it; and it is kept unfinished to justify begging pious contributions for the completion. The original cathedral was built by Ramon Berenguer I., on the site of an older one, dedicated to the cross. The present edifice was begun in 1298. The *coro* and pulpits are of a good Gothic; the organs are of sober-coloured wood, with Saracens' heads beneath. The *Retablo Major* is composed of a dark stone, with pointed arches, and blue and gold ornaments; the pillars which cluster around it, forming an open semicircular frame, instead of the usual solid walls, have a very light and elegant effect. On each side is a spiral pillar of red marble, supporting an angel with a torch; the series of connecting gilt arches is delicate and singular; the chapels round the altar are *churrigueresque*, and filled with bad *Retablos*, sculpture, and overgilding. In a chapel crypt below the high altar, like the sepulchre of St. Peter's at Rome, *lies*, or is said to lie, the body of *Santa Eulalia*, the "well-

speaking" *Patrona* of the city, to whom the present cathedral is dedicated. This lady must not be confounded with her namesake of Merida, and her name, *Eυλαλία*, indicates her Byzantine origin. Female saints are more common, however, in Mariolatrous Spain than in the Greek church, where the Oriental low estimate of women prevails.

"*Esta es Eulalia, la de Barcelona,
De la rica Ciudad, la joya rica!*"

Her authentic life is written by Ramon de Ponsich y Camps, 4to. Madrid, 1770: put to death Feb. 12, 304, by Dacian, her soul ascended to heaven visibly in the form of a dove, while her body was in due time miraculously revealed by its perfume in 878 to Bishop Frodoyno, who carried the sweet corpse to the cathedral. The present chapel was finished in 1339 by Jayme Fabra, when the precious corpse was placed in it, 2 kings, 3 queens, 4 princesses, cardinals, and smaller deer, attending (see *Camps*, p. 456). Their sculptured heads form the fringe of the elliptical arch above the descent; the sepulchre was raised on spiral pillars of antique jaspers with Corinthian capitals, taken from some ancient temple. The curious inscription round the rim is given in the *Esp. Sag.* xxix. 320. The silver lamps were appropriated by the invaders, with much of the sacred plate of the cathedral, once both ancient and magnificent. The chapter paid to the invaders 40,000 libras Catalanas to preserve it, who took the money first, and plate next: *væ victis!* The fine gold or gilt Custodia in the *Sacristia* alone escaped. Observe it well. On the base is represented the entry of Juan II. into Perpiñan, Oct. 28, 1473, after he had defeated the French besiegers.

Ramon Berenguer, and his wife Al-mudis, are buried near the *Sacristia*: their tombs were restored in 1545. A gallery above the piers has a pretty engrailed border. The order of Montesa was instituted in this cathedral, July 22, 1319, and here, in 1519, Charles V. celebrated an installation of the Golden Fleece, the only one ever held in Spain; and in truth that Burgundian order passed away with the

Austrian dynasty, although claimed and used by the Bourbon kings of Spain. The arms of the Knights Companions, and of our Henry VIII. among them, are blazoned on the stalls. Observe the *silleri* and the painted glass. San Oldegar lies buried in his own chapel to the rt. on entering: observe his tomb, and also his statue in the *trascoro*, with marble reliefs of the Martyrdom of Santa Eulalia, set in a Doric framework. San Oldegar was a Frenchman, and died in 1137; his body was miraculously discovered about 500 years afterwards, quite fragrant, and uncorrupted all but the tip of the nose (see *Esp. Neg.*, xxix. 277). The painting by Villodomat is better worth notice. Made a saint by Innocent XI. in 1675, he since has been tutelal of the Catalans, being invoked in the common cases of childbirth, and the rare loss of speech in women. His biographies, besides that in the '*España Sagrada*,' are numerous: select that by Antonio J. G. de Caralps, 4to., Barc. 1617, or an earlier in 8vo., by Jaime Rebulloso, Barc. 1609.

The cathedral has two noble light towers; the arched support of that with the clock deserves notice: the great bell was cast in 1393; the panorama from the summit is glorious; flocks of pigeons, as at Valencia, fly about, being forced by their proprietors on the house-tops to thus air themselves. Near the door of ascent is the elegant Gothic cloister with its faded frescoes and pleasant court of oranges and sparkling waters; let in the walls are some curious sepulchral stones, dating from the 12th to the 14th century. Here was the canonical aviary in which certain sacred geese were kept like those of the Roman capitol. Notice the *Fuente de las ocas*.

Observe the sculptured effigies of tailors with their shears, and boot-makers with their boots. The guild of the latter, *el gremio de los Zapateros*, in 1208, were benefactors to the cathedral. Descending the great steps is their *casa*, covered with symbols and their patron San Marcos, preferred by the orthodox Catalans to our St. Crispin. To the rt. of the cathedral

steps is the Gothic *Almoyna*, the canon's *Almonry*; near the cathedral is the *Plaza del Rey*, and the ancient palace of the Gothic kings. It was given in 1487 by Ferdinand to the Inquisition, just as he had made over the royal residence at Zaragoza, in the hope that loyal associations might induce obedience to this new tribunal, which he destined to be an engine of police and finance. It afterwards became the palace of the Viceroy, and then a convent and prison. In the *Archivito* of the cathedral are some curious records of religious festivals, called *Exemplaria*.

Second, and closely analogous to the cathedral, is the fine church *la Santa Maria del Mar*, erected on the site of a chapel of the Goths. Inscriptions near the S. door record the date of the rebuilding, 1328; it was finished in 1483. The style is very elegant, the piers airy and lofty; the painted glass rich in greens, blues, and reds. The gilded royal pew faces the overgrown, overdone organ. Observe the semi-circular framework of pillars that surrounds the high altar, which, unfortunately, was modernized in 1843, with red marbles, gilt capitals, and tawdry sculptured angels and the Virgin; to the rt. is a good statue of San Alejo, and in the *Respaldo del Coro*, some pictures by Villodomat, representing the Passion of Christ.

San Pablo del Campo, so called because once outside the town, like our St. Martin's-in-the-Fields at Charing-cross, resembles the San Pablo at Taragona (p. 405), and is akin to some of the primitive churches in Galicia. It was built in 913 by Wilfred II., as an inscription let in the wall near the cloister shows. Observe the small double clustering pillars with engrailed arches, the Norman romanesque capitals of boars, griffins, and leaves.

San Pere de las Puellas was built in 980 by Count Sunario after the same style as San Pablo, when the earlier church, erected by Louis le Débonnaire, was destroyed by Al-Mansúr. Observe the singular capitals, in one of which the prickly pear is introduced: the women, when at mass in

this low dark church, muffled in their white *mantalinas de punta*, look like the dead in shrouds. The ecclesiastical archæologist will visit *Santa Ana*, built in 1146, in the form of a cross, by Guillermo II., patriarch of Jerusalem, and in imitation of the church of the Sepulchre; unfortunately, the transept and *Presbiterio* have been modernised. *San Jaime*, built in 1394, has a noble nave. *San Cucufat* (Catalonicè *Culgat*) was built in 1297 on the spot where the tutelar was baked, which is hence called *del horno*: he was martyred by Dacian, July 25, by being partly broiled on a grid-iron, but when his prayers put out the fire, he was beheaded. His body turned up miraculously at St. Denis, in France, and was given by Louis le Débonnaire to protect Barcelona from the Moors; part of it was also taken to Santiago. This Barcelonese tutelar's old church was unfortunately rebuilt in 1827.

The single nave at *San Just y Pastor* is fine: built in 1345 on the site of an earlier church, founded by Santiago! it possessed many privileges, *e. g.* in disputed cases of duels, sailors' wills, and Christians cheated by Jews. *San Agustín* is a modern edifice, erected in 1750, and of no merit, although much more admired by the natives than these venerable piles, which they either degrade or destroy. *Santa Maria del Pi*, built in 1380, has a noble single nave, a rich portal, and fine tower. In the *Capilla San Miguel* is buried Antonio Villodomat, the only painter of whom cotton-spinning Catalonia can boast; born 1678, ob. 1756, the last ray of Murillo lighted on his pallet: his style is simple, his drawing correct, his colouring rich and natural. His works are seldom to be met with out of Barcelona, where they are but little appreciated. Few great towns possess fewer pictures than this rich mart of money-making cotton-spinners. The finest works of Villodomat, now at the Lonja, 20 in number, and representing the life of the tutelar, were placed in the noble cloisters of the Franciscan convent, burnt by the mob in 1835. These cloisters, when we saw

them, were also filled with curious tombs of the 12th, 13th, and 14th centuries; the sepulchres of the Aragonese royal family, which stood on each side of the altar, were destroyed by the constitutionalists in 1823. San Francisco is said himself to have visited this convent, and his cell was shown in a small *patio*, and inscribed "Cella Fratris Francisci de Assisi, anno 1211." In the *Colegiata Sta. Ana* observe the quiet cloister and sepulchre of Miguel Bohera; in *San Belem*, formerly the *Jesuitas*, a specimen of Italian masonry, are some rich marbles, some pictures ascribed to Villodomat, and the identical sword offered by Loyola on the altar of the Virgin at Monserrat.

The architect and antiquarian may examine among the public and private buildings the *Casa de Dusai*, Calle del Regomir; the rich *Patio*, with its classical pillars and sculpture, ascribed to Daniel Forment, is now a dyer's yard! In the house of the *Cardonas*, near the *Bajada de San Miguel*, is another fine *patio*. Observe also the staircase, the elaborate roof, the spiry pillars, window decorations, carvings, and coats of arms. The façade and *patio* of the *Casa Medina Celi*, is in rich plateresque; the house of *Gralla y Despla* (Calle Puerta Ferrisa) is of the 15th and 16th centuries. *El Palau, Calle dels Templaris*, belonged first to the Templars, and then became the palace of the wives of the Counts of Barcelona. The chapel was public, and marvellously endowed with indulgences, because the prow of the galley *Victoria*, in which Don John of Austria commanded at the battle of Lepanto, was placed there. The *audiencia* or *diputacion*, founded in 1365, was rebuilt in 1609 by Pedro Blay, in the Herrera style: the much-admired front is disfigured by square port-hole windows. Here the "Regente" or chief justice presides. The ceiling, and portraits of the Condes of Barcelona arranged in the court or *Sala*, deserve notice: here are kept the archives of Arragon, the finest in Spain; exceeding 8000 volumes, and coming down from the year 874. Thanks to

the industry and learning of their worthy keeper Don Prospero Bofarull, they are admirably arranged, and are mines of historical information: the original court-yard is preserved, with precious specimens of elegant Gothic work. The public is admitted to see the saloons on St. George's Day. The *Casa consistorial*, built in 1369-73, possesses an equally beautiful *patio*: observe the twisted pillars, the rich details of windows, doors, and the Doric façade of the front which overlooks the garden. The municipal archives are curious. The towers of the Bishop's Palace are said by some to be Phœnician, but they are more probably mediæval. Opposite *San Agustín* is an elegant Doric portal of the Herrera period. The *Aljama* or Jews' quarter extended from the *Plaza de la Constitucion* to the *Calle del Call*. The rich inhabitants were massacred and their houses destroyed in Aug. 1391, by the mob, instigated by San Vicente de Ferrer.

The Captain-General lives in the "*reial Palacio*," on its Plaza. The edifice was built by the city in 1444 for a cloth-hall, "*Halla des draps*," but in 1514, when foreign wars destroyed trade, this hall was turned into an armoury. In 1652 Philip IV. confiscated the building and, to punish the rebellious citizens, made it the residence of his viceroy; it was modernized by Roncali, an architect who laid many a heavy load on the Catalan soil. The modern spick-and-span new palace is in very poor taste. This *plaza* was much exposed to the bombardments of Sept. 1843, especially the *Casa Lonja*, or "Long Room," of the exchange, once a superb Gothic pile, and built in 1383; this gem was "beautified" in 1770 by the corporation, who employed a French architect, of whose improvements even the municipality were so ashamed that they pulled them down. The existing pile, reared in 1772 by Juan Soler, is heavy, has many façades, a Tuscan portal, and arched terrace; a noble Gothic-pillared saloon in the interior has fortunately been spared: the *patio* contains some second-rate marble statues of Europe, Asia, Africa, and

America, by Bover and Olive: the Neptune and dolphins of the fountain are by Traves and Sola, and the statues on the fine staircase, of Commerce and Industry, are by one Gurri. In the large saloon are a Laocoon and a statue of an *Aragonese* soldier, by Campeny, and two gladiators by Bover, but the whole lot are very ordinary. The frescoes in the *Sala de Sesiones*, the portrait of the Queen, and the other statues by Campeny, are not much better; indeed inside and outside everything bespeaks mediocrity of art, notwithstanding the gratuitous schools which are opened here, and the lectures which are delivered on the various branches of knowledge at the expense of the *Junta de Comercio*. Two rooms are set aside for a *museo*. Observe the paintings by Villodomat rescued from the destroyed convent of San Francisco, especially those portraying the Statutes, the Supper, and Sta. Clara; the glass of Water, and the Stigmata. The *Museo Salvador* contains a good Herbarium, and some Spanish swords of the rare *Perrillo* brand.

The adjoining *aduana* was built in 1792, by Count Roncali; here is the Tuscan again, and heaviness *ad nauseam*; the vexations its criticism entailed on the designer caused his death in 1794. Since the Norman-Gothic period, Barcelona, like Cadiz, has produced few eminent men. In early times the Jews were by far the most pre-eminent. Among men of literary merit may be cited Masdeu the antiquarian, and Capmany the political economist.

The Felucca-crowded port of Barcelona, opposite this plaza, is spacious; never good, as exposed to the S., it is subject to be choked up by deposits from the river. A mole, begun by the citizens in 1439, was carried away by the sea; they then employed, in 1477, an engineer, from Egypt, named Stacio, whose work, strengthened from time to time from the quarries of Monjuich, was improved in 1802, by one John Smith of Tarragona. During the Peninsular war, when the Mediterranean became an "English lake," the port being useless, was neglected and almost ruined. Some sums have since been

laid out in cleansing it. Here, Jan. 17, 1543, the first now so-called *steamer* ever made was launched, by Blasco de Garay, in the presence of Charles V., but his treasurer, one Ravago, opposed the invention, which fell to the ground. Touching this Spanish "invention," in real truth the rejected plan was simply to give motion to the paddles by "men," nor was steam ever dreamed of. The whole correspondence is preserved at Simancas. The unfounded claim was well known in Spain, but *Españolismo* kept up the cheat for the honour of *Nosotros*, who now call their steamers (built by the way in England), Blasco-de-Garays! In 1830, when English steamers first navigated the Guadalquivir, the time bills announced that "a mass was said before starting" in the dangerous, heretical locomotive.

There are no want of stone defences and fortifications. The port is guarded to the l. by the "*Ciudadela*" and the fort *San Carlos*. The former, destined to oppress, not to protect them, was erected in 1715 by the French under Philip V., as a Bastille to cage the wild Catalans and terrorize the citizens. In a military point of view it is of no great value, being commanded by Montjuich. The Bourbon, in order to erect it, razed 37 streets, 3 churches, and 2000 houses. The form is pentagonal, laid out after the system of Vauban. There is a spacious esplanade, barracks, and chapel inside, designed by Roncali, capable of containing 8000 men; but in 1808 garrisoned by only 20! This citadel, an abomination in the eyes of the town's folk, is a bridle in their mouths, and prevents the city's increasing to its full commercial growth: hence the constant attempts to pull it down. The *cortinas del Rey, y de la Reyna*, which face the town were demolished in Oct., 1841, when the municipality, having first promised Zabala to protect it, actually led the way in the destruction, each member carrying away a stone in triumph!

To compensate for the district destroyed by Philip V., one Pedro Cermeno was employed in 1755-78 by the Marques de la Mina to raise this new suburb called *Barceloneta*. The streets

run in straight lines; the houses are low and painted red, with a Genoese look, and tenanted by shipbuilders, dealers in marine stores, fishermen, and washerwomen. The church, San Miguel, is built in defiance of the beautiful exemplars of better times; and the worthless sculpture, by one Costa, is worthy of San Telmo, the Spanish marine tutelary. The tomb of the Marques, by Juan Henrich, is heavy, in spite of his portrait, in marble, and a flaming epitaph: "In acie fulmen, in aulâ flamen."

The eminence *Montjuich* defends and commands Barcelona to the rt. It was the *Mons Jovis* of the Romans; the *Mons Judaicus* of the middle ages, being the residence of the Jews; and some strangely-inscribed tombstones are yet to be seen underneath it. The present name may be derived from either of the former appellations. The tertiary reddish hill is approached by a fine zigzag road constructed by Roncali. The superb fortifications are very strong, shaped in an irregular pentagon, and well provided with cisterns and casemates. The panorama, with the prostrate city at its feet and mercy, is magnificent. In the War of the Succession this apparently inaccessible and impregnable fortress was surprised and taken, Sept. 14, 1705, by Lord Peterborough, one of the most brilliant feats of that chivalrous commander, the Don Quixote of history. This result of deep design and daring is now ascribed, by Spaniards, to "the accident" of a bomb falling on a powder magazine!! (Madoz, i. 590.) Meantime by some other accident it was surrendered to the French by Mina, Nov. 2, 1823, after only a sham-fight! The truthful details of Peterborough's feat, more romantic than fiction, and which entailed the conquest of Barcelona and the kingdom of Valencia, are given by Lord Mahon, in his 4th chapter of the History of that war. For the official documents consult Dr. Friend's Account, p. 46, 2nd ed. London, 1707; and Capt. Carleton's *Military Memoirs*, p. 96. London, 1728,—a work incorrectly attributed to Daniel De Foe.

Lord Peterborough was the bean ideal of a partisan leader and the spoilt

child of both Victory, Mars, Venus, and Minerva; generous, chivalrous, and eccentric, and fond of glory as a Nelson, no one ever better understood the Spaniards, and had his counsels been followed he would have placed the Archduke Charles on the throne; but he was thwarted by the incapacity of that dull Austrian, by the slowness of the Germans, and bickerings among the English. No sooner had he retired in disgust than things went wrong, and ended in the defeats of Almanza and Villa Viciosa.

It was from these batteries that Barcelona was bombarded in the "Lesseps" insurrection, 1842; and again in the *Pronunciamiento* of 1843. The *Atarazanas*, or arsenal below, were constructed by Jaime the Conqueror, for the royal navy, and finished in 1243. The foundry was added in 1378; a portion of it yet remains. It was much improved under Charles III. by one Mâriz, a Swiss. The rambling ill-furnished establishments and barracks cover a large space, and have been erected from time to time. The *Sala de las Armas* is more extensive than the usual supply of arms or ammunition in it; the heraldic arms of Barcelona are, or, 4 bars gules, with St. George's cross argent. These were the bearings of the old counts, and are said to have been assumed by Wilfred *el velloso* (he had hair on the soles of his feet): after a battle with the Normans he drew his bloody fingers over his shield—a truly soldier-like blazon; *crur horrida tinxerat arma*.

COMMUNICATIONS WITH BARCELONA, AND EXCURSIONS.

There is much talk of *railroads* to Tortosa, Pedralbes, and Zaragoza; meanwhile there are frequent public conveyances on the high roads which centre in Barcelona, while regular steamers ply up the coast to Marseilles in about 24 h., and down to Cadiz, touching at the principal maritime cities between each *terminus*.

No one should omit to make the excursion to the monastery *Monserrat* and the salt-mines of *Cardona*. Those proceeding to Zaragoza may secure

their places some 6 days beforehand, and having visited the salt-mines, strike off from *Manresa*, and take up the diligence on the high road at *Igualada*. Those going to France, and wishing to see the Pyrenean portion of Catalonia, may extend the excursion to Urgel, falling into the high road either at *Figuerras* or *Gerona*.

Monserrat by itself may be conveniently visited by going in one of the diligences to Madrid, setting down at the *Meson de la jumada*, 1 L. from *Esparaguera*; proceeding thence to *Colbato*, putting up at the *Postal nou*, or *Posada Nueva*, a comfortable inn kept by *Pedro Bacarisa*, a worthy man and excellent guide, who can procure Bengal lights for the *Cueva*, and donkeys and mules for the ascent to the convent (3 h.), and to the hermitage *San Gerónimo*, and other "lions;" returning to Barcelona by the same route.

ROUTE 46.—BARCELONA TO URGEL.

Molins del Rey	3	
Martorell	2	5
Monserrat	2	8
Manresa	4	12
Suria	4	16
Cardona	3	19
Solsona	3	22
Ollana	3	25
Orgañá	5	30
Urgel	4†	34†

This entire tour, full of interest to the naturalist, artist, and sportsman, can only be ridden. From Urgel it may be extended into the Spanish Pyrenees. As the accommodations are alpine, take local guides, and attend to the provend. The summer months are best for this excursion. The mountain roads are bad and intricate. In the plains a tedious communication is kept up by *galeras* and *carabas*.

The traveller should leave Barcelona by the *Puerta de Santa Madrona*, as the guns of Moujuich salute the rising sun; retrace the route to Molins del Rey (p. 407). At *Martorell*, Tolobris, *Posada de la Cruz*,—is a bridge over the *Llobregat*, which is attributed to Hannibal by the learned, and to the devil, as usual, by the vulgar. The pointed

centre arch, steep and narrow to pass, 133 feet wide in the span, is a work of the Moors; the triumphal arch is Roman: however corroded by time the foundations are perfect, and wrought with bossage masonry, as at Merida and Alcantara. There is much such another over the Tech, at Ceret, also ascribed to his Satanic majesty, the Pontifex maximus of the Peninsula. According to an inscription, this bridge at Martorell was built by Hannibal, 535 u.c. in honour of Amilcar. It was restored in 1768 by Charles III. After passing the river Noya, which flows down from Igualada into the Llobregat, the mountain skeleton Monserrat rises nobly out of its wooded base: the convent, with its cypresses and gardens, is soon seen in the mid-way height.

Esparraguera, 6 L. from Barcelona, Pop. 2500, is a dingy, dirty town, of solid houses in a pleasant, healthy valley. The window ornaments and fine projecting-roof soffits are quite Arragonese. The celebrated sulphur-baths of *La Puda* are close by, and most picturesquely situated. The high road to Zaragoza keeps to the rt. through *Colbato* and *Bruch*: at the latter site the Catalan peasantry first defeated the French. Schwartz was sent, June 5, 1808, by Duhesme to terrorise Manresa, where the standard of Catalan resistance had first been hoisted. The blundering Swiss lost a day at Martorell; thus time was given for the *somaten*, or tocsin, to be rung, and the armed peasantry collected, headed by a merchant named Francisco Riera, when Schwartz, taking fright at a drummer-boy's tattoo, and fancying that he was met by regular troops, fell back when he ought to have advanced. The Catalan *guerrilleros*, called *Somatenes*, from this bell, were always renowned for the unwarlike warfare of *border foray*; for such is the meaning of another of their names *Almogavares*, frontier soldiers, Arabicè *Ghawara*; others derive the Catalan word from *som attentis*, we are ready; the answer given to the summons at each house, *viâ fora*, come forth.

From *Colbato* proceed under the care of

Pedro Bacarisa up the mountain, which after all is the grand object, although the Convent, the cradle of Jesuitism, is now laid in ruin; more so indeed than the evil spirit hatched in that den.

The extraordinary mountain is called *Monserrat*, quasi "Mons Serratus," *Πεινωτος*, and it is, indeed, jagged as a saw. The legends say that it was thus rent at the moment of the crucifixion. It rises an isolated grey mass, chiefly of pudding-stone, being some 8 L. in circumference. The pinnacles range about 3800 feet high. The outline is most fantastic, consisting of cones, pyramids, buttresses, nine-pins sugar-loaves, which are here jumbled by nature in a sportive mood. Justly, therefore, did the convent bear on its seal a cluster of hills, crowned by a saw, a crosier, and a mitre. More than 200 different plants grow here. The box-trees are magnificent: from these the monks carved spoons, which, stained red, were sold to the lean pilgrims to assist digestion, and as nothing eaten out of them ever disagreed, such spoons might grace a lord mayor's feast. On the Virgin's day, Sept. 8, sometimes 3000 people went up to her shrine. The Catalans believed that this high place was selected as the throne on earth for the queen of heaven and angels. No wonder the monks, as says Risco, writing in 1774 (E. S. xxviii. 43), became the Virgin queen's "own regiment, and the hermits her advanced sentinels and skirmishers;" nor had the Evil One, until the French invasion, the slightest chance.

There are many ascents, all easy, and fitted for monastic corpulence and inactivity, but the roads to convents and places of pilgrimage have always been made smooth in Spain, while commerce toiled as it could on rough mules and over rougher roads. As the heights are gained, the views become more extensive, sweeping over the sea to Manresa and the Pyrenees. Here and there, perched like nests of the solitary eagle, are the ruins of former hermitages, burnt by Suchet's troops; the extensive convent is placed under a tremendous rocky screen, on a sort

of esplanade, overlooking the Llobregat, which flows deep below. The ride from Barcelona takes from 10 to 12 h. As we reached the portal the vesper-bell of the monk, and the distant gunfire booming from Monjuich, told that the sun had set, and that another day was numbered with the past. We were hospitably received by the monks, who had a range of buildings to lodge pilgrims gratuitously. Now reform has swept away both monk and welcome, although a sort of indifferent accommodation is to be had for the male sex only, being paid for, from the scanty inmates, who show the present abomination of desolation. Bring your provend.

The entrance of the old edifice, with some crumbling sepulchres, ruined cloisters, gardens, walks, are overrun with nettles. At the portal was once a hospital with cordials ready for sick bodies, and a shop for the sale of beads and amulets for the comfort of weak souls. Moreover, as above all the building rocks rise of a terrific perpendicular, a mass was always said to the Virgin to prevent their falling on the convent, which a portion once did, and destroyed the infirmary: the chapel is now sadly desecrated. The *Retablo* was carved by Esteban Jordan; the magnificent *Reja* is by Christobal de Salamanca, 1578. On this site (see the mural inscription), in 1522, Loyola watched before the Virgin, previously to dedicating himself to her as her knight, and the founding his order of Jesuits: he laid his sword on her altar, which is now preserved in *El Belem* at Barcelona.

The pilgrim now stands in front of the "Great Diana" of the Mountain; the miraculous image itself was made by St. Luke, and brought to Barcelona in the year 50 by St. Peter. At the Moorish invasion in 717 the Goths hid it in the hill, where it remained until 880, when some shepherds were attracted to the spot by heavenly lights and singing angels; thereupon the bishop of Vique, guided also by a sweet smell, found the image in a cave, but as it refused to move, a chapel was built over it, where it remained 160 years. A nunnery was

then founded, which in 976 was converted into a Benedictine convent. The image rested on the primitive altar nearly 700 years, until a new chapel was built in 1592, to which it was removed, July 11, 1599, by Philip II. in person: there it remained until 1835, when the convent was suppressed, and it was brought down. It is rudely carved out of dark wood, and holds the child in its lap. "None, however," says the '*Compendio*' (p. 28), "can dare to look at it long," and the monks, in dressing and undressing it, always averted their eyes (Villafane, 355): so the radiancy of Hecate's image dazzled all beholders (Pliny, xxxvi. 5). Equally brilliant were its dresses and trinkets, which rivalled those of Delphos of old; for the pious endeavoured to conciliate a female intercessor by those gifts which are most agreeable to the sex, forgetting the lowly simplicity which formed the sweet essence of the blessed Virgin when alive; however, the favours which the image bestowed here in return were commensurate with the rank of the donor and the value of the present: thus to Margaret, daughter of Charles V., it bowed its head. So the pagan statue of Memnon, in Egypt, *twice* saluted Sabina, the wife of Adrian. Blessed souls frying in purgatory were got out to a dead certainty, if their living relations only caused masses to be said before it and paid for (Comp^o 101). Thus, in 1740, the soul of Pedro Coll, a day-labourer in life, and transported in death for 14 years to fire and brimstone, was rescued, and appeared visibly, "like a piece of burnt toast" (Comp^o 106). Night and day lights blazed before the graven image, in 74 precious lamps, which the pious French removed as positively pagan.

The grand miracle was the most ancient of all, but this is usual, for in proportion as the people were ignorant, grosser cheats were palmed upon them by the cunning monks: thus how poor and flat is modern hagiography when compared to the rich and truly golden legends of old Voragine! The legend of Montserrat runs thus: Towards the end of the 9th century the devil entered

the body of Riquilda, daughter of Wilfred *el velloso*, so the father sent her to Juan Guarin, the hermit of the Virgin's cave, who was renowned for expelling the Evil One. The temptation was too great; and in one moment the exorciser cancelled a chastity of a century's duration. The dread of discovery of his first crime led to the perpetration of a second, and he next cut the throat of his violated victim, and fled to Rome. There the pope ordered him to go back on all fours, and never to look up until pardoned by Heaven. Juan became a *borras*, a grazing monk, until the hair on his body grew thicker than even on the shaggy count's foot sole. He then lost the use of speech, and became altogether an orang outang. Thus, in the poetical mythology of the ancients, the cup of Circe, *i. e.* brutal sensuality, converted man into a beast. At last Wilfred, when out hunting, caught him, and transported him into a zoological den, where he remained the full term of 7 years, when a voice from heaven told him to look up; he did so, and, as in a fairy tale, at once recovered his human shape, senses, and sainthood. Guarin now led the count to the mountain, where Riquilda re-appeared alive, with only a red rim on her throat, which, according to Villafane, (p. 357), was like a necklace *de grana*, and rather becoming than otherwise. Some Catalan theologians contend that her virginity was miraculously restored, which, if true, is the only instance even in Spanish legends, and impossible, according to the great doctor of their church; for St. Jerome wrote thus to his female disciple Eustoquium:—"Cum omnia possit Deus, suscitare virginem non potest post ruinam;" and so Pliny (ii. 7) held, that the only power of Olympus over the past, in such cases, was oblivion. Be this as it may, at all events, our Riquilda became the first abbess of the convent. Other historians are satisfied that Juan also was innocent, and that the devil, who had assumed his form, was deceived by an imaginary Riquilda, which the image of the Virgin had made out of a cloud, just as Ixion was

deceived by a nebulous Juno. Those who have read the 'Guardian' (No. 148) will find all this miracle forestalled by the Orientals in their Santon Barsisa. Compare also the Italian legend of S. Giovanni Boccadoro (12mo. Lucca, 1823), and Mrs. Jameson's luculent account in 'Legendary Art' (ii. 317). But for what true Barcelonese believers believe consult the authorized 'Historia verdadera de Juan Guarin,' 4to. Barcelona, 1778.

The curious may collect some of the early catalogues of the miracles worked by the *Virgen de Monserrat's* image, which were printed for pilgrims, and sold by the monks. Monserrat had been the Subiaco of Spain, and the press from whence some of the earliest works issued in the 15th century. The most authentic is the '*Libro de la Historia y Milagros,*' compiled by Pedro de Burgcs, abbot from 1512 to 36. We possess the black letter edition, Barcelona, 1550, in which only 288 miracles are reported. They increased so daily that new editions were called for in 1605, 27, and 71.

For fuller and authentic history consult '*Compendio Historico,*' Juan de Villafañe, fol., Mad., 1740, p. 349; the '*Coronica*' of Antonio Yepes, vol. iv.; and the '*Compendio Historico,*' Manuel Texero, Barcelona; and *Esp. Sag.* xxviii. 35; and for the legend of Quarin, the different editions of the '*Historia de la Perla,*' Argaiz, Barcelona, 1511, 92, 1627.

A morning should be devoted to scrambling about the mountain, and examining its geology, botany, and picturesque scenery. The hermitages were once 13 in number; each was separate, and with difficulty accessible. The anchorite who once entered one, never left it again. There he lived, like things within a cold rock bound, alive while all was stone around, and there he died, after a living death to the world, passed in solitude without love, the torture of Satan, according to Sta. Teresa; yet these cells were never vacant, being sought for as eagerly as apartments are by retired dowagers in Hampton Court. Risco says that there were always a dozen expectants waiting in

the convent the happy release of an occupant. Each hermitage had its name, and some were appropriate, such as the *Magdalen* and *San Dimas* the good thief. To be a hermit, and *discipulo*, that is, left to live after his own fashion, exactly suited the self-willed self-isolating Spaniard, who hates discipline and subjection to any superior.

The invaders came here often, not indeed as pilgrims; they owed a grudge to Monserrat, because the monks had afforded an asylum to their countrymen clergy who emigrated in 1792. In the *Lettres de Barcelona*, Paris, 1792, p. 123, a "*Citoyen*" deploras the reception given here to the *Parti Prêtre*, and enlarges on the sacred plate, eyeing it with a philosophical reflection, "how well it would melt;" a hint which was afterwards duly acted on. The Monserrat hill was fortified by Eroles; but Suchet, in July, 1811, soon gained the height, when his soldiers amused themselves with hunting the hermits like wild goats in the cliffs, and, having butchered them, proceeded to the convent, plundered the altars, hung the monks, robbed even the poor pilgrims, and burnt the fine library. By the loss of this "Holy Hill" and strong place of refuge all the stores and arms provided by England for the Spaniards were in reality furnished to the enemy, while the moral injury was greater, as the prestige of the Palladium was sapped, and the superstitious Catalans believing that the Queen of Heaven and their *Generalisima* had deserted them, surrendered to the invaders: a Southern people may, indeed, be animated by the promise of supernatural assistance; and the religious stimulant may operate as brandy and double rations do with Northerners; but when Juno, Hercules, and stocks and stones fail, despair is the natural re-action,—*aide toi, et le ciel t'aidera*.

All now is desolation. Visit, however, the rock-walled garden, with the deep river below—climb up to the *Cueva* and to the crumbling hermitages of Santa Ana and San Benito, not forgetting *La Roca estrecha*, a singular fissure; the highest is the San Geronimo. Here the eve sweeps over Catalonia, spread out

below as a map; yet lofty as these sites were, the armed man toiled up to "rob the hermit of his beads," and injure his grey hairs. These retreats satisfied the Oriental and Spanish tendency to close a life of action by repose, and a hope to atone for past sensualism by mortification. These true papal soldiers minded not the cowardice of running away from the battle-brunt, when the real Christian buckles tighter on his armour, to fight the good fight, remaining in the world but not of it, to meet and conquer the difficulties. This Spanish retreat to the cowl was also a necessary recoil of a system in which the physical predominates over the intellectual; for when office, command, and occupation are gone, when age diminishes powers of usefulness and enjoyment, there is nothing to fall back on, no escape from the laborious lassitude of having nothing to do: hence these abodes of penance which offered a new excitement when old stimulants ceased to act, never wanted a tenant, since in all ranks, habits, and intellects, many always have been and are to be found, eager to withdraw, youth, love, and war being at an end, from the drouth, tumult, glare, and weariness of the world, to fly from the fleshpots of Egypt, and to shelter themselves under the shadow of the great rock. This *desengaño* or disenchantment, this finding out the "stale, flat, and unprofitable" vanity of vanities of this world's cheat, is peculiarly Spanish, and has led thousands into solitude—often of the best society—to contemplate calmly the approach of death, and prepare for it as it approached nearer. Woe to him who too late repents! Thus the empire and ambition sick Charles V. retired to Yuste, and bartered crowns for rosaries away: indeed, those who had been the most eager to obtain worldly greatness, were the first to renounce it when acquired, as if their fierce joy of the pursuit were buried in the grave of possession. Many, doubtless, were less sincere, and hid, under the mask of retirement and contempt of the world, their wounded vanity and disappointed ambition. The self-love and pride of the Spaniard pretends to

every thing; and where failure is the result he endeavours to salve it over by putting forward any excuse but that of self-unworthiness. Many, no doubt, who had waded through gore to foreign conquest, and through perfidy to place and power, fled to these solitudes from their cankered heaps of strangely achieved gold to cleanse their bosoms from the perilous stuff, and to wash their hand from the blood and soil of manhood. To some, these retreats were indeed the only safe asylum, except the grave, from the execrations and revenge of mankind. Such hearts may indeed be broken, but like the shivered ice or crystal, are never to be warmed or softened; they could not escape from themselves, nor get rid of their indwelling companion—the worm that never dies. Yet these lonely crags, and their unspeakable solace of solitude, were most congenial to all really wounded spirits: here the earth was at their feet, while their hopes and affections were set on things above. Thus they parted in peace, weaned from the world,

“to mourn o'er sin,
And find for outward Eden lost, a Paradise
within.”

Nor can anything be more impressive than the *Religio loci*, which these mountain retreats inspire, *presentiorem conspicimus deum*. Oh, crafty Vatican! deep fathomer of the wants and weakness of human nature, how thy wise framers have provided a *tabula post naufragium*, a *senectutis nidulus*, things wanting to our hastily-constructed refugeless Protestantism, which rejects rather than woos approach, which appeals to our strong head and cold reason, not to the broken heart and warmest feelings! The roofless cells are now untenanted; the works of pious men are swept away; all is ruined save the mountain-masonry and the sunsets of nature. They are indeed glorious: down to darkness goes the orb of fire, and his last rays gilding the ruins enhance the melancholy sentiment, where

“No godly Eremité,
Such as on lonely Athos, now is seen
Watching at eve upon the giant height
Which looks o'er waves so blue, skies so serene.”

From the convent to *Manresa* is a picturesque ride of 4 L.; the descent is alpine, amid rocks, pines, and aromatic shrubs. After entering a vine-clad country the road ascends the *Llobregat*: at *Castellgalí*, near its junction with the *Cardener*, is *La Torre de Breny*, a fine Roman monument, the origin and object of which are unknown, for the interior evidently was never destined for habitation: the masonry is solid and well preserved. Observe the frieze and cornice richly adorned with flowers and scrollwork, and two lions in the act of pouncing upon a human figure. *Manresa* soon appears: it was the Roman *Minorisa* and capital of the *Jacetani*: the *Posada del Sol* is very comfortable. *Manresa*, the central and one of the most picturesque cities in Catalonia, is the chief town of its fertile well-irrigated district: it contains 13,000 busy cloth-making souls, and a *Seu*, which, without being a cathedral, is in dignity higher than a *colegiata*, being presided over by a *Pavorde*, a dignitary equal to four canons. *Manresa* was the first to ring out the *Somatenes*—the tocsin bell—after Murat's butcheries at Madrid on the *dos de mayo*: hence *Duhesme*, *el Cruel*, twice sent his incendiaries *Schwartz* and *Chabran*, who were both repulsed at *Bruch*; but March 30, 1811, Marshal *Macdonald* came in person with the torch, and set the example, by firing his own quarter, riding to a height to enjoy, like *Nero*, the “beautiful sight.” More than 800 houses, with churches and manufactories, were then burnt; nor were even the hospitals spared; and in vain the physicians produced to General *Salme* the actual agreement, signed by French and Spanish commanders, that the asylums of suffering humanity should be sacred. The sick were torn from their beds, the wards sacked and burnt; “many patients were butchered, and even children in the orphan asylum infamously abused.” See for historic details, *Southey* (28), *Toreno* (xv.), and *Schepeler* (iii. 402), *Madoz* (xi. 187). But the perpetrators met with their reward, for the *Somatenes* and peasants, when they beheld the face of heaven reddened with indignation at this blood

and incendiarism, rose in arms, and the invaders fled, losing many in their retreat (Nap. xiii. 4). The Catalan knife avenged *Manresa*, and the blackened ruins yet remain a silent but crying record of the past, and a warning for the future; but Macdonald began this trade early at Frosinone, where he massacred the inhabitants, and burnt their bodies with the timber of their own homes.

The *Seu* is a noble church, although the invaders smashed much of the superb painted glass, overturned the pulpits, and made the chancel a cavalry barrack. The edifice is built of a brown stone with a fine belfry-tower and open crown-like termination; the exterior of the *Coro* is divided by Gothic niches and painted with bishops and saints in a coarse fresco. The high altar, with its jasper crypt chapel, and the usual Saracens' heads under the organ, repeat the Barcelonese type. The font is very elegant: observe the tomb of Canon Molet and that of a dying monk in the cloisters; notice the rose window and painted glass with the Ascension of the Virgin: the rich red and blue colours are splendid. *Manresa* is a quaint, picturesque, scrambling town, with tortuous streets and old-fashioned houses. The views are charming; from the narrow old bridge the cathedral rises grandly above gushing cascades of the Cardener, amid ravines, rocks, gardens, cypresses, walls, and Prout-like buildings.

The *Cueva de San Ignacio* is the great lion, and the view from the esplanade is glorious. The jagged *Monserrat* towers in the distance, from whence the Virgin smiled continually at the Jesuit saint while doing penance in his cave. The convent built over it is of the bad period of 1660, with Ionic decorations—clumsy angels and corrupt architecture. The portal of the *Cueva* was, however, left unfinished in consequence of the expulsion of the Jesuits. The cave is lined with marbles and poor sculpture, by Carlos Grau: observe at the altar the saint in this cave writing his book, and his first miracle, the saving a boy's life from a well, at the bottom of

which, no doubt, truth still dwells; the pulverised stone of this cave is given in cases where we prescribe James's powders; here also is his crucifix, from whose wounds blood streamed forth, a common occurrence with the graven images of antiquity (Livy, xxii. 36, et passim).

Ignacio Loyola, born in Guipuzcoa in 1491, began life as a soldier, and was wounded by the French during the siege of Pamplona in 1521. He was cured by St. Peter, who came down from heaven on purpose (Ribad. ii. 387). During his illness he so pored over the lives and legends of saints, that he went mad, as Don Quixote did by perusing chivalrous romances. He determined on a spiritual knight-errantry, and set forth to teach a religion to others of which he knew nothing himself, and, first, did penance a year in this cave, the Virgin having actually reconceived him (Ribad. ii. 408). After dedicating himself to her at *Monserrat*, he collected a few disciples and proceeded to Rome to ask for Papal permission to found his society, our Saviour "appearing to him in person, to promise his assistance."

Loyola, an enthusiast, yet sincere, became a tool in the hands of the crafty Diego Laynez, Xavier Salmeron, and of *Acqua Viva* especially. He it was who put forth the *Exercitatorium*, the manual of ascetic treatises, said to be revealed to Loyola by the Virgin herself: but these Exercises were almost a reprint of an older work of Garcia Cisneros, which was bought up in consequence by the Jesuits. This trio composed the truly Spanish code, the *disciplina arcani*, or constitutions which embody the principle of the mystery of iniquity: these, which it was given out were corrected by the Virgin herself, appealed to the sympathies of Spaniards, the then dominant people of Europe, and were based on the old Castilian military and monastic obedience. "They enlisted soldiers into the camp of Mary," to combat against civil and religious liberty, which the Bible translated by Luther was giving to mankind. Their object was to up-

hold Popery, not Christianity, and thus to govern mankind through religion; they purposed to revive the crusades, to restore to the tiara in the new world what it was losing in the old. They created unscrupulous agents; their education was the teaching men *not* to think; they required a slavish obedience of the intellect, and left the understanding without freedom, the heart without virtue. As printing, which gave wings to the Bible, was shattering the fabric of the Vatican, the Jesuits monopolising the lever of education became missionaries abroad, tutors, and teachers of the rising youth at home, and thus not only disarmed knowledge of its power, but made it minister to its own suicidal destruction, and become a tool for the carrying on that implacable, exterminating contest, which Rome has ever warred, wars, and will war against all civil and religious liberty. Accordingly the active, intellectual Jesuits infused a new life into the fat indolence of the monastic system. They raised cheerful, gorgeous temples, and abjured the gloomy cowl and routine of the cloister, now getting obsolete. Men of this world rather than of the next, they adopted a purely mundane policy, of the earth, earthy. They professed to secure the salvation of all who would only implicitly trust to them, and thus removed heavy responsibility, which depresses the soul, and placed it on velvet: their redeeming merit, according to Brillat Savarin, was (after colonizing and civilizing the new world) the discovery of the turkey and its introduction to the truffle; but gastronomy owes everything to the church.

Their nomenclature and regulations were also military. The order was a "compania," a *company*, the *standard* was "a material heart bleeding, and crowned with thorns." They were *commanded*, not by a Prior, but by a "General." Loyola, an old soldier, knowing what incumbrances females were in a fighting well-disciplined camp, urged the pope to decree that there never should be Jesuit nuns. Bad faith—*nulla fides servanda est hereticis*—and an insatiable lust for spiritual

and temporal power, and the axiom that the end justifies the means, were their principles. The shrewd old man of the seven hills saw the value of his new and most exclusive allies, his "own" regiment, his personal body-guard; for the Jesuits were subject to no diocesan jurisdiction, but to him alone, so they were constituted by a bull in 1540. The order rapidly extended. Loyola having been the "general" of his legions for 15 years, died July 31, 1556, aged 63, and was canonized by Gregory XV., March 12, 1622. It has been calculated that the Jesuits' property in Spain, under Charles III., exceeded three millions sterling: quiet and gentle as doves, and cunning as serpents, they were too deep to offend by the ostentation of their power, and were satisfied with the reality.

Loyola, who laid his iron sword on the altar at Monserrat, gave a more powerful weapon to Rome: there was its handle, while its point was everywhere. The subtle Jesuits soon became too mighty for kings, and even popes; and the order was annulled July 21, 1773, by Ganganelli. The Jesuits were expelled from Spain March 31, 1767, under circumstances of singular Punic perfidy and Iberian cruelty. How Aranda managed this coup d'état with Charles III. is detailed by Blanco White, 'Doblado Letters,' p. 445. Yet Jesuitism, it has been said, may feign death, but it never really dies; its immortality is secured in the weakness of human nature.

No school of art ever painted the Jesuit like that of his own country: Roelas gave to the life the stealthy grimalkin courtier, while Ribalta, the imitator of Sebastian del Piombo, took the Schidoni look of these "men in black from under the ground;" his favourite subject was the sepulchral vision of Loyola, when the Saviour appeared to him bearing his cross, bidding him go to Rome and be of good cheer, *Ego vobis Romæ propitius ero*. Loyola assumed for the costume of his order the usual dress worn in Spain by the secular clergy, which consists of a black gown and a huge hat, a

yard long, turned up at the sides. It is the dress of Don Basilio in the Marriage of Figaro; none, however, can understand the fine arts of Spain, as connected with the Jesuits, without reading the church-authorized life of the founder. '*Vida del Santo*, Nieremberg,' Mad. 1636, 3rd ed. There are many others; one by H. L. Ortiz, fol., Sevilla, 1679; and another by Fr^o de Matos, fol., 1718.

For *Manresa*, consult *Epitome Historico de M.*, Juan Gaspar Roig, 4to., Barcelona, 1694; and of its saints by Juan Gemes, 8vo. 1607.

Those who only intend visiting the salt-mines at *Cardona*, must allow 2 days from *Manresa* to go and return; then they may ride to *Iguatada* to take up the diligence, leaving *Montserrat* on their l. hand: a guide is necessary. Passing through the straggling village of *Guardiola*, amid vines and pine-groves, the track winds sometimes along the beds of streams, at others over a Scotch-looking country. The peasantry are poor and laborious; the farm-houses solid. Quitting the miserable *Odena*, with its marble rocks and polygonal tower, we reach the high road to *Aragon*, through which the *Zaragoza* and *Barcelona* diligences pass at the clean town of *Iguatada*, and the mule may be abandoned.

The route from *Manresa* to *Suria* runs through a wild country, where pine-trees are mingled with vines. *Suria*, an ancient-looking, unwhite-washed town, rises on a hill over the *Cardener*, whose stream and valley is passed through, until, ascending a stony rise, *Cardona* appears, with its castle towers, long lines of fortifications, straggling houses, cypress gardens, and arched buildings. The celebrated and inexhaustible mine lies below, to the l., before reaching the bridge. An order, always granted, is necessary from the steward of the Duke of *Medina Celi*. The mine is an absolute mountain of salt, emerging in a jagged outline, nearly 500 feet high, and a league in circumference; it differs from the mine at *Minglanilla*, as being on the surface: these are the αλις ἄρματα mentioned by Strabo (iii.

219). The salt pinnacles shoot forth from a brownish earth, like a quarry of marble dislocated by gunpowder. The colours of these saline glaciers vary extremely, and are brilliant in proportion as the weather is clear. When the sun shines they look like stalactites turned upside down, and are quite prismatic, with rainbow tints of reds and blues. It seems a *Sindbad* valley of precious stones. Some of the grottos look like fairy cells, lined as it were with preserved fruits, sparkling with crystallised sugar. There is a peculiar mixed colour, which is called *arlequino*. Visit the *fuera mico*, the hole of the squirrel, said to be a mile in depth. The miners make little articles of this salt, as is done with the fluor-spars in Derbyshire, which never liquefy in the dry air of Spain.

Crossing the *Cardener* by a good bridge, we ascend to *Cardona*—*Ubeda*—a steep town of some 2500 souls. *Posada del Sol*, good. This strong hill-fort was never taken by the French: thus in 1711 it beat back Philip V.; and again in Oct. 1810 it baffled *Macdonald* and his incendiaries, who fled, harassed by the infuriated peasantry. It has a gothic *colegiata*, dedicated to *San Vicente*, in which are some sepulchres of *Ramon Folch* and his wife, whose ancient but now degraded palace yet remains. Observe the carvings of the organ 1608, and a *Virgin* by *Vilodomat*, at the high altar. The citadel contains the chapel where *Ramon Nonat*, one of the greatest of *Catalonian* saints, died. He is the tutelary man-midwife of Spain, and divides practice with the *Cinta* of *Tortosa*. He is called *Nonat* because, like *Macduff*, he was "from his mother's womb untimely ripped," *non-natus*. Thus born in 1198, he became a monk, was called *el Santo fraile*, and made a cardinal by *Gregory IX*. He also cured women who were beaten by their husbands; and having one rainy day given his red hat to an old beggar, the *Virgin* appeared and offered him a chaplet of roses, which he ungallantly declined, thereupon the Saviour came in person to give him his own crown of thorns (*Ribad*, ii. 603). He died at

Cardona, in August 1240, the angels attending his couch. In spite of the hot weather, his body for 15 days afterwards perfumed the whole castle. A quarrel now arose as to who was to have and keep his precious remains, which was thus settled by King Jaime: He ordered the fragrant corpse to be put on the curate's blind mule, and to remain for good wherever the animal might deposit it. In these times, when the possession of a relic attracted pilgrims and pious benefactors, such a sure source of income was always a bone of contention among the local clergy; again mules and asses constantly play an important part in Spain, being judiciously called in as arbitrators, although it only occurred to the wag Aristophanes to *imagine* such an appeal (Ran. 159), as a ludicrous comparison, *οὐκ ἄγνω μυστηρία*.

The blind mule being laden with Don Ramon, proceeded with its burden, the church bells ringing of their own accord as it passed, which Spanish bells often do or did (see Velilla). It rested at Portell, the place where he was *not* born, and there the body now is. A convent was forthwith founded, and was much visited by pious females, who constantly returned cured of barrenness. Thus Nonat both removed sterility and facilitated parturition. Benedict XIII., a Catalan, who had no objection to help a local legend, and thus do a little *empeño* or Spanish job, canonised him in 1414. More ample details will be found in his church-authorized biographies, by Pedro Merino, 4to., Salamanca, and Fr^o. G. Fanlo, 4to., Zaragoza, 1618. The saints Celeterio and Hemeterio who lie in the crypt of *San Miguel*, are also much relied upon here.

The sportsman and lover of wild nature may now push on to the mountains. Take a guide and fill the *alforjas*, as these alpine recesses are rarely visited save by the smuggler. The Llobregat abounds in trout. Advancing, therefore, we reach *Solsona* (the old *Setelix*), made a bishopric in 1593 by Philip II. Towards *Urgel* the plains are fertile in fruit and corn; to the N. the hills and woods abound

in game. *Solsona*, the capital, rises above the Riu Negre. Pop. 2000: placed in the heart of the hilly country, it has long been head-quarters in turbulent times, and the scene of sundry bush-fightings in the earliest struggle. The square old castle, with its round towers at the angles, on an eminence commands the town. The Gothic cathedral of the 11th century was burnt by Macdonald in Oct. 1810. The principal portal, finished in 1769, contained a statue of the Assumption of the Virgin; and the *Capilla de Nuestra Señora del Claustro* was the holiest of the chapels. The episcopal palace built for Bishop Sala in 1779, by one Francisco Pons, has the façade towards the Plaza overdone with pilasters and ornaments. The traffic of *Solsona* is in iron, and the women, like most in Catalonia, are industrious knitters. Leaving *Solsona* we cross the *Salada*; this brackish trout river falls into the beautiful Segre, whose stream and valley is now ascended to *Urgel*: rising in France, it flows down the valley of *Puigcerdá*, under the rocky spurs, to *Urgel*, and thence by the plains on to *Lérida*. At *Oliana*, on the Segre, in its hill-girt basin or *cuenca*, the roads to *Urgel*, *Barcelona*, and *Lérida* branch off: here is a good bridge, and another at *Orgañá*, half-way between *Solsona* and *Urgel*: near this the rocky gorge narrows, and the river has forced a most romantic pass, which is spanned by 3 alpine bridges—*Los tres puentes, dels tres Ponts*.

Thence to *Urgel*—the *See*, or bishopric, is a most ancient see, founded in 820; it lies below the Pyrenean spur, between the sweet rivers *Valira* and *Segre*, which, distilled from their mountain alembic, unite, the former coming down the Swiss-like valley of *Andorra*, of which the bishop of *Urgel* is entitled the sovereign prince. The town is commanded by the citadel on the height, *Las Horcas*, or "Gallows Hill;" its governor beat back the French in 1794, by whom, in revenge, the city was terribly sacked. The plains below, the granary of Catalonia, are irrigated by a canal planned by Juan Soler. This intricate country is

always the heart and centre of Catalan outbreaks. Here the Royalists took up the cause of Ferdinand VII. in 1822; here Romagosa long held out against Mina, who, trained to exterminate the French, now tried his hand against his countrymen. This *Seo* again, in 1827, became the head-quarters of a Carlist insurrection against the same Ferdinand VII. because he was getting too liberal, which the *Conde de Espiña* extinguished in a deluge of blood. This adventurer of French origin rose during the Peninsular war, nobody exactly knowing how; not that he behaved over well, for his misconduct at Salamanca and Ciudad Rodrigo saved the French from utter destruction. Cunning enough afterwards to make Ferdinand VII. his polar star, he served him through fair and foul with the implicit obedience of the old Spaniard; he obeyed to the letter the king's private orders, while he treated with contempt those of his ministers. During his patron's life he was an absolute autocrat in Catalonia, well fitted by his iron rule to keep down that stiff-necked turbulent province. At the king's death he served Don Carlos, his successor, with equal zeal, and then upheld the very cause which a few years before he had put down; but *mas pesa el Rey que la sangre*. He himself was thus murdered at last. His head-quarters were at *Urgel*, while those of the provincial Junta were near *Berga*, 10 L. S.E. Oct. 26, 1839, he quitted *Berga* to attend this Junta at *Avia*, distant 1 L., where he was well received by his own aide-de-camp, Brigadier Mariano Orteu, and by the curate Ferrer, who, at a given signal, shot him with a pistol. The wounded man was then bound on a mule and dragged about until Nov. 1, when they took him towards the frontier, telling him that he was going to be set free "*en su país*," in his own country, in France; then his former friend, Orteu, came up and shot him, the Conde exclaiming, "Ah Mariano!" The body having been sportively stabbed by the knives of the rest of the company, and tied with stones, was thrown into the Segre, over the *Puente de Espia*, near

Orguñá. It however floated up, and was buried by peasants at the *Collada Nargo*, the curate Ferrer having returned to *Berga* to assure the Conde's partisans that he had seen him delivered safely in France—*cosas de España!* These classical scenes of civil contention again, in 1838, witnessed sundry bush-fightings between the Carlist *guerrillero* Tristani and the regular Christianist general De Meer.

From *Urgel*, a central point, many wild and picturesque passes lead over the Pyrenees into France; the shortest ascends the Segre.

ROUTE 47.—URGEL TO MONTLUIS

Puente del Bar	2½
Bellver	2½ .. 5
Puigcerdá	3 .. 8
Llivia	1 .. 9
Montluis	3 .. 12

This charming river and mountain ride seems made for the artist, angler, and sportsman. The Segre runs up to the *Garganta*, or gorge enclosed between the S. W. tail of the Canigú spine and the Carol to the N., which is generally called the *Corregimiento de Puigcerdá*. The valley of *Cerdaña*, *Cerretania*, is bounded S. by *Berga* and N. by France. Like many of these limitrophe Pyrenean districts it became independent soon after the Moorish invasion in 731. After long struggles against its neighbour the county of *Cerdaña* merged in 1196 with *Barcelona*, and was divided by the peace of the Pyrenees in 1669, when France obtained a portion, pushing down her territory on the S. or Spanish slope of the mountains, just as the Spaniards retain the N. slope in the *Valle de Aran*, and both in defiance of geographical inclinations. *Bellver*—*Pulcher Visus*—as its name implies, a place of beautiful Swiss-like views, with some 650 inhabitants, is built on a scarped hill over the Segre, with an old ruined castle, a collegiate church, and a custom-house. *Puigcerdá* is the chief town, the head of Spanish *Cerdaña* (pop. 1900), built in the valley, where the Raur and Arabó unite with the Segre: the trout are fine, and the shooting wild and excellent, especially

the *Cabra Montaraz*, or Bouquetin. It has a *Colegiata* and a charming walk, and is a frontier garrison town, and has witnessed the horrors of border warfare. *Llivia*—Julia Libica—although within the French boundary, is a Spanish town. Here Santiago first preached the Gospel to the Jews of Spain. Pop. under 1000. It is prettily situated under its ruined castle, and near the source of the Segre, with a handsome Parroquia. *Llivia* was once an episcopal town, but the cathedral was entirely destroyed in 732 by the Moors. *Monthuis*, Mont Louis, is the French frontier citadel, built on a conical hill by Vauban in 1684, in order to command the narrow but easy and much-frequented pass (see Handbook for France). At *Planes*, near Monthuis, is a church, said to be Moorish, earlier than Charlemagne, and certainly not later than the 10th centy. The second and central pass is by the *Valle de Andorra*.

ROUTE 48.—URGEL TO TARASCON.

San Julian	3
Andorra	3 .. 6
Soldeu	3 .. 9
Hospitalet	3 .. 12
Tarascon	6 .. 18

This, a bridle-road to *Soldeu*, is afterwards carriageable. The pastoral and picturesque valley of *Andorra*, a jumble of hills, enclosed on all sides by the Pyrenean spurs, extends about 7 L. long by 6 broad, and is bounded by the French and Spanish ridges, by *Puigcerdá* to the S. and E., by the Comté de Foix (départ. de l'Ariège) to the N., and by the Corregimiento of Talaru to the W. Watered by the Balira, Ordino, and Os, it is one of the wildest districts of the Spanish Pyrenees, abounding in timber, which is floated down the Balira and Segre to Tortosa. The name *Andorra* is derived from the Arabic *Aldarra*, "a place thick with trees," among which is found the *Cabra Montaraz*, with bears, boars, and wolves. This valley, ceded in 819, by Louis le Débonnaire, to the Bishop Sisebut, has maintained a sort

of independence between France and Spain. Geographically considered, the district ought to belong entirely to France, to which it is subject in civil matters, being in spirituals under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Urgel, a sort of Prince Bishop in a phantom palatinate, and nominal republic. The species of President is called the *Veguer*. Full particulars will be found in Madoz (i. 288), as also of the working of France and Spain in their tenancy in common. The whole republic may be some 37 m. in extent by 30 wide, E. and W.: the Pop. about 5000, either pastoral peasants, smugglers, or rude forgers of iron, who look in this picturesque country like devils in paradise.

The chief town was originally at *San Julian*, where a stone cross marks the site; the present one stands with a good bridge on the *Balira*, and the town of *Andorra* suffered much during the civil wars both from hostile attack and suspension of commerce. To the rt. are the heights, and the old Moorish castle of *Carol*, a name derived from *Carolus*, Charlemagne. The *Puerto* is carried over the *Col de Puig Marins*, thence to Hospitalet (see Handbook for France, R. 97). Those who wish just to go into France will find *Saillagouse* one of the best of the mountain villages; the wild rocky scenery to the hamlets *Porta* and *Poste* is quite *Salvator-Rosa*-like.

The varied excursions from *San Julian* are full of alpine charms. *Escaldos* is an irregular picturesque hamlet, with a fine trout-stream, a water-power to the rude iron forges; the ore is brought from *Carol*. The hills around the rich alluvial basin of *Andorra* abound in pine-forests, which afford fuel; nothing can be prettier than the distant views of the villages, embosomed in woods: at *Mont Melons* are three lakes, enclosed by lofty and fantastic walls of rock. Leaving *Escaldos*, proceed up the valley of *Embailire*, either to *Canillo*, or more circuitously by the *Val de Arensel*, entered by a beautiful gorge, and then pass by the narrow defile to *Urdino* and *Ariège*. A broken ridge separates *Urdino* and

C millo, where is a curious old church. Thence on by miserable *Solden*, beyond which is the frontier line, and by Port de Framiquel, a wild region of Flora, to Ax, in the sweet valley of the Ariège, in France. The traveller will take a local guide, and attend to the provend.

ROUTE 49.—URGEL TO BONAIGUA.

Castelbó	2
Romandrin	2 .. 4
Llaborsí	3 .. 7
Tirvia	1 .. 8
Esterrí	3 .. 11
Valencia	† .. 11†
Meson de Bonaigua	1† .. 13

This is the western route by the *Puerto de Aran*. Ascending the pretty Ordino is *Custellbó*, with 250 inhabitants. *Romandrin* is a poor place in the heart of the hills. At *Llaborsí*, a hamlet of iron-workers, is a good bridge over the *Noguera Pallaresa*, which here is joined by the *Cardos*. *Tirvia* is a better village, with 400 Inhab. *Esterrí*, like all these places, is a mountain dwelling of hard-working peasants. *Valencia* has nothing in common with the voluptuous city on the sunny coasts: it is cold and cheerless, and constantly covered with snow, whence the name *Vul de Nea*. Its *Puerto* is frequently impassable. From thence we descend into the *Valle de Aran* (see Index). The whole of this route is savage and alpine, and devoid of accommodations.

ROUTE 50.—URGEL TO GERONA.

Fornols	2†
Juxent	1† .. 4
Bagá	4 .. 8
Lillet	2† .. 10†
Candebanol	2† .. 13
Ripoll	2 .. 15
Valfogona	1† .. 16†
Olot	2† .. 19
Mieras	2† .. 21†
Bañolas	2† .. 24
Gerona	2 .. 26

The country is wild and broken to *Fornols* and *Bagá*, which is situated on the *Bascareí*, a tributary of the *Llo-*

bregat. *Izaak Walton* himself could not wish for a prettier district than this whole ride to *Pobla de Lillet*, a place on the *Llobregat* of some 1200 souls, which the angler may make his quarters. The peasants are hard-working and simple, and the women, as all over *Catalonia*, indefatigable knitters. The *Llobregat* flows through the hamlet; near it is a round temple dedicated to *San Miguel*, said to be one of the 8th centy. The angler may hence, skirting the hills, visit the river *Fresné*, or *Fraser*, at *Ribas*; and then fish in the *Ter* to *Camprodon*, a frontier town of 500 Inhab., sacked by the French in 1639, and again Oct. 5, 1793. Hence the traveller may cross the *Puerto* into France to *Pratz de Mollo*, and proceed up the valley of the *Tech*, 8 m. to *Arles*. Now the *Canigá*, rising almost isolated from the *Pyrenean* chain, spreads forth its spurs like a fan, and soars a real mountain 9141 feet above the plains of *Roussillon*; the ascent is not difficult. From *Arles*, after reaching the top, whence the views over sea, river, mountain, and plain are superb, descend and sleep either at the forge of *Valmania* or even at *Prades*. Leaving *Arles* you pass by the old watch-tower of *Bateres*, which looks over the valleys of the *Tech* and *Tet*; there breakfast; then proceed through pine-woods and *rhododendrons* to the summit (see *Hand-book* for France).

Those who continue in Spain may descend the *Llera* from *Camprodon*, which falls into the *Fluvia* below *Castellfolit*. *Ripoll* (Pop. some 950) was nearly destroyed in the civil wars, which much injured the magnificent *Benedictine* convent built in the 10th centy. by the *Abbot Oliva*, and an *Escorial* from the 9th to the 12th centys. Here rest the early counts from *Wilfred el Velloso*, *Mir*, *Suñé*, *Sinofredo*, *Borrel II.*, *Ramon de Berenguer*, &c.; the particulars of the tombs are detailed in *Yepes* (iv. 218), there is talk of preserving them in a *Museo*: the cloister is very curious, especially the *romanesque* capitals. Below the town the *Fresné*, or *Fraser*, runs into the *Ter*; thus *Ripoll* may well be called *Rivis*

Pollens. The valley is charming: the Ter in its course to *Vique* flows near Roda and Amer, through some narrow and very picturesque rocks; but into what lovely and secluded seerets of nature does not trout-fishing conduct us! This stream is apt to be either too low or too full of snow-water. Basalt-built *Olot* is a manufacturing town of 9000 souls, placed between the Fluvia and the volcanic hill *Montsacopa*, which is of great geological interest. Other craters exist on the *Mont Olivet* and *el Puig de la Garrinada* to the N.E., at *Bosch de Tosca*, and a league distant at *Santa Margarita de la Cot*; as the whole district is volcanic, the intermediate plains, *Plá Sacot* and *de la Davesa*, should be explored. The *Sopladores*, under the hill *Batét*, are cool currents which blow out of the porous lava, and used by the natives as refrigeratories.

Six L. from *Ripoll* and $6\frac{1}{2}$ from *Olot* is *Vique*, *Vich*, *Ausona*, a *ciudad* and the capital of its temperate and fertile hill-girt plain: ancient *Ausona*, according to native annalists, was founded by *Auso*, son of *Briga*, grandson of *Noah*. The modern name *Vich* is a corruption of *Vicus*, a Roman town razed by the Moors and rebuilt in 798. Many Roman antiquities have been from time to time discovered and neglected; some inscriptions are preserved in the *Esp. Sag.*, xxviii., which treats of this diocese. The city is placed in the centre of its district, on a slope; the environs produce corn and fruit, and a bad wine: pop. about 10,000, partly manufacturing and agricultural; their sausages are excellent, especially the *longanizas*. The irregular town branches out like a spider's web from a centre group; it has a pleasant *rambla* and an arcaded plaza, and a prison in the ancient tower of *Moncada* of the 10th centy. The see, a bishopric restored in 880, in 970 was raised by *John XIII.* to be the metropolitan of Catalonia; this dignity reverted to *Tarragona* in the 11th centy., after its reconquest from the Moors. The cathedral, rebuilt in 1038 by the Bishop *Oliva*, has been modernised; it contains some bad pictures and a fine *Custodia*, 1413,

with some books in the cloister library. Observe singular pillars and capitals, the work of *Berengario Portell*, of *Gerona*, 1325. *Vich* was repeatedly sacked by the French, and near it, Feb. 20, 1810, *Souham*, by one dashing French charge, put 14,000 Spaniards to instant flight, their General *E. O'Donnell* leading the way to the mountain hides.

Barcelona is $12\frac{1}{2}$ L. distant from *Vich* by *Tona*, $1\frac{1}{2}$ L., which is joined to *Colluspina*, and has on its hill a ruined castle, and an ancient church, founded in 888. *Centellas*, or *Santa Columa de Centellas*, 1 L., is said to have been so called from the Goth *Chintila*, who here built a strong fortress, now a ruin; the place, like *Aigua Freda*, 1 L., is built on the *Congost*. Thence 2 L. to *La Garriga*; 2 more to *Granollers*, Pop. 2200, near the rivers *Besos* and *Congost*; observe on the plaza the *cobertizo*, supported by pillars; 2 L. off in the pine-clad hills is *Codinas*, with its *piñones*, and petrifying cascade: hence to *Moncada* 3 L., under its hill, which is separated from *Reizach* by the *Besos*; the ferruginous baths are much frequented: here the *Gerona* high road is entered, and 2 L. more lead to *Barcelona*. *Hostalrich*, on the high road to France, lies 7 L. S. from *Vich*: the cold *Monseny* ridge is crossed near *Arbusias*, where, on the hill *San Sagismundo*, the fine amethysts are found which decorate *Catalan* earrings; the shooting here is excellent. At *Olot* the road branches off to *Gerona*, 7 L., by *Mieras*, and also to *Figueras* by *Besalú*.

ROUTE 51.—BARCELONA TO
PERPIÑAN.

<i>Moncada</i>	2	
<i>Montnaló</i>	2	4
<i>Llinas</i>	2	6
<i>San Celoni</i>	3	9
<i>Hostalrich</i>	2½	11½
<i>Mallorquinas</i>	2	13½
<i>Gerona</i>	4	17½
<i>Bascara</i>	4	21½
<i>La Junquera</i>	3	24½
<i>Al Boulou</i>	3	27½
<i>Perpiñan</i>	4	31½

This, the upper road, is by no means so pleasant as that which runs by the

coast, Rte. 42. The country to Gerona, by both roads, is densely peopled, and the manufacturing hive is in perfect contrast with the silent, lifeless Castiles and central provinces; we seem positively to be in another planet. This corner of the Peninsula has from time immemorial been exposed to the invader, who, whether Celt, Gaul, Roman, Goth, or French, have ravaged it in their turns: under the reign of terror of Duhesme *el cruel* and Augereau, the air was poisoned by the putrefying bodies of peasants, executed without even the form of a trial (Toreno, xi.). The road is carried under the cold Monseny range, amid a wild pine-clad broken country; on the heights of *Llinas*, *Vives* and *Reding* ventured, Dec. 16, 1808, to oppose St. Cyr, who was advancing on Barcelona, after the capture of Rosas, which Vives had not even attempted to prevent. The Spaniards were completely routed, Vives running away on foot, Reding on horseback; and yet, in this hilly broken country, by a proper *guerrillero* and defensive warfare, the French, driven to great straits, might have easily been cut off in detail.

HOSTALRICH, once the most important fortress on this high road, was taken by the French in 1694, when the town was sacked, and the fortifications ruined, repaired afterwards, in Feb. 1810 they were held by Julian de Estrada for 4 months against Augereau, the garrison at last cutting out its way, and getting safely to Vich: Augereau vented his spite by torturing and burning alive many of the left behind (Schep. i. 256).

ROUTE 52.—BARCELONA TO GERONA.

Badalona	2
Mataró	3 .. 5
St. Pol	2½ .. 7½
Tordera	3 .. 10½
Granota	24 .. 13
Gerona	24 .. 15½

A railroad from Barcelona to *Mataró*, some 15 m., is the first ever laid down in Spain, thanks to the aid of Hercules

Britannicus, for no where previously did carts stick in deeper ruts than in commercial Catalonia; nature, however, was bountiful enough, and this coast-line is truly delightful—a constant interchange of hill and plain, with the blue sea on one side and the rich maritime strip on the other, a sunny scene, where the aloe hedges the garden-farms of orange and lemon with impenetrable palisade; the cottages are neat and clean. There is little here of Castilian poverty or idleness: on all sides the women are knitting, the labourers delving, and the fishermen trimming their picturesque craft. Occupation renders all happy, while industry enriches, and these charming districts continue to be what they were of old described by Fest. Avienus (Or. Mar. 520), *Sedes amœnæ ditium*.

Badalona, Bethulonia, on the Besos, near the sea, contains about 5000 manufacturing, busy, and amphibious souls. The ancient *parroquia* is built on Roman foundations, but few antiquities found here have been ever preserved. The coast is charming, dotted about with pines, and sweet groves tenanted by nightingales, and filled with fruit and corn, with the sweet blue sea gladdening the eye and tempering the summer heats. *Mataró*—*Illuro* (*Inns, Posada de las Diligencias—Meson de la Fuerte*)—rises on the sea, surrounded on the land side by verdurous gardens. The hermitage *S. Mateu* and the Moorish tower *Barriach* on their heights form landmarks for ships. Elevated to the rank of a *ciudad* since 1701, it contains 13,000 busy, industrious souls, and is increasing. The port is capable of much improvement. The town, of an irregular shape, has two good *plazas*, a well-managed hospital, and a fine spacious *parroquia*, with 6 pictures by *Viladomat*, in the *Capilla de los Dolores*; 5 represent the Saviour bearing the Cross, in different phases of agony; the Santa Veronica and Virgin, on blue and white drapery, is worthy of *Murillo*. The oldest church is *San Miguel de Mata*, whence some derive the city's name, and explain the armorial bearings, or 4 bars gules, a hand holding

a sprig, *Mata*, with the word *Ró*. The chief street is *La Riera* (the river, *Rambla*); the well watered town has a tortuous old, and a more regular new, quarter: in the former the better classes reside, while the operatives and sailors people the latter. The marine suburb is connected with the upper by *las Escaleras*. The principal approaches, both from Barcelona and Gerona, are handsome streets. Mataró has at last recovered the terrible sacking by Duhesme, June 17, 1808; he was quartered for 2 months here, and received as an ally and a guest. On quitting he repaid the hospitality by bloodshed and pillage. Southey (viii.) and Toreno (iv.) give the details. Duhesme pursued his road to Gerona, "a red trail of fire and blood marking his progress" (Schep. iii. 227). This man, known here as *El Cruel*, was sent to his account at Gemappe, while skulking away after Waterloo.

At *Catilla* the road turns inland, and the country becomes more broken and less cultivated. *Gerona* rises above the *Ter*, exposed indeed to the north winds, but overlooking a sunny, well-irrigated plain; placed by its military position in the very jaws of every invader, at no period has it escaped sieges, nor have the fierce natives shunned the encounter. Their wild district has always been the lair of the bold bandit and *Guerrillero*, unchanged since the days of Festus Avienus (Or. Mar. 528):

" Post *Indigetes* asperi se proferunt,
Gens ista dura, gens ferox venatibus
Lustrisque inherens."

Ferocity is indeed inherent; but with the vices they have the rude, hardy virtues of uncivilized mountaineers.

Gerona, *Gerunda*, is of most remote antiquity: the diligence inn is the best. Some derive the name from Geryon, who kept oxen near Cadiz, exactly the most distant, and most unlikely point: others contend for the Celtic *Ger*, near, and *Ond*, a confluence; and it is placed near the junction of the *Ter* and the *Ona*. These matters are discussed in the '*Resumen de las Grandezas*,' Juan Gasper Roig y Yalpi, fol. Barcelona, 1678, and in the *Esp. Sag.* xliiii. iv. v. Gerona boasts

Spain.—I.

to be the first town in which Santiago and St. Paul rested when they came to Spain; which neither did. While in the possession of the Moors, and placed between France and Spain, like other limitrophe districts, it sided alternately with each, and generally with the former. It was taken in 785 by Charlemagne, the "heavens raining blood, and angels appearing with crosses" (*Esp. Sag.*, xliii. 74). The Moors regained and sacked it in 795. It was soon recovered by its "Counts," and then, passing to Aragon, gave the title of Prince to the king's eldest son. Of the Moorish period there remains an elegant bath in the Capuchin convent, a light pavilion rising from an octangular stylobate.

Gerona, a *ciudad*, well-built and massy, Pop. about 8000, is the capital of its district, the see of a bishop, a *plaza de armas*. It lies under the fortified Montjuich hill, is of a triangular form, with streets narrow but clean, and has 3 *plazas*: the *Mercadel*, or suburb, parted off by the *Ona*, is very ancient. The city is much dilapidated from the French siege and bombarding; it bears for arms, or, the 4 Catalan bars gules, and an escutcheon of waves azure. The see was founded in 786 by Charlemagne. The early cathedral was pulled down and rebuilt in 1316; in 1416 a dispute arose whether the bold plan by Guillermo Boffy of one nave should be changed into 3: a jury of 12 architects was summoned, who decided on the single plan. *Cean. Ber.* (Arch. i. 92, 261) has printed all the deliberations, which evince the serious consideration with which these mighty works of old were reared. The approach is magnificent, and, as at *Tarragona*, a superb flight of 86 steps, raised in 1607 by Bishop Zuazo, leads up to the façade, which is in the Græco-Romano style, rising in tiers, order above order, and terminated with an oval rose-window: from the square belfry the panorama is beautiful. Before entering, look at the *Puerta de los Apostoles* and the terra-cotta statues of 1458. The interior, with its semi-circular absis, is simple and grandiose. The *Silleria del Coro* is of the early part of the 16th century: observe the epis-

9). This Creux, afterwards archbishop of Tarragona, headed the Carst and servile party, and died in 825.

Gerona, in the War of the Succession, made a desperate resistance with 600 men against 19,000 troops of Philip V., who abolished its university and all its liberties. In June 1808, Gerona, garrisoned with 300 men of the 11st regiment, under O'Daly, beat off Duhesme, *El Cruel*, with some 6000 men: he returned with fresh forces in July, boasting that he would arrive the 14th, attack the 25th, take it the 26th, and raise it on the 27th; but he was baffled and beaten off again by that marine gadfly Lord Cochrane. Not daring to go near the sea, Duhesme retreated, Aug. 16, by the hills, pursued by Caldagues, and lost his cannon, baggage, and reputation. At that critical moment 10,000 English troops were ordered from Sicily, and, had they landed, Buonaparte could never have won Catalonia. Unfortunately the loss of the island of Capri by Sir Hudson Lowe enabled the French to threaten the potterer Sir John Murray, and the troops did not sail. The Catalans were thus left unassisted, and thereby this province and Valencia were lost. The English only interfered on this coast when too late, and then were led by bunglers only to do worse than nothing. (See Biar, Ordal, Tarragona, &c.)

Gerona was again besieged in May, 1809, by the French with 35,000 men, under Verdier, St. Cyr, and Augereau. The governor Mariano Alvarez, left by the Junta in want of everything, even of ammunition, was brave and skilful, and well seconded by some English volunteers under the gallant Col. Marshall, who took the lead and was killed in the breaches: Pearson, Nash, and Candy also distinguished themselves. The women of Gerona also enrolled themselves into a company, dedicated to Santa Barbara, the patroness of Spanish artillery. The enemy bombarded the city—the resistance was most dogged—general after general failed, and the siege became so unpopular that Lechi, Verdier, and others took French leave. At last

famine and disease effected what force of arms could not. Alvarez became delirious, and with him Gerona fell; for Samaniego, his traitorous successor, forthwith capitulated, and the place fell December 12, 1809. The defence lasted 7 months and 5 days, against 7 open breaches. The French expended 60,000 balls and 20,000 bombs, and lost more than 15,000 men. Augereau broke every stipulation, and insulted the invalid Alvarez, instead of honouring a brave opponent, confining him in a solitary dungeon, where he was soon “found dead,” say the French—“poisoned,” says Toreno (x. Ap. 3); and Southey compares his fate to that of Wright and Pichegru. Helies buried in San Feliu in a simple sarcophagus. This gallant but unavailing defence, like that of Zaragoza and Cuidad Rodrigo, redeems the scandalous surrenders of Badajoz, Tortosa, &c., by the traitors and “children in the art of war” of the Blake, Imaz, and Alache breed.

For the siege of Gerona consult ‘*Memorias*,’ J. A. Nieto y Samaniego, Tarragona, 1810, and Madoz, viii. 378.

La Bispal lies 5 L. to the l. of Gerona. Here, in September 1810, Henry O'Donnell, aided by English tars, took the ever unlucky blunderer Schwartz prisoner with 1200 men.

From Gerona there is a bridle-road to the l. into France.

The rugged alpine frontier of the Pyrenees is indeed threaded by infinite tracks and passes made by the wild goats and smugglers; it will always be prudent to take a local guide and a *contrabandista* if possible: attend also to the provend. The large map of the Pyrenees by Arrowsmith is useful.

ROUTE 53.—GERONA TO ST. LAURENT.

Bañolas	2
Besalú	2 .. 4
Entreperas	3 .. 7
Basagoda	2½ .. 9½
St. Laurent	1½ .. 11

Turning to the rt. from *Besalú* the road ascends the Llera, on which *Entreperas* is placed. *Basagoda* communicates with Camprodon by the Coll de Fac, and is the last town in Spain.

ROUTE 54.—GERONA TO PERPIÑAN.

Bascara	4
Figueras	3 .. 7
A la Junquera	3 .. 10
Al Boulou	3 .. 13
Perpiñan	4 .. 17

On leaving *Gerona* the Fluvia is crossed by a high and narrow bridge. On these banks Ferdinand VII., travelling under the title of Conde de Barcelona, was restored to Spain, March 24, 1814, by Buonaparte, whose pride had too long obscured his military judgment. Had he taken that step sooner Ferdinand would have been another apple of discord to the English, against whom the cortes and priests were plotting; again, by withdrawing Suchet's army, Buonaparte would have had greater means to resist the victorious Duke when invading France; but Spain was invaded by perfidy and bad policy, and poetical justice required that it should be his pit. Ferdinand came back attended by his tutor, Escoiquiz, who had lured him in 1808 into the Bayonne trap. Pédant and pupil both returned as Spanish as they had gone forth—nothing learnt, nothing forgotten. The Duke, however, thought better of the king than of his ministers. He also foresaw the termination of the impracticable cortes and constitution, and (Desp. Sept. 5, 1813), felt certain "that if Ferdinand should return he would overturn the whole fabric, if he has any spirit:" and as he did, nothing loth, and urged on by the nation, which, sick of petty tyrants, fled from liberales and democrats to the throne. Ferdinand was well disposed, and meant and wished to have acted fairly, but it was impossible, as his party was too strong for him, and clamoured for Iberian *Venganza*. He fell also into the worst hands, and especially Freire and Ballesteros, his war ministers, who prejudiced him against the English, and especially against the Duke, falsely stating that he patronised a liberal newspaper called *El Conciso*. Thus, when the Duke arrived at Madrid, Ferd. VII., although outwardly very civil, never touched

on political subjects. The Duke was very nearly being obliged to go and lodge at his brother's house, when a hint was given by Gen. O'Lawlor to the Duque de San Carlos, and a proper residence was provided; nor did the king, although the Duke would have liked it, ever offer to give him a permanent house there in his quality of grandee. The Duke saw at once how things were going on, and passing through Tolosa on his return, told Gen. Giron, "c'est une affaire perdue," and he was right.

Figueras, Ficarís, *Fonda del Comercio*, a straggling place, rises in its rich pine-dotted plain of olives and rice; all are busy here, the men with spades, the women with the needle, while nightingales cheer their work. Pop. about 8000. Here the traveller should exchange his Spanish money for French, or his French for Spanish, as the case may be, remembering always that five-franc pieces, or the pillared *duro*, are the safest coins to take. Those who now enter Spain for the first time should read our preliminary remarks on money, passports, sketching, costume, &c., and may remember that Barcelona is a capital place for a Spanish outfit. In the parish church Philip V., November 3, 1701, was married to Maria Luisa of Savoy. The glory of *Figueras* and her shame is the superb citadel, which is called *San Fernando*, having been built by Ferdinand VI. Pentagonal, rock hewn, and planned on the principles of Vauban, of truly Roman magnificence and solidity, as far as art can go, it ought to be impregnable. The arsenals, magazines, &c., are capable of containing ample garrison stores, &c., all usually found "wanting in the critical moment." In the prison, Alvarez, the hero of Gerona, was "found dead," although Augereau held no coroner's inquest on the body. Gen. Castaños marked the spot by an inscription. The fortress, thus placed as a central point of communication, is the key of the frontier, or ought to be; for well did Mr. Townshend observe, in 1786, while it was in progress of building, "When the moment of trial comes, the whole will

depend on the *weakness* or treachery of a commander, and, instead of being a defence to the country, it may afford a lodgment to the enemy;” and his prophetic apprehensions proved too well founded. The miserable governor, one Andre Torres, surrendered, November 28, 1794, at the first summons of the republican Gen. Perignon, who, having under 15,000 men, could scarcely believe their success, or the astounding cowardice of a garrison which had every means of resisting even 60,000 men for at least six months.

Again, March 18, 1808, this citadel was gained at once by Buonaparte, whose agent, Duhesme, pretending to be the ally of Charles IV., prevailed on the governor, one Prats, to confide in his *honour*, and to imprison therein 200 unruly conscripts; instead of whom he sent his picked soldiers in disguise, who immediately overpowered the Spanish garrison, inefficient in numbers, and unprovided with the commonest means for defence: so true is the Spanish remark—this fine citadel always belongs to us in the time of peace, and to the French in time of war. It is in fact a *faiblesse* not a fortress, an expense to be kept up in peace, and in war a stronghold for the enemy. The position itself is ill chosen, from the constant fevers which decimate the garrison: no canal has yet been made to Rosas, by which these pestilential districts might easily be drained.

Strong as it is, yet *Figueras* was recaptured in one hour, April 10, 1811, by Rovira, a doctor in theology! who, having friends in the town, had long wished to attempt its surprise, but was thwarted by the blundering *regular* generals, who laughed at the idea as a Quixotism, a *Rotirada*: the doctor, with some peasants, succeeded from sheer boldness of conception and execution. The careless French governor, Guyot, was condemned to death for form's sake, and a theatrical scene was got up, when Buonaparte pardoned him. All this French farce is bepraised by Napier (xiii. 6), who deals gently with his idol's subsequent cruelty to the

brave Spaniards. Rovira was rewarded by preferment in the cathedral of Vich, a common practice at that period. *Figueras*, thus taken by the theologian, was as quickly lost by the regular general, the blunderer Campoverde, who, while creeping—*socorros de España*—to its tardy re-supply of troops and provisions, was met, May 3, by General Baraguay d'Hilliers, who, with some 4000 men, by one dashing cavalry charge, completely routed 10,000 Spaniards, killing 900, and taking 1500 prisoners.

Figueras, left to itself, besieged and bombarded by 13,000 Frenchmen, was gallantly defended by the governor, Martinez, who, after nearly 5 months' resistance, when all food and ammunition failed, capitulated (Aug. 16) on honourable terms, all of which were violated by Macdonald. After sundry executions the brave garrison was marched half-naked to the hulks of Brest and Rochefort, and there compelled by Buonaparte to work like convicts. (Southey, Chr. 38). The locality is one of rivers and hills, most of which are crowned with old frontier towers and hermitages. The inhabitants, Pyrenean highlanders, are fond of their local dances, the *contrapas* and *sardana*, as of fives, *la pelota*. The flannel mantilla of the women, *la capucha*, and the stick, *garrot*, of the males, are remarkable.

Leaving *Figueras*, the road, after passing the Llobregat, reaches *La Junquera*, in its *reedy* plain or *garganta* between the hills. From the quantity of *esparto* which grows here, the site was called by the ancients *Campus Juncarius*, and also “the plain of Marathon,” from *μασπатар*, a rope (Strabo, iii. 240). Here is the Spanish *aduana*.

Now we ascend the mountain barrier of the Pyrenees, and passing, by rough and picturesque stages, mid rocks and cork trees, over the *Col de Pertús*, descend to *El Boulou*. The height looks over Spain and France, which the Rubicon Tech separates. To the l. above the village *Pertús*, is the picturesque fort of Bellegarde, raised in 1679 by Louis XIV. to prevent the passage of the Spaniards, and guard his

newly acquired slice of dominion. Placed on a conical hill between 2 ridges, it is strong although commanded by the Spanish height, from whence there is an extensive view looking towards Figueras and the snow-capped soaring *Canigu*. On this *Puerto Pompey* erected a monument inscribed with the names of 876 places which he had subdued. Cæsar, when he also passed by, having vanquished the generals and sons of this conqueror, raised an altar by the side of the former trophy. Nothing now remains of either. *Sic transit gloria*.

Soon the appearance of the semi-soldier French douanier, the rigorous searchings of trunks, nay persons, and the signing of passports, announce another kingdom. Then adieu hungry Spain, charming land of the original, racy, and romantic, and welcome *Belle France*, chosen country of most unpicturesque commonplace, and most poetical cookery. But the comfort of a good dinner, good road, and good carriage is indeed unspeakable, after having declined the word "rough it," in all its tenses; oh, dura tellus Iberiæ!

ROUTE 55.—FIGUERAS TO ROSAS.

From *Figueras* there is a wild and picturesque riding route into France, along the coast of the Gulf of Rosas. On one side *Castellon de Ampurias*, now a miserable ruined fishing hamlet, is all that remains of the ancient commercial Emporie, Emporium, *Ἐμπορίου* *Ἐμπορίου*. This colony of the Phœcean Greeks from Marseilles, founded 550 B.C., became the rendezvous of Asia and Europe. It traded then in linen as now in calico. The Iberians beheld these foreign settlers with great jealousy, and after many contests came to a singular compromise: the Greeks were allowed to occupy the island rocks *las Metas, Medas*, but their city, *Paleopolis*, was divided from the Iberian town by a party wall, which was regularly guarded as in a case of siege, all

intercommunication being cut off. The Romans, when Spain was conquered, broke down the barrier, and united the two portions under their paramount authority. The mint was very busy, and the coins have survived the city, as 30 have been discovered, all of which bear the head of Minerva on the reverse (Florez, 'M.' ii. 409). For ancient details consult *Livy*, xxxiv. 9; *Strabo*, iii. 241; and *Esp. Sag.*, xlii. 202. The Goths used *Emporiæ* kindly, and raised it to a bishopric. The strong town resisted the invading Moors, and was by them dismantled; it was finally destroyed by the Normans, and the sea, by retiring, has completed the injuries of man.

Rosas, 2½ L. from Gerona, with its long street of white houses, and placed on the upper part of the bay, was the Greek *Ῥόδω*, Rhodos; the old town, it is said, lay towards the headland, at *San Pedro de Roda*. Below the town is the citadel, which was besieged, Nov. 1794, by the French under Perignon, and gallantly defended by Isquierdo, who, when his inadequate means were exhausted, managed, Feb. 3, to embark and save his garrison. The defences, half-ruined, were never repaired, as is usual in Spain and the East; accordingly, when the next war broke out, this important key to the coast, and of *Figueras*, was left exposed to the mercy of the enemy. Attacked, Nov. 1808, by 7000 French under Reille, Souham, and St. Cyr, it was gallantly defended by O'Daly and Fitzgerald, who had good Irish blood in their veins: it held out for 29 days, surrendering Dec. 5. Meantime no effort was made by any Spaniards to relieve this important maritime place, as a base for operations, with the Mediterranean open; and had it been held, the French would with difficulty have overrun Catalonia, which, in fact, is the key of *Figueras*; nay, when the English afterwards would have repaired the defences, they resisted the offer, suspecting that they were going to keep it for themselves. Lord Cochrane, however, who commanded the 'Impérieuse,' on the 25th, just threw some 80 blue jackets into the

headland fort, which the religious Spaniards called *La Trinidad*, and the more æsthetic French *le bouton de rose*. These tars played such pranks with their cutlasses as only British sailors, rendered reckless by uninterrupted victory, can venture to practise. They beat San Narciso and his Gerona Spanish flies hollow, and on the 30th repulsed 1000 of the enemy. The "mere" name of Cochrane, however, *El coco*, the bugbear) was enough to inspire terror to the enemies of Eng-

land all along the coast. Rosas and its defences were reduced to ruin by Suchet, a fate to which this frontier fort has immemorially been subject.

Crossing the headland and passing the *Cabo de Creus*, the site of the temple of Venus and her promontory, a wild coast-road leads by Cervera to France and *Porte Vendres*, *Portus Veneris*, where the steamers touch in their passages to and from Cadiz and Marseilles.

END OF PART I.

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Abbreviations:—Sp. Spain, Spanish, Spaniards. E. England, English. M. Moors, Moorish.
F. France, French.

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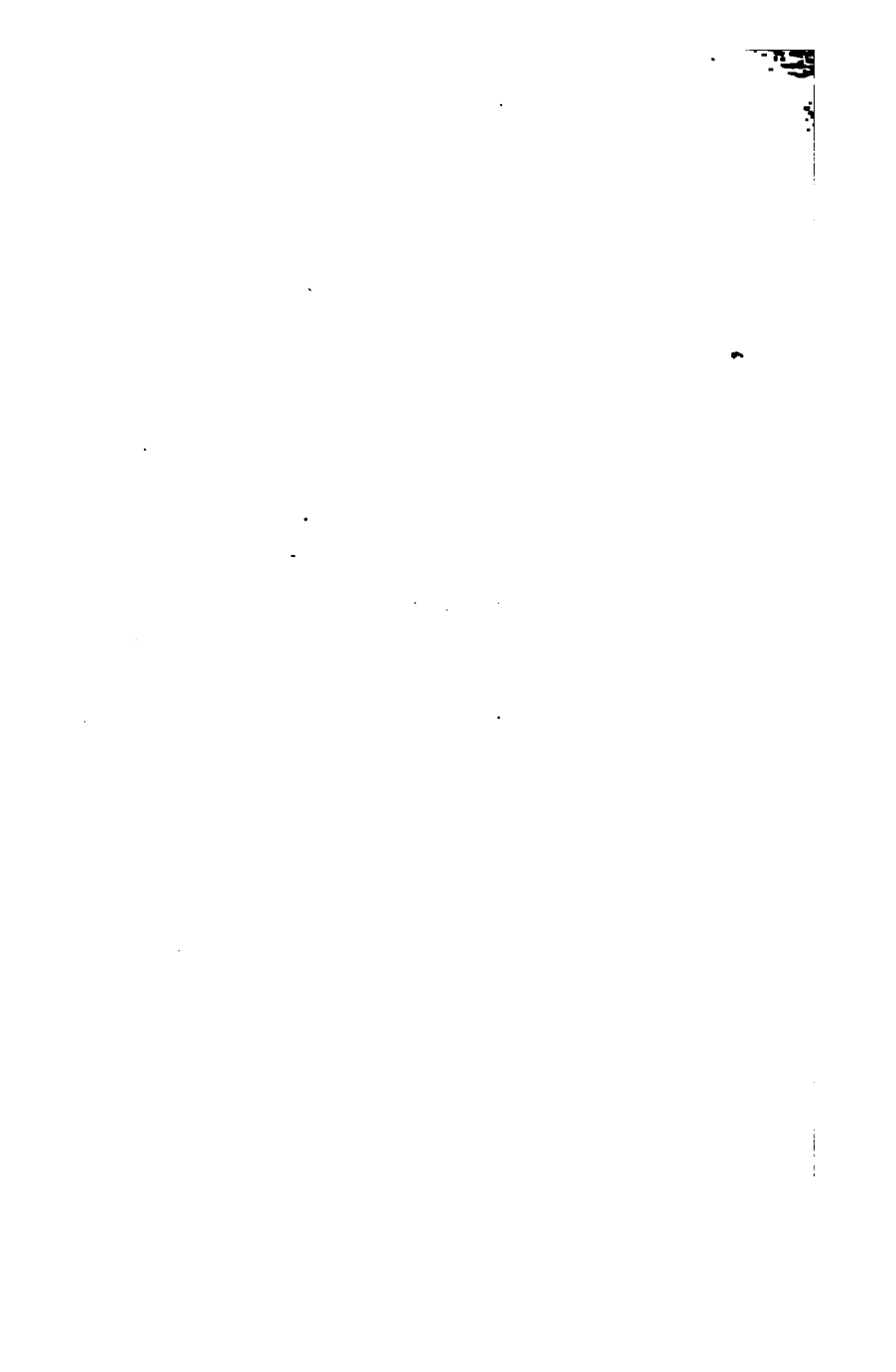
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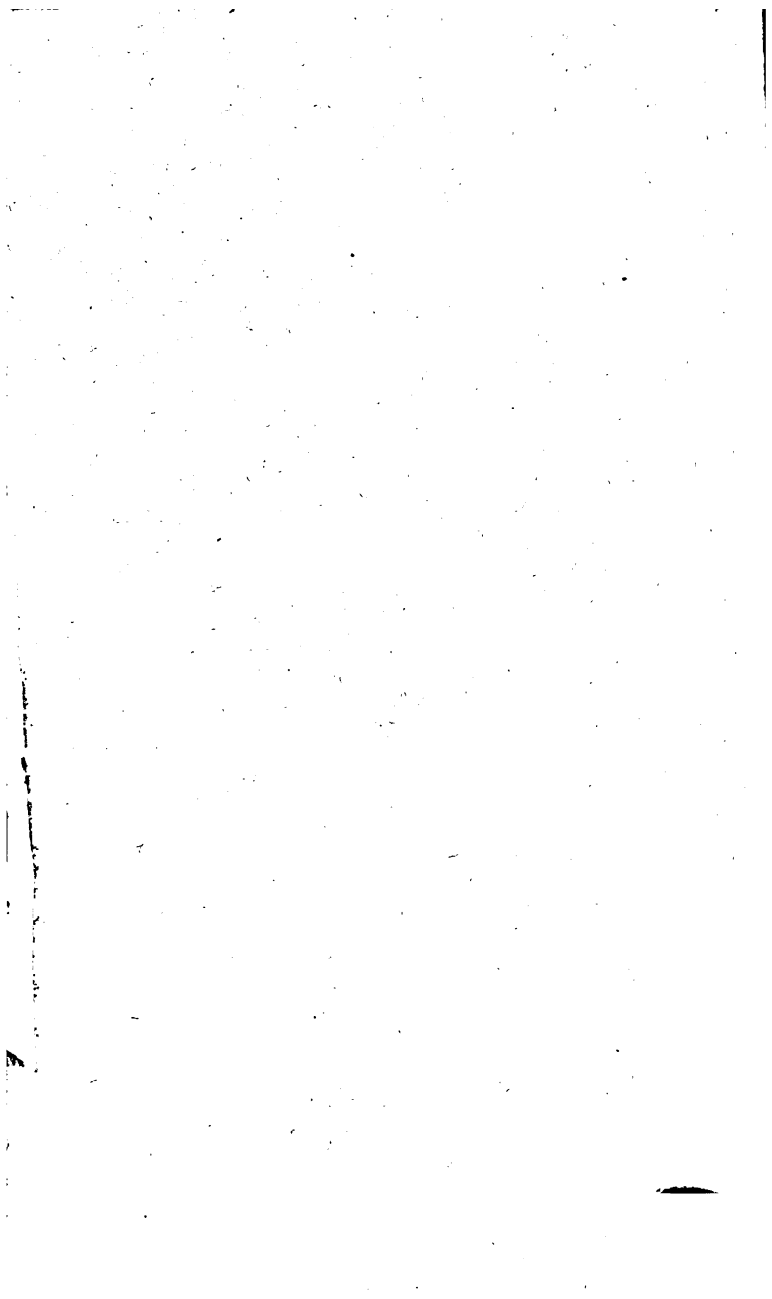
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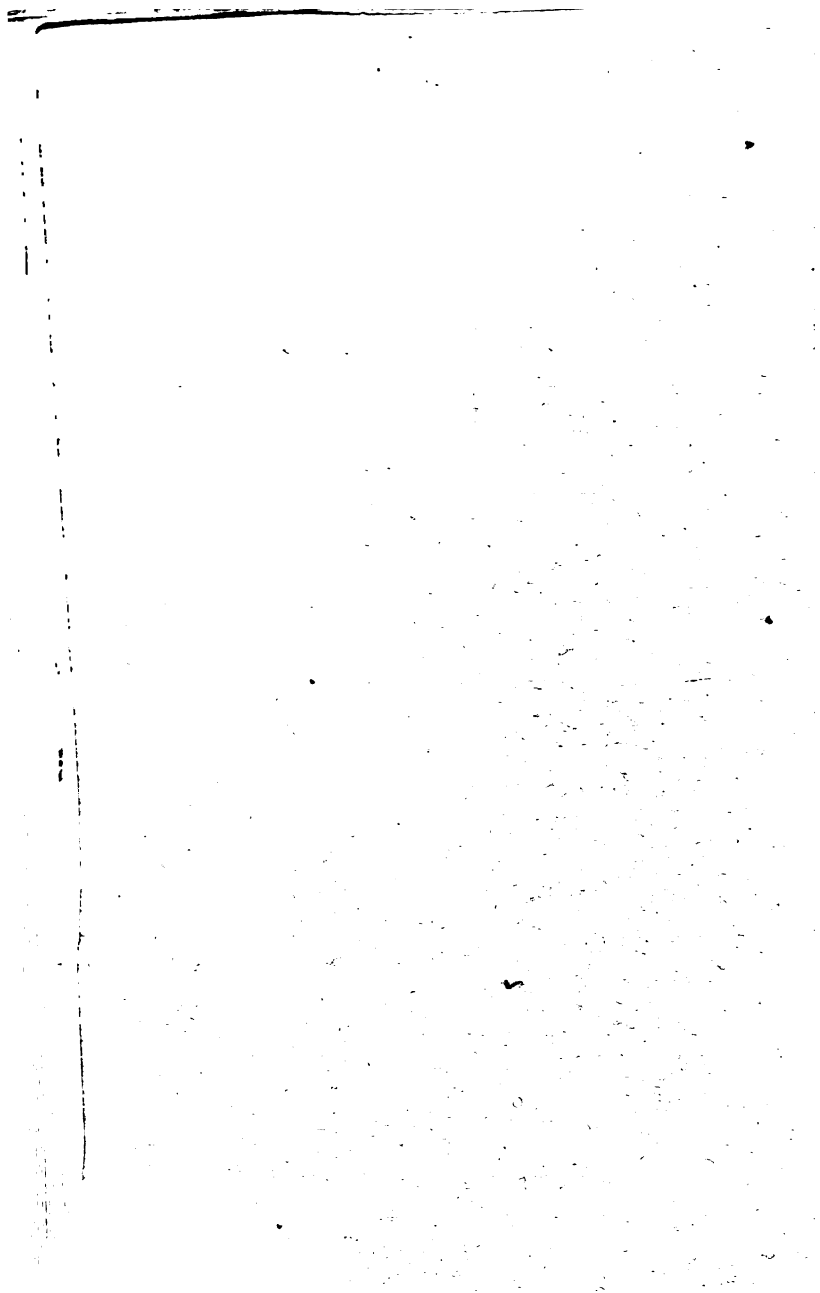
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