DIARY

OF A

TOUR IN SPAIN,

DURING THE SPRING AND SUMMER

OF 1853,

BY

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AND
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PREFACE.

HISTORY is ever adding fresh interest to the most romantic and beautiful of all European lands. If this Book, the faithful record of a journey taken thither, should induce anyone to follow my example, and bring back to a quiet English home equally bright and lasting memories, it will not have failed of its purpose. Objection will, of course, be taken to the publishing of a book of travel after so many years have elapsed, as though all savour and freshness must long since have evaporated from its pages. One excuse, at any rate, I can plead, that Spain—as I found from experience, for this work is the outcome of a *second* visit, with an interval of more than ten years—suffers less change from age to age than any other country short of the East.

Revolutions may sweep over its surface, but their effects soon pass away, and leave the people, their habits and customs, their towns and villages, much as they found them. The legend so pleasantly narrated by Comte Oxenstern, in his *Pensees* is as full of truth as of humour:—

"On dit assez plaisamment qu'il y a quelques années qu' Adam revint au monde, et qu' en faisant le tour de l'Europe, il la trouva tellement changée, qu' apres avoir parcourru la France, l'Angleterre, la Hollande, l'Allemagne, &c., il ne les reconnut plus, mais qu' en arrivant en Espagne, il s'ecria tout haut. Ha! pour ce pays ci, je le reconnois, car on a rien changé depuis mon départ."

A. N. C. M'L.

PRELUDE OF MOTTOES.

Prelude of Mottoes.

"Whensoever I take my journey into Spain . . . . I will come by you into Spain."—*Ep. to Romans*, xv.

"Quid dignum memorare tuis, Hispania, terris
Vox humana valet!"

— *Claudian.*

"On dit assez plaisamment qu' il y a quelques années qu' Adam revint au monde, et qu 'en faisant le tour de l'Europe, il la trouva tellement changée, qu' apres avoir parcourru la France, l'Angleterre, la Hollande, l'Allemagne, &c., il ne les reconnut plus, mais qu' en arrivant en Espagne, il s'ecria tout haut. Ha! pour ce pays-ci, je le reconnois, car on y a rien changé depuis mon départ."—*Pensées du Comte Oxenstern.*

"For this Spain, whereof we have spoken, is like the very Paradise of God; for it is watered by five noble rivers, which are the Duero, and the Ebro, and the Tagus, and the Guadalquivir, and the Guadiana: and each of these hath between itself and the others lofty mountains and sierras, and their valleys and plains are great and broad, and, through the richness and the watering of the rivers, they bear many fruits, and are full of abundance, nor may any equal her in strength, and few there be in the world so great. And above all doth Spain abound in magnificence, and more than all is she famous for loyalty. O Spain! there is no man that can tell of all thy worthiness!"—*Cronica de España.*

"ANT. S. Where, Spain?
DIO. S. Faith, I saw it not, but I felt it, hot in her breath."

—*Comedy of Errors.*

" From tawny Spain."—*Love's Labour Lost.*

" Oh ! lovely Spain, renown'd, romantic land ! "

—*Childe Harold.*

" Realms as of Spain in vision'd prospect laid,
Castles and towers, in due proportion each,
As by some skilful artist's hand pourtray'd :
Here cross'd by many a wild sierra's shade,
And boundless plains that tire the traveller's eye ;
There, rich with vineyard and with olive glade,
Or deep embrown'd by forests huge and high,
Or wash'd by mighty streams that slowly murmur'd by."

—*Vision of Don Roderick.*

" O ye sierras of eternal snow !
Ye streams that by the tombs of heroes flow,
Woods, fountains, rocks of Spain ! "

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

" Spain was free.
Her soil has felt the footprints, and her clime
Been winnow'd by the wings of liberty."

—*Campbell.*

" I weigh the hopes and fears of suffering Spain ;
For her consult the auguries of time ! "

—*Wordsworth.*

" Their's from their birth is toil ;—o'er granite steep
And heathy wild, to guard the wandering sheep ;
To urge the labouring mule, or bend the spear
'Gainst the night prowling wolf or felon bear ;
The bull's hoarse rage in dreadful sport to mock,
And meet with single sword his bellowing shock.
Each martial chant they know, each manly rhyme,
Rude ancient lays of Spain's heroic time."

—*Heber.*

"Blessed be the time and season
That thou cam'st on Spanish ground!"

—*Ballad of "The Spanish Lady's Love."*

"There is no ill thing in Spain but that which can speak . . . . Whoever says Spain, says everything."—*Spanish Proverbs.*

"Septimi, Gades aditure mecum, et
Cantabrum indoctum juga ferre nostra."

—*Horace.*

"I think that I better understand the proud, hardy, frugal, and abstemious Spaniard, his manly defiance of hardships and contempt of effeminate indulgences, since I have seen the country he inhabits.'
—*Washington Irving.*

"The most romantic and peculiar country in Europe."

—*Ford's Handbook.*

"Of one thing the reader may be assured,—that dear to him will be, as it is now to us, the remembrance of those rides through tawny Spain; those sweet-aired hills—those rocky crags and torrents—those fresh valleys, which communicated their own freshness to the heart."—*Gatherings from Spain.*

"And aye we sailed, and aye we sailed,
Across the weary sea,
Until one morn the coast of Spain
Rose grimly on our lee."

—*Aytoun's Scottish Ballads.*

"But now his heart is dancing,—he sees the Spanish land."

—*Lockhart's Spanish Ballads.*

"Spain appeared an interesting country, and one of which I knew nothing. It is the link between Europe and Africa. To Spain, therefore, I resolved to repair. . . . The Moorish remains, the Christian churches, the gay national dress, a gorgeous priesthood, ever producing in their dazzling processions and sacred festivals an effect upon the business of the day; the splendid pictures of a school of which we know nothing; theatres, alamedas, tertullas, bull-fights, boleros;—here is enough for amusement within the walls."—*Contarini Fleming.*

"Visam te incolumem, audiamque Iberûm
Narrantem loca, facta, nationes,
Ut mos est tuus."

—*Catullus.*

"Many were they that died for thee,
And brave, my Spain! tho' thou art not free;
But I call them blest—they have rent their chain,—
They sleep in thy valleys, my sunny Spain."

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

"Fair land! of chivalry the old domain,
Land of the vine and olive, lovely Spain.
Tho' not for thee with classic shores to vie,
In charms that fix th' enthusiast's pensive eye,
Yet hast thou scenes of beauty, richly fraught
With all that wakes the glow of lofty thought;
Fountains, and vales, and rocks, whose ancient name
High deeds have roused to mingle with their fame.
Those scenes are peaceful now, the citron blows,
Wild spreads the myrtle, where the dead repose."

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

"The Phœnicians were the first of the Greeks who performed long voyages, and it was they who made the Greeks acquainted with the Adriatic and Tyrrhenia, with Iberia, and the City of Tartessus."—*Rawlinson's Herodotus.*

"Some force, in respect to national history, may be assigned to the general tradition, which almost makes the Mediterranean of the heroic age a Phœnician lake; to their settlements in Spain, and the strong hold they took upon that country . . . . Strabo considers that even before the time of Homer, they (the Phœnicians) were masters of the choice parts of Spain and Africa; and it appeared that the traces of their colonization remained until his day."—*Gladstone's Homer.*

"The Spartans and Spaniards have been noted to be of small despatch. *Mi venga la muerte de Spagna,* for then it will be sure to be long in coming. . . . It hath been an opinion that the French are wiser than they seem, and the Spaniards seem wiser than they are."—*Bacon's Essays.*

"Fortunate was it, according to the Castilian preacher, that the Pyrenees concealed Spain, when the Wicked One tempted the Son of Man by an offer of all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them."—*Ford's Gatherings.*

"On the other side come those whose country is watered with the crystal streams of Bœtis, shaded with olive trees. Those who bathe their limbs in the rich flood of the golden Tagus; those who range the verdant Tartesian meadows."—*Don Quixote.*

"From Vega and Sierra, from Bœtis and Xenil."

—*Lockhart's Spanish Ballads.*

"I think I was most interested in his descriptions of Spain, a country where he has lived much, and to which he is strongly attached. He spoke of the songs which seem to fill the air of the South, from the constant improvisation of the people at their work; he described as a remarkable feature of the scenery the little rills and watercourses which were led through the fields and gardens, and even over every low wall, by the Moors of Andalusia, and which yet remain, making the whole country vocal with pleasant sounds of waters."—*Memoir of Mrs. Hemans.*

"Yet art thou lovely!—song is on thy hills,
Oh, sweet and mournful melodies of Spain,
That lull'd my boyhood, how your memory thrills
The exile's heart with sudden wakening pain!
Your sounds are on the rocks:—That I might hear
Once more the music of your mountaineer!
And from the sunny vales the shepherd's strain
Floats out, and fills the solitary plain
With the old tuneful names of Spain's heroic race."

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

"Not less delighted do I call to mind,
Land of romance, thy wild and lovely scenes,
Than I beheld them first."

—*Southey.*

"Speaking generally, the fine arts are addressed more to the imagination, the sciences to the intellect. Now it is remarkable that all the greatest painters, and nearly all the greatest sculptors modern Europe has possessed have been produced by the Spanish and Italian peninsulas. . . . As to Spain and Portugal, the literature of those two countries is eminently poetic, and from their schools have proceeded some of the greatest painters the world has ever seen. On the other hand, the purely reasoning faculties have been neglected, and the whole Peninsula, from the earliest period to the present time, does not supply to the history of the natural sciences a single name of the highest merit, not one man whose works form an epoch in the progress of European knowledge."
—*Buckle's History of Civilization.*

"I cannot leave a land so dear
Without a parting strain,
Nor check the free unbidden tear
That weeps farewell to Spain.

Farewell, ye scenes where honour dwells,
And valour brightly gleams,
'Midst wooded crags and rocky dells,
And silver glancing streams."

—*Lord John Manners.*

Diary of a Tour in Spain.

ON MONDAY, April 18th, 1853, the "MADRID," belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, cast off exactly at a quarter before two o'clock p.m., and left Southampton Docks, bound for Vigo, Lisbon, Cadiz, and Gibraltar. At sunset, the English coast was still in sight, but later, at ten o'clock p.m., the increased motion of the vessel gave indication that we had got further out from the land and into a more troubled sea.

For the next forty-eight weary hours, the Bay of Biscay, "the still-vexed Bermoothes," had its usual effect upon me, and I found it hopeless to attempt to leave my berth.

On the morning of the fourth day, April 21st, I got up after breakfast and went on deck, when I found that we had just passed Cape Finisterre, and were hugging the Spanish coast, which looked very rugged and mountainous. "Iron-bound" would be its most appropriate epithet. The air, however, was balmy and refreshing; both officers and men of the ship appeared in summer clothing.

At one o'clock p.m. we rounded a point, and found ourselves in Vigo Bay, the town lying at its extremity, under the shelter of lofty mountains, and looking white and dazzling in the sunshine. The foliage of the trees was full and green, in agreeable contrast to the "leafless and uncoloured scene" which we had left behind but so few days before.

Numerous boats, of clumsy shape but gaily painted, awaited our arrival, and from out of them embrowned black-eyed damsels held up tempting fruits and enormous bouquets of flowers in all the radiance of Spring. The proceedings of these nymphs, unceasingly quarrelling and gesticulating, formed our chief source of amusement during our stay.

We had cast anchor a little distance from the town, which rises in irregular terraces from the beach, the houses being interspersed with picturesque spires of churches and convents, and surmounted at the pinnacle of the topmost hill by a turreted fort. Close alongside laid the "Odin" a British war steamer, from which a boat quickly boarded us. I threw a *Times* of the preceding Monday to the Middy, who seemed highly pleased at getting such recent news.

Soon after four o'clock p.m. we tripped our anchor, and sailed once more across the sparkling bay. It is completely sheltered by two rocky islands, which rise to a great height, and form a natural breakwater against the angry ocean beyond. Having now, however, gained my sea legs, I quite enjoyed the scene, and drank in the fresh breeze, which blew from the most favourable quarter for our progress.

Vigo was wont to be visited by the English in former times under less peaceful auspices than at present. In 1589 they paid back upon Spain, with interest to boot, the attack of the "Invincible Armada." The town was taken and burnt by Drake, who afterwards ravaged the country round, and then sailed quietly back. So dreaded was Drake's name among the Spaniards in consequence of this and similar exploits, that after his death in 1596 Lope de Vega, the great poet of his day and country, published a poem called *Dragontea* in joy of the event.*

> "Nor ceased the British thunder here to rage;
> The deep, reclaim'd, obey'd its awful call;
> In fire and smoke Iberian ports involv'd,
> The trembling foe even to the centre shook
> Of their new-conquer'd world, and skulking stole,
> By veering winds their Indian treasures home."†

A less glorious exploit occurred there in 1702 during the War of Succession. It is related by Macaulay,‡ "after failing at Cadiz, the English fleet was off the coast of Portugal on the way back to England, when the Duke of Ormond received intelligence that the treasure-ships from America had just arrived in Europe, and had, in order to avoid his armament, repaired to the harbour of Vigo. The cargo consisted, it was said, of more than three millions sterling in gold and silver, besides much valuable merchandise. The Spaniards might

* Tuknor, *Spanish Literature*, vol. ii, p. 131.
† Thomson's *Liberty*, Part iv. ‡ *Essays*, vol. ii.

with the greatest ease have saved the treasure, by simply landing it, but it was a fundamental law of Spanish trade that the galleons should unload at Cadiz, and Cadiz alone. The Chamber of Commerce there refused, even at this conjuncture, to bate one jot of its privilege. The matter was referred to the Council of the Indies, that body deliberated and hesitated just a day too long. Some feeble preparations for defence were made, two ruined towers at the mouth of the Bay of Vigo were garrisoned by a few ill-armed and untrained rustics; a boom was thrown across the entrance of the basin, and a few French ships of war, which had conveyed the galleons of America were moored within, but all to no purpose the English ships broke the boom; Ormond and his soldiers scaled the forts; the French burnt their ships and escaped to the shore. The conquerors shared some millions of dollars, some millions more were sunk. When all the galleons had been captured or destroyed, came an order in due form allowing them to unload." This disaster nearly ruined the failing finances of Phillip V.

Towards evening we passed the mouth of the River Minho, which forms the boundary between Spain and Portugal, and at half-past ten o'clock p.m. were off Oporto, where some passengers were landed amid most admirable confusion. This was very much increased through the decks being crowded with Gallicians to the number of forty or more, who had been taken on board at Vigo for passage to Lisbon, where they form the class of water carriers. These *Gallegos* notwith-

standing all their finery of laced jackets and feathered hats, looked miserable enough as they lay huddled one against the other. Such a contrast, too, as they formed to a party of English "navvies," embarked for the same destination, one of whom—and he the stoutest of the lot—came forward to complain that he had seen a Spanish fellow take out his knife in a quarrel, and that, if such was to be the style of arranging matters, he should be for going home again as soon as possible.

On the morning of April 22nd, we found the coast of Portugal full in sight. It is low and uninteresting until the point of Peniche—surmounted by a fort and lighthouse—is passed, when small towns and villages begin to peep out and break the outline of the shore. As the day drew on, the Berling rocks appeared on our right, while at some distance above the shore to the left rose the huge mass of buildings and lofty minaret-like towers, forming the Palace and Convent of Mafra—the Escurial of Spain, as it is called—and, like that more famous structure, raised in fulfilment of a vow by John V.

"Yet Mafra shall *one moment* claim delay,
Where Church and Court did mingle their array—
So quoth Childe Harold, and we could spare no more."

In the course of the afternoon we passed, in succession, the Rock of Lisbon, the point where the Cintra range of

mountains dips into the sea; the Church and Lighthouse of *Nostra Senhora de Guia*;

> And now the beacon we espied,
> Our blessed Lady of the Guide—

the Town of Cascaes, and the Convent of St. Antonio.

About four o'clock p.m. the mouth of the Tagus came in sight, and soon after rounding Fort St. Jullien, which protects it, we found ourselves within the noble river. The right bank is lined with houses and villas—*Quintas*, as they are called—painted white and all sorts of brilliant colours; while the trellised gardens and park-like grounds, which surround each, serve to diversify the same. At the back of all towers the mountain-range of Cintra, and, perched on one crest, appears the Convent of *Nostra Senhora de Penha*. The time, alas! forbade a nearer view of these fairy regions—"Cintra's glorious Eden"—as Byron calls it. However, I was delighted with what was allowed me. Every object, whether on land or water, looked so gay and sparkling, and bespoke a southern latitude.

The left bank of the river is lower and less besprinkled with habitations than the other, but every here and there the rocks are broken by little valleys and show ledges of green. Innumerable windmills on all sides give an air of movement and activity to the land-scene, while on the river boats carrying lateen sails, and filled with men in gaudy colours, were continually passing up and down, and made busy work for the eye that attempted to grasp the ever varying picture.

All this time Lisbon was in view, rising in regular terraces one above the other, and climbing, as it were, to their summits, the range of hills on which it is built. It is impossible to conceive a finer situation for a capital, and the number of spires and towers add to the imposing appearance.

What beauties does Lisboa first unfold,
Her image floating on that noble tide!

Such was the scene as it strnck me. Since then I have lighted upon Southey's description, and although it puts mine to shame, I must set it down as more vividly representing my own impressions.

"It is not possible to conceive a more magnificent scene than the entrance of the Tagus, and gradual appearance of the beautiful city upon its banks. The Portuguese say of the capital—

"Quien não ha visto Lisboa
Não ha visto cousa boa." *

"It is indeed a sight, exceeding all it has been my fortune to behold, in beauty and richness and grandeur; convents and quintas, gray oliveyards, green orange groves and greener vineyards, the shore more populous every moment as we advanced, and finer buildings opening upon us; the river bright as the blue sky which illuminated it, swarming with

* "He who has not seen Lisbon, has not seen a fine thing."

boats of every size and shape, with sails of every imaginable variety; innumerable ships riding at anchor as far as eye can reach, and the city extending along the shore, and covering the hills to the furthest point of sight."

A mile or two below the city a tongue of land runs out from the right bank into the river, and at the extremity of this stands the Castle of Belem, of Moorish architecture, with windows and turrets richly decorated, and its sides emblazoned with heraldic carvings "a miracle of jewellery in stone," as it has been well described. It was originally designed as a Jeromite Convent by Emanuel, King of Portugal, surnamed "the Fortunate" in honour of the discovery of India, and became the burial place of the royal line of Avis, he himself and his three successors being laid there.

I formed one of a party who were landed at six p.m. in front of the Custom-house, where we speedily found a guide. We first passed into what is vulgarly called "Black-horse Square," from the equestrian statue of King Joseph [1750-1774] which occupies the centre. It is a gigantean pile of bronze, surmounting an enormous stone pedestal carved with allegorical ornaments.

The square itself, the proper name of which is Praça de Commercio, is large and imposing. The side next the river is open, with broad flights of stone steps leading down to the water's edge. The two sides, right and left, are occupied by public buildings, two of which are of white marble, while the fourth side is pierced by three streets, called respectively

Aurea, Augusta, Argentea. These, running parallel to each other, lead up into the Praça de don Pedro. Over the middle of these, at the point where it issues out from Black-Horse Square, a triumphal arch has been erected, and is approaching completion. Thus looking downwards from the centre of the Praça de Commercio, the effect of the vista is exceedingly good. The eye passes along the middle street, Augusta, with its lofty white houses, under the triumphal arch, and so on to the equestrian statue of King Joseph, while in the far distance the mountains, rising on the other side of the Tagus, close the view. The Praça de don Pedro is of somewhat irregular shape, but looks neat and handsome. The centre portion is paved in fantastic patterns with flags of stones and pebbles, the work of convicts. A large theatre, of recent erection, occupies the uppermost side, to the right of which a small street leads into the Queen's Park, which forms a public promenade. Never did I see such beautiful tints as pervaded the trees, the most delicate green of early spring "flushed into variety again." There were also large beds completely filled with flowers in their fullest bloom. Nature, as in her prime, seemed here to lavish her choicest gifts, while the gaily-dressed people who were taking their evening walk (to judge from their numbers and happy looks), were not insensible of her favours. At the farther end of the park the ground begins to rise. In fact, hitherto we had been in a sort of natural basin, completely surrounded by hills, up which wind numerous small and irregular streets. In these, dirt and poverty seemed generally to prevail, the only scavengers being

dogs of the most mongrel breeds which are allowed to run up and down for the purpose. Mounting then the first of these steep streets to the left after quitting the park (the English Embassy, a poor building enough stands at the corner), and turning the elbow of the hill we came after a somewhat tedious climb upon a small open space planted with trees. From this, steps descend to a pretty garden laid out upon a terrace directly overlooking the park through which we had just passed. Proceeding onward, a few more streets brought us to the Braganza Hotel, which stands at the extremity of the hill and overlooks the Tagus.

From one of the balconies I observed that a few yards above the point where our vessel lay at anchor, the river widened considerably, and formed a sort of huge basin. A few dismantled hulks and a cast off steamer or two of some English company now compose the greater part of the Portuguese Navy. The Tagus deserves to bear on its broad bosom a nobler fleet, as was the case when it became the rendezvous of the Spanish Armada, which set sail from thence on the 29th of May, 1588. The chroniclers of the reign of Elizabeth tell us, that when the King of Spain (for under Philip II., Portugal had been united to that kingdom) had completed his naval armament, after five years of preparation, it consisted of 92 galleons and 68 smaller ships, carrying on board 8,350 marines, 2,080 galley-slaves, and 19,290 land forces.

The following year Drake, accompanied by the young Earl of Essex and other adventurers, fitted out a private

expedition which sailed up the Tagus, threatened Lisbon, and thus repaid the attack of the "Invincible Armada."

How fine is the description in one of the Spanish Ballads, by Lockhart, of a still earlier Armada—

"Gorgeous and gay, in Lisbon's bay, with streamers floating wide,
Upon the gleaming waters Sebastian's galleys ride;
His valorous Armada (was never nobler sight!)
Hath young Sebastian marshalled against the Moorish might."

Later in the evening, as the presence of the Court was announced, we went to the Opera, and saw the two first acts of "Anna Bolena." The singing was very poor, and the whole effect of the music marred by a wretched orchestra. The house, which is large and gaudily decorated, but excessively filthy and offensive to the nostrils, was well filled. The Queen, Donna Maria,* is enormously stout; but, although not in the least handsome, her features are agreeable, with a great air of good temper. The King Consort, Don Fernando, is well and manly looking. No notice was taken of their Majesties, except by the men in the pit rising when they entered their box. On State occasions they occupy a huge box facing the stage, in front of which crimson curtains, trimmed with gold, were now drawn.

* She died in the autumn of this same year.

I was late to bed, but, before turning in, I climbed to the flat roof of the house. All looked divinely still and peaceful. A brilliant moon bathed the river below in its silvery hues; but, far away, the mountains caught no gleam, and loomed dark and frowning against the sky. It seemed like a dream, to have passed so rapidly into another latitude, where there was no need of being afraid of every breath of wind which blew under heaven. I kept my window open all night, that I might lose none of its present freshness.

The next morning, April 23rd, I was awoke betimes by shrill cries, and, going to the window, which overlooked some streets with the river beyond, found the whole city astir. In the first square which I reached after going out, numerous *Gallegos*, each with his water-barrel, were clustered round the fountain and drawing their morning supply; while in a church, hard by, Mass was going on, attended by many worshippers.

Coming upon the front of a fine gothic church, as it appeared, I entered, and found within but the mere shell of a building, unroofed and dilapidated—a sad but speaking memorial of the great earthquake, near one hundred years ago. "Already," says Lord Mahon, "in the year 1331, that city had been laid half in ruins by an earthquake. The 1st of November was All Saints' Day, a festival of great solemnity, and, at nine o'clock in the morning, all the churches of Lisbon were crowded with kneeling worshippers of each sex, all classes and all ages, when a sudden and most violent shock made every church

reel to its foundations; within the intervals of a few minutes two other shocks, no less violent, ensued, and every church in Lisbon—tall column and towering spire—were hurled to the ground. The more stately and magnificent had been the fabric, the wider and more grievous was the havoc made by its ruin."

"A fine autumn morning shone on the devoted city and showed the groves and buildings, spreading up the heights, sparkling in beauty. The multitudes of its population had assembled in the churches to hear the morning mass, when suddenly an unaccustomed sound was heard—a long mysterious rumble—which grew louder as it approached; and, when it seemed at hand, the whole city rocked like a ship heaving in a storm; the houses crumbled into heaps; the churches fell, and interred in their ruins the assembled congregations. A few escaped into the streets, but another shock speedily followed and destroyed many of them under the falling ruins. A large number fled to the edge of the sea. and took refuge on the pier, but lo! to their horror, the great earthquake wave, travelling, according to well understood principles, at a slower rate than the undulation in the solid ground, rolled into the shore—one huge mass of water many fathoms in depth. In one instant a mass of several thousand human beings was swept from that pier into the sea; and when the survivors, after the event, looked round on the scene of the catastrophe, they beheld the glorious city, which but a few moments previously had been bright with beauty and life, a mass of

ruins, with more than sixty thousand of its population buried in its fall." *

From this melancholy spectacle of devastation and ruin, I descended the hill by some winding streets to the basin of the city—as we have before described it—and, crossing the Praça de San Pedro, came upon the Market, where green peas stood piled in heaps, and the choicest flowers in full bloom were offered for sale. Fish, too, there was of many bright hues and strange shapes; fowl, apparently, of every kind which flies under heaven; kids of the goats suspended by scores—all set off by a motley concourse of buyers and sellers.

The country waggons particularly attracted my attention, each drawn by a yoke of oxen, and of most primitive shape—in fact, just such wains as Joseph might have sent to carry down Jacob and his stuff into Egypt. The wheels have no spokes, but are merely cut round out of one piece of wood, and creak most painfully at every turn. These are the very *stridentia plaustra*, and *laborantes oves* of Virgil.

From this point the opposite hill soon begins to rise, and, after a prolonged climb through narrow and dirty streets, I at last reached the Citadel, which stands on the highest point, and commands not only the city which lies at its base, but likewise a wide extent of country on all sides. Many convicts were at work here, some burnishing guns, others carrying

* Farrar's *Science in Theology.*

water. They were chained two and two together, and looked the most pitiable objects, half starved, and with complexions dark as Easterns. A party of *Caçadores* on parade formed a more pleasing and interesting sight,* remembering as one did the good service their predecessors had done in the Peninsular War, under the training of "The Duke" and their own Marshal Beresford, "who brought a race regenerate to the field."

The Cathedral is situated on the slope of the hill below, and is distinguished by double towers; the aisles at the back of the High Altar, with a winding cloister beyond are very curious, and evidently most ancient, but I could take but a hurried glance at them. This part of the building bears the appearance of having survived the earthquake, the rest looking comparatively modern; and such indeed is the general character of the city.

The miserable inmates of a dingy prison near at hand were looking out through the grated windows and chatting with the passers by. As I walked along, my nationality I suppose was recognized, for I was greeted with cries of "I say! I say!"

* My uncle, the late Sir NEIL CAMPBELL, commanded a regiment of them (the 16th), from April, 1811, to January, 1813, being present with them at the Battles of Fuentes d'Onore and Salamanca; the occupation of Madrid; the sieges of Almeida, Cuidad Rodrigo, Badajos, and Burgos. His Portuguese medal, now in my possession, bears the inscription—*Guerra Peninsular 2*, with the National Arms.

After breakfasting at the "Braganza" we got on board the "Madrid" at ten o'clock a.m., but to our great disappointment the time for sight-seeing having been cut short by an urgent message from the boat, we did not start for nearly two hours afterwards. The weather had become intensly hot, and it was impossible to remain on deck until an awning was rigged out to protect us from the scorching rays of the sun.

In sailing down the Tagus, a series of Royal Palaces were pointed out. That in which the Queen usually resides is directly in the suburbs of the city. It is a very ugly building, and, from being painted a dusky vermilion colour, with the upper windows close under the eaves of the roof, it has all the appearance of an English workhouse. The grounds behind, however, stretching up the slope of the hill, looked green and pretty. Lower down the river stands the more ambitious new palace, built of white marble, and worthy, from its grandeur and magnificence of design, of becoming hereafter the chief Royal residence; but, at present, one side only of the proposed square, with towers at the two corners, is completed. A short way below, and at the brink of the river, stands the Summer Palace, plain and unpretending, but with trellised walks and thick-pleached alleys along the front.

Soon after midday we crossed the Bar, and found a heavy swell outside; but the wind was favourable, and we sped along, though with more motion than was quite agreeable to a landsman. In the evening, just after sunset, we passed close to Cape St. Vincent, near enough to have heard the

Vesper-bell of the Convent, which stands on the brink of the lofty cliff beside a lighthouse.

El Cabo de San Vicente is also called *El Monte de los Cuervos.* The legend is pleasantly related by Mrs. Jameson, in her *Sacred and Legendary Art*: "In the eighth century, when the Christians of Valencia were obliged to flee from the Moors, they carried with them the body of St. Vincent. The vessel in which they had embarked was driven by the winds through the Straits of Hercules, until they arrived at a promontory, where they landed and deposited the remains of the Saint, and this promontory has since been called Cape St. Vincent. Here the sacred relics were miraculously guarded by crows, and hence a part of the cliff is called *El Monte de los Cuervos.* About the year 1147 Alonzo I. removed the relics to Lisbon, two of the crows, one at the prow and the other at the stern, piloting the ship. Thus, after many wanderings, the blessed St. Vincent rested in the Cathedral of Lisbon, and the crows which accompanied him having multiplied greatly, rents were assigned to the chapel for their support." The crows are now emblazoned on the Arms of the City of Lisbon, which has passed under the patronage of St. Vincent, equally as Saragossa the place of his birth and Valencia of his martyrdom, under Dacian, in 304.

But to an Englishman, the whole region, whether by land or sea, is glorious for very different and more substantial reasons, radiant as it is with British victories, and connected especially with the names of Jervis and Nelson.

This coast was exposed to the ravages of Drake, while endeavouring to interrupt the preparations for the sailing of the Armada. After burning a hundred vessels laden with ammunition and naval stores, and the great ship of the Marquis of Santa Cruz, the Spanish Admiral, under the walls of Cadiz, he set sail for Cape St. Vincent, and took by assault the Castle, which once surmounted the promontory.

On Sunday, April 24th, Divine service was performed by the Chaplain of the Convict Eestablishment at Gibraltar.

> "Thou too art here with thy soft inland notes,
> Mother of our new birth;
> The lonely ocean learns thy orisons,
> And loves thy sacred mirth."

About one o'clock p.m. Cadiz was discovered in sight, a long streak of white rising like another Amphitrite along the brink of the blue sea, and backed by the huge yellow dome of the Cathedral, which had caught the sun, and blazed forth like molten gold. To the left lay the little town of Rota, surrounded by low vineyards, which produce the "Tent" wine mostly used in our churches for Communion purposes.

We entered the bay at two o'clock p.m. From its furthest extremity we heard a succession of salutes, and found that they were discharged in honour of the launch of a war steamer—Spain exulting in the feat, as if her navies had not once, in the days of her pride and power, rivalled those of Britain!

The usual delays were caused by our having to land in boats, to deliver our passports at the water-gate, and lastly to undergo a somewhat minute search at the Aduana or Custom-house. A Portuguese gentleman and his wife experienced peculiarly rough treatment; thus occasioning practical proof of the feelings of bitterness which exist between the two neighbouring and cognate nations of the Peninsula.

"Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know
'Twixt him and Lusian slave—the lowest of the low—"

is an opinion which Childe Harold found in Spain while he was there, and could have found at any time for 200 years before; and the Portuguese retorted with at least equal intensity, as is expressed in a comedy of the Period of the Restoration, when perhaps in consequence of Charles II. having married Catherine of Braganza, attention was more strongly directed to that country.

"If you were
Ten thousand times a Spaniard, the nation
We Portugals most hate."

It has been remarked that Cervantes (who indeed was one of the most truly charitable and large-hearted of men, the very prototype of our own Walter Scott,) exhibits a kindness and generosity towards the Portuguese, remarkable in a Spaniard of any age, and particularly in one of the age of Philip II. He had visited Lisbon in the expedition of 1581 under the Marquis of Santa Cruz.

At four o'clock p.m. I found myself established at the "Vista Alegre" or "Fine View" Hotel. Its situation justified the title, the saloon overlooking the ramparts, with the bright bay beyond, and the dark Ronda Mountains in the far distance.

The bay is very broad and carried far inwards, its lines dotted here and there with small towns and villages. About midway down two tongues of land run out from either side, leaving only a narrow channel between them, and forming an inner circuit. Two forts formerly protected the entrance, one being the famous Matagorda, which was only evacuated by the English after having been bombarded by the French under Victor, from the 22nd February to 22nd April, 1810, and pounded into a mass of ruins. It had been my fortune from early youth to be brought into contact with a gallant officer, who went among his friends by the *sobriquet* of "Matagorda," as having commanded the party of infantry who defended the port. Now at length I came to understand its full meaning!

It was from this bay that the combined French and Spanish fleets sailed to their destination at Trafalgar. Gravina, the Spanish Admiral, who was dangerously wounded there, came back to his old quarters to die, and is buried at El Carmen, the desecrated convent, which overlooks the Alameda.

The town itself is completely girdled by ramparts, one portion of which, towards the open sea, has been planted with shrubs and flowers, and forms a charming promenade.

It is adorned, amongst others, with a statue of Hercules, the reputed founder of the city. Sober historians do not go further back than the Phœnicians, who arrived in quest of commercial adventures; and even this view leaves Cadiz—originally called Gades—one of the most ancient inhabited towns in Europe. Few marks of antiquity, however, now remain; and, in this quarter especially, all looks fresh and new. The gay, bright houses, with their green balconies and iron lattices, which fringe the Alameda on the inner side, add to the pleasing effect.

Here the Gaditanian ladies disport themselves in their graceful mantillas, the dark folds of which, as well as of the sober-hued dresses which generally prevail, are set off by the contrast of gay-coloured gloves and red roses in the hair. One could not fail to admire the peculiarly easy and floating walk, for which the ladies of Cadiz are famed.

In the old English ballad of the *Spanish Ladye's love*, the heroine—

> "Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
> And by birth and parentage of high degree"—

was a lady of Cadiz, who had fallen in love with a naval officer, during the occupation of that city by an English force in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign.

Continuing the circuit of the walls, and passing a range of barracks, I found that towards the south side, which is more

fully exposed to the action of the sea, the waves had made enormous breaches. These were now in process of being repaired by large parties of convicts, although it was Sunday. But, indeed, throughout Romish countries, the great Saints' days and festivals are those alone which are strictly observed by attendance at church and abstinence from work.

While returning home through some bye streets, innumerable children ran after me with plates and saucers, begging for money wherewith to supply themselves with flowers on May-day, now near at hand. Well! human nature has much the same instincts all the world over. So thought the great master of the human heart. "One touch of nature makes the world kin."

I observed that from several balconies there were suspended faded palm branches, memorials, doubtless, of Palm Sunday. In Southern climes religion loves to exhibit itself in outward tokens, which certainly do carry with them an interest and meaning beyond the mere form. For here Palm trees have taken root and flourish. I can see the tall head of one above that convent wall, as in the land of the Redeemer, thereby suggesting an innocent and touching custom, which would seem forced and unnatural under our colder sky.

Another outward observance must strike the stranger as peculiarly beautiful and impressive, without regard to the superstition it may seem to embody. Andalusia is emphatically

styled *La tierra de Maria Santifsima*, and to her accordingly the devotion is ardent and enthusiastic. This is peculiarly displayed at the time of the *Ave Maria*, or Evening Service to the Blessed Virgin. "Just as the twilight commences," says Longfellow, "the bell tolls to prayer. In a moment, throughout the crowded city, the hum of business is hushed, the thronged streets are still, the gay multitudes that crowd the public walks stand motionless, the angry dispute ceases, the laugh of merriment dies away; life seems for a moment to be arrested in its career and to stand still. The multitude uncover their heads, and, with the sign of the cross, whisper their evening prayer to the Virgin. Then the bells ring a merrier peel, the crowds move again in the streets, and the rush and turmoil of business recommences."

It was presumed by the Fathers and early Commentators of the Scriptures, that the Annunciation must have taken place in early spring-tide, at even, and soon after sunset; whence that hour was consecrated to the *Ave Maria*, as the bell which announces it is called the *Angelus*—"The bell that seems to mourn the dying day."

So Byron:

"*Ave Maria!* blessed be the hour,
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth, so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,

Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft;
And not a breath swept thro' the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer."

And Mrs. Hemans:

" ——— bringing thoughts of Spain,
With all her Vesper-voices, o'er the main,
Which seem'd responsive in its murmuring flow:
Ave Santissima!

After breakfast, on April 25th, I explored the town, which is composed, for the most part, of small and narrow streets, running in and out without order of any sort, but all perfectly clean, and most of the houses as fresh as white colouring and green paint can make them. The only variety is an occasional " square," scantily planted with trees and furnished with seats, which are crowded in the evening to a late hour. Of these, the largest, and occupying nearly the centre of the town, is the Plaça de San Antonio. In it are the principal cafés; and the *Calle Ancha*, the only *broad* and the best shopping street, opens out from one side. Another Plaça bears the name *del Generale Mina*. Here is the Museum, with some poorish pictures of the Spanish School, those of Murillo being elsewhere.

Having obtained admission to the *Casino*, or Club, which stands in the Plaça de San Antonio, I went there in the evening. The house is prettily fitted in the Moorish style, *i.e.*, with a court in the middle, and galleries running round,

out of which the various rooms open. The billiard and card tables were filled to overflowing. In fact, the *Casino* is the evening resort of the men, while the ladies have the Alameda very much to themselves, sitting about or walking mostly in groups.

On the following day, April 26th, I visited the Cathedral, a large and imposing structure in the Grecian style. The huge pillars of the interior, faced with coloured marbles, form its chief feature. The building, commenced many years ago by the citizens, to replace the old and dilapidated Cathedral hard by, and now rapidly approaching completion, owes its present advanced state to the personal liberality of the late Bishop—a worthy rival of the Primate of Ireland, the restorer of the Cathedral of Armagh.

The poor church of "Los Capuchinos," a suppressed convent beyond the Cathedral, contains two Murillos. The first in the right side aisle on entering, "St. Francis receiving the Stigmata," is very dark and in a bad light; but the head of the Saint shines out from the canvas, radiant with religious expression, and in the act of adoration. The other placed over the high altar, represents "The Marriage of St. Catherine;" above which, but connected with it, is a small circular picture of that most painful subject to our national taste, "The Father Eternal surrounded by Angels."

Murillo went to Cadiz expressly to paint this latter picture, and it was while engaged in the execution of it, that he fell

backwards from the scaffold while receding in order the better to behold it, and was in consequence obliged to return to Seville. There he lingered, getting gradually worse, until on the 3rd of April 1682 he died in the arms of his friend and pupil, Pedro Nunez de Villaricencio. The altar piece was finished by another pupil, Fra Meneres Osorio, and of course opinions are strangely divided as to whether of the two, master or pupil, the several portions are to be assigned.

The Convent was the head-quarters of Lord Essex in 1596, while he held Cadiz. A piece of curious history in connection with this event is mentioned by Mrs. Jameson, *Sacred and Legendary Art*, vol. i. :—"In the Queen's Gallery at Buckingham Palace there is a very curious and interesting picture of this subject 'The calling of St. Matthew' by Mabuse, which once belonged to King Charles I., and is quaintly described in the catalogue of the pictures, as 'a very old, defaced, curious, altar-piece, upon a thick board, where Christ is calling St. Matthew out of the Custom-house, which picture was got in Queen Elizabeth's days, at the taking of Calus Malus (Cadiz) in Spain.'"

It is interesting to fancy that the picture in question may have belonged to this very convent, and that it was in order to repair the losses then incurred, considerable spoil having been carried off by the English, that Murillo was afterwards entrusted with commissions by the monks.

The numerous churches of Cadiz, although generally interesting in themselves, and over daubed with painting and gilding, appear from the Moorish character of the courts and cloisters to have been originally Mosques.

Another Moorish feature of the city is the number of look-out towers, which rise from the flat roofs of the houses, and whence the merchants formerly kept watch for their well-freighted argosies, when Spain, now so poor and fallen, received the merchandize of the world into her bosom. It was a standing law of their trade, that all treasure-ships from America should unload at Cadiz, and at Cadiz only.

" 'Twas there the mart of the Colonial trade is
(Or was, before Peru learn'd to rebel)."

One of these I ascended, and enjoyed a fine and extended view, being thus enabled to obtain an exact idea of the position of the city. It forms the end of a sandy peninsula, and low and narrow strip, which runs out from the mainland to the length of several miles, while at the extremity the rocks rise and form a circular plateau. Numerous forts break the outlines of the ramparts which encase it, and at the only entrance from the land-side extensive works are thrown out.

The peculiar situation of Cadiz—thrown forward like an outwork from the only known Continent into the sea—gained for it the motto of *ne plus ultra*, as if there were no land beyond. This, after the discovery of America, was changed to

plus ultra. The following inscription is said to have been found upon an ancient tomb: "Heliodorus, a Carthaginian madman, ordered by his will, that he should be put into this sarcophagus, at this furthest extremity of the globe, that he might see whether anyone more mad than himself would come as far as this place to see him."

During the Roman Dominion, Cadiz, for numbers, wealth and activity was second only to Rome itself. Spaniards, too, earlier than any other foreigners, obtained the distinction, of which the Romans themselves were so ambitious, and which they so reluctantly granted to any but native citizens. We all remember the case of St. Paul, Acts xxii: "And the chief captain answered, With a great sum obtained I this freedom. And Paul said, but I was free-born." The first foreigner who ever rose to the consulship was one Balbus from Cadiz, and the first that ever gained the honour of a public triumph.

On the morning of April the 27th I was awoke at an early hour by the firing of a salute. It was in honour of Christina, the queen-mother, whose name however all the Spaniards seem to agree in execrating. In the afternoon military bands played in the courts of the extensive Aduana, where the captain-general of the province held a reception of the authorities and officers of the garrison. Stars and ribands and medals seemed out of all proportion to the numbers of scars, unless indeed the bodies of these functionaries were riddled with invisible wounds!

The day was excessively hot, but the evening delightful, cooled by the fresh breeze of the sea, which is indeed the great charm of Cadiz and affords its chief feature, "The many twinkling smile of ocean." I again made the round of the ramparts, till I came to the gate and fortifications which line the land-side, and form the chief defence of the city. Outside there is a long boulevard, planted with trees and provided with seats, but apparently deserted for the more fashionable Alameda.

At night the small but graceful theatre was brilliantly illuminated within and without, and crowded with the *élite*, the officials appearing in full uniform "Rigoletto," Verdi's new opera, was performed for the first time, "La Donna é Mobile" closing it with great effect, and sending away everyone whistling or humming the tune, until the streets were resonant for a full hour afterwards.

On April 28th, we left Cadiz at seven o'clock a.m. by a small steamer for Puerto San Maria, a small town directly on the opposite side of the bay. During the night the weather had completely changed, and now the morning was lowering and stormy, so as to make the swell which rolled in from the sea quite uncomfortable. After an hour's tossing we were safely landed at our destination.

Puerto San Maria lies a short way up the mouth of the small River Guadalete. It is spanned a little above the town by a suspension bridge, over which is carried the high road

from Cadiz to Seville. This town, with the neighbouring ones of Xeres and San Lucar is entirely devoted to the wine trade, and accordingly we visited a large *Bodega*, or store, to see how sherry is made up for the English market; "the pure juice of the grape" being a complete fiction. We tasted the wine under its various processes, as also Pajarete, a delicious liqueur, chiefly used to mature the other growths.

Sherry is by no means a modern fashion in England. Falstaff, no bad judge, sang its praises: "A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain, dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it; make it apprehensive, quick, forgetive; full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes which, delivered over to the voice (the tongue), which is the birth, becomes excellent wit." And presently the Knight adds: "This valour cometh of sherris."

To Xeres, a distance of only a few miles, and along a good road, in a *Calesa*. This is a vehicle for two, very much in the shape of a cab, properly so-called. The body and wheels are painted in bright colours; the horse adorned with tassels and decked out with bells, which make music at every step. The driver sits on the off-shaft, a swarthy son of Andalusia, with his picturesque *sombrero*, and the back of his brown jacket ornamented with an embroidered pattern, somewhat in the shape of a flower-pot.

Soon after leaving the *Puerto* we passed the terminus of the railroad, which is destined to connect it with Xeres, and

now rapidly approaching completion. From thence ascending the gentle rise of a hill—called not without reason, *La buena vista*—we looked back upon the bay, lined in the distance with the white buildings of Cadiz, which now glistened, and then sank back into gloom, in the fitful sunshine.

"Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea."

Xeres della frontera—so called to distinguish it from Xeres de los Caballeros, a town of Estremadura—stands on a slight eminence, the huge white *Bodegas* forming its principal and characteristic buildings. As we neared the town, a long string of waggons passed us, each carrying a wine-cask, across which straddled, Bacchus like, a picturesque driver, guiding a yoke of oxen with a goad.

A road to the right leads to the *Cartuja* convent, between which and the Guadalete lies the site of the defeat of Don Roderick, the last of the Goths.

"When Cava's traitor sire first call'd the band
That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore." *

"On Xeres' bank and Andalusia's plain
Cowers all the recreant chivalry of Spain,
Wealth sits enthron'd mid Cordova's high towers,
And Science dwells in soft Grenada's bowers." †

On alighting we made our way to one of the extensive wine establishments, to which we had been recommended,

* Scott—*Vision of Don Roderick.* † Lord Carlisle—*Vision of Daniel.*

and proved the various growths under the guidance of the *Capetaz* or head-taster. The *Bodegas* are enormous stores, much of the same size and shape as the sheds under which our men-of-war are built. Along them the generous casks are ranged in rows, all of them apparently filled to the brim. To the uninitiated the wonder is how such enormous quantities of wine can find customers. Each *Bodega*, with its offices and workshops attached, occupies a large space, everything connected with the wine trade, even down to the barrels being manufactured on the premises.

Finding no further interest in the vinous town, although we had engaged rooms at the miserable *Fonda*, we took on our *Calesa* to San Lucar, nine or ten miles distant. Starting however at three o'clock p.m., we did not arrive till past seven o'clock! The road proved to be nothing more than a mule-track, and the country was rough and hilly. We passed numerous vineyards, in which large bodies both of men and women were at work, apparently delving and picking weeds. Their language and demeanour towards us were far from courteous! But even from classic times the vine-dresser has borne no amiable character in this respect.

"Tum Prœnâstinus salso multoque fluenti
Expressa arbusto regerit convicia, durus
Vindemiator et invictus, cui sæpe viator
Cessisset, magna compellans voce cucullum." *

* Horace—1 *Sat.* vii.

How different the picture which the poet draws:

"Such sounds as when for silvan dance prepar'd
Gay Xeres summons forth her vintage band."*

After all the poetic strains which have been lavished upon vines and vineyards in all ages of the world, what a collection of miserable stunted-looking shrubs do they appear, especially in the choicest of these wine-growing districts. How disappointing the reality of a "vine-clad plain!" The usual hedge is the prickly pear, which grows quite rankly, and seems perfectly impervious to man or beast.

Solitary farm-houses appeared at intervals; but agriculture is still carried on after the most primitive model. In one field I counted exactly twelve ploughs at work, each with a yoke of oxen. Just so was it in the days of the Kings of Israel: "So he departed thence, and found Elisha, the son of Shaphat, who was ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen, and he with the twelfth."†

In the evening we went to a small theatre, and saw among other national dances a favourite *Bolero* called *El Jaleo de Xeres.* The graceful motions of the Mayo and Maya, dressed in the gayest colours and sparkling with silver—the inspiring click of the castanets which accompany every turn—the enthusiasm of the audience—all contribute to the novelty and pleasing excitement of the scene.

* Scott—*Vision of Don Roderick.* † 1 Kings, xix.

"When for the light Bolero ready stand
The Mozo blithe, with gay Muchacha met,
He, conscious of his braided cap and band,
She, of her netted locks and light corsette,
Each tiptoe perch'd to spring and shake the castanet." *

During the morning of April 29th visited the ancient hospital of St. George founded by Henry VIII. for distressed and shipwrecked British subjects, and still retaining some traces of its mediæval character. The charter for its establishment still exists, it is said, among the archives of Madrid. But the property, consisting of farms and tenements, has been plundered by the Spanish Government with the connivance of successive Rectors, who, although Romish Priests, should yet properly be subjects of the English Crown. One of them sold the Rectory House next to the hospital to some merchant, and permitted other encroachments. But the present Rector, who received me most courteously, and showed me over the building, is putting things into order, and hopes that some of the endowments may yet be recovered, the English residents in Andalusia having memorialized Lord Clarendon, the Foreign Minister, and himself long resident in Spain, upon the subject.

As a proof of the good uses to which the hospital may be put, the Rector told me that an English vessel having been wrecked off the dangerous mouth of the Guadalquivir, the

* Scott—*Vision of Don Roderick.*

people on shore would make no effort to help the unhappy crew, but even plundered them of their very clothes. The Spaniards likewise have a notion that consumption is infectious. An English merchant, who was residing for a time at San Lucar, having shown signs of that disease, was at once put out of his lodgings, and refused admission to any other house; he found shelter at last within this hospital. Henry VIII. in founding it, appears to have judged sagaciously enough of the Spanish character, although he himself had very different experience in the person of his own sweet and injured Queen.

"Go thy way, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-looking government—
Obeying in commanding—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,)
The queen of earthly queens: She is nobly born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me."

—*Henry VIII.*, act II, sc. ii.

At twelve o'clock we started in another *Calesa* for Bonanza, a mile or two up the River Guadalquivir, where the steamer from Cadiz takes in passengers for Seville. The tide being low, we drove along the sands. The river at this point

forms an estuary of the sea. Bonanza is infested with Custom-house officers and porters, who are equally annoying to travellers, and attempt every sort of extortion. Just as the steamer was arriving off the pier, the former proceeded to examine the luggage. There is a large Custom-house here, with a handsome elevation towards the river, which has never yet been occupied. At two o'clock p.m. we got off, and proceeded on our voyage.

The right bank of the river is a mere morass, stretching inwards for miles apparently, and given up to the pasturage of horses and cattle. But the left is relieved by a range of mountains in the distance, from which descend vine-clad slopes, dotted here and there with villages. The water itself runs thick and muddy, and with no very full stream. Such is the much-vaunted Guadalquivir. And our own poets have helped on the delusion—

> "Where Bœtis winding thro' th' unbounded plain
> Rolled his majestic waters." *

And Byron—

> "Don Juan's parents lived beside the river,
> A noble stream, and called the Guadalquivir."

A few miles below Seville the banks do begin to rise, and are fringed with orange and lemon groves, amid which peep out villages with their accompanying churches and convents, the latter placed, as usual, on the fairest and most commanding

* Southey—*Don Roderick.*

situations. One of these—the Chartreuse of *Santa Maria de las Cuevas*—rises gradually upon tiers of terraced gardens. Whatever might have been the original austerities of the Order, everything about the Monks in later times was on a grand and sumptuous scale. At this Monastery, "rich in architecture, in tombs, plate, jewels, carvings, books, and pictures, and celebrated for its groves of orange and lemon trees," Zurbaran [1598—1662] was employed, and represented the life of the founder—St. Bruno—and the fortunes of the Order in twenty-eight pictures. "No one," adds Mrs. Jameson, "ever painted the Carthusians like Zurbaran, who studied them for months while working in their cloisters."

The river winds so much, forming at the same time two irregular islands, that the tower of the Cathedral, out-topping all other spires and minarets which group around it and proclaim the vicinity of "stately Seville," appeared to be quite close before the landing-place was actually reached. The first object which met our view here was *La Torre d'Oro*, a solitary octagon tower, which rises high above the bank of the river. It is a Moorish relic, and received its name from having been originally built as a treasure-house. Some, however, say that the first gold from America was deposited here, and hence its appellation.

A wall formerly connected *La Torre d'Oro* with the *Alcazar*, or palace, on the land side; while a bridge of boats, stretching across the river, barred the passage and joined the suburb

of Triana. The bursting of this bridge by the galleys of Ramon Bonifaz was a great exploit in the attack made upon Seville by St. Ferdinand, and formed a prelude to the capture of the city, which soon followed, after a siege of sixteen months, in the year 1248.

" King Ferdinand alone did stand one day upon the hill,
Surveying all his leaguer, and the ramparts of Seville;
The sight was grand, when Ferdinand by proud Seville was lying,
O'er tower and tree far off to see the Christian banners flying." *

While walking to our hotel situated about the middle of the town, we found the streets thronged with people, and the shops resplendent with light. After depositing our luggage we made at once for the Cathedral, the first object which met us being the *Giralda*, or ancient Moorish tower to which it is attached. It rises to a great height, and looked most imposing in the uncertain moonbeams which prevailed, springing forth, as it were, like a vision of light and beauty, out of the huge dark mass of the Cathedral which lay at its feet.

The whole city is full of Moorish remains. Our hotel, *Fonda de Europa*, is itself a good specimen, though somewhat gone to decay, retaining a *Patio* or court, round which runs an arcade, supported on marble pillars, while the centre is

* Lockhart's *Spanish Ballads.*

planted with orange and lemon trees and flowering shrubs, and refreshed by a bubbling fountain in the midst—a fine staircase with lofty ceiling, the variegated colours and arabesque mouldings of which may still be traced—and a gallery in the first story, out of which the side rooms open, and which itself looks down into the court.

The modern houses of a high class are mostly constructed after the like pattern, which seems beyond improvement by modern taste. Sometimes they contain several colonnaded courts, opening one into the other, each with a fountain in the centre, and planted with trees and shrubs. In the summer an awning is drawn over them from the top, and then they form delightfully cool and pleasant chambers, which the family occupy during the heat of the day.

Our first point on the morning of April 30th was to the top of the *Giralda*, to which we mounted by a succession of inclining places. So easy and gradual is the ascent, that the Infanta, who resides at Seville, occasionally accomplishes it on a pony. It was wont to be the resort of Queen Isabella, as we learn incidentally. "One day" writes Lamartine—*Celebrated Characters*—"when she had ascended the lofty tower called the *Giralda* of Seville, to enjoy its wonderful height, and look down from its summit on the streets and houses of the town, appearing like an open ant-heap at her feet, Alonzo de Ojeda (one of her pages, and afterwards a companion of Columbus) sprang on to a narrow beam which projected over the cornice, and balancing himself on one

foot at the end of it, executed most extraordinary feats of boldness and activity, to amuse his sovereign, without being in the least alarmed or dizzy."

From this lofty pinnacle we enjoyed a splendid view of the city, as well as of the surrounding plain, which extends for many miles up to the spurs of the distant mountains, the river winding through it like a thread of silver, and numerous villages, Convents, and detached buildings helping to diversify the scene. Interspersed among them, oliveyards and vineyards, orange and lemon-groves, added borders of every shade of green, spring just now putting on her freshest and most delicate livery. We must indeed stop short of the raptures of the author of *Gil Blas* (who, by the way, having never visited the places he professes to describe, was constrained perforce to draw largely on his imagination) when he speaks of the "environs de Seville, appelés par excellence le Paradis terrestre." But still we may give willing testimony to the national proverb—

"Quien no ha visto Sevilla
No ha visto maravilla."

"In Seville was he born—a pleasant city,
Famous for oranges and women—he
Who has not seen it will be much to pity;
As says the proverb—and I quite agree—
Of all the Spanish towns is none more pretty."*

* Byron's *Don Juan*.

"At the close of the sixteenth century," says Stirling—*Velasquez*, ch. ii.—"Seville was the richest city within the wide dominions of the Castillian Crown. For its ancient Christianity and blessed saints and martyrs; its pleasant situation and climate; its splendid Cathedral, palaces, and streets; its illustrious families and universal commerce; its great men and lovely women; it has been called by an early historian, with more truth than is commonly found in filial panegyric, 'the glory of the Spanish realms.'"

To the north, following the line of the Guadalquivir, the situation of Cordova is pointed out; while within easier scope may be traced the remains of ancient Italica, which, although once eclipsing Seville, and later to it in date, has long perished from among the habitations of men. It was founded by Scipio Africanus, who, on the completion of his conquest of Spain, and the final expulsion of the Carthaginians, finding himself embarassed by the number of sick and wounded among his troops, established them in this spot under the protection of a garrison. He gave to it the name of Italica, as appropriate to the Roman soldiery whose colony it had become. The situation of the present ruins agrees exactly with the description of Pliny, who passes it on the right bank of the river, and arrives at Hispalis, *i.e.*, Seville, lower down on the left. It was the birthplace of the Emperors Trajan, Hadrian, and Theodosius, as Cordova of Lucan, and the two Senecas; while Seville claimed a Phœnician origin, and during the times of the Roman Empire was favoured with the patronage of Julius Cæsar.

"He had a fever when he was in Spain," Shakespeare says with his usual wondrous accuracy.—*Jul. Cæs.*, act i, sc. ii.

Most accurate, therefore, is Byron's description:—

"Fair is proud Seville; let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days."

Over one of the gates may still be read the antique inscription—

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

While upon another is the vernacular memorial:—

"Hercules me edificó;
Julio Cæsar me cercò
De muros e torres altas;
El Rey Santo me ganò
Con Garci Perez de Vargas."

The Cathedral itself with its chapels forms an irregular square, and sends up innumerable spires and cupolas, minarets and pinnacles, round which circle a peculiar race of hawks, which have here found a secure abiding place. It was a like sight that called up the Psalmist's praises: "Yea, the sparrow

* This town Alcides reared, Julius restored,
The third Fernando gave it to the Lord.

hath found her a house, and the swallow a nest where she may lay her young: even thy altars, O Lord of hosts! my King and my God."*

At the foot of the *Giralda*, and attached to the Cathedral—the massive shape of which frowns over it, and casts a perpetual shade from many a buttress and pinnacle—lies a court planted with lines of orange trees, and hence called *Patio de los Naranjos*; the original Moorish fountain, at which the faithful once made their ablutions before entering the neighbouring mosque, still occupying the central position.

The *Giralda* stands exactly four-square, the sides being beautifully and minutely ornamented with arabesque mouldings, and intersecting arches. Originally designed as an observatory, (the Moors, as is well known, being among the earliest of philosophers and astronomers), it came to be used as a minaret, from which the Mueddin summoned the faithful to prayer in the adjoining mosque. When this again was converted into a Christian church, on the conquest of the Moors, the adjacent tower naturally became its campanile; an upper portion of beautiful filagree work, ending in a pinnacle, being added to form the belfry. The whole was

* Compare Herodotus in Rawlinson's Translation, i, 159: "Whereupon Aristodicus, who had come prepared for such an answer, proceeded to make the circuit of the temple, and to take the nests of young sparrows and other birds that he could find about the building. As he was thus employed, a voice, it was said, came forth from the inner sanctuary, addressing Aristodicus in these words: 'Most impious of men, what is this thou hast the face to do? Dost thou tear my suppliants from my temple?'"

surmounted by a female figure in bronze, representing Faith, with a cross in one hand and a palm-branch in the other. So exquisitely is it poised, that it veers with every breeze, and thus gives the name to the whole tower—*La Giralda*, i.e., *que gira.*

Fernando de Valdes, Archbishop of Seville, and Grand Inquisitor during the reigns of Charles V. and Phillip II., was the benefactor in this latter instance; "like too many of his order," Stirling remarks—*Cloister Life of Charles V.*—"magnificent to the Church, and mean to all the rest of the world."

The *Giralda* has looked down on many changes of dynasty, as well as outlasted many revolutions of the elements; and still standing firm and untouched, it seems destined to justify the truth of its motto—"Nomen domini tutissima turris." The Sevillians, however, ascribe its preservation to still more special patronage, that of the holy sisters—Justa and Ruffina—who, in 1504, propped it up on their shoulders when the devil raised a storm to destroy it. Accordingly, in pictures of the Seville School, to which they are entirely confined, these saints are commonly represented as upbearing the *Giralda* between them, while earthenware pots, indicatory of their craft, lie at their feet. They were, in fact, Spanish girls, daughters of a potter in the suburb of Triana, where the trade is still carried on, and were martyred under the Roman dominion, July 19, A.D. 304, for refusing to sell vessels for the sacrifice to Venus.

The *Giralda*—the Cathedral itself and annexed buildings, such as chapels, sacristies, chapter halls, the *Patio de los Naranjos*, with its enclosure of embattled walls—form a group within whose compass may be traced well nigh every age and order of architecture. And, certainly, the effect of this admixture of perfect Moorish remains with the loftiest efforts of Christian art—each part contrasting with the other, and yet all blending into complete harmony—is most novel and pleasing. Nay, even the modern and debased additions, such as appear in some portions of the Cathedral, which would mar the *ensemble* of a smaller edifice, are swallowed up in the immensity of this glorious temple, and seem only to increase its perfections as representing and embracing every sort of architecture.

Descending from the *Giralda*, and passing through the *Patio de los Naranjos*, a deep gate with a horse-shoe arch, the only remaining portion of the former Mosque, leads into the Cathedral. But who may attempt to describe the glorious interior! So many qualities and varied gifts would be required for the work, the eye of a painter, and the science of an architect, the rapid mind to conceive, and the ready pen to delineate so many objects of beauty. "La Grande" is the designation given to it among Spanish Cathedrals by the natives, and certainly it is an awful sense of its grandeur and immensity which for long swallows up every other feeling, and seems to set at naught every attempt to grasp its particular portions. Some few points only which most struck me I shall venture to set down.

There are double aisles on either side of the centre nave, the pillars being peculiarly light and graceful. The arches which connect these, opening one into the other, and prolonging the vista almost to an indefinite extent when viewed from the transept, produce an effect beyond that of any ecclesiastical building I have ever seen. The rose window with its colours of dazzling brilliancy over the great western door (which, by the way, is never opened except to receive "the Catholic Sovereign,") completes this vision of beauty.

Another grand feature is the view across from one transept to the other, while the eye, rising to the amazing height of "the Lantern" in the centre, is attracted to a series of triplet windows on each side, which admit a dim religious light. Not that the interior is at all gloomy, but the sunshine of the south is chastened almost to an affecting degree by the magnificent painted windows. Otherwise the effect of the ornaments which are lavished upon every part, in silver and brass, in carved wood and gilded cornice, over altar and pillar, would appear over gorgeous. Then the rich groinings of the roof, and the pavement of black and white marble laid chequer-wise, are so perfect and striking, each in their way so harmonize with the rest of the building, that look where one will, nothing seems wanting to fill up the picture, and satisfy the eye.

Shall I break off my description such as it is, or shall I still further anticipate by setting down the results of the

subsequent observation? For in truth my first visit to a Temple so spacious and full of treasures of art left no very distinct impression upon my mind. There was a sense of something very grand and imposing, a dim vision of towering columns and graceful arches, of glorious lights and shadows athwart the aisles, of stained windows and sculptured screens, of pictures full of reverend forms and radiant faces. It required many a subsequent return and long pacing of the aisles in order to combine and arrange such varied objects before the mind's eye. However, as we are in the Cathedral, let us go on, and endeavour to complete our imperfect sketch once for all.

The high altar and choir here, as indeed in all Spanish Cathedrals, occupy a peculiar position, facing each other in the centre of the nave (the magnificent proportions of which they materially foreshorten) and divided off from the rest of the church, the former by superb gilt gratings of stately height and elaborate workmanship, the latter by the back of the exquisitely carved stalls, over which on either side are piled the huge organs. The space between the high altar and the choir is that directly under the centre "Lantern," and they are connected by a double railing, inside which the ministering clergy are continually passing up and down during the celebration of high mass. The ascent to the tribune, within which the high altar is placed, is by steps. On either side rise magnificent pulpits of bronze for the several reading of the Epistle and Gospel. The high altar is radiant with silver shrines and gilded chandeliers, bright trappings and

scarlet frontals; and behind it is reared a screen of wood, elaborately carved with scriptural subjects, and surmounted over all by a huge "Rood."

Instead of a "Lady Chapel" placed as usual in Gothic churches behind the high altar, the chief spot of devotion to the Virgin is a small altar at the back of the choir, rich in coloured marbles, where stands an exquisitely carved figure of the Virgin and Child, decked out however in vile taste with gilded crowns and gaudy vestments.

At a short distance, moving towards the western door, an inscription on the pavement, with emblems of antique galleys, attracts attention.

"A Castilla y a Leon
Mundo nuevo diò Colon."

What a history is contained in these few words. But alas! for the disappointment. One of the sons of Columbus, Fernando, does indeed rest beneath; but the remains of the great navigator are not here. They, "like himself, were doomed to cross the Atlantic, when no longer animated by his lofty spirit, to seek repose on the shores of that world, which had conferred on him so imperishable a fame."

"Though in the western world his grave,
That other world, the gift he gave." *

* Rogers—*Voyage of Columbus.*

They were removed from the Convent of San Francisco at Valladolid to Seville, and again in 1536, with the body of his son Diego, were transported to Hispaniola, and buried in the Cathedral of St. Domingo. After the lapse of two centuries and a half they were finally deposited with great pomp in the Cathedral of Havannah.

Other celebrities of very varied character are also buried within the precincts of the Cathedral. Here, as in the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula, "Death is associated not only with genius and virtue, with public veneration and with imperishable renown, but also with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame." * In a Chapel immediately behind the high altar, and hence called *Capilla Real*, is deposited the body of St. Ferdinand—El Rey Santo Don Fernando III.—who died May 30th, 1152. It is remarkable that the royal saints, St. Ferdinand and St. Louis, of France, should have been cousins, their respective mothers, Berenguela and Queen Blanche, being sisters. The image of the Virgin here, called *de los Reyes*, was a present from the latter King to the former. Here also rests Alphonso the Wise, his son and successor, who lost the kingdom which his father had established, and concerning whom Mariana, the Historian,† quaintly says, "that he was more fit for letters than for the government of

* Macaulay's *History of England.*

† Ticknor's *Spanish Literature*, vol. i, ch. 3.

his subjects; he studied the heavens, and watched the stars, but forgot the earth and lost his kingdom." It should, however, be mentioned to his honour, that he caused the Bible to be translated into Castilian, which was the means of establishing it as the national language. And here, too, mingling with royal dust in death as in life, is laid Maria de Padilla, the unhappy mistress of Peter the Cruel. He, by the way, is said to have appropriated to his own use the costly ornaments which decorated the tombs of Ferdinand and Alphonso, declaring that he did not like to leave so great a temptation in the way of dishonest men, the church being indifferently guarded!

Side chapels run round almost the whole building. These contain the pictures, Murillo of course being in all his glory, in this the chief sanctuary of his native city. My eyes were never satisfied with gazing upon the "Guardian Angel," which is placed in a small chapel upon the right of the great western door. It depicts an angel leading a fair boy by the hand, and pointing upward to the sky. In general, allegorical subjects are not much to my taste; but here the conception is so divine, and the idea altogether so scriptural, that it appears almost to represent a reality. In this instance Murillo has risen above himself in spiritualizing boyhood; whereas he was content in ordinary cases to be "of the earth earthly"—to depict "Beggar-boys rejoicing in water-melon, and merry in the freedom of their rags"—who passed before his eyes day by day in the streets of Seville, and whom he drew true to every line.

In the Baptistery is suspended another of Murillo's most famous compositions. At the bottom of the picture kneels St. Antony, with upturned face radiant of joy and love. In the middle floats the Infant Saviour, the light thrown so marvellously upon the figure that it seems almost to move amid the golden clouds. Above and around are ministering cherubs. On a table stands a vase containing white lilies, the proper attributes of the Saint, "painted," says Stirling, "with such Zeuxis-like skill, that birds wandering among the aisles have been seen attempting to perch on one, and peck the flowers." Disraeli (*Contarini Fleming*, part v, ch. 4) picks out this picture for special notice:—"There is but one man who could have painted that diaphanous heaven, and those fresh lilies. Inimitable Murillo!"

Alonzo Cano [1601-1667] is represented by a most charming Virgin and Child. Unknown to me before, this painter ever lives in my memory through this most sweet and tender portraiture of a very trite subject.

Close by, a very different motive—"El Tutelar," or Santiago, armed *cap-à-pie*, destroying the Moors at the Battle of Clavijo—is magnificently and vividly treated by Juan de las Roelas [1558-1625]. The flying foe seeming to disappear at the extremity of the picture, reminded me of Macaulay's lines—

"And far away the battle
Went roaring thro' the pass."

In the opposite transept is the masterpiece of Luis de Vargas [1506-1568], representing, we are told, "the temporal generation of Christ, and commonly called *La Gamba;* because Alesio, a painter who was born at Italica about 1550, said that the leg of Adam, which is very prominent and finely formed, was worth all his "St. Christopher," a colossal figure painted in fresco close by.

The annexed buildings in this part of the Cathedral were erected subsequently to the principal edifice, and therefore not comprised in the original plan, nor in harmony with the general style. On entering the sacristy we found a number of priests being disencumbered of their magnificently embroidered capes and robes, which were afterwards deposited in presses of burnished mahogany. It is a magnificent chamber in the Italian style, but with no ecclesiastical character, and is adorned by two pictures of Murillo, representing San Leandro and San Isidoro, the Patron Saints of Seville, and also by the "Descent from the Cross" of Pedro Campana [1503-1580]. Murillo, it is said, was wont to stand for hours together before this picture, and once replied to some person asking what he was doing, "I am waiting till these holy men have taken our Lord down." By his own desire he was originally buried in front of it, while it hung in the Parish Church of Santa Cruz, now destroyed.

The treasury beyond contains a magnificent collection of church plate and relics, in which this Cathedral is said to

surpass all others. The sight is so dazzling, and the process of viewing the various articles so rapid, that it is not easy for any particular object to fix itself on the memory. I remember only a crucifix made of the first gold brought from America, and two curiously wrought keys presented to Ferdinand on his conquest of the city.

Returning to the north-west corner, a door leads into the *Sagrario*, or Parish Church attached, another feature peculiar to Spanish Cathedrals. It has the form of a large chamber, and is profusely ornamented. Passing across we go out by a small door, and find ourselves in the *Patio de los Naranjos*, one side of which it occupies, the opposite being devoted to the library bequeathed to the chapter by Fernando Columbus. A stone pulpit near the staircase which leads up to it, stands out from the wall. St. Vincent Ferrer, the Dominican, preached here, as indeed "there was scarce a province or a town in Europe that he did not visit; he preached in France Italy, Spain, and by express invitation of Henry IV., in England. From the description we have of this Saint, it appears that he produced his effect by appealing to the passions and feelings of his congregation. The ordinary subjects of his sermons were sin, death, the judgments of God, hell and eternity, delivered, says his eulogist, with so much energy, that he filled the most insensible with terror. Like another Boanerges he preached in a voice of thunder; his hearers often fainted away, and he was obliged to pause till the tears, sobs and sighs of his congregation had a little

subsided; he possessed himself what has been called an extraordinary gift of tears."

The rooms of the Library are extensive and well filled with books, while the largest is still further adorned with portraits of the Archbishops of Seville. A small number of persons were reading when we passed through—among them a young infantry soldier.

The side of the *Patio* facing the Cathedral is that which most preserves its Moorish character. A gateway with a magnificent horse-shoe arch, called *Puerta del Perdon*, forms the chief outlet, and leads to the broad pavement outside. which runs round the whole Cathedral and its precincts, and has an ascent of several steps, whence its name *Las Gradas*. The mutilated shafts of pillars, which are placed at intervals all round, and evidently belonged to some earlier building, are said to be Roman.

To the south-east of the Cathedral rise the embattled walls and square towers of the *Alcazar*. The façade, though still showing much of the delicate blue colouring and minute fretwork, principally over the entrance-gate, scarce gives promise of the gorgeousness of the interior. It has indeed undergone many changes in the way both of restoration and of disfigurement, but it still retains many features of its original design, having been raised as a Palace by the Moors. Pedro the Cruel added portions in the same style, probably employing Moorish architects, so that the unpractised eye fails to detect their

several eras. But when Charles V. took up his residence, having been married here to Isabella of Portugal, he cut up various chambers and galleries with partitions, and altogether endeavoured to make it more *comfortable.* In later years the present Infanta, with Montpensier, occupied a suite of rooms towards the garden, and was there confined of her first child—no ill omen for the destinies of the royal babe!

After passing through a series of low passages and mean rooms, a magnificent embroidered arch—for the carving with which it is covered more resembles embroidery than any other ornamentation—gives access to the great Court. It is paved with white marble slabs, and contains in the centre a small basin of the same material, of chaste and simple form, once a fountain. Graceful arcades run round, supported on small double columns, and the entire walls are covered with deep tracery. Above is a gallery, no doubt of the time of Charles V., but thus brought into comparison with the fairy forms beneath, it looks poor and tasteless.

But the finest feature in the *Alcazar*, from its size and elaborate ornaments, is certainly the Hall of the Ambassadors. It is at the same time strictly Moorish, and well nigh untouched by more modern hands. A series of triplet arches of the horse-shoe form, connected by columns of marble, open into it from three sides; on the other is a single arch, closed in with doors of cedar-wood. The lower portion of the walls is covered with glazed tiles of the most beautiful and intricate

patterns. Above they are formed of a kind of mosaic, inlaid with colours and gilding. Such exquisite arabesques and wildly fanciful tracery defy all description; but although so beautifully minute, they evidently proceed upon some well-defined plan, and produce exquisite harmony. Higher up, small compartments with circular tops are perforated, and behind these a latticed gallery stretches all round the hall. Within these, so appropriately termed "jalousies," the ladies of the Harem were concealed from the public gaze, while enabled to observe everything that was passing in the hall beneath.

In Arabic architecture the ornament becomes more choice, as it occupies a higher elevation. The richest and most exquisite labours of the artist are lavished on the ceiling, as is the case here. The centre expands into a cupola in the shape of a half-orange—whence the technical name *Media Naranja*—while the rest of the surface is a labyrinth of exquisite fretwork and the minutest carving, now throwing forward gilded bosses which glisten like stalactites, now retreating into mazes as delicately carved as lace. Throughout the building much of tracery has been covered over with whitewash; and the best restoration is effected by simply picking this off, the painting and gilding appearing beneath still fresh and brilliant.

In the upper story the Chapel of Isabella—so small as to deserve the name rather of an Oratory—is beautifully ornamented in imitation of Moorish work.

Behind are the gardens, the front towards which opens upon a terrace, stretching away towards the extremity of the enclosure, and having its sides completely masked with orange-trees, which, with the many aromatic shrubs and sweet-scented flowers, quite perfumed the air. From this various steps descend to the parterres and flower-beds, which are bordered with myrtle-hedges, cut into fantastic devices representing among others the arms of Spain and Charles V. Eagles, lions, embattled towers, all are accurately delineated. There are numberless fountains; besides which the walks of mixed brick and porcelain are so perforated, that water can be sent up in spouts to freshen every shrub and flower, and to temper both the heat of the day, and the atmosphere when overlaid with sweets. The effect of these *jets d'eau*, all playing together and splashing with a gentle murmur, is quite entrancing. It is indeed a "watered garden." It could have been the suggestion alone of one who lived under a southern sky, and became weary of perpetual sunshine, and the cloying scent of ever-blossoming fruits and flowers.

Under the terrace, and penetrating deep below the palace, are arched chambers, which bear the name of Maria de Padilla's Baths. They must have been a delightfully cool retreat during the heats of the summer.

In connection with Peter the Cruel and Maria de Padilla, his mistress, it is interesting to the English traveller to be reminded, that the cause of the former against his brother

was supported by the "Black Prince," who with his resistless followers, the men of Cressy and Poictiers, completely routed Don Gueslin, and the French allies of Don Henrique.

Some of the Knights, it may be supposed, came back to tell the tale of their Spanish campaign.

> So had he seen in fair Castile
> The youth in glittering squadrons start;
> Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
> And hurl the unexpected dart.*

John of Gaunt, the "time-honoured Lancaster," of Shakespeare, who accompanied the "Black Prince" on that occasion, had married Constanza, the eldest daughter of Don Pedro by Maria de Padilla, and on his death laid claim to the throne of Spain.

But we must no longer dwell among these bowers of fancy; so leaving the gardens, and passing through a cool underground passage, we find ourselves once more in an outer court of the Alcazar, round which a number of poor families, all squalidness and misery, have found lodgment.

A step or two from the outside gate brought us to the *Longa*, or Exchange, a fine square building, the work of Juan de Herresa, the architect of the Escurial. It occupies

* *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

the space between the Alcazar and the Cathedral. Previously to its erection all commercial traffic was carried on in the courts of the Temple hard by. Now, as throughout Spain, the race of merchant-princes is extinct, and money-changers and traffickers, so many as exist, might frequent the aisles of the Cathedral with small hindrance to its services. The building of the *Longa* was coeval with the Armada, when once prosperous and powerful Spain first tottered to her fall by rough contact with England. Here are deposited the dispatches of Columbus, Cortes, and Pizarro, records of her palmiest days. It was the trade with America which first raised up the class of merchant-princes in Spain. At Seville were the vaults into which was poured the precious freightage of the galleons—"Ingots of gold from rich Potosi borne"—and so powerful had the traders become from that source, that when in 1557 Charles V. wanted to seize the whole bullion, on the arrival of the Indian fleet, for the purposes of the African War, they attacked the royal officers as they were landing the booty, and rescued it from the grasp of the Crown.

Cervantes resided in Seville from 1588 to 1598, or perhaps somewhat longer, and acted for some time as one of the agents and commissaries of the Indian fleet. Hence he calls it "a shelter for the poor and a refuge for the unfortunate."

A house close by, facing a Moorish skew-archway, and now devoted to the sale of sweetmeats, is pointed out as

once the shop of the original Figaro, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia.* The barbers of Seville still retain their ancient fame. Not small is the luxury of being shaved by one of the gay fraternity, and afterwards cleansed with water, into which some fragrant essence has been poured.

La bottega? non si sbaglia,
Guardi bene, eccola là.
Numero quindici, a mano manca,
Quattro gradini, facciata bianca.

A gate now leads us through the court of the Custom-house outside the city walls. Here were mules and muleteers, oxen and drovers, all lying on the ground and asleep together. Nor could anyone who saw the gigantic jars of oil which they had brought hither, grudge them their noontide rest. As a boy in reading the *Arabian Nights*, I had often been puzzled as to how each of the Forty Thieves could have been crammed into an oil-jar. Those now here could easily have accommodated a couple of these gentry at a time. Peter the Cruel justified his name by causing some of his victims to be boiled alive in enormous jars, which may perchance have been after this kind. Perhaps too a similar one, for they are of antique shape, formed Diogenes' tub, which was, we are told, an *earthen* vessel.

To the right, keeping under the city walls, we reach the *Caridad*, or St. Cross Hospital of Spain. The Chapel opens from the colonnaded *Patio.* Here we may revel in gazing

upon "Murillo's Boys," all alike—Spanish and dark-hued—but different, too, since drawn after the very image of nature, which never repeats itself. Such urchins are still to be seen, swarming about the suburbs of Seville, and along the waysides of Andalusia, with complexions darkened by the sun, and in tattered garments, *au jour*, which almost befit the clime. The popularity of these subjects in England—notwithstanding the angry objections of those who advocate what they call "High Art"—is very remarkable. "The taste," says Head, "for this peculiar class must have begun early. Evelyn, in his *Diary* (April 21st, 1690), tells us that at the sale of the effects of Lord Melford at Whitehall, 'Lord Godolphin bought the picture of the Boys, by Murillo, the Spaniard, for eighty guineas—dear enough.'"

It was in consequence of this Hospital being founded by his friend, Don Miguel de Manara, that Murillo adorned it so lavishly with some of his choicest works. Several were carried off by Soult, and have since found their way to England. Those which remain are—

"Infant Saviour."

"Infant John the Baptist."

"San Juan di Dios assisted by an Angel in carrying a sick man."

[This Saint was accustomed to dedicate the whole day to the ministry of the sick poor whom he had collected, and

towards night he went forth for the purpose of seeking out the deserted creatures, whom he frequently carried on his back to the refuge he had prepared for them. Born at Monte-Mayor, in Portugal, 1495, he died at Granada, in 1550.]

"Christ feeding the Five Thousand."

[In this the "lad" is somewhat irreverently made the prominent object of the picture.]

And, most glorious of all, the very perfection of life-like Art! "Moses striking the Rock"—where a boy upon a white horse turning round his dusky smiling face, is a miracle of painting. "The great merit of the work," Wilkie remarks, "lies in the appearance of nature and truth, which Murillo has given to the wandering descendants of Israel."

A simple looking sister of charity waited very patiently until we had fully feasted our eyes on these treasures of art, wondering no doubt all the time at the enthusiasm of the *mad* Englishmen, as our countrymen are commonly reputed in Spain. This notion arises very much from the interest exhibited by them towards objects, about which the Spaniards themselves feel small care.

After this neither mind nor body could do more, and I was glad to get home and rest awhile in a state of dreamy idleness and luxurious fancy. But I had time before dinner to take one

more look at the Cathedral by myself, and pace its glorious aisles, free from a commonplace and unsympathizing guide, and able to hold communion with my own spirit alone. At the first visit all had appeared confused and indistinct, now it was wonderful how by degrees and almost without an effort of the will, every object appeared to fall into its right place, and stand out in its due proportions. The lights too are ever varying with each hour of the day, and producing new effects and fresh points of view.

"There is not," says Disraeli [*Contarini Fleming*], "a more beautiful and solemn temple in the world than the great Cathedral of Seville. When you enter from the glare of a Spanish sky, so deep is the staining of the glass, and so small and few the windows, that, for a moment, you feel in darkness. Gradually the vast design of the Gothic artist unfolds itself to your vision: gradually rises up before you the profuse sumptuousness of the high altar, with its tall images and velvet and gold hangings, its gigantic railings of brass, and massy candlesticks of silver—all revealed by the deep and perpetual light of the sacred and costly lamps."

In the evening we went to a *Baile*, where various Boleros and Fandangos were performed in costume. They were truly graceful, and thoroughly characteristic. One of the young ladies further enlivened us by singing various ballads, to the accompaniment of a guitar, most of them in glory of the *Contrabandista* and the *Toreador*. Longfellow has trans-

lated one of these national songs, as they may be called, in the *Spanish Student*:—

"Worn with speed is my Caballo,
And I march me hurried, worried;
Onward, Caballito mio,
With the white star on thy forehead!
Onward, for here comes the Ronda,
And I hear their rifles crack!
Ay, jaleo! Ay, ay, jaleo!
Ay, jaleo! They cross our track."

The Artillery, with a fine band, mount guard every morning at the Palace occupied by the Infanta. This is rather a pretty building, of red brick with stone copings, formerly the Naval College of San Telmo, and is situated outside the walls, various public walks running round it. Its extremity is only separated from the river by that called *Las Delicias*, which is tastefully planted with trees and rose-bushes, and is carried for some distance down the bank. We were in hopes of seeing the Royal Duchess exhibit herself with her husband and children at the front balcony, as is her wont, while the band plays the royal march. But on this occasion, although it was May-day and a Sunday, we were doomed to disappointment. A *Padre*, grave and reverend, slowly making his way towards the gate, and apparently giving no heed to the worldly strains of the music, showed that higher duties were about to be attended to inside the Palace.

The Museum being open, we walked thither, traversing on our way a great portion of the city. Here Murillo has a gallery to himself, containing some fifteen or twenty pictures in his various styles, *i.e.*, some more finished than others. But the feast is rich to a fault. Each picture is a study of itself; but before mind or eye have time to grasp any one sufficiently, we are hurried on to another, until one becomes at last fairly mystified and tired out. There is almost a feeling of gratitude towards the arch-plunderer, Soult, that he should have helped to diminish their numbers!

In 1828, Wilkie saw these pictures at the Capuchin Convent, for which they were originally painted, and refers especially to the following—

"St. Francis with the Infant Christ in his arms."

["A very daring and original version of St. Francis," says Mrs. Jameson, "no longer the Blessed Infant leaning from His Mother's bosom, but the Crucified Saviour, who bends from His Cross of agony, and while St. Francis with outstretched arms, and trampling a globe under his feet—symbol of the world and its vanities—looks up with the most passionate expression of adoration and gratitude; the benign vision gently inclines towards him, and lays one hand on his shoulder, while the other remains attached to the Cross: two choral Angels hover above."]

"St. Tomas giving charity."

[This is "San Tomas de Villanueva," called the Almoner and Archbishop of Valencia. Murillo used to call this his own picture! "Robed in white, and wearing a white mitre, he stands at the gate of his Cathedral, relieving the wants of a lame half-naked beggar who kneels at his feet."] *

Two Doctors [St. Leander and St. Buonaventura.]
Two Female Saints. [Justa and Rufina, who bear up the *Giralda* between them.]
A Virgin and Child.

This is the famous *Servilleta*, so called from being said to be painted on a dinner-napkin.

There is likewise a "Conception" here, as usual in every collection of Murillo's pictures.

With what calm power thou risest on the wind—
Mak'st thou a pinion of those locks unshorn?
Or of that dark blue robe which floats behind
In ample fold? or art thou cloud-upborne?
A crescent-moon is bent beneath thy feet,
Above the heavens expand, and tier o'er tier
With heavenly garlands, they advance to greet,
The cloudy throng of Cherubim appear.

—*Trench.*

* Mrs. Jameson—*Legends of the Monastic Orders.*

The "Immaculate Conception" had long been the favourite dogma of the Spanish Church. The first book printed in Spain was on this very subject, which, as Hallam remarks, we might expect to precede all others. To this day, we are told, a Spaniard salutes his neighbour with the Angelic, "Ave Maria purisima," and he responds, "Sin peccado concebida." The doctrine was mainly supported by the Franciscans, who were Murillo's great patrons, and for whom accordingly he often painted the favourite subject, always in conformity with the strict rules laid down by Pacheco, in his *Arte de la Pintura*, published A.D. 1649, when, having become a familiar of the Inquisition, he wielded the authority of the holy office as inspector of sacred pictures. "It is evident," says Mrs. Jameson, "that the idea is taken from the Woman in the Apocalypse, 'clothed with the Sun, having the Moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars.' The Virgin is to be portrayed in the first spring and bloom of youth, as a maiden of about twelve or thirteen years of age, with grave, sweet eyes; her hair golden; her features with all the beauty painting can express; her hands are to be folded on her bosom, or joined in prayer. The sun is to be expressed by a flood of light around her. The moon under her feet is to have the horns pointing downwards, because illuminated from above, and the twelve stars are to form a crown over her head. The robe must be of spotless white; the mantle, or scarf, blue. Round her are to hover Cherubim, bearing roses, palms, and lilies; the head of the bruised and vanquished dragon is to be under her feet."

From the Museum we next waded our way (for the rain was now descending in torrents), to the *Casa de Pilatos*, which is situated at another extremity of the city. This is a house built in supposed imitation of that of Pilate at Jerusalem, with hall of judgment, prætorium, scourging-post, &c. After being exposed to long neglect, it has been restored by its present owner, the Duke of Mædina Cœli, and is once more radiant with gilding and colouring, carving and sculpture. The marble staircase is truly grand.

"The cultivated society of the city," says Stirling,* "assembled in the halls and gardens of the tasteful Duke of Alcala. This nobleman, Fernando de Ribera, head of a house in which munificence and valour were hereditary, was representative of the Marquess of Tarifa, whose pilgrimage to the Holy Land had been made famous by the poet, Juan de Enzina. He kept his state in a house still known as the house of Pilate, having been built by his pilgrim ancestor, after the plan, it is said, of the house so called at Jerusalem. Here he had amassed a fine collection of pictures and works of art, and filled the porticos towards the gardens with antique statues, brought some from Rome and others from Italica."

The morning of May 2nd was one of pitiless rain. However, the Cathedral affords as well shelter as never-failing resource under every circumstance of weather. High

* *Velasquez*, ch. ii.

Mass was performed in honour of the Saint of the day—St. Athanasius, I believe—but instead of the organ taking the principal part in the function, a small band of musicians, with violin, flute, bassoon, were introduced into the choir, and accompanied the chant of the priests. There was afterwards a procession round the interior; and this, again was followed by a sermon. This was delivered with great energy and unction, and was listened to by the large congregation with unflagging attention. As far as I could follow the preacher and his rapid delivery, I found that his subject was prayer, and his illustrations mostly scriptural; though neither was the quotation from St. Augustin wanting, according to the national proverb, *Sermon sin Agostino, olla sin tocino!* The whole scene was most picturesque. Round the pulpit were grouped the women of all classes, intermingled together, and squatting upon the pavement—there being neither chairs nor benches in Spanish churches—while the men, standing up, formed an outer circle. The chapter with their acolytes remained within the choir.

In the course of the day the weather cleared up, and, as the ground soon dries up in this sunny climate, both the drive and promenade of *Las Delicias* became crowded towards evening with all the "beauty and fashion" of the city. Many of the women must be pronounced decidedly handsome, and show high caste both in their air and walk. No city in Spain, with the exception of Madrid—emphatically styled *La Corte*—is considered so aristocratic as Seville; and

certainly the dress of the ladies does much to show them off to advantage. Never was there a more graceful head-dress than the mantilla, and I was glad to see that bonnets had made but little way; indeed, it only requires contact between the two to put the latter to utter shame. Some English ladies appeared in the national costume, but, whatever might be their other charms, they lacked the dark lustrous eye which should sparkle beneath the mantilla.

Another point in which Spanish women are pre-eminent is the use of their fans. They can do all but speak with them—so nimbly and gracefully do they handle them—now shading their faces, and then again, with an easy and peculiar turn, contracting the folds, which rustle tremulously at every movement. In the churches, which are frequented mostly by females, the rustling of fans forms a sort of running accompaniment to the voice of the ministering priest, and quite distracts attention, until by degrees the ear becomes accustomed to the continuous but not displeasing sound.

A few horsemen swept along the ride, mounted on prancing Andalusian steeds, which seemed to move their fore legs in every direction except in front, and thus could cover but little ground. Several carriages drove up and down a space of about a mile, some with four mules and others with four horses in hand. In fact, the whole scene was gay and sparkling, and thoroughly characteristic of the country.

As the sun sets, we follow the lively crowd back to the

town, where for an hour or two more the principal resorts are the *Calle de la Sierpe*, where the best shops—always brilliantly lighted up at night—are to be found, and the *Plaza del Duque* beyond, a small square planted with trees, and provided with seats.

A bright morning, May 3rd, found me betimes on my way to the Cathedral. The *Calle de la Sierpe*, where our hotel is situated, opens out into the wide *Plaza de San Francisco*, beyond which the *Giralda*, bathed in sunshine, rises aloft into the bright blue sky. The bells are in full sight and swing. Suspended on the centre of revolving beams, which traverse the open arches of the four faces of the tower, they show themselves at every turn, and send forth their lively clatter—not like the church bells of our home, "swinging slow with solemn roar"—but all let loose together in merry disorder, and without any attempt at harmony. They will throw many a summersault, and ring many a peal yet, before the service of the Cathedral begins. So there is time for us to tarry awhile and look round.

To the left is the Prison, a gloomy, uninteresting building, save that it is illuminated by the genius of Cervantes, who while confined here on a charge of peculation against the Government—he was collector of customs at the Port of Seville—commenced his *Don Quixote*. At least, so we may gather from the words of his Preface:—"You may suppose it the child of disturbance, engendered in some dismal prison,

where wretchedness keeps its residence, and every dismal sound its habitation." Beyond the Prison stretches a line of low arcades, with quaint overhanging houses; while, on the right, stands the *Casa del Ayuntamiento*, or Tower-house. The lower part of it is recessed into a graceful colonnade; while above, the front is lavishly sculptured and ornamented in the style called the *plataresque*, of the age of Charles V.

This day's *Festia* was the "Invention of the Cross"—still, by the way, retained in our own Reformed Calendar—and it was honoured by a double high mass, with the interval of a procession, first within and then round part of the outside enclosure of the Cathedral. To an Anglican taste these ceremonies soon pall from very sameness and monotony. It is hard to judge of others by one's own feelings, especially as brought up under so different a system; but certainly even here little interest appeared to be excited among the ministrants themselves, as they moved along chatting and laughing together. For my own part I have always been far more affected in foreign churches by the vespers, than by the more gaudy and imposing services of the morning. The former are so simple and subdued. After the glare and heat of the day, the solemn notes of the organ and the deep tones of the ministering priests do really produce a religious soul-entrancing effect. Alas! that the good impression should so quickly pass away, when the last peal of the organ dies upon the ear, and one passes once more out of the dim religious light into the busy blazing street.

After the services were over—and they lasted nearly three hours—I walked along the walls of the Archiepiscopal Palace to the *Calle de los Abades*, the residence of the clergy, which nestles under its wing, and within call of the *Giralda*. Thence I proceeded on to the Jews' quarter which lies behind; and after winding through a number of narrow and almost deserted streets, discovered the object of my search, the house of Murillo—a secluded but by no means cheerless nook close upon the city wall. Just before I had passed through the *Plaza de Santa Cruz*, on which site formerly stood the church of the same name, the burial-place of the great painter, and had admired a picturesque group, worthy of his brush, gossipping round a fountain. A picture of his at Madrid, "Rebecca at the Well," represents the subject after his wont, as one of common every-day life.

The city walls are entirely Moorish, and in almost perfect preservation, capped at regular intervals with towers and battlements. I continued to follow them, passing in and out of two or three gates, until I reached *Los Canos*, the Roman aqueduct. The tiers of massive arches stretch away out of sight. So, leaving them to follow their course, and striking in again through one of the exterior gates, I found myself involved in a labyrinth of narrow streets and lanes. After threading these—affording as they do but few landmarks—for a long time, I at length reached my own quarters.

After a brief interval of rest, I again set out upon an exploring expedition in the direction of the river. In the

porch of a small church near the *Plaza del Duque*, a quantity of loaves of bread, laid out among green boughs and burning tapers, were being blessed and incensed by a body of priests, who afterwards proceeded inside the church for service. Here there was assembled a large congregation of well-dressed persons, while an importunate crowd of beggars filled the street without, waiting for the distribution of bread, which, in fact, I found going on at my return.

The *Alameda de Hercules*, close by, is scantily planted with trees, and wears a most deserted look. Two huge columns, said to be Roman, and surmounted by dilapidated statues, called respectively "Hercules" and "Julius Cæsar," stand at the entrance. To the left rises the tower of the old prison of the Inquisition. A high wall, built up at intervals with modern houses, seemed to enclose it on all sides; and I endeavoured in vain to discover any mode of ingress. Reaching the city wall, which here, as throughout its circuit, is lined with regular towers and battlements, I kept under it, until a gateway opened out upon the river-bank. Following this, I was at length brought to the bridge which connects the suburb of Triana, where dwell the gipsies and lowest class of the population, who, all rags and squalidness, once afforded subjects for Murillo. To this day they seem nothing altered in hue or complexion. Of an evening this bridge forms their chief resort, as I found upon a subsequent visit to the spot; and here, also, a busy trade in sweets and condiments is carried on.

After dinner there was a more than usual concourse of well-dressed dames and their cavaliers at *Las Delicias.* We found that the Infanta had been holding an entertainment in the private gardens of the palace close by. Presently she made her appearance upon the public walk, accompanied by Montpensier and a small suite, and seemed to be very well received. She has rather a Jewish cast of countenance, lit up, however, with a very pleasing smile and gracious manner.

May 4th proved to be a day of incessant rain, which completely chilled the air. Who might fancy himself in Spain?

"'Tis now, they say, the month of May—'tis now the moons are bright.

* * * * * *

Woe dwells with me, in spite of thee, thou gladsome month of May!"*

"Gondomar bade a Spanish post who was returning to his own country remember him to the sun, for it was a long time since he had seen him here, and he would be sure to find him in Spain!"†

Hitherto I had not allowed a day to pass without several visits to the Cathedral in the course of it. In the morning

* Lockhart's *Spanish Ballads.*

† Southey's *Common-place Book. Fourth Series.*

there was generally the attraction of some *Funçion;* in the afternoon, I loved to sit upon the steps leading up to the choir, and listen to the chanting of the Vespers; in the evening, as the Cathedral lay directly *en route* to the usual resort by the river-side, it had become my regular habit to enter at the gate nearest the *Giralda*, and after lingering for some time in the transept, to pass out at the other extremity. Go when one would, there was always some new effect of light or shade to be admired, some fresh point of view to be noticed. The evening had settled down into fog and mist; but still, after dinner, I bethought me that it would be worth while to see the Cathedral in its very gloom and emptiness. There was scarce a soul in the streets through which I passed. On entering, the effect upon the senses was inexpressibly solemn and mysterious. Not a footfall was to be heard, nor could any single object be clearly perceived for some moments, save a flickering lamp here and there, suspended before some altar or image. But by degrees the eye began to pierce the gloom and trace out each arch and pillar, until from pavement to roof the whole "magic fabric" started into view.

May 5th being Ascension Day, high mass was celebrated in the Cathedral with great pomp. Instrumental music formed the usual accompaniment, the organ being comparatively laid aside, although at intervals it burst forth with thrilling effect. The Infanta and Montpensier were present, on a raised daïs at the right side of the altar; but, so far as I could see, did *not* communicate. At several of the smaller altars the wafer

was administered to numbers of "the faithful;" in fact, there was every token of the festival being strictly and religiously observed, at least during the earlier part of the day.

On May 6th we left Seville for Cadiz by steamer at eight a.m. A bright and cloudless morning lighted up the *Giralda*, and the other towers and spires of the stately city with glorious effulgence, until, as we wound hither and thither with the sinuosities of the river, they melted at last from our view. With them too departed the promises of fair weather, and the sky becoming overcast soon covered us with a mantle of gloom and mist, which seemed appropriate enough to the low and marshy banks along which we glided. Between two and three p.m. some passengers were landed at Bonanza, and we then made for the mouth of the river. But on a nearer view our skipper shrank from contact with the open sea, the waves of which were tumbling angrily over the bar. So the word was given to go about, and back we came to Bonanza, where we were landed; and after long squabbling with boatmen, porters and *douaniers*, at last found ourselves crammed into a creaking lumbering Diligence. It was past seven p.m. before we reached Puerto San Maria; and as we had still five miles of the stormy bay to cross before we could get to Cadiz, while its gates were closed at sunset, my companion and myself had no very pleasant prospect before us. However the good deity came to our aid in the shape of the captain of a Madeira Packet, "The Comet," who had taken a run up to Seville with some of

his passengers, and was now returning. He kindly offered us accommodation for the night on board his vessel, which we reached shortly before nine p.m. after a very rough passage across the bay in an open boat.

No steamer was starting for Gibraltar on May 7th, as we had been led to expect, nor could we gain any accurate information as to its probable time of departure. So we had no help for it but to land at Cadiz, which seemed somewhat flat and uninteresting after Seville. However, as Disraeli says in *Contarini Fleming*:—"A Spanish city sparkling in the sun, with its white walls and verdant jalousies, is one of the most cheerful and brilliant of the works of man. Figaro is in every street, and Rosina at every balcony."

After numberless enquiries and consequent change of plans a friend and myself arranged to leave on the following morning by land *en route* to Gibraltar.

Accordingly we started betimes in search of an omnibus, which we learnt was to leave for Chiclana—a small town, three miles down the coast. By mistake the porters took our luggage through the gate which leads to the port; and on passing back the *douaniers* actually obliged us to submit to an examination. With ruffled tempers and after some difficulty, we at last lighted on the 'bus while on the very point of departure; and passing through a line of fortifications found ourselves on the sandy causeway, with the sea on one side and the bay on the other, which connects Cadiz with

the mainland. At the point of junction stands Fernando, a considerable town with clean and wide streets. It is surrounded by marshes, and defended by several forts, which being garrisoned by the English kept Victor and the French army completely at bay during the Peninsular War. Here, in the days of Elizabeth, Essex landed, and under a dreadful fire from the batteries, accompanied by the flower of English chivalry, advanced to the conquest of the city, "Sir James, the second son," says Isaac Walton, *Life of Wotton*, "may be numbered among the martial men of his age, who was, in the thirty-eighth year of Elizabeth's reign (with Robert, Earl of Sussex, Count Lodowick of Nassau, Don Christopher, son of Antonio, King of Portugal, and divers other gentlemen of nobleness and valour), knighted in the field near Cadiz in Spain, after they had gotten great honour and riches, besides a noble retaliation of injuries by taking that town."

Crossing by a fortified bridge from this region of sand and salt-marshes, sea-birds and vultures—a large troop of these last I spied close to the road—we were soon relieved by the pleasant verdure of a small cork-wood, and a succession of well-cultivated fields and gardens, which terminated in the town of Chiclana. Soon after our arrival we climbed a hill to the south, surmounted by the remains of some religious edifice, and enjoyed a charming view of the sparkling and diversified country, with Cadiz showing white, and glistening at the extremity of the long, flat peninsula. At two p.m. we

mounted our horses, having a third for our guide and luggage. For the first two or three miles the track lay through ill-cultivated fields, but afterwards opened into an extensive plain, covered with fragrant brushwood, and occasionally dotted with pines, which gave an air of wildness and solitude to the scene. On the right rose the knoll of Barrosa—"Red Barrosa shouts for dauntless Græme"—while beyond appeared the blue line of sea which washes Cape Trafalgar. Amid such scenes one wots little of the brigands and evil characters who are said to infest the district!

No human habitations were to be seen, except an occasional hut rudely built of reeds and boughs, out of which issued a sullen, thief-like face; while a picturesque group of charcoal burners and idlers clustered round the door, and poured down their throats plentiful libations of water, mixed with *aguardiente*, as beseemed "thirsty Spain."

In the distance appeared the Moorish town of Medina Sidonia, gleaming outwards like a "whited sepulchre," and, apparently, from being perched upon a very lofty hill, eschewing any carriage-communication with the plain along which we journeyed.

After riding for some ten miles along this straight, flat track, we suddenly found ourselves dip into a beautifully wooded ravine, and the country continued rough and broken —our path now rising up some precipitous ascent, and then sinking into a green valley, or crossing some mountain stream,

beside which basked bright lizards and parti-coloured reptiles—until we reached a small *Venta*, at the foot of the tall hill, on which stands the town of Vejar. It is a peculiar feature with these small Moorish towns, that they are commonly built in such situations as to be completely isolated from each other, and from the neighbouring country. But as the Moors were the descendants of Ishmael, who "dwelt in the wilderness," have we not herein displayed before our eyes the very fulfilment of prophesy? "He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him, and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren,"* *i.e.*, so as to be seen of them, and yet not to be in their company, like "a city set on a hill, which cannot be hid."

On May 9th, leaving our *Venta* soon after four p.m. we immediately crossed a bridge over a rocky stream, and soon after entered a wood composed of stunted trees and low brushwood, through which the path could scarce be traced in the dim misty light. And even as the morning advanced the sun in vain struggled to pierce the thick atmosphere and lowering clouds. It was indeed a scene of utter solitude, and not a word was exchanged to break the strange feeling of loneliness, which seemed to brood over the face of nature, as well as over our own spirits. No sound was to be heard save the dull tread of our horses, and "the earliest pipe of half-awakened birds." At long

* Gen. xvi, 12.

intervals a man or two passed us, each with a long gun slung to the side of his mule, and his face muffled in a cloak, which he dropped for the moment to gaze at us with a look of half-sleepy wonderment and suspicion. These were *Contrabandistas*, who all this country through ply a very lively trade of smuggling with Gibraltar.

At eight a.m. the sun shone out, and showed us a large plain, fringed with wood and mountain, and watered by a sluggish stream, which we forded more than once in its capricious windings. In the winter it overflows its banks, and forms a complete lagoon; now herds of cattle and droves of pigs found pasture over the broad expanse.

After an hour's more ride we reached a small *Venta*, embowered amid trees, and under the shadow of a range of lofty mountains, which formed the *Sierra* we were about to pierce. Two of the mounted *Guardia Civil*, dressed like dragoons, rode in soon after from the opposite direction, and showed that if the traveller might find protection, he no less ran the risk of meeting with assailants. Happily our journey proved safe and prosperous, although the Trocha pass—a deep gorge in the mountains, fringed with thick woods, and affording only a miserable track filled up with stones and rocks—is of very evil repute, and would give every facility to robbers in the way of cover and ambuscade. We entered it at ten a.m., after resting for an hour at the *Venta*, where we breakfasted on fresh eggs, bread, and rough wine; and it took us five

toilsome and weary hours to reach its other extremity, when Gibraltar first comes into sight. However, the scenery all along was magnificent, the mountains rising to a great height, and being clothed to their very summits with thick woods; while, from the pass being very narrow, they nearly approached each other from the opposite sides of the intervening valley. Long strings of donkeys, carrying wood and charcoal, frequently passed us, though not without difficulty; but we met with no other interruption, and the drivers themselves, seated on mules, all saluted us courteously.

The first view of Gibraltar gives a grand impression of its enormous size and peculiar formation. Emerging as we did from under the cover of deep woods, and the shade of lofty mountains into the bright sunlight, "the Rock" seemed to start up in the distance as if by enchantment, like a vision of awe and grandeur, while the surrounding country shrank as it were from its presence—so sharp and distinct is its outline against the sky, and so clear does it rise of every other object. We were still some fifteen or sixteen miles distant, and yet it seemed as if we had but to cross an intervening hill or two, in order to pass beneath the shade of the sleeping giant.

But, in fact, there was a great deal of broken ground to be covered before we reached the shore of the bay; and the effect of "The Rock's" appearance, as it was lost to view for a space in some dip of hill or valley, and then again

loomed forth, each time more clearly and distinctly, was very striking and full of interest. At first I had seen nothing but the bare outline of "The Rock," with its three rugged and irregular peaks; then, by degrees, one object after another came into view—rock and shrub, tower and bastion, stone-house and tenement, fell, so to speak, each into its proper place—until, when the last ridge was crossed, and we broke upon the shore of the bay, the whole face of "The Rock," from the water-line to the signal-tower upwards, and from one extremity to the other, rose full before us. Then, completing with the eye the circuit of the bay, the high lands of Africa on the opposite coast seemed to fill up its mouth, while on the right appeared the town of Algesiras, lying snugly ensconced under a range of mountains, and on the left a long sandy strip connected "The Rock" with the mainland. A ride of a mile or two along the shore brought us to a small village and range of palisading, round the gateway of which were posted numerous sentries and Custom-house officers. These compose the Spanish "lines." Here British officers in uniform, and, indeed, as it seemed from our experience, all Englishmen, are allowed to circulate freely. But Spaniards are subjected to strict examination, and we were kept waiting a considerable time before our guide could obtain a pass. It was now six p.m., more than fourteen hours from the time of starting, and we had still half-an-hour's ride across the "neutral ground" before we could reach our destined quarters in the interior of the town. Yet we did not flag, so great was the excitement on approaching

British territory once more, though in a strange land, and already descrying the scarlet-coated sentries.

" Engiand, we love thee better than we know—
And this I learned, when after wanderings long
'Mid people of another stock and tongue,
I heard again thy martial music blow,
And saw thy gallant children to and fro
Pace, keeping ward at one of those huge gates,
Which, like twin giants, watch the Herculean Straits;
When first I came in sight of that brave shore,
It made my very heart within me dance,
To think that thou thy proud foot should'st advance
Forward so far into the mighty sea." *

The "neutral ground" stretches across from the Bay to the open sea—the "eastern beach," as it is called—the line of sentries being about half a mile from each other. Here lurk *Contrabandistas* and other evil characters during the day, smuggling being the chief employment of the whole of the surrounding country, and carried on to an enormous extent, notwithstanding all the vigilance of the *aduaneros* on shore and the *guarda costas* which line the Bay. We observed several groups of men and women employed in secreting various articles about their persons, without the slightest regard to the passers-by! Once within the "English lines" all looked trim and orderly. At the first guard-house a

* Trench's *Poems.*

policeman came forward, and civilly enquired if we were "British subjects," on which assurance we were at once allowed to pass. The "North Front" rises on the left of the causeway, the face of "The Rock" being carried sheer up to the height of many hundred feet, and dotted at intervals with port-holes, through which peep the black muzzles of huge guns. Lower down commences a regular line of fortifications, overlooked by batteries at every possible spot, and guarded at every turn by a succession of sentries, looking so thoroughly English and business-like after the lounging, careless Spaniard! Beyond, and within this iron-like girdle, nestles the town, packed thick and close, and made up of a strange admixture of English and Spanish houses, with the worst features of both. The population is perhaps the most varied in the world, Gibraltar being a real touching point for its several quarters, and each person wears the peculiar costume of his race and country. Stately Moor, and crouching Jew from Barbary—Greek sailor and Genoese gardener—Spanish muleteer and mantilla'd dame—English soldier and kilted Highlander—such is the strange medley, the ever-shifting scene, which is now passing before my eyes as I write overlooking the main street.

Every evening, at the moment when the sun sinks below the horizon, a gun is fired from one of the highest points of "The Rock," to give notice for closing the gates. To a newcomer this must quite be numbered among "the wonders" of Gibraltar, so strange and startling is its effect. First, just

as the evening shades prevail, a sudden and almost electric flash of light breaks in upon the room in which one may be sitting, and illumines its every nook and corner. A few seconds intervene, and then a report is heard, so loud and prolonged, that the house is almost felt to tremble. Nor does it even end with "The Rock," but the echo seems to be carried backwards and forwards, as if in proud defiance of every enemy. At the same moment rises a chorus of drums and fifes, bugles and bagpipes, and it is only when this martial music is gone on its way, and its sounds have died in the distance, that quiet is restored—to be broken for the rest of the night only by the regular tread and occasional challenge of the sentries.

On walking out the following morning, May 10th, I observed that the town is built at the base of the west-front of "The Rock," upon a broad ledge which inclines gently towards the Bay, and is naturally almost upon a level with it. But walls and bastions have been erected along the whole face, not only formidable in themselves, but flanking each other. And as the art of engineering improves, continual additions are being made to their strength. Passing through a double gateway, over which still appear the arms of the Spanish crown, and moving on towards the south, we reach the *Alameda* or public promenade. This occupies almost the whole breadth of the level beneath "The Rock," and is surrounded with a belt of trees, wearing at this season their freshest tints of green; while further on

is a garden beautifully laid out in serpentine walks, and radiant wtth flowers, particularly geraniums, which here grow so luxuriantly as to become perfect shrubs, and even form hedges. This gay and flowery profusion is an agreeable relief to the eye after the iron lines of the batteries, which run up to the very brink of the garden, and one of which even lurks amid the verdure, being thence called "the snake in the grass." Of the two roads which run out of the town and skirt the *Alameda*, the lower leads to Rosia, a pleasant suburb, where are situated many of the public establishments. The ground here slightly rising throws out numerous small promontories into the Bay, each of which bristles with cannon, and is alive with scarlet-coated sentries. The upper road is lined with villas and cottages, looking gay and smiling amid shrubs and flowers now in full bloom. Above all towers the huge Rock, its grey face wreathed at intervals with verdant ledges of trees and brushwood. On the upper road was situated "the Field-Officer's quarters," at which I called. The garden forms a terrace, from which there is a beautiful view over Rosia and the Bay, with Algesiras, and the Spanish mountains as the back-ground.

During the next few days there were inspections of the various regiments in garrison by Sir Robert Gardiner, the Governor, upon the *Alameda*.

Heavy rain put a stop to that of the Artillery, to my great disappointment, as there was to have been practice at a

target with red-hot shot. It may be remembered that this was first used at the "Great Siege."

The inspection of the 92nd Highlanders drew crowds of people, not only from among the inhabitants of "The Rock" itself, but from the whole of the surrounding district, including many Spanish officers in uniform from Algesiras and the "Lines." It was indeed a pretty sight, and, from so many different nationalities being represented on the ground, formed quite a study of costume.

Later in the day, I walked along the upper road to "Europa Point," the most southerly in Europe; and then, turning the elbow of "The Rock," kept its eastern front, with the Mediterranean some three hundred feet below, until the narrow path ended abruptly in a precipice, which rose sheer from the sea to an almost invisible height. On this side is situated the "Cottage," the Governor's summer residence. Following thence a zigzag path, and passing through a natural cleft—the "Hole in the Rock," as it is called—I reached "Windmill Hill," an intermediate ledge, as it were, on which strong works have been erected, so as to cut off all communication in case of a landing being effected on the Mediterranean side. But, indeed, the enemy, whoever he may be, must learn to climb monkey-like or goat-wise before he can hope to scale "The Rock" in any part. From "Windmill Hill," another winding path brought me to the "Signal-house," which, being placed on a pinnacle,

commands the view on either side. "Catalan Bay" lay far below on the eastern shore. Beyond, Ceuta could be discerned quite distinctly; and then, Mount Abyla, the answering Pillar of Hercules, almost seeming to close in "The Straits;" while far in the rear towered the long range of Atlas.

"Here he [Atlas] appears as the keeper of the great gate of the outer waters, namely, of the Straits of Gibraltar, that great gate being probably the point of connection with the ocean, and that outer sea being frequented exclusively by the Phœnicians, who, in all likelihood, obtained from Cornwall the tin used in making the shield of Agamemnon, or in any of the metal manufactures of the period. Rocks rising on each side of a channel at the extreme point of the world—as it was known to Greek experience—or painted in maritime narrative, could not be represented more naturally than as the pillars which hold up the sky." *

A bright sky lighted up all, and the fresh breeze sent innumerable vessels dancing and whitening over the waves. It was no easy matter to tear oneself from the joyous scene, and descend from the giddy height.

Another excursion was to the "Cork Wood," the haunt of cuckoos and nightingales, which made pleasant and home-like music in our ears. The forest glades, too, reminded us of

* Gladstone's *Homer*, vol. i.

England, and we wandered on through them until we came in sight of Castellar, a small town crowning a wooded height at the further extremity of the wood. We then observed that some ill-looking fellows, whom we had before seen hanging about the door of a small *Venta*, were now dodging us; and as we were many miles from "The Rock," and had no guide, we thought it prudent to turn back. Keeping to a path which led by the side of a river, we got back once more into the more open country, where, with our nimble little horses, we could defy all pursuers. The same friend who had ridden with me from Chiclana to Gibraltar was again my companion, and as we had then passed together through greater "perils of robbers"—the Trocha pass being of very evil repute in that respect—we were little afraid of them now.

A shorter ride upon a subsequent afternoon brought us to San Roque, a small town some six miles from "The Rock," and much frequented from thence on account of its breezy situation among the mountains. We passed to the right "the Queen of Spain's chair," as it is called, the tradition being that her Majesty had vowed not to quit the spot—upon the top of the first hill which rises from and overlooks "the neutral ground"—until she had witnessed the capture of Gibraltar.

"Isabella in her celebrated testament inculcates on her successors the importance of maintaining the integrity of the

royal domains, and, above all, of never divesting themselves of their title to the important fortress of Gibraltar."*

The road to San Roque is the only *carriageable* one in all this district, and is kept in repair by the English, who carry with them their comforts, from the least to the greatest, to whatever quarter of the world they go forth. In itself, San Roque appears a poor uninteresting town, but it is finely placed upon the top of a hill, and the mountains all around send up pleasant breezes through the intervening valleys.

This was our trysting-place on the morning of May 18th, when a party had arranged to assemble for the purpose of visiting the fair at Ronda. We formed a numerous and formidable cavalcade in case of attack—seven officers of H. M.'s 44th Regiment, all more or less armed, a friend and his servant, myself, two men for the pack-horses, and lastly, our guide, gorgeously apparelled in *Majo* fashion. It was a fine breezy day. At first our track lay through a succession of small woods, and then along the valley of the Guadiaro, which from its serpentine windings had to be forded several times. On either side rose a range of considerable mountains. This we did not begin to ascend till within some three miles of Gauçin, our halting-place for the night, and distant twenty miles from Gibraltar. Then indeed there was a complete change of scene, when leaving

* Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella*, vol. ii.

behind the pink rhododendrons and orange-groves which fringed the banks of the river, we mounted a path to the left, up a succession of rocky ladders, suspended almost as it seemed in mid-air. Far below stretched the river and its green lateral valleys, while the conical mountain on which Gauçin is perched, still rose above us, and seemed scarcely nearer at every winding of our dizzy pathway. However, it was reached at last, a poor wretched town, the very image of decay, with the streets running up and down the face of the mountain in stairs, and crowned at its highest pinnacle with a Moorish castle.

From this point there is a magnificent view across the crest of "The Rock" and the narrow streak of sea, as it appears, to the coast of Barbary. And still beyond towers the range of Atlas, its mountain-tops white with eternal snow, and its opposite face forming the boundary of "The Great Desert." It was taking in at one glance two different continents and the most opposing regions.

Atlas' top looks o'er
Zahara's desert to the equator's line. *

Our road on the following day lay through a succession of defiles, now threading some dark mountain-pass, and then carried above a smiling valley, down upon which looked

* Campbell—*The Dead Eagle.*

numerous villages, each from its craggy height and rock-hewn fastness. The " Ben " prefixed to most of them, as well as their isolated position, betray a Moorish origin. Here the vine—the choicest no less than the hardiest of plants—forms the chief object of cultivation, being ranged in terraces, to which the soil must have been brought by manual labour, and requiring the continued care and dressing of the parties of tawny and picturesque-looking natives whom we passed at intervals. But, however laborious many of these may be, others have acquired an ill-name for robbery and murder. Numerous road-side crosses attest the deeds of blood which have been there committed, and draw forth at once a sigh of sympathy and a momentary shudder. Nor does the report of a numerous band of brigands having been formed on the present occasion for the purpose of attacking travellers on their way to Ronda Fair appear to have been without foundation, if one might judge from the precautions which had been taken to line the road with picquets of the *guardia civil*, both horse and foot. We were witnesses to their vigilance, first in the persons of some men whom a party of them were carrying as prisoners to Ronda, and afterwards, on our return, in their taking into custody an ill-looking fellow who had followed us through a wood, and who suddenly came upon a body of them bivouacking at its opposite extremity. He had no passport, and could give no satisfactory account of himself on being questioned, so they very quietly made him sit down by their fire, where we left him. This formed quite an incident of our homeward journey, and we

speculated upon the past fortunes and future prospects of our hero of the road.

The first view of Ronda is somewhat disappointing. Descending as we did into the basin in which it stands, its position appears to be low and depressed, amid the circle of lofty mountains. But, on nearer examination, its singular and most striking situation becomes fully displayed. Picture to yourself, then, a vast amphitheatre, surrounded on all sides by an unbroken range of mountains, in the centre of which rises a plateau to the height of many hundred feet, faced with solid rock. This is cleft asunder in the midst by a stream, which tumbles wildly over its stony bed, and forms a succession of cascades. A flying bridge spans it just above its highest fall, and connects the two parts of the town—the older dating from the Moors, and being approached along a fortified causeway, and through a line of gates, which form the outworks of the Castle, overlooking the chasm and deep bed of the river; the newer quarter being thoroughly Spanish, and possessing gaily-painted houses and gorgeous churches, a *Plaza de Toros*, and an *Alameda*. This last, opening out from the end of the main street, terminates in the cliff, beneath which the river flows at a depth of several hundred feet, not as under the bridge like a roaring, foaming torrent, but gently gliding amid gardens and orchards. It was past seven o'clock p.m. before we got to our quarters, and we had only time, before dark, for a short turn in the *Alameda*. This was crowded with Spanish dames, who all wore the mantilla, and

Majos—or Andalusian dandies—apparelled in all the bravery of parti-coloured and embroidered jackets, from which depended more than the usual quantity of silver tags and buttons. All were evidently attired in their best and newest, in honour of the great annual fair, which collects together the whole country for many miles around, as well for the purchase of wares as for its bull-fights and other sports. How strange, to our ideas, that there should exist in these days a town of twenty thousand people—the capital of a large district—to which there is no wheel-road of any sort, the only access being over difficult mountain tracks.

The fair, which opens on the 20th of May, did not greatly differ from any other we had seen in various countries; the same petty gambling and show booths, and painted wares. But, of course, the chief interest was in the costume—of the men, at least—which, from its variety of colour as well as graceful carriage of the wearers, never tired nor palled upon the eye. It is at once most picturesque and becoming. Ronda, and especially at such a festive time, is pre-eminent for the splendour of its *Majos*. Many of them likewise carry a long painted stick, forked at the end, with which to strike the bull when he approaches too nearly the edge of the ring. Then do they appear in all their glory, and shout out *Toro* in the excess of their delight.

My first introduction to the bulls had been at the very earliest dawn, when I was awoke by loud shouting, tramping

of feet, and cracking of whips. Rushing to the window, I saw a herd of bulls dash wildly past, while men on horseback rode recklessly after. The bulls, in fact, were being driven towards the Ring from a neighbouring pasturage, a tame one leading the way, and drawing on the others to their fate. This takes place either in the night or early morning, for fear of accidents; but still numbers of persons wait about and watch for the first tramp and rush of the animals, as they are heard advancing in the distance, when all scamper off to some place of shelter, and then close in behind the horsemen. Presently the shouts were redoubled, and the confusion became worse confounded, when a bull, instead of taking to his destined den, suddenly wheeled about at the very entrance, and made his way back up the street, roaring and tossing his head, and threatening the lives of those who had just before been triumphing at his supposed imprisonment. It was long before the runaway could be secured, and then all retired to dream it may be supposed of the "function" of the succeeding day.

The streets of the little town were alive betimes, as I found on descending to them, and making the round of the stalls, which among other varied wares were gay with horse-trappings and *Majo* jackets, for the further adornment of which there was a range of silversmiths, who are said to carry on a most profitable trade. Not only does there exist an overwhelming passion for dress and ornament among every class of the people, down to the very humblest, but from the want of

means of investment, silver articles are commonly purchased by the peasantry with any loose cash they may possess, for the purpose of being afterwards converted into money in case of necessity. Strange to say, silver in the shape of money always stirs suspicion and cupidity; but when hanging from ears in the form of rings, or bedizening jackets with filagree buttons and clasps, it passes as a matter of course, and scarcely excites observation.

The horse fair, held in a field outside the town, seemed to be well supplied. Some of the showiest animals were ridden up and down the streets in the course of the morning, the riders seated on high-peaked and embroidered saddles, and they themselves decked out in all their finery.

We afterwards took a survey of the "Ring," and paid a visit to the bulls, six in number. They occupied separate cells, each succeeding to and communicating with another by means of hatches, so as to allow them to pass in and out in order. When we returned to the "Ring," between three and four p.m., it was already crowded in every part, and the whole scene was most animating. And as the appointed hour for the combat drew on—half-past four—the excitement became intense, the multitude swaying to and fro upon the rows of seats—which rose one above the other, exactly in the form of an old Roman amphitheatre—and seeming scarce able to contain themselves. What a shout arose—the voice of a multitude—when the barriers were thrown back, and the procession of combatants, all marshalled in order, and wearing

the full-dress Spanish costume, advanced to the front of the President's box and made their obeisance! Having obtained from him permission for the fight, they next proceeded to range themselves on either side of the low gate behind which the bulls were confined. Then, at the sound of a trumpet, the bolts were withdrawn, and the first bull—ornamented with a rosette of ribbons on his shoulder—rushed wildly into the midst of the "Ring," amid the loud shouts and eager gestures of the people. Throwing a quick glance around, he seemed for a moment lost in doubt and confusion, until a "Chulo" advanced towards him with a gaily-coloured cloak, when he immediately charged, and rushed madly against the barrier, over which the man had nimbly leaped. This was the highest point of excitement; but from that it gradually flagged, until it was changed into a feeling of horror and disgust when one horse after another (blindfolded, and yet seeming from an instinct of fear, and even under the spur of the "Picador," to shrink from the contact) was miserably gored, until all his bowels gushed out. The "Picador," or horseman, was cased in zinc up to his middle; and even when he was completely overthrown, and lay helpless under his horse, against which the bull butted, there was a feeling that in case of worse accident he had tempted his own fate.

But it was pitiable to see the poor horse, after the bull had been drawn off by the "Chulo," rising up from the ground, perhaps, and staggering hither and thither, while his entrails trailed behind, until when the bull had cleared the "Ring"

of all other adversaries, he rushed once more at the only object within reach, and finished the poor animal, turning it over and over, and dyeing his horns red in its blood. One bull—who was of course pronounced "first-rate"—killed in this way nine or ten horses! But his own fate tarried not, and he soon fell under the sword of the "Matador;" who, however, was by no means so expert in his work as I had been led to expect, the blow often inflicting only a slight wound, and requiring to be repeated two or three times, after numberless feints. On one occasion, "Cuchares," said to be the deftest "Matador" in Spain, was so happy as to bury his sword up to the very hilt in the neck of the bull, who at once fell dead, and did not require to be finally dispatched by means of a short knife, driven in just behind the head, as in other cases.

It ought to be mentioned that the fight is made up of three courses, which are repeated with every fresh bull, and introduced with the sound of a trumpet, according to the discretion of the President. First, the "Picadors," or men on horseback, ranged at intervals along the border of the "Ring," receive the charge of the bull on a spear, he having been drawn towards them by "Chulos," men with cloaks, who again advance from behind the barriers, in case of the "Picadors" being overthrown, or appearing in any imminent danger. These certainly appear the most exposed and helpless of all the combatants; and although sometimes they turn the charge of the bull, they more often meet with heavy falls, and seem within an

inch of their lives—though, after all, I believe the danger is not really so great as it appears, and the poor horse is the chief victim, as he extends a broader flank to the wide-extended horns of the bull, which passed over the rider.

The "Chulos" in general showed but small pluck, I thought, in facing the bull, and had no sooner shaken their cloaks before him, than they made for the barriers, and vaulted over them; while, in some instances, as if to make their cowardice more glaring, the bull never attempted to stir after them in pursuit. Now and then, a "Chulo," more adventurous than the rest, received the charge of the bull upon his cloak two or three times in succession, while he himself leapt aside.

If the bull showed courage he was allowed a long reprieve, but, if otherwise, the trumpet was quickly sounded, and the second course commenced. This consists in *Banderillas*—short sticks with iron prongs at the end, and coloured papers twisted round them—being stuck into the shoulder of the bull, by men on foot, as he charges towards them. Each man carries one in either hand, and it seemed to require great dexterity at once to step aside, as the bull rushed past, and at the same time plant a *Banderilla* in either shoulder. Four pairs of these were usually applied, but it was seldom that more than two or three out of the whole succeeded in being firmly fixed. These, however, were enough to drive the bull to fury, as maddened with pain, and reeking with blood which poured from every wound, he rushed bellowing round the "Ring," and vainly attempted to shake off his iron-

bound tormentors, which would still cling fast and sway across his neck. If the bull had exhibited a more than usual want of courage, a shout was raised for *fuego*, and then the *Banderillas* had fireworks attached to them, which exploded at every lurch of the animal, and drove him to utter desperation.

On the third trumpet sounding, the "Matador" appeared with a sword and a scarlet cloth; and after first saluting the President, and throwing away his cap, advanced to the last encounter. He played with the bull for some time, hanging out the cloth, and allowing him to charge against it before he made a thrust, which, if properly directed, finished the business. But if the bull proved wary, the difficulty was to get a fair chance at him; and even then the point of the blade was sometimes turned by striking against a bone, and the sword flew upwards into the air. However, it was only a matter of time. Die the bull must; and after he was thoroughly exhausted, and could only just throw himself forward when the red cloth danced before his eyes, even the clumsiest "Matador" could at last succeed in driving home the fatal blow.

The last scene of all consisted in a team of three mules abreast, and gaily caparisoned, being driven into the arena for the purpose of dragging off the dead bull and prostrate horses; while the great amusement of the people was to try to frighten them, by shouting and beating of sticks, and make them run away before the ropes could be properly attached.

It was seven o'clock p.m. before the last bull had met his fate,

and then the people spread themselves in picturesque groups over the "Ring," and discussed with vehement gesticulations the various merits of *Toros* and *Toreadors*.

Taking advantage of a bright sunny morning, some of our party set out the next day after an early breakfast to explore on foot some of the natural beauties of Bonda and its environs. We first descended by a steep path, which winds downwards from the Moorish Castle and the old town to the bottom of the deep and narrow chasm which is formed by the river, and appears as even and clear cut as by a scimitar. Hence its name *Tajo*. Above hangs the bridge, which connects the old and the new town. We had thus the opportunity of appreciating its dizzy and amazing height, suspended as it seemed in mid-air; while the cascade, which had appeared so small as viewed from above, opened in all its grandeur, tumbling over huge masses of rock, and sending clouds of foam, amid which an Iris showed its brilliant and varying colours. A small canal is cut along the face of the rock for the purpose of supplying a number of mills—quaint little buildings, owing their origin to the Moors—which stand a little further down the stream, each succeeding the other and occupying a separate ledge, which must have been planed away out of the live rock. It was a difficult and somewhat perilous climb to reach the front of these, and then to climb on from one to the other. But at the end of the chasm the path descended to the brink of the river, which, emerging from its gloomy prison-house (so to speak), now subsided into a

gentle murmuring stream, and flowed amidst gardens and orchards. Whence perhaps its name *Rio verde*, green river. It was just the picture which Shakespeare draws—

> "The current * * * * * *
> * * being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
> But, when his fair course is not hindered,
> He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
> Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
> He overtaketh in his pilgrimage."*

Situate in the midst of wild and rugged mountains, and perched upon an isolated rock, which was further strengthened by triple walls and towers, and round three parts of which yawned that perpendicular and torrent-swept chasm, Ronda was always considered by the Moors as their chief and most impregnable stronghold. It was captured, however, by King Ferdinand, who took advantage of the absence of the gallant commander, Hamet el Tegri, to make a sudden and successful assault. In the dungeons below the castle—which are still shown—there were found several hundred Christian warriors, with irons at their ankles and beards reaching to their waists, who had been carried off by the Moors in their various forays. It was down the steps, worn by the weary feet of these captives, in the painful task of carrying up water from the river-fed fountains beneath, that our party had passed on our joyous and self-imposed labour!

* *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii, Scene 7.

During the *Guerra d'Independencia*, as the natives love to call it, Ronda again became the scene of warlike operations, being occupied by a body of French troops—for some time under King Joseph himself—who were incessantly harassed by the hardy and untameable mountaineers—*Serranos*, as they were termed. De Rocca [*War in Spain*], who was an eye-witness, gives some interesting details of their proceedings:—"From the tops of these rocks we often saw, during these times of war and trouble, the gardeners of the valley quitting their peaceful labours to join the mountaineers when they came to attack us, or perceived them bury their guns on the approach of a Frenchman."

* * * * * *

"The most popular pastime among the labourers of Ronda was to sit on the rocks among the olive groves at the end of the suburb, and smoke segars while they fired upon our vedettes."

On the opposite side of the river appeared the face of the rock-bound cliff, above which the new town is built. Here were clustered rows of eagles and vultures, while others circled in mid-air. By a wonderful instinct they had smelt from afar the blood of the slaughtered bulls and horses of the previous day, the "Ring" being situated directly above the spot where they were collected, and they had already come together like an army to partake of the spoil. How wonderfully precise is the language of Scripture! "Wheresoever

the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together." And Job—still more appropriately to the scenery before us :—

"Doth the eagle mount up at Thy command, and make her nest on high?
She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and the high place.
For there she seeketh the prey, and her eyes behold afar off
Her young ones who suck up blood; and where the slain are, there is she."

Lower down we forded the river; and after a stiff climb, amid fragments of rocks and rifted trees, scaled the cliff, and entered the town at the opposite extremity from that at which we had commenced our descent.

At four o'clock p.m. a *Novilia* took place, *i.e.* young bulls alone are introduced into the "Ring," and any amateurs are allowed to try their hands, and "flesh their maiden swords." The spectacle was amusing enough for a time; but little real sport was exhibited, all parties being shy of coming to close quarters. The Bulls were at last led off by means of tame ones, in order that they might grow to maturity, and prepare for future and more fatal combats. To satisfy, however, the demands of the people, two older Bulls were then brought on the arena in turn, and after having had the *Banderillas* applied, were killed by a "Matador." But there were neither "Chulos" nor "Picadors," and the whole affair was very tame.

In the evening a ball was given by one of the principal inhabitants in honour of the English visitors. The *Alcalde*—a very unpretending gentleman, dressed in the *Zamarra*, or black sheepskin jacket of the country—was present. Dances were interspersed with singing to the guitar, but supper was omitted, the only refreshment being deliciously cold water!

The officers of our party having to be back at Gibraltar for the celebration of the Queen's birthday on the 24th, we started homeward on the morning of the 22nd in a downpour of rain, which continued more or less throughout the day, and shrouded mountain-top and valley in equal gloom and mist. However, having already passed over the road, we had not so much inclination to linger upon the scenery; and it was therefore early in the afternoon that we reached Gaucin, our half-way resting place as before.

Another gloomy morning succeeded, and soon settled into a downright deluge of rain. In consequence the roads became very heavy, and the Guadiaro was so swollen as to require much caution in crossing its numerous fords. As we neared San Roque the curtain of mist drew up, and the niggard sun began to peep out. So, instead of pushing on the last few miles to Gibraltar, as we had intended, we stopped here an hour for rest and refreshment. It was six o'clock p.m. before we passed under the shadow of "The Rock," and displayed our travel-stained garments to its loungers and idlers.

At mid-day, on May 24th, a gun was fired from the highest point of "The Rock," and the royal salute was then taken up

from all the "Galleries" in succession. The effect of the massive rock seeming to vomit forth flames and smoke, while the roar of the artillery was taken up again and again, echo after echo, until it seemed to die away among the furthermost mountains on the Spanish side, was truly grand and imposing. Below, on the "neutral ground," there was a parade of the whole garrison, sadly marred, however, in its effect by the boisterous wind and threatening sky.

Her Majesty's birthday was further honoured by a ball at the "Convent," the Governor's official residence, in the main street of the town. It was rather a gay scene from the number of uniforms, but there was a lack of ladies. The Governor of Algeciras was present with a full Staff, all bedizened with stars and medals, which were suspended in rows from bars of gold. They became highly excited at seeing—evidently for the first time—a Highland reel, danced by four stalwart officers of the 92nd to the accompaniment of their Pipes.

For the next few days the weather continued very rainy. So far as my experience had gone hitherto, there was enough difference between our English and Spanish climate to point a joke—little more. One afternoon I visited the "Galleries," which were dripping with wet, and almost knee deep in pools of water. They are hewn out of the solid rock along the whole of the North Front, one tier above another. A large projection has been scooped, so to speak, into the form of a circular chamber, and is called "St. George's Hall." The wind was too boisterous to admit of my ascending to the

highest point of "The Rock," which rises almost immediately above the "Galleries." Below them again is the Moorish Castle—one of the few remnants of the great siege—which overlooks the town, and is almost the only picturesque object belonging to it.

One agreeable disappointment there had been about Gibraltar, that whereas I had expected to find nothing but grim rocks, and rugged fortifications, I often lighted in my walks—as particularly above Rosia—on beautiful gardens, which lying snug under the shelter of some cliff, and facing towards the south, seemed to produce every tree and flower, which was pleasant to the eye and good for food. "Calpe's olive-shaded steep," of Campbell's poem, is not by any means a mere poetical exaggeration.

The size of the town, containing as it does 20,000 inhabitants, is another point which has greatly surprised me. It appears that a considerable portion of it is freehold, which title has outlived its possession by the English. Justly the ancient rights of proprietors are not interfered with, so long as they conform themselves to the present law. Then it is impossible altogether to refuse admission to strangers and foreigners, particularly Spaniards, as most of the daily supplies come from Spain, and that Government might at once put a stop to them, if any hardship, real or supposed, were inflicted on their people. The Moors, it is said, form the quietest portion of the community, but then, as the joke goes on, they have brought with them neither priests nor women,

the two classes who are supposed to be at the bottom of every mischief in the world! The Jews, especially those from Barbary, are a most dirty and ill-looking set; and with their downcast faces and shuffling gait, form a remarkable contrast to the stately and open-countenanced Moor.

On the evening of May 28th, I embarked on board the *Barcino*, for Malaga. There was a full freight of all nations and languages, forming thus quite a type of "The Rock." But her Spanish character was fully vindicated by a series of illustrations from *Don Quixote*, painted upon the panels of the main cabin. Cervantes was prophetic when he made Sancho say to his master: "I will lay a wager that before long there will not be a twopenny eating-house or hedge-tavern, or poor inn, or barber's shop, where the history of what we have done shall not be painted and stuck up."

As we passed round "The Rock" it loomed magnificently large against the dark azure sky. There was no moon, but the stars were unusually brilliant, so much so as to throw their shade across the vessel, while too, as she parted the unruffled water, she cast lines of phosphoric light across every ripple that came from her side. The air was fresh and balmy, so that midnight was long past before I could tear myself from such delicious sensations and sights of glory.

At five o'clock p.m. on the following morning we found the vessel quietly anchored, and Malaga ranged as it were in front. It looked clear and bright under the early sun, before the glare

had settled down upon it. The situation of the town is most snug and sheltered—lying in the lap of a valley, and facing the sea—while a circle of considerable mountains surround it on the whole land-side, and hem it in quite closely. At seven o'clock p.m. we got through the Custom House, and soon after I found myself in a cheerful room overlooking the *Alameda*, which opens directly from the shore, and forms a broad and pretty walk. The lines of trees are interspersed with statues, and there is a handsome fountain of white marble at the end.

The proper day for the Festival of Corpus Christi—the Thursday next after Trinity Sunday—having proved unfavourable, the procession took place in the course of the present morning, and drew forth the whole population in holiday attire. There was much external show of religious devotion, but it was strangely alloyed with levity and irreverence. The priests and choristers at intervals, as they passed along, shouted forth chants and hymns in no very melodious accents; but, at other times, they laughed and talked together as if engaged in some purely secular business. The ladies from the balconies threw down flowers upon the huge silver shrine, which bore aloft the consecrated wafer, but laughed and chatted and waved their fans in the very act. The crowd below stood gazing at the show with uncovered heads, but were no less ready with a joke at any ludicrous turn or unseemly event. A body of troops—cavalry and infantry—closed the procession, their bands playing various marches. Indeed the military music is at all times the best to be heard

in Spain, the national guitar being used only as an accompaniment, and merely thrummed to the somewhat monotonous songs of the country.

The Cathedral is of Grecian architecture like that of Cadiz, and equally unfinished as regards its exterior walls and towers. Inside, gorgeous marbles and brilliant colouring abound. The services, continued throughout the day, seemed to be well attended; but, as usual, the Vespers formed their most impressive portion. Then, instead of genuflexions and prostrations, lighting and extinguishing of candles, burning of incense and carrying of crosses, there is heard, now the deep low cadence of a penitential psalm, now the lofty note of a triumphant hallelujah, rising with jubilant voices and the organ's triumphant peal, until it rings along the highest roof, and penetrates the deepest aisle. This is indeed a foretaste of the songs of "angels and archangels"—a heavenly and religious impression, to be cherished not despised, even although one may be standing beside some tawdry image of Virgin or saint.

"He, too, is blest, whose outward eye
The graceful lines of art may trace,
While his free spirit, soaring high,
Discerns the glorious from the base;
Till out of dust his magic raise
A home for prayer and love, and full harmonious praise."

To a traveller, arriving from Seville and proceeding on to

Granada, Malaga bears little impress of an ancient character. Everything about it, with small exceptions, looks new and refined after the most modern fashion. A Moorish castle, indeed, rises with its long irregular walls along a slope at the east end of the town, and crowns the topmost peak of the rock with its battlements, looking still grand and imposing even amidst its present neglect and decay. All care in the way of paint and whitewash is devoted upon the huge, staring Custom-house, which stands below, facing the Bay. Then, too, in the way of antiquities, there is evident appearance of Moorish work in the tower of the Church of Santiago, once a mosque, but now, as is the manner with most Spanish churches, all begilt and bedaubed with colour inside. A small church situated on the north-side of the Cathedral, and only separated from it by some conventual buildings, has a gothic doorway, the rich and beautiful carving of which contrasts painfully with the dingy yellow of the surrounding walls.

In the *Plaça de Iago* there is a plain but lofty column, dedicated to some *Martyrs of Liberty*. It has no other interest, however, considering the numerous political changes which Spain has undergone of late years—and is likely still to undergo—beyond its bearing, among many others, the name of *Boyd*, with the date, December 11, 1831.

One evening, as I was passing through the *Plaça* in front of the Cathedral, I observed a carriage with mitred arms, and drawn by two handsome mules. Presently the *Obispo* himself appeared, dressed in a purple cassock and black hat turned up

with green, and accompanied by a chaplain and two young men in the ordinary priestly garments. As the carriage drove off the Bishop waved his hand—on the middle-finger of which was a large ring with purple stone—towards some persons who were standing by uncovered. The whole scene had a dignified and episcopal air, and carried one back to Wolsey, in the days of his pomp and power :—

"——— think you see him great,
And follow'd with the general throng."

The *Casino*, or club, here is far inferior to that of Cadiz in every respect, showing thereby, I suppose, the comparative importance and wealth of the two towns. Malaga, indeed, was already a rich and thriving port in the time of the Moors, when the numerous and opulent merchants, we are told, dreading the ruinous consequences of a siege, wished to surrender the town at once on the advance of King Ferdinand. "One merchant," we read (Washington Irving, *Conquest of Granada*), "sent rich presents to the King and Queen of oriental merchandize—silks and stuffs of gold, and jewels, and precious stones, and spices, and perfumes, and many other rare and sumptuous things—which he had accumulated in his great tradings with the East." But Cadiz can go back for its prosperity to the Phœnicians at least, while Josephus (*Antiquities of the Jews*, Ch. vi.) expressly asserts its foundation by the immediate descendants of Japhet !

The ancient *Pharos*, or lighthouse, formerly occupied the pinnacle on which the old Moorish castle now stands. The

ascent is very steep, and is carried upwards between two vast walls, strengthened at intervals with towers, and once deemed impregnable. The top commands a fine view in front of the town and sea-line; and, behind, of the whole circle of country, up to the foot of the mountains. These do not approach the town so closely, as had been my first impression, but admit a fertile and extensive plain on all sides, still keeping off every northern blast, and sheltering completely all that lies within their circumference. One valley alone appeared to pierce this dark and frowning wall, and paint it with a streak of green, admitting, at the same time, a river which flows through the western extremity of the town. This was now but a scanty stream, which flowed sluggishly along, and seemed little worthy of being spanned by two bridges, which extend far beyond its present borders. But, after a storm, the torpid river often changes into a rapid and foaming torrent, such as mountains only can send forth almost in a moment, as if their very fountains were broken up.

The river lay in our way as we took road to Granada on the evening of June 1st. Soon after crossing it the Diligence began a toilsome ascent, so that it was only by four o'clock p.m. on the following morning that we just gained the topmost crest of the Sierra. Throughout the early part of the day we continued to follow a rough and jilting road amid the mountains, which now closed in deep defiles, and then opened out to show villages and detached huts in the valleys far below, with an isolated castle or tower perhaps crossing the opposite ravine. The town of Alhama lies far away to the right, amid the

same line of *Sierras* which form the barrier of the ancient kingdom of Granada towards the sea. The Marquis of Cadiz, in his adventurous march thither, which ended in the capture of the town [Washington Irving, *Chronicle of Granada*, Ch. v.], must have crossed our present path. "Woe is me, Alhama!"* was the pathetic cry of the Moors on the loss of this—one of their chief strongholds; and so great was the effect of the ballad founded on the lament over it, that it was forbidden to be sung within the walls of Granada.

About two o'clock p.m. we passed round the elbow of a huge mountain completely faced with rock, of much the same character and form as Gibraltar. Then the road began rapidly to descend, and the magnificent plain of the *Vega* opened out, locked, so to speak, in the embrace of these lofty and rugged *Sierras*. It is indeed "beautiful and well-watered," the system of irrigation having come down from the Moors, and still causing the land to "laugh and sing" with plenty of corn and wine,—of oil and honey. In fact, the copious imagery of Holy Scripture, as descriptive of Canaan, seems exactly appropriate now to the *Vega*, and its surrounding district. It is "a good land—a land of brooks of water—of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of

* "Letters to the monarch tell,
How Alhama's city fell.
* * * *
But on my soul Alhama weighs,
And on my inward spirit preys.
Ay me! Alhama!"
—*Byron.*

wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil, olive, and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness,—thou shalt not lack anything in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayst dig brass." The river *Xenil* is the ministering agent of all this richness and fertility. Rising on the *Sierra Nevada* and soon after receiving the *Darro* and other tributary streams, it pursues an uninterrupted course for upwards of thirty miles through the very middle of the *Vega*, until it again meets the opposing barrier of mountains; then it turns aside, and at last mingles its waters with those of the *Guadalquivir*. The town of Loja, situated on a craggy height, rises exactly at the point of junction on the last spur of the mountain, where the road dips into the plain, and commands the whole extent of the *Vega*, and the silver windings of the *Xenil*.

Crossing the river here, our route lay for the rest of the day along its right bank, amid corn-fields and rice-grounds, orchards and vineyards, groves of orange-trees and pomegranate, whose rich and varied colours contrasted strangely with the stern dark mountain scenery, which had greeted our morning vision. There nature wore her most rugged and churlish appearance—here she seemed over prodigal of her favours, as though she would deny no gift to the labour and ingenuity which had parted the waters of a single river into thousands of rills and streams, until they overspread the whole surface of the plain. Sparkling villages and detached houses occurred at frequent intervals, and picturesque groups were gathered under vines and fig-trees.

Later in the afternoon we passed under a gate into a large

open space, with a church on one side, and another archway at the further end of the square. This was *Santa Fé*, a camp turned into a town, like the ancient Ctesiphon,* as indeed its regular lines would still indicate. It was built in eighty days by the army under Ferdinand and Isabella, after the accidental burning of their camp, as a proof of their determination never to resign the siege of Granada until it fell into their hands. The Moors, it is said, fully understood its purpose, and, from that moment, gave themselves up to despair, though they still fought bravely on:—

"Now Santa Fé is circled round
With curious walls so fair,
And tents that cover all the ground
With silks and velvets rare." †

And now, at every step, Granada itself came more fully

* The Imperial camp was frequently pitched in the plain of Ctesiphon, on the eastern bank of the Tigris, at the distance of only three miles from Selencia. The innumerable attendants on luxury and despotism resorted to the Court, and the little village of Ctesiphon insensibly swelled into a great city.—Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, ch. viii.

"The Moors flattered themselves that the approach of winter would compel the Christians to raise the siege, but the measures which they saw them adopt soon destroyed this hope. Ferdinand, in order to protect his soldiers from the inclemency of the weather, had a vast camp of barracks solidly constructed with stones and mud, and covered with tiles, and in a short time this camp assumed the appearance of a town surrounded by ditches and ramparts. The promptitude with which the construction was completed, and its extent and importance, proved to the people of Granada the perseverance of the Castilians."—John Bigland, *History of Spain*.

† Lope de Vega's variation of an old ballad, as given in Ticknor's *Spanish Literature*, vol. ii.

into view, showing its irregular and picturesque outline as it rose terrace above terrace, until it seemed to end only in the overhanging range of mountains, among which the *Sierra Nevada*, crowned with a diadem of eternal snow, rose conspicuous. The whole scene had become bathed in floods of rosy light from the fast-setting sun, 'ere we drove within the walls and threaded the narrow streets of the city.

On going out betimes the following morning I came upon a battery of mountain artillery—the first I had ever seen—drawn up in front of a barrack near the banks of the *Darro*. The mules were magnificent animals; three of them were appropriated to each gun and its appurtenances—one carrying the gun itself, another the carriage, and a third the ammunition-cases.

The ascent from the town to the Alhambra is continuous. Every now and then, as we wound upwards, it was curious to catch the snow-clad crest of the *Sierra Nevada* rising above the dark-brown roofs of the houses, and contrasting with the bright blue sky. In fact, the *Sierra Nevada* is the grand feature of the outer landscape, ever at hand to form the background, as the Alhambra is the chief point of attraction within the circuit of the city.

So writes Scott:—

"Explore those regions, where the flinty crest
Of wild Nevada ever gleams with snow;
Where, in the proud Alhambra's ruined breast,
Barbaric monuments of pomp repose."*

* *Vision of Don Roderick.*

At the end of the steep *Calle de Gomeles*, a street deriving its name—Ticknor tells us in his *Spanish Literature*—from a Moorish family, once illustrious in the annals of Granada for their games and tournaments, we pass through a wide gate over which appear the arms of Charles V., and enter the precincts of the Alhambra. The space in front is occupied by a thick tangled grove, principally of elms, melodious with nightingales even at this hour:—

"Heedless of the passing hoof,
Hardly will they fleet aloof."

Of these three paths before us, that on the right—narrow and precipitous—ascends to the "Vermilion Towers," huge irregular masses of red stone, which rise aloft as a sort of outwork to the fortress, and hang beetling over the approach. The centre one forms a public promenade. While the third, on the left, leads by a steep incline to a fountain, which issues from the base of an ancient bastion. The three monster faces, through the mouths of which the water flows, typify the three rivers of the *Vega*—the *Xenil*, the *Darro*, and the *Duero*. From this point, turning the elbow of the hill, we arrive directly in front of the principal entrance of the Alhambra.

This is the "Gate of Justice" so called, though it is properly a square massive tower, the under part only of which is pierced by a gate, formed of double horse-shoe arches, one within the other, the outer of which has an open hand, and the inner a key, sculptured above it. Here we do not stop to reconcile

the various and discordant meanings which have been attributed to these emblems, only I bethought me of kings and judges, as portrayed in Scripture, sitting at the gate, and dispensing justice, with even hand and key of power.

A covered way, steep and winding, and succeeded by a deep lane enclosed within walls, now intervenes, and at last brings the panting and expectant visitor into a large open space. What a disappointment! How blank look all the faces of our party! Here, immediately on the right, is a horse-shoe arch, elaborately ornamented with Moorish carvings, but disfigured by a paltry modern building which surmounts it. Further on—and taking up almost one whole side of the square—is the unfinished palace of Charles the Fifth, heavy and full of pretension. Then—still carrying the eye round—appear massive walls and towers, the Citadel, with its line of ruined battlements, filling up the whole space on the left. Inside this curtain, so to speak, at the extreme point of the hill, where it looks out towards the *Vega*, stands a lofty tower —sometimes called "De la Vela," from the watch and ward there kept, sometimes "De la Campana," from the bell suspended inside, which gave notice of the moment for irrigation to the expectant cultivators of the far-spreading vale below. So commanding is the situation, that here were erected the huge silver cross and royal standard of Ferdinand and Isabella, as the signal of possession to their army advancing across the *Vega*, after the conquest of Granada.

"Down from the Alhambra's minarets were all thy crescents flung,
The arms thereon of Aragon, they with Castile's display;
One king comes in in triumph, one weeping goes away."*

Ascending the tower, we enjoy a magnificent prospect, which gradually widens out from the thick green belt of trees, which encompasses the hill, and fills up the space to the exterior line of fortifications, across the curious old city; the houses and buildings of which rise and fall with every irregularity of the broken ground to the *Vega*, which, commencing immediately beyond, stretches its verdant plain, the very picture of richness and fertility, up to the foot of the far-off mountains. These completely hem it in as with a wall—in fact, the word "Vega" signifies "a wide valley among hills"—and exhibit every variety of outline, now sparkling with eternal snow, and then looming dark and shadowy against the sky. One of these is pointed out—just where the range, called the Alpuxarras, which stretches its long unbroken line on the left, seems to sweep round as it were, and throw forward a spur to meet the plain, as the spot from which Boabdil took his farewell look of Granada, and then burst into tears.

"When proud Granada fell, and, forc'd to fly,
Boabdil wept."†

Whence the name it still retains, "El ultimo sospiro del

* Lockhart's *Spanish Ballads.* † Byron, *Don Juan.*

Moro!" (the last sigh of the Moor!) Well had he been called by his subjects, "El Zogoyli, the Unfortunate!"

"Farewell, farewell, Granada! thou city without peer!

* * * * *

The gardens of thy Vega, its fields and blooming bowers—
Woe, woe! I see their beauty gone, and scattered with their flowers!
No reverence can he claim—the King that such a land hath lost.
On charger never can he ride, nor be heard among the host;
But in some dark and dismal place, where none his face may see,
There, weeping and lamenting, alone that King should be!" *

"The last of the Imperial race,
Alhambra, where he overstept
Thy portal's threshold, turned his face—
He turned his face and wept." †

"Had I been he," said Charles the Fifth, "I would rather have made the Alhambra my sepulchre than have lived without a kingdom in the Alpuxarras."

Another mountain, with rounded crest, appeared, as if slightly thrown forward, in advance of the range upon the right. This

* Lockhart's *Spanish Ballads.* † Trench—*Legend of Alhambra.*

is Parapanda, whose top is never covered with clouds as with a cap—so says the Proverb—but rain will surely fall! The sky was otherwise clear, and the mountains well defined; but Parapanda wore one threatening cloud, which soon extended itself, and bore swiftly towards us.

It was soon time to descend from our look-out and seek for shelter. And one naturally asked to be shown the real Alhambra of poetry and fancy, the gorgeous seat of the Moor, the abode of love and pleasure.

"Soon to unfold
Its sacred courts, and fountains yet untold,
Its holy texts and arabesques of gold."*

Hitherto we had seen naught but frowning walls and battlements, a fortress and not a palace. Crossing therefore to the extreme corner of the square—*Plaza de los Algibes*, or Cisterns, as it is called, from some Moorish wells still existing—and passing behind the decaying palace of Charles the Fifth, we enter by a small door. And lo! as if by enchantment, the whole scene is changed from a dull and gloomy world without to fairy-land within. A large court of oblong shape first receives us; its pavement composed of white marble, and its sides elaborately carved and decorated. The double gallery on the right, supported on columns, one range above the other, is peculiarly light and elegant. Under its portico was the principal entrance to the Alhambra, before Charles the Fifth blocked it

* Rogers's *Columbus*.

up with the round court of his own palace, which looks like a bull-ring, and indeed has of late years been used as such. The centre of the court is occupied by an immense fish-pond —whence its name, Patio de la Alberca—well stocked with gold fish, and bordered with flowering shrubs. But the glory and perfection of Moorish art are reserved for the court, into which we next pass, that of the lions. Round it runs an arcade, supported by upwards of an hundred columns of the purest white marble and most airy structure, and lavishly ornamented with lace-like carving and delicate fretwork. Pavilions thrown out from either end at once break the uniformity, and add to the exquisite effect of the whole, though the columns themselves are not arranged in any regular order, but at one spot stand singly, and at another form clusters. In the centre stands the fountain, which gives its name to the "Court of the Lions." The alabaster basin rests on the backs of twelve lions, somewhat rudely carved, of white marble.

"Thy founts yet make a pleasant sound,
And the twelve lions, couchant yet,
Sustain the ponderous burthens, round
The marble basin set."

From the "Court of the Lions" three halls open out, commencing from the right; of "The Abencerrages," of "Justice," and of "The Two Sisters."

The "Hall of the Abencerrages" derives its name from a legend which relates how the chiefs of that great Moorish clan were invited to a banquet by their rival, Boabdil, the last

king of Granada, and there foully massacred by his orders. As confirmation of the story — "their blood," in Scripture phrase, "crying out of the ground"—crimson stains beside the fountain are pointed out, still, as it were, blushing for the deed, and not to be effaced for ever.

The domed ceiling of the apartment is magnificent, being composed of a series of grottoes, from which depend stalactites, gilded and painted in gorgeous yet harmonious hues, the *azulejo*, or blue colouring, being especially fresh and brilliant. The only light comes from the windows which encircle the cupola. Passing as the light does athwart the rich and varied colours of the roof, and through the fretted pendants, it descends in mellow floods, and suffuses the whole room with an atmosphere of enchanting and dreamlike fascination. Alcoves open out from two sides, each formed of a single taperlike pillar, supporting two arches of exquisite form.

Returning through "the Court of the Lions," we next pass into an oblong corridor, which gives entrance to a chamber composed of three compartments, which open into each other under archways, and are throughout most profusely yet tastefully decorated with fretwork and colouring. This is the "Hall of Justice" or Judgment. Over deep alcoves at one side, and painted in fresco over the ceiling are three pictures, one of which, representing a divan of ten venerable bearded Moors, gives its name to the apartment. The other two paintings exhibit scenes of war and hunting groups of Moorish warriors and Christian knights, cavaliers and ladies, horses and hounds,

castles and trees being fantastically jumbled together. The story runs that these very curious and interesting relics were the work of Spanish captives.

Passing through an arch of delicate tracery, we recross the "Court of the Lions" and enter the last and loftiest of the three halls which encompass it, that "of the Two Sisters"—so called from two slabs of white marble, which form a portion of the pavement. But its chief glory is the stalactite dome of matchless symmetry and most refined elegance, though indeed so gorgeous is the whole decoration from the pavement to the roof, so exquisitely fanciful the arabesques which adorn the walls, so light and graceful the proportions of every part, that after every possible attempt to grasp the details, little more remains on the mind than the remembrance of some beautiful vision. Just so the Poet Longfellow writes of the Alhambra, as "an Enchanted Palace, whose exquisite beauty baffles the power of language to describe. Its outlines may be drawn; its halls and galleries, its courtyards and fountains numbered; but what skilful limner shall portray in words its curious architecture, the grotesque ornaments, the quaint devices, the rich tracery of the walls, the ceilings inlaid with pearl and tortoise-shell? What language paint the magic hues of light and shade, the shimmer of the sunbeam as it falls upon the marble pavement, and the brilliant panels inlaid with many-coloured stones? Vague recollections fill my mind—images dazzling but undefined, like the memory of a gorgeous dream. They

crowd my brain confusedly, but they will not stay; they change and mingle, like the tremulous sunshine on the wave, till imagination itself is dazzled—bewildered—overpowered."

And now the storm, which we had first seen to gather round the head of Parapanda, began to descend in torrents of rain and hail, accompanied by almost continuous claps of thunder and flashes of lightning. The martlets, which haunt the eaves of the roof round the "Court of the Lions," had long foreseen its approach, and eddied twittering and screaming about their nests. Here, for full two hours, amid such a crash of the elements as I had scarce ever experienced, we were detained as prisoners,—prisoners who might wander at will through these haunted courts and fairy-like chambers, and so fulfil to the very letter the directions of the Moorish artist, who speaks to us through one of the inscriptions in the "Hall of the Two Sisters":—

"Look attentively at my elegance; thou wilt reap the benefit of a commentary on decoration. For, by Allah! the elegant buildings by which I am surrounded certainly surpass all other buildings in the propitious omen attending their foundation.

"How many delightful prospects I unfold! How many objects, in the contemplation of which a highly-gifted mind finds the gratification of its utmost wishes!"

After a while, descending to a lower story, we came upon the Baths and Chambers of Repose. These, likewise, are profusely adorned with carving and colouring. The light is thrown in from the roof, which is pierced by lozenge-shaped

apertures, covered with crystallized and coloured glass; and the effect of the subdued rays of the sun falling aslant, and affording light without heat, and brilliancy without glare, is quite entrancing. How must the senses have been lapped into a delicious abandon, when, to complete the perfect state of luxury and enjoyment, the air was fragrant with perfumes, and soft music breathed forth from a gallery above! Nor did the Moor forget to honour the Prophet, through whose intercession, as he believed, he received from the Deity so many choice favours and blessings. For a long gallery in the same range of buildings leads directly to the Mosque (grievously defaced by Charles the Fifth while in process of being converted into a Chapel); outside of which, in a niche carved out of the wall and richly decorated,—the Koran was placed. Near the baths is a Whispering Gallery—of what date I know not, nor for whose use intended—although from a suite of rooms close by having been modernized by Charles the Fifth, and fitted up for his use with fireplaces and partitions, it may probably in like manner be attributed to his time.

Passing through the secluded "Court of the Myrtles," (into which we had previously looked from the "Hall of the Two Sisters,") we ascend to a gallery with arched aperture, at the end of which is the "Mirador" or Look-out—a small square room with an outer gallery all round, and openings at equal distances in lieu of windows. These afford the most charming views on all sides. Below is the deep valley through which the river *Darro* runs, washing the foot of the Alhambra hill, as well as of the neighbouring heights, which are cleft asunder

by dark ravines and winding defiles; while beyond, by way of contrast, we catch glimpses of the smiling *Vega*, girdled by the old gloomy city and the distant Sierras.

Beside the entrance-door of this Belvedere there is inserted a white marble slab, drilled with holes, through which, so the story runs,* sweet scents were exhaled to perfume the person of the Sultana at her tiring. Whence the chamber is called "Tocador de la Reyna." Charles the Fifth for his queen added frescoes and arabesques along the walls. These are now almost entirely defaced by the names, titles and descriptions of travelling barbarians!

Keeping straight along the line of galleries and passages, we enter the "Tower of Comares," within which is the "Hall of the Ambassadors" like a jewel of gold set in a stone-chest! The Alhambra, it must be remembered, was at once a fortress and a palace, the former being, so to speak, the outer casing of the latter, and under a form of strength and gloominess protecting its inner beauty and luxuriousness both from open attack and the "evil eye." Thus with true statecraft the Moorish monarchs kept at bay the violence, and baffled the envy and curiosity of their subjects. Viewed from without, as it rises from the crest of the rock and frowns down upon

* "Auprès de la cheminée il y a une grande pierre de marbre-blanc, toute travaillée à jour en façon de crible, que servoit de cassolette a la Reine Daraxa, mais d'une cassolette voluptueuse: car on dit qu'elle avoit accoustumé de se mettre dessus, en s'habillant pour y recevoir le parfum qui passoit au travers des dessous du plancher."—*Journal du Voyage d'Espagne*, 1669.—From Southey's *Common-Place Book*. Third Series.

the valley beneath in all its massive grandeur, it would seem a fit dwelling-place only for rough soldier and wakeful warder. Within it contains everything which could charm the eye and ravish the heart of mortals, while they lived their little day of ease and enjoyment. And so especially is it with the "Tower of Comares," which as the largest and most formidable of the exterior defences, and domineering over the rest, contains also within the loftiest and grandest chamber of all, still gleaming with rich gilding and brilliant tints of varied colour—not however that it equals, to my taste at least, the glorious "Hall of the Ambassadors" at Seville with its unsurpassed "half-orange" roof.

To one who has never visited the East, the interior of the Alhambra is doubly interesting from its perfect adaptation to oriental tastes and habits. Here are baths and chambers of repose, ante-rooms with receptacles for slippers and interior divans, cloistered courts and pillared galleries, latticed windows from out of which veiled Houris looked down upon scenes of state or revelry, while themselves unseen, and secluded balconies for their al-fresco enjoyment.

The hands of spoilers indeed have been busy amid these wondrous remains of the tasteful and luxurious Moor. They have broken down much of "the carved work with axes and hammers," and added hideous patches of their own devising. The fountains are crushed—their bright waters no longer play and sparkle in the sunlight. Cloisters and arcades are silent and deathly, instead of echoing with stately tread or lightly

footstep. But enough is left to show what once existed—the very image upon earth of a Mohammedan Paradise, with all its unstinted pleasure and unbounded enjoyment.

"Grenade à l'Alhambra!
L'Alhambra! l'Alhambra! Palais que les genies
Ont doré comme un rêve et rempli d'harmonies;
Forteresse aux créneaux festonés et croulans,
Où l'on entend la nuit de magiques syllables,
Quand la lune à travers les milles arceaux Arabes
Seme les murs de trèfles blancs!"

—*Victor Hugo.*

"Where are thy pomps, Alhambra, earthly sun
That had no rival, and no second? — gone!
Thy glory down the arch of time has roll'd,
Like the great day-star to the ocean dim,
The billows of the ages o'er thee swim,
Gloomy and fathomless; thy tale is told."

—*Croly.*

"Lovely and still are now thy marble halls,
Thou fair Alhambra! there the feast is o'er,
And with the murmur of thy fountain-falls,
Blend the wild tones of minstrelsy no more.

"Hushed are the voices which in years gone by,
Have mourn'd, exulted, menac'd, thro' thy towers;
Within thy pillar'd courts the grass waves high,
And all uncultur'd bloom thy fairy bowers.

" Unheeded there the flowering myrtle blows,
Thro' tall arcades unmark'd the sunbeam smiles,
And many a tint of soften'd brilliance throws
O'er fretted walls and shining peristyles."

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

" O hymned in many a poet's strain,
Alhambra, by enchanter's hand
Exalted on this throne of Spain,
A marvel of the land."

—*Trench.*

On our way homewards we crossed the *Darro*, which instead of flowing scantily through banks of sand, had now risen to an impetuous torrent in consequence of the late storm, and poured down a flood of muddy, turbid waters. These seemed to increase every moment, and threatened to burst open the *Calle de Comerio* (formerly the *Zacatin*, or shopping-street, of the Moors, and still retaining many traces of its ancient character as a Bazaar) which is carried on arches over part of the river's course. Much alarm was expressed on the countenances of the people, as they gazed from the banks upon the ceaseless, purpose-like rush of waters. One could understand the awful suddenness and mighty power of a Flood—even more destructive, it has been said, than a fire, as carrying all before it, and leaving no traces behind. Happily after a time the waters abated, and when all danger was pronounced to be over, we pursued our way across the *Plaza Nueva* to the *Plaza de Viva-rambla.* This is a large open space, now used as a market-place, and

fringed with quaint houses, hanging balconies, and arched gateways, which must have looked down on many a scene of Moorish jousting and chivalry. These localities frequently recur in the old Ballads, one of which has been translated by Byron.

"The Moorish king rides up and down
Thro' Granada's royal town;
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.

"Through the street of Zaratin
To the Alhambra spurring in."

June 4th.— Starting at five o'clock a.m., I visited first the "Vermilion Towers," so called from the reddish hue of the stone of which they are built, and forming the original and outermost fortification of the Alhambra Hill. Some attribute them to the time of the Phœnicians. In any case they have the air of extreme antiquity and Cyclopean massiveness, still rising proudly upon the steep, although exhibiting upon a nearer view many sad traces of neglect and decay.

From thence, skirting the inner and tower-girt wall of the Alhambra, I proceeded on to the *Généralife*, or Summer Palace, which is built on the next higher hill of the range, the *Silla del Moro*, and the *Sierra del Sol* still rising above, and forming successive points of ascent. The morning was beautifully clear, and the different views came out gloriously,

as I wound upwards over the broken ground—the eye now piercing into deep defiles, and then rising to the snow-capped mountains of the *Sierra Nevada*, which close in the horizon above the *Généralife*—at another time tracing out each tower and wall in the Alhambra and the encircling city, and then passing on to gaze at Nature's most smiling and joyous face as displayed in the green and dimpled *Vega*.

The *Généralife*, being more open and exposed to the public gaze, has no wealth of ornament. That was mostly reserved for the Alhambra itself, where art was ever striving to outrival itself and discover new forms of grace and beauty. But to make up for that want, nature was here coaxed to produce her richest fruits and fairest flowers. Gardens are carried up the face of the hill in terraces, and watered by fountains, which received a never-failing supply, raised from the river *Darro* by means of numerous reservoirs and aqueducts, now choked up and gone to decay. Among the trees, the Cypresses are remarkably large and flourishing, and can be seen from every direction, as they tower above the topmost roof of the Palace.

The range of buildings, composing the Palace of the *Généralife*, which run round the verge of the hill and enclose the garden, includes a long open gallery which overlooks the Alhambra, and various chambers of no great size or interest. In one of these are some portraits of

Moorish and Spanish celebrities, of which that of Boabdil* alone attracted my notice. The costume of yellow and black fur is very plain and un-Moorish.

Washington Irving says: "The face is mild, handsome and somewhat melancholy, with a fair complexion and yellow hair; if it be a true representation of the man, he may have been wavering and uncertain, but there is nothing of cruelty or unkindness in his aspect."

From the *Généralife* a path leads upwards through a hanging garden to the hill immediately above, called "The seat of the Moor." Here are the remains of some Moorish work forming, perhaps, the look-out tower, from which Boabdil was wont to survey the glorious expanse of the *Vega*, the brightest jewel of his kingdom which he was destined so soon to lose. Therein also, on one occasion of his troubled reign, he was obliged to take refuge in consequence of a rebellion of his subjects. Nowhere than from this pleasant seat can a better view be obtained of the *Vega*, as it appears spread out in all its extent and beauty like the Vale of Damascus, which alone, of all the favoured haunts of their race, the Moors thought worthy of being compared with it. And indeed to this day the general features of the two regions seem to agree in a remarkable manner.

Descending on the other side of the hill, I found myself in a wild and desolate country which formed an utter contrast with the surpassing richness and verdure of the scene, upon

* He was surnamed *El Chico*, "the Little," by Spanish writers.

which I had been gazing just before. Some scanty flocks, tended by wild-looking herdsmen, alone broke the solitude. After wandering for some time over the dreary waste, without knowing well which way to turn my steps, I was glad at last to catch sight of the ruddy towers of the Alhambra, and to turn my course homeward in their direction.

This being the eve of the Festival of Corpus Christi (foul weather having prevented its previous celebration), the square of the *Viva-rambla* was fitted up with a colonnade of painted wood, under which the procession of the following day was appointed to pass. In the front were depicted all the "Glories of Spain," from the Moorish wars to the battles and sieges of more modern days—that of Gerona for instance. These were interspersed with Scripture tableaux and stanzas of religious poetry. In the middle of the square there was erected a lofty shrine, destined to receive the Corpus—its base surrounded by artificial bowers and fountains, the water from which was used to turn various mechanical figures, like the playthings of children. Truly there is "but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous"—above the Incarnate Deity, as Spaniards believe; below puerile toys and ludicrous representations.

At mid-day there was a performance of military music, attracting great crowds of people. It was very interesting to watch the picturesque groups all gathered together without distinction of persons, from the ribboned official to the tawny peasant, from the well-gloved and dignified Señora to the wild-looking sun-burnt Gitana, whose best ornament was the

bright red rose which decked her hair. The King of the Gipsies (Count of the Calées, as Longfellow designates him in the *Spanish Student*,) was pointed out to me—a big burly man of swarthy complexion, dressed in a parti-coloured jacket, with red sash and black-tufted *Sombrero*.

Leaving this gay scene after a time, I proceeded to the *Cartuja*—the Carthusian Convent—situated at the western extremity of the city. The outside gives no promise of the beauty of the interior, being extremely plain, but the view from the top of the steps, leading up to the façade, made ample amends, extending as it does over the richest portion of the *Vega*. Over the entrance is a statue in white marble of St. Bruno, the founder of the order, full of dignity. (Mr. Jameson remarks "that there never was a Carthusian who did not look like a gentleman!") He stands in the attitude of contemplating a skull which he holds in his hand.

The refectory, in excellent preservation, is a long and lofty room, with gothic roof and stone pulpit, from which readings from the Gospels and legends of the Saints were given during meals. The seats of the monks run round the wall. In the cloister there is a series of pictures representing the persecution of the Carthusian monks in England under Henry the Eighth, with all the horrible details of martyrdom. However exaggerated as herein figured, through sympathy with the brotherhood in a far-off-land, the suppression of the Charter House is no pleasant page of English History.

The chapel is very bright and handsome, its doors inlaid with ivory, tortoise-shell and ebony, disposed in minute and beautiful patterns, as are the drawers of cedar-wood in the Sacristy, which contained the priestly vestments. Here also the walls and pillars are profusely decorated with variegated marbles, produce of the neighbouring *Sierras*, which teem with such treasures. The effect of this chamber, when the doors are suddenly thrown open, and the rich colours displayed is very grand and striking. Behind the high altar of the chapel there is a sanctuary composed of similar marbles. I never before saw so profuse and rich a display, some of the slabs in their grains exhibiting perfect pictures. The whole convent must originally have been magnificent, and now at any rate the progress of decay is stopped.

My next point was the Alhambra, which being directly at the opposite side of the city, occasioned a walk through many by-streets and lanes, teeming with antique buildings and Moorish gateways, of which that of *Elvira* is famous in song and ballad, as one of the principal entrances to the city from the *Vega*. It was in passing through this gate on the unfortunate expedition that terminated in his capture, that Boabdil's lance came in contact with the arch, and was broken—a sinister omen to the Moors! The work of the Moor, rich yet massive, outlives modern neglect and disfigurement, and struggles out at every point. Thus within the area of the Alhambra, miserable hovels and modern additions of every sort have been permitted to spring up, and debase the haunted ground with their fungus-like

growth. The French too have left many traces of their destructive propensities in ruined walls and crumbling towers, which they blew up during their occupation. But much remains, however marred and defaced, which defied every effort to root up and destroy. My time this afternoon was devoted to the portion formerly occupied by the ancient garrison and followers of the Moorish court. A small Mosque, built perhaps for their use, and retaining many beautiful traces of its pristine carving and colouring, still exists, forming part of a pauper-dwelling. Passing out by a small postern-gate, some arches on the opposite side of the hill, now blocked up with stones and rubbish, were pointed out to me as marking the stables of the old Moorish guard. From this point, turning to the right, I followed the deep ravine which separates the Alhambra Hill from that of the *Généralife*, and is spanned by an aqueduct which conveyed the waters of the river *Darro* into the fortress. The lofty wall which encloses the Alhambra in a wide circuit is carried round the topmost verge of the hill, rising and falling with each inequality of the ground. At intervals it is studded with towers of every size and shape, adding much to its strength as well as picturesqueness. Some of them are still standing, aloft and unshaken, notwithstanding rough shocks of war and earthquake, and all the fury of the destroyer: others have toppled over, and their remains lie strewed amid the luxuriant vegetation, overshadowed by aloes, vines and fig-trees.

At the point where the ravine ends, and the walls of the

ravine sweep round, stands the "Tower of the Seven Vaults," below which through a gateway now closed up, Boabdil the last Moorish king, issued forth on his way to exile, and took his course over the "Hill of Martyrs," which rises in front, like another David! "And David went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered and went barefoot, and all the people that was with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up." *

Here upon the slope is the sight of the Moorish prisons, or rather dungeons, the excavations of which still yawn here and there out of the ground. Just beyond stood a convent, appropriate perhaps to the spot, in order that prayers might continually be offered.

> "For all that in dark places lying are,
> For captives in strange lands, for them who pine,
> In depth of dungeon, or in sunless mines." †

It has been replaced by a modern dwelling-house, but the garden of the monks still remains, beautiful in situation and terraced high above the river *Xenil*, which kisses the foot of the hill. Of all the magnificent views which abound from and about the Alhambra, that of the upper terrace here has charmed me the most. Every object seemed brought closely and distinctly within scope of the eye, and the whole scene appeared to group as one piece of landscape, perfect and

* 2 Sam. xv., 30. † Archbishop Trench's Poems.

entire, to which nothing could be added nor taken away without injury to the beautiful whole, composed as it was of city and fortress, mountain and plain, hill and valley, all gilded by the declining sun.

At night the square of the *Viva-rambla* was crowded to a late hour in consequence of its being brilliantly illuminated and enlivened by the strains of military music. It was never my fortune to mingle with a more orderly and good-humoured assemblage, composed as it was of all degrees and classes. Who but must derive a high impression of people from such a scene of gaiety without rudeness, and of enjoyment without licentiousness. In the *Pescaderia*, or Fish Market, close by, the stalls were fitted up with religious pictures and images, the pride and glory of the fish-women, thus content to resign filthy lucre for a season, and to display less profitable wares in honour of the festival.

June 5th.—A bright morning set off to advantage the Procession of the Corpus Christi with its attendant throng. In addition to the usual following of clergy and laity, priestly vestments and secular uniforms, images and candles, banners and tokens, there were multitudes of little children, wings and all! The streets—*Zacatin* especially—were decked out in gay trappings of every hue, and lined with such joyous eager faces, that "you would have thought the very windows spake."

A body of cavalry, dressed in bright scarlet uniforms, brought up the rear of the procession. The Archbishop, as

he passed along, moved his hand from side to side in the act of blessing the people. He was followed by a small body of priests, one of whom bore his pastoral staff, while two boys carried a large chair, and another bore a purple cap in a charger. In himself the Archbishop was rather an old man, of by no means striking appearance, and only interesting to me as the successor of Gil Blas' patron. Who upon such an occasion but must call to remembrance that scene of the "Bon prélat," at once so witty and so true to human nature! "Adieu, Monsieur Gil Blas, je vous souhaite toutes sortes de prospérités, avec un peu plus de goût!"

Full of these memories I did not fail to visit the Episcopal Palace, which is situated behind the square of *Viva-rambla*, and close to the Cathedral. It is far from coming up to the description in *Gil Blas*: "Si j'imitais les faiseurs de romans, je ferais une pompeuse description du palais épiscopal de Grenade; je m'entendrais sur la structure du bâtiment; je vanterais la richesse des meubles; je parlerais des statues et des tableaux qui y étaient; je ne ferais pas grâce au lecteur de la moindre des histoires qu' ils representaient; mais je me contenterai de dire qu' il égalait en magnificence le palais de nos rois." Outside at least it now bears rather a mean and neglected appearance; so that I did not seek to gratify any further curiosity by penetrating within.

Like all the other more modern Cathedrals of Spain, the exterior of this one too is unfinished, and made up of many incongruous parts; but still it is imposing from its vast height

and size. The order of architecture is Grecian, the five aisles of the interior being divided by clusters of Corinthian columns. Beyond this general view, in consequence of the crowd of people who thronged each altar, and knelt before each image on occasion of the great festival of the day, I was unable to observe any objects very particularly. Several pictures relating to the Virgin, as well as some carved images, are pointed out as the work of Alonso Cano, at once painter and sculptor, who was a Canon Residentiary of the Cathedral, and lies buried within its precincts. The Chapter having objected to his companionship on the score of immorality, Philip the Fourth is said to have retorted by declaring: "Priests like you I the King can make at pleasure; but God alone can create an Alonso Cano!"

On his death-bed he is said to have scornfully put away the crucifix which was held out to him to be kissed, on account of its inferior workmanship,—the ruling passion being thus shown strong in death, and the Artist getting the better of the Churchman!

The Cathedral stands on the site of the Great Mosque, which even under the Moorish dynasty had become consecrate to the service of Christianity. The story runs that a certain brave knight, Hernan Perez de Pulgar, in company of a few followers, broke in through the gates of the city, while the Spanish army was still beleaguering it, and penetrating to the chief Mosque, affixed to its door the sign of the Cross and the invocation of the Virgin, thus making it over for ever to

the service of the True Faith. It is further recorded that "Pulgar was permitted by his admiring sovereigns to have his burial place where he knelt when he affixed the sacred sign to the door of the Mosque, and his descendants still preserve his tomb there with becoming reverence, and still occupy the most distinguished place in the choir of the Cathedral which was originally granted to him and his heirs male in right line."*

In walking through the Sacristy I chanced to look at a calendar which was hung up against the wall, and there amid directions for various feast-days and celebrations I observed a more practical notice, so far as I was concerned: "Junio Buen tiempo y Calor!" This was comforting in no small degree, and promising for the future at any rate, as the afternoon of to-day, June 5th, had turned to rain, and compelled the fireworks intended for the night's amusements to be taken down. Indeed nothing could be more chilly and depressing than the weather.

In the evening, under a downpour of rain, I walked to the junction of the two rivers, *Xenil* and *Darro*, which flow down on either side of the Alhambra hill, and mingle their waters a little below the town, just at the point where the *Vega* begins to open out. Up the side of the *Xenil* there is a charming walk called *El Salon*—all verdure and freshness, trees and flowers, splashing of fountains and music of rushing waters. A promenade, inferior in all respects, likewise skirts the *Darro*,

* Ticknor—*Spanish Literature*, vol. i.

called the *Carrera.* On no single day however of my stay had the weather permitted of the ladies of Granada there disporting themselves, as is their wont. I like to compare the dress and appearance of the Señores, as I travel along. All show striking points of variety.

June 6th.—I was on the move at 6 o'clock a.m., and skirted the right bank of the *Darro* to the foot of the Alhambra hill, where it rises to its greatest height above the river. Here are the scanty remains of a bridge, which led to the mint, an extensive building, still rich in Moorish carving and colouring, and containing two graceful Courts or *Patios.* The gold for coining perhaps came from the sands of the river; hence its name *Porque d'Oro.* On this side of the Alhambra were a number of subterranean communications, which of course gave opportunity at once for escape and intrigue.

Ascending the hill to the left, I presently came upon the Gipsies' quarters, composed of holes burrowed out of the earth, and ranged in lines one above the other. The path which connects them winds up the steep face of the hill amid hedges of aloe and prickly pear. The lazy inhabitants were not yet astir, their only traffic being in the busy street. It is here Longfellow places his heroine, Preciosa:—

"CARDINAL: Dost thou remember
Thy earlier days?

"PRECIOSA: Yes; by the *Darro's* side
My childhood passed. I can remember still
The river, and the mountains capped with snow;

The villages, where, yet a little child,
I told the traveller's fortune in the street;
The smuggler's horse, the brigand and the shepherd;
The march across the moor; the halt at noon;
The red fire of the evening camp, that lighted
The forest where we slept; and further back,
As in a dream, or in some former life,
Gardens and palace walls.

"ARCHBISHOP: 'Tis the Alhambra,
Under whose towers the gipsy tent was pitched."*

On reaching the top of the river above the Gipsy quarter, I found the country beyond a jumble of hills and swelling eminences, which are thrown forward like steps from the loftier range of the Sierra behind, and intersected by ravines. The prospect was not inviting in that direction, so I turned my face homewards, and entered the *Albaycin*, one of the ancient quarters of the city. It crowns the opposite height to the Alhambra, and was occupied during the last troubled years of the Moorish dynasty by a rival faction. After the conquest it was given over exclusively to those Moors who chose to remain under the sway of the Catholic sovereigns, and who appear to have been treated much like the Jews in the *Ghetto* at Rome by being shut up within walls and gates. These they broke through on the occasion of an insurrection excited by the violent measures of Cardinal Ximenes, whom they were near murdering in his palace

* *Spanish Student*, Act ii, Scene 2.

within the city. The double line of massive walls still remains, enclosing first the general inhabited portion, and then the site of the fortress within a smaller circle, now covered by a church, the terrace of which affords a glorious view. But the houses, now tenanted wholly by the poorest of the population—the better classes all residing in the lower parts of the city—are given up to neglect and decay. Passing in and out of various antique gateways, and threading a number of narrow dirty lanes, I at length reached the gate of *Elvira* at the opposite side of the hill to that I had ascended. Here is a large open space—*Plaça del Triunfo*—planted with trees and flowers, which looked quite refreshing after the dirt and decay of the *Albaycin*.

Crossing to the other side of this *Plaça*, I visited the Lunatic Asylum, founded by Ferdinand and Isabella—a stately and graceful building, and above all, a pleasing proof that amid many errors and an unhappy spirit of persecution, the mediæval age did not omit the more genial and kindly charities. Some of the inmates had formed part of the procession on the previous day, carrying lighted tapers, in miserable contrast to their own darkened minds! It is remarkable to think, in connection with this, one of the earliest mad-asylums, that so many descendants of its founders, commencing with their eldest daughter, who was emphatically styled by the Spaniards, "Juana la Loca," should have exhibited a tinge of insanity, the fatal curse of their race.

Returning across the open space in front, I passed along a

broad street, and looked in at the hospital and chapel of San Juan de Dios. This Saint was originally a soldier in the wars between Charles the Fifth and Francis the First. He quitted the profession of arms in consequence of a vision, in which he fancied he beheld "a radiant child holding a pomegranate [*Pomo de Granada*, the emblem of the city,] and the child said to him, 'Go, thou shalt bear the cross in Granada.'" Thither accordingly he repaired, and began his ministrations among the sick and poor of the streets, by bringing first one, then another, to his own little home, which by degrees became converted into the hospital as it now stands.

Mrs. Jameson in her *Monastic Orders*, says: "Under how many different names and forms has the little hospital of Juan de Dios been reproduced throughout Europe, Catholic and Protestant! Our houses of refuge, our asylums for the destitute, the brotherhood of the Caridad in Spain, that of the Misericordia in Italy, the Maisons de Charité in France, the Barrherzigen Brüder in Germany, all these spring out of the little hospital of this poor, low-born, unlearned, half-crazed Juan de Dios."

At the end of the same street is the convent of San Jeronimo, now converted into a barrack, as is commonly the case throughout Spain. Within the chapel were once deposited the remains of Gonsalvo de Cordova. All that now remains is a slab upon the pavement, inscribed with his style and titles. The mighty dust has been recklessly disturbed and scattered to the four winds. The captured

banners no longer wave over the grave of the world-renowned conqueror. His own good sword has been carried off. His effigy in white marble is broken and defaced, but still as the inscription over him records *Gloria minimè consepulta.* "The glory of the Great Captain survives the grave."

My walk finished with the Chapel of the Kings, attached to the Cathedral. Here are the two tombs, erected by Charles the Fifth, of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Juan their daughter and Philip of Burgundy. The figures lie side by side upon each in all the reality of sculptured marble. The carvings at the corners and along the sides are beautiful, but external decoration can add little to the interest of a spot where repose the ashes of such mighty dead as Ferdinand and Isabella, whose memory is here cherished under the sanctuary, and with all the accompaniments of religion, and whose initials Y.F. still form the proud motto of their chosen city. Outside the Chapel is a rich and beautiful specimen of Gothic, and amid surrounding barbarisms forms a fit enclosure for those who sleep within.

Queen Isabella began her Will by prescribing the arrangements for her funeral. She orders her remains to be removed from Medina del Campo in Castile, where she lay a dying, to Granada. "I desire," she says "that my body be buried in the Alhambra of Granada, in a grave level with the ground and trodden down, and that my name be inscribed on a flat tombstone. But if my lord the king chooses a burial-place in some other temple, or in some other part of our dominions,

then I desire that my body be exhumed, and removed, and buried by the side of his, in order that the union of our bodies in the grave may signify and attest the union of our hearts during our lives, and I hope, by the mercy of God, the union of our souls in heaven."

This, my last afternoon at Granada, was spent in ranging through the courts and halls of the Alhambra. And yet how vain to grasp in all its full grace and beauty, that cunning work of the artificer, where each object appears to hold its own proper place and proportion—where colouring and decoration, however rich in themselves, are so toned and contrasted, as never to cloy upon the most fastidious taste, nor appear over-gaudy.

June 7th.—Mounted en Diligence at five o'clock a.m., taking my place in the Banquette. It was a raw and misty morning, and under its influence not only the distant Sierras, but even the Alhambra veiled its head, and did not allow of a farewell glance. I began to think that the Cathedral Almanac I had seen two days before had prophesied most egregiously wrong as to the advent of fine weather, but we had not left the *Vega*, passing amid vineyards and oliveyards and all the signs of fertility, before the murky curtain began to uplift itself, and the genial sun to show out. Soon after passing a road, which leads to the Duke of Wellington's national property, called *Soto de Roma*, we dipped into a mountain range, having on our right a rocky wooded stream, which continued to be our companion for the rest of the day, with only

occasional breaks. At one spot *Puento de Arenas*, the mountain rises so precipitiously from its bank, that the road has to be carried through by a tunnel. Farther on the rocks appear so dangerously piled one upon another, as to occasion many an anxious glance, lest they should topple over, and crush the passer-by. Indeed, no doubt in consequence of the late heavy rains, one huge mass lay so immediately in the middle of the road, as to oblige our vehicle to make quite a sweep round. Another had hardly escaped a small Venta, which had fixed itself too venturously in a receding space at the foot of a craggy mountain, down whose face appeared the riven tracks of many a torrent.

The great charm of mountain scenery is in its diversity. And so here, no sooner had we cleared this deep and threatening gorge, than a broad green meadow opened out, planted thick with fruits and flowers, amid which the bright red blossom of the pomegranate (which, by the way, is the chosen emblem of Granada, and is to be seen everywhere carved about the streets,) was especially prominent.

Evening now came on; and as in this climate there is scarce any twilight, we were glad to ford a deep and rapid river with the last rays of the sun. A little before we had passed a substantial bridge, which only seemed to require a small piece of roadway for its completion. It was just the same with a bridge near Loja, close under which the river *Xenil* is crossed by a somewhat dangerous ford, while the strong arches which span the river hard by are provokingly

unused. And yet in this latter case the ex-Minister Narvaez has a property in the immediate neighbourhood, (as the Great Captain, Gonsalvo de Cordova, had before him) and the good state of the remainder of the road to Granada is attributed to his influence.

It was night when we reached Jaen, and beyond that Baylen. Both are places with historical recollections—the former of ancient, the latter of modern times—and I should have been glad to obtain if only a passing glance at them. But both were sunk in utter darkness and impenetrable gloom, the night being fine but moonless, and the stars scarce twinkling through the dark azure of the sky.

June 8th.—Awoke with the broad sunshine to find ourselves approaching the town of La Carolina, built originally for a party of German and Swiss settlers in the last century. It is to their descendants that De Rocca refers—"These mountains which separate La Mancha from Andalusia are inhabited by some colonists brought by Count Olivades from different parts of Germany in 1781. The oldest of those colonists followed us on foot for whole hours, to enjoy for the last time before their death the happiness of speaking their native tongue with such of our hussars as were their countrymen."*

As one passed up the straight broad streets of La Carolina, and looked at the plain white houses, it was easy to guess that here there was little of Spain, where picturesqueness is

* *Memoirs of the War in Spain.*

always allied with dirt and decay, while cleanliness and novelty are sure signs that all that is racy of the soil and people has gone thence.

The road now descends to the pass of *Despena-perros*, which pierces the *Sierra de Morena*, the frontier-line of Andalusia. It is wild and magnificent, and the number of *guardias civiles*, piquetted two and two, whom we passed in and along the skirts of the defile, indicate that it is the haunt of the bandit and outlaw; as formerly it was one of the most active seats of the Guerilla warfare during the War of Independence against the French.

But indeed, in these days of *gens d'armes* and rural police, highwaymanship must be a poor trade even in Spain. Few will be the legends and stories to be hereafter related of robbers in gay costumes and on prancing steeds, who claimed black-mail from admiring travellers.

For our further protection, about half-way through the pass, we met a body of infantry upon the march. They kept no great order indeed, but I did not see a single straggler, very different in this respect from an Austrian battalion, whose march I had once chanced to cross in the Apennines between Florence and Bologna. Spanish troops are said to excel those of any other nation in their marching qualities.

With *Despena-perros* the last mountains of Andalusia are left behind, and the dreary plains of La Mancha begin to open out. There is just sufficient elevation to shut in the

view and to mock the traveller, who is always wishing the ground to do one thing or the other—to rise or to fall—instead of showing for ever the same uneven wavy surface, with scarce tree or house, corn-field or garden, to break the monotony.

Washington Irving, however, while exactly catching these features of the country, so flat and unprofitable to common minds, yet does not fail with true genius to draw from them a moral. He says: "But though a great part of Spain is deficient in the garniture of groves and forests, and the softer charms of ornamental cultivation, yet its scenery has something of a high and lofty character to compensate the want. It partakes something of the attributes of the people; and I think I better understand the proud, hardy, frugal and abstemious Spaniard, his manly defiance of hardships, and contempt of effeminate indulgences, since I have seen the country he inhabits. There is something, too, in the sternly simple features of the Spanish landscape, that impresses on the soul a feeling of sublimity. The immense plains of the Castiles and La Mancha, extending as far as the eye can reach, derive an interest from their very nakedness and immensity, and have something of the solemn grandeur of the ocean."

For my own part, while crossing these "boundless plains that tire the traveller's eye," I could but try to call up Don Quixote and his faithful squire, Sancho Panza, travelling

along the same route, and beguiling the way with those exquisite dialogues which Cervantes has put into their mouths,

> "The gentle knight, La Mancha's glory,
> Famed in never-dying story."

Here, too, and in the surrounding districts are laid the scenes of many of their adventures and mischances. It was quite a relief in the day's monotony to catch sight of a solitary windmill—perhaps that against which, under the guise of a giant, the doughty knight rode full tilt—or to pass some wretched road-side Posáda, the same perchance which his crazed imagination had exalted into a castle, a veritable "Château en Espagne"! Villages there are none, scarce any single habitations, the peasants all crowding together into the few miserable towns for mutual protection and defence, and thus leaving a large portion of the country a mere waste and desert. They seemed a poverty-stricken half-starved race, dressed in course brown cloth, with kerchief tied closely round their heads, and hempen sandals on their feet—how different from the gay and stalwart Andalusian! Even Valdepeñas, so famous for its wine, is a poor-looking meagre town—the vineyards in its neighbourhood showing like low stunted shrubs, and scarce serving to break the dreary outline. The vine here is said to have been originally an importation from Burgundy, many years ago at any rate, inasmuch as the excellencies of its product were known to and duly estimated by Sancho Panzo.

And then the misery of being jolted along those deep

furrowed roads, until every bone seems out of joint, while the long string of horses and mules in company is driven recklessly forward amid a never ceasing round of oaths and objurgations. Three persons perform the office of coachmanship. Of these the guard and the post-boy accompany the Diligence throughout its whole journey. But with every fresh team there is a driver specially attached—a wonderfully active fellow, who sits on the shaft or wherever he can find place—who never ceases imprecating his beasts, and calling them each by name, except when, on the pace falling off at intervals, he rushes down from his seat, and belabours them in succession, finishing off his work of castigation with a shower of stones.

June 9th. The third morning of our journey rose most welcome to the weary traveller, although precisely the same kind of country broke upon the eye as had faded away on the previous evening. A new town only, from time to time, interrupted the sameness, and showed that we were really making way. That of La Guardia is the most miserable of all, the inhabitants living for the most part in holes dug out of the face of the hill, like the Gitanos at Granada; while the melancholy ruins of the houses, gutted by the French and never repaired, still surround them, in mockery of their present condition. Oçana, the next town was the scene of a Spanish defeat, after which Soult overspread the whole country with fire and sword.

What are these judgments of God upon the world as it

exists now, but visible and lively embodiments of what shall be hereafter at the end of all things! "And they shall go into the holes of the rocks, and into the caves of the earth, for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of His majesty, when He ariseth to shake terribly the earth." *

It was between ten and eleven o'clock a.m. when, descending a chalky road, we first caught sight of Aranjuez, embowered amid green trees and a very seat of waters. Those certainly who approach it from the thirsty treeless plains of La Mancha will not begrudge the praises which Spanish courtier-poets lavished upon the shades and waters of that delicious island-garden, so fondly celebrated in the sparkling verse of *Calderon.* †

From hence a railway was destined to convey us, Diligence and all, to Madrid. The worst was now over; one felt free to give oneself over to all the luxurious influences of the charming spot without stint. By twelve o'clock I had seen the Diligence placed on its truck. There remained two hours, till the time of departure, for exploring. So crossing a large space, planted with lofty elms, and divided into walks, which separates the railway station from the palace, I passed over a small bridge on the left, and found myself at once under the sheltering bowers and amid the delicious shades of the Isla—so called from actually being made an island by the windings of the river Tagus. Here are umbrageous walks

* Isaiah ii., 19. † Macaulay's *Essays.*

into which the fiercest sunlight in vain struggles to penetrate, thick groves melodious with nightingales the livelong day, and sparkling fountains which cool even the heated air of mid-day. The Fountain of Nepture is large and handsome: Velasquez has drawn it in a picture which is still to be seen in the Museum at Madrid, with all its delicious freshness and thick encircling foliage, the very memory of which is cool and pleasant. "Here," says Stirling, "Velasquez attended his master in his walks, or sate retired in pleached bowers, noting the fine effects of summer sunlight, and making many sketches of sweet garden scenes."

The Fountain of Neptune, the largest of all, is situated at the corner of the Isla, nearest the palace, the garden in front of which is connected with it by means of a small iron bridge. To cross this is to pass at once out of the cool and dewy shade into the full blaze and white glare of the sun. But the parterre which now opens is prettily laid out in the French style, and at the side flows the Tagus in a full broad stream, forming presently a cascade, and then dividing again in order to give verdure to the borders of the Isla.

The palace itself reminded me much of Versailles, although of course on a smaller scale. In a corridor which ran along the succeeding front, and faced a large court, were a number of courtiers, lay and cleric, all bedecked with stars and ribbons. These, with numerous serving-men, betoken the presence of royalty, this being the season when the

court repairs hither. And certainly if cool and shady walks, with the song of nightingales and the murmur of waters, are among the delights of springtide, all these are to be found here in the fullest perfection. Presently there was a rattle of drums and a clang of trumpets, and three royal carriages swept past, so rapidly that I could not very clearly distinguish their occupants. One was leaning forward whom I took for the king.

After a general survey of the exterior of the palace and its adjacent courts, I recrossed the parterre towards the iron railings, which divides it from the road, passing on the way a fountain of elaborate but intricate construction. What chiefly, however, attracted my attention to it were two pillars standing on either side, and bearing the several titles of *Avila* and *Calpe*, with the motto, "Plus ultra."*

These are but sorry emblems to face the palace, since the spots they represent are no longer subject to the crown of Spain, unless indeed Centa be comprised under Avila, or more properly, Mount Abyla, the answering Pillar of Hercules to Gibraltar.

* "The Emperor's well-known device, the Pillars of Hercules, with the proud motto, "Plus ultra," for which the inventor had been rewarded with two mitres, became the butt of the pedantic wits of France. Guise and the gallant townsmen of Metz furnished a new reading, "Non ultra metas" for the motto, and Paris was made merry with the suggestion that the pillars should be changed into a crab, and the words into "Plus citra" to express the ebb of the Imperial fortunes."—Sterling, *Cloister Life of Charles the Fifth.*

A suspension bridge crosses the Tagus, and leads to a huge building, which proclaims itself a manufactory of flour, and directly intercepts between the palace and an outside garden—called the *Florera* or *Jardin Ingles*—which is carried upwards along the bank of the river. I walked on as far as some fancy cottages and mimic fortifications; and then retracing my steps to the Isla, paced its cool and shady avenues, until it was time to return to the railway station.

Starting at two o'clock p.m., the train reached Madrid soon after four o'clock, the intervening country having proved very flat and uninteresting, when after twice crossing the river we left the vale of Aranjuez behind, and saw no more of trees or brooks of water. Lines of poor squalid houses, and beyond some scanty spires crowning a slight eminence, alone announced our approach to the capital of Spain.

However this first unfavourable impression is quite altered on a nearer view of the interior of the city. Many of the streets through which we drove on our way from the station to the hotel looked wide and handsome, and were filled with well-dressed people, although the aspect of everything was rather French than Spanish.

Skirting the grand promenade of the Prado, and then mounting the *Carrera de S. Geronimo*, we crossed the famed *Puerta del Sol*, a small open space of uneven shape and somewhat shabby appearance, but the general resort of all loungers and idlers, in fact, the very heart of the city, as the spot from which most of the principal streets radiate.

Of these the *Calle Alcalà*, in which my hotel is situated, is certainly one of the finest streets I have ever seen, and contains many stately houses and imposing buildings. The lower part is lined with rows of acacia trees, and gradually increases in breadth, until it opens out with a gentle fall of the ground into the Prado, and then rises again on the other side up to the magnificent gate built in the time of Charles the Third.

Notwithstanding that he had a war with England upon his hands, this king [1759-1789] appears to have been one of the greatest benefactors to Madrid, and among his chief improvements must be reckoned the formation of the Prado.

This, originally a moist and wooded meadow, he caused to be transformed into a public drive and promenade, much as we see it at present, by levelling the ground and planting avenues of trees; while at the same time he adorned it with statues and fountains, some of which—as that of Cybele, which is situated at the point where the *Calle Alcala* cuts across—are worthy of their prominent position, and executed in a high style of art. The Prado occupies a line of considerably more than a mile in length, and runs at right angles with several of the principal streets which open into it, but the most frequented and fashionable promenade called *El Salon* covers but a small portion of the ground between the fountains of Cybele and Neptune. The consequence is that it becomes inconveniently crowded, and spoils the otherwise good effect of the gaily dressed crowd. Alas! too, the Mantilla is fast losing ground before the bonnet,

nor such as it exists here in general is it worth preserving, being not of a rich embroidered pattern as at Seville, but a mere thin veil. Nor did I observe such lustrous eyes nor the same graceful carriage as in Andalusia. In fact, men and women alike, at least among the higher classes, appear to have become thoroughly Frenchified. So it struck me on this the first evening I spent at Madrid, and I have seen no reason to change my opinion upon subsequent experience of the Prado. Genuine Spanish costume, as well as the better parts of the national character, are confined almost entirely to the peasantry and lower orders.

June 10th.—The balcony before my window, overlooking the *Calle Alcalà*, embraces likewise the *Puerta del Sol* within its range. As these are the great centres of Madrid life, and always afford passing objects of interest and amusement to a stranger, I am content to sit in my high and airy look-out, without running abroad after any other sights, and watch the tide of humanity as it eddies to and fro. Longfellow has described the scene much as I viewed it this bright and busy morning.

"See—yonder stalks a gigantic peasant of New Castile, with a montera cap, brown jacket and breeches, and coarse blue stockings, forcing his way through the crowd, and leading a donkey laden with charcoal, whose sonorous bray is in unison with the harsh voice of his master. Close at his elbow goes a rosy-cheeked damsel, selling calico. She is an Asturian from the mountains of Santander. How do you

know? By her short yellow petticoats—her blue bodice—her coral necklace and ear-rings. Through the middle of the square struts a peasant of Old Castile, with his yellow leather jerkin strapped about his waist, his blue leggings and his blue gaiters, driving before him a flock of gabbling turkeys, and crying at the top of his voice, 'Pao, pao, pavitos, paos!' Next comes a Valencian, with his loose linen trousers and sandal shoes, holding a huge sack of water-melons upon his shoulders with his left hand, and with his right balancing high in the air a specimen of his luscious fruit, upon which is perched a little pyramid of the crimson pulp, while he tempts the passers-by with, 'A cala, y calando; una sandia vendo—o—o. Si esto es songrè!' (Buy the slice, come and try it! water-melon for sale. This is the real blood.)

"His companion near him has a pair of scales thrown over his shoulders, and holds both hands full of musk-melons. He chimes into the harmonious ditty with 'Melo, melo—o, meloritos, acqui está el azucar!' (Melons, melons, here is the real sugar.) Behind them creeps a slow-moving Asturian, in heavy wooden shoes, crying water cresses, and a peasant woman from the Guadarrama mountains, with a montera cocked up in front, and a blue kerchief tied under her chin, swings in each hand a bunch of live chickens, that hang by the claws, head downwards, fluttering, scratching, crowing with all their might, while the good woman tries to drown their voices in the discordant cry of, 'Quien me compra un gallo—un par de gallinas'? (Who buys a cock—a pair of fowls?)

"What next? A Manchego with a sack of oil under his arm; a Gallego with a huge water-jar upon his shoulders; an Italian pedlar with images of saints and madonnas; a razor-grinder with his wheel; a mender of pots and kettles, making music as he goes with a shovel and frying-pan; and in fine, a noisy, patch-work, ever-changing crowd, whose discordant cries mingle with the rumbling of wheels, the clatter of hoofs, and the clang of church-bells, and make the *Puerta del Sol* at certain hours of the day like a street of Babylon the Great."

June 11th.—Visited the Royal Palace, a noble pile, of the purest white stone. It is grandly situated on an eminence overlooking the valley of the Manzanares, with the snowy Guadarrama directly in front. The Escurial could also be distinctly seen against the mountain, glancing in the sun, and showing an enormous mass of whitened building.

The interior apartments of the palace have been closed to the public since the recent attempt upon the Queen's life. I was only allowed therefore to walk round the inner court, and then to ascend to an upper gallery enclosed within glass, from which I could look into the ball-room, and upon the magnificent marble staircase, which leads to the state apartments.

In front of the palace is a terrace, descending by steps, fine but unfinished, to a garden, which again is connected with the summer residence, *Casa del Campo*, the woods of which appear on the other side of the river. Behind is

the *Plaza de Orienté*, which forms a public walk, the inner portion however being reserved within a railing, and containing a magnificent equestrian statue of Philip the Fourth in bronze.

"To guide the sculptor (the Florentine Tacca) in the attitude and the likeness, the Duke Olivares suggested that an equestrian portrait should be sent, which was accordingly executed, as well as a half-length portrait, by Velasquez. To make assurance doubly sure, the Sevillian Montañes furnished a model, and the result was the noble bronze statue which now stands in front of the palace at Madrid, bearing the impress of the mind of Velasquez."*

On my return homewards I was shown two interesting objects, which face each other in the *Plazuela de la Villa*—the *Tower de Luganes*, in which Francis the First was confined by Charles the Fifth after the battle of Pavia, now apparently converted into a private dwelling; and the Town House *Casa del Ayuntamiento*, from the windows of which the Duke of Wellington showed himself to the people, on his entrance into Madrid in 1812.

Further on is the *Plaza Mayor*, with arcades running round, and diverging into the surrounding streets. Here were formerly held the *Autos de fé* and bull-fights. The galleries from which these sights were viewed by the King and court, as well by the admiring populace, still remain along each story of the encircling houses, rising tier above tier.

* Stirling's *Velasquez*, ch. vi.

In the centre stands an equestrian statue of Philip the Third, "a son of the City," as an inscription on the pedestal records, who restored to her the Court in 1606, and who in 1619 ordered this great square to be erected.

Philip the Fourth succeeded to the throne two years after on the death of his father. Here in 1623 a royal bull-fight was exhibited before our Charles the First, on occasion of that prince's romantic visit to the Court of Madrid in company with the favourite Buckingham—"Steenie," as he was called by James the First, from a supposed resemblance between his very handsome countenance, and that with which the Italian artists resembled the proto-martyr Stephen. At the conclusion of the bull-fight the King himself descended into the arena, first displaying his proficiency in cane playing with his brother Don Carlos, and afterwards riding a tilting match with his prime minister and favourite, Olivares.

"If Charles" (writes Stirling, *Velasquez*, Ch. iii.) "won not in this celebrated journey a daughter of Spain for his bride, he at least acquired, or greatly increased those tastes, which adorned his few prosperous years, and still lend a grace to his memory. He saw the Spanish capital in its height of splendour, its palaces, churches and convents filled with the fairest creations of art; he witnessed the performance of magnificent services, at altars glowing with the pictures of Titian and El Mudo, and long processions, where the groves of silken banners were relieved by moving stages, whereon were displayed the fine statuary of Hernandez, and the

glorious plate of Alvarez and the d'Arphes. In the halls of the Escurial and the Prado, his ambition was awakened to form a gallery of art worthy of the British crown—the only object of his ambition which it ever was his fortune to attain."

One more thing, upon the authority of *Carte's Ormonde*, Charles learnt from the Spanish visit: "He had been always averse to Popery, and detested it utterly after he had viewed the practice of it in Spain."

The Infanta Maria, who was daughter of Philip the Third, and therefore sister of Philip the Fourth, was married some years later to the Emperor Ferdinand the Third.

"I am Charles Stuart,
Who, with love for my guide,
Hasten to the heaven, Spain,
To see my love, Mary."

—*Lope de Vega.*

June 12th. Walked this morning in the grounds of the *Buen Retiro*, which rise above the Prado, and run up to the outer wall of the city. There is a large extent of plantation, through which, however, the white sandy soil will continually peep up, instead of greensward and verdant turf. On one side stretches a lake of considerable dimensions, fringed with pagodas and summer-houses. From the highest point there is a view across the wooded slope to the city, cresting the opposite hill with its dusky houses and domelike spires. Not but that Madrid contains some fine streets and handsome

buildings which come out upon a nearer view, but the general appearance is somewhat mean and paltry, and there is no one striking object for the eye to rest upon. It was from this side that Napoleon attacked the city, carrying the irregular defences after a feeble resistance. "Once masters of the *Retiro*," De Rocca remarks,* "they might have burned Madrid in a few hours." Wellington recaptured it in turn.†

Lower down is a charming garden, radiant with roses, and ornamented with statues and fountains. A few children and nurses—the latter, by the way, are always most gaily clothed in embroidered jackets and bright-coloured dresses—were now its only occupants. Towards evening it becomes the resort of numerous promenaders, until the hour of *Oraciones* (that is, I suppose, the *Ave Maria*,) when, according to notice, the gates are closed, and then the gay crowd are seen streaming through the alleys on their return to the Prado.

The grounds were originally laid out, and the palace built by Olivares.‡ Afterwards in the days of his greatness and favour he handed them over as a present to his master,

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* *Memoirs of War in Spain.*

† "We carry on this campaign nobly.

* * * * * * *

The garrison of the *Retiro* surrendered yesterday, only, however, after the scaling ladders had been brought out, and three divisions were in position round them. 1,800 of the finest looking fellows possible became our prisoners, with 20,000 stand of arms, and immense stores, very useful to the allied army."—*Memoir of Sir Neil Campbell, August 15th, 1812.*

‡ Stirling's *Velasquez.*

Philip the Fourth. All that now remains of the *Real Sitio* is an irregular square, round which cluster buildings of very varied form and discordant uses—the residence of the present King's father, public offices, barracks, and finally wine and tobacco shops!

In the smaller square in front is a bronze statue of Cervantes,* larger than life—dedicated, as the inscription on the pedestal records, *Al principe de los Ingenios Españoles.* But indeed Cervantes had been a soldier too, and his left hand and arm (over which a mantle is thrown by the sculptor,) were maimed at the battle of Lepanto, October 7th, 1571. "For as he says in a work written just before his death, he had observed that none make better soldiers than those who are transplanted from the region of letters to the fields of war, and that never scholar became a soldier that was not a good and brave one."†

"Amost every distinguished writer," says Macaulay, *Essays*,

* In the preface to his novels Cervantes has given us this description of his person: "He whom thou now seest here with a sharp aquiline visage; brown chestnut coloured hair; his forehead smooth and free from wrinkles; his eyes brisk and cheerful; his nose somewhat hookish but well proportioned; his beard silver-coloured which twenty years ago was gold; his moustachios large; his mouth little; his teeth neither small nor big, in number only six, in bad condition and worse ranged, for they have no correspondence with each other; his body middle-sized; his complexion lively, rather fair than swarthy; somewhat thick in the shoulders; and not very light of foot:—this, I say, is the effigy of the author of "Galatea," and of "Don Quixote de la Mancha."

† Ticknor—*Spanish Literature.*

" was also distinguished as a soldier or a politician. Boscan bore arms with high reputation. Garcilaso de Vega, the author of the sweetest and most graceful pastoral poem of modern times, after a short but splendid military career, fell sword in hand at the head of a storming party. Alonzo de Ercilla bore a conspicuous part in that war of Arauco, which he afterwards celebrated in one of the best heroic poems that Spain has produced. Hurtado de Mendoza, whose poems have been compared to those of Horace, and whose charming little novel is evidently the model of Gil Blas, has been handed down to us by history as one of the sternest of those iron Proconsuls who were employed by the House of Austria to crush the lingering public spirit of Italy. Lope sailed in the Armada; Cervantes was wounded at Lepanto."

The *Calle d'Alcalà* is the resort of all public conveyances. There, soon after mid-day, was ranged a long line of carriages from the modern 'bus to the most antique form of Spanish *Calêsa*—first sign of the bull-fight, which was announced to take place this afternoon. In order to gain a better view of the picturesque crowd, which had already begun to assemble in groups round the carriage stands, I walked to the *Puerta d'Alcalà*, immediately outside of which is situated the *Plaza de Toros*. Such a truly Spanish scene! A party of mounted *guardia civil* had scarcely lined the road, 'ere the rattle of carriages commenced, and Madrilenians of every class, dressed in their gayest attire,

began to flock towards the great point of attraction. Thus the bills proclaimed:

> "*La funcion principiará a las Tres y media en punto. Les puertas de entrada, con separacion de esta al sol y a la sombra, se aburan a la una de la tarde.*"

While there is an almost endless variety of places and difference of prices, all are subordinate to the one main division, between seats on the shady side of the "Ring," and those fronting the sun—the former being at once the preferable and the more expensive.

And now, as the appointed hour drew near, a gay mounted "Picador" or two, pricking in, raised the excitement to the highest pitch. Then a brace of dogs, coupled together, destined to worry any bull, who might prove himself wanting in pluck, raised shouts of *perro, perro*, as they were led along. How strange the contrast implied in the heading of the bills of announcement!

"Toros de Muerte. A beneficio, del Hospital General de Madrid."

> Such the ungentle spirit, that oft invites
> The Spanish maid.
>
> Then to the crowded circus forth they fare:
> Young, old, high, low, at once the same diversion share.

Females—from the wife of the grandee of purest blue blood, *sangre azul*, to the denizen of the quarter of *La Cebada*, the

Grass Market—form not the least numerous, nor the least interesting portion of the spectators, and on such occasions always wear the national costume.

> The lists are opened, the spacious area cleared,
> Thousands on thousands piled are seated round.
> Long 'ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
> No vacant space for later wight is found.
> Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames abound,
> Skilled in the ogle of a roguish eye,
> Yet ever well inclin'd to heal the wound.

The day closes with the usual promenade on the Prado, intervening too as it does directly in the way of return from the Bull-Ring. This evening such crowds were poured into its alleys, that I soon became wearied of the perpetual dead-locks, and was glad to make my escape to freer and less fashionable precincts.

June 13th.—After breakfast walked to the museum by the *Carrera de S. Geronimo*, which leads directly to it from the *Puerta del Sol*. The situation is good, facing the Prado, and the building itself is imposing, although defaced, like several others of the modern erections in Madrid, by a row of small windows directly under the roof. Filled as it is with treasures of art—for all the collections of the Spanish crown, of Charles the Fifth the patron of Titian, and Philip the Fourth the familiar of Velasquez, have here been brought together. I could do little more upon a first visit than saunter through

the various rooms, and endeavour to form a general idea of their contents. The pictures are well arranged, and kept together in schools; although lately a new circular hall has been opened, and here some of the gallery has been collected, without any other regard to order or classification.

In most respects Madrid ranks but as a third-rate Capital. But its gallery may safely be pronounced unrivalled, especially in pictures of the Spanish school. These are divided into three—of the Castiles, Valencia and Seville.

The common tie amongst them is religion. But the School of Castile, savours less of the Cloister than the Court. Patronized by a despot, it was employed to feed his pride and pleasures. Hence it was material that portrait-painting should flourish foremost.

Rising in the infancy of Castilian art with Antonio Rincon, [1446-1500] by whom exist likenesses of Ferdinand and Isabella, this branch, improved by the examples of Antonio Moro and Titian, passed to Alonso Sanchez Coello [ob. 1590], fit painter of the imperial Court of Charles the Fifth, and unequalled in elaborate details of costume and decoration. He was imitated by Pantoja de la Cruz [1551-1610], through whose hard but true portraits, glittering in cinquecento, chased armour, or brocaded cloth of gold, we become so well acquainted with Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second, their lords and ladies, their stately stiff etiquette.

If we be equally familiar with the imbecile Charles the Second,

with whom the Austrian dynasty decayed, our thanks are due to the silvery tones of Claudio Coello [ob. 1692] and the morbid touch of Juan Carreño de Miranda, [1631-1685]. With this last, and his pupil Mateo Cerezo [1631-1685], whose art approached to Vandyke, the art of Spain perished at the same time with her nationality.

The last and greatest name of all, Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez [1599-1660] must be reserved for fuller and more particular mention.

The School of Valencia followed in the wake and fashions set by Italy. The general characteristics are luscious colour, in which violets and purples, the moreras of the local mulberry prevails; the favourite subjects are taken from local legends, in which San Vincente Ferrer, (Spanish Dominician Missionary, 1355-1419, preached through Spain, France, England, and Ireland,) is the great figure.

Vicente Juanes Macipo is the founder of this School. Born near Valencia 1523, he studied at Rome so successfully as to be called by his countrymen the Spanish Raphael. He never painted any profane subjects, nor commenced a sacred one without previous prayer and fasting.

Mrs. Jameson* thus describes the beautiful series by Juanes in the Madrid gallery, representing the life of St. Stephen—*San Esteban*, as he is called in Spanish:

"It consists of the usual subjects, but the treatment is

* *Sacred and Legendary Art*, vol. ii.

very peculiar, and stamped by the character of the Spanish School. The figures are life size.

"I. The series commences with his consecration as Deacon.

"II. Then follows the dispute in the synagogue. There are ten figures of doctors—'Grecians, Alexandrians, and those of Cilicia and Asia' the heads extremely fine and varied. Stephen stands with one arm as demonstrating; in the other he holds the Scriptures of the Old Testament, out of which he confuted his opponents.

"III. Stephen accused. The doctors stop their ears; he points to an open window, where Christ is seen in glory. The high priest is on a throne, and all the accessories are magnificent.

"IV. Stephen is dragged forth to martyrdom. The executioners have their mouths open with a dog-like grin of malice; one raises his hand to strike the Saint; Saul by his side, with the dignified resolute air of a persecutor from conviction, who is discharging a solemn duty, and is well contrasted with the vulgar cruelty of the mob. Studies from such scenes must have been common in Spain; many a Dominican inquisitor might have sat for Saul.

"V. Stephen is stoned in the act of prayer.

"VI. He is buried by the disciples, being laid in the tomb in the deacon's dress. Many are weeping, and the whole

composition is extremely fine and solemn. In this series Stephen is represented as a man about thirty, with a short black beard, and the Spanish physiognomy. His deacon's habit is blue (as in a series by Angelico,) which is remarkable, because this colour is now never used in sacred vestments.

"Francisco Ribalta [1550-1628]. As a youth he visited Italy, and he represents in Spanish art Sebastian del Piombo, whose works perhaps he had there studied. The pictures of the Saviour on the path of sorrow, the descent into Hades, and the awful appearances after the Resurrection, are of the most impressive and lofty character.

"Jusepe de Ribera [1588-1656] went as a mere lad to Italy, and thus obtained the name of Lo Spagnoletto, the little Spaniard. Grinding poverty threw him into street life and low company. He rose to lead art at Naples, where he lived and died, and from his naturalistic style is often called the Spanish Caravaggio. Luca Giordano, the notorious Luca fa presto of the Escurial, was his pupil.

"School of Seville. Its first famous artist was Luis de Vargas. Born in Andalusia 1502, he went to Rome, where he studied for twenty years. His works are very scarce, and unknown out of Seville. Unfortunately too he painted chiefly in fresco, which time and weather have obliterated.

"Juan de las Roelas [1558-1625]. A cavalier by birth, a scholar by education, a painter by choice, he is usually called El Clerigo, from being a Canon of Olivares. He

studied Correggio in Lombardy, and Giorgione at Venice. He painted nothing but sacred subjects on a large scale, and is only to be seen in Andalusia. His masterpiece is the passing home of St. Isidore, el Transito, in the Church of that Saint at Seville. He was the favoured painter of the Jesuits, and his representations of the followers of Loyola have never been surpassed.

"His pupil Francisco Zurbaran [1598-1662]. His style was serious and sober. St. Bruno was his chosen Saint, and the Carthusians his patrons and models. None ever painted like he, their white fleecy drapery, wan faces, and wasted forms. His masterpiece is the Apotheosis of St. Thos. Aquinas at Seville.

"Alonso Cano [1601-1667] has already been mentioned in connection with the Cathedral of Granada, of which he was Canon. Contemporary with him was Bartolemé Esteban Murillo [1618-1682]."

June 14th.—Having determined to take each painter in order, and at my leisure, I devoted this day to Velasquez. It is at Madrid alone that he is to be studied in all his glory. There is no branch of art, except the marine, which he has not pursued; and he attained almost equal excellence in all. Even when the subject is disagreeable—such as "The Drunkards," Los Borrachos, and the hideous dwarf called "El Bobo de Coria"—we are constrained to admire the mastery displayed in the representation, where in an inferior painter we should turn away in disgust.

In his portraits Velasquez drew the minds of men. They live and breathe, and seem ready to walk out of the frames. The identity of each person is quite startling. Look, for instance, at the numerous portraits of Philip the Fourth. Whether taken in youth or middle-age, in moments of business or pleasure, in war or tournament, whether caracolling on horseback or kneeling in this oratory, clad in black velvet for the council, or dressed in sporting costume of green and russet, the same individual is always before us, the same impassive unchanging physiognomy can never be mistaken out of a thousand.

One portrait of the Infanta Maria daughter of Philip the Fourth—in balloon shaped gown, and with frizzed-out locks—must especially interest us as that of the intended bride of our Charles the First. She is also the heroine of the famous picture known as "Las Meñinas," the Maids of Honour. The painter has introdnced himself at his easel. He wears the key of office as *Aposentador Mayor*, or quarter-master general of the royal household. On his breast is depicted the red cross of the Order of Santiago. "It is said that Philip the Fourth, who came every day with the Queen to see the picture, remarked, when it was finished, that one thing was yet wanting, and taking up a brush painted the knightly insignia with his own royal fingers."*

A dependant upon a court and not a convent, like most

* Stirling's *Velasquez.*

Spanish painters, it was seldom that he had to treat sacred subjects. Accordingly the few he has painted are purely naturalistic "of the earth, earthly, without one spark of ideality." Of the "Coronation of the Virgin," Mrs. Jameson remarks: "The heads have the air of portraits; Christ has a dark, earnest, altogether Spanish physiognomy; the Virgin has dark hair; and the *Padro Eterno*, with a long beard, has a bald head—a gross fault in taste and propriety, because though the loose beard and flowing hair may seem to typify the 'ancient of days,' baldness expresses not merely age, but the infirmity of age."*

June 15th.—In regular sequence to Velasquez, Murillo formed the chief subject of to-day's ramble through the Museum. Unlike his "paisano," or fellow-townsman, he painted almost entirely sacred scenes and subjects. The great religious dogma of the Spanish Church, "the immaculate Conception of the Virgin," formed his most constant and inspiring theme. Convents and houses of charity, churches and chapels were the spots for which he loved to spend his most laborious efforts. Monks were his chosen friends and familiars. His very last picture, as we have seen at Cadiz, and that which cost him his life, was the altar-piece of the "Capuchinos" in that town.

As Murillo was born at Seville, and resided there for the greater part of his life, painting the livelong day in his own

* *Legends of the Madonna.*

cheerful sunny house upon the town-wall, so after all its plunderings that city still retains many of his finest pictures. But the specimens in this gallery are also worthy of all study.

There are several repetitions of *La Conception*, the Virgin floating upwards in that atmosphere of rosy light, with which none but he could so well suffuse the canvas. Amid the other scenes of her life represented by this her great votary, the one which most charmed me at the time, and since then clings most lovingly to my memory is her "Education," (No. 310).

La niña Maria está tonando lêccion de lectura de sa santa madre, y dos angelos la coronan. "This is a beautiful example by Murillo," says Mrs. Jameson "while Anna teaches the child to read, angels hover over them with wreaths of roses."*

The portraiture of childhood, though still more spiritualised, is likewise exquisitely given in a picture of the child Jesus as the Divine Shepherd.

June 16th.—As the collection of Charles the Fifth has found a worthy resting place in the Museo, so we might expect that Titian, patronized as he was by the Emperor, would occupy no unimportant position among its treasures of art; and accordingly we are told that his pictures number 43, scarce inferior in interest and quality to those at Venice. They met first at Bologna in 1530. Two

* *Legends of Madonna.*

years after Titian is supposed to have accompanied the Emperor to Spain, where he continued that wonderful series of portraits, which make us almost as familiar with the features and habits of Charles the Fifth and his family, as if we had lived in his day. That of the Emperor himself in armour and on horseback, is pronounced to be the finest equestrian picture in the world,* although, to my mind, that of the *Conde—Duque Olivares* (No. 177) falls only short of it in its subject. Then we have him on foot, accompanied by a favourite hound—his Empress Isabella, and his son Philip the Second—all by the same magic hand, individual and life-like.

Here, too, is the famous *Gloria*—Charles and his family presented before the Holy Trinity and the Blessed Virgin. This is the picture which hung over the high altar of the Convent at Yuste, in sight of the Emperor's bed, that he might gaze upon it with his dying eyes, and which he directed by will to be suspended over whatever spot his body found burial.

Besides the *Gloria* hangs the last work of Titian, painted

* "Titian's great picture of Charles the Fifth on horseback. It is the grandest picture of the kind I have ever beheld. Not one iota of flattery is there in it. There are the falling jaw, the complexion full of disease, the scanty beard and morose countenance, yet withal you see that the monarch is a great, valiant, courteous, melancholy, commanding man. It is a ghastly grand picture. It could only have been made by a freeman, living it may be in a court, but addressing courtiers, who were accustomed to see and to tell the truth, and who did not wish their master to be painted other than he was."—*Friends in Council*, vol. ii.

when he was ninety-four years of age, "The Allegory of the Battle of Lepanto." Philip the Second making offering of his son, Don Fernando, to God, while Fame bears aloft the crown and emblem of victory.

The great painter died at Venice of the plague in 1576, having attained the great age of ninety-nine years.

The gallery is also very rich in works of the Venetian School by Tintoretto [1512-1594]. Annibale Caracci passed this criticism upon him: "If he was sometimes equal to Titian, he was often inferior to Tintoretto."

June 17th.—The Museum owes its Titians mostly to Charles the Fifth. Its Raphaels, few but precious, came in chief part through his descendant in the fourth generation, Philip the Fourth, who always exhibited an hereditary love of art. Speaking of the dispersion of Charles the First's gallery, Horace Walpole relates: "Some of the most capital pictures were purchased by the King of Spain, which arriving there while the ambassadors of Charles the Second were at that Court, they were desired, by an odd sort of delicacy, to withdraw, they supposing that this dismissal was owing to an account received at the same time of Cromwell's victory over the Marquis of Argyle. But they knew afterwards that the true cause of this impatience to get rid of them was that their minister in England, having purchased many of the King's pictures and rich furniture, had sent them to the Groyne, from whence they were expected to arrive about that time at

Madrid; which they thought could not decently be brought to the palace while the ambassadors remained at the Court."*

Among these pictures was the lovely "Holy Family," which had passed into England from the hands of the Duke of Mantua, for whom it was originally painted, and which afterwards went by the name of *La Perla*, from the pleasant and no less truthful conceit of Philip, on beholding it: "This is the Pearl of my Pictures."*

His "Jewel," as he described it, was another famous picture by Raphael, which also adorns the walls of the Museum, representing our Lord, sinking under the weight of the Cross, and which is celebrated under the title of *Lo Spasimo di Sicilia*; so-called because it was originally painted for the high altar of the Church of the Sicilian Olivetans at Palermo, dedicated to the *Madonna dello Spasimo.*

"The veneration at all times entertained for this picture was probably enhanced by a remarkable fact in its history. Raphael painted it towards the close of the year 1517, and, when finished, it was embarked at the port of Ostia, to be consigned to Palermo. A storm came on, the vessel foundered at sea, and all was lost except the case containing the picture, which was floated by the currents into the Bay of Genoa, and on being landed, the wondrous master-piece of art was taken out unhurt. The Genoese at first refused to give it up,

* *Anecdotes of Painting.*

insisting that it had been preserved and floated to their shores by the miraculous interposition of the Blessed Virgin herself, and it required a positive mandate from the Pope before they would restore it to the Olivetan Fathers."*

June 18.—Rubens was twice in Spain—first as ambassador from the Duke of Mantua to Philip the Third, and afterwards as envoy from the Infanta Archduchess Isabella, Governess of the Low Countries, to Philip the Fourth. He has left behind him many memorials of his visits.

"His rapid pencil was interrupted during his stay at Madrid not only by the affairs of his mission, but by attacks of fever and gout. Nevertheless, beside the royal portraits, he found time to make careful copies of some of Titian's pictures (sarcastically styled in after days, by Mengo, his translations from the Italian into Dutch), to paint several works for private collections and public institutions, and to enlarge the canvas and add large figures, including an excellent portrait of himself on a bay horse, to the composition of his grand 'Adoration of the Kings,' now in the Queen of Spain's gallery.

"This gallery still possesses sixty-two of his pictures, and Spain was perhaps richer in fine specimens than Flanders itself. 'The Garden of Love' (Rudolph Harpsburg giving his horse to the host-bearing priest), and many others in the royal collection at Madrid, are little inferior as pieces of narrative painting to the celebrated works which are the glory of Antwerp."†

* Mrs. Jameson—*Legends of the Madonna.* † Stirling's *Velasquez.*

June 19.—As I sat upon my balcony, overlooking the well-thronged street, and listening to the lively clatter of church bells (it being Sunday morning), a regiment passed up *en grande tenue.* I followed them to a church—San José—higher up in the *Calle Alcalà*, where a military mass was performed, the elevation of the Host being received with the Royal March, and the troops grounding their arms. The service was after the fashion of a "hunting-mass," in respect of length, and was besides agreeably relieved by the performance of polkas and opera airs. The one regiment had scarcely re-formed outside the church at the conclusion of the *function*, when another arrived, and the same sort of service was gone through, accompanied by the like secular music. I know not how such prostitution of holy rites and places can be defended, except on Rowland Hill's principle, that the Devil ought not to be allowed to keep all the best tunes to himself!

On my return homewards, I found a number of conveyances of all sizes and descriptions ranged along the *Calle Alcalà*, as on the previous Sunday, in preparation for the bull fight of the afternoon. Presently the crowd began to press into them, and they were soon filled to repletion, and started off in rapid succession for the *Puerta d'Alcalà*, outside which the Plaza de Toros is situated.

It was strange to watch a Pilgrim wending his way slowly through the thick-set and eager crowd, with reverent looks and downcast eyes. The people made room for him with apparent respect, albeit bent on pleasure themselves, and many of them

dropped a coin into the iron box he carried strapped in front. He wore a large flap hat set round with cockle-shells and images, others being attached to his long flowing garment of brown cloth. There were sandals on his feet, a wallet at his back, and a long staff, to which a gourd for water was suspended, in his hand. It is as a pilgrim that St. James (who is the *Tutelar* of Spain, and whose shrine at Compostella, or Santiago, has ever been the chief place of pilgrimage for inhabitants of the Peninsula) is frequently represented in pictures. This may perhaps account for the peculiar, and as it were national honour paid by the Spanish people to his votary. Observe, it was the Pilgrim from Compostella who brought home the scallop-shells, which still lie on the sea-shore of Gallicia.

"The pilgrim staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop on his hat before."

He was thus distinguished from the Palmer from Palestine, whose emblem was the palm-branch, still given in the holy places of Jerusalem at Easter.

"His sandals were with travel tore
Staff, budget, bottle, scrip he wore;
The faded palm-branch in his hand,
Showed pilgrim from the holy land."*

In the course of the day I visited several of the churches, none of which however are very remarkable or interesting, particularly in a country so rich in specimens of ecclesiastical

* Scott's *Marmion.*

architecture as Spain. "The royal church of St. Isidore," Stirling remarks, "once belonged to the Jesuists, and still the most imposing temple at Madrid, affords proof both of the munificencc of the monarch, Philip the Fourth, and of the decline of architectural taste."* Behind the Museum a handsome church of Gothic architecture is in progress of erection. It stands, I believe, upon the site of the Convent of San Geronimo.

As to convents in general, I have frequently in walking through the city come upon huge masses of building, the precincts and cloisters of which either stand silent and deserted, or else echo only to the tread and noisy clamour of military, who occupy them as barracks. For monachism has been suppressed throughout Catholic Spain.

The famous Convent of Atocha, situated at the extreme corner of the city beyond the Prado, is desecrated by being converted into a quarter for military invalids. The chapel, however, is under the special protection of the Sovereign, and is frequently honoured by the royal devotions, in consequence of its containing an image of the Virgin of peculiar sanctity. The image itself, placed high above the altar, is black with age, though decked out in crown and robe of gorgeous brilliancy according to the fashion of the country. Along the roof are suspended banners for tokens of Spanish victories, and the walls stand thick with votive offerings. But the building itself is far from imposing, nor does it appear much cared for, notwithstanding royal patronage.

* *Velasquez and his Works.*

In the evening the procession of the *Corpus Christi* passed through the *Puerta del Sol.* A royal carriage, empty withal, and detachments of troops formed part of it. But otherwise there were no public functionaries, as in the provincial cities, and but scant display of respect on the part of the people. Madrid is not the seat of a Bishopric, nor can it boast of a Cathedral; and therefore any religious ceremony would naturally be shorn of much of its ordinary pomp.

June 20th.—The Song of Solomon mentions incidentally "the tower of David—built for an armoury, wherein there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men." A somewhat similar description may serve for the *Armeria Real* of Madrid, situated as it is within the precincts of the royal palace, and containing specimens of panoply, worthy of this land of chivalry, whose war-cry rang over so many well-fought fields, *Santiago y cierra España.* Down the centre of the noble gallery are ranged equestrian figures, armed *cap-a-pie*, while on either side, and along the walls stand suits of armour, and all the varied implements of warfare and tournament. There is scarcely a great name in Spanish history, which is not here represented. It is like unfolding the palmiest records of Spain's olden time to look upon the very shields of Ferdinand and Columbus, the mail of Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second, the vizor of Boabdil, and the helmet of Don John of Austria, the dainty rapier of Isabella the First, and the trenchant blade of Gonsalvo, the Great Captain, the swords of Cortes and Pizarro!

Along the roof are suspended flags and banners, many from Lepanto, one of Spain's best glories. By way of contrast I observed among them two English colours, one of them with the number of the regiment, LXI, and marked as—

"*Bandera tomada de los Ingleses en las campanas de Ambria en tiempo de Carlos III.*"

The litter* of Charles the Fifth is another interesting relic. It is of black wood, and of very rude construction. In this the great Emperor was wont to be carried during his campaigns, when suffering from his periodical fits of gout. "'Ere he had turned fifty [says Stirling, *Cloister Life*] the hand, which had wielded the lance and curbed the charger, was so enfeebled with gout, that it was sometimes unable to break a seal."

Upon the opposite side of the palace, but on a lower level, are the royal stables, which appeared very well ordered, and in which, although the court is now resident at Aranjuez, I found a goodly show of horses and mules. Some of the

* Augustus frequently made use of the same mode of conveyance in the field, suffering from a similar complaint. It was when thus moving in Spain one night, that he was overtaken by a thunder-storm, and that the slave who carried a torch in front was struck down by lightning. On his return to Rome a Temple was dedicated to Jupiter, under the title of the Thunderer (Tonans), remains of which are supposed still to exist in the Forum. Horace celebrates his safe return from the expedition.

"Herculis ritu modo dictus, o plebs,
Morte venaiem petlisse laurum,
Cæsar Hispanâ repetit penates
Victor ab orâ."

—*Od.* iii, 14.

latter especially were magnificent animals. In a long gallery above are kept the harness and saddlery used upon state occasions, rich in precious metals and beautifully mounted. No court in Europe, I believe, can make a braver show. Still more curious and peculiar are the instruments and trappings reserved for royal bull-fights. In one of the coach-houses is deposited the carriage of "Juana la Loca," of black wood, most profusely carved.

In the evening, wearied with the monotony of the Prado and its frequenters, I walked, by way of contrast, to the northern extremity of the city. Even the streets in this quarter appear strangely silent and deserted; and once beyond the walls, there reigned an air of entire desolation, so different from the approach to other capitals, from the want of suburbs and the verdureless aspect of the country. Scarce a house or tree even was to be seen, to vary the view, which extends over an almost unbroken stretch of table-land up to the foot of the distant Sierra. As I passed through the crowd and bustle of the *Puerta del Sol* on my way homewards, it seemed like a return to life from a region of waste and shadows.

June 21st.—Among the stately buildings which adorn the *Calle Alcalà* is the Academy, described with all the pomp and redundancy of Spanish phraseology, as "Academia de nobles artes y gabinete de historia natural."

Among the art-treasures contained under the former head, and passing worthily under the title of "noble," are three Murillos. Two of these are pendents, in semi-circular frames,

and represent "The Dreams of the Roman Patrician"—the well-known legend of the building of Santa Maria ad Nives, or Maggiore, at Rome. The figures of the Virgin and Child in the first picture, and the distant Procession in the other, are worthy of all admiration.

This pair of pictures was originally painted for the Church of Santa Maria la Blanca, at Seville, and carried off to Paris by Marshal Soult. How they came to be detained here on their homeward journey I know not. The title of the Virgin, "The White," is peculiar to Spain, and answers to the Italian, "Della Neve," our Lady of the Snow. Mrs. Jameson thus relates the legend:—

"A certain Roman patrician, whose name was John, being childless, prayed of the Virgin to direct him how best to bestow his worldly wealth. She appeared to him in a dream on the night of the 5th of August, A.D. 352, and commanded him to build a church in her honour, on a spot where snow would be found the next morning. The same vision having appeared to his wife, and the reigning Pope, Liberius, they repaired in procession the next morning to the summit of Mount Esquiline, where, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, a large patch of ground was miraculously covered with snow, and on it Liberius traced out with his crozier the plan of the church. The story has often been represented in art, and is easily recognized; but it is curious that the two most beautiful pictures consecrated to the honour of the Madonna della Neve are Spanish and not Roman, and were painted by Murillo about

the time that Philip the Fourth of Spain sent rich offerings to the Church of St. M. Maggiore, thus giving a kind of popularity to the legend. The picture represents the patrician John and his wife asleep, and the vision of the Virgin (one of the loveliest ever painted by Murillo) breaking upon them in splendour through the darkness of the night; while in the dim distance is seen the Esquiline, or what is meant for it, covered with snow. In the second picture John and his wife are kneeling before the Pope.

The third picture, in a separate room, exhibits St. Elizabeth of Hungary in the act of dressing the scalded head of a beggar-boy, whence its Spanish name, "El Tinoso." The contrast between the gentle lady, of most refined beauty and arrayed in the gorgeous apparel of a king's daughter, and the pauper crowd all sores and rags who surround her, is very finely rendered, and tells the story of the saintly Isabel's life at a glance, better than any written legend.

In the Natural History department I was much interested by a series of beautiful specimens of marble, marked with the district of Spain in which each is found, and proving how richly the country teems with undeveloped sources of wealth. Those dark frowning Sierras hide many a precious vein, which awaits but the workman's hammer to start forth into forms of beauty.

From the Academy I went on to the Museo d'Artilleria, which is located within the precincts of the Palace of the Buen Retiro. Besides the strictly military specimens there are models of the principal ports and fortified places of the

country, beautifully executed, Gibraltar being among the number. Side by side with this, as a sort of salvo to Spanish pride, stands a scaling ladder, marked "Swiftsure," and captured at Teneriffe on the repulse of the attack under Nelson, July 1797. Southey, in recording the disaster, expressly mentions that "the ladders were all lost."

Listen to the roll of titles, as claimed by Charles the Second, in 1686, and compare it with the fallen fortunes of Spain, as she exists now:—

"Don Carlos, Por la Gracia de Dios, Rey de Castilla, de Leon, de Aragon, de las dos Sicilias, de Jerusalem, de Navarra, de Granada, de Toledo, de Valancia, de Galicia, de Mallorca, de Sevilla, de Cerdena, de Cordova, de Corsega, de Murcia, de Jaen, de los Aluarga, de Algecira, de Gibraltar, de las Ilas de Canaria, de las Indas Oriantales y Occidantales, Islas y tierra ferma, del Mar Occeano, Archiduque de Austria, Duque de Brabante y Millan, Conde d'Asprug, de Flandes, Tirol, y Barcelona, Señor de Vizcaya, y de Molina."

June 23rd.—Started at six o'clock a.m. for Toledo, passing through the gate and over the bridge of that name. A comfortable omnibus, a level road, an uninteresting country, made up of half-cultivated fields and treeless plains, all served to induce that state of somnolency, which might render the travellers more fresh for the explorations of the day. At length—after a journey of four or five hours, although the distance is but little over thirty miles—as the road made a slight turn, and then commenced a gradual descent, I was

roused to gaze at the city I was in quest of, rising grandly on a lofty steep, and cresting its top with every variety of outline, in which spire and tower, convent and palace, gateway and stronghold bore part. On the left was the river, a broad, full-flowing stream, and looking still more copious by contrast with the scanty Manzanares, spanned by a picturesque bridge of antique form.

"Where Toledo reigns,
Proud city on her royal eminence,
And *Tagus* bends her sickle round the scene
Of Roderick's fall."*

The *Tagus*, beside whose pleasant waters I had last wandered at Aranjuez, flowing through green meadows until meeting the rocky height, on which Toledo is built, it cleaves it asunder, winding crescent-like between the opposing banks, and then again emerges once more into freedom and verdancy. So that in fact the city stands at the end of a promontory, the only approach being along the causeway, which commands the river on both sides, losing sight of it only while it is circling behind the range of walls and towers in front. In the suburb, on the right of the road, is a hospital of mediæval date. Taking a glance at the various objects in view from this point, it is curious to observe how the memorials of every age are interchanged, and as it were, run into each other.

Below are the traces of a Roman circus, with a Basilica beyond, whose rounded apse is in excellent preservation.

* Southey's *Don Roderick.*

Upon the steep above rise the ruins of the castle of the Gothic kings; and these again overlook the Baths of Florinda, Don Roderick's victim, on the river's brink, as well as the bridge built by his Moorish conquerors. Of the double range of walls with their embattled gates and turrets, the inner line is said to be Gothic; while the outer appears to have been originally built by the Moors, and after their expulsion strengthened by the Christian kings. So jumbled are they, however, winding and twisting with the sinuosities of the ground, and seeming to run into each other, that it is difficult for the eye to unravel them, or mark the dates of their several portions.

The first gate, under which the road runs, bears carved in full prominence above it, the arms of Charles the Fifth; while that to the right, and now closed, is Moorish in every feature. We pass through the former into a small enclosed space, and then proceed onwards to a gateway of inferior dimensions, which leads directly into a street, steep and tortuous, on the right side of which is a Roman Basilica, now converted into a church. A little farther on is another Moorish gateway, with triple horse-shoe arches, and carving but slightly injured. So we wind upwards to the second line of walls, within which the streets appear still more narrow and tortuous. Our road climbs right up the face of the hill to the Plaza, which, albeit of scanty size and angular shape, affords at any rate sufficiently free and open space for us to breathe awhile, and gain a firm footing after the ladder-like approach.

But we must still move upwards, and then one more street

leads us to the topmost crest of the hill, which is finished with the Alcazar, citadel and stronghold, the crown of Toledo, "the ancient and lordly." Here I found lodgment in a thoroughly Spanish Posada, lying directly under the shadow of that huge square pile of antique days.

Can the sign of my Posada, "de los Caballeros," have come down by tradition from the days of the Cid? "Francisco de Pisa says, that the King gave the Alcazar of Toledo in charge to the Cid with a guard of a thousand Castilian hidalgos, and that he was the first Alcayde of Toledo after its recovery. The Cid afterwards put another knight in his place, and took for his place of abode the houses near, which in Pisa's time were called San Juan de los Cavalleros."*

From Madrid to Toledo is to pass from gay to grave—from what is all show and glitter and redolent of *Modas Francescas* to a thorough old Castilian city, built, say the inhabitants, soon after the deluge—where at mid-day the footstep of the stranger alone breaks the deep silence of the streets, over which frown massive houses of ancient guise, with gateways deep recessed, amid armorial bearings. Here too every age, and each dynasty, which has held sway in turn, has deeply traced its memorials; so that side by side stand Roman and Gothic, Moorish and mediæval remains. While all along the Jews kept them company, "salted with fire," persecuted by each and all, yet never exterminated. Two synagogues of large and handsome proportion still exist in the "Juderia"—

* "Descrip. de Toledo," Southey's *Common Place Book*, vol. ii.

quarter of the Jews—a remarkable fact, as proving their numbers and importance, inasmuch as we seldom hear in the New Testament of more than one in any town or city.

The ancestors of the Toledan Jews were said to have left their own city, and migrated to Spain, on the occasion of the captivity under Nebuchadnezzar. They also claimed to be free from all participation in our Lord's death, inasmuch as they had sent a letter to the Council at Jerusalem in protest against the sentence.

My first visit was to the Cathedral. It stands at the end of a long line, formed by a narrow street, chiefly composed of shops, which opens out from the *Plaza*. As at Seville there are double aisles on either side of the central nave, but as compared with the sister Cathedral the intersecting pillars are wanting in grace and height, and the outermost aisles especially are so low as to mar the vistas, and give a somewhat stunted appearance to the whole design. The view however across the transepts is very fine. The eye carried upwards to the height of the windows, ranges along their storied panes, and is almost dazzled by the blaze of the rich and varied colours.

As usual in Spanish Cathedrals, the choir and the enclosure of the high altar, called the *Capella Mayor*, stand within the centre aisle, facing each other, and divided only by the space between the transepts. The carvings in the former are of the most marvellous description. Scenes from Scripture and Spanish History are portrayed upon the stalls with exquisite

delicacy and finish. The enclosure of the high altar is decorated all round, both within and without, with figures of kings and saints and angelic beings, standing in niches and under canopies, all lavishly and elaborately sculptured. Below are the tombs of the ancient kings, among whom the great Cardinal Mendoza finds a place, lying within a magnificent sepulchre. One statue looks somewhat ill at ease amid the magnificent array of crowned princes and mitred prelates. It is that of a shepherd, dressed in rustic costume, and wearing a long beard. The story runs that it was ordered to be placed in its present conspicuous position by Alonzo the Eighth, the conqueror of the Moors at the battle of Las Navas de Toloso (July 1212), out of gratitude to the nameless shepherd who led the Spanish Army by an unknown path across the *Sierra Morena*, and thus secured the victory for them.

Passing to the round apse behind the high altar, chapels, and chambers and chapter-houses open out from every side in almost wearisome succession. It is impossible to attempt any detailed description either of them or of their contents. Among the treasures exhibited, at which however I was allowed but a hurried glance, were the robes and crown, glowing with precious stones, of a certain figure of the Virgin, held in especial veneration, as also various articles of church plate, worthy of the richest endowment in Spain, whose title is *La Rica*. But I must confess to feeling far more interest in the plain sword of Alfonso the Sixth, the conqueror of Seville, and the silver cross of Cardinal Mendoza placed on the Alhambra after its capture.

In the Winter Chapter-house is a series of portraits of the archbishops and primates of Spain, who in her palmy days played so distinguished a part. That of Ximenes is very characteristic, so firmly does he grasp his crosier and knit his brows. The cardinal appears again in some frescoes upon the walls of the *Capella Muzarabe* representing the taking of Oran in Africa, he himself having planned, led and paid for the expedition. Within fifty years this conquest came to a disastrous end. "The destruction of Oran," says Stirling, "was announced in the despatches, which lay unread on his table at the time of his death."*

"The earthquake's self
Disturbed not him that memorable day,
When o'er yon table-land, where Spain had built,
Cathedrals, cannoned forts, and palaces,
A palsy-stroke of nature shook Oran,
Turning her city to a sepulchre,
And strewing into rubbish all her homes;
Amidst whose traceable foundations now,
Of streets and squares, the hyena hides himself.
That hour beheld him fly as careless o'er
The stifled shrieks of thousands buried quick,
As lately when he pounced the speckled snake,
Coiled in yon mallows and wide nettle fields
That mantle o'er the dead old Spanish town."†

* *Cloister Life of Charles the Fifth.*
† Campbell—*The Dead Eagle.* Written at Oran.

The *Capella Muzarabe* was founded by Cardinal Ximenes for the performance of the Muzarabic ritual, which, although the original ritual of the Spanish Church, had been superseded by the Roman ordinal through the influence of the Popes. That it is still continued here, I was myself a witness. While in the act of looking at the Oran frescoes, a scanty procession, consisting of a priest, a sacristan, and a boy entered the chapel, and the appointed office commenced, though without the shadow of a congregation, save myself! At the same moment the sound of vespers rose from the choir, showing that two distinct services were being performed. Passing through a small street later in the day, I came upon a church with this inscription, "Parroquia Muzarabic de San Marcos." No doubt another memorial of Ximenes' primacy—but I was unable to gain admittance.

One of Ximenes' predecessors, of the same warlike and independent instincts as himself, lies buried in the Chapel of San Ildefonso—Gilio d'Albornoz—of whom so graphic an account is given in Bulwer's "Rienzi."

"Boasting his descent from the royal houses of Arragon and Leon, he had early entered the Church, and yet almost a youth attained the Archbishopric of Toledo. But no peaceful career, however brilliant, sufficed to his ambition. He would not content himself with the honours of the Church, unless they were the honours of a church militant. In the war against the Moors no Spaniard had more highly distinguished himself, and Alphonso the Eleventh, King of Castille, had

insisted on receiving from the hand of the martial prince the badge of knighthood. After the death of Alphonso, who was strongly attached to him, Albornoz repaired to Avignon, and obtained from Clement the Sixth the Cardinal's hat. With Innocent he continued in high favour, and now, constantly in the councils of the Pope, rumours of warlike preparation, under the banners of Albornoz, for the recovery of the Papal dominions from the various tyrants that usurped them, were already circulated through the court. Bold, sagacious, enterprising and cold-hearted—with the valour of the knight and the cunning of the priest—such was the description of Gilio, Cardinal d'Albornoz."

The Saint to whom this chapel is dedicated—San Ildefonso—is the patron of Toledo, having become Archbishop A.D. 657 and died 667. "He wrote a book," says Mrs. Jameson, "in defence of the perpetual virginity of the Holy Virgin, which some heretics had questioned, and in consequence she regarded him with especial favour. Once on a time, when Ildefonso was entering his Cathedral at the head of a midnight procession, he perceived the high altar surrounded by a blaze of light. He alone of all the clergy ventured to approach, and found the Virgin herself seated on his ivory episcopal chair, and surrounded by a multitude of angels, chanting a solemn service from the Psalter. He bowed to the ground before the heavenly vision, and the Virgin thus addressed him: 'Come hither, most faithful servant of God, and receive the robe which I have brought from the treasury of my Son.' Then he knelt

before her, and she then threw over him a chasuble or cassock of heavenly tissue, which was adjusted on his shoulders by the attendant angels."*

The stone on which the Virgin first alighted in her miraculous descent is preserved within an iron railing against one of the pillars of the Cathedral, and remains to this day an object of religious veneration. I observed that most persons on their entrance immediately proceeded either to kiss or lay their foreheads against it.

Passing out, either through the light and graceful cloisters adorned with frescoes which open on the right, or under the great western gateway, we come upon a small *Plaça*, from which a good view of the principal front is obtained. One only of the lofty towers, which were designed to flank it, is finished; so that the general effect is not imposing.

Later in the day, descending through the series of gates which had admitted us in the morning of our arrival, I reached the bridge of San Martino, which crosses the *Tagus* with bold and lofty span, just at the point where the river emerges from its rocky hold, after completing the circle of the city. It is said to be of Moorish construction, and is strengthened at either end by massive towers. Crossing the bridge, and then climbing to the topmost height of the cliffs, on the left, I overlooked the city raising its stately head on

* *Legends of the Madonna.*

the opposite ridge, and capped by the huge square mass of the Alcazar. The river which rolls between was quite lost to view, and it was only after following a winding path for some time that I reached a Moorish mill, which stands on its bank, and from which there is a ferry by which I crossed to the opposite side. Here again, scaling the height, I kept along the ridge, and presently passed the remains of a Roman aqueduct, the solid masonry of which stands out on either side of the river, though the arched passage itself is gone.

A little further on stands the bridge of Alcantara, of Moorish construction I believe like its sister, and of equal strength and massiveness to resist "the heavy swell of Teio's ceaseless flow." Beyond, raised high upon pinnacles of rock, stand three ruined castles, which seem to have once served as outposts, and completed the chain of defences.

June 23rd.—It is but a step or two up the steep hill from my Fonda to the Alcazar, the ancient palace-citadel, which dominates the whole city. With its other face it looks over the deep cleft through which the river runs, itself too deeply sunk to be seen. Grand as it thus is, and "beautiful for situation," within all is ruin and decay. Charles the Fifth, as his carved emblems of the Imperial Eagle, and proud motto, "Plus ultra" show, had repaired the ancient work, perhaps with some injury to its original purpose as a place of strength, and made palace-like additions. But first the Portuguese with a natural animosity, "glad of the opportunity to wreak itself

on one of the noblest fabrics of Castille," as Lord Stanhope writes,* and afterwards those still more ruthless destroyers, the French, had come in turn, blasting and withering all before them. Now the roofs are gone; the splendid court and staircase and arcades are mutilated and defaced, and remain but to tell of their former glory. Only below the arched work of the Moor, massive and without adornment, neither tempted destruction, nor could easily have suffered it.

No aspect of the city can give a better notion of its former grandeur and importance, than that to be obtained from the outer wall of the Alcazar. The ground below, sloping away to the left, and overlooking the river, is covered by suppressed convents and hospitals, each with its beautiful court and cloisters, the very details of which from this commanding point seem almost within ken.

The finest conventual remain, however, lies on the other side of the city, towards the Puerta de San Martino—San Juan de los Reyes—so-called from having been dedicated to their tutelar Apostle by Ferdinand and Isabella, whose cognizances and devices are everywhere displayed. That of Isabella was a bundle of arrows tied together by a true love-knot, to represent the union of the crowns. While Ferdinand chose the yoke, in token of his despotic authority over subject and Moor, adding the motto "Tâto môta," (that is Tanto monta, one is tantamount to the other,) to mark

* *War of Succession.*

his equality with his Queen. It is a magnificent pile, and although intended for the most rigid of monastic societies—the observantines of the Franciscan order—is lavishly sculptured and ornamented. The beautiful cloisters are comparatively uninjured, but the grand and lofty chapel has suffered sad havoc at the hands of spoilers, who have "broken down the carved work with axes and hammers."

Without, it is garnished with the fetters by which the Spanish captives were bound, discovered in the dungeons of Malaga after its recovery from the Moors—a custom derived from classic times Herodotus relates [I. 66]:—"The fetters in which they [the Lacedœmonians] worked, were still in my day preserved at Tegea, where they hang round the walls of Minerva Alea."

Cardinal Ximenes passed his noviciate here, and his cell is still shown. Some of the larger chambers are now appropriated to a museum of pictures.

A walk through the deserted quarter of the Juderia, which lies close by, and contains two synagogues of imposing proportions—with pierced gratings aloft for the women, and roofs ceiled with cedar—finished the morning's peregrinations.

In the afternoon, after attending Vespers at the Cathedral, I proceeded along the banks of the river to the Fabrica de Espadas, which lies amid verdant meadows about a mile or two from the city wall. Although this ancient fabric retains but a shadow of its former glory, there is still considerable

activity displayed throughout the huge building, and beautiful specimens of swords and daggers were shown me. One of the latter I have at once converted into a paper-cutter, ignoble use for a "Toledan trusty!"

On my walk homewards, diverging across the remains of the Roman Circus, and thus circling the rocky eminences on which the city rises, I visited the Hospital of St. John the Baptist, founded by Cardinal Tavera (Archbishop of Toledo, 1542), and adorned by his tomb. The noble building appears in good repair, but its beautiful patios were quite deserted, and the chapel contained no worshipper—how different from the good founder's intention, who had prepared so genial a receptacle for poverty and disease, and would fain have been "eyes to the blind and feet to the lame" through successive generations! "Despotism and aggrandisement were never the failings of the early and most illustrious prelates of Spain, (although the system was engrafted into the Papacy by the Spanish Borgia). They were truly either real church militants on earth, raising, arming and leading on their crusaders against the Moor, or public benefactors, constructing towns, roads and bridges, founding churches, hospitals, schools and universities, which still bear their honoured names."*

Their incomes, however, were not scant. "In the time of Ferdinand and Isabella," says Prescott, "the Archbishop of Toledo held jurisdiction over fifteen principal towns and a

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. 62.

great number of villages. His income amounted to full eighty thousand ducats a year. In Philip's time the income of the see of Toledo had risen to two hundred thousand, nearly twice as much as that of the richest grandee in the kingdom. In power and opulence the Primate of Spain ranked next in Christendom to the Pope." *

June 24th.—All the night through, soft strains of music mingled with voices, sweet and low, had come, floating in and out of my bedroom, lapping the senses into a condition of delicious dreaminess, and brightening my slumbers with visions alike to those of Queen Katherine in Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth!"

> "Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop,
> ——————— whose bright faces
> Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun."

The effect was too entrancing to tempt one for the moment to speculate upon the purpose of this concert, but upon making enquiries in the morning I was told it was "La mañana de San Juan"—the morning of St. John the Baptist's day! "Les feux de la St. Jean," says an old writer, "fondés sur ce qu'on lit dans le Nouveau Testament, que les nations se rejouirent de la naissance de St. Jean." And so, turning to my own prayer-book, I read in the Gospel for the day, Luke i, 57: "Elizabeth's full time came that she should be

* *Philip the Second.*

delivered, and she brought forth a son, and her neighbours and cousins heard how the Lord had showed great mercy upon her, and they rejoiced with her."

In Lockhart's "Spanish Ballads" there is a translation of a "Song for the Morning of St. John the Baptist:"—

"Come forth, come forth, my maidens, 'tis the day of good
St. John,
It is the Baptist's morning that breaks the hills upon.
* * * * * * * *
Come forth, come forth, my maidens, and slumber not away,
The blessed, blessed morning of the holy Baptist's day."

The day was kept as a strict holiday, and the whole population appeared abroad in their gayest attire. At the Cathedral High Mass was celebrated with great pomp, preceded by a procession, which wound in and out of the various gateways in picturesque array. The great object of devotion was a huge silver bust of the saint, hideous to behold, which was carried aloft on men's shoulders, and received with profound genuflexions by the people.

These services over, the crowd soon dispersed; and when, later in the day, I walked out with the intention of exploring some of the city's ancient sites, the effect, as I passed through the deserted streets and silent, deep-set lanes, was most depressing. It seemed like a very city of the dead. Scarce a footfall was to be heard in any direction. Every house was barred and close shut up. Truly, as Lord Stanhope describes Toledo,* "In its

* *War of Succession*, ch. viii.

present ruinous streets and listless inhabitants it is not easy to recognize a city once so universally renowned for its superiority of workmanship; a city once proverbial in Spain for the refinement and politeness of its people; a city once the seat of arms, of arts, and of learning." I was soon glad to get back to my inn, over whose court an awning was drawn with ample folds, and find in a book that companionship which man seemed so unwilling to grant me. However, as evening drew on, the hum of voices revived, and the city seemed to awake out of her sleep. Proceeding to *Plaza de Zocodover* close by, I found a number of persons assembled of all ranks and degrees. Among them were many peasants, in rude but picturesque attire, who had come in from the neighbouring villages on occasion of the Festival. The scene was pleasing and animated from the diversity of costume and the intermixture of classes, although withal there was something grave and serious in the aspect and bearing of the people. And presently, as if in harmony with the general tone, a shutter on one side of the Plaza was drawn back, and a Crucifix displayed with lamps burning before it.

The Square itself, which is at once the centre spot of the city and the chief place of public resort, is of very irregular shape, with Moorish houses all round and quaint wooden balconies running along each storey of the façade, and apparently threatening to topple over every minute.

It is mentioned in "Don Quixote:" "'Some,' quoth Sancho, 'are born in one city, some in another; one at St. Iago, another at Toledo, and even these all are not so nicely spoken.' 'You

are in the right, friend,' said the student. 'Those natives of that city, who live among the tanners, or about the market of Zocodover, and are confined to mean conversation, cannot speak so well as those that frequent the polite part of the town, and yet they are all of Toledo.'"

July 25th.—Started for Madrid at five o'clock a.m. It was a glorious sight to look back at Toledo in the rosy light, crowning the lofty steep with its long range of walls and towers, convents, and palaces, and recalling the description of Jerusalem in the *Christian Year* (17th Sunday after Trinity):

> "'Twas morning prime,
> And like a queen new seated on her throne,
> God's crowned mountain, as in happier time,
> Seem'd to rejoice in sunshine all her own;
> So bright, while all in shade around her lay;
> Her northern pinnacles had caught th' emerging ray."

But she who thus appears from without "to sit as a queen," crouches within as a widow, amid ruins and desolation! That Alcazar, which looks so imposing at a distance in its majestic strength and foursquare massiveness, is a mere shell, the outer casing of heaps of stones and rubbish. There it stood now, however, fast and firm as the rock of which it appears to form part, towering high above all the rest, until at last even its huge mass was lost to view. Ere long, the *Sierra Guadarrama*, the mountain range beyond Madrid, came in sight, and so the two sites seemed linked together, and the dreary road shortened. The intense heat hung over the Capital like a cloud, and only

when we arrived at the *Puerta del Sol* did we discover a few idlers crouching under the shady side. Until near sunset there was but little stir or movement about the city, but then, at one rush, as it were, the whole population seemed to flush the streets and promenades, and at midnight crowds of people still continued to ebb and flow along the *Calle Alcalà*.

June 26th.—Visited the Royal Chapel within the Palace. It is a fine vaulted chamber, bright with blue colouring and gilding, but, with the exception of two or three Altars (which are likewise unusually plain and free from the tawdry decorations which disfigure Spanish churches in general), there is nothing of an ecclesiastical character about the details. A gallery in front of the High Altar, shut in with windows, forms the Royal Pew. This Chapel, with the rest of the Palace, dates from Philip the Fifth, the first of the Bourbon dynasty.

June 27th.—The road to the Escurial, after skirting the precincts of the Palace, and crossing the Manzanares; (already at this early hour—five o'clock a.m.—its banks are all alive with washerwomen, whose parti-coloured garments sparkle in the morning light,) passes under the wall of the *Casa del Campo*, a Royal Villa, whose grounds alone gave an air of freshness and verdure to the otherwise bare and treeless environs of the Capital. From this point the country is rough and uninteresting interspersed only here and there with a cover of dwarf shrubs, which just serve to break the monotonous outline, though all along the *Sierra Guadarrama* raises its rugged front to bound the scene. How often was this road travelled by the Spanish

Monarchs! Don Carlos, son of Philip the Second, made a Book with empty pages, to contain the voyages of his Father. It bore the title, "The Great and Admirable Voyages of the King, Mr. Philip." All these voyages consisted of going to the Escurial from Madrid, and returning thither again. "Jests of this kind," says the elder D'Israeli,* "at length cost him his life."

At length a Cross, rising from a platform of rock, gives intimation of our having passed within the enclosure of the Palace-Monastery. From this point lines of trees, looking all the more stately and refreshing to the eye by contrast with the bare country on which we had been gazing for so many weary miles, lead up directly to the village whose mean and paltry houses crouch under the shadow of the huge building.

I must confess to have been somewhat disappointed on a first view at the size of the Escurial. Besides, built as it is of cold grey-stone, there is a want of sharp, clean outline to catch the eye. But the more one looks the more do its gigantic proportions stand out, and one sees at last that even with that huge mountain looming close behind, and threatening to dwarf every other object, it forms a distinct feature in the landscape.

In accordance with a vow made by Philip the Second, on the Feast of St. Lawrence, which witnessed his victory over the

* *Curiosities of Literature.*

French at St. Quentin, August 10, 1557, (the Feast still finds a place in our Calendar,) the Escurial is built in the form of a Gridiron, the instrument of the Saint's martyrdom, and his emblem in religious symbolism. The mass of the building, with its long lines of cloisters, represents the bars of the instrument, the interior courts answer to the spaces between, the spires at the four corners correspond with the inverted feet, and, lastly, the wing containing the royal apartments, which is thrown out from the front facing towards Madrid, serves as the handle. The great central dome surmounting the Chapel, however imposing in itself, has no proper place in the design.

It is only wonderful that, in working out such a plan, the effect should not only have escaped hideousness, but have risen into sublimity. Whatever may have been the architectural defects in detail, they are swallowed up in the general impression of magnificence and immensity, and after gazing at the mighty pile no other sensations but of awe and astonishment can remain.

"The architect of the building was embarrassed by more than one difficulty of a very peculiar kind. It was not simply a monastery that he was to build. The same building, as we have seen, was to comprehend at once a convent, a palace, and a tomb. It was no easy problem to reconcile objects so discordant, and infuse into them a common principle of unity. It is no reproach to the builder that he did not perfectly succeed in this, and that the Palace should impair the predominant tone of feeling raised by the other parts of the structure, looking,

in fact, like an excrescence rather than an integral portion of the edifice."*

We first made the round of the exterior. The principal façade is that toward the mountain—a dark, sullen range of *Sierra;* and its very simplicity and rigid want of ornamentation harmonize singularly with the hard, melancholy character of the scenery, while also the broad stone pavement which extends along the whole front adds to the cold and austere appearance. Beyond this, again, is a line of grim-looking buildings, which formed the lodgment of the royal suite; for they, of course, were not admitted within the walls of the monastery itself, although a narrow tunnel passing under the pavement smacks of many an intrigue. The east and south fronts, although in themselves very plain and massive, are somewhat brightened by gardens and terraces; and besides, instead of facing the *Sierra* like the reverse sides, they look out towards the wide "sea-like plain" which is bounded only by the horizon.

Piercing, indeed, must be the winter blasts which sweep down from the neighbouring mountains; but now, in full summer, the air was delightfully fresh and inspiriting, and all the more so after the scorching and depressing heat of Madrid. So, with a view to complete our outer survey of the Escurial by means of a more distant prospect, we readily fell in with the suggestion of our guide that we should proceed to the *Silla del Rey*, and leave the interior for the morrow. This is a rocky platform formed by the broken crags upon the precipitous side of the

* Prescott—*Philip the Second.*

mountain, and containing a sort of natural chair, on which Philip the Second was wont to sit, surrounded by architects and builders, and watch day by day the progress of the complicated structure springing up by slow degrees at his feet in rivalry of nature's handiwork around.

Leaving the Escurial at the south-east corner, the path first leads across an orchard of fruit and olive-trees, and then breaks upon the outer Park, whose forest glades open out prettily on all sides. The scenery becomes wilder, and the ground more broken at every step as we ascend the mountain-side and at last climb among the huge granite boulders out of which "The King's Seat" emerges.

On our way back we met a party of peasants returning to some mountain hamlet. Their wretched, poverty-stricken appearance, their scanty, sober-hued garments, so contrasted with the gay, parti-coloured costumes of their Andalusian fellow-countrymen, gave indication of the stern, thriftless character of the region, more congenial to the neighbourhood of a Monastery than a Palace. The village itself of the Escurial, composed of low, scanty houses, from whose close-shut doors a person rarely emerges, has a melancholy, faded look, in harmony with the rest. When, as the evening shades settled down upon the gloomy pile and its precincts, the wind sweeping down from the encompassing *Sierra* began to surge and moan with ceaseless utterance, one seemed to distinguish a dirge-like note of lamentation over past days of glory and honour. "Ubi lapsus? quid feci?"

June 28th.—On passing within the immediate precincts of the Escurial, we first made our way to the great central Court, on one side of which stands the Chapel. The Gallery above the façade is adorned with six statues of kings of Judah, who accordingly give their names to the Court—*Patio de los Reyes.* These did not particularly attract my attention at the moment, nor did they appear of more than ordinary size; but afterwards, on ascending to a level with them, I found them to be of colossal dimensions, thus affording some measure to the general proportions of the building. The entrance to the Chapel itself is by a low, dark passage, on emerging from which it opens out in all its simple and majestic size and form. There is an entire want of ornament. All is plain and massive within the compass of the three naves. But the High Altar, which is ascended by steps, is radiant with gilding and parti-coloured marbles. On either side there is a series of kneeling figures, wrought in bronze, and with emblazoned mantles, representing Charles the Fifth, his Empress and sister to the left; and on the right Philip the Second, with his son Don Carlos and his three wives. The fourth, our Mary, found a still grander resting-place in Westminster Abbey.

The impression of these life-like figures is still further enhanced as we next descend to the *Panteon*, situated directly beneath the High Altar, and containing the tombs of the Kings. A long marble staircase leads into the sepulchral chamber, octagon in shape, and composed of slabs of jasper. Round this are deposited, in niches, the black marble sarcophaguses, inscribed with the simple names of those who sleep within. It seemed

almost an act of sacrilege to lay one's hand upon even the outer casing of such mighty dust!

"Let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings."*

This is, I believe, the only portion of the whole building not designed by Philip the Second. Begun by Philip the Third, it was finished by Philip the Fourth, who caused the remains of his royal ancestors to be there deposited. Ever since it has continued to be the regular burial-place of the House of Spain. The following story in connection with it is related of Charles the Second, successor of Philip the Fourth, in Macaulay's *Essays:* "The King left the city in which he had suffered so cruel an insult for the magnificent retreat of the Escurial. Here his hypochondriac fancy took a new turn. Like his ancestor Charles the Fifth, he was haunted by a strange curiosity to pry into the secrets of that grave to which he was hastening. In the cemetery which Philip the Second had formed beneath the pavement of the Church of St. Lawrence reposed three generations of Castilian Princes. Into these dark vaults the unhappy monarch descended by torchlight, and to that superb and gloomy chamber where, round the great black Crucifix, were ranged the coffins of the Kings and Queens of Spain. There he commanded his attendants to open the massy chests of bronze, in which the relics of his predecessors decayed. He looked upon the ghastly spectacle with little emotion, till the coffin of his first wife was unclosed, and she appeared before him—such was the skill of the embalmer

* Shakespeare—*Richard the Second.*

—in all her well-remembered beauty. He cast one look on those beloved features, unseen for eighteen years, those features over which corruption seemed to have no power, and rushed from the vault, exclaiming, 'She is with God, and I shall soon be with her.' The awful sight completed the ruin of his mind and body."

Only one unkingly person has ever been admitted to share in these royal vaults,—Vendome, the great French Marshal during the War of Succession, who died in Spain 1712. "The splendour of his funeral," says Lord Stanhope, "might have been worthy of a more heroic death; he was conveyed in state to the Pantheon of the Escurial, where none but Princes of the royal blood are usually interred, but where Vendome now lies side by side with those whose monarchy he had so successfully defended and retrieved."

The Choir is placed above the entrance, and overlooks the Chapel—a very unusual arrangement. The stall, occupied by Philip the Second as a member of the Chapter, is still shown next the door. His portrait hangs in the Library, dressed in sober black, and with conical cap, wearing the appearance of a monk rather than a king, as, in truth, he was. The grand staircase close by, adorned with historic frescoes, is a striking feature. But Bacon* has well said: "It is strange to see, now in Europe, such huge buildings as the Vatican and Escurial and some others be, and yet scarce a very fair room in them." For the rest of the interior seemed a perfect labyrinth of corridors

* *Essays.*

and courts and chambers; and plunging into them, as it were, one soon loses all idea of locality. Marvellous to relate, our guide was stone-blind. *Cornelio* forms not the least wonder of the place. If his instinct was at fault for a moment, he had only to touch the nearest wall with his stick, when he at once took up the cue, so to speak, and speeded on more briskly than ever.

June 29th.—Having returned from the Escurial the previous evening, I left Madrid at eleven o'clock a.m., per *Diligence, en route* for Valencia. The country in the immediate neighbourhood of the Capital is most uninteresting, without either scenery or fertility. However, a few leagues more brought us to a land of corn, and oil, and wine, the valley being watered by the river *Jarama*, which is crossed by a suspension-bridge, and the swelling hills beyond the little town of *Arganda* opening their bosoms to the sun, and smiling with plenty. At Villarayo the *Tagus* is crossed; but here again the country had become desolate and poverty-stricken, and I observed a range of excavations above the bank of the river, which served for dwelling-places, like those of the Gipsies at Granada. This was the fourth time I had seen the Tagus. It is ever a broad, full-flowing river, though now nearer its source. Villarayo has a ruined castle. Several others appeared at intervals, overtopping the various small towns and villages along the road. The very name of Castile is derived from the great number of these. Livy speaks of such as existing in his day: "*Multas et locis altis positas turres Hispania habet, quibus et speculis et propugnaculis adversus latrones utuntur.*" A castle was emblazoned on the escutcheon of Castile as far back

as the beginning of the twelfth century. The dust throughout the day had occasionally obscured every object, rising in clouds like the sand of the desert; but as evening came on, the storm ceased, and the night was calm and clear, with the light of both moon and stars.

June 30th.—The early sunrise, breaking over the hills, and streaking the horizon with the most delicate tints, found us approaching the side of a river, above which ran a rocky defile. Presently a town appeared, perched on a conical hill, houses and towers rising tier above tier, until a church formed the topmost crest, and seemed to sanctify the whole. This is Cuenca, second only to Ronda for romantic situation, being built on a rock, and rising amid steeps and precipices. The lower part of the town which we skirted looked clean and fresh, with public walks and gardens prettily laid out. Of late years it has become a great place of summer resort.

Hitherto the road itself had been magnificent—a perfect causeway with stone posts at intervals, and deep gutters along the sides. But as everything in this country is commenced on a gigantic scale and never finished, so here a short way past Cuenca the road suddenly came to an end in the middle of a pine-wood, and left us to thread the next few leagues amid trees and fields with little more than a mule-track. It was terrible work for mortal bones as our vehicle plunged amid pitfalls and over heaps of stones; and it was only towards evening that we once more got into a regular road, indicated as well by its own appearance and more agreeable sensations

of movements as by the trim white cottages of the *Peones-Cameneros*, a body of men dressed in a sort of uniform, and each armed with a gun, who superintend the road-gangs. The last night had been far colder than the previous one, although we were advancing every moment towards the sunny coast of the Mediterranean, and leaving behind the shifting, changeful plains of the interior.

"The merciful man," says Scripture, "is merciful to his beast." Judged by this rule, the Spaniard is the most hard-hearted of mankind, and chiefly lacks that quality which is "twice blessed." Nothing can exceed the cruelty and violence of the drivers, who never fail to draw blood during every stage from the poor beasts beneath their lash, and streak their backs with wales. And so the blows and oaths lavished by the peasants and muleteers on every beast of burden we met along the road indicate the same cruel spirit in the people, and show the Spaniard under his worst character.

July 1st.—Another glorious morning found us descending rapidly by a succession of passes, and we soon entered the plain of Valencia—Huerta, as it is called—a very picture of richness and fertility, like a "watered garden," for the system of irrigation introduced by the Moors is still continued, while a tall, slender palm, rising here and there, and lines of sugar-canes showed that the vegetation was more Oriental than European. One Fray Cujuello declared of his beloved native place that "when the curse was laid upon the earth, Heaven excepted the five miles round Valencia." But stop the irrigation,

and the whole plain, now so "beautiful and well-watered," would become a desert, parched by the fierce summer sun, and swept in winter by torrents, which even now have here and there left marks of their progress and devastation. Hence, too, the river, which washes the walls of Valencia with but a scanty stream in summer, yet shows a wide bed, and is crossed by long bridges, which seem in ludicrous contrast for the moment with the sluggish stream which struggles lazily through the middle of a single arch. After skirting the battlemented walls for some time—the road running between them and a prettily-planted walk along the river-bank—we entered the city by the antique and picturesque gate, *de Serranos*. The interior, however, scarcely responds to so imposing an approach. The streets in general seemed narrow and somewhat gloomy, the houses close barred up, and distinguished by the numbers of religious emblems and images surmounting the doors and carved upon the walls, beyond what I had ever seen before even in this demonstrative land. The *Plazas* through which we passed were small and mean-looking. Many of them front the now-desecrated convents, and, it would appear, so irregular are they in shape, as if they had once been enclosed within their precincts, or covered with their dependent buildings.

Valencia is chiefly distinguished by its connection with the Cid. Ticknor* says that he was born in the north-west part of Spain about the year 1040, and died in 1099 at Valencia, which he had recovered from the Moors. His original name was Ruy Diaz,

* *Spanish Literature.*

or Rodrigo Diaz, and he was by birth one of the chief Barons of the country. The title of Cid, by which he was best known, is believed to have come from the circumstance that three Moorish chiefs acknowledged him as their Seid—*i. e.*, King, or Conqueror; that of Campeador, or Conqueror, by which he is hardly less known, has long since been used almost exclusively as a popular expression of the admiration of his countrymen for his exploits against the Moors. Lord Peterborough is stated, on the authority of Macaulay, to have preferred Valencia to every other place in Spain. He says:* "The indignant General remained accordingly in his favourite city, on the beautiful shores of the Mediterranean, reading "Don Quixote," giving balls and suppers, trying in vain to get some good sport out of the Valencia bulls, and making love, not in vain, to the Valencia women." Pope and Peterborough went from Bevis Mount, near Southampton, to Winchester on the distribution of prizes at the College, Pope having given as the subject for a Prize Poem "The Campaign of Valencia."

Marshal Suchet long held his head-quarters here during the Peninsular War. His title—Duc d'Albuféra—was derived from the Lake of that name near the city.

Soon after my arrival, in order to a complete survey of the city and its environs, I ascended the Gothic tower attached to the Cathedral, called El Micalete, which rises to a great height, and commands the whole country to a long distance.

* Macaulay's *Essays.*

The city itself, as seen from above—the streets being so narrow as to show no openings, and the houses having mostly flat roofs—looks like a block of solid buildings, broken only by frequent towers and spires. The cultivated plain, of marvellous green even at this season, and teeming with fertility, extends up to the walls, and then stretches away to the very feet of the encircling mountains, except where the line of low coast melts into the calm, unruffled sea of deepest blue. This plain is studded with innumerable small houses, all apparently of much the same form. The gable-ends, being painted white, resemble exactly the tents of an encampment. Here and there more imposing edifices may be distinguished, such as convents, round which are commonly grouped a few palm-trees. Looking seawards, the extensive lake of Albuféra appears at no great distance to the right, while to the left rises the irregular line of hill, capped by the ruins of Murviedro, the ancient Saguntum.

July 2nd.—After breakfast I walked to the Market-place—Plaza del Mercado—which is situated in the middle of the city. It covers an irregular space, diverging in various directions, and occupying a considerable extent of ground, the whole being paved with broad flag-stones. A more busy and picturesque scene it were impossible to conceive! For beside the usual stalls for buyers and sellers, and piles of bright-coloured fruits, there were a number of booths as in a fair, all surrounded by a motley crowd. The women wear commonly two large pins with ornamented ends through the back of the hair, and huge earrings. Sometimes, while walking, a thick mantilla is thrown over the head, and even drawn across the face. Their dresses

are of the brightest hues. The costume of the men is second only to that of Andalusia for picturesqueness. A velvet hat ornamented with tufts surmounts a gay handkerchief, which is tied tightly round the head, while the ends hang down behind. The gaudy waistcoat is decorated with silver buttons, and over the left shoulder is thrown a large scarf of many colours, red, however, predominating. On the feet are worn hempen sandals, which look cool and befitting to the clime. In the place of trousers the poorer sort have short linen drawers, which contrast strangely with their complexions, darkened to almost an Oriental hue. Although generally of small stature, and living chiefly on rice—which is a principal product of the country, and yet entirely consumed on the spot—they looked healthy and good-humoured. I did not see a single case of drunkenness or quarrelling. Whether their religion degenerates into superstition I cannot pretend to judge; but it is a fact that throughout the morning the Church of San Juan, which abuts on the market-place, was filled with a succession of worshippers, the great object of devotion being a picture by Juanes of the Virgin, called La Purissima, which hangs over a side Altar. It is popularly believed to have been painted from the life, the blessed Virgin having vouchsafed to descend from heaven for the purpose. But although I attempted several times to-day, as well as throughout my stay, to obtain a near view, I was always baffled, and never once succeeded in getting through the thick lines of devotees, who knelt in lines regularly radiating from the altar.

In the immediate neighbourhood are congregated the various

trades, each occupying a separate street. So in the Prophet Jeremiah (xxxvii. 21) we read of "the bakers' street." In every Spanish town there is a *Plateria*, where gold and silver objects as well as articles of jewellery are displayed, and find a ready sale, chiefly among the lower classes of the people. But here so marked and minute are the divisions that one street is marked *Calle de la Zapateria de los Ninos.* And sure enough every shop in it—and there were not a few of them—is devoted to the sale of children's shoes. Looking down another street, I saw a range of blacksmiths, each hammering at his anvil, until the line of uplifted arms and wielded iron was broken only by a turn of the houses!

As the Church of San Juan forms a principal feature on one side of the *Mercado*, so the *Longa*, or Exchange, attracts attention on the other. It is a massive building, with Gothic windows and traceries. The large Hall inside is supported by lofty pillars with twisted stems of exquisite grace and beauty. Round the walls, seated on stone benches, were ranged a number of peasant women, while the skeins of bright yellow silk which they had brought for sale, and which form a principal staple of trade, lay piled upon tables in the centre. A curious spiral staircase at the side leads to an upper chamber, while below there is a small garden filled with orange-trees and fragrant shrubs, which fling their scent into this pleasant "house of merchandise."

Standing at some distance in another building, deserving a visit as a memorial of Valencia's former political importance—

Casa d'Audiencia—a fine stone staircase leads to the noble hall, where the Cortes of the Province formerly held their sittings. For Spain, we must remember, is an aggregate of kingdoms rather than a single monarchy. The panelled and emblazoned roof is peculiarly striking. Here are shown the banner of the Cid, and the sword of King Jayme, who recovered Valencia a second time from the Moors. At the end of a set of rooms, each with a curiously carved and gilt ceiling, is the Chapel, where upon the High Altar are deposited the ancient keys of the city, Valencia "the beautiful!"

In one of the suppressed Convents—El Carmen—is a collection of Pictures, chiefly of the Valencian School, whose painters include the distinguished names of Juanes, Ribalta, and Ribera. Here also is an interesting model of the amphitheatre at Murviedro. It is remarkable that even these remains, broken as they are, should still exist to testify to its former splendour. For the national spirit of the Arabs rejected the drama and public spectacles altogether; and as they so completely overswept the country, it were to be expected that they should have destroyed all memorials of the forbidden art. The modern Spaniards have certainly not succeeded to this anti-theatrical taste, and the farces, *zarzuelas*, in which they delight, are peculiarly racy and characteristic. One, with the title *Por seguir una mujer*, representing the misadventures of a gentleman in pursuit of a lady, which I saw performed this evening, was well acted and proved very amusing, although I had difficulty in following the rapid dialogues. There were four scenes, laid respectively in the *Puerta del Sol*, at Madrid, Malaga, the Straits of Gibraltar,

and Barbary, which gave opportunity for much genuine fun, accompanied by appropriate costumes and other *cosas d'Espagna.*

July 3rd.—The exterior of the Cathedral is the greatest possible jumble of architecture. There are handsome Gothic gateways, one at either end of the transept; and between them, surmounting the lantern, rises an octagon tower with a double tier of windows. These, I conceive, with the adjoining tower of the Micalete, form the remains of the original design. But most of the other parts have been modernized in the most incongruous style, and their wretched details render the general effect by no means imposing.

At the back of the Choir, facing the West Door, through which we pass within, is a remarkable series of scriptural subjects, sculptured in high relief on slabs of alabaster, and extending along the whole space. These deserve notice, as well from the artistic manner in which the events are treated as from their relative positions, each type being surmounted by its appropriate antitype, in the following order:

The Crucifixion.	The Descent into Hell.	The Resurrection.	The Ascension.	The Descent of the Holy Ghost.	The Coronation of the Virgin.
The Brazen Serpent.	Samson carrying the Gates.	Jonah cast out from the Whale's Belly.	Elijah carried up to Heaven.	Moses on the Mount.	Solomon and Sheba.

Among the Pictures the finest and most interesting (as beseems his native city) are those of Juanes, "the Spanish Raphael," as he has been called. His favourite subject—an exquisite

specimen is to be seen here—was the Saviour with the wafer and cup. It is said that he never began a new work without first preparing himself by means of prayer, fasting, and the Eucharist. And certainly the religious and elevated character of his Pictures is very marked. Never was the "Man of Sorrows" more reverently pourtrayed.

"He was particularly remarkable," says Stirling, "for the combination of majesty with ineffable mildness and beneficence which he threw into the heads of our Saviour. We can easily imagine that such a painter, both in his personal character and in his genius, was fitted to please the good Archbishop of Valencia; and not the least precious of the works which Juanes left behind him is the portrait, from life, of St. Thomas of Villanueva, which now hangs in the sacristy of the Cathedral. He appears robed and mitred, with that angelic mildness of expression, that pale and noble countenance, which accorded with the gentleness of his nature."

This being Sunday, I attended the High Mass, which was celebrated with great pomp. During the act of consecration the people evinced their devotion by vehemently striking their breasts, accompanied by a hollow, drumlike sound. This action was noticed by Herodotus as part of the Egyptian worship. "While the sacred meats are being burned, they all beat themselves."*

A sermon followed. Before it the whole body of the clergy

* Book ii., 40.

and their attendants, issuing from the Choir, proceeded to take their places upon benches in front of the Altar-rails. Then the female portion of the congregation, with their children, ranged themselves on either side upon the pavement in a sitting position; while the men, standing behind, formed an outer circuit. Nothing could be more decorous and reverential than the whole demeanour and conduct of the multitude, and recalled to mind the circumstances of our Lord's miracle of the loaves: "And he commanded them to make them all sit down by companies upon the green grass. And they sat down in ranks by hundreds and fifties."*

"May we," says Dean Stanley, "though firm in our attachment to our own faith and church and country, believe that devout hearts may be found before the gorgeous shrines of foreign cathedrals, no less than in the simple ritual of our own churches."

Generally I have observed that the Masses alone are well attended. Sometimes another service may be proceeding in the Choir, while the people hang listlessly about, and scarcely seem to listen to the chantings or sounds of the organ. But if the tinkling of the Bell is heard, giving notice of a Mass at any side-altar, then there is a rush at once from all sides, and persons fall upon their knees, radiating thus down the aisles in regular order, and occupying every spot from which a view of the ministering Priest can be obtained.

An arched passage connects the east end of the Cathedral

* Mark, vi., 39, 40.

with the Chapel of the Virgin—*de los Desemperados* (the forsaken). But on entering I found it were vain to attempt to thread one's way through the thick mass of worshippers, and thus failed to obtain a proper sight of the famous image and its gorgeous shrine.

It appeared in somewhat unseemly contrast with all these external signs of devotion and religiousness, that, in passing soon after through the Mercado, I found it no less crowded with buyers and sellers than upon common days. Dropping, too, by chance into the Church of St. Catalina, I was startled at hearing the cackling of fowls. Could the old Roman superstition of obtaining omens by means of these be here revived? I bethought me for an instant, until my doubts were rudely solved by espying a market-woman absorbed in devotion, while the necks of the poor birds protruded from a basket beside her, and seemed loudly, but vainly, to protest against their confinement!

My hotel—*Fonda del Cid*—is situated in the *Plaza del Arzobispo*, and seeing a number of women with children, all in their best attire, standing at the gate of the Archbishop's Palace, I presently followed the stream up a broad staircase, which opened from the central court. A small ante-room at the top led into a long gallery, and while waiting here for what might follow I had time to look at the portraits of the Archbishops hung along the wall. A somewhat remarkable series presented itself among them. Five Borgias in succession! Here are the names and dates exactly as I copied them:

ALPHONSUS.—Appointed Bishop by Pope Martin V. 1429.
Pope as Calixtus III.

RODERIC.—Appointed Bishop by his maternal uncle,
Calixtus III. 1438.
Appointed first Archbishop by Innocent VIII. Pope as
Alexander VI.

CÆSAR.—Appointed Archbishop by Alexander VI. 1492.
Ejus in Valentino Archiepiscopatu præcessore
(his predecessor in the Archiepiscopate of Valencia).
Cessit autem (but retired), 1498.

JOHN.—Appointed Archbishop by Alexander VI. 1499.
Ex sorore nepos (sister's son). Died in Italy (apud Italos).

PETER H.—Appointed Archbishop by Alexander VI. 1500.
Ejus propatrico—(what is the relationship implied by this
designation? Great Uncle?). Died at Naples.

After some delay a door was opened at the end of the Gallery, and the whole party were ushered into the Chapel. No objection was made to my entrance. The Chapel is of moderate size, with rather a lofty dome painted in fresco, and the walls decorated in white and gold. The general effect seemed neat and simple. Over the four side-altars are Pictures of various incidents in the lives of Archiepiscopal Saints—so I judged from their dress—and a representation of that great Spanish dogma of the Immaculate Conception surmounts the High Altar, which was not otherwise profusely decorated. Four

candles were lighted, and presently the Archbishop, wearing a purple cassock, passed across from his private apartments to the Sacristy. On his return he took his seat in a chair in front of the High Altar, and was clothed in Episcopal vestments by his Chaplains. Then he stood up and repeated a Prayer, while all knelt. That finished, he again sat down, and his mitre was put on. To the right was a Chaplain holding a golden platter, on which was a stoup of oil and a quantity of cotton wool; and lower, again, a respectable-looking man and woman took their places. Then the immediate ceremony commenced. Each woman, advancing from the left, gave a paper to one Priest, while another received the child from her arms and handed it, according to the sex, to the man or woman before described, who again held the child in front of the Archbishop. He, dipping his finger and thumb in the stoup, next passed them across the child's forehead, making rather a deep impression I thought, and all the while repeating some words in a low tone, while at the conclusion he tapped the cheek once or twice. The whole rite of "Confirmation," as we should call it, I suppose, though here accompanied with unction, appeared to be somewhat roughly and irreverently performed. Scarce a child but cried most bitterly.

When all the children had received the rite, to the number of one hundred or more, the Archbishop turned towards the Altar, and repeated a Prayer, and, lastly, now facing the people, pronounced the final benediction, when his robes were removed by the attendant Priests, the people meanwhile pressing forward to kiss his ring. He smiled benignantly on them, though neither

his manner or appearance, nor mode of performing his duties, were at all dignified or impressive. However he was interesting to me as the successor of the good Archbishop, St. Thomas de Villanueva, whose statue adorns the court of the Palace, and whose charities are exhibited in that wonderful Picture by Murillo in the Museum of Seville.

"Born in 1488, of one of the most ancient families in Valencia, he was regarded with especial veneration by Charles the Fifth, who frequently consulted him on the ecclesiastical affairs of his Empire, and in the year 1544 showed his respect for him by appointing him Archbishop of Valencia. He accepted the dignity with the greatest reluctance, and, as he had never in his life kept anything for himself beyond what was necessary for his daily wants, he was so poor that the Canons of his Cathedral thought proper to present him with 4000 crowns for his outfit. He thanked them gratefully, and immediately ordered the sum to be carried to the Hospital for the Sick and Poor; and from this time forth we find his life one series of beneficent actions. He began by devoting two thirds of the revenues of his diocese to purposes of charity. He divided those who had a claim on him into six classes:—First, the bashful poor, who had seen better days, and who were ashamed to beg; secondly, the poor girls whose indigence and misery exposed them to danger and temptation; in the third class were the poor debtors; in the fourth, the poor orphans and foundlings; in the fifth, the sick, the lame, and the infirm; lastly, for the poor strangers and travellers who arrived in the city, or passed through it, without knowing where to lay their heads, he had

a great kitchen open at all hours of the day and night, where every one who came was supplied with food, a night's rest, and a small gratuity to assist him on his journey. In the midst of these charities he did not forget the spiritual wants of his people, and, to crown his deservings, he was a magnificent patron of art."*

It seemed appropriate to the spirit of the saintly Archbishop that, in passing through the gateway of the Palace, I came upon an aged and venerable-looking Pilgrim, with long-caped cloak, flap-hat, scallop-shell on shoulder, and staff in hand, with wallet attached—all the attributes, in fact, of his order and mission—while a little boy led him by the hand.

On the seaward side of the city is the chief promenade, called La Glorieta. It covers an irregular space, but is most tastefully laid out in walks, and planted like a garden, with all the choicest productions of this gracious clime. Filled as it was this evening with all classes of the population, in their gayest attire, and smiling with summer radiance, it were impossible to conceive a more diverting or lively scene.

Hard by stands an interesting relic of old Valencia, the Puerta del Cid, through which the conqueror made his triumphal entry. It is now enclosed within the walls, and forms merely a passage between two small squares.

Passing on through the Puerta del Mar, and crossing the river, now so scanty, by a magnificent bridge, whose arches

* Mrs. Jamieson—*Legends of Monastic Orders.*

look ridiculously superfluous, we debouch upon a broad road, planted with avenues, which leads directly to the harbour, called El Grao. This, however, is nothing but an open roadstead with a pier thrown out, much like that of Malaga, though even less protected.

The aspect of the country, almost down to the water's edge, is, above all measure, rich and fertile. Here the apricot, mulberry, and carob-tree flourish luxuriantly, intermingled with hemp and sugar-canes, while lines of fresh-flowing water streak every field, accounting for the bright emerald hue which pervades even now in the summer solstice.

July 4th.—The weather having become intensely hot, so as to disincline one for further sight-seeing—and, indeed, I had pretty well exhausted already such few wonders as Valencia affords—I was glad this morning to find shelter in the cool and luxurious chambers of the Casino, to which I had been admitted through the favour of an English merchant.

In the evening, however, when the fierce sun began to decline, and a light breeze seemed to spring up from the sea, all one's energies once more revived, and I determined upon a country walk. From the Micalete I had marked a large pile of buildings in the plain to the east, rising amid palms and cypresses. This is the desecrated convent of *San Miguel de los Reyes*. It is now a mere shell, and inhabited only by a number of poor families, though enough remains of the beautiful Chapels and Courts and Cloisters to testify to its former magnificence. The cognizances of Ferdinand and Isabella, still showing their carved Yoke and

Arrows, Lions and Castles, along the front, carry back its foundation to the palmy days of the Spanish Crown.

Strange that a people with such peculiar religious instincts as the Spanish should have tamely submitted to the entire suppression of the Convents. In passing through the suburbs of the city I was very much struck by the number of images and sacred emblems adorning almost every house, while the little Inns invariably showed as a sign some painted image of a Saint.

July 5th.—Valencia, perhaps, disappoints at first sight. It cannot boast such a sea-view as Cadiz; it does not show the distinctively Moorish character of Seville, nor the solid grandeur of Granada, though it partakes of some of these features. But withal, it is a sparkling, lively city, and certainly upon further acquaintance does justice to the preference shown to it by the accomplished Lord Peterborough. Nature, too, has given it the sun in full glory by day, and nights of deepest azure. Such golden lights in the morning—such purple tints at evening, until one knows not whether of the two to admire the most, as earnests of heaven and of the glories which shall be hereafter! Such were my thoughts on a second ascent of the Micalete.

July 6th.—The mendicants here are the most importunate and vociferous I ever came across, even in this land of beggars. No attempt is made to put a stop to the persecution they inflict upon the hapless stranger. The most loathsome objects, the very outcasts and dregs of humanity, crawl about the courts of the sanctuary, and dodge one at every turn, so that I was

fairly driven this morning out of the Cathedral, whither I had betaken myself, and had to take refuge in a Café, where I comforted myself by copying out the following passage (there was much to the same purpose) from the *Diario Mercantil:*

"Valencia, 6 de Julio.

"En varias occasiones hemos hablado del abuso que cometen los mendigos entrando en los templos á pedir limosna y turbando en este modo la devocion de los fieles."

In the afternoon left by *Diligence* for Barcelona. The hill above Murviedro, the ancient Saguntum, is in sight all the way. It forms a long line crested with walls and towers. At the northern extremity it dips into a lower range, but to the south the rocks, intermingled with ruined masses of building, rise high above the modern town which nestles at their feet, and face directly towards the ascending road, which takes a turn in passing round the shoulder of the hill.

How changed the aspect of the present poor town from Livy's description!

"Civitas ea longè opulentissima ultra Iberum fuit, sita passus mille ferme a mari." *

By the first treaty made between Rome and Carthage it was stipulated that the Carthaginians should neither molest Saguntum nor cross the Ebro. Hannibal violated these conditions by attacking Saguntum, which fell after an eight months' siege, and

* Book xxi., 7.

the second Punic war broke out 218 B.C. The Scipios entered Spain in consequence of it; and at its conclusion, B.C. 201, the Carthaginians had no longer any possession in Spain.

"Saguntum, though not a city of native Spaniards, resisted as obstinately as if the very air of Spain had breathed into foreign settlers on its soil the spirit so often, in many different ages, displayed by the Spanish people. Saguntum was defended like Numantia and Gerona; the siege lasted eight months, and when all hope was gone, several of the chiefs kindled a fire in the market-place, and after throwing in their most precious effects, leaped into it themselves and perished."*

"Worthy sons
Of that most ancient and heroic race
Which, with unweariable endurance, still
Hath striven against its mightier enemies,
Roman or Carthaginian, Greek or Goth:
So often by superior arms opprest,
More often by superior arts beguil'd,
Yet amidst all its sufferings, all the waste
Of sword and fire remorselessly employ'd,
Unconquer'd, and unconquerable still!"†

All the time, as we advanced, the sea was in sight on the right, showing its bright, blue line through the orchards and vineyards which lined the road in such profusion. Now and then the road traversed some quaint, old town, whose gates and walls testified to a former state of insecurity. Meanwhile

* Arnold's *History of Rome*, vol. iii. † Southey's *Roderick*.

the rich vegetation of the Huerta had been left behind, and the country had become more bare and rugged, until towards evening, the road began to ascend amid broken hills and ravines, streaked with the marks of winter torrents. Just as we reached the topmost crest the last rays of the sun lighted up the fortified town of Peniscola, lying out in the sea at the extremity of a long strip of land.

July 7th.—Awaking just as the sun came peeping over a distant hill in front, I found we were passing through a district composed entirely of vineyards. Presently we met several bodies of swarthy peasants, issuing from a village which lay across the road, and proceeding to their work. The men wore red caps with the ends turned in, a costume peculiar to Catalonia, within whose borders we had reached during the night.

After breakfasting at the small town of Amposta, we crossed the Ebro by a ferry. The river runs between low sandy banks, opening out gradually as it approaches the sea, while upwards it narrows until lost to view behind a tree-clad gorge, beyond which the towers of Tortosa could be dimly traced.

The road kept on over bare and broken ground, now climbing some steep which commanded the sea, and then again descending into a strip of plain encircled by low hills. The country becomes more fertile and cultivated, with a succession of vineyards, before reaching Tarragona, which rises grandly upon an isolated and precipitous height, flanked by a double tier of walls and bastions, out-topped by the low massive towers of the Cathedral.

This quaint old city of gates and bars, whose gigantic fortifications trace back their origin to Roman times, is in complete contrast with the more modern town of Reus, which lies in the plain at the distance of a few miles beyond, and the approach to which, diverging from the main road, is carried amid gardens and orchards, interspersed with villas, the residences of flourishing merchants and traders.

July 8.—The Miguelets were originally the armed peasants of the Province, enrolled for military purposes.

> "And foremost still where valour's sons are met,
> First started to his gun each fiery Miguelet."

They were so called from one of their chiefs in old times; and sometimes, also, *Somatenes*, from the *somaten*, or alarm-bell, which summoned them together. Now they form a sort of rural police, still wearing the turned-up and tufted hat, the fancy-jacket and scarlet sash of their national costume. At Villafranca, a town we passed through in the dead of the night, two of them mounted on our *Diligence*, and continued with us till we had cleared the pass of Ordal, in the early morning. The scenery here was wild and picturesque, the road being carried over roaring torrents and through rocky gorges, which seemed fitting haunts for robbers and footpads, *Façiosos*, as they are called in Catalonian phrase. Our guardians, with their long guns and fancy attire, had somewhat of a bandit appearance themselves.

* Scott's *Vision of Don Roderick.*

Montjuich was now in sight, a lofty height bristling with fortifications, and completely commanding Barcelona, which lies at its foot, stretching round the bay with a long line of walls and towers.

Passing through gates and under covered ways, we were finally deposited in the Rambla, a broad and beautiful promenade, planted with trees and lined with handsome buildings. It pierces through the very centre of the city, and forms its chief resort. Now, 8 o'clock a.m., it was crowded with loungers of all classes and descriptions, whose gay looks and light summer attire—many of the ladies wearing the white mantilla—were painfully contrasted with a gang of convicts, employed in watering the alleys. The room I occupied during my stay was about half way up the Rambla, and sitting in the balcony, I rarely wanted for amusement, so busy and changeful was the scene.

There is also a delightful walk to be made along the *Muralla del Mar*, the rampart which faces the bay, especially towards evening, when, after the intense heat of the long summer day, the fresh breeze comes up from the sea, and seems to recall the whole population to new life.

Beyond, descending by steps, a broad and airy street leads to the principal *Plaza*, round which are grouped several imposing buildings—the Royal Palace, the Longa or Exchange, and the Aduana or Custom-house.

July 9th.—This being market-day, the Rambla was filled

with country people, whose coarse, hard features, and harsh, grating voices, were by no means prepossessing. Who could fancy in such company that Catalonia, from its connection with Provence, had once been the land of song and poetry—the resort of Courtiers and Troubadours? It was pleasant to turn from the Peasants themselves to their well-stored baskets, with rich fruits laid out on one side of the Rambla, and brilliant flowers on the other, testifying to the luxuriance of the plain in which Barcelona stands. The men generally wore red caps and garments of rough, brown cloth, while the print-gowns of the women, and the silk handkerchiefs tied round their heads, bespoke a manufacturing district.

Barcelona has ever ranked as the chief city of commerce and trade in Spain, and during the Middle Ages she even rivalled the Italian Republics, sending out her fleets to every port of the Mediterranean with the products of her industry and fertile soil, and receiving back the richest commodities of the East. "The wealth which flowed in upon Barcelona as the result of her activity and enterprise was evinced by her numerous public works, her docks, arsenals, warehouses, exchanges, hospitals, and other constructions of general utility. Strangers who visited Barcelona in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries expatiate on the magnificence of the city, its commodious private edifices, the cleanliness of its streets and public squares, and on the amenity of its gardens and cultivated environs." These same features still exist, as I found on walking through the city to-day.

The Cathedral, though dating back its foundation to the

thirteenth century, and containing the tomb of Raymond Berenguer, the first Count of Barcelona, who assumed the sovereignty of Aragon, still remains in an unfinished state, much to the discredit of so rich and flourishing a community.

A flight of steps leads up to the principal façade, which, however, is only painted. Two massive towers, ornamented with balconies at the top, rise about halfway down the length, and form the most striking features of the exterior. Inside, the lofty roof is supported on clusters of columns. Standing in the centre aisle, the gorgeous painted windows, as seen through the light and graceful arches on either side, have a grand effect; while above the clerestory is a series of rose-windows, as brilliant with colouring as the rest. The side aisles are carried in a circular form round the High Altar, beneath which is an open Crypt, containing the body of Sta. Eulalia, whose martyrdom is portrayed upon marble tablets at the back of the Choir. The Choir itself, with its Gothic carvings, reminded me much of that of Winchester Cathedral.

The fine Church of Sta. Maria del Mar has much the same features as the Cathedral, only on a smaller scale; and also rivals it in the brilliancy of its painted windows. While that of Sta. Maria del Pin has one distinction, which the Cathedral *pines* after, viz., a pine-tree growing upon the top of the tower!

The entrance to the Cloisters of the Cathedral is from a door on the right. The Ambulatory is divided by tall and graceful pillars from the central court, in which stand two fountains and numerous orange-trees. Their golden fruit and bright green

leaves contrast exquisitely with the stone-setting (so to speak) which encompasses them.

July 10th.—I was awoke at an early hour by the strains of a military band, and found that a Regiment was passing up the Rambla on their way to a Church, which stands a little higher up. Two other bodies of troops followed at short intervals in the course of the morning, each military mass occupying scarcely twenty minutes.

After being present at one of these, I made a pilgrimage to several of the churches, which were generally crowded. It greatly aided my search to find that there was commonly some sculptured representation upon the front to indicate the particular saint to whom each was respectively dedicated. On that of St. Anna, *e.g.*, she was introduced teaching the Virgin to read, as in one of Murillo's pictures at Madrid. Below was the following inscription: "O Beata Anna, quæ semper regnas cum angelis, illic nostri sic memor esto ut tuo mereamur sociari collegio."

A street I passed through with some quaint old houses may be supposed to preserve the memory of an older form of government ere the city passed under the crown of Spain—"Calle de Condes de Barcelona."

She has ever been an unruly member of the body politic. It was a symptom of the turbulent spirit of the population that, in walking this evening along a boulevard, which extends at the end of the Rambla to beyond the city walls, I found piquets of soldiers posted at short intervals, the only assignable

cause for the demonstration being a dance of the common people, which was being held in a public garden close by. However, on gaining admittance, which I did without difficulty on payment of a trifling fee, I could see no signs of disorder; on the contrary, the pleasantry, such as it was, appeared of somewhat a heavy description! Men and women all bore the dull stolid faces, and large coarse features which seem to distinguish the Catalans. The light and airy gracefulness of the Andalusians, and the haughty dignity of the Castilians, were entirely wanting among them; and they went through their dances without life or spirit. Nor did the cotton dresses of the women add to the picturesque effect.

July 11th.—Having obtained a special order for *Montjuich*, through favour of the British Consul, I made the ascent this morning. This isolated hill, the base of which is washed by the sea, rises to the west of Barcelona, at the distance of a few hundred yards from the wall of the city, which it thus entirely commands, so that its guns would search out every nook and corner. The fortifications are upon an extended scale, and appeared in good order. After the steep ascent I was better able to appreciate the wonderful feat of Lord Peterborough, as described by Macaulay.*

"Fifteen hundred English soldiers were assembled under the Earl. A thousand more had been posted as a body of reserve at a neighbouring convent, under the command of Stanhope. After a winding march along the foot of the hills,

* *Essays*, vol. ii.

Peterborough and his little army reached the walls of *Montjuich.* There they halted till daybreak. As soon as they were descried, the enemy advanced into the outer ditch to meet them. This was the event on which Lord Peterborough had reckoned, and for which his men were prepared. The English received their fire, rushed forward, leaped into the ditch, put the Spaniards to flight, and entered the works together with the fugitives. Before the garrison had recovered from their first surprise, the Earl was master of the outworks, had taken several pieces, and had thrown up a breastwork to defend his men. He then sent off for Stanhope's reserve. While he was waiting for this reinforcement, news arrived that three thousand men were marching from Barcelona towards *Montjuich.* He instantly rode out to take a view of them, but no sooner had he left his troops than they were seized with a panic. Their situation was, indeed, full of danger; they had been brought into *Montjuich* they scarcely knew how; their numbers were small; their General was gone; their hearts failed them, and they were proceeding to evacuate the fort. Peterborough received information of these occurrences in time to stop the retreat. He galloped up to the fugitives, addressed a few words to them, and put himself at their head. The sound of his voice and the sight of his face restored all their courage.

"The reduction of *Montjuich* was the first of a series of brilliant exploits. Barcelona fell, and Peterborough had the glory of taking, with a handful of men, one of the largest and strongest towns of Europe. He availed himself dexterously of the jealousy with which the Catalonians regarded the

inhabitants of Castile. He guaranteed to the Province, in the capital of which he was now quartered, all its ancient rights and liberties, and thus succeeded in attaching the population to the Austrian cause."

The view from *Montjuich*, embracing, as it does, not only the handsome city at its feet, but also an extensive range of sea and land, is truly grand. As the whole scene lay outspread before me, sparkling in the sunlight of a summer morning, it were impossible to conceive a more glorious and entrancing sight. There is a wide plain stretching right away to the girdle of mountains which completely encircle it. So great, apparently, is the increase of population, that the houses are not only thickly scattered over the flat extent, but have even climbed far up the steep beyond. It seemed strange, too, to see the tall chimneys and huge fabrics of unmistakable manufactories under a bright southern sky, which no smoke could ever darken.

Barcelona boasts of two handsome theatres, both situated in the Rambla. Visiting one of them this evening, *Gran Teatro del Liceo*, I was much amused by a farce — *zarzuela* — with the quaint title, "A quien Dios no le da hijos, el Diablo le da un Sobrino."*

July 12th.—The earliest railroad opened in Spain—October 28th, 1848—was that from Barcelona to Mataro. It forms the first portion of the route towards the French frontier, and keeps close to the sea-line. Starting early in the afternoon,

* "To whom God does not give a son, the Devil gives him a nephew."

we were able to obtain a full view of the rich and smiling district through which it passes, interspersed with small towns and thriving villages. At Mataro, a considerable town set about with gardens and villages, we took *Diligence.*

The road now became very broken and diversified, winding higher and lower again at every turn; at one time being carried along the face of the rocks and mountains, with the sea far below; at another, dipping into a sandy bay, round which nestled some thriving community whose wealth is in their ships, to judge from the number of craft either lying off or drawn upon shore. There was, indeed, every sign of commercial prosperity. The title of Duke of Athens, assumed by the Spanish sovereigns, arose from the Catalan navy, in the reign of Peter the Fourth of Aragon, 1354, having acquired that city and other conquests in the Levant.

Night fell just as we were descending towards a long flat line of coast. After that I fell asleep, until, upon a sudden jolt, I found that our vehicle was fording rather a broad river, which glistened in the bright moonbeams. Beyond appeared a low line of wall, with the high tower of a church looming above. This was Gerona, so famous for its defence against the French in the "War of Independence," as the Spaniards call it.

"Gerona fair!
Faithful to death thy heroes should be sung."*

Arcades run along most of the streets, and the gateways

* Scott—*Vision of Don Roderick.*

had a grave and antique look. I could only catch a hasty glimpse of the Cathedral front, up to which led a broad flight of steps, as at Tarragona and Barcelona. It forms, therefore, I suppose, a peculiar feature in Catalonian architecture.

July 13.—The next town we reached after sunrise was Figueras; on leaving which the Pyrenees came full into view, Canigou forming the topmost peak, and still marked with streaks of snow. Jonguera is the frontier town; and from that the road ascended rapidly, with a mountain torrent on one side and well-wooded heights on the other. In front rose the Fort of Bellegarde, which overlooks and defends the pass from the French side. Winding under this, we passed the frontier by a slight ravine, and reached a small village, where an army of Douaniers awaited us!

"I cannot leave a land so dear
Without a parting strain;
Nor check the free, unbidden tear,
That weeps farewell to Spain.

Farewell, ye scenes where honour dwells,
And valour brightly gleams,
'Midst wooded crags and rocky dells,
And silver-gleaming streams."*

LONGÆ FINIS CHARTÆQUE VIÆQUE!

* Lord John Manners.