
LANCING GRAMMAR SCHOOL
DUM SPIRO SPERO

To

William Peachey

A prize for proficiency in Latin.

Midsr. 1874.

H. Warrington Jyne.

Head Master

# SPAIN AND ITS PEOPLE.

O lovely Spain! renowned, romantic land!

BYRON.

SPANISH SENORAS.

# SPAIN AND ITS PEOPLE.

## A Record of Recent Travel.

*FROM THE FRENCH OF EUGENE POITOU.*

WITH 150 ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY V. FOULQUIER.

"I call to mind,
Land of Romance, thy wild and lovely scenes."
SOUTHEY.

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# PREFACE.

SPAIN is a country which has a peculiar interest for the historical student, the philosophical traveller, the artist, and the tourist in search of the Picturesque. Its scenery is as romantic and varied as the character of its inhabitants is perplexing. Its history is rich in "deeds of daring," and in those darker colours which lend depth and force to a picture. Nature has endowed it with almost every element of greatness, and yet it has fallen from the virtual supremacy of Europe to a position so uninfluential and unsatisfactory that its crown goes a-begging among the least celebrated scions of royal houses. Its people are endowed with many noble qualities, and yet have fallen back into the rear ranks of civilization. In some respects, Spain is an enigma; and without a very intimate acquaintance with the country, the key to it cannot be obtained.

Of late years, Spain, for these reasons, has been the subject of many books of travel, and we have had several opportunities of regarding it and its inhabitants from an English point of view. If we add another volume to the lengthy

list, it is because in style and character it is wholly different from its predecessors. Written by a Frenchman—a Frenchman of culture and sagacity—it shows us Spain from a *French* point of view, and throws a novel light on many disputed points.

M. POITOU has written frankly but brightly; and his pages are not less distinguished by French vivacity than by French lucidity. They are eminently *readable;* and if they pretend to no great depth of reflection, they sketch the present condition of Spain,—they delineate its landscapes, they cull the choicest episodes of its history, and touch upon the more conspicuous features of the Spanish character,—with unfailing good sense, quick discrimination, and considerable felicity.

The Editor has ventured upon a few interpolations, where the original seemed too vague or imperfect for the English reader. He has also carefully corrected M. POITOU'S statements by comparing them with the best and most recent authorities.

W H. D. A.

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# I.

# Through the Basque Region.

BIARRITZ—FONTARABIA—PAMPELUNA—RONCESVALLES—VALLEY OF THE EBRO.

It is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land.

BYRON.

## I.

NOT many years have elapsed since a tour in Spain was regarded as an heroic enterprise.

In the last century, the Duke of Saint-Simon, repairing to Madrid with the title and the retinue of an Ambassador of France, wrote :— "No comfort whatever is obtainable in the Spanish inns, whose landlords content themselves with informing you where you may buy the articles of which you stand in need. The meat is generally *alive;* the wine flat, turbid, and heady; the bread as hard as a wall; the water is frequently worthless; the beds are fit only for muleteers; so that, in fact, you must carry with you everything you

require." Even as late as twenty-five years ago, matters had not perceptibly changed for the better. To-day, however, we must confess that a decided improvement has taken place. Spain has made a considerable progress; and you may travel safely to Madrid, or even to Seville, without being a hero or an ambassador. If it is sometimes prudent still to carry your dinner with you, it is no longer necessary to take your bed. The railway trains travel almost as quickly as the ancient diligences; and when the tunnels are not broken down, or the cuttings filled in by landslips, why, by giving your engine-driver time, you reach your destination.

Reassured by this comforting prospect, I set out for Spain with my family, and with a fellow-countryman, M. De L., whom a long residence in the country had familiarized with its language and customs, in the early spring of 1866. I would never advise any person to travel in Spain who does not know a little Spanish, unless he has a companion who speaks it.

All things considered, the epoch chosen for our journey was propitious. I had been prevented from starting in the preceding autumn by the cholera. In the month of January General Prim's first (and unsuccessful) insurrection had excited apprehensions that I should see the whole country in a blaze. But for the moment everything appeared calm. It was not the less necessary to hurry our preparations. *Pronunciamientos* (that other cholera, epidemical in Spain), might otherwise obstruct our route. And, in fact, scarcely had I returned to France before the bloody revolt of June broke out at Madrid.

At Bayonne we completed our final preparations, and

exchanged our French for Spanish money. We had been specially recommended to take no Spanish bank-notes—they are all depreciated—and to be careful everywhere to test our gold; for the Peninsula is flooded with base coin.

In all France I do not know a much prettier town than Bayonne. With its narrow, tortuous streets, it wears a Southern physiognomy, in the midst of a vegetation fresh as that of the North. Enclosed within its walls, like a young warrior in his coat of mail, it coquettishly adorns itself with a girdle of verdure and flowers. And among the peasants who frequent its markets you may already recognize and admire the characteristics of that fine Basque population which covers the two slopes of the Pyrenees. The women, particularly, carrying their buckets or baskets on their head, with naked feet and legs, and dress tucked-up, exhibit in their gait and bearing all the elegant suppleness and charming gracefulness of the nymphs of ancient Hellas.

[Bayonne is picturesquely situated near the confluence of the rivers Nive and Adour, and about three miles from the stormy coast of the Bay of Biscay. The rivers divide it into three parts—a Great Bayonne, a Little Bayonne, and the suburb of Saint Esprit. Its public buildings are not unworthy of their picturesque surroundings, especially the cathedral. In history it holds an important place, for here the Duke of Alva planned with Catherine de Medicis the details of that great slaughter of the Huguenots which has rendered infamous St. Bartholomew's Day. Here, too, Napoleon commenced his Spanish tragi-comedy, opening with Charles the Fourth's compulsory renunciation of his crown, and terminating with Wellington's victorious passage of the Bidassoa and the Nive. Bayonne was invested and captured by the British in 1814. It is unnecessary, perhaps, to add that the well-known military weapon, the bayonet, so dear to British soldiers, was invented here in 1660–1670.]

The entrance into Spain is singularly picturesque. From the heights of Biarritz you see deploying before you, on the one hand, the snowy peaks of the grand Pyrenean chain; on

the other, the gracefully undulating line of the Calabrian mountains disappears in the mists of the west, where their feet plunge into a sea as blue, as limpid, and as transparent as the Mediterranean.

[A passing notice is assuredly due to the romantic watering-place which the steady patronage of the Empress Eugenie has elevated into the highest fashion. Its fame depends upon its baths, its singular caverns, and characteristic scenery. The following graphic delineation of its position is given by Henri Taine :—

"It is a dismal village," he says, "polluted with regular white hotels, cafés, and cavern signs, arranged in terraces along the barren coast ; its herbage consists of a stunted and sickly turf ; its trees of frail tamarisks, which shudderingly

THE VILLA EUGENIE AT BIARRITZ.

glue themselves to the ground ; its harbour a strand, and two empty creeks. The smaller hides in its ruin a couple of deserted barques, without masts or sails.

"The sea eats into its coast ; huge fragments of earth and stone, hardened by its assaults, raise, at about fifty feet above the shore, their brown and yellow back-bone,—fragments worn, and crushed, and cloven, and excavated by the waves, until they resemble a herd of stranded whales. The flood roars or whistles in their undermined entrails, in their deep yawning jaws ; then, when these have engulfed it, they vomit it forth again in froth and foam, against the lofty shining billows which for ever and for ever return to the assault. Shells and polished pebbles are incrusted on their summit. Into every chink and crevice the furze has thrust its patient stems and its decayed thorns ; this shaggy warmth alone is capable of adhering to their flanks, and hardening against the ocean-dust.

"On the left, a ridge of worn and craggy rocks lengthens out, promontory-wise, into an arcade of indurated sandstone which the high tides have opened up, and whence the view on three sides extends over the ocean. When the whistling north wind blows, it is deluged with violet-coloured waves ; the pass-

BIARRITZ.

ing clouds marble it with darker shades; as far as the eye can reach, it beholds a terrible tumult of dark, intercrossing and broken billows—a kind of moving skin, which trembles and writhes in an access of internal fever; from time to time, a ray of foam striking across it indicates a more violent convulsion. Here and there, between the interval of the cloudy spaces, the light outlines some emerald fields on the uniformly dreary plain; their peculiar splendour, their sickly colour, intensify the strange and threatening aspect of the horizon. These sinister shifting lights, these metallic reflections on the leaden surge, these white scoriæ clinging to the rocks, this glutinous appearance of the waves, give one the idea of a colossal alembic in which fused metal is boiling and shining.

"But towards evening the air lightens, and the wind falls. The coast of Spain and its range of mountains, softened by the distance, become visible. The long jagged range undulates until lost to sight, and its vaporous pyramids are finally effaced in the west between the sky and the sea. Ocean gently smiles in its silver-fringed robe of azure, agitated into graceful folds by the last whisper of the breeze; it trembles still, but with pleasure, and displays a lustrous, gleaming, silken tissue, with soft voluptuous caprices, under the genial sun. Meanwhile, tranquil clouds balance above it their snowy down; the transparency of the air surrounds them with an angelic glory, and their motionless flight recalls to one's mind the souls of Dante pausing in ecstasy on the threshold of Paradise.

"To the north of the village stands a lighthouse on an esplanade of sand and prickly herbs. Vegetation here is as inhospitable as ocean. Do not look along the shore to the left; the pickets of soldiers, the booths of the bathers, the listless dandies, the children, the invalids, the drying linen,—all is as gloomy as a barrack and an hospital. But at the foot of the lighthouse, the beautiful green waves climb and excavate the rocks, spreading out their plume of foam to the wind; the billows arrive to the assault, and mount one upon another as nimble and as daring as cavaliers in the charge; the caverns resound; the wind sings merrily; it enters into one's chest, stretches one's muscles, and one inhales with full lungs the vivifying saltness of the sea.

"Further on, ascending towards the north, the pathway climbs along the cliffs. At the base of these, the solitude opens; everything human disappears; there is neither house, verdure, nor cultivation. We feel as if transported back to the primitive ages, before the living world had been created, and when the water, the rock, and the sand were the sole inhabitants of the universe. The coast draws out in the misty distance its long belt of polished sand; the gilded beach, softly undulating, opens its gulfs to the wrinkles of the sea. Each wrinkle advances, foamy at first, but insensibly growing smoother—leaves behind it the flakes of its snowy wool—and subsides in slumber on the shore with a loving kiss. Meantime another comes, and in its rear another, and then a whole legion enriches the azure water with embroideries of silver. They murmur very lowly, so that you can scarcely hear them among the noises of the distant billows; nowhere else is the shore so smiling or so sweet: the earth softens its embrace, the better to welcome and caress these tiny creatures, the darling children of the sea."]

The railway crosses the Bidassoa near its mouth, and just below that Isle of Pheasants which was the theatre of so many royal pageants, and of so many diplomatic conferences; and which saw Francis the First returning sadly from his Madrid prison, after having lost there somewhat of the honour which he had saved at Pavia.* Opposite us, and to the right, on the Spanish shore, we recognize the little town of Fontarabia; a pretty place, which has a name in history since the great Condé retired from before its walls unsuccessful—dismantled now, and presenting only the aspect of a poor village, but glowing with rich colours, and in its dilapidation preserving a sufficiently haughty attitude; one might compare it to a ruined hidalgo wrapping himself up in his tattered cloak.

At Irun we halted for a full hour, and quitted the French carriages for Spanish ones. Thank Heaven, the formality of passports is abolished; but not so the ceremonies of the custom-house. Our trunks examined, we thought ourselves clear of all annoyance, when a morose and scowling custom-house officer ordered us to enter a particular apartment. There every pocket was searched, and all our clothes, even to our shirt. We protested against the indignity, but in vain. It appeared that a few days before some diamonds had been smuggled across the frontier. The custom-house accordingly had been seized with an attack of redoubled severity; and apparently, unknown to ourselves, we had a suspicious, smuggler-like air.

At length we were released, and, after numerous delays, set

* [At Pavia, in 1525, Francis I. was defeated by Charles V., and the European supremacy of Spain was temporarily established. On perceiving that the fight had wholly gone against him, the French King exclaimed, "All is lost but honour!" He was compelled to surrender to Charles V., and was detained at Madrid for several months.]

out. This habit of delay, and want of punctuality in arrival and departure, we meet with everywhere. An inexhaustible supply of patience is necessary to the traveller in Spain. From Irun to Cadiz, and from Cadiz to Irun, the refrain which echoed in my ears was "Paciencia! Paciencia!"

You are now in Spain, and yet for some time it seems as

BASQUE PEASANTS AT IRUN.

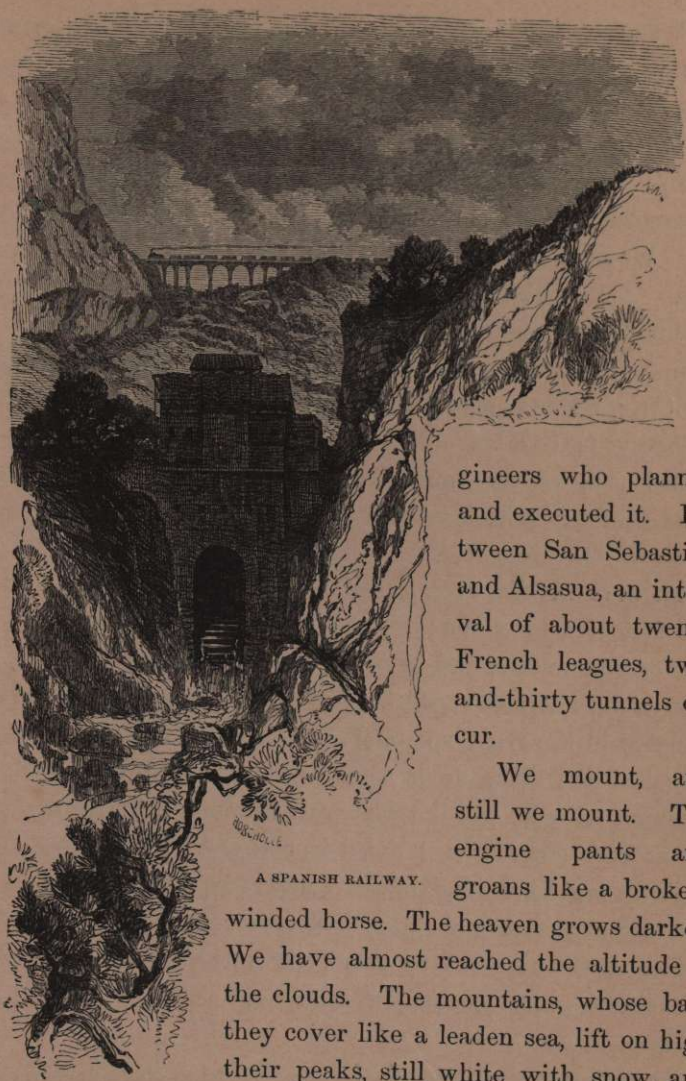
if you had not changed your country: the aspect of the fields and villages is the same; the mode of cultivation is the same; the population and costume are the same. This arises from the fact that you are still in the Basque region; the same people inhabit both banks of the Bidassoa; a people energetic and intelligent, brave and refined, hardy and adventurous; a people of agriculturists and hunters, of soldiers and seamen, who, during twenty centuries, and in spite of incessant

struggles, have preserved intact their language, their manners, their customs, and their love of liberty.

The iron road winds across verdant uplands, and rounded hills, covered to the very summit with crops and trees. Every minute the landscape changes: sometimes it is pent up in a narrow gorge; sometimes it reveals a sudden glimpse of the sea. Rantaria, with its crenelated tower, flies rapidly before our eyes. Here is the port of Passage, which might easily be mistaken for a Swiss lake embosomed in mountains. And here San Sebastian extends along the belt of shore between the sea and the precipitous rocks crowned by its citadel; a poor mean town, quite new, which its friends, the English, burned, to prevent its capture by the French.*

Here we quit the sea-coast, and the railway, striking suddenly to the south, plunges into the mountain-masses, and begins to ascend the rapid acclivities. We know that the centre of Spain is an immense table-land rising to an elevation of 600 or 700 feet above the sea-level. From whatever quarter the traveller makes towards Madrid, on quitting the shores of the ocean or the Mediterranean, he must climb this prodigious escarpment. We follow the bed of a small *gave*, or torrent, which noisily rolls its green and foamy waters over a bed of rocks, and at intervals sets in motion a number of mill-wheels and factories. The road skirts the precipices, crosses the valleys upon adventurous viaducts, and in subterranean galleries traverses the most abrupt crests. The difficulties in constructing this line of railway were infinite, and wonders have been accomplished by the French en-

* [St. Sebastian is built at the base of Mont Orgullo. It is now placed, by the North of Spain Railway, in direct communication with Paris. It was captured by the Duke of Wellington in 1813, and set on fire, *not* by the English, but by the defeated French garrison.—NAPIER, *History of the Peninsular War.*]



A SPANISH RAILWAY.

gineers who planned and executed it. Between San Sebastian and Alsasua, an interval of about twenty French leagues, two-and-thirty tunnels occur.

We mount, and still we mount. The engine pants and groans like a broken-winded horse. The heaven grows darker. We have almost reached the altitude of the clouds. The mountains, whose base they cover like a leaden sea, lift on high their peaks, still white with snow, and assume the grandest aspects. The rainbow rests on their heads its luminous arch. A close dense rain soon begins to

fall, and by the keen north wind is lashed into hail against our windows.

It was night when we arrived at Alsasua, the station where we quit the Madrid railway to take the branch to Pampeluna. The snow fell, and the line was covered with it. We took refuge in the station-house, where there was no fire. Among the shivering crowd stood motionless some big mountaineers, wearing corded shoes and velvet breeches; some with vests of sheepskin, others wrapped up to the nose in their striped mantles. Like them, we fold ourselves gloomily in our travelling-wrappers, and dream, by way of consolation, of the orange-groves of Cordova and the laurustinuses of Granada.

At nine in the evening we reach Pampeluna, or, at least, the foot of Pampeluna; for the town is perched on the summit of a mountain, and to reach it we must climb, in an omnibus, a long and steep ascent. The hotel at which we drew up is situated in the great square area, surrounded by arcades, which is called the Place de la Constitution. What Constitution? I cannot tell you, and the Spaniards themselves would, perhaps, be as embarrassed as I am. For the last fifty years they have, as we have done, effected such frequent changes as to get into a perfect embroglio. However this may be, all the towns of Spain, great or small, have their Place de la *Constitution*—which pleases "the natives," as Topffer says.

The *Fonda de Ciguanda* I found to be a true Spanish inn. No one understood a word of French. The apartments, the furniture, the attendance, are all of a primitive simplicity.

But the people have a genial countenance and prepossessing manners. In the dining-room everybody warms himself before a large *brasero*, or stove. The table is lighted by copper lamps, with three burners, of an antique shape. The cookery has a too strongly accented perfume of oil; but, after all, the supper is not very bad, and the two brunettes who serve it up have fine black eyes.

Pampeluna, which was formerly a fortified town of the first rank, and capital of a kingdom, is now but the small capital of a province, and as deficient in importance as in life. Seated on one of the last spurs of the Pyrenees, it dominates over a beautiful valley. The great square in which we were lodged, and the official buildings which surround it, are utterly characterless. But if you penetrate into the interior of the town, you will still find there some of the high and massive houses of the fifteenth century, built in brick and granite, their doors of oak studded with bronze nails, their windows grated, and their roofs overhanging, and, above their semicircular portal, large escutcheons sculptured in stone or marble. The women are all clothed in the mantilla; the peasants wear the peaked hat or sheepskin cap. In the streets blind men sing, accompanying themselves on the guitar.

The cathedral is an admirable specimen of the Pointed style. Unfortunately, in the last century it was disfigured with a heavy and unpleasing Greco-Roman façade. The cloister attached to it is a perfect gem of architecture. Its four vaulted galleries, opening upon a green, are sustained by slender and elegant little pillars, which expand into flower-carved ogives and rose-clusters of marvellous lightness.

You are made to visit the sacristy, which, however, has no-

thing curious but its Spanish character; it is as large as a church. In Spain the sacristies are vast apartments, and frequently are composed of a series of richly-decorated saloons. The walls are covered with sculptured wood-work, tapestry, and paintings. Marble fountains may be seen there, oratories of incredible luxuriousness, and cabinets full of gems, articles of *vertu*, and ornaments of gold and silver inestimable in price and workmanship. Generally, a brasero stands in the middle of the sacristy, and is useful both for heating the censer-vessels and lighting cigarettes. In Spain everybody smokes—even the ecclesiastics, and even in the sacristy.

The population of Pampeluna does not differ much from that of the Basque country. Navarre, the Basque provinces, Galicia, and, we may add, Aragon, are of all Spain the provinces which have most thoroughly preserved their original character and native virtues; and these, too, have longest defended their ancient privileges. Some vestiges still remain which the royal power durst not deprive them of. The Navarrese, like the Basques, have a simplicity of manners and language, a frank and noble dignity, and benevolent and hospitable manners, such as are found nowhere else in Spain. You do not see at Pampeluna those clouds of vagabonds and beggars which everywhere else assail and persecute the traveller. An unheard-of and improbable event occurred to me there: twice in one day I offered a gratuity, and twice was refused; the first time, by a young lad who had executed a little commission for me; the second, by the keeper of the palace of the Ayuntamiento, which we had just been visiting. This fact, rare in every country, I thought miraculous in Spain.

Though Pampeluna occupies an important position in his-

tory, it has no historical monuments. The citadel was reconstructed by Philip II. In 1512 Ferdinand the Catholic, profiting by the divisions which convulsed Navarre, expelled its king, Jean d'Albret, and made himself master of Pampeluna. Among the defenders of the town was found a young captain, a Basque gentleman, who had received a severe wound in the leg. His name was IGNATIUS LOYOLA; a man of ardent soul, iron will, and chivalrous spirit. During a long and painful convalescence, his piety, inspired by reading and meditation, suggested to his excited fancy a project of extraordinary daring. Compelled to abandon the military profession, unable to remain a soldier of the king, he would become a soldier of Christ; and, in imitation of those companies of Free Lances who sold their weapons to the highest bidder, he resolved on forming a company for the service of Jesus. It was a profound thought. Great events were on the point of arising; the Reformation was in its birth-throes; to a new enemy he would oppose a new militia. This was designed to become the sword of the Papacy.

Loyola repaired to the monastery of Montserrat, and in its church performed "the vigil of arms,"* as was customary with those who sought the honour of knighthood. During his journey, happening to encounter a Moor, he quarrelled with him on the subject of the Virgin Mary. When he had quitted his antagonist, Ignatius reproached himself with cowardice for not having punished the blasphemies of the infidel by beating him. He hesitated whether he ought not to go in pursuit of him. "If my mule follows the Moor," said he, "I will kill him; if she goes in the other direction, I

* [The would-be chevalier always spent the night before he received his spurs in a church, praying silently, and early in the morning he bathed.]

will let him live." Fortunately for the Moor, the mule took the opposite road.*

LOYOLA AND THE MOOR.

After enduring the most terrible sufferings, he set out for Jerusalem, and all the way lived only upon the alms of the charitable. On his return, he began to preach in public; but the Inquisition took umbrage at this act on the part of a layman. Twice imprisoned, he was released on making an absolute submission, and under a prohibition to preach the faith.

In 1528 he went to study at Paris, in the College of Montaigu. Here, six years afterwards, he and a few scholars, his fellow-countrymen, laid the foundation of his institution. They would fain have made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, but, prevented by the wars, went straight to Rome. From that day was really established that memorable Society of Jesus, or the Jesuits, which was destined to exercise, both for good and evil, so great an influence in the world.

[" Ignatius, in his early life," says Lord Macaulay, in one of his most brilliant sketches,† " had been the very prototype of the hero of Cervantes. The single study of the young hidalgo had been chivalrous romance, and his existence had been one gorgeous day-dream of princesses rescued and infidels subdued. In the midst of visions of martial glory and prosperous love, a severe

* [This reminds one of an incident in the Rev. John Newton's life.]
† [Macaulay's " Critical and Historical Essays ;" Ranke's " History of the Popes."]

wound stretched him on the bed of sickness. His constitution was shattered, and he was doomed to be a cripple for life. The palm of strength, grace, and skill in knightly exercises was no longer for him. A new vision then arose in his mind, and mingled itself with his old delusions in a manner which to most Englishmen must seem singular, but which to those who know how close was the union between religion and chivalry in Spain will be at no loss to understand. He would still be a soldier—he would still be a knight-errant; but the soldier and knight-errant of the spouse of Christ. His restless spirit led him to the Syrian deserts and to the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. Thence he wandered back to the furthest West, and astonished the convents of Spain and the schools of France by his penances and vigils. The same lively imagination which had been employed in picturing the tumult of unreal battles and the charms of unreal queens, now peopled his solitude with saints and angels. The Holy Virgin descended to commune with him. He saw the Saviour face to face with the eye of flesh. Even those mysteries of religion which are the hardest trial of faith were in his case palpable to sight. It is difficult to relate without a pitying smile, that in the sacrifice of the mass he saw transubstantiation take place; and that, as he stood praying on the steps of the Church of St. Dominic, he saw the Trinity in Unity, and wept aloud with joy and wonder. Such was the celebrated Ignatius Loyola, who in the great Catholic reaction bore the same part which Luther bore in the great Protestant movement."

Inigo de Recalde Loyola was born in 1491; he died at Rome in 1556. His famous society was first constituted a religious society in 1534, but did not receive the sanction of Pope Paul III. until 1540, when Loyola was unanimously elected general of the order. It was emphatically a *missionary* association; and "missionary" on a scale which Protestantism, with all its energy, has never been able to approach: for its servants found their way into courts, and universities, and schools, and boudoirs—were not less zealous among civilized peoples in the extermination of heresy, than among savages in the promulgation of the Catholic faith. Their influence has extended down to our own time.

The best primary authority on the life of Loyola is Pietro Ribadeneira, himself a Jesuit.]

Roncesvalles is only a few leagues from Pampeluna. It is a name belonging to poetry rather than to history. The defeat here experienced by the rear-guard of Charlemagne's army, on its return from the great emperor's expedition against Saragossa, is, historically considered, a very dubious fact, and, at all events, is one without importance; the baggage of the army, protected by an insufficient escort, surprised in the defiles and pillaged by the Gascons—such was the incident

which has been exalted to so high a place in our national songs. In this case it must be acknowledged that poesy is worth more than history. We must close our musty chronicles, and allow the fresh and vigorous minstrels to have the word. Listen to the heroic simplicity and grandeur of the strain :—

"The army of the great emperor has plunged into the gloomy pass, and begins to perceive afar the smiling fields of France. But the heart of Charles is oppressed; among the mountains of Spain he has left his nephew—his nephew Roland, whom Ganelon the traitor has sold to the Paynim king of Saragossa for gold, for silver, for brilliant stuffs, for camels, for lions.

"The drums roll in Saragossa. King Marsillus assembles his barons; they are four hundred thousand in number. They pursue the Franks; they overtake them.

"'Sire comrade,' says Oliver, 'we shall have a great battle with the Saracens.'

"'God grant it!' replied Roland; 'let every man make ready to strike his lustiest blows!'

"But Oliver, from a height, has seen the countless hordes of the Pagans.

"'Roland, my comrade, these Paynims are a host, and we are but a handful. Listen to me, I pray you, and blow

your horn; the emperor will hear it, and lead back the army.'

"'Heaven preserve me from such a cowardice!' replied Roland. 'None here on earth shall say that I sounded my horn for the heathen!'

"The archbishop Turpin harangued the Franks:—

"'Think of your sins, and ask pardon of God; I will absolve you for the healing of your souls. If you die, you will die as martyrs, and be placed in the highest seats of Paradise.'

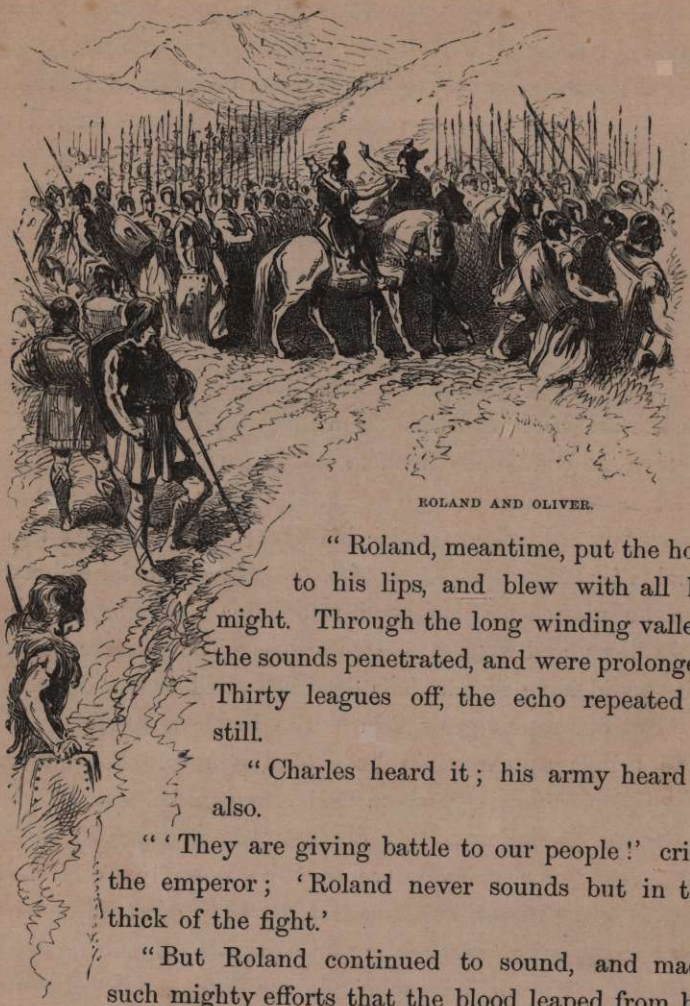
"The Franks dismount, throw themselves on their knees, and the archbishop blesses them in the name of God. As a penance, he commands them to strike hard.

"The two armies approach; the battle begins. Roland dashes forward, striking with his spear so long as any handle remains in his grasp. At the fifteenth thrust the lance breaks; then he unsheathes his good sword, his Durandal, which so finely hews and slashes the Saracens. The carnage he made you should have seen! The dead are piled around him.....

"But our ranks grow thin. The battle is terrible. Marsillus brings up the main body of his army. All our men have fallen, save sixty whom God has spared.

"When Roland sees this disaster, 'Dear comrade,' he says to Oliver, 'how many brave men lie upon the cold earth! Why is not Charles, our emperor, here? What means have we of making known to him our distress? I will now wind my horn. He will hear it afar in the defile, and will return.'

"'Comrade,' answered Oliver, 'it is too late; you have destroyed us. Madness is not courage. If you had listened to me, the battle would have been ours. Charles—our great Charles—we shall never serve him more!'



ROLAND AND OLIVER.

"Roland, meantime, put the horn to his lips, and blew with all his might. Through the long winding valleys the sounds penetrated, and were prolonged. Thirty leagues off, the echo repeated it still.

"Charles heard it; his army heard it also.

"'They are giving battle to our people!' cried the emperor; 'Roland never sounds but in the thick of the fight.'

"But Roland continued to sound, and made such mighty efforts that the blood leaped from his mouth and the veins of his forehead.

"The Duke of Naymes cried, 'He is a brave man who winds that horn. Trust me, let us march to his succour. Do you not hear? Roland is in the woods.'

"The emperor gave the signal. The French turned bridle, and galloped in a long array. Alas! for what good purpose? They are too far off; they cannot reach the field in time.

"Roland could see around him only the dead bodies of his Franks! The noble knight wept and prayed for them. 'Land of France, my sweet country, behold thou art widowed of

THE DEATH OF ROLAND.

many brave men! Barons, you have died through fault of mine. I was not able to save you.....I shall die of grief, if the sword does not kill me. Oliver, my brother, let us return to the combat!'

"Oliver falls. Roland cannot tear himself away from the lifeless body of his friend. He gazes on it, he weeps over it; he recalls to his memory the many days they have passed together.....

"All are dead, except the archbishop and Gautier, who, though wounded, are still erect. Roland, thinking of the emperor, again seizes his horn, but draws from it only a feeble and pathetic strain. Nevertheless, Charles hears it. 'Woe is ours!' he exclaims; 'Roland, my dear nephew, we shall arrive too late. Sound trumpets!'

"All the trumpets of the army peal forth a blast. At the noise, the Paynim understand that Charles, the great emperor, is returning. They hurl from afar a storm of darts on the wounded warriors, and take to flight.

"Roland, exhausted, falls as if in a swoon. His sight grows dim; he feels that death is approaching. He would fain break in pieces his famous sword, for great would be the shame if it fell into heathen hands! On the neighbouring rock he strikes ten blows with Durandal. The steel bends, but does not break.

"'Ah, holy Mary, help me!' he cries... 'My Durandal, thou whom Charles didst give, thou by whose help I have conquered so many kingdoms, thou wast long in the hands of a valiant man; shall it ever be that a Paynim will possess thee? Only by a Christian and a hero is it right that thou shouldst be wielded!'"

It is a noteworthy fact that this episode of Charlemagne's wars has always been less popular in Spain than in France, though it commemorates a Spanish victory and a French defeat. Such is the prestige of poetry: it clothes with epic grandeur an obscure rear-guard skirmish, and, in defiance of success, gives all the glory, when it pleases, to the vanquished!

[It seems to be historically true that Roland and the rear-guard of Charles's army were suddenly attacked in the Pass of Roncesvalles by an ambuscade of

Gascons, and cut to pieces. This fact has been embroidered by the minstrels with an extraordinary number of legendary details, which are to be found embodied in the celebrated "Song of Roland"—one of the "Chansons de Gestes," a collection as old as the eleventh century.

The "Song of Roland" long held a high place in the popular favour; and it was sung at the head of the Norman army when marching to the field of Senlac on the memorable 14th of October 1066. The "Roman de Rou" records how the minstrel Taillefer sang—

> "Of Roland and the heroes all
> Who fell at fatal Roncesvall."

The blows dealt by the sword Durandal on the solid rock of the mountains cleft, it is said, the great fissure or defile, three hundred feet wide and nearly six hundred feet high, still known as the *Brèche de Roland.* So Wordsworth sings—

> "There would I seek the Pyrenean breach
> Which Roland clove with huge two-handed sway,
> And to the enormous labour left his name,
> Where unremitting frosts the rocky crescents bleach."]

A single morning was sufficient to see Pampeluna. The day after our arrival we took the railway to Saragossa, where we designed to pass the night.

ARAGONESE PEASANTS.

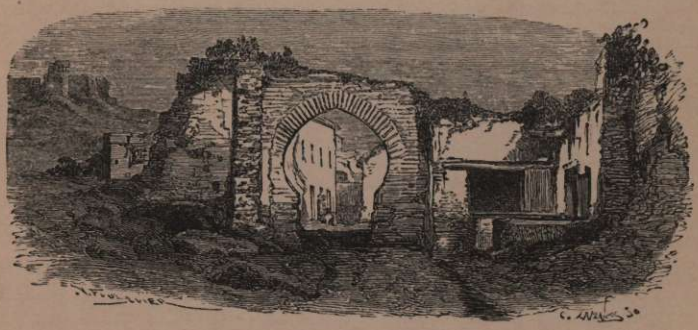
In the train were some Aragonese peasants—a different race to the Basques, with a different costume. They wear a broad violet girdle, a gray mantle streaked with blue or black stripes thrown back over the shoulder, a velvet hat with turned-up brim. Two of the peasants were armed with long muskets, and carried a cartridge-pouch beneath their girdle. A singular equipment for a railway traveller! But,

from Saragossa to Malaga, you will see a similar sight at every step. The rich farmer who goes on horseback to the town, the peasant who leads to market his mule loaded with vegetables, sling an old rusty musket to the cruppers of the saddle. It is an old habit, arising from the prevalence of brigandage and the insecurity of the roads—the two results of an epidemic of civil war. We are assured, however, that there are no longer any brigands in Spain. The thieves, wishing for a quiet life, have all become *innkeepers.*

The valleys lying at the foot of the mountain of Pampeluna are fertile and well-cultivated, but deficient in timber; this is the misfortune of Spain, and gives an air of gloom to its grandest landscapes. With the exception of a few rare spots, where Nature has of herself repaired the ravages of man, nearly all Spain is stripped and naked. Naked is the plain; naked are the mountains. Even the richest lands—those planted with vines or sown with corn—are denuded of trees. It is neither the fault of the soil nor the climate, but of the long wars which have devastated the country; of the vast extent of useless pasturage; but especially of the prejudices, negligence, and ignorance of the peasantry.

Civil war has left its terrible traces on every part of the land. In the district of Olite, whose ancient half-sheltered castle rears itself gloomily on a lofty hill, you can discover nothing but a few wretched hovels, a few almost deserted villages, ruined houses and burned farms. Cultivation has nearly disappeared. You do not meet with any evidence of life and activity until, near Tudela, you enter the valley of the Ebro. Then you are in Aragon, one of the most fertile provinces of Spain, and which might become one of the richest

countries in the world. Spain seems to have been endowed with all the gifts of heaven—a prolific soil, abundant water-courses, a temperate climate, a vigorous and generous people. Yet this fine region is scantily inhabited, this rich soil is hardly cultivated, all this wealth for the most part is neglected or destroyed: despotism and anarchy, succeeding one another, have stricken everything with the curse of barrenness. These fertile and populous countries which, in the fifteenth century, were powerful kingdoms—which bore so proudly, under Ferdinand and Isabella, the crowns of Aragon and Castile—a century afterwards, stripped of their privileges, and deprived of all political life, became the administrative provinces of a great empire which exhausted and oppressed them; another century, they were only the languishing and attenuated members of a decrepit monarchy, which every year sank more and more into decay.



GATE AT PAMPELUNA.

## II.

# En Aragon.

SARAGOSSA—NUESTRA-DAMA-DEL-PILAR—LA SEO—L'ALJAFERIA AND ANTONIO PEREZ—ALCALA DE HENARES.

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The Spanish maid, aroused,
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar.

BYRON.

## II.

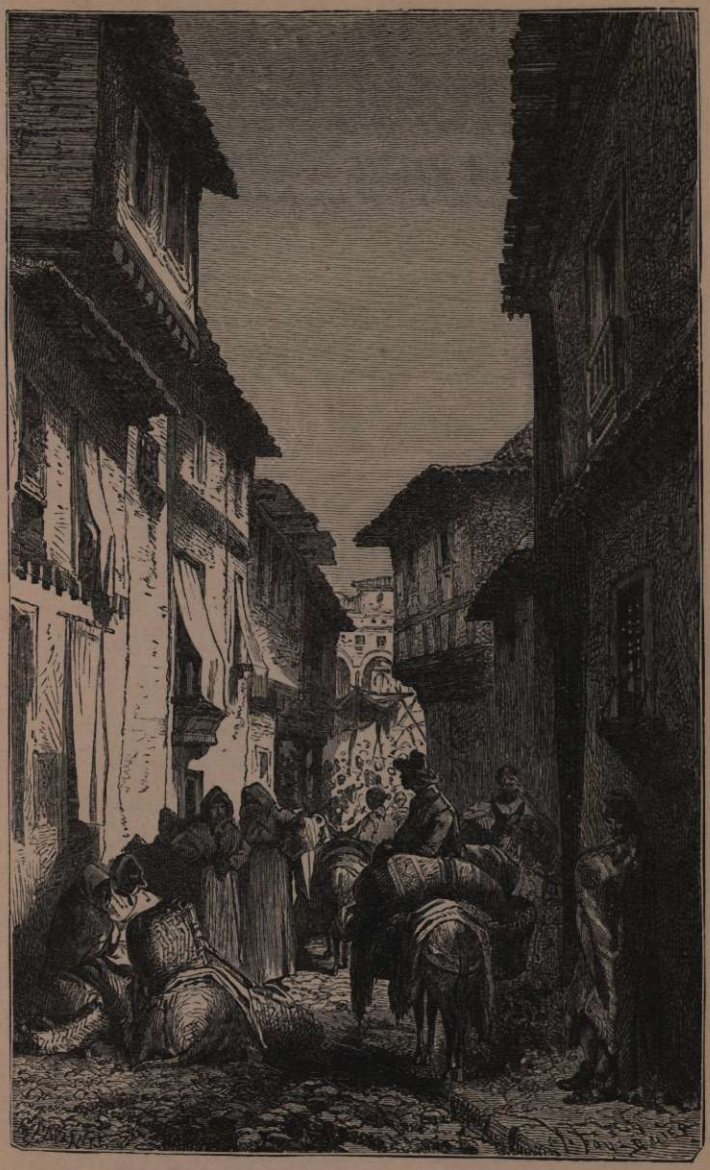
THOUGH partly destroyed, and partly reconstructed in the early years of the present century, Saragossa is, without contradiction, one of the most interesting towns in Spain. Barcelona, as its inhabitants boast, has, perhaps, a more animated aspect; but Barcelona is a completely modern town, half English, half French, and as little Spanish as possible. At Saragossa, though still near the frontier, you are virtually in the heart of Spain, and, what is more, of old Spain. Mediæval Catholicism, with its train of popular legends; Arab supremacy, and its beautiful memorials; the

ancient Aragonese independence and its heroical struggles; the Inquisition, and its first auto-da-fés; the royal despotism, and its bloody usurpations,—all these souvenirs of history are living here, and are written on the soil in permanent characters.

This morning a bright sun smiled upon us when we awoke. The temperature was bland and mild. We congratulated ourselves warmly that we had not taken the North of Spain line, but had come through Pampeluna. Some travellers whom we met here yesterday, and who had returned from Madrid, have informed us that the whole of the line, from the Escorial to Burgos, was covered with snow, and the circulation of the trains interrupted at several points. The valleys of Aragon, though not enjoying the climate of Andalusia, are by no means so cold as the plains of Castile; the olive is largely cultivated.

We are lodged in a vast square, near the promenade. The houses bordering it are modern; it is the new quarter. But, to the right, we can perceive from our windows, soaring above the roofs, like an enormous pillar of red porphyry, the quadrangular mass of the Leaning Tower—the ancient campanile or belfry of the town, built of bricks in the quaint Arab style.

In the centre of the square stands a public fountain. Young girls resort thither with large vessels of ancient form, which they carry on their head or hip. The *aguadores* (or water-bearers) lead thither their asses, to fill the leathern buckets with which they are loaded. Peasants wrapped up in their cloaks are seated or lying on the benches in the warm sunshine, engaged in doing nothing. Women pass to and from the church, clothed in black, half-veiled with the man-



A STREET IN SARAGOSSA.

tilla, and dragging their long robes in the dust with a singular dignity. Priests move along gravely, wearing that fantastic chapeau, a yard in length, with great flaps turned up at the sides, which Beaumarchais has rendered so popular as the head-gear of Basilio in the "Marriage of Figaro," and which it is difficult to see, for the first time, without laughing. In all this crowd you may detect a movement without agitation, a kind of grave and dignified slowness; nothing of that feverish haste, that busy commotion, which is always conspicuous in the cities of the north. These people, bless you, are never in a hurry; they take life gently, for life and the sun are the only two things which they think worth the trouble of enjoying.

Though we are still in a northern latitude, the Arab influence is already perceptible in a thousand details of costume, manners, and architecture. The men of the people—the peasants, tall, meagre, muscular, with rude angular features, a face tanned by the sun, feet naked in their *alpargates*, red striped cloak thrown over the left shoulder, and falling down behind in full folds, the handkerchief knotted round the head like a turban—present an extraordinary likeness at a distance to Bedouins enveloped in their burnous. Go in the morning to the Saragossa market: the narrow winding streets which lead to it, the antique houses pierced with small square windows, the balconies shaded with mats, the troops of asses passing through the town at a sharp trot, and loaded with all kinds of products in sacks made of esparto grass, the mounds of herbs and pyramids of fruits accumulated on the ground, the exposed shambles, the small shops opening on the street,—all this, under a radiant sky, wears a semi-oriental physiognomy.

In the old quarter there are several immense edifices whose construction is still more forcibly significant of Moorish influence: these are the mansions of the Aragonese aristocracy, *casas solares*, now, for the most part, in ruins. They are built on the plan of the Moorish house—that is, with a *patio* or inner court, around which a two-storied gallery winds, supported by pillars. The most remarkable of these edifices is entitled the Palace of the Infante. The capitals and the frieze bear eloquent witness to the graceful chisel of the Italian architects of the Renaissance. A magnificent staircase, surmounted by a cupola in the Moorish style, leads to the upper gallery. This charming *patio* is used as a coach-yard by a jobbing-master; some old chaises and crippled *tartanes* find shelter under its arcades. In one of the corners a wine-merchant has his cellars; on the first story a school is installed, whose pupils have mutilated the beautiful sculptures of the staircase worthy of a palace.

Our first visit, necessarily, was to Nuestra-Dama-del-Pilar, the most celebrated, but not the most beautiful, of the churches of Saragossa. From afar, with its domes resplendent in blue, green, and yellow varnished tiles, it has a certain Byzantine air not lacking originality. But when you enter into the interior, the disenchantment is complete: you find yourself in a building of the seventeenth century, adorned with pilasters and Corinthian capitals, with heavy cornices, gilded vaults, and covered with mediocre paintings. In the middle of the central aisle rises a kind of miniature Greek temple of oval form, whose open roof rests upon beautiful jasper columns. Underneath this dome, which is overloaded with commonplace ornaments, is the miraculous sanctuary of the Virgin, brought

to Saint James by angel hands, and placed here by himself. In front of the precious image, which is hidden in velvet, brocade, gold, and diamonds, a number of lamps and tapers are burning day and night. Behind the altar an opening in the surrounding wall enables the votary to catch sight of the column or pedestal on which the statue is placed; the faithful come here to kneel and kiss it.

You undergo a very different surprise when you visit the cathedral—here called the *Seo* (a patois word, derived, it is said, from *sedes*, an episcopal seat). The tower is in a bastard and fantastic style; the modern façade is pitiful and narrow. But, the moment you cross the threshold, you feel the imposing aspect of the edifice. It is not grand, yet it gives the impression of grandeur. The pillars supporting the vaults are of incomparable lightness and elegance. The church acquires a peculiar character from its four lateral naves, which have nearly the same elevation as the central; this arrangement, which is also found at Seville, and, I think, at Milan, greatly contributes to the grandeur and majesty of the building. Another circumstance adds to the effect: the windows are narrow, very high, and partly obscured with paintings. Generally speaking, the Spanish basilicas have not the beautiful and richly-coloured glass of our Gothic cathedrals. Their place is supplied by a careful and ingenious distribution of the light. A demi-obscurity prevails, which singularly enhances the impressiveness of the monument. At the Seo, particularly, the effect is most imposing. When you pass from the full daylight without into those sombre vaults, where every object seems to float, as it were, in a mysterious vapour, traversed here and there by shifting gleams and shadows, you cannot but be sensible of a profoundly religious feeling.

Let us remain under this impression, and pass on, without pausing before the chapels which adorn the inner circuit of the church. They are of all styles; the majority frightfully burdened with statues, sculptures, incrusted ornaments, mouldings, and gildings, under which the walls of the edifice literally disappear. It would be impossible to spoil a noble monument in a more deplorable fashion. Another source of mischief is the *coro*, or choir, which obstructs the middle of the great nave. This is a truly Spanish invention, which I have seen nowhere else, and which, in all the churches of Spain, has moved me to wrath and despair. Imagine a vast enclosure, forming a considerable square, and occupying the entire width of the principal nave. At one of the inner extremities stands the high altar; at the other, the chapter. This enclosure is shut in on every side by a wall of from ten to fifteen feet in height, with two lateral openings, closed by railings, through which the assistant priests can see the high altar. It resembles a little church built inside a larger one. The reader will understand how deplorable an effect must be produced in the middle of a Gothic church by this unwieldy pile, always of modern construction, and always in the worst taste, breaking up the main lines of the building, and destroying the whole perspective. If the Spaniards had deliberately and of malice aforethought intended to disfigure and dishonour their cathedrals, they could not have adopted a more effectual means. I had already seen this horrible *coro* at Pampeluna. It appeared to me still more odious at the Seo, because it spoiled a more beautiful edifice. Although embellished with Renaissance sculptures, which are not without merit, one would give the sculptures and everything else, so that its place might know it no more.

On the left of the high altar one of the chapels is built in a severer style than the others. It recalls to one's mind a tragedy enacted on this very spot, some three centuries ago, which was the occasion of, or the pretext for, the first attempt made by the kings of Spain on the ancient liberties of Aragon.

The Inquisition had, from the date of its establishment, encountered in this province an energetic resistance. By the terms of their *fueros* (or charters), an Aragonese could not be put to torture; his goods and chattels could not be confiscated; the forms of criminal justice ensured him the most liberal guarantees. The secret procedure of the Inquisition—its mysterious instruction, which never confronted the accuser with the accused—the torture employed as an ordinary means of obtaining information—aroused, more than once, the vehement protests of the Cortes. Some popular demonstrations took place. But, in 1484, Ferdinand the Catholic, who saw in the so-called holy office an agency of despotic government, resolved to conquer this opposition. He charged Torquemada to organize definitively the new tribunal in Aragon. The latter delegated as Grand Inquisitors a Dominican, Brother Gaspard de Benavarre, and a canon of the metropolitan church of Saragossa, Pedro Arbuès of Epila. A certain number of "New Christians" (as the converted Jews were called) were condemned to the fire as Judaizing heretics. Several executions had taken place. The minds of the people waxed wroth. A conspiracy was formed, and it was resolved to kill the principal inquisitor, Pedro Arbuès, to terrify the others, and constrain them to abandon their enterprise.

Warned of the project, Arbuès several times contrived to

AN AUTO-DA-FE.

foil it. He wore under his vestments a coat of mail, and under his bonnet a skull-cap of iron. But these precautions could not save him. On Thursday, the 14th of September, towards midnight, he descended into the metropolitan church to assist at the office of matins, according to the custom of the regular canons. He knelt close to the grating of the high altar, and engaged in prayer. The conspirators were present, concealed in various parts of the church. They approached him from different groups, in two sides. One of them, who had been warned to strike between the casque and the coat of mail, dealt him a violent sword-blow on the back of the neck. Pedro Arbuès fell, mortally wounded, and exclaiming, "Praised be Jesus Christ! I die for his holy faith."

This odious assassination had a precisely opposite effect to what its authors had anticipated. A frightful tumult broke out, and the Inquisitors profited by it to establish and ensure their authority. The palace of Aljaferia, which had been up to that time the residence of the Kings of Aragon, and which was a veritable fortress, was given to them by Ferdinand for the tribunal of the Holy Office and its prisons.

The death of Pedro Arbuès was avenged by numerous executions. A platform, which still exists, was erected over the place where the Inquisitor was stricken, to the end that the feet of the faithful might not profane the pavement where his blood had flowed. His body was deposited in the neighbouring chapel, under a sort of *baldacchino*, or canopy, supported by four columns of black marble. The following inscription is engraved upon it :—

"Isabella, Queen of the Two Spains, to perpetuate his singular piety, has caused this monument to be erected to her Confessor, or rather to the Martyr, Pedro Arbuès."

Pedro Arbuès was canonized in 1664, during the pontificate of Alexander VII.

We next went to visit, at the extremity of one of the suburbs of the town, the palace of Aljaferia, to which I have already referred. It is now occupied as a barrack. Little remains of the ancient edifice, which has been surrounded by, and as it were hidden beneath, the heavy constructions of all ages. And the little which remains has been degraded at everybody's inclination. A charming Moorish pavilion, completely covered with delightful arabesques, has been converted into the soldiers' kitchen, and its walls are black with smoke. The chamber where Isabella was born, afterwards Queen of Portugal, now serves as a storehouse for military boots and shoes.

It was in this ancient palace of the Kings of Aragon, the palace and the prison of the Inquisition, that the celebrated Antonio Perez, Philip the Second's secretary of state, was temporarily detained, to be almost immediately rescued by the people. The assassination of Pedro Arbuès gave Ferdi-

nand the Catholic the opportunity of effecting the first breach in the privileges of Aragon; the insurrection which, a century later, delivered Antonio Perez, gave Philip II. the opportunity, not less eagerly seized, of striking a final blow at these privileges, and laying on the country the heavy yoke of his pitiless despotism.

Antonio Perez* was a personage of considerable ability, but of no very scrupulous moral character, and had Philip II. caused him to be hung for his extortions, history would have had no cause to censure the sentence. But after having ordered him to commit an abominable assassination, to bring him to trial, torture him, give him up to the Inquisition, and endeavour to accomplish his ruin by all kinds of obscure machinations—it is this which involuntarily excites our interest and pity for the victim. We forget his crimes in our detestation of the despot who, after having instigated them, attempted to destroy the wretch he had made use of as an instrument.

Perez had for years enjoyed the favour of his master. No one was so well versed as he in all the secrets of his tortuous policy. He was a man of a prompt, quick intellect, able, insinuating, audacious, and unscrupulous, making use of the royal favour to augment his wealth. At last he grew intoxicated with pride; he dared to rival the king in the good graces of the Princess of Eboli; and fearing to be denounced by Escovedo, the secretary of Don John of Austria, who had surprised the secret of his intrigues, he accused him of suggesting to Don John certain ambitious projects dangerous for Spain. Philip II., always ready to suspect, believed in the

* [He was born about 1541. His imprisonment, one of the obscurest incidents in Spanish history, has been made the theme of an exhaustive work by Mignet. He died at Paris in 1616.]

pretended conspiracy. After mature deliberation, the death of Escovedo was resolved upon. A trial would have made too much noise, and, moreover, proofs were wanting to support the accusation. It was then decided that he should be put away secretly.

Assassination was a common enough matter in the sixteenth century. Had one an enemy? One waited for him at the corner of a street, dealt him a stab with one's dagger, and

THE BRAVOES AND THEIR VICTIM.

left him bleeding on the pavement; or better still, one paid a party of bravoes a fixed price to do the deed. But what especially characterized the sixteenth century was not these violent practices, these murders, these ambuscades, which had been of constant occurrence in the Middle Ages; but the pretension of princes, great and little, to exercise over their subjects the right of murder as well as the right of justice.

The theories of Italian policy had in this respect effected a singular change in the moral sense; and certain casuists were not at a loss for admirable reasons to justify such convenient theories.

Perez was charged to carry out the royal orders with all suitable discretion. At first an attempt was made to poison Escovedo in his wine. He fell ill, but did not die. Recourse was then had to a surer means: two bravoes were stationed in the Plaza San Iago at Madrid, who slew him with their swords on the night of the 31st of March 1578. While they despatched their victim, Perez (as he himself relates*) kept watch, with a friend, in a neighbouring street, to lend the assassins their help, if need arose.

It was not long before the perpetrator of this cruel deed was overtaken by chastisement. Philip II. at first closed his ears to the complaints of Escovedo's family, but when he was informed of the motives which had really dictated his secretary's conduct, he meditated coldly upon his revenge. The Princess of Eboli and Perez were arrested on the same day. A judicial inquiry was commenced against the latter, and his extortions having been proved, he was condemned to two years' imprisonment and to exile. But his enemies would not let him go. He was too formidable on account of the secrets he was master of. His trial was therefore resumed on the charge of Escovedo's murder—a process slow and mysterious, in all whose complicated incidents he displayed prodigious resources of mind and indomitable firmness of soul.

The process, trial, or persecution—call it which you will—was protracted over eleven years, without any decisive proof

* Relaciones de Antonio Perez (Paris, 1588).—See "Antonio Perez and Philip II.," by M. Mignet.

being brought forward to justify the condemnation of Perez. He was put to the torture. The agony of the rack extorted from him the confession which his judges required, and which was necessary as a cloak for the king's complicity. Thenceforth his fate was inevitable; and his death close at hand, unless he succeeded in escaping. He fled into Aragon, and placed himself under the protection of the *justicia mayor*—an independent magistrate, whom the province owed to its peculiar position, and before whom sovereign and subject appeared on terms of complete equality. This chief judge of Aragon, selected from the second rank of the nobility, was charged with the supervision of all the other magistrates, civil or ecclesiastical, and with the defence of the *fueros*. The appeal to his jurisdiction suspended every procedure. Before him every information was laid in public, and torture was forbidden. There was no appeal from him but to the Cortes. The king could not suspend or dismiss him. He had the right of summoning the people to arms if the constitution of the country were violated. A magistrate endowed with such extraordinary powers could only have existed among the Aragonese—a people so jealous of their independence that, according to tradition, they took the following haughty oath to their kings:—"We, who are worth as much as you, and can do more than you, we elect you as our king on condition you preserve our laws and privileges; if not, not."

Philip II., seeing his prey escape him, addressed himself, with the view of getting him again into his hands, to the Inquisition. Its intervention had this advantage, that the privileges of the *justicia mayor* not extending to matters of faith, he could not detain Perez after he had been reclaimed by the magistrates of the Holy Office.

In presence of the reclamation of this formidable tribunal the chief justice of Aragon hesitated, and finally yielded. Perez was handed over to the alguazils of the Holy Office, and imprisoned in Aljaferia. But when the news spread abroad, the population of Saragossa arose; a violent insurrection broke out; and Perez was triumphantly replaced in the custody of the *justicia mayor* (24th May 1591). A few months later, a second attempt of the Inquisitors to regain the victim excited a second revolt, to the cry of *Fueros! fueros!* which, it was said, would raise the very stones of Aragon. This time Perez, on regaining his liberty, fled into France.

Philip II. at first dissembled his wrath and resentment. But on the 12th of November following a Castilian army entered into Saragossa. Suddenly, a year afterwards, the *justicia mayor*, Don Juan de la Nuza, was arrested, with the principal Aragonese noblemen, and on the next day, without trial or sentence, were beheaded in the public square. Numerous other executions followed, and spread a panic of terror through the province. Three hundred and seventy-four persons were summoned before the tribunal of the Inquisition; of these but one hundred and twenty-three were arrested, the others having fled; and of these seventy-nine were condemned to death. The *auto-da-fé* took place on the 29th of October 1592, and with the seventy-nine victims was burned the effigy of Antonio Perez. The secretary had taken refuge in France, but was everywhere pursued by Philip's implacable hatred. More than once he had to defend his life against the poisoned cup and the assassin's dagger. His wife and children were arrested, and they did not recover their liberty

until the death of the king, after nine years of weary imprisonment.

It is impossible to walk in the vicinity of the Aljaferia without being attracted by memorials of the celebrated siege of 1809.

[This is the siege commemorated by Wordsworth in two of his stirring sonnets :—

"And is it among rude, untutored dales,
There, and there only, that the heart is true?
And, rising to repel or to subdue,
Is it by rocks and woods that man prevails?
Ah, no! Though Nature's dread protection fails,
There is a bulwark in the soul. This knew
Iberian burghers, when the sword they drew
In Saragossa, naked to the gales
Of fiercely-breathing war. The truth was felt
By Palafox, and many a brave compeer,
Like him, of noble birth and nobler mind;
By ladies, meek-eyed women without fear;
And wanderers of the street, to whom is dealt
The bread which without industry they find."

The second is as follows :—

"Hail, Saragossa! If with unwet eye
We can approach, thy sorrow to behold,
Yet is the heart not pitiless nor cold:
Such spectacle demands not tear or sigh.
These desolate remains are trophies high
Of more than martial courage in the breast
Of peaceful civic virtue; they attest
Thy matchless worth to all posterity.
Blood flowed before thy sight without remorse;
Disease consumed thy vitals; war upheaved
The ground beneath thee with volcanic force.
Dread trials! yet encountered and sustained
Till not a wreck of help or hope remained,
And here was from necessity received." * ]

The ruins of the convent and church of Santa-Engracia, at the extremity of the public promenade, are, as it were, an eternal monument of the siege. Mournful memories—dreary and painful episode—where the courage on both sides was perhaps equal, but with this difference, that that of the French soldiers was displayed in the service of an iniquitous ambition,

*[Wordsworth, "Poems of the Imagination:" Sonnets xiv. and xvi.]

while that of the Spaniards was in behalf of the justest and noblest of causes, the independence of their country, menaced by foreign invasion. The siege lasted fifty-two days.

[The French army, under Lefebvre, arrived before the town—which had armed hastily, at the call of José Palafox, an Aragonese noble, and Tio Jorge, one of the lower classes—on the 15th of June 1808. The bombardment began on the 29th. To the French summons of surrender, Tio Jorge replied with "War to the knife!" and every man in Saragossa—nay, every woman—seemed animated by a hero's soul. The French found themselves compelled to retire on the 15th of August; but little was left of the city save a mass of ruins.

In the following November it was re-invested by four French marshals—Lannes, Mortier, Moncey, and Junot—and attacked from both sides by a powerful force. Again the defence was vigorous; but after sixty-two days of bombardment and repeated assault, the ruined town was forced to surrender on the 20th of February 1809. Out of a population of one hundred thousand, fifty-four thousand perished, either by sword and bullet, famine, or pestilence; and the loss on the part of the French was proportionately severe.]

In 1812, in a small chamber, a cell high up in the dismal keep of Vincennes, lay a prisoner of state, whose name was a mystery for everybody. He was a Spaniard. His gaolers treated him with more than usual consideration. He had his books, a box of colours, and a family of pigeons, whom he carefully reared. This prisoner was Don José Palafox, who, with Tio Jorge and his tutor, Basilio Boggiero, had inspired the defence of Saragossa. The French marshals, when the town capitulated, had pledged themselves that Palafox should depart free, but no sooner had they taken possession of every point of vantage than they seized upon the Aragonese noble and sent him to France, where, by the emperor's orders, he was immured in Vincennes. To deceive the European public, a log of wood was buried with great pomp as the remains of the Spanish hero; the whole world thought him dead—even his wife and family. In 1814, however, he returned to Spain, and contributed actively to the restoration of Ferdinand VII.

Afterwards he fell into disgrace, and it was not until 1833 that his services were rewarded with a dukedom.

[The principal buildings to be seen in Saragossa are: The splendid Church of San Pablo; the octangular clock-tower, Terrenueva Pa. Sn. Felipe, built in 1504; the great Hospital, one of the largest in Spain; and the north-west gate, Er Porlitto, famous as the spot where Agostina, the "Maid of Saragossa," snatched the match from a dying artilleryman's hand, and fired his cannon at the French. The hill known as El Torera is worth a visit: at its foot General Stanhope, and a small, way-worn, foot-sore, and half-starved English army, defeated the forces of Philip V.

Saragossa was the Celtiberian Salduba; but when Augustus, in A.C. 25, became its benefactor and patron, it was called Cæsarea Augusta, of which its present name is a corruption.]

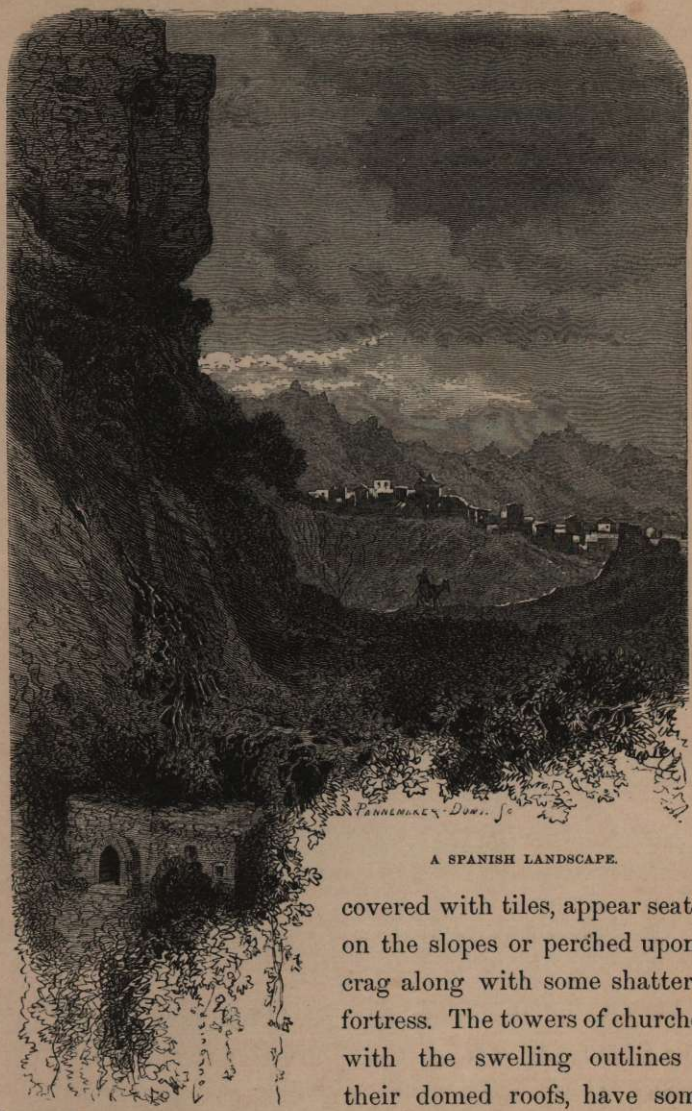
RUINS AT SARAGOSSA.

It is a day's journey, by rail, from Saragossa to Madrid, but a long day's journey. We set out at ten A.M.; we do not reach the capital until ten P.M. If we travel slowly, it is some compensation that we stop nowhere, either for breakfast or dinner; and those who are imprudent enough to start without first laying in a supply of refreshments, run the risk of arriving at Madrid starving. I ought to say, however, by way of being perfectly truthful, that at the stations you are always offered great tumblers of fresh water. *Agua! agua fresca!* is a cry which, in Spain, you hear everywhere and

always, in winter as in summer. Surely the Spaniards are the thirstiest nation upon earth. The other day, at Alsasua, while the snow fell thickly, and we shivered in the keen north wind, we were offered—cold water.

The road from Saragossa to Madrid is uninteresting, but the country is not without character. The Spanish landscapes, generally austere, often gloomy, are at least not deficient in grandeur, which is due to the fact that they have mostly a vast and vaporous horizon of mountains. There is nothing to remind the traveller of the fresh green meadows and leafy lanes and wooded dells of England, or the fertile fields, the gently inclined but somewhat monotonous hills of France, with their innumerable water-courses and thick mantle of verdure.

Here, and almost everywhere, the country is mountainous, with a succession of deep valleys and more or less abrupt acclivities. In these valleys, and particularly in Aragon, the soil is rich; the crops yield abundant harvests. On the hill-sides the vine and olive prosper: these are the most considerable productions of the country. But, above a certain elevation, the mountains are naked and parched. Those which we enter after leaving Saragossa remind us somewhat of the scenery of Provence. Their flanks are deeply fissured, and, so to speak, ploughed up by the rains; sometimes their sharp crests are indented like the teeth of a saw; sometimes their rocks, gilded by the sun, or tinted with red ochre, are rounded like towers, or simulate to the eye the hoary ruins of ramparts and ancient castles. As we recede from the Ebro, the country becomes more broken, and the houses are fewer in number. At rare intervals, little towns, built of a reddish-coloured stone and




A SPANISH LANDSCAPE.

covered with tiles, appear seated on the slopes or perched upon a crag along with some shattered fortress. The towers of churches, with the swelling outlines of their domed roofs, have somewhat of the aspect of minarets or Byzantine belfries. We pass in front of Calatayud, whose semi-oriental *silhouette* is

sharply defined on the bluish background of its double mountain. We traverse Alhama, which rears its old Saracenic castle on a precipitous rock, and whose Arabic name (*alhama mán*, the baths) recalls the copiousness of its mineral waters.

[The capture of Alhama by the Spaniards, February 28, 1482, was the direct cause of the final conquest of Granada, and was deeply felt as an irreparable disaster by the Moors. Hence the tears and agony which find expression in the beautiful ballad, commencing "Ay! de mi, Alhama!" translated by Byron:—

"The Moorish King rides up and down,
Through Granada's royal town;
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes—
Woe is me, Alhama!

"Letters to the monarch tell
How Alhama's city fell:
In the fire the scroll he threw,
And the messenger he slew—
Woe is me, Alhama!

"He quits his mule, and mounts his horse,
And through the streets directs his course;
Through the streets of Zacalin
To the Alhambra spurring in—
Woe is me, Alhama!

"And men and women therein weep
Their loss, so heavy and so deep;
Granada's ladies, all she rears
Within her walls, burst into tears—
Woe is me, Alhama!

"And from the windows o'er the walls
The sable web of mourning falls;
The King weeps as a woman o'er
His loss, for it is much and sore—
Woe is me, Alhama!"

The details of the siege, which are of a romantic and interesting character, may be read in Prescott.]

At Alhama the scene changes. We have clomb to the lofty table-lands of New Castile, a very stunted and very cold region. Great rocky plains, and vast pasturages of a melancholy aspect, spread all around us. Not a house is visible, except here and there the hut of a labourer. Not a living

being, except a stork, standing upright on one leg, on the border of a marsh. Near Medina-Cœli we enter into the Sierra de Mistra. We are enveloped in clouds, and a shower of sleet and rain begins to fall. Suddenly the train stops. What is the matter? The doors are opened, and we are requested to step out. The railway, which is here carried through a formidable cutting, has been destroyed by a formidable landslip; a mountain mass of *débris* fills up the trench and obstructs the way. We alight, and painfully splashing through soft clay and mud, contrive to scale the enormous mound of earth and crumbling rocks. On the other side, another train is waiting for us; we fling ourselves into the first seats we can find, wet and half-frozen, and resume the route to Madrid.

The railway passes in the vicinity of Guadalajara, an old and strong town, where the palace of the Dukes de l'Infantado is still extant. A little further on we come to Alcala de Henarès.* Alcala, to-day without life, was formerly very flourishing. Its university, founded and richly endowed by Cardinal Ximenes (1510), rivalled in reputation and learning that of Salamanca.

[Alcala had nineteen colleges and thirty-eight churches, and was so rich that Erasmus, punning on the Latin name of the town, *Complutum*, called it Παν-πλουτον (*panplouton*, all wealth). Here, at the instance of Ximenes, was printed the celebrated Polyglot Bible, known as the "Complutensian:" it cost no less a sum than fifty-two thousand ducats. The *Colego Mayor de San Ildefonso* was also founded by Ximenes. It includes three *patios*, respectively in the Doric, Ionic, and Berruguete style; and a magnificent semi-Moorish, semi-Gothic chapel.]

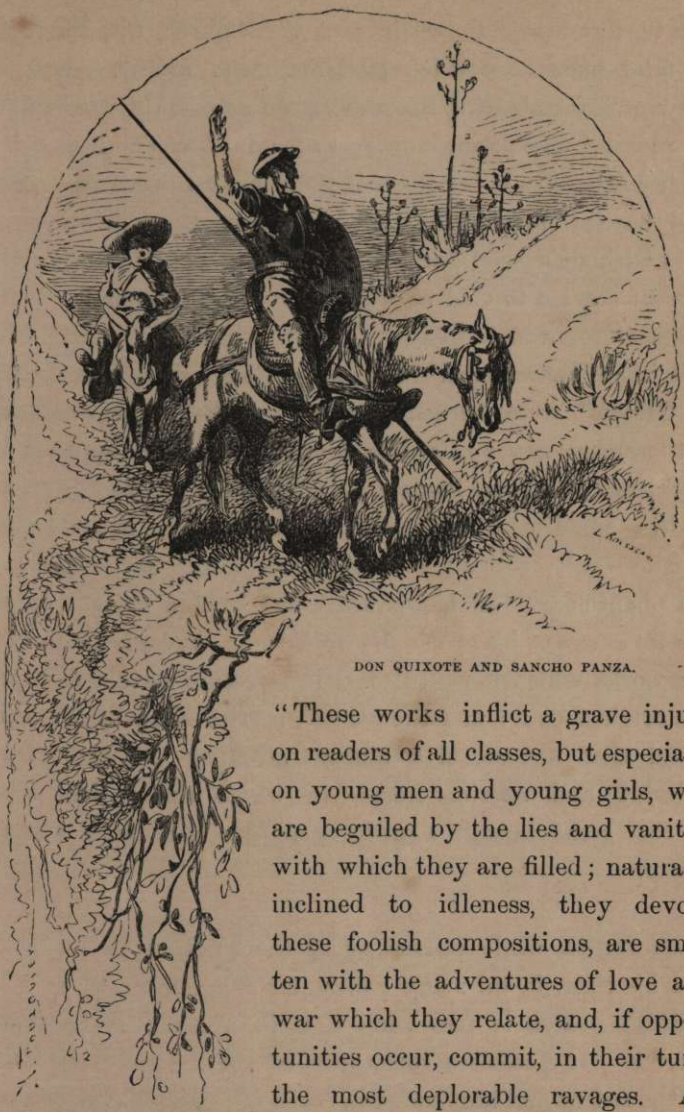
The great glory of Alcala is, that it was the birth-place of Cervantes. The immortal author of "Don Quixote," after a

* [That is, "the Castle of the River."]

life of miserable struggle, died forgotten and almost penniless; it is not even known where his bones were interred. But when his world-wide fame had triumphed over the indifference of his contemporaries, eight towns, including Madrid, Seville, and Toledo, disputed among themselves the honour of having given him birth. It appears certain that he was born at Alcala, on the 9th of October 1547.

Of all the Spanish writers, Cervantes is unquestionably, both in and out of Spain, the most popular. His genius is profound and attractive, marvellous in its originality, more marvellousness still in its truth and simplicity, and therefore universally and eternally admirable. That time-honoured book of "Don Quixote," which in childhood we love as a fairy tale, which in manhood we read and re-read as one of the most amiable and instructive pictures of human life ever painted by a master's hand; this book, which in its form and costume belongs to its own country and its own era, is, at bottom, of all countries and all times the living image of humanity—of its eternal passions and eternal weaknesses—of its caprices and absurdities, its virtues and its vices, which change their habit without changing their nature, and in different idioms speak ever the same language.

The passion for romances of chivalry was, in Spain, and in the time of Cervantes, a kind of endemical disease. (Let us not censure it too harshly; in our own days we have seen a somewhat similar infatuation, and for novels inferior, so far as moral character is concerned, to the old chivalric fictions.) Curious traces of this fact may be detected even in the legislative monuments of the age. Thus, in 1555, the Cortes of Valladolid, alarmed at the pernicious influence of these books, had already presented to the king the following petition:—



DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO PANZA.

"These works inflict a grave injury on readers of all classes, but especially on young men and young girls, who are beguiled by the lies and vanities with which they are filled; naturally inclined to idleness, they devour these foolish compositions, are smitten with the adventures of love and war which they relate, and, if opportunities occur, commit, in their turn, the most deplorable ravages. All this terminates, not only in the dishonour of families, but in the ruin of consciences, by turning aside the affections from

the true and sacred doctrines of the Church, to attach them to fatal puerilities which lead the mind astray. With the view of exterminating these evils, we supplicate your majesty to prohibit the perusal of every kind of work dealing with such matters, to order that all those extant shall be collected and burned, and to forbid any person from printing new ones without special license. Thus shall your majesty render a great service to God as well as to your kingdom."

I know not whether "Amadis of Gaul" and "Don Belianis of Greece" were burned; but to burn books (or even their authors) has never been a successful method of opposing immoral and worthless literature. What could neither be effected by king nor Cortes was accomplished by a man of genius with a little book; ridicule slew the false heroes, satire dissipated the phantoms. But if Cervantes had written a satire only on the romances of his epoch, his work would never have survived the works which it ridiculed. The picture extended beyond the original plan; and the painter, carried away by his genius, found that instead of a tableau of fancy, he had painted a living and stirring fresco, in which the various scenes of the great human comedy were depicted with startling power.

Cervantes, while possessing all the qualities of his nation and his time, is, on many points, far superior to them. The Spanish genius is powerful; but, in general, is harsh and narrow. It possesses something of the African ruggedness. To the ardent and impetuous passions of this people (*vehementia cordis,* as Pliny said), to their tenacious and persevering energy, it seems that a thousand years of warfare and of race-

hatred have added certain violent habits, cruel instincts, the love of blood, a lust for the horrible. This character is found among their poets, their story-tellers, their artists. They love terrible subjects and gloomy scenes; subjects of the lowest and most repulsive kind do not displease them. Misery sad or ridiculous, the sight of pain, the wounds and convulsions of human nature,—such things attract them willingly, and they know how to paint them with a vigour which we admire, but with a crudity of colouring which often repels us. Cervantes alone, perhaps, escapes this reproach. He possesses what his compatriots do not possess—a human sentiment, the fibre of the heart. However sorrows grieve and oppress him, far from complaining of them, he pities them. Without any false sensibility, without any turgid declamation, he knows how to excite our tendencies and appeal to our emotions. He laughs at human follies; but his laughter is without bitterness, his irony without guile. His "Don Quixote" is a madman who can frequently be rational; who commits extravagances, but says things full of good sense; and it is easy enough to see that under this mask of folly the author conceals himself, in order that he may give utterance to the most daring sentiments, and level at society a piquant and ingenious satire. This fantastic hero—this compound of unreason and sagacity, of generosity and extravagance—we cannot help loving. If the author shows us out of pique (*comme un travers*) the exaggeration of the noblest sentiments, he does not render them ridiculous, he does not debase them. By the side of the good knight, the pleasant type of an *outré* virtue which would fain reform the world, he has placed the bantering Sancho, type of earthly common-sense, of vulgar dreary egotism, a coward and a gourmand—as if to teach us that the golden

mean lies between these two extremes, that between chimerical enthusiasm and prosaic reality lie true wisdom and true courage.

CERVANTES IN PRISON COMPOSES "DON QUIXOTE."

We know what a life of trouble and adventure was that of the great Cervantes: how as a volunteer at Lepanto, under

Don John of Austria, he fought gallantly and was severely wounded; how as a Moorish captive he passed five years in the terrible bagnios of Algiers; how he ten times hazarded his life to recover his liberty and that of his companions in misfortune. It is a remarkable thing that the great writers who, at this epoch, illustrated Spain, had nearly all begun their career as soldiers. In that energetic and indomitable race the vitality was so strong at this epoch that it overflowed; men

PRISONERS AT ALGIERS.

flung themselves simultaneously into thought and action, handled both the sword and the pen; passed one half of their lives in fighting, the other half in writing. Ercilla, while still in his youth, traversed the Western Ocean, shared in the conquest of Peru, and at night, between the day's battle and the morrow's, wrote his poem of "La Araucana." Garcilasso de la Vega was a brilliant soldier under the flag of Charles V.,

before he imitated, in the sweet Castilian tongue, the pastorals of Virgil. Lope de Vega, at fifteen years old, joined the expedition of Philip II. against Terceira, and, at a later date, served on board one of the vessels of that Invincible Armada which fled before the prowess of English seamen. Calderon, the most poetical of Spanish dramatists, served for two years as a volunteer in the wars of Flanders and Italy. Braver, more energetic, and more experienced than all these, Cervantes, after having his left hand shattered at Lepanto, met in his own country with nothing better than indifference and contempt. The unkindness of fate and the harshness of man would have soured a meaner soul; but they could not disturb the serenity and sweet philosophy of that great mind and noble heart. Under the gaiety of his fictions, through the embroideries woven by his brilliant pen, you very often see an under-current of melancholy. Cervantes, like our Molière (two geniuses of the same rank and the same temperament), is one of those jesters whose life, even when lit up with a smile, wears beneath it an imperceptible shadow of sadness. But neither the sufferings he endured, nor the deceptions of which he was the victim, have rendered him misanthropical or unjust; and their bitter remembrances have disappeared before the enchantments of an inexhaustible imagination and the *verve* of that bright heroic valour which supported him until his last sigh.

SANCHO PANZA AND HIS STEED.

## III.

# The Spaniard and the Moor.

MADRID—LA SIERRA MORENA—BAYLEN—ANDUJAR—CORDOVA—
THE MOSQUE—THE ARABS.

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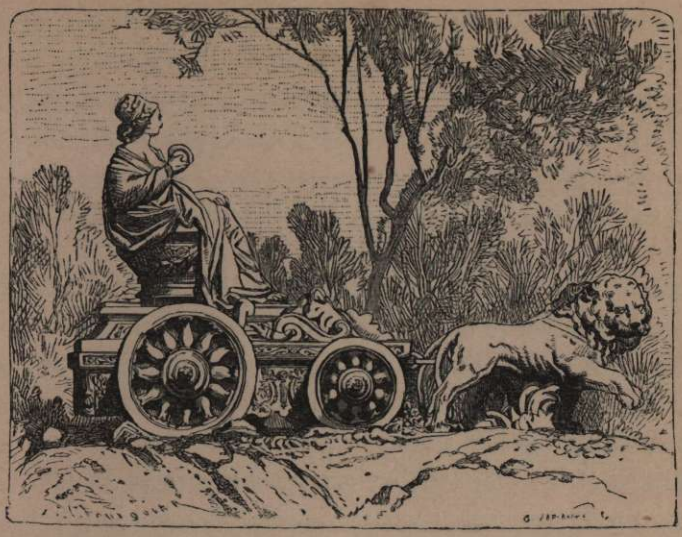
Where are those bloody banners which of yore
Waved o'er thy sons, victorious to the gale?
Red gleamed the Cross, and waned the Crescent pale.

BYRON.



## III.

ADRID is a gloomy enough city and a paltry enough capital. It is deficient both in charm and grandeur. It has neither beauty of site—for its environs are a desert; nor the advantage and agreeableness of a river—for the Manzanares is dry during three-quarters of the year; nor memories of a storied past—for as a city it dates only from yesterday; nor monuments of art—for you would seek in vain a church or public building worthy of any interest.

Three centuries ago Madrid was a nameless hamlet. Burgos, Toledo, Seville, Valladolid, had been alternately the capitals of

the ancient kings of Spain; and there were excellent reasons for their being so. It was Cardinal Ximenes who, while regent during the minority of Charles V., transported the seat of Government to Madrid. Seville—by its importance, its wealth, its proximity to the sea—seemed much more suitable; and the discovery of America, and the all-absorbing interests Spain was acquiring in the New World, seemed to dictate the choice. Madrid's only advantage was, that it represented the geographical centre of the kingdom. Perhaps another reason determined the cardinal;—in Madrid, a town hitherto without any importance, he was sure of being the master, and of encountering neither the opposition of the commons nor the ambition of the grandees, so vexatious elsewhere.

Philip II. completed what Ximenes had begun, by transporting the court to Madrid. But to Madrid has happened what happens to all cities which the caprice of a sovereign endeavours to found, without reference to the accidents of nature or the necessities of commerce; like Berlin and Washington, it is an artificial creation, living with a factitious life. Madrid—without commerce, without industries, without tradition and without history, without intellectual or political movement of its own—is but a nominal capital, which receives from without its life or impulse, instead of communicating it. It is "la corte," as the Spanish say—that is, the royal residence; it is neither the head nor the heart of the country, as facts have abundantly proved during the last half century.

Its general appearance is mean and vulgar. The streets are ill-paved, the pavements few and narrow. Its shops shine with a borrowed luxury, which comes from Paris. Brussels is more alive, and Bordeaux has more the air of a great town. The *Puerta del Sol*, which the Spaniards so admire, is an

irregular and somewhat ugly square, of smaller area than the Place de la Bourse at Paris. Their so much extolled *Prado* is without attraction. The Monument of the Second of May (*Dos de Mais**), which decorates it, is a meagre pyramid of rough stone, from fifteen to twenty feet high, with some mediocre statues. As for the fountains, they are in the poorest taste: one represents a great Cybèle, whom the sculptor has made unwieldy in thinking to make her majestic; the other, a Neptune, who has the air of a stage-god seated on a couple of paddle-wheels. I am told that one ought to see the Prado on a beautiful summer evening, when it is rendered lively by its crowds of promenaders, when all the pretty women of Madrid display their piquant graces and test their weapons of coquetry. Of this I cannot judge; the weather was cold and rainy when I paid my first visit to Madrid, and nearly as bad on my return. I am not the less disposed to believe all that I am told of the charms of the *Madrilenes*. Let the Spaniard boast to me of their *beaux yeux*, and I will not contradict him; but don't let him boast of the Prado.

The climate of Madrid is extreme, and therefore it is detestable: winter is much colder there than at Paris; summer is warmer than at Alicante. The neighbourhood of the Guadarrama determines these abrupt and dangerous variations of temperature. An old proverb says: "At Madrid, the wind will not blow out a candle, but it kills a man."

At the time when I arrived, about the 20th of March, the season was still rigorous. We made haste to reach a milder climate—to see again "the land of the sun, where the

* [Raised to the memory of the victims of Murat—Jacinto Ruiz, Luis Daviz, and Pedro Velante—in 1814.]

orange-tree blows." We decided, after a repose of two days, to continue our course southward, and enter Andalusia by way of Cordova. On our return we would visit the Escorial and Toledo, and especially would visit at our leisure the Madrid Museum. Madrid has nothing but its Museum; but this Museum alone is worth the journey. I have only been able to see it during two short visits. What a host of marvels! I went forth dazzled, my eyes full of luminous images, my memory encumbered with masterpieces, my mind fatigued with admiration; it contains treasures enough—this Museum!—to make the fortune of ten ordinary ones.

We left Madrid at ten o'clock P.M. The railway would carry us to the foot of the Sierra Morena; there we should take the diligence to cross the mountain, and gain Andujar, where we should again find the "iron way."

About one A.M. we reached Alcazar de San Juan; the point where the Andalusian railway branches off from that of Alicante. We waited there nearly two hours for the arrival of the train from the latter town. We thought that, at a station so important, we should surely find a comfortable refreshment and waiting room; but we were thrust pell-mell into a wooden barrack, open to every wind that blows. A few wretched chairs and some wooden benches were the only furniture which garnished the interior. The night was cold. At one end of the room a scanty fire of turf burned sicklily in a blind chimney; but was so surrounded that no one could get near it. At the other end was a kind of *buffet*, resembling the bar of a low public-house; here, with some difficulty, we obtained a weak and tasteless beverage, which the attendants denominated soup. This consumed, we had no other resource

but to put into practice the precept of Spanish wisdom: *Paciencia!*

At the Madrid station disturbing rumours had already reached our ears,—it was vaguely asserted that the railway, at several points, had been swept away by the floods of the Guadalquivir. At Alcazar, a French artizan confirmed the statement: the line was, in fact, cut at two places; and between Andujar and Cordova the communication was completely intercepted. What was to be done? Should we return to Madrid? This was not to be thought of. Should we alter

A SPANISH RAILWAY STATION.

our route, and proceed into Andalusia by way of Alicante? But we counted on spending the Holy Week at Seville. And, moreover, our fares were paid to Cordova. If the railway were broken, the highway remained uninterrupted. Well, we would trust ourselves, as one must do in travelling, to what we call "our luck;" and for all these convincing reasons, we decided on continuing our route.

At six in the morning we reached Venta de Cardenas; this was then the furthest point reached by the railway, which now crosses without a break the Sierra Morena. Dur-

ing the night we had traversed the immense and naked plains of La Mancha. According to erudite commentators, it was here the illustrious Don Quixote held his "vigil of arms," and was donned in a knight's equipment by the hands of the honest innkeeper, who, after having plied more than one doubtful occupation, had retired hither to live in peace "on his own property, and especially on the property of others"

[The scene is thus described by Cervantes:—"The host informed him that there was no chapel in the castle, nor was it by any means necessary for what remained to be done; that the stroke of knighting consisted in blows on the neck and shoulders, according to the ceremonial of the order, which might be effectually performed in the middle of a field; that the duty of watching his armour he had now completely fulfilled, for he had watched more than four hours, though only two were required. All this Don Quixote believed, and said that he was there ready to obey him, requesting him, at the same time, to perform the deed as soon as possible; because, should he be assaulted again when he found himself knighted, he was resolved not to leave one person alive in the castle, excepting those whom, out of respect to him, and at his particular request, he might be induced to spare. The constable, thus warned and alarmed, immediately brought forth a book in which he kept his account of the straw and oats he furnished to the carriers, and, attended by a boy, who carried an end of candle, and two damsels, went towards Don Quixote, whom he commanded to kneel down; he then began reading in his manual, as if it were some devout prayer, in the course of which he raised his hand and gave him a good blow on the neck, and, after that, a handsome stroke over the shoulders with his own sword, still muttering between his teeth, as if in prayer. This being done, he commanded one of the ladies to gird on his sword, an office she performed with much alacrity as well as discretion, no small portion of which was necessary to avoid bursting with laughter at every part of the ceremony; but, indeed, the prowess they had seen displayed by the new knight kept their mirth within bounds. At girding on the sword, the good lady said: 'God grant you may be a fortunate knight and successful in battle.' Don Quixote inquired her name, that he might thenceforward know to whom he was indebted for the favour received, as it was his intention to bestow upon her some share of the honour he should acquire by the valour of his arm. She replied, with much humility, that her name was Tolosa, and that she was the daughter of a cobbler at Toledo, who lived at the stalls of Sanchobienaga; and that, wherever she was, she would serve and honour him as her lord. Don Quixote, in reply, requested her, for his sake, to do him the favour henceforth to add to her name the title of Don, and call herself Donna Tolosa, which she promised to do. The other girl now buckled on his spur, and with

her he held nearly the same conference as with the lady of the sword; having inquired her name, she told him it was Molinera, and that she was daughter to an honest miller of Antiquera: he then requested her likewise to assume the don, and style herself Donna Molinera, renewing his proffers of service and thanks.

"These never-till-then-seen ceremonies being thus speedily performed, Don Quixote was impatient to find himself on horseback in quest of adventures. He therefore instantly saddled Rozinante, mounted him, and embracing his host, made his acknowledgments for the favour he had conferred by knighting him, in terms so extraordinary, that it would be in vain to attempt to repeat them. The host, in order to get rid of him the sooner, replied, with no less flourish, but more brevity; and without making any demand for his lodging, wished him a good journey."—*Don Quixote*, bk. i.. c. 3.]

The railway deposited us in a wild country, at the entrance of the gorges of the Sierra, and in front of a kind of coach-house, where three or four diligences stood waiting for passengers. We alighted amidst dirt and refuse, our feet sinking into a muddy soil. The air was cold and keen. The rising sun could scarcely pierce the curtain of mist which drooped over the plains and lower acclivities of the mountain. A sleepless night and the morning air had singularly whetted our appetites. Everybody rushed towards a door of the inn, above which was visible the word CAFÉ. But the condition of things was even worse than at Alcazar. Around tables of doubtful cleanliness, fifty famished travellers apostrophized in all the languages of Europe a couple of waiters, who did not, apparently, understand a single word, and contended with each other for a few cups of detestable coffee and bad chocolate. Well was it for us that we had taken care to renew our supply of provisions at Madrid.

In due time the diligences were harnessed, and the passengers were summoned. These diligences are heavy vehicles, somewhat like those in use on the French roads a quarter of

a century ago; only they are narrow, dirty, and inconvenient; and the cushions seem stuffed with chips and shavings. But there is something original and picturesque about the Spanish diligence;—its team. Ten mules are yoked in couples to the heavy machine; their heads ornamented with tufts of red, blue, and yellow wool; the collars round their necks ringing with little bells. No less than three men

A SPANISH DILIGENCE.

attend to this long team: the *mayoral*, or conductor, who takes the box; the *delantero*, or postillion, who rides on the left horse of the first couple; and the *zagal*, who fares a-foot, mounting now and then on the step, but more frequently running by the side of the mules, exciting them with voice and gesture, and lavishing upon them blows with a heavy stick. The *zagal* is changed at each relay; but the *delantero* usually makes the entire journey—that is to say, some forty to fifty

leagues. He is generally a very young man, almost a boy. So the poor wretches who enter on this frightful trade are doomed to an almost certain death; dying of consumption in a very few years.

At length all was ready. Passengers took their places; the baggage was duly collected. The mayoral gave the signal to start, with a succession of loud yells; the zagal yelled, running hither and thither, and striking right and left with his stick; the delantero yelled, and cracked his whip. The mules shook their bells noisily; the heavy diligence rolled and reeled, and moved slowly along a vile, muddy, broken road, whose ruts were filled up with large stones. The route, narrow and winding, skirted a small torrent. It rose with a rapid ascent, nearly always suspended on a kind of ledge, above the precipice. The slightest accident would have toppled us over a descent of some hundreds of feet. At first, this reflection proved eminently disagreeable. I was mounted on the imperial, and my glance penetrated to the bottom of the ravine, where growled the tumultuous torrent. But one grows accustomed to the impression. The skill of the postillions is marvellous. In the most difficult parts of the road they never slacken their pace; the vehicle, swept onward at a gallop by its vigorous team, flies, bounds, sinks, and rises again. After a while the traveller feels a pleasure in being carried along by this whirlwind of noise and dust, and the beauty of the landscape soon absorbs all his attention.

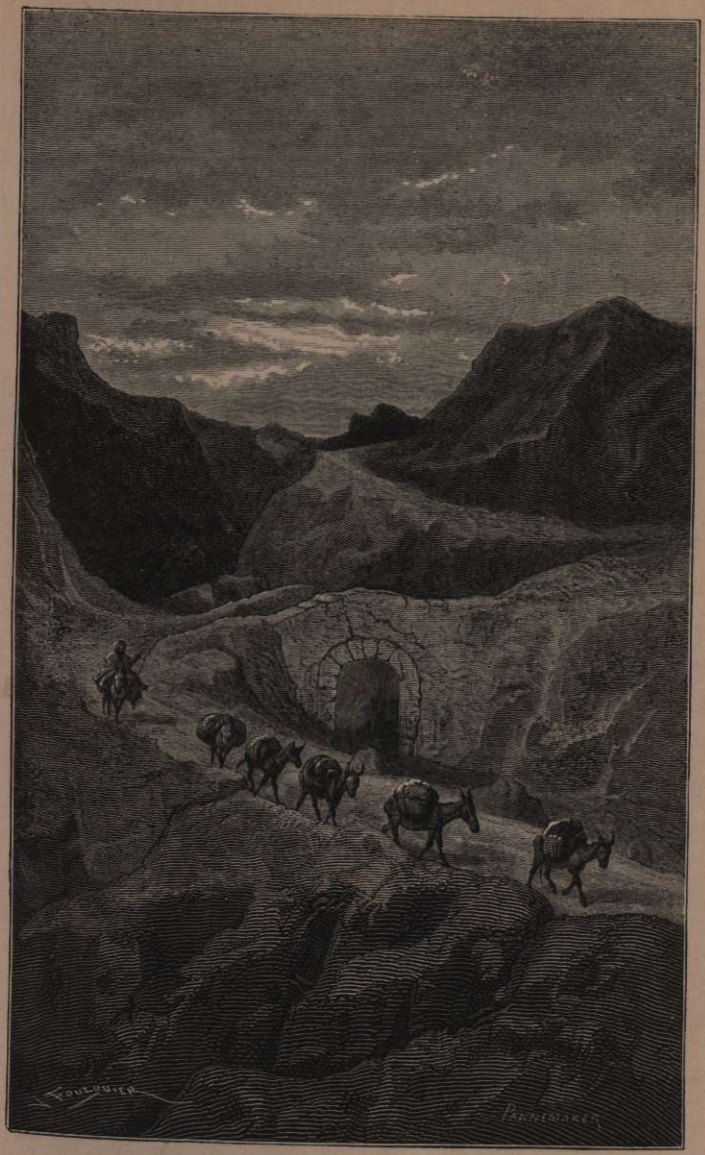
The ravine which we ascended grew wilder at every step. Right and left the mountains hemmed it in so closely as to leave nothing but a mere narrow defile. At intervals enormous boulders had rolled down the declivities, and remained sus-

pended on crag and ledge, like Cyclopean ruins. Elsewhere, the crests of the mountain, rent and jagged, bristled with peaks and needles. This defile bears a name often met with in historical records: it is called the Puerto de Despeña-Perros, and is the most important pass from La Mancha into Andalusia; consequently, from the wars of the Moors down to the War of Independence, it has been one of the strategical points whose possession has been most vigorously contested. Within a comparatively recent period, the route was very insecure for travellers; the Sierra Morena having been the refuge of numerous bands of brigands. At intervals you see along the road small wooden crosses with the inscription: *Aqui mataron un hombre*, "Here a man was killed."

As soon as the summit of the chain is reached, and its shoulder crossed, you find the declivities and the valleys covered with a dense vegetation of evergreen shrubs, lentisks, rosemarys, rock-roses, and strawberry-trees. It is to this eternal, but somewhat sad-coloured verdure, that the heights owe their significant name,—*Sierra Morena*, or "The Brown Mountain."

We began to descend the southern slope; the declivities grew less abrupt; a few isolated houses, and afterwards some scattered villages, enlivened the landscape. The valleys were clothed with olive-trees. A more various cultivation was seen in the neighbourhood of La Carolina; a small, well-built town, with monumental gates, and streets laid down at right angles.

La Carolina is one of the colonies founded in the last century by Charles III., for the purpose of repeopling the Sierra Morena, and infusing new life into agriculture, which




A MOUNTAIN PASS.

had fallen into decay after the expulsion of the Moors. The principal promoter of this enterprise was Don Pablo Olavidès, Comte de Pilos, governor of Seville. He was a man of lofty and generous mind; a philanthropist, though, perhaps, of somewhat chimerical views. In his enterprise he displayed an unceasing activity and unflagging zeal. He brought over a body of colonists from Germany, and established six thousand Bavarians at La Carolina. He cleared the wilderness, opened up roads, built villages, and in a few years converted an uncultivated country into fertile and smiling fields. But Olavidès fell under suspicion of entertaining "philosophical opinions," and was denounced to the Holy Office. In spite of the royal favour, he was arrested and imprisoned: after a prolonged examination, he was condemned to seven years of enforced seclusion in a convent of La Mancha. Shortly afterwards he fell dangerously ill; and the court, which remained partial to him, obtained him permission to drink the waters in Catalonia. He escaped, and took refuge in France. Since his time the colonies of the Sierra Morena have led but a sickly life.

About mid-day we arrived at Baylen—a small, gloomy, and dirty town, situated at the bottom of a deep gorge—where we breakfasted. On alighting from the diligence we were assailed by a crowd of mendicants, blind men, and cripples: I have never met with a more repulsive and evil-looking set of scoundrels. Nor was the *posada* more inviting. We entered, as in all posadas, through the stable. At the very gate the odour of oil was suffocating. Everybody has *heard* of Spanish oil; but no one can have a correct idea of it who has never tasted it. The olives, however, are delicious in this country; but, as if they had sworn to spoil whatever Provi-

dence has designed for their advantage, the Spaniards, by leaving them to ferment, have contrived to extract an oil of abominable flavour and savour, which attacks simultaneously nose and throat, and which I can only compare to a mixture of castor oil and colza oil. *They* think it delicious, and stigmatize the Provence oil as flat and tasteless!

A GROUP OF SPANISH BEGGARS.

[Mr. Ford, in his well-known "Handbook to Spain," graphically describes the processes of extracting olive oil.

The berry, he says, is picked in the autumn; it is then purple-coloured and shining—*bacæ splendentis olivæ*. This is a busy scene; the peasant, clad in sheep-skins, is up in the trees like a satyr, beating off the fruit, while his children pick them up, and his wife and sisters drive the laden donkeys to the mill. The berries are emptied into a vat, *el trujal*, and then placed on a circular hollow stone, over which another is moved by a mule, a *machina de sangre* or *atahona;* the crushed mass, *el borugo*, is shovelled on to round mats, *capuchos*, made of *esparto*, and taken to the press, which is forced down by a very long and weighty beam composed of six or seven pine-trees, like a ship's bowsprit: it is the precise *Biga trapetum* (ελαιοτριβειον) of the ancients. In order to resist the strain, a

heavy tower of masonry is built over the press; a score of pails of the *borugo* is placed under the screw, moistened with hot water. The liquor as it flows out is passed into a reservoir below; the residium comes forth like a damson-cheese, and is used for fuel and fattening pigs. The oil as it rises on the water is skimmed off, and poured into big-bellied earthen jars, *tinajas*, and then removed into still larger, which are sunk into the ground. These amphoræ are made chiefly at Coria, near Seville. They recall the jars of the Forty Thieves: some will hold from two hundred to three hundred arrobas—that is, from eight hundred to twelve hundred gallons.]

The name of Baylen sounds painfully in the ears of the French. The battle-field lies beyond the town, in broad deep valleys, where, on the 20th of July 1808, General Dupont's army, cut off from its vanguard, and surrounded by a superior force, was compelled to capitulate. In the public square of Baylen has been erected a bad marble statue to commemorate the victory; a victory which prodigiously excited the patriotism of the Spanish, but of which, as it appears to me, they had no great reason to boast. Three thousand men dying of hunger and thirst, beaten down by a sun of lead, exhausted with an almost tropical heat, and compelled by eighteen thousand to lay down their arms, is not a victory to be set by the side of Lepanto. The consequences were still less glorious for Spain. In defiance of the terms of capitulation, the French soldiers were detained as prisoners. Conducted to Cadiz, they were insulted, threatened, and pursued by the populace all along the road. The baggage of the officers was plundered. Many were massacred. At Cadiz the popular rage was so great that, to prevent the prisoners from being torn in pieces, it was found necessary to place the Host * in their midst.

Such facts as these would ineffaceably stain the honour of a people if they were not the results of the wild national

* The consecrated elements of the holy Sacrament.

wrath at a foreign invasion. What is inexcusable, however, is the unworthy treatment inflicted on these same prisoners, who had so narrowly escaped the knives of the populace, by the Spanish Government. In the first place, they were huddled into the hulks of Cadiz, where they were decimated by scurvy and dysentery. This situation was soon considered as too favourable for them, and they were transported to the rocky isle of Cabrera, the smallest of the Balearic Islands, a barren and uninhabited reef. There they had no shelter of any kind, and no garments but the rags of their uniform. Every fourth day a boat brought to them from Majorca some morsels of bread and a few dried beans. The prisoners supplemented this wretched and insufficient food by eating rats and green lizards and the few fish they contrived to catch. One day the boat did not arrive; they waited for it six days; when it appeared, a hundred and fifty prisoners lay dead—*starved.* Their cruellest sufferings, however, had arisen from thirst; a small spring, which did not yield half the water necessary for their wants, was their only resource. Eight thousand Frenchmen were, at different times, transported to Cabrera; four thousand died there; the remainder were exchanged at the close of the year 1811.*

Let us drive away these melancholy images. Let us forget, if we can, the madness of men, their bloody contests, their atrocious vengeances. It seems that the most beautiful regions of the world are those whose possession is disputed with the greatest acrimony, and which are enriched most abundantly with human blood.

At a few leagues from Baylen the road rapidly descends

* "Aventures d'un Marin de la Garde Impériale," by H. Ducor. 1833.

THE PRISONERS OF CABRERA.

the final declivities of the Sierra Morena. We crossed, on a trembling bridge of timber, the Rumblar, a torrent which seethes and boils in a chasm forty feet deep. Then, in a few moments, and all on a sudden, the landscape changed, the horizon enlarged, the plains expanded. A warm breeze blew in our face; the sky assumed its hottest tints. To plantations of olive-trees, sweet but sad in aspect, fields gay with verdure succeeded. A thousand spring blossoms lent brightness and beauty to the wayside. The hedges bloomed greenly, and here and there, among the bushes, shone the charming flowers of the rock-rose. It was Spring which bade us welcome, and, with a smile, threw open to us the gates of Andalusia. Its graceful heralds flew to meet us; a couple of swallows with white flashing wings, and a butterfly attired in cloth of gold. We were in the valley of the Guadalquivir; a fresh new vegetation extended on every side; the aloes reared along the road their tall standards, hung with fleshy and prickly leaves, and nopals of fantastic bearing mingled with the fig-trees in the smiling fields.

The sun sank below the horizon in a sky of a pale blue, where tiny clouds of fleecy whiteness seem to sleep immovable. Transparent vapours bathed the distant hills, and enveloped them in a halo of rainbow-glory. The lofty mountains visible beyond were painted at their base in violet colours, which imperceptibly passing into a tender rosy hue, were lost at the summit in the dazzling splendour of the snows. I shall never forget the impression of surprise and enchantment which I experienced at this abrupt transition from the cold and naked plains of La Mancha to the rich and genial valleys of Andalusia. It was like the uplifting of a splendid curtain; as if the wand of a magician had transported

us, in the twinkling of an eye, from the chill misty airs of the north to the serene and radiant heaven of the south.

It was 4 o'clock P.M. when we arrived at Andujar. From this place we should have taken the railway to Cordova, if the communications had not been interrupted. But, alas! the information given by our French acquaintance at Alcazar was only too exact—the railway was broken down. We found the inn crowded with travellers, who had been blocked up for some eight-and-forty hours, waiting until the passage was again thrown open. It was announced that the road would be repaired in one or two days, but this in Spain meant fully a week. Now, Andujar is a small town without resources and without interest; to pass a whole day there would be a prolonged torture. Moreover, the posada was choked with people, and not a single bed was available "for love or money." At whatever cost, we resolved to quit such a miserable hole.

And, besides, we were but exercising our right. The owners of the diligences at Madrid had given us through tickets to Cordova; we had paid for our places to Cordova; and whether by railway or by any other way, the company was bound to deliver us at Cordova. Our request, politely addressed to the agent of the diligence, was repulsed with *hauteur*. As a special favour, and taking into consideration our embarrassment, this honest hidalgo was willing to carry us on to Cordova, next day, if we paid an additional fee of three hundred reals (about eighty francs, or sixty-three shillings) each person. Observe that the distance from Andujar to Cordova does not exceed sixteen leagues. We insisted on our rights; the agent cried, declaimed, gesticulated; the

conductor mingled in the mêlée; everybody spoke at once; the noise was indescribable. After the Arabs, I know not any people who bawl so vehemently as the Spaniards.

Finding that the discussion grew warmer as it grew longer, we resolved on bringing the matter before the *alcalde*, or mayor. Our travelling companion, M. de L——, who spoke Spanish with perfect ease, explained the position of affairs, and produced the tickets which we had received for Cordova. The alcalde appeared somewhat embarrassed, and turning the tickets over and over, said to the railway agent between his teeth, "You are a simpleton. Why did you issue tickets for Cordova? I am obliged to condemn you." And he gave orders that the diligence company should see us carried to our destination.

The agent, however, overwhelmed him with protestations and expostulations, and demanding that we should pay an additional fare, the alcalde, to relieve himself of both parties, decided that the question of indemnity should be settled, if need were, by the Governor of Cordova.

This evasive sentence exposed us to fresh difficulties, but it was useless to hope for more; the chief thing was, to get away from Andujar.

We returned in triumph to the posada, where we were received with joyous hurrahs by every passenger. It was agreed that we should start at three o'clock in the morning. The delay was tiresome, but never mind—we were really to start, and meanwhile we could settle about dinner.

We were about thirty in number; it was quite a caravansary. There were people of all classes and all countries—tourists like ourselves, merchants, travelling agents, railway speculators, even singers, who belonged to the opera company

of Seville: there were Americans, Italians, Frenchmen, Belgians. It was a curious circumstance that they all spoke French; they spoke with more or less correctness, and a more or less marked accent; but, in truth, the French language proved a common bond of intercourse between these travellers from all countries.

By a little dexterous squeezing, everybody found a seat at the dinner-table. For the first time we made acquaintance with the Spanish *puchero;* it is a kind of soup, whose ingredients are beef, mutton, sausages, with various vegetables, and especially a variety of dried pease called *garbanzos.* I ought to add that it is almost the only tolerable dish in the whole Spanish cuisine. However this may be, thanks, perhaps, to the good humour caused by the prospect of departure, we found the *puchero* excellent. The dinner was completed by broiled partridges and oranges, and on the whole was pronounced to be "not so bad." I must add that we were served by two charming young hostesses; one of them especially, a young mother, who carried a fine child in her arms, and who without any hesitation suckled him in our presence, would not have been rejected by Murillo as a type for his Madonna.

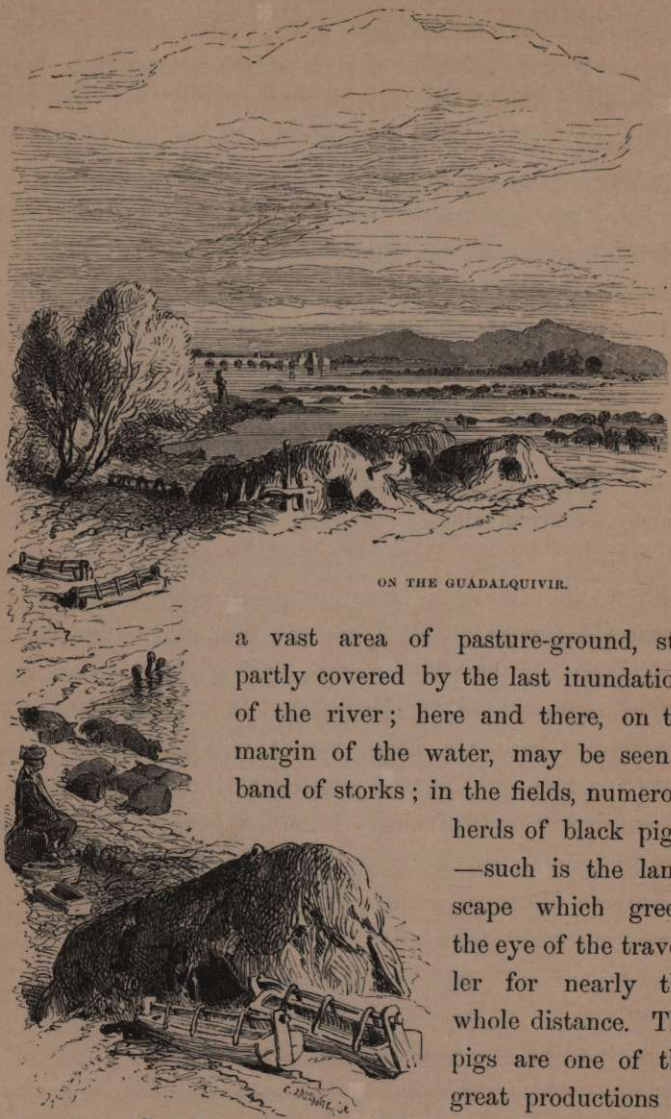
After dinner, the gentlemen remained to enjoy a cup of coffee and a cigar in the dining-room; they conversed, and made each other's acquaintance: such intervals are some compensation for the uncomfortable episodes of travel. In a large room some mats and mattresses were laid down on the floor; the ladies threw themselves upon them, in their travelling dress, to gain, if possible, a few minutes' sleep before the hour of departure.

About two o'clock the attendants began to load the car-

riages. But the mayoral and the postillions, being in a bad humour, did not go through their work without intense grumbling. They raised a thousand difficulties respecting the luggage, which they declared to be too heavy; and we were compelled to go in search of the civil guard to superintend the loading. At length we took our places; and as the mayoral continued grumbling, and pretended that his vehicle was so overloaded it would certainly capsize, M. de L—— said to him, in good Castilian: "Listen! If we reach Cordova in time, you will get a gratuity; if you upset us, I will break your head with my revolver."

From this moment the mayoral became more polite, and there seemed every probability we should arrive at Cordova without accident.

The route is not very interesting. It follows up the valley of the Guadalquivir, and I am constrained to own that the Guadalquivir, a brawling stream, with yellowish and turbid waters, appeared to me infinitely less poetical than I had dreamed. There are some names which possess a secret charm; which are formed of syllables so sonorous and so musical that they never fall on the ear without awakening in us a thousand attractive memories, a thousand smiling images —and this is one of them. It seems that its signification in Arabic is simply "the great river" (Oued-el-Kebir); but for those who do not understand Arabic, it means, the river of happy banks—it means, all the delights of a sunny sky, all the charms of a genial nature, all the enchantments of a romantic poesy. The reality—at least, the modern reality—is by no means poetical. On the left rises a low range of hills, sparsely planted with olive-trees; on the right extends



ON THE GUADALQUIVIR.

a vast area of pasture-ground, still partly covered by the last inundations of the river; here and there, on the margin of the water, may be seen a band of storks; in the fields, numerous herds of black pigs; —such is the landscape which greets the eye of the traveller for nearly the whole distance. The pigs are one of the great productions of the country. In the summer, when the river is low, and exposes the numerous islands in its channel, the farmer leads

thither his herds, and there they remain all day, sleeping on the sand, or searching for food among the mud. In the evening they are driven back to their sties. O nymphs of the Guadalquivir, where are your garlanded shepherds? Where, O Galatea, are your snow-white sheep?

As we draw near Cordova, the country becomes more characteristic. Mountains of low elevation form a pleasing horizon. The houses increase in number. Hedges of gigantic aloe-trees border the road; the gardens surrounding the town are gay with orange-trees; and high above the roofs tower the graceful crests of the palms.

We reached Cordova early; but our tribulations were not yet ended. At the coach-office, a modest demand of three hundred reals was again urged upon us, and on our energetic refusal of payment, our luggage was detained. We were constrained to carry our sorrows before the governor. We found him a grave and aristocratic-looking personage, who listened to us very affably. Without a moment's hesitation he decided in our favour, and issued immediate orders for the delivery of our luggage. In the course of our journey we had had little cause to praise Spanish justice; but, on this occasion, Spanish authority showed an impartiality and a good feeling for which I am anxious to make my grateful acknowledgments.

Cordova is built on a gentle eminence, in the midst of a fertile and pleasant plain. Few Spanish towns can boast of more thrilling associations. In ancient times it gave birth to the philosopher Seneca, and to the poet Lucan; the latter a poet of decadence, it is true, but whose immortal honour it is,

that his voice was one of the last which spoke in fitting terms of freedom and virtue, in the enslaved Imperial world. During the period of Arabian domination it was the capital of the Ommiades, the rival of Bagdad, and, for three centuries, the centre of a refined and brilliant civilization, the "cradle of captains," and the "nurse of science."

[Arabian Cordova produced two of the most learned men of their time: Avenzour (or, as it is more correctly written, Abdel Malek Ibn Zohr), and Averroës (that is, Abu Abdallah Ibn Roshd); the latter brought the scholars of Europe acquainted with Aristotle. His treatise on the great Stagyrite is praised by Dante:—

"Averroës, who the Great Comment made."

He was born at Cordova in 1149, and died in Morocco about 1200.

Spanish Cordova, too, has had it worthies: Juan de Mena, whom Ford entitles "the morning star of Spanish poetry;" Ambrosio Morales, the "Leland of the Peninsula;" Tomas Sanchez, the Jesuit; Pablo de Cespedes, the painter; Luis de Gongora, the Euphuist; and, most famous of all, Gonzalez de Cordova, the Great Captain.

Cordova fell into the hands of the Moors early in the seventh century, and remained Moorish until captured by St. Ferdinand, June 30, 1235.

The Moorish dynasties comprise four distinct periods:—

First (A.D. 711–756), when Spain was governed by Amirs, the lieutenants of the Kalif of Damascus;

Second (A.D. 756–1036), the period when Cordova was the capital of the Sultans of the Ommiades (or Ummeyah) dynasty;

Third (A.D. 1036–1235), the period when the peninsula was convulsed by the struggles between the Almoravides and the Almohades, the latter of whom eventually prevailed; and,

Fourth (A.D. 1235–1492), the period from the fall of Cordova to the fall of Granada, when Spain was consolidated into a Christian kingdom by Ferdinand and Isabella.]

Of all the glory of Cordova, of all its splendours of art, science, and literature, but few and inconsiderable vestiges are extant. It is to-day a city of the dead. Formerly, its population numbered 200,000; it does not now exceed 40,000. The grass grows in its silent streets; half its

houses seem deserted. Yet it has preserved through every change a physiognomy of its own; has preserved the profound impress of the civilization which formerly flourished within its walls. Its white houses still retain a Saracenic character, with few and narrow windows opening upon the

THE MOSQUE OF CORDOVA: ITS OUTER WALL.

street; all the apartments are lighted from an inner court, which is more or less elegantly decorated.

One monument alone remains to attest the ancient glory of Cordova—I mean, its Mosque; but this monument is

unique, and without rival in the whole world. Scarcely installed in our hotel, we were yet desirous, before night-fall, of paying it a first visit. We traversed a labyrinth of winding streets. Having made our way into the lower portion of the town, we found ourselves suddenly before a vast enclosure, whose walls, forty feet high, of a beautiful golden tone, are crowned by dentelated ramparts. Through a gate surmounted by an Arabic arch, we entered into a quadrangular court; the Mosque forms one of its sides; the three others are enclosed by a kind of cloister or portico.

The court is planted with magnificent orange-trees, palms, and cypresses; a marble fountain occupies the centre. There, of old, the Moslems made their ablutions before entering the house of prayer. Nothing can be more charming, in my opinion, than the arrangement, which, in front of the consecrated place, has disposed these beautiful and tranquil shadows, like a vestibule inviting one to repose, and preparing one for devout meditation.

We passed into the Mosque, and so impressive is the first *coup d'œil* that one pauses involuntarily on the threshold. Picture to yourself a veritable forest of shapely pillars of marble, jasper, and porphyry; their lines cross each other in every direction, and are prolonged into avenues of which the eye can perceive no end. Upon these columns, which are not of any great height, but are slender and graceful, rise two stages of superimposed arcades—some dividing into lobes, and frequently affecting the ogival curve, but the majority of a horse-shoe shape, with *douelles* painted white and red. The light, unequally distributed, penetrates feebly through narrow windows placed at the extremities of the

naves, or falls through the few openings in the roofs; here and there, where a ray of light partially glides through, oases of light (so to speak) emerge from the bosom of the shadow. You advance, and at every step the perspective changes. The myriad-coloured trunks of that marble forest seem to

MOSQUE OF CORDOVA: INTERIOR.

move and glide in the semi-daylight; and the fitful play of the light across the arcades and intermingling avenues adds to the depth and magical aspect of the building.

Neither Cairo nor Damascus boasts of anything comparable to this marvellous monument. The Mosque of Amrou, at

Old Cairo, seems to have served as a model for that of Cordova. But the *magnum opus* of Abdu-r-rahman far surpasses that of the conqueror of Egypt. The Mosque of Cairo, in its covered part, has only three hundred columns; the Mosque of Cordova has from a thousand to eleven hundred.

One thing which struck me was, that, despite the want of elevation of the vaults, the architect had contrived to produce here, by other means, the idea of devotion and the sentiment of grandeur. . Assuredly our Gothic cathedrals have expressed the religious thought with unequalled force and power; a force and power never approached by Moorish art. But we must recollect that the Mosque of Cordova dates from the year 770, and that Gothic art did not flourish until four centuries later; and if there is here no comparison to establish, we must recognize, nevertheless, a masterly ingenuity in that architectural arrangement which, unable to attain majesty by the loftiness of the roof, was able to realize it up to a certain point by extent of surface and play of perspective.

Observe, especially, that the Mosque of Cordova is no longer what it was in the days of the Kalifs. Instead of its present roofs, heavy and time-worn, it then boasted of surfaces of cedar and thuya-wood, ornamented by panels gilded and carved with that elegance of which the Arabs have left us so many models. Above the roof rose numerous cupolas surmounted by golden balls. In the interior burned and shimmered four thousand lamps. Finally, the nineteen naves which divide the breadth of the edifice formerly opened, by large gates with Moorish arches, on the Court of Orange-trees; so that the rows of these beautiful trees seemed still to prolong to the eye the extended colonnades. But the gates have been

walled up, the cedar-wood and thuya-wood destroyed, and the cupolas overthrown. A yet more lamentable change has taken place. After the conquest of Cordova in 1236, by St. Ferdinand, the Mosque was appropriated, without any great alterations, to the Christian worship; in transforming it into a cathedral, the conquerors had had the good taste and the good sense to leave intact its original character. But, in 1523, under Charles V., the chapter of Cordova unhappily conceived the idea of erecting a *coro*, or choir, in the centre of the Saracenic edifice. The municipal administration protested warmly against so barbarous a notion; it even menaced with the penalty of death any person who undertook to demolish the Mosque; but the king's council supported the chapter. Sixty columns were levelled to make room for an enormous construction of nearly two hundred feet in length, whose heavy pilasters, lofty roofs, Gothic and Greco-Roman ornaments contrast most disenchantingly with the Moorish style of the Mosque, and whose colossal mass, like to a monstrous aerolite dropped into the middle of this maze of slender, shapely columns, arrests the view in all directions, and disagreeably breaks up the perspective.

It is related that when Charles V., three years afterwards, visited Cordova, he showed a right royal indignation at the mischief which the monks had wrought, and said to them:—"You have built here what you, or any one, might have built anywhere else; but you have destroyed what was unique in the world. You have pulled down what was complete, and you have begun what you cannot finish."

The semi-civilization of the Renaissance proved more destructive in Spain than the barbarism of the Middle Ages.

The monks of the sixteenth century have, however, preserved in the Mosque two masterpieces of Moorish art. The one, a kind of oratory, was the part of the temple reserved for the ulemas, and its walls, internally, were clothed with arabesques of the most exquisite design. The other is the sanctuary, or *mihrab*, which was placed, according to Moorish custom, in the direction of the east, and towards which every Moslem turned, when reciting his prayers. There the Koran was deposited, and pilgrims paid their devotions. It is a kind of little chapel, on whose façade is raised a narrow trefoiled gallery. The small columns supporting this gallery, the grated windows which illuminate it, the ogival arch which forms the entrance of the sanctuary, the ornaments in black and gold which embellish it, the mosaics in coloured glass which enrich its sides,—all are of an exceeding richness, elegance, and grace.

[With this description by a French traveller, the reader may compare the following from an English pen :—

"But the Mosque remains still, though how defiled and degraded! Many of the portals have been walled up; the beautiful seat of the Caliph is filled with all kinds of Church finery; the walls, once so delicately and richly carved, are hidden by tawdry decorations. You feel inclined to cry out vengeance against the despoilers of a temple which Solomon's could not have surpassed.

"It is the most wonderful place, and one can understand what a grand religious conception the Moors must have had when inside this, their temple of temples. After all, the Mahommedans were much more tolerant and enlightened than the people they alternately ruled and served, and were Unitarians *pur et simple*, praying to the universal God, in whose name never was raised a more fitting house of prayer.

"To have seen the Mosque of Cordova forms an era in one's life. It is so vast, so solemn, so beautiful. You seem to be wandering at sunset time in a large and dusky forest, intersected by regular alleys of tall stately palms. No matter in what direction you turn your face, northward, southward, eastward, westward, the same beautiful perspective meets your eye, file after file of marble and jasper columns supporting the double horse-shoe arch. Nothing can be more imposing and at the same time graceful than this arrangement of transverse aisles; and the

interlaced arches, being delicately coloured in red and white, may not inaptly be compared to foliage of a palm-forest, flushed with the rays of the setting sun. If so impressive now, what must this place have been in the glorious days of Abdu-r-rahman, the Al-Raschid of Cordova, when the roofs blazed with arabesques of red and blue and 'patines of bright gold;' the floors were covered with gorgeous carpets, and the aisles swarmed with thousands of worshippers in their bright Eastern dresses? The richest imagination cannot even paint the scene, the readiest fancy cannot embellish it; and only those who have imbibed the rich colours of the East can close their eyes and dream of it. When the dream is over, cast your eyes along the long lines of columns, and you will see where the shoulders of spectators and worshippers of ages have left an enduring mark—a touching sight!—and then go into the once exquisite Maksara, or Caliph's seat, and weep to see what becomes of beautiful things in Spain!

"Words are not strong enough to condemn the desecration of such a temple—a temple worthy of the purest religion the world will ever know. Let the Catholic services be celebrated within its walls, let the priests preach from its altars, let the people kneel upon its floors—but why, in heaven's name, should every exquisite relic of Moorish art, and every vestige of Moorish devotion, be ruthlessly destroyed? One marvels to see even the pillars and horse-shoe arches left intact—who knows for how long? And there are still some inlaid ceilings of thuya-wood, and some fragments of arabesque stucco, as remarkable for richness of design and delicacy of work as any of the Alhambra. But to those who are curious in such things I say, see them soon, or you will be too late. It is always a question of now or never in Spain.

"It is curious that Cespedes, the Spanish Crichton, or, as some call him, the Spanish Michel-Angelo, wrote a learned dissertation, trying to prove that, where this glorious mosque now stands, a temple once stood dedicated to Janus, erected by the Romans after the conquest of Spain. Cespedes was a native of Cordova (*hijo de Cordulea*), and a man of whom she has every reason to be proud. He was a scholar, an antiquary, a poet, a painter, a critic. Look at his pictures 'if ever you should go to Cordova.'

"When you have seen the Mosque, you will have seen all that the Spaniards have left there. There were formerly Roman antiquities of no ordinary interest. aqueducts, an amphitheatre, and monuments, of which not a trace remains. Will it be believed that, in making the prisons of the Inquisition, some statues, mosaics, and inscriptions were found, all of which were covered again by the holy tribunal as being pagan. Of the Aladdin-like palaces of Abdu-r-rahman, there is not a vestige; mediæval Cordova, with its architecture, its arts, and its prosperity, is disappearing bit by bit, whilst, like some physical manifestation of energetic disease, a large and splendid plaza for bull-fights has sprung up."*]

The Arabs, in Spain, were always strangers; encamped

* M. Betham Edwards, "A Journey through Spain to the Sahara."

rather than naturalized upon its soil. Therefore, though we met everywhere with the deep traces of their march, their civilization has not survived, but has disappeared with them. The antipathy of races, the diversity of manners, the hostility of creeds; add to this the heroically obstinate national spirit —the patriotic pride which for eight centuries kept the Spanish people armed and on foot to reconquer their independence, and drive back into the sea their invaders; to these various causes it is due that the Spaniards have not always done justice to the many admirable features of the Moorish civilization. History ought to be more impartial.

We owe to Humboldt the just remark, that the Arabic invasion of Spain, unlike the Germanic invasions which wrought universal ruin, imported into the conquered country the germs of a civilization which rapidly developed and grew strong. "The Arabs," he says, "were peculiarly well adapted to play the *rôle* of mediators, and to act upon the conquered races from the Euphrates to the Guadalquivir. They possessed an unexampled activity, marking a distinct epoch in the history of the world; a liberal tendency opposed to the intolerant spirit of the Hebrews, which enabled them to mingle with the people they subdued without ever abjuring their national character. While the races of Germany did not acquire any refinement until long after their migrations, the Arabs brought with them a perfected language, and the delicate flowers of a poetry which ought not to be thrown aside in favour of the troubadours and minnesingers."

The domination of the Goths was rapidly decaying—was dying in anarchy and corruption—when the Arabs passed the

Strait of Gibraltar. As a proof of this fact it is only necessary to mention that a single battle delivered into the hands of the invaders the entire peninsula from Mount Calpe to the Pyrenees. It was but an undermined empire, already tottering to its base; and a single blow completed its destruction.

Less than fifty years afterwards, 756, Cordova became, under the Ummeyahs, or Ommiades, a kalifate independent of that of Bagdad; and from this moment the Moorish civilization flourished with marvellous splendour.

Abdu-r-rahman the Great built the Mosque of Cordova; he opened up new roads; he founded libraries, and established schools in the principal towns of Andalusia. Agriculture was developed and maritime commerce extended. The natural sciences and medicine were already held in high honour among the Arabs; he favoured them, and founded a Botanical Garden near Cordova.* It is even said that, in memory of Damascus, his birth-place, whence he had been compelled to exile himself after the massacre of all his family by Aboul-Abbas, he caused to be brought to Cordova and planted in his palace-garden the first palm-tree seen in Spain. History attests the fact,† but poetry has seized upon the anecdote, and an ancient Spanish romance expresses, not ungracefully, the complaints which the kalif addresses to the tree that, far from consoling him, did but remind him of his fatherland, and cherish his regrets.

"Thou, too, noble palm-tree,
Thou art a stranger to this soil,
The bland zephyrs of Algarves
Lovingly stir thy leaves;

* Humboldt, "Kosmos," vol. ii. c. 5.
† Conde, "Histoire de la Domination des Arabes," i. 159.

Thy roots strike deep and firm
Into a fertile earth;
And yet, like me, thou grievest,
If, like me, thou rememberest!
I have dewed with tears the palms
Which bathe in the flood of Euphrates;
But both the palms and the river
My care have already forgotten.
Of our country dearly loved
Thou retainest no recollection;
But as for me, unhappy me,
I think of it unceasingly,
And unceasingly I weep."

Not less honourable to Abdu-r-rahman than his love of the sciences is the tolerant disposition he evinced towards the Spanish Christians. On condition of their paying an annual subsidy, he granted them a charter of safety ratifying the privileges they already possessed in right of the ancient capitulations, and permitting them the enjoyment of their own civil and religious laws. This wise and humane policy contributed not a little to the prosperity of the country so long as the dynasty of the Ummeyahs occupied the throne—that is to say, from 756 to 1145—the most flourishing period of Moorish civilization. The Christians formed the most numerous portion of the population; and the mildness with which they were treated retained them in the kingdom, where the only change they had experienced was that of masters. These Christian subjects of the Arab kalifs were afterwards called *mozarabes* (Most' Arab—*i.e.*, become Arabs). The Catholic hierarchy subsisted among them; the bishops appointed the curés and abbés. Several councils took place under the Moorish supremacy and in a Moorish realm. One was held, for instance, in 782, at Seville, in the reign of Abdu-r-rahman the Great himself. Two others took place at Cordova, one in

852, the other in 862. The Jews, at this epoch very numerous in Spain, enjoyed the same degree of toleration as the Christian.

Gifted with a singular aptitude for the sciences, the Arabs were the first instructors of the West. Through Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor, they had been initiated in the scientific knowledge of the Greeks: at Bagdad, they translated and commented upon the books of Aristotle, Hippocrates, Galen, Euclid, Archimedes, and Ptolemy.

THE PALM-TREE OF ABDU-R-RAHMAN.

Through Persia and India they had collected the most precious discoveries of the East; they had received algebra from the Hindus; from the Chinese, paper and the mariner's compass. They did not limit themselves to the mere introduction into Europe of these varied branches of knowledge; they knew how to enrich, to develop, and perfect them. On such a point as this we can invoke no higher authority than that of Humboldt, whom I have already cited:—

"The Arabs," he says, "have enlarged our views of Nature, and enriched Science with a great number of new creations. They deserve to be regarded as the veritable founders of physical science, taking these words in the extended sense which they bear to-day."

The study of medicinal plants guided them to botany, which they may almost be said to have created. Nor is chemistry less indebted to them. They cultivated geography and geometry with success. Astronomy, especially, owes to them an extensive development. They rectified the Tables of Ptolemy, and determined the duration of the earth's annual revolution with an exactness which differs but by one or two minutes from the most recent calculations. It was they who first applied the pendulum to the measurement of time; this important discovery belonging to the great astronomer Ebn-Jounis, who lived towards the end of the tenth century.

Gerbert—the erudite scholar, who was the instructor of the son of Hugues Capet, next Bishop of Rheims and Ravenna, and, finally, Pope, under the name of Sylvester II.—Gerbert was taught in the Moorish schools of Spain. He studied, it is said, for three years at Seville, under the Moslem doctors, mathematics, astronomy, and rhetoric; there, too, he gained

a knowledge of chemistry, which led to his being accused of magical practices by some of his contemporaries.

During the night-shadows of the Middle Ages, in the ninth and tenth centuries, at an epoch when ignorance and barbarism covered all Christian Europe; when intellectual culture, crushed beneath the heavy burden of feudalism, survived only

ARABIC GEOMETRICIANS.

in a few sequestered monasteries; south of the Pyrenees there flourished, in those opulent and powerful towns where Oriental magnificence was displayed in its grandest aspects—at Toledo, at Cordova, at Seville—by the side of enchanted palaces and marvellous mosques, vast colleges, richly endowed, in which poetry, philosophy, and the natural sciences were taught to tens of thousands, many of whom had come from remote countries. In noble public libraries were accumulated the

literary and scientific treasures of Greece and the East, translated and commented upon by the Arab writers. As many as seventy of these are known to have existed. That of Cordova was so numerous that the catalogue alone formed forty-four volumes of fifty leaves each. Four hundred years later, despite the efforts of Charles the Wise, the Royal Library of France consisted of no more than 900 volumes, of which three-fourths were theological.*

Aristotle was taught in the schools of Bagdad and Seville three centuries before he reigned in those of the West; Averroës was the great apostle of the Scholastic philosophy. The Moorish literature of the Middle Ages exercised, in the opinion of the most competent authorities, a very marked influence upon Provençal literature. It was not by the direct contact, but by the mixture of peoples and languages, that this influence operated: "It was through a thousand channels the breath of Arabic poetry, the perfume of Araby, reached the West, and that this Oriental vigour passed onward even to the Southern nations, who, so far as the Arabs are concerned, are almost peoples of the North."†

It is not my intention here to speak of Moorish architecture; an opportunity of referring to it will more naturally present itself in another chapter of my book. I shall confine myself to one remark; namely, that architecture is the art in which, poesy alone excepted, the Moorish genius has displayed the greatest originality. In grandeur, it is true, it is deficient; but what grace, what elegance, what marvellous variety!

* Viardot, "Histoire de la Domination Arabe," tome ii., p. 165; Dulaure, "Histoire de Paris."

† Villemain, "Littérature du Moyen Age," 4me. leçon.

Not, indeed—as is often said—that our Gothic architecture has borrowed from the Arabs the *ogive*, which is its characteristic feature. The architectural style which we so unfortunately designate Gothic was born spontaneously in France, towards the middle of the twelfth century, and derives its origin only from the Roman, and through the Roman from the Byzantine. But unquestionably it is true that Moorish art had also, but independently, created the *ogive;* that is, it had made use of it several centuries before the Christian art had discovered and applied it. Here, then, is another proof of the singular ingenuity and precocity of the Arab intellect.

To those already drawn, numerous traits require to be added, if we would fill up a complete picture of the Moorish civilization. I have sought only to indicate its principal aspects. Exaggeration, moreover, must be avoided; and there can be no greater paradox than to pretend to elevate the Moorish civilization to the same level as the Christian. Not to speak of the immense superiority of the Gospel to the Koran, if we examine the question simply in reference to letters, science, and art, we shall find that the parallel cannot be sustained. The Arab mind—curious as it is, ingenious and active—fails in power and depth. It never fully understood the Greek genius. From Greece, indeed, it derived its scientific results and its logical discipline; but it was unable to assimilate to itself its magnificent poetry, or its lofty philosophical inspirations. It seems that these profundities are inaccessible to the Semitic mind, which has in it an undefinable hardness, narrowness, and inflexibility. Not only is the Arab intellect deficient in force and suppleness; it lacks also fecundity and initiativeness. Even where it displays its greatest originality,

its flight is quickly arrested. Two, or at the most three, centuries have exhausted its sap. Compare this with the career maintained—and, so far as we can see, long likely to be maintained—by European civilization. How readily has *this* assimilated the Greek and Roman genius! Its flight has been slow; during the mediæval centuries it had, so to speak, a long and laborious incubation; but what an awakening! And since then how marvellous a fertility! With what suppleness it accommodates itself to the diversities of race, of time, of climate! It has had its oscillations and its waverings; but it has never stopped. When it appears stationary on one point, it is advancing on another. Sometimes it seems to pass from one people to another people; seems to develop in succession the grand faculties of the human mind. But through all these various accidents, through all these diverse phases, the European civilization, the Christian civilization, is characterized by one noteworthy sign; its law is that of progress, of indefinite perfectibility. The further it advances, the more its horizon enlarges before it.

Neither the civilizations of antiquity, nor the Moorish civilization, have possessed this remarkable feature. After a more or less lengthy course, a more or less brilliant development, they have grown sickly, they have waxed faint, and eventually they have disappeared from the world. The Moorish genius, in particular, has been unable to renew itself; and as soon as the Moorish race, never very numerous, was mixed and confounded with populations less richly endowed, with the wild tribes of Morocco, it appeared to be struck with exhaustion, with an incurable sterility. Not the less, in its proper era, did the Arabic civilization exercise a most

salutary influence and attain a remarkable degree of splendour. It formed the link; the transition between the ancient civilizations, which were on the point of dying out; and the modern civilization, which was springing into life. It hastened the birth of the latter; and if its career has been brief, it has left, at all events, a luminous trace in history.

A MOORISH SCULPTOR.

## IV.

# A Pilgrimage to Seville.

SEVILLE—THE ALCAZAR—DON PEDRO THE CRUEL—THE MUSEUM—THE CATHEDRAL—THE GITANOS.

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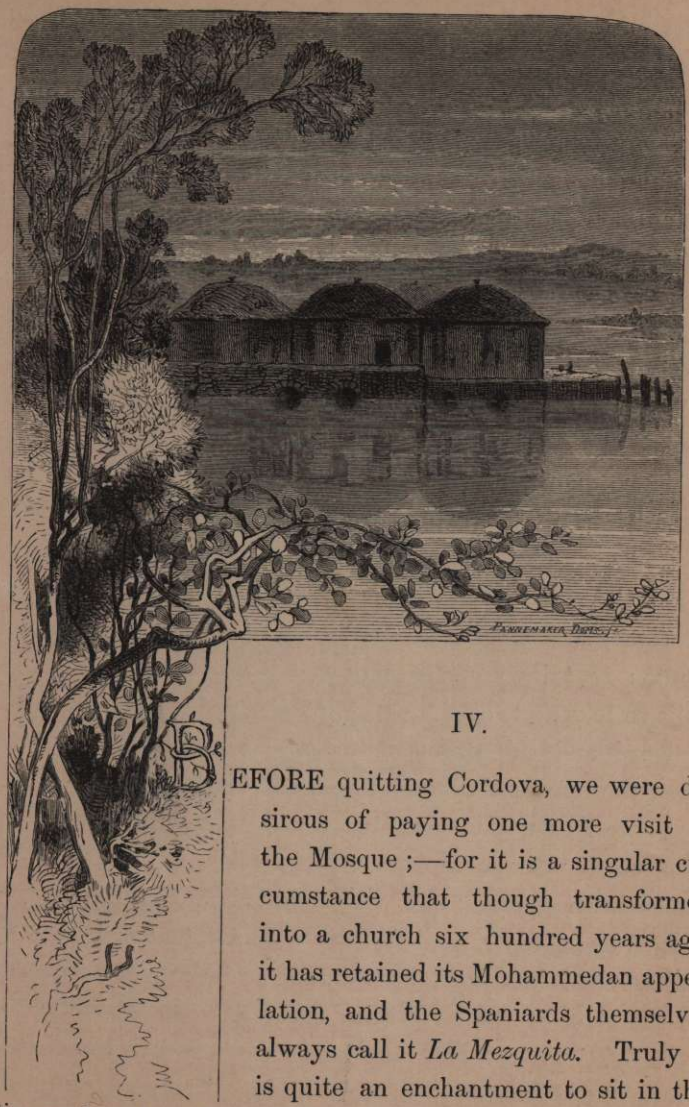
Fair is proud Seville; let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days.

BYRON.



## IV.

BEFORE quitting Cordova, we were desirous of paying one more visit to the Mosque ;—for it is a singular circumstance that though transformed into a church six hundred years ago, it has retained its Mohammedan appellation, and the Spaniards themselves always call it *La Mezquita.* Truly it is quite an enchantment to sit in the *patio,* under those beautiful orange-trees, the finest I have ever seen—the contemporaries, perhaps, of the kalifs ; I

measured one whose trunk was upwards of three feet in circumference. It is like a fairy dream to wander, as the evening shadows lengthen, under the long sombre arcades of the Mosque: without laying too heavy a tax on the imagination, one may think oneself transported into the midst of the Eastern world—and every moment one expects to see, at the angle of a colonnade, a Moslem believer, with his forehead on the pavement, performing his adorations towards the east; or some dervise, crouched in a corner, counting his beaded chaplet.

We returned along the bank of the Guadalquivir. We crossed the stream on an old bridge with high and solid arches, said to be of Arabian construction. From this point a beautiful view is obtained of the city; and of the river banks, covered with alders and poplars of a tender green. In the bed of the river, a little higher up, may be observed a singular structure, also of Moorish origin—a mill, raised upon massive vaults: to take advantage of the lowest water, it has been built so low that, at the epoch of the floods, it is completely drowned and submerged. The miller returns to his abode when the stream thinks fit to abandon it to him.

As we returned towards the town, we caught sight of two men on horseback in rustic garb, with savage mien, and armed with great spears, debouching on the bridge. The passers-by hastily ranged themselves in a line at their approach, and we had but just time enough to imitate their example. In the rear of these worthies came a troop of bulls—they were fighting-bulls, and were being conducted to the circus, to figure in the great show on Easter-day. The rear was brought up by two men on foot, clothed in sheep-skins, and carrying a sling. These are the hinds who look after the bulls in the

pastures where they are bred; savages scarcely less ferocious than the animals with whom they live. They manage the sling with extraordinary skill; if a bull strays, the stone strikes him as surely as a rifle ball from a needle-gun. It is said that at a single blow they can break a bull's horn, or bring the beast to the ground.

The evening was very warm, and the sun was setting in a fiery sky. Above the black line of the bridge, the silhouette

GOING TO THE BULL-FIGHT.

of these horsemen and their lances, these bulls and their great horns, standing out in bold relief against the red horizon, vaguely reminded one of those half-savage *Guachos*, who, mounted on horseback, guide their herds across the *pampas* of South America.

From Cordova to Seville is a short journey, which we

accomplished in a few hours. The country is fertile, and pleasantly diversified. A small mountain-chain on the right follows the course of the Guadalquivir. On a rock, abrupt, steep, and picturesque, rises the Moorish castle of Almodovar. The small town of Palma seems to nestle in the midst of a grove of orange-trees. All around spread richly cultivated fields, intermingled with wide pastures and marshy meadows. The traveller is especially struck by the scarcity of houses. It is not the earth which here denies itself to the efforts of man, but man who fails in his duty to the earth.

The first aspect of Seville is charming. Just as Cordova is desolate and mournful, so is Seville bright and full of life. Its spacious squares, planted with orange-trees; its splendid promenades, on the banks of a mast-thronged river; its palaces, its Alcazar, its majestic cathedral, dominated by the gilded tower of the Giralda; its clean streets, paved with large flag-stones; its white houses, its green balconies; its *miradores*, ornamented with many-coloured hangings and flowers; —all these features combine to endow it with the physiognomy of a busy capital, and yet of a city of pleasure.

It is true that we arrived in a season of festival. The ceremonies of the Holy Week attract a great number of strangers to Seville; they come from a circuit of thirty leagues. The hotels are crowded to overflowing, and prices are doubled. We were lodged in the most crowded street of Seville, the *Calle de las Sierpes*, near the Plaza de la Constitucion. The hotel was not a good one, but the situation was agreeable, and our apartment particularly attractive. The patio, surrounded by marble columns, flourishes thickly with citron and orange-trees, bananas and almond-trees in flower. Our

chambers, on the first story, opened on a glazed gallery, through whose broad panes the sunshine entered in genial floods; the orange-trees inclined towards it, as if to offer to the hand their branches heavy with fruit and blossom.

The Frenchman here seems in a country of his own. We, for our part, met again with several countrymen whose acquaintance we had made at Andujar. Two other tourists, with whom the same misadventure had placed us on a still more familiar footing, had come from Cordova at the same time as ourselves: one, a young Frenchman from Bordeaux, M. du S——; the other, a Sicilian, the Marquis Sch——. Their itinerary was the same as ours: they were going to Gibraltar, and thence to Granada. Thus we formed, at the Hotel de l'Europe, a small and very agreeable colony.

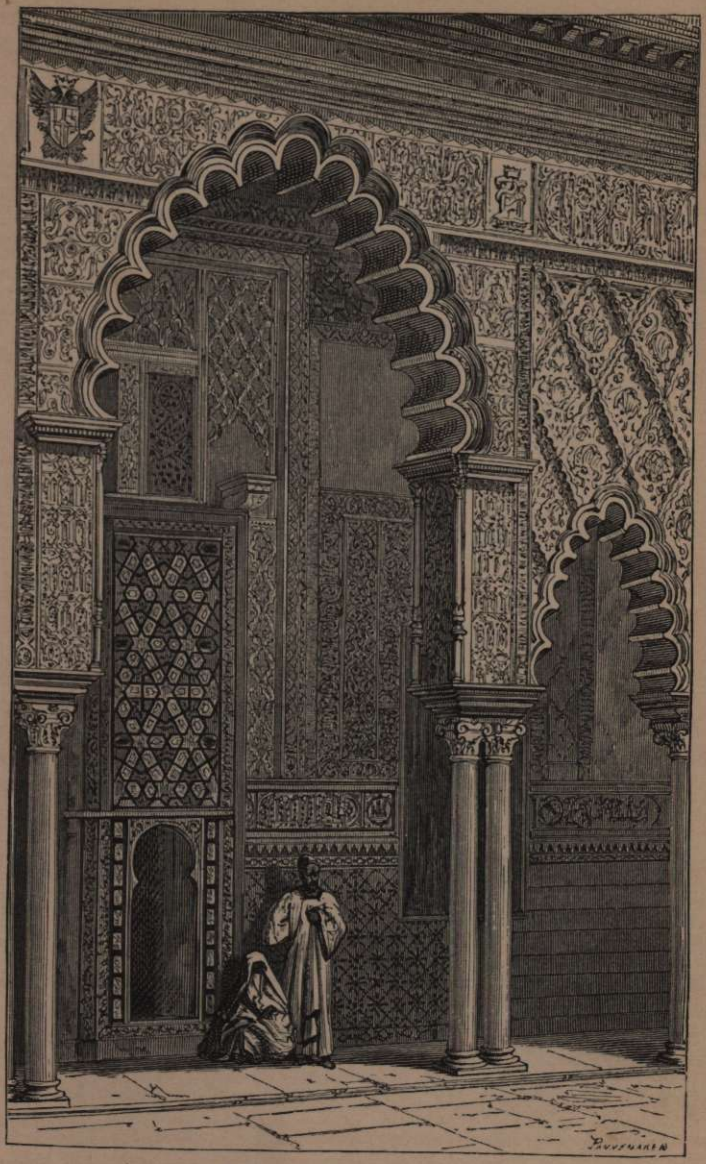
According to the information we had received, religious ceremonies and processions occupied, at Seville, the last three days of the Holy Week. During these three days ordinary commonplace life is wholly suspended in the city; the shops are closed, the museums are closed; the pictures in the churches are veiled and invisible; you are not admitted to visit the public monuments. We therefore took measures to utilize the time which remained to us before the commencement of the fêtes. The first three days we resolved to devote to visiting the Alcazar, the Museum, La Caridad, and the tobacco-manufactory.

The Alcazar of Seville is, next to the Alhambra, the most precious and perfect monument of Moorish architecture in Spain. Within the last few years it has been restored, thanks to the exertions of the Duke of Montpensier, with a care and

a taste worthy of all praise. The most shameful devastations had been committed there. At one time it had been converted into a barrack. In numerous places the bayonets of the soldiers had worn away the walls, and terribly cut to pieces the delicate stucco lace-work which embellished them. Elsewhere the arabesques had disappeared under thick layers of whitewash and coarse paint. Now they have been restored to the daylight; the destroyed portions have been repaired, with a strict fidelity to the original designs; the rich colours of gold, vermilion, and azure which embellished them have been revived. The polished faïence-work, or *azulejos*, which formed the wainscotting, have been, not exactly reproduced—for the secret has been lost—but very cleverly imitated.

For one who has not seen Granada, it is difficult to imagine anything more marvellous than this Alcazar. One thinks oneself in a palace of fairies. One is astonished, charmed, dazzled. The walls seem clothed in a *guipure* of gold and silk. I do not think the Moors have ever been equalled in the art of internal decoration. Spite of the profusion of ornament which covers the halls up to the very roof, and even the roof itself, there is neither heaviness, nor overloading, nor a gaudy abundance of richness in the marvellous whole, so varied and so elegant are the forms.

Only, in its present condition, and after its recent restoration, the Alcazar has, perhaps, a single defect: the paintings are too gorgeous, the colours are too vivid, the tones too hard. Is this the fault of the modern artists, who have not possessed the faculty of communicating to their work that harmony so noticeable in the work wrought by Moorish hands? Or is it simply that Time has not yet given to the too vivid colours



THE ALCAZAR OF SEVILLE.

that subdued tint which he gives to everything? I know not; but I have since seen the Alhambra, and I must own that its interior ornamentation has an effect far more harmonious and tender to the eye. I may add, that so far as concerns the architecture and the internal details, the palace of Granada greatly surpasses in elegance, delicacy, and aerial lightness all that is to be seen in the Alcazar of Seville.

There is one thing, however, which we must note as an exception—the *patio;* which is, in my opinion, the most beautiful part of the building. The pavement is of marble, with a fountain in the centre, surrounded by flowers and myrtles. The gallery which forms the four sides is supported by shapely marble columns, arranged in twos, and supporting trefoiled arcades; these arcades, open to the day, are marvels of grace and lightness.

The Alcazar of Seville was mainly erected by Don Pedro I., surnamed in history "the Cruel." On the principal gateway may still be read the inscription,—

"The most illustrious, most noble, and most powerful conqueror, Don Pedro, King of Castile and of Leon, caused this palace and this façade to be constructed in the year 1362."

The style of the building, however, is explained by the fact that, though raised under a Spanish and Christian king, it was built by Moorish architects. At the epoch we are speaking of, the Arabs alone, in Spain, cultivated the arts and sciences; they alone were astronomers, physicians, architects, engineers. In war the Christian kings were compelled to have recourse to the Moorish engineers for the construction and management of the machines they employed to batter down the walls of beleagured towns. Thus, in 1364, Don Pedro, laying

siege to Castel-Favib, a small place in the kingdom of Valentia, was obliged to summon from Carthagena two Moors, sons of a celebrated engineer named Master Ali, to construct the military engines of which he stood in need. More than once Moslem architects were invited to Toledo and Burgos by the Christian kings, to direct the works they had ordered. The Spanish language itself has preserved the trace of this fact: in Spanish, the word which signifies "a mason" is derived from the Arabic *albanil.*

Near the door of the patio already referred to, we were shown, on the marble pavement, an indelible stain of a rusty colour. It marks the spot, according to popular tradition, where was slain, by order of Don Pedro, his natural brother, Don Fadrique. The heart of the king had nourished an implacable hatred against his two brothers, Henry de Trastamare and Don Fadrique, who, in 1354, had joined the faction of the insurgent nobles, and had held him for some time a prisoner at Toro. Henry, suspecting a snare, had taken refuge in Languedoc; Don Fadrique, more trustful, had reconciled himself to Don Pedro, and served him loyally.

In 1358, after reconquering for the king the town of Jumilla, in the kingdom of Murcia, he received orders to repair to Seville. He hastened thither immediately, thinking to be rewarded with, as he had deserved, the royal approbation. Scarcely had he crossed the threshold before he was arrested by the king's guards. He broke from them, fled into the court, and attempted to defend himself; but the handle of his sword had got entangled in his baldric, and he fell beneath the maces of the crossbowmen. Meanwhile, one of the gentlemen of his suite, his chief equerry, Sancho Ruiz de Villegas, took refuge in Maria de Padilla's apartment, and seized in his

DEATH OF THE INFANTE DON FADRIQUE.

arms one of her daughters as a defence against the murderers. But the king, who followed him sword in hand, snatched the child from his grasp, and dealt him the first blow. His courtiers completed the cruel deed. Don Pedro then descended into the court, where his brother was lying motionless, but still breathing. He approached him, looked at him attentively, and drawing his dagger, handed it to an African slave to give the dying man the *coup de grace.* The bloody deed thus finished, he re-entered the palace, and went to dinner.*

This Don Pedro, whom history has blasted with everlasting shame as "the Cruel," Philip II. would fain have had known as "the Just." We can easily understand that absolute monarchs may have wished to rehabilitate this sombre figure. Pedro was a tyrant; but, like Louis XI., he was a king. In the feudal anarchy of the fourteenth century he had defended royalty, which the great nobles sought to humble, and which they succeeded in humiliating under Henry IV. He warred against his powerful vassals, and hesitated not to bring them to the scaffold. These were titles to the admiration and gratitude of his successors. But this selfish rehabilitation has been unable to crush out the vitality of the popular tradition; and the cruelties of Don Pedro must have been enormous, and have powerfully struck the imagination of the people, since they were not pardoned by the latter in consideration of the vengeance he exacted upon the great.

All that can be said in extenuation is, that Don Pedro lived at a bloody and barbarous epoch. The chronicles of the time are full of incidents which paint that society to us in the most frightful colours. Force was the only law: men

* Ayala, "Chronique," pp. 237–243; Prosper Mérimée, "Histoire de Don Pèdre," c. vi.

lived like beasts of prey. Blood flowed in torrents: murder and vengeance reigned rampant everywhere. No reverence, no compassion was felt for women or for children. Death was a spectacle in which everybody delighted. Like the Turkish pashas who, even at the present day, cause the condemned to be executed before their eyes, the sovereigns of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were always attended by executioners, who, at the order of the king, beheaded his enemies in his presence, if he did not imbrue his own hands in blood. When the royal guards assassinated some grandee whose ambition the king feared, or whose wealth he coveted, they brought back to him, suspended from their saddle-bow, the head of the victim. This, too, was an Oriental custom which the Christians borrowed from the kalifs. The head thus cut off was at once the trophy of the conqueror, and the proof that the messenger had faithfully obeyed his sovereign's mandate.

THE HEAD OF A TRAITOR.

The popular ballads present us with a picture of mediæval manners which is not less faithful, and is much more living, than that of history. In these we see, with all its rugged violence, the character of the people and the spirit of the age.

The narrative is frequently legendary, but at bottom there is a basis of truth : the passions, and ideas, and habits of the time are easily discernible. Read the *Romancero*, and you will know, better than if you had perused the thick folios of Mariana, the character of the Spanish Middle Age, the warlike and ferocious genius of those barbarous times.

One of the victims of Don Pedro—whose unhappy fate most excited the popular compassion, and whose misfortunes have been sung in the most pathetic strains—was his wife, the miserable Blanche of Bourbon. She was the niece of Charles V., King of France—young, beautiful, endowed with all kinds of amiable qualities. The marriage had been solemnly celebrated at Valladolid on the 3rd of June 1353. Two days afterwards Don Pedro abandoned Blanche, and repaired to Montalvan to enjoy the company of that Maria de Padilla whose empire over him lasted all his life. Some writers have asserted that the king had discovered a guilty intrigue between the queen and his brother, Don Fadrique : this is neither more nor less than an imaginary romance, of which not a trace can be found in the contemporary historians.

Fearing that Blanche might become a rallying-point for the nobles who had revolted against him, he caused her to be carried away from Medina del Campo, whither she had retired, and to be imprisoned in a strong fortress. Released for awhile during Don Pedro's captivity at Toro, a very short time elapsed before she fell into the hands of his executioner. Many years passed, and no tidings of her reached the outer world. Then in 1361 the news was suddenly bruited abroad that Blanche had died in the castle of Xérès de la Frontera.

She was only twenty-five years old, and had spent eight years in prison.

All the contemporary authorities attribute her death to Don Pedro. Ayala even goes so far as to name the persons implicated in the cruel deed. It is, however, uncertain whether Maria de Padilla had any share in it, or excited, as the popular tradition represents, the king to its commission. The old romances, it is true, envelop the favourite,

BLANCHE OF BOURBON IN PRISON.

"the beautiful tigress," in the shame and lasting dishonour of the queen's unhappy death. Blanche, on the point of expiring, sings her funeral dirge :—

"O France, O beloved country, why didst thou not detain me when thou sawest me go forth to suffer in this cruel Spain? Yet I do not accuse this noble country: its people have had pity on my sorrows. But behold, the king permits his lawful wife, contrary to the wish of Castile, and all to please Padilla, to perish!

"Castile! Castile! what have I done to thee? I have not betrayed thee; yet the crown thou gavest me was full of blood and anguish! But I look for a more precious one in heaven."

Don Pedro was very partial to Seville; and it was at the Alcazar itself, in a kind of harem, that he established Maria de Padilla in right royal state. In a remote part of the palace, near the sumptuous palace-gardens, are still shown the baths after the Eastern fashion which he caused to be constructed for her, and which still bear her name. This did not prevent him from simultaneously installing, and not less publicly, another favourite—Aldonza Coronel—in the Tower of Gold (*Torre del Oro*), which is situated at no great distance from the Alcazar, on the bank of the Guadalquivir.

At this epoch Seville had already been for a hundred years the capital of the kings of Castile. Though the splendour it had attained under the Moors was beginning to decay, it offered to the rough Castilians—to the austere men of the North who, for four centuries, had made war amongst the mountains—all the dangerous delights of a voluptuous climate and a refined civilization. Owing to incessant wars, the Spanish princes still preserved their military virtues; but in all other respects they had experienced the ordinary influence of the Southern civilization on the men of the North. They had borrowed the vices of the Moors, without their virtues; allied the voluptuous manners of the East to the violent and ferocious manners of the West. The kings of Seville were too frequently sultans, with nothing Christian but the name, and were not always worthy to be weighed in the balance against their enemies the kalifs.

It is not the Alcazar only which is full of memories of

Don Pedro; we trace them everywhere in Seville. Legend, undoubtedly, mingles to some extent with history; but it serves to attest the prominent place this king has occupied in the memory and imagination of the people through his caprices, his vehement loves, his cold, calculated cruelties, and even his somewhat fantastic acts of justice.

We are told that, following the example of the kalifs of Bagdad, he loved to wander at night, alone and in disguise, through the streets of Seville. On one occasion he was stopped by an unknown person, who endeavoured to ob-

A STREET BRAWL

struct his passage. A quarrel ensued, swords were drawn, and the king killed his adversary. When the night-watch arrived he had disappeared: but an old woman who had seen the duel declared that the fugitive made in walking a curious noise; and everybody then knew that it must have been the king, whose knees, owing to a defect of conformation, cracked or crackled in a very singular manner. Don Pedro confessed his guilt, and gave a sum of money to the old woman; but as the law decreed that the murderer should be decapitated, and his head exposed at the place where he had

committed his crime, he ordered that his bust, sculptured in marble, should be set up in a niche on the scene of his unexpected combat. It may still be seen at Seville, in the street called *Candilejo.*

Acts of justice on the part of Don Pedro were rare; his vengeances and his cruelties innumerable. Nearly all the members of his family became his victims. His two youngest natural brothers—mere children, one aged nineteen, the other fourteen—were assassinated in their prison at Carmona. Don Juan of Aragon, his cousin, who had assisted him to kill Don Fadrique, was killed himself in the king's palace. Queen Leonora, his aunt; Donna Juana de Lara, his sister-in-law; Isabella, Don Juan's widow.—were, one after the other, imprisoned and put to death. All who gave umbrage to the tyrant or provoked his cupidity were stricken down. Samuel Lévi, his treasurer, or minister of finances, having grown too wealthy, he caused to be tortured: the poor wretch died on the rack, and his goods were confiscated by the king. He would dissemble with so much art that his most intimate friends were deceived. More than one were killed at his very table—notably, Alvarez Osorio: the two arquebusiers, who were the habitual executioners of the royal vengeance, felled him in Don Pedro's presence, and struck off his head.

All these crimes aroused at length the indignation of Castile. They explain and justify the judgment pronounced upon Don Pedro by the people, who called him "the cruellest soul that had ever lived in a Christian's bosom":—

> "Alma mas cruel
> Que vivió en pecho cristiano."

The manner of his death is well known. A life sullied by

crime was terminated by a crime. Besieged in the castle of Montiel by his brother, Henry of Trastamare—who had enlisted under his banner Du Guesclin and his famous lances—Don Pedro one night attempted to escape in disguise; but betrayed and surprised, he was killed by dagger-thrusts, after a face-to-face struggle with his brother. Nothing less than a fratricide could have fitly closed a life so full of misdeeds; no other scene would have been an appropriate termination to a tragedy as black as that of the Atrides.

On issuing from the Alcazar, we went to the Museum.

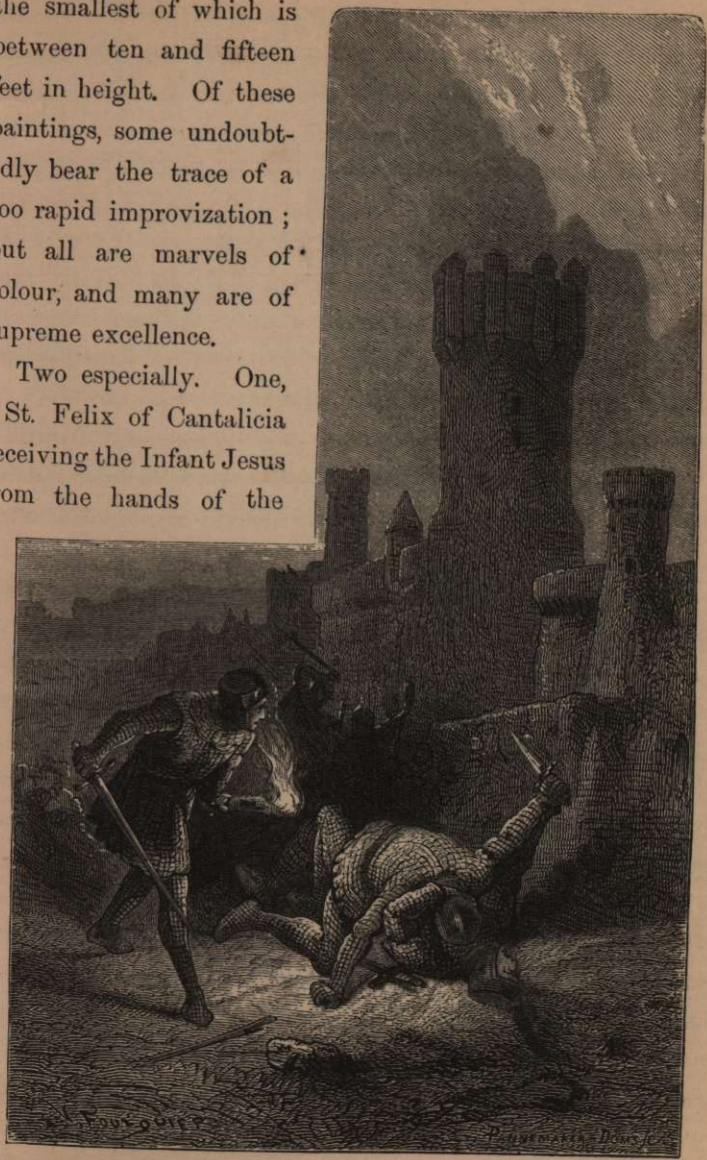
The Museum (*Museo*) of Seville is rich in pictures by Murillo and Zurbaran. Unfortunately, on the occasion of my visit it was undergoing repair. Most of the pictures were taken down, and piled up in a corner: among these were the Zurbarans, which I regretted the more because the Museum contains the finest specimens of this most original master. But as Murillo's pictures were visible, we had something with which to console ourselves.

Murillo was born at Seville, where he passed the greater part of his life. It is not, then, a matter of astonishment that his works are so numerous in that city: they are not only to be found at the Museum, which was formed out of the spoils of many convents, but also, and in considerable numbers, in the Church of the Hospital and the Cathedral.

The fecundity of this great master was prodigious. He was one of those happy geniuses who produce without effort, and whose prompt and obedient hand follows without hesitation the impulse of the thought. At Seville, in the hall of the Museum which bears his name, there are twenty tableaux,

the smallest of which is between ten and fifteen feet in height. Of these paintings, some undoubtedly bear the trace of a too rapid improvization; but all are marvels of colour, and many are of supreme excellence.

Two especially. One, "St. Felix of Cantalicia receiving the Infant Jesus from the hands of the



DEATH OF DON PEDRO.

Virgin." The expression of the saint is beautiful; but the Virgin's head is as charming as anything ever painted by Murillo. It swims in a fair transparent light: the features are of exquisite delicacy. It is not, indeed, the ideal beauty of Raphael—it is not divine; but it is an angelic and superhuman beauty.

The other picture is superior still. It represents Santo Tomas de Villanueva giving alms. The figure of the bishop, crowned with the white mitre, is clearly defined on the harmonious ground colours, where the light glides across the columns of the palace. Upon the tranquil visage there is a mixture of grace and majesty, of noble simplicity and evangelic sweetness. In the whole composition Murillo has admirably united firmness of modelling with suavity of colour.

At the Hospital of La Caridad two vast breadths of canvas may be seen, representing "Moses striking the Rock," and the "Miracle of the Loaves." They are among Murillo's most celebrated works, but I will not assert they are among his best. The painter has thought too little of the religious side of his subject: he seems to have sought only an opportunity of composing grand landscapes and beautiful groups of figures.

Thus, then, in point of style his "Moses" is inferior to the "Moses" of Poussin, which is so well known by engravings. But Murillo recovers his superiority in potency of colouring, truth of detail, and harmony of *ensemble*. If you give no thought to Moses or the Israelites—if you see nothing but a group of travellers or emigrants quenching their thirst at the source of a river—the scene is replete with life. The women who stoop to fill their vessels of bronze—the mother who

hands the refreshing draught to her child — the confused groups of men and horses, — all are full of movement and nature, of grace and simplicity.

In the "Miracle of the Loaves" the same defects are evident, and the same admirable qualities. The subject is but an accessory; the landscape is the principal. But this landscape is magnificent: the lines are grand and simple; the earth and sky are of a fine colour. All great painters of the human figure have become great landscape painters when they willed.

The "St. Antony of Padua"—which many consider to be Murillo's masterpiece, and which, at all events, must be included amongst his finest compositions—is in the Cathedral. The picture has grown darker; and, moreover, it is badly lighted. The chapel where it hangs receives the daylight through a window of blue glass—ingeniously contrived, one would think, to render the picture invisible. The painter triumphs over all; spite of time which has embrowned it, spite of the bad conditions under which one sees it, the light seems to ripple over the canvas.

The saint is in ecstasies; his face radiates with joy and love: before him heaven opens; the descending cloud seems to expand into a flood of celestial brightness; and the child Jesus, borne gently upon the luminous waves, sinks towards the saint as if attracted by the force of his prayer. The head of St. Antony breathes forth the ardent piety and intoxication of the divine love: in the movement of the body is conspicuous a passionate impulse. The colour is of a penetrating sweetness; the whole composition has "a velvety harmony" which caresses the gaze. I do not believe that any painter

has ever communicated to the ecstatic vision such a power of reality. Murillo has frequently treated analogous subjects; in none has he developed a sentiment more profound, and in none has he exhibited with greater splendour the magic of his pencil.

Some writers affirm that Murillo as an artist was devoid of the religious sentiment. This, in my opinion, is an exaggeration and an injustice. But there is here a delicacy of expression which ought to be noted. What Murillo represents is a subdued and tender piety, the love of the Christian for the Virgin and for the Saviour—the adoration, mingled with fear, of the mysteries and sublime grandeurs of the Bible and the gospel. Murillo's painting is a truly Spanish painting, executed for a people more passionate than reflective, more sensual than spiritual. It speaks less to the mind than that of Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci, who were nourished both by the antique and the Christian ideal. But this is the fault of the age and the country rather than of the man; and, moreover, Murillo had never seen Italy.

I have spoken of the "St. Antony of Padua," which is *in* the Cathedral, before speaking of the Cathedral itself. It is Murillo who has enchanted me, who has led me astray; one is so easily beguiled into dallying before him. But let us now return, with your permission, to the Cathedral, which is well worth the trouble. It is, without doubt, the handsomest church in Spain, and, one might say, one of the handsomest in the whole world. Built on the site of the ancient Mosque, it has preserved the lofty walls of its enclosure, its magnificent portico and Moorish arch, and the Moorish court, planted

THE CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE.

with orange-trees (*Patio de los Naranjos*). The building is in the simplest and severest Gothic style; it is divided into five naves. The vaults, which rest upon slender pilasters formed of clusters of little columns, are of an extraordinary elevation; I remember nothing, except the dome of Cologne, which approaches them in loftiness of sweep. Like the Seo of Saragossa, the lateral naves are very nearly of the same height as the central; the effect is majestic and imposing. Unfortunately, as is the Spanish custom, a choir, of that bastard and over-decorated style which is called the *plateresque*, occupies the centre of the building, and singularly impairs the general effect. It is impossible to understand why this unfortunate arrangement was introduced into and naturalized in Spain. Deplorable from an artistic point of view, because it everywhere interrupts the grand lines of the basilica, it appears to me equally unfortunate from the point of view of the solemnities of worship. In fact, owing to its situation within this square enclosure, you can only perceive the principal altar through the two lateral openings which separate it from the chapter. Far more favourable to the majesty of ritual is the arrangement of our cathedrals, where, at the extremity of an immense nave, and under the ample span of a lofty roof, the altar rises—in view of all the prostrate people—on the summit of the steps where the ceremonial pomp is exhibited.

The Giralda, which is now made use of as the belfry, or campanile, of the Cathedral, and which stands at one of the angles of the patio, is a tower of Saracenic construction. It was built, about A.D. 1200, by order of the Kalif Yakub-al-Mansoùr, and intended to serve as an observatory. It is of a square form, in brick of a beautiful rose colour, with

designs *in relievo* of a very elegant character. In the sixteenth century it was surmounted with a kind of belfry, to receive the church bells, circular in form and Roman in style, which by no means harmonizes with the remainder of the structure.

We had been recommended to visit the tobacco manufactory (*Fabrica de Tabaca*). But I may say at once that what the traveller goes to see is neither the tobacco, nor the manufacture, but the *operatives;* and, I must add, the female operatives, who appear under a very peculiar and curious aspect. We had one day to spare before the fêtes; this was a capital means of employing it.

We traversed with rapid steps the low halls, where the acrid vapour seizes one's throat and produces a convulsive cough, and immediately ascended to the workshops on the first story. We found there several hundreds of women, occupied in rolling up cigarettes; and among them detected all the types of the Andalusian race. When at work, they assume a rough and coarse attire; suspending their flying robes and lace-embroidered petticoats against the walls. Many are extremely pretty, and even those who are *not* do not exhibit aught of that *vulgar* ugliness so often seen in the women engaged in our factories at home. Nearly all wear flowers in their hair, and this elegant coiffure contrasts agreeably with the negligence of their costume. The Spanish women take extreme care of their hair; all have their combers to attend them, and even the women of the lower orders dress their hair several times a-day. And they tell you that every flower which they employ in its decoration has a

language of its own. If placed on the side of the head, it means that the wearer is betrothed, has a fiancé, a *novio;* if placed in the middle of the forehead, that she is free, disengaged, and has a heart at liberty to be won. I very rarely saw the flower in the middle of the forehead.

Among these workwomen, there is a great number of *Gitanas,* who are easily recognized by their rippled hair and

BY THE WAYSIDE.

olive-coloured skin; the profile is generally bold, the eye tawny (*fauve*) and mobile. A Spanish proverb says, "A Gitano's eye and a wolf's eye." But Gitanas when really beautiful are not so by halves; there is a certain air of nobility and haughtiness about them which we do not see in other women.

Formerly the Gitanos were very numerous in Seville, and occupied nearly the whole of the suburb of Triana. Though

somewhat scattered at the present time, we still encounter them very frequently. This strange race has always swarmed in Spain, and particularly in Andalusia. It would seem that the sun, which has almost an Eastern splendour, reminds it of its native country. For it is now known that the Spanish Gitanos, like the Egyptians or Bohemians of France, like the Gipsies of England and the Zingari of Italy, are a people from the banks of the Indus—the Tsiganés—driven from their home-land by political revolutions or religious persecutions. They made their appearance in Europe towards the close of the fourteenth century. From the banks of the Danube, where they made their first halt, they quickly spread to the extreme limits of the Old Continent, and were only arrested in their wandering course by the shores of the Atlantic.

Their language, which is plainly connected with Sanskrit, the sacred tongue of India; their very features, which still represent the Hindu type, place beyond all doubt their Eastern origin. Their existence, for the last five centuries, is one of the most curious singularities of history. They have traversed Europe in every direction, and rooted themselves nowhere. They have mingled with all the Western nations, and yet have never blended with them. Encamped, so to speak, in their midst, living by the wayside, on the open heath, or at most in the outskirts of their towns, feared by the sedentary population, and exercising all kinds of suspicious trades, this mysterious nomadic nation has remained obstinately and invincibly outside our modern civilization, which surrounds and enfolds without being able to penetrate it.

There is something very strange in the tenacity of certain

races, which are neither altered by time nor by surrounding influences. The Jews offer a second example of such a phenomenon. And, perhaps, in the two peoples we shall find its explanation in the same cause — persecution, the antipathy of manners and religion, which has converted them into a kind of accursed, feared, and hated sect, treated as an enemy by all mankind.

In spite of traditional vices, and incorrigible habits of theft and vagabondage, the Gitanos have preserved two virtues —the chastity of woman, and domestic affection. They intermarry only among themselves. They have their own laws and their own customs; we may even say, their own religion; for it is doubtful whether they are Christians otherwise than in name.

Some thirty-two years ago, an Englishman, George Borrow, a member of the Bible Society of London, attempted to distribute the Bible among them. He acquired their language, lived with them for many years, translated St. Luke's Gospel into Zingari, and had it printed at Madrid. But what have they done with the Holy Book? They look upon it as a talisman, an amulet, and put it in their pocket when they meditate a theft or any other illegal action.*

On our return from the tobacco manufactory, we visited the Palace of San-Telmo, then occupied by, and belonging to, the Duke of Montpensier. There is nothing remarkable about the building, which is an ancient college; but the prince, who has inherited from his race an enlightened passion for

* George Borrow, "The Bible in Spain."

arts and letters, has converted it into a kind of museum. Besides a precious collection of antiques, it contains a gallery of first-class pictures, among which I noted Ribiera's "Cato of Utica," and a charming "Madonna" by Murillo. But the true marvel of San-Telmo is its gardens. Renewing by an useful example the ingenious art of irrigation, which the Moors had carried so far in Spain, the duke has brought into his park the waters of the Guadalquivir; and his park is covered, as if through enchantment, with an admirable vegitation. You can promenade through groves of orange-trees, whose golden fruit strews the earth; in the shadow of American trees of gigantic stature, mingled with mimosas and palm-trees, thrive a thousand rare shrubs and exotic plants. You see all that intelligence and labour can obtain from so excellent a soil and so genial a climate.

Our travelling companions had organized for the evening a national ballet; it was too good an opportunity to be missed, and it was understood, moreover, as ladies accompanied us, that everything should be conducted with decorum. The dancing saloon, in a kind of cabaret, was not conspicuous for elegance; but we had six or eight female and two male dancers, and an orchestra composed of a guitarist and a singer. Four danseuses, in the traditional Spanish costume—a petticoat of dazzling colour, adorned with black lace and spangles—danced at first a bolero, then the cachuca, the jalero de Xérès, and the dance of "the hat and cloak." Some of these dances are original and graceful; but during the last thirty years everybody has seen them in France and England on the boards of our theatres. I was most pleased by a couple of Gitanas, who, in their national costume, executed before us a

Bohemian or Moorish dance, I know not which, full of character. The guitar accompanied, while the singer, with a harsh guttural voice, sang a strange, wild song, alternately slow and impetuous. The dancer, who was alone, sometimes imitated with her fingers the clatter of the castagnettes (*castañuelas*), sometimes clapped her hands vehemently together; and the singer at intervals also clapped her hands to mark the measure. One of the women, who had already passed her first youth, must once have been of a rare beauty: bold features, a fine proud mouth, long hair of a bluish black, a tranquil eye which ever and anon flashed forth lightnings, and that warm-coloured complexion which the poet has so well described: —

> "Tu n'es ni blanche ni cuivrée,
> Mais on dirait qu'on t'a dorée
> Avec un rayon du soleil."

> Neither bronzed art thou, nor white,
> But gilded with the sun's rich light.

Her gait, her gestures, were characterized by a natural nobleness, a nobleness which apparently belongs to the race. When she advanced, with head erect, one arm upraised, the other hanging down, striking the ground with her feet as if repeating her summons, she had the attitudes and the bearing of a queen. The oblique movements, the bendings of the haunches which resemble the undulations of the adder, and which are peculiar to the Moorish and Spanish dances, had nothing in them, on this occasion, of that repulsive vulgarity which they may be made to assume too readily, and were even not without a certain grace.

For ages the Andalusian women have been renowned for their dancing. As early as the days of the Empire, the

danseuses of Gades were eagerly sought by the Romans, to figure in the fêtes and banquets in which the masters of the world exhausted upon coarse and sensual amusements the treasures and voluptuousness of the enslaved universe.

And it is worthy of remark that Juvenal, describing their dances in energetic verse, speaks of the castagnettes (*testarum crepitus*), whose clack marked the cadence of the steps, and graphically paints the bending attitudes and lascivious movements which are still the characteristics of the Spanish measures.*

* [Juvenal, Satire XI. In Dryden's translation the reference to the castagnettes is wholly omitted. Martial speaks of these dances in almost the same terms as Juvenal, in the 78th epigram of his 5th book.]

THE GITANA DANCING.

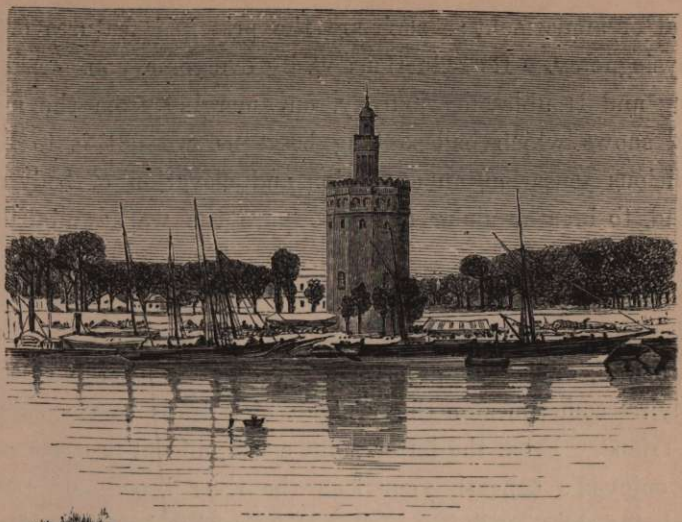
# V.

# Grave and Gay.

SEVILLE (CONTINUED):—THE HOLY WEEK AND THE RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS—THE BULL-FIGHTS.

Such the ungentle sport that oft invites
The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish swain.

BYRON.



## V.

SEVILLE has a singular charm. The Spaniards boast of it as the pearl of their cities, and the Spaniards are not wrong. It is one of those happy, slothful towns, like Venice and Naples, which seem wholly designed for a life of indolence and pleasure. A climate which, during winter, is enchanting; during summer, slightly enervating; a fertile and laughing Nature; a light and lively population, contented with little, and passionately

fond of amusement;—such are the principal features of its physiognomy. Its seductions easily overcome you. After a long and troublesome journey, on emerging from the mists and snows which had so long beset us, we felt it to be a delicious sensation, an expansion and elevation of body and mind, to breathe under a sky so pure the warm and balmy air.

The evenings were deliciously soft and bland. Every day, after dinner, we seated ourselves under the orange-trees of the Cathedral, or on the promenade by the side of the Guadalquivir—sometimes on the bridge which leads to the suburb of Triana. From the latter point a magnificent prospect may be enjoyed: beneath your feet, the river broad and rapid, with the ships outlining against the sky the slender details of their aerial architecture; on the left, the vermeil walls of the Tower of Gold, no longer preserving those treasures of the New World which Spain fondly thought inexhaustible; further off, the palace and gardens of San-Telmo; and still further, the grand mass of the Cathedral, crowned, as it were, by the lofty Giralda.

The suburb of Triana, which stretches along the right bank of the Guadalquivir, is now the industrial quarter of Seville; from the distance you see the smoke-clouds of its factories, the most important of which is a manufactory of china, worked by an English company. With rare exceptions, all the great industrial enterprises, agricultural or commercial, which you meet with in this country, are directed by strangers, chiefly English or French.

The castle which formerly defended the Triana suburb was the first residence of the Inquisition at Seville. Over its gateway was placed, in 1481, the following inscription, in-

tended to record the date of the establishment in this province of the holy office :—

> "SANCTUM INQUISITIONIS OFFICIUM CONTRA HÆRETICORUM PRAVITATEM IN HISPANIÆ REGNIS INITIATUM EST HISPALI, ANNO MCCCCLXXXI...GENERALIS INQUISITOR PRIMUS FUIT FRATER THOMAS DE TORQUEMADA. FAXIT DEUS UT IN AUGMENTUM FIDEI USQUE SÆCULI PERMANEAT...EXSURGE, DOMINE: JUDICA CAUSAM TUAM. CAPITE NOBIS VULPES."

*Englished:—*

> In the year 1481, the Holy Office of the Inquisition of the kingdoms of Spain against Heretics was established at Seville...The first General Inquisitor was the Brother Thomas de Torquemada... God grant that it may eternally endure for the triumph of the Faith...Rise, O Lord, and judge in thine own cause. Capture for us the foxes.

At first the Inquisition possessed a purely ecclesiastical jurisdiction; and as such was placed under the superior authority of the bishops. Ferdinand removed it from the episcopal government; the inquisitors thenceforth were named by him; and he was careful to select them from among the monks, sometimes even from among the laity. The Inquisition, therefore, was, as Ranke says, virtually a royal tribunal, invested with spiritual weapons. All the profits of the confiscations it enjoined went to the royal treasury, and proved no contemptible source of revenue. Moreover, no position, no title, however powerful and illustrious, could shelter a man from its attacks. Bishops, nay, archbishops, were unable to defy it. Charles V. handed over to it the prelates who had taken part in the insurrection of the *Comuneros.* In 1589, Bartolomeo Carranza, Archbishop of Toledo, and Primate of Castile, was arrested by order of Valdès, the Grand Inquisitor, and only escaped through the intervention of Pope Pius V., who summoned him to Rome.

Thus, then, we can understand that the nobility and the clergy would repel with equal energy the introduction and extension of the Holy Office. The popes regarded it as in some wise an encroachment of the temporal on the spiritual power. They also blamed, we say it to their honour, the unwise persecutions and exaggerated severities of the Spanish inquisitors. As early as 1445, Nicholas V. prohibited them from making any difference between the old and the new Christians (the "new Christians" were converted Jews and their children). Sextus IV., in a brief of 1482, complained of Ferdinand's inquisitors, and ordained that for the future they should act only in concert with the bishops. As his prescriptions were disregarded, he appointed, in the following year, Iñigo Manrique, Archbishop of Seville, to hear appeals from the sentences of the Inquisition. And when this measure also proved useless, he commanded that all appeals should be brought before himself. In 1529, the inquisitors of Toledo were excommunicated by Pope Leo X., who reminded them of the parable of the Good Shepherd.*

It was all useless. In spite of resistance and protestation, the holy tribunal flourished. Everything bent, everything trembled before it. Sustained by the royal power, its authority was uncontrolled, its jurisdiction without limit, its judgments without appeal. Charles V. so clearly perceived its far-reaching power in the hands of royalty, that on his death-bed he recommended it to his son as of the first importance, "if he wished to discharge fully his duty of government."

He discharged it only too well. Thanks to this concentra-

* Michelet, "Précis de l'Histoire Moderne," pp. 59, 60; Hefele, "Histoire du Cardinal Ximenès."

PHILIP II. OF SPAIN.

tion in their own hands of both temporal and spiritual power, the Spanish kings exercised a despotism which has never been equalled among Christian nations. But such a regimen could not but be fatal to a country, as Spain has proved. Its decadence began under Philip II. From that epoch it grew immovable and lethargic; its genius waned and was eclipsed; it has produced neither a great statesman nor a great warrior; and if arts and letters continued for awhile to illuminate it with a fitful splendour, it was not long before that glory too was extinguished.

Spain, it is true, has been preserved from religious schisms and heresies; but is it certain that the faith has preserved its integrity and vitality?

Let us study the thoughts of an illustrious writer, one of the most eloquent defenders of Catholicism:—

"Recall," he says, "what absolute power has achieved for religion, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in the monarchy calling itself Catholic *par excellence;* study on the spot the lamentable condition of souls in the country of St. Theresa, St. Ignatius, and Calderon. Sound the deplorable decay of Catholicism in this country, where the system of universal compression has so long triumphed. Compare it with what the Church does and can do in lands where to live it must struggle, under the shadow of political or intellectual liberty, in Belgium, in England, in France!" *

During the latter days of our visit, the town wore a festival air. A singular animation everywhere prevailed; crowds filled its streets. All the women were attired in black—the

* Montalembert, "On the Future of England," p. 283 (French edition).

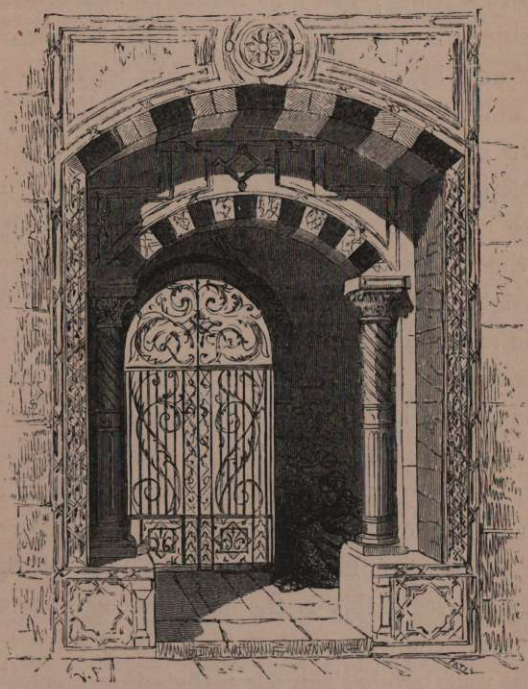
proper and prescribed costume for the Holy Week. But, apart from this funereal garb, I must confess that all things breathed of gaiety rather than meditation. To my eyes, everybody had the air of hastening to a spectacle rather than of preparing for acts of penitence.

The sun, too, was holding festival; a cloudless sky illuminated the smiling and coquettish town. It was but the end of March, and yet we enjoyed a temperature as warm as that of June in France. The Spaniards, chilly, like all Southrons, wrapped themselves in their cloaks up to the very chin; but, for ourselves, we felt as if it were midsummer; we put on our lighter clothing, and dined in the open air, in the patio, under the orange-trees.

All the houses of Seville, large or small, rich or moderate, are constructed on the plan of the Moorish house. Nothing can be more appropriate to the climate, and, at the same time, nothing more charming. The principal gate, which remains open all day, affords access to a vestibule closed at the bottom by a grating. Through this grating, which is more or less ornamented, we perceive the patio, which, in the mansions of the wealthy, is paved with marble; a fountain bubbles in its centre; it is filled with evergreens, flowers, and fan-leaved bananas. In summer, mats and awnings shelter it from the rays of a too ardent sun. There, in the evening, the family and its guests assemble to enjoy a little coolness; it is the *salon*, the place of conversation, the rendezvous of all the household, where visitors are received.

Generally the Spaniards go out but little, except in the evening, at the hour of promenade. But, thanks to the Holy Week (*Semana santa*), these sedentary habits are for some days com-

pletely modified. The women issue forth in the morning to pay their devotions; and daily, from ten o'clock to noon, in the *Calle de las Sierpes*, where our hotel was situated, and where several churches stand within a short distance of each other, we saw passing and repassing all the pretty women of Seville.



GATEWAY OF A SPANISH MANSION.

I had always suspected there was a certain amount of exaggeration in the accounts given by the travellers and poets of the beauty of the fair Sevillanas. I owe them the *amende honorable;* they have overcoloured nothing. The women of Seville merit their reputation. Nearly all, in truth, are pretty; and those who are not so, appear to be so. Rather

short than tall; rather pretty than lovely; the complexion of a burnished gold; almond-shaped eyes with long lashes, whose splendour has led them to be compared to azure diamonds; superb tresses of that bluish black unknown in northern countries, which shines with the metallic reflections of the crow's wing; feet and hands of aristocratic slenderness; a supple and elegant figure; finally, in the bearing of the head, and in the gait, a certain undefinable something, graceful and billowy, peculiar to themselves;—these are the distinctive signs of the race. All, even the women of the lower orders, wear nowadays the long robe, and it is marvellous to see with what superb indifference they drag it through the mud and dust. I did not see (thank Heaven!) that the frightful French hat had anywhere dethroned the mantilla. The national coiffure, in every country, is the last thing which resists the invasion of foreign fashions; and the fair Sevillanas would have acted very wrongly if they had renounced theirs. The handsome tresses, carefully combed, and raised up in great waves; the mantilla of tulle or lace falling back half over the forehead like a light and mobile shadow; a rose or pink coquettishly fastened at the side of the head; assuredly this is the prettiest coiffure which can frame a pretty countenance.

It was upon Holy Thursday that the processions commenced. All the morning, the crowd rushed to the churches, which displayed, in the decoration of the tombs or calvaries, the full splendour of their treasuries and their sacristies. All along the line of road to be followed by the processions were arranged benches, and chairs, and scaffoldings, covered with spectators. For the last two days, public criers have been selling in the streets printed programmes, announcing the

hours of departure, the order of march, the stations, and the composition of each of the processions; at the head was printed "Gran Funcion,"—a local expression difficult to translate, which may often be read on the playbills, and which the Spaniards employ indifferently as a designation for the great religious solemnities and the theatrical representations. The reason is, that the former to some extent they look upon as spectacles. The crowd rushes to them as to the bull-fights. The women converse, and laugh, and play with their fans, and ogle with their beaming eyes. The men smoke lustily, as at a café.

We dined "in hot haste," and took our seats on some chairs, previously hired, which were placed before the door of the hotel. The aspect of the street was very animated and very picturesque; all the windows were thronged with spectators. Mats and canvas were stretched above the streets; and draperies and awnings of every colour floated from the balconies, which were gay with flowers and foliage.

Soon a band was heard performing some operatic airs. Then came a singular-looking cortége of white, black, and violet penitents. They were dressed in a long robe bound round the waist with a leather girdle; on the head they wore the most formidable looking sugar-loaf caps, three to four feet high, like those which you see depicted in old pictures of the auto-da-fé. A long piece of the same stuff as the cap and robe, cut to a point, and falling down upon the breast, covered the face like a mask, with two round holes for the eyes. You can conceive of nothing stranger or more sinister than these long files of penitents, with their pale or gloomy faces; some carrying torches, others banners emblazoned with the arms of the brotherhood.

After the great and little penitents came the Roman soldiers, wearing the yellow tunic, the gilded cuirass, and the crested helm; then appeared in the centre of the cortége the monument which forms the principal feature of the procession; it is a palanquin, covered with velvet and gildings, and surrounded by a quantity of wax tapers, on which are planted, sometimes an image of the Virgin or the Saviour, sometimes

THE PROCESSION ON HOLY THURSDAY.

a group representing a scene from our Lord's Passion. This palanquin is carried by a dozen men, who are concealed by the draperies which fall around it. The statues are of painted wood, and life-size; frequently they are larger than life; and generally of an extravagant expression. The bad taste with which they are dressed is peculiarly striking; they look like so many dolls. It is a complete confusion of gilded rockwork,

artificial flowers, velvet, satin, lace, precious stones, under which this species of Calvary wholly disappears. Figure to yourself the Holy Virgin with a diadem, and above the diadem a golden aureole; a robe of velvet embroidered with gold; a lace handkerchief in her hand; and upon her shoulders, flowing over the palanquin, and descending to the very ground, an immense velvet mantle—a mantle for an empress! —literally covered with gold embroidery. Sometimes behind the Virgin stands an angel, with beautiful snow-white wings, who supports her train. Next, imagine to yourself the Saviour bearing his cross—a cross carved and wrought, with ornaments of gold at the extremities—imagine this figure clothed in a robe of velvet, embroidered with gold; the holy women also in robes of velvet, with superb cordelières of gold; the apostles in velvet tunics; all the rest in equally gorgeous attire. The different fraternities rival one another in bad taste as well as in prodigality. There exists a mantle for the Virgin, it is said, which cost ten million douros (50,000 francs).

I know that external pomp is not necessarily alien to religion; that, on the contrary, the Catholic Church loves it, and understands how to revive the religious sentiment in men's souls by satisfying with it a natural want of the human mind. I know especially that the southern peoples have a particular taste for these pomps and spectacles. But in the Spanish processions nothing, in my opinion, is either grand, sublime, or imposing; and it is difficult, even for the sincerest Christian, not to feel saddened and depressed when he sees the awful scenes of our Saviour's Passion so grossly travestied. So, when I am told that this people has an artistic feeling, I cannot believe it; passionate, sensual,

greedy of spectacles and emotions, that is true; but it is neither delicate in its choice of those spectacles, nor as to the nature of those emotions. The Italians, impassioned and sensual as the Spaniards, have also introduced a strong leaven of materialism into their popular cultus; but then they are truly artists. We may be shocked by many of the details which are visible in the churches of Naples and of Rome; but all will agree that Italy has given to its religious pomps, and notably to its ceremonies of the Holy Week, quite a different character and a much grander aspect.

What we notice especially in this country in the matter of religious art is a tendency, often pushed to an excess, towards "realism." The word is new, but the thing is not; it is simply materialism in art; it is the thought, the ideal, sacrificed to the servile imitation of nature. It is difficult to imagine the extreme which the Spaniards have attained in this direction. Thus you will see crucifixes wrapped up in a silk petticoat, ornamented with gilded fringe; figures of the *Ecce Homo*, in wax, exactly imitating the flesh and coagulated blood, and reminding one in their material accuracy of the anatomical preparations which we see in some museums. They do more; they insert in their statues eyes of enamel which imitate nature to the excess of illusion; they dress the heads of Christ with perukes made of real hair, and crown them with real thorns plucked from the bushes of the wayside. The reader will hardly believe that there is at Burgos a Christ made of stuffed human skin! I do not think the brutalities of realism were ever carried to a greater excess.

It seems that among this ignorant and impetuous people sensations predominate over ideas. Religion, so far as they

are concerned, belongs less to the dominion of the mind and the heart than to the domain of the imagination and the senses. Their religion has need of symbols which will violently shake their nerves, and affect their physical sensibility. The image most venerated will be that which will most forcibly strike the eyes by the regal luxury of its garb, or by the hideous truthfulness of its bleeding wounds, its bruised and shattered limbs.

SPANISH MINSTRELS.

In the evening we went to the Cathedral. The processions, starting from the different churches of the town to meet at this central point, prolonged their march far into the night, even as late as nine or ten o'clock. On the steps and terraces surrounding the Cathedral, the people gathered in groups about the itinerant singers who, with hoarse voices, chanted mournful strains in celebration of our Lord's Passion, accompanying

themselves on the guitar. In the interior, an immense crowd circulated in the lateral naves, and wandered to and fro as if in a public place. In the *coro*, the clergy chanted psalms. The women crouched on the pavements, along the *grilles*, on either side of the altar. All the upper portion of the church was feebly lighted, or rather plunged into a semi-obscurity; the tapers on the altar, and a few lamps suspended at intervals, letting fall some wavering rays on the multitude passing and repassing.

The lower part of the church, on the contrary, was inundated with light, and the throng swept in this direction. There, at the extremity of the *coro*, in the principal nave, rose a sort of quadrangular altar, almost to the roof, and adorned with thousands of candelabra and tapers. This monument, constructed for the occasion, answered to what in France and Italy is called a calvary or tomb. It was Greek in style, heavy, and in execrable taste, but impressive in appearance. Like a flashing sheaf of light, ascending to a prodigious elevation, and projecting into the dim arcades its bursts of brightness, it contrasted impressivly with the profound obscurity into which the upper part of the church was plunged. This basilica was a world in itself; a whole people rolled thither in floods without filling it; and the plaintive strain of the *Miserere* rising above the hoarse murmur of the crowd, spread afar into the recesses of the roof, with a "dying fall."

We had been a week at Seville, and it was time for us to resume our journey. But for Easter-day a bull-fight was announced. Throughout the country, the bull-fight season begins upon Easter-day. Immense bills, with drawings representing the principal scenes of the combat, glittered every-

where upon the walls: "Gran Funcion!" Cucharès, one of the best matadors, or, as the Spaniards emphatically say, one of the most illustrious swordsmen, *espadas*, in the Peninsula, would conduct the course. It was impossible for us not to be present. What, visit Spain, and not see a bull-fight! That, indeed, would have been to fail sadly in our duties as travellers. It was a necessity that we should patronize the national spectacle on one occasion, at the least; a spectacle so attractive to some, so repulsive to others, but in either case very curious as a study upon manners.

The Circus (*Plaza de Toros*) at Seville is immense, and will contain, it is said, from ten to twelve thousand spectators. Its ground plan is exactly that of the Roman arenas. But its aspect is gravely monumental, and the same may be said of all the Spanish amphitheatres; they are neither more nor less than heavy masses of masonry, which have all the appearance from a distance of a hipprodrome or gasometer. This does not prevent the Sevillians from calling theirs the Coliseum of Bull-fights, *El Coliseo de Toros;*—they have great words for little things in this country. What is charming at Seville is not the circus itself, but the views which we obtain from the circus. The corridor, or balcony, surmounting the steps where the crowd is seated has not been finished on the northern side; and through a great gap you may obtain a noble view of part of the town, over the red domes of the Cathedral and its graceful Giralda.

When we arrived, the amphitheatre was nearly full. I did not remark in the crowd that animation, that passionate ardour which I had expected to see. And I may add that

at no part of the show, not even after the finest sword-thrusts, did I witness those outbursts of enthusiasm, or hear those thunders of applause, described by so many travellers. I was struck by the fact that very few women were present: scarcely any of the upper classes; and even among the lower, not above one to six or seven men.

The spectacle commenced by a promenade around the circus, in which all the actors in the forthcoming show made their appearance. At the head marched the *picadors*, on horseback, with lance in hand. Next came the *chulos*, whose function it is to irritate and turn aside the bull, by waving before him their scarlet-coloured cloaks; and the *banderilleros*, who prick him in the neck with their tiny barbed arrows. Finally, to close the gallant train, marched the *matadors*, or *espadas*, who, when the bull shows signs of fatigue, deal the death-blow with their swords. All, except the picadors, wear the Andalusian costume—short breeches, silk stockings, a silver-embroidered vest; the hair done up in a net.

An alguazil, on horseback, clothed wholly in black, demanded permission to begin from the alcade or governor who presided over the show. The alcade threw him the key of the *toril*, or place where the bull was shut up. This key the alguazil handed to the man in charge of the gate; then he saved himself at a gallop, saluted by shouts of laughter from the crowd.

Now came a solemn moment; it was impossible not to feel a certain degree of emotion. The bull, goaded forward, dashed headlong into the arena. For one instant astonished and dazzled, he halted, his nostrils quivering; then, catching sight of the chulos, who at a safe distance were provoking him, he rushed upon them with bended head. The chulos

fluttered their red cloaks in front of him; the animal rushed on the floating rag; but the man, light as a bird, suddenly slipped aside, and the bull struck only the wind. He returned to the charge, and the chulo continually offering the mobile goal which deceived him, as continually escaped by rapid bounds. When the chulos are too hotly pursued, which sometimes happens, they take refuge behind palisades

THE ACTORS IN THE BULL-FIGHT.

erected at certain intervals, or even scale the barrier which forms the enclosure.

All this is only play—though, it is true, dangerous play—in which the men exhibit so much hardihood and agility, so much ease and grace, that the spectator forgets the peril and is sensible only of the amusement. Occasionally, however, the comedy is suddenly converted into a tragedy. A year or two ago, at Madrid, the man who opened the toril was

killed. When he has thrown it open for the bull's exit, he has to remain for a moment hidden behind the door; then, while the animal is engaged in pursuing the chulos, he recloses the toril, and takes refuge within the barrier. On the occasion I speak of, whether he ventured from his concealment too soon, or whether the chulos did not properly play their parts, the bull turned round upon him, and before he had time to climb the enclosure, pinned him with both his horns against the planks. At another show, more recently, a chulo slipped his foot just as he was preparing to climb the barrier and escape the bull's attack. Driven to bay, and without any means either of defence or flight, the man, by an instinctive movement, huddled himself together in such wise that the animal's horns, passing on either side of his chest, penetrated into the barricade without touching him. They thought him dead; but he had not even a scratch.

It rejoices me to say that we witnessed no such terrible episodes; but the experiences we passed through proved quite sufficient for our courage. The picadors entered into the arena, and the scene changed. The picador, as I have said, is mounted on horseback; he is armed with a spear; but the spear-head is only a few inches long, and can neither kill nor seriously wound the bull. He wheels his horse to the front, plants himself firmly in his stirrups, and, with lance in rest, awaits the charge. If the picador be vigorous, and a skilful horseman, he may check the bull for a moment, and by swerving his horse to the left, escape a blow from his horns. But generally the animal overcomes the cavalier's resistance, avoids the lance, strikes the horse, and plunges

his horns into his belly; he lifts him from the earth, tosses him, overthrows him; horse and horseman roll in the dust, and the furious beast would satiate his rage upon them, if the chulos, hastening to the succour of the picador, did not interfere to harass him with their capes, and divert his anger.

Though the legs of the picador are protected by plates of tin, he runs great risks; sometimes he is crushed beneath the hoofs of the bull, when the latter will not be turned aside

THE BULL AND THE PICADOR.

by the chulos. This part of the combat, however, inspires more disgust than terror. Its scenes are often very repulsive. When the horse is wounded in the chest, the blow is generally mortal; the blood jets forth in a flood as from an open tap; the animal trembles, totters, and falls never to rise again; for some minutes he lies in the arena, in the convulsions of the last agony. But if the bull strikes him in the belly, instead of in the chest, the wound may not be mortal. The spectacle then becomes not only atrocious, but revolting. The poor animal loses his bowels, which drag upon the sand, and get entangled in his feet. And yet he is

forced to rise; he is compelled to gallop in the circus; the spur is incessantly applied to force him upon the bull, until the latter kills him outright. We must confess that, though we are not particularly fastidious, it was difficult for us to look upon such scenes without turning sick.

The horses which appear in these shows being doomed to an almost certain death, the veriest hacks are employed, which can be purchased for a low price. For fear the bull should terrify them, their eyes are bandaged, and their ears filled with tow. To urge them forward, the picadors wear

THE CHULO AND THE BULL.

strong spurs armed with long rowels. The consequence is, that these unfortunate beasts, driven, without aught to protect them, to inevitable slaughter, are but passive victims —living sacrifices offered up to the bull's fury, and destined only to exhaust his fury and his strength. This is the hideous, and also the odious side of the spectacle.

When the bull has disembowelled a certain number of horses, and his ardour begins to slacken, the *banderillas* are brought. These are small canes, about two feet and a half in length, ornamented with strips of paper, and armed at the extremity with an iron point like a fish-hook. The chulos, with a

lance in each hand, place themselves before the bull, and provoke him; when he rushes upon them, with his horns levelled, they thrust the javelins into his neck, and, swift as lightning, pivoting on themselves, allow him to rush by. At one moment the man is literally between the bull's horns; you tremble for him; but a second afterwards, without being able to divine how, you see him, tranquil and smiling, in the same place, while the monster, borne onwards by his impetuosity, sweeps past, furiously shaking the darts embedded in his flesh, which he cannot get rid of.

The course has already lasted nearly half an hour. The bull, harassed by the chulos, fatigued by the picadors, is now maddened by the banderillas. He is breathless and panting; he frequently falls on his knees; sometimes he lies down, and the chulos are compelled to rouse him by repeated attacks. At a loss what to do, he returns to the entrance of the toril, where he stands at bay, and confronts his enemies. Now is the time for the matador to approach; in one hand he carries his sword, and in the other a small red flag called the *muleta*. With this flag he irritates the bull, and pretends to make a few passes, as if studying his wiles. As soon as

DEATH OF THE BULL.

he finds a favourable moment, he plants his feet firmly, lowers his sword, and strikes the bull below the shoulder. If the thrust be well aimed, the blade will enter up to the very handle, and the bull totters but a few steps forward, to sink in a corner of the arena.

Fatigued as he is at this moment, the bull, undoubtedly, is still very dangerous; his fury often revives in a very formidable manner, and more than one matador has perished in the circus. Yet, if I must speak the simple truth, I did not feel much moved by this last act of the drama. I did not experience those powerful emotions I was told I *should* experience. On the contrary, when I saw the bull panting, confused, breathless—his neck torn by the lances and the banderillas—bleeding and foaming, his head drooping—recoiling before his bitter adversaries, who would give him no time to breathe—what shall I say? I felt more pity for the animal than admiration for the man. It seemed to me that the matador was striking an exhausted enemy; it was not, in my eyes, a combat but a scene of butchery.

At the end of three hours I had seen eighteen horses disembowelled and six bulls killed. I had seen enough, and I left the circus without any desire to return to it. At the risk of being esteemed a Bœotian, I declare that I cannot be of Théophile Gautier's opinion, who calls the bull-fight "one of the finest spectacles man can imagine." I regard it, on the contrary, as a savage and ferocious amusement; it is the spectacle of a still barbarous people. I think it of no use except to cherish a hardness and coarseness of manners. The sight of blood is not wholesome for man; it develops only his bad instincts and brutal passions. There is no proof that Spanish courage has largely increased since the bull-fights

grew in popularity; and we know what became of the Romans of the Empire when they addicted themselves so passionately to the bloody sports of the arena.

Bull-fights are also given in Portugal, but they bear no resemblance to those of Spain.

The bulls' horns are tipped with wooden balls. You are not horrified with any disgusting exhibition of disembowelled horses, scattered entrails, and an arena strewn with carcasses. It is no longer a butchery, but a pastime—a game not wholly without danger, however; for the stroke of the horns, though not mortal, may lead to a man's being tossed in the air like a shell. Ample room is allowed for the chulos to display their skill and agility, while no scenes occur to remind one of the slaughter-house. The Spaniards smile compassionately when a stranger speaks of the Portuguese bull-fights; they think themselves very superior to their neighbours.

I am not unaware that among certain peoples, justly proud of their civilization, national games exist which humanity reproves, and a refined taste condemns.

For example, the partiality displayed by the lower orders of the English and the Americans for pugilistic scenes is something very sad;* and one can scarcely comprehend the enthusiasm excited by the achievements of such heroes as the late Tom Sayers and the giant Heenan. But, at least, we must own that in England and America the law does not authorize these ignoble exhibitions; not only does it not authorize, but it prohibits them; and it is the popular passion which is stronger than the law. People flock to see them; but, at all

* [Not more deplorable, perhaps, than the French love of duelling.]

events, they seem desirous of hiding themselves from the gaze of the public. They steal down to the rendezvous at an early hour. Nor is there in any town an amphitheatre raised at great expense for the display of pugilistic address. The multitude are not invited thither—women and children, as well as men—by flaming "posters." It is no enterprise encouraged, patronized, and licensed by authority, and sanctioned by the devotion of the proceeds to the purposes of charitable and religious establishments. Finally, the show is not presided over, with pomp and ceremony, by the governor of the province, or even by the queen.

It is said that Philip V. entertained an insurmountable aversion for these games, an aversion shared by most of his successors.

Charles III. would fain have prohibited them; but public opinion prevailed over the royal edicts.

"We must confess," says an old writer, "that these bloody combats do not exactly harmonize with the principles of the religion of Christ. For this reason the popes have been desirous of their abolition; but the Spaniards, who are enchanted with them, have always raised so strong an opposition, that on this subject they have been left undisturbed." *

At the close of the last century Charles IV., instigated by the Prince of Peace, renewed and more energetically enforced the prohibition announced by Charles III. But the French usurper, King Joseph, as a bid for popularity, and in the hope of winning the favour of the multitude, hastened to repair in person to these too popular *divertissements;* and under the rule of the French, bull-fights re-appeared over all Spain.

* Alvarez de Colmenar, "Délices d'Espagne," tome vi., c. 2.

Ferdinand VII. was passionately fond of them. To preserve their traditions, and ensure the progress of the art, he founded at Seville a school of *tauromachy.** It is true that at the same time, and by way of compensation, he suppressed all the Spanish universities. This was not a bad stroke of logic on the part of an absolute king.

* It was abolished in 1834.

DRAGGING THE SLAIN BULL FROM THE ARENA.

# VI.

# Through Andalusia.

ANDALUSIA AND ITS INHABITANTS—XEREZ DE LA FRONTERA—DON RODERICK—CADIZ.

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Desperate apostate! On the Moors he called,
And like a cloud of locusts, whom the South
Wafts from the plains of wasted Africa,
The Mussulmen upon Iberia's shore
Descend.

SOUTHEY.

AN ANDALUSIAN LANDSCAPE

## VI.

E chemin de fer—the "iron road"—from Seville to Cadiz, follows up very closely the valley of the Guadalquivir as far as the environs of Lebrija; it then bends to the southward, and enters the basin of the Guadalète, to draw nearer to the sea.

The whole of this region is admirably fertile. Even among the ancients Bætica was renowned for the richness of its natural productions and the geniality of its climate. The

*aer Bœticus* was a common expression. Its wools and its oils were celebrated in the time of Martial.

> "Bætis, olivifera crinem redimite corona,
> Aurea qui nitidis vellera tingis aquis."

> [Fair art thou, Bætis, with thine olive crown,
> And with thy limpid waters, which the fleece
> Stain of a brilliant gold.]

The Carthaginians, and after them the Romans, were acquainted with the rich beds of iron, copper, lead, and silver concealed in the bowels of the Sierra Morena mountains; and to this present day we meet with traces of their mining labours, which command the astonishment and admiration of modern engineers. For instance, we may refer to the quicksilver mines of Almaden, which yielded the cinnabar so highly valued by Roman ladies, the cinnabar which they employed to give to their hair a tint of golden red. There, too, are the coal-mines of Belmès, whose products are equal, if not superior, in quality to English coal.

Andalusia is in all respects a country favoured by Heaven, but of its past glory and prosperity few traces remain. Seville, which counts to-day scarcely one hundred thousand inhabitants, had formerly four hundred thousand. At the commencement of the sixteenth century it included nearly two thousand workers in wool and silk; only a few looms are now in operation. Twelve thousand villages, it is said, covered the banks of the Guadalquivir; to-day there are not eight hundred. Agriculture has equally declined. Excellent cultivation may here and there be seen. The earth is so fertile that it enriches man almost without work. But thin pastures and marshy meadows cover immense areas whose fertility is thus almost neutralized. The Arabs had constructed ad-

mirable works to contain and direct the waters of the river, to drain the lower land, and irrigate the arid soil. But all have perished: the canals have been dammed up, and vast swamps formed along their banks. Pernicious miasmas are exhaled during the summer heat; fever devastates the neighbouring populations. In 1841, a village in the neighbourhood of Cordova lost, it is said, all its inhabitants except one, through an epidemic.

So this noble country, despite its river, and its mountains, with their graceful outlines, despite the smiling verdure which clothes it in the spring, presents to the eye a somewhat monotonous aspect. Great plains, covered with corn and herbage; few or no trees, except the olives on the hills, and some rare mulberry plantations; here and there, at great distances, a little town; some scanty villages, or a few isolated farms. One feels that the country is in want of a population. Spain, with a superficies nearly equal to that of France, has only fifteen millions of inhabitants, while it could easily support three or four times as many.

And observe that the Guadalquivir valley is one of the best cultivated districts in Andalusia. The country situated between Medina-Sidonia and Gibraltar, a country not less fertile, appears to be still more sparsely peopled; you may travel ten leagues, and not meet with an inhabitant; you see only ruined houses and broken-down bridges.

This impoverishment, this depopulation, this decadence of a country formerly so rich and powerful, is a spectacle which everywhere grieves and saddens the traveller in Spain; but nowhere is its effect more painful than in Andalusia, because nowhere else has Nature done so much for man. Man seems to have found a pleasure in allowing the gifts of Nature to

run to waste. It seems that the popular instinct has recognized the gloomy truth that its bad governments have ruined Spain. A Spanish proverb says: "El cielo y suelo es bueno, el entresuelo malo." (The sky is good, the earth is good; that only is bad which lies between the sky and the earth.)

An old legend naïvely expresses the same thought. "When St. James presented Ferdinand III., after death, to the Holy Virgin, the sainted king solicited for his country a long succession of favours, all of which were graciously granted. But at last, having asked for Spain a good government, the Holy Virgin point blank refused it—'If I granted you this,' said she, 'would any angel be willing to remain in Paradise?'"

Unfortunately the people do not possess the qualities which are necessary to elevate them from the debasement to which they have been reduced by successive governments. In many points the Spaniards resemble the Italians. With an energetic nature, and even, at bottom, an African violence, they have the same mobility of imagination, the same love of pleasure, the same indolence; but, despite of a lively and facile intelligence, they have less subtlety, and especially less movement in their mind. A talent for imitation, which is, at first, deceptive, is their natural gift; but this does not penetrate to the bottom of things—all floats on the surface. In every subject they are contented with the appearance. No philosophical or scientific spirit; little seriousness, little reflection; a vanity which displays itself at all times and in all places—in the smallest things as in the greatest. Continuous effort or patient labour is for them an insupportable thing; half through indolence, half through pride, they cannot bend themselves to work.

A pride that is strange and unique. A Spaniard will blush

to work; he will not blush to beg. In his quality of hidalgo, he is too well born to do anything; but he will not think himself humiliated by accepting alms. This aversion to and contempt of work is a fatal legacy bequeathed by the Middle Ages to modern Spanish society. The long wars against the Moors maintained, and diffused through all classes, the feudal prejudice. It is true they had also the result of raising the peasant almost to the level of the grandee, and of developing the sentiment of equality. Thence has arisen among lower classes of Spain a certain natural haughtiness and well-bred familiarity which are among their noblest qualities; under aristocratic institutions, the manners of the people have ever been democratic.

A SPANISH MENDICANT.

But this sentiment, noble as it is in principle, has had very grievous effects. While all over Europe modern society has been transformed, and, through the agency of labour, industry, and commerce, that powerful and active class which we call "the middle" has sprung into life, Spain has continued fettered by her feudal manners and customs. It had been always an axiom that for a Spaniard there were but three careers: the church, the army, and the sea—that is, the colonies. The discovery of the New World did but in-

flame this disposition; by stimulating a too ardent spirit of adventure, by representing wealth under the single form of gold, it eventually discredited, discouraged, and, I had almost said, dishonoured industry, agriculture, and work—work, humble and modest. These ideas have been absorbed in the blood of the Spaniards. Consequently, there is no laborious "middle class;" no "tiers état" enriched by work and economy. The Spaniards are all nobles, and live like nobles—that is, without doing anything; but all are beggars, or in the way to become so. Everything done in Spain during the last half century—great public works, great enterprises, important ameliorations—has been done by the initiative, the efforts, and the capital of strangers. The national self-love is wounded by this fact; but individual sloth and pride prevail over national vanity.

The foregoing remarks are absolutely true, however, of the central and southern provinces only. The north, at least in part, has different ideas and a different temperament. Aragon, Catalonia, the Basque provinces, and Galicia are inhabited by a more energetic race, a race more active, less softened by the climate, less touched by the leprosy of mendicancy, and who do not look upon work as a humiliation.

Pride is sometimes a virtue in a people; at all events, it is a power. To-day, in the Spaniards it is simply a defect, and, we may add, a feebleness. Although, judged from every point of view, they are behind the principal nations of Europe, the Spaniards always call themselves naïvely the first people in the world; and not only do they say it, they believe it; by dint of repeating the assertion, they have persuaded them-

selves of its truth. They have arrived at such a pass as to deceive themselves, and to be duped by their own ridiculous self-panegyrics.

This naïve pride I cannot help regarding as their greatest defect; because it blinds them to all others, and prevents them from realizing the full extent of their deficiencies. You may cherish some hope of a people retrograde, but modest. But what can you expect of a people who are in the rear of all others, and yet believe themselves the most advanced; who are ignorant and ruined, and yet clothe themselves proudly in their beggary and ignorance; who know nothing, create nothing, produce nothing, and yet think it unworthy them to learn and labour?

A SPANISH PLOUGHMAN.

In everything you will find a varnish of civilization on the surface, ignorance and barbarism underneath. The Spaniards have railways and telegraphs; but unless their administration is in the hands of foreigners, there is no order, no regularity, no safety. They have a constitutional government, and representative cortes or chambers; but for forty years the country has been convulsed by *pronunciamentos* or revolutions; military insurrections have been of frequent occurrence; the finances are ruined; disorder reigns over all. They have

incessantly on their lips the words "nobility," "patriotism," "honour," and yet, on their own showing, and the evidence of disinterested observers, corruption and shameless rapacity and unlimited venality are universal.

What I hear of Spanish government and Spanish justice reminds me in every trait of Turkish government and Russian justice; that is, both are for sale. Officials being ill-paid, or not paid at all, their virtue must be superhuman if they remain honest. The taxes are heavy, and they are unfairly distributed; as no statistical accounts exist, the distribution is purely arbitrary; everything depends on the pleasure of some small official. Nor is even the military service better regulated; the conscription rarely falls upon the sons of the wealthy. I was told by M. D——, of Seville, that one of his servants, a cripple, was forced to join the ranks, willy nilly, to relieve a rich young man who stood next in succession to him. As for justice, it is a question of money; the richest is always certain to gain his cause. It is said that, one day, a suitor from whom his judge had exacted a bribe, exclaimed indignantly:—"Is there, then, no more justice in Spain?" "Yes," answered the judge; "do I not sell it to you?" The anecdote reminds us of the Italian maxim, *Se non è vero, è ben trovato.*

As you approach Xerez, the railway strikes across a chain of high hills, to descend in the valley of the Guadalète. It was upon the banks of this historic river that the great battle was fought in 711, which overthrew the empire of the Goths, and rendered the Arabs masters of Spain.

It is not astonishing that such an event should have left a

deep impression in the national tradition, and strongly excited the popular imagination. Poetry has made it its own. Everybody knows the legend of La Cava, Count Julian's daughter, who was outraged by King Roderick; her father avenged the dishonour done to his name by invoking the aid of the Moors.

"Ah, Spain!" cries the old balladist, "poor Spain! so famous over all the world, the richest of countries and the most delightful, where fine gold and silver abound, who hast no rival in beauty or in valour! See how a traitor has yielded thee up! See how, in punishment of our crimes, thy opulent cities and noble children have fallen under the yoke of the Moors!"

The battle lasted eight days. On the eighth, Oppas, bishop of Toledo, and an ally of Count Julian's, passed over to the enemy with the troops under his command. The victory was then decided for the Moslems. Roderick made heroic but useless efforts to rally his soldiers; but they all succumbed, all fled, and were scattered over the country.

"The armies of Don Roderick fled, discouraged; in the eighth encounter, the enemies were conquerors.

"Roderick issues from the camp and wanders forth. He goes alone, the unhappy one; no companion remains to him.

"Exhausted by fatigue, he can no longer guide his horse, who travels haphazard and where he pleases, for his master no longer guides his route.

"The king marches so overwhelmed, that he has lost all feeling. He is dead with hunger and thirst; it is pitiful to see him; he is so covered with blood that he seems red as flame.

"His arms, which shone with jewels, are all broken; his

sword is notched like a saw, by the blows it has received; his dinted helmet is crushed in upon his head; his face is swollen with weariness and grief.

"He ascends a lofty hill, the loftiest he can descry. Thence he looks round upon his army; he sees it in utter rout! He eyes his banners and his standards: how they are all trodden under feet, and covered with dust!

"He looks around for his captains, and not one is to be seen! He looks upon the plain red with blood, which flows in streams; and, saddened by the sight, feels a great anguish within him. The tears rolling from his eyes, he says:—

"'Yesterday I was King of Spain; to-day I am not lord of a single village!

"'Yesterday I possessed towns and castles; to-day there remains to me but myself alone!

"'Yesterday I had a people for my servants; to-day I have not a ramparted tower which I can call mine!

"'Unhappy was the hour, unhappy the day when I was born, and when I inherited that grand seignory, since I was fated to lose it in a day!

"'O death, why comest not thou? Why dost not thou tear my soul from this miserable body! I would give thee my thanks!'"

[With this quaintly simple narrative of the old romancist, it will be interesting to compare the polished verse of Southey, who has made the defeat and misfortunes of Don Roderick the subject of one of his elaborate epics:—

"Eight summer days, from morn till latest eve,
The fatal fight endured, till perfidy
Prevailing to their overthrow, they sunk
Defeated, not dishonoured. On the banks
Of Chrysus, Roderick's royal car was found,
His battle-horse Orelis, and that helm
Whose horns, amid the thickest of the fray
Eminent, had marked his presence. Did the stream

DON RODERICK. 13

Receive him with the undistinguished dead,
Christian and Moor, who clogged his course that day?
So thought the conqueror, and from that day forth,
Memorial of his perfect victory,
He bade the river bear the name of Joy....
"Bravely in that eight-days' fight
The king had striven....for victory first, while hope
Remained, then desperately in search of death.
The arrows passed him by to right and left,
The spear-point pierced him not, the scymitar
Glanced from his helmet. Is the shield of Heaven,
Wretch that I am, extended over me?
Cried Roderick; and he dropped Orelis's reins,
And threw his hands aloft in frantic prayer."

In Newton's "Notable Historie of the Saracens" (ed. 1575), we read:—"Roderike, the first day after the battayle, observing the auncient guise of his countrye, came into the field apparailled in a gowne of beaten golde, having also on his head a crown of golde, and golden shoes, and all his other apparaille set with rich pearles and precious stones, ryding in a horse-litter of ivorie, drawne by two goodly horses; which order the Goths used alwayes in battayles for this consideration, that the souldiours, well knowing their king could not escape by flight from them, shuld be assured that there was none other way but either to die together in that place, or else to winne the victorie; for it had bene a thing most shamefull and reproachfull to forsake their prince and anoynted soveraigne. Which custome and maner many free confederate cities of Italie folowing, trimmed and adorned for the warres a certain chayre of estate, called *Carocis*, wherein were set the pennons and ensigns of all the confederates; this chayre, in battayle, was drawn by many oxen, whereby the whole hoast was given to understand that they could not with any honesty flie, by reason of the slow pace and unweldiness of those heavie beasts."]

Xerez is not the prettiest town in Andalusia; but it is certainly the richest. Its wines, celebrated throughout the whole world, have made its fortune; and this fortune increases daily. Half a century ago, the population of Xerez was computed at 25,000 souls; to-day it exceeds 60,000. Some of the firms are of almost fabulous wealth; but then these firms are not Spanish. The great vineyards of the country, their working, and the trade in wines, whose production amounts to about two millions of gallons annually, are in the hands of foreigners, English and French. These foreigners, while enriching themselves, have enriched the

country ; but men are wanting, in spite of the high wages, as men are everywhere wanting in Spain.

Except in the ancient quarter, near the Cathedral, which is pierced with narrow lanes, the streets are broad, and planted with trees. By this characteristic you immediately recognize a town of recent creation ; modern activity cares little for the sun ; the necessities of circulation and commerce prevail over the agreeablenesses of climate. It is to the advantage of carriages, but the pedestrian does not gain by it, and the picturesque is greatly impaired. You should see Xerez from the summit of a tower, or of an elevated belvedere. With its houses mostly ranged in terraces, it has a certain Moorish air about it : in the middle of a flat gray landscape stretches the town, white and gray ; and the light falling full on the lime-washed walls, the glaring bricks, and the white pavement, dazzles the eyes. You almost feel as if you were in Africa.

But a few leagues from Xerez, on issuing from a bare and rocky district, the aspect of the country suddenly changes. A great blue belt is visible on the horizon : the train stops ; you are on the margin of the ocean, in a pretty little town surrounded by orange-trees, above which towers a few stately palms. This is Puerto-de-Santa-Maria, seated on the promontory closing in on the north-west the bay of Cadiz. From this point the prospect is magnificent. The roadstead bends inward, and rounds itself, on your left, describing a vast semicircle of from five to six leagues in extent ; an immense goblet or basin, which its edges seem to grasp quite amorously ; edges clad in gentle verdure, and dotted here and there with pretty villages and quaint picturesque mansions. In front, the peninsula of Léon, and on the rock which terminates it, the glittering Cadiz, which, in the words of a Spanish writer,

PUERTO REAL.

"advances into the waves as if to meet its squadrons." From our position, as we saw it sparkle in the rays of the setting sun, it seemed to emerge from the bosom of the sea, and float suspended, as it were, between the azure of the heavens and that of the water.

The railway, on quitting Puerto-de-Santa-Maria, follows the border of the sea, and winds round the entire extent of the bay, so that this admirable panorama, incessantly changing its aspect, gradually unrolls itself before the traveller's eyes. Nothing can be more smiling or richly varied than this route. The fields are covered with flowers, the gardens bloom with roses, geraniums, and jasmines. There are whole fields of nopal trees, and orchards planted with oranges and pomegranates. On one side spreads a luminous azure sea, thronged with ships, furrowed by white-winged barks; on the other, an horizon of pleasing mountains, bathed in hues of violet and rose; nearer us, on a lofty hill, lies the small town of Medina-Sidonia, built in the form of an amphitheatre, and inclining towards the sea.

We passed Puerto Real, and the small dismantled forts of the Trocadero, which formerly defended the entrance of the bay.

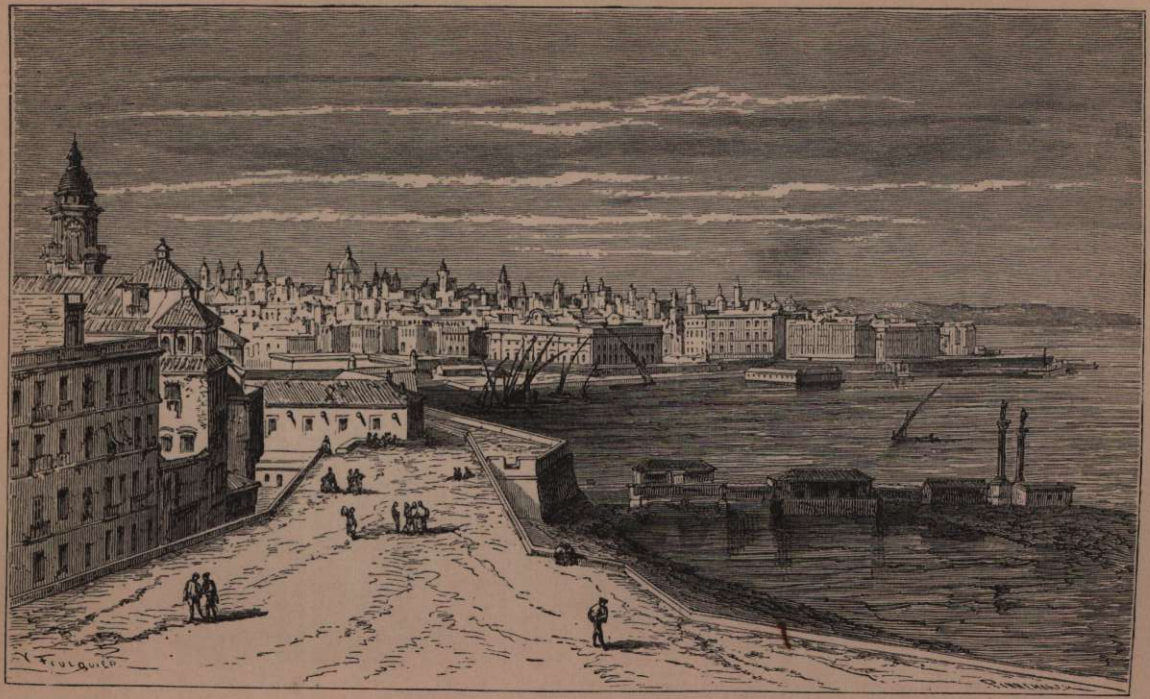
The iron road traverses some salterns. We leave on our right the heavy buildings of the maritime arsenal of La Carraca, an immense establishment nearly deserted and empty of ships. Soon we crossed the small arm of the sea which separates the island of Léon from the mainland; the railway then strikes along a narrow tongue of sand which the billows beat on either side. At the extremity of this kind of natural dyke stands Cadiz, east, west, and south surrounded by the sea.

Upon this low shore, which seems liable to inundation at each rising of the tide, perished, on the 1st of November 1755, the son of Racine the dramatist. The earthquake which on

THE TONGUE OF LAND.

that day destroyed Lisbon, was felt with terrible violence along the whole coast. The sea upheaved some fifty to sixty feet, beat down a portion of the walls of Cadiz, and an enormous wave, impetuously sweeping over the isthmus connecting the town with the mainland, carried off nearly two hundred persons. Young Racine, who had embraced a commercial career, and was residing at Cadiz, drove along the causeway at this moment in a post-chaise with one of his friends. The mountain of water, rushing down on the road, covered and overthrew the vehicle. The servant caught hold of the branches of a tree, and saw, without being able to render any assistance, the two young people perish, borne onwards by the rush of waters.

Viewed from the sea, or from the bottom of the bay, Cadiz, with its spires and lighthouses, its look-out towers, and the innumerable belvederes which surmount its white houses, has



VIEW OF CADIZ.

quite a fairy-like appearance. From a nearer point of sight the town is not less agreeable; its streets are narrow, but clean and well paved; all the houses have glazed balconies,

CADIZ, FROM THE SEA.

painted in lively colours, and adorned with flowers and hangings. Cadiz somewhat reminds me of Malta, but has more gaiety and grace: here, however, as at Malta, a charming feature is the sloping streets, which, terminating on the ramparts, admit at intervals, in the heart of the city, some enchanting glimpses of the sea.

Cadiz boasts of a marvellous climate, the blandest, perhaps, and the most uniform in Andalusia; the ardours of its sun are tempered by the breezes of the Atlantic.

On the moderately elevated ramparts, a beautiful promenade has been laid out, which surrounds the city and dominates over the sea; dense masses of flowers perfume the air; beautiful palms mingle with all kinds of exotic trees. From hence the prospect embraces the immensity of the ocean, the graceful curve of the roadstead, and beyond Santa-Maria may be traced in the mists of the horizons, the undulating line of the coast of Rota, striking towards the north. On

this coast, a little above the mouth of the Guadalquivir, is found a small port, called Palos-de-Moguer, whence, on the 3rd of August 1493, Columbus set forth to discover a New World.

THE QUAY AT CADIZ.

[His ships were three in number. The largest, which had been prepared expressly for the voyage, and was decked, was called the *Santa Maria;* on board of this ship Columbus hoisted his flag. The second, named the *Pinta*, was commanded by Martin Alonzo Pinzon, accompanied by his brother Francisco Martin, as pilot. The third, the *Niña*, had latteen sails, and carried the third of the brothers, Vicente Yañez Pinzon. There were three other pilots, Sancho Ruiz, Pedro Alonzo Niño, and Bartolemeo Roldan. Roderigo Sanchez, of Segovia, was inspector-general of the armament, and Diego de Arana, a native of Cordova, chief alguazil. There were also a physician and a surgeon, together with various

private adventurers, several servants, and ninety mariners; making in all, one hundred and twenty persons.

The squadron, says Washington Irving, being ready to put to sea, Columbus, impressed with the solemnity of his undertaking, confessed himself to the friar, Juan Perez, and partook of the sacrament of the communion. His officers and crew followed his example, and they entered upon their enterprise full of awe, and with the most devout and affecting ceremonials, committing themselves to the especial guidance and protection of Heaven. A deep gloom was spread over the whole community of Palos at their departure, for almost every one had some relative or friend on board the squadron. The spirits of the seamen, already depressed by their own fears, were still more cast down at the affliction of those they left behind, who took leave of them with tears and lamentations, and dismal forebodings, as of men they were never to behold again.]

In his first voyage, Columbus, on the 12th of October, discovered the first of the Bahama Islands, which he named San Salvador. Seven months later, having returned to Spain and received the grateful homage of its people, he repaired to Burgos; and there, at the feet of his patron Queen Isabella, deposited the earliest spoils of the New World: a troop of Indians crowned with feathers, a diadem and bracelets of gold, and some ingots of gold of incredible weight. From his third voyage he returned loaded with chains, and accused of desiring to secure for himself the realms he had discovered. At the fourth, the poor great man saw himself denied a shelter in the ports of New Spain, was wrecked on the coast of Jamaica, and remained there deprived of all succour. Thence he wrote to Ferdinand and Isabella,—to those sovereigns whose power and greatness he had doubled,—the following letter, which seems to us impressed with the most pathetic eloquence:—

"What have I gained by twenty years of labour, by so many fatigues, and so many perils? I have not to-day a house in Castile; and if I wish to dine, sup, or sleep, have no

other refuge than an inn, while very often I am in want of money. Even if one possessed the patience of Job, might not one well die of despair on seeing that, in the extreme peril in which I was situated,—I and my young son, and my brother and my friends,—men closed against me the land and the harbours which I had, through the divine will, won for Spain, and for whose discovery I had sweated blood?

"My brother, and the remainder of our kin, were on board of a ship, and I upon the coast, alone, and consumed by a burning fever. With great exertion I reached the most elevated point, weeping and in a voice of woe invoking the captains of your Highnesses and the four winds of heaven to hasten to my assistance; but they answered me nothing. Spent with fatigue I fell asleep, and heard a compassionate voice, which said, 'O madman, slow to believe and serve thy God, what did he more for Moses and his servant David? He has made the whole world resound with thy name. The Indies, that rich region of the earth, he has given thee to make over unto whom thou pleasest. He has placed in thy hands the keys of the barriers of Ocean, hitherto closed by such weighty chains. . . Thou callest upon an uncertain source of help—answer: Who has afflicted thee so grievously and so often; is it God or the world? God ever maintains the favours which he has bestowed upon thee, and never violates the promises which he has made; the service once rendered, he does not say that his intentions have been misunderstood; he does not make his servants endure martyrdom for the pleasure of the executioners.' . .

"I was, as it were, half dead on hearing this; but I could venture on no reply to words so true; I could only weep over my errors. And he who spoke to me added:

'Fear nothing, have faith; all tribulations are written on stone and marble.'

"May your Majesties have pity upon me, and send me a ship, with some provisions, to carry back to Spain myself and my poor people! May Heaven, may earth weep for me! May whosoever has charity, whosoever loves justice and truth, weep for me! I remain here, in these islands of the Indies, isolated, sick, in great trouble, daily expecting death, surrounded by innumerable savages, so far from the sacraments of our holy mother Church! I have not a maravedi for a pious offering. I beseech your Majesties, if God permits me an escape from hence, that I may be permitted to go to Rome on a pilgrimage. May the Holy Trinity preserve their life and power!

GRAVE OF COLUMBUS'S SON IN SEVILLE CATHEDRAL.

"Given at the Indies, in the island of Jamaica, on the 7th of July 1503."

Three years later Columbus, spent and worn out with fatigue and the gout, died at Valladolid. He wished his body to repose in the new earth he had discovered, and ordered that his coffin, wherein should be deposited the chains with which he had been loaded, should be carried to San Domingo.

To this great man Spain has not raised even a statue. The only memorial bearing his name is a lowly stone which in the cathedral of Seville covers the dust of his son, and bears this simple yet significant inscription :—

A Castilla y á Leon
Nuovo mundo dió Colon.

[To Castile and to Léon
Columbus gave a New World.]

On the 5th of April, at eight o'clock A.M., we set out for Gibraltar. From the steamer's deck we bade a last adieu to Cadiz and its shining ramparts; we cast a last look at the blue waters of its bay, at its shores so gracefully curved and of so bright an aspect. The vessel shook with the vibrations of its screw; we doubled the lighthouse, and fair Cadiz soon vanished from our gaze. The voyage was accomplished in six to seven hours. Towards noon we doubled Cape Trafalgar, of glorious memory for Englishmen.

[As Browning sings :—

"Bluish, 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest north-east distance, dawned Gibraltar grand and gray;
'Here and here did England help me: how can I help England?' say.
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
While love's planet rises yonder, silent over Africà."]

Soon the African coast arose before us; we entered the Strait; Tangier lay on our right, at the bottom of a profound bay; but we could scarcely perceive it. We put into Tarifa, the most southerly point of the European continent, in the latitude of Malta, Algiers, and Aleppo.

From the sea Tarifa appears a mass of ruins; a few hundreds of low-built houses, clustering together on a naked and narrow rock, an old dismantled citadel, a Gothic church, and all around a belt of Moorish towers connected by curtains.

Only the whole is admirable in colouring; the stone seems calcined and reddened; on those walls, half eaten by time and the sea wind, the African sun has thrown a splendid vestment, with tawny gleams and golden flashes, like a lion's skin.

This little port—now celebrated only for its oranges, which are the best in Andalusia—has played a part in history. There the Arabs for the first time set foot on Spanish soil, and thenceforth the town retained the name of their leader, Tarif or Tarick. They converted it into a formidable stronghold; and up to the epoch of the battle of Rio-Salado, in 1340, which put an end to the successive invasions of the Moors, Tarifa was, with Algésiras, the ordinary point of communication between Moorish Spain and Africa.

Not only is the exterior physiognomy of the town purely Moorish, but the Moorish influence may be traced in certain local usages. The women of Tarifa still conceal their face like the women of the Moslem. Their costume is composed of two black petticoats, one of which is thrown over the head and face in such a manner as to leave but an eye visible.

More than one fact of this kind, attested by history, proves that a certain approximation and blending of ideas and manners had taken place, before religious fanaticism awakened the old antipathies and rekindled the old feuds between the Christians and the Moors. In the sixteenth century, the etiquette of the Spanish court prohibited queens and princesses from showing themselves unveiled. Dona Juana, sister of Philip II., and regent of the kingdom during her brother's absence in England, never appeared with an uncovered face. The foreign ambassadors having complained that, owing to this custom, they were unable to know with

whom they transacted business, the princess, at the commencement of the audience, raised her veil to make herself known, and then let it drop again over her face. Philip II., as a proof of his affection and confidence, accorded to Elizabeth of France, his third wife, the right of appearing without a veil, contrary to etiquette. On the other hand, we know that the Moors of Granada, in the last century of their domination, had greatly relaxed the rigour of this custom, which the Christians had borrowed from them: the beautiful Moors allowed even the Spanish cavaliers to see them, and were present, unveiled, or very slightly veiled, at jousts, and the games of the ring.

Recaptured in the thirteenth century by the Christians, the citadel of Tarifa underwent many long and terrible sieges. Tradition relates a deed of antique heroism, of which it is pretended this was the theatre. The king, Don Sancho, had entrusted the defence of the place to a brave captain, named Guzman the Good. The son of Guzman fell into the hands of the besiegers, who, in the hope of subduing the father's obstinate resistance, carried the child to the foot of the ramparts, and threatened to kill him before his eyes, unless he surrendered the citadel. For his sole reply, Guzman snatched his dagger from his belt, and flung it to his enemies.

The Strait, at this point, is not above three to four leagues broad; it resembles a magnificent river, flowing between two mountain-chains. On the Spanish bank, at every culminating point, rises an old tower, now abandoned and in ruins; these are called *atalayas*, from an Arabic word signifying a watch-post. And, in fact, it was the Moors who first erected them. From their summit they watched the approach of the enemy,

which they signalled by kindling large fires. At a later date, the Spaniards also constructed them, in rivalry of their enemies; and they are found in considerable numbers on both coasts, and even in the interior of the country.

After about an hour's passage, the Strait suddenly enlarges, and on rounding a little headland we see rising before us, sombre and threatening, the Rock of Gibraltar, like to a colossal sphinx, crouched on the border of the sea, and guarding the channel. The Bay of Algésiras opens on the left, like a tranquil lake, with clear translucent waters. Above the green hills which enclose it, the glance rests on a vaporous horizon of rosy and violet-hued mountains, whose summits even in early summer are crowned with snow. Nothing more gracious or delightful than this landscape, if we look to the bottom of the bay; nothing more grim or severe, if we turn towards Gibraltar, the formidable rock where proudly floats the meteor flag of England, and whose flanks, broken up by black embrasures, seem ready to vomit shot and shell.*

[The emotions with which an Englishman beholds the grand old rock, won and retained by English valour, are admirably expressed by Archbishop Trench :—

GIBRALTAR.

"England! 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 show,

* [It is the contrast, perhaps we may fancifully say, between the genius and character of England, solid, grave, and earnest, and the impulsive temperament of fickle Spain.]

It made my very heart within me dance,
To think that thou thy proud foot shouldst advance
Forward so far into the mighty sea.
Joy was it and exultation to behold
Thine ancient standard's rich emblazonry,
A glorious picture by the wind unrolled."]

A FELUCCA IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

# VII.

# The English in Spain.

GIBRALTAR—MALAGA—FROM MALAGA TO GRANADA.

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Ancient rock
Renowned, no longer now shalt thou be called
From gods and heroes of the years of yore,
Bacchus or Hercules; but doomed to bear
The name of thy new conqueror, and thenceforth
To stand his everlasting monument.

SOUTHEY.

## VII.

AS history records, it was in July 1704, that the squadrons of England and Holland—which powers had united to support the pretensions of the Archduke Charles to the throne of Spain against Philip V., the grandson of Louis XIV.—laid siege to Gibraltar. On the 21st, about 1800 soldiers and marines, under the command of the Prince of Hesse, were landed. On the following day the fleet commenced a terrific cannonade, firing 15,000 shot in half-a-dozen hours. The sea defences were captured on the 23rd by a small body of

seamen under Captain Whitaker, and the town capitulated on the 24th. In three days, and with a loss only of 63 men killed and 225 wounded, this great fortress—"the stronghold where the tyrant comes in vain"—was wrested from the Spanish monarchy.

A French and Spanish fleet was despatched to regain it. They numbered 50 line-of-battle ships, besides frigates, carrying 26,000 men and about 4000 guns, and were commanded by Admiral le Comte de Thoulouse. The English fleet, under Sir George Rooke, did not exceed 45 sail of the line, besides frigates, fire-ships, and small vessels, carrying 23,000 men and 3700 guns. His victory, however, was complete, and with a loss of 3000 men the French were compelled to retire to Toulon, leaving Gibraltar in the hands of the English, to whom it was confirmed by the Treaty of Utrecht.

For England, Gibraltar possesses not only a great political and military importance, but it also effectively subserves her commercial interests. It has always been the busiest centre of the contraband trade, and the public entrepôt of those goods which she has afterwards introduced at every point of the coast, and with which she has inundated the Peninsula.

Neither when seen at a distance, nor from a close point of view, is Gibraltar* attractive to the eye. The port is free, but you cannot enter it without a police license. After crossing the double enceinte, ditches, and drawbridge, you enter, through the posterns, upon an area surrounded with barracks; barracks on the right, barracks on the left, and four, five, and six stories high. Only soldiers are to be seen —at least, one half the population is military: England has

* [That is, *Gibel-al-Tarif*, the mountain of Tarif. Tarif was the leader of the Moors on their first landing in Spain.]

always some five or six thousand men here in garrison, without counting permanent officials. The town is quite characterless: it is not an English, and it is not a Spanish town; it is simply a camp and a market. All languages are spoken; and you see both the costumes of Europe and Africa. The Spanish basis of the population is strangely mixed. The Jews, attracted by English tolerance, are numerous; and they have a synagogue. You will meet with some aged men who wear, as in the East, the black robe and pointed bonnet. You see also Algerians, and merchants of Marocco, with half-naked legs, their feet in slippers, their shoulders enveloped in their large white burnous, and their head crowned with the turban or tarbouche.

We installed ourselves at the Club House, in the principal square, and immediately satisfied ourselves that we were no longer in Spain. The picturesque is absent; there is no *patio* with elegant columns, no marble fountain embowered in blossoms and orange-trees. But, by way of compensation, you enjoy English cleanliness and comfort, commodious chambers, good beds, an exact and attentive service, and a capital table. Dare I confess it? I am not indifferent to these prosaic pleasures. After a month's travelling in Spain they become surprising novelties, with which you are not averse again to make acquaintance. I began to weary of saffron soup, of fried dishes with the oil more or less rancid, and of pastries all strongly flavoured with cinnamon. I was by no means displeased, after having satiated myself for some weeks with originality and local colour, to encounter once more in this little knuckle-end of the earth that old civilization which people call corrupt, but which, decidedly, has

something very agreeable in it. I confess, too, that I was delighted to find myself seated at table with Englishmen instead of Spaniards. The English, perhaps, are not always "amiable," are often stiff and reserved; and yet truth compels me to say that all whom I met with in my travels were superior men, with whom my relations were invariably most pleasant. Moreover, they are courteous and polished towards ladies, a quality much too rare among the Spaniards. At the Club House it was quite a surprise for us to see men at table with their hats off, and not lighting their cigars at dessert.

One of the principal military posts of the town was in front of our hotel. It was occupied by a detachment of Highlanders—superb men, with a singularly martial bearing, and a picturesque costume—their legs bare from the knee, their tartan plaid, their pouch of goat's skin hanging in front, and their large hairy bonnet. Finer troops I have never seen, and I was never weary of admiring them when they came to change sentries, morning and evening, with their piper at their head. Very original, but also very comical is the "retreat," which is beaten daily by the drums of the garrison, and at this central post. I have never heard such a Babel of sounds: above the monotonous roll of the drum rises the shrill fury of the fife—the whole marked by a rhythm which I can only compare to that of our mountebanks when accompanying the performances of their dancing bears or learned dogs. Add to this, at intervals, the discordant blasts of trumpets which threaten to rend one's ears. It is truly a negro music!

But if the English are not musicians, they thoroughly understand the planting and cultivation of trees. At the

extremity of the town, on the side of Europa Point, in a spot where the gentler slope of the mountain offers a pleasing variety of ground, they have created, on the very border of the sea, a garden which is really a miracle. There the Southern and African flora is displayed in all its luxurious

THE GARDEN AT GIBRALTAR.

splendour. On the steeper declivities and the rocky flanks of the mountain blooms a forest of cactus, aloes, cistus, and fragrant brooms. Hedges of rose-trees and flowering geraniums border the sinuous alleys, shaded with gigantic mimosas, pepper-plants, arbutes, and shadowy pines. Through

the thick masses of verdure you catch sweet glimpses of the harbour, and the golden waters of the bay, and a distant range of azure hills. The situation is enchanting. Generally the supreme defect in landscapes on the border of the sea, even in those of the Mediterranean, is the want of verdure and of noble trees. Here all is combined; and the freshness of a beautiful vegetation blends with the purity of the heaven, and the sapphire light of a sea like that of Naples, to form a picture of incomparable charm.

In the garden, every evening, gathers the fashionable world of Gibraltar, while the regimental bands perform a selection of operatic airs. We cannot bestow much admiration on the two monuments raised in its centre,—one to General Lord Heathfield, the hero of the famous siege; the other to the Duke of Wellington, whom a long Latin inscription classes among the greatest heroes of history and benefactors of the human race. But let us do justice to everybody; and certain it is that if Gibraltar were not English, instead of this delicious garden, there would be only a barren sandy shore, bristling with rocks and shaggy with furze.

The day after our arrival we visited the fortress. Twenty years ago no one would have been admitted without a special permit, which could be obtained only with great difficulty. To-day everybody freely enters; it is a matter of a few reals bestowed on the non-commissioned officer who acts as guide.

The mountain on the eastern side faces the Mediterranean, is precipitous and almost inaccessible. To the west, on the side which dominates over the town and bay, its slope, on the contrary, though rapid, is accessible. A winding but well-kept road leads to the summit; you ascend it mounted on a

horse or an ass. On this side, naturally, important works of fortification have been executed. The means of defence here accumulated are prodigious. On the level of the sea are planted various rasant batteries, whose cross-fire sweeps the entire area. Then, as you advance, you come to stage upon stage of

THE FORTIFICATIONS OF GIBRALTAR.

new bastions and redoubts. On every rocky point, in each undulation of the soil, cannons and howitzers confront you. Everywhere you meet with piles of shot, pyramids of shells, and chests of cartridges. The mountain is literally paved with them. Where it has been found impossible to raise external

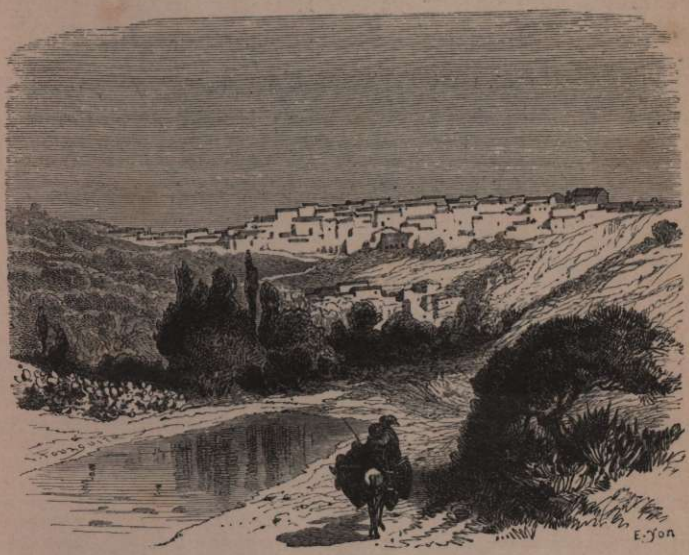
defences, where the rock is steep as a wall—namely, towards the curve of the bay, and on the side of the Spanish frontier—subterranean galleries have been excavated in the solid rock. These galleries, several thousand yards in length, are pierced at intervals of ten paces with large embrasures, through which the black muzzles of huge cannons are projected. They form a gigantic work, executed in 1786 to 1789, after the fruitless attempt of the combined fleets of France and Spain to retake Gibraltar from the English. Of late years they have been enlarged and strengthened, in accordance with the most approved principles of modern military engineering, and the batteries have been armed with the most powerful guns invented.

Gibraltar is a very formidable position, and an invaluable *point d'appui* for the English fleet, though, perhaps, it does not possess the same importance as formerly. The conditions of maritime warfare have greatly changed: it is impossible any longer to bar the passage, narrow as is the Gibraltar Strait, to powerful steam-vessels, and, especially, to iron-clad ships. Moreover, the Suez Canal seems to open to all the European nations which have ports upon the Mediterranean the direct highway to India, and so to diminish the value of the position which commands the Strait.

The rock is from 1600 to 1700 feet above the sea-level. From its summit an unique panorama may be surveyed: in clear weather the prospect extends, it is said, fully forty leagues, and you may see the ships entering and leaving the port of Cadiz. Unfortunately, on the occasion of our visit, the day was not a favourable one; the weather, foggy in the morning, grew worse and worse as we ascended, and when we

VIEW OF GIBRALTAR.

arrived at the Signal House, a dense mist covered the sea. We were soon enveloped in heavy clouds, brought up by a south-west wind; they rolled and broke against the rock, like waves upon a reef. The very land disappeared from our eyes. The mist dissolved into rain, and after an hour's fruitless attempt we were compelled, not without regret, to resume the road to Gibraltar.




THE COUNTRY AROUND RONDA.

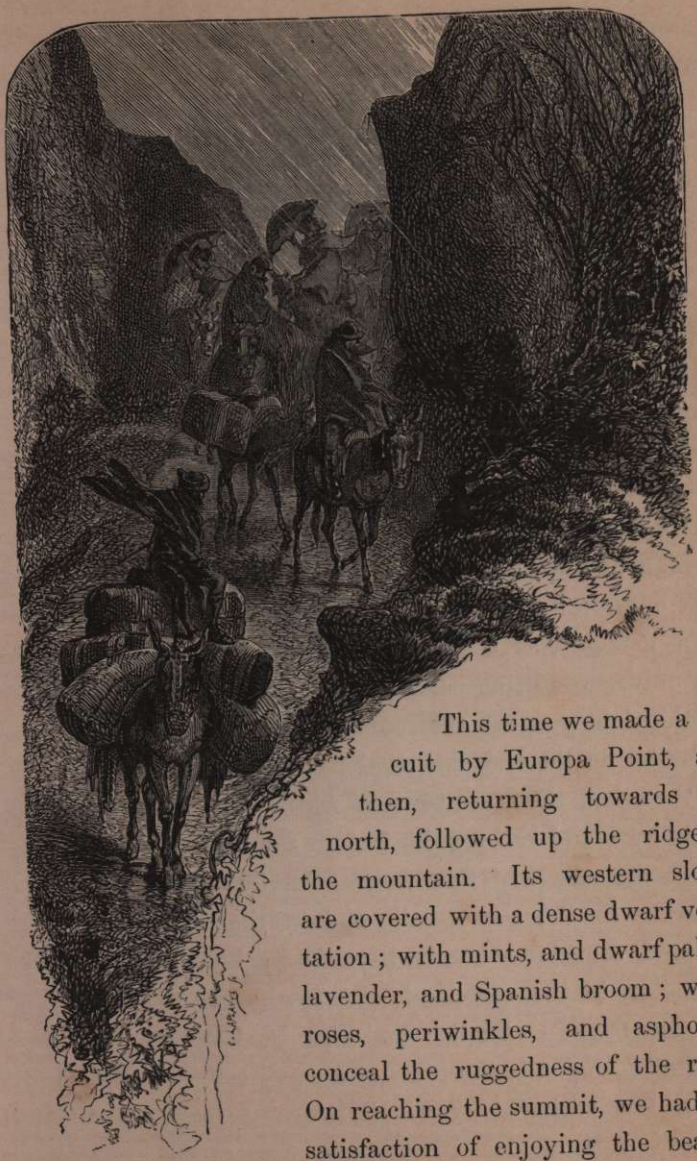
This was the commencement of our misadventures; they were continued all the following day. It was our intention to go by land to Malaga. There was no route practicable for carriages; we were therefore compelled to go upon *mule-back* by way of Ronda. This is a journey of some days' duration, which, in summer, is accomplished without great fatigue. Ronda, an old Moorish town, is picturesquely situated in the midst of mountains which the Arabs fertilized by admirable

works of irrigation, whose remains are still extant in tolerable preservation. The road offers many beautiful pictures; it traverses a country-side rich in fruit-trees, in festooning vines, in groves of oranges, fig-trees, and pomegranates.

In the evening the weather seemed on the point of clearing, and the barometer began to rise. We concluded arrangements with an *arriero*, and next day, at an early hour, the horses and mules were at our gate. If we believed our guide, the weather was superb; there was certainly a little mist upon the sea, but the sun would soon clear it away. We breakfasted while the animals were being loaded, and immediately afterwards were in the saddle. But scarcely had we left the town before the horizon assumed a threatening aspect. The mountains towards which we were directing our course had donned their cloudy hoods. A small fine rain began to fall. We kept up our spirits, in the hope that it would not last; but it grew worse and worse. To plunge into the mountains in such weather would have been madness, and, much to the dissatisfaction of the younger and more adventurous members of our caravan, I gave the signal of retreat. We entered Gibraltar with drooping heads, cursing our ill-fortune, thoroughly soaked, and with the water, as Panurge says, beginning to enter our shoes by the collars of our shirts.

The Ronda excursion having failed, we were compelled to adopt the route by sea.

A steamer was to start from Algésiras on the following evening; we engaged places on board of her. All the day was rainy; but on the morrow, the sky having cleared, we felt desirous, before our departure, of re-ascending the rock to enjoy the view of which the fog had so cruelly deprived us.



This time we made a circuit by Europa Point, and then, returning towards the north, followed up the ridge of the mountain. Its western slopes are covered with a dense dwarf vegetation; with mints, and dwarf palms, lavender, and Spanish broom; while roses, periwinkles, and asphodels conceal the ruggedness of the rock. On reaching the summit, we had the satisfaction of enjoying the beautiful prospect under a cloudless sky.

You stand here on the boundary of the old world, on the watershed of two seas, on the confines of two continents. At your feet projects Europa Point, a narrow and low tongue of land advancing far into the sea, and covered with bastions and casemates intermingled with villas and gardens; westward extends the undulating line of the Strait, with its waters of an intense blue, and beyond, the rocky coast of Tarifa and the Atlantic Ocean, whose mighty sweep is lost in the vapours of the east; on the right, beating against the very foot of the rock, the Mediterranean, of a pale blue, with its surface diversified by bands of silver; opposite, the African coast, with its rugged cliffs; the white houses and ruined fortifications of Ceuta, visible at the bottom of a vast bay; and the Mount Abyla of the ancients, the second of the "Pillars of Hercules," from which it seems, in truth, as if the rock of Gibraltar had been violently dislocated, to be planted by a demigod, as a gigantic landmark, at the extremity of the universe. Bring back your survey to nearer points, and on the right you see the rounded graceful outline of the bay. Gibraltar on the one side, its harbour thronged with masts; on the other, the small town of Algésiras, seated on the slope of its hills, and bathing its feet in the bright waters; in the curve the village of San Roque, the first we meet with on entering Spain; nearer still, and in the rear, the thin ridge of sand, some few hundred yards in breadth, which links Gibraltar to the mainland. A row of towers marks the frontier between English and Spanish territory, and we can distinguish upon it the tents of a small camp always occupied by a few regiments. Finally, as the background of the picture, beyond San Roque, rise the green mountains of Ronda, and, towering above and behind these, the rose-hued

peaks of the Sierra Bermeja, and the snowy summits of the Alpuxarras. It is difficult to conceive a grander spectacle.

In the evening we traversed the bay in a boat. The wind was still somewhat fresh and the sea agitated; but at sunset the breeze fell, and the sea grew calmer. We set out at eight o'clock. The night was mild and pure, and the stars shone with that limpid lustre which is never seen in our cloudy and vaporous skies. The town of Gibraltar, black at the foot of its black mountain, stood out well defined by a row of lights connected with the lighthouse. We remained upon deck until midnight, to enjoy the beauty of the evening. The air is warm, the sea gleams with phosphorescent flashes, and the foaming furrow of the screw left in our wake a train of bluish sparks which disported among the waves.

On the following day, April the 9th, we were in front of Malaga before dawn, but had to wait until sunrise before we could land. And when we had landed, we were compelled to wait until the custom-house permitted us to pass. As it was morning, the employés were not yet at their desks. No one hurries himself in Spain; the hours are long, and what we don't do to-day, we shall do to-morrow. At length, after an hour's delay, they condescended to attend to us, and explored our trunks and portmanteaus to the very bottom. All this rigour was the merest demonstration, and we could easily have released ourselves from it; we knew well that a few piastres would soften the Cerberuses. But as this operation is repeated, sometimes under the name of "customs," sometimes under the name of "octroi," at the entrance of every Spanish town; as this audacious and systematic robbery dis-

gusted us; and as, moreover, we were free from all contraband, we resolved for once to leave messieurs the custom-house officials to work their will, and to overlook their scrupulous investigations with our hands in our pockets, and a superb calm and impassability.

Malaga, seen from the harbour, has a sufficiently gloomy aspect. The town, seated at the entrance of a narrow valley, is shut in between the sea and the mountains. On the rock dominating over it we distinguish some ancient and half-ruined fortifications, partly of Moorish construction. In the midst of houses, monotonously gray and yellow, a single monument attracts the eye; it is the cathedral, built of a fine red stone, but in a singularly commonplace style. The mountains which skirt the sea, and rise behind the town in successive stages, seem, at a distance, almost denuded of vegetation. Yet they are covered with vines up to their very summit; in the spring, however, the leaves are not yet put forth, and their naked sides seem scorched with the sun.

The interior of the town is not much more inviting. The streets are dirty, and badly paved. The only quarter with any brightness in it is the Alameda, a kind of court planted with fine trees, and surrounded with large mansions. It is decorated at one extremity with a monumental fountain of several stages, adorned with statues in a modified Renaissance style, whose indecent character has none of that *naïveté* for excuse which we find in certain mediæval fountains.

Malaga is rich and populous. Its wines and raisins are the staple of an immense commerce, especially with Great Britain, the United States, and North Germany. The district between Malaga and Cordova is one of the most fertile in Spain, and produces in abundance barley, oranges, figs, and olives. Along

VIEW OF MALAGA.

the coast, the cultivation of the sugar-cane—originally introduced by the Arabs, but abandoned after the discovery of America—has recovered in the last few years a certain development, and will probably attain in due time to much

THE ALAMEDA AT MALAGA.

greater proportions. But the real wealth of the country is the vine. Such is the abundance of its growth, that, despite the dearness of land and the cost of manual labour, it repays in two or three seasons the purchase-money and annual expenses of the plantation. This source of prosperity, however, suffers from the scarcity of money; the agriculturist borrows at 25, 30, and 40 per cent., and the usury ruins him.

A profounder obstacle in this country to every kind of progress is the indolent and improvident character of the people. They have few wants, and these are easily satisfied. An Andalusian lives upon little; a lettuce or an orange makes his dinner, with a glass of water. If he can add to this a cigarette, he is the happiest man in the world; and for the remainder of the day, without taking thought of the morrow, he goes to sleep in the sunshine (*tomar el sol*, to take the sun, is the common phrase). Necessity alone, necessity actual and urgent, constrains him to work; but as soon as work has supplied him with the means of meeting present wants, he returns to his pleasure or repose. Nothing can keep him. If you find fault with your servants, they depart. Those whom you hire at the beginning of winter leave you with the first breath of spring. And why? To do nothing, to rest, and to walk about when they please. They are weary of working; that is all. I was told that Malaga contained ten to fifteen thousand persons without profession, without lodging, vagabonds, mendicants, thieves; living in the street on the chances of the day, often with no other resource than the Barbary figs which they pick in the fields round about the town. The fact is, I have never seen elsewhere so many beggars, street-porters, commissionaires, lazzaroni. Spain is the land of mendicity; but I think that Malaga is of all Spanish towns the one where mendicity flourishes and displays itself with the greatest luxury.

What I have said of the laziness of the Andalusians is not true only of the common people; you meet with the same characteristic in every class of society. M. de Custine records that his physician at Granada would never rise at night-time,

nor would he be disturbed during his siesta, however critical the condition of a patient.

Among the Spaniards, moreover, this indolence is allied to stormy passions. Their manners are at once licentious and violent. They resort, on the slightest provocation, to the

A STREET MURDER.

knife or the rifle. I was told that never a year passed without several men being killed in Malaga in the street, and in broad daylight. People who found them there left them alone; no one was astonished, and no one was indignant; private affairs must be regulated by those who are interested

in them. Not a hand was raised to assist the police; the murderer is generally so brave a man! Usually he escapes. His protectors—his *padrinos*, or godfathers, as they say in Spain—interfere, and either by money or influence hush up the scandal. If it come to the worst, the criminal gets only a few years or a few months in prison; and when he is released, enjoys as much consideration as before.

This is not the fault of the laws. The laws are good, but they are not applied. Despotism and venality everywhere prevail. There exists no control, no guarantee; it depends on the magistrate to prosecute or not prosecute. Yours may be the best cause imaginable, but you are never sure of obtaining justice, or of making your plunderer disgorge his booty.

The cashier of a French house of business robbed it of thirty thousand francs. He was arrested; but the trial made no progress. At the end of some months, the magistrate informed the prosecutors that the accused would refund ten thousand francs, if the charge were withdrawn; and he added that they would do wrong in refusing the proposal, as otherwise they ran the risk of losing all. Their lawyers gave the same advice, and as it was clear that nothing more could be got, they assented, and the honest cashier was restored to the bosom of his disconsolate family.

I was told this true tale by one of the sufferers, M. S——, chief manager of a great railway enterprise; a most agreeable man, to whom I had received letters of introduction, and who gave me a very cordial welcome. He related to me many similar stories. Nothing can be done in this country but with money; nothing can be procured but with money. Corruption pervades society from the highest to the lowest.

Connivance has become a national habit, and not only connivance, but theft. A few years ago a French ship was wrecked on the coast, near Marbella. The custom-house officers charitably assisted the sailors to save themselves; but when they had saved their lives, stripped them, and plundered the cargo. After all, these people had one excuse—the government pays them so badly and so irregularly!

I asked how it was that in a town so rich and large as Malaga the streets should be so dirty, and in such want of repair. I was informed that the rates for their maintenance

THE WRECK ASHORE.

are divided among the different municipal councillors, each of whom is charged with the oversight of a particular district, and that Messieurs the Councillors find it the simplest plan to pocket a portion of the money.

The government is robbed, like the town; like the town, it knows it, and is resigned. The disease is universal. Everybody being more or less affected, it seems to everybody that it must be the normal condition of things. Thus, the custom dues of Malaga amount to a considerable sum; but it is a

matter of public notoriety that scarcely one-half enters the coffers of the state. Secret arrangements exist between the employés and the great commercial firms. Nor is this peculiar to Malaga: it is everywhere the same.

A few years ago, by some mysterious chance, an honest man was appointed director of the customs at Malaga. His first care was to put an end to these scandals. Immediately there arose a great commotion in the commercial world of Malaga. Home-bound ships were directed to put into the neighbouring ports. The situation soon appeared intolerable; Malaga was ruined; Malaga was the victim of a crying and iniquitous inequality, the other ports continuing to enjoy the ancient facilities. Complaints were made; the deputies of the province intervened; and the too honest administrator was degraded to a secondary post in the interior.

Sometimes politics mingle in the matter, and then it assumes the most splendid proportions. Not long ago some great Malaga firms were unloading in the port certain valuable cargoes. The elections for the province were about to take place. The governor was informed that his candidates would be supported if he behaved liberally. An agreement was concluded. It remained only to devise a means of carrying it out. Suddenly it was noised abroad that a *pronunciamiento* was on the point of breaking out in Granada; and all the troops, including, of course, the custom-house guards, were despatched thither in haste. Nobody had stirred in Granada; but by the time the troops had returned the ships were unloaded, and, as we vulgarly say, the trick was played.

Spite of the amiable welcome given us by M. S——, who placed his carriage at our disposal to visit the town, Malaga did not please us greatly. There was nothing to see, and we


IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF MALAGA.

hurried away to Granada. It was impossible, however, to obtain places in the diligence for three days. To occupy the time, we traversed the environs of the town. They are barren and dreary. Even the valley which stretches westward, though watered by a little stream, is devoid of trees. This stream, which passes at the end of the Alameda, and winds through the suburbs, is at times dignified with the name of a river; but during the hot season the fruit and vegetable market is held in its dry bed.

On the other side of the town the road follows the margin of the sea, but the landscape is not of a livelier character; on the left runs a range of naked hills; on the right are factories, and squalid cottages, and gardens where man's hand leaves everything to be done by nature. The majority of the cottages are wine-shops, where, on Sunday, the dock porters assemble to sing, and smoke, and eat, under arbours of vines.

Close at hand is the English Cemetery, which you will do well to visit, for there is nothing prettier in Malaga. It is of very small dimensions; but neatly laid out, carefully kept, and full of shade and fragrance. The tombs are almost hidden by the flowers; avenues of green turf, with borders of geraniums and roses, and clumps of rare trees, have converted this spot into a charming oasis in the centre of a barren and unclean waste.

The English were formerly numerous at Malaga. Attracted by its genial climate, they attempted to make of it a winter resort, as they have done with Nice, and so many other towns on the Mediterranean. They brought much money into the country; but, in return, met with a stupid hostility and ill-will. At last they grew weary of so indifferent a reception:

and they abandoned Malaga. But they have not abandoned their dead; with pious and persevering care they keep up the tombs of those whose bones are left in this inhospitable earth.

THE SPANISH CEMETERY.

If the traveller loves contrasts, he has only to cross from the English to the Spanish Cemetery. This is a vast field, surrounded by walls, and planted only with a few cypresses and willows. It is occupied by the tombs of rich families, and by more or less pretentious monuments, generally in very bad taste. The encircling wall is high, and from seven to

eight feet thick. In its thickness are several rows of long narrow compartments, each adapted to receive a single coffin. Here the crowd of the dead are lodged. When a coffin has been deposited in its compartment, the entrance is closed up with a stone, and sealed. The rich occupy the lower, and the poor the upper rows.

Dreary and lugubrious is the appearance of this novel kind of columbarium, which awakens the most repellent ideas. Formerly, at the Escorial, there existed a provisional vault in which the bodies of the kings were deposited before they were removed to their last resting-place: this vault was called the *pourrissoir*.* The cemetery in the wall had all the effect upon my mind of a gigantic *pourrissoir*. It seems that in summer, when the great heats prevail, emanations of a frightful and pestiferous character escape from the badly sealed tombs.

At length, after a delay of three days, we quitted Malaga on the morning of the 12th of April. The journey to Granada occupies a whole day: the carriages are poor, the road is difficult and fatiguing; but what would not one endure to see Granada?

After quitting Malaga, we ascended continually for nearly four hours. The road, in an interminable series of zigzags, climbs the mountain mass which surrounds the town on the north, and forms, as it were, a lofty wall of terraces receding one behind the other. In the circuits made by the road as it winds round the summits, and incessantly returns upon itself, we repeatedly caught glimpses of Malaga, lying at the

* Literally, the fermenting-trough.

bottom of the valley. The prospect was very beautiful. It was about six in the morning, and the sun was rising; the sea was of a milky white; the mountains on the Marbella side wore an exquisite peach-like hue; and great processions of white vapours, like floating scarves of gauze, wound about their flanks.

These rounded summits, covered with vegetable mould, were cultivated in cereals and vines; the trees are few—only, here and there, some scattered olives and figs. Along the wayside enormous aloes reared their flowery clusters. In

MALAGA FROM THE SEA.

many parts the earth had a red ochreous tint, and the steep declivities seemed furrowed and rent by torrents.

As we advanced, the landscape grew more dreary. We soon attained the highest summits; and to the rounded crests succeeded rocky and abrupt peaks, precipitous, rugged, and serrated. The narrow intervening valleys were sprinkled with crag and boulder of a clear gray colour, spotted with white mosses. On the glittering sandy road, and the white stones which covered the ground, the noon-day sun poured a flood

of blinding light. Nothing could be nakeder, wilder, or more melancholy than this country-side, which was long frequented by robbers. At present, however, you run no other risk than that of breaking your bones if the diligence capsizes. The road keeps continually along the very edge of the precipices; it is narrow, ill-kept, and from time to time, as you cross its gullies and water-channels, you experience the most frightful jolts. Our diligence was an old and half-worn-out machine, which in any other country would have been condemned as unfit for use; at the relays I discovered that its springs were fastened up with a splinter of wood and some yards of rope. The driver, however, pretended they were as sound as ever.

On approaching Loja, the landscape suddenly changed. We entered a little valley, watered by a river, full of verdure, of meadows, of magnificent corn-fields; the road was lined with fruit-trees in flower, and Italian poplars of a delicate green leafage. The town has a completely Moorish physiognomy, and is situated about midway in the fold of a hill, dominating this fertile valley.

We halted there to dine, in a *posada* of very mean appearance. The house had a *patio*,—surrounded on four sides by a gallery,—in which a fountain poured through two large copper mouths, into basins of granite, the most beautiful, fresh, and limpid water I had ever seen. The town of Loja is peculiarly fortunate in the excellence and copiousness of its waters. Every house has a sparkling fountain. Inexhaustible springs, and some of extraordinary power, issue from the earth on all sides. This incalculable wealth might be utilized for agricultural purposes; these natural forces industry might

turn to the greatest advantage; but Spanish apathy and ignorance allow them to be wasted.

We had a genuine Spanish dinner: a *puchero*, some *garbanzos*, and eggs fried in oil. The attendant was a tall, beautiful girl, with white teeth, velvety eyes, and black silken tresses. In this people, even in the lower orders, exists a natural nobility, and, as it were, an air of distinction, which we look for vainly among the French or English. The peasants of this province, with their tight skin breeches, gaiters, round waistcoat, and violet girdle, have an elegant, composed, and dignified bearing; the muleteers, in their coarse habiliments, seem like gentlemen; and even in the attendants of an inn you recognize the nobility of the race.

At ten o'clock in the evening we reached Granada. Instead of taking up our quarters in the lower town, we went to the *Fonda Ortiz*—a small hotel, recently built, at the very gate of the Alhambra, on a level with the gardens, and on the road leading to the Generalife. In doing this we were guided by a fortunate inspiration, and I advise all visitors to Granada to imitate our example.

After crossing a large square, we began to ascend a steep street. We had a guide, and as the night was dark, a brave sereno lighted us with his lantern. The guide told me that this street was called the Calle de los Gomeles—after the name of a powerful family in the time of Boabdil; which transports us into the very press of Moorish history. Through a monumental gate, decorated with columns, we passed into the gardens of the Alhambra. My heart, I confess, beat violently; and I do not know what kind of emotion it was that occupied my brain. Certain poetical creations there are

which have entered into our imagination in our youth, so as to take firm possession of us, and affect us like reality; and when these phantoms, suddenly evoked by the localities where we have seen them in our dreams, start up from the depths

AVENUE IN THE GARDENS OF THE ALHAMBRA.

of memory, a distant echo, so to speak, of our youth and its ideal loves thrills through all our being.

We followed up a broad alley, which was over-canopied by the green boughs of some magnificent trees. A noise of murmuring waters, of cascades, of brooks rippling over pebbles, issued on every side from the midst of the verdure. On the

right, through the trees, a lofty sombre mass stood defined against the starry heaven; it was the Vermilion Towers. On the left, a wall still crowned with soaring pinnacles, is—the Alhambra. A few paces distant, at the extremity of the avenue, stands the Gate of Judgment (*Puerta Judiciaria*). I inveighed against the night, whose obscurity my eyes in vain endeavoured to penetrate.

The windows of our apartment opened upon the blooming gardens of the Alhambra. It was a warm and genial evening; the air was calm, and singularly pure. The nightingales chanted softly and passionately among the leafy bowers. Though spent with fatigue, I was unable to sleep until one in the morning. The murmur of the fountains, which leaped and tumbled under our windows, wooed my ears, and kept me wakeful. In spite of myself I listened, as if it was the first time I had heard it, to the song of the nightingale—the lover of the rose; it seemed to me softer and more harmonious than on ordinary occasions; and when at length I fell asleep, it was to dream of the love of Queen Zaida and the Moor Aben-Amet.

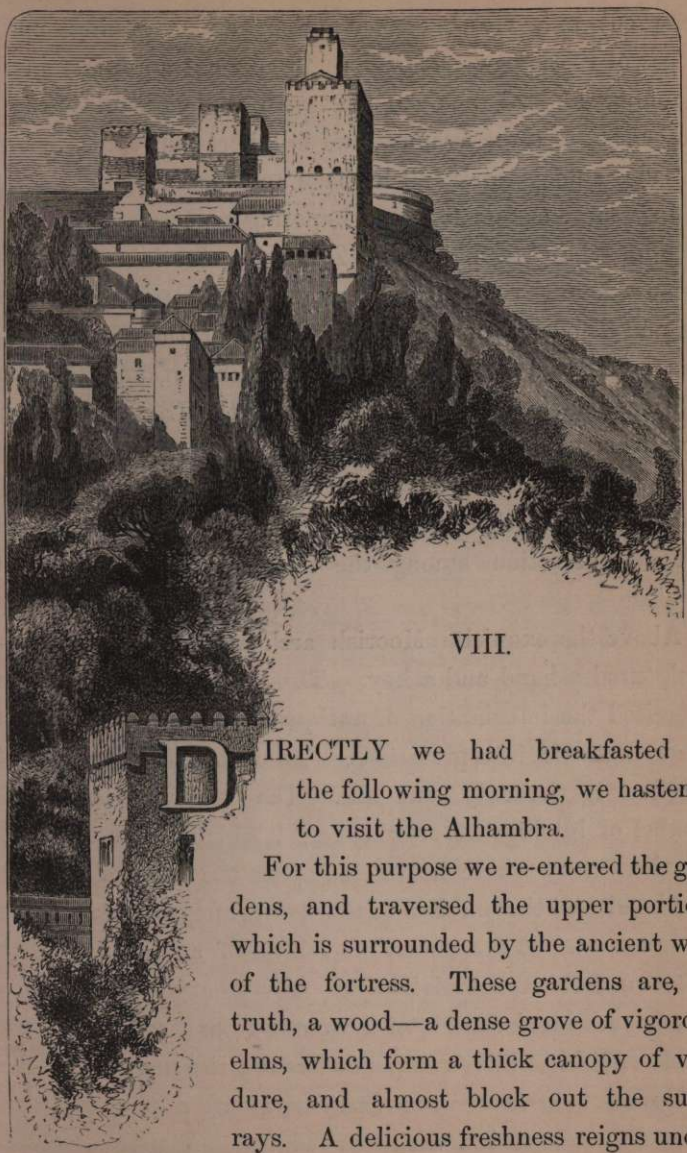
# VIII.

# An Old Moorish City.

GRANADA—THE ALHAMBRA: ITS INTERIOR—MOORISH ART AND ARCHITECTURE—THE GENERALIFE.

The carven cedarn doors,
Flung inward over spangled floors;
Broad-based flights of marble stairs
Run up with golden balustrade;
After the fashion of the time
And humour of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

TENNYSON.



## VIII.

DIRECTLY we had breakfasted on the following morning, we hastened to visit the Alhambra.

For this purpose we re-entered the gardens, and traversed the upper portion, which is surrounded by the ancient wall of the fortress. These gardens are, in truth, a wood—a dense grove of vigorous elms, which form a thick canopy of verdure, and almost block out the sun's rays. A delicious freshness reigns under these beautiful shades. In every direction avenues have

been cut out, crossing each other, and climbing up the slopes of the two wooded hills. Brooks extraordinary in their limpidity and abundance run, with a delightful music, on either side of these avenues, and fall, here and there, in mimic cascades among thick tall herbage and mossy rock.

In a large square tower of imposing aspect is the principal gate of the Alhambra, *La Torre de Justicia;* so named because here the Moorish sovereigns, like David or Solomon, sat and dispensed justice to all classes of their subjects. It was erected in 1348 by Abu-l-wàlid Yusuf, and the Moors call it *Bábu-sh-sharïah*—The Gate of the Law. An inscription over the inner doorway records the date of its building and the name of its founder, and concludes :—" May the All-powerful make this gate a protecting bulwark, and write down its erection among the imperishable actions of the just."

Above the exquisite Moorish arch which surmounts it are sculptured a hand and a key. These two hieroglyphics have exercised the imagination of antiquaries, and given rise to the most fantastic interpretations. As is usually the case, the simplest is the only true one. The key was the Moslem symbol of intelligence or wisdom ; " which," says the Koran, " is the key by whose means God opens the heart of believers." The hand was the emblem of the five principal commandments of Islam, and at the same time a kind of amulet to preserve its wearer from the Evil Eye. An edict of Charles V., in 1525, prohibited the Moorish women from carrying miniature hands of gold or silver suspended round the neck.

Under the vault, the Spaniards, after the capture of Granada, excavated a niche, in which they placed, above a kind of altar, a Madonna, who was named " Our Lady of the

Alhambra." Unfortunately, niche, altar, and Madonna, are in very bad taste, and make a singular contrast by the side of the pretty arabesques and porcelain mosaics which adorn the pillars and fillet of the inner gate.

A narrow road, shut in between two walls, next led us to a vast esplanade, called the Place of the Cisterns (*Plaza de los Algibes*). From this spot you look around for the remains of the palace of the Moorish kings. Your eyes encounter only an enormous half-ruined structure, in the Greco-Roman style, forming an immense parallelogram of upwards of two hundred feet on each side: this is the palace begun, but never finished, by Charles V.

Ferdinand and Isabella, on the site of the great Mosque of the Alhambra, which they caused to be razed, constructed a church without character. Charles V. wished to do more. The great emperor had his little vanities: it seems that he was jealous even of the past, and would fain have effaced its glories to substitute his own. His haughty device, *Plus ultra*, glitters everywhere, replacing the ancient devices. Here, in newly-conquered Granada, he designed to raise, in the centre of the citadel, a palace which, with its grandeur and magnificence, should dwarf the paltry palaces of the Moorish sovereigns. He therefore caused a considerable portion of these wonderful monuments—the winter palace, the harem, and the guard-rooms—to be demolished, and on their site began the erection of the vast palace visible to this day. The material is admirable: it is a fine, rose-hued stone, embellished by the sun with warm, golden tints, which charm the eye. Certain parts are not without merit, though the style is heavy and debased. But one has little tolerance for the man who could destroy so many charming creations to

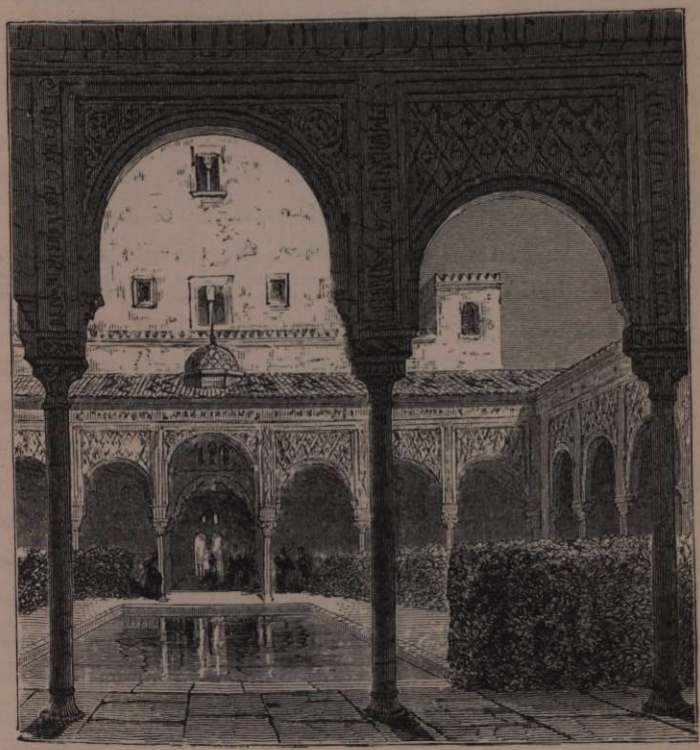
put in their place this mediocre structure: one passes by impatiently, deigning only to throw a single glance.

In the rear of this pretentious and unpleasing ruin we enter, by a low gate and an obscure corridor, into all that remains of the Moorish palaces. The "Court of the Myrtles" (*Patio de los Arrayanes*) is before you; at a single step you have crossed centuries and leagues. You are in another world; you have passed from Europe into Asia; before your eyes are the most ravishing works of the Moorish art.

I shall not attempt a description of the Alhambra; and, in my opinion, no description can convey a true idea of these things. We must leave the task to our painters and designers. How express in words the combination of form and colour which have nothing in common with those we are accustomed to practise or admire? How render sensible to the mind what speaks only to the eyes, and seems the product of a fancy that despises all law? The pencil, the brush, the photographer's lens will say more than the most poetical pages. I shall essay only to give a general idea of this extraordinary monument, and to say what impression it has left upon me.

I was threatened with more than one disenchantment; I did not experience any. I found the Alhambra to be a marvel, and that nothing which has been said of it is exaggerated. It is one of those unique monuments, like the Coliseum, the Parthenon, or the Temple-Palaces of Karnak, in which, under a visible form, the spirit of a complete civilization and the peculiar genius of the people seem to find expression. However bold may have been your dreams, the imagination is far outrun.

Understand me, however. If you expect gigantic palaces, endless colonnades, immense saloons surmounted by aspiring vaults,—yes, you will be deceived. Moorish art has its own character and its own conditions; do not ask of it what does not belong to its character or conditions.



COURT IN THE ALHAMBRA.

I have known some travellers who, under the name of the "Court of Myrtles," or the "Court of Lions," expected to see something resembling the Court of the Louvre, or that of Fontainebleau. While I was at Granada, a young Hollander, who had arrived in the morning, caused himself immediately

to be conducted to the Alhambra. Scarcely had he entered the Court of Myrtles before he exclaimed, "And is this all?" Thereupon he went away, and the same day quitted Granada without wishing to see more!

This Dutchman was a simpleton. Be pleased to remember one single fact: you are not here at home with Louïs XIV., but with Boabdil. You are not in France or Germany; you are in Andalusia—that is to say, almost in Africa. The edifice before you is not the palace of a northern sovereign, destined for the pomps and royal fêtes of our European Courts, but an Oriental palace, the palace of a Khalif; in other words, the particular residence, the private apartments of the sovereign, his officers, and his wives. Only a saloon or two are reserved for official receptions. The remainder is a Moorish mansion; a royal mansion, it is true, and regally decorated, but constructed and arranged on the usual plan of the Moorish mansions—that is, with special reference to the habits and necessities of hot climates. These Alhambra courts are not *our* courts, but *patios;* a little larger than those of private individuals, but conceived on the same model, and arranged with the same view—that is, the exclusive point of view of the interior life and its comforts: encircling colonnades supporting galleries of moderate elevation, and fountains of leaping water in the centre; or, better still, as in the Court of Myrtles, a vast marble basin, bordered with green shrubs and flowers, the interior apartments opening upon the covered galleries, which protect them from the rays of the sun, while enabling them to enjoy the sparkle and freshness of the waters. At the present day, this is still the system of the Indian palaces; and in accordance with it was constructed the splendid palace reared near Choubra by

Mehemet Ali. Place yourself at this view-point, which is the true one, and instead of being deceived, you will be charmed; instead of appearing paltry, the Alhambra will seem to you what it really is: a miracle of grace and fancy, the masterpiece of an art which has elevated to the rank of genius the elegance of form and the lustre of decoration.

The "Court of Myrtles," at its northern extremity, communicates by a graceful ogival arcade with an oblong saloon; which itself communicates by a similar arcade with a much larger saloon called the "Hall of Ambassadors" (*Sala de Embajadores*). At the bottom of the latter, three broad windows extend the view to the neighbouring hills; so that from the court itself, through the arched openings, the gaze plunges into the blue of the heaven, on which are outlined the beautiful denticulations of the trefoiled windows.

The Sala de Embajadores is the largest in the palace; it forms a square of nearly forty feet; the vaulted ceiling, seventy-five feet high, is of cedar wood, incrusted with mother-of-pearl. In every palace in the world this hall, from its noble proportions, would be truly royal.

It occupies the whole area of the tower of Comarès,—one of those large square towers which flank the continuous enclosure of the fortress.

This tower is upwards of two hundred feet high, and overawes the narrow and deep valley of the roaring Darro, which descends like a torrent from the flanks of the Sierra Nevada. The bottom of this ravine, and its abrupt slopes, are encumbered with a vigorous vegetation, above which gigantic Italian poplars balance their shaggy heads. The view extends freely in all directions. Eastward, it is bounded by the heights of the Generalife. Northward, on

the principal face, beyond the gorge of the Darro, the eye rests upon the hill of the Albaicin, whose lowest acclivities bristle with cactuses, and are perforated with caves inhabited by Gitanos; while the summit is crowned with white houses, convents, and gardens. Westward, a portion of the city of Granada is visible; and beyond, stretching out of sight, is the beautiful plain called the Vega, surrounded by its belt of azure mountains.

This horizon is charming, full of freshness and grandeur. If we cast our glances around us, we are, at first, confused by the profusion and delicacy of the ornaments with which the walls of the saloon are covered. Up to the height of the friezes, even in the thickness of the walls where the windows are pierced, in whatever direction we turn, the space is covered with arabesques in relief; and in these arabesques geometrical designs repeat and intermingle,—sometimes symmetrical, sometimes varied *ad infinitum*,—flowers and branches interlace and cross each other,—inscriptions drawn from the Koran run in long bands, or enchase the gates and arcades.

From the *patio* of the Myrtles, a dark passage conducts the visitor into the Court of Lions (*Patio de los Leones*). Unquestionably this is the most beautiful part of the palace, and, we may even say, the masterpiece of Moorish art. Its dimensions are not very considerable; it is about one hundred and twenty-six feet long by seventy-three broad. But it is a marvel of elegance. A portico of one hundred and twenty-four columns surrounds it. At the two extremities, two square pavilions project into the court, carrying upon coupled columns open arcades of incredible lightness. Nothing can be imagined more delicate, or more aërial, than those exquisitely-moulded

THE COURT OF THE LIONS.

galleries, as they *hover*, one might say, on the raised capitals of slender columns. I do not believe that grace in architecture was ever carried further.

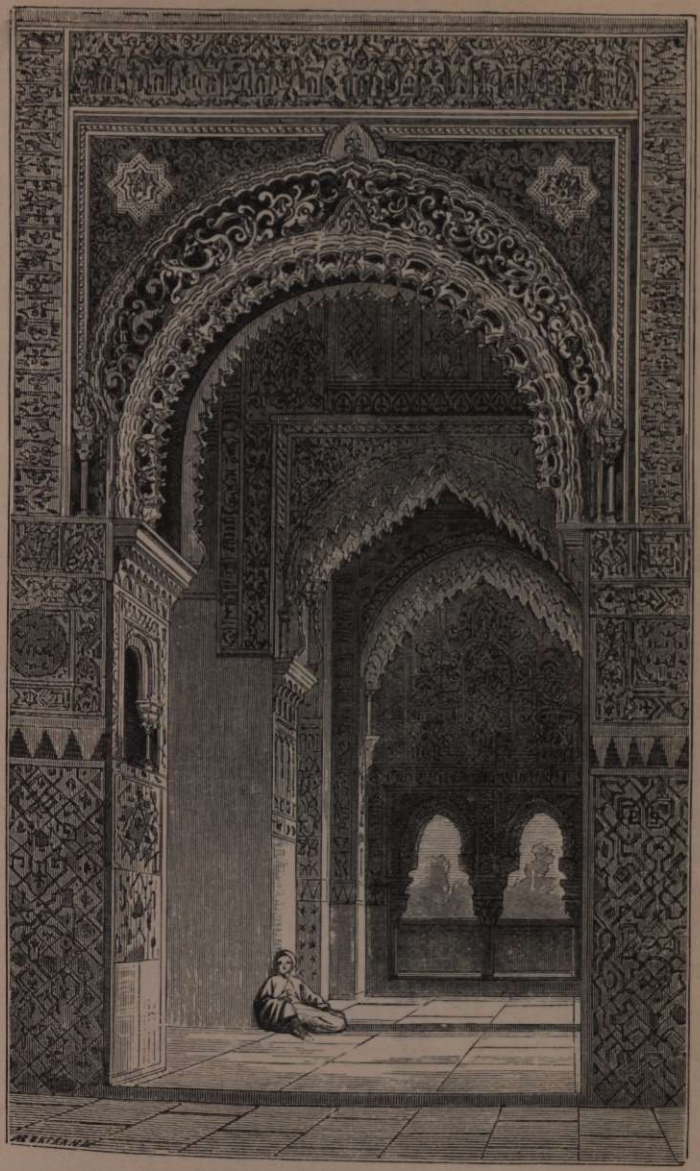
Time has treated these admirable works with more reverence than man has done. In the place of the polished and gilded porcelain which formerly covered them, the contemptuous ignorance of the Spaniards has substituted an ignoble roof of coarse tiles, whose weight has in some places bent down the arches and mutilated their beautiful lace-like masonry.* But, with some exceptions, the monument is, thanks to the exquisiteness of the climate, in a wonderfully perfect condition. The marble and stucco have preserved their immaculate whiteness; at the most, a pale rose or golden yellow tint has softened their original lustre, and increased their harmony of tone. When the sun begins to sink, its rays, striking obliquely the light and slender columns, gives them the transparency of alabaster. The play of light and shade among their elegant groups, through the open galleries, enhances the magic of the architectural forms. We feel, as it were, removed from the world of reality; could believe ourselves to be wandering in one of those palaces built by genii, of which the Moorish poets have furnished such marvellous descriptions; and behind the trellised windows it seems sometimes as if we saw the darkly-gleaming eyes of the Houris who inhabit them.

Upon the Court of Lions open different saloons of moderate dimensions,—the Hall of the Two Sisters (*Sala de los Dos Hermanas*), the Hall of the Abencerrages (*Sala de los*

* [This celebrated Court has recently been restored, by Señor Contreras, in a very admirable manner.]

*Abencerrages*). Evidently these were the private apartments of the Sultan,—sleeping-chambers, places of repose. Behind are the Baths of the Sultanas (*Sala de los Baños*),—a charming recess, into which the daylight falls from on high through windows shaped like stars. There, too, are the cabinets, called the Pavilion of the Queen (*Mirador de Lindaraja*). This part of the palace is the most remarkable for the delicacy of the work, the profusion and beauty of the ornaments. The eyes rove everywhere, without being able to pause long upon anything. The interlaced designs, which seem to spring endlessly from one another; these embroideries, with a thousand caprices and a thousand colours, which cover the walls on every side, the friezes, the arches, the gates, the windows, —in a word, all parts of the edifice, even the narrowest and loftiest, resemble one another, and yet are all different; not two of them are absolutely alike. The general effect is enchanting; but the details escape you. We admire the aggregate; but if we wish to see them more closely, to analyze and decompose them, it is an infinite diversity, a multiplicity of forms, and combinations dazzling to the eye.

A veiled, mysterious, semi-daylight reigns in all these halls. The walls are thick, the openings few and narrow; the light, discreetly controlled and distributed, falls generally from above. But, remember, the windows, now open to every wind, were formerly filled in with trellis-work or hangings, which subdued the day; or even, according to some authorities, with coloured glass. This, as we recognize at once, is a peculiar character of Moorish architecture; is the seal and sign of a people originally inhabiting the warmer regions. To defend themselves from the ardour of the sun



HALL OF THE TWO SISTERS.

and the glare of the day is their first care; to enjoy, under triple ceilings and varnished wainscottings, shade, and silence, and the freshness of the waters, is one of the pleasures they most dearly prize. For the same reasons their apartments were comparatively small; the vast saloons of our palaces would in hot climates be a mistake. The arrangements we speak of are so emphatically a necessity of the climate, that from the earliest antiquity they have been adopted by all the Eastern nations, even by those who have displayed in the construction of their temples and public buildings the most extraordinary boldness and grandeur. Thus, at Thebes, among the gigantic ruins of Egyptian temples and palaces, we recognize the private apartments of the kings by their limited proportions, their low ceilings, the narrowness and small number of their windows.

These habits being in existence, we conceive the great merit of the Arabs to have been this: that in the internal decoration of their palaces they exhibited a wealth of imagination, an invention, a fancy, and an elegance which no one has ever equalled. Yet their religious law restricted them to very narrow and troublesome conditions: the Koran, in its excessive precaution against idol-worship, prohibited the reproduction in painting or sculpture of any living being, man or animal. This has ever been the cause of an irremediable inferiority in Moorish art. By this single law it was doomed to advance to an everlasting immobility; it was interdicted from rising into the higher region of art, where movement and life, sentiment and poetry prevail. The absence of the human figure necessarily imparts a coldness and monotony to its finest works. It is this cause which has reduced Moorish or Saracenic art to a merely decorative art. But in its own

narrow domain it has redeemed its original vice by prodigies of fertility, delicacy, and grace.

According to certain travellers, Moorish architecture does not merit the eulogium which we have pronounced upon it; they denounce it as the art of an effeminate people, as an art without grandeur and without ideal.* In my opinion, this is a most unjust depreciation. Undoubtedly we must not compare the Moorish architecture to that of the Greeks or Romans; it has neither the perfection of the former nor the grandeur of the latter. But are we, therefore, entitled to say that it has no beauty of its own? If the Arabian genius has no grandeur, it possesses grace and elegance in the supremest degree; its fecundity is marvellous in the combination of lines, its taste is exquisite in the choice and disposition of ornaments. We may say more: to the imagination which invents new forms the Arabs added the mathematical genius that knows how to realize them. Long before ourselves, they created the ogival style; and if they have not drawn from it its grander effects, what grace have they not impressed upon it! Even at the present day our architects admire the boldness, the solidity, the incomparable beauty of the roofs and cupolas of the Alhambra, and the manner in which its architects have worked out the greatest results with very simple means.†

That this architecture speaks to the senses rather than to the mind, that it tends to voluptuousness rather than to severe thoughts, I do not deny. But it has its poetry and its ideal. This, indeed, has been clearly understood by a writer who has never seen the Alhambra, but who has intuitively divined

* De Custine, "L'Espagne sous Ferdinand VII."

† Gowrie and Jones, "The Alhambra."

it: — "Moorish architecture resembles a brilliant dream, a caprice of the genii who have disported themselves in these networks of stone, this delicate open work, these light fringes, these floating lines, in those embroideries where the eye is lost in pursuit of a symmetry which every moment it is about to seize, but which ever escapes it by a perpetual and graceful movement. These varied forms appear to you like a powerful but a fantastic vegetation. This is not nature, it is a dream of it."*

It has been said that a Gothic cathedral was a Christian poem; we may assert that the Alhambra is an Oriental one. Strange is the poetry, which in no point resembles ours, and which we must learn to understand. Born under a brazen sky—in the bosom of a harsh, dry, unfriendly nature—the Arab, endowed with an ardent and enthusiastic imagination, creates in his dreams a world after his own fashion, his own ideal; the beauties which Nature withholds from him he asks of Fairyland. He has imagined magical palaces built by genii; he has drawn together all the treasures of the invisible world, columns of jasper and amethyst, vaults of mother-of-pearl and sapphire, walls glittering with gold and precious stones. This dream of the Arab poesy it is which the architects of the Alhambra have apparently sought to realize. This ideal it is which they seem ever to have had before their eyes. They have desired to build a magic palace, like the airy fabric seen by the mind's eye. And, for this purpose, they have reared those shapely colonnades, have opened those graceful ogives, have poured into basins of marble those leaping waters—for this purpose they have rounded yonder vaulted roof, made of precious wood, and adorned with the

* Lamennais, "Du Beau et de l'Art."

most ingenious designs—for this purpose they have covered the walls with yonder light embroideries, tinted with such harmonious shades of colour, and recalling the rich hangings of silk, and gold, and silver, amazingly woven by the looms of Broussa and Damascus.

Such is the Alhambra; such is the idea which it expresses, the inspiration which produced it. It is, as it were, the flower of Moorish poetry; a fantastic but charming flower, glowing with the vividest colours of the East, and breathing the strange subtle perfumes of Asia.

We had spent long hours in the Alhambra, wandering from hall to hall, incessantly retracing our steps, and yet unable to tear ourselves from its enchantments. The custodian was compelled to put us outside. But we promised to return on the morrow; one day more was necessary to view these astonishing works.

Nothing could be more agreeable than our lodgings at the Fonda de Ortiz. On all sides were tall trees, and gardens blooming with flowers. Before the gate two limpid brooklets filled the air with a soft murmur;—it is the only sound which the ear can catch, for we are at some distance from the town, and its noises do not reach us. Within doors the same tranquillity prevails. The only tourists are English and American, some of whom have been residing here several months; people well-bred, polished, and affable. Here, as at Gibraltar, we were fortunate in meeting distinguished men, with whom it was a pleasure to converse. The hotel attendants were thoughtful and obedient. Our guide, Mariano, was a lively, clever fellow, who had been brought up in the United States, spoke five or six languages, and possessed a vivacity and a good humour not very common among his compatriots.

According to Mariano, it was absolutely necessary to get up before sunrise if we would see the gardens of the Generalife to perfection. At an early hour, therefore, on the following day we set out towards the hill, which is situated behind the Alhambra. On our left we passed the line of fortifications; we crossed a small torrent, and followed a path winding through cultivated fields. At the end of an avenue of colossal and venerable yews, blended with rhododendrons, stands the habitation, which has a modern and commonplace ap-appearance.

The word "Generalife" (*Jennatu-l'arif*) simply means the Architect's Garden, and received this name from its first proprietor, who was Inspector of Public Works. Afterwards it was purchased by the Moorish kings, who converted it into a pleasure house.

The Generalife does not answer to the idea which one forms of it; and here, to speak the truth, we experienced a disappointment. The more the Alhambra had fired me, the more was I chilled by these much-extolled gardens. The remains of the Moorish house are pretty; but after the Hall of the Two Sisters, or that of the Abencerrages, have nothing to detain you. As for the gardens properly so called, they are, in their present condition, of modern creation, and in frightful taste; yews and cypresses cut into pyramids, vases, or monsters; little alleys of box; small square and triangular basins; ridiculous jets of water. Only one thing is really pretty in the Generalife; the waters descending from its loftier slopes. These are unequalled in beauty and abundance. They are not brooks, but torrents, which roll and seethe in the stony beds prepared for them. The groves are filled with their murmur and their freshness. These waters which, on all

sides, issue from the heart of the mountain, freshening the hill on which Granada is situated, and fertilizing the plain below, these admirable waters are never dried up. As they are fed by eternal snows, it even happens that they are most

PATIO IN THE GENERALIFE.

copious when the summer heats are strongest. Hence you may understand what an extraordinary seduction this beautiful spot exercised upon the Moors.

The sky was lightly veiled in mist, and we did not obtain from the heights of the Generalife the charming prospect which

Mariano had led us to anticipate. But from thence we overlook the Alhambra, and the entire extent of its red walls, rising on the escarpments of a soil as red as themselves. The circuit of the fortress was considerable; we can judge, therefore, what must have been the extent of the Moorish palaces,

THE PUERTA DEL VINO.

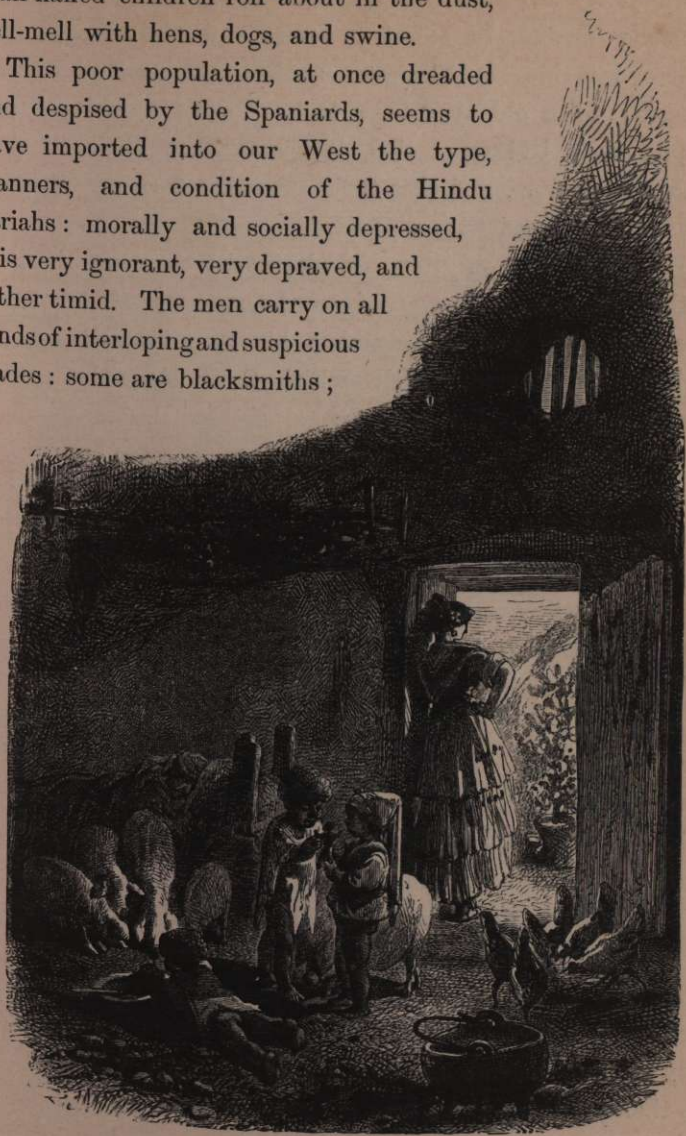
and how little remains of them. The palace of Charles V. displays in the centre its massive ruin. Behind it a church, an ancient convent, some houses of mean appearance, some hovels, some kitchen-gardens, occupy the immense area which the citadel enclosed. All this is now inhabited by a wretched

population, to whom the Spanish Government has sold, bit by bit, this historic land, and which exposes its filth and rags where the chivalrous Abencerrages once exercised themselves in feats of arms. What has the Spanish Government not sold? It has sold, near the Puerta del Vino, to an Englishman residing there, a marvellous little Moorish apartment. It has sold one of the two vases of the Alhambra, objects unique of their kind. It has suffered to be sold, bit by bit, the *azulejos*, or painted porcelain, which decorated internally the Gate of Judgment. If it has not sold the magnificent trees with which the Alhambra garden is planted, it is because these trees were given by the Duke of Wellington, and one of the conditions of the gift renders them inalienable.

On returning from the Generalife, we crossed to the other side of the Darro to visit the Gipsies' quarter. Granada is one of the points of Spain where they are collected in the largest numbers. They have formed there a kind of colony, and have fallen into more sedentary habits than elsewhere. They inhabit, on the southern flank of the hill of the Albaicin, a retired corner, which is *outside* the town, like the ancient *ghettos* of the Jews. Their dwelling-places are not houses, but grottoes excavated in the rock, like those which the traveller encounters at some points on the banks of the Loire, in the neighbourhood of Tours and Saumur. But these low, narrow, dirty, smoky grottoes are more like burrows than human habitations. We entered a few of them. They consist of a single apartment, lighted only by the door. The smoke escapes as best it may through an opening in the ceiling. Here and there may be discovered a few dilapidated articles of furniture—some beds, mats, or a heap of dry leaves.

Half-naked children roll about in the dust, pell-mell with hens, dogs, and swine.

This poor population, at once dreaded and despised by the Spaniards, seems to have imported into our West the type, manners, and condition of the Hindu pariahs: morally and socially depressed, it is very ignorant, very depraved, and rather timid. The men carry on all kinds of interloping and suspicious trades: some are blacksmiths;



INSIDE A GIPSY'S HUT.

the majority are horse-jockeys, mule-shearers, and veterinary surgeons, dealing in secret remedies and philtres; all are more or less thieves. The women, when young and pretty, are dancers; when old, they turn to less honest pursuits. Yet, despite their bad reputation, it seems that their code of morality is severe, and that their somewhat ferocious chastity arms itself at need with a poniard.

Though it was only ten o'clock in the morning, the heat in these narrow lanes, exposed to the sun, was already overwhelming: the god of day shot his fiery arrows straight against the calcareous rock, which flung them back with increased power. Bands of ragged children began to assail us for alms. We were compelled to shorten our visit. All the women in the place, in the hope of obtaining a gratuity, came with wild gestures and caresses, and showing their white teeth, to solicit a visit to their houses. It was a rivalry of politeness and engaging *empressement*, from which we had great difficulty in effecting our escape.

The English visitors at our hotel invited us in the evening to witness a gipsy dance. We had already seen one at Seville, but this was wholly different. There were no Spanish danseuses, in stage costume, but Gitanas—true Gitanas—Bohemians by blood, clothed in wicked Indian robes and dazzlingly coloured muslin. They had a strange, timid air—in their glance was something naïf and wild—the skin was of a coppery tint—the hair black and wavy—the eyes, like those of a wild cat—the step, like that of a panther. They presented themselves ungracefully, they walked awkwardly, they danced without elegance and without art. And yet in all their motions there was so much suppleness and force; they breathed into the national exercise so much animation,

A GIPSY'S CAVERN.

nerve and passion; their dances had so original and curious a character, that we forgot their awkwardness, and in the end discovered a certain grace. Several of them, moreover, were truly pretty; their black tresses were carefully combed, and natural flowers wreathed among them with that coquettish art possessed in Spain even by the women of the lower classes.

FORTUNE-TELLING.

They accompanied themselves with castanets. The orchestra was composed of a guitar and a single singer; and the music was as primitive as the dance. The song especially was strange, hoarse, guttural; sometimes it dragged upon the slow and melancholy notes; sometimes it rushed along with an intensely shrill *tremolo*, or jerked out volleys of screaming accents.

After the ballet came the concert. Our Gitanas had been brought by a chief or *capitan*, who was at the same time the guitarist. He was a tall and finely made fellow; with regular features, an intelligent and energetic expression, and

a complexion of Florentine bronze; he would have made an admirable model for an artist of the Indian Hercules. This robust athlete was a first rate guitarist. He performed several pieces for us, of very different styles, with extraordinary talent, taste, and energy. I could never have believed it possible to have obtained such effects from an instrument so ungrateful—which had never appeared to me of any other use than to play "River of Tagus," or to accompany the romance of Almaviva, in the "Barber of Seville."

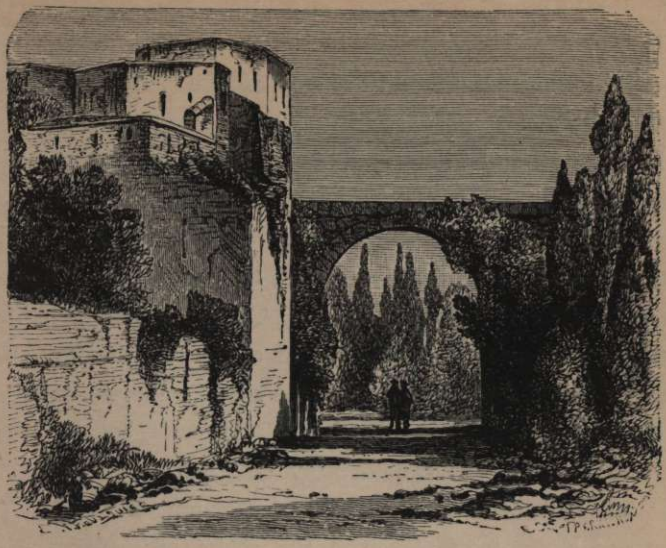
# IX.

# The Alhambra.

GRANADA, ITS GREATNESS AND ITS DECAY—PICTORIAL DECORATIONS OF THE ALHAMBRA—THE TOWER OF VELA—A DEPARTURE, A MISADVENTURE, AND A RETURN.

High lifted up were many lofty towers,
And goodly galleries far over laid,
Full of fair windows and delightful bowers.

SPENSER.



## IX.

UNDER the Gothic kings the capital of the province was Elvira, the ancient *Illiberis*. The Moors were the first to appreciate the beauty and the salubrity of the magnificent plain of Granada—eight leagues in length, four in breadth—surrounded by mountains — watered by five rivers and innumerable brooks — and enriched with an eternal verdure. Even at the present day there runs a Moorish proverb: "Healthier than the air of Granada."

In 767 Ibn-Abderrhaman built there a castle, whose ruins are still extant, and bear the name of the Vermilion Towers (*Torres Bermejas*).

In 1238 Ibnu-l-Ahamar, under the title of Mohammed I., founded the kingdom of Granada, which existed for two centuries and a half. It was he who, within the line marked out by Ibn-Abderrhaman, erected the Alhambra (*Kasr-al-hamra*)—that is to say, the Red Castle: a name probably given to it on account of the colour of the soil, and the bricks made of this red earth, of which its outer walls are built.

Under this prince the kingdom of Granada became powerful, and the city was considerably enlarged. After the capture of Valencia by James I. of Aragon, in 1238, fifty thousand Moors took refuge in the realm of Granada. Upwards of two hundred thousand families sought there an asylum when the Castilians had conquered Seville and Cordova. Ten years before, the inhabitants of Baeza, which Ferdinand had captured, had established themselves in a suburb still retaining their name, Albaicin (the suburb of the people of Baeza).

The work of Mohammed I. was continued by his successors, who made Granada the centre of the Moorish sciences and intellectual culture. Yusuf I. (1333) completed the Alhambra, constructed the Gate of Judgment, and the principal halls which to-day command our admiration. Granada then attained the apogee of its prosperity. Its enclosing wall had a circumference of nearly three miles, and was defended by upwards of one thousand towers. The bravery, generosity, and gallantry of its inhabitants were famous far and wide. In despite of the difference of creeds, Moslems and Christians frequently intermarried. The Moors of Granada allowed to their women a liberty unknown in other Mohammedan countries;

and more than one Castilian knight wore the colours of a Moslem beauty. The usages of chivalry had contributed not a little to this refinement of manners.

It was no infrequent occurrence for a Moorish warrior to be dubbed knight on the battle-field by the very adversary with whom he had been measuring swords. Thus, in 1274, Mohammed II., King of Granada, was knighted by Alphonso X. The blood of the two races was not infrequently mixed; more than one union took place between the noble, and even the royal families of the two peoples. Political alliances and amicable relations existed between Moorish kings and Christian princes.

But intestine dissensions soon broke out in Granada; the princes of the royal blood contended with each other for the throne. An incurable anarchy, a thousand times more dangerous than the attacks of the Christians, devoured the Moorish empire, and precipitated its ruin.

Abul-Hassan, who reigned about 1480, had two wives: one, named Ayesha or Aïssa, was his cousin; the other, whom he called Zoraya, was a Christian. Her true name was Doña Isabella de Solis; she was the daughter of a governor of Martos, and when that fortress was captured had been carried to Granada. She was a woman of incomparable loveliness; the name Zoraya, which had been bestowed upon her, signified, in Arabic, "the Star of the Morning." Ayesha, mortally jealous, and fearing that the sons of her rival would be preferred to her own in the succession to the crown, formed a powerful faction, at whose head was the tribe of the Tseghris or Zegris.* On the side of Zoraya were ranged the Beni-

* That is, "the people of Tseghr"—the people of Aragon. They had come from Saragossa after the capture of that town by the Christians.

Serraj or Abencerrages.* The palace and the tower became the theatre of bloody struggles, in which the Moorish kingdom wasted its last resources.

The eldest son of Ayesha, Abou-Abdallah — whom the Spaniards call, by corruption, Boabdil—dethroned his father in 1482. Scarcely had he obtained power, than, at the instigation of his mother and the Zegris, he resolved to avenge himself upon the Abencerrages. Under pretence of a reconciliation, he assembled in his palace the principal chiefs of the two tribes. The Zegris obeyed the summons simply to assist in the massacre of their enemies, who, introduced one by one, were decapitated in a court of the Alhambra.

Legend and poetry have seized upon this fact to embellish it with a thousand romantic details; but the foundation is historical. This hateful treachery not only deprived Granada of its bravest defenders, but overwhelmed Boabdil with the contempt of the Moslems. From that disastrous day the fall of Granada became inevitable, and discouragement entered into every heart. We find this thought pathetically expressed in an old Moorish romance on the capture of Alhama by the Christians :—

"The Moorish king rides up and down,
Through Granada's royal town;
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes—
Woe is me, Alhama!*

"Letters to the monarch tell
How Alhama's city fell:
In the fire the scroll he threw,
And the messenger he slew—
Woe is me, Alhama!.....

* They were descendants of Abou-Serraj, vizier of a king of Cordova in the eleventh century.

† [Literally, "Woe is thine, Alhama!"]

"Then the Moors, by this aware
That bloody Mars recalled them there,
One by one, and two by two,
To a mighty squadron grew—
Woe is me, Alhama!

"Out then spake an aged Moor
In these words, the king before:
'Wherefore call on us, O king?
What may mean this gathering?'—
Woe is me, Alhama!

"'Friends, ye have, alas! to know
Of a most disastrous blow;
That the Christians, stern and bold,
Have obtained Alhama's hold'—
Woe is me, Alhama!

"Out then spake old Alfagai,
With his beard so white to see:
'Good king! thou art justly served;
Good king! this thou hast deserved—
Woe is me, Alhama!

"By thee were slain, in evil hour,
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower;
And strangers were received by thee
Of Cordova, the chivalry—
Woe is me, Alhama!

"'And for this, O king! is sent
On thee a double chastisement:
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,
One last wreck shall overwhelm'—
Woe is me, Alhama!.....

"Fire flashed from out the old Moor's eyes,
The monarch's wrath began to rise,
Because he answered, and because
He spake exceeding well of laws—
Woe is me, Alhama!

"'There is no law to say such things
As may disgust the ear of kings:'

Thus, snorting with his choler, said
The Moorish king, and doomed him dead—
Woe is me, Alhama!"

The ballad proceeds to narrate the arrest of the aged Moor, and to record his lamentations over the great shame that had come upon the land :—

"And as these things the old Moor said,
They severed from the trunk his head;
And to Alhambra's wall with speed
'Twas carried, as the king decreed—
Woe is me, Alhama!

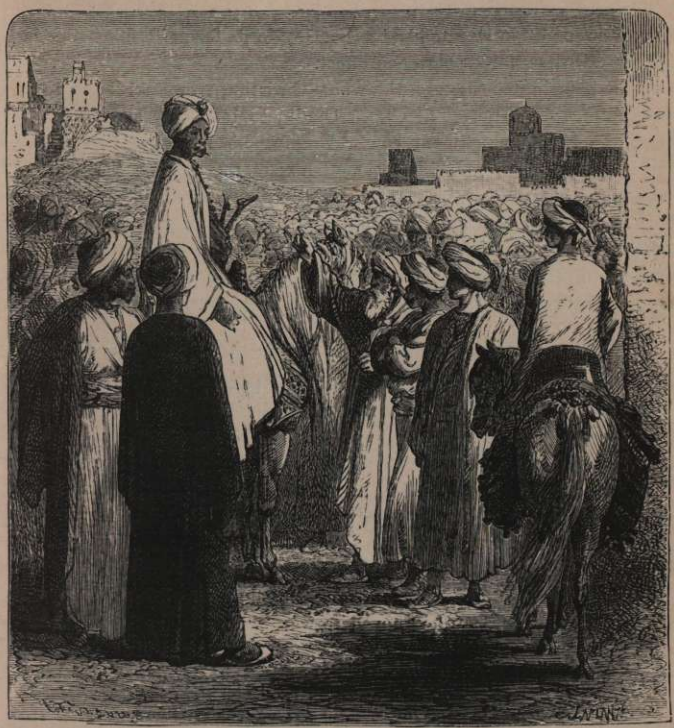
"And men and infants therein weep
Their loss, so heavy and so deep;
Granada's ladies, all she rears
Within her walls, burst into tears—
Woe is me, Alhama!

"And from the windows o'er the walls
The sable web of mourning falls;
The king weeps as a woman o'er
His loss, for it is much and sore—
Woe is me, Alhama!" *

While the Moors were contending among themselves, incessantly invoking in their quarrels the dangerous and selfish assistance of the Christians, the latter, for the first time united under one sceptre by the marriage of Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabella of Castile, advanced with a slow but steady progress towards that beautiful Granada, the last refuge, the last rampart of the Arab dominion in Spain, whose destinies were on the point of a final accomplishment. All the neighbouring towns, all the fortresses which served as advanced defences, Alora, Ronda, Marbella, Malaga, had fallen into the hands of the Spaniards. In April 1491, conducted by their beautiful and intrepid queen, they came, with an army of 80,000 men,

* Lord Byron's Poetical Works, "Occasional Pieces," &c.

to lay siege to Granada. The siege lasted nine months. A fire having destroyed the camp, Isabella, resolved not to let go her hold even during winter, erected a town on its site,



KING BOABDIL AND THE MOOR.

under the name of Santa Fé. At length the Moors opened their gates.

[The triumphant entry of the Spanish army into the Moorish capital is vigorously described in a ballad translated by the late Mr. Lockhart:—

"There was crying in Granada when the sun was going down,
Some calling on the Trinity, some calling on Mahoun;
Here passed away the Koran, there in the cross was borne,
And here was heard the Christian bell, and there the Moorish horn;

*Te Deum Laudamus* was up the Alcala sung,
Down from the Alhambra's minarets were all the crescents flung;
The arms thereon of Aragon and Castile they display;
One king comes in triumph, one weeping goes away."

The scene above described has received a fuller illustration from Mr. Prescott's able pen. He says:*—

"Every preparation was made by the Spaniards for performing this last act of the drama with suitable pomp and effect.

"On the morning of the 2nd, the whole Christian camp exhibited a scene of the most animated bustle. The Grand Cardinal Mendoza was sent forward at the head of a large detachment, comprehending his household troops, and the veteran infantry, grown gray in the Moorish wars, to occupy the Alhambra preparatory to the entrance of the sovereigns. Ferdinand stationed himself at some distance in the rear, near an Arabian mosque, since consecrated as the hermitage of St. Sebastian. He was surrounded by his courtiers, with their stately retinues, glittering in gorgeous panoply, and proudly displaying the armorial bearings of their ancient houses. The queen halted still further in the rear, at the village of Armilla.

"As the column under the grand cardinal advanced up the Hill of Martyrs, over which a road had been constructed for the passage of the artillery, he was met by the Moorish prince, Abdallah, attended by fifty cavaliers, who, descending the hill, rode up to the position occupied by Ferdinand, on the banks of the Xenil. As the Moor approached the Spanish king, he would have thrown himself from his horse, and saluted his hand in token of homage; but Ferdinand hastily prevented him, embracing him with every mark of sympathy and regard. Abdallah then delivered up the keys of the Alhambra to his conqueror, saying, 'They are thine, O king, since Allah so decrees it; use thy success with clemency and moderation.' Ferdinand would have uttered some words of consolation to the unfortunate prince, but he moved forward with a dejected air to the spot occupied by Isabella, and after similar acts of obeisance, passed on to join his family, who had preceded him with his most valuable effects on the route to the Alpuxarras.

"The sovereigns during this time waited with impatience the signal of the occupation of the city by the cardinal's troops, which winding slowly along the outer circuit of the walls, as previously arranged, in order to spare the feelings of the citizens as far as possible, entered by what is now called the Gate of Los Molinos. In a short time, the large silver cross borne by Ferdinand throughout the Crusade was seen sparkling in the sunbeams, while the standards of Castile and St. Iago waved triumphantly from the red towers of the Alhambra. At this glorious spectacle the choir of the royal chapel broke forth in the solemn anthem of the Te Deum; and the whole army, penetrated with deep emotion, prostrated themselves on their knees in adoration of the Lord of hosts, who had at length granted the consummation of their wishes, in this last and glorious

* [Prescott, "History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," pt. i., c. 15.]

triumph of the Cross. The grandees who surrounded Ferdinand then advanced towards the queen, and kneeling down saluted her hand, in token of homage to her as sovereign of Granada. The procession took up its march towards the city, 'the king and queen moving in the midst,' says an historian, 'emblazoned with royal magnificence; and as they were in the prime of life, and had now achieved the completion of this glorious conquest, they seemed to represent even more than their wonted majesty. Equal with each other, they were raised far above the rest of the world. They appeared, indeed, more than mortal, and as if sent by Heaven for the salvation of Spain.' "]

It is said that Boabdil, on his departure from the beautiful city he was never more to re-enter, paused on the summit of a hill, just as Granada and its vermilion towers were about to disappear from his gaze, unable to restrain his tears. "Weepest thou now like a woman," said his mother, the Sultana Ayesha, "for what thou couldst not defend like a man?" "Alas!" exclaimed the unfortunate exile, "when were woes ever equal to mine!" The people still show, near Padul, the rocky height where halted the banished king. They expressively call it, "El Ultimo Suspiro del Moro"—The Last Sigh of the Moor.

The grief of the Moors was profound. Some echoes of it still linger in the popular ballads of the time:—

"Beloved Alhambra! Its towers, O Muley Boabdil, its towers weep because they are abandoned!...Give me my white horse, and my white *adarga*, that I may go forth and fight, and reconquer the Alhambra...Give me my horse and my azure blade, that I may go forth and fight and deliver my children...My sons are at Cadiz, my wife is at Gibraltar. O beautiful Malfata, thou art lost to me for ever!"

Among the Moors who fled into Africa, a proverb long flourished which touchingly expresses this inconsolable regret. When one of them was sad, his companions would say: "He thinks of Granada."

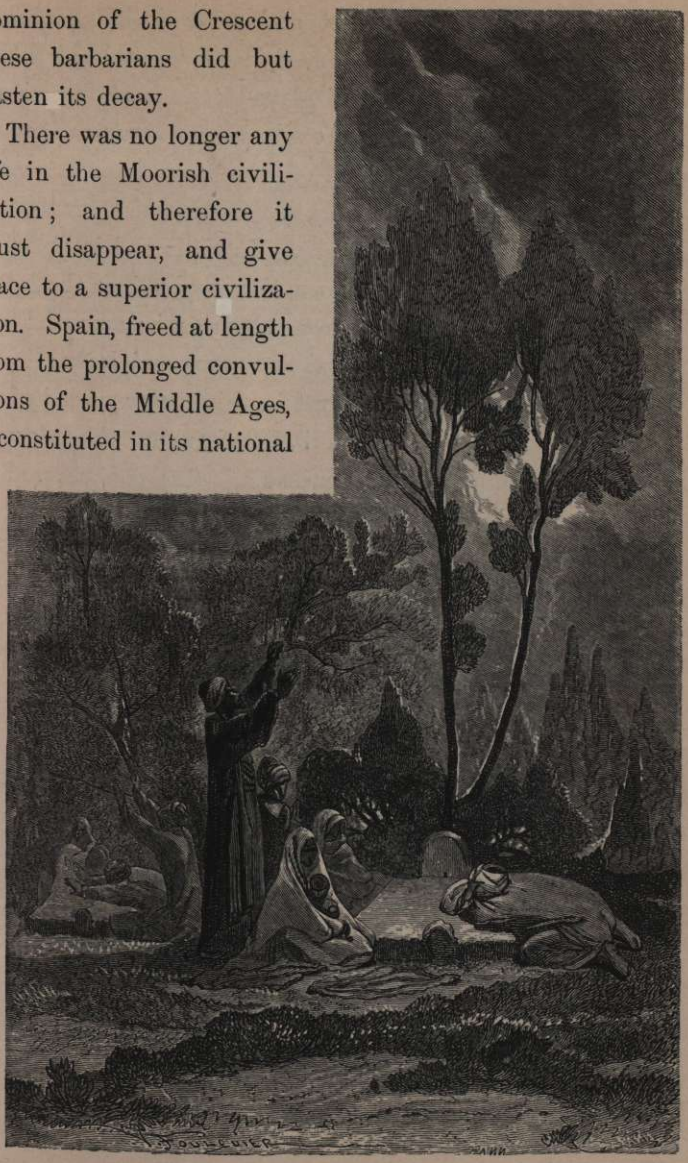
But the Fall of Granada was one of those events of which we may affirm that it was written beforehand in the Book of Fate. The Moors themselves had long entertained a presentiment of it. The Moorish empire in Spain was no more than a ruin. The Moorish race properly so called, who had

THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR.

founded the Khalifate of Cordova and imported into the West their brilliant civilization, had long been weakened and exhausted. To defend itself, it had summoned, on various occasions, those fierce and fanatical tribes of Africa, the Almohades and the Almoravides; but in maintaining the

dominion of the Crescent these barbarians did but hasten its decay.

There was no longer any life in the Moorish civilization; and therefore it must disappear, and give place to a superior civilization. Spain, freed at length from the prolonged convulsions of the Middle Ages, reconstituted in its national



THE JEWS AT THE TOMBS OF THEIR ANCESTORS.

unity, entered upon the grandest and most glorious period of its history. From this day, indeed, a new era dated. The Spanish genius simultaneously displayed itself in all directions; it manifested, as it were, an exuberance of force, passion, ardour, enthusiasm. The spirit of adventure impelled it to each end of the world; following in the steps of Columbus, it took possession of a new continent. In arms and in policy it overawed Europe. Joining to its military splendour the lustre of letters and arts, Spain for two centuries became, through its authors and painters, the rival of France and Italy.

There is but one thing to regret in this happy period of its history: the long persecution inflicted upon the Moorish population remaining in the Peninsula. The conquerors had at first appeared disposed to act with moderation towards them; it seemed that generosity would be easy, for it was thenceforth without danger. But, as it happened, victory did but revive the old antipathies.

They commenced with the expulsion of the Jews. A decree of the 31st of March, 1492, ordered every one who did not embrace the Christian faith to quit Spain at the expiry of four months. The proscribed were permitted to carry away their property, but, by a bitter derision, prohibited from taking with them gold or silver; so that, as a contemporary relates, it was not unusual to see a house sold for an ass, and a vineyard for a few yards of cloth.

Don Diego de Colmenarès relates, in his "History of Segovia," that the Jews inhabiting that town, before they could resolve on abandoning it, spent three days and three nights in the cemeteries where their fathers were buried, watering their ashes with their tears, and with their groans rending the hearts of all who heard them.

Fifty thousand families, or about eight hundred thousand souls, according to Mariana,—but this is obviously an exaggeration,—departed from the Spanish territory. Spite of the severity of the royal edicts, they carried off large quantities of gold concealed in the bats and saddles of their asses and horses. But above all they carried off, what was far more to be regretted than these metallic riches, nearly the entire commerce and many of the important industries of the country.

The turn of the Moors came next. The capitulation of Granada had guaranteed them the maintenance of their national customs, and the free exercise of their worship. This capitulation, however, was speedily violated. Threats were at first made use of; then, in 1502, the Moslem worship was proscribed. Those who clung to their faith were expelled or reduced into slavery. The majority feigned submission, and were thenceforth designated by the name of *Moriscoes*. But this did not long avail them. In 1507, new decrees of Philip II. compelled them to renounce their language, their clothes, their customs, even their national dances, and their Moorish names and surnames. Insurrections broke out, and a bloody war was protracted for several years in the Alpuxarras.

A SPANISH CAVALIER.

At length, under Philip III., in 1609, the Moriscoes, who, in defiance of all persecution, had largely multiplied, especially in the province of Valencia, were definitively expelled from Spain. Huddled on board ship, they were thrown on the desolate shores of Tlemcen; a great number perishing during the voyage, or on that inhospitable coast.

These proscriptions dealt a profound blow to the prosperity of Spain; from their time its depopulation commenced. One hundred and forty thousand Moors disappeared from the single province of Valencia; most of the villages of Catalonia were deserted; the Sierra Morena, then covered with vineyard and cornfield, from this epoch became a wilderness. Even at the present day, for a space of thirty leagues between Malaga and Granada, you will meet with only one town and a few wretched villages.

To justify these violent measures, state policy and imperilled religious and political unity have been alleged. I think the peril was not very great. In the course of time the Moriscoes would have been absorbed in the national mass —would have become Spaniards, just as the Jews of France and Germany have become Frenchmen and Germans. The true reason is rather to be found in the suspicious haughtiness of a despotism which could neither endure resistance nor dissent: political unity is the pretext of all tyrannies.

History teaches some curious and eloquent lessons. In 1609, on the pretence of political interest, Philip III. forcibly deported the poor Moriscoes. In 1767 the wind had changed; but the pretence of political safety was just as convenient. This time it was the Jesuits whom Charles III. expelled from Spain: in one day, six thousand priests, including the old,

the infirm, and the sick, were arrested, put on board ship, and landed without succour or shelter on the shores of Italy. The penalty of death was decreed against those who disobeyed. Circumstances change, but despotism is ever the same. And he who has found it his accomplice to-day, is never sure that he may not be its victim to-morrow.

We returned daily to the Alhambra. In truth, we were never weary of seeing it again and again. If, on the second visit, the surprise, necessarily, is not so great, the actual impression is not weakened; it even seems that the charm gains upon us, and interpenetrates us all the more as its historical memories are reawakened, and that in imagination we repeople the palace with its ancient guests, who appear to have left it only yesterday. Moorish life, Moorish civilization, is so strongly imprinted upon this architecture, has found in it so exact and complete an expression—these monuments were so fully in harmony with the genius, ideas, and manners of the race—that the conquerors, while admiring them, were unable to recreate them,—could only appropriate them to their own use. In this we see the character of a truly national and original architecture; it bears its own ineffaceable seal.

Here the poetry and religion of the Moor have left on all sides their indelible traces. The walls are covered with inscriptions in beautiful Cufic characters, which, ingeniously blended with arabesques, contribute to the ornamentation. Some of these inscriptions are verses from the Koran, or pious sentences; others, mostly marked by Oriental exaggeration, are in praise of the sultan who constructed this or that portion of the palace. The two inscriptions most frequently recurring, are—"Blessing," and "God alone is Conqueror."

The latter device in all cases accompanies the armorial bearings of the King of Granada.

Upon the pillars of the entrance gateway to the *patio* of the Myrtles, we read : —

"I am like the bridal ornaments of a betrothed, endowed with all beauties and all perfections."

In the same court is a panegyric on the sultan :—

"O son of grandeur, prudence, wisdom, courage and generosity, who surpassest the height of the stars in the region of the firmament! Thou art raised to the horizon of the empire, like the sun, to dissipate the shadows created by oppression and injustice. Thou hast protected even the tenderest branches from the breath of the hot summer wind, and made the very stars to tremble in the vault of heaven!"

One of the things most to be admired in the Alhambra is the ceilings, and especially the semicircular cupolas (*medias naranjas*, half oranges, as the Spaniards call them). You can conceive of nothing more boldly graceful. The halls are square, and, as far as my ignorance could judge, had this peculiar difficulty : the angles required to be dissembled in order to inscribe a circumference in a quadrilateral. Here triumphs the art of the Moorish architects. These coigns are filled up by means of segments of vaults *en corbeille*, or rather like reversed shells, which are connected by the most ingenious combinations with the principal vault. The whole rests upon pendants cut like prisms, in harmony with the main lines of the building. The cupolas are of cedar or larch wood, ornamented with layers of mother-of-pearl and ivory, formed of innumerable pieces as in a marqueterie. Their surface is decorated with pine-apple ornaments, or truncated pendants;

A MOORISH ARCHWAY.

so that the roof seems to bristle with stalactites, or rather it is like a bee-hive seen from below; for these curious ornaments are of a geometrical construction, which recalls the cells of the bee. Each cell, or compartment, is painted in varied colours, azure, pomegranate, and gold predominating. Frequently the decoration of the cupola and its coigns is prolonged from one angle to another by cornices wrought on the same system; which have then the appearance of magnificent silken draperies festooned along the walls.

It has been remarked that the Arabs, in their decorative work, made use, exclusively, of the primitive colours, blue, red, and golden yellow. They only employed the secondary or mixed colours in the mosaics of the lower stages, where the eye can easily perceive the shades. All the restorations undertaken by Spanish sovereigns may be recognized at once by the coarseness of their execution, and the absence of that harmony which the Arabs communicated to their paintings.

At the end of the Court of Lions is a long saloon called the Hall of Judgment, which is one of the most interesting in the palace. It is divided into three compartments by large ogives of the most elegant form. The ceilings are covered with paintings, whose origin has been much discussed by critics. The most remarkable is that which decorates the central alcove, or divan. It represents ten personages; ten Moorish chiefs, turbaned, and with sword in hand, seated in a circle upon their cushions. The Spaniards have looked upon the scene as representing a tribunal, and hence the name given to the hall. On the ceilings of two other alcoves scenes of war and of the chase are figured; on one side figure Moorish knights, on the other Christian.

It is obvious that these pictures belong to a wholly primitive art. The colours are very vivid, but with flat tints and no shades; the contours are designed in bistre; the groundwork is gold, with ornaments in relief. They are put upon skins nailed to the ceiling, and coated, in the first place, with a light layer of plaster. As for the figures, they are cold and somewhat awkward in their attitudes; yet it is impossible to mistake, in the heads of the judges or the warriors, a truly noble expression, and that gravity and majesty which seem natural to the children of the East. In the battle and hunting pieces are some finely rendered details, and some female forms which are not without grace.

Whose work are they? Were they executed by the Moors, or must we attribute them to the Spaniards after the conquest? The latter is the opinion more generally received. It is alleged, in support of it, that there is no trace elsewhere of any Moorish paintings of this kind, and that their religion prohibited the representation of living creatures. These two reasons are not decisive. Several facts show that the religious prohibition of which men speak was, in later days at least, very little respected. The Fountain of Lions alone would be a sufficient proof of this: the celebrated vase which is known as the Alhambra Vase, and a bas-relief forming part of the decoration of another fountain, also exhibit animal figures. Whence we may conclude that in this respect, as in many others, the Moors of Spain, like those of Persia, had singularly relaxed from their original severity.

It has also been remarked, that in the paintings of the Hall of Judgment, the accessories, as well as the ornaments of the cupolas, are of a very pure Moorish style—a style which the Spaniards, in their later works, were neither able

nor willing to imitate; and finally, that in one of the battle-pieces a Moor is represented as slaying a Christian—an humiliation which Spanish pride would certainly not have inflicted upon itself, especially after the conquest.*

I leave to more competent writers the task of solving this knotty question. Perez de Hita, in his "Civil Wars of Granada," formally attributed these paintings to the Arabs. "The king Muley-Hacen," he says, "caused to be painted by great artists, in the principal hall of his palace, where they may be seen even at the present day, the portraits of his predecessors; and in another hall, the chief battles fought between the Christians and the Moors." Perez, it is true, is not a very weighty authority; but as a witness to the tradition he has his value. He wrote in less than a century after the capture of Granada: would he have attributed these paintings to the Moors if the Moors had not possessed any?

THE ALHAMBRA VASE.

* See Gowry and Jones, "The Alhambra."

It is in this same Hall of the Tribunal that we find the beautiful Alhambra Vase. It once had a companion, which was sold to an English gentleman by the governor of the palace. The one remaining has but a single handle. It is an enamelled vase, decorated with ornaments in the finest style, and about three feet in height. The ceramic art had disappeared from Europe in the Middle Ages, when the Arabs re-introduced it. They had borrowed it from the Chinese and Persians, but brought their processes to perfection, and acquired so great a reputation for their skill, that in the fourteenth century the rich Christian lords ordered from them services adorned with their armorial bearings. At a later date the Spaniards of Valencia, and especially of Majorca, robbed the Arabs of their secret; and hence the name of majolicas (*vasi majolichi*), which these potteries bore in the seventeenth century in Italy, where they were very highly esteemed.

The traveller views with profound regret numerous degradations which have been inflicted on this part of the Alhambra, which is the most precious, and so, unfortunately, the most endangered. I have already spoken of the heavy roofs with which ignorance has crushed the colonnade of the Court of Lions, and which, here and there, has bowed down the arches. To prevent their fall, they have been braced up with enormous iron girders, which traverse the gallery and are let into the wall; a rude system of reparation, which wounds the eye and singularly destroys the perspective, but which, at least, has saved some masterpieces.

It appears that at the beginning of the century the Alhambra was in a state of complete abandonment and dilapidation. It must be remembered to the honour of Marshal

Sebástiani, that, while in command at Granada, he took measures to protect this incomparable monument; he also carried out several works of consolidation and partial restoration, raised the columns, and repaired the roofs. The French invasion inflicted so much injury upon Spain that the little good it did must not be forgotten.

For some years, thanks to the initiative taken by the Duc de Montpensier, the work of restoration has been going on, though slowly. More money is wanted, but the work is directed and executed with much taste. Upon some of the domes the tiles have already been replaced by painted and varnished bricks. The portions fallen from the arcades have been replaced. They have exposed and repainted the arabesques formerly covered with plaster. Corresponding to the Hall of the Tribunal, at the other end of the Court of Lions, is situated a long saloon or gallery, which, probably, at one time was divided and decorated in the same manner. When Granada fell, Ferdinand and Isabella, to take solemn possession of their conquest, were desirous of lodging at the Alhambra. But those walls, erected by impious hands, and inscribed with verses from the Koran, were unworthy of receiving the Catholic kings. Spanish masons were fetched; they levelled the ogives, buried under a thick stratum of plaster the designs which covered the walls, and upon the elegant cupolas inserted a ceiling loaded with heavy ornaments in the Italian style. This abominable plaster is now being removed; all that remains of the delicate chiselling of the roof is being opened up; and in time the gallery will be restored to its original condition. In the name of art and taste, we must congratulate the Spanish Government on its intelligent and meritorious efforts.

Nearly every evening, on issuing from the Alhambra, we ascended at sunset to the Tower of la Vela. It forms a part of the ancient citadel Al-Cazaba, of which only three towers and some half-ruined walls are extant, and which, on the west side, dominates over the town and the plain. The tower of Vela, or la Vigie, is the loftiest of these towers; on its summit, in a crenelated turret, hangs a bell, which formerly was used to regulate the distribution of waters in the *Vega* of Granada and the system of irrigation. It commands a very admirable prospect.

Opposite us, the sun, setting behind the Alpuxarras, covered as with a dust of gold the town which slumbered at our feet, and the Vega, which unrolls its ten leagues of verdure like a map, spotted with white villas, like so many orient pearls,—to use the expression of an Arabic poet,—enchased in a cup of emerald. On every side the horizon is limited by mountains, whose lines cross each other with soft and graceful undulations. On the right, the lower spurs of the Sierra, plunged already into the purple twilight shadows, were of a dark wine-like violet, which passed rapidly to the most intense blue, and was strongly relieved against a sky of orange. On the left, a chain of still lower elevation, and more remote, was tinted of a pale violet, softened by the transparent mist. More to the left, and a little in the background, we could see the peaks of the Sierra Nevada soaring into the sky, their silvery mantle coloured with rose and lilac by the last rays of the departed sun: in the foreground, immediately behind us, were the green hills of the Generalife; and descending their slopes, almost to our feet, the masses of young fresh verdure of the gardens of the Alhambra, the Vermilion Towers guarding the entrance: and, finally, the town, with the im-

posing pile of its cathedral, covering with white houses the flanks of its four hills, and apparently lulled to sleep by the incessant murmur of its fountains.

There may be vaster horizons, but there can be none of more grandeur; for grandeur does not consist in immensity,—it lies in the beauty of the lines, in the effects of light, in the power of contrasts. Spain, inferior to Italy in grace, possesses more than any the charm of contrasts, a singular combination of softness and austerity. Here, especially, the effect is most impressive. In the plain, the vegetation of our temperate climates—the poplar, the willow, the birch—allying itself to the vine; on the hills, the orange-tree, the pomegranate, the palm, rising among gigantic nopals and flowery-clustering aloes; and above this tropical vegetation, the sombre flanks of high mountains wearing a diadem of eternal snows.

I am not aware of any other country in the world which unites in so narrow a space such varied aspects. When we contemplate the fertile and laughing landscapes, bathed in so genial an air, illuminated by a light so pure, we can understand that Granada must have left in the heart of the Arabs, in the imagination of the poets, in the memory of travellers, an ineffaceable image. Relative to this panorama I have heard more than one tourist exclaim, that after the Bosphorus and the Bay of Naples, there was nothing more beautiful in all the wide world; and I believe that this is no exaggeration.

I have spoken at considerable length of the Alhambra, and as yet have said nothing about Granada. The reason is, frankly, because there is nothing in Granada but the Alhambra. Whatever M. Theophile Gautier may have said,—and he has

penned a somewhat fantastic description,—the town is ugly, dirty, and characterless. The cathedral, which from afar presents an imposing mass, is a modern edifice in the worst style; the choir is decorated like a theatre. There are, however, two mausoleums ornamented with fine sculpture; that of Ferdinand and Isabella, and that of Philip the Handsome and Joan the Mad.

On the pilasters of the chapels surrounding the choir we read this curious inscription, in ancient characters:—

"NADIE SE PASEE, HABLE CON MUGERES, NI ESTE EN CORILLOS EN ESTAS NAVES, PENA DE EXCOMUNION Y DOS DUCADOS PARA OBRAS PIAS."

["It is forbidden to walk about, or speak to the women, or to collect in groups in the naves of the church, under pain of excommunication and a fine of two ducats, to be applied to pious works."

This inscription dates, it is said, from the time of the Inquisition. But I think that at Granada, as elsewhere, the prohibition has fallen into disuetude. In the churches of Spain, people talk, and walk about, and laugh as in the street. At Cordova, on the summer evenings, they go to the mosque to enjoy the fresh air.

In the choir a statue of St. Peter is shown, in wood, carved by Alonzo Cano; the head is fine. We should admire it more, however, if it were not coloured. Coloured sculpture, aiming at the reproduction of nature so as to deceive the eye, has always been greatly in vogue in Spain, even at the epoch when high art flourished there. It is not the less a deplorable deviation from the true principles of art.* Sculpture ought to imitate nature by idealizing it; it ought not to stoop, by

* [This was not the opinion of our great English sculptor, John Gibson.]

a coarse realism, to copy it servilely for the deception of the senses. Otherwise the sublime of art would be the wax figures of Curtius, dressed, moving their eyes, and performing automatic gestures. This is materialism in art. The corruption has been favoured by the tendency of all southern peoples to a certain idolatry. In Italy the traditions of the antique art have combated it, but it has triumphed in Spain; and it is to this circumstance we owe those pious images of Christ, the Virgin, and the saints, which, instead of inspiring us with an elevated ideal, simply aim at producing an impression of pity or of terror, by a more or less coarse resemblance to the living reality.

Alonzo Cano was not the less an eminent artist. His compatriots have called him the Spanish Michael Angelo, because, like the great creator of "the Moses," he was a painter, a sculptor, and an architect; which, however, does not suffice to justify so audacious a parallel.

He was the son of a poor carpenter of Granada. Philip IV., who protected him, having given him in his old age a stall in the cathedral of that town, the chapter complained, alleging as a ground of complaint the artist's small amount of canonical instruction. To which the king replied: "Had he possessed more learning I would have made him archbishop of Toledo. I can make a canon when it pleases me, but God alone can make a Cano."

He was a man of capricious and violent, yet of ardent and generous temper. One day, when a miserly *procureur* was haggling with him about the price of a statue which he had ordered, Cano snatched it from his hands and dashed it into a thousand fragments. It is said that when on the point of death he rejected the crucifix which was presented to him,

because it was rudely sculptured, and asked permission to kiss a simple cross of wood.

So far as Moorish monuments are concerned, Granada pre-

THE CASA DEL CARBON.

serves but few remains: the ancient silk-market, formed of graceful pillared arcades; and a charming edifice, called *Casa del Carbon*, whose gate is in the finest Moorish style—it is now used as a coal depôt. In the days of the Moors it was the post-office; for in this great institution the Moors were

our instructors. When Louis XI. designed the establishment of a postal service in France, he sent persons to Granada to study its organization.

Finally, on the bank of the Darro may be seen some Moorish baths which have been transformed into a public lavatory. In their construction these baths present a considerable analogy to the Roman thermæ; only the piscina remains, and the roof pierced with skylights in the form of a star. The Arabs founded numerous baths in Spain, after the Oriental fashion. Frequent bathing, rendered necessary by the climate, was also, as everybody knows, a religious prescription. But to-day you cannot find any conveniently fitted up baths in all Spain. The Spaniards do not bathe, at least in winter; and if they sometimes take a summer bath, it is a cold bath—for pleasure, and not for cleanliness.

I remember that at Seville I one day obtained the address of a bathing establishment. But at the address given to me I found a *café;* and I naturally thought I had been deceived. Not so; it was really the place. The bathing-closets were at the end of the saloon appropriated to the consumers. I asked for a bath, and was requested to call the next day, as it would take some time to make it hot. At Granada it was still worse. I had noticed the word BANOS written in large letters above a door. This time I thought I was sure to obtain what I required;—the establishment had been closed for upwards of a twelvemonth!

One would say that in this respect the Spaniards have voluntarily acted in opposition to the Arabs; and so far it *does* seem that the antipathies of race and the hatreds of religion have increased their natural tendencies. We know that the frequent use of baths had become, in later times,

against the Moriscoes, a proof of attachment to Mohammedanism, and an excuse for persecution. But now, when their faith is no longer in danger, why should not the Spaniards learn to wash themselves a little?

We had spent three days at Granada, and these three days had seemed to us like a dream. We were so comfortable at our little Fonda Ortiz, in the midst of an agreeable and distinguished society, at the very gate of one of the world's wonders, in a splendid site, under a radiant sky, that it would have pleased us greatly to prolong our sojourn. In travelling, as in life, we rarely meet with these felicitous resting-places where everything invites us to halt and pitch our tents. Man and the traveller are urged forward, ever forward, by an implacable necessity. "March!"—and we *must* march!

The steamer from Malaga to Carthagena sailed on the following day. If we missed it, we should have to wait a week, which was too long a delay; we therefore resolved upon departure, though not without regret. Our sadness was increased by our separation at this point from one of our travelling companions, M. Sch——, the amiable Sicilian gentleman whom we had met at Andujar, and who since then had not quitted us; a man most agreeable and genial, accustomed to the best society, of a very ready wit, who had inspired us with a lively sympathy. It is the charm of travel that one sometimes enjoys these peculiarly happy meetings; it is its sorrow that, when the acquaintance has become intimate and friendly, one is obliged to surrender it.

But Fate had decided that we should see Granada and our friend again. "It was written!" Allah is great, and Spanish diligences do not always arrive at their destination.

Our own particular vehicle set out at 4 o'clock P.M.; we were bound to arrive at Malaga early on the following morning. Our fast-trotting mules carried us rapidly away from the enchanted city of the Moors. My heart was full; I leaned back from time to time to bestow another lingering glance on the red towers of the Alhambra, glowing in the setting sun; and when, at the end of the Vega, and at a sharp

FORDING THE STREAM.

angle in the road, the brilliant vision disappeared before my eyes, I comprehended all the melancholy of Boabdil, and, like him, could not repress a sigh.

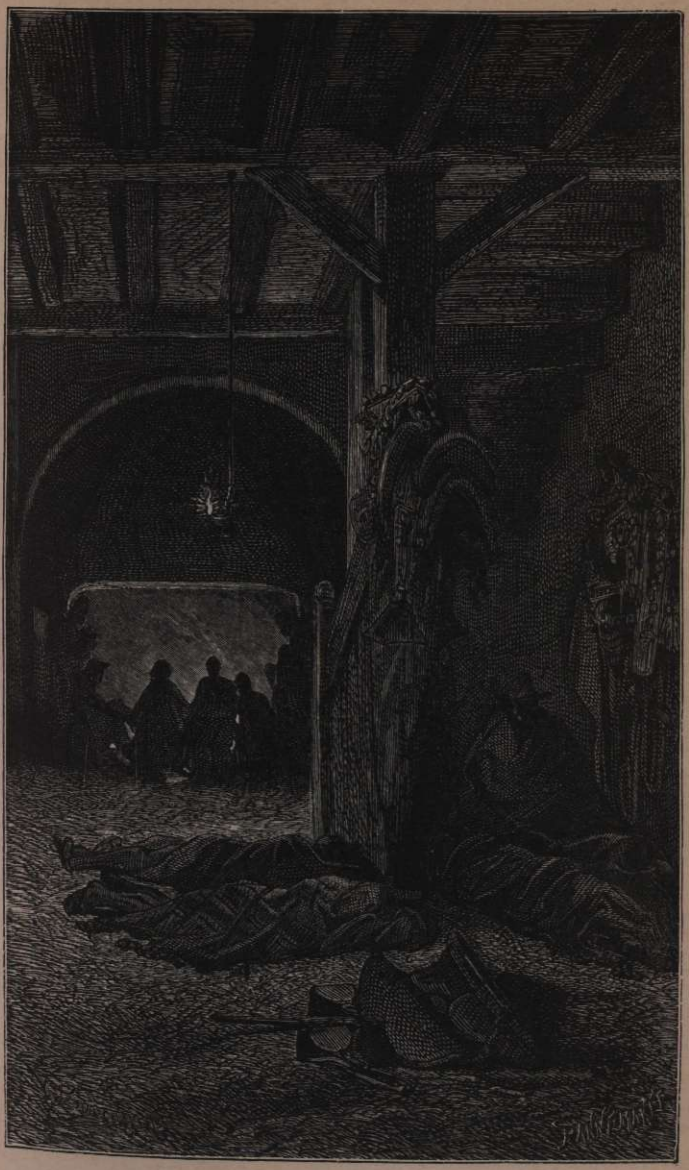
Before night we arrived on the bank of a little torrent which had to be forded,—the waters, swollen by the rains of spring, having carried away the bridge. A footway had been thrown up for pedestrians, but no one seemed to be concerned in reconstructing the bridge. Spanish administrations are

never in a hurry. Meanwhile, if a storm raised the river a little higher, it would be sufficient to intercept completely the communications between Granada and Malaga; and this did, indeed, take place a few days later.

At length we passed without injury, the mules being up to their shoulders in the water. It was night when we entered Loja. The diligence stopped for a relay before a posada pompously entitling itself, *La Fonda de los Angeles* (the Hotel of the Angels)! We entered, as in all posadas, through the stable; and instead of angels, found only muleteers, who lay fast asleep in every corner of the kitchen, and two brown-skinned hostesses, somewhat stout, but genial, ready, full of laughter, and with very fine eyes.

We started again at ten o'clock, and everybody prepared for a nap, with the intention of sleeping until the diligence arrived at Malaga. But about one o'clock I perceived that our rate of progress was slackening considerably, that we were crawling along at a snail's pace. I questioned the driver (mayoral), who pretended to be asleep. Soon afterwards the diligence stopped, and we were invited to get out. What do you mean? What has happened? We were informed that one of the axle-trees was broken, and that it was impossible to go on any further. We rubbed our eyes, descended, and simultaneously all of us directed a volley of questions at the mayoral. How had the accident occurred? How was it we had experienced no shock? Why had he not tested the condition of his axle-trees at Granada? How was it he had not discovered the fracture at Loja, where we could have obtained assistance and shelter?

Our position was not exactly lively. We were four French



AT NIGHT IN THE VENTA.

leagues from Loja, and six from Malaga, in the heart of desert mountains, in a frightfully desolate country. The night was black, and an icy breeze whistled through the gorges of the Sierra. Our only asylum was a wretched *venta*—the venta *de los Arazolès*—I have not forgotten its name—a kind of paltry public-house, situated on the wayside, and in front of which the diligence had been pulled up; fortunate, indeed, in finding any refuge whatever in such a locality.

There was no use deliberating, and we therefore piteously followed our unyoked mules, one after another, through the single entrance to the house. It was composed of two paved apartments, communicating with each other. The larger and more comfortable faced the door—it was the stable; the second was the kitchen, at the end of which yawned wide a tremendous fireplace, seven to ten feet deep, with a huge mantelpiece, under which a man could stand upright. The fire was in the centre of the hearth, and we gathered all around it. An iron lamp suspended to the mantelpiece lighted the apartment. There were neither bedrooms, nor beds; the upper floor contained nothing but store-rooms, and the attics where lodged the landlords of the venta. In this delightful abode we had to pass the night.

Muleteers and peasants, wrapped up in their cloaks, and lying on the ground, snored against the walls. When we entered, the Spaniards, who had descended from the vehicle before we did, had already seized upon four or five straw-bottomed chairs, the only seats in the venta, and, ranged around the fire, were smoking lustily. For the ladies we could find a single wooden chair. Yet not one of our Spanish fellow-travellers stirred; a Spaniard never makes himself uncomfortable. Three travellers rose, however, and politely

offered their seats and places at the fire; I hasten to acknowledge that they were English. Eventually, each person ensconced himself as best he could in a corner, and endeavoured to wait in patience for the dawn of day. This picture of an interior was not deficient in local colour. A hen, in a recess by the chimney, peacefully sheltered her brood. The mules, pawing the ground, and eating their barley, stretched their heads from time to time into our sleeping-apartment. Some swallows, who had suspended their nests to the beams of the roof, occasionally protruded their little black heads, disturbed by the number of guests and the unaccustomed noise.

The mayoral, without troubling himself any further respecting us, had gone to sleep in the hay-loft. Our travelling companions, M. de L—— and M. du S——, enraged at the incivility of the rascal, set out in quest of the national guards, to lay their complaints before the authorities, and to ascertain whether there existed no means of continuing our journey to Malaga.

At the end of an hour they returned: they had found no national guards; but had caught sight of some ill-looking fellows, who seemed to follow and observe them. As they were unarmed, they judged it prudent to return for their revolvers. We then remembered to have seen two men, who had been sleeping on the ground, leave the venta a few moments after them. It is said that there are no brigands in Spain; perhaps there are no *professional* brigands; but if occasion offer, every Spanish peasant is a thief, and does not hesitate to plunder unwary travellers.

When morning came, we learned that the *delantero* had

set out on horseback in search of assistance. Nevertheless, this did not console us; it appeared that at Loja it was impossible to find an axle-tree to replace our own, or a smith to repair it. We should be compelled to send to Granada for another carriage, which could not arrive in less than ten to twelve hours; we should not reach Malaga until the next day, and it would be too late, the steamer would have started.

A young peasant, whom we had bribed with a liberal *propinà*, brought us at length, about six o'clock in the morning, two of the national guards. With benevolent dignity they listened to the story of our catastrophe; they showed a lively sympathy for our misfortunes. The mayoral was summoned. A discussion took place, and a debate, in which every traveller shared; but it soon became evident that our eloquence was of no avail against that of the Spaniards. The civil guards made a pretence of taking down our complaint in writing, and five minutes afterwards we saw them sitting at table with the mayoral.

It was then a hour after sunrise, and spite of our preoccupations, a ferocious appetite, whetted by the mountain air, began to be plainly felt by everybody. But the dilapidated aspect and bare walls of the venta did not reassure us in this respect. We went in search of a hamper of provisions we had left in the diligence; we explored its depths, but with terror discovered that it was empty; the remains of yesterday's dinner had disappeared. Probably the *delantero* had breakfasted before he set out. Fortunately, the landlady emerged at length from her attic, and we contrived to wring from her some eggs and a loaf. M. de L——, who had undergone a similar experience more than once in Spain,

undertook the cooking. He bravely turned up his wristbands, unhooked a kind of frying-pan suspended to the chimney, poured into it the oil of the lamp, which he burned to relieve it of its abominable rancid savour; he broke the eggs, fried with them a few slices of ham, and served up the whole on a wooden trencher, with the only fork which could be found in the venta. I need not say that we did all honour to this truly Spanish breakfast. Good humour resumed its sway; we laughed at our mishaps; and we ate *à la Turque*, a little with the fork, and a good deal with the fingers. Meanwhile, our English friends were gravely preparing a dish of soup with some soup-tablets.

It was something to have breakfasted in this desert; all that remained was to escape from it. But what course could we adopt? To spend the day there, at the risk of perishing of hunger, to arrive the next day at Malaga after the boat had sailed, with the prospect of spending a week in that town waiting for the sailing of another boat,—this was enough to daunt the most intrepid among us.

What, then, should we do?

Return to Granada.—There was no other alternative.

But how?

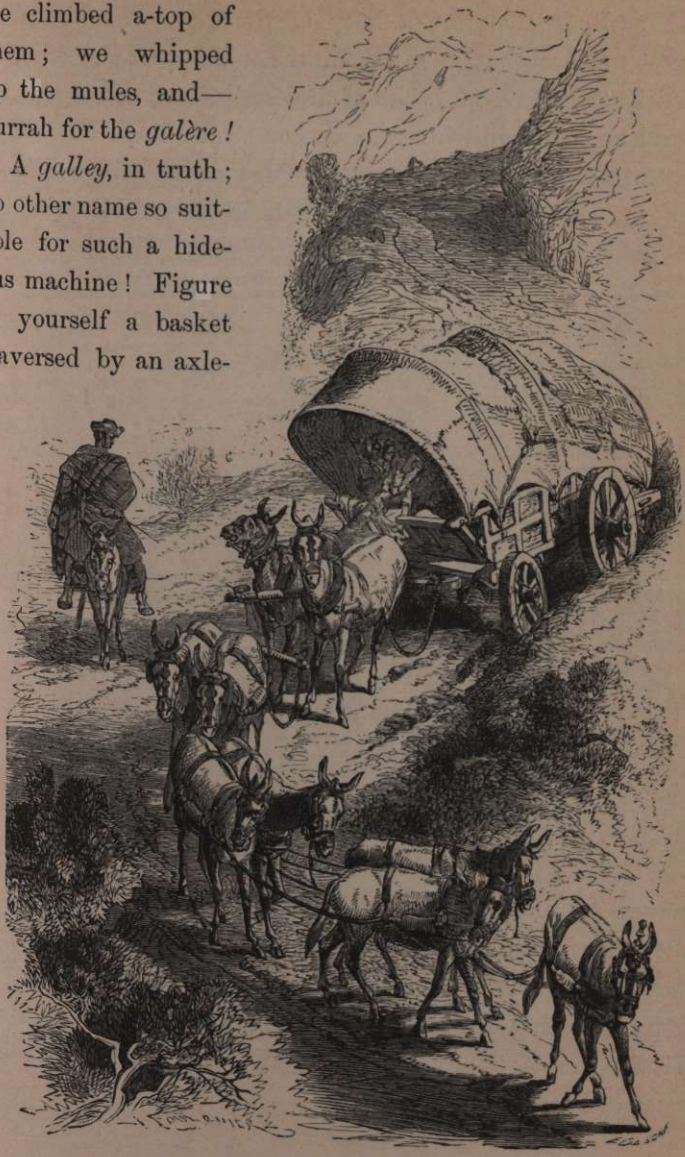
Here lay the difficulty. We questioned our landlord closely, but he declared that within a circuit of three miles there was neither horse nor carriage to be obtained. Some carts passed along the road; they were the *galères* of the peasants; but some were loaded, others were not going so far as Loja.

More and more critical became our position.

At length, a young mountaineer, of pleasant physiognomy, consented to take us. Our trunks were deposited in his cart;

we climbed a-top of them; we whipped up the mules, and—hurrah for the *galère!*

A *galley*, in truth; no other name so suitable for such a hideous machine! Figure to yourself a basket traversed by an axle-



GOING DOWNHILL.

tree, and rounded like a hoop at the top; while below it almost touches the ground. In the under part are accumulated baggage and movables of all descriptions; the Spaniards spread upon these their mattresses, on which they contentedly prostrate themselves; and whole families may frequently be seen travelling on the top of their furniture in this primitive

SPANISH PEASANTS.

manner. Unfortunately, we had no mattresses to soften the rude joltings of the road; our trunks and bags made a somewhat hard couch. Add to this, every hour the heat grew stronger, so that the road to Loja appeared interminably long, and the inn of "the Angels" positively seemed to us like a corner of Paradise.

We were received with cordiality. In the evening we

strolled through the valley, which was delightfully fresh and cool. The peasants were slowly wending their way to the town, driving before them their asses loaded with fuel or provender. The road was lined with fruit-trees in flower; the waters on every side murmured under the periwinkles. This charming evening made us forget the agitations of the night and the fatigues of the day. Our landladies lodged us as best they could, and even gave us, by a delicate attention which they took care to point out, clean white sheets. But alas! these did not suffice to secure us an undisturbed slumber. Hitherto, in the great hotels where we had been lodged, we had suffered nothing from these hideous insects which are the plague of the South, and were tempted to think that, like brigands, they had become a myth in Spain. The night we spent at Loja cruelly awoke us from our delusion.

Next day we arrived at Granada about four o'clock, and at the Fonda Ortiz were gladly welcomed by our friend, M. Sch——.

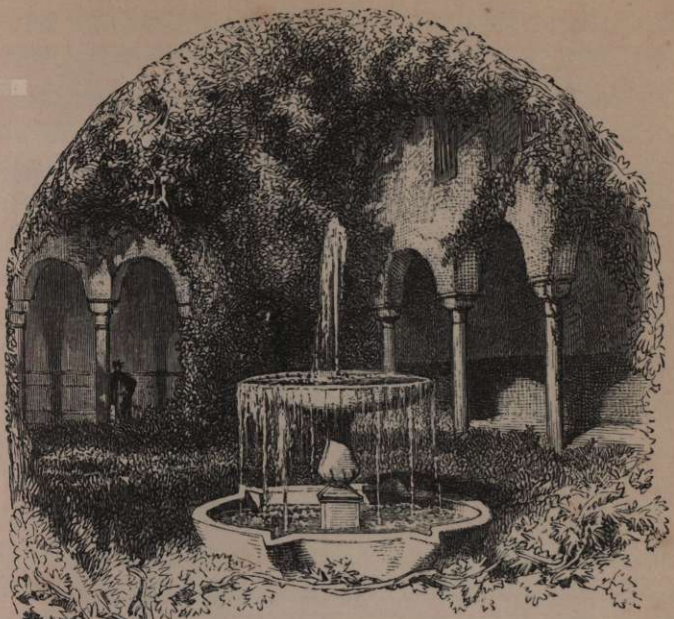
# X.

## Spain and the Spanish.

GRANADA—SQUABBLES WITH SPANISH JUSTICE—MANNERS, CHARACTER, AND POLITICAL CONDITIONS OF THE SPANIARDS.

A chiel's amang ye, takin' notes,
And faith, he'll prent them !

BURNS.



## X.

NOW behold us, in spite of ourselves, back again at Granada, and in spite of ourselves compelled to spend there several days. To speak the truth, however, we were already more than half consoled. We had set out very regretfully, through an effort of the reason. Fortune had stopped us on the road. What, then, could we do? Nothing but resign ourselves, and peacefully enjoy the unexpected leisure for which we were indebted to the Spanish diligences.

Resignation was easy. These beautiful localities invited us to repose, and breathed a certain undefinable softness. We wandered in every direction that chance inspired. By day we visited the Alhambra. In the evening, we loitered in the deep shadows of the gardens: through their sombre roofs the moon lit up the vases of the fountains and the dismantled ramparts of the fortress with fantastic rays. Behind the Vermilion Towers ran a terrace-like promenade dominating over the town towards the south, and from which the view extended afar; here we could seat ourselves after dinner, and pass long hours in the contemplation of the glorious landscape, so sweet and subdued, under the soft radiance of a spring night.

One evening, when the heat was very strong, we had a fancy to descend into the town, and partake of ices at the *café* near the Alameda. The cafés are generally bad in Spain, though they are much frequented, and custom permits them to be visited by females. They are frightful public-houses, where everybody smokes with his hat upon his head, and the noise is truly insupportable. This would be trivial, and I could pardon the Spaniards their exaggerated fear of coryza and neuralgia, if they were more courteous towards women. But they take with them manners which are almost insupportable; in their speech, looks, and gestures is a freedom bordering upon impertinence. We first made the experiment in the café of Granada. Upon the Alameda, where we afterwards sought to enjoy a promenade, the same conduct was repeated, and we were compelled to leave.

I am told that all this is purely a matter of gallantry; that these customs exist by long prescription; that the

women in Spain are accustomed to them, and do not feel disgusted. I am even led to believe that they like and encourage them. If this be Castilian gallantry, another of my illusions has been dissipated for ever.

Everywhere in Andalusia we had remarked that our dress as travellers excited a jesting astonishment, and a bantering, nay, almost an insulting curiosity; and this not only among the lower people, but among persons who seemed to belong to a higher class. In no country of Europe have I seen anything like it to the same extent. Even in the East, the curiosity of the lower class is naive, never wounding; the Orientals are grave. Here, we feel that we are in a country which has been long barred against and separated from the entire world, a country seldom visited by strangers, and always regarding them with an evil eye. Half through pride, half through ignorance and prejudice, the Spaniard seems to regard strangers with mistrust; he is inhospitable and uncourteous towards them. This is specially true of the province of Granada, the most backward, perhaps, of the whole kingdom. The judgment I am here pronouncing is not my own; it is one which I heard uttered in the presence of the governor of Granada, on the occasion of a visit which I had the honour of paying him, where, let me add, I was overwhelmed with courteous attentions.

That very evening, as we returned to our hotel in the Strada del Zacatin, a volley of stones was thrown at us. A few moments later, in the Strada de los Gomelès, we were favoured with a second discharge. It is true the stone-throwers were children; but children, under such circumstances as those, do but express with unrestrained effontery the popular sentiment and prejudice. Nor was this an exceptional fact. I have

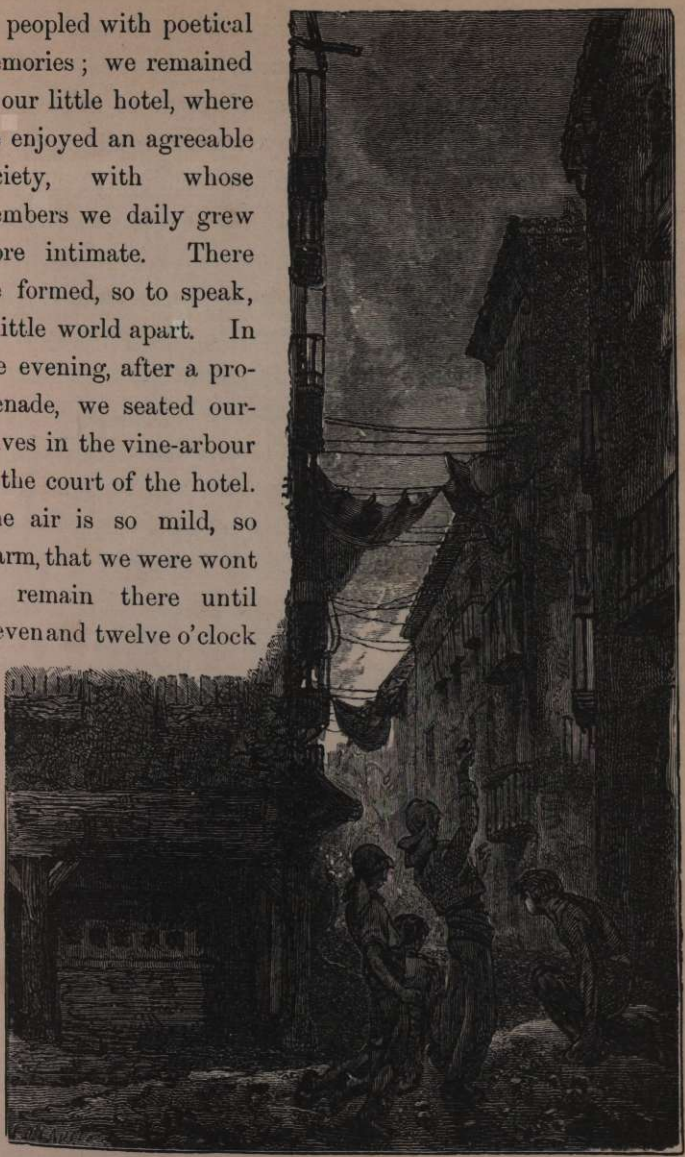
been told by Frenchmen who had resided for several years at Malaga and Alicante, that they had often been the butts for this kind of practice. Alexander Dumas relates that, twenty years ago, in this same Strada de los Gomelès, he and his friends were assailed by showers of stones, and more violently than we were.

It was scarcely nine o'clock in the evening when the second attack was made. One of us was hit in the head, but fortunately his hat protected him. We called a *sereno*, and pointed out to him the house in which the assailants had taken refuge. But he found it was the mansion of a brigadier in the Spanish army; the house of a superior officer is sacred in the eyes of a *sereno*, and we had to acknowledge that undoubtedly we had made a mistake.

If at nine P.M. you run the risk of being stoned, at twelve you are liable to be robbed. Granada, like Malaga and Valencia, swarms with beggars and rogues. Some years ago, an Englishman, Captain Armstrong, was stopped one evening in a street of Granada, by a robber armed with a stick, who demanded his watch. Our Englishman, without answering, drew from his pocket instead of his watch a revolver, and aimed it at his man. The two actors in the scene changed places: the captain coolly ordered him to throw off his cloak; then his vest, next his breeches, and his under garments; seized upon the whole, and sent away the would-be robber, naked as Adam, to promenade in the open moonlight. Under the sky of Andalusia, the chastisement was not very severe.

These little adventures disgusted us with the town. We remained upon our hill, near the palace of the Moorish kings,

all peopled with poetical memories; we remained at our little hotel, where we enjoyed an agreeable society, with whose members we daily grew more intimate. There we formed, so to speak, a little world apart. In the evening, after a promenade, we seated ourselves in the vine-arbour in the court of the hotel. The air is so mild, so warm, that we were wont to remain there until eleven and twelve o'clock



SPANISH COURTESY TOWARDS STRANGERS.

—conversing, smoking, and drinking tea. Sometimes our friend Sch—— would seize Mariano's guitar, and sing in a low voice his Italian melodies, or speak to us of his beloved Sicily, which Andalusia, under many aspects, recalled to him.

At length we were forced to think of our departure.

We had been so disgusted with the management of the diligences which had deposited us at midnight in the venta *de los Arazolès*, that we resolved to apply to another company, said to be much better organized. A second time we bade adieu to the Fonda Ortiz and its guests. Mariano accompanied us to the office of the diligence, and commended us to the care of the mayoral, who was one of his friends. This time we set out under favourable auspices, and everything led us to believe that we should reach our destination without mishap. But assuredly some spell must have been laid upon us; we must have encountered some Gitana who had witched us with her "evil eye." Not only were we not to arrive, but it was fated that on *that* day we should not even start; and this time the adventure, which had only been a farce in the venta, threatened to terminate in a tragedy.

The baggage was loaded, the mules were harnessed, and the travellers only waited until four o'clock struck to mount into their places and set out. I was still in the coach-office waiting. Our two travelling companions, M. de L—— and M. du S——, were in the street with Mariano, conversing in the middle of a group; and, as is generally the case when a diligence is on the point of starting, a great number of idlers and spectators were lingering about. Suddenly I heard a pistol-shot. I rushed towards the gate, thinking the Spaniards were fighting. In the midst of the group where my friends

had been standing I saw a man, pale and faint, and his clothes stained with blood. He was hurriedly lifted up and carried into a neighbouring house. Mariano then came to tell me what had happened. It was no dispute. M. de L—— had unwittingly fired the shot, and the ball had struck our poor mayoral in the stomach. It was feared the wound would be dangerous.

"Return to the hotel," he said, "and see that the ladies keep within doors." There were signs of passionate feeling in the crowd, for in this country minds are easily inflamed, especially against strangers. Mariano afterwards acknowledged that he had felt for a moment alarmed for our safety, at least for M. de L——'s: a suspicion, an imprudent word, would have been enough to put him in great peril. The Andalusians have a light hand, and a blow with a knife is so quickly given! Fortunately it was evident to everybody from the first that the sad affair was purely an accident, or at the most an imprudence.

Meanwhile the wounded man was carried to the hospital. The civic guard arrived; M. de L—— was arrested and thrown into prison. When it is Spaniards who have been exchanging rifle-shots, or the *navaja*, the guard generally arrives too late, and the guilty man has escaped. But when a stranger is concerned, oh, it is very different! There *is* some kind of justice in Spain!

Under such circumstances as these, the reader will understand how anxious and how excited we were. Necessarily we thought no more of resuming our journey: we could not leave our unfortunate companion in his miserable situation. I ordered our baggage to be unloaded; Mariano called a coach, and we returned to our hotel.

A few minutes afterwards M. du S—— and myself, accom-

panied by Mariano, who acted as interpreter, started forth with the intention of extricating our friend from his difficulty. I inquired if there was a French consul at Granada; to my great astonishment the reply was in the negative. We repaired to the captain-general, who is the magistrate appointed to deal with all matters concerning foreigners. It was impossible to see him: after four o'clock his offices were closed. We next went to the prison. The gaoler refused to allow us to enter; the judge, he said, was at that moment interrogating the accused. We returned at the end of half an hour: it was too late; the regulations prohibited visitors after a certain time. At length we understood his meaning, and the application of a few coins threw wide the gate.

In this prison there was a something gloomy, sinister, and infectious. Damp and filthy walls, dark, damp corridors; far away, at the end of a low and obscure vault, in a paved court, behind a double barricade formed of rafters bound together by iron bars, a score of beggars in rags, who glued their faces to the barrier, and glanced at us with haggard eyes, like wild beasts in a cage. The denizens of the prison seemed to me much more frightful than the prison itself. Very fortunately for our friend, he was not placed with the brigands. The gaoler, scenting a rich prey, had graciously installed him in the very best apartment—a horrible garret, it is true, but at least he was alone. We found him melancholy and much agitated, less for himself than for the wounded man. In the evening several young Englishmen and Americans who were staying at the Fonda Ortiz also visited him, proffering their good offices, and even their purses. These proofs of sympathy on the part of strangers, with whom we had been acquainted barely a week, moved us very keenly.

ENTRANCE TO A SPANISH PRISON.

About ten o'clock in the evening, just after I had returned to my lodgings, a visitor was announced whom I was very far from expecting. It was the judge who had questioned M. de L—— and taken down the particulars of the case. He was a tall thin man, about fifty years old, with rough and

A SPANISH JUDGE.

grisly hair, small gray eyes deeply set under thick eyebrows, a sharp nose, a thin and hard mouth, a face half fox half wolf. He came, he said, on the part of our countryman, to persuade us not to delay our departure; his detention might be prolonged; the affair was a critical one, the wound severe;

the physicians feared peritonitis might ensue; the man might die, and then the punishment, even in the case of a simple imprudence, would be heavy. He thought, however, that it would not exceed seven or eight months' imprisonment. . . . . However, this did not concern him; the matter was in the hands of the captain-general, unless, indeed, the accused should express a wish for his own jurisdiction, which would be more expeditious, and save a great deal of delay. All this he said with the solemn and emphatic formulas habitual to the Spaniards, and with a honied and obsequious air, which inspired very little confidence in me. I thanked him coldly, and replied that I would hear from my countryman what he wished to do.

I could plainly see, through the fine phrases of this old lynx, an intention to frighten us, and probably to make us pay heavily. It was clear that the sole object of this visit was to get the matter into his own hands, though properly it belonged to the captain-general. But, on the other hand, I was not without some anxiety as to the issue, and I longed to see M. de L—— released from the claws of Spanish justice. The wound, after all, might be dangerous—might even prove mortal. In this uncertainty, I thought it of the first importance to obtain, at whatever cost, and with as little delay as possible, his release upon bail. For, once out of prison, if the affair took a bad turn, if the man died, and a condemnation was to be apprehended, we might escape; with a trusty guide, by taking to the mountain, nothing was easier than to gain Gibraltar. This, too, was the opinion of Mariano, who undertook, in case of need, to procure the means of flight, and offered himself to accompany M. de L——.

Next day, at an early hour, we called on the captain-

general; but it was in vain we insisted upon seeing him; he was presiding at a council of war; the council would last all day; it was impossible for us to see him until the morrow. But that was Sunday, and of course he would again be invisible, so that I concluded we should have to wait until Monday. Two days' delay would singularly aggravate the situation. The hospital surgeons, either through ignorance or calculation, refused to give us any information. Was the ball still in the wound? They did not know, and declared they could not give an opinion for five or six days.

Not knowing what to do, we went in search of our old judge. It was evident that with him it was purely an affair of so much money, and nothing more. We asked what sum would be necessary, by way of security, to obtain our friend's release. He said about 1500 douros (7000 francs, or nearly £300). This was monstrous. We protested against the imposition, and began to bargain. He came down to 1000 douros. We offered 500. He refused, and we went away, like customers who are asked too much for a hat or pair of boots. It was useless for us to deceive ourselves; whatever sum we put in his hands as a security, we stood but little chance of recovering.

At this moment I learned, what I had previously been ignorant of, that there was a French vice-consul at Granada. I hastened to him. He was a Spanish banker—a circumstance which I immediately considered very inauspicious. I presented to him my letters of recommendation; I related to him all the details of the accident, the arrest of our companion, and our embarrassment. He listened politely but coldly. On the previous evening he had heard of the mis-

adventure, but it did not move him or disturb him in the least. However, at my earnest request he deigned to promise that he would see the judge. And an hour afterwards he sent me word that the judge would be satisfied with 500 douros as caution-money.

There was no likelihood of our obtaining better terms; and it seemed to me that in obtaining this reduction, the vice-consul had done us a service. I afterwards learned that 500 douros is the *maximum* allowed by the law in the most serious cases. To this, then, was reduced the intervention on our behalf of the consular agent of France. But, then, I have already said that he was a Spaniard.

A difficulty still remained: we had to find the funds, and to find them immediately, and in good Spanish coin. The government pays its creditors with *paper;* but when a fine is exacted, *you* must pay in *bullion.* Our purses were at a low ebb; our protracted stay at Granada had exhausted our resources. I had letters of credit only upon Malaga. The vice-consul "was entirely at my disposal," *todo a la disposicion de Usted,* according to the Spanish formula; but I knew what that meant,—you are offered everything on condition that you ask nothing. Ortiz, the proprietor of our hotel, an excellent and warm-hearted man, vainly offered his hypothecary guarantee; bullion was scarce; and our consul-banker declared that he did not possess a doubloon. At length some friends of Ortiz lent, upon his signature, the sum of which we stood in need. An hour afterwards, M. de L—— was released, on condition that he remained at Granada until the conclusion of the affair, and, twice a week, presented himself before the judge.

I have been minded to relate this adventure in all its

details, because it appeared to me characteristic, and calculated to throw a strong light on some of the proceedings and the morality of the Spanish magistracy. I must here state that the judge of Granada is not an inferior functionary, but a magistrate of high rank; his authority is considerable; he is the sole judge, in the first resort, of the civil and criminal affairs of the whole province. The only jurisdiction superior to his is that of the *Audiencia*, or court of appeal.

THE ESCRIBANO.

It is probable that if a singular concurrence of annoying circumstances had not prevented us from seeing the captain-general, we should have arranged with him much easier terms. A kind of obstinate fatality delivered us up to the exactions of this species of grimalkin. Of the sum paid down as bail-money, M. de L——, I believe, never received a single maravedi. A small portion was paid to the wounded man by way of indemnity. I have forgotten to state that, in effect, the wound was found to be nothing more than a scratch, and that after a confinement of four or five days the mayoral had returned to his work. The rest of the money was shared between the judge and his *escribano*, another animal of prey which hunted in company with him.

Why need we be astonished at the want of moral sense in the people, when justice has sunk so low? Why be astonished, too, that strangers avoid a country where they can neither obtain protection for their persons, nor security for their interests; where they find among the representatives of law and order neither probity nor equity; among the population, neither sympathy nor good-will? Of all the Frenchmen whom I met in Spain, men of every class and every social position, who had resided in the country for periods varying from two to twenty years, not one but expressed to me an ardent desire to quit so inhospitable a land.

Every stranger is here regarded with an evil eye; he pays the dearest for everything. Whatever he does, wherever he goes, he encounters obstacles and dangers. Yet it is to the stranger Spain owes all the progress she has made; and instead of good-will and cordial co-operation, they meet with nothing but mistrust, jealousy, and an ignorant hostility. The national pride is wounded by their superiority. They would prefer not to see any amelioration effected than to own it to strangers, and to be compelled to confess that noble Spain is not at the head of Europe. Now, for instance, that railways have been constructed, they overwhelm with slights and insults their English or French engineers, mechanicians, and officials; they force nearly all of them to throw up their situations: these are then filled by Spaniards, most of whom are as incapable as they are self-sufficient; without careful study or practical experience, and often, when they possess certificates, having purchased them for ready money. Heaven knows what will become of such undertakings in such hands!

The Spaniards have been a great people; but of their ancient virtues few traces are extant.

It is true that they are all sober ; from Pampeluna to Cadiz you will not meet with a drunkard. But all Southern peoples are sober. The Arabs, even the Turks and the Italians, are sober. Under a sky of fire, this sobriety is not a virtue, but a necessity, a law of climate, which cannot be disobeyed with impunity. Every intemperate man is beforehand condemned to death.

They have few wants ; they trouble themselves little about material well-being ; and therefore they have been eulogized as philosophers. Unfortunately, this fine philosophy is to a great extent the offspring of idleness and contempt of work. We must add that they have no taste for what the English call *comfort ;* but they are passionately addicted to luxury of apparel, of the toilet, and ostentatious display. The object is different, but the passion is the same. The Spaniard who is without a shirt to his back, will stalk about majestically in a cloak which cost a couple of hundred pesos. Another who cannot pay for his dinner will display on his waistcoat a magnificent golden chain. This taste for the toilet, for the showy, for jewels, for gilding, they push to the most extravagant extreme. Naturally, the women are foremost in this respect ; but the men do not lag far behind : they wear gold chains of an absurd thickness, carved, and wrought, and adorned with precious stones and trinkets, until they blaze all over like a jeweller's shop. If this were only a matter of taste, well and good ; but they ruin themselves by their prodigality.

One of our friends (the able artist, whose pencil throughout this volume re-creates Spain with so much subtlety and truth) ordered from a Malagan tailor some leather breeches, with shining buttons, such as is generally worn by the peasants of that province. The "artist" to whom he applied dwelt in a

kind of dark, dim, and pestiferous closet; he was clothed like a beggar; his thin, half-starved children had nothing but rags on their bodies; his wife, an invalid, lay upon a pallet. Three days afterwards, into our friend's apartment entered a gentleman elegantly curled and clothed, wearing a black great-coat, varnished boots, and a felt hat *à la mode.* Our friend with difficulty recognized in this resplendent personage his tailor, bringing home the pair of breeches he had ordered. Here was a man who could scarcely provide his children with bread, marching through the town attired like a grandee!

A SPANISH TAILOR AT HOME.

An old French traveller relates the following anecdote:—

"A shoemaker approached a woman who was selling salmon. 'Undoubtedly,' said she, 'your Grace asks the price because he thinks it cheap; but he is mistaken, it is five shillings a pound.' The indignant shoemaker replied, 'If it had been cheap, I would have bought only a pound; since it is dear, I will buy three.' And immediately he flung down his three five-shilling pieces; and clapping his little hat on his head, after giving his moustache a twirl, he raised the point of his formidable sword to his shoulder, and looked at us fiercely, perceiving that we had been listening to the colloquy, and

that we were strangers. The beauty of the thing is, that probably this vainglorious fellow had only the three crowns in the world, that it was his week's wage, and that to-morrow he, and his wife, and his little children, would fast on bread

THE SHOEMAKER AND THE FISHWIFE.

and water. But such is the national humour; many there are who get hold of the feet of a fowl, and let them hang down below their cloak, as if they had really a fowl, and not only its feet!"

Things have not changed since Madame d'Aulnoy recorded

the foregoing incident, except that the shoemaker no longer carries a sword.

They are as boastful as they were two centuries ago. Are they as brave? There are people who profess to know them well who doubt it. But I confess I cannot share in their opinion. A people does not so change its temperament, and the race is naturally bold and resolute. They proved it during the War of Independence, at Saragossa, and elsewhere. But what cannot be denied is the strange decadence which has certainly taken place in the higher classes. We had a melancholy example of it in 1865, when the cholera invaded Spain. Nothing more shameful can be imagined than the cowardice, the universal desertion, the general *sauve-qui-peut* of the rich, of officials of every grade, and even of the ministers, and all the court.

I do not believe, however, what I often hear repeated, that Spain is a country in a state of decomposition, a people worn out, and lost without resource. No; this is the exaggeration of newspaper writers. The Spanish are a people not worn out, but benumbed; paralyzed by despotism, ignorance, superstition—by the systematic isolation in which they have been kept for the last two centuries. They have been crushed and suffocated under a leaden shroud; give them air and light, and they will live anew! The upper branches are withered, but the trunk is still healthy, vigorous, and full of a potent sap, somewhat acrid perhaps, but only needing cultivation. Here lies the future of Spain, in the people; especially in the people of the northern provinces, a more energetic race, with more spirit, and more moral elevation. Even in the south, where the race is softer, and the moral tone lower, it is still

the people who form the healthiest and most vital element; it is the people in whom we find the strongest traces of the pristine and admirable qualities of the nation.

It is the misfortune of Spain that when it entered on the path of social and political reform, it had no intelligent, enlightened, and energetic "third estate," capable of governing the country, in the place of a decrepit monarchy and an ignorant aristocracy. For want of this element, which is at once progressive and conservative, it has been involved for fifty years in the convulsions of civil war, torn by bloody reactions, passing from the excesses of revolution to those of absolutism, alternately devoured by the conquerors, and sinking deeper every day into decadence and ruin.

Military insurrections, barrack revolutions, prætorian *coups d'Etat*, rivalries of military chiefs who storm the ministerial benches, and carry off power at the bayonet's point,—such, for many a long year, has been the lamentable history of Spain.

Every year the finances have become more disordered, the national credit more impaired, the disorganization more profound. Who can dare at the present day to tell its horoscope? Will a firm constitutional monarchy be established, or a republic, or will the nation once more fall into the hands of a military dictator? All we can say is, that the resources of Spain are immense; that under a wise government the development of these resources would restore her to her rightful rank among European nations; and that we can only hope, after so many sufferings and such bitter trials, the Spanish people may learn to distrust their would-be leaders, and by their own patriotic exertions secure the peace and prosperity they so bitterly need.

# XI.

# A City of Palms.

CARTHAGENA—ALICANTE—ELCHÉ AND ITS PALM-GROVES—ORIHUELA—MURCIA AND ITS HUERTA.

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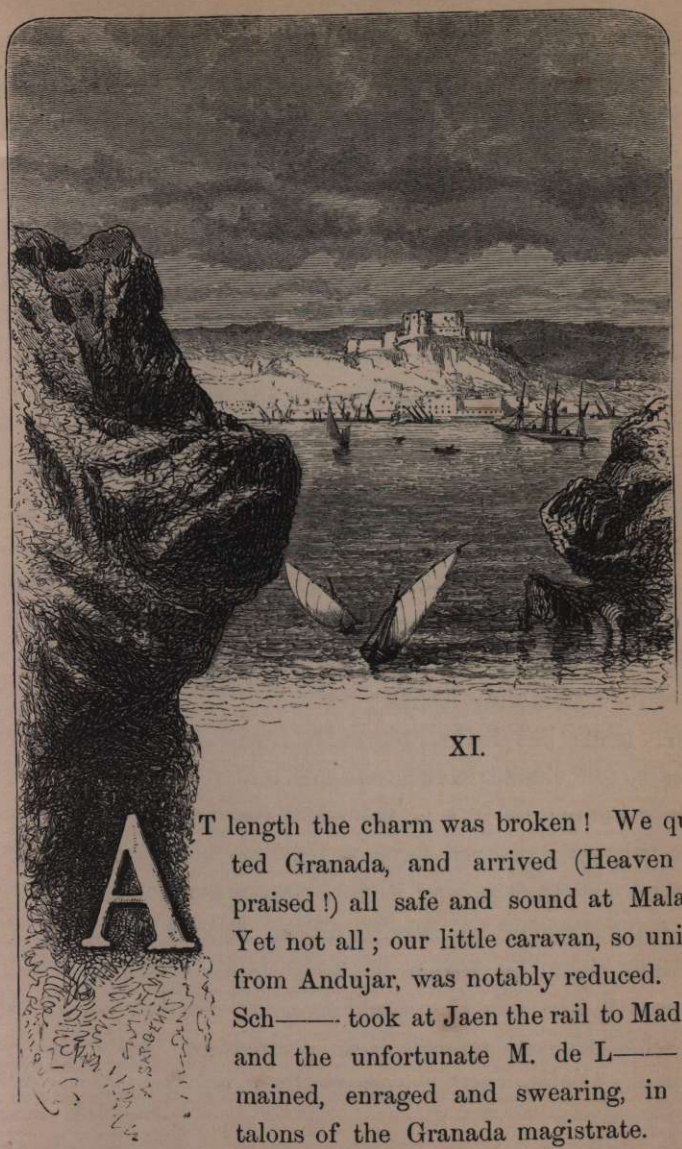
Like an oasis in the desert waste,
Amid its palms the city gaily smiled.

ANON.



## XI.

AT length the charm was broken! We quitted Granada, and arrived (Heaven be praised!) all safe and sound at Malaga. Yet not all; our little caravan, so united from Andujar, was notably reduced. M. Sch—— took at Jaen the rail to Madrid, and the unfortunate M. de L—— remained, enraged and swearing, in the talons of the Granada magistrate. We had with us only M. du S——, who, to the last, continued a faithful and amiable companion.

The boat on board of which we embarked for Alicante, belonged to the Lopez Company; a company which bore the reputation of possessing the best steamers on the coast—a reputation not well-deserved, if I may judge from the vessel which carried myself and my fortunes. The berths are inconvenient, the cabins narrow, the cleanliness doubtful, the attendance indifferent. One cabin alone was of any size: a ladies' cabin, which was occupied by a Spanish family of five or six children; and from this such an odour escaped when the door was opened, that we did not feel the slightest desire to enter it.

The weather was fair when we set out, at ten o'clock of the morning, on the 27th of April. But a strong easterly wind soon arose, and impeded our progress. The sea grew rough and violent; the swell became very disagreeable. All of us were more or less inconvenienced by sea-sickness, except M. du S——, who courageously kept his place at the captain's table; a poorly served table, by the way, and ill-adapted to strengthen trembling hearts.

We made but little progress. If the wind had not been contrary, we should have accomplished the voyage in four-and-twenty hours; as it was, we could not hope to do it in less than thirty-six or even forty. A passenger informed me that for some time the company, by its successive reductions of wages, had driven out of its service all its French engineers, and replaced them by Spaniards; it gave to these, by way of indemnity, whatever they could economize on the coal. I know not whether our engineers were particularly economical, but we steamed along with desperate slowness.

On the evening of the 28th, we passed Carthagena. The steamer did not call there, which I very much regretted. We

were so fatigued, that I had resolved on landing. A railway runs from Carthagena to Murcia; and from Murcia to Alicante is an easy journey. Instead of this, we were doomed to another six or eight hours of rolling and sea-sickness.

Carthagena is in an admirable situation. Its port is the finest and safest in all Spain, and a little outlay would make it one of the finest in the world. The entrance is defended by lofty mountains which shelter it from the principal winds, and leave but a narrow, throat-like passage between them. Whole fleets might easily manœuvre in its basin, where the sea is always as tranquil as a lake.

Formerly rich, busy, and populous, Carthagena retains nothing of its ancient splendour. "It is a striking image," says a Spanish writer,* "of our decay and humiliation. Its port was anciently filled with ships from every sea; its commerce embraced both the Old and New World. The labours of its arsenal occupied one half of its population. All this has disappeared; its marine is ruined; private fortunes are annihilated; and the city of the Scipios has preserved scarcely any vestiges of its past grandeur."

Carthagena is the nearest point of the Peninsula to Algeria. A steamer makes the trip from thence to Oran in six hours. Now that the railway is extended to Paris without a break, the French can communicate with their colony in a very brief time.

It was from Carthagena, in 1509, the expedition started which Cardinal Ximenès despatched against the Moors of Oran; a daring and nobly generous expedition, which was one of the glories of his administration. Oran, like Algiers, was

* Madoz, "Diccionario geografico de Espana"

then a nest of pirates; they infested the Mediterranean, inflicted considerable damage on the commerce of all the Christian nations, especially on that of Spain, and carried their audacity to such an extreme as to ravage the coast of Andalusia. The cardinal resolved to destroy the asylum of these robbers. He defrayed the entire cost of the expedition; which, even to a man of his enormous wealth, was no trifling charge. He did more; though upwards of seventy-two years of age, he placed himself at the head of the enterprise, and regulated all its details.

The fleet was composed of ten great galleons, equipped as war-ships, and eighty merchant-vessels. The army included eight hundred lances, besides the regular troops of cavalry and infantry levied at the cardinal's cost, and a great number of volunteers. Vianelli, a Venetian, commanded the fleet; and Count Pedro de Navarre the army.

Ximenès having embarked, amidst the acclamations of the whole force, on board the great Spanish galleon which carried the admiral's flag, they weighed anchor. Clearing out of the harbour of Carthagena, they set sail on Wednesday, the 16th of May, with a favourable wind. The day following, the Feast of the Ascension, they sighted the African coast, and entered without accident the port of Masalquivir.*

The army, having disembarked unopposed, marched upon the town. Before it fell into his hands, says Mariana, Ximenès, attired in his pontifical vestments, mounted his horse, accompanied by the monks and priests who had followed him. He was preceded by a Franciscan, named Ferdinand, who carried the archiepiscopal cross, and wore at his

* Mariana, book xxix.

side a sword, above his monastic gown, as did the other priests and monks. This novel and curious spectacle provoked a burst of laughter from the whole army, despite the fear and veneration which the cardinal inspired. It was in this guise Ximenès took up his post at the head of his troops, and harangued them with military ardour.

Oran was taken. Three hundred Christian slaves were set at liberty; and this victory entailed the submission of Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli. At the *Armeria Real* of Madrid are shown the buckler and helmet which Ximenès wore at the attack of Oran. This armour is of an extraordinary weight; the helmet weighs twenty, the buckler fifty, and the cuirass eighty pounds. It would take a vigorous man to wear without inconvenience the military harness worn by this aged monk, with his pale brow, and hollow eyes, and body apparently worn out by self-inflicted privations.

At length, about two o'clock A.M., we arrived before Alicante. But the port was closed, and we could not land until daybreak. Meanwhile, we attempted to sleep: impossible! our crew occupied two hours in laying to and dropping anchor. I made an essay to discover wherewithal to recruit our stomachs, wearied by two days' sea-sickness. But the cook was asleep; no one but the kitchen-boy was awake, and he could not supply my wants; everything was under lock and key, even the bread and wine; and as for breaking in upon the sleep of a Spanish master-cook, it was a liberty on which no subordinate might venture!

Alicante, with its white or painted houses, has a semi-Italian, semi-Moorish physiognomy. The town is small,

seated at the foot of a chalk hill, of very fantastic outline, and burned up by the sun. When closely examined, it has no distinguished character; and yet I thought it much cleaner and gayer than Malaga. The *Fonda del Vapor*, where we alighted, was kept by an Italian, who received us with expansive cordiality. He overwhelmed us with his attentions and anticipations of all our wants; he served up a dinner which, under any circumstances, would have been highly appreciated, but which, after our wearisome voyage, was particularly agreeable and refreshing. And finally, he undertook to conduct us himself to Elché, and act as our cicerone.

At Alicante there was nothing to be seen; but near Alicante, a few leagues on the Murcia road, Elché demanded an inspection. And certainly Elché is one of the most original and most picturesque towns in Spain.

On quitting Alicante, we followed a dusty road, which traversed dry and sterile fields. Here and there the stony soil was scantily clothed with some poor barley. But the aspect of the country speedily changed: the land, richer and more generous, bloomed with luxuriant crops; to olive-trees succeeded gigantic carobs, fig-trees, almond-trees, vines. A few palms elevated their graceful crests in the plain; and like the familiar trees and friends of man, grouped themselves around the houses. Their number gradually augmented; they bordered the fields, and lined the road. A few moments more, and we were in the East.

A forest, a veritable forest of palms, extends before you (they number, it is said, between thirty and forty thousand); not those frail and rickety palms which we see in Italy and

Provence—poor exiles trembling and sickening under too harsh a sky; but vigorous and powerful trees, whose trunk, erect as a column, bears, at a height of forty or sixty feet, its undulating plume, and whose regular lines stretching across the plantations form majestic aisles. In the midst of this forest imagine a little town, all whose houses have faithfully preserved their Moorish character, with narrow windows and terraced roofs.

ELCHE AND ITS PALMS.

Nothing is wanting, save the slender pinnacles of the minarets; but the church of Elché is surmounted by a cupola covered with polished tiles, which gives it a mosque-like air. The sky, of a rare blue, and the heat, which towards two o'clock becomes intense, increase the illusion; and when, from the summit of the church-tower, I contemplated this truly African landscape, framed, as it is, by small mountain-ranges of lime-

stone, with naked and burned up flanks, and summits squarely cut, I thought myself transported to the banks of the Nile.

It may be asserted, without exaggeration, that neither in Spain nor Europe is there any counterpart to Elché. It is, in very truth, an African town, carried, as if by a stroke of enchantment, to the opposite coast of the Mediterranean. The effect is most impressive, though one may be in some measure prepared for it. I expected to see a kind of miniature Moorish town, with a theatrical air about it, like the little Chinese villages in North Holland. But this is not the case. You see the very vegetation, soil, and sky of the East. When you have seen Elché, you may say that you have seen an oasis of the Sahara.

To a great extent the town lives upon its palm-trees. Not only do they provide it with dates, but the leaves, which are tied up in bundles on the tree to whiten, and which during the winter are plaited in a thousand different fashions, are sold for paschal palms, and form the staple of a considerable commerce. They may be seen, throughout Spain, in the balconies of nearly every house ; and, consecrated by the priests, are supposed to possess the properties of lightning-conductors.

Under the escort of our obliging landlord, we enjoyed a ramble in the forest. It is relieved by fields of maize and barley, by gardens of pomegranates and oranges, where tiny rivulets distribute on every side their abundant and fertilizing waters. We tasted the dates, but found them not so good as those of Algeria, though nearly equal to those of Egypt. A young boy clambered up a tree to collect some for us. This perilous ascent is accomplished in a very simple and original manner. The climber twists around his body a rope of aloes,

A LANDSCAPE NEAR ELCHE.

which at the same time envelops the trunk of the palm; with his back propped against this cord, and his feet against the tree, he profits by the projections of its surface, and ascends the lofty trunk with all the agility of a wild cat.

CLIMBING A PALM-TREE.

The majority of travellers in Spain, after having seen Alicante and Elché, direct their course towards the north, and visit Valencia. In this I think them wrong. If you will take my advice, you will hire a vehicle, and repair to Murcia by way of Orihuela. Be assured you will not regret the time occupied by this brief excursion.

You can go to Murcia by road. But as the Carthagena railway guide represented that there was a station at Orihuela, I bargained with our driver to convey us thither. We quitted Alicante next day at five o'clock. The sun was rising as we crossed the first line of hills behind the town. The sea and the mountains were all steeped in rosy hues; the sky and the waters and the misty peaks were rich in harmonies of tone and exquisitely blended tints, whose softness and charm it is impossible to describe.

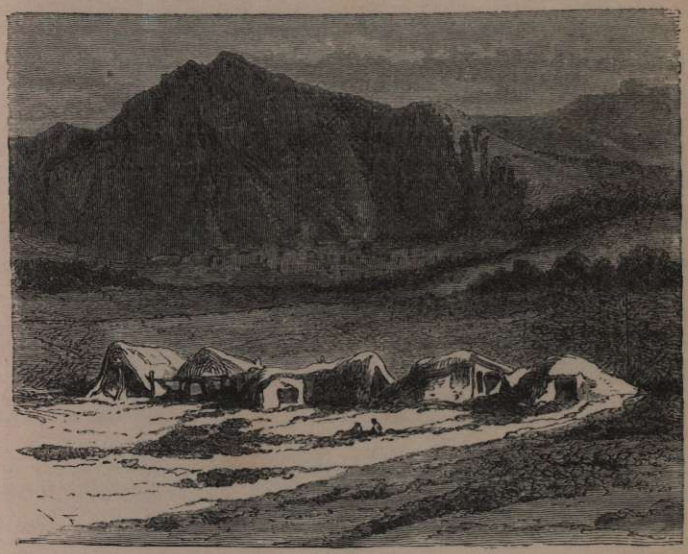
Again we traversed Elché; and, while the horses rested, visited a part of the town which we had not seen the day before. On the west it is bounded by a broad and deep

ravine; this ravine is the bed of a torrent—dry when we saw it, but in winter boiling with furious waters. The lofty bridge across it, after having been several times swept away, was reconstructed in the last century on a monumental plan. Masses of nopals, covered with yellow flowers and reddish fruit, are reared along the steep banks of the ravine; groups of palm-trees crown them, dominating over the old ruined walls, and drooping here and there into the torrent's bed. I love the palm-tree; it sets me dreaming; it reminds me of the East, of its magnificent landscapes, its melancholy ruins. It has an incomparable grace and majesty. Its mighty trunk, which mounts, as it were, with a single bound towards the sky, has plainly served as the model for the powerful column of the Egyptian temples, and its drooping plume for the type of the broad hollow capital.

I admit that the palm-tree lacks that freshness of young foliage which enriches and adorns our European trees in the genial spring; nor has it their mobility, which makes them bend and sway to and fro at the lightest breeze; but then what a nobleness it has, what a gracefulness! What variety even in its groups and its attitudes! Especially on the banks of the rivers and the fountains, when, arching over the waters, it lifts again so haughtily its graceful crest! But its peculiar characteristic is its gravity; it is grave, like the peoples of the East; it is in harmony with the sky of the East, with its solemn landscapes and tranquil horizons; it has about it, as it were, a perfume of Biblical poetry, and a memory of the by-gone ages.

Beyond Elché, the high-road ceases; we enter upon a cross-road, a true Spanish road, which wanders vaguely across fields

and commons, paying little regard to the inequalities of the surface. But the country is very interesting. We have reached the summit of the high table-lands; the extensive horizon is bounded by lofty mountains of the most graceful form and charming colour. The Spanish mountains are generally stripped of vegetation; when you draw near them, they present to you a picture of burned rocks, arid escarpments,



A MOUNTAIN PICTURE.

and summits frightfully naked, rent, and fissured. But when seen from a distance, the glory of the skies clothes them, so to speak, in a magical robe; it veils their nakedness with a transparent gauze, shaded with the softest blue and the tenderest rose, and streaked here and there with gleams of opal or aventurine.

At a certain moment, we saw sparkling on our left, like a

sheet of silver, the surface of a tiny lake. The road was bordered with hedges of pomegranates; their purple flowers glowed among the shining verdure. Vineyards alternated with corn-fields; the grain was already ripe, and the reapers had commenced to cut it. We still met with the palm; no longer in a dense forest, as at Elché, but in groups and thickets clustered around farms and villages. All these vil-

NEAR CALLOSA

lages wore a very marked Moorish character; their small square churches, surmounted by a cupola, resembled Moorish chapels.

At the extremity of the long plain, a range of copper-coloured mountains seemed to block up the road. At their foot is seated the small town of Callosa de Segura; the picturesque ruins of a Moorish castle dominate over it; its

cupola and its belfry, light as a minaret, spring out of the masses of verdure in which they are, so to speak, completely buried. I had seen nothing in Spain more vividly-coloured than this little bit of landscape. A troop of Gitanos was encamped by the wayside: the men were enjoying their siesta; the children, naked, and black as little Moors, rolled in the dust; while the women got ready their noon-day meal near a blazing fire.

The road crossed the Sierra by a narrow cutting; and suddenly, on issuing from the gorge, we saw a broad rich valley unfold before us. It was the plain of Orihuela, the *Huerta* of Murcia. For fertility and richness it may be compared to Lombardy; the vegetation is more varied and more luxurious than even in the Vega of Granada. The corn was already three feet high; fig-trees as tall as oaks were mingled in the fields with plantations of pomegranate and orange; the white mulberry-trees bore witness to the existence of the silk manufacture; vines were suspended to the elms in rich festoons; in the gardens, the fruit-trees of our temperate climates, —prune and peach and almond—blended their flowers with the flowers of southern lands. To the right of the road which skirts the mountain, the rocky declivities bristled with aloe and cactus; and here and there a few palms rose in the midst of the gardens. There is something strange and charming in such a mixture of the vegetation of the north with that of the south. The *Huerta* of Valencia is, we are told, as rich as that of Murcia; but it has not the same singular original character, the same contrast of two natures, of two such different floras.

Orihuela, which, during the Moorish supremacy, possessed a

great importance, has little life to-day, despite of the prodigious fertility of its country-side. As we passed through it, we asked the innkeeper where the railway-station was; he replied, with an astonished air, that it was more than two hours distant. We thought he was making fools of us, and wished to induce us to stay and dine at his inn; for how could the Orihuela station be two hours distant from Orihuela? Meanwhile, we proposed to our driver that he should take us directly to Murcia, whose spires were visible on the horizon. He preferred to drive us to the station as at first agreed, and accordingly we resumed our journey. All went splendidly at first; we followed a pretty little road through a labyrinth of gardens, whose orange-trees and roses filled the air with balm. But soon it was no longer a carriage road, or even a bridle-path, but a narrow, rutty, uneven track of pitfalls and deep furrows. We ascended and descended, sunk on one side, then on the other, and after ten narrow escapes from being capsized, emerged on an open plain. At intervals, a few peasants' huts were visible; they are low, roofed with reeds, and in form not unlike the plantation huts of the negroes.

We continued our progress for nearly an hour, until our horses could do no more, and wanted to enter every house they came near. The driver began to grow uneasy. He questioned the peasants we encountered, but all replied imperturbably that we were in the right road. Gradually the aspect of the country changed. We had traversed the entire breadth of the plain, and reached the foot of the mountains which bordered it on the south. The spires of Murcia seemed to recede as we advanced; we could almost have sworn that we were turning our back upon it. But no railway, and no

station! Not even a sign of them! Our driver was all astray; and we began to ask ourselves, while laughing at the adventure, how it would terminate.

At this moment a *deus ex machina* appeared in the guise of a *tartan*, with scarlet hangings, and sides decorated with the most fantastic paintings. This primitive carriage, drawn by a robust mule, had overtaken us, and soon got ahead of us. It was the railway omnibus. Not a passenger was inside it or outside of it; but since there was an omnibus, we concluded there must be a station also, and, following in its rear, recommenced our journey across the fields. In every decayed house we fancied we saw the station; but on approaching, the illusion vanished like a mirage. The driver began to lose patience, a rare circumstance with a Spaniard. But there was nothing to be said; we must go forward; neither he nor we could sleep in the desert. The red and yellow machine still rolled on in front of us. At length, after another hour's toilsome journey, we caught sight of a post and a little white house; we ascended an acclivity; the iron road stretched out before us; we were at the Orihuela station; the name was plainly written in large letters on the gable end of the building. Ten minutes later, we were at Murcia. We should have been there an hour sooner if, instead of taking the railway, we had just followed the main road. *Moral:* Don't trust to Spanish railway guides!

Our arrival at Murcia was a lively affair. At the station, women and children offered us enormous bouquets of flowers, and little baskets of strawberries. In the courtyard were

ranged in battle array a troop of many-coloured tartans, like the one which had guided us to the Orihuela station. The tartan is the national vehicle. Walks and gardens of the most delightful description surround the town. The avenue through which we passed on emerging from the station is planted with magnificent elms; everything wears an air of abundance and fertility. It is truly a Promised Land.

Numerous groups of peasants were returning from the town, whither they had carried their wares on the back of an ass or a mule. Their costume is singularly picturesque; it is nearly identical with that of the Valencians,—large stuff drawers down to the knee, a vest of green or blue velvet, white shirt-sleeves, the calf of the leg naked, the feet shod in *alpargatas* or rope-shoes, and, over the whole, a striped mantle of lively colours. This costume, so appropriate to the climate, is visibly of Moorish origin. The women of the province have also preserved, more than those of any other Spanish district, their ancient national costume: they still wear the billowy petticoat, the gaily-coloured kerchief, and the large comb perched on the side of the head.

Murcia is a tolerably pretty town, but somewhat melancholy. It wants what most Spanish towns want—animation and life. The only movement, and it is very little, is upon the quays, where the market is held, and, in the open air, the vendors of veils, and shoes, and mats display their wares; or, close at hand, beside the Fonda des Arrieros, where the muleteers assemble. Everywhere else the town is calm and silent. These cities, once so rich and well-peopled, seem to-day half depopulated: they are too large for the number of their inhabitants; and yet the few who remain seem absorbed in a lazy indifference. Industry, commerce, even agriculture,

THE MARKET AT MURCIA.

languish. The land yields much, but might be made to yield so much more. And, consequently, despite of its fertility, the peasant is poor, and Murcia only the shadow of what it was. Will the railway, which connects it in the one direction with Carthagena, in the other with Madrid, infuse into it a little activity, develop production, and encourage progress? We must hope so. But it is clear that as yet the construction of railways in Spain has not produced the marvellous effects which it has produced elsewhere; and the reason of it is simple. They have begun in Spain where in other countries they have finished. Spain has railways, but neither high-roads nor cross-roads. It resembles a man without a shirt to whom a dress-coat has been given; the luxury has come to him before the necessary. Undoubtedly, in the long run, habits will be modified and activity aroused under the stimulus of this powerful instrument of modern civilization; for, as it has been justly remarked, ideas circulate along the rails simultaneously with goods. But Heaven only knows how many years will elapse before this revolution is accomplished.

From Murcia I had intended to visit Valencia, but was compelled to renounce my design. Time failed us: our misadventures at Granada had cost us ten days.

Our regret was somewhat diminished by the circumstance that Valencia is a completely modern town; it has no ancient or remarkable monuments; scarcely any vestiges of the buildings of the Moorish epoch.

The memories of Valencia are not to be found in Valencia itself, but in history and poetry. Next to Granada, it was the city whose possession the Moors most obstinately disputed with the Christians, and whose loss they most deplored.

"Valencia, the honour and joy of the Moors," exclaims the Arab poet; "the strong-walled city, whose white battlements shine afar in the sun."

In the popular Spanish poetry and legends, it is the principal theatre of the exploits of the Cid. He it was who first captured it from the Moorish kings; he found there immense treasures; it became "*his* city;" he fixed in it his abode; and thence his renown extended to the confines of the East, so that the Sultan sent to him an ambassador loaded with gifts, just as Haroun-al-Raschid did to the great Emperor Charles. "The Arab set out on his journey, and in due time reached Valencia, where he demanded the Cid's permission to speak to him in person. The Cid went forth to receive him; and when the Moor found himself in his presence, he trembled greatly. And as he hesitated, in his perturbation, to deliver his message, the Cid took him by the hand, and said: 'Thou art welcome, O Moor—thou art welcome to my city of Valencia. Were thy king a Christian, I would visit him in his own land.' With this and similar speeches, both returned to the city, where the inhabitants made a grand festival. The Cid showed him his house, his daughters, his Chimène; wherewith the Moor was astonished at the sight of such unparalleled magnificence."

And when "the good Cid, whom men called of Bivar," had given up his soul to God, "the army of the infidels marching against Valencia, his servants concealed his death, and, to encourage the Christians, resorted to a pious stratagem: they clad the dead body of the hero in his armour, fastened him on his noble steed Babieça, supported by one of them on either side, and in his right hand they thrust his famous sword Tizona. Thus equipped, as if for battle, he

was led in the midst of his troops. The mere sight of him struck the Moslems with terror; and dead though he was, the Cid gained yet another victory!"*

* "Romancero del Cid," written about A. D. 1200.


TOMB OF THE CID.

# XII.

# At Toledo.

ARANJUEZ—TOLEDO—THE CATHEDRAL OF TOLEDO—XIMENES DE CISNEROS.

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Nobles, discretos varones
Qui gobernais à Toledo
En agustos escalones
Desechad las aficiones,
Codicia, temor y miedo.

JORGE MANRIQUE.

## XII.

ON quitting Murcia we continued to travel for some time through gardens and rich cultivated fields. But soon we quitted the Huerta: the orange-groves disappeared, flinging us their pungent perfumes like a farewell from this land of the sun. We were travelling northward, and on the following day should see the ice-cold waters of the Tagus flowing at the base of snow-capped mountains.

Beyond Lorqui, which is situated in a fertile valley, the railway mounts upon bare and rocky table-lands, and crosses

strongly undulating plains, broken up at intervals by broad morasses. The appearance of the country is desolate. All around us rise low and chalky hills, sometimes deeply furrowed by torrents : on the horizon, barren mountains, and a few fields of oats or barley ; but neither trees nor houses are visible. The traveller may wander for leagues, and yet not see a human face nor encounter a single farm or village.

You ask how men could conceive the strange idea of carrying a railway through such dreary solitudes. A Frenchman employed on the Alicante railway, and who travelled in the same compartment that we did, explained the reason. A line had been laid down to connect Carthagena and Murcia with the Alicante line, which was first opened : it was to pass through Orihuela, across or on the edge of the Huerta, and link itself to the trunk railway at Novelda. By this route the distance and cost would have been diminished one half ; it would have traversed one of the most populous and productive districts of Spain ; and by developing agricultural and commercial activity, would have assured to the company a traffic which must have increased daily. It was the only reasonable project, and was recommended by the general interest. But it happened that one of the ministry then possessed a considerable estate in the very midst of the desert we were traversing, in the direction of Hellin. The company knew they could not obtain the concession except on condition that the railway passed through Hellin. And this was the reason that for the shorter and more profitable track was substituted a much longer one, which has neither goods nor passengers. But the minister goes by rail to his *hacienda.*

The company could not even have paid its expenses upon

this line if, by an extraordinary good fortune, it had not found, in a kind of reed called "esparto grass," a staple of traffic which has annually grown in importance. The esparto has been employed from very ancient times in making mats; but this small local industry would not suffice for the consumption of such great quantities of it. It is now used in England and France in the manufacture of paper; and since

COLLECTING THE ESPARTO GRASS.

the cotton crisis, has derived a new value from this unexpected application of it. Esparto grass grows spontaneously in the mountains; and Spanish idleness has only to stoop, so to speak, to pick it up.

These plains, however, are not naturally sterile, and were not always a desert. The valleys, which cut them in dif-

ferent directions, are of an extreme fertility; even the table-lands are generally capable of cultivation; but the trees have been everywhere destroyed, and the soil is dried up. The population is now insufficient: capital is wanting, industry is wanting, and security is wanting. I know of nothing more depressing than the sight of this dreary region. It is the melancholy image of Spain: a fertile soil and an energetic people, but both of them wanting cultivation.

When one sees what Spain is to-day, and remembers what Spain *has* been, one cannot but ask one's self what causes have induced this decadence, what scourges have blasted so fair a country.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century Spain made all Europe tremble. Its infantry were the finest in the world; its fleet was so numerous that it transported to Tunis an army of thirty thousand men. Its commerce flourished: on all the shores of the Mediterranean men sought eagerly for the silks of Seville, the leathers of Cordova, the cloths of Segovia, the blades of Toledo. Preponderant in Germany, mistress of Italy and the Low Countries, victorious over France, rich already in the treasures of the New World, where it had founded two empires, it seemed marching to universal domination. The glory of the letters and the arts enhanced that of its policy and its arms. Cervantes wrote his immortal masterpiece; Lope de Vega had just arisen; and for a century more the Spanish genius, fertilized by this powerful epoch, diffused abroad a surpassing splendour.

But two hundred years later, at the commencement of the eighteenth century, look at this mighty Spain: you will know

her no more! She has lost Italy, Holland, and the East Indies. Her population, which in the time of the Moors had risen to twenty millions, has fallen to six. Her finest provinces are deserts: "the lark," say the peasants, "which would traverse Castile, must bring its own grain." Industry and commerce are annihilated, manufactures ruined: arts and letters have also perished. She has no longer finances, army, nor marine. Though possessing the mines of the New World, she is compelled to have recourse to subscriptions for her defence and support. After having sent forth the most formidable armies of Europe, she can scarcely maintain twenty thousand indifferent soldiers. Six galleys in the port of Carthagena compose her whole fleet; and for her Indian service she is reduced to borrow some ships from the Genoese navigators.

Historians relate that Charles II., the last and miserable offshoot of a great race which expired in him, was so debilitated that at four years old he was still in need of a nurse, and, his legs being unable to sustain him, had to be carried in her arms. Infirm and feeble throughout his life, married twice without having issue, an old man at thirty-nine, and feeling himself on the brink of the grave, he caused his attendants to conduct him to the Escurial, where the tombs of his ancestors were opened in his presence, and his father and mother and first wife exhumed: he kissed their remains, weeping, and murmuring, "Already we are no more!" Was not this hapless sovereign the living and lamentable personification of decrepit Spain? And did it not appear as if she had no other resource but, like him, the grave?

To explain this terrible decay, philosophers have recalled the bloody wars and ruinous expeditions of Charles V. and

Philip II. But has not England had her civil, and Germany her religious, wars? Has not Italy been for centuries the battle-field and victim of Europe? Has not France been more than once exhausted of men and money by the military ambition of her kings?

There have been other causes. The violent expulsion of the Jews, Moors, and Moriscoes deprived Spain of numerous and active populations. It is difficult to fix their exact number. According to the best accredited historians, from Ferdinand the Catholic to Philip III., in the space of one hundred and twenty years, she lost about three millions of inhabitants: nor can we estimate at less than one hundred thousand the number of families who emigrated to escape the clutches of the Inquisition.

The discovery of the New World was another cause of depopulation. The lust of gold, the spirit of colonization and adventure, fired every brain: an incalculable host of emigrants crossed the sea.

Spain was ruined by Mexico and Peru, which seemed to have enriched her for ever. Instead of seeking from these countries their natural productions, which are the true wealth of colonies, she asked for gold—only gold. This gold, which her galleons carried to her ports in hundred of tons, did but enrich her for a time: during nearly a century, thanks to the mines of the Indies, Spain was the most opulent power of the world. But the mines began to show signs of exhaustion; and it was discovered that this river of gold, which had overflowed the Peninsula, had in its passage sterilized it. Industry, agriculture, commerce itself—all had been abandoned for the mines of America.

Gold and silver mines, for a people whose industrial

resources are not already developed, are the most fatal gift of fortune: in reality, they represent wealth without work; they disgust men with occupations which are really productive; they choke all truly fertile activity; they develop mendicity. The Spaniard, naturally haughty and idle, and looking upon manual labour as unworthy of him, found in the mines of Peru a fatal encouragement for this national defect.

I have read—I know not where—that during the Great Exhibition of 1851 in London, when the crowd pressed to admire the famous Indian diamond called Koh-i-noor, or the "Mountain of Light," a drawing was exposed of an enormous block of coal, with the legend, "The Great Koh-i-noor of England." The caricature hit the mark. England is richer with her coal than India with her diamonds. Had Spain worked her mines of iron, copper, and coal, instead of exhausting those of Peru, she would be infinitely less poor than she is to-day. But the reader will hardly believe that, after the discovery of America, the Spanish monarchs actually interdicted, except in cases of special concession, the working of the mines of the mother country!

To these causes of decay we might continue to add others: the iniquitous tax of mortmain, which lies so heavily on the property of the clergy and commons; the numerous licences and monopolies of the nobility; and, finally, the periodical devastations caused by the migration of the flocks (*mesta*), which have rendered a revival of agriculture impossible in the central provinces.

But when we have enumerated all these causes, some of

which are not peculiar to Spain, everything is not clear: for one general fact these do not account—the moral declension of Spanish society. We are constantly asking why Spain has lost to such an extent its activity, its political and military genius, its aptitude for the arts and letters; why it has retrograded in civilization when all other nations have advanced; why a moral and intellectual abasement has occurred simultaneously with its material and political abasement. To this question only one reply is possible: the source of all these evils is despotism; not only political despotism, but a despotism which was at once political and religious—a kind of Oriental despotism, oppressing the mind as well as the body, which from the days of Philip II. was exercised by the kings of Spain.

Under such a *régime*, not only has all political life become extinct, but all individual independence has disappeared; every initiative has been stifled, every movement arrested—moral life has been, as it were, paralyzed. Terror has so weighed upon men's souls that the spring has to some extent been broken, and intellect has been blighted into barrenness.

For half a century this oppressive thraldom has almost ceased; and consequently, spite of anarchy and disorganization, the Spanish genius seems to be reanimated. The War of Independence awakened it from its deathlike sleep; and under the outrage of a foreign yoke, exalted patriotism acted like an inspiration. Mingling once more in the great European current, Spain took part, though *longo intervallo*, in the brilliant literary movement which signalized the first half of the present century. Noble minds, fertile and genial imaginations, have brightened over her like the aurora of a new glory. She has had her historians and orators, like the


IN THE RAILWAY STATION.

Duke de Rivas, Martinez de la Rosa, Donoso Cortès; poets, like José de Larra and Zorilla; romancists, like Fernand Caballero; Christian philosophers, like Lucian Balmès. An imitation of French models is perhaps too evident even in these distinguished writers; but there is a foundation of originality, and especially a profound and energetic national sentiment. We see that the people are aroused, and have discovered their future path. May they but obtain order, peace, and liberty, and, gifted as they are, they will assuredly recover their prosperity, and perhaps their past glory!

Towards eight o'clock in the evening the train halted at a small station called Chinchilla. Here the Murcia railway joins that of Alicante, and we had to wait until the train came up from the latter town. The station in which we sought refuge is an ignoble barrack. The only seats are the narrow and dirty benches which line the walls. This dismal kind of barn was crowded with peasants, muleteers, soldiers, women, children—all lying pell-mell upon the ground and the benches, among the goods and baggage. The perfumes exhaled from the motley heap had nothing in common with the sweet odours of the Murcian gardens. But the evening breeze is keen in these great plains; and, *bon gré, mal gré,* we were compelled to seek shelter in the caravansary.

While we waited for the train, which was late, our French travelling companion (he had joined us at Murcia) related a horrible adventure which had occurred near this spot—at Albacète. The time was October, when the cholera was raging violently at Barcelona and Valencia. Fear disturbed every mind; the people fled on all sides; and the popular imagination fermented, as is always the case, under the

menace of the dreadful scourge. A Bavarian physician, Dr. Hoffmann, was then at Valencia: he was on a tour with his wife; neither could speak Spanish. Wishing to go to Alicante by rail, they came to spend a night at Albacète. During the night the doctor's wife fell ill. She was attacked by a nervous affection, whose periodical accesses threw her into violent convulsions, followed by a kind of cataleptic condition.

When the ignorant Spaniards saw her suffering from convulsions, they immediately supposed it was an attack of cholera. The innkeeper, caring only for the injury such an incident might inflict upon his house, thrust the travellers out of doors. No one would give them any help or shelter. Before long a crowd assembled round this cold, livid, motionless woman. The panic spread: everybody asserted she had died of cholera. From fear lest the disease should spread, they insisted on burying her immediately: a trench was dug, and they prepared to inter her in it.

The unfortunate doctor attempted to make the terror-stricken mob understand that his wife was not dead, but in a lethargy: he spoke German, however, and no one listened. Mad with grief, he struggled, he fought, he threw himself on his wife's body, he tore his hair in a frenzy of despair. Spite of his cries, his efforts, and his tears, his wife was carried away and buried alive. As for him, they thought him seized with a fit of furious madness, conveyed him to an hospital, and shut him up in a strait-waistcoat. Next day he was dead.

Their effects and baggage had been stolen and rifled, so that of the two travellers there remained literally not a trace. At the end of a few weeks their kinsmen and friends, receiv-

ing no intelligence of them, grew alarmed. A search was commenced for them, but in vain: after they had left Valencia no information could be procured of their further progress. The King of Bavaria, who was interested in Dr. Hoffmann, ordered his ambassador to make the most careful inquiries at Madrid. But the Spanish authorities knew nothing, or pretended to know nothing; and it was only through the agency of the French Railway Company that the terrible truth was finally known.

At length the train from Alicante arrived, and we set out. We steamed slowly up a continuous incline: from Alicante to Madrid it ascends an acclivity of from 2200 to 2500 feet. As far as a clear night enabled us to judge, the country was naked and desolate. I heard it said that on the line from Aranjuez to Valencia you might travel upwards of a hundred miles without seeing a solitary tree: the first which greet the traveller's eye are a couple of palms in the waste near Almanza, and these he singles out from afar with the keen glance of the look-out man on board ship.

At five o'clock in the morning we halted at Aranjuez, to wait there for the train which runs from Madrid to Toledo. Aranjuez resembles Versailles about as much as Madrid resembles Paris: great streets laid down at right angles, in which the grass grows; large, flat, low houses, which for the most part are occupied as hotels. For three-fourths of the year the town is deserted; it is gay only in summer, when the court resides there. Then all the hotels are crowded, all the houses are let, and the upper classes of Madrid, flying from the suffocating heat of the capital, seek here a little shadow and coolness.

The castle is a heavy, characterless building. The gardens, imitated from those of Le Nôtre, are remarkable only for their beautiful vegetation, which immediately reminds the spectator of the Western climates; and for this reason are all the more admired by the Spaniards. The Tagus traverses them. It has nothing majestic in its aspect—is no more as yet than a great torrent: its waters, which during summer are green and transparent, were, when I saw them in the spring, turbid and tawny.

We reached Toledo in an hour. It is situated upon a mountain, or rather on a mass of abrupt hills, which rises from the surrounding country like a promontory, and which the deep and rapid Tagus surrounds on three sides. Seen from below, the town wears a very picturesque aspect; rearing on the slopes the remains of its ancient ramparts, its towers, half Moorish, half Gothic, the innumerable pinnacles of its churches, and the red walls of its Alcazar.

We crossed the Roman bridge of Alcantara, which flings across the Tagus its one gigantic arch. We pass under a monumental gate, the *Puerta del Sol*, an admirable specimen of Moorish architecture; and by a route which winds like a serpent round the flanks of the hill, we penetrate into the narrow and tortuous streets of the town. There you feel that you are in the very heart of ancient Spain. Toledo has been alternately the capital of the Visigoth kings, of the Moorish, and the Spanish kings. These three successive dominations have each left upon it its impress; but the latter much more strongly than the two former. The prevailing character is that of the hard and sombre Middle Age, a mixture of the ecclesiastical and the warlike spirit. A royal and episcopal

town, having long borne the twofold diadem of the political sovereign and the primate of the Spains, Toledo, which externally resembles a fortress, is, internally, a mass of palaces, churches, and convents. Its steep dark streets are lined with high and massive houses, of a severe and melancholy aspect, solid as citadels, pierced with a few windows, which formidable gratings defend; the broad gateways are flanked with columns of granite, and surmounted by escutcheons sculptured in stone; the heavy oaken doors are studded with enormous iron nails. The roofs project over the street, with their painted and heavy gables, and add still more to the sombre physiognomy of Toledo, which does not seem to have changed for centuries. It is a city of the fourteenth century, a town of the past, a dead city. So it is sad with the sadness of the tomb; and is it not the tomb of old Spain? In the time of the Moors it counted its 200,000 inhabitants; to-day it has hardly 15,000. The streets are silent, the houses empty and dumb, the palaces closed; everywhere are ruins. Modern life has nowhere reflowered over these *débris* of the brave days of old. It seems as if we were wandering in a museum of antiquities; with this difference, that the monuments and historical remains accumulated in this

TOLEDO.

museum, and which the traveller curiously seeks, though they are contemned by their present possessors, lie in a state of deplorable abandonment, covered with dust, blackened with smoke, daily sinking into complete decay, and doomed in many cases to a speedy destruction.

THE PUERTA DEL SOL.

This is especially true of the "bits" of Saracenic architecture which still remain. We visited an old Moorish palace, of which several saloons are ornamented in the style of the Alhambra; it is now occupied as a workshop and let to a cabinet-maker: one of the chambers he has converted into a

kitchen, another is stocked with timber and spiders' webs. Most melancholy is it to see the delicate stone carving polluted and defaced by barbarous hands.

There are but few traces, however, of Moorish architecture in Toledo; nor, after one has seen Seville and Granada, do they command any particular interest. We must except the synagogue; which has been transformed into a church, under the name of *Santa-Maria-la-Blanca.* This synagogue, which dates, it is believed, from the earlier times of the Moorish domination, is an extremely original and curious edifice. It is composed of three naves of Moorish horse-shoe arches, supported by hexagonal pillars, the said pillars terminating in leaf-wrought capitals, of various designs. The principal nave —higher than the two others—sustains a decorated gallery, formed of trefoil arches, separated by miniature columns.

The cathedral is celebrated, but, in my opinion, it is overpraised. Although its style is good, it has neither the boldness and grandeur of the cathedral of Seville, nor even the imposing character of the Seo of Saragossa. The vaults are low and narrow, especially those of the side aisles. The special merit of the church, in the eyes of the Spaniards, and even of most strangers, is the wealth of sculpture and ornament of every kind with which it is embellished—we would almost say encumbered. We must confess that this is prodigious; unfortunately, bad taste, most of the time, is not less prodigious than the wealth.

Thus the choir is a structure all of marble, loaded, sculptured, ornamented with bas-reliefs of marvellous labour and finish, thronged with innumerable statues, and clothed from the top to the bottom with ogives, pilasters, garlands, and

festoons. In the interior it is furnished with stalls, sculptured in wood, of peculiarly beautiful workmanship. Behind the altar rises a colossal baldacchino which invites your admiration; an immense machine, all covered with gilding and metal, completely overloaded with marbles and paintings, with a profusion of saints and angels, of nimbi and rays, the whole consummating a *chef-d'œuvre* of bad taste and theatrical decoration.

A chapel, remarkable for its simple and severe style, is consecrated to the Mozarabian worship, and on this account deserves mention. The Mozarabians, in Spain, were those Christians who, having remained in the country after its subjugation, and having accepted the Moorish rule, continued under the sceptre of the khalifs to exercise their religion freely. Naturally, they retained this privilege under the supremacy of the Mohammedans (1238–1492). Returning under the authority of the Spanish kings, they preserved their attachment to their traditional usages; usages endeared to them through their very antiquity; to traditions dating from the early Christian centuries, which their fidelity to the faith of their forefathers had, as it were, consecrated. All efforts to make them adopt the Roman rites were useless. Revolts took place in Toledo. Cardinal Ximenès understood how much there was to admire in the affection of the Mozarabians for their liturgy; and when he became Archbishop of Toledo, he ordered that a particular chapel should be set apart in his metropolitan church, so as to ensure the perpetuity of the ancient national rite (A.D. 1500). He did more; he instituted a chapter specially charged with the service of this chapel,—and even at the present day it is employed for this purpose.

At the extremity of the Mozarabian chapel, is a great fresco, of little worth from an artistic point of view, but interesting to the historical student, because it represents the capture of Oran by the famous cardinal. The landscape is a pure piece of fancy; but in other respects the picture conforms exactly to the narrative of historians. On the right, at the bottom of the hill, and in the centre of the Christian army, Ximenès is seen on horseback, clothed in his red robe, and his head covered with his red cap. Before him is borne the standard of the Cross.

The cathedral is full of the memory of the great cardinal. In the capitular hall his portrait hangs conspicuous in the chronological series of the archbishops of Toledo; a mediocre canvas, which gives no idea of the hero-priest.

A terrible man was this Ximenès of Cisneros, who, from a simple monk became Archbishop of Toledo, primate of Spain, grand chancellor of Castile, inquisitor-general, cardinal, confessor to Queen Isabella, minister of Ferdinand the Catholic, and regent of the kingdom for Charles V.; an austere priest, a profound politician, a powerful intellect, a will of iron, an inflexible and unconquerable soul; one of the greatest figures in modern history, one of the loftiest and noblest types of the Spanish character.

He was born at Torrelaguna, a small town in Castile, of an obscure family. He early acquired renown, by his erudition and his austerities. The Spanish genius then carried into monastic devotion the passionate impulse which it carried into war. It seems that in these two directions it possessed the same thirst for ideal grandeur, the same heroical exaltation. When Ximenès died, Ignatius Loyola was on the point of appearing, and Saint Theresa was already born.

On the recommendation of the Archbishop of Granada, Isabella chose Ximenès as her confessor. It is said that when he appeared at Court with his attenuated body, his pale forehead, his hollow and burning eyes, you would have supposed him to be one of those anchorites who formerly issued from the solitudes of the Thebaid, to make the old world blush at its effeminacy and corruption. A direct order from the Pope was requisite before he would accept the archbishopric of Toledo, and live with the pomp proper to his high position. But notwithstanding the greatness thrust upon him, he preserved the austere practices of the simple monk. Under a robe of silk and purple he wore the hair shirt and frock of St. Francis. In his apartments, embellished with costly hangings, he slept on the floor, with only a log of wood for his pillow.

XIMENÈS APPEARS AT COURT.

With all this, he displayed a haughty greatness, an intrepidity of heart, which silenced every murmurer. One day, it is said, while he was crossing the public square during a bull-fight, the furious animal escaped, and wounded several of his attendants, but Ximenès never quickened his steps. Ferdinand owed it to him that he preserved Castile, and Charles V. that he became king of Spain. Before that tenacious will

and that proud courage, the grandees trembled: and he did not boast when, pointing to his cordon of St. Francis, he exclaimed, "It is this with which I bridle the pride of the aristocracy of Castile."

Ximenès reined in the ambitious turbulence of the great nobles; but it must be acknowledged that he prepared also the way for the absolute power of the crown, by beginning the destruction of the provincial franchises.

He was scarcely dead, before Charles V., carrying on his work, crushed the communes as the great cardinal had crushed the nobles. Toledo had played the principal part in their resistance—legal at first, but afterwards armed. One of its sons, Don Juan de Padilla was the hero of this insurrection of the *comuneros*, and the first martyr in the noble cause of the liberties of Castile. Conquered and taken prisoner at Villalar, he fell beneath the headsman's axe. Before dying, he sent to his wife, Dona Maria Pacheco, the relics which he wore suspended to his neck, and to the city of Toledo wrote this famous letter:—

"*To thee, the crown of Spain and the light of the world; to thee, who hath been from the time of the Goths, and hast poured out thy blood to assure thy liberty, and that of the neighbouring cities; thy legitimate son, Juan de Padilla, makes known that through the blood of his body thy ancient victories will be refreshed and renewed. If fate has not permitted my exploits to be ranked among those which have rendered thee illustrious, the fault is in my ill fortune, not in my good will. I prize the thought that I quit thee only with life; and I see with joy that it is the least of thy children who to-day will suffer death for thy dear sake. Thou hast nourished in thy bosom others who will avenge me. I commend to thee my soul, as to the patron of Christianity. I say nothing of my body, because it is no longer mine.*"

Undoubtedly, the most remarkable monument in Toledo is the cloister of *San Giovanni dos Reynes.* The church, built by Isabella, is ornamented with carvings of marvellous delicacy, but they are lavished with an excess of prodigality.

The details are charming; but the whole is wanting in sobriety and good taste. This reproach, however, does not apply to the cloister, which is a morceau of architecture in every respect admirable. Larger and richer than that of Pampeluna, its style is an elaborately decorated, but still very rich Gothic. Unfortunately, the War of Independence, and, afterwards, the Civil Wars, have partly ruined it; one of its four galleries is half shattered. The materials lie on the ground; neither much time nor much money would be necessary to restore this noble monument. The Spanish Government, apparently, has neither the time nor the money.

In the loftiest part of the city, and so situated as from all parts to catch the eye, rises an immense ruin, of that beautiful golden red colour which only the southern sun can bestow on the monuments of the past. It is the Alcazar of Charles V. Burned in 1710, during the War of the Succession, and rebuilt by Charles III., it was a second time destroyed by fire during the War of Independence. Only the indestructible walls remain, flanked at the four angles by square towers. Its restoration has often been projected, with the view of converting it into a military school. For my part, I do not wish it; it is much more beautiful in its present condition, dominating over the ancient and sombre city with the imposing mass of its rent and vacant walls, through whose chinks and fissures the setting sun flings, every evening, the glow of a new conflagration.

We spent a couple of days at Toledo. For an antiquary, two months would hardly suffice; but the *profanum vulgus* may well be content with less. On the occasion of a second visit to the Cathedral, I admired its painted windows, the

finest I had seen in Spain, and a fresco by Luca de Giordano, which covers the whole ceiling of the sacristy; an immense work, beautiful in composition, and exquisite in colour, though, perhaps, somewhat too soft. But I confess that I passed rapidly by the rarities and valuables of its treasury; the grand *custodia*, its diamonds and jewellery, possessed little interest for me, and I cast a very careless glance at the 85,000 pearls which, it is said, adorn the Virgin's mantle.

BY THE WAYSIDE.

Not only is Toledo gloomy, but it is an icy dwelling-place. Coming from a warm Murcian night, we had literally fallen from summer into winter. The railways treat us to these surprises, but this was anything but agreeable to us. The climate of Toledo is one of the rudest in Spain;—a climate always in extremes,—sometimes cold, sometimes burning,—like that of Madrid. In summer the thermometer rises to 40° C.; it descends sometimes in winter to 15° of frost. Though it was the beginning of May when we visited Toledo,

the air was icy. The snow was lying close at hand, on the rugged declivities of the Guadarrama, and the biting breeze which blew over this snow made us shiver under all our wrappings.

Where is Granada, we exclaimed, and its eternal spring? Where are the palm-groves of Elché, and the balmy breezes of the gardens of Orihuela?

# XIII.

# Art Treasures of Madrid.

RETURN TO THE SPANISH CAPITAL—THE MUSEUM.

Dost thou love pictures?

SHAKSPEARE.

A GROUP IN MADRID.

## XIII.

MADRID did not please me much more on my second visit than on my first.

However, the season was further advanced; the trees were green with foliage, and the Prado shone in all its splendour. I found that Madrid rejoiced in all the inconveniences and wearinesses of a capital: the noisy restless crowd, the fruitless agitation and crowdings in some of the streets and squares, where idlers assemble, and the extreme dearness of all things. Nor does Madrid, like other capitals,

present aught by way of compensation: nothing grand, nothing monumental, or even attractive. The squares are small, the fountains are small, and the small gardens are planted with stunted trees. The public edifices are heavy buildings, without character, and without style.

For example, on the Puerta del Sol, the palace of the Minister of the Interior has the air of a barrack. In one of the great neighbouring streets the palace of the Congress is but a paltry imitation of the Chamber of Deputies at Paris. Not one of the churches at Madrid deserves more than a passing glance; they are as deficient in style and taste internally, as in majesty without. All is modern and commonplace. I have elsewhere spoken of the statues which decorate the Prado. One day, during my second visit, I saw in a kind of little square—about as broad as my hand—between three tufts of verdure, a bronze statue perched upon a pedestal so high that you could scarcely see it. The inscription informed me that it represented Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, and was erected in 1835. The inscription is not superfluous: no one in this fop, attired like a courtier of Philip II., would recognize the profound and ingenious author of "Don Quixote."

We turn now to the MUSEUM of Madrid. It has been described as the richest in the world, and this is no exaggeration. From the point of view of the origin and history of Art, the Louvre is more complete; but as an assemblage of masterpieces, I do not think that even in Italy its equal can be found. I am not speaking of the Spanish school: Velasquez and Murillo can be appreciated only here. But the Italian, Dutch, and Flemish schools are represented by an

extraordinary number of pictures, and of first-class pictures. There are ten Raphaels, and forty Titians; Rubens, Van Dyck, and Teniers shine here with nearly as much lustre as at Antwerp and Amsterdam. This is explained when we remember that in the sixteenth century the Spanish monarchy ruled over Flanders, Holland, and a part of Italy; that Charles V., Philip II., and Philip IV., some through love of art, others through vanity or tradition, piqued themselves on collecting in all quarters the works of the great contemporary painters; finally, that the treasures of America for a long time furnished them with the means of satisfying this truly royal taste.

Let us give precedence, as courtesy dictates, to the Spaniards. On entering the principal gallery we are immediately in the midst of their great artists.

We go straight to Velasquez, for he is the least known of all, and, at his best, is to be met with only at Madrid.*

I must confess the truth: at the first glance Velasquez appeared to me a little cold. He does not impress you like Murillo. At first he astonishes more than he charms you. His colouring is a puzzle; you find in it nothing like what you have seen elsewhere, or what you expected to see. It appears gloomy and lustreless. But wait a little; look for some time at the picture, and you will speedily feel its secret power; you will comprehend that he was a painter of the first order, and an original genius.

Velasquez, in effect, holds a place apart among the great masters, and even among the great colourists. He is not a

* [The English galleries, however, contain some fine specimens of Velasquez.]

lover of the pure line; he cares little about his style, and it must be acknowledged that he wholly fails in the ideal. He is not even one of those colourists of brilliant imagination, who rejoice in rich hangings, flashing armour, and majestic architecture. Nor is he one of those who deal in violent contrasts, in strong oppositions of light and shade, in the power of their effects, and the magic of their tableaux. No; it seems that Velasquez disdained these artifices and mechanical procedures. He adds nothing to Nature; he takes her just as she is, and as she is reproduces her on the canvas. Truth is his only ideal and only magic.

Yet he is not a realist, in the sense in which the word is now-a-days used. Velasquez is true without being vulgar. He is, *par excellence*, the painter of reality; but he knows how to infuse movement and life into this reality; he stamps upon it the impress of his own genius.

Look, for instance, at his "Drinkers." At bottom it is only a Flemish tableau. He represents a party of topers, who, with grotesque ceremonies, are receiving a novice into their brotherhood. In the midst, on a cask, is seated a young man, naked to the waist, and crowned with vine leaves, figuring the god of wine. The novice, an old weather-beaten soldier, in a yellow great-coat, and with a dagger in his belt, is on his knees; he bends his head, upon which the youthful Bacchus deposits a vine-leaf crown. A drinker, with a jovial face, laughing loudly and boisterously, offers the new-comer a porringer full of wine. Four or five others in the background, beggars in rags and with pimply faces, applaud with voice and gesture.

It does not seem as if there were material in the subject

for the production of any great effects. And yet, out of this cabaret scene, Velasquez has made a masterpiece. Every personage is in such bold relief, the young man astride on the barrel is so true and fresh in colouring, his neighbour offering the cup laughs at the spectator with a laughter so open and so communicative; all these wine-soaked figures are so striking, so living, that the subject is forgotten, and admiration compelled. What is specially marvellous, is the young semi-naked man. The light falls on his arms and chest, and the white body is detached from the neutral tones surrounding it with an extraordinary power and brilliancy. It is not colour, it is flesh. No one has painted flesh like Velasquez. Compared with him, all other painters—the very greatest colourists—seem to have painted conventional flesh. Close to this astonishing picture of the "Drinkers" hangs a very fine canvas by Rubens, representing "Andromeda delivered by Perseus:" Andromeda's naked figure is in the painter's best manner, and admirable in colouring. Well: when we look alternately at the two pictures, this Andromeda, by the side of the young man of Velasquez, has the effect of a lay figure by the side of a body with flesh and bone.

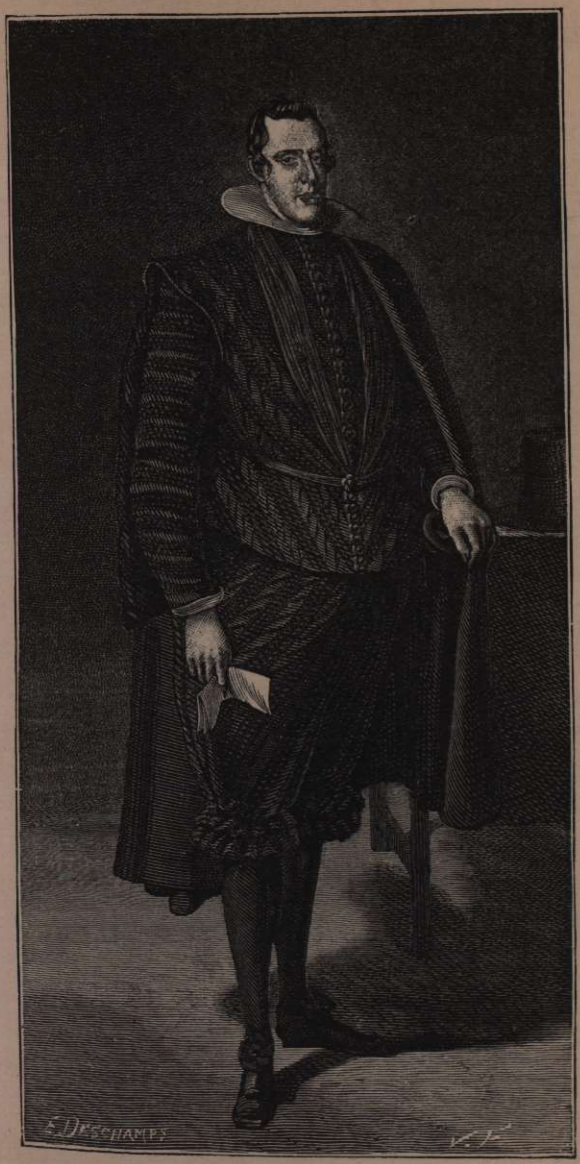
Another picture of Velasquez is superior, perhaps, to the one we have been describing; we refer to that which is called the "Picture of the Lances," or the "Surrender of Breda." Here, again, the subject is nothing; an *official* subject—that is, the coldest in the world, and the most devoid of interest. In the foreground, a fine landscape, a verdurous plain, and in the distance the town. In the first place, two groups of armed men: the Flemings on the left; on the right, the Spaniards. In the centre, in the open space between them, the governor

of Breda humbly presenting the keys of the town to the Marquis de Spinola, who, out of courtesy, has descended from his horse, and advanced a few paces towards him. The expression of the Spanish general is mild and intellectual, his gesture charming, with a noble and graceful courtesy.

But that which no words can describe is the breadth of the scene, the ease with which forty secondary are grouped around two principal personages, the art with which all these figures are crowded together without confusion, deploying, as it were, on different planes, and receding into the canvas. We feel that there is space between them, and that the air circulates.

It has been said of Velasquez that he could paint the air, and the saying is true. No violent effect of colour is seen here; the moirée crupper of Spinola's horse alone attracts the eye in the foreground; but the general gamut of the picture is its clear gray tones. All is in brightness; a diffused, pearly light envelops and seems to clothe every object. How did the artist contrive to maintain all these equal values, without neutralizing the one by the other, and without injuring the effect of the whole? That is his secret, and it lies buried with him. It implies a *tour de force*, a prodigy of art, which must ever be the despair of every man who handles a brush.

Perhaps Rembrandt alone, that incomparable magician, has attained an equal power of relief and illusion. In his "Anatomical Lesson," which may be seen at the Hague, he has arrived, without employing the usual processes of chiaro-oscuro, at an analogous effect. But neither Rembrandt nor Velasquez has had rivals or imitators. Each of them is unique in his way. Velasquez had paid two visits to Italy, and studied the Venetians deeply. He must also have known Rubens, for he




PHILIP IV. IN HIS YOUTH.—BY VELASQUEZ.

was only thirty years old when Rubens came to Madrid. But he has not imitated Rubens, or the Venetians, or any one. His is one of the most extraordinary originalities which the history of Art offers.

I have no space to speak of all his great compositions. But the same qualities are found in different degrees in his picture of "the Infants," and especially in that of "the Spinners," where a group of "operatives" are admiring a woman, seen at the back, in full light, who is a prodigy of execution. But of these pictures, some are merely interiors; others, like his "Apollo," notwithstanding great merit in painting, are astonishingly deficient in style.

Velasquez, perhaps, has put most style into his portraits. But in these again there is nothing seductive in his painting; their aspect is severe, and almost cold. But what vigour! what truth! what life! Consider awhile these pale and haughty heads; they look at you, they are about to move, about to speak.

And yet, too frequently, he had such unfavourable models! Were they not Velasquez's, who would not weary of encountering at every step, reproduced *ad nauseam* in the galleries of Madrid, the eternal portrait of that Philip IV., who was (let this, at least, be said in his honour) the friend and protector of the master: a dull morose face, with a sunken eye, thick lips, and the heavy Austrian jaw!

What charming carelessness in that young child, dressed in hunting garb, a helmet on his ear, and a musket in his hand! What movement in that other, bending to the gallop of his pony! Above all, what nobleness, what haughtiness, what statesmanlike breadth in that grand equestrian portrait of the Duke of Olivarès! And then, turn and examine those court

fools, comedians, beggars; where would you find more comic spirit, a finer treatment, a more subtle touch?

We halt before a delightful landscape; it is an alley in the

THE PRINCE BALTHAZAR CHARLES.—AFTER VELASQUEZ.

gardens of Aranjuez. In the background, the sun sets behind a knot of stately trees, whose elegant outlines are defined on a

sky slightly tinted with orange. In the front are some other trees, slenderer and less thickly planted, around whose trunks

THE VIRGIN CROWNED.—AFTER VELASQUEZ.

creepers and ivy entwine, to decorate them with wavy garlands. This is soft, tranquil, harmonious, light of tone. In

looking at these beautiful shades we obtain, as it were, an impression of the calm and freshness of evening. The name of Velasquez is written below this picture. With one or two others, it proves that he could have carried, if he would, the same genius into the interpretation of nature as into that of the human figure.

In every branch of his art which he essayed, Velasquez has excelled, save, perhaps, in the religious. His Virgins and Saints—happily they are not very numerous—are mediocre. This might be expected, for Velasquez paints nature, and nothing else. He is deficient in ideality and sentiment; nay, more, his qualities here become very nearly defects. Look at the best of his religious pictures, his "Crucifixion." It is certainly a powerful piece of painting; but his Christ is too true, too real; it is so true and real as to be disgusting. The moment chosen by the painter is not that of death—not that when life, just rendered up, still leaves on the earthly wreck a pale reflection and a last perfume. No; his Christ has yielded up his soul for some time already, and there is nothing before you but the cold and motionless dead body. That bloodless flesh, of a bluish whiteness—that corpse-like rigidity—those blood-clotted hairs, which are glued to the forehead, and cover as with a sinister veil one half the face;—all this, even to the wood of the cross, whose knots and veins may be counted,—all this is, I confess, of a poignant truth; but it is neither religious nor divine. It shows you the horrors of death—it does *not* show the mystery of the Atonement; you see the corpse of a criminal—you do *not* see the body of the Son of God.

From Velasquez to Murillo is a world. It would be

difficult to find two great painters, two great colourists, more dissimilar. Nevertheless they were contemporaries, being both born at Seville; Velasquez in 1599, Murillo in 1618. Velasquez was already in the full splendour of his glory, and in the height of his favour at Philip the Fourth's court, when his young countryman, poor, unknown, without a protector and without a guide, but full of enthusiasm and of passion for art, came to Madrid. Velasquez received him warmly, patronized him, and threw open to him his studio and the rich collections of the Escorial. It was under these influences that Murillo's genius was developed; for he never visited Italy. We may well be astonished that, in such circumstances, he preserved so completely his own originality.

According to a man's tastes, his theories, or mental bias, he will prefer Velasquez to Murillo, or Murillo to Velasquez. But it is most unreasonable to attempt the establishment of a parallel between them, and to give the palm of superiority to either the one or the other. Their qualities are so different that you cannot apply to them the same mode of estimation.

As for Murillo, you need not look at him twice to understand and enjoy him. Nothing can be clearer or more seductive than his painting. Nothing softer to the eye, more harmonious, or more *velvety* than his colours. He is deficient sometimes in strength; but he has a sovereign grace and charm—that somewhat soft but penetrating grace which the Italians call *morbidezza*. He is deficient sometimes in style, and, like all the painters of the Spanish school, is wanting in ideality; but he possesses much poetical spirit, and, frequently, a great depth of sentiment.

In France Murillo is known only by his "Conceptions of

the Virgin" and his "Little Beggar" in the Louvre, and French writers are apt to suppose that he has painted nothing but "Conceptions" and "Beggars." As for "Beggars," I did not see a single one from his brush in all Spain; and I am not sure that he painted any but those which are at Paris. However this may be, you must visit Madrid to gain a correct idea of the variety of his manner. His cabinet pictures are not the least remarkable. The first which the visitor sees on entering the great gallery is a "Rebecca at the Fountain." Do not expect to find in it any Biblical colouring, but it is simple in sentiment; the attitudes are graceful; the colour is rich; the touch vigorous. By its side hangs the "Martyrdom of St. Andrew;" a small canvas, but a large composition. The saint, nailed to the cross, raises his eyes to the opening heavens: in the midst of radiant clouds, a group of angels presents him with the palm; his transfigured countenance radiates with celestial joy. In the foreground, on the right and left, are groups of men, women, and children, admirable for their naturalness, life, and movement. This picture, which is only a few feet square, is, in my opinion, one of the painter's masterpieces. I advise those critics who deny him the possession of the religious sentiment, to go and see it.

The same remark may be made in reference to a "Conception" hung a few feet further off. It is much smaller than the one at Paris, and, in my opinion, superior as a work of art. Not that the Virgin's head is of a more elevated or more ideal character: Murillo, in all his Virgins, generally reproduces the same type, which is the Andalusian; somewhat soft, and somewhat deficient in nobleness. But he has given to the face a truly touching expression—a confused and charming mixture of joy and trembling, of humility and adoration; the

forehead seems illuminated with a supernatural lustre; the eyes are raised towards heaven, full of gratitude and love.

As for the execution, it has that delicacy, that splendour,

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST AS A CHILD.—AFTER MURILLO.

that prestige, which belong only to Murillo. The angels are ravishing. No one knew like him how to suspend around the radiant Madonnas, whose feet rest on the silver crescent,

in a bland and pearly light, those groups of little angels, which twine round them like a garland of flowers. He is particularly partial to this subject, and we must own that he excels in it. The elegance, the variety, the fecundity which he brings to it, is marvellous; these charming heads seem to unfold of themselves under his pencil. They have not the severe and pensive beauty of Raphael's angels; they have an infantine grace and simplicity.

Murillo is, emphatically, the painter of children; in this line, his "St. John the Baptist while a Child," and his "Infants with the Shell," are unsurpassed. In the former, what a grave mild beauty on that pure forehead, in those large living and speaking eyes! In the second, what a naïve and smiling expression in the Divine Child, as he bends gently over the little St. John, and puts to his lips the shell full of water! These pictures have been popularized by engravings; but in losing their colouring, they lose a portion of their charm. Nothing can give an idea of this colouring. The Spaniards say of Murillo, that his flesh is painted with blood and milk mixed together, *con leche y sangre.* It is owing to the velvety tints, the transparencies, and the shifting reflections, that even the shadows are simply softened lights.

The "grand style" and ideal beauty are wanting, I have already said, in Murillo's religious painting. Thus, his "Shepherds adoring the Cradle at Bethlehem" is a superb piece of work; but they are Spanish shepherds assembled in the hut of a beautiful Andalusian peasant. His "Holy Family, with a little Dog," is, as a painting, remarkable for a vigour and solidity one would not have expected to find in Murillo; yet, in truth, it is nothing more than an "interior,"

with the figures of some honest artisans. Admirable paintings, with nothing religious about them but their titles! It is true that the same may be said of the celebrated pictures of the Flemish, and even of the Italian schools.

On one occasion, however, Murillo has risen to the grand style. His "Virgin with Rosary" has not the all-ideal purity of Raphael's Virgins; but it has grandeur and majesty. It is no longer the mere type of Andalusian loveliness; its beauty is severe, almost Roman. The colouring, warm and strong, is in harmony with the firmness of the drawing.

These are great works. And yet, as we know, Murillo is not here in all his entirety. Seville has his "St. Thomas" and his "St. Antony of Padua;" in the Academy of Painting at Madrid is preserved his "St. Elizabeth of Hungary," which many look upon as his masterpiece. Well does he deserve his title of the Spanish Correggio. Velasquez is powerful, but somewhat cold; he astonishes, but he does not charm, and never moves. Murillo seduces, captivates, and sometimes moves; he has less truth, perhaps, but more poetry.

The third name in the great trinity of Spanish Art is RIBERA. To many it conveys no other idea than that of a painter of martyrs and hideous punishments; we see him always displaying on the canvas bleeding limbs and palpitating entrails—in a word, his ideal of horror. This Ribera, almost the only one we know of, is also met with in Spain. At Seville, in the Duc de Montpensier's palace, may be seen a "Cato of Utica" tearing out his bowels, which is the sublime of this gloomy and violent style. To the same style, which appears to have been Ribera's first, belongs also a "Prome-

theus torn by the Vulture," in the Museum of Madrid. But there is also another Ribera, who, without being so *outré* as a realist, remains an admirable colourist, and attains to a much higher level of art; a rude and powerful genius, who, despite his prolonged residence in Italy, has continued profoundly Spanish, and who, without shame, can endure comparison with his two illustrious rivals.

JACOB ASLEEP.—AFTER RIBERA.

His "St. Peter delivered by the Angels," and "Jacob Asleep," exhibit the master's greatest qualities; his wild and fiery impulse is here subdued into a restrained force, vigour, and splendour. The "Jacob," it is true, is deficient in nobility; but how soundly he sleeps! and what a light shines over that male figure defined against the shade!

There is nothing to wound the eye, there are no horrible

details in the "Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew." The figure of the saint is full of serenity and grandeur. One perceives, one feels, that here the painter was in full possession of himself; the effects of colour are simply used by him as an accessory; he has sought for expression, and he has attained it. The principal personage is no longer the executioner, but the saint; instead of offending the eyes, it speaks to the soul.

I would wish also to take note of a small cabinet picture representing a "Magdalene," and a *true* Magdalene; not one of those beautiful girls of Correggio or Titian, fresh and rosy, and scarcely veiling their voluptuous forms under the floods of their golden hair; nor like those of Guido, ostentatiously raising to heaven their eyes, swimming with melancholy and soft langour, and impressing you with the belief that they are sirens, whose penitence is only a fiction. The "Magdalene" of Ribera is wholly different; she has been, and she still is, beautiful, and her besmirched loveliness does but the more pregnantly bear witness to her remorse. Her eyes are red with tears, her pallid cheeks bear the traces of her austerities.

I have spoken at such length of the great masters of the Spanish school that I have no room to dwell upon its painters of the second rank; neither upon Moralès, whom his compatriots surnamed El Divino; nor upon Alonzo Cano, whom they have somewhat ambitiously compared to Michael Angelo. I shall not even speak of Zurbaran, though he merits a place apart, and in the first rank; there are but two of his pictures in the Museum at Madrid. These are enough to give an idea of his grave, ingenious, and brilliant manner; but they are not enough to enable you to appreciate his work. I will only say a word in reference to a painter, very little—but who

deserves to be well—known; Joanès, who has been called the Perugino of Spain. He had travelled in Italy, and studied in the Roman school. His outline is somewhat stiff; his composition has that naïve simplicity which characterizes the early flights of art; Joanès opens in Spain, in effect, the cycle of the great painting. But, in expression and colour, he approaches the Italian masters more closely than any other. His principal works are—besides an "Ecce Homo," and a "Last Supper" of very fine character—a series of pictures representing the life of St. Stephen. All these compositions are impressed with a very profound and very elevated religious sentiment. It is said that he was a man of earnest faith, and that he always partook of the communion before beginning an important picture. Of all the Spanish painters, Joanès is, perhaps, the one who has infused into art the most spiritualistic tendencies, and striven the most eagerly to elevate it towards the heights of the ideal.

While rambling through this Spanish gallery,—so rich, and, moreover, of so strong an originality,—one thing particularly strikes us; its austere and almost exclusively religious character. If we except Velasquez, who was a court painter, and some of the works of Ribera, which Italy might reclaim, all the other Spanish painters have dealt only with sacred subjects. In the vast collection at Madrid, as in that at Seville, you will scarcely find a profane subject, a composition borrowed from ancient or modern history, still less from Greek mythology. I do not believe that any Spanish painter has ever created a Venus; no voluptuous scene, nor even one inspired by the antique poesy. No nudities, not even those which art can invest with its ideal chastity.

History explains this singularity. For a long time the Church was the best, and, indeed, almost the only patron of painting in Spain. The Spanish nobility never showed any love for, or generosity towards, the arts; in this respect it was very inferior to the enlightened and liberal aristocracy of Italy. Murillo, for example, who spent his life at Seville, never worked except for churches and convents. Hence we can understand why the spirit of the Renaissance, so thoroughly impregnated with ancient poesy and Greek paganism, did not penetrate into Spain. Naturally it harmonized very indifferently with the Spanish genius; had it been otherwise, ecclesiastical austerity would have repelled it. In Spain, and even outside of the churches, the sovereigns, so far as painting was concerned, insisted on an extreme rigorism. Luca Giordano was ordered, at the Escorial, to clothe with decent draperies some thinly-clad saints who had been painted by Titian's audacious brush. Too much absorbed in itself, the Spanish art never ventured on the lofty flight of the Italian; it lacked, like the Flemish art, the study of the antique, and the feeling of ideal beauty which that study develops and fertilizes. Ancient poetry, ancient art—these are the eternal sources of beauty; Christian sentiment may add to them its lofty and sublime inspirations; but not even the most powerful geniuses can dispense with their vivifying influences.

I shall not dwell at any length on the Flemish and Italian pictures in the Madrid Museum. These schools are known; and, besides, what can one single out in such an embarrassment of wealth? We must confine ourselves to the indication of a few masterpieces as we pass along.

Raphael reigns sovereign here, as at Rome and at Florence.

Two "Holy Families," which dispute nearly on equal terms our admiration; "The Pearl," and "The Virgin with the Fish;" a "Visitation," and the "Spasimo;" these are his principal pictures.

The "Spasimo," which is well known through engravings of it, is, in my opinion, one of the master's greatest works. Unfortunately the picture, which was painted on wood, has suffered greatly: it has been restored; and the colours seem to have lost their original harmony, and assumed a reddish tone, which at first completely destroys their effect. But, on a second glance, the grandeur of the scene impresses you: Jesus has fallen in the Via Dolorosa, bathed in blood and sweat. His mother approaches him, with tears pouring down her face, and stretching her arms towards him, falls back, half-swooning, into the embrace of the holy women, while the august victim raises towards her a glance of sublime resignation. It is impossible to impress on a human countenance a grander expression of simultaneous majesty and pain, an expression more noble and yet more heart-rending. That Raphael has left works which soar still higher into the region of pure art may be the case; I cannot say; but I believe I may venture to assert, that he has wrought nothing grander or more pathetic, nothing which more eloquently breathes a religious sentiment, at once penetrating and exalted.

The "Visitation" will belong to the painter's first style. In the choice of subject, and its mode of treatment, we recognize the pupil of Perugino. The Virgin, timid, and with eyes cast down, receives the felicitations of St. Elizabeth. On her sweet countenance, and in her charmingly simple expression, you observe a chaste but confused grace—a holy candour, and a mixture of pious joy and reverent adoration

What delicacy! what subtlety of shading! what soul, what genius in the painter!

Around these masterpieces are grouped hundreds of canvasses, which, anywhere else, we should admire to our heart's content. By Andrea del Sarto, besides a beautiful "Virgin," there is a magnificent portrait of his wife; a beautiful head, hard and subtle, with the smile of a heartless coquette. We see in her the woman whose evil influence ruined the poor artist. By Correggio there is a "Magdalene," sparkling with profane grace and beauty, with golden tresses, and a robe of brocade. By Giorgione, a "Holy Family;" superb, but not divine. By Albano, a "Toilette of Venus;" ravishing in its finish, delicacy, and freshness. And what more? Luini, Bassano, the Bellinis, Sebastian del Piombo—with their names alone I might fill pages.

But now we come to the great Venetians, and unless we went to Venice itself, we can nowhere else enjoy such a feast. It is dazzling, it is overpowering, and compels you to pause.

Titian here has forty pictures, and some of the finest portraits which he ever painted. The friend of Charles V., who loaded him with favours and with marks of his esteem, he has painted him several times, at all ages, and in all costumes. The Madrid Gallery, besides a grand equestrian portrait of the Emperor, possesses another in which he is represented on foot, and this I much prefer.

Charles V. is standing in full court costume, with a black cap, a white mantle, and a pourpoint of cloth of gold. His left hand rests on the head of a great African greyhound, his favourite. Elegance and nobility are visible in his whole person. The head is fine and cold; the eye intellectual, but

half veiled. Under the somewhat studied grace and the half smile you feel the shrewd ability of the statesman. On his receding forehead is all the Austrian pride, and in the projecting lower jaw all the Flemish tenacity.

Opposite the father is the son. Titian painted Philip II. in his early manhood, at eighteen or twenty years of age. The prince is also dressed in court costume; a thin, slender, and stiff figure. His hair is short and light, his complexion pale; the eyes prominent, cold, and harsh. The marked feature of his physiognomy is his mouth, which is thick and sensual, imperious and contemptuous. The forehead is fine; but there is no sign of youth in the face—the expression is gloomy and haughty. It is a mask of marble.

In the Madrid Gallery you may see another portrait of Philip II., not by Titian, but by Pantoja, which represents the king at the age of about forty years. The portrait of Pantoja is not wanting in finesse; the painter seems to have wished to soften his terrible model, and has wreathed his lips with a kind of smile, which, after all, is not very reassuring. For under the heavier outlines of age you see the same face of wax or marble, the same cold, fixed gaze. We must note only some characteristic details: the king holds in his hand a large beaded rosary, and wears on his head a black velvet cap. Before this ghastly figure, clad wholly in black, one stops to ask whether it is a king we look upon, a monk, or an inquisitor.

Two large pictures by Titian attract our gaze from afar. They are a couple of those canvasses which critics conventionally call Venuses, and which represent beautiful women, lying on their bed, naked and asleep. Gilded and luminous

these, in which the voluptuous and somewhat pagan genius of the Renaissance shines conspicuous, and which, I imagine, must be greatly astonished to find themselves astray among the austere or ascetic pictures of the Spanish school. And, in truth, they have not long filled their present places. Purchased by Philip IV., they remained until the end of the last century under a triple lock, as obscene objects. Two or three revolutions had to take place before these *chefs-d'œuvre* regained the light of day.

Let me also particularize a "Salome carrying the Head of St. John Baptist." It is only a half-length strictly, but a splendid one. The head is slightly inclined backwards, the arms are upraised to carry the bleeding trophy. What elegance! What a haughty gesture! What a light upon those arms, which one would say to be shaped of marble gilded by the sun!

By its side is a vast allegorical composition which was painted by Titian, in commemoration of the victory of Lepanto. We know that this victory was won in 1572, and as Titian was born in 1477, he must have been ninety-five years of age when he painted this picture. Yet, from the vigour of the touch, and the splendour of the colouring, one would say it was the work of a young man. What men were these artists of the Renaissance, Titian, and Leonardo da Vinci, and Michel Angelo! Souls of fire in bodies of iron!

Of Paolo Veronese I can mention but one or two specimens, a "Susannah," and an "Infant Jesus among the Doctors"—the latter a beautiful composition, in which the heads are very noble, and the painter has displayed all the splendours of his palette;—of Tintoretto, some portraits of incredible energy;

and a "Sea Fight," full of fury, and distinguished by a female figure which I think I can still see, her dishevelled locks intertwined with pearls, the head, of a strange and extraordinary beauty, turned aside.

The Flemish and Dutch schools are not less well represented at Madrid than the Italian. Rembrandt has but one portrait; it is enough to say that it is worthy of him. Van

QUEEN ARTEMISIA.—REMBRANDT.

Dyck, besides some little ecclesiastical subjects, has four or five portraits, which are certainly among his finest. Of Rubens, we must note also some magnificent portraits, and among an enormous number of pictures of every size, some hostelry interiors which are equal to his greatest compositions. Here are *kermesses*, village-dances, of a verve, gaiety, movement, and colour which are truly admirable; there nymphs and satyrs; and, especially, his "Garden of Love," representing an assemblage of young men and women, seated,

or frolicking under leafy shadows. Rubens has infused into this picture not only his own dazzling colour, but something of the grace of Albano.

And what shall we say of the minor Flemings? Of Teniers, Wouvermans, Ruysdael? Of the first alone there are seventy-six pictures at Madrid, and some of these the most important and charming he has ever painted. I remarked three "Temptations of St. Antony," a favourite subject with the painter, in which his grotesque imagination has run riot; "interiors" of a marvellous finish; kermesses and village-festivals; finally, a series of comic scenes—the "Monkey Sculptors," the "Monkey Amateurs"—of the keenest expression and the finest touch. A contemporary French artist —Decamps—seems to have been inspired by these little masterpieces in one of his most popular pictures.

The French school I have not even named. It would be unpardonable, however, to forget it; for if it does but occupy a small space in the Madrid Museum, it certainly occupies it nobly. Only two names represent it: Poussin and Claude Lorraine. The former has some excellent pictures (the "Hunt of Meleager," among others, and a "Young Warrior Crowned by Victory"); excellent, not in colour certainly, but in composition and the grandest style. The second has five or six incomparable landscapes; two, among others, in the Isabella Saloon, representing a Sunrise and a Sunset. The Louvre has nothing, and there are but a few pictures in the world, which can be held to surpass it. Claude Lorraine is the greatest of landscape artists.* Others have been happy in seizing certain aspects of nature; Ruysdael excelled in ren-

* [May we not claim an equal rank for Turner?]

dering the freshness of the forests and the waters; Poussin, the solemnity and majesty of great horizons. Claude alone knew how to express all the harmonies of nature and all its

ST. PAUL THE HERMIT.—AFTER RIBERA.

magnificences. As it has been said that Velasquez painted the air, so we may affirm of Claude that he painted the light; not a conventional, but the true, pure, and limpid light; and hence it is that better than any other artist he has expressed the supreme poetry of nature.

# XIV.

# Episodes of Spanish History.

THE ESCORIAL—PHILIP II.—CONSPIRACY OF DON CARLOS—A CAPITAL EXECUTION UNDER PHILIP II.

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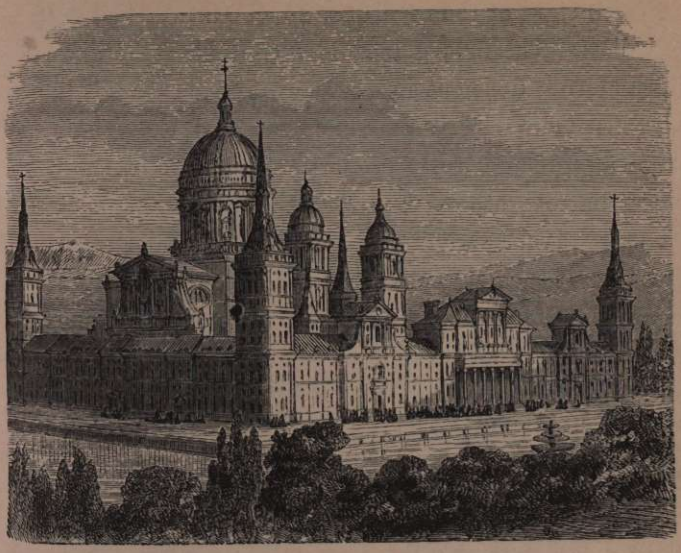
To have a son set your decrees at nought.

SHAKSPEARE.



THE ESCORIAL.

## XIV.

LET it be remembered that the Escorial is only fifteen leagues from Madrid. It is now-a-days one of the stations of the North of Spain Railway. As it was our design to return to France by this route, it would be our first stage. The second would be Avila, and the third Burgos.

The railway station is at the gate of Madrid, in the valley of the Manzanarès. The Toledo bridge is visible from it, a heavy monument, overloaded with ornament, which owes its renown, I think, chiefly to Victor Hugo's ballad. One can

also catch sight of the royal palace, whose principal front faces the valley. The first glance is favourable; the lines of the edifice are not deficient in grandeur, and its mass is imposing. But when more closely examined, we find that the architecture is meagre and badly proportioned: some of the windows are too narrow, others too low; the pilasters are strangled. The attic was formerly surmounted by colossal statues; these have been removed, and transported to the little garden in the rear of the palace; a grievous error, for in their former lofty position they could not, fortunately, be very well seen!

In the spring-time of the year, the valley of the Manzanarès is fresh and smiling. The river-banks are covered with trees; the slopes of the hills are decked with verdure. But in the month of June this spring-time decoration disappears; the river, or, to speak more correctly, the torrent, has run dry; the valley is nothing better than a ravine sown with stones and covered with dust. Thanks to the rainy season which we had enjoyed, I could congratulate myself, as few travellers can, on having seen water in the Manzanarès.

Almost immediately upon emerging from this little valley, we plunged into the desert. Vast and slightly undulating plains, bristling with rocks, among which some clumps of wild shrubs flourish, extend far beyond the range of sight. At rare intervals a village shows itself, surrounded by poorly cultivated fields.

At the extremity of the plain, and on the lowest spur of the Guadarrama, is situated the Escorial. One may well ask why a sovereign conceived the strange idea of erecting in this desolate country his pleasure palace. But remember that

this sovereign was Philip II., whose pleasure palace would necessarily be a convent.

It is known to everybody that Philip II. erected this colossal monument in commemoration of the battle of St. Quentin, which he won against the French, August 10th, 1557. When I say "he," I mean his general, Philibert-Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy, for Philip II. never in person gained a battle. He was only four leagues distant on the day the great fight took place, but had not yet appeared in the camp. It is said that he felt somewhat humiliated at having been absent from a battle which was fought so near at hand. The aged Charles V., crippled with gout as he was, would never have held himself so prudently aloof. But it seems as if of the rare qualities of the father Nature made two parts, and gave one to each son: to Don John of Austria his brilliant valour; to Philip his ambition and political activity, if not his genius. At all events, it is certain that the latter was a poor soldier. He loved neither horses nor arms. Charles V. did his best to have him instructed by the Flemish knights in the exercises of chivalry, but he could not make him a knight. In the tournament he was timid and inexpert. The only time that he appeared, in Flanders, at a passage of arms, he received a blow on the head from a cavalier's lance, which carried him to the ground, and he was borne away in a swoon.

The day on which the victory of St. Quentin was gained was the feast of St. Lawrence. Philip was anxious that the monastery he erected should be dignified with the name of St. Lawrence of the Escorial; in honour of the saint, and to commemorate the instrument of his martyrdom, he insisted that it should assume the outline of a gridiron! The architect,

Herrera, a man of talent, humoured his royal fancy, though, assuredly, it was not fitted to inspire the genius of an artist. He contrived to execute what has been felicitously called "a rebus of architecture." The building is in the form of an immense parallelogram of about 650 feet in length on either side; a multitude of transversal galleries crossing it at right angles represent the gridiron bars! The hand is formed by the royal apartments, which are attached in a block to the centre of one of the façades. The feet are figured by the towers placed at the four angles.

In my opinion, too much praise has been lavished on the Escorial. The Spaniards, prone to exaggeration in all their utterances, call it, quite simply, the eighth Wonder of the World. But though the material is fine (the whole is built of granite), the general character is gray, dull, and heavy. Were it not for the cupola, one would say it was a huge barrack or prison. It is vast, and yet not grand; it is immense, and yet not imposing—a prodigious accumulation of stones, and nothing more. Externally, high walls, quite naked, and pierced with narrow windows; internally, narrow courts, surrounded by low, damp cloisters; gloomy corridors which cross one another *ad infinitum*, and do not even produce the effect of long perspectives. Low arched vaults, frequently so low that you can enter them only in a stooping posture; no ornament: not a column, not a sculpture, not a carving, to break up the monotony of these interminable gray walls; the naked granite, everywhere the granite, nothing but granite! It descends from these vaults like a mantle of ice, and freezes you to the very marrow. One's soul is chilled and saddened; the mind, so to speak, is oppressed and crushed under these heavy masses.

The sentiment experienced by the spectator is not that of the enthusiasm which leads to devotion, nor that of the tranquillity which life-weary spirits seek in cloistered shades; it is the cold of the grave.

The very chapel has this melancholy character. Its form is that of a Greek cross. The central cupola rests upon four huge square pillars. Here the edifice derives a certain air of grandeur from the severity of the lines; but the gray tint of the granite on every side, and the nakedness and dryness of the style, still invest it with a frozen aspect.

Beneath the high altar is the funeral chapel of the Spanish kings, strangely enough designated by the truly pagan name of the Pantheon. On descending into it, each visitor is provided with a torch. You enter it through a corridor paved with marble; the walls and roof are faced with marble. The chapel, octagonal in form, is still more richly decorated; everywhere it glows and sparkles with incrustations of porphyry, jasper, and agate. The mortal remains of the Spanish sovereigns are inclosed in gilded sarcophagi of marble; these sarcophagi are ranged in niches which ascend from the ground to the chapel roof. Lit up by the light of torches, the whole scene is indescribably luxurious and dazzling.

This sepulchre, whose boastful magnificence reminds one of the rock-tombs of the ancient Egyptian kings, was begun by Philip II., and completed by his successors. Previously, the Spanish kings had been buried at Granada. Philip II. willed, however, that the Escorial should become the mausoleum of his race. In 1574 he transferred thither the body of his father, which, since his death in 1558, had lain interred in the monastery of Yuste. At the same time he removed the coffins of his grandmother, Joanna surnamed the Mad, of his

first wife, Marie of Portugal, of his children, and his sisters. Five years later, Don John of Austria took his place by the side of his illustrious father.

The royal apartments are mean; they form one suite of low narrow saloons, of faded and dilapidated chambers. The rich collections of pictures which formerly adorned them has been transported to the Museum of Madrid. The only curious objects in this part of the palace are the working-cabinet and bedroom of Philip II. These are two gloomy cells, about six square feet in area, and with low ceilings; the walls are quite naked, and open like alcoves on a long saloon. Behind the cabinet is a tiny oratory, which looks into the choir of the church through a narrow window; here the king, without any inconvenience, could assist at the divine service. Here, on the 13th of September 1598, at the age of seventy, he died, worn out by pleasure and business, overwhelmed with infirmities, tortured by the gout, and undermined for three years by a slow fever.*

PHILIP II. IN HIS ORATORY.

The convent of St. Lawrence of the Escorial was bestowed by Philip II. on the Hieronymites, one of the richest and most considerable religious orders in the Peninsula. This

* Mignet, "Antonio Perez," pp. 261-268.

THE CLOISTERS OF THE ESCORIAL.

order, placed under the protection of St. Jerome and the rule of St. Augustine, occupied itself with science and agriculture. Charles V. had held it in great esteem; it was to one of its houses, at Yuste, in Estremadura, that he had retired upon his abdication. Philip II. continued to its monks the favour which they had enjoyed under his father. But now the monastery is deserted, not a foot treads the cloister, no prayers ascend in the church. And we must acknowledge that, from a poetical and picturesque point of view, the monument suffers. One would prefer to see the white robe of some pious cenobite wandering through the still arcades. As it is, the body is without a soul; the monastery, a melancholy and oppressive ruin. Spain, as I suppose everybody knows, suppressed in 1834 all its monasteries; only the nunneries were excepted, and, by a special act of favour, two or three houses of Jesuit missionaries. Such is the extraordinary whirligig of human affairs: Philip II. wished to govern Spain like a convent; three centuries later, Spain burns the convents, and drives out the monks.

One memory alone, and a single name, fills the deserted halls and the gloomy corridors of this gigantic palace; it is the memory, the name of Philip II.

The monument is made in the image of the man; it bears his impress, and reproduces his character written upon every stone. Just as Versailles faithfully represents Louis XIV., the Escorial represents Philip II. As we ramble through each long gallery and desolate hall, his sinister figure seems to dog our steps. The mind cannot get rid of it.

Attempts have been made to paint Philip II. as a great king, a great statesman; he has been represented as the type

of the Spanish character, as the loftiest personification of the Spanish royalty. But these are so many paradoxes.

Kings must be judged by the results of their policy; the measure of the man and the value of his system are shown by the event. Whoever estimates Philip II. from this point of view, will not conceive of him any very high idea.

When Charles V., after thirty years of prodigious activity, satiated with glory, and oppressed with infirmities, voluntarily descended from the throne to seek repose in the solitude of Yuste, his immense dominions were divided in twain: the empire remained with the German branch of the House of Austria; the Spanish monarchy fell to the lot of Philip II. But reduced as was the power of the latter by this partition, and spent as it was by the despotic genius of the great Emperor, it was still the richest, the vastest, and the most formidable monarchy of Europe.

Forty years later, when Philip II. expired, where was Spain? She had lost half the Low Countries; her marine was weakened, her finances were exhausted. The colossal enterprises undertaken by Philip II., nearly all of them chimerical, had been nearly all unfortunate. He captured Tunis, but was driven from it in the following year. His attack upon England was repulsed; and the Invincible Armada, scattered by the English ships, was destroyed by the tempest. Drake and Essex bombarded and plundered Cadiz. He expended enormous sums on the maintenance of the League in France, and in endeavouring to seat his daughter on the throne of the Valois: the League was conquered, and the French throne fell to Henri Quatre. The victory of Lepanto itself was sterile: and at the beginning of

the seventeenth century, the preponderance in the European political system had passed from Spain to France.

An immense authority and prestige; armies hitherto invincible; a fleet of a thousand ships; generals of approved genius, like the Duke of Alba, Don Juan of Austria, the Duke of Parma, the Marquis Spinola; the mines of the New World,

WRECK OF THE ARMADA

which annually poured into the Spanish treasury eleven millions of piastres;—all this was given to Philip II., and after forty years of the most absolute despotism, Philip II. bequeathed to his country a decay which has never since been checked. Is this the history of a great king and a great policy?

Compare him with his predecessors, and you will find him inferior to all of them; he had neither the ability of Ferdinand,

his grandfather, nor the generous and chivalrous soul of Isabella, nor the political genius and brilliant qualities of Charles V. His was a slow and narrow mind, more laborious than comprehensive, more industrious than capable; at once haughty and timid, irresolute and obstinate. A contemporary has made the remark that Charles V. conducted himself in all things according to his own judgment, and that Philip II. was always guided by the opinions of others. His hesitations, therefore, were infinite, and his decisions nearly always dilatory.

Any superiority on the part of others immediately provoked his jealousy, and the merest suspicion was sufficient to destroy those who thought themselves most certain of his favour. But he gave no warning of his wrath and his vengeance. "With him," says a historian of the time, energetically, "the smile was not far from the knife." *

He looked upon himself as invested upon earth with a providential mission. To maintain in his dominions, at all hazards, political and religious unity, was the task imposed upon him, as he believed, by the Divine will. Never doubting but that the lives of his subjects wholly belonged to him, he coldly disposed of them with a tranquillity of conscience which was perfectly frightful.

We might admire this force of conviction, this energy of will, if they had not exhibited themselves in such terrible massacres. But the energy of conviction will not suffice to absolve these wrongs done to humanity. They, too, were men of conviction who, on St. Bartholomew's night, and with the applause of Philip II., stabbed and shot and hacked the

* "Unos le llamaban prudente, otros severo, porque su riso y cuchillo eran confines."—*Cabrera, quoted by Prescott.*

unfortunate Huguenots; Calvin was "convinced" when he burned Servetus at an auto-da-fé of far more hideous character than any of Torquemada's; and they were "convinced," the fanatics who, two centuries later, under the pretence of saving the country, covered France with scaffolds. All tyrannies invoke the same excuse.

And this man it has been proposed to accept as a type of the Spanish character. To do so is to calumniate a great nation. He had, it is true, the pride and cruelty of the Spanish character; he had neither its courage, its generosity, its nobleness, nor chivalrous spirit. Nay, more; no man in the world has more largely contributed to falsify the moral sense of the Spanish people, and to develop the violent instincts of their nature, by inoculating them with fanaticism.

There have been tyrants more impetuous, and, perhaps, more sanguinary; there have been none more odious: for he was cold in his cruelties, without wrath, without passion, and, to attain his object, thought all means allowable. In that iron soul no human feeling had survived. Malevolent and mistrustful, loving no one and deceiving everybody, astute, seeking revenge with a slow implacable obstinacy, and esteeming as valueless the lives of men; the most frightful fact about this tyrant was the obstinacy of his conviction, and his confidence in his own infallibility had so far obliterated his conscience as to render him inaccessible to all remorse. He shed blood tranquilly. "Tiberius felt remorse, but Philip II. was insensible to it." *

Do you think that this man has been slandered? The death of his son, Don Carlos, has been imputed to him; and

* Laboulaye, "Etudes morales et politiques."

it seems certain that the death of Don Carlos was not the result of a crime. "One lends only to the rich," says the proverb.

A lamentable story is that of Don Carlos, the descendant of so many kings, the presumptive heir to the most brilliant throne in the world, dying a desperate death at twenty-three years of age, as a state-prisoner in his own father's palace. The secret of this mysterious and tragical destiny was long unknown. The imagination of historians and poets has run riot in a thousand suppositions, a thousand curious fancies. A kind of poetical myth has accreted round the name of Don Carlos. He has been converted into a hero of romance. Some have charged him with a guilty love for his step-mother, Elizabeth of France, third wife of Philip II.; others have attributed to him sentiments favourable to the Protestants. And finally, Schiller, not content with accepting the tradition of his love for Elizabeth, has depicted him as a hero of chivalric generosity, and even, by a strange anachronism, as a kind of philosopher imbued with ideas of liberty and reform which, assuredly, were foreign to an Infante of Spain, a grandson of Charles V.

All this is false. Authentic documents, published a few years ago, enable us at length to remove this history from the region of romance.

Don Carlos, son of Marie of Portugal, the first wife of Philip II., was born at Valladolid, on the 9th of July 1545.

Weak and diseased, he showed from infancy a strange irregular character, a violent disposition, fierce and cruel instincts. A firm and yet gentle superintendence might easily have controlled these inauspicious qualities; but his father

never showed to him aught but a hard and austere countenance. Periodical fevers, and a fall which rendered necessary the operation of trepanning, rendered his humour still more contrary. He became subject to terrible fits of passion. Anecdotes are related of him which reveal at once a cruel nature and an ill-regulated brain. When a child, he amused himself with roasting alive the hares caught by the hunters. When a man, he loved to traverse the streets at night, and, as Brantôme says, "à ribler le pavé," and to insult the women. In one of his nocturnal exhibitions, it chanced that a pot of water was emptied upon his head from an upper window. Carlos, in a burst of fury, on his return to the palace, ordered his guards to set fire to the house. The officer who received the cruel mandate durst not openly disobey it, but reported to the prince that he had seen a priest, with the holy sacrament, entering the habitation. Before a sacrilege Don Carlos recoiled.

When I was in Spain, says Brantôme, I was told that his bootmaker, on one occasion, had brought him home a pair of badly made boots. The prince had them cut up into little pieces, and fried like slices of beef, and then made the bootmaker eat them, thus prepared, in his presence.*

Obviously, these were indications of mental disorder. Madness was the hereditary disease in the family of Don Carlos. His great grandmother, the mother of Charles V., has preserved in history the name of Joanna the Mad. His aunt, the princess Joanna, sister of Philip II., was eccentric and strange throughout her life. In this frail and infirm offshoot of a

* "Moy estant en Espagne, il me fut fait un conte de luy, que son cordonnier luy avoit fait une paire de bottes très-mal faites ; il les fit mettre en petites pièces, et friscasser comme tripes de bœuf, et les luy fit manger toutes devant luy, en sa chambre, de cette façon."—*Brantôme.*

race already worn out, the same malady displayed itself in a more violent form.

Philip, always hard and cold, even towards his family, had attempted to subdue this irascible character by a severe discipline. He succeeded only in inspiring his son with a fear which was soon turned into aversion, and then into a profound hatred. Exasperated by the severities of which he was the victim, surrounded by spies and keepers, not knowing whom to trust, struggling vainly under his father's iron hand, the unfortunate young man plunged deeper every day into a furious insanity.

More than once he had conceived the project of flying from Spain. A peculiar circumstance revived in him the desire. The Flemings were growing restless under the despotism of Spain; the announcement of the establishment of the Inquisition excited a formidable resistance. Two influential nobles, the Marquis of Berghes and the Baron of Montigny, had been despatched to Spain to present respectful remonstrances to Philip II. Montigny, informed of the disposition and projects of the Infante, contrived to enter into secret relations with him. But Philip II. soon discovered the intrigue, and saw its danger. With his habitual dissimulation and slowness, he deceived Montigny by his fine words, and kept him in Spain. Then, suddenly, in the month of October 1567, he caused him to be arrested, and shut up in the castle of Segovia.

As for Don Carlos, the king had for some time indulged him with the hope of being sent to the Low Countries. Furious at seeing the Duke of Alva sent in his place, the Infante began to think seriously of taking to flight. On the 17th of January 1568, he had commanded post-horses to be ready at the Escorial; had procured a large sum of money; and his pre-

parations were all completed, when, on the night of the 18th, Philip II., who had hourly received intelligence of his movements, resolved to secure his person. An eye-witness, Cabrera, usher of the chamber to Don Carlos, has left us a circumstantial recital of this dramatic scene.

It was eleven o'clock in the evening. Philip issued from

A NOCTURNAL PROCESSION.

his cabinet, followed by Ruy Gomez de Silva, the Duke of Feria, the prior Don Antonio of Toledo, and Luis Quijada. He was without sword and without guards, and wore his ordinary costume. Before him marched Don Diego de Acuña, carrying a torch ; behind two of the *huissiers* of his cabinet, provided with nails and hammers. The sombre retinue

marched silently, stifling the sound of their footsteps under the deserted arches of the palace. Having arrived at the door of the prince's apartment, Ruy Gomez opened it with his major-domo's key. The Infante was lying on his bed, with his back to the door, conversing with his officers. Philip II., before he was seen, contrived to remove the sword and dagger suspended to the canopy of the bed. When Don Carlos, turning round, beheld his father's gloomy and severe countenance, in a paroxysm of fear he sprang from his couch, exclaiming,—"What wants your majesty? My liberty or my life?" —"Neither the one nor the other," replied the king; "be calm." But the prince, mad with terror and despair, would hear nothing; he ran towards the chimney, and would fain have flung himself into the fire. Then he fell at his father's feet, demanding death as a favour. Philip, still impassible, ordered him to retire to his bed, adding, "What I do is for your good."

At a sign from the king, the Count of Lerme and Gomez entered the wardrobe closet, and removed the prince's arquebuses and pistols. Meanwhile, the two *huissiers* nailed down the windows. This done, Philip summoned the officers charged with the custody of the palace, and said: "I order you to guard the Prince of Spain. You will execute whatever orders are given by the Duke of Feria, to whose care I entrust him." The Duke of Feria was captain of the guards.

This strange event Philip II. made known to Spain and Europe in terms of intentional obscurity and vagueness. The pride of the father and the king shrank from acknowledging the simple truth, and therefore he spoke of the reasons of State, and the interest of the Church and his king-

dom, which had led the king "to sacrifice his own flesh and blood in the person of his only son." Only a few confidents of the king, like the Duke of Alva, were entrusted with the secret, and it is through this correspondence alone,—published a few years since,—that the true causes of the event have been made public. Even the foreign ambassadors were scarcely allowed to suspect the Infante's mental derangement. At court, the rumour ran that he had conspired against his father; a supposition as ill-founded as those which have since been promulgated.

Don Carlos, confined to one of his suite of chambers, was doomed to the strictest captivity. His windows, as we have said, were nailed and barred. Even the fastenings of the grates were removed, lest he should attempt his own life. The meat supplied for his meals was all cut up, and not a knife appeared on his table. Day and night two gentlemen and two servants watched over him, with directions not to lose sight of him for a single moment. A couple of halberdiers, at each door, permitted no one to enter without an order from the king. Not a message from without was suffered to reach him; he was completely isolated from the outer world.

We may easily imagine the effect so rigorous a captivity and so entire a seclusion would produce on that irascible nature and diseased brain. At first the prince broke out into excesses of furious rage against his father; these ceased only to give place to fits of despair. The want of exercise and the intense heat of summer soon rekindled the fever and increased the delirium. Violent changes of regimen more and more affected his health. Devoured at one and the same time by the internal fever, and by the ardour of a burning

climate, he abandoned himself to all kinds of excesses. Sometimes he wholly refused nourishment; at other times he ate enormous quantities of fruit, and drank largely of iced water. He walked with his feet bare in his chamber flooded with water, and kept constantly in his bed a bath full of snow.

Such a mode of life could not be long in destroying a debilitated constitution. Philip II. is accused of having poisoned his son; nothing proves it. But did he suffer the latter to commit suicide?

Towards the end of June the fever was redoubled, and dysentery broke out, accompanied with vomitings. Don Carlos died on the 24th of July 1568. The details recorded of his last moments prove that he saw his end approach with entire calmness, and in full possession of his intellect; a fact which would almost justify us in believing that his malady was rather an intermittent nervous disease than actual *dementia.*

[If a document discovered by the late Mr. Bergenroth at Simancas may be credited, the fate of Don Carlos was singularly tragical. Avila, its author, represents the king as accusing his son of high treason before a secret tribunal, by which he is declared guilty, and sentenced to death (February 21st). The sentence is confirmed by Philip, and carried out under the following circumstances:—*

"The next night the judges and witnesses went to the room of the prince, whom they found in bed, and who seemed to be surprised. As there was no clerk, Vargas (the president of the tribunal) read to him the sentence. The prince was frightened, and exclaimed, 'Is there no help?' 'No,' answered Vargas; 'the king has already signed.' The prince broke out into lamentations. 'It is impossible!' he exclaimed, 'that my father pushes things to such extremes. I want to see him. Go and ask him to come; he will perhaps nullify the sentence.' The prince broke out into tears. Those who were present were moved. Escovedo (the prince's counsel) went to inform Philip of the wishes of his son. Philip answered that he would not see him, because he had already delivered him into the hands of justice, and the judgment was just. Although the sentence must be executed, he forgave him. When Escovedo came back with this answer, the prince was in despair. Those who were present comforted him, and the prince, being a young man of high spirits, became calmer. 'When

[* Cartwright's "Gustave Bergenroth: a Memorial Sketch," pp. 201–204.]

am I to be executed?' he asked. Vargas answered, 'In three days.' The prince begged to be executed on the spot, or next day at latest. As he wished to be left alone, all, with the exception of the confessor, went to inform the king of his demand. The king granted it.

"In the original Spanish then follow the conversations of the confessor with the prince. The prince declared that he had the intention to do justice to the Flemish, who against all reason and justice were oppressed; to which declaration the confessor did not return any answer. The prince asked him to declare to the king that the queen was entirely innocent. Next day the prince dined little and heartily. After dinner came Vargas, Antonio-Perez, and Escovedo, to beg his pardon and to kiss his hands. He calls them his executioners, and not his judges. When they approach him to kiss his hands, he turns away. Vargas, Perez, and Escovedo leave the room. When retiring, Vargas tells the confessor that the prince is to die at two o'clock of the night.—Preparations for death. A chapel is prepared in a contiguous room, into which the sacred vessels, &c., from the royal chapel are brought. The prince confesses. Mass is said. The prince prays with his confessor until Vargas, Perez, and Escovedo enter the room. The prince takes a crucifix from the hands of the confessor, and put it on his mouth, for it was clear he still bore very ill will towards his judges. The prince forgives his father. The confessor exhorts him to forgive also his judges, leading him slowly to the room where the execution is to take place. The prince says, 'I forgive all.'

"They enter a room where a large arm-chair is placed, surrounded by a great quantity of sawdust. The executioner stands near it with his knife. The prince is not frightened by that sight. He is seated on the chair. The executioner begs his pardon, and the prince in a gracious manner gives him his hand to kiss. The executioner ties his legs and arms with 'antas' (scarves?) of Cologne to the legs and arms of the chair; ties a bandage of black silk round his eyes, and places himself, with the knife in his hand, behind the prince. The prince says to the confessor, 'Pray for my soul.' The confessor says the credo, and the prince responds in a clear and firm voice. When he pronounces the words, 'Unico fijo'—only Son—the executioner puts his knife to his throat, and a stream of blood rushes down on the sawdust. The prince struggles little; the knife, being very sharp, had cut well. The executioner unties the corpse, wraps it in a black baize cloth, and puts it in a corner of the room. That done, Antonio-Perez flies all at once at the executioner, accusing him of having stolen the diamonds of the prince. The executioner denies, is searched, and Perez finds, in one of the folds of his dress, the diamonds. The executioner grows pale, and declares that it is witchery. Escovedo is sent to the king, and soon returns with two arquebusiers. The king, he says, has ordered that the executioner is to die on the spot, for the heinous crime of having robbed the corpse of a prince of the blood royal. The executioner confesses, protests his innocence, is led out by the soldiers into the courtyard, and two detonations of arquebuses are heard.

"That was the night of the 23rd of February 1568."]

Thus perished the grandson of Charles V.; a mournful end, in which all his contemporaries suspected an odious domestic drama, in which history has obstinately persisted in recognizing an atrocious act of vengeance or fanaticism on the part of Philip II. But we must deal justice to all men, even to Philip II. In opposing his son's flight, and retaining him as a prisoner in his palace, he exercised the incontestable right of the father and the king. But, perhaps, the unfortunate Don Carlos was treated as a State-criminal rather than as a sick man. If he were not killed, he was suffered to kill himself; and we may believe that his death was as fully a relief to the sovereign as a chagrin to the father. However this may be, Philip II., as a punishment for the obscurity in which he enveloped the event, has long borne, in the eyes of posterity, the weight of one crime the more. The first chastisement of tyrants is, to suffer the opprobrium of crimes which they have not committed. It has been frequently asserted that Don Carlos was handed over to the Grand Inquisitor. Llorente, who had an opportunity of inspecting the archives of the Holy Office, discovered nothing relative to the prince. The origin of the rumour is to be found, probably, in the famous epigrammatic reply of Philip II. to the Lutheran Carlos de Sessa, who, before mounting the scaffold, reproached him with his cruelty: "I would carry the wood with my own hands to burn my own son, were he as perverse as thou art!" *

I referred on p. 446 to Montigny, and stated the fact of his arrest. His end was more tragical even than that of Don Carlos. Upon this other episode of the history of Philip II. an unexpected light has been thrown by recently published

* "Yo trahere la leña para quemar a mi hijo, si fuere tan malo como vos."—Colmenarès, "Hist. de Segovia."—See, in reference to this painful episode, the recent work by M. Gachard, "Don Carlos and Philip II.," and that by M. Charles de Mouy.

documents; and it shows the truth to have been more horrible than history represented it.

Florent de Montmorency, Baron de Montigny, was younger brother of the Count von Horn; both were descended from a branch of the French house of Montmorency, transplanted into Flanders in the preceding century. Montigny was one of the principal nobles of the country; his fidelity to the king had never been doubtful, any more than his zeal for the Catholic faith. Philip II. had conferred upon him the Cross of the Golden Fleece, and named him Governor of Tournai.

In 1566 he was sent to Madrid by the Regent of the Low Countries, to represent to the king the wishes of the deputies. In this dangerous embassy his colleague was the Marquis de Berghes. Both were required to demand the abolition of the Inquisition, the mitigation of the edicts against heretics, and the convocation of the States General. They arrived at Madrid on the 17th of June 1566. Informed beforehand of the object of their mission, Philip dissembled his irritation, and welcomed them with affability. It was not long, however, before they discovered that their efforts would be vain, and that they had nothing to hope from the royal clemency. They then wished to return; but Philip II., acting in concert with the Duke of Alva, who had just assumed the government of Flanders, detained them by flattering words and insidious promises.

But events soon crowded headlong on one another, rendering all dissimulation useless. On the 9th of September 1567, the Duke of Alva flung into prison the Counts von Egmont and von Horn, inaugurating by this stroke of bold injustice that system of terrorism which deluged the Low Countries with blood. A month later, Montigny was arrested at

Madrid, and confined in the Alcazar of Segovia, the customary place of confinement for State-prisoners. The Marquis de Berghes had died but a short time before.

More than a year elapsed before any preparations were made to bring him to trial. Closely confined, without any news of the outer world, the unfortunate prisoner remained ignorant of the crimes imputed to him; was ignorant of the events transpiring in the Low Countries; was ignorant even of the lamentable death of his brother, who had been beheaded along with the Count von Egmont.

At length it was decided, that though still detained a prisoner in Spain, he should be tried in the Low Countries by the tribunal instituted for the investigation of State crimes; in other words, that he should be tried and condemned by the Duke of Alva. He was accused of having meditated pernicious designs against the king, of having implicated himself in the demands of the nobles against the royal authority, was charged with rebellion, conspiracy, and treason. We possess the record of Montigny's examination; it is sufficient in itself to prove his innocence. But the issue could not be doubtful.

A little more than a twelvemonth after the last interrogatory, on the 4th of March 1570, sentence of death was pronounced at Brussels by the Duke of Alva. "Your Majesty," he wrote to the king, "will wish, without doubt, that the execution should take place in Spain, *for here the thing would be difficult.*"

Philip II. was of this opinion. He dreaded lest Montigny's death should re-excite in the Low Countries the agitation which had apparently subsided. He expressed his desire, therefore, that the sentence should be carried out "with as little noise as possible."

A council was held to discuss the subject. An account of its singular deliberation is given in a confidential despatch to the Duke of Alva.

"All were of opinion that the moment was not favourable for the recommencement of bloodshed, nor for giving rise to the sentiments of pity which would have been felt, not only by the kinsmen of Montigny, but by all the natives of the Low Countries, whose discontent and murmurs would have been all the greater, because, the criminal being detained in Spain, they would not have failed to pretend that he had been sacrificed without an opportunity of defending himself juridically. The majority thought, therefore, that it would be better to give him some poisoned meat or soup, so that he might die slowly, and have time during his illness to arrange the affairs of his soul. But His Majesty has decided that in carrying out this plan an act of justice would not be done, and that it would be better for him to undergo in prison the punishment of the *garrote* (a mode of strangulation), in so secret a manner that no one should ever have any knowledge of it, but that it might be believed he had died a natural death. This resolution being come to, as the marriage of His Majesty was to take place at Segovia, His Majesty has ordered that the said Sieur de Montigny be transferred from the castle of that town to the castle of Simancas."*

Consequently, Montigny was transported to the citadel of Simancas; and on the 1st of October, a royal decree, dated from the Escorial, ordered the governor of that citadel to remit the condemned to the alcade of Valladolid, who was charged with the execution of the sentence.

Some days previously, Montigny, under a specious pretext,

* Coleccion de Documentos ineditos para la Historia de Espana. Madrid, 1844.

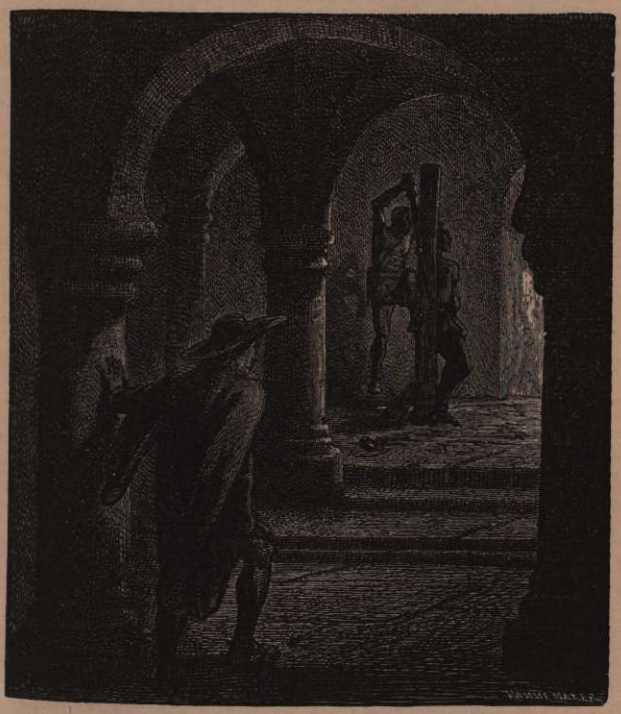
was isolated; his servants were removed; he was no longer permitted to ramble about the castle; he was kept immured in a chamber apart.

A physician from the town of Simancas was summoned to the fortress, and admitted into the secret. He spread abroad a report that the prisoner was ill, and attacked with a malignant fever. The physician visited him several times a day, and made a great display of potions and medicaments appropriate to the disease he had announced. He repeated in the town, that, judging from all appearances, Montigny would die on the seventh day.

MONTIGNY IS INFORMED OF HIS SENTENCE.

All things being thus prepared, and every detail settled beforehand between the alcade of Valladolid and the governor, on Saturday, the 14th of October, between nine and ten o'clock P.M., the alcade was secretly introduced into the citadel with a greffier, and "the person" (so say the royal instructions) "to be employed in carrying out the sentence." They entered the chamber where the prisoner lay asleep. The greffier read to him the decree, and the alcade announced that the king, out of his royal clemency, had mitigated his punishment, by ordering that the execution should not take place in public.

A priest was then introduced, and the prisoner employed himself all Saturday night and Sunday in preparing for death. He gave to the priest a small chain and a locket for his wife. He was allowed to make some final dispositions by letter or will, but on the express condition that he should speak of



MONTIGNY'S EXECUTION.

himself as of a sick man who expected to die of his disease, and that he should not attempt a single allusion to his execution.

Finally, at two o'clock A.M., on Monday, "after he had commended himself to God as long as he willed," the executioner did his office. Immediately afterwards, the greffier and

the headsman set out for Valladolid, whither they arrived before sunrise. The two latter were threatened with death if they ever uttered a word referring to the events which had transpired at Simancas. Were not Philip and his officials like assassins, who endeavour to conceal themselves after a guilty deed?

According to a not unusual custom, the body was enveloped in a monk's frock, which, being clasped at the neck, hid every trace of strangulation. In conformance with the royal in-

FUNERAL OF MONTIGNY.

structions, which had anticipated everything, and regulated the whole with the greatest detail and the strangest minuteness, the obsequies were celebrated solemnly. "Once the execution is over, and the death made public, with every precaution carried out, as recommended, that no one may know it was an act of justice, arrangements will be made for the interment, which is to take place publicly, with moderate pomp, in the order and form usual for persons of the criminal's rank,

with high mass, vigils, and other low masses in reasonable number. Nor will it be inappropriate to attire his servants in mourning." *

Official despatches were written by the government, in which the pretended illness and natural death of Montigny were related. These despatches, being sent to the Duke of Alva, were published by him in the Low Countries. But the king sent him at the same time a confidential communication. He wrote to him with his own hand on the 3rd of November:—"The affair has so well succeeded, that up to the present time everybody believes Montigny died of disease. If he really died in the Christian sentiments to which he gave expression, we may believe, perhaps, that God has had pity on his soul."

This touching solicitude of the executioner for the eternal salvation of his victim did not make him lose sight of the temporal consequences of the affair. His despatch to the Duke of Alva terminates with this significant phrase:—"It remains for you now to see that Montigny's cause is decided as if he had died a natural death, just as that of the Marquis of Berghes was determined." (The reader will understand that the king wished to obtain, by public decree, the confiscation of the estates of the condemned.) "In this way, it seems to me, we shall attain the object proposed to ourselves, since justice will have been done, but rumour and the troublesome consequences of a public execution avoided."

Philip II. evidently was well satisfied with himself. The secret had been cleverly kept. Nevertheless, the public instinct suspected something; a vague belief spread abroad that Montigny had been poisoned. But it is only of late years that

* "Instruction royale à l'alcade de Valladolid" (Royal Instructions to the Alcade of Valladolid).

the entire truth has come to light, through the publication of the secret instructions and confidential despatches. All these documents were carefully collected, and, by the king's order, preserved in the archives of Simancas. It seems as if it were his intention that posterity, at least, should not be ignorant of any circumstance of the sombre tragedy, and that it should commend his clemency, or at least admire his ability.

A ROYAL PROCLAMATION.

# XV.

# The Country of the Cid.

AVILA—ST. THERESA—BURGOS—THE CID.

Bring home the triumph of our victory.

SPENSER.

## XV.

AT the Escorial we met with three young Portuguese who were on their way to France. We engaged in conversation, and in company with them explored the palace. They spoke French with remarkable facility. From what they said, French would appear to be very generally used in Portugal: it is a branch of liberal education, and Government has rendered it even obligatory in many cases. The Portuguese complained, like ourselves, of the gloomy haughtiness of the

Spaniards, and of their inhospitable ways. It is a curious circumstance: the Portuguese and Spaniards belong to the same race, their origin is common, their languages are alike, and yet at the present day they do not resemble each other in any particular. In character, in manners, in intellect, they utterly differ.

The Portuguese have neither the idleness nor the disdainful superciliousness of the Spaniards. They are active and laborious; their manners are gentle and courteous. Their minds are open to modern ideas: they cherish a taste for learning, the desire of progress, and the love of liberty. It seems that the recollection of an odious conquest, and the bitter resentment of a bloody oppression, have stimulated this small people, and preserved them from the vices and misfortunes of their great neighbour. In recovering their independence, they escaped the despotism which has been the ruin of the Spanish monarchy. Do not speak, therefore, of annexing it to Spain. Spain, always inspired with a very lofty idea of its superiority, willingly accepts the project; persuaded that, in crushing Portugal, it would do it a great honour,—

"En le croquant, beaucoup d'honneur."

But Portugal is in no humour to be devoured: and is right. Within its modest boundaries it is free and prosperous, tranquil and happy. In allying itself to Spain—or rather, in allowing Spain to absorb it—it would marry bankruptcy and anarchy.

On quitting the Escorial, we plunge into the Guadarrama. This part of the route is very picturesque. The mountains are covered with pines, maples, and evergreen oaks. We

ascend, and soon a vast horizon is unfolded before us: the eye plunges into profound valley depths, and afar rise the snow-capped peaks of the Sierra.

This country is one of the rudest and wildest in Spain.

A SPANISH PEASANT.

We cross the mountain-chain in its lowest part; but towards the east the ridge bristles with sharp peaks, and is scooped out in abrupt gorges. The population is miserable and half-savage. In many localities these poor people, for want of houses and huts, inhabit burrows in the ground, like the

lairs of wild beasts. The men are tall, lanky, and of an energetic type. Their features are hard and thin ; their glances fierce and suspicious. Generally their only clothing is goats' skins.

Avila is situated on the northern declivity of the Guadarrama : it is the first town in Old Castile. Before the railroad

AVILA.

was laid down, no one visited it. Lost among the mountains, it was almost inaccessible : you could only reach it on *mule-back*—and by such roads ! We may say, without exaggeration, that the iron way, by touching at it, has as it were exhumed and revealed it to tourists. And, in truth, it is worth the trouble. Imagine a town of the thirteenth century, preserved, as we may say, "under glass." Its isolation has left it its ancient physiognomy, its mediæval character.

It seems that, so far as Avila is concerned, Time has stood still: it is now, in the days of Prim and Serrano, what it was in the days of Ferdinand and Isabella.

A lofty wall, pierced with nine gates, and flanked by great towers—some square, and in the Moorish style, others round, with upright pinnacles—forms around it an unbroken line of defence. This aspect of a feudal and warlike city greets you everywhere as you traverse its streets. Wholly built of granite, the town is black and sombre: the houses wear the character of fortresses; at their gates and angles the seignorial escutcheons are sculptured in stone. The windows are provided with massive gratings. The cathedral—naked and austere, half temple, half alcazar—is crowned with pinnacles. At every step we meet with convents, some of which are sumptuous edifices. Some forty years ago about two-and-twenty were counted—monasteries and nunneries—in a town of only four thousand inhabitants.

Avila is the birth-place of St. Theresa. She was born there on the 28th of March 1515, of a rich and noble family. Her father was named Alfonzo Sanchez de Cepedo.

It was a time of ardent faith and romantic exaltation. Chivalry was blended with religion, and every soul in Spain seemed burning with an heroic thirst. When she was ten years of age, Theresa set out one morning with her brother (only four years old!) to seek a crown of martyrdom among the Moors. Brought back to the paternal abode, the two fugitives erected a hermitage in their garden.

As a young girl, Theresa was passionately fond of society and dress. But she still more passionately loved those romances of chivalry to which the whole of Spain was then particularly addicted. She spent the nights, as she tells

us, in their perusal; and, in company with her brother Roderic, she even wrote one.

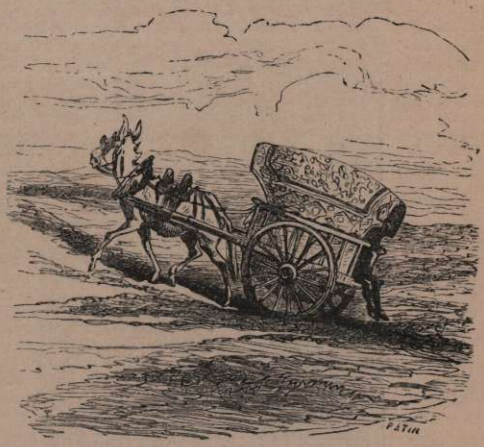
Afflicted at the age of twenty with a terrible nervous malady, tortured for three years by fever and paralysis, she took the resolution of renouncing the world and embracing a religious life. Once, for a while, she relapsed into her former gaieties; but at length she wholly gave herself to God, and thenceforth her life became truly heroic. She imposed upon herself as her mission the reform of the religious house at Carmel, where she had taken the veil. Overwhelmed with infirmities, imprisoned as a vagabond, repulsed by the municipalities and the prelates, she refused to be discouraged. She wrote to Philip II. She struggled against obstacles of every kind with a perseverance, a faith, and a serenity of soul which nothing wearied. Eventually she reorganized the Carmelites of Spain; while St. John of the Cross, inspired by her teaching, reformed the monasteries of the same religious order.

We had had some idea of paying a flying visit to Segovia. The nearest railway-station to that town is at San Chidrian. The maps indicate that from this point a road leads to Segovia; but we had begun to have a sufficient experience of Spain to know how little confidence could be placed in its maps and railway-guides. After careful inquiries we ascertained: 1st, that the station at San Chidrian was simply a wooden barrack, planted in the midst of a desert, and guarded by two melancholy *employés;* 2nd, that the locality so named was a mile and a half to two miles from the town, and that, if we were not prepared to abandon our baggage, we must carry it on our backs, since no vehicle of any kind was at the disposal of travellers; 3rd, that the aforesaid San Chidrian was a

A GATE IN AVILA.

miserable hamlet, where one might well die of famine, and where the only vehicles for hiring (if any) were abominable carts, which would break every bone in our body; and, 4th, and finally, that the road to Segovia was one of the worst in Spain, and for the greater part of its extent traversed the most melancholy wastes of sand imaginable.

These considerations made us reflect; and having reflected, we renounced the excursion to Segovia. If any reader contemplates this tour, his best plan will be to hire a carriage at Madrid, and proceed by the San Ildefonso road.



A VILLAGE CART.

In Segovia itself there is nothing remarkable: formerly rich and prosperous, it is now-a-days poor and silent. The important industry which formerly secured its celebrity, and which seems to have been due to the Moors, is apparently dead. It formerly produced twenty-five thousand pieces of cloth yearly; it now produces scarcely two hundred. The workmen employed formerly numbered fourteen thousand; the whole population of the town does not now exceed six thousand. The objects of interest at Segovia are: its Alcazar, a beautiful Gothic edifice, erected by Alfonzo VI., a portion of which, unfortunately, was some years since destroyed by fire; and especially its Aqueduct, a grand Roman

work, which would also have fallen into ruin long ago if its indestructible materials had not defied both Time and Spanish neglect.

From Avila to Burgos the traveller crosses Old Castile. The land is fertile : even in the deplorable condition into

A STREET IN SEGOVIA.

which Spanish agriculture has fallen, and while extensive areas remain uncultivated, there are few countries in the world which produce so much grain and of such excellent quality. But neither is there any country in the world of a gloomier and sadder appearance. The houses are few : far

beyond the range of vision stretches a bald, bare plain; there are neither trees, hedges, nor bushes. Here and there the ground rises in low hills, with rounded shoulders; at intervals, in the shade of little valleys, a water-course is defined by a thin belt of verdure or a row of willows. For hours you travel without any change occurring in the landscape; it is always the same vast horizon, the same nakedness, the same monotony. And yet you see the country in the most favourable season, and under its most smiling aspect; when the crops cover it almost everywhere with freshness and greenness. But in summer it is a burning desert, like the sands of Africa; in winter, a frozen steppe swept by the fierce northern wind.

It has not always been so stripped and naked. In the reign of Alfonso XI.,—that is, at the beginning of the fourteenth century,—the king hunted the bear and the wild boar in the forests which spread over Castile. It is probable that the prolonged wars against the Moors were one of the causes which led to the disforesting of the district. When a campaign began, both parties set to work to cut down the trees and fire the houses. Even at the present day war in Algeria is conducted on this system. But another and more powerful cause was soon added to the former, and continued its disastrous influence after *it* had terminated. I refer to the *mesta.* By this name is meant, in Spain, the right of pasturage reserved for the herds and flocks of some of the higher nobles. Owing to this exorbitant privilege, which had become a legally-sanctioned institution, innumerable flocks of sheep regularly devastated, twice a year, the pastures of the two Castiles, of Estremadura, and La Mancha: once in spring, retiring to the mountains during the summer months; and

once in autumn, redescending into the plain to pass there the winter.

Under Charles V. and Philip II., the number of these nomadic sheep was estimated at not less than seven to eight millions. The reader, therefore, will easily understand how not only the woods, but even the very shrubs, disappeared before the teeth of these animals. They resembled the Egyptian locusts. Yet an institution so absurd and so disastrous was not abolished until about 1825. But the evil subsists, and centuries will be required for its reparation. Let us add, that it is maintained to-day by the prejudice of the peasantry, who believe that the trees injure their crops by multiplying the birds, and that the birds eat up their grain.

We reached Burgos at ten o'clock in the evening.

Few towns occupy so important a place as Burgos in the history of Spain. It was the first capital of the young national royalty when it emerged from the mountains of the Asturias; and therefore it proudly calls itself *Caput Castillæ, Madre de Reyes, Restauradora de Reinos.*

But, unfortunately, few monuments of its past glory remain. There are extant only some ruins of its old Moorish castle; a gloomy dungeon, stained with many crimes, the witness of many tragedies. Within its walls Alfonzo, surnamed the Wise, put to death his brother Fadrique; and Sancho the Brave, his brother Don Juan. There Pedro the Cruel, when only sixteen years of age, inaugurated his long series of crimes by causing Garcilasso de la Vega, the enemy of his old governor Albuquerque, to be assassinated. Garcilasso was summoned to the palace, one evening, on the king's arrival. He repaired thither next morning, in spite of a

warning received from the queen-mother. As soon as he entered the royal presence he was arrested.

"Then said Garcilasso to the king: 'My lord, in your great mercy, be pleased to allow me a confessor.'

"And he said to Ruy Fernandez de Escobar: 'Ruy Fernandez, my friend, I pray you go to Doña Leonora, my wife, and bring me the papal letter of absolution which she has.'

"And Ruy Fernandez excused himself, saying that he could not do so. And then they brought to him a priest, whom they accidentally met with.

"Garcilasso withdrew towards a small gateway opening on the street, and there began to speak with him of penitence. And the priest afterwards said that at this moment he scanned him carefully to see if he had a knife; but he had not.

"Some moments passed, and the king ordered the huissiers who guarded the prisoner to kill him. They dealt him numerous wounds, until he died.

"And the king ordered that his body should be flung into the street, which was done; and that same day, Sunday, a bull-fight was held on the place where Garcilasso's corpse was lying.

"But no one removed it from thence; and the king saw the body lying on the ground; and as the bulls dashed over it, he ordered it to be placed on a bench, where it remained throughout the day." *

The cathedral of Burgos is very celebrated. It is conspicuous from afar by its two lofty arrowy spires, which bristle with carved work, and are surrounded by a forest of

* Ayala, "Cronica del rey Don Pedro."

pinnacles and bell-turrets of marvellous lightness. Its first appearance is attractive. But when you draw nearer, the effect diminishes. By a singularity which offends, as it seems to me, against all architectural laws, the spires, overloaded with somewhat heavy ornament, are frail in construction, and, so to speak, want *body*. There is a certain indescribable want of proportion or harmony; it seems that in a monument lightness ought to be allied with a certain solidity, a certain amplitude of forms, which is the primary condition of art.

When you enter, it is still worse; the deception is complete. Your memory is full of the enthusiastic descriptions of travellers; you have dreamed of a church in the most beautiful style, one of the marvels of mediæval Christian art. Instead of this, you see an edifice of a composite or rather bastard style, a disagreeable mixture of Decorated and Renaissance Gothic. The structure is deficient in grandeur; the principal nave is mediocre; the two lateral naves are dwarfed. In the midst of the transept rises an aspiring cupola; but its circular pillars, surmounted by cornices, and its Greco-Roman pilasters, do not harmonize well with vaults in ogive. Join to this a profusion of ornaments, mouldings, and sculptures, which fatigues the eye. All this is rich, but all is doubtful taste. To sum up: the cathedral of Burgos appears to me, in majesty of outline, in beauty of *ensemble*, and in purity of style, far inferior to that of Seville, and even to that of the Seo of Saragossa.

After this, you will discover many charming details worthy of your admiration. The high altar, for example, is externally surrounded by sculptures of a marvellous richness. They are prodigies of delicacy, finish, and elegance.

As in all other Spanish cathedrals, an enormous choir obstructs the principal nave. The effect is the more annoying because the church is not very large. It is said that the archbishop, Cardinal Puente, a man of refined taste, was desirous of demolishing this frightful construction. But the chapter opposed an invincible resistance to his revolutionary project, and the archbishop was compelled to renounce it.

In one of the chapels we were shown the famous Christ, which is made of human skin, of skin having absolutely the appearance of parchment. It is besprinkled with numerous spots of blood; and to carry the imitation of nature to an extreme, a wig of false hair is attached to its head, and upon it rests a crown of thorns. A simple wooden cross by the wayside appears to me, I own, far more impressive than this piece of gross and offensive realism.

A fine picture of the "Virgin holding the Child Jesus on her knees" is ascribed to Michel Angelo. Is it really Michel Angelo's? I think it very doubtful, although it possesses some qualities of the first order. We perceive *the claw of the lion.* If the great Florentine artist has not held the brush, he at least must have designed the Virgin's head; it is so elevated and so noble, and the Child is of so austere a divinity.

Let us forget nothing. In traversing one of the sacristies, it is well we should pause before that old oaken chest, strengthened with iron bars, worm-eaten, and half-crumbling into dust, which is attached to the wall. If tradition may be credited, it is the chest which the Cid gave as a pledge, full of sand and stones, to a couple of Jews, from whom he had borrowed a large sum of money. Exiled by the king, the hero sets out: he quits his domain of Bivar, accompanied by

sixty banners. But he must support his comrades. "Then," says the chronicle, "the Cid took aside Martin Antolinez, his nephew, and sent him to Burgos in quest of two Jews, Rachel and Bidos, with whom he had been accustomed to barter his booty; he gave orders that they should repair to his camp. Meanwhile, he took a couple of great iron-bound chests, each furnished with three locks, and so heavy that four men could

THE CID AND THE TWO JEWS.

scarcely lift one of them, even when empty. These he caused to be filled with sand, covering it with gold and precious stones. And when the Jews had come, he told them that they contained a quantity of gold, pearls, and jewels, and that, being unable to carry so heavy a burden with him, he would fain borrow, on the security of these chests, wherewithal he stood in need; adding, with amicable words, that

if he did not pay them at the expiry of a year, they should come and receive the interest. And the Jews lent him three hundred marks of gold and three hundred of silver."

The "Poem of the Cid," the oldest monument of Spanish literature, which many authorities believe to be contemporary, or nearly so, with the Campeador himself, relates this anecdote in nearly the same terms; and it does not say that its hero ever restored to the two Jews the money which he had obtained by his knavish device. It does not even appear that the poet deemed it deserving of censure. At that time, to ransom a Jew was a venial sin; to obtain his money by stratagem, was fair and honest war. Even two centuries later, the deputies of the Castilian communes could ask the royal permission to declare their Jewish creditors bankrupt. But the popular sentiment, at a later time, grew anxious to absolve its hero of a disloyalty. The Romancero relates that the Cid, when he had captured Valencia, ordered that the money he had borrowed should be returned to the two "honoured Jews." And the Cid said: "Pray them in their goodness to forgive me, inasmuch as I did what I did under the pressure of necessity. And though they think the contents of the chest to be sand, the gold of my word was really shut up therein." This last stroke is obviously modern.

Everything in Burgos speaks of the Cid; you meet with his memory at every step. According to the Chronicle, his hereditary fief was that of Bivar, or Vivar; but tradition asserts that Burgos was his birth-place. We *must* believe it, for on a pillar—marking, it is said, the site of his house—is not the following inscription written?—

En este sitio estuvo la casa y nació el año de MXXVI
Rodrigo Díaz de Vivar, llamado el Cid Campeador.

[Upon this site stood the house in which was born, in the year MXXVI (1026), Roderick Diaz de Vivar, surnamed the Cid Campeador.]

There is no greater name than the Cid's in ancient Spain; it is the most brilliant of those which the heroic poetry of the Middle Ages has consecrated. But under this great name is shrouded a singularly complex figure; or, more correctly speaking, there are, in reality, several Cids, whom we must learn not to confound. The Cid of Guilhen de Castro, and of Corneille, does not resemble that of the old romances, nor, especially, that of history.

In truth, little is known of the historical Cid, legend was so soon blended with chronicle. It is even possible (the historical phenomenon is sufficiently frequent) that tradition has assembled round a single name some stories originally distinct, and attributed to one man the great deeds of many. However this may be, this Rodrigo de Bivar,—surnamed "the Cid," or "the Knight," by the Moors, and "Campeador," or "the Fighter," by the Spaniards,—appears to us in those dim shadowy times as a rude, indomitable soldier, violent and choleric, never quitting harness, living only for and upon war; a very independent and haughty vassal, with no more reverence for his God than for his king; wholly indifferent to the banner under which he fought, so that opportunity was afforded him for testing the mettle of his sword, and acquiring a rich booty. It seems, in fact,—and the circumstance, at that epoch, was not unusual among Christian knights,—that his first exploits of arms were made in the service of the Moorish kings, whence came the surname by which he is most generally known.

The Moorish chronicles extol his deeds of prowess against the Count of Barcelona and the son of Ramire.

When the Cid wished to commence a campaign, his heralds made proclamation to all desirous of taking arms and following him. If they accompanied him and survived, they gained a fair share of the spoil; if they fell in battle, they gained absolution for fighting against the infidels. His troop was more particularly employed in *algaras*, or raids in the enemy's country. He never attacked towns which could only be captured by blockade. After each combat, the plunder was thrown into the common stock, and divided. The Cid's share was one fifth; the knights received twice as much as the foot-soldiers.*

This historical Cid, of whom the ancient monuments of the eleventh and twelfth century have preserved but a few traits, we find already aggrandized and softened in the oldest romances. The coarseness of the manners, the rudeness of the characters, the exalted independence of the vassal in presence of his king, the simplicity of sentiment and language, mixed with a barbarous heroism, are still conspicuous, although the legendary recitals already overlay the primitive foundation of history. But the Cid is a better Christian; he has become the hero of national independence, the soldier of faith and fatherland, and the great conqueror of the Moors, who tremble at his name.

The popular imagination continues its work, and from the fourteenth century, in the last poetical efforts of the Romancers, the Cid has ceased to be a man, he has developed into a type. The Spanish nation is, to some extent, personified in

* See the "Poem of the Cid."

this legendary hero. It has made him after its own image, embellished and idealized. It has endowed him with every virtue; has made him the model of Christian knights—faithful to God, to his king, to his ladye-love—devoted to the Virgin and the Saints.

Eventually, the refined poesy of the Renaissance again modifies and improves upon the primitive Cid. The brutal, violent warrior gives place to a truly poetical *hidalgo*, a veritable ideal of nobility and generosity, of loyalty and honour, of courage and gallantry. This is the Cid whom the dramatic poets have brought upon the stage, giving him a language and sentiments completely modern, and, to increase the pathos, inspiring him with a love for Chimène of which no trace can be discovered in the old popular songs.

Of all these various figures, confused under one and the same name, assuredly the most curious, because it is the most real, is—not the historical Cid, of whom we know nothing positive—but the Cid of the ancient chronicles and romances. In these we may see, instead of a conventional and theatrical hero, the physiognomy of a people and an epoch.

In the romances, Rodrigo, prior to the combat in which he slays the count, knows nothing of Chimène. The mutual love, already inspired between the young hero and the young beauty—the union projected, but suddenly broken up by the insult offered to Don Diego—the heroical struggle which takes place in their souls between love and duty,—all this is the invention of the modern poet; an admirable invention, let us own, for it has created one of the most beautiful and pathetic "situations" on the French stage, and alone renders supportable the *dénouement* of Corneille's famous drama.

But in the twelfth century these delicate touches did not exist, and in the Romancero, neither Roderigo nor Chimène manifests the sentiments which, from our point of view, are so noble and exalted. In the old days men did not rank honour so high as we are now disposed to rank it. Honour, to Roderigo, consisted simply in satisfying his vengeance on the count and all belonging to him; to Chimène, in obtaining satisfaction for the wrong which Roderigo had done her by killing her father.

Listen to the complaint which Chimène addresses to the king:—

> "O king, I live in grief. Each day which shines,
> The man I see who my dear father slew,
> Reining his fiery steed, while on his wrist
> The tassel-gentle perches. Keener wrong
> He seeks to inflict upon my suffering soul,
> And flies his falcon at my snow-white dove,
> With whose pure blood he stains my flowing robe.....
> Even at my very feet he killed my page.....
> Now sure I am that he who wears the crown,
> And yet denies me justice, should not reign,
> Nor ever more should mount his gallant steed,
> Nor ever more should don his spurs of gold."

Of what does Chimène complain? Not that Roderigo has slain the count. No; Roderigo avenged the injury done to his father; it was his duty. The fight was fair; blood had washed out the stain; God had pronounced judgment by the sword. Chimène bewails the insults and the injuries inflicted on herself and her attendants.

> "For if my father outrage did to his,
> Right well has he avenged the wrong, and so
> His honour should be satisfied. Sir king,
> Permit him not to work me further ill,
> For every outrage that he offers me
> Is as an outrage offered to thy crown."

The king is much embarrassed. He would fain be just, but he dares not.

> "Oh, that the Lord of Heaven would strengthen me!
> If I arrest the Cid, or have him slain,
> My parliament will break out in revolt;
> And yet if justice I refuse, our God
> Will surely ask the reason."

Meanwhile the renown of Roderigo has spread far and wide. He has conquered five Moorish kings, who have owned themselves his vassals. Chimène returns to the royal court at Burgos. Kneeling before the king, she cries:—

> "'I am Chimène, the daughter of Don Gomez,—
> Don Gomez, Count of Gormaz,—whom the knight,
> Don Roderigo of Bivar, has slain.
> I come to thee, and at thy knees I bend,
> And pray that thou wilt grant me grace this day,—
> And give me for a husband Roderigo.
> Then shall I think myself a happy bride,
> For well I know he doughty deeds will do,
> And greatly will his fame extend, until
> Throughout your realm he ranks the prowest knight.'
> The king was pleased to grant the lady's prayer,
> And sent his messengers, and bade the Cid
> Attend him at his court. And Roderigo,
> When he the royal summons heard, made haste,
> And mounted Babieça."

I confess that this Chimène is much less exalted than the heroine of Corneille's famous drama. In reference to this very point one of the romances hazards a satirical flight.

> "Then spake the king. Now, mark ye what he spake:—
> 'Long have I heard it said,—and now I know
> The saying to be true,—that woman is
> Of all God's creatures strangest! Hitherto
> Chimène demanded justice,—ever justice,—
> And now she fain would wed her former foe.'"

Do not let us rail too much, however, at Chimène, and, above all, do not let us judge her from a modern point of view. Chimène, her father dead, is left without a protector. In a barbarous country, where brigandage and crime prevail, a fatherless maiden is exposed to the insults and robberies of her neighbours. The weak can live only when protected by the strong. Roderigo has made her an orphan, and it is Roderigo who must take her father's place; Roderigo, the most valiant warrior of Castile, must be her defender.

Such was the simple idea of the age in which she lived. And the romance, at a fitting place, expresses this idea in a noble and affecting manner. When the espousals are being celebrated, and he gives his hand to Chimène, and kisses her, Roderigo, looking at her with deep emotion, says:—

> "Chimène! I slew thy father, but, I swear,
> In fair and open battle. Man to man,
> I killed him, to avenge a bitter wrong.
> A man I killed, a man I give to thee;
> Henceforth, I place myself at thy dispose,
> And in the place of thy dead sire thou hast
> A living husband, and a knight of fame."

Everywhere in the old poem the Cid bears the same violent and contentious character. He visits Rome; with all devotion he kisses the pope's hand. But in the church of St. Peter, seeing the throne of the French king placed above that of the king of Spain, he kicks it down. The Duke of Savoy reproaches him, and boasts of the power of the French sovereign. Roderigo replies:—

> "'Leave thou the kings alone, sir duke, and if
> Thou feelest hurt, avenge thyself on me.'"

The chronicle continues:—

"Now when the pope heard of this naughty deed,
The Cid he excommunicate; but he,
All humbly kneeling at his feet, exclaimed,
'Father, absolve me, for thou must repent
Thyself of what thou hast done.' The kindly pope,
With heart of pity, answered: 'I absolve;
But henceforth, Roderigo, in my court
Be thou a prudent and a polished knight.'"

If Roderigo shows such scant respect for the Holy Father, we need not be astonished that on occasion he treats his king with equal lack of courtesy. Alfonzo was accused, by the voice of rumour, of having caused his brother, Don Sancho of Castile, to be assassinated before Zamora, in order that he might succeed to his crown. He arrives from Toledo to be proclaimed at Burgos by the assembly of *ricos-hombres*. But, previously, he is summoned by the Cid to clear himself from the suspicion which weighs so heavily upon him, by taking, he and twelve of his knights, the judicatory oath. The scene is really beautiful.

"When the day came, and in the holy church
Of Sainte-Gadée, the king his oath would swear,
Then in his hands the Cid the gospel took,
And placed it on the altar. Next his Grace
Upon the sacred volume stretched his hands,
And listened while the Cid close questioned him:—
'King Don Alfonzo, thou dost come, to swear,
Touching the death of Sancho, late our chief,
That thou hadst neither art nor part in it;
Say, then, "I swear it," thou and all thy knights.'
And the Cid added: 'If the crime were done,
Or with thy knowledge, or at thy command,
Mayest thou the death of Sancho surely die!
And mayest thou perish by a varlet's hand,
And not by knight's or noble's! Mayest thou fall
Not by a dagger, but by villain's knife!'
To this the king, and those who sware with him,
Replied, 'Amen!'"*

* Cronica del Cid, c. lxxviii., lxxix.

We continue our extracts.

"And the Cid willed that thrice the king should swear
This solemn oath. And, on the second time,
The king changed colour. On the third, he waxed
Full wroth against the Cid. 'Thou hast done ill,'
He said, with altered voice,—'thou hast done ill,
For thou, in sign of homage, soon must kiss
Thy sovereign's hand.' Out spake the haughty Cid:
'To kiss a monarch's hand is for the Cid
No honour!'—'Shameful knight, I banish thee
From forth my realm, nor come thou back again
Until a year has numbered all its days.'
'Be it so,' said the Cid, 'and much I joy
That this should be thy first command, O king.
Thou for a year may banish me, but I
Myself will exile for another three!'"*

As a contrast to these traits of harsh and haughty manners, the romances of the Cid contain some pictures of exquisite grace and simplicity. I will cite but one example.

Chimène, in her castle at Burgos, pines after Roderigo, who is away at the wars. Many months have passed since he quitted her; she is pregnant, expects her immediate confinement, and is deeply grieved that her husband does not return. She writes to the king, Don Ferdinand:—

"To thee, my lord, the happy, good, and great,—
Chimène, thy servant, Count Locano's daughter,—
To whom a husband thou didst give that thou
Might mock at her,—sends humble salutation
From ancient Burgos, where in grief she pines:
May Heaven crown all thy projects with success!
"But by what law divine dost thou so long
Husband and wife dissever, through thy wars?
And why dost thou detain my gallant Cid,
Both day and night, for weary, weary months.
Nor leave him to me, save by some poor chance,
Once in a year?

* Romancero du Cid.

"And then, that once! With blood
He comes so covered that the sight is sorry!
And as he sleeps, locked in my fond embrace,
He stirs and quivers in his dreams—his mind
Still bent upon the battle! Dawn appears,
And spies and messengers at once begin
With urgent words to hurry him away,
Away from me, and back to War's red scene.
"And now I ask him from you with hot tears,
For in my reveries I think I own
A father and a husband; lo, I wake,
And neither is beside me! As I have
No other wealth, and you have torn me from him,
I weep him living e'en as he was dead!".....

The king's answer is charming. I regret that I cannot quote the whole of it:—

"To thee, Chimène the noble, and the wife
Of husband envied much. The king who ne'er
Found in thee aught of ill, his greeting sends,
In proof he loves thee truly.
Yet thou say'st
I am a wicked king, who parts in twain
Those whom the Church hath joined, and, selfishly,
Care little for thy griefs. Now, hadst thou learned
That I for my amours had carried off
Thy husband, thou hadst had full cause for plaint;
But since 'tis only that I claim his sword
To battle 'gainst the Moors, I wrong thee not.
Had I not placed my soldiers in his charge,
A simple lady hadst thou still remained,
And he, plain gentleman!
For what thou sayest
Of his bad sleeping, lady fair, I know not
How I the tale may credit!.....
If the Cid
Be absent when thou first art brought to bed,
It matters not, for thou shalt have thy king,
And noble gifts I promise to the child
Whom thou shalt bear. For if he be a son,
Two thousand maravedis, and a horse,
And sword I'll give him; if a daughter, she
Shall for her dowry forty golden marks
Receive, the day she's born."

Not at Burgos, but, it is said, at San Pedro de Cardeña, in a monastery built upon his own estate, the Cid was buried. So great was his renown that, after his death, the popular piety invoked him almost as a saint. The story runs, that he worked many miracles, and that he kept constant watch, clad in full armour, at the bottom of his tomb. He was seated in his chair, "the invincible conqueror of the Moors and Christians." His great white beard descended to his breast; his valiant sword Tizona hung by his side. He did not seem to be dead, but alive. One day a Jew, finding himself alone in the church, exclaimed, "This, then, is the much-lauded Cid. They say that in his lifetime no one durst touch his beard. Well, I will touch it now, and take it in my hand."

The Jew stretched out his hand; but before it profaned the hero's beard, the great Cid had grasped his sword Tizona, and drawn it three inches out of its sheath. So terrified was the Jew, that he fell back headlong in a swoon. Recovering himself, he was converted, and spent the remainder of his days like a good Christian.

I did not go, however, to San Pedro de Cardeña, which is three leagues distant from Burgos. For what purpose should I have visited it? *Cui bono?* The good Cid watches no longer in the shadows of his tomb. The sepulchre is empty, and the convent deserted. The hero's bones have been removed to Burgos, and deposited under the paltry pillar of which I have spoken, and whose inscription I have recorded. The gods have willed it!.....

We contented ourselves with visiting, at a few miles from the city, the Carthusian convent of Miraflores. Founded by King Don Juan II. of Castile, it was completed by his daughter, Isabella the Great, who employed two German

architects, John and Simon of Cologne. She erected within its precincts the mausoleums of John II., his wife Isabella of Portugal, and their son, Don Alfonzo. These tombs, of white marble, placed in the centre of the choir, are decorated with exquisite sculpture. The statues of the king and queen, recumbent on the monument, wear a calm and gentle expression. On the four fronts, and at the angles, are grouped various statuettes of evangelists, angels, doctors, monks, connected by delicate arabesque work and foliage. Anything more graceful and polished it is difficult to imagine. It is the art of the Renaissance under its most attractive aspect. The only censure one can essay is, that perhaps the ornament is in excess. The multiplicity of the details somewhat affect the grandeur of the whole. I should prefer more grandeur and sobriety.

We traversed the cloister. It is abandoned; the damp walls are covered with patches of green moss. Grass grows between the stones of the pavement. The patio resembles an uncultivated field, and has been invaded by brambles and nettles. All is dreary and desolate. One asks oneself why the few poor Carthusians who inhabited the convent were not left to die in peace? at all events, they did keep alight the lamp before the altar of the chapel. Only one was exempted from the proscription, and suffered to remain—a poor old man, who, undoubtedly, was formerly the convent-porter, and who guided us through the desolate and echoing courts. A living relic of the past, he wandered like a shadow among the ruins.

Our day at Burgos was the last day which we spent in Spain. On the morrow we took our places in the train, not to descend again until we set foot on the soil of our beloved France.

At a short distance beyond Burgos, in this direction, the country changes; the plains of Castile terminate; you see the Biscayan mountains raising their foremost summits on the horizon. At Pancorvo, they throw one of their spurs across the route. It seems as if the locomotive were about to dash its head against the impregnable wall. But we turn aside abruptly, and a breach opens in the mountain; it appears to have been split in twain by a cataclysm. To the right and left rise two lofty *aiguilles*, planted there like the pillars of a gigantic archway. Through the cutting dashes a torrent; above the torrent, passes the royal road; and above the road, sweeps the railway.

Beyond this wild and picturesque ravine a smiling landscape is unfolded, composed of graceful valleys filled with vigorous vegetation. On their sloping sides, and on the banks of the streams, are small towns and numerous villages —the houses brown, with sombre roofs, and belfries shaped like turrets. The soil is carefully cultivated; the trees reappear; vigorous oaks cover the higher grounds; fruit trees clothe the gentler declivities, and fill the vales with bloom. You have entered the Basque provinces.

In the centre of a vast plain, of the richest and most agreeable aspect, with a grand mountain-horizon, blue and vaporous, rises, on a modest eminence, the pretty little town of Vittoria. On leaving it behind us, we begin to climb the southern declivities of the Pyrenees as far as Alsasua. Thence it looks as if the train would dash headlong towards the ocean. We descend from an elevation of two thousand feet with a dizzying rapidity, sometimes under ground, sometimes on the brink of abysses.

At eight o'clock in the evening the train halts. The rail-

way officials cry, "Hendaye! Hendaye!" We are in France.

It was not without feelings of gratification that I stood once more on my native soil; and I was tempted to exclaim, like our ancestors, when they returned from a distant pilgrimage, "Health, sweet land of France!" Everything appeared to me smiling and agreeable; the railway employés were polished; the gendarmes had a paternal air; even the very custom-house officers (*douaniers*) seemed to me affable. Spain, nevertheless, is very good! But, I must own, the Spaniards have somewhat spoiled it; and, thanks to them, I return more persuaded than ever of the truth of the adage, that we always learn something by travelling, if it be only to love better our own country.


"HOME AT LAST."

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