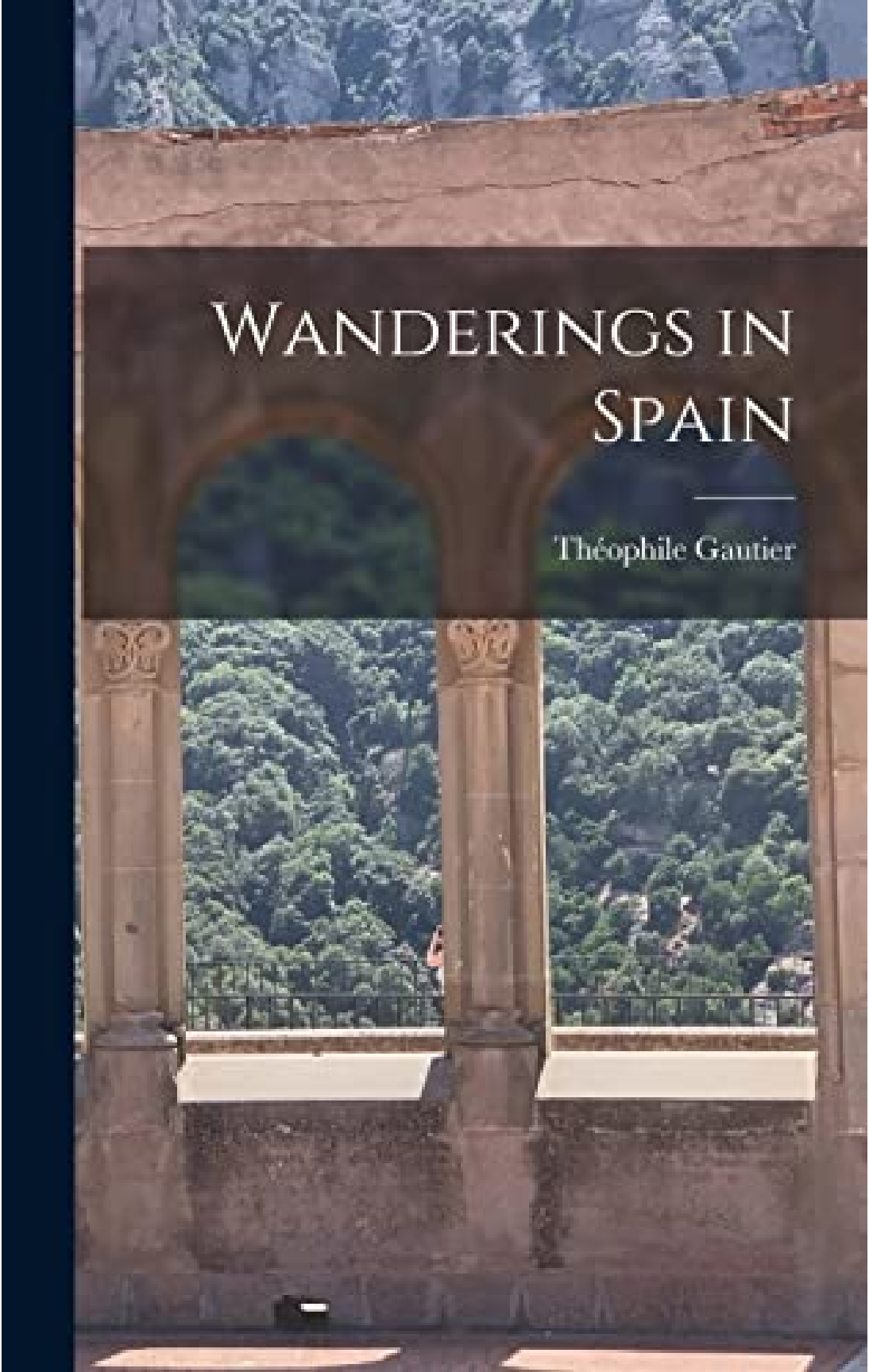

Wanderings in Spain
Théophile Gautier

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More detail can be found at the end of the book.

WANDERINGS IN SPAIN.

BY

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.





BRIDGE OF IRUN.

With numerous Engravings.

LONDON:
INGRAM, COOKE, AND CO.
MDCCCLIII.

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WANDERINGS IN SPAIN,

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CHAPTER I.

FROM PARIS TO BORDEAUX.

Departure from Paris—Subterranean Dwellings—Château-Regnault—Tours—Châtellerault—Angoulême—The *Landes*—Cubzac—Bordeaux—The Theatre—The Cathedral—St. Michael's Tower—Mummified Corpses—the Museum.



A few weeks ago (April, 1840), I happened, in an

off-hand manner, to give utterance to the following phrase:—"I should like to go to Spain." Five or six days afterwards, my friends had suppressed the prudent "I should like," with which I had qualified my wish, and had told every one who chose to listen that I was about to undertake a trip to Spain. This positive formula was soon followed by the interrogation, "When do you set out?" while I, without thinking of the obligation under which I was placing myself, replied, "In a week." At the end of the week people began to manifest some astonishment at seeing me still in Paris. "I thought you were at Madrid," said one. "What! come back?" asked another. I saw at once that I owed my friends an absence of several months, and that I must pay the debt with the least possible delay, unless I wished to be mercilessly pursued, without a moment's respite, by my obliging creditors. The lobbies of the theatres, the various asphaltic and bituminous pavements of the Boulevards, were to me forbidden luxuries for the time being. All I could obtain was the grace of three or four days, and on the 5th of May I commenced relieving my native land of my importunate presence, by scrambling into the Bordeaux diligence.

I shall pass very rapidly over the first few posts, which possess nothing worthy of observation. Right and left stretch all kinds of crops, streaked like tiger or zebra skins, and bearing a most satisfactory resemblance to a tailor's book, in which are pasted his various specimens of trowsers and waistcoat patterns. Although these kinds of views are productive of great delight to farmers, landlords, and other worthies of a similar stamp, they afford but meagre entertainment to the enthusiastic and graphic traveller, who, spy-glass in hand, sets out to note the

peculiarities of the universe in the same manner as a police agent does those of an individual. Having left Paris in the evening, my first impressions, after passing Versailles, are but so many feeble sketches *stumped in* by the hand of Night. I regret that I passed through Chartres without being able to see its cathedral.

Between Vendôme and Château-Regnault, which is pronounced *Chtrnô* in the language of the postilions, so well imitated by Henri Monnier in his sketch of the "Diligence," there rise a number of well-wooded hills, where the inhabitants dig their houses out of the living rock, and live under ground, after the fashion of the ancient Troglodytes. The stone obtained from these excavations they sell, so that each house thus scooped out produces another *en relief*, like a plaster figure taken out of a mould, or a tower dragged out of a well. The chimney, which is a long passage hammered through the rock, ends at the surface, so that the smoke ascends from the ground itself in bluish spirals, and without any visible cause, exactly as if it proceeded from a sulphur mine, or from some volcano. A facetious traveller would not experience the slightest difficulty in throwing stones into the omelets of this cryptic population, and the rabbits, if they are ever absent or short-sighted, must certainly fall, very often, all alive, into the saucepans. By constructing houses on this principle, the trouble of going down into the cellar to fetch your wine is entirely avoided.

Château-Regnault is a small town built upon a number of serpentine and rapid declivities, bordered by ill-pitched and tottering houses, which appear to lean against one another to keep themselves upright. A large round tower, situated upon the talus of some

old fortifications, enveloped here and there in green patches of ivy, redeems, to a certain extent, the appearance of the town. From Château-Regnault to Tours there is nothing remarkable. Earth in the middle, and trees on each side, forming those long yellow bands, which lose themselves in the distance, and which, in the language of the wagoners, are termed *rubans de queue*, are all that is to be seen: then, on a sudden, the road dives down a couple of pretty steep hills, and in a few minutes you perceive the town of Tours, rendered famous by its prunes, Rabelais, and de Balzac.

The Bridge of Tours is very celebrated, and possesses in itself nothing exceedingly remarkable; but the appearance of the town is lovely. On my arrival, the sky, with a few flakes of snow floating negligently over its surface, was tinged with the sweetest blue; a white line, similar to that traced by a diamond upon glass, cut the limpid surface of the Loire, and was formed by a tiny cascade proceeding from one of the sand-banks so frequent in the bed of this river. In the clear air, Saint Gatien reared its brown profile and Gothic spires, ornamented with balls and roundings similar to those of the steeples of the Kremlin, giving to the city a most romantically Muscovite air; a few other towers and spires, belonging to churches the names of which I do not know, completed the picture; while numerous vessels, with their white sails, floated, like so many sleeping swans, upon the azure bosom of the stream. I should have liked to have paid a visit to the house of Tristan l'Ermite, the terrible gossip of Louis XI., which is still in a marvellous state of preservation, with its horribly significant ornaments, composed of coils of rope, entwined with other instruments of torture; but I had not time; I was obliged to content

myself with the *Grande Rue*, which must be the pride of the inhabitants of Tours, and which aspires to the rank of another *Rue de Rivoli*.

Châtellerault, which enjoys a high reputation for the article of cutlery, possesses nothing particular except a bridge, ornamented at each extremity with old towers, which present a most charmingly feudal and romantic appearance. As for its manufactory of arms, it is a large white mass, with a multitude of windows. Of Poitiers, having passed through it in a beating rain, and a night as dark as pitch, I can say nothing, except that it is paved in the most execrable manner possible.

At break of day, the coach was traversing a country wooded with trees of an apple green planted in a soil of the brightest red, and producing a very singular effect. The houses were covered with tiles ridged after the Italian fashion; these tiles, too, were staring red, a colour which appears very strange to eyes accustomed to the brown and sooty roofs of the houses of Paris. From a piece of eccentricity, of which I forget the motive, the builders of those parts commence at the roofs of the houses; the walls and foundations follow. They place the framework upon four strong beams, and the tilers perform their portion of the work before the masons.

It is about this spot that the long orgy of stone commences, which ends only at Bordeaux. The smallest hut, without doors or windows, is of stone; the walls of the gardens are formed of large blocks placed one above the other without mortar; along the road, by the side of the doors, you perceive enormous heaps of superb stone, with which it would be easy, at a trifling expense, to build new *Chenonceaux* and Alhambras. The inhabitants,

however, are contented with piling them in squares, and surmounting the whole with a cover of red or yellow tiles, the different forms of which compose a festoon of a tolerably graceful effect.

The town of Angoulême, queerly perched on an extremely steep hill, at the foot of which the Charente turns two or three babbling mills, is built in the same manner. It has a kind of second-hand Italian look, which is increased still more by the thick masses of trees which crown its rugged eminences, and a tall parasol-shaped pine, like those of the Roman villas. An old tower, which, if my memory does not deceive me, is surmounted by a telegraph (many old towers have been saved by a telegraph), imparts a tone of severity to the general aspect of the town, and renders it a tolerably imposing object on the edge of the horizon. While toiling up the ascent, I remarked a house daubed externally with rude frescoes representing something like Bacchus, Neptune, or perhaps Napoleon. As the artist forgot to paint the name underneath, every supposition is admissible and capable of being defended.

As yet, I confess that an excursion to Romainville or Pantin would have been quite as picturesque. Nothing can be more flat, more inane, more insipid, than these interminable strips of ground, similar to the little bands with which lithographers enclose all the Boulevards of Paris in one sheet of paper. Hedges of hawthorn and consumptive-looking elms, consumptive-looking elms and hedges of hawthorn, with, a little further on, a row of poplars, resembling a number of green feathers stuck in a flat soil, or perhaps a solitary willow, with its deformed trunk and powdered wig, compose the landscape; while,

for figures, you have that of some *pionnier*, or *cantonnier*, as sunburnt as a Moor, leaning upon the handle of his long hammer as he looks at you pass by, or else some poor soldier rejoining his regiment, and sweating and staggering under his harness. Beyond Angoulême, however, the physiognomy of the soil changes, and you begin to feel that you are at a certain distance from the suburbs of the Capital.

It is on leaving the Department of the Charente that the traveller meets with the first of the *Landes*, those monster patches of grey, violet, and bluish land, diversified with undulations of various depths. A kind of short and scanty moss, red-tinged heather, and some dwarf broom compose all the vegetation. The desolation is that of the Egyptian Thebaid, and every minute you expect to see a file of dromedaries and camels; it seems as if the spot had never been pressed by the foot of man.

After traversing the *Landes*, you enter a tolerably picturesque region. Here and there along the road are groups of houses, concealed like birds' nests in the thickets. These houses remind one of the pictures of Hobbema, with their large roofs, their walls over-run with wild vine, their well-grown wondering-eyed oxen and their poultry foraging on the dung-hills. All the houses, by the way, as well as the garden walls, are built of stone. On every side are to be seen the beginning of buildings afterwards abandoned out of pure caprice, and recommenced a few paces further on. The inhabitants almost resemble children when they get a birthday present of a "box of bricks," with which, by the aid of a certain number of square-cut pieces of wood, all sorts of edifices may be constructed. They unroof their houses, remove the stones, and with the very same ones build another

edifice of a totally different character. On the road-side are blooming gardens, surrounded by fine trees with beautifully fresh foliage, and variegated with peas in blossom, daisies, and roses; the eye at the same time roaming over meadows, where the cows are almost hidden by the grass which reaches to their breasts. A cross path all redolent of hawthorn and eglantine, a group of trees, beneath which is seen an empty wagon, a country-girl or two, with their spreading caps like the turban of the Turkish Ulemas, and with their narrow yellow skirts, offer a thousand little unexpected details which charm the eye and diversify the route. By slightly glazing the scarlet tint of the roofs with a little bitumen, you might think yourself in Normandy. Flers and Cabat would here find pictures ready made to their hand. It is about this latitude that the "*berets*" begin to show themselves. They are all blue, and the elegance of their form is greatly superior to that of the hat.

Hereabouts, too, the first vehicles drawn by oxen are to be met with. These wagons have rather a Homeric and primitive appearance. The oxen are harnessed by the head to a common yoke covered with a small head-piece of sheepskin. They have a mild, grave, and resigned look, which is pre-eminently sculptural, and worthy of the Elginetic bas-reliefs.

Most of them wear a covering of white cloth, which serves as a protection against the flies and other insects. Nothing is more singular than to see these oxen, dressed *en chemises*, raise towards you their humid and lustrous muzzles and their large deep blue eyes, which the Greeks, who were certainly judges of beauty, thought sufficiently remarkable to furnish the sacramental epithet of

Juno—*Boopis Ere*.

A marriage, which happened to be in course of celebration at an inn, afforded me an opportunity of seeing some of the natives of these parts assembled together; for in a distance of more than a hundred leagues I had not perceived ten persons. These said natives are excessively ugly, especially the women: there is no difference between the old and the young ones; a countrywoman of five and twenty is as haggard and wrinkled as one of sixty. The little girls wear caps quite as developed as those of their grandmothers, which makes them look like the Turkish boys in Decamp's sketches, with their enormous heads and slender bodies. In the stable of the inn I saw a huge black he-goat, with immense twisted horns and glaring yellow eyes. He had a hyper-diabolic appearance, and would, in the middle ages, have made a most worthy president at a witches' sabbath.

Evening was beginning to set in when we arrived at Cubzac. Formerly the Dordogne used to be traversed in a ferry-boat, but the breadth and rapidity of the stream rendered the passage dangerous, and the boat is, at present, replaced by a suspension bridge of the most daring construction. It is well known that I am no very great admirer of modern innovations, but this bridge is really a work worthy of Egypt or of Rome for its colossal dimensions and the grandeur of its appearance. Piers formed by a succession of arches, which gradually increase in height, lead to the suspended platform, beneath which vessels can pass in full sail, as they did between the legs of the Colossus of Rhodes. Tower-shaped buildings of cast iron, with openings to render them lighter, serve as supports to the iron

chains, which are crossed with a most skilfully calculated symmetry of resistance, and which stand out against the background of the sky with the fineness and delicacy of a spider's web, thereby adding still more to the wonderful effect of the whole. Two obelisks of cast iron are placed at each end, as if before the peristyle of some Theban monument, and form a kind of ornament not at all out of place; for the gigantic architectural genius of the Pharaohs would not be ashamed to own the Bridge of Cubzac. It requires thirteen minutes, watch in hand, to cross it.

Two or three hours afterwards, the lamps of the Bridge of Bordeaux, another, although less striking wonder, were gleaming at a distance which my appetite could have wished considerably shorter, for speed in travelling is always bought at the expense of the stomach. After having exhausted all our sticks of chocolate, biscuits, and the other ordinary provisions for a journey, we began to entertain slightly cannibal ideas. My companions looked on me with famishing eyes, and if we had had another stage, we should have renewed the horrors of the raft of the Medusa, and eaten our braces, the soles of our boots, and our Gibus hats, besides all the other articles in request among shipwrecked individuals, who digest this kind of food in the most satisfactory fashion.



BORDEAUX

On leaving the diligence, you are assailed by a crowd of porters, who take possession of your luggage at the rate of twenty to each pair of boots. This is usual enough, but the most ridiculous part of the business is the kind of gaolers stationed by the hotel proprietors, as vedettes, to seize upon the traveller as he goes along. All these wretches cry themselves hoarse and create a confusion equal to that of the Tower of Babel, by their long litanies of praise and abuse. One catches hold of your arm, another of your leg, a third of the tail of your coat, a fourth of the button of your paletôt. "Come to the Hotel of Nantes, sir; you will find everything very comfortable there." "Don't go there, sir; its real name is the Hotel of Bugs," immediately replies the representative of a rival establishment. "Hôtel de France," "Hôtel de Rouen," holla the crew, pursuing you with their vociferations. "They never clean their saucepans, sir; they cook all their dishes with lard. The rain comes through into their rooms; you will be robbed, plundered, assassinated." Each one endeavours to disgust you with every place but his own, and the band never leaves you until you enter, definitively, one particular hotel. They then quarrel

among themselves, exchange blows, call each other thieves, robbers, and other epithets of the like description, and finish by hastening away in pursuit of fresh prey.

Bordeaux resembles very closely Versailles in the style of its buildings. The same idea of surpassing Paris in magnificence is very manifest. The streets are broader, the houses larger, the rooms higher. The dimensions of the theatre are enormous. It looks like the Odéon melted down into the Bourse. But it is in vain that the inhabitants endeavour to fill their city. They exert themselves to the utmost to appear numerous, but all their meridional turbulence is not sufficient to people their disproportioned structures. The lofty windows have rarely any curtains, and the melancholy grass grows in the immense court-yards. The *grisettes* and the women of the lower orders, who are really very pretty, lend animation to the place. Almost all have a Grecian nose, flat cheek bones, and large black eyes placed in a pale oval face of the most pleasing kind. Their head-dress is very original, being composed of a bright coloured silk handkerchief, worn after the Creole fashion, very far back, and confining their hair, which falls rather low down upon their neck. The remainder of their costume consists of a large straight shawl descending to their heels, and a print gown with long folds. These women are quick and lively in their movements, and possess a supple, well-formed, and naturally delicate figure. They carry upon their heads their baskets, parcels, and water-jugs, which, I may mention by way of parenthesis, are of the most elegant form. With their *amphora* on their head, and the long folds of their dress, they might be taken for Greek girls, or the princess Nausicaa going to the fountain.

The Cathedral, built by the English, is rather fine; the portal contains statues of bishops as large as life, executed in a much more natural and careful style than the ordinary Gothic statues, which are handled like *arabesques*, and completely sacrificed to the exigencies of the architect. On visiting the church, I saw, placed against the wall, the magnificent copy of Christ Scourged, by Riesener, after Titian: it is waiting for a frame.

From the Cathedral, my companion and myself proceeded to the Tower of St. Michael, where there is a vault which possesses the power of mummifying the bodies placed there. The lowest story of the tower is inhabited by the keeper and his family, who cook their victuals at the entrance of the cavern, and live on a footing of the most intimate familiarity with their frightful neighbours. The man took a lantern, and we descended by the worn steps of a winding staircase into the funeral vault. The corpses, about forty in number, are placed around the vault, with their backs against the wall. This upright position, so different from the general horizontal posture of the dead, gives them a horribly phantom-like appearance of life, especially in the yellow and flickering light of the lantern, which oscillates in the hand of the guide, and causes the shadows to change their place every instant. The imagination of poets and painters has never produced a more horrible nightmare; the most monstrous caprices of Goya, the raving productions of Louis Boulanger, the diabolical creations of Callot and of Teniers, are nothing in comparison, and all the most fantastic writers of ballads are here surpassed. Never did more abominable spectres rise from out the night of a German mind. They are worthy of figuring at the midnight orgies of the Brocken with the witches of

Faust. Their faces are distorted and grinning; their skulls have half the flesh peeled off; their sides gape open, exposing, through the grating of their ribs, their lungs, dried and shrivelled up like sponge. In one instance the flesh has crumbled into dust, and the bones protrude; in another, the parchment skin, no longer sustained by the fibres of the cellular tissue, floats round the corpse like a second windingsheet. Not one of the heads possesses that impassible calmness which death imparts, as a last seal, to those whom it touches. Their mouths gape frightfully, as if drawn asunder by the immeasurable weariness of eternity, or grin with the sardonic grin of Nothingness which laughs life to scorn. Their jaws are dislocated, and the muscles of the neck swollen. Their fists are furiously clenched, and their spines writhe in the contortions of despair. They appear enraged at being moved from their tombs, and troubled in their sleep by the curiosity of the profane.

The keeper pointed out to us a general killed in a duel; the wound, like a large blue lipped mouth laughing in his side, is distinctly visible;—a porter who expired suddenly while lifting an enormous burden;—a negress, who is not much blacker than her white sisters near her;—a woman with all her teeth, and with her tongue almost fresh;—a family poisoned with mushrooms;—and, as a crowning horror, a little boy who, to all appearance, must have been interred alive. This figure is sublime with pain and despair; never was the expression of human suffering carried to a greater extent. The nails are buried in the palms of the hands; the nerves are stretched like the strings of a violin over the bridge; the knees form convulsive angles; and the head is violently thrown back. The poor child, by an

extraordinary effort, must have turned round in his coffin.

The place where these corpses are assembled is a low-roofed vault. The soil, which is of suspicious elasticity, is composed of human detritus, fifteen feet deep. In the middle is raised a pyramid of remains in a tolerable state of preservation. These mummies emit a faint and earthy smell, more disagreeable than the acrid perfumes of bitumen and Egyptian natron. Some of the bodies have been in their present abode two or three hundred years, while others have been placed there sixty years only: the cloth of their shrouds or winding-sheets is yet in a tolerably perfect condition.

On leaving the cavern, we proceeded to view the belfry, composed of two towers, united at the summit by a balcony of a most original and picturesque design. We afterwards went to the Church of Sainte-Croix, next to the *Hospice des Vieillards*.

The portal is enriched with a multitude of groups, which rather boldly carry out the command: *Crescite et multiplicamini*. Fortunately the flowery and tufted arabesques soften whatever degree of eccentricity this method of rendering the text of Holy Writ might otherwise possess.

The Museum, which is situated in the magnificent Mansion-house, contains a fine collection of plaster casts and a great number of remarkable pictures; among others, two small canvasses of Bega, which are two pearls of inestimable value: they unite the warmth and freedom of Adrien Brauwer with the delicacy and the peculiarity of Teniers. There are also some extremely delicate specimens of Ostade, some of the most quaint and fantastic creations of

Tiepolo, some Jordaens, some Van Dycks, and a Gothic painting, which must be by Ghirlandajo or Fiesole. The Museum at Paris possesses nothing in the way of Middle Age art which is worth it; it is impossible, however, for the pictures to be hung with less taste and discrimination; the best places are occupied by enormous daubs of the modern school, contemporary with Guérin and Lethiers.

The port is crowded with vessels of all nations and every burden. In the haze of twilight, they might be taken for a multitude of floating cathedrals—for nothing more resembles a church than a ship, with its spire-like masts, and the tangled tracery of its rigging. To finish the day, we went to the *Grand Théâtre*. Our conscience obliges us to say that it was full, although they were playing *La Dame Blanche*, which is anything but a novelty. The interior is nearly as large as that of the Grand Opera at Paris, but with much less ornament about it. The actors sang as much out of tune as at the real *Opéra Comique*.

At Bordeaux, the influence of Spanish customs begins to be felt. Almost all the sign-boards are in the two languages, and the book-sellers have quite as many Spanish as French publications. A great number of persons can *hablar* in the idiom of Don Quixote and Guzman of Alfarache. This influence increases as you approach the frontier; and, in fact, the Spanish portion, in this half-tint of demarcation, carries off the victory from the French—the *patois* spoken by the inhabitants having much more resemblance to Spanish than to the language of the mother country.

CHAPTER II.

FROM BORDEAUX TO VERGARA.

The *Landes*—Arrival at Bayonne—Information for Travellers—Urrugne—Saint Jean de Luz—Human Smuggling—Bridge over the Bidassoa—Irun—Travelling with Mules—Primitive Carts—Beggar Children—Spanish Bridges—Oyarzun—Astigarraga—A Spanish Supper—Puchero—Arrival at Vergara.



On leaving Bordeaux, the *Landes* recommence, if possible more sad, more desolate, and more gloomy than before. Heather, broom, and *pinadas* (pine forests), with here and there a shepherd squatted down, tending his flocks of black sheep, or a miserable hut in the style of the Indian wigwams, offer a very lugubrious and by no means diverting spectacle. No tree is seen but the pine, with the gash

in it from which the resin trickles down. This large salmon-coloured wound forming a strong contrast with the grey tones of the bark, gives the most miserable look in the world to these sickly trees, deprived of the greatest portion of their sap. They have the appearance of a forest unjustly assassinated, raising its arms to Heaven for justice.

We passed through Dax at midnight, and traversed the Adour during the most wretched weather, with a beating rain and a wind strong enough to blow the horns off an ox. The nearer we approached a warmer climate, the sharper and more penetrating became the cold; and had not our cloaks been at hand, we should have had our noses and feet frost-bitten, like the soldiers of the *Grande Armée* in the Russian campaign.

When day broke we were still in the *Landes*, but the pines were mingled with cork-trees, which I had hitherto pictured to my mind only under the form of corks, but which are really enormous trees, partaking simultaneously of the nature of the oak and of the carob-tree in the eccentricity of their shape and the deformity and ruggedness of their branches. A number of blackish pools of a leaden colour, stretched on each side of the road; gusts of saltish air greeted our nostrils, and a sort of vague rumbling noise resounded on the horizon. A bluish outline next stood out upon the pale background of the heavens. It was the chain of the Pyrenees. A few instants afterwards an almost invisible line of azure, the sign of the ocean, told us that we had arrived. It was not long ere Bayonne rose up before us, in the form of a mass of tiles crushed by an awkward and squat-looking spire; but I will not abuse Bayonne, since any town viewed under the disadvantage of

rainy weather is always wretched. The port was not very full. A few decked boats floated in a negligent and admirably idle manner alongside the quays. The trees which form the public promenade are very fine, and somewhat soften the austerity of the numerous right lines produced by the fortifications and parapets. As to the church, it is plastered over with yellow, varied with a dirty fawn; it possesses nothing remarkable save a kind of baldaquin of red damask, and a few paintings of Lépicié and others, in the style of Vanloo.

The town of Bayonne is almost Spanish in its language and customs; the hotel where we put up was called the *Fonda San Estaban*. As it was known that we were about making a long trip in the Peninsula, we were pursued with all sorts of recommendations. "Buy some red belts to sustain your body; arm yourselves with blunderbusses, combs, and bottles of water to kill the insects; take some biscuits and other provisions; the Spaniards breakfast on a spoonful of chocolate, dine on a piece of garlic washed down with a little water, and sup on a paper cigar; you ought also to take a mattress and a saucepan to serve as your bed and make your soup." The French and Spanish Dialogues, too, for the use of travellers, were not very encouraging. Under the head of "A Traveller at an Inn," we read the following frightful conversation—"I should like to take something." "Take a chair," replies the landlord. "With pleasure; but I should prefer something more nutritious." "What have you brought?" replies the master of the *posada*. "Nothing," says the traveller, sadly. "Then how can you suppose I can give you anything to eat? The butcher lives yonder, the baker a little further on. Go and get some meat and bread, and my wife, who is something of a cook, will

prepare your provisions." The traveller, in a fury, begins creating a most frightful disturbance, and the host calmly puts into his bill—"Disturbance, 6 reals."

The Madrid coach sets out from Bayonne. The conductor is a *mayoral*, with a peaked hat adorned with velvet and silk tufts, a brown waistcoat embroidered with coloured ornaments, leather gaiters, and a red sash; these impart a nice little amount of local colouring. Beyond Bayonne, the country is exceedingly picturesque; the chain of the Pyrenees becomes more distinct, and beautifully undulating lines of mountains vary the aspect of the horizon, while the sea appears frequently to the right of the road. At each turn, between two mountains, its sombre mild and deep blue suddenly starts into sight, traversed, here and there, by volutes of foam whiter than snow, which no painter has, as yet, succeeded in re-producing. I here beg to apologise to the sea, never having seen it before but at Ostend, where it is nothing more than the Scheldt, transformed into a canal, as my dear friend Fritz used so wittily to express it.

We passed through the church of Urrugne, the dial of which has the following mournful inscription, in black letters, on it—"*Vulnerant omnes, ultima necat.*" Yes, melancholy dial, you are right. Each hour wounds us with the sharp point of your hands, and each turn of your wheel hurries us towards the Unknown!

The houses of Urrugne, and of Saint Jean de Luz, which is not far distant, possess a sanguinary and barbarous physiognomy, owing to the strange custom of painting red or blood-colour the doors and the beams which sustain the compartments of the masonry. Beyond Saint Jean de Luz is Behobie, the

last French village. On the frontier, the inhabitants practise two kinds of trade to which the war has given rise—first, that of the balls found in the fields, and, secondly, that of human smuggling. A Carlist is passed just like a bale of goods. There is a certain tariff, so much for a colonel, so much for an inferior officer. As soon as the bargain is struck, the contrabandist makes his appearance, carries off his man, passes him over the frontier, and smuggles him to his destination, as he would a dozen handkerchiefs or a hundred cigars. On the other side of the Bidassoa, Irun, the first Spanish village, is visible: one-half of the bridge belongs to France, the other to Spain. Close to this bridge is the famous Isle of Pheasants, where the marriage of Louis XIV. was celebrated by deputy. It would be difficult to celebrate anything there at present, for it is not larger than a moderately-sized fried sole.

A few more revolutions of the wheel, and I shall perhaps lose one of my illusions, and behold the Spain of my dreams, the Spain of the *Romancero*, of the ballads of Victor Hugo, of the tales of Merimée, and the stories of Alfred de Musset, fade before me. On passing the line of demarcation, I remembered what the good and witty Henri Heine once said to me at Liszt's concert, with his German accent, full of humour and sarcasm, "How will you manage to speak of Spain when you have been there?"

One half of the bridge over the Bidassoa belongs to France, and the other half to Spain, so that you may have, at the same time, a foot in each kingdom, which is a great achievement. On one side you perceive the gendarme, grave, respectable, and serious; the gendarme red as a peony at having been restored to his social position by Edward Ourliac, in

Curmer's "Français Peints par Eux-Memes;"[1] while, on the other, is beheld the Spanish soldier, clad in green, and enjoying on the sward the voluptuous pleasure of repose with happy nonchalance. At the extremity of the bridge, you enter at once into Spanish life, with all its local colouring. Irun does not possess a single feature in common with a French town. The roofs of the houses jut out beyond the walls, while the tiles, alternately round and hollow, give the houses a most strange and Moorish battlemented appearance. The ironwork of the balconies, which project over the street, is of the most elaborate description, very surprising in an out-of-the-way village like Irun, and indicating a great degree of opulence now passed away. The women spend their lives upon these balconies, which are shaded with an awning with coloured stripes, and which are like so many aërian chambers attached to the body of the edifice. The two sides remain open, and allow a passage to fresh breezes and burning glances; but you must not look, however, for those dull and *culotté*[2] tints (I beg pardon for the expression), those shades of bistre and old pipes that a painter might hope to see; everything is whitewashed, according to the Arabian fashion, but the contrast of this chalky tone against the deep brown of the beams, roofs, and balconies, is not without a fine effect.

The horses left us at Irun; and ten mules, shaved as far as the middle of their body—half skin, half hair—like those costumes of the middle-ages, which look as if they were two-halves of different suits sown together by chance, were then harnessed to the vehicle. These animals thus shaved present a strange sight, and appear most horribly thin; for this denudation enables you to see their whole anatomy,

bones, muscles, and even the smallest veins. With their peeled tails and their pointed ears, they resemble so many enormous mice. Besides the ten mules, our band was increased by a *zagal* and two *escopeteros*, furnished with their *trabuco* (blunderbuss). The *zagal* is a kind of *under-mayoral*, who puts the drag on whenever there is a dangerous descent, looks after the harness and the springs, hurries the relays, and plays about the coach the part of the fly in the fable, only with a great deal more effect. The costume of the zagal is charming, being most elegant and light. He wears a peaked hat, ornamented with silk tufts; a chestnut-coloured or brown jacket, surmounted by a collar composed of different coloured pieces, generally blue, white, and red; a large arabesque, which blossoms out upon the middle of his back, knee-breeches studded with filigree buttons, and for shoes, *alpargatas*, or sandals tied with thin cord. Add to all this a red sash and a variegated neck-tie, and you will have a most characteristic costume. The escopeteros are guards, or *miquelets*, whose office it is to escort the coach and frighten the *rateros*, as the petty robbers are termed, who would not resist the temptation of plundering a solitary traveller, but whom the edifying sight of the *trabuco* is sufficient to awe, and who pass on their way with the sacramental salutation of—*Vaya Usted con Dios*: "Pursue your road with God." The dress of the escopeteros is nearly the same as that of the zagal, but less coquettish and ornamented. They take up their position on the seat at the back of the coach, and thus command the country around. In this description of our caravan, I have forgotten to mention a little postilion, mounted on horseback at the head of the convoy, who leads off the whole line.

Before leaving, we had to get our passports,

already pretty well covered with signatures, *viséd*. While this important operation was in course of performance, we had leisure to cast a glance at the population of Irun, which offers nothing very particular, unless it be that the women wear their hair, which is remarkably long, united in one plait hanging down to the middle of their back; shoes are a rarity, and stockings a still greater one.

A strange, inexplicable, hoarse, frightful, and laughable noise had astonished my ears for some time; it sounded like that of a number of jays being plucked alive, of children being whipped, of cats making love, of saws scraping their teeth against a hard stone, of tin-kettles scraped by some harsh instrument, or of the rusty hinges of a prison door turning round and obliged to release its prisoner; I imagined that it was, at the least, some princess being assassinated by a savage necromancer. It was nothing but a cart, drawn by oxen, ascending the street of Irun, and the wheels creaking and groaning piteously for want of being greased, the driver preferring, doubtless, to put the grease in his soup. This cart was, certainly, exceedingly primitive. The wheels were of one piece, and turned with the axle, as is the case with those wagons which children manufacture out of the rind of a pumpkin. The noise can be heard at the distance of half a league, and is not displeasing to the aborigines of these parts. In this fashion they hear a musical instrument which costs nothing, and plays of its own accord as long as the wheel lasts. The noise is to them as harmonious as the feats of a violinist upon the fourth string are to us. A peasant would not give a "thank you" for a cart which did not play. This kind of vehicle must date from the deluge.

On an old palace, now transformed into an official residence, we beheld for the first time the placard of white plaster which disgraces many other old buildings, with the inscription—*Plaza de la Constitucion*. It must certainly be a fact, that whatever is concealed in anything comes out somehow or other; a better symbol of the actual state of the country could not have been selected. A constitution forced upon Spain is a handful of plaster upon granite.

As the ascent was toilsome, I walked as far as the gates of the town, and, turning round, cast a last look of farewell upon France. It was truly a magnificent sight. The chain of the Pyrenees sloped away in harmonious undulations towards the blue surface of the sea, crossed here and there by bars of silver; while, thanks to the excessive clearness of the air, in the far, far distance was seen a faint line of pale salmon-colour, which advanced in the immeasurable azure, and formed an immense indentation in the side of the coast. Bayonne and its advanced guard, Biarritz, occupied the extremity of this point, and the Bay of Biscay was mapped out as sharply as on a geographical chart. After this, we shall see the sea no more until we are in Andalusia. Good night, honest Ocean!

The coach ascended and descended at full gallop the most rapid declivities: a kind of exercise, without a balancing-pole, upon the tight rope, which can only owe its success to the prodigious dexterity of the drivers, and the extraordinary sure-footedness of the mules. Despite this velocity, however, there would, from time to time, fall in our laps a branch of laurel, a little nosegay of wild flowers, or a wreath of mountain strawberries—ruddy pearls strung upon a

blade of grass. These nosegays were flung in by little beggars, boys and girls, who kept running after the coach with their bare feet upon the sharp stones. This manner of asking alms, by first making a present themselves, has something noble and poetic about it.

The landscape, though rather Swiss perhaps, was charming, and exceedingly varied. Mountain ridges, the interstices of which permitted the eye to dwell upon others more elevated still, rose up on each side of the road; their sides goffered with different crops and wooded with green oaks, stood out vigorously against the distant and vapoury peaks. Villages, with their roofs of red tiles, bloomed amid thickets at the mountains' feet, and every moment I expected to see Ketly or Getly walk out of these new châlets. Fortunately, Spain does not push its Opéra Comique so far.

Torrents, as capricious as a woman, come and go, form little cascades, divide, meet each other again, after traversing rocks and flint stones, in the most amusing fashion, and serve as an excuse for a number of the most picturesque bridges in the world. These bridges, thus indefinitely multiplied, have a singular characteristic: the arches are hollowed out almost up to the very railing, so that the road over which the coach passes does not appear to be more than six inches thick. A kind of triangular pile, shaped like a bastion, generally occupies the middle. The business of a Spanish bridge is not a very fatiguing one; there was never a more perfect sinecure; three quarters of the year you can walk under it. There it stands, with an imperturbable calmness and patience worthy of a better lot, waiting for a river, a rill of water, or even a little moisture,

for it feels that its arches are merely arcades, and that their title of "bridge" is pure flattery. The torrents I have just mentioned have at most but four or five inches of water in them, but they are sufficient to make a great deal of noise, and serve to give life to the solitudes which they traverse. At long intervals they turn some mill or other machinery, by means of sluices, built in a manner that would enchant a landscape-painter. The houses, which are scattered over the country in little groups, are of a strange colour. They are neither black, nor white, nor yellow, but of the colour of a roasted turkey. This definition is of the most striking truth, although it is trivial and culinary. Tufts of trees, and patches of green oaks, impart a happy effect to the large outlines and the misty and severe tints of the mountains. I dwell particularly upon these trees, because nothing is more rare in all Spain, and henceforth I shall hardly have occasion to describe any.

We changed mules at Oyarzun, and at nightfall reached Astigarraga, where we were to sleep. We had not yet had a taste of a Spanish inn. The *picaresque* and "lively" descriptions of Don Quixote and *Lazarille de Tormes* occurred to our memory, and our whole bodies shuddered at the very thought. We made up our minds to omelettes adorned with Merovingian hairs and mixed up with feathers and birds' feet, to gammons of rancid bacon with all the bristles, equally adapted for making soup or brushing boots, to wine in goat-skins, like those which the good knight de la Mancha cut so furiously into, and we even made up our minds to nothing at all, which is much worse, and trembled lest all we should get would be the fresh evening breeze, supposing we were not obliged to sup, like the valorous Don

Sancho, off the dry air of a mandoline.

Taking advantage of the little daylight that remained, we went to look at the church, which, to speak truth, was more like a fortress than a temple; the smallness of the windows, formed like loopholes, together with the solidity of the buttresses, gave it a robust and massive appearance, more warlike than pensive. This form occurs in every church in Spain. All around stretched a sort of open cloister, in which was hung a bell of immense size, which is rung by moving the clapper with a rope, instead of putting in motion the vast metal capsule itself.

On being shown to our rooms, we were dazzled with the whiteness of the beds and windows, the Dutch cleanliness of the floors, and the scrupulous care shown in every particular. Fine handsome, strapping girls, exceedingly well dressed, and with their magnificent tresses falling upon their shoulders, not bearing the slightest resemblance to the *Maritornes* we had been led to expect, bustled about with an activity that augured well for the supper, which did not keep us long waiting: it was excellent, and very well dished up. I will run the risk of appearing too minute, and describe it; for the difference between one people and another consists in the thousand little details which travellers neglect for those profound poetical and political considerations which anyone may very well write without ever having been in the country itself. First of all comes a meat soup, which differs from ours from the fact of its having a reddish tinge, due to the saffron with which it is flavoured. Red soup! I hope this is a pretty good commencement of local colouring. The bread is very white, of exceedingly close texture, with a smooth crust, slightly glazed

over with yolk of egg; it is salted in a manner very apparent to Parisian palates. The handles of the forks are turned the wrong way, and the points are flat and shaped like the teeth of a comb. The spoons, too, have a spatula-kind of appearance not possessed by our plate. The table linen is a sort of coarse damask. As for the wine, I must confess that it was of the most beautiful violet, and thick enough to be cut with a knife, and the decanters which held it did not tend to increase its transparency.

After the soup, we had the *puchero*, an eminently Spanish dish, or rather the only Spanish dish—for they eat it every day from Irun to Cadiz, and reciprocally. A comfortable *puchero* is compounded of a quarter of veal, a piece of mutton, a fowl, some pieces of a sausage stuffed full of pepper, and called *chorizo*, with allspice and other spices, slices of bacon and ham, and, to crown all, a violent tomato and saffron sauce. So much for the animal portion. The vegetable part, called *verdura*, varies with the season; but cabbages and *garbanzos* always play a principal part. The *garbanzo* is not much known at Paris, and I cannot define it better than "as a pea which aspires to be considered as a haricot-bean, and succeeds but too well." All this is served up in different dishes, and the ingredients then mixed up on your plate, so as to produce a *Mayonnaise* of a complicated description and excellent flavour. This mixture will appear rather barbarous to those connoisseurs who read Carême, Brillat-Savarin, Grimat de la Reynière, and Mons. de Cussy; it has, however, its charm, and cannot fail to please the Eclectics and Pantheists. Next come fowls cooked in oil, for butter is an article unknown in Spain; trout or salt cod, roasted lamb, asparagus, and salad; and, for dessert, little macaroons, almonds browned in a frying-pan, and of

a most delicious taste, with goats'-milk cheese, *queso de Burgos*, which enjoys a high reputation, that it sometimes deserves. As a finish, they bring you a set of bottles with Malaga, sherry, brandy, *aguardiente*, resembling French aniseed, and a little cup (*fuego*) filled with live cinders to light the cigarettes. Such, with a few trifling variations, is the invariable meal in all Spain.

We left Astigarraga in the middle of the night. As there was no moon, there is naturally a gap in our account. We passed through the small town of Ernani, the name of which conjures up the most romantic recollections; but we did not perceive aught save a heap of huts and rubbish vaguely sketched on the obscurity. We traversed Tolosa without stopping. We saw some houses decorated with frescoes, and gigantic blazons sculptured in stone. It was market-day, and the market-place was covered with asses, mules, picturesquely harnessed, and peasants of singular and wild appearance.

By dint of ascending and descending, of passing over torrents on bridges of uncemented stone, we at last reached Vergara, where we were to dine. We experienced a decided degree of satisfaction on our arrival, for we had almost forgotten the *jicara de chocolate*, which we had gulped down, half asleep, in the inn at Astigarraga.

CHAPTER III.

FROM VERGARA TO BURGOS.

Vergara—Vittoria; the Baile National and the French Hercules—The Passage of Pancorbo—The Asses and the Greyhounds—Burgos—A Spanish Fonda—Galley Slaves in Cloaks—The Cathedral—The Coffer of the Cid.



At Vergara, which is the place where the treaty between Espartero and Maroto was concluded, I saw, for the first time, a Spanish priest. His appearance struck me as rather grotesque, although, thank heaven, I entertain no Voltairean ideas with regard to the clergy; but the caricature of Beaumarchais' Basile involuntarily suggested itself to my recollection. Just fancy a black cassock, with a cloak of the same colour, and to crown the whole, an immense, prodigious, phenomenal, hyperbolical, and Titanic hat, of which no epithet, however inflated and gigantic, can give any idea at all approaching

the reality. This hat is, at least, three feet long; the brim is turned up, and forms, before and behind the hat, a kind of horizontal roof. It would be difficult to invent a more uncouth and fantastic shape; this, however, did not prevent the worthy priest from presenting a very respectable appearance, and walking about with the air of a man whose conscience is perfectly tranquil about the form of his head-dress; instead of bands, he wore a little collar (*alzacuello*), blue and white, like the priests in Belgium.

Beyond Mondragon, which is the last small market-town, the last *pueblo* of the province of Guipuzcoa, we entered the province of Alava, and were not long before we found ourselves at the foot of the hill of Salinas. The *Montagnes Russes*[3] are nothing compared to this, and, at first sight, the idea of a carriage passing over it appears as preposterous as that of your walking head downwards on the ceiling like a fly. This prodigy was however effected, thanks to six oxen which were harnessed on before the mules. Never in my whole life did I hear so horrible a disturbance; the mayoral, the zagal, the escopeteros, the postilion, and the oxen-drivers, tried which could excel each other in hooting, swearing, using their whips, and exercising their goads; they thrust forward the wheels, held up the body of the coach behind, and pulled on the mules by their halters and the oxen by their horns, with a most incredible amount of fury and vehemence. The coach thus placed at the end of this long string of animals and men, produced a most astonishing effect. There were, at least, fifty paces between the first and last beast in the team. I must not forget to mention, *en passant*, the steeple of Salinas, which has a very pleasing Saracenic form. From the top of the hill the

traveller beholds on looking back, the Pyrenees rising one above the other until lost in the distance; they resemble immense pieces of rich velvet drapery, thrown together by chance and rumpled by the whim of a Titan. At Royane, which is a little further on, I observed a magical effect in optics. A snowy mountain-top (*Sierra Nevada*), that the proximity of the other mountains had till then veiled from our sight, suddenly appeared standing out from the sky, which was of a blue so dark as to be almost black. Soon afterwards, at all the edges of the table-land we were traversing, more mountains raised, in a most curious manner, their summits loaded with snow and bathed in clouds. This snow was not compact, but divided into thin veins like sides of gauze worked with silver; it appeared still whiter from the contrast it formed with the azure and lilac tints of the precipices. The cold was tolerably severe, and became more intense in proportion as we advanced. The wind had not warmed itself by caressing the pale cheeks of these beautiful and chilly virgins, and came to us as icy as if it had arrived direct from the North or South Pole. We wrapped ourselves up as hermetically as we could in our cloaks, for it is extremely scandalous to have your nose frost-bitten in a torrid clime; I should not have cared had we been merely fried.

The sun was setting when we entered Vittoria; after threading all sorts of streets, of but middling architectural style and very bad taste, the coach stopped at the *parador vejo*, where our luggage was scrupulously examined. Our Daguerreotype especially alarmed the worthy custom-house officers a good deal; they approached it with the greatest precautions, like people who are afraid of being blown up; I think they imagined it to be an

electrifying machine, and I took care not to undeceive them.

As soon as our things had been searched and our passports stamped, we had the right to scatter ourselves over the pavement of the town. We immediately took advantage of this, and, crossing a fine square surrounded by arcades, proceeded straightway to the church. The shades of night already filled the nave, and lowered with a mysterious and threatening look in obscure corners, where phantom-like forms might now and then be seen. A few small lamps, yellow and smoky, trembled ominously like stars in a fog. A sort of sepulchral chill came over me, and it was not without a slight feeling of dread that I heard a mournful voice murmur, just at my elbow, the stereotyped formula "*Caballero, una limosina por l'amor de Dios.*" It was a poor wretch of a soldier who had been wounded, and who was asking an alms of us. In this country the soldiers beg; this is excusable on account of their miserable state of destitution, for they are paid very irregularly. In the church at Vittoria I became acquainted with those frightful sculptures in coloured wood, the use of which the Spaniards carry to such excess.

After a supper (*cena*) which caused us to regret that at Antigarraga, we suddenly thought of going to the play. We had been allured, as we passed along, by a pompous poster announcing the extraordinary performances of two French Herculeses, which were to terminate with a certain *baile nacional* (national dance), which we pictured to ourselves big with cachuchas, boleros, fandangos, and other diabolical dances.

The theatres in Spain have generally no façade,

and are only distinguished from the houses around by two or three smoky lamps stuck before the door. We took two orchestra-stalls, surnamed *places de lunette* (*asientos de luneta*), and bravely precipitated ourselves into a corridor, where the floor was neither planked nor paved, but was nothing more or less than the bare earth. The frequenters of the place are not very particular about the uses to which they turn the walls of the corridor, but, by hermetically sealing our noses, we reached our places not more than half suffocated. When I add that smoking is perpetually practised between the acts, the reader will not have a very fragrant idea of a Spanish theatre.

The interior of the house is, however, more comfortable than the approaches to it promise; the boxes are tolerably arranged, and although the decorations are simple, they are fresh and clean. The *asientos de luneta* are armchairs placed in rows and numbered; there is no checktaker at the door to take your tickets, but a little boy comes round for them before the end of the performance; at the outer door you are merely asked for the card that admits you within the theatre.

We had hoped to find the true type of the Spanish woman, of which we had as yet seen but few specimens; but the ladies who filled the boxes and galleries had nothing Spanish about them save the mantilla and the fan: this was a good deal, it is true, but not sufficient. The audience was mostly composed of the military, which is the case in all garrison towns. In the pit, the spectators stand as in the most primitive theatres. There was, in truth, but a row of candles and a candle-snuffer wanting to give the place the appearance of the Hôtel de Bourgogne; the lamps, however, were enclosed by thin plates of

glass, disposed in the shape of a melon, and united at the top by a circle of tin: this was certainly no great sign of an advanced state of the industrial arts. The orchestra, which consisted of one row of musicians, almost all of whom played brass instruments, blew most valiantly on their cornets-à-piston an air which was always the same, and recalled to one's recollection the flourishes of the band at Franconi's.

Our Herculean compatriots raised immense weights, and bent a considerable number of iron bars, to the great delight of the assembly; while the lighter of the two made an ascent upon the tight rope, and performed a variety of other feats, rather stale in Paris, but new, probably, to the population of Vittoria. During this time we were dying with impatience in our stalls, and I was cleaning the glass of my *lorgnette* with a furious degree of activity, in order not to lose anything of the *baile nacional*. At last, the supports of the tight-rope were loosened, and the stage-carpenters, dressed as Turks, cleared away the weights and all the other paraphernalia of the Hercules*es*. Think, dear reader, of the frightful anxiety of two enthusiastic and romantic young Frenchmen about to behold, for the first time, a Spanish dance ... in Spain!

At last the curtain rose upon a scene which seemed to entertain a feeble desire, which was certainly not gratified, of being enchanting and fairy-like. The cornets-à-piston played, with more fury than ever, the strain already described, and the *baile nacional* advanced in the form of a *danseur* and *danseuse*, armed with a pair of castagnettes each. Never have I seen anything more sad and lamentable than these two miserable ruins *qui ne se consolaient pas entre eux*: a penny theatre never bore upon its worm-eaten

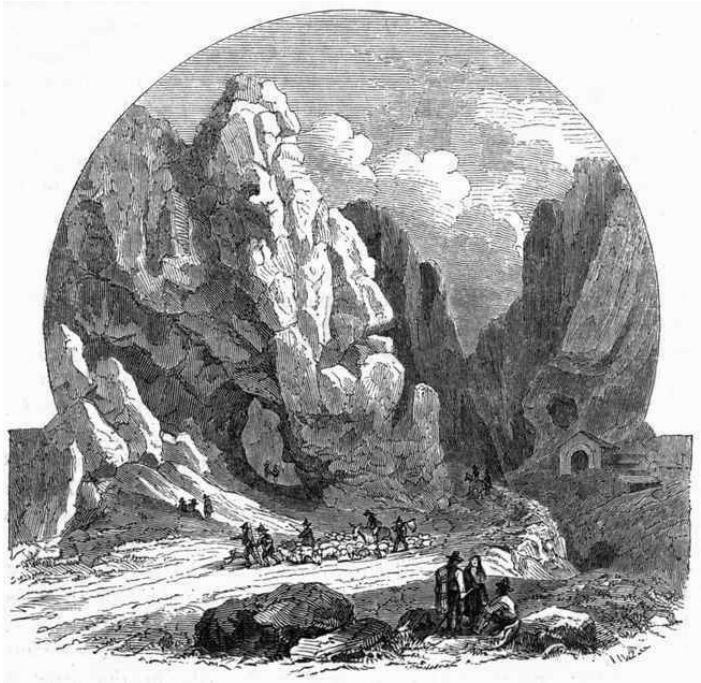
boards a couple more used-up, more worn-out, more toothless, more blear-eyed, more bald, and more dilapidated. The wretched woman, who had besmeared herself with bad Spanish white, had a sky-blue complexion, which recalled to your mind the Anacreontic pictures of a person who had died of cholera, or been drowned some time; the two dabs of rouge that she had placed upon her prominent cheek-bones, to add a little brilliancy to her fishy eyes that seemed as if they had been boiled, contrasted strangely with the aforesaid blue. With her veiny and emaciated hands she shook a pair of cracked castagnettes, which chattered like the teeth of a man who has got a fever, or like the wires of a skeleton in motion. From time to time, she stretched, with a desperate effort, the relaxed fibres of her calves, and managed to raise her poor old baluster-looking leg, so as to produce a nervous little capriole, like a dead frog submitted to the operation of the voltaic battery, and, for a second, to cause the copper spangles of the doubtful rags which served her for a robe, to sparkle and glisten. As for the man, he kept fluttering about most horribly in his own corner; he rose and fell flatly, like a bat crawling along upon its stumps; he looked like a grave-digger burying himself. His forehead, wrinkled like a boot, and his goat-like cheeks, gave him a most fantastic air: if, instead of castagnettes, he had only had a Gothic rebec in his hands, he might have set up to lead the Dance of Death at Basle.

During all the time the dance lasted, they did not once raise their eyes on one another; it struck you that they were frightened of their reciprocal ugliness, and feared lest they should burst into tears at seeing themselves so old, so decrepit, and so mournful. The man, especially, avoided his companion as if she had

been a spider, and appeared to shiver in his old parchment skin every time the figure of the dance forced him to approach her. This lively bolero lasted five or six minutes, after which the fall of the curtain put an end to the torture of these two wretched beings, ... and to ours.

Such was the specimen of the bolero which greeted our poor eyes, so enamoured of "local colouring." Spanish dancers exist only at Paris, like the shells which are only found at the curiosity-shops, and never on the sea shore. O Fanny Elssler, who art now in America, among the savages! even before going to Spain, we always had an idea that it was thou who inventedst the cachucha!

We went to bed rather disappointed. In the middle of the night we were woke up to resume our journey. The cold was still intense, to a Siberian extent; this is accounted for by the height of the table-land we were crossing, and the snow by which we were surrounded. At Miranda, our trunks were once more examined, and then we entered Old Castile (*Castilla la Vieja*), the kingdom of Castile and Leon, symbolically represented by a lion holding a shield studded with castles. These lions, which are repeated until you are sick of them, are generally of a greyish granite, and have rather an imposing heraldic appearance.



PASS OF PANCORBO.

Between Ameyugo and Cubo, small insignificant towns, where we changed mules, the landscape is extremely picturesque; the mountains contract and draw near one another, while immense perpendicular rocks, as steep as cliffs, rise up at the road-side. On the left, a torrent, crossed by a bridge with a truncated ogive arch, whirls round and round at the bottom of a ravine, turns a mill, and covers with spray the stones that stop its course. That nothing may be wanting to complete the effect, a gothic church, falling to ruin, with its roof staved in, and its walls covered with parasite plants, rises in the midst of the rocks; in the background is seen the vague and bluish outline of the Sierra. The view is certainly very fine, but the passage of *Pancorbo*

carries off the palm for singularity and grandeur. There the rocks leave only just room enough for the road, and there is one point where two immense granite masses, leaning towards one another, give you the idea of a gigantic bridge, which has been cut in the middle, to stop the march of an army of Titans. A second, but smaller, arch, pierced through the thickness of the rock, adds still more to the illusion. Never did a scene-painter imagine a more picturesque and more admirably-contrived scene. When you are accustomed to the flat views of plains, the astonishing effects met with at every step, in the mountains, appear impossible and fabulous.

The posada where we stopped to dine had a stable for a vestibule. This architectural arrangement is invariably repeated in all Spanish posadas, and to reach your room you are obliged to pass behind the cruppers of the mules. The wine, which was blacker than usual, had a certain taste of goat-skin sufficiently local. The maidservants of the inn wore their hair hanging down to the middle of their backs, but, with this exception, their dress was the same as that of French women of the lower classes. The national costumes are, in general, seldom preserved, save in Andalusia, and, at present, there are very few ancient costumes in Castile. The men wore the pointed hat, edged with velvet and silk tufts, or a wolf-skin cap of rather ferocious shape, and the inevitable tobacco or dirty-coloured mantle. Their faces, however, had nothing characteristic about them.

Between Pancorbo and Burgos we fell in with three or four little villages, such as Briviesca, Castil de Peones, and Quintanapalla, half in ruins, as dry as pumice-stone, and of the colour of a toast. I doubt

whether Decamps ever found in the heart of Asia Minor, any walls more roasted, more reddened, more tawny, more seedy, more crusty, and more scratched over, than these. Along these said walls wandered carelessly certain asses, who are decidedly well worth the Turkish ones, and which I would advise him to go and study. The Turkish ass is a fatalist, and, as is evident from his humble air, resigned to the blows which Fate has in store for him, and which he endures without a murmur. The Castilian ass has a more philosophical and deliberate look; he is aware that people cannot do without him; he makes one of the family; he has read Don Quixote, and he flatters himself that he is descended in a straight line from the celebrated donkey of Sancho Panza. Side by side with these asses were also dogs of the purest blood and most superb breed, with splendid claws, broad backs, and beautiful ears, and among the rest some large greyhounds, in the style of Paul Veronese and Velasquez, of most magnificent size and beauty, not to speak of some dozen *muchachos*, or boys, whose eyes glistened in the midst of their rags, like so many black diamonds.

Old Castile is, doubtless, so called, on account of the great number of old women you meet there; and what old women! The witches in "Macbeth" crossing the heath of Dunsinane, to prepare their diabolical cookery, are charming young girls in comparison: the abominable hags in the capricious productions of Goya, which I had till then looked upon as monstrous nightmares and chimeras, are but portraits frightfully like; most of these old women have a beard like mouldy cheese, and moustaches like French grenadiers; and then, their dress! You might take a piece of cloth, and work hard ten years to dirty, to rub, to tear, to patch, and to make it lose

all traces of its original colour, and you would not even then attain the same sublimity of raggedness! These charms are increased by a haggard and savage look, very different from the humble and piteous mien of the poor wretches in France.

A little before reaching Burgos, a large edifice, situated upon a hill, was, in the distance, pointed out to us. It was the *Cartuja de Miraflores* (Carthusian convent), of which I shall have occasion, later, to speak more at length. Soon afterwards the spires of the Cathedral displayed their embrasures more and more distinctly against the sky, and in another half-hour we were entering the ancient capital of Old Castile.

The public place of Burgos, in the midst of which stands a very middling bronze statue of Charles III., is large, and not without some character. Red houses, supported by pillars of bluish granite, inclose it on all sides. Under the arcades and on the place, are stationed all sorts of petty dealers, besides an infinite number of asses, mules, and picturesque peasants who promenade up and down. The rags of Castile are seen there in all their splendour. The poorest beggar is nobly draped in his cloak, like a Roman emperor in his purple. I know nothing better with which to compare these cloaks, for colour and substance, than large pieces of tinder jagged at the edges. Don Cæsar de Bazan's cloak, in the drama of "Ruy Blas," does not come near these proud and haughty rags. They are all so threadbare, so dry, and so inflammable, that it strikes you the wearers are very imprudent to smoke or strike a light. The little children, also, six or eight years old, have their cloaks, which they wear with the most ineffable gravity. I cannot help laughing at the recollection of a poor little wretch, who had

nothing left but a collar which hardly covered his shoulder, and who draped himself in the absent folds with an air so comically piteous, that he would have unwrinkled the countenance of the Spleen in person. The men condemned to the *presidio* (convicts) sweep the town and clear away the filth, without quitting the rags in which they are swathed. These convicts in cloaks are the most astonishing blackguards it is possible to behold. After each stroke of their broom, they go and sit down, or else recline upon the door-steps. Nothing would be easier for them than to escape; and on my hinting this, I was informed that they did not do so on account of the natural goodness of their disposition.

The fonda where we alighted was a true Spanish fonda, where no one spoke a word of French; we were fairly obliged to exert our Castilian, and to tear our throats with uttering the abominable *jota*—a guttural and Arabian sound which does not exist in our language. I must confess that, thanks to the extreme intelligence which distinguishes the people, we made ourselves understood pretty well. They sometimes, it is true, brought us candles when we asked for water, or chocolate when we desired ink; but, with the exception of these little mistakes, which were very pardonable, everything went on beautifully. We were waited on by a population of masculine and dishevelled females, with the finest names in the world; as, for instance, Casilda, Matilda, and Balbina. Spanish names are always charming. Lola, Bibiana, Pepa, Hilaria, Carmen, Cipriana, serve to designate some of the most unpoetical beings it is possible to imagine. One of the creatures who waited on us had hair of the most fiery red. Light haired, and especially red haired

persons abound in Spain, contrary to the generally-received idea.

We did not find any holy box-wood in the rooms, but branches of trees, in the shape of palms, plaited, woven, and twisted with great elegance and care. The beds possess no bolsters, but have two flat pillows placed one on the other. They are generally extremely hard, although the wool of which they are composed is good; but the Spanish are not accustomed to card their mattresses, merely turning the wool with the aid of two sticks. Opposite our windows hung a strange kind of sign-board. It belonged to a surgical practitioner, who had caused himself to be represented in the act of sawing off the arm of a poor devil seated in a chair; we also perceived the shop of a barber, who, I can assure my readers, did not bear the least resemblance to Figaro. Through the panes of his shop-front we could see a large and rather highly-polished brazen shaving-dish, which Don Quixote, had he still been of this world, might easily have mistaken for Mambrino's helmet. It is true that the Spanish barbers have lost their ancient costume, but they still retain their former skill, and shave with great dexterity.

Although Burgos was long the first city of Castile, there is nothing peculiarly Gothic in its general appearance. With the exception of one street, in which there are a few windows and door-ways of the time of the Renaissance, and ornamented with coats of arms and their supporters, the houses do not date further back than the commencement of the seventeenth century, and merely strike the observer by their very commonplace look; they are old, but they are not ancient. Burgos, however, can boast of its Cathedral, which is one of the finest in the world;

but, unfortunately, like all Gothic cathedrals, it is hemmed in by a number of ignoble structures, which prevent the eye from appreciating the general disposition of the building and seizing the whole mass at one glance. The principal entrance looks out upon a large square, in the middle of which is a handsome fountain, surmounted by a delicious statue of Our Saviour in white marble. This fountain serves as a target to all the idle vagabonds of the town who can find no more amusing occupation than to throw stones at it. The entrance, which I have just mentioned is magnificent, being worked and covered with a thousand different patterns like a piece of lace. Unfortunately it has been rubbed and scraped down to the outer frieze by some Italian prelates or other, who were great admirers of architectural simplicity, of plain walls and ornaments in "good taste," and wished to arrange the cathedral in the Roman style, pitying very much the poor, barbarous architects, for not employing the Corinthian order, and not appearing to have been alive to Attic beauty and the charm of triangular frontons.

There are still many people of this way of thinking in Spain, where the so-called *Messidor* style flourishes in all its purity. These persons prefer to the richest and most profusely carved specimens of Gothic architecture, all sorts of abominable edifices riddled with windows, and *ornamented* with Pæstumian columns, exactly as was the case in France before the disciples of the Romantic School had caused the public to appreciate once more the style of the Middle Ages, and understand the meaning and the beauty of their cathedrals. Two pointed spires, carved in zigzag, and pierced as if with a punch, festooned, embroidered, and sculptured with most delicate minuteness, like the bezel of a ring, spring

upwards towards Heaven with all the ardour and impetuosity of unshakable conviction. It is very certain that the campaniles of our incredulous times would never dare to rise thus into the air with nothing to support them, save so much stone lacework and nerves as thin as a spider's web. Another tower, which is also adorned with an unheard-of profusion of sculpture, but which is not so high, marks the spot where the arms of the cross join, and completes the magnificence of the outline. A countless number of statues, representing saints, archangels, kings, and monks, ornament the whole; and this population of stone is so numerous, so crowded, so multitudinous, that it must most certainly exceed the population in flesh and blood that inhabit the town.

Thanks to the charming politeness of the political chief, Don Enrico de Vedia, we were enabled to visit the cathedral most minutely. An octavo volume of description, a folio of two thousand plates, and twenty rooms filled with plaster casts would not be sufficient to convey a complete idea of this prodigious production of Gothic art with its immense mass of sculptures, more thick and more complicated than a virgin forest in Brazil. Such being the case, we shall, perhaps, be pardoned for some few slight omissions and instances of seeming negligence, having been obliged to scribble these lines hastily and from recollection, on the table of a posada.

The moment the visitor enters the church, he is forcibly arrested by a *chef-d'œuvre* of incomparable beauty, namely, the carved wooden door leading to the cloisters. Among the other bas-reliefs upon it, there is one representing our Saviour's entry into Jerusalem: the jambs and crosspieces are covered

with delicious little figures, so elegant in their form, and of such extreme delicacy, that it is difficult to understand how so heavy and solid a substance as wood could ever be made to lend itself to so capricious and ethereal a production of the imagination. It is certainly the most beautiful door in the whole world, if we except that executed by Ghiberti, at Florence, and which Michael Angelo, who understood something about these matters, pronounced worthy of being the door of Paradise. There certainly ought to be a bronze copy taken of this admirable work of art, so that it might at least live as long as the work of men's hands can live.



CLOISTERS, BURGOS CATHEDRAL.

The choir, in which are the stalls, called in Spanish *silleria*, is enclosed by gates of wrought iron of the most wonderful workmanship; the pavement, as is the custom in Spain, is covered with immense mats

made of spartum, besides which, each stall has its own little carpet of dry grass or reeds. On looking up, you perceive a kind of dome formed by the interior of the tower to which I have before alluded. It is one mass of sculptures, arabesques, statues, columns, nerves, and pendentives, sufficient to make your brain turn giddy. Were a person to gaze for two years, he still would not be able to see everything in it. The various objects are as densely crowded together as the leaves of a cabbage; there is as much open work as in a fish-slice; it is as gigantic as a pyramid, and as delicate as a woman's earring. How such a piece of filigree work can have remained erect during two centuries surpasses human comprehension! What kind of men could those have been who raised these marvellous buildings, which not even a fairy palace could ever surpass in profuse magnificence? Is the race extinct? Are not we, who are always boasting of our high state of civilization, but decrepit barbarians in comparison? I am always oppressed with a profound sentiment of melancholy whenever I visit any of these prodigious edifices of the past; my heart is overwhelmed by a feeling of utter discouragement, and the only wish I have is to withdraw to some retired spot, to place a stone upon my head, and, in the immovability of contemplation, to await death, which is immovability itself. Why should I work? Why should I exert myself? The most mighty effort of which man is capable will never produce anything more magnificent than what I have just described; and yet we do not even know the name of the divine artists to whom we owe it; and, if we wish to obtain the slightest information concerning them, we are obliged to seek it in the dusty leaves of the monastical archives. When I think that I have spent the best part of my life in making

ten or twelve thousand verses, in writing six or seven wretched octavo volumes, and three or four hundred bad articles for the newspapers, and that I feel fatigued with my exertions, I am ashamed of myself and of the times in which I live, when so much exertion is required in order to produce so little. What is a thin sheet of paper compared to a mountain of granite?

If the reader will take a turn with me in this immense madrepore, constructed by the prodigious human polypi of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, we will commence by visiting the little sacristy, which, notwithstanding its name, is a very good-sized room, and contains an "Ecce Homo" and a "Christ on the Cross" by Murillo, as well as a "Nativity" by Jordäens. It is lined with the most beautifully carved woodwork. In the middle is placed a large brazero, which serves to light the censers, and perhaps the cigarettes also, for many of the Spanish priests smoke, a practice that does not strike me as being more unbecoming than that of taking snuff, in which the French clergy indulge, without the slightest scruple. The brazero is a large copper vessel, placed upon a tripod, and filled with burning embers, or little fruitstones covered with fine cinders, which produce a gentle heat. In Spain, the brazeros are used instead of fireplaces, which are very rare.

In the great sacristy, which is next to the little one, the visitor remarks a "Christ on the Cross" by Domenico Theotocopuli, surnamed *El Greco*, an extravagant and singular painter, whose pictures might be mistaken for sketches by Titian, if there were not a certain affectation of sharp and hastily-painted forms about them, which causes them to be

immediately recognised. In order that his works may appear to have been painted with great boldness, he throws in, here and there, touches of the most inconceivable petulance and brutality, and thin sharp lights which traverse the portions of the picture which are in shadow, like so many sword-blades. All this, however, does not prevent El Greco from being a fine painter. The good specimens of his second style greatly resemble the romantic pictures of Eugène Delacroix.

The reader has seen, no doubt, in the Spanish Gallery at Paris, the portrait of El Greco's daughter; a magnificent head that no master would disown. It enables us to form an opinion as to what an admirable painter Domenico Theotocopuli must have been when he was in his right senses. It appears that his constant wish to avoid any resemblance to Titian, whose scholar he is said to have been, troubled his understanding, and led him to adopt an extravagance and capriciousness of style, that allowed the magnificent faculties with which nature had endowed him to gleam forth only at rare intervals. Besides being a painter, El Greco was also an architect and a sculptor,—a sublime union, a triangle of light, which is often met with in the highest region of art.

The walls of this apartment are covered with panelled wainscoting, with florid and festooned columns of the greatest richness. Above the wainscoting there is a row of Venice mirrors; for what purpose they are placed there, unless it is simply for ornament, I am at a loss to say, as they are hung too high for any one to see himself in them. Above the mirrors are ranged, in chronological order,—the most ancient touching the ceiling,—the

portraits of all the bishops of Burgos, down from the very first, to the prelate who now occupies the see. These portraits, although in oil-colours, look like crayon drawings, or sketches in distemper. This is occasioned by the practice they have in Spain of never varnishing their pictures, a want of precaution which has been the cause of a great number of very valuable masterpieces having been destroyed by the damp. Although most of these portraits present a tolerably imposing appearance, they are not first-rate paintings; besides, they are hung too high for any one to form a just opinion of the merit of the execution. The middle of the room is occupied by an immense side-board and enormous baskets, made of spartum, in which the church ornaments and sacred vessels are kept. Under two glass cases are preserved, as curiosities, two coral trees, whose branches, however, are far less complicated than the smallest arabesque in the cathedral. The door is ornamented with the arms of Burgos in relief, sprinkled with small crosses, gules.

Juan Cuchiller's room, which we traverse after the one I have just described, offers nothing remarkable in the way of architecture, and we were hastening to leave it as soon as possible, when our guide requested us to raise our eyes and look at an object of the greatest curiosity. This object was a large chest, firmly attached to the wall by iron cramps: it would be difficult to conceive anything more patched, more worm-eaten, or more rotten. It is decidedly the oldest chest in the world; but the following inscription, in black letters, *Cofre del Cid*, instantly imparted, as the reader may imagine, an immense degree of importance to its four planks of mouldering wood. This chest, if we can believe the old chronicle, is the very same that the famous Ruy

Diaz de Bivar, more generally known under the name of the Cid Campeador,—being once, hero though he was, pressed for money, exactly as a mere author might be,—caused to be filled with sand and stones, and left in pledge at the house of an honest Jewish usurer, who made advances on this kind of security. The Cid forbad him, however, to open the mysterious deposit until he, the Cid Campeador, had paid back the sum borrowed. This proves that the usurers of that period were of a much more confiding disposition than those of the present time. We should now-a-days find but few Jews, and I believe but few Christians either, so innocent and obliging as to accept a pledge of this description. Monsieur Casimir Delavigne has used this legend in his piece entitled "La Fille du Cid;" but, for the enormous chest, he has substituted an almost imperceptible coffer, which, in sober truth, could only contain *the gold of the Cid's word*; and there is no Jew, and there never was one, not even in those heroic times, who would have lent anything upon such a toy. The historical chest is high, broad, massive, deep, and garnished with all sorts of locks and padlocks. When full of sand, it must have required at least six horses to move it; so that the worthy Israelite might have supposed it to be crammed with apparel, jewellery, or plate, and thus have been more easily induced to humour the Cid's caprice, which is one that, like many other heroical freaks, is duly provided for by the criminal law. The real chest being such as I have described, I feel myself necessitated, without wishing to hurt the feelings of Mons. Antenoz Joly, to pronounce the *mise en scène* at the Théâtre de la Renaissance to be inexact.

CHAPTER IV.

BURGOS—*continued.*

The Cloisters; Paintings and Sculptures—The Cid's House; the Casa del Cordon; the Puerta de Santa Maria—The Theatre and the Actors—La Cartuja de Miraflores—General Thibaut and the Cid's bones.



On leaving the room of Juan Cuchiller, you enter another which is decorated in a very picturesque manner. The walls are wainscoted with oak and hung with red tapestry, while the ceiling is *artesonado*, and produces a most pleasing effect. There is a "Nativity" by Murillo, a "Conception," and a figure of "Our Saviour" in flowing robes, all exceedingly well painted.

The cloisters are filled with tombs, most of which

are enclosed by strong iron railings placed very close together. These tombs, all of them belonging to various illustrious personages, are placed in recesses hollowed out in the thickness of the wall; they are covered with armorial bearings and decorated with sculpture. On one of them I observed an excessively beautiful group of the Virgin Mary and Our Saviour holding a book in his hand, as well as a most strange and surprising production of the imagination, representing a fanciful monster, half animal, half arabesque. On all these tombs are stretched statues the size of life, of knights in armour, or bishops in full episcopal costume; so truthful are the attitudes in which they are lying, and so minute are the details, that any one looking at them through the iron railings might almost mistake these statues for the persons they represent.

On the jamb of a door, I remarked as I passed along, a charming little statue of the Virgin, executed in the most delicious manner and conceived with extraordinary boldness. Instead of the contrite and modest air that is generally given to the statues and paintings of the Blessed Virgin, the sculptor has represented her with a mixed expression of voluptuousness and ecstasy, and intoxicated with all the pleasure of a woman in the act of conceiving a God. She is standing up with her head thrown backwards, and seems to be inhaling with her whole soul and body, and also with the most original union of passion and purity, the ray of flame which is breathed upon her by the symbolical dove. It was a difficult task to produce any novelty in the treatment of a subject that had been so often used, but for genius nothing is too common.

A detailed description of these cloisters would

require a whole chapter to itself; but, on account of my limited space and the short time that was at my disposal, the reader will excuse me for merely mentioning them in this cursory manner, and re-entering the church, where we will take at hazard, without choice or preference, the first *chefs-d'œuvre* we may happen to see on our right and left; for they are all beautiful and all admirable, and those which we do not mention are at the least quite as valuable as the rest.

We will first stop before this "Passion of our Lord," carved in stone by Philip of Burgundy, who, unfortunately, was not a French artist, as his name or rather his nickname might lead us to suppose. This bas-relief is one of the largest in the world. According to the usual custom in Gothic art, it is divided into several compartments,—namely, the Mount of Olives, the Bearing of the Cross, and the Crucifixion of the Saviour between the two Thieves; an immense composition which, for the fineness of the heads, and the minute accuracy of the details, is equal to the most delicate and lovely things that Albert Dürer, Hemlinck, or Holbein ever produced with their miniature-painters' pencils. This stone epic is terminated by a magnificent "Descent to the Tomb." The groups of sleeping apostles which occupy the lower compartments of the Garden of Olives possess almost the same beauty and purity of style as the prophets and saints of Fra Bartholomew; the heads of the women at the foot of the cross are remarkable for that pathetic and mournful look which Gothic art alone could convey, and which in this instance is united to an uncommon beauty of outline. The soldiers attract attention by the singularity and savage style of their apparel, which is that usually employed during the middle ages in all

representations of the Ancients, the Orientals, or the Jews, whose true costume was then not known; the various postures in which they are placed are stamped with a bold swaggering air, which contrasts most happily with the ideality and melancholy of the other figures. The whole is surrounded by carving as delicate as the finest jewellery, and of the most incredible good taste and lightness. This splendid production of the sculptor's art was finished in 1536.

Since we are on the subject of sculpture, we may as well seize the opportunity to speak of the stalls in the choir, which, as a piece of admirable joinery, have not, perhaps, their equals in the world. The stalls are so many marvels. They represent subjects in bas-relief from the Old Testament, and are separated from each other by monsters and fantastic animals shaped like the arms of a chair. The flat portions are covered with incrustations, the effect of which is heightened by black hatching, like inlaid enamel-work on metal. It is impossible for arabesques or caprice to be carried to a greater length. These stalls contain an inexhaustible mine, an unheard-of abundance, a never-ending novelty, both of ideas and forms: they are a new world, a creation of themselves, marvellously rich and complete; a world in which the plants live, the men bud forth, a branch ends in a hand, and a leg terminates in foliage; a world in which the cunning-eyed monster spreads out his taloned wings, and the monstrous dolphin spouts the water through its nostrils. They form one inextricable entwining of buds and boughs, acanthuses, water-lilies, flowers, with chalices ornamented with tufts and tendrils, of serrated and twisted foliage, fabulous birds, impossible fish, and extravagant sirens and dragons, of which no tongue could ever give an idea. The wildest fancy reigns

unrestrained in all these incrustations, whose yellow tone causes them to stand out from the sombre background of the wood, and gives them the appearance of the paintings on Etruscan vases; an appearance which is fully justified by the boldness and primitive accent of their lines. These designs, from which the pagan spirit of the Renaissance peeps out, have nothing in common with the destination of the stalls themselves; in fact, the subject selected very frequently shows an entire forgetfulness of the sacred character of the place. They represent either children playing with masks, women dancing, gladiators wrestling, peasants engaged in the vintage, young girls teasing or caressing some fanciful monster, animals playing the harp, or even little boys, in the basin of a fountain imitating the famous statue at Brussels. Were they but a little more slender in their proportions, these figures would be equal to the purest productions of Etruscan art. Unity in the general appearance, and infinite variety in the details, was the difficult problem which the artists of the Middle Ages generally succeeded in solving. Five or six paces farther on, this mass of woodwork, so remarkable for the wildness of its execution, becomes grave, solemn, architectural, brown in its tones, and altogether worthy of serving as a frame to the pale and austere faces of the canons.

The Chapel of the Constable (*Capilla del Condestable*) forms of itself a complete church. The tomb of Don Pedro Fernandez Velasco, Constable of Castile, and that of his wife, occupy the middle of the building, and are far from being its least attractive feature: they are of white marble, magnificently sculptured. The constable is lying in his war armour, enriched with the chastest arabesques, from which the sacristans take *papier-*

maché casts, to sell to visitors. The constable's wife has her little dog by her side, while her gloves, and the brocaded flowers on her gown, are rendered with the utmost delicacy. Both their heads repose upon marble cushions, ornamented with their coronets and armorial bearings. The walls of the chapel are covered with gigantic coats of arms, while figures placed upon the entablature hold stone staves for supporting banners and standards. The *retablo* (which is the name given to the architectural *façade* before the altar) is sculptured, painted, gilt, and covered with a profusion of arabesques, varied by columns; it represents the Circumcision of our Saviour, with figures the size of life. To the right, on the same side as the portrait of Doña Mencia de Mendoza, Countess of Haro, is a small Gothic altar, coloured, gilt, carved, and embellished with an infinity of little figures, so light in appearance, and so graceful in form, that any one might mistake them for the work of Antonin Moine. On this altar there is a Christ, carved in jet. The high altar is ornamented with silver rays and crystal suns, which produce a singularly brilliant flickering effect. Carved on the roof is a rose of incredible delicacy.

Enclosed in the wainscoting of the sacristy, near the chapel, is a Magdalen, said to be by Leonardo da Vinci. The mildness of the brown half-tints, merging into the light by imperceptible gradations, the lightness of touch remarkable in the hair, and the perfect rounding of the arms, render this supposition extremely probable. In this chapel, also, is preserved the ivory diptych that the constable used to take with him to the army, and before which he was accustomed to recite his prayers. The *Capilla del Condestable* belongs to the Duke de Frias. Cast a glance, as you pass, on that statue of Saint Bruno, in

coloured wood,—it is by Pereida, a Portuguese sculptor,—and on that epitaph, which is that of Villegas, the translator of Dante.

A magnificent and most finely-built staircase, with splendidly-sculptured monsters, kept us for some minutes riveted with admiration. I am ignorant whither it leads, or into what room the small door at its extremity opens, but it is worthy of the most splendid palace. The high altar in the chapel of the Duke d'Abrantes is one of the most singular productions of the imagination which it is possible to behold. It represents the genealogical tree of Jesus Christ. This strange idea is carried out in the following manner:—The patriarch Abraham is lying at the bottom of the composition, and in his fertile breast are placed the spreading roots of an immense tree, each branch of which bears an ancestor of Jesus, and is subdivided into as many branches as that ancestor had descendants. The summit is occupied by the Virgin Mary on a throne of clouds, while the sun, the moon, and a multitude of gold and silver stars, shine through the foliage. It is impossible to think without a shudder at the immense amount of patience which must have been required to cut out all these leaves, chisel all these folds, and make all these personages stand out so prominently. This *retablo*, carved in the manner we have described, is as high as the *façade* of a house, that is to say, at least thirty feet, if we include the three stories, the second of which represents the crowning of the Virgin, and the third the Crucifixion, with St. John and the Virgin. The sculptor is Rodrigo del Haya, who lived in the middle of the sixteenth century.

The Chapel of Santa Tecla is the strangest structure imaginable. The object both of architect and sculptor

seems to have been to crowd as many ornaments as possible into the least space, and they have completely succeeded; for I defy the greatest advocate of ornament to find space enough in the whole chapel for a single rose or a single flower more. It is the most wonderful and most charming specimen of the richest description of bad taste. It is one mass of twisted spiral columns, surrounded by vine-shoots, of endless volutes, of cherubim's heads and shoulders with a pair of wings sticking out like the ends of a neck-tie, of large masses of clouds, of flames rising from censers and blown about by the wind, of rays spread out in the shape of a fan, and of endive-plants in full bloom and most luxuriant growth, all gilt and painted in natural colours with the pencil of a miniature-painter. The flower-work of the drapery is imitated thread for thread, and point for point, with frightful accuracy. Santa Tecla, who is tied to the stake with the flames rising around her on all sides, and a number of Saracens in extravagant costumes exciting them, is represented as raising towards Heaven her beautiful enamel eyes, and holding in her flesh-coloured hand a large holly-branch, twisted after the usual Spanish fashion. The roof is ornamented in the same style. The rest of the chapel is occupied by other altars, which, although smaller, are quite as elaborate as that which we have described. But the whole fabric is deficient in the peculiar delicacy of Gothic art, as well as in the charming characteristics of the period of the Renaissance; richness is substituted for purity of outline; it is still very beautiful, however, like everything carried to excess, but yet complete in its own peculiar style.

The organs, which are of a formidable size, have

rows of pipes laid transversely, like so many cannon with their muzzles pointed at you; they look very menacing and warlike. The private chapels have each an organ, only of a smaller size. In the *retablo* of one of these chapels we beheld a painting of such exceeding beauty, that I am even now at a loss to what master to ascribe it, unless it be to Michael Angelo. This magnificent work of art possesses, most undeniably, all the characteristic marks of the Florentine school, when in its most flourishing state, and would form the principal attraction in any gallery however rich. Michael Angelo, however, hardly ever painted in oil colours, and his pictures are fabulously scarce; I am inclined to think that it was painted by Sebastian del Piombo, after a cartoon, and on a drawing of this sublime artist. It is well known that Michael Angelo was jealous of Raphael's success, and that he sometimes employed Sebastian del Piombo, in order to unite colouring to drawing, and thus beat his young rival. However this may be, it is very certain that the picture is admirable. The Virgin Mary is represented seated, with her drapery disposed in majestic folds; she is covering with a transparent scarf the divine form of the infant Jesus, who is standing up by her side. From out the ultramarine of the sky two angels are contemplating her in silence, while in the background is seen a severe landscape, with some rocks and fragments of walls. The head of the Virgin possesses an amount of majesty, serenity, and force, of which it is utterly impossible to convey an adequate idea by mere words. The lines which join the neck to the shoulders are so pure, so chaste, and so noble, the face breathes such an expression of sweet maternal satisfaction, the hands are so divinely treated, and the feet are so remarkable for their

elegance and grand style, that I found it almost impossible to tear myself away. Add to this marvellous design, simple, solid, well-sustained colouring, without any claptrap devices, or little tricks of chiaroscuro, but a certain look of fresco which harmonizes perfectly with the tone of the architecture around, and you have a *chef-d'œuvre* such as is to be found only in the Florentine or Roman school.

There is also in the cathedral at Burgos a "Holy Family," without the painter's name. I strongly suspect it to be the production of Andrea del Sarto. There are likewise some Gothic paintings on wood, by Cornelis van Eyck; the fellows to them are in the gallery at Dresden. The works of the German school are not uncommon in Spain and some of them are exceedingly fine. We will seize the present opportunity to mention some pictures by Fra Diego de Leyva, who became a Carthusian friar in the *Cartuja* of Miraflores when he had already reached his fifty-fourth year. Among his other compositions we may notice the Martyrdom of Santa Casilda. The executioner has cut off both her breasts, and the blood is gushing forth from the two large red places which mark the spot whence the flesh has been removed; the two breasts are lying at the Saint's side, while she herself is looking with an expression of feverish and convulsive ecstasy at a tall angel, with a thoughtful, melancholy face, who has brought her a palm-branch. These frightful pictures of martyrdom are very frequently to be met with in Spain, where the love of the real and the true in art is carried to the greatest lengths. The artist will not spare you one single drop of blood; you must see the severed nerves shrinking back, you must see the quivering of the living flesh, whose dark purple hue contrasts strongly

with the bluish, bloodless whiteness of the skin, you must be shown the vertebræ cut through by the executioner's blade, and the gaping wounds that vomit forth water and blood from their livid mouths; every detail is rendered with horrible truthfulness. Ribera has painted some things in this style, sufficient to make El Verdugo[4] himself start back with affright. In sober truth, we require all the dreadful beauty and diabolical energy which characterize this great master, to enable us to support this flaying and slaughtering school of painting, which seems to have been invented by some hangman's assistant for the amusement of cannibals. We actually lose all desire to suffer martyrdom; and the angel, with his palm-branch, strikes us as a very poor compensation for such atrocious torments. But sometimes Ribera denies even this consolation to his victims, and allows them to writhe about in agony, like so many serpents, in the dull, menacing shade, that is not illuminated by a single ray from heaven.

The craving for the true, however revolting, is a characteristic feature of Spanish art. Idealism and conventionality are foreign to the genius of this people, who are altogether deficient in everything like æsthetic feeling. For them sculpture is not sufficient; they require their statues to be coloured, and their Virgins to be painted and clothed in real clothes. To please them, the material illusion can never be carried too far; and their unbridled passion for the real causes them sometimes to overstep the line which separates the sculptor's studio from the boiling-room of the wax-work exhibitor.

The celebrated "Christ of Burgos," which is held in such veneration, and which must not be shown until

the tapers are lighted, is a striking example of this strange taste. It is not formed of coloured stone or wood, but actually consists of a human skin (at least, so they say), stuffed in the most artistic manner. The hair is real hair; the eyes are furnished with eye-lashes, the crown of thorns is really composed of thorns, and, in a word, not one detail is omitted. Nothing can be more lugubrious, or more disagreeable to behold than this crucified phantom, with its ghastly life-like look and its death-like stillness. The skin, of a brownish, rusty tinge, is streaked with long lines of blood, which are so well imitated that you might almost think they were actually trickling down. It requires no very great effort of the imagination to believe the legend which affirms that this miraculous figure bleeds every Friday.

Instead of flying drapery twisted round the body, the Burgalise Christ has got on a white tunic, embroidered with gold, and descending from the waist to the knees. This style of dress produces a strange effect, especially upon us who are not used to it. There are three ostrich-eggs encased in the foot of the cross as a sort of symbolical ornament, the meaning of which I have forgotten, however, unless they are intended to convey an allusion to the Trinity, which is the principle and germ of all things.

On leaving the cathedral we felt dazzled and crushed with *chefs-d'œuvre*: we were intoxicated with them; we could not admire any longer: it was only by the greatest effort that we were enabled to cast a careless glance on the arch erected to Fernan Gonzalez: it is an experiment made in the classical style, at the commencement of the Renaissance period, by Philip of Burgundy. We were also shown

the Cid's house; when I say the Cid's house, I express myself badly; I mean the place where his house may have been, and which is a square place enclosed by posts. There is not the least vestige left which can authorize the general belief; but then, on the other hand, nothing absolutely proves the contrary; and, such being the case, there is no harm in our trusting the tradition. The *Casa del Cordon*, so called from the rope which winds round the doors, borders the windows, and serpentines through the various ornaments, is worth examining. It is the residence of the political chief of the province, and we met there sundry alcades of the environs, with features that would have struck us as rather suspicious had we happened to come across them in some lonely spot, and who would have done well to ask themselves for their papers before allowing themselves to proceed without molestation on their road.



PUERTA DE SANTA MARIA.

The *Puerta de Santa Maria*, erected in honour of Charles V., is a remarkable piece of architecture. Although the statues placed in the niches are short

and squat, they have an appearance of force and vigour which amply compensates for any defect in gracefulness of form. It is a great pity that this superb triumphal arch should be obstructed and disfigured by a number of plaster walls, which are placed there under the pretence of their being fortifications; they should immediately be pulled down. Near this gate is the public promenade on the banks of the Arlanzon, a very respectable river at least two feet deep, which is a great depth for Spain. The promenade is ornamented with four very tolerable statues, representing four kings or counts of Castile—namely, Don Fernan Gonzalez, Don Alonzo, Don Enrique II., and Don Fernando I. I have now mentioned almost everything worth seeing at Burgos. The theatre is even more primitive than the one at Vittoria. The evening I was there, the performance consisted of a piece in verse, entitled "El Zapatero y el Rey" (the Cobbler and the King), by Zorilla, a young and very talented author, who is very popular in Madrid, and who has already published seven volumes of poetry much extolled for its harmony and style. All the places, however, had been taken beforehand, so that we were obliged to renounce the pleasure we had promised ourselves, and wait until the next night for the "Three Sultanas," which, we were informed, was a piece interspersed with singing and Turkish dances of the most transcendent comicality. The actors did not know a word of their parts, and the prompter spoke so loudly that he completely drowned their voices. I may mention that the prompter is protected by a sort of tin shell, arched like the roof of an oven, to shield him against the *patatas*, *manzanas*, and *cascaras de naranja*—potatoes, apples, and orange-peel—with which the Spanish public, as impatient a public as ever existed,

never fails to bombard those actors who displease them. Each person brings his store of projectiles in his pocket: if the actors play well, the various vegetables return to the saucepan and serve to augment the *puchero*.

For one moment, we thought we had at length discovered the true type of a Spanish beauty in one of the three sultanas—large, arched, black eyebrows, sharp nose, a long oval face, and red lips; but an obliging neighbour informed us that she was a young French girl.

Before leaving Burgos, we paid a visit to the Cartuja de Miraflores, situated at half a league from the town. A few poor old decrepit monks have been allowed to await their death there. Spain has lost a great deal of its romantic character by the suppression of the monks, and I do not see that it has gained much in other respects. A number of magnificent edifices, which can never be replaced, and which were formerly preserved in all their integrity, will fall into a state of dilapidation, and crumble to the ground, adding their ruins to those which are already so common in this unhappy country; and thus unheard-of treasures in the way of statues, pictures, and objects of art of all kinds, will be lost, without any one deriving the least advantage. It strikes me that our Revolution might be imitated in other things than its stupid Vandalism. Murder each other if you will, for the ideas you imagine that you possess; fatten with your bodies the meagre plains ravaged by war—that is all very well; but the stone, the marble and the bronze touched by genius, are sacred—at least spare them. In two thousand years your civil dissensions will all be forgotten, and the future will only know that you

were once a great people by some marvellous fragments dug from out a heap of ruins.

The Cartuja is situated upon a hill. Its exterior is austere and simple, consisting of grey stones and a tile roof, that says nothing to the eyes, but everything to the imagination. In the interior are long, cool, silent cloisters, with whitewashed walls, and a number of doors leading to the various cells, and windows with leaden casements, containing different religious subjects on stained glass, especially a remarkable composition representing the Ascension. The body of our Saviour has already disappeared; there is nothing left but his feet, the marks of which are seen on a rock which is surrounded by pious personages lost in admiration.

The prior's garden is situated within a little courtyard, in the midst of which is a fountain, from which the water, clear as crystal, runs out drop by drop. A few stray sprigs of the vine somewhat enliven the melancholy aspect of the walls, while a few tufts of flowers and clusters of plants are seen springing up here and there, in picturesque disorder, pretty much as they were sown by the hand of Chance. The prior, an old man, with a noble, venerable face, and dressed in a garment resembling as much as possible a gown (for monks are not allowed to preserve their costume), received us very politely, and, as it was not very warm, made us sit around the brazero, and offered us cigarettes and *azucarillos*, with cool spring water. An open book was lying on the table: I took the liberty to glance into it. It was the "Bibliotheca Cartuxiana," a collection of all the passages of the various authors who have written in praise of the order and lives of the Carthusian monks. The margin was covered with annotations,

written in that stiff, formal, priest-like hand, rather large, which appeals so strongly to the imagination, but says nothing to the hasty and offhand man of the world. This poor old monk, left thus, out of pity, in a deserted convent, the vaults of which will soon fall over his unknown grave, was still dreaming of the glory of his order, and inscribing with a trembling hand, in the blank spaces of the book, some passage or other that had either been forgotten, or recently been found.

The cemetery is shaded by two or three large yew-trees, like those in the Turkish cemeteries. It contains four hundred and nineteen monks, who have died since the foundation of the convent. The ground is covered by thick luxuriant grass, and neither tomb, cross, nor inscription, is to be seen. There do the good monks all lie together, as humble in death as they were in life. This cemetery, without a single name, has something calm and silent about it that is refreshing to the soul. A fountain situated in the midst of it sheds a stream of limpid tears, as bright as silver, for these poor creatures, all dead and forgotten. I took a draught of the water, filtered through the ashes of so many holy persons; it was pure, and icy as death.

But though the dwelling of man is poor, that of God is rich. In the middle of the nave are placed the tombs of Don Juan II. and Queen Isabella, his wife. The spectator is lost in astonishment at the fact of human patience ever having completed such a work. Sixteen lions, two at each angle, support eight shields with the royal arms, and serve as base to the structure. Add to these a proportionate number of virtues, allegorical figures, apostles, and evangelists, imagine a countless number of branches, birds,

animals, scrolls of arabesque and foliage, twisting and twining in every direction, and you will yet have but a feeble notion of this prodigious masterpiece. The crowned statues of the king and queen are lying at full length on the top of the tomb. The king is holding his sceptre in his hand, and is enveloped in a long robe, guilloched and figured with the most incredible delicacy.

The tomb of the Infante Alonzo is on the left-hand side of the altar. The Infante is represented kneeling before a fall-stool. A vine, with open spaces, in which little children gathering grapes are suspended, creeps, in festoons of the most capricious and endless variety around the Gothic arch that serves as a framework to the composition, half buried in the thickness of the wall. These marvellous monuments are in alabaster, and are due to the chisel of Gil de Siloe, who also executed the sculptures for the high altar. To the right and left of the latter, which is a most beautiful work of art, are two open doors, through which you perceive two Carthusian friars in the white robe of their order, standing motionless before you. At first sight you are inclined to take these two figures, which are probably by Diego de Leyva, for living beings. The general decoration of the building is completed by stalls in the Berruguete style, and it is a matter of astonishment for the visitor to find all these wonders in so deserted a spot.

From the top of the hill we were shown, in the distance, San Pedro de Cardeña, which contains the tomb of the Cid and of his wife, Doña Ximena. By the way, in connexion with this tomb there is a strange anecdote told, which I will here relate, without, however, answering for the truth of it.

During the French invasion, General Thibaut

conceived the idea of having the Cid's bones removed from San Pedro de Cardeña to Burgos. His intention was to place them in a sarcophagus on the public promenade, in order that the presence of these illustrious remains might inspire the people with sentiments of heroism and chivalry. It is added, that the gallant general, in a fit of warlike enthusiasm, placed the hero's bones in his own bed, in order that he might elevate his courage by this glorious proximity, a precaution of which he had no need. The project was not put into execution, and the Cid returned to Doña Ximena's side, at San Pedro de Cardeña, where he has since remained; but one of his teeth, which had fallen out, and which had been put away in a drawer, had disappeared, without any one being able to find out what had become of it. The only thing that was wanting to complete the Cid's glory, was that he should be canonized, which he would have been, had he not, before his death, expressed the Arabo-heretical and suspicious wish that his famous steed, Barbieca, should be buried with him. This caused his orthodoxy to be doubted. Talking of the Cid, I must remark to Monsieur Casimir Delavigne that the name of the hero's sword is Tizona, and not Tizonade, which rhymes rather too closely with lemonade. I say this, however, without any desire of damaging the Cid's fame, who, to his merit as a hero, added that of inspiring so poetically the unknown author of the Romancero, as well as Guilhen de Castro, Diamante, and Pierre Corneille.

CHAPTER V.

FROM BURGOS TO MADRID.

El Correo Real; the Galeras—
Valladolid—San Pablo—A
Representation of Hernani—
Santa Maria—Madrid.



El Correo Real in which we quitted Burgos merits a particular description. Just fancy an antediluvian vehicle, of which I should say that the model, long since discarded, could at present only be found in the fossil remains of Spain; immense bell-shaped wheels, with very thin spokes, placed considerably behind the frame, which had been painted red, somewhere about the time of Isabella the Catholic; an extravagant body, full of all sorts of crooked

windows, and lined in the inside with small satin cushions, which may, at some remote period, have been rose-coloured; and the whole interior quilted and decorated with a kind of silk that was once, probably, of various colours. This respectable conveyance was suspended by the aid of ropes, and bound together in several suspicious-looking places with thin cords made of spartum. To this precious machine was added a team of mules of a reasonable length, with an assortment of postilions, and a *mayoral* clad in an Astracan lambs-wool waistcoat, and a pair of sheepskin trousers which looked tremendously Muscovitish. When all our preparations were completed, we set off in the midst of a whirlwind of cries and oaths, accompanied by a due proportion of whipping. We went at a most terrific pace, and literally flew over the ground, the vague outlines of the objects to our right and left flitting past us with phantasmagorical rapidity. I never saw mules more fiery, more restive, and more wild; every time we stopped, a whole army of *muchachos* was requisite to harness one to the coach. The diabolical animals came out of their stables on their hind legs; and it was only by the instrumentality of a bunch of postilions hanging on the halter of each one, that we succeeded in again reducing them to the state of quadrupeds. I think that it was the idea of the food that awaited them at the next *venta*—for they were frightfully thin—which filled them with this fiendlike impetuosity. On leaving one small village, they commenced kicking and capering about in such a fashion that their legs got entangled in the traces; whereupon they were belaboured with a shower of blows and kicks which must be seen to be believed. The whole team fell down, and an unfortunate postilion, who was

mounted on a horse which in all probability had never before been in harness, was dragged from beneath this heap of animals, almost as flat as a pancake and bleeding from the nose. His sweetheart, who had come to see him off, began shrieking enough to break any person's heart; I should never have thought that such shrieks could proceed from a human breast. The ropes were at last disentangled, and the mules set upon their feet again. Another postilion took the place of the wounded man, and we set off with a velocity which I should say could not be surpassed. The country through which we passed had a strange, savage look; it consisted of immense arid plains without a single tree to break their uniformity, and terminated by mountains and hills of a yellow-ochreish hue, which with difficulty assumed an azure tint even at a distance. From time to time we passed a dusty mud-built village, mostly in ruins. As it was Sunday, we saw, all along the yellowish walls illuminated by a sickly sun, whole ranks of haughty Castilians as motionless as mummies, and enveloped in their tinder-like rags, who had placed themselves there to *tomar el sol*, a species of amusement which would cause the most phlegmatic German to die of *ennui* at the expiration of an hour. This peculiarly Spanish amusement was, however, on the day in question, very excusable, for the weather was atrociously cold, while a furious wind swept the plain with the noise of thunder and of an infinity of war-chariots filled with armour rattling over a succession of brazen vaults. I do not believe that anything more barbarous and more primitive can be met with in the kraals of the Hottentots and the encampments of the Calmucks. I took advantage of a halt to enter one of these huts. It was a wretched hovel, without any windows. It had a fireplace of

unhewn stones in the centre, and a hole in the roof for the smoke to escape. The walls were of a dark brown colour, worthy of Rembrandt.

We dined at Torrequemada, a village situated on a small river which is choked up by the ruins of some old fortifications. Torrequemada is remarkable for the total absence of glass; the only window-panes to be seen there are in the *parador*, which, in spite of this unheard-of luxury, is nothing more nor less than a kitchen with a hole in the ceiling. After having swallowed a few *garbanzos*, which rattled in our stomachs like shots in a tambourine, we re-entered our box, and the steeple-chase recommenced. The coach at the back of the mules was like a saucepan tied to the tail of a tiger, and the noise it made only served to render them still more excited than they were before. A straw fire that was lighted in the middle of the road nearly caused them to set off with the bit between their teeth. They were so shy, that it was necessary for the postilions to catch hold of them by the bridle, and cover their eyes with their hands whenever another carriage was approaching them from the opposite direction. It may be taken as a general rule, that when two carriages drawn by mules meet, one of them is destined to capsize. At last, what was to happen, did happen. I was engaged in turning over in my brain the end of some hemistich or other, as I am accustomed to do on my travels, when I saw my companion, who was seated opposite to me, describe a rapid parabola in my direction. This strange action was followed by a severe shock and a general cracking. "Are you killed?" said my friend, finishing his curve. "Quite the contrary," I replied; "and you?" "Very slightly," was his answer. We made our way out as speedily as possible through the shattered roof of the

unfortunate coach, which was shivered into a thousand pieces. It was with an infinite degree of satisfaction that, at about fifteen paces off, we beheld in a field the box of our daguerreotype, as perfect and unharmed as if it had still been in Susse's shop, engaged in producing views of the Colonnade of the Bourse. As for the mules, they had disappeared, carrying off with them, Heaven knows whither, the front part of the carriage, and the two small wheels. Our own loss was limited to a button, which flew off with the violence of the concussion, and which we were unable to find. In sober truth, it would be impossible for any one to capsize more admirably.

I never in my life saw anything so ridiculous as the mayoral lamenting over the ruins of his coach. He put the pieces together just like a child who has broken a tumbler; finding, however, that the damage was irreparable, he began swearing most awfully; he beat himself, he rolled upon the ground, and imitated all the excess of grief as represented by the ancients; the next moment he softened down, and gave free course to the most touching elegies. What grieved him most was the rose-coloured cushions, scattered in all directions, torn and covered with dirt; these cushions were evidently the most magnificent things that he, as a mayoral, could conceive, and his heart bled to see that so much splendour had for ever vanished.

After all, our situation was not over pleasant, although we were seized with a most violent fit of laughter, which was certainly rather ill-timed. Our mules had disappeared like smoke, and all that we had left was a dismantled carriage without wheels. Luckily, the *venta* was not far off. Some one went and procured two *galeras*, which came for us and our

luggage. The *galera* (galley) most undoubtedly justifies those who gave it the name it bears. It is a cart on two or four wheels, with neither top nor bottom. A number of cords made of reeds form, in the lower portion of it, a sort of net, in which the packages and trunks are stowed. Over these is spread a mattress—a real Spanish mattress—which in no way prevents you from feeling the sharp angles of the baggage, thrown in any how beneath. The victims arrange themselves, as well as they can, on this novel instrument of torture, compared to which the gridirons of Saint Lawrence and Guatimozin are beds of roses; for on them, at least, it was possible to turn round. What would the philanthropists, who give galley-slaves post-chaises to ride in, say, if they saw the *galeras* to which the most innocent people in the world are condemned, when they visit Spain?

In this agreeable vehicle, completely innocent of anything like springs, we went along at the rate of four Spanish leagues, which are equal to five French leagues, an hour; just one mile an hour more than the rate attained by our best horsed mails on our best roads. Had we desired to have gone faster we must have procured English racers or hunters. Our route was diversified by a succession of steep ascents and rapid descents, down which we always rattled at a most furious gallop. All the assurance and skill for which Spanish postilions and conductors are famous was requisite to prevent our being shivered into a thousand pieces at the bottom of the various precipices; instead of capsizing merely once, we ought to have been capsizing without intermission. We were thrown from one side to the other like mice, when a person shakes them about for the purpose of stunning and killing them against the sides of the trap. Nothing but the severe beauty of

the landscape could have prevented us from becoming melancholy and crooked in the back; but the lovely hills, with their austere outline, and their sober, calm tints, imparted such a distinctive character to the horizon, which was changing every moment, that they more than compensated for the jolting we got in the *galera*. A village, or some old convent, built like a fortress, varied the oriental simplicity of the view, which reminded us strongly of the background of Decamps's picture of "Joseph sold by his Brethren."

Dueñas, which is situated upon a hill, looks like a Turkish cemetery. The caverns, scooped out of the living rock, are supplied with air by little bell-shaped towers, which at first sight bear a singular resemblance to minarets. A Moorish-looking church completes the illusion. To our left, in the plain, we caught occasional glimpses of the canal of Castile; it is not yet completed.

At Venta de Trigueros, a most singularly beautiful *rose-coloured* horse was harnessed to the *galera*. We had given up mules. This horse fully justified the one which has been so much criticised in the "Triumph of Trajan," by Eugene Delacroix. Genius is always right. Whatever it invents, exists; and Nature imitates it in almost its most fantastic eccentricities. After crossing a road skirted by mounds and jutting buttresses, which presented a tolerably monumental appearance, we at last entered Valladolid, slightly bruised, but with our noses undamaged, and our arms still hanging to our bodies without the assistance of black pins, like the arms of a new doll. I cannot say much for our legs, in which we seemed to feel all the pins and needles that were ever manufactured in England, as well as the feet of a

hundred thousand invisible ants. We alighted in a superb and scrupulously clean *parador*, where we were ushered into two splendid rooms, with balconies looking out upon a square, coloured matting, and walls painted in distemper, yellow and russet-green. As yet we had met with nothing which could justify the charge of uncleanliness and poverty, which travellers make against Spanish inns; we had not found any scorpions in our beds, and the promised insects had not made their appearance.

Valladolid is a large city that is almost entirely depopulated. It is capable of containing two hundred thousand souls, and the number of its inhabitants scarcely amounts to twenty thousand. It is a clean, quiet, elegant town, possessing many peculiar features that tell us we are approaching the east. The façade of San Pablo is covered with marvellous sculptures, of the commencement of the Renaissance period. Before the entrance, and arranged like posts, are granite pillars, surmounted by heraldic lions, holding in every possible position a shield with the arms of Castile upon it. Opposite this edifice is a palace of the time of Charles V., with a courtyard surrounded with extremely elegant arcades and most beautifully sculptured medallions. In this architectural gem, the government sells its ignoble salt and detestable tobacco. By a lucky chance, the façade of San Pablo is situated in a square, so that a daguerreotype view can be taken of it, which there is generally a great difficulty in doing in the case of edifices of the Middle Ages, almost always hemmed in by a heap of houses and abominable sheds; but the rain, which did not cease for a moment during our stay in Valladolid, prevented our profiting by this circumstance. Twenty minutes of sunshine, piercing the streams of rain at Burgos, had enabled us to take

very clear and distinct views of the two spires of the Cathedral and a large portion of the portal; but, at Valladolid, we did not have even twenty minutes, a circumstance which we regretted all the more from the fact of the town abounding in charming specimens of architecture. The building which contains the library, and which they wish to turn into a museum, is built in the most pure and delicious style; and although certain ingenious restorers, who prefer bare boards to bas-reliefs, have scraped away the admirable arabesques in a shameful manner, there is still enough left to render the edifice a masterpiece of elegance. We would particularly direct the attention of draughtsmen to an internal balcony, which cuts the angle of a palace situated on this same Plaza de san Pablo, and forms a *mirador* of the most original description. The outline of the small column uniting the two arches, is peculiarly happy. According to the tradition, it was in this house that the terrible Philip II. was born. We may also mention the colossal fragment of an unfinished cathedral, of granite, by Herrara, in the style of St. Peter's at Rome. This edifice was abandoned for the Escurial, that lugubrious and fantastic production of Charles V.'s melancholy son.

In a church that was closed, we were shown a collection of pictures that had been made at the time the convents were suppressed, and taken to Valladolid in obedience to an order of the superior authorities. This collection proves those who pillaged the convents and churches to be excellent artists and admirable connoisseurs, for they left none but the most horrible daubs, the best of which would not fetch fifteen francs in a broker's shop. The Museum contains a few tolerable specimens, but nothing at all first-rate; to make up for this defect, there is a great

quantity of wood carving, and a large number of ivory figures of our Saviour, but they are more remarkable for their size and antiquity than for the actual beauty of the execution. Persons who go to Spain for the sake of purchasing curiosities will be greatly disappointed; they will not find a single valuable weapon, a rare book or a manuscript. Such objects are never to be met with.

The *Plaza de la Constitucion* at Valladolid is very handsome and very large. It is surrounded by houses, which are supported by columns of bluish granite formed of a single block. These columns produce a fine effect. The Palace *de la Constitucion* is painted russet-green, and ornamented with an inscription in honour of the *innocente Isabella*, as the little queen is called here; it also possesses a clock which is illuminated at night, like that of the Hôtel de Ville at Paris, an innovation whereat the inhabitants seem greatly to rejoice. Under the pillars are established swarms of tailors, hatters, and shoemakers, whose callings are the three most flourishing ones in Spain. Here, too, are the principal coffee-houses, and the whole life of the population seems to be centered in this one spot. In the other parts of the town you will only meet at rare intervals some straggling individual or other, a *criada* going to fetch water, or a countryman driving an ass before him. This appearance of solitude is augmented still more by the large extent of ground occupied by the town, in which the squares are more numerous than the streets. The *Campo Grande*, near the principal gate, is surrounded by fifteen convents and could make room for a great many more.

On the evening of our arrival, the performance at the theatre consisted of a piece by Don Breton de los

Herreros, a dramatic author who is greatly esteemed in Spain. This piece bore the strange title of *El Pelo de la Desa*, which signifies when literally translated, *The Hair of the Pasturage*, a proverbial expression which it is rather difficult to explain, but which answers to the French saying, "La caque sent toujours le hareng" (what is bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh). The plot of the piece turns upon the fact of an Aragonese peasant being about to marry a young girl of noble birth, but having the good sense to feel that he can never be fitted for polite society. The comicality consists in the perfect imitation of the Aragonese dialect and accent, a kind of merit that is not easily perceived by foreigners. The *baile nacional*, without resembling the "Dance of Death" quite as much as that at Vittoria, was but a poor affair. The next day they played Victor Hugo's *Hernani, ou l'Honneur Castillan*, translated by Don Eugenio de Ochoa. We took care not to neglect so fine an opportunity. The piece is rendered verse for verse with scrupulous exactitude, save some few passages and scenes which were necessarily omitted to suit the public taste. The Scene of the Portraits is reduced to nothing, because Spaniards consider it insulting, and imagine that they are indirectly ridiculed in it. There are also some passages omitted in the fifth act. In general, Spaniards feel affronted when they are spoken of in a poetical manner; they assert that they are calumniated by Victor Hugo, Mérimée, and most of the authors who have written on Spain; yes—calumniated by being represented nobler than they are. They most strenuously disavow the Spain of the Romancero and the Orientals; they almost invariably assert that they are neither poetical nor picturesque, and their assertion is, alas! but too well founded. The drama was well played. The Ruy Gomez of

Valladolid was most certainly equal to that of the Rue de Richelieu, which is not saying a little. As for the Hernani, that *rebelle empoisonné*, he would have been highly satisfactory, had he not had the bad taste to dress himself up like the troubadour on a clock. The Doña Sol was almost as *young* as Mademoiselle Mars, without her talent.

The Theatre at Valladolid is of a very pleasing shape, and although the interior is only decorated with a coat of white paint, ornamented with cameos on a grey ground, it produces a pretty effect. The decorator has hit upon the strange fancy of painting the partitions of the stage-boxes, so as to resemble windows with spotted muslin curtains, exceedingly well imitated. These windows have a very singular appearance. The balcony and the front of the boxes are formed of open-work, which enables the spectator to see whether the women have small feet and well-made shoes; indeed, it also enables him to see whether they possess a neat ankle and well-fitting stocking. This, however, cannot be at all disagreeable to Spanish women, who are nearly always irreproachable in this respect. I perceived by a charming *feuilleton* written by my literary substitute (for the *Presse* penetrates even into these barbarous regions), that the boxes of the new Opéra Comique are constructed on the same plan.

Beyond Valladolid the character of the country changes, and the vast heaths recommence. They possess, however, the advantage over those of Bordeaux of being dotted with clusters of green dwarf oaks, and fir-trees that spread out more at the top, and somewhat resemble a parasol in shape. But they are marked by the same aridity, the same solitude, the same look of desolation. Here and there

are scattered heaps of rubbish, pompously called villages, which have been burnt and devastated by the various contending factions; and wandering about among their ruins are seen some few inhabitants, looking tattered and miserable. The only picturesque objects are a few petticoats, of a very bright canary colour, enlivened with embroidery of various hues, representing birds and flowers.

Olmedo, where the coach stops for the passengers to dine, is completely in ruins. Whole streets are deserted, and others choked up by fallen houses, while grass grows in the squares. Like the doomed cities mentioned in Holy Writ, Olmedo will soon contain no inhabitants save the flat-headed viper, the blear-eyed owl, and the dragon of the desert, who will drag the scales of his belly over the stones of the altars. A girdle of old dismantled fortifications surrounds the place, and the charitable ivy throws its cloak of verdure over the nudity of the gutted and yawning towers. Nature endeavours to repair as well as she can the ravages committed by Time and War. The depopulation of Spain is frightful: in the time of the Moors she possessed thirty-two millions of inhabitants, and, at present, the numbers, at most, ten or eleven millions. Unless some very fortunate change takes place—a thing that is not excessively probable—or the marriages are blessed with supernatural fecundity, many towns that were once flourishing will be abandoned altogether, and their ruins of brick and clay insensibly become amalgamated with the soil which swallows up all things—cities as well as men.

In the room where we dined, a tall woman, built like a Cybele, kept walking up and down, carrying under her arm an oblong basket, covered with a

piece of stuff. From this basket there issued little plaintive cries, rather like those of a very young child. I was somewhat puzzled at this, because the basket was so small that if it had contained a child the latter must have been of the most microscopic and phenomenal proportions—a Lilliputian that ought to be exhibited at fairs. It was not long before the enigma was explained. The nurse—for such she was—drew out from the basket a coffee-coloured puppy, and sitting down, very gravely suckled this new description of baby. She was a *pasiega* going to Madrid to take a situation, and was afraid that her supply of milk might dry up.

On leaving Olmedo, the country does not offer any great variety of scenery; the only thing worth notice that I remarked, before we reached our quarters for the night, was an admirable effect of sunset. The rays of light illuminated one side of a chain of very distant mountains, all the details of which stood out with the greatest clearness, but the portions that were plunged in shadow were almost invisible; and the sky bore a most saturnine appearance. Were a painter to transfer this effect exactly to canvas, he would be accused of exaggeration and inexactitude. On this occasion the posada was much more Spanish than any we had hitherto seen. It consisted of an immense stable surrounded by chambers with whitewashed walls, containing four or five beds each. The whole place was miserable and naked, but not dirty; the characteristic and proverbial filth did not yet make its appearance. In fact, the dining-room contained an incredible example of sumptuousness in the way of furniture,—namely, a set of engravings representing the Adventures of Telemachus, not the charming vignettes with which Célestin Nanteuil and his friend Baron, have illustrated the history of the

wearisome son of Ulysses, but those horrible coloured daubs with which the Rue Saint Jacques inundates the whole world. We set off again at two in the morning, and, as soon as the first streaks of day enabled me to distinguish the different objects, I beheld a sight that I shall never forget as long as I live. We had just changed horses at a village called, I think, Santa Maria de las Nieves, and were toiling up the first ridges of the chain of mountains we had to traverse. I almost imagined I was passing through some city built by the Cyclops. Immense blocks of sandstone, that assumed all sorts of architectural shapes, rose up on all sides, their outlines standing out upon the background of the sky like so many fantastic Towers of Babel. In one place, a flat stone that had fallen across two other rocks bore a most astonishing resemblance to the *peulven* or *dolmen* of the Druids; further on, a series of lofty fragments, shaped like the shafts of columns, represented porticoes and propylæa; in another place, you saw nothing but a chaos—an ocean of sandstone suddenly frozen when in a state of the utmost fury. The bluish-grey of these rocks augmented still more the singularity of the view, while, at every moment, from out the interstices of the stone there gushed forth, in the shape of drizzling vapour, or trickled down like tears of crystal, numerous mountain springs. But what particularly enchanted me was the snow which had melted and run into the hollows, forming little lakes, bordered with emerald-coloured grass, or framed in a circle of silver, composed of snow which had resisted the action of the sun. Pillars raised at certain distances, and serving to direct the traveller when the snow throws its perfidious mantle over the right road and the precipices, gave the scene a sort of monumental appearance. The torrents foam

and roar in every direction; the road passes over them by means of the bridges of uncemented stone so frequent in Spain, and which you meet at every step you take.

The mountains continued to tower higher and higher, and when we had ascended one, another, which we had not before seen, rose up before us. The mules were no longer equal to their task, and we were under the necessity of procuring a team of oxen, which gave us an opportunity of alighting, and performing the rest of the ascent on foot. I was actually intoxicated with the pure bracing air; I felt so light, so joyous, so full of enthusiasm, that I cried out and capered about like a young goat. I experienced a desire to throw myself down all the charming precipices, that looked so azure, so vapoury, and so velvet-like. I wished to be carried away by the cascades, to dip my feet in all the springs, to pluck a leaf from every fir, to roll myself in the glittering snow, to be mixed up with all the objects around, and melt like an atom in the immensity before me.

The lofty mountain crests glistened and sparkled in the sun, like the skirt of a dancing-girl's robe under its shower of silver spangles; others, again, had their peaks surrounded by clouds, and merged imperceptibly into the sky, for nothing resembles a mountain so much as a cloud. The whole view was composed of one succession of precipices and undulations. It is beyond the power of art, whether of the pen or the pencil, to convey an adequate idea of their different colours and forms. Mountains realize all that the imagination can picture of them, and this is no small praise. The only difference between the reality and the idea we form of it, arises

from the fact of our fancying mountains look larger than they do. We are only aware of their enormous size by comparison. On gazing attentively, you perceive that what, at a distance, you took for a blade of grass, is a fir-tree sixty feet high.

At the turn of a bridge, admirably adapted for an ambuscade of brigands, we beheld a small column surmounted by a cross. It was erected to the memory of a poor devil who had ended his days in this narrow pass, in consequence of his having fallen a victim to *manoairada* (violent death). From time to time we met travelling *maragatos*, in their costume of the sixteenth century, which consists of a tight-fitting leathern doublet, fastened with a buckle, wide breeches, and a broad-brimmed hat. We also met several *Valencianos*, with their white linen drawers, like the robes of the Klephts, their handkerchief twisted about their head, their white gaiters bordered with blue, and without feet, after the fashion of the antique *Knemis*, and their long piece of cloth (*capa de muestra*), crossed diagonally by bright-coloured stripes, and draped over their shoulders in a very elegant manner. All that we could perceive of their flesh was as tawny as Florentine bronze. Then, again, we saw strings of mules, caparisoned in the most charming fashion, with bells and party-coloured fringe and housings, while their *arrieros* were armed with carbines. We were enchanted, for we had found an abundant supply of the picturesque of which we were in search.

The higher we ascended, the thicker and broader became the strips of snow; but a single sunbeam made the mountains stream with water, like a woman laughing in the midst of her tears; on every side little brooks, scattered about like the dishevelled

tresses of some Naïad, and clearer than crystal, forced their way downwards. By dint of climbing, we reached the summit of the range, and seated ourselves on the plinth of a large granite lion, which is situated on the further side of the mountain, and marks the boundary of Old Castile; beyond this lion the province of New Castile commences.

We took a fancy to cull a delicious red flower, whose botanical name I do not know, and which was growing in the fissures of the mountain. This necessitated our clambering up on a rock, which is said to be the place where Philip II. used to sit to see how the works of the Escurial were advancing. Either the tradition is apocryphal, or Philip II. must have possessed most astoundingly good eyes.

The coach, which had been toiling up the precipitous steeps, at last rejoined us once more. The oxen were unyoked, and we descended the declivity in a gallop. We stopped to dine at Guadarrama, a little village crouched at the foot of the mountain. The only ornament of which it can boast is a granite fountain, erected by Philip II. At this place, by a strange reversion of the natural order of dinners, goats' milk soup was served up as dessert.

Madrid, like Rome, is surrounded by a desert; it is impossible to convey an idea of its aridity and desolation. There is not a tree, a drop of water, a green plant, or the least appearance of humidity; nothing but yellow sand and iron-grey rocks; and when you leave the mountain, you do not find even rocks, but large stones. From time to time you perceive a dusty *venta*, a cork-coloured spire, just showing its nose on the horizon, large melancholy-looking oxen dragging along one of the cars we have already described; a countryman on horseback, or on

a mule, with a fierce expression of face, a carbine at his saddle-bow, and a sombrero slouched over his eyes, or long strings of whity-brown asses, carrying chopped straw, which is corded up with a network of small ropes, and that is all. The ass which walks first, the *coronel*, has always a small feather or rosette, indicating his superiority in the hierarchy of the long-eared tribe.

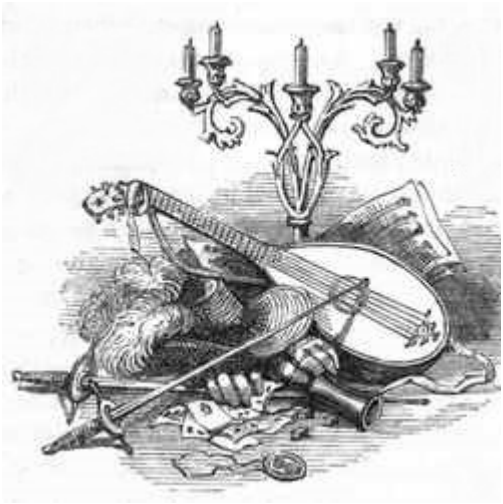
At the expiration of a few hours, which our impatience to reach our destination caused to appear still longer than they really were, we at last perceived Madrid with tolerable distinctness. A few minutes afterwards we entered the Spanish capital by the *Puerta de Hierro*, and drove along an avenue planted with dwarf pollards and bordered by small brick towers which serve to raise water. Talking of water, although the transition is not very well timed, I forgot to mention that we crossed the Manzanares by means of a bridge that was worthy of a river of a more serious description; we then passed by the Queen's Palace, one of those edifices which people are pleased to designate as tasty. The immense terraces on which it is raised give it rather a grand appearance.

After having undergone the visit of the custom-house officials, we proceeded to take up our quarters in the immediate vicinity of the *Calle d'Alcala* and of the *Prado*; the name of our street was the *Calle del Caballero de Gracia*, and our hotel was called *La Fonda de la Amistad*, where Madame Espartero, Duchess de la Vittoria, happened at that time to be staying. The first thing we did was to despatch Manuel, our temporary servant, a most ardent *aficionado* and tauromachist, to procure us tickets for the next bull-fight.

CHAPTER VI.

MADRID.

Bull-fights—The Arena—Calesins—Espadas, Chulos, Banderilleros, and Picadores Sevilla the Picador—La Estocada a Vuela Pies.



We were obliged to wait two days. Never did two days appear so long to me, and in order to overcome my impatience, I read over more than ten times the bills posted up at the corners of the principal streets. These bills promised wonders; they announced eight bulls from the most famous pasturages; the *picadores*, Sevilla and Antonio Rodriguez; and the *espadas*, Juan Pastor, also called *El Barbero*, and Guillen; they wound up by prohibiting the public from throwing into the arena orange-peel or any other projectile capable of injuring the combatants.

The word *matador* is scarcely ever employed in

Spain to designate the person who kills the bull; he is entitled *espada* (sword), which is more noble and more characteristic. Neither is the word *toreador* used, but *torero*. I just mention this as a piece of useful information for those authors who are accustomed to introduce a little local colouring into their ballads and comic operas. The fight is called *media corrida*, half-course or fight, because formerly there used to be two every Monday, one in the morning and one at five in the afternoon, the two together making up the day's amusement. At present only the fight in the afternoon is preserved.

It has been asserted and reasserted on all sides, that the Spaniards are losing their taste for bull-fights, and that civilization will soon cause the amusement to be discontinued altogether. If civilization does effect this, all I can say is that it will be all the worse for civilization, as a bull-fight is one of the grandest sights that the imagination of man can conceive; but, at any rate, the time for their abolition has not yet arrived, and those sensitive writers who affirm the contrary have only to transport themselves some Monday, between the hours of four and five, to the Puerta d'Alcala, in order to be convinced that the taste for this *ferocious* pastime is, as yet, very far from extinct.

Monday, which is the bull-day, *dia de toros*, is a holiday. No one does any work, and the whole town is in commotion. Those persons who have not previously bought their tickets, hasten off towards the *Calle de Carretas*, where the ticket-office is situated, in the hope of finding some place still vacant, for the enormous amphitheatre is all numbered and portioned into stalls, a plan which cannot be praised too highly, and which might be

imitated with advantage in the French theatres. The *Calle d'Alcala*, the artery into which all the populous streets of the city flow, is filled with foot-passengers, horse-men, and vehicles. To grace this solemnity, the most strange and extravagant *calesins* and cars emerge from their dusty retreats, while the most fantastic horses, and the most phenomenal mules come forth into the light of day. The *calesins* reminded me of the Neapolitan corricoli. They have large red wheels and no springs, the body being decorated with paintings more or less allegorical, and lined with old damask silk or faded serge with long silk fringe. Altogether, they produce a most absurd *rococo* effect. The driver sits upon the shaft; this enables him to harangue and belabour his mule just as he thinks fit, and also makes one place more for his customers. The mule is tricked out with as many feathers, rosettes, tufts, bells, and as much fringe as it is possible to fasten to the harness of any quadruped in existence. A *calesin* generally contains a *manola*, and a female friend as well as her *manolo*, not to mention a bunch of *muchachos* hanging on behind. All this flies along with the speed of lightning in the midst of a whirlwind of cries and dust. There are also carriages with four or five mules. Nothing equal to them can be found now-a-days, anywhere save in the pictures of Van der Meulen, which represent the conquests and hunting exploits of Louis XIV.

Every vehicle in the town is laid under contribution, for it is accounted the height of fashion by the *manolas*, who are the grisettes of Madrid, to proceed in a *calesin* to the *Plaza de Toros*: they pawn even their mattresses to obtain money on the day of a bull-fight, and without being exactly virtuous the rest of the week, they are most decidedly much less

so on Sunday and Monday. You also see country people who have come to town on horseback, with their carbine suspended at the bow of their saddle; others, again, either alone or with their wives, are mounted on asses. Besides all these persons, there are the carriages of the fashionable world, and a whole host of honest citizens and señoras in mantles on foot, who quicken their pace on perceiving the mounted National Guard, headed by their trumpeters, advancing to clear the arena. For nothing in the world would any one miss seeing the clearing of the arena, and the precipitate flight of the alguazil after he has thrown to the helper the key of the *toril*, where the horned gladiators are confined. The *toril* is situated opposite the *matadero*, in which place they flay the animals that have been killed. The bulls are driven, the night before the fight, to a meadow called *el arroyo*, near Madrid. This meadow is a favourite walk with the *aficionados*; but it is one, by the way, not wholly free from danger, for the bulls are at liberty, and their drivers find it rather a difficult task to keep them in order. Lastly, the bulls are conducted into the *encierro* (stable attached to the circus) by the aid of old bulls used to the office, and scattered among the herd of their wild brethren.

The *Plaza de Toros* is situated on the left-hand side of the road, beyond the Puerta d'Alcala (which, I may mention in a parenthesis, is a fine structure, resembling a triumphal arch, with trophies and other heroic ornaments); it is an enormous circus, with whitewashed walls, presenting no remarkable feature on the outside. As all the tickets are taken beforehand, the audience enter without the least confusion, and every one clambers to his place, and sits down according to the particular number of his ticket.

The interior is arranged in the following manner:—Around the arena, which is of truly Roman grandeur, runs a circular barrier of planks, six feet high, painted a bright red, and furnished on each side, at about two feet from the ground, with a wooden ledge, on which the *chulos* and *banderilleros* put one foot, in order to jump over to the other side when they are followed too closely by the bull. This barrier is called *las tablas*. It has four doors, for the entrance of the officials and the bulls, as well as for carrying off the bodies, &c. Beyond this barrier there is another, rather higher. The space between the two forms a kind of corridor, where the *chulos* rest themselves when they are fatigued; it is likewise the station of the picador *sobresaliente* (substitute), whose duty it is always to hold himself in readiness, fully dressed and equipped, in case the chief *picador* should be killed or wounded; and also of the *cachetero* and a few *aficionados*, who, by dint of perseverance, succeed, despite the rules, in smuggling themselves into this blest place, admittance into which is as much sought after in Spain as is the privilege of going behind the scenes of the opera at Paris.

As it frequently happens that the bull, when exasperated, clears the first barrier, the second is surmounted by a network of ropes to prevent his leaping further; and a number of carpenters with axes and hammers are always at hand to repair any damage done to the enclosure, so that accidents are almost impossible. However, bulls *de muchas piernas* (of much legs), as they are technically called, have been known to clear the second barrier. We have an instance of this in an engraving of the *Tauromaquia* of Goya, the celebrated author of the "Caprices," representing the death of the alcade of Torrezon,

who was miserably gored by one of these leaping gentry.

The seats destined for the use of the public are situated immediately beyond the second barrier. Those near the ropes are called *plazas de barrera*, those in the middle *tendidos*, while those next to the first tier of the *grada cubierta* are distinguished by the appellation of *tabloncillos*. All these rows, which remind you of the seats in the Roman amphitheatres, are composed of bluish granite, and have no covering but the canopy of heaven. Immediately behind them are the covered places, *gradas cubiertas*, which are divided into *delantera*, first seats; *centro*, middle seats; and *tabloncillo*, seats with backs. Above these are the boxes, called *palcos* and *palcos por asientos*. They are a hundred and twenty in number, very spacious, and capable of containing twenty persons each. The difference between the *palco por asientos* and the simple *palco* is, that in the former you can take a single place as you can a balcony-stall at the opera. The boxes of the *Reina Gobernadora y de la Innocente Isabel* are decorated with silk hangings and closed by curtains. Next to them is the box of the *ayuntamiento* (municipal authorities), who preside over the sports, and whose duty it is to settle any dispute that may arise.

The circus, thus arranged, contains twelve thousand spectators, all seated at their ease, and enjoying a clear view of everything going forward,—a most indispensable condition in an amusement that is purely ocular. The immense building is always full; and those who are unable to procure *plazas de sombra* (places in the shade) prefer being broiled alive in the uncovered seats, to missing one fight. It is considered as indispensable by those persons who

pride themselves on their gentility to have a box at the bull-fights in Madrid, as it is by Parisians of fashion to possess one at the Italian Opera.

On issuing from the outward corridor to proceed to my place, I was seized with a sort of sudden giddiness. The circus was bathed in torrents of light, for the sun is a chandelier of a very superior description, which possesses the advantage of not spilling the oil upon those beneath, and which not even gas will supersede for some time to come. An immense humming floated like a fog of noise over the arena. On the sunny side of the building palpitated and glistened thousands of fans and little round parasols with handles made of reed. They looked like flocks of birds, of ever-varying hues attempting to fly. There was not one place empty. I can assure the reader that it is in itself a grand sight to see twelve thousand people assembled in a theatre of such a size, that heaven alone is capable of painting the ceiling with the blue which it procures from the palette of eternity.

A detachment of the cavalry of the National Guard, exceedingly well mounted and equipped, now rode round the arena, preceded by two alguazils in their costume, which consists of a large broad-brimmed hat and feather, in the style of Henri IV., black doublet and cloak, and large boots. Their duty was to drive away some few obstinate *aficionados* and certain dogs that were still loitering in the ring. As soon as this was effected, the alguazils went and fetched the *toreros*, under which term are included the *picadores*, *chulos*, *banderilleros*, and the *espada*, who is the principal performer in the drama. These personages made their entry to a flourish of trumpets. The *picadores* were mounted on horses

with their eyes hooded, as the sight of the bull might frighten them and cause them to shy, thereby endangering the safety of their riders. The costume of the *picadores* is highly picturesque. It is composed of a short vest, which does not button, of orange, carnation, green or blue velvet, loaded with gold or silver embroidery and spangles, fringe, filigree buttons and ornaments of all kinds, especially on the shoulders, where the stuff is completely hidden beneath a glittering and phosphorescent mass of twisted arabesque-work. Under this is a waistcoat in the same style, a frilled shirt, a variegated neck-handkerchief tied carelessly round the neck, and a silk sash round the waist. Their pantaloons are of fawn-coloured buff, stuffed inside and lined with thin metal plates, like the boots of the French postilions, in order to protect the wearers' legs from being gored by the bull. A grey, low-crowned hat (*sombrero*), with an immense brim, and ornamented with an enormous tuft of favours, and a large mesh or net of black ribbons, which is called, I believe, a *moño*, and holds the hair gathered up in a pigtail at the back of the head, complete the dress. The *picador* is armed with a lance, at the end of which is an iron spike two or three inches long. This spike cannot wound the bull dangerously, but is enough to irritate or keep him at bay. A piece of leather fitted to the *picador's* hand, prevents the lance from slipping. The saddle rises very high, both behind and before, and resembles those strengthened with iron plates, in which the knights of the Middle Ages used to be buried in the tournaments. The stirrups are made of wood, and form a kind of shoe, like the Turkish stirrups. A long, iron spur, as sharp as a dagger, is fixed in the rider's heel. An ordinary spur would not be sufficient to govern the horses, who are often half

dead.

The *chulos* present a very nimble and natty appearance with their breeches of green, blue, or rose-coloured satin, their jacket ornamented with various patterns and flowers, their tight girdle, and their little *montera* cocked knowingly on one ear. On their arm they carry a piece of cloth (*capa*), which they unroll and agitate before the bull's eyes for the purpose of exciting, dazzling, and deceiving him. They are all young men, well built, spare and slim, differing in this respect from the *picadores*, who are, in general, remarkable for their height and athletic proportions; the *picadores* require strength, and the *chulos* agility.

The *banderilleros* wear the same costume as the *chulos*. It is their especial duty to plant a kind of dart, tipped with an iron barb and ornamented with pieces of paper, in the bull's shoulder. These darts are called *banderillas*, and are employed to revive the animal's fury and lash him up to the pitch of exasperation necessary to make him present a fair aim to the sword of the *matador*. The *banderillero* has to plant two *banderillas* at a time; in order to do this, he must pass his two arms between the bull's horns, a delicate kind of operation, in performing which it might, perhaps, be rather dangerous for a person to be thinking of anything else.

The *espada* differs from the *banderilleros* only by the fact of his having a richer and more highly ornamented costume, which is sometimes of purple silk, a colour particularly offensive to the bull. His weapons consist of a long sword, with a handle in the shape of a cross, and a piece of scarlet cloth stretched on a long stick; the technical term for this kind of waving shield, is *muleta*. The reader is, at

present, acquainted with the theatre and the actors. I will now show the latter enacting their various parts.

The *picadores*, escorted by the *chulos*, first go up and bow to the box of the *ayuntamiento*, whence the keys of the *toril* are thrown out to them. These are picked up and delivered to the alguazil, who gives them to the groom of the ring, and then gallops off as hard as he can, pursued by the shouts and cries of the crowd; for the alguazils, as well as all the other representatives of justice, are not much more popular in Spain than the gendarmes and sergents-de-ville are in France. Meanwhile, the two *picadores* take up their position to the left of the door of the *toril*, which is situated directly opposite the royal box, because the bull's entry is one of the most interesting parts of the fight. The *picadores* are stationed at a very little distance from each other, with their backs to the *tablas*, firmly seated in their saddles, holding their lances couched, and valiantly prepared to receive the beast. The *chulos* and *banderilleros* station themselves at some distance off, or disperse themselves over the arena.

All these preparations, which appear longer in description than they are in reality, excite the curiosity of the public to the highest pitch. Every person looks anxiously at the fatal door, and out of the twelve thousand spectators present, not one takes his eyes off it. At this moment, the loveliest woman in the world might beg in vain for a single glance.

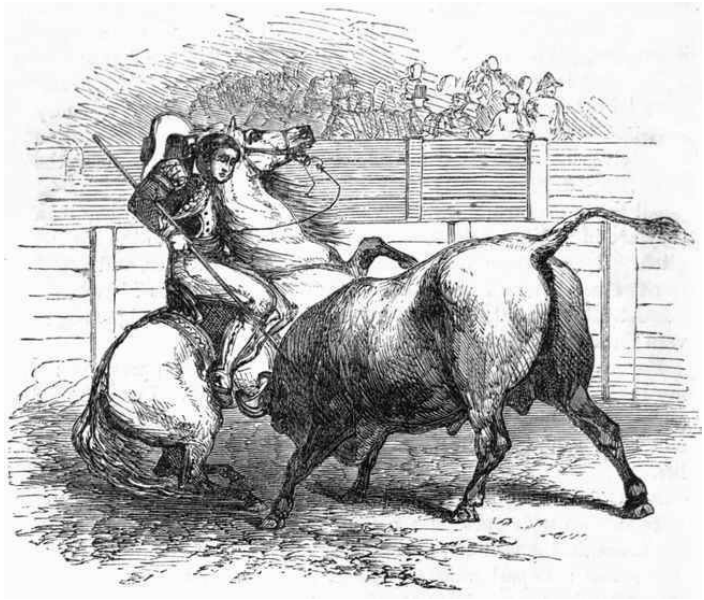
For my own part, I frankly confess that I felt as oppressed as if my heart had been clutched by some invisible hand. I experienced a strange buzzing in my ears, and the perspiration, alternately hot and cold, ran down my back. I never felt more excited in my life.

A shrill flourish of trumpets was now heard; the red folding-doors were thrown wide open with a loud noise, and the bull rushed into the arena, in the midst of an immense hurrah.

He was a superb animal, with a glossy coat, almost black, an enormous dewlap, a square muzzle, sharp, polished, curving horns, clean-made legs, and a tail that was always in motion. Between his shoulders he had a bunch of ribbons, fastened by a large pin, and representing the colours of his *ganaderia*. Dazzled by the light of day, and astonished at the tumult, he stopped short for a second, and snuffed the air twice or thrice; then, perceiving the nearest *picador*, he made a furious bound, and tore towards him at full gallop.

The *picador* who was thus singled out was Sevilla. I cannot refrain from taking this opportunity to describe this famous Sevilla, who is really the beau-ideal of his class. Imagine a man of about thirty years of age, of a noble expression and demeanour; as robust as Hercules, as bronzed as a mulatto, with superb eyes, and a physiognomy like that of one of Titian's Cæsars. The expression of jovial, contemptuous serenity in his features and bearing, had really something heroic about it. On this occasion he was dressed in an orange-coloured jacket, embroidered and laced with silver; the remembrance of this jacket has ever since remained, even in its minutest details indelibly fixed on my mind. He lowered his lance, and, couching it, sustained the shock of the bull so victoriously, that the savage animal staggered and passed by him, bearing away with him a wound which, ere long, streaked his black coat with red. He stopped, as if uncertain what to do, for a few seconds, and then,

with redoubled fury, rushed at the second *picador*, who was stationed at a little distance further on.



SEVILLA THE PICADOR.

Antonio Rodriguez gave him a tremendous thrust with his lance, and inflicted a second wound just beside the first, for it is only allowable to hit the bull in the shoulder. But he again rushed towards Rodriguez with his head near the ground, and plunged his horn right into the horse's belly. The *chulos* ran up, waving their pieces of cloth, and the stupid animal, attracted and diverted by this fresh object, turned round and pursued them at full speed; but the *chulos*, placing one foot on the ledge we have already described, leaped lightly over the barrier, leaving him very much astonished at no longer seeing any one.

The horn had completely ripped up the horse's

belly, so that his entrails came through, and almost touched the ground. I thought that the *picador* would retire and procure another steed; this was, however, far from being the case; he touched his ear, to see whether or not the wound was mortal. The horse was only unseamed; although his wound was most horrible to behold, it could be healed. The entrails are replaced in his belly, a needle and thread are passed through the skin, and the poor creature is still capable of being used again. Rodriguez gave him the spur, and cantered up to take another position at a little distance off.

It now seemed to strike the bull that all he should get from the *picadores* were hard thrusts, and he began to feel a desire to return to his pasture. Instead of *entering* again without hesitation, after making a few bounds, he returned, with the most dogged resolution, to his *querencia*; the *querencia* is the technical term for some corner or other that the bull chooses for a resting-place, and to which he always retires after having made the *cogida*. This word is employed to designate the attack of the bull, while *la suerte* is used in speaking of the *torrero*, who is likewise named *diestro*.

A swarm of *chulos* ran up and waved their bright-coloured *capas* before the bull's eyes; one of them was even insolent enough to wrap his cloak, that was rolled up, round the animal's head, making him look exactly like the sign of the *Bœuf à la mode*, which most people have seen at Paris. The bull was furious, and got rid, in the best way he could, of this ill-timed ornament, throwing the innocent piece of stuff into the air, and trampling on it with great rage when it fell on the ground. Taking advantage of this new access of fury, a *chulo* began irritating him, and drew

him towards the *picadores*. On finding himself face to face with his foes, the bull hesitated, and then, making up his mind, rushed at Sevilla with such force that the horse fell with his four feet in the air, for Sevilla's arm is a buttress that nothing can bend. Sevilla fell under the horse, which is the best manner of falling, because the rider is then protected from the bull's horns, the body of his steed serving him as a shield. The *chulos* came up, and the horse got off with only a gash in his thigh. They raised Sevilla, who clambered into his saddle again with the greatest coolness imaginable. The horse of Antonio Rodriguez, the other *picador*, was less fortunate; he received so severe a thrust in the breast that the bull's horn entered up to the root, and disappeared entirely in the wound. While the bull was endeavouring to free his head from the body of the horse, Antonio clung to the edge of the *tablas*, which he cleared, thanks to the *chulos*, for when a picador is thrown, he is so weighed down by the iron lining of his boots that he finds it as difficult to move as did the knights of old when encased in their armour.

The poor horse, left to himself, crossed the arena, staggering as if he had been drunk, and entangling his feet in his entrails. A flood of black blood gushed impetuously from his wound, marking the sand with intermittent zigzag lines, which attested the unequalness of his course. At length he fell near the *tablas*. Two or three times he raised his head and rolled his blue eyes, that were already glazed, drawing back his lips, white with foam, and exposing his fleshless teeth. He struck the ground feebly with his tail, while his hind legs moved convulsively and kicked out for the last time, as if he wished to break the thick skull of Death with his hard hoof. He was hardly dead when the *muchachos* on service, seeing

that the bull was engaged somewhere else, ran up and took off his saddle and bridle. He remained thus, lying on his flank, like some dark outline upon the sand. He was so slight, so flat, that he might have been mistaken for a profile cut out of black paper. I had already remarked, at Montfaucon, what strangely fantastic forms horses assume after death. Of all animals there are certainly none whose dead bodies are so melancholy to look at as that of a horse. His head, that is so noble and pure in form, is so modelled and flattened by the terrible hand of Nothingness that it seems as if it had been inhabited by a human mind; while his dishevelled mane and streaming tail have something picturesque and poetical about them. A dead horse is a corpse; every other animal that has once ceased to live is nothing more nor less than carrion.

I dwell thus upon the death of this horse, because it excited in me a more distressing feeling than anything else I ever saw at a bull-fight. But this horse was not the only victim that day. Fourteen others were stretched dead in the arena, one bull alone killing five.

The *picador* returned on a fresh horse, and a number of attacks, more or less successful, then ensued. But the bull was beginning to be tired, and his fury to abate, whereupon the *banderilleros* advanced with their darts, furnished with little pieces of paper, and in a short time the bull's neck was ornamented with a collar of pennons, which all his efforts to shake off only fixed more firmly. A little *banderillero* of the name of *Majaron* was particularly bold and successful in discharging his darts, and sometimes he would even cut an *entrechat* before retiring: as a natural consequence, he was greatly

applauded. When the bull had seven or eight *banderillas* fluttering about him, and felt his skin pierced by their darts, and heard the rustling of their paper pennons in his ears, he began to run about in all directions, and bellow in the most horrible manner. His black muzzle became white with foam, and, in his blind fury, he butted so violently against one of the doors, that he broke it off its hinges. The carpenters, who were closely watching his movements, immediately replaced it, while a *chulo* enticed him in another direction; but was pursued so closely, that he had scarcely time to clear the barrier. The bull, exasperated and lashed to the highest pitch of fury, made one prodigious effort and followed him over the *tablas*. All the persons in the intermediate space jumped with marvellous rapidity into the arena, while the bull, receiving on his passage a shower of blows from the sticks and hats of the first row of spectators, re-entered by another door.

The *picadores* now retired, leaving a free field to the *espada*, Juan Pastor, who proceeded to salute the box of the ayuntamiento, and requested permission to kill the bull. As soon as this was granted, he threw his *montera* into the air, as much as to say that he was about to stake everything upon a single cast, and then walked up to the bull with a deliberate step, concealing his sword under the red folds of his *muleta*.

The *espada* now waved his piece of scarlet cloth several times, and the bull rushed blindly at it. By a mere movement of his body, the *espada* avoided the animal's attack. The latter soon returned, however, butting furiously at the light cloth, which he pushed on one side, without being able to pierce it. The favourable instant was come: the *espada* placed

himself exactly opposite the bull, waving his *muleta* with his left hand, and holding his sword horizontally, with the point on a level with the animal's horns. It is difficult to convey by words an idea of the fearful curiosity, the frantic attention produced by this situation, which is worth all the plays Shakspeare ever wrote. A few seconds more, and one of the two actors will be killed! Which will it be, the man or the bull? There they stand, face to face; the man has no defensive weapon of any kind, he is dressed as if he were going to a ball, in pumps and silk stockings. A woman's pin would pierce through his satin jacket; a mere rag and a slight sword are all that he has to save his life. In this fight all the material advantages belong to the bull, who possesses two terrible horns as sharp as daggers, immense force, and that animal fury which is not conscious of danger. But then, on the other hand, the man has his sword and his courage; the eyes of twelve thousand spectators are fixed upon him, and in a few moments, young and beautiful women will applaud him with their delicate white hands.

The *muleta* was suddenly thrown on one side, leaving the *matador's* body exposed to view; the bull's horns were not an inch from his breast; I thought he was lost. A silvery flash passed with the rapidity of lightning between the two crescents, and the bull fell upon his knees with a roar of pain. He had got the hilt of the sword between his shoulders, just as the stag of Saint Hubert is represented in Albert Dürer's marvellous engraving, bearing a crucifix in the midst of his branching antlers.

Thunders of applause burst forth from all parts of the amphitheatre; the *palcos* of the nobility, the *gradas cubiertas* of the middle classes, the *tendidos* of

the *manolos* and *manolas* cried and shouted with all the ardour and petulance which distinguish the natives of southern climes, "*Bueno! Bueno! Viva el Barbero! Viva!!!*"

The blow which the *espada* had just given is held in high estimation, and called *la estocada a vuela pies*; the bull dies without losing one drop of blood, which is accounted the height of elegance, and by falling on his knees, seems to acknowledge his adversary's superiority. The *aficionados* (dilettanti) say that the inventor of this blow was Joaquin Rodriguez, a celebrated *torrero* of the last century.

When the bull does not die immediately, a mysterious little being, dressed in black, and who has hitherto taken no part in the proceedings, is seen to jump over the barrier. This is the *cachetero*. He advances with a stealthy step, looks at the bull in his death-struggle, to see whether he is capable of getting up again, which is sometimes the case, and, coming behind him, traitorously plunges a cylindrical dagger, shaped at its extremity like a lancet, into his neck; this cuts the spinal marrow, and produces instantaneous death. The best spot is behind the head, some inches from an imaginary straight line drawn from horn to horn.

The military band proclaimed the bull's death, one of the doors was thrown open, and four mules, magnificently caparisoned with feathers, bells, woollen tufts, and little flags, yellow and red, the Spanish national colours, entered the arena. These mules bear off the dead bodies, which are attached to a rope, furnished at the end with a large hook. The horses were taken away first, and then the bull. These four splendid and spirited animals, who dragged along the sand, with frantic velocity, all the

dead bodies which, but a short time before, were themselves so active, had a strange, savage look, which made you forget, in some degree, the mournful duty they had to perform. When they had left, a groom came with a basketful of earth, which he spread over the pools of blood, which might otherwise cause the *torreros* to slip. The *picadores* resumed their places near the door, the orchestra sounded a flourish, and another bull rushed into the arena, for no time is allowed to elapse between the acts of this drama; nothing stops it, not even the death of a *torrero*. As we have already mentioned, the *doubles* are waiting, ready dressed and armed, in case of accidents. It is not our intention to give a separate account of the deaths of eight different bulls who were sacrificed that day; we will merely mention certain variations and remarkable incidents.

The bulls are not always very savage; some are even very gentle, and would only be too happy to lie down quietly in the shade. It is easy to perceive, by their good-natured honest look, that they prefer their pastures to the circus. They turn their backs on the *picadores*, and, in the most phlegmatic manner, allow the *chulos* to wave their many-coloured cloaks under their very nose. Not even the *banderillas* can rouse them from their apathetic condition. In cases like these, it is necessary to have recourse to more violent expedients; such, for example, as the *banderillas de fuego*. These are slight sticks, with fireworks attached, which go off some minutes after they are planted in the shoulders of the *toro cobarde* (coward) and explode with a shower of sparks and detonations. By this ingenious contrivance, the bull is goaded, burnt, and stunned simultaneously; were he the most *aplomado* (leaden) of bulls, he cannot

possibly avoid becoming furious. He indulges in a succession of extravagant capers, of which no one would ever suppose so heavy an animal capable; he bellows, foams, and twists himself about in every direction, to escape from the disagreeable proximity of the fireworks, which are burning his ears and scorching his hide.

The *banderillas de fuego*, however, are never used but at the last extremity; the fight is considered, as it were, disgraced when it is necessary to have recourse to them; but if the alcade is too long before waving his handkerchief as a sign that he allows them to be employed, the public create such a horrible disturbance that he is obliged to yield. The most extraordinary vociferations, howling, shouting, and stamping of feet, break out on all sides. Some holla "*Banderillas de fuego!*" while others exclaim, "*Perros! perros!*" (The dogs!) The bull is overwhelmed with abuse; he is called a scoundrel, an assassin, a thief; the spectators offer him a place in the shade, and indulge in all sorts of pleasantry, which is frequently very witty. In a short time a chorus of sticks is added to the vociferations, if the latter do not produce the desired effect. The flooring of the *palcos* creaks and gapes, and the painting on the ceilings falls in small whitish pellicles, like so much snow mixed with dust. The public becomes exasperated to the highest pitch. "*Fuego al alcade! perros el alcade!*" (Burn the alcade! to the dogs with him!) shout the incensed multitude, shaking their fists at the box of the *ayuntamiento*. At last, the much desired permission is granted, and everything becomes quiet again. During these kinds of *jawing-matches*—excuse the term, but I cannot find a better—you often hear some very humorous remarks. I will instance one that is very concise and very cutting. A *picador*, magnificently dressed in a

completely new suit, was showing off on his horse without taking any part in the proceedings, and remaining in a part of the circus where there was no danger. "*Pintura! pintura!*" hollaed the spectators to him, clearly perceiving the motives of his conduct.

Very frequently the bull is so cowardly that even the *banderillas de fuego* are insufficient. He returns to his *querenzia*, and will not *enter*. The cries of "*Perros! perros!*" then recommence. On a sign from the alcade, the canine gentlemen are introduced. They are admirable animals, of the purest breed and most extraordinary beauty. They go straight up to the bull. The latter tosses about half-a-dozen in the air, but that does not prevent one or two of the strongest and most courageous from at length succeeding in catching hold of his ear. When they have once fastened on it they are like leeches; they might be turned inside out before they would let go. The bull shakes his head—dashes them against the barrier—but it is of no avail. When this has lasted for some time, the *espada*, or the *cachetero*, plunges a sword into the side of the victim, who bends his knees and falls on the ground, where he is despatched. Sometimes they employ a kind of instrument called a *media-luna*, (half-moon), with which they hamstring him, and render him incapable of offering any resistance: in this case it is no longer a combat, but a disgusting butchery. It frequently happens that a *matador* fails; his sword meets with a bone and springs back, or else it enters the throat and causes the bull to vomit blood in large quantities; this is a serious fault according to the laws of *Tauromaquia*. If the animal is not despatched at the second blow, the *espada* is overwhelmed with hisses and abuse; for the Spanish public is impartial: it applauds both bull and man in exact proportion to their respective merits. If

the bull rips up a horse and over-throws the rider, it shouts "*Bravo, toro!*" if the man wounds the bull, "*Bravo, torrero!*" but it will not suffer cowardice either in man or beast. A poor devil who was afraid to go and fix his *banderillas* in an extremely ferocious bull, occasioned such a tumult, that the alcade, in order to restore order, promised to have him sent to prison.

During this very fight, Sevilla, who is an admirable horseman, was greatly applauded for the following feat:—An extraordinarily strong bull caught his horse under the belly, and, tossing up its head, lifted it completely off the ground. In this perilous situation, Sevilla did not so much as move in his saddle, but kept both stirrups, and held his horse so well in hand that it came down again upon its four feet.

The day's entertainment had been good. Eight bulls and fourteen horses killed, and a *chulo* slightly wounded: what could any one desire more? Each bull-fight must bring in about twenty or twenty-five thousand francs,[5] which are given by the queen to the principal hospital, where the wounded *torreros* are treated with every possible attention. A priest and a surgeon are always waiting in a room at the *Plaza de Toros*, ready to administer spiritual or corporal assistance as the case may be. Formerly, and I believe it is the case at present as well, a mass used to be said for the combatants during the fight. You see that nothing is neglected, and that the impressarios take every precaution. As soon as the last bull is killed, every one leaps into the arena, and discusses on the way home the merit of the different *suertes* or *cogidas* which have struck him as most worthy of notice. And what, you will ask, are the women like? for that is the first question put to a

traveller. I own, frankly, that I have not the slightest idea. I have a vague notion that there were some very pretty ones near me, but I will not positively assert the fact.

Let us proceed to the Prado, in order to clear up this important point.

CHAPTER VII.

MADRID—*continued*.

The Prado—The Mantilla and Fan—The Spanish Type—Water-Merchants; Coffee-houses of Madrid—Newspapers—The Politicians of the Puerta del Sol—Post-Office—The Houses of Madrid—Tertullias; Spanish Society—The Teatro del Principe—The Queen's Palace; the Palace of the Cortes, and the Monument of the Dos de Mayo—The Armeria and El Buen Retiro.

Whenever Madrid is mentioned, the first objects that the word suggests to our minds are the Prado and La Puerta del Sol. Since then our inclination leads us to do so, let us now proceed to the Prado, as it is the hour of the evening promenade. The Prado consists of a number of alleys and cross-alleys, with a road in the middle for carriages. It is shaded by stunted pollards, whose roots are in connexion with a little basin lined with brick, into which the water is conveyed by small canals at the hours appointed for watering; without this precaution the trees would soon be devoured by the dust, and shrivelled up by the sun. The promenade commences at the Convent d'Atocha, passing by the gate of that name, as well as by the Puerta d'Alcala, and terminating at the gate of the Franciscan Friars. The fashionable world, however, frequents only the space bounded by the fountain of Cybele and the fountain of Neptune, from the Puerta d'Alcala to the Carrera de San Jeronimo. Within this space there is a large plot of ground called the *saloon*, surrounded by chairs, like the principal walk in the gardens of the Tuileries. Near the *saloon* there is a cross-walk which bears the name

of *Paris*. It is the Boulevard de Gand of Madrid, and the rendezvous of the fashionable world. The fashionable world, however, is not, as a general rule, particularly distinguished by a taste for the picturesque, and in this instance it has selected the most dusty, the least shady, and the least convenient part of the whole promenade. The crowd is so great in this narrow space, confined between the *saloon* and the carriage-way, that you frequently find it a difficult task to put your hand into your pocket and take out your handkerchief. You must "lock up" and follow the stream as you would in the *tail* at the doors of a theatre (that is to say, as you would have done when there were *tails* at the doors of a theatre). The only possible reason there could have been for choosing this spot, is that you can see and salute the persons who are passing in their carriages (it always looks well for a foot-passenger to salute a carriage). The equipages are not very brilliant. Most of them are drawn by mules, whose long, blackish coat, large belly, and pointed ears, produce a most ungraceful effect; they resemble the mourning coaches which follow a hearse. The carriage of the queen herself has but a very simple and tradesman-like appearance. Any Englishman, with the slightest pretensions to being considered a millionaire, would most certainly look down upon it with contempt; there are, doubtless, some exceptions, but they are rare. The splendid Andalusian horses, however, on which the young fashionables of Madrid prance about, are charming. It is impossible to behold anything more elegant, more noble, and more graceful than an Andalusian stallion, with its plaited mane, long, thick tail reaching to the ground, trappings ornamented with red tufts, stately head, sparkling eye, and neck swelling out like a pigeon's breast. I saw one ridden

by a lady, of the colour of a Bengal rose (the horse and not the lady), frosted over with silver, and of the most marvellous beauty. What a difference there is between these noble beasts who have preserved all their splendid primitive form, and those locomotive machines made of muscles and bones, called English racers, which have nothing of the horse left about them, save four legs and a backbone on which to place a jockey!



LADIES ON THE PRADO.

The Prado most certainly offers one of the most animated sights it is possible to behold. The promenade is one of the finest in the world; not for the place itself, which is of the most ordinary description, in spite of all the efforts made by Charles III. to supply its natural defects, but on account of the astonishing concourse of persons that are collected there every evening, from seven o'clock until half-past ten. There are very few bonnets to be

seen on the Prado. With the exception of some few bright yellow affairs resembling coal-scuttles, which may have been used to decorate the head of some learned ass, you meet with mantillas only. The Spanish mantilla is therefore a fact. I had previously believed that it existed no longer, save in the ballads of Monsieur Crevel de Charlemagne. It is made of black or white lace, but generally black, and is worn at the back of the head, on the top of the comb; a few flowers placed on each side of the forehead complete the head-dress, which produces the most charming effect imaginable. When a woman wears a mantilla, she must be as ugly as the three theological virtues not to appear pretty; unfortunately, it is the only part of the Spanish costume which has been preserved, all the rest is *à la Française*. The lower folds of the mantilla float above a shawl, an odious shawl, and the shawl is accompanied by a gown of some stuff or other, which does not bear the remotest resemblance to the basquina formerly worn. I cannot avoid being astonished at such blindness, and I cannot understand how it is that the women, who are generally so clearsighted in all that relates to their beauty, do not perceive that their immense efforts to be elegant only cause them, at most, to look like provincial fashionables, which, after all, is but a poor result. The old costume is so admirably adapted to the peculiar beauty, proportions, and manners of the Spanish women, that it is really the only one that can by any means become them. The fan corrects, to a certain extent, the bad taste of this pretension to *Parisianism*. A woman without a fan is something that I have not yet seen in this happy land; I have seen some who had satin shoes without stockings, but they always had a fan. The fan accompanies them everywhere, even to church,

where you come across groups of them of all ages, kneeling down or squatting on their heels, and praying and fanning themselves most fervently. The proceedings are frequently varied by their making the sign of the cross in the Spanish manner, which is much more complicated than ours; they execute this manœuvre with a degree of rapidity and precision worthy of Prussian soldiers. The management of the fan is an art that is totally unknown in France. The Spanish women excel in it; the fan opens, shuts, and is twirled about in their fingers so rapidly and so lightly, that a conjurer could not do it better. Some ladies who are great amateurs have a most valuable collection of fans. We ourselves saw a collection of this kind which numbered more than a hundred, of various patterns. There were fans of every country and every period; fans made of ivory, tortoiseshell, sandal-wood, adorned with spangles, or painted in water-colours, in the style of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.; fans made of China or Japan rice-paper; in a word, fans of every possible description. Some of them were decorated with rubies, diamonds, and other precious stones. This custom of forming large collections of fans is a piece of tasteful extravagance, a charming mania in a pretty woman. The shutting and opening of the fans produce a little hissing sound, which, being repeated more than a thousand times a minute, pierces the confused hum which floats above the crowd, and has something very strange about it for a French ear. When a woman meets one of her acquaintance, she makes a little sign with her fan, and pronounces the word *agur* as she passes him. At present let us say something about Spanish beauty.

What we Frenchmen believe to constitute the

Spanish type does not exist in Spain; at least, I have not met with it as yet. We generally picture to ourselves, whenever a señora or a mantilla is mentioned, a long, pale, oval face, large black eyes with velvet eyebrows, a sharp nose, slightly arched, a pair of bright red lips, and, to complete the whole, a warm, gold-like tint, bearing out the line in the song, *Elle est jaune comme une orange* (She is as yellow as an orange). This is the Arabic or Moorish, and not the Spanish type. The women of Madrid are charming creatures, in the fullest acceptation of the word; out of every four, there are three who are pretty; but they do not correspond in the least with the notion we have formed of them. They are short, delicate, and well-shaped; their foot is small, their figure graceful, and their bust full and voluptuous; but their skin is very white, their features fine and irregular, and their mouth formed like a heart, resembling exactly some of our beauties in the time of the Regent.[6] Many have light chestnut hair, and you cannot take two turns upon the Prado without meeting seven or eight women with fair hair of every possible shade, from the light blond to the most vivid red, like the beard of Charles V. It is an error to suppose that there are no fair-complexioned women in Spain. Blue eyes are very common, but they are not so highly esteemed as black ones.

During the first few days, we had some difficulty in accustoming ourselves to the sight of women with their shoulders exposed as if they were going to a ball, their arms bare, their feet encased in satin shoes, and their fan in their hand, walking about alone in a public thoroughfare, for it is not the custom to offer your arm to a lady unless you are her husband or some near relation; you content yourself with merely walking by her side, at least as long as it

is light, for after nightfall, this practice is not so rigorously observed, especially with foreigners who are not used to it.

We had heard people talk a great deal of the *manolas* of Madrid; the type of the *manola* has disappeared, like that of the grisette in Paris, and of the *transteverini* in Rome; it certainly does exist, but it has been stripped of all its primitive characteristics. The *manola* no longer wears her old costume, which was so spirited and picturesque. The ignoble gown of printed calico has replaced the bright-coloured basquina, embroidered with extravagant patterns; the frightful leather shoe has superseded the satin slipper, and, horrible idea, their gowns are lengthened at least two good inches. In former days, the *manolas* lent an aspect of variety to the Prado by their lively manner and their singular dress; at present, it is difficult to distinguish them from the wives of the lower class of tradespeople. I looked for the *full-blood* manola in every corner of Madrid; at the bull-fights, in the Garden *de las Delicias*, at the *Nuevo Recreo*, and on the Festival of Saint Anthony, without finding a perfect one. Once, as I was crossing the quarter of the *Rastro*, the Temple[7] of Madrid, after I had picked my way between an immense number of dirty wretches, who were stretched out asleep, upon the ground, in the midst of the most horrible collection of rags, I found myself in a little deserted lane. There, for the first time, did I behold the manola I was in search of. She was a tall, strapping girl, about four-and-twenty, which is the greatest age that a *manola* or a grisette can ever attain. She had a dark complexion, a sorrowful but determined look, rather thick lips, and something strangely African in the general formation of her face. An immense roll of hair that was so

intensely black as to appear blue, and plaited like so much basket-work, encircled her head and terminated in a large high-backed comb. A bunch of coral hung from each ear, her tawny neck was adorned with a necklace of the same material; a mantilla of black velvet was wound around her head and shoulders, her robe, which was as short as those of the Swiss girls in the Canton of Berne, was formed of embroidered cloth, and exposed to view her well-shaped nervous legs encased in a pair of tightly-fitting black silk stockings; her shoes were of satin according to the old fashion; and to complete the whole, a red fan fluttered about like a cinnabar butterfly between her fingers, which were loaded with silver rings. The last of the *manolas* turned round the corner of the lane and disappeared from my sight, leaving me in a state of astonishment at having once, at least, seen walking about in the every-day world a costume so admirably adapted for the masquerades at the Opera! On the Prado, too, I saw some *pasiegas* from Santander, in their national costume. These *pasiegas* are accounted the best wet-nurses in Spain, and their affection for their little charges is as proverbial as is the honesty of the natives of Auvergne in France. They wear a red cloth petticoat with large pleats, and a broad silver-lace border, a velvet bodice trimmed with gold, and a variegated bright-coloured silk handkerchief as a headdress, the whole being accompanied with silver trinkets and other barbarous ornaments. These women are extremely handsome, and have a very striking expression of strength and grandeur. Their custom of carrying the child upon their arms causes them to throw their body rather back; this shows off the development of their busts to great advantage. It is looked upon as a kind of luxury to keep a pasiega

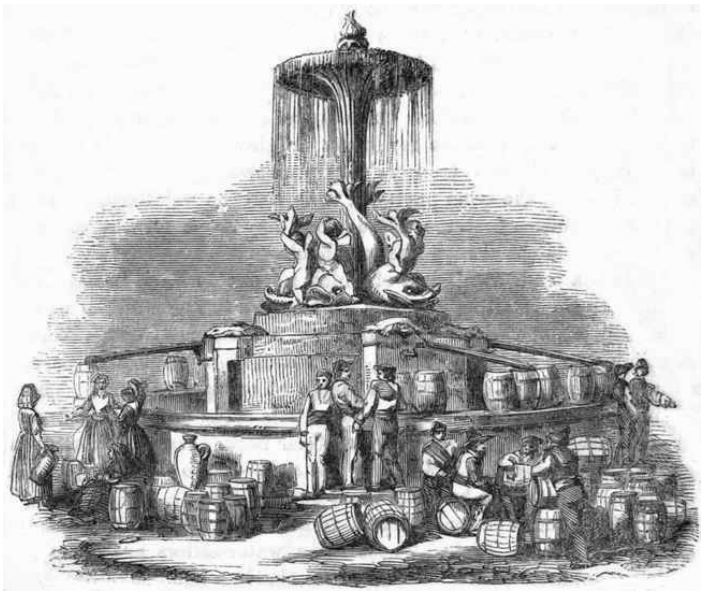
in full costume, just as it is to have a Klepht standing behind your carriage.

I have said nothing about the dress of the men. Look at the plates of the fashions, six months old, in the shop of some tailor, or in some reading-room, and you will have a correct idea of it. Paris is the object which absorbs the thoughts of every one, and I recollect having once seen written over the shed of a shoe-black, "Boots cleaned here after the Parisian fashion (*al estilo de Paris*)." The modest aim of the modern hidalgos is to embody the delicious designs of Gavarni; they are not aware that there are but a few of the most elegant Parisians who can succeed in the attempt. We must, however, do them the justice to say, that they are much better dressed than the women; their patent-leather boots are as brilliant, and their gloves as white as it is possible for boots or gloves to be. Their coats are correct, and their trousers very praiseworthy; but the cravat cannot boast of the same purity of taste, and the waistcoat, the only portion of modern costume which offers any scope for the exercise of the fancy, is not always irreproachable.

There is a trade at Madrid of which no one in Paris has an idea. I allude to the retailing of water. The stock in trade of the water-seller consists of a *cantaro* of white clay, a small reed or tin basket, containing two or three glasses, a few *azucarillos* (sticks of porous caramel sugar), and sometimes a couple of oranges or limes. There is one class of water-sellers, who have little casks twined round with green branches, which they carry on their back. Some of them even go so far—along the Prado, for instance—as to exhibit painted counters, surmounted by little brass figures of Fame, and small flags, not a whit

inferior in magnificence to the displays made by the *marchands de coco* in Paris. These same water-sellers are generally young *muchachos* from Gallicia, and are clad in a snuff-coloured cloth jacket, breeches, black gaiters, and a peaked hat. There are also some who are natives of Valencia, with their white linen drawers, their piece of stuff thrown over their shoulder, their legs bronzed by the sun, and their *alpargatas* bordered with blue. There are also a few women and little girls, whose costumes present nothing worthy of notice, that sell water. They are called, according to their sex, *aguadores* or *aguadoras*. In all quarters of the city do you hear their shrill cries, pitched in all sorts of keys, and varied in a hundred thousand manners: *Agua, agua, quien quiere agua? Agua helada, fresquita como la nieve!* This lasts from five in the morning till ten in the evening, and has inspired Breton de los Herreros, a favourite author of Madrid, with the idea of a song, entitled *l'Aguadora*, which has been very popular all through Spain. This thirst of the population of Madrid is certainly a most extraordinary thing; all the water in the fountains, and all the snow of the mountains of Guadarrama, are insufficient to allay it. People have joked a great deal about the poor Manzanares, and its Naïad with her dry urn, but I should just like to see what sort of a figure any other river would cut in a town parched up by the same thirst. The Manzanares is drunk up at its very source; the aguadores anxiously lie in wait for the least drop of water, the slightest appearance of humidity which oozes forth between its dry banks, and carry it off in their *cantaros* and casks; the laundresses wash the linen with sand, and, in the very middle of the bed of the river, a Mahommedan would not find sufficient water to enable him to perform his ablutions. The

reader may, perhaps, recollect a delicious *feuilleton*, in which Méry describes the thirst of Marseilles. Exaggerate this six times, and you will have but a slight idea of the thirst of Madrid. The price of a glass of water is a *cuarto* (about a farthing). What Madrid most stands in need of, after water, is fire, wherewith to light its cigars; consequently, the cry, *Fuego, fuego*, is heard in every direction, mingled incessantly with that of *agua, agua*. There is a desperate struggle between the two elements, each of which appears to be striving which can make the most noise. The fire, which is more inextinguishable than that of Vesta, is carried about by young rascals in little vases filled with coal and fine ashes, with a handle, to prevent the bearers from burning their fingers.



FOUNTAIN AT MADRID.

It is now half-past nine o'clock. The crowd on the

Prado begins to thin, and the promenaders direct their steps towards the coffee-houses and botillerias which line the Calle d'Alcala and the neighbouring streets.

To us who are accustomed to the dazzling and fairy-like splendour of the Parisian cafés, the coffee-houses of Madrid appear to be nothing more than mere low, twenty-fifth-rate public-houses. The manner in which they are decorated recalls most successfully to your recollection the wretched sheds in which bearded women and living sirens are shown to the public. But this want of splendour is amply compensated by the excellence and variety of the refreshments. I must frankly own that Paris, so superior in everything else, is behindhand in this respect: the art of the *limonadier* is with us in its infancy. The most celebrated coffee-houses are those of the *Bolsa*, at the corner of the *Calle de Carretas*; the *Café Nuevo*, which is the rendezvous of the *exaltados*; the *Café de* —— (I have forgotten the name), where those who belong to the moderate party, and who are called *cangrejos*, that is to say, "crabs," meet; and the *Café del Levante*, just by the Puerta del Sol. I do not mean to assert that the others are not good, but simply that those I have mentioned are the most popular. I must not forget the *Café del Principe*, next the theatre of the same name, and which is the customary resort of the actors and authors.

With your leave, we will enter the Café de la Bolsa, which is ornamented with little mirrors, hollowed out behind, so as to form different designs, such as are to be seen in certain German glasses. Here is the list of the *bebidas heladas*, of the *sorbetes*, and of the *quesitos*. The *bebida helada* (iced drink) is contained in glasses distinguished by the name of

grandes or *chicos* (large or small), and offers a great variety; there is the *bebida de naranja* (orange), *de limon* (lemon), *de fresa* (strawberry), and *de guindas* (cherries), which are as superior to those frightful bottles of sour currant juice and citric acid, which the proprietors of the most splendid Parisian cafés are not ashamed to serve up to their customers, as real sherry is to authentic *vin de Brie*: the *bebida helada* is a kind of liquid ice, a sort of most delicious *purée de neige*, of the most exquisite flavour. The *bebida de almendra blanca* (white almonds) is a delightful beverage, which is unknown in France, where we gulp down a something which is dignified by the name of *orgeat*, and compounded of a number of horrible medicinal materials of some kind or other. You can also procure iced milk, half strawberry, half cherry, which, while your body is boiling in the torrid zone, causes your throat to revel in all the frosts and snows of Greenland. During the daytime, when the ices are not yet ready, you have the *agraz*, a kind of beverage made of green grapes, and contained in bottles with extraordinarily long necks; the taste of this *agraz* is slightly acid and exceedingly pleasant. You can also indulge in a bottle of *Cerveza de Santa Barbara con limon*; but this requires some little preparation. First of all, a bowl and a large spoon are brought, like that with which punch is stirred round. A waiter then advances, carrying a bottle fastened at the top with wire. He undoes this with a vast amount of care, the cork pops out, and the beer is poured into the bowl, into which a small decanter of lemonade has previously been emptied. The whole is then stirred round with the spoon; you fill your glass, and swallow the contents. If this mixture does not please you, you have only to enter one of the *orchaterias de chufas*, which are

generally kept by natives of Valencia. The chufa is a little berry, of the almond species, which grows in the environs of Valencia, and which, when roasted and beaten in a mortar, forms an exquisite beverage, especially when mixed with snow. Prepared in this manner it is extremely refreshing.

To conclude my account of the coffee-houses, I will remark that the *sorbetes* differ from those in France by being more solid; that the *quesitos* are little ices, very hard, and shaped like small cheeses; there are some of all sorts, apricot, pine-apple, orange, and so on, as in Paris; but there are likewise some made up with butter (*manteca*) and eggs not yet formed, and taken from the hens which have been opened on purpose. This custom is peculiar to Spain, for I never heard of this singular piece of refinement anywhere else but at Madrid. They give you also *spumas* of coffee, chocolate, and other materials. These *spumas* are a kind of iced whipt cream, as light as a feather, and sometimes powdered with cinnamon grated very fine. All these various compounds are accompanied by *barquilos*, a kind of cake or wafer rolled up in a long cylindrical shape, through which you drink your *bebida*, as you would with a syphon, by sucking slowly one of the ends. This is a little piece of refinement which allows you to enjoy the coolness of the beverage longer than you otherwise could do. Coffee is not served up in cups, but in glasses; it is, however, very rarely taken. All these details will perhaps strike the reader as highly fastidious; but if he were exposed, as I am, to a heat of from 30 to 35 degrees, he would consider them deeply interesting. The papers most frequently met with in the coffee-houses are the *Eco del Comercio*, the *Nacional*, and the *Diario*, which gives a list of the various festivals every day, the hour at which mass is performed and

sermons preached in the various churches, the degree of heat, lost dogs, young countrywomen who want situations as wet-nurses, criadas who want places, &c. &c.—But it is striking eleven. It is time to return home; the only persons in the *Calle d'Alcala* are a few promenaders who have stopped beyond the usual hour. There is no one in the streets but the *serenos*, with their lantern suspended at the end of a pole, their cloak, which is of the same colour as the walls around them, and their measured cry: all that you hear besides this is a chorus of crickets singing, in their little cages decorated with small glass ornaments, their dissyllabic lament. The people of Madrid have a taste for crickets; each house has one hung up at the window in a miniature cage made of wood or wire. They have also a strange affection for quails, which they keep in open osier coops, and which vary, in a very agreeable manner, by their everlasting *pue-pue-pue*, the *crick-crick* of the crickets. As Bilboquet remarks, those who are fond of this particular note must be highly delighted.

The *Puerta del Sol* is not a gate, as any one would suppose, but the *façade* of a church, painted rose-colour, and decorated with a clock, which is illuminated at night, and also with a large sun with golden rays. It is from the latter that it derives its name of *Puerta del Sol*. Before the church is a place, or square, traversed, in its greatest length, by the *Calle d'Alcala*, and crossed by the *Calles de Carretas* and *de la Montera*. The Post-office, a large regular building, occupies the corner of the *Calle de Carretas*, with its *façade* looking upon the square. The *Puerta del Sol* is the rendezvous of the idlers of the town, who, it appears, are rather numerous, for from eight o'clock in the morning there is always a dense crowd on the spot. All these grave personages stand about

the place, enveloped in their cloaks, although the heat is overpowering, under the frivolous pretence that what protects you from the cold protects you from the heat, too. From time to time an index and forefinger, as yellow as a guinea, are seen to issue from beneath the straight motionless folds of a cloak, and roll up a paper containing a few pieces of chopped cigar, while, shortly afterwards, there rises from the mouth of the grave personage who wears the cloak a cloud of smoke; proving that he is endowed with the power of respiration, a fact which his perfectly motionless appearance might lead any one to doubt. With regard to the *papel Español para cigaritas*, I may as well take this opportunity of remarking that, as yet, I have not seen a single packet of it. The natives of the country employ ordinary letter-paper, cut into small pieces; the packets, tinted with liquorice-juice, variegated with grotesque designs, and covered with *letrillas*, or comic songs, are sent to France, for the use of the amateurs of local colouring. Politics form the principal subject of conversation; the seat of war is a favourite topic, and there is more strategy at the *Puerta del Sol* than on all the battle-fields of all the campaigns in the world. Balmaseda, Cabrera, Palillos, and other adventurers of more or less importance, at the head of different bands, are, every moment, being brought upon the *tapis*, when things are related of them which make you shudder—atrocities that have gone out of fashion, and long been looked upon as displaying bad taste, even by the Caribbees and Cherokees. Balmaseda, during his last expedition, advanced to within some twenty miles of Madrid, and, having surprised a village near Aranda, amused himself by breaking the teeth of the *ayuntamiento* and the alcade, and terminated the

pastime by nailing horseshoes on the feet and hands of a constitutional curé. When I expressed some astonishment at the perfect indifference with which this piece of intelligence was received, I received for answer that the affair had taken place in Old Castile, and that, consequently, it concerned nobody. This reply sums up the whole history of Spain at the present moment, and furnishes us with a key to very many things which to us in France appear incomprehensible. The fact is, that an inhabitant of New Castile cares no more for anything that happens in Old Castile, than for what occurs in the moon. As forming one great whole, Spain does not yet exist; it is still the kingdoms of Spain, Castile and Leon, Aragon and Navarre, Granada and Murcia, &c.; it is composed of a number of different races, speaking different dialects, and hating one another most cordially. Being a simple-minded foreigner, I spoke warmly against such a refinement of cruelty, but my attention was called to the fact that the curé was a constitutional curé, which considerably extenuated the matter. Espartero's victories, which appear to us, who have been accustomed to the colossal victories under the Empire, rather mediocre, frequently serve as a text for the politicians of the *Puerta del Sol*. After one of these triumphs, in which two men have been killed, three made prisoners, and a mule seized carrying one sabre and a dozen cartridges, the town is illuminated, and a distribution of oranges and cigars made to the army, producing a degree of enthusiasm easily described. Formerly, and even at present, the nobles used to go into the shops near the *Puerta del Sol*, and, ordering a chair to be brought, stop there for a good part of the day, conversing with the customers, to the great annoyance of the shopkeeper, who was afflicted with such a proof of

familiarity.

Let us enter, if you please, the Post-office, to see whether there are no letters from France. This hankering after letters is an actual disease. You may be sure that the first public building a traveller visits when he arrives in any city, is the Post-office. At Madrid, every letter addressed *poste restante* is numbered, and the number and name of the person to whom the letter is sent are posted upon a certain pillar. There is a pillar for January, another for February, and so on. You look for your name, observe the number, and go and ask for your letter at the office, where it is delivered up to you without any further formality. At the expiration of a year, if the letters are not fetched away, they are burnt. Under the galleries surrounding the courtyard of the Post-office, and shaded by large spartum blinds, are established all kinds of reading-rooms, like those under the galleries of the Odéon, at Paris, where you go to see the Spanish and foreign papers. The postage is not dear, and, despite the innumerable dangers to which the couriers are exposed on the road, which is almost invariably infested by insurgents and bandits, the service is conducted as regularly as possible. It is on these pillars, too, that poor students post notices to the effect that they are willing to black the boots of some rich cavalier, in order to procure the means of attending their lectures of rhetoric or philosophy.

Let us now go about the town as chance may lead us, for chance is the best guide, especially as Madrid is not rich in architectural beauties, and as one street is as remarkable as another. The first thing that you perceive on the angle of a house or street directly you raise your nose in the air, is a small porcelain

plate with the following inscription—*Manzana. vicitac. gener.* These plates formerly served to number entire blocks or heaps of houses. At present each house is numbered separately, as in Paris. The quantity of plates that decorate the fronts of the houses and inform you that they are insured against fire, would excite your astonishment, especially in a country where there are no fireplaces and no fires. Everything is insured, including even the public monuments and churches. The civil war, it is said, is the cause of this great alacrity in insuring. As no one is certain of not being more or less fried alive by some Balmaseda or other, he endeavours to save at least his house.

The houses of Madrid are built of lath and plaster, and bricks, save the jambs, the belting courses, and the straps, which are sometimes of grey or blue granite. The whole is rough-cast, and painted fantastically enough, sea-green, bluish ash-colour, fawn-colour, canary, and other hues more or less Anacreontic. The windows are surrounded by imitations of architectural ornaments of every description, with an infinite profusion of volutes, scroll-work, little loves and flower-pots. They have likewise large Venetian blinds with broad blue and white stripes, or spartum matting, which is sprinkled with water in order that it may render the wind cool and humid as it passes through. The modern houses are merely whitewashed, or coloured cream-colour like those in Paris. The balconies and *miradores* jutting out from the walls, somewhat relieve the monotony of so many straight lines with their regular well-defined shadow, and diversify the naturally flat aspect of all these buildings, in which the portions that should be raised in relief are merely painted, as they would be on a scene in a theatre.

Fancy all this lighted up with a blazing sun; at certain distances along these streets bathed in light, place a few long-veiled señoras spreading their fans out like parasols and holding them against their cheeks; a few bronzed and wrinkled beggars, clothed in scraps of cloth and rags as rotten as tinder; some few Valencians, half-naked and looking like Bedouins; imagine that you behold rising up between the housetops the small dwarf cupolas, and little bulging bell-turrets, terminated by leaden balls, and belonging to some church or convent, and the result will be rather a strange kind of scene, which will at least prove that you are no longer in the Rue Lafitte, and that you have decidedly left the Parisian asphalte for the time being, even if your feet, which are cut about by the pointed flint-stones of the pavement, had not already convinced you of the fact.

One circumstance struck me as really most astonishing; I allude to the frequency of the following inscription: *Juego de Villar*, which is repeated every twenty steps. For fear you should imagine that some mystery lies concealed beneath these three sacramental words, I will instantly translate them. They only signify, *Game of Billiards*. I cannot possibly conceive what can be the use of having so many billiard-rooms; there are enough for the whole universe. After the *Juego de Villar*, the most common inscription is, *Despacho de Bino* (wine stores). In these places you can buy Val-de-Peñas, as well as wines of a better quality. The counters are painted in the most gaudy colours, and ornamented with drapery and foliage. The *confiterias* and *pastelerias* are likewise very numerous, and ornamented in a very natty manner. Spanish preserves deserve to be particularly mentioned; there is one sort, known by the name of angel's hair

(*cabello de angel*), which is truly exquisite. The pastry is as good as it can be in a country where there is no butter, or where, at least, butter is so dear and so bad that it can hardly be used. The Spanish pastry rather resembles what we call in France *petit four*. All these various signs are written in abbreviated characters, with the letters entwined in one another; which renders it at first a difficult task for foreigners to understand them; and if ever there were any persons famous for reading signboards, foreigners are most decidedly those persons.

The houses are vast and convenient inside; the rooms are lofty, and the architects have evidently not been cramped for space. In Paris a whole house would be built in the well of certain staircases I have seen here. You traverse a long succession of rooms before reaching that part of the house which is really inhabited, for the furniture of all these said rooms consists only of a little whitewash, or a dull yellow or blue tint, relieved by a fillet of colour and sham panelling. Smoky, black-looking pictures, representing some martyr or other in the act of being beheaded or ripped open, favourite subjects with Spanish painters, are suspended against the walls, most of them having no frames, and hanging in folds on the wood-work. Board flooring is a thing that is not known in Spain—at least, I never saw any there. Every room is paved with bricks; but as these bricks are, during the winter, covered with matting made of grass, and during the summer with matting made of rushes, they are much less disagreeable than they otherwise would be. This matting is made with great taste; it could not be better even if manufactured by savages of the Philippine or Sandwich Islands. There are three things which, in my eyes, determine with the precision of thermometers the state of a people's

civilization: these are—its pottery-ware, the degree of skill it possesses in plaiting osiers or straw, and its manner of caparisoning its beasts of burden. If the pottery is handsome, pure in form, as correct as the antique, and with the natural colour of the white or red clay; if the baskets and the matting are fine, wonderfully entwined, and enhanced by arabesques of the most admirably-selected colours; and if the harness is embroidered, stitched, and decorated with bells, tufts of wool, and elegant designs, you may be sure that the people is in a primitive state, still very near that of nature: civilized nations can make neither a pot, a mat, nor a set of harness. At the moment I am writing these lines, there is hanging before me, attached to a column by a small string, the *jarra*, in which the water I drink is cooling. This *jarra* is an earthen pot, worth twelve *cuartos*,—that is to say, about six or seven French sous: its outline is charming, and, with the exception of the productions of Etruscan art, I never saw anything more pure. It spreads out at the top, forming a sort of trefoil with four leaves, each of which has a slight indenture down the middle, so that the water can be poured out in whatever direction the vessel happens to be taken up. The handles, which are ornamented with a small hollow moulding, are most elegantly joined on to the neck and sides; the swell of the latter is delicious. Instead of these charming vases, the wealthy people prefer abominable big-bellied, podgy, ill-shapen English pots, covered with a thick coating of varnish, and resembling large jack-boots polished white. But while talking of boots and pottery we have strayed rather far from our description of the houses; let us resume it without further delay.

The small quantity of furniture found in Spanish houses offers a specimen of the most frightful bad

taste, and reminds you of the *Goût Messidor* and *Goût Pyramide*. The forms that were popular under the Empire still flourish in all their integrity, and you once more meet mahogany pilasters terminated by sphinxes' heads of green bronze, as well as the brass rods and frame of garlands in the style of Pompeii; all which objects have long since disappeared from the face of the civilized world. There is not a single piece of furniture of carved wood, not a single table inlaid with burgau, not a single Japan cabinet—in a word, there is nothing. The Spain of former days has completely passed away; all that remains of it are a few pieces of Persian carpeting and some damask curtains. On the other hand, however, there is a most extraordinary profusion of straw chairs and sofas. The walls are disfigured with false columns and false cornices, or daubed over with some kind of tint or other which resembles water-colours. On the tables and the *étagères* are arranged little biscuit-china or porcelain figures, representing troubadours, Mathilda and Malek Adel, and a variety of other subjects equally ingenious, but long since gone out of fashion: there are also poodle dogs blown in glass, plated candlesticks with tapers stuck in them, and a hundred other magnificent things, which would take me too long to describe; what I have already said will perhaps be thought sufficient. I have not the courage to dwell on the atrocious coloured prints, which are hung on the walls under the absurd pretence that they adorn them. There are perhaps some exceptions to this state of things, but they are rare. Do not run away with the notion that the houses of the higher classes are furnished with more taste and richness. My description is most scrupulously exact, and holds good of the houses of persons keeping their carriage, and six or eight

servants. The blinds are always drawn down and the shutters half closed, so that the light which reigns in the apartments is about a third only of that outside. A person must become accustomed to this darkness before he can discern the different objects, especially if he comes from the street. Those who are in the room see perfectly, but those who enter it are blind for eight or ten minutes, especially if one of the rooms they have to traverse is lighted up, which is often the case.

The heat at Madrid is excessive, and breaks out suddenly without any spring to prepare people for it. This has given rise to the saying with regard to the temperature of Madrid: "Three months of winter, and nine months of ——:" the reader can perhaps supply the deficiency. It is impossible to protect yourself from this flood of fire otherwise than by remaining in low rooms, which are almost buried in complete obscurity, and where the humidity is constantly kept up by a continual watering. This craving for coolness has given rise to the fashion of having *bucaros*, a savage and strange piece of refinement which would certainly possess no charm for our French ladies, but which appears to the Spanish beauties to be a most useful and elegant invention.

The *bucaros* are a sort of pot, formed of red American earth, rather similar to that of which the bowls of Turkish pipes are formed; they are of all sizes and of all forms, some being gilt along the rims, and decorated with coarsely-painted flowers. As they are no longer manufactured in America, these *bucaros* are becoming very scarce, and in a few years will be as fabulous and as difficult to be met with as old Sèvres china; of course when this is the case, every one will want to possess some.

The manner of using the *bucaros* is as follows:—Six or eight of them are placed upon small marble tables or the projecting ledges round the room, and filled with water. You then retire to a sofa, in order to wait until they produce the customary effect and to enjoy it with the proper degree of calm. The clay soon assumes a deeper tint, the water penetrates through its pores, and the *bucaros* begin to perspire, and emit a kind of perfume which is very like the odour of wet mortar, or of a damp cellar that has not been opened for some time. This perspiration of the *bucaros* is so profuse, that at the expiration of an hour half the water has evaporated. That which is left has got a nauseous, earthy, cisterny taste, which is, however, pronounced delicious by the *aficionados*. Half-a-dozen *bucaros* are sufficient to charge the air of a drawing-room with such an amount of humidity that it immediately chills any one entering the apartment, and may be considered as a kind of cold vapour-bath. Not content with merely enjoying the perfume and drinking the water, some persons chew small pieces of the *bucaros*, which they swallow after having reduced them to powder.

I went to a few parties, or *tertulias*, but they did not offer any very peculiar features. The guests dance to the piano as they do in France, but in a still more modern and lamentable fashion. I cannot conceive why people who dance so little do not at once make up their minds not to dance at all. This would be much more reasonable and quite as amusing. The fear of being exposed to a charge of indulging in a *bolero*, a *fandango*, or a *cachuca*, renders the ladies perfectly motionless. Their costume is very simple compared to that of the men, who invariably resemble the plates of the fashions. I noticed the same thing at the Palace de Villa Hermosa on the

occasion of a representation for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital, *Niños de la Cuna*, which was graced by the presence of the queen-mother, the little queen, and all the nobility and fashionables of Madrid. Women who could boast of possessing two titles of duchess and four of marchioness, wore such toilettes as a Parisian dressmaker going to a party at a milliner's would despise; Spanish women have forgotten how to dress in the Spanish fashion, and have not yet learned how to dress in the French style: if they were not pretty, they would frequently run the risk of appearing ridiculous. At one ball only did I see a lady with a rose-coloured short satin petticoat, ornamented with five or six rows of black blond, like that worn by Fanny Elssler in "The Devil upon Two Sticks;" but she had been to Paris, and it was there that she had learnt the mystery of Spanish costume. The *tertulias* cannot be very expensive. The refreshments are remarkable for their absence; there is neither tea, ices, nor punch. On a table in one of the rooms are a dozen glasses of perfectly pure water and a plate of *azucarillos*; but a man is generally considered as indiscreet and *sur sa bouche*, as Henri Monnier's Madame Desjardins would express it, if he pushes his Sardanapalism so far as to take one of the latter to sweeten the water. This is the case in the richest houses; it is not the result of avarice, but custom. Such, however, is the hermit-like sobriety of the Spanish, that they are perfectly satisfied with this regimen.

As for the morals of the country, it is not in six weeks that a person can penetrate the character of a people, or the habits of any one class. Strangers, however, are apt to receive certain impressions on their first arrival; which wear off after a long stay. It struck me that, in Spain, women have the upper

hand, and enjoy a greater degree of liberty than they do in France. The behaviour of the men towards them appeared to be very humble and submissive; they are most scrupulously exact and punctual in paying their addresses, and express their passion in verses of all kinds, rhymed, assonant, *sueltos*, and so on. From the moment they have laid their hearts at some beauty's feet, they are no longer allowed to dance with any one save their great-great-grandmothers. They may only converse with women of fifty years of age, whose ugliness is beyond the shadow of a doubt. They may no longer visit a house in which there is a young woman. A most assiduous visitor will suddenly disappear, and not return for six months or a year, because his mistress had prohibited him from frequenting the house. He is as welcome as if he had only left the evening before; no one takes the least offence. As far as any one can judge at first sight, I should say that the Spanish women are not fickle in love: the attachments they form frequently last for years. After a few evenings passed in any house, the various couples are easily made out and are visible to the naked eye. If the host wishes to see Madame ——, he must invite Mr. ——, and *vice versâ*. The husbands are admirably civilized, and equal the most good-natured Parisian husbands; they display none of that antique Spanish jealousy which has formed the subject of so many dramas and melodramas. But what completely does away with all illusion on the subject is that every one speaks French perfectly, and, thanks to some few *élégants* who pass the winter in Paris, and go behind the scenes at the Opera, the most wretched ballet-girl and the most humble beauty are well known at Madrid. I found there, for instance, something that does not exist, perhaps, in any other place in the

world: a passionate admirer of Mademoiselle Louise Fitzjames, whose name conducts us, by a natural transition, from the tertulia to the stage.

The internal arrangements of the *Teatro del Principe* are very comfortable. The performances consist of dramas, comedies, *saynetes*, and interludes. I saw a piece by Don Antonio Gil y Zarate, entitled "Don Carlos el Heschizado," and constructed entirely after the Shakspearian model. Don Carlos was very like the Louis XIII. of Marion de Lorme, and the scene of the monk in the prison is imitated from the scene of the visit which Claude Frollo makes Esmeralda in the dungeon where she is awaiting her death. The character of Carlos was sustained by Julian Romea, a most talented actor, who has no rival that I know, except Frederick Lemaître, in a totally opposite style: it is impossible for any one to carry the power of illusion further, or remain more true to nature. Mathilda Diez, also, is a first-rate actress; she marks all the various shades of a character with exquisite delicacy, and with an astonishing degree of nice appreciation. I have only one fault to find with her, and that is, the extreme rapidity of her utterance, which, however, is no fault in the opinion of Spaniards. Don Antonio Guzman, the *gracioso*, would not be out of place on any stage. He reminded me very much of Legrand, and, at certain times, of Arnal. Fairy pieces, also, with dances and divertissements, are sometimes played at the *Teatro del Principe*; I saw one of this description, entitled "La Pata de Cabra:" it was an imitation of "Pied de Mouton," that used to be played at the Théâtre de la Gaieté. The choreographic portions were remarkably poor; their first-rate *danseuses* are not even as good as the ordinary *doubles* at the Opera; but, on the other hand, the supernumeraries

display a great amount of intelligence, and the "Pas des Cyclopes" was executed with uncommon neatness and precision. As for the *baile national*, such a thing does not exist. At Vittoria, Burgos, and Valladolid, we had been told that the good *danseuses* were at Madrid; in Madrid we are informed the true dancers of the cachuca exist only in Andalusia, at Seville. We shall see; but I am very much afraid that in the matter of Spanish dancers, we must depend upon Fanny Elssler, and the two sisters Noblet. Dolores Serral, who produced such a lively sensation in Paris, where I was one of the first to call attention to the bold passion, the voluptuous suppleness, and the petulant grace, which characterized her style of dancing, appeared several times at Madrid, without making the least impression, so incapable are the Spaniards now-a-days of understanding and enjoying the old national dances. Whenever the *jota aragonesa* or the *bolero* is danced, all the fashionable portion of the audience rise and leave the house; the only spectators left are foreigners, and persons of the lower classes, in whom it is always a more difficult task to extinguish the poetic instinct. The French author most in repute at Madrid is Frederick Soulié; almost all the dramas translated from the French are attributed to him. He appears to have succeeded to the popularity which Monsieur Scribe formerly enjoyed.

As we are now pretty well acquainted with theatrical matters, let us proceed to view the public buildings; they will not detain us long. The Queen's Palace is a square solid building of fine stones strongly put together, with a great profusion of windows, and a corresponding number of doors, Ionic columns, Doric pilasters, and all the other elements of what is termed architectural good taste.

The immense terraces which support it, and the snow-covered mountains of the Guadarrama rising behind, relieve any tendency to sameness or vulgarity which its outline might otherwise present. In the interior, Velasquez, Maella, Bayen, and Tiepolo, have painted some of the ceilings in a more or less allegorical style. The grand staircase is very fine, and was considered by Napoleon to be superior to that at the Tuileries.

The building in which the Cortes meet is interspersed with Pæstumian columns, and lions in long perukes, exhibiting the most abominable want of taste; I doubt very much whether good laws can be made in an edifice of this description. Opposite the chamber of the Cortes, in the middle of the square, is a bronze statue of Miguel Cervantes. It is, doubtless, a very praiseworthy action to erect a statue to the immortal author of "Don Quixote," but I think they should have erected a better one.

The monument raised to the memory of the victims of the *Dos de Mayo* is situated on the Prado, not far from the picture-gallery. On perceiving it, I thought for a moment that I was suddenly transported to the Place de la Concorde, at Paris, and beheld, as if in some fantastic mirage, the venerable obelisk of Luxor, which, up to that time, I had never suspected of any taste for vagabondism. The monument is composed of a kind of grey granite *cippus*, surmounted by an obelisk of reddish granite, the tone of which is very similar to that of the Obelisk at Paris. It is a pity that the Spanish obelisk is not made of a single block. The names of the victims are engraved in golden letters on the sides of the pedestal. The *Dos de Mayo* is an heroic and glorious episode, which the Spaniards have a slight

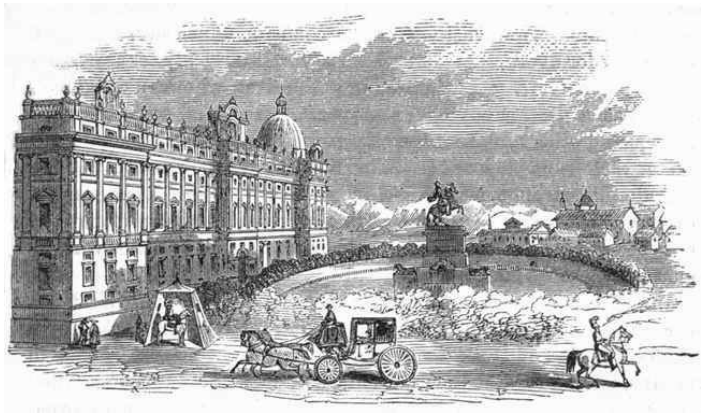
tendency to make the most of; you perceive engravings and pictures of it wherever you go. You will have no difficulty in believing that we Frenchmen are not represented in them as being very handsome; we look as frightful as the Prussians of the Cirque Olympique.

The Armeria does not come up to the ideas generally entertained of it. The Museum of Artillery at Paris is, beyond comparison, far richer and more complete. In the Armeria at Madrid there are very few entire suits, with the various portions of which they are composed belonging to one another; helmets of one period being stuck upon breastplates of another as well as of quite a different style. The reason given for this confusion is, that at the time of the French invasion all these curious relics were hidden away in lofts and other places, where they were so mixed up and jumbled together that it was subsequently impossible to reunite the different parts with any certainty. No degree of credit can therefore be placed in the description of the guides. We were shown a carriage of admirably-carved wood-work, said to be that of Joanna of Aragon, mother of Charles V., but it evidently could not be more ancient than the reign of Louis XIV. The chariot of Charles V., with its leather cushions and curtains, struck us as far more authentic. There are very few Moorish weapons: two or three shields, and a few yatagans form the whole collection. The greatest curiosities are the embroidered saddles, studded with gold and silver stars, and covered with steel scales; these are very numerous and of all kinds of strange shapes, but it is impossible to say to what period or to whom they belonged. The English admire very much a kind of triumphal hackney-coach made of wrought iron, and presented to Ferdinand

somewhere about the year 1823 or 1824.

I may here mention some fountains of a very corrupt *rococo* style, but very amusing; the bridge of Toledo, a specimen of bad taste, very rich and highly ornamented with ovalos and chicory leaves, and a few strangely-variegated churches surmounted by Muscovite turrets. We will now direct our steps towards the Buen Retiro, a royal residence situated at the distance of a few paces from the Prado. We Frenchmen, who possess Versailles and Saint Cloud, and could formerly boast of Marly, are difficult to please in the matter of royal residences. The Buen Retiro strikes us as being the realization of the dreams of some well-to-do tallowchandler. It is a garden filled with the most ordinary but glaring flowers, and little basins ornamented with vermicular rustic rock-work, and small fountains like those we see in certain fishmongers' shops. It also contains pieces of green water, on which swim wooden swans painted white and varnished, besides an infinity of other marvels of a very ordinary description. The natives fall into ecstasies before a certain rustic pavilion built of small round blocks, the interior of which has rather strong claims to being considered Hindoo in style. The first *Jardin Turc* at Paris, the primitive and patriarchal *Jardin Turc*, with its kiosks and windows filled with small coloured panes, through which you saw a blue, green, or red landscape, was far superior both in taste and magnificence. There is also a certain Swiss cottage, which is the most ridiculous and absurd affair it is possible to imagine. At the side of this cottage is a stable, furnished with a goat and a kid both stuffed, and also with a sow of grey stone, suckling a litter of young pigs of the same material. A few paces from the cottage the guide suddenly

leaves you, and opens the door in a mysterious manner. When, at last, he calls you and gives you leave to enter, you hear low rumbling of wheels and balance-weights, and find yourself in the presence of a number of frightful automatons, who are churning, spinning, or rocking, with their wooden feet, children equally wooden, and sleeping in carved cradles: in the next room is the grandfather ill in bed, while his medicine is standing on a table beside him. Such is a very accurate summary of the principal wonders of the Buen Retiro. A fine equestrian statue in bronze of Philip V., the pose of which resembles that of the statue of Louis XIV. in the Place des Victoires at Paris, makes up in some degree for all these absurdities.



MADRID.

The description of the Museum at Madrid would require a whole volume. It is rich in the extreme, and contains a very large number of the works of Titian, Raphael, Paolo Veronese, Rubens, Velasquez, Ribeira, and Murillo. The pictures are hung in an excellent light, and the architectural style of the

building is tolerably good, especially in the interior. The Façade looks on the Prado, and is a specimen of bad taste, but taken altogether the building does honour to the architect, Villa Nueva, who drew the plans. After the Museum, the next place to be visited is the Cabinet of Natural History, containing the mastodon, or *dinotherium giganteum*, a marvellous specimen of the fossil world, with bones like bars of iron. It must at least be the behemoth mentioned in the Bible. The collection also contains a lump of virgin gold weighing sixteen pounds, a number of Chinese gongs, the sound of which, in spite of what people say, very much resembles that which is produced if you kick a copper, and a succession of pictures representing all the possible varieties which can be produced by crossing white, black, and copper-coloured races. I must not forget in the academy three admirable pictures by Murillo,—namely, the Foundation of Santa Maria Mayora (two pictures), and Saint Elizabeth washing the heads of persons afflicted with scurvy; two or three admirable Ribeiras; a Burial, by *El Greco*, some portions of which are worthy of Titian; a fantastic sketch by the same artist, representing monks performing different acts of penance, and surpassing the most mysterious and gloomy creations of Lewis or Anne Radcliffe; and a charming woman in Spanish costume, lying on a divan, by the good old Goya, that pre-eminently national painter, who seems to have come into the world expressly to collect the last vestiges of the ancient manners and customs of his country, which were about to disappear for ever.

Francisco Goya y Lucientes, was the last who could be recognised as a descendant of Velasquez. After him come Aparicio, Lopez, and others of the same stamp. The decadence of art is complete: the cyclus

is closed! Who shall ever recommence it? Goya is, indeed, a strange painter—a most singular genius! Never was originality more decided—never was a Spanish painter more local. One of Goya's sketches, consisting of four touches of his graver in a cloud of aquatint, tells you more about the manners of the country than the longest description. From his adventurous kind of life, his impetuosity, and his manifold talents, Goya seems to belong to the best period of the art; and yet he was in some sort a contemporary, having died at Bordeaux in 1828.

Before attempting to judge his works, let us give a summary sketch of his biography. Don Francisco Goya y Lucientes was born in Aragon. His parents were not affluent, but their circumstances were sufficiently easy to offer no obstacle to his natural talents. His taste for drawing and painting was developed at an early age. He travelled, studied for some time at Rome, and returned to Spain, where he very soon made a fortune at the court of Charles IV., who conferred on him the title of Painter to the King. He was received at the Queen's, the Prince of Benavente's, and the Duchess d'Alba's; and lived in the same grand style as Rubens, Van Dyck, and Velasquez—a mode of existence so highly favourable to the development of picturesque genius. He had, in the neighbourhood of Madrid, a delicious *casa de campo*, where he used to give *fêtes*, and where he had his studio.

Goya was very prolific; he painted sacred subjects, frescoes, portraits, and sketches of manners, besides producing etchings, aquatints, and lithographic drawings. In everything he did, even in the slightest sketches, he gave proof of the most vigorous talent; the hand of the lion is evident in his most careless

works. Although his talent was perfectly original, it is a strange mixture of Velasquez, Rembrandt, and Reynolds; reminding you in turns, or at the same time, of all these masters, but as the son reminds you of his ancestors, without any servile imitation,—or rather, more by a certain congeniality of taste than by any formal wish.

His pictures in the Museum at Madrid consist of the portraits of Charles IV. and his Queen on horseback: the heads are admirably painted, and are full of life, delicacy, and intelligence; a Picador, and the "Massacre of the Second of May," a scene from the French Invasion. The Duke d'Ossuna possesses several of Goya's works, and there is hardly a family of consequence that has not some portrait or sketch of his. The interior of the church of San Antonio de la Florida, where there is a *fête* which is pretty numerously attended, at the distance of half a league from Madrid, is painted in fresco by Goya, with that boldness and effect which characterize him. At Toledo, in one of the capitular rooms, we saw a painting of his, representing Jesus betrayed by Judas. The effect of night is such as Rembrandt would not have disowned; indeed, I should have attributed the picture to him, had not a canon pointed out to me the signature of the famous painter of Charles IV. In the sacristy of the cathedral at Seville there is also a picture of great merit by Goya, representing Saint Justine and Saint Ruffine, virgins and martyrs, who were both daughters of a potter, a circumstance that is indicated by the *alcarazas* and *cantaros* grouped at their feet.

Goya's mode of painting was as eccentric as his talent. He kept his colours in tubs, and applied them to the canvass by means of sponges, brooms, rags,

and everything that happened to be within his reach. He put on his tones with a trowel, as it were, exactly like so much mortar, and painted touches of sentiment with large daubs of his thumb. From the fact of his working in this offhand and expeditious manner, he would cover some thirty feet of wall in a couple of days. This method certainly appears somewhat to exceed even the licence accorded to the most impetuous and fiery genius; the most dashing painters are but children compared with him. He executed, with a spoon for a brush, a painting of the "Dos de Mayo," where some French troops are shooting a number of Spaniards. It is a work of incredible vigour and fire; but, curious as it is, it is dishonourably banished to the antechamber in the museum at Madrid.

The individuality of this artist is so strong and so determined, that it is difficult to give even the faintest notion of it. Goya is not a caricaturist like Hogarth, Bunbury, or Cruikshank; Hogarth was serious and phlegmatic, as exact and minute as one of Richardson's novels, always impressing some moral lesson on the mind of the spectator; Bunbury and Cruikshank, so remarkable for their sly humour and their comic exaggeration, have nothing in common with the author of the "Caprichos." Callot might at first appear to be more like him, for Callot was half Spaniard, half gipsy; but Callot is distinct, delicate, clear, definite, and true to nature, despite the mannerism of his forms and the extravagant and braggart style of his costume; his most singular devilries are rigorously possible; his etchings are always remarkable for their strong light, for the minute attention to the various details in them is fatal to effect and chiaro-oscuro, which can only be obtained by sacrificing them. The compositions of

Goya are enveloped in the deepest gloom of night, traversed merely by an unexpected ray of light, which brings out some pale outlines or strange phantoms.

Goya's works are a mixture of those of Rembrandt, Watteau, and the comical dreams of Rabelais; a strange union! Add to all this, a strong Spanish flavour, a strong dose of the *picaresque* spirit of Cervantes, when he drew the portraits of the Escalanta and the Gananciosa in *Rinconete* and *Cortadillo*, and even then you will only have an imperfect notion of Goya's talent. We will endeavour to explain it more exactly, if, indeed, it is possible to do so by mere words.

Goya's drawings are executed in aquatinta, touched up and picked out with aquafortis; nothing can be more frank, more free, and more easy. A single stroke expresses a whole physiognomy, and a trail of shade serves as a background, or allows the spectator to catch a glimpse of some landscape only half-sketched in, or some pass of a *sierra*, fit scenes for a murder, a witches' sabbath, or a *tertulia* of gipsies; but this is rare, for the *background* cannot be said to exist in Goya's works. Like Michael Angelo, he completely despises external nature, and only takes just sufficient to enable him to group his figures, and very often he composes his background of clouds alone. From time to time, there is a portion of a wall cut off by a large angle of shade, a hedge hardly indicated, and that is all. For the want of a better word, we have said that Goya was a caricaturist. But his caricatures are in the style of Hoffmann, where fancy always goes hand in hand with criticism, and often rises to the gloomy and the terrible. It seems as if all these grinning heads had

been drawn by the talons of Smarra, on the wall of some suspicious alcove, lighted by the flickering of an expiring lamp. You feel transported into some unheard-of, impossible, but still real world. The trunks of the trees look like phantoms, the men resemble hyenas, owls, cats, asses, or hippopotamuses; their nails may be talons, their shoes covered with bows may conceal cloven feet; that young cavalier may be some old corpse, and his trunk hose, ornamented with ribbons, envelop perhaps a fleshless thigh-bone and two shrunk legs; never did more mysterious and sinister apparitions issue from behind the stove of Dr. Faustus.

It is said that Goya's caricatures contain certain political allusions, but they are few in number. They are directed against Godoy, the old Duchess de Benavente, the favourites of the queen, and some of the noblemen of the court, whose vices and ignorance they stigmatize. But you must seek their meaning through the folds of the thick veil with which they are covered. Goya executed, also, other drawings for his friend, the Duchess d'Alba; but they have never been made public, doubtless, on account of the ease with which they could be applied to the persons caricatured in them. Some of them ridicule the fanaticism, gluttony, and stupidity of the monks, while others represent subjects of public manners or witchcraft.

The portrait of Goya serves as a frontispiece to the collected edition of his works. He is represented as a man of about fifty, with a quick oblique glance, a large eyelid and a sly, mocking, crow's-foot beneath. The chin is curved upwards, the upper lip is thin, and the lower one prominent and sensual. The face is surrounded by whiskers of a description peculiar to

natives of southern climates and the head is covered by a hat *à la Bolivar*. The whole physiognomy is that of a man of strongly-developed character.

The first plate represents a money match, a poor young girl sacrificed by her avaricious parents, to a cacochymical and horrible old man. The bride looks charming with her little black velvet mask, and her basquina ornamented with deep fringe, for Goya represents Andalusian and Castilian beauty most marvellously; her parents are hideous with rapacity and envious misery, resembling in the most astounding manner sharks and crocodiles. The poor child is laughing through her tears, like the sun piercing an April shower. All around is a mere mass of eyes, claws, and teeth: the intoxicating effects of dress prevent the girl from yet feeling the whole extent of her misfortune. This is a subject which often returns to the point of Goya's pencil, and he always succeeds in producing very striking effects. Further on, we have *el Coco*, "Bogy," who frightens little children, and who would frighten many others of more mature age, for, with the exception of the ghost of Samuel in Salvator Rosa's picture of the "Witch of Endor," I do not know of anything more horrible than this goblin. Then, again, we see a number of *majos* whispering soft things to dapper young damsels on the Prado—handsome creatures with tightly-fitting silk stockings, little pointed slippers, which are only kept on the foot by the tip of the great toe, high-backed tortoiseshell combs, with open carving, and more lofty than the mural crown of Cybele; black lace mantillas, worn like a hood, and casting a velvety shadow on the finest black eyes in the world; short-skirted petticoats loaded with lead, the better to show off the rich form of the hips; beauty spots placed most murderously at the corner

of the mouth, and near the temples; heart-breakers sufficient to break all the hearts in Spain, and large fans spread out like the tail of a peacock. There are also hidalgos in pumps and prodigious coats, with flat cocked-hats under their arms, and large bunches of seals and keys hanging on their stomach making their bows *à trois temps*, leaning over the backs of the chairs, in order to puff, like the smoke of their cigars, clouds of light-hearted madrigals into some thick mass of beautiful black hair, or leading about some divinity of more or less doubtful character, by the tips of their white kid gloves. In another page, again, you see a number of complaisant mothers, giving their too obedient daughters advice worthy of the Macette of Régnier, washing and greasing them to go to the witches' sabbath. The type of the "Complaisant Mother" is marvellously rendered by Goya, who, like all the Spanish painters, possesses a ready and profound sense of the ignoble. It is impossible to fancy anything more grotesquely horrible, more viciously deformed. Each of these frightful old shrews unites in her own person the ugliness of the seven capital sins; compared to them, the Prince of Darkness himself is pretty. Just fancy whole ditches and counterscarps of wrinkles; eyes like live coals that have been extinguished in blood; noses like the neck of an alembic, covered with warts and other excrescences; nostrils like those of the snout of a hippopotamus rendered formidable by stiff bristles; whiskers like a tiger's; a mouth like the slit in the top of a money box, contracted by a horrible and convulsive grin; a something between the spider and the multiped, which makes you feel the same kind of disgust as if you had placed your foot upon the belly of a toad. Such are Goya's works as far as the actual world is concerned, but it is when he abandons

himself to his demonographic inspirations that he is especially admirable: no one can represent as he can, floating in the warm atmosphere of a stormy night, dark masses of clouds loaded with vampires, goblins and demons, or make a cavalcade of witches stand out with such startling effect from the sinister background of the horizon.

There is one plate especially which is altogether fantastic, and realizes the most frightful nightmare that ever any human being perceived in his dreams. It is entitled "Y aun no se van." It is frightful; and even Dante himself never reached such a degree of suffocating terror. Fancy a bare mournful plain, over which a shapeless cloud, like a crocodile that has been ripped open, creeps with difficulty along, and a large stone, the top of some tomb or other, which a shrivelled, thin figure is attempting to raise. The stone is, however, too heavy for the fleshless arms that support it, and which you feel are on the point of snapping, and falls to the ground in spite of all the efforts of the spectre and of other smaller phantoms, who are simultaneously stiffening their shadowy arms; many of these smaller phantoms are crushed beneath the stone, which has been raised for a moment. The expression of despair depicted on all these cadaverous physiognomies, in all these eyeless sockets, that see that their labour is useless, is truly tragic, and presents the most melancholy symbol of powerless labour, the most sombre piece of poetry and bitter derision ever produced on the subject of the dead. The plate called "Buen Viage," representing a flight of demons, pupils of the seminary of Barahona, who are winging their course with all possible speed towards some deed without a name, is remarkable for its energy and vivacity. It seems as if you actually heard all these membranes, covered

with hair and furnished with claws like the wings of a bat, palpitating in the thick night air. The collection concludes with these words: "Y es ora" (It is the hour); the cock crows, and the phantoms disappear; for it is again day.

As to the esthetic and moral meaning of these works, what was it? We do not know. Goya seems to have given his opinion on the subject in one of his drawings, which represents a man with his head leant upon his arms, and a number of owls and storks flying around. The motto is, *El sueño de la razón produce monstruos*. This is true, but it is terribly severe.

The *Caprichos* are the only productions of Goya in the Bibliothèque Royale at Paris. He has, however, produced other works,—namely, the "Tauromaquia," a collection of thirty-three plates; "Scenes of the Invasion," which make twenty plates, and ought to make more than forty; the etchings after Velasquez and many others.

The "Tauromaquia" is a collection of scenes representing various episodes of the bull-fights, from the time of the Moors down to the present day. Goya was a finished *aficionado*, passing a considerable portion of his time with the *torreros*, so that he was the most competent person in the world to treat the matter thoroughly. Although the attitudes, positions, the defence and the attack, or, to speak technically, the various *suertes* and *cogidas* are remarkable for their irreproachable exactitude; Goya has invested the different scenes with his mysterious shadows and fantastic colouring. What strange and ferocious heads! What savage and odd dresses! What fury in the action! His Moors, treated somewhat in the manner of the Turks in the time of the Empire, as far

as costume is concerned, have the most characteristic physiognomies imaginable—a stroke roughly scratched in, a black spot, a streak of light, is sufficient to form a personage who lives, who moves, and whose physiognomy remains for ever impressed upon your memory. The bulls and horses, although sometimes fabulous in their proportions, have an expression of life and vigour which is often wanting in the works of animal painters by profession: the exploits of Gazul, of the Cid, of Charles V., of Romero, of the Student of Falces, and of Pepe Illo, who perished miserably in the arena, are traced with a truthfulness altogether Spanish. Like the "Caprichos," the plates of the "Tauromaquia" are executed in aquatinta, touched with aquafortis.

The "Scenes of the Invasion" would afford matter for a curious comparison with the "Horrors of War," by Callot. They consist of one long series of persons hanged, heaps of dead being stripped of all they possess, women being violated, wounded persons being carried away, prisoners being shot, convents being sacked, a population in the act of flight, families reduced to beggary, and patriots being strangled; all represented with such fantastic accessories and so exorbitant an aspect as would lead any one to suppose that he was looking at an invasion of Tartars in the fourteenth century. But what delicacy, what a profound knowledge of anatomy, is displayed in all these groups, which seem to owe their existence to mere chance and the whim of the etching-needle! Does the antique Niobe surpass in depth of desolation and nobleness of expression that mother kneeling in the midst of her family before the French bayonets? Among these drawings, which admit of an easy explanation, there is one fearfully terrible and mysterious, the meaning

of which, that we can dimly understand, fills you with horror and affright. It is a corpse, half-buried in the earth; it is supporting itself on its elbow, and, without looking at what it is writing, traces with its bony hand, on a paper placed near it, one word—*Nada* (nothingness)—which is alone worth the most terrible things Dante ever penned. Around its head, on which there is just enough flesh left to render it more frightful than a mere skull, flit, scarcely visible in the darkness of the night, a number of monstrous spectres, lighted up here and there by flashes of livid lightning. A fatidical hand holds a pair of scales, which are in the act of turning upside down. Can you conceive anything more sinister or more heartrending?

At the very conclusion of his life, which was a long one, for he was more than eighty when he died at Bordeaux, Goya improvised upon stone some lithographic sketches, entitled "Dibersion de España," and representing bull-fights. Even in these plates, traced by the hand of an old man, who had long been deaf, and who was almost blind, you can still perceive the vigour and movement of the *Caprichos* and the *Tauromaquia*. It is a most curious thing that these lithographs remind you very much of the style of Eugène Delacroix, in his illustrations to Faust.

In Goya's tomb is buried ancient Spanish art, all the world, which has now for ever disappeared, of torreros, majos, manolas, monks, smugglers, robbers, alguazils, and sorceresses; in a word, all the local colour of the Peninsula. He came just in time to collect and perpetuate these various classes. He thought that he was merely producing so many capricious sketches, when he was in truth drawing the portrait and writing the history of the Spain of

former days, under the belief that he was serving the ideas and creed of modern times. His caricatures will soon be looked upon in the light of historical monuments.

CHAPTER VIII.

VISIT TO THE ESCURIAL.

Aridity and Desolation of the Country—First View of the Escurial —Sombre appearance of the building—The Church—The blind Cicerone—The Pantheon Pictures—Anecdote of Spanish Robbers.

In order to proceed to the Escurial, we hired one of those fantastic vehicles, of which we have already had occasion to speak, covered with grey cupids and other ornaments in the Pompadour style, dragged by four mules, and enhanced by the presence of a zagal in a tolerable masquerading suit. The Escurial is situated about seven or eight leagues from Madrid, not far from Guadarrama, at the foot of a chain of mountains. It is impossible to imagine anything more arid and desolate than the country you have to pass through in order to reach it. There is not a single tree, not a single house; nothing but a succession of steep declivities and dry ravines, which the presence of several bridges points out as the beds of different torrents, and here and there a long vista of blue mountains capped with snow or clouds. Such as it is, however, the view is not without a certain kind of grandeur; the absence of all vegetation gives an extraordinary degree of boldness and severity to the outline of the ground. In proportion as you proceed further from Madrid, the stones with which the way is thickly strewed become larger, and evince, more and more, an ambitious feeling of being taken for rocks. They are of a bluish grey, and appear, as they are scattered over the scale-like soil, like so many

warts upon the wrinkled back of a centenarian crocodile; they form a thousand strange shapes upon the outline of the hills, which resemble the ruins of gigantic edifices.

Halfway on the road, at the summit of a pretty steep ascent, is a poor isolated house, the only one you meet in the course of eight leagues. Opposite it is a spring, from which a pure and icy stream trickles down, drop by drop; you drink as many glasses of water as the spring contains, let your mules rest a short time, and then set off again on your journey. Soon afterwards you perceive, standing out from the vapoury background of the mountains, and rendered visible by a bright gleam of sunshine, that Leviathan of architecture, the Escurial. At a distance, the effect is very fine; you would almost fancy it to be an immense Oriental palace, the stone cupola and the balls which terminate all the elevated points contributing very much to keep up the illusion. Before reaching it, you pass through a large wood of olive-trees, ornamented with crosses, quaintly planted on large blocks of rocks, and producing the most picturesque effect. On issuing from the wood you enter the village and find yourself before the colossus, which loses a great deal from being viewed closely, like all the other colossi in the world. The first thing that struck me was the great number of swallows and martins, wheeling about in immense swarms, and uttering a sharp, strident cry. The poor little birds appeared terrified by the death-like silence which reigned in this Thebaid, and were endeavouring to impart a little animation and noise to it.

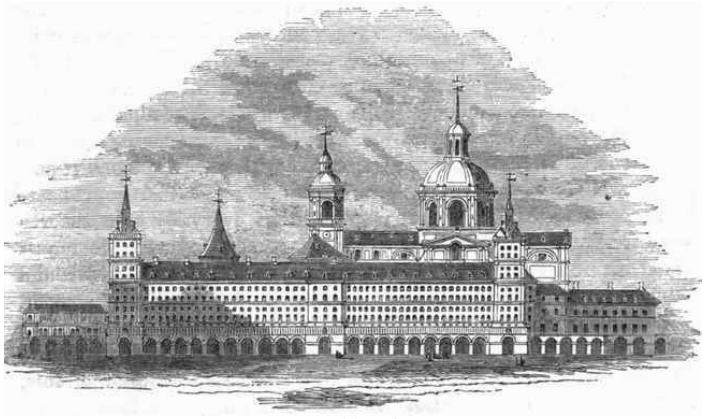
Every one is aware that the Escurial was built in consequence of a vow made by Philip II. at the siege

of Saint Quentin, when he was obliged to cannonade a church dedicated to St. Lawrence. Philip promised the Saint that he would make amends for the church of which he deprived him, by one that should be more spacious and more beautiful; and he kept his word more faithfully than the kings of this earth generally do. The Escurial, which was commenced by Juan Bautista and completed by Herrera, is assuredly, with the exception of the Egyptian pyramids, the largest heap of granite that exists upon the face of the globe; it is called, in Spain, the eighth wonder of the world, making, as each country has its own eighth wonder, at least the thirtieth eighth wonder now existing.

I am exceedingly embarrassed in giving an opinion on the Escurial. So many grave and respectable persons, who, I am happy to believe, never saw it, have spoken of it as a *chef-d'œuvre* and a supreme effort of human genius, that I, who am but a poor, miserable, wandering writer of *feuilletons*, am afraid that I shall appear to have determined to be original, and seem to take pleasure in contradicting the generally-received opinion. Despite of this, however, I declare conscientiously, and from the bottom of my heart, that I cannot help thinking the Escurial the dullest and most wearisome edifice that a morose monk and a suspicious tyrant could ever conceive for the mortification of their fellow-creatures. I am very well aware that the Escurial was erected for an austere and religious purpose, but gravity does not consist in baldness, melancholy in atrophy, or meditation in *ennui*; beauty of form can always be united to elevation of ideas.

The Escurial is arranged in the form of a gridiron, in honour of Saint Lawrence. Four towers, or square

pavilions, represent the feet of this instrument of torture; four masses of building connect the pavilions with each other, and form the framework, while other cross rows represent the bars; the palace and the church are situated in the handle. This strange notion, which must have hampered the architect very much, is not easily perceived by the eye, although it is very visible upon the printed plan. If the visitor were not told of it, he most certainly would never discover it. I do not blame this symbolical piece of puerility, which suited the taste of the times; for I am convinced that when a certain model is given to an architect, so far from shackling him, it will, provided he has genius, prove of great use and assistance to him, and cause him to have recourse to expedients of which he would, otherwise, never have thought; but it strikes me that, in this case, he might have arrived at a far different result. Those persons who are fond of *good taste and sobriety* in architecture, must think the Escurial a specimen of perfection, for the only line employed in it is the straight line, and the only order the Doric order, which is the most melancholy and poorest of any.



THE ESCURIAL.

One thing which immediately strikes you very disagreeably, is the yellow clayish colour of the walls, which you would almost imagine to be built of mud, did not the joints of the stones, marked by lines of glaring white, prove that this was not the case. Nothing can be more monotonous to behold than all these buildings, six or seven stories high, without a moulding, a pilaster, or a column, and with their small low windows, looking like the entrance to a beehive. The place is the very ideal of an hospital, or of barracks: its sole merit consists in its being built of granite, a species of merit which is of no value, since at the distance of a hundred paces the granite may be easily mistaken for the clay of which stoves are made in France. On the top is a heavy dwarfish cupola, which I can compare to nothing more aptly than the dome of the Val de Grâce, and which boasts of no other ornaments than a multitude of granite balls. All around, in order that nothing may be wanting to the symmetry of the whole, are a number of buildings in the same style, that is to say, with a quantity of small windows, and without the least ornament. These buildings are connected with each other by galleries in the form of bridges, thrown over the streets that lead to the village, which, at present, is nothing more than a heap of ruins. All the approaches to the edifice are paved with granite flags, and its limits marked by little walls three feet high, ornamented with the inevitable balls at every angle and every opening. The *façade*, which does not project in the least from the other portions of the building, fails to break the aridity of the general lines, and is hardly perceived, although it is of gigantic proportions.

The first place you enter is a vast courtyard, at the extremity of which is the portal of a church,

presenting no remarkable feature, except some colossal statues of prophets, with gilt ornaments, and figures painted rose-colour. This courtyard is flagged, damp, and cold; the angles are overgrown with grass; you no sooner place your foot in it than you are oppressed with *ennui*, just as if you had a weight of lead upon your shoulders; you feel your heart contract; you think that all is over—that every joy is henceforth dead for you. At a distance of twenty paces from the door you smell an indescribable icy and insipid odour of holy water and sepulchral caverns, which is borne to you by a current of air loaded with pleurisy and catarrh. Although, outside, there may be thirty degrees of heat, the marrow freezes in your bones; you imagine that the warmth of life will never again be able to cheer the blood in your veins, which has become colder than a viper's blood. The air of the living cannot force its way through the immense thickness of the walls, which are as impenetrable as the tomb, and yet, in spite of this claustral and Moscovitish cold, the first object I beheld, on entering the church, was a Spanish woman kneeling on the ground, beating her breast with one hand, and with the other fanning herself with equal fervour. I recollect that her face had a kind of sea-green tint, which makes me shiver even now, whenever I think of it.

The cicerone who conducted us over the interior of the edifice was blind, and it was really most marvellous to see with what precision he stopped before the pictures, naming the subject of each one, and the artist by whom it was painted, without the least hesitation or mistake. He took us up to the dome, and led us through an infinity of ascending and descending corridors, which rivalled in complication the "Confessional of the Black

Penitents," or of the "Château of the Pyrenees," by Anne Radcliffe. The old fellow's name is Cornelio; he was the merriest creature in the world, and appeared quite to take a delight in his infirmity.

The interior of the church is mournful and naked. Immense mouse-grey pilasters formed of granite, with a large micaceous grain like coarse salt, ascend to the roof which is painted in fresco, the blue, vapoury tones of which are ill suited to the cold, poor colour of the architecture; the *retablo*, gilt and sculptured in the Spanish fashion, with some very fine paintings, somewhat corrects this aridity of decoration, which sacrifices everything to some stupid notion or other of symmetry. The style of the kneeling statues of gilt bronze on each side the *retablo*, representing, I believe, Don Carlos and some princesses of the royal family, is grand, and the effect is very fine. The chapter which is opposite the high altar is an immense church in itself; the stalls which surround it instead of being florid and decorated with fantastic arabesques, like those at Burgos, partake of the general rigidity, and have no other ornaments than simple mouldings. We were shown the place where for fourteen years the sombre Philip II., that king born to be a grand inquisitor, used to seat himself; it is the stall that forms the angle, and a doorway cut through the thickness of the panelling communicates with the interior of the palace. Without pretending to possess any very fervent amount of devotion, I can never enter a Gothic cathedral without experiencing a mysterious and profound feeling, an extraordinary sentiment of emotion; but in the church of the Escurial I felt so crushed, so depressed, so completely under the dominion of some inflexible and gloomy power, that I was for the moment convinced of the inutility of

prayer. The God of such a temple will never allow himself to be moved by any entreaties.

After visiting the church we went down into the Pantheon. This is the name given to the vault where the bodies of the kings of Spain are preserved. It is octagonal in form, thirty-six feet in diameter and thirty-eight feet in height, directly under the high altar; so that when the priest is saying mass, his feet are on the stone which forms the keystone of the vault. The staircase leading into it is formed of granite and coloured marble, and closed by a handsome bronze gate. The pantheon is lined throughout with jasper, porphyry, and other stones no less precious. In the walls there are niches with antique-formed *cippi*, destined to contain the bodies of those kings and queens who have left issue. A penetrating and death-like coldness reigns throughout the vault, and the polished marble glitters and sparkles in the flickering torchlight; it seems as if the walls were dripping with water, and the visitor might almost imagine himself to be in some submarine grotto. The monstrous edifice weighs you down with all its weight; it surrounds, it embraces, it suffocates you; you feel as if you were clasped by the tentacles of an immense granite polypus. The dead bodies contained in the sepulchral urns seem more dead than any others, and it is with difficulty that you can induce yourself to believe that they can ever possibly be resuscitated. In the vault, as in the church, the impression is one of sinister despair; in all this dreary place there is not one hole through which you can see the sky.

A few good pictures still remain in the Sacristy (the best have been transferred to the Royal Museum at Madrid). Among them are three or four specimens

on wood of the German school, possessing a very uncommon degree of merit. The ceiling of the grand staircase is painted in fresco by Luca Jordano, and represents, allegorically, Philip II.'s vow and the foundation of the convent. The acres of wall in Spain painted by this same Luca Jordano, are something truly prodigious, and we moderns who lose our breath at the slightest exertion, find it a difficult task to conceive the possibility of such labours. Pellegrini, Luca, Gangiaso, Carducho, Romulo, Cincinnato, and many others have painted in the Escurial cloisters, vaults, and ceilings. That of the library is the work of Carducho and Pellegrini, and is a good sample of light, clear fresco colouring; the composition is very rich and the twining arabesques in the best possible taste. The library of the Escurial is remarkable for one peculiarity, and that is, that the books are placed on the shelves with their backs to the wall and their edges to the spectator; I do not know the reason of this odd arrangement. The library is particularly rich in Arabic manuscripts, and must contain many inestimable and totally unknown treasures. At present that the conquest of Algiers has rendered Arabic quite a fashionable and ordinary language, it is to be hoped that this rich mine will be thoroughly worked by our young orientalists. The other books appeared to be mostly works of theology and scholastic philosophy. We were shown some manuscripts on vellum, with illuminated margins ornamented with miniatures; but, as it was Sunday, and the librarian was absent, we could not hope for anything else, and we were consequently obliged to depart without having seen a single *incunable* edition; which, by the way, was a much greater disappointment to my companion than to myself, who, unfortunately, am not an enthusiast in the

matter of bibliography, or anything else.

In one of the corridors is placed a white marble Christ the size of life, attributed to Benvenuto Cellini, and some very singular fantastic paintings in the style of the Temptations of Callot and Teniers, only much older. In other respects it is impossible to conceive anything more monotonous than these narrow, low, and interminable corridors of grey granite, which circulate all through the edifice like the veins in the human body; you must really be blind to find your way about them; you go up stairs and down stairs, you make a thousand twistings and turnings, and if you only walked about three or four hours you would wear out the soles of your shoes, for the granite is as rough as a file, and as harsh as so much sand-paper. From the dome you perceive that the balls which, when viewed from below, did not appear larger than horses' bells, are of an enormous size, and might serve as monster globes. An immense panorama unfolds itself at your feet, and you perceive at one glance the hilly country which separates you from Madrid; on the other side you behold the mountains of Guadarrama. From this position, too, you see the whole plan of the building; your eye plunges into the courtyards and cloisters, with their rows of superposed arcades, and their fountain or central pavilion; the roofs appear like so many simple ridges, just as they would in an engraving that gave a bird's-eye view of the place.

When we ascended to the dome, a stork with three little ones was perched in a large straw nest, that resembled a turban turned upside down, placed on the top of one of the chimneys. This interesting family presented the strangest appearance in the world; the mother was standing on one leg in the

middle of the nest, with her neck stuck between her shoulders, and her beak reposing majestically upon her breast, like a philosopher in meditation; the little birds were stretching out their long beaks and their long necks to ask for food. I hoped to witness one of those sentimental scenes of natural history, where we see the large white pelican wounding her own breast to nourish her offspring; but the stork appeared to be very little moved by these demonstrations of hunger, and did not move more than the stork engraved on wood which adorns the frontispiece of the books coloured by Cramoisi. This melancholy group increased still more the profound solitude of the place, and imparted a kind of Egyptian character to this Pharaoh-like assemblage of buildings. After descending from the dome, we visited the garden, where there is more architecture than vegetation. It consists of a succession of large terraces and parterres of clipped boxwood, representing a series of designs similar to the patterns of old damask silk, with a few fountains, and pieces of greenish water; it is a wearisome, solemn garden, as formal as a *Golilla*, and altogether worthy of the morose-looking edifice to which it is attached.

There are said to be one thousand one hundred and ten windows in the exterior of the Escurial alone, a fact which greatly astonishes the cockney visitor. I did not count them, as I preferred believing the report to entering upon an undertaking of such magnitude; but the fact is not improbable, for I never saw so many windows in one place; the number of the doors is equally fabulous.

I took leave of this desert of granite, this monastic necropolis, with an extraordinary feeling of satisfaction and delight; it seemed as if I were

restored to life, and that I could once more feel young, and enjoy the wonderful creation of God, which I had lost all hope of doing, while under these funereal vaults. The warm bright air enveloped me as with some soft cloth of fine wool, and warmed my body, that was frozen by the cadaverous atmosphere; I was freed from the architectural nightmare, which I thought would never end. I would advise those people who are absurd enough to pretend that they are suffering from *ennui* to go and pass three or four days in the Escurial; they will there learn what *ennui* really means, and, for the rest of their lives, will always find a fund of amusement in the thought that they might be in the Escurial, and that they are not.

When we returned to Madrid, all our acquaintances were astonished and delighted at beholding us once more alive. Very few persons return from the Escurial; they either die of consumption in two or three days, or blow out their brains,—that is, if they are Englishmen. Luckily, we both enjoy a very good constitution; and as Napoleon said of the cannon-ball which was to carry him off, the building that is to kill us is not yet built. Another thing which did not cause less surprise was the fact of our bringing our watches back with us; for in Spain there are always, on the high-road, persons extremely desirous of knowing what o'clock it is; and as there are neither clocks nor even sundials at hand, they are under the painful necessity of consulting travellers' watches.

Talking of robbers, I may as well seize this opportunity of narrating an adventure in which we nearly sustained two of the principal parts. The diligence from Madrid to Seville, by which we should have gone, but from the fact of there being no more

room, was stopped in the province of La Mancha by a band of insurgents, or of robbers, which is exactly the same thing. The robbers had divided the spoil, and were on the point of conducting their prisoners into the mountains, in order to obtain a ransom from their families, (would you not suppose that all this happened in Africa?) when another and more numerous band came up, thrashed the first, and *robbed* them of their prisoners, whom they then definitively marched off into the mountains.

As they were going along the road, one of the travellers drew a cigar-case out of his pocket, which his captors had forgotten to search, takes a cigar, strikes a light, and lights it. "Would you like a cigar?" he says to the chief bandit, with true Castilian politeness; "they are real Havannahs." "*Con mucho gusto*," replies the bandit, flattered by this mark of attention, and, the next instant, the traveller and the brigand are standing opposite each other, cigar against cigar, puffing and blowing away, in order to light their cigars more quickly. They then commenced a conversation, and, from one thing to another, the robber, like all commercial men, began complaining of business: times were hard, things were in a bad state; many honest people had entered the profession and spoilt it; the robbers were obliged to wait their turn to pillage the miserable diligences, and, very frequently, three or four bands were obliged to fight with one another for the spoil of the same *galera*, or the same convoy of mules. Besides this, the travellers, who were sure of being robbed, only took with them what was absolutely necessary, and wore their worst clothes. "Just tell me," said he, with a melancholy dejected air, pointing to his cloak, which was threadbare, and patched all over, and which would have been worthy of enveloping

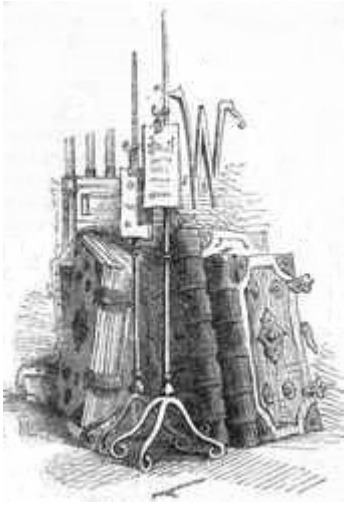
Probity in person, "is it not shameful that we should be under the necessity of stealing a rag like this? Is not my jacket one of the most virtuous description? Could the most honest man in the world be dressed more shabbily than I am? It is true that we keep our prisoners as hostages, but relations, now-a-days, are so hard-hearted, that they cannot be induced to loosen their purse-strings, so that, at the expiration of two or three months, we are put to the extra expense of a charge of powder and shot to blow out our prisoners' brains, which is always a very disagreeable thing, when you have got accustomed to their society. In order to do all this, too, we are obliged to sleep on the ground, eat acorns, which are not always palatable, drink melted snow, make tremendous journeys on the most abominable roads, and risk our lives at every moment." So spoke the worthy bandit, more disgusted with his profession than a Parisian journalist, when it is his turn to write a *feuilleton*. "But," said the traveller, "if your profession does not please you, and brings you in so little, why do you not follow some other?" "I have often thought of doing so," replied the robber, "and so have my comrades as well; but what can we do? We are tracked, pursued, and should be shot down like dogs, if we were to go near a village. No, we must continue the same kind of life." The traveller, who was a man of some influence, remained a moment buried in thought; at last he remarked, "Then you would willingly give up your present calling, if you were allowed to benefit by the *indulto* (if you were amnestied?)" "Most certainly," answered all the band. "Do you think it is so very amusing to be robbers? We are obliged to work like negroes, and undergo all sorts of hardships." "Very well," replied the traveller; "I will engage to procure you your

pardon, on condition that you set us free." "Agreed," replied the captain. "Return to Madrid; there is a horse, some money for your expenses on the road, and a safeconduct, which will ensure our comrades allowing you to pass without molestation. Come back soon; we will be at such and such a place, with your companions, whom we will entertain as well as we can." The gentleman went to Madrid, obtained a promise that the brigands should be allowed to take the benefit of the *indulto*, and then set out again to seek his companions in misfortune. He found them seated tranquilly with the brigands, eating a Mancha ham boiled in sugar, and taking frequent draughts from a goatskin filled with Val-de-Peñas, which their captors had stolen expressly for them—a most delicate mark of attention, certainly! They were singing and amusing themselves very much, and were more inclined to become robbers, like the others, than to return to Madrid. The captain, however, read them a severe moral lecture, which brought them to their senses, and the whole company set out arm in arm for the city, where both travellers and brigands were enthusiastically received, for it was something truly uncommon and curious for robbers to be taken prisoners by the travellers in a diligence.

CHAPTER IX.

EXCURSION TO TOLEDO.

Illescas—The Puerta del Sol—Toledo—The Alcazar—The Cathedral—The Gregorian and Mozarabic Ritual—Our Lady of Toledo—San Juan de los Reyes—The Synagogue—Galiana, Karl, and Bradamant—The Bath of Florinda—The Grotto of Hercules—The Cardinal's Hospital—Toledo Blades.



We had exhausted the curiosities of Madrid; we had seen the Palace, the *Armeria*, and the *Buen Retiro*, the Museum and the Academy of Painting, the *Teatro del Principe*, and the *Plaza de Toros*; we had promenaded on the Prado from the fountain of Cybele to the fountain of Neptune, and we began to find the time hang somewhat heavily on our hands. Consequently, in spite of a heat of thirty degrees,[8]

and all sorts of stories, sufficient to make our hair stand on end, about the insurgents and the *rateros*, we set out bravely for Toledo, the city of beautiful swords and romantic poniards.

Toledo is one of the most ancient cities not merely in Spain, but in the whole world, if the chroniclers are to be believed. The most moderate of them fix the period of its foundation prior to the Deluge; why not in the time of the Pre-Adamite kings, a few years before the creation of the world? Some attribute the honour of laying the first stone to Tubal; some to the Greeks; some, again, to the Roman consuls Telmon and Brutus; while others, supporting their opinion on the etymology of the word Toledo, which is derived from *Toledoth*, meaning, in Hebrew, generations, assert that the Jews who came to Spain with Nebuchadnezzar, were the original founders, because the twelve tribes all helped to build and people it. However this may be, Toledo is certainly a fine old city, situated some dozen leagues from Madrid,—Spanish leagues, by the way, which are longer than a *feuilleton* of a dozen columns, or a day without money—the longest things I know. You can go there either in a *calessin* or a small diligence which leaves twice a week. The latter conveyance is preferred as being the safer of the two; for on the other side of the Pyrenees, as was formerly the case in France, a person makes his will before undertaking the shortest journey. The terrible reports about brigands must, however, be exaggerated; for, in the course of a very long pilgrimage through those provinces which are considered the most dangerous, we never saw anything which could justify this universal panic. Nevertheless, the continual state of dread adds a great deal to the pleasure of the traveller, for it keeps you continually on the alert, and hinders the time

from hanging heavily on your hands; you do some heroic actions, you display a superhuman amount of valour, and the troubled and scared looks of those who are spared raises you in your own estimation. A journey in the diligence, which we are accustomed to look on as the most ordinary thing in the world, becomes an adventure, an expedition; you set out, it is true, but it is not so certain that you will reach your destination, or return from whence you started. After all, this is something, in such an advanced state of civilization as that of modern times, in the prosaic and common-place year, 1840.

You leave Madrid by the gate and bridge of Toledo, which, is adorned with pots, volutes, statues, and pot-grenados of a very ordinary description, but which yet produce rather a majestic effect. You leave on your right the village of Caramanchel, whither Ruy Blas went to procure, for Marie de Neubourg, *la petite fleur bleue d'Allemagne* (Ruy Blas, now-a-days, would not find the smallest *Vergissmeinnicht* in this hamlet built of cork on a basement of pumice-stone), and then enter, by a most detestable road, an interminable plain of dust, covered with crops of wheat and rye, whose pale yellow tints increase still more the monotony of the landscape. The only objects which serve to relieve it, in the least, are a few crosses, of evil augury, here and there stretching their skinny arms to the sky, the ends of a few spires in the distance marking the sites of small villages concealed from view, and the dried-up bed of some ravine traversed by a stone arch. From time to time you meet a peasant on his mule, with his carbine slung at his side; a *muchacho* driving before him two or three asses loaded with jars or chopped straw, secured by small cords, or else some poor tawny, sunburnt woman, dragging along a fierce-looking

child, and that is all.

The further we advanced, the more arid and deserted did the country become; and it was not without a secret feeling of satisfaction that we perceived, on a bridge of uncemented stones, the five green dragoons who were to escort us; for it is necessary to have an escort from Madrid to Toledo. Would not a person be almost inclined to believe that he was in the very heart of Algeria, and that Madrid was surrounded by a Mitidja peopled by Bedouins?

We stopped to breakfast at Illescas, a city, or village, I am not certain which, where there are still some remains of the ancient Moorish buildings, and where the windows of the houses are protected by intricate specimens of iron-work and surmounted by a cross.

Our breakfast consisted of soup composed of garlic and eggs, of the inevitable *tomata tortilla*, and of roasted almonds and oranges, washed down with Val-de-Peñas, which was tolerably good, although thick enough to be cut with a knife, smelling horribly of pitch, and of the colour of mulberry syrup. Spain is certainly not peculiarly brilliant in its cookery, and the hostelries have not been sensibly ameliorated since the time of Don Quixote; the pictures of omelettes full of feathers, of tough cakes, rancid oil, and hard peas that might serve as bullets, are still strictly true, but, on the other hand, I should be rather puzzled to say where you would find, now-a-days, the splendid hens and monstrous geese that graced the marriage-feast of Gamacho.

Beyond Illescas the ground becomes more broken, and the consequence is that the road becomes more abominable, being a mere succession of pits and

bogs. This does not prevent you, however, from going along at a furious rate; for Spanish postilions are like Morlachian coachmen, they care very little for what takes place behind them, and provided that they reach their destination, if it is only with the pole and the forewheels, they are satisfied. We arrived, however, without any accident, in the midst of a cloud of dust, raised by our mules and the horses of the dragoons, and made our entry into Toledo, panting with curiosity and thirst, through a most magnificent Arabian gateway, with its elegantly sweeping arch, and granite pillars surmounted by balls, and covered with verses from the Koran. It is called the *Puerta del Sol*, and is of a rich reddish colour, like a Portugal orange, while the outline stands out admirably from the limpid and azure sky behind. In our foggy climate we can really and truly form no conception of this violence of colour and this sharpness of outline; any paintings that may ever be brought back will always be looked on as exaggerated.

After passing the *Puerta del Sol*, we found ourselves on a kind of terrace, whence we enjoyed a very extensive view. We saw the Vega, streaked and dappled with trees and crops, which owe their verdure to the system of irrigation introduced by the Moors. The Tagus, which is crossed by the bridge of San Martin and that of Alcantara, rolls its yellowish waters rapidly along, and almost surrounds the town in one of its windings. At the foot of the terrace, the brown, glittering housetops sparkle in the sun, as do also the spires of the convents and churches, with their squares of green and white porcelain arranged like those on a chessboard; beyond these, rise the red hills and bare precipices which form the horizon around Toledo. The great peculiarity of this view is

the entire absence of atmosphere and that species of hazy fog which, in our climate, always envelop the prospect; the transparency of the air is such that the lines of the various objects retain all their sharpness, and the slightest detail can be discerned at a very considerable distance.

As soon as our luggage had been examined, our first care was to find some *fonda* or *parador*, for it was a long time since we had eaten our eggs at Illescas. We were conducted, through a number of streets so narrow that two loaded asses could not pass abreast, to the *fonda del Caballero*, one of the most comfortable establishments in the town. Calling to our aid the little Spanish we knew, and indulging in the most pathetic kind of pantomime, we succeeded in explaining to our hostess, who was a most gentle and charming woman, of a highly interesting and lady-like appearance, that we were dying of hunger, a fact which always seems greatly to astonish the natives of the country, who live upon sunshine and air, after the very economical fashion of the chameleon.

The whole tribe of cooks and scullions were immediately in a state of commotion. The innumerable little saucepans in which the highly-spiced ragouts of the Spanish kitchen are distilled and concocted were placed on the fire, and we were promised dinner in an hour's time. We took advantage of this hour to examine the *fonda* more minutely.

It was a fine building, which had, no doubt, formerly been the residence of some nobleman. The inner courtyard was paved with coloured marble mosaic, and ornamented with wells of white marble and large troughs lined with porcelain for washing

the glasses and crockery. This courtyard is called the *patio*, and is generally surrounded by columns and galleries, with a fountain in the middle. A cloth *tendido*, which is rolled up in the evening in order to leave a free passage for the cool night-air, serves as a ceiling to this kind of drawing-room. On the first story, all around, there runs an elegantly-worked iron balcony, on which the windows and doors of the apartments open, which apartments you only enter when you wish to dress, dine, or take your siesta. The rest of the time you sit in the courtyard-drawing-room aforesaid, in which the pictures, chairs, sofas, and piano are placed, and which is decked out with flower-pots and boxes containing orange-trees.

We had hardly finished our inspection when Celestina (a fantastic and strange-looking servant-girl) came to inform us, humming a tune all the while, that dinner was ready. It was very respectable, consisting of cutlets, eggs with tomatoes, fowls fried in oil, and trout from the Tagus, to which was added a bottle of Peralta, a warm, liqueur-like wine, with a certain slight perfume of muscat, not at all disagreeable.

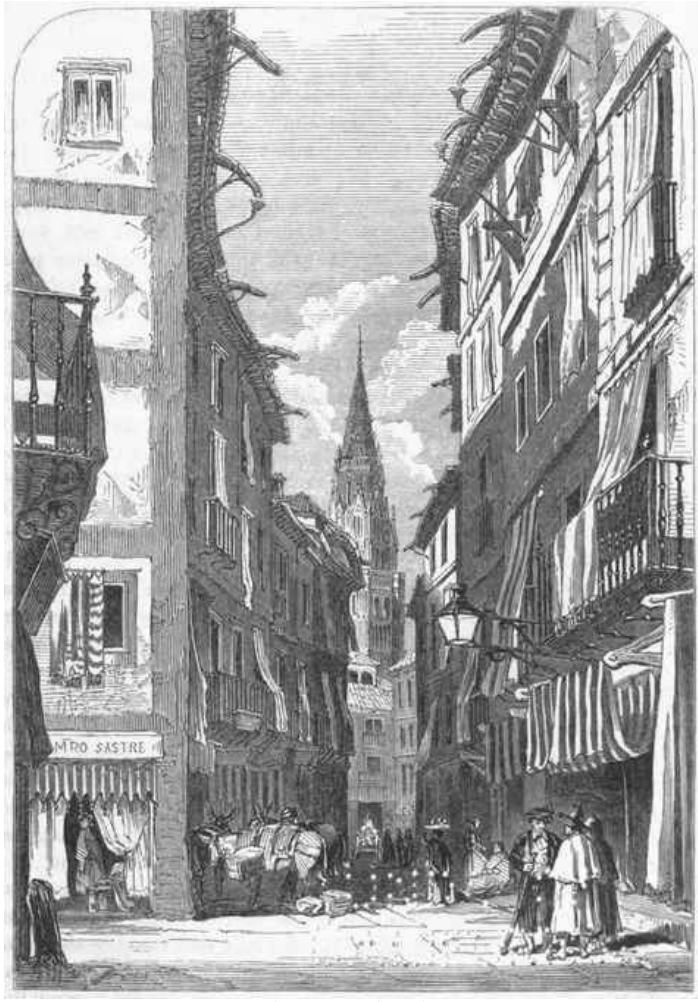
When we had finished our repast we strolled through the city, preceded by a guide, who was a barber by profession, but exercised his talents in showing about tourists during his leisure moments.

The streets of Toledo are exceedingly narrow; a person leaning out of a window on one side may shake hands with a person leaning out of a window on the other; and nothing would be more easy than to get over the balconies, if propriety was not preserved and aerial familiarities prevented by very handsome rails and charming iron bars, worked with that artistic richness of which they are so prodigal on

the other side of the Pyrenees. This want of breadth would cause all the partisans of civilization among us to cry out in a frightful manner. These good people dream of nothing but immense places, vast squares, inordinately broad streets, and other embellishments more or less progressive. Nothing, however, can be more sensible than narrow streets in a very hot climate; and the architects who are making such large gaps in the buildings at Algiers will find this out very shortly. At the bottom of these narrow divisions so appropriately made between the blocks and masses of houses, you enjoy the most delicious shade and coolness: you walk about, completely protected, in the human polypier called a city; the spoonfuls of molten lead that Phœbus pours down from the sky at the hour of noon never fall upon you; the projecting roofs serve all the purposes of parasols.

If, for your misfortune, you are obliged to traverse any *plazuela* or *calle ancha*, exposed to the canicular sunbeams, you will soon appreciate the wisdom of people of former days, who were not accustomed to sacrifice everything to a notion of stupid regularity; the flagstones are as hot as the iron plates by means of which mountebanks make geese and turkeys dance the Cracovienne; the wretched dogs, who possess neither shoes nor *alpagartas*, gallop over these stones howling most piteously. If you raise the knocker of a door, it burns your fingers; you feel your brains boiling inside your skull like a saucepan full of water on the fire; your nose becomes the colour of a cardinal's hat; your hands are so sunburnt that you seem to have a pair of gloves on; and you evaporate in perspiration. Such is the advantage to be obtained by having spacious squares and broad streets. Every one who has walked along the *Calle*

d'Alcala at Madrid, between twelve and two o'clock in the day, will be of my opinion. Besides, in order to have broad streets, you are obliged to reduce the size of the houses, and the opposite process strikes me as being the more sensible one of the two. Of course, these observations only apply to warm countries, where it never rains, where mud is a chimera, and where carriages are extremely uncommon. Narrow streets in our showery climate would be nothing more or less than so many abominable sewers. In Spain, the women go out on foot in black satin shoes; and, shod in this manner, walk considerable distances; I admire them for this, especially at Toledo, where the pavement is formed of small polished stones, shining and pointed, and which seem to have been carefully placed with the sharpest end upwards; but the women's little arched and nervous feet are as hard as a gazelle's hoof, and they skip along in the most good-humoured manner imaginable, over this pavement resembling the edge of a diamond, which causes the traveller, who is accustomed to the soft luxury of the *Asphalte Seyssel*, and the elasticity of the *Bitume Polonceau*, to cry out with pain.



STREET IN TOLEDO.

The appearance of the houses of Toledo is imposing and severe; they have very few windows looking out upon the street, and those they do have are generally secured by iron bars. The doors, ornamented by pillars of bluish granite, and surmounted by balls, a kind of decoration which is

very common, have an air of solidity and thickness which is increased still more by constellations of enormous nails. They seem to partake, at the same time, of the nature of convents, prisons, and fortresses, and also somewhat of harems, for the Moors used once to be there. Some of these houses, by a strange contradiction, are painted and decorated on the outside, either in fresco or water-colours, with false bas-reliefs, cameos, flowers, rockwork, and garlands, with incense-urns, medallions, Cupids, and all the mythological rubbish of the last century. The *Trumeau* and *Pompadour* style of these houses produces the strangest and most comical effect in the midst of their scowling sisters of feudal or Moorish origin.

We were conducted through an inextricable labyrinth of small lanes, in which my companion and myself marched in Indian file, like the geese in the fable, because there was not sufficient room for us to walk arm-in-arm, until we reached the Alcazar, which is situated like an Acropolis on the most elevated piece of ground in the city. We succeeded in entering after some slight discussion; for the first impulse of people of whom you ask anything is to refuse, whatever your request may be. "Come again this evening, or to-morrow—the keeper is taking his siesta—the keys are lost—you must have a pass from the governor." Such are the answers you obtain at first: but, by exhibiting the all-powerful tiny piece of silver, or, in extreme cases, the glittering *duro*, you always end by effecting an entrance.

The Alcazar, which was built upon the ruins of the old Moorish palace, is now a perfect ruin itself. It might be mistaken for one of those marvellous architectural dreams which Piranese used to embody

in his magnificent etchings; it is the work of Covarubias, an artist little known, but far superior to the heavy, dull Herrera, who enjoys a far higher reputation than he deserves.

The façade, which is ornamented with florid arabesques in the purest style of the Renaissance, is a masterpiece of elegance and nobleness. The burning sun of Spain, which reddens the marble and dyes the stone with a tint of saffron, has clothed it in a robe of rich, strong colour, very different from the black leprosy with which past centuries have encrusted our old edifices. According to the expression of a great poet; Time, who is so intelligent, has passed his thumb over the angles of the marble and its too rigid outlines, and given the finishing touch, the last degree of polish, to this sculpture, already so soft and so supple. I particularly remember a staircase of the most fairy-like elegance, with marble columns, balustrades and steps, already half-crumbled away, conducting to a door which looks out upon an abyss, for this portion of the edifice has fallen down. This admirable staircase on which a king might be content to live, and which leads to nothing, possesses a certain indefinite air of singularity and grandeur.

The Alcazar is erected upon an esplanade, surrounded by battlements in the Moorish style, from which you enjoy an immense view, a truly magical panorama. Here the cathedral pierces the sky with its extraordinarily lofty spire; further on, in the sunshine, sparkles the church of *San Juan de los Reyes*; the bridge of Alcantara, with its tower-like gateway, throws its bold arches across the Tagus; the *Artificio de Juanello* obstructs the stream with its arcades of red brick, which might be taken for the ruins of some Roman edifice, while the massive

towers of the *Castillo* of Cervantes (a Cervantes who has nothing in common with the author of Don Quixote) perched upon the rugged, misshapen rocks that run along the sides of the river, add one denticulation more to the horizon already so profusely indented by the vertebrated mountain-crests.

An admirable sunset completed the picture: the sky, by the most imperceptible gradations, passed from the brightest red to an orange colour, and then to a pale lemon tint in order to become of a strange blue, like a greenish turquoise, which last tint subsided in the west into the lilac-colour of night, whose shadow already cast a coolness over the place where I stood.

As I leant over one of the embrasures, taking a bird's-eye view of this town where I knew no one and where my own name was completely unknown, I had fallen into a deep train of thought. In the presence of all these forms and all these objects that I beheld at that moment, and which, in all probability, I was destined never to behold again, I began to entertain doubts of my own identity; I felt so absent, as it were, from myself, transported so far from my own sphere, that everything appeared an hallucination of my mind, a strange dream, from which I should be suddenly awakened by the sharp squeaking music of some vaudeville, as I was looking out of a box at the theatre. By one of those leaps which our imagination often takes when we are buried in reverie, I tried to picture to myself what my friends might be doing at that moment; I asked myself whether they noticed my absence, and whether at the time I was leaning over the battlements of the Alcazar of Toledo, my name was hovering on the lips of some well-loved

and faithful friend at Paris. Apparently the answer that my thoughts gave me was not an affirmative one, for in spite of the scene I felt an indescribable feeling of sadness come over me, though the dream of my whole life was being accomplished; I knew that one of my fondest ideas was being fulfilled; in my youthful, happy years of romanticism, I had spoken enough of my good Toledo blade to feel some curiosity to see the place where these same blades were manufactured.

Nothing, however, could rouse me from my philosophical meditations, until my companion came and proposed that we should bathe in the Tagus. Bathing is rather a rare peculiarity in a country where, during the summer, the natives water the beds of the rivers with water from the wells. Trusting to the assurances of the guide that the Tagus was a real river, possessing a sufficient amount of humidity to answer our purpose, we descended as quickly as we could from the Alcazar, in order to profit by what little daylight still remained, and directed our steps towards the stream. After crossing the *Plaza de la Constitucion*, which is surrounded by houses whose windows, furnished with large spartum blinds rolled up, or half raised by the projecting balconies, have a sort of Venetian mediæval look that is highly picturesque, we passed under a handsome Arabic gateway with its semicircular brick arch, and following a very steep and abrupt zigzag path, winding along the rocks and walls which serve Toledo as a girdle, we reached the bridge of Alcantara, near which we found a place suited for bathing.

During our walk, night, which succeeds the day so rapidly in southern climates, had set in completely;

but this did not hinder us from wading blindfold into this estimable stream, rendered famous by the languishing ballad of Queen Hortense, and by the golden sands which are contained in its crystal waves, according to the poets, the guides, and the travellers' handbooks.

When we had taken our bath, we hurried back in order to get into the town before the gates were shut. We enjoyed a glass of *Orchata de Chufas* and iced milk, the flavour and perfume of which were delicious, and then ordered our guide to take us to our *fonda*.

The walls of our room, like those of all the rooms in Spain, were rough-cast, and covered with those stupid yellow pictures, those mysterious daubs, like alehouse signs, which you so frequently meet in the Peninsula, a country that contains more bad pictures than any other in the world: this observation, of course, does not detract from the merit of the good ones.

We hastened to sleep as much and as quickly as possible, in order to be up early the next morning and visit the Cathedral before the service began.

The Cathedral of Toledo is considered, and justly so, as one of the finest and richest in Spain. Its origin is lost in the night of time, but, if the native authors are to be believed, it is to be traced back to the apostle Santiago, first archbishop of Toledo, who, according to them, pointed out its site to his disciple and successor, Elpidius, who was a hermit on Mount Carmel. Elpidius erected, on the spot pointed out, a church, which he dedicated to the Virgin during the time she was still living at Jerusalem. "What a notable piece of happiness! what an illustrious honour for the Toledans! It is the most excellent

trophy of their glory!" exclaims, in a moment of lyrical inspiration, the author from whom we have taken these details.

The Holy Virgin was not ungrateful, and, according to the same legend, descended in person to visit the church of Toledo, bringing with her own hands, to the blessed San Ildefonso, a beautiful chasuble *formed of heavenly cloth*. "See how this Queen pays what she owes!" exclaims our author again. The chasuble still exists, and, let into the wall, is seen the stone on which the Virgin placed the sole of her celestial foot, the mark of which remains. The miracle is attested by the following inscription:—

QUANDO LA REINA DEL CIELO
PUSÓ LOS PIES EN EL SUELO
EN ESTA PIEDRA LOS PUSÓ.

In addition to this, the legend informs us that the Holy Virgin was so well pleased with her statue, and thought it so well executed, so well proportioned and so like, that she kissed it, thus bestowing on it the power of working miracles. If the Queen of Heaven were to descend into our churches now-a-days, I do not think that she would be tempted to embrace the statues of herself that she might see there.

More than two hundred of the gravest and most honourable authors relate this story, which they consider, at the very least, quite as well authenticated as the death of Henry IV.; as for myself I find no difficulty in believing the miracle, and I am perfectly willing to admit it into the number of established facts. The church remained in its original state until San Eugene, sixth bishop of Toledo, enlarged and embellished it as far as his means would allow, under the title of the Church of our Lady of the Assumption, which it has preserved up to

the present day; but in the year 302, which was the period when the emperors Diocletian and Maximinus persecuted the Christians so cruelly, the prefect Dacien ordered the temple to be pulled down and razed to the ground, so that the faithful knew no longer where to seek the consolations of religion. Three years subsequently, when Constans, father of the great Constantine, had mounted the throne, the persecution ceased, the prelates returned to their see, and Archbishop Melancius commenced rebuilding the church, always on the same spot. A short time afterwards, somewhere about the year 312, the emperor Constantine having been converted to the true faith, ordered, among other heroic things to which he was impelled by his Christian zeal, that the basilical church of Our Lady of the Assumption of Toledo, which had been destroyed by Dacien's orders, should be rebuilt and decorated in the most sumptuous manner possible at his expense.

At this period, Marinus, a learned and deeply read man, was archbishop of Toledo. He enjoyed the privilege of being on intimate terms of friendship with the emperor, a circumstance which enabled him to carry out all his plans; consequently he spared no expense to build a splendid edifice in the most sumptuous and grandest style. It was this edifice which lasted all the time of the Goths, which was visited by the Virgin, which was a mosque during the conquest of Spain, which again became a church when Toledo was conquered back by the king Don Alonzo VI., and the plan of which was taken to Oviedo by order of the king Don Alonzo the Chaste, in order that the church of San Salvador in that city might be built after the same model, in the year 803. "Those who have any wish to know what was the form, the grandeur, and the majesty of the cathedral

of Toledo at the time the Queen of Heaven visited it, have only to go to Oviedo, and they will be satisfied," adds our author. For our own part, we regret that we could not afford ourselves this gratification.

At length, under the happy reign of Saint Ferdinand, Don Rodrigo being archbishop of Toledo, the church assumed that admirable and magnificent form which it has at the present day, and which, it is said, is that of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. O simple chronicler! allow me to doubt this! The Temple of Ephesus was never equal to the Cathedral of Toledo! The archbishop Rodrigo, in presence of the king and all the court, having first said a pontifical mass, laid the first stone, one Saturday in the year 1227; the works were then carried on with great activity until the building was completed, and carried to the highest pinnacle of perfection which human art can attain.

We hope the reader will excuse this slight historical digression, for it is a thing we do not often indulge in, and we will quickly resume our humble mission of descriptive tourist and literary daguerreotype.

The exterior of the Cathedral of Toledo is far less rich than that of the Cathedral of Burgos; there is no florid profusion of ornaments, no arabesques, no rows of statues running round the portals, but simply solid buttresses, sharp bold angles, a thick facing of large stones, and a sturdy-looking spire that displays none of the delicate decorations of Gothic art, every portion of the whole building being covered with a reddish tint like a piece of toast, a kind of sunburnt skin like that of a pilgrim from the Holy Land; but to make up for this simplicity on the outside, the

interior is sculptured and carved like a stalactite cavern.

The door by which we entered is formed of bronze, and bears the following inscription: *Antonio Zurreno del arte de Oro y Plata, faciebat esta media puerta*. The impression produced upon the mind of the visitor is one of the most vivid and grandest description. The church is divided into five naves; the middle one being of the most unusual height, while the others beside it seem to bow their heads and kneel down to denote their respect and adoration. Eighty-eight pillars, each as large as a tower, and composed of sixteen spindle-shaped columns bound together, sustain the weight of this enormous edifice; a transept intersects the grand nave between the choir and the high altar, and forms the arms of the cross. The style of the entire building is most homogeneous and perfect, a kind of merit possessed by but few Gothic cathedrals, which have generally been erected piecemeal. The original plan has been strictly carried out from beginning to end, with the exception of a few arrangements in the chapels, which, however, do not in any way mar the harmony of the whole. Painted windows, glittering with the splendour of emeralds, sapphires, and rubies, and contained in stone nervures worked like so much silversmith's work, let in a mild and mysterious light which inspires you with deep religious feelings; when the sun is too fierce, spartum blinds let down over the windows diffuse throughout the building that cool half-state of obscurity which renders Spanish churches so favourable for meditation and prayer.

The high altar or *retablo* alone might be mistaken for a church. It is an enormous collection of small columns, niches, statues, foliage, and arabesques, of

which the most minute description would convey but a very faint idea. All this mass of carving and ornaments, which extends completely up to the roof, is painted and gilt in the richest imaginable manner. The tawny, warm tones of the old gilding, cause the thin streaks and patches of light, which are caught in their passage by the nervures and projections of the ornaments, to stand out with splendid brightness, producing the most admirable, picturesque, and rich effect. The paintings, with their backgrounds of gold, which adorn the panels of the altar, equal in richness of colouring the most brilliant specimens of the Venetian school. This union of colour, with the severe and almost hieratic forms of mediæval art, is met with very rarely; some of these paintings might be taken for pictures in Giorgione's best style.

The choir or *silleria* is placed opposite the high altar, according to the Spanish custom. It is composed of three ranks of stalls formed of wood, carved, worked, and cut in a marvellous manner, with historical, allegorical, and sacred bas-reliefs. Never was anything more pure, more perfect, or better drawn, produced by Gothic art, already approaching the style of the Renaissance. This specimen of workmanship, which frightens you by the endless variety of its details, is attributed to the patient chisels of Philippe de Bourgogne and Berruguete. The archbishop's stall, which is higher than the rest, is fashioned like a throne, and marks the centre of the choir. The whole of this prodigious piece of wood-work is crowned by brown polished jasper columns, and on the entablature are alabaster figures, also by Philippe de Bourgogne and Berruguete, but in an easier and more supple style, which produce a most admirable and elegant effect. Enormous reading-desks, sustaining gigantic missals,

large spartum carpets, and two colossal organs opposite each other, one to the right and the other to the left, complete the decorations.

Behind the *retablo* is the chapel in which Don Alvar de Luna and his wife are buried, in two magnificent alabaster tombs, placed side by side. The walls of this chapel are emblazoned with the arms of the Constable, and with the shells of the Order of Santiago, of which he was grand-master. Not far from this, in the arch of that portion of the nave which is here termed the *trascoro*, there is a stone with a funereal inscription. It is in memory of a noble Toledan, whose pride was shocked at the idea of his tomb being trodden underfoot by people of no consideration and mean extraction. "I will not have a set of low-bred peasants walk over me," he exclaimed on his deathbed; and, as he left a great deal to the church, his strange whim was satisfied by his body being lodged in the masonry of the vault, where, most assuredly, no one will ever walk over it.

We will not endeavour to describe in detail the various chapels, we should fill a whole volume; we will content ourselves by mentioning the tomb of a cardinal, executed with the utmost delicacy in the Arabic style; we can compare it to nothing more appropriately than to lace-work on a grand scale. We now come at once to the Mozarabic, or Musarabic Chapel (both terms are used), which is one of the most curious in the cathedral. Before describing it, we will explain the meaning of the phrase *Mozarabic Chapel*.

At the time of the Moorish invasion, the Toledans were forced to surrender, after a two years' siege. They endeavoured to capitulate on the most favourable terms, and among the other conditions

agreed upon, was the following: Six churches were to be reserved for the use of those Christians who might desire to live with the barbarians. These churches were those of St. Mark, Saint Luke, Saint Sebastian, Saint Torcato, Saint Eulalia, and Saint Justa. By this means the true faith was preserved in the city during the four hundred years' dominion of the Moors, and for this reason the faithful Toledans were termed Mozarabians, that is, "mixed with the Arabs." In the reign of Alonzo VI., when Toledo once more fell into the hands of the Christians, Richard, the Pope's legate, wished the Mozarabian ritual to be abandoned for the Gregorian; he was backed in this by the king and the queen Doña Constanza, who preferred the rites of Rome. All the clergy revolted, and exclaimed loudly against the change; the faithful were highly incensed, and their irritation was nearly causing an open insurrection and revolt of the people. The king, frightened by the turn that matters were taking, and fearful that the Toledans would proceed to acts of violence, tried to calm them in the best manner he could, and proposed the following singular *mezzo termine*, which was completely suited to the spirit of the times, and accepted with enthusiasm by both parties:—The partisans of the Gregorian and of the Mozarabic ritual were each to choose a champion, and the two were then to meet in mortal combat, in order to decide which idiom and which service was most pleasing to Heaven; and certainly, if the opinion of Heaven is to be taken, it cannot be taken more fitly than in the choice of a liturgy.

The champion of the Mozarabians was named Don Ruiz de la Matanza; a day was appointed, and the Vega chosen as the field of battle. For some time the victory was uncertain, but in the end Don Ruiz

gained the advantage, and left the lists as victor, amidst the cries of joy of the Toledans, who wept with pleasure, and, throwing their hats in the air, immediately repaired to their churches, in order to render up thanks to Heaven. The king and queen were greatly annoyed at this triumph. Reflecting, somewhat late in the day, that it was an impious, daring, and cruel act to decide a question of theology by a sanguinary combat, they said that the only means of determining the matter was by a miracle, and they therefore proposed another ordeal, to which the Toledans, confident of the excellence of their ritual, consented. After a general fast, and prayers in all the churches, a copy of the Gregorian ritual, as well as one of the Mozarabian, was to be placed upon a lighted pile, and that one which remained in the fire without being burnt, was to be considered as the more acceptable to Heaven.

Everything was executed with the greatest exactitude. A pile of very dry flaming wood was heaped up on the *Plaza Zocodover*, which, as long as it has been a *plaza*, never beheld such a concourse of spectators; the two liturgies were cast into the fire, each party looking up to Heaven with arms uplifted in prayer. The Romish ritual was rejected, and its leaves all scattered about by the violence of the flames, but it came out intact, although somewhat scorched. The Toledan ritual, on the other hand, remained majestically in the midst of the flames, on the very spot on which it had been thrown, without moving, or receiving the least injury. Some few enthusiastic Mozarabians went so far as to assert that the Romish ritual was entirely consumed. The king, the queen; the legate Richard, were but slightly gratified, but they had gone too far to retract. The Mozarabic ritual was therefore preserved and

followed with ardour, for a long period, by the Mozarabians, their sons, and grandsons; but at last, the meaning of the ritual was lost, and there was no one left capable of performing or understanding the service which had occasioned so much contention. Don Francisco Ximenes, archbishop of Toledo, being desirous that so memorable a custom should not be discontinued, founded a Mozarabic chapel in the cathedral, caused the ritual, which was in Gothic characters, to be printed in ordinary letters, and ordained priests whose special duty it was to celebrate the Mozarabic service.

The Mozarabic Chapel, which still exists at the present day, is ornamented with the most interesting Gothic frescoes, representing various combats between the Toledans and the Moors. They are in a perfect state of preservation, the colours being as vivid as if they had only been applied yesterday. An archæologist could not fail to gather from them a vast quantity of curious information concerning the arms, costumes, weapons, and architecture of the period; for the principal fresco represents a view of Old Toledo, and was, no doubt, very exact. In the lateral frescoes are painted, with great attention to all the details, the vessels which brought the Arabs to Spain; a seaman might glean some very useful hints from them concerning the history of mediæval naval matters, at present so obscure. The arms of Toledo—five stars sable on a field, silver—are repeated in several parts of this low-arched chapel, which is enclosed, according to the Spanish fashion, by a gate of magnificent workmanship.

The chapel of the Virgin, which is entirely covered with porphyry, jasper, and yellow breccia, most admirably polished, surpasses in richness all the

splendour of the "Thousand and One Nights." There are a great many relics here; among others, a reliquary, presented by Saint Louis, and containing a piece of the true cross.

We will now wait a little to recover our breath; meanwhile, we will, if you please, take a turn in the cloisters. They surround a number of elegant and severe arcades of beautiful masses of verdure, which, thanks to the shade thrown on them by the cathedral, remain green in spite of the intense heat at this time of the year. All the cloister walls are covered with immense frescoes, in the style of Vanloo, painted by an artist named Bayeu. The composition of these paintings is easy and their colouring pleasing, but they do not agree with the style of the building, and no doubt replace older works that had suffered from the effects of age, or been considered perhaps too Gothic by the persons "of taste" at that period. Cloisters are very appropriately situated near a church; they form a happy transition from the tranquillity of the sanctuary to the turmoil of the city. You can walk about, dream and meditate, in them, without being under the necessity of joining in the prayers and ceremonies of the service: catholics enter the temple; Christians remain more frequently in the cloisters. This peculiar state of mind has been well understood by the catholic church, who is so skilful a psychologist. In religious countries, the cathedral is always the most ornamented, richest, most florid, and most profusely gilt, of all the buildings in a town. In a cathedral, the shade is coolest and the silence most profound; the music is better than it is in the theatre, and nothing can be compared to the splendour of the pageants. It is the central point, the most attractive spot, like the Opera-house in Paris.

We northern catholics, with our Voltairean temples, have no idea of the luxury, elegance, and comfort of Spanish churches: they are furnished, they are animated, and have not that icy, deserted look which ours have: the faithful can live in them in sweet familiarity with Heaven.

The sacristies and capitular rooms in the Cathedral of Toledo are of more than royal magnificence. Nothing can be more noble and picturesque than these vast halls decorated in that solid and severe style of luxury that the Church alone understands. They present an endless succession of carved walnut-wood or black oak, tapestry, or Indian damask curtains hanging down before the doors, brocade drapery with large massive folds, figured tapestry, Persian carpets, and fresco paintings. We will not attempt to describe all these things in detail, we will merely mention one room ornamented with admirable frescoes representing sacred subjects, in the German style, of which the Spaniards have produced such successful imitations. These frescoes are said to have been painted by Berruguete's nephew, if not by Berruguete himself, for these prodigious geniuses were great in all three branches of art. We will also mention an immense ceiling by Luca Giordana, filled with a countless multitude of angels and allegorical personages in attitudes that offer the most extraordinary instances of foreshortening. It is also remarkable for a singular optical illusion. A ray of light issues from the middle of the roof, and although painted on a simple flat surface, seems to fall perpendicularly on your head, whichever way you turn.

Here is kept the treasure, that is to say, the beautiful capes of brocade, cloth of gold, and silver

damask; the marvellous guipures, the silver-gilt reliquaries, the diamond monstrances, the gigantic silver candlesticks, the embroidered banners, and, in fact, all the decorations and accessories used in the representation of the drama called the mass.

In the cupboards of one of these rooms is kept the wardrobe of the Holy Virgin, for naked statues of marble or alabaster are not sufficient for the passionate piety of these natives of the South. In their devout enthusiasm, they load the object of their veneration with ornaments of the most extraordinary richness; nothing is good, or brilliant, or expensive enough; the form of the figure and the materials of which it is made disappear completely under this mass of valuables; but the Spaniards trouble themselves very little about that. The great thing is that it should be a physical impossibility to hang one pearl more on the ears of the marble idol, to fix a larger diamond in its golden crown, or form another pattern of precious stones on its brocade robe.

Never did a queen of ancient times, not even Cleopatra, who used to drink pearls, never did an empress of the Lower Empire, never did a duchess in the Middle Ages, never did a Venetian courtesan in the time of Titian, possess more brilliant jewels or a richer assortment of clothes than Our Lady of Toledo. We were shown some of her gowns. There is one of them which defies all your efforts to say of what material it is composed, so completely is it covered with flowers and arabesques of fine pearls, among which there are some of a size beyond all price; there are also several rows of black pearls which are very rare indeed. Suns and stars of precious stones also adorn this prodigious gown, which is so brilliant that the eye can scarcely support its splendour. It is worth

some millions of francs.

We terminated our visit by going up into the spire, the top of which is reached by a succession of rather steep but not very enticing ladders placed one above the other. About halfway, in a kind of store-room that we were obliged to traverse, we saw a number of gigantic coloured figures, dressed in the style of the last century and used in some procession or other.

The magnificent view that bursts upon you when you have reached the summit of the spire, repays you most amply for all the trouble of clambering up. The whole town is presented to your gaze with all the sharpness and precision of the cork models exhibited by Monsieur Pelet, and so greatly admired at the *Exposition* at Paris. This comparison will appear, doubtless, very prosaic, and not at all picturesque; but, in sober truth, I could not hit upon a better or more appropriate one. The dwarfish, misshapen rocks of blue granite, which shut in the Tagus on both sides, and constitute a portion of the horizon of Toledo, add still more to the singularity of the landscape, which is bathed and inundated by torrents of crude, pitiless, blinding light, not mitigated by the least reflection, but on the contrary, increased by a cloudless, vapourless sky that has become white from the intense heat, like iron in a furnace.

The heat was, indeed, atrocious, fully equalling that of a lime-kiln; and nothing but the most insatiable curiosity could have prevented us from renouncing all sight-seeing in such a Senegambian temperature; but we were still full of all the savage ardour of Parisian tourists, overflowing with enthusiasm for local colour. Nothing disheartened us:

we only stopped to drink, for our throats were more parched than the sands of Africa, and we absorbed water like a couple of dry sponges. I really do not know how we avoided becoming dropsical; for, exclusive of wine and ices, we consumed seven or eight jars of water a day. *Agua! Agua!* was our unceasing cry; and a chain of *muchachos*, passing the jars to one another, from our room to the kitchen, was hardly capable of quenching the fire that raged within us. Had it not been for this never-ending inundation, we should have been reduced to dust, like a sculptor's clay models when he forgets to moisten them.

After having visited the cathedral, we resolved, in spite of our thirst, to proceed to the church of *San Juan de los Reyes*; but it was only after a very long parley that we succeeded in obtaining the keys, for the church itself has been shut for the last seven or eight years, and the convent, of which it forms part, is abandoned and falling into ruins.

San Juan de los Reyes is situated on the banks of the Tagus, close to the bridge of San Martin. Its walls are of that beautiful orange colour which distinguishes old buildings in countries where it never rains. A collection of royal statues, of very imposing appearance and in noble and chivalresque attitudes, decorates the exterior; but this is not the most remarkable feature about the church of *San Juan de los Reyes*, for all mediæval churches are peopled with statues. An immense number of chains suspended on hooks decorate the walls from top to bottom: they are the fetters of the Christian captives who were delivered at the conquest of Granada. These chains, thus hung up in the guise of ornaments and votive offerings, give the church somewhat of

the air of a prison, which is rather strange and repulsive.

I was told an anecdote connected with this subject, which I will insert here, as it is both short and characteristic. The dream of every *jefe politico* in Spain is to possess an *alameda*, as that of every prefect in France is to have a Rue de Rivoli in his town. The dream of the *jefe politico* of Toledo was, therefore, to procure the population committed to his government the pleasures of a public promenade. The site was chosen, and, thanks to the co-operation of the inmates of the Presidio, the necessary levellings were soon completed. All the promenade now wanted was trees, but trees cannot be improvised, and the *jefe politico* very judiciously resolved to substitute for them short posts, connected with iron chains. As money, however, is very scarce in Spain, the ingenious official, who certainly possessed a fertile imagination, if any one ever did, thought of the historical chains of *San Juan de los Reyes*, and said to himself, "They are exactly what I want, and are all ready to my hand!" Accordingly, the chains of the captives set free by Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic, were hung on the posts of the *alameda*, while each of the smiths who had done the work received a few armfuls of the heroic metal for his trouble. Certain intelligent persons (you are sure to find some everywhere) said that it was an act of Vandalism, and the chains were taken back to the church. As for those which had been given in payment to the workmen, they had long since been forged into ploughshares, mules' shoes, and other utensils. This story is perhaps a piece of calumny, but it has all the air of probability; I give it as I heard it related. But let us return to our church. The key turned with difficulty in the rusty lock, but as soon

as this slight obstacle was surmounted, we entered the dilapidated but most elegant and admirable cloisters. Slender columns supported on their florid capitals a number of arches adorned with the most delicate nervures and embellishments, while all along the walls ran long inscriptions in praise of Ferdinand and Isabella, in Gothic characters, intertwined with flowers, a Christian imitation of the sentences and verses from the Koran employed by the Moors as an architectural ornament. What a pity it is that so precious an edifice should be thus abandoned!

By giving a few kicks against the doors, which were either barricaded with worm-eaten planks, or obstructed by rubbish, we succeeded in forcing our way into the church, which is a charming building, and, with the exception of a few places where it had been wantonly mutilated, seemed as if it had only been completed yesterday. Gothic art never produced anything more suave, more elegant, or more fine. All round it runs a gallery pierced and penetrated like a fish-slice, hanging its adventurous balcony on the clusters of pillars, and following exactly their indentations and projections; gigantic scroll-work, eagles, monsters, heraldic animals, coats of arms, banners, and emblematic inscriptions, similar to those in the cloisters, complete the decorations. The choir, which is situated opposite the *retablo*, at the other extremity of the church, is supported by a very bold and handsome elliptic arch.

The altar, which, without doubt, was a masterpiece of sculpture and painting, has been pitilessly pulled down. These useless acts of destruction sadden the heart, and make you doubt the human understanding: how do old stones impede

new ideas? Cannot a revolution be effected without the Past being demolished? It strikes me that the *Constitucion* would have lost nothing by leaving intact the church of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic—that noble queen, who believed the bare word of Genius, and endowed mankind with a new world.

Venturing up a staircase that was half in ruins, we penetrated into the interior of the convent. The refectory is a tolerably spacious apartment, presenting nothing peculiarly worthy of notice, save a frightful picture placed over the door. This picture, rendered still more hideous by the coat of dust and dirt which covers it, represents a dead body in a state of decomposition, with all those horrible details which are treated so complacently by Spanish artists. A symbolical and funereal inscription, one of those menacing biblical sentences, which warn human nothingness in so terrible a manner, is written at the bottom of this sepulchral painting, which seems a very singular one to select for a refectory. I do not know whether all the stories of monkish gluttony are true, but for my own part I should have but a very delicate appetite in a dining-room decorated in this fashion.

Overhead, on each side of a long corridor, are ranged, like the cells in a beehive, the deserted cells of the monks, who have long since disappeared: they are all exactly similar to one another, and all covered with white stucco. This whiteness diminishes the poetical effect a great deal, by preventing monsters and other bugbears of the imagination from hiding themselves in the dark holes and corners. The interior of the church and cloisters is also whitewashed; this gives them a sort of new and

recent appearance, which forms a strong contrast with the style of the architecture and the state of the edifice. The absence of humidity and the great heat have not allowed any plants or weeds to spring up between the interstices of the stones or of the rubbish; and these remains are not enveloped in the green ivy mantle which Time throws over our northern ruins. We wandered about the abandoned edifice for a long time, going up and down a succession of break-neck staircases, exactly like Anne Radcliffe's heroes, except that we saw nothing in the way of phantoms save two poor lizards, that made their escape as quickly as they possibly could, being, doubtless, ignorant, in their character of Spaniards, of the French proverb, "The lizard is the friend of man." A stroll of this kind through the veins and limbs of a large building, from which all life has fled, is one of the most vivid pleasures that can be conceived; you expect, every moment, to meet at the turn of some gallery or other one of the old monks, with his glossy forehead and his eyes sunk in shade, walking gravely along with his arms folded on his breast, as he proceeds to take part in some mysterious service in the desecrated and deserted church.

We now left, for we had seen everything that was worth seeing, even the kitchens, down to which our guide conducted us with a Voltairean smile that a subscriber to the *Constitutionnel* would not have disowned. The church and cloisters are uncommonly magnificent; the rest of the place displays the strictest simplicity; everything was for the soul, nothing for the body.

At a short distance from San Juan de los Reyes, you observe, or rather, you do not observe, the

celebrated mosque-like synagogue; for, unless you have a guide, you might pass by it twenty times without once suspecting that such a building existed. Our *keeper* knocked at a door cut in a wall formed of reddish clay, and presenting the most insignificant appearance. After waiting some time—for Spaniards are never in a hurry—the door was opened, and we were asked if we came to see the synagogue. On our answering in the affirmative, we were introduced into a kind of courtyard, filled with wild vegetation, in the midst of which stood a mangrove-tree, with its deeply serrated leaves, of a deep green, and as shining as if they had been varnished. At the back was a sort of wretched hovel, without the least pretension to any peculiar character, and looking more like a barn than anything else. We were shown into this hovel. Never was any one more surprised than we were: we found ourselves suddenly transplanted to the East, and beheld slender columns with spreading capitals like turbans, Turkish arches, verses of the Koran, a flat ceiling divided into compartments of cedar-wood, the day streaming in from above—in a word, nothing was wanting to sustain the illusion. The remains of old illuminated subjects, almost effaced, covered the walls with their strange hues, and increased the singular effect of the whole. This synagogue, which the Arabs turned into a mosque, and the Christians into a church, serves, at present, as the residence and workshop of a joiner. The joiner's bench now occupies the place of the altar. This act of profanation is of recent date. Vestiges of the *retablo* are still remaining, as well as the inscription, in black marble, commemorating the consecration of the edifice for Roman Catholic worship.

Talking of synagogues, I will here relate the

following curious anecdote. The Jews of Toledo, probably with a view of diminishing the feeling of horror entertained for them by the Christians, asserted that they had not consented to the death of our Saviour; and made the following statement in support of their assertion:—When our Saviour was brought up for judgment, the council of priests, of which Caiaphas was president, sent round to each of the tribes to know whether our Saviour should be set free or put to death. The question was put to the Jews of Spain, and the synagogue of Toledo pronounced in favour of his acquittal. This particular tribe, therefore, according to them, is not covered with the blood of the Redeemer, and does not deserve the execration incurred by those Jews who voted against the Son of God. The original copy of the answer given by the Jews of Toledo, with a Latin translation of the Hebrew text, is—so says the report —preserved in the archives of the Vatican. In consideration of their conduct, they were allowed to erect this synagogue, which is, I believe, the only one ever tolerated in Spain.

We had heard of the ruins of an ancient Moorish country-house, called Galiana's Palace. On leaving the synagogue, we ordered our guide to conduct us thither, in spite of our fatigue, for our time was precious, as we had to set out again the next day for Madrid.

Galiana's Palace is situated outside the town, in the plain of the Vega; and in order to reach it, you have to cross the bridge of Alcantara. After a quarter of an hour's walk through fields irrigated by a thousand little canals, we came to a cluster of extraordinarily green trees, at the foot of which a water-wheel of the most antique and Egyptian simplicity was at work.

Earthen jars, fixed to the spokes of the wheel by means of cords made of reeds, first drew up the water from the stream, and then emptied it into a canal of concave tiles, conducting to a reservoir, whence it was directed without difficulty, through small trenches, to whatever point had to be watered.

The dilapidated outline of a mass of reddish bricks rose up behind the foliage of the trees: this was Galiana's Palace. We made our way, through a low doorway, into this heap of ruins, that was inhabited by a family of peasants. It is impossible to conceive anything more black, more smoky, more sepulchral, or more dirty. The Troglodytes were lodged like princes in comparison; and yet the charming Galiana, the Moorish maiden with her long eyelashes tinged with henna, and her brocade jacket, covered with pearls, had once pressed the uneven floor with her little slippers, and once leant out at that window to look at the Moorish cavaliers who were exercising themselves in throwing the djerrid, at some distance away in the plain of the Vega.

We valiantly continued our researches, ascending to the upper parts of the building by means of crazy old ladders, and grasping hold of the tufts of dry weeds, which hung like a beard to the crabbed chin of the ancient walls. When we had arrived at the summit, we became aware of a strange phenomenon. We had entered the place with white trousers, and we left it with black ones; but the black tint was no ordinary black, it was alive, moving, skipping about; we were covered with imperceptible little fleas, who had precipitated themselves upon us in compact masses, attracted by the coldness of our northern blood. I never should have thought that there were so many fleas in the whole world.

A few pipes for conveying water into the hot baths are the only vestiges of magnificence which time has spared: the glass and enamelled porcelain mosaics; the slender marble columns with their gilt capitals, ornamented with carving and verses from the Koran; the alabaster basins; the stones pierced in a thousand different places in order to allow the perfumes to filter through;—all, all had disappeared. All that is left is the carcass of the principal walls, and heaps of bricks rapidly crumbling to dust; for these marvellous edifices, which remind the spectator of the fairy palaces in the "Arabian Nights," are unfortunately only built of bricks or clay, crusted over with stucco or plaster. All the lacework, all the arabesques, are not, as is generally believed, carved in marble or stone, but merely moulded in plaster, by which method they can be reproduced without end and without any great cost. Had it not been for the extraordinarily conservative quality of the climate of Spain, all these edifices erected of such slight materials would never have remained standing at the present day.

The legend of Galiana is more successfully preserved than her palace. She was the daughter of king Galafre, who loved her more than aught else in the world, and had built for her in the plain of the Vega a country-house, with delicious gardens, kiosks, baths, fountains, and cascades, which rose and fell exactly as the moon increased or waned, either by means of magic, or by one of those hydraulic artifices so familiar to the Arabs. Idolized by her father, Galiana lived in this charming retreat in the most agreeable manner, amusing herself with music, poetry, and dancing. Her hardest task was to escape the importunities of her admirers. The most troublesome and the most determined of them all

was a certain petty king of Guadalajara, called Bradamant, a gigantic, valiant, and ferocious Moor. Galiana could not bear him, and, as the chronicler says, "What avails it that the cavalier be all fire, if the lady be all ice?" The Moor, however, was not to be rebuffed, and his delight at seeing and speaking to Galiana was so intense that he caused a subterranean passage to be dug from Guadalajara to Toledo, and through this passage he came to visit her every day.

It was at this epoch, that Charlemagne, the son of Pepin, came to Toledo, whither he had been sent by his father to assist Galafre against Abderahaman, king of Cordova. Galafre lodged him in Galiana's own palace, for the Moors willingly allowed illustrious and important personages to see their daughters. Charlemagne possessed a soft heart underneath his steel cuirass, and very soon became desperately enamoured of the Moorish princess. He at first endured Bradamant's assiduities, as he was not sure of having made an impression upon the fair one's heart; but as Galiana, despite her reserve and modesty, could not conceal from him any longer the preference she secretly felt for him in her soul, he began to give signs of jealousy, and required that his sunburnt rival should be promptly suppressed. Galiana, who was already a Frenchwoman up to her very eyes, says the chronicler, and who, besides that, hated the petty king of Guadalajara, gave the prince to understand that both she and her father were heartily sick of the Moor's importunities, and that she should be gratified by his being summarily disposed of. Charlemagne did not require telling twice; he challenged Bradamant to single combat, and, although the Moor was a giant, overcame him. He then cut off his head and presented it to Galiana, who thought the present a remarkable proof of

delicate attention. This little act of politeness advanced the prince considerably in the good graces of the beautiful Moorish maiden, and the love of both of them continuing to increase, Galiana promised to embrace Christianity in order that Charlemagne might be enabled to marry her. No difficulty was thrown in her way, as Galafre was delighted at the idea of bestowing his daughter's hand on so great a prince. Meanwhile Pepin died, and Charlemagne returned to France, bringing with him Galiana, who was crowned Queen, and received with great rejoicings. It is thus that a Moorish maiden succeeded in becoming a Christian queen, "and the remembrance of this story, although connected with an old building, is worthy of being preserved in Toledo," adds the chronicler, as a sort of final moral reflection.

It was now absolutely necessary, before we did anything else, that we should rid ourselves of the microscopic multitudes, whose bites had spotted our ex-white trousers with blood. Fortunately, the Tagus was not far off, and thither did we immediately conduct the Princess Galiana's fleas, employing the method patronised by foxes, who plunge up to the nose in water, holding between their teeth a piece of cork, which they commit to the stream as soon as they find it is manned by a sufficiently numerous crew, for the confounded little insects run up and crowd into it as soon as they feel themselves touched by the water. We trust our fair readers will pardon us for these animalcular and *picaresque* details, which would be more suited, perhaps, to the life of Lazarillo de Tormes or of Guzman d'Alfarache; but a book of travels in Spain would not be complete without them, and we hope to be excused in consideration of the local colouring.

The banks of the Tagus, at this point, are lined with peaked and almost inaccessible rocks, and it was not without some difficulty that we succeeded in making our way down to the spot where the grand sacrifice was to be accomplished. I began swimming out and displaying the greatest possible amount of artistic precision in order to prove myself worthy of bathing in so celebrated and respectable a river as the Tagus, when, after going some few yards I reached the ruins of some building or other that had fallen down, and left its shapeless remains of masonry projecting only a foot or two from the surface of the stream. On the bank exactly opposite, was an old ruined tower with a semicircular arcade, where some linen was drying very prosaically in the sun on clotheslines that had been hung there by the washerwomen.

I was simply in the *baño de la Cava*, which, I may as well say for the benefit of my readers, means Florinda's Bath, and the tower opposite me was the tower of King Rodrigo. It was from the balcony of that window and concealed behind a curtain, that Rodrigo watched the young maidens as they were bathing, and perceived the lovely Florinda measuring her leg[9] and those of her companions, in order to see whose was the roundest and best shaped. From what trifles do great events spring. Had Florinda possessed an ill-shapen leg or an ugly knee, the Arabs would never have come to Spain. Unfortunately, Florinda had a tiny foot, a delicate ankle, and the whitest and best shaped leg in the world. Rodrigo became enamoured of the thoughtless bather, and seduced her. Count Juliano, Florinda's father, furious at this outrage, betrayed his country in order to obtain revenge, and called in the aid of the Moors. Rodrigo lost the famous battle so

often mentioned in the *romanceros*, and perished miserably in a coffin filled with vipers, in which he had placed himself to make atonement for his crime. Poor Florinda, branded with the ignominious name of *la Cava*, remained bowed down beneath the execration of all Spain; but then, what a ridiculous and strange idea it was to place a bathing-place for young maidens exactly before the tower of a young king.

Since we have begun to talk about Rodrigo, we may as well mention the legend of the Grotto of Hercules, which is fatally connected with the history of this unfortunate Gothic prince. The Grotto of Hercules is a subterranean cave, which, according to the general report, extends three leagues beyond the city walls: the entrance, carefully shut and padlocked, is in the church of San Gines, which stands on the highest ground in the whole city. On this spot there was formerly a palace founded by Tubal, which Hercules restored and enlarged. Here, too, he established his laboratory and his school of magic; for Hercules, of whom the Greeks subsequently made a god, was at first a powerful cabalist. By means of his art, he constructed an enchanted tower, with talismans and inscriptions to the effect, that whenever any one should penetrate the limits of the magical edifice, a ferocious and barbarous nation should invade Spain.

Fearful of seeing this fatal prediction accomplished, all the kings, and especially the Gothic kings, placed more locks and more padlocks on the mysterious door; not that they actually put faith in the prophecy, but, like sensible persons as they were, they had no wish to be mixed up with these magical charms and spells. Rodrigo, who was more curious or

more needy, for his debauched and prodigal course of life had exhausted all his money, resolved on venturing into the enchanted cave, in the hopes of finding some considerable treasures there. He directed his steps towards the grotto at the head of some few determined followers, provided with torches, lanterns, and cords, and reached the doorway cut in the living rock, and closed by an iron door secured by a great number of padlocks. On the door was a tablet with this inscription in Greek characters: *The king who shall open this subterranean vault, and succeed in discovering the marvels which it contains, shall experience good and evil.* The former kings had been frightened at the alternative, and had not dared to proceed; but Rodrigo, chancing the evil to obtain the good, ordered the padlocks to be broken, the locks to be forced, and the door to be opened. Those who boasted of possessing most courage went down first, but soon returned, with their torches extinguished, all trembling, pale, and terror-stricken; those that could speak said that they had been frightened by a most horrible vision. This, however, did not induce Rodrigo to renounce his project of breaking the spell. He caused the torches to be arranged in such a manner that the wind which issued from the cavern could not extinguish them; and then, placing himself at the head of his followers, advanced boldly into the grotto. He soon reached a square chamber of great architectural richness, in the middle of which was a tall bronze statue, of terrible aspect. This statue had its feet placed upon a column three cubits high, and held in its hand a mace, with which it kept striking the floor, thereby producing the noise and wind which had so frightened those who entered first. Rodrigo, as brave as a Goth, and as determined as a Christian who has

confidence in his religion, and is not astonished by the magic arts of Pagans, went straight up to the colossus, and asked permission to examine the marvels which were in the grotto.

The brazen warrior intimated that he assented to the request, by ceasing to strike the earth with his mace. It was now easy to see the various objects in the chamber, and, before long, a chest was found with the following inscription on the lid:—"He who opens me will behold marvels." Seeing the quietness of the statue, the king's companions, having recovered from their fright, and being encouraged by the inscription, which seemed to promise well, began making ready their pockets and mantles, under the idea that they should fill them with gold; but all they found in the chest was a roll of cloth. On it were painted troops of Arabs, some on horseback and others on foot, with turbans on their heads, and shields and lances in their hands. There was also an inscription to the following effect:—"He who penetrates thus far, and opens the chest, will lose Spain, and be vanquished by nations similar to this one." King Rodrigo attempted to conceal the disagreeable impression produced on him, in order not to augment the sadness of his followers, and continued his search, in the hope of finding something to compensate him for this disastrous prophecy. On raising his eyes, Rodrigo perceived on the wall, to the left of the statue, a cartouche, on which were the words, "Poor king! To your misfortune is it that you have entered here!" and to the right there was another, with the words, "You will be ejected from your possessions by foreign nations, and your people will be heavily chastised!" Behind the statue there was written, "I invoke the Arabs," and before it, "I do my duty."

The king and his courtiers withdrew, filled with anxiety and gloomy presentiments. The very same night there was a furious tempest, and the ruins of the Tower of Hercules fell to the ground with the most awful noise. It was not long before the prophecies of the magic grotto were borne out by circumstances; the Arabs painted on the roll of cloth in the chest really did show their strange-shaped turbans, shields, and lances, on the unhappy soil of Spain, and all because Rodrigo looked at Florinda's leg, and went down into a cavern.

But night is setting in; we must return to the *fonda*, sup, and retire to bed, for we leave to-morrow evening, and have yet to visit the Hospital of the Cardinal Don Pedro Gonzales de Mendoza, the Manufactory of Arms, the remains of the Roman Amphitheatre, and a thousand other curiosities. As for myself, I am so fatigued by the diamond-edged pavement, that I feel inclined to reverse my position, and walk about a little upon my hands, like the clowns, in order to rest my aching feet. O hackney-coaches of civilization! omnibuses of progress! I called upon you with a sinking heart—but then of what use would you have been in the streets of Toledo?

The cardinal's Hospital is a large building, of broad and severe proportions, which would take too long for me to describe here. We will cross rapidly over the courtyard, surrounded by columns and arcades, and containing nothing remarkable save two air-shafts, with white marble kerbs, and at once enter the church, to examine the cardinal's tomb, executed in alabaster by that prodigy, Berruguete, who lived more than eighty years, covering his country with masterpieces in various styles, but all equally perfect.

The cardinal is stretched out upon his tomb in his pontifical habits. Death has pinched his nose with its skinny fingers, and the last contraction of the muscles, in their endeavour to retain the soul about to leave the body for ever, puckers up the corners of the mouth, and lengthens the chin: never was there a cast taken after death more horribly true; and yet the beauty of the work is such, that you forget any amount of repulsiveness that the subject may possess. Little children in attitudes of grief support the plinth and the cardinal's coat of arms. The most supple and softest clay could not be more easy, or more pliant; it is not carved, it is kneaded!

There are also in this church two pictures by Domenico Theotocopouli, called El Greco, an extraordinary and strange artist, who is scarcely known, save in Spain. He was absurdly afraid, as you are aware, of being accused of imitating Titian, whose pupil he had been; this fear of his caused him to have recourse to the strangest expedients and caprices.

One of these pictures, that which represents the "Holy Family," must have made the poor Greco very miserable, for, at first sight, it would be taken for a genuine Titian. The ardent colouring, the vivid tone of the drapery, and that beautiful reflex of yellow amber, which imparts warmth even to the coolest shades of the Venetian artist, all concur to deceive the most practised eye; the touch alone is less bold and less broad. The little reason that El Greco still possessed must have been altogether swallowed up in the sombre ocean of madness, after he had completed this masterpiece. There are not many artists, now-a-days, capable of going mad for a similar reason.

The other picture, the subject of which is, the "Baptism of our Saviour," belongs entirely to El Greco's second style. It is remarkable for the abuse of black and white in it, for its violent contrasts, singular tints, laboured attitudes, and abrupt, sharp disposition of the drapery, but there is a certain air of depraved energy, a sort of morbid power about it, which reveals the great artist and the madman of genius. Very few paintings interest me so much as those of El Greco, for his very worst have always something unexpected, something that exceeds the bounds of possibility, that causes astonishment, and affords matter for reflection.

From the Hospital, we proceeded to the Manufactory of Arms, which is a vast, symmetrical, and pleasing edifice, founded by Charles III., whose name is to be found on all buildings of public utility. It is erected close to the Tagus, the water of that stream being used to temper the sword-blades and move the machinery. The workshops run along a large courtyard, surrounded by porticoes and arcades, like almost all the courtyards in Spain. In one room the iron is heated, in another it is submitted to the hammer, while farther on it is tempered. In one place are the stones for sharpening and grinding, in another are made the sheaths and handles. We will not extend the investigation further, as it would not teach our readers anything peculiarly new; we will only state that these blades, so justly celebrated, are partly manufactured out of the old shoes of horses and mules, that are carefully collected for the purpose.

To convince us that the Toledo blades were still worthy of their ancient reputation, we were conducted to the proving-room, where a workman,

of commanding stature and colossal strength, took a weapon of the most ordinary kind, a straight cavalry sabre, fixed the point in a pig of lead fastened to the wall, and made the blade bend about in every possible way, like a switch, so that the handle almost touched the hilt; the elasticity and suppleness of the steel were such that it was able to stand this test without snapping. The man then placed himself opposite an anvil, and gave so vigorous a blow that the blade entered about half an inch; this feat of strength made me think of the scene in one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, where Richard Cœur-de-Lion and king Saladin amuse themselves by cutting pillows and iron bars.

The Toledo blades of the present day are therefore quite equal to those of former times; the secret of tempering them is not lost, but merely the secret of their form; this little thing, so despised by Progress people, is all that is wanting to enable modern works to sustain a comparison with those of antiquity. A modern sword is merely an instrument; a sword of the sixteenth century is at once an instrument and a gem.

We thought that we should find at Toledo a few old weapons, such as daggers, poniards, rapiers, and other curiosities, to be hung up as trophies on the wall, or laid out upon a shelf; and we had learnt by heart, for this purpose, the names and marks of the sixty armourers of Toledo, collected by Achille Jubinal; but we had not an opportunity of putting our knowledge to the test, for there are no more swords at Toledo than leather at Cordova, lace at Mechlin, oysters at Ostend, or *Pâtés de Foie Gras* at Strasburg; all curiosities are confined to Paris, and if you happen to meet a few abroad they are sure to

have come from the shop of Mademoiselle Delaunay, on the Quai Voltaire.

We were likewise shown the remains of the Roman Amphitheatre and of the Naumachia, which look exactly like a ploughed field, as do all Roman ruins. I am not imaginative enough to go into ecstasies at the sight of such problematical nonentities; this is an amusement that I leave to antiquaries; for my own part, I prefer talking of the walls of Toledo, which are visible to the naked eye and admirably picturesque. They accord extremely well with the undulating surface of the ground, and it is often very difficult to say where the rock ends and where the rampart begins. Each epoch of civilization has had a hand in the work; that piece of wall is Roman, that tower is Gothic, those battlements are Arabic. All the portion which extends from the Puerta Cambron to the Puerta Visagra (*via sacra*) was built by the Gothic king Wamba. There is a story attached to each of these stones, and if we wished to relate them all we should require a whole volume instead of a single chapter. But there is one thing we can do which is strictly in accordance with our character of travellers, and that is, to mention once more the noble effect produced on the horizon by Toledo seated on her rocky throne, with her girdle of towers and her diadem of churches. It is impossible to conceive a bolder or severer outline, clothed in a richer colour, or one in which the physiognomy of the Middle Ages is more faithfully preserved. I remained for more than an hour plunged in contemplation, trying to satiate my eyes, and engrave on my memory the recollection of this admirable view. Night closed in, alas! too soon, and we were obliged to think of retiring to rest, for we were to set off at one o'clock in the morning in order

to avoid the midday heat.

At midnight our calesero arrived, punctual to his time, and we clambered up, in a state of unmistakable somnambulism, on to the meagre cushions of our vehicle. The horrible jolting caused by the abominable pavement of Toledo soon woke us sufficiently to enable us to enjoy the fantastic appearance of our caravan. The carriage, with its scarlet wheels and extravagant body, seemed—so close together were the walls—to divide the houses, which closed again like waves after it had passed! A bare-legged *sereno*, with the flowing drawers and variegated handkerchief of the Valencians, walked before us, bearing at the end of his lance a lantern, whose flickering light produced all kinds of singular effects of light and shade, such as Rembrandt would not have disdained to introduce into some of his fine etchings of night-watches and patroles. The only noise we heard was the silver tinkling of the bells on the neck of our mule and the creaking of the axletrees. The inhabitants were buried in as deep a sleep as the statues in the chapel of *los Reyes Nuevos*. From time to time, our *sereno* poked his lantern under the nose of some vagabond who lay slumbering across the street, and pushed him on one side with the handle of his lance; for whenever any one feels sleepy in Spain, he stretches out his cloak upon the ground and lies down with the most perfect and philosophical calmness. Before the gate, which was not yet open, and where we were kept waiting two hours, the ground was strewed with sleepers, who were snoring away in every possible variety of tone; for the street is the only bedroom which is not infected with insects; to enter an alcove, you must possess all the resignation of an Indian Fakir. At last the confounded gate swung back upon its hinges, and

we returned by the same road we had come.

CHAPTER X.

MADRID TO GRANADA.

Procession of the Corpus Christi at Madrid—Aranjuez—A Patio—Ocaña and its Environs—Tembleque and its Garters—A Night at Manzanares—Santa Cruz Knives—The Puerto de los Perros—Colony of Carolina—Baylen—Jaen, its Cathedral and its Majos—Granada—The Alameda—The Alhambra—The Generalife—The Albaycin—Life at Granada—The Gitanos—The Carthusian Convent—Santo Domingo—Ascent of the Mulhacen.



We were obliged to pass through Madrid again, in order to take the diligence to Granada: we could, it is true, have gone and waited for it at Aranjuez, but we should have then run the risk of finding it full; we therefore determined to return to Madrid.

Our guide had taken care, the evening before, to send forward a mule, which was to wait for us

halfway along the road, in order to take the place of the one we set out with; for it is doubtful whether, without this precaution, we should have been able to perform the journey from Toledo to Madrid in a single day, owing to the excessive heat we were exposed to along the dusty road, which affords you nowhere the slightest shade, but runs through tracts of open and interminable corn-fields.

We reached Illescas at about one o'clock, with no other incident to talk of than that of being half-baked, if not quite so. We were impatient to get away from a region which possessed nothing new for us, unless passing through it in a contrary direction can be said to add any novelty to the scene.

When we had alighted, my companion preferred to go to sleep; while I, who was already pretty well accustomed to Spanish cookery, began contesting the possession of my dinner with innumerable swarms of flies. The landlady's daughter—a pretty little girl of twelve or thirteen, with Arabian eyes—stood beside me, with a fan in one hand and a little broom in the other, trying to keep off the importunate insects, which returned to the charge more furiously and more noisily than ever as soon as she flagged in the use of either fan or broom. With this assistance I succeeded, however, in getting into my mouth a few pieces somewhat free from flies; and when my hunger was a little appeased I opened a conversation with my pretty fly-flapper, which conversation was, however, kept within very limited bounds by my ignorance of the Spanish language. Yet, with the aid of my diamond dictionary, I succeeded in keeping up the conversation tolerably well for a foreigner. She told me that she could write and read all sorts of print, including even Latin; and that, moreover, she

played the *pandero* pretty well: I immediately requested her to give me a sample of her last-named talent, which she did with a very good grace, though much to the discomfort of my friend, whom the rattling of the brass rings and the hollow sound produced by the little musician's thumb on the ass's skin at length awoke.

The fresh mule was now harnessed, as it was necessary to continue our journey. In a heat of thirty degrees, it requires great moral courage to leave a *posada* where we see before us several rows of jars, pots, and *alcarrazas*, covered with beads of moisture. Spain is the only place where a draught of water ever appeared to me real voluptuousness: it is true that the water there is pure, limpid, and of an exquisite taste. The interdiction of wine to Mahometans is a law more easily obeyed than any other in such climates.

Thanks to the eloquent appeals our *calesero* never ceased making to his mule, and to the pebbles which he continually threw with great dexterity at her ears, we got on pretty well. Under trying circumstances, he called her *vieja*, *revieja* (old, twice old), to which injurious terms all mules appear, in general, particularly sensitive, either because the said terms are always accompanied by a blow on the back with the handle of the whip, or because they really are in themselves very offensive. By the aid of these epithets, aptly applied several times, we arrived at the gates of Madrid at about five in the evening.

We were already acquainted with Madrid, and saw nothing new in it, with the exception of the procession of the Corpus Christi: this ceremony has, however, lost much of its former splendour, by the suppression of the convents and religious fraternities;

though it still retains an appearance of great solemnity. The streets through which the procession passes are strewed with fine sand, while canvass *tendidos*, which reach from house to house, afford protection from the sun and keep the air cool: the balconies are decorated with flags and crowded with pretty women in full dress; so that, altogether, the sight is one of the most charming that can well be imagined. The perpetual motion of the fans, which open and shut, tremble and flutter, like the wings of a butterfly about to settle down somewhere; the movements of the elbows of the women, wrapping themselves in their mantles and smoothing an ungraceful wrinkle in their dress; the glances sent from one window to acquaintances at another; the pretty inclination of the head, and the graceful gesture that accompany the *agur* by which the *señoras* reply to the salutations of the cavaliers; the picturesque crowd, interspersed with *Gallegos*, *Pasiegas*, Valencians, *Manolas*, and water-sellers, form a spectacle of the greatest animation and the most charming gaiety. The *Niños de la Cuna* (foundlings), dressed in their blue uniform, walk at the head of the procession. There were but very few out of this long file of children who were endowed with pretty faces; and Hymen himself, with all his conjugal carelessness, would have been troubled to produce offspring uglier than were these children of Love. Then follow the parochial banners, the clergy, silver shrines, and, under a canopy of gold cloth, the Corpus Dei, in a sun of diamonds of the most dazzling brilliancy.

The proverbial devoutness of the Spaniards appeared to me greatly abated; for, with respect to it, one might well have fancied himself in Paris at the time when it was considered fashionable opposition

not to kneel to the Host. The men hardly touched the brim of their hats at the approach of the canopy. Catholic Spain no longer exists. The Peninsula is now under the influence of Voltairean and liberal ideas with respect to *feudalism*, the *Inquisition*, and *fanaticism*. To demolish convents appears to her, at present, the height of civilization.

One evening, as I was passing near the post-office at the corner of the Calle de Carretas, I saw the crowd separate precipitately; and then I perceived a brilliant galaxy of light coming up the *Calle-Mayor*. It was the Host hastening in its carriage to the bedside of some dying person; for the representatives of religion do not yet go about on foot at Madrid. The people had fled, in order to avoid the necessity of kneeling to the host as it passed. As we are speaking of religious ceremonies, we must not forget to mention that in Spain the cross on palls is not white, as in France, but of the colour of brimstone. The Spaniards do not use hearses, but carry their dead to the grave on biers.

Madrid was insupportable to us, and the two days that we were obliged to stay there appeared, at least, two centuries. We could think of nothing but orange-trees, lemon-trees, cachuchas, castanets, and picturesque costumes, for every one related wonders to us about Andalusia with that boastful magniloquence which the Spaniards will never lose any more than the Gascons of France. At length the long desired day arrived, for everything arrives at last, even the day we are waiting for; and we left Madrid in a very comfortable diligence, drawn by a troop of sturdy, close-cropped mules, with shiny coats, and which trotted along at a dashing pace. The diligence was lined with nankeen, and furnished

with both roller and green wooden blinds. It appeared to us the *ne plus ultra* of elegance, after the abominable galleys, *sillas volantes*, and coaches, in which we had been jolted up to that time; and it would have really proved a very agreeable conveyance, had it not been for the furnace-like heat which calcined us, in spite of the lightness of our dress and the continual movement of our fans. The consequence was, that our rolling stove resounded with a perpetual litany of "Oh, dear! *que calor!* I am stifled! I am melting!" with numerous other well-assorted exclamations. We bore our sufferings patiently, however, and, with a little grumbling, tranquilly allowed the perspiration to run, like a cascade, down our noses and temples; for, at the end of our fatigues, we had in perspective Granada and the Alhambra, the dream of every poet—Granada, whose name alone makes the heaviest and dullest man in all the world break out into exclamations of admiration, and dance on one leg for delight.

The environs of Madrid are dull, bare, and scorched up, though less stony on this side than on the side leading to Guadarrama. The country, which is rather uneven than hilly, presents, everywhere, the same uniform appearance, only broken by a few villages, all dust and chalk, scattered here and there throughout the general aridity, and which would not be remarked, were it not for the square tower of their churches. Spires are rarely met with in Spain, the square tower being the usual form of steeple. Where two roads meet, suspicious-looking crosses stretch forth their sinister arms; from time to time, carts drawn by oxen pass by, with the carter asleep under his cloak; and peasants on horseback, with a fierce expression of countenance, and their carbines at the saddle-bows. In the middle of the day the sky

is of the colour of melting lead, and the ground of a dusty grey, interspersed with mica, to which the greatest distance hardly imparts a bluish tint. Not a single cluster of trees, not a shrub, not a drop of water in the bed of dried-up torrents is to be seen; nothing, in fact, is there to relieve the eye, or to gratify the imagination. In order to find a little shelter from the burning rays of the sun, you must follow the narrow line of scanty blue shade afforded by the walls. We were, it is true, in the middle of July, which is not exactly the time of year for cool travelling in Spain; but it is our opinion that countries ought to be visited in their most characteristic seasons. Spain in summer, and Russia in winter.

We met with nothing worthy of any particular notice, until we came to the royal residence (*sitio real*) of Aranjuez. Aranjuez is a brick mansion with stone facings, presenting a white and red appearance, and has high slate roofs, pavilions, and weathercocks, which call to mind the style of architecture employed under Henri IV. and Louis XIII.; the palace of Fontainebleau, or the houses in the Place Royale at Paris. The Tagus, which is crossed by a suspension-bridge, keeps vegetation fresh there, much to the admiration of the Spaniards, and allows the trees of the north to grow to full maturity. At Aranjuez are seen elms, ash-trees, birch-trees, and aspens, which are as great curiosities there as Indian fig-trees, aloes, and palms would appear in France. They pointed out to us a gallery built on purpose to enable Godoy, the famous Prince of Peace, to pass from his house to the castle. On leaving the village, we observed to our left the Plaza de Toros, which is of a decided monumental appearance.

While the mules were being changed, we ran to the market to lay in a stock of oranges and to take ices, or rather lemon snow batter, at one of those refreshment shops which are met with in the open air, and which are as common in Spain as wine-shops are in France. Instead of drinking pots of bad wine and *goes* of brandy, the peasants and market-women take a *bebida helada*, which does not cost more, and which does not, at all events, get into their heads to besot their intellects. The absence of drunkenness renders the people of the lower class much superior to the corresponding class in those countries of ours, which we fancy to be civilized.

The name of Aranjuez, which is composed of two words, *ara* and *Jovis*, tells us pretty plainly that this edifice is built on the site of an ancient temple of Jupiter. We had not time to visit the interior of it, but this we do not regret, for all palaces are alike. Such, too, is the case with courtiers; originality is to be met with but among the people, and the rabble only appear to have preserved the privilege of being poetical.

The scenery from Aranjuez to Ocaña is picturesque, without, however, being very remarkable. Hills of graceful form, well developed by the light, rise on each side of the route, and when the eddies of dust in which the diligence is running, like a god wrapped up in his cloud, are cleared away by a favourable breath of air, they present you with a very pleasant sight. The roads, though badly kept, are in pretty good order, thanks to this wonderful climate, where it hardly ever rains, and to the scarcity of vehicles, nearly all the carrying being done by beasts of burden only.

We were to sup and sleep at Ocaña, in order to

wait for the *correo real*, so that by joining ourselves to it we might profit by its escort, for we were about to enter La Mancha, infested at that time by the bands of Palillos, Polichinelle, and other honest people with whom a meeting would prove far from agreeable. We stopped at an hotel of decent appearance, before which was a *patio* with columns, and, over this *patio*, a superb *tendido*, of which the cloth, now double, now single, formed designs and symmetrical figures by its different shades of transparency. The name of the maker, with his address at Barcelona, was written on it by this means very legibly. Myrtles, pomegranates, and jasmines, planted in red clay pots, enlivened and perfumed this sort of inner court, in which reigned a clear, subdued kind of twilight full of mystery. The *patio* is a delightful invention; it affords greater coolness and more space than a room; you can walk about there, read, be alone or mix with others. It is a neuter ground where people meet, and where, without undergoing the tediousness of formal visits and introductions, they end by becoming known to one another and by forming acquaintance; and when, as at Granada or at Seville, the *patio* possesses a jet of water or a fountain, nothing can be more delightful, especially in a country where the thermometer always indicates a Senegambian heat.

While waiting for our repast, we went to take a siesta: this is a habit which you are compelled to follow in Spain, for the heat from two to five o'clock is such as no Parisian can form an idea of. The pavement burns, the iron knockers on the doors grow red-hot, a shower of fire seems to be falling from the sky; the corn bursts from its spikes, the ground cracks like over-heated porcelain, the grass-hoppers make their corselets grate with more vivacity than

ever, and the little air which fans your face seems to be blown forth by the brazen mouth of a large furnace; the shops are closed, and all the gold in the world would not induce a tradesman to sell you the slightest article. In the streets are to be seen dogs and Frenchmen only, according to the popular saying, which is far from flattering for us. The guides refuse to take you to the most insignificant monument, even though you offer them Havannah cigars or a ticket for a bull-fight, two most seductive things for a Spanish *cicerone*. The only thing you can do is to sleep like the rest, and you very soon make up your mind to do so; for what else can you do in the midst of a nation fast asleep!

Our rooms, which were whitewashed, were scrupulously clean. The insects of which we had heard such awful descriptions did not yet make their appearance, and our sleep was troubled by no thousand-footed nightmare.

At five o'clock, we rose to go and take a turn while waiting for supper. Ocaña is not rich in monumental buildings, and its best title to celebrity is the desperate attack made by Spanish troops on a French redout during the war of invasion. The redout was taken, but nearly the whole of the Spanish battalion was killed. Each hero was interred on the spot where he fell. The ranks were so well kept, in spite of a deluge of grape, that they can still be traced by the regularity of the graves. Diamante has written a piece called "The Hercules of Ocaña," produced, no doubt, for some athletic champion of prodigious strength, like the Goliath of the Olympic Circus. Our presence at Ocaña called this circumstance to our memory.

The last of the harvest was being got in at an

epoch when the corn scarcely begins to assume its yellow tint in France, and the sheaves were carried to large areas of beaten earth, where horses and mules tread out the grain beneath their unshod hoofs. Both mules and horses are harnessed to a sort of sledge, on which the man superintending the operations stands upright in a posture of proud and graceful ease. Much self-command and skill are required to keep on this frail machine, as it is whisked along by three or four horses which are ever being lashed most lustily. A painter of the school of Leopold Robert would not fail to turn these scenes of Biblical and primitive simplicity to great account. Fine swarthy faces, sparkling eyes, Madonna-like features, costumes full of character, brilliant light, azure and sun would not fail him here any more than in Italy.

That evening the sky was of a milky blue colour, dashed with rose; the fields appeared, as far as the eye could reach, like an immense sheet of pale gold, where, here and there, you perceived a cart, looking like a small island in an ocean of light, and drawn by oxen which were almost hidden beneath the sheaves with which the cart was loaded. The wild notion of a picture without shade, which is so inherent to the Chinese, was realized here. All was sun and light; and the deepest tint that appeared upon the scene was of pearl grey.

At length we were summoned to a pretty good supper, or which, at least, our appetites made us think so; it was served in a low room, decorated with little paintings on glass, of somewhat curious Venetian taste. After supper, as my companion, Eugène, and myself, were but mediocre smokers, and as we could take but a very small part in the

conversation, on account of the necessity we were under of saying everything we had to say in the two or three hundred words with which we were acquainted, we withdrew to our rooms, greatly discouraged at the different stories about robbers which we had heard related at table, and which, as they were only half understood, appeared all the more terrible to us.

We were forced to wait till two in the afternoon for the arrival of the *correo real*, for it would not have been prudent to set out without it. We had besides a special escort of four horsemen, armed with blunderbusses, pistols, and large sabres. They were men of commanding stature, with pointed hats, large red sashes, velvet breeches, leather gaiters and characteristic features, encircled by enormous black whiskers, all which made them look more like robbers than guards and whom it was a cunning contrivance to take with you, in order to avoid meeting them on the road.

Twenty soldiers huddled together in a galley, followed the *correo real*. A galley is a two or four wheeled cart, without springs, and having its bottom formed of an esparto network, instead of boards. This short description will suffice to give an idea of the position of these poor wretches, who were forced to stand, and who could only keep themselves from falling by catching hold of the sides of the cart. Add to this the rapidity at which we were going—four leagues an hour—a stifling heat, with the sun darting down his rays perpendicularly, and you will agree with me that it required a very great stock of heroic goodhumour to think such a situation funny. And yet these poor soldiers, scarcely covered by their ragged uniforms, with their stomachs empty, with nothing

to drink but the heated water in their leathern bottles, and tossed about like mice in a trap, did nothing but laugh and sing all along the road. The sobriety and patience of the Spaniards in supporting fatigue are something wonderful. In this respect they have remained Arabs. It would be impossible to show more disregard for material life than they do. But these soldiers, who were without bread and shoes, had a guitar.

All that part of the kingdom of Toledo which we passed through is frightfully arid, and announces the approach of La Mancha, the country of Don Quixote, and the most desolate and sterile province of Spain.

We soon passed La Guardia, a little insignificant market-town, of the most miserable appearance. At Tembleque we bought a few dozen garters for the use of some pretty legs at Paris; these garters, of all colours, cerise, orange, and sky-blue, were ornamented with gold or silver thread, and marked with various-lettered devices, that would put to the blush the most gallant ones on the trumpets bought at the *fête* of St. Cloud. Tembleque has the same reputation for its garters as Châtellerault, in France, has for its pen-knives.

While we were bargaining for our garters, we heard by our side a hoarse, discordant, menacing growl, like that of a mad dog. We turned round quickly, but not without a certain amount of fear, for we did not know how to speak to Spanish dogs, and then we perceived that this growl came not from an animal, but from a man.

Never did nightmare, placing its knee on the chest of a delirious patient, produce a more frightful monster. Quasimodo is a very Phœbus by the side of it. A square forehead, two sunken eyes, glaring with

a savage fire, a nose so flat that its place was distinguished only by the nostrils, with the lower jaw advancing full two inches beyond the upper one—such, in a few words, is the portrait of this scarecrow, the profile of which formed a concave line, like those crescents on which the face of the moon is represented in the almanack of Liege. The calling of this wretch consisted in being without a nose, and in imitating dogs, a calling which he exercised wonderfully well, for he was more noseless than death himself, and made alone more uproar than all the inmates put together of the Barrière du Combat at feeding-time.

Puerto Lapiche consists of a few tumbling-down huts, huddled together on the declivity of a hill which is itself full of cracks and chasms, and become so dry and rotten by the heat that it is continually giving way and being torn asunder by the most curiously-shaped rents. It represents aridity and desolation in its highest degree. Everything is of the colour of cork and pumice-stone. The fire of heaven seems to have passed over it; and the whole scene is smothered by grey dust, as fine as powdered sandstone. This wretchedness is so much the more heartrending as the lustre of an implacable sky makes the whole poverty of the place most prominently apparent. The cloudy melancholy of the north is nothing in comparison with the luminous sadness of warm countries.

On beholding such wretched hovels, you feel yourself full of pity for the robbers who are obliged to live by marauding in a country where you might make a round of ten leagues and not find wherewithal to cook an egg. The resources offered by the diligences and galleys are really insufficient, and

the poor brigands who vegetate in La Mancha are often obliged to be contented with a supper composed of a handful of those sweet acorns which were the delight of Sancho Panza. What is it possible to take from people who have neither money nor pockets, who live in houses of which the whole furniture is composed of four bare walls, and whose only utensils are a saucepan and an earthenware pitcher? To pillage such villages appears to me one of the most lugubrious fancies which can well enter the head of a robber out of work.

A little beyond Puerto Lapiche you enter La Mancha, where we perceived to our right two or three windmills, which lay claim to having victoriously sustained the shock of Don Quixote's lance, and which, for the moment, were listlessly turning their fans with the aid of an asthmatic breeze. The *venta* at which we stopped to imbibe two or three jars of fresh water, also boasts of having entertained the immortal hero of Cervantes.

We will not fatigue our readers with a description of our monotonous route through a stony, flat, and dusty country, only enlivened, at long intervals, with a few olive-trees, whose foliage is diseased and of a bluish green; where nothing is seen but tawny, haggard, mummified peasants, with scorched, rusty hats, short breeches, and coarse gaiters of darkish cloth, carrying a tattered jacket on their shoulders, and driving before them a mangy ass whose coat is white with age, whose ears are enervated, and whose back is pitiful to behold; and where you see at the entrance of the villages nothing but half-naked children, as dark as mulattoes, and who view you with wild and astonished looks as you pass by.

Dying of hunger, we arrived at Manzanares in the

middle of the night. The courier who preceded us, profiting by his right as first comer and his acquaintance with the people of the hotel, had exhausted all the provisions, which consisted, it is true, but of three or four eggs and a piece of ham. We uttered the most piercing and heart-rending cries, and declared that we would set fire to the house and roast the landlady herself, if there were no other dish forthcoming. This display of energy procured us, at about two in the morning, some supper, to prepare which they had been obliged to wake up half the town. We had a quarter of kid, eggs with tomato-sauce, ham and goat's-milk cheese, with some pretty good white table-wine. We all supped together in the yard by the light of three or four brass lamps, very much like the funereal lamps of antiquity. The flame of each lamp producing, through the caprices of the wind, fantastic shades and lights, gave us the appearance of so many lamiæ and ghouls tearing asunder pieces of disinterred children: and that the repast might have a perfect appearance of magic, a tall blind girl, guided by the noise, approached the table, and began singing couplets to a plaintive and monotonous air, like a vague sibylline incantation. On learning that we were French, she improvised, in honour of us, some eulogical stanzas, which we rewarded with a few reals.

Before getting into our conveyance, we went to take a turn in the village; we were obliged to grope our way, it is true, but that was better than remaining in the yard of the inn. We reached the Market-place, not, however, without having stumbled over some one sleeping in the open air. In the summer, the people generally sleep in the street, some under their cloaks, and some beneath mule-

cloths, while others have a sack filled with chopped straw (these are sybarites); and then again there are some who lie on the bare bosom of their mother Cybele, with a stone for a pillow. The peasants who had arrived in the night were asleep, pell-mell, in the midst of curious vegetables and wild productions, or between the legs of their mules and donkeys, where they were waiting for daylight, which was soon to appear.

By the moon's faint light, we indistinctly perceived in the obscurity a sort of embattled antique edifice, where, by the whiteness of the plaster, we recognised the defences made during the last civil war, and which time had not yet succeeded in harmonizing with the main building. As a conscientious traveller, this is all we can say of Manzanares.

We got into our conveyance again; sleep crept over us, and when we again opened our eyes we were in the environs of Val-de-Peñas, a town celebrated for its wine: the ground and hills, studded with constellated stones, were of a red hue and singularly crude, and we began to distinguish on the horizon ranges of mountains serrated like saws, and whose outline was very plainly marked, in spite of their great distance.

Val-de-Peñas possesses nothing above the common, and owes all its reputation to its vineyards. Its name—the Valley of Stones—is perfectly justified. We stopped here to breakfast, and, by an inspiration from Heaven, I first of all took my own chocolate, and then that intended for my companion, who had not yet risen; and, foreseeing future famines, I crammed into my cup as many *bunuelos* (a kind of small fritter) as it would hold, so as to make a sort of pretty substantial porridge; for I had not yet learned

the abstemiousness of the camel, which, I did some time afterwards by dint of practising abstinence worthy of an anchorite of the primitive times. I was not then used to the climate, and I had brought from France a most unnatural appetite, which inspired the natives of the country with respectful astonishment.

In a few minutes we set off all in a hurry, for we were obliged to keep close to the *correo real*, in order not to lose the advantage of its protection. On leaning out of the vehicle to take a last survey of Val-de-Peñas, I let my cap fall into the road: a *muchacho* of twelve or fifteen years of age perceived this, and, in order to get a few *cuartos*, picked it up, and began running after the diligence, which was now at some distance from him; he overtook it, however, though he was barefooted and running on a road paved with sharp-pointed stones. I threw him a handful of sous, which certainly made him the most opulent urchin in the whole place. I mention this insignificant circumstance merely because it is characteristic of the swiftness of the Spaniards, who are the best walkers in the world, and the most active runners to be met with. We have already had occasion to speak of those foot-postilions called *zagales*, who follow carriages, going at full speed, for leagues together, without appearing to be in the least fatigued, or without even perspiring.

At Santa Cruz we were offered for sale all sorts of small knives and *navajas*: Santa Cruz and Albacete are renowned for this fancy cutlery. These *navajas*, of Arabian and very characteristic barbarous taste, have brass handles, which are cut through, and in the perforations of which are seen red, green, and blue spangles. Coarse enamel work, but cleanly executed, decorates the blades, which are made in the form of

a fish, and are always very sharp; most of them bear some such motto as the following: *Soy de uno solo*, "I belong to one only;" or *Cuando esta vivora pica, no hay remedio en la botica*, "When this serpent stings, there is no remedy in medicine." Sometimes the blade has three parallel lines cut down it, the hollows of which are painted red, and then it presents a truly formidable appearance. The length of these *navajas* varies from three inches to three feet; a few *majos* (smart peasants) have some which, when open, are as long as a sabre; the blade is kept open in its place by a jointed spring, or a sliding ring. The *navaja* is the favourite arm of the Spaniards, especially of the people of the lower class; they handle it with wonderful dexterity, and form moreover a shield by rolling their cape round their left arm. This is an art which, like fencing, has its laws, and *navaja*-masters are as numerous in Andalusia as fencing-masters are at Paris. Every one who uses the *navaja* has his secret thrusts, and his particular ways of striking: adepts, they say, can, on viewing a wound, recognise the *artiste* who has inflicted it, as we recognise a painter by his touch.

The undulations of the ground now began to be more marked and more frequent—in fact, we did nothing but ascend and descend. We were approaching the Sierra Morena, which forms the limits of Andalusia. Behind that line of violet-coloured mountains lay hidden the paradise of our dreams. The stones already began to change into rocks, and the hills into towering mountains: thistles, six or seven feet high, rose up on the sides of the road, like the halberds of invisible soldiers. Though I have no pretensions to being an ass, I am very fond of thistles (a taste which is common both to myself and butterflies), and those I saw here surprised me.

The thistle is a superb plant, which can be most advantageously studied for the production of ornamental designs. No piece of Gothic architecture possesses cleaner or more delicately-cut arabesques or foliage. From time to time we perceived in the neighbouring fields large yellow-looking patches, as if sacks of chopped straw had been emptied there; but this straw rose up in a cloud when we approached, and noisily flew away. What we mistook for straw was shoals of locusts, and there must have been millions of them: this reminded one strongly of Egypt.

It was somewhere near this place that, for the first time in my life, I really suffered from hunger. Ugolino in his tower could not have felt more famished than I did, and I had not, like him, four sons to devour. The reader, who has seen me swallow two cups of chocolate at Val-de-Peñas, is perhaps astonished at this premature hunger; but Spanish cups are not larger than a thimble, and do not hold more than two or three spoonfuls. My melancholy was greatly augmented at the *venta*, where we left our escort, on seeing a magnificent omelet, intended for the soldiers' dinner, assume a golden hue beneath a sunbeam that came down the chimney. I prowled about it like a ravenous wolf, but it was too well guarded for me to carry off. Luckily, however, a lady from Granada, who was in the diligence with us, took pity on my martyrdom, and gave me a slice of La Mancha ham cured in sugar, with a piece of bread which she kept in reserve in one of the pockets of the vehicle. May this ham be returned to her an hundredfold!

Not far from this *venta*, on the right hand side of the road, stood some pillars, on which were seen

three or four malefactors' heads—a spectacle always adapted to tranquillize your mind, and which proves that you are in a civilized country. The road kept rising, and assuming various zigzag forms. We were about to pass by the *Puerto de los Perros*: this is a narrow defile—a breach, in fact, made in the mountain by a torrent, which leaves just room enough for the road by its side. The *Puerto de los Perros* (passage of dogs) is thus named, because through it the vanquished Moors went out of Andalusia, taking with them the happiness and civilization of Spain. Spain, which stands in the same relation to Africa as Greece did to Asia, is not fitted for European manners. The genius of the East is apparent there in all its forms, and it is perhaps to be regretted that Spain is not still Moorish and Mahometan.

It would be impossible to imagine anything more picturesque or grand than this entrance to Andalusia. The defile is cut through immense rocks of red marble, the gigantic layers of which rise one above the other with a sort of architectural regularity. These enormous blocks, with their large transversal fissures—those veins of mountain marble, a sort of terrestrial subject, deprived of skin, on which to study the anatomy of the globe—are of such proportions, that they make the largest granite of Egypt appear microscopical by their side. In the interstices are palm oaks and enormous cork-trees, which do not appear larger there than do tufts of herb on an ordinary-sized wall. On reaching the bottom of the defile, you perceive that the vegetation increases in richness, and forms an impenetrable thicket, through which you see, sparkling in different places, the bright water of the torrent. The edge is so rugged on the side of the road, that it has been

judged prudent to place a parapet along it, without which the diligence, which is always going very fast, and which it is very difficult to drive, on account of the frequent bends, might easily turn a somersault of some five or six hundred feet.

It was in the Sierra Morena that the knight of the rueful countenance accomplished, in imitation of Amadis on the rock, that famous act of penance which consisted in tumbling about in his shirt on the sharpest rocks, and that Sancho Panza, the positive man, the representative of vulgar reason by the side of noble madness, found Cardenio's portmanteau so well filled with ducats and fine shirts. You cannot make a step in Spain without meeting with something to remind you of Don Quixote; so truly national is the work of Cervantes, and so true is it that these two personages sum up in themselves the whole Spanish character—chivalrous exaltation of mind, and an adventurous spirit joined to great good practical sense, and a sort of goodnature full of *finesse* and causticity.

At Venta de Cardona where we changed mules, I saw a pretty little child with a complexion of the most dazzling whiteness, lying in his cradle, and resembling a wax Jesus in his manger. The Spaniards, when they are not burnt by the sun, are in general exceedingly fair.

As soon as the Sierra Morena is passed, the aspect of the country undergoes a total change; it is like going all at once from Europe to Africa; vipers, crawling to their nests, leave their oblique marks on the fine gravel of the roads; and the aloe begins to brandish its large thorny sabres at the sides of the ditches. These large fans of thick, brawny, bluish-grey leaves immediately throw a different

appearance over the whole landscape. You feel that you are in a new country; you understand that you have really quitted Paris; but the difference in the climate, in the architecture, and in the costumes, does not astonish you so much as the presence of the large vegetables belonging to the torrid regions, and which we are only accustomed to behold in hothouses, in France. The laurels, the holm oaks, the cork, and the fig-trees, with their varnished and metallic-looking foliage, have about them something free, robust, and wild, which indicates a climate in which nature is more powerful than man, and in which she can do without him.

Before us extended the fine country of Andalusia, unfolding itself to our view, like an immense panorama. The scene possessed the grandeur and appearance of the sea: chains of mountains, which distance confounded with the sky itself, succeeded one another, with the gentlest undulations, like long rows of billows of azure. Large clouds of white vapour filled up the intervals; and here and there the rays of the sun streaked with gold some of the nearer mountain-tops, and made them sparkle with a thousand colours like a pigeon's breast. Other ridges, curiously irregular, resembled those draperies in ancient pictures which were yellow on one side and blue on the other. The whole was inundated with a most dazzling and splendid light, similar to that which must have illuminated the terrestrial paradise. It streamed through this ocean of mountains like liquid gold and silver, dashing a phosphorescent foam of spangles on every obstacle it met with. The scene before us was much more vast than the grandest perspectives of Martin, and infinitely more beautiful. The infinite in things filled with light is sublime and stupendous in a far different manner to

the infinite in things smothered in darkness.

While gazing on this wonderful picture, which varied in appearance and presented us with fresh splendours at each turn of our wheels, we saw appear on the horizon the pointed roofs of Carolina's symmetrical pavilions, a sort of model village, or agricultural phalansterium, formerly founded by the Count of Florida Blanca, and peopled by him, at a great expense, with Germans and Swiss. This village, built all of a sudden, and raised at the will of one man, possesses that tedious regularity which is unknown in places which rise gradually, and in obedience to the caprice of chance and time. Everything has been done by line and rule: from the middle of the place you can see the whole town; here is the market of the Plaza de Toros; here is the church, and here is the house of the alcade. All this is certainly very nice, but I prefer the most wretched village which has taken its form at random. The colony has not, however, succeeded; the Swiss became affected with nostalgia and died off like flies, on merely hearing the bells sound; the ringing of them was therefore obliged to be discontinued. They did not all die, however, and the population of Carolina still preserves traces of its German origin. We had a solid dinner at Carolina served up with some excellent wine, and I was not obliged to take double portions: we now no longer travelled with the courier, as the roads are perfectly safe in these parts.

Aloe-trees, more and more African in size and shape, continued to rise along the sides of the road, and towards the left a long garland of flowers of the deepest rose-colour, glittering in a foliage of emeralds, marked out all the sinuosities of the bed of a dried up rivulet. Profiting by a halt made to change

mules, my companion ran and gathered an enormous bouquet of these flowers; they were rose-bays of the greatest beauty and freshness. We might put to this rivulet, with the name of which I am not acquainted, and which perhaps has none, the same question that Monsieur Casimir Delavigne puts to the Greek river —

"Eurotas, Eurotas, que font tes lauriers-roses?"

To the rose-bays succeeded, like a melancholy reflection after a silvery burst of laughter, tall olive-trees whose pale leaves remind you of the white foliage of the willows of the North, and which harmonize admirably well with the ashy colour of the ground. These leaves, which are of a grave, austere, and gentle tint, were most judiciously chosen by the ancients, those skilful estimators of natural evidence, as the symbol of peace and wisdom.

It was about four o'clock when we arrived at Baylen, famous for the disastrous capitulation which is known by this name. We were to pass the night there, and while waiting for supper we went to take a stroll through the town and about the environs with the lady from Granada, and a very pretty young girl who was going with her father and mother to take sea-baths at Malaga; for the general reserve of the Spaniards quickly gives way to polite and cordial familiarity, as soon as they are certain that you are neither a commercial traveller, nor a tight-rope dancer, nor a hawker of pomatum.

The church of Baylen, the construction of which does not date much further back than the sixteenth century, astonished me by its strange colour. Its stone and marble baked by the sun of Spain, instead of turning black as such things do in our damp

climate, had assumed red hues of the most extraordinary vividness, and which even inclined to saffron and purple, resembling in their tints vine-leaves at the end of autumn. At the side of the church, a palm-tree, the first I had ever seen in the open air, rose above a little wall gilt by the reflection of the sun's burning rays, and abruptly spread out its branches in the dark azure of the heavens. This palm-tree—a sudden revelation from the East—thus met unexpectedly at the corner of a street, produced a singular effect on me. I expected, every instant, to see the profile of the camel's ostrich-like neck appear in the glimmering light thrown out by the setting sun, and the white bournous of the Arab float along the ranks of the caravan.

Some rather picturesque ruins of ancient fortifications presented to our view a tower, in a sufficiently good state of preservation to allow us to ascend it by the aid of our hands and feet and the jutting out of the stones. We were rewarded for our trouble by one of the most magnificent sights it is possible to behold. The city of Baylen, with its tiled roofs, its red church, and its white houses huddled round the foot of the tower like a flock of goats, formed a charming foreground: further on were immense corn-fields, undulating like waves of gold, and right at the back, above several ranges of mountains, the ridge of the Sierra Nevada glittered in the distance like a chain of silver. Veins of snow, played on by the light, brightly sparkled and sent forth prismatic flashes; while the sun, similar to a large golden wheel, of which its disc was the nave, spread out its flaming rays, like spokes, in a sky tinged with all the hues of the agate and the advanturine.

The inn at which we were to pass the night was a large building consisting but of one immense room, with a fireplace at each end, a roof of timberwork, shiny and black with smoke, racks on each side for horses, mules, and donkeys; and having, for the accommodation of travellers, a few small lateral chambers, containing each a bed formed of three planks placed on two trestles, and covered with those pellicles of canvass, in which floated a few lumps of wool, and which hotel-keepers, with the usual effrontery and *sang froid* which characterize them, call mattresses; but this, however, did not hinder us from snoring like Epimenides and the Seven Sleepers all together.

We set off very early in the morning to avoid the heat, and we again saw the beautiful rose-bays, as resplendent as glory and as blooming as love, which had enchanted us the evening before. The Guadalquiver, with its troubled and yellowish waters, soon appeared to bar our passage; we crossed it in a ferry-boat, and took the road to Jaen. To our left was pointed out to us the tower of Torrequebradilla, on which a sunbeam was playing, and we soon perceived the strange outline of the city of Jaen, the capital of the province of that name. An enormous mountain, of the colour of ochre, as tawny as a lion's skin, variegated with stripes of red and brown, and enveloped in clouds of light, rises abruptly in the middle of the city; massive towers, and long, zigzag lines of fortification streak its barren sides and give them a fantastic and picturesque appearance. The Cathedral, an immense mass of architecture, which seems, from a distance, to be larger than the town itself, rears its head haughtily, like an artificial mountain by the side of the natural one. This cathedral, which is of the Renaissance style

of architecture, and which boasts of possessing the true handkerchief in which Saint Veronica took the impression of our Saviour's face, was built by the duke of Medina Coeli. It is certainly a handsome building, but we had imagined it, at a distance, to be both more antique and more curious.

On our way from the *Parador* to the cathedral, I took care to inspect the play-bills, and found that, the evening before, *Mérope* had been played, and that that evening would be given "El Campanero de San Pablo," *por el illustrissimo señor don Jose Bouchardy*; or, in other words, "Le Sonneur de Saint Paul," by my friend Bouchardy. To have your pieces played at Jaen, a barbarous town, where the inhabitants never go out without a poniard in their belt and a carabine on their shoulder, is certainly very flattering, and very few of our contemporary geniuses are able to boast of a like success. If we formerly borrowed a few *chefs-d'œuvre* of the Spanish stage, we fully repay, at present, in vaudevilles and in melodramas, the value of all we have taken.

On leaving the cathedral we returned, with the other travellers, to the *Parador*, the appearance of which seemed to promise an excellent repast; a *café* was attached to it, and it had quite the look of a European and civilized establishment. Some one discovered, however, on taking his place, that the bread was as hard as a mill-stone, and asked for some other. But the hotel-keeper obstinately refused to change it. During the quarrel, another person perceived that the dishes had been warmed up, and must have already appeared on the table some time back. Hereupon, every person present began to utter the most plaintive cries and to insist on having a perfectly fresh dinner that had never appeared

before. And now for the secret of this: the diligence which preceded us had been stopped by the brigands of La Mancha, and the travellers, whom they had carried off into the mountains, had not been able to partake of the repast prepared for them by the hotel-keeper at Jaen. The latter, in order not to be out of pocket, had kept the dishes, and served them up again for us; but he was deceived in his expectations, for we all left his house, and went elsewhere to satisfy our hunger. The unlucky dinner was, no doubt, presented, for a third time, to the next travellers.

We repaired to an obscure *posada*, where, after waiting a long while, we obtained some cutlets, some eggs, and a salad, all served up in chipped plates, accompanied by odd knives and forks, and glasses, each of which belonged to a different set. The banquet was very mediocre, but it was seasoned with so much laughter, and so many jokes about the comic fury of the hotel-keeper when he saw his company leave in procession, as well as about the fate of the poor victims to whom he would not fail to re-present his emaciated chickens, warmed up for the third time, as perfectly fresh, that we were fully compensated, and even more than compensated, for the poorness of our fare. As soon as the icy reserve of the Spaniards once begins to wear away, they immediately indulge in an infantine and *naïve* gaiety, full of charming sweetness. The least thing makes them laugh till the tears run down their faces.

It was at Jaen that I saw more national and picturesque costumes than anywhere else. The men were attired, for the most part, in blue velvet breeches, adorned with silver filigrane buttons, and Ronda gaiters embellished with aiglets and stitching,

and worked with arabesques on leather of a darker colour. It is considered the height of elegance to button but the first two or three buttons, at the top and bottom, so as to let the calf be seen. Wide sashes of red or yellow silk, jackets of brown cloth variously trimmed, blue or maroon cloaks, pointed hats with slouched brims, ornamented with bands of velvet and silk tassels, complete the costume, which is very similar to the ancient dress of Italian brigands: others wore what is called a *vestido de cazador* (hunter's dress), which is made entirely of buckskin of a tawny colour, and of green velvet.

Some women of the lower class had red cloaks and hoods, which seemed to make the darker part of the crowd sparkle brightly, and to bespangle it with scarlet. The fantastic style of dress, the swarthy complexion, the energy depicted in the features, the fiery eyes, with the calm and impassible attitude of these *majos*, more numerous here than anywhere else, impart to the population of Jaen an aspect more African than European: an illusion which is kept up still more by the intense heat of the climate, the dazzling whiteness of the houses, which are all whitewashed in the Arabian fashion, the tawny colour of the ground, and the unchanging azure of the sky. The following proverb on Jaen is in current use in Spain: "Ugly town, bad people;" but no painter would ever admit it to be true. But then, there as here, a handsome town in the eyes of most people is a town laid out by rule and line, and furnished with a certain number of lamps and tradesmen.

On leaving Jaen, you enter a valley which stretches as far as the Vega de Granada. The beginning of it is arid; barren mountains continually crumbling away through dryness scorch you, like

burning mirrors, with their canescent reverberation; the only sign of vegetation is to be found in a few sickly-looking tufts of fennel. But soon the valley becomes narrower and deeper; streams begin to flow, and vegetation reappears, bringing with it shade and coolness. The *Rio* of Jaen occupies the bottom of the valley, where it rushes rapidly along between the stones and rocks which torment it and stop its course at every instant. By it runs the road, which follows it in all its sinuosities; for, in mountainous countries, the torrents are as yet the most skilful engineers in tracing out routes, and the wisest thing to do is to follow their directions.



VEGA DE GRANADA.

A peasant's cottage at which we stopped to drink was surrounded by two or three little gutters of running water, which emptied themselves, at a short distance further on, into a cluster of pomegranate-trees, myrtles, pistachio-trees, and others of every kind, in a most extraordinarily flourishing condition. It was so long since we had seen anything really green, that this wild and almost entirely uncultivated garden appeared a little terrestrial paradise to us.

The young girl who brought us our beverage in one of those delightful porous clay pots which keep the water so cool, was extremely pretty; her eyes were long, reaching to beneath the temples, and her mouth, which was as blooming and as red as a beautiful pink, contrasted admirably with her tawny complexion. She wore a flannel petticoat and velvet shoes, of which she appeared very proud and careful. This style of beauty, which is frequently met with in Granada, is evidently Moorish.

At one point, the valley becomes extremely narrow, and the rocks project to such an extent, that they but just leave room enough for the Rio. Formerly, vehicles were obliged to enter and proceed along the very bed of the torrent, which it was somewhat perilous for them to do, on account of the holes and stones at the bottom of the river, and of the rising of the water, which, in winter, must be considerable. In order to remedy this inconvenience, a viaduct, similar to a railway tunnel, has been made right through one of the rocks. This subterraneous passage, which is on a rather extensive scale, was constructed only a few years back.

The valley soon widens again, however, and the road ceases to be obstructed. Here my recollection fails me for several leagues. Overcome by the heat, which the weather, inclining to storm, rendered suffocating, I fell asleep; and when I awoke, night, which comes on so suddenly in southern climates, enveloped everything, and an awful wind was sweeping before it clouds of inflamed dust: this wind must have been a very near relation of the African sirocco, and I don't know how we escaped being stifled. The form of every object disappeared in the fog of dust; and the sky, generally so splendid during

the summer night, resembled the vault of an oven: it was impossible to see two paces before you. We entered Granada at about two in the morning, and alighted at the *Fonda del Comercio*, a *soi-disant* French hotel, where there were no sheets on the beds, and where we slept on the tables in our clothes: but these trifling tribulations produced little effect on us; for we were at Granada, and, in a few hours, we should see the Alhambra and the Generalife.

Our first care was to request a cicerone to take us to a *casa de pupilos*,—that is, a private house in which boarders are received, for, as it was our intention to remain some time at Granada, the mediocre hospitality of the *Fonda del Comercio* was far from calculated to promote our comfort during a long sojourn. This *cicerone*, of the name of Louis, was a Frenchman, and came from Farmoutiers in Brie. He had deserted during the French invasion under Bonaparte, and had lived at Granada for twenty years. He was the most comical figure imaginable: his height—he was five feet eight—contrasted most singularly with his little head, which was as wrinkled as a shrivelled apple and about as large as your fist. Being deprived of all communication with France, he had preserved his Brie jargon in all its native purity, spoke like an Opéra Comique Jeannot, and seemed to be perpetually reciting the words of Monsieur Etienne. In spite of so long a sojourn, his thick head had refused to stock itself with a single new idiom: he was hardly acquainted with the most indispensable phrases. The only things Spanish he had about him were the *alpargatas*, and the little Andalusian hat with its turned-up brim. The fact, however, of being Spanish even to this extent sorely vexed him, and he revenged himself by showering on every Spaniard he met all sorts of injurious epithets

—in his Brie jargon, be it understood, for Master Louis had a particular dread of hard blows, and took as much care of his skin as if it had been worth something.

He took us to a very respectable house, in the *Calle de Parragas*, near the *Plazuela de San Antonio*, and at a stone's throw from the *Carrera del Darro*. The mistress of this boarding-house had lived for a long time at Marseilles and spoke French, which circumstance immediately induced us to take up our abode there, as our vocabulary was still very limited.

They put us into a room on the ground floor: this room was whitewashed, and its entire furniture consisted of a rose of different colours in the middle of the ceiling, but then it had the advantage of opening into a *patio*, surrounded by white marble columns with Moorish capitals, procured, no doubt, at the demolition of some ancient Arabian palace. A little basin, with a jet of water in it, dug in the middle of the court, kept the whole place cool; an immense piece of esparto matting, which formed the *tendido*, let in a subdued light, and made the ground, paved and marked out into compartments with pebbles, glitter here and there, as if studded with shining stars.

It was in the *patio* that we took our meals, read, and lived. We used our room for hardly anything but to dress and sleep in. Were it not for the *patio*, an architectural arrangement which reminds you of the ancient Roman *cavædium*, the houses in Andalusia would not be inhabitable. The sort of hall which precedes it is generally paved with small pebble-stones of various colours, forming designs in rough mosaic-work, now representing vases of flowers, now soldiers and caltrops, or simply stating the time

when the *patio* was constructed.

From the top of our abode, which was surmounted by a kind of *mirador*, we could perceive, above the summit of a hill standing out boldly on the blue sky, and through groups of trees, the massive towers of the Alhambra, clothed by the sun in deep red, fire-like tints. The view was rendered complete by two large cypresses placed in juxtaposition, and the dark points of which rose into the sky above the walls of red. These cypresses are never lost sight of: whether you are climbing the snow-streaked sides of the Mulhacen, or wandering about the Vega or the Sierra de Elvira, they are always to be perceived, dark and motionless in the mist of the blue or golden vapour with which the roofs of the houses appear, at a distance, to be enveloped.

Granada is built on three hills, at the end of the plain of the Vega: the Vermilion Towers—thus named on account of their colour (*Torres Bermejas*), and which are asserted to be of Roman or even Phœnician origin—occupy the first and the least elevated of these eminences; the Alhambra, which is in itself an entire city, covers the second and highest hill with its square towers, connected with one another by lofty walls and immense substructures, which form an enclosure containing gardens, woods, houses, and squares; the Albaycin is situated on the third hillock, which is separated from the others by a deep ravine choked with vegetation and full of cactuses, coloquintidas, pistachio-trees, pomegranate-trees, rose-bays, and tufts of flowers, and at the bottom of which flows the Darro, with the rapidity of an Alpine torrent. The Darro, which has gold in its stream, traverses the city now beneath the open sky, now under bridges so long that they rather

merit the name of vaults, and joins itself in the Vega, at a little distance from the parade, to the Xenil which is contented with containing silver. The course of the torrent through the city is called *Carrera del Darro*, and a magnificent view is obtained from the balconies of those houses which border it. The Darro wears away its shores very much, and causes frequent slips of earth; there exists, in consequence, an old couplet, sung by children, which alludes to this mania for carrying everything away, and accounts for it in a peculiar manner. The following are the lines in question:—

"Darro tiene prometido
El casarse con Xenil
Y le ha de llevar en dote
Plaza Nueva y Zacatin,"

The gardens called *Carmenes del Darro*, and of which such charming descriptions are to be found in Spanish and Moorish poetry, are situated on the banks of the *Carrera*, on the same side as the fountain of *los Avellanos*.

The city is thus divided into four quarters: the Antequerula, which occupies the brow of the hill, or rather of the mountain, on which the Alhambra is situated; the Alhambra and its appendix the Generalife; the Albaycin, formerly a vast fortress, but now a ruined and depopulated quarter; and Granada proper, which extends into the plain round the cathedral, and the place of the *Vivarambla*, which forms a separate quarter.

Such is the topographical aspect of Granada, traversed in its entire width by the Darro, bordered by the Xenil, which washes the alameda (parade), and sheltered by the Sierra Neveda, which you perceive from the corner of every street, and which

seems so near, in consequence of the transparency of the air, that you fancy you can touch it with your hand from the balcony or the *mirador* of your house.

The general aspect of Granada greatly deceives the ideas you may have formed. In spite of yourself—in spite of the numerous deceptions you have already experienced—you cannot bring your mind to believe that three or four hundred years, and streams of matter-of-fact citizens have passed over the theatre of so many romantic and chivalrous actions. You picture to yourself a half-Moorish, half-Gothic city, where open-worked towers are mixed with minarets, and where gables alternate with terraced roofs; you expect to see houses sculptured and ornamented with coats of arms and heroic devices, grotesque buildings, with their stories overlapping one another, projecting joists, windows adorned with Persian carpets and blue and white vases—in short, the reality of an opera scene, representing some wonderful perspective of the Middle Ages.

The people you meet dressed in modern costumes, wearing broad-brimmed hats and long frock-coats, involuntarily produce on you a disagreeable effect, and appear more ridiculous than they really are; for, after all, they cannot be expected to walk about, for the sake of the local colouring, in the Moorish *albornoz* of the time of Boabdil, or in the iron armour of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic. Like nearly all the citizens of every town in Spain, they think it necessary for their honour to show that they are not at all picturesque, and to prove, by the means of trousers and straps, their progress in civilization. Such is the prevailing idea which occupies their minds; they are afraid of appearing barbarous or backward; and when you admire the

wild beauty of their country, they humbly beg you to excuse them for having no railways yet, and for being without steam-engines in their manufactories. One of these honest citizens, to whom I was extolling the charms of Granada, replied, "It is the best lighted city in Andalusia. Just look at the number of its lamps; but what a pity it is that they are not gas ones!"

Granada is gay, smiling, animated, although much fallen from its former splendour. The inhabitants are everywhere, and well merit the name of a numerous population; the carriages are handsomer and more plentiful than at Madrid. The sprightliness of the Andalusians fills the streets with bustle and life—things unknown to the grave Castilian, who, as he goes along, makes no more noise than his shadow: this remark particularly applies to the Carrera del Darro, the Zacatin, the Plaza Nueva, the Calle de los Gomeles, which leads to the Alhambra, to the square before the theatre, to the entrances to the parade, and to all the leading thoroughfares. The rest of the city is intersected in all directions by inextricable lanes of three or four feet in width, through which no vehicles can pass, and which remind you of the Moorish streets of Algiers. The only sound heard there is the noise made by the hoof of a donkey or a mule, which strikes a light every now and then on the glittering flints which pave the road, or the monotonous tinkling of a guitar which some one is playing at the bottom of a yard.

The balconies, furnished with blinds and ornamented with shrubs and vases of flowers, the vine-runners creeping from one window to another, the rose-bays raising their blooming flowers above the garden walls, the curious effect of the sun and

shade, whose fantastic frolics remind you of Decamps's pictures representing Turkish villages, the women seated before the doors, the half-naked children playing and rolling about at their sides, the donkeys going backwards and forwards loaded with feathers and woollen tufts, give these lanes, which are nearly always up-hill and sometimes intersected with steps, a peculiar appearance which has a certain charm about it, and which compensates—nay, more than compensates for their want of regularity, by the novel and unlooked-for things you see.

Victor Hugo, in his charming "Orientale," says of Granada,—

"Elle peint ses maisons de plus riches couleurs."

This is perfectly true. The houses of persons at all well off are painted outside in the most fantastic manner with imitations of architectural embellishments, sham cameos on grey grounds, and false bas-reliefs. You have before you a medley of mouldings, modillions, piers, urn-like vessels, volutes, medallions ornamented with rose-coloured tufts, ovoloes, bits of embroidery, pot-bellied cupids supporting all sorts of allegorical figures, on apple-green, bright flesh-colour, or fawn-tinted backgrounds, all which, high art tells us, argues bad taste carried to its utmost limits. At first, you have some difficulty to bring yourself to look upon these illuminated façades as real dwelling-houses. You fancy you are walking among the scenery of a theatre. We had already seen houses illuminated in this manner at Toledo, but they are very much behind those of Granada in the extravagance of their decorations and the strangeness of their colours. As for myself, I do not dislike this fashion, which pleases the sight and forms a happy contrast with the

chalky colour of the whitewashed walls.

We just now mentioned the adoption by the upper classes of the French style of dress; but the man of the people does not, luckily, study Parisian fashions. He has still kept the pointed hat with a velvet brim, adorned with silk tassels, or the one of stunted form with a wide flap, like a turban, the jacket ornamented at the elbows, the cuffs, and the collar, with embroidery, and pieces of cloth of all colours, and which vaguely reminds you of the Turkish jackets, the red or yellow sash, the breeches furnished with filigrane buttons, or with small coins soldered to a shank, with the leather gaiters open up the side to let the leg be seen; the whole being more striking, more gorgeous, more flowered, more dazzling, more loaded with tinsel and gewgaws, than the costume of any other province. You see also many other costumes known by the name of *vestido de cazador* (hunter's dress), made of Cordova leather and blue or green velvet, and ornamented with aiglets. It is considered highly fashionable to carry a cane (vara) or white stick, four feet long, slit up at the end, and on which the person carrying it leans negligently when he stops to speak to any one. No *majo* possessing the least respect for himself would ever dare appear in public without a *vara*. Two handkerchiefs, with their ends hanging out of the jacket pockets, a long *navaja* stuck in the sash, not in front, but in the middle of the back, constitute the height of elegance for these coxcombs of the people.

This costume so pleased my fancy, that my first care was to order one. They took me to Don Juan Zafata, a person who had a great reputation for national costumes, and who had as great a hatred for black dress-coats and frock-coats as I have. Seeing

that my antipathy coincided with his own, he gave free course to his sorrow, and poured into my breast his elegies on the decline of art. With grief that found an echo in myself did he remind me of the happy time when foreigners dressed in the French fashion would have been hooted through the streets and pelted with orange-peel; when the *toreadores* wore jackets embroidered with gold and silver, which were worth more than five hundred *piécettes*; and when the young men of good family had trimmings and aiglets of an enormous price. "Alas! sir, the English are the only persons who buy Spanish clothes now," said he, as he finished taking my measure.

This Señor Zapata was, with respect to his clothes, something like Cardillac with respect to his jewels. He was always sorely grieved at having to give them up to his customers. When he came to try on my suit, he was so delighted with the splendid appearance of the flower-pot he had embroidered in the middle of the back on the brown cloth ground, that he broke out into exclamations of the most frantic joy, and began to commit all sorts of extravagances. But all at once the thought that he should have to leave this chef-d'œuvre in my hands put a stop to his hilarity, and his features suddenly became overcast. Under the pretext of making I know not what alteration, he wrapped the garment up in a handkerchief, gave it to his apprentice, for a Spanish tailor would think himself dishonoured if he carried his own parcels, and casting at me a fierce, ironical look, hurried away as if a thousand demons were pursuing him. The next day he came back alone, and, taking from a leathern purse the money I had paid him, he told me that it grieved him so much to part with his jacket, that he preferred to return me my duros. It was only

after I had observed that this costume would give the Parisians a great idea of his talent, and create him a reputation in Paris, that he consented to let me have it.

The women have had the good taste not to discard the mantilla, the most delicious style of head-dress for the display of Spanish features; gracefully enveloped in their black lace, they go about the streets and public walks, with nothing on their heads but the mantilla, and a red pink at each temple, and glide along the walls, while skilfully using their fans, with the most incomparable grace and agility. A bonnet is a rare thing in Granada. The women of fashion have, it is true, some jonquil, or poppy-coloured thing, carefully put away in a bonnet-box, to be kept for grand occasions; but such occasions, thank Heaven, are very rare, and the horrible bonnets only see the light on the saint's day of the Queen, or at the solemn sittings of the Lyceum. May our fashions never invade the city of the caliphs, and may we never see realized the terrible menace contained in the two words, "Modista Francesa," painted in black at the entrance of a public square! Persons of a grave character will, doubtless, think us very futile, and ridicule our grief about the extinction of the picturesque, but then we are of opinion, that patent leather boots and mackintoshes contribute very little to civilization, and we even look upon civilization itself as a thing far from desirable. It is a melancholy spectacle for a poet, an artist, and a philosopher, to see both form and colour disappear from the world, lines become confused, tints confounded, and the most disheartening uniformity invade everything, under the pretext of I know not what progress. When all things are alike, there will be no further need for travelling, but, by a

happy coincidence, that will be the very time when railways will be in full activity. What will be the good of making a long journey at the rate of ten leagues an hour, to go and look at a number of streets lighted, like the Rue de la Paix, with gas, and full of well-to-do citizens? We do not think that it was for this that Nature modelled each country in a different shape, supplied it with plants peculiar to itself, and peopled the world with races dissimilar to each other in conformation, colour, and language. It is giving a bad interpretation to the meaning for which the world was created, to wish it to force the same livery on men of every climate; and yet this is one of the errors of European civilization: a coat with long narrow tails makes a man look much uglier than any other costume would, and keeps him quite as barbarous. The poor Turks of Sultan Mahmoud have certainly cut a fine figure since the reform made in their old Asiatic costume, and the progress of knowledge among them has been prodigious indeed!

In order to reach the parade, you must go along the Carrera del Darro and cross the Plaza del Teatro, where there is a funereal column raised to the memory of Joaquin Maïquez by Julian Romea, Matilda Diez, and other dramatic *artistes*: the façade of the Arsenal, a structure of bad taste, besmeared with yellow and decorated with statues of grenadiers painted mouse-grey, looks on the square.

The Alameda of Granada is certainly one of the most agreeable places in the world; it is called the *Saloon*, a singular name for a parade; fancy a long walk furnished with several rows of trees of a verdancy unique in Spain, and terminating at each end by a monumental fountain, the top basins of which support on their shoulders aquatic gods,

curious by their deformity, and delightfully barbarous. These fountains, contrary to the custom of such constructions, throw out the water in large sheets, which, evaporating in the form of fine rain and mist, spreads around a most delicious coolness. In the side walks run streams of crystalline transparency, encased in beds of different coloured pebbles. A large parterre, ornamented with jets of water and crowded with shrubs and flowers, myrtles, roses, jasmines, with all the riches, in fact, of the Granadian Flora, occupies the space between the Saloon and the Xenil, and stretches as far as the bridge constructed by General Sebastiani at the time of the French invasion. The Xenil runs from the Sierra Neveda in its marble bed, through woods of laurel of the most incomparable beauty. Glass and crystal form comparisons too opaque and too thick to give a true idea of the purity of the water which, but the evening before, was still flowing in sheets of silver on the white shoulders of the Sierra Neveda. It is like a torrent of diamonds in a state of fusion.

The fashionable world of Granada assemble on the Saloon, between seven and eight in the evening; the carriages follow along the road, but they are for the most part empty, as the Spaniards are very fond of walking, and in spite of their pride, deign to use their own legs. Nothing can be more charming than to see the young women and young girls pass to and fro in little groups, dressed in their mantillas, with their arms bare, real flowers in their hair, satin shoes on their feet, and a fan in their hand, followed at some distance by their friends and sweethearts, for, as we have already said, when speaking of the Prado at Madrid, it is not customary in Spain for the women to take the arms of the men. This habit of walking alone gives them a bold, elegant, and free

deportment unknown to our women, who are always hanging to some arm or other. As artists say, they carry themselves beautifully. This perpetual separation of the men from the women, at least in public, already smacks of the East.

A sight of which the people of the North can have no idea, is the Alameda of Granada at sunset. The Sierra Neveda, whose denticulated ridges face the city on this side, assumes the most unimaginable hues. Its whole steep and rugged flank and all its peaks, struck by the light, become of a rose-colour, dazzling to behold; ideal, fabulous, shot with silver, and streaked with iris and opal-like reflections, which would make the freshest tints on the artist's palette appear thick and dirty: the hues of mother-of-pearl, the transparency of the ruby, and veins of agate and advanturine that would defy all the fairy jewellery of the "Thousand-and-one Nights," are to be seen there. The hollows, crevices, anfractuosities, and all the places which the rays of the setting sun cannot reach are of a blue colour which vies with the azure of the sky and sea, with the lapis-lazuli and the sapphire; this contrast of hue between light and shade produces a wonderful effect: the mountain seems to have put on an immense robe of shot silk spangled and bordered with silver; little by little, the bright colours disappear and turn to violet mezzotintos, darkness invades the lower ridges, the light withdraws towards the summit, and all the plain has long since been in obscurity, while the silver diadem of the Sierra still shines out in the serenity of the sky, beneath the parting kiss sent it by the sun.

The company take a turn or two more and then disperse, some going to take sherbet or *agraz* at the

café of Don Pedro Hurtado, where you get the best ice in Granada, and others to the *tertulia* at their friends' and acquaintances' houses.

This is the gayest and most lively part of the day at Granada. The shops of the *aguadores* and sellers of ices in the open street are illuminated by a multitude of lamps and lanterns; the street lamps and the lights placed before the images of the madonnas vie in splendour and number with the stars, and this is saying something: if it happens to be moonlight, you can easily see to read the most microscopical print. The light is blue instead of being yellow, and that is all.

Thanks to the lady who had saved me from dying of hunger in the diligence, and who introduced us to several of her friends, we were soon well known in Granada. We led a delicious life there. It would be impossible to receive a more cordial, frank, and amiable welcome than we did; at the end of five or six days we were on the most intimate terms with every one, and according to the Spanish custom, we were always called by our Christian names; at Granada I was Don Teofilo, my friend gloried in the appellation of Don Eugenio, and we were both at liberty to designate the ladies and young girls of the houses in which we were received, by the familiar names of Carmen, Teresa, Gala, &c.; this familiarity clashes in no way with the most polished manners and the most respectful attention.

We went to *tertulia* every evening from eight o'clock till twelve; to-day at one house, to-morrow at another. The *tertulia* is held in the *patio*, surrounded by alabaster columns and ornamented by a jet of water, the basin of which is encircled with pots of flowers and boxes of shrubs, down whose leaves the

water falls in large beads. Five or six lamps are hung up along the walls: sofas, and straw or cane-bottomed chairs furnish the galleries, with here and there a guitar. The piano occupies one corner, and in another stand card-tables. Every one, on entering, goes to pay his compliments to the mistress and master of the house, who never fail to offer you a cup of chocolate, that good taste tells you to refuse, and a cigarette, which is sometimes accepted. When this duty is over, you retire to a corner of the *patio*, and join the group which has most attraction for you. The parents and old people play at *trecillo*, the young men talk with the young girls, recite the octaves and the decastichs they have composed during the day, and are scolded and forced to do penance for the crimes they may have committed the evening before; such, for instance, as having danced too often with a pretty cousin, or cast too ardent a glance towards a proscribed balcony, with numerous other peccadilloes. If, on the contrary, they have been very good, they are rewarded for the rose they have brought with the pink in the young girls' breast or hair, and their squeeze of the hand is replied to by a gentle look and a slight pressure of the fingers, when all go up into the balcony to listen to the Retreat beaten by the troops. Love seems to be the sole business of Granada. You have only to speak two or three times to a young girl, and the entire city immediately declare you to be *novio* and *novia*,—that is, affianced, and make a thousand innocent jokes about the passion they have invented for you; which jokes, innocent though they be, do not fail, however, to make you somewhat uneasy, by bringing visions of conjugal life before your eyes. All this gallantry is, however, more apparent than real; in spite of languishing glances, burning looks, tender or

impassioned conversations, pretty little shortenings of your name, and the *querido* (beloved) with which it is preceded, you must not conceive any too flattering ideas. A Frenchman to whom a woman of the world were to say the quarter of what a young Granadian girl says to one of her numerous novios, without the least importance being attached to it, would think himself already in Paradise; but he would soon find his mistake, for if he became too bold, he would be instantly called to order, and summoned to state his matrimonial intentions before the nearest relatives. This honest liberty of language, so far removed from the forced and artificial manners of the nations of the north, is preferable to hypocrisy of speech, which always hides, at bottom, some coarse thought or other. At Granada, to pay attentions to a married woman seems quite extraordinary; while nothing appears more natural there than to pay court to a young girl. It is the contrary in France: no one ever addresses, there, a word to young, unmarried ladies, and this is what so often renders marriages unhappy. In Spain, a *novio* sees his *novia* two or three times a day, speaks to her without witnesses, accompanies her in her walks, and comes to talk with her in the evening through the bars of the balcony, or the window of the ground-floor. He thus has time to become acquainted with her, to study her character, and does not buy, as the saying is, a pig in a poke.

When the conversation flags, one of the gentlemen takes down a guitar, and, scratching the cords with his nails and keeping time with the palm of his hand on the centre of the instrument, begins to sing some gay Andalusian song or some comic couplet, interspersed with *Ay!* and *Ola!* curiously modulated and productive of a very singular effect. Then a lady

sits down to the piano, and plays a *morceau* from Bellini, who appears to be the favourite maestro of the Spaniards, or sings a romance of Breton de los Herreros, the great versifier of Madrid. The evening is terminated by a little extempore ball, at which, alas! they dance neither jota, nor fandango, nor bolero, these dances being abandoned to peasants, servants, and gipsies; but they dance quadrilles, rigadoons, and sometimes they waltz. At our request, however, two young ladies of the house volunteered to execute the bolero one evening; but, before they commenced, they took care to close the door and windows of the *patio*, which are generally left open, so afraid were they of being accused of bad taste and local colouring. In general, the Spaniards grow angry on being spoken to of cachuchas, castanets, majos, manolas, monks, smugglers, and bull-fights, though they have, in reality, a great liking for all these things, so truly national and characteristic. They ask you, with an air of apparent vexation, if you do not think that they are as far advanced in civilization as yourself? To such an extent has the deplorable mania of imitating everything, French or English, penetrated everywhere! At present, Spain represents the Voltaire-Touquet system and the *Constitutionnel* of 1825; that is, it is hostile to all colouring and to all poetry. Be it remembered, however, that we are only speaking of the self-styled enlightened class inhabiting the cities.

As soon as the quadrilles are over, you take your leave by saying, "*A los pies de vd.*" to the lady of the house, and "*Beso à vd. la mano*" to her husband; to which they reply, "*Buenas noches*," and "*Beso à vd. la suya:*" and then again on the threshold, as a last adieu, "*Hasta mañana*" (till to-morrow); which is an invitation to return. In spite of their familiar ways,

the people of even the lower classes, the peasants and vagrants, make use towards one another of the most exquisite urbanity, which forms a strong contrast with the uncouthness of our own rabble. It is true that a stab might be the result of an offensive expression, and this is certainly one way of making all interlocutors use a good deal of circumspection. It is worthy of remark that French politeness, formerly proverbial, has disappeared since swords have ceased to be worn. The laws against duelling will end by making us the rudest nation in the world.

On returning home, you meet, under the windows and balconies, numbers of young gallants enveloped in their hooded cloaks, and staying there to *pelar la paba* (pluck the turkey), that is, to talk with their *novias* through the bars. These nocturnal conversations often last till two or three o'clock in the morning, which is nothing astonishing, since the Spaniards spend a part of the day in sleep. You sometimes tumble also on a serenade composed of three or four musicians, but more generally of the sighing swain only, who sings couplets as he accompanies himself on the guitar, with his *sombrero* drawn over his eyes, and his feet resting on a stone or a step. Formerly two serenades in the same street would not have been tolerated. The first comer claimed the right of remaining there alone, and forbade every other guitar, except his own, to tinkle in silence of the night. Such pretensions were maintained at the point of the sword, or by the knife, unless the patrol happened to be passing. In this case the two rivals coalesced, in order to charge the patrol, with the understanding that they were to renew their own private combat by and by. The susceptibility of serenaders has greatly diminished, and every one can at present tranquilly *rascar el*

jamon (scrape the ham) under the window of his mistress.

If the night is dark you must take care not to put your foot into the stomach of some honourable hidalgo, rolled up in his mantle, which serves him for garment, bed, and house. During the summer nights the granite steps of the theatre are covered with a mass of blackguards who have no other place to go to. Each of them has his particular step, which serves as his apartment, where he is always sure to be found. They sleep there under the blue vault of heaven, with the stars for night lights, with no bugs to annoy them, and defy the sting of the mosquito by the coriaceous nature of their tanned skin, which is bronzed by the fiery sun of Andalusia, and certainly quite as dark as that of the darkest mulattoes.

The following is, without much variation, the life we led. The morning was devoted to visiting different parts of the city, to a walk to the Alhambra or the Generalife; we then went, of necessity, to call on the ladies at whose houses we had passed the previous evening. When we called but twice a day they told us we were ungrateful, and received us with so much kindness that we came to the conclusion that we really were fierce savage beings, and extremely negligent.

Our passion for the Alhambra was such that, not satisfied with visiting it every day, we were desirous of altogether taking up our abode there; not, however, in the neighbouring houses, which are let at very high prices to the English, but in the palace itself; and, thanks to the interest of our Granadian friends, the authorities, without giving us formal permission, promised not to perceive us. We remained there four days and four nights, which

constituted, without any doubt, the happiest moments of my existence.

In order to reach the Alhambra, we will pass, if you please, through the square of the Vivarambla, where Gazal, the valiant Moor, used to hunt the bull, and where the houses, with their wooden balconies and *miradores*, present a vague appearance of so many hen-coops. The fish-market occupies one corner of the square, the middle of which forms an open space, surrounded with stone seats, peopled with money-changers, vendors of alcarrazas, earthen pots, water melons, mercery, ballads, knives, chaplets, and other little articles that can be sold in the open air. The Zacatin, which has preserved its picturesque name, connects the Vivarambla with the Plaza Nueva. It is in this street, bordered by lateral lanes, and covered with canvass *tendidos*, that all the commerce of Granada moves and buzzes; hatters, tailors, and shoemakers, lacemen and cloth merchants, occupy nearly all the shops, which possess as yet nothing of the improvements of modern art, and remind you of the old pillars of the Paris markets.

The Zacatin is always crowded. Now you meet a group of students on a tour from Salamanca, playing the guitar, the tambourine, castanets, and triangle, while they sing couplets full of fun and animation; then again your eye encounters a gang of gipsy women, with their blue flounced dresses studded with stars, their long yellow shawls, their hair in disorder, and their necks encircled with big coral or amber necklaces, or a file of donkeys loaded with enormous jars, and driven by a peasant from the Vega, as sun-burnt as an African.

The Zacatin leads into the Plaza Nueva, one side of

which is taken up by the splendid palace of the Chancellor, remarkable for its columns of rustic order and the severe richness of its architecture. As soon as you have crossed the place, you begin to ascend the Calle de los Gomeres, at the end of which you find yourself on the limits of the jurisdiction of the Alhambra, and face to face with the Puerta de Granada, named Bib Leuxar by the Moors, with the Vermilion Towers on its right, built, as the learned world declares, on Phœnician sub-structures, and inhabited at present by basket-makers and potters.

Before proceeding further, we ought to warn our readers, who may perhaps think our descriptions, though scrupulously exact, beneath the idea they have formed of the Alhambra, that this palace and fortress of the ancient Moorish kings is very far from presenting the appearance lent to it by the imagination. We expected to see terrace superposed on terrace, open-worked minarets, and rows of boundless colonnades. But nothing of all this really exists: outside, there are only to be seen large massive towers of the colour of bricks or toasted bread, built at different epochs by Arabian princes; and within, all you see is a suite of chambers and galleries, decorated with extreme delicacy, but with nothing grand about them. Having made these remarks, we will continue our route.

After having passed the Puerta de Granada, you find yourself within the bounds of the fortress and under the jurisdiction of a special governor. There are two routes marked out in a wood of lofty trees. Let us take the one to the left, which leads to the fountain of Charles the Fifth: it is the steeper of the two, but then it is the shorter and the more picturesque. Water flows along rapidly in small

trenches paved with kelp, and spreads around the bottom of the trees, which nearly all belong to species peculiar to the north, and the verdancy of which is of such moisture as to be truly delicious at so short a distance from Africa. The noise of the murmuring water joins itself to the hoarse hum of a hundred thousand grasshoppers or crickets, whose music never ceases, and which forcibly reminds you, in spite of the coolness of the place, of southern and torrid climes. Water springs forth everywhere; from beneath the trunks of the trees and through the cracks in the old walls. The hotter it is, the more abundant are the springs, for it is the snow which supplies them. This mixture of water, snow, and fire, renders the Granadian climate unparalleled throughout the world, and makes Granada a real terrestrial paradise; without being Moors, we might well have had applied to us, when we appeared oppressed by deep melancholy, the Arabian saying —"He is thinking of Granada."

At the end of the road, which continues to rise, you meet a large monumental fountain, which serves as a shouldering-piece, raised to the memory of the emperor Charles the Fifth: it is covered with numerous devices, coats of arms, names of victories, imperial eagles, mythological medallions, is of a heavy imposing richness, and in the Romanic-German style. Two shields, bearing the arms of the house of Mondejar, announce that Don Luis de Mendoza, marquis of this title, raised the monument in honour of the red-bearded Cæsar. This fountain, which is solidly constructed, supports the ascent which leads to the Gate of Justice, through which you enter the Alhambra proper.

The Gate of Justice was built by King Yusef Abul

Hagiag, about the year of our Lord 1348: it owes its name to the custom the Mussulmans have of rendering justice on the threshold of their palaces; this custom possesses the advantage of being very majestic, and of allowing no one to enter the inner courts; for the maxim of Monsieur Royer-Collard, which says that "Private life ought to be walled in," was invented ages ago by the inhabitants of the East —that country of the sun, whence all light and wisdom come.

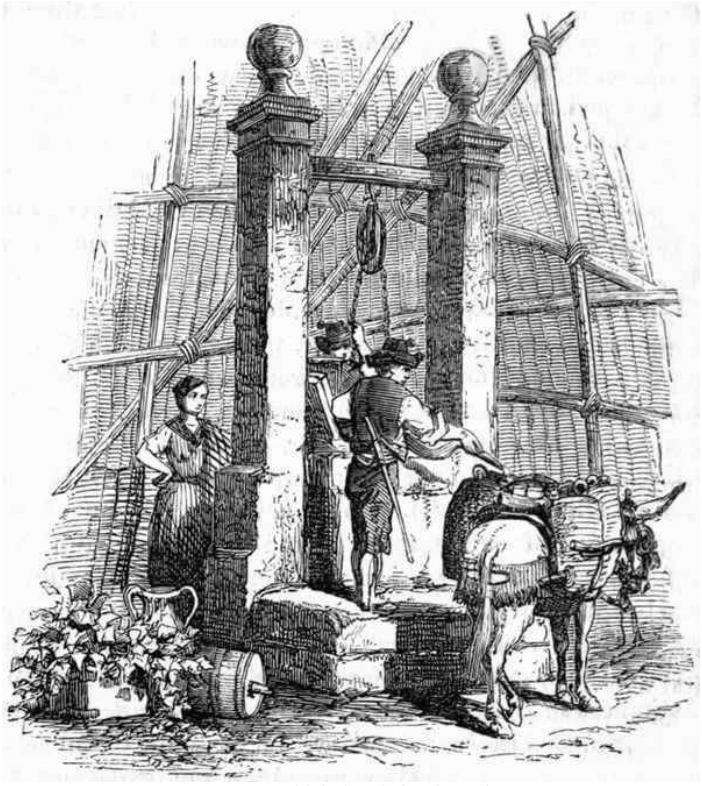
The name of tower might be given more properly than that of gate to this construction of King Yusef Abul Hagiag; for it is in reality a large square tower, rather high, and through which there is a large hollow arch in the form of a heart, to which a hieroglyphic key and hand, cut in two separate stones, impart a stern and cabalistic air. The key is a symbol held in great veneration by the Arabs, on account of a verse in the Koran beginning with the words "He has opened," and of several other hermetic significations; the hand is destined to destroy the influence of the Evil Eye, the *jettatura*, like the little coral hands which they wear at Naples as pins or watch appendages, to avert the power of sinister looks. There was an ancient prediction which asserted that Granada would never be taken until the hand had seized the key: it must be owned, however, to the shame of the prophet, that the two hieroglyphics are still in the same places; and that Boabdil, *el rey chico*, as he was called on account of his small stature, uttered outside the walls of conquered Granada the historical groan, *suspiro del Moro*, which has given its name to a rock of the Sierra de Elvira.

This massive and embattled tower, glazed with

orange and red on a stiff sky-blue ground, and having behind it a whole abyss of vegetation, with the city built on a precipice, while beyond it are long ranges of mountains streaked with a thousand hues, like those of African porphyry, forms a truly majestic and splendid entrance to the Arabian palace. Under the gate is a guard-house, and poor ragged soldiers now take their siesta in the same place where the caliphs, seated on sofas of gold brocade, with their black eyes motionless in their marble faces and their hands buried in the folds of their silky beards, listened with a thoughtful and solemn air to the complaints of the believers. An altar, surmounted by an image of the Virgin, stands against the wall, as if to sanctify at the very entrance this ancient abode of the worshippers of Mahomet.

When you have passed through the gate, you enter a vast place called the *Plaza de las Algives*, in the middle of which is a well whose curb is surrounded by a sort of wooden shed covered with esparto-work, where you can go, for a *cuarto*, and drink large glasses of water as clear as a diamond, as cold as ice, and of the most delicious taste. The towers of Quebrada, the Homenaga, the Armeria, and of the Vela, whose bell announces the time at which the water is distributed; and stone parapets on which you can lean, in order to admire the wonderful view that stretches itself before you, surround one side of the place; the other side is occupied by the palace of Charles the Fifth, an immense monument of the Renaissance which would be admired anywhere else, but which is wished anywhere but here when you think that it covers a space once belonging to a part of the Alhambra, that was pulled down on purpose to make room for this heavy mass. This *alcazar* was designed, however, by Alonzo Berruguete: the

trophies, bas-reliefs, and medallions on its façade have been executed with patience by a bold and spirited hand: the circular court with its marble columns, where the bull-fights, doubtless, took place, is certainly a magnificent piece of architecture, but *non erat hic locus*.



WELL DE LAS ALGIVES, ALHAMBRA.

You enter the Alhambra by a corridor running through an angle of the palace of Charles the Fifth, and after a few windings you arrive at a large court indifferently known by the names of *Patio de los Arrayanes* (Court of Myrtles), of the *Alberca* (of the

Reservoir), or of the *Mezouar*, an Arabian word signifying a bath for women.

On coming from these obscure passages into this large space inundated with light, you feel an effect similar to that produced by a diorama. It appears to you that an enchanter's wand has carried you to the East of four or five centuries back. Time, which changes all things in its progress, has in no way modified the aspect of these places, where the apparition of one of the old Moorish sultans, and of Tarfe the Moor in his white cloak, would not cause the least surprise.

In the middle of the court there is a large reservoir three or four feet deep, in the form of a parallelogram, bordered by two large beds of myrtles and shrubs, and terminated at each end by a sort of gallery, with slender columns supporting Moorish arches of very delicate workmanship. Fountains, the over-abundant water of which is conducted from the basins to the reservoir through a marble gutter, are placed under each gallery, and complete the symmetry of the decorations. To the left are the archives, and the chamber where, to the shame of the Granadians, is stowed away, among all sorts of rubbish, the magnificent vase of the Alhambra, a monument of inestimable rareness, nearly four feet in height, covered with ornaments and inscriptions, and fitted in itself to form the glory of a museum, but which Spanish heedlessness allows to lie uncared-for in an ignoble hole. One of the wings which form the handles was broken off a little time back. On this side also are passages leading to an ancient mosque, converted into a church under the protection of St. Mary of the Alhambra, at the time of the conquest. To the right are the rooms of the

attendants, where the head of some dark Andalusian servantmaid, looking out of a narrow Moorish casement, now and then produces a very pleasing Oriental effect. At the bottom, above the ugly roof of round tiles, which have replaced the gilt tiles and cedar-beams of the Arabian roof, rises majestically the tower of Comares, the embattlements of which boldly shoot forth their vermilion denticulations into the beautifully limpid vault of heaven. This tower contains the Hall of Ambassadors, and communicates with the *Patio de los Arrayanes* by a sort of antechamber called the *Barca*, on account of its form.

The antechamber of the Hall of Ambassadors is worthy of its purpose; the nobleness of its arcades, the variety and interweavings of its arabesques, the mosaic-work of its walls, the delicacy of its stuccoed roof, furrowed like the stalactite ceiling of a grotto, painted blue, green, and yellow, of which there are still some traces left, form a whole of the most charming originality and strangeness.

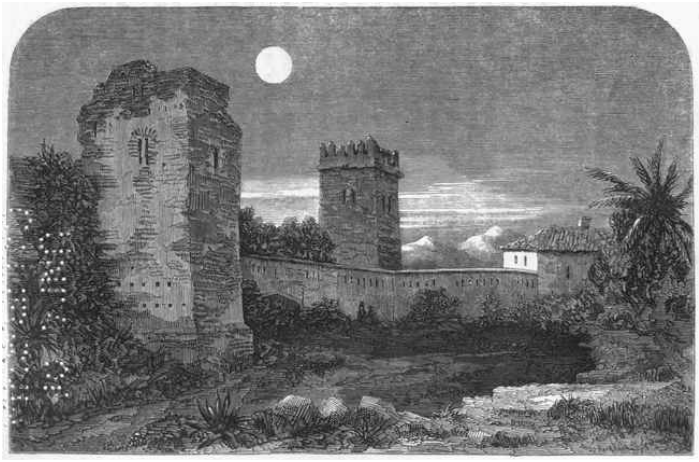
On each side of the door leading to the Hall of Ambassadors, in the jamb itself of the arcade, and above the coating of varnished glass which decorates the lower part of the walls, and which is divided into triangles of glaring colours, are two white marble niches, looking like little chapels, and sculptured in a most delicate manner. It was here that the ancient Moors used to leave their slippers before entering, as a mark of deference, just as we take off our hat in places we respect.

The Hall of Ambassadors, one of the largest of the Alhambra, occupies all the interior of the tower of Comares. The roof, which is cedar, is full of those mathematical combinations so familiar to Arabian architects: all the pieces are placed so that their

salient or re-entering angles form a great variety of designs; the walls disappear beneath a network of ornaments so close together, and so inextricably interwoven, that they can be compared to nothing more fitly than to several pieces of guipure placed one over another. Gothic architecture, with its stone lacework, and its open-worked roses, is nothing to this. Fish-knives, and paper embroidery executed with a fly-press, like that which confectioners use to cover their bonbons with, can alone give you an idea of it. One of the characteristics of the Moorish style is that it offers very few projections or profiles. All this ornamental work is executed on smooth surfaces, and scarcely ever projects more than four or five inches; it resembles a kind of tapestry worked on the wall itself. It has, too, one very distinguishing feature, and this is, the employment of writing as a means of decoration. It is true that Arabian writing, with its mysterious forms and distortions, is admirably fitted for this use. The inscriptions, which are nearly always *suras* of the Koran, or eulogiums on the different princes who have built and decorated the halls, are placed along the friezes, on the jambs of the doors, and round the arches of the windows, and are interspersed with flowers, foliage, net-work, and all the riches of Arabian calligraphy. Those in the Hall of Ambassadors signify "Glory to God, power and riches to believers;" or they sing the praises of Abu Nazar, who, "if he had been taken alive into heaven, would have made the brightness of the stars and planets pale"—a hyperbolical assertion, which seems to us rather too oriental. Other rows of inscriptions are filled with eulogiums of Abi Abd Allah, another sultan, who helped to build this part of the palace. The windows are loaded with pieces of poetry in honour of the limpidness of the waters of

the reservoir, of the blooming condition of the shrubs, and of the perfume of the flowers that ornament the yard of the Mezouar, which is seen from the Hall of Ambassadors through the door and columns of the gallery.

The loopholes, with their interior balconies at a great height from the ground, and the roof of wood-work without any other ornaments but the zigzags and the cross-work formed by the placing of the timber, give the Hall of Ambassadors a severer aspect than the other halls of the palace have, but which is more in harmony with the purpose it was intended for. From the window at the back there is a beautiful view over the ravine of the Darro.



EXTERIOR OF THE ALHAMBRA.

Now that we have given this description, we think it our duty to destroy another illusion. All these magnificent things are made neither of marble nor of alabaster, nor even of stone, but simply of plaster! This interferes very much with the ideas of fairy splendour that the name alone of the Alhambra

creates in the most positive imaginations; but it is true, for all that. With the exception of the columns, which are nearly all made of a single piece, and which are hardly ever more than from six to eight feet in height, of a few flag-stones, of the smaller basins of the fountains, and of the little chapels where the slippers used to be left, there has not been a single bit of marble employed in the construction of the Alhambra. The same thing may be said of the Generalife: the Arabs surpassed all other nations in the art of moulding, hardening, and carving plaster, which acquired in their hands the firmness of stucco, without having its disagreeable shiny appearance.

The greater part of these ornaments were made in casts, so that they could be reproduced without any great trouble as often as the symmetry of the place required it. Nothing would be easier than to reproduce an exact likeness of any hall of the Alhambra; to do this, it would suffice to take casts of all the ornaments contained in it. Two arcades of the Hall of Justice, which had fallen down, have been reconstructed by some Granadian workmen, in a manner which leaves nothing to be desired. If we were anything of a *millionaire*, one of our fancies would be to have a duplicate of the Court of Lions in one of our parks.

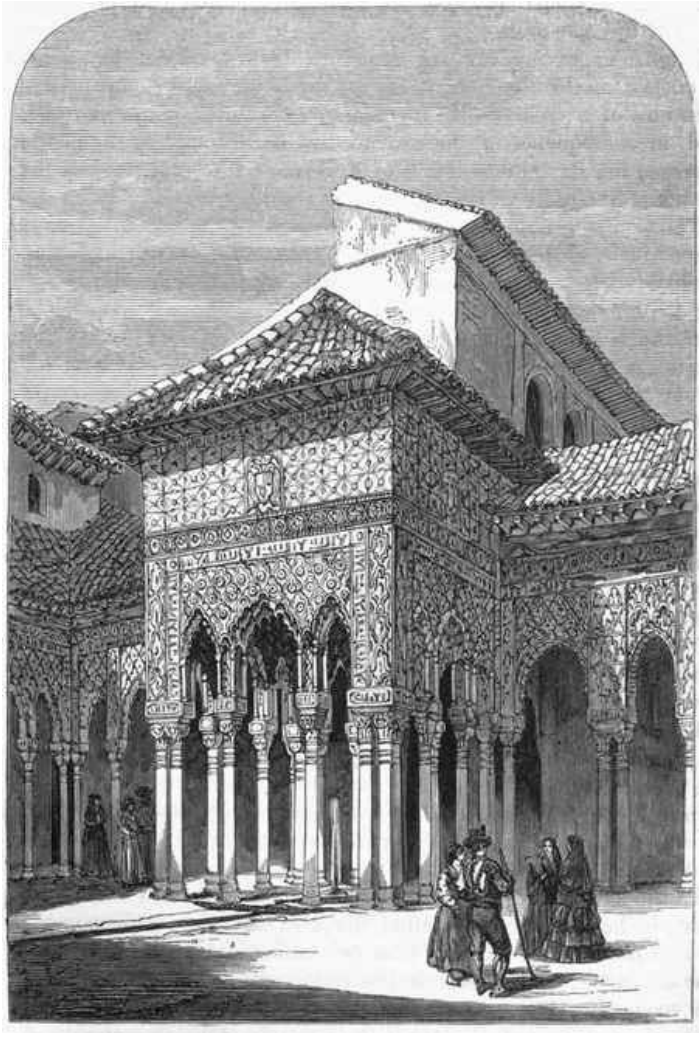
On leaving the Hall of Ambassadors, you follow a passage of modern structure, comparatively speaking, and you arrive at the *tocador*, or dressing-room of the queen. This is a small pavilion situated on the top of a tower, which formerly served the sultanas for an oratory, whence you enjoy the sight of an admirable panorama. At the entrance you perceive a slab of white marble, perforated with small holes to allow the smoke of the perfumes that

were burnt beneath the floor to pass through. On the walls are still seen some fantastic frescoes, executed by Bartholomew de Ragis, Alonzo Perez, and Juan de la Fuente. On the frieze the ciphers of Isabella and Philip V. are intertwined, one with another, together with groups of Cupids. It is impossible to conceive anything more coquettish or charming than this closet, suspended as it is, with its little Moorish pillars, and its surbased arches, over an abyss of azure, the bottom of which is studded with the house-tops of Granada, and whither the breeze wafts the perfumes of the Generalife, that enormous tuft of rose-bays blooming on the brow of the neighbouring hills, and the plaintive cry of the peacocks walking on the dismantled walls. How many hours have I not spent there, wrapped in that serene melancholy so different from the melancholy of the north, with one leg dangling over the precipice, and straining my eyes in order to leave unexamined no form or contour of the picture that lay before them, and which they will, doubtless, never see again. No pen or pencil will ever be able to give a true idea of that brilliancy, of that light, of that vividness of hues. The most commonplace tones assume the appearance of jewels, and everything is on the same scale. Towards the end of the day, when the sun is oblique, the most inconceivable effects are produced: the mountains sparkle like heaps of rubies, topazes and carbuncles; dust, which looks like dust of gold, fills the intervals, and if, as is often the case in summer, the labourers are burning stubble in the plain, the smoke, while rising slowly towards the sky, borrows the most magical reflections from the rays of the setting sun. I am surprised that Spanish painters, have, in general, made their pictures so dark, and have almost exclusively employed themselves in imitating

Caravaggio and the masters of the sombre school. The pictures of Decamps and Marilhat, who only painted views of Asia or Africa, give a truer idea of Spain than all the pictures fetched, at a great expense, from the Peninsula.

We will traverse the garden of Lindaraja without stopping, for it is nothing but an uncultivated piece of ground, strewed with rubbish, and bristling with brushwood; we will therefore visit, for an instant, the Bath-room of the Sultana, which is coated with square pieces of mosaic-work of glazed clay, and bordered with filigree-work that would make the most complicated madrepores blush. A fountain is in the middle of the room, and two alcoves are in the wall. It was here that the Moorish Sultanas used to come to repose themselves on square pieces of golden cloth, after having enjoyed the pleasure and luxury of an oriental bath. The galleries or balconies, in which the singers and musicians used to be placed, are still seen, and are at a height of about fifteen feet from the ground. The baths themselves resemble large troughs, and each of them is made out of one piece of white marble; they are placed in little vaulted closets, lighted by open-worked stars or roses. For fear of becoming irksome by repetition, we will not speak of the Hall of Secrets, whose acoustic powers are productive of a very curious effect, and the corners of whose walls are blackened by the noses of those inquisitive persons who go and whisper, in one corner, some impertinence that is faithfully carried to another; nor of the Hall of the Nymphs, over the door of which is an excellent bas-relief of Jupiter changed into a swan and caressing Leda, and which said bas-relief is most extraordinarily free in its composition, and very audacious in its execution; nor of the apartments of

Charles the Fifth, which are in a dreadful state of devastation, and which possess nothing curious, with the exception of their roofs, studded with the ambitious device of *Non plus ultra*; but we will go direct to the Court of Lions, the most curious and best preserved part of the Alhambra.



PAVILION OF THE COURT OF LIONS, ALHAMBRA.

English engravings and the numerous drawings which have been published of the Court of Lions convey but a very incomplete and false idea of it: nearly all of them fail to give the proper proportions, and, in consequence of the over-loading necessitated by the fact of representing the infinite details of Arabian architecture, suggest the idea of a monument of much greater importance.

The Court of Lions is a hundred and twenty feet long, seventy-three broad, while the galleries which surround it are not more than twenty-two feet high. They are formed by a hundred and twenty-eight columns of white marble placed in a symmetrical disorder of four and four, and of three and three, together: these columns, the capitals of which are full of work and still preserve traces of gold and colour, support arches of extreme elegance and of quite a unique shape.

On entering, the Hall of Justice, the roof of which is a monument of art of the most inestimable rarity and worth, immediately attracts your attention, as it forms the back of the parallelogram. There you see the only Arabian pictures, perhaps, which have come down to us. One of them represents the Court of Lions itself, with the fountain, which is very apparent, but gilt: some personages, whom the oldness of the painting does not allow you to distinguish clearly, seem to be engaged in a joust or passage of arms.

The subject of the other appears to be a sort of divan where the Moorish kings of Granada are assembled, and whose white burnous, olive-coloured faces, red mouths, and mysteriously dark eyes, are

still easily discernible. These paintings, as is asserted, are executed on prepared leather, pasted on cedar panels, and serve to prove that the precept of the Koran which forbids the likenesses of animated beings being taken was not always scrupulously observed by the Moors, even if the twelve lions of the fountain were not there to confirm this assertion.

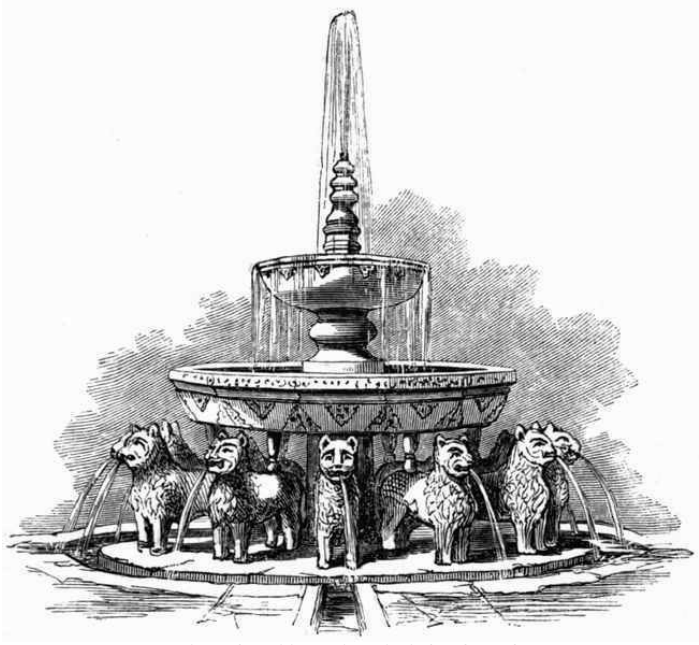
To the left, halfway up the gallery, is the Hall of the Two Sisters, which is the fellow to the Hall of the Abencerrages. This name of *las Dos Hermanas* is given it from two immense flagstones of white Macael marble, equal in size and perfectly alike, which form part of the pavement. The vaulted roof, or cupola, which the Spaniards expressively call *media naranja* (half an orange), is a miracle of work and patience. It is like a honeycomb, or the stalactites of a grotto, or the bunches of soap-bubbles which children blow out through a straw. The myriads of little vaults, of domes three or four feet high which grow out of one another, crossing and intersecting each other's edges, seem rather the effect of fortuitous crystallization than the work of a human hand; the blue, red, and green in the hollows of the mouldings are still nearly as bright as if they had only just been put on. The walls, like those of the Hall of Ambassadors, are covered, from the frieze to the height of a man, with stucco-work of the most complicated and delicate description. The bottom of the walls is coated with those square pieces of glazed clay of which the black, yellow, and green angles, combined with the white ground, form a mosaic-work. The middle of the apartment, according to the invariable custom of the Arabs, whose habitations seem to be nothing but large ornamented fountains, is occupied by a basin and a jet of water. There are four fountains under the Gate of Justice, a like

number under the entrance-gate, and another in the Hall of the Abencerrages, without counting the *Taza de los Leones*, which, not satisfied with vomiting water through the mouths of its twelve monsters, throws up another torrent towards the sky out of the cap which surmounts it. All this water flows through small trenches made in the flooring of the halls and the pavement of the courts, to the foot of the Fountain of Lions, where it disappears in a subterraneous conduit. This is certainly a kind of dwelling in which you would never be annoyed by the dust, and it is a matter of conjecture how these halls could be inhabited in the winter. The large cedar doors were no doubt then shut, the marble floor was perhaps covered with a thick carpet, and fires of fruit-stones and odoriferous wood lighted in the *braseros*, and it was thus that the return of the fine season was waited for, which is never long in coming at Granada.

We will not describe the Hall of the Abencerrages, which is almost similar to that of the Two Sisters, and contains nothing particular, with the exception of its ancient door of wood arranged in lozenges, which dates from the time of the Moors. At the Alcazar of Seville there is another one made exactly in the same style.

The *Taza de los Leones* enjoys, in Arabian poetry, a wonderful reputation, and no terms of praise are thought too high for these superb animals: I must own, however, that it would be difficult to find anything less resembling lions than these productions of African fancy; the paws are mere wedges, similar to those bits of wood, of hardly any shape, which are used to thrust into the bellies of paste-board dogs to make them keep their equilibrium; the muzzles,

streaked with transversal lines, doubtless to represent the whiskers, are exactly like the snout of a hippopotamus; and the eyes are designed in so primitive a manner, that they remind you of the shapeless attempts of children. Nevertheless, these twelve lions, if we look upon them not as lions, but as chimeras, as a caprice in ornamenting, produce, with the basins they support, a picturesque effect full of elegance, which aids you to comprehend their reputation, and the praises contained in the following Arabian inscription, of twenty-four verses of twenty-two syllables each, engraved on the sides of the basin into which the waters of the upper basin fall. We ask our readers' pardon for the somewhat barbarous fidelity of the translation:—



FOUNTAIN, COURT OF LIONS, ALHAMBRA.

"O you who gaze on the lions fixed to their places! remark that they only require life to be perfect. And you to whom this Alcazar and this kingdom fall as an inheritance, take them from the noble hands who have governed them, without displeasure and without resistance. May God preserve you for the work which you come to perform, and protect you for ever from the revenge of your enemy! Honour and glory be yours. O Mohammed! our king, endowed with great virtues, by the aid of which you have conquered all! May God never permit this fine garden, the image of your virtues, to have a rival that surpasses it! The substance which tints the basin of the fountain is like mother-of-pearl beneath the clear sparkling water; the flowing stream resembles melting silver, for the limpidness of the water and the whiteness of the stone have no equals; they might be likened unto a drop of transparent essence on a face of alabaster. It would be difficult to follow its course. Look at the water and look at the basin, and you will not be able to distinguish whether it is the water that is motionless or the marble that ripples. Like the prisoner of love, whose visage is covered with vexation and fear by the look of the envious, so is the jealous water indignant at the stone, and the stone envious of the water. To this inexhaustible stream may be compared the hand of our king, who is as liberal and as generous as the lion is valiant and strong."

It was in the basin of the Fountain of Lions that the heads of the thirty-six Abencerrages, whom the Zegris had drawn there by stratagem, fell. The rest of the Abencerrages would have shared the same fate, had it not been for the devotedness of a little page, who ran at the risk of his life to warn them against entering the fatal court. On having your attention

directed to the bottom of the basin, you perceive large reddish spots, an indelible accusation left by the victims against their executioners. Unfortunately, the erudite world declares that the Abencerrages and the Zegris have never existed. With respect to this I am completely guided by romances, popular traditions, and the novel of Monsieur de Châteaubriand, and I firmly believe that these purple-looking marks are blood and not rust.

We had established our head-quarters in the Court of Lions; our furniture consisted of two mattresses, which we rolled up in a corner in the day-time, of a brass lamp, of an earthenware jar, and of a few bottles of sherry that we kept in a fountain to render the wine cool. We slept one night in the Hall of the Two Sisters, and the next in that of the Abencerrages, but it was not without some slight fear, as I lay stretched on my cloak, that I looked at the white rays of the moon, which appeared quite astonished at crossing the yellow and flickering flame of a lamp, shoot through the openings of the roof into the water of the basin and across the shining ground.

The popular traditions collected by Washington Irving in his "Tales of the Alhambra," now came into my mind; the stories of the "Headless Horse" and of the "Hairy Phantom," gravely related by Father Echeverria, appeared to me very probable, above all, when the light was out. The likelihood of the legends appears much greater in the night-time, when these dark places are filled with uncertain reflections, which give to all objects of a vague outline a fantastic appearance: doubt is the son of the day, faith the daughter of the night; and what astonishes me is, that St. Thomas believed in our Saviour after having felt his wound. I am not sure that I myself did

not see the Abencerrages walking about in the moonlight, with their heads under their arms, along the galleries; at all events, the shadows of the columns assumed forms diabolically suspicious, and the breeze, as it passed through the arcades, so resembled the breathing of a human being, that it made you doubt.

One Sunday morning, about four or five o'clock, we felt ourselves, while yet asleep, inundated on our mattresses with a fine and soaking rain. This was owing to the conduits of the water-jets having opened earlier than usual, in honour of a prince of Saxe Coburg, who was come to view the Alhambra, and who, they said, was to marry the young queen, as soon as she was of age.

We had scarcely time to rise and dress before the prince arrived, with two or three persons of his suite. He was half mad with rage. The keepers, in order to receive him in a proper manner, had fitted to every fountain the most ridiculous pieces of mechanism and hydraulic instruments imaginable. One of these inventions aimed, by the means of a little white tin carriage and lead soldiers, which were turned by the force of the water, at representing the journey of the queen to Valencia. You may judge of the prince's satisfaction at this ingenious and constitutional piece of refinement. The *Fray Gerundio*, a satirical journal of Madrid, persecuted this poor prince with marked animosity. It taxed him, among other crimes, with haggling too much about the charges in his hotel bills, and with having appeared at the theatre in the costume of a *majo*, with a pointed hat on his head.

A party of Granadians came to spend the day at the Alhambra; there were seven or eight young and pretty women, and five or six cavaliers. They danced

to the guitar, played at different games, and sung in chorus, to a delightful air, a song by Fray Luis de Leon, which has become very popular throughout Andalusia. As the water-jets had stopped through having begun to shoot forth their silver streams too early, and as the basins were dry, the giddy young girls seated themselves in a round on the edge of the alabaster basin of the Hall of the Two Sisters, so as to form a kind of flower-basket, and, throwing back their pretty heads, again took up simultaneously the burden of their song.

The Generalife is situated at a little distance from the Alhambra, on a pass of the same mountain. Access is gained to it by a kind of hollow road, that traverses the ravine of Los Molinos, which is bordered with fig-trees, having enormous shiny leaves, with palm oaks, pistachio-trees, laurels, and rock roses, of a remarkably exuberant nature. The ground is composed of yellow sand teeming with water, and of wonderful fecundity. Nothing is more delightful than to follow this road, which appears as if it ran through a virgin forest of America, to such an extent is it obstructed with foliage and flowers, and such is the overwhelming perfume of the aromatic plants you inhale there. Vines start through the cracks of the crumbling walls, and from all their branches hang fantastic runners, and leaves resembling Arabian ornaments in the beauty of their form; the aloe opens its fan of azured blades, and the orange-tree twists its knotty wood, and clings with its fang-like roots to the rents in the steep sides of the ravine. Everything here flourishes and blooms in luxuriant disorder, full of the most charming effects of chance. A wandering jasmine-branch introduces a white star among the scarlet flowers of the pomegranate-tree; and a laurel shoots from one side

of the road to the other to embrace a cactus, in spite of its thorns. Nature, abandoned to herself, seems to pride herself on her coquetry, and to wish to show how far even the most exquisite and finished art always remains behind her.

After a quarter of an hour's walk, you come to the Generalife, which is, so to say, nothing but the *casa de campo*, the country-house of the Alhambra. The exterior of it, like that of all oriental buildings, is very simple: large walls without windows, and surmounted by a terrace with a gallery divided into arcades, the whole being crowned with a small modern belvedere, constitute its architecture. Of the Generalife nothing now remains but some arcades, and some large panels of arabesques, unfortunately clogged with layers of whitewash, which have been applied again and again with all the obstinacy and despair of cleanliness. Little by little have the delicate sculptures and the wonderful guilloches of these remains become filled up, until they have at last disappeared. What is at present nothing but a faintly-vermiculated wall, was formerly open lace-work, as fine as those ivory leaves which the patience of the Chinese carves for ladies' fans. The brush of the whitewasher has caused more *chefs-d'œuvre* to disappear than the scythe of Time, if we may be allowed to make use of this mythological expression. In a pretty well preserved hall is a suite of smoky portraits of the kings of Spain, but the only merit they possess is a chronological one.

The real charm of the Generalife consists in its gardens and its waters. A canal, paved with marble, runs through the whole length of the enclosure, and rolls its rapid and abundant waters beneath a series of arcades of foliage, formed by twisting and

curiously-cut yews. Orange-trees and cypresses are planted on each side of it. It was at the foot of one of these cypresses, which is of a prodigious bulk, and which dates from the time of the Moors, that the favourite of Boabdil, if we are to believe the legend, often proved that bolts and bars are but slight guarantees for the virtue of sultanas. There is one thing, at least, very certain, and that is, that the yew is very thick, and very old.

The perspective is terminated by a porticoed gallery, ornamented with jets of water and marble columns, like the *patio* of myrtles of the Alhambra. The canal suddenly makes a turn, and you then enter some other places embellished with pieces of water, and the walls of which still preserve traces of the frescoes of the sixteenth century, representing rustic pieces of architecture, and distant views. In the midst of one of the basins, a gigantic rose-bay, of the most incomparable beauty and splendour, is seen to bloom, like an immense flower-basket. At the time when I saw it, it appeared like an explosion of flowers, or the bouquet of a display of vegetable fireworks; its aspect, too, is so blooming and luxuriant, so glaring, if we may be allowed the expression, that it makes the hue of the most vermilion rose appear insipid. Its lovely flowers, shot with all the ardour of desire high up into the pure blue space of the heavens; and its noble-looking leaves, shaped expressly by nature to form a crown for the glorious deeds of heroism, and sprinkled by the spray of the water-jets, sparkled like emeralds glittering in the sun. Never did anything inspire me with a higher sentiment of the beautiful than this rose-bay of the Generalife.

The water is brought to the gardens along a sort of

steep acclivity, bordered with little walls, forming on each side a kind of parapet, that support trenches of large hollow tiles, through which the water runs beneath the open sky with the most gay and lively murmur in the world. On each footpace, well-supplied water-jets burst forth from the middle of little basins, and shoot their crystal aigrettes into the thick foliage of the wood of laurels, the branches of which cross and recross one another above them. The mountain streams with water on every side; at each step a spring starts forth, and you continually hear at your side the murmuring of some rivulet, turned out of its course, going to supply some fountain with water, or to carry bloom and verdure to the foot of a tree. The Arabs have carried the art of irrigation to the highest point; their hydraulic works attest the most advanced state of civilization; these works still exist; and it is to them that Granada owes the reputation it has of being the Paradise of Spain, and the fact of its enjoying eternal spring in an African temperature. An arm of the Darro has been turned out of its course by the Arabs, and carried for more than two leagues along the hill of the Alhambra.

From the Belvedere of the Generalife you can plainly perceive the configuration of the Alhambra, with its line of reddish, half-demolished towers, and its remaining pieces of wall, which rise and descend according to the undulations of the mountain. The palace of Charles the Fifth, which is not seen from the side of the city stamps its square and heavy mass, which the sun gilds with a white reflection, on the damask-like sides of the Sierra Neveda, whose white ridges stand out on the horizon in a singular manner. The steeple of Saint Mary's marks its Christian outline above the Moorish embattlements. A few

cypresses thrust their mournful leaves through the cracks of the walls, surrounded by all this light and azure, like a melancholy thought in the midst of a joyful fête. The slopes of the hill running down towards the Darro, and the ravine of Los Molinos, disappear beneath an ocean of verdure. It is one of the finest views that can well be imagined.

On the other side, as if to form a contrast with so much verdancy, rises an uncultivated, scorched up, tawny mountain, tinged with dashes of red and yellow ochre; this mountain is called *La Silla del Moro*, on account of a few remains of some buildings on its summit. It was there that king Boabdil used to view the Arabian horsemen jousting in the Vega with the Christian knights. The recollection of the Moors is still vivid at Granada. You would think that they had quitted the city but yesterday, and, if we may judge by what remains of them, it is really a pity that they ever quitted it at all. What southern Spain requires is African civilization, and not the civilization of Europe, which is not suited to the heat of the climate or to the passions it inspires. Constitutional mechanism can only agree with the temperate zones; above a heat of eighty degrees charters melt or blow up.

As we have now done with the Alhambra and the Generalife, we will traverse the ravine of the Darro, and take a look as we go along the road leading to Monte Sagrado, at the dens of the *gitanos*, who are pretty numerous at Granada. This road is made through the hill of the Albaycin, which overhangs on one side. Gigantic Indian fig-trees, and enormous nopals raise their prickly heads, of the colour of verdigris, along its impoverished and white-coloured slopes; under the roots of these large unctuous

plants, which seem to supply the place of chevaux-de-frise and spiked fences, are dug in the living rock, the dwellings of the gipsies. The entrance to these caverns is whitewashed; a light cord on which hangs a piece of frayed-out tapestry, serves as a door. It is there that the wild race swarms and multiplies; there, children, whose skins are darker than Havannah cigars, play in a state of nudity before the door, without any distinction as to sex, and roll themselves in the dust while uttering sharp and guttural cries. The *gitanos* are generally blacksmiths, mule-shearers, veterinary doctors, and, above all, horse-dealers. They have a thousand receipts for putting mettle and strength into the most broken-winded and limping animals in the world: a *gitano* would have made Rozinante gallop, and Sancho's ass would have caracoled under their hands. Their real trade, however, is that of stealing.

The *gitanas* sell amulets, tell fortunes, and follow those suspicious callings inherent to the women of their race. I saw very few pretty ones, though their faces were remarkable both by their type and character. Their swarthy complexion contrasts strongly with the limpidness of their oriental eyes, the fire of which is tempered by an indescribable and mysterious melancholy, only to be compared to the look inspired by the recollection of a country that is lost to us for ever, or of former grandeur. Their mouth, which is rather thick and deeply coloured, reminds you of the blooming nature of African mouths; the smallness of their forehead, and the curved form of their nose, pronounce them to be of the same origin with the *tzigones* of Wallachia and Bohemia, and with all the children of that fantastic people which traversed, under the generic name of Egyptians, the whole of the society of the Middle

Ages, and the enigmatical filiation of which century upon century has not been able to interrupt. Nearly all of them possess so much natural majesty and freedom in their deportment, and are so well and firmly set, that in spite of their rags, their dirt, and their misery, they seem to be conscious of the antiquity and purity of their race, and ever to remember that it is free from all alloy, for these gipsies never marry but among themselves, and those children which are the offsprings of temporary unions are unmercifully cast out of the tribe. One of the pretensions of the *gitanos* is that of being good Castilians and good Catholics, but I think that, at bottom, they are, to some extent, Arabs and Mahometans; they deny this fact to the best of their power, from a remnant of fear for the Inquisition which no longer exists. A few deserted and half-ruined streets of the Albaycin are also inhabited by richer or less wandering gipsies. In one of these streets, we perceived a little girl, about eight years old, and entirely naked, dancing the *zorongo* on a painted paving stone. Her sister, whose features were wan and emaciated, and in whose citron-looking face sparkled eyes of fire, was crouched beside her on the ground, with a guitar, from the strings of which she drew forth a monotonous tinkle by running her thumb over them, and producing music not unsimilar to the husky squeak of the grasshopper. The mother, who was richly dressed, and whose neck was loaded with glass beads, beat time with the end of a blue velvet slipper, which she gazed on with great complacency. The wild attitude, strange accoutrement, and extraordinary colour of this group, would have made a subject for the pencil of Collot, or of Salvator Rosa.

Monte Sagrado, which contains the grottoes of the

martyrs who were so miraculously discovered, offers nothing very interesting. It is a convent with a rather ordinary-looking church, beneath which the crypts are dug. These crypts have nothing about them capable of producing any deep impression. They are composed of a complication of small, straight, whitewashed corridors, from seven to eight feet high. In recesses made for the purpose, altars, dressed with more devotion than taste, have been raised. It is there that the shrines and bones of the holy personages are locked up behind the wire-work. I expected to see a subterraneous church, dark and mysterious, nay, even dreadful-looking, with low pillars, and a surbased roof, lighted by the uncertain reflection of a distant lamp,—something, in fact, similar to the ancient catacombs, and great was my surprise at the clean and tidy appearance of this whitewashed crypt, lighted by ventholes like those of a cellar. We somewhat superficial Catholics require something picturesque, in order to get imbued with religious feeling. The devout man thinks little about the effect of light and shade, or about the more or less learned proportions of architecture; he knows, however, that, beneath that altar of so mediocre a form, lie hidden the bones of the saint who died for the sake of the faith which he professes, and that suffices for him.

The Carthusian Convent, at present bereft of monks, like all other convents in Spain, is an admirable edifice, and we cannot regret too much that it has ever ceased to be used for its original purpose. We have never been able to understand what harm could be done by cenobites voluntarily cloistered in a prison, and passing their lives in austerity and prayer, especially in a country like Spain, where there is certainly no lack of ground.

You ascend by a double flight of steps to the doorway of the church: it is surmounted by a white marble statue of St. Bruno, of a rather handsome effect. The decorations of the church are singular, and consist of plaster arabesques, truly wonderful by the variety and richness of their subjects. It appears as if the architect had been desirous of vying, in quite a different style, with the lightness and complication of the lace-work of the Alhambra. There is not a place as large as your hand, in this immense structure, which is not filled with flowers, damask-work, leaves, and guilloches: it would be enough to turn the head of any one who wanted to take an exact sketch of it. The choir is lined with porphyry and costly marble. A few mediocre pictures are hung up here and there along the walls, and make you regret the space they hide. The cemetery is near the church: according to the custom of the Carthusian friars, no tomb, no cross, indicates the place where the departed brothers sleep; but the cells surround the cemetery, and each one is provided with a little garden. In a piece of ground planted with trees, which, no doubt, formerly served as a promenade for the friars, my attention was called to a kind of fish-pond, with a sloping stone edge, in which were awkwardly crawling three or four dozen tortoises, that basked in the sun and appeared quite happy at being henceforth in no danger of the cook's art. The laws of the Carthusian brethren forbade their ever eating meat, and the tortoise is looked on as a fish by casuists. These tortoises were destined to supply the friars' table. The revolution, however, saved them.

While we are about visiting the convents, we will enter, if you please, the Monastery of San Juan de Dios. The cloister is one of the most curious

imaginable, and is constructed with frightfully bad taste; the walls, painted in fresco, represent various fine actions of the life of San Juan de Dios, framed with such grotesque and fantastic ornaments as throw into the shade the most extravagant and deformed productions of Japan and China. You behold sirens playing the violin, she-monkeys at their toilet, chimerical fish in still more chimerical waves, flowers which look like birds, birds which look like flowers, lozenges of looking-glass, squares of earthenware, love-knots—in a word, an endless pell-mell of all that is inextricable. The church, which is luckily of another epoch, is gilt nearly all over. The altar-screen, which is supported by pillars of the Solomonic order, produces a rich and majestic effect. The sacristan, who served as our guide, on seeing that we were French, questioned us about our country, and asked if it were true, as was said at Granada, that Nicholas, the Emperor of Russia, had invaded France and taken possession of Paris: such was the latest news. These gross absurdities were spread among the people by the partisans of Don Carlos, in order to obtain credence for an absolutist reaction on the part of the European powers, and to rally, by the hope of speedy assistance, the drooping courage of the disorganized bands.

I saw in this church a sight that made a deep impression on me; it was an old woman crawling on her knees from the door to the altar: her arms were stretched out as stiff as stakes, in the form of a cross, her head was thrown back, her upturned eyes allowed the whites only of them to be seen, her lips were firmly closed, and her face was shiny and of the colour of lead: this was ecstasy turned to catalepsy. Never did Zurbaban execute anything more ascetic or possessing more feverish ardour. She was

accomplishing a penance ordered by her confessor, and had still four more days of it to undergo.

The Convent of San Geronimo, now transformed into barracks, contains a Gothic cloister with two arteries of arcades of rare character and beauty. The capitals of the columns are ornamented with foliage and fantastic animals of the most capricious nature and charming workmanship. The church, at present profaned and deserted, exhibits the peculiarity of having all its ornaments and architectural reliefs painted in imitation on grey grounds, like the roof of the Bourse, instead of being executed in reality: here lies interred Gonzalvo of Cordova, surnamed the great captain. His sword used to be preserved there, but it was lately taken away and sold for a few *duras*, the value of the silver which ornamented the handle. It is thus that many objects, valuable as works of art or from associations, have disappeared without any other profit to the thieves than the pleasure of doing wrong. It appears to us that our revolution might be imitated in something else but its stupid Vandalism. It is this sentiment we all experience on visiting a tenantless convent, on beholding so many ruins and such devastation, the utter loss of so many *chefs d'œuvre* of every kind, and the long work of centuries destroyed and swept away in an instant. No one has the power to prejudge the future: I, however, doubt if it will restore what the past had bequeathed us, and which we destroy as if we possessed wherewithal to replace it. In addition to this something might be put *on one side*, for the globe is not so covered with monuments that it is necessary for us to raise new buildings on the ruins of the old ones. With such reflections was my mind filled, as I wandered, in the Antequerula, through the old convent of San Domingo. The chapel was decorated

with a profusion of all sorts of gewgaws, baubles, and gilding. It was one mass of wreathed columns, volutes, scroll-work, encrusted work of various coloured breccia, glass mosaics, checker-work of mother-of-pearl, and burgau, bevilled mirrors, suns surrounded by rays, transparencies, and all the most preposterous, misshapen, ugly, and strange embellishments that the depraved taste of the eighteenth century and the horror of straight lines could invent. The library, which has been preserved, is almost exclusively composed of folios and quartos bound in white vellum, with the titles written on them in black or red ink. They consist, for the most part, of theological treatises, casuistical dissertations, and other scholastic productions, possessing but little attraction for the mere literary man. A collection of pictures has been formed at the convent of San Domingo, composed of works from the various monasteries that were either abolished or suffered to go to ruin, but, with the exception of some few fine heads of ascetics, and a few representations of martyrs which seem to have been painted by the hangman himself, from the proficiency in the art of torturing which they exhibit, there is nothing remarkably good, which proves that the persons who were guilty of these acts of pillage are excellent judges of paintings, for they never fail to keep the best things for themselves. The courtyards and cloisters are admirable, and are adorned with fountains, orange-trees, and flowers.

How excellently are such places adapted for reverie, meditation, and study, and what a pity is it that convents were ever inhabited by monks, and not by poets! The gardens, left to themselves, have assumed a wild, savage aspect; luxuriant vegetation has invaded the walks, and Nature has regained

possession of her own, planting a tuft of flowers or grass in the place of every stone that has fallen out. The most remarkable feature in these gardens is an alley of enormous laurels, forming a covered walk which is paved with white marble, and furnished, on each side, with a long seat of the same material, with a slanting back. At certain distances from each other, a number of small fountains maintain a refreshing coolness beneath this thick vault of verdure, at the end of which you have a splendid view of a portion of the Sierra Nevada, through a charming Moorish mirador, which forms part of an old Arabic palace, enclosed in the convent. This pavilion is said to have communicated, by means of long subterranean galleries, with the Alhambra, which is situated at some considerable distance. However, this is an idea deeply rooted in the minds of the inhabitants of Granada, where the least Moorish ruin is always presented with five or six leagues of subterranean passages as well as a treasure, guarded by some spell or other.

We often went to San Domingo to sit beneath the shade of the laurels and bathe in a pool, near which, if the satirical songs are to be believed, the monks used to lead no very reputable sort of life. It is a remarkable fact, that the most Catholic countries are always those in which the priests and monks are treated most cavalierly; the Spanish songs and stories about the clergy rival, in licence, the facetiæ of Rabelais and Beroalde de Verville, and to judge by the manner in which all the ceremonies of the church are parodied in the old pieces, one would hardly think that the Inquisition had ever existed.

Talking of baths, I will here relate a little incident which proves that the thermal art, carried to so high

a degree of perfection by the Arabs, has lost much of its former splendour in Granada. Our guide took us to some baths that appeared very well managed, the rooms being situated round a patio shaded by a covering of vine-leaves, while a large reservoir of very limpid water occupied the greater part of the patio. So far all was well; but of what do you think the baths themselves were made? Of copper, zinc, stone, or wood? Not a bit of it, you are wrong; I will tell you at once, for you will never guess. They were enormous clay jars, like those made to hold oil. These novel baths were about two-thirds buried in the ground. Before potting ourselves in them we had the inside covered with a clean cloth, a piece of precaution which struck the attendant as something so extremely strange, and which astonished him so profoundly, that we were obliged to repeat the order several times before he would obey it. He explained this whim of ours to his own satisfaction by shrugging his shoulders and shaking his head in a commiserative manner as he pronounced in a low voice the one word: *Ingleses!* There we sat, squatted down in our oil jars, with our heads stuck out at the top, something like pheasants *en terrine*, cutting rather grotesque figures. It was on this occasion that I understood for the first time the story of *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*, which had always struck me as being rather difficult to believe, and had made me for an instant doubt the veracity of the "Thousand-and-One Nights."

There are, also, in the Albaycin, some old Moorish baths, and a pond covered over with a vaulted roof, pierced by a number of little holes in the shape of stars, but they are not in working order, and you can get nothing but cold water.

This is about all that is to be seen at Granada, during a stay of some weeks. Public amusements are scarce. The theatre is closed during the summer; the bull-fights do not take place at any fixed periods; there are no clubs or establishments of this description, and the Lyceum is the only place where it is possible to see the French and other foreign papers. On certain days, there is a meeting of the members, when they read papers on various subjects as well as poetry, besides singing and playing pieces, generally written by some young author of the company.

Every one employs his time, most conscientiously, in doing nothing. Gallantry, cigarettes, the manufacture of quatrains and octaves, and especially card-playing, are found sufficient to fill up a man's existence very agreeably. In Granada you see nothing of that furious restlessness, that necessity for action and change of place which torments the people of the north. The Spanish struck me as being very philosophical. They attach hardly any importance to material life, and are totally indifferent about comfort. The thousand factitious wants created by the civilization of northern countries, appear to them puerile and troublesome refinements. Not having to protect themselves continually against the climate, the advantages of the English *home* have no attractions in their eyes. What do people, who would cheerfully pay for a breeze or a draught of air, if they could obtain such a thing, care whether or not the windows close properly? Favoured by a beautiful sky, they have reduced human existence to its simplest expression: this sobriety and moderation in everything enables them to enjoy a large amount of liberty, a state of extreme independence; they have time enough to live, which we cannot say that we

have. Spaniards cannot understand how a man can labour first in order to rest afterwards. They very much prefer pursuing an opposite course, and I think that by so doing, they show their superior sense. A workman who has gained a few reals leaves his work, throws his fine embroidered jacket over his shoulders, takes his guitar and goes and dances or makes love to the *majas* of his acquaintance, until he has not a single *cuarto* left; he then returns to his employment. An Andalusian can live splendidly for three or four sous a day; for this sum he can have the whitest bread, an enormous slice of water-melon, and a small glass of aniseed, while his lodging costs him nothing more than the trouble of spreading his cloak upon the ground under some portico or the arch of some bridge. As a general rule, Spaniards consider work as something humiliating and unworthy of a freeman, which, in my opinion, is a very natural and very reasonable idea, since Heaven wishing to punish man for his disobedience, found no greater infliction than the obliging him to gain his daily bread by the sweat of his brow. Pleasures procured, as ours are, by dint of labour, fatigue, and mental anxiety and perseverance strike Spaniards as being bought much too dearly. Like all people who lead a simple life approaching a state of nature, they possess a correctness of judgment which makes them despise the artificial enjoyments of society. Any one coming from Paris or London, those two whirlpools of devouring activity, of feverish and unnaturally excited energy, is greatly surprised by the mode of life of the people of Granada,—a mode of life that is all leisure, filled up with conversation, siestas, promenades, music, and dancing. The stranger is astonished at the happy calmness, the tranquil dignity of the faces he sees around him. No one has

that busy look which is noticeable in the persons hurrying through the streets of Paris. Every one strolls leisurely along, choosing the shady side of the street, stopping to chat with his friends, and betraying no desire to arrive at his destination in the shortest possible time. The certitude of not being able to make money extinguishes all ambition: there is no chance of a young man making a brilliant career. The most adventurous among them go to Manilla or Havannah, or enter the army, but on account of the piteous state of the public finances, they sometimes wait for years without hearing anything about pay. Convinced of the inutility of exertion, Spaniards do not endeavour to make fortunes, for they know that such things are quite out of the question; and they therefore pass their time in a delightful state of idleness, favoured by the beauty of the country and the heat of the climate.

I saw nothing of Spanish pride; nothing is so deceptive as the reputation bestowed on individuals and nations. On the contrary, I found them exceedingly simple-minded and good-natured; Spain is the true country of equality, if not in words at least in deeds. The poorest beggar lights his *papelito* at the *puro* of a powerful nobleman, who allows him to do so, without the slightest affectation of condescension; a marchioness will step, with a smile, over the bodies of the ragged vagabonds who are slumbering across her threshold, and, when travelling, will not make a face if compelled to drink out of the same glass as the *mayoral*, the *zagul*, and the *escopetero* of the diligence. Foreigners find great difficulty in accustoming themselves to this familiarity, especially the English, who have their letters brought upon salvers, and take them with tongs. An Englishman travelling from Seville to Jeres, told his *calesero* to go

and get his dinner in the kitchen. The calesero, who, in his own mind, thought he was honouring a heretic very highly by sitting down at the same table with him, did not make the slightest remark, and concealed his rage as carefully as the villain in a melodrama; but about three or four leagues from Jeres, in the midst of a frightful desert, full of quagmires and bushes, he threw the Englishman very neatly out of the vehicle, shouting to him as he whipped on his horse: "My lord, you did not think me worthy of sitting at your table, and I, Don Jose Balbino Bustamente y Orozco, do not think you good enough to sit on the seat in my calesin. Good evening!"

The servants, both male and female, are treated with a gentle familiarity very different from our affected civility, which seems, every moment, to remind them of the inferiority of their condition. A short example will prove the truth of this assertion. We had gone to a party given at the country-house of the Señora ——; in the evening, there was a general desire to have a little dancing, but there were a great many more ladies than gentlemen present. To obviate this difficulty, the Señora —— sent for the gardener and another servant, who danced the whole evening without the least awkwardness, false bashfulness, or servile forwardness, but just as if they had been on a perfect equality with the rest of the company. They invited, in turn, the fairest and most noble ladies present, and the latter complied with their request in the most graceful manner possible. Our democrats are very far from having attained this practical equality, and our most determined Republicans would revolt at the idea of figuring in a quadrille, opposite a peasant or a footman.

Of course, there are a great many exceptions to these remarks, as there are to all other generalities. There are, doubtless, many Spaniards who are active, laborious, and sensible to all the refinements of life, but what I have said conveys the general impression felt by a traveller after a stay of some little time,—an impression which is often more correct than that of a native observer, who is less struck by the novelty of the various circumstances.

As our curiosity was satisfied with regard to Granada and its buildings, we resolved, from having had a view of the Sierra Nevada at every turn we took, to become more intimately acquainted with it, and endeavour to ascend the Mulhacen, which is the most elevated point of the whole range. Our friends at first attempted to dissuade us from this project, which was really attended with some little danger, but, on seeing that our resolution was fixed, they recommended us a huntsman named Alexandro Romero, as a person thoroughly acquainted with the mountains, and possessing every qualification to act as guide. He came and saw us at our *casa de pupilos*, and his manly, frank physiognomy, immediately prepossessed us in his favour. He wore an old velvet waistcoat, a red woollen sash, and white linen gaiters, like those of the Valencians, which enabled you to see his clean-made, nervous legs, tanned like Cordovan leather. Alpargatas of twisted rope served him for shoes, while a little Andalusian hat, that had grown red from exposure to the sun, a carbine and a powder-flask, slung across his shoulder, completed his costume. He undertook to make all the necessary preparations for our expedition, and promised to bring, at three o'clock, the next morning, the four horses we required, one for my travelling companion, one for myself, a third for a young

German who had joined our caravan, and a fourth for our servant, who was intrusted with the direction of the culinary department. As for Romero he was to walk. Our provisions consisted of a ham, some roast fowls, some chocolate, bread, lemons, sugar, and a large leathern sack, called a *bota*, filled with excellent Val-de-Peñas, which was the principal article in the list.

At the appointed hour, the horses were before our house, while Romero was hammering away at the door with the butt-end of his carbine. Still scarcely awake, we mounted our steeds, and the procession set forth, our guide running on beforehand to point out the road. Although it was already light, the sun had not risen, and the undulating outlines of the smaller hills, which we had passed, were spread out all around us, cool, limpid and blue, like the waves of an immovable ocean. In the distance, Granada had disappeared beneath the vapourized atmosphere. When the fiery globe at last appeared on the horizon, all the hill-tops were covered with a rosy tint, like so many young girls at the sight of their lovers, and appeared to experience a feeling of bashful confusion at the idea of having been seen in their morning *déshabille*. The ridges of the mountain are connected with the plain by gentle slopes, forming the first table-land which is easily accessible. When we reached this place, our guide decided that we should allow our horses a little breathing time, give them something to eat, and breakfast ourselves. We ensconced ourselves at the foot of a rock, near a little spring, the water of which was as bright as a diamond, and sparkled beneath the emerald-coloured grass. Romero, with all the dexterity of an American savage, improvised a fire with a handful of brush-wood, while Louis prepared some chocolate, which,

with the addition of a slice of ham and a draught of wine, composed our first meal in the mountains. While our breakfast was cooking, a superb viper passed beside us, and appeared surprised and dissatisfied at our installing ourselves on his estate, a fact that he gave us to understand by unpolitely hissing at us, for which he was rewarded by a sturdy thrust with a sword-stick through the stomach. A little bird, that had watched the proceedings very attentively, no sooner saw the viper disabled, than it flew up with the feathers of its neck standing on end, its eye all fire, and flapping its wings, and piping in a strange state of exultation. Every time that any portion of the venomous beast writhed convulsively, the bird shrunk back, soon returning to the charge, however, and pecking the viper with its beak, after which it would rise in the air three or four feet. I do not know what the serpent could have done, during its lifetime, to the bird, or what was the feeling of hatred we had gratified by killing the viper, but it is certain that I never beheld such an amount of delight.

We once again set out. From time to time we met a string of little asses coming down from the higher parts of the mountains with their load of snow, which they were carrying to Granada for the day's consumption. The drivers saluted us, as they passed by, with the time honoured "*Vayan Ustedes con Dios*," and we replied by some joke about their merchandise, which would never accompany them as far as the city, and which they would be obliged to sell to the official who was entrusted with the duty of watering the public streets.

We were always preceded by Romero, who leaped from stone to stone with the agility of a chamois, and

kept exclaiming, *Bueno camino* (a good road). I should certainly very much like to know what the worthy fellow would call a bad road, for, as far as I was concerned, I could not perceive the slightest sign of any road at all. To our right and left, as far as the eye could distinguish, yawned delightful abysses, very blue, very azure and very vapoury, varying in depth from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet, a difference, however, about which we troubled our heads very little, for a few dozen fathoms more or less made very little difference in the matter. I recollect with a shudder a certain pass, three or four pistol-shots long and two feet broad,—a sort of natural plank running between two gulfs. As my horse headed the procession, I had to pass first over this kind of tight-rope, which would have made the most determined acrobats pause and reflect. At certain points there was only just enough space for my horse's feet, and each of my legs was dangling over a separate abyss. I sat motionless in my saddle, as upright as if I had been balancing a chair on the end of my nose. This pass, which took us a few minutes to traverse, struck me as particularly long.

When I quietly reflect on this incredible ascent, I am lost in surprise, as at the remembrance of some incoherent dream. We passed over spots where a goat would have hesitated to set its foot, and scaled precipices so steep that the ears of our horses touched our chins. Our road lay between rocks and blocks of stone, which threatened to fall down upon us every moment, and ran in zigzags along the edge of the most frightful precipices. We took advantage of every favourable opportunity, and although advancing slowly we still advanced, gradually approaching the goal of our ambition,—namely, the summit, that we had lost sight of since we had been

in the mountains, because each separate piece of table-land hides the one above it.

Every time our horses stopped to take breath, we turned round in our saddles to contemplate the immense panorama formed by the circular canvas of the horizon. The mountain tops which lay below us looked as if they had been marked out in a large map. The Vega of Granada and all Andalusia presented the appearance of an azure sea, in the midst of which a few white points that caught the rays of the sun, represented the sails of the different vessels. The neighbouring eminences that were completely bare, and cracked, and split from top to bottom, were tinged in the shade with a green-ash colour, Egyptian blue, lilac and pearl-grey, while in the sunshine they assumed a most admirable and warm hue similar to that of orange peel, tarnished gold or a lion's skin. Nothing gives you so good an idea of a chaos, of a world still in the course of creation, as a mountain range seen from its highest point. It seems as if a nation of Titans had been endeavouring to build some sacrilegious Babel, some prodigious *Lylac* or other; that they had heaped together all the materials and commenced the gigantic terraces, when suddenly the breath of some unknown being had, like a tempest, swept over the temples and palaces they had begun, shaking their foundations and levelling them with the ground. You might fancy yourself amidst the remains of an antediluvian Babylon, a pre-Adamite city. The enormous blocks, the Pharaoh-like masses, awake in your breast thoughts of a race of giants that has now disappeared, so visibly is the old age of the world written in deep wrinkles on the bald front and rugged face of these millennial mountains.

We had reached the region inhabited by the eagles. Several times, at a distance, we saw one of these noble birds perched upon a solitary rock, with its eye turned towards the sun, and immersed in that state of contemplative ecstasy which with animals replaces thought. There was one of them floating at an immense height above us, and seemingly motionless in the midst of a sea of light. Romero could not resist the pleasure of sending him a visiting card in the shape of a bullet. It carried away one of the large feathers of his wing, but the eagle, nothing moved, continued on his way with indescribable majesty, as if nothing had happened. The feather whirled round and round for a long time before reaching the earth; it was picked up by Romero, who stuck it in his hat.

Thin streaks of snow now began to show themselves, scattered here and there, in the shade; the air became more rarified and the rocks more steep and precipitous; soon afterwards, the snow appeared in immense sheets and enormous heaps which the sun was no longer strong enough to melt. We were above the sources of the Gruil, which we perceived like a blue ribband frosted with silver, streaming down with all possible speed in the direction of its beloved city. The table-land on which we stood is about nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is the highest spot in the range with the exception of the peak of Veleta and the Mulhacen, which towers another thousand feet towards the immeasurable height of heaven. On this spot Romero decided that we should pass the night. The horses, who were worn out with fatigue, were unsaddled; Louis and the guide tore up a quantity of brushwood, roots, and juniper plants to make a fire, for although in the plain the thermometer stood at

thirty or thirty-five degrees, there was a freshness on the heights we then occupied, which we knew would settle down into intense cold as soon as the sun had set. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon; my companion and the young German determined to take advantage of the daylight that remained, to scale alone and on foot the last heights of the mountain. For my own part, I preferred stopping behind; my soul was moved by the grand and sublime spectacle before me, and I busied myself in scribbling in my pocket-book sundry verses, which, if not well turned, had, at least, the merit of being the only alexandrines composed at such an elevation. After my strophes were finished, I manufactured some sorbets with snow, sugar, lemon and brandy, for our dessert. Our encampment presented rather a picturesque appearance; our saddles served us for seats, and our cloaks for a carpet, while a large heap of snow protected us from the wind. A fire of broom blazed brightly in the centre, and we fed it by throwing in, from time to time, a fresh branch which shrivelled up and hissed, darting out its sap in little streams of all colours. Above us, the horses stretched forward their thin heads, with their sad, gentle eyes, and caught an occasional puff of warmth.

Night was rapidly approaching. The least elevated mountains were the first to sink into obscurity, and the light, like a fisherman flying before the rising tide, leapt from peak to peak, retiring towards the highest in order to escape from the shade which was advancing from the valleys beneath and burying everything in its bluish waves. The last ray which stopt on the summit of the Mulhacen hesitated for an instant; then, spreading out its golden wings, winged its way like some bird of flame into the depths of heaven and disappeared. The obscurity was now

complete, and the increased brilliancy of our fire caused a number of grotesque shadows to dance about upon the sides of the rocks. Eugene and the German had not returned, and I began to grow anxious on their account; I feared that they might have fallen down some precipice or been buried beneath some mass of snow. Romero and Louis already requested me to sign a declaration to the effect that they had neither murdered nor robbed the two worthy gentlemen, and that, if the latter were dead, it was their own fault.

Meanwhile, we tore our lungs to pieces by indulging in the most shrill and savage cries, to let them know the position of our wig-wam, in case they should not be able to perceive the fire. At last the report of firearms, which was hurled back by all the echoes of the mountains, told us that we had been heard, and that our companions were but a short distance off—in fact, at the expiration of a few minutes, they made their appearance, fatigued and worn out, asserting that they had distinctly seen Africa on the other side of the ocean; it is very possible they had done so, for the air of these parts is so pure, that the eye can perceive objects at the distance of thirty or forty leagues. We were all very merry at supper, and by dint of playing the bagpipes with our skin of wine, we made it almost as flat as the wallet of a Castilian beggar. It was agreed that each of us should sit up in turn to attend the fire, an arrangement which was faithfully carried out, but the circumference of our circle, which was at first pretty considerable, kept becoming smaller and smaller. Every hour the cold became more intense, and at last we literally laid ourselves in the fire itself, so as to burn our shoes and pantaloons. Louis gave vent to his feelings in loud exclamations; he

bewailed his *gaspacho* (cold garlic soup), his house, his bed, and even his wife. He made himself a formal promise, by everything he reverenced, never to be caught a second time attempting an ascent; he asserted that mountains are far more interesting when seen from below, and that a man must be a maniac to expose himself to the chance of breaking every bone in his body a hundred thousand times, and having his nose frozen off in the middle of the month of August, in Andalusia, and in sight of Africa. All night long he did nothing but grumble and groan in the same manner, and we could not succeed in reducing him to silence. Romero said nothing, and yet his dress was made of thin linen, and all that he had to wrap round him was a narrow piece of cloth.

At last the dawn appeared; we were enveloped in a cloud, and Romero advised us to begin our descent, if we wished to reach Granada before night. When it was sufficiently light to enable us to distinguish the various objects, I observed that Eugene was as red as a lobster nicely boiled, and at the same moment he made an analogous observation with respect to me, and did not feel himself bound to conceal the fact. The young German and Louis were also equally red; Romero alone had reserved his peculiar tint, which resembled, by the way, that of a boot-top, and although his legs of bronze were naked, they had not undergone the slightest alteration. It was the biting cold and the rarefaction of the air that had turned us this colour. Going up a mountain is nothing, because you look at the objects above you, but coming down, with the awful depths before your eyes, is quite a different matter. At first the thing appeared impracticable, and Louis began screeching like a jay who is being picked alive. However, we could not remain for ever on the Mulhacen, which is as little

adapted for the purpose of habitation as any place in the known world, and so, with Romero at our head, we began our descent. It would be impossible, without laying ourselves open to the charge of exaggeration, to convey any notion of the paths, or rather the absence of paths, by which our dare-devil of a guide conducted us; never more break-neck obstacles crowded together in the course marked out for any steeple-chase, and I entertain strong doubts as to whether the feats of any "gentlemen riders" ever outrivalled our exploits on the Mulhacen. The *Montagnes Russes* were mild declivities in comparison to the precipices with which we had to do. We were almost constantly standing up in our stirrups, and leaning back over the cruppers of our horses, in order to avoid performing an incessant succession of parabolas over their heads. All the lines of perspective seem jumbled up together; the streams appeared to be flowing up towards their source, the rocks vacillated and staggered on their bases, and the most distant objects appeared to be only two paces off; we had lost all feeling of proportion, an effect which is very common in the mountains, where the enormous size of the masses, and the vertical position of the different ranges, do not allow of your judging distances in the ordinary manner.

In spite of every difficulty we reached Granada without our horses having even made one false step, only they had got but one shoe left among them all. Andalusian horses—and ours were of the most authentic description—cannot be equalled for mountain travelling. They are so docile, so patient, and so intelligent, that the best thing the rider can do is to throw the reins on their necks and let them follow their own impulse.

We were impatiently expected, for our friends in the city had seen our fire burning like a beacon on the table-land of Mulhacen. I wanted to go and give an account of our perilous expedition to the charming Senoras B——, but I was so fatigued that I fell asleep on a chair, holding my stocking in my hand, and I did not wake before ten o'clock the following morning, when I was still in the same position. Some few days afterwards, we quitted Granada, sighing quite as deeply as ever King Boabdil did.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM GRANADA TO MALAGA.

The Robbers and Cosarios of Andalusia—Alhama—Malaga—
Travelling Students—A Bull-fight—Montes—The Theatre.



A piece of news, well calculated to throw a whole Spanish town into a state of commotion, had suddenly been bruited about Granada, to the great delight of the *aficionados*. The new circus at Malaga was at last finished, after having cost the contractor five million reals. In order to inaugurate it solemnly, by exploits worthy of the palmy days of the art, the great Montes de Chielana—Montes, the first *espada* of Spain, the brilliant successor of Romero and Pepe Illo—had been engaged with his quadrille, and was to appear in the ring three days consecutively. We

had already been present at several bull-fights, but we had not been fortunate enough to see Montes, who was prevented by his political opinions from making his appearance in the circus at Madrid; and to quit Spain without having seen Montes would be something as barbarous and savage as to leave Paris without having witnessed the performance of Mademoiselle Rachel. Although, had we taken the direct road, we ought to have proceeded at once to Cordova, we could not resist this temptation, and we resolved, in spite of the difficulties of the journey and the short time at our disposal, to make a little excursion to Malaga.

There is no diligence from Granada to Malaga, and the only means of transport are the *galeras* or mules: we chose the latter as being surer and quicker, for we were under the necessity of taking the cross-roads through the Alpurjas, in order to arrive even on the very day of the fight.

Our friends in Granada recommended us a *cosario* (conductor of a convoy) named Lanza, a good-looking honest fellow, and very intimate with the brigands. This fact would certainly not tell much in his favour in France, but on the other side of the Pyrenees the case is different. The muleteers and conductors of the *galeras* know the robbers and make bargains with them; for so much a head, or so much for the whole convoy, according to the terms agreed upon, they obtain a free passage, and are never attacked. These arrangements are observed by both parties with the most scrupulous probity, if I may use the word, and if it is not too much out of place when talking of transactions of this description. When the chief of the gang infesting a peculiar track, takes advantage of the *indulto*,[10] or, for some reason or

other, cedes his business and customers to any one else, he never neglects presenting officially to his successor those *cosarios* who pay him "black mail," in order that they may not be molested by mistake. By this system, travellers are sure of not being pillaged, while the robbers avoid the risk of making an attack and meeting with a degree of resistance which is often accompanied with danger to them; so that the arrangement is advantageous to both parties.

One night, between Alhama and Velez, our cosario had dropped to sleep upon the neck of his mule, in the rear of the convoy, when suddenly he was awakened by shrill cries, and saw a number of trabucos glistening at the road-side. There was no doubt about the matter; the convoy was attacked. In the greatest state of surprise, he threw himself from his mule, and averting the muzzles of the blunderbusses with his hand, declared who he was. "Ah! we beg your pardon, Señor Lanza," said the brigands, quite confused at their mistake, "but we did not recognise you. We are honest men, totally incapable of so indelicate a proceeding as to molest you. We have too much honour to deprive you of even so much as a single cigar."

If you do not travel with a man who is known along the road, it is absolutely necessary to be accompanied by a numerous escort, armed to the teeth, and which cost a great deal, besides offering less security, for the *escopeteros* are generally retired robbers.

It is the custom in Andalusia, when a person travels on horseback, and goes to the bull-fights, to put on the national costume. Accordingly our little caravan was rather picturesque, and made a very good appearance as it left Granada. Seizing with

delight this opportunity of disguising myself out of Carnival time, and quitting, for a short space, my horrible French attire, I donned my *majo's* costume, consisting of a peaked hat, embroidered jacket, velvet waistcoat, with filigree buttons, red silk sash, webbed breeches, and gaiters open at the calf. My travelling companion wore his dress of green velvet and Cordova leather. Some of the others wore *monteras*, black jackets, and breeches decorated with silk trimmings of the same colour, and yellow cravats and sashes. Lanza was remarkable for the magnificence of his silver buttons, made of pillared dollars, soldered to a shank, and the floss-silk embroideries of his second jacket, which he wore hanging from his shoulder like a hussar's pelisse.

The mule that had been assigned to me was close-shaved halfway up his body, so that I was enabled to study his muscular development with as much ease as if he had been flayed. The saddle was composed of two variegated horse-cloths, put on double, in order to soften as much as possible the projecting vertebræ, and the sloping shape of the animal's backbone. On each side hung down, in the guise of stirrups, two kinds of wooden troughs, rather resembling our rat-traps. The head-trappings were so loaded with rosettes, tufts, and other gewgaws, that it was almost impossible to distinguish the capricious brute's sour crabbed profile through the mass of ornament fluttering about it.

Whenever they travel, Spaniards resume their ancient originality, and eschew the imitation of anything foreign. The national characteristics reappear in all their pristine vigour, in these convoys through the mountains—convoys which cannot differ much from the caravans through the desert. The

roughness of the roads, that are scarcely marked out, the grand savage aspects of the various places you pass through, the picturesque costume of the *arrieros*, and the strange trappings of the mules, horses, and asses, marching along in files, all transport you a thousand miles away from civilized life. Travelling becomes a reality, an action in which you take a part. In a diligence a man is no longer a man, he is but an inert object, a bale of goods, and does not much differ from his portmanteau. He is thrown from one place to the other, and might as well stop at home. The pleasure of travelling consists in the obstacles, the fatigue, and even the danger. What charm can any one find in an excursion, when he is always sure of reaching his destination, of having horses ready waiting for him, a soft bed, an excellent supper, and all the ease and comfort which he can enjoy in his own house? One of the great misfortunes of modern life is the want of any sudden surprise, and the absence of all adventures. Everything is so well arranged, so admirably combined, so plainly labelled, that chance is an utter impossibility; if we go on progressing, in this fashion, towards perfection for another century, every man will be able to foresee everything that will happen to him from the day of his birth to the day of his death. Human will will be completely annihilated. There will be no more crimes, no more virtues, no more characters, no more originality. It will be impossible to distinguish a Russian from a Spaniard, an Englishman from a Chinese, or a Frenchman from an American. People will not even be able to recognise one another, for every one will be alike. An intense feeling of *ennui* will then take possession of the universe, and suicide will decimate the population of the globe, for the principal spring of life, namely,

curiosity, will have been destroyed for ever.

A journey in Spain is still a perilous and romantic affair. You must risk your life, and possess courage, patience, and strength. You are exposed to danger at every step you take. Privations of all kinds, the absence of the most indispensable articles, the wretched state of the roads, that would offer insurmountable difficulties to any but an Andalusian muleteer, the most horrible heat, with the sun darting its rays upon you as if it were about to split your skull, are the most trifling inconveniences. Besides all this, there are the *factions*, the robbers, and the innkeepers, all ready to plunder and ill-treat you, and who regulate their honesty by the number of carbines that accompany you. Peril encircles you, follows you, goes before you, is all around you. You hear nothing but terrible and mysterious stories discussed in a low, terrified tone. Yesterday the bandits supped in the very *posada* at which you alight. A caravan has been attacked and carried off into the mountains by the brigands, in the hope that their prisoners will be ransomed. Pallilos is lying in ambush at such and such a spot, which you will have to pass! Without doubt there is a good deal of exaggeration in all this, but however incredulous you may be, you cannot avoid believing something of it, when, at each turn of the road, you perceive wooden crosses with inscriptions of this kind—*Aqui mataron à un hombre, Aqui murio de maupairada*.

We had left Granada in the evening, and were to travel all night. It was not long before the moon rose, frosting with silver the precipitous rocks exposed to her beams. These rocks threw their long strange shadows over the road we were following, and produced some very singular optical effects. We

heard in the distance, like the notes of an harmonica, the tinkling of the asses' bells, for the asses had been sent on beforehand with our luggage, or some *mozo de mulas* singing some amorous couplets with that guttural tone and peculiar far-sounding pitch of voice, so poetical when heard at night and in the mountains. The song was delightful; and the reader will perhaps thank us for giving two stanzas, which were probably improvised, and which, from their graceful quaintness, have ever since remained engraved on our memory:

Son tus labios dos cortinas
De terciopelo carmesi;
Entre cortina y cortina,
Niña, dime que se.

Atame con un cabello
A los bancos de tu cama,
Aunque el cabello se compa
Segura esta que no me vaya.

Thy lips are two curtains
Of crimson velvet;
Between curtain and curtain,
Dear girl, say to me, Yes.

Fasten me with a hair
To the frame of your couch,
Even if the hair should snap,
Be sure that I would not
leave you.

We soon passed Cacin, where we forded a pretty little torrent some inches deep. The clear water glittered on the sand like the scales on the belly of a bleak, and then streamed down the steep mountain-side like an avalanche of silver spangles.

Beyond Cacin, the road becomes most wretchedly bad. Our mules sunk up to their girths in the stones, while they had a shower of sparks round each of their hoofs. We had to ascend and descend, to pass

along the edges of precipices and to proceed in all sorts of zigzags and diagonals, for we had entered those inaccessible solitudes, those savage and precipitous mountain-chains, the Alpujarras, whence the Moors, so runs the report, could never be completely expelled, and where some thousands of their descendants live concealed at the present day.

At a turn in the road, we experienced a very tolerable amount of alarm. We perceived, by the light of the moon, seven strapping fellows, draped in long mantles, with peaked hats on their heads, and *trabuchos* on their shoulders, standing motionless in the middle of the way. The adventure we had so long panted for, was about to be realized in the most romantic manner possible. Unfortunately, the banditti saluted us politely with a respectful *Vayan Ustedes con Dios*. They were the very reverse of robbers, being Miquelets, that is to say, gendarmes! Oh, what a cruel disappointment was this for two enthusiastic young travellers, who would willingly have lost their luggage for the sake of an adventure.

We were to stop for the night at a little town called Alhama, perched like an eagle's nest upon the top of a mountain peak. Nothing can be more picturesque than the sharp angle which the road conducting to this eyrie is obliged to make, in order to adapt itself to the unevenness of the ground. We reached our destination about two in the morning, half dead with hunger and thirst, and worn out with fatigue. We quenched our thirst by means of three or four jars of water, and appeased our hunger by a tomato omelette, which, considering it was a Spanish one, did not contain too many feathers. A stony kind of mattress, bearing a strong family likeness to a sack of walnuts, was given us for a couch. At the expiration

of two minutes, I was buried in that peculiar sleep attributed to the Just, and my companion religiously followed my example. The day surprised us in the same attitudes, as motionless as lumps of lead.

I went down into the kitchen to implore them to give me some food, and, thanks to my eloquence, obtained some cutlets, a fowl fried in oil, and half of a water-melon, besides for dessert, some Barbary figs, whose prickly skin the landlady took off very dexterously. The water-melon did us a great deal of good; the rosy pulp contained inside its green rind has a most delightfully cool and thirst-assuaging look. Scarcely have you bitten it, before you are inundated up to your elbows with a very agreeably-flavoured and slightly sweet juice, which bears no sort of resemblance to that of our cantaloups. We really stood in need of this refreshing fruit to moderate the burning effects of the peppers and spices with which all Spanish dishes are seasoned. We were on fire internally and roasted externally; the heat was atrocious. We lay down upon the brick floor of our room, on which the forms of our bodies were marked by pools of perspiration. The only method we could discover for rendering the place, comparatively speaking, a little cool, was by closely shutting all the doors and windows, and remaining in complete darkness.

In spite of this Indian temperature, however, I boldly threw my jacket over my shoulder, and went out to take a turn in the streets of Alhama. The sky was as white as metal in a state of fusion: the pavingstones glistened as if they had been waxed and polished; the whitewashed walls presented a micaceous scintillating appearance, while the pitiless blinding sunshine penetrated into every hole and

corner. The shutters and doors were cracking with heat, the gasping soil was full of yawning fissures, and the branches of the vines writhed like green wood when thrown into the fire; while, in addition to all this, there was the reflection of the neighbouring rocks, which cast back the rays of light even hotter than they were before. To complete my torture, I had got on very thin shoes, through which the pavement burnt the soles of my feet. There was not a breath of air, not so much wind as would have ruffled a feather. It is impossible to conceive anything more dull, more melancholy, or more savage.

I wandered at hazard through the solitary streets, whose chalk-coloured walls, pierced by a few windows, scattered far apart, and closed by means of wooden shutters, gave them a completely African appearance, until, I will not say without meeting a human being, but absolutely without seeing a living creature, I reached the great square, which is exceedingly picturesque and quaint. It is crossed by the stone arches of an aqueduct, and consists simply of a level space cleared away on the bare rock itself, which has grooves cut in it to prevent persons from slipping. The whole of one side overlooks the abyss, at the bottom of which peep out, from the midst of clumps of trees, several mills that are turned by a torrent which foams so violently that it resembles a quantity of soap-suds.

The hour fixed upon for our departure was approaching, and I returned to the *posada* wet through with perspiration, just as if I had been out in a heavy shower of rain, but satisfied at having done my duty as a traveller, although you might have boiled eggs by the mere heat of the atmosphere.

Our caravan again set out, proceeding through most abominable but highly picturesque roads, where no other creature but a mule could have stood without falling. I had thrown the bridle on the neck of mine, thinking that he was better qualified to direct his steps than I was, and leaving him all the responsibility of passing the dangerous points. I had already had several very animated discussions with him, in order to induce him to walk beside the mule of my companion, but I was at last convinced of the inutility of my efforts. I bow, in all submission, to the truth of the saying—*As obstinate as a mule*. Give a mule the spur and it will stand still; touch it with a whip, it will lie down; pull it up, and it will start off at full gallop: in the mountains, a mule is really intractable; it feels its importance and takes a most unfair advantage of it. Very often, right in the middle of the road, a mule will suddenly stop, raise its head, stretch out its neck, draw back its lips, so as to expose its gums and long teeth, and indulge in a series of the most horrible inarticulate sighs, convulsive sobs, and frightful clucking, resembling the shrieks of a child who is being murdered. During the time it is indulging in this system of vocalization you might kill it, without being able to make it move one step.

Our path now lay through a veritable Campo Santo. The crosses erected where murders had been committed, became frightfully numerous: in the situations that were favourable to this kind of thing, we sometimes counted more than three or four crosses in less than a hundred paces; we were no longer on a road, but in a cemetery. I must own, however, that if it were the custom in France to perpetuate the memory of violent deaths by the erection of crosses, there would be quite as many of

them in certain streets of Paris as there are on the road from Grenada to Velez-Malaga. The dates of a great number of these sinister monuments are already very old; it is very certain, however, that they keep the traveller's mind actively employed, rendering him attentive to the slightest noise, causing him to look very carefully about him, and hindering any feeling of *ennui*. At every turn of the road, he says to himself, if he sees a rock that looks at all suspicious, or a mysterious cluster of trees: "There is some vagabond concealed behind there, who is the act of taking aim, and is on the point of making me the pretext for another cross destined to edify the travellers of future generations who may happen to pass by the spot."

When we emerged from the defiles, the crosses became somewhat less frequent. Our road now lay along the bases of stern, grand mountains, whose summits were cut off by immense archipelagos of mist. The country was a complete desert, with no other habitations save the reed hut of some *aguador*, or vender of brandy. This brandy is colourless, and is drunk out of long glasses filled up with water, which it causes it to turn white exactly as Eau-de-Cologne would.

The weather was heavy and stormy, and the heat suffocating: a few large drops of water, the only ones that had fallen for a space of four months, from the implacable sky of lapis-lazuli, spotted the parched sand, and made it resemble a panther's skin; however, there was no shower after all, and the canopy of heaven resumed its immutable serenity. The sky was so constantly blue during my stay in Spain, that I find the following notice in my pocketbook: "Saw a white cloud," as if such an object

was worthy of being especially recorded. We inhabitants of the north are so accustomed to behold the heavens covered with clouds, constantly varying in form and colour, and with which the wind builds mountains, islands, and palaces, that it soon destroys again to build elsewhere, that we cannot form any conception of the feeling of profound melancholy caused by this azure tint, as uniform as eternity itself, and which is always hanging over one's head. In a little village which we traversed, all the population were standing outside their houses in order to enjoy the rain, just as we should go in doors to avoid it.

The night has set in without any twilight, almost in an instant, as is the case in warm climates, and we were not very far from Velez-Malaga, where we intended sleeping. The mountain-steeps began to be less abrupt, and gradually subsided in small stony plains, traversed by streams fifteen or twenty feet broad, and one foot deep; their banks were covered with gigantic reeds. The funeral crosses again became more numerous than ever, and their white colour caused them to stand out distinctly from the blue mist of night. We counted three of them in the distance of twenty paces, but the fact is, that the spot presents a most lonely appearance, and is admirably adapted for an ambuscade.

It was eleven o'clock when we entered Valez-Malaga; the windows were joyfully lighted up, and the streets re-echoed with songs and the sounds of guitars. The young maidens seated in the balconies were singing verses which the *novios* accompanied from the street below, and each stanza was followed by laughter, shouts, and applause, which I thought would never end. Other groups were dancing the

cachucha, the fandango, and the jalo, at the corners of the streets. The guitars emitted a dull hum like that of bees, the castagnettes rattled merrily, and all was music and delight. It would almost appear as if the most important business of a Spaniard's life were pleasure; he gives himself up to it, heart and soul, with admirable ease and frankness. No nation in the world appears to know less of misfortune than the Spaniards, and a stranger travelling through the Peninsula can scarcely believe that the state of political affairs can be so serious, or that he is traversing a country which for ten years has been ravaged and laid waste by civil war. Our peasants are far from possessing the happy carelessness, the joyful look, and the elegant costume of the Andalusian *majos*, and in the matter of education they are greatly inferior to them. Almost all the Spanish peasants can write; their minds are stored with poetry, which they recite or sing without destroying the measure; they are good horsemen, and very dexterous in the use of the knife and carbine. It is true that the admirable fertility of the soil and the beauty of the climate relieves them from the necessity of that brutalizing work, which, in less favoured countries, reduces man to the condition of a beast of burden or a machine, and robs him of those two gifts of heaven, force and beauty.

It was not without a feeling of the profoundest satisfaction, that I tied my mule to the bars of the posada.

Our supper was extremely frugal; all the servants, both male and female, were gone out to dance, so that we had to content ourselves with a simple *gaspacho*. The *gaspacho* is worthy of a particular description, and we will therefore give our readers

the receipt for making it—a receipt which would have caused the late Brillat-Savarin's hair to stand on end with horror. You first pour some water into a soup-tureen; to this water you then add a small quantity of vinegar, some cloves of garlic, some onions cut into quarters, some sliced cucumber, a little pimento, and a pinch of salt. You then cut some slices of bread and let them soak in this agreeable compound, which is served up cold. In France, a dog with the least pretensions to a good education would refuse to compromise himself by putting his nose into such a mixture; but it is the favourite dish of the Andalusians, and the most lovely women do not hesitate of an evening, to swallow large messes of this diabolical soup. The *gaspacho* is considered very refreshing, an opinion which struck us, allowing scope for some diversity of opinion; yet, strange as the mixture appears the first time you taste it, you gradually grow accustomed to it, and, ultimately, even like it. By a providential chance we had, to enable us to wash down this meagre repast, a large decanterful of excellent dry white Malaga, which we conscientiously finished to the last pearly drop, and which restored our strength, that was completely exhausted by a ride of nine hours, over the most improbable roads, and in a temperature like that of a limekiln.

At three o'clock the conveyance set out once more upon its march. The sky looked lowering; a warm mist hung over the horizon, and the humidity of the air warned us that we were approaching the sea, which soon afterwards appeared in the extreme distance like a streak of hard blue. A few fleecy flakes of foam were visible here and there, while the waves came and died away in regular volutes upon the sand, which was as fine as boxwood sawdust.

High cliffs rose upon our right. At one moment the rocks separated and left us a free passage, and at the next they barricaded the road, and obliged us to wind slowly round them. It is not often that Spanish roads proceed in a right line; it would be so difficult a task to overcome the various obstacles, that it is far better to go round than to surmount them. The famous motto, *Linea recta brevissima*, would in Spain be completely false.

The rising sun dispersed the mist as if it had been so much smoke; the sky and the sea recommenced their azure struggle, in which it is impossible to say which of the two is victorious; the cliffs reassumed their varied tints of reddish-brown, shot-colour, amethyst, and burnt topaz; the sand began once again to rise in small thin clouds, and the water to glisten in the intensity of the sunshine. Far, far away, almost on the line of the horizon, the sails of five fishing-boats palpitated in the wind like the wings of a dove.

The declivities now became less steep; from time to time, a little house appeared, as white as lump-sugar, with a flat roof, and a kind of peristyle formed by a vine clustering over trellis-work, supported at each end by a square pillar, and in the middle by a massive pylone, that presented quite an Egyptian appearance. The *aguardiente* stores became more numerous; they were still built of reeds, but they were more natty, and boasted of whitewashed counters daubed with a few streaks of red. The road, which was now distinctly marked out, began to be lined on each side with a line of cactus and aloe-trees, broken now and then by gardens and houses, before which women were mending nets, and children, completely naked, playing about. On seeing

us pass by on our mules, they cried out, "*Toro! Toro!*" taking us, on account of our *majo* costume, for proprietors of *ganaderias*, or for the *toreros* belonging to the quadrille directed by Montes.

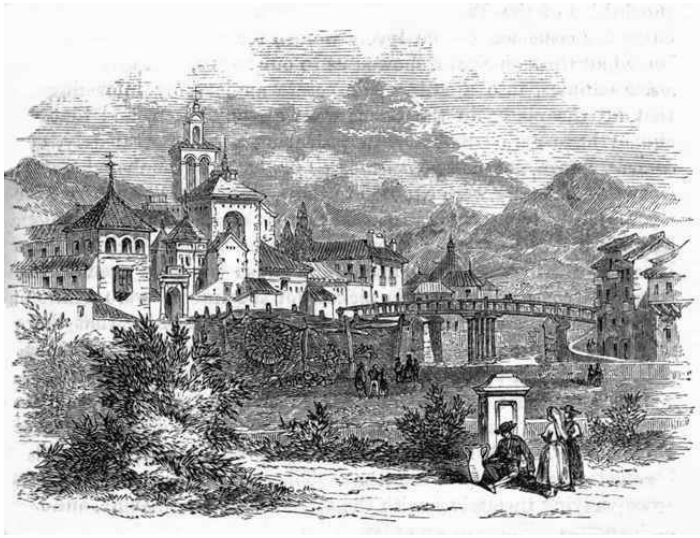
Carts drawn by oxen and strings of asses now followed at shorter intervals, and the bustle which invariably marks the neighbourhood of a large town became every moment more apparent. On all sides, convoys of mules, carrying persons who were on their way to witness the opening of the circus, made their appearance: we met a great number in the mountains coming from a distance of thirty or forty leagues. The *aficionados* are as superior, by their passionate and furious love of their favourite amusement, to our dilettanti, as the interest excited by a bull-fight is superior to that produced by the representation of an opera: nothing stops them; neither the heat, nor the difficulty or danger of the journey; provided they reach their destination and obtain a place near the *barrera*, from which they can pat the bull on the back, they consider themselves amply repaid for whatever fatigue they may have undergone. What tragic or comic author can boast of possessing such powers of attraction? This, however, does not prevent a set of namby-pamby sentimental authors from pretending that the taste for this *barbarous amusement*, as they term it, is every day gradually dying away in Spain.

It is impossible to conceive anything more picturesque and strange than the environs of Malaga. You appear to be transported to Africa: the dazzling whiteness of the houses, the deep indigo colour of the sea, and the overpowering intensity of the sun, all combine to keep up the illusion. On each side of the road are numbers of enormous aloe-trees,

bristling up and waving their leafy cutlasses, and gigantic cactuses with their green broad foliage and misshapen trunks, writhing hideously like monstrous boa-constrictors, or resembling the backbones of so many stranded whales; while here and there a palm-tree shoots up like a column, displaying its green capital by the side of some tree of European parentage, which seems surprised at such a neighbour, and alarmed at seeing the formidable vegetation of Africa crawling at its feet.

An elegant white tower now stood out upon the blue sky behind; it was the Malaga lighthouse; we had reached our destination. It was about eight o'clock in the morning; the town was already alive and stirring: the sailors were passing and re-passing, loading and unloading the vessels anchored in the port, and displaying a degree of animation which was something uncommon in a Spanish town; the women, with their heads and figures enveloped in large scarlet shawls, which suited their Moorish faces most marvellously, were walking quickly along, and dragging after them some brat, who was entirely naked, or who had only got on a shirt. The men, with their cloaks thrown round them, or their jackets cast over their shoulders, hurried on their way; and it is a curious fact, that all this crowd was proceeding in the same direction,—that is, towards the *Plaza de Toros*. What struck me most, however, in this multicoloured concourse of people, was the sight of the negro galley-slaves, dragging a cart. They were of gigantic stature, with such monstrously savage faces, possessing so little of anything human, and stamped with such an expression of ferocious brutality, that on beholding them I stopped motionless with horror, as if they had been a team of tigers. The kind of linen robe which constituted their dress rendered their

appearance still more diabolical and fantastic. I do not know what crime had brought them to the galleys; but I should certainly have sent them there merely because they were villains enough to have such faces.



MALAGA FROM THE ALAMEDA.

We put up at the *parador* of the Three Kings, which, comparatively speaking, is a very comfortable establishment, shaded by a fine vine, whose tendrils clustered round the ironwork of the balcony, and adorned with a large room, where the landlady sat enthroned behind a counter, loaded with porcelain, somewhat after the fashion of the Parisian cafés. A very beautiful servant-girl, a charming specimen of the lovely women for which Malaga is celebrated all through Spain, showed us to our rooms, and threw us, for a few minutes, into a state of desperate anxiety, by informing us that all the places in the circus were already taken, and that we should have

great difficulty in procuring any. Fortunately, our *cosario*, Lanza, got us two *asientos de preferencia* (numbered seats); it is true that they were exposed to the sun, but we did not care for that. We had long since sacrificed the freshness of our complexion, and were not particular about our bistre-coloured yellow faces becoming a trifle more sunburnt. The circus was to be open during three days consecutively. The tickets for the first day were crimson; for the second, green; and for the third, blue; in order that there might be no confusion, and that the lovers of the sport might not obtain admission twice with the same card.

While we were breakfasting, a company of travelling students came in. They were four in number, and were more like some of Ribiera's or Murillo's models than theological students, so ragged, barefooted, and dirty were they. They sang some comic songs, accompanying themselves with the tambourine, the triangle, and the castagnettes. The one who played the *pandero* was a virtuoso in his way: he performed on his ass's skin with his knees, his elbows, and his feet, and, not content with these various means of percussion, would now and then apply the dirk, ornamented with its copper circles, on the head of some *muchacho*, or old woman. One of the students, who was the orator of the band, went round to collect alms, and indulged, with an excessive amount of volubility, in all sorts of pleasantry, in order to excite the generosity of the company. "A *realito*!" he exclaimed, throwing himself into the most supplicating postures, "so that I may finish my studies, become a priest, and live without doing anything." Whenever he obtained a small piece of silver, he stuck it on his forehead, near to those he had already extorted, exactly like the Almees, who

cover their faces, bathed in perspiration, with the sequins and piastres which the enchanted Osmanlis have thrown them.

The performances were to begin at five o'clock, but we were advised to be at the circus at about one, as the corridors would be choked up by the crowd at an early hour, and prevent us from reaching our places, although they were numbered and reserved. We swallowed our breakfast, therefore, as quickly as we could, and set out towards the *Plaza de Toros*, preceded by our guide Antonio, a tall, thin fellow, whose waist was tied in most atrociously by a broad red sash, increasing still more his natural meagreness, which he pleasantly attributed to the fact of his having been crossed in love.

The streets were swarming with an immense multitude, which became more and more dense as we approached the circus; the *aguadors*, the venders of iced *cebada*, of paper fans, and parasols, and of cigars, as well as the *calessin* drivers, were creating a frightful uproar: a confused rumour floated over the town like a fog of noise.

After twisting and turning about, for a considerable time, in the narrow, complicated streets of Malaga, we at last arrived before the building, whose exterior offers nothing remarkable. A detachment of troops had considerable difficulty in keeping back the crowd, which would otherwise have invaded the Circus; although it was not more than one o'clock, at the latest, the seats were all occupied from top to bottom, and it was only by a free use of our elbows, and the interchange of a profusion of invectives, that we succeeded in reaching our stalls.

The Circus at Malaga is really antique in size, and

will contain twelve or fifteen thousand spectators in its vast funnel-like interior, of which the arena forms the bottom, while the acroteria rises to the height of a five-storied house. It gives you a notion of what the Roman amphitheatres must have been, as well as those terrible spectacles where men were opposed to wild beasts, under the eyes of a whole nation.

It is impossible to conceive any sight more strange and more splendid, than that of these immense rows of seats occupied by an impatient crowd, endeavouring to while away the hours they had to wait by all kinds of jokes and *andaluzados* of the most piquant originality. The number of persons in modern costume was very limited; those who were dressed in this manner were greeted with shouts of laughter, cries, and hisses; this improved the general appearance of the audience very much; the vivid-coloured jackets and sashes, the scarlet drapery of the women, and the green and jonquil fans, prevented the crowd from presenting that black, lugubrious aspect which always distinguishes it in France, where the sombre tints predominate.

There was a great number of women present, and I remarked very many pretty ones among them. The Malagueña is remarkable for the pale, golden uniformity of her complexion, tinging her cheek no more than it does her forehead, for her long oval face, the bright carnation of her lips, the delicacy of her nose, and the brilliancy of her Arabian eyes, which any one might suppose were tinged with henna, on account of the length the eyelashes extend towards the temples. I do not know whether we must attribute it to the severe folds of drapery round their faces, but they have a serious, passionate look, which is completely Eastern in its character, and which is

not possessed by the women of Madrid, Granada, or Seville, who are smaller, more graceful, and more *coquet*, and always thinking somewhat of the effect they produce. I saw some admirable heads, superb types, by which the painters of the Spanish school have not sufficiently profited, and which would furnish an artist of talent with matter for a series of precious and entirely new studies. According to our notions, it appears strange that women can like to witness a performance, in which the lives of human beings are every moment in danger, where blood flows in large pools, and where the wretched horses are gored until their feet get entangled in their own intestines; a person unacquainted with the true state of the case would be very likely to imagine that women who could do this were brazen-faced, shameless creatures, but he would be greatly mistaken.

Never did more gentle, Madonna-like faces, more silken eyelashes, or more gentle smiles ever watch over a sleeping child. The various chances of the bull's death are attentively observed by pale, lovely beings, of whom an elegiac poet would be glad to make an Elvira. The merit of the different thrusts is discussed by mouths so pretty that you would fain hear them talk of nothing but love. Because they behold unmoved scenes of carnage which would cause our sensitive Parisian beauties to faint, it must not be inferred that they are cruel and deficient in tenderness of soul; in spite of their presence at such sights, they are good, simple-minded, and full of compassion for the unfortunate. But custom is everything; the sanguinary side of a bull-fight, which is what strikes foreigners the most forcibly, is exactly that which least interests Spaniards, who devote their whole attention to the importance of the

different blows and the amount of address displayed by the *toreros*, who do not run so great a risk as might at first be imagined.

It was not more than two o'clock, and the sun inundated with a deluge of fire all the seats on the side we were placed. How we envied those favoured individuals who were revelling in the bath of shade, thrown over them by the upper boxes! After riding thirty leagues in the mountains, the fact of remaining the whole day exposed to an African sun, with the thermometer at thirty-eight, is rather creditable on the part of a wretched critic, who, on this occasion, had paid for his place and did not wish to lose it.

The *asientos de sombra* (places in the shade) hurled all kinds of sarcasms at us; they sent us the water-merchants, to prevent us from catching fire; they begged permission to light their cigars at our fiery noses, and kindly offered us a little oil in order that we might be properly fried. We answered as successfully as our means would allow, and when the shade, shifting as the day advanced, delivered up one of our tormentors to the rays of the sun, the event was celebrated by shouts of laughter and an endless tumult of applause.

Thanks to some jars full of water, some dozen oranges, and two fans in constant movement, we managed not to catch fire, and we were not quite roasted, nor struck by apoplexy when the musicians took possession of the places set apart for them, and the picket of cavalry proceeded to clear the arena for a whole host of *muchachos* and *mozos*, who, by some inexplicable process, found places among the general mass of spectators, although, mathematically speaking, there was not room for one more; under certain circumstances, however, a crowd is

marvellously elastic.

An immense sigh of satisfaction proceeded from the fifteen thousand breasts that were now relieved from the irksome necessity of waiting any longer. The members of the *Ayuntamiento* were greeted with frantic applause, and on their entering their box, the orchestra struck up the national airs—*Yo que soy Contrabandista* and the march of *Riego*—the whole assemblage singing them at the same time, clapping their hands, and stamping their feet.

We do not here pretend to give a detailed account of a bull-fight. We have already had occasion to describe one with conscientious accuracy, during our sojourn in Madrid, and shall therefore only relate the principal events and remarkable instances of skill that occurred in the course of the performances, during which the same combatants appeared three days without resting, twenty-four bulls were killed and ninety-six horses stretched dead upon the arena, without any accident happening to any of the combatants, with the exception of one *capeador*, whose arm was slightly gored by a bull's horn; his wound, however, was not dangerous, and did not prevent his appearance in the circus the following day.

At five o'clock precisely the gates of the arena were thrown open, and the actors in the drama about to be presented proceeded in procession round the circus. At the head were the three *picadores*, Antonio Sanchez and Jose Trigo, both from Seville, and Francisco Briones, from Puerto Real, with their hand upon their hip and their lance upon their foot, as grave as Roman conquerors going in triumph to the Capitol. On the saddles of their horses was the name of the proprietor of the circus, Antonio Maria

Alvarez, formed with gilt-headed nails. After them came the *capeadores* or *chulos*, with their cocked-hats and gaudy-coloured mantles; while the *banderilleros*, dressed like Figaro, followed close behind. In the rear of the cortége, in majestic isolation, marched the two *matadores*,—*the swords*, as they are styled in Spain,—Montes de Chiclana, and Jose Parra de Madrid. Montes was always accompanied by his own faithful quadrille, a very important thing for the safety of the combatants; for in these times of political dissensions, it often happens that the Christino *toreros* will not assist the Carlist *toreros* when in danger, and *vice versâ*. The procession was significantly terminated by the team of mules destined to remove the dead bulls and horses.

The conflict was about to commence. The Alguazil, dressed in everyday costume, and whose duty it was to carry the keys of the *toril* to the groom of the circus, had a spirited horse, which he managed very awkwardly, prefacing the tragedy with rather an amusing farce. He first lost his hat, and then his stirrups. His trousers, which had no straps, were rucked up as far as his knees in the most grotesque fashion, and, in consequence of the door having been maliciously opened for the bull's entrance, before the alguazil had had time to quit the circus, his fright was increased to a fearful pitch, rendering him still more ridiculous by the contortions he threw himself into on his steed. He was not, however, unhorsed, to the great disappointment of the vulgar; the bull, dazzled by the torrents of light which inundated the arena, did not instantly perceive him, but allowed him to escape without injury. It was therefore in the midst of an immense Homeric and Olympian fit of laughter that the fight began, but silence was soon restored, the bull having ripped up the horse of the

first *picador*, and thrown the second.

All our attention was engrossed by Montes, whose name is popular all through Spain, and whose feats of daring form the subject of a thousand wonderful stories. Montes was born at Chiclana, in the neighbourhood of Cadiz. He is from forty to forty-three years of age, and rather above the middle size. He has a serious cast of countenance, a deliberate, measured walk, and a pale olive complexion, with nothing remarkable about him save the mobility of his eyes, which appear to be the only part of his impassible face endowed with life; he seems to be more supple than robust, and owes his success more to his coolness, the justness of his glance, and his profound study of the art, than to his muscular force. At the very first step a bull takes in the arena, Montes can tell whether he is short or long sighted, whether he is *clear* or *dark*; that is to say, whether he attacks frankly or has recourse to stratagem, whether he is *de muchas piernas* or *aplomado*, light or heavy, and whether he will shut his eyes to execute the *cogida*, or keep them open. Thanks to these observations, made with the rapidity of thought, Montes is always enabled to vary his mode of defence as circumstances require. However, as he carries his cool temerity to the greatest possible lengths, he has during his career received a considerable number of thrusts, as the scar down his cheek proves, and, on several occasions he has been borne out of the circus grievously wounded.

On this occasion, he wore an extremely elegant and magnificent suit of apple-green silk embroidered with silver, for Montes is a rich man, and, if he still continues to appear in the arena, it is from a love of the art, and the want of strong emotions; his fortune

amounts to more than 50,000 duros, which is a considerable sum for him to possess, if we consider what the *matadores* have to pay for their dress, a complete suit costing from 1,500 to 2,000 francs, and, also the perpetual journeys they are always making, accompanied by their quadrille, from one town to another.

Montes is not like other *espadas*, contented with despatching a bull when the signal of his death is given. He is always on the watch, he directs the combat, and comes to the succour of the *picadores* and *chulos* in peril. More than one *torero* owes his life to Montes' intervention. One bull, that would not allow his attention to be diverted by the cloaks that the *chulos* were waving before him, had ripped up the belly of a horse that he had thrown down, and was endeavouring to do the same to the rider, who was protected by the carcass of his steed. Montes seized the savage beast by the tail, and in the midst of the frantic applause of the whole assembly, caused him to waltz round several times, to his infinite disgust; thus allowing time for the *picador* to be carried off. Sometimes he will place himself motionless before the bull, with his arms crossed on his breast, and his eye fixed, and the monster will suddenly stop short, subjugated by his opponent's look, which is as bright, as sharp, and as cold as the blade of a sword. A feat of this description is followed by shouts, bellowings, vociferations, stamping of feet and thunders of bravoes, of which it is impossible to form any idea; a feeling of delirium seizes every one present, a general giddiness causes the fifteen thousand spectators, intoxicated with *aguardiente*, sunshine, and blood, to reel upon their seats; handkerchiefs are waved, and hats thrown up into the air, while Montes alone, calm in the midst of

this multitude, enjoys in silence the profound feeling of joy which he restrains within his own breast, merely bowing slightly like a man who is capable of performing many other feats of the same description. I can easily understand a man risking his life every minute for applause like this; it is not dear at the price. O ye singers with golden throats, ye fairy-footed danseuses, ye actors of all descriptions, ye emperors and ye poets, ye who fancy that you have excited a people's enthusiasm, you never heard Montes applauded!

Sometimes the spectators themselves beg him to execute one of those daring feats in which he is always successful. A pretty girl says to him, as she blows him a kiss, "Come, Señor Montes, come, Paquirro" (which is his christian name), "I know how gallant you are; do some trifle, *una cosita*, for a lady." Whereupon Montes leaps over the bull, placing his head on the animal's neck as he does so, or else, shaking his cape before the animal's muzzle, by a rapid movement, wraps it round him so as to form an elegant piece of drapery with irreproachable folds; he then springs on one side, and lets the bull, who is unable to stop himself, pass by.

The manner in which Montes kills the bull is remarkable for its precision, certainty, and ease: with him all idea of danger ceases; he is so collected and so completely master of himself, he appears so sure of success, that the combat seems no longer to be serious, and, perhaps, loses somewhat of its exciting nature. It is impossible to fear for his life; he strikes the bull where he likes, when he likes, and how he likes. The chances of the conflict become somewhat too unequal; a less skilful *matador* will sometimes produce a more startling effect by the risks and

danger which he incurs. This will, perhaps, appear to be a piece of refined barbarity; but *aficionados*, and all those persons who have been present at a bull-fight, and felt interested in favour of some particularly courageous, frank bull, will most certainly share our sentiments. A circumstance which happened on the last day of the performances will prove the truth of our assertion as surely as it proved, rather harshly, to Montes, how strictly impartial a Spanish public is both towards man and beast.

A magnificent black bull had just been let loose in the arena. The quick, decided manner in which he issued from the *toril* caused all the connoisseurs present to conceive the highest opinion of him. He possessed all the qualities requisite for a fighting bull; his horns were long, sharp, and well-curved; his clean-made, slim, and nervous legs, showed his extreme agility, while his broad dewlap and well-developed flanks gave proof of an immense amount of strength; indeed, he was called the Napoleon of the herd, that being the only name capable of conveying a suitable idea of his incontestable superiority. Without hesitating a single instant, he rushed at the *picador* stationed near the *tablas*, overthrew him, together with his horse, who was killed on the spot, and then attacked the second *picador*, who was not more fortunate, and whom the assistants had scarcely time to help over the barrier, severely bruised and injured by his fall. In less than a quarter of an hour, six horses lay ripped open on the ground; the *chulos* only shook their coloured capes at a very long distance off, without losing sight of the barrier, over which they leaped immediately Napoleon gave signs of approaching. Montes himself appeared troubled, and on one occasion had actually

placed his foot on the ledge of the *tablas*, ready to jump over to the other side, in case he was too closely pressed; a thing he had not done during the two preceding days. The delight of the spectators was made manifest by the most noisy exclamations, and the most flattering compliments for the bull were heard from every mouth. He shortly afterwards performed a new feat of strength, which wound up the enthusiasm to its highest possible pitch.

A *sobre-saliente* (double) *de picador*—for the two principal ones were too much injured to appear again, was awaiting, lance in rest, the attack of the terrible Napoleon; the latter, without paying any attention to the wound he received in the shoulder, caught the horse under the belly, and, with one movement of his head, caused him to fall with his fore-legs on the top of the *tablas*; then, raising his hind quarters by a second movement, sent him and his master completely over the barrier into the corridor of refuge which runs all round the arena.

So great an exploit caused thunders of applause. The bull was master of the field, galloping about victoriously, and amusing himself, in default of any other adversaries, by tossing into the air the dead bodies of the horses he had already gored. The supply of victims was exhausted, and there were no more horses in the stables of the circus to mount the *picadores*. The *banderilleros* were seated astride upon the *tablas*, not daring to harass with their darts, ornamented with paper, so redoubtable an adversary, whose rage most certainly stood in no need of artificial excitement. The spectators became impatient at this pause in the proceedings, and vociferated, *Las banderillas! las banderillas! Fuego al alcade!* To the stake with the alcade for not giving

the necessary order! At last, at a sign from the director of the games, one *banderillero* detached himself from the rest, and planted two darts in the neck of the furious animal, immediately retreating as speedily as possible, but yet not quickly enough, as the bull's horn grazed his arm, and tore up his sleeve. On seeing this, and in spite of the hooting and vociferations of the public, the alcade gave the death order, and made a sign to Montes to take his *muleta* and his sword, contrary to all the rules of Tauromachy, which require that a bull shall have received at least four pairs of *banderillas* before being delivered up to the sword of the *matador*.

Instead of advancing, according to his usual custom, into the middle of the arena, Montes posted himself at the distance of some twenty paces from the barrier, in order to have a place of refuge in case of failure. He was very pale, and, without indulging in any of those sportive acts and tricks of courage which have procured him the admiration of all Spain, he displayed the scarlet *muleta*, and called the bull, who required no pressing to come up to him. Montes made two or three passes with his *muleta*, holding his sword horizontally on a level with the monster's eyes; suddenly the bull fell down, as if struck by lightning, and after giving one convulsive start, expired. The sword had pierced his forehead and entered his brain, contrary to the rules of the art, which require the *matador* to pass his arm between the horns of the animal, and stab him between the nape of the neck and the shoulders, thereby augmenting the danger of the man, but giving some chance to his four-footed adversary.

When the public understood the blow, for all this had passed with the rapidity of thought, one

universal shout of indignation rose from the *tendidos* to the *palcos*; a storm of abuse and hisses, accompanied by the most incredible tumult, burst forth on all sides. "Butcher, assassin, brigand, thief, galley-slave, headsman!" were the gentlest terms employed. "*A centa Montes!* To the stake with Montes! To the dogs with Montes! Death to the alcade!" were the cries which were everywhere heard. Never did I behold such a degree of fury, and I blush to own that I shared in it myself. Mere vociferations, however, did not long suffice; the crowd commenced throwing at the poor wretch fans, hats, sticks, jars full of water, and pieces of the benches torn up for the purpose. There was still one more bull to kill, but his death took place unperceived, in the midst of the horrible tumult. It was Jose Para, the second *espada*, who despatched the bull, with two very skilful thrusts. As for Montes, he was livid; his face turned green with rage, and his teeth made the blood start from his white lips, although he displayed great calmness, and leant with affected gracefulness on the hilt of his sword, the point of which, reddened against the rules, he had wiped in the sand.

On what does popularity depend! On the first and second days of the performance no person would ever have conceived it possible that so sure an artist, one so certain of his public as Montes, could be punished with such severity for an infraction of the rules, which was, doubtless, called for by the most imperious necessity, on account of the extraordinary agility, strength, and fury, of the animal. When the fight was concluded, he got into a calessin followed by his quadrille, and swearing by all that he held sacred that he would never put his foot in Malaga again. I do not know whether he has kept his word,

and remembered the insults of the last day longer than the triumphs and applause of the two preceding ones. At present, I am of opinion that the public of Malaga was unjust towards the great Montes de Chiclana, all whose blows had been superbly aimed, and who, in every case of danger, had displayed heroic coolness, and admirable address, so much so, indeed, that the delighted audience had made him a present of all the bulls he killed, and allowed him to cut off an ear of each, to show that they were his property, and could not be claimed either by the hospital or the proprietor of the circus.

We returned to our *parador*, giddy, intoxicated, and saturated with violent emotion, hearing nothing, as we passed along the streets, but the praises of the bull, and imprecations against Montes.

The same evening, in spite of my fatigue, I procured a guide to conduct me to the theatre, wishing to pass immediately from the sanguinary reality of the circus to the intellectual emotions of the stage. The contrast was striking; the one was full of life and noise, the other was deserted and silent. The house was almost empty, only a few spectators being scattered here and there over the melancholy benches; and yet the entertainments consisted of "The Lovers of Ternel," a drama by Don Juan Eugenio Hartzembusch, and one of the most remarkable productions of the modern Spanish school. It is the touching and poetical story of two lovers, who remain unalterably faithful to one another, in spite of a thousand various seductions and obstacles. Notwithstanding all the author's endeavours—which are often very successful—to vary a situation that is always the same, the piece would appear too simple to a French audience. The passionate portions are

treated with a great deal of warmth and impulse, occasionally disfigured by a certain melodramatic exaggeration, to which the author abandons himself too easily. The love of the Sultana of Valencia for Isabel's lover, Juan Diego Martinez Garces de Marsilla, whom she causes to be drugged with a narcotic and brought into the harem; the vengeance of this same Sultana when she sees that she is despised, the guilty letters of Isabel's mother, which are found by Roderigo d'Azagra, who uses them as a means of marrying the daughter, and threatens to show them to the deceived husband, are, perhaps, rather improbable incidents, but they afford an opportunity for touching and dramatic scenes. The piece is written partly in verse and partly in prose. As far as a foreigner can judge of the style of a language, all the niceties of which he can never fully appreciate, Hartzembusch's verses struck me as being superior to his prose. They are free, bold, animated, and offer a great variety in their form; they are also tolerably free from those poetical amplifications into which the facility of their prosody often leads the poets of southern countries. His prose dialogue appears to be imitated from that of modern French melodramas, and offends by its heavy, bombastic style. "The Lovers of Ternel" is really a literary work, far superior to the translations, arranged, or deranged, from the pieces played in the Boulevard theatres of Paris, and which inundate the Peninsula. In "The Lovers of Ternel," you perceive traces of the old ballads and great Spanish dramatists; and it is greatly to be desired that the young poets on the other side the Pyrenees would pursue this course rather than translate a quantity of wretched melodramas into a Castilian more or less pure.

A very comic *saynete* followed the serious piece. It

set forth the troubles of an old bachelor, who takes a pretty servant of "all-work," as the advertisements say. The little rogue first introduces as her brother a great strapping Valencian, six feet high, with enormous whiskers, a tremendous *navaja*, an insatiable appetite and inextinguishable thirst; she then brings into the house a cousin, who is quite as wild a gentleman as her brother, and is bristling with an unlimited number of blunderbusses, pistols, and other dangerous arms. The said cousin is followed by an uncle, who is a smuggler, and carries with him a complete arsenal and a face to correspond, to the great terror of the old man, who is very repentant for his improper levity. All these various rascals were represented by the actors in the most truthful and admirable manner. At last, a nephew appears, who is a well-behaved young soldier, and delivers his uncle from the band of ruffians who have taken up their quarters in his house, embraced his servant while they were drinking his wine, smoked his cigars and pillaged his dwelling. The uncle promises never to be served for the future by any but old men-servants. The *saynetes* resemble our vaudevilles, but the plot is less complicated, sometimes consisting merely of detached scenes, like the interludes in Italian comedies.

The performances terminated with a *bayle nacional*, executed by two couples of dancers and danseuses, in a very satisfactory manner. Although the Spanish danseuses do not possess the correct and accurate precision, or the elevated style of the French danseuses, they are, in my opinion, vastly superior to them by their graceful and fascinating appearance. As they study but little, and do not subject themselves, in order to render their bodies supple, to those terrible exercises which cause a

professional dancing-room to resemble a chamber of torture, they avoid that race-horse sort of thinness which makes our ballet-dancers look rather too deathlike and anatomical; they preserve the outlines and fulness of their sex; they resemble women dancing and not danseuses, which is a very different thing. Their style has not anything in common with that of the French school. In the latter, the immovability and perpendicularity of the upper part of the body are expressly recommended, and the body never takes part in the movement of the legs. In Spain, the feet hardly leave the ground; there are none of those grand pirouettes or elevating of the legs, which make a woman look like a pair of compasses opened to their fullest extent, and which, in Spain, are considered revoltingly indecent. It is the body which dances, the back which undulates, the sides which bend, the waist which moves with all the suppleness of an Almee or a serpent. When a Spanish danseuse throws herself back, her shoulders almost touch the ground; her arms, in a deathlike swoon, are as flexible and limp as a floating scarf; you would think that her hands could scarcely raise and rattle the ivory castagnettes with their golden strings, and yet, when the proper moment is come, this voluptuous languor is succeeded by the activity of a young African lion, proving that the body as soft as silk envelopes muscles of steel. At the present day, the Moorish Almees follow the same system; their dancing consists of a series of harmoniously wanton undulations of the bust, the hips, and the back, with the arms thrown back over the head. The Arabian traditions have been preserved in the national dances, especially those of Andalusia.

Although the Spanish male dancers are but mediocre, they have a dashing, bold, and gallant

bearing, which I greatly prefer to the equivocal and vapid graces of ours. They are taken up neither by themselves nor the public, and have not a look or a smile for any one but their partner, of whom they appear passionately enamoured, and whom they seem ready to defend against all comers. They possess a ferocious kind of grace, a certain insolently daring demeanour, which is peculiar to them. After wiping off their paint, they would make excellent *banderilleros*, and might spring from the boards of a theatre to the arena of the circus.

The *Malagueña*, which is a dance confined to Malaga, is really most poetical and charming. The cavalier appears first, with his *sombrero* slouched over his eyes, and his scarlet cloak thrown round him, like that of some hidalgo walking about in search of adventures. The lady then enters, draped in her mantilla, and with her fan in her hand, like a lady who is going to take a turn in the *Almeda*. The cavalier endeavours to catch a glance of the mysterious siren, but she manœuvres her fan so coquetishly, and so well, she shuts and opens it so opportunely, she twists it about so promptly on a level with her pretty face, that the gallant is completely baffled, and retires a few steps to think of some new stratagem. He rattles the castagnettes under his cloak. Directly she hears them, the lady pricks up her ears; she smiles, her breast heaves, and the tip of her little satin shoe marks the time in spite of her; she throws aside her fan and her mantilla, and appears in a gay dancing costume, glittering with spangles and tinsel, with a rose in her hair, and a large tortoiseshell comb at the back of her head. The cavalier then casts aside his mask and cloak, and the two personages execute a deliciously original dance.

As I returned along the beach, and looked upon the sea which reflected in its mirror of dark steel the pale visage of the moon, I reflected on the contrast between the crowded circus and the empty theatre,—on the eagerness displayed by the multitude for brutal reality, and its indifference for the speculations of the mind. As a poet, I could not help envying the gladiator, and I regretted having given up action for reverie. The day before, at the same theatre, they had played a piece of Lope de Vega, which had not been more attractive than the work of the younger writer; so that ancient genius and modern talent were not worth a thrust from the sword of Montes!

Nor are the other theatres in Spain much better attended than that at Malaga, not even the *Teatro del Principe* in Madrid, although there is a very great actor there,—namely, Julian Romea—and an excellent actress, Matilde Diez. The course of the old Spanish drama appears to be hopelessly dried up; and yet never did a more copious stream flow in a broader channel,—never did there exist a more profound and inexhaustible amount of fecundity. Our most prolific vaudeville writers are still far behind Lope de Vega, who never had any one to assist him, and whose works are so numerous that the exact number is not known, and there is hardly a complete copy of them to be found. Without including his comedies *de cape et d'épée*, in which he has no rival, Calderon de la Barca has written a multitude of *autos sacramentales*, which are a kind of Roman-catholic mysteries, in which strange profundity of thought and singularity of conception are united to the most enchanting and luxuriously elegant poetry. It would require a whole series of folio catalogues merely to enumerate the titles of the pieces written by Lope de

Rueda, Montalban, Guevara, Quevedo, Tirso, Rojas, Moreto, Guilhen de Castro, Diamante, and a host of others. The number of theatrical pieces written in Spain during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries surpasses all that we can imagine: we might as well endeavour to count the leaves in the forest or the grains of sand upon the sea-shore. They are almost all composed in verse of eight feet, varied by assonants, and printed in two columns quarto, with a coarse engraving as a frontispiece, each forming a book of from six to eight leaves. The booksellers' shops are full of them; thousands may be seen hung up pell-mell in the midst of the ballads and legends in verse sold at the bookstalls in the streets. Without any exaggeration, the epigram written on a too prolific Roman poet, who was, after his death, burnt upon a funereal pile formed of his own books, might be applied to most of the Spanish dramatic authors. They possess a fertility of invention, an abundance of incidents, and a complication of plot, of which no one can form any idea. Long before Shakspeare the Spaniards invented the Drama; their works are dramatic in the broadest acceptation of the word; and, with the exception of some few erudite puerilities, they copy neither from the Greeks nor the Romans, but, as Lope de Vega says in his "Arte Nuevo de hacer Comedias in este Tiempo,"—

" ... Cuando he de escribir una comedia
Encierro los preceptos con seis llaves."

Spanish dramatic authors do not seem to have paid much attention to the delineation of character, although fine, cutting instances of observation are to be met with in each scene. But man is not studied philosophically; and in their dramas you seldom find those episodical figures so frequent in England's great tragic poet,—those life-like sketches which are

only indirectly connected with the action of the piece, and have no other object than that of presenting another phase of the human soul, another original individuality, or reflection of the poet's mind. The Spanish author rarely allows the public to perceive anything of his own peculiar character until he asks pardon, at the conclusion of the drama, for the faults of which he has been guilty.

The *primum mobile* in Spanish pieces is the point of honour.

"Los Cusos de la honra son mejores,
Porque mueven con fuerza a toda gente,
Con ellos las acciones virtuosas
Que la virtud es donde quiera amada,"

says Lope de Vega, who was a pretty good judge in the matter, and did not fail to follow his own precept. The point of honour played the same part in the Spanish comedies as Fatality did in the tragedies of the Greeks. Its inflexible laws and cruel alternatives easily gave rise to dramatic scenes of deep interest. *El Pundonor*, which was a kind of chivalric religion, with its own laws, subtleties, and niceties, is far superior to the Ἀνάγκη, or Fatality of the ancients, whose blow fell blindly, and by mere chance, on the innocent, as well as on the guilty. When a person reads the Greek tragic authors, his mind frequently revolts at the situation of the hero, who is equally guilty, whether he acts or no; but the point of honour of the Castilians is always perfectly logical, and consonant with itself. Besides, it is only an exaggerated representative of all human virtues carried to the highest pitch of susceptibility. In his most horrible fits of rage, and in his most frightful acts of revenge, the hero maintains a noble and solemn attitude. It is always in the name of loyalty, conjugal fidelity, respect for his ancestors, and the

honour of his name, that he draws his iron-hilted sword, frequently against those whom he loves with all his soul, and whom he is compelled by stern necessity to immolate. From this struggle of the passions with the point of honour springs the interest of most of the pieces of the old Spanish theatre, a profound and sympathetic interest keenly felt by the spectators, who in a similar position would not have acted otherwise than the personages of the drama. We can no longer be astonished at the prodigious fertility of the old dramatists of the Peninsula, when we reflect upon the inexhaustible nature of their subject, which was so well suited to the manners of the times. Another source of interest, not less rich, was found in virtuous actions, chivalric devotion, sublime self-abnegation, supernatural passion, and ideal delicacy, resisting the most skilfully-combined plots, and the most complicated intrigues. In cases of this description, the poet seems to have undertaken the task of representing to the spectators a finished model of human perfection, heaping on the head of his prince or princess all the good qualities on which he can lay his hand, and making them more careful of their purity than the white ermine, who prefers death to a single spot upon its snow-like fur.

A profound sentiment of catholicism and feudal customs pervades the whole Spanish theatre, which is truly national, both in matter and form. The division of the pieces into three days adopted by the Spanish authors, is certainly the most reasonable and most logical. Every well-constructed dramatic piece naturally consists of the exposition, the complicated consequences arising therefrom, and the unravelling of the same. This is an arrangement we should do well to adopt, in place of the ancient form in five acts, two of which are often useless, the second and

the fourth.

It must not, however, be supposed that the old Spanish pieces were exclusively sublime. The grotesque, that indispensable element of mediæval art, is often introduced under the form of the *gracioso*, or *bobo* (simpleton), who enlivens the serious portion of the action by pleasantries and jokes more or less broad, producing, in contrast to the hero, the same effect as the misshapen dwarfs playing, in their many-coloured doublets, with greyhounds bigger than themselves, as we see them represented by the side of kings and princes, in the old pictures of public galleries.

Moratin, the author of the "Si de las Niñas" and "El Café," whose tombs may be seen in Père la Chaise at Paris, was the last reflection of dramatic art in Spain, just as the old painter Goya, who died at Bordeaux, in 1828, was the last whom we could look on as a descendant of the great Velasquez.

At present, hardly anything else is played in Spanish theatres but translations of French dramas and vaudevilles. At Jaen, in the very heart of Andalusia, they give "Le Sonneur de Saint Paul;" at Cadiz, which is but two steps from Africa, "Le Gamin de Paris." The "Saynetes," which were formerly so gay and so original, and possessing such a strong local tinge, are at present nothing save imitations of the repertory of the Théâtre des Variétés. Not to speak of Don Martinez de la Rosa, and Don Antonio Gil y Zarate, who already belong to a less recent period, the Peninsula can still boast of several young and talented authors of great promise; but public attention in Spain, as in France, is diverted from the stage by the gravity of political events. Hartzembusch, the author of the "Lovers of Ternel;"

Castro y Orozco, to whose pen we owe "Fray Luis de Leon, or the Age and the World;" Zorilla, who brought out successfully the drama of "El Rey y el Zapatero;" Breton de los Herreros, the Duke de Rivas, Larra, who committed suicide for love; Espronceda, whose death has just been announced in the papers, and whose writings were characterized by a wild and passionate energy, sometimes worthy of his model, Byron, are—alas! in speaking of the last two we must say, were, men of great literary merit, ingenious, elegant, and easy poets, who might take their places by the side of the old masters, did they not want what we all want,—namely, a sure and certain point to start from, a stock of ideas common both to them and the public. The point of honour and the heroism of the old pieces are either no longer understood or appear ridiculous, and the belief of modern times is not sufficiently definite to enable poets to describe it in their verse.

We must not, therefore, be too severe in judging the crowd, who rush to the bull-ring and seek for emotion where it is to be found; after all, it is not the people's fault that the stage is not more attractive; all the worse for us poets, if we allow ourselves to be beaten by the gladiators. In conclusion, it is more healthy both for the mind and the body to see a brave man kill a savage beast beneath the canopy of heaven, than to listen to an actor without talent singing some obscene vaudeville, or spouting a number of sophisticated lines before a row of smoky footlights.

CHAPTER XII.

FROM MALAGA TO SEVILLE.

The Four-wheeled Galera—Caratraca—The "Mayoral"—Ecija—The "Calle de los Caballeros"—La Carlotta—Cordova—The Archangel Raphael—The Mosque—Caliph Abderama—The Guadalquiver—Road to Seville.

As yet we were only acquainted with the *galera* on two wheels; we now had the pleasure of making a trial of one on four. An amiable vehicle of this description happened to be about starting for Cordova; it was already occupied with a Spanish family, and we helped to fill it still more. Just fancy rather a low wagon, with its sides formed of a number of wooden spokes at a considerable distance from each other, and having no bottom save a strip of spartum on which the trunks and packages are heaped, without much attention to the irregularities of surface which they may present. Above the luggage are thrown two or three mattresses, or, to speak more correctly, two or three linen sacks, in which a few tufts of wool but very slightly carded, float about, and on these mattresses the unfortunate travellers are stretched transversely, in a position very similar (excuse the triviality of the comparison) to that of calves that are being carried to market. The only difference is, that the travellers do not have their feet tied, but their situation is not much more comfortable for all that. The top consists of a coarse cloth, stretched on wooden hoops, and the whole machine is driven by a *mayoral* and dragged by four mules.

Our fellow-travellers consisted of the family of an engineer, who was rather a well educated man, and spoke very good French. They were accompanied by a tall, villanous, fantastic-looking individual, who had formerly been a brigand in Jose Maria's gang, and who was now a superintendent of mines. This gentleman followed the *galera* on horseback, with a knife stuck in his girdle and a carbine slung at his saddle-bow. The engineer appeared to entertain a high opinion of him, and spoke in very favourable terms of his probity, of which he was perfectly convinced in spite of the superintendent's old trade. It is true that in speaking of Jose Maria himself, he told me several times that he was a brave and worthy man. This opinion, which would strike us as slightly paradoxical in the case of a highway robber, is that of the most honourable persons in Andalusia. On this point, Spain is still Arabian, and brigands very frequently are looked upon as heroes. This is less strange than it may at first appear, especially in southern countries, where men's minds are so easily acted on. Is it not certain that the contempt of death, audacity, coolness, bold and prompt determination, address, and bodily strength, and all the kind of grandeur which belongs to a man who revolts against society, as well as the qualities which exercise so great an influence over minds as yet but little civilized, are exactly those which constitute great characters, and is the people so very wrong in admiring them in these energetic individuals, even although they employ them in a reprehensible manner?

The cross-road along which we were journeying ascended and descended rather abruptly through a country dented with hills and furrowed by narrow valleys, the bottom of which was occupied by the dry

beds of torrents, and bristling with enormous stones that jolted us most atrociously, and elicited loud screams from the women and children. On our road we noticed some admirably coloured and poetical effects of sunset. The mountains in the distance assumed a variety of purple and violet hues, tinged with gold, of the most extraordinary warmth and intensity, while the total absence of vegetation imparted to the whole scene, consisting exclusively of ground and sky, a look of grand nudity and savage severity that is to be found in no other country, and which no painter has yet transferred to canvass. We halted for a few hours at nightfall, in a little hamlet of three or four houses, in order to rest our mules and obtain some refreshment: but with the thoughtlessness of true French travellers, although a sojourn of five months in Spain ought to have rendered us more prudent, we had brought nothing with us from Malaga, and the consequence was that we were obliged to sup on dry bread and white wine, which a woman in the *posada* was obliging enough to procure for us, for Spanish safes and cellars do not participate in that horror which Nature is said to entertain for a vacuum, but contain nothing with the most perfect tranquillity of conscience.

About one o'clock in the morning we set out again; and, in spite of the awful jolting, of the engineer's children rolling over us, and of the knocks that our heads received from bumping against the spokes of the wagon, we soon fell asleep. When the sun came and tickled our noses with one of his rays, as with a golden ear of corn, we were near Caratraca, an insignificant village which is not marked in the map, and which is only remarkable for its sulphurous springs, which are very beneficial in diseases of the skin, and attract to this remote spot a population that

is rather suspicious and not calculated to prove very desirable company. Gambling is carried on there to a frightful extent, and although it was still very early, the cards and ounces of gold were passing from hand to hand. It was something hideous to see these invalids with their green, cadaverous faces, rendered still more ugly by rapacity, slowly stretching out their fingers and seizing convulsively their prey. The houses of Caratraca, like those of all Andalusian villages, are whitewashed; and this, in conjunction with the bright colour of the tiles, the festoons of the vines, and the shrubs growing around, gives them a comfortable, holiday look, very different from the picture we are accustomed to draw, in other parts of Europe, of Spanish filth; this notion is generally false, and the fact of its ever having been entertained can only be attributed to some miserable hamlets in Castile, whose wretchedness is equalled and even surpassed by some that we possess in Brittany.

In the courtyard of the inn, our attention was attracted by a number of coarse frescoes, representing, with primitive simplicity, bull-fights: round the pictures were *coplas* in honour of Paquirro Montes and his quadrille. The name of Montes enjoys the same kind of universal popularity in Andalusia as that of Napoleon does with us; walls, fans, and snuff-boxes are ornamented with his portrait; and the English, who always turn the public taste—whatever it may be—to good account, send from Gibraltar thousands of handkerchiefs with red, violet, and yellow printed portraits of the celebrated *matador*, accompanied by verses in his praise.

Remembering our famished condition the night before, we purchased some provisions from our host, and among other articles, a ham, for which he made

us pay an exorbitant price. A great deal has been said about highway robberies, but it is not on the highway that the danger exists; it is at the road-side, in the inns, that you are robbed and pillaged with the most perfect safety to those that plunder you, without your possessing the right of having recourse to your weapons of defence, and discharging your carbine at the waiter who brings you your bill. I pity the brigands from the bottom of my heart; such landlords as those in Spain do not leave much for them, and only deliver travellers into their hands, like so many lemons with the juice squeezed out. In other countries, landlords make you pay a high price for the things with which they supply you, but in Spain you pay for the absence of everything with its weight in gold.

After we had taken our siesta, the mules were put to the *galera*, each person resumed his place, the *escopetero* bestrode his little mountain-steed, the *mayoral* laid in a stock of small flint-stones to hurl at the ears of his mules, and we set out once more on our journey. The country through which we passed was savage without being picturesque. We beheld nothing but bare, naked, sterile, rugged hills, stony torrent-beds, like scars made in the ground by the winter's rains, and woods of olive-trees, whose pale foliage, powdered over with dust, did not suggest the least idea of refreshing verdure. Here and there, on the gaping sides of the rocks of turf and chalk, was a solitary tuft of fennel, whitened by the heat; on the powdery road were the marks of serpents and vipers, while, over the whole, was a sky as glowing as the roof of an oven and not a gust of wind, not even so much as the slightest breath of air! The grey sand which was raised by the hoofs of the mules fell again without the least eddy to the ground. You might

have made iron red-hot in the sun, which darted its rays on the cloth covering of our *galera*, in which we were ripening like melons under a glass frame. From time to time, we got out and walked a short distance, keeping in the shade projected by the body of the horse or the wagon; when we had stretched our legs somewhat, we would scramble in again, slightly crushing the children and their mother, for we could not reach our seats except by crawling on all fours under the elliptical arch formed by the tilted roof of the *galera*. By dint of crossing quagmires and ravines, and making short cuts over fields, we lost our way. Our *mayoral*, in the hope of coming into the right road again, still went on, as if he was perfectly aware where he was going, for *corsarios* and guides will never own that they have lost themselves till they are reduced to extremities, and have taken you five or six leagues out of the right direction. I must, in justice, say, however, that nothing could be easier than to lose oneself on this fabulous road, which was scarcely marked out, and intersected every moment by deep ravines. At length we found ourselves in the midst of large fields, dotted here and there by olive-trees, with misshapen, dwarfish trunks, and frightful forms, without the slightest signs of a human habitation or a living being. Since the morning, we had met only one half-naked *muchacho* driving before him, in a cloud of dust, half-a-dozen black pigs. Night set in, and, to augment our misfortunes, there was no moon, so that we had nothing but the uncertain light of the stars to guide us.

The *mayoral* left his seat every instant to feel the ground with his hands, in the hopes of finding some rut or wheelmark which might direct him to the right road, but all his efforts were in vain, and,

greatly against his inclination, he was under the necessity of informing us that he had lost his way, and did not know where he was: he could not understand it; he had made the journey twenty times, and would have undertaken to go to Cordova with his eyes shut. All this appeared rather suspicious, and the idea then struck us that we were, perhaps, purposely brought there in order to be attacked and plundered. Our situation was not an agreeable one, even supposing this were not the case; we were benighted in a remote spot, far from all human help, in a country which enjoys the reputation of concealing more robbers than all the other provinces of Spain united. These reflections doubtlessly suggested themselves also to the minds of the engineer and his friend, the former associate of Jose Maria, who, of course, was not a bad judge in such matters, for they silently loaded their own carbines with ball, and performed the same operation on two others that were placed inside the *galera*; they then handed us one apiece without uttering a syllable, a mode of proceeding that was exceedingly eloquent. The *mayoral* was thus left without arms, and, even had he been in collusion with the brigands, was reduced to a state of helplessness. However, after wandering about at hazard, during two or three hours, we perceived a light glittering like a glow-worm under the branches, at a long distance from us. We immediately adopted it as our polar star, and started off towards it in as direct a line as possible, at the risk of being overturned every moment. Sometimes a rise in the ground would conceal it from our eyes, and all nature seemed to be extinguished. Suddenly it would again appear, and our hopes returned with it. At last we arrived sufficiently near a farm-house to

distinguish the windows, which was the sky in which our star was shining under the form of a copper lamp. A number of the peculiar wagons drawn by oxen, and of agricultural instruments, scattered here and there, completely restored our confidence, for we were not, at first, sure that we had not fallen into some den of thieves, some *posada de barrateros*. The dogs, having smelt us out, began barking furiously, so that the whole farm was soon in a state of commotion. The peasants came out with their muskets in their hands to discover the cause of this nocturnal alarm, and having satisfied themselves that we were honest travellers who had lost our way, politely invited us to enter and rest ourselves in the farm.

The worthy people were just going to sup. A wrinkled, bronzed, and, so to speak, mummified old woman, whose skin formed, at all her joints, large folds like a Hessian boot, was preparing a gigantic *gaspacho* in a red earthen pan. Five or six magnificent greyhounds, with thin backs, broad chests, and splendid ears, and who were worthy of being in the kennel of a king, followed the old woman's movements with unflagging attention, and the most melancholy look of admiration that can possibly be conceived. But this delicious repast was not intended for them; in Andalusia it is the men, and not the dogs, who eat soup made of bread-crusts steeped in water. Some cats, whom the absence of ears and tails—for in Spain these ornamental superfluities are always cut off—cause to resemble Japanese monsters—were also watching these savoury preparations, only at a greater distance. A plateful of the said *gaspacho*, two slices of our own ham, and a few bunches of grapes, of the colour of amber, composed our supper, which we were obliged

to defend from the greyhounds, who were encroachingly familiar, and, under pretence of licking us, literally tore the meat out of our mouths. We rose from our seats, and eat standing up, with our plates in our hands, but the diabolical brutes got on their hind legs, and, throwing their fore-paws over our shoulders, were thus on a level with the coveted food. Even if they did not actually carry it off, they at least gave it two or three licks with their tongues, and thus contrived to obtain the first taste of its flavour. It appeared to us that these greyhounds must have been descended in a right line from the famous dog, whose history Cervantes, however, has not written in his Dialogues. This illustrious animal held the office of dish-washer in a Spanish *fonda*, and when the girl was blamed because the plates were not clean, she swore by everything she held holy, that they had been washed in six waters *por siete Aguas*. *Siete Aguas* was the name of the dog, who was so called because he licked the plates so scrupulously clean, that any one would have supposed that they had been washed in six different waters; on the day in question he must have performed his work in a slovenly manner. The greyhounds of the farm certainly belonged to the same breed.

Our hosts gave us a young boy as guide, who was well acquainted with the road, and who took us safely to Ecija, which we reached about ten o'clock in the morning.

The entrance to Ecija is rather picturesque. You pass over a bridge, at the end of which is a gateway like a triumphal arch. This bridge is thrown over a river, which is no other than the Genil of Granada, and which is obstructed by ancient arches and

milldams. When you have passed the bridge, you find yourself in an open square, planted with trees, and ornamented with two rather strange monuments. The first is a gilt statue of the Holy Virgin, placed upon a column, the pedestal of which evidently forms a kind of chapel, decorated with pots of artificial flowers, votive offerings, crowns formed of the pith of rushes, and all the other gewgaws of Meridional devotion. The second is a gigantic Saint Christopher, also of gilt metal, with his hand resting upon a palm-tree, a sort of walking-stick in keeping with his immense size; on his shoulder he bears, with the most prodigious contraction of all his muscles, and with as great an effort as if he were raising a house, an exceedingly small infant Jesus, of the most delicate and charming style. This colossus, said to be the work of the Florentine sculptor, Torregiano, who flattened, with a blow of his fist, Michael Angelo's nose, is stuck upon a Solomonic column (as wreathed columns are here called) of light, rose-coloured granite, the spiral wreaths of which end half-way up in a mass of volutes and extravagant flower-work. I am very partial to statues placed in this position; they produce a greater effect, and are seen advantageously at a longer distance. The ordinary pedestals have a kind of flat, massive look, which takes away from the lightness of the figures which they support.

Although Ecija lies out of the ordinary route of tourists, and is generally but little known, it is a very interesting town, and very original and peculiar in its appearance. The spires which form the sharper angles in its outline are neither Byzantine, nor Gothic, nor in the Renaissance style; they are Chinese, or rather Japanese, and you might easily mistake them for the turrets of some *miao* dedicated

to Kong-fu-Tzee, Buddha, or Fo; for the walls are entirely covered with porcelain tiles of the most vivid tints, while the roofs are formed of varnished white and green tiles, arranged like the squares of a chessboard, and presenting one of the most curious sights in the world. The rest of the buildings are not less chimerical. The love of distorted lines is carried to the utmost possible lengths. You see nothing but gilding, incrustation, breccia, and various-coloured marbles, rumpled about as if they were cloth and not stone, garlands of flowers, lovers'-knots, and bloated angels, all coloured and painted in the most profuse manner and sublime bad taste.

The *Calle de los Caballeros*, where the nobility reside and the finest mansions are situated, is truly a miraculous specimen of this style: you have some difficulty in believing that you are in a real street, between houses that are inhabited by ordinary human beings. Nothing is straight, neither the balconies, the railings, nor the friezes; everything is twisted and tortured all sorts of ways, and ornamented with a profusion of flowers and volutes. You could not find a single square inch which is not guilloched, festooned, gilt, carved, or painted; the whole place is a most harsh and extravagant specimen of the style termed in France *rococo*, and presents a crowding together of ornament that French good taste, even during its most depraved epochs, has always successfully avoided. This Pompadour-Dutch-Chinese style of architecture amuses and surprises you in Andalusia. The common houses are whitewashed, and their dazzling walls stand out wonderfully from the deep azure of the sky, while their flat roofs, little windows, and *miradores*, reminded us of Africa, which was already sufficiently suggested to our minds by thirty-seven

degrees of Réaumur, which is the customary temperature of the place during a cool summer. Ecija is called the Stove of Andalusia, and never was a surname more richly merited. The town is situated in a basin, and surrounded by sandy hills which shield it from the wind, and reflect the sun's rays like so many concentric mirrors. Every one in the place is absolutely fried, but this did not prevent us from walking about all over it while our breakfast was being prepared. The *Plaza Mayor* has a very original look, with its pillared houses, its long rows of windows, its arcades, and its projecting balconies.

Our *parador* was tolerably comfortable; they gave us a meal that was almost human, and we partook of it with a degree of sensuality very allowable after so many privations. A long siesta, in a large room, carefully shut up, very dark, and well watered, completely restored us; and when, about three o'clock, we again got into the *galera*, it was with a quiet air of perfect resignation that we did so.

The road from Ecija to La Carlotta, where we were to pass the night, traverses a very uninteresting country, which appeared to be arid and dusty, or at least the season gave it that look; it has not left any very remarkable impression on my mind. A few olive plantations and clumps of oak-trees appeared from time to time, and the aloes displayed their bluish foliage which is always so characteristic. The dog belonging to the superintendent of mines (for, besides the children, we had some quadrupeds in our menagerie) started a few partridges, two or three of which were brought down by my companion. This was the most remarkable event during this stage.

La Carlotta, where we stopped for the night, is an unimportant hamlet. The inn is an ancient convent,

which had first been turned into barracks, as is almost always the case in times of revolution, military men feeling at their ease, and installing themselves in buildings arranged for monastic life more easily than any other class of persons. Long-arched cloisters formed a covered gallery all round the four sides of the courtyard. In the middle of one of the sides yawned the black mouth of an enormous and very deep well, which promised the luxury of some very cold and very clear water. On leaning over the edge, I saw that the interior was completely lined with plants of the most beautiful green, that had sprung up between the stones; and, indeed, to find any kind of verdure or coolness, it was necessary to go and look into the wells, for the heat was so great, that any one might have supposed it was caused by a large fire in the immediate neighbourhood. The only thing that can give the least idea of it is the temperature of those hot-houses where tropical plants are reared. Even the air burnt you, and ignited molecules seemed to be borne along in each gust of wind. I endeavoured to go out and take a turn in the village, but the stove-like vapour which greeted me the moment I had crossed the threshold, caused me to turn back. Our supper consisted of fowls cut to pieces and laid pell-mell on a bed of rice, as highly flavoured with saffron as a Turkish pillau, with the addition of a salad (*ensalada*) of green leaves in a deluge of vinegar and water, dotted here and there with drops of oil, taken, doubtless, from the lamp. After we had finished this sumptuous repast, we were conducted to our rooms, which were, however, already so full, that we sallied out to pass the rest of the night in the middle of the courtyard, with our mattress wrapped round, and a chair turned upside down instead of a pillow. There, at least, we were

only exposed to the mosquitos; by putting on our gloves, and covering our faces with our handkerchiefs, we escaped with merely five or six stings, which were simply painful, but not disgusting.

The people of the inn had a slightly hang-dog look, but this was a circumstance about which we had long since ceased to concern ourselves, accustomed as we were to meet with faces more or less repulsive. A fragment of their conversation which we overheard proved that their sentiments corresponded to their faces. Thinking that we did not understand Spanish, they asked the *escopetero* whether they could not do a little stroke of business by lying in wait for us a few leagues further on. Jose Maria's old associate replied, with most perfect nobleness and majesty, "I shall suffer nothing of the kind, as these two young gentlemen form part of the company in which I myself am travelling. Besides, they expect to be robbed, and have only as much as is strictly necessary for the journey, the rest of their money being in bills of exchange on Seville. Again, they are both strong tall men; as for the engineer, he is *my friend*, and we have four carbines in the *galera*." This persuasive mode of argument produced its effect on our host and his acolytes, who, on this occasion, contented themselves with the ordinary method of plundering that the innkeepers of all countries are permitted to practise.

In spite of all the frightful stories about brigands which are related by travellers and the natives themselves, this was our only adventure, and the most dramatic incident during our long peregrinations through the provinces which are accounted the most dangerous in all Spain, and at a time that was certainly favourable for this kind of

meeting: the Spanish brigand was for us a purely chimerical being, an abstraction, a poetic fiction. We never once perceived the least sign of a *trabuco*, and we became, as far as robbers were concerned, as incredulous as the English gentleman mentioned by Mérimée, and who, having fallen into the hands of a band of brigands who plundered him, would insist that they were only theatrical supernumeraries dressed up and posted there to play him a trick.

We left La Carlotta about three o'clock in the afternoon, and halted, in the evening, at a miserable gipsy's hut, the roof of which was formed of simple branches cut off the trees, and thrown, like a kind of coarse thatch, over cross pieces. After drinking a few glasses of water, I quietly stretched myself out before the door, upon the bosom of our common mother, and began watching the azure immensity of heaven, where the large stars seemed to float like swarms of golden bees, while their twinkling formed a kind of luminous haze, similar to that which a dragon fly's invisible wings produce round his body by the immense rapidity with which they move; but it was not long before I fell into a profound sleep, just as if I had been reposing on the softest bed in the world. I had, however, for a pillow nothing but a stone wrapt up in the cape of my cloak, while some very respectable flints were stamping an impression of themselves in the hollow of my back. Never did a more beautiful and milder night envelope the globe in her mantle of blue velvet. At about midnight, the *galera* set out once more, and, when morning appeared, we were not more than half a league from Cordova.

It might, perhaps, be supposed from my description of all these halts and marches, that

Cordova is separated by a great distance from Malaga, and that we had gone over an enormous deal of ground in the course of our journey, which did not occupy less than four days and a half. The distance we went, however, is only twenty Spanish leagues, that is to say, about thirty French ones, but the vehicle was heavily loaded, the road abominable, and no fresh mules waiting for us at regular distances. Besides, the heat was so intolerable that it would have suffocated both man and beast, had we ventured out during the time that the sun was at its height. This journey, however, slow and wearisome as it was, has left a pleasing impression on my mind: excessive rapidity in the means of transport, deprives the road of all charm; you are hurried along like a whirlwind, without having time to see anything. If a man comes to his journey's end directly, he may as well stop at home. For my part I think that the pleasure of travelling consists in travelling, and not in arriving at your destination.

A bridge across the Guadalquivir, which at this point is tolerably broad, leads into Cordova as you come from Ecija. Close to it are the ruins of some ancient arches, and of an Arabian aqueduct. The head of the bridge is defended by a large square embattlemented tower, supported by casemates of a more recent date. The city gates not being yet open, a large collection of carts drawn by oxen majestically crowned with tiaras of yellow and red spartum, mules and white asses loaded with chopped straw, countrymen with sugar-loaf hats, and brown woollen *capas*, which fell down before and behind like a priest's cape, and which are put on by thrusting your head through a hole made in the middle, were all waiting with the calmness and patience peculiar to Spaniards, who never appear to be in a hurry. A

similar crowd at one of the Paris Barriers would have created a horrible disturbance, and given vent to all sorts of invectives and abuse, but here we heard no other noise but the tinkling of the brass bell attached to the collar of some mule, and the silvery sound of that hung round the neck of the *coronel* ass changing his position, or resting his head upon the neck of one of his long-eared brethren.

We took advantage of this temporary stoppage to examine, at our leisure, the external aspect of Cordova. A handsome gateway, like a triumphal arch, of the Ionic order, and of such good taste that it might be supposed to be of Roman origin, forms a majestic entrance to the city of the Caliphs, although I should prefer one of those beautiful Moorish arches, shaped like a heart, similar to those you see at Granada. The Cathedral Mosque rises above the outer walls and the roofs of the town more like a citadel than a temple, with its high walls denticulated with Arabian embrazures, and its heavy Catholic dome cowering on the Oriental platform. It must be confessed that the walls are daubed over with a very abominable yellow. Without being precisely one of those who admire mouldy, black, leprous-looking edifices, I have a particular horror of that infamous pumpkin colour which possesses such attractions for the priests, the chapters, and the vestry-boards of all countries, since they never fail disfiguring with it the marvellous edifices confided to their care. These buildings always should be, and always have been painted even during the purest periods of the art, only the peculiar shade and nature of the coating they receive ought to be selected with more taste. At last the gates were open, and we had the preliminary gratification of being searched rather strictly by the custom-house officers; after which, we

were at liberty to proceed, accompanied by our luggage, to the nearest *parador*.

Cordova has a more African look than any other town in Andalusia. Its streets, or rather its lanes, with their confused, irregular pavement, that resembles the dry bed of some mountain torrent, are all strewn with the short straw which falls from the loads of the different asses, and have nothing about them which reminds you of the manners and customs of Europe. You walk on between interminable chalk-coloured walls, diversified at rare intervals by a few windows defended with rails and bars; while the only persons that you meet are some repulsive-looking beggar, some devotee enveloped in black, or some *majo*, who passes with the rapidity of lightning on his brown horse with white harness, causing thousands of sparks to fly up from the flints of the road. If the Moors could come back, they would not have much trouble in making themselves at home. The idea that many people have, perhaps, formed, when thinking of Cordova, that it is a town with Gothic houses, and carved, open spires, is completely wrong. The universal use of whitewash imparts a uniform tint to all the buildings, fills up the architectural lines, effaces all their delicate ornamentation, and does not allow you to read their age. Thanks to whitewash, the wall which has been erected a century cannot be distinguished from that which was erected yesterday. Cordova, which was formerly the centre of Arabian civilization, is at present nothing more than a confused mass of small, white houses, above which rise a few mangrove-trees, with their metallic green foliage, or some palm-tree, with its branches spread out like the claws of a crab; while the whole town is divided into a number of separate blocks by narrow passages,

where it would be a difficult matter for two mules to pass abreast. All life seems to have deserted this great body, formerly animated by the active circulation of Moorish blood; there is nothing of it left save the white, calcined skeleton. But Cordova still possesses its Mosque, which is without a rival in the whole world, and quite new, even for those travellers who have had an opportunity of admiring the marvels of Arabian architecture at Granada or Seville.

In spite of the Moorish airs it gives itself, Cordova is a true Christian city, placed under the especial protection of the Archangel Raphael. From the balcony of our *parador*, we could see a strange kind of monument raised in honour of this celestial patron, and we resolved to examine it more closely. The Archangel Raphael, who is standing upon the top of a column, with a sword in his hand, his wings outstretched and glittering with gilding, seems like a sentinel eternally watching over the city confided to his care. The column is formed of grey granite, with a Corinthian capital of gilt bronze, and rests upon a small tower or lantern of rose-coloured granite, the sub-basement of which is formed of rockwork, on which are grouped a horse, a palm-tree, a lion, and a most fantastic sea-monster; the whole decoration is completed by four allegorical statues. In the plinth is buried the coffin of Bishop Pascal, who was celebrated for his piety and devotion to the holy Archangel.

On a cartouche is the following inscription:

YO TE JURO POR JESU-CHRISTO CRUZIFICADO,
QUE SOI RAFAEL ANGEL, A QUIEN DIOS TIENE PUESTO
POR GUARDA DE ESTA CIUDAD.

But, the reader will ask, how was it known that the

Archangel Raphael, and not some one else, was the patron of the ancient city of Abderama? To this I reply, by means of a song or complaint, printed by permission at Cordova, and to be procured at the establishment of Don Raphael Garcia Rodriguez, Calle della Libreria. At the head of this precious document is a wood engraving, representing the Archangel, with his wings expanded, a glory round his head, his travelling-staff and fish in his hand, majestically placed between two splendid pots of hyacinths and peonies. Underneath is an inscription to this effect: "The true history and curious legend of our patron Saint Raphael, Archangel, Solicitor of the Plague, and Guardian of the City of Cordova."

The book relates how the blessed Archangel appeared to Don Andres Roëla, gentleman and priest, and made, in his room, a speech, the first phrase of which is precisely that engraven on the column. This speech, which the legendaries have perceived, lasted more than an hour-and-a-half, the priest and the Archangel being each seated on a chair opposite one another. The apparition took place on the 7th of May, in the year of our Lord 1578, and the monument was erected to perpetuate the remembrance of it.

An esplanade, enclosed by railings, stretches all round the monument, and enables it to be seen on every side. Statues in this position have something elegant and graceful about them which pleases me very much, and which serves admirably to conceal the nudity of a terrace, a square, or a courtyard that is too large. The small statue on the porphyry column in the courtyard of the Palais des Beaux Arts, at Paris, will convey a faint notion of the ornamental effect which might be produced by arranging figures

in this fashion; they assume, when so placed, a monumental aspect which they would otherwise not possess. The same thought struck me when I saw the Holy Virgin and Saint Christopher at Ecija.

We were not greatly struck by the exterior of the Cathedral, and were afraid of being wretchedly disappointed. Victor Hugo's lines:

"Cordoue aux maisons vielles
A sa mosquée où l'œil se perd dans les merveilles."

appeared before we had visited the building to be too flattering, but we were soon convinced that they were only just.

It was the Caliph Abderama I., who laid the foundations of the Mosque at Cordova, towards the end of the eighth century, and the works were carried on with such activity that the whole edifice was completed at the commencement of the ninth; twenty-one years were found sufficient to terminate this gigantic monument! When we reflect that, a thousand years ago, so admirable a work, and one of such colossal proportions, was executed in so short a time by a people who have since fallen into a state of the most savage barbarism, the mind is lost in astonishment, and refuses to believe the pretended doctrines of human progress which are generally received at the present day; we even feel inclined to adopt an opinion diametrically opposite, when we visit those countries which formerly enjoyed a state of civilization which now exists no longer. I have always regretted, for my own part, that the Moors did not remain in possession of Spain, which certainly has only lost by their expulsion. Under their dominion, if we can believe the popular exaggerations so gravely collected and preserved by historians, Cordova contained two hundred thousand

houses, eighty thousand palaces, and nine hundred baths, while its suburbs consisted of twelve thousand villages. At present it does not number forty thousand inhabitants, and appears almost deserted.

Abderama wished to make the Mosque of Cordova a place of pilgrimage, a western Mecca, the first temple of Islamism, after that in which the body of the prophet reposes. I have not yet seen the *Casbah* of Mecca, but I doubt whether it equals in magnificence and size the Spanish Mosque. One of the original copies of the Koran and a still more precious relic, a bone of one of Mahomet's arms, used to be preserved there.

The lower orders even believe that the Sultan of Constantinople still pays a tribute to the King of Spain, in order that mass may not be said in that part of the building especially dedicated to the prophet. This chapel is ironically called by the devout, the *Zancarron*, a term of contempt which signifies, "Ass's jawbone, carrion."

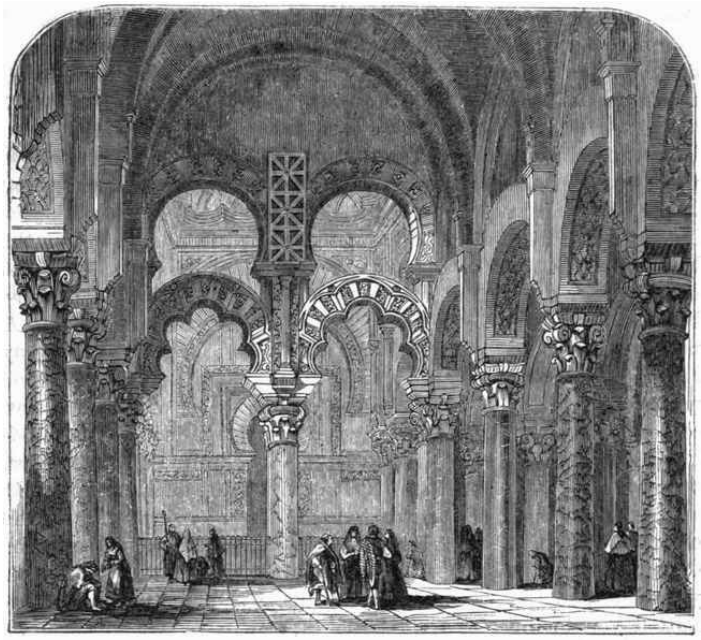
The Mosque of Cordova is pierced with seven doors, which have nothing ornamental about them; indeed its mode of construction prevents their being so, and does not allow of the majestic portals imperiously required by the unvarying plan of Roman-catholic cathedrals; there is nothing in its external appearance to prepare your mind for the admirable spectacle which awaits you. We will pass, if you please, through the *patio de los naranjeros*, an immense and magnificent courtyard planted with monster orange-trees, that were contemporaries of the Moorish kings, and surrounded by long arched galleries, paved with marble flags. On one side rises a very mediocre spire, which is a clumsy imitation of the Giralda, as we were afterwards enabled to see, at

Seville. There is said to be an immense cistern under the pavement of the courtyard. In the time of the Ommyades, you entered at once from the *patio de los naranjeros* into the Mosque itself, for the frightful wall which now breaks the perspective on this side, was not built until a more recent period.

I can best convey an idea of this strange edifice, by saying that it resembles a large esplanade enclosed by walls and planted with columns in quincuncial order. The esplanade is four hundred and twenty feet broad, and four hundred and forty long. The number of the columns amounts to eight hundred and sixty, which is, it is said, only half the number in the first mosque.

The impression produced on you when you enter this ancient sanctuary of the Moslem faith cannot be defined, and has nothing whatever in common with that generally caused by architecture; you seem rather to be walking about in a roofed forest than in a building. On whatever side you turn, your eye is lost in alleys of columns crossing each other and stretching away out of sight, like marble vegetation that has shot up spontaneously from the soil; the mysterious half-light which reigns in this lofty wood increases the illusion still more. There are nineteen transepts and thirty-six naves, but the span of the transepts is much less than that of the naves. Each nave and transept is formed between rows of superimposed arches, some of which cross and combine with one another as if they were made of ribbon. The columns, each of which is hewn out of one solid block, are hardly more than ten or twelve feet up to the capitals, which are Arabic-Corinthian, full of force and elegance, and reminding you rather of the African palm than the Greek acanthus. They

are composed of rare marbles, porphyry, jasper, green and violet breccia, and other precious substances; there are some even of antique origin, and are said to be the remains of an old temple of Janus. Thus the rites of three religions have been celebrated on the spot. Of these three religions, one has for ever disappeared, with the civilization it represented, in the gulf of the past; the second has been driven out of Europe, where it has now but a precarious footing, to take refuge with the barbarism of the East; and the third, after having reached its apogee, has been undermined by the spirit of inquiry, and is growing weaker every day, even in those countries where it once reigned as absolute sovereign. Perhaps the old mosque built by Abderama may still last long enough to see a fourth religion installed under the shade of its arches, and a new God, or rather a new prophet,—for God never changes,—celebrated with other forms and other songs of praise.



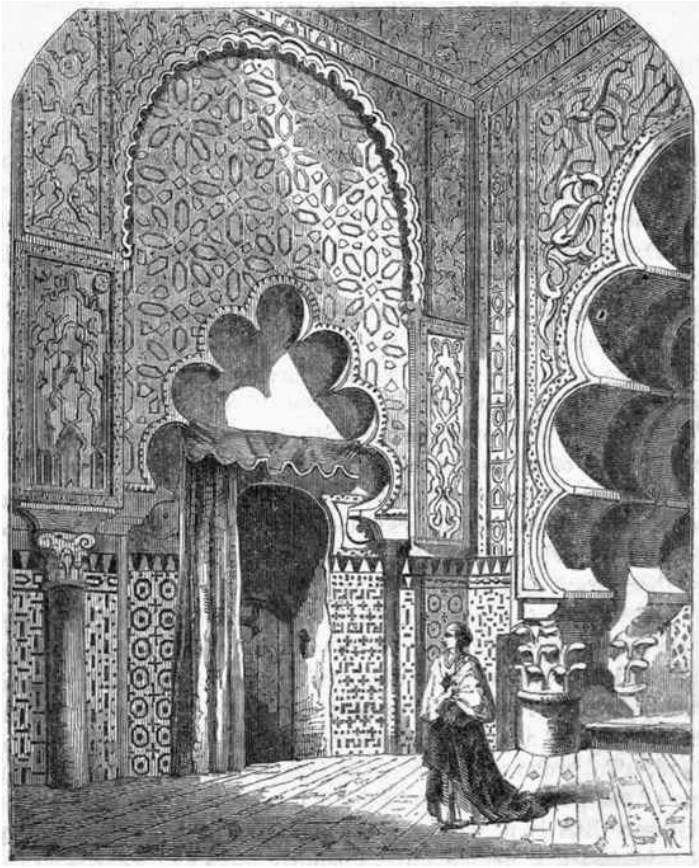
MOSQUE, CORDOVA.

In the time of the Caliphs, eight hundred silver lamps, filled with aromatic oils, illuminated these long naves, caused the porphyry and polished jasper of the columns to sparkle, spangled with light the gilt stars of the ceiling, and showed, in the shade, the crystal mosaics and the verses of the Koran wreathed with arabesques and flowers. Among their lamps were the bells of Saint Jago de Compostella, which the Moors had won in battle; turned upside down, and suspended to the roof by silver chains, they illuminated the temple of Allah and his Prophet, and were, no doubt, greatly astonished at being changed from Catholic bells into Mahomedan lamps. At that period, the eye could wander in perfect liberty under the long colonnades, and, from the extremity of the temple, look at the orange-trees in blossom and the

gushing fountains of the *patio*, inundated by a torrent of light, rendered still more dazzling by the half-day inside. Unfortunately, this magnificent view is at present destroyed by the Roman-catholic church, which is a heavy, massive building squeezed into the very heart of the Arabian mosque. A number of *retablos*, chapels, and sacristies crowd the place and destroy its general symmetry. This parasitical church, this enormous stone mushroom, this architectural wart on the back of the Arabian edifice, was erected after the designs of Hernán Ruiz. As a building it is not destitute of merit, and would be admired anywhere else, but it is ever to be regretted that it occupies the place it does. It was built, in spite of the resistance of the *ayuntamiento*, by the chapter, in virtue of an order cunningly obtained from the emperor Charles V., who had not seen the mosque. Having visited it, some years later, he said—"Had I known this, I should never have permitted you to touch the old building; you have put what can be seen anywhere in the place of what is seen nowhere." This just reproach caused the members of the chapter to hang down their heads in confusion, but the evil was done. In the choir we admired an immense carving, in massive mahogany, representing subjects of the Old Testament. It is the work of Don Pedro Duque Cornejo, who spent ten years of his life on this prodigious undertaking, as may be seen by the inscription on the poor artist's tomb; he lies stretched upon a slab some few paces distant from his work. Talking of tombs, we noticed a very remarkable one, shaped like a trunk and fastened by three padlocks, let into the wall. How will the corpse, so carefully locked up, manage on the day of judgment, in order to open the stone locks of his coffin, and how will he find the keys in the midst of the general confusion?

Until the middle of the eighteenth century, the original ceiling, built by Abderama, of cedar and larch, was preserved with all its compartments, soffits, lozenges, and oriental magnificence; it has now been replaced by arches and half-cupolas, of a very mediocre effect. The old slabs have disappeared under a brick pavement, which has raised the ground, partly concealed the shafts of the pillars, and rendered still more evident the building, which is too low for its size.

All these acts of profanation, however, do not prevent the mosque of Cordova from still being one of the most marvellous buildings in the world. To make us feel, as it were, still more bitterly the mutilations of the rest, one portion, called the *Mirah*, has been preserved as if by a miracle, in a state of the most scrupulous integrity.



CHAPEL IN MOSQUE, CORDOVA.

The wooden roof, carved and gilt, with its *median aranja*, spangled with stars, the open windowshafts, garnished with railings which render the light so soft and mellow, the gallery of small trefoiled columns, the mosaic tablets of coloured glass, and the verses from the Koran, formed of gilt crystal letters, and wreathed about with the most gracefully complicated ornaments and arabesques, compose a picture which, for richness, beauty, and fairy elegance, is to be equalled nowhere save in the "Thousand-and-One

Nights," and could not be improved by any effort of art. Never were lines better chosen or colours better combined; even those found in the most capricious and delicate specimens of Gothic architecture have something poor, weakly and emaciated about them which betrays the infancy of the art. The architecture of the *Mirah*, on the contrary, is an instance of a state of civilization which has reached its greatest development, of art arrived at its culminating point; all beyond it is nothing but a retrogression. Nothing is wanting, neither proportion, harmony, richness, nor gracefulness. On leaving this chapel, you enter a little sanctuary profusely ornamented, the ceiling of which is formed of a single block of marble, scooped out in the form of a shell, and carved with infinite delicacy. This was probably the *sanctum sanctorum*, the dread and sacred place where the presence of the Deity was supposed to be more palpable than anywhere else.

Another chapel called *Capilla de los Reyes Moros*, where the caliphs used to pray apart from the common herd of the Faithful, also offers some curious and charming details; but it has not been so fortunate as the *Mirah*, its colours having disappeared under an ignoble coating of whitewash.

The sacristies are overflowing with treasures; they are literally crammed full of monstrances glittering with precious stones, silver reliquaries of enormous weight and incredible workmanship, and as large as small cathedrals, candlesticks, gold crucifixes, and copes embroidered with pearls, the whole forming a collection that is more than royal, and altogether Asiatic.

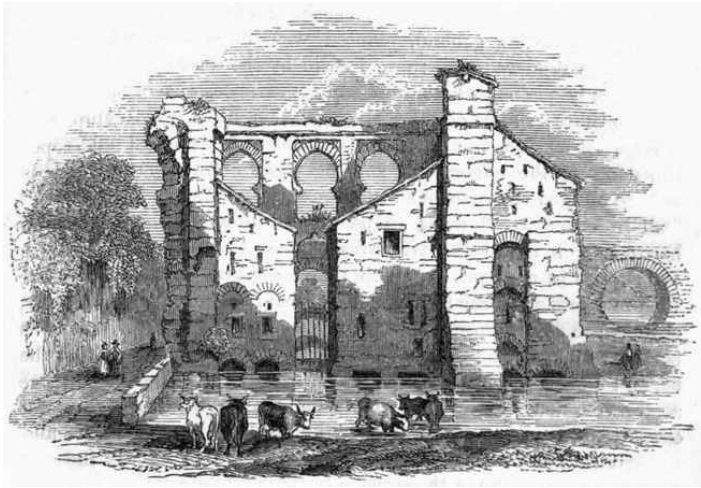
As we were on the point of leaving the building, the beadle, who had served as our guide, led us

mysteriously into a remote obscure corner, and pointed out, as an object of the greatest possible curiosity, a crucifix, which is said to have been carved by a Christian prisoner, with his nail, on a porphyry column, to the foot of which he was chained. To prove the authenticity of the story, he showed us the statue of the poor captive some few paces off. Without being more Voltairean than is necessary in the matter of legends, I can not help thinking that people must formerly have had very hard nails, or that porphyry was extremely soft. Nor is this crucifix the only one of its kind; there is a second, on another column, but it is far from being so well formed. The beadle likewise showed us an enormous ivory tusk, suspended from the middle of the cupola by iron chains, and looking like the hunting-horn of some Saracenic giant of some Nimrod of the world that has disappeared: this tusk is said to have belonged to one of the elephants employed in carrying the materials during the building of the mosque. Being well satisfied with our guide's explanations and complaisance, we gave him one or two small coins, a piece of generosity which appeared to be highly displeasing to Jose Maria's old friend, who had accompanied us, and elicited from him the following slightly heretical remark:—"Would it not be better to give that money to some brave bandit, than to a villanous sexton?"

On leaving the cathedral, we stopped for a few moments before a pleasing Gothic portal, which serves as a façade to the Foundling Hospital. Anywhere else it would be admired, but, in its present position, it is crushed by its formidable neighbour.

After we had visited the cathedral, there was

nothing more to keep us at Cordova, which is not the liveliest place in the world to stop at. The only amusement a stranger can take, is to bathe in the Guadalquiver, or get shaved in one of the numerous shaving-shops near the mosque; the operation is very dexterously performed, with the aid of an enormous razor, by a little barber perched upon the back of the large oaken arm-chair in which the customer is seated.



MOORISH MILLS, CORDOVA.

The heat was intolerable, being artificially increased by a fire. The harvest had just been got in; and it is the custom in Andalusia to burn the stubble as soon as the sheaves are carted away, in order that the ashes may improve the ground. The country was in flames for two or three leagues all round, and the wind, which singed its wings in its passage through this fiery ocean, wafted to us gusts of hot air, like that which escapes from the mouth of a stove. We were placed in the same position as the scorpions that children surround with a circle of shavings,

which they set on fire; the poor creatures are obliged to make a desperate effort to get out, or to commit suicide by turning their sting against themselves. We preferred the first alternative.

The *galera* in which we had come to Cordova took us back by the same road, as far as Ecija, where we asked for a calessin, to convey us to Seville. We succeeded in finding one, but when the driver saw us, he found us too tall, too big, and too heavy, and made all sorts of objections. Our trunks, he asserted, were so enormously weighty, that it would require four men to move them; and the consequence was, that they would immediately cause his vehicle to break down. The truth of the last objection we disproved, by placing, unassisted and with the greatest ease, the portmanteaus thus calumniated, on the back part of the calessin. The rascal, having no more objections to raise, at last decided on setting out.

For several leagues the view consisted of nothing save flat, or vaguely-undulating ground, planted with olive-trees, whose grey colour was rendered still more insipid by the dust upon them, and large sandy plains, whose uniform appearance was broken, from time to time, by balls of blackish vegetation, like vegetable warts.

At La Sinsiana, the whole population was stretched out before the doors of the houses, and snoring away in the open air. Our vehicle obliged the rows of sleepers to rise and stand up against the wall in order to allow us to pass, grumbling all the while, and bestowing on us all the treasures of the Andalusian vocabulary. We supped in a suspicious-looking *posada*, more liberally furnished with muskets and blunderbusses than cooking utensils. A number of

immense dogs followed all our movements with the most obstinate perseverance, and seemed to be only awaiting the signal to fall on us, and tear us to pieces. The landlady looked extremely surprised at the voracious tranquillity with which we despatched our tomato omelette. She appeared to consider the repast quite superfluous, and to regret our devouring so much food, which would never be of any good to us. In spite of the sinister aspect of the place, however, we were not assassinated, and the people were merciful enough to allow us to continue our journey.

The ground became more and more sandy, and the wheels of the calessin sank up to their naves in the shifting soil. We now understood why our driver had so strongly objected to our specific gravity. To ease the horse a little, we got down, and, about midnight, after having followed a road which wound round a steep rock in a zigzag direction, we reached Cormana, where we were to pass the night. Some limekilns cast their long, reddish reflection over the line of rocks, producing most powerful and admirably picturesque Rembrandt-like effects.

The room into which we were shown was ornamented with some wretched lithographed plates representing various episodes of the revolution of July, such as the taking of the Hôtel de Ville, and so on. This circumstance pleased and almost moved us; it was like seeing a piece of France framed and hung up against the wall. Cormana, which we had scarcely time to look at, as we once more got into our calessin, is a little town as white as cream; the campanilas and towers of an old convent of Carmelite nuns give it a very picturesque appearance, and that is all we can say about it.

Beyond Cormana, luxuriant plants, cactuses, and aloe-trees, which had for some time deserted us, now appeared again more bristling and ferocious than ever. The landscape was less bare and arid, and more varied; the heat, too, had lost something of its intensity. We soon afterwards reached Alcala de los Panaderos, celebrated for the excellence of its bread, as its name signifies, and for its *novillos* (young bulls) fights, to which the *aficionados* of Seville resort when the circus there is closed. Alcala de los Panaderos is situated very pleasantly at the bottom of a small valley, irrigated by a river; it is sheltered by a hill, on which the ruins of an old Moorish palace are still standing. We were approaching Seville; in fact, it was not long ere the Giralda displayed on the horizon its open lantern and then its square tower: a few hours afterwards we were passing through the Puerta de Cormana, whose arch enclosed a background of dusty light, in which galeras, asses, mules, and carts drawn by oxen, some coming to the town and others leaving it, crossed each other in a flood of golden vapour. To the left of the road arose the stone arcades of a superb aqueduct, of a truly Roman appearance: on the other side were rows of houses built nearer and nearer to each other: we were at Seville.

CHAPTER XIII.

SEVILLE.

Seville—The Cristina—The Torre del Oro—Italica—The Cathedral —The Giralda—El Polbo Sevillano—The Caridad and Don Juan de Marana.



There is a Spanish proverb, very frequently quoted, on Seville:

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

We confess, in all humility, that this proverb would strike us as more correct if applied to Toledo or Granada rather than to Seville, where we saw nothing particularly marvellous, unless it was the

Cathedral.

Seville is situated on the banks of the Guadalquiver, in a large plain, whence it derives its name of Hispalis, which, in Carthagenian, means a flat piece of ground, if we may believe Arias Montano and Samuel Bockhart. It is a vast, straggling town, of very recent date, gay, smiling, and animated, and must really appear a charming place to Spaniards. It would be impossible to find a more striking contrast to Cordova. The town of Cordova is dead; it is an ossuary, a catacomb in the open air, on which Neglect is slowly sprinkling its white dust; the few inhabitants whom you meet at the corners of its narrow streets look like apparitions which have mistaken the hour. Seville, on the contrary, is full of all the petulance and busy hum of life; the sound of gaiety floats over her at every instant of the day; she hardly allows herself time to take her siesta. She cares little for yesterday, and still less for to-morrow; she exists altogether for the present. Memory and Hope are the consolation of those who are unhappy, and Sevilla is happy. She enjoys herself, while her sister, Cordova, wrapt in silence and solitude, appears to be dreaming mournfully of Abderama; of the great captain and all his departed glories, brilliant meteors in the nights of the Past, while all she now possesses are ashes.

To the great disappointment of travellers and antiquaries, whitewash reigns supreme at Seville; the houses have a new coat of it three or four times a year; this gives them a look of cleanness and neatness, but effectually prevents any investigation of the remains of the Arabic and Gothic sculptures which formerly adorned the place. Nothing can be less varied than this network of streets, where the

eye sees but two tints—the indigo of the sky and the chalky white of the walls on which the azure shadows of the neighbouring buildings are thrown; for in warm countries the shadows are blue instead of being grey, so that the objects appear to be lighted up on one side by the moon, and on the other by the sun; the absence, however, of all sombre tints produces a general appearance of life and gaiety. Doorways closed with iron gates allow you to look through and see the *patios* ornamented with columns, mosaic pavement, fountains, flower-pots, shrubs, and pictures. As regards the external architecture, it offers no particularly remarkable feature; the houses are rarely more than two or three stories high, and you hardly meet with a dozen façades that are interesting in an artistic point of view. The streets are paved, like those of all Spanish towns, with small pebbles, but, on each side, there is a kind of pavement consisting of tolerably large flat stones on which the crowd walks in single file. If a man and woman meet, the man always makes way for the woman with that exquisite politeness which is natural to Spaniards, even of the very lowest classes. The women of Seville quite deserve the reputation for beauty which they enjoy; they are almost all alike, as is always the case in pure races of a well-defined type; their long eyes, opening to the temples, and fringed with long brown lashes, produce an effect of black and white which is unknown in France. When a woman or young girl passes you, she slowly drops her eyelids, and then suddenly opens them again, shoots at you a look so searching that you are perfectly unable to bear it, rolls the pupil of her eye, and then again drops the lashes over them. The Bayadere, Amany, when dancing the *Pas des Colombes*, was the only person who could convey the

slightest notion of the murderous glances which the East has bequeathed to Spain; we have no terms to express this play of the eyes; the word *ojear* is wanting in our vocabulary. These glances, which are so full of vivid, sudden brilliancy, and which almost embarrass strangers, have, however, no particular signification, and are cast upon the first object that presents itself; a young Andalusian girl will look with the same passionate expression at a cart passing along, a dog running after its tail, or a group of children playing at bullfights. The eyes of the people of the north are dull and meaningless in comparison; the sun has never left its reflection in them. Their canine teeth are very pointed, and, as well as all the rest, rival in brilliancy those of a young Newfoundland dog, and impart to the smile of the young women of Seville an Arabic savage expression, which is extremely original. Their forehead is high, round, and polished; their nose is sharp and slightly inclining to the aquiline. Unfortunately, their chin sometimes terminates by a too sudden curve of the divine oval of the upper part of their face. Their shoulders and arms are somewhat thin; this is the only imperfection which the most fastidious artist could find in the women of Seville. The delicacy of their articulation, and the smallness of their hands and feet, are all that can be desired. Without any sort of poetical exaggeration, there are women in Seville whose feet an infant might hold in its hand. The Andalusian beauties are very proud of this, and wear shoes to correspond. There is no very great difference between these shoes and the slippers worn by the Chinese women.

"Con primor se calza el pié
Digno de regio tapiz."

is a compliment as common in their songs as the tint

of the rose or the lily is in ours.

The said shoes, which are generally of satin, hardly cover their toes, and appear to have no heels, the latter being covered with a small piece of ribbon, of the same colour as the stocking. A little French girl, seven or eight years old, could not put on the shoe of an Andalusian of twenty. Accordingly, there is no end to their jokes about the feet and shoes of the ladies of the north. "A boat with six rowers, to row about in the Guadalquiver, was made out of the ball shoe of a German lady." "The wooden stirrups of the *picadores* might do for shoes for an English beauty,"—and a thousand other *andulazades* of the same kind. I defended, as well as I could, the feet of our fair Parisians, but I only met with incredulous listeners. Unfortunately, the women of Seville have only remained Spanish as far as the head and feet, the mantilla and the shoe, are concerned; the coloured gowns *à la Française* are beginning to obtain the superiority over the national robe. The men are dressed like plates of fashions. There are some, however, who wear small white dimity jackets, trousers to correspond, a red sash, and Andalusian hat; but this is rare, and, besides, the costume is not very picturesque.

The favourite walks are the *Alameda del Duque*, where the audience stroll during the time between the acts at the theatre, which is close at hand: and also, more especially, the Cristina. It is a most charming thing to see, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, all the beauties of Seville, in little groups of three or four, parading up and down here, and showing themselves off to the best advantage, accompanied by their lovers, present or future. They have something peculiarly nimble,

active, and brisk about them, and prance along, rather than walk. The celerity with which the fan is opened and shut in their hands, the searching power of their glance, the assurance of their bearing, and the undulating suppleness of their figure, give them a physiognomy which is especially their own. There may be women in England, France, and Italy, of a more perfect and regular style of beauty, but there are assuredly none who are prettier or more piquant. They possess in a high degree the quality called by Spaniards *la sal*, and which is some thing that it is difficult to explain to Frenchmen. It is a mixture of nonchalance, vivacity, bold repartees, and infantine manners; a grace, a pungency, a *ragoût*, as painters express it, which may be found without beauty, and which is frequently preferred to it. Thus, a person says to a woman in Spain, "How salt, *salada*, you are!" and there is no other compliment like that one.

The Cristina is a superb promenade, on the banks of the Guadalquiver, with a *saloon* paved with large stone flags, and surrounded by an immense white marble sofa with an iron back. It is shaded by Eastern plane-trees, and has a labyrinth, a Chinese pavilion, and plantations of all kinds of northern trees, such as ashes, cypresses, poplars, and willows, of which the Andalusians are as proud as the Parisians would be of aloe-trees and palms.

At the approaches to the Cristina, pieces of rope, dipped in brimstone, and rolled round posts, are always kept burning in order that the smokers may light their cigars, and not be bored by boys with coals, pursuing them with the cry of *Fuego*; an annoyance which renders the Prado of Madrid insupportable.

But delightful as this promenade was, I preferred

the banks of the river itself, where the prospect was always animated and constantly changing. In the middle of the stream, where the water was deepest, were anchored merchant schooners and brigs, their tapering masts and airy rigging standing out in clear black lines from the light background of the sky. In all directions, smaller craft were seen crossing and recrossing each other. Sometimes a boat would bear down the stream a number of young men and women, playing the guitar and singing *coplas*, whose rhymes were dispersed by the wanton wind, while the promenaders applauded from the banks. The view was beautifully terminated, on this side, by the *Torre del Oro*, a kind of octagon tower with three receding stories, and Moorish battlements: it laves its base in the waves of the Guadalquiver, near the landing-place, and shoots up into the blue air from the midst of a forest of masts and cordage. This tower, which the learned pretend to have been constructed by the Romans, was formerly connected with the Alcazar by means of walls, which have been pulled down to make room for the Cristina, and, in the time of the Moors, supported one end of the iron chain which defended the passage of the river, while the other end was fastened to stone piers on the opposite side. It is said to derive its name of *Torre del Oro* from the fact of the gold which was brought in the galleons from America having been kept there.



THE TORRE DEL ORO.

We used to go and walk here every evening, looking at the sun as it set behind the Triana suburbs, which are on the other side of the stream. A most noble-looking palm raised in the air its leafy disk, as if to salute the sinking luminary. I was always exceedingly fond of palms, and I can never see one without feeling transported into a patriarchal and poetical world, in the midst of the fairy scenes of the East, and the magnificent pictures of the Bible.

As if to bring us back to a feeling of reality, one evening, as we were returning to the *Calle de la Sierpe*, where our host, Don Cæsar Bustamente, whose wife had the most beautiful eyes and the longest hair in the world, resided, we were accosted

by some fellows very well dressed, with eye-glasses and watch-chains, who asked us to come and rest ourselves and take some refreshment at the house of some persons *muy finas*, *muy decentes*, who had deputed them to invite us. These worthy individuals seemed, at first, very much struck at our refusing, and, imagining that we had not understood them, entered more explicitly into details; but, seeing that they were merely losing their time, they contented themselves with offering us cigarettes and Murillos, —for, you must know, Murillo is the pride and also the curse of Seville. You hear nothing but this one name. The smallest tradesman, the most insignificant abbé, possesses, at least, three hundred specimens of Murillo in his best days. What is that daub there? It is a Murillo, vapoury style. And that one. A Murillo, warm style. And the third, yonder? A Murillo, cold style. Like Raphael, Murillo has three styles; a fact which allows of all kinds of pictures being attributed to him, and gives a most delicious scope to amateurs desirous of forming collections. At the corner of every street, you run against the angle of a picture-frame: it is a Murillo worth thirty francs which some Englishman always buys for thirty thousand. "Look, *Señor Caballero*, what drawing! what colouring! It is the very *perla*, the *perlita* of pictures!" How many pearls, not worth the frames and the ornaments, were shown to me! How many originals that were not even copies! This does not, however, prevent Murillo from being one of the first painters in Spain, and in the whole world. But we have wandered rather far from the banks of the Guadalquiver; let us return to them.

A bridge of boats unites the two banks, and connects the suburbs with the town. You cross it in order to visit, near Santi-Pouce, the remains of

Italica, the birthplace of the poet Silius Italicus, and the emperors Trajan, Adrian, and Theodosius: there is a ruined circus, whose form is still tolerably distinct. The cellars where the wild beasts were confined, the dressing-rooms of the gladiators, as well as the lobbies and rows of benches, can be made out with the greatest facility. The whole is built of cement, with flint-stones embedded in it. The stone coating has probably been torn away to serve in more modern edifices, for Italica has long been the quarry of Seville. A few chambers have been cleared out, and afford a shelter during the great heat of the day to herds of blue pigs, who run grunting between the visitors' legs, and are now the only inhabitants of the old Roman city. The most perfect and most interesting vestige of all this splendour that has for ever disappeared, is a large mosaic, which has been surrounded by walls, and represents Muses and Nereids. When it is revived with water, its colours are still very brilliant, although the most valuable stones have been torn out from motives of cupidity. Among the rubbish, some fragments of very tolerable statues have likewise been found, and there is no doubt that skilfully directed excavations would lead to important discoveries. Italica is situated about a league and a half from Seville, and the excursion there and back may be easily made with a calessin in an afternoon, unless you are a furious antiquary, and wish to examine, one by one, all the old stones suspected of an inscription.

The *Puerta de Triana*, also, has pretensions to Roman origin, and derives its name from the emperor Trajan. Its appearance is very stately; it is of the Doric order, with coupled columns, and is ornamented with the royal arms and surmounted by pyramids. It has its own alcade, and serves as a

prison for gentlemen.

The *Puertas del Carbon* and *del Aceite* are worthy of a visit. On the *Puerta de Jeres* is the following inscription:

Hercules me edifico,
Julio Cesar me coesco,
De Muros y torres altas
El rey santo me gano
Con Garci Perez de Vargas.

Seville is surrounded by a continuous line of embattlemented walls, flanked at intervals by large towers, many of which are at present in ruins, and also by ditches, almost entirely choked up. These walls, which would not afford the least protection against modern artillery, produce, with their denticulated Arabic embrasures, a very picturesque effect. They are said to have been begun, like all other walls and camps that ever existed, by Julius Cæsar.

In an open square, near the *Puerta de Triana*, I beheld rather a singular sight, consisting of a family of gipsies encamped in the open air, and composing a group that would have sent Callop into ecstasies. Three stakes, in the form of a triangle, made a kind of rustic hook, which supported over a large fire, scattered by the wind into tongues of flame and spirals of smoke, a saucepan full of strange and suspicious ingredients, like those which Goya knows so well how to cast into the caldrons of the witches of Barahona. By this apology for a fireplace was seated a bronzed, copper-coloured gitana, with a curved profile, naked to her waist,—a fact which proved her to be completely devoid of anything like coquetry: her long, black hair fell, like a quantity of brushwood, down her thin, yellow back, and over her bistre forehead. Through the dishevelled locks

sparkled a pair of those large oriental eyes, of mother-of-pearl and jet, which are so mysterious and contemplative that they elevate into poetry the most degraded and brutal physiognomy. Around her sprawled two or three screeching children, as black as mulattoes, with large bellies and shrunk limbs, which made them look more like quadrumans than bipeds. I do not think that little Hottentots could be more hideous or more dirty. This state of nakedness is nothing uncommon, and shocks nobody. You often meet beggars, whose only covering consists of a piece of old counterpane, or a fragment of very equivocal drawers; I have seen, wandering about the public squares of Granada and Malaga, young rascals of twelve or fourteen years of age, with less clothing on them than Adam had when he left Paradise. The Triana suburbs are particularly frequented by individuals in this costume, for they contain a great number of gitanos, whose opinions with regard to a free and easy style of dress are very advanced; the women pass their time frying different articles of food in the open air, and the men employ themselves in smuggling, clipping mules, horse-jobbing, and the like, when they are doing nothing worse.

The Cristina, the Alameda del Duque, Italica, and the Moorish Alcazar, are, no doubt, all very curious; but the true marvel of Seville is its Cathedral, which is a surprising edifice, even when compared to the Cathedrals of Burgos and Toledo, and the Mosque at Cordova. The chapter who ordered it to be erected, summed up their plans in this one phrase: "Let us raise a monument which shall cause Posterity to think we must have been mad." This was, at any rate, a good, broad, sensible way of settling matters, and the consequence was, that the artists, having full scope for the exertion of their talents, worked

wonders, while the canons, in order to accelerate the completion of the edifice, gave up all their incomes, only reserving what was barely sufficient to enable them to live. O thrice-sainted canons! may you slumber softly under the shade of your sepulchral flags near your beloved Cathedral!

The most extravagant and most monstrously prodigious Hindoo pagodas are not to be mentioned in the same century as the Cathedral of Seville. It is a mountain scooped out, a valley turned topsy-turvy; Notre Dame at Paris might walk about erect in the middle nave, which is of a frightful height; pillars, as large round as towers, and which appear so slender that they make you shudder, rise out of the ground or descend from the vaulted roof, like the stalactites in a giant's grotto. The four lateral naves, although less high, would each cover a church, steeple included. The *retablo*, or high altar, with its stairs, its architectural superpositions, and its rows of statues rising in stories one above the other, is in itself an immense edifice, and almost touches the roof. The Paschal taper is as tall as the mast of a ship, and weighs two thousand and fifty pounds. The bronze candlestick which contains it is a kind of column like that in the Place Vendôme; it is copied from the candlestick of the Temple at Jerusalem, as represented in the bas-reliefs on the Arch of Titus, and everything else is proportionally grand. Twenty thousand pounds of wax and as many pounds of oil are burnt in the cathedral annually, while the wine used in the service of the Sacrament amounts to the frightful quantity of eighteen thousand, seven hundred and fifty French litres. It is true that five hundred masses are said every day at the eighty altars! The catafalque used during the Holy Week, and which is called the *monument*, is nearly a

hundred feet high! The gigantic organs resemble the basaltic colonnades of Fingal's Cave, and yet the tempests and thunder which escape from their pipes, which are as large in the bore as battering cannon, are like melodious murmurs, or the chirping of birds and seraphim under these colossal ogives. There are eighty-three stained glass windows, copied from the cartoons of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Dürer, Peregrino, Tibaldi, and Lucas Cambiaso; the oldest and most beautiful are those executed by Arnold de Flandre, a celebrated painter on glass. The most modern ones, which date from 1819, prove how greatly art has degenerated since the glorious sixteenth century, that climacteric epoch of the world, when the human plant brought forth its most beautiful flowers and its most savoury fruit. The choir, which is Gothic, is decorated with turrets, spires, niche-work, figures, and foliage, forming one immense and delicately minute piece of workmanship that actually confounds the mind, and cannot now-a-days be understood. You are actually struck dumb in the presence of such stupendous efforts of art, and you interrogate yourself with anxiety, as to whether vitality is withdrawing itself more and more, every century, from the world. This prodigy of talent, patience, and genius, has, at least, preserved the name of its author, on whom we are able to bestow our tribute of admiration. On one of the panels to the left of the altar the following inscription is traced: "*Este coro fizo Nufro Sanchez entallador que Dios haya año de 1475.*" (Nufro Sanchez, sculptor, whom may God protect, made this choir in 1475.)

Any attempt to describe, one after the other, all the riches of the cathedral, would be an absurd piece

of folly; it would require a whole year to see it thoroughly, and even that would not be sufficient; whole volumes would not so much as contain the catalogue of the various remarkable objects. The sculptures in stone, in wood, and in silver, by Juan de Arfe, Joan Mellan, Montañes, and Roldan; the paintings by Murillo, Zurbaran, Pierre Campana, Roëlas, Don Luiz de Villegas, the two Herreras, Juan Valdes and Goya, completely fill the chapels, sacristies, and chapter-house. You are crushed by all kinds of magnificence, worn out and intoxicated with *chefs d'œuvre*, and do not know which way to turn; the desire to see everything, and the impossibility of doing so, cause you to experience a sort of feverish giddiness; you wish not to forget a single thing, and you feel every moment, that some name is escaping you, some lineament is becoming confused in your brain, some particular is usurping the place of another. You make the most desperate appeals to your memory, and lay strict injunctions on your eyes not to let slip a single glance; the least rest, even the time necessary for eating and sleeping, appears a robbery you are committing on yourself, for you are hurried on by imperious necessity; you will shortly be obliged to leave the place; the fire is already blazing under the boiler of the steam-boat; the water boils and hisses, and the chimney emits its volumes of white smoke. Tomorrow you will quit all these marvels, which, in all probability, you are not destined ever to behold again!

Being unable to mention everything, I will confine myself to mentioning the *Saint Anthony of Padua*, by Murillo, which ornaments the chapel of the baptistry. Never was the magic of painting carried to a greater length. The saint is kneeling in a state of ecstasy in the middle of his cell, all the poor details of which

are rendered with that vigorous reality which characterises the Spanish school. Through the half-open door is seen one of those long, white, arched cloisters, so favourable to reverie. The upper portion of the picture, which is inundated with white, transparent, vapoury light, is occupied by groups of angels, of the most truly ideal beauty. Attracted by the force of his prayers, the infant Jesus is descending from cloud to cloud, to place himself between the arms of the saint, whose head is surrounded by rays of glory, and who is leaning back in a fit of celestial delight. I think that this divine picture is superior to that of *Saint Elizabeth of Hungary* in the Academy of Madrid, superior to *Moses*, superior to all the *Virgins* and *Children* by the same master, however beautiful and pure they may be. Whoever has not seen the *Saint Anthony of Padua*, does not know the finest production of the Sevillian painter; he is like those who fancy they know Rubens, and have never beheld the Antwerp *Magdalene*.

Every style of architecture is to found in the Cathedral of Seville. The severe gothic, the style of the renaissance, that which the Spaniards term *plateresco*, or jewellery-work, and which is distinguished by a profusion of incredible ornaments and arabesques, the rococo, the Greek and Roman styles, are all there without a single exception, for each age has built its chapel or *retablo*, after its own peculiar taste, and even now the edifice is not completely finished. Many of the statues which fill the niches of the portals, and represent patriarchs, apostles, saints, and archangels, are made of baked earth only, and placed there temporarily. On the same side as the courtyard *de los Naranjeros*, on the top of the unfinished portal, rises the iron crane, as a

symbol that the edifice is not yet terminated, and that the works will be resumed at some future period. This kind of gallows is also to be seen on the summit of the church at Beauvais, but when will the day come, when the weight of a stone slowly drawn up through the air by the workmen returned to their work, shall cause its pulley, that has for ages been rusting away, once more to creak beneath its load? Never, perhaps; for the ascensional movement of Catholicism has stopped, and the sap which caused this efflorescence of cathedrals to shoot up from the ground, no longer rises from the trunk into the branches. Faith, which doubts nothing, wrote the first strophes of all these great poems of stone and granite; Reason, which doubts everything, has not dared to finish them. The architects of the Middle Ages were a race of religious Titans, as it were, who heaped Pelion on Ossa, not to dethrone the Deity they adored, but to admire more closely the mild countenance of the Virgin-Mother smiling on the Infant Jesus. In our days, when everything is sacrificed to some gross and stupid idea or other of comfort, people no longer understand these sublime yearnings of the soul towards the Infinite, which were rendered by steeples, spires, bell-turrets, and ogives, stretching their arms of stone heavenwards, and joining them, above the heads of the kneeling crowd, like gigantic hands clasped in an attitude of supplication. Political economists shrug their shoulders with pity at all these treasures lying idle without returning anything. Even the people are beginning to calculate how much the gold of the pyx is worth: they who once scarcely dared to raise their eyes on the white sun of the host, whisper to themselves that pieces of glass would do quite as well to decorate the monstrance as the diamonds and

precious stones; the church is, at present, hardly frequented by any one save travellers, beggars, and horrible old hags, atrocious dueñas clad in black, with owl-like looks, death's-head smiles, and spider hands, who never move without a rattling, as if of rusty bones, medals and chaplets, and, under pretence of soliciting arms, murmur atrocious propositions concerning raven tresses, rosy complexions, burning glances and ever-budding smiles. Spain itself is no longer Catholic!

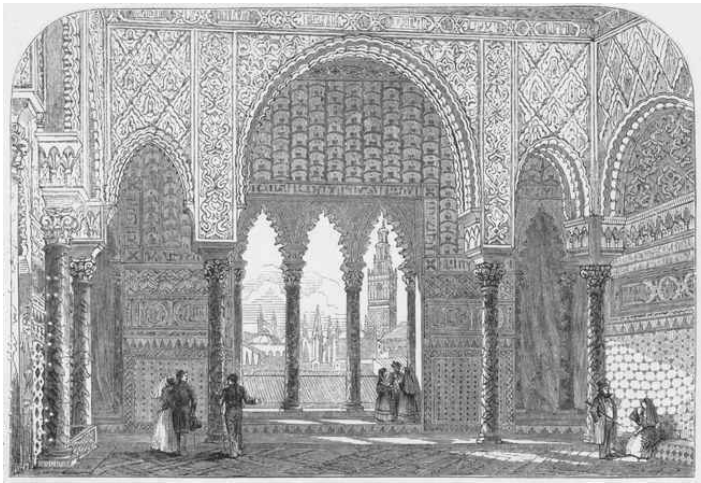
The Giralda, which serves as a campanila to the cathedral, and rises above all the spires of the town, is an old Moorish tower, erected by an Arabian architect, named Geber or Guever, who invented algebra, which was called after him. The appearance of the tower is charming and very original; the rose-coloured bricks and the white stone of which it is built, give it an air of gaiety and youth, which forms a strange contrast with the date of its erection, which extends as far back as the year 1000, a very respectable age, at which a tower may well be allowed to have a wrinkle or two, and be excused for not being remarkable for a fresh complexion. The Giralda, in its present state, is not less than three hundred and fifty feet high, while each side is fifty feet broad. Up to a certain height the walls are perfectly even; there are then rows of Moorish windows with balconies, trefoils, and small white marble columns, surrounded by large lozenge-shaped brick panels. The tower formerly ended in a roof of variously coloured varnished tiles, on which was an iron bar, ornamented with four gilt metal balls of a prodigious size. This roof was removed in 1568, by the architect, Francisco Ruiz, who raised the daughter of the Moor Guever, one hundred feet higher in the pure light of heaven, so that his bronze

statue might overlook the sierras, and speak with the angels who passed. The feat of building a belfry on a tower was in perfect keeping with the intentions of the members composing that admirable chapter, of whom we have spoken, and who wished posterity to imagine they were mad. The additions of Francisco Ruiz consist of three stories; the first of these is pierced with windows, in whose embrasures are hung the bells; the second, surrounded by an open balustrade, bears on the cornice of each of its sides these words—"*Turris fortissima nomen Domini*;" and the third is a kind of cupola or lantern, on which turns a gigantic gilt bronze figure of Faith, holding a palm in one hand and a standard in the other, and serving as a weathercock, thereby justifying the name of Giralda given to the tower. This statue is by Bartholomew Morel. It can be seen at a very great distance; and when it glitters through the azure atmosphere, really looks like a seraph lounging in the air.

You ascend the Giralda by a series of inclined ramps, so easy and gentle, that two men on horseback could very well ride up to the summit, whence you enjoy an admirable view. At your feet lies Seville, brilliantly white, with its spires and towers, endeavouring, but in vain, to reach the rose-coloured brick girdle of the Giralda. Beyond these stretches the plain, through which the Guadalquiver flows, like a piece of watered silk, and scattered around are Santi-Pouce, Algaba, and other villages. Quite in the background is the Sierra Morena, with its outlines sharply marked, in spite of the distance, so great is the transparency of the air in this admirable country. On the opposite side, the Sierras de Gibram, Zaara, and Morou, raise their bristling forms, tinged with the richest hues of lapis lazuli and

amethyst, and completing this magnificent panorama, which is inundated with light, sunshine, and dazzling splendour.

A great number of fragments of columns, shaped into posts, and connected with each other by chains, except where spaces are left for persons to pass, surround the cathedral. Some of these columns are antique, and come either from the ruins of Italica, or from the remains of the ancient mosque, whose former site is now occupied by the cathedral, and of which the only remaining vestiges are the Giralda, a few old walls, and one or two arches, one of which serves as the entrance to the courtyard *de los Nanjeros*. The *Lonja* (Exchange) is a large and perfectly regular edifice, built by the heavy and wearisome Herrera, that architect of *ennui*, to whom we owe the Escurial, which is decidedly the most melancholy building in the world; the Lonja, also, like the cathedral, is surrounded by the same description of posts. It is completely isolated, and presents four similar façades; it stands between the cathedral and the Alcazar. In it are preserved the archives of America, and the correspondence of Christopher Columbus, Pizarro, and Fernand Cortez; but all these treasures are guarded by such savage dragons, that we were obliged to content ourselves with looking at the outside of the pasteboard boxes and portfolios, which are stowed away in mahogany compartments, like the goods in a draper's shop. It would be a most easy thing to place five or six of the most precious autographs in glass-cases, and thus satisfy the very legitimate curiosity of travellers.



HALL OF DON PEDRO, THE ALCAZAR, SEVILLE.

The Alcazar, or ancient palace of the Moorish kings, is very fine and quite worthy of its reputation, but it does not surprise any one who has seen the Alhambra at Granada. You meet the same small white marble columns, the painted and gilt capitals, the heart-shaped arcades, the panels with mottoes from the Koran entwined with arabesques, the doors of larch and cedar wood, the stalactite cupolas, and the fountains ornamented with carving, which may vary in appearance, but of whose endless details and minute delicacy no description can convey an idea. The Hall of Ambassadors, the magnificent doors of which have been preserved in all their integrity, is perhaps more beautiful and rich than that at Granada; unfortunately, the authorities have hit upon the idea of hanging between the slender columns which support the roof, a series of portraits of the kings of Spain from the most ancient times of the monarchy down to the present day. Nothing could be more ridiculous. The old kings, with their breastplates and iron crowns, manage to make a

respectable appearance, but the more modern ones, with their powdered hair and uniforms produce a most grotesque effect. I shall never forget a certain queen with a pair of spectacles on her nose and a small dog upon her knees; she must feel very much out of her element. The baths, named after Maria Pedrilla, the mistress of the king, Don Pedro, who resided in the Alcazar, are still in the same state as in the time of the Arabs. The vaulted roof of the bath-room has not undergone the slightest alteration. Charles V. has left far too many marks of his presence in the Alcazar of Seville, as he did in the Alhambra of Granada. This mania of building one palace in another is as frequent as it is deplorable; we must for ever regret the number of historical monuments it has destroyed, to substitute insignificant edifices in their stead. The Alcazar contains gardens laid out in the old French style, with yew-trees tortured into the strangest shapes imaginable.

Since we have come with the purpose of visiting all the public buildings, let us enter, for a few moments, the manufactory of tobacco, which is only two paces distant. This vast building is very well adapted to the business carried on in it, and contains a great number of machines for scraping, chopping, and grinding the tobacco; these machines make a noise like that of a multitude of windmills, and are set in motion by two or three hundred mules. It is here that they manufacture *el palbo Sevilla*, which is an impalpable, pungent powder, of a yellowish gold colour, with which the marquises of the time of the Regent were so fond of sprinkling their laced shirt-frills; its strength and volatility are so great that you begin sneezing the moment you put your foot into the rooms where it is prepared. It is sold by the

pound and half-pound, in tin canisters. We were also shown into the workshops, where the tobacco-leaves are rolled up into cigars. Five or six hundred women are employed in this branch of the trade. Immediately we entered this room, we were stunned by a perfect tempest of noise; they were talking, singing, and disputing, in the same breath. I never in my life heard such a disturbance. Most of them were young, and several very pretty. The extreme carelessness of their dress allowed us to contemplate their charms at our ease. Some of them had got the end of a cigar boldly stuck in the corner of their mouth, with all the coolness of an officer of hussars, while some—O Muse, come to my assistance!—were chewing away like old sailors, for they are allowed to take as much tobacco as they can consume on the spot. They earn from four to six reals a day. The *Cigarera* of Seville is a type, as just like the *Manala* of Madrid. She is worth seeing, on Sundays or the days of the bull-fights, with her short basquina decorated with enormous flounces, her sleeves ornamented with jet buttons, and the *puro*, which she passes, from time to time, to her admirer, after having first inhaled its smoke herself.

Let us finish this inspection of the public buildings, by a visit to the celebrated Hospital de la Caridad, founded by the famous Don Juan de Marana, who is by no means a fabulous being, as the reader might suppose. An hospital founded by Don Juan!—Ay!—it may appear strange, but it is true. The following circumstance was the cause of its being erected. One night, as Don Juan was returning from some orgy or other, he met a funeral procession going to the Church of Sant-Isidore, with black penitents masked, yellow wax tapers, and, in a word, with something more lugubrious and sinister about it than an

ordinary burial. "Who is dead? Is it a husband killed in duel by his wife's lover? or an honest father, who lived too long before his wealth came to his heir?" asked Don Juan, excited by the wine he had drunk. "The deceased," replied one of those who were bearing the coffin, "is no other than Don Juan de Marana, whose funeral service we are now going to perform. Come, and pray for him with us." Don Juan having approached, saw by the light of the torches (for in Spain the face of the deceased is always left exposed to view) that the corpse resembled himself, and, in fact, was himself. He followed his own bier to the church, and recited the usual prayers with the mysterious monks: the next morning he was found lying insensible on the stones of the choir. The circumstance produced such an impression on him, that he renounced his roystering life, assumed the monkish cowl, and founded the hospital in question, where he died almost in the odour of sanctity. The Caridad contains some very beautiful Murillos—namely, *Moses Striking the Rock*, *The Multiplication of the Loaves*, two immense compositions of the richest disposition, and *San Juan de Dios* carrying a dead body, and supported by an angel, a masterpiece of colouring and chiar'-oscuro. Here, too, is the picture, by Juan Valdes, known under the name of *Los Dos Cadaveres*, a strange and terrible painting, compared to which the blackest conceptions of Young may be looked upon as exceedingly jovial facetiæ.

The Circus was shut, to our great regret, for according to the *aficionados* the bull-fights at Seville are the most brilliant in all Spain. The circus here is remarkable from the fact of its forming a semicircle, at least as far as the audience portion of it is concerned, for the arena is round. It is said that a

violent storm threw down all one side, which has not since been rebuilt. This arrangement enables you to obtain a marvellous view of the cathedral, and forms one of the finest sights imaginable; especially when the benches are filled with a brilliant crowd, resplendent with the brightest colours. Ferdinand VII. founded at Seville a School of Tauromachia, where the pupils were first exercised on pasteboard bulls, then on *novillos*, whose horns were tipped with balls, and lastly, on bulls in good earnest, until they were worthy of appearing in public. I am not aware whether the Revolution has respected this royal and despotic institution. Our hopes having been deceived, we had nothing left but to depart. Our places were already taken by the Cadiz steamer, and we embarked in the midst of the tears, the sobs, and the lamentations of the sweethearts or wives of some soldiers, who were changing their garrison, and going in the same vessel as ourselves. I do not know whether all this grief was sincere, but never did antique despair, or the desolation of the Jewish women in the days of their captivity, reach such a pitch.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM CADIZ TO BARCELONA—AND HOME.

Cadiz—Visit to the brig "Le Voltigeur"—The Rateros—Jeres—Bull-fights—The Steamer—Gibraltar—Carthagena—Valencia—The Lonja de Seda—The Convent de la Merced—The Valencians—Barcelona—The Return to France.



After we had been travelling so long on horseback, on mules, in carts, and in *galeras*, the steamer struck us as something miraculous, in the style of the magic carpet of Fortunatus, or the staff of Abaris. The power of devouring space with the rapidity of an arrow, and that, too, without any trouble, fatigue, or jolting, while you quietly pace the deck, and see the long lines of the shore glide past you, in defiance of the caprices of wind and tide, is certainly one of the finest inventions of the human mind. For the first

time, perhaps, I was of opinion that civilization had its good points, I do not say its attractive ones, for all that it produces is disfigured by ugliness, and thus betrays its complicated and diabolical origin. Compared to a sailing-vessel, a steamer, however convenient it may be, appears hideous. The former looks like a swan spreading its white wings to the gentle breeze, while the latter resembles a stove running away as fast as it can, on the back of a water-mill.

But however this may be, the floats of the wheels, assisted by the stream, were driving rapidly towards Cadiz. Seville was beginning to fade away behind us, but, by a magnificent optical effect, in the same proportion as the roofs of the houses appeared to sink into the ground and become confounded with the distant lines of the horizon, the cathedral increased, and seemed to assume the most enormous size, like an elephant standing up in the midst of a flock of sheep lying down all around; it was not till that moment that I gained a just idea of its immensity. The highest church-steeples did not rise above the nave. As for the Gualda, distance gave its rose-coloured bricks an amethyst, adventurine tint, which seems to me incompatible with our dull climate. The statue of Faith glittered on the summit like a golden bee on the top of a large blade of grass. Shortly afterwards, a turn in the river concealed Seville from our sight.

The banks of the Guadalquiver, at least as you descend the river towards the sea, do not possess that enchanting aspect that the descriptions of travellers and poets attribute to them. I have not the remotest idea where these gentlemen have got the groves of orange and pomegranate-trees, with which

they perfume their songs. In reality, you see nothing but low, sandy, ochre-coloured banks, and yellow, troubled water, whose earthy tint cannot be attributed to the rains, since the latter are so rare. I had already remarked a similar want of limpidity in the Tagus; it arises, perhaps, from the large quantity of dust that the wind carries into the water, and from the friable nature of the soil through which the river passes. The strong blue of the sky, also, has some share in producing this effect, and by its extreme intensity, causes the tones of the water, which are always less vivid, to appear dirty. The sea alone can dispute the palm of transparency and azure with such a sky. The river continued to become broader and broader, and the banks flatter and smaller, while the general aspect of the scenery reminded me forcibly of the physiognomy of the Scheldt about Antwerp and Ostend. This recollection of Flanders in the heart of Andalusia, seems rather strange in connexion with the Moorish-named Guadalquiver, but it suggested itself to my mind so naturally, that the resemblance must have been very striking; for I can assure my readers that I was not then troubling myself about the Scheldt nor my voyage to Flanders, some six or seven years ago. Besides, the river presented no very animated appearance, and the country which we could see beyond the banks appeared uncultivated and deserted. It is true that we were in the middle of the dog-days, during which Spain is hardly anything more than a vast cinder-heap, without vegetation or verdure. The only living creatures visible were herons and storks, standing with one leg tucked under their breast and the other one half immersed in the water, watching for some fish to pass, and so perfectly motionless that they might almost have been mistaken for wooden birds

stuck upon a stick. Barks with lateen sails, diverging from each other, floated up and down the stream, impelled by the same wind—a phenomenon I could never understand, although I have had it explained to me several times. Some of these vessels had a third and smaller sail, in the shape of an isosceles triangle, placed between two larger sails, a kind of rig which is highly picturesque.

About four or five o'clock in the afternoon we passed San Lucar, which is situated on the left bank. A large modern building, built in that regular, hospital, or barrack style, which constitutes the charm of all the edifices of the present day, had on its front some inscription or other which we could not read, a circumstance that we regretted but slightly. This square many-windowed affair was built by Ferdinand VII., and must be a custom-house, or warehouse, or something of the kind. Beyond San Lucar the Guadalquiver becomes very broad, and begins to assume the proportions of an arm of the sea. The banks form only a continually decreasing line between the water and the sky. The view is certainly grand, but rather monotonous, and we should have found the time hang heavily on our hands, had it not been for the games, the dancing, the castagnettes, and the tambourines of the soldiers. One of them, who had witnessed the performances of an Italian company, counterfeited the words, singing, and gestures of both actors and actresses, especially the latter, with great gaiety and talent. His comrades were obliged to hold their sides for laughter, and appeared to have entirely forgotten the touching scene which accompanied their departure. Perhaps their weeping Ariadnes had also dried their tears, and were laughing quite as heartily. The passengers on board the steamer entered fully into the general

hilarity, and seemed to vie with each other as to who should prove most successfully the fulness of that reputation for imperturbable gravity that the Spaniards enjoy in all the countries of Europe. The time of Philip II., with its black costume, its starched ruffs, its devout looks, and its proud cold faces, is much more passed than is generally imagined.

After leaving San Lucar behind us, we entered the open sea by an almost imperceptible transition; the waves became transformed into long, regular volutes, the water changed colour, and so did the faces of the persons on board. Those doomed to suffer that strange malady which is termed sea-sickness, began to seek out the most solitary corners, and to lean in a melancholy manner against the rigging. As for myself, I took my seat valiantly on the top of the cabin, near the paddle-box, determined to study my sensations conscientiously; for, never having made a sea-voyage, I did not know whether I was fated to suffer the same indescribable torture or not. The first few see-saw movements of the vessel surprised me slightly, but I soon felt better, and resumed all my usual serenity. On leaving the Guadalquiver we kept to the left, and coasted along the shore, but at such a distance as only to be enabled to distinguish it with difficulty; for evening was approaching, and the sun was descending majestically into the sea by a glittering staircase formed of five or six steps of the richest purple clouds.

It was perfectly dark when we reached Cadiz. The lanterns of the ships and smaller craft at anchor in the roads, the lights in the town, and the stars in the sky, literally covered the waves with millions of golden, silver, and fiery spangles; where the water was calmer, the reflection of the beacons, as it

stretched over the sea, formed long columns of flame of the most magical effect. The enormous mass of the ramparts loomed strangely through the thick darkness.

In order to land, it was necessary for ourselves and our luggage to be shifted into small boats, the boatmen fighting with one another, and vociferating in the most horrible manner, for the passengers and trunks, in about the same style as that which was formerly patronised at Paris by the drivers of the Coucons for Montmorency and Vincennes. My companion and myself had the utmost difficulty not to be separated from each other, for one boatman was pulling us to the right, and another to the left, with a degree of energy that was not at all calculated to inspire us with any great confidence, especially as all this contention took place in cockle-shells, that oscillated like the swings at a fair. We were deposited on the quay, however, without accident, and, after having been examined by the custom-house officers, whose bureau was situated under the archway of the city gates, in the thickness of the wall, we went to lodge in the Calle de San Francisco.

As may easily be imagined, we rose with the dawn. The fact of entering, for the first time, a town at night, is one of the things which most excites the curiosity of a traveller: he makes the most desperate endeavours to distinguish the general appearance of the streets, the form of the public buildings, and the physiognomies of the few people he meets in the dark, so that he has at least the pleasure of being surprised, when, the next morning, the town suddenly appears all at once before him, like the scene in a theatre when the curtain is raised.

Neither the palette of the painter nor the pen of

the writer possesses colours sufficiently bright, nor tints sufficiently luminous, to convey any idea of the brilliant effect that Cadiz produced upon us that glorious morning. Two unique tints struck our view; blue and white—the blue as vivid as turquoises, sapphires, or cobalt, in fact the very deepest azure that can be imagined, and the white as pure as silver, snow, milk, marble, or the finest crystallized sugar! The blue was the sky repeated by the sea; the white was the town. It is impossible to conceive anything more radiant and more dazzling—to imagine light more diffused, and, at the same time, more intense. In sober truth, what we term the sun in France is, in comparison, nothing but a pale night-lamp at the last gasp, by the bedside of a sick man.

The houses at Cadiz are much loftier than those in the other towns of Spain. This is explained by the conformation of the ground, which is a small narrow island connected with the continent by a mere strip of land, as well as from the general desire to have a view of the sea. Each house stands on tiptoe with eager curiosity, in order to look over its neighbour's shoulder, and raise itself above the thick girdle of ramparts. This, however, is not always found sufficient, and at the angle of nearly all the terraces, there is a turret, a kind of belvedere, sometimes surmounted by a little cupola. These aërial miradores enrich the outline of the town with innumerable dentations, and produce a most picturesque effect. Every building is whitewashed, and the brilliancy of the façades is increased still more by long lines of vermilion which separate the houses and mark out the different stories: the balconies, which project very far, are enclosed in large glass cages, furnished with red curtains and filled with flowers. Some of the cross streets terminate on the open space, and seem

to end in the sky. These stray bits of azure charm you by their being so totally unexpected. Apart from this gay, animated and dazzling appearance, Cadiz can boast of nothing particular in the way of architecture. Although its cathedral, which is a vast building of the sixteenth century, is wanting neither nobleness nor beauty, it presents nothing to astonish, after the prodigies of Burgos, Toledo, Cordova, and Seville; it is something in the same style as the cathedrals of Jaen, Granada, and Malaga; it is a specimen of classic architecture only rendered more slim and tapering, with that skill for which the artists of the Renaissance were so famed. The Corinthian capitals, more elongated than those of the consecrated Greek form, are very elegant. The pictures and ornaments are specimens of overcharged bad taste and meaningless richness, and that is all. I must not, however, pass over in silence, a little crucified martyr of seven years old, in carved, painted wood, most beautifully conceived, and carried out with exquisite delicacy. Enthusiasm, faith, and grief are all united on the beautiful face, in childlike proportions and the most touching manner.

We went to see the *Plaza de Toros*, which is small, and reckoned one of the most dangerous in Spain. In order to reach it, you pass through gardens planted with gigantic palm-trees of various kinds. Nothing is more noble and more royal than the palm-tree. Its large sun of leaves at the top of its grooved column, glitters so splendidly in the lapis-lazuli of an eastern sky! Its scaly trunk, as slender as if it were confined within a corset, reminds you so much of a young maiden's waist, its bearing is so majestic and so elegant. The palm-tree and the oleander are my favourite trees: the sight of one of them causes me to feel a degree of gaiety and joy that is truly

astonishing. It seems to me as if no one could be unhappy under their shade.

The *Plaza de Toros* at Cadiz has no continuous *tablas*. There are kinds of wooden screens, at certain intervals, behind which the *toreros* take refuge when too closely pursued. This arrangement struck us as presenting less security than that in the other bull-rings.

Our attention was directed to the boxes in which the bulls are confined during the fight: they are a kind of cages, formed of massive beams, and shut by a door which is raised like the shuttle of a mill or the sluice of a pond. It is the custom here to goad the bulls with sharp-pointed darts and rub them with nitric acid, in order to render them furious: in short, all possible means are employed to exasperate their natural disposition.

On account of the excessive heat, the bull-fights were discontinued; a French acrobat had arranged his trestles and tight-rope in the middle of the arena for a performance that was to take place the next day. It was in this circus that Lord Byron saw the bull-fight which he describes in the first canto of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage;" the description is poetical, but does not say much for his knowledge of Tauromachia.

Cadiz is surrounded by a tight girdle of ramparts, which laces in its waist like a granite corset: a second girdle of shoals and rocks defends it from the attacks of the waves, and yet, some few years since, a frightful tempest rent in twain and threw down, in several places, these formidable walls, which are more than twenty feet thick, and immense masses of which still strew the shore here and there. The ramparts are furnished at intervals with stone sentry-

boxes; you can walk on the glacis all round the town, from which there is only one gate leading to the mainland, and, as you go along, view, out at sea or on the roadstead, the boats, feluccas, and fishing-smacks coming, going, describing graceful curves, crossing one another, tacking about, and playing like so many albatrosses; on the horizon, they appear nothing more than a number of dove's feathers, carried through the air by the capricious breeze; some of them, like the ancient Greek galleys, have on each side of the cutwater at the prow a large eye painted so as to resemble nature, and which appears to watch over the vessel's progress, imparting to this part of it something that bears a vague resemblance to the human profile. Nothing can be more animated, more lively, and more gay than this view.

On the mole, near the gateway of the custom-house, the scene is one of unequalled activity. A motley crowd, in which every nation of the globe has its representative, is hurrying, at every hour of the day, to the foot of the columns, surmounted by statues, which decorate the quay. From the white skin and red hair of the Englishman, down to the bronzed hide and black hair of the African, including all the intermediate shades, such as coffee-colour, copper, and golden-yellow, all the varieties of the human race are assembled there. In the roads, a little further on, the three-deckers, the frigates, and the brigs ride proudly at anchor, hoisting every morning, to the sound of the drum, the flags of their respective nations; the merchantmen and steamers, whose funnels belch forth a bicoloured smoke, approach nearer to the shore, in consequence of their drawing less water, and form the first plan of this grand naval picture.

I had a letter of introduction to the commander of the French brig-of-war *Le Voltigeur*, then stationed in Cadiz Roads. On my presenting it, Monsieur Lebarbier de Linan politely invited me, and two other gentlemen, to dine on board his vessel, the next day about five o'clock. At four o'clock we were on the mole, looking out for a bark and a boatman to take us from the quay to the vessel, which it required fifteen or twenty minutes, at most, to reach. I was very much astonished at the boatman's demanding a douro instead of a piacetta which was the ordinary fare. In my ignorance of nautical matters, seeing the sky perfectly clear and the sun shining as on the first day of the creation, I very innocently imagined that the weather was fine. Such was my conviction. The weather was, on the contrary, atrocious, as I did not fail to perceive at the very first broadsides we encountered. There was a short, chopping sea, that was frightfully rough, while the wind was sufficient to blow our heads off our shoulders. We were tossed about as if we had been in a nutshell, and shipped water every instant. At the expiration of a few minutes we were enjoying a foot-bath, which threatened to become very speedily a hip-bath. The foam of the waves entered between my neck and the collar of my coat, and trickled down my back. The skipper and his two companions were swearing, vociferating and snatching the sheets and the helm out of each other's hands. One wanted this thing and the other that, and there was one moment when they were on the point of coming to fisticuffs. Our situation at last became so critical that one of them began to mumble the end of a prayer to some saint or other. Luckily we were now near the brig, that was calmly riding at anchor, and apparently looking down with an air of contemptuous pity on the

convulsive evolutions of our little skiff. At length we came alongside, and it took us more than ten minutes ere we could succeed in catching hold of the man-ropes and scramble upon deck. "This is what I call being courageous and punctual," said the commander, with a smile, on seeing us climb up out the gangway, dripping with water, and with our hair streaming about us, like the beard of some marine deity. He then gave each of us a pair of trousers, a shirt, a waistcoat—in fact, a complete suit. "This will teach you," he continued afterwards, "to put faith in the descriptions of poets. You thought that every tempest must necessarily be accompanied with thunder, and waves mingling their foam with the clouds, and rain, and lightning darting through the murky darkness. Undeceive yourselves; in all probability, I shall not be able to send you on shore for two or three days."

The wind was, indeed, blowing with frightful violence; the rigging quivered like the strings of a fiddle under the bow of a frantic player; the flag kept flapping with a kind of harsh sound, and its bunting threatened every moment to be rent into shreds and fly away to sea; the blocks creaked, groaned, and whistled, sometimes emitting shrill cries, which seemed to proceed from the breast of some human being: two or three sailors who had been mast-headed, for some offence or other, had all the trouble in the world to prevent themselves from being blown away.

All this did not prevent our making an excellent dinner, washed down with the best wines, and seasoned with the most agreeable conversation, as well as, by the bye, with the most diabolical Indian spices, which would cause even a person afflicted

with hydrophobia to drink. The next day, as the weather was still so bad that it was impossible to send a boat to fetch fresh provisions from the land, our dinner was no less delicate; but it was rather remarkable from the fact of every dish being rather ancient in date. We had green peas of 1836, fresh butter of 1835, and cream of 1834; all preserved in a miraculous fashion. The bad weather lasted for two days, during which time I walked up and down the deck, never weary of admiring the scrupulous cleanliness, which would have done honour to a Dutch housewife; the finish of the details, and the talent visible in the arrangement of that prodigy of the human mind which is simply termed a vessel. The brass of the carronades glittered like gold, and the planks were as polished as the finest satin-wood furniture. Every morning the crew have to dress the vessel for the day; and though the rain were to come down like a waterspout, the deck would be washed, inundated, sponged, and swabbed all the same.

At the expiration of two days, the wind fell, and we were conveyed on shore in a boat manned by ten rowers.

My black coat, however, which was strongly impregnated with sea-water, obstinately refused, when dry, to resume its former elasticity, and was ever after spangled with brilliant crystal-like particles, and as stiff as a salted cod.

The aspect of Cadiz from the sea is charming. When the town is seen thus, with its buildings of dazzling white between the azure of the sea and the azure of the sky, you might almost mistake it for an immense crown of silver filigree work; while the dome of the cathedral, which is painted yellow, appears to be a silver-gilt tiara placed in the middle.

The flower-pots, volutes, and turrets, which crown the houses, give their outlines an infinite variety. Byron has characterised the physiognomy of Cadiz in a marvellous manner, and with a single touch:

"Fair Cadiz, rising from the dark blue sea!"

In the next stanza, the English poet does not speak in the very highest terms of the virtue of the women of Cadiz, and he, no doubt, had good reasons for his opinion. As far as I am concerned, and without at present going into this delicate question, I shall content myself with saying they are very beautiful, and that their beauty is of a very peculiar and decided cast; their complexion is remarkable for that whiteness of polished marble which shows off the purity of feature to such advantage. Their nose is less aquiline than that of the women of Seville; their forehead is small, and their cheek-bones not at all prominent; their whole physiognomy bears a great resemblance to that of the women of Greece. They also struck me as being fatter and taller than other Spanish women. Such at least was the result of the observations I was enabled to make while walking in *El Salon*, or on the Plaza de la Constitucion, or when I was at the theatre, where I may parenthetically mention, I saw the *Gamin de Paris* (*el Piluelo de Paris*), exceedingly well played by an actress in male attire, and some Boleros danced in a very animated and sprightly manner.

But however agreeable Cadiz may be, the idea of being cooped up within its narrow limits, first by the ramparts and secondly by the sea, makes you desire to leave it. It seems to me that the only wish islanders can have, is to go upon the Continent; and this explains the perpetual emigrations of the

English, who are everywhere save at London, where there are only Italians and Poles. As a proof of this, the people of Cadiz are perpetually crossing from Cadiz to Puerto de Santa Maria, and *vice versâ*. A sort of marine omnibus, in the form of a small steamer, which leaves every hour, sailing vessels, and boats are always lying in readiness, and exciting the vagabond inclinations of the inhabitants. One fine morning my companion and myself recollected that we had a letter of introduction from a friend of ours in Granada to his father, who was a rich merchant in Jeres. The aforesaid letter was couched in these terms: "Open your heart, your house, and your cellar, to the two gentlemen whom you will receive herewith." This being the case, we clambered on board the steamer; in the cabin we saw a bill stuck up, announcing a bull-fight, interspersed with comic interludes, to take place the same evening, at Puerto de Santa Maria. This filled up our day admirably, for by taking a calessin, we might go from Puerto to Jeres, stop there a few hours, and return in time to witness the bull-fight. After having swallowed a hasty breakfast in the *Fonda de Vista Alegre*, which most certainly deserves its name, we made a bargain with a driver who promised that he would bring us back by five o'clock, in time for the *funcion*, which is the name given in Spain to every public amusement, no matter what. The road to Jeres runs through a hilly, rugged plain, as dry as a piece of pumice-stone. This desert is said to be covered, in the spring, with a rich carpet of verdure, enamelled with wild flowers; broom, lavender and thyme, scent the air with their aromatic emanations; but at the time of year when we beheld it, all traces of vegetation had disappeared. The only thing we saw was, here and there, a little plot of dry, yellow, filamentous grass

all powdered over with dust. This road, if we may believe the local chronicle, is very dangerous, being much infested by *rateros*, that is to say, peasants, who, without being professional brigands, avail themselves of the opportunity of taking a purse whenever they can, and never resist the pleasure of plundering any solitary traveller. These *rateros* are more to be dreaded than real robbers, who always act with the regularity of an organized body, under the command of a chief, and who spare the travellers, in order to extort something more from them at some other time. Besides this, you do not attempt to resist a brigade of twenty or twenty-five on horseback, well equipped and armed to the teeth, whereas you will struggle with a couple of *rateros*, and get killed, or at least wounded. And then the *ratero* who is about to attack you, may be that cowherd just passing, that ploughman who touches his hat to you, that ragged, bronzed *muchacho* who is sleeping, or pretending to sleep, under a narrow strip of shade, in a cleft of the ravine, or even your *calesero* himself who is taking you into some snare. You do not know where to look for the danger—it is everywhere and nowhere. From time to time the police cause the most dangerous and best known of these wretches to be assassinated in some tavern quarrel, got up expressly for the purpose by its agents. This is rather a summary and barbarous mode of justice, but it is the only one possible, on account of the absence of all proofs and witnesses, and the difficulty of apprehending criminals in a country where it would require an army to arrest each single man, and where a system of counter-police is carried out with such intelligence and passion by a people who entertain ideas with respect to *meum* and *tuum*, hardly more advanced than those

of the Kabyls of Africa. On this occasion, however, the promised brigands did not make their appearance, and we reached Jeres without the slightest accident.

Jeres, like all the small towns of Andalusia, is whitewashed from head to foot, and has nothing remarkable in the way of buildings, save its *bodegas*, or wine warehouses, immense structures, with tiled roofs and long white walls devoid of windows. The gentleman to whom the letter was addressed was absent, but it produced its desired effect in spite of this circumstance, and we were immediately ushered into the cellars. Never was a more glorious spectacle presented to the gaze of a toper; we walked through alleys of casks, of four or five stories high. We were under the necessity of tasting every wine there, at least all the principal kinds, and there is an infinity of principal kinds. We ran through the whole gamut, from the sherry that was eighty-four years old, dark and thick, having the flavour of Muscat, and the strange colour of the green wine of Béziers, down to the dry, pale straw-coloured sherry, with a flavour of gun-flints, and a resemblance to Sauterne. Between these two extreme notes, there is a whole register of intermediate wines, with tints like burnt topazes or orange peel, and an extreme variety of taste. They are all, however, more or less mixed with brandy, especially those intended for England, where they would not otherwise be found strong enough, for, to please English throats, wine must be disguised as rum.

After so complete a study of the Œnology of Jeres, the difficulty was to regain our carriage with a sufficiently upright and majestic bearing, so as not to compromise France in the eyes of Spain; it was a

question of national pride; to fall or not to fall, that was the question on the present occasion, a question which was rather more embarrassing than that which so greatly perplexed the Prince of Denmark. I must say, however, with a degree of very legitimate self-approbation, that we walked to our calessin in a very satisfactory state of perpendicularity, and represented our well-beloved country with great glory in this struggle with the most heady wine of Spain. Thanks to the rapid evaporation produced by a heat of thirty-eight or forty degrees, on our return to Puerto, we were perfectly capable of discussing the most delicate points of psychology, and duly appreciating the various incidents of the bull-fight. Most of the bulls were *embalados*, that is to say, they had balls at the ends of their horns; two only were killed, but we were highly amused by a variety of burlesque episodes with which the proceedings were enlivened. The picadores, who were dressed like Turks at a masquerade, with Mameluke trousers of cambric muslin, and large suns on the back of their jackets, reminded us most forcibly of those outrageous Moors whom Goya represents with three or four strokes of the graver in his plates of the *Toromaquia*. One of these worthies, while waiting for his turn to attack the bull, blew his nose in the end of his turban with the most admirable philosophy and coolness. A *barco de vapor*, made of wickerwork, covered with cloth, and manned by a crew of asses, decorated with red braces, and wearing, somehow or other, cocked hats on their heads, was pushed into the middle of the arena. The bull rushed at this machine, goring, overturning, and throwing the poor donkeys into the air in the most comical manner imaginable. I also saw a *picador* kill a bull at one thrust of his lance, in the handle of which some

fireworks were concealed, that exploded with such violence that the bull, the horse and its rider fell down all together,—the first because he was dead, and the two others from the force of the recoil. The *matador* was an old rascal, dressed in a seedy, worn-out jacket, and yellow silk stockings, with rather too much open work about them, and looked like a Jeannot of the Opéra Comique, or a street tumbler. He was several times overthrown by the bull, the thrusts of his lance being so feeble and uncertain that it was at last necessary to have recourse to the *media luna* in order to put the animal out of his misery. The *media luna*, as its name indicates, is a kind of crescent, fitted on a handle, and very like a pruning hook. It is used for houghing the bull, who is then despatched without danger. Nothing is more ignoble and hideous than this; as soon as there is an end to the danger, you feel disgusted, and the combat degenerates into mere butchery. The poor animal crawling about on its haunches, like Hyacinthe at the Théâtre des Variétés, when he plays the Female Dwarf, in that sublime piece of buffoonery, the *Saltembanques*, is the most melancholy sight it is possible to conceive; and you only desire one thing, and that is, that the bull may still have sufficient strength left to rip up its stupid tormentor with one last butt of its horns.

The special occupation of this miserable wretch, who was only a *matador*, when not otherwise employed, was eating. He would absorb six or eight dozen hard eggs, a whole sheep or calf, and so on. From his thin appearance, I should say that he did not get work very often. There were a great number of people present; the *majos'* dresses were rich and numerous; the women, whose characteristics were entirely different from those of the women of Cadiz,

wore on their heads, instead of a mantilla, long scarlet shawls, which were admirably adapted to their fine olive faces, almost as dark as those of mulattoes, in which the pearly eyes and the ivory-like teeth stand out with singular brilliancy. These pure lines, and this tawny, golden tint, are marvellously suited for painting; and it is greatly to be regretted that Léopold Robert, that Raphael of peasants, died so young and never travelled through Spain.

Wandering at hazard through the streets, we came out upon the market-place. Night had set in. The shops and stalls were lighted up by lanterns, or lamps suspended from the roof, and formed a charming scene, all spangled and glistening with spots of brilliancy. Watermelons, with their green rind and rosy pulp, cactus figs, some in their prickly shells and others ready skinned, sacks of *garbanzos*, monster onions, yellow, amber-coloured grapes, that would put to the blush those brought from the Land of Promise, alder wreaths, spices, and other violent products, were heaped up in picturesque confusion. In the small free passages left between the different stalls, country people passed and re-passed, driving their asses before them, as well as women dragging their brats. I noticed one especially. She was remarkably beautiful, with her jet black eyes glistening in her bistre, oval-shaped face, and her hair, that shone like satin or the raven's wing, plastered down on her temples. She walked along with a serious but happy expression, no stockings on her legs, and her charming foot thrust into a satin shoe. This coquetting with the feet is general throughout Andalusia.

The courtyard of our inn, laid out as a *patio*, was

ornamented by a fountain surrounded by shrubs, and inhabited by a whole population of chameleons. Just fancy a pot-bellied sort of lizard, six or seven inches long, or, perhaps, less, with a disproportionately wide mouth, out of which it darts a viscous, whitish tongue, as long as its body, and eyes, like those of a toad, when you chance to tread upon it; these eyes start out of the creature's head; they are enveloped in a membrane, and perfectly independent of each other in their movements, one looking up towards the sky while the other is turned upon the ground. These squinting lizards, who, according to Spaniards, live on air alone, but whom I very distinctly saw eating flies, have the power of changing colour, according to the place they happen to be in. They do not suddenly become scarlet, blue, or green, but, at the expiration of an hour or two, they imbibe the tints of the nearest objects. On a tree, they are a fine green; on anything blue, a slatish grey; and on scarlet, a reddish brown. If they are kept in the shade, they lose their colour, and assume a sort of neutral yellowish white hue. One or two chameleons would produce a fine effect in the laboratory of an alchemist, or a second Doctor Faustus. In Andalusia, it is the custom to hang a piece of rope of a certain length to the ceiling, and place the end between the fore-paws of a chameleon. The animal begins crawling up, until he reaches the roof, on which his paws have no purchase. He then comes down again to the end of the rope, and, rolling his eyes about, measures the distance between him and the ground. After having made his calculations he crawls up the rope again with the most admirable seriousness and gravity, and continues this manœuvre for an indefinite period. When there are two chameleons on the same rope, the sight becomes most

transcendentally ridiculous. Spleen itself would die of laughter on seeing the horrible looks of the ugly brutes when they meet. I was exceedingly anxious to provide myself with the means of indulging in this amusement when I returned to France, and accordingly bought a couple of these amiable animals, which I put in a cage. But they caught cold during the passage, and died of disease of the lungs, on our arrival at Porte Vendres. They had dwindled completely away, and their poor little anatomical system peeped out from their shrunken and wrinkled skin.

Some few days later, the announcement of a bull-fight—the last, alas! that I was destined to witness—caused me to return to Jeres. The circus at Jeres is very handsome and very capacious, and is not without a certain monumental appearance. It is built of brick, faced at the sides with stone, which produces a pleasing effect. There was an immense, motley, variegated, ever-moving crowd, and an endless flourishing of fans and handkerchiefs. In the middle of the arena was a stake with a kind of little platform upon the top. On this platform was crouched a monkey, dressed up as a troubadour, making faces and licking his chaps. He was fastened by a tolerably long chain, which allowed him to describe a pretty large circle, of which the stake formed the centre. When the bull entered, the first object that attracted his attention was the monkey upon his perch. A most amusing comedy followed. The furious animal commenced butting violently against the stake, and shook our friend the monkey in a terrible fashion. The latter was in an awful state of alarm, which he expressed by the most irresistibly comic grimaces. Sometimes, being unable to hold on to his plank, although he grasped it with his four

paws, he actually fell upon the bull's back, where he stuck with all the energy of despair. The hilarity of the public knew no bounds, and fifteen thousand smiles lighted up all the swarthy faces around. But the comedy was succeeded by a tragedy. A poor negro helper, who was carrying a basket filled with fine earth to sprinkle over the pools of blood, was attacked by the bull, whom he imagined was occupied somewhere else, and thrown up twice into the air. He lay stretched out upon the ground, motionless and lifeless. The *chulos* came and waved their cloaks before the bull, and drew him off to another part of the arena, in order that the negro's body might be carried away. He passed close to me; two *mozos* were carrying him by the head and legs. I remarked a singular fact; from black he had become dark blue, which is apparently the tint that negroes assume when they turn pale. This circumstance did not interrupt the proceedings. *Nada; es un mozo*; "It is nothing, he is only a black;" such was the funeral oration of the poor African. But if the human spectators were indifferent to his death, the case was different with the poor monkey, who threw about his arms, uttered piercing moans, and exerted all his strength to break his chain. Did he look upon the negro as an animal of his own race, a brother monkey who had got on in the world, and who was the only friend worthy of understanding him? However this may be, it is very certain that I never beheld an instance of deeper grief, than that of this monkey bewailing this negro; and the circumstance is the more remarkable, as he had seen the *picadores* unhorsed and their lives in danger without manifesting the least uneasiness or sympathy. At the same moment, an enormous owl alighted in the middle of the arena. He had come, no doubt, in his

character of a bird of night, to carry off this black soul to the ebony paradise of Africans. Out of the eight bulls in this fight, four only were to be killed. The others, after having received half-a-dozen thrusts with the lance, and three or four pairs of *banderillas*, were conducted back again into the *toril* by large oxen with bells on their necks. The last one, a *novillo*, was abandoned to the spectators, who tumultuously invaded the arena, and despatched him with their knives, for so great is the passion of the Andalusians for bull-fights, that they are not contented with being mere spectators; they require to take a part in the fight, without which they would retire unsatisfied.

The steamer the *Ocean*, was lying in the harbour, ready to start; the bad weather, that superb bad weather which I have already mentioned, had detained her for some days; we went on board her, with a lively feeling of satisfaction, for in consequence of the events in Valencia, and the troubles which ensued, Cadiz was, after a fashion, in a state of siege. The papers were no longer filled with anything, save pieces of poetry or *feuilletons* translated from the French, and on the corners of all the streets were posted rather uncomfortable little *bandos*, prohibiting all groups of more than three persons, under pain of death. Besides these reasons for wishing to leave as soon as possible, we had been travelling forwards with our backs turned on France for a long time; it was the first time for many months that we had made a step towards our native land, and, however free a man may be from national prejudices, he cannot help feeling a slight longing to behold his country once more, when he is so far away. In Spain, the least disrespectful allusion to France made me furious, and I felt inclined to sing of laurels, victory, glory, and warriors, like a

supernumerary of the *Cirque-Olympique*.

Every one was on deck, running about in all directions, and making all sorts of signs of adieu, to the boats that were shoving off to return to shore. Hardly had we gone a league when I heard on all sides such exclamations as, "*Me mareo!* I feel ill! some lemons; some rum; some vinegar; some smelling salts." The deck offered a most melancholy spectacle. The women, who but a short time previously had looked so lovely, were as green as bodies that had been immersed in the water for a week. They lay about on mattresses, boxes, and counterpanes, with a total forgetfulness of grace or modesty. A poor parrot, which was taken ill in its cage, and could not at all comprehend the agony it was suffering, poured forth its vocabulary with the most mournful and comic volubility. I was lucky enough not to be ill. The two days I had passed on board the *Voltigeur* had no doubt hardened me. My companion, who was less fortunate than myself, plunged into the interior of the vessel, and did not reappear until we reached Gibraltar. How is it that modern science, which displays so much solicitude for rabbits who have got a cold in the head, and finds delight in dying duck's bones red, has not yet endeavoured to discover some remedy against this feeling of horrible uneasiness, which causes more suffering than actual acute pain?

The sea was still rather rough, although the weather was magnificent; the air was so transparent that we could distinguish with tolerable distinctness the coast of Africa, Cape Spartel, and the bay at the bottom of which Tangiers is situated. That band of mountains resembling clouds, from which they differed only by their immovability, was then Africa,

the land of prodigies, of which the Romans used to say, *quid novi fert Africa?* the oldest continent in the world, the cradle of Eastern civilization, the centre of Islamism, the black world, where the shade which is absent from the sky is only found on the faces of the people, the mysterious laboratory of Nature, who, in her endeavours to bring forth man, first changes the monkey into a negro! What a refined and modern instance of the punishment of Tantalus was it merely to see Africa, and be obliged to pass on.

Opposite Tarifa, a little town whose chalky walls rise on the summit of a precipitous hill, behind a small island of the same name, Europe and Africa approach nearer, and seem desirous to kiss each other in token of alliance. The straits are so narrow that you see both continents at the same time. It is impossible, when you are here, not to believe that the Mediterranean was, at no very remote epoch, an isolated sea, an inland lake, like the Caspian Sea and the Dead Sea. The spectacle before us was one of marvellous magnificence. To the left was Europe, and to the right Africa, with their rocky coasts, clothed by distance in light lilac and shot-coloured tints, like those of a double-woofed cloth; before us was the boundless horizon, continually increasing; above us, the turquoise-coloured sky; and below, a sea of sapphire so limpid that we could distinguish the whole hull of our vessel, as well as the keels of the smaller craft which passed near us, and which appeared rather to be flying in the air, than floating in the water. All around us was one mass of light, the only sombre tint perceptible for twenty leagues in every direction, being the long wreaths of thick smoke which we left behind us. The steamer is truly a northern invention; its fires, which are always fiercely glowing, its boiler in a state of constant

ebullition, its chimney which will eventually blacken the sky with its soot, are in admirable keeping with the fogs and mists of the north. Amidst the splendid scenery of the south, however, it is a blot. All nature was gay; large sea-birds grazed the surface of the waves with the tips of their pinions; tunny-fish, doradoes, and fish of every other description, all glittering, shining, and sparkling, leaped up and performed a thousand quaint antics as they sported on the top of the water; sail succeeded sail every moment, as white and swelling as the bosom of a Nereid would be, could we see her rise above the billows. The coasts were tinged with all kinds of fantastic hues; their folds, precipices, and gaps produced the most marvellous and unexpected effects in the sunshine, and formed a panorama that was incessantly changing. About four o'clock we were in sight of Gibraltar, waiting for the health officers to be kind enough to come and take our papers with a pair of tongs, and see that we had not brought in our pockets some yellow fever, blue cholera, or black plague.

The aspect of Gibraltar completely confuses all your ideas: you no longer know where you are, nor what you see. Just fancy an immense rock, or, rather, a mountain, fifteen hundred feet high, rising suddenly and bluffly from the midst of the waves, and based on a tract of ground so flat and level that you can scarcely perceive it. Nothing prepares you for it, nothing accounts for its being there; it is connected with no chain of mountains; but it is a monstrous monolith thrown down from heaven, the corner of some planet broken off during a battle of the stars—a fragment of some broken world. Who placed it in this position? God and Eternity alone know. What adds still more to the singular effect of

this inexplicable rock is its form. It looks like an enormous, prodigious, and gigantic Sphinx, such as Titans might have sculptured, and compared to which, the flat-nosed monsters of Carnac and Giseh are but what a mouse is in comparison with an elephant. The outspread paws form what is called Europa Point; the head, which is somewhat truncated, is turned towards Africa, which it seems to look at with profound and dreamy attention. What thoughts can this mountain be revolving in its mind, in this sly meditative attitude? What enigma is it about to propose, or endeavouring to solve? The shoulders, loins, and hind-quarters stretch towards Spain in nonchalant folds and beautifully undulating lines, like those of a lion in a state of repose. The town is situated at the bottom of the rock, and is almost imperceptible, being a wretched detail lost in the general mass. The three-deckers at anchor in the bay look like German toys—little miniature models of ships, such as are sold in seaport towns—and the smaller craft seem to be flies drowning in milk; even the fortifications are not apparent. The mountain, however, is hollowed out, mined and excavated in every direction; its belly is full of cannons, howitzers, and mortars; it is absolutely crammed with warlike stores. It is an example of the luxury and coquetry of the Impregnables. But all this offers nothing to the eye, save a few almost imperceptible lines, which are confounded with the wrinkles on the face of the rock, and a few holes through which pieces of artillery furtively thrust their brazen mouths. In the Middle Ages, Gibraltar would have bristled with donjons, towers, turrets, and battlements; instead of taking up its position below, the fortress would have scaled the mountain, and perched itself, like an eagle's nest, upon the highest peak. The present

batteries sweep the sea, which is so narrow in this part, and render it almost impossible for a vessel to force a passage. Gibraltar was called by the Arabs, Giblaltah,—that is to say, the *Mountain of the Entrance*; and never was a name more appropriate. Its ancient name was Calpe. Abyla, now Ape's Hill, is on the other side of the straits in Africa, close to Ceuta, a Spanish possession, the Brest and Toulon of the Peninsula; it is there that the Spaniards send their most hardened galley-slaves. We could distinctly make out its rocky precipices, and its crest enveloped in clouds, despite the serenity of the surrounding sky.

Like Cadiz, Gibraltar, situated on a peninsula at the entrance of a gulf, is only connected with the continent by a narrow strip of land called the *Neutral Ground*, where the custom-house lines are established. The first Spanish possession on this side is San Roque. Algeciras, whose white houses glisten in the universal azure, like the silvery stomach of a fish floating on the surface of the water, is exactly opposite Gibraltar; in the midst of this splendid blue, Algeciras was having its little revolution. We heard indistinctly the popping report of fire-arms, like the noise made by grains of salt when thrown into the fire. The *ayuntamiento* even took refuge on board the steamer, and began smoking cigars in the most tranquil manner in the world.

The officers of health not having found that we brought any infectious disease with us, we were surrounded by small boats, and, in another quarter-of-an-hour, we were on shore. The effect produced by the appearance of the town is the strangest it is possible to conceive. By taking one step, you have your five hundred leagues, which is rather more than

even Tom Thumb did in his famous boots. Just now you were in Andalusia, at the next moment you are in England. From the Moorish towns of Granada and Murcia, you suddenly alight at Ramsgate: you see brick-houses with their areas, their low doors, and their English windows, exactly like those at Twickenham or Richmond. If you go a little further, you will perceive cottages with their painted railings and gates. The public walks are planted with ash and birch trees, with elms and the green vegetation of the north, so different from those small plates of varnished metal which pass for foliage in southern climates. Englishmen have so strong an individuality that they are everywhere the same, and I really cannot understand why they travel, for they carry all their customs with them, and bear their houses on their backs exactly like snails. Wherever an Englishman may be, he lives precisely as he would do in London; he must have his tea, his rumpsteaks, his rhubarb pies, his porter, and his sherry, if he is well; and his calomel, if he is ill. By means of the innumerable packages he lugs about with him, the Englishman always enjoys his *home* and his *comfort*, which are necessary to his existence. How many objects do our insular neighbours require in order to live—how much trouble do they give themselves to feel at their ease?—and how much do I prefer to all this complicated array, Spanish abstemiousness and privation! It was a very long time since I had seen a female with one of those horrible coal-scuttle affairs, one of those odious pasteboard cases covered with a slip of stuff, and called bonnets, in which the fair sex bury their faces, in so-styled civilized countries. I cannot express the disagreeable sensation I experienced at the sight of the first Englishwoman I met, with a bonnet and a green veil on her head; I

seemed, all at once, to be placed face to face with the spectre of civilization, that mortal enemy of mine, and this apparition struck me as a sort of warning that my dream of vagabond liberty was at an end, and that I should soon be obliged once more to re-enter the mode of life of the nineteenth century, never to leave it again. Before this Englishwoman, I felt quite ashamed of having neither white kid gloves, eye-glass, nor patent leather shoes, and I cast an embarrassed glance on the extravagant embroidery of my sky-blue mantle. For the first time during six months, I felt that I was not presentable, and that I did not look like a gentleman.

At Gibraltar, which has become heretic since the English occupy it, there are a great number of Jews, who have either been driven away, or looked on with an evil eye by the Spanish, who, if they have no more religion, still possess superstition. They walk about the streets, displaying their hooked noses, thin lips, and yellow, polished foreheads surmounted by rabbinical caps, placed on the back of the head, and their threadbare, narrow, sombre-coloured robes. The Jewesses, who, by a singular privilege, are as beautiful as their husbands are hideous, wear picturesque black cloaks, bordered with scarlet and having hoods. Their appearance caused us to think vaguely of the Bible, of Rachel at the well, and the primitive scenes of the time of the patriarchs, for, like the women of all oriental races, they still preserve in their long black eyes and the golden tints of their complexions, the mysterious reflexion of a world that has now disappeared. There are, also, at Gibraltar, a great many natives of Morocco, as well as Arabs from Tangiers and the places along the coast: they have little shops, where they sell perfumery, silk sashes, slippers, fly-flappers,

ornamented leathern cushions, and other knick-knacks of barbarous industry. As we wished to purchase a few trifles and curiosities, we were conducted to one of the principal dealers, who lived in the upper part of the town. We had to pass through a number of streets like staircases, which were less English in their character than the streets in the lower part of the town, and whence, at certain turnings, our eye glanced over the gulf of Algeciras, which was magnificently illuminated by the last rays of daylight. On entering the Morocco merchant's house, we were enveloped in a cloud of oriental perfumes: the sweet, penetrating odour of rose-water greeted our olfactory organs and made us think of the mysteries of the harem and the marvels of the *Thousand-and-One Nights*. The merchant's sons, two fine young men about twenty years of age, were seated on benches near the door, enjoying the coolness of the evening. They possessed that purity of features, that limpidity of look, that careless nobleness, and that air of amorous and pensive melancholy which belong to pure races. Their father had the grave, majestic look of a Magian king. We considered ourselves very ugly and mean-looking by the side of this solemn personage; and it was in the most humble tone, with hat in hand, that we asked him if he would deign to sell us a few pairs of yellow morocco slippers. He nodded affirmatively, and, on our observing that the price was rather high, he replied in Spanish, with great grandeur, "I never overcharge; such practices are only good for Christians." Thus our want of loyalty in commercial transactions renders us an object of contempt in the eyes of barbarous nations, who cannot understand that a man will perjure himself, in order to make a farthing or two more.

Having made our purchases, we went down again to the lower part of the rock, and took a stroll along a fine promenade planted with trees of northern climes, intermixed with flowers, sentinels, and guns, and where you meet with broughams and horsemen just as you do in Hyde Park. All that is wanting there is the statue of Achilles Wellington. This promenade is outside the town, at Europa Point, in the direction of the mountain inhabited by the monkeys. This is the only spot in Europe where these amiable quadrumanes live and multiply in a savage state. According as the wind changes, they pass from one side of the rock to the other, and thus serve as a barometer: every one is forbidden to kill them under very heavy penalties. As for myself, I saw none; but the temperature of the place is hot enough to allow the most chilly macacuses and cercopithecuses to fully develop themselves, without fires or air-stoves. Abyla, if we can believe its modern name, must delight, on the coast of Africa, in a similar population.

The next day we left this park of artillery and land of smuggling, to be wafted towards Malaga, with which place we were already acquainted, but which we had great pleasure in again beholding, with its white, slender lighthouse, and its harbour full of perpetual movement. Viewed from the sea, the cathedral looks larger than the town, and the ruins of the ancient Arab fortifications impart to the sloping rocks a most romantic effect. We returned to our inn of the Three Kings, and the pretty Dolores uttered a cry of joy on recognising us.

The next day we again embarked with a cargo of raisins; and, as we had lost some time, the captain resolved to pass by Ameria, and to go direct to

Cartagena.

We kept close enough to the coast of Spain never to lose sight of it; but the coast of Africa had, in consequence of the widening of the Mediterranean, long since disappeared from the horizon. On one side, therefore, our view consisted of long rows of bluish cliffs, with curiously-formed steeps, full of perpendicular cracks, and marked, here and there, with white spots, announcing the presence of a little village, a watch-tower, or a custom-house officer's hut; and, on the other, of the boundless sea, now ruffled and goffered by the breeze or tide, now of a dull blue and dead colour, or as transparent as crystal, and then brilliant and undulating, like the basquina of a dancing-girl, while at other times it was opaque, oily, and as grey as mercury or melted lead; forming altogether a variety of tones, and assuming such various aspects as would throw any poet or painter into utter despair. A procession of red, white, and other light-coloured sails, of ships of every size and nation, enlivened the scene, and took away that melancholy which ever attends infinite solitude. A sea in which no sail is visible, is the most sad and dispiriting spectacle that any one can well behold. Fancy not one thought on so large an extent of space, not one soul to comprehend all the sublimity contained therein! And yet, only place one white and almost imperceptible speck on this fathomless and unbounded main, and its immensity will be peopled; it will then contain an interest, a drama.

Cartagena, which is called *Cartagena de Levante*, to distinguish it from Cartagena in America, is situated at the end of a bay, a sort of funnel of rocks, where ships find complete shelter from every wind. Its form

has nothing picturesque about it; the deepest impressions produced on us there were made by two windmills, decorated with black drawings on a light sky-blue ground.

The aspect of Cartagena differs entirely from that of Malaga. Buried in its crown of bare and sterile rocks, which are as dry as the Egyptian hills of the ancient Pharaohs, Cartagena is as dull and grim as Malaga is gay, cheerful, and animated. You no longer see whitewashed walls, for they are all dark-coloured, and the windows are grated with a complication of iron-work; while the houses, still more ill-looking, possess that prison-like appearance which distinguishes all Castilian mansions. Yet, as we do not wish to fall into the error of that traveller who wrote in his note-book, "All the women at Calais are cross, red-haired, and hump-backed," because the landlady of his inn united in herself these three defects, we must own that we perceived at these barred windows none but charming features and angelic faces: it is perhaps on this account that they are grated so carefully. While waiting for dinner, we went to visit the naval arsenal, an establishment of the grandest proportions, but at present in a state of grievous dilapidation; its vast basins, its stocks and idle dockyards, in which another armada might be built, are used for nothing now. Two or three half-constructed hulls, looking like the stranded skeletons of so many cachelots, are rotting unheeded in a corner; thousands of crickets have taken possession of those large deserted vessels, and you cannot make a step without crushing some of them; the noise they make, too, with their little rattles, is so great, that you can hardly hear yourself speak. In spite of the love I profess to have for crickets, love which I have expressed both in prose and verse, I must frankly

own that here there were somewhat too many for me.

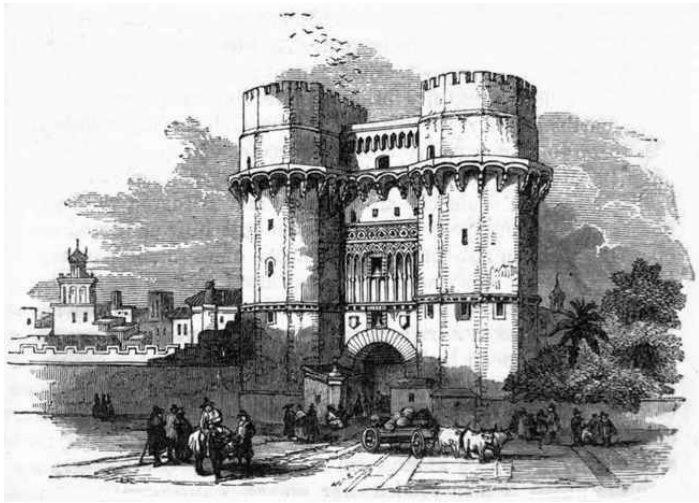
From Cartagena, we went as far as the town of Alicant, of which I had mentally formed, from a verse in the *Orientale* of Victor Hugo, a much too denticulated sketch:

"Alicante aux clochers mêle les minarets."

Now, Alicant would have much difficulty, at present at least, in bringing about this mixture, which I acknowledge as very desirable and picturesque, seeing, in the first place, that it has no minarets, and that the only steeple it possesses is a very low and far from important tower. What characterizes Alicant is an enormous rock, which rises in the middle of the town; and this rock, of a magnificent form and colour, is crowned with a fortress, and flanked with a watch-tower that was suspended over the abyss in the most audacious manner. The town-hall, or, to keep up the local colour, the palace of the *Constitucion*, is a delightful edifice, constructed in the best possible taste. The *Alameda*, paved throughout with stone, is shaded by two or three rows of trees, pretty well supplied with leaves for Spanish trees, of which the roots do not revel in a well. The houses rise high, and assume European forms. I saw two women wearing yellow brimstone-coloured bonnets—a menacing symptom. This is all I know of Alicant, where the boat only remained long enough to take in some freight and coal, and we profited by this stoppage to go and breakfast on shore. As may be imagined, we did not neglect the opportunity of making some conscientious experiments on the wine, which in spite of its incontestable authenticity, I did not find so good as I thought I should: this perhaps arose

from the taste of pepper which had been imparted to it by the *bota* in which it was contained. Our next stage was to take us to Valencia, *Valencia del Cid*, as the Spaniards say.

From Alicant to Valencia, the cliffs along the shore continue to rise in curious forms, and to assume unexpected appearances: our attention was called to the summit of a mountain, where there was a square chasm, which seemed as if it had been cut out by the hand of man. Towards morning, on the following day, we cast anchor before the Grao; this is the name given to the harbour and suburb of Valencia, which is at half a league's distance from the sea. The waves ran high, and when we arrived at the landing-place, we were pretty well sprinkled with sea water. There we took a tartan to go to the town. The word *tartan* is generally taken in a maritime sense; but the tartan of Valencia is a case covered with oil-cloth, and placed on two wheels, without any springs whatever. This vehicle, compared to the *galeras*, seemed effeminately luxurious to us; and no fashionably-made carriage ever appeared more soft. We were quite surprised and embarrassed at being so comfortable. Large trees bordered our route, affording us a pleasure to which we had not been accustomed for some time.



THE GATE OF VALENCIA.

With regard to picturesque appearance, Valencia corresponds pretty well with the notion formed of it from romances and chronicles. It is a large, flat, scattered town, laid out in a confused manner, and possesses none of those advantages that disorder in construction imparts to old towns built on hilly sites. Valencia is situated in a plain named the Huerta, in the midst of gardens and cultivated lands, where constant irrigation keeps everything cool and fresh—a very rare circumstance in Spain. The climate is so mild, that palm-trees and orange-trees grow in the open air by the side of products of the north. Valencia, therefore, carries on a great trade in oranges, which are measured by being passed through a ring, like cannon-balls when calibre is required to be known. Those which cannot pass constitute the choicest. The Guadalaviar, over which are five handsome stone bridges, and which is bordered by a superb promenade, runs by the side of the city, nearly beneath the ramparts. The frequent

use made of its waters for irrigation render these five bridges mere objects of ornament for three-fourths of the year. The gate of the Cid, through which you pass to go to the promenade of the Guadalaviar, is flanked with large embattled towers, which produce a pretty good effect.

The streets of Valencia are narrow, and bordered with high houses of a sullen aspect, some of which still bear mutilated coats of arms; you can also perceive fragments of worn-out sculptures, chimeras without claws, women without noses, and knights without arms. A casement in the style of the Renaissance, but which is lost and imbedded in a frightful wall of recent workmanship, causes from time to time an artist to raise his eyes, and utter a sigh of regret; you must, however, look for such rare vestiges in obscure corners, and at the bottom of back-courts, for Valencia itself has quite a modern aspect. The cathedral, built in a style of hybrid architecture, possesses nothing, in spite of an apsis with a gallery furnished with Roman semicircular arches, which can attract the attention of the traveller after the wonders of Burgos, Toledo, and Seville. A few finely-sculptured altar-screens, a painting by Sebastian del Piombo, and another by Espagnoletto, executed in his softest style, when he was trying to imitate Correggio, are the only things worthy of remark. The other churches, though both numerous and rich, are built and decorated in that strange style of bad ornamentation of which we have already given a description several times. On beholding all these extravagances, you can but regret so much talent should have been thrown away on such subjects. *La Longa de Seda* (purse of silk) on the market-place, is a delightful Gothic monument; the grand hall, the vaulted roof of which rests on rows of

pillars with wreathed nervures of extreme lightness, presents an appearance of elegance and sprightliness rarely met with in Gothic architecture, which is in general more fitted to express melancholy than happiness. It is in the Longa that the fêtes and masked balls of the carnival take place. Before we have done speaking of the monumental buildings, let us say a few words about the ancient Convent of La Merced, where a great number of pictures have been collected, some mediocre, and the others, with very few exceptions, extremely bad. What delighted me more than anything else at La Merced, was a yard surrounded by a cloister, and planted with palm-trees, perfectly oriental by their size and beauty, and which shot up like spires through the limpid air.

The real attraction of Valencia, for a traveller, is its population; or, to speak more correctly, that of the Huerta which surrounds it. The Valencian peasants wear a costume of characteristic strangeness of appearance, which cannot have varied much since the invasion of the Arabs, and which differs very little from the present costume of the Moors of Africa. This costume consists of a shirt, of flowing drawers of coarse linen, kept up by a red sash, and of a green or blue velvet waistcoat, furnished with buttons made of small pieces of silver money; the legs are clothed in a sort of *knémides* or leggings of white wool, with a blue border, which leave the knee and instep exposed to view. For shoes, they wear *alpargatas*, sandals of plaited cords, the soles of which are nearly an inch thick, and which are tied by ribbons like the buskins of the Greeks. Their heads are generally shaved in the oriental fashion, and they are nearly always enveloped in a handkerchief of a gaudy colour; and on this handkerchief is placed a little low-shaped hat, with a

turned-up brim, and ornamented with velvet, silk tassels, spangles, and tinsel. A piece of motley-coloured stuff, called a *capa de muestra*, ornamented with rosettes of yellow ribbon, and which is thrown across the shoulder, completes this costume, full of nobleness and character. The Valencian keeps his money, his bread, his water-melon, and his *navaja*, in the corners of his café, which he arranges in a thousand different manners; it forms for him, at the same time, a wallet and a cloak. At present, we are only speaking, it must be remembered, of the full dress costume, of the holiday suit. On ordinary days, the Valencian keeps on hardly anything but his shirt and drawers; and then, with his enormous black whiskers, his sunburnt face, his fierce look, and his bronze-coloured arms and legs, he has quite the appearance of a Bedouin, especially if he undoes his handkerchief and exposes to view his bare head, looking as smooth and blue as a well-bearded chin just shaved. In spite of Spanish pretensions to catholicism, I shall always find much difficulty to bring myself to think that such stalwart fellows are not Mussulmans. It is probably, owing to this ferocious air, that the Valencians have obtained the name of bad people (*male gente*), by which they are designated in the other provinces of Spain. I was told a hundred times in the Huerta of Valencia, that when any one wanted to get rid of another person, it was not difficult to find a peasant who, for five or six douros, would undertake the business. This appears to me barefaced calumny. In the country I have often met with individuals delighting in a frightful expression of countenance, but they always saluted me with the greatest politeness. One evening, we lost our way, and we were near being compelled to sleep in the open air, as the gates of the city were closed

when we arrived there; but nothing happened to us, although it had been dark for some time, and though Valencia and its environs were in a state of revolution.

By a singular contrast, the wives of these European Zabyles are pale and fair, *bionde e grassote*, as the women of Venice; they have a sweet, melancholy smile on their lips, and a tender look in their blue eyes; it would be impossible to conceive a stronger contrast. These dark demons of the paradise of the Huerta have fair angels for their wives, whose beautiful hair is kept in its place by a high-backed comb, or by long pins ornamented at the end by large silver or glass beads. Formerly, the Valencian women used to wear a lovely national costume, which resembled that of the women of Albania; but they have, unfortunately, cast it aside to make room for a frightful Anglo-French style of attire, for dresses with shoulder-of-mutton sleeves, and other abominations. It is worthy of remark that the women are always the first to quit the national costume; and almost the only persons in Spain who have preserved the ancient manner of dressing are the men of the lower classes. This want of discrimination with respect to costume in an essentially coquettish sex surprises us; but our astonishment ceases, when we reflect that women only possess the sentiment of fashion and not that of beauty. A woman will always think any wretched piece of rag lovely, if it is the height of fashion to wear this piece of rag.

We had now been at Valencia some nine or ten days, waiting for another steamer, for the weather had disorganized the regular departure of the boats, and had greatly interfered with all correspondence. Our curiosity was satisfied; and all we now thought

of was returning to Paris, to again behold our parents, our friends, the dear boulevards, and the dear gutters; I even think—may Heaven forgive me! —that I cherished the secret desire of seeing a vaudeville; in a word, civilized life, which had been forgotten for the last six months, called imperiously for our return. We longed to read the daily papers, to sleep in our own beds, and had, besides, a thousand other Bœotian fancies. At length, a packet arrived from Gibraltar, and took us to Porte Vendres, after allowing us to visit Barcelona, where it stopped for a few hours. The aspect of Barcelona resembles that of Marseilles, and there is hardly any trace of the Spanish type about it; the edifices are large and regular, and, were it not for the immense blue velvet trousers and the ample red caps of the Catalonians, you would fancy yourself in a town of France. In spite of its Rambla, planted with trees, and its handsome straight streets, Barcelona appears somewhat cramped and stiff, like all towns which are too tightly laced in a doublet of fortifications.

The cathedral is very handsome, especially the interior, which is sombre, mysterious, and almost inspires you with fear.

The organ is of Gothic structure, and shuts with two large panels covered with paintings; a Saracen's head is making a frightful grimace beneath the pendentive which supports the organ. Beautiful lustres of the fifteenth century, full of open-worked figures like reliquaries, hang from the nervures of the roof. On leaving the church, you enter a fine cloister of the same epoch; its silence incites to reverie, and its half-ruined arcades are characterized by the greyish tints of the old buildings of the north. The *calle* of *La Plateria* (the goldsmith's art) dazzles the

eyes by its shop-fronts and glass-cases, which sparkle with jewellery, especially with enormous ear-rings as large as small bunches of grapes, of a heavy and massive richness; and, though rather barbarously made, productive of a very majestic effect: they are principally bought by peasant-women in easy circumstances.

The next day we entered, at ten o'clock in the morning, the little bay at the end of which Porte Vendres rises. We were in France. And—must I own it?—on setting foot on the soil of my country, I felt my eyes fill with tears, not of joy, however, but of regret. The Vermilion Towers, the silvery tops of the Sierra Neveda, the rose-bays of the Generalife, the long, soft, limpid looks, the pink-blossom lips, the little feet and the little hands of the daughters of Spain, all came back to my mind so vividly, that it appeared to me that France, where, however, I was about to see my mother again, was a land of exile for me. My dream was over.

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THE END.

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FOOTNOTES:

[1] This work corresponds to "The Heads of the People," published, some time since, in London.—TRANSLATOR.

[2] *Culotté* is the term applied by smokers to a pipe coloured by long use.—TRANSLATOR.

[3] The well-known popular source of amusement to the Parisian pleasure-seeker of days now past.

[4] The hangman.

[5] £800 or £1000.

[6] Philippe d'Orléans.

[7] The *Temple* in Paris is a sort of large market where old clothes are sold, something like what Monmouth-street used to be.

[8] Eighty degrees Fahrenheit. The author here, as well as all through his works reckons

the degree of heat by the thermometer termed "Centigrade."

[9] The song says, "her arms,"—*los brazos*.

[10] A brigand is said to receive the benefit of the *indulto* when he voluntarily gives himself up and is pardoned.

TRANSCRIBER'S NOTE

Obvious typographical errors and punctuation errors have been corrected after careful comparison with other occurrences within the text and consultation of external sources.

Five occurrences of omitted names, indicated by '* * *' in the original text, have been replaced by '——'.

The 'Frontispiece' noted in the list of 'Illustrations' is missing from this edition of the book.

Except for those changes noted below, all misspellings in the text, and inconsistent or archaic usage, have been retained. For example, court-yard, courtyard; bull-fights, bullfights; Sierra Nevada, Sierra Neveda; torreros, toreros; asphaltic; heroical; ideality; whipt; stopt; unsimilar.

Pg iv, 'Puerto del Sol' replaced by 'Puerta del Sol'.
Pg v, 'los Cabelleros' replaced by 'los Caballeros'.
Pg 3, 'and De Balzac' replaced by 'and de Balzac'.
Pg 3, 'long orgie' replaced by 'long orgy'.
Pg 5, 'Eginetic' replaced by 'Elginetic'.
Pg 14, 'at Listz's concert' replaced by 'at Liszt's concert'.
Pg 14, 'escopoteros' replaced by 'escopeteros'.
Pg 15, 'escopoteros' replaced by 'escopeteros' (twice).
Pg 16, 'Biaritz' replaced by 'Biarritz'.
Pg 19, 'and succeds but' replaced by 'and succeeds but'.

Pg 21, 'escopoteros' replaced by 'escopeteros'.
Pg 29, 'bezil of a ring' replaced by 'bezel of a ring'.
Pg 32, 'these portaits' replaced by 'these portraits'.
Pg 54, 'exactly to canvass' replaced by 'exactly to canvas'.
Pg 64, 'which they unrol' replaced by 'which they unroll'.
Pg 92, 'chorographic portions' replaced by 'choreographic portions'.
Pg 113, 'Puerto del Sol' replaced by 'Puerta del Sol'.
Pg 116, 'del Cabellero' replaced by 'del Caballero'.
Pg 139, 'cartouch' replaced by 'cartouche'.
Pg 152, 'same reputatation' replaced by 'same reputation'.
Pg 182, 'Arabian caligraphy' replaced by 'Arabian calligraphy'.
Pg 190, 'the aloes opens' replaced by 'the aloe opens'.
Pg 190, 'it knotty wood' replaced by 'its knotty wood'.
Pg 190, 'modern belvidere' replaced by 'modern belvedere'.
Pg 204, 'Romeros decided' replaced by 'Romero decided'.
Pg 210, 'to distingush' replaced by 'to distinguish'.
Pg 212, 'Son tuo labios' replaced by 'Son tus labios'.
Pg 212, 'Entre cortena' replaced by 'Entre cortina'.
Pg 217, 'aloes-trees' replaced by 'aloe-trees'.
Pg 218, 'aloes-trees' replaced by 'aloe-trees'.
Pg 218, 'afficionados' replaced by 'aficionados'.
Pg 234, 'subtilties' replaced by 'subtleties'.
Pg 235, 'Esprouceda' replaced by 'Espronceda'.
Pg 238, 'in Britanny' replaced by 'in Brittany'.
Pg 244, 'with our mattrass' replaced by 'with our mattress'.
Pg 252, 'Herman Riuz' replaced by 'Hernán Ruiz'.
Pg 257, 'aficienados' replaced by 'aficionados'.
Pg 257, 'superb aquaduct' replaced by 'superb aqueduct'.
Pg 264, 'del Accite' replaced by 'del Aceite'.
Pg 270, 'Santi-Pouer' replaced by 'Santi-Pouce'.
Pg 273, 'norillos' replaced by 'novillos'.
Pg 287, 'cameleons' replaced by 'chameleons' (twice).
Pg 291, 'monstrous monolinth' replaced by 'monstrous

monolith'.
Pg 297, 'as if had' replaced by 'as if it had'.
Pg 298, 'romances and chrocles' replaced by 'romances and chronicles'.

Index:
Accite: replaced by 'Aceite'.
Briores: replaced by 'Briones'.
Calle de Caritas: replaced by 'Calle de Carretas'.
Calle de Parragos: replaced by 'Calle de Parragas'.
Cervesa: replaced by 'Cerveza'.
Gomelos: replaced by 'Gomeles'.
Hospital: 'Cardova' replaced by 'Cordova'.
Lindaraga: replaced by 'Lindaraja'.
Madrid: 'bebida de Naranga' replaced by 'bebida de naranja'.
Rogas: replaced by 'Rojas'.
Ruins: 'fortificatinos' replaced by 'fortifications'.
Salinos: replaced by 'Salinas'.
Seville: 'Puerta de Triana;' replaced by 'Puerta de Triana, 264;'.
Seville: 'del Accite' replaced by 'del Aceite'.
Suspire del Mora: replaced by 'Suspiro del Moro'.
Women: 'Old Castille' replaced by 'Old Castile'.

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