authenticity of a monk's bone have long been of more importance than a relic of Phidias. Yet Spain ought to have been a storehouse of Roman architectural antiquity, a Herculaneum above ground. It was the favourite province of the empire, and the four centuries which elapsed between Augustus and Alaric, would seem to have been the happiest age of this ill-fated country: safe in her isolation, and far from the intrigues and enemies of Rome, this province is seldom mentioned by contemporary writers during that eventful period, when history was busy in recording human sufferings and national calamities. How much peace and prosperity is not to be inferred from that eloquent silence! The land during this time was covered with Roman monuments, always useful and magnificent, although deficient in high quality of beautiful art. The climate of many portions of the Peninsula rivals even that of Egypt, in the absence of "damp, your whoreson destroyer." Thus many of the bridges, aqueducts, and of subsequent mediaeval stone-built cities, exist almost unimpaired; nay, even the fragile Turkish, the plaster of Paris wall-embroidery, the "diaper, or par-getting," of the Moors, wherever man has not destroyed it, looks, after the lapse of ten centuries, as fresh and perfect as when first put up. Many of the antiquities appear of any age, for there is no officious mania for repairing them; the catena of monuments from the cradle of the restored monarchy is almost complete; and such is the effect of dryness that they often disappoint from lacking the venerable arugo of age to which we are accustomed in a less beneficent climate. The sepulchre is hardly shrouded by a lichen; things look younger by centuries than they really are; alas, for Spain, where the destructive propensities, both of the foreigner and native, have too often been in direct contradiction to nature, who, like a kind mother, exerts herself only to preserve.

Of all ruins, Spain itself, morally and physically, is the most impressive; her soil is strewed with broken temples and dynasties; like Palmyra and Balbeck, the vast fragments denote the colossal proportions of former magnificence. The moral of this noble land and nation, fallen from a high estate, is most impressive, and teaches how vicious institutions in church and state can neutralize—nay, convert into evil—a soil and people which Providence had destined for good, in a lavish gift of her choicest favours; and Foy (ii. 271) has remarked with equal truth and eloquence, that "Le peuple Espagnol a brillé sur la terre, sans avoir traversé la civilisation: il ne s'est pas mêlé aux autres peuples. Il est resté avec ses habitudes et ses vertus natives: c'est un roi détrôné, qui n'a pas perdu le souvenir de sa puissance, et que l'infortune a renversé sans l'humilier." The noble people of Spain stand yet upright as a column amid ruins; they are the material on which the edifice of future prosperity is to be supported: they are the object, the best and proper study of mankind.

The sculpture therefore of Spain is comparatively modern, and consists chiefly of religious and sepulchral subjects. In one branch it is very peculiar, and without any rival in Europe, and this is the dressed and painted images which are placed in chapels, or carried about in the streets for public adoration. These are the identical Dioscuri, the EidoLo, the idols which the lust of the human eye required, the Doli or cheats of the devil, whence St. Isidoro derives the name of an invention which nowhere now rules more triumphantly than in his own Seville. The Spanish names Simulacros Imagines are as little changed from the Roman Simulacra Imagines, as the objects to which they once were applied. Those familiar with ancient art will be struck with beholding how little even subjects have been changed. The Virgin and Child have taken the place of Isis and Horus, and of Cupid and Venus; Santiago has of Mars; San Miguel and San Jorge, with their dragons, of Horus and Apophis, Apollo and Python, Hercules and Hydra, and of all those myths which represent the victory
obtained by the good, over the evil principle, or old serpent; Esculapius has been converted into San Roque, whence our term, "sound as a roach;" San Antonio of Padua and San Francisco exercise by preaching the same influence over fishes and beasts which Amphion and Orpheus did by fiddling; St. Teresa is either a Sibyl or a Muse; and San Cristobal nothing but "Califer Atlas."

The great demand for these carvings has induced many first-rate artists in Spain to devote themselves to this branch of sculpture; hence Cano, Montañes, Roldan, Becerra, Juni, and Hernandez rank exactly as Daedalus, Emilis, and the Telchines did among the antients. Their works have a startling identity: the stone statues of monks actually seem petrifactions of a once living being; many others are exquisitely conceived and executed; unfortunately, from the prudery of draperies, much of the anatomical excellence is concealed; from being clothed and painted they are failures as works of art, strictly speaking, for they attempt too much. The essence of statuary is form, and to clothe a statue, said Byron, is like translating Dante; a marble statue never deceives; it is the colouring it that does, and is a trick beneath the severity of sculpture. The imitation of life may surprise, but, like colossal toys, barbers' blocks, and Madame Tussaud's wax-work figures, it can only please the ignorant and children of a large or small growth, to whom a painted doll gives more pleasure than the Apollo Belvidere. Many of the smaller ex are preserved in glass cases, exactly like our surgical preparations. The resemblance is obvious, and cannot give pleasure, from the absence of life. The imitation is so exact in form and colour, that it suggests the painful idea of a dead body, which a statue does not. But no feeling for fine art or good taste entered into the minds of those who set up those tinsel images. They made sculpture the slave of their end and system; they used it to feed the eye of the illiterate many; to put before those who could not read, a visible tangible object, which realised a legend or a dogma; and there is no mistake in the subject which was intended to be thus represented; nothing was risked by trusting to the abstract and spiritual. Now that these graven images are removed into museums from the altar, and deposed as were from Olympus, they, like sacred Spanish pictures, have lost much of their prestige, and have become objects of study to the artist, instead of fear and veneration to devotees. Torn from the semi-gloom of the chapel and cloister, they are robbed of much of the religio loci, and now stand staring and out of place like monks turned out of their cells into the public streets, and the cheat is explained; and those alone who, like ourselves, have seen them in their original positions, can estimate how much they have lost both in a devotional and artistic point of view.

The Spanish painted and dressed images tally in the minutest particulars with those which were introduced from Babylon and Egypt into Greece and Rome. Those who wish to pursue this subject are referred particularly to Müller, Hand-buch der Kunst, p. 42 et seq. Marble statues were quite a late introduction in Italy (Plin. 'Nat. Hist.,' xxxiv. 7), and are still very rare in Spain. Cedar and the resinous woods were preferred as being "eternal" as the immortal gods themselves (Plin. 'N. H.,' xiii. 5). The Cyllenian Mercury was made of the arbor vitae, οὐ καν δέ εἶναι πάντα διαλύσιμος, the exact Alerce of Spain, ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius. When decayed they were replaced. Pliny, jun. (Ep. ix. 39), writes to his architect, Mustius, to make or get him a new Ceres, as the old one was wearing out. The artists became famous; thus Pausanias (ii. 19. 3) mentions the οὐν of Argos, the work of Attalus the Athenian, just as Ponz would cite the San Jeronimo of Montañes at Italica. It is impossible to read Pausanias, and his accounts of the statues new and old, the temples ruined and rebuilt, without being struck how closely the facts and objects therein pointed
out tally with parallels now offered in Spain; then some ξαφα, as is the case
in Spain at this moment, were made of baked clay, or terra cotta, because,
as he says, they were cheaper; and although the profane Juvenal (Sat. xi. 115)
and Josephus (contr. Ap. ii. 35) laughed at these makeshifts, they answered the
purposes for which they were intended just as well then as now. The resemblance
is equally striking as regards ages, attributes, colours, and dresses. Thus
Pliny ('Nat. Hist.' ii. 7) mentions, that some gods were always young, others always old,
some had hair, some were bald; thus San Juan and S. Sebastian, comely and fair
haired, represent Apollo and Bacchus, while S. Pedro, always bald, represents
Esclapius, as San José, always aged, does Saturn. And see Cicero, 'N. D.' i. 30.
The gods of the Heathens were always distinguished by some particular instru-
ment or symbol, in exact imitation of which S. Catalina bears the palm of
Juno, San Roque the staff or crook of Osiris, Santo Domingo the torch and
dog, the Cerberus of the hell-born furies; San Vicente has his crow, as Jupiter
his eagle; S. Teresa has her dove, like Venus, just as Minerva had her owl, &c.
The ancient ξαφα had also their prescriptive colours. Re of Egypt, like
Pan, was painted red; Osiris, black and green; the Athena of Skiras, white,
while Apollo's face was frequently gilded. Thus in Spain the Virgin in 'La
Concepcion,' is always painted in blue and white; St. John is always dressed
in green, and Judas Iscariot in yellow: "and so intimately," says Blanco White
(p. 289), "is this circumstance associated with the idea of the traitor, that it is
held in universal discredit." Persons taken to execution are clad in yellow
serge. That colour was also adopted by the Inquisition for their san benito, or
dress of heresy and infamy. The hair of Judas is always red; of Rosalind's
"dissembling colour something browner than Judas's." Athenæus (v. 7), de-
scribes the Paso of Bacchus being carried by sixty men, and by an ingenious
mechanism: his άγαλμα was clad in purple, and that of his nurse Nyssa in yellow.
Much of this, no doubt, is based on immortal traditions, which are preserved
by these formulæ. As the ancient temples, like the Christian churches in the
middle ages, were highly painted with blue, vermilion, and gilding, in an
artistical point of view, it became necessary to dress and colour the idols
up to the general tone of everything around them; they otherwise would have
had a cold and ineffective character. The colouring in Spain was deemed of
such importance, that Alonzo Cano and Moutaños frequently stipulated that
no one but themselves should paint the images which they carved. These
figures were treated by the ancients exactly as if they were living deities. Real
food was provided for them, which their good chaplains saw was duly con-
sumed. They were washed and dressed by their own attendants (S. Aug. 'Civ.
Dei,' vi. 10). These palladia spoke, perspired, bled, and wept (Livy, xliii. 13),
just as many do in Spain, whereby, as Palonimo (i. 203) justly remarks, "the
Church has been much enriched, and innumerable souls converted." In
Spain no man is allowed to undress the Paso or sagrada imagén of the Virgin.
So the idol of Ceres could only be waited upon by women and virgins (Cic. 'In
Ver.' iv. 45). Some images, like queens, have their camarera mayor, their mist-
ress of the robes, and their boudoir, or camarín, where their toilet is made.
This duty has now devolved on venerable single ladies, and thence has become
a term of reproach, ha quedado para vestir imagines, just as Turnus derided
Alecto, when disguised as an old woman, "cura tibi effigies Divum, et templa
rueri." The making and embroidering the superb dresses of the Virgin afford
constant occupation to the wealthy and devout, and is one reason why this
Moorish manufacture still thrives pre-eminently in Spain. Her costume, when
the Pasos are borne in triumphal procession through the streets, forms the object
of envy, critique, and admiration. Much the same takes place in China,
where Col. Ellis was “startled” with the identity of the splendidly dressed idol of the “Queen of Heaven,” with the Madonna of Romanism.

All this dressing is very ancient. We have in Callimachus the rules for toilette and oiling the hair of the ἱππανή of Minerva; any man who saw it naked was banished from Argos. This is the meaning of the myth of Acteon and Diana. The grave charge brought against Clodius by Cicero was, that he had profaned the Bona Dea by his presence. The wardrobe of Isis was provided at the public cost (Plut. ‘De Isid.’ 78); and Osiris had his state-dress, ἵππανή κοσμικ. The Peplum of Minerva was the fruit of the five years' work of Athenian matrons and virgins. Castæ velamine Divæ. The Roman signa were so well dressed, that it was considered to be a compliment to compare a fine lady to one. Plaut. ‘Epid.’ (v. 1, 18). The ancients paid much more attention to the decorum and propriety of costume than the Spanish clergy. In the remote villages and in the mendicant convents the most ridiculous masquerades were exhibited, such as the Saviour in a court-dress, with wig and breeches, whereat the Duc de St. Simon was so offended (xx. 113). The traveller will see stranger sights even than this. If once a people can be got to fancy that a mannequin is their god, if they can get over this first step, nothing else ought to create either a smile or surprise. Some figures only have heads, feet, and arms, the body being left a mere block, because destined to be covered with drapery: these are called imagenes á vestir, images to be dressed, and are exactly those described by Pausanias (ti. 2. 6). These Pasos are only brought out on grand occasions, principally during the holy week. The rest of the year they are stowed away, like the properties of a theatre, in regular store-houses, the exact ancient Favissa, and for these the curious traveller should enquire. The expense is very great, both in the construction and costume of the machinery, and in the number of persons employed in managing and attending the ceremonial. The French invasion, the progress of poverty, and advance of intellect, have tended to reduce the number of Pasos, which amounted, previously, to more than fifty in Seville alone. Every parish had its own figure or group, which were paraded in the Holy Week; particular incidents of our Saviour's passion were represented by companies, Cofradías, Hermandades, brotherhoods or guilds (from gelt, their annual contribution): and these took their name from the image or mystery which they upheld: they were the ἵππανή of the Rosetta stone, the Καμάρια of Clemens Alex. (‘Strom.’ v. 242), the ancient εὐαρια, the Sodalitates (see Cicero, ‘De Senec.’ 13), the unions, which in Rome were so powerful, numerous, and well organized, that Julius Cæsar alone could put them down (Suet. 43). The King of Spain is generally the Hermano Mayor. These lodges are constituted on the masonic principle; their affairs are directed by the Teniente Hermano Mayor nombrado por S. M. There is no lack of fine sounding apppellations or paraphernalia, in which Oriental and Spaniards delight; and, however great the present distress, money is seldom wanting, for these ceremonies gratify many national peculiarities. First, the show delights old and young, then it is an excuse for a holiday, for making most days in the week a Sunday, and for exhibition of dress hallowed with a character of doing a religious duty. The members, as among our Freemasons, thus gratify their personal vanity and love of parade, costume, and titles; and their tinsel tomfoolery, moreover, passes for a meritorious act. After the suppression of convents, and appropriation of church property, a new tax was imposed, called contribucion de culto y clero, ostensibly to defray the salaries of the plundered priests and their religious ceremonialis. This payment, inadequate in itself, it need not be said was seldom booked up, as the proceeds were misapplied by the government; very little reached the clergy, who have no bayonets. Accord-
ingly they, and their shows, and processions, were supported by private and voluntary contributions; and as they still command in the confessional-box, they seldom failed or ever will fail to extract largely from pious devotees and rich sinners who require indulgences and absolitions. Some revenue is also derived by the sale of "wax-ends." The candles lighted in these processions obtain a peculiar sanctity; they avert lightning, and are very beneficial on death-beds in securing salvation, and therefore are greedily purchased by women at treble their original cost.

Seville and Valencia are the head-quarters of these Lectisternia, Anteludia, and processions. The holy week is the chief period; when we behold these and read the classics, time and space are annihilated. We are carried back to Arnobius (lib. vii.), "Lavatio Deum matris est hodie—Jovis epulum cras est—lectisternium Cereris est idibus proximis:" and the newspapers of the day now give the same previous notice. The images are moved on platforms, Andas, and pushed on by men concealed under draperies. The Pasos are just as heavy to the weary "as were Bel and Nebó" (Isaiah xlv. 1). Among the ancients, not only the images of the gods, but the sacred boat of Osiris, the shrine of Isis, the ark of the Jews, were borne on staves, as are some of the smaller custodia in Spain. Those who wish to compare analogies between ancient and modern superstition, are referred to the sixth chapter of Baruch, wherein he describes the Babylonian Pasos,—their dresses, the gilding, the lights, &c., or to Athenaeus (v. 7) and Apuleius ('Met.' ii. 241), who have forestalled much of what takes place in Spain, especially as regards the Pasos of the Virgin. Thus the Syrian Venus was carried by an inferior order of priests: Apuleius calls them Pastofori, the Spaniards might fairly term theirs Pastofor; Paso, strictly speaking, means the figure of the Saviour during his passion. The Paso, however, of the Virgin is the most popular, and her gold-embroidered and lace pockets and kerchief chief set the fashion for the season to the Andalucian dandyettes. This is the exact Megalesia in honour of the mother of the gods, the great goddess μεγαλάηθες, which took place in April (see Pitsicus, in voce, for the singular coincidences); the paso of Salambo, the Babylonian Astarte Aphrodite (see Hesychius), was carried through Seville with all the Phœnician rites even down to the third century. Santas Rufina and Justina, the present patronesses of the cathedral tower, were torn to pieces by the populace for insulting the image; which would infallibly be the case should any one presume to do the same to the Sagrada imagen de la Virgen del mayor dolor y traspaso, which is now carried at about the same time through the same streets and almost precisely in the same manner; indeed, Florez admits ('E. S.' ix. 3) that the Paso of Salambo represented the grief and agony felt by Venus for the death of Adonis. A female goddess always has been popular among all Southrons. Thus Veius, when carried in Pompa, on an ivory Andas, round the circus, was hailed with the same deafening applause, te Dea major eris! (Ovid, 'Art. Am.' i. 147, iii. 43) as the goddess Doorga, when borne on her gorgeous throne, draws from the admiring Hindoos at this day, and he Santissima does from Spaniards. There is little new under the sun, and still less in human devices. Every superb superstition has been anticipated by Paganism, and every grovelling vagary of dissent by the fanatics and impostors of the early ages of the church; these things of the present day have not even the poor merit of originality.

However these ζοωαι and their processions have hitherto been neglected by writers on Spain, there are few subjects more interesting to the classical antiquarian, and no hand-book would have done its office without thus briefly suggesting them for observation. But there is another branch of sculpture in which Spain is singularly rich, and which has even higher claims to notice. These are images not made by mortal hands, and called by Cardinal Baronius, imagines...
The Spanish term is, imágenes aparecidas—images that have appeared miraculously, either by revealing themselves to pious rustics in caves and thickets, where they were concealed by the Goths at the Moorish invasion, or by descending directly from heaven. Their exact prototype will be found in antiquity. They were called by the Greeks Δωρέα, as falling from Jupiter, and Ἀγάλματα αὐτευα αὐχειροτοιχα; and not images alone, but other objects as well. Such was the Palladium of Troy, coelum peractum fluxit opus; such the lapsa ancilia celo of Numa; such the Cinta and Cazulla of the Virgin (see Tortosa and Toledo). Indeed the Minerva of Ilion and tutelar of the city tallies in every respect with the Virgen del Pilar of Zaragoza. These heaven-wrought Palladia, however rude, as compared to the exquisite statuary of Cano or Hernandez, were naturally treated with far greater reverence, and the miracles which they continually wrought passed all reasonable belief; wisely, therefore, were they appealed to in public and private calamities, appointed to command armies, to superintend difficult surgical cases, &c. The French invaders, possibly dreading their opposition, destroyed many of them; and others have disappeared, doubtless reconcealing themselves until better times return. Some, however, have escaped, and are the pride and protection of their districts; they will be carefully pointed out. None can understand this branch of divine art without the standard work of Villafane (‘Compendio Historico,’ folio, Mad. 1740); it is the church-authorised record; it details the revelation and miracles of no less than 189 heavenly and holy images of the Virgin, for it excludes all those concerning which there can be a shadow of doubt. In addition to this wholesale book almost every supernatural image has its own authentic volume, which will always be cited, and the best and authentic edition named.

No. 12.—ARTISTICAL TOURS.—PAINTING.

Seville. Escorial, C. Toledo, C.
Badajoz, C. Madrid, C. Valencia, C.

Willkie called Spain the Timbuctoo of artists. It is indeed a terra incognita of a great and national school of artists, of whom, with the exception of Velazquez, Murillo, and a few others, even the names have scarcely transpired beyond the Pyrenees. Art, like everything in that isolated and little-visited land, has long remained hermetically sealed up. The collecting propensities of sundry French generals did her a good turn, although one perfectly unintended. They emancipated many of her imprisoned disciples, who thus were admitted into the fellowship of the great masters of the rest of Europe.

Yet the knowledge of Spanish art is still vague and uncertain; beyond Velazquez and Murillo few paintings have any marketable value. They are not the fashion, and from not being understood are not appreciated. There are three grand schools in Spain; first and foremost is that of Seville, secondly that of Valencia, and thirdly that of the Castiles or Madrid; and these again (Velazquez excepted), in local and uncommunicating Spain, are best to be studied in their own homes, hanging like ripe oranges on their native branches.

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

The general character of the Spanish school of painting is grave, religious, draped, dark, natural, and decent. The church, the great patron, neither looked
to Apelles or Raphael, to Venus or the Graces: she employed painting to decorate her churches, not private residences; to furnish objects of devotion, not of beauty or delight; to provide painted books for those who could not read printed ones; to disseminate and fix on the popular memory those especial subjects by which her system was best supported, her purposes answered, and what Tacitus calls the "sacra ignorantia" of her flocks maintained; and this accounts for the professional character of Spanish art, which, as old Thomas Coryate (ii. 256) observed at Frankfort, "contains a world of excellent pictures, inventions of singular curiosity, whereof most were religious and such as tended to mortification:" hence the hagiographic, hieratic, legendary, and conventional character of the compositions. The jealous church, in her palmy power, treated art like the priests of Egypt; it was to be silent, impassive, and immutable. She exacted a stern adhesion to an established model; she forbade any deviation from her religious type. To have changed an attitude or attribute would have been a change of Deity: thus the rude conceptions of an unartistic period were repeated by men of a later and better age, whose creative inventions were fettered to a prescribed formula. But the artists, even if they had wished it, did not dare offend a patron by whose commissions alone they lived; as among the Paganis, the painting the Virgin gave them fame and bread:

"Quis nescit?"

Pictores ab Iside pasci

The most distinguished, however, partook of the deep sincerity of a religious age and people. Luis de Vargas and Juanes were eminently devout, and, like Angello da Fiesole, never ventured to paint the Virgin without purifying and exalting their minds by previous prayer: so, in the more religious days of Rome, Amulius never dared to paint Minerva except togatus, that is, in grand costume (Plin. 'Nat. Hist.' xxxv, 10). These early artists were upheld by faith; they believed even in the wildest legends: hence their earnestness and honesty. It was only when Romanism itself began to be questioned, under the shadow of the tiara itself, that M. Angelo, the Luther of art, headed the reformation, and broke through conventional trammels. Form led the way, and fascinating colour followed; then pleasure, sensuality, and ostentation succeeded, until the religious apostasy of art insured its degradation. It became of earth and earthy, for never, either in ancient or modern ages, has art aspired to or attained its highest elevation without being ordained as it were and consecrated to the service of the altar. Being mortal, it contained in itself the germ of corruption; first the handmaid of the church, then the slave of its superstitions; first the exponent of creeds and religion, then the pandar of the worst passions.

Spain, isolated alike by geography and the palisadoes of the Inquisition, was long the last hold of the papacy; it held out until the end of the sixteenth century, when Herrera in painting, and Juni in sculpture, followed in the wake of Italy, then drunk with form and beauty; but what art gained in attraction she lost in religious simplicity, sentiment, and impression; her works were admired, not worshipped, and they inspired pleasure rather than awe and veneration.

Still the Holy Tribunal stood sentinel over author and artist: An inspector—censor y veedor—was appointed, whose duty it was to visit the studios of sculptors and painters, either to destroy or to paint over the slightest deviation from the manner which their rubric laid down for treating sacred subjects. Pacheco,*

* Arte de Pintura, su Antigüedad y Grandezas, por Fr. Pacheco, 4to.: Simon Fazardo, Sevilla, 1649. This work is so scarce that Cicogna, in his Catalogo Racionato, does not seem to have known of its existence. Mr. Heber only possessed an imperfect copy. Neither Brunet nor Salva mention it. It contains 641 pages, and two of index. The amateur should secure, whenever he can, Los Dialogos de la Pintura, por Vincencio Carducho. Fr. Martinez,
the father-in-law of Velazquez, details in his official character, in 270 pages, the orthodox receipts for the usual class of devotional pictures. Although these strict rules have been latterly relaxed, yet down to 1790 every sort of caricature against religious matters, every sort of indecent or even free representation in painting, sculpture, or engraving, was prohibited (Regla xi. Indice Expurg.). Hence the fine arts of Spain are singularly chaste—they are honourably distinguished by a total absence of that lascivious prostitution of art by which youth is corrupted, morality offended, and decency and good sense insulted. Thus, when Italy poured forth her voluptuous nymphs, her Venuses, her naked Graces, which the discovery and rising taste for the antique reconciled and endeared to their tastes, the prudery of veiled Spain took fright. This class of paintings was prohibited, or the nudities of those that crept in were covered with drapery. The doctors of Salamanca pronounced it to be a deadly sin, pecado mortal, to possess them (Carducho, 123); the painters were liable to excommunication (Palom. ii. 137). Carducho mentions that the soul of an artist had appeared to his confessor to inform him that he was confined to fast in fire until a free picture which he had painted should be burnt for him. Ancient Greek art was naked; the inflammatory effect was neutralised by the constant and familiar exposition of nudity at the public games—even the goddesses unveiled their immortal charms. "Nec fuerat nudas poena videre deas." The judgment of Paris was not then hampered by millinery: Venus sat herself to Praxiteles, favente Ded, naked and not ashamed, just as Madame Borghese did to Canova, without minding it, because there was a fire in the room. Few Spaniards have ever known that feeling for art for itself, that perception of the beautiful, which among the ancient Grecians and the modern Italians has triumphed over the severe dignity of religion. Such Gothic scruples furnished jests at St. Peter's, where Priagio de Cesena, when he objected to the nudities of the Last Judgment, only got the nickname of Il Braghetone, for want of judgment and inexpressibles; but your old Castilian in loyalty and religion was anything but a Sans-culotte.

A Spanish Venus, at least on canvass, is yet a desideratum among amateurs. Those of Titian and Paduanino, which are in the royal collection of Madrid, blush unseen—they, with all other improper company of that sort, Ledas, Danaës, and so forth, were lumped together, just as the naughty epigrams of Martial are collected in one appendix in well-intentioned editions; the peccant pictures were all consigned into an under-ground apartment, la galleria reservada, into which no one was admitted without an especial permission. Nothing gave the Holy Tribunal greater uneasiness than how Adam and Eve in Paradise, the blessed souls burning in purgatory, the lady who tempted St. Anthony, or the last Day of Judgment, were to be painted, circumstances in which small clothes and long clothes would be highly misplaced. Both Palomino (ii. 137) and Pacheco (201) handle these delicate subjects very tenderly. Describing the celebrated Last Judgment of Martin de Vos, at Seville, Pacheco relates how a bishop informed him that he had chanced, when only a simple monk, to perform service before this group of nakedness—the mitre had not obliterated the dire recollections; he observed (he had been a sailor in early life) that rather than celebrate mass before it again, he would face a hurricane in the Gulf of Bermuda. The moral effect of the awful day of judgment was so much counter-balanced by the immoral deshabile.

Mad. 1633. This octavo is illustrated with etchings, which is a rare occurrence in Spanish books. It contains many very curious anecdotes concerning Charles I. and his manner of passing his time among the artists at Madrid. The Museo Pittorico, by Antonio Palomino 3 vols. fol. Mad., 1795, will be found to be useful for some practical purposes.
Spanish pictures, on the whole, like Spanish beauties, will, at first sight, disappoint all those whose tastes have been formed beyond the Pyrenees; they may indeed improve upon acquaintance, and from the want of anything better: again the more agreeable subjects are seldom to be seen in Spain, for these naturally have been the first to be removed by the iron or gold of foreigners, who have left the gloomy and ascetic behind; thus, in all Spain, not ten of Murillo's gipsy and beggar pictures are to be found, and the style by which he is best known in England is that by which he will be least recognised in his native land.

One word of advice on making purchases in Spain. A notion exists, because few people have been there curiosity-collecting, that it is uncleaned ground. Nothing can be more erroneous. The market never was well provided with literary or artistical wares: the rich cared not for these things, and the clergy made art subservient to religion, and tied it up in mortmain. Whatever there was, has been pretty well cleared out, during the war by the swords of invaders, and since the peace by the purses of amateurs. Those who expect to be able to pick up good things for nothing, will have left in Spain, not ten of Murillo's gipsy and beggar pictures to be found, and the style by which he is best known in England is that by which he will be least recognised in his native land.

Let them beware of the 'extraordinary luck of getting for an old song—by the merest chance in the world—an original Murillo or Velasquez.' These bargains are, indeed, plentiful as blackberries. But when the fortunate amateur has paid for them, their packing, freight, duty, repairing, lining, cleaning, framing, and hanging, he will be in a frame of mind to suspend himself. Sad is desengaño, the change which will come over the spirit of his bargain, when seen through the flattering medium of the paid or unpaid bills, and the yellow London fog, instead of the first-love sight under the cheerful sun of Spain. Again, Spanish pictures are on a large scale, having been destined for the altars of churches and chapels of magnificent proportions; and hence arises another inconvenience, in addition to the too frequent repulsiveness of the subjects, that they are ill-adapted to the confined rooms of private English houses, nay even to those of France. It is true that these pictures, by being placed in London and Paris, are more accessible to Europe than in the remote churches and convents of Spain; but the productions of artists, who were employed by priest and monk, necessarily became tintured with their all-pervading, all-dominant sentiment. The subjects of cowled Inquisidores, the Mæcenas of Spain, look dark, gloomy, and repulsive, when transported, like hooded owls, into the daylight and judgment of sensual Paris, or coupled with the voluptuous groupings of siren Italy. But Spanish art, like her literature, is with few exceptions, the expression of a people long subject to a bigoted ascetic despot, and fettered down to conventional rules and formulæ, diametrically opposed to beauty and grace, and with which genius had to struggle. Seen in dimly-lighted chapels, these paintings, part and parcel of the edifices and the system, were in harmony with all around; and those who painted them calculated on given places and intentions, all of which are changed and taken away in the Louvre: restore them to their original positions, and they will regain their power, effect, and meaning.

The Spanish school is remarkable for an absence of the ideal. Religion there has been so much materialized, that the representations and exponents of necessity partook more of the flesh than the spirit, more of humanity than divinity; it seldom soared above the lower regions of reality. The Deity was anthropomorphised; to seek whose form was thought even by Pliny ('N. H.' ii. 7) to be human imbecility. The monkish saints, raised from the ranks to this Olympus, were designed after the vulgar models of conventual life: thus they held out to the masses the prospect of an equal elevation. The Capuchins painted by Murillo, the Jesuits by Roelas, and the Carthusians by Zurbaran, almost step out of their frames, and do all but move and speak.

The absence of good antique examples of a high style, the prohibition of
nudity—the essence of sculpture, the semi-Moorish abhorrence of anatomical dissection, all conspired to militate against the learned drawing of the M. Angelo school. The great charm of the Spanish school is the truth of representation of Spanish life and nature. Despising the foreigner and his methods, and trusting little to ideal conception, the artists went to the nature, by which they were surrounded, for everything. Hence, Velazquez and Murillo, like Cervantes, come home at once to the countrymen of Reynolds, Wilson, and Shakespeare, nature's darling. They have, indeed, been said to be the anticipation of our school, but more correctly speaking they only preceded us, who, without inter-communication, arrived at similar results by adopting similar means. Both countries drank at the same source and learned their lesson of the same mistress, who never is untrue to those who turn truly to her. The varieties are such as necessarily must arise from difference of climate, manners, religion, and other extrinsic disturbing influences; both, while preserving a distinct nationality and a peculiar borracha and raciness, are united by this common intrinsic bond, the study and reflection of nature: hence the kindred feeling and love of us English for the great masters of Spain, who are infinitely less appreciated, although more prated about, by other people, to whose cherished canons of taste, whether as regards the drama or pallet, they are diametrically opposed, or rather were; for modern Spaniards, deserting Murillo, Velazquez, and nature, have, in their present dearth of talent, turned, like the desert-be-nighted Israelites, even in the presence of truth, to worship false gods and bow down to molten calves, to Mens and David.

No. 13. MINERAL BATHS.

These are very numerous, and were always much frequented. In every part of the Peninsula such names as Calidas, the Roman Calidas, and Alhama, the Arabic Al-hâmûn, denote the continuance of baths, in spite of the changes of nations and language. From Al-hâmûn, the Hhamman of Cairo, our Covent Garden Hummus are derived. Very different are the Spanish accommodations; they are mostly rude, inadequate, and inconvenient. The Junta suprema de Sanidad, or Official Board of Health, has published a list of the names of the principal baths, and their proper seasons. At each a medical superintendent resides, who is appointed by government.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Names of Baths</th>
<th>Province</th>
<th>Vicinity</th>
<th>Seasons</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chiclana</td>
<td>Andalucia</td>
<td>Cadiz</td>
<td>June to October.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paterna de la Rivera</td>
<td>do.</td>
<td>Medina Sidonia</td>
<td>June to September.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Arenocillo</td>
<td>do.</td>
<td>Cordova.</td>
<td>do.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Horcajo</td>
<td>do.</td>
<td>Granada.</td>
<td>May to June.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alhama</td>
<td>do.</td>
<td>Purullena.</td>
<td>August to September.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Graena</td>
<td>do.</td>
<td>Lanjaron.</td>
<td>September to Oct.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lanjaron</td>
<td>do.</td>
<td>Almeria.</td>
<td>May to June.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sierra Alamilla</td>
<td>do.</td>
<td>do.</td>
<td>September to Oct.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Guarda vieja</td>
<td>do.</td>
<td>Jaen.</td>
<td>April to June.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Marmolejo</td>
<td>do.</td>
<td>do.</td>
<td>September to Nov.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Carratraca</td>
<td>do.</td>
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# Names of Baths

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<tr>
<th>Bath</th>
<th>Province</th>
<th>Vicinity</th>
<th>Seasons</th>
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<td>Archena</td>
<td>Murcia</td>
<td>Murcia</td>
<td>April to June</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Valencia</td>
<td>Alicante</td>
<td>September to Oct.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bellús</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>Xativa</td>
<td>May to June</td>
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<tr>
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<td>do</td>
<td>Castellon</td>
<td>September to Oct.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Caldas de Monbuy</td>
<td>Catalonia</td>
<td>Mataró</td>
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<tr>
<td>Olesa y Esparraguera</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>Barcelona</td>
<td>September to Oct.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Alhama</td>
<td>Aragon</td>
<td>Calatayud</td>
<td>May to September</td>
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<td>Quinto</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>Zaragoza</td>
<td>do</td>
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<td>Tiermas</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>Cinco-villas</td>
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<td>Huesca</td>
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<td>do</td>
<td>Daroca</td>
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<td>Navarra</td>
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<td>La Mancha</td>
<td>Ciudad Real</td>
<td>May to June</td>
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<td>Fuencaliente</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>June to September</td>
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<td>Solan de Cabras</td>
<td>New Castile</td>
<td>Cuenca</td>
<td>do</td>
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<td>do</td>
<td>Guadalajara</td>
<td>do</td>
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<tr>
<td>Trillo</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>do</td>
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<tr>
<td>El Molar</td>
<td>Old Castile</td>
<td>Madrid</td>
<td>do</td>
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<td>Ledesma</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>Salamanca</td>
<td>do</td>
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<td>Arnedillo</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>Logroño</td>
<td>do</td>
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<td>Alange</td>
<td>Estremadura</td>
<td>Badajoz</td>
<td>do</td>
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<tr>
<td>Monte mayor</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>Caceres</td>
<td>do</td>
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<td>Artejo</td>
<td>Galicia</td>
<td>La Coruña</td>
<td>July to September</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lugo</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>June to September</td>
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<tr>
<td>Carballino</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>Orense</td>
<td>July to September</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cortegada</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>June to September</td>
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<tr>
<td>Caldas de Reyes</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>Pontevedra</td>
<td>July to September</td>
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<tr>
<td>Caldelas de Tuy</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>do</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cestona</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>Guipuzcoa</td>
<td>June to September</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>La Hermida</td>
<td>Asturias</td>
<td>Santander</td>
<td>do</td>
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### No. 14. TOUR FOR THE IDLER AND MAN OF PLEASURE.

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

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

No. 15. RELIGIOUS FESTIVALS TOUR.

Religion has long been mixed up in every public, private, and social relation of Spain. The intelligent and powerful clergy, jealous of any rival, interfered with the popular amusements, and monopolized them: the chief of these, in a country where there are very few, were the Auto de Fés, Processions, Rosarios, Pilgrimages, and church ceremonials and festivals. These have also given employment to the finest art.

The recent reforms have closed the convent, the grand theatre of monastic melo-drama, and once the leading item of public recreation. The monasteries and their inmates, white, blue, and grey, have, with all their miracles and pantomimes, been scheduled away; while the impoverished church has no longer the means of performing those more solemn and magnificent spectacles of ceremonial and music for which the Peninsula was unrivalled. Those which still remain, together with the leading pilgrimages, the holiday of the provincial peasantry, will be duly noticed in their proper places. Although only a shadow of the past, the Holy Week is observed with much solemnity and pomp, and with many circumstances peculiar to the Spanish church. Seville is by far the best town for this striking and solemn ceremonial.

The Dia de Corpus is the next grand festival. This movable feast takes place on the first Thursday after Trinity Sunday. It is splendidly got up, with public processions through the streets in even the smallest villages. Valencia, Seville, Toledo, Granada, Santiago, and Barcelona are the most remarkable; but all the chief cities reserve their magnificence for this occasion. Particular towns have also their particular holidays: e.g., Madrid, that of St. Isidore; Seville, that of St. Ferdinand; Valencia, of San Vicente de Ferrer; Pamplona, of St. Fermín; Santiago, of St. James.

In Spain, as in the East, the duty of performing certain pilgrimages was formerly one of the absolute precepts of faith. Spain abounds in sacred spots and "high places." Monserrat was their Ararat, Zaragoza and Santiago their Medina and Mecca. These were the grand sites to which it once was necessary to "go up." See particularly our remarks at each of them; in process of time the monks provided also for every village some consecrated spot, which offered a substitute for these distant and expensive expeditions: they will perish with the dissolution of monasteries, which derived the greatest benefit from their observance. Few pilgrims ever visited the sacred spot without contributing their mite towards the keeping up the chapel, and the support of the holy man or brotherhood to whose especial care it was consigned. "No penny no pater­noster;" and masses must be paid for, as diamonds, pearls, and other matters, and the greatest sinners are the best customers. Although lighter in purse, the pilgrim on his return took rank in his village, and, as in the East, was honoured as a Hadji; the Spanish term is Romero, which some have derived from Roma, one who had been to Rome, a roamer; others from the branch of rosemary, Romero, which they wore in their caps, which is a Scandinavian charm against witches; and this elfin plant, called by the Northmen Elegrem, is still termed alecrim in Portugal. Thus our pilgrims were called Palmers, from bearing the palm­branch, and Saunterers, because returning from the Holy Land, La Sainte Terre. These Romerias and Ferias, the fairs, offer the only amusement and relaxation to their hard and continued life of labour: Feria, as the word implies, is both a holy day and a fair. It was everywhere found convenient to unite a little busi­
ness with devotion; while purer motives attracted from afar the religiously disposed, the sacred love of gold induced those who had wares to sell, to serve God and Mammon, by tempting the assembled pilgrims and peasants to carry back with them to their homes something more substantial than the abstract satisfaction of having performed this sort of conscientious duty. In every part of Spain, on the recurrence of certain days devoted to these excursions, men, women, and children desert their homes and occupations, their ploughs and spindles. The cell, hermitage, or whatever be the place of worship, is visited, and the day and night given up to song and dance, to drinking and wassail, with which, as with our skittles, these pilgrimages have much sympathy and association; indeed, if observance of rites formed any test, these festivals would appear especially devoted to Bacchus and Venus; the ulterior results are brought to light some nine months afterwards: hence the proverb considers a pilgrimage to be quite as attractive to all weak women as a marriage, *a Romerías y bodas, van las locas todas*. The attendance of female devotees at these al fresco expeditions, whether to Missas de Madrugada, masses of peep of day, or to *Virgenes del Rocio*, Dew-Virgins, of course attracts all the young men, who come in saints' clothing to make love. Both sexes remain for days and nights together in woods and thickets, not *sub jove frigido*, but amid the bursting, life-pregnant vegetation of the South. Accordingly, many a fair pilgrim *sale Romera y vuelve Ramera*; the deplorable consequences have passed into national truisms, *detrás de la cruz, está el diablo*. Those who chiefly follow these love-meetings are, unfortunately, those whose enthusiasm is the most inflammable. In vain do they bear the cross on their bosoms, which cannot scare Satan from their hearts. *La cruz en los pechos, el diablo en los hechos*. This is the old story: "After the feast of Bel the people rose up to play." Bishop Patrick explains what the particular game was: *το μεθύουσιν*, this getting drunk, is derived by Aristotle, *μετὰ τὸ θεῖον*, from the Methuen wine-treaty, which was always ratified on the conclusion of such religious congresses and sacrifices. However, the sight is so curious, that the traveller, during this time of the year, should make inquiries at the principal towns what and when are the most remarkable *Fiestas* and *Romerías* of the immediate neighbourhood. They are every day diminishing, for in Spain as in the East, where foreign civilization is at work, the transition state interferes with painters and authors of "Sketches," since the march of intellect and the exposure of popular fallacies is at least paring away something from religious and national festivities. Education, the rights and responsibilities of citizenship, and the consequent increased taxation, has both dispelled the bliss of ignorance and saddened the enlightened populace. Poverty and politics, cares for-to-day and anxiety for the morrow, have damped something of the former reckless abandon of un instructed joyousness, and lessened the avidity for immediate and perhaps childish enjoyments. Many a picturesque custom and popular usage will pass away, to the triumph of the utilitarian and political economist, to the sorrow of the poet, the artist, and antiquarian. Now the *Progreso* with merciless harrow is tearing up many a wild flower of Spanish nature, which are to be rooted up before "bread-stuffs" can be substituted.

The most remarkable *Panteons*, or royal and private burial-places, are at the Escorial, Toledo, Guadalajara, Cuenca, Poblet, Ripoll, and San Juan de la Peña. But even these have suffered much; the destruction and profanation which commenced during the French invasion, having been carried fearfully out during the recent changes and chances of civil war. Many of the superb tombs erected in convents, which were founded by great men for their family burial-places, have been swept away from the face of the earth. They had previously been grossly neglected by the degenerate possessors of their names and estates, who,
however proud of the descent, were indifferent to the fate of the effigies of their "grandsires cut in alabaster." The feeling of respect for these monuments died away with the custom of erecting them; nor, even supposing that the patrons had had the inclination to protect them, would it have been in their power. The suppression of the convents was decreed in a hurry, and executed by popular violence. Their hatred against the monk, as a drone and Carlist, was stimulated by licensed plunder. Art and religion were trampled on alike; objects once the most revered became in the reaction the most abhorred; scarcely anything was respected; for had any sentiment of respect existed, the spirit which directed the movement never could have been roused up to demolition pitch. Here and there in the larger towns a few monuments have escaped, having been removed, as objects of art, to museums and other receptacles. It is true that they are thus preserved from destruction, but the religio loci, and the charm of original intention and associations, are lost for ever. Spain has in our time gone through a double visitation, which in England took place after long intervals. The French invasion represents the Reformation of Henry VIII., and the recent civil wars, those of our Charles I. In both a war of destruction was waged against palace and convent. Time has healed the wounds of our ecclesiastical ruins, but in Spain they remain in all the unsightliness of recent onslaught, still smoking, still, as it were, bleeding.

No. 16. ECCLESIOLOGICAL TOUR.

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

21. CHURCH AND ARCHITECTURAL TERMS.

The religious architecture in Spain is still of the highest and most varied quality, notwithstanding these deplorable ravages. In common with Spanish art and literature, it has been an exponent of the national mind during its different periods, and has shared in the rise, power, and decline of the monarchy. The earliest edifices erected after the Moorish conquest will naturally be found in the Asturias and Galicia, the cradles of Gotho-Spanish monarchy. These simple solid specimens, with round-headed arches, are termed by Spanish architects Obras de los Godos; Gothic, or the works of the Goth, which indeed they were, while the pointed style to which in English that term is most erroneously applied, has nothing whatever in common with that people, or their works. As the Spanish monarchy waxed stronger, it followed in the wake of Europe, with the peculiarity of a Moorish infusion. The rude Gotho-Spaniard employed Saracenic workmen for the ornamental, just as the Normans did in Sicily. This admixture prevails chiefly in the south and east. In Catalonia, and portions of Leon and Castile, the infusion is Norman, and was introduced by the French allies of the Spanish Christians. The earliest periods are marked by a simple, solid, Gothic style; for in the days of border foray, churches and convents, as now in Syria, served frequently as fortresses. Specimens of this period abound in Salamanca, Zamora, Santiago, and Oviedo, and generally to the north-west.
When the monarchy was consolidated under Ferdinand and Isabella, a more royal, florid, and ornate decoration was introduced. This was exchanged by their grandson Charles V. for the chivalrous cinque-cento, or renaissance, which Italy taught to Europe. This the Spaniards call the Græco-Romano style, and the term is well chosen, for it was more antique and Pagan than Christian. The newly discovered literature and arts of the classical ages, which engrossed and absorbed European attention, wrestled with the creed of the cross even in the churches themselves. The decorations of altars and sepulchres became mythological; tritons, flowers, and griffins disputed with monks, chaplets, and saints. This rich arabesque style the Spaniards appropriately called el Plateresco, from its resemblance to the chasings of silversmiths. It is also called the style of Berruguete, from the name of that great architect, sculptor, and painter, who carried it to such perfection. In the ornamental working of plate few countries can compete with Spain; she had her Cellinis in the family of the D’Arphes and the Becerriles; the age of Leo X. was that of her Charles V., when she was the dominant power of Europe. He was succeeded by Philip II., who, with all his faults, perfectly understood art, and was its most liberal encourager. He introduced a severer style, and abandoned the fantastic caprices of the Berruguete cinque-cento. The classical orders became the model, and especially the chaste Doric and graceful Ionic; this is termed the Herrera style, because much promulgated by that great architect, the builder of the Escorial, and appointed by Philip II., the sole supervisor of all the edifices of the Peninsula.

Architecture, which grew with the monarchy, shared in its decline. Thus, when the Gongoras corrupted literature with euphuism and conceit, this second expression of the spirit of the age was tortured by Churriguera. This heresiarch of flagitious taste has bequeathed his name a warning to mankind. El Churriguersismo, el Churriguersque, in the language of Spanish criticism, designates all that is bad and vicious; to wit, those piles of gilded wood, and fricassees of marbles, with which the old churches of Spain were unfortunately filled, by a well-intentioned mistaken desire to beautify. This was indeed the age of gold, when viceroys and officials, returning from distant dependencies with cankered heaps of strangely achieved gold, sought on their death-beds to bribe St. Peter, and listened to their confessors, ever ready to absolve a penitent who was willing to bequeath legacies for obras pias, or pious works. But it was an age of leaden dross in art. The shell of the temples shared in the degeneracy of the spirit of their creed; never was religion more crusted over with tinsel ceremonial, but more stripped of realities; and so her shrines, albeit plastered over with gilding, were poverty-stricken as regarded alike the beautiful and sublime, or the Christian, in art. Seneca, although a Spaniard, could see the glittering cheat: "Cum auro teeta perfundimus quid aliud quam mendacio gaudemus? Scimus enim auro pia eda ligna latitate" (Ep. 115). But everything then was a lie, and bunglers, who called themselves artists, endeavoured to make up by barbaric ornament for want of sentiment, feeling, and design.

The Churriguersque mania continued to prevail during the reign of Philip V., who superadded to its unmeaning monstrosities the gaudy French rococo of Louis XIV. About 1750 the Churriguersque was succeeded by the Academical, of which Mengs, the type of learned mediocrity and commonplace, was the apostle. This Academical still prevails: hence the poor conventionalities of modern buildings in Spain, which, without soul, spirit, or nationality, are an emblem of the monarchy fallen from its pride of place. Yet the Spaniards turn from the Gothic, the Cinque-cento, and the Moorish, to admire these
formal workings by line, and rule, coldly correct and classically dull. They point out with pride the bald adaptations and veneerings of other men’s inventions, which characterize the piles of brick and mortar reared during the reign of Charles III., whose passion was architecture, and whose taste was that of his vile period, contemporary and common-place as that of our George III.

The cathedrals and churches of Spain, built in better times, are unrivalled in number and magnificence. They are museums of art in all its branches, of which the clergy have always been the best patrons; not from any love of art itself, but in order to make it the handmaid of their system and creed. Much also of the private outlay of kings and princes has been lavished on the chapels of their tutelar saints and family burial-places. Hence the remarkable religious tendency of the fine arts in Spain. The cathedrals range from the eleventh to the seventeenth century; they embrace every transition-style, and constitute the emphatic feature of their respective cities. They differ in details from each other, but one and the same principle prevails in the general intention and arrangement; and this requires to be explained once for all. The Spanish terms will be retained throughout these pages. They are those used by the natives, and therefore will best facilitate the traveller’s inquiries.

The exteriors frequently remain unfinished; Spanish grandeur of conception too often outstrips the means of execution; and when the original religious motive began to decline, the funds destined for completion were misappropriated by jobbing individuals. The fachada principal, or western façade, is generally the most ornate. It sometimes is placed between two towers, with deeply recessed portals and niche work, studded with statues and sculpture. It is seldom that both towers are finished. The plan of the body of the edifice is almost always a cross. The number of naves, naves (navis, paves, the ark), vary. The side aisles, alas, wings, las laterales, colaterales, are divided by piers, pilones, from whence the roof, bóveda, springs. The font, pila, is usually placed at the entrances, typical of the entrance of the baptized into the church of Christ, and also to be readier for digital immersion. No Spaniard comes into church without dipping his finger into this holy water, or agua bendita, which the devil is said to hate even worse than monks did the common abstrusive fluid. The persons the pila may, having dipped, pass on the liquid to their companions, who all cross themselves, santiguanse, hagan cruces, touching the breast, forehead, and lips, and ending with apparently kissing the reversed thumb. All this is most ancient, Oriental, and Phallic. Compare Job xxxi. 27; Pliny, ‘Hist. Nat.’ xi. 45; xxviii. 2; and particularly Apuleius, ‘Met.’ iv. 83; indeed the kiss is the root and essence of adoration: πρωκυνησις, απο του κυνης.

Advancing up the centre aisle is the heart, cor, el coro, the quire, which is occupied by the canons and quiristers. This isolated portion is enclosed on three sides, open only to the east. This mode of structure, although very convenient for the occupants, is a grievous eyesore in the edifice; it blocks up the space, and conceals the high altar. The back of the coro is called el trascoro: this, which faces those who enter the cathedral from the west, is frequently most elaborately adorned with marbles, pictures, and sculpture. The lateral walls of the quire are called los respaldos del coro, and often contain small chapels. Over these the organs are generally placed, of which in larger cathedrals there are usually two. They are, as instruments, of a rich and deep tone; the ornaments, however, being of the seventeenth century, are too often in the vilest taste, and out of harmony with everything around. The coro is lined with stalls, sillas, frequently in two tiers, and backed by a highly enriched carved wainscoting, and crowned with finials, poppyheads, and ornamental decoration. The seats, silleria del coro, should be carefully examined, especially.
the "misereres," subsilia, or turn-up stools; many are extremely ancient and grotesque. The atriles, or desks on which the books of the quiresters are placed, are also frequently exquisitely designed in wood and metal; as are the facistolos, the letterns or eagles. The throne of the bishop and the confessional chair of the great penitentiary, el penitenciario, are always the most elaborate.

Opposite to the coro is an open space, which marks the centre of the transept, crucero, and over which is the great dome, el cimborio. This space is called the "entre los dos coros," and divides the quire from the high altar, el altar mayor, capilla mayor, or el presbiterio. This, again, is usually isolated and fenced off by a reja, or railing, the cancelli, gratings, whence comes our term chancel. These rejas are among the most remarkable and artistical peculiarities of Spain, and, from being made of iron, have escaped the melting-pot of armed power, both foreign and domestic. The minor chapels frequently have their reja or "parclose;" and they should always be examined. The pulpits, pulpitos, ambones, generally two in number, are placed in the angle outside the chancel: they are fixed. N.W. and S.W., in order that the preacher may face the congregation, who look towards the high altar, without his turning his back to it. Ascending usually by steps is the cruces, or sacristy, the altar (ab altitudine), and on this is placed a tabernacle, el tabernaculo, or ciborio, under which the consecrated wafer, La Hostia, is placed in a viril, or open "monstrance," when displayed, or manifestado. This term viril was thought by Blanco White to be a remnant of the Phallic abomination. Pliny ('Hist. Nat.' xxxiii. 3), however, mentions the names viriola, viriae, as Celtic and Celtiberian words for golden ornaments. When the wafer is not exhibited, it is enclosed in a sagrario, andas, ciborium, or tabernacle. In some churches, as at Lugo and Leon, the host is always displayed for public adoration; in others, only at particular times: generally, in great towns, this is done in all the churches by rotation, and during forty hours, las cuarenta horas, which are duly mentioned in almanacs and newspapers, and which may be seen by the cluster of beggars at the particular church-door, who well know that this church will be the most visited by the devout and charitable.

The church plate, as might be expected in a land the mistress of the gold and silver of the New World, and of a most wealthy clergy, was once most splendid and abundant; (see some remarks on the D'Arphes of Leon;) but, as usual in troubled times, the precious material attracted the spoiler, foreign and domestic. Vast quantities have disappeared; a few specimens, however, of the Cellinis of Spain remain, and chiefly at Toledo, Seville, Santiago, and Oviedo. The most remarkable objects to examine are the altar candlessticks, candeleros, blandones; the caliz, or sacramental cup; the porta pax, in which relics are enclosed, and offered to devout osculation; the cruces, crosses; baculos, croziers; and the vergers' staves, cetros. The traveller should always inquire if there be a custodia, whether of silver, plata, or of silver gilt, sobredorada; these are precisely the Moslem Mohk'mil. (Lane, ii. 247.) They are called custodias, because in them, on grand festivals, the consecrated host is kept. The custodia, containing the wafer, thus guarded, is deposited on Good Friday in the sepulchre, el monumento. This is a pile of wood-work which is put up for the occasion; and in some cathedrals—Seville, for instance—is of great architectural splendour.

At the back of the high altar rises a screen, or reredos, called el retablo; these often are most magnificent, reared high aloft, and crowned with a "holy rood," or the representation of Christ on the cross, with St. John and the Virgin at his side. The retablos are most elaborately designed, carved, and gilt; they are divided into compartments, either by niches or intercolumniations; and these
spaces are filled with paintings or sculpture, generally representing the life of the Virgin, or of the Saviour, or subjects taken from the Bible, and not unfrequently the local legends and tutelars: these are the books of those who can see, but cannot read. The place of honour—is usually assigned to La Santissima, the Virgin, the “Queen of heaven” (Jer. xliiv. 17), either in the attitude of her Conception, Assumption, or as bearing the infant Saviour. She is the Astarte, Isis, and great Diana, the focus of light and adoration; and to her indeed the majority of cathedrals of Spain are dedicated, whilst in every church in the Peninsula, she at least has her Lady Chapel. Few Spaniards ever at any time, in crossing the cathedral, pass the high altar without bowing and crossing themselves to this, the Sanctum Sanctorum, since the incarnate host is placed thereon: and in order not to offend the weaker brethren, every considerate Protestant should also manifest an outward respect for this the holy of holies of the natives, and of his Redeemer also. Sometimes kings, queens, and princes are buried near the high altar, which is then called a Capilla real. The sarcophagus, or bed on which the figures representing the deceased kneel or lie, is called Urna. The sepulchral monuments of Spain are, or rather were, most numerous and magnificent: vast numbers were destroyed by the French; many of those which escaped have perished in the recent suppression of convents: leaving the capilla mayor, the two outsides are called respaldos, and the back part el trasaltar. Spaniards, in designating the right and left of the altar, generally use the terms lado del Evangelio, lado de la Epístola: the Gospel side, that is the right, looking from the altar; the Epístola side, that is the left. These are the spots occupied by the minister while reading those portions of the service. The altar on grand occasions is decked with superbly embroidered coverlets; a complete set is called el terno. The piers of the nave are then hung with damask or velvet hangings, colgaduras. The cathedrals generally have a parish church attached to them, La Parroquia, and many have a royal chapel, una capilla real, quite distinct from the high altar, in which separate services are performed by a separate establishment of clergy. The chapter-houses should always be visited. The Sala del Cabildo, Sala capitular, have frequently an ante-room, antesala, and both generally contain carvings and pictures. The Sagrario is a term used for the additional chapel which is sometimes appended to the cathedral, and also for the chamber where the relics and sacred vessels are kept. Spain is still the land of relics: for bones and other fragments have escaped better than their precious settings, which the irreverent spoiler removed. In case any traveller may miss seeing any particular Relicario, he has the satisfactory reflection that there will be found a bit of almost any given article in every other grand repository of the Peninsula: for in proportion as objects were rare, may unique, they possessed a marvellous power of self-reproduction, for the comfort and consolation of true believers.

The vestry is called la Sacristia, and its showman, or official servant, el Sacristan: here the robes and utensils of the officiating ministers are put away. These saloons are frequently remarkable for the profusion of mirrors which are hung, like pictures, all around over the presses: the looking-glasses are slanted forwards, in order that the priest, when arrayed, may have a full-length view of himself in these clerical Psyches. The dresses and cope of the clergy are magnificently embroidered: the Spaniards excel in this art of working silver and gold. It is Oriental, and inherited from Phoenician and Moor. The enormous wealth and display of the church, moreover, created a constant demand for artificers in this manufacture. The use of mantillas also encourages embroidery; it is, indeed, the great occupation of all Spanish women, who, as in the East, are continually thus employed, and at precisely the same low frames. Many of the side
chapels have also their Sagrario and Sacristia, and vie in magnificence with the Capilla mayor or high altar; they are museums of art, it having been the study of the rich and pious of the founder's family, to whom each belonged, to adorn them as much as possible, since all wished to leave, in the security of the temple, some memorial of their munificence, some, non omnis moriar.

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

The cathedrals of Spain are truly metropolitan, and set a mother's example, a decorous type and model, in architecture and ceremonial, to the smaller parish churches; therefore, on entering a new province or diocese the cathedral should be well studied; for by it the parochial temples will be best explained and understood, and ecclesiastical architecture has its provincialisms, like dialects. The cathedrals may be visited every day, except during a few hours in the afternoon, the vacation of dinner, and the siesta. They do not lie shut during the week, dead and idle, like tombs: the door of the house of God is never closed; it is open, like his ear and mercy, to all, and always. Thus those who are prompted by the sudden still small voice may realize the warning on the spur of the happy yearning, and in the place where prayer is best offered up. It can be done "to-day, if the voice be heard," and now: there is no risk in being forced to wait, and thus sanding life with good intentions never to be carried out: there need be no putting off until "a more convenient season," when the greedy vergers, tax-gatherers, and the money-changers of absent deans and married canons, unwillingly unlock their spiked gratings, and grudge a gratuitous glance, even to those who come not to pry but to pray. There are no extortionate fees, no disgraceful tariff printed and hung up on the door of God's house: all is free to all, like the light of the sun and air of heaven; whether the stranger comes to kneel in penitence, or to elevate his mind with religious art and magnificence.

The services are impressive. They are performed at all hours, and are thus suited to the habits and necessities of all classes, from the hard worker at chilly dawn, to the invalid at the aired mid-day. The whole chapter attends at the grand mass; there are no non-residents; the canons alone are seated in the coro, and have appointed places. The rest of the church is unencumbered with shabby pews or pens, and undesecrated by any worldly distinctions: all here assemble before their Creator in a perfect equality, high and low, rich and poor: they meet in the church as they will in the grave, where all are levelled. The public behaviour is very respectful: many of their actions, such as beating the breast, prostration of the body, are borrowed from the East, and are very ancient (compare Herod. ii. 40 (see Larcher's note) and 55; Gen. xlii. 6; Luke xxiii. 48). The men generally stand up or kneel, the women sit on the pavement, resting on their heels, a remnant of the Moor; indeed, down to the times of Philip IV. Spanish females seldom sat on chairs, even in their houses. The action of sitting down is very peculiar; it is like what our children call making a cheese: they turn round once or twice, and, when their drapery expands, plump down. This is quite Roman: "Capite velato circumvertens se, deinde prostratus se, capite velato circumvertens se, deinde prostratus se" (Suet. 'Vitell.' 2), the περισσεύω φομενος enjoined by Numa (Plut.). Such was the position of the ancient Egyptian females (Wilkinson, ii. 204). So David "sat before the Lord."

Many and distinct masses are celebrated every day, and often simultaneously at the different lateral altars; the grander processions and ceremonies are conducted in the vasty aisles. Thus the whole space of the cathedral is available for worship; hence the propriety and fitness. The edifice is used for the purposes for which it was constructed. It does not look thrown away upon Pro-
testants who, having no occasion for such space, do not know what to do with the superfluous room, the vacuum against which even nature protests. The services again are short and impressive. Everywhere the sacramental sacrifice is offered up on the altar. The import of the mass being the most solemn of the whole ritual, devotion is thus concentrated. In time and tone the performance is commensurate with the limited powers of mortal reverence and capability of sustaining attention; nor are these feelings frizzled away by repetitions or mere subordinate and disconnected services. Sermons—the word of man—are the exception, not the rule; they, indeed, are quite secondary, but when delivered, a person of natural eloquence is usually selected, who pours forth a fervid, impassioned, and extemporaneous exhortation. He seldom fails to arrest and rivet attention. A written sermon would be thought a professor’s lecture; and those of the congregation who did not go away—which any one in this well-considered system always may—would infallibly become sestos.

22. THE ERA.

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

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

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

KINGS OF SPAIN.

The subjoined Chronology of the order of succession of the Kings of Spain, from the Goths, is useful for the purposes of dates. The years of their deaths are given from the official and recognised lists.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Gothic Kings</th>
<th>A.D.</th>
<th>A.D.</th>
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<tr>
<td>Ataulfo</td>
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<td>510</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sigerico</td>
<td>417</td>
<td>Amalarico</td>
<td>531</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wallia</td>
<td>420</td>
<td>Theudio</td>
<td>548</td>
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<tr>
<td>Theodoredo</td>
<td>451</td>
<td>Theudesilo</td>
<td>549</td>
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<tr>
<td>Turismundo</td>
<td>454</td>
<td>Agila</td>
<td>554</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Theodorico</td>
<td>467</td>
<td>Atanagildo</td>
<td>567</td>
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<tr>
<td>Eurico</td>
<td>483</td>
<td>Leuva I.</td>
<td>572</td>
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<td>Alarico</td>
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<td>Leovigildo</td>
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KINGS OF SPAIN.
Kings of Spain - continued.

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<tr>
<th>A.D.</th>
<th>Kings of Leon</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>737</td>
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<tr>
<td>739</td>
<td>Favila</td>
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<tr>
<td>757</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>768</td>
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<tr>
<td>774</td>
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<td>783</td>
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<td>795</td>
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<tr>
<td>862</td>
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<tr>
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<tr>
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The periods have been selected during which leading events in Spanish history have occurred.

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<td>800</td>
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* TABLE OF CONTEMPORARY SOVEREIGNS.
* The periods have been selected during which leading events in Spanish history have occurred.

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22. THE ROYAL ARMS OF SPAIN.

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THE ROYAL ARMS OF SPAIN.

Those which appear on most religious and public buildings are certain aids in fixing dates. They have from time to time undergone many changes, and those changes marked epochs. The "canting" Castle was first assumed for Castile, and the Lion for Leon; the earliest shields were parted per cross, gules, a castle or, argent a lion rampant or. In 1332 Alonzo XI. instituted the order of La Vanda, the "Band," or scarf; the charge was a bend dexter gules issuing from two dragons' heads vert. This was the charge of the old banner of Castile. It was discontinued in 1369, by Henry II., who hated an order of which his brother had deprived him.

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

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

The age of their grandson Charles V. was again that of change: he brought in all the pride of Teutonic emblazoning; and the arms of the empire, Austria, Burgundy, Brabant, and Flanders were added: the apostolic one-headed eagle gave way to the doubled-headed eagle of the empire: the shield was enclosed with the order of the Golden Fleece; the ragged staff of Burgundy, and the pillars of Hercules, with the motto PLUS ULTRA, were added. Philip II. discontinued the Imperial Eagle: he added in two escutcheons of pretence the arms of Portugal, Artois, and Charolais. These were omitted by his grandson Philip IV. when Spain began to fall to pieces and her kingdoms to drop off; on the accession of Philip V. the three Bourbon fleur de llys were added in an escutcheon of pretence.

The arms of every city in Spain will be found in the 'Rasgo Heroico' of Ant. Moya, Madrid, 1756. Those of private families are endless. Few countries
can vie with Spain in heraldic pride and heraldic literature, on which consult 'Bibliotheca Hispanica Historicó Genealogico Heraldica,' Q. E. de Frankenau, 4to., Leipsig, 1724: it enumerates no less than 1490 works; the real author was Juan Lucas Cortes, a learned Spaniard, whose MS. treatises on heraldry and jurisprudence fell into the hands of this Frankenau, a Dane, by whom they were appropriated in the most barefaced manner; consult also 'Quart. Review,' No. cxxiii.

23. AUTHORITIES QUOTED.

As this 'Handbook' is destined chiefly for a reader in Spain, we shall, in quoting authorities for historical, artistical, religious, and military statements, either select Spanish authors, as being the most readily accessible in a country where foreign books are very rare, or those authors which, by common consent, in Spain and out, are held by their respective countrymen to be most deserving of credit; a frequent reference will be made to authorities of all kinds, ancient as well as modern; thus the reader who is anxious to pursue any particular subject will find his researches facilitated, and all will have a better guarantee that facts are stated correctly than if they were merely depended on the unsupported assertion of the author of this 'Hand-book.' He, again, on his part will be relieved from any personal responsibility, when inexorable history demands the statement of unpalatable truths. The subjoined are those to which most frequent reference will be made, and, in order to economise precious space, they will be usually quoted in the following abbreviated forms:

HISTORICAL AND ARTISTICAL AUTHORITIES.

Mariana, vi. 13; book and chapter of the learned Mariana's history of Spain, which offers a fair collection of facts, for it was not likely that the author, a Jesuit, would have taken a liberal or philosophical view of many of the most important bearings of his country's annals, even had any truly searching spirit of investigation been ever permitted by the censorship of the government and inquisition.

'Moh. D.' ii. 367; volume and page of the 'Mohammedan Dynasties in Spain,' 2 vols. 4to., London, 1841-43, by Don Pascual Gayangos. This gentleman (and our valued friend) is by far the first Hispano-Arabic scholar of his day, and unites to indefatigable industry a sound critical judgment; he has unravelled the perplexed subject, which he may be said to have exhausted.

Conde, iii. 156; volume and page of 'Historia de los Arabes en España,' by Juan Antonio Conde, 4 vols. 4to. Mad. 1820-21. It is compiled entirely from Arabic authorities, and is very dry reading; the premature death of the author prevented his giving it the last finishing touches; hence sundry inaccuracies, and a general want of lucid arrangement. It was translated into French by a M. Marles, 3 vols. Paris, 1825. This worthless performance, in which not only the original text is misrepresented, is rendered worse than useless by the introduction of new and inaccurate matter of the translator's.

C. Ber.; thus will be cited Cean Bermúdez, a diligent accurate modern author, on the arts and antiquities of the Peninsula, and whose works, on the whole, are among the soundest and most critical produced by Spaniards; writing after the French revolution, he has ventured to omit much of the legendary, &c. in which his predecessors were so prone to indulge.

C. Ber. D. iv. 39; vol. and page of the 'Diccionario de las Bellas Artes,' 6 vols. 8vo. Mad. 1800. This is a complete dictionary of all the leading artists
of Spain in every branch except architecture; it is alphabetically arranged; a short biography is given of each artist, and then a list of his principal works, and the places where they are to be seen. Appended are many excellent and useful indexes. This, one of the few methodical books ever published in Spain, unintentionally occasioned the loss of much fine art, as it was used by the French invaders as a guide. Thus, on taking possession of any city, collecting generals knew at once what was most valuable, and where to go for it. Accordingly, at least half of the treasures indicated in the pages have disappeared.

C. Ber. A. iii. 74; volume and page of 'Noticias de los Arquitectos y Arquitectura,' 4 vols. 4to., Mad. 1829. This is a dictionary of architecture, based somewhat on the plan of the preceding work. The ground-plan was prepared by Don Eugenio Llaguno y Amirola, who left to Cean the task of filling up and completing. Herein will be found many documents, agreements, and specifications of the highest interest, and evidences of the extreme care and foresight with which the Spaniards of old planned and carried out their magnificent cathedrals, &c.

C. Ber. S. 49; page of 'Sumario de las Antigüedades Romanas en España,' 1 vol. fol. Mad. 1832. In this single volume are collected all the chief remains of antiquity which still exist in Spain. The work is subdivided, classified, and furnished with indexes, which so rarely is the case in Spanish publications.

Mas. H. C. xvi. 26; vol. and page of the 'Historia Critica' of J. P. Masdeu, 20 vols. 4to., Mad. 1784, 1805. This is a work of great research and utility, although overdone and tedious. It contains a vast collection of ancient inscriptions, which are now doubly valuable, as many of the originals have perished. These, indeed, are precious records of the past, and may be trusted; they are the title-deeds of the dead, the planks saved from the wreck of time. For the ancient geography of Spain, consult 'Geographie von Hispanien,' Konrad Manner, Svo., 3rd edit., Leipsig, 1829; and, better still, 'Hispanien,' Fr. Aug. Ukert, Weimar, 1821, second part, p. 229. These works are such as German scholars alone can produce; they are mines of patient research, and accurate unostentatious learning. The references are most elaborate; although dry and curt for reading, they are invaluable as books of reference.

For early histories down to the Goths, Depping's work, Paris, 2 vols., 1814, is excellent; also the 'Histoire de l'Espagne,' by Roméy, now publishing at Paris. They have drawn largely from Masdeu, who, although a bad maker of a book, was a good pioneer for others.

The Spanish Cronicas contain most curious details of early national history, and are often almost as interesting to read as Froissart or Monstrelet. The first and black-letter editions are bibliographical curiosities; the modern 4to. reprints by Sancha at Madrid, are very convenient. In respect, however, to real history, no country is more indebted to another than Spain is to English writers; suffice it to mention the names of Robertson, Watson, Dunlop, Coxe, and Washington Irving, Prescott, and Lord Mahon. The two Americans have with singular good grace repaid, by their contributions to the romance and history of Spain, the obligation which their new country owes to the old land, of which Columbus was a protégé. Not so Lord Mahon, who by his able account of the 'War of the Succession,' and 'Spain under Charles II.,' has engrafted the bay of the historian on the laurel of his soldier ancestor; deep indeed are Spain's obligations to the noble race of Stanhope, which, in a long series of generations, has bled and conquered for her in war, and has in peace sustained her by diplomacy, and illustrated her by literature—esto perpetua.

Ponz, vi. 35; vol. and page of the 'Viaje de España,' by Antonio Ponz, 18 v. Mad. 1786-94; a very useful itinerary of Spain. The author was a kind-
hearted, pains-taking man, and, albeit given to prosy twaddle—the vice of the commonplace period at which he wrote—was honest and well intentioned. A true Spaniard leaves nothing in his inkstand, no deja nada en el tintero, for time and ink are of little value in the Peninsula. Woe unto him who tells us all that he knows: but the pith of these eighteen volumes might well have been condensed into six; amid an infinite deal of nothing, good grains of wheat are hid in the bushels of chaff, and the work is now curious as describing temples and palaces as they existed before they were desecrated or destroyed by invaders or reformers.

MiÜ. ix. 305; vol. and page of the 'Diccionario Geográfico' of Spain, by Sebastián de Minaño; 10 v. 4to. Madrid 1826-9. This geographical and topographical description of the Peninsula was compiled under the patronage of Ferdinand VII., and really was a creditable performance. A new work is now publishing which is to supersede it, 'Descripción Geográfica,' &c., by Tomás Beltran Soler, with maps and woodcuts. There are a vast number of county and city histories, the chief of which will be named in their respective localities.

RELIigious AUTHORITIES.

E. S. xxiii. 97; vol. and page of 'La España Sagrada;' the grand compilation of the learned Padre Henrique Florez; the Dugdale, Muratori, and Monfacon of Spain. It was commenced in 1747, in imitation of the 'Italia Sacra' of Ferd. Ugelli, Roma, 1644-62. This admirable work has been carried down to 1832, and now consists of 45 vols. 4to. The Academia de la Historia of Madrid is charged with its continuance. So many of the archives of cathedrals and convents were burnt by the French, and during the recent civil wars and sequestrations, that the latter dioceses must of necessity be somewhat inferior to the former, from the lack of those earliest and most interesting documents, which have fortunately been printed by Florez, and thus rescued from oblivion. Florez is the author of several other excellent works, one of which will constantly be referred to thus:

Florez, M., ii. 83; vol. and page of his 'Medallas de España,' 3 vols. folio. Madrid 1757,73. The third volume is rather rare, and is smaller than the two preceding; herein are described the coins and medals from before the Romans down to the Goths: plates are given of the specimens, and a short account of the mints in which they were struck. The coinage of Spain is highly interesting. These are the portraits and picture-books of antiquity, and of all its remnants those which have the best escaped. They now possess a value far beyond that merely monetary, and one which the ancients never contemplated: they illustrate at once religion, war, and history. They are chiefly copper.

Ribad, iii. 43; vol. and page of the 'Flos Sanctorum,' or 'Vida de los Santos,' by the Jesuit Pedro Ribadeneyra and others. The Madrid fol. edit. of 1790, 3 vols., is that quoted. Without this book, none can hope to understand the fine arts of the Peninsula, where biography, like heraldry, constitutes a wide branch of its literature, as all may verify by looking at the comparative numbers given by Antonio in his 'Bibliotheca Nova.' These branches were not only not persecuted by the Inquisition, the enemy of the press, but encouraged; they flattered the national pride, and upheld the system of the church. Ribadeneyra must be considered as the best vade mecum of Spanish picture-galleries and cathedrals; indeed, it will be as impossible to understand the subjects without some guide of this sort, as it would have been the mythological arts of Greece without a Pausanias, or of the Pantheon without Ovid's Fasti. At the same time, in the legends of the monkish tribe, there is wanting the elegant poetical fiction which suited the fine arts of the classical period. No traveller, as we have said, can fully understand these subjects without a flos sanctorum, a work
which Palomino (ii. 131) considers quite *indispensable* to every Spanish artist about to paint. The subjects are seldom much varied: they represent mystical visions and groupings, in defiance of chronology and human probability. But a legend is not a history; and these pictures, like poetical fictions, disdain dry matter-of-fact. Their harmony does not consist in agreement with dates, real life, or possibilities, so much as in colour and arrangement of lines and forms. The traveller's acquaintance with the proper names, epithets, histories, and attributes of the saints the most honoured in each locality, will do him a good turn; it will conciliate the natives, not from their valuing his knowledge as a connoisseur of art, but from a latent suspicion that he *may* be a Christian, which no man can possibly be who asks questions or displays his ignorance on matters which are familiar to the veriest babies, beggars, and barbers; while the Protestant who understands the subject, will be better qualified to estimate the talent of artists in handling the theme proposed to them. The other most authentic lives of local saints, the legends and local miracles, will be cited at their respective places.

The reader is assured, and he may verify it by a reference to the pages cited, that nothing has been quoted from these works, which is not almost a literal translation of the Spanish church-approved original. And let none undervalue these monastic vellum-clad quartos and folios. Entertaining as any romance, they are original sources of information, and often the only records of their periods. They unfold the spirit of their age. They are *true* contemporary accounts, when touching incidentally on matters unconnected with their saint or miracle, for whose honour alone they commit pious frauds. These, certainly, to the Protestant reader, when not purely mythological, amount often to downright blasphemy. Yet here and there precious items of history glitter like globules of gold in the sands of monastic absurdities. This Handbook is not a book of criticism. Facts will be therefore stated as authorized by the responsible ecclesiastical authorities for the implicit belief of Spaniards; and such inventions never would have been thus palmed on a people and universally received, if not in harmony with, and adapted to the national character, which exaggerates and believes everything, and delights in calling on Hercules and Santiago, rather than practically setting its own shoulders to the cart-wheel, and which "love and will have false prophecies."

**MILITARY AUTHORITIES.**

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

OEuvr. de B. ii. 75, vol. and page of *Œuvres de N. Buonaparte*, 5 vols., 8vo., Paris, 1822. These contain his military proclamations, his bulletins, and leading Moniteur articles, and information, "garbled," as the Duke says, "in the usual Jacobin style," and filled with "the usual philippics" against *la perfide Albion et son or*. True exponents of the man and his system, they breathe fire and spirit—*splendidemendax*; and if occasionally Ossianic, and the very reverse of the dispatches of the plain veracious Duke, they were admirably suited for his readers and purposes. Although the truth is never in them, yet they fascinate by their daring, and burn like sparks struck from granite by the sword.

Foy, i. 259, vol. and page of General Foy's *Histoire de la Guerre dans la Péninsule*, 4 v. Paris, 1827. It only comes down to the convention of Cintra: it is said to have been tampered with after the author's death, hence possibly some of its inaccuracy and injustice against the English. Ingenious, eloquent, and clever as Foy was, he could not always invent facts, or guess numbers *accu-
rately; nor was he equal to that most difficult of all tasks, the sustaining consistently throughout, a "fiction of military romance." The truth creeps out in accidental contradictions. Foy is thus justly characterized by Sir G. Murray ('Quart. Rev.' cxi. 167), who knew him well in peace and war as "A writer who has shown notoriously the grossest ignorance in respect to many particulars connected with England, about which a very slight inquiry would have set him right." Foy denies to the Duke the commonest military talent, and attributes his successes to accident, and ascribes the valour of British soldiers principally to "Beef and Rum," see i. 230, 259, 290, 325, et passim; and yet this is a text-book in France.

Bel. iv. 16, vol. and page. 'Journaux des Siéges dans la Péninsule,' J. Belmas, 4 vols. 8vo., Paris, 1836. Projected by Buonaparte in 1812, it was finished by Soult. It professes to be based on authentic documents in the French war-office—it details how the English were always double in number to the French; the reverse being nearer the truth. It is valuable as containing some of the rebukes administered by the master-hand of Buonaparte to his beaten and out-generalled marshals.

V. et C. xx. 231, vol. and page. This denotes the 'Victoires et Conquêtes des Français,' 26 vols. 8vo., Paris, 1818-21. It was compiled by a set of inferior officers and small gens-de-lettres, after the second capture of Paris, and exhibits throughout a most unfair and virulent tone against the countrymen of Nelson and Wellington.

Lab. iii. 263, vol. and page. The third edition of the 'Itinéraire descriptive de l'Espagne,' by Alex. de Laborde, 6 vols., Paris, 1827. The first edition was published in 1806-21, in 4 vols. fol., by Didot, and is a fine work as far as type and paper go, all the rest is leather and prunella; the plates are miserable, both as designs and engravings. This work was, like Murphy's "Alhambra," a bookseller's speculation, and in both cases it is difficult to believe that the authors ever were at all in Spain, so gross, palpable, and numerous are the inaccuracies; some idea of the multitudinous and almost incredible mistakes and misstatements of Laborde may be formed by reading the just critique of the Edin. Rev. xv. 5. It was re-edited in 1827 by Bory de St. Vincent, an aide-de-camp to Soult, and a tolerable geographer: he was author of a Guide des Voyageurs en Espagne, Paris, 1823, a thing of very slender merit.

B. U. xxi. 19, vol. and page of 'Biographie Universelle,' 74 vols. 8vo., Paris, 1811-43. This is a respectable compilation, although not free from bias whenever tender national subjects are concerned.

The generality of French authors on the war in Spain naturally desire to palliate the injustice of the invasion, the terrorism with which it was carried out, and to explain away defeats sustained; they seem to be written solely to conciliate French readers at the expense of truth and history, nay facts are occasionally so denaturalized that an Englishman often supposes that the accounts must have reference to some totally distinct campaign and results.

It is strange that authors of a nation of such undisputed military skill, and chivalrous gallantry, should refuse to our soldiers that laurel which we never deny to theirs; nay, we indeed honour and admire the brave French in the words of Picton, "as the only troops worth fighting with." It is marvellous that the conquerors of Austerlitz and Jena should not know how easily they could afford to admit a reverse in a fair well-fought field.

Some, at the same time, have sincerely hoped and imagined that they were writing the truth. They could only construct from the materials placed within their reach: these, under Buonaparte, were systematically tampered with; the sources of correct information were corrupted as a matter of course; his throne was hung around with a curtain of falsehood, lined with terror; or, in the
words of his own agent, l'Abbé de Pradt, with *ruse doublée de terreur*. Under him, says Foy, i. 17, "La presse était esclave; la police repoussait la vérité avec autant de soins, que s'il fut agi d'écarter l'invasion de l'ennemi." "At all times," says the Duke ('Disp.' July 8, 1815), "of the French revolution, the actors in it have not scrupled to resort to falsehood, either to give a colour or palliate their adoption or abandonment of any line of policy, and they think, provided the falsehood answers the purpose of the moment, it is fully justified." Some allowance therefore must be made for honest Frenchmen writing under the thick mists and atmosphere of deception—"Où on peut dire des mensonges sans mentir, et commettre des erreurs sans croire de tromper." Thus the honey of the bees of Xenophon, by continually sucking the flowers of bitter lupines, became tainted in flavour. Nor has this inevitable tendency escaped the French themselves; and one of their best writers justly laments "that France, since the murder of Louis XVI., has been *fed with lies*. Under the system adopted by the heads of the army, formed in the school of revolutions, the truth can never be known. Formerly, when the sentiment of honour was delicate and profound, it was not required from generals to be constantly conquerors, but they were expected to be always brave. It followed that if victory had its joys, defeat was not without its consolations. It followed also that the reports of military events were sincere and natural, and that a disaster was not represented as a victory. In the Revolution all honour consisted in success, and therefore it was not allowed to meet with a check. The consequences of this alteration in the notions of military honour are, that commanders must disguise events, swell out advantages, dissemble losses—in fact, tell lies; and this, it must be confessed, is most admirably done."

**SPANISH MILITARY AUTHORITIES.**

They have two objects: one, to detail the ill usage which they sustained from their invaders; the second, to blink as much as possible the assistance afforded by England, and to magnify their own exertions. They all demonstrate, to their own and Spain's entire satisfaction, that the Peninsula, and Europe also, was delivered by *them alone* from the iron yoke of France. They are wordy and wearisome to read, floundering through petty debates of juntas and paltry partisan "little war," by which the issue of the great campaign was scarcely ever influenced; they, in a word, join issue with the Duke, who, when a conqueror in France, Spain's salvation being accomplished, wrote thus: "It is *ridiculous* to suppose that the Spanish or the Portuguese could have resisted for a moment, if the British force had been withdrawn" ('Disp.' Dec. 21, 1813). The traveller, when standing even on the battle-plains of Salamanca and Vitoria, will hear the *post of superiority* assigned to *Nosotros*. And such was the language of the *juntas* and authorities, even at the very moment when the English generals were winning battles, and the Spanish officers were losing them; but *Españoles sobre todos* was then, as now, the national axiom. Nor is this high opinion of self and country, when not carried to abuse, any element of mean or ignoble actions.

Schep. iii. 294; vol. and page of ‘Histoire de la Révolution d'Espagne,’ 3 vols. Leipzig, 1829-31, by Schepeler, a Westphalian, holding a commission in the Spanish service, and imbued with all the worst national prejudices. He vents his dislike to the French by appalling details of sacks, &c., and his hatred to the English by sneering at her general and soldiers. His details of Spanish camps and councils are authentic.

Mal iii. 441; vol. and page of ‘La Historia politica y militar,’ 3 vols. Mad. 1833. It was compiled by José Muñoz Maldonado, from official Spanish papers,
to write down Col. Napier's truthful revelations. Hear the Duke's opinions on
these Peninsular sources of historical information:—"In respect to papers and
returns, I shall not even take the trouble of reading them, because I know that
they are fabricated for a particular purpose, and cannot contain an answer to
the strong fact from me. Nothing shall induce me even to read, much less to
give an answer to documentos very ingeniously framed, but which do not contain
one word bearing on the point." "I have no leisure to read long papers, which
are called documents, but which contain not one syllable of truth." (Disp.
May 22, June 4, 1811.) These are the precise pièces officielles et justificatives of
some of our ingenious neighbours; Anglice ties. Maldonado ascribes the result
to the petty war of the guerillos, and not to Salamanca and Vitoria nominatim
(iii. 442), for the part of Hamlet is pretty much omitted; it was the Spanish
armies that the Duke led to victory (iii. 594), the English are not even named:
the Spanish military conduct throughout humbled Buonaparte, and "obfuscated
in sublimity anything in Greek or Roman history" (iii. 601).

Toro, vi. ; meaning book of the 'Historia del Levantamiento, etc. de España,'
5 vols. 4to., Mad. 1833-37, by the Conde de Toreno, the celebrated loan
financier and minister. The work is written in pure Castilian, although
tainted with an affectation of quaint phraseology. The object of the author is,
to justify the misconduct of the Cortes, of which he was a star, and to
magnify the exertions of the Spanish government: he too often allows party feelillgs to
get the better of his judgment.

All these works, written either by official personages or under the eye of the
government, are calculated to suppress the true, and suggest the false; they
advocate the few at the expense of the many; they defend the shallow heads and
corrupt hearts by which the honest members of the nation were sacrificed; by
which armies were left wanting in everything at the most critical moment, and
brave individuals exposed to certain collective defeat. Far be it from us to
imitate their example; for, however thwarted by their miserable leaders in
camp and cabinet, honour eternal is due to the BRAVE AND NOBLE PEOPLE
of SPAIN, worthy of better rulers and a better fortune! And now that the
jobs and intrigues of their juntas, the misconduct and incapacity of their
generals, are sinking into 'the deserved obscurity of oblivion, the national
resistance rises nobly out of the ridiculous details, a grand and impressive
feature, which will ever adorn the annals of haughty Spain. That resistance
was indeed wild, disorganised, undisciplined; and Algerine, but it held out to
Europe an example which was not shown by the civilized Italian or intellectual
German.

ENGLISH MILITARY AUTHORITIES.

These are of all classes and quality, from the sergeant to the commander-in-
chief. Among the minor and most entertaining are the works of Gleg, Sherer,
Hamilton, and Kincaid. We shall chiefly quote three others.

Southey, xvi. A reference to chapters in Southey's 'History of the Peninsular
War.' It is a true exponent of author, a scholar, poet, and lover of Spaniards,
his ballads and chronicles. It breathes a high, generous, monarchical tone; a
detestation of the tyrannical and revolutionary, and a loathing for cruelty, bad
faith, and Vandalism. It is somewhat descriptive, excursive, and romantic.

Nap. xii. 5. Book and chapter of Col. Napier's 'History of the War in the
Peninsula,' 6 vols., London, 1828-40. This is in most respects the antithesis to
Southey; it is the book of a real soldier, and is characterized by a bold, nervous,
and high-toned manliness. The style is graphic, original, and attractive. He
records, in stern language and scornful indignation, the sins of our own and the
Spanish government, which, without the Duke’s Dispatches, the world never could have believed. The author, although anxious to be impartial, is unaware of his strong under-current of democratic prejudices; his advocacy of Soult and idol-worship of Buonaparte, not merely as a general, but as a man, and statesman, justify the excellent criticism of Lord Mahon, that this is by far the best French account of the war.

Disp., June 18, 1815. Thus will be quoted the Dispatches of “The Duke.” This is the true English book, the Kρημα ες αει; this is the antidote and corrective of all foreign libels. Here is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and no mistake; nothing is extenuated, nothing is set down in malice. Born, bred, and educated like a gentleman, he could not lie, like revolutionary upstarts. A conqueror of conquerors, he scorned to bully, and was too really powerful to exchange the simplicity of greatness for bombast. He was too just and generous to deny merit to a brave although a vanquished opponent. Serene and confident in himself—a giios av—he pursued his career of glory, without condescending to notice the mean calumnies, the “things invented by the enemy,” who judged of others by themselves: for wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile. The Duke’s writings are the exponent of the man; they give a plain unvarnished tale, with no fine writing about fine fighting.

Eodem animo scripsit, quo bellavit, et dum scriebat legenda, scribenda perfectionis. The iron energy of his sword passed, like Caesar’s, into his didactic pen, and inscribed on tablets of bronze, more enduring than the Pyramids, the truth. Every line bears that honest English impress, without which there can be no real manliness or greatness.

The best histories and works on localities and other subjects, which it is impossible fully to investigate in a practical and limited hand-book, will be carefully mentioned in their proper places. They will form in the aggregate a tolerable specimen of a new branch of Spanish literature, which is well worth the consideration of travellers and collectors; to whom also we would especially recommend the two Catalogues published by Salva, London, 1826 and 1829; and the grand work in 4 vols. folio, by Nicolas Antonio, Bibliotheca Hispana Vetus et Nova, Mad., 1788, and edited by the learned Bayer; although the arrangement is very Spanish, that is, inartificial and confused, it contains a vast body of bibliographical information, and is the best work of the kind in Spain. The lover of black letter and of books printed in Spain before 1500, cannot dispense with the Typographia Española, Fro. Mendez, 4to., Mad., 1796.

As this Handbook, it is hoped, may be of service to the scholar and antiquarian, a few words will not be out of place on the subject of Spanish books, and those who sell them.

A Spanish bookseller is a queer uncomfortable person for an eager collector to fall foul of. He sits ensconced among his parchment-bound wares, more indifferent than a Turk. His delight is to twaddle with a few cigaresque clergymen, and monks, when there were monks, for they were almost the only purchasers. He acts as if he were the author, or the collector, not the vendor of his books. He scarcely notices the stranger’s entrance; neither knows what books he has, or what he has not got; he has no catalogue, and will scarcely reach out his arm to take down any book which is pointed out; he never has anything which is published by another bookseller, and will not send for it for you, nor always even tell you where it may be had. As for gaining the trade-allowance by going himself for a book, he would not stir if it were twenty-five hundred instead of twenty-five per cent. Now-a-days, as more books are let in and sold, the genus bibliopolum is getting a trifle sharper. In the days of Ferd. VII., whenever we were young enough to hint at the unreasonable proposition of begging the book-
seller to get any book, the certain rejoinder was, "Ah que! I must mind my shop; you are doing nothing else but running up and down streets"—tengo que guardar la tienda, y no estoy corriendo las calles.

When a Spanish bookseller happens not to be receiving visitors, and will attend to a customer, if you ask him for any particular book, say Caro's 'Antiquities of Seville,' he will answer "Paremos," "call again in a day or two." When you return the third or fourth time, he will hand you Pedraza's 'Antiquities of Granada.' It is in vain to remonstrate. He will reply, "No le hace, lo mismo tiene, son siempre antigüedades"—"what does it signify? it is the same thing, both are antiquities." If you ask for a particular history, ten to one he will give you a poem, and say, "This is thought to be an excellent book." A book is a book, and you cannot drive him from that; "omne simile est idem" is his rule. If you do not agree, he will say, "Why, an Englishman bought a copy of it from me five years ago." He cannot understand how you can resist following the example of a paisano, a countryman. If he is in good humour, and you have won his heart by a reasonable waste of time in gossiping or cigarising, he will take down some hook, and, just as he is going to offer it to you, say, "Ah! but you do not understand Spanish," which is a common notion among Spaniards, who, like the Moors, seldom themselves understand any language but their own; and this although, as you flatter yourself, you have been giving him half an hour's proof to the contrary: then, by way of making amends, he will produce some English grammar or French dictionary, which, being unintelligible to him, he concludes must be particularly useful to a foreigner, whose vernacular they are. An odd volume of Rousseau or Voltaire used to be produced with the air of a conspirator, when the dealer felt sure that his customer was a safe person, and with as much self-triumph as if it had been a Tirante lo Blanc. His dismay at the contemptuous bah! with which these tomes of forbidden knowledge were rejected could only be depicted by Hogarth. The collector of rare and good books may be assured that a better and cheaper Spanish library is more likely to be formed in one month in London than in one year in Spain.

Books in Spain have always been both scarce and dear: there are few purchasers, and prices must be high to remunerate the publisher or importer. The commonest editions of the classics are hardly to be had. The Spaniard never was a critic or learned annotator; and, in general, there are very few Spanish books by which a foreigner, accustomed to better works on the same subjects, will be much benefited or amused. Spanish literature, depressed and tinctured by the Inquisition, was a creature of accident, and good books occurred only like palms in the desert; it never exercised a connected influence on national civilization, excepting its ballads, the poetry of heroism, which the learned espoused. How vast was the proportion dedicated to scholastic theology, monkish legends, and wasted polemical research. In general, there is a want of sound critical judgment, of bold, searching, truth-grappling philosophy. We venture on this remark with some hundred Spanish volumes frowning around us. The Spaniards themselves are well aware of the comparative inferiority of their literature, although none dared, for fear of the scaffold and furnace, to name the real cause. Half their works on literature take the explanatory and apologetical tone. 'Ensayo Historico Apologetico de la Lengua Espanola,' Xavier Lampillas, 7 vols. 4to., Mad., 1789; 'Oracion Apologetica por la España,' Juan Pablo Forner, Mad., 1786. This list might be swelled till an apology would be necessary from us. There is no surer criterion of the wants and wealth of a nation than by looking at their shops. In Madrid every September a general fair is held: every person of every rank places in the street
whatever he may wish to sell; and a beggarly turn-out it is. Those who delight in picking up knowledge at book-stalls might then see how ordinary are the wares thus exposed. Since the recent changes matters have had some tendency to improve. Theology, law, and medicine, form the chief subjects. There are very few classical works beyond mere school-books, and those mostly in Latin. Greek was never much known in Spain; even learned men quoted from Latin translations, and when they used the Greek word, often printed it in Roman letters. Greek books were either printed in Flanders, or procured from Italy, owing to the scarcity of Greek type in Spain. There is a sprinkling of English works, grammars, 'Vicars of Wakefield,' and 'Buchan's Domestic Medicine.' They are much behind in receiving modern publications. 'Valter Scott' is double done into Spanish from the French. He fares no better than the Bard of Avon—'Chspire, que les Anglais écrivent Schakspr;' who 'en français' is like Niagara passed through a jelly-bag. Real French books are more common, and especially those which treat on medical, chemical, and mechanical subjects. It is one of the worst misfortunes of Spain that she is mistaught what is going on in intellectual Germany and practical England, through the unfair alembic of French translation. This habit of relying on other nations for original works on science has given a timidity to Spanish authors. It is easier to translate and borrow than to invent. They distrust each other's compositions as much as they do each other, and turn readily to a foreign book, in spite of all their dislike to foreigners, which is more against persons than things. Those who buy these books are like the wares which they purchase,—clergymen, thin, hungry, fee-less-looking lawyers, and doctors: the lower and better classes pass on without even giving a glance. The bulk of Spaniards would as soon think of having a cellar as a library. The trash offered for sale has few attractions for a foreigner. Most of the curious private Spanish libraries were dispersed during the war of independence; those which were not made into cartridges, or burnt to boil French soldiers' kettles, escaped to England, and even the best of these are seldom in good condition; the copies are torn, worm-eaten, stained, and imperfect. The Spaniards, like the Orientals, never were collectors or conservators, nor ever had any keen relish or perception of matters of taste and intellectual enjoyment; they are to modern nations what the old Romans were to the Greeks—soldiers, conquerors, and colonists, rather than cultivators of elegance, art, fancy, and aesthetic enjoyments.

To those who take further interest in some Spanish matters which, though very essential in the country itself, are of necessity only touched upon in these pages, the author of this Handbook would venture to suggest for perusal the following essays:

Q. Rev.—Quarterly Review.

No. CXVI. Art. 9 Cob Walls—Phenician and Spanish Tapia.

" CXVII. " 4 Spanish Theatre and Dances.

" CXXII. " 4 Banditti of Spain—Jose Maria.

" CXXIII. " 3 Spanish Heraldry, Genealogy, and Grandees.

" CXXIV. " 4 Spanish Bullfights.

" CXXVI. " 1 Ronda and Granada—ancient Geography.

" CXXVII. " 1 Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella.

Ed. Rev.—Edinburgh Review.

" CXLVI. " 4 Ancient Spanish Ballads.

" CLV. " 4 Borrow's Bible in Spain.
Spain.

24. ABBREVIATIONS.

Wr. Rev.—Westminster Review.
No. LXV. Art. 2. Ballad Literature of Spain.
Brit. and For.—The British and Foreign Review.

Velázquez, his Biography, in the ‘Penny Cyclopedia.’
Historical Enquiry into the Unchangeable Character of a War in Spain.
Murray, 1837.

24. EXPLANATION OF OTHER ABBREVIATIONS.

Cath.—Catedral, Cathedral.
Col.—Colegiata, Collegiate church.
Par.—Parroquia, Parish church.
Ca.—Capilla, Chapel.
Conv.—Convento, Convent.
Ret.—Retablo, Reredos, altar-screen.
Silla.—Silleria del coro, Stalls in quire.
Card.—Cardinal.
Archb.—Arzobispo, Archbishop.
Blr.—Obispo, Bishop.
Sa.—San, Santo, Santa, a Saint.
Sa. Jr. B.—San Juan Bautista, St. John the Baptist.
Sa. Ant.—San Antonio, St. Anthony.
Sa. Fr.—San Francisco, St. Francis.
So. Dom.—Santo Domingo, St. Dominic.
N. S.—Nuestra Señora, Our Lady.
"The Duke"—Wellington.
Co.—Calle, street.
Pla.—Plaza, place, square.
Poa.—Puerta, gate.
Poa.—Posada, an inn.
Pdar.—Parador, a halting-place, a khan.
Foa.—Fonda, an hotel.
Voa.—Venta, a pothouse.
Loa.—or L.—Legua, a league.
N.—Norte, North.
E.—Est, Este, Oriente, East.
S.—Sud, Mediodía, South.
W.—Poniente, Occidente, West.
R.—Derecho, right.
L.—Izquierdo, left.
Inhab.—Vecinos, inhabitants.
Popm. —Population; Spaniards, for the term householders, use vecinos, and assume 6 to be the average of a family; when the epithet escasos is added it means 4 or 5.
Msa.—Marques, Marquis.
Cde.—Conde, Count.
Gen.—General, General.
Cap.—Capitan, Captain.
Ferd. VII.—Fernando, Ferdinand.
Ferd. and Isab.—Fernando y Isabel, Ferdinand and Isabella; or Los Reyes Católicos, the Catholic Sovereigns: their period is between 1474-1516.
Vmd. or V.—Vuesira Merced, “Usted,” Your worship, the common form of “you”; it is now usually written simply V.

Madrid, Valencia, Barcelona:
Vala.—this sort of abbreviation will be used in quoting editions of books published in these and other cities.[ ] Whenever words are introduced between these brackets, thus [Sa. Isidoro, Leon, p. ], without any apparent connexion with the text, the intention is to refer the reader to something analogous or illustrative; indeed, whenever any doubt occurs, consult the INDEX.

Está por acabar,
Quedó por concluir.

“Está por acabar,” the common condition of much mighty promise in Spain.

Nosotros—We, i.e. the Spaniards; the collective expression of individual egotism; each 1 or item of the aggregate considering himself as No. 1 among mortals, as Spain is the first and foremost of nations.
Cosas de España—"Things of Spain;" i.e. peculiarities tending to illustrate national character. The expression is common among all classes, and is that by which the natives express anything, which they either cannot or will not explain to strangers.

Bisognos—Wanters; an old Spanish term, and much used by Toreno to express the soldiers of a regular Spanish army—Cosas de España paupertas, Egestas—"always," as the Duke says, "hors de combat;" always "in want of everything at the most critical moment;" and such Spanish armies have too often been from the neglect of vicious administrations. The term arose in Italy, where the troops of Charles V. were always asking for everything—Bisogna carni, Bisogna denari.

INDEX.—In all cases where a word or name does not explain itself, refer to the Index, as it will be found to have been used and explained in some previous page.
SECTION II.

ANDALUCIA.

CONTENTS.—INTRODUCTORY INFORMATION.

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ROUTE I.—ENGLAND TO CADIZ AND GIBRALTAR.

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Zafra.

ROUTE X.—SEVILLE TO BADAJOZ.

Albuera.

ANDALUCIA.

The kingdom or province of Andalucia, in local position, climate, fertility, objects of interest, and facility of access, must take precedence over all others in Spain. It is the Tarshish of the Bible, a word interpreted by Sir Wm. Betham as the “furthest known habitation.” It was the “ultima terrae” of the classics, the “uttermost parts of the earth,” to which Jonah wished to flee. Tarshish—Tartessus in the uncertain geography of the ancients, who were purposely kept mystified by the jealous Phænicians, scouters of all free trade—was long a vague general name, like our Indies. It was applied sometimes to a town, to a river, to a locality, by authors who wrote for Rome, the blind leading the blind. But when the Romans, after the fall of Carthage, obtained an undisputed possession of the Peninsula, these difficulties were cleared up, and the S. of Spain was called Bætica, from the Bætis, the Guadalquivir, which intersects its fairest portions.
At the Gothic invasion this province was overrun by the Vandals; their occupation was brief, as they were soon driven out into Barbary by the Visigoths; yet they left their name behind, and fixed the nomenclature of both sides of the straits, which were long called Vandalucia, or Beled-el-Andalosh, the territory of the Vandal. The inhabitants, however, never were Vandals in its secondary meaning; on the contrary, they were, and always have been, the most elegant, refined, and sensual of the Peninsula. They were the Ionians, while the Cantabrians and Celtiberians were the Spartans. And nowhere to this day is race more evident: they sprang from a Southern stock, the Phoenician, while the Arragonese and Catalonians came from a Northern or Celtic. Similar differences exist between the N. of Ireland, which is peopled with an Anglo-Saxon Scotch race, and the S. who boast to be, like the Andalucians, true Milesians. Nor is the national character dissimilar; both alike are impressionable as children, headless of results, uncalculating of contingencies, passive victims to violent impulse, gay, clever, good-humoured, and light-hearted, and the most subservient dupes of plausible nonsense. Tell them that their country is the most beautiful, themselves the finest, handsomest, bravest, and most civilized of mortals, and they may be led forthwith by the nose. Of all Spaniards the Andalucian is the greatest boaster; he brags chiefly of his courage and wealth. He ends in believing his own lie, and hence is always pleased with himself, with whom he is on the best of terms. His redeeming qualities are his kind and good manners, his lively, social turn, his ready wit and sparkle: he is ostentatious, and, as far as his limited means will allow, eager to show hospitality to the stranger, after the Spanish acceptation of that term, which has no English reference to the kitchen. As in the days of Strabo, he rather affects the foreigner than dislikes him, for the intercourse of his rich maritime cities has broken down somewhat of inland prejudices.

The Oriental imagination of the Andalucians colours men and things up to the bright hues of their glorious sun; their exaggeration, Ponderacion, is only exceeded by their credulity, its twin sister. Everything is in the superlative or diminutive, especially as regards talk in the former, and deeds in the latter. They have a yearning after the unattainable, and a disregard for the practical; never, in fact, either much knowing or caring about the object in pursuit. They are incapable of sustained sobriety of conduct, which alone can succeed in the long run. Nowhere will the stranger hear more frequently those talismanic words which mark national character—No se sabe, no se puede; conforme, the “I don’t know,” “I can’t do it;” the Manaña, pasado manaña, the “to-morrow and day after to-morrow;” the Boukra, balbouhra, of the procrastinating Oriental. Here remain the Bakalum or Veremos, “we will see about it;” the Pek-éyi or muy bien, “very well;” and the Inshallah, si Dios quiere, the “if the Lord will” of St. James (iv. 15); the Ojala, or wishing that God would effect what he wants, the Moslems Enixo-Allah. In a word, the besetting sins of the Oriental, his ignorance, indifference, procrastination, tempered by a religious resignation to Providence.

Eminently superstitious, Mariolatry has here succeeded to the adoration of the Batican Salambo, the Venus and Astarte of the Phoenicians, and a reliance on supernatural aid, and the chapter of accidents, is the common resource in all circumstances of difficulty. Their intellect, energy and industry wither under this perpetual calling on gods and men to do their work for them. Their church has provided a tutelar, an interruptive Patron or Genius for every emergency of life, however trivial. Every town has its local saint, male or female, its miracle, its legends; and once for all, it may be observed that a wide distinction is to be made between these inventions palmed on a credulous
people, and the serious truths of real religion for which they have been here substituted. Little moral benefit has been the result, for, if proverbs are to be trusted, the Andalucian is not over-honest in word or deed. *Al Andaluz cata la Cruz; dal Andaluz guarda tu capuz,* that is, keep a sharp look-out, even if he makes the sign of the cross, for your cloak, not omitting the rest of your goods and chattels. In no province are robbers and smugglers (convertible terms) more a weed of the soil.

Whatever may be the analogies of race with the congener Milesians, the Irish beat the Andalucians hollow in fighting propensities. The latter were always men of peace. Strabo (iii. 225) praises their gentle manners, their ὑπὸ πολιτικὸν; and this "muy político"—polítus, well polished—is their present unchanged quality.

"La terra molle e lieta e dilettosa
Simili a se gli abitatori produce."

However "inflated their nostrils," as the Moors said, or big their talk, their natural defence is in their heels, and their bark is worse than their bite. *Perro ladrador nunca bien mordedor*; they are the Gascons of Spain; they seldom wait to be attacked. Ocaña, in 1810, was but a repetition of the run described by Livy (xxxiv. 17), who there spoke of the Andalucians as "Omnium Hispanorum maxime imbelles;" nor are they at all changed. Soult subdued the whole province in fifteen days; and its conquest was quite as much a "promenade militaire" to the feeble Angoulême in 1823. Nowhere were the French better received: they called it "their province:" for the Andalucians, spaniel-like, fawned most on those who used them the worst; at the same time, however dastardly their collective conduct, the Andalucian as an individual shares in the personal valour and prowess for which all Spaniards, taken singly, are remarkable. If the people are sometimes cruel and ferocious when collected in numbers, we must remember that the blood of Africa boils in their veins; their fathers were the children of the Arab, whose arm is against every man; they have never had a chance given them—an iniquitous and long-continued system of misgovernment in church and state has tended to depress their good qualities and encourage their vices; the former, which are all their own, have flourished in spite of the depressing incubus. Can it be wondered that their armies should fly when every means of efficiency is wanting to the poor soldier, and when unworthy chiefs set the example? Is there no allowance to be made for their taking the law into their own hands, when they see the fountains of justice habitually corrupted? The world is not their friend, nor the world's law; their lives, sinews, and little properties have never been respected by the powers that be, who have ever favoured the rich and strong, at the expense of the poor and weak; the people, therefore, from sad experience have no confidence in institutions, and when armed with power, and their blood on fire, can it be expected that they should not slake their great revenge?

Whatever may be their failings, none will at least deny them those high intellectual qualities, for which they have ever been celebrated. The Turdetani, their ancestors, were always renowned for their imagination: when the Augustan age of literature died away at Rome, it was revived in Bætica by the two Senecas, Lucan, and Columella. Again, from the ninth to the fourteenth century, during the darkest periods of European barbarism, Cordova was the bright spot, the Athens and Rome of the west, at once the seat of arts, science, and elegance, as of arms and valiant soldiers. Again, when the sun of Raphael set in Italy, painting here arose in a new form in the Velazquez, Murillo, and Cano school of Seville. The Moorish Andalucians took the lead in every branch of intellectual pursuit, and in spite of protracted misgovernment, the
Andalucian to this day is the wit, the gracioso of Spain. The gracia, the sal Andaluza, is proverbial. This salt is not exactly Attic, having a tendency to gitanesque and tauro-machian slang; but it is almost the national language of the smuggler, bandit, bull-fighter, dancer, and Majo, and who has not heard of these worthies of Batica, the Contrabandista, Ladron, Torero, Bailarino, and Majo? Their fame has long scaled the Pyrenees, while in the Peninsula itself such persons and pursuits are the rage and dear delight of the young and daring, of all indeed who aspire to the "Fancy," or aficion. These truly provincial Andalucian pastimes represent, with Spaniards, our road, ring, race, chase, and everything, in short, connected with a sporting character. Andalucia is the head-quarters of all this, and the cradle of the most eminent professors, who in the other provinces become stars, patterns, models, the observed of all observers, and the envy and admiration of their applauding countrymen. The qualities are essentially Andalucian, and like the delicate flavour and aroma of Sherry wines, are local and inimitable.

The provincial dress is so extremely picturesque, that it is adopted in our costumeless land for fancy balls; to judge of its full effect, an Andalucian village must be visited on some holiday, when all are clad in their best. Whatever the merits of tailors and milliners, nature has lent her hand in the province, and indeed, whether the traveller chooses or not, they will at every step be forced into his notice.

The Majo, the Figaro of our theatres, is entirely in word and deed of Moorish origin; he is akin to the Greek Pallicus; he is the local dandy. The derivation of the word is the Arabic Majar, brilliancy, splendour, jauntiness in walk. Martial, as described by Pliny, jun. (Ep. iii. 21), although an Arragonese by birth, was, in fact, an Andaluz. "Erat homo ingeniosus (ingenioso hidalgo)—acutus, acer, et qui plurimum in scribendo salis habet et fellis." This mixture of salt and gall is most peculiar to the satirical Sevilians, whose tongues flay their victims alive; quitanle a uno el pellejo. The graver Castilians, truer children of the Goth, either despise the Andalucians as half Moors, or laugh at them as mere clowns and merrymen, and certainly they are somewhat idle, insincere, fickle, and undignified. The Majo glitters in velvets and filigree buttons, tags and tassels; his dress is as gay as his sun; external appearance is all and everything with him. This love of show, boato, is precisely the Arabic batto, betato; his favourite epithet bizarro, "distinguished," is the Arabic bessard, "elegance of form," from bizar, a youth. The Majo is an out-and-out swell, muy fanfaron; this fanfaronade in word and thing is also Moorish, since sanfor and hinchur both signify to "distend," and are applied in the Arabic and, in the Spanish to las narices, the inflation of the barb’s nostrils, and in a secondary meaning, to pretension. The Majo, especially if crudo (See Xerez), is fond of practical jokes; his outbreaks and "larks" are still termed in Spanish by their Arabic names, arana, jalea, i. e. khala-a, "waggishness."

He is amorous, of course, and full of requiebros, or passing jests, compliments, and repartees. He addresses his querida with Oriental devotion; she is hija de mi alma, de mis ojos, the precise ya rohee, ya aymee ya habeeby of Cairo. The putting on the Majo dress is hoisting the signal of fun and licence: an elegant well-turned out Maja animates the whole vicinity; all men give the wall to her, many uncloak themselves, while students cast their tattered capas on the
ground for the spangled feet to pass over. A las plantitas de Fma.—"Benditas sean tus ligas"—que compuesta estás—vaya una majita—mas vale que toda Sevilla. Que aire, que toná, que jos matadores, ay de mi! The individuals thus complimented, especially the male majo, ought never to omit having the last word. No tailor nor hand-book can, however, make a majo, nor let any stranger venture too soon to play these frisks and gambols. Those who can, and do it well, become the envy and admiration of the Plaza, que saleroso, que gracioso, que travesura que trastienda! que caídas tiene, que occurrences, derrama sal y canela, y es la sal de las sales. The Majo of the lower classes often generates into a Bravo, a bully, a fire-eater, and flashman, muy guapo, y valiente. He is the Baratérco, who levies forfeit-money from all who will not fight him.

Such are the natives of Andalucia. The soil of their province is most fertile, and the climate delicious; the land overflows with oil and wine. The vines of Xerez, the olives of Seville, and the fruits of Malaga, are unequalled. The yellow plains, girdled by the green sea, bask in the sunshine, like a topaz set around with emeralds. Strabo (iii. 228) could find no better panegyric for the Elysian fields of Andalucia, than by quoting the charming description of the father of poetry ('Od. Δ, 563): and here the classics, following his example, placed the Gardens of the Blessed, and these afterwards became the real paradise, the new and favoured world of the Oriental. Here the children of Damascus rioted in a European Arabia Felix. On the fame of the conquest reaching the East, many tribes abandoned Syria to settle in Andalucia, just as the Spaniards afterwards emigrated to the golden S. America. The new comers kept chiefly apart, isolated in clans, each tribe hating each other; hence a seed of weakness was sown in the very cradle of the Moorish dominion. Thus the Yeminite Arabs of the stock of Kháttan lived in the plains, while the Syrians of the stock of Adhán lived in the cities, and thence were called "Beladium," to both of which the Berbers from the Atlas were opposed.

When these heterogeneous ingredients became more amalgamated, it was here, in a congenial soil, that the Oriental took the deepest root. Here he has left the noblest traces of power, taste, and intelligence—here he made his last desperate struggle. Six centuries after the chily north had been abandoned to the Gotho-Spaniard, Granada still was held; and from this gradual recovery of Andalucia, the Oriental divisions into separate principalities are still retained, and it is still called Los Cuatro Reinos, the "Four Kingdoms," viz. Seville, Cordova, Jaen, and Granada. These occupy the S. extremity of Spain, and are defended from the cold N. table-lands by the barrier-mountains of the Sierra Morena—a corruption of the Montes Marianos of the Romans, and not referring to the tawny-brown colour of its summer garb. Andalucia contains 2281 square I. It is a land of mountain and valley; the grand productive locality is the basin of the Guadalquivir, which flows under the range of the Sierra Morena. To the S.E. rise the mountains of Ronda and Granada, which sweep down to the sea. Their summits are covered with eternal snow, while the sugar-cane ripens at their bases. The botanical range is, therefore, inexhaustible. These sierras are absolutely marble and metal-pregnant. The cities are of the highest order in Spain, in respect to the fine arts and social life. Nowhere is el trato more amiable—nowhere is the Englishman better received, for Andalucia produces fruits and wines, and is an exporting province. Thus Malaga and Xerez are diametrically opposed to anti-British, manufacturing, monopolising Catalonia. Here, again, is a portion of England itself, Gibraltar; while Seville, Cordova, Ronda, and Granada, each in their peculiar line, have no rivals in Spain or in Europe.
However fertile the soil, and favourable the climate, no province in Spain, except Estremadura, has been turned to less account by the natives, who with strange apathy have allowed the two richest districts, and those the best cultivated under the Roman and Moor, to relapse into weed and underwood; everywhere the luxuriance of wild vegetation shows what crops might be raised with even common cultivation. Hence from the recesses of the barrier Sierra Morena down to the plains which fringe the Straits of Gibraltar, there is a wide and unexplored field for the botanist and sportsman. Nothing is more striking than the brilliant Flora of May and June: it is that of a hothouse growing wild; flowers of every colour, like perfumed cups of rubies, amethysts, and topazes filled with sunshine, tempt the stranger at every step. They bloom and blush unnoticed by the native. The nomenclature of the commonest plants is chiefly taken from the Arabic, which sufficiently denotes whence the Spaniard derived his limited knowledge.

These dehesas y despoblados, or depopulated wastes, are of vast extent. The country remains as it was left after the discomfiture of the Moor. The early chronicles of both Spaniard and Moslem teem with accounts of the annual forays inflicted on each other, and to which a frontier-district was always exposed. The object of these border guerrilla-warfares was extinction; talar, guemar y robar, to desolate, burn, and rob, to cut down fruit-trees, and exterminate the fowls of the air. The interminable struggle was that of rival nations and creeds. It was truly Oriental, and such as Ezekiel, who well knew the Phoenician, has described: "Go ye after him through the city and smite; let not your eye have pity, neither have ye pity; slay utterly old and young, both maids and little children and women." The religious duty of smiting the infidel precluded mercy on both sides alike, for the Christian foray and crusade was the exact counterpart of the Moslem algara and alghad; while, from military reasons, everything was turned into a desert, in order to create a frontier Edom of starvation, a defensive glacis, through which no invading army could pass and live; the "beasts of the field alone increased" (Deut. vii. 22). Nature, thus abandoned, resumed her rights, and has cast off every trace of former cultivation, and districts, the granaries of the Roman and the Moor, now offer the saddest contrasts to that former prosperity and industry. The physiognomy of the soil and climate in these wastes is now truly African. A few wild nomad peasants, half Berbers, tend herds of cattle, which wander over the lonely and unenclosed plains. The chief shrubs and evergreens which clothe these, and most of the wastes of the warm portions of the Peninsula, these montes, cotos, matas y dehesas, these preserves of the sportsman and botanist, are varieties of heaths, helecho; of brooms, retama, inhiesia; rosemary, romero; spurge, torvisco; lavender, espliego; cantueso, alhuzema; tamarisk, tamariz; thyme, tomillo; the citusus laurustinus phillarea, sao, and bay-tree laurel; the juniper, enebro; the arbutus, madroño; the alaternus and privet, ladierna; the mugwort, artemisia; liquorice, oruzuz, regaliz; the savine and passerina birsuta; the oleander, adelfa; every kind of cistus, jara; the dwarf fan-palm, palmita, Chamaæops humilis; the wild olive, acebuche; the ilex, encina; the kermes oak, cocado; the dwarf scrub oak, chaparro; the myrtle, arrayan; the cork-tree, alcornoque; the rhododendrum, qaranzo; the cistus halinifolius, saquazo; the hesyarium coronatum, sulla; the caper, alcaparro; the lentisk, lentisco; to say nothing of the aquatic plants of the marshes and swamps. The fences, where there are any, are composed of the prickly pear, higo chumbo, ficus Indica, cactus opuntia, and of the aloe, pita aloe, agava americana. Nothing can be more impenetrable; these palisades would defy a regiment of dragoons or fox-hunters. The natives call the pointed-aloe leaves the devil's toothpicks, Mondadientes del diablo.