appropriated to the parish: it contains paintings by Arteaga and frescos by Lucas Valdes.

In Sn. Andres is a "Concepcion" by Montañes, with many small pictures by Villegas.

In Sn. Alberto is a good Pacheco: the glorious Reto, by Roldan, was pulled down by the French and sold as wood for firing, when Soult turned the church into a cartridge-manufactory.

The tower of Sn. Pedro is Moorish; observe the artesonado roof and the Reto: the pictures by Campana have been repainted. The "Delivery of St. Peter" is by Roelas.

Sn. Juan de la Palma was a Moorish mosque dedicated to the Baptist; the Arabic inscription at the entrance records that "this great temple was rebuilt in 1080 by Axataf." The cross occupies the site of the palm, under which the dead were buried. A corpse, in 1537, hearing a rich Jew say that the mother of God was not a Virgin, rose from his grave and denounced him to the Inquisition, who burnt the sceptic and confiscated his property.

Inside is a "Crucifixion" by Campana: early and hard, by whom, also, is a "Christ at the Pillar."

In Sn. Isidoro is the masterpiece of Roelas, "El Transito," or the death of the titular saint. None should fail to look carefully at this superb specimen of a very great master, although much less known and appreciated than he deserves: observe the grey heads, the Correggisesque flesh tints, so much studied by Murillo, and the admirable composition. Here also is a "St. Anthony" and "St. Paul" by Campana, both repainted, and some pictures by Valdes: the "Paso" of El Cireneo is carved by Bernardo Gijon.

In Sn. Maria la Blanca are some granite columns, thought to be Roman: this was a synagogue down to 1391. Here were the fine Murillos now in the Madrid academy; the others were carried off by the French. There only remains a "Last Supper," in his frio style. Here is a "Dead Christ" by L. de Vargas; very fine and Florentine, but cruelly injured and neglected.

Sn. Salvador is a collegiate church. It continued in its original mosque form down to 1669, when it was rebuilt in the worst Churrigueroismo: the image of Sn. Cristobal is by Montañes. The Patio was the original Moorish court; here is a miraculous crucifix, El Cristo de los Desamparados, where countless pictures and "votive tablets" are hung up, as in the days of Horace. The sick come here for cure, and suspend legs, arms, and models of the parts benefited, made of wax, which become the fee of the priest, and from the number it is evident that he has more practice, and effects more cures, than the regular Sangrados.

Sn. Vicente was founded in 300. Here, in 421, Gunderic, entering to plunder, was repulsed by fiends. Here Sn. Isidoro died, A.D. 636: read the affecting account of his truly Christian end, by Redempto, an eye-witness; "E. S." ix. 402. Outside is painted the tutelar with his familiar crow holding a pitchfork in his mouth; a rudder would have been more appropriate (see p. 204). These attendant birds are an old story—Juno had a cuckoo on her sceptre (Paus. ii. 17. 4), Esculapius a cock. Inside is a painting of Christ by Morales, and some large pictures by Fco. de Varela.

In Sn. Julian is a fresco of St. Christopher by Juan Sanctis de Castro, 1484; it was barbarously repainted in 1828. Under some shutters to the left is a "Holy Family" by him, which has escaped, and is one of the oldest paintings in Seville: the kneeling figure is one of the Tous Monsalvez family, who were buried here, and to one of whom the Virgin appeared on a broom bush, hence she is called de la Iniesta. Observe the Rejas, made of votive chains of captives delivered by her interference—a Pagan custom—"Catanam ex voto Laribus." The "Concepcion" at the altar is—some say—by Cano. The plateresque Reto has a fine painting of Sn. Lucia, the papal patroness of eyes (luce, light).
In Sn. Martin is a “Descent from the Cross,” ascribed to Cano, but it is a Roman painting, and inscribed “Jo. Guy. Rom” f. a.ño 1608.” Observe the chapel of Juan Sanchez Gallego, built in 1500 and repaired in 1614. In the Retr. are some early paintings by Herrera el Viejo.

The admirers of Roelas should visit La Academia, where is a “Concepcion” by him equal to Guido.

N.B. Several pictures by Roelas exist at Olivares, four L. N.W. of Seville, and a pleasant ride. He was canon of that church. There he painted, in 1624, a “Birth of Christ,” now much injured; an “Adoration;” an “Annunciation;” a “Marriage of the Virgin;” the “Death of St. Joseph;” but although his last they are not his best works. Here he died April 23, 1625.

The Calle de la Sierpe, the Bond-street of Seville, leads to the Plaza del Duque, where the great Dukes of Medina Sidonia had their palace. This central square is planted, and forms the fashionable nocturnal promenade during the summer months; it is a miniature Vauxhall, the lamps being omitted, as the dusk is better for those who, like glow-worms, need no other light than their own bright eyes; and the moon, which cannot ripen grapes, certainly here ripens love. But in these torrid climates the rays of the cold chaste orb of Dian are considered more dangerous than the tabardillo or coup de soleil: “mas quema la Luna, que el Sol,” the moon burns more than the sun; and it must be remembered that the Spanish man is peculiarly combustible; being fire according to the proverb, and the woman being tow, the smallest puff of the evil one creates an awful conflagration.

“El hombre es fuego, la mujer estopa, Viene el día y sopla.”

Continuing from this plaza, walk by the church of Sn. Vicente to the Alameda Vieja, the ancient but now deserted walk of Seville. The water of the fountain here, del Arzobispo, is excellent. Look at the Roman pillars and statues (see p. 246). Here reside the horse-dealers and jockeys, and cattle-dealing continually goes on.

June is the great month for Veladas, vigils, and wakes: these nocturnal observations are kept on the eve preceding the holy day: the chief is that on the 24th, El dia de San Juan, and is celebrated on this old Alameda, which then presents a singularly Pagan scene. This St. John’s, our midsummer eve, is devoutly dedicated to flirtation by both sexes. In some places the parties go out at daybreak to gather vervain, coger la verbena, which represents in Spain the magical fern-seed of our forefathers. Bonfires are lighted, in sign of rejoicings—like the bon-feu of our Guy Fauxes—over and through which the lower classes leap; all this is the exact manner by which the ancients celebrated the entrance of the sun into the summer solstice. The fires of Cybele were kindled at midnight. The jumping over them was not merely a feat of activity, but of meritorious devotion (Ovid. Fast. iv. 727):

“Certe ego transilii positas ter ordine flammas.”

This pagan custom of passing through the fire of Baal or Moloch was expressly forbidden in the year 680, at the 5th council of Constantinople, to which the younger classes of Sevillians are as scandalously inattentive as the Irish at their similar Baal-tinne.

To the left of the fountain is a barack of tattered invalids; it once was a convent of Jesuits, and when that order was suppressed was given up to the Inquisition. The edifice is rather cheerful than forbidding; it partakes more of the attraction of its first proprietors than of the horror of its second. It was entirely dismantled by the populace, and contains no record of its dungeons and torture rooms: now it is fast hastening to ruin, and is, in all respects, a fit abode for its inmates.

Turning to the r. is La Feria, where a fair is held every Thursday, which all should visit; it is the precise Soock e
juma of Cairo; the street leads to the Puerta de la Encarnación—now the market-place, to construct which the French pulled down a convent dedicated to the Incarnation. Here the naturalist will study the fish, flesh, fruits, and fowls; the fish and game are excellent, as is also the pork, when fattened by the autumnal acorn, the bellota. Instinct teaches these ferae naturae to fatten themselves on the good things which a bountiful nature provides. The meats which require artificial care, and the attention of man, are of the worst description; the beef would be burnt at Leadenhall market, as unfit for human food; however, not much of it is eaten. Observe the purchases made, the two-ounce “joints” of meat or carrión, for the poverty-stricken olla, parsimonious as in the time of Justinian (xli.2). It must be remembered, that in this burning climate less animal food is necessary than in the cold north. The calorie thereby generated is exactly what is most to be avoided; the daily rations of fourteen pounds of rein-deer per man of our Hudson Bay Company arctic explorers, would feed half a regiment of Andalucian Bisontes. “Dis-moi ce que tu manges, et je te dirai ce que tu es,” says Brillat Savarin; and what is sold in shops and markets is a sure test of the wants, habits, wealth, and civilization of a country. Everything, however, is relative; for the Spanish proverb considers the man who dines in Seville as especially favoured by heaven, “a quien Dios quiere bien, en Sevilla le da a comer” but not one of our readers will think so.

In the Calle del Candilejo is a bust of Don Pedro, placed, it is said, in memorial of his having here stabbed a man. The Rey Justiciero quartered himself in effigy only. His and Lord Byron’s “friend,” Don Juan was a Sevillian majo, and a true hidalgo. The family name was Tenorio; he lived in a house now belonging to the nuns of San Leandro, in which there is some good carving. (For his real pedigree, see ‘Quar. Rev.’ cxvii. 82.)

Look also at the extraordinary Azulejo portal of Sta. Paula of the time of the Catholic kings; the carvings in the chapel are by Cano. The French carried off all the pictures. Here are sepulchres of Juan, constable of Portugal, and Isabel his wife, the founders.

Those who wish to sup on horrors may visit the foundling hospital, or La Cuna, as it is called in Spain, as if it were the cradle, not the coffin, of miserable infants. Most large cities in Spain have one of these receptacles; the principal being in the Levitical towns, and the natural fruit of a rich celibate clergy, both regular and secular. La cuna, or casa de espositos, may be defined as a place where innocents are massacred, and natural children, deserted by their unnatural parents, are provided for by being slowly starved. These hospitals were first founded at Milan in 787, by a priest named Da-thæus. This Seville one was established in 1558 by the clergy of the Cathedral, and is managed by twelve directors, six lay and six canons; few ever attend or contribute, save in subjects. The hospital is situated in the Calle de la Cuna; a marble tablet is thus inscribed, near an aperture left for charitable donations:—“Quoniam pater meus et mater mea deliquerunt me Dominus autem assumpsit” (Ps. xxvii. 10).

A wicket door, el torno, is pierced in the wall, which opens on being tapped to receive the sinless children of sin; and a nurse sits up at night to take in those exposed by parents, who hide their guilt in darkness.

“Tol que l’amour fut par un crime,
Et que l’amour défit par un crime à son tour,
Funeste ouvrage de l’amour,
De l’amour funeste victime.”

Some of the babies are already dying, and are put in here in order to avoid the expense of funeral; others are almost naked, while a few are well supplied with linen and necessaries. These latter are the offspring of the better classes, by whom a temporary concealment is de-
SEVILLE.—FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

sired. With such the most affecting letters are left, praying the nurses to take more than usual care of a child which will surely be one day reclaimed; a mark or ornament is generally fastened to the infant, in order that it may be identified hereafter, if claimed. Such was the custom in antiquity. Thus Sostrata mentions a ring being left as a mark with an exposed girl (Terence, Heau. iv. 1. 36). These cunas are the βρεφοτροφεια of the ancients, and these distinguishing marks are the Γνωριματα or creundia. Every particular regarding every exposed babe is registered in a book—a sad record of human crime and remorse.

Those children which are afterwards reclaimed pay two reals for every day during which the hospital has maintained them; but no attention is paid to the appeals for particular care, or the promise of redemption, for Spaniards seldom trust each other. Unless some name is sent with it, the child is baptized with one given by the matron, and it usually is that of the saint of the day of its admission. The number is very great, and is rapidly increasing with increasing poverty, while the funds destined to support the charges decrease from the same cause. There is a certain and great influx nine months after the Holy week and Christmas, when the whole city, male and female, pass the night in kneeling to relics and images, &c.: accordingly, in January and November, the daily numbers often exceed the usual average by fifteen to twenty.

There is always a supply of wet nurses at the Cuna, but they are generally such as cannot obtain situations in private families; the usual allotment is three children to one nurse. Sometimes, when a woman is looking out for a place as wet-nurse, and is anxious not to lose her breast of milk, she goes, in the meanwhile, to the Cuna, when the poor child who draws it off plumps up a little, and then, when the supply is withdrawn, withers and dies. The appointed nurses dole out their milk, not according to the wants of the infants, but their number. Some few are farmed out to poor mothers who have lost their own babe; they receive about eight shillings a month, and these are the children which have the best chance of surviving, for no woman who has been a mother, and has given suck, when left alone, will willingly let an attaching infant die. The nurses of the Cuna are familiar with starvation, and even if their milk of human kindness were not soured, they have not the means of satisfying their hungry number. The proportion who die is frightful; it is, indeed, an organized system of infanticide. Death is a mercy to the child, and a saving to the establishment; a man's life never was worth much in Spain, much less that of a deserted baby. The exposure at the Cynosarges of the Athenians, the caves of Taygetus of the Spartans, the Columna Lactaria of the Romans, were, if possible, less cruel than the protracted dying in these Spanish charnel-houses. This Cuna, when last we visited it, was managed by an inferior priest, who, a true Spanish administrador, misapplied the funds. He became rich, like Gil Blas' overseer at Valladolid, by taking care of the property of the poor and fatherless; his well-garnished quarters and portly self were in strange contrast with the condition of his wasted charges. Of these, the sick and dying are separated from the healthy; the former are placed in a large room, once the saloon of state, whose gilded roof and fair proportions mock the present misery. The infants are laid on dirty mattresses placed on the floor, and are left unheeded and unattended. Their large heads, shrivelled necks, hollow eyes, and wan wax fingers, are shadowed with coming death. Called into existence by no wish or fault of their own, their brief span is run out ere begun, while their mother is far away exclaiming, "Quand j'aurai assez pleuré sa naissance, je pleurerai sa mort."

Those who are more healthy lie
paired in cradles arranged along a vast room, but famine is in their cheeks, need starveth in their eyes, and their shrill cry pains the ear on passing the threshold: from their being underfed, they are restless and ever moaning. Some, the newly exposed, just from their being underfed, are restless and ever moaning. At their being underfed, and Andalucía.

Sucked their last farewell, and the future, and happily unconscious of their fate. They grow up to be selfish and unaffectionate; they have never known what kindness was; their young hearts are closed ere they open; they have had none to care for them, none to love, they revenge themselves by hating mankind. Their occupation consists in speculating on their property, and becoming rich. Few occasionally are adopted by benevolent and childless people, who, visiting the Cuna, take a fancy to an interesting infant; but the child is liable ever after to be given up to its parents, should they reclaim it. Townshend (i. 134) mentions an Oriental custom at Barcelona, where the girls when marriageable were paraded in procession through the streets, and any desirous of taking a wife, was at liberty to select his object by "throwing his handkerchief." This Spanish custom still prevails at Naples.

Seville is surrounded with suburbs; the circuit round the walls contains many objects of first-rate interest. We shall commence going out from the Calle de las Armas, by the Puerta Real, the Royal Gate, through which St. Ferdinand entered in triumph. It was called by the Moors Goles, which the Sevillians, who run wild about Hercules, consider to be a corruption from that name; it is simply the gate of Gules, a Moorish suburb (Conde, iii. 35). Emerging from a dip to the r. is the Colegio de Merced, or St. Laurus, which was desecrated by the French, and made a prison for galleyslaves by the Spaniards; behind it are the ruins of the house of Fernando Columbus. The suburb is called Los Humeros. Here were the tunnels, and Moorish dock-yard. It is supposed to have been the site of the Roman naval arsenal. It is now tenanted by gypsies, the Zincali; Seville in their Romany is called Ulita and Safacoro, and the Guadalquivir, Len Baro, or the Great River. Here always resides some old hag who will get up a funcion, or gipsy dance (see p. 188). Here will be seen the dark-eyed callees, and their lovers armed with shears, para monrabar. Here lives the true blood, the errate, who abhor the rest of mankind, the buené. Our good pat Borrow's accurate vocabulary is the key to the gitanesque heart, for according to him they have hearts and souls. As the existence of this extraordinary work of the Gil Blas of gypsies is unknown to them, they will be disarmed when they find the stranger speaking their own tongue; thus those who have a wish to see the fancy and majo life at Seville, which is much the fashion among many of the young nobles, will possess la clé du caveau, and singular advantages.

Turning to the r., between the river banks and the walls, is the Patín de las Damas, a raised rampart and planted walk, make in 1773. The city on this side is much exposed to inundations. Opposite in its orange groves was what once was the Cartuja convent; beyond rise the towers of Italica, and the purple hills of the Sierra Morena.

Passing the gate of St. Juan is La Barqueta, or the ferry boat. In the Chozas opposite true ichthyophiles go to eat the shad, Savalo, the Moorish Shebbel. Los Huevos and Savalo asado are the correct thing. This rich fish is unwholesome in summer. Here also El Sollo,
the sturgeon, is caught, one of which the chapter used to send to the royal table, reserving the many others for their own. The walls now turn to the r. Half a mile outside is the once noble convent of S. Jerome, called, from its pleasant views, La buena vista. The Patio, in Doric and Ionic worthy of Herrera, was designed by two monks Barte de Calzadilla and Felipe de Moron, in 1603. It is now a glass manufactory. Here Axataf took his last farewell of Seville, when S. Ferd. entered. Returning by gardens hedged with aloes and tall whispering canes, is S. Lazaro, the Leper Hospital, founded in 1284: the term gaffe, leper, the Hebrew chapaph, was one of the 5 actionable defamatory words of Spanish law. Observe the terra cotta ornaments on the Doric façade. The interior is miserable, as the funds of this true Lazar house are converted by the trustees chiefly to their own use. Here will be seen cases of elephantiasis, the hideous swollen leg, a disease common in Barbary, and not rare in Andalucia, and which is extended by the charity-imploring patient in the way of the passenger, whose eye is startled and pained by what at first seems a huge cankered boa-constrictor. These hospitals were always placed outside the cities; so, among the Jews, “lepers were put out of the camp” (Numb. v. 2). The plague-stricken were compelled to dwell alone (Lev. xiii. 46).

A Moorish causeway, raised in order to be a dam against inundations, leads to La Macearena, the huge La Sangre Hospital rising to the r.; this is the suburb of the poor and agricultural labourers. The tattered and party-coloured denizens of all ages and sexes, the children often stark-naked, vellus du climat, as in Barbary, and like bronze cupids, cluster outside their hovels in the sun. Their carts, implements, and animals are all pictures; everything seems naturally to fall into a painter’s group, which so seldom is the case with the lower classes in England. It is a tableau vivant, and particularly as regards certain “small deer,” caza menor, for which a regular battue is always going on in the thick preserves of the women’s hair. The occupation possibly may neither be cleanly or genteel, but as a ragged Spanish resguardo is worth half a dozen French marshals for a foreground in a sketch, so these ladies and their pursuits do better on canvas than would all the patronesses of Almack’s. Here it was that Murillo came for subject and colour, here are the rich yellows and browns in which her multitudes of beggars, imps, and urchins, who with their parents, when simply transcribed by his faithful hand, make such exquisite pictures, for their life and reality carries every spectator away.

Continuing the walk, turn l. to the Hospital de la Sangre; it is also called de los cinco Llagas, the 5 bleeding wounds of our Saviour, which are sculptured like bunches of grapes. Blood is an ominous name for this house and home of Sangrado, where the lancet, like the Spanish knife, gives no quarter. This hospital was erected in 1546 for Catalina de Ribera, by Martin de Gainza and Heman Ruiz. The intention of the foundress was perfect, the performance of her successors incomplete; after her death the funds were misapplied, and the building now remains, and will remain, unfinished.

The grand court-yard is very classical, and the portal is one of the good architectural bits in Seville; observe the medallions of Faith, Hope, and Charity, sculptured on the front of the chapel by Pedro Machuca; the chapel is a Greek cross, with Ionic pillars; the Ret of the high altar was designed by Maeda in 1600, and gilt by Alonzo Vasquez, whose pictures in it have suffered from neglect and repainting. Observe the “Crucifixion,” with the “Magdalen,” and some females by Zurbaran, of no great merit.

La Sangre, as far as medical purposes go, does small credit to science and humanity. Wanting in almost everything at the critical moment, it is a fair
specimen of the provincial hospitals of Spain, with a few exceptions.

Returning to the city walls, observe la Barbacena, the Barbican; the circumvallation all the way to the gate of Osorio is admirably preserved: it is built of tapia, with square towers and battlements, or almenas, which girdle Seville with a lace-like fringe. Opposite the vallation all the way to the gate of Barbacena, tapia, mllnts, bermitage of Herrera el Viejo was imprisoned, is the Capuchinos, long adorned by the Murillos, now in the Museo; near the Puerta del Sol, the most E. gate, are Los Trinitarios Descalzos, the site of the palace of Diogenianus, where Justina and Rufina were put to death (see p. 249): this fine convent was desecrated by the French. Passing the long fantastic salitres, the saltpetre manufactory at the gate of Carmona, the scene becomes more lively. To the l. is the suburb of thieves, a prison for galley-slaves. To the r. is the suburb of the tombs, a planted walk leads to the Osario, once full of Murillos; the French having carried off the best, gutted the convent, and destroyed the magnificent sepulchres of the Ponce de Leon family, and rifled the graves; a planted walk leads to the site of the foundry, set in motion, struck against a steel; and thus, by this cowardly contrivance, Col. Duncan and other men were blown to atoms. (Conder’s ‘Spain,’ ii. 14.) The Junta, on Soult’s departure, sent an order to destroy the foundry, fearing the French might return: this was disobeyed by the officer, Fr°. de la Reyna, who was rewarded by being made a canon of the Seville Cathedral; a very usual mode of pensioning officers, and a church militant system decreed by the Cortes. This Reyna lived afterwards in Murillo’s house, and was fonder of gunpowder than incense, of cannons than canons. “I knew him well, Horatio! a fellow of infinite jest.” The splendid cinque cento artillery, cast in Italy at a time when form and grace were breathed over instruments of death, were carried off by Angoulême in 1823. The Bourbon was the ally of Ferd. VII.; Soult was, at least, his enemy.

In this suburb was the celebrated Porta Celi (Calí), founded in 1450; here were printed, under extraordinary precautions, for in fact they were bank notes, the papal bulls, by which indulgence was given to eat meat in Lent, and on certain fast days. This Bula de Cruzada was so called because granted by Innocent III., to keep the Spanish crusaders in fighting condition, by letting them eat meat rations when they could get them. This, the bull,
la Bula, is announced with grand ceremony every January, when the civic authorities go en coche to the cathedral: a new one is taken out every year, like a game certificate, by all who wish to sport with a safe conscience with flesh and fowl; and by the paternal kindness of the Pope, instead of paying 3l. 13s. 6d., for the small sum of dos reales, 6d., a man, woman, or child may obtain this benefit of clergy and cookery: but woe awaits the uncertificated poacher — treadmills for life are a farce per incuria. The sale of these bulls produces about 200,000/.; for in a religion of forms, as in the Ramadan of the East, the breaking one fast during Lent inspires more horror than breaking any two commandments; and few genuine Spaniards can, in spite of their high breeding, disguise the disgust with which they see English eating meat breakfasts during Lent. It sometimes disarms them by saying "tengo mi bula para todo." The French burnt the printing presses, and converted everything into a ruin.

The Parroquia de St. Bernardo contains a superb "Last Judgment," by the dashing Herrera el Viejo: a "Last Supper," by Varello, 1622; and a statue of the "Tutelar," by Montañes. Here also is the matadero, the slaughter-house, and close by Ferd. VII. founded his taumachian university (see p. 178). These localities are frequented by the Seville fancy, the majos crudos, and toreros; here the favourite and classical dishes of a sort of tripe, callos y menudos, are still eaten in perfection. See Pliny, 'N. H.' viii. 51, as to the merits of the Callum. N.B. Drink manzanilla wine with these peppery condiments; they are highly provocative, and, like hunger, la Salsa de San Bernardo, are appropriately cooked in the parish of this tutelar of appetite, buen provecho le haga a Vm.

The sunny flats under the old Moorish walls, which extend between the gates of Carmona and La Carne, are the haunts of idlers and gamblers. The lower classes of Spaniards are constantly gambling at cards: groups are to be seen playing all day long for wine, love, or coppers, in the sun, or under their vine-trellises. There is generally some well-known cock of the walk, a bully, or quapo, who will come up and lay his hand on the cards, and say, "No one shall play here but with mine"—aquí no se juega sino con mis barajas. If the gamblers are cowed, they give him dos cuartos, a halfpenny each. If, however, one of the challenged be a spirited fellow, he defies him. Aquí no se cobra el barato sino con un puñal de Albacete—"You get no change here except out of an Albacete knife." If the defiance be accepted, vamos alla es la answer—"Let's go to it." There's an end then of the cards, all flock to the more interesting écarté; instances have occurred, where Greek meets Greek, of their tying the two advanced feet together, and yet remaining fencing with knife and cloak for a quarter of an hour before the blow be dealt. The knife is held firmly, the thumb is pressed straight on the blade, and calculated either for the cut or thrust, to chip bread and kill men.

The term Barato strictly means the present which is given to waiters who bring a new pack of cards. The origin is Arabic, Baara, "a voluntary gift;" in the corruption of the Baratero, it has become an involuntary one: now the term resembles the Greek μπαπάθες, homo perditus, whence the Roman Balatrones, the ruiners of markets, Baruhramque Macelli; our legal term Barratry is derived from the medieval Barrateria, which Ducange very properly interprets as "cheating, foul play." Sancho's sham government was of Barateria; Baratar, in old Spanish,
meant to exchange unfairly, to thimble-rig, to sell anything under its real value, whence the epithet barato, cheap. The Baratero is quite a thing of Spain, where personal prowess is cherished. There is a Baratero in every regiment, ship, prison, and even among galley-slaves. For the Spanish knife, its use and abuse, see Albarcela.

The space near the Pa de la Carne on Sabato Santo, which is equivalent to our Easter Monday, offers a singular and picturesque scene. In the afternoon the traveller should not fail to go outside the city walls, where, under the crumbling Moorish battlements and long arches of the aqueduct, the Paschal lambs are sold, or corderos de Pascua, as Easter is termed in Spanish. The bleating animals are confined in pens of netted rope-work; on every side the work of slaughter is going on; gipsies erect temporary shambles on this occasion; groups of children are everywhere leading away pet lambs, which are decorated with ribbons and flowers. The amateur will see in them and in their attitudes the living originals from which Murillo faithfully copied his St. John and the infant Saviour, el divino Pastor. Peasants mingle among them, carrying lambs on their shoulders, holding the four legs together on their necks, making with the animal a tippet exactly in the form so frequently seen in antique basi relievi and in Spanish paintings of the adoration of the shepherds. This buying and selling continues from the Saturday until the end of Monday.

The huge mounds of rubbish opposite are composed of the accumulated dung-holes of Seville, and under them are buried those who die of plagues, which these Rome-like Immondezzais are enough to render endemic.

Returning to the walls are the cavalry barracks, in which horses and saddles are occasionally wanting. Now the Alcazar towers above the battlemented girdle of walls. * The classical gate, St. Fernando, was built in 1760: here it was that the Virgin miraculously introduced St. Ferdinand into Seville during the siege.

The large building to the l. is the Fabrica de Tabacos, where tobacco is made into snuff and cigars. The edifice, in size at least, is a tobacco Escorial: it has 28 interior patios. The enormous space covers a quadrangle of 662 feet by 524. It was built in vile taste in 1757 by one Vandembeer, a fantastic Dutchman. It is guarded by a moat, not destined to prevent men getting in, but cigars being smuggled out. In the under-floor a fine rappee snuff is made, called tobacco de fraile: it is coloured with red almagra, an earth brought from Cartagena. You come out powdered as with rhubarb, and sneezing lustily. The use of tobacco, now so universal among all classes in Spain, was formerly confined to this snuff, the sole solace of a celibate clergy. The Duc de St. Simon (xix. 125) mentions, in 1721, that the Conde de Lemos passed his time in smoking to dissipate his grief for having joined the party of the Archduke Charles—"chose fort extraordinaire en Espagne, où on ne prend du tabac que par le nez."

The cigar manufactories of Spain are in fact the only ones in really full work (see p. 193). The many thousand pairs of hands employed at Seville are principally female: a good workwoman can make in a day from ten to twelve bundles, atados, each of which contains fifty cigars; but their tongues are busier than their fingers, and more mischief is made than cigars. Walk over the establishment. Very few of them are good-looking, yet these cigarerias are among the lions of Seville, and, like the grisettes of Paris, form a class of themselves. They are reputed to be more impertinent than chaste; they wear a-particular mantilla de tiro (see p. 198), which is always crossed over the face and bosom, allowing the upper part only of most rouguish-looking features to peep out. These ladies undergo an ingeniously-minute search on leaving
their work, for they sometimes carry off the filthy weed in a manner her most Catholic majesty never dreamt of.

On the flat plain outside the walls, called El Prado de St. Sebastian, was the Quemadero, or the burning-place of the Inquisition: here the last act of the tragedy of the auto de fe was performed by the civil power, on whom the odium was cast, while the populace, in the words of Caesar, "scleris olbiti de penâ disserebant." The spot of fire is marked by the foundations of a square platform on which the faggots were piled. Here, in 1780, a beata, or female saint, was burnt, for taking upon herself the heretical office of hatching eggs. Townshend, however (ii. 342), says that she was very witching, and had a successful monomania for seducing clergymen.

The Spaniards are still very shy of talking about the Quemadero; sons of burnt fathers they dread the fire. Con el Rey y la Inquisicion, chiton! chiton! Hush! hush! say they, with finger on lip, like the image of silence, with King and Inquisition. As the swell of the Atlantic remains after the hurricane is past, so distrust and scared apprehension form part of the uncommunicative Spaniard in dealing with Spaniard. "How silent you are," said the Queen of Prussia to Euler. "Madam," replied he, "I have lived in a country where men who speak are hanged." The burnings of torrid Spain would have better suited the temperature of Russia. The effects are, however, the same; an engine of mystery hung over the nation, like the sword of Damocles; invisible spies, more terrible than armed men, omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent, aimed at every attribute of the Almighty, save his justice and mercy. The dread of the Inquisition, from whence no secrets were hid, locked up the Spanish heart, soured the sweet charities of life, prevented frank and social communication, which relieves and improves. Hospitality became dangerous, when confidence might open the mind, and wine give utterance to long-hidden thought. Such was the fear-engendered silence under Roman tyranny, as described by Tacitus (Agri. 2): "Adempto per inquisitiones et lo-quendi et auditendi commercio, memoria quoque ipsam cum voce perdidissens, si tam in nostrâ potestate esseb oblivisci quam tacere."

It is as well, therefore, here as elsewhere, to avoid jesting or criticism on this matter; Con el ojo y la fe, nunca me burlaré. Spaniards, who, like Moslems, allow themselves a wide latitude in laughing at their priests, are very touchy on every subject connected with their creed: it is a remnant of the loathing of heresy and their dread of a tribunal which they think sleepeth, but is not dead, scotched rather than killed. In the changes and chances of Spain it may be re-established, and as it never forgets or forgives, it will surely revenge. No king, cortes, or constitution, ever permits in Spain any approach to any religious toleration; the spirit of the Inquisition is alive; all abhor and brand with eternal infamy the descendants of those convicted by this tribunal; the stain is indelible, and the stigma, if once affixed on any unfortunate family, is known in every town, by the very children in the street.

The Inquisition, a tribunal of bad faith, bigotry, confiscation, blood, and fire, was derived from France. It was imitated by St. Domenick, who learnt his trade under Simon de Montfort, the exterminator of the Protestant Albigenses. It was remodelled on Moorish principles, the garrote and furnace being the bowstring and fire of the Moslem, who burnt the bodies of the infidel to prevent the ashes from becoming relics (Reinaud., 'Inv. des Sarasins,' 145).

Spanish cities have contended for the honour of which was the first seat of this holy tribunal, once the great glory and boast of Spain, and elsewhere her foul disgrace. This, says Mariana (xxv. 1), was the secret of her invincible greatness, since "the instant the holy office acquired its due power and
Andalucia.

SEVILLE.—INQUISITION.

By it too were lost to poor, uncommercial, indolent Spain, her wealthy Jews, and her most industrious agriculturists, the Moors. The dangerous engine, when the supply of victims was exhausted, recoiled on the nation, and fitted it for that yoke heavy and grievous under which for three centuries it has done penance; the works of Llorente have fully revealed the secrets of the tribunal’s prison-house. The best account of an *Auto de Fe* is the official report of José del Olmo, 4to. published at Madrid in 1680.

Near the Queomadero is St. Diego, a suppressed Jesuit convent, and given in 1784 to Mr. Wetherell, who was tempted by Spanish promises to exchange the climate of Snow Hill, Holborn, for torrid Andalucia. Townshend (ii. 325) gives the details. This intelligent gentleman, having established a tannery, and introduced steam machinery and workmen into Spain, was ruined by the bad faith of the government, which failed in both payments and promises. The property has now passed by a Spanish trick into other hands, who bribed the court of appeal to allow a false deed or *Escrutura*. Mr. Wetherell lies buried in his garden, surrounded by his countrymen who have died in Seville: requiescant in pace!

On the other side of the plain is the great city cemetery of St. Sebastian. Into this Romanist Necropolis no heretic is allowed to enter, if dead. The catacomb system is here adopted: a niche is granted for six or seven years, and the term can be renewed prorogado by a new payment. A large grave or ditch is opened every day, into which the bodies of the poor are cast like dogs, after being often first stripped by the sextons even of their rags.

This cemetery should be visited on the last night of October, or All Hallowe’en, and the vigil of All Saints’ day; and again on Nov. 2, the day of All Souls. The scene is most curious and pagan (see p. 168). It is rather a fashionable promenade than a re-

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<th>Epochs</th>
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<td>10,200</td>
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34,611 | 18,048 | 288,109

It is rather a fashionable promenade than a re-
religious performance. The spot is crowded with beggars, who appeal to the tender recollections of one's deceased relations and friends. Outside a busy sale of nuts, sweetmeats, and cakes take place, and a crowd of horses, carriages, and noisy children, all vitality and mirth, which must vex the repose of the blessed souls in purgatory.

Returning from San Sebastian to Seville, the change from death at the Puerta de Xerez is striking: here all is life and flower. The new walk was laid out by Arjona, in honour of Cristina, then the young bride of Ferd. VII. El Salon is a raised central saloon, with stone seats around it para descansar un ratito. Nothing can be more national and picturesque than this promenade of an afternoon, when all the “rank and fashion” assemble, to say nothing of the lower classes in their Andalucian fancy-ball costume. Beyond, on the bank of the river, are Las Delicias, a charming ride and walk. Here is the botanical garden. This was suggested by the Mxa. de las Amarillas (Genl. Giron); but, although approved of by the government, for four years nothing was done. Four days after Amarillas became Captn. General, the same Arjona, who had hitherto thwarted it, because not his own scheme, now was the first to lay it out. But, as in the East, a dog is obeyed in office.

Next observe the ridiculous churriguersque nautical college of San Telmo. It was founded by Fernando, son of Columbus. The present edifice was built in 1682 by Antln. Rodriguez. Here the middies were taught navigation in a room, from a small model of a three-decker; thus they are not exposed to sea-sickness. The Infant Antonio, appointed by Ferd. VII. Lord High Admiral of Spain, was walking in the Retiro gardens near the pond, when it was proposed to cross in a boat; he declined, saying, “Since I sailed from Naples to Spain I have never ventured on water” (Schep. i. 56). The Spanish Lords of the Admiralty rely much on San Telmo (see Tuy), who unites in himself the attributes of Castor and Pollux; he appears in storms at the mast-head, with a light, or the lucida sidera of Horace. Hence, whenever it comes on to blow, the pious crew fall on their knees, depending on this marine Hercules. Our tars, who love the sea, propter se, for better for worse, having no San Telmo to help them in foul weather (although the somewhat irreverent gunner of the Victory did call him of Trafalgar Saint Nelson), go to work and perform the miracle themselves—aide toi, et le ciel t’aidera; but things are managed differently on the Thames and the Thames. Thus, near Greenwich Hospital, a floating frigate, large as life, is the school of young chips, who every day behold in the veterans of Cape St. Vincent and Trafalgar living examples of having “done their duty.” The evidence of former victories thus becomes a guarantee for the realisation of their young hopes, and the future is assured by the past.

The Puerta de Xerez, said to be built by Hercules (Hercules me edificó, p. 244), was at all events rebuilt in 1561. The Moorish walls hang over the reedy Tagarete, and once were painted in fresco. Up to 1821 they connected the Alcazar with the out-post tower, La torre del Oro, “of gold;” La torre de Plata, that “of silver,” lies nearer the mint. These fine names are scarcely sterling, both the towers being built of Moorish tapia. The former tower is of course ascribed to Julius Cesar, just as the old Babylonians attributed all ancient buildings to Semiramis. It was used by Don Pedro el Cruel as a prison for his enemies and his mistresses. The Spaniards have built a trumpery sentry-box on the top of this Moorish tower, where their red and yellow flag occasionally is hoisted.

Passing on is the Aduana or Custom-house, a hothed of queer dealings, which lies between the Postigos de
Carbon and del Aceite: inside are some pretty old houses for the artist; on the river shore is a solitary crane, el ingenio, which now suffices to unload the scanty commerce of a city thus described four centuries ago by our pilgrim (Purchas, ii. 1232):

"Civyle! grand! that is so fre.
A paradise it is to behold.
The fruites vines and spicery thee I have told
Upon the haven all manner of merchandise.
And karekes and schippes of all
Present establishment was founded by
Dar-san'-ah, or house of construction
The scanty commerce of a city thus
Provided with instruments for
Preserving life. Misgoverned, ill-fated
Spain, which, in her saltisrose tablelands, has "villainous saltpetre" enough to blow up the world, and copper enough at Rio Tinto, and at Berja, to sheathe the Pyrenees, is of all countries the worst provided in ammunition and artillery, whether it be a batterie de cuisine or de citadel.

Adjoining the arsenal is the quarter of the dealers of bacalao or salted codfish. "You may nose them in the lobby." This article, furnished by heretics to the most Catholic Spaniards, forms a most important item in national food. The numerous religious corporations, and fast days, necessarily required this, for fresh-water fish is rare, and sea fish almost unknown in the great central parameras of the Peninsula. It is true, that by buying a Bula de Cruzada, a licence to eat meat was cheaply obtained; but where butchers' meat is scarce, and money scarcer, this was a mere mockery to the hungry masses. The shrivelled dried-up cod-fish is easily conveyed on muleback into uncarrirable recesses. It is much consumed all along the tierra caliente, or warm zone of Spain, Alicante being the port for the S.E. as Seville is for the S. portions; exposed to the scorching sun, this salt-fish is anything but sweet, and according to our notions not less rancid than the oils and butters of Spain: but to the native this gives a haut goft, as putrefaction does to the aldermanic haunch. The Spaniard would hold our Ash-Wednesday fish as tasteless and insipid, and a little tendency to bad smell is as easily masked by garlic, as pungency is by hot peppers.

Near this is the modern arsenal, which is not better provided with instruments for inflicting death, than the persons of La Sangre are with those for preserving life. Misgoverned, ill-fated Spain, which, in her saltisrose tablelands, has "villainous saltpetre" enough to blow up the world, and copper enough at Rio Tinto, and at Berja, to sheathe the Pyrenees, is of all countries the worst provided in ammunition and artillery, whether it be a batterie de cuisine or de citadel.

Here the hungry tide-waiters look out for bribes, and an official post-captain pompously announces the arrival of a stray smack.

Close by are the Atarazanas, the Dar-san'-ah, or house of construction of the Moors, whence the Genoa term darsena, and our word arsenal. The present establishment was founded by Alonzo el Sabio, and his Gotho-Latin inscription still remains imbedded in the wall near the Caridad. Observe the blue azulejos, said to be from designs by Murillo, who painted the glorious pictures for the interior (see p. 263).

This is the modern arsenal, which is not better provided with instruments for inflicting death, than the persons of La Sangre are with those for preserving life. Misgoverned, ill-fated Spain, which, in her saltisrose tablelands, has "villainous saltpetre" enough to blow up the world, and copper enough at Rio Tinto, and at Berja, to sheathe the Pyrenees, is of all countries the worst provided in ammunition and artillery, whether it be a batterie de cuisine or de citadel.

In this piscatose corner of Seville poverty delights to feed on the Oriental cold fried fish, and especially slices of large flounders and whiting, called familiarily Soldaos de Pavia, possibly in remembrance of the deficient commissariat of the victors of that day. The lower classes are great fish eaters: to this the fasts of their church and their poverty conduce. They seldom boil it, except in oil. Their principle is, when the fish has once left its native element, it ought never to touch it again. Here, as in the East, cold broiled fish is almost equivalent to meat (St. Luke, xxiv. 42). Observe the heraldic gate, del Arenal, of the Strand, and a sort of Temple Bar; the open
space in front is called la Carreteria, because here carts and carter's resort; and also el Baratillo, the "little chepe," from being a rag fair, and place for the sale of marine stores or stolen goods. Near this is the Plaza de Toros, which is a fine amphitheatere, although still unfinished, especially on the cathedral side, which at least lets in the Giralda and completes the picture, when the setting sun rays gild the Moorish tower as the last bull dies, and the populace—fex nondum lassata—unwillingly retire. This Plaza is under the superintendence of the Maestranza of Seville, whose uniform is scarlet. For tauromachian details see p. 177.

Remember the day before the fight to ride out to Tablada to see the ganado, or what cattle the bulls are, and go early the next day to witness the encierro; be sure also at the show to secure a boletín de sombra in a balcon de piedra, i. e. a good seat in the shade.

Leaving the Plaza we now approach el Río, the River Strand, where a petty traffic is carried on of fruit, Esteras, and goods brought up in barges; a rude boat-bridge stems the Guadalquivir, which is at once inconvenient in passage and expensive in repair: formerly it was a ferry, until Yusuf abu Yakub first threw across some barges in Oct. 11, 1171, and they now remain, no doubt, exactly the same in form and purpose; over them are brought in the supplies from the fertile Ajarafe. It was the cutting which off, by breaking this bridge, that led to the capture of Seville by St. Ferd. The "Bridge Estate Commissioners" are jobbers of the first magnitude: in 1784 an additional tax was levied on all wines consumed in Seville for the repairs; this the trustees, of course, pocketed themselves. Arjona at last destined the funds to city improvements. This Balbus of Seville was about to erect an iron suspension bridge to be made in England, when the civil wars led to his downfall, and with him, as in the East, to his plan of amelioration.

Next observe el Triunfo. This sort of religious monument is common in Spanish towns, and is usually dedicated to the tutelar patron saint, or local miracle, and is the triumph of bad taste, not to say priestcraft. The Doric gate is called la Pa. de Triana, because facing that suburb; it was erected in 1588, and is attributed to Herrera. The upper story was used as a state prison—a Newgate: here the Conde de Aguilar, the Macenas of Seville, was murdered by the patriots, urged on by the Catiline TILLI (see Schep. i. 269, and Doblado's Letters, p. 439). The plain beyond was formerly el Perneo, or the pig-market; during the cholera, in 1833, the unclean animals were removed to the meadows of the virgin patronesses Justa and Rufina, behind St. Agustin, and the space made into an esplanade by Amarillas: and re-entering by the Puerta Real the circuit is concluded.

Of course the traveller will ride out some day to Alcalá de Guadaira (see p. 235). A smaller and home circuit should also be made on the r. bank of the Guadalquivir, crossing over the boat-bridge to the suburb Triana, the Moorish Tarayannah, a name supposed to be a corruption from Trajana, Trajan having been born near it, at Italia. To the r., on crossing the bridge, are some remains of the once formidable Moorish castle, which, with its gloomy square towers, is shown in ancient prints and views of Seville. This was made the first residence of the Inquisition, the cradle of that fourth Fury. The Guadalquivir, which blushed at the fires and curdled with the bloodshed, almost swept away this edifice in 1626, as if indignant at the crimes committed on its bank. The tribunal was then moved to the calle St. Marcos, and afterwards to the Alameda Vieja. The ruined castle was afterwards taken down, and the site converted into the present market.

The parish church, St. Ana, was built by Alonzo el Sabio, in 1276: the
image of the "Mother of the Virgin," in the high altar, is a Virgen aparecida, or a divinely revealed palladium (comp. the Pagan worship of Anna, Ovid, 'F.' iii. 528); it is brought out in public calamities, but as a matter of etiquette it never crosses the bridge, which would be going out of its parochial jurisdiction; in the Trascoro is a curious virgin, painted by Alejo Fernandez; in the plateresque Reto are many fine Campanas, especially a "St. George," which is quite a Giorgione. The statues and bas-reliefs are by Pedro Delgado. Visit the church Nuestra del O; many females are here christened with this vowel; had she been born in Triana, the unfortunate Oh! Miss Bailey would have been called Miss Oh Bailey. Great quantities of coarse azulego and loza, earth-ware, are still made here as in the days of Stas. Justa and Rufina. The naranjales, or orange gardens, are worth notice. The principal street is called de Castilla: here the soap-makers lived, whence our term Castile soap. There is a local history, 'Aparato de Triana,' Justino Matute, Seville, 1818.

To the R., a short walk outside Triana, and on the bank of the river, is the Cartuja Convent, dedicated to No. Señora de las Cuevas, begun in 1400 by Arch. B. Mena: the funds left by him were seized by the government, always needy and always unprincipled. It was finished by Pier Aflan de Ribera; it was a museum of piety, painting, sculpture, and architecture, until, according to Laborde, iii. 263, "Le M. Soult en fit une excellente citadelle, dont l'Eglise devint le Magasin; la Bibliothèque ne valoit rien; elle a servi pour faire des gargousses" (cartridges): sequestered latterly, and sold, it has been turned into a pottery by Mr. Pickman, an Englishman, who, not making the chapel his magazine, has preserved it for holy purposes. Observe the fine rose window in the façade, and the stones recording the heights of inundations; inquire in the garden for the old burial ground, and the Gothic inscription of the age of Hermenigildo. The oranges are delicious.

Following the banks of a stream we reach the miserable village of Santi Ponce, the once ancient Italica, the birthplace of the Emperors Trajan, Adrian, and Theodosius; it was founded u.c. 547, on the site of the Iberian town Sancioy, by Scipio Africanus, and destined as a home for his veterans (App. 'B. H.' 463). Adrian adorned his native place with sumptuous edifices; the citizens petitioned to become a Colonia, that is, subject to Rome, instead of remaining a free Municipio: even Adrian was surprised at this Andalucian servility (Aul. Gell. xvi. 13). Many Spaniards assert that the poet Silius Italicus was born here; but then the epithet would have been Italicensis: his birth-place is unknown; probably he was an Italian, for Martial, his friend, never alludes to his being a paisano, or fellow-countryman. From his admiration and imitation of Virgil he was called his ape. To the Spanish antiquarian he is valuable from having introduced so many curious notices in his Punic. Pliny Jr. (Ep. iii. 7) thus justly describes his style: Silius scriebat carmina majore curá quam ingenio.

Italica was preserved by the Goths, and made the see of a bishop; Leovigild, in 584, repaired the walls when he besieged Seville, then the stronghold of his rebel son Hermenigildo. Italica was corrupted by the Moors into Talikah, Talca; and in old deeds the fields are termed los campos de Talca, and the town Sevilla la vieja. The ruin of Italica dates from the river having changed its bed, a common trick in wayward Spanish and Oriental streams. Thus Gour, once on the Ganges, is now deserted: the Moors soon abandoned a town and "a land which the rivers had spoiled," and left Italica for Seville; and ever since theremains have been used as a quarry. Santi Ponce is a corruption of San Geronico, its Gothic bishop. Consult 'Bosquejo de
Italica, Justino Matute, Seville, 1827; and for the medals, Florez, 'M.', ii. 477. Of these many are constantly found by the poor natives, and offered for sale to foreigners, for few Sevillanos care for old coins, while all prefer mint new dollars. The peasants, with a view of recommending their wares, polish them bright, and rub off the precious bloom, the patina and arëugo, the sacred rust of twice ten hundred years. They do their best to deprive antiquity of its charming old coat.

On Dec. 12, 1799, a fine mosaic pavement was discovered. This a poor monk, named Jose Moscoso, to his honour, enclosed with a wall, in order to save it from the fate usual in Spain. Didot, in 1802, published for Laborde a splendid folio, with engravings and description. The traveller will find a copy in the cathedral library in the Patio de los Naranjos, at Seville. Now this work is all that remains, for the soldiers of M. Soult converted the enclosure into a goatpen. Thus, at Valmuza, near Salamanca, they also turned a previously well-preserved mosaic into a stable (C. Berm. 'S.' 424). Laborde, in his 'Voyage Pittoresque,' has preserved, in engraving, many ancient and sacred buildings, which his countrymen came and destroyed.

The far-famed and much overrated amphitheatre lies outside the old town, seges ubi Trevia fuit. On the way the ruins of Italica peep out amid the weeds and olive groves, like the grey bones of dead giants. The amphitheatre, in 1774, was used by the corporation of Seville for river dikes, and for making the road to Badajoz. But Spanish mayors and aldermen are not absolute wisdom. (See the details, by an eye-witness, 'Viaje desde Granada a Lisboa,' duo. 1774, p. 70.) The form is, however, yet to be traced, and the broken tiers of seats: the destruction has been wantonly barbarous. The scene is sad and lovely: a few gipsies usually lurk among the vaults. The visitors scramble over the broken seats of once easy access, frightening the glittering lizards or Lagartos, which hurry into the rustling brambles. Behind, in a small valley, a limpid stream still trickles from a font and tempts the thirsty traveller, as it once did the mob of Italica when heated with games of blood.

The rest of Italica either sleeps buried under the earth, or has been carried away by builders. To the west are some vaulted brick tanks, called La Casa de los Baños. They were the reservoirs of the aqueduct brought by Adrian from Tejada, 7 L. distant. Occasionally partial excavations are made, but all is done by fits and starts and on no regular plan: the thing is taken up and let down by accident and caprice. The antiques found are usually of a low art. The site was purchased, in 1301, by Guzman el Bueno, who founded the castellated convent San Isidoro as the burial place of his family. It was entirely gutted by Soult on his evacuation of Andalucia, and next was made a prison for galley-slaves. The chapel is, however, preserved for the village church. Observe the statues of Sth Isidoro and Sth Jeronimo by Montañes, and the effigies of Guzman and his wife; they lie buried below. The tomb was opened in 1570, and the body of the good man, according to Matute (p. 156), "found almost entire, and nine feet high;" here lies also Doña Uraca Osorio, with her maid Leonora Dvalos at her feet. She was burnt alive by Pedro the Cruel for rejecting his addresses. A portion of her chaste body was exposed by the flames which consumed her dress, whereupon her attendant, faithful in death, rushed into the fire, and died in concealing her mistress.

The Feria de Santi Ponce is the Greenwich fair of Seville. Booths are erected in the ancient bed of the river. This is a scene of Majeza and their Jaleos. The holiday folk, in all their Andalucian finery, return at nightfall in Carretas filled with Gitanas y Corre­leras, while Los mojos y los de la aficion
(fancy) vuelven a caballo, con sus queriditas en ancas. Crowds come out to see this procession, and sit on chairs in the Ce. de Castilla, which resounds with requiebro, and is enlivened with exhibitions of small horns made of barro, the type of the Cornudo paciente de Sevilla; and here the lover of Maia and horse-flesh is reminded never to omit to visit the grand cattle fair, or La Feria de Mairena, near Alcalá de Guadaíra, which is held April 25th, 26th, 27th. It is a singular scene of gipsies, legs chalanes, and picturesque blackguards: here the Majo and Maja shine in all their glory. The company returns to Seville at sunset, when all the world is seated near the Caños de Carmona to behold them. The correct thing for a majo fino used to be to appear every day on a different horse, and in a different costume. Such a majo rode through a gauntlet of smiles, waving fans and handkerchiefs: thus his face was whitened, salió muy lucido. It was truly Oriental and Spanish. Now poverty and the prose of civilization are stripping away these tags and tassels, preparatory to the universal degradation of the long-tailed coat. The Majo always, on these occasions, wore the Caramba, or riband fringed with silver, and fastened to the Moño, or knot of her hair. She ought also to have the portrait of her Querido round her neck. The Majo always had two embroidered handkerchiefs—her work—with the corners emerging from his jacket pockets.

The traveller may return from Itálica to Seville by a different route, keeping under the slopes of the hills: opposite Seville, on the summit to ther, is Castileja de la Cuesta, from whence the view is fine and extensive. Here Fernan Cortes (see Medellin) died, Dec. 2, 1547, aged 63, a broken-hearted victim, like Ximenez, Columbus, Gonzalo de Cordova, and others, of his king's and country's ingratitude. He was first buried in San Isidoro at Itálica: his bones, like those of Columbus, after infinite movings and changings of sepulture, at last reached Mexico, the scene of his glories and crimes during life; not however doomed to rest even there, for in 1823 the patriots intended to disinter the foreigner, and scatter his dust to the winds. They were anticipated by pious fraud, and the illustrious ashes removed to a new abode, where, if the secret be kept, they may at last find that rest which alive they never knew—that rest at last, for which Shakspere prayed in his own epitaph.

Keeping the hill Chaboya to the r., we reach San Juan de Alfarache, Hisan-alfaraj, "of the fissure or cleft;" it was the Moorish river key of Seville, and the old and ruined walls still crown the heights. This was the site of the Roman Julia Constantia, the Gothic Osset, and the scene of infinite miracles during the Arian controversy: a font yet remains in the chapel. Read the authentic inscription, vouched by the church, concerning the self-replenishing of water every Thursday in the Semana Santa. (See also ‘E. S.’ ix. 117.) Strabo however (iii. 261), points out among the marvels of Bética certain wells and fountains, which ebbed and flowed spontaneously.

Observe the Retablo, with pictures by Castillo. This originally existed in the Sra. de la Palma. The panorama of Seville, from the convent parapet, is charming. On the opposite side of the river is the fine Naranjal or orange grove of Don Lucas Beck, which is worth riding to. "Seville," says Byron, "is a pleasant city, famous for oranges and women." There are two sorts of the former, the sweet and the bitter (Arabice Naring, unde Naranja), of which Scotch marmalade is made and Dutch Curacao is flavoured. The trees begin to bear fruit about the sixth year after they are planted, and the quality continues to improve for 16 to 20 years, after which the orange degenerates, the rind gets thick, and it becomes unfit for the foreign market, which always takes the best. The trees flower in March, and perfume the air of Seville with their
Azahar; from the blossoms sweetmeats are made, and delicious orange-flower water: buy it at Aquilars, Pa. Sn. Vincente: to eat the orange in perfection, it should not be gathered until the new blossom appears. The oranges begin to turn yellow in October, and are then picked, as they never increase in size after changing colour; they are wrapped in Catalan paper, and packed in chests, which contain from 700 to 1000 each, and may be worth to the exporter from 25s. to 30s. They ripen on the voyage, but the rind gets tough, and the freshness of the newly-gathered fruit is lost. The natives are very fanciful about eating them: they do not think them good before March, and poison if eaten after sunset. The vendors in the street cry them as mas dulces que almibar, sweeter than syrup; the “Honey, oh! oranges honey” of the Cairo orange-boy. The village below the hill of Alfarache, being exempt from the Derecho de puertas, and being a pleasant walk, is frequented on holidays by the Sevillians, who love cheap drink, &c. Those who remember what preceded the birth of El Picaro Guzman de Alfarache—a novel so well translated by Le Sage—may rest assured that matters are not much changed. Gelves, Gelduba, lies lower down the river. This village gives the title of count to the descendants of Columbus: the family sepulchre is left in that disgraceful neglect, so common in a land where Los muertos y idos no tienen amigos.

EXCURSION TO AN OLIVE FARM.

The olives and oil of Bética were celebrated in antiquity, and still form a staple and increasing commodity of Andalucia. The districts between Seville and Alcalá, and in the Aja-rafe, are among the richest in Spain: an excursion should be made to some large Hacienda in order to examine the process of the culture and the manufacture, which are almost identical with those described by Varro, Columella, and Pliny.

San Bartolomé, a farm belonging to the Paterna family, is a fine specimen of a first-rate Hacienda; it contains about 20,000 trees, each of which will yield from two to three bushels of olives; the whole produce averages 5000 arrobás (25 lbs.), which vary in price from two to five dollars. The olive-tree, however classical, is very unpicturesque; an ashy leaf on a pollarded trunk reminds one of a second-rate willow-tree; it affords neither shade, shelter, nor colour.

They are usually planted in formal rows: a branch is cut from the tree in January, the end is opened into four slits, into which a stone is placed; it is then planted, banked, and watered for two years: the tree as it grows is pruned into four or five upright branches: they begin to pay the expense about the tenth year, but do not attain their prime before the thirtieth; as the growing-wood is most productive, they are constantly thinned. The cuttings make excellent fire-wood. Whole plantations were burnt down by the French, while the Duke issued strict orders forbidding it among our troops. The best soils are indicated by the wild olive (oleaster, acebuche), on which cuttings are grafted, and produce the finest crops (Virgil, ‘G.’ ii. 182). The Spaniards often sow corn in their olive grounds, contrary to the rule of Columella, for it exhausts the soil, chupa la tierra.

The berry is picked in the autumn; it is then purple-coloured and shining, bacca splendidis olivae. This is a busy scene; the peasant, clad in sheep-skins, is up in the trees like a satyr, beating off the fruit, while his children pick them up, and his wife and sisters drive the laden donkeys to the mill. The ancients never beat the trees (Plin. ‘N. H.’ xv. 3.) The berries are emptied into a vat, El trujal, and are not picked and sorted, as Columella (xii. 50) enjoined in his careful account how to make oil. The Spaniard is rude and unscientific in this, as in his wine-making; he looks to quantity, not quality. The berries are then placed on a circular hollowed
stone, over which another is moved by a mule, a machina de sangre or alakona; the crushed mass, El borugo, is shovelled on to round mats, capuchos, made of esparto, and taken to the press, El trujal, which is forced down by a very long and weighty beam, composed of six or seven pine-trees, like a ship's bowsprit; it is the precise Biga trapezium, eliastrepis. In order to resist the strain, a heavy tower of masonry is built over the press; a score of frails of the borugo is placed under the screw, moistened with hot water. The liquor as it flows out is passed into a reservoir below; the residuum comes forth to be pressed, and poured into big-bellied earthen jara, fuel and for fattening pigs; as still larger, which are sunk into the ground. These amphorae are made chiefly at Coria, near Seville; they recall the jars of the forty thieves: some will hold from 200 to 300 arrobas, i.e. from 800 to 1200 gallons.

The oil, aceite (Arabicē azzait), is strong, and not equal to the purer, finer produce of Lucca, but the Spaniards, from habit, think the Italian oil insipid. The second-class oils are coarse, thick, and green coloured, and are exported for soap-making, or used for lamps. Candles are rare in Spain, where the ancient lamp, el velon or candil (Arabicē kandeel), prevails, and are exactly such as are found at Pompeii. The farm is a little colony; the labourers are fed by the proprietor; they are allowed bread, garlic, salt, oil, vinegar, and pimientos, which they make into migas and gazpacho (see p. 68), without which, in the burning summers, their "souls would be dried away" (Numbers xi. 6). Bread, oil, and water, was a lover's gift (Hosea ii. 5). The oil and vinegar are kept in cow-horns ("the horn of oil," 1 Sam. xvi. 13), which hang at their cart sides. This daily allowance, Exoues, Ημιστρέφεις, Chenix, corresponds minutely with the usages of antiquity as described by Cato (R. R. 56), and Stuckius (Antiq. Conviv. i. 22. Ed. 1696). The use of oil is of the greatest antiquity (Job xxiv. 2): it supplies the want of fat in lean meats.

The olive forms the food of the poorer classes. The ancient distinctions remain unchanged. The first class, Regia, Majorine, are still called Las Reynas, Las Padronas. The finest are made from the gordal, which only grows in a circuit of 5 L. round Seville; the berry is gathered before quite ripe, in order to preserve the green colour: it is pickled for six days in a Salmuera, or brine, made of water, salt, thyme, bay-laurel, and garlic; without this the olive would putrefy, as it throws out a mould, nata. The middling, or second classes, are called Las Medianas, also Las Moradas, from their purple colour; these are often mixed in a strong pickle, and then are called Altiñas: the worst sort are the Rebusco, Recuses, or the refuse; these are begarlicked and bepickled for the durita of the poor. The olive is nutritious, but heating; the better classes use them sparingly; a few are usually placed in saucers at their dinners: they have none of the ancient luxury, those Aselli Cornithii, or silver donkeys, laded with paniers of different coloured olives (Petr. Arb. 31; Ovid, Met. viii. 664).

ROUTE VII.—SEVILLE TO RIO TINTO AND ALMADEN.

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<tr>
<td>Venta de Pajonosa</td>
<td>34</td>
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<tr>
<td>Algarofo</td>
<td>14</td>
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<tr>
<td>Castillo de las guardas</td>
<td>3</td>
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<td>Rio Tinto</td>
<td>5</td>
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<td>Aracena</td>
<td>5</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fuente de Leon</td>
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<tr>
<td>Segura de Leon</td>
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<td>Valencia</td>
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<td>Fuente de Cantos</td>
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<td>Llerena</td>
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<td>Guadalcaanal</td>
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<td>Fuente Ovejuna</td>
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<td>Velalcazar</td>
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<td>S. Eufemia</td>
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<td>Al viso de los Pedroches</td>
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<td>Villanueva del Duque</td>
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<td>Villa harta or Villari</td>
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<td>Cordoba</td>
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There are coal mines at Villanueva del Rio, which those who intend to make the whole circuit of R. vii. should visit before starting.

R. vii. is a riding tour of bad roads and worse accommodations; attend, therefore, to our preliminary hints, and get a Spanish passport from the Captain-General, or gefe politico, explaining the scientific object of the excursion: letters of introduction to the superintendents of the mines are also useful. The distances must be taken approximatively; they are mountain leagues, and very conventional. The botany in these dehesas y despoblados (see p. 148) is highly interesting, and game abundant. An English double-barrel gun is useful in more respects than one. For some remarks on mines in Spain and the most useful books, see Cartagena.

Passing through Italica, the high road to Badajoz is continued to the Venta de Pufoanosa, 4 L., and then turns off to the l, over a waste of Xaras, cistus, and aromatic flowers given up to the bee and butterfly, to Algarrobo, 1 L., a small hamlet, where bait. Hence 3 L. over a similar country to a mountain village, Castillo de las guardarías, so called from its Moorish atalaya; here sleep. 5 L., over a lonely dehesa, lead next day to Rio Tinto. The red naked sides of the copper mountain, La Cabesa Colorada, with clouds of smoke curling over dark pine woods, announce from afar these celebrated mines. The immediate approach to the hamlet is like that to a minor infernal region; the road is made of burnt ashes and escoria, the walls are composed of lava-like dress, while baggared miners, with sallow faces and blackened dress, creep about, fit denizens of the place; a small, green coppery stream winds under the bank of firs, and is the tinged river, from whence the village takes its name. This stream flows out of the bowels of the mountain, and is supposed to be connected with some internal undiscovered ancient conduit: it is from this that the purest copper is obtained; iron bars are placed in wooden troughs, which are immersed in the waters, when a cascara, or flake of metal, is deposited on it, which is knocked off; the bar is then subjected to the same process until completely eaten away. The water is deadly poisonous: no animal or vegetable can live near it, and it stains and corrodes everything that it touches.

These mines were perfectly well known to the ancients, whose shafts and galleries are constantly being discovered. The Romans and Moors appear chiefly to have worked on the N. side of the hill; the enormous accumulation of escoriales show to what an extent they carried on operations; these old dressses are constantly used in the smelting, as from the imperfect methods of the ancients they are found to contain much unextracted copper.

The village is built about a mile from the mines, and was raised by one Liberto Wolters, a Swede, to whom Philip V. had granted a lease of the mines, which reverted to the crown in 1783. It is principally occupied by the miners; there is, however, a decent posada: the empleados and official people have a street to themselves. The view from above the church is striking: the town lies below with its stream and orange groves; to the r. rises the ragged copper hill, wrapt in sulphureous wreaths of smoke; while to the l. the magnificent flat fir bank, which supplies fuel to the furnaces, la mesa de los pinos, is backed by a boundless extent of cistus-clad hills, rising one after another.

A proper officer will conduct the traveller over the mines, and then follow the ore through every stage of the process, until it becomes pure copper; visit therefore the Castillo de Solomon in the Cabesa Colorada. Entering the shaft you soon descend by a well, or pozo, down a ladder, to an under gallery: the heat increases with the depth, as there is no ventilation; at the bottom the thermometer stands at 80 Fahr., and the miners, who drive in,
iron wedges into the rock previously to blasting, work almost naked, and what few clothes they have on are perfectly drenched with perspiration; the scene is gloomy, the air close and poisonous, the twinkling flicker of the miners' tapers blue and unearthly; here and there figures, with lamps at their breasts, flit about like the tenants of the halls of Eblis, and disappear by ladders into the deeper depths. Melancholy is the sound of the pick of the solitary workman, who alone in his stone niche is hammering at his rocky prison like some confined demon, endeavouring to force his way to light and liberty.

The copper is found in an iron pyrites, and yields about five per cent. The stalactites are very beautiful; for wherever the water trickles through the roof of the gallery, it forms icicles, as it were of emeralds, and amethysts; but these bright colours oxidize in the open air, and are soon changed to a dun brown. When the Zafra, or rough ore, is extracted, it is taken to the Calcinacion, on the brow of the hill, and is there burnt three times in the open air; the sulphur is sublimated, and passes off in clouds of smoke; the rough metal, which looks like a sort of iron coke, is next carried to be smelted at houses placed near the stream, by whose water power the bellows are set in action. The metal is first mixed with equal parts of charcoal and escorilares, the ancient ones being preferred, and is then fused with Brezo, a sort of fuel composed of cistus and rosemary. The iron flows away like lava, and the copper is precipitated into a pan or copella below. It is then refined in ovens, or Reverberos, and loses about a third of its weight; the scum and impurities as they rise to the surface are scraped off with a wooden hoe. The pure copper is then sent either to Sevilla, to the cannon foundry, or to Segovia, to be coined.

There is a direct cross-ride over the wild mountains to Guadalcanal and Almaden. Attend to the provend and take a local guide. It is far better to make a detour and visit Aracena, 5 L. and 6 hours' ride, over trackless, lifeless, aromatic dehesas—a wide waste of green hills and blue skies: after Campo Frio, 2 L., the country improves and becomes quite park-like and English; Aracena is seen from afar crowning a mountain ridge: here is a good posada: population about 5000, which is swelled in the summer, when the cool breezes tempt the wealthy from Seville to this Corte de la Sierra. Ascend to the ruined Moorish castle and church, which commands a splendid mountain panorama. The Arbasque belfry has been capped with an incongruous modern top. It was to Aracena that the learned Arias Montano retired after his return from the Council of Trent. From hence there is a direct bridle route to Llerena, 12 L., turning off to the r. to Arroyo Molinos 4 L., and crossing the great Badajoz and Seville road at Monasterio 3, thence on to Montemolin 2, Llerena 3. The author, however, rode on to Zafra; and the country is charming. Leaving, Aracena, 5 L. of iniquitous road—all carriages are out of the question—lead to Fuentes de Leon; the country resembles the oak districts of Sussex, near Petersfield: in these Encineras vast herds of swine are fattened. At Carboneras, 1 L., the route enters a lovely defile, with a clear torrent; all now is verdure and vegetation, fruit and flower. The green grass is most refreshing, while the air is perfumed with wild flowers, and gladden by songs of nightingales. How unlike horrid La Mancha and the torrid Castiles! These districts once belonged to the rich convent of San Marcos of Leon. Thence to Segura de Leon, 1 L., which is approached through a grove of pine-trees, above which the fine old castle soars. It is in perfect repair, and belonged to the Infante Don Carlos; it commands a noble view. Valencia de Leon has also another well preserved castle, with a square torre mocha or keep: observe the brick belfry of the parish church with its machicolations and fringe of
Gothic circles. In these vicinities occurred one of those remarkable miracles so frequent in Spanish history: In the year 1247 Don Pelayo Perez Correa was skirmishing with some Moors, when he implored the Virgin to detain the day, promising, as Caesar did at Pharsalia, to vow a temple τη γεννητηριαν, to Venus Genetrix (App. 'B. C.' ii. 803). The sun was instantly arrested in its course (compare Oran at Toledo). Thus the immutable order of the heavens was disarranged, in order that a guerrillero might complete a butchery by which the grand results of the Seville campaign were scarcely even influenced. It was, moreover, an especial miracle confined to local Spain, for no change in the solar system ever was observed by the Galileos and Newtons of other parts of the world. The chapel built by Correa, which marks the site, is still called Santa Maria Tendudia, a corruption of his exclamation, Deten tu el dia! Correa on the same day struck a rock, whence water issued for his thirsty soldiers, (Espinosa, 'Hist. de Sevilla,' iv. 156). Accordingly, in the 'Memorias de S. Fernando,' iii. 116, Madrid, 1800, this partisan is termed the Moses and Joshua of Spain.

Crossing the Badajoz road, we now turn to the r. to Llerena, Regiana, an agricultural town of some 5000 souls, and of no interest save to the lover of miraculous tauromachia. Here, on the vigil of San Marcos, and it occurred in other neighbouring villages, the parish priest, dressed in full canonicals, and attended by his flock, proceeded to a herd of cattle and selected a bull, and christened him by the name of Mark. The proselyte then followed his leader to mass, entering the church and behaving quite correctly all that day; but he took small benefit either in beef or morals, for on the morrow he relapsed into his former bullhood and brutality. After mass the apostolical bull paraded the village as the Bonyf Gras does at Paris, his horns decorated with flowers and ribands: and as he was miraculously tame, sine feno in cornu, the women caressed him, as Marcito, dear little Mark. Such was the Egyptian adoration of Apis, such the Elean idolatry, where the females worshipped Bacchus under a tauriform incarnation (Plut. Q. R.; Reiske, vii. 196).

If the selected bull ran restive and declined the honour of ephemeral sainthood, as John Bull sometimes does knighthood, the blame was laid on the priest, and the miracle was supposed to have failed in consequence of his unworthiness; he was held to be in a state of pecado mortal, and was regarded with an evil eye by the suspicious husbands of the best-looking Pasiphæas. If Marcito stopped before any house, the inhabitants were suspected of heresy or Judaism, which was nosed by the bull as truffles are by poodle dogs. It will easily be guessed what a powerful engine in the hands of the priest this pointing proboscis must have been, and how effectually it secured the payment of church rates and voluntary offerings. The learned Feyjoo, in his 'Teatro Critico,' vi. 205, dedicates a paper to this miracle, and devotes 25 pages to its theological discussion.

Near Llerena, Apr. 11, 1812, Lord Combermere, with his cavalry, put to indescribable rout 2500 French horse, supported by 10,000 infantry, the rearguard of Soult, under Drouet, who was retiring, baffled by the capture of Badajoz. Few charges were more "brilliant and successful" than this: they rode down the foe like stubble in the plains. Disp. Apr. 16, 1812.

On leaving Llerena, the road runs for 4 L. over wide corn tracts, studded with conical hills, to Guadalecanal, said to have been the Celtic Teresos. The silver and lead mines are situated about a mile to the N.E. The river Genalija divides Estremadura from Andalucia. These mines were discovered in 1509 by a peasant named Delgado, who ploughed up some ore. In 1598 they were leased to the bro-
thers Mark and Christopher Fugger, of Augsburg, who also rented the quicksilver mines at Almaden; and they, keeping their own secret, extracted from the Pozo rico such wealth as rendered them proverbial, and Ser rico oonio un Fucar meant in the time of Cervantes being as rich as Cræsus. They built a street in Madrid after their name. Their descendants, in 1635, were forced to give the mines up; but previously, and in spite, they turned in a stream of water. Yet the fame of their acquisitions survived, and tempted other speculators, with "dreams of worlds of gold;" and in 1726 Lady Mary Herbert and Mr. Gage endeavoured to drain the mines; these are Pope's "Congenial souls! whose life one avarice joins.

And one fate buries in th' Asturian mines;" a slight mistake by the way in the poet, both as to metal and geography.

The scheme ended in nothing, like so many other loans; &c.—Châteaux en Espagne; and the English workmen were pillaged by the Spaniards, who resented seeing "heretics and foreigners" coming to carry off Spanish bullion. In 1768, one Thomas Sutton made another effort to rework them. Thence crossing the Bembexar to Fuente de Ovejuna, pop. 5500; it stands on the crest of a conical hill, with the Colegiata on the apex, like an acropolis. The "sheep-fountain," Fons Mellaria, is at the bottom, to the W.: coal-seams occur here and extend to Villaharta. The direct road to Almaden runs through Velalcazar 20½ L. by La Granja 5½, Valsequillo 4, Velalcazar 5, Almaden 6. It is not interesting, and devoid of accommodation: sleep at Valsequillo, pop. about 2000, placed in a hilly locality near the Guadiato. Velalcazar, pop. 2500, stands in a well watered plain. It is a tidy dull town with a ruined castle, called Bello Alcazar (whence Velalcazar) built in the 14th century. The Pozo del pilar is a fine work; hence crossing the Guadamatilla over a broken bridge to Sta. Eufemia and Almaden.

The better route perhaps, although equally wearisome, is by Espiel, which is reached following the Guadiato, a good fishing river, for five hours. Espiel, pop. 1000, has a bad posada. This poor agricultural village is placed on a dry elevated situation, between the fertile valleys of Aran and Benasque: thence is a wearisome ride to "Almaden del Azogue," two Arabic words which signify "the Mine of Quicksilver," and show whence the science was learnt. As the posada is miserable, lodge in some private house. The long narrow street is placed on a scarped ridge: pop. about 6500. Walk to the Glorieta, at the junction of three roads, and look at this sun-burnt, wind-blown town. It is built on the confines of La Mancha, Andalucia, and Estremadura. The Sisapona Cetobrix of Pliny (N. H. xxxiii. 7) was somewhere in this locality. The mine is apparently inexhaustible, becoming richer in proportion as the shafts deepen. The vein of cinnabar, about 25 feet thick, traverses rocks of quartz and slate, and runs towards Almadenezos. Virgin quicksilver occurs also in pyrites and hornstein. The working this mine is injurious to health, and galley-slaves were long employed after the old Carthaginian and Roman custom: now free labour is preferred. About 5000 men are thus engaged during the winter, the heat and want of ventilation rendering the mercurial exhalations dangerous in summer. The gangs work about six hours at a time, and hew the hard rock almost naked. There are three veins, called after the saints Nicolas, Francisco; and Diego; the adit is outside the town; the descent is by steep ladders: the deepest shaft is said to be 900 feet; the wells, elsewhere called Pozos, are here termed Tornos, and the shafts or Ramales, Cañas: they extend under the town; hence the cracks in the parish church. The water is pumped out by a 20-horsesteam-engine, brought in 1799 from England, and now a curiosity fit for a mechanical museum.
The mineral is raised by a splendid mule-worked atahona. The arched stone galleries are superb: the furnaces of the smelting-ovens are heated with sweet-smelling Brezo. The men thus employed are much more healthy than the miners. The mercury is distilled by two processes; either by that used at Idriá, which is the best, or from certain ovens or Buitrones, Hornos de Reverbero, invented by Juan Alonzo de Bustamente.

The quantity of mercury now obtained is enormous. The Fuggers only extracted 4500 quintals annually; now between 20,000 and 25,000 are procured. The price has also lately risen from 34 to 84 dollars the quintal. Almaden, one of the few certain sources of the ever needy government, has been mortgaged over and over again. For full details see Widdrington, chap. vii. For the regulations and methods of working the mines, consult 'Ordenanzas de 31 Enero, 1735,' fol. Mad. 1735; for some other books, see Cartagena. Formerly the superintendence of these mines was bestowed by Madrid jobbing; but latterly, since the pecuniary importance has increased, it has been given to a gefe of scientific attainments.

Those who do not wish to visit Almaden may return to Seville from Guadalcanal by Constantina, Laconi-murgi, a charming fresh mountain town, whence Seville is supplied with fruit and snow: thence to picturesque Cazalla 3 L. Equidistant from these two towns is a lead and silver mine, called La Reyna. The iron-mines at El Pedroso deserve a visit: this busy establishment is the creation of Col. Elorza, an intelligent Basque, who made himself master of the system of machinery used in England, which he has here adopted, and by so doing has infused life and wealth into this Sierra, which elsewhere is left almost abandoned, roadless, and unpeopled. Game of every kind abounds. The botany is also very interesting (see Widdrington, chap. x.). At Cantillana, Illia, 6 L., the mining district finishes: everywhere the escorixe show how much it once was worked. Hence to Seville, by Alcalá del Río 5 L., over an excellent snipe and woodcock country, but without any accommodation except at the miserable el Bodegon. From Cazalla a route passes on to the coal mines of Villanueva del Río, long, in spite of the facility of water-carriage, allowed to remain almost lost: now they are in work, and the mine of Col. Elorza is by far the most scientifically conducted. The coal is well adapted for steam-engines. The river may be either crossed at Alcolea del Río, or the land route through Santi Ponce regained.

The geologist and botanist, when once at Almaden, may either join the Madrid road at Trujillo, having visited Logrosan and Guadalupe (see R. iv.), or strike down to Cordova, by a wild bridle-road of 18 L. This ride occupies 3 days: the first is the shortest, baiting at Sa. Eufemia and sleeping at Vise. Sa. Eufemia dominates over the fertile plain of Pedroches, which separates the table-land of Almaden from the range of the Sierra Morena: here mica slate occurs, followed by granite, which commences at Vise, an agricultural town of some 2500 inhab., and distant 12 L. from Cordova. The second day the country is tolerably well cultivated to Villaharta, where stop and bait, and then, after 2½ L. over a wild dehesa, ascend the Sierra Morena: the country becomes now most romantic and full of deep defiles, leading into the central chains. The hills are round-backed, and of moderate elevation, covered with jaras and aromatic shrubs, but utterly uninhabited. Villaharta, where sleep, is a picturesque village. The last day's ride continues through the sierra, amid pine forests, with traces of seams of coal, which extend W. to Espiel and Valmez, to a venta, from whence you look down on the plains of Andalucia, and descend in about 3 hours to Cordova. Professor Daubeney, who, in 1843, rode from Trujillo to Cordova,
considers this line to be of the highest interest to the geologist and botanist. From Almaden to Ciudad Real are 15 L. (see p. 319); and it is in contemplation to construct a regular road.

ROUTE VIII.—SEVILLE TO MADRID.

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<td>Mairena</td>
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<td>Carmona</td>
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<td>La Portuguesa</td>
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<td>La Carlota</td>
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<td>Mango Negro</td>
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<td>Cordova</td>
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<td>Casa del Rey</td>
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<td>La Carolina</td>
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<td>Almuradiel</td>
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<td>Va. de Quesada</td>
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<td>Villarta</td>
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<td>Puerto Lapiche</td>
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<td>Madridenos</td>
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<td>Canada de la Higuera</td>
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<td>Tembleque</td>
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<td>La Guardia</td>
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<td>Madrid</td>
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When ladies are in the case it will be prudent to write beforehand to some friend in Madrid to secure quarters at an hotel.

The journey takes 4½ days, arriving the fifth morning; a few hours are allowed every evening for sleep. This high road is not in the best order, and the accommodations are indifferent; however, the diligence inns are the best. After leaving the basin of the Guadalquivir it crosses the Sierra Morena, ascending to the dreary central table-lands. Cordova is the only object worth visiting on the whole line: the best plan to diminish the tediousness of this uninteresting jour-

ney will be to send on all heavy lugg age to Cordova by the ordinario or by Ferrers’ galera, then ride the cross-road to Carmona, and there take up the diligence to Cordova, and proceed by the next to Madrid, sleeping, if possible, all the way except at Despeñaperros.

Carsi y Ferrers’ diligence is to be preferred. Buy also the manual of Gonzalez.

There is some talk of a railroad which is to connect Cordova with Cadiz; and nothing can be more favourable than the level line of the Guadalquivir.

For Alcalá, its fine castle, bread, and water-springs, see p. 235. Mairena is celebrated for its three days’ horse fair, in April, which no lover of gallant steeds and gay mojos should fail to attend. Cresting an aromatic uncultivated tract, the clean white town of Carmona rises on the E. extremity of the ridge; it commands the plains both ways. The prefix car indicates this "height." The old coins found here are inscribed "Carmo," Flores, 'M.' 289. Cesar fortified the city, which remained faithful to the Goths until betrayed to the Moors by the traitor Julian: St. Ferdinand recovered it Sept. 21, 1247, and gave it for arms, a star with an orle of lions and castles, and the device “Sicit Lucifer lucet in Aurorâ, Sic in Bætica Carmona.” Don Pedro added largely to this castle, which he made, as regarded Seville, what Edward III. did of Windsor in reference to London. Here he kept his jewels, money, mistresses, and children. After his defeat at Montiel his governor, Mateos Fernandez, surrendered to Enrique on solemn conditions of amnesty; all of which were immediately violated and himself executed; so now it is said that capitulations make good paper to light cigars with.

Carmona, the Moorish Karmunah, with its Oriental walls, castle, and position, is very picturesque: population 20,200. There is a decent Posada in the suburban plaza, coming from Seville: observe the tower of St. Pedro,
which is an imitation of the metropolitan Giralda; observe the massy walls and arched Moorish city-entrance. The *patio* of the university is Moorish; the church is of excellent Gothic, and built by Anton. Gallego, obt. 1518. The "Descent of the Cross" is by Pacheco; a Venetian-like St. Cristobal has been repainted. The *Alameda*, between a dip of the hills, is pleasant; by starting half an hour before the diligence, all this may be seen, and the coach caught up at the bottom of the hill. The striking gate leading to Cordova is built on Roman foundations, with an Herrera elevation of Doric and Ionic; the alcazar, towering above it, is a superb ruin. Don Pedro and the Catholic kings were its chief decorators, as their badges and arms show. The view over the vast plains below is magnificent; the Ronda and even Granada chains may be seen: it is the Grampians from Ecija has a charming alameda outside the town, near the river, with statues and fountains representing the seasons. For local details consult "Ecija y sus Santos," Martin de Roa, 4to. Sevilla, 1629; and the work of Andrea Florindo, 1631.

10 L. over a waste, lead to Cordova. Carlota is one of the *nuevas poblaciones*, or the newly-founded towns, of which more anon (p. 306). Cordova, seen from the distance, amid its olives and palm trees, and backed by the convent crowned sierra, has a truly Oriental look: inside all is decay. The diligence inn at the other end of the town, is the best. Those only passing through should get out at the bridge, look at the Alcazar and Mosque, then thread the one long street and take up their coach; most of which usually breakfast or sleep here, stopping in the first case about two hours, which gives ample time to see the Mezquita. Those going to ride to Granada will find the *Pta. del Sol*, although truly Spanish, more conveniently situated; and it is the resort of muleteers, and is close to the mosque and bridge.
CORDOVA retains its ancient name. Cor is a common Iberian prefix, and tuba is said to mean important, Karta tuba. Bochart, however, reads Co-teba, the Syrian coteb, "oil-press;" the trapeta (Mart. vii. 28) for which this locality has long been renowned. Corduba, under the Carthaginians, was the "gem of the South." It sided with Pompey, and was therefore half destroyed by Cesar: 23,000 inhabitants were put to death in terrem. His liet. Marcellus rebuilt the city, which was repopulated by the pauper patricians of Rome; hence its epithet, "Patricia;" and pride of birth still is the boast of this poor and servile city. La cepsa de Cordova is the aristocratic "stock," like the ceti of Cortona in Italy. As the Cordovese barbs were of the best blood, so the nobles boasted to be of the bluest. La sangre su is the azure ichor of this élite of the earth, in contradistinction to common red blood, the puddle which flows in plebeian veins; while the blood of heretics and Jews is black, the μελαν ειαρ of Callimachus (247): that of the Jews is thought also to stink, whence they were said to be called Putos, quia putant; certainly, as at Gibraltar, an unsavoury odour seems gentilious in the Hebrew, but not more so than in the orthodox Spanish monk. The Great Captain, who was born near Cordova, used to say that "other towns might be better to live in, but none were better to be born in."

Bética, in addition to blood, has always been renowned for brains; the genius and imagination of its authors astonished ancient Rome. Seneca (De Suas. 6 sub fin.), quoting Cicero, speaks of the "pingue quidam atque peregrinum" as the characteristic of the style of Sextilius Eua, one of the poets of facunda Cordoba, the birth-place of himself, the unique Lucan, the two Senecas, and of other Spaniards who, writing even in Latin, sustained the decline of Roman poetry and literature. In these works must be sought the real diagnostics of Iberian style.

The Andalucians exhibited a marvelous love of foreign literature. Pliny, jun. (Ep. ii. 3), mentions an inhabitant of Cadiz who went from thence, then the end of the world, to Rome, on purpose to see Livy; and having feasted his eyes, returned immediately; St. Jerome names another Andalucian, one Lacrinus Licinius, who offered Pliny 400,000 nummi for his then unfinished note-books. Ces beaux jours sont passés, for now no Andalucian would lose one bull-fight for all the lost Decades of twenty Livys.

Cordova, under the Goths, was termed "holy and learned." Osius, the counsellor of Constantine and the friend of St. Athanasius, who called him πανουριος, was its bishop from 294 to 357: he presided at the Council of Nice, and was the first to condemn prohibited books to the fire. Under the Moors, Cordova became the Athens of the West, or, in the words of Rasis, the "nurse of science, the cradle of civilization, the puddle which flows in the Hebrew, and civilization of Cordova under the Beni-Ummeyah dynasty, almost seems an Aladdin tale; yet Gayangos has demonstrated its historical accuracy. All was swept away by the Berbers, true Barbarians, who burnt palace and library. Their progress was scarcely less fatal to Moorish art and civilization, than the irruption of the Goths had been to that of antiquity.

Spanish Cordova for some time produced sons worthy of its ancient renown. Juan de Mena, the Chaucer, the morning star of Spanish poetry, was born here in 1412; as were Ambrosio Morales, the Hearne, the Leland of the Peninsula, in 1513; and Tomas Sanchez, the Jesuit, the author of the treatise De Matrimonio, which none but a dirty celibate monk could have written; the best edit. is that of Antwerp, 3 v. fol. 1607. Here, in 1538, was
born Pablo de Cespedes, a painter and poet; in 1561, Luis de Gongora, the Euphuist; and near here, at Montilla, was born Gonzalo de Cordova, the great (and truly great) Captain of Spain. Well, therefore, might Juan de Mena follow Rasis in addressing his birthplace as "the flower of knowledge and knighthood."

Cordova was always celebrated for its silversmiths, who came originally from Damascus, and continue to this day to work in that chased filigree style. Juan Ruiz, El Vandolino, is the Cellini of Cordova. The joyas and earrings of the peasantry deserve notice, and every now and then some curious antique emerald studded jewelery may be picked up.

Roman Cordova resisted the Goths until 572, but Gothic Cordova was taken by the Moors at once, by Muquiez el Rumi. It at first was an appanage of the califate of Damascus; but in 756 declared itself independent, and rose to be the capital of the Moorish empire of Spain, under Abderahman (Abdu-r-rahman, the servant of the compassionate). He was the head and last remain­ing heir of his dynasty, the Ummeyah, which had been expelled from the East by the Abasside usurpers. No fiction of romance ever surpassed the truth of his eventful life. He was the founder of kingdoms and cities; under him Cordova became the rival of Baghdad and Damascus, and was the centre of power and civilization in the West, and this at a time when weakness, ignorance, and barbarism shrouded over the rest of Europe. It contained in the tenth century nearly a million inhabitants, 300 mosques, 900 baths, and 600 inns. It withered under the Spaniard; and is now a dirty, benighted; ill-provided, decaying place, with a pop'n under 60,000, or, as some say, and probably correctly, 45,000.

The most flourishing period was A.D. 1009. The Moorish dynasties are usually divided into four periods: — The first extended from 711 to 756. The newly-conquered peninsula was called the Island, Gezirah; those portions which were not under the Moslem were called Veled Arrum, the land of the Romans, as the Goths were termed. During the first period Spain was governed by Amirs, deputed by the Kalif of Damascus. The second period commenced when Abdu-r-rahman made Cordova his capital, whence he was called Al-dakkel, "the enterer," the conqueror. This period extended from 756 to 1036. This dynasty declined about 1031, under Hisham III., having given 17 sultans. The Moorish power in Spain, which was founded by the Ummeyahs, fell with them. Now, in the third period, two factions took the lead in the divided house; first, the Almoravides-Murabitins, Rabitos, or men consecrated to the service of God, the types of the Christian knights of Santiago. They were put down in 1146 by the Almohades, or Unitarian Dissenters, or fanatics (Al Muevah-edun), who were headed by Ibn-Ab-dallah, a Berber lamplighter, who persuaded the mob to believe that he was the Mebedi, or "only director," in the paths of virtue. There was no tyranny, no Vandalism, which this Unitarian Jack Cade in a turban did not commit, for your democrat in power is always a despot. This degrading domination ceased about 1227, when the whole Moorish system became disunited, the fragments of the exploding shell (like those molluscs which, when divided, have such vitality, that each portion becomes a new living creature) became independent, "Quot urbes tot reges." They were sheikhs, however, rather than kings, and such as those of which Joshua in the East, and the Cid in the West, over­came so many. This, in reading the early history of Spain, must always be remembered. The misapplication, or mistranslation of our more extensive term, king, for the lesser title of a powerful baron, as in the case of Lear, gives an air of disproportion to the narrative.

These Reguli, being rival upstarts,
never acted cordially together, being torn by civil dissensions and factions, for the Spanish house was ever divided against itself; hence its weakness and fall. The unamalgamating atoms labourd to undo what the Ummeyahs had toiled to put together. Tribe now quarrelled with tribe, sect with sect, town with town, province with province, feudists raged alike in the royal and private families, and discord ruled within and without the walls: the Moor lapsed into the primitive condition of the disunited Iberians, and therefore fell as certain a victim to the united Spaniards as the aborigines had to the disciplined Roman, and Cordova was easily taken by St. Ferdinand, June 30, 1235.

In proportion as the Moor was subdivided, the Spaniard was consolidating his power; thus, Leon and Castile were joined under St. Ferdinand, Aragon and Valencia under Jayme I., and these great monarchs advanced everywhere as conquerors; Jayme overran Valencia, while the Castilian invaded Andalucia. The Moorish princes were unable, single-handed, to resist, and being rivals of each other, would not combine. Then Ibn-I-ahmar, a vassal of St. Ferdinand, founded, in 1238, 1492, the fourth and last dynasty, that of Granada, which after two centuries and a half, was in its turn undermined and weakened by internal dissensions, until the union of Aragon and Castile under Ferd. and Isab., taking place at the period of the greatest Granadian divisions, completed the final conquest, and terminated the Mohamedan dynasties in Spain; but such is the common history of the rise and fall of Eastern kingdoms. The Arabs brought their isolated tribe system into a land where, of all others, no beneficial change was likely to take place; for the Iberians never would put their shields together. The empire of Ferd. and Isab. and Charles V. was thus raised and created, to last scarcely beyond the duration of their lives; for here, as in the East, states accumulate into masses under the rule of some one man of power and intellect; but in the absence of fixed law and policy, all depends on the individual, and when he is gone the compressing bond is wanting, the bundle falls to pieces, and the primaeval form of petty independencies is renewed. The Cordovese power rose with the master-minded Abderahmans, and was maintained by Al Mansir, the mighty captain-minister of Hisham. Even then a germ of weakness existed, for the Kalif of Damascus never forgave the casting off his allegiance: he made treaties with the French against the Cordovese, while the Cordovese allied themselves with the emperor of Constantinople, as the rival of the Eastern kalif. Both parties occasionally used the services of the Jews, renegades, mongrels, Muwallads (disbelievers), and especially the Berbers, all of whom were contented to side with the richest and strongest party of the moment, hating both equally. The Berbers particularly, who at different times allied themselves with the Spaniards, French, and Christians against the Cordovese Moors, whom they abhorred as descendants of Yemen and Damascus, and as their dispossessioners, for they claimed Spain as theirs in right of their Carthaginian ancestors, who had fled to the mountains of the Atlas from the Romans. These highlanders, although Pagans, and utterly barbarous, thought themselves alone to be the salt of the earth, and assumed the epithet Amazirghis, or nobles. Brave and martial, these barbarians, barbarous in name and deeds, were at once the strength and weakness of the Moors; first they aided in conquering the Goths, and then turning against their allies, in upsetting the most elegant and accomplished dynasty Spain ever has witnessed.

For these matters consult 'Antigüedades de España,' Morales; for Cordova consult 'Antigüedades de España,' Morales, Alcalá de Henares, 1575, chap. 31; 'Almakkari,' trans-
lated by Gayangos; see our remarks, p. 131. The third book records what Cordova was in all its glory; Southey, art. i. 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' has given a portion of the 10th and 11th vols. of Flores, E. S.;' 'Los Santos de Cordova,' M. de Roa, 4to., Lyons, 1617, or 4to., Cordova, 1627: 'Antiguiedades de Cordova,' Pedro Diaz de Rivas; 'Catalogo de los Obispos de Cordova,' Juan Gomez Barbo; and 'Antiguo Principado de Cordova,' M. de Roa, 4to., Cordova, 1636.

Cordova is soon seen. This Athens under the Moor is now a poor Bœotian place, the residence of local authorities, with a liceo, theatre, a casa de espostos, and a national museo and library of no particular consequence: a day will amply suffice for everything. The city arms are "a bridge placed on water," allusive to that over the river: the foundations are Roman; the present irregular arches were built in 719 by the governor As-samh. At the town entrance is a classical Doric gate erected by Herrera for Philip II on the site of the Moorish Babu-J-Kanterah, "the gate of the bridge." Near this is El triunfo, a triumph of churriguerism; it was erected by the Bishop Martin de Barcia, to whom, coming from Rome, some demon whispered, "Bishop, have a taste!" nothing can be worse. On the top is the Cordovese tutelar saint, Rafael, who clearly is unconnected with his namesake of Urbino. The Alcazar rises to the 1: it was built on the site of the Balat Duderik, the Castle of Roderick, the last of the Goths, whose father, Tefred, was duke of Cordova; formerly it was the residence of the Inquisition, and then, as at Seville, of miserable invalid soldiers. The lower portions were converted into stables by Juan de Mingares, in 1584, for the royal stallions: near Cordova and Alcolea were the principal breeding-grounds for Andalucian bars, until the establishment was broken up by the French, who carried off the best mares and stallions. Here, under the Moors, was the Al-haras (unde Haras), the mounted guard of the king, and they were either foreigners or Christians, Mamelukes or Sclavonians; for the Moorish rulers distrusted their own subjects, and preferred strangers, because not mixed up in domestic politics, and who, being envied and hated by the natives, stood alone, with no friend but their new master: so David formed his body-guard of Cherethites and Peletithes; so the Spanish Bourbons did theirs of Walloons and Irish; so the Pope entrusts the keeping of his holy person to mercenaries Swiss, as Nero, when Pontifex Maximus, had done his to Germans.

The bishop's palace, close by, was built in 1745; and is churrigueresque; the inside is all dirt, decay, and gilding, marble and whitewash; ostentatious poverty. In the Sala de la Audiencia are a series of bad portraits of prelates. Here Ferd. VII. was confined in 1823, and attempted to escape through the garden, in which observe the gigantic lemons. Arabicé faymoon. The artist must not fail to walk below the bridge to some most picturesque Moorish mills and a pleasant fresh plantation.

The cathedral or the mosque, La Mezquita, as it still is called (mesqad from maseqad, to worship prostrate), stands isolated. The exterior is castellated and forbidding: walk round it; observe the square buttress towers, with fire-shaped or bearded parapets: it is the type of that which was at Seville. Examine the Moorish spandrels of the different entrances. Enter the Court of Oranges at the Puerta del Perdon, of which the type is truly Oriental: 1 Chr. xxviii. 6. The cistern was erected in 945-6, by Abdu-r-rahman. In this once sacred τεμενος and "Grove" importunate beggars worry the stranger and dispel the illusion (see how to get rid of them, p. 173). Ascend the belfry tower, which, like the Giralda, was shattered by a hurricane in 1593: it was recased and repaired in 1593 by Fernan Ruiz, a
Andalucia.

CORDOVA.—THE MEZQUITA.

native of this city. It is not so successful either in form or colour as his restoration of the Seville Giralda. The courtyard was built by Said Ben Ayub in 937; it is 430 feet by 210. The 19 entrances into the mosque are now closed, save that of the centre. Observe the military columns found in the middle of the mosque during the repairs of 1532: the inscriptions were re-engraved in 1732; they record the distance, 114 miles, to Cadiz, from the Temple of Janus, on the site of which the mosque was built. The interior of the cathedral cannot be described, it must be seen; it is a labyrinth of pillars, which, like a basilicum, support a low roof. Gayangos remarks that the whole building was principally constructed with materials taken from Greek and Roman temples in and out of the Peninsula. Morales ascertained that the materials of a temple of Janus, consecrated to Christian worship during the period of the Gothic domination, had served for the construction of the mosque; and the Arabian writers record that out of the 1200 columns—now reduced to about 854—which once supported its low roof, 115 came from Nismes and Narbonne, in France; 60 from Seville and Tarragona, in Spain; while 140 were presented by Leo, Emperor of Constantinople, and the remainder were detached from the temples at Carthage and other cities of Africa; and the columns are in no way uniform—some are of jasper, porphyry, verd-antique, and other choice marbles: their diameters are not equal throughout, the shafts of some which were too long having been either sawed off or sunk into the floor to a depth of four and even five and six feet; while in those too short, the deficiency was supplied by means of a huge and disproportionate Corinthian capital, thus destroying all harmony and uniformity. The Arabs have always appropriated the remains of Roman temples and cities as materials of their buildings. Thus Ctesiphon and Babylon became the quarry for the private and public buildings of Baghdad; so Misr was transformed into the modern Cairo; so Tunis rose out of the ruins of Carthage; and in Spain few are the Roman cities whose site was not changed by the conquerors, by transporting their materials from the original spot whereon they stood, and this particularly whenever the deserted city occupied a plain or valley; for the Arabs, from habit, as well as from an instinct of self-preservation, always chose to locate themselves on high and river-girt ground, as most susceptible of defence. The old sites are to be traced by the distinguishing epithet La Vieja, which is equivalent to the Greek τα παλαια, the Moorish Balseca, the Turkish Esky Kalki. Our Old Sarum is an apt illustration of this practice, where the ancient city was absorbed by more modern Salisbury, and used up, thus serving in its decay to elevate its rival. Ancient Cordova is supposed by some to have been on the other side of the river. The temple of Janus was converted by the Goths into one dedicated to Sta. Vicente, which Abdur-rahman pulled down, and began the present mosque, July 2, 786, copying that of Damascus. He died June 10, 788, and it was finished by his son Hixem in 793-4. It was called Ceca, Zeca, the house of purification, the old Egyptian Σεκος (σεκος, adytum). In sanctity it ranked as the third of mosques, equal to the Alaksa of Jerusalem, and second only to the Caaba of Mecca: Conde, i. 226, details its magnificence and ceremonials. A pilgrimage to this Ceca was held to be equivalent in the Spanish Moslem to that of Mecca, where he could not go; hence andar de Mecca en Ceca, became a proverb for wanderings, and is used by Sancho Panza, when scoured by blanket tossings. The expense of the edifice was entirely defrayed out of spoil from the Christians, and, according to Arabic authorities, the earth for the foundation was brought from Galicia and France on the shoulders of captives. The area is about 394 ft. E,
to W.; 356 ft. N. to S. The pillars divide it into 19 longitudinal and 29 transversal aisles: the laterals are converted into chapels. Observe the singular double arches and those which spring over pillars, which are one of the earliest deviations from the Basilica form: the columns, as at Pæstum, have no plinths, which would be inconvenient to pedestrians. Some of the upper arches are beautifully interlaced like ribands; the pillars differ from each other in colour, diameter, and material, but the Moor had no eye to symmetry, he treated Roman columns as Procrustes did men. The low roof is about 35 feet high, and was flat before the modern cupolas were substituted. The aerce wood of which it is formed is as sound as when placed there nearly eleven centuries ago. This tree, the Eres of the Hebrew, L'aris of Barbary (the root of Lorix, larch), is the thuja articulata, or arbor vitae, of which vast quantities grow in the Berber mountains, beyond Tetuan; from whence it was brought here (Morales, 'Ant. de Esp.' 123). Spain was always celebrated for the durability of its timber and excellence of carpentry. The Phœnicians were the great carpenters of antiquity, and selected as such by Solomon for the temple at Jerusalem (1 Kings v.). Pliny (N. H. xiii. 5), speaking of these woods, observes, that they were selected from the immortality of the material for the images of the gods; and see what he says (xvi. 40) of the antiquity of the beams of the temple of Saguntum, which were durable like those of Hercules at Cadiz (Sil. Ital. iii. 18).

Visit the Capilla de la Villa Fiesca, once the Maskurah, or seat of the kalif. Observe the Mih-rab, the recess in which the Alcoran was placed: the kalif performed his Chotba, or public prayer, at the window looking to the Ceca, or sanctum sanctorum. Observe the quaint lions, like those in the Alhambra, and the Azulejos, and the arabesque stucco, once painted in blue and red, and gilded. The inscriptions are in cuphic. Visit the C. de Pedro, once the Cella, the "Ceca," the Holiest of Holies, and the kiblah, or point turned to Mecca, which lies to the E. from Spain, but to the S. from Asia; observe the glorious Mosaic exterior of a style, called by the Moors Safeyabah; it is unequalled in Europe, and has a truly Byzantine richness. A paltry reja rails off the tomb of the constable Conde de Oropesa. This chapel the Spaniards call Del Zancarron, in derision of the foot-bone of Mahomet, a well-placed sneer in the mouths of the worshippers of ten thousand monkish relics; enter the chapel, which is an octagon of 15 feet; the roof, made in the form of a shell, is wrought out of a single piece of marble. The pilgrim compassed this Ceca seven times, as was done at Mecca; hence the foot-worn pavement.

The lateral chapels of the cathedral are not very interesting. Pablo de Cespedes, ob. 1608, is buried in that of St. Pablo; by him are the paintings of St. John, St. Andrew, and a neglected "Last Supper," once his master-piece. In the C. de los Reyes lies buried Alonzo XI., one of the most chivalrous of Spanish kings—the hero of Tarifa and Algeciras; his ungrateful country has not raised a poor slab to his memory. In the C. del Cardenal is the tomb of Card. Pedro de Salaza, ob. 1706. It is churriguersque; the statues are by Jose de Mora. In the Panteon below are some fine marbles. The two bad pictures in the Sacristia, and ascribed to Alonzo Cano, are only copies. The church plate once was splendid; the empty cases and shelves remain from whence Dupont carried off some wagggon loads. A few cinque cento crosses and chalices were secreted, and thus escaped, like the Custodia. This is a noble Gothic silver-gilt work of Henrique de Arphe, 1517 (see Index). It was injured in 1735 by the injudicious additions of one Bernabé García.
de los Reyes. The marvel, however, of the verger, is a rude cross scratched on a pillar, according to an inscription, by a Christian captive with his nail (a nail), *Hizo el Cautivo con la Úña*; but Heaven first taught letters for some wretches’ aid.

So much for the Mosque. The modern addition is the *Coro*; this was done in 1523 by the Bp. Alonzo Manrique. The corporation, with a taste and judgment rare in corporate bodies, protested against this “improvement,” but Charles V., unacquainted with the locality, upheld the prelate. When he passed through in 1526, and saw the mischief, he thus reproved the chapter:—“You have built here what you, or any one, might have built any where else; but you have destroyed what was unique in the world. You have pulled down what was complete, and you have begun what you cannot finish.” And yet this man, who could see so clearly the motes in clerical eyes, disfigured the Alcazar of Seville, churrigueresque and gilding. And yet this man, who could see so dearly the motes in clerical churches are overloaded with barbaric churrigueresque and gilding. Ambrosio Morales was buried in *Los Martires*, where his friend the Archbp. of Toledo, Rojas Sandoval, placed a tomb and wrote an epitaph. The *Plaza*, with its wooden galleries, and the *Cerro de la Feria*, abound with Prout-like bits. Observe a common-place modern portico of six Composite pillars, by Ventura Rodriguez, much admired here. The inhabitants, in dress and manners, are true Andalucians. The peculiar leather, called from the town Cordovain, Cordovan, was once celebrated, but the Moors carried their art and industry to Morocco: a few miserable taphunts near the river mark the difference between the present and former proprietors. The chief manufactures at present are tubs for pickled olives.

The walk round the lonely walls is picturesque. They are Moorish, and built of *tapia*; with their gates and towers, they must have been nearly similar to that original circumvallation as described by Caesar (B. C. ii. 19). Observe the beautiful group of palms hanging over the wall near the *Puerta de Placentia*. The first ever planted in Cordova was by the royal hand of Abdu-r-rahman, who desired to have a memorial of his much loved and always regretted Damascus. The octagon tower, near this Puerta, *La Mala Muerte*, was erected in 1406 by Enrique III.

The Moors and Spaniards have combined to destroy all the Roman antiquities of Cordova. The aqueduct was taken down, to build the convent of S. Jeronimo. In 1730 an amphitheatre was discovered during some accidental diggings near S. Pablo, and reinterred. In making the prisons of the Inquisition, some statues, mosaics, and inscriptions, were found, all of which were covered again by the holy tribunal, the extinguisher of knowledge. There is not much fine art in Cordova; Mellado mentions a public library, and a museo of sculpture and painting. Florez (M. ii. 373) describes the coins, those relics which have escaped somewhat better. The modern churches are overloaded with barbaric churrigueresque and gilding. The chief manufactures at present are tubs for pickled olives.

A morning’s excursion may be made to the *Val Paraiso*, and the hermitages in the Sierra Morena; the path ascends through gardens. At *San Francisco de la Arrixafa* was the fairy villa, Medina-zahra, the Rizziyah of Abdu-r-rahman: *i. e.* "the pavement"—unde Arricife. Gayangos and Conde have
detailed the historical, but almost incredible luxuries of this Aladdin palace. This museum of art, like the villa of Hadrian, near Tivoli, was entirely destroyed, Feb. 18, 1009. The chief leaders, says the historian Ibnur-r-râik, were only 43 ten men, who were either sellers of charcoal (carbo
eros), butchers, or dung-carriers" (Moh. D. ii. 228 and 488). The inhabitants made no resistance; now, even the traces of these palaces cannot be made out.

The hermitages on the Sierra above, were to Andalucia what Monserrat was to Catalonia—a Thebaïs, a Laura, a Mount Athos. They never wanted a tenant of the bravest and best born, for in the Iberian temperament, as in the Oriental, inedia et labor—violent action and repose—are inherent. The half monk, half soldier crusader, after a youth of warfare and bloodshed, retired with grey hairs to cleanse with holy water his blood-stained hands. This was the cold fit, the reaction after the fever: some excitement was necessary, and as the physical forces decayed, a moral stimulant was resorted to (see Monserrat).

Cordova was always most servile and priest-ridden; besides 13 parish churches it once had 16 convents within the walls, 7 outside, and 19 nunneries; no wonder that the theatre in Ferd. VII.'s time was closed, because some nuns saw the devil dancing on the roof. Thus, in ancient times, the brazen tree of Apollo remonstrated to a dancer came near it, who was torn to pieces by the priests (Athen. xiii. 605). Cordova is now dying of atrophy; it has neither arms nor men, leather nor prunella: the first blow was dealt by the barbarian Berbers, the last by the French. Dupont entered it in June, 1808, and although no resistance was made, the populace was massacred, and the city, Mezquita, and churches were plundered (Foy, iii. 231); every one, says Maldonado (i. 291), from the general to the fraction of a drummer-boy, giving them-selves up to pillage. The "plunder exceeded ten millions of reals;" 8000 ounces, or 25,000$, were found in Dupont's luggage alone: see Maldonado (i. 335); who, with Toreno (iv.), gives all the details.

There is a bridle cross road from Cordova to Granada, 22$ L.; see R. xii. Quitting Cordova, at 2 L. the Guadalquivir is crossed by the noble bridge of dark marble at Alcolea. This is so fine that the Spaniards say that the French, when they saw it, asked if it were not made in France. Here Pedro Echavarri, who had promoted himself to the rank of lieu-t-general, attempted with some thousand men to stop Dupont's advance, June 7, 1808. The French, led by the gallant Raselot, passed the bridge with the audacity exhibited at Lodi; Echavarri instantly turned and fled, never halting until he reached Ecija, 40 miles off; others ran even to Seville, and were the first messengers of their own disgrace (Foy, iii. 229). Castaños thereupon meditated retreating on Cadiz, and the Junta even to S. America. Had Dupont pushed on, instead of robbing churches, he would have won Andalucia at one blow, as Ocaña afterwards proved. Ferdinand VII., in 1814, instituted an order of honour for the prodigios de valor exhibited at Alcolea, and very properly gave Echavarri the only grand cross, and Minaño (i. 103), writing in 1826, eulogizes these valientes Andaluces—a strange translation of Livy's older but more correct epithet, imbellis.

Near Alcolea is the great stable La Regulada, for the once celebrated breeding grounds of Cordovese barbs: the establishment has never recovered since the best stallions were carried off by the invaders. At Carpio, with its Moorish tower, the costume begins to change, the women wearing green serge sayas, and handkerchiefs and shawls instead of mantillas. Passing through fertile tracts of corn and olives is Andujar, Andura, a dull unwholesome town on the Guadalquivir of 13,000 souls, with an old dilapidated bridge: the
diligence inn is decent. Here are made the porous cooling clay drinking vessels, alcarrazas, the Qooleh of the Arab, which, filled with water and arranged in stands or tallas, are seized upon by thirsty Spaniards on entering every venta. The Parroquia Sª. Marina was a mosque: the montes in the neighbourhood abound in game. At Andujar was signed, July 23, 1808, the convention of Bailen, and again, Aug. 8, 1823, the famous decree of the Duke of Angoulême, whereby superiority was assumed by the French over all Spanish authorities. This was resented by the whole Peninsula, for it touched the national Españolismo, or impatience under foreign dictation; it converted every friend, nay, even the recently delivered Ferdinand VII., into a foe to the knife, and compromised the existence of every Frenchman in Spain.

From Andujar there is a cross cut to Jaen, 6 L.: the road is bad, but carriageable; it communicates with the Camino real de Granada, R. xiv.

Leaving Andujar the road to Madrid ascends the hills, over a broken country, down which the Rumbling boils. The memorable battle took place between the post-houses La Casa del Rey and Bailen, Bailen, where “Nosotros crushed the veterans of Austerlitz and Marengo,” and “thereby saved, not Spain alone, but Europe.”

When Cuesta had, by being beaten at Rioseco, opened Madrid to the French, Murat considered the conquest of Andalucía to be merely a promenade militaire. Dupont accordingly was sent from Toledo, May 24, 1808, with 10,000 men: he boasted that on the 21st of June he should be at Cadiz: his forces were next increased by 12,950 more men under Vedel; but Dupont mismanaged the whole campaign: he arrived, without obstacles, at Andujar, and then neither pushed on to Cadiz, nor fell back on Madrid while the mountains were open. Meanwhile Castaños was enabled to move from Algeciras, by the help of a loan advanced from Gibraltar, and advanced on Andujar with 25,000 men: his army, both in men and generals, was little more than nominally Spanish. The 1st division was Swiss, and commanded by Reding, a Swiss; the 2nd was commanded by De Coupigny, a Frenchman; the 3rd by Jones, an Irishman, and the best troops were Walloons.* The 4th division, which really consisted of Spaniards, never fired a shot, while Castaños, their chief, only arrived when the battle was gained, and then would have given away its results; previously Dupont had so manoeuvred and scattered his forces, that Castaños planned his circumvention, and making a feint of attacking Andujar, he sent Reding to the rear by the ford of Mengibar, and thus got between Dupont and Vedel, whose forces were higher up in the Sierra. The positions were singular, each being placed in these hilly defiles between two fires: Dupont between Castaños and Reding, Reding between Dupont and Vedel.

July 18, Dupont quitted Andujar in the night with 8000 men, and was met at daybreak of the 19th by Reding and Coupigny with 14,000 men, drawn up in a strong hill position. The French were beaten back by these Swiss, Irish, and Walloons; and, to complete their disaster, a Swiss regiment under Dupont went over to their comrades in the most critical moment. The battle was of short duration, for everything was against the French, whose troops, raw conscripts (Foy, iv. 109), were pitted against the best veteran and foreign soldiers in the Spanish service; again, they were wearied with a long night march over broken ground, disheartened by retreat, and demoralized by previous pillage; more than 1500 men were actually employed in guarding the “impedimenta,” or waggons of plunder, and some high officers, says Foy (iv.

* So at Pavia, the Fleming Lannoy with the Germans gained the day; so at St. Quentin, Emmanuel of Savoy commanded, and the English under Lord Pembroke did the work—sic vos non vobis.
The report of the firing during the contest brought up La Peña with the 4th Spanish brigade, and Vedel with his division; thus Reding was attacked in front and rear by Dupont and Vedel, while Dupont was exposed in the same manner to Reding and La Peña; but the Spaniards arrived first, for Vedel had halted some hours to permit his troops to convert into soup a flock of goats which they had caught: thus nearly 20,000 Frenchmen were sold for a mess of pottage: "La destinée des nations dépend de la manière dont elles se nourrissent," says Brillat Savarin; and this ought to be a warning to so truly great a gastronomic nation, how they meddle with the rude cuisine of Iberians, who were sad goat-eaters, according to Lucian (iii. 232, τραγαφαγούσι μαλιστα). Fatal was this delay, for every moment rendered the position of the French more desperate, as the burning Andalucian sun, and the want of water, were more formidable than the Spaniards. Read Livy (xxxiv. 47) to see a former example of these effects on a French army. When the troops ventured down to the stream below, they were shot by hornet swarms of armed peasants. All parties were anxious to come to some terms, particularly the chiefs, Dupont and Castaños; indeed the latter, on his arrival, after the fighting was over, would have granted a convention of Cintra had he not been prevented by Tilli, a sort of commissioner of the Seville junta. The treaty was so

100), "anxious to secure their butin infame, were ready to listen to dishonour;"* the uneven country was also in favour of Reding, as it rendered all scientific manœuvring impossible; in short, it was a Roncesvalles.

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* Thus the crime entailed its own punishment, as in the parallel instance of Vitoria. The scholar will remember the Aurum Tholosanum, which passed into a proverb among the ancients; such was the curse which haunted the old Gauls of Toulouse, who had plundered the sacred vessels of Delphi; such was the retribution of Nemesis ulter sacra pecuniae: Justin, xxxii. 3.
such services were imputed as a dis-service. Castaños was not made Duque de Bailen until nearly a quarter of a century afterwards, and then only because Christina was anxious to create a liberal party for her own ends. To his praise be it said that he was free from mean jealousies, and cheerfully served under English commanders, and of all his countrymen was best liked by their allies. He also, to his honour, opposed the Punic manner in which the convention of Bailen was broken. Retaliation and poetical justice were satisfied rather than good faith. The French, who had sowed in the storm, now reaped in the whirlwind. "They were treated," says Southey (ch. viii.), "as criminals rather than soldiers; as men who had laid down their arms but could not lay down their crimes." "On leur réclamait avec menaces et injures les vases sacrées des églises" (Foy, iv. 107). Many were massacred in cold blood on the road, others were starved in the Cadiz hulks, the rest were exposed on the desolate island of Cabrera, without food or clothing, to feed on each other like howling wild beasts.

Buonaparte, according to M. Foy (iv. 109), "Versa des larmes de sang sur ses aigles humiliées, sur l'honneur des armes Françaises outragées; cette virginité de gloire qu'il jugeait inséparable du drapeau tricolore, était perdue pour jamais, le charme était rompu, les invincibles avaient été vaincus, et rangés sous le joug." He, however, concealed the truth from his slaves: "Les Français," says Foy, "n'en eurent même pas connaissance." When the retreat from Madrid could no longer be kept back, he just hinted in the 'Moniteur,' Sept. 6, that the heat of the weather and the superiority of the Ebro water were the causes; just as at Trafalgar, he ascribed the accidental disaster to the elements. Yet his military genius fully comprehended how little Spanish strategies had caused the victory; and, writing immediately after the disaster, he remarked, "Les Espagnols ne sont pas à craindre, toutes les forces Espagnoles ne sont pas capables de culbuter 25,000 Français dans une position raisonnable;" and subsequent events showed how true was this opinion, for he never again lost any great battle with the Spaniards, and in a few months routed these very heroes of Bailen, Castaños, La Peña, Giron, &c. as it were mere child's play; nay, as Schepeler observes, "La son de ce mot Bailen produisit un vertige de triomphe, et Ivura à Buonaparte mainte armée Espagnole." The Spaniards took the exception for the rule, an accident for a certainty, and imagined that their raw levies, wanting in everything, and led by incapable officers, could beat the highly organised veterans of France led by consummate commanders; in vain the Duke urged them to keep to their hills, and wage a Fabian defensive warfare which history, the nature of the broken country, and the admirable guerrilla qualities of the Spanish people pointed out. Bailen always interfered; they were always fighting Bailen over again, and planning how to catch all the French at once in one trap; accordingly their only tactics were to quit the mountains and descend into the fatal plains, there to extend their lines, in order to surround the enemy, when these tartars, by one charge of cavalry, generally put them to rout.

Meanwhile the effect of Bailen was electrical; for the truth could not be quite stifled, even in France. Europe aroused from her moral subjection; Spain retook her place among nations; and England, thinking her now worthy of her friendship, rushed to her final deliverance.

The town of Bailen or Baylen, Bétula, is most wretched, and is no bad sample of those of the dreary localities which we are approaching; pop. under 3000. There is a ruined castle here, with a machicolated tower belonging to the Benavente family, now to the Osuna. Now commences the Paño pardo, the brown cloth, and the
alpargata, or the hempen sandal of the poverty-stricken Manchegos.

Leaving Bailen the road enters the Sierra barrier, which rises between the central table-lands and the maritime strips. Carolina is the capital of Las Nuevas Poblaciones, or the new towns of this district: it is tidy and clean, laid out by line and rule, and in academical common-place. The fair skins of the people, and the roads planted with trees, are more German than Spanish; popn. 2800. These wild hills were formerly left to the robber and wolf, without roads or villages. Spain, after colonizing the new world and expelling her rich Jews and industrious Moors, was compelled to repopulate the Despoblados with foreign settlers. In 1768, Don Pablo Olavides, a Peruvian by birth, a protégé of the Minister Aranda, and Asistente of Seville, planned the immigration of Germans and Swiss to what they were told was a "mountain paradise," by a brieve pecuniary assistance and promise of immunities; all these pledges were broken, and most of the poor foreigners died broken-hearted of the maladie du pays, excracing Punic Spain, and remembering their sweet Argos. Olavides himself, this modern Cadmus or Deucalion, who had infused life into the silent mountains, fell in his turn a victim to bigotry and ingratitude. One stipulation had been the non-admission of monkish drones into these new hives: a capuchin, named Romuald, thereupon denounced him to the Inquisition; he was arrested in 1776, his property confiscated, and he himself confined in a convent in La Mancha, subject to such penance as the monks should inflict. He escaped into France, shaking Spanish dust off his feet for ever.—"Oh dura tellus Iberiae!"

The hilly road is admirably planned; it was executed by Charles Le Maur, an able French engineer in the service of Charles III. About two L. from Carolina is the village of Las Navas de Tolosa, the scene of a former Bailen, and of an important victory, which also paved the way to the restoration of Spanish independence. This fatal battle is called by Moorish annalists, that of Al-'akab. Navas is a Basque word, and like the Iberian term Nav, enters into names connected with "plains."—Navia, Navarra. Here, July 16, 1212, Alonzo VIII. defeated Mohammed Ibn Abdallah, surnamed Annassir Ledin-Allah—the Defender of the Religion of God, and King of Morocco. The conquest of Toledo by the Christians, had led to a fresh invasion of Spain from Barbary: the news spread dismay over Christendom, and Innocent III. proclaimed a general crusade. No less than 110,000 foreign crusaders came to assist the Spaniards; they were principally English and French, and no doubt bore at least their share in the burden of the fight, although the glory is now claimed by the Spaniards for themselves exclusively. The allies left Toledo June 21, to meet the invaders. They found the passes guarded by the Moors, and despaired, when a shepherd, since ascertained to have been St. Isidro himself (see Madrid), appeared and pointed out a bypath by which the Christians got between the Moors: so at Marathon, a stranger, like St. Isidro, in a rustic dress, assisted the Greeks, and then disappeared; the oracles afterwards declared him to be Hercules (Paus. i. 32. 5). The Christians opened the attack; the Andalucian Moors, true to their old character of imbelles, were the first to turn and run (Conde, ii. 423). The remainder followed their example; 200,000 infidels were killed, and only 125 Christians; so records an eyewitness, a better hand probably at guess work than arithmetic.

The victory could not be followed up, as the Spaniards, in want of everything, were unable to move; they therefore returned to Toledo, to thank St. Ildefonso, instead of marching on Seville; just as Castaños returned after Bailen to Seville, to thank St. Ferdinand, instead of advancing on Toledo. The fighting archb. Rodrigo Ximenez,
who first broke the Moorish body of the Almohades, has left an account of the battle (lib. viii. 7). Here, again, as at Covadanga and Salado, when we behold the circumscribed hungry sites, it is manifestly impossible that any such numbers could either have existed or manoeuvred.

Now the road descends to Las Correderas and the magnificent narrow gorge Despeña-perros—"throw over dogs." This is the gateway to dreary La Mancha. Adieu the gay Andalucia and the tropical vegetation. Those who advance N. exchange an Eden for a desert, while those who turn their backs on the capital, at every step advance into a more genial climate and a kindlier soil. The Seville junta, with their usual improvidence, only talked of fortifying this natural Thermopylae: nothing was ever done except on paper; and after the route of Ocaña the runaways dared not even stand behind the rocks, where 100 old Greeks would have checked the advance and saved Andalucia. Jan. 20, 1810, the French, under Dessolles, forced the pass in spite of Giron, M. de las Amarillas, a hero of Bailen, and his ten thousand men. They dispersed "every man to his own home;" and this on the plains of Tolosa. But there was no Swiss, Irish, or French general now to lead, no foreign troops now to support: yet the country is a natural fortress, and well did the Duke know its value. It might have been made the Torres Vedras of Andalucia. His plan, when he contemplated defending Andalucia, which failed from the Junta's suspicions regarding Cadiz, was to make Carolina his head-quarters. "I think," said he, "while I am there the French will not venture to pass the Sierra." Now, when he was not there, Gazan, in two days, was master of 50 miles of almost impregnable passes.

The province of La Mancha, although Don Quixote's, is the dullest of central Spain. Nor can there be a greater proof of the power of genius, which gilds all on which it lights, than the interest infused by Cervantes over this most wretched locality. As it has been our fate to pass no less than six times over this road of bone, we entreat the traveller to arm himself beforehand with a Don Quixote: some intellectual provender is no less needful for the mind, than "vivers and provend" are for the body in out-of-the-way riding excursions in the Peninsula; at all events, a few observations on Don Quixote will not here be out of place. In order, however, not to break the continuity of our route description, we have placed them at its end: those who admire Gil Blas, may also turn to Santillana.

La Mancha contains about 7500 sq. miles, with a scanty population of 250,000. It is chiefly table-land, elevated at a mean height of 2000 ft. above the sea-level. Although apparently a plain, it is very undulating; in the dips, occasionally, a streamlet creates a partial verdure and fertility: water is the great want. Denuded of trees it is exposed to the cutting wintry blasts, and scorched by the calcining summer heat: tawny and arid is the earth, while the dust, impregnated with saltpetre, and the fierce glare of the sun blind the eye: wearied with prospects of uniform misery and a total want of anything of interest, either in man or his works, or the nature with which he is surrounded, the traveller is sickened with the wide expanse of steppes; and, as Sterne said, "can make nothing of these plains;" they are tiresome as a twice-told tale, and are as common-place and unpicturesque as those portions of "La belle France," which might well be called La Manche, after their Peninsular namesake. The long lines of road, which cut their despot way, show how little respect has been paid to private rights or comforts, if such terms may be made use of: no ancient manor-houses, embosomed in aged oaks, here give evidence of long enjoyment of peace and security.

The towns are few and poverty-
stricken; they have neither art nor commerce, and are devoid alike of social attractions or interest; one would imagine, looking at the cloaked and listless loungers on the Plazas, that all the work which could be done was done; and yet the fields of which Solinus could once say, that there was nihil sterile, nihil otiosum, are as listless as these idlers. How great must be that mismanagement when these unemployed hands are not brought in contact with these uncultivated fields!

The mud-built villages are the abodes of under-fed, ill-clothed labourers; besides the want of water, fuel is so scarce that dry dung is substituted: such, says Mr. Lane, is the sad resource of the desert of Egypt (compare Ezekiel iv. 12, 15). These hamlets, wretched enough before, were brutally sacked by Dupont and Soult, and never have recovered. The plains are devoid of native simply takes the mantle of the deserts of Egypt—filium me cum mi lusfurales

The liquor is kept in huge tinajas or jars; when removed it is put into pig skins, cueros, such as Don Quixote attacked. These are pitched inside; hence the peculiar Borracha, or resinous flavour, which is agreeable to Spaniards, and to no one else. This doctoring wines with pitch is an old story (Plin. 'N. H.', xiv. 19, xvi. 11). Few things change in Spain, a land bottled for antiquarians. But next to glass bottles, wooden barrels are here wanting; yet sandy Murcia is overgrown with plants, producing the finest alkali in the world, and the forests in the Asturias would supply staves for all Europe. The native simply takes the raw materials which nature lavishes gratis, but leaves to others to labour them into manu-