

his feet beside it, ready to bind it—which he finds no difficulty in doing—or to dispose of it in whatever manner he thinks fit.

It was late ere we bent our steps towards our quarters for the night. The gaiety of our Andalusian friends was no whit diminished by the fact that they had expended no inconsiderable amount of powder and shot, for which “no returns” were forthcoming. C—and I, however, relieved our feelings, which were of a different nature, by grumbling a little, more especially at being always placed at the wings of the semicircle, which were confessedly the worst places for sport; but, in justice to Manuel, it is but fair to add that in this matter he could have no option. The others were his masters, and to them of right belonged the best places.

The amusements of the day were, however, not yet concluded. At a short distance from the lodge, preparations were made for assailing another description of game, whose traces we had frequently encountered in the course of our movements. These were the wild boars and swine of the Coto: I call them wild because they were so denominated by our friends, but in correct parlance they could only be styled a semi-savage race. The breed had been crossed, and, as it was said, improved, by the introduction of a foreign variety, one of the results of which was to divest them so much of their roving habits, that their wanderings were now almost exclusively limited to the vicinity of the lodge. The persons of the new species, which was white, and their descendants, who were a piebald race, we received strict injunctions to regard as particularly sacred, and on no account were we to make them marks for our “vile guns.”

Their haunts being well known, it was not long before a great shouting announced their approach to the ground where we had taken up positions. The first object visible through the trees was the figure of one of our attendants, brandishing, as he spurred his horse, a long goad: every instant I expected to see it hurled at the terrified porkers, who preceded him by some twenty or thirty yards, and were audibly expressing their discontent at this unusual treatment. On they came, grunting and squeaking in chorus, direct for a shallow pond, on one side of which stood guard a fellow-sportsman, while I was posted on the other: if they continued to pursue the same direction, they had of necessity to cross the sheet of water that lay between us. Including young and old, there might be about a dozen animals, racing together as close as a pack of well-trained hounds, and, as I have already mentioned, giving tongue after their own fashion. As they were thus crowded together, one might have brought down two or three by simply firing into the midst; but this could not have been done without bringing down some of the sacred pigs, which were so intermingled with the others that the whole mass resembled a chess-board, black alternating with white. With the certain prospect, therefore, of slaying one of these should I miss, I aimed at a black pig in the very centre of the squad, which having reached the brink of the water, halted for an instant, being manifestly loth to plunge into the pure element. Upon firing, the grunting and squeaking waxed longer and louder, and with one accord the animals scrambled into the water, and, sometimes swimming and at others wading, gained the other shore: their good humour was by no means increased by the compulsory purification they underwent, for,

notwithstanding their haste, they turned and snapped at each other, and continued to do so as long as they were within sight. In the next moment up came our attendants, headed by the old dog of which I have made mention: the ardour of the chase had imparted to him all the activity of youth, and dashing through the water gallantly, he and the horsemen were in a twinkling lost to our eyes among the woods beyond.

We were engaged in discussing the events of the day before the door of the lodge, when it was announced that Manuel was coming towards us, bearing a cochino on his shoulders. He soon appeared with the animal, round which the whole party gathered with no little curiosity, to view the sole trophy of the day's marchings and counter-marchings: but, alas! small cause was there for rejoicing; the cochino was not of the right sort,—it was white, or rather, piebald,—and, after a due investigation, mine was pronounced to be the fell hand that slew it. I remember, however, making a vain attempt to transfer the merit of its fall to my fellow-sportsman who had likewise fired, by showing that the leg of the animal was broken on the side nearest him; but he was strangely unambitious of the honour, and proved that the ball had entered on the inside of the leg, and consequently could only have proceeded from my gun. I consoled myself, however, for the mistake, by reflecting that it is no easy matter to hit an object seventy yards distant, with a ball from a smooth barrel; and, moreover, there was the satisfaction of knowing that some were gainers by the shot. The cochino was handed over to Manuel, to whom it was an acceptable prize, and no unwelcome addition to the family puchero.

Next morning C—— and I were on our way to

the most distant quarter of the Coto. Although less likely to meet with deer in that direction, we were certain to have all the sport to ourselves, and to enjoy it unfettered by the restrictions of yesterday, which in truth we found rather irksome in their nature. For the first league we toiled through sands heaped by the winds into mounds and hillocks; their sloping sides were smooth as if caused by the hand of art, and upon the tell-tale surfaces we could trace the foot-prints of all the animals with which the preserve abounds. Here was the heavy plunge of the deer into the yielding particles; in close contact was to be seen the stealthy foot-fall of the wild cat scarcely imprinted on the sands; and beside it the larger and deeper impression of the gato montes, a species of tiger-cat found in this region.

Besides these, the surface was marked in many places with the angular impressions caused by the feet of land-birds and wild-fowl. Upon this spectacle the geologist would look with an eye of interest. It would recall to his mind those footmarks of an antediluvian creation which are daily brought to light in the sandstone formations, and would clearly point out to him how such were formed. Here, it was only necessary for an infiltration of water to take place, and the sand, along with its many impressions, would be converted into stone; the traces of the deer and the feline race would then remain stereotyped for the benefit of future ages, just as those of tortoises and various extinct species have been for ours.

The white tower, our journey's termination, was visible for hours before we reached it: we saw it from a great distance, standing alone in the midst of a dreary flat country clothed with a dense brushwood.

Its title, however, was imposing—El Palacio; and in reality there was some less questionable foundation than taste or fancy for this regal appellation, for it had once given shelter to a crowned head. The time was, when this treeless waste was the site of a noble forest of cork-trees, now laid low by the axe of the charcoal-burner; and hither, when the greenwood was in its prime, came Philip the Fourth to chase the deer, which were then as numerous as now they are rare, since a leafy shade no longer conceals their haunts. The monarch with his retinue was entertained by his noble host, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, with all the stately magnificence of a Spanish grandee, and for the time all the luxurious enjoyments of a metropolis were assembled round this remote spot. The house we found more comfortably fitted up in the interior than we had been led to expect; it was however rented by some gentlemen of Xeres, who came from thence to spend some weeks of the summer season, and on learning this we were not surprised to behold various improvements which raised it above the rank of a mere sporting lodge. The floor of one of the rooms was planked,—a luxury almost unknown in Andalusia; and in conformity with our notions of comfort we selected this for our apartment; the brick floors of the province, however pleasant in summer, have during winter a cheerless aspect, besides being cold and comfortless even when covered with matting, as is frequently done.

In a paddock adjoining the house we were surprised to see half-a-dozen camels at large. These, on inquiring, we found were the property of the enterprising lessee of the pastures in the Coto, and had been introduced by him from the Canaries, where they are in

common use. On the sandy soil of this district they cannot fail to feel as much at home as among their native deserts, and certainly their presence here will be a boon to the community, as well as being in singular keeping with the nature of the country.

“Señores,” said the keeper of the Palacio, from whom we obtained the preceding information, “Señores, I will tell you a circumstance respecting one of these camels that will make your worships laugh. One night it escaped from the paddock, and strayed across the dehesa till it came near a village a long way from this. And so, about the break of day, there came two countrymen out of the village to proceed to their labours in the fields, and all of a sudden they saw in their path this animal, which, doubtless, is a creature of a very strange appearance to those who have never seen or heard of it. So the men were seized with much fear, and ran to a tree hard by, from behind which they watched its movements.

“‘What can it be, Curro?’ said one.

“‘It’s a whale,’ replied Curro, ‘come on shore to devour us and the village.’

“‘Hombre, no—it’s worse than that: it’s a soul from purgatory!’\* ”

“‘Speak to it, then,’ said Curro, whose teeth were rattling like castanets on hearing this announced.

“‘How can I,’ answered his companion, ‘when I don’t know Latin?’ ”

“Nevertheless, señores, he called aloud to it, and said, ‘O soul from purgatory, if you are in pain, or if

\* Among other superstitions, the vulgar in Spain believe that souls in purgatory assume the shapes of various animals, generally those of an ignoble kind, such as wolves, donkeys, and so forth.

anything lies heavy on your conscience, tell us, and the priest shall say masses for the peace of your troubled spirit.' But the poor animal, hearing the voices of men, with whose presence it was familiar, directed its steps towards the spot from whence the sounds proceeded; whereupon the two were filled with greater fear than before.

" 'Stop!' roared Curro; 'stop, and harm not innocent men; I have my escopeta in my hand, and I warn you I will fire if you advance nearer, for we shall defend our lives to the last.'

" However, it still continued to approach, regardless of his threat, so that at length he pointed his escopeta at it and fired, but without doing any injury, though it was very near; and then the two fled as if for their lives, and when they reached the village raised such an outcry that the whole population seized their arms, believing that the facciosos were upon them. At last, the true cause of the alarm was ascertained, and some of the people sallying forth, caught the animal, and secured it until those in search arrived, by whom it was brought back here."

The following day we devoted to the pursuit of caza menor, or small game, which was in great abundance here; the caza mayor, or large game, we reserved for the morrow, intending then to wind up with a search for the deer, which the keepers affirmed were not unfrequently to be met with. Nowhere had I seen rabbits in such numbers as here; the place literally swarmed with them, and one could not peep over a bush without seeing scores at play on the other side. But, in truth, although, from the sandy nature of the soil, this tract was particularly favourable to their habits and increase, Spain, on the whole, is much

overrun by rabbits; and it is a fact not unworthy of note, that they appear to have been as abundant in ancient as in modern times. I have seen a Roman medal upon which conquered and suppliant Spain is represented as suing for peace; the figure, clad in feminine attire, holds in one hand an olive branch, and at her feet crouches the genius of the country in the shape of a rabbit. This fact appears also to have been well known, for Catullus alludes to it when he styles the Spaniards

cuniculosæ  
Celtiberiæ filii.

At this kind of shooting we were no matches for the guardas or keepers who accompanied us; at least C——, who considered himself something of a shot, was, in spite of his double-barreled detonator, fairly distanced by the rude flint single-barrels of our lynx-eyed companions. Their mode of charging their pieces was equally rude, and was a ludicrous contrast to the trim apparatus of modern sportsmen. The proper quantity of powder was poured from an ancient horn into the hollow of the hand, and from thence into the gun; a few leaves torn from the nearest shrub formed the wadding; and the shot was measured out in the same way as the powder. They brought with them a brace of podencos, a species of dog much in vogue among Andalusian sportsmen, though to our eyes they seemed little better than curs, and on experience we found their appearance far from being redeemed by superior qualifications. There was also in the field one of the far-famed race of Spanish pointers, with the division between the nostrils distinguishing this caste; its powers of scent were un-



questionably great, but were neutralised by the slowness of the pace by which it travelled over the ground: indeed, its evolutions were so much on a par with those of a tortoise, as were also those of others of the same breed I saw, that I should be loth to recommend their services to any British sportsman who is not possessed of more than an ordinary stock of patience.

Bearing game-bags heavily laden with red-legged partridges and rabbits, we returned home as evening came on, and found awaiting us an excellent supper, prepared by the wife of the senior guarda. At an early hour we retired to rest, in order to be in full vigour on the morrow for the nobler game, for the sake of which we had principally sought this remote spot. As to our prospects of success, I had been led by the experience of the day to regard them as anything but cheering. Traces of deer, it was true, were to be seen in abundance, and many were so fresh as to denote that a few hours only had elapsed since they had been imprinted on the soil; yet I was far from hailing these as favourable omens. For one reason, the country appeared destitute of cover; or, where this occurred, it was of a nature to embarrass rather than facilitate our movements. Here were no pine-woods to furnish a shady ambush, but sandy knolls, whose naked summits betrayed to a great distance the presence of objects upon them: on the other hand, the hollows between were clothed with a growth of brushwood so tall as generally to reach above our heads, and not unfrequently so dense and matted as to defy our utmost efforts to force a way through it. Hence, as it seemed to me, we could not stir without exposing ourselves so completely as to ruin every hope of approaching with-

in gunshot of an animal so timid and wary as the deer. Our guardas, however, were of a different opinion, and even went so far as to maintain that our yesterday's quarters, as regarded the abundance of deer and the probabilities of encountering them, were not to be mentioned in the same breath with the Palacio. Notwithstanding this confident assertion, I remained as sceptical as before: local prejudices in Spain are so strong, that it is very rare to find the inhabitant of a pueblo, or district, who does not ascribe to it every gift of nature and every virtue under the sun; and in proportion as he bepraises his own "pais," so does he depreciate the towns and provinces of his neighbours.

Next morning we were moving along briskly, following the steps of the aforesaid guardas, who certainly displayed considerable judgment in their plan of operations. At the distance of a mile from the Palacio, we halted upon the brow of a sandy mound, which, with several others, encompassed a hollow space of several hundred yards in length. I cannot describe this depression better than by styling it an oblong trough carpeted with luxuriant brushwood. Looking down upon it, the whole seemed so dense and compact, as almost to induce the belief that it would be a much less difficult matter to walk along the top than forcé a passage through a mass so solid. This, however, our guardas proceeded to do: after stationing O—— and myself about a hundred yards apart, upon one of the long sides of the hollow, they commenced from the opposite one to cross towards us.

My position was on the rounded summit of one of these sandy hillocks; but as there rose thereon not even a tuft of grass, far less a bush behind which I might screen myself, I retired down the exterior slope,

as the only mode of effecting that purpose. Here, stretching myself on the sand, I listened to the shoutings and whoopings of the beaters, trusting to their lungs for sufficient warning, should any game hold towards my side. I had not lain long in my retreat before the confusion of tongues on a sudden rose louder and more vehement. Amid the cries, I distinguished the voice of the oldest guarda, shouting to me to take a good aim. Why this advice should be directed to me I could not at first divine, as my ears informed me that all on my side was quiet; and my powers of vision I was loth to exercise from the naked summit of the hillock, lest I should become the observed of all-observing deer. I was beginning, therefore, to conclude that the shout of the guarda was addressed to my friend, when I heard in front of me the sound of twigs snapping and branches being brushed aside. In a moment I stood on the top of the mound, just in time to behold before me a fine stag clearing a bush in beautiful style. A few more bounds would have brought him up to where I stood. The instant I appeared, he paused, his head and neck alone rising above the brushwood. As he was then not more than thirty yards off, I hurriedly discharged the right barrel, which, for want of better ammunition, I had loaded with a few pistol-bullets. These, I believe, had no other effect than to rouse him from his fit of surprise at my unexpected appearance; then, wheeling sharply round to his left, he had gained about thirty yards more ere I sent a bullet from the remaining barrel upon his steps. Still he continued in full flight, his progress being a succession of bounds, characterised by such ease, freedom, and grace, that I could not help watching his retreat with an admiration that banished

every shade of disappointment I might feel at my unlucky shooting. At the further end of the hollow he dashed into a sheet of water that bounded it, and then, mounting a slight eminence beyond, disappeared down the reverse slope. Slowly I sought my ambush, from which I was again summoned by the significant cry, "Apunt'usted bien" (Aim well). Another stag was roused, but on this occasion kept so far in the centre of the hollow as to be beyond the range of those who were posted at the sides, and only offered to one of the guardas the chance of a long shot. He, too, followed the direction taken by the first; and no more appearing, we proceeded upon their tracks.

"Señor," said the old guarda when I overtook him, "you have hit that animal; I heard the ball strike it."

This assertion, however gratifying, was at the same time so extraordinary, that I could scarcely yield it credence. At that time I was unaware that the "smack" of the ball, as it is termed, upon the hide of a deer is quite perceptible to the ears of the practised, and can be readily distinguished from the report of the gun by which it is accompanied. Without, however, disputing his opinion, I followed him over the eminence I have mentioned, at the foot of which another shallow lagoon was spread out. To the further side of this we hastened, while C—— and the younger guarda kept upon the deer's track, which, as it lay among the brushwood, and was with difficulty to be detected, led them more slowly down the slope. Our object in seeking the opposite margin of the lagoon, was to ascertain if the first deer had crossed it; and for this purpose we coasted along the side of the water, the old man narrowly examining every print of a hoof.

as we proceeded. He turned at length—his eyes sparkling with excitement—and said, “Don Roberto, he has not passed this way; we shall find him there,” pointing to the slope, along the face of which C—— and the others were scattered in close search. Sure enough, a shout from one of the party confirmed his prediction, and brought us in haste to the spot where he stood. We found the stag at the foot of a large bush, quietly doubled up, to use an expressive phrase, and life apparently extinct for some time: not a trace of blood stained its coat, except a solitary speck that marked where the ball had entered. Though young, it was a large animal, and formed a goodly load for the macho, which was despatched to the Palacio with its freight. In the meantime we proceeded in quest of the second stag, which the younger guarda maintained he had wounded.

To us, as we followed the men, it was a matter of astonishment to hear them, on passing various hoof-prints, name the precise time that had elapsed since each impression was stamped on the soil; and this with as much confidence as if they had been witnesses of the fact. To our eyes there appeared no perceptible difference between the track that was ten and that which was two hours old; yet, with the skill acquired by long experience, the guardas perceived some distinction by which they were guided in the pursuit. Besides this, the track was frequently lost, as we supposed, at spots where twenty deer or more had crossed and recrossed in such a way as to cover the ground with a perplexed maze of foot-prints. Nevertheless our guardas, staunch as the sleuth hounds of old, held unerringly for their quarry, and after proceeding a couple of miles, discovered by signs known

to themselves that we were drawing nigh the place where the stag we tracked had found a covert. We now advanced with caution towards the locality they indicated, but had the mortification to see all our endeavours come to nought: the startled animal, long before we came within shot, broke from its cover, and bounded away at such a pace as to leave us no alternative but to give up the pursuit. The day was now so far advanced that a fresh expedition could not be undertaken with hopes of a successful issue, and we therefore unwillingly directed our steps to the Palacio, our reluctance being increased by the recollection that this was the last day of our sport, for the leave we enjoyed was limited.

Such is the style of deer-shooting in the Coto: although it differs materially from the science of stalking as practised in the Highlands of Scotland, and wants the high zest which must ever attend that exciting pursuit, it is not devoid of attractions peculiar to itself. It must be remembered that the nature of the country is adverse to stalking, which is impracticable on a flat or undulating surface clothed with woods; in place, therefore, of the lonely chase of the Highland sportsman, who tracks his game in the same noiseless fashion by which the Red Indian steals upon his foe, there is necessarily adopted here the system of driving the deer, the characteristics of which are numbers and noise. Even this mode has its exciting qualities, and I am persuaded that many would prefer it to the other, from being the more stirring of the two. There is something indescribably animating in the tumult and cries that then wake up the woods; at every shout that rings through their depths, the sportsman grasps his gun closer, and more intently eyes the woody mass in

his front ; his ear becomes preternaturally strained, so that the falling of a leaf disturbs it ; now a distant shot excites his hopes—now another close by breaks the profound stillness around him ; and then comes the headlong rush of the deer past him—his rapid aim, his moment of expectation, and its fruits of chagrin or triumph. In all this there is a charm, which, though of a different kind from the prolonged excitement of a Highland chase, wherein every energy is tested, and hope and fear more keenly aroused, is all-absorbing at the time, and never fails to leave the liveliest impression on the mind.

The following day our macho, after a march of fifteen miles, might be seen stumbling along the ill-paved streets of San Lucar under the weight of its antlered burden. The extent of the Coto may be gathered from the circumstance that our march traversed only the half of the limits it embraces ; in round numbers its dimensions are thirty miles long by twelve at the broadest point ; on three sides it is enveloped by water, the Guadalquiver rolling past two, while the Atlantic lines the third with foam.

There was one consequence connected with the successful result of our sport, which was not only unexpected, but formed a most agreeable termination to our adventures. As a matter of course, our friends in San Lucar received a goodly share of the venison ; in sending which, we considered we were merely acknowledging no inconsiderable amount of kindness, for which we were then as ever their debtors. The sequel, however, showed that Spanish pride does not rest easy till it has returned an equivalent, or more than an equivalent, for presents of this nature ; from that time we never ceased to receive supplies of wine from our

friends. As they were all wine-growers, such gifts were perfectly legitimate, but as often as they reached us did the senders lament that better wine they had not to offer. The *manzanilla*, however, was undeniably excellent; and as C—— and I pledged each other in fragrant bumpers, we both agreed that for once I had made a "lucky hit."



P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA



## CHAPTER IV.

WINTER IN SAN LUCAR. — SANGRE AZUL. — TERTULIA. — GLOOMY AIR OF SPANISH DWELLINGS. — PELAR LA PAVA. — INTERMENT OF A COUNTRYMAN. — VISITING. — XERES. — ITS EXTENSIVE WINE ESTABLISHMENTS. — THE UPSET.

GENERALLY speaking, the winter descends upon Spain with no common severity. Upon the sunny province of Andalucia alone does its touch fall lightly, but even here there is weather which would be considered inclement; from time to time deluges of rain occur which shut out the sun for days, and so long as they last confine the inhabitants to their homes: these watery skies are, however, no unwelcome substitutes for the piercing winds of the Castilian steppes or the snows of Aragon and Galicia. Although the season was pretty far advanced, it became, therefore, necessary to choose some town where, while waiting the return of spring, I might pass an interval of inaction in the least irksome manner possible. Cadiz I rejected, much to the astonishment of its Alameda-pacing, café-lounging inhabitants, who hold these enjoyments to be the summit of happiness; but life in that city to my feelings so closely resembled the monotonous existence of the captive in his cell, that, after a few days' trial, I never failed to find it unsupportably tedious. On every side but one the sea washes up to its walls; and where it does not, the gate opens upon a long causeway traversing a flat, partly of

sand and partly of salt-water marshes. This constitutes the sole promenade beyond the walls, and the reader may easily imagine I had no desire to share its delights with the Gaditanians. Seville then occurred to me, and from experience I could tell that of all cities in the south of Spain, it possessed the greatest attractions for a stranger. There are paintings for the connoisseur; many a relic of Moorish and Roman art for the antiquary; theatres and an opera for those who love such. Without the walls are those charming walks by the broad Guadalquivir, which, at every sunset, beholds the bright-eyed Sevillanas moving along its banks slow and stately, but not so silent as its own tide. Within the walls is to be found the best society in Andalusia, whatever Cadiz may urge to the contrary; for here are the residences of the principal nobility of the province. Besides this, by means of the steamers on the river, the stranger is brought into that close communication with the world at home which makes him feel that, although in a strange land, he is not removed from friends.

Sundry considerations, however, induced me to prolong my stay in San Lucar, which thus became my head-quarters for some months. During that period I enjoyed abundant opportunities of meeting and becoming acquainted with the principal families of the town, with many of whom my acquaintance ripened into intimacy. The society of San Lucar, from the difference of its materials, was of a far higher order than that which is generally found in English provincial towns of the same extent and population. Here were the abodes of those hidalgos and country gentlemen whose estates lay in the vicinity, and who, in place of residing upon their properties, transferred their mansions to this the nearest town of note. Such is the custom among

the landed proprietors in the province; and its prevalence is to be traced, partly to the general insecurity of life and property in a country so indifferently governed as Spain, and partly to the natural disposition of the people to congregate into communities. The same motives influence those classes whose callings connect them with agriculture and a rural life; and one and all, the lowest husbandman not excepted, resort to towns or villages for protection and society. Upon the latter class, such a necessity—for a necessity it is—may be supposed to press with peculiar severity, as they frequently travel four or eight miles before reaching the soil they have to till; but the Andalusian jornalero finds a remedy for this hardship. While his master sallies forth, mounted on a prancing steed, he bestrides a “burrico,” and proceeds in the dawn of the morning to the scene of his labours; from whence, at the close of the day, he returns upon the back of that despised animal. To him it is, therefore, as valuable as the pig is to the Irish cottager, and as often becomes an inmate of his cabin and the pet of the “niños.”

At the house of Don J—— P——, a tertulia was held every evening, at which the greater part of the sangre azul in San Lucar never failed to assemble. They of the sangre azul, or “blue blood,” are the aristocracy of the place, and by virtue of the ancient tide that flows in their veins, assume a tone and superiority that are, of course, highly distasteful to those whose blood is not so blue as that of the “Cristianos viejos y rancios.” Accordingly, society is divided into a higher and lower circle, the “alta categoria” and the “baxa categoria;” the former are the exclusives of the place, few in numbers, but of noble descent, and, though displaying less hauteur than most men in their position,

the cause of dire heartburnings and jealousies among the "baxa categoria," which embraces every shade of the vulgar rich. The two circles seldom come into contact, except at entertainments given by the former: such festive meetings, however, are rare, and, even were they more frequent, would have little effect in narrowing the distance by which the divisions are separated; the tertulia still exists to interpose an effectual barrier against intimacy.

Few, I imagine, need be informed that a tertulia is a conversazione of a kind peculiar to Spain: in the metropolis and the larger towns it embraces a numerous assemblage of acquaintances as well as friends; but in the smaller provincial towns it is open only to the latter and the members and relatives of the family at whose house it takes place. It is not every family that holds a tertulia; in San Lucar there were only two who received their friends in this manner; neither is it given every evening, although this is frequently done, but generally on stated nights of the week—sometimes only once in that period of time. On these occasions it is expected that he who has the entrée should present himself, if only for a few minutes. To absent himself without cause would give umbrage to the family, as it would imply that their society had lost its attractions; but by a visit, however short, he is understood to express his sense of its agreeability, and at the same time need plead no excuse for its brevity, that being always ascribed to other engagements for the evening.

These remarks being premised, let me ask the reader to picture to himself a spacious saloon, whose lofty roof of dark wood is dimly seen by the light of a couple of lamps. The walls are simply whitewashed—

this being done for the sake of coolness in summer, and display neither ornament nor painting, except one at the upper end of the room—a crucifixion by Zurbaran, that master of dark colouring crossed by broad gleams of light. For reasons which will be appreciated in a warm climate, the furniture is of the simplest description, and, judged by our standards of comfort, scanty and incomplete: a cabinet, an antique table or two, with a host of modern chairs, of the lightest materials, standing up against the walls, scarcely, if at all, encroach upon the dimensions of the apartment, the aspect of which, at a first glance, is somewhat cold and cheerless. The floor, of brick, at this season is hidden by matting, and in the centre is placed a brasier of glowing charcoal; round this runs a ledge of wood, upon which, after having drawn in our chairs, we place our feet, and literally sit round the fire. As each tertuliano enters, he bows to the lady of the house, addressing her and her female friends with the salutation of “A los pies de usted” (At your feet). The shaking of hands is unknown in Spain, and even among friends is never seen, except on extraordinary occasions, such as the meeting after a long separation, or on the departure for a distant journey. On quitting the room, the visitor says with a loud voice, “Señores y señoras, que lo pasen bien?” (Gentlemen and ladies, farewell); or perhaps, “may you remain with God;” to which they respond, “Vaya usted con Dios” (May you go with God).

While thus seated, conversation seldom flags, for the colloquial powers of Andalusians are very great; and as raconteurs, there are few who can approach them: should, however, their vivacity be exhausted, the resources of music and cards are at hand to beguile

the hours. Let it not, however, be supposed that the guitar then comes into play; that national instrument is voted vulgar by the higher ranks, and but seldom, and then only in the hands of a gentleman, are its strains awakened in the salas; by a lady it is never touched. Occasionally, it happens, that while thus whiling away the time, a bell is heard tinkling in the street, and from the increasing loudness of the sound appears to be approaching nearer. One of the party moves to the window, from whence he descries the flashing light below, and intimates the fact to the listening circle. "Su magestad, su magestad!" they exclaim, and one and all sink upon their knees. It is the Host, borne to some dying sinner to comfort his last moments, and smooth his passage to eternity. So long as the bell is heard, the whole party remain in this posture of reverence, while not a sound is audible in the room, except a murmur from the lips of those who are muttering a prayer for the weal of the dying; but when the last tinkle ceases, they rise to their feet, and resume the occupations at which they had been engaged. The speaker finishes the sentence in the midst of which he was interrupted—the song is taken up at the verse at which it stopped—the cards are dealt round without a moment's loss of time; no one bestows a thought upon the fate of his dying fellow-creature, or regards the ceremony through which he has passed in a more serious light than an observance imposed by custom, and which it would be singular to omit. On highdays and holidays, the amusements are of a more mirthful character than usual, and resemble the festivities of merry Christmas;—forfeits, round games, and a variety of other diversions are introduced, in which the old join the young, and the party seldom

separates till a late hour. On other occasions, at ten o'clock a general move takes place; cloaks and shawls are in requisition, and the company depart homewards to partake of supper, which is generally placed on the table at that hour. As the dinner usually takes place at an early hour of the day, the evening meal becomes an important one in Spanish life, and few linger long in the sala after the clock has announced that its hour has arrived.

In San Lucar, as in the other towns of the province, there are no areas interposing between the house and the narrow border of pavement which is supplied for the convenience of the foot-passenger; the latter consequently commands a full view through the windows on his level into the interior of the apartments on the ground-floor. These, however, in mansions of pretension, are generally converted into stables, and as a matter of necessary precaution, the windows are strongly grated. Not only is this the case with regard to the lower story, but the upper rooms are similarly defended; and on penetrating into the inner court or patio, with which each house is provided, the stranger marks with surprise that even here every casement is fenced with bars and gratings. Notwithstanding, therefore, the dazzling colours and gaudy embellishments which frequently ornament the exterior walls, there appears to hang a gloomy air of distrust around every mansion; its aspect realises to the letter the Spanish proverb that is applied to those who, for protection's sake, encumber themselves with many arms—*Cargado de hierro, cargado de miedo* (loaded with iron, loaded with fear); and, undoubtedly, fear is or was the origin of its fortress-like appearance. That these apprehensions are on the whole groundless, will, I think, be acknowledged by

every traveller who has resided for any length of time in Andalusian cities; nevertheless, the citizen continues to cling to the habits of his fathers, and cannot bring himself to adopt fashions more in unison with altered times; he still preserves these and many other remains of ancient jealousy and distrust. Thus, for instance, in seeking admittance into his dwelling, there are certain formalities to be observed, that recall the days when watchwords were given, and drawbridge and portcullis lowered. The peasant, as he stands at the gate, cries aloud, "Ave Maria purissima;" to this the response from within is, "Sin peccado concebida" (conceived without sin), or in some parts of the province, "Bendita y alabada sea para siempre" (for ever blessed and praised). More frequently the latter religious rejoinder is neglected, and the speaker from within simply inquires, "Quien es?" (who is it?) To this the invariable reply is, "Gente de paz" (people of peace). Having by this scrutiny proved himself to be not only a good Catholic, but a man of pacific intentions, he is allowed to enter; the door turns upon its hinges, and he walks forward into the court.

But to return to the grated windows of these dwellings. Should you have occasion after nightfall to traverse the dimly lighted streets, you will not go far without brushing past a figure muffled in an ample cloak, and with the sombrero slouched over the eyes, leaning against the iron bars. As you pass, your ears inform you that it is conversing in a low voice with some one within, whom the darkness shrouds from observation. In all probability you will take no further note of the whispering pair; but if you be more curious than wise, and bestow on them more than a passing look, another becloaked figure will probably



step out from some corner, and politely request you to refrain from interfering with other people's business. If this hint be not sufficient, he will prepare to enforce it by other means, and, by displaying his *navaja*, threaten to appeal to arms. He is engaged in one of the most sacred duties of Spanish friendship. To guard from danger or discovery—or, as it is termed, “*guardar les espaldas*,” “to guard the back” of a friend who may be playing the lover—is an office to be undertaken only by a tried comrade, whose devotion and courage may be proof against the rude trials to which such a position subjects him. If the fair one be noted for her attractions, then there are rivals to be encountered, whose jealous passions, if aroused by witnessing another thus engaged, nothing would so soon appease as a thrust of the knife, given, as may be supposed, without much regard to the rules of fair play. Under these circumstances, the second is summoned by his principal to stand, like the knight of old, ready to do battle against all comers, should they approach with hostile intentions. I need not add, that these nocturnal meetings are a frequent occasion of brawls, and that lives are sometimes lost, and usually dangerous wounds given and received, when the knife is brought into play.

This custom, though more prevalent among the lower classes, is not entirely banished from the upper ranks of society. In truth, the mystery and romance attending it have too many charms for Spanish lovers of every degree ever to permit it to become the exclusive usage of any one rank in life. It is far more congenial to his temperament to throw a veil of secrecy over his attachment, which not unfrequently from the first wears a certain air of romance. On the Alameda he encounters some dark-eyed beauty, whose glance fires all the

susceptible nature of his Southern bosom. To follow her footsteps when the gay throng disperses—to linger in the narrow street where her home is—and, by one of those mute but expressive signs known in southern climes, to testify his passion to her as she sits at the balcony that commands a full view of the moving world in the street—or to convey a message by some Mercury familiar with such errands—are the usual steps that precede an interview. This, however, let it not be imagined is to be sought amid the shady alleys of the Alameda. No; the fair ones of Spain are too jealously guarded by mammas and duennas ever to know much of the pleasures of solitude, far less to enjoy them with a companion. But when gates are barred, and the household wrapped in sleep, it is then that the Spanish maid rises to keep her tryst with her lover. As she steals along the corridors, and descends to the basement story, before a grated window in which he keeps his impatient watch, perhaps she smiles at the fruitlessness of parental precautions, and repeats to herself:

Madre, mi madre  
Guardas me poneis,  
Pero si no me guardé  
No me guardareis.

Of course, it is rare to find meetings of this nature sanctioned by parents, though there are, occasionally, exceptions. I was acquainted with a family, proud of its ancient Castilian blood, one of the ladies of which had become attached to a gentleman, whose pedigree and profession made him no match in the eyes of her parents for the daughter of a hidalgo and old Christian to boot. As usual, the young folks met in the manner I have described. Time wore on, and whether it was

that the merit and character of the lover, or his rising fortunes and reputation, atoned for the fault of being unprovided with sixteen quarterings, I know not, but the hearts of the old people began at length to soften towards him. The first signs of their relenting were shown in a singular way. As he stood at the window before which he was in the habit of posting himself, one of the domestics appeared with a chair, and, with his master's compliments, requested him to be seated thereon. From that day, or rather night, as regularly as he presented himself at the same place, a servant advanced with a chair, which was tendered to him with the usual compliments from the hidalgo. This continued for some months, till at last it was formally notified that he was at liberty to transfer his courtship from the exterior to the interior of the mansion; this was tantamount to his being accepted as the "novio" or betrothed of the young lady. Henceforward the course of true love could not fail to run smooth, as the sala was open to it, and the novio was welcome there; but notwithstanding this, the stolen interviews of yore had attractions for the couple which they preferred to the meetings in the drawing-room. Frequently, on having occasion at night to pass by the house, did I see a figure I well knew, though wrapped in a cloak and embozado, standing by a certain window, and holding converse there with the novia.

One morning an English friend called upon me to communicate tidings of a painful nature. He informed me that a fellow-countryman had arrived the day before from Cadiz, and, being in the last stage of consumption, had been denied admittance into the various lodging-houses in the town. In consequence, the only shelter he could obtain was in the public hospital. At an early

hour of the morning, death had overtaken the sufferer in his wretched asylum.

As the conduct of those who thus shut their doors against a dying man may appear unwarrantably cruel; and may lead some of my readers to tax the Andalusians with inhumanity, it is but fair to say, that with regard to this malady they entertain certain deep-rooted prejudices. I never met an Andalusian who did not maintain that consumption was highly infectious, and that he would remain no longer than he could help in a dwelling where a case had terminated fatally. They imagine that the walls imbibe the infection so largely that ordinary modes of purification fail to eradicate it; and to such an extreme is this prejudice carried, that tenants and proprietors are in the custom of demanding from the consumptive inmates of their dwellings a sum sufficient to defray the expense of plastering anew the apartments they occupied; this is considered the only mode of effectually banishing the remains of the malady; and of rendering the rooms habitable for the future.

It was necessary to make arrangements for rendering the last offices to one of our country and creed, and for this purpose, in company with my friend and the consul, I proceeded to the hospital. What had been once a convent was now converted into that establishment, and in one of the narrow cells lay the corpse of the deceased. Our motives for this act had been simply those of duty towards the departed, unknown to us except as a fellow-countryman; but when an attendant lifted up a rug that covered his remains, it struck me that, living or dead, the possessor of that wasted frame could be regarded with no indifferent eye. Tall he must have been, for the stiffened limbs projected beyond the foot of the bed—unnaturally outstretched as it seemed by

the hand of death; the features of his countenance were regular and even delicate, and were united to a lofty forehead from which dissolution could not efface its thoughtful expression. Poor fellow! he died, as the attendants told us, speaking in his own tongue, and endeavouring in vain to communicate with them in a language they did not understand. Probably his mind was wandering, as frequently happens to the victims of this malady in its closing stage; but if it were not, how painful is it to think that his dying moments were embittered by the hopelessness of conveying to distant friends the last wishes and last words of affection!

“Oh! schwer ist's in der fremde sterben unbeweint.” So says Schiller; and those who have sojourned alone among strangers, and been laid on a bed of sickness from which they expected never to rise, know this feeling full well; however kindly they may be tended, there is yet a sense of isolation which falls with dreary effect upon the thoughts; and to aggravate all, how much is there one would wish to say, but is prevented from expressing by the certainty that word or message will never reach those to whom it is addressed! Happy they who die in their own land, with kindred and friends around them, and familiar hands to smooth their pillow.

It is a scandal to Spain, and a reproach to Britain, that the bones of our countrymen are denied a nook in the public cemeteries here; nay, more, the privilege of a separate place of interment is conceded only as a special favour, and then only after many representations and protracted diplomacy. Two or three of the large towns are, however, provided with resting-places for Protestant clay: Malaga was the first to obtain this boon; and I believe Cadiz is now added to the num-

ber. Where, then, do our countrymen rest who die at a distance from these places? They are buried like dogs: either in ditches, gardens, fields, or in the sands by the seashore. The clay of a heretic is that of an outcast; any place is, therefore, good enough for it; and, above all, let it be removed to a distance from Catholic dust, which would shrink with holy horror from the contamination of its approach. Such are the language and the sentiments of bigotry; and suiting its notions to the rancorous spirit they breathe, it deals in the manner I have described with the corpses of our Protestant countrymen.

Our reflections upon this point took a practical turn as we deliberated concerning the interment of the deceased. To bury him in the sands by the river-side revolted our feelings, even if we had not known that his relatives were on the way to join him, and would naturally wish to visit the spot where he was laid, and perhaps mark it by some memorial of attachment. After much consultation, we could devise no better plan than to obtain admission into the cemetery, using for that purpose the engine which in this country removes mountains of scruples and banishes every difficulty: a golden key we thought would open the gates; and Mr. C——, as the most experienced among us in these matters, undertook to conduct the negotiation. So sure was he of a successful result, that, deeming further communication unnecessary, we engaged to meet the following morning before daybreak at the cemetery. Punctually at the hour appointed we were in waiting for him; the night had been stormy, and from time to time fierce blasts of wind and rain drove us to take shelter behind the walls of the enclosure. In a short time Mr. C—— joined us, attended by Salmon, one of the escort em-

ployed to protect travellers on the road between San Lucar and Port St. Mary's; he was, moreover, high in the confidence of Mr. C——, who frequently entrusted him with commissions of importance. His offices had on this occasion been put in requisition to induce the sexton by the promise of a bribe to leave the gate unlocked, for the opening of this was our chief difficulty, and could only be effected by his means. It appeared, however, that either gold had lost its usual charms for the latter, or his scruples had returned during the night with overpowering force; on trying the bolts, not one was found absent from its duty. Salmon, however, consoled us with the assurance that the man was certain to keep his word, and would probably come in person with the keys.—Meanwhile, as a cemetery, like many other things in this strange country, differs very much from those of our own or other lands, it will not be amiss to describe it here. Seen from the outside, its shape is usually that of a square enclosed by lofty walls, but in the quadrangular space within you behold no mounds, no gravestones to mark the lonely dwellings of the dead. These are ranged above-ground, along the inner side of the enclosing wall; each coffin being placed in a narrow cell, tiers of which rise above each other to the height of twelve or fifteen feet. In truth, when you look at the volumes on the shelves of a library, supposing them to be laid horizontally instead of being upright, you have some notion of the mode of interment in a Spanish place of burial; each tenement for mortality occupies the place of a volume, and, like it, displays its name and titles on a conspicuous place.

We waited in silent expectation till the sun rose unpleasantly high for our purpose, for which the presence

of many observers was far from desirable; people at the same time began to be moving about; and lastly, to complete our mortification, a priest approached the gate. Our presence there attracted his notice, and after regarding us with an eye of wonder and suspicion, he admitted himself by a private key, and proceeded to his daily routine of performing early mass in a small chapel within the precincts. To have remained longer after this would have been a waste of time, and so we retraced our steps homewards; Salmon, as we went, relieving his feelings by the application to the faithless conspirator of such choice epithets as "picaro," "tunante," and so forth. Before we parted, another consultation was held, at which it was decided that, having failed in this attempt, and there being little likelihood of our succeeding in a fresh one, permission should be solicited to bury our departed countryman in the garden of the hospital. The leave we sought was granted, and in the afternoon we met beside a shallow grave that had been hastily dug in a corner. The coffin was brought forth—a simple box of deal, provided with lock and key. One of the attendants lifted up the lid, to show that no deception was practised; and the beautiful service for the Burial of the Dead being read by Mr. C——, earth was returned to earth, and our task was done.

Of my winter's sojourn in San Lucar I have little to record, except that life there is very like what it usually is in country towns; generally speaking, monotony was a chief feature. Every day when the weather was fine—which was not always the case, for deluges of rain pour down for two or three days at a time—I took my accustomed walk on the playa or beach of sand along the Guadalquiver, to inhale the fresh and health-giving



breezes from the Atlantic; or, perhaps, strolled into the country among the surrounding vineyards. At this season of the year the generous clusters are no longer seen embowered amid luxuriant foliage, but a few gnarled twigs and stumps are all that remain of the vine; and fields of such bear no very distant resemblance to plantations of ill-conditioned gooseberry-bushes. Occasionally a morning visit to some family whiled away an hour; but the forenoon is not the time to see a Spanish dame to advantage. Her toilette appears to be deferred to the hour of the evening paseo; nay, it has struck me, — but this I speak with “bated breath,” — that ablutions are postponed till long past midday; at all events, when sitting with an old shawl wrapped round her, and otherwise carelessly attired, she is not the same creature who on the Alameda, her symmetrical shape set off to advantage by the costume of her country, walks and moves the personification of unstudied grace and natural vivacity. In this land, so far behind the age, dinner takes place at the unfashionable hour of two: it is followed by an hour or so devoted to the siesta; that over, the sleepers arise, and the male portion of them shake off their lethargy at the café over coffee and political argumentation; then comes the Alameda, where, from the time that the cavaliers join the señoritas, nothing is heard but the hum of voices mingled with the rattling of fans and the sound of moving feet. This animated scene has also its allotted span; in due course tyrant Custom steps in among the throng and bids it disperse; politics and flirtations are then adjourned to the following evening; and in the mean time, those to whom a tertulia is open, repair thither. Here the flow of small talk begins afresh, and never ceases to pour from the lips of the

assembly till the hour of departure arrives. Each one then wends his way homewards to supper; and thus an afternoon passes in San Lucar much in the same way as it is spent throughout the other towns of the province.

Once or twice during my residence I was required by the laws of Spanish etiquette to pay visits of a more ceremonious nature than usual. It is the custom for the friends of a gentleman to pay their respects to him with some show of formality upon the day of his patron saint. It is hardly necessary to say that his patron is the saint whose name he bears; and supposing him therefore to be called José, the visits are made upon the day devoted by the Romish Church to the especial honour of that saint. His house is then thrown open as if for a levée. On reaching the sala, his wife and family, arrayed in their best, are found sitting in state to receive the company; the master will probably be absent, being engaged in the same office towards others of his name which his visitors are performing towards himself. After a short visit, each one retires, but not before expressing his best wishes for the welfare of the house. Those whose rank does not entitle them to the entrée of the sala, are not however debarred from testifying their regard, but it is done in a different fashion; upon a table in the hall there is placed a book in which they inscribe their names, which is deemed all-sufficient for the purpose. This usage is one of ancient date in Spain, and was probably prevalent, if it is not so now, throughout the rest of Catholic Europe. It is mentioned by Lady Mary Wortley Montague as having been one of the customs of society in Vienna during her residence there; and her description closely corresponds with that which I have given.

Being tempted by some fine weather, I was induced to break through the routine of existence in San Lucar by making an excursion to Xeres. The direct road being then impassable, I was compelled to make a detour and take the route by Port St. Mary's. As far as that town, nothing could be better than the condition of the road; along which gangs of convicts were stationed at various distances to keep it in repair; but upon quitting the Port, a widely different scene presented itself. The road, which had manifestly been formed with great labour, was now in a state of total disrepair, and on looking forward displayed only a succession of muddy pools of water: round these our calesa coasted, varying this style of progress by diverging occasionally into the fields on either side, or boldly traversing some of the Stygian ponds, the water in which usually reached to the axles of our vehicle. So slow and tedious, therefore, was our advance, that two hours were consumed ere we discerned the white buildings of Xeres, which is little more than two leagues from Port St. Mary's.

Of this far-famed fount of generous wine it is out of my province to speak; lying in the beaten track of tourists, it is too well known to require a lengthened description from my pen. It is a city of fifty or sixty thousand inhabitants, situated upon an eminence, and would claim no more than a passing glance from the traveller, were it not for the universal renown it has acquired in connexion with the juice of the grape. Notwithstanding the elevated position of Xeres, and the wealth of its inhabitants, there is no town in Andalucia so ill-paved, filthy, and altogether so offensive to the nostrils. The reception we experienced on entering it would have daunted any but a traveller inured to Spanish towns; for the termination to the execrable road I

have just described was a wide space covered with dead horses and donkeys, upon the carcasses of which hordes of savage dogs were preying. Amid these our calesa wound its way and conveyed us to the inn, which is situated in a large square; here, too, everything as regards cleanliness was in keeping with the character of the town, and a more repulsive place I never entered.

One thing, however, must be affirmed of Xeres, and that is, that its great wine-proprietors are living examples of the truth of the remark, that wine opens the heart of man. Their hospitality is on a scale proportioned to the vastness of their establishments, which are truly princely; nothing, indeed, but the largest amount of capital could construct and fill those magazines of wine, wherein are deposited the accumulated vintages of years. By far the most extensive are those of Mr. Peter Domecq, which are said to cover a space of three acres of ground. In wonder I followed the proprietor as he conducted me from one storehouse to another, each edifice as large as a church: there was not one that did not seem to suffer from a plethora of huge casks, in any one of which might be absorbed the vintage of a dozen vineyards. The giants were piled one above another in long ranks, divided by narrow passages, that resembled the deep lanes of the country. The uppermost tier, of which there were usually three, contained the produce of the latest vintages; in the intermediate was an older wine; and in the foundation story the most ancient of all. Whatever quantity was drawn off from this latter tier, was replaced by an equal portion from the casks above, so that no precise age could be assigned to any one cask, the contents of which were in fact a mixture of various ages and

growths. Hence it is impossible for the wine-proprietors here to comply to the letter with an order specifying an article of a certain age. If, for instance, a ten-year-old butt be required, it will be prepared according to a certain formula, into which there enters something of an algebraical calculation; there will be a small portion of wine a hundred years old, something more of an article perhaps twenty, and the remainder will consist of a vintage only four or five years in the storehouse: thus will be manufactured a wine, no doubt excellent, but very far from squaring with the notions of those who might conceive it to be the genuine juice of the grape expressed ten years ago. After having led us through many storehouses, and displayed to our admiring eyes some thousands of butts, Mr. Domecq at last paused before one that looked the very chieftain of the race, being in size like three single tuns rolled into one: here was imprisoned the celebrated "madre de vino," or mother of wine, a butt of which he valued at a thousand pounds; and was never to be procured out of Spain. The "madre" was at once the oldest and finest wine in his stores, and was applied to the sole use of flavouring the contents of other casks by a small addition of its precious virtues. Nor was its proprietor satisfied with merely explaining these things; he filled me a bumper of the costly juice, for which I thanked him at the time; and as pleasant recollections of the same still linger in my memory, I repeat my thanks again. More than one glass would have been a rash experiment, for an extreme age had not only given it an exquisite aroma and a consistency nearly approaching to that of a liqueur, but had increased its potency to a degree which was the more dangerous from being imperceptible to the taste.

The direct road between San Lucar and Xeres, and especially the circuitous route by which we travelled, enjoy the reputation ascribed to Hounslow Heath a century ago. During the winter, rumour had been busy with reports of various robberies committed on these roads by parties of "salteadores," who seemed to vanish as suddenly as they appeared; but to such tales C—— and I paid little heed. The love of the marvellous, we remarked to each other, was very strong among Andalucians, and excites their inventive powers whenever the word "robber" is introduced into conversation. It so happened, however, that as soon as we had made up our minds to travel the road which bore the worst character of the two, all the reports we had heard seemed wonderfully veracious and consistent. Our double-barrels were accordingly put into a state of preparation, bullets cast, cartridges made, and we set forth full of resolves to be stopped by nothing but our own good will and pleasure. All these preparations, however, came to nought; nobody started up to dispute our determination, and we accomplished our journey unscathed in limb and purse. Once, it is true, when four horsemen bore down upon us, riding across the country abreast, I thought the time had come to test our resolves; on a nearer approach we perceived them to be armed to the teeth; but our calesero, as soon as their visages could be descried, recognised them as people of his acquaintance, who had started that morning to unload a contraband cargo which was expected on the coast. C——, however, who had made up his mind for a skirmish, was loth to be disappointed, and turned a deaf ear to this explanation; he jumped out of the calesa, and strode on ahead to a defensible position; where he halted to

receive the enemy. The object of this movement was perfectly understood by the contrabandistas, who shouted out to him, "No teng' usted cuida'o" (be not uneasy), and without adding more than the usual salutation, passed us at a rapid pace. There was, however, no small reason for the evil reputation borne by this road. Amid all the rumours concerning its insecurity, some of which were exaggerated and others false, there remained many instances of brigandage, the authenticity of which could not be disputed; at the same time, no steps were taken by the authorities to establish patrols, or otherwise provide for the safety of travellers. Every one was therefore compelled either to carry arms or hire an escort; and for better security, it was the fashion to unite in large parties, and effect the passage of the road protected by numbers, and the addition of armed men. Even this precaution sometimes proved unavailing,—an instance of which I have related in a previous chapter.

Although, as I have stated, we encountered nothing to justify the evil character of the road, the day was not fated to pass without incident; such as it was, it partook of a ludicrous rather than a serious aspect, and served to give a mirthful turn to our thoughts, while traversing the uninteresting tract between San Lucar and the Port.

It so happened, that our intended journey having been noised about the town, two travellers proceeding in the same direction had determined to avail themselves of the protection afforded by the terrors of our double-barrels. Our countrymen, I may remark, enjoy in Andalusia the reputation of occasionally doing mad things, and one of them is to stand by their comrades in danger; instead of imitating the Andalusian,

who obeys the first law of nature—generally the only law obeyed here—and withdraws his person as speedily as possible from scenes of strife. For these reasons was our company sought on this occasion; and the honour we could not find it in our hearts to decline, especially when we learnt from our calesero, who communicated this intelligence as we were rattling over the ill-paved streets, that the travellers belonged to the fair sex, and had been waiting in the cold two long hours in order to join company. Moreover, he communicated one or two circumstances that could not fail to deepen the interest we felt, or ought to have felt, in our feminine fellow-travellers: it transpired that the twain consisted of mother and daughter, the latter of whom, an actress, was proceeding to Xeres, to be united that very day to the swain of her choice. As soon as we came in sight of them, a short way out of the town, our calesero, judging that the van was the post of danger, proceeded to place us in front by a manœuvre common enough among whips on the roads here. This consists in driving furiously up to the vehicle ahead, as if with a design of riding it down; then wheeling smartly to the right, and so passing on to the front. The first part was performed very well; we dashed up till our horse's nose came in contact with a small box behind the bride's calesa, the sole luggage of the pair; but in turning aside, our calesero by no means displayed equal expertness: the wheels became locked, and for a moment or two the vehicles wrestled for a fall. I blush to confess that I felt considerably relieved when I saw the near wheel of our antagonists' vehicle rise into the air, thereby portending its approaching downfall; and then the whole affair came with a great crash to the ground, the fair occupants being precipitated from their



seats, and compelled to roll in the dust. Before I had jumped out to assist them, they were on their feet, and unhurt; the mother pale with rage and fear, and the daughter trying to save her fan from the hoofs of the prostrate and kicking horse. To raise up their calesa was the next business, and this we succeeded in doing after some little trouble. While thus engaged; a friend of the bride rode up, who, upon hearing the circumstances of the disaster, volunteered to stay by them and become their escort. In the mean time the pair sat down upon a bank by the road-side, but not in silence. The maternal voice was elevated to the loudest tones of indignation, and poured forth an unbroken stream of reproaches, bitter and vehement. Entertaining no doubt as to the party against whom they were directed, I did not care to listen very attentively at first, and only discovered by a chance word that these wrathful effusions were launched, not against ourselves, the real culprits, but against the luckless daughter, who sat by her side. By some strange process of reasoning, she accused the latter of having caused the mishaps in which they had both shared. "I knew this would happen," she exclaimed; "for it's always the way when I accompany you. I blame nobody for this but you; it's all your fault." These were the last words I heard as we drove off, and left them preparing to follow more leisurely. Some months afterwards I happened to mention this circumstance to a friend; on a sudden he interrupted me, and said, "I met this couple a short time ago. I was proceeding from Cadiz to Seville, in the steamer which plies on the Guadalquiver, when to our misfortune the boat struck upon one of the numerous mud-banks in the river, and in spite of every effort of the crew, remained aground for the night. Among

the passengers on board was this lady, such as you have described her, and a younger one, whom I took to be her daughter; I am, moreover, certain of their being the same pair, from the mother using the expressions you have mentioned; she reproached her daughter as soon as the disaster occurred for being the author of it, and during the night I heard her repeatedly exclaiming, 'It's all your fault; it's all your fault.'



JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife  
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

## CHAPTER V.

THE GUADALQUIVER.—ORANGE-GROVES OF SEVILLE.—CHARACTERISTICS OF THE POPULATION OF THAT CITY.—THE CATHEDRAL.—ITS IMPOSING ASPECT.—THE GIRALDA.—THE LONJA.—THE ALCAZAR.—PETER THE CRUEL.—THE TOBACCO MANUFACTORY.—CARLIST PRISONERS.—THE GARROTE VIL.—EXECUTION OF A CRIMINAL.—THE OLD ALAMEDA.—THE INQUISITION LATTERLY A POLITICAL ENGINE.—A SECRET OF THE PRISON-HOUSE.

THE Guadalquiver is far from being a river upon which the traveller may gaze with rapture. From San Lucar to Seville its tide is dull, its waters cloudy, its current lingering, and its banks canal-like and low. Even the poets who celebrated the other streams of the Peninsula, and sang of the golden sands of the Tagus, could make nothing of its mud and sedge, and have discreetly left it unpraised; the most adventurous among them could only discern that it wore an "olive-bearing coronet," meaning thereby, that the olive flourished luxuriantly around its springs. Such an epithet may with some truth be applied to the upper part of its course, where it flows among slopes on which the olive spreads in thick and dark masses; but below Seville it divests itself by degrees of every feature of beauty till it becomes little else than a mighty drain, meandering leisurely through a vast flat; while, as the steamer follows the windings of the river through these unpicturesque levels, the only living objects visible are the immense herds of cattle which find pasture

there. They browse, however, upon a treacherous soil; as it is elevated only a few feet above the surface of the river, they are liable to be swept away whenever an inundation occurs. This happened to thousands during the winter of 1837, when the "great river" was swollen by long-continued rains to an extent never witnessed before by the dwellers on its banks. Not only were these pastures completely submerged, but the country around Seville was converted into a wide sheet of water dotted with villages debarred from all communication with each other: nor did the city itself escape; that portion of it which lies in the vicinity of the old Alameda was flooded, and for some days rendered impassable.

About two leagues below the city, on the right bank of the river, a spur from the low elevations on that side comes down to the water's edge; on its brow is a chapel marking the site of San Juan d'Alfarache, where it is supposed the Roman town of Osset existed. It is generally late in the evening when the steamer approaches this point, so that the remainder of the voyage is performed in darkness. The traveller, however, hardly requires the powers of vision to tell him he is nearing the queen of Andalusia. Long before the vessel stops, her presence is announced by his entering a cloud of fragrance exhaled by her girdle of orange-groves; so heavy and luscious are the odours of this zone, that the senses feel oppressed; and upon reaching the city, where their influence is lost, one breathes more freely, and experiences a certain sensation of relief.

The times are past when Seville might boast that she was a marvel among cities. Her fame in the present day rests upon the traditions of the past, and upon

the undoubted signs of a wealth and magnificence which once rolled through her streets. Her wonders have all an antique and venerable cast; nothing is modern except the decay which is creeping over them and the city they embellish. Of those which rose by Christian hands, there are few that do not date their foundation from a particular era in her history—the discovery of the New World. This was to Seville, as if a golden wave had suddenly swept up to her walls and as suddenly retired. The flood brought a brilliant but short-lived prosperity, amid which sprang into existence those stately edifices, private as well as public, that now contrast so strikingly with the poverty-stricken air of her population. Yet, although all that could give them life and lustre has long ago departed, though the wealth that once filled their country with pomp and magnificence is lost for ever to Spain, one sees here little of the dreariness observable in most cities that have outlived their golden days. The buoyant spirit of Andalucia still survives to animate the place, and to diffuse its light-hearted gaiety over scenes in which everything bears witness to changed fortunes, and the iron tooth of decay. Her hidalgos saunter through her grass-grown streets, not with moody brows and disconsolate mien, but with an easy indifference to a prospect so familiar, and seem regardless of any other thought but the pleasure of the moment. Give them their paseo, cigar, and café, and their happiness is as complete as was that of their ancestors, who rolled through the city in gilded equipages, attended by trains of lackeys, and entertained each other in splendour and state. The same spirit is observable through all the other classes of society. Every one seems to regard business as a secondary matter in life, and vies

with his neighbour in dedicating as little time to its call as he possibly can. The shopkeeper lounges about his shop for a few hours, and then hies him to the promenade or to the café to join a circle of loquacious friends. The artisan is a close imitator of his master, and may be seen strolling about with his companions at hours when labour in other countries is most industriously pursued. Thus the whole population of Seville appears always to be on the wing, and to be roving about in the enjoyment of an existence as careless as the butterfly's. From this it results that a marked difference between Seville and the other great cities of the province is visibly perceptible to the observer: while the others have bowed to the weight of years and the ruin of their fortunes, and present only a spectacle of sombre desolation, she wears a different aspect though equally stricken by the revolutions of time, and seems bent on forgetting that she ever had been young. Indeed, it would seem as if all, from the highest to the lowest, lived only for amusement. Here are to be seen at the public spectacles thousands, whose appearance causes one to wonder how they had obtained the few pence necessary to command admission, so plainly is want stamped on their exterior. Yet, in nothing more than this is the nature of the Sevillano shown: he will readily postpone the claims of hunger to the enjoyment of some favourite diversion, and reserve the greatest portion of his earnings for a few hours at the Plaza de Toros or theatre. The same spirit is to be witnessed among those who aspire to be called genteel. Amid the throng on the promenade none are more scrupulously attired than they; their mantillas and capas are of the best; yet, follow them home to their evening

meal, and the scanty fare to which they sit down reveals at what cost this ostentation and pleasure is purchased. A little bread and salad, washed down with a glass of water, is the repast of those whose garb bespoke opulence and abundance at home. All this outward seeming has, however, the effect of making Seville what it is—a place which so well conceals the ravages of old age beneath the youthful bearing of its people, as almost to deceive the traveller into the belief that its prosperity is not utterly extinct.

This city of eighty thousand inhabitants has extended its limits but little since the dominion of the Moors; the wall they constructed still forms its boundaries, and without it the traveller, except at one or two localities, passes at once from the shadows of houses into the sunshine and solitude of an Andalusian landscape. At whatever gate he emerges, the scene is singularly expressive of loneliness; he looks around him, and beholds neither suburb nor villa, but perhaps a solitary venta, or possibly a cemetery; beyond, he surveys an expanse which, whether it be uncultivated or fertile, is always unenclosed. In general he finds himself in the midst of silence, so that, though the heavens are of the purest blue, and the light falls with brilliant effect upon the scenery, and the atmosphere is clear and limpid to a degree, the prospect withal is so unnaturally lifeless, as to send him back into the city with a strange feeling of depression: Here he wanders through streets so narrow and tortuous that he will perhaps describe the capital of Andalusia as a dense mass of building, pierced by a bewildering network of labyrinths. Should he venture alone among their intricacies, he speedily loses all knowledge of the points of the compass, and becomes

as helplessly lost as if he had penetrated too far into some subterranean catacombs. Here and there a vacant space affords him an opportunity of discerning the spires and towers of churches, overtopping the surrounding houses; and taking these as landmarks, he starts afresh to pursue his intended route; but the attempt is hopeless: on diving into the dark lanes, which seem to conduct him to his destination, he finds himself incessantly turning, and not unfrequently arrives at the very spot from which he had set out.

Happily, however, for the solitary explorer, all the edifices most worthy of note in the city are situated in one particular quarter, and within sight of each other. The Cathedral, Alcazar, Tobacco manufactory, and Lonja, stand at its southern extremity, in close proximity to the wall on that side, and at no great distance from the river. The first-named structure is beyond all question as proud a monument as was ever raised by Spanish hands to the glory of their faith. "Let us," said its founders, "build a church so vast, that those who view it completed shall deem us to have been mad." So gigantic a project was in keeping with the religious enthusiasm that animated Spain in the fifteenth century; and the undertaking having been begun, was vigorously prosecuted by the pious ardour of successive generations. Amid internal feuds and wars with the Moors, the pile continued to rise until the intentions of the founders were realised by the last stone being placed, amid solemn ceremonies, in the year 1519, exactly one hundred and seventy years after its foundation. As it now stands, a more imposing spectacle can hardly be witnessed than this cathedral; in vastness and grandeur of proportion its form towers among the mighty works of old around it.



and presents an aspect of majesty that is indescribably impressive. I will not weary the reader with details, but here are assembled the boldest conceptions as well as the lurking minutiae of Gothic architecture. Giant buttresses, noble arches, airy spires, and sculptured windows, are seen beneath that veil of stony tracery which this architecture delighted to throw over its temples; and all, even to the most wind-beaten pinnacle, stand forth fresh and unclouded by the lapse of centuries. The interior is no less striking. Push aside the leathern hanging at the door, and you suddenly pass from the dazzling glare of noonday into the deep shadows of evening. A vast area of vaulted gloom is then dimly visible, into which the observer cannot move without experiencing those religious impressions it was the object of the architect to instil through the medium of his art. Around are colossal pillars, rising like towers into the mysterious darkness that shrouds the place, and overwhelming him with a feeling of his own insignificance as he surveys their enormous bulk; through the upper windows some pale rays straggle in with all the effect of moonlight; the fumes of incense are floating on the air; figures in white and black vestments are gliding to and fro over the marble pavement; a solemnising silence unites with the shadowy light to inspire sentiments of awe; the stillness is broken occasionally by loud whispers, or the muttered prayers of kneeling worshippers;—in a word, nothing is left undone by the faith that raised this temple to make it the abode of high and holy impressions.

Deeply are they felt at first; but, like all impressions connected with the imagination alone, their effect is of a transient nature; they become weaker on every occasion of repeating the visit; and ere long, one contem-

plates the grandeur and magnitude of this consecrated structure as little moved by a devotional spirit as the priestly attendants who minister within its precincts.

These personages performed their duties with an air of listless indifference, which showed how wearisome was their daily task of ceremonial routine. It seemed, too, as if the constant exercise of their calling had banished every ray of intelligence from their minds, for every countenance wore an aspect of vacancy that was painful to witness. If, however, as was probable, these men had grown up from youth in the service of the cathedral, it was then no difficult matter to account for their stolid looks and careless demeanour. There was enough in the conduct of the juvenile acolytes about the cathedral to explain this, for a more graceless set of urchins never made consecrated ground the scene of their pranks. While mass was going on at the altar, they were sometimes to be seen at the back of it, either engaged in a game at hide and seek, or in a bout of fisticuffs; their most common occupation was, however, gambling in some nook with a dirty pack of cards, or playing at draughts upon one of the benches, upon which they had ingeniously carved with their knives a draught-board.

Within the interior of the cathedral are a number of chapels, in which are to be seen the masterpieces of the Seville school of painting. Here are collected the works of Roelas, Zurbaran, and Herrera, and above all, those of the incomparable Murillo. As this famous master was born within a few leagues of the city, he made it his pride to adorn the walls of its cathedrals, hospitals, and convents, with the choicest productions of his pencil; it is only here that his marvellous powers are to be appreciated, as one beholds the beauty and

success which he imparts to every subject his fancy has selected, and the ease with which he has mastered the greatest difficulties of his art. There is one painting in the cathedral, the infant Saviour adored by St. Antony of Padua, that would alone place him in the first rank of painters. The attitude of the infant, surrounded by angels, and bending from the heavens to bless the kneeling saint, so truly represents "treading on ambient air," as to raise the admiration of the beholder to the highest pitch while contemplating the vivid reality the painter has given to a subject that seems almost beyond the power of his art to attempt.

At the north-eastern angle of the cathedral rises the famous tower known as the Giralda. Of all the structures in the city there is not one that will remain so impressed upon the traveller's memory as this colossal tower; for, besides its singular form, it is the first object he descries when approaching Seville, and the last to recede into the distance when quitting it. Under the Moorish domination this was the tower from whence the muezzin summoned the Moslems to their devotions in the mosque which formerly occupied the site of the cathedral; it was then only two hundred and fifty feet in height, and was terminated by four gilded globes, the size and splendour of which were the themes of Moorish admiration. These, however, were hurled from their airy thrones by an earthquake in the year 1396; and for a hundred and seventy years the tower remained in a partially ruinous state, until the Cabildo undertook its restoration, and added a hundred feet to its height. The summit is crowned by a gigantic statue of Faith, fashioned of brass, and placed as a weathercock for the benefit of the faithful; hence is derived the name of the tower, Giralda in Castilian signifying

a weathercock. The ascent is far less fatiguing than that of structures less elevated, for in place of climbing a series of staircases, the traveller mounts by an inclined plane which runs in a corkscrew fashion from the bottom up to the belfry. Supposing him to have attained this lofty vantage-ground, he looks down upon a panorama, the minutest details of which are commanded by his position. Below is a sea of dark-coloured roofs, amid which steeples, domes, and turrets, rise like rocks above the surface of some turbid and agitated tide; here and there are yawning cavities marking the sites of squares or markets; while the furrows that run in all directions indicate the main streets by which the city is traversed. From the ancient walls, which are dotted by numberless Moorish towers, commences the spacious plain, the natural fertility of which had indubitably laid the foundation of the city's greatness. On the west it is bounded, at no great distance, by a low range of elevations; but in every other direction the ground swells gently up till it meets the horizon, after a rise of many leagues. This wide expanse, so far as the eye can reach, displays at the fitting season a rich and varied prospect of cultivation—rich, rather from the spontaneous bounties of the soil than from the industry and skill employed to call forth its treasures. Nearer the city are clusters of orange-groves and vineyards; then come broad tracts of growing corn—for the word fields would be inappropriate here, where fences and hedges are hardly known; and at wide intervals a few white villages glisten in the sunshine. In the midst winds the Guadalquiver, describing as it rolls silently along a succession of wide curves that increase in intricacy after it has passed the city.

At the base of the Giralda is the Patio de Naranjos,

or orange court, another relic of the mosque. Here the Moslems performed the ablutions enjoined by the Prophet, ere entering the holy temple of their faith; and doubtless there were then flowing for that purpose more fountains than the solitary one which now occupies the centre of the court. Its falling waters, together with the orange-trees dispersed around, give an air of peaceful seclusion to the court, and successfully dissipate the gloom cast by the presence of the cathedral and church of the Sagrario on two sides, and the high and massive Moorish walls that bound it on the others. In the northern wall is the entrance through a Moorish gateway, to which has been given the name of the Puerta del Perdon, or gate of Pardon.

Close to the cathedral on the south—so close, indeed, as to be almost overshadowed—stands the Lonja or Exchange of Seville. Unlike its Gothic neighbour, whose vast proportions rise majestically to the eye, this edifice is, on the whole, simple and unpretending, though spacious and elegantly designed. It was the work of Juan de Herrera, the architect of the Escorial, and consists of a square, each side of which is 200 feet long, and adorned with pilasters in the Tuscan order of architecture. Within is a spacious court, surrounded by arcades on the basement story, above which were apartments connected with the transaction of mercantile affairs. The Lonja, however, now stands to record only the magnificent anticipations of its founders. It was here that the commerce of Spain and the Indies was to be centred; here were to assemble the merchants of Europe, and behold the golden streams which flowed from the distant provinces of the Spanish Empire; now it is deserted and grass-grown, and for 200 years has only opened its gates to the passing traveller. From



J. W. Cook, sc.

General

*Puerta de La Carne,*

SEVILLE.

José Baquer, del.

UNTA DE ANDALUCIA

the basement a wide and beautiful staircase of native marble conducts to a suite of apartments running round three-fourths of the edifice, and all exhibiting a profusion of ornament. Here are deposited the archives of the Indies—all that remains to Spain of her connection with the Western World. As you cast a glance through the trellis-work that protects these documents from injury, what a host of associations is awakened! The faint and scarcely legible characters traced on these ancient rolls are in the hand-writing of those who first shouted the battle-cries of the Old World on the shores of the New, and won empires for their masters. We look upon the despatches of Columbus, Pizarro, and Cortes, written amid the scenes they were the first to reveal to wondering Europe, and some of them probably penned by hands that were fresh from bloody triumphs over the hosts of Mexico and Peru. Besides these memorials there were others of a different nature, and which, together with those that I have named, must to a Spaniard make the round of these apartments fraught with painful recollections. In one case I saw a series of papers entitled "Contracts for provisioning the Invincible Armada"—that mighty armament in which were shipwrecked the pride and power of Spain, when both seemed proof against disasters. In the others were records more or less connected with the history of her vast colonial empire, of which scarcely a fragment now acknowledges her flag; and the inscriptions they bore were speaking comments upon the fatal policy that directed her counsels whenever the colonies were concerned. From the despatches of Pizarro to those of the last viceroys, they bore witness to violence and oppression—then, as now, the sole instruments which the Spanish race employs to facilitate the task of

government. Of the evil effects of that policy it is not here necessary to speak, but none seem more likely to be lasting than those connected with the helpless dependency to which it reduced the mother-country. For ages, Spain was little better than the pensioner of her colonies, existing upon the tribute she exacted from them, and eating the fruits of their labours. When they escaped from her grasp, she found herself, like the spendthrift whose acres have passed from his hands, not only in beggary, but unfitted by her past life for rising again to wealth. Her arts and manufactures had in the mean time all but disappeared; the natural resources of her soil has been neglected: habits of industry had ceased to exist; and there had grown up among her people and their rulers a disposition to lean upon others rather than rely upon themselves. Such a state of things meets the traveller's eye wherever he moves; and he cannot mix much with Spaniards, or converse with them upon political subjects, without noticing that they would gladly get others to do what ought and should be done by themselves alone. They would still seek foreign assistance, in whatever difficulty they might be placed, and think it no shame to have employed foreign troops to fight their own battles.

To the east of the Lonja, a high wall, surmounted with Moorish battlements, hides from view the Alcazar of Seville, once the fortress and palace of its Arab kings, and the residence of many Castilian monarchs. Within its precincts, the traveller who has commenced his tour at Cadiz will behold for the first time the architecture of the Arabs as it is displayed in the construction and decoration of a regal abode. The characteristic horse-shoe arch is everywhere used; walls and roofs are adorned with arabesque devices;



the marble columns are slender and quaintly fashioned ; and the mingling of open courts with halls and corridors gives a thoroughly Oriental air to this ancient edifice. By far the most imposing of its halls is that of the ambassadors', which may vie with any in the Alhambra in point of spaciousness and embellishment. It is a double cube placed vertically, being twice as high as it is long : and the effect of this, heightened as it is by the remains of the once gorgeous decorations that overspread the walls, and the gloom that fills the upper portion, is inconceivably striking. In the days of the Arab kingdom, the scene must have been one of no common magnificence when this noble hall was prepared to receive the ambassadors of neighbouring potentates. The colouring on the walls, which is now dim and faded, must then have been bright and dazzling to the eye, and, joined to the gold which was lavished on the roof, and shone in a thousand shapes, could not fail to present a spectacle which to the Oriental imagination of the beholders must have seemed the work of enchantment. On the marble floor the throne of the monarch was raised ; and here, surrounded by the splendour of his court, he gave audience to the strangers. If the object of all this display was to impress them with a notion of the power and riches of the kingdom, nothing, indeed, was wanting to create that impression, and they must have departed bewildered and overawed by the spectacle of barbaric pomp they witnessed.

Like almost all palaces, this one has a blood-stained spot to show. In the Patio de Azulejos was murdered the master of Santiago, Don Fadrique, by the orders and almost under the eye of his half-brother, Peter the Cruel. The tragedy is commemorated in an

ancient ballad, that for pathos and touching simplicity has few equals in the Spanish language; and enlists every sympathy of the reader for the fate of the master, whose manly yet trusting nature it contrasts with the perfidy of the kingly murderer. It is singular, however, that connected with this monster of cruelty, there are more traditions preserved in Seville than with regard to any other of his royal brethren on the Castilian throne, San Fernando himself not excepted; and it would even seem as if he had been a favourite with the population of the city. The truth is, that the ferocious deeds his biographers record were done upon the nobles alone; and that, however perfidious himself, he suffered no acts of injustice to be committed with impunity upon the humbler class of his subjects. At the gate of the Monteria, the principal court in the Alcazar, there once existed an elevated platform of stone, surmounted by a chair of marble. Here the monarch, according to the Eastern fashion of dispensing justice at the gates of a palace or city, gave audiences to the people, heard complaints, and redressed grievances. By such means he gained their goodwill; and some of his decisions that have descended to our own times bear the stamp of a species of justice that was well calculated to win the popular approbation, inasmuch as it was based upon the law of retaliation, always an acceptable one to the rude and unreflecting. From among many judgments attributed to him I shall quote one that has been preserved by tradition, probably from its being regarded at the time as a masterpiece of wisdom and justice.

It so happened that one of the canons of the cathedral had seduced the daughter of a poor shoemaker: on the latter upbraiding him with his crime, an altercation

ensued, the result of which was that the outraged father was stabbed to the heart. So atrocious a deed could not without scandal be passed over by the church, and the criminal was accordingly summoned before her tribunal; his sentence was a mockery of punishment, being merely the suspension from his ecclesiastical functions for one year. At the expiry of that period the priest was assisting in the procession of the Corpus Christi, when among the bystanders there happened to be the son of the murdered man. At the sight of the murderer, thus walking abroad unpunished, the youth forgot everything but the thirst for vengeance, and slew him in the same manner that his father had perished. He was immediately seized and conducted to the king, in order that he might be summarily dealt with for the heinous crime of slaying an ecclesiastic. On the monarch being apprised of the motives which had urged the young man to commit this deed, he inquired what sentence had been imposed on the ecclesiastic for the homicide of the father, and was informed that one year's suspension from his duties was the total of his punishment. On learning this, the king next demanded the occupation of the youth, and finding that he was a shoemaker, like his father before him, condemned him to one year's suspension from his vocation of making shoes.

Behind the Alcazar, and on the outside of the city wall, stands a huge edifice of modern construction, whose aspect causes no little perplexity as to its real purpose; for while the exterior has the air and proportions of a palace, it is surrounded by a dry ditch, and would, on a pinch, stand a short siege. This is the royal manufactory of tobacco; and, when I first beheld it, was invested with a more than usually warlike

appearance, defences and batteries being thrown up at each angle, and all communication with the city cut off. This was done with the intent of resisting the forces of Gomez, who a short time before had swept through Andalusia, and at one time threatened to pay the city a hostile visit; but after approaching within a few miles of it, he wheeled abruptly to the south, and pursued his march almost to the gates of Gibraltar.

In the lower part of the establishment is the manufactory of snuff, the machinery of which is put in motion by various teams of mules, whose beauty and docility were a contradiction to the received notions upon these points. With scarcely an exception, they were fine handsome animals, not less than sixteen hands high, and with coats as sleek and glossy as satin. Neither words nor whip were required to direct their movements, but at the ringing of a bell twice they started on their rounds; and on its ringing three times, the whole came to a stop, and so remained until the signal was again given to move on.

From this scene of silence and method, it was somewhat of a transition to enter the vast apartments in which were congregated the female makers of cigars, and where a perfect Babel of tongues stunned the ear. I believe that about three thousand are thus employed; and as there appeared to be no restraint on their conversational powers, the reader may conceive that so many feminine voices in shrill exercise produced an effect that left anything but an agreeable impression behind it. I must, however, do them the justice to say that their hands were no less busy than their tongues, never ceasing to roll up the tobacco into the required shape; and before each maker there were generally half a dozen bundles of cigars to bear witness