

enormous girth, planted by Moorish hands, we came upon the waters of the Darro, which with rushing sound flow through the gardens of the Generalife, on their passage from the snow mountains to the plain below. By the side of the rapid stream grow the pomegranate and the myrtle, the oleander "whose leaf withereth not"—and "the sweet cane from a far country."*

We mounted terrace after terrace filled with delicious flowers; then came another short ascent, and we stood on a hill, dry and barren, in sharp contrast with the hanging-gardens below. From here we looked down upon the Alhambra—her watch-towers and bulwarks; the city, with its grey-tiled roofs and white houses lying like network at the foot of the Citadel;—the green Vega, green as an English meadow, spreading out for miles beyond to the foot of the Sierra;—villages scattered over the vast plain, amidst groves, and orchards, and gardens;—and as we sat on this lonely spot we heard the deep-toned bells of the many Churches, the cries of the town, and the voices of children below us, and above, the larks singing their hymns of praise.

In the Palace of the Generalife is a picture of Boabdil; and on the same walls are to be seen Ferdinand and Isabella, and Gonsalvo of Cordova, whose first laurels were won at the conquest of Granada.

* The sugar-cane was cultivated by the Moors in Spain before it was known to the rest of Europe.

Boabdil, with his golden hair and gentle expression, is the impersonation of peace, as Gonsalvo is that of war.

The next day we set forth to walk round the walls of the Alhambra. Massive square towers project at certain intervals. These towers are let or sold by the Government to private individuals, and a more charming possession than a tower in the Alhambra, as a summer residence, can hardly be imagined for those who have not passed the age of romance. With some difficulty we made the circuit, and found ourselves at last at a point overlooking the Torre de la Agua, from whence, after a certain amount of clambering, we made our way to the blocked-up Gateway of "Los Siete Suelos." By this gate Boabdil El Zogoybi left the Alhambra, and it was his last request to Isabella that no one might ever after be permitted to pass through it.

The wish of El Zogoybi has been fulfilled. The arch remains, but huge stones bar the entrance, which is half hidden by mounds of earth and ruins—impassable since the day that the luckless Moorish King with his band of cavaliers sadly and silently rode through its gate, whilst distant shouts of triumph told them that the Christian hosts had entered the Alhambra by the Gate of Justice. Boabdil halted on a rocky height—his mother and wife were already there—then, turning to take a long last look at his loved city, he burst into tears, saying, "God is

great; but when did misfortunes ever equal mine?"

"You do well," exclaimed his wrathful mother, "to weep like a woman for what you failed to defend like a man!"

This hill is still known as "La Cuesta de las lagrimas"—the hill of tears—and the summit of the rock, where he bade farewell to his home, is still called by the sorrowful name, "El ultimo Sospiro del Moro."

THE CATHEDRAL.—This Church dates from the sixteenth century, and is the work of Diego de Siloe, the son of the great sculptor whose beautiful monuments we had seen at the "Miraflores" at Burgos.

The name of Siloe raises expectation, but disappointment follows. The Cathedral is sadly deficient in architectural interest. It has a lofty dome, and fine stained glass windows; but its whole effect is rather Pagan than Christian.

There are several fine pictures by Alonso Cano and Ribera, but they are in so bad a light that it is almost impossible to see them.

Alonso Cano was a canon of this Cathedral, and adorned it with his skill both in sculpture and painting. Torrigiano finds also a place here; but that which principally arrested our attention was a picture in the **CAPILLA DE SAN MIGUEL**. It is called "**LA VIRGEN DE LA SOLEDAD**," by *Alonso Cano*. The Virgin Mother, "full of grace," is represented with a diadem on her head—crowned as "blessed among

women," yet kneeling as if in prayer to Him Whom she acknowledged as God her Saviour. In her loneliness and desolation, she still seems to say, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord: be it unto me according to Thy Word."

We next proceeded to the old mosque, which forms part of the Cathedral, and where, in ruinous neglect, is the tomb of the once honoured knight FERNANDO PEREZ DEL PULGAR, who on a dark night, with fifteen cavaliers from the Spanish camp, surprised the Moorish sentinels at a small postern gate, and dashing through their midst, with his dagger affixed the written words "Ave Maria" to the portal of this mosque. Then dismounting, the brave Pulgar knelt down, offered himself afresh to the service of his Divine Master, and dedicated the building to the Virgin Mother. Once again he sprang into his saddle, and cutting his way through his bewildered foes, arrived at the royal camp. For this deed of Christian prowess, Pulgar was given burial beside the royal tombs, and the mosque dedicated by him to the Virgin is now the Christian Cathedral.

Another name deserves record here, that of Fernando de Talavera, the first Archbishop of Granada, whose tomb is in this sagrario. Talavera had been confessor to Isabella la Católica: he was now made Archbishop of the newly-conquered city. Mild and humane in character, Talavera avoided harsh measures, and strove to bring the Moors into the

fold of Christianity by persuasion and kindness. He caused the services of the Church to be translated into Arabic for the use of the baptized Moors, and would have followed this by a translation of the Bible into the same tongue, had not Cardinal Ximenes been opposed to it. In the eyes of the Cardinal, to suffer the Scriptures to be read in the vulgar tongue was to "cast pearls before swine." "Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, these were the only languages in which God's Word should be read, the three languages pointed out to mankind by the inscription on the Cross itself." Such was the decision of the primate, and Talavera was forced to abandon his project.

It was Talavera who was wont to say that "Moorish works and Spanish faith were all that was necessary to make a good Christian." He was so respected by the Moors, that during an insurrection occasioned by the ill-advised zeal of the primate, he appeared among them preceded only by a priest bearing the Crucifix. At the sight of the good Archbishop, alone and undismayed, the Moors crowded around him, kissing the hem of his garment and asking his blessing; and the insurrection was quelled.

LA CAPILLA DE LOS REYES.—We now entered the Royal chapel, railed off by a high screen of rich iron work. In front of the high altar is the tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella by *Vigarny*, and that of Crazy Jané and her husband Philip the Handsome,

by *Peralta*. These occupy the centre of the chapel. *Torrignano*, whose great work at Westminster Abbey has made his name renowned among sculptors, came to Spain with the hope that the tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella would be entrusted to his skill, but *Vigarny* was selected by Charles, and when this tomb has been seen, it is impossible to feel regret at the selection.

TOMB OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

Their monument is lower and less ornate in character than that of their daughter and her husband; but beautiful as is the face of poor Crazy Jane, lying by the side of the husband who drove her mad, the tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella is, on the whole, more striking.

Isabella la Católica died November 26th, 1504. In her will she made two requests—that she should be buried at Granada, and that Gibraltar should never be relinquished! Isabella was greatly honoured by her Castilian subjects. They upheld her as their Queen, while they paid but slight homage to Ferdinand, and though the deep stain of bigotry rests on her memory, it was the sin of the age in which she lived. She believed that she was obeying the will of Heaven when she submitted to the dictates of her confessor Torquemada. Therefore, when her subjects remonstrated against his excessive cruelty as Grand Inquisitor, she gravely replied: "It is better

for the service of God and for myself that the country should be depopulated than that it should be polluted by heresy"—words almost identical with those afterwards uttered by her great-grandson, Philip II., with regard to the Netherlands. Her filial love, however, was shown in her marriage treaty with Ferdinand, to which she added a clause binding him to treat her mother with all respect and reverence. When her mother's intellect became clouded, Isabella watched over her with devoted care, and at her death raised a glorious monument to her memory.

To Isabella is due the merit of having introduced camp hospitals into Europe; and to Ferdinand, we owe the system of embassies to foreign courts, which he was the first to adopt. He has therefore been described as the founder of "la politique moderne." Beneath a smiling surface Ferdinand disguised a merciless nature; his character was brimful of duplicity; his friends were only valued as long as he needed them; and he scrupled not to repay their services with ingratitude.

Ferdinand died January 23rd, 1516, and his character is thus described by Voltaire :

" En Espagne, *le prudent* ;
 En Italie, *le pieux* ;
 En France, *le perfide* ."

It is related of Ferdinand, that some one having told him that Louis XII. accused him of having thrice deceived him : "Thrice," exclaimed the king, "if he said this he lies ; more than ten times have I overreached him."

The title of "Catholic" was given to Ferdinand and Isabella by Pope Alexander VI., after the conquest of Granada.

TOMB OF PHILIP AND JUANA.

Philip the handsome died at Burgos, aged twenty-eight, after a few days' illness (September 1506), having ruled but a few weeks over Castile.* Crazy Jane never left his bedside during his illness: she sat there mute and tearless. Three months after the coffin had been closed she gave orders to have it re-opened, and with glazed eyes looked upon the form she had loved so well, and insisted on touching with her hand the ashes of the dead. In compliance with his last wishes, she then gave orders to have his body conveyed to the royal vault at Granada, but refused to separate herself from his coffin. She only travelled by night, saying "she who hath lost the sun of her soul, should never again see the light of day." The mind which had first been shaken by the infidelity and cruel neglect of her husband, sunk for a while under the terrible certainty of his death, but her reason was undoubtedly in a great measure restored during the forty-seven years she survived him.† At times she would lament bitterly over her imprisonment at Tordesillas, and in "words to move stones"

* On the death of Isabella, Ferdinand continued to govern Castile on behalf of their daughter Juana; but in 1506 he was forced to cede the government to her husband, Philip I.

† Our Henry VII. was bent upon marrying Juana. Sane or insane he was ready to take her, and with her the crown of Castile,

would pray to be permitted to see her second son Ferdinand, and implore that her daughter might be left to her. In her sorrow and despair, she at one time refused to eat, when by her father's order the rack was administered.*

She often spoke of her mother, Queen Isabella, and attributed the harshness with which she was treated to the influence of her mother's successor, Germaine de Foix.

In their early married life Juana and Philip were nearly lost at sea. Juana was perfectly calm, and when told of their danger, immediately withdrew to array herself in jewels and royal apparel, that she might be recognised, and finally fastened a bag of money to her waist, "to defray," as she said, "the expenses of a funeral worthy of a king's daughter, when her body should be found!" The thought of sepulture was ever present, and she transmitted this monomania to her descendants.

On each side of the Retablo of the Capilla de los Reyes are most curious bas-reliefs by *Vigarny*. On the left the Alhambra towers are represented, and Boabdil is seen making his way on foot to the royal camp, followed by a page, who leads his horse. In the hands of Boabdil are the keys of the city, which he delivers to Cardinal Mendoza, who is on the right of the Queen. The Cardinal rides a mule, and wears jewelled gloves—the insignia of investiture. Behind are knights and soldiers, whilst from the gate

* See "Calendar of Letters, Despatches, and State Papers at Simancas." Supplement, edited by Bergenroth.

of the Moorish fortress issues forth a train of Christian captives wearing their chains. On the other side is represented the baptism of the Moors. The kneeling figures of Ferdinand and Isabella appear in front of these quaint historical bas-reliefs.

In the royal vault an incident occurred which gave a new Saint to the Romish Church, in the person of Francis Borgia, Duke of Gandia. The Empress Isabella, wife of Charles V., died at Toledo after a few days' illness; as her master of the horse the sad duty devolved upon Borgia to follow her body to the tomb, and swear to its identity. Borgia stood before the coffin, and reverently uncovered the face he had known so well, struck down in the prime of her beauty; his heart sank within him at the sight; and from that hour he resolved to dedicate the remainder of his life to the service of God.* It was to Borgia that Charles V. confided his intended abdication, but Borgia was the first to resign earthly honours. When in 1550 he wrote to ask the Emperor's permission before entering the company of Jesus, the reply was, that "he could not withhold him from the service of that Great Master whom he had chosen."

It needed, however, all the persuasion of Borgia to induce the Emperor to regard with leniency this new order; he looked with suspicion on Ignatius Loyola, conceiving him to belong to a sect called "Los Alumbrados," (the enlightened)—in other words "Quietists"—and lamented that his friend had

* See "Cloister Life of Charles V."

not contented himself with becoming one of the Jeromites.

We now descended to the vault; torches are required here as at the Escorial; but in all else how unlike! There is no attempt at decoration within this vault; the coffins are few, and marked by simple initials, easily deciphered, and as you stand in this dark vault, and read the letters on each rude shell, you feel something of a morbid interest creeping over you; you cannot help lingering over these sad relics, and thinking of poor Juana's long sorrowful journey from Burgos, ending in this gloomy vault, and repeating to yourself the words of Charles V.—“How small a space for so much greatness.”

THE CARTUJA.—Within an easy drive from Granada is the famous Cartuja. On the road to it we passed a large building, bearing the name of SAN JUAN DE DIOS, the saint whose picture (by Murillo) had impressed us so much at the CARIDAD in Seville. His first house of charity was erected at Granada, where on his arrival the conscience-stricken saint was treated as a madman. Further on is the PLAZA DEL TRIUNFO, once shunned as the place of execution for criminals, now a public garden. Leaving the carriage we entered one of the side alleys, that we might see the spot where the young and beautiful Donna Mariana Pineda suffered in the cause of liberty in 1831. Her story by Madame Charles Reybaud should without fail be read by all who visit

Granada. Close to this is the HOSPITAL DE LOS Locos, built by Isabella la Católica, whose natural sympathy was drawn out towards the insane; both her mother and daughter having been afflicted with madness,—that terrible legacy which Juana bequeathed to the House of Austria.

We now approached the CARTUJA, where one of the brothers left in charge of the deserted convent received us. It is not its architectural beauty, but its rich adornment of inlaid work and marbles, which makes this church remarkable. The statue of St. Bruno was shown us; it is the work of Mora, the pupil of Alonso Cano; but it is less striking than Pereyra's statue of the saint at the Miraflores. In the cloisters are pictures by a Carthusian monk, Juan Sanchez Cotan, of the sufferings of his brethren in England. In 1535 Henry VIII. determined to dissolve the monasteries: for this purpose he fixed upon Thomas Cromwell, who had been brought to his notice by Cardinal Wolsey, and appointed him his chief agent in carrying out his designs. Dugdale* tells us that the King's real aim was the possession of the revenues and riches of the religious houses, and therefore to excite the minds of his Protestant subjects, a "Black Book" was drawn up in which every alleged enormity, whether true or false, was made known to the world.

Many of the abbots, on condition of a pension, consented to "the conversion of their houses to better

* See his "Monasticon Anglicanum."

uses," little thinking that the enrichment of the King's coffers was the "better use" in view. Others, however, refused to violate the intentions of their great founders, and among these were the Abbots of Fountains, Glastonbury, and the "Charter House" in London; and the sufferings of these persecuted abbots, and especially of the Abbot of Glastonbury and his monks, are depicted on the walls of this Spanish convent. Our attention, as English travellers, was pointedly called to these pictures by our Carthusian guide, who, however, made the Protector Cromwell responsible for the outrages of his namesake.

SAN GERONIMO.—Anxious to see the Mausoleum of the "Great Captain," we proceeded to this convent, which he founded, and where repose his ashes. So magnificent was SAN GERONIMO, that on seeing it when completed, Ferdinand the Catholic is said to have exclaimed, "This is more splendid than my palace." "True, sire," responded Gonsalvo de Cordova; "and it is destined for a greater Prince, for I give it to Him who is the King of kings."

The sword of the Great Captain, which had done his country such signal service, hung for three hundred years before the High Altar, where his body lies interred; but it was taken down, and sold at an auction some few years back for the sum of half-a-crown. Sad proof that hero-worship is a thing of the past. Add to which that the once glorious build-

ing which owed to him its erection, and which he solemnly dedicated to his Maker, has been turned into a barrack; the church into an arsenal; and the cloisters into stables.

The afternoon was wearing on, and we hurried back that we might see the sunset from the Alhambra. We reached the Tower of Justice, and obtained permission to ascend to the parapet, where we found some few persons already assembled. Opposite where we stood was the Tower of Vigil; and, stretching far around were the red and ruined Moorish walls and turrets, made more ruddy by the rich glow of the setting sun; the city lay coiled beneath shadowed by rocks and brushwood. Over the Alhambra range were soft silver-grey clouds, streaked with long glittering lines of amber, and gorgeous hues of red, increasing in depth and splendour till the whole sky was overspread by a blaze of glorious light, shedding an indescribable lustre on the old vermilion towers, and every rocky keep and fort. It was as though a furnace burnt within the Alhambra walls, so lurid was the light cast on them. Far away through the Vega flowed the Xenil, its waters flashing like beacon-fires at every turn in their winding course. As we moved round to view the mountains behind the Generalife they looked cold and sad; but we looked again, and they too had passed under the transforming power of this glorious southern sunset;—the sad garb was exchanged for a brilliant violet, and the

Sierra Nevada was seen peering above with faint rosy streaks colouring her snow-white peaks. About a hundred feet below us was the Avenue; and as we bent over the parapet, the liquid notes of nightingales suddenly filled the air, singing among the tall elms and poplars. Every other sound was hushed: we all listened in rapt silence to this evening benediction rising up out of the sombre wood as the sun went down.

A few moments elapsed, and the song of the nightingales was broken in upon by a Frenchman, exclaiming in a tone of declamation, "Que c'est ravissant! Je ne connais qu'une seule ville au monde qui me rappelle cette vue!" The remark was addressed to me, and innocently I inquired "Laquelle?" "Mais Paris!" was the sharp reply. The descent from the sublime was swift. Paris rose before me—imperial Paris in its gay modern uniformity, and with rapid steps we descended from our tower top followed by the Frenchman.

Before leaving Granada, we rode towards the foot of the Sierra Nevada. Our road was wild and rugged, hemmed in on the left by a deep ravine which separated us from the "Moor's Seat" and hills of Granada. Huge clefts and fissures were seen on the side of the precipice, as if the rocks had been rent by some convulsion of nature, and the thought of the valley of Hinnom rose to our minds. Not a tree was to be seen, a fierce sun beat over our heads, and it seemed almost beyond belief that on the other side of this wilderness lay the Generalife, with its garden

of roses and the luxuriant plain of Granada. As we ascended, we found the ground covered with wild thyme and other stunted aromatic shrubs, gum cistus and golden broom, but throughout our ride there was no sign of cultivation. Our muleteer was evidently anxious not to proceed farther, and we observed that he cast quick suspicious glances around. We therefore retraced our steps to Granada, and only learnt some time afterwards that to wander without the city was not considered safe in these troublous times.

Our last day at Granada was spent at the Alhambra, and at night, when the silver chimes of the bell fell on our ear from the Torre de la Vela, we could not resist visiting it again in the bright moonlight, and striking with our own hands the bell which rings every five minutes through the night.

The Moors believe that the paradise of the Koran hung over the Vega of Granada, and as we stood on this tower, and bade farewell to this earthly paradise, lighted up by the soft moonbeams, the words of the prophet of Mecca rose to our lips, and with a sigh we turned away.*

* "Man has but one paradise, and mine is not here."

GRANADA TO MALAGA.

ONCE again we were journeying through the beautiful Vega, with its fruit trees and its rich meadows teeming with wild flowers. The train left Granada at 7.10 in the morning, and in less than two hours we were at Loja, ("the flower among thorns,") where we found two diligences, one to take us to Malaga, the other for passengers to Cordova.

We had engaged the *banquette*, or *coupé*, as it is called in Spain,—said to hold four—but, alas! for the unhappy individual who comes late to claim the fourth seat. Beneath us sat our two coachmen; the head man was out of health, and in vile temper; all the work was left to his deputy, whilst he soothed his bodily ailments by alternate snatches of sleep and slices of garlic. The journey is stated to occupy eight hours and a half, but add to this two more hours, and the weary traveller will still find himself in the diligence descending the steep mountain pass, and with wistful eyes catching the first sight of Malaga which lies sheltered below.

No threatened amount of weariness, however, should deter travellers from personal experience of a Spanish diligence. It is so totally unlike all other travelling—so thoroughly national—that for a while

at least it is exciting through its novelty. Our diligence was drawn by eight mules and horses, each having bells round the neck and no bit in the mouth. The leaders have not even reins. They are guided by the voice and whip and sound of the trumpet, through which the driver addresses them by name—"Leona, Pomona, Ginevra, Selina, Romero"—now in tones of expostulation, now of indignation—keeping up a perpetual discourse. When this failed to increase their speed, he would rush from his seat below the banquette and let fall upon the wretched offender a shower of stones, with which he had provided himself on the way; and then having incited the whole team to a brisk gallop, he would lay hold of the tail of one of the wheelers and vault into his seat; whilst we above were clutching fast hold of the side of the *coupé* to prevent our losing our balance, and being tossed out as the diligence swayed heavily from side to side.

On entering the wild mountain passes we caught sight of the old-fashioned cocked hats of the "Guardias Civiles" posted two and two at every sharp turn in the road. The scenery was magnificent, and as we approached Malaga it became more tropical. Stately palms reared their heads, aloes, prickly pears, and pomegranates, covered with scarlet blossom, lined the road. Behind these rose a mountainous barrier of grey stone, whilst the fig, the vine, and the olive grew in abundance on the volcanic slopes on the mountain side.

MALAGA.—Fonda Alameda.—Of Malaga we can say but little; a comfortless hotel; a dirty town, and an unapproachable shore, were the notes in my journal; and whatever advantages it may possess in point of climate, these would seem to us counterbalanced by the utter disregard of all sanitary regulations.

The city is said to have been named by Florinda, the beautiful daughter of Count Julian, who in despair at the ruin she had been the unhappy means of bringing on Gothic Spain, cast herself down from a tower overlooking the town, crying out, "Let this city be henceforth called 'Malacca,' in memorial of the most wretched of women, who here put an end to her sad existence!"

The Cathedral is architecturally unworthy of Spain. Here, as in every other Church, we were struck by the Rosary and not the Mass Book being in the hands of every worshipper. The Rosary owes its introduction into the Romish Church to a Spaniard, St. Dominick, who was the founder of the order of the Dominicans in the thirteenth century. It was received with enthusiasm, and continues to this day to be the common aid to devotion in his country.

After spending one day in this town, and making sundry purchases in the way of pottery, we were glad to depart. Our object had been to reach Alicante or Valencia by sea from Malaga; but no information could be obtained as to the day of departure of the

French boat ; and having met an English acquaintance who had just endured the delays and discomforts of a Spanish steamer, we relinquished our maritime expedition, and betook ourselves again to the Camino de Hierro.

MALAGA TO CORDOVA.

The train started at three o'clock in the afternoon, and after traversing a magnificent mountain gorge, grander than any we had yet seen, we found ourselves, at sunset, at BOBADILLA JUNCTION, and at eleven at night in the city of Cordova. As we drove through the narrow streets, the cry of the watchman told the hour, and on reaching the Fonda Suisse, the eastern clapping of hands notified our arrival to the household.

JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA
P. C. Monumental de la Alcazabra y Generali
CONSEJERIA DE CULTURA

CORDOVA TO VALENCIA.

Viâ ARANJUEZ.

There were many English passengers by the train which left Cordova at 2.23 in the afternoon; some of these braved the long journey of twenty-two hours to Valencia; others stopped at ALCAZAR DE SAN JUAN for the night, and gave us afterwards a description of what they had endured, which made Loja seem to us almost stripped of its thorns. We ourselves went on to ARANJUEZ.

It was reached at 4.26 in the morning, and though out of our way, we felt secure of clean, comfortable rooms at the Fonda "des Ambassadeurs." From this point we were within fourteen hours of Valencia, and an easy distance from Madrid. Here, therefore, we took up our abode, passing most of our time at the Madrid Museo.

ARANJUEZ.—Fonda "des Ambassadeurs."—*Sunday, May.*—What a change had passed over this place since we were last here! "The nightingales with joyous cheer" were now singing in the green woods, and we were awakened in the morning by the note of the cuckoo. Here we passed our Sunday; but, alas! a festival cannot pass even at Aranjuez without a

bull fight to disturb its peace. We made our way to the once royal gardens, adorned with fountains and statues and bosquets. In the centre of the first garden we entered was a pedestal, on which there once rested the bust of some royal personage; but it has fled from its pedestal, as Isabella from her throne, and the name of *Serrano* in huge black letters is now inscribed on the place of honour. The name, however, was not carved, but roughly painted, marking, to an observant eye, the temporary position he occupies. In the next garden a similar honour is paid to *Prim*.

The terrace overlooks the Tagus, and fine avenues of planes, elms, and limes set at defiance a sandy soil and a scorching sun. There is an air of neglect, however, about the whole place; the palace is shut up and deserted; and the empty sentry boxes look as though waiting for the return of royalty to restore the decayed glories of Aranjuez.

We left ARANJUEZ at nine in the evening for VALENCIA.

Our party was now reduced in number, and the engagement with our Spanish servant had come to an end. We boldly set forth, however, for the east coast of Spain without an interpreter, and experience justified our seeming rashness.

At sunrise we were at ALMANSA, with its fine Moorish castle towering above the town, and its far-stretching plain, where in 1707 an English army

under Lord Galway was totally routed by a French army under the Duc de Berwick—a battle which virtually finished the war of the succession, and established on the throne of Spain that French dynasty which has so lately fallen.

It may be some consolation to English susceptibilities to remember that the Earl of Galway, who commanded the defeated army, was a French refugee, and the victorious general was an Englishman, the son of our King James II.

In spite of his great services, Berwick was not popular in Spain, and Philip V. begged that he might be recalled to France. The French Ambassador expressed his surprise to the Queen (Marie Louise of Savoy), and asked the reason, to which her Majesty is said to have replied, "He is a great dry devil of an Englishman who will always have his own way."*

LA ENCINA.—At this junction we had to change carriages for VALENCIA.

Vast fields of rye grass and Indian corn, bearded wheat and barley, were on each side of the line: the soil is a red marl, and it is said that guano alone is used to enrich it. The ploughs are invariably drawn by oxen, which are better suited to hot climates than horses.

We soon came in sight of JATIVA, where Pope Alexander VI. was born, and his son Cæsar Borgia held in captivity by Ferdinand the Catholic; but one's thoughts turn from these evil names to Francis

* Memoirs of the Duke of Berwick, by himself.

Borgia, the great Jesuit Saint, who shielded the wrongly-accused, and denounced the severities of the Inquisition.*

Our train now passed between square boggy enclosures, the surface covered with water, and labourers ploughing their way ankle deep in mud. These were rice fields, and from these dirty-looking enclosures we suddenly emerged into the most luxuriant country. As far as the eye could reach were gardens of oranges, figs, pomegranates, almonds, and mulberries. Soon after we passed soft beds of most luxuriant green—the seed had not been cast in vain on the muddy water—for here the rice had sprung up, and whispered in the breeze. Bamboos and carob trees, with long pendant pods, † arrested the eye after this, and the heat had become sufficiently intense to remind us of the tropics.

A few thatched cottages, with high-pitched roofs, were dotted here and there, so English in character, that, save for the wooden cross to each gable, and the absence of chimneys, we might have fancied we were passing the dwellings of our own labourers.

* Francis Borgia defended Archbishop Carranza before this dread tribunal.

† The pods of the Carob tree are used as food for man and beast; these were "the husks" which the poor prodigal would fain have eaten when perishing with hunger.

VALENCIA.

How much lies in a name! How insensibly does it guide the judgment, even in the choice of an hotel! What stranger visiting Valencia, and having no courier to determine his choice, would not fix upon THE CID in preference to any other fonda in this city?

We drove through narrow streets, where every window was protected by an iron balcony, overhanging which was an outside blind of matting.

No delicious piazzas filled with orange trees met the eye as at Seville, but acacias, tall and straggling, were to be seen in some of the principal streets. From the windows of "the Cid" we had a view of the Miguelete Tower of the Cathedral; but the view was over the tops of the opposite houses. There are but few open spaces in Valencia. All is close and densely packed. The buildings are crowded together, the streets thronged with people, and the atmosphere close and heavy.

May.—FONDA DEL CID.—Valencia is rich in what is sadly lacking elsewhere in Spain. Carriages are

to be found in plenty, and such carriages as we believe Valencia alone can boast. They are springless, round roofed omnibuses, having two wheels, and holding four persons, and are drawn by one horse at a foot's pace, the driver sitting on a low, cushioned step in front. These carriages are called "Tartanas," and though at another pace they would probably be unbearably rough, they are easy and comfortable, and it is a great relief on a hot day to recline in one of these Valencian carriages. As we moved slowly and smoothly on in the dim light that first evening of our arrival, our black waggon-roofed *tartana* seemed to us like a gondola on wheels, so sombre its look, and so soothing its movement. The horses here are strong and handsome, unmistakably well fed and well cared for—unlike the lean, sorry animals to be seen on most cab-stands.

The market place in the early morning is a very striking scene. Here, in the beginning of May, we found a Covent Garden of July; summer fruits and vegetables in profusion: dates fresh from the tree, and knots of the jointed sugar-cane. Choice flowers, of which the owner of an English hot-house might be proud, were to be had for a few pence. Bright yellow handkerchiefs covered the heads and set off the dark complexions of the flower sellers, as they stood under their white and red awnings, inviting you to purchase, with that smiling grace which is

peculiar to the South, and content with the "mañana," or promised to-morrow, which seldom comes.

Buyers were there in their black mantillas, fastened to the back of the head, the fall of lace or gauze veiling the face, and the ends folded artistically across the chest; men in their gay mantas strolled about beneath the acacias; all smiling, all talking, and none refusing, as it seemed to us, to cast a mite into the beggar's extended hand.

The houses in Valencia and elsewhere in the South are built of "tapia" (or concrete), and are generally painted blue, and upon the flat roofs are seen pigeon cages, their occupants flying about the crowded market place. It is curious to see the process of building these houses: a framework of wood is raised, and then filled in with concrete, which hardens and forms a very durable wall.

Valencia was conquered from the Moors by the Cid in the eleventh century, after a siege which lasted twenty months.

The Campeador entered by the old Moorish gateway, afterwards called by his name, the "Puerta del Cid," and as he rode proudly through the city he had won, mounted on his favourite Bavioca, his sword "Colada" in his iron grasp, the cry of suffering fell on his ear, and he bethought him of the wounded and the slain. "Go bury the dead," said he to his knights, "and succour the wounded, both friend and

foe. Let no other care distract your thoughts." In token of gratitude for this act of mercy, a Moorish envoy was deputed to offer as many beautiful slaves to the Campeador as he would deign to accept. "Tell them," was his reply, "that I possess Ximena as my liege lady, who awaits my commands at San Pedro de Cardena, and I desire none other but her."

To Valencia Ximena came; then the Campeador took her to the highest tower in the city, that he might show her the glorious HUERTA spread out before her, with its rice fields, its orchards, its corn fields, and its palms—all which he had conquered from the infidel with his good sword; and from that day till the day of his death, in 1099, Valencia continued by Moor and Christian to be known as "the City of the Cid."

The Moors after this regained their ancient territory, and for another hundred years Valencia was under Moorish rule; but another conqueror came—DON JAIME of Aragon—the husband of Violante, sister of St. Elizabeth of Hungary; and Valencia became once more a Christian city, and a possession of the Spanish crown.*

THE PUERTA DEL CUARTO.—We drove to this old Gateway in our *tartana*. It was built in the fifteenth century; and on each side of the massive gateway is a round tower of great height. A few months back

* The spurs and bridle of Don Jaime are to be seen now in the cathedral.

there were fine old walls encircling the city—walls thirty feet high, and ten feet thick, surmounted by towers, dating from the fourteenth century; but, alas! these walls and four of the old gateways have been demolished since the revolution, and we ourselves saw the last vestiges of mediæval times slowly crumbling under the vigorous stroke of the pickaxe.

The CUARTO and SERRANOS Towers are converted into prisons, but will probably be ere long demolished, as they stand in the way of a projected boulevard!

We could not but exclaim at the barbarism of the Government permitting such wholesale destruction of old monuments; the reason assigned was equally remarkable—"It was necessary to give work to a needy and excited population!"

Strange that in this nineteenth century no other means of employment could be devised.

We now visited the BOTANICAL GARDENS, which are beautifully laid out, and where Japanese medlars, with their yellow fruit and rich blossoms, were seen in profusion, amidst every species of rare plant. From this we drove to the GLORIATA and the ALAMEDA, which brings you to the banks of a river, with grand bridges, but without water! The effect is strange, but to the utilitarian no doubt very suggestive, the river having been diverted from its idle course to irrigate the vast cornfields and rice plantations on the other side of Valencia.

THE MIGUELETE.—As the Giralda forms the grand ornament of Seville, so the Miguelete is the glory of Valencia.

This Gothic belfry was built before the Cathedral, in the early part of the fourteenth century; its bells—each having a name, and being dedicated to a saint—were originally hung on the Feast of St. Michael; the belfry, therefore, bears the name of the Archangel.

We ascended the Tower, but on reaching the summit, found ourselves in a gale of wind: blue tiles, domed roofs, trees, and meadows, all were seen through a cloud of dust, and we were glad to make our escape.

THE CATHEDRAL.—The south entrance, with its lancet window above, is the oldest part of the Church, with the exception of the apse, and dates, we are told, from the thirteenth century.

The first Archbishop of Valencia was the notorious Borgia, afterwards Pope Alexander VI., who died of the poison he had carefully prepared for one of his cardinals. To him the Cathedral owes the beautiful altar panels, painted by Neapoli and Aregio, pupils of Leonardo da Vinci. It was with great difficulty that we succeeded in seeing these paintings. The reluctance to show any art treasures in Spanish Churches may, perhaps, arise from the Government having removed many of their most valuable pictures, which induces the ecclesiastical body to conceal those that remain. The subjects of these enclosed panels