

Philip III., red and white for Corpus Christi, and blue and white for the Virgin.

Sermons are still occasionally preached in the open cloister, from the stone pulpit, whence S. Vicente Ferrer declaimed the horrors of the Inquisition, and most picturesque is the scene, of the vast congregation seated round the fountain, and under the shade of the old orange-trees. The gift of preaching has by no means perished out of Spain, and is still well represented in Seville. Perhaps the most celebrated preacher of late years in the Peninsula has been Don Cayetano Fernandez, a monk of the Oratory here, some of whose teachings have been published under the title of "Fabulas Asceticas." Their pictorial eloquence and imagery is well suited to the Spanish mind: see this fragment:—

"O suffering! O cruelty!' thus cried an olive-tree, which an active hand was despoiling of its branches.

"Why, by the edge of your bill-hook, do you thus cause my ruin? Is this your love for me, O gardener?

"Already my shorn and injured head has ceased to offer either shade or beauty, in the midst of the pain which overwhelms me.'

"Be silent! cease your importunate lamentations,' answered the man. 'That which is required of you is not beauty, or shade, it is olives.

"You will see, in April, with how many flowers your poverty will be clothed, and the abundant harvest which you will give in October.

"Until that time, O olive, have patience.'

"Do you also, O Christian, adore the chastisement of a severe and

inflexible Providence ; it does but prepare through suffering the fruits of autumn."

Or this :—

"Penelope, many persons call me a Penelope ; it enrages me to hear it. Why do they treat me so ill ?"—' Because your life is spent in *spinning* and *unspinning*.'

"Do you not know that the Lady Penelope passed her days in spinning her web, and that, in the night, she unravelled it ? This is why the name is given to all women who imitate her—who *spin* and *unspin*.

"The young girl who thinks herself religious, who goes to mass and sermon, and who at night, at parties, dances the fango and gavotta, is occupied, in my opinion, in *spinning* and *unspinning*.

"If she reads A Kempis and the Christian Year, and then has Dumas and Victor Hugo in her hands, it is (who cannot see it ?) to *spin* and *unspin*.

"And if, a model daughter, she is like a slave in her obedience, yet gives *rendezvous* at the grille of her window and the crevice of her door, it is but the old story of *spinning* and *unspinning*.

"She who humbly kisses the earth, and, at the least insult, rises to become a fury ; she who throws herself upon her enemy and tears her hair, has made terrible progress in the art of *spinning* and *unspinning*.

"She who rises early to go to confession, as I see more than one of you do, and who, in the evening, thinks of nothing but amusing herself at the theatre ; what do you call that ?—*spinning* and *unspinning*.

"And what when she welcomes the poor, because she loves to do good ; if, at Tertulias, she backbites her neighbours, it is so much good lost. She has *spun* and *unspun*.

"And if, at a religious meeting, she recites the Short Litany and immediately goes to gallivant upon the Alameda at the expense of her modesty, she runs the risk of losing everything in *spinning* and *unspinning*.

"For to be an angel by day and a little devil by night, is to go with four horses to hell, is foolish and absurd, is to sow and not to reap, is . . . . to *spin* and *unspin* "

The grass-grown squares to the north of the cathedral are surrounded by an interesting group of buildings of various dates. First comes the vast Lonja or Exchange, built 1582-98, enclosing a grand staircase of brown and red marble, and containing, on its upper floor, the precious correspondence of Columbus, Pizarro, and Fernando Cortes. Opposite this is the huge Archiepiscopal Palace of 1697

Between these two buildings we approach the serrated walls of the famous Alcazar (Al Kasr—the house of Cæsar), which was begun in 1181, but in great part rebuilt by Pedro the Cruel (1353-64), and again altered by Charles V., who displayed here the same passion for building one palace inside another which has disfigured the Alhambra. Pedro, however, strictly imitated the Moorish sovereigns in his buildings, as he tried to resemble them by administering open-air justice in the Patio de las Banderas. The history of this strange monarch gives the Alcazar its chief interest. Hither he fled with his mother as a child from his father Alonzo XI. and his mistress, Leonora de Guzman. They were protected by the minister, Albuquerque, at whose house he met and loved Maria de Padilla, a Castilian beauty of noble birth, whom

he secretly married. Albuquerque was furious, and aided by the queen-mother, forced him into a political marriage with the French princess, Blanche de Bourbon. He met her at Valladolid, but, three days after his nuptials, fled from the wife he disliked to the one he loved, who ever after held royal court at Seville, while Queen Blanche, a sort of Spanish Mary Stuart, after being cruelly persecuted and imprisoned for many years, was finally put to death at Medina-Sidonia. In this Alcazar also Pedro received the Red King of Granada, with a promise of safe conduct, and then murdered him for the sake of his jewels, one of which, a large ruby, which he gave to the Black Prince after Navarete, and which is "the fair ruby, great like a racket-ball," which Elizabeth showed to the ambassador of Mary of Scotland, now adorns the royal crown of England. Of his nocturnal adventures many strange stories are told. One is still quaintly commemorated in Seville. The king, cloaked and disguised, used to serenade his various loves, Seville-fashion, beneath their window-bars. One day, on arriving at a rendezvous, he found his place already occupied, and in a fit of jealousy he killed his rival. The only person who saw the deed was an old

woman who was sitting up baking. In the murderer she recognised the king, but, fearing one whom all dreaded, she kept silence. The next day the news of the tragedy resounded through Seville. Pedro, imagining that no eye had seen the deed, sat upon his judgment-seat in the Banderas, sent for the alcalde of the town, and declared that his own head should answer for that of the murderer unless he produced him in three days. The terrified alcalde inquired of all people in the neighbourhood of the fatal spot, and at length found the old woman, who revealed the truth. But there was still the difficulty of accusing the awful king to his face. To meet it he made a puppet, which he painted and dressed exactly like the king, and when the three days expired he presented himself before Pedro, saying that he had found the murderer and captured him, and when Pedro declared his incredulity he produced the image. Then the king went through a mock form of trial, and condemned the image to death, and it was hung in chains at the entrance of the street ever since called Justicia, where the bust of Pedro may still be seen on the spot on which the murder was committed, as well as the Moorish house, unaltered, whence it was seen by

the old woman. It was in the Alcazar also that Pedro murdered his illegitimate brother, the master of Santiago, who had caused him much trouble by a rebellion. Maria de Padilla knew his coming fate, but did not dare to tell him, though from the beautiful ajimez window over the gate, she watched for his arrival, and tried to warn him by her tears. Six years after, this murder was avenged by Henry of Trastamare, the brother of the slain, who stabbed Pedro to the heart; but Maria de Padilla was already dead, and buried with queens in the royal chapel, when Pedro publicly acknowledged her as his lawful wife, and the marriage received the sanction of the Spanish Church.

Over the door of the Alcazar is the device of El Nudo, in reference to the fidelity of Seville to Alonzo el Sabio. Within all is still fresh and brilliant with light and colour. It is like a scene from the Arabian Nights, or the wonderful creation of a kaleidoscope. The first court is called Las Donzellas, because there it is said that the Moorish sovereign used to choose his wives, fifty rich and fifty poor, all the young ladies of Seville passing in review for the purpose. The Hall of Ambassadors is perfectly glorious in its delicate lacelike ornaments and the rich colour of its exquisite

azulejos. It has a "Naranja ceiling" like the inside of an orange. In one corner there are dark stains upon the floor. "Ah, blood!" said the old guide, "I know that word of English; it means sangre. All the English ladies who come here look for that stain, and then they say 'Blood!'" It is said to be that of the victim of Don Pedro, who called out, "Slay the master of Santiago!" from the upper gallery, beneath which his portrait and those of his two wives, opposite to one another, are let into the wall. Beyond this are shown the sleeping rooms of the Moorish king, where his four hundred wives and his three hundred children were accommodated—a number which seems less incredible when one learns that the present Emperor of Morocco has had eighty children born in one month!

On the upper floor is the bedchamber of Don Pedro, outside which still hang the skulls of some unjust judges which he caused to be placed there, that he might look upon them whenever he went in or out. Here also is a beautiful little chapel built by Isabella the Catholic, in which her grandson, Charles V., was married to Isabella of Portugal. The arms of the great Isabella are seen bound by a yoke to those of Ferdinand, whose jealousy

added the motto, "Tanto monta," "One is as good as the other."

Behind the Alcazar, approached by a separate entrance, are its lovely gardens, laid out by Charles V., an absolute blaze of sunshine and beauty, where, between myrtle hedges and terraces lined with brilliant tulips and ranunculuses, fountains spring up on either side the path, and gradually rising higher and higher, unite, and dance together through the flowers. Beyond the more formal gardens are ancient orange-groves covered with fruit. The ground is littered with their golden balls. "There are so many," the gardener said, "it is not worth while to pick them up." We gathered as many as we liked, and felt that no one knew what an orange was who had not tasted the sunny fruit of Seville. One old tree is shown as having been planted by Don Pedro. It stands near the pleasant summer-house of Charles V., covered with purple azulejos. His bath is also shown beneath the orange bowers, and that of Maria de Padilla, an arched crypt, delightful in summer, with a hole through which Pedro could look down at her. In another part of the garden are twenty-nine hideous camels, pets of poor Queen Isabella, which the new government tried to sell, and,

when they failed, sent here to do what work they could.

Just behind the Alcazar is the Plaza S. Tomas, where Figaro, "the Barber of Seville," had his shop. It is strange that no enterprising barber should set up a shop there now.

Facing the pretty Botanical Garden near this is an enormous and stately building, which we at first imagined to be a royal palace, but afterwards found to be the Government tobacco manufactory, where six thousand women are employed daily. As they are paid according to the amount of work they do, all is activity and diligence, and it is astonishing to see the deftness with which the cigars are rolled up. Here the best types of Andalusian beauty may be seen. One part of the building is entirely devoted to the Gipsies, who carry on their separate dialect and sing their own songs here among themselves. Morality is at a low ebb :—

"El hombre es fuego, la muger estopa,  
Viene el diablo y sópla."

Infants produce small scandal in Seville; they may be only the result of having eaten of the lily, which is sacred to the Virgin!

On the other side of the same garden rises another palace, really inhabited by royalty. It is

that of S. Elmo, originally founded as a naval school by the companions of Columbus, in gratitude for having been saved during a tempest by the mariners' saint. His statue stands above the handsome portal, but his reputation is at a low ebb now, even at Naples, for he is always said to appear after the storm is over! Queen Isabella gave the building to her sister, the Duchesse de Montpensier, and since the revolution of 1848 she and her husband have made it their principal residence. They are exceedingly popular at Seville, where they do a great deal of good by careful and discriminating charity, to which they give much personal attention, and in encouragement of art and skill of every description. S. Elmo is a charming ideal of a happy family home. Its beautiful marble courts and halls, where a fountain often plays in the centre of each chamber, and in which are no fire-places, present too cold an aspect for our northern notions of comfort in winter; but in summer they must be delightful; and the walls are completely covered with family relics and *souvenirs*, evidently greatly prized and cared for. These include portraits of Louis Philippe, Marie Amelie, and Madame Adelaide, frequently repeated, with those of all the brothers and sisters of the Duke; pictures also of

various family events—the baptism and marriage of the Comte de Paris, Louis Philippe and his five sons on horseback, &c. Among a number of sketches, evidently framed rather for the sake of the artists than for any intrinsic value of their own, is one “par la Princesse Alexandrine Victoire, fille du Duc de Kent; en 1835,” representing an angel of mercy visiting a starving family. In the Duchess’s room are many portraits of her own family—her sister, Queen Isabella, represented over and over again, the first time as a baby of a few months old; her mother, and Don Francisco d’Assisi, the queen’s husband. The first hall is surrounded by glass-cases filled with little memorials of family tours—pottery from Etruria, glass and lamps from the Catacombs, coins, medals, and dried plants. In one of the rooms are the *Madonna della Faja* of Murillo and Ary Scheffer’s beautiful picture of “*Monica and Augustine*.” In a patio are copies of the tombs of two infantas who have died. When the first child died, it was buried in the royal chapel of the cathedral, but when the second died, and the parents wished to lay it there also, it was not allowed: “They were no longer royal; the royal chapel was not for them.” It was the greatest insult which the Revolution offered them.

In front of S. Elmo rises the Torre del Oro, a river bastion of the Alcazar, once united to it by walls which were destroyed to make way for the promenade called the Christina. It was used as a prison for the disgraced mistresses of Don Pedro. Its name is said to be derived from the gilt tiles which once roofed it. These have now been taken away, but are amply compensated for, as far as the name goes, by the bright yellow wash with which the walls are covered.

Hence, along the bank of the muddy Guadalquivir, extends the pleasant promenade of Las Delicias, crowded in the afternoon with Sevillian beauties. On the promenade ladies often wear low dresses and their hair dressed with flowers, while even at a large evening party high dress is the rule. Every possible form and size of fan is to be seen—often with a handle, and so large that it is used as a parasol. There are fans for every season and for every occasion. A friend of ours asked a Spanish lady how many she had. "Only thirty dozen," she said, and thought it very few. In church, where there are no chairs or seats of any kind, and where all the ladies sit picturesquely upon the floor, the flapping of fans in the hot weather prodigious. Many writers have dilated upon

beautiful feet of the Spanish ladies, but their dresses are worn so very long, that it is difficult to imagine how this knowledge can have been arrived at. Nor is this hiding of feet merely the result of modern fashion; the feet of Spanish ladies have always been concealed. Mediæval artists were always forbidden to paint the feet of the Virgin, and to mention them was as sacrilegious, as it was disloyal to allude to the possibility of the queens of Spain having legs.

The Hospital of the Caridad was founded by Don Miguel de Mañana, or Tenorio, a Don Juan of the seventeenth century. His story relates that when he was coming out from a midnight orgy, he encountered a funeral procession, with mutes and torches, and inquiring whose it was, was told that it was that of Don Miguel de Mañana, and in the corpse they bore beheld with horror his own image. The bearers said that they were about to celebrate the funeral mass, and bade him accompany them, and join them in praying for the soul of Don Miguel. He did so, and the following morning was found senseless upon the floor of the church. From that time his career was changed, he sought only works of charity and mercy, and at his death endowed this hospital

with ten thousand pounds a year, commanding that he should be buried at the church-door, so that all who passed by might trample on his grave, which by his own direction bears the epitaph, "Here lies the worst man in the-world."

When we went to see the pictures we asked for the sacristan, and were told, "Here the sacristan is una Madre de Caridad." These sisters manage the whole, and take care of a hundred and forty old men in a well-organized hospital, the wards consisting of two long galleries, divided by pillars.

The small church contains a wonderful collection of pictures. The six Murillos include his two famous large representations of Moses striking the rock and the miracle of the loaves and fishes. The grand and affecting altar-piece of the Deposition is by Pedro Roldan, with a background painted by Valdes Leal. Near the door, by the same artist, is the too truthful picture of "Los Dos Cadaveres," before which Murillo used to hold his nose.

The picture-gallery in the Convento de la Merced is almost filled with the works of Murillo. Eight of his finest pictures were painted for the glorious retablo of the Capuchin convent, closed in 1835, and of these seven are now here. Perhaps the

gem of the whole collection is the St. Thomas of Villanueva, Murillo's own favourite picture, which he called "Mi Cuadro." St. Thomas was the favourite preacher of Charles V., and was created Archbishop of Valencia, where he seemed to spend the whole of his revenues in charity, yet never contracted any debt; so that his people used to believe that angels must minister to his temporal wants. He is represented at his cathedral door, distributing alms, robed in black, with a white mitre. A poor cripple kneels at his feet, and other mendicants are grouped around. Near this, hangs the grand picture of the Vision of St. Francis of Assisi, to whom the Saviour visibly descends from the crucifix. St. Francis turns to receive his Lord with awe and love unspeakable, and, as he turns, the world, represented by a globe, rolls away from beneath his feet. "La Virgen de la Servilleta" is a lovely small picture, which derives its name from having been painted on a napkin. When Murillo was working at the convent, the cook entreated to have something as a memorial, and presented a napkin as the canvas, on which this brilliant, glowing Madonna was painted, with a Child which seems quite to bound forward out of the picture.

One other building in Seville deserves especial mention. It is the Casa de Pilatos, the palace of the Dukes of Medina Celi, built by a Marquis of Tarifa on his return from Palestine in 1520, in professed imitation of the house of Pilate at Jerusalem. To render this resemblance complete, nothing has been omitted, the Prætorium, the pillar of the scourging, the basin in which the hands were washed, the table where the thirty pieces of silver were counted, while at the top of the stairs the cock which crowed is seen, stuffed, in a niche, with entire disregard of the fact that this famous bird lived in the house, not of Pilate, but Caiaphas. But the real interest of the house is derived from its splendid azulejos, like those of the Alcazar, the gorgeous purple colour of its tiled staircase, and its little garden of enormous bananas.

One lovely evening we drove out to Italica, passing through the gipsy quarter of Triana, where Murillo studied his ragged boys, and where pots are still sold like those which Santa Rufina and Santa Justina were making on this spot, where they were stoned to death for refusing to bow down to the image of Venus. Murillo, when he painted his famous picture of the sainted tutelars, took as his models two peasant-girls of Triana.

Here is a church with the strange name of "Sant' O." Beyond Triana, a dreadfully bad road leads across the green corn-covered plain to the foot of a low line of hills, where are to be found the few vestiges which mark the site of the city where the emperors Trajan, Hadrian, and Theodosius, were born. Even the "ruins of the ruins" were destroyed by the earthquake of 1755. Enough of the amphitheatre alone remains to show the former importance of the place. When we saw it, the broad area was filled with water, in which the ruined seats were reflected as in a mirror. We sat to sketch the lovely effect as sunset bathed the whole with gold, and introduced the figure of the old guide, seated on a rocky fragment; "thus he would live on after he was dead," he said. His cottage clings to the ruins like a parasite, shaded by a huge fig-tree, and in all the rugged interstices around he has planted roses, mignonne, and coronilla, so that it is a perfect bower of sweets. The only other inhabitants of Italica are vast bands of black pigs, which live in its vaulted passages.

On a neighbouring hillock is the fine old neglected convent of S. Isidoro, gutted by Soult. Its church contains a beautiful statue of the patron

saint, by Montanes, and the tombs of Guzman el Bueno and his family. This Guzman received his surname from King Sancho el Bravo, after the defence of Tarifa against the Moors. He had entrusted his eldest son, of nine years old, to the care of the Infante Juan, who leagued with the Infidels, and who brought the child under the walls, threatening to kill him if the fortress was not surrendered. Guzman replied, "I prefer honour without a son, to a son with dishonour;" and the boy was killed. When, called by the cry of horror to the battlements, Guzman saw his child's dead body, he turned to its mother, saying calmly, "I feared that the infidel had taken the city." The daughter-in-law of Guzman, Doña Uriaca Osorio, who is also buried here, was burnt alive by Pedro the Cruel, for refusing to become his mistress. Her epitaph also records the fate of her faithful maid Leonora Davalos, who insisted upon dying with her beloved mistress. As we emerged from the dark convent courts we came upon one of those striking views so completely Spanish in character, and which derive all their charm from its climate. In the distance, against faint blue mountains, the cathedral and town rose through a violet mist, then came the rich green plains, inter-

sected by long fiords of water; and on the rich dark Siena foreground, groups of gaily-dressed peasants, with their hundreds of pigs, stood out in the strongest relief of shadow against the brilliant sunset-colour. Fernando Cortes died hard by (December 9, 1597), at Castillejo de la Cuesta (now a country house of the Montpensiers), where Bernal Diaz says that he sought retirement for the purpose of making his will and preparing his soul for death; "and when he had settled his worldly affairs, our Lord Jesus Christ was pleased to take him from this troublesome world." He was first buried at S. Isidoro, but his remains were afterwards removed to Tezcuco, in New Spain.

Our last visit at Seville was to the site of the Quemadero, on the plain called Prado San Sebastian, outside the walls; where, and in the Plaza San Francisco, beneath the picturesque old Casa del Ayuntamiento, the *autos da fe* took place. The bricks of the long-used scaffold, where so many suffered, can only just be seen peeping through the grass beneath which time has so long been burying them. But here, that which Bossuet describes as "the holy severity of the Church of Rome, which will not tolerate error," burnt 34,601 persons alive, and 18,043 persons in effigy, between 1481 and

1700, besides imprisoning and sending to the galleys many thousands of others. In all cases the property of the sufferers was confiscated and their families left destitute. It can scarcely be wondered at that Seville is now foremost among Spanish cities in her search after a reformed faith. Many Protestant schools are opened, in which about four hundred children are being educated; and though they are preached against in the cathedral, and denounced from the pulpit of St. Vincent Ferrer, their teachers are gladly welcomed and universally treated with respect by the people. The church of S. Basilio has been bought from the Roman Catholics, and services are performed and sermons preached there in Spanish. When the building was being repaired by its new possessors, its roof was found to be full of the bones of children. Even at the English services Spaniards of the lower classes often appear, and behave reverently.

## VIII.

### CADIZ AND GIBRALTAR.

KING'S ARMS HOTEL, GIBRALTAR, *March 11.*

ON February 22nd we left Seville for Cadiz. For more than an hour before reaching it, the town rises over the flats, but the railway has to make a long circuit, following all the windings of the bay. Here are productive salt pans, called by religious titles, such as "El dulce nombre de Jesus," which seems profane; yet, as Ford observes, is perhaps not more so than the familiar use in Oxford of such names of colleges as Corpus, Jesus, Trinity, and Christ Church. The distant effect of the white town rising above the deep blue waters is most brilliant and dazzling, and within its narrow streets it is impossible to get away from the glare of the whitewash, of which every building receives a fresh coating annually. The high sea-wall is the only pleasant walk, with its little gardens full of

bright scarlet geraniums and hedged with heliotrope and ixias. Here we may spend a hot afternoon very agreeably, and study Spanish life and manners, or listen to the numerous nursery maids who are singing to their children such verses as:—

“ A la nana le cantaba  
La Virgen á sus amores !  
Dulce hijo de mi vida,  
Perdona á los peccadores

A la puerta del cielo  
Venden zapatos  
Para los angelitos  
Que estan descalzos.

Todo lo chiquitito  
Me hace á mi gracia  
Hasta los pucheritos  
De media cuarta.

El niño de Maria  
No tiene cuna,  
Su padre es carpintero  
Y le hará una.

Niño chiquirrito  
De pecho y cuna  
Dónde estará tu madre  
Que no te arrulla.”

In one of the convents of Cadiz is the picture of the marriage of St. Catherine, in painting which Murillo fell from his scaffold, and received the



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

injuries of which he died. But there is literally nothing else to see in Cadiz, and as the land road, which we had intended taking, was rendered quite impracticable by the recent rains, we were glad to find a steamer leaving next morning for Algeciras, opposite Gibraltar,

It was a lovely day, and a calm sea, which was a great subject of rejoicing, for even as it was the rickety Spanish vessel rolled disagreeably. Owing to the miserable slowness of everything, we were eleven hours on board. There was little interest till we reached the yellow headland of Trafalgar. Then the rugged outlines of the African coast rose before us, and we entered the straits, between Tarifa sleeping amid its orange groves on the Spanish coast, and the fine African peak above Ceuta. Soon, on the left, the great rock of Gibraltar rose from the sea like an island, though not the most precipitous side, which turns inwards towards the Mediterranean. But it was already gun-fire, and too late to join another steamer and land at the town, so we waited for a shoal of small boats which put out from Algeciras, and surrounded our steamer to carry us on shore.

Here we found in the Fonda Inglesa (kept by an English landlady), one of the most primitive but

charming little hotels we ever entered. The view from our rooms alone decided us to stay there some days. Hence, framed by the balcony, Gibraltar rose before us in all the glory of its rugged sharp-edged cliffs, grey in the morning, pink in the evening light, with the town at its foot, whence, at night, thousands of lights were reflected in the still water. In the foreground were groups of fishing-boats at anchor, and, here and there, a lateen sail flitted, like a white albatross, across the bay. On the little pier beneath us was endless life and movement, knots of fishermen, in their blue shirts and scarlet caps and sashes, mingling with solemn-looking Moors, in turbans, yellow slippers, and flowing burnouses, who were watching the arrival or embarkation of their wares; and an endless variety of travellers from all parts of Europe, waiting for different steamers, or come over to see the place. Here an invalid might stay, imbibing health from the fine air and sunshine, and never be weary of the ever-changing diorama. In every direction delightful walks wind along the cliffs through groves of aloes and prickly-pear, or descend into little sandy coves full of beautiful shells. Behind the town, a fine old aqueduct strides across the valley, and beyond it the wild



GIBRALTAR FROM ALGECIRAS.

moors begin at once sweeping backwards to a rugged chain of mountains. Into the gorges of these mountains we rode one day, and most delightful they are, clothed in parts with magnificent old cork-trees, while in the depths of a ravine, overhung with oleander and rhododendron, is a beautiful waterfall.

It was with real regret that we left Algeciras and made the short voyage across the bay to Gibraltar, where we instantly found ourselves in a place as unlike Spain as it is possible to imagine. Upon the wharf you are assailed by a clamour of English-speaking porters and boatmen. Passing the gates, you come upon a barrack-yard swarming with tall British soldiers, looking wonderfully bright and handsome, after the insignificant figures and soiled, shabby uniforms of the Spanish army. Hence the Waterport Street opens, the principal thoroughfare of the town, though, from its insignificant shops, with English names, and its low public-houses, you have to look up at the strip of bright blue sky above, to be reminded that you are not in an English seaport.

Just outside the principal town, between it and the suburb of Europa, is the truly beautiful Alameda, an immense artificial garden, where

endless gravel paths wind through labyrinths of geranium and coronella and banks of flame-coloured ixia, which are all in their full blaze of beauty under the March sun, though the heat causes them to wither and droop before May. During our stay at Gibraltar, it has never ceased to surprise us that this Alameda, the shadiest and pleasantest place open to the public upon the Rock, should be almost deserted; but so it is. Even when the band playing affords an additional attraction, there are not a dozen persons to listen to it; whereas at Rome on such occasions, the Pincio, exceedingly inferior as a public garden, would be crowded to suffocation, and always presents a lively and animated scene.

One succession of gardens occupies the western base of the Rock, and most luxuriant and gigantic are the flowers that bloom in them. Castor-oil plants, daturas, and daphnes, here attain the dignity of timber, while geraniums and heliotropes many years old, are so large as to destroy all the sense of floral proportions which has hitherto existed in your mind. It is a curious characteristic, and typical of Gibraltar, that the mouth of a cannon is frequently found protruding from a thicket of flowers.

The eastern side of the Rock, in great part a perpendicular precipice, is elsewhere left uncultivated, and is wild and striking in the highest degree. Here, beyond the quaint Jewish cemetery of closely set gravestones, bearing Hebrew inscriptions on the open hillside, a rugged path winds through rocks and tangled masses of flowers and palmito, to a curious stalactitic cavern called Martin's Cave. On this side of the cliff a remnant of the famous "apes of Tarshish" is suffered to remain wild and unmolested, though their numbers, always very small, have lately been reduced by the ignorant folly of a young officer, who shot one and wounded nine others, for which he has been very properly impounded.

On the northern side of the Rock are the famous galleries, tunnelled in the face of the precipice, with cannon pointing towards Spain from their embrasures. Through these, or, better, by delightful paths, fringed with palmitos and asphodel, you may reach El Hacho, the signal station, whence the view is truly magnificent over the sea, and the mountain chains of the two continents, and down into the blue abysses beneath the tremendous precipice upon which it is placed.

The greatest drawback to the charms of Gibraltar

has seemed to us to be the difficulty of leaving it. It is a beautiful prison. We came fully intending to ride over the mountain passes by Ronda, but on arriving we heard that the whole of that district was in the hands of the brigands under the famous chief Don Diego, and the Governor positively refused to permit us to go that way. Our lamentations at this have since been cut short by the news of a double murder at the hands of the brigands on the way we wished to have taken, and at the very time we should have taken it. So we must go to Malaga by sea, and wait for the happy combination of a good steamer and calm weather falling on the same day.

## IX.

### GRANADA.

HOTEL DE LOS SIETE SUELOS, *April 4.*

LATE in the afternoon of the 15th of March we embarked on board the *Lisbon* in the dockyard of Gibraltar. It had been a lovely day, and the grand Rock had looked its best, its every cleft filled with flowers and foliage. The sun set before we had rounded Europa Point, and the precipitous cliffs of the eastern bay rose utterly black against the yellow sky. Then all was night, and in the warm starlight, the different groups of passengers made themselves comfortable on deck with cushions and mattresses.

At two A.M. a long line of lamps sparkling through the darkness showed that we had reached Malaga; but we had still many hours to wait before the health officers would visit us, without which we were not allowed to land, and daylight

gradually broke, and gilded first the mountain tops, and then the massive cathedral, the shipping, and the town. At seven our examiners came, and, standing in a boat beneath the steamer, demanded that all the crew should come up to the side of the vessel. "Show them all your tongues," said the captain, but apparently the inspection was not satisfactory, for they came on board afterwards, and examined each separately. Then the passengers were all called out, and great difficulty made because their number was one less than that entered in the books. "Being cannibals, we have eaten him since we left Gibraltar," explained the captain jocosely. At last we were allowed to bestow ourselves and our packages in the fleet of little boats whose owners were fighting to take us to the pier; a tiresome custom-house was ready to prove the Spanish rule that though custom-house duties need not be paid, custom-house officers must—and the proverb, "No hay tan ciegos que los que no quieren ver." Then the watermen, having done their best to extort twenty francs for doing almost nothing, and having, after a battle, been beaten down to ten, at last left us in peace at our hotel.

Malaga is the dearest place in Spain, being the

most Anglicised. The prices there are nearly the double of those in the northern towns. We wondered that it should be so much resorted to by invalids, as, when we were there, a fierce east wind was blowing, and the whole air was clouded with the thin white dust, which is almost a permanent misery, and prevents any enjoyment from walking. There is very little to see. The long Alameda is a dusty walk between insignificant trees, with a very pretty fountain at the end, which was brought by Charles V. from Genoa, and intended for his palace at Granada. The Græco-Roman cathedral was built in the sixteenth century, and is little worth visiting. It occupies the site of a mosque, and stands at the entrance of the moorish quarter of the town, which straggles up one side of a cactus-clothed hill, crowned by the Arabic castle of Gibralfaro. The surrounding country consists of ploughed lands over which the dust-storms sweep uninterruptedly, or yellow hills covered with the productive vines of Malaga.

The journey from Malaga to Granada is a difficult one. The only train leaves at half-past three in the afternoon, and takes passengers to Las Salinas. The railway runs through a gorge of most Salvator Rosa-like scenery, where the Xenil

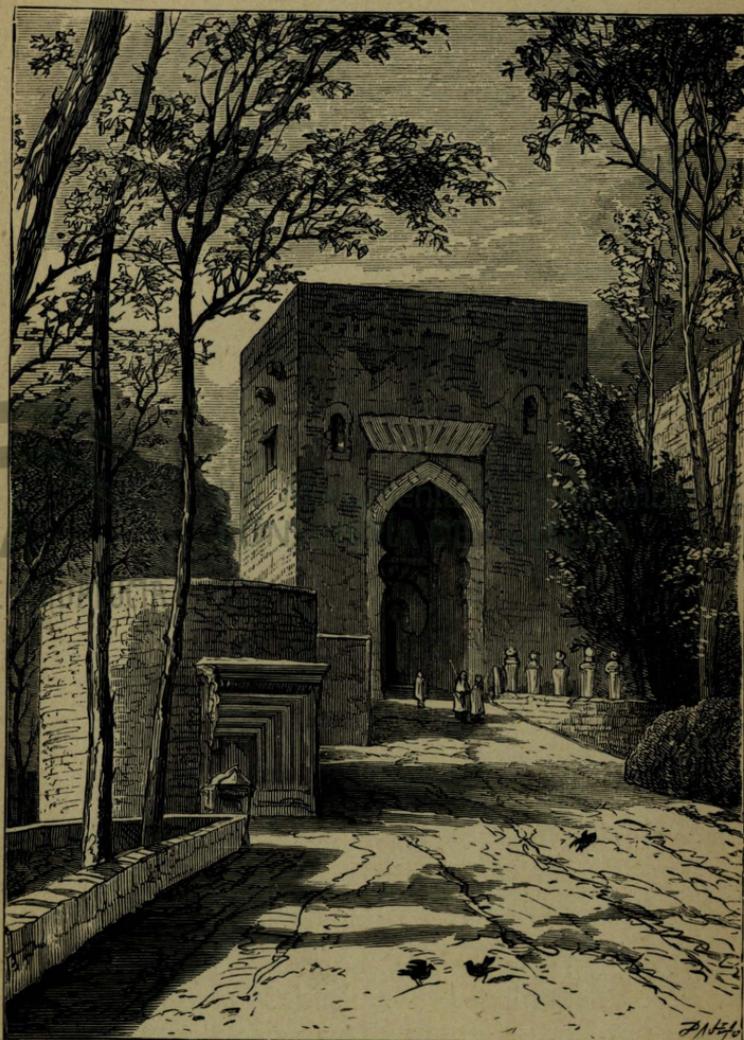
tosses wildly through a great rift in the rocky precipices, sometimes lost altogether beneath the cliffs, and then emerging more boisterous than ever. At Las Salinas two diligences were waiting for us, not nearly enough for the great number of passengers, so the crowding was dreadful. The road from hence was a mere track, broken in some places into deep quagmires and pools of water, mended in others by great lumps of rock thrown loosely down anyhow. Through and over these we floundered, thumped, jolted, and crashed, in a way which was absolutely frightful, especially when a precipice at the side, dimly seen through the night, added to the dangers. Every one was occupied in holding on as they best could. No one had time to think of the robbers, though many were known to be about, and we had an armed escort hanging on behind. As we reached Loja the road improved, and our sixteen mules swung us skilfully round the sharp corners of its narrow streets. In the valley below the town, the railway began again, and in two hours more, at half-past two A.M., we were at Granada, and climbing, in an omnibus, the ascent to the Hotel Siete Suelos, which is within the hallowed precincts of the Alhambra.

There is nothing more interesting than the

awakening in a place new, and yet so old, so well known from stories and pictures of earliest childhood, as Granada. And it was like an awakening in Paradise. Far below our windows a deep green gorge descends towards the town and vega, filled with tall elm-trees and carpeted with violets. Broad, well-kept paths run in different directions through this beautiful wood, skirted by rushing brooks of crystal water. In the different openings of the green glades are lofty stone basins, in which fountains splash and play, not sending forth a narrow jet such as one's recollection of an English fountain conveys, but bursting forth in a foaming mass of abundant waters. Here, nightingales sing incessantly in their season, and the whole wood is always alive with a chorus of singing birds. The trees, the only elms in Spain, except those in the garden of Aranjuez, indeed almost the only trees of any size which are not fruit trees, were planted by the Duke of Wellington. They have never been thinned, and though no individual tree can ever be a fine one, a change can scarcely be wished for, there is such a picturesqueness in the immensely tall, narrow, interlacing stems, in the arching foliage which bends and meets in mid-air over the roadways, and in the swinging garlands

of ivy which drop here and there from the high branches. On the right, the red towers of the Alhambra guard the heights; to the left, glimpses of the snowy Sierra-Nevada may be caught here and there through the trees. Almost adjoining the house is the famous tower of the Siete Suelos, from whose postern gate Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings, passed out with his family after the conquest of Granada. Altogether a more enchanting dwelling-place can scarcely be imagined than the Hotel of Los Siete Suelos.

It is scarcely five minutes' walk through the wood to the entrance of the Alhambra, the grand "Gate of Justice," beneath which the Moorish kings dispensed judgment. Over the first arch is seen a hand with the fingers uplifted as in a Neapolitan talisman. Over the second arch is a key. Only when the hand grasped the key, said the Moors, could the Alhambra be taken. Above the gate runs the inscription placed there by its founder Yusuf, in 1348, "May the Almighty make this a bulwark of protection, and inscribe its erection amongst the imperishable actions of the just." No artist will fail to sketch this gate—either its glowing orange walls, seen through the deep shadows of the wood, or combined with the pictu-



GATE OF JUSTICE, ALHAMBRA.

resque Berruguete fountain, of the time of Charles V., which stands beneath its terrace wall.

Hence, by a winding vaulted passage, we arrive at the upper platform of the Alhambra. That part which we reach first, gay with fountains and myrtle-fringed gardens, is called the Plaza de los Algibes—the place of Moorish cisterns. On its left are the rugged range of yellow towers which enclose the Alcazaba-Kassábah, or citadel; on the right is the grand palace of Charles V., built of bright yellow stone, reminding one in its colour of the Coliseum, and in its forms of the Otto Heinrichs Bau at Heidelberg. Its windows, which have never been glazed, frame broad strips of deep blue sky, but its caryatides and bas-reliefs are still fresh as if from the workman's chisel. The arrangement is curious, as the interior is an immense circular court-yard, though the exterior is quadrangular. Beyond the palace are more trees and gardens, a church, a convent, a mosque, a little town, all within the castellated precincts of the hill, which is pointed at both ends, and girdled with towers.

From the terraced wall you look down upon the great town, which is still one of the largest in Spain, though its population, 400,000 under the

Moors, is now reduced to 75,000. Above the vast expanse of whitewashed houses, the churches, towers, and cypresses, rises conspicuously the Græco-Roman cathedral, where the first Christian sovereigns of Granada rest side by side. The nearest hill is covered all over with prickly pear, intersected by narrow paths leading to caves, in which a great part of the gipsy population burrow and live. Between this and the platform on which we stand, rushes the rapid gold-producing Darro, emerging from a rocky gorge in the mountains, and, as it enters the town, becoming lined with the quaintest old houses, leaning, bracketed, over its stream, and looking as if they would topple over every moment. Each wall is full of balconies, upon which bright-coloured clothes are hanging out to dry in the sun, while the parapets are lined with large red vases filled with hyacinths and yellow gladiolus, and pinks and nasturtiums stream downwards luxuriantly from the boxes beneath. Here a high gothic bridge, there a broken Moorish arch, spans the narrow river. As your eye follows the Darro to its junction with the Xenil, the houses become thinner, till at length they are lost altogether in the bright green of the vega, shut in on two sides by chains of beautiful mountains, and

backed by the Sierra-Nevada, one sheet of untarnished snow, which, under this deep blue sky, is almost too dazzling to look upon.

If we turn away from the view to the hill-garden itself, what a scene of life and sunshine it is! how fresh its rich foliage and flowers, how abundant its fountains! It is as if all the natural beauties of Spain were concentrated on this one spot, which seems to belong to a different country altogether to the desolated treeless plains of the rest of the peninsula. What picturesque figures are constantly passing backwards and forwards!—copper-coloured gipsies with blue-black hair, the men in embroidered jackets with hanging silver buttons, scarlet fajas round their waists, and broad-brimmed sombreros; the women in bright pink and yellow petticoats, and with large bunches of flowers, generally yellow by way of strongest contrast, pinned behind their black locks. Each scene at the doors of the encircling towers, which are mostly let out to poor families, is a study. What combinations of colour! what picturesqueness in the natural grouping of the figures, with their pigs, their goats, and their dogs, the latter generally called Melampo, Cubilon, or Lubina, because such are said to have been the names of the three

favoured animals who accompanied the shepherds to look upon the newly-born Infant at Bethlehem, and dogs called by those names never go mad.

Much of the Moorish palace was destroyed by Charles V. when he erected his own building. That which remains occupies so very small a portion of the Alhambra precincts, and is so concealed behind the later edifice, that at first a stranger will wonder where it can be, and if he goes round to the back, and is told that some low pointed shed-like roofs enclose the most beautiful building in the world, will think it quite impossible. This excessively plain exterior was adopted to avert the evil eye, which scowls upon that which is too prosperous. It is by a narrow alley, ending in a low door-way behind the palace of Charles, that you enter the building. But, as you pass that door-way, you are translated out of fact-land into fairy-land. You never think again about size, all the proportions are so perfect. Court succeeds court, and hall follows hall with a bewildering loveliness of sculpture quite indescribable, and which, though endlessly varied, is perfectly harmonious. A petrified veil of the most delicate lace covers every wall, formed partly by flowers and geometrical patterns, but in the main intention of

its fretwork, as strictly religious as the sculpture of a gothic cathedral, and filled with sentences and maxims from the Koran, which it is intended to bring constantly before the eyes and heart of the beholder. Over and over again also occurs the motto "Wa la glaliba—illa—allah," "There is no conqueror but God"—the words which Ibn-l-Ahmar answered to his subjects, when they came forth to meet him as he returned victorious to Granada, greeting him at the same time as "Galib"—the conqueror. The delicate creamy pink of the stucco adds to the magical effect of the whole. The only inmates are the martlets, which build under the overhanging eaves, and are for ever flying in and out of their nests,—the only birds sacred and unmolested in Spain, because they are believed to have plucked off the thorns from the crown of our Saviour as He hung upon the cross. In a few places fragments of colour remain, the primary colours, blue, red, and yellow, having been the only ones used by the Moors in their upper decorations, though the secondary colours, purple, green, and orange, are employed in the Azulejo dados, which are nearer the eye. In the Hall of Justice, where Ferdinand and Isabella heard high mass on taking possession of

the Alhambra, are some curious paintings upon leather, nailed to the wooden dome. They represent bearded Moors, sitting cross-legged upon cushions, with their heads covered, and two-edged swords in their hands; and, as the Moors were prohibited from making the exact representation of any living creature, are supposed to have been the work of a Christian captive; others imagine that they were painted after the conquest, and that they only date from the end of the fifteenth century.

The whole Alhambra teems with reminiscences of the romantic history of the two last Moorish sovereigns. King Abu-I-hasan took prisoner the Christian maiden Isabel de Solís, daughter of the governor of Martos, and, falling passionately in love with her, made her his wife under the Moorish title of Zoraya, or "the morning star." The former sultana, Ayeshah, imprisoned in the tower of Comares (so called from its Moorish architect), fearing for the safety of her son Abu-Abdillah, or Boabdil, under the hands of her rival, let him down, with the help of her ladies, from a window overhanging the Darro ravine, and he escaped by night. Thenceforward the palace was filled with dissensions, the powerful clan of the Abencerrages,

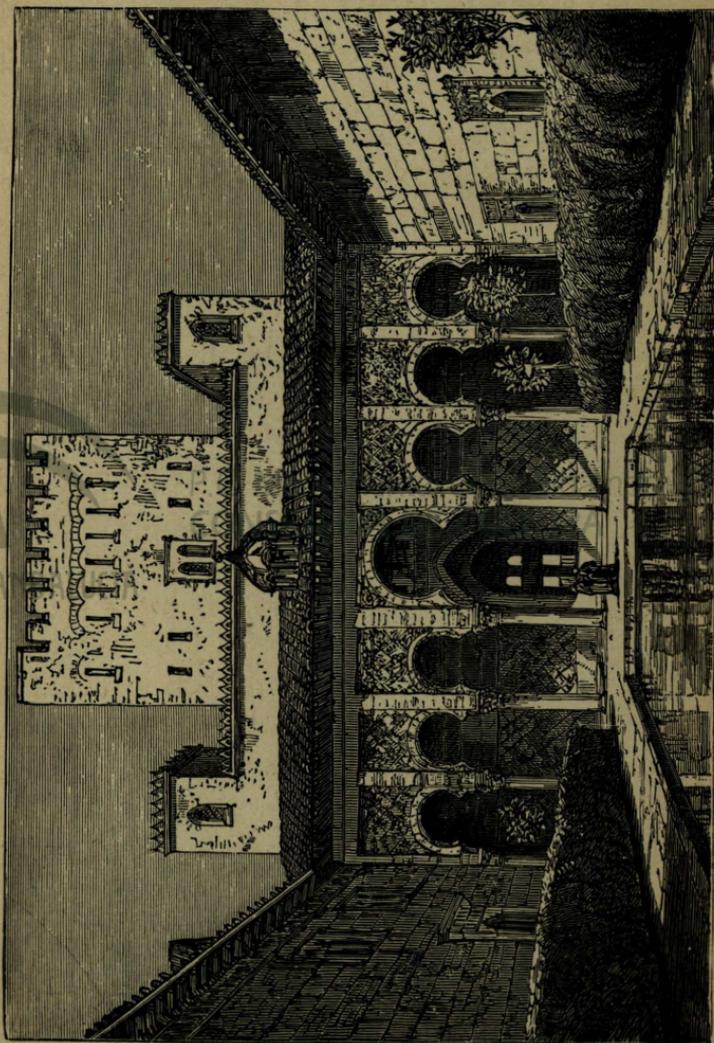
who were the mainstay of the kingdom, espousing the cause of Zoraya, the Zegrís that of Ayeshah. In 1482 Boabdil dethroned his father, and became known as "El Rey Chico." Ayeshah at once urged upon him the importance of conciliating so powerful a family as the Abencerrages, but his spirit of vengeance was too strong, and, inviting the chiefs of the family to a banquet as if to make peace, he had them beheaded one after another in the hall which is called by their name, and where their blood-stains are still shown on the marble pavement. Thirty-three warriors fell thus, and their ghosts may still be heard nightly moaning in the hall where they died. The rest of the family were warned by a page, and forthwith joined the Christian army, under Ferdinand and Isabella, which was already encamped against Granada. In the Hall of the Ambassadors Ayeshah girt her son with a sacred sword, with which he was to repel the invaders. But the young sultana Morayna wept over his departure, when she heard that he had struck his lance against the gateway and broken it—an omen which gave him the name of "El Zogoybi," "the unlucky one."

The city fell January 2, 1492, when Boabdil, having presented the keys and done homage to

the Catholic sovereigns, departed for ever by the gate of the Siete Suelos, which, in accordance with his last request to Isabella, was walled up, so that no one might ever use it again. From the spur of the Alpuxarras, still called "El ultimo suspiro del Moro," he looked his last upon the town, and wept as he beheld it. "It is well," said the stern Ayesshah, "that you should weep as a woman for what you could not defend as a man."

Several of the towers round the walls are well worth visiting, especially those of Las Infantas and La Cautiva, which are filled with exquisite Moorish tracery, though much defaced by the French. The latter tower derives its name from a Christian captive who the then Moorish king wished to add to his harem, and who, when she found no other means of protection, flung herself from its window, beneath which her lifeless form was found by her knightly lover, who came that day to her rescue. In the same neighbourhood, in a charming garden, is the beautiful little mosque, in which Yusuf I., the principal builder of the Alhambra, was murdered at his prayers.

Issuing from the walls near this by the Torre del Pico, whose battlements were added by Ferdinand and Isabella, one may cross the glen



to the Generalife,\* a summer villa of the Moorish sovereigns. Its gardens are so lovely, with their wide views over the town and vega, that Andersen and many other travellers have even preferred this palace to the Alhambra. Through its cloistered courtyard, rushes, fresh from its source, an impetuous life-diffusing branch of the Darro. Its decorations, much injured by whitewash, are still full of grace and beauty; its faded pictures of the Spanish kings and queens, unimportant as works of art, are yet interesting here from their historic associations; and its venerable cypresses, beneath one of which the Sultana Zoraya is said to have met her Abencerrage lover, are the most magnificent in Spain.

It requires many visits to understand the Alhambra, and for this purpose all who stay any length of time at Granada should arm themselves with an order, "per estudiare," from the governor. Señor Contreras, who lives in the house near the entrance, which contains the beautiful arch called the "Puerta del Vino." Unsupplied with this, the

\* An order for the Generalife, now belonging to the great Genoese family of Grimaldi, must be obtained in the town from the Italian Consul, who will at the same time exhibit Boabdil's beautiful inlaid sword.

traveller will be incessantly persecuted by the troop of officious and greedy guides who lurk in the entrance. Each light in each hour of the day has its own special charm, and lends its own peculiar effect to some part of the building; but no one should miss a visit by moonlight, when the Court of Lions, strangely expanded in size, looks as if it were wrought in burnished silver, and when all modern changes are lost in shadow, and only the beautiful ideal of the Arabian palace remains in its splendour. At sunset, crossing the kitchen garden which occupies the interior of the Alcazaba, the Torre de la Vela should be ascended for the sake of the view, the last tower on the southern point of the promontory, where, even from Moorish times, a loud bell, beginning at "Las Animas" ( $8\frac{1}{2}$  P.M.), and continuing till daylight, has announced to the farmers of the plain that they might turn aside the waters of the river for the irrigation of their meadows. It was upon this tower that the Christian standard and cross were first raised after the conquest, and a cross in the wall still marks the exact spot. Hence the fiery orb of the sun will be seen grandly disappearing behind the purple mountains, and the snowy ranges of the Sierra Nevada bathed with

rose-colour in the after-glow. The whole scene will call to mind the lines of George Eliot in the "Spanish Gipsy :"—

"The old rain-fretted mountains in their robes  
Of shadow-broken grey ; the rounded hills  
Reddened with blood of Titans, who huge limbs  
Entombed within, feed full the hardy flesh  
Of cactus green and blue-sworded aloes ;  
The cypress soaring black above the lines  
Of white court-walls ; the pointed sugar-canes  
Pale-golden with their feathers motionless  
In the warm quiet ; all thought-teaching form  
Utters itself in firm unshimmering lines."

While our minds were still full of sympathy for the exiled Moors, and while every detail relating to their conquest was of interest to us, we drove out to Zubia, whither the great Isabella came during the siege, to look upon Granada, and where she narrowly escaped being taken prisoner. After her victory, she erected a hermitage there, to commemorate her escape, which still stands amid some tall cypresses, and contains faded portraits of Ferdinand and Isabella. A thicket of bay is shown as that in which the queen hid herself with her children, and was concealed by the closely entwined branches, like Charles in the oak, until the enemy had passed by.

Another short excursion may be made to Santa Fé, the town which rose during the siege, built in eighty days by the indomitable Isabella, after her troops had been rendered shelterless from the accidental destruction of the camp by fire. Here, the crucifix, which the queen carried with her, is preserved in a small chapel. Not far off is the old bridge of Pinos, the spot which Columbus had reached when, wearied by five years' waiting and petitioning at the Spanish court, he was about to offer his services to Henry VII. of England. Hither the messengers of the queen pursued him, and brought him back to arrange at Santa Fé the expedition which ended in the discovery of America.

The story of the conquest is told in a series of curious bas-reliefs in the "Capilla de los Reyes," which joins the cathedral. Isabella is seen riding into Granada on her white palfrey, with Ferdinand on one side and Cardinal Mendoza on the other, Boabdil presents the keys, and numbers of despondent Moors are pouring out of the gates of the town. Again, the Moors are represented as being baptized *en masse*, their costume exactly the same as that which may still be seen at Tangiers. In front of the retablo which contains these sculptures,

are the magnificent tombs of the Catholic sovereigns. Ferdinand and Isabella lie side by side upon a lofty sarcophagus. Both figures are beautiful, but that of Isabella (Elizabetha in Latin) is indeed worthy of her whom Shakespeare called "the queen of earthly queens," and Lord Bacon describes as "an honour to her sex and the corner-stone of the greatness of Spain." The effect of her character upon those she lived amongst, is touchingly portrayed in a letter written by Peter Martyr from beside her death-bed:—"You ask me of the state of the queen's health. We all sit in the palace all day sorrowing, and tremblingly await the hour when religion and virtue shall quit the earth with her. Let us pray that we may be permitted to follow whither she is now going. She so far exceeds all human excellence, that there is scarcely anything mortal left in her. Hers can hardly be called death, it is rather the passing into a nobler and higher existence, which should excite our envy instead of our sorrow. She leaves a world filled with her renown, and goes to enjoy a life everlasting with her God in heaven. I write in the alternations of hope and fear, while her breath is still fluttering within her."

Close to that of her parents, is the tomb (a beau-

tiful work of the Genoese Perálta) of Joanna and her handsome husband Philip of Burgundy. In the vault beneath, the four coffins may be seen. That of Philip is most interesting, as being the same which Joanna carried about with her everywhere, often passionately embracing it, and watching it constantly for forty-seven years, in the tearless madness of her long widowhood. A magnificent reja by Bartolomé of Jaen (1533) screens off the tombs from the rest of the chapel. Round the cornice is inscribed:—"This chapel was founded by the most catholic Don Fernando and Doña Isabel, King and Queen of Las Espanas, Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem, who conquered this kingdom and restored it to our faith; who acquired the Canary Isles and the Indies, as well as the cities of Oran, Tripoli, and Bugia; who crushed heresy, expelled the Moors and Jews from these realms, and reformed religion. The Queen died Tuesday, Nov. 26, 1504. The King died Jan. 23, 1516. The building was completed in 1517." In the sacristy are portraits of Philip and Joanna, and in one of the chapels of the cathedral are fine pictures of Ferdinand and Isabella, copies of the originals by Rincon, which were destroyed by fire.

The plan of the cathedral (which is the work of

Diego de Siloe, son of the sculptor of the tombs at Miraflores) is a very noble and peculiar one. The central aisle, forty feet in width, instead of ending in an apse, expands into a dome seventy feet in diameter, beneath which is the high altar. The side aisles also end in altars; an ambulatory surrounds the whole. In the side chapels are very fine works of Alonzo Cano, especially one of that picturesque subject often treated by Spanish painters—"the Solitude of the Virgin."

There is a great deal more to be seen in Granada. The principal Moorish street, "El Zacatin," remains, and, adjoining it, the "Alcaiceria," or silk bazaar, consisting of two narrow alleys, beautifully adorned with stucco and sculpture in the style of the Alhambra. Of the same character is the old Moorish gateway on the other side of the Darro, built in 1070, but now called "Puerta del Carbon," from the Carboneros who frequent it. Near the Darro, opposite the ruin of a horse-shoe bridge, is a Moorish bath, having a coved roof supported on low pillars, with richly carved capitals. The church of San Geronimo was built in 1497 by Talavera, confessor of the Catholic sovereigns, and first Archbishop of Granada. He was anxious to convert the Moors by kindness, and translated the

church services into Arabic for their use. He afterwards wished to translate the Bible likewise, but was prevented by Cardinal Ximenes, who declared that "Hebrew, Greek, and Latin were the only languages in which the word of God ought to be used—the three languages plainly pointed out to mankind by the inscription on the cross itself." San Geronimo contains the empty tomb of the great Captain Fernando Gonsalez of Cordova, who lived at Granada during the latter years of his life, being driven to a life of complete retirement by the jealousy of Ferdinand and the animosity of his second queen Germaine. At the very time of his death Ferdinand had given orders for his arrest, fearing that he was about to embark for Flanders, yet the king and the whole court went into mourning for him, and a hundred banners waved above his tomb till the year 1600. His painted statue remains in the church, with that of his wife Doña Maria Manrique, who survived him only a few days, but their bodies are no longer here; they were actually exhumed by the revolutionary Government in 1870, and carried in a tin box to Madrid, where a kind of Pantheon has been made in the church of San Francisco el Grande with labelled pigeon-holes for all the great men of

Spain. Some English travellers, wishing to take seats in the diligence that day, were told that they could not have them, because the places were bespoken for El Gran Capitan !

The neighbouring hospital of San Juan de Dios is very interesting, as having been founded by the saint himself in the early part of the sixteenth century. He preached the necessity of hospitals on this spot with such ardour that he was considered mad and shut up in an iron cage, which is shown. His teaching, however, still brings forth fruit here, and the hospital, whose wards all open upon a spacious cloistered quadrangle, is admirably arranged and attended to.

Hence a short walk into the country brings one to a spot bearing the Moorish name of Hinadamar, where stands the Cartuja, a Carthusian convent and church, decorated somewhat in the style of the Certosa of Pavia. The jaspers, marbles, and inlaid work of ebony and tortoiseshell are very gorgeous, though their taste may be questioned. The most real treasure preserved here is a small statuette of San Bruno by Alonzo Cano, one of the most expressive representations of touching humility and suffering that can be imagined. The old guide delights to point out the quaint images formed by

the vagaries of the veins in the alabaster and agate decorations—an "Ecce Homo," a "Mater Dolorosa," a "Grenadina in her Mantilla," &c. The cloisters are surrounded by a horrible series of paintings, representing the history of the order, especially the awful sufferings of the English Carthusians under Thomas Cromwell, which, if true may weigh heavily in the scale against the martyrdoms under Catholic Mary. These pictures are the work of Juan Sanchez Cotan, a brother of the order, who was of such eminent piety and purity of life, that the Virgin herself is believed to have descended from heaven in order to give him a sitting for her likeness, upon which he was engaged.

As he returns to the town the pedestrian should pause, for here, at the entrance of Granada, occurred one of the most striking scenes of history. The body of the beautiful and beloved Isabella of Portugal, wife of Charles V., had been brought hither by slow stages, attended by all the young knights who had faithfully served her in life. Among these was Francis Borgia, Duke of Gandia. At the entrance of Granada the corpse was uncovered, and the attendants pressed forward to gaze upon the honoured features of their mistress for the last time. But under the terrible hand of

death all her beauty had disappeared, and Borgia was so overwhelmed by the change of decay, that he abandoned for ever the vanities of the world to become an ascetic, a priest, and eventually a saint of the Catholic Church.

Wearied by much sight-seeing, a tourist may refresh his eyes and mind in the beautiful Alameda near the junction of the Xenil and Darro, where the aristocratic part of the population, always conscientiously employed in doing nothing, unite every summer evening and winter afternoon. The ladies universally wear mantillas and carry fans; the gentlemen are so well dressed that Mr. Poole himself might take a lesson from the crack tailor of Granada. The older Alameda, lined with fine old trees, and ending in fountains, is not inappropriately called "El Salon," for there society meets and does its chief business. It is a regular evening party in public and in the open air, a Vanity Fair in miniature,—the unmarried daughters, followed by their admirers, being paraded up and down by their parents, not unmindful perhaps of the old Spanish proverb, "Three daughters and a mother are four devils for a father." On festas the assembly extends to all classes, and numbers of majas may be seen in gaudy dresses with flowers

in their hair, attended by their majos in their velvet jackets and bright sashes, and with the stick—"vara"—in their hands, without which no well-bred majo ever appears in public. More, probably, is spent upon dress, taking all the classes together, in Spain than in any other country of Europe; only, in the provinces, the soldiers often appear shabby and ragged, for they are not only irregularly paid, but are sometimes unsupplied with even the most necessary articles of clothing. Thus the following placard appeared upon the walls of the Andalusian towns proposing a reward for the defenders of Algeciras and Tarifa:—"El brigadier Cordoba ha abierto una suscripcion, poniendose á la cabeza de ella, para regalar un *par de pantalones* de paño à los valientes soldados de Asturias."

In the week preceding Passion Week large placards appeared, headed by a picture of the Crucifixion, and the words, "Jesu Redemptor" in large letters. They announced a "Passion Play" to be acted in the theatre. The whole story of the last days of our Saviour was enacted, as at Ober-Ammergau—the Last Supper, and the Crucifixion itself, being represented upon the stage. A burlesque was by no means intended, yet some

parts bordered upon the ludicrous. One scene was rapturously encored by the audience; it was when Judas descended to the infernal regions amid a crash of thunder and a blaze of blue lights! It is due to the venerable Archbishop of Granada to say that he strongly deprecated this exhibition, and did all he could to oppose it.

All the ceremonies of Holy Week at Rome are reproduced on a minor scale here, and on Holy Thursday the Archbishop washes the feet of twelve pilgrims in the cathedral. On Good Friday the whole population wear black.

Easter Sunday is a great day in Granada, not because the resurrection of our Saviour is commemorated on that day, but because then at five P.M. the famous "Virgen de las Angustias" goes forth from her church to visit a sister-image in the cathedral. That afternoon the streets assumed the most festal appearance; the windows were hung with red, yellow, and blue draperies, and the balconies were filled with gaily dressed ladies. Long before the hour arrived the whole of the Alameda was filled from end to end with a dense multitude of expectant people, and hundreds of boys were rushing about in front of the sanctuary waving long branches of green elder, which they

threw down under the feet of the bearers as they carried the image down the steps of the church; literally they "cut down branches from the trees and strewed them in the way." This image of the Virgin of Sorrows is one of the most famous in the south of Spain, and half the women in Granada are christened *Angustia*, to place them under her protection; indeed the name is so common as to cause inextricable confusion amongst the number of *Angustias*. The figure is of the size of life, and is better as a work of art than most worshipped images of saints. It is dressed in black velvet robes spangled with golden stars, wears a crown on its head filled with precious stones, and has a sad, pensive expression in its countenance, which is bent over the dead figure of the Saviour—for it is, in fact, a *Pietà*. Its jewels are most magnificent, and such is the enthusiasm and courage it is known to inspire, that when the French came to Granada they never ventured to plunder or even enter this church, though the people, in defiance, had decorated the Virgin with all her jewels, lighted the church by night and day, and left the doors always open.

As the image left the church, carried by the principal citizens of Granada in full dress, a blare

of trumpets and crash of drums greeted its appearance. Guns were fired, and rockets sent up; the noise was deafening. As the procession entered the Alameda, with one impulse the whole people fell upon their knees. Many women wept and sobbed as they stretched out their hands in eager supplication. At each step of the procession fresh fireworks rose from the houses on either side of the way; it was like a march of fire, and the appearance of the tall black figure slowly advancing up the green avenue between the throng of kneeling people, was certainly most striking.

A very different scene was enacted upon the evening of Holy Thursday, when, in an upper chamber, seventy earnest Protestant converts met to receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the hands of a Protestant Presbyterian minister. The liturgy used was almost entirely that of the English Prayer-Book, which is translated into Spanish. The elements were received seated, according to the Presbyterian custom. In spite of the power of the Virgin of Las Angustias, Protestantism is making strong advances in the town where Matamoros suffered. Nothing has a greater effect upon the Spaniards than our Burial Service; its reverence, its encouragement of Christian hope,

contrasting so strongly with the indecent indifference with which the Romanist funerals of the lower classes are conducted at Granada, where no ceremony whatever takes place at the cemetery, and where the bodies, carried unattended to the grave, are buried like dogs, generally ejected from their coffins (which are used again!), and with only a little earth scraped over them. The hollow way between the red towers of the Alhambra and the green slopes of the Generalife, torn by a torrent, and filled with hundreds of pigs which are herded there, is called "The Way of the Dead," because by that rough path the bodies are generally carried from the town to the cemetery. We witnessed several of these saddest of funerals. Once it was a beautiful little girl who was to be buried. She was borne upon an open bier, her waxen features, smiling in the sleep of death, were crowned with white roses and jessamine, her little hands were folded, she was dressed in white, and other white flowers were sprinkled over her. All had evidently been done by the tender care of loving friends. Yet no one followed but the gravedigger smoking a cigar, and the little bier was jerked jauntily along by six rough boys of thirteen or fourteen years old, some of whom were smoking,

the rest whistling and singing. We could hardly bear to think of the fate which awaited that little child at the cemetery, where, when these uncoffined funerals take place, the gipsies, by an ancient custom, fall upon the body on its arrival, and tearing off all its dress and decorations, fight and scramble for them amongst themselves, leaving the poor corpse to be tossed, naked and desecrated, into its grave amongst the docks and nettles.

The savage insolence of the gipsy population, their coarse language and manners, and their brutal immoralities, are the great objection to a lengthened residence in Granada. They are absolutely uncontrolled either by the laws or the police. Their swarms of children are brought up systematically to beg without ceasing, and to steal whenever they can. They are utterly without shame. If an English lady ventures into the gipsy quarter alone, a troop of young women and children will not scruple to fall upon her, and while some carry off her shawl, parasol, &c., others will force their hands into her pockets and seize all it contains. Gipsy beggars never ask, they always demand, in the most violent and imperious tones, and wherever a number of gipsy children are encoun-

tered together, the shouts of "ochavito, ochavito," are more than deafening. Unfortunately the view from San Nicolao, one of the grandest in Granada, is in a stronghold of the gipsies, who must be encountered to visit it. Their chief residence, however, is in the hillside of the Albaycin, leading to the Monte Sacro, where innumerable caves are perforated in the living rock, beneath immense prickly pears, which serve at once as food, shade, and protection. The mouths of these caves are whitewashed, and the entrances generally guarded by a piece of old carpet. There the savage families bask all day in the sun, and make the air resound with their harsh guttural cries and songs. The women who do not steal, earn money by telling fortunes and selling amulets; the children who are not busy begging, roll in the dust in front of their caves, often quite naked, and without any distinction of sex.

It is impossible not to be struck by the originality and cleverness of the gipsies even in their vices. A gipsy-man was at confession one day, and, whilst he was confessing, he spied in the pocket of the monk's habit a silver snuff-box, and stole it. "Father," he said, immediately, "I accuse myself of having stolen a silver snuff-box." "Then,

my son, you must certainly restore it." "Will you have it yourself, my Father?" "I, certainly not," answered the confessor. "The fact is," proceeded the gipsy, "that I have offered it to its owner, and he has refused it." "Then you can keep it with a good conscience," answered the Father.

At Seville a stranger, wishing to see the manners and customs of the gipsies, may, on paying one real ( $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ ), be present where they dance their national dances and sing their national songs in their own picturesque costume. At Granada a few women in tawdry white muslin gowns extort five francs from every individual of the large assemblies who have the folly to meet to see them. Their principal dances are the Malagena and the Romalis. A woman generally dances alone at first, in slow motion, more with her arms than her feet, and her attitudes are often very picturesque and graceful. Gradually, by her gestures, she invites a partner to join her; thenceforth the dance becomes more animated. They chase one another, they circle round one another, they throw a whole story of passionate eloquence into their gestures, and all is accompanied, in the way of music, by the clapping of hands of all the other gitanos and gitanas sitting round in a circle, who keep ex-

cellent time together, occasionally bursting into loud outcries, which reach a pitch almost of frenzy when any especially complicated figure is successfully executed.

For the last few days of March it was very wet and stormy. They say it is always so in Spain, and concerning this there is an old Spanish story. A shepherd once said to March that if he would behave well he would make him a present of a lamb. March promised to deserve it, and conducted himself admirably. When he was going out, he asked the shepherd for the promised lamb, but the sheep and the lambs were so very beautiful, that the shepherd, considering that only three days of restraint remained to March, answered that he would not give it to him. "You will not give it to me," said March, "then you do not recollect that in the three days which remain to me, and three which my comrade April will lend me, your sheep will have to bring forth their young;" and for six days the rain and cold was so terrible that all the sheep and all the lambs died.

With the beginning of April, we were persuaded, by glowing accounts of its scenery, to make from Granada the long excursion to Llanjaron, a mountain citadel, the last stronghold of

the Moors in Spain. But the distance is so great and the long diligence journey so fatiguing, that this expedition is not worth while, except in summer, for the sake of ascending the Veleta, one of the highest peaks of the Sierra-Nevada. The road runs along the high bleak uplands beneath the chain of the Alpuxarras, which are by no means the rich, verdant, smiling hills they are generally represented, but volcanic, bare, and arid in the highest degree. The name Alpuxarras is an Arabic word, meaning "Land of Warriors." Amid these fastnesses, according to the ballad, fell the famous Christian knight Alonzo de Aguilar, as he was endeavouring to accept the challenge of Ferdinand to his bravest warriors that they should plant his banner on the highest peaks of the mountains:—

"Qual de vosotros, amigos,  
Ira à la Sierra mañana,  
A poner mi real pendon  
Encima de la Alpuxarra."

Here Alonzo's brave boy Don Pedro de Cordova fought by his side covered with wounds, and refused to attend to his entreaty—"Let not the hopes of our house be crushed at one blow; go live as a Christian knight, go comfort your desolate mother"—till he

was forcibly carried out of the battle by the attendants.

We reached Llanjaron by a terrible road along precipices and through torrent-beds, but it is an oasis in a hideous desert, and its orange gardens, hanging on the edge of the mountain-side over a dismal ravine, are amongst the most productive in Spain. On a high outlying spur of the hills is a ruined Moorish castle; but the village, chiefly frequented for the sake of its medicinal waters, contains few traces of its former occupants; the population is savage, the posadas miserable, and beyond bread, eggs, and oranges, there is no food to be had.

## X.

### ARANJUEZ AND TOLEDO.

IT is almost a blur upon the entire pleasure of a visit to Granada, that all arrivals and departures by train are necessarily in the middle of the night, and that the hotels are consequently in a chronic state of disturbance from one to four in the morning. Even though we decided upon taking the diligence to evade the long railway détour by Cordova, we had to leave at four A.M., when our last drive to the town through the dark woods of the Alhambra seemed a solemn farewell to one of the most beautiful places upon earth.

In a whirlwind of white dust, ten horses carried us quickly along through a sterile, treeless, hideous country. At one P.M. the scenery improved a little, and the great white cathedral of Jaen rose before us at the foot of its jagged mountains. The

diligence waited for an hour in the market-place, which gave time for its driver and mayoral to dine, and for us to see the inside of the cathedral, a Græco-Romano building of 1532, but very handsome of its kind. Behind the Coro is a silver Custodia with seven keys, only opened three times in the year, and containing one of the many pieces of linen, honoured by the Roman Catholic Church as the *authentic* handkerchief with which Santa Veronica wiped the face of our Saviour on His way to Calvary, and upon which His image remained impressed. This especial relic, however, is of historic interest, as having been carried by St. Ferdinand at the head of his troops.

At four in the afternoon we reached the quiet station of Mengibar, a lonely shed on a bank above the Guadalquivir, seeming a strange termination for a long diligence journey, but a very convenient spot for joining the train from Cordova to Madrid. We passed our waiting time in a tea-garden, surrounded by a hedge of oleanders, which grow wild in profusion all over this neighbourhood.

Before daybreak we had reached Aranjuez, and were walking across its white dusty squares and through the long corridors of its deserted palace, something like a very miniature Versailles, to the

pleasant little quiet hotel of Los Infantes, which may be strongly recommended to travellers as both clean and economical. The host, too, is a pleasant kindly person, who, in the evening, sate in his open wooden gallery, playing on his guitar, with his men and maid-servants singing around him, in happy patriarchal fashion. It is desirable to know of this resting-place, because the Hotel de Paris at Aranjuez is one of the worst man-traps in Spain; and an English lady with her two servants, lately captured to wait there between two trains, found themselves locked in till they had consented to pay 230 reals for their luncheon and waiting-room. Another place to be avoided is the wretched and only posada at Manzanares, which extorts fifteen francs for a single egg. Such thieves are rare in Spain, but there is no redress from them.

We spent a day in seeing the sights of Aranjuez, which is the first place where we have been persuaded to take one of the guides, who are generally the greatest bane of a traveller's comfort, but who are, perhaps, desirable here, as saving time where many silver keys and permessos are required. For, strangely enough, in this place, which the railway renders almost a suburb of Madrid, and