

excellent, is but little known out of Spain. The reason of this is found in the great imperfection of conveyances throughout the country, and in the consequent expense of transportation. The only Spanish wines well known in foreign countries are produced near the sea; whereas, in France, where transportation is cheap, with few exceptions—such as of the Bordeaux and Marseilles wines—all the finer qualities come from the highlands of the interior. The central provinces of Spain, from their high and hilly character, their dry climate, and powerful sun, are perhaps better calculated to produce wine than any other country in Europe; and this may become manifest at some future day, when Spain shall have taken the station for which nature destined her among the nations of the earth. Though we had small cause for gladness, our supper at Val de Peñas was, nevertheless, a very merry one. We rallied each other on our losses, and especially did we direct our face towards the poor Biscayan, whom we christened *Caballero de la Triste Figura*. We took infinite pleasure in making him recapitulate his losses; and as we had already heard them often enough to know them by heart, if perchance he forgot any article, one of us would refresh his memory,—and then another, joining in and increasing the interruption, would send him back to recommence the sad narration.

Thus, in the sorrows of the disconsolate Biscayan, each sought an alleviation of his own. Nor did the friar escape so well from our hands as from the followers of Cacaruco. We ascribed all our calamities to the unchaste desires which he had cherished the night before, on the eve of so solemn a festival, and to his having eaten the thigh of a pullet on the morning of Holy Thursday. In order to make him do penance for these sins, we would not let him eat any thing but bread and lentils, and doled the wine out to him in portions that served rather to excite than to gratify. But our merriment was at its height when he took his huge snuff-box, which he did very often, from the bottom of his sleeve. We insisted that he ought to have given the gold box to the robbers, who called repeatedly for tobacco, as the having kept back part might lead to future misfortunes. Our padre contended, on the contrary, that the robbers asked only for cigarros and cigarillos, and that they never so much as mentioned the word polvo. To the lady and her son, who, thanks to the courteous demeanor of Cacaruco, had saved every thing, we offered our congratulations with the best grace we could, but, in spite of ourselves, with the envious air of men who had much rather the case had been their own. Thus was our supper seasoned by mirth and good-humour. But when it was eaten, and the toothpicks were handed

about in a wine-glass, and it became a question of paying, each, as he rummaged his purseless pocket, was overcome with confusion. We could only promise to hand the money to the conductor at the end of the journey. As for the postillions, escorts, serving-maids, poor friars, the lame, the blind, and askers of alms in general, we uniformly referred them to Cacaruco.

Before the day dawned we once more set forward. The face of the country, which had maintained its level and monotonous character since we crossed the valley of the Tagus, now became broken and uneven. The day before I had looked in vain for the Sierra Morena, which I expected to have seen rising in bold perspective toward the south, to form a barrier between Castile and Andalusia. It was only in advancing that we found ourselves in the mountains, without having had the labor of an ascent. Nor was it until we saw ourselves surrounded by precipices and ravines, and crags and chasms, that we knew that we had abandoned the plain of Castile, and were prepared to estimate its singular elevation. At the Dispeñaperros—Pitch off Dogs, so called from the abrupt and sudden nature of the declivity, the crags rose round us in such rugged and hardy confusion, that, when we looked back upon them, their tops seemed to be connected overhead. Yet this wild region, which scarce furnishes a resting-

place for a scattering growth of pines and brambles, is traversed by one of the most safe and beautiful roads in the world.

The road of Dispeñaperros was constructed in the time of the good king Charles III., by M. Le Maur, a French engineer, and is a noble triumph of art over the obstacles of nature. The difficulty of its execution may be estimated from the number of its bridges, which, large and small, amount to four hundred. Yet the road is nowhere so steep as to require the chaining of a wheel in the descent, even of a heavy diligence, or to occasion inconvenience and danger to the team and passengers; a rare merit in a mountain highway, which may not always be said of the celebrated Simplon. To gain such a result over a piece of ground which has merited the name of Dispeñaperros, required infinite art. Sometimes, the road follows the course of a torrent, until, met full in the face by some impassable barrier, it crosses to the opposite bank, over a yawning chasm, on a bridge of a single hardy arch; sometimes its way has been blown by gunpowder along the face of a crag; sometimes, an arched slope is run along the edge of a nearly perpendicular cliff, clinging to the inequalities of the precipice by a tenure so slight, that it seems unequal to support the weight of the mason-work, much less of the loaded diligence, the mules, and the passengers,

who are only separated by a low barrier from a deep abyss, where a fall would be fatal. It rained hard as we passed through this wild region, and the bottoms of the ravines were everywhere torn by torrents, which often dashed through bridges beneath the road, covering it with their spray. The rain did not, however, hinder me from stretching my neck from the window to gaze, now at the rugged and saw-like crests of the overhanging mountains, rending the heavy clouds as they rushed furiously by; now at the deep ravine below, white with the foam of the dashing water; or at the well-soaked mules and muleteers, that might be distinctly seen at no great distance from us, toiling up the weary side of the mountain, and turning first to the right hand, then to the left, as the road made angles, to overcome the declivity. Sometimes we appeared to be coming towards them, and they towards us, with inconceivable rapidity, passing and repassing many times; the intervening rocks and trees seeming likewise to partake of the celerity of our motion, and the whole landscape changing at every step.

The declivity of the Sierra, below the Dispeñaperros, softens into beauty, retaining merely enough of its wild and romantic character to add to its attractions, and from its sheltered situation, its southern exposure, and well watered and fertile soil, is admirably adapted to be the residence of man. It was,

however, until near the close of the last century, abandoned entirely to the caprice of nature, and inhabited only by wolves and robbers. In the paternal reign of Charles III., Don Pablo Olavide, who, by his own merit and the mere force of his character, had risen to various offices of trust and honor, became intendant of Seville. Not content with doing good in that city, which is indebted to him for many excellent institutions, fine edifices, and pleasant public walks, he sought to extend the sphere of his usefulness. He saw and lamented the unpeopled state of Spain, and succeeded in interesting the king in a plan to people some of the most fertile parts of Andalusia, which the vices of an impolitic government had deprived of inhabitants and converted into a wilderness. The Sierra Morena especially attracted his attention, and became the scene of his first experiment.

Olavide saw, however, that the stock of cultivators in Spain was rather a bad one, and that their prejudice against labor, which has descended from those days when arms, and not servile offices, were the proper occupation of a Christian, together with the listlessness and indolence which his meager participation in the fruits of his own labor has engrafted upon the character of the Spanish peasant, would be heavy impediments to the execution of his scheme. He determined, therefore, to seek a popula-

tion for his infant colony in some distant land, and thus to avail himself of that impulse which emigration, like transplantation in the vegetable world, usually gives to human industry. Settlers were brought at a great expense from Germany, and each family received a portion of land, a house, the necessary implements of labor, and a certain number of domestic animals. When an emigrant had cultivated and put in order his first allotment of land, he received an additional field. The houses were all built alike, and so placed as to form one or more wide streets on either side of the highway. Particular attention was paid to the health of the infant colony, and no emigrant was allowed to settle near a morass. The new settlers, to the number of seven thousand, were for a time supported at the public expense; but first turning their attention towards producing the immediate necessities of life, they were soon able to go alone. Being directed by the aid of science in the choice of their crops, and freed from the support of an idle population of priests and friars, from the burdensome taxes, ruinous restrictions, and thousand evils which bore so hard upon the rest of Spain, they began in a few years to produce some oil, wine, and silk for exportation, in addition to the wheat, barley, rye, oats, peas, and Indian corn required for their own consumption. Some of the towns

had also domestic manufactures of glass, earthenware, hemp, silk, and woollen. Such was the transformation wrought by Olavide, in the hitherto uninhabited regions of the Sierra Morena. The haunts of wild beasts became the habitation of man; the wilderness was converted into a garden; the howl of the wolf and the whistle of the robber were exchanged for the rattle of the loom and the gleeful song of the husbandman.

But what was the fate of Olavide—the man who had done so much for civilization and for Spain? Olavide hated the monks both theoretically and practically. He made a fundamental regulation, which excluded them entirely from the new colonies, and is even said to have built his house upon the ruins of a convent which in times past had given shelter to a band of robbers, in return for a share in their spoil. The monks in return most cordially hated Olavide. It chanced that one Father Romauld, a German Capuchin, came on a mission to the Sierra Morena, and was well received by Olavide. The good father was delighted with the settlements. He had an eye to enjoy the beauty of the situation and the charms of the scenery; nor was he unmindful of the amenity of the climate, the sparkling purity of the water, the generous and well-flavored quality of the wine, and the excellence of the eating. Fa-

ther Romauld thought what a fine station this would make for a convent of Capuchins. He therefore advised Olavide, since his colonists were all Germans, to get some German friars to come and teach them how to get to heaven. But Olavide professed his satisfaction with the curates attached to the different parishes, and declared that their services were quite equal to the spiritual wants of the colonists. Though Father Romauld was thwarted and baffled, he dissembled his disappointment, as became the humility of his office, but he did not forget it. Some time afterwards, he availed himself of the intimacy to which he was admitted by Olavide, and caught up some imprudent expressions concerning the Spanish clergy, which dropped from him in the unguarded confidence of domestic life. These were reported to the council of Castile, and Olavide was called to Madrid under the charge of reading prohibited books, and speaking disrespectfully of the catholic religion.

Olavide had been a year in Madrid, and began to believe that the threatened storm had passed by, and that Father Romauld had forgotten him, as he had forgotten Father Romauld, when he was suddenly seized, with all his papers, and taken by force from the bosom of his family. His friends

heard nothing of him for more than a year. The first intelligence they received of him was when he was called up to receive the sentence of the Inquisition, of which he had all this time been the prisoner. Olavide was confronted with his judges in the presence of many illustrious personages. He was dressed in a *sanbenito* of yellow, covered with flames and devils, and carried a green taper in his hand. He was accused of being a heretic, a believer in the doctrines of the *Encyclopédie*, and of having frequented the society of Voltaire and Rousseau. He was therefore exiled from Madrid and all other places of royal residence; from Seville, where he had long resided; and even from Lima, the place of his nativity. His property was confiscated for the benefit of the Holy Office, and he was at the same time declared incapable of any public employment. Lastly, he was condemned to be shut up eight years in a convent, and employ his time in reading such pious volumes as should be placed before him. His sentence was at once executed, and he was confined in a convent of La Mancha, but his health and spirits sank together under such accumulated misfortune; and his tormentors, who had no desire of destroying life, and thus curtailing their vengeance, sent him to recruit at some mineral waters of Catalonia. There, Olavide was so fortunate as to elude his keepers, and to escape for ever from a

country, to promote whose interests and welfare had hitherto been the business of his life*.

But, to return to our journey. As we descended the mountains at a rapid rate, the clouds grew gradually thinner and thinner, and the rain lighter, until by-and-by the sun occasionally emerged to cheer our progress and give us a wider view of the softening scenes of the mountain, shining out at length full and clear, to greet our arrival into the village of Carolina. Leaving the diligence in the spacious inn-yard, and pushing my way through the crowd of worthies, to whom our fellow-travellers, with the Biscayan at their head, were recounting their misfortunes, I wandered forth to look at this beautiful village in the mountains.

La Carolina is traversed throughout its whole extent by the noble road of Andalusia, which forms its principal street. The other streets run either parallel to, or at right angles with this, and not a scattering dwelling rises in the neighbourhood of the town, or, indeed, anywhere in the new settlement, without a reference to some future street. Thus, the possibility of great future convenience is purchased without the slightest present sacrifice. In the centre of the town is the *Plaza Mayor*, which serves on ordinary occasions as a market-

* Antillon—Townsend—Bourgoanne.

place and general rendezvous, and on festivals as the scene of bull-fights and public spectacles. Here stands the village church, with its clock and bell; the Ayuntamiento; the large and commodious inn, at which we were about to breakfast; the smithy for the accommodation of the town's people and travellers, and a variety of shops, where may be bought a little of every thing. The various buildings which surround the square are uniform and connected, and their fronts being supported upon a series of arcades, they furnish a covered walk round the whole, where the villagers may at all times find shelter from the heat of the sun, or the inclemency of the weather. I noticed with regret that several of the houses which surround this little square were ruined and tenantless. It would appear from this, that the colonies partake in the general decline of wealth, industry, and population. Indeed, they are now subject to the pressure of all the evils common to the rest of Spain, and are no longer, as formerly, exempt from the many burdens and restrictions which bear so hard upon the Spanish cultivator. As I wandered in the direction of the Paseo, which lies on the south of the town, the children, weary of their morning's confinement, were availing themselves of the returning sunshine, to sally forth to their daily

pastimes. The flaxen heads of a few told that the Saxon stock had not yet been modified by a southern sun, nor lost in the blood of Andalusia.

The Paseo is a beautiful spot, planted with wide-spreading trees, whose thick foliage covers as with an awning the stone benches which are placed below. In the centre of the area is a stone fountain where the water is ever full and ever falling, and which, whilst it cools the air and gives animation to the scene, serves likewise to refresh the passing travellers and cattle. There are many such fountains in Carolina, supplied with excellent water by an aqueduct. The public walk is as essential an appendage of a Spanish town as the parish church. Thither the inhabitants repair at an hour established by custom, and which changes with the season. In summer, the cool of the evening is chosen for this salutary recreation. I seated myself for a moment upon a bench, and, though it was far from the hour of Paseo, the scene was so familiar to me, that I was able to people the walks and benches, and pass in review the whole assemblage; the old indefnido, with his rusty cocked hat; the high stepping royalist volunteer; the village alcalde, with his gold-headed cane, his stained fingers, and paper cigarillo. Nor did I forget the young mountaineer, with his round hat, covered

with beads and turned gracefully aside; nor, least of all, the pretty Andaluza with her coquettish movements, and her full black eye.

Leaving the Paseo behind me, I extended my walk to the scattered dwellings without, and wandered on, enchanted by the beauty of the surrounding landscape. The country was abundantly watered with mountain streams, running in open channels, or else led off in wooden pipes to furnish the means of irrigation. On every side were fields of wheat, oats, barley, flax, and garbanzos—orchards of olive and algarroba, and sunny hill-sides, covered to their summit with the vine. Each house, too, in addition to its shady arbor, had a little plantation of fruit-trees on either side. It was the month of April, and they were all decked in their vernal livery, blending the young foliage of the fig with the gaudy pink of the peach, and the more modest, though not less pleasing, tints of the pear, the cherry, and the apple.

It was delightful to gaze abroad upon this varied and wide-extended landscape, where the wild beauty of mountain scenery was rather softened than subdued by the magic touch of cultivation. The south wind had already floated away the moist clouds to the higher mountains, and the last thin veil of vapor alone lingered lazily in the heavens, where the sun blazed out in a sky of transparent blue,

clear and unsullied, and with Andalusian splendor. The whole vegetable world seemed to have waked up renovated and refreshed by the showers of the morning. The wheat was higher and greener, and the meadow lands looked so inviting, that I was half disposed to envy the luxurious indulgence of the cattle, as they cropped the herbage. The atmosphere I breathed, too, seemed to be of some happier world; for the breeze came burdened with sweet exhalations, newly sent forth by the thousand plants of the Sierra. What a transition was this from the unvaried monotony of La Mancha, where, but the day before, we had gone forward for leagues and hours over an endless plain, without once encountering a tree, a rock, or a habitation!

On leaving La Carolina, the country became more and more lovely the whole way to Baylen, which lies at the foot of the mountains. Baylen makes a distinguished figure in the history of the late war of independence; and indeed in the history of Napoleon. It was there that the French were first beaten by the Spaniards in a pitched battle, and General Dupont was compelled to capitulate to the patriot army under the Swiss Reding. At Baylen, then, the imperial arms received the first check in their career of victory.

When we left Baylen our anxiety was again awakened lest we should encounter robbers, for

our road lay through a country much infested by them. There was also a good deal of excitement amongst the three men who composed our escort, as though they were in expectation of an attack. One of the men had lamed his horse the day before in the mountains, whither the escort had been sent with the horsemen who came with us from Guarroman, to find and break up a nest of bandits. The laming of a horse was, however, the only result of the expedition. Rather than leave this man behind, the conductor, at the moment of starting, made him take his seat beside me in the rotunda, with sabre and carbine, ready to repel an attack. He was a hard-visaged veteran, with long mustaches of mingled black and grey hairs. He had served in the northern campaigns with the auxiliary Spaniards, under the Marquis de la Romana. When Napoleon undertook his most unholy war against the independence of Spain, Romana eluded the vigilance of his perfidious ally, and escaped with his army by sea, to share in the defence of his unhappy country. Our dismounted horseman followed the fortunes of his chief, until the day of his death, and then continued to fight against the French until the downfall of Napoleon. He had entered the escort about four months before in the place of one who had been killed in defending the diligence. Not long since they had skirmished with the rob-

bers on the same fatal spot, and were now anticipating a more decisive attack. We feared now, not for our pockets, but our ribs; for the robbers always beat those who have no money. Having crossed a bridge, we began to approach the spot. It was a low hollow, opposite an olive orchard, which furnished a convenient lurking-place. One of our guards, a thin, long man, with a Moorish complexion and lank black hair, unslung his carbine, and, having looked at the priming, rode slowly and composedly in advance. The other was evidently neither a muleteer, a soldier, a contrabandista, nor a robber, but a townsman, unused to this kind of work; for he had a big belly and a frothy pot-valiant look, and sat his horse very badly. He was, moreover, but slightly armed, having left his carbine with the blacksmith to be repaired. As we approached the place of danger, therefore, the heart of our citizen soldier began to fail him, and he came to the rotunda to beseech the veteran to lend him his musket. The latter hooted at the idea of being left alone in the diligence with only a sabre; but being still pestered, he cocked his piece and pointed it out of the window, crying—" *Anda!*" The poor man, thinking the action, as well as the word, was meant for him, spurred his beast into a gallop, and guiding him with an unsteady hand, posted away to the front. As he drew one of three

pistols from his capacious belt, he looked more as if he were going to the gallows than to battle.

The sun had just disappeared behind the western horizon, when, on crossing a gentle sloping hill, we came suddenly upon the Guadalquivir. The noble stream was gliding silently, and with scarce a ripple, between verdant banks covered with horses, and sheep, and oxen, whose sleek condition bore witness to the richness of the pasture. Some of them were wading along the shore to crop the tender herbage which grew upon the margin of the stream; whilst others, more adventurous, pushed further into the current to drink of the clear water, as it stole rapidly past. The shepherd and the herdsman were either collecting their charge, or else were still stretched along the grass, gazing listlessly upon the current, and half chanting, half murmuring some of those wild melodies, which give such a distinct character to Spanish music. This then was the Betis of the Phœnicians, the Carthaginians, and the Romans, the Guadalquivir of the Arab and the Castilian! Can we wonder that they should have sung its praises boastingly—that they should have fought hard for its possession?

Andujar made a very pretty appearance as we entered it; for its streets were clean, and the houses white-washed. Each balcony was crowded with flowers, and formed into a miniature parterre. But

though the country was Andalusia, and the people Andalusians—famous, all the world over, for their light and festive temperament—every thing was now grave, and solemn, and noiseless. The people of the place were just returning from a ceremony representing the Passion of the Saviour. Afterwards they had followed in solemn procession the bloody image of their Redeemer, preceded by the instruments of his torments—the cross, the crown of thorns, the spear, and the nails. The dress of the whole population partook, in a measure, of the general mourning, and a few penitents, attired in black, and concealed in a mask which terminated in a tall steeple over their heads, might be seen moving slowly homeward. In this disguise, they had taken a part in the ceremony of the Passion, as a self-imposed penance for some real or imaginary crime. The next day at noon, however, Judas was to be stoned and beaten to death, to be hanged, and to be drowned in the Guadalquivir; and then the people of Andujar were to return to meat and wine, to the song, the dance, and the revel; to *bolearse* and *menearse*, and, in short, be once more Andalusians.

In the evening I went in search of the banker, named in my circular of credit. I found a respectable looking old gentleman seated among his family, and just about to qualify his fast with a cup

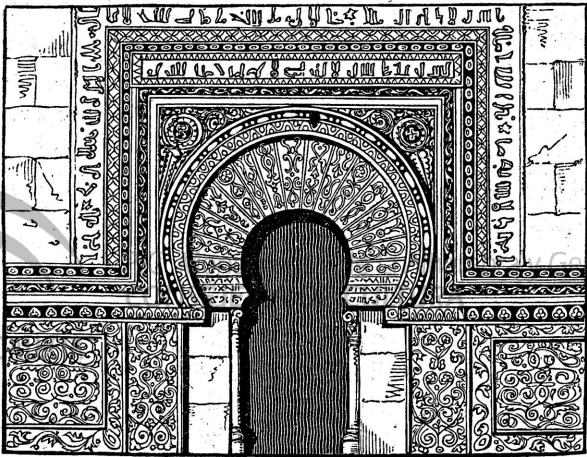
of chocolate, which he hastened to offer me. When he found that I had just come in the diligence from Madrid, he inquired the particulars of the robbery, which he had already heard of in a general way. I had heard the story many times, but had not told it once. In consideration, however, of the audience, I made the attempt, and being occasionally assisted by two or three pretty Andaluzas, when at a loss for a word, I was able to finish the sad narration. The old man every now and then exclaimed—" *Caramba!*"—and his daughters stamped their little feet, and tried to frown, and called the robbers *demonios* and *tunantes*. They seemed indignant that a stranger should have met with such treatment in España; but were somewhat consoled in learning that it had happened among the rough Manchegos, and not in Andalusia. The old man hastened to place his house and purse at my disposition. I thanked him for the first, and agreed to take from the latter as much money as would carry me to Seville. He took me over the way to his *tienda*, where he sold almost everything, and made his young man tell me out the required sum, for which he would not receive any per centage. I afterwards found that the Spanish bankers are not in the habit of charging for small sums, advanced as an accommodation to travellers.

The one in question, like most others I had business with, was at the same time an importing merchant and a shopkeeper. This circumstance sufficiently shows the fallen condition of commerce in Spain, where we see nothing of that subdivision of its pursuits which is found in more flourishing countries. These humble members of the *comercio* are, however, the most liberal people in Spain, and have the clearest perception of the evils which distress their unhappy country. They are likewise distinguished for an unshaken probity, not universal in other parts of the world, where business is done upon a larger scale.

The next morning we renewed our journey at an early hour, crossing the Guadalquivir by a rickety bridge, over which we preceded the diligence on foot. Our morning's ride was indeed delightful, leading us through a country of gently swelling slopes—of hills, and dales, and trees, and streams, and pasture land. The meadows were thickly dotted with cattle, and the banks of the Guadalquivir were everywhere alive with mares and colts. The herdsman would either be seen sitting on a knoll, directing the efforts of his dogs, or else, catching the nearest beast by the mane, he would bound upon her back, and scamper away, Numidian like, to check the wanderings of the herd.

The horses raised here are the finest in Spain. They have been famous ever since the time of the Arabs, who brought the original stock with them at the conquest. Spain has, however, always been famous for the excellence of its horses, which are supposed to have been derived from the African barb. The most esteemed horses of the present day, such as those of Baylen, Xerez, and Cordova, and the famous cast of Aranjuez, from which the Spanish kings mount their domestics and body-guard, and which they send as presents, are evidently of the stock of Arabia. They have lost nothing of their native beauty, grace, and docility, by emigrating to the banks of the Tagus and the Guadalquivir. Indeed, the Spaniards have a proverb that the water of the Guadalquivir fattens horses better than the barley of other countries. I saw a greater number of truly beautiful horses, in my short stay in Spain, than I had before seen during my whole life. The Spaniards treat and ride the Arabian after the fashion of the East, and though they wound the ox with a steeled goad, and beat the mule and the ass most unmercifully, they never strike the horse, but frequently dismount to lighten his journey. They caress him, speak to him kindly and encouragingly, and sometimes cheer his labors with a song.

Having recrossed the Guadalquivir by a noble bridge at Ventas de Alcolea, our road led us onward through gardens and orchards, until we at length entered the once imperial Cordova—Cordova, the Colonia Patriciæ of the Romans—the birth-place of Seneca and of Lucan.



Gate at Cordova.

CHAPTER XIV.

KINGDOM OF CORDOVA.

Kingdom and City of Cordova.—Introduction of the Saracens, and Creation of Western Caliphate.—Its Day of Glory.—Decline and Downfall.—Present Condition and Appearance.—The Cathedral.

CORDOVA, one of the four kingdoms of Andalusia*, is situated on either side of the Guadalquivir. That far-famed and really beautiful stream divides it into two widely different tracts, called Sierra and Campiña. The Sierra is a prolongation of the Sierra Morena, along whose southern base the Guadalquivir takes its course westward, towards Seville and the ocean. It is plentifully watered with springs and rivulets, producing abundance of food, pasture, medicinal herbs, fruits, flowers, and honey, and giving nourishment to great quantities of wild game, beside sheep, cattle, goats, and horses. Antillon well remarks, that “in spring it furnishes

* At the invasion of the northern Barbarians, in the fifth century, the Vandals settled in the ancient Betica, and retained possession until driven out by the Goths. Hence the name of Vandalusia. The Arabs called the whole peninsula Andaluz, from the first province with which they became acquainted.

a most delicious mansion." The Campiña, or Plain, is famous for the abundance of its wines and oil, which are extensively exported to the provinces of the Peninsula. Both sections are rich in minerals. Yet, notwithstanding these natural bounties, the state of agriculture is so much depressed, on account of the number of entailed estates and the rich possessions of the church, combined with the consequent poverty of the cultivators, that the kingdom of Cordova does not even produce the wheat necessary for its own consumption*.

The city of Cordova stands upon the right bank of the Guadalquivir, and at the foot of the last dying swell of the Sierra Morena. The country around is thrown into a pleasing variety of hill and dale, laid out in plantations of wheat, vines, and olives, with meadows of the most luxuriant green, and many orchards and gardens. The sky of Cordova is cloudless and transparent, the air balmy and refreshing, and the water of a sparkling purity.

Cordova is a place of very great antiquity. Indeed, Peyron says—upon I do not know what authority—that, even before the Carthaginians and

* Martial has made the Campiña the subject of one of his most beautiful odes. He speaks in other places of Cordova as the renowned and the ancient.

Romans, it possessed a school, where the sciences were publicly taught, and in which were preserved the poetry and laws of the Turdetani.

It was under the Arab domination, however, that Cordova attained its highest prosperity; and particularly under the reign of Abderahman, the last and only descendant of the dynasty of Omeya. His family had been driven from the throne, which they had possessed during many generations, by the rival Abasides—like them descended from the prophet—and had been hunted like wild beasts, and cruelly put to death. Abderahman alone remained, and, passing from Syria to Egypt, where he led the wandering life and shared the toils of the Bedouin Arabs, he was at length driven by his hard fortune to take refuge among the tribe of Zeneta in Barbary. His mother had been of that tribe; and this circumstance, combined with his singular merit and unequalled misfortunes, secured him protection and hospitality. It was there that he received the embassy inviting him to take possession of Spain, and it was thence too that he set out at the head of seven hundred and fifty fearless cavaliers, furnished him by his friends, to reap an inheritance not inferior to the lost empire of his family.

Abderahman landed at Almuñecar in the beginning of 755. He was at once received by many Andalusian schieks, who swore allegiance to him,

taking him by the hand, as was the custom. An immense concourse of people, brought together by the occasion, set up the cry of "May God protect the king of Spain—Abderahman ben Moarie!" Abderahman was in the flower of manhood, full of grace and majesty, and with a figure not less prepossessing than noble. But, what was of more importance to him, he had been tried and proved in the school of adversity. He knew that the roving affections of the Arabs could be won only by brilliant actions, and that it was necessary to connect his name with glorious associations, and first to conquer his kingdom by dint of his own valor, that he might afterwards have the right of governing it with wisdom and moderation. Abderahman carried the war wherever there was a show of resistance, and, placing himself at the head of his cavalry, was always found in the hottest of the fight. In this way the conquest was soon complete, and Abderahman turned his attention to the arts of peace.

The principal revenue of Abderahman was derived from the dime, or tenth, which was received in kind of all the fruits of the earth, and which must have been immense in a country where agriculture was so well understood and so highly honored. This plentiful supply served to defray the expenses of so large a kingdom, and to maintain the court of Cordova in regal splendor. An idea

of the magnificence of this court may be gathered from the fact, that the body-guard of Abderahman alone amounted to twelve thousand men. Two thirds of these were Andalusian and Zenetian horsemen, splendidly armed and mounted; the rest were Slavonian foot-soldiers, brought at a great expense from Constantinople, with whose emperors the kings of Cordova maintained the most intimate relations. These Slavonians were charged with the immediate guard of the king's person. He had likewise large companies of huntsmen and falconers, who were ever ready in attendance, in the palace and at the camp, to supply the favorite amusements of the time.

The reign of Abderahman III. was not more glorious for the successful termination of the wars undertaken during its continuance, than for the enlightened protection extended by the king to learned men, and the rewards which he heaped upon those of his own country, as well as upon those who were drawn to his court from the cities of the East. Indeed, the king would have risen to distinction from his genius and poetical taste alone, even if his talents had not gained, as they did, by the lustre of royalty. He caused new schools to be everywhere founded for the instruction of youth, and established a university, where the sciences were publicly taught

with a skill at that time unknown in any other part of Europe. Public justice was placed upon a simple footing, and made accessible to all, and no laws were used in the kingdom but the Koran, with which every one was familiar. The cadis decided according to the dictates of this code. The criminal jurisprudence of the Arabs was even more simple and summary. The law of talion was applicable to every crime. This punishment might, however, be avoided by paying a certain sum of money, provided always that the aggrieved consented. The protection of these laws, together with the enjoyment of liberty, rights, and possessions, was equally extended to all; whether Mussulman, Jew, or Christian.

Commerce was on a flourishing footing during the reign of Abderahman. Roads and bridges were constructed to facilitate the internal communication between the different parts of the kingdom, and a powerful marine was created for the defence of the coasts, and for the protection of commerce. The ports of Seville, Cadiz, and Tarragona, were constantly filled with shipping, and new ships were each year launched from the arsenals. Alencria, which lies east from Malaga, was still more frequented. It was there that the trade was carried on with the Levant; and that the rich commodities of the East were exchanged for the productions of

Andalusia. This trade was almost entirely in the hands of the Jews, who were carefully protected by the Arabians.

Manufactures, which from their flourishing condition in the time of the Romans had fallen to the lowest state of depression and misery under the Gothic dominion, now rose again to eminence. The Arabs and Moors, who came together to the conquest, were ingenious, skilful, and industrious. They brought with them many arts then unknown in Spain; these they improved upon, as well as upon those which they already found there; and, their ingenuity being stimulated by the novelties of their situation and of the surrounding objects, they were led to invent others. The Arabs excelled in the manufacture of arms and of woollen cloths; the Moors, in their beautiful mode of preparing leather, weaving cotton, hemp, and flax, and especially in the manufacture of silk stuffs. Thus the Cordovan leather became famous throughout Europe, as it still is under the name of morocco, since the art, with those who practised it, has been driven beyond the Mediterranean; and the silks of Granada had such a high reputation in the East, that they formed a lucrative commerce to Syria, Egypt, and Constantinople*.

* It is generally believed that silk-worms were not known in Europe until the twelfth century, when they were brought