evening meal in all Andalusia. We accepted this simple food with the same frankness that it was offered; and seated under a wide-spreading orange-tree, whose blossoms would now and then fall into our common dish, we talked, or ate, or amused ourselves in throwing bread to the gold fish that swam about in the reservoir, and now and then came to the top of the water to beg a part of our pittance. All was novel, all amusing to me; and when we took leave of the unbought hospitality of this humble roof, and reached the streets of the city, where I bade a first and last farewell to my kind-hearted companions, it was with feelings of no common good-will towards every thing belonging to Cordova. Yet the Cordoveses are spoken of by writers of travels, and even by Antillon, the Spanish geographer, as wanting education and politeness, and being in fact a brutal people. Of this I saw nothing during my short stay in Cordova, although I had frequent occasion to ask my way in the streets of the meanest people. The only thing that struck me unfavorably amongst them was an unusual number of royalist cockades.

Cordova being seen, the next thing was to think about getting forward in my journey; and this I was the more anxious to do, as my lodgings in the chief posada of Ronda, which stands next to the many-columned cathedral, were quite as mi-

serable as they could possibly have been in the meanest caravansary of the days of Abderahman. The diligence which had brought me from Madrid had gone on without delay, and I had taken leave of my friendly companions with the promise of finding each other out, and talking over our misfortunes, in Seville and in Cadiz. The next diligence would not arrive for a day or two—so I determined to take some other conveyance, which would carry me to Seville as quickly, and at the same time give me an opportunity of seeing something of the interesting country. It would have been too hot work with the corsarios, or regular trading muleteers, and my expedition to Aranjuez had given me abundant experience in the way of carros. I therefore decided for the only remaining alternative, that of getting a passage in some galera on its way from Madrid to Seville. The master of the posada, to whom I made known my intentions on the night of my return from the desert, told me that Tio Jorge (or Uncle George), the galera-man, was then in the posada; that his mules had rested the whole sabbath, and would go off for Seville with the better will the next morning after the matin mass; adding that he was sure he would receive *infinito gusto* from my company. Uncle or rather Gaffer George was accordingly sent for, and made his appearance in my room—a tall, robust

old man of fifty or sixty, with a weather-beaten wind-worn countenance, which expressed a droll mixture of round-about cunning, combined with bluntness and good-humor. He was dressed in a well-worn jacket and breeches of velvet, with coarse blue stockings below; an attire not at all calculated to improve his appearance, inasmuch as the old man was terribly knock-kneed, and had feet that were put together with as little symmetry, for his shoes were everywhere pierced to make room for the projection of corns and bunions. Tio Jorge and the posadero sat down on either side of me, like allied armies before a besieged city. Thus hemmed in, I surrendered after half an hour's parley; and the capitulation being made for something less than double the common price, the two worthies went away to divide the excess over an *alcarraza* of *vino tinto* (a jug of red wine), leaving me, in return, a pious prayer for my repose—"*Que usted descanse, caballero!*" (Good repose to you, cavalier!)

The next morning I was called at an early hour, and summoned to the galera: and then it was, to my no small dismay, that I discovered that I was to be fellow-passenger with near twenty noisy officers, who, the day before, had kept the whole house in a continual uproar. The eight mules, too, which, according to Tio Jorge's account, were so fat and arrogant, had as meager and broken-spirited a look

as one can well conceive. Instead of lifting their heads impatiently, shaking their bells, and endeavouring to break away from the zagal, as valiant mules are wont to do, they stood mostly on three legs, with each his head resting on the rump of his antecedent, or on the neck of his companion, or else turned back wistfully in the direction of the stable. The officers were all accommodated, and Tio Jorge sat upon the front, just within the penthouse of reeds and canvas that covered the wagon, inviting me to enter with the most guileless countenance in the world. My trunk was already in the galera, my bill was paid, and I had exchanged the parting *adios* with the landlord, the *mozo*, and the *moza*. There was no alternative; so, swallowing my vexation, I told the old man to drive on, and I would overtake him beyond the Guadalquiver.

The bridge, which was then emptying its current of market people, men and women, carts, mules, and asses, in front of our posada, and over which I followed the galera, has served during many centuries to effect the passage of the Guadalquivir. It is of very massive construction, and has towards the centre a shrine containing the image of the patron of Cordova, the archangel Raphael. A lantern hangs overhead, and is lit during the night for the convenience of such pious traversers of the

bridge as may be disposed to kneel upon the pavement, and indulge in a passing devotion. This bridge and the present station of Saint Raphael were once the scene of a singular and terrible tragedy. Soon after the period of the conquest, the Moors of the neighbouring provinces of Africa revolted against the Arabs, and drove an army of Syrians and Egyptians, under Baleg-ben-Bakir, to the sea-coast, whence they sought refuge in Spain. There Baleg was joined by certain factious chiefs, who were enemies of the Emir Abdelmelic, and who persuaded him to raise the standard of revolt, under the pretext that the emir was about to declare himself independent of the Caliph of Damascus. On hearing this unwelcome intelligence, Abdelmelic immediately mustered his forces, and marched against the rebels; but fortune betrayed him. His courage and self-devotion were of no avail, and, having lost the battle, he was forced to take refuge in Cordova. Baleg marched at once upon the capital, and the treacherous inhabitants, purchasing safety at the expense of honor, revolted against Abdelmelic, seized upon his person, and tied him to a stake in the centre of this very bridge, over which Baleg must needs pass in his advance upon the city. The head of Abdelmelic was severed by the first assailant, and carried as an acceptable offering to the rebel chief, whilst the rest of the

army took their way over the headless trunk of the murdered emir *.

The Guadalquivir at Cordova is a considerable stream; but it is not deep, except in the season of floods, when, like the other rivers of this mountainous country, it becomes very much swollen; for, being many hundred feet higher than the sea, its course is necessarily very rapid. As I now looked over the parapet, the bottom might be seen in several places, and I fully realized the possibility of the fact mentioned by Hirtius in the Commentaries, that Cæsar, in the siege of Cordova, passed his army over the Guadalquivir upon a bridge constructed by throwing baskets of stones into the bed of the river, and connecting them with a platform of boards †. We learn, however, from Pliny, that the river was navigable in his time as high as Cordova. This navigation had been long abandoned, when Marshal Soult caused it to be reopened, to facilitate the transportation of military stores between Seville and Cordova.

When we had reached the left bank of the Guadalquivir, the galera struck into a fine wide road, which was originally constructed by the Romans. By and by, however, I began to grow tired of treading this classic causeway, and then crouched quietly

* Conde. † De Bello Hispan. V.

into the narrow seat which Tio Jorge had offered me. Here I found my situation by no means so pleasant as in the galera of Manuel Garcia; for my present companions were not at all to my mind, and even had they been the best fellows in the world, there were too many of them. Among the number was a curate, who was going to Seville, to contend in the public convention for some one of several vacant livings in the gift of the archbishop, and which were to be bestowed according to the relative merit of the candidates. The rest were all officers from Biscay, who had been apostolical guerillos in the late counter-revolution, and who were going to join the garrison of Algeziras. Though disposed to be as civil as they knew how, they were low fellows, with nothing of the officer in their manners and appearance, and had probably been brought over, from being distressed mechanics or broken down shop-keepers, to rob, and plunder, and cut throats, in the defence of the altar and throne. From our numbers, we were necessarily crowded very closely. Indeed the wagon could contain us all only by our fitting ourselves together like a bundle of spoons; and thus accommodated, it was utterly impossible to turn round, except by common consent.

This unpleasant state of affairs within the galera furnished an excellent excuse for descending

frequently, and footing it onward during the greater part of the journey. The curate was much of the same mind; so we soon engaged in conversation. He was quite a handsome man of thirty, dressed in a round jacket and Andalusian hat; retaining no other badges of his clerical office except breeches and stockings of black, with silver knee and shoe buckles, and a silk stock streaked with violet. He was evidently a very good scholar; and, though he knew very little about the present state of the world, could tell all about the days of antiquity. What, however, contributed most to render his company agreeable, was the extreme amenity and courteousness of his demeanor. The regular clergy in Spain, and especially in Andalusia, are remarkable for the amiability of their manners; a quality which they acquire by constant intercourse with society, and by close attention to all the arts of rendering themselves agreeable, as the only means of riveting and extending their influence.

Tio Jorge, likewise, furnished much amusement when he occasionally alighted to stumble up a hill; for there was something very peculiar and original in his way of thinking. It seemed that he had contracted to carry the load of officers to Seville for a certain stipulated sum, which he now found, or pretended to find, deficient. This he endeavoured

to make up, by keeping them upon a low diet; doubtless not without a view to the benefit of their health; for they lay close all day, talking, singing, or sleeping, and took no exercise. The officers in return passed alternately from jest to abuse; and the old man gave them as good as they brought, growling quite as loudly. As I was not obnoxious to the charge of having held him to a hard bargain, he took a pleasure in telling me his griefs; nor did he fail to revile the officers, in a smothered tone, for their devotion to the priests and to royalty. He asked me if there were any chance that the English, who were then upon the Portuguese frontier, would march into Spain; ten thousand *casacas encarnadas* (red coats) would, he said, be sufficient to rally the whole country. I thought so too; with this difference, however, that where one Spaniard would go over to the English, there would be two ready to knife them. "What a fine thing," he added, "would it not be, if the English were to blockade the whole of Spain! There would then be no coasting trade; every thing would have to be carried inland. If they come, too, they will have a great deal of stores to carry; a Spaniard will go barefooted through the bushes, and march all day upon a crust of bread; but your Englishmen will only fight upon a full belly. To be sure they are

heretics, and a little brutish withal; but then they pay well. They give you few good words, but they count down the hard dollars."

As for the zagal of our galera, he was no other than the son of Tio Jorge, Juan by name, which the soldiers, in consideration of his youthful years, converted into Juanito and Juanico, when they wished to speak kindly, and by the *diminutivos despreciativos* of Juanillo and Juantonto, when they wanted to jeer him. The boy was indeed somewhat obnoxious to raillery, for he was quite as odd and old-fashioned as his sire. Though only in his fourteenth year, he had already filled the office of zagal nearly two years; and now walked almost every step of the way, smacking his whip and reasoning with the mules, from morning till night, notwithstanding the inconvenience of locomotion upon knock-knees and crooked feet; for the lad was his father's son, every inch of him, nay, to the very toes; a thing not always self-evident in Spain. Nor should I forget to mention the humblest of our whole party, a young Gallego, who did little offices about our vehicle, for the privilege of having his bundle stowed in it, and of walking the whole day within the sound of our bells. This young man was wandering away from home, as the poor of his province are wont to do, in search of employment. They usually stay away ten or twenty years,

and when they have accumulated a few hundred dollars, return, like the Swiss and Savoyards, to die quietly in their native mountains. He tendered me his services in the capacity of squire; but though I afterwards gave him something to do in Seville, I declined the offer, from the consideration that it was quite as much as I could do to take care of myself. I afterwards met him in the street at Cadiz. He had got a place, having found many countrymen there in the service of the merchants, who employ them as porters, and trust them to the utmost extent, even to the collection and payment of monies.

As we journeyed onward, I looked in vain for any remains of the wonderful palace of Azhara, constructed by the third Abderahman upon the banks of the Guadalquivir, a few miles below Cordova. The Arabian historians, translated by Conde, tell us that its vaults and arches were sustained upon no fewer than four thousand three hundred columns of marble. The pavement was composed of variegated marbles, cut in squares, circles, and diamonds; the walls were impressed with regular figures and inscriptions, intermingled with fruits and flowers; whilst the beams which sustained the ceilings were elaborately carved, and the ceilings themselves every where painted with gold and azure. Every apartment had one or more fountains of crystal

water, constantly falling into basins of jasper, porphyry, and serpentine. In the centre of the great saloon was a large fountain, from the midst of whose waters rose a golden swan, which had been made in Constantinople. Over the head of the swan hung suspended a very large pearl, which had come as a present from the Emperor Leo*. The curtains and tapestry were all of silk, embroidered with gold. Adjoining the palace were extensive gardens, planted with fruit trees and flowers. They contained also groves of laurel and bowers of myrtle, which enclosed numerous baths and glassy sheets of water, in which the branches of the overhanging trees, the clouds, and azure sky were seen again by reflection. But the great wonder of Azhara was the favorite pavilion of Abderahman, in which he used to repose after the fatigues of business or of the chase. It stood upon the summit of a little knoll, whence the eye overlooked without obstacle the palace, the garden, the river, and a wide extent of the surrounding country. The columns which sustained it were of the choicest marble, and surmounted by gilt capitals, whilst in the centre stood a porphyry couch, which served as a reservoir to a jet of quicksilver. Whenever the rising or setting sun sent his rays upon the falling drops and ever-undulating surface

* Probably Leo the Philosopher, emperor of the East.

of this wonderful fountain, they were reflected and dispersed in a thousand directions with magical effect*.

During the whole day's ride the country through which we passed lost nothing of its beauty. Indeed I had scarce ever witnessed a fairer scene than broke upon me, when, after toiling up a hill-side, behind which the sun had just sunk to rest, we at length attained the summit. Before us stretched the storied Genil, winding its way at the bottom of a deep and verdant valley, too soon to lose itself amid the waters of the Guadalquivir. The river was traversed by a time-worn bridge, at whose extremity lay the city of Ecija, long a border fortress between Moors and Christians, and famous in many a roundelay. The

* This description of Azhara may seem exaggerated and fanciful; it may indeed be so: but one who has seen the Court of the Lions at Granada, which, in a quadrangle of one hundred and twenty-six feet by seventy-two, has one hundred and twenty-eight columns, and which, in addition to a single fountain of thirteen jets, has sixteen others, which may be discovered simultaneously,—who has wandered through the halls of the Alhambra, gazing with wonder upon the curious painting and gilding of the ceilings, and upon the surrounding walls, everywhere elaborately impressed with fruits, flowers, and inscriptions,—finally, who has witnessed the ruin wrought in the old palace by the lapse of little more than three centuries,—finds little here to stagger his credulity. The fountain of quicksilver will appear the least wonder of all, if we remember that the mine of Almaden, in the neighbouring Sierra, produces annually twenty thousand quintals of that precious fluid.

walls which had once teemed with spears, with cross-bows, and with fighting men, were now fallen or overgrown with ruins and brambles; the clang of the trumpet and the shock of chivalry were exchanged for the lowing of herds, the bark of house-dogs, and the mournful toll of *las animas*.

In modern times Ecija has founded its reputation chiefly upon a band of robbers, who lived and exercised their depredations in and about the city; rendering the name of the Thirteen Children of Ecija, *Los Trece Niños de Ecija*, not less famous and formidable than that of the Forty Thieves. I knew a young noble of Ecija, a cadet in the king's body-guard, who was taken by them when a child, on his way to Madrid in a galera. He said they made all the passengers get down whilst they searched the cargo, and, seeing that he was quite small and a good deal frightened, they took him out and laid him on the grass by the road side, as carefully as though he had been a basket of eggs. It is a singular fact that, though these bandits were often pursued, and sometimes one or more of them were killed or taken, yet their number ever remained the same; it was still *Los Trece Niños*. After years of successful depredation, the fraternity has not disappeared until very lately. This long continuance is partly attributed to their not having wantonly murdered any of their non-resisting victims, but chiefly to the

singular regulation, which they religiously observed, of dividing their spoil always into three equal portions. One of these portions was conveyed to certain alcaldes of the vicinity; another to a convent of friars, who protected and concealed them; whilst the remainder only was retained as their own share.

The second night of our journey was passed at Carmona, which is situated upon the pinnacle of a mountain, overlooking a rich and varied view of the valley of the Guadalquivir. This city was quite famous under the Romans, and was for a short time the capital of one of those petty kingdoms which sprung up in the decline of the Arabian domination. Beside Ecija and Carmona, we met but a few villages between Cordova and Seville, and no solitary farms nor houses, other than the public ventas. Though the soil was everywhere fertile and capable of nourishing a numerous population, yet it was in general very imperfectly cultivated, and often abandoned to the caprice of nature. Nothing can be more painful than to behold this country, which rose to such a high degree of prosperity under the Romans and Arabs, now so fallen, so impoverished. The principal source of this depopulation may be found in the landed monopolies; nearly the whole country being owned by large proprietors, to whose ancestors it was granted at the time of the conquest. Hence the soil has to support, not

only the laborer who cultivates it, but likewise the idle landlord, who lives at court, and spends his income in the capital. They who preach the preservation of families and estates, and deprecate the unlimited subdivision of property, should make a journey to Andalusia. Other causes are found in the odious privileges of the *mesta*, in the exorbitance of the taxes, and in the vexatious system in raising them; in the imperfect state of internal communications, and in the thousand restrictions which check circulation at every step. Not to mention the clergy, the convents, and the robbers, have we not already causes enough of ruin and desolation?

CHAPTER XVI.

KINGDOM OF SEVILLE.

Arrival in Seville.—Casa de Pupilos.—History of Seville.—Its general Appearance and remarkable Edifices.—Cathedral and Giralda.—Amusements.—Murder of Abu-Said.—Isabel Davalos.—Guzman the Good.—Italica.—A poor Officer.—Seville at Sunset.

EARLY on the third day of our journey from Cordova, a more careful cultivation announced our approach to Seville, which we presently discovered in the plain before us, conspicuous by its lofty and far-famed Giralda. Towards noon we entered the suburbs of the city, and kept along the road which follows the arches of the aqueduct. In passing the front of the tobacco manufactory to reach the southern gate, I noticed on our left the naked carcasses of six horses, which a noisy congregation of crows and dogs were hastening to devour. These were the victims of a bull-fight that had taken place the day before in the Plaza de Toros. At the gate, we were made to stop and deliver our passports. Here, too, we were encountered by the wife of Tio Jorge, a withered and dark-skinned old woman, who came forth to meet her husband; bringing in

her hand something rolled in a bundle, which proved to be a diminutive baby, the child of their old age. Tio Jorge, when they had entered the galera, took the infant into his arms, and leaving Juanito between the head mules, which he guided with much dexterity through the narrow windings of Seville, he fell to kissing it with great pride and chuckling. Indeed, he seemed to have forgotten the mother, the mules, and Juanito, in his fondness for this imperfect production.

My first intention had been to take lodgings, during my short stay in Seville, in a posada, which had been recommended to me by a friend; but the curate counselled me to go with him to a boarding-house, where one would find more comfort, more retirement, and at the same time more society. I readily agreed to do so; and, leaving our baggage, we went to seek a place that would answer. We had not gone far with our eyes on the look-out for the required sign of *casa de pupilos,* when, coming to a barber's shop, we walked in to make inquiries; for the barbers here, even more than elsewhere, know every thing. It was a barber's shop in Seville, and, though the young man who rose to receive us —instead of the dangling queue and silken *gorra* of the genuine majo, his jaunty jacket and breeches covered with gilt buttons, his gaudy sash, well-filled stocking, and neat shoe-tie—was plainly

dressed in an embroidered roundabout of green, with linen trousers; yet the towel thrown over his arm professionally, the brazen basin, scolloped at one side, which hung from the wall, ready to receive the neck of the subject, and to remind one of the helmet of Mambrino; but especially his vivacious air and ready civility, as he hastened to hang his guitar by its flesh-colored riband upon a peg in the corner,—announced the son of Figaro. So soon as he had learned our will, he stepped forth into the street, with the elastic tread of one not unused to go forth in the waltz, proceeding to explain to us where we might find what we were in search of, and asking us to take the trouble to go a very little way in this direction, and then give a *vueltacita* round the left corner, where we should find ourselves in front of a house kept by a widow lady, where we could not fail to be *a gusto*. We thanked him for his advice, and having accepted his invitation to return to his shop when we should again require his services, soon entered the house in question.

The outer door was open as usual, and, on knocking at the inner one, it was presently jerked open by a string from the corridor of the second story, so as to admit us into the central court-yard. "*Pase ustedes adelante, Señores*"—"Please to pass onward!" was the next salutation; and taking the

speaker at her word, we made a turn to avoid a noisy fountain which stood in the centre of the court, and, ascending the stairs, wheeled round the corridor to the front saloon. This room was an oblong, with two balcony windows looking on the street, which were shaded from the sun by awnings or rather outer curtains of red and white stripes placed alternately. The walls and rafters were newly whitewashed, and the tile floor looked cool and cleanly. Its furniture consisted of a marble table, surmounted by a looking-glass, beside a good assortment of rush-bottomed chairs, the backs of which were prettily painted with French love-scenes. There were few ornaments here; unless, indeed, three young women—the two daughters and niece of the ancient hostess—who sat with their embroidery in the cool balcony, might be so esteemed. One of them was at least five and twenty; the next might be eighteen—a dark-haired, dark-eyed damsel, with a swarthy Moorish complexion and passionate temperament. The niece was a little girl from Ecija, the native place of the whole family, who had come to Seville to witness the splendors of the holy week. She was just beginning to lose the careless animation, the simplicity, and the prattle of the child in the suppressed demeanour, the softness, the voice and figure of a woman. She looked as though she

might have talked and acted like a child a week or two ago in Ecija, but had been awakened to new and unknown feelings by the scenes of Seville. As for the Morisca, she touched the guitar and sang, not only with passion and feeling, but with no mean taste, for she went frequently to the Italian opera. The other two waltzed like true Andaluzas, as I had occasion to see that very evening.

Such being the state of affairs, the curate and I decided that we would go no farther, and accordingly accepted the rooms that were offered us, and agreed to take our meals with the family. Nor did we afterwards regret our precipitation, for the house was in all things delightful. As for myself, it furnished me with a favorable opportunity of seeing something of those Sevillanas, of whose charms and graces, of whose sprightliness and courtesy, I had already heard such favorable mention. With these, and some other specimens which I saw of the sex, as it is in Seville, I was indeed delighted;—delighted with their looks, their words and actions, their Andalusian Spanish, their seducing accent, and their augmentatives and diminutives, from *grandissimo* to *poquito* and *chiquiti-ti-ti-to.*—Every thing is very big or very little in the mouth of a Sevillana: she is a superlative creature, and is ever in the superlative.

There was one thing, however, in my situation in

this *casa de pupilos* which was new and singular, to say nothing of its inconvenience, and which may furnish a curious study of Spanish customs. This was the position of my bedchamber. It had a grated window looking on the street, and a door opening into the court-yard. Next it was a long room, running to the back of the building. This also was a bedchamber, and the bedchamber of the old lady and of the three niñas of Ecija, who slept on cots ranged along the room. But it may not be amiss to tell how I came by this information. Now it chanced that the partition wall betwixt my room and this next did not extend to the ceiling, nor, indeed, more than two-thirds of the way up, the remainder being left open to admit a free circulation of air, and keep the rooms cool; for Seville, in summer, is little better than an oven. This being the case, I could hear every thing that was going on next me. We used to commend each other to God over the wall very regularly every night before going to sleep, and presently I used to hear the old woman snore. The girls, however, would go on talking in a whisper, that they might not disturb their mother. In the morning again, we always woke at the same hour and with the customary salutations. Sometimes, too, I would be aroused in the dead of the night, and kept from sleeping for hours, just by the

cracking of a cot, as one of my fair neighbors turned over; or may be on no greater provocation than the suppressed moan of a troubled dreamer, or the half-heard sigh of one just awoke from some blissful vision to a sense of disappointment.

But to return to graver matters, Seville is by far the largest of the four kingdoms of Andalusia. Nor is it surpassed by any province of the Peninsula, except perhaps Valencia and Granada, in fertility and abundance. It has mines of silver in the neighbouring Sierra, and produces everywhere generous wines and fruits of delicious flavor. The wheat of this kingdom, though unequal in quantity to the domestic consumption, is of the very finest quality *. Oil is, however, the staple production of this kingdom. It has a strong taste, from the way in which it is purposely prepared. The pickled olives of Seville are the largest and finest in the world.

* I do not know whether it be owing to a superior degree of excellence in the Spanish wheat over that of other countries, or to any other cause, but the bread certainly seems to me better and sweeter in Spain than anywhere else. This is especially the case in Seville, where the bread is unequalled for beauty and relish. It is not much raised, nor spongy, but rather solid, with a close grain and rich color. It retains its freshness a long while; indeed, I have tasted some a week or ten days old, that had been sent as a present to Gibraltar, even then far better than the best I had ever ate out of Spain.

Seville, the capital of this kingdom, is situated chiefly on the left bank of the Guadalquivir, and has a bridge of boats connecting it with the suburb of Triana. This is a very old city—so old, indeed, that its foundation is ascribed to the Libyan Hercules, who makes a great figure in the fabulous history of the Peninsula. This is even set forth in ancient inscription over one of the city gates. "*Hercules me edifico; Julio Cesar me cerco de muros y torres altas; y el Rey Santo me gano con Garci Perez de Vargas:*"—"Hercules built me; Julius Cæsar surrounded me with walls and towers; and the Sainted King gained me, with the aid of Garci Perez de Vargas." The Sainted King was no other than Saint Ferdinand, who took Cordova from the Arabs; and as for Garci Perez, he was a right valiant cavalier—a second Cid—who, not only with word and voice, but also with lance and buckler, did many wonders in the siege of the city.

The population of Seville at present scarce amounts to one hundred thousand souls, and twenty-five hundred silk-looms alone survive the wreck of ruined industry. As for her commerce, it is now reduced to a petty trade with Barcelona and some other Spanish ports, with occasionally a foreign arrival. Seville may even be said to have fallen far below her fair value; for, situated as she is, near a hundred miles in the interior of a country where the

productions of the temperate harmonize with those of the tropic climes, and which for natural riches knows no superior in Europe, and upon a noble stream, which might easily be rendered navigable again for large ships, Seville is eminently calculated to hold a high station as an agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial metropolis.

Seville is by no means a handsome city; nay, so far as mere beauty is concerned, it may scarce be admitted to the rank of mediocrity. It is flanked on every side by ragged gates and towers which bear the impress of every age from a period anterior to the Christian era; and its streets have been rendered narrow, crooked, and irregular by the long residence of the Saracens. Notwithstanding all these defects, Seville is not entirely destitnte of the grandeur belonging to a great city. Among a countless number of churches, chapels, and oratories, one hundred convents, and other public edifices in proportion, all of which offer some interest in the way of architecture, paintings, or historic associations, there are a few which attract more particularly the attention of the traveller. Among this number is the cannon foundery; an immense establishment, where have been cast some of the most beautiful brass pieces in the world. It is still in operation, though Spain is no longer troubled with the task of fortifying the many strong-holds of

the New World. The tobacco manufactory is in the outskirts of the city. It is a noble pile of quadrangular form and very solid construction; which, with the deep trench that surrounds it, and the drawbridge that rises every night and insulates it completely, give it the appearance of a fortress. Here is prepared the tobacco sold by government, of which it constitutes the chief monopoly. This oppressive system causes an extensive contraband trade, with much misery and more vexation. As for the establishment in question, it produces a revenue to the crown, which might be raised at half the expense in some other way. It further furnishes a semi-sinecure to a swarm of idle officers, and a vast seraglio to some dozen or two of old fellows, who strut round with cigars in their mouths, superintending the labors of many hundreds of young women, whom they search, as they tell me, *muy a menudo* (very minutely) every night as they go over the drawbridge, to see that they have no tobacco concealed. The Lonja or Exchange is the most regular and beautiful building in Seville. There are collected all the documents relating to the Indies. Here is also seen the only original portrait of Columbus. It was deposited here by his descendant, the Duke of Veragua, as the most proper place for the preservation of a thing so pre-

cious *. It is to be deeply regretted that this painting was found in the family gallery in a defaced condition; and having been retouched, the reality of the resemblance has become a matter of learned disputation. The Alcazar, often the residence of the Castilian kings, and the favorite abode of Peter the Cruel, is a most singular edifice, composed of a confused pile of Gothic, Arabic, and modern constructions. The inhabitants find a favorite promenade in the equally singular gardens which lie adjacent; once the lounging-place of the lovely Eleanor de Guzman, Maria Padilla, and the ill-fated Blanche de Bourbon.

The Marine Academy is pleasantly situated without the walls of the city. This institution was founded by Ferdinand Columbus, to educate a number of young men, with the view to their becoming masters of merchant ships. They pass several years in making a good theoretical study of navigation, and in learning seamanship from a number of very good books, aided by a little antique frigate, suspended upon a pivot in one of the rooms, which they tacked and veered for me with surprising dexterity. The absurdity of this system is self-evident. In the merchant service the future

* The Lonja is indestructible, the ceilings being vaulted and the floors paved.

master must learn the science of navigation whilst he is yet in a subordinate station, either in the interval of his voyages, or, better, from his superiors during their continuance. In the military marine, where a higher order of professional excellence is required, where the skill of the thorough-bred sailor must be added to the science of the mathematician and the gentlemanly accomplishments which raise a national character in the eyes of strangers, the necessary education can scarcely be acquired except in an academy where theory should go hand in hand with practice, and where daily studies on shore should be alternated by daily exercise on shipboard;—not a ship moored head and stern, like the school of practice at Toulon; nor built upon terra firma, or rather on the tops of trees, as at Amsterdam; but a genuine little ship, that could loose her sails, and lift her anchor, and turn her back upon the land at pleasure. The periodical vacations, every where found necessary to relieve the mind of the student, might consist in little coasting voyages, which should at the same time be rendered parties of pleasure. This would furnish the young men with much minute information concerning their native coasts, which older sailors, engaged in the ordinary business of the profession, have no means of acquiring. Nor should the adventurous aspirant after naval glory shun to

launch out into the ocean, and learn thus early, in his little bark, to brave the element destined hereafter to become the scene of his triumphs.

But by far the most conspicuous monument of Seville is the Cathedral. It is indeed famous in all Spain, where the three principal temples are thus characterized: *la de Sevilla, la grande, la de Toledo, la rica, y la de Leon, la bella.* In Andalusia it even receives the disputed appellation of patriarchal. And indeed, whether we consider its extent and proportions, or the pomp and ceremonial of worship, it is certainly one of the noblest temples in all Christendom. The extent of the church itself is four hundred and twenty feet by two hundred and sixty, with a central nave rising to an immense height. The endowment of this temple accords with the magnificence of its construction; for so late as the last century the archbishop received the handsome income of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, with a corresponding provision for two hundred and thirty-five canons, prebendaries, curates, confessors, musicians, singers, and levitical aspirants*. Nor will this number of dependants appear extravagant, if we remember that they have to officiate at no fewer than eighty-two altars, and perform five hundred masses on a daily average.

* Townsend.

The exterior of the Cathedral presents a grotesque grandeur, produced by the combination of three utterly different species of architecture. The church itself is of gothic construction, partly erected at an earlier period than the eighth century. The sacristy is entirely in the modern taste, whilst the court and garden adjoining, with the thrice famous Giralda, date from the dominion of the Arabians. This wondrous tower of Giralda was built towards the close of the twelfth century, in the reign of Jacub Almanzor, by Algeber, a famous mathematician and architect *. Originally it rose to an elevation of two hundred and eighty feet, and was surmounted by an iron globe of prodigious size, which being splendidly gilded reflected and almost rivalled the brilliancy of the sun.

* The invention of algebra has been attributed to this Algeber of Seville, from whom it is said to derive its name. Though this science is known to have existed many centuries before, yet it is very possible that he introduced it among his countrymen; for it first became known in Europe through the Arabian Spaniards, who cultivated mathematics so successfully, that when Alonso the Wise arranged the celebrated astronomic tables which still bear his name, he got most of his calculations from the astronomers of Granada. Nor is there any good reason why Algeber may not have reinvented the science; for these things are not the accidental offspring of a single brain, but real existing combinations, growing out of the state of science, and waiting the grasp of the master mind who leads the van of discovery.