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JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

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GAZPACHO:

OR,

SUMMER MONTHS IN SPAIN.

BY
WILLIAM GEORGE CLARK, M.A.

FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Donativo de Sr. Conde de
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P R E F A C E.

I AM going to make, at the beginning of my book, certain apologies and explanations, which would have come more appropriately at the end. But custom, which prescribes a Preface, proscribes an Epilogue, thus leaving me no alternative but to cry 'peccabo,' and impudently demand absolution for a prospective offence. Nevertheless, I hope that my preliminary confessions may take the wind out of my critics' sails.

First, as to the title: Gazpacho is the name of a dish universal in, and peculiar to, Spain. It is a sort of cold soup, made of bread, pot-herbs, oil, and water. Its materials are easily come by, and its concoction requires no skill. Many a time have I seen a whole family, old and young, provided each with a long wooden spoon, sitting round the bowl, and devouring its contents with infinite zest. My Gazpacho has been prepared after a similar recipe; I know not how it may please the more refined and fastidious palates

to which it will be submitted; indeed, amid the multitude of dainties wherewith the table is loaded, it may well remain untasted.

If Mr. Ford should chance to dip into it, he may find that some of the ingredients have been filched from his pantry, and, possibly, spoilt in the cooking. When one takes as a companion an author so racy and vigorous, one cannot but appropriate and 'assimilate' his thoughts, and afterwards, unconsciously, reproduce some of them as original. Once for all, I beg his pardon for any unwitting plagiarisms. I shall be more than content if he relishes the metaphorical Gazpacho half as much as he is said to relish the reality.

My readers may possibly be offended by the frequent recurrence of 'I,' 'I,' 'I.' In a record of personal experiences,—in fact, a passage of autobiography,—it is hard to see how this could have been avoided, since the gods and Lindley Murray have not provided us with any less objectionable form for the nominative singular of the first personal pronoun.

Lastly, I have to apologize for writing a book at all. In my visit I enjoyed no particular facilities, and I went with no definite purpose—such as circulating the Scriptures, or surveying for a railroad; consequently, I was exempt from the persecutions

and obstructions which a person engaged in either would have had to encounter. From the Pyrenees to the Pillars of Hercules (that is, I think, the correct phrase), my journey was deplorably void of misadventure. So there is nothing in the subject-matter to distinguish my little book from a hundred other little books—*Tours, Ramblings, Loiterings, Danglings*, and what not. Yet there will be a difference in the result. I tell you, not what Spain *is*, but what it looked like to me; the other *Tourists* and *Ramblers* tell you what it looked like to them, and my Spain may differ from their Spain as much as a view (of Hastings, say) by De Wint differs from the same view by Fielding or Turner.

Besides, it may be said, if the public are sick of trifles, and want solid information, they have now the *Red Book* before mentioned to go to, which is as copious as any *Blue Book*, and readable into the bargain.

After all, in so wide and rich a field, however skilfully it may have been reaped, however diligently gleaned—it will go hard if there be not a few ears left to reward the latest comer. All that I have to offer is a mere handful—not a sheaf. Whatever be its destiny—to be thrashed out by merciless critics, to be trodden under foot by the unconscious crowds, or to be laid up in cedar by a few indulgent admirers—

I, at all events, have had no little pleasure in the gathering and tying together. An author on a small scale (if he be happy enough not to be writing for his daily bread) risks little by his venture; in case of success, there is his modicum of dear fame; in case of failure, the worst he need fear is to share in the quick oblivion which befalls all but the lucky 'one in a thousand.'



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GAZPACHO;

OR,

SUMMER MONTHS IN SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

ONE necessary preliminary to the tour of Spain is the tour of London, which I performed on the 14th and 15th of June, 1849, from Kensington to King William-street, collecting by the way passports and 'Pratts,' letters of introduction and circular notes.

As usual at that season in London, an acquaintance turned up at every corner. 'Going to Spain?' said one; 'you'll be roasted alive!' 'By the Inquisition?' 'No! by the sun!' 'At all events,' said another, 'don't go by Paris—you'll get the Asiatic cholera.' And a third, pointing to the 'alarming news!' placarded in sesquipedalian letters on the walls, said—'you'll get the Red Republic!' But being resolved to go, and preferring the hypothetical dangers at Paris to the certainty of quarantine at Gibraltar, I left the evil prophets in their own country, and started that same evening for Folkestone. Early the

next morning we set sail (metaphorically) for France. The passengers, thanks to the attempted *émeute*, were only four in number. There were two little French milliners, who, having come to London to see the fashions—a proud tribute to our advancing civilization—had been suddenly recalled ‘by the alarming news’ aforesaid. One was going back for the love of her husband, the other for company. ‘Il est si vif,’ said Adèle, tearfully; ‘il se battra dans les rues à coup sûr.’ ‘How old is he?’ I asked. ‘Il a vingt ans, monsieur.’ ‘Et le mien, au contraire,’ said Louise, coldly, ‘est très prudent; il restera chez soi.’ ‘And how old is he?’ ‘Il a soixante ans, monsieur.’ Poor Louise! The weather was so fine, that if Adèle was sick at heart, she was at least free from the mal-au-cœur, and La Manche, smooth as satin, floated us in two hours into the harbour of Boulogne. On landing, the gens-d’armes saluted me as ‘Monsieur.’ We were *not* under a Red Republic! Nor, if I might judge from the sentiments of my fellow-travellers to Paris, were we likely to be. They purchased chiefly the *Assemblée Nationale*, and applied more epithets to Ledru Rollin than I care to record or remember. True it is, I travelled in the first-class; but subsequent experience convinced me that reactionary views were very generally entertained by the lower classes too,—by cabmen, &c., whose vehicles had been confiscated for barricades, and bakers, who had suffered from the fraternal visits of the sovereign mob, breaking bread and windows

from house to house. The minds of coachmen were no longer unsettled; the very postillions had forsaken the movement party. One of them, after exhausting his rich national vocabulary of abuse on a lazy horse, ground his teeth, and shrieked out, as a final malediction—‘Bribon de Raspail, va!’

But I am travelling faster than the railway-train.

At four P.M. I found myself at Paris. The city was, in many respects, changed since ‘the days when good King Philip reigned.’ The place of the Boulevard trees was ill supplied by the sickly saplings, whose French leaves might be taken at will by any passing *gamin*. By the way, you may always estimate the time which has elapsed since the last revolution, by the age of the trees on the Boulevard. The former lot had attained astonishing longevity—seventeen years and seven months. Will the present plantation last as long? Doubtless the old king, (for he had once been a schoolmaster,) in planting his trees, recalled complacently that touching passage in the *Delectus*—‘Serit arbores quæ alteri sæculo prosint.’ But he reckoned (as he acted) without his host, and the row he himself had planted in the streets, helped at ‘the barring-out.’

Every here and there one saw closed shops and empty houses, showing like the scars of revolution. The arcades of the Rue Rivoli and the walls of the Tuileries were covered with parti-coloured placards—a deformity which would not have been tolerated under the tasteful *régime* of either Bourbon. At the

Variétés, there was less variety than before, and the Vaudeville had become a sort of evening lecture on political economy for the working classes. The Place Vendôme was marred by two unsightly trees of liberty, which, in spite of holy water and priests' blessings, had not taken kindly to the soil. Each had been decorated with a tricolor flag; but fifteen months of stormy weather had rent the red stripe into tatters, and washed the rest into a uniform dirty white, which thing may, for aught I know, be an allegory as well as a fact.

I could not get admission to the Chamber. Up to the 13th of June, certain illustrious members had turned an honest penny by selling tickets of admission, to be had at Meurice's and elsewhere, for four or five francs; but since that affair they were no longer to be had for love or money. *En revanche*, I went to the exhibition of pictures, just opened in the state-rooms of the Tuileries. The crowd was dense, but it was good-humoured, and averaged five feet high, so that a middle-sized Englishman could get a fair view. Of the acres of canvass on which my eye rested that day, I only remember Muller's 'Lady Macbeth in her sleep,' which attracted many gazers, and gave rise to many ingenious conjectures. The walls were scrawled over with inscriptions—'Jean this,' or 'Pierre that,' 'entra le vingt-quatre Fevrier, 1848.'

I have heard that the culinary art of Paris rises and falls with monarchical institutions. For my part,

I did not detect the least smack of democracy in the cutlets at the Trois Frères or the Café Anglais. But cooks, as a body, have very reactionary constitutions, and have not caught the Republic. Indeed, nine-tenths of France have either escaped infection, or have had a speedy recovery. A friend of mine, walking through the Exposition des Arts, saw a crowd following an individual through the rooms: Who is that? he inquired of an attendant. 'Mais,' said the man, quite simply, 'c'est Sa Majesté.' It was the President. The habit of centuries will survive a few months of revolution.

On Monday evening (June 18) I left Paris, perched up in the banquette of the diligence, for Bordeaux. One wearies of the same monotonous panorama presented to the eye from sunrise to sunset. It is change, without variety. Yet everything was in itself green and cheerful. La Belle France! In the gracious month of June, what country on earth would not deserve the epithet? At Poitiers, I was willing to forego my breakfast in order to visit 'the field;' but no one there had ever heard of such a battle. Our lively friends have a convenient trick of forgetting the dark half of their history. So I breakfasted, and 'carried a toast' (as their phrase is) to the memory of the Black Prince in solemn silence.

Well, we reached Bordeaux at last—stateliest of provincial capitals! The citizens are very proud of their cathedral (which the English built for them, on the 'vos-non-vobis' principle of bees and other

industrious classes); of the Palace of Cardinal de Rohan, the hero of the 'diamond necklace;' of the theatre, which is one of the finest in the world,—but, above all, they glory in a subterraneous collection of mummies, which are so supremely revolting, that they would cut a respectable figure in the chamber of horrors in Baker-street. The ghastly sacristan who precedes you with his flambeau, tells you, with a chuckle of satisfaction, that you are standing upon a conglomerate of human bones, ten feet in depth. It was like a scene in Rookwood.

I went to the Opera Comique, to charm away the recollection before bed-time. The play was, 'Ne touchez pas à la Reine'—quite a needless injunction, for her scenic majesty was very plain—unlike the Bordelaises generally: let me do them this justice in passing.

Before daylight on Friday, I embarked in the malle poste for Bayonne. I might descant on the Landes, which have a grandeur of their own—a vast breadth of fern, bounded by a horizon of pines; on the picturesque Mont Marsan, with its vine-covered ravine and stately bridge: I might recount the details of an accident, whereby we were more frightened than hurt; but in the far distance I can discern the faint blue outline of the Pyrenees, and beyond the Pyrenees lies Spain. The thought lengthens out that eternity of poplars, at the end of which, says the conductor, we shall find Bayonne. I did not believe him till we got there.

The hotel (or fonda) St. Etienne, semi-Spanish in name, is thoroughly French in its good cheer. But the table-d'hôte was spoiled by those everlasting politics, which had formed the sole subject of converse from Boulogne to Bayonne. And most unprofitable chat too! They 'pooh pooh' the President; don't want Louis Philippe; consider Henri V. a chimera; dissatisfied with all that is or has been, and unable to provide for what shall be. Like people in sea sickness, they nauseate all food while dying of hunger. Everybody sets up a little theory of government for himself, and proves from incontestable premises, by irrefragable logic, that everybody else's little theory is untenable and absurd. Like the particles of a gas, they have a mutual repulsion; and if confined in the completest and soundest constitution in the world, it will go hard but they will find some loophole to explode by. The Abbe Sièyes said one day at dinner (and a Frenchman is always wisest in his table-talk), 'avec un peuple qui pense, on n'est jamais sûr.'

Who was it that said, 'the traditions of the past are the ballast of the state-vessel, and the hopes of the future its sails'? Well, the French crew have pitched their ballast overboard, don't know how to set their sails, and wont let any one take the rudder. And so they are drifting on over an untraversed sea to an undiscovered coast. How many years will elapse before a new Columbus shall seize the helm and guide the ship to port?

Meanwhile, France is paying the penalty that

every nation must pay when it breaks with its history.

But a truce to metaphors. If France could have been helped out of her troubles by metaphors, the journalists and M. de Montalembert would have done it long ago. Unfortunately, figures of speech will not pay 300 millions of debt, keep 500,000 soldiers in soup and shoes, or extract sixty millions per annum from the pockets of an unwilling people.

I find I have caught the prevalent infection, and am discussing politics instead of my dinner. Return we to our mutton. I found myself seated next M. H——n, a celebrated violinist, still remembered by the subscribers to the Philharmonic Concerts. He, with his wife and a young lady, who accompanied him on the piano and harp respectively, had just returned from a professional expedition to Madrid. The adventure had been ill-starred in many ways, and they came back in no good humour with Spain and the things thereof. The climate was ‘d’une chaleur-r-r . . . !!’ and the public, on the other hand, ‘d’une froideur-r-r . . . !!’ and not one amiable person in Madrid, except La Vizcaina, at whose hotel Madame earnestly conjured me to stop. Next day I accompanied my new friends to Biarritz, a gaunt, straggling watering-place, built about a quarter of a mile from the rocky coast. There is a little recess in the cliffs, called the Vieuxport, where both sexes bathe together—the men in a Robinson Crusoe-like costume, and the women dressed like Lady Macbeth

in the fifth act. In spite of the multitudinous ablutions, the deep remained of the same flashing green and blue as before; and a glorious sight it was to see it from a high rock, breaking along the coast in a wavy line of white foam. Somebody compared it to a shot silk mantle for Nature's wear, trimmed with swan's-down—a simile which the two ladies rewarded with the epithet of 'ravissant.' A day or two passed very pleasantly at Bayonne,—sight-seeing on a small scale. There is the cathedral, with its fine flamboyant cloisters; the citadel, to which your passport is the never-failing courtesy of French officers, and which a civilian should visit for the view; and the pine-dotted sand-hills below the town, famous for some murderous work in 1814, when the Eagle, beaten home, clutched her nest with such strong gripe. But my pleasantest recollection is a balcony of the Hôtel St. Etienne, filled with flowers, where I sat one fine morning listening to M. H——n's violin, as it was discoursing some of those strange wild merry-pathetic German pieces, which leave one in doubt whether to get up and dance, or lie down and cry. A fresh breeze from the Atlantic was coming in, and stirring the rich languid odours of the southern blossoms. We shall bid farewell to-morrow both to sea and breeze for some time to come.

CHAPTER II.

JUST before my arrival at Bayonne, the old Diligence Company for the north of Spain had been routed from their drowsy monopoly by a brisk new vehicle *à la Française*; and at that time the two companies were contending for the public favour, by successive reductions of fare and accelerations of pace. So it resulted that the public might be whirled from the frontier to the capital in fifty hours, for twenty-five francs, instead of spending, as of old, thrice the money and twice the time.

I chose the banquette in the French diligence: an airy perch, from which one gets a bird's-eye view of the earth, and may practise for a prospective scramble after wild goats or waterfalls in the Sierra Nevada. At half-past five, A. M., a prudent old gentleman had commenced the ascent; by half-past six the conductor bounded to the summit, and the mountain began laboriously to move. However, once off the rugged pavement, (a truly pre-Macadamite formation,) the pace was not to be complained of. My companions were — 1st, a French bagman, somewhat vinous and scorbutic, who occupied the corner; 2nd, a Spanish cura, going to St. Sebastian, who was dressed in a suit of dilapidated black, such as is worn

in England by nonconformist divines; 3rdly, the conductor; and, 4thly, a merry little Gascon, coiled up among the baggage behind, who was being imported into Spain as a gardener; for in Spain the gardeners are as surely French, as in England they are Scotch. I suspect the poor fellow was striving to hide an uneasy regret for La Belle France, or some belle Française, by a forced gaiety. At all events, his hilarity was so stupendous that it cannot be expressed without a bull: he talked and laughed incessantly, and sung between whiles. His ditties, however, one and all died away in an indescribably dolorous twang, and the word 'amour-r-r.'

We had need of all Jean's powers of being jolly under creditable circumstances, for the weather was wretched,—as bad as if I had brought it with me from home. The rain pattered on the roof, and the wind blew in misty gusts; and the Atlantic, by the side of which we were passing, was chequered between sullen black and angry foam. (*Mem*: Let no one about to travel in a hot country, even at Midsummer, come unprovided against cold; you will need the plaid as well as the blouse.) About seven we reached the frontier stream—the Bidassoa, which, with its Isle of Pheasants, would have recalled many passages of Hispano-French history,—if I had ever read them. It would seem as if the famous fiat of Louis XIV. had taken a partial effect hereabouts: 'Il n'y a plus de Pyrenées.' The only division between the two nations, is a deep hatred and the Bidassoa,

which an active French dancing-master might almost skip over, and which would not drown him if he didn't. On the one side of the bridge we had to get permission to go out—on the other, permission to go in. After the passports had received the requisite endorsement, we were suffered to proceed to Irun, where the luggage was examined for the first time. In my case, it was rather I stand than I-run, for there was no chair in the room, and we were detained at least an hour. I must do the officials the justice to say, that they treated me with a distant politeness, for which I felt duly and humbly grateful. We stopped at St. Sebastian to breakfast, and very ill I fared; but I felt that the good folks had wrongs to avenge, and so forbore to complain. The less an Englishman says of St. Sebastian the better. On some ruined houses outside the town, I could still trace the marks of balls—memorials, as the cura said, of the siege of 1813. Between this and Vergara the country improves; corn and vines below, the woods above, and, over all, the green 'Alps.' It is Switzerland on a small scale, and the exigencies of the Basque climate have dictated a similar domestic architecture. Every traveller makes the same remark. Theophile Gautier, who, like a true Frenchman, has the drop-curtain always before his eyes, says — 'I expected to see Ketlys and Gretleys coming out of every cottage, mais heureusement l'Espagne ne porte pas l'opera comique jusqu'à ce point-là.'

It is only after penetrating some distance into the interior of Spain, that one discerns any Peninsular peculiarity in the costume, manners, or features of the natives. Vascon and Gascon are physically and morally, as well as etymologically, identical on either side of the Bidassoa. A bull-fight was just going to begin as we arrived at Tolosa, and the sight of the picadors riding in state to the arena was cruelly tantalizing. In the evening we had some long and steep hills to climb, which was effected by the aid of two huge oxen, whose docility and resignation formed a truly edifying contrast to the savage yells and ferocious gestures of two animals (believed to belong to the genus man—species, peasant,) who goaded them on. Just as we commenced the descent on the other side, the rival diligence came in sight. The consequence was, a race to the bottom, conducted with the same disregard for the limbs and feelings of the passengers as was shown in the palmy days of the road in old England. Our top-heavy vehicle swayed fearfully as we dashed round each sharp tourniquet, and a superstitious reverence for the powers of centrifugal force led me to expect that every turn would be a turn over. I am still convinced that we ought to have been upset, on strict mathematical principles, and am truly grateful to the unknown disturbing forces which interposed, and brought us safe to Vergara. This is the place illustrious for the final triumph of the Duke of Victory. We supped, for aught I know, in the very room where his grace definitively routed the

Carlist forces, by giving their leader a check—for a few million reals. The gallant generals met hand to hand, and struck—a bargain!

Shall I confess that I passed through Vitoria at night, and spent but one quarter of an hour there? I own it is not what England has a right to expect. However, for a sensitive patriot there are other associations, less agreeable, connected with Vitoria. There it was that those poor devils, whose collective name was 'legion,' died by hundreds of disease and want (as may be read in the simple and pathetic narrative of 'a working-man'). Now the Spaniards, who have cheated them out of the pay promised, ease their consciences by depreciating the services rendered—adding insult to injury—making light of deeds which they could not emulate, and sufferings which they would not alleviate.

Meanwhile, the poor fellows 'sleep on, little recking,'—a few thousands more, added to the long list of their countrymen who lie below the battle-plains of the Peninsula,—at Montiel, Almanza, or Albuera,—having lost their lives in a foreign land for a stranger's quarrel, fighting for a Peter or a Ferdinand. Even now, if a Protestant Englishman has the misfortune to die in Spain, his body is an unclean thing, and must be buried like a dead dog. Truly, intervention is a profitless and thankless task.

Day dawned, and I woke just as we rattled into Miranda-on-the-Ebro, where our luggage was hauled down, and inspected for the third time. Yet, in spite

of the Argus eyes which insisted upon peering into my dressing-case, Spain is deluged with prohibited manufactures. If they are not belied, the carabineros invariably speed the smuggler for a share of his gains, and make a show of activity by pestering the tourist: *Dat veniam corvis, &c.* A whole hour passed before the doves in question, with ruffled plumes and tempers, again ascended to their respective perches, and crossed the bridge into Old Castile. Another hour or so brought us to the Defile of Pancorbo, a narrow gorge, through which the stream, scanty and intermittent, of traffic and travel flows into the Castilian plains. It reminded me of the Pass of Llanberris (all passes have, by the nature of the case, a strong resemblance); but whether the Iberian rocks are 500 feet higher or lower than the Celtic, I have no notion: some people (and I envy them) have an eye for measurements.

It is only on emerging from the Defile of Pancorbo that the traveller feels himself to be indeed in Spain. Nowhere else will he have seen a prospect such as the one before him. To left and right spreads a plain, with gentle undulations, covered with alternate patches of corn and fallow-land, fallow and corn-land, —changing insensibly, from the hard yellows and browns of the foreground, to the soft blue distance, and then blending with the summer haze on the low and far horizon. Directly in front, at a vast distance, rises the next of those successive sierras, which divide Spain like so many ribs. Divisions these, not merely

geo- but *ethno-*graphical, and justifying the official designation of the country, namely—‘Las Espanas,’ ‘The Spains.’ One peculiarity, however, I have remarked as common to most of the Spains—Old and New Castile, La Mancha, &c.—viz., the apparent scantiness of the population as compared with the amount of tillage. In traversing this same plain which leads to Burgos, you see the ripening corn and the new-turned furrow, —but where do the labourers live? There are no isolated cottages as in England, and the villages are few and far between. One would think the quantity of corn on the ground would suffice ten times over for any mouths there are to eat it. The Spaniards, to be sure, eat much more bread and much less meat than we carnivorous northerns. Whatever the cause, a Spanish plain presents the aspect of a cultivated desert. Elsewhere, the traveller may see cultivation and may see deserts, but Spain is the only country where he will see them united. In truth, it is a land of jumbled antitheses.

Not one picturesque tower, not one green dell, relieves the dreary monotony of the way from Pancorbo to Burgos. The sun climbed higher and higher through a cloudless sky, till we were almost suffocated in the flood of heat which poured unrelentingly on our heads. What a contrast to the cold mountain mists and sea breezes of yesterday! But in these central plains, all summer long, that irresponsible tyrant rules the Spanish day, without a cloud to limit his prerogative. Let me vent my spleen, now that I

am safe under the shelter of an English November. Whether it was that I became somewhat acclimatized in course of time, but I certainly never afterwards suffered so much from heat as in that ride to Burgos. I was fain to refresh myself by dipping into 'Ford,' who, unlike his namesakes in Spain, is never dry. 'Sir,' once said a table-d'hôte acquaintance—'Sir, he is the traveller's *vadum mecum*.' The pun was unintentional, for the speaker was a Scotch gentleman in the muslin trade.

Right glad I was, an hour before noon, to see the twin towers of Burgos rising over the plain, and doubly long seemed the leagues as we neared the city. A league off we came upon the shrunk river, winding its way between a double row of alders and poplars, which feebly attempted to be green. Just at the entrance of Burgos were a vast number of soldiers, in their auto-da-fé-coloured jackets, engaged in washing the greatest possible number of indescribable garments in the smallest possible quantity of water. Had they been washerwomen, they could not have made more noise about it. Excepting the soldiers at wash, Burgos was as still and quiet as fifteen thousand grave Castilians can make it,—and that, let me tell you, is very still indeed. You will hardly match it westward of Palmyra,—unless it be Ferrara, or Philadelphia, U. S., which, I understand, is brim-full of Quakers.

CHAPTER III.

I MUST confess that I experienced a sensation of loneliness as the diligence moved off on its way to Madrid. Sitting on a portmanteau, 'warranted solid,' under an archway, I watched the vehicle till it turned the corner, as Ariadne may have watched the sails of Theseus—

Sinking with all she loved beneath the verge.

Nor did I find the same consolation, for the wine of Burgos is detestable to a northern palate. There I was, a stranger, blundering over the first rudiments of Spanish conversation, in the very heart of the pride and prejudice of old Castile,—in Burgos, which is no city of the interpreter, where no laquais-de-place proffers his services in Biscayan-French or Maltese-English. If the traveller cannot speak Spanish enough to ask for a bed-room, or cannot muster impudence enough to occupy one without asking, he runs great chance of having to take up his quarters with the other dumb animals in the stable or kennel. Just at that time the silent city was doubly silent, for it was taking its siesta. I resolved to follow so good an example, and accordingly proceeded to seize and possess myself of a room, followed by a casual boy from the streets, whom I had bribed

to carry my luggage upstairs, no waiter or 'boots' being forthcoming. But, in respect of the anticipated nap, I had reckoned without my host. The posada in which I was lodged was infested by diligences, which came lumbering in at intervals all that afternoon, with a cargo of hungry 'insides.' Consequently, this was precisely the one noisy place in Burgos. Stairs creaked, doors banged, knives clattered, women screamed, and, worse than all, an incense-smoke of fried oil and garlic spread into every nook and corner. Your true Castilian never does anything quickly and quietly. He knows no medium between apathy and fuss; and the tumult of the one (when he *is* roused) equals the quietude of the other. When the 'he' is a 'she,' the same holds true, *à fortiori*. Now, in this establishment, the entire *personnel* was female. Sleep was impossible, so I resolved to dine with the Santander diligence, at two. The waitresses, with a ferocity quite appalling, flung on the table a profusion of strong meats, entirely unknown to the Cis-pyrenean cuisine. Every kind of meat was brought to a horrid uniformity by a thick disguise of garlic. But (as I afterwards discovered) even garlic is nothing when you're used to it. The passengers contrived to eat enormously, maintaining the while a stately and dignified reserve. As for me, if I did not satisfy my appetite, I at least received a lesson in manners: I had dined with half-a-dozen Dukes Humphrey and their duchesses.

The feast over, I sallied out; for the scanty strip

of shadow in the street had now widened to a comfortable breadth, and the town was waking, after its own drowsy fashion. Here and there I saw a dame or damsel, wearing a mantilla, and that awful, don't-speak-to-me countenance which ladies generally assume on their way to church. I followed one of these black angels accordingly, for my first object was the cathedral; and I was not mistaken,—in two minutes I stood before the gate of the south transept.

Enter; and what a change 'from glow to gloom!'—from the common glare of day to a charmed twilight!—from prose to poetry! Then you can feel the joy with which the weary traveller in the desert flings himself down to rest on the far-seen, long-wished-for oasis, by the fountain beneath the palms. And those vast pillars, with that arched roof, are more impervious to the sun than the trunks and leaves of any banana, and those streams of gentle music flow sweeter than falling water.

In a southern climate the exigencies of nature aid the endeavours of art, and endue the cathedral with a new significance. The fierce sun and fiercer sirocco, against which no common dwelling is proof, are not felt in the house of God. It is the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

The superstition which in England consigned the north side of the church, with its dank mould and green lichens, to the evil one, is unknown in other and sunnier lands. 'On the north side,' says the great poet-prophet (as true to nature in the one

capacity, as he is true to God in the other)—‘On the north side lieth the city of the Great King.’ The north side is ever the chosen place for beggars, the halt and the blind, who, else homeless, gather under the shelter of its liberal shadow.

For a moment after you enter the church all is night, but gradually its glories dawn upon you one by one. Round the massive pillars are clustered niches and canopies, rich in fantastic tracery, and from each an Evangelist with a book, or bishop with pastoral staff, looks down on the few worshippers who kneel below, almost as motionless. The grand old Gothic—that catholic mould in which all Christian Europe has striven best to express its devotion—is varied here by details which epitomize the character and the history of Spain. The stern, grave figures cut in the white stone represent well the patricians of Old Castile, proud of their unblemished honour and unconquerable resolve; the costly and varied marbles, and graceful foliage enwreathing many a tomb, and the altar-screens blazing with gold, recal the days when Spain had at her command the quarries of Carrara, the pliant fancy of Genoa, and the untold treasures of the New World.

You will be roused from your day-dream by the cessation of the music and the pattering feet of the departing worshippers, or probably by some hobbling old verger, who taps you on the shoulder with his wand, and intimates that, vespers over, he is now at liberty to serve Mammon in a small way, by showing

you the chapels. Let us go with him by all means—we shall not grudge the fee.

He will take you first to the Capella del Condestabile, a gorgeous specimen of florid Gothic in full bloom. In the centre, on separate tombs, lie the effigies of the said Constable and his wife, all in white marble, in their habit as they lived. A long inscription records the titles of the founder, whose only title to posthumous fame, after all, is the splendid mausoleum which preserves his memory and name. Pedro Hernandez de Velasco was wiser in his generation than all the Pharaohs of Egypt.

Let us go on, and look at a picture attributed to Leonardo da Vinci, and quite in his manner. It is a Magdalen, calm, yet full of sorrow, with all her golden hair hanging in wavy tresses about her face. You can see the fair smooth skin gleaming through.

There is yet another picture, attached to a still greater name,—to Michael Angelo himself. A Virgin, robed in red and blue, holds the child in her arms. Two little angels, with palm-branches, hover above. In the distance is a green landscape. The child is exquisite, like one of Raphael's happiest creations. The sweet face of the Virgin has something Spanish in its character, but the picture is Italian beyond doubt. Is it Michael Angelo's? It appears to me (speaking with the diffidence which becomes a layman in art,) that in hardness of outline, and strongly-contrasted colours, this picture has a decided resemblance to that which bears the name of Michael Angelo in the tribune of the Uffizii, at Florence.

But the genuineness even of that is questioned. Nay, I believe it is a moot point whether he ever painted an easel picture at all. But the good verger is showing signs of impatience. Let us permit him to draw the curtain over the picture and the discussion.

Let us now turn down to the great square, the Plaza Mayor, of late re-baptized 'de la Constitucion;' it is quite empty, excepting the grim statue of some dead king or other in the centre. All round is an arcade, in that ragged tumble-down state that artists love; and underneath are a number of diminutive shops, in which the smallest possible amount of business is transacted. Business! there is no business in Castile, except the barber's. Elsewhere custom is most unfrequent, saving 'the custom always of an afternoon.' These little shops are so still and quiet, that they might be Columbaria or Egyptian tombs, and the master, stretched motionless on the counter, might be the mummy—smoking a cigarett.

When abroad, I always read the names over the shop-doors. It's so improving. In the course of this interesting investigation, my eye fell upon the inscription 'Don Pedro Smith' over a haberdasher's. I started, like Robinson Crusoe when he discerned the foot-print of a fellow-man in the desert island. I entered, for I hoped to get some useful information, in English, from Mr. Peter Smith. He was a little fat man, lolling on his counter as lazily as any Castilian of them all. This was discouraging, yet I ventured to address him in English. But, no! though he did not deny his father, and had not forsaken his name, he

had forgotten the ancestral language of all the Smiths, and was merged in the Don Pedro. So I left him, with the usual blessing, which was all I took by the motion.

It is a marvel to me how Don Pedro and his fellows get their bread. They toil not, neither do they spin. They are so supremely indifferent, that I am sure two hundred of a trade might live together in the most perfect agreement. They pass their lives in the same dull routine, varied, at far intervals, by some such scene as this:—

Let C stand for customer, D for dealer (be the wares what they may). D is discovered lying at full length on the counter, smoking.

Enter C. Ave Maria purissima.

D. Sin pecado concebida, (without disturbing himself.)

C. Have you got such-and-such a thing?

D. God knows. Does your worship want to buy it? (A pause.) Well, I'll look by-and-by. (He finishes his cigarett, and proceeds slowly to examine his stores. Then, somewhat surprised,) Holy Mary, here it is! we have got it.

C. What's the price?

D. God knows! Will your worship call again to-morrow, or next day, and I'll tell you?

*C. and D. Quede } Usted con Dios. Exit C.
Vaya }*

D lies down again in his former position, and rolls another cigarett.

By and bye I was consoled for my first disappoint-

ment by discovering a café, under the management of a communicative Swiss. If I had known more of Spain, I might have been sure of finding a Swiss café in the town. These Swiss turn up everywhere, in the most out-of-the-way corners. Couriers, valets, bodyguards, and pastry-cooks,—nothing comes amiss to them. Like other children of the mist,—Asturians and Scotch Highlanders,—they care not how far they wander to make a livelihood, but always cherish the hope of returning to their native hills to die.

A little before sunset the good folks cheered up wonderfully, and turned out *en masse* to the Alameda, in the highest state of satisfaction and contentment. The Alameda affords a singular combination of scents and sounds, proceeding from stagnant pools and blowing roses, croaking frogs and chattering women. This night, however, the innocent gaieties of the promenade were cut short by a thunder-shower, scaring a whole flock of mantillas to the café, where they devoured huge *mers-de-glace* and mountains of pastry, to the detriment of their own digestions and the purses of attendant cavaliers.

Early next morning I stormed the castle, which enjoys a military reputation quite unique for having repulsed Lord Wellington. It opened its gates to me on the first summons, or rather, I found them open and walked in.

A few soldiers were lounging or lying about in the shade, keeping up a constant fire of paper-cigars to kill time withal. I found, however, no stores of in-

terest to reward my pains, so I evacuated the fortress, and divided the rest of the day between the cathedral and the café.

The morning after, I made an excursion to Miraflores, in a vehicle peculiar to the country called a calesa, in which you are carried at a slow trot, at the imminent risk of dislocating every joint, over a track termed by that extravagant Spanish courtesy a road, which, in winter, is a slough of despond and mud, and, in summer, is hardened into something that resembles a raised map of Switzerland.

However, Miraflores will repay you for the trouble of going there. The church, as you approach, looks so like Eton Chapel, that one involuntarily begins—

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown _____

but here the applicability ceases, for at Miraflores, alas! there is no watery glade, nor science, nor gratitude, to adore the holy shade of Isabel.

We drove into a deserted court, where, after sundry shoutings and knockings, we were joined by a dilapidated attendant, quite in keeping with the place, who conducted me, through hollow-sounding corridors and cloisters, to the church, now silent as the tombs it covers. Here are the sepulchres of Juan II. and his wife, and their son Alphonso, unrivalled memorials of what filial and sisterly love can accomplish when it wields the wealth of a kingdom. In the centre of the church, just before the high altar, lie the effigies of the king and queen, and round the sides of the

tomb are clustered saints and evangelists, personified virtues and heraldic monsters, with a profusion of flower-wreaths, carved in the boldest alto relievo and of the whitest Carrara marble. The artist's design was, doubtless, to typify their regal grandeur, their moral worth, and the faith whereby they looked for unfading crowns. Isabel was peculiarly happy in her artist. His work displays a teeming fancy, guided by a pure taste, and executed with surpassing skill and delicacy. Unhappily, the beauty of the work pleaded in vain with the invaders of 1808. It spoke a language they did not understand. The flower-tracery was mutilated, and many of the statuettes have been pocketed for relics. Over the altar is a magnificent skreen of carved wood. In the centre stands Jesus with the cross, and round him the principal events of his life,—the whole encircled by a wreath of cherubs; and outside that, figures of Saints, full-size, each under his gilt canopy. Here, there is none of that ghastly reality which so often disturbs the pleasure of examining these gorgeous 'things of Spain;' all is artistic and in tasteful keeping, down to the minutest details,—one lingers long, loth to look for the last time on so much beauty.

At length I left the church, and followed my guide through the convent. There used to be twenty-one monks at Miraflores, whose occupation was singing masses for the repose of the royal dead; but Espartero 'broke into the spence and turned the cowls adrift.' Three only are left, old men, who will not cumber the

ground long. I saw one of them, wandering like a melancholy ghost among the once pleasant places, fast becoming a wilderness of weeds and ruin. I visited the kitchen, now fire-less; the cellars, innocent of wine; the refectory, which has been robbed even of its picture of a supper. In the sala capitular, nearly a hundred freshly-gathered roses were arranged in the form of a cross on the floor,—the pious morning's work of one of the old fathers. The fountain in the middle of the garden has ceased to play, but the water wells through the disjointed stones, and keeps the life in a few straggling garden shrubs. Close by is the cemetery, covered with rank weeds, a tall cross marking, as usual, the place where the last brother was buried. It will be shifted three times more. The whole scene forcibly brought to my mind the description of the monastery of Kennaquhair, after the Reformation. One cannot help feeling some sympathy with any reverent and time-sanctioned custom, just swept away for ever; but I do not consider the late dissolution of the monasteries a matter for real regret. The appropriated revenues may have been misapplied and wasted; solemn promises may have been broken on the part of the government, and thousands of unoffending men driven out to face the hardships of a world where they were as strangers; but, withal, it is a happy thing for Spain that some hundred thousand pairs of stalwart arms, formerly employed in telling beads or swinging censers, will now be at their country's service, to fight her battles and to till her fields.

CHAPTER IV.

THAT same day, at 2 P.M. I set out for Madrid. The diligencia differs from the diligence in having no banquette. The coupée was full, so I was compelled to go in the interior. I took my place for the south, with much the same feelings that a Scotch covenanter may have had when seating himself in the chair of torture; in each case, it is a painful and necessary transit to a land of palms. If I were to speak from recollection of the tract between Burgos and Lerma, I should say that it was a region where fire had usurped the place of all the other elements, licking up the water, and crumbling the earth into an impalpable powder, which, in its turn, rose and ousted the air. That day's experience has corrected my notion as to the indispensable necessity of Oxygen, Hydrogen, and Co. as a Life Insurance; I then found that the lungs could perform their functions for several successive hours, while inhaling and expiring equal portions of dust and tobacco-smoke. The traveller will generally find that his mental powers and spirits are elevated or depressed in exactly inverse proportion to the altitude of the sun; accordingly, as it was towards evening when we passed Lerma, I had sufficient life in me to look out upon the huge factory-

like old palace of the famous Duke of that ilk, to call up faint recollections of *Gil Blas*, and to listen to a long story from one of my travelling companions about a troop of bandits, who, in this unromantic nineteenth century, had taken up their abode in the vaults of the said palace, and pillaged, with long impunity, all who passed by that road. The whole story was merely one of those pleasant extemporaneous fictions with which these semi-orientals beguile the time, quite content if you listen in patience, and not making the smallest claim on your credulity. Before we reached Aranda, I remember crossing enormous plains, covered for the most part with cistus and lavender, the flowers of the latter deepening the rich purple of the distance, and contrasting gloriously with the transparent yellow and crimson of the sunset.

Besides the diligence and its team, creeping like a long snake over the white road, there was not a living thing to be seen—not a trace of man's handiwork. The shrieks of the driver, and the crack of his whip, were the only sounds which broke the stillness. The desolation of a plain is always more awful than the desolation of a mountain. In the latter case it is natural, and a thing of course,—in the former, it seems the result of a curse on the place. The existence of such vast deserts, within half-a-day's journey of the capital, points to something rotten in the state of Spain. And yet this is the country which once peopled a continent with its overplus. The Spanish monarchy is a tree which has decayed from the core outwards;

the leaves, meanwhile, flutter out their season gaily enough, caring little for the old trunk.

At Aranda, we were allowed half-an-hour to regale ourselves with the never-failing, ever-excellent chocolate. With a Spanish diligence, half-an-hour means half-an-hour and something more. You are not liable, as in France, to be hustled out of your last ten minutes by the conducteur's noisy summons, 'En voiture, messieurs les voyageurs;' so I had time to observe my companions. The rotonde was occupied by a father, mother, and some half-dozen children. The father was a little, timid, small-voiced man, implicitly obedient to his better-half, a lady of herculean proportions and stentorian voice, who took advantage of her palpably interesting situation to be unusually exacting. The children regarded the mother with awful reverence, and the father with contemptuous pity. I mention this because, doubtless, such a state of things is quite unheard of in our well-regulated English homes.

From the roof of the diligence descended a well-made, ill-conditioned fellow, who called lustily for *aguardiente* to keep the cold out. Like certain other persons, he made all the world participators of his 'confidences' unasked. He had served under Cavaignac in Algeria, (on whom he vented, by the way, sundry military oaths,) had deserted, and earned a scanty pittance by sitting to the artists at Seville as a model for bandits, &c. &c. I dare say, on a fitting occasion, he would have acted the character to perfection.

Next morning, as the day broke, we were climbing the first slopes of the Somo Sierra, the pass which leads over the Guadarrama chain to Madrid. I got out, and walked for some miles ahead of the diligence, drinking deep draughts of the keen air, and storing up a famous appetite for breakfast, which we found prepared for us at a mountain venta. In so lonely a district, one may eat of dubious dishes with comparative security; cats thereabouts must be considerably scarcer than hares. Here our deserter made himself very obnoxious. He had been repeating his draughts of aguardiente at every stage, till he became unable to take care of himself, and decidedly unfit to be intrusted with a carving-knife. He was at last, by dint of force and fraud, hoisted back on to his perch, where he fell fast asleep, and lay there with the burning sun full upon him all the way to Madrid. It would have killed anybody but a *chasseur d'Afrique*. Whether it killed him or not nobody cared to inquire. As we descended the southern slopes of the mountain, the breeze grew fainter and fainter at every turn, and at last died of sheer exhaustion, leaving us to repeat the same vitally interesting series of experiments on the organs of respiration, and, I am happy to add, with the same result.

The vast plain which surrounds Madrid presents almost universally traces of the plough, though the land lying idle bears an enormous disproportion to that actually productive. It is, in fact, an ocean of grey fallow, dotted with sporades of

yellow stubble. Here and there you see a glaring village of white-washed mud; and as the vehicle stops at each of these to change horses (mules, I should say), it is surrounded by a swarm of maimed and decrepit old folks and preternaturally active urchins, with or without rags, who solicit your charity and make liberal promises of repayment, in the name of the blessed Virgin Mary. I did not see Madrid till we were close to the walls, for the simple reason that I was not equal to the exertion of putting my head out of the window to look for it. I was then strongly reminded of exterior views which I have seen of certain Oriental cities,—a mud wall, surmounted by paltry minarets and towers, with a desert all round and touching the very gates. What a contrast to the environs of London, where the country melts into the town by insensible gradations, —Wimbledon Common, parks, gardens, villas, bough-pots, and Bow-bells! The citizen of Madrid does not go beyond its walls twice in a year, and he is quite right. Once enter Madrid, and all traces of Orientalism vanish. It is the least Spanish of all Spanish towns. The Gallo-mania, which is universally, and the Anglo-mania, which is partially, prevalent in the capital, have destroyed all that was characteristic and national in architecture, customs, and costume, except the Plaza Mayor, bull-fights, and Isabel the Second. After my luggage had undergone a polite *pro formâ* examination, I proceeded in quest of La Vizcaina, who occupies the second floor of the Casa Cordero

an enormous house in the very centre of the town. I was received at the door by the lady herself, a beaming, bustling housewife, still so fat and fair that I should have pronounced her forty. I have since learnt that, (to use the language of mediæval romance,) she has numbered sixty winters. May she double the reckoning, for the benefit of travellers yet unborn! A delicious warm bath washed away the memory of fatigue, and prepared me for the olla, promised at five o'clock precisely. The company at the 'round table' (so a table-d'hôte is termed in Spain), some twenty persons, formed a little quadruple alliance, for it contained representatives of each of the four powers, and of none other. In this case, the French had it all their own way. They carried on a clamorous discussion on the politics of Europe; and if any slow-spoken Englishman or Spaniard ventured upon a deprecatory 'mais,' he was immediately borne down by a dashing, reckless Polish-lancer-like charge of assertions and inferences, so rapid that you had no time to comprehend, much less reply to them.

After dinner, sundry silver or pseudo-silver dishes, with handles to them, filled with glowing charcoal, were placed on the table, whereat every one lighted his cigar. A lull ensued, and the discussion ended, as usual, in smoke.

By this time, it was becoming what is called by a pleasant irony 'cool,' so every one sallied out to commence the real life of the day. I did the same, with the more eagerness, as I was anxious to cultivate

my new acquaintance, Madrid. The eastern part of the city,—the quarter in which all the world lives, except the queen, the people, and the British ambassador,—is like an outstretched hand, of which the Puerta del Sol is the palm, and the Calle de Alcalá the middle finger, being the broadest and longest of all the streets which centre in the Puerta. The ‘Gate of the Sun,’ by the way, is now as mythical as Ald Gate or Bishop’s Gate. This street of Alcalá is affirmed by the people of Madrid to be the finest street in Europe, and I am not sure that the boast is wrong; I will maintain its claims against Regent-street or the Unter den Linden. The Rue de Rivoli is out of the question, because there is only one row of houses; and nobody calls the Boulevards ‘a street.’ I never saw St. Petersburg or New York, nor, in all probability, has ‘the gentle reader’ either. As the street begins to sink towards the Prado, it is bordered by double rows of acacias, planted by Espartero, and watered by Narvaez. The principal cafés are in this quarter; as, for instance, the Suizo, long established and unpretending; and that yclept ‘del Espejo,’ which, in cheap magnificence, outshines all its Parisian prototypes. There you find ices, orgeat, and lemonade; and (besides the usual temperance beverages) wines and liqueurs innumerable. Upstairs is a suite of rooms devoted to various games; billiards, played with a set of dwarf nine-pins, and cards with strange out-Englishish devices (observe the players—they are

performing a tableau-vivant after Caravaggio). In another place you see a fierce Don, knitting his brows and twisting his moustache over a perplexity at dominoes.

It is a pleasant lounge for a new comer to sit at one of these windows about sunset, and watch the stream of pedestrians, carriages and horses, flowing down towards the Prado. Let us by all means go thither with the stream. The most frequented part is that which extends about five hundred paces south of the Calle de Alcalá, with a broad carriage drive, and a still broader space for the promenaders. Here all the able-bodied population of Madrid circulate of an evening, from the queen down to—whatever may be the other extremity of the social scale. Except her majesty, who looks best in a mantilla, and knows it, the ladies chiefly wear bonnets of the last Parisian fashion but ten—a dreadful disenchantment. Thousands of rush-bottomed chairs may be hired for a cuarto a-piece, to accommodate the wives, mothers, and daughters of the people, as they watch the gay world prancing by. The saddle-horses are mostly Andalucians, trained to paw the air and make a great show of going—but it's all pretence. Besides the bit in their mouths, the poor animals have often a band fastened across the nose, provided internally with a small saw, by means of which they may be brought down on their haunches any time, without any unseemly exertion of strength on the rider's part. The carriages are built after the Long Acre

mould, and are got up generally in what is conceived to be the English style—*i. e.* the footmen are in top-boots. After the daylight is gone, the fair (I mean, dark) occupants descend, and promenade till ten or eleven o'clock.

Altogether, the Prado at that time is very like what Hyde Park might be by gas-light. Fashion, truly, is a sad leveller of oddities, national or individual. For myself, I confess this treadmill-like mode ceases to be amusing after a time, whether in London, Paris, or Madrid. *Vamos.*



JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

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

CHAPTER V.

THE first impulse of every stranger on waking, the first morning after his arrival at Madrid, is, or ought to be, to visit the Gallery. Indeed, but for that magnet, few would encounter the slow torture of diligence-travelling through the interior, when they might go by steam from port to port all round the coast (cholera-time excepted). Let the stranger, then, having duly fortified himself with chocolate, sally forth, pass intrepidly through the midst of the soldiers who are lounging about the post-office door (fierce as they look, they wont harm you), and then take the Carrera San Geronimo, carefully hugging the shady side till you come to the Prado. The scene you left so full of life, and fans, and flirtation, last night, is now abandoned to sunshine and solitude—two synonymes at this time of year. You must, however, endure the glare for a minute or two, cross right over 'the dust that once was love,' and before you stands a large, massive, but not inelegant building of red stone, with white facings and pillars (in the British infantry style). That is the Gallery. Unless your object be the sculptures (which I can't for a moment conceive), go to the door at the north end; enter, present your passport to the old doorkeeper,

who returns it to your worship with a grave bow ; write your name and occupation ('proprietor' of course, even if you are conscious that the only thing you hold in fee-simple is your portmanteau), buy a catalogue, and then go in and look at it. 'What do you mean by 'it'?' Why *the Pearl*, of course ; what else could it be ? It is placed on the left hand, half-way up the long gallery, which faces you on entering (No. 726 in the catalogue). Its title was conferred by Philip the Fourth, who bought it at the sale of our Charles the First's pictures, through the medium of his ambassador in London, D. Alonso de Cárdenas, for two thousand pounds sterling. I dare say old Noll chuckled over the great price. But that the gallery was saleable, it would probably have been burnt as idolatrous, for pictures to the Puritans were, indeed, as pearls before swine. The first view of this precious jewel is disappointing. It has been repolished in Paris, and thereby lost that venerable mellowness, which from habit we associate with all great pictures. One might take it for a first-rate copy turned out yesterday. Its harmony has been marred by some rude northern hand. The purple and gold of the evening sky are contrasted in a savage manner, quite unlike Raphael, whose landscapes and skies always seem to retire, and fade, and wane, in the presence of the Infant God and the Blessed Mother. The faces, however, are uninjured. The child John is offering flowers to Jesus, who looks up to his mother's face, as if to ask for the smile of

permission. The whole group is conceived in that spirit of gentle humanity which reveals the glories of Raphael even to babes in art, and which has made his creations the household-gods of every hearth. A little further on (No. 741) is the 'Virgin of the Fish,' where the painter seems studiously to have rejected all accessory decorations,—unless the wide green curtain behind can be so called. The maid-mother, babe in arm, sits, not 'beneath branch work of costly sardonyx,' but on a chair of plain deal, with foot-stool to match. The face of Tobit, who, kneeling, makes his humble offering, is full of mingled love and awe.

It is but justice to state, that if the French have damaged some pictures by over-care, we are also indebted to them for the preservation of others. This very picture, which was rapidly peeling off the wood when taken to Paris, was there transferred to canvas with consummate skill, and preserved for the admiration of many centuries to come.

On the other side of the Gallery is the famous Spasimo di Sicilia, whose chief merit is its magnificent colouring. It is swathed in sunshine, and all a-glow with that mellow brilliance which distinguishes the master and (in a less degree) the master's master, Perugino. This quality takes off in the painting from the defect so obvious in the engravings—namely, the prominence given to the ruffianly muscular fellow who is holding the cross in such a constrained and unnatural attitude. The prancing horse,

too, with his rider bearing the proud standard, are too conspicuous, and divert the attention from the fallen Saviour, on whom, as the interest centers, the eye should rest. How seldom, in Raphael's easel-pictures, do we meet with the Saviour except as a child! Besides this picture, there is the 'Entombment,' in the Borghese palace at Rome, and the 'Transfiguration.' It would seem that Perugino also, to whom Raphael owed so much, loved to contemplate the Saviour as an infant rather than a man. On the whole, the Spasimo, splendid as it is, lacks the profound and tender devotion which prevails in the earlier works, and reminds me of a saying of Overbeck (whom I saw in his studio in the Cenci palace in 1847), 'When Raphael left Perugino, God left him.'

On turning away from these 'world-famous' pictures of Raphael, one is perfectly embarrassed by riches. Names only less celebrated than his solicit your attention on every side. The eye is puzzled by profusion. It is only after a second or third visit that one can commence anything like a systematic examination of this vast treasure-house of art. Scarcely any kind of classification has been attempted in arranging the pictures. It is true, the two first rooms to the left and right of the Rotunda are devoted to the Spanish school; but then you find Murillos and Riberas scattered about in all the other rooms. In truth, any system of arrangement which should show the history of the various schools,

as at Berlin, would in this case expose the poverty amidst wealth which marks the gallery at Madrid. For instance, while there are hundreds of masterpieces of the Venetian school, there is not a single picture of the Tuscan previous to the time of Leonardo da Vinci—not even one of Fra Beato. This profusion on the one hand, and dearth on the other, is, however, easily accounted for, by considering the circumstances under which the collection was made. It was made chiefly by the Austrian princes, Charles V. and his three immediate successors, who selected the pictures with a view to furnishing palaces for their own pleasure—not fitting up a gallery for the instruction of their people. Hence, they followed their own individual likings.

It would have been natural to suppose that Philip the Second, stern and bigoted monk that he was, would have preferred the purely devotional pictures of Perugino or the Gaddis to the warm and worldly creations of the Venetian school. But, at the time of his accession, Titian had witched the world with noble colouring, and the noontide blaze of his fame had for a time blotted out the fixed stars of art. In sublunary language, Titian was in fashion; and to imperious fashion even the monk-king, in his lonely palace on the Guadarrama, was constrained to bow. Besides, Titian had been a favourite with Charles, so, for a two-fold reason, he was chosen to be the king's art-purveyor-in-chief; and his less celebrated countrymen and scholars picked up the crumbs

which fell from the royal table. And very pretty pickings doubtless they had of it, if one may judge by the number of paintings by Venetian hands now in the galleries and palaces of Spain. In the Madrid collection, there are fifteen by that cattle-jobber Jacopo Bassano. As the glory of the Venetian school declined, that of the Flemish school arose. Rubens borrowed the free pencil and glowing tints of Titian, and infused new life into art by adopting, in place of the hacknied conventionalisms of Italy, the novel types suggested by northern life and manners. These pictures were congenial to the hereditary tastes of the Spanish sovereigns, who, moreover, would naturally feel flattered at the proficiency of their subjects, as reflecting a glory upon themselves. The Flemings, too, by their alternate fits of implicit obedience and unsuccessful rebellion, afforded golden opportunities to any viceroy who might wish to make a picture-gallery without paying for it (*à la Française*). The vast accumulation of Flemish and Venetian pictures in Spain—so similar in their grand characteristics—undoubtedly contributed to impress upon rising Spanish art the character which it developed in its culmination and preserved in its decline. Doubtless, the visit of Rubens (1628) was not without its influence, though he did come as ‘Sir Peter,’ and plenipotentiary for Great Britain. He was probably closeted many more hours with Velazquez in his studio than with the Conde Duque in the premier’s office.

Thus, the three great schools of Venice, Flanders, and Spain, which are so amply represented in the Madrid Gallery, have a close historical connexion. The Bolognese school, of which there are also many specimens here, is in reality as great a misnomer as the Lake school of poetry. It is merely a collective local name for a number of clever eclectics.

The other three each deserve the name of school, because, while they developed the naturalism of the later Romans (Michael Angelo, &c.), they preserved a distinctive difference, by engrafting their respective nationalities on the common stock. In the first, we discern the gorgeous magnificence of the semi-oriental Queen of the Adriatic,—in the second, the rude joviality and boisterous merriment of the Fleming, under his grey northern sky,—in the third, the gay sunshine of Andalusia, half eclipsed by the cold shadow of the Inquisition, where a central oppression forced all into extremes, where men durst not be serious without being austere, and could not be light of heart without being also light of head.

Spain may be thankful that this blighting curse was powerless in the palaces of her kings, else many a fair picture would have been marked for destruction, on the ground of its displaying the Virgin's foot, or some such twaddling reason. Indeed, one is tempted to suppose that these monarchs, being themselves à l'abri, took a pleasure in possessing such pictures as were forbidden to their subjects. All the maniacs want to have what nobody else has.

This love for the arts is a golden thread, running through the dark history of the Austrian house. The memory of Philip IV. is rescued from utter contempt by his patronage of the genius of Velazquez—a genius which can be estimated at Madrid, and at Madrid only, for, as he painted almost entirely for the palace, his works have not been subject to dispersion, and have made no longer migration than from one end of the capital to the other. Hence, till lately, the painter was honoured solely in his own country—a fortunate circumstance, since his works may be seen without the external polish acquired by so many others during a recent trip to Paris. The earliest specimen of the master is the portrait of Gongora (No. 527), which he painted in his first visit to Madrid in the year 1622, when the poet was sixty-one, and the artist twenty-three years old. The famous 'Forge of Vulcan' was painted at Rome in the year 1630. If, instead of Phœbus, who stands simpering on the threshold with his good-natured message, there had been a donkey waiting to be shod, it would have made a capital representation of a common every-day blacksmith's shop.

The series of landscapes (118, 128, 132, &c.), evidently studies from the scenery of Rome, were probably done about the same time.

In 1639 he painted the Crucifixion (No. 51). Observe how carefully he has represented even the grain and knots in the wood. The Saviour's hair hangs dishevelled over one side of his face, a peculiarity to

be noticed in the Christ of 'La Coronacion,' also by Velazquez.

The equestrian portrait of Isabel de Bourbon is of the year 1643. By the way, there is a curious mistake in Bermudez as to the second visit of Velazquez to Italy. He says that Velazquez left Madrid in November, 1648, remained *one* year away, and returned in June, 1651. On his return, according to this same authority, generally trustworthy and accurate, he painted the portrait of Philip with his gun. The king had ordained that no one but Velazquez should take his likeness, 'nequis se præter Apellem pingeret;' and, as he seems to have had a passion for 'sitting,' could therefore not bear with patience the painter's absence.

One of his last and greatest works is 'Las Meninas' (No. 155), painted in 1656, four years before his death. It is especially interesting to us, as it contains the portrait of the artist himself. The pretty story about the red cross of Santiago on the breast, told by Cean Bermudez, and repeated by everybody, is horribly spoilt in the version of that dull pedant Palomino. The versatility of Velazquez is admirably illustrated by those two glorious pictures of 'the Taking of Breda,' and 'the Drinkers.' The much-vaunted 'Coronation of the Virgin' appeared to me cold and flat, and unaërial, unworthy, not merely of the subject, but even of the painter. It is only when he confines himself to man that he is divine.

It would seem that the manner of Velazquez was

not in the least affected by his studies in Italy. He painted Philip II., when he was sixty, precisely in the same style that he had painted Gongora at three-and-twenty—‘*nec imitator nec imitabilis.*’

The gallery contains sixty-two pictures of Velazquez, and forty-six of Murillo. We would counsel a visitor, after blunting the edge of his curiosity by looking at some of the grandest things of these two masters, to commence an examination of the Spanish school in chronological order, and trace its progress, from the first feeble imitations of Italian art, to the glorious burst of national genius in which it finally exhausted itself, though there are some gaps even in the Spanish department,—we find only one specimen of Roelas, and none at all of Luis de Vargas. The pieces by Juanes, Morales, Pantoja, and others, look like productions of a much earlier date than they really are. The ‘*Ecce Homos*’ of Morales look like those of Correggio reflected lengthwise in a spoon; in fact, for a long time Spanish art trod in the steps of Italian—a considerable way behind. They were at once slow in adoption and blind in imitation, just as they are at the present day with respect to French bonnets and English harness. But, to make up for it, Spanish art was enjoying its golden age when Italian was fast sinking into leaden mediocrity. A stranger generally comes pre-occupied with the notion, that, with the exception of the works of the two great masters, the predominant character of the school is moroseness and gloom. The pictures of Ribera, com-

bined with his nick-name of Spagnoletto, have contributed to foster this idea. Yet they were produced at 'Soft Parthenope,' away from all national influence. The Spanish gallery at the Louvre also leaves this impression. But one should not judge from that collection. The lively Baron who was Louis Philippe's agent in the affair does not seem to have been endowed with the most catholic of tastes, and often gave a great deal of money for a few square feet of rubbish, with a sounding name. Most assuredly, the works of the genuinely Spanish masters,—such as Navarrete, Cano, and Roelas,—are conspicuous for healthy cheerfulness of tone and manly vigour of execution. We must remember, too, that the artists of Spain had not a fair chance—their hands were tied by the Inquisition. If the hands of the modern artists, Aparicio and others, had been tied, too, by somebody, many acres of unoffending canvas would have been spared. As it is, their great daubs,—Brobdignag teaboards,—are hung up in most conspicuous places, and attract a crowd of astonished natives, especially the 'Famine at Madrid.' It has that pseudo-classic air which is peculiar to one time and place—to the Théâtre Français and the French Empire,—le plus bas empire de tous. The poor imitator has exaggerated the faults of his master, and diluted his strength. It is the school of David 'breaking up.' We can only wish *that* school a *long* holiday.

CHAPTER VI.

THE first questions a traveller will be asked on his return from Spain are,—Have you seen a bull-fight? and have you encountered a bandit? Sometimes a country clergyman will inquire across the table whether you have seen an auto-da-fé? As the two latter are out of fashion just now, a bullfight is, par excellence, *the* thing of Spain. Accordingly, as a professed student of national manners, I was on the look out for the first opportunity of witnessing one, just as an inquiring Spaniard would, on his arrival in London, spell over the advertisements in the *Times*, expecting to find an announcement of the next prize-fight, under the immediate patronage of H. R. H.

In Spain, these things are not done in a corner. In my first stroll through the city, I observed placards stuck up in prominent places in the streets, each making a nucleus for a crowd of idlers, informing 'the loyal inhabitants of this court,' that a bull-fight would take place on the following Monday at 5 P.M. precisely, 'weather permitting' (it was piously added). It happened that I was invited to join a party of natives, who kindly undertook to procure me a ticket, and I gladly accepted the invitation, in order that I might have some one at my elbow to refer to for ex-

planations, such as my barbarous ignorance needed. And very useful I found them. The day came, big with the fate of six bulls and an indefinite number of men. The weather, too, permitted; indeed, during the whole course of the summer, I never knew it do otherwise. Half-an-hour before the appointed time we left the Casa Cordero, all in a flutter of expectation. The whole city was a-foot, those who could afford to pay for places going to the arena—those who could not afford it watching the lucky people that could. Omnibuses were rushing to and fro, depositing one cargo and returning for another. We hailed one of them,—were allowed five seconds to tumble in, which we effected, to the imminent risk of life and limb,—and were immediately whirled off at full gallop, too happy in getting a place at all to inquire how many insides the vehicle was licensed to carry. We were put down just outside the Puerta de Alcalá, a fine arch, celebrating the triumphs of Charles III., which, but for this their monument, might have escaped the recollection of posterity. Close by stands the Plaza de Toros, to which we made our way through six inches of dust and two rows of cavalry on guard. There is no attempt at external decoration in the building. Alexander Dumas (greater as a cook than a dramatist, since I am credibly informed that he can make a very edible salmi without collaborateurs,) compares it to a standing pie. Certainly the best part of the feast is to be found inside, so we wont stand

gaping, but enter with the crowd. By dint of great patience and a little pushing, we squeeze our way up the thronged staircase and passages, and finally emerge into the arena. We have capital places—front seats in the balcony, on the shady side. The tickets bear three prices, according as they are in shade, in sun, or half-and-half. None but a native, well seasoned to Iberian summers and protected by a twopenny fan, could stand the sun. Yet almost every place is filled, for the coming fight is expected to be first-rate. Altogether there are about 15,000 people present, including a fair sprinkling of the softer sex in the balconies. In the centre is a box for the queen, gay with crimson velvet and gold tinsel (for her majesty loves the sports of the people, and the people love her majesty all the better for that). Close by is the chair of the president, who gives the word of command all through. As the bull-fight is a purely Andalusian invention, it is considered the correct thing to appear in Andalusian costume,—so one sees tier upon tier sparkling with crimson sashes and parti-coloured jackets, like dahlias at a Chiswick show. But the metaphorical dahlias in question belong not to the silent vegetable kingdom; and if they steal and give odour, it is through the medium of paper cigars. Each individual shrieks, doubtless, the purest Castilian, but they produce in the aggregate such a Babel of sound as was never heard, except at Exeter Change or Exeter Hall.

But stay,—the gate is opened, and an alguazil, in

his official cloak of inky black, prances in on an Andalusian horse, or rather the horse prances in with him. This functionary is always received with a shout of derision, for an alguazil is supposed to be as remote from a centaur as an English alderman, and, by profession, quite incapable of sitting a horse. However, in spite of the shouts—doubtless made with the kind intention of frightening the animal—the official man rides up in safety to the front of the president's box, doffs his cap, and catches in it a key which the president flings to him. If he misses the catch, which may sometimes happen, the shouts are more hideous than ever. The key is supposed to belong to the door by which the bulls are to enter, and, having received it, the alguazil makes his bow and exit. Then enter the biped heroes of the day—the three matadors, attended by a dozen subordinates, called 'Chulos' or 'Banderilleros,' each dressed in a spangled jacket, tight knee-breeches, and silk stockings, the hair plaited and tied behind in a knot of ribbon, and each carrying a cloak of some gay colour. Next ride in the picadors, padded out to an enormous bulk, armed with long lances, and wearing great slouched hats. As soon as they have doffed these to the president, they take their stations at one side of the arena, and the vast crowd is stilled at once into the hush of breathless expectation. It is not an ordinary silence, not the mere negation of sound, but something positive, intense, almost appalling,—the silence which 15,000 people

make together. All eyes are fixed on yonder opening gate,—there is yet a pause of a few moments, that seem an age,—and then forth rushes the expected of all expectants—EL TORO—and earth shakes with a shout such as it hears nowhere else, except where it has the luck to be the site of a bull-ring. The six ‘bulls of death,’ as the bills term them, destined for the day’s sport, have been driven over-night into a small court-yard attached to the arena, and have been kept all day without food, that the pangs of hunger may be brought to aid their natural ferocity. As they pass in one by one to the arena, a practised hand hooks on to their shoulders a knot of ribbon, the colours of which indicate to the initiated the breeding establishment from which each animal comes. The smart of the hook gives him the first foretaste of the death-struggle he is about to engage in. As soon as he has reached the middle of the ring, he pauses, and looks wildly round, as if frightened by the yells of the spectators; then he lowers his head, and rushes at the picador, who awaits his coming, lance in rest. The brave beast ‘receives but reckes not of a wound,’—flings the lance aside as if it were a reed,—and, plunging his horn into the flank of the horse, repeats, with frantic rage, thrust upon thrust. For a moment horse and rider are lifted in air, and then down they fall crashing on the sand; then sally forth the footmen,—some with their cloaks teasing the bull away from the fallen foe, while others extricate the picador and help him to his legs (no easy matter to rise

unaided, with all that padding). The poor horse, too, if the horn has reached no vital part, staggers up, and is again mounted, and spurred on to a second encounter. Meanwhile the bull, his head all crimson with its baptism of blood, has received another lance-thrust, and overthrown another enemy. The same process is repeated, till the president considers a sufficient number of horses have been killed, and then the trumpet sounds, and one of the chulos advances with the banderillas. The banderillas are sticks of three feet long, decorated with fluttering coloured paper, (such as economical housewives put in their grates—*horresco referens!*—as an excellent substitute for fire during the summer months,) and terminated by a barbed dart. The thing is to stick a couple of these banderillas into the animal's shoulders, one on each side. To do this, of course the chulo has to stand in front of the bull for a moment,—so it is a service of some danger. Each successive pair of wounds stir him up to a display of vain rage, though it is evident that his strength is becoming exhausted. Then the trumpet sounds again, and the last act of the drama begins. The matador whose turn it is to kill the bull advances, with a crimson cloak and sword,—he bows to the president, and solicits permission to do his office. This being accorded, the matador flings his cap, with a semi-burlesque air of determined resolution, to the further part of the ring, marshals his men, and directs them to entice the bull to the place fixed on for the

deed, and then confronts him alone. It is a moment in which the world seems to have rolled back upon its youth, and man is again to contend for the mastery with the brute. Calm intelligence and furious strength are brought face to face, to do battle for victory and life.

For a few seconds, the two adversaries stand motionless within a yard of each other, the man with quiet mien, and lip curled in affectation of contempt,—the beast with bloodshot eyes, wildly rolling in their sockets. Then he makes a charge; the crimson cloak is flashed like blinding lightning before his sight, and he spends his fury on the empty air. Again he returns to the attack, and again is foiled. Again and again, till the wished-for opportunity is presented—the sword flashes above his lowered head, and then is buried hilt-deep between the shoulder-blades. A moment more—there is a gush of blood from mouth and nostrils—he sinks slowly on his knees, and then falls prostrate, his great flanks heaving laboriously as the life-tide ebbs, wave by wave, away. A burst of martial music and thunders of applause greet the conquering hero of the hour. Then an underling, armed with a pointed knife, creeps stealthily behind, and cuts short the death agonies of the still struggling bull. Four mules, gaily caparisoned, and harnessed together in a line with ropes, are driven in, the bull is taken by the horns (any one may do that now), and hooked on behind; the mules wheel round to that end of the arena which is directly opposite to

the gate of exit, and then, lashed to a furious gallop, drag after them the ponderous carcass, which, as it goes, ploughs a long straight furrow in the sand :

Et longum media sulcum diducit arena.

In Juvenal's time, Christian folks were not mere spectators. And what are the feelings of a Christian man when he sees, for the first time, a combat in this modern amphitheatre? At first, the predominant sensation is a sickening disgust at sight of trickling blood and protruding entrails; but this is soon over; and as it decays, one becomes conscious of a kind of savage joy—a fierce beating of the heart—indicative of the wakening of the wild beast within, which we bridle with texts of religion, and cram with scraps of morality; which we may lull, but cannot kill; which, if it sleep, sleeps lightly.

Moreover, the contemplation of another's danger and toil enhances the sense of personal ease and security. A stranger's sympathies are with the bull. He is overmatched, and yet faces the heavy odds so gallantly. I was delighted to see him scatter, at one charge, a whole flock of jaunty chulos (who fly in all directions, like a scared aviary of gay Indian birds), and I must confess to a wicked half-wish that he might catch some of them.

The horses are such wretched anatomies, that they hardly deserve the name. When a horse is strong and useful, we love him better than our neighbour, and only less than our dog. When he is old and worn out, we consign him unpitied to a more inglorious fate.

Again, when the matador stands so fearlessly single-handed before the infuriated beast, our sympathies change sides, and we are as ready as the rest to give all our hands to hail the victor.

It must be added that a man's emotions are swayed, in his own despite, in unison with those of his fellows. A crowd earnestly bent on one point, and unanimous in expression, is like a torrent that sweeps all obstacles along with it. Accordingly, before you have been half-an-hour in the arena, you watch the various chances of the fight with as much pitiless enthusiasm as if the northern star had never shone on your cradle. Now what is the moral effect of these spectacles? The masses, already predisposed, like their brethren of the East, to hold life cheap, are familiarized with the sight of blood, and this, I cannot doubt, contributes to the frequency of assassinations. The sight of a streaming wound, so far from chilling an Andaluz with horror, recalls the hours of intense enjoyment he has spent in the bull-ring. And since, as we have said, a selfish sense of security is a large ingredient in that draught of pleasure, a man is not likely to be thereby made more ready to expose himself to danger.

So the *people* become neither the better nor the braver for these diversions. On the other hand, in the case of what are called the upper classes, I question whether the evil be altogether unmixed. A bull-fight may be to the grandee of Spain what deer-stalking or fox-hunting is to an English gentleman. It may

tend to restore a healthy tone to the mind, by giving rude shocks to the crotchety tastes and false delicacy naturally engendered by high education and the habits of artificial society. A man of *any* rank may be over 'neat and trimly dressed,' and be none the less truly *gentle* for seeing a 'slovenly,' unhandsome sight now and then.

I would give a piece of advice to travellers in Spain:—However barbarous they may think a bull-fight, if they wish to keep on good terms with the natives, they had better not say so; there is no point on which the patriotism of a Spaniard is so sensitive. Only constitute yourself the apologist of the national sports, your Spanish friend is highly flattered, and out of politeness affects to take a foreigner's view of the matter, says something about 'relics of barbarism,' 'advancing civilization,' and such like transparent cant. On the contrary, once begin to attack them, this same friend is up in arms to the rescue, and, by way of a *tu quoque*, will accuse you of having killed a man in a pugilistic encounter in Regent's Park, or having sold your wife, with a halter round her neck, in Smithfield Market.

It must not be supposed that I had time to make these reflections in the bull-ring. No sooner has one gate closed upon the dead than another is opened for the living, and so on till the whole six have fallen. If any bull is apathetic and insensible to the insults he receives, a cry is raised for 'fire, fire,' and the *banderillas* have squibs and crackers attached to

them, which explode about the animal's ears, to his great annoyance. If this will not suffice, the spectators begin to call for 'los perros,' (the dogs,) in a kind of monotonous Red Indian-like chant, laying a savage stress on the *litera canina*. The bull-ring is a pure democracy. The will of the multitude is supreme, so the obedient president orders the dogs to be brought, and then, for once, you may witness an amusement which the descendants of good Queen Bess's lieges have forgotten, as well as some better things. In this way, some three hours have stolen over us unnoticed—three crowded hours of glorious life, or death. In all the vast circle nothing is still, but here and there a beast's stiffening carcass,—nothing silent but the creeping shadow, which has at last embraced in its grateful coolness three-fourths of the spectators. And now that all is over, we have to elbow our way out with more trouble than we had to get in. I must repeat to my countrymen the caution given by my Spanish friends, 'Cuidado, señores, á las faltriqueras,' (Anglicè, 'Take care of your pockets, gentlemen.')

That night, 'wearied' (as the novelists say) 'with conflicting emotions,' I went early to bed, and slept as soundly as if my conscience were being lulled by a sermon from the dear old rector of Muddelcombe Parva.