

CHAPTER VII.

IN any foreign country, the traveller ought to adopt the habits of the natives (as a general rule), being such as the climate dictates, and the continuous experience of centuries has sanctioned. This is a truth so obvious that it is almost a truism, and yet many of our wandering countrymen perpetually belie it in practice, and, with obstinate Bullism, persist in transplanting the manners and usages of the temperate into the torrid zone. What wonder if the result is frequent coups-de-soleil and gastric fevers? Now, for my part, as I dread such contingencies more than I love my bed, I gave the 'mozo' (or waiter) orders to call me at five A.M. punctually. At half-past five I made him bring my worship's chocolate, with a plate of sweet biscuits. The chocolate in Spain is invariably excellent, the coffee generally indifferent, and the tea bad. The two latter are foreign luxuries—the first is a necessary of life. It is also the most wholesome, for it soothes the nervous irritation to which we children of the mist are liable in these hot and arid climes. Immediately afterwards I sallied out, generally without any definite purpose, visiting first one part of the town, and then another. In this way I left, I suppose, scarcely a street in Madrid which I did not

traverse, or a church which I did not enter. The result is hardly worth the trouble. One street and church are exactly like another street and church. In the latter, one always finds the same profusion of wooden Christs, and Madonnas in real petticoats, on the walls, and the same scanty sprinkling of worshippers, also in petticoats, on the floor. The images out-number the devotees here, as in all other Roman-catholic countries (except Ireland, which is an exception to every rule). To a stranger, the markets are always the most interesting haunts. A Spaniard, he or she, talks more while making the daily bargain than in all the rest of the twenty-four hours. The fruit and vegetable market was my especial lounge. There is such a fresh, sweet smell of the country, and the groups throw themselves, or are thrown, into such pretty tableaux after the Rubens and Snyders fashion. The shambles one avoids instinctively, and fish market there is none, for Madrid is fifty-hours' journey from the nearest sea, and the Manzanares has every requisite for a fine trout stream, but water. The stroll over, I returned at eight to take a Spanish lesson. My instructor was an old cura, who, after saying mass every morning, came to me for an hour, and talked the most irrational and irreverent Rationalism. Not content with saying the severest things of the Tower of Babel and Balaam's Ass, he proceeded to assail the miracles of the New Testament, and professed his surprise at hearing that 'persons of illustration' in England (so the Spanish phrase runs) either believed, or were

Al pié de una sierra llega
y jadeando se encarama,
y peñas desnudas riega
con el sudor que derrama.
Ya el crepúsculo le niega
su casi postrera llama,
cuando llega á lo mas alto
del monte, de aliento falto.

Y allí se pára un instante,
y á sus piés ve un mar de arena,
y en el cielo ve brillante
la luna asomar serena.
Nunca, nunca el sol radiante,
que el orbe de esplendor llena,
prestó una luz mas copiosa
á la luna silenciosa.

A la blanca claridad
de su disco refulgente
de los muertos la ciudad
distingue perfectamente.
Con su triste magestad
y con su aspecto imponente
extraño pavor inspira
al que de noche la mira.

Una cosa ve despues
que hácia la ciudad avanza,
y se pregunta lo que es
y á distinguirlo no alcanza.
Baja del monte; á través
de las arenas se lanza,



JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y General
DIRECCIÓN DE CULTURA

pues lo que ve congetura
que es una cavaladura.

« Acaso Soliman sea
que cabalga en dromedario, »
dice á solas, y esta idea
le da un afan temerario.

Mucho alcanzarle desea.....

¡ ah ! nunca tan necesario
le fué el corcel con que un dia
á los tigres perseguia.

A manera de bocina
pone en su boca la mano,
y así su voz encamina
que aturde el monte y el llano.

De nuevo el bulto examina
y á Soliman llama en vano,
que dista mucho el objeto
hácia el cual corre indiscreto.

Y va siguiendo adelante,
de su fatiga á despecho,
con un afan incesante
corriendo muy largo trecho.
Por fin se pára jadeante,
aire buscando su pecho,
y apesadumbrado y triste
de su proyecto desiste.

Maldice su suerte cruel.....

luego suenan á compas
las pisadas de un corcel
que se acerca mas y mas.

carriages of the nobility, each drawn by four horses; of the Opera, where brass buttons and applause were strictly forbidden; of the placards in the streets, announcing that 'the Reverend Wilkinson would repeat, for the fourth time, his favourite sermon on Justification by Faith,' &c. Among his statistical facts he mentioned that 3500 persons had committed suicide in London alone, during the year 1848, and proceeded to account for it after his fashion. In conclusion, he proved to his own satisfaction, that 'the English are far from being so advanced in political and social progress as—Nosotros!' I always thought *La Patria* the calmest and most rational of all these prints. I had a good opportunity of forming a judgment, for nobody read it except myself.

After breakfast I generally adjourned to the gallery for some hours during the heat of the day. It is the only cool spot within ten leagues of Madrid. The delightful temperature makes the body so comfortable, that it leaves the mind free to revel in the 'sunshine of picture,' on the walls. Indeed, it required no slight effort to tear oneself away and pass through the fiery purgatory of the streets, where a thermometer, on the shady side, sometimes marked 35° Reaumur. Multiply by nine, divide by four, and add thirty-two, and you find that you are immersed in a fluid whose temperature is 110° Fahrenheit: that is to say, 10° hotter than a hot warm-bath. About that time (as I saw from the papers afterwards,) all London was groaning under the

insupportable heat of 85°. God clothes the lamb against the untempered wind; and a man can bear much more than what is insufferable. In this case, too, sweet thoughts of dinner would recur diurnally about four P. M., and emboldened one to go through the ordeal of fire. The only way of getting to the roast, was to run the chance of being roasted oneself. Nothing venture, nothing have.

After dinner came the same round of lazy amusements, in the Café, and the Prado, and the 'tertulia.' Anglicè, (I dread the inevitable bull,) Anglicè, 'soirée.' A letter of introduction will always procure for the stranger admission to these very agreeable, because unceremonious, entertainments. I was furnished with letters to all kinds of people; French, English, German, and Spanish; and by almost all, I was received with that genuine kindness and hospitality, which I am glad to think are not peculiar to any nation, only displayed in a different fashion. With an Englishman, the types of hospitality are roast beef and brown sherry; with a Spaniard, chocolate and sweet cakes; with a Frenchman, coffee and cognac; with a German, pipes and Rüdeshheimer. There were a good many of our countrymen resident at Madrid, unwillingly tarrying to watch the *progress* (if I may use such a law-term) of a suit, instituted for the recovery of debts due to them from the Spanish government, or some Spanish company; the money having been advanced years ago, for the sinking of impossible mines, or the construction of

improbable railways. They could not comprehend how it was that their adversaries did not acknowledge the force of their syllogism—‘You owe the money—you’ve got the money—why don’t you pay the money?’ Somehow or other, the Spaniards did not see things in that light. I met, also, sundry Frenchmen who indulged in vehement abuse of Madrid, and all that it contained. If you asked them why they stayed there so long, it was easy to anticipate the shrug of resignation and the wry face which accompanied the lachrymose response—‘Monsieur, j’ai un procès!’ However, after sunset, their cares were forgotten; and at tertulias these melancholy victims of hope delayed, sang, if they could, and chattered if they couldn’t sing, very gaily and pleasantly. In default of a soirée, there was always the theatre to go to. There was only one company playing, of inferior actors, (for all the stars at that season wander about to enlighten the provincial darkness). Be the acting never so bad, it is always a good lesson in Spanish. This company had adjourned during the summer, for coolness, to the Circo del Barquillo—the Astley’s of Madrid; an edifice with wooden walls and canvas roof. All the arrangements are decidedly veterinary. Stalls and loose boxes are fitted up as dressing-rooms for the nonce, and there is a very pervading odour of sawdust. The entrée behind the scenes (that hopeless ambition of the London youth,) is here accorded to the whole audience; and between the acts the kings

and queens of the stage walk about in their royal robes in the adjoining yard, sipping lemonade or smoking cigarettes, utterly regardless of dramatic effect. The comedy in Castilian is generally followed by a dance, and that by an Andalusian farce, then another dance and another farce, to conclude. As fresh pieces are produced every night, the actors have no time to learn their parts, and thus they repeat, like so many parrots, after the prompter, whose suggestions are audible to the whole house. Apparently the spectators are not critical, and seem to care very little what is done on the stage, except during the ballet. The chief attraction at that time was La Señorita Vargas, a stately southern beauty, with a latent ferocity in her dark eyes, that made her look rather like a queen of tragedy than a dancer. Who knows whether she may not become a queen in reality some day? Germany has a few thrones left still.

Madrid has one peculiarity which conduces very much to the visitor's comfort—namely, that there are very few inevitable 'sights' to be gone through. The armoury, said to be the finest in the world; the palace, ditto (which people who are addicted to upholstering may go and see, if they don't mind breaking the tenth commandment); the museum of natural history, where is the largest loadstone in active operation between this and Medina; and the Academia, nearly complete the list. Everybody should devote a morning to the last-named, were it

only for the sake of the Murillos. The famous picture of 'St. Isabel giving alms to the sick' has been arrested at Madrid on its return from Paris to Seville. As the Sevilians have instituted a 'process' for its recovery, it is likely to stay where it is some time longer. 'The Patrician's Dream' is quite cheering to look upon, so rich and glowing it is. Shut your eyes to the semi-ludicrous effect of husband, wife, and dog, in a decreasing series, like the three genders in Lindley Murray, all asleep.

The gardens of the queen, sunk in a deep hollow below the palace, deserve a visit. The head-gardener, of course a Frenchman, struggles gallantly against all kinds of difficulties of soil, climate, and lack of water. By a series of ingenious artifices he has concocted a plot of grass, some ten feet square, to the great astonishment of all natives.

One day my kind friend, Colonel S., took me to hear a debate in the Senado, the Spanish Chamber of Peers, which holds its sittings in the chapel of a suppressed convent near the palace. By dint of paint, gilding, and carpets, the room has been divested of its sanctified aspect, and made to look like a handsome modern room. They have not thought it necessary that a place in which a hundred gentlemen in surtouts meet to discuss secular matters in this nineteenth century should be made to resemble a chapel of the fifteenth. Antiquity is here represented in the persons of two halberdiers, who stand to guard the door, dressed in extravagant costume, like Beef-

eaters in fuller bloom. Rows of raised seats extend on each side of the room ; in the centre, facing the beefeaters, are the chair and desk of the president, and on each side a little tribune from which the clerks read out documents from time to time. The spectators are accommodated in niches round the walls. Each member speaks from his place, and the voting is by ballot. First a footman hands round a tray of beans, and then each advances, when his name is called, to a table in the centre, where he drops his bean into the box. The beans are then counted, and the result proclaimed by the president. On the right of the chair, in front, is the bench assigned to the ministers ; and there I had the good luck to see Narvaez, otherwise called Duke of Valencia, and a great many fine names besides, and in reality, absolute Master of all the Spains. His face wears a fixed expression of inflexible resolve, very effective, and is garnished with a fierce dyed moustache, and a somewhat palpable wig to match. His style of dress was what, in an inferior man, one would have called ' dandified.' An unexceptionable surtout opened to display a white waistcoat with sundry chains, and the extremities terminated, respectively, in patent leather and primrose kid. During the discussion he alternately fondled a neat riding-whip and aired a snowy pocket handkerchief. Those who know him give him credit for good intentions and great courage, but do not expect that he will ever set the Thames on fire, whatever he may do to the Manzanares. He is a

mixture, they say, of the chivalric and the asinine, a kind of moral mule. His personal weakness is a wish to be thought young, and hence he was naturally angry when Lord Palmerston wanted to give him 'a wrinkle.' I saw, likewise, Mon, the Minister of Finance, smiling complacently, like a shopkeeper on his customers; and the venerable Castaños, Duke of Bailen, who, as he tottered in, stooping under the weight of ninety years, was affectionately greeted by Narvaez and others. On the whole, the debate seemed to be languid, and to be listened to with little interest; but that is the general fate of debates in July.



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

CHAPTER VIII.

AT eight o'clock on the evening of Thursday, July 13, there was a great crowd assembled round the diligence, which was on the point of starting for La Granja. Some had come 'to see their friends off,' but the great mass were there out of pure idleness. I was one of the few who had any real business to be there at all, having engaged a place in the 'Interior,' the only place vacant. When I had elbowed my way up to the vehicle, I found that (the luggage having been packed) it was now taking in its live stores. The 'Interior' is privileged to contain six persons, and I found, to my dismay, that it was already occupied by a family consisting of three ladies, two children, a nurse with a baby in arms, and several enormous dolls. The latter and myself were the most uncomplaining sufferers of the party. I must do the ladies the justice to say, that they supplied the clamorous wants of the children most bountifully from a large reticule, and larger bottle, thus producing a temporary calm; and that they bore throughout their own inconveniences (and mine,) with unflinching equanimity.

The day was just dawning as we stopped to change mules at Nabacerada, a lonely post-house half way up

the mountain. It is surrounded on all sides by cheerless, treeless moorland, which looked bleak and desolate, in spite of the gilding of a summer's morning. On one of the mountain slopes, some four leagues off to the left, I could see a huge building, with vanes and roofs sparkling in the sun. From its position I of course knew it to be the Escorial. My fair companions, born and bred at Madrid, and in the habit of going to La Granja once a year, had not the least idea what it could be. The children, by this time satiate with sponge cake, had lapsed into a dormant state; I availed myself of their tacit permission to do likewise, with the less reluctance, as I intended to return by the same road, on horseback, in a few days. I was half-wakened by the stopping of the diligence at an iron gate, and a simultaneous demand for passports; but a few minutes after I was thoroughly roused by a rude shock,—the women shrieked direfully, and I found myself entangled in a ruinous heap of children and dolls. It seems that in turning a corner in the ill paved street of La Granja we had run over a great stone, and had recovered our equilibrium by mere miracle. Loud and long was the recrimination which ensued between the conductor and the postillion, as soon as we came to a final halt, in the midst of which I went off to the Fonda de los Ynfantes, where I was lodged in a huge bare room, at the cost of six francs per day, (nothing included).

As La Granja is crowded to excess during two months of the year, and abandoned to solitude for the

other ten, everything is very dear, as in all places in a similarly abnormal state; but I suppose I, a mere passing stranger, was 'taken in' by more than the due proportion. A two hours' sleep, by way of supplement to the broken night, and a good breakfast, invigorated me for the long wandering I had in view. The inn where I was lodging is a great gloomy building, surrounding a dank, mouldy courtyard. It formerly belonged to Don Carlos, and is the only large house in the village. The whole place has a comfortless, half-ruinous appearance, excepting always the palace, which is trim and neat enough. It is a long, low building, in that Gallo-Italian style which the Bourbons introduced into Spain. Next to it is the house of the Queen-Mother, who has not forsaken La Granja, in spite of its humiliating associations. The great open space in front is flanked by huge barracks, containing accommodation for above a thousand troops, who do guardsmen's duty without the name. In spite of these traditional precautions, Queen Isabel is by no means an exclusive sovereign. She permits all classes of her people to wander at their pleasure through her gardens, and to promenade close to the windows of her palace. The gardens are of immense extent, and present boundless variety, from the geometrical patterns and clipped hedges on the Versailles model, to the shaggy copsewood, with serpentine paths, overgrown and nearly impassable, which is here christened by the name of 'English garden.' A large artificial lake, which reflects overhanging natural woods, itself being

on a level considerably higher than the palace, is the reservoir which supplies the cascades, and the numerous fountains of bronze and marble, which, however, play only on special holidays. I have been assured that these royal gewgaws cost five hundred millions of reals, (*i. e.*, more than five millions sterling,) but a Spaniard is always reckless of facts and figures. After many successful attempts to lose myself, I finally climbed over a stone wall which separates the garden from the moor, and set off towards an isolated pinnacle of rock which tempted me to ascend it, looking deceitfully near in the bright atmosphere. My path lay among low oaks, along sheep tracks, or through thick grass and aromatic shrubs, where every variety of insect life was expressing its intense enjoyment of the sunshine by humming, buzzing, and chirruping, each after the fashion of its kind.

The summit gained at last, I had a fine view of the white village, half girdled by its sweet succession of garden, grove, and wilderness, and nestling beneath the dark pine-woods of the Guadarrama. I descended by the side of a stream, which, being small by nature, seemed determined to display itself to the utmost by taking extraordinary steps and making a great noise about them. The sun was almost setting as I arrived at La Granja. I lingered outside the gate, to watch a review on a small scale which was going on under the avenue. There were about a thousand men in all, making a very gallant show,—for, however other departments of the public service may be neglected

under the present *régime*, the army at least is well cared for. All at once the trumpet sounded, as a shabby fly, drawn by a spavined horse, came out of the gate. It contained a priest, who was carrying the sacrament to some sick man. As it passed, all the soldiers sank on one knee and presented arms. There was something very impressive in seeing the pomp and circumstance of war thus doing homage to religion in such humble guise.

At sunset all the world turns out,—those who have carriages, to drive; those who have none, to walk. I saw the queen in a carriage by herself, and the king in a carriage by himself, after the most approved fashion for married people. Then came the queen-mother, side by side with *her* husband, (but then, *she* is not required to set an example,) and afterwards various ‘infants of Spain,’ adult and adolescent.

After the promenade I went to tea with one of the ambassadors, who generally follow the court in its summer peregrinations. I found his excellency, family, and suite, crowded together in a house which, they said, afforded a minimum of accommodation at a maximum of cost. Not a floor was horizontal, nor a wall vertical. The tables obstinately refused to stand, and the chairs warned you not to sit down on them. However, the whole party enjoyed greatly the novelties of discomfort. For the rich, it is a new pleasure to be put to shifts in pleasure’s pursuit. That is the charm of a pic-nic.

The next day was consecrated to Segovia. Segovia,

that city of immemorial antiquity,—christened by Iberians, and walled by Phœnicians,—which the Romans furnished with its aqueduct, the Moors defended with its castle, and which the Spaniards of later days crowned with its cathedral; that epitome of Peninsular history is now, I grieve to say, accessible by means of an omnibus,—an every-day omnibus!—which leaves La Granja at nine A.M., and returns at four P.M. My only companion in this omnibus was an old gentleman of the most mild and pacific manners, who had, however, as he told me, served through the Peninsular war under the Duke (Wellington, not Bailen). He spoke with great admiration of his old commander, and especially praised his intuitive sagacity in discerning the military capabilities of a district at the first glance. We had plenty of time for conversation, as nearly two hours are required to traverse the two leagues.

Segovia is built on and about a salient angle of rock, formed by the junction of two deep ravines,—a site exactly resembling that of old Veii, of the modern Civita Castellana, and several other towns in the vicinity of Rome. Rome is forced on one's remembrance in an especial manner at Segovia by the aqueduct, which bestrides the lower town like a colossal polyped,—a most characteristic memorial of the strong practical people, whose works were never purposeless and never mean. It is still in active operation, employed on the beneficent work for which it was first destined—that of conveying water in

purity and plenty into the middle of a thirsty city. The houses which cluster round its base, comparatively things of yesterday, are already toppling to their fall, and clutching, as it were, to its pillars for support, like many generations of houses before them. Meanwhile, the masonry of old Rome stands unmoved, bidding fair to defy 'the tooth of time' almost as long as her poetry.

Ascending, you pass through a narrow gate into the old town—Segovia proper, as the geographies say: go straight on till you come to the prison. This prison, like most prisons in Spain, is easily discoverable, by its being the noisiest place in the whole town. What would the advocates of the silent system say to it? I know what *it* would say to *them*. It would stretch out its many hands from the lower windows, and supplicate alms, in dolorous tones, for the sake of the blessed St. Peter, once similarly afflicted; while from the upper windows—too high for hope of charity—it would salute them with derisive laughter, and a chorus of that peculiar harmonization commonly termed 'Dutch.' (The student of history need scarcely be reminded of the connexion between Spain and the Low Countries.) I have been particular in pointing out the prison, because directly behind it is the best inn in Segovia,—a very respectable inn too, according to the Spanish standard,—the Parador de las Diligencias,—set up since the last edition of the *Hand-book*. It is a large square house, with pillared galleries surrounding a court-

yard, and a tower at one corner, with machicolated battlements, once the mansion of a noble family. Many palaces in this and other countries have, by a similar revolution, lapsed to the public use. After making the proper amount of reflections on the instability of human things, a prudent man will order dinner, and then visit the prescribed lions of the place. First, he will come to the Plaza Mayor, whose tall white houses have a most artistic aversion to straight lines. Close by stands the cathedral, a specimen of seventeenth-century Gothic, crowded with pinnacles and stunted of buttresses,—looking like the pictures of our grandmothers in the prime of life, with scanty gowns and over-gay caps. But we ought not to be too severe on the cathedral of Segovia, for in the rest of Europe, at the time of its erection, Gothic had been dead and buried a hundred years at least. Besides, the tower is magnificent, from its height. The trouble of ascending will be well repaid by the grand and strange view of the mountains, with their thick woods and deep shadows, frowning over the bare plain as it basks in unbroken sunlight. (*Mem.* Always go up towers,—there is no exercise so elevating.) As I was wandering about the streets, looking, I suppose, as Sir Walter says, ‘like a cow in a fremd loaning,’ I was hailed by a voice in broken English, or, rather, English a little bent. The owner of the voice then introduced himself as the Marquis del A——, lately attached to the Spanish Embassy in London, and ‘anxious,’ he

said, 'to repay his obligations to English hospitality by befriending any individual of the country.' He accordingly took me to the Alcazar, and introduced me to the commanding officer, by whom I was conducted over the whole building. Some rooms still retain the old Moorish ceilings; otherwise, there remain scarcely any traces of its builders, externally or internally, except the name. The place now serves as a school for military engineers. My new friend then took me to his house, an edifice of the sixteenth century, where capitals have degenerated into the wildest forms, and arches support themselves at the most fantastic pitch. None of the seven lamps have shone upon its conception; it is mere Gothic run mad,—the embodiment of an architect's sick dream. On parting, we expressed a mutual hope that the speedy renewal of diplomatic relations might enable our individual selves to shake hands in Pall Mall.

CHAPTER IX.

IF the 'entertainment for man' at La Granja is dear, that 'for horse' and groom must be remarkably cheap, judging from the price I paid for two of the former animals, and one of the latter, to convey me and my luggage to the Escorial. The distance is eight and a half leagues, (thirty-odd miles,) and the price fifty reals (ten shillings)—not half what I afterwards paid in Andalucia. We set off at noon, and reached the summit of the pass in three hours. There I paused to take breath and give it, and to look at the view, which here would really merit that much abused word—panorama. The north side of the mountain is, as I have said, covered with pines; the south side is merely dotted with shrubs, which have tried to be trees and failed, from scarcity of water and plethora of sun. North and south from the mountains' bases stretch identical yellow plains, bounded in the far distance by a circular belt of azure, which one might fancy to be Homer's 'River Ocean' girdling the earth.

At Nava Cerada our road turned off to the right. Thence to the Escorial it is four short leagues, or three long ones (for the Spaniards are as lax in their measurement as the Scotch). In a large field near

the village of Guadarrama we saw several thrashing floors, with oxen, not muzzled, treading out the corn in truly oriental style. This Guadarrama was probably, in the Arab time, a place of greater importance, at least relatively, than at present, and so it gave its name to the whole Sierra. The word signifies 'lofty valley,' (as Ab-ram signifies 'Lofty Father,') and precisely describes the locality. We arrived at our destination just as the sun—set to us—was reddening the highest rocky peaks of the mountains. A ride of eight hours, performed for the first time on a Spanish saddle and at a Spanish pace, (that pace which, in reference to Abbots' palfreys in the middle ages, is called ambling, and known to beneficed clergymen in modern times as 'fidge-fadge,') left me in no mood to criticise the supper or the bed provided at the Fonda de Correos. The former I devoured greedily, and on the latter slept refreshingly, notwithstanding that, all night long, I was riding an old familiar horse among well-known green lanes, and under the shadow of well-known elms, in that dear dream-land which is so like home.

It was still early morning when I was recalled to Spain by a knock at the door, and an announcement that, according to order, my chocolate and 'Cornelio' were awaiting my pleasure. Cornelio is a blind man, who acts as guide to the Escorial. I had become acquainted with him through the *Hand-book*. He had been blind, he told me, since nine years old. By a happy compensation his other senses, from

increased acuteness, in some degree supply the place of the sense lost. It is curious to watch him feeling his way along the wall *without* touching it, and suddenly stopping at the best point of view before a picture or statue, and describing it in detail with unerring memory, though without the dreary sing-song tone peculiar to ciceroni. Among other great men, he said he had shown the Escorial to Mr. Cobden and Alexander Dumas at the same time. If this is true, Mr. Cobden was doubtless one of the Englishmen whom the prolific novelist robbed so ingeniously of their supper. Our Manchester friends will do well to observe, that even Mr. Cobden may be taken in sometimes, and on a food question, too.

The Escorial, being one of the numerous eighth wonders of the world, ought to console anybody for the loss of a supper. Its outward form naturally calls to mind the inspirations of the cook, not the architect. Here, then, is a recipe for this chef-d'œuvre of Philip II.—take a score of Manchester factories, with an acre of dead wall; mix well, and arrange in the form of a gridiron; put St. Paul's cathedral (slightly compressed) into the centre; serve up the whole on the side of the barrenest Ben in all Scotland, and garnish with a scanty sprinkling of ruinous houses and dwarfed trees. The concoction of the dish will cost the wealth of a kingdom, and it will neither be palatable nor palatial when done.

The palace itself stands isolated on a wide platform, round two sides of which run the offices destined for

the accommodation of the royal horses and suite, These, with the village, are fast going to decay, for the present queen rarely visits, and never resides in, this gloomy old abode of her ancestors. She does not like, it is said, to live so near to her future tomb, and prefers the cheerful woods and waters of La Granja or Aranjuez, to the now doubly dreary Escorial. The place was more lively when tenanted by monks than now, when it is not tenanted at all. There is something (as the Scotch say) 'eerie' about the loneliness of those innumerable chambers and interminable corridors. 'The place is curst,' not that it was ever very 'merry' in its best days. Indeed, a troop of noisy children, who accompanied us, taught the echoes to repeat sounds such as they never heard in the good old times of the founder and his successors.

We were first conducted to the church, the centre, and, as it were, nucleus, of the whole mass. I have already compared it to St. Paul's; but the resemblance is only external. Inside, the characteristic of St. Paul's is blank dreariness—that of S. Lorenzo is oppressive solemnity,—for the one is all whitewash, the other grey granite. Here you see few or none of the tawdry decorations which, in most Spanish churches, mar the general tone of the building. Navarrete's colossal saints on the wall, and the effigies of the founder and his family gravely kneeling before the high altar, are the fittest tenants of the place. The sound of a human voice, or a human step, seems

almost like a profanation. The vault, or 'pantheon,' into which we next descended, is scarcely more still and gloomy, though the horror of the vault is increased by its cost and magnificence, so unseemly in a charnel-house. The monarchs of Spain have left few good or great deeds to gild their memory, and, by encasing their bodies in marble and granite, have succeeded in suspending the execution of the decree, 'dust to dust.' By the light of a wax candle, we could just discern the marble sarcophagi, ranged in niches round the wall, some inscribed with the names of the royal dead contained therein, others still unappropriated. None but kings, queens, and heirs-apparent, are permitted to rest here, for the etiquette of old Spain relaxed not in its exclusiveness even after death. The 'infants' are consigned to another tomb, less elegantly, but more truly, named the podridero, or 'rottery.' As may be supposed, I declined my guide's proposition to visit *that*, and was right glad to breathe the upper air once more. In the sacristy is a picture by Claudio Coello, worth notice in the history of art, as being the last great work of the Spanish school. When I afterwards saw the masterpiece of Zurbaran in the museum at Seville, it struck me that Coello must have had that picture before his eyes, or in his mind, when painting this. It contains fifty portraits; but very little interest attaches to the courtiers of Charles II.—a monarch whose annals could furnish no grander subject for the painter than the presentation of a pyx to S. Lorenzo. In the

ante-sacristy is a fine Descent from the Cross by Albert Durer. Indeed, drained as the Escorial has been for the supply of the museum at Madrid, it still contains many treasures of art. The great Titian, the Martyrdom of S. Lorenzo, is still suffered to remain, from the *religio loci*. There is also, in the sala capitular, or chapter-room, a beautiful picture by him of St. Jerome, kneeling,—the sunshine is streaming through the trees full upon a crucifix. I can hardly understand how it was that this picture was not one of 'the hundred best' removed to Madrid from fear of the Carlists.

Any one who fancies second-rate frescoes will find allegories by the acre, and apotheoses by the score, described in the *Spanish* guide-book with appropriate prolixity.

The most interesting portion of the whole palace are the rooms occupied by Philip II. There remain still a few chairs which belonged to him, and his writing-desk, still visibly stained with ink. In a corner of the little oratory he was brought to die. A narrow window close by looks out upon the high altar in the church, and the king could see, as he lay, the host lifted daily. There is something almost heroic in the unyielding and undoubting bigotry of Philip, and as a hero his countrymen are agreed to regard him. The Escorial is his temple, which should never have been profaned by the cabinet-making and upholstery of Charles IV. and Ferdinand.

There is nothing in the whole world more unsatis-

factory than a brief visit to a great library. You come hungry to the banqueting-room—your appetite is whetted by the sight of an abundant feast, duly spread—you look over the bill of fare (the catalogue), which offers you dainties without end—but time presses, and your guide, equally inexorable, waits for no man, and you must rise from table without having tasted a morsel. Notwithstanding all this, the traveller, whose mission it is to see all sights, however unprofitable, will scarcely leave the Escorial without peeping into its famous library. He will see a handsome room painted in fresco, with many thousands of books turned with their backs to the wall. At a table will be seated a bearded, blear-eyed man, with his head below his shoulders, diligently copying a manuscript. He is, it is needless to say, a German. In the middle of the room, with his hands in his pockets, stands the stupidest or sulkiest of underlings, whose business it is to show the books, and therefore professes, perhaps truly, the most profound ignorance of everything. With him, ignorance is bliss, for it saves a world of trouble. I asked in vain to look at some of the MSS. obtained from Mount Athos by Hurtado de Mendoza, the author of *Lazarillo de Tormes*, whose collection was the nucleus of the whole library. Circumstances never presented a more favourable combination for a book-collector than in the case of Mendoza. He was an ardent bibliomaniac, resident in Italy, with almost imperial power delegated to him, and without any scruples as to the exercise thereof;

and the result was, a store of literary treasure fit to present to a king. I could not but wish that Mendoza were alive again, that he might, as his manner was when angry, pitch the stupid custode out of the window.

Two sides of the building look on to a terrace-garden, full of formal gravel-walks, flower-beds shut in with clipped box, and here and there a fountain, very diminutive and inefficient. The tree under which Gil Blas sat, in his famous conference with the Count-duke, must have been in the orchard below.

I wandered about half the day, unchallenged, startling innumerable lizards from their sunny day-dreams, till the long shadows warned me that it was time to return. I found the diligence, with its long straggling team, or rather troop, just ready to start for Madrid. Two huge Andalucians had left me an apology for a place in the coupée, which I had no alternative but to accept. Our road lay at first through shaggy, ill-conditioned woods, then over undulating ground sprinkled with shrubs, and last over a flat waste, clothed only by such shadowy forms as a dusky night and an idle fancy create between them. A four hours' ride brought us safely to the capital, while the streets were yet busy with crowds of promenaders.

CHAPTER X.

SPEND a few weeks at Madrid in the height of summer, and you will realize in your own person the fable of the Lotus Eaters. The exhausting heat, and the influence of example, produce an intense laziness, both of mind and body, and you remain day after day, without knowing why, from sheer disinclination to move. In these circumstances, my advice would be,—take a cold bath, to string the nerves to the necessary pitch, and engage a place in some diligence or other. The plan, in my own case, was completely successful, and I accordingly found myself, one fine evening towards the end of July, seated in the vehicle which was on the point of starting for Toledo. The archway was filled with the usual crowd of leave-takers; a little troop of my own accompanied me, to protest for the last time the eternity of a friendship, which had already lasted a fortnight or more: but the clock struck seven, the postillion cracked his whip, there was a vehement agitation of hats and fans, and then—we turned the corner.

For some hours, our course was smooth and our slumber deep, but at last a series of terrific jolts recalled us to the hard realities of time and place.

The time was three in the morning, and the place half-way between Aranjuez and Toledo. We could see a grim, unlovely desert, bisected by a road, of which the stones were rocks and the ruts chasms. Glad I was when they pointed out to me a grey mass in the distance, which, as the light grew stronger and we approached more nearly, developed into the Alcazar and church spires of Toledo. But two hours elapsed before we crossed the bridge, crept up the narrowest and steepest of streets, and finally came to a halt in the court-yard of the Fonda del Lino.

I was fortunate enough to have a letter of introduction to Colonel Alva, who holds a responsible post under government, which I hastened to present. I found him truly Spanish in kindness and courtesy, and truly un-Spanish in his love for books and antiquities. I told him my object in visiting Toledo, which was simply to see the sights, and was glad to hear that he had both the will and the power to further my wishes. He accompanied me indefatigably up and down to all the chief sights,—no easy task, for nothing is level at Toledo. The city stands on a rocky eminence, nearly surrounded by a deep and narrow gorge, into which the river Tagus (or Tajo) squeezes itself, not without pain. (Hence I suppose it is, that every gorge is called a Tajo; just as, in the Roman States, every river is called by the peasants a Tevere, or Tiber. In both cases, the metropolitan proper name has been transformed into a generic name.) On the land side, it is defended by double or

treble walls, very useless and picturesque. Two fine bridges span the stream. This peculiarity, together with the semi-insular position of the town, first brought old Shrewsbury to my mind; and as I wandered about, I kept, in my own despite, drawing out in detail an elaborate parallel between the two places, finding or making for every feature of the one place a counterpart in the other. A lonely traveller in a foreign country is especially prone to these unprofitable reveries; memory *will* anchor fast by the haunts of boyhood; and hence it was that in the Zocodover, and on the Puente de Alcántara, I was thinking of 'Market-hill' and the 'Welsh Bridge.' But I would not wrong the fair and fertile hills and plains of Shropshire by likening them to the unlovely vicinage of Toledo, nor would I pollute the glassy, cool, translucent wave of Severn with so much as a thought of the muddy Tagus. Toledo, moreover, is fast crumbling into ruin,—but *floreat Salopia*. The bridge of Alcántara, on the Madrid side, is in itself a grand object, with its lofty arch and antique gates, and commands a fine view of the river shining far below, and the castle frowning far above. It is a pleasant, airy lounge at sunset. It is worth while to make acquaintance with the fat, jolly gatekeeper, for he possesses a store of most curious information, which the gift of a cigar will place at your disposal. He told me some strange stories of the cave of Hercules, 'a famous enchanter who once lived in these parts, who spirited away the daughter of the king of Granada,

and so it came to pass that the Moors made war upon the Christians and conquered Toledo.'

A specimen this of historical tradition in that lowest stage of degradation, when not only has truth been disguised in fable, but also fable itself corrupted into foolishness. The mythology, too, is startling to those who have held from early youth the orthodox creed, wherein the voracious hero is anything but a conjuror.

The cave in question is, or is said to be, two miles up the river, and at present under water. I acquiesced in the statement, for it was too hot to go a-foot, and a hired vehicle is hardly to be met with at Toledo. I beg pardon of the shade of Southey for the omission.

Seen from a distance, Toledo is like a throned queen,—seen from the inside, a widow sitting in sack-cloth and ashes. It contains scarcely a tenth part of its ancient population, and the shrunk city is girdled by a belt of ruin.

The Alcazar, which puts so bold a front on the matter, is, within, mere desolation and decay. It is like a good Castilian fallen on evil days, from whose proud bearing you would never guess the raggedness concealed beneath the ample cloak. The oldest portion is Moorish, attached to which is a magnificent incongruity of Charles the Fifth's time. The noble court, with its pillars, the vaulted corridors, and the spacious double staircase, are now in the filthiest state; but once ascend the rickety steps which lead

to the top story, and all disgust will be merged in delight at the glorious prospect around and beneath. At your feet lies the city, clustering in many a picturesque mass, and beyond it the river, half encircling it, like a silver zone unclasped. Eastward and westward, a fringe of green marks the course of the Tagus; all else is a tawny, reddish waste of low hills, stretching away to the distant Sierra, scarcely visible on the horizon.

Of the three days which I spent at Toledo, many hours of each were passed in the cathedral. There only the walls were thick enough to exclude the heat, and there the painted windows tempered the glare of noon to a soft dream-light. Within is matter of observation for a year, and of meditation for ever. This cathedral is longer and narrower than that of Burgos; it is also of earlier and purer Gothic. Every window is filled with painted glass of the richest colours, and the double clerestories give an air of singular lightness and elegance. An altar in the nave marks the spot where the Virgin alighted when she paid her much celebrated visit to St. Ildefonso. The precise slab touched by her feet is carefully preserved under an iron grating; a small piece of it, however, is let into a pillar behind the high altar without any such defence, and it is now nearly worn away by the osculations of the faithful. I watched an old man a long time as he was kneeling before it and muttering prayers, between each of which he rubbed the stone hard, and then licked his thumb. When he had concluded I accosted him, and he told

me the whole story: how 'her Majesty' the Queen of Heaven had come down to honour Toledo above all the cities of the earth. He repeated all the circumstances with great earnestness of manner, and a volubility of utterance which made it difficult for me to catch his meaning. He kept perpetually repeating the words 'Su Majestad,' and bowing humbly as he said them. As usual in this country, a number of chapels have gathered, like parasites, round the sides of the great church; and the details of these, being more minute, demand even closer observation. As at Burgos, there is a 'Chapel of the Constable.' The constable was the unfortunate Alvaro de Luna,—a king's favourite, and, by natural consequence, a people's detestation. He and his wife are represented reclining each on a separate tomb,—the doughty knight and the devout dame,—he clasping his sword, she her rosary. Four knights kneel at the corners of the husband's tomb; two monks and two nuns at the corners of the other. An inscription round each records that the Constable was killed in 1453, and his wife supported her disconsolate widowhood till 1488.

Of course I went to see the dresses, crowns, &c., with which the Virgin is adorned on great festivals—the pride of Toledo, and the marvel of all Spain. If the pearls and precious stones be all real, as I was assured they were, there is not a queen in the world who possesses so costly a wardrobe as 'Su Majestad' of Toledo. In the sacristy over the altar is a

magnificent picture by El Greco—'Christ clothed with the scarlet robe.' At his right is a man in armour, said to be a portrait of the painter. At his feet is laid the cross, on which they are nailing the inscription. In the foreground is the Virgin—and behind, a crowd of heads. The face of the Virgin appeared to be wanting in expression; but there never was a more worthy representation of the Saviour, as he looks upward with glistening eyes, triumphant in suffering. In front of this picture stands a small figure of St. Francis, by Alonzo Cano. The face, shaded by the cowl, is marked with all the ecstasy of ascetic devotion; but, accustomed as we are to the colossal and colourless in statuary, it is hard to go into raptures at a doll (for the figure is only two feet high, and painted). The verger, however, told me that, when M. Thiers visited Toledo, he insisted upon kissing this image, being moved, as he explained, not by religious, but artistic enthusiasm. Being a little man, he was accordingly lifted up in the arms of the attendants to perform the ceremony. M. Thiers is so small, that no single step can lift him from the ridiculous to the sublime.

In the vestry I was shown a small Holy Family, attributed to Raphael. One of the canons assured me that it had been brought from Italy by an archbishop of Toledo, before the end of the sixteenth century. It resembles a Perugino in everything except a certain hardness of outline. If it be Raphael's at all, it must be one of his very earliest

works. My faith in it was rather shaken, by hearing the name of Michael Angelo given to two heads on copper of the Virgin, and a boy Christ. I began to suspect my informant of a reckless use of great names.

In a room over the cloisters I saw a collection of gigantic grotesque figures, used in processions and mummeries. I was told that the country people, when they entered the room, generally dropped down reverently on their knees, supposing these to be saints, and the greatest, because the biggest, they had seen. The most remarkable of all is a monster unknown to Buffon, but more like an exaggerated turtle than anything else in nature, the body of which is big enough to contain a man, whose duty it is to open and shut its jaws, for the edification of the populace on Corpus Christi day. This 'snapping turtle' is called Tarasca. On its back rides, or rode, a woman clad in scarlet, yclept 'of Babylon,' and otherwise christened 'Anna Boleyna,' after the unfortunate lady who was the cause of the insult offered by Henry VIII. to Spain and the Roman church in the divorce of Catherine of Arragon, and who was also the mother of her who foiled the Armada and upheld Protestantism—'the she-wolf' (as Gongora terms her), Elizabeth of England.

The Archbishop's Library contains some very curious manuscripts, which the good old curator seemed never tired of producing for my inspection. Among the rest was a code of laws in Castilian,

given to the city of Valladolid by Alphonso VII. in the eleventh century. This is one of the earliest specimens of 'romance,' but the sense can be made out with great ease. I remember one law, forbidding any Moor or Jew to take sacred property in pledge for a loan. There was also a curious Hebrew roll, and a book of papyrus written in Syriac, both of which were 'Greek' to me.

The calle ancha, or Broad Street of Toledo, is about fifteen feet across, so it may be conceived what the other streets are. Indeed, when I essayed to traverse the town alone, I was perpetually losing myself in their tortuous labyrinths, and turning up in some unanticipated quarter. I was, therefore, compelled to put myself under the protection of a laquais-de-place, for, to my surprise, even this lonely city can boast a few specimens of the genus. It is probable, however, that this is a recent development, as my man was not by any means a master of his craft.

The church of S. Juan de los Reyes stands at the north-western corner of the city, towering among ruins. The Franciscan monastery, of which it formed a part, was nearly destroyed by the French. As the name imports, it was one of the truly royal thank-offerings of the Catholic sovereigns. The outside, which is somewhat devoid of architectural ornament, is garnished by festoons of chains, more or less rusty and broken. These are the chains which were used to bind Christian captives in the dungeons of Ronda,

and (after the old pagan fashion) were hung round the newly-erected church as a trophy of the faith's triumph. There is a strong resemblance, in their main features, between the buildings of Isabella and those of her kinsman and contemporary, Henry VII. of England. In these, however, as in more recent erections in Spain, we may observe a tendency to neglect the outside, and to lavish all the resources of art upon the inside; hence, the church of S. Juan, externally, seems bald when compared with the chapel at Westminster, while, internally, no other church, either in England or elsewhere, can rival it for prodigality of ornament. The architecture is the same in its germ, but beneath the warmer clime it has expanded, and developed into more luxuriant forms. The walls are covered with fabulous animals — rampant, couchant, and passant—amid bowers of impossible foliage, while no occasion is lost to introduce the device of the royal pair, a yoke and sheaf of arrows, tied in a true-love knot. The church of S. Juan de los Reyes used to be familiar to the readers of Gil Blas, but recent editions have misprinted it 'Royes,' and a commentator, mistaking it for Royos, gravely explains it to mean 'the church of the *red* friars,' an order, I apprehend, till now unheard of in ecclesiastical history. One would have thought that the unfortunate place had suffered enough at the hands of Gallic mutilators already.

The church of S. Tomé is celebrated for the pic-

ture by El Greco, 'The Burial of the Conde Orgaz,' which, in spite of what Sir E. Head and Mrs. Jameson assert, has not been removed to Madrid.

This is generally considered the masterpiece of the painter; but much as I respect the high authorities which have pronounced it to be so, I must hold that it is inferior to the great picture by the same artist in the sala capitular. The upper part, containing the heavenly host, is, to my mind, very poor in conception, and worse in colouring. A dull leaden hue pervades the whole. But the lower part is indisputably grand and solemn. Saints Stephen and Augustine, in rich episcopal robes, are depositing the body of the good count in his tomb; the relatives of the deceased look on, grave and dignified, not expressing the slightest surprise at being relieved of their duty by such unwonted intervention. The picture is all the more effective by being free from the expression of ordinary human passions. The atmosphere which surrounds it is not that of every-day life; the truth represented is a higher and deeper truth than the truth of fact; and the spectator feels that he has no business to call in question the probability of the actual occurrence. I should, doubtless, have worked myself into the proper frame of mind, and felt all this, but for an impertinent suggestion, that the grave relations, with their trim beards, were like Rip Van Winkle's mysterious Dutchmen.

I spent a long hour in this church, partly examining the picture, and partly listening to a sermon, which

the slow, distinct enunciation of the preacher enabled me to follow with ease. I could understand it all the better as it was entirely declamatory and *un-logical*, not a syllogism from beginning to end. Whenever the name of Christ or the Virgin was mentioned, the congregation turned towards the high altar, crossed themselves, and muttered a short prayer—about the length of a ‘grace’ in England. This must be a very convenient custom for orators who are liable to stick fast. The ladies, who composed nine-tenths of the audience, were squatting in the Turkish fashion on the floor, each in the same posture, with the head bent down, and the face nearly concealed by the mantilla of black silk, while the incessant agitation of fans was like the fluttering of birds’ wings in an aviary. Two of the old churches of Toledo have been synagogues, and several mosques. Some of them are now shut up for lack of priests and worshippers. Espartero ejected the former, and a stealthier, surer revolutionist has filched away the latter. Into Sta. Maria I endeavoured to effect an entrance, but in vain; none of the neighbours knew who kept the key. At Sta. Ursula’s I was more fortunate. A good woman opposite begged me to sit down in her house, supplied me with a bowl of the coldest and purest water, and then set off herself in quest of the key. The church communicates with a nunnery, and behind the ‘grilla’ I could see a nun kneeling, with neck and throat closely bandaged, like Fleur de Marie. In the vestry is a fine wooden roof, with pendent

ornaments, evidently Moorish. I fancied that my kind sextoness cooled somewhat in her manner towards me, when she found that I had not come into the church to say my prayers like a Christian.

All day long a solemn stillness broods over Toledo. Rarely does the sound of wheels or the crack of whip wake its old echoes; there are no 'cries' inviting one to buy fresh fish or sell old clothes; the shopkeepers doze over their wares, seldom disturbed by a purchaser, except, indeed, the fat, comely dame who presides over the estanco, or tobacco-shop, for she drives a thriving trade,—thriving herself marvellously. In the doorways of the humbler dwellings sit old men and women, platting long coarse grass into 'socas,' or mats, to hang before the windows and keep the heat out; and through the iron gates of the better sort you may see a family of daughters at work with the needle, a sea of white linen spread before them. But at sunset all is over with work, and sleep, and silence; all the life left to Toledo is astir, crowding to the Zocodover and the avenues leading thereto. This Zocodover, or chief square of Toledo, though deserted by the traffickers who once thronged it by day, is busy as it well can be by night. Planted with many trees, set with many seats, lit by few lamps,—the very genius of flirtation has presided over its ordering. Of a summer's night, it hums and buzzes like any hive. On every side, a broken outline of high roofs shuts out sky and stars; in a niche above the Moorish gateway stands an image of the Virgin, lighted by a

wakeful lamp; and looking through the old arch you may see the distant country, grey and pale in the moonlight.

One night I went, in default of a theatre, to an exhibition of gymnastics in the court-yard of a deserted palace. The affair was a decided failure; but the spectators, who paid 2*d.* for their admission, bore it all with as much patience and decorum as any 'dress circle' could have done; only when the three fiddlers composing the promised 'magnificent band' played unusually ill, they called good-humouredly for los perros—'the dogs'—a metaphor from their favourite bull-ring.



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

JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

CHAPTER XI.

A KIND of omnibus runs between Toledo and Aranjuez every alternate night. To this I committed my person and effects at 10 o'clock, P. M., on Monday, July 23rd. The vehicle was crammed full, and it was my misfortune to be seated next an elderly gentleman of corpulent bulk, whom the rest of the company, perhaps on account of his dimensions, treated with profound respect. Don Diego (that was his name) speedily lapsed into a state of somnolence, and at every jolt (that is, about three times a minute) he came rolling upon me, and as often recovered his equilibrium, with something between a snort and a groan. This *peine forte et dure* lasted till half-past four in the morning, and terminated by my disembarkation at Aranjuez, in a state of semi-dislocation and entire weariness.

I walked through the wide, silent streets just as the morning was giving its first grey and grim prelude to a blazing day. A series of vigorous kicks administered to the door of the Four Nations' Hotel roused a waiter, who conducted me to a comfortable bed, where I forgot the ruthless ruts, and that most real of night-mares, Don Diego. Indeed, I forgot more than that. I had engaged a place in the Gra-

nada diligence, passing through Aranjuez at 11 A.M., and had intended to devote an hour or two, before starting, to the palace and gardens; but such was my fatigue that I did not awake till 10, and 'Castile has something still to show.' The omission was a thorn in my side ever after, for Aranjuez is the pride of every Spaniard's heart, and whenever I confessed in society that I had not seen the gardens or the Casa del Labrador, I was saluted with an universal 'hombre!' ('man alive!') in tones of contempt and pity. Well! Don Diego will have to answer for it.

Punctual to its time, the diligence arrived. I found that I had to share the berlina, or coupée, with two persons—the one, a young fellow with light complexion and flaxen hair, whom I took for an Englishman, and the other a dark man, whose nation I could not guess. The former proved to be a son of Malaga, returning from the College of Military Engineers at Alcalá, and the other was a native of Guatemala, he told me. I might have guessed long. The body of the vehicle was almost full of young engineers, whose merriment neither heat nor dust could stifle.

At Ocaña, where we stopped to 'disjune,' the Coupée fraternized with the Interieur, by the interchange of cigars (for a cigar is now, what salt used to be, the pledge and symbol of amicable relations). In the courtyard of the inn a little Murillesque boy was sitting cross-legged; he had got a marten, which he was putting to a graduated death, by first plucking a few feathers, and then breaking a wing, &c., as if he

had been training for an Inquisitor. I remonstrated with him on the cruelty of the proceeding, but the little urchin went on with his work, merely replying, in a cold tone, 'Hay muchos' (There are plenty of 'em). The same plea would have justified me in administering the *lex talionis* to the lad himself, for Ocaña was swarming with brats. The country over which we were now passing consists of bare and brown plains, seamed at rare intervals by low chalk hills. On one of these (or rather *in* it) is the village of La Guardia, where the people live chiefly like rabbits, burrowing instead of building. Here the children, as usual, ran along by the diligence, throwing summersets, and begging clamorously for a *cuartito*. One of them got among the mules and was trodden upon, but he screamed so lustily as he was being carried off, that we felt sure he was not much hurt. 'Hay muchos.'

At 9 o'clock we halted for the night at Puerto Lapiche, a place famous only as having been mentioned in *Don Quixote*, where, after a hasty supper, we all went to bed, anxious to make the most of the few precious hours allowed for sleep. At one in the morning we were again *en route*. About day-break we were rattling over the pavement of Manzanares. No sooner had we come to a stand-still, than the face of a blind woman was thrust in at the window. My companions immediately recognised 'the blind woman of Manzanares,' famous, they said, throughout all Spain for her powers of improvisation. Some one

told her that there was an Englishman in the carriage, so, àpropos of my humble self, she began to recite a string of quatrains, each of which was received with loud laughter and applause by the crowd gathered round to listen. As she made a pause after each stanza, to collect her thoughts and let the noise subside, I managed to note down the first and two last, which, done into corresponding English, run thus:

The noble English nation
Is famous near and far
For faithfulness in time of peace
And bravery in war.

'Tis true about Sir Bulwer
There's lately been a fuss;
But which was right and which was wrong
We cannot now discuss.

But let us hope that cause of strife
May never happen again,
And that a pair of such old friends
Will always friends remain.

The gifted minstrel was quite content with a guerdon of a real, or twopence-halfpenny sterling. This is probably the same person whom Borrow saw here, and whom he calls the Manchegan Prophetess. Since that time she has turned her talents to substantial account, for her 'rags' have been replaced by decent clothing, and her 'Mulatto complexion' seems to have yielded to repeated applications of soap-and-water.

La Mancha is a great corn-growing district. The vast yellow plain is broken at intervals by the huge bulk of a village church, big enough, if it were a barn,

to house all the corn of the parish, wide and fertile as it is. It was harvest-time, and we saw frequent teams of oxen labouring on with a huge load of sheaves, piled on the waggon in the shape of a truncated pyramid, and surmounted by a contented peasantry, lolling, singing, and smoking. We were to halt at Valde Peñas, and we had been pleasing ourselves with anticipating 'a bottle of the very best wine;' but our hopes were cruelly frustrated, for more execrable stuff was never tasted than that presented to us at the inn. We sent for some more, and, if any worse could have been, *that* would. The people, too, were ferocious and uncivil; and so we shook off the dust—not of our feet only, but also of our coats and hats, which was no trifle—against the town of Valde Peñas. At Santa Cruz, a good woman thrust a pair of garters (the staple manufacture of the place) upon me; I bought them, thinking they might be useful in case I should weary of life before the end of the journey. However, there was no occasion for them just then, for we were approaching the Sierra Morena, and the monotonous plain was giving way to broken and wooded ground. I was on the look out, too, for the Venta de Cárdenas, which is the scene and title of a very boisterous and very popular farce. Not but that many a tragedy in real life has been acted in these robber-haunted mountains. Thanks, however, to the institution of the Guardia Civil (the rural police of Spain), a traveller at the present day may

enjoy the magnificent scenery of Despeña Perros, without being disturbed by fears for his own safety. This defile, through which the road winds, is rough and rugged as its name. The rocks, splintered vertically, stand out like fragments of some ruined castle of the giants. Plenty of oaks and chesnuts have found root in the fissures and clefts, and, far below, the bright pink flowers of the oleander mark the course of the torrent. Every turn of the road exhibits a fresh combination of rock and wood; and as soon as the highest point is attained, the background of the prospect is filled with a wide expanse of plain and far sweep of mountain—the Vegas and the Sierras of Andalucia.

We trotted merrily down the hills to a little village (Sta. Elena, I think), which we found all astir, by reason of a rustic bull-fight just going to begin. Among the spectators attracted thither was an old pilgrim (the first and only specimen of the class I ever saw off the stage). He wore a large coarse brown cloak, garnished with the scallop-shell of S. Jago, and a broad-brimmed hat looped up, with a sprig of rosemary in front, which I suppose he wore to advertise his calling, for *Romero*, in Spanish, means both rosemary and pilgrim. He also carried a long stick, and altogether quite looked the character.

The road between La Carolina and Bailen is the worst part of the whole line; and the shaking made us anticipate with the more impatience our promised

rest of seven hours at the latter place. We arrived at six o'clock in the evening, and after a good supper strolled out *en masse*, to convince ourselves that there were no sights at Bailen; then we went to bed. This day, the 24th of July, 1849, will be memorable to me, as the date of my first seeing a pilgrim and a palm-tree in their natural state.

We started again, as before, at one in the morning, guarded by a couple of men with blunderbusses, who hung on somewhere outside. I soon relapsed into slumber, and did not wake till near six. 'What a thousand pities it is,' said the Guatemalan, 'that you did not see Jaen! Caramba! que lastima! Magnificent—beautiful—towers on the side of a hill—antiquities—tiempo de los Moros.' 'Why didn't you wake me?' I said, 'Caramba que lastima!' So I missed seeing Jaen, and grumbled about it till breakfast time. We stopped at a mountain-inn, and found a better meal prepared than the appearance of the place warranted one in expecting. A Manchegan, one of the passengers, got into a furious rage in endeavouring to convince the Andalucians that La Mancha was the finest province in Spain. The rest received his declamation with scornful laughter, and, having the best of the argument, kept their temper.

A tunnel cut through an opposing rock let us into the kingdom of Granada; soon after, as the road wound among the hills, I caught a glimpse of the

snow-flecked sides of a ridge of mountains, towering above all the rest. I needed no one to tell me that this was the Sierra Nevada. As little did I need to be informed that the white town which (on emerging from a grove of olives,) we saw in the distance, lying on the hill-side, crowned with red towers and belted with green woods, was—*Granada*.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

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

CHAPTER XII.

AS we were all waiting in the diligence-bureau, till the custom-house officer had gone through the ceremony of unlocking and locking the trunks, I was accosted by a dapper young fellow in Andalusian costume: 'Señor! your worship is a stranger?—an Englishman? Ah, I knew it! Milor, (these laquais-de-place think that every Englishman likes to be so addressed, and they are right,) I am at your feet—I am Mateo Ximenez, son of old Mateo—honest Mateo, the Mateo of Vasindon Eerveen, the son of the Alhambra, who will show you every stone in Granada.' On the other side, an elderly person introduced himself as Señor Vigarai, landlord of the adjacent hotel, where he entreated me to stay, vaunting its superior cheapness, &c. But as I prefer being fed for two dollars per diem to being poisoned for one, I shook off the touting landlord, (a character very rare in Spain,) and trudged off to the Fonda de Minerva, closely followed by the officious Mateo. I was shown to a spacious apartment on the first floor, where I proceeded to instal myself, Mateo aiding unbidden. We had not been there five minutes before a dark, keen-eyed man, with a fierce moustache, appeared at the open door, cap in hand, and

addressed me in English—‘ Good bye, Sare! how you do? I am Immanuel Bensaken, of Gibraltar, British-born; much commended in dat red book you wear in your hand, page 129,—Give me leave, Sare?’ He proceeded to find the place, but Mateo, high in wrath, broke in with a torrent of vituperation, speaking Spanish, the substance of which seemed to be that I belonged to the Ximenez family by right of prior discovery. Bensaken, on the other hand, claimed me by right of conquest, because the English were masters of Gibraltar. ‘Milor,’ said Mateo to me, in a tone of solemn warning, ‘this man is a Jew, a thief, a runaway, a renegade Jew.’

Bensaken, upon this, assured me that old Mateo had helped one of his sons to murder a man, holding him down while the son despatched him with a knife. The dispute lasted some time, and I was at last obliged to request the two to fight it out in the corral below, promising myself as the prize of the survivor.

At five o’clock next morning I was awakened from a sound sleep by the entrance of a small, demure, elderly man, wearing on his face the stereotyped grin of servility, who introduced himself as the original Mateo Ximenez—the Mateo of Vasindon Eerveen; ‘and I come,’ said he, ‘in obedience to your worship’s commands to conduct you to the Alhambra.’ He had got up early, and stolen a march upon the Jew. Under the guidance, therefore, of Mateo, I paid my first visit to the Alhambra—a visit of three hours’

duration,—my guide, meanwhile, keeping up a running commentary of the very smallest talk, recklessly confounding dates and facts, nations and personages; and for any special absurdity, audaciously appealing to the authority of ‘Vasindon Eerveen.’ What a lucky moment it was when the twaddling old fool first met the illustrious man whose name and meaning he constantly perverts. The glowing fancy of Washington Irving has blazoned ‘honest Mateo’ to the English half of the world as a little hero of romance, handing him down to posterity, besides enabling him to make a pretty penny out of his contemporaries.

He showed me a book of encomiums on himself by American travellers, full of exaggerated phrase,—written, indeed, in that ‘tall’ style which distinguishes U. S. from us. The old fox took me to his own den, where he has on sale (*sub rosa*) many squares of stucco ornament, and other relics purloined from the Alhambra. Knowing that I had been informed of ‘the murder’ in which he had been compromised, he volunteered a version of it, which I think is characteristic, not only of the man, but the people. I give it in his own words. Like the lower orders in Andalusia, when addressing their superiors, he spoke of himself in the third person (as ‘Mateo’).

‘There was,’ he said, ‘a serjeant who used to be on duty up here in the Alhambra. One day Mateo and he were drinking together, and they fell to disputing

about politics. Now the serjeant was a 'Royalist,' and Mateo and his family have always been Progressistas, like your worships the English. At last the serjeant knocked Mateo down, and left him. Now, as he was going out of the door, it was the will of the devil that he should meet my son. 'What have you done to my father?' said mi chico (my little one), and he answered, 'I have served him like a — !' Then mi chico, being beside himself with anger, drew his knife and stabbed him in the belly. It did not go deeper than *that*, (showing two joints of his forefinger,) 'and the man *lived* four hours! And it was for *that*, just killing a man in a quarrel when his blood was up, that they put mi chico in prison, where he is to this day, pobrecito.'

I listened with some interest to the details of his story; and Mateo must have thought me curious in murders, for as we were leaving the Alhambra we met a dark-eyed, buxom dame, and Mateo introduced us in form: 'Señora, this is an English gentleman travelling for amusement, and, Señor, this is a lady whose husband was assassinated two years ago;' whereupon the widow, nothing loth, told me all about it. As soon as her back was turned, Mateo gave me an entirely different version, much less to the credit of the unfortunate deceased.

My first visit to the Alhambra gave me very little pleasure. All thought was scared by the continuous chatter of my guide, and I felt all the while that I was 'doing' the Alhambra, not seeing it. There was

hardly even the charm of novelty, for I had seen Owen Jones's pictures. They are more than *like*,—they are the very place itself, projected on a plane. As Mercator's chart is to a globe, so are those pictures to the Alhambra,—which, indeed, is more like a painting, or a stage scene, than a real building. I speak of the interior only, for, from without, it looks as grim and solid as the rocky hill on which it stands.

If I forbear giving an elaborate description of the whole place—palace, fortress, convent, village, groves, and gardens,—it is because I wish to spare my readers the repetition of a thrice-told tale. (Why do over again what has been done already so often and so well?) Not but that I could fill half a volume about it, for there was hardly a corner which I did not explore during the month when I had my headquarters at Granada.

It is true one's senses are occasionally more offended than gratified in the course of such researches, and a day-dream about the Past is often rudely interrupted by some incongruity belonging to the unromantic Present; but, according to the happy constitution of nature, all unpleasant associations fade away from the mind, and leave the pleasures of memory pure and unmixed.

The Alhambra should be seen from all points of view, and in all lights. It is a place for all hours. There, the morning breeze is freshest; there is the thickest shade; there are the coolest waters to temper

the fierce noon; and there, at evening, the finest view over that famous landscape, lovely always, but loveliest then. And often would we linger, long after sunset, watching till that flood of purple and gold had ebbed quite away from plain and hill and sky; and just below us the lamps of the town came out, one by one, like the stars of another heaven; and further away, the burning stubble flashed in long lines of fire, as bright, and almost as rapid, as summer-lightning.

Eastward, one might see the clear, sharp outline of the Sierra, dwarfed in the gloom, and looming darker by contrast with the light of the moon rising behind it; so we stayed to watch the flow of the new tide as we had watched the ebb of the old, to see how the gracious beams fell, first, upon the rocky pinnacles of the Sierra of Alhama, and then upon many a white tower and hamlet in the plain below; last of all, upon the town and woods just at our feet, half revealing the various tints of day,—for the colours of moonlight are to the colours of sunlight as dreams are to life, rather a reminiscence than a reality.

And then we would descend, my companions and I, half ashamed of having quoted poetry, or otherwise indulged the sentimental vein, and finish the evening by a game of billiards in the English way, the natives looking on with much contempt.

Up in the Alhambra is a little inn, called the Carmen de los Siete Suelos, besides a rival establish-

ment (whose name I forget) just opposite. Each of these has a kind of tea-garden attached, where you may be supplied, *al fresco*, with those creature comforts indispensable even to persons of the most romantic turn, such as fresh milk, eggs, chocolate, or wine. Thus, with a book or pencil, one may spend a long day in the Alhambra with much ease and comfort, and not without profit. Strange contrasts meet one's observation. Above, in the branches, are the uncaged birds singing with all their might (a singing-bird is a rarity in Spain); below, a gang of convicts (no rarity) are at work, clanking in their chains. Take the path to the left, and you find a Spanish soldier, of the —th line regiment, keeping guard under the Moorish arch, and an image of the Virgin Mary, under a sentence from the Koran. Pass on, and you stand before the heavy, unfinished palace of Charles V., with its stupid unideal plan, (a circle inscribed in a square, like a figure out of Euclid,) and its recurrence of unvarying ornament. A little side door admits you to the Court of Myrtles and a new world. You have trod on the magic carpet of Hassan, and have been transported eastward through space, and backward through time, to the city and the reign of Haroun Alraschid! You pass on through the Court of Lions, the Hall of the Abencerrages, &c., names familiar to you from childhood: the whole place, the realization of many a dream, appears itself scarcely less unsubstantial—so delicate and fragile,

that it seems fitted only for the charmed atmosphere of fairy-land;—the fierce storms of this earth will surely crush it to atoms;—the fierce heat crumble it into dust. Indeed, the Court of Lions has suffered from an earthquake, and is rudely enough supported by beams, and held together by cramps. May man and time deal tenderly with the remnant!

You leave the place, and, sitting down on a stone seat under the trees, are thinking of the wealth and glories of the Caliphs, and the lavish splendours of Oriental royalty, when an old man in rags accosts you. He is a veteran who has fought in the war of Independence—one of two hundred pensioners quartered here in the Alhambra, and he is forced to beg of the stranger, because he cannot live on the daily pittance which his grateful country *owes* him. You are recalled to the present time: Isabel II. sits on the throne of Abderrahman the Magnificent.

A narrow, dank cleft, green with ferns and creeping plants, and spanned by the single arch of an aqueduct, divides the Alhambra from the Generalife. At the entrance to the latter, stands a cottage with trellised vines, and a plot of cool shade beside it. There, each day as I passed, were a knot of women spinning and chattering incessantly, mixing the useful with the sweet—just looking up to give the kindly salute—*Vaya Usted con Dios*. The Generalife, once the Moor's garden of delights, still shows signs of being cared for, and still produces hazel-nuts and

plums. The grapes were sour and the figs hard at that time. You may help yourself without let or hindrance as you walk up to the house. Sitting before the door, a black-eyed, sharp-looking little boy was making dirt-pies. He jumped up at my summons, and took me in. There was the court, with its pond and flowers, and at the end an arcade, leading into cool and airy rooms for summer dwelling—all just as their Moorish master had left them, only looking a little forlorn and neglected, for all the sunshine. If people would always be content with neglecting! That turbid stream which rushes through the court contains, potentially, all the fertility of the Alhambra and Generalife. Separated, some miles higher up, from its parent Darro, it is brought along the hill-side in an artificial channel, and then distributed into a thousand runlets to feed the fountains and the flowers. At times it is turned into an enormous tank, hollowed out in the rock, and containing I forget how many hundred thousand gallons (the work of the Moors,—*cela s'entend*). The dirt filters to the bottom, and leaves the coldest and purest of water, which, by means of a well, supplies all the dwellers in the Alhambra. My little guide took me next to a kind of summer-house at the top of the garden, which, like all elevated spots hereabouts, commands a grand view over hill and plain. He then let me out at a door which opens on the hill, and at parting was made happy with a

pesata. Ever afterwards he showed all his white teeth when he saw me, and, diving among the trees, reappeared with his dirty hands full of ripe plums. A single step divides the garden from the desert—abundance from sterility. It reminds one of the rude social contrasts of London—Belgravia and Bethnal Green. In Andalusia, the waters are scanty and the land is wide. What remedy, O ye philosophers?



JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

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

CHAPTER XIII.

THE town of Granada stands at the confluence of two streams famous in history and romance—the Darro and the Xenil. There is also a third stream, called the Duero, whose existence rests on the mute testimony of a bridge, which you cross before entering the town. During the summer months the bridge has a sinecure, and the river is converted into that useful article ‘a spare bed.’ The Darro, emerging from a narrow woody glen, turns abruptly to the south, and, dividing the city in two, joins the Xenil at the south-west corner of the hill. This hill, abrupt and rocky towards the north, slopes to west and south. On its two sides lies the city, dazzlingly white, but sprinkled here and there with the dark green of trellised vines and domestic fig-trees; and above all rise the heavy red walls and towers of the Alhambra. One might fancy that the city, emulous of safety, in close ranks, wherever a foot could be set, had climbed the hill, and in gratitude had crowned it with a crown—a mural crown—‘ob civis servatos.’ Westward lies the level plain, streaked here and there with dark woods, and on the other side rises the sierra, ridge above ridge, to the snowy peak of Veleta. The banks of the Xenil near the

town are fringed with trees, chiefly poplar, and brushwood, among which wind many tangled by-paths, as lonely as lovers or cut-throats could desire. Not far off is the Alameda—a pleasant place, with its thick shade and abounding fountains, and about sunset crowded with both the sexes and all the ranks. As the twilight gives place to night, the throng gradually adjourns to the open promenade, which occupies the centre of the wide street close by. The lamps are lit; the vendors of water, sugar-cakes, and cigars, place their stands on each side, and thereupon is repeated the never-failing scene of fans, flutter, and flirtation.

Opposite the Alhambra, on the other side of the Darro, lies the Albaezin, which is less altered than any other quarter of the city, and will well repay the trouble of threading its steep and perplexed streets. Most of the churches are mosques transmuted, and frequently retain their original ceiling. Many a house, now the abode of poverty and squalor, shows signs of better days, and in many a corner one sees some fragment of a palace set incongruously in a hovel. Near the church of San Miguel el Bajo is a Moorish well, full of clear water and drooping ferns, which pleads earnestly to be sketched. Not far off is the church of San Nicolas, before which is a kind of platform with a few trees. Here, I think, is the best point of view for the Alhambra and Generalife, with the Sierra for background. A more glorious, soul-stirring scene could not be conceived than this,

as it was when I saw it—trees, towers, and far mountain tops, all sparkling in the clear morning sun, and canopied by a cloudless sky.

I entered the little dimly-lit church; there was one miserable-looking man on his knees, creeping round to each altar in succession, muttering unintelligible prayers, and between each rubbing the floor with his forehead. ‘O curvæ in terras animæ!’

To do the Spaniards justice, I never saw any *young* man performing these ceremonies of mortification; penance is all that is left to those who are too old and hardened for repentance.

Another early morning may be devoted to visiting the Cartuja. This once superb convent has shared the fate of all similar institutions: one thin and melancholy, because ill-paid, priest is left to minister at the altar, the church has been stripped of its splendid pictures, and the buildings adjacent are secularized into granaries. The place, however, ‘curst’ as it is, has something still to show. Behind the high altar is a sort of sanctum-sanctorum, lined with rich marbles, all of Spain. Nothing can be more gorgeous than the Baldacchino which stands in the centre. Round the walls of the sacristy are the presses for vestments, lined with cedar and faced with ebony, ivory, silver, and tortoiseshell—a marvel of skill and industry. The Carthusians seem to have had as strong a predilection for upholstery as the Benedictines for literature. Go where you will, the Cartuja (or Certosa, as the case may be,) surpasses all beside it

in elaborate and costly finery. The cathedral of Granada is a ponderous building, in a pseudo-classical style, which is happily unknown out of the peninsula. If you run your eye up one of the pillars, you see that it has plinth, column, capital, and pediment, all right; but above all is an angular nameless mass, half the length of the column, from which springs the arch. This gives the interior an oppressive, top-heavy look. Moreover, the side aisles are cut prematurely short at the transepts, and the great blank wall which fronts you on entering makes you say involuntarily—‘Is this all?’ Nevertheless I often visited it, for it contains many pictures by Cano, and is a pleasant, cool place, with few worshippers to be disturbed by heretical footsteps.

Indeed, I hardly ever entered it without finding as many dogs as men in it. Either the men of Granada must be much worse, or the dogs much better, than their respective species elsewhere. It is seldom, indeed, that the latter enjoy such toleration, such opportunities of frequenting a place of worship, and even sitting under a popular minister.

Men too frequently play the part of dogs—in the manger—neither going themselves, nor permitting the others.

In the cathedral and its precincts are pretty nearly all the works of art which fate and the French have left to Granada. The most remarkable pictures are a Conception and an Assumption; and in the oratory

a Suffering Christ and Mourning Mother, all by Alonso Cano. The 'Virgins' of this artist are always exquisite, displaying sweetness and gentleness refined almost to divinity. In looking on the Assumption, I could not help recalling Bowring's beautiful lines (paraphrased from a Spanish poet)—

Lady thou mountest slowly
 O'er the bright cloud, while music sweetly plays,
 Blest, who thy mantle holy
 With outstretched hand may seize,
 And rise with thee to the infinite of days.

His 'Christs,' on the contrary, are often threatening, strong, and terrible. He thinks more of the characteristic distinctions of sex than of Christian doctrine. The 'Virgin Mother,' with him, is an Intercessor and Saviour. The 'Crucified Son' is a Destroyer and Avenger.

There are also several small figures, carved and painted by the same artist—in particular, a Virgin crowned, with the Infant Jesus in her arms, which a properly disciplined mind would admire rapturously. I could not help thinking it fitter for a toy-shop than for a shrine or a gallery. The artist was a minor canon of this cathedral, and spent his time in painting and graving Madonnas, &c., so that, if he was not devout himself, he has at least been the cause of devotion in others. His best works are, as I have said, characterized by the utmost delicacy and tenderness, and it is hard to believe that the man who could conceive them actually paved the way to ecclesiastical preferment by the murder of his wife.

Attached to the cathedral is the Royal Chapel. It is divided across by a high iron railing, within which are two richly ornamented tombs of white marble. Upon the one lie the effigies of Ferdinand and Isabel, upon the other those of Juana and her handsome, faithless husband. Underneath is a little vault, well lighted, and as cheerful as such a place can be, containing the leaden coffins of the illustrious dead. A simple initial distinguishes one from the other.

Among the rest is a little coffin containing the remains of a Prince Miguel, who was killed by a fall from his pony when a mere child. The spot is still marked by a stone cross in the square called, from the accident, 'del Principe.' On the retablo above the altar are some quaint wood-carvings in bas-relief. One of these represents Boabdil in front of the Tower of Justice, offering the keys of the Alhambra to the catholic sovereigns, and the grand cardinal who rides by their side. The vergers have several curious memorials of the 'Reyes Catolicos' to show, preserved as reverently as if they were relics of saints. There are the standards of embroidered silk used in the war, now much frayed by time and tourists, who can never keep their hands from picking; a curious and miniature-like Flemish painting, with a silver frame, which once belonged to king Ferdinand's travelling oratory, and, above all, the silver cross which was raised on the highest tower of the Alhambra on that famous second of January, A.D. 1492, a year for ever memorable for the conquest of Granada and the discovery

of America. These two events were hailed with enthusiastic joy by the whole people of Spain. Little did they know that, in subjugating the Moor, they were riveting on their own necks a more galling chain, and that, in extending the Spanish empire over unknown nations and mountains teeming with gold, they were preparing the way for the ruin and depopulation and impoverishment of Spain. 'When fortune wills our doom, she grants our prayers.'

The most famous localities of the city are clustered together within a stone's throw of the cathedral; the Vivarrambla, or Great Square, scene of many a faction-fight and holiday tournament; the Zacatin, with its oriental-looking shops; the Bazaar which, injured as it is by fire, still retains many traces of its former self; the Casa de Carbon, a palace desecrated to poverty; an artist might visit this quarter every day for a month, and every day find some new subject for his pencil.

But more frequently a love for the pure morning air tempted me out into the open country—up the hill that overhangs the Albaczin, or along the Darro side to the *ci-devant* convent, now college, of Monte Sagro, which, rising upon a platform above the ilex woods, commands one of the grandest and completest views of the Alhambra. Another cool and pleasant walk lies along the left bank of the Darro to the Fountain of Hazels, well trodden by donkeys and their attendant men, the *aquarii* of the city. The earthenware jars containing the water are slung in

panniers over the donkey's back, and protected from the heat by thick tendrils of ivy. Sometimes I would strike up the hill through tangled brushwood, or a scarcely less tangled orchard, to the summit of the hill which overhangs the Generalife, marked by the half ruined (or perhaps half finished) fortifications of Sebastiani, and descend thence to the burial-ground (Campo Santo it is called), a rectangular space walled off from the surrounding waste, a most unlovely spot, treeless, herbless, waterless, where bones and fragments of coffins and shreds of grave-clothes are piled in heaps together. Leaving this, and keeping on the south of the Alhambra, you descend through aloes and cactus to the town. On each side, the hill is perforated like a rabbit-warren—the holes bearing the same proportion to the holes in a warren that a man does to a rabbit—and swarms with a population whose features and complexion proclaim them to be 'Children of Egypt.' I have been told that these Egyptians would not scruple to spoil a Busné, when alone, of his watch or purse; but in my case 'it was not so written.'

CHAPTER XIV.

NOT that I was always alone in my peregrinations. On my first coming, I found three Englishmen already established at the same inn, with whom I immediately formed a close alliance (for John Bull, so repellent at home, is gregarious enough abroad), and cemented it by joining their mess in the afternoon.

One of them was a major who had served under Wellington, and was now making a peace-campaign in Andalusia. He naturally took the command of the party, and, having a passion for sunsets, led us up this hill and that hill, just after dinner, with a resolution worthy of one who had stood the hottest fires of Badajoz and elsewhere.

We, though often on the verge of mutiny, still followed with persevering obedience, and were, I must own, always rewarded for the labour. I think I see the gallant dapper major, with his coat buttoned in defiance of temperature, flourishing his stick as he marched up the steepest path, never pausing till he reached the summit, and then drawing a long breath, looking round in triumph, and crying, as he struck his stick hard on the ground, 'Now, 'gad, sir, this is what I call beautiful.' Another of these gentlemen

had a rather unpleasant adventure one day. He was wandering about the outskirts of the town, and came upon some men who were drinking at the door of a ventorilla (a public-house of the 'drunk-on-the-premises' class). He had scarcely passed when three of them ran after him, and drawing their knives demanded his watch and his money. These he surrendered, after taking note of their persons, and they let him go. He immediately went to the police at Granada; two of the men, whom he identified, were taken, and within a fortnight after the robbery were condemned to twelve years' imprisonment, an instance of summary justice which astonished the good folks of Granada, who complained, perhaps with reason, that a native would not have met with such speedy redress.

Our little colony was further augmented by the arrival of Mr. S., a gentleman whose beautiful and elaborate work on Spanish art bears testimony alike to his taste, his industry, and his liberality. He and I went one day to see the archbishop's palace, moved partly by recollections of Gil Blas and partly by a report of pictures to be seen there. It is a rambling dilapidated old place, full of pictures indeed, but the veriest trash, one and all. Every available space from cellar to garret is covered with framed daubs. The collection has not suffered from any spoiler, foreign or domestic, and is not likely to suffer. During our visit the archbishop himself joined us. He is an old man, fast approaching that state of dotage for which