place in the world. Nature, so bold and fantastic, has inspired man to emulate her. The town walls are built on the very edge of the cliff, and look as weather-beaten and as solid. Indeed, one could hardly tell where wall begins and rock ends, but for the moresque arches that span the rents in the face of the cliff to afford a firm basis for the continuous fortification. Here man imitates nature—a little further down nature has imitated man, in rearing certain pinnacles of a curious conglomerate, that look like the obelisks of antediluvian Pharaohs, washed out of shape by the flood.

The first evening of my stay was gusty and threatening, so there was a very scanty sprinkling of mantillas on the Alameda, which, placed as it is on the edge of the cliff where it is highest, admits all the winds of heaven to free pratique. So for one night the winds and I had the promenade pretty nearly all to ourselves. The light of the waning wading moon fell upon the rocky pinnacles of the opposing hills, like battlements of some ruined city of the Genii, and between lay the valley—a depth of intense blackness.

The whole scene looked more like one of Martin's pictures than I ever saw Nature look before. Now and then came a driving cloud, blotting out the moon from the heavens, mountains from the earth, and castles from the air.

The next day was devoted to an excursion among the neighbouring hills. Mine host procured a guide

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for me, a lean and withered old man, who, with my Mayoral (whom I called Agustin, his master's name) rode upon one under-sized horse, in defiance of Martin's Act.

A steep path among olive-groves leads down to the valley, and thence by the brook-side, a long league, to the Cueva del Gato, or 'Cats' Cave,' the very name of which is suggestive of a scramble. The mouth is above a hundred feet in height, and cries aloud to be sketched. All about are strewn and piled great fragments of rock, ruins torn from the mountain, among which wild fig-trees and creeping plants innumerable have taken root, and fringe the black chasm with bright green. A little stream of the purest and coldest water trickles out with limpid lapse, contributing a modest quota to the fertility of the valley. Looking from within upon blue sky and glaring sunshine, the grateful coolness becomes doubly grateful. It is like being in a cathedral, or better still, for it is a great temple that Nature has built to God and herself (Deo Optimo Maximo sub invocatione Naturæ); its water is purer than any which a priest pronounces holy, and its chiming falls are more melodious than the notes of an organ. But the Spaniards are not worshippers of Nature, and do not affect to be so, and the Cueva del Gato is used neither for prayer nor pic-nic. Leaving this, we followed the course of the stream for half a league more. Now and then we passed an orchard, where ripe apples and pears hung within reach over our path

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—tempting fruit, had it only been forbidden. Then we crossed the stream and struck up the hill-side to the little village of Benajuan, nestling in a sheltered dip —a patch of cultivation, surrounded by a stony waste. The ground is divided into many small properties, and large stones are placed at intervals—the only landmarks. Men and women were busy ploughing up the ground for the next year's crop. Thence we ascended, by the stoniest track ever misnamed road, to Montehaque, another and larger mountain village, overlooking its own nook of trees and corn-plots. Above and around it slopes away a great waste of rock, and on a projecting ledge, close by, a ruined tower stands like a sentinel who has died on his post. Turning to the right, we skirted the base of an isolated mass of rock called the Peak of Zumidero, and soon came to a gorge bearing the same name, to explore which was the principal object of the excursion. This is an exploit only practicable in dry summer weather, for the path we followed bore indisputable marks of having been recently in the occupation of a furious torrent.

I dismounted and followed my aged guide, lost in admiration at the agility he displayed. 'Who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him?' But the scenery about me soon taxed my powers of admiration to the uttermost. We were threading a rent in the mountain, not above twenty or thirty feet in width, while the rocks on each side rose up per-

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pendicularly to the height of I know not how many hundred feet.

In some places the strata were tost and bent into most fantastic forms, now standing out vertically like the stumps of a petrified forest, now thrusting forth their jagged edges, like the rotting timbers of a stranded ark. But I feel that in the attempt to describe, I am falling into strained similes. Of this I am sure, that the Alps themselves contain no finer gorge than the Gorge of Zumidero. Yet I never heard its name before, and I believe this is the first time it has appeared in print. It cannot fail to be stereotyped in the memory of all who have seen it.

After half-an-hour's scrambling, we came to the mouth of the cave, into which the water (when there is any) precipitates itself, and emerges at the Cueva del Gato on the other side of the hill. The old man told me that, a few years ago, an Englishman entered at the one cave, and came out safe and sound at the other. How far the tale is true, I know not. Whenever any stranger does a fool-hardy act, he is set down as an Englishman, and many acts that nobody ever did are doubtless attributed to us. The cavern mouth looked very black and Acherontian, and the angle of descent approximated fearfully to the vertical. I would not have attempted the feat, had I been assured of finding within all the hidden treasures of Sultan Solyman. We reascended by a short cut, where the ground was very dry and slippery, and

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where, but for tufts of short grass, it would have been impossible to maintain a footing. In the middle of the climb, my poor old man alarmed me much by showing symptoms of fainting. If he had relaxed his grasp for an instant, he would infallibly have been killed. However, he recovered after a short pause, and we reached the top in safety. We rejoined our horses at the appointed place, and resumed our march homeward. When we reached the crest of the hill, looking eastward, a glorious prospect burst upon us. In the far distance were bare mountains,—just below our feet, the wooded, watered, fertile valley,—and between them, the central glory of the whole, Ronda on her rocky throne, crowned with the light of the evening sun. The last gleam was still lingering about the hill tops when I arrived at the gates of Ronda, and so closed one of the white days of my life, the delights of which would have been doubled had they been shared with a friend.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

I LEFT Ronda at dawn on Thursday, September 6. Being high among the mountains, there was a dewy freshness in the earth, and a bracing keenness in the air, such as I had not experienced for long. The sides of the narrow valley along which our path lay were fringed with holm oak; on our left hand, rose a bold mountain-range—the flying buttresses of San Cristobal—from whose shady recesses, at rare intervals, sparkled white, green-belted hamlets.

The path continually descends, and the glen widens out into a broad valley, till, after a ride of three or four hours, we come in sight of Zahara—a fortress famous for its gallant capture by the Moors, at 'the beginning of the end,' the first exploit of that war which terminated in the surrender of Granada. The strength of the position would seem to defy both force and fraud. It is a bold rocky hill, blocking up the valley, and commanding a prospect on every side. The old towers and long walls still remain, mouldered into beauty. The best view of the place is obtained from the north side, after winding round the base of the hill; then the little town, before hidden, comes into sight, cowering under the grim old castle walls, and suggesting all manner of fantastic similes, more

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or less similar. Should I liken it to a flock of sheep crowding to the fold?—or a flight of doves to the dove-cote?—or the white-robed chorus of a tragedy suppliant to Ares?—or Trojan maidens, blanched with fear, clasping Hector's feet? Before I had settled in my own mind an appropriate fancy, the reality itself was lost to sight. About a league from Zahara, we emerged from glen and wood upon a wide, dreary desert of brown earth, studded with low shrubs,—lentisk, tamarisk, arbutus, and the dwarf ilex, with prickly leaves and acorns. As far as the eye could reach, the undulating hills were covered always with the like. It was a cheerless scene,—and, to add to the cheerlessness, it began to rain hard and threaten harder. However, we were approaching Puerto Serrano, which we reached, by pushing on, at one in the afternoon.

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It must be nearly eight leagues from Ronda, and, wretched as the place looked, I was glad of rest and shelter on any terms. It consists of one long, miserable street of mud hovels, surrounded by a flat, treeless swamp. Everything has a squalid, desolate appearance, and the posada is like everything else. However, the poor people did their best to relieve my wants, and I was soon seated on their only stool (happy folks, that have one danger the less!) just within the open door, enjoying a very palatable mess of eggs and tomata. A number of ragged boys over the way gathered together, and observed my proceedings with much interest, and probably envy. I

took no notice, and devoted all my attention to the dish, till on a sudden I was saluted by a volley of large stones, which the young savages discharged (with a bad aim, fortunately, like their fellows at Ronda), and then fled, in the Parthian manner, to gather means for a fresh assault. An angry man was the landlord, and loud and deep his curses. I found, on inquiry, that there was only one school in the village, and even that the cura had established, and taught himself without fee. All honour to him! Who shall say that the army of martyrs receives no more recruits? It is true, persecution has now 'no faggot for burning,' yet he is not the less a martyr who dies daily in a good cause. And a daily death it must be for a man who has seen other places and known better things, whose sensitiveness has been quickened by any sort of education, to be immured in a savage desert like this, and among a people as savage — a shepherd with a flock of undisguised wolves.

The sun shone out upon us once more, as, after a rest of two hours, we left the miserable place and took our way across the comparatively cheerful desert which lies towards the north. I should rather have said rises and falls; for all there is gentle undulation; the last heavings of the mountain before it dies into the plain. The stunted eminences and shallow depressions which we were now crossing, bore to the peaks and glens which we had left behind, the same relation that the ripples of a land-

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locked bay bear to the billows and troughs of the open sea. It was some relief, too, to think of the ceaseless life and play of the waters in the midst of such blank solitude and death-like stillness. For two long leagues I neither saw nor heard beast, bird, or insect; so it was quite a pleasure to descry in the distance, a large party, dressed in colours to match, sprinkling the bare hill side like a bed of tulips. When we came up, we found them grouped round a little spring which had somehow come spontaneously to the surface, and had provided itself against the fiery sun with a fringe of fern and a coping of wild fig-tree. There was a great mixed company gathered eagerly round it; horses and mules for the women to ride, while the men walked beside them, quite out-doing their fair companions in splendour of costume. A short jacket, slashed with various colours, a crimson sash, embroidered gaiters, and a little hat with a jaunty tuft, made these majos look as gay and as proud as peacocks; and nothing could be more pictorial than their unstudied attitudes, as they lolled on the ground or leaned upon the shoulder of a mule. With these people pose and repose are equivalent terms. They were bound, they said, to the fair of Utrera, and were astonished to hear that it was not the object of my worship's journey also. They were very polite, and offered me the never-failing 'fire,' presenting the cigar after the most approved mode of civilized society.

My object was water, but they had so puddled the

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well that I was fain to slake my thirst with wine—an unpalatable substitute when the thirst is real. The Spaniards need not boast of their sobriety; they may thank their stars for it; in the chill foggy atmosphere of England, they would soon become acclimatized to brandy. Half a league farther on we passed near a great square castle, with keep and towers and curtain walls, all complete. I was much tempted to diverge and examine it, but the setting sun warned me to push on, for I had no fancy for passing the night in a shrubbery, after the fashion of the Don and Sancho. It was not yet dark when we got to Coronil—a considerable place, with its ruined castle, of course; and, what was more to my purpose, a decent posada, intitled 'Del Pilar.' The burly host was reposing on a stone seat before the door as we rode up. He made no sign of welcome, but I had long found that the only way of conciliating an innkeeper was to do by design what Don Quixote did in madness,—to treat his house as if it were a castle, and him as if he were the lord thereof. The truth is, every man is above his trade, and would hold his dignity sullied by showing the least *empressement* towards a customer. Necessity compels him to open his door; but, in revenge, he entrenches himself behind a breast-work of reserve. Dismount and approach, he consents to parley; salute with grave courtesy, he accepts a truce; address in your stateliest Castilian, his flattered 'worship' surrenders at discretion; present a Gibraltar cigar, the lord of

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the castle is merged in the idolater of tobacco, and becomes the humblest of your slaves.

I tried this plan of attack at Coronil with eminent success, and was immediately put in possession of such resources for supper and sleep as the vanquished foe could command. The night, however, was rendered most unquiet by the arrival and departure of successive troops going to Utrera fair; and I regretted the less having to rise at two in the morning, and take the road also. The dwindling moon just showed enough of the surrounding country to free me from any regret I might otherwise have felt, at not having seen it by day—it was 'waste and bare,'—that mournful iteration knells through every Spanish tour. We passed several groups on the road, and at dawn reached Utrera, now the centre of attraction. Here we rested for an hour—time enough to see all worth seeing in the town.

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The church boasts an elaborately sculptured doorway of the time of Ferdinand and Isabel. Close by is a covered market, which even at that early hour was humming like a hive; the buyers swarming like so many bees about the tempting wares; heaps of water-melons, piled like cannon-balls, baskets of ripe grapes, rich green pimentoes, and scarlet tomatas.

Leaving Utrera, instead of following the main road, we struck into a bye-path through a forest of scattered pine trees, the ground beneath thickly grown with the bush called carasca, which showered its dew upon our feet as we rode along the narrow track.

As we approached the end of our journey, Agustin, who had been sulky and taciturn all the way, began to brighten up and grow talkative. I suspected that the change of behaviour was due to a politic calculation regarding the 'buena mano.' His chief theme was the oppression of the government. When they helped to hunt out Espartero they had been taught to expect that they should have less taxes to pay for the future; but, on the contrary, the taxes had been doubled. Everybody heartily repented of having exchanged Regent Log for Premier Serpent. They were all ready for revolt, and would join the French or any body to get rid of Narvaez. How far all this was true I know not, but I am of opinion that the lower orders in Spain (as elsewhere) entertain a general hatred of all governments, and an especial hatred of the government for the time being. Moreover, the improved system of general taxation introduced by Mon, affords fewer loopholes for escape than the former awkward plan of provincial assessment.

Apropos of French invasion, Agustin repeated to me an old rhyme ('refran muy antiguo') the purport of which is strangely at variance with the pride and self-confidence which are supposed to characterize all the Spanish. Here it is:—

El Rey de España en campaña,
Y el Rey de Francia en retiro,
España será de Francia,
E il tiempo doy por testigo.

That is:—

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Let the king of Spain fight might and main,
And the French king stay at home,
Yet over Spain shall the Frenchman reign,
And my test is time to come.

By-and-bye, we left the wood of pines, and passed through vast olive grounds, each with its hacienda, or grange, attached; then we came to a little dusty village, where I purchased two pounds of grapes for something less than an English penny, and soon after I saw the Giralda, towering over a rising ground which still hid all the rest of Seville. I pushed on, and in a few minutes looked down on the wide plain which surrounds the walls of the famous city. Here, as at Madrid, there is no interval of compromise between town and country; compact within its walls, and thick-set with towers, the city seems to have clustered round the great central mass of the cathedral. But it was getting near noon, and intensely hot, so I did not pause to consider whether or no the first sight had disappointed me, but cantered on to meet, or make, the air. I passed over the Quemadero, where the victims of the Inquisition used to be burnt—delighted in spurning it with my horse's heels—and presented myself and my effects at the nearest gate. 'Have you anything contraband?' asked the carabinero. 'Nothing.' 'Are you sure?' and he came a little nearer, lowering his tone; then, with his hand on my saddle, he repeated, 'Quite sure?' in an affectionate whisper. I put a peseta into his willing hand, and was bidden to proceed, unsearched, 'with the blessing of God'—altogether, a cheap shilling's-worth.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

THE Fonda de Europa has been a palace in its day. Now it has a shop-front, and externally is no way distinguishable from the neighbouring houses of the tortuous Calle de los Sierpes (Serpents'-street). But inside is a court, with marble pillars all round, supporting an arcade; and in the middle the shrubs grow as freshly, and the fountain plays as cheerfully as ever. My rooms on the ground floor opened into this court, and it was very pleasant of an evening to inhale the faint fragrance from the opening blossoms of the 'Lady of Night,' and to listen to the ceaseless splashing of the water. But, alas! too often sentiment received rude shocks by the mingling of scents and sounds, more prosaic and familiar,—a whiff betraying the proximity of a cigar, or a gurgling suggestive of bottled beer. The latter luxury implies, of course, the presence of our country-men,—Ubi bene est ibi patria. Wherever an English-man can get his beer, he feels himself at home. In the present case our nation was represented by two or three officers from 'Gib,' on pleasure because off duty, and lying in bed till noon because they were not forced to rise for parade at six. Lounging about the corridors of this veritable Castle of Indolence

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were a number of bearded, sallow specimens of young Italy,—the singers of the opera,—much given to oratorical vehemence and expectoration—propensities offensive at all times, but especially at dinner. These kings of the stage were the tyrants of the table, and at last goaded the much suffering minority into open revolt. So some half-dozen of us, English and French, declared ourselves a republic, and established a new provisional *régime*, by resolving to dine at a separate table, and a later hour. We christened our mess the *entente cordial.* The secession was further strengthened by Paul and Victor, my old friends, who had come by way of Cadiz.

The morning after my arrival, I hastened betimes to the cathedral, reckoned by all natives (except the inhabitants of other cathedral towns) the grandest in Spain. Thus they class them,—Seville first, Toledo second, Burgos third; and I had congratulated myself in being able to see them in due order of climax. It is painful to confess disappointment, after having come so far for the purpose of being astonished, but such was my feeling on the first view of Seville Cathedral. It is built in late Gothic,—a style which Pugin and Ruskin have compelled one to despise,—and, besides, is hampered with accessory edifices, destroying all unity and symmetry of design. After all, its enormous height and vast bulk give it a sublimity—barbarous if you will—but sublimity still. On the north side stretches the famous Court of Oranges, surrounded externally by the old Moorish

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walls. The same gate which opened to admit St. Ferdinand, the conqueror of the thirteenth century, stands ajar for the tourist of the nineteenth. A troop of noisy children are chasing each other in and out among the rows of orange-trees, or sailing boats of walnut-shell in the basin of the fountain, without let or hindrance, for in Spain, happily for the children of all growths, there are no beadles, nor any of those severe functionaries who in England impress upon one the impossibility of doing anything or going anywhere. A horse-shoe arch, under which, in old times, the members of the one true faith passed into their mosque, now admits the members of the other true faith into their cathedral.

Internally, the qualities of size and height tell upon you with increased effect. At first, till your eye becomes accustomed to the stinted light, all seems dark and void, like some vast cavern. One would think that the priestly architects were jealous of admitting even the glory of heaven into the temple of God. By-and-bye, as the separate details develop themselves to the view, so colossal are they that they diminish your idea of the magnitude of the whole; but this again, is forced upon the understanding in spite of sense, when you reflect that those pigmies on the floor are full-sized men.

Here, as elsewhere, the general effect is injured by the massive interpolations which separate the choir and counter-choir from the body of the church. The altar screen reaches almost from base to roof, and

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contains statues enough to represent all the saints in the calendar. A number of steps lead up to the high altar which is fenced on each side by a gilt railing as tall as an ordinary church. The central space between the two choirs is left open, only during mass a bar is placed along each side to keep off the laity. The other choir has a heavy classical screen at the western end and two enormous organs, one on each side. On Sundays and festivals all the space commanding a view of the high altar is crowded with worshippers, the men standing, till on a sudden a bell rings and every one drops down on his knees, some almost prostrating themselves, to adore the elevated Host. Through the gilded rails, amid a dense cloud of incense-smoke, you see the tapers burning round the holy place, and can just discern the scarlet and white robes of the priests on the steps of the altar. Then the organ peals out; and all your senses are captive to illusion. One day I was present at a procession round the aisles—a much less imposing ceremony, for it took place in fuller light, which brought to view all the accompanying meannesses and incongruities: one saw that the tinsel was not gold. I could not help remarking that though the robes of the priests were of scarlet embroidery, their boots looked as if they had not been cleaned for a month. Moreover, they kept chatting by the way in an undertone, and the acolytes seemed to think it good fun, for they grinned and made faces, undeterred by the presence of the Cardinal-archbishop, who was walking in the pro-

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cession. At intervals he halted, and two priests came before him, and after kneeling for an instant, commenced jerking their pots of incense up, and then dexterously withdrawing them when about three inches from his Eminence's face.

I was most edified by the quiet demeanour of the prelate, who seemed neither elated by the homage nor startled by the censer's proximity to his nose—habit, doubtless, had enabled him to surmount both weaknesses.

The church, its chapels and adjuncts, sacristy, chapter-house, &c., form a perfect museum of art, containing, *inter alia*, about a score of Murillos. Of these the most celebrated are the 'St. Antony of Padua,' in the last chapel on the north side, and the 'Guardian Angel' between the western doors. The former can only be well seen about four or five o'clock in a bright afternoon. In size it may be twenty feet by ten. The saint, in friar's frock and cowl, is kneeling on one knee, with out-spread hands, half open mouth and eager eye, to greet the Infant Jesus, who is seen descending in a glory girt with dark clouds, and attended by a host of angels. The scene is a church, with pillars and marble floor: beside St. Antony is a table, with an open book and a vase of lilies, and in the background is a door through which one sees a sunny court and arcade. The figure of the saint is glorious. The subject is one where Murillo's genius never fails him. The pale worn cheek and sunk eye flush and flash with rapturous joy; the

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ecstasy of a moment repays the sufferings of years—one glimpse of heavenly light compensates a thousand nights of watching.

The other picture was conceived in a tenderer mood. The Guardian Angel, in bright raiment, gently leads by the hand a little child; with one arm he points to heaven, and the child's eyes follow it wonderingly.

Not far from it hangs 'the Adoration of the Shepherds,' a most charming specimen of Luis de Vargas, a master who has left little behind him but a reputation. The rustics are represented bringing all manner of animals and fruits as offerings to the new-born Saviour. Beautiful as the picture is, it gives one the idea rather of a successful piece of eclecticism than an original design. A bright-eyed child hugging a goat, as loth to part with it, is quite after the manner of Raphael, and a fair-haired full-blown woman, carrying a baby, is a palpable plagiarism from Paul Veronese. The 'genre' reminds us of the Bassanos.

In the Chapel of St. Jago is a grand picture by Roelas. The saint is mounted on his traditionary white horse, smiting and trampling down a crowd of turbaned infidels, breasting the tempest of battle, and leaving in his rear a calm wake, in which the banners and spears of Castile come dancing on to victory. In the distance are seen the routed Moors, flying towards some towers dimly visible against a lurid sky.

Nothing can be bolder than the treatment of the subject; the horse is galloping out from the canvas,

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and the spectator can hardly repress an impulse to step aside and make way for him.

Not far from the western entrance is a slab marking the grave of Fernando Colon (Columbus). The inscription modestly grounds his claims to posthumous memory, on the fact that he was his father's son. Two curious representations of the galleys in which the great admiral navigated the Atlantic are cut in the marble. They are executed with an uncertain hand, like a schoolboy's drawing. In one of them are two figures with crowns, representing Ferdinand and Isabel, quite enormous in proportion to the vessel —nearly half-mast high.

The Giralda, so called from a colossal weathercock at the top, is a great square tower at the north-east corner of the cathedral. The lower part is of Moorish construction, the rest a Christian addition. You ascend, not by steps, but by a succession of inclined planes, which lead easily and pleasantly to the top of the square part. This is surmounted by a somewhat fantastic erection, neither tower nor spire, narrowing by successive stages to a point on which pirouettes the weathercock aforesaid, a figure of Faith, veering with every wind that blows. Was it put there in satire, or simplicity? I should recommend the substitution of an archbishop—if a cardinal, so much the better.

The view is of course superb. All Seville lies spread out at one's feet like a model of itself. Indeed, it is only by studying the plan of the town from this

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eminence that one is able to find any clue to the tortuous labyrinth of its narrow streets. Here and there is a plot of green, cypresses or palm-trees, surrounded by gaunt ranges of white buildings, decaying and decayed—these, be sure, are the suppressed convents. Further away are outlying orange groves, most extensive on the opposite side of the Guadalquivir, whose sheeny windings are visible far to east and far to west along the level plain. A few miles to the north rise sloping hills planted with olives, and crowned here and there with a village or convent. Turning southward, the view is bounded by the blue rugged outline of San Cristobal—the Atlas, in both senses, of Christendom.

Attached to the cathedral is a considerable library, very liberally thrown open to the public. I generally spent two or three hours there in the heat of the day. There were always half-a-dozen little boys reading diligently. Their favourite books were *Don Quixote*, *Mariana*, and *Solis*. The nucleus of the library was the collection of Fernando Colon, the same who is buried in the cathedral.

I was allowed to examine some very curious letters in the handwriting of Christopher himself. In a copy of *Seneca*, which belonged to the son, the famous lines in the *Medea* are marked with his pen:

> Venient annis sæcula seris,
> Quibus oceanus vincula rerum
> Laxet, et ingens pateat Tellus,
> Tethysque novos detegat orbes,
> Neque sit terris ultima Thule.

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And in the margin he has added a note:—'This prophecy was fulfilled by my father's discovery of Hispaniola, October 12, 1492.' Columbus himself, in a memorial which I saw in his own hand, appealed to this 'prophecy,' as he called it—a curious instance of the almost religious reverence paid, after 'the revival of learning,' to the old classics. In the same spirit, Virgil's *Pollio* was construed into a vaticination of the Saviour's birth; and in the *Dies Iræ*, the Sibyl is joined with David as a witness for the coming judgment-day.

I found some curious information in a book called *Grandezas de Sevilla*, by Espinosa, a canon of the cathedral in the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the following century. He gives a diffuse but interesting account of the funeral ceremonies performed in commemoration of Philip the Second. A sumptuous catafalque was erected in the cathedral, adorned with pictures by Pacheco and others, representing the glories of his reign. Among the rest was one of the 'Conquest of England!'—an event frequently alluded to in the *Epigrams* and other poems written on the same occasion. May our enemies ever have the same cause for triumph! Yet I honour the stubborn pride which refused to believe that the 'Invincible' had been vanquished.

But the account given of the rejoicings at Seville in 1622, when Gregory the Fifteenth had conferred upon the Virgin the title of 'sin pecado concebida,' was still more curious and characteristic. The whole

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city gave itself up to delirious joy, which it manifested in the strangest way. There was a grand procession, in which all the heroes of antiquity, mythological or historical, were impressed to do honour to the immaculately-conceived Mary. Among the rest was a statue of Hercules, with the legend:—

> Ercules dize que soys
> Sin pecado concebida
> Y por vos dada la vida.

Then followed a statue of Julius Cæsar, with a new interpretation of the initials S.P.Q.R.—Sancta, Pura, Querpo impecable, Reyna libre. There was also a grand tournament in the Plaza de San Francisco. All this is narrated with the most devout gravity by the author, who concludes his book with this crowning glory vouchsafed to the faithful city.

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But as I cannot share his devotion, neither must I imitate his prolixity, so here I close my cathedral chapter.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE convent of La Merced Calzada—'Grace in shoes'—has been turned into a museum of pictures, its former occupation and occupants being gone. It is, they say, the only one of the newly-formed provincial museums which contains anything but rubbish—though, indeed, Seville might well rank as a metropolis in art. Here, probably, the gems were too well-known to be abstracted with impunity; while in other places, during the turmoil of ecclesiastical revolution, many individuals, private and official, took advantage of din and dust to secure the best things for themselves. I heard so many well-authenticated stories to this effect, that, if it were not for their constant professions of pure patriotism, I should be inclined to suspect Spaniards of a propensity to jobbing. Even here the accumulation has been so indiscriminate that it does not deserve to be called a collection; everything in the shape of smeared canvas has been admitted; and there is no catalogue by way of guide. Fortunately, the bad is so bad, and the good so good, as a general rule, that no one need be at a loss. There are, I think, no less than twenty-five Murillos, most of which were to be arranged in one saloon, called after his name. I

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will not stay to enumerate, much less to describe them; for a verbal sketch of this or that picture, however detailed, is useless to those who have not seen it, and superfluous to those who have. I must, however, mention the 'St. Thomas of Villanueva giving alms to the poor,' which looks like a pendent to the St. Isabel at Madrid. Squalid poverty and loathsome disease are faithfully portrayed, and yet do not revolt the sense, so elevated, almost glorified, are they by the benevolence of which they are the objects. Though the colouring is generally sombre, yet the picture is, as it were, steeped in warm and glowing atmosphere—a peculiarity observable in many or most of Murillo's works. It is produced, I am told, by his employment of a red priming, which tells through the upper coating of paint. Here and there, where a crack or flaw occurred, this red priming was distinctly visible. Among the rest of the pictures, perhaps the 'St. John in the Desert,' and 'St. Francis embracing the Cross,' have remained most distinctly impressed on my memory. I stood for some time to watch a young artist copying the 'St. John,' and understood the original all the better. It was like reading Chaucer, with a modernized text on the opposite page. In contemplating the whole series, I was lost in admiration of the power which enabled one man to depict, in such startling reality, every phase of suffering or rejoicing humanity, and to present so grand an ideal of dying or triumphant God.

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The post of honour over the altar, in the *ci-devant* chapel, is assigned to 'the Apotheosis of St. Thomas Aquinas,' the masterpiece of Zurbaran. When this picture was in the Louvre, it was placed side by side with the 'Transfiguration,' and it was a moot point among the Parisian amateurs whether of the two was the finer work. Zurbaran painted it when only twenty-seven, and in the course of a long life never approached the excellence of this early effort.

Among the curiosities of the Museum, may be mentioned Don Isidoro, the curator thereof, a stout old gentleman, of an original and cosmopolitan turn of mind. One day he developed to me at great length a plan for remedying the confusion of Shinar, and bringing all mankind to speak one language, and that, of course, the Castilian (Don Isidoro being profoundly ignorant of any other). Meanwhile, pending the execution of his scheme, he would make an excellent corresponding member for the Peace Society.

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It is a favourite saying with tourists, that Seville is the Florence of Spain, the most salient points of resemblance being the Giralda and Giotto's Tower. Yet it is doing foul wrong to the shade of the gentle Tuscan, to liken his graceful and airy conception to the solid, cumbrous work of Abu-Ebn-what's-his-name (the Moorish architect). There is, however, so far a resemblance between the two cities, that the public buildings of each are filled with works of art done by the hands of their own citizens—monuments of

filial gratitude. Pictures have a double charm when seen in the place for which the artist destined them, surrounded by their appropriate frame-work. One derives far more pleasure from contemplating a Murillo in the Caridad, than from its companion at Stafford-house. There is a nameless charm about the former, which a Soult could not pilfer nor a Sutherland purchase. Every one has heard of the grand picture, 'Moses striking the Rock,' and no one was ever disappointed when he saw it. It is thoroughly Andalucian in costumes, complexions, and crockery. These systematic anachronisms of the great painters may be justified, I think, by the true principles of 'high art.' The facts of religious history are of universal application, and only interest us so far as they appertain to ourselves, our country, and our times. The painter dramatizes the scene by adopting the character and costume of his own people, and his own day. So, also, in the drama itself: Juliet's nurse chatters in idiomatic Saxon, and Iago sings about King Stephen and his trews. And as the great masters, in their earthly scenes, despised the proprieties of time and place, so, in their representations of Heaven, they soared above all the laws of optics. It would have seemed to them an impiety to 'foreshorten' the crowned Mother of God.

In the sacristy, behind the altar, is a crucifixion, attributed to Alonso Cano, and worthy of him or anybody. The cross is set upon a mountain peak,

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and on it hangs the Saviour, left alone with death. A ghastly light of unnatural eclipse is seen breaking here and there through the dark clouds.

This Caridad is a great hospital, founded by Don Miguel de Mañara, and thereby hangs a tale. Don Miguel was young and rich, much given to revelry, whereon he spent his time and his substance as recklessly as if both were to last for ever. Late one night he was returning, flushed with wine, from a gay carousal; the streets of Seville were dark, silent, and deserted. Suddenly he became aware of a funeral procession moving noiselessly by his side. A long line of mourners, in deep black, walked two and two, each with a lighted taper. One of them, as he passed, gave Don Miguel a taper not lighted, saying, 'Come with us.' He felt constrained to follow, and tried repeatedly to light his taper, but could not; at last he inquired whose body they were bearing to the grave? and one answered him, 'Don Miguel de Mañara's.' They came to the church where his father and ancestors were buried. It was in a blaze of light; and, as the procession entered, a multitude of voices began to chant a *Miserere*. He tried to join, but his voice refused its office: gradually, as if from the damp stone floor, a deadly chill crept over his frame from feet to head, and he remembered no more. Next morning the sexton, when he unlocked the door, found Don Miguel prostrate before the altar, in a deep swoon. He was with difficulty restored to himself—a different self, for from that time forward

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he abandoned his pleasures, and devoted his life and fortune to found and endow the Hospital of the Caridad. If any rationalist presume to explain away the story, I answer, 'There is the hospital, a solid stone-and-mortar proof—can you explain away *that?*'

The churches of Seville make little pretension, at least externally, to architectural beauty. Many, however, are exceedingly curious, having been mosques in their day, or synagogues. Who shall say to what uses they may still come? In the church of All-Saints is a curious combination—a rose window and doorway of rich florid Gothic have been grafted upon the Moorish stock. Close by is the house of the Counts of Montijo, now deserted and ruinous. Across the family coat of arms two iron bars are nailed, and this is the reason:—In the days of Peter the Cruel, an ancestor of the family held some office, of which he carried a wand as badge. One day, in a fit of irritation at some act of the king's, he broke this wand. The monarch, for once belying his character and his name, pardoned the offence; but ordered that the broken wand should always be displayed over the arms of the house.

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The university presents rather an imposing exterior. Inside it is cut up into courts, too small and too plain for architectural effect. Their only decoration was a profusion of whitewash. I peeped into some of the lecture-rooms; they were very small, and simple, almost rude, in furniture. Judging from the appear-

ance of the benches, Spanish students seemed addicted to 'whittling,'—but, as it was long-vacation time, I had no opportunity of observing their habits. The library, however, was still open, as it is all the year round except saints' days. There is a reading-room attached, to which all may have free access. The books are chiefly ecclesiastical. There are, on the whole, seventy-five thousand volumes, including duplicates; all in most admired disorder, for the newly appointed curator, a young man, had just set himself to the task of re-arranging them, quite in Ercles' vein.

The adjoining church contains several grand specimens of Roelas,—that great painter, who is known and honoured nowhere else but in his own city. Of these, the biggest picture, 'The Circumcision,' is perhaps the greatest. The face of the infant Saviour is exquisite. The brow is calm, and there is a sweet smile on the lips; and yet it is pervaded by an expression of intense pain. The subject, so nearly approaching the ludicrous, is so treated as to be incontestably sublime.

The picture which, in the judgment of Cean Bermudez, is Roelas's masterpiece, hangs over the high altar in the church of San Isidore, and represents the death of the Saint. Roelas was a priest as well as a painter, and in this work the ecclesiastical spirit is blended with the artistic. The aged archbishop is represented as dying in the arms of his archdeacons,

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and the inferior clergy stand round in due order; while above, the Virgin and Christ, with all the host of heaven, wait to crown the parting spirit.

An old man, who sometimes accompanied me as *laquais-de-place*, in his prolix exposition of the picture, spoke of 'the blessed Trinity.' I asked him how he made that out? and he said, 'Why, there's the Virgin, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.' Yet, on secular matters, he was generally well-informed. His name is José Lasso de la Vega, and claims kin with the poet Garci of that ilk. He had served under the British in the War of Independence, and cherishes a gold pencil-case given him, he says, by 'Sir Campbell.' Now, poor and old, he is glad to be employed as 'guide to Seville,' and is far superior to the professors of the craft.

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One day, with the most cheerful garrulity, he narrated all his misfortunes, concluding with an elevated sentiment: 'And yet, now that I am poor, I am better and happier than when I was rich.' I pressed him to account for the fact, hoping to hear some practical philosophy from the unconscious Stoic, and his answer was: 'Well, sir, when I was rich, I used to eat more than was good for me.'

Our philosopher talks in no other idiom than his native Castilian, so that one takes, perforce, a peripatetic lesson in the language. Generally, however, when once familiar with the place, it is better to go alone. Official people relax rules, and private

people inconvenience themselves, much more readily to oblige a stranger than a native.

For instance, once or twice I went with Señor Vega, and asked permission to see the Canon Cepero's pictures, which was, on one pretext or other, always refused. I then went alone, and was immediately admitted, and the housekeeper told me I should have been admitted before, had I not been accompanied by a *laquais-de-place*. The Canon's gallery contains now little that is remarkable, but the house is interesting as having been Murillo's own. This circumstance induced the Canon, who is an impassioned amateur, to fix his residence there. And a very pleasant house it is; the rooms occupied by the artist overlook a little shady garden, with a fountain. Here he died, and was buried in a church close by. This church was destroyed by the French, and its site converted into a plazuela (or small square). They have left many such, as monuments of their domination. The construction of them does not require much architectural skill.

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Murillo was born somewhere in the Calle de las Tiendas, lately re-christened Calle de Murillo; with brief exceptions, he passed the threescore and four intervening years at Seville—so narrow was the orbit in which his life moved whose fame has gone round the world.

The church in which he was baptized has shared the same fate as that in which he was buried; but the

parish registers have been transferred to the adjoining church of St. Paul. I was curious to see the entry of his baptism, and I found a courteous priest, who at once fished out for me the required volume. It is the first entry for the year 1618. His father is called simply Gaspar Estéban; perhaps the family had not yet acquiesced in the nick-name of 'Murillo,' though the painter has once or twice signed it on his works.

From St. Paul to St. Peter the transition is easy. In one of the chapels of the church dedicated to the latter Saint, is a picture representing his deliverance from prison, attributed to Roelas, but, I think, unworthy of its author. The Angel is so ponderous and muscular, that it suggests the idea of his having effected the deliverance by mere physical force. However, it is considered a prize, and as such is jealously guarded by a curtain. The verger who has charge of this curtain makes much of the picture—by fees. I did not grudge the two reals, as he communicated a fact, curious, whether in a historical or etymological point of view. I should premise, that 'coger las de Villadiego' is a slang phrase in Spanish for absconding, or running away without leave.

'You see,' said the verger, 'that soldier asleep, keeping watch over His Holiness (St. Peter). Well, his name was Villadiego. So when the angel woke St. Peter, and told him to arise and follow, St. Peter could not find his shoes: 'No tengo mis calzas,' said he. 'Never mind,' replied the angel, 'coge las de

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Villadiego' (take Villadiego's). And so the phrase has been in use ever since.'

This precious story, originating probably in some ecclesiastical joke, was narrated by the man gravely, as if he believed it. It is one instance among a thousand of the simplicity with which the common people adapt Scripture, or what they suppose to be Scripture, to themselves and their habits. In the same spirit, they will tell you that a quaint mediæval Gotho-moresque house, called the Casa de Pilatos, was really inhabited by the worthy whose name it bears. It belongs to the Duke of Medina Cœli, but is now abandoned to wind, rain, and occasional tourists. Indeed, the family has become so impoverished (so they told me) that I question whether they live in any house at all.

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Most of the great historic families have palaces in Seville; among the rest, the Counts of A——. The history of the present Count might furnish materials for a romance,—perhaps it is a romance itself,—but 'I tell the tale as 'twas told to me.' His father lived at Seville, a quiet man, of literary tastes, and averse to the fuss and fume of demonstrative patriots; accordingly, he became an object of suspicion to the mob, who, knowing no distinction between suspicion and proof, marked him for an Afrancesado, and one day tore him to pieces in the open street. Soon after, the French came. The misfortunes of the widowed Countess made her naturally an object of sympathy to

the gallant strangers, several of whom were lodged in her house. When, some time after, they evacuated Seville, the Countess evacuated it too, under the special protection of a French officer, taking with her her only son, a child of seven years old. By-and-bye they found the child an incumbrance, and accordingly dropped him at a little village in Catalonia, leaving him in the charge of a peasant. One day, as he was playing in the street with some other boys, a quarrel arose, and one of them struck him. 'How dare you,' cried he, 'strike the Count of A——!' It happened that at that moment the priest was passing, and heard what was said. He took the boy and questioned him, and learnt all he knew of his own history,—brought him back to Seville, and established his identity, to the great chagrin of collateral relatives; and the Count of A—— is now living in his father's house, a prosperous gentleman.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

BESIDES Victor and Paul, there were two other French gentlemen staying at our Fonda: one, an old soldier, who had served in the grand army, and had many anecdotes to tell of the Little Corporal and his campaigns; the other, a young fellow of twenty, light-hearted and feather-headed, taking kindly to everything, but, withal, dominated by one master passion. An early propensity to squirts and all the aquatic amusements of childhood had grown with his growth, and developed into a tender affection for fountains, pumps, and water-tubs—a genuine hydromania. 'Ma spécialité c'est les robinets,' he used to say,—and Seville was a city after his own heart. One day we went to the Alcazar, the gardens of which are full of concealed fountains. He instinctively detected them and their modus operandi, and took great delight in spouting a playful shower into the coat-pocket of his elderly companion. The presence of our insidious foe prevented us from paying to the gardens the attention which they well deserve, from their peculiarity. They suggest the idea of having been devised by a Dutchman, whose prim plan and precise rules are thwarted and violated by the luxuriant outgrowth of tropical vegetation—a

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horticultural Frankenstein. Only give nature an unlimited supply of water, and she rises with a giant's strength, defies the shears, and shows her abhorrence of geometry. (It would be well if the gardeners on a larger scale would bear in mind, that the treatment which suits the holly and the yew is not therefore applicable to the palm and the aloe.) Green oranges (not in any way allegorical) were hanging in profusion from the drooping boughs. He of the robinets plucked enough to fill the pockets of his revered friend, thus doing a double mischief. I felt strongly tempted to push him into the fish-pond, and take an appropriate and summary vengeance for all his pleasant vices. Here Philip the Fifth used to dangle and angle, with some success it is said. The species of fish which allowed themselves to be caught by him must have been remarkably loyal, or remarkably stupid.

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The Moorish rooms of the Alcazar are on a somewhat larger scale than the portion of the Alhambra from which they were copied. The principal court is about twenty-eight paces long, by twenty-two broad. It also struck me that the stucco ornaments were less elaborately wrought out in detail than their prototypes.

One day, in company with a French banker, long resident at Seville, we went to explore Triana, the suburb which lies on the north side of the Guadalquivir. On the way we met a priest, with a few

acolytes, carrying the host to some sick person. As my companions, Roman-catholics though they were, did not kneel, I thought myself, as a protestant, entitled, *à fortiori*, to dispense with the ceremony, so we all merely took off our hats, and accordingly received a savage look from his reverence, and the epithet of 'barbaros.' This made our banker very wroth,—and he forthwith commenced a diatribe against Spaniards in general and Sevillians in particular, accusing them of ignorance, laziness, and pride. They lived, he said, from hour to hour, taking no thought for the morrow, and wrapt up in the contemplation of their own national and personal superiority to all other nations and persons upon earth, though even their patriotism was more parochial than national. They were all ashamed of their trade; the very hawker in the street would try to impress you with the idea that he hawked for his amusement. By-and-bye we came to a wattled hut on the river's bank to wait for the ferry-boat, in which a man was sitting eating a water-melon. According to the Spanish fashion, he asked us to partake, saying, 'I am eating it merely for refreshment.' The banker whispered, 'It's his dinner, but he's too proud to own it.' There may be—indeed, I know there is—much truth in all this vituperation, but I have always remarked that Frenchmen were prone to indulge in unmeasured contempt for their neighbours,—who, in character and feeling, are separated from them by

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barriers, compared with which the Pyrenees are but mole-hills. The juster and truer view is, to regard faults as the shadows attendant upon virtues.

In the course of the same walk, we visited the Cartuja, an enormous convent, now converted into a porcelain manufactory by Mr. Pickman, — perhaps the only Englishman who has found a Spanish speculation answer. He had at first great difficulties to contend with—jealousy on the part of the natives, and misconduct on the part of his own countrymen. For he had imported forty or fifty skilled workmen from Staffordshire, and in the course of a few weeks most of them had to be sent home, as they proved incapable of withstanding the temptations of a country, where a man might be drunk for a week on a day's wages. However, the preliminary obstacles have been overcome, and the establishment shows all the outward signs of prosperity. Here and there, among the workmen, I still noticed the light hair and heavy eye which characterize us children of the mist. What would the old abbots say, if they could see their corridors and cloisters filled with a busy crowd, and their desecrated church piled high with pottery, the 'superior' being a stranger and a heretic! Part of the rich stall-carving is now stowed away in what was the sacristy, and part has been sent across the river to the Museum. Close by is an immense orange-grove, in which Mr. Pickman has erected two summer-houses, of the willow pattern, such as George the Fourth loved, and painted like an ornamental

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flower-pot, thus pleasantly blending the shop and the garden. But Mr. P.'s courtesy ought to exempt him from all quizzing. I hope he may make and keep a large fortune, and be made a 'Grand of Spain,' under the title of Duke of Perseverance—a title quite in accordance with the modern coinage. It is, however, a monstrous anomaly to designate an hereditary aristocracy by abstract qualities rather than territorial possessions. The 'Duke of Thunder,' suits the naval hero well, but is not so applicable to the country vicar who succeeds him. Moreover, such an assumption is apt to provoke a mischief-loving Nemesis to plague a man, even in his own generation. The 'Prince of Peace' may be a prisoner of war, and the 'Duke of Victory' utterly defeated. We might, perhaps, adopt the plan, with modifications, in our plain-spoken England,—and, in ostracizing to the Upper House a Foreign Secretary or Chancellor of the Exchequer, might entitle them respectively, 'Marquis of Meddling' and 'Duke of Deficiency.'

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Seville boasts a spacious theatre, dedicated to St. Ferdinand; for theatres in Spain are not supposed, as in England, to be in exclusive occupation of the antagonist powers. Here, Italian operas alternate with the legitimate drama,—by which term I understand any sort of piece in which the dialogue is spoken, and not sung. The evening generally concludes with a boisterous farce, full of outrageous practical jokes, which would out-Wright Wright, and frighten the Adelphi from its propriety. When a

piece has been unusually successful, the audience mark their approval by summoning all the actors by name. They then come forward, one by one, and chant an extemporary quatrain, referring generally to some provincial scandal of the day, resembling in quality the effusions of 'the Manchegan Prophetess' (whom my readers have doubtless forgotten).

The principal attraction seemed to be the national dances, which were executed with immense spirit and grace. The baile is a genuine home-growth, a healthful and vigorous pleasure, cordially enjoyed by spectators and performers—unlike that miserable exotic which, in England, fashion dandles into artificial life, and cannot find an English name for.

One day, we messmates of the *entente cordial* negotiated with Don Feliz Garciá, the baile-master, for a special performance, which took place in a court-yard hired for the occasion. The dances peculiar to each province of Spain were exhibited as we required, in due geographical succession; from the graceful Andalucian to the merry Scotch-reel-like Aragonese, and the heavy clownish Gallician. The place was crowded with uninvited spectators,—among the rest an old man with a guitar, who sang between whiles impromptu verses in praise of our hair, our complexions, or (faute de mieux) our hats. The whole affair cost us about fifteen dollars, and the amusement was well worth the money. I am sorry to add that the northern gold was on this occasion spent as it too often is at home; for the

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next day I met Don Feliz reeling about the street in a truly British state of intoxication.

The bull-ring is an enormous structure, half-finished, looking as if it were half-ruined, and all the more picturesque for that. Through the gap one sees the cathedral, with its many buttresses and pinnacles, and over all, the Giralda, rosy in the light of the evening sun.

One day I was present at a funcion de novillos—a kind of juvenile bull-fight, in which young beasts are brought to be bullied, and, if possible, killed by young men. It is a kind of parody of a real bull-fight—nothing of its pomp and circumstance, and danger; a farce instead of a tragedy—very grotesque and ludicrous. For instance, a man in night-gown and night-cap is brought in upon a bed, shamming sickness, and is placed in the middle of the arena. Then a young bull, with his horns sheathed in corks, is let in; of course he rushes at the only prominent object—the bed, and turns it over and over, the sick man taking care so to dispose the mattresses and bolsters, that the animal may spend his fury upon them and not upon him.

At another time several men are set upright in round wicker baskets, about five feet high, with neither top nor bottom. The bull charges these, one after the other, knocks them down, and rolls them along with his horns. It is great fun to watch the evident perplexity of the beast when he sees their spontaneous motion. Then, when his back is turned, the

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attendants jump over the barrier and set the baskets on their legs again; and the same joke is repeated till one is tired of it.

The unpractised matadors generally fail in attempting the fatal stroke, so the poor defenceless animal has to be despatched by means of the media luna, an instrument, as its name imports, shaped like a half-moon, and attached to a long pole. Armed with this, a man comes slily behind and hamstrings him; after which he is feloniously slain with a knife plunged through the spinal vertebræ. We could not refrain from loudly expressing our disgust at this barbarity, to the great amusement of our neighbours, to whom the spectacle was familiar. An English lady was sitting not far off, and looked on without the slightest change of colour. I charitably hoped that she was rouged for the nonce.

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An examination of these bull-rings made clear to me the uses of many parts of the ancient Roman amphitheatres, about which I had puzzled myself in vain with conjectures at Verona and Nismes. The remains of an ancient amphitheatre are still to be seen about four miles from Seville, and I was anxious to examine them by the light of my recently-acquired experience. The place was called Italica, and bears to Seville the same relation that Fæsulæ does to Florence, (another point of resemblance). I accordingly made an expedition thither, in a kind of cabriolet peculiar to the country — gaudily painted, studded with brass nails, and attached to the horse

by the most complicated system of harness. The driver sat upon my toes, his legs dangling over the side, and urged, scolded, or soothed his beast with a rich and varied vocabulary. By dint of all this we executed the four miles in about an hour and a half, coming to a final halt at the wretched hamlet of Santiponce. I was immediately pounced upon by a crowd of women and children offering Roman coins, first at a dollar a-piece, and finally letting me have a dozen for a shilling. At intervals among the olive-clad slopes, fragments of solid rock-like masonry are visible just above the ground, evidencing the extent and grandeur of this second-rate Roman colony. I question whether, a thousand years hence, such traces of Manchester will be seen among the corn-fields.

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Italica, founded by Scipio Africanus, for his Italian veterans, (whence the name,) was certainly the birthplace of Theodosius, perhaps also that of Trajan and Hadrian. Yet, if this had been the case, one would have expected Honorius's laureate to have made the town in particular, not the country in general, the theme of his panegyric, where he says:—

> Sola novum Latiis vectigal Iberia rebus
> Contulit Augustos . . . . .
> Hæc generat qui cuncta regant.

Half a mile from the hamlet is the Amphitheatre, built in the hollow of a hill, by way of taking advantage of the ground. It has evidently been destroyed by some violent means, perhaps gunpowder. Vast

masses of cement and stone lie rent and shattered round the oval. The arena itself is raised much above its old level, and is now a corn-field. It is still possible, in despite of brambles, to work one's way into some under-ground chambers—without much profit, I confess. However, having come on purpose, I persisted in taking some rude measurements, while my companion, an artillery-man, yawned fearfully, and complained of having been brought to the ancient Italica under false pretences. 'What was Trajan to him, or he to Trajan?'

The pleasure and profit of my sojourn at Seville were materially enhanced by an acquaintance (may I say friendship?) which I formed with Mr. Ludwig, a German by birth, the kindest, wisest, and gentlest of men, and through him with Colonel D——, an Irishman in the service of Spain, a noble sample of a noble people. They introduced me to the circulo, or club, where there were papers of all nations to read, chess to look at, and sometimes music to listen to. Many a night we used to walk or sit for hours in the Plaza del Duque, chatting on all manner of topics, but especially on the things of Spain. Both of them had conceived a great admiration for the people among whom they were dwelling, and their experience of many years entitles their opinions to all respect from a passing stranger. They maintained that the Spaniards were by nature most courteous and hospitable; that the occasional rudeness of which travellers complained was due to their own ignorance of the national

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manners; that the boys who threw stones at me were but boys, who did it in mischief and not malice; that the popular prejudices, however vehement, were not obstinate; the Duc de Montpensier, for instance, against whom, as a Frenchman, everybody had at first entertained a patriotic antipathy, had now entirely conciliated their affection; that if smuggling were once put a stop to by a moderate tariff, they would cease to regard the Manchester manufacturers as 'Vampyres sucking the blood of Spain,' (a common simile with their journalists); that the Andalucians, at least, were more free from fanaticism than the inhabitants of English towns; that if, in some respects, the moral tone was lower than in England, in others it was higher, especially as regarded the sins of gluttony and intemperance; that the morality of the clergy had much improved since their wealth had been diminished; that the political depression of the country was merely the exhaustion consequent upon the uninterrupted troubles of the last half-century; that the people were growing wiser and better every day under the wholesome discipline of Narvaez, a system promising more real progress than all the schemes of those who called themselves Progresistas. The immense army now on foot, 150,000 men, was essential to the maintenance of peace; Espartero had fallen because he slighted the military to flatter civilians, refusing an audience to officers maimed in the service, while he admitted any shopkeeper in the uniform of the National Guard, thus throwing away

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the staff to lean upon the reed. The most popular step Narvaez ever took was the dismissal of the British minister, because it flattered the national spirit of independence, and they held that he had good *prima facie* grounds for the act. One Portal, chief conspirator at Seville, had been promoted in the army by Mr. Bulwer's influence; he showed to his fellow-plotters a letter signed with Mr. Bulwer's name (a forgery of course), promising the co-operation of the English squadron in case of revolt; this, combined with other circumstances, had convinced Narvaez (who, like all honest but not over-wise men, jumps at conclusions) of the complicity of the ambassador, and the refusal of Lord Palmerston to receive the Spanish envoy confirmed his opinion. During the insurrection at Seville, the Infanta, who had recently arrived from Paris, seeking a haven from the storms of revolution, was obliged to escape in disguise, and take refuge on board a vessel in the middle of the river.

(By this time, one may hope Fortune is tired of repeating her cruel practical joke.)

On the whole, my informants regarded the state of Spain as full of hope, even for bond-holders. This roseate view of things is not by any means universal, but I think right to give it, as we are in the habit of receiving facts and inferences solely on the authority of our friends the Progresistas, whose vocation, as a constitutional opposition, is to grumble.

I ought to mention, also, my obligations to Mr. Williams, our vice-consul, generally acknowledged to

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be the most accomplished connoisseur in Spanish art now living. His gallery still possesses some treasures; among the rest, three Murillos, a Zurbaran, and one Sebastian del Piombo (signed). He was kind enough to accompany me to Señor Máestri's, where is a fine Murillo, 'St. Francis Praying.' Don Anicete Bravo has an immense collection of pictures labelled with great names. One 'undoubted Titian' is a bad copy of the 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' in our National Gallery. Half Seville lives on pictorial thefts and forgeries; not a day passed that I was not pestered with people offering for sale fragments of broken altar-screens; and half the saints in the calendar painted on oval bits of zinc and copper. No one need be taken in while Mr. Williams is at his elbow, whose advice he has a right, as an Englishman in distress, to claim.

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Among the passing visitors at our hotel was the author of *Rookwood*—a gentleman who personally has nothing of the charnel-house or dungeon in his composition. I look forward to a Spanish romance on *The Conquest of Seville*, or *The Tower of Gold*.

There came also a cannie Scot, with two sons, whose *forte* and theme was domestic economy, and who warned us day by day, that we should find pale ale 'varry expensuv.' One day in my rambles, which were desultory like my book, I fell in with a faded clerical-looking person, who, I found, had been a friar, and was still a mendicant. He begged me to go with him and see something. I went with him

accordingly across the Court of Oranges to a little chapel adjacent to the cathedral. I expected to see a picture or a statue; but there, to my horror, was a corpse, with the face uncovered and smeared with clotted blood. It was wrapped in white, and some tapers were burning at the head and feet. It was a man who had been killed in the Alameda the preceding evening, whether by accident or design I did not learn. Apropos to this, my conductor proceeded to give me some appalling statistics of assassination. How far he had means of knowing, and how much credit his assertions were entitled to, I cannot say. He informed me that in the past month there had been nineteen murders and attempts to murder in Seville alone; and that during the May of 1848, there were as many as thirty. If this be true, considerable deductions must be made from my two friends' enthusiastic praise of the lower orders of Andalucia. The frequency of the crime may be partly accounted for, not palliated, by the habit of carrying a long knife, persisted in, in defiance of prohibition. Yet this same people of Seville, who took no notice of the murders at their own doors, read and canvassed with eager interest the details of a murder in London, which then constituted the 'English news' of the Spanish papers. When I narrated my adventure that day at dinner, our Scotch friend looked blanker and blanker; and at last, laying down his knife and fork, said to his sons: 'I tell ye what, boys, the sooner we get out o' this

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toon the better.' For my part, I never felt more sorry to leave any *toon* in my life; and, judging from my personal experience only, I should pronounce Seville a quiet and orderly place. I had many a lonely walk in starlight and moonlight by the banks of the Guadalquivir, without being either robbed or threatened. This I must say for the civilization of the Sevillians, that wherever they kill men, they bury them outside the walls; and at all events, kill their sheep and oxen outside the walls also.

CHAPTER XXVII.

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CORDOVA—'birth-place of Seneca and Lucan, and Gonsalvo; under the Romans, the rival of Athens; under the Moors, the rival of Damascus, famous then for the magnificence of its palaces, the learning of its university, and the sanctity of its mosque,'—surely deserves a chapter to itself. Conceive then, O reader, a white town, with a blank grey mass of building conspicuous in the centre, dotted with occasional palms, and half-circled by olive groves—conceive the lazy yellow Guadalquivir winding through the plain, spanned by a long bridge, and, over all, the stern sierra frowning from the north—conceive all this, and you will have as good an idea of Cordova as I have—for I did not see it. When I

reached Seville, I was wearied of diligence and saddle, and comfort whispered in my ear, 'Sit modus lasso,' and plied me with a Spanish proverb, 'A quien Dios quiere bien, en Sevilla le dió a comer; a quien mal, en Cordova un lugar.' So I lingered a whole month at Seville, scarcely harbouring a transient thought of 'the birth-place of Seneca,' &c. Good-natured friends have since repeatedly assured me that I have missed the finest thing in Spain; but with a traveller, 'the finest thing' always is what he has seen, and you have not. Besides, hope suggests that I may have another opportunity, and inspires me to improvise a farewell quatrain, in the manner of our 'Manchegan Prophetess,'—

Now for the land of mist and rain!
  But if next year I'm lord of a
Hundred pounds, I'll come again
  To have a peep at Cordova.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

'ADIOS, vecinos, que me mudo.' My flitting took place one fine morning early in October, when I embarked myself and my goods on board the steamer bound for Cadiz. The flat dreary banks reminded a young Englishman, who accompanied us, of the Nile, only here there was not so much as a basking alligator to relieve the monotony. Further down, the river winds about with most abrupt curves, and it is only by seeing a large sail now and then, coming apparently over dry land, that one is able to trace its erratic course.

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As we approach San Lucar, the banks are fringed with pines, which on that day, by a species of mirage, seemed as if they grew in mid-air. Passing the bar, we emerged from calm to trouble. It was like leaving the nursery for a public school. My companion 'grew paler and paler as we flew;' but I, having a week's voyage, at least, in prospect, made up my mind and my body not to surrender to a two hours' storm. We soon landed at Cadiz; and, after some little trouble at the Custom-house, proceeded to the English hotel, kept by Yldefonso Jimenes, a Maltese, who enjoys a deserved reputation for his civility and his pale sherry. The comparative attractions of Cadiz and Seville must not be estimated by the space

allotted to them respectively by that capricious spoilt Childe Harold. He dismisses Seville in a couple of lines, and devotes half a canto to the glorification of Cadiz. A most perverse choice, truly; but I suppose 'Inez' was at the bottom of it.

The morning after our arrival we walked round the ramparts, which are of immense height and strength where the Isthmus is narrowest, as if to prevent the sea from converting Cadiz into an island. We then visited, as a matter of course, the convent of Capuchins, now converted into schools. In the church, over the high altar, hangs 'The Nuptials of St. Catherine,' which possesses a mournful interest as the last work of Murillo. While engaged upon it, he fell from the scaffolding, and suffered an injury which brought him to the grave soon afterwards. It has been ludicrously retouched; patches of white have been stuck on to the tips of the noses and the prominences of the cheek bones, in almost all the figures, which makes the picture like a scene in a flour-mill. The church was preparing for a festival on the morrow, and a number of women had brought each her quota of flowers, and were zealously arranging them under the direction of a priest. These pious women were chiefly advanced in years; the younger sort frequent the alameda more than the church. However, at this advanced season, the evenings were becoming chilly, and a sharp breeze rendered the mantilla insufficient and the fan superfluous, so that there was but a scanty sprinkling of the fair

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sex (if the term may be used of Spanish ladies), even on the alameda. I had entertained a suspicion that Cadiz owed its reputation for female beauty chiefly to the fortunate accident of its rhyme (since rhyme, in our intractable language, often masters reason); but from the scanty sample I was permitted to see, I am inclined to think the reputation deserved.

Like their Sevillian rivals, they have the pale cheek and dark liquid eye, expressive of rest, not apathy, —the rest of slumbering passion,—reminding one of a thunder-cloud, so deeply black that we know it to be instinct with fire. The gait and carriage of the Sevillian ladies are characterized by a voluptuous languor,—those of the Gaditanas by a buoyant elasticity. Your matter-of-fact people, who find or make a reason for everything, would say that it was the sea-air that caused the difference; but it is a subject rather for a poetaster than a sciolist,—and a dangerous subject for either.

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The men very ungallantly herd together of an evening in the club, reading newspapers or playing billiards. A man who cares for anything else, art or architecture, will find little to detain him at Cadiz,— hardly enough to make it worth his while to unravel the intricacies of the streets, which, from their being so similar, and cutting each other at such various angles, puzzle a new-comer exceedingly.

Therefore, as I found my host Jimenes was going on business of his own to Xerez, I resolved to accompany him, and see that 'mother of mighty wine.'

We crossed over to Puerto Santa Maria in a little steamer. A lad on board attracted my notice by his bright eyes and huge red cap, so I asked him on what business he was bound. He replied, 'To catch chameleons,'—of which interesting genus he offered to procure me a specimen for sixpence sterling, assuring me that it would be no trouble to take to England, as they lived entirely upon air. But it occurred to me that the air of Southampton might not agree with the animal's digestion so well as the air of Puerto Santa Maria; however, I gave him the commission, which he did not execute after all. Thence we took a calesa for the remaining two leagues. As the carriage had no springs, and the road was like what an Irish road may have been before General Wade's time, I was not sorry to come in sight of the vine-covered slopes and Moorish walls of Xerez. Mr. Macaulay, in one of his essays, speaks of a hypothetical army 'encamped on the banks of the Rhine or the Xeres.' The river is as hypothetical as the army; at least, if there ever was such a river, it has vanished from the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and taken its bed along with it. The Guadalete is in full force a couple of miles off.

But we have to treat of a nobler theme than water. 'Water is very well in its way' (so far, Pindar was right), but to speak of it after Xerez is an anti-climax. Being furnished with a letter to Mr. John David Gordon, our Vice-Consul, I lost no time in visiting his wine-stores. The separate warehouses, or bodegas,

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are called each after the name of some saint,—indeed, one is even called the 'Bodega de Jesus.' This application of sacred names to secular things seems like a profanation to us protestants, who usually lay by our religion, like a Sunday coat, for six days in the week, and religiously abstain from using it. I tasted, sipping prudently, a great number of samples,—sherry, pale, brown, and Amontillado, Pajarete and Arrope (which is sherry boiled down to one-fifth of its original bulk, and used in converting pale wine into brown). The foreman who escorted me said that they had seven thousand pipes in stock, some of it nearly two centuries old (but the latter assertion rather staggered my credulity). I was shown some hard, whitish clay, called piedra de vino (wine-stone), which is used in clearing the sherry. My conductor insisted upon putting a lump in my pocket, as a specimen. Of course I forgot it, and a few days after, found it reduced, like Hannibal, to a handful of white dust. There is little at Xerez to gratify any sense except taste; it is a common-place second-rate town. Its population, I was told, do not neglect their golden opportunities, and are much given to drunkenness.

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Next day we returned by a more circuitous route, in order to visit the Cartuja, one of the most famous convents in Spain. It is now tenanted only by a single family, the matron of which acted as cicerone. Every picture has been removed from church and sacristy, every particle of furniture from the cells of the brethren. The prior's 'cell' is a very pleasant

suite of rooms, looking out upon a little garth filled with pomegranates, and over that commanding a wide prospect of valley, and river, and bay. Bare as the rooms were, the bright sunshine clothed them with cheerfulness. I dare say the poor ex-prior regrets his quiet rooms as deeply as any ex-king his palace and his pomp. Musing on these things, and diving into the crimson depths of a huge pomegranate, rich and ripe, I walked up and down the large court. It is about ninety yards square, with a continuous cloister on every side. The central space was used as a campo santo, and divided into four equal portions; the first appropriated to the brethren, the second to their lay dependants, the third to the children of their schools, and the fourth to the undistinguished poor. The neglected cypresses look as if they mourned doubly now—for the living as well as the dead.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

ON Sunday morning, Oct. 7, at nine o'clock, I embarked on board the steamer 'Montrose,' bound for Southampton. I found myself one of a small and select party of cabin passengers, half-a-dozen in all. Two of these were Anglo-Americans, going to Lisbon, in the enjoyment of rude health, and happy in the prospect of a ten days' quarantine. The rest of us were all English, including one Irishman. The day being calm, we discussed in the most amicable spirit with our brethren of the west the present and the future of the great Anglo-Saxon race, all cordially agreeing that, wide as the Atlantic was, two such 'tall' nations might easily shake hands over it.

Next afternoon we came in sight of the rugged outline of Cintra, and at four o'clock cast anchor in the Tagus. Of course we were not permitted to land, and watched from the deck our two friends as they were rowed off to undergo the prescribed course of pillage and purification in a lonely convent on the southern bank of the river. Over against us was the gaunt palace of the Necesidades, so called, I suppose, because the necessities of the exchequer have hindered it of completion. As the evening closed, we could see the citizens pacing up and down on the terrace by

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the shore; and that was all we saw of Lisbon. On Tuesday afternoon we left the Tagus, and the following evening were off Oporto. A wild surf was lashing the coast, and it was not without trouble that a boat came off to us with a cargo of fruit and a young cockney, who, had he been in the full enjoyment of that domestic comfort which every Briton has a right to expect upon the deep, would have been offensive and impertinent.

Next morning when I went on deck we were just sailing into the bay of Vigo, where we anchored for some hours for the purpose of taking in nine or ten deck passengers, fine bullocks. They came on board in capital condition, but during the voyage one of them died, and the rest were lean kine indeed when it was over. The subject-waves did their duty most patriotically as protectors of the British grazier. Some few years since, our consul at Vigo imported a bull from England, with the enlightened purpose of improving the native stock, but the unfortunate animal was denounced by the priest as godless and heretical, and had to be sent home again. 'Cantabrum indoctum juga ferre nostra!' The dwellers on this north-western coast are much more ignorant, and therefore more brutal than their countrymen elsewhere. Not long ago one of our Alexandrian steamers was wrecked there, and the neighbouring people came down and pillaged everything, going so far as to wrench the rings off the ladies' fingers.

One could not regret being delayed in the Bay of

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Vigo, which, in my opinion, fully deserves the encomiums it has received. The little town clustering about the tower-crowned steep, the wavy hills, sprinkled with pines and dotted with white granges, the winding edge of sand that fringes the still land-locked waters—how could a scene be other than exquisite with all these? The eye of the traveller from the south rested with double pleasure on the dark verdure.

When we sailed out of the bay that same afternoon, we found the sea running high, and the long surf climbing savagely up the grey cliffs. The water, except here and there a crest of foam, was all of a dead purple, what Homer calls 'wine-like.' The wind blew right against us, and continued so all the way, prolonging our unhappy voyage to ten days instead of seven. We were suffering what Spanish sailors call 'the lashing of St. Francis's cord,' (el cordonazo de San Francisco,) because the day consecrated to him falls near the autumnal equinox. Similarly the gales of the vernal equinox are termed 'the thrashing of St. Joseph's stick,' (la barrada de San Jose,) that saint's day being the eighteenth of March. Our nor'easter, moreover, brought with it cold and wet, so the passengers mostly kept their berths. During five lonely nights and days, all the time which I did not devote to sleep and *Don Quixote* I spent in recalling my summer's experience. As I dragged my memory, little incidents and minute details, which had sunk and been forgotten, came up

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to the light, and arranged themselves into a shadowy picture. So in the midst of this cold autumnal storm I was able almost to live over again the sunny pleasant days of summer. The process amused me for many idle days, and I thought that if I set down its results they might amuse other people for a few idle hours. Not but that I was glad when it came to an end, when on Tuesday evening, October 16, I was told that we were within sight of the English coast. I jumped up, hastened on deck, and there, sure enough, in the misty distance, was the wavy outline of the long-looked-for land. As I watched, a bright ray shot out from some lighthouse on a far-off promontory like a star of welcome.

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APPENDIX.

[THE following letter, for which I am indebted to an old schoolfellow, will speak for itself. My own doings would have seemed tame after his, so I kept the letter for the end,—just as the game comes in with the last course, and as the guns and crackers are reserved for the finale of a melodrama.]

'Let me congratulate you, mon ami, on your safe return from the Iberian wanderings, and claim to add, as a yet closer bond to our friendship, the memory of those strange spots which we now retain in common.

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'There are some traits of the manners of the Spanish people, unimaginable unless seen, which each of us has met with,—unaltered, I doubt not, by the lapse of even such a space as three years, for that I calculate to be the interval between our visits. You probably have experienced a counterpart to that incident—which pictured to me more vividly than whole histories of civil commotions, the unsettled and restless state of the public mind—whilst my friend Don Jaime and I were refreshing ourselves, after the fatigues of winter-quarters in the cities, among the glorious spring gardens which surround the fruity

Alhaurin el Grande, distant about five leagues from Malaga. We found that the wondrous variety of scents and colours which we inhaled and gazed on, from fig, vine, pomegranate, peach, quince, nectarine, and apricot,—all bursting out in the first richness of flower and leaf, mingling with last year's orange and lemon, and set in a frame-work of dark olive,—all this luxuriance, suggestive though it was of future luxuries, did not make us forget the fact, that our worthy and cleanly hostess (she promised to send me a cake of figs and almonds, which I *never* had) could give us but little variety for the supply of our table. Lean hens and unseasonable partridges formed the chief of our diet: so, in our epicurism, we inquired if no pork-chops were attainable. We thought this not an unreasonable demand, for we continually encountered living specimens of the food in our rambles. The reply was, 'No; the tax on pork is so high that the people are waiting for a pronunciamento before they will kill their pigs; then, all that will be changed.' This was singularly confirmed a few days after, on our return to Malaga, when the carabinero at the entrance, on our neglecting to bribe him, challenged a portable writing-desk of the smallest dimensions, and inquired whether it contained—fancy, of all things in the world to smuggle in such a guise!—'alguna cosa de *puerco*.'

'Similar characteristic incidents I doubt not you have met with; but there is one portion of Spain—where I spent three very delightful weeks—which I

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am sure you are quite unacquainted with, close as you have been to its boundaries. You remember, as you glided down the Guadalquivir from Seville to Cadiz, when near San Lucar, that the opposite banks of the river, though not lofty, were so thickly wooded with pines and other low trees, that they formed a barrier inscrutable by the eye. Within this ridge lies a large space of country, much in the same condition as it appeared, I fancy, when vegetation had first overcome the shock of the deluge. A wilderness, chiefly of sandy soil, sometimes slightly undulating and covered with the pines, standing in clusters, or continuous,—sometimes with only low, odoriferous and spiniferous bushes, through which it is with difficulty you can force your way,—and woe to your nether garments, and what is contained within them, if you attempt it without a leathern apron. Then, perhaps, you come upon several miles of unbroken sand, terminating in a rich spot, where water lurks and nourishes all reedy things, frogs and mosquitoes; but it flows not,—ever stagnant, it gives the name of the Marismilla to this district. Occasionally the wood might be dignified with the name of forest, and anon entirely disappears. Here, you will allow, is variety enough for the picturesque, and—if you will permit it, in the absence of towering hills and living waters—even for the beautiful; nature, in all her first spring redundance, starting forth amid the ruins of previous years—for all is untouched by the hand of man—and assuming all the quaint shapes and

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graceful combinations, which are vainly sought for in the midst of cultivation. Now let me add the chief charm to the picture,—and you, who are not ashamed of the traces of our original savage instincts, which civilization has deigned to tolerate, though sometimes in a strangely metamorphosed garb,—you will sympathise with me when I add, as the chief attraction of this wild region, that it is the primest sporting-ground in all Europe. Countless herds of the red deer scour across its wastes. The wild boar roots in its marshy thickets, whilst his grim mate leads out her tuskless progeny to wallow in its seething mire. The lynx flashes in his brightness across your path, and seems only too conscious that you are the more dangerous animal of the two. Wolves also are reported; and your guide sometimes points mysteriously to an unwonted impression in the sand, and mutters 'Lobo.' Such form the chief objects of the 'caza mayor,' or larger game. Foxes of wondrous size and cunning steal about, too; and for the 'caza menor,' or small game, you find abundance of red-legged partridges, hares and rabbits, woodcocks and wild-fowl, if you take the trouble to visit their haunts. You would as soon think of shooting at a sparrow at home, as at a snipe in this wilderness.

'Fancy, now, the gleesomeness of heart with which I found myself, one bright morning early in February, ferried across the turbid river, and deposited in this double-barrelled paradise, when all traces of winter had vanished, and the heat had not yet called forth

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the swarming mosquitoes, or boiled up the malaria from the reeking swamps,—in company with three right jovial and hearty good fellows; the one, our senior and acknowledged chief, a keen sportsman and crack shot of some years' standing; another, whose fame had not yet stood the test of such a lapse of time, but whom I had seen, a few weeks before, plant a bullet in the breast of a stag, as he stood for a moment at gaze, at the distance of a hundred and twenty paces, before he plunged into the thicket, visible only by the head and horns; the third, though he claimed not equal sylvan glories, exhaustless in good humour and profuse in wit. Our host likewise of the posada at Puerto Santa Maria was there in double capacity, displaying the qualities of a patriarchal hunter—skill in the slaughter of his venison during the day, and in preparing therefrom savoury meat for the evening's repast. Imagine this company assembled on the banks of the stream, where was waiting for each his steed, led by an attendant gallego, or 'gallifat,' as *we* termed him, (O Don Jorge, doctus utriusque linguæ, how you enriched both!) who rode when his master dismounted for the purposes of sport: imagine us starting off on that bright, fresh morning, under the guidance of the sage huntsman and guardian of the 'coto,' Manuel Toro, and penetrating into the depths of the wilderness, caring little for all other possessions in the world save our trusty weapons, and the extra horse, laden with provisions, which accompanied us. All other needfuls had been

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sent on before to the 'Palacio de Doña Ana,' including fresh meat and all things required in cooking, several casks of prime Xerez, wonderful stores of pale ale, beds, and carpet-bags. We shot only at such small game as presented itself on and near our line of march, as the caza mayor requires more time and preparation than were consistent with our design of reaching our quarters before nightfall. The Palacio itself would have afforded us scanty accommodation beyond the shelter of its stout walls, a few chairs and table, with a blazing fire, and bare bedsteads,—kept there by the habitués of the 'coto,' and at the service of all who had the privilege of the entrée. These are confined to twenty subscribers, who rent it of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, each of whom can *take* with him a couple of friends, but may not send them to shoot without accompanying them himself. Owing to the experience and forethought of my friends, we found nothing wanting to comfort and even luxury, though there was no other habitation, save the huts of the guardians of the 'coto,' or 'preserve,' for leagues around us.

'I cannot give you a detailed account of all our doings, for as I kept no notes of the transactions of each day, the whole is now blended into one delightful mass of irregular recollections, wherein are thrown together the morning rides, with the first cigar lighted, as we plunged into the depths of the wilderness—chatting gaily of our prospects of sport,—or the silent ambuscades, to which we stole with

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quick breath and cautious step—the anxious crouching behind bush or sand-bank whilst the beaters were driving up the game—the hurried excitement of the shot, the triumph when the quarry fell, or the half-disgusted resignation with which one waited for 'better luck next time' when it passed scatheless—the jollity of the hour of 'bacada,' or 'mouthful,' *alias* lunch, when our sumpter-horse was lightened of a good part of his load—the change of scene from one beat to another—the ride home when the day's work was over, quite enough tired to enjoy the rest, but not too wearied to acknowledge that τερπνον ἐκ κυναγίας τϱάπεζα πλήϱης—the delicious languor which supervened, and cut short all disquisitions on the merits of the day's sport, and the narrations of former exploits, and sent us to our couches, the last weed smoked, by ten o'clock, glad of the release when the arrangements for the morrow had been completed. All these diverse scenes I could not now reduce to regular narrative order, but they are all vividly, though confusedly, impressed on my memory. I may, however, give you a sketch of one day's proceedings as a sample:—

'Conceive us, then, as having taken due precautions to store away an ample breakfast at eight o'clock, and ready for the start at nine. Manuel Toro, having knowingly surveyed the heavens, and consulted the auspices, with which he was deeply conversant, leads the way, generally *against* the wind, in company with our senior, Don Juan—ever the

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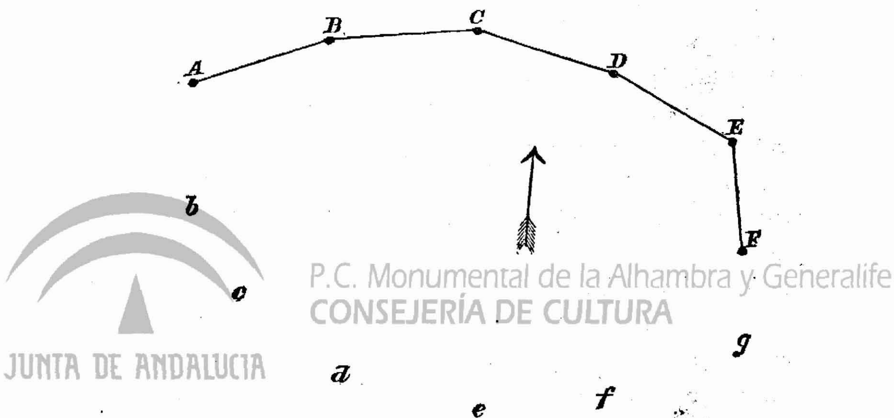
first ready to move. We ride along for three or four miles perhaps—till we approach the first ground where game is expected—at a signal we silently dismount; our attendants mount in our places, and wait with our steeds, whilst Manuel assigns our posts. Suppose we halt at *A*, the wind blowing as the arrow points. The line *A B F* may



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be the edge of a thicket, the ridge of a sandbank, or some inequality in the ground, which offers shelter at occasional spots. Manuel walks a-head, all the rest of the guns following: he points out a station, *B*, to one who is left there, to conceal himself as best he may, when he sees where his neighbour is similarly posted at *C*. He then draws a line in the sand, in the direction *B C*, that he may be sure of the position of the next human being to him in the world, as his first object in discharging his duty

towards his neighbour, is *not* to make him the object at which he discharges his piece. This is a very needful precaution, as, in the bewildering sameness of surrounding objects, he might easily lose all knowledge of his locality without such a mark, and his friend will keep himself as little visible as possible if he wishes for the chance of a shot. *C* takes similar measures, marking out the direction of both *B* and *D*. So Manuel proceeds, dropping one at each station, until he has fixed the last at *F*. He then emerges at *g*, and gives a signal to the beaters at *A*, who proceed to take their places at *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, so as to encompass the whole space to be beaten. They then ride down wind, tapping the trees, forcing their way through the densest coverts, but without much noise, as the game is easily roused; perhaps at the first movement a stag is disturbed in his morning slumber—looks around him—scents the tainted air, and dashes away from danger as he fancies, and makes for the position occupied by *D*; but *D* is too excited when he hears his tread among the crackling bushes; he turns to peep into the thicket; but, alas! his motion has snapped a twig, the stag becomes suspicious, and turns away towards *C*. *C*, meanwhile, with all determination, hardly breathes—he moves not a muscle save to grasp his gun more firmly, and hopes to reap the reward of his perseverance; but the top of his cap, of an unsylvan hue, is distinguishable between two disjointed branches, or the wind wafts a lock of his hair above

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