

two o'clock. The ride to-day was between eight and nine hours ; yesterday rather more, not including stoppages. The posada I am at, "De las Cuatro Naciones," is a poor place enough, but I believe ranks as the first : * and they certainly contrive you a good dinner.

May 14th.

I slept like Sisera ; but slew here the first chinche I have met with in these travels. I have devoted a day to Ronda ; and indeed the horses had better rest, as we have rugged work to-morrow again.

The wonder of Ronda, which brings everybody to see it who comes into Andalusia at all, is this : The place stands upon a table-ground of rock (sandstone) very much elevated above the country, and towering over it in bold crags. Through the midst of this runs a huge rent forming the bed of the river Guadiaro, which works its way between perpendicular precipices six hundred feet high (Ford), and rolls down in waterfalls to the more level country. This chasm was the boundary and defence of the old Moorish town of Ronda : now it divides the old town from the new, and a bridge of modern architecture, not quite a

* I have heard an English traveller commend an inn overlooking the river, called El Tajo.

century old, is thrown across where the gap is about three hundred feet wide (Ford), and where the precipices are most abrupt and the depth below most awful : meadows, pathways, mills, and human beings looking fearfully dwindled ; and this, now, in the midst of a large town, for the bridge leads out of the great market-place of New Ronda. The white houses of the old town peer over the precipices, and it is interesting to trace the remains of Moorish fortification by which this defence, when it was one, was followed out and completed. The old towers have been stripped of their hewn stone facings, and remain mounds and pinnacles of heaped-up stones and rubbish, but they are still firmly held together by their cement. Mills, some formerly Moorish and some modern, are niched in different parts of the chasm, to catch the passing water. There are good paths down quite to the bottom, and it is very striking to stand there in front of the grand proscenium of cliff, and see the river breaking its way through in graceful waterfalls, and the bridge securely spanning the pass at the height of six hundred feet, and forming the main thoroughfare of the town. There is one point at which, looking upward through a vista of cliffs and enormous fallen rocks, you catch sight of the more ancient bridge, which, at a much less height, formed the outlet of the town in the time of the Moors. Bats and swallows, and very large kites,

hover over the course of the stream. On the side of the new town the circular wall of the Plaza de Toros peeps over the precipice, and, a little farther, the elegant fence of the Alameda, a pretty public garden, which with great good taste has been brought to the edge of the cliffs where they subside from the Tajo (the great cleft), and commands views of the river and surrounding country and distant sierras. These are enjoyed from seats so well barred in that even you would hardly feel uncomfortable in them. Some of the adjoining country is exceedingly pretty; one spacious hollow was so handsomely wooded that I was tempted to ask whose place it was, forgetting that I was not in parkish England. A late burst of sunset to-night threw such a red glow over one of the barrenest sierras as I never saw before: the whole hill (which had some red hue of its own) seemed to be burning hot.

As to Ronda itself, the old town, like other Spanish old towns, is hilly, stony, waste, straggling, and indescribable; the new, an extensive, rambling place, without any modern elegance of shops* or cafés

* The choicest display of the shops is in the embroideries and stamped leathers and other articles of finery which belong to the Majo riding-costume.

Many of the private houses bear escutcheons of arms, and dates.

(though there are more of the last than I could discover at Cadiz), but with many rows of neat-looking white and green painted houses, built, I suppose, with a view to the great fair which is always held here on the 20th of May, and draws great numbers of visitors. I am sorry I shall just miss it. The Alameda is gravelling, the houses smartening, and the grave lounging "oldest inhabitants" in their long cloaks and turban hats evidently in the process of growing six inches higher on the approach of this crisis.

After all, the hotel I am in is wonderfully poor and barbarous for the chief inn of a chief town in a large agricultural district. I have learnt the oriental fashion of calling the waiter by clapping the hands; but it is open to objection, as it leaves a good deal of option as to hearing or not hearing, and it is not so convenient to "parsevere" in this kind of exercise as it is in ringing. I suspect it is calculated best for a country where you can bastinado the domestic for not coming.

I am quite rested by this day in Ronda, and have made a change in my plan for to-morrow, which gives us an easier journey. Portéla tells me there is to be a great bull-fight at Malaga, by the best toreros from Seville: if so, I think I must stay for it, though it will narrow my time for the other places. He is very earnest about it and warrants me one of the best places; and I think it is a matter de son ressort. My

days' stages from hence will be Campillos, Antequera, Malaga.

I see in Ford that Ronda has been likened to Tivoli ; and it is impossible to see one without thinking of the other ; but Ronda cannot for a moment bear the comparison : the soft heavy outlines of its sandstone rocks cannot vie with the forms at Tivoli, nor can the Guadiaro, violent as it is in winter, compete with the beautiful, always exuberant Anio ; to say nothing of the Temple of Vesta and the Cascatelle. Still Ronda is a very fine sight. In two things it corresponds with Tivoli : you approach it by a great wood of olives ; and it swarms with beggars.

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

JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA

Campillos, May 15th.

I have ridden to-day nine hours, but on less troublesome roads, and the day has been breezy and refreshing, with a wholesome south-west wind. We stopped an hour and a half at noon ; I do not include this in the nine. We passed into the country from Ronda by some arches of a ruined Roman aqueduct ; great lowering limestone hills were in sight, but the near prospect was cheerful ; olive-trees, flowers (broom and mallows), sometimes corn in view, and people ploughing and hoeing ; for scent, now and then a breath of thyme ;

for music, the lark sometimes, always the grasshopper, and occasionally my two men, who have the most direful and tuneless ditty imaginable; whether it is a Spanish air or not I do not know, but I think it must be that which proved fatal to a certain "old cow." After about an hour's journey from Ronda we came to a substantial stone cross; the old story—"Aqui matáron," &c. Soon after ten, in a region of wild whitish hills, we passed the Cuevas del Becerro, where there is a long village with a church and a pleasant shade of large walnut-trees close under the sierra: it put me very much in mind of a snug village under a Wiltshire down. A little farther was the venta, where we rested: a woman on the other side of the road, washing clothes upon a stone, pointed to the door, and another woman, splashed with whitewash, who was beautifying the venta, let us pass in, and the men put up their own horses; this is the venta welcome.* A chair,

* These road-side ventas, however forlorn, have usually a wide, high portal, through which you ride into the house, and then dismount and take possession of such a standing for your beast as you may find unoccupied. This lessens the extravagance of Don Quixote's delusion in mistaking a venta for a castle. Sir Lancelot Greaves, even if he had been more insane than Smollett makes him, could not have fallen into such a mistake at the Black Lion.

The ceiling of our castle was the under side of the

and something in the likeness of a table, were found for me, and placed in a bare inner room; and Portéla produced a cold leg of Ronda mutton, as small and as delicate as Welsh, which he had provided the evening before, some hard eggs, a bottle of San Lucar wine (not very bad), and some bread: a plate was rummaged out of the venta: I carved the meat with my pocket-knife, and used a crust for a fork, and made an excellent meal; the men did the same, and I gave them cigars to finish with. Nothing is paid for the accommodation except the price of the horses' barley, which, for our three horses was two and a half reals, rather above sixpence; an extortion, Portéla thought, so perhaps it was, for this seems to be a very good corn country. In the midst of a stern, wild outline of distant mountains there is many a fine expanse of green crop, and by the side of it land lying quite idle, which apparently might be just as fruitful. One reason, I suppose, is want of access to a market for any great surplus production. Near this venta we met with a party picturesquely refreshing their cattle at a pool, which struck me as

roof, showing bare trunks of timber, partly shaped by burning, with a covering of reeds laid above.

Before a year elapses we shall, I hope, be familiar with a venta scene by Mr. Philip, as full of truth, grace, and fine apprehension of Spanish character as his Letter-Writer, Visit to the Prison, and Charity.

very characteristic: a man and his wife in very neat travelling dresses (the man in moderate "Majo"), country gentlefolks in appearance, on horseback; in front a serving-man on a mule with a heap of trunks and bundles, and a gun slung rather conspicuously on the outside of the baggage; in the rear a second man on a mule with another load and another gun. The couple were from Campillos, going to the fair of Ronda.

About two hours after our halt we came in front of the castle of Teba (the Empress Eugénie's Teba), which stands proudly and with much romantic effect upon the top of an abrupt grey hill, and is backed by another height, bold and bleak as the one at its feet; quite a castle of the Scottish border. In full view from it, on the top of a very commanding green eminence, is an old Moorish watch-tower, which in stirring times could have given Teba the news of all the hill and vale country round for many miles. I do not recollect anything else very remarkable in the way here, except a shepherd-boy with a sling; Ford says they use it to correct straying sheep, and that it is the implement of a shepherd from ancient times. David, you will recollect, was dexterous with it when he came from his flock.

Campillos is a common country village, with rather a pretty alameda (it is so easy to make one if the people have a taste for it), and several rustic inns, one of which, La Corona, I believe I have to myself.—

(Friday 16th). With the exception of some twenty score individuals in my bedroom. I found my new-invented night-dress very useful. The women of the house made me an excellent arroz. Hitherto I certainly like the Spanish cookery, taking one place with another, far more than the German or Italian.

Antequera, Friday, 16th.

A ride of only five hours to-day; the first part delightful; the morning fresh, the sky dappled with a few sunny clouds, the road bordered with corn-fields and olive-woods. A good deal of the ground was newly ploughed; they sow Indian corn about this time for the September harvest.* Most of the journey was through an open agricultural country, but with rugged mountains in the distance; among them the Lovers' Rock, which faces Antequera, but a few miles off; an insulated piece of mountain (something in the style of the Eildon hills, but less grand), and very abrupt on one side. There is a tradition of two lovers

* Among the signs of human occupation were a water-mill and adjacent premises, at which I was told cotton was bleached; and we passed an apparently new village, where building was still in progress. It was being formed para los trabajadores del campo (for the agricultural labourers).

having hurled themselves from it together ; never mind the particulars. About an hour's ride out of Campillos we came to a small pile of stones with a wooden cross, one of the common memorials, looking either new or newly repaired. Portéla said, "Monumento." I said, "Parece nuevo" (it seems new): "Si, Señor," he answered, and hardly stopped his singing. I suppose a Tam O'Shanter of Ronda or Campillos might have a very good chance, even now, of getting his head cracked as he rode from market on a dark evening. We got to Antequera about half-past eleven. It is a large and rather handsome place, and the view up the principal street, between two modern but stately convent spires, to the hill, and old Moorish castle, at the head of the town, is quite picturesque.

I went to the top of the tower, which commands a fine view of the town and mountains.* The remains of the castle are tolerably well kept up, and some Roman inscriptions found in the neighbourhood have been judiciously built into one of the gateways. In the bright evening light I walked in the Alameda, which is a very pretty one, under limes and planted with roses, and with a fountain, useful more than ornamental, at the

* The town, a pretty panorama of white houses, with light-coloured tiles ; the mountains, in the direction of my journey of the morrow, high, rounded, desolate masses of limestone. In the opposite direction a wide plain with a lagoon, which is a celebrated salt lake.

end. What I have not seen in any of these places before, there is a green lane on each side for a drive. We have a long ride to Malaga to-morrow, and I wish the journey could have been divided better, but in this country you cannot carve your day's work as you do in England or Belgium. For the last two days we have had tolerably good roads.*

I give you a great many twaddling particulars, but it is the only way, I think, to picture a journey of this kind.

Malaga, 17th, Alameda Hotel.

I arrived here at a quarter to four, having ridden more than ten hours; too much, but I could not well help it. The sea air and moonlight Alameda here have nearly revived me. I was called soon after three, but the toreros who are to perform here rose at two, with a fracas as if the bull had been at bay in the very house: † and I had other disturbers. Delays in the

* In the course of the ride from Ronda to Antequera I perceived that my men were unacquainted with the country, so far, at least, that they were now and then asking the way. But their conception was so quick that (as was said of Pitt in his pupil days) they seemed rather to recollect than to learn.

† We should be careful of illustrating by what we do

posada (which was a poor slatternly place), prevented my getting out till half-past four; then we climbed the desolate limestone hills behind Antequera, and had a pretty view, in the early dawn, of the noiseless old town, with its convent buildings, majestic in the distance, and the Lovers' Rock and other wild mountain forms, looking opaque against the glowing sky of the east. We turned into a pass of the mountains, which is the direct road to Malaga: a fierce cold wind blew into the glen, and the peasants (very numerous) whom we met on the way to Antequera with their goods were all embozados (muffled) with their cloaks, or, if they had not these, with handkerchiefs and rugs. One of the first groups we met was a man and boy with fish, showing by their faces that they were knocked up with cold and being awake all night: I suppose they must have come from Malaga. We crossed the brow of the mountain* by a wretched-looking venta called Carrin, and by a pass called del Palmar, on account, as I was told, of the number of palmettos which seem to spring up on all sides as soon as you gain the southern face of the mountain. But

not know. After writing as above, I became aware that the bull-fighters of each class make all their play in perfect silence, whatever may be the clamour of the spectators.

* Passing several strangely grouped masses of rock, which had almost the effect of artificial arrangement.

notwithstanding this tropical appearance, the wind was now so piercing that, after trying for some time to be brave, I was obliged to take to the manta. We met vast numbers of mules,* donkeys, and small waggons carrying building materials. Parts of the road were utterly ruined by the rains, and this and the wind made it almost impossible for the waggons with their little mule-teams to stem the hill: the men were pressing by the side, shouting, shouldering, and scolding at the top of their voices to prevent the animals from relaxing their struggle. It was like fishing-boats in a storm.

As we wound down this road (difficult enough even for us on horseback), olive-trees of great size and age appeared scattered over the hills: a softer and greener surface of mountain appeared below us; the sea, for a time, was visible at a great distance; and presently we began to wind among the new hills by a beautiful terrace-road: everywhere now the heights were spotted with vine and olive, and their rounded and pointed forms made a continual variety of picture: the prickly pear, the aloe, the oleander, and the fig-tree appeared, and there was corn quite yellow.† The manta soon

* Many of these animals were rather formidable, being loaded each with two long timber beams attached to the mule horizontally, laid in rest, as it were, and ready to bear down anything approaching in front, or to sweep the road if the animal wheeled round.

† The road between Carrin and Malaga seems to have

had to be strapped to the saddle again, and the day was blazing, though the wind never quite went down.*

We stayed at a sullen venta much too short a time, partly by Portéla's fault and partly mine, for I was anxious to get to Malaga; and after setting out again we had a long tedious journey, but still through a beautiful country, till a turn of hills showed us the sea now in full view and the Lancashire-like factory-chimneys at the western end of Malaga. Then the whole town broke upon us, its cathedral and lighthouse, and the Moorish fort upon a high hill above the town. I found no difficulty in getting lodged at this hotel, which ranks first in the place.† A large

been altered since the making of the itinerary in Ford's Handbook, Part i. p. 265, 3rd edition.

* We met on this road a horseman carrying a little baggage, but unarmed. He was the *corréo* (bearer of the mail) from Malaga to Antequera. A little before I had seen the *caminero* (road-mender, called *cantonier* in France), with a gun beside him, after the common fashion of the out-door country-people; I noticed this (I forget now to whom), saying that one would rather have expected the road-maker to go unprotected than the mail-courier. The answer was, "A brigand knows that, if he robs the mail and is taken, he is sure to be garrotted; if he robs the *caminero*, it is not so certain." A fact worth observation, if the statement be correct.

† When we first entered Malaga, Portéla, for his ease,

table-d'hôte party was just sitting down; three English, the first I have seen since I left Gibraltar; a highly decorated Spanish military officer; another who is come to inspect the troops here; and other Spaniards, business unknown. By the pedantry of the post-office, I cannot know till to-morrow whether I have any letters. Mr. Mark, the consul, is at Granada, or going there, but I saw his brother, who was very kind, and went with me to put my name down at the reading-room. We talked a great deal of the friends we had both known in England.

18th, Malaga.

This morning I enjoyed the luxury of lying undisturbed till seven, and having water at discretion to dress with, instead of being offered, as happened at one place, a single large tumbler for all purposes.

was riding without his jacket. My English feelings were somewhat hurt at marching through a first-rate town with an attendant in this guise. I waited some time to see if he would put on his garment, but at last, unable to bear the suspense longer, I hinted to him that he had better dress himself; and he complied with so much unconcern that I believe, if I had not disclosed my punctilio, I should have ridden up to the Alameda hotel with a follower in his shirt-sleeves. It may be, however, that I was over nice.

It is well that the latter part of my tour will lie chiefly in towns, that my face may become humanized; just now you would hardly know it. I have been to church at the English consulate, and have got my ticket for the bull-fight. This is a large, well-to-do mercantile place; its appearances and pursuits contrasting curiously with the wild brown sierra, which comes almost to its doors, and where so much of the "romance of history" has happened. I see a great many pretty women here, the delicate black figures that look so silken and supple, as if you could draw them through a ring.

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

Half-past 7.

I have just come from the Toros; a magnificent spectacle, but bad bulls; something like a row at the end.

LETTER X.

Journey to Velez-Malaga and Alhama — Bull-fight — Circus of Malaga — The matador Cuchares — Slaughter of horses — Character of the bulls — Disturbance at the close of the spectacle — Visit to the cathedral of Malaga — Another bull-fight.

Velez-Malaga, May 19th.

WE arrived here soon after sunset, having left Malaga a little before two in the afternoon, so as to avoid the greatest heat.

It is a delightful journey, mostly along the seaside, on terraces, or upon the level of the beach; to the left is a line of many-coloured hills, smiling with cultivation, and most of them suffused with a kind of iron-mould red, which looks very genial and vinous. Vines are planted over them with great regularity, and seemingly great care: the olive, and other southern products, which I have mentioned so often already, flourish in this soft climate, and a wild pomegranate with a rich red flower grows in the hedges. Between Malaga and this place corn was cutting in several fields.

A kind of sugar-cane (actually producing sugar) is cultivated in this neighbourhood. Velez-Malaga

is a collection of white houses in a beautiful valley, with a rock and castle towering above: the neighbouring hills are dotted all over with single white houses, denoting vineyards; and all looks ease and fertility. But behind is the strong barrier which lies between this place and Granada, mountains wild, bleak, and stony enough to have been the boundary of Rasselas's happy valley.

A feature of the Malaga country which was strange to me is the framework, something like a set of melon-frames, and always laid upon a slope, in which the Malaga grapes are dried into raisins. On our way here we met a man with live chickens, "polluelos muy gordos" (very fat), and Portéla, who always has an eye to the useful, cheapened a pair, much to my edification of course: we got them for seven and a half reals, about one shilling and ten pence, and mozo popped them alive into the baggage, to be a part supply on our rough journey to Granada. The other day at Campillos, Portéla picked up a hare for something under a shilling, and we carried it to Antequera; the people at the inn there guisaded (sauced) it after their fashion, making it a kind of stew, with some other meat and very rich gravy; and it was so good that, although they made me wait dinner two hours, I forgot my wrath as soon as I tasted it.*

* They brought me Mariana's Chronicle to stay my

(The polluelos came up this evening in rice, and were very good. They served for us all: I do not eat two fowls.)

Alhama, May 20th.

I have but little time for this place, celebrated in history and ballad. We shall set out for Granada between three and four to-morrow, to arrive there before the heat of the day. I really think I should get used to this scrambling, unclean, irregular way of life, and like it. I was called this morning soon after four o'clock, and arrived here at four, resting two hours in the middle of the day. But when I talk of liking this, it must be said that I have a jewel of a man for the kind of service. Pepe is something of a swaggerer, but he is always attentive and in good

appetite; good food enough at a proper time, but on this occasion my commerce with the bulky historian only brought to my mind the Scotch proverb, that "it is ill talking between a full man and a fasting."

My approval of the Antequera guisado was perhaps expressed too unguardedly, for every ingredient was separately charged for in the bill; and when I was going away by lamplight at four in the morning, the cook-wench, hastily embozada, and fragrant as Mari-tornes, came to ask a fee for her good performance.

humour, and ready to do anything, and manages the morning start with the most perfect ease to me, though not with exact punctuality (this being Spain). I am ashamed to say he always insists upon my having a cup of tea, and eggs, before we move; how or when he sleeps I do not know;* but this and like matters pass through his hands in the morning, quite as of course. The first part of this morning's ride in the Velez-Malaga region, before the sun was high, was quite enchanting. What a country Andalusia is for a traveller! What fertility, what beauty, grandeur, and variety, and what inexhaustible picturesque! I say this before seeing Granada.

I must now say a word about the bulls, but I shall not attempt to describe a bull-fight in all its details, for this has been done a thousand times, and Mr. Ford's description is minute and exact. I was alarmed on Saturday by hearing at the hotel at Malaga that there were no more tickets to be had; but Portéla somehow contrived that I had one for a very good place. The spectacle was announced at our hotel for half-past four, but this was incorrect, and when I arrived they had begun with the first bull. This was

* One evening early, at a posada, inquiring for my men, who had disappeared, I was taken by my host into the anomalous ground-floor of the establishment, and there, drawing aside a curtain, he showed me the two innocently sleeping on the ground in their clothes.

the better for me as a novice, as I came at once upon the scene in its full glory, and it is one I can never forget. There was the amphitheatre, all full, holding nine or ten thousand people; the audience watching every turn of the game with enthusiasm; men waving hats and caps; women working their fans: a large black bull ranging about the arena; the lancers on horseback, dressed as you see in Lewis's drawings, waiting for the bull in different parts of the circle; and the men on foot, glittering in ultra-Figaro costume, with red cloaks and streamers in their hands, fluttering and darting in and out of the animal's way. Nothing could be more brilliant and beautiful than the ascending rows of agitated heads, faces, and fans, especially on the side which the sun fell upon; and the agitation took some new expression every moment, according to what went on. The theatre is built on the ground of an old convent; overhead, of course, was the open blue sky; behind the part illuminated by the sun there appeared, over the walls, a palm-tree of the convent, and two antique belfry-towers, and, beyond these, the Moorish citadel on the hill that overlooks the town. It was a scene that carried you out of reality, and almost out of yourself.

But in the mean time I was without a place, for there were no boxkeepers here, at least none who were available; and to find any one to explain what "Terrado No. 5" meant in an amphitheatre of nine

thousand people, and in the middle of a bull-fight, was not so easy. I thought the best way was to offer a reward to any one who would find my place; a man undertook it, and, taking good care not to part with my peseta (tenpence), or him, till I was actually installed, I got my seat.

The plot of a bull-fight, I believe, is always nearly the same. The first entry of the bull, if a lively one, his curvettings and vain glory, and the surprise that comes over him when he finds such an overwhelming public attention bestowed upon him, are one of the best parts of the show. Then he attacks one or other of the horsemen, who receives him with the spear (evading his rush), and wounds him in the shoulder. If the bull will not take a denial, but follows up the attack though wounded, the horseman is in some danger; but the bulls I saw were generally turned by the wound, or drawn off by the flags and red cloaks of the men on foot, who are always ready for the rescue. When he turns upon them, they fly off with great nimbleness and grace, and spring the barrier for their lives.* After this has gone on till the bull, streaming with blood, is exhausted, or sees the uselessness of the contest, the object is to get new efforts

* At Seville there are wooden bulwarks at intervals, on the level of the arena, behind which the fighters may take refuge without any leap.

from him by greater torments and provocation, and the next part of the performance is darting sharp spikes, with streamers at the end, into his shoulders. The men on foot have a particular sleight of hand in doing this, meeting the bull, for everything is done to him face to face, and this is one of the things which give some nobleness to the diversion, and discharging these into him, one from each hand, so firmly that he cannot shake them off; this, of course, produces a great paroxysm, and new attacks upon the horsemen, and the exasperation is kept up by the same or other means (choice spirits among the audience who are within reach sometimes take part) as long as the bull can furnish sufficient diversion, and it does then become a very miserable spectacle to see so many thousand persons all deriving their enjoyment from the invention of agonies for one poor wretch: if anything happens to make the torment more than commonly intolerable, the joy is heightened in proportion. At last, and a great relief it always was, the matador, at this moment a person of great worship, comes forward with a sword to give the coup-de-grace, which requires infinite dexterity and steadiness of nerve, for he has to meet the bull, distract his attention by means of a little scarlet flag, and drive the sword into the spine between the head and shoulders. There was a little man with green breeches, named, or nicknamed, Cuchares, who was particularly clever in this and like feats.

Portéla tells me that he is very rich, and would have a thousand duros (nearly two hundred guineas) for his performance here as first matador.* The trick was so neatly done that, the first two or three times, my eye did not follow it. The death of the bull is sometimes curious: for about two minutes he goes on as if nothing had happened; then suddenly he pauses, his limbs seem to fail, he tries to collect himself, but sinks down paralysed, and is dead in another moment. One bull (wounded too by the Green-breeches) did not sink down at all, but sprang clear over the gates, out of the arena, and was lost to the audience for several minutes. Presently the gates were opened, everybody anxiously getting out of the way, and the bull reappeared, not dead or dying, but ready for mischief: he had not been wounded in the right place, and had to be killed again. Another leaped over the barriers among the groundlings behind, scattering the people and the guard of militia soldiers (who took great care of themselves) at a furious rate; he was massacred out of sight.

* I have no other authority for this seemingly high amount. There were to have been two performances, and Cuchares came from a distant place. Townsend says that the pay of "the two matadors-in-chief" in his time was thirty pounds (vol. i. p. 349). But I am told that the fee of a first matador, "primer espada," may probably, at this day, have reached the sum above stated.

In all these scenes the only parts that are done with much elegance and dexterity are those of the men on foot; their playing with the bull is sometimes very graceful. The Green-breeches made a sort of set-to with him once, in a comical way, looking like Sir — —* when he has just opened a good vein of jokes. This, and everything like a good hit by man or bull, was exactly appreciated by the audience, and as critically watched by them as the footfall of a dancer is at the great Opera at Paris. That which should be the glory of such an exhibition, the horsemanship, was wretched; the horses are miserable hacks, and, whatever dexterity the riders might possess, the animals have not the power to give it effect. Some of them, which I suppose had been at bull-fights before, were blindfolded; and most required *basting* to get them towards the enemy. If the bull was not turned aside by the spear, there was no management to save the horse; once or twice the cavalier actually scrambled over the barriers from his horse's back. The wretched beast is sacrificed not unwillingly I believe, for it is considered a mark of liberality in the manager of the entertainment that a

* I do not take liberties, in print, with names at or near home: the reader must insert for himself whatever colloquial wit of his acquaintance possesses the greatest readiness and à-plomb, and the most quaintly humorous manner.

number of horses are killed. The gutting of some dozen or more is regarded by the multitude not as a disagreeable accident, but as a due part of the entertainment and of their money's worth. Sometimes, when the horse has been ripped up by the bull, and everything that is most loathsome and miserable happens, the rider actually remounts, and the horse is urged on again by beating.* Custom has the usual effect in taking off the horror of these things; you see comely matrons, delicate young ladies, and good little girls, looking at them, amused, or indifferent, or ennuyéés as it may happen, but clearly without the perception that something very disgusting and horrible is going on: to say that they do not see it, is idle, for one part of the entertainment is just as visible as another.

The bulls, with only one or two exceptions (eight were killed) were very slow bulls; meek-eyed things, some of them, that seemed to look round and say, "What harm have I ever done to all these people?" Once or twice the bull and horse stood nose to nose, doing nothing: and I may say without exaggeration that during two-thirds of the entertainment you might have danced quadrilles in the arena with safety, if there had been no red dresses.

* It is a curious effect of habit that the poor animal, even in this condition, obeys the blow and spur.

The end was unpleasant. It seems a Malaga audience comprises a good number of people who are what we call "roughs." During the entertainment there had been a great deal of shouting, catcalling, and blowing of tin and brass horns, which under the canopy of heaven is not unbearable. Missiles of some kind, about the size of a quoit, were thrown at the bull, and presently I observed that, although the fight was not finished, some of the benches had been flung into the arena; and by and by chairs began to fly from the upper circle of the amphitheatre into the lower. I perceived too that one part of the theatre was almost entirely cleared before the performance ended. As soon as it was over, some friendly persons advised getting away as soon as possible, which I did, but did not know whether all that had taken place was not the usual end of such festivities. It seems, however, that there was rather an awkward and obstinate disturbance, of which I afterwards heard two different accounts. One was, that the manager was supposed to have spared his pocket by providing bad bulls and killing few horses; and therefore the people determined to put him to expense by doing mischief: another, which Portéla gave me, that the people cried "Fuego!" meaning, that lighted crackers should be brought to irritate the bull, but that the military governor of the city, who presided officially at the entertainment, would not allow it, and therefore the disturbance was made in defiance of his

authority. Portéla said that if troops of the line, instead of the national militia, had been on duty, there would have been military execution ; that, as it was, there were a number of arrests ; and that, in consequence of this, or of something threatened, part of the theatre became clear before the last bull was turned in. After hearing this I could better understand the decisive manner in which some of my neighbours recommended getting away, while I hesitated to plunge into the mixed mass that was swarming in the " vomitories."* I am not aware that any accident happened, from the bull-fight or otherwise, though the bulls once or twice rolled horse over man with such violence that I thought the man must have been killed.† The riders are a good deal padded ; and their look and action give that idea. Portéla regretted that I had seen so bad a display, but he said the fight at Granada on the Corpus Christi festival would be " divine."

From the manner in which I spent this day I had little opportunity of exploring Malaga ; but it has not

* A second exhibition was to have taken place during the week, but was prohibited.

† The apparent ease with which the powerful brute lifts horse and man from the ground is one of the most striking circumstances in this exhibition. It always appeared to me that the bull, as long as he had a choice, directed his hostility to the horses rather than to the men.

many lions. The Sunday evening Alameda was a very full one. I observe that on high days the graceful black is a good deal discarded, and colours worn. I took a boat across the harbour to the lighthouse on Monday for the sake of the view, which is good ; * and I went to the cathedral, which is modern, and no great sight (except one gateway and inlaid wall, a relic of the old building) : but I enjoyed a fine panorama from the top of the tower.

On the way up I had to get a door unlocked by a woman inhabiting the belfry ; of course she took a fee, but she did not offer to go or send any one with me : she gave a very earnest exhortation, however, which I could not comprehend and was obliged to make her repeat more than once ; which she did, and I heard her say, in an "aside" loud enough to be heard by one or two bystanders, "Qué tonto es !" (what a fool he is!). At last I found her meaning was, that I was not to meddle with the ropes, or sound the bells. Imagine me amusing myself by striking the wrong quarters in a belfry to mystify the people of Malaga. When I came down she opened the door to let me out, and

* Its chief landward points being the city and its cathedral and quays ; the wild sierra ; the ancient Moorish castle and its outworks ; and the bold promontory of Marbella, on the way to Gibraltar, where vessels were waiting for a wind.

suggested that I ought to have paid more for going up : I said I thought two reals enough for being merely let through, without attendance. She forked her fingers to denote that she ought to have two reals more, and proceeded to argue the point, to which argument I said, " No soy tan tonto " (I am not such a fool). This settled her claims ; or at least left her silent.

I must carry on my journey in another letter : my date now is—Granada, May 22nd—and I write from the Alhambra, with the Sierra Nevada before one window, and the Moorish " Tower of Justice " in sight from the other. After trying in vain to get lodged in the town, I came up hither, and am, I think, comfortably settled, for the time of my stay, in a posada within the walls of the old fortress. The feast of Corpus Christi, and a fair of three days which is to follow, have quite crowded the town. The Alhambra is, to Granada, for the purpose of access, what a near part of Clifton is to Bristol. The place is glorious; and the air a luxury in itself.

Would you believe, after what I have written, that I am going to another bull-fight? The excuse is, that it is a pity to have seen only one, which was a failure. Portéla said he would make strict inquiry whether these were " toros formales " (regular bulls, I suppose, would be the corresponding phrase), and would not take my ticket unless they were. He reports that the bulls are quite formal, and has brought my admission,

but I am not half in heart about going. This is the way in which we fine moral English get inured to things we do not approve of.

My present intention is to leave this place for Cordova on this day week. I cannot stay longer, allowing anything like time enough for Seville; but it will be a heart-break to go. The horses are dismissed, but Portéla will go on with me to Seville, if the other man can manage without him in taking the horses home. I have been twice to ask for letters, but this festival shuts everything up. I am sorry to send mine looking so slovenly; but if you knew under what circumstances they are written sometimes,* you would make allowance.

* Often at night, by the standing brass lamp of four burners (familiar, I suppose, to all travellers in Spain), dispensing its fulsome oil not only upon its own stem, but upon neighbouring objects; and generally without extinguisher or snuffers.

LETTER XI.

Another bull-fight — Turbulent dispositions in the towns — Quarters at Velez-Malaga — Travellers' fellowship — Journey continued — The knifegrinder — Loja lead-mines — Snowy mountains — Alhama — The inn — Baths — Granada — "Ay de mi Alhama" — The Alhambra — Torre de la Vela — Granada by moonlight — Festival night — Dance in the posada — The Vivarrambla illuminated — Procession of the Corpus Christi — Generalife — Departures.

Granada, May 22nd to May 26th.

I RECEIVED your letter at the post-office on my way to the amphitheatre, and read it with vast pleasure en attendant the fight.

The bulls were very formal, and killed a good many horses (thirteen, I believe), and were not easily killed themselves. I shall not now go to any more of these sports, though there is to be another "función" on Sunday. There was something like a tumult again here on the outside of the theatre, tickets having been sold to more persons than the place would hold. It is not so spacious nor nearly so handsome as that of Malaga. When the ticket-holders began to be excluded there was a mobbing, and the military threatened with their swords, and some of the people

showed knives; but all was settled at last by an arrangement about returning money. There seems to be unwholesome blood in these large towns. At Malaga the lower class are reputed mala gente (bad ones), and some are so in every sense of the word; for the week before I was there a wealthy inhabitant was kidnapped and taken to the mountains, and obliged to pay, I think, 300*l.* sterling for ransom. This is nothing to a casual traveller; but there is no neighbourhood where, if alone, or travelling at lonesome hours, I should so much have expected an adventure. As far as that is a symptom, I did not anywhere see so many travellers with guns as within four or five miles of Malaga.

I had disheartening quarters at Velez-Malaga: the diligence had come in before us and filled the best rooms of the poor posada. My bed-room got its only light and air from a grating which looked into the gallery of the inn-yard. The bed, however, was clean, and the walls of the room newly whitewashed. There must have been a reform of the Spanish inns in this respect. I have nowhere seen the very great horrors people used to talk of, and have only once or twice had a very disturbed night. The system of showing you an empty or half-furnished room to sleep in, and then bringing in a tressel and bedding, is common at all the lesser inns, and I think it is a very

good one. I had not much time to lament about my room, for I was up before daylight and away before sunrise, having seen little more of the town than its towering outlines of castle and church. The landlord of the inn where Portéla had put up his horses at Malaga (a lusty facetious-looking fellow, like a merry country parson) rode with us for the benefit of our company.* The country was South Devon, but en-

* Among the many incidents of a horse-journey in Spain which call to mind the scenes of Don Quixote, one of the pleasantest is the spirit of confraternity with which travellers meet and join each other. An approaching figure on the horizon carries with it the same kind of interest with which, out at sea, you observe a sail. That a man is travelling over the same solitudes, if he is not quite an ineligible companion, is a reason for your riding together. When you thus meet, or thus join company, you feel (at least a Spaniard feels) that concern in the circumstances and destination of the stranger, which, in a novel, causes people to tell their histories. Perhaps the meeting, or the companionship, occasionally takes a touch of romance from some little sense of uncertainty, in the first case, whether the approaching stranger be friend or foe, and, in the second, from a slight feeling that you and your companion may be each other's safeguard against some common danger or inconvenience. Townsend (vol. ii. p. 279) states that it was the practice in his time for travellers in Spain to associate, by a kind of tacit

livened by the sunny green of the orange and lemon, and producing olive and vine, the silk mulberry, the sugar-cane reed (a pretty yellow-green crop), the wild pomegranate, cypress, and oleander. We passed a mill and work-rooms, which I was told were a fabrica of cane-sugar. The climate was warmer than that of Devonshire; the atmosphere evidently that of a very southerly latitude. Full rills of water running down artificial channels refreshed one's eye and ear on every side. The journey, as long as this country lasted, and in the coolness of morning, was a delight to almost every sense. Moorish ruins (Zalea), and a Moorish village (Alcaucin), reminded you whose industry and talent had nursed all this fertility and luxury; and to English apprehensions the strange and inconsistent thing here was to see on such a road not one habitation of a person of the wealthier class; in common English, not one "gentleman's place."

We presently got into a higher and ruder country, and rested at a venta (de Zaforaya), where I found more than the customary venta courtesy. The hostess was eating some mess with a friend, and made me the usual offer of eating with them.* I returned the

agreement, for their common safety, on suspicious roads; but the motive was doubtless stronger seventy years ago than it can be now.

* I found this kind old-fashioned form constantly

usual "mucho aproveche!" (much good may it do you! a way of declining), but tasted their cookery nevertheless, and very good it was. The woman repaired the straps of my leggings, and I made her a present of a roll of needles. (By the bye, the needles have been running wild about my baggage ever since I came abroad.) A walking knife-grinder with a savage-looking working man, and a haggard bronzed wife who seemed to devour all her husband's words, came in and got a puchero to themselves. They had a long bota (leathern bottle), which they passed from one to another, and squirted something from it upon their tongues in Spanish fashion; the knife-grinder facetiously called it *la niña* (the little girl). The fellow had a vast deal of bustle and swagger in his talk, as the Catalonians I believe have, but I understood him better than I do the Andaluces. He declared that the inn at Alhama (of which the travelling books give very melancholy accounts) was *un palacio* (a palace)! but all the *venta* agreed that if we were active we ought to reach Granada that night. We found it enough to do, however, by three the next day. Presently three men of the neighbourhood came in telling a long melancholy story about some lead-mines in

observed, and I believe with real sincerity; it was so at least in this instance, when, out of curiosity, I took a sop from the last remains of the feast.

the Sierra de Loja, in this district, which had been described in a manuscript mysteriously found some time ago somewhere (and they produced a bundle of documents, some in Latin), and which were actually ascertained to exist, but no one would work them. Whether they expected me to invest in Loja mines or not I do not know. I observed that, to make mines answer, people ought to have roads (we had been, as it were, climbing ladders for half the last stage); but this was evidently thought an uncandid objection.

Before reaching the venta we had come through a very grand pass (Huerta de Zaforaya) forming a kind of notch in the limestone mountains, and we now went through a basin of hills, almost as grey and bare as lead itself; then we came into a pretty park country of ilex and cork-trees, and then out upon a kind of heath, where we found the "needy knife-grinder" and his party picturesquely arranged at the foot of a murder-cross. They started up at our approach, as if they expected to be taxed with the fact: then they jogged on by different ways, and the woman strode over the heath like a *figlia del regimento*.

A mountain bearing some perpetual snow (the Sierra Tejada) had been in our sight for some time; but now, at a greater distance, appeared the snowy top of the Sierra Nevada of Granada.

At the end of a long moorland ride we came to Alhama, about four o'clock. As you approach, it

appears a large white mass of building, dovetailed into desolate hills which rise gloomily round it: on a nearer view you see that it runs partly round the edges of a steep rift, severing the rock like the Tajo at Ronda, but on a less scale, and giving passage to a lively little stream, shaded in part with trees; a romantic scene to the eye, and made still more so to the mind by recollection of the capture of Alhama in the great war of Granada, and the boldness with which the Spaniards resolved not only to take, but to keep, a town almost in sight of the Moorish capital, while the whole country round was still the enemy's. It is a mean place enough now, with staring, wild-looking inhabitants. Spanish townspeople who do look blackguardly look extremely so, with their round turned-up hats not smartly put on, and their dangling scarecrow cloaks gathered up towards their faces as if to conceal the want of a shirt.

As for the palace of a *posada*, it was a forlorn place indeed. The Handbook speaks of a *casa de los caballeros* (a house that takes in gentlemen) somewhere else in the town, but we could not discover it. The maidservant of the inn, I suppose aware how much it was decried, urged me quite pathetically to look at the room she offered, and with much misgiving I resigned myself to it. The walls were indeed well whited, and the stone floor not dirty: there was a window without glass, opening upon the noisy plaza

when you could disentangle the heavy wooden shutters to let in air; but how different an atmosphere from the cool, or rather cold, night air which breathes upon me here in the Alhambra, fresh from the snowy Sierra, and fragrant from the trees! As for the door, which Portéla reminded me to lock when I went out, it was such a piece of heavy timber as you do not often see in the inside of a house in England. But after all, I supped and slept well enough.

What remained of the evening I passed in looking at the scenery of the Tajo, and at some natural hot baths about a mile and a half from the town. The walk to them is rural and not unpleasant, and they seemed to be respectably managed and pretty numerously attended. One is an old Moorish bath with pointed arches, and lighted from the top, like that which I saw at Buda last year, but smaller.

In the morning I was called before daylight, but did not get out till half past four. The moon was still shining bright, but it was full dawn. In the first hour's journey the road was graced with as many as three murder crosses; the only one that had a date was as old as 1791. We passed over heaths where we met many flocks of sheep: the shepherds dressed in dark brown, the natural colour of the wool; the dogs with strong spiked collars to puzzle the wolves. At the bottom of one long descent (at Cacin) we came to a river scene among groves of trees, quite English,

and were immediately greeted by the nightingale. The Sierra Nevada burst upon us presently with very striking effect; the upper region alone, which appeared all snow, rising suddenly over a dark-green corn-field. It was still a long, long journey to Granada. We made an hour's halt at La Mala, where there are salt-works, and afterwards toiled up a tract of sandy hills which skirt the plain of Granada and screen the city from view. It was at such a screen as this that the poor Moorish king breathed his "ultimo suspiro" (last sigh) when leaving Granada for ever. I have seen that place since from a distance, but it is in a different part of the plain. Nothing, I think, in all my journey have I felt so intolerably sultry as the passage of this sand tract.

At last Granada and its great plain, and its wings of mountain far stretched on each side, did burst upon us: a princely sight. I have seldom seen a town that had so noble a seat; never perhaps an inland town so graced by art and nature. Its compact mass of white building spreads across a slight hollow, the valley of the Darro, and up the sides of two hills, the one that of the Albaycin fortress, the other that of the Alhambra: thus throned, Granada looks over a vast plain, brimful of fertility, all green with crops of grain, flax, and other farm products, and encased in high mountains, almost all of historical fame. A near neighbour to the town is the great Sierra Ne-

vada, near enough, doubtless, to cool its atmosphere, and refreshing to an eye that roves over the country in sultry weather. Its long ridge and two small peaks are covered with an even snow; the snowy tract, broken as it descends, comes down to the shoulder of the hill; and below that are the Alpujarras, a mass of mountain forms, peaks and chasms, which the eye does not easily disentangle. Far off, to the southward, is another snowy beacon, the Sierra Tejada, marking, though not very near, the situation of Alhama: * there are again the Sierra of Loja, the

* It is, however, so much a neighbour to that town that we may well imagine the Moorish king, after its capture by the Spaniards, looking abroad from the Alhambra, and uttering a mournful "Ay de mi Alhama!" as his eye rested upon the Tejada snows.

This "Ay de mi," &c., has become current in a wrong sense since the translation of the ballad 'Paseábase el rey Moro,' by Lord Byron. M. Ochoa (*Tesoro de los Romanceros*, &c., p. 369, Paris, 1838), and Mr. Ford (*Handbook*, Part i., p. 290), point out that the true reading is "Ay de mi Alhama!" Alas for my Alhama!—not "Ay de mí, Alhama!" Woe is me, Alhama! and the former punctuation appears in Duran's comprehensive '*Romancero General*,' vol. ii. p. 90, Madrid, 1851. The Byronian reading has a sighing cadence which would be appropriate to such a sentiment as "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem," &c.; but the ballad represents a king bewailing the loss of his city.

mountains towards Antequera, and, nearer to Granada, the variegated hills of the Duke of Wellington's Soto de Roma, and the three-peaked Sierra de Elvira, where Illiberis formerly stood, the scene of a famous council.

Not till three o'clock did we reach Granada; and then not to rest, but to work. Every hotel was full. It was travelling from inn-door to inn-door, and inquiring, and expostulating, without any result, till I was quite discouraged. I even tried an upstairs "casa de pupilos," where the sign of a fat boy was hung out at the lower floor for a show; but the room offered me there was worse than Vejer or Tarifa; so I gave the word to leave the loaded horse in the town, and that Portéla should ride up with me to try the Alhambra: and this succeeded, as I have already said. I am glad now to be where I am, for, let people say what they may, the real object at Granada is the Alhambra and its belongings, and it is better to be at a distance from anything else than from them.

You go up to the Alhambra through a stone gate leading from one of the outer streets of the town, still called the Street of the Gomeles,* who were a tribe of Moors, and take a steep winding ascent (good carriage-road) through delicious shady avenues of very tall

* "La calle de los Gomeles
Deja atrás y el Alameda;"

* * * *

trees, till you come to another gateway in the Moorish style which leads up to the plateau of the Alhambra. You are here within an enclosure, formerly that of the old palace and fortress, and still closed at ten o'clock at night (but not inexorably, I believe), and comprising the great red towers of the old Alhambra, such at least as are still standing; a vacant inner space, commanding magnificent views; a modern palace begun by Charles V. and never finished; a church, military quarters, private gardens of large extent, houses usually let to temporary tenants and a number of more rubbishy tenements, in one of which I have the pleasure to be: an odd jumble, but delightful to the eye in most of its combinations.

“Y en llegando á un claro arroyo
Vuelve airado la cabeza,
Y a la inespugnable Alhambra
Dice Musa con soberbia,” &c.

Moorish Romance in OCHOA's Tesoro de los Romanceros, &c., p. 418.

“Musa leaves behind the Street of the Gomeles and the Alameda; and, arriving at a clear stream, he angrily turns his head, and in haughty mood speaks to the impregnable Alhambra.”

“Allá en Granada la rica
Instrumentos oi tocar
En la calle de los Gomeles,
A la puerta de Abidbar.”—Ibid. p. 364.

“Yonder, in Granada the rich, I heard instruments of music sounding in the street of the Gomeles, at Abidbar's gate.”

The posada (de San Francisco) where I am, rather a scrambling place I must own, does the business of an hotel, and a good deal also in receiving persons who come up to see the Alhambra, and rejoice in taking their meals in the small garden ; but I have not found any inconvenience from this ; I ought to say rather the contrary ; for yesterday morning I happened, just as I was dressed, to peep out into the balcony of my bedroom, when a very respectable bourgeois and bourgeoisie were taking their breakfast just below, and the man no sooner spied me than he hailed me with the usual sign of requesting me to take a part. I waved a "*mucho bien* aproveche" as well as I could, and backed into my own quarters.

After dinner, on the day of my arrival, I went up to the Torre de la Vela (watch-tower) to see the sun set over the Vega, the great plain I described just now. It is the highest in position of all the Alhambra towers, and was that from which, as an inscription tells, the standard of Castile was first unfurled by the Count of Tendilla and other grandees, in token that the Moors had surrendered Granada. The sunset upon these vast plains, and hills, and snows, and upon the outspread roofs and towers of the city, and the groves that wrap the Alhambra, is a scene not to be described : still less the moonlight which I saw from the same tower, the same evening. The moon was rather past the full, and late ; it illuminated the town partially and slantingly, while

it shed a soft light over the country. Granada was seen partly shining in the moonbeams, and partly sparkling out of shadow with its own lights, which were all alive, for it was the eve of the Corpus Christi, and the whole town holiday-making. In the midst a more than common brightness rose up from the illumination of a square, the Moorish Vivarrambla, celebrated in so many romantic legends. There were many people of both sexes on the Torre de la Vela, merry and idle; some amusing themselves with tolling a bell which is still sounded through great part of the night in continuance of the Moorish custom of ringing to let the landholders know when they might open the sluices to irrigate their several fields.*

On the same night I walked into the town with a valet-de-place, Ximenez (son of the Mateo Ximenez who attended Washington Irving), and went to the Vivarrambla. It was gaily lighted up, and adorned all round with temporary façades, painted with inscriptions and devices; among them, medallions of a satirical kind in rather flat caricature; in the midst a transparent Chinese temple, with little fountains round squirting

* But on this festival-night the sounding of the bell was supposed to have some influence upon the ringer's fortune in matrimony. I was invited, as a visitor, to ring the bell, and to eat some roasted peas or kernels, on which some of the party were regaling.

upon herbage.* The whole place was crowded, principally with country-people, and was a lively and amusing scene; many showy costumes, and many handsome faces.

I forgot to mention that in the earlier part of the same evening, sitting in "mine inn," I heard laughing and the click of castanets, and, going upstairs, I found the landlord and landlady, and all the posse of the house, in the comedór (salle à manger), dancing boleros to the guitar and voice, under the auspices of a goodnatured couple, an Irish gentleman and his wife, who were just giving up their rooms. My hostess was a well-looking woman, seemingly between thirty and forty,

* This exhibition was got up by the "Ayuntamiento Constitucional" of the city. The temple contained an altar dedicated to the Holy Eucharist. The devices and inscriptions were divided into "parte religiosa," and "parte profana;" the "profane" display being, if possible, tamer than the religious. Several of the epigrams turned upon the modern style of female dress; comparing the modish lady to a balloon, and remarking how her train saves trouble to the police by sweeping the streets, &c. The jokes were as old as they were dull; heavy things travel slowly to Granada. The humorous pictures represented tooth-drawing, shaving by steam, and other insipid matters. It was near midnight before I left the Vivarrambla, and it was still crowded. Pickpockets were very active; Granada rang with their exploits.

and did her part with a very good grace, and much like a gentlewoman. It was said to be the rule on this holiday occasion that the lady, after dancing, went round and saluted every gentleman: she did not literally do this, but she got rid of the ceremony well, going to each, and making a little arch modest gesture of passing her arm over you, which was very gracious. Afterwards we had Spanish songs, sung in chorus, or in turn; one taking up the stanza after another.

In the morning (last Thursday) there was the procession of the Corpus Christi. I went with Ximenez to the cathedral, a magnificent building in size and material (chiefly white or whited marble), and in weight of decorations, but modern in style, and not very perfect, I believe, in point of architecture: there the Corpus Christi, about to be carried in procession, was exhibited in a large silver shrine, and the whole place was full of moving groupes.* I got a standing in the Vivarrambla to see the procession. All, or nearly all, the houses behind the temporary façades had balconies decorated with carpets, or silks, or religious inscriptions, and full

* There are inscriptions in the cathedral forbidding those who enter to form groups, walk about in the aisles, or talk with women (*hablar con mujeres*), on pain of being excommunicated, and paying two duros (8s. 4d.). But I suppose these thunders of the Church sleep on a great feast-day.

of people ; but the houses are merely places of trade seemingly not of the first order. The procession was long, but broken, and, I thought, a poor performance, showing anything but a palmy state of ecclesiastical affairs. Few of the clergy looked very dignified, some very much otherwise, and the manner generally was not reverential, nor was there much magnificence in the materials. There were some children in fancy dress, who seemed rather at a loss where to put themselves, particularly a pretty little girl with wings, who seemed quite mislaid. All the people knelt, or lowered themselves, when the Host, in its shrine of silver, passed, and a shower of rose-leaves was thrown from one balcony ; but complete indifference seemed to return the moment after. The Archbishop of Granada was in the procession, an ordinary-looking man, not at all answering to the idea of Gil Blas' famous master. The procession ended with a long array of troops, line and national militia ; among the last some very well-looking men on handsome horses of their own : they were principal persons in Granada, I was told.* In the afternoon I went to the bull-fight, as I have mentioned ;

* From the Vivarrambla the long wavering train dived into the narrow Moorish Zacatin, which was shaded with awnings drawn across from house-top to house-top. It was not easy to imagine how the procession, horse and foot, would struggle through such a defile.

this time the bulls were good, and the men bad ; one matador so awkward or irresolute, or both, that I began to fear some harm would come to him.*

I have pretty well given up the thought of riding across the country to Cordova ; more than one person tells me that there is not enough to repay the labour and expense ; and the diligence journey seems convenient though roundabout. I have called upon the family of Mr. Mark, our Malaga Consul ; and Mr. Riaño, to whom Mr. De Gayangos gave a letter, has been very civil.

I have been once through the interior of the Alhambra, and think of devoting to-morrow morning to it.

The Generalife is a kind of pavilion with gardens, in continuation of the Alhambra. If there could be a Paradise within walls, this must have been it. I enclose some of its myrtle. I can now form a judgment of the Crystal Palace Court of Lions, and must protest that, although a very handsome work, it does not in the least convey to your mind the spirit of the place. †

* It seemed to be a point of honour that, if the matador engaged was in difficulty, no other came forward to undertake the execution ; and the scene grew painful when the champion was for a long time unsuccessful, the bull sturdy, and the impatience of the spectators hardly suppressed.

† Supported by the opinion of a traveller who has

There is a great rush from Granada to-day, the fair being over. Two Madrid gentlemen, father and son, who have been here some days, went this morning. I used to take meals and go about with them, and found them good company. The summer seems now coming upon us in full blaze. I regret we have lost the moon, but console myself with the sunsets and starlight, which are resplendent. One cannot here "doubt that the stars are fire."

NOTE.

Lord Byron's incorrect version of "Ay de mi Alhama" has a precedent in the translation of Mr. Thomas Rodd: *Ancient Ballads*, London, 1803, p. 93; where the rendering is "Alas! alas! Alhama!" Mr. Rodd attracted some notice in the early part of this century as a translator of Spanish romances (and a very lame one he was), and perhaps Lord Byron's fault may lie at his door.

seen much of the East (Hoskins, 'Spain as it is,' vol. i. p. 209, London, 1851), I venture to think that it was a mistake to gild the shafts of the columns.

LETTER XII.

Granada — The Alhambra — Generalife — The dog of the Alhambra — Zubia — Robbery of the malleposte — Tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella — Memorials of King Boabdil — Los Martires — Scenery of Granada — The fair — Gipsies — The Albaycin — School in a rock-cave — Churches — Gonsalvo de Cordova — Calle de las Tablas — Zacatin — Suburb walks — San Nicolas — A politician — Dancing and the castanet — Efforts of government to preserve archives.

Granada, May 26th. Cordova, June 1st.

I HAVE devoted nearly the whole of this morning to a long lounge through the Alhambra,* a place I shall probably never see again, and of which I shall certainly not see the like. But I am not going to visit you with a description of it, though I think I could now lionize you over it very well, if you were here. Like

* It is one of the charms of a residence in the Alhambra, that, when you have once made acquaintance with the doorkeeper of the ancient palace, you can at any time of the day gain admittance, with the liberty of ranging through the enchanted halls, unattended and with little interruption, for as long a time as you desire. A chance party of visitors, a workman, or a laborious artist, are your only disturbers.

Venice, it is the most easy and the most impossible thing to describe : the dead material and the arrangement of objects are very simple and familiar from books and pictures, but the magical effects upon the mind and senses are produced by twenty things which you cannot anticipate nor perhaps well analyze, and certainly cannot carry to the mind of a person at home by any array of words.

It is remarkable that, as you view the crumbled walls, and the huge old red Nineveh-looking towers which encircle the precinct called the Alhambra, nothing leads you to imagine that there is more inside than in Conway Castle or Carnarvon : in this it differs from Heidelberg, where you are not surprised to find rich remnants of the Electoral days. But for my own part, I had very little, if any, notion how the interior beauty of the Alhambra was to break upon me, till, upon knocking at a little mean door adjoining the unfinished palace of Charles V., I was at once admitted to that new ancient world of elegance and luxury which we have all our lives heard so much of. This is truly Oriental ; a mean, strong, forbidding outside ; wealth and beauty within ; and but a step from one to the other. The suddenness of the transition from a strong outside to the very bosom of the establishment is Spanish too. More than once (and here, the other day, at Mr. ——'s), after knocking and ringing at a door which seems meant rather to keep you out than let you

in, I have found myself face to face with some of the family as soon as I entered.* Well they may call out, before they admit you, to know what sort of person you are.

At the Alhambra you at once walk into a beautiful Oriental Court (of the Alberca or fish-pond), with Moorish arches, slender white marble columns, filigreed slabs of white marble, chequered-work of blue, yellow, and brown, inlaid upon white; two stories of Moorish arcades, with a latticed entresol between, all highly decorated; and a long tank of greenish water, in which gold-fish are playing between thick hedges of myrtle. A passage of a step or two, like that from one quadrangle to another in a college, but through such an enriched archway as no college I have ever seen can match, takes you into the Court of the Lions and into the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. The design of this place you know well, the grotesque fountain itself (admirably proportioned and fancied, however, for its place and purpose), and the exquisite porticoes of pillars, single or coupled, slender and white like ladies' arms, supporting canopies which

* Very commonly, after you have pulled the gate-bell, and answered the usual "Quien es?" the door flies open of itself, and a person accosts you from the first floor; that person may be the master of the house or apartments.

would seem too much for them, were not the material fretted into a delicate lacework. But you cannot conceive the spell that falls upon you when you enter one of these courts, from the monumental stillness that seems to wrap you round, increased, rather than broken, by the low murmur of running water, and now and then the whistle of the swallows: add to this the brightness of all the lights, the spacious blue sky, not veiled by any film of cloud, and the perspective on every side of some farther region of elegance and luxury which seems to promise endless beauties. There is a small interior room, open toward the Lions' Court, where a beautiful window of two arches looks into a little quadrangle (the Court of Lindaraxa*), with a fountain and a garden of roses, orange-trees, myrtles, and syringas. As you sit in this window, turning your back to the garden, you look upon the Lions'

* Whoever Lindaraxa was, no lover of Dryden, looking down upon the desolate little flowery solitude which bears her name, can fail to think upon the fantastic, tragi-comical Lyndaraxa of the 'Conquest of Granada,' who jilts with as high a hand as the hero fights, and is the very Almanzor of coquettes. Her death, at the moment of acquiring the crown for which she has betrayed everybody throughout the two parts of the tragedy, is one of Dryden's most brilliant extravagances, and almost touching, in defiance of nature.

Fountain through a perspective of five successive arches, all highly enriched; the Lions' Fountain itself, as I saw it, illuminated by an intense sun, but relieved by a shadowy arch on the farther side of the court, which opens beyond the lions into the Hall of the Abencerrages. Nothing can be imagined more beautiful; and you will easily judge that the Crystal Palace Court, however well executed, could not, even if it were upon the same scale as the original, be more than a plan or model: it cannot have the effect of a repetition.

One great beauty of the Alhambra is the good taste with which advantage is taken of the natural features of the country. Thus, in the Hall of Ambassadors, which is a highly decorated room, with a rich fretted cupola, and walls that amaze you by their profusion of delicate and intricate carving, and Arabic inscription, and elegant inlaid work, there are windows, in deep recesses, affording just the views which an English gentleman of the best judgment in scenery would have been careful to let in; * a grand prospect, above

* It must be admitted that in the poetical inscriptions which decorate the Alhambra and rehearse its praises (so far as they are cited in Mr. Owen Jones's interesting tract on the Alhambra Court), no notice appears to be taken of the external scenery. But probably the Moors, and the cultivated people of other countries too,

the tops of the highest poplars, commanding part of the town and the Sierra de Elvira; a beautiful view of the Albaycin suburb on the opposite side of the river Darro;* and another view up the same river, where it winds out of the hills between clefts, upon part of which the Alhambra stands. In this river prospect you take in one of the lesser towers of the fortress, on the top of which is a beautiful little pavilion, with Moorish windows, and an outer arcade round three sides, called El Tocador de la Reina (the Queen's dressing-room). The point is conspicuous to all the country, and of course commands noble prospects,† and receives three parts of the winds that may blow from heaven. Mr. Ford repels the idea of a Queen or Sultana having dressed herself in such an exposed place; but the windows

before the last century, had a sense of the picturesque without having learnt to talk about it.

* But so near that, in the stillness of the Alhambra, I have heard the sound of a loom from the Albaycin.

† The valley of the Darro; the massive tower of Comares (neighbour to that of the Tocador); the Albaycin; the Sierra Nevada; the Generalife, a white-turreted pavilion-house, forming a long straight line, which is lengthened by a line of cypresses; behind these, bold heights of a ferruginous red colour, wildly scattered with bushes. While the eye wanders over these objects, the ear is soothed by the sound of distant running water; either the flow of the Darro, or that of the conduits bringing water from the snow mountain.

might have hangings, and there was an interior room.* Probably it was a place for the ladies to gossip in and eat sweets when the Sultana fancied taking the air so high.

To jump at once from the top of the Alhambra to the bottom, the Baths, even in their present forlorn and dismantled state, looked luxurious, and their atmosphere was delightfully fresh and cool.† Three of the bathing-places, which are near each other, one might imagine to have been intended for a papa, mamma, and child of six or seven years old; the last about four feet long, the first large enough to swim in.

Now I will not trouble you with more of the interior of the Alhambra (though I spare you volumes), except to say that there is a good deal doing, and seemingly doing well, in the way of restoration and preservation,

* Deference must be paid, however, to the opinion of Lady Louisa Tenison, that the Tocador is in "rather an al fresco situation for such an apartment." (Castile and Andalucia, p. 61.)

† The cupolas have small star-like perforations, contrived so as to let in light without heat.

I had noticed with proper respect the blood-stain on the marble in the Abencerrages' hall, imprinted, as tradition says, when that family was massacred by order of Boabdil. Unfortunately, I could not help observing that in the floor of the baths there is such another stain, which (in the absence of tradition) seems evidently to be a natural hue of the stone.

and that the government, for a government which has not too much money, appears to be performing its duty to the place very laudably. I intruded into what appeared to be an orderly workshop in the Alhambra, where new decorations in marble were being prepared; and Don Manuel de Mendoza, to whom Mr. De Gayangos introduced me, says that all these matters are put under a very competent person. I observed that a number of workmen were employed in securing one of the outward walls: I say employed, but in fact they were all sleeping or smoking in the shade when I came upon them; but I suppose sleep and smoke, as the proverb says of meat and prayer, do not hinder work, in Spain.*

The Moorish pavilion and gardens called the Generalife are on the same line of heights as the Alhambra,

* The place under repair was the Sala de Justicia, celebrated for the antique paintings on the ceilings of its three alcoves. One picture, the tribunal scene, had been temporarily removed, on account of the works. Without adding ignorant conjectures to the many learned ones which have been bestowed upon these curious relics of supposed Moorish art, I will notice one circumstance which struck me in the two pictures that remained, and which I have not seen accounted for, namely, that almost all the figures, the female ones especially, have hair and complexions, not merely fair, but such as would be deemed, even in England, excessively light.

divided from it by a little wild ravine under the ruined walls of the fortress, and stretching farther up the Darro. They are now the villa of a private person, but every one has access, paying a fee.

I must rather qualify what I said about this place in my last letter, after a second view. It is in parts exquisitely beautiful; but in the vicissitudes it has undergone it has become narrowed and defaced to a degree that you cannot well shut your eyes to, however willing. The same, indeed, may be said of some parts of the Alhambra itself. The house has a good deal of decoration in the Alhambra style, and you look from it down a narrow but beautiful little flower-garden, with an avenue of cypresses beyond. The garden itself is a terrace, from which you overlook the fruitful levels of the Vega, and the surrounding mountains that sink down, on the edge of the plain, to the low hill of the Ultimo Suspiro. In the garden itself are four very ancient cypresses, one nearly as tall as the largest poplars I know in England, and with a huge stem which seems peeled and mouldered with age. It marks the scene of a supposed scandalous adventure of a Sultana in the time of the Abencerrages. In the centre is a tank with the usual clear rush of water, led down by channels from the mountains; all round are orange-trees, and roses, and other bright and sweet flowers: and this scene, so soft and fresh, brilliant and shaded, is closed by the snowy, lonesome steep of the Sierra

Nevada, the parent of all the waters which refresh the gardens and the plain. The cypress-walk, which leads from the garden to the public walks of the Alhambra, is itself very pretty. Vines are trained up the tall, naked stems of the cypresses to a height which I never saw equalled except once in Italy, I think in the duchy of Massa. The rigid dark tree and the bright luxuriant creeper make a beautiful contrast: one thinks of Lucy Ashton and the Master of Ravenswood.

The Marks, to whom I have made a second long morning visit, tell me that the Alhambra is frequented by a dog (not a spectre) who distinguishes English people, and attends them over the place and keeps off the beggars, and who belongs to nobody. It is supposed that he has somehow been left here by English people, and recognises the language. I have nearly forgotten Washington Irving's 'Alhambra, by Geoffrey Crayon,' which I never much admired, but I have been reading his 'Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada' with great pleasure: my travels are quite a running commentary upon it.

I rode out yesterday morning (I am now writing on the 28th) to Zubia, about a league off on the Vega,* to see the scene of a very interesting occur-

* It was a sultry, dusty ride over the flat farm country of the Vega. I hired a man and horse for the journey, my own stud having been sent home with the

rence of the siege of Granada, when Queen Isabella brought the ladies of her court to look at the city and the camp, and was ushered with great pomp and gallantry to a station convenient for the show, near a turreted house now called Casa Bevero. There she had, certainly, a fine, sidelong view of the noble city, not three miles off, and the plain spread at its feet, like an arena contrived on purpose for a race or tournament. The Moors, seeing that something more than common was occurring, came out in force and defied the Christians, who had strict orders not to bring on an engagement. One Moor, however, offered so gross an affront that a single combat followed, and

mozo. The man walked, but jumped up behind me when we had a stream to cross. On the way, there came out of one of the hedges a snake, the largest I had ever seen at liberty, of a dull yellow colour, full five feet long, and of about the ordinary thickness of a man's arm. A country fellow was passing, and he and my guide fell upon the unhappy monster so eagerly, and in such good concert, that one might have thought both had been waiting a month for the opportunity. Sticks and clods came to hand as if they had started up of themselves. Virgil's "cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor," could not have been acted more to the life. The reptile was soon despatched. I was told that it was not of a dangerous kind. I cannot say the same of the deep holes excavated in the road by watercourses, which, in an imperfect light, would have been a real and formidable peril.

then a general one. Isabella and her ladies and ecclesiastics found their position alarming, and fell to prayers, which were so far heard that the Moors lost courage and withdrew into the city. The Queen founded a monastery at Zubia, and planted a laurel, it is said, which is still there, in memory of her susto (alarm). The convent has been suppressed, and is occupied by a sturdy John Bull yeoman, who did the honours of the place bluffly and civilly, and would not take money. No more would the proprietor of the Casa Bevero.*

Here I must stop for the present : to-morrow is my ultimo suspiro for Granada. My place and Portéla's are taken for six in the morning, by the Andaluza to La Carolina, a little beyond Baylen where I stop. I was nearly disappointed, for there was a crowd of competitors on the arrival of the diligence from Malaga

* The laurel stands in a garden, once the property of the convent. The Casa Bevero is a substantial house, in which it is said the King and Queen were lodged. The Miradores (outside galleries or arcades) of its tower command a good prospect, and from thence, probably, the royal persons had their view. One or two circumstances which give liveliness to Mr. Irving's narrative are not ventured upon, I observe, by the graver modern historians, Prescott and Lafuente (*Historia General de España*, vol. ix, Madrid, 1852); but I do not doubt that warrant may be found for them in some of the chroniclers.

which corresponds with the coach going by Baylen to Madrid: Mr. Riaño somehow dropped from the clouds in the middle of my difficulty, and, being a friend of the officials, got it arranged that I should take my place to La Carolina, and so have the superiority over persons who only asked to go to Baylen. I am to arrive there late to-morrow evening, and wait for the coach to Cordova. I see the malle-poste on this road has been robbed;* but I think this is in my favour, if there is to be robbing at all, as, after such a great coup as that mentioned in the papers, there will hardly be a second attempt on the same road so soon. Besides, it is one thing to pop at a starveling malle-poste, and another to attack a good portly diligence. However, I cannot stay at Granada till Spain becomes orderly, so off I am.

My story of the Malaga bull-fight goes on improving. Mr. Mark tells me that some persons had made preparations to set the theatre on fire, out of spite to the undertaker of the show: but I can hardly believe in such a monstrous piece of wickedness and absurdity, and I think the word "fuego" may have been uttered with the meaning I mentioned the other day, and have given rise to this story.

* Properly, silla-corréo. The newspaper statement was that it had been attacked in the neighbourhood of La Carolina, and an English gentleman robbed of fifty pounds.

[LETTER XIII.]

Detention at Baylen.

Baylen, May 30th.

You must consider this letter as a parenthesis. I left Granada on Thursday morning and arrived here with Portéla, all well, that night. But the coaches by which I hoped to get on to Cordova are full, and after a blank day here I have been obliged to stay a second night and go on in the old knight-errant style, on horseback. Portéla promises that I shall be at Cordova before the heat of the day on Sunday. I have a letter nearly written which I intend putting in the post there, as I do not like trusting much to the post of out-of-the-way places; if one may say so of a place where the Spaniards beat the French in 1808. At the same time I fear that you may have fancies if you do not hear, and therefore I do all I can by putting this in as I leave the town.]

LETTER XII.—*Continued.*

Baylen, May 30th.

I am here in a *fix* about getting forward, and devote an hour to writing.

Of the sights at Granada, after the Alhambra and Generalife, there is not much to be said. The best, as a work of art, is the white marble tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella, at the chapel of the cathedral called Capilla de los Reyes. It is wrought by an Italian. The two whole-length figures, reclining as in death or sleep, are beautiful, that of the Queen especially; it is so simple and so full of ease and repose, yet with a proper dignity. There is another marble tomb adjoining, on the same scale and in the same style, of Philip of Burgundy (called the Beautiful) and his wife Juana la Loca (the Mad), less interesting, but still a very exquisite work :* and in a vault

* Mr. Ford's description of these monuments (Handbook, Part i. p. 320) is vivid and true. Mr. Stirling imagines that the Ferdinand and Isabella is a Spanish work, but the passage on which he founds the conjecture seems hardly sufficient to bear it out if there be any tolerable amount of proof to the contrary. (Annals of the Artists of Spain, vol. i. p. 130.)

below you see the rough unornamented tombs which actually enclose the bodies of the four persons. There is a curious coloured bas-relief at the Capilla, supposed to be a contemporary work, representing the poor Moorish King Boabdil surrendering the keys of the city to Ferdinand and the Queen. This (or the parting with Boabdil after the surrender) happened at a small building about a mile out of the town, where there was a mosque, afterwards turned into a monastery: the monastery is now I do not know what, but the building exists, and is remembered in connexion with the event. Everything about this poor king seems to be recollected with a sort of tenderness: you are shown the postern gate in the walls (the most remote from the city) where he and his family stole out of the Alhambra when the surrender had been finally agreed upon, and from which he went to deliver the keys: it was walled up, they say, at his entreaty, that no one else might ever pass through it, and is now a ruinous out-of-the-way place,* but some endeavours have been made to clear it, and show the arched underground passage by which the King withdrew. His ultimo suspiro completes the memorials of that doleful day.

Tell Mr. De M—— that I visited a place which he

* Ximenez alleged that his father had had the principal merit in disinterring this relic.

recommended as a point of view, Los Martires. A M. Calderon of Madrid, but a native of Granada, a wealthy banker, is building a fine modern house there, and laying out grounds with a great deal of taste, though not unexceptionably. The land was bought for a trifle, but the outlay upon it must be very great; it commands noble prospects, and is itself one of the conspicuous features of Granada in the approach over the plain. I am glad that a moneyed man has such an opinion of the stability of things, and probability of their improving, as to go on with such an investment. The grounds are backed by a wild iron-red ridge of hill, with a commanding rocky point called the Silla del Moro (seat of the Moor) on the top of it, from which you have more extensive views than from the Martires, and a good peep into the depths of the Alpujarras under the Sierra Nevada.

Talking of this mountain, I may mention that, after the 26th and 27th, which I am told were as hot as any days they had here last summer, I thought I could distinctly see a rubbing off of the snow in some parts of the highest region, like spots coming in a planet. The effect of the heat was shown too by little clouds steaming up from the summits, and by the briskness of the rivers in the town, which come fresh from the melting snows. For an alpine region the Sierra is an inferior one, but the combination of its eternal frost with the other scenery of Granada is, as far I know, match-

less. There is a handsome modern street, or esplanade rather, where the principal town hotels stand, and a kind of mall runs down, by the river Darro, to a stately church, and to the bridge and shady alameda of the other river, Xenil, the Kensington Garden of Granada. Immediately behind, and as it were close upon, this fine town scenery, the whole snowy region spreads out, descending to the Alpujarras, which lie tumbled and tossed at its feet, without any apparent interval between them and the groves of the Xenil.

In these walks by the Xenil the fair was held on the three days after the Corpus. The Granada fair is an institution of quite late times, and is said to prosper very well. I went there one day, and saw endless lines of horses, mules, and donkeys for sale, a great many knowing Andalusian figures, with a mixture of hempen-saddled Manchegans (I believe) and white-kilted Valencians, and the sprinkling of gipsies usual wherever horse-dealing upon a minor scale is going on. I did not see any particularly charming females among them, but their mixture of coquetry and beggary was amusing as usual. As an instance of the first, most of the women, however "wild in their attire" in other respects, had smart open-worked stockings. The fair in general did not seem to me very different from others. I walked there once in the evening; there was a great crowd, chiefly of the upper classes, and the

younger Mr. G——* said he had seen a great deal of beauty. I was rather less lucky, but it was very well. There were lighted booths in the evening for toys and trinkets, but not numerous nor very gay. I remarked that there were no sports of any kind: no roundabouts, jugglers, or gamblers, not even guitars, except make-believe ones, which were sold for children. (I saw a little boy as I went to Zubia putting his to a rational use by ladling water with it.) It was said that the authorities would not allow sports and pastimes, on account of their taking up space.

I should mention, à propos to gipsies, that upon the urgency of my valet-de-place Ximenez, who was a good person on the whole, but always ready to promote some job for his townsmen, we had in an eminent gipsy guitar-player one evening, who brushed and rattled the instrument with great execution much in the style of the gipsies of Presburg and Pest,† and sang in the same

* One of the Madrid gentlemen who were my fellow guests at the San Francisco, as mentioned in page 172.

† Their music reminded me of the expression in Kane O'Hara's 'Midas,' which till I heard the gipsies I had always taken to be merely one of the droll jingles in which that great master, or rather tyrant, of rhyme indulges himself:—

“In these greasy old tatters
His charms brighter shine,
Then *his guitar he clatters*
With tinkling divine.”

These

taste. I did not take much delight in it, but I had an aversion to the man's face and manner, and his complexion and features seemed to me more African than Asiatic.

There is a large colony of gipsies at the Albaycin. I have hardly mentioned this suburb of Granada before. It spreads up the opposite bank of the Darro. Supposing the Alhambra to be a ship with her stern to the Great Sierra and her head to the town of Granada, the Albaycin is a ship of inferior rate lying alongside. It was, however, an important stronghold, and a rival to the Alhambra, in time of civil wars between the Moors. It is still covered with houses, though of an inferior class, many of them having traces of Moorish architecture and decoration. The rock on which it stands is very easily perforated, and at the extremity of the Albaycin town you see, among bushes, aloes, and prickly pears, the mouths of a great number of caves; some few of them are simply holes in the rock; others, improved with masonry, are inhabited as houses, chiefly by the gipsies, not however as chance settlers; the property is the Queen's, and they pay from four to ten reals (say one shilling to half-a-crown) a year. I peeped into a few of these; in one an old woman, not a gipsy, was keeping a school of little girls, about thirteen or fourteen in number, learning needlework. The place

These gipsy minstrels, however, wear gentlemanly suits of clothes, and no tatters.