









SPAIN.





DEFILE OF DESPEÑADEROS IN THE SIERRA MORENA (page 358).

Frontispiece.

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SPAIN

BY

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THE NORIA.

SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

From Perpignan to Figueras—The night watchmen—The irrigation wheel—From Gerona to Barcelona—The capital of Catalonia—The churches—The beggars—A Spanish cemetery—The Rambla—The ancient prisons of the Inquisition—The Convent of Montserrat—Tarragona—Spanish brigands—The diligence—The *galera*, and other vehicles—The *mayoral*, the *zagal* and the *debantero*—Reus and Poblet—Tortosa—Vinaroz and the Duc de Vendôme—The *algarrobos*—Benicarlo, how the wine of Bordeaux was made a century ago—Ancient Saguntum—Murviedro and its theatre.

My old friend Doré had been talking to me for a long time of his desire to visit Spain. At first it was only a vague project negligently thrown out between the whiffs of a cigar; but it soon became a fixed idea, one of those dreams that leave no rest to the mind until they are realised. I never saw him at any time but he put the question, "When shall we set out for Spain?"

"My dear friend," I replied, "you forget that twenty times already, if I remember rightly, I have traversed the classic land of the castanet and bolero."

"All the more reason," he said; "seeing that you know Spain so well, there should be no further cause for delay." I own I could raise no objection to his forcible pleading, and our departure was speedily resolved upon. Is it not one of the greatest pleasures of a journey to revisit familiar scenes in the company of an excellent and sympathetic friend?

Some days later we took our tickets for Perpignan, where we arrived on the following

evening. In the same way as Bayonne is half-Basque, Perpignan is semi-Catalonian; the popular dialect is almost the same as that spoken in Catalonia. Our conveyance, which started next day, had nothing Spanish in its appearance: a common-looking driver, crowned with a vulgar cap, took the place of the *mayoral* in famous Andalusian costume. Instead of the ten or twelve handsomely caparisoned mules, we had six strong horses, with which we made an unpretentious start. Our path lay along a road hedged



THE COL DE PERTUS; THE CORK-TREES.

in with aloes, whose sharp leaves stood up like a bristling array of poniards; and being in the most southern latitude of France, we could already descry the snowy summits of Canigou rising above a vast horizon of blue and rose-coloured mountains. Soon we left the plain, and passing through the little village of Boulou, entered the defile of Pertus. Here, as our vehicle made its slow and tortuous way up the stony steeps, we were enabled to proceed on foot, and found leisure to sketch one or two gigantic specimens of the cork-tree, which twines its noble branches into a covering for the mountain sides. The trunk, before it is denuded of its bark, is as rough as an un-hewn rock, but when stripped it has a bright rose tint, as if bleeding from its wounds. The picturesque ruins which border the pass, with their charming contrasts of light and shade, also afforded excellent subjects for the pencil. These old towers and strongholds have stood unmoved on their rocky foundations, the grim witnesses of many a conflict. The Col de

Pertus has always been the natural passage across the eastern extremity of the chain of the Pyrenees. Pompey and Cæsar passed through, and Iberia became a Roman province. Many centuries later the Goths made their way through this defile, and established themselves in the land in place of the Romans. They in their turn were driven out by the Arabs; the latter entered France through the Col de Pertus, and their progress was only arrested by Charles Martel. Louis XIV., in order to secure the possession of the province

built the castle of Bellegarde, whose towers we could just see crowning a high peak, whence it overlooks and commands the approach.

Junquera is the first village at which we stopped after crossing the frontier. Here our passports were adorned with new signatures, and a delay of two hours enabled us to make the acquaintance of the Custom-house officers, who only differed from our own in their dress, and in the more startling name of *carabineros*. To do justice to the zeal of these functionaries, they overhauled our luggage most conscientiously, turned everything upside down, and, in the trouble they caused, gave us the full benefit of their official power. We were now in Spain, or more correctly Catalonia, for many of the Catalonians hardly consider themselves Spanish. They speak a peculiar dialect, which bears a striking resemblance to the *Limousine* language of the Middle Ages; this dialect has not only its grammar and its dictionaries, but a literature of its own. The Catalonians are accounted the most thrifty and industrious people in Spain. Their industry has indeed become proverbial; thus in some provinces the common phrase for going to shop or market is, "Go to the Catalonians." Another proverb says,



THE CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICERS OF JUNQUERA.

"Dicen que los Catalanes
De las piedras sacan panes."

"If you give stones to the Catalonian he will extract bread from them."

After passing through Junquera the country resembles a forest of olives, forming large greyish masses; soon we arrive at Figueras, one of the strongest towns in Spain. Gerona, through which we also made our way, is equally well defended, and has survived many a desperate siege; it is a quaint old town, and historically most interesting. Often in traversing its narrow and tortuous streets one notices the fronts of the old houses covered with the most grotesque sculptures of the Middle Ages. The cathedral stands upon a height which overlooks the town, and is reached by a handsome staircase of one hundred steps. The principal doorway, named *Puerta de los Apóstoles*, is ornamented with rare terra-cotta statues representing the apostles, and it bears the date 1458.

Towards midnight, in one of the dark streets of Gerona, we heard for the first time the melancholy voices of the *serenos*; these guardians of the night, wrapped in their stone-coloured mantles, and with their lanterns dangling from the end of a pole, carried one back to the heart of the Middle Ages. Not content with watching over the sleeping townsmen, they, in a manner peculiar to themselves, announce the passing hours, and as the nights in Spain are usually calm, the watchmen have naturally received the name *serenos*. These men remind one of the *Nachtwachters* of Amsterdam, who parade the streets armed with a sabre and a staff, and cry the hours to the inharmonious accompaniment of a wooden rattle. The *serenos*, devoid of this instrument, herald the hours with a sort of chant full of originality; sometimes they lead off with a few words to the praise of God, *Alabado sea Dios!* or *Ave Maria purísima!* This last form is more especially used in

Andalusia, where the Virgin is the object of veneration under the name *Santísima*. Before commencing their nocturnal promenade they generally meet at the town-hall, from which they disperse to their wards. These watchmen render many and varied services to the townsfolk; they not only see that the doors of the houses are properly secured, but in cases of extremity they fetch the monthly nurse, doctor, or priest; at times they are charged with missions of a more profane order, and lost strangers find in them trusty friends. One

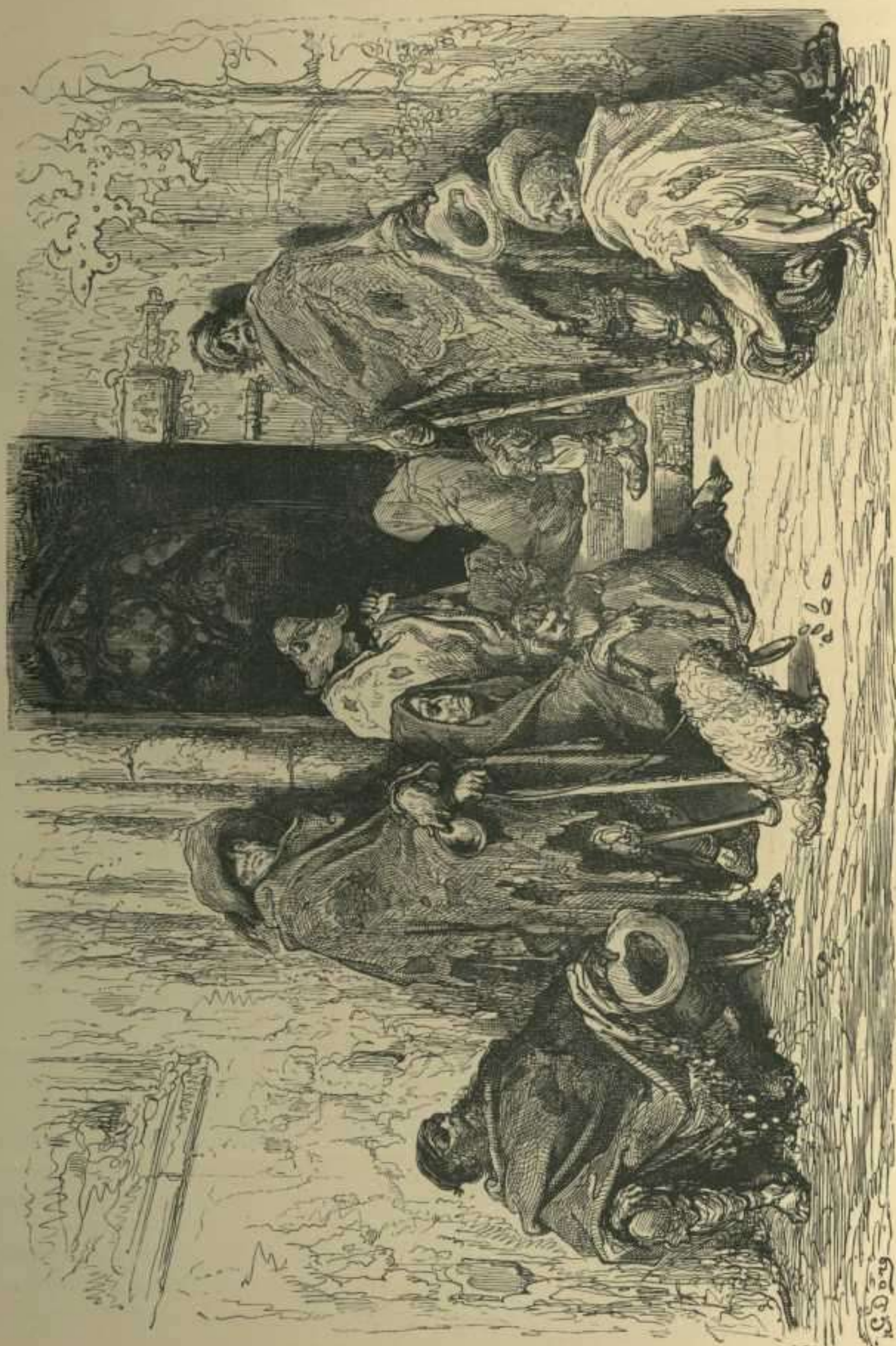


COL DE PERTUS (CHATEAU DE BELLEGARDE).

night, losing our way in a labyrinth of streets, we came across a brave *sereno*, who recounted to us his many troubles. He was, above all, afraid of losing his post, as situations of this dignified order were much coveted by his countrymen. Having taken leave of our communicative friend, we retraced our steps to the station, and took our places for Barcelona.

We had already made our way so far along a detestable road, when our progress was stopped by a sudden rise in the torrent *del Manol*, which is usually passed by a ford, and we were obliged to wait until the water had subsided. Happily day began to dawn, and profiting by our forced delay, we set out to explore the environs. The vegetation was magnificent, thanks to the *noria* so common in this region.

The *noria*, the *an-naoûra* of the Arabs, is a machine of primitive simplicity, used to raise water for the purposes of irrigation. The water is collected in tanks several yards deep, lined with mortar. A circular cord like an endless chain descends into the tank; to this cord terra-cotta buckets are attached at regular intervals. Each bucket is made to hold six or eight quarts of water. An immense wooden wheel, turning horizontally on its axis, communicates its motion to a vertical wheel, over which the endless chain of buckets has been passed. The buckets when descending are filled in the tank, and when ascending are emptied into a reservoir placed on a higher level, which communicates with a network of canals cut through the fields requiring



BEGGARS IN THE CLOISTER OF THE CATHEDRAL OF BARCELONA.

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irrigation. These buckets are so arranged that four or five discharge their contents while an equal number are filling. The motive power which drives this curious machine is usually supplied by some poor superannuated horse. Often a tawny child, clad in rags or else entirely nude, directs this jaded brute; sometimes the child is required for other work, when an ingenious piece of mechanism is brought into play: it consists of a long stick so arranged that it comes down with fearfully persuasive force upon the jaded animal whenever it stops, leaving the horse but little inducement to prolong its rest. It is said that a single *noria* will irrigate land sufficient to maintain an entire family.

In a neighbouring village not far from the scene of our accident we made the acquaintance of a country priest, an excellent man, who had a joyous and prosperous appearance. It was Sunday, and he was strolling along peacefully, smoking in the society of several of his parishioners on the *Plaza de la constitucion*; in Spain no town or village is without its *Plaza de la constitucion*. In France people would be very much surprised to encounter a priest smoking in public; here no one pays the slightest attention. We once even saw a priest light his cigar at the censer in the sacristy.

The railway to Barcelona follows the seashore: the journey is most agreeable, recalling the route from Naples to Castellamare. On the left the sea, blue as a sapphire, was dotted with fishing craft, whose long lateen sails were spread out to the morning breeze, white and smooth as the wings of a seagull; on the right, the vast plain was mantled with the dark foliage of the orange and other fruit trees. We passed through about twenty villages and towns, of which the most industrious is Mataró, celebrated for its glass factories. On each side the road was bordered with cactus, forming a fence that is strong and at the same time picturesque.

The railway is only slightly above sea-level: thus during high tides the rails seem to be submerged. When the sea has risen it produces a singular perspective effect, which we noticed when one day sailing in a boat off the coast near Barcelona; the train appeared to be running through the water just in the same way as when, sailing on the Dutch coast, the land disappears and the trees and dwellings of the Hollanders seem to rise up out of the sea.

Barcelona, as we approached, was bathed in bright sunlight. "Barcelona," says Cervantes, "is the home of courtesy, asylum of strangers, shelter of the poor, land of the brave, refuge of offenders; the common centre of all that is sincere in friendship; a city unequalled for situation and beauty." It stands at the foot of Mont-Juich—the mountain of the Jews—an immense rock, whose summit, bristling with fortifications, rises above a forest of Gothic spires. Cervantes said truly that Barcelona was during the Middle Ages, and in his own time, one of the most flourishing cities and frequented ports in the Mediterranean, equal to Venice, Genoa, or Pisa, with which places it held intimate trading relations. During the fifteenth century it was celebrated for its sculpture, and its early masterpieces are still admired; it had also a well-merited reputation for the beauty of its work in bronze and iron. Barcelona boasted a numerous corporation of *rejeros*, the artists who forged and cut the marvellous iron gates of the churches and cloisters, which are so finely wrought that they have been compared to microscopic filigree-work.

The capital of Catalonia, the first industrial city in the Peninsula, has lost nothing of its commercial activity, and its port is still as animated as in the days of the valiant Don Quixote and his faithful attendant. Steamers have now however replaced the galleys which the brave Sancho mistook for monsters ploughing their way with a hundred

crimson feet across the water. He would have died of panic-fear had he beheld the great steamships of the Mediterranean calmly advancing against wind and waves.

Barcelona nowadays resembles Marseilles; it presents nearly the same activity, the same mixture of diverse nationalities, and the same absence of any distinctive type. The *mantilla* is rarely seen, and it is in vain we have tried to discover the least trace of the "*Andalouse au teint bruni*" of Alfred de Musset. Even in Andalusia they become rarer every day, and Doré never lost an opportunity of studying those we came across, for a day will come when railways, forming a network over Spain, will cause them to disappear.

Some of the old parts of the town still retain their original features, such as the *Calle de la Plateria*—street of the goldsmiths. Most Spanish towns have their *Calle de la Plateria*, where one can study the gold and silver work, which forms an important feature in the costume of the people. The shops display an attractive array of gold and silver ornaments, coarse and heavy in workmanship, but whose angular designs have a charming originality. There are earrings so ponderous that they require to be partly suspended by strong thread; rings with red and green stones, and all sorts of ex-voto; figures also of the Madonna de Monserrat, held in great veneration by the Catalonians. All this jewelry is designed for the use of the peasantry. Side by side with these are the jewels *al estilo de Paris*, for people who pride themselves on following the Parisian fashions.

The Cathedral of Barcelona, called the *Seu* (pronounced *Séou*), from the Latin *sedes*, while outwardly unattractive, has at the same time a most imposing interior. Beneath the choir, tapers are kept constantly burning in honour of the patron saint of the city.

"Esta es la Eulalia, la de Barcelona,
De la rica ciudad la rica joya!"

"It is Saint Eulalia," says the popular refrain, "that of Barcelona, rich jewel of a rich city."

The organ pipes, in place of standing upright, as in our churches, are ranged horizontally, and resemble the pointed cannons of some infernal machine. The base supporting them is terminated with a huge Saracen's head, wearing a long red beard which looks as if it had been dipped in blood. This singular ornament, the symbol of the deep-rooted hatred which the Spaniards felt for their Moorish foes, is frequently met with in Spain.

The cloister adjoining the church contains a number of chapels shut off by the beautiful iron *rejās* of which we have already spoken. It is impossible to find anywhere more carefully finished and patiently elaborated work; happily the *rejeros* who executed these masterpieces have left us their names. In the centre of the cloister there is a charming fountain shaded by orange-trees. Here we felt as if transported to the midst of a scene in the Middle Ages; and to complete the illusion this cloister is a sort of *Cour des Miracles*, where is found a motley crew of importunate whining vagrants, who, although now almost unknown with us, still flourish in some parts of the Peninsula. There is indeed hardly any civilised country, unless it be Italy, where one sees mendicity establish itself in broad daylight, and with less ceremony than in Spain. Full of dignity, one might almost say pride, the Spanish beggar wraps himself in the remains of his mantle, and is seen armed with an immense stick, used to drive off the dogs, which by instinct are hostile to men of his type. Shrouded in his rags, he philosophically carries on his



A BURIAL AT BARCELONA.

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profession or his art—which you please—as his highest ambition is to be accounted an accomplished mendicant. A modern Spanish author who has paid special attention to this subject assures us that in many families the profession becomes hereditary; the children religiously observe the precepts of those who have grown old in the arts of mendicancy, and are not slow to profit by the hard-won experience of their teachers. Thus the veteran knows full well how to portion out his time and lay his plans for each day's campaign, so that by appearing in a certain place at a time carefully determined beforehand, his tatters, tricks, and misery will meet with their fullest reward.

After the churches we visited the cemetery, where the path lies through long parallel alleys hedged in on each side by high walls pierced with a multitude of compartments, one above the other, at regular intervals, not unlike the niches of a Roman *columbarium*, or pigeon-house; each one of these compartments is destined for the reception of a corpse, enclosed in a coffin, and when an interment has been effected, masons are employed to wall up the opening with bricks and mortar. This city of the dead contains many streets, which form a singular perspective. The sepulchres of the rich are closed with slabs of white marble, adorned with bas-reliefs and inscribed with the names of the defunct. When an interment takes place, the parents and friends of the deceased repair to the cemetery to lend their aid in placing the coffin in its niche. We were witnesses of a scene of this kind; the masons had just placed the large and heavy ladder by means of which they were enabled to reach an elevated opening in the wall. A *sepulturero* approached, bearing a child's coffin decked with artificial flowers; then followed a group of mourners, who halted at the foot of the ladder, in vain attempting to console the poor mother, who burst into an agony of grief as she caught the last glimpse of the coffin passing out of sight. Leaving this sad scene, we were led to an apartment where the bodies of the dead are required to rest for twenty-four hours before interment, in order to make certain that life is extinct. Here a precaution is used which seemed strange to us: a cord fastened to the arm of the corpse is attached to a bell, in such a way that the least motion sounds an alarm and summons the guard, who watches day and night in this waiting-room of the dead. The attendant assured us that never in the memory of man had they heard the sound of the bell.

The Rambla is the great promenade, the Boulevard des Italiens of Barcelona; where one can form some notion of the Catalonians of all classes, from the *señora* covered with satin and lace, to the simple fisherman in a red cap and with his jacket carelessly thrown over his shoulder, or the Catalonian exquisite strutting daintily along, the slave of capricious fashion. Not far from the Rambla rises the Palace of Justice, a charming structure of the fifteenth century; the *patio*, or inner court, is shaded by orange-trees, whose topmost branches reach nearly to the roof of the edifice. Under a covered gallery are ranged a number of tables for the use of the lawyers, who there give their professional advice in public.

The ancient prison of the Inquisition may still be seen in Barcelona; it is a massive gloomy building, pierced with a number of narrow windows. There the terrible tribunal sat in all its splendour. We were shown the *Prado de San Sebastian*, beyond the walls of the town, the site of the *Quemadero*, where heretics were consumed by fire for the good of the faith. Never was edifice more purely in harmony with its design, and the famous Torquemada, the model inquisitor, the great burner of heretics, ought to have found it to his taste.

Before bidding adieu to Barcelona we visited the convent of Monserrat, where the

Virgin, held in great veneration by the Catalonians, is supposed to work innumerable miracles. This convent is built on a peak more than a thousand feet in height, and not far off rises a group of conical mountains, whose jagged summits remind one of the teeth of a saw, which accounts for the name Monserrat. Since the suppression of the Spanish convents, more than thirty years ago, that of Monserrat has lost much of its ancient splendour; nevertheless the view from the terrace of the convent amply repays a visit. In the distance there is a bright blue line of sea which borders one of the grandest panoramas of the Pyrenees.

Tarragona, nearly the same distance from Barcelona, but to the south, is a small city, which we reached by sea in a few hours. During the Roman period it was the most important city of the Peninsula, when its population is said to have been about a million. Tarragona as it now stands is almost entirely built out of the ruins of the Roman city; at each step one stumbles on some fragment of ancient bas-relief. The cathedral is one of the oldest in Spain, and in its cloister we noticed a remarkable arch of horse-shoe shape, whose finely sculptured ornaments and inscriptions date from the tenth century. In spite of the early fame of the city and its environs, the only trace we could discover of its great works was an ancient aqueduct in partial preservation, and the ruins of a tomb near the sea, to which tradition has given the name *Torre de los Escipiones*.

At the time of our first visit to Spain the railway from Barcelona to Valencia, now many years completed, was hardly commenced. Taking our place in the coach, drawn by a team of six mules, a hailstorm of blows with the whip gave the signal for departure. The heavy machine unexpectedly kept on its wheels, notwithstanding the violent jerks and plunging motion to which it was subjected along the rough road, and night was falling as we lost sight of the ancient capital of Catalonia.

The route from Catalonia to Valencia enjoyed an unenviable fame for brigandage. If we can credit travellers' tales no one ever set out without preparing for some adventure, and those who lived to return, if they had not been actually attacked, had barely escaped, and could tell at least one tale of mysterious Spaniards, wrapped alike in their mantles and the gloom of night, or disappearing suddenly, on some deed of darkness bent, with their uplifted swords or daggers gleaming in the pale moonlight. These were the good old times, when the coaches were regularly stopped, and no one ever settled in his seat without having his ransom ready at hand. The brigand's profession was then a lucrative one, carried on in broad daylight, and each highway was scoured by its own peculiar band, who regarded it as private property. It is even said that the *cosarios*—drivers—were in league with the bandits, and agreed with them to share their booty, or rather the coachman paid a regular blackmail, which was contributed by the passengers; and curiously enough the members of the band always knew when and where to receive this tribute. Sometimes the chief of a band, having earned a competency by the exercise of his noble profession, would settle down to an uneventful life of simple respectability, but before abandoning the king's highway he was careful to sell the goodwill of his business to some enterprising successor, who probably inspected the accounts, and was fully instructed in the secrets of the profession.

In spite of these attractive stories, alas! we have never seen, far or near, the figure of a single brigand, although we have frequently traversed the roads and rocky defiles recommended as the most likely and dangerous. For example, on the road from Gerona to Figueras, where the coach stopped on the evening of our journey in May 1872, we had not the good fortune to encounter a single armed adventurer, which is much to be regretted, as we had nothing to lose, and a few words from the lips of a living bandit would have greatly



PRISON OF THE INQUISITION AT BARCELONA.

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enlivened our narrative. At times we did meet men wearing a fierce and defiant expression of countenance, and armed with nothing more formidable than a blunderbuss; but in passing, instead of demanding our purse or our life, they greeted us with the traditional salutation, "*Vayan ustedes con Dios,*" God be with you!

But everything has improved in this age of progress; they have found the means of stopping the railway trains in this the year of grace 1872, as actually happened near Sierra-Morena hardly more than twelve months ago.

We had already passed through the country watered by the Llobregat (*Rubricatus*), a name appropriate to this red muddy stream. Our rumbling vehicle raised clouds of white dust, but it hardly reached us, as we had taken our seats on the box, where we were enabled to study at leisure all the arrangements of a Spanish coach. It was well for us that its body was strongly braced with iron, in a manner calculated to resist the roughest shocks. The interior differs but slightly from our diligence; there are two compartments, separated by a partition fitted with a shutter, which may be opened or closed at pleasure, while Venetian blinds afford protection against the heat. The horses or mules, numbering from six to fourteen, are clipped, so as to leave the upper half of the coat intact, and are harnessed in pairs. Coaching is very costly in Spain; we had frequently to pay at the rate of two *pesetas* a mile, that is to say nearly five times the cost of a first-class railway fare. Baggage is charged at the same exorbitant rates, and the traveller is only allowed to carry a nominal weight free. Mr. Barringer, United States Minister, stated in a report to his Government that about fifteen years ago he had to pay three hundred *duros*—more than fifteen hundred francs—for the transport of a carriage from Cadiz to Madrid, which had only cost fifty *duros* from New York to Cadiz. The attendants of the diligence are invariably made up of the *mayoral*, the *zagal*, and the *delantero*. The common type of *mayoral* is a big man with a broad florid face, encased in chop-cut whiskers; his head is protected by a silk kerchief knotted behind, and topped by a *sombrero calañés*, an Andalusian hat with upturned brim, and decked with two tufts of black silk. He wears the *marsille*, a short jacket embroidered and tagged at the elbows with pieces of red and green cloth and a great embroidered pot of flowers, which spread their charms over the middle of the back. The pantaloons, descending a little below the knees, are edged with velvet or sheepskin *calzon de pellejo*, while his feet are encased in white shoes covered with a sort of buskin or leathern gaiter, which leaves the calf half exposed.

The *mayoral* is a most important personage, and knowing this, he abuses his power by tyrannising not only over his subordinates, but over the unfortunate traveller as well.

Here is a short dialogue jotted down on the spot by a Spaniard between a *mayoral* and a traveller.

"*Mayoral*, will you have the goodness to listen to me for an instant?"

"What's the matter?"

"*Hombre!* I wish to leave with this coach; if there is no room inside may I have a seat on the box?"

"Impossible!"

"Consider, *mayoral*. Do not leave me thus in the lurch; could I not at least sit under the tilt?"

"We shall see."

"How much will that cost?"

"The inside fare."

It is said that the name *zagal* was derived from an Arabic word which signifies agile, or quick. Indeed the work of the *zagal* is of the most active description: half his time at least is spent in running by the side of the mules, and in urging them on; at times he leaps from the first to the last mule, distributing to each in turn a blow with his stick. Sometimes he darts off in advance in order to discharge a store of small pebbles, which he adroitly shoots into the ears of the most sluggish mules. These missiles rarely miss their mark, and the mules, electrified and tickled by the unwelcome projectiles, kick vigorously right and left; there is then a jumble of legs tangled in the traces, and the spirited *zagal*, to restore order, begins anew a distribution of the pebbles, and succeeds as if by a miracle.

It is wonderful how the Spanish mules survive the blows with which they are overwhelmed. If they had only to bear the brunt of the *zagal's* blows it would not matter, but the established usage of the country secures to them a large additional supply, and no one armed with a stick fails to contribute his share. The *zagal* wears a light and simple costume: a kerchief tied round the head, a coloured shirt, cotton velvet pants, a striped waistband, and sandals of spun flax. This functionary is always furnished with a supple stick, stuck in his waistband and carried behind his back; like the wand of a harlequin, the badge of his profession.

The *delantero*, or postillion, is thus named because he rides in front on the leading near-side mule. He rejoices in the cognomen of "the condemned," as his toil is incessant. Formerly he spent forty-eight hours in the saddle, and at times more; from Madrid to Bayonne the *delantero* was not relieved a single time during the long journey. He usually wears a cap of lambskin, which imparts a most savage expression to his bronzed face. The staff of attendants was formerly considered incomplete without the *escopeteros*, a name given to two gendarmes charged with the protection of the travellers in case of attack, and who, seated on the top of the coach, commanded the route.

Throughout the entire journey the *mayoral* and *zagal* kept shouting to the mules, addressing them each by name, sometimes in friendly, sometimes in threatening tones, according to circumstances, in this style: "Colonel, on arriving I will make me a cap of your skin." Night did not stop the discordant sounds, and even when the *mayoral* had succumbed to sleep one heard him murmuring: "*Capitanaaaa . . . comisarioooo . . . raa . . . puliaaaa . . . bandolero . . . arre carboneraaaa*," &c., until he was quite overcome, when he was ably supported by the *zagal*.

The diligence offers the most aristocratic mode of travelling, as it is only found on the king's highways. More correctly, its journeys have become extremely select, for since railways have furrowed Spain, this superannuated vehicle has almost entirely disappeared. Besides the inconvenience we have pointed out, there is the constant danger of the coach upsetting; at such times the *mayoral* escapes by paying a fine of about sixty francs. Twice we were upset without suffering any serious inconvenience; but passengers are not always so fortunate. When travelling from Barcelona to Valencia we passed a frightful ravine, into which a diligence had been precipitated, carrying in its fall both travellers and horses.

There is a mail-coach, which travels faster, and only carries one or two passengers, a badly suspended vehicle; also the *coche de colleras*, a small diligence, only covering about thirteen miles a day. Next in order is the *galera*, and never was instrument of torture more deserving of its name. Imagine a very long cart on four wheels, the bottom made up of a strong network of ropes, which, curving downwards, nearly touches the



AN ACCIDENT.

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ground. Into this airy receptacle are placed pell-mell both merchandise and travellers—one ought rather to name the latter the condemned. The top of this waggon consists of a series of parallel hoops covered with canvas. The interior of the *galera* is a pure chaos, where the unfortunate travellers are compelled to struggle with the baggage which keeps falling on them, and to which the *mayoral* gives the preference, as he is responsible for its safety. As to the travellers, should they at their journey's end find their ribs broken, it is their own affair. We once ventured into a *galera*, but did not remain long in the vehicle, preferring rather to travel on foot, as it only makes about seven or eight miles a day.

While we are on the highway we must not omit to say something about the *peones camineros*; this startling name simply denotes the men in charge of the road. The ordinary peons have a brass plate fixed to their hat as an official badge. Besides pickaxe and spade, they carry a short flint musket, which is supposed to secure for them the respect of the *rateros*, or the sneaking robbers said to frequent almost every road in the country; these *rateros* are many of them apprentice bandits. The Spanish road-mender spends his entire leisure in smoking, and is careful to labour as little as he possibly can. Who is the traveller who has not seen him slowly transport his small wicker basket (the wheelbarrow being unknown) of earth or pebbles, and, arrived at the end of his journey, carefully deposit its fearfully inadequate contents in some yawning rut, which he at times succeeds in filling up?

We need say nothing more of the country between Barcelona and Tarragona than that it is one of the most populous districts in Spain.

Villa Franca de Panades and Torredembara are two little towns with whitewashed houses, of which we caught a glimpse. On the occasion of a second visit to Tarragona we profited by a branch railway, which conveyed us in half an hour to Reus, the home of General Prim, and of the celebrated painter Fortuny. Not far from Reus, standing in a rich valley called La Conca, there is the famous convent of Poblet of the order of Cîteaux, in ancient times the St. Denis of Aragon. They say that the convent derived its name from that of a hermit who lived on the spot at the time when the country was under the dominion of the Arabs.

One day an Emir, when hunting, met Poblet, and ordered him to be cast into prison; but soon angels descended from heaven and broke his chains. The Emir, struck with the miracle, not only granted the recluse his liberty, but overwhelmed him with riches. Sooner or later, according to the legend, the convent was raised over the hermit's tomb; but it is now almost abandoned, and this is all the more to be regretted, as the architecture is excellent, and the sculpture marvellously elaborate.

After leaving Tarragona the winding and not unpicturesque road soon brought us to Tortosa, whose waters are yellow and muddy, like those of the Tagus or Guadalquivir.

Tortosa is an interesting town: its cathedral, one of the oldest in Spain, was built on the foundation of a mosque, and one may still see an ancient inscription which points to the time when Tortosa was the capital of a small Arab kingdom. The sacristan who accompanied us seemed proud to show the marvellous relic of Tortosa, the veritable waistband of the Blessed Virgin, the *cinta*, which has worked numerous miracles. In 1822 it was carried in great state, to facilitate the accouchement of a princess of the royal family.

After quitting Tortosa our road lay through Amposta, and leaving on the left the

Puerto de los Alfaques, we rested at Vinaroz, a small port whose environs produce an abundance of rich black wine. There we saw the palace where the Duc de Vendôme died of indigestion after an inordinate meal of fish—an end hardly worthy of the great-grandson of Henry IV. and of the conqueror of Villa-Viciosa. Philip V., who owed him his throne, had his remains transported to rest in the vault of the Escorial.

Not far from Vinaroz we enter the kingdom of Valencia, the much-vaunted terrestrial paradise, and without doubt the richest province in Spain; it is separated from Catalonia by a small stream called the Cenia. Here at each step we fell upon traces of the Moorish dominion. The *atalayas*—square watch-towers—rise from place to place on the heights which overlook the sea. Although it was September the heat was quite tropical; here aloes attain to gigantic proportions, and palms begin to be seen more frequently.



RUINS OF THE ROMAN THEATRE OF MURVIEDRO.

On the right of the roadway the mountains were covered with the dark-green foliage of carob-trees; women and children, armed with long sticks, were beating the branches to bring down the ripe pods, others were loading donkeys with the fruit until they almost disappeared beneath their well-stocked wicker baskets. The carobs, or *algarrobos*, as they are called in Spain, supply food for cattle, and are much prized in those provinces where forage is scarce. The pods grow in great abundance; we have seen a single tree yield 1200 kilogrammes.

Benicarlo, where we rested some time, is famed for its wines. Swinburne, an English tourist of the last century, assures us that cargoes of wine were sent from Benicarlo to Cette, where it was diluted and forwarded to Bordeaux by the Languedoc canal, and thence to England. That is how the wine of Bordeaux was made a century ago. Truly there is nothing new under the sun.

The ancient Saguntum is now a small town of about one thousand inhabitants; even its old name has disappeared, and its modern substitute suggests nothing more than the idea of an ancient wall.

Saguntum formed an alliance with Rome at the time of the Punic Wars, and, faithful to the Roman cause, it opposed Hannibal, and sustained one of the most terrible sieges that history records. In order to end the determined resistance and compel speedy capitulation, the Carthaginians surrounded the town with walls and towers. The besieged, perishing from starvation, were at last forced to eat the leather of their bucklers; but at length, losing all hope, they raised a huge wooden pyre, and consigned their families and their treasures to the flames.

Saguntum was rebuilt by the Romans. After the fall of the Empire it belonged successively to the Goths, the Arabs, and finally to the Spaniards; the latter, using its ruins as a quarry, rebuilt the town, which, in its turn, has fallen into decay. Nevertheless the ancient theatre is so well preserved as to enable one to form a correct idea of its design; it was said to have held nine thousand spectators. It is now a deserted spot; the hill on which it stands is overlooked by a grim crest of Arab walls, and the once splendid arena is solely tenanted by owls and lizards. Even the sea has retreated from the old port of Saguntum, leaving the modern town of Murviedro about a mile from its shores. The houses of Murviedro, as we have already said, are for the most part built out of the ruins of ancient Saguntum. Leonardo de Argensola, a poet of the sixteenth century, says, "Out of the marbles with their noble inscriptions, torn from the theatre and from the ancient altars of Saguntum, they have built their taverns and ruinous abodes."



PASSAGE OF A TORRENT.



A QUARREL AT THE GAME OF BALL, VALENCIA.

CHAPTER II.

Valencia del Cid—Agricultural labourers—Valencian costume—The *Llotja de seda*—The *Seu* and the *Micalet*—The *Guadalaviar* and aqueducts—Tribunal of the Waters—The singers of the *oraciones*—The *bandurria* and the *citara*—Valencia, the birthplace of printing in Spain—The *Calle de la Plateria*—Ancient delf Hispano-Moresques—Manises—The Valencian *tartana*.

“VALENCIA,” says Victor Hugo in one of his *Orientales*, “has spires to three hundred churches:” but after the most painstaking and exhaustive search we failed to discover a single example of the forest of spires described by the poet. We looked for them as a mariner would for the friendly light that should guide him into port after the perils of a long voyage. Since leaving Barcelona we had spent full forty hours stifled with dust and heat in the diligence, and it was impossible to tell by what roads we travelled. At last we descried a noble structure rearing its head above an enclosure of palm-trees; it was the convent of *San Miguel de los Reyes*, built during the sixteenth century with stones taken from the ancient monuments of Saguntum; about a quarter of an hour afterwards we entered the City of the Cid, that is to say, the most noble, celebrated, ancient, loyal, distinguished, illustrious, learned, and never-enough-lauded city of Valencia del Cid. Such are the modest titles usually bestowed on it by its chroniclers. This long enumeration seems hardly distinctive enough, as most towns in Spain are similarly described by their citizens. Valencia, it must be owned, merits this chaplet of praise perhaps more than any other town. Its ever-blue sky was first celebrated by the Arab



WORKING MEN OF VALENCIA.

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poets; and where in Europe can one find a climate more balmy, where tropical palms flourish in the streets, and where one may cull violets and primroses in the middle of September! Winter is hardly known in this happy spot, and we were assured that neither hoar-frost nor fog had been seen more than twice in five centuries.

Valencia, with its crenated walls and towers, presents the aspect of a Moorish town. The streets are narrow, and on the balconies of the whitewashed houses one gets many a glimpse of the brown, bright-eyed Valenciennes, who are half hidden by long striped curtains, or mats made of reeds, called *esteras*. There are few provinces in Spain which have retained the Moorish type so completely. The costume appears to have undergone no change for many centuries; that worn by the peasantry is not only well adapted to the climate, but its colours are well chosen to suit the complexion of the natives, who are dark as Bedouins. The head-dress is of the most simple kind, and consists of a kerchief of vivid colours made up to form a turban; sometimes a felt or black velvet hat is added, with its edges turned up like the *sombrero calañes* of the Andalusians, but much larger. The shirt is fastened at the neck by means of a large double button, similar to that worn by the peasants in some provinces of France. The Valencians rarely wear a vest unless it be on fête days, when they put on one of blue or green velvet, decorated with a multitude of silver buttons; on such occasions the pantaloons are replaced by white drawers, *zaragüelles de lienzo*, which fall to the knees. The *zaragüelles* are fastened by a waistband of silk or wool striped with a solar spectrum of colour. The stockings, when any, are devoid of feet, resembling the *cnémides* of an ancient warrior. The feet are protected by hempen sandals, which leave the instep exposed; these are fixed by broad blue ribbon twisted round the calf like the straps of a theatrical buskin. But by far the most important, and at the same time most characteristic part of the costume is the vivid-striped mantle; a Valencian is never seen abroad without it, and it is either carried draped over the arm, or flung negligently across the shoulder or chest. These mantles are manufactured in Valencia, and distributed all over Spain. They not only form a graceful covering, but when the ends are tucked up they are used for carrying provisions from market. More than that, when riding, the mantle is folded up so as to form at once an elegant and comfortable saddle. At night, when one sleeps out of doors,—a practice by no means uncommon in summer,—the mantle is spread for a couch, and the elbow forms a pillow for the night. It is impossible to say how long such mantles will last; some have survived more than a generation, if one may judge by their rusty appearance and medley of faded colours.

In the market-place the labourers are seen carrying their oranges, with leaves still attached, loads of fresh dates, or luscious bunches of grapes, gleaming with bright golden seeds worthy of the land of Canaan. These wonderful fruits are sold by Valencian girls, some of whom are remarkably beautiful. Their tresses, black as a raven's wing, are rolled in round plaits over the temples, and caught up behind in an enormous chignon. This chignon is pierced by a long gold-plated pin, having at each end a button set with



VALENCIAN LABOURERS.

imitation jewels. During our stay in Valencia our custom was to visit the market-place each morning, when Doré reaped a harvest of rare types. A remark which certain travellers have made before us is that, singularly enough, one encounters among these brunettes the fairest daughters of the South, perfect blondes, who, but for their costume would be set down as either German or Dutch—a circumstance quite unaccountable under this burning sun. Another remark, still more easily made, is that the women age rapidly, much more rapidly than with us. One day we came across a striking example of this in the keeper of an orange-stall, who had all the appearance of being full eighty years old,



AN OLD WOMAN OF VALENCIA.

Valencia is a demons' paradise—*Paraiso habitado por demonios*, but, like most proverbs, it has its opposite. They say also, *En Valencia la carne es yerba, la yerba es agua, el hombre mujer, y la mujer nada*—that is to say, "In Valencia the meat is the herb, the herb is the water, the man is the woman, and the woman is nobody."

It is our belief that the ferocity of the Valencians has been much exaggerated; with the exception of a quarrel at the game of ball, which threatened to prove serious, we have never witnessed anything approaching the tragic. We have repeatedly walked all through the environs of Valencia, and always found the people obliging and inoffensive. One day, when overtaken by a storm, we had barely time to seek shelter in the hut of a poor labourer. Our host, after making us sit down, offered some fruit, and wished us to taste his sweet

although she had not yet seen sixty summers. This old crone had in her day been one of the beauties of Valencia. We could hardly credit it, seeing her once shapely nose bent like a crow's beak, her toothless mouth and upturned chin; and a few grey bristles, the only remnant of her raven tresses. The golden ornaments were still there, but alas! the chignon had almost vanished.

The Valencians have the reputation of being at once gay and cruel. I forget which poet it is, who, after describing the costume of Folly, says that "The traditional bells are replaced by the empty heads of the Valencians:"

"Y lleva por cascabeles
Cabezas de Valencianos."

If we believe the popular

proverb, the kingdom of



MARKET GARDENERS, VALENCIA.

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black wine, and it took all my knowledge of the Valencian tongue to persuade him to accept a trifle to purchase a present for his children.

The Valencian dialect is rather more refined than the Catalonian or Majorca tongue; to the latter it bears a strong resemblance, while it differs widely from Catalonian, and approaches more closely the *patois* of the South of France, and, like the latter, is derived from the *Limousine* language of the Middle Ages.

In the market-place there is the *Lonja de seda*, or silk exchange (*Llotja* in the Valencian dialect), which recalls the *loggia* of Italian towns. It was there that the silk merchants used to meet to dispose of their goods. To-day the trade is of great importance in Valencia, and one sees quantities of silk hung in blonde tresses on the walls of the *Llotja*. This graceful edifice dates from the end of the fifteenth century. The front is surmounted by battlements in the form of a mural crown, imparting to the building quite a heraldic appearance; as for the interior, it is a marvellously elegant apartment, whose roof, as high as the ceiling of a cathedral, is supported by rows of twisted pillars, perfect cables of stone. Turning towards the entrance, we obtain a glimpse of a garden planted with citron and orange trees, probably as old as the *Llotja* itself.

The cathedral, called the *Seu*—as in Catalonia—offers a mixture of all the styles that succeeded each other from the thirteenth century down to the present time. Like all Spanish churches, the interior is very dark, and it is only at certain hours that the sun's rays penetrate into the nave, permitting one to see what turns out to be a really fine example of a church of the Valencian school. One of the chapels has been preserved intact, just as it was built during the fifteenth century, presenting a lofty interior, whose walls are ornamented with certain warriors of the Middle Ages, while enormous chains of iron hang in festoons; they are said to have been used to block the port of Marseilles, and were deposited there as *ex-voto* by a king of Aragon.

The tower of the cathedral is called the *Micalet*, or *Miguelete*, the name also of an



VALENCIAN LABOURER.

enormous bell, weighing 250 cwt., consecrated on the day of St. Michael, and used to announce the hours of irrigation to the husbandmen. No words of ours can convey an idea of the splendid view to be seen from the top of the Micalet. The city with its houses and white terraces lay at our feet, while the domes of its numerous churches shone in the sunlight like polished brass. Around Valencia our vision was lost in a green expanse of gardens, and along the dim horizon we could trace the faint outlines of blue and rose-coloured mountains bathed in a transparent light. The great lake of Albufera blended with the sea, while the masts of ships at the Port of Grao could be descried as if



BOATMEN OF THE PORT OF VALENCIA.

they were growing out of a belt of palm-trees. About an hour before sunset we realised the full beauty of the scene, but alas! its splendour was soon lost in the shades of night.

Valencia boasts a charming promenade, the Alameda and the Glorieta on the banks of the Guadalaviar, where one may form an idea of the genial climate of this province; for many tropical plants, among others bamboos and bananas, grow in the open air, the latter bearing fruit to perfection.

Although the Guadalaviar, or Turia, is spanned by four handsome stone bridges, during nine months in the year these bridges might be dispensed with, as the bed of the river is absolutely dry; but during winter it frequently rises and overflows its banks, spreading terrible destruction around. From the mountains of

Aragon, where this stream takes its rise, many canals have been cut for the purposes of irrigation.

The system of irrigation has for many centuries been a great source of wealth to the country. Before 1238, the year of the conquest by James I., *El Conquistador*, the Arabs put into execution their great scheme of drawing off the waters of the Guadalaviar, which otherwise were lost in the Mediterranean. Eight canals were cut, and are still in use; that of Moncada is like a great artery, branching off into an infinite number of veins, or minor canals, named *acequias*, charged with fertilising the smallest vineyards. The great importance of these irrigation channels to the farmers may be gathered from the fact that water-thefts are by no means infrequent; there are those whose thirsty



YOUNG VALENCIANE.

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land tempts them to draw off more than their fair share of the streams upon which they depend for sustenance. But in Spain there is a court, established by Al-Hakem-al-Mostansir-Billah in the year 920, called the Tribunal of the Waters, where all cases connected with irrigation are adjusted with truly Oriental simplicity. It is the most patriarchal justice that one can imagine, requiring neither gendarmes, ushers, advocates, nor attorneys. The judges, or *síndicos*, are simple labourers elected by their fellow husbandmen.

The court is held on Thursday at midday in front of the cathedral gateway. We took good care to be present at a sitting, and before twelve o'clock were well to the front among the labourers. The *síndicos*, representing the *acequias* of the gardens, were at their posts, seated on a simple couch covered with Utrecht velvet. There was not even a table, as paper, pens, and ink would be quite superfluous to these truly biblical judges, who recalled to us Saint Louis dispensing justice under the oak in the Forest of Vincennes. The bell having sounded the midday hour, the sitting commenced. The first pleaders who presented themselves were two peasants dressed in the Valencian costume. The plaintiff recounted his wrongs with the aid of the most striking gestures, to which his adversary replied with a vehemence not less subdued. The *síndico* of the *acequia*, a big brawny peasant, whose prosperous mien recalled that of Sancho, tranquilly seated on his couch, listened to the contending parties, and then interrogated them, after which the court deliberated, and finally delivered its judgment. The *síndico* who had not taken part in the proceedings pronounced the sentence, condemning the delinquent to pay a fine of sixty reals, or about twelve shillings. Other cases came on in turn, and the sitting terminated, when judges and litigants returned to their labour of tilling the soil.

In spite of the simple organisation of this court, its decisions have all the authority of a higher tribunal, and are as a rule considered final.

The place was soon deserted, and we entered the portal and found the tympanum



MUSICIANS AT THE GATE OF THE CATHEDRAL, VALENCIA.

ornamented with a bas-relief of the Virgin surrounded by seraphs, while statues of the twelve apostles stood out from the ogive, whence the name *Puerta de los Apóstoles*. While absorbed in our contemplation, a strange noise assailed our ears, a sort of vague buzzing, mingled with whining voices, and accompanied by the sound of metallic chords. "These," I remarked to Doré, "must be the singers of the *oraciones*, let us listen to them." Making the circuit of the chancel, we perceived two *ciegos*, or blind men, leaning against a Roman doorway, wrapped in the folds of their mantles, and singing the *oraciones*, that is to say, a species of litanies in honour of divers saints: the rhythm was strange, and the modulations most singular. The younger of the two, the tenor, accompanied himself on the *bandurria*, while the baritone, a fine old man, crowned with a broad-brimmed velvet hat, struck the chords on a *cítara*. The two instruments played by the singers are common to the province of Valencia, just as the guitar is the favourite instrument in the other Spanish provinces.

Valencia was the cradle of the printing art in Spain, and its library is one of the finest in the kingdom. The director politely showed us the first book printed in the Peninsula: it is entitled *Obres o Trobes*, poems in honour of the Holy Virgin, written in the Valencian dialect, and printed in 1474. We were also shown the famous romance of chivalry, *Tirant lo Blanch, en vulgar lengua Valenciana*, printed at Valencia in 1490. "Treasure of joyfulness and mine of amusement, when the knights-errant ate, slept, and died in their beds, everything wanting in other books is found here."

Valencia, like Barcelona, has its *Calle de la Plateria*, where all the shops are occupied by goldsmiths, who manufacture jewelry which finds a ready market among the rich *labradoras* of the *huerta*. The designs are most tasteful, and the jewels are generally mounted in unpolished gold after the most ancient patterns.

One of the chief industries of Valencia is the manufacture of delf-ware; that of the Middle Ages, *loza valenciana*, is still in great demand in Italy, in the Levant, in France, and many other quarters, where specimens are greatly prized by amateur collectors. René I., Duc d'Anjou, had he lived in our day, would have been a passionate *collectionneur*: the good king ornamented the *dressouers* of his castles with Valencian delf-ware. At times could be seen "a Valencian plate," sometimes "a hand-basin," or else "plates of earthenware with golden leaves, Persian flowers, or on the back an eagle." We have elsewhere tried to find out the history of the elegant Hispano-Moresque pottery, to which we shall again have occasion to refer. We will at present only offer one or two words touching the way by which amateurs recognise certain pieces of Valencian ware.

First there is the plate, ornamented on the back with an eagle of heraldic design, or that with an eagle in front. Often enough one sees plates bearing the following inscription in a circle: "*In principio erat Verbum, et Verbum erat apud Deum.*" Everybody knows the beginning of St. John's Gospel. Let us note a plate in the British Museum, on which we may read these words, "*Senta Catalina, guarda nos,*" "St. Catherine, protect us." The church of Santa Catalina, and the place of the same name in Valencia, date from the Middle Ages.

A peculiarity worthy of notice is that the ware, so often ornamented with inscriptions or Christian symbols, was manufactured by the *Moriscos*—seemingly good Christians, who were nevertheless faithful sons of Islam. Often these poor workmen contented themselves with nothing more than food and clothing during four years' apprenticeship to their craft.



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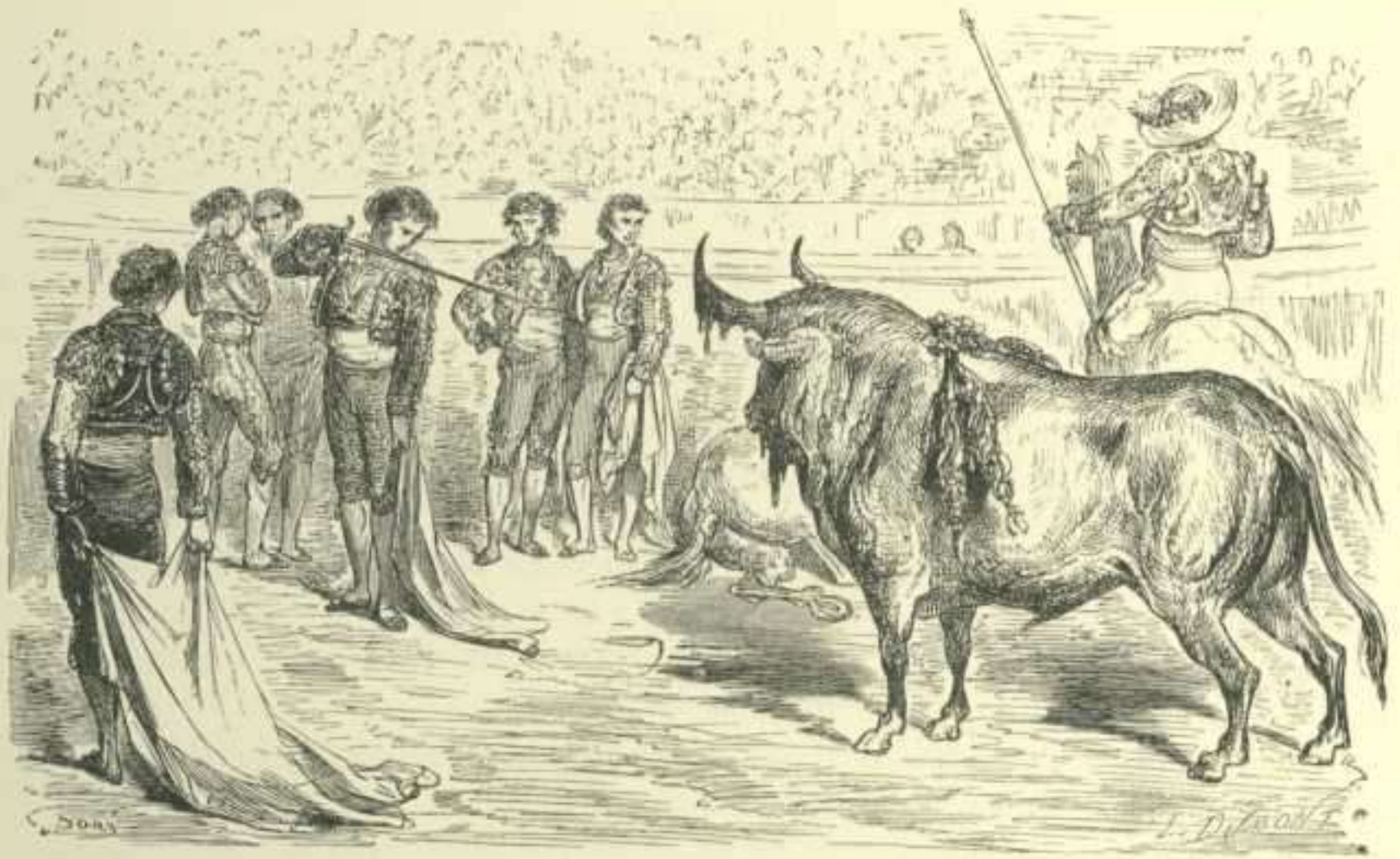
TRIBUNAL OF THE WATERS, VALENCIA.

At Manises and several neighbouring villages a variety of different sorts of delf-ware is still produced, notably the *azulejos* (in Valencian dialect *vajolas*), coloured glazed tiles, used for paving and for the covering of walls. This ware is largely exported to foreign countries.

Manises is a pretty little village about two miles from Valencia, where we hired a *tartana*, the only kind of vehicle used in this part of the country, and at the same time one of the most primitive type to be met with anywhere, bearing no resemblance to the boat of the same name. It is simply a cart covered with blue tarpaulin, supported on a skeleton of arched hoops, the inside garnished with two parallel planks placed lengthwise, while the frame, devoid of springs, is fixed on the axles so that the least roughness in the road is apt to toss the passengers one on the top of the other. This cart, closed in front and entered from behind, is reached by a wooden step. As to the conductor, he is called *tartanero*, and is seated on the left shaft, his feet supported by a little step; habituated to constant jolting and tossing, he sticks to his perch with marvellous address. Two hours spent in a *tartana* ought to be sufficient to fracture every bone in one's frame. We ought to mention, however, that there are the *tartanas ciudadanas*, perfectly suspended, and fitted with many comforts; these equipages have up to the present time resisted all attempts at foreign innovations.



A TARTANERO.



THE ESPADA.

CHAPTER III.

Antiquity of bull-fighting—Royal *toreros*—A feast on the *Plaza Mayor* of Madrid—Costillares—Romero—Pepe Illo and his book—The *ganaderias*—The *herradura*—The *novillos*—The *vaqueros* and the *cabestros*—The midnight journey of the bulls—The *Plaza de toros*—Bills and programmes of the *corridos*—The *toreros*.

BULL-FIGHTING must be set down as one of the chief amusements of Spain. "All Spaniards," says an author who has treated the subject professionally, "are born with a passion for this sport," and he adds "all that has been said and written against the barbarity of bull-fighting has in no way diminished its popularity." If one is to credit native tradition, the noble science of bull-fighting boasts a high antiquity; nevertheless, there are those who insist that the usage was imported by the conquering Arabs. Be that as it may, it is generally believed that the Cid Campeador—the popular hero, the Achilles of Spain—was a consummate bull-fighter. The celebrated Moratin, in a poem entitled *Fiesta antigua de toros*, presents him to us lance in hand, mounted on a spirited steed, displaying his address and courage against a bull of the most powerful and savage breed.

During the Middle Ages the sport had neither the ceremony nor the éclat which was imparted to it by the *Fiestas de toros*, when it became food for popular romance.

The Mussulman nobility were not less passionately fond of the popular sport than were the Christian *hidalgos*; the Bibramba, which still exists at Granada, served the Moors as an arena to which the fighting bulls were brought at that time from the mountains of Ronda. Goya, the celebrated etcher, who was a great amateur, a passionate *aficionado*, has left sketches of his sporting experiences in his "Tauromaquia." He has

shown us the valiant Moor Gazul piercing a fierce bull when the animal had overthrown him. At the same time the Emperor Charles II. is pictured on horseback, fighting a bull at a fête given in honour of the birth of Philip II.

That the passion for the national sport became general about the middle of the sixteenth century may be gathered from the fact that Pius V. issued a Bull reproving the clergy and people for their love of the arena. At the same time this ornament of the Christian faith published a second edict in favour of the barbarities of the Inquisition. The former had but little effect in diverting the popular taste, which was fostered at the time by a series of works on the art of bull-fighting. Even the clergy paid little heed to the edict. A manuscript in the National Library contains a detailed account of a fête held in 1626, which was honoured by the presence of a Cardinal Legate. J. Pellicer de Tovar brought out a pamphlet in 1631 to celebrate a *suerte*, an extraordinary encounter which Philip IV., the royal *torero*, had during a fête in October of the same year.

The *Plaza Mayor* of Madrid, which still exists in its primitive state, served as an enclosure for these combats, as well as for the cruel scenes of the Inquisition. These were the two favourite spectacles of the court. "The *Plaza Mayor*," says Aarsens de Sommerdyck, "is very beautiful, its houses, the highest in Madrid, are surrounded by balconies serving for the accommodation of the spectators at the feasts of bulls, the most celebrated fêtes in Spain, and which are said to date from the time of the Moors. This sort of amusement, if it has no other merit, is as ancient as it is barbarous. It is so thoroughly a national taste that there are few towns in Spain where it is not the chiefest joy of the inhabitants. There is hardly a citizen of Madrid who would not rather dispose of all his worldly goods to raise money for a fête than deny himself this crowning pleasure of his life."

The same traveller describes to us one of the fêtes of the *Plaza Mayor*: "There entered foremost among the champions a man of Valladolid mounted on a bull which he had trained and accustomed to the saddle and bridle. He proceeded to the foot of the throne, and making his obeisance to the King, mounted his bull to show its training. He made him gallop and wheel about, until the brute, tired of his performance, began to kick and plunge with such violence that he soon tossed his rider, who, recovering himself, pursued his bull, accompanied by the yells and hooting of the spectators. Again commenced the uproar, when one of the most savage bulls was let out, and rushed at his enemy, who, although tamed and trained, was eager for the fray. After a series of fearful encounters the champion retired. Throughout the entire *feste* one remarks the most inveterate cruelty, said to have been imported from Africa, but which unfortunately did not return with the Saracens."

Many sermons have been preached and printed, having for their sole object the suppression of bull-fighting. The father Pedro de Guzman, a Jesuit who wrote at the beginning of the seventeenth century, assures us that in his time there never was a bull-fight that did not cost the lives of two or three persons, and frequently the number of victims was greater. At Valladolid, in 1512, during a course given on the occasion of the fêtes of the Holy Cross, when only two or three bulls appeared, ten of the combatants met their death. He describes these fêtes of Aragon as *barbarie inimitable*, "and it is an acknowledged fact," adds the Jesuit father, "that in Spain two or three hundred persons are thus annually slain." Madame de Sévigné, in 1680, said in a letter to her friend Madame de Grignan: "The bull-fights are frightful. Two nobles almost perished in the arena, their

horses were killed under them. Very often the *scené* is most bloody and revolting. These are the amusements of a Christian kingdom."

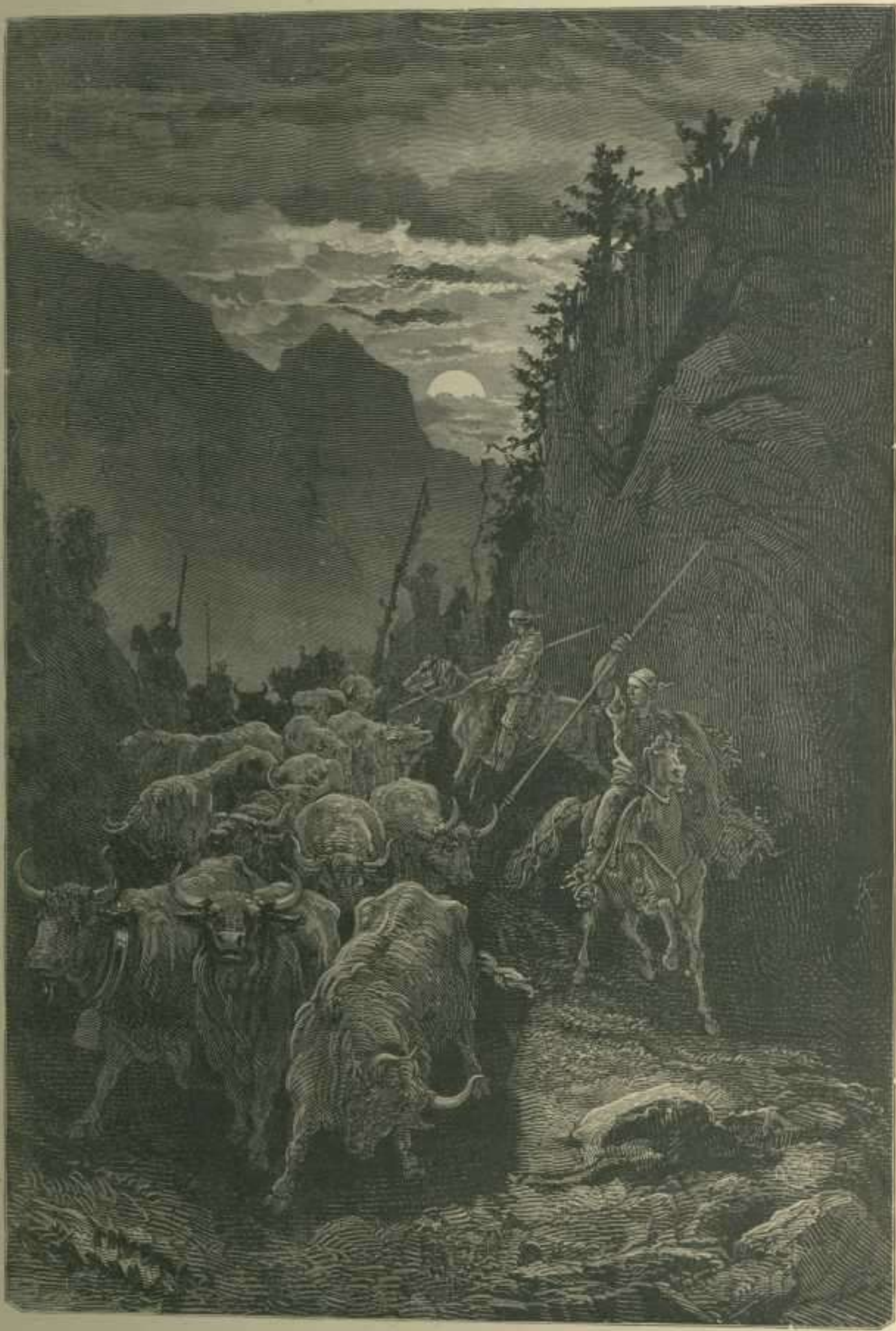
Under Charles II. the popularity of these exhibitions was at its height, but during the reign of Philip V., in the eighteenth century, they were in decadence. The grandson of Louis XIV., doubtless aided by French influence, affected to condemn these spectacles, but they were never entirely given up, and in process of time they regained their freedom and popularity, only the art had changed its character: formerly the nobles took an active part in these fêtes, when it sufficed to fight the bull with horse and lance. Towards the end of last century the *picadores*, the adroit *banderilleros*, the agile *chulos*, and lastly the *espada* appeared in the arena; the latter fought face to face with the bull, armed simply with his sword and red mantle, called *engaño*, that is to say the bait, because it is used to draw off the bull. If we are to credit the "Mémoires Secrets," it was proposed in 1778 to introduce this amusement into Paris. A theatre was to be built to hold 20,000 spectators, and a staff of men were to be imported capable of directing these bloody butcheries. The project rested there.

This mode of fighting face to face was introduced by an Andalusian, Francisco Romero of Ronda, who found the art at once fascinating and profitable. His mantle fell upon his son Juan, who emulated his father and founded a school for training *picadores*, *banderilleros*, and *chulos*. He was succeeded by Joaquin Rodriguez, known in Spain by the name Costillares. It is to him they owe the introduction of the *suertes*, and he may be fairly said to have brought the art to its present state of perfection, and sporting characters set him down as the father of modern bull-fighting.

Before the advent of Costillares several modes of defence were known, but the *espada* without proper means of defence was at the mercy of his enemy. Costillares regulated the employment of the *muleta*, so as to completely command the bulls, and, to use the technical expression, *en sazon para la muerte*—to lead them on to death. Formerly the *espada* allowed the bull to fall upon him or rush madly upon his uplifted sword. If the animal was too dull or too cunning to make the final charge, he was despatched by the hands of the profane, pierced by an attendant with a long lance called the *punzon*. Sometimes also they treacherously cut the ham by means of the *media luna*, or half moon, a crescent of sharp steel fixed to the end of a long pole. To escape this barbarous practice this *torero* invented the famous *suerte de volapiés*, to which we shall refer in a future page, and which enabled the *espada* to throw himself upon the animals refusing to advance, thus placing him in a position to overcome his worst enemies.

"Bull-fights are alike the delight of both young and old, and those who withhold themselves from such spectacles are accounted fools or cowards, who are either incapable of appreciating these noble exercises, or too timid to sit out the glorious contests between men and brutes. Timid moralists profess to look upon these fêtes alike with terror and disgust, nevertheless, does there exist a single manly exercise exempt from danger? The game of mallet, the taste for rowing and racing, have they not cost more lives than fighting bulls have ever sacrificed, or will sacrifice? Our sport has now reached such a degree of perfection—to make use of an expression that fell from a Moorish chief when he for the first time witnessed an encounter at Cadiz—'We treat the bulls with as perfect impunity as if they were sheep.'" Such were the sentiments of a distinguished advocate of the *corrida*, Pepe Illo.

The *corrida* is the sport of the Spaniards, and the *plaza* is their Epsom or their Derby. The bulls of Spain have their stud-book, wherein are recorded the histories of their descent



DRIVE OF FIGHTING BULLS; MIDNIGHT.

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and achievements. Hercules, who was a great tamer of bulls, was, it is said, attracted to Spain by the bulls of Geryon, which were reared on the vast pastures of Bætica. Here, then, is a lineage older than the Crusades.

Each *ganaderia*—it is thus they name the herds of fighting-bulls—is also known as *aficionados*, or untamed bulls, which do not require the *divisa* as a distinguishing mark. The *divisa* is a bow of ribbon fixed round the animal's neck before the course, serving to indicate to what family he belongs. Thus, the bulls of the *ganaderia Gijona*, the property of the Marquis of Casa Gaviria, are known by their red bow, those of the Vista Hermosa wear blue and white, and so on. The bulls of each family have well-marked hereditary qualities or defects: some, such as those of Salvatierra, are bold and quick, and defend themselves with fiery impetuosity; but their ardour is soon expended, after which they are easily overcome. Those of Gijon are active at the beginning of a course, but become sluggish towards the end. Amongst the most esteemed *ganaderias* are those of Colmenar Viejo, not far from the Escorial; these bulls are very much alike in height, build, and colour. Those of the Vista Hermosa enjoy a special reputation in Andalusia.

Bulls are generally fed in vast prairies, far from human habitations, where one seldom encounters any being other than the *vaqueros*, or herdsmen, charged with their care. The purity of race is not only steadily kept up, but the bulls destined for the arena are always carefully selected; when they are a year old, one of the *vaqueros*, called the *conocedor*, has the animals passed before him for inspection. Mounted on a powerful horse, and armed with a lance, he charges the most likely specimens, in order to try their temper and disposition; those of them that take to flight, or stand to receive the blow good-naturedly, are at once rejected, and are condemned to the doom of being fed up as beef for the market. On the other hand, those which show pluck are branded, an operation called the *herradura*. After a time the young subject is promoted, and becomes a *novillo*, and is required to submit to a new test of valour. When at last he has acquired sufficient power to become dangerous, it is necessary that he should be subjected to an operation called *embolado*.

The *novillos* are usually tested in obscure localities for the amusement of the lower orders among the people, who are unable to gratify their taste by paying to witness a regular fight. The real *aficionados* scorn this mimicry of war as a drama without dénouement, since the *novillo* is spared to fight another day. It is towards the age of four years that the *toros de muerte* are raised to the dignity of taking part in a *corrida*; they are then brought to town, a sort of travelling not exempt from danger, as it involves guarding a troop of the fiercest bulls, who at the sight of any unfamiliar object might break from the herd and spread death and destruction around. Indeed, it would be quite impossible to get them to their destination were it not for the *cabestros*, large oxen, ordinarily light-skinned, and quite harmless, in spite of the great length of their horns. These animals feed in the pastures in company with the fighting-bulls, which are accustomed to their society from their tenderest calfhood, and follow them with marvellous docility as their recognised chiefs. Further to reduce the risk of accidents, the bulls are nearly always driven from the pastures during the night. The *cabestros* are forced to the front by the herdsmen, who keep them in position with their lances. Meeting one day a fighting-herd, we were reminded of the *Caballero de la Mancha*, who, when encamped in the middle of the highway, defied the *vaqueros*. "*Sancho resta moulu, Don Quichotte épouvané, le grison assommé, et Rossinante fort peu catholique.*"

When near the town the herd are put up for the night, and are led to the *plaza* the day previous to the fight. This last journey is by far the most hazardous, for the peasants and citizens, easily excited by anything connected with a course, crowd round the animals, who are apt to resent the familiarity. Arrived at their destination, the bulls are shut up in the *corral*, where they await the moment of passing into the *toril*, a narrow sort of condemned cell, which the animal only leaves to meet his death in the *plaza*.

Above the different cells there are galleries, with balustrades in front, from which cords are let down and fastened to the doors of the cells in such a way that the doors may be readily drawn up or closed at pleasure. The bulls are placed in the cells in the order in which they are to take part in the combat.

The courses are regularly held at Madrid every Sunday from Easter to All Saints' Day. In provincial towns they are only held from time to time on the occasion of the principal fêtes, and rarely during the winter months, as the cold renders the brutes much less furious; besides this, as the majority of the spectators are exposed to the air, they would run the risk of being frozen to death in their seats in a climate like that of Madrid, where the winter frosts are quite as keen as in Paris. In Andalusia and Valencia the mildness of the climate sometimes admits of winter courses; at Seville, for example, we witnessed a bull-fight in the month of December. There are hardly any Spanish towns that have not their *plaza de toros*: sometimes these amphitheatres belong to the municipality and to the hospitals, which are partly supported by letting the *plaza* to the *asentistas*, or contractors for the courses. The *asentista* is here what the *impresario* is in Italy; he organises the courses at his own risk, just as the *impresario* manages the opera or the drama. The cost of a *corrida* is very considerable; thus, the *plaza* of Madrid is let out for about 7000 francs for a single course, and the bulls cost some of them as much as 800 francs a head. The number of bulls killed on a single occasion varies between six and eight, and even at times the public demand a *toro de gracia*, which swells the number to nine, and we ourselves have seen ten slaughtered during a single course. Some days before a *corrida* the town is placarded with bills of gigantic proportions and all colours, giving a detailed programme of the fight. In these bills not only the names of the bulls and their assailants are given, but the pedigree, not of the men, but of the brutes to be slaughtered, is carefully recorded. Smaller programmes are issued, having blank spaces, on which the spectators delight to jot down the harrowing events of the fête. There are few, if any, of the witnesses of a bull-fight who are not careful to exhibit their passion for the sport by keeping a record of the different rounds by pricking the paper with a pin, just as the players at Homburg or Baden used to note the fortunes of the roulette; one would almost say that the pinholes correspond exactly with the wounds inflicted on the bulls, horses, or, alas! *toreros*. One of these programmes artistically pricked at Valencia presented the fearful total of wounds that could be inflicted in a two hours' combat; thirty-one horses killed or wounded by eight bulls, which had themselves received twenty-nine thrusts in exchange for twenty-five falls of the *picadores*.

The amphitheatres are almost the same everywhere: a wide circular arena bestrewn with fine sand to prevent the combatants from slipping. This arena is hedged round by a wooden fence, rising to a height of about six feet; on each side of the barrier there is a wooden step, designed to enable the *torero*, when pressed by his foe, to vault over at a single bound. The fence is further pierced with four doors, the first door leads to the *toril*, or cell where the bulls are imprisoned: the others are used by the attendants and *toreros*. Around the arena there is a gutter, called *valla*, or *callejon*, and beyond the

fence rises an inclined plane of seats to accommodate spectators. The seats most eagerly sought after are in front, where the details of the combat may be closely scrutinised, while those of inferior grades rise tier above tier beyond, until the *palcos* are reached; but the prices are also greatly affected by the position of the sun, those in the shade, offering coolness and comfort, being naturally considered the best.



POSE OF BANDERILLAS.



THE GORDITO.

CHAPTER IV.

A bull-fight at Valencia—Aspect of the arena—The *despejo*—The defile of the *Cuadrilla*—The *alguaciles*—The *espadas*—The *banderilleros*—The *chulos*—The *picadores*—The release of the bull—The *suertes* and the *cogidas*—The *picador* Calderon is wounded—An obstacle—The *Gordito*—The *Tato*—The sword and the *muleta*—The *estocada á volapié*—A shower of *sombreros*—The *cachetero*—The *tiros* of mules—The *banderillas de fuego*—The *sobresaliente*—The *suertes de capa*—The *Gordito* and his chair—A *banderillero* in danger—The bull-vaulter.

THE great day of the *corrida* had at last arrived. It was Sunday, and the fête promised to be a splendid one. The *Cuadrilla* had brought together some of the first fighting-men in Spain: Antonio Sanchez, known as the *Tato*, the best sword of the day, a *picador* as valiant as the Cid himself, and the *Gordito*, a *banderillero*, whose marvellous address was only equalled by his bravery.

A Spanish town on a fête day presents a most curious and interesting spectacle. The extraordinary animation contrasts strongly with the habitual calm of the place. We met many men coming and going, some loitering in friendly groups, and others hastening to secure their tickets at the hospital. All the town seemed to be astir, and from behind the striped hangings of the balconies one heard the buzzing of the guitar or the metallic throbs of the *cítara*. Peasants were crowding in in dense masses, some on foot, others on their ponies or mules, covered with graceful mantles in place of saddles. The *huerta* had indeed invaded Valencia *en masse*; decked in holiday attire, the *labradoras* added to the charm of their olive complexions their finest jewels. Some splendid models were passing and repassing, and Doré, startled by their beauty, devoured them with his eyes. All at once, at the angle of a street, there appeared a *picador* in splendid costume, proudly seated on his horse. "It is Calderon," said one of our friends, a Valencian and ardent sportsman, who was accompanying us to the course. Hats were tossed into the air, and



THE PICADOR CALDERON.

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young and old were writhing and struggling to get a good look at the horseman. Soon he was followed by other *picadores*. The enthusiastic crowd, augmented every moment, became so dense that the *picadores* were obliged to struggle through in Indian file. We could now descry the imposing mass of the amphitheatre lit by a blazing sun.

Following the stream, we were soon lodged in the front row, impatient to witness the drama about to be played before us. The *plaza* presented one of those spectacles which can never be forgotten. There were some fifteen thousand spectators, in brilliant costumes, whose effect was heightened by a brilliant sun. In front of where we stood the seats in the sun were already full, a few fresh arrivals had claimed the last vacant places, so that there was not a single gap or flaw in this human mosaic, whose many hues stood out in bright relief against the deep blue of the sky. A murmur of many voices rose from the throng, and was only broken by the cries of hawkers selling their wares, and by those of the *naranjeros*, whose oranges, cleverly thrown, always reached their men even at the highest seats. Vendors of fans at a penny each were driving a brisk trade among the unfortunates who were being grilled like lizards in the hot sun. Leathern bottles filled with dark wine were busily circulated, and might be seen to collapse with amazing celerity as they passed from hand to hand. Here and there disputes arose, but no blows were exchanged.

Soon a murmur of excitement announced the *despejo*, an operation which consists of clearing the arena and *valla*; the soldiers pushing the stragglers before them, little by little, to the accompanying growls of the audience, who were becoming impatient for the commencement of the course. After clearing the arena there followed the procession which precedes the *corrida*. At the head were the *alguaciles*, mounted on jet-black steeds decked with crimson velvet, while their riders, attired in black, wore a costume of the sixteenth century. These men did not seem to enjoy great popularity, as their approach was greeted by outbursts of shrill whistling, and torrents of abuse. Then came the *gente de á pié*, the footmen, who are also called *los peones*, followed by the *banderilleros*, the *espadas*, and lastly the *chulos*, or *capeadores*. As soon as the latter appeared the banter changed into noisy applause. They wear a very elegant costume: the head covered with the *mantilla* of black velvet, ornamented with bows of silk; falling on the back of the neck they carried the *moña*, a black silk chignon fastened to the *coleta*, a little tress of hair, a sort of rudimentary tail cultivated by all *toreros*. This chignon, which might well be an object of envy to a lady, presents a singular contrast to the thick black whiskers of the *chulos*. The short jacket and waistcoat are partially hidden by a fringe of silk, and peeping out from a pocket at the side of the jacket we could see the corner of a fine cambric handkerchief, brodered by the hand of some dear one. Over the ornamented shirt front falls a cravat knotted "*à la Colin*." The short breeches, which show the form as well as if the wearer were in swaddling clothes, are made of blue, red, green, or lilac satin, always of the most delicate shades. The waist is bound round by the inevitable *faja*, a silk band of startling hues, while flesh-coloured stockings complete the costume. These gladiators of Spain resemble ballet-dancers, and one has the greatest difficulty in realising that these men, so coquettishly dressed, are prepared to risk their lives, and play with blood, recalling to our mind the passage of Moratin, where he says, "The art has become so refined that the *toreros* appear as if they were rather designed to captivate the gentle fair than to deal death-thrusts to infuriated animals." The costumes of the different classes of *toreros* are almost the same, only that of the *espada* is distinguished by richer ornaments. In some instances the complete dress of an *espada* costs one thousand francs.

The *toreros* advanced with charming grace, proudly wrapped in their mantles of bright colours, used to attract the bull. Behind them came the *picadores*, firmly seated on their horses, and wearing broad-brimmed felt hats ornamented by tufts of ribbons, short jackets decked with bows and loops of ribbons; white open vests, not less ornamented, left the embroidered shirt front in full view. A broad silk waistband supported yellow leathern trousers, which concealed the iron armour protecting the limbs. Their saddles were well raised before and behind, after the pattern of the Arabs; the rider, often exposed to the danger of being thrown, is thus more securely seated. The stirrups also partake of the same antique form, the foot disappearing in them as in a box, while the long spurs, destined to electrify the nearly exhausted steeds, recall those of the Middle Ages.

Then came the two *tiros*, or sets of mules, covered with red horsecloths and decked with tinkling bells; above their heads rose several tiers of bows, and little flags of the national colours fluttered round their collars. These mules are attached to an apparatus used to drag the carcasses of the bulls and horses from the arena.

The procession terminated with a troop of attendants in Andalusian costume; slowly it defiled around the arena, and proceeded to salute the *señor alcalde*—president of the place—who had just arrived; they then prepared for the combat. The president gave the key of the *toril* to one of the *alguaciles*, who, accompanied by the hooting of the audience, proceeded to open the door of the cell, whence bounded a fierce bull, a superb animal of great size, black as coal, and with wide-spreading horns. His *divisa*, or collar, indicated a *ganaderia de Colmenar-viego*.

Calderon, the *picador*, was at his post, that is to say at eight or nine paces from the left of the door, and two from the barrier. He had already shaded the eyes of his steed with a red handkerchief to prevent him seeing the bull, and guarded his thumb with a shield of leather to prevent the lance slipping from his grasp. The ferocious brute, as it emerged from the darkness of its prison, hesitated a few seconds as if dazzled by the sun and crowd, then rushing headlong at Calderon, was received on the lance of the *picador*, but the steel, protected by a hempen pad, only grazed the broad shoulder of the bull, and the animal, maddened by the wound, plunged one of its horns into the chest of the horse, from which issued a stream of blood. The poor brute, exhausted from loss of blood, commenced to totter, and while yet the *picador* was driving the spurs into its quivering flanks, the animal fell forward dead. The audience, without taking the slightest notice of this harrowing incident, clamoured for another horse, which was soon brought in. While Calderon, embarrassed by his armour, slowly mounted his new steed, the bull had sought the other side of the arena, charging Pinto, surnamed *el Bravo*, the second *picador*, who received him with a powerful thrust of the lance in his shoulder; the pole bent with the shock, and the cavalier was hurled to the earth, his horse falling heavily upon him. It is said that the sight of blood excites the bull, and we ourselves have remarked the truth of this, but it is singular to notice that the furious animal, never knowing how to distinguish his real foe, nearly always spends his rage on the poor horses, in place of attacking the dismounted *picadores*. While a number of the *chulos* rescued Pinto, others used their *capas* to draw off the bull from the dying horse, that was being speedily torn and lacerated by the huge sanguinary horns. At last the bull left his victim, and followed one of the *chulos*, who, taking a circuitous route, soon found himself hotly pursued, and with a single bound vaulted over the barrier, while his surprised and disappointed foe stopped for a moment, and then turned his wrath against the friendly barrier, in which he left the marks of his huge horns.



ARRIVAL OF PICADORES.

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The exploits of Morito produced shouts of applause: in less than a minute he had thrown two *picadores* and slain two horses, and shouts of "*Bravo toro*," rang through the *plaza*. The *picadores* had their share of the plaudits, as they had fought bravely. The *suertes de pica* had not been less brilliant than the *cogidas*: one understands by *suerte* every offensive or defensive act of the *toreros*, and by the *cogidas* every charge of the bull; when a *torero* is reached by a thrust of the horns they say he is *enganchado*.

The Morito was a courageous bull, *boyente* and *duro*, that is to say free, and ready to attack handsomely. The morning before the course, during the *apartado* we had already noted his symmetry, and a number of *chulos* had singled him out for his wide-spreading horns, and had assured us that he would take his punishment kindly and nobly. This is a small specimen of professional language!

Calderon, who had a fall to avenge, was desirous to show his many admirers that he had no fear of his terrible foe; digging his spurs into his steed, he galloped to within a few paces of the bull, who stood in the centre of the arena making the sand fly from his feet, and bellowing loudly, as if to challenge anew his enemies. The movement was extremely hazardous: when a *picador* attacks a bull he arranges if possible to fall so that the body of his horse will serve to shield him on one side and the barrier on the other, whereas in the middle of the arena he would be exposed to danger on every side. The daring of Calderon therefore called forth an ovation from the spectators. Excited by the tumult of popular favour, Calderon proceeded to challenge the bull, provoking it by brandishing his lance. Still the animal stood immovable, while the *picador*, making his horse advance a step, with a rapid action cast his huge hat before the bull; still the noble animal, although doubtless astonished at such audacity, did not move. This is termed by sporting characters *obligar á la fiera*—compelling the savage brute to attack; Calderon even went so far as to prick the nose of his foe with his lance. This last affront roused his vengeance, and he charged with such force that the cavalier and his horse were thrown to the ground together. The *chulos* rushed to the rescue, waving their mantles. The horse now neighed furiously, and Calderon, stunned by his fall, was almost trodden under foot; at last the Tato, by several *suertes de capa*, succeeded in attracting the animal, but the *espada*, making a sudden detour, stopped, and gracefully wrapping himself in his cloak, waited the near approach of the bull, when with great agility he repeated his movement, again and again evading pursuit, and with the most tranquil air even allowing the sharp horns to touch his mantle. The spectators, as if moved by an electric shock, rose on seeing the fainting Calderon borne from the arena in the arms of the *chulos*. When they passed before us in the *valla*, we noticed a large wound on the forehead of Calderon, who was thus placed *hors de combat* within five minutes of his entering the arena.

A fanfare of trumpets announced that the work of the *picadores* was at an end; the *banderilleros* entered the arena, waving their *banderillas* in the air, to excite the bull and rouse him to combat.

The *banderillas*, also called *palillos*, *rehiletos*, &c., are little pieces of wood about as thick as one's thumb, and about sixty centimetres in length, ornamented with ribbons of coloured paper; at one end there is an iron dart resembling a bait-hook. These small instruments of torture are fixed into the shoulders of the bull in order to irritate the already wounded animal; they are usually inserted in pairs, one in each shoulder. The work of the *banderillero* is dangerous and difficult, requiring great agility and coolness; both arms must be raised at once above the bull's horns, so as almost to touch them; the least hesitation, the faintest doubt, or a single false step might prove fatal. It sometimes

happens that a *banderillero* fills at the same time the function of the *media espada*—half-sword, or the *espada* of a lower order. The *banderillas* are so frightfully irritating to the bull that they intensify his fury to the last degree, and have given rise to the popular saying, *poner banderillas*, "Give him the *banderillas*," addressed to some one who is being worried or chaffed.

The Gordito is at the present time one of the most renowned *espadas* in Spain, his boldness and agility contrasting strangely with his fat heavy-looking figure. The name Gordito, by which he is known, simply means "The fat one." In the same way is Blas Meliz surnamed *el Minuto*, or the Diminutive, owing to his smallness, which however does not prevent his being one of the most adroit men that ever figured in the arena, notwithstanding his being lame from a wound received in the following manner in the *plaza* of Segovia. A bull had just received a sword-thrust from the *espada*, but the weapon, which stuck in the animal's neck, was tossed into the air with great violence, and fell point downwards into the heel of Minuto. The Gordito was now preparing to lay his fourth pair of *banderillas*, although the usual number is only three pairs; but he stopped suddenly. *¡A matar suena el clarín!*—the clarion had just sounded the death-note.

The honour of inflicting the first thrust had fallen to the Tato. It is customary for the *espada* before killing the bull to address himself to the president, from whom he obtains permission to despatch his foe, and this work he engages to perform effectually. That is what they term *echar el brindis*, that is to say, to propose the toast. The Tato, carrying in his left hand his sword and *muleta*, advanced to the president's seat, and uncovered his head in graceful salutation. This over, the Alcalde nodded approvingly, and the Tato, making a pirouette, tossed his mantle into the air. Then, with his sword in his right hand and his *mantilla* in his left, he made straight for the bull.

The *muleta* is, as we have already said, a small red flag which serves to attract the bull. The sword is of the usual length, with a flat and flexible blade, the handle compact, and easily held. But let us follow the Tato, who, passing his *muleta* repeatedly before the bull, failed to rouse it to charge; he then, as if to defy his foe, lifted the *banderillas* with the point of his sword, and took up his position, holding his weapon horizontally, and his *muleta* draped on the ground. The Tato thus presented a superb picture. "How beautifully he stands!" said all the women around us. But the moment of attack approached—all eyes were fastened upon the statuesque figure. Suddenly the *espada* advanced upon his foe, the horns touched the silk of his jacket, and his sword sheathed itself in the shoulder of the bull. This was a most magnificent *estocada á volapié*. This blow (introduced by Joaquin Rodriguez, known as Costillares), designed to despatch the animals which refuse to attack, is thus described by Pepe Illo, who was as well known as a *torero* as a didactic author: "The *diestro* takes up his position to inflict the death-blow, and as soon as the bull, deceived by the movement of the *mantilla*, lowers his head and exposes his shoulders, he springs towards him, thrusting his sword while poised on one foot. This," adds Pepe Illo, "is a brilliant pass, not to be attempted unless the bulls have lost spirit and refuse to charge."

The pass which Tato had just made brought down thunders of applause, and from all sides came an avalanche of hats falling into the *redondel*. This storm of head-gear is the highest compliment that can be paid to the pluck of the arena, and the merit of the pass might be arithmetically reckoned by the number of hats tossed into the air. Cigars were also flying in great profusion, and we even saw the charming *aficionadas* toss their bouquets into the arena in order to applaud with all the force of their little hands. The object of



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this ovation stood in the centre of a frightful group of torn and mutilated horses, some dead, and others tossing their heads in agony above dark pools of blood which reflected the strange medley of flowers, fans, and satins, and at the same time the forms of the writhing and excited multitude—an ideal picture, indeed, of the ghastly and the gay of a Spanish bull-fight.

When the excitement had died out the hats were calmly collected by the attendants, and cleverly tossed back to their respective owners to serve for another occasion. Some hats make at least half a dozen such journeys during a course. But the bull was not yet disposed of, although the sword-blade was buried in his breast, and one could only see the hilt. The animal beginning to totter like a drunken man, turned madly upon his own quivering flesh, then his eyes grew dim; but as if defiant of death itself, he held his head proudly erect, until his pains were ended by the *cachetero*, a personage dressed in black, who struck one blow with a poniard, and the noble brute dropped his head in death. To celebrate this solemn event the band played an Andalusian air much loved by the Spanish spectators, who kept time with hands and feet. The mules, already noticed, were now brought in to clear the arena of the dead animals.

Thus we have seen the bull-fights are divided into three acts: first the *picadores* fill the principal part; the second is consecrated to the address of the *banderilleros*; and as to the third, it is taken up by the *diestro*, without doubt the cleverest part of the drama. About fifteen or twenty minutes are allotted to each bull, so that the course of eight bulls takes about two hours and a half.

To a stranger the first experience of a bull-fight is most trying, but the Spaniards, even women and young children, view the sight of blood and carnage with perfect complacency. It is by no means uncommon to notice a young mother nursing her babe while the most tragic scene is being enacted.

As soon as the arena was cleared the music was interrupted by the harsh fanfare of the clarions and the rumbling of the *tamboriles*, the door of the *toril* opened noisily, and the second bull, announced by the name *Cuquillo*, made his entrance into the *redondel*. At first sight he did not please our neighbours the *aficionados*; his heavy demeanour was greatly against him. First he smelt one and then another of the *picadores*, who each administered a vigorous blow with their pikes, without causing the least show of resentment. With a stupid, abashed air the bull retired to the other side of the arena, where the *chulos* made a great effort with their mantles to rouse him, but he was decidedly a languid and soft animal. Roused at last, he succeeded in despatching two horses; feeling apparently satisfied with this glorious exploit, he seemed determined to rest on his laurels. When the clarions announced the time to introduce the *banderilleros*, cries of *fuego! fuego!*—the fire! the fire!—rang from all parts. The *banderillas* were granted by the president. This is the highest pitch of perfection to which they have brought the little arrows already described, where, in place of the ribbons of paper, they are supplied with fireworks, which light the moment the iron hook penetrates the skin of the animal. The unhappy *Cuquillo* received his two first *banderillas de fuego* from the hands of the *Gordito*. Hardly were they fixed, when a line of fire spread over the flanks of the bull, and were followed by the explosion of crackers. Two additional *banderillas* of fire were placed, followed by a third pair. The brute bellowed and turned upon himself, galloping full tilt, furious at being at once scorched by the fire and stunned by the noise. That did not prevent one of the *banderilleros* from attempting to place a fourth pair; only one could be fixed, and the other, falling and

exploding beneath him, crowned his rage. At last his death-note rang out, and the *sobresaliente*, the second *espada*, saluted the president, and prepared for his work of slaughter.



THE TRIUMPH OF THE ESPADA.

After several passes of the *muleta* he pierced his foe, but his sword snapped against a bone, and this gave rise to murmurs of dissatisfaction. Nothing daunted however, he thrust



A BANDERILLERO IN DANGER.

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again more successfully, and was speedily followed by the *cachetero*, who put an end to the sufferings of the bull.

Without wishing to try the patience of our readers by recounting all the details of a single course, we will simply rest satisfied by singling out another encounter, which was chiefly interesting on account of the unexpected reappearance of the *picador* Calderon, who, it will be remembered, was carried off fainting at the commencement of the fight. It almost seems that *picadores* are not made of the same clay as other men; they are so used to the most formidable blows, thrusts, and falls, a single one of which would put an end to any ordinary mortal.

Half Calderon's face disappeared beneath a bandage applied to his wound. The bandage, his jaded looks, and the long pike which he brandished in his right hand, recalled the figure of the ingenious "Hidalgo de la Mancha," mounted on Rossinante. Resolved to avenge his wound, he planted himself close to the *toril*, to receive the first shock of the *Brujo* (the Sorcerer), the third bull. Here he acquitted himself to perfection, bringing a stream of blood with his first thrust. From this moment Calderon, heated by the *bravos* of the crowd and fired by the pride of the *torero*, strove to surpass himself. His terrible *pua* left no rest to the bull. His comrades had besought him not to reappear that day, but he would not consent. One indeed is at a loss to account for the obstinacy which the *toreros* show under similar circumstances. It is said that Roque Miranda, surnamed Rigores, having one day received three thrusts of the horns in the *plaza* of Madrid, determined to reappear in a course which took place at Bilboa, more than one hundred miles off. Although hardly cured, he set out on his journey; but the celebrated Montes would not permit him to bear the sword, and urged him to return to Madrid. Soon after he took part in a *corrida* in the amphitheatre of that town, but his wounds mortified, and he died after suffering a terrible operation.

The fourth bull was waited for with great impatience, as the Gordito was announced to fire a pair of *banderillas sentado*, that is to say, seated on a chair. When at last the bull was released, a chair covered with straw was placed in the middle of the arena. On this the Gordito was seated, awaiting smilingly the charge of his foe. Soon roused by the capes of the *chulos*, the bull rushed at the Gordito. Thousands of breasts beat with terrible excitement as the furious animal, tossing clouds of dust in the air, charged his enemy, and when within two paces of the chair a terrible shriek rent the air—in an instant we saw the upraised arms of the Gordito as, springing nimbly to one side, he planted his *banderillas* and escaped. The bull, doubly furious to find himself pricked by the iron and disappointed of his prize, sent the chair spinning in fragments around, and continued his course, each flank decked with a superb *banderilla*.

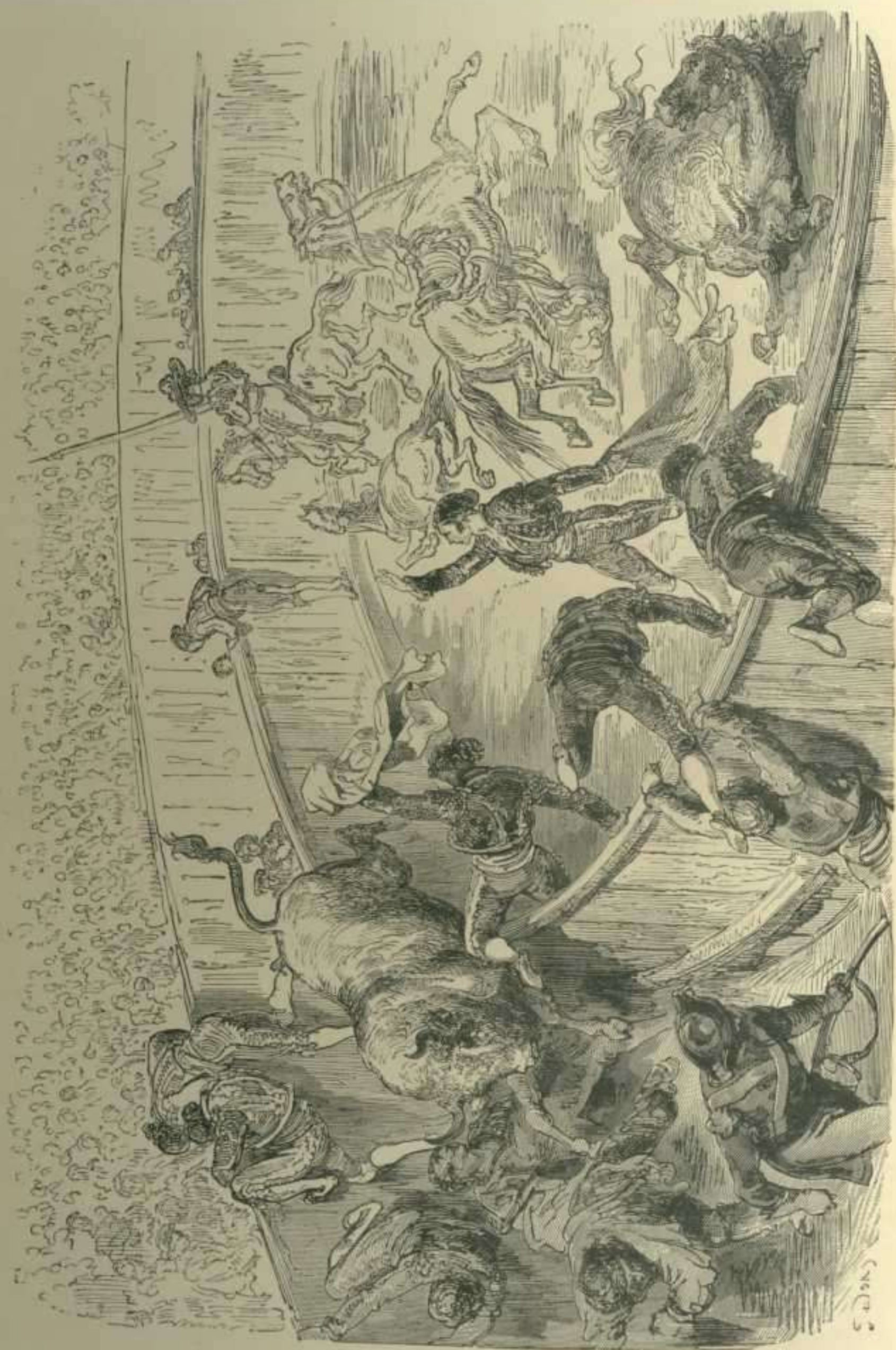
Words cannot describe the intense excitement of the scene. The air was darkened with a storm-cloud of hats, while a steady shower of cigars fell on the arena, and were picked up by the Gordito, who shared them with his comrades. One other scene, which caused an uproar, was occasioned by a *banderillero*, who at the moment when the death-note sounded was seized with the unhappy ambition to inflict another pair of *banderillas* on the bull, but making a false step, he fell face downwards. Notwithstanding the efforts of the *chulos*, he was lifted on the horns of the animal and carried twice round the arena; fortunately he fell to the ground, and his captor continued his course, carrying at the points of his horns some rags of satin. He had been caught up by the vest, and, to the astonishment of the spectators, escaped without a single scratch.

The fifth bull met his death without any striking incident. Then came the *Judio* (Jew), a jumping-bull, of those called *de muchas piernas*—many-legged. He tried several times to jump the barrier, and at length succeeded in clearing it at a single bound, but he was again got into the arena without causing damage.

The seventh bull was killed, but not without some trouble; as to the eighth, named *Zapatero*, the Gordito, with the aid of a long pole, vaulted over his back, and Tato again came to the front, and killing the animal, closed the course.



PLAY OF THE CAPE.



A BULL CLEARING THE BARRIER.

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TOREROS IN THE CALLE ZARAGOZA.

CHAPTER V.

The Albufera—Shooting and fishing—The Sportsmen—Alcira—Carcagente—The oranges of the kingdom of Valencia—The *huerta* of Gandia—Aloes and their uses—The *papel de hilo*—The fête of St. George—Combat between Moors and Spaniards—Jativa—Almanza—The pyramid—Albacete, the Sheffield of Spain—*Navajas*, *cuchillos*, and *puñales*—The poniard in the garter—From Albacete to Alicante—Villena—Alicante—Elche and its forest of palms—The dates and palms.

THE *corridos* of the autumn season were finished at Valencia; the holiday attire of the people had been put aside; the inhabitants of the *huerta* returned to their tillage; the streets of the town, only yesterday so full of life and gaiety, had relapsed into their accustomed calm. The entrance of the *toreros* into the *cafés* created quite a sensation; the engrossing subjects of conversation were the incidents of the two superb *corridos*, and the deepest silence reigned when one of the *toreros* recounted his victories. The local journals were full of the courses, freely discussing the varied merits of the *toreros* and their victims, just in the same way as we should criticise some celebrated tenor or actor after a great performance. We came across one article of eight columns, a masterpiece of composition, in verse of different measures, presenting a formidable variety of quatrains. Each bull was passed in review, and, thanks to a lavish use of periphrases and of synonyms, its author, the poetaster of the arena, made a veritable *tour de force*, noting all the falls of the *picadores*, not omitting the pairs and half-pairs of *banderillas*, the most trifling scratch made by the *espada*, &c.

As for ourselves, our experience of bull-fighting was amply sufficient, without recurring to the detail set down in cold print and doggerel rhyme. It was now time for us to seek for other scenes. A Valencian friend of ours, an intrepid Nimrod, was planning

a very different pastime, and his glowing account of the splendid sport to be had on the Albufera tempted us to accompany him. The aquatic birds of this lagoon include nearly sixty different kinds, amongst which figures a superb specimen with fiery plumage, called the flamingo, or *phenicopteron*. The temptation held out of seeing specimens of this bird was irresistible to Doré.

The Albufera is about nine miles south of Valencia, and is more than two miles long from north to south. We had already seen it from the tower of *Miquelete* spread out along the sea-shore like a robe of blue silk. In virtue of an ancient custom, the public are allowed to fish and shoot in this quarter twice a year, on St. Martin's Day, which falls on November 11th, and on St. Catherine's Day, 25th of the same month. On such occasions our guide assured us that at least ten thousand sportsmen appeared upon the scene, divided between fishing-parties in boats and shooting-parties on shore.

Some days before starting we wisely engaged a *tartana* at the *posada de Teruel*, for vehicles of all sorts would be in great demand for the day. Before sunrise, on the morning of the fête, our *tartanero* waited for us at the *fonda*. Soon after, we left Valencia, casting a last look at its spires, and passing under the *Puerta de Serranos*—the gate of the mountaineers (erected during the fourteenth century)—we crossed the Guadalaviar, and entered the *huerta*. The *tartanero*, who, like every second man one comes across, bore the name of Vicente, conducted us by the most abominable roads, under the pretence of making short cuts, over which our cart, being destitute of springs, jolted as if to break our necks; but our journey from Barcelona to Valencia had hardened us. I ought to say, however, that Providence befriended our driver, who, notwithstanding his passing every conveyance on the road, managed to keep his packing-box on its wheels. Crossing quagmires with the most marvellous address, he ably sustained his compatriots' reputation of being the cleverest *caleseros* in Spain.

The environs of Valencia are thickly dotted with orchards, extending outward about three miles, and joining the rice-fields, or *arrozales*. In this part of the country the number of irrigation canals is so considerable that we had to cross them about every hundred yards. As the culture of rice requires abundance of water, the fields are submerged during the greater part of the year, and are banked off to prevent the water from escaping.

Rice-cultivation is a profitable enterprise, but the malarious exhalations rising from the fields cut off many lives. As might be expected in a climate so hot and humid, many of the natives suffer from intermittent fevers, and we could not but pity the poor labourers, working from morning to night knee-deep in mud, while their heads and bodies were being grilled by the sun.

It is round the little town of Alberic that one sees the most *arrozales*. A well-known proverb makes allusion to the profit, and at the same time to the danger of rice-culture:

"Si vols vivre poc, y fer te ric,
Vesten a Alberic."

"If you wish to be rich and short-lived, go to Alberic."

An extraordinary animation reigned on the borders of the Albufera, the throng was already immense, numerous groups were forming here and there, some seeking shade, others braving the sun, and doing the honours to a picnic party with the traditional frugality of the Spaniards. Black wine flowed from leathern bottles in streams like silken cords, the guitar and *cítara* accompanied the joyous songs, marking the jolting rhyme of



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THE TORERO'S NARRATIVE AFTER A BULL-FIGHT.

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the *Jota aragonesa*, or the Valencian *Rondalla*. The sportsmen were busily occupied in preparing their arms, and from every side one heard that the sport was about to begin. We could descry near the middle of the lagoon immense black patches of aquatic birds reposing tranquilly on the surface, happily ignorant of the impending slaughter. The signal to embark was given, and all getting into the boats in order, pulled for the centre in a wide crescent. As we advanced, the boats at the two extremities of the line gradually drew together, as if to form a circle round the game. One of the flocks rose from the water like a dark cloud against the blue sky. Repeated discharges, resembling irregular volleys of infantry, were heard gradually increasing as the circle closed in. The birds continued to rise in thousands, and our time to salute them at last arrived, when the sport yielded us a good bag, made up of a variety quite unknown to us.

We gather from the account given by a German named Fischer, published at Leipsic about the beginning of this century, that larger guns were then used, and discharged as the flock rose to wing. We regretted our being unable to adopt the device indicated by the compatriot of the Baron Munchausen, which would have yielded a splendid dish of the tongues of the phenicoptera so much prized by the Romans.

The heat on the shores of the lake is intense, and the mosquitos multiply in such myriads that the fishermen are compelled to flee for refuge to the villages, to avoid being literally devoured by these rapacious insects. This reminds us of a passage by an ancient Arab author: "At Valencia flies dance to the sound of the mosquitos' music." We concluded our day's work by joining a fishing party for which we had made an appointment with a *pescador* of Sueca, a little town at the southern point of the lake. The fish of Albufera is not less abundant than the game. We caught a great number of eels, as well



WANDERING MUSICIANS.

as of the fish called *llobarros*. During dark nights the fishing is most successful, especially when an east wind prevails.

It was now time to bid adieu to the pleasures of Valencian sport, I therefore proposed to my companions that we should pass the night at Cullera, a small town near the mouth of the Jucar; from thence we were to go to Alcira and to Carcagente, to repose beneath the welcome shade of orange-trees.

The environs of Alcira and of Carcagente supply the Paris market with the greater part of its oranges, which the hawkers announce in the streets as "*la belle Valence*." It is a mistake to imagine that the culture of oranges in such a salubrious climate requires but little care. The most suitable soil for orange-trees is light and sandy, and they require to be watered regularly every twenty days from February to November; the soil also ought to be manured at least three times a year. High winds are much dreaded by the gardeners, who, in order to screen the oranges from the force of the prevailing winds, hedge them round with high walls of cypress closely planted together, or the great reeds, known as *cañas*, so common in Spain. The owners know from experience that their trees only yield fruit in proportion to the care bestowed on their culture. The oranges are of two kinds, those obtained by sowing the pips, *naranjos de semilla*, and *naranjos enjertados*, that is, ingrafted. The latter produce the finest fruit, but the tree does not last so long, and is usually more stunted than the *naranjos de semilla*, which sometimes attain a height of twenty-five feet, and yield fruit for at least a century. It is said that the trees cultivated in our green-houses reach a much greater age. Take for example the one at Versailles, known as *François I^{er}*, said to have been sown at Pampeluna in 1421, afterwards bought by the Constable of Bourbon, and transported successfully to Chantilly, Fontainebleau, and Versailles.

They use as suckers citron-stalks, which take easily. The grafting time is from the month of April to June. The trees obtained by this means seldom live more than thirty years, but in return they bear fruit in greater abundance than the others. It is rarely that an orange-tree will yield fruit before it is five years old, and when the tree has reached its full maturity it will yield as many as two thousand oranges during the season; a Spanish naturalist assured us that he had counted five thousand oranges on a single tree. Young trees produce the largest and finest fruit; as they age the fruit becomes smaller, more abundant, thinner in the skin, and sweeter. The oranges change to a yellow hue about November, having previously reached their full size. Those exported are packed when yet green, in order that they may ripen on the way.

Strangely enough, the herds of pigs one usually sees roaming about the orange-groves disdain the luscious fruit, although the oranges lie scattered in hundreds over the ground. It would seem that these unclean animals are much daintier in their feeding than one would think. Cattle, on the contrary, take kindly to oranges.

It is during April and May that one ought to visit the fine orange-groves of Carcagente and of Alcira. Then the trees which still preserve the last of their golden fruits are at the same time covered with rich blossoms; to these a Florentine poet of the sixteenth century awards the palm over all fruit-trees, Luigi Alamanni, in his poem "*Coltivatione*," dedicated to Francis I.

"Il fior d'arancio, che d'ogni fiore è il re."

One can form no idea of the fragrance of the oranges; above all in the calm evenings when it saturates the air, and the sweet smell seems to travel even further than the eye can



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THE BANKS OF THE GUADALAVIAR.

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see. The blossom is so abundant that a high wind will cause the flowers to fall in showers that mantle the earth like a covering of snow. These flowers are gathered in great sheets, and represent an important item in the economy of gardening, as each tree supplies more than thirty-four pounds avoirdupois of blossom.

One of the richest proprietors of Carcagente assured us that there are at least six hundred orange gardens, and that the average produce reaches about seven million pounds avoirdupois; it requires three or four oranges to make a pound. The two towns Carcagente and Alcira alone produce annually about twenty millions of oranges. They are so common that one sees the children using them at play, as in Normandy they use cider-apples.

The oranges when gathered are assorted according to size, and for this purpose a number of different-sized rings are employed; after which the fruit is arranged in lots according to the diameter of the rings it has passed through. This classing finished, they are packed in long cases of white wood, care being taken that they should rise slightly above the surface of the box, in order that they may be tightly packed.

If the interminable orange-groves of Carcagente and Alcira are monotonous, one at any rate may see varied and interesting types among the natives themselves. Sometimes it is an old worker in iron, who still wears the pointed cap of the ancient Valencian costume, or travelling musicians with their guitars, or a convoy of peasants on their way to market.

The coast of the Mediterranean between Valencia and Alicante is beyond the reach of ordinary tourists, and therefore very little known, although indeed its attractions should make it a favourite resort. Its wooded mountains, the valleys, with vegetation almost tropical, in the neighbourhood of Gandia, Denia, and of Javea, rival Castellamare, Amalfi, Sorrento, and other places of note on the Neapolitan coast.

It was by the *huerta* of Gandia that we approached this Eden of Spanish poets. This terrestrial paradise of the Western Arabs, smaller than that of Valencia, and offering perhaps a vegetation still more luxuriant, with climate more genial, was renowned even at the time of the Arab kings of Valencia for the culture of the sugar-cane. Nowadays one still sees some fields where the *cañas de azucar* are cultivated, and where they reach great perfection.

The orange, fig, and pomegranate, and a great variety of other fruit-trees afford shade in the valleys, while the carobs cover the hillsides, at times surpassing the largest oaks in their splendid proportions. But a plant one often notices in the environs of Gandia is the aloe, or the agave of America, and which is common to the south of the Peninsula. Here the *pita*—this is what the Spaniards call it—is not only employed for the fencing of fields, they also make use of the strong fibres of the plant, carefully selecting the full-grown outer leaves, as those nearest the heart are naturally tender. We witnessed this most simple and at the same time interesting industry, of which Doré at once made a sketch, to the manifest astonishment of the simple peasants, who could not make out why we were so deeply engrossed with their work. They began by crushing the leaves on a stone, then they made up a bundle, which they tied at one end with a string. The workman had a long board placed in front of him at an angle of about forty-five degrees, furnished at the top with an iron hook, to which he attached the bundle of leaves; he then with the aid of an iron bar proceeded to scrape the leaves, in order to separate the fleshy pulp from the fibre. This scraping was alternated with washing, to carry off the loose pulp. The fibre was then placed to dry in the

sun. The thread of the aloe is extremely useful on account of its strength and durability, and is employed chiefly in making cord for horse-harness, and for the *alpargatas*, a sort of twisted sandal worn by the peasantry. The leaves of the aloe are also used for the food of cattle. They in some plants attain to the length of two yards, while the central stem, with its cone of yellow flowers, is not unfrequently eighteen or twenty feet high. The transversal stems supporting the flowers curve out most gracefully, like the branches of a lustre, and remind one of the famous seven-branch candlestick in the Temple at

Jerusalem, which is seen depicted on a bas-relief on the triumphal arch of Titus at Rome.

The little town of Gandia, formerly the capital of a duchy, was given to Borgia in 1485 by Ferdinand the Catholic. It is known that this celebrated family, which boasted among its members two popes and a saint, was of Spanish origin, and owes its name to the town of Borja in Aragon.

We walked from Gandia to Denia; the Mediterranean on our left, blue and calm as a lake, and on our right a country rich in the relics of antiquity. Denia takes its name from a temple consecrated to the great Diana of Ephesus. We noticed on our way a ruined tower, bearing the name of Sertorius.

From Denia to Alcoy the country is extremely fertile, appearing indeed to be one immense orchard, with palms here and there rearing their graceful heads high above the orange and pomegranate trees.

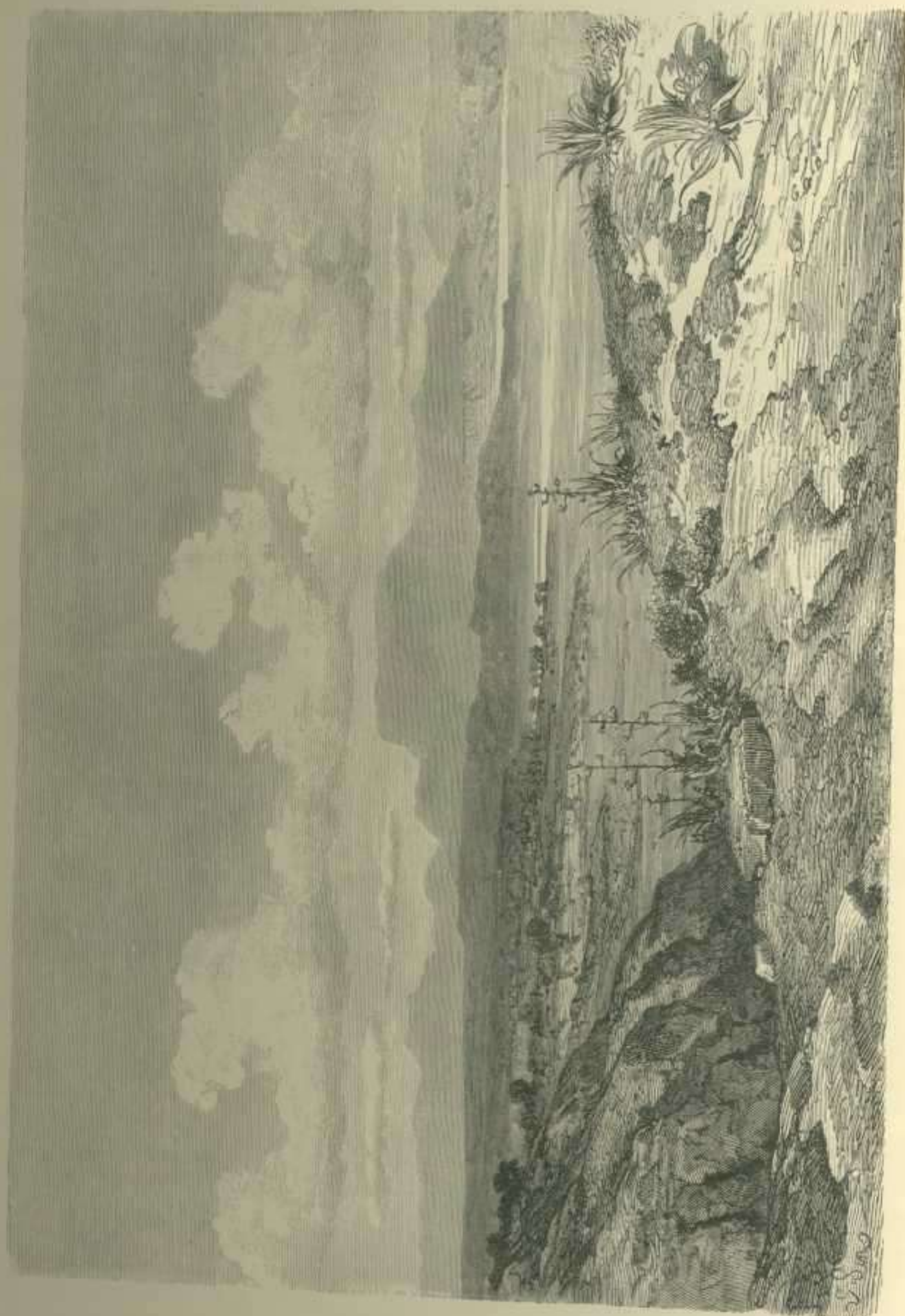
The gathering of the carobs was just over, and one saw garlands suspended over the white walls of the cottages, which, lighted by an African sun, shone with great brilliancy through the rich masses of foliage.

The *barracas*, or huts of the peasantry, have only a ground-floor, and are thatched with reeds obtained from the marshy borders of the Albufera. The roofs are for the most part surmounted by the *cruz de Caravaca*, a wooden cross not unlike that of Lorraine.

Alcoy is rather a large town, picturesquely situated at the foot of the mountains, and



PREPARATION OF THE ALOES.



THE LAKE OF ALBUFERA.

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in which the manufacture of woollen fabrics ought to be considerable, if one may judge from the number of workmen one meets with their hands and faces smeared over with dye; but the great industry of Alcoy is the production of the *papel de hilo*, cigarettes. There are hardly any men in Spain, young or old, rich or poor, who do not carry the *papelito*. The *papel de Alcoy* enjoys the greatest reputation. The esteemed *libritos* of the amateurs bear the mark of the *caballito*, pony, represented on the cover.

On the day of our arrival at Alcoy the streets presented an unaccountably gay appearance. The inhabitants were hastening to and fro, decked in holiday attire. *Tartanas*, *galeras*, and *carros* stopped at the cafés and hotels, where they landed their parties of peasants, who, covered with a thick coating of white dust, led us to suppose that they must have made long and arduous journeys. There were indeed to be seen some of them wearing the costume of the husbandmen of Alicante, while others, evidently Murcians, wore the *montera* of black velvet, and, like the Valencians, white linen trousers. All this imparted to the town an air of gaiety and excitement for which we were quite at a loss to account.

Anxious to solve the mystery, we inquired of a group why there was such a stir? "What," they replied, "don't you know that it is the fête of St. George, and that to-morrow the fair of Alcoy begins? Read this *cartel*, and you will see." We then proceeded to read a programme about six feet long, and printed on thin blue paper. The heading consisted of these words in huge capitals: "*Feria de Alcoy*."

Then followed the details of the *funciones*. In Spain the word *funciones* admits of an almost infinite variety of applications—a bull-fight, a capital execution, a grand funeral; should there be in a church a celebration in honour of a saint, should a theatre give a representation, they all come under the name of *funcion*. At the head of the list was a *corrida de novillos*, then followed fireworks—literally a castle of fire, *castillo de fuego*—and lastly, a mock fight between the Christians and the Moors. We had already



PEASANT OF ALCOY.

witnessed similar fêtes at Soller, in the Isle of Majorca, which are held every year on May 14th, but nowhere have they obtained so much éclat as at Alcoy. It appears that in 1257 the town was attacked by Infidels, and would have fallen into their hands, had it not been for the miraculous intervention of St. George, who fought in person in the ranks of the Christians.

On the eve of the great saint's day each village of the Comarca, or district of Alcoy, sends a deputation of musicians, who, after having assembled before the *ayuntamiento*, scour the streets of the town to announce the ceremony of the fête-day. This curious band, armed with the *dulzayna*, a little hautboy of a harsh sound, drums, trumpets, *bandurrias*,



A SKETCH AT THE FÊTE OF ALCOY.

citaras, and the inevitable guitar, march in procession, followed by the cortège of the Christians, and that of the Moors. The fête is commenced by the defile of the clergy, who go in procession to the *plaza mayor*, on which a wooden castle has been erected. Into this stronghold, where the Christians and Moors have already found shelter, the clergy are admitted. After traversing the whole town, the troops divide into groups, and engage in national dances before the houses of the *alcalde* and other persons of distinction. On the third day the mock combat between Christians and Moors was held. Soon after dawn the troops gathered on the *plaza mayor*, Moors on one side and Christians on the other. The former soon retired, and made for one of the gates of the town which they proposed to besiege. From



FLAMINGO-SHOOTING ON THE LAKE OF ALBUFERA.

To face page 78.

their new position they despatched a messenger, bearing a letter and a flag of truce to the Christian commander, who, seizing the document, tore it into fragments, vowing that he would never consent to treat with Infidels. The messenger hastened back to the Moorish camp with the unwelcome news, which served as a pretext for an official embassy, and all who took part in it were richly dressed. The chief is introduced blindfolded to the Christian general, and urges him to surrender, but he only meets with a still more stern and indignant refusal, and the ambassador retires, followed by his suite.

They then prepare for battle, and the Moors are warmly received with rounds of musketry—a mode of defence not quite historically correct, as it must be remembered that the action took place in 1257. This anachronism however did not seem to disconcert the Infidels, who enjoyed some advantages to start with. The Christian chief rouses his troops by voice and gesture, and they fall on their enemies, shouting the old war-cry against the Moors, *Santiago y á ellos!* the England and St. George! of the Spaniards. Nevertheless the Infidels seemed rooted to their ground, and the Spanish chief making a fresh appeal to his troops, they rallied round him. This was indeed a noble burlesque—a splendid carnival scene. The costumes of the paladins, although extremely gorgeous, were by no means remarkable for archaeological accuracy, presenting at once the most comical and ludicrous combinations, recalling the *troubadours de pendule* at the time of the Restoration; as to the spirited palfreys, they were simply of cardboard, like those one sees in the toy-shops, draped with a horsecloth, which almost hid the feet of the paladins. The Moorish costume was not less successful. They resembled the Mamelukes of Shrove Tuesday, or ideal Turks with immense turbans and short jackets, ornamented on the back with a huge sun, and wide trousers caught in at the ankle, like the Moors pictured by Goya. After a grand charge of the spirited cavalry, the victorious Christians sang songs of triumph, and paraded their trophies and prisoners through the town.

On the following days the fêtes terminated with a procession of Christians and Moors, when the wounded implored the charity of the lookers-on. In this way a sum of money was collected for the benefit of the hospital.

Concentayna, through which we made our way after quitting Alcoy, is charmingly situated; and the same may be said of Jativa, where we arrived in the evening. The town, which has an Arab aspect, rests on the slope of a hill crowned with crenated walls; at the foot of the hill, the country, of admirable fertility, spreads out an ocean of verdure as far as the eye can see. Jativa is the most important station of the Valencian railway. The line is fenced in by orange, mulberry, and pomegranate trees, whose fruit we could almost reach from the windows of the carriage.

Passing through the *Puerto de Almanza*, a narrow defile between two mountains, we left the province of Valencia to enter that of Albacete. Hardly had we emerged from the *Puerto* than we perceived a change of climate. Aloes, cactuses, and other southern plants disappeared, to make way for the vegetation of the north. We were nearing the station of Almanza, where the Valencian line joins with that from Madrid to Alicante. Some hundreds of yards before arriving at this junction we perceived on our right, in the middle of the plain, a pyramid erected by Philip V. to commemorate the battle of Almanza in 1705. Apart from historic souvenirs the town has no very attractive features; the old dismantled castle by which it is overlooked was formerly of great importance, for Almanza was one of the keys of the kingdom of Valencia. The desolate region we passed through to reach Albacete made us regret the beautiful kingdom of Valencia, and gave us a foretaste of the plains of La Mancha and of Castille: the climate, of burning heat during

summer, has an almost Arctic winter; not a tree, not a flower, but gigantic thistles in profusion. Every green weed has its charm to the artist, and the thistle has afforded rich material for the designers of the Middle Ages in Spain as well as in other lands. Doré made some sketches, and used them to advantage in his "Don Quixote." Field after field of wheat followed in succession, and formed a boundless plain of green. We could descry on the verge of the horizon a little hillock crowned with windmills, which naturally made us think of the hero of La Mancha. Half an hour brought us to Albacete, and the train had hardly stopped before we were surrounded by knife-sellers.

Albacete is to Spain what Châtelleraut is to France and what Sheffield is to England; the *navajas*, the *cuchillos*, the *puñales*, are made there by thousands, coarse cutlery like that of the Arabs. The *navaja* is one of the *cosas de Espana*; its form varies very little, and



RUINS OF THE CASTLE OF CHINCHILLA.

the wooden or horn handle is covered with a plate of brass ornamented with rudimentary designs engraved on its surface. The blade is long, pointed like a needle, and raised in the middle, resembling the form of a fish. A number of grooves are cut along the blade parallel to its outer edge, and stained blood-red.

The blades of Albacete are of the coarsest iron, and have nothing in common with those of Toledo. They are nevertheless cleverly engraved with aquafortis, and carry inscriptions and arabesques in semi-Oriental style. Some of these inscriptions are borrowed from the ancient Castilian arms, and are full of deep significance.

"No me saques sin razon,
No me embaines sin honor."

"Do not unsheath me without reason, do not sheath me without honour."



FÊTE OF ALCOY.

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Often enough the inscription contains a menace by no means reassuring to a foe,

“Si esta vivora te pica,
No hay remedio en la botica.”

“Should this viper prick you, pharmacy can supply no remedy.”

It is without doubt this latter inscription, employed in preference to all the others, which has given rise to the funereal pleasantry signifying knife of “extreme unction.” Other inscriptions are, like the following, purely defensive:—

“Soy defensora de mi dueño solo, y viva,”

or,

“Soy defensa del honor de mi dueño.”

The *navaja* is usually sheathed in iron, and owing to the notches on the blades of those that have been used, the unsheathing of a *navaja* produces a nasty rasping sound. Some are more than a yard in length, but those for active service seldom exceed a *media vara* of $17\frac{1}{4}$ English inches—a rather imposing length for a knife. The Spaniards facetiously call them *cor-taplumas*, penknives—or *monda-dientes*, tooth-pick—or *alfiler*, which simply means a pin.

The use of the *navaja*, like that of the sword, has its set rules, and the Andalusians are its most renowned masters. One day we had the curiosity to take lessons from a professor, who disclosed the secrets of his science, aided by an ordinary cane in case of the bare blade. The classical blow consists

in cutting the face of one's adversary in a manner so artistic as to give rise to the phrase *pintar un javeque*, an expression which comes from the resemblance which the wound bears to the sail of the Mediterranean boat. When we arrive at Andalusia we shall have occasion to dwell on this subject at greater length.

The Spanish *puñal* is very much like a Corsican poniard; sometimes the blade is perforated with numerous holes, and carefully notched in a manner calculated to lacerate a wound and render it more dangerous.—Here is now a grave question, “Do the charming Spanish ladies we see still adhere to the ancient national custom of carrying a small poniard in their garter, or do they not?” I possess one which bears this inscription, “*Sirvo á una dama;*” only the words do not explain whether the little weapon was ever worn by a lady. Let us hope it was, just to give colour to the romantic tradition.



THE NAVAJA.

The train had just quitted Albacete, and again coming in view of the Castle of Chinchilla and the pyramid of Almanza, we soon passed the station of the *Venta de la Encina* (Inn of the Green Oak), where the two lines join. After having passed the station of Caudete, we arrived at that of Villena. Villena was the home of a celebrated Spanish family who played an important part in the fifteenth century, and whose memory is still popular in the country. The first Marquis of Villena left numerous poems,

but many of his works have been lost. During his life-time he had the reputation of being a sorcerer, and after his death the King of Castille had his books destroyed by fire. The little town of Villena, with its narrow and tortuous streets, has still some old houses, whose aspect is in harmony with the legends of the Middle Ages. Its castle lifts its ruins above the town, like a mendicant clothed in his rags.

Sax is the name of the next station, and it is the last town of the province of Albacete. The road makes numerous détours, and traverses several steep ravines. At the end of a long tunnel we came out on the pretty valley of Elda, which fell away to our left, then we passed Monovar and Novelda, two little towns bathed in sunlight, and situated in the midst of a very hilly country. An almost tropical vegetation made amends to us for the monotony of the wide plains of Albacete; figs, palms, and



SKETCH IN ALBACETE.

almond-trees attained enormous proportions; vines, whose leaves were reddened with a sun worthy of Africa, were laden with immense bunches of grapes. At last we reached Alicante. Alicante is a modern and commercial town; in vain we searched for the minarets of which the poet of the *Orientales* sang:

“Alicante aux clochers mêle les minarets.”



ORANGE-TREES AT CARCAERENTE.

To face page 86.

It is impossible with all our love of poetry, and even when taxing our fancy to its utmost limit, to find the faintest trace of either spire or minaret in Alicante. The native costumes were highly characteristic. On the *alameda* of the port we perceived some *mantillas*, and Doré, carefully hidden beneath a palm-tree, managed to sketch two, which foreshadowed those of Andalusia. Farther on, the traders of Alicante were asleep on immense bales of produce, and the robust peasants we encountered were dressed much in the same attire as the Valencians.

The town-hall, called *la Casa Municipal*, is a good specimen of architecture, but has nothing Oriental in it in spite of its four large square towers. In the middle of the façade are sculptured the city arms, *un castillo sobre aguas*. The cathedral, of the seventeenth century, is in the style of the Jesuits; the interior is lavishly decorated, and, like most of the Spanish churches, ornamented with pictures. One of these pictures attracted our



ALICANTE.

attention, not so much on account of its execution, which is nothing marvellous, as on account of its subject; it is the martyrdom of St. Agatha. This saint is no less venerated in Spain than in the southern provinces of Italy. The picture was painted with a realistic fidelity pleasing to the Spanish mind, but infinitely revolting to a stranger.

Elche, the city of palms, is about five or six hours' drive from Alicante. Having taken our places at the *posada* of Balseta, we mounted the coach and soon left by the *puerta de Elche*. After about an hour's hard jolting we were startled by screams from beneath. It turned out that one of the seats, displaced by the jolting, sank under the weight of the unhappy travellers, who, thus deprived of their support, had been shaken about like pills in a box for at least a hundred yards. Repairs having been effected, we again set out on our route, and had just time to settle ourselves in our seats, when a severe plunge of the coach released one of its doors, which went flying into

the sand, followed by a passenger, who had been tossed after it, and who fortunately escaped almost uninjured. The *mayoral* now descended from his perch, and with the aid of sticks and string, and a volley of the most terrific oaths, set to work to repair his rapidly decomposing vehicle. These break-downs were repeated at short intervals, and the delay thus caused enabled us to witness a most splendid sunset as we entered Elche.

"*No hay mas que un Elche en España*" (says a well-known proverb), "There is not another Elche in Spain;" and it might have added, not even in Europe. Although the



TRADERS OF ALICANTE.

ancient Illici was formerly one of the most important Roman colonies of the Peninsula, yet its crowning glory is the palm. It is true that one often sees in almost all parts of Andalusia, and in the south of Italy and Sicily, these magnificent trees of the desert. They grow to a great height, and are usually found in isolated groups, while Elche is surrounded by them as by an uninterrupted green belt of forest. Gazing on such a scene, it almost seems as if one had been transported by the wand of an enchanter into the heart of Africa, or else into one of those lovely regions where the imagination delights to place the great scenes of the Bible.



PEASANTS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF CARCAGENTE.

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When we approached the town an opening in the palm-trees enabled us to perceive a long line of crenated walls, surmounted by domes gilded with the splendour of the setting sun, their Oriental profile standing out in bold relief against a fiery sky. The interior of Elche had an equally Oriental appearance. The streets are contracted, the houses are flat-roofed, and surrounded by balconies, and only receive daylight through narrow windows shaded by willow mats of different colours. We had to cross a superb bridge, which spans



TWO LADIES.—SKETCH MADE AT ALICANTE.

a deep ravine, in order to reach the *posada*, one of the most comfortable of its kind in Spain. Next morning our first visit was to the cathedral (called Santa Maria), where we enjoyed a wide view of the surrounding country. On our left beyond the palms is the plain which separates Elche from Alicante, with a distant horizon of sea. From the green *huerta* on our right rose the first mountains of the kingdom of Murcia. This view from the tower may be said to form the chief attraction of the cathedral, unless when one is present during

the great fête of the Assumption, August 15th, when it is crowded with people from all quarters, who flock to the celebration.

The number of fruit-bearing palms in Elche is estimated at 35,000, and the local statistics set down their annual produce at about three hundred and sixty thousand francs.

Besides dates, the palms have still other important produce. Those which are unproductive are sent into all parts of Spain, to be used for the ceremony of Palm Sunday, prepared in a variety of different ways to make volutes and festoons of all sorts to ornament the balconies of houses.

The Spaniards show great agility in ascending the palms. When they reach the top they collect the shoots and bind them together with cord, which they gradually tighten as they near the highest leaves; for this perilous operation light ladders are employed, resting against the stem. Thus the leaves are gathered together and bound up like corn-sheaves, to protect the fruit from the action of the air.



BINDING UP THE PALM-LEAVES.



A STREET IN ALBRACKETE.

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THE GIPSY'S BREAKFAST.

CHAPTER VI.

Orihuela—Extraordinary fertility—The Segura—Murcia—Popular costumes—The *fête of Corpus*—Cartagena—From Murcia to Granada—The *galera atartanada*—Totana—The gipsies—Lorca—Cullar de Baza—A population of cave-dwellers—Baza—The Inn of Gor—Guadiz—Arrival at Granada.

THE *huerta* between Elche and Orihuela presented the appearance of a vast orchard; the vegetation was perhaps richer and more tropical than that of Valencia. The trees were of colossal dimensions; the sunflowers, of which the people ate the seed, were bending beneath the burden of their great black and yellow discs. The reeds were like bamboos, and the rose-bushes which edged the streams seemed veritable trees, while the aloes by the roadside spread out their pointed leaves like gigantic Moorish daggers.

A network of irrigation canals keep up a constant humidity, and the sun does the rest, so that the inhabitants have no need to dread those dry seasons so fatal to other parts of Spain. "*Llueva ó no llueva, hay trigo en Orihuela,*" "with rain or without rain, there is always corn in Orihuela," such is the popular saying. The peasants of Orihuela are more like negroes than Europeans: their only clothing is made up of a shirt, short cotton trousers, and a handkerchief bound round the head. When we came across them working in the fields beneath a tropical sun, they were more like Kabyles or Fellahs than Spaniards. Such are the peasants and the reapers. The latter do not use the long scythe common to the country round Paris, and which painters have immortalised as an attribute of Time; but in place of this a small sickle, armed with a row of teeth, is found equal to the task of reaping the rich harvests of Orihuela. The skin of the *segadores* reproduces the different shades of bronze, from the Florentine patina to the black

patina. Once we remarked among them a veritable negro, whose skin was in no way different from that of his fellows.

Orihuela, which has preserved its Arab name, is rather a large town, bisected by the Segura (let us notice, in passing, that the names of rivers are always masculine in Spanish). It is the most important stream in Murcia, and notwithstanding the vastness of the system of irrigation which it feeds, it was never known to run dry even during the greatest heat of summer. The town, with its long streets, its numerous churches, and its whitewashed houses, has an air of richness not commonly found in Spain. The high palms and enormous orange-trees, which ornament the *alameda* and the private gardens, impart to Orihuela an Oriental aspect similar to that of Elche.

Two hours after leaving Orihuela we entered the province of Murcia, which was formerly one of the little Arab kingdoms. The environs of Murcia are not less fertile than those of Orihuela. The Murcians enjoy the reputation of being skilled in agriculture, and appear to be thoroughly satisfied with the produce of their soil; as one may gather from a popular picture we bought in the market-place, representing a Murcian labourer armed with his pickaxe or mattock, and below it,

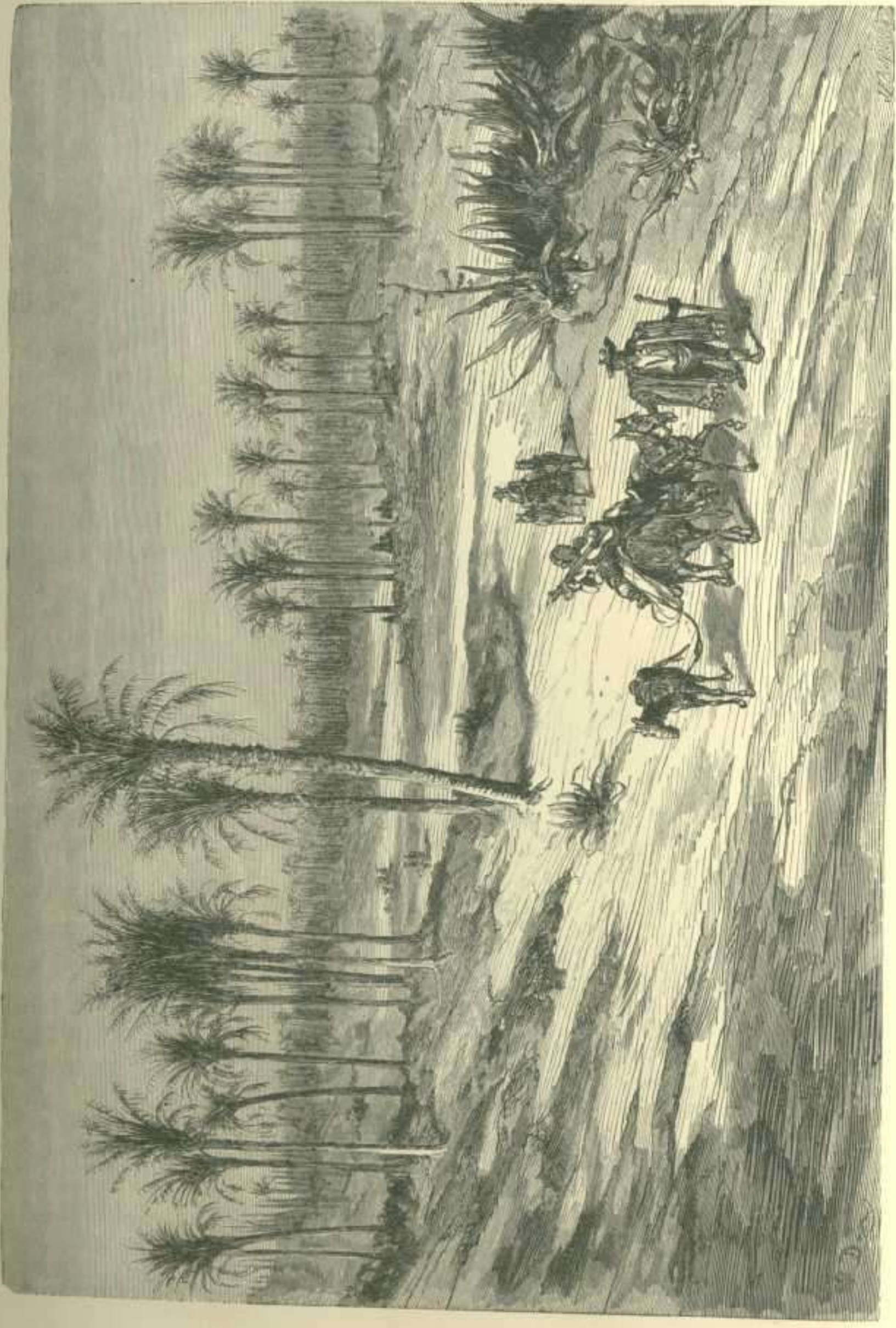
“Tiene el Murciano en su huerto
De su subsistencia el puerto.”

They have also the reputation of being very vindictive, having retained certain features of the Arab character. It was easy for us to perceive that there is perhaps no province in Spain which has preserved so many minute traces of Oriental customs. Thus, the harness, or *aparejos*, of the mules is very like what may be seen at Morocco; the *guadamacileros*, or workers in leather, embroider their wares with silk, such as the *cananas*,

or cartridge-pouches, the same kind of workmanship, and sometimes the same designs, as in the large *adargas vacaries*, or leathern shields, anciently used by the Moors of Granada, and which may still be seen in the *Armería* of Madrid. Even the physiognomy of the people presents something of the Oriental type, and this is easily explained. At the beginning of the seventeenth century the Moors were still numerous in the province of Murcia, when Philip III. ordered their expulsion. Many young girls, unwilling to quit their native soil, were permitted to remain on condition of their marrying the old Spaniards, or *Cristianos viejos*, as they were called.



PEASANT OF ORIHUELA.



FOREST OF PALMS AT ELCHIE.

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The costume of the Murcians differs in no important details from that of the Valencians. As to the women, their dress resembles closely that of the Andalucians, at least that worn on fête-days. The short skirt with many frills, sometimes of embroidered silk, sometimes of blue or garnet-coloured velvet, ornamented with spangles of gold or silver, leaving in view a handsome leg and small arched foot decked with small white slipper. The most fashionable wear flesh-coloured silk stockings, embroidered with zigzag designs; we noticed others who wore the slippers without stockings. The *mantilla*, much the same as the *mantilla de tira* of the Andalucians, was of black velvet, the edges pinked out in silk. Thrown over the chignon and crossed over the chest, or else



REAPERS IN THE FIELDS OF MURCIA.

simply placed on the shoulders, there is nothing more modest or elegant than this headdress. Two little round plaits composed of very fine hair are brought coquettishly over the temple, and the chignon, composed of equally fine plaits, arranged behind the head, presents a figure of eight, with its lower half larger than the upper. A little comb, jauntily placed on one side, and a crimson flower complete this fascinating *coiffure*. This, it must be understood, applies only to the people; the *señoras* follow as closely as possible the exact fashions of Paris, except in the hat, which the majority replace by the national *mantilla*. Thus they find ample opportunity of displaying their luxuriant tresses, of which they may justly be proud.

In order to see the costumes to the greatest advantage one must be present at the ceremonies of *Corpus Domini*, as they call it here. It was our good fortune to witness this spectacle the day after our arrival. Early in the morning the cathedral bells rang out their peals to announce the solemnity of the day. The inhabitants of the surrounding country arrived arrayed in their handsomest costumes, the houses were decked with the costliest tapestries and silks. Those who could not find a place at the windows lined the streets; the balconies were soon thronged with ladies, and distant music announced the



SKETCH MADE AT MURCIA.

approach of the cortége. At the head came reliquaries, relics, images of saints, and Madonnas of the different churches, carried by the peasants. The Virgins were carved in wood, life-size, and painted. We counted about eight, each one followed by the clergy of the parishes, and a long train of peasants bearing huge wax tapers. Then came the civic authorities and bands of music, one entirely made up of ecclesiastics wearing their robes and surplices. Mace-bearers in the costume of the sixteenth century completed the procession, cap, doublet, and hose of red velvet, and wearing round their neck the starched *golilla*.

As the Host was passing, the crowd knelt down, and the women tossed bouquets from the balconies. The Spaniards love fêtes and processions, more especially if they are of a religious character, and this leads us to believe that Protestantism has little chance of ever taking root in the Peninsula.

After witnessing the ceremony we followed the crowd to the *alamedas*, where we were enabled to study their infinite varieties of costume in all their details. Here the trees of Africa and America grow side by side with those of Europe. In the *Paseo del Cármen* we

remarked splendid orange-trees, which recalled to us Victor Hugo's line:

“ . . . Murcie a ses oranges.”

The Murcian oranges are the best in Spain, not excepting those of Valencia; above all, the *naranjas de sangre*, or “blood-oranges.”

The railway carried us in two hours from Murcia to Cartagena; this port, which is called Cartagena de Levant, to distinguish it from that of South America, has lost much of its ancient splendour. It was founded by the Carthaginians, who there established their great arsenal, and when Scipio took it the Romans obtained rich booty. “The wealth of the

plains," says a Latin author, " baffles description. Silver was so abundant that the conquerors forged it into ships' anchors." For about a hundred years, and under Charles III., Cartagena was a flourishing town of 60,000 inhabitants; now there are hardly more than half that number. The mines of the environs were in ancient times very productive; the scoria abandoned by the Romans yields at the present time a large percentage of lead.



MARKET-GARDENERS, MURCIA.

There was nothing further to detain us in Murcia; having visited its monuments, its vast and imposing cathedral, we now determined to proceed to Granada; the distance was not considerable, but there was no means of regular conveyance. The country is very hilly, and the roads in a bad state. Nevertheless, having resolved to risk the adventure and proceed on horseback, on a mule, in a *galera*, or if need be on foot, we decided to

make Totana our first halting-place, and to spend some time in studying its tribes of gipsies.

We booked places in a *galera atartanada*, and prepared for the journey as if about to traverse the Great Desert. First we invested in a number of bright-coloured woollen mantles; we also bought *alforjas*, or woollen wallets, as necessary for such a journey as they are useful for transporting provisions, so as to render the traveller independent of the wretched inns of this part of Spain.

Totana was reached about sunset, when the deepening gloom imparted a weird and mystic aspect to the little town. Groups of gipsies in front of their half-ruined

houses reminded us of the *Cour des Miracles*, and seemed to carry us back to a scene of the Middle Ages. Totana is the head-quarters of the Murcian gipsies, just as Sevilla is the metropolis of those of Andalusia. It is without doubt in remembrance of their Andalusian brothers that the Bohemians have given to two quarters of the town the names Sevilla and Triana; one well knows that Triana is a street of Sevilla almost entirely inhabited by gipsies. As to the peasants, their costume differs very little from that of the Murcians.

The master of the inn where we put up was a gipsy, like the greater number of the *posaderos* of the country. Our host informed us that in order to eke out a living he had to engage in the transport of snow; a much more important trade than one would think in so hot a climate. The gipsies are

the chief snow-men, and they carry on their trade in Winter's mantle by ascending one of the highest mountains—*la Sierra de España*—in Murcia; there they load the snow on donkeys, which make marvellous ascents in places one would imagine only accessible to goats and chamois. It is a curious sight to see these sure-footed animals descending the mountains, bending under their loads, and following each other in Indian file. Once on the plain, the gipsies find a ready market for their perishable ware in the various towns, where it is used in preference to ice in the manufacture of cool drinks.

Fortunately the day after our arrival there was a market held, which afforded us an excellent opportunity of seeing the gipsies of Totana and its environs, who formed



PEASANTS OF TOTANA.

picturesque groups in the brilliant sun of the market-place, and presented a combination of colours warm enough to make the most enthusiastic painter gasp with surprise. The gipsy type is so marked that there is nothing easier than recognising them at first sight. These poor outcasts, whom one may well call the *pariahs* of Spain, have always formed a people by themselves—a nation within a nation; and one could not find a single Spaniard who would recognise in them brothers or compatriots.

Who are the gipsies? to what race do they belong? from what country have they come and spread themselves over Europe? These questions have not yet been settled. According to the most trustworthy traditions, they were descended from the ancient Tchinganes, originally established on the banks of the Indus, and who were forced to abandon their country at the time of the invasion of Tamerlane. Their physiognomy, much more Asiatic than European, and their language, containing many words derived from Sanskrit, lend probability to this hypothesis. The name Bohemians, which has been given to this mysterious race, is probably derived from the fact that the first bands of gipsies settled in Bohemia. It is principally in the Vosges, in some parts of Languedoc, and in Provence, that they are still found living among us, very much in their primitive nomadic state; but their numbers seem to have been greatly diminished, more especially in the south. They are found under different names in almost all European countries. In England, where they are rather numerous, many of the men make baskets of reeds and willows, while the women are famed for their fortune-telling. There they are called gipsies, or Egyptians; the Germans give them the name of *Zigeuner*; the Swedes and the Danes call them *Tartares*, and the Italians and Turks *Zingari* or *Zingani*. They are also known as the *Zincali*, and this last is the name which they give themselves.

It was in the first half of the fifteenth century that the gipsies made their appearance in Spain. The Catholic sovereigns Ferdinand and Isabella, in an edict issued at Medina del Campo in 1499, commanded them to settle in certain towns under pain of being banished from the kingdom after a delay of sixty days. In 1539 another edict declared that if the Egyptians after the expiration of sixty days were still found in a state of vagabondage, they would be sent to the galleys for six years. Philip II. published at Madrid in 1586 still another edict, confirming those of his predecessors, and further intended to suppress the theft and knavery which were the too common attributes of the unhappy gipsies. In order to transform these nomads into respectable citizens and traders, the law forbade them to sell their wares in the market-places without a licence, and without such licence being endorsed with the name and address of the merchant; otherwise wares exposed for sale without this guarantee of good faith were confiscated.

Philip III. had just deprived his country of a million of laborious and industrious subjects by the decree, as barbarous as it was impolitic, which expelled the Moors, who had been established in Spain so many centuries. In 1619 the son of Philip II. rejoiced in following up this persecution by ordering the gipsies to quit Spain within six months from the date of his decree, and forbade them to return under pain of death. Some of them, however, obtained permission to remain on condition that they would settle down permanently in a town of at least a thousand houses; but in order to blot out all trace of their nationality, they were required to change their costume and their name, and forget their foreign tongue. Notwithstanding all this, the poor gipsies retained their national characteristics in so marked a degree that Philip IV. was constrained to follow up the persecution of this unfortunate race by declaring that, the laws passed in their behalf in 1499 being insufficient to suppress their excesses, he found it absolutely necessary to forbid

them all commerce, and charged them to live like a plague-stricken community, or like the Jews, in a quarter cut off from intercourse with the citizens of Spain, and he further enjoined that the name *Gitanos* was to be for ever forgotten. The bare mention of this dread name was to be a criminal offence, punishable by two years of banishment and a heavy fine.

In 1692 Charles II. again attempted to compel the gipsies to dwell in settled communities, and to become peaceful tillers of the soil. They were not permitted to engage in commerce, and they were prohibited from carrying firearms or other deadly weapons. By an edict still more severe, published in 1695, containing not less than twenty-nine articles, the same king particularly forbids their engaging in the occupation of blacksmiths, and moreover the possession of horses was denied to them; one mule and one donkey might be used by each family for field-work. Those of them who abandoned their village and rural occupation were punished by working for six years as galley-slaves. A document published at Madrid in 1705 shows that the public roads and villages were infested by bands of gipsies, who left the peasants neither repose nor security; the *corregidores* and others enjoyed the privilege of firing upon them as bandits and robbers. Should the gipsies refuse to disarm, they might be hunted down and slain in front of the very altars of the churches, which even afforded shelter to the Spanish parricide. The churches that served as a refuge were designated by these words *Es de refugio* placed above the principal door—an inscription still found on many of the churches of Spain; we remarked it above the doorway of the cathedral of Orihuela.

Despite these fearful persecutions, these desperate attempts to govern the Bohemians either out of existence altogether, or into a state of utter respectability, happier than either Jews or Moors, they nevertheless have found means not only to exist on Spanish soil, but to retain their own peculiar language and national type. No doubt the greater part of them live in a state of abject misery, scorned as an accursed race by the Spaniards and proudly returning them hatred for hatred. There are no vices and no crimes of which the gipsies have not been accused for many centuries by Spanish writers. One remembers the way in which Cervantes treats them in the first lines of the "Gitanilla de Madrid," one of his *Novelas ejemplares*. "It seems," says he, "that the *gitanos* and *gitanas* are only born to be thieves and robbers; their fathers are robbers, they are reared as robbers, and they are educated as robbers." An author assures us that in 1618 a band composed of more than eight hundred of these malefactors overran the Castilles and Aragon, committing the most atrocious crimes. Francisco de Cordova recounts in his "Didascalía" an attempt about the same epoch to pillage the town of Logroño, when almost abandoned by its inhabitants after a pestilence which had desolated the country. The crimes and vices attributed to the gipsies are without end; their number and their frightful details would alone fill volumes. I have only given a few examples, in order to convey a clearer notion of the present condition of the gipsies as we find them in Spain.

The gipsies nowadays are far from being so redoubtable as their forefathers. Amongst the numerous faults which were freely attributed to them one only remains—that of theft. This propensity for plunder is common to young and old of both sexes, and helps to confirm the lines of Cervantes quoted above. Apart from that, they are gentle in their manners, and it is rarely one hears of a gipsy being condemned for murder. For all that they are not unused to bloody quarrels, but the cause is more frequently jealousy than theft, for while they freely rob the Christians, upon whom they look with some justice as their oppressors, they yet observe that high honour which is common among thieves.

Sometimes the terrible *navaja*, with its blade long and pointed like an aloe-leaf, is their weapon; but the *cachas*, long scissors which they use to clip their beasts of burden, is a still more formidable weapon, and one they know how to wield with fatal dexterity. There is hardly in Spain a horse, a mule, or a donkey which does not once a year pass under the hands of an *esquilador*, or gipsy shearer. They have made this industry peculiarly their own; it is only in some parts of Aragon that one finds these *esquiladores* among the Spaniards. The gipsies are the only people in Spain who use the *cachas* for a weapon. It is always at hand, being carried in their belt, so that a duel may be arranged with the greatest facility and speed. Their scissors are sometimes about two feet long, and instead of using them closed like a *puñal* or a *navaja*, they hold them open, grasping them in their black and callous hands at the point of intersection, like those ancient poniards whose blade opened in two by touching a little spring.

Another art monopolised by the gipsies is horse-dealing, or jockeying. It is well known that they can impart to a thoroughly jaded screw of a horse the appearance of good breeding and soundness. At the market of Totana we had occasion to admire their marvellous skill in this respect.

As to the women, they only practise dancing and fortune-telling. When they see a stranger they run to him, take his hand, and reading in the lines on his palm, they pronounce with an inspired air a few unintelligible words, for which they exact a fee.

Mr. George Borrow, the author of the curious book "The Zingali," studied the gipsies most thoroughly. He had even the patience to learn their language, the *Caló*, and moreover, he lived several years amongst them in the hope of converting them to Protestantism. He tells how one day, having a mule loaded with Bibles, a gipsy took his load for packets of soap. "Yes," he replied, "it is soap, but soap for the cleansing of souls." This missionary could pass himself off as a gipsy. Those who know anything at all about the characteristics of the race can never believe that he made many converts amongst them.

Before quitting Totana we noticed in the court of the *posada* one of those little toilet scenes very common in Andalusia, and which brought to mind certain details of the habits of the lower orders of Naples. A superb gipsy of about twenty years of age, brown as a Moor, with long eyelashes and wavy black hair, was standing up behind an old woman, a splendid type of a sorceress, holding in her arms a sleeping babe. Another child, almost naked, was lying on the ground close to his grandmother, with a large *pandero* at his side. With his head resting on his hand, he viewed us with a savage and melancholy air. The young girl, with her hands plunged into the grey matted locks, conscientiously gave herself up to an active hunt—a truly filial duty; while another gipsy, with skin the colour of *bistre*, and a kerchief bound round his head, was gravely standing behind the group, contemplating with a serious yet indifferent air a scene to which he was thoroughly accustomed.

We had ordered our *calesero* to be ready at sunrise, so as to arrive at Lorca before the heat of the day. The country we traversed, being absolutely without water, was dried to powder, causing us to leave the *galera* completely whitened by the dust of the road, although our journey only extended over five or six miles.

Lorca is a large town with steep and winding streets; its population is set down at 45,000; but this seems to us to be an exaggeration. Above the town rises a hill covered with cactus and aloes, the *Monte de Oro*; at the foot of it runs, when it has any water, the river *el Sangonera*, or by its ancient Arab name, *el Guadalentin*, which empties itself into

the Segura. On the slopes of the Monte de Oro was built the ancient Arab town, of which some square towers and red brick crenated walls still remain. It is in this part of the town that one finds the poor and the gipsies. The lower portion, situated on the opposite bank of the Guadalentin, is cleaner and better built, while the imposing modern streets near the *Plaza Mayor* have no distinctive character. Lorca is not rich in monuments, and as for its cathedral, under the patronage of St. Patrick, it is hardly worthy of our notice, it



AGUADORES OF LORCA.

is a square, cold, correct Corinthian edifice. The *alameda*, bordering the river, is an agreeable promenade after the heat of the day, the climate of Lorca being one of the hottest in Spain.

As we were anxious to push on to Granada, after a short rest in the *Posada de San-Vicente*, we scoured the town in quest of a vehicle. At one o'clock the heat was truly tropical, and it was impossible to find a shop open; one might have said that



A GIPSY'S TOILET AT DIEZMA.

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the inhabitants had deserted the town. It was the hour of fire—the hour of *fuego*, as they say in Andalusia—and the citizens had retired to enjoy a *siesta*; business was suspended, and the place was as deserted as if the hour had been midnight. At last we found an inhabitant awake, who informed us that he had a *galera* which sometimes went to Granada, and that it was a distance of forty miles, and a journey of seven days. We had had enough of the *galera*, and wished for a vehicle a little less barbarous. Having found the address of a postmaster, we repaired to his house, and had to wait until four o'clock, when he awoke, and arranged to convey us to Granada in a *tartana acelerada* in five days, and for the modest sum of six *duros*, about one pound eight shillings a head, reserving the right to himself of picking up an extra traveller by the way. Our *tartana* was exactly the same as those of Valencia.

Upon entering the province of Granada we passed through Cullar de Baza. This little town is more interesting than one would think. Its five thousand inhabitants live in grottoes cut in the side of the hill, so that the entire settlement is subterranean, excepting one or two houses built of clay and stone. The existence of these curious habitations is only shown by conical chimneys, which rise out of the ground, and whence issue spirals of smoke. These troglodytes live there like rabbits in their warren, or bears in their dens; several of them came out of the ground dressed in sheepskins from head to foot—a costume rendering the illusion still more complete. As we had to perform the whole journey with the same mules, they walked constantly, and made an eight-mile journey per day. After crossing a highly-tilled plain, we reached Baza. The town, formerly one of the most strongly fortified of the ancient kingdom of Granada, has preserved its Moorish aspect; one still sees the Alcazaba, a fortress built by the kings of Granada. The thick brick walls and the great crenated towers resemble those of the Alhambra, and bear witness to the past importance of the town. Baza has only belonged to the Spaniards since 1489; two years before the conquest of Granada, it fell into their hands after a siege of seven months, directed by Isabella the Catholic. We saw under the shade of the *alameda* the huge pieces of cannon used to make a breach in the city wall.

It would appear that the environs of Baza are rich in auriferous sands—at least that is what we heard in questioning the *carreteros* whom we met near the town, and who were conducting long convoys of *carros*, carts drawn by large oxen magnificently caparisoned. These heavy vehicles were laden with heavy machines made in England, intended to extract the gold from the sand. Let us hope that they will succeed better than the majority of Spanish mines, which only yield a negative return to shareholders. Whether from cost of transport or of working being higher than the value of the produce of the mines, or from some unknown cause, the fact remains that the mines do not pay. A shareholder of the mines is a type that is often exposed to the ridicule of his neighbours. A Spanish writer, M. Pedro de Madrazo, has sketched one of the most amusing portraits under the name of *Don Canuto*, “who is neither banker nor lawyer, magistrate, artist, nor even a man of science, and who, if he was ever anything approaching to any one of the above professions, has ceased to be so now; mineralogy and metallurgy have turned his brain since he has abandoned himself to boring holes in the mountains of Toledo or in the plain of Cartagena.”

After passing Baza the country becomes gradually more rugged and hilly. It is in this district that we find the little town of Galera, which played such an important part in the protracted struggle which the last Moors of Granada sustained with the Spaniards

after the loss of their capital; the conflict lasted nearly eighty years in the mountains of the Alpujarras, and was only brought to a close by Don Juan of Austria. The fall of Galera was followed by the most savage cruelties; two thousand eight hundred Moors were there slaughtered. After this butchery the town of Galera was razed to the ground, and salt was sown over its site.

Ginez Perez de Hita, a soldier and writer, who was one of this expedition, adds, after having recounted in his "*Guerras civiles de Granada*" the scenes of which he was an eye-witness, "they used so much violence towards helpless women and children, that to my idea they went further than justice permitted them, and that such barbarity was inconsistent with the clemency of Spain; but it had been so ordered by the Lord Don Juan."

At the bottom of a desolate valley of terrible memory, recalling the Forest of Bondy, we halted at the *Venta de Gor*, as badly famed as the inn of Adrets, and whose name often figures in the popular traditions as a favourite resort of the *bandoleros*. We only found muleteers and shepherds there, savage-looking fellows, but who addressed us politely with the common salutation, "*Vayan ustedes con Dios*," to which, as a mark of common courtesy, we replied, "*Quedan ustedes con Dios*," "Rest with God."

We passed through Guadiz, and on our left could descry the snowy heights of the Sierra Nevada. At last, after many ascents, following a Moorish wall overlooking hills covered with cactus, we entered Granada.



PEASANT OF THE ENVIRONS OF GRANADA.



THE GATE OF JUSTICE, ALHAMBRA.

CHAPTER VII.

Granada—The *Casa de pupilos*—Musicians and their music—Origin of Granada, the ancient Karnattah—Phoenicians, Romans, Goths, and Arabs—Grandeur and decadence of the Moorish capital—The *Calle de los Gómezes*—The *Puerta de las Granadas*—The hill of the Alhambra—The Gate of Judgment—The hand and the key—The *Plaza de los Algibes*—The *Puerta del Vino*—The palace of Charles V.—The *Adarces*—The vases of the Alhambra—The foundation of the Alhambra—The governments and their devastations—The *Gobernador Manco*.

ENTERING Granada, we passed under the *Puerta de Facalauza*, one of the ancient gateways of the Moorish town, and through a suburb of the most miserable appearance, forming a wretched approach to a place so rich in historic wonders as this ancient capital of Boabdil. Our *tartana* stopped before a *casa de pupilos* in the *Calle de la Duquesa*. The *casa de pupilos* is not an hotel, it is like the private lodging in our cities, or the English boarding-house, but with less restraint. These houses are not much frequented by travellers, although we chose them in preference to the hotels, in order to see more of the people of the country and school ourselves in their language. The *casa de pupilos*, which is also called *casa de huespedes*, only makes itself publicly known by a little square of white paper, about the size of one's hand, exposed at one end of the window or balcony. When this square is placed in the centre it shows that only lodging for a single traveller can be furnished. Such lodging-houses are usually kept by widows, who thus add to their slender resources; or by families whom the reverses of fortune have driven to this dire necessity.

The house, remarkable for its perfect cleanliness, was furnished with chairs and couches of painted wood. The only articles of luxury were a few wax saints, in full saintly costume, protected by a huge glass case, which secured them against the irreverent

attentions of the flies. The walls were painted yellow and garnished with one or two coloured lithographs representing the subjects of *Nuestra Señora de Paris*, with a legend in French and Spanish which explained the principal features of Victor Hugo's romance. This description applies to a great number of Spanish interiors.

The court (*patio*) was surrounded by marble columns surmounted by Moorish capitals. One would be very much disappointed with Granada if one expected to find pointed minarets and projecting *moucharabys* like those with which Gentile Bellini ornamented his huge canvas. Let us however hasten to say that the streets of Granada, if they do not recall those of the East, are at the same time far from monotonous. The houses, painted in tender rose-colour, pale green, fresh yellow butter colour, and a variety of striking prismatic hues, are brought out to perfection by the blaze of the sun. "It paints its houses of the richest colours," said Victor Hugo. Each window is ornamented with long mats of Spanish broom, shading a balcony whence hang tufted and luxuriant grass plants with scarlet flowers; sometimes the linen *tendidos* form a semi-transparent roof over the streets. Add to that the dark eyes sparkling in the shade through the blinds of a *mirador*, or behind the long curtains of striped stuff which drape the balconies, and madonnas before which burn lamps lighted by pious hands,—a passing peasant wrapped in his brodered mantle,—and we shall willingly repeat the well-known *Orientale* of our great poet:

"Soit lointaine, soit voisine,
Espagnole ou sarassine,
Il n'est pas une cité
Qui dispute, sans folie,
A Grenade la jolie
La palme de la beauté,
Et qui, gracieuse, étale
Plus de pompe orientale
Sous un ciel plus enchanté."

There are charming hours of leisure to be enjoyed loitering about the streets of Granada. At each step one is struck by some detail of architecture, or by some unexpected display of the peculiar habits or industries of the people. Sometimes it is a caravan of the peasants of the Vega conducting their donkeys, almost entirely hidden under enormous basket-loads of fruit and vegetables; sometimes it is a family of beggars, and at others a copper-coloured gipsy, who for a few *cuartos* is telling the fortune of a credulous soldier, who listens attentively to the oracle of the sorceress; or it may be a band of travelling musicians singing (or rather snuffing) the popular *coplillas* to an admiring audience.

One day when walking in the *Calle de Abenamar*, a name which recalls ancient Granada, we were attracted by strange chants, vigorously accompanied by the grinding of a guitar and the dull rumbling of a *pandero*. The musicians were two dwarfs wearing the Andalucian costume, and most singularly deformed. Their curious figures made us think of the *enanos* that Velasquez amused himself by painting. They almost appeared as if they had been borrowed from the fantastic stories of Hoffmann. One of them scratched convulsively with his bony fingers on the chords of his guitar, while the other executed all sorts of variations on his *pandero*, abandoning himself at the same time to the most extraordinary gestures. Three elegant *señoras* who were passing stopped an instant, their marvellous beauty and rich costume contrasting strangely with the hideous ugliness and tattered dress of the dwarfs.

There are few towns which have been praised as much as Granada. *Á quien Dios*



LADIES OF GRANADA LISTENING TO ITINERANT DWARF MUSICIANS.

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quisó bien, en Granada le dió de comer, "He is loved of God who lives in Granada," says an old proverb.

There are also these two lines, following others that compare Seville to something marvellous :

"Quien no ha visto á Granada,
No ha visto á nada,"

"He who has not seen Granada has seen nothing."

An Arab writer who lived about the fourteenth century, Ibn-Batuta, calls Granada the capital of Andalucia—"the queen of cities," and says that nothing can be compared with its environs—delicious gardens extending twenty miles round. "More salubrious than the air of Granada," is a proverb still used in Africa.

"Granada," says an ancient Andalucian poet, "has not her equal in the whole world. It is in vain that Cairo, Bagdad, or Damascus seek to rival her. One can only compare her marvellous charms to that of a beautiful bride dowered with the rich surrounding lands."

The majority of Arab writers call Granada the Damascus of Andalucia; some say that it is a fragment of heaven which has fallen to the earth. "That spot," says another writer, in speaking of the Vega (plain), "surpasses in fertility the celebrated Gauthah," or field of Damascus; and he likens the *cármenes*, country houses which adjoin the town, to rows of pearls set in an emerald cup. Spanish writers have not been less lavish in their praises: with them it is illustrious, celebrated, famous, the great, most renowned, &c. The Catholic kings gave it the official epithet of "great and honourable."

It is extremely difficult to determine the origin of Granada: one is at a loss to know at what epoch the nomadic tribes were attracted thither by a climate so salubrious and a soil so productive. Founded doubtless by the Phœnicians, Illiberis, a neighbouring town, afterwards became a Roman colony, but its ruins served to construct Granada. It was indeed the quarry which supplied all the stone for building purposes, until not a trace was left of the ancient Illiberis. The fragments of inscriptions which have been preserved show that Illiberis was a place of some importance during the time of the Romans; many of these inscriptions bear the names of different emperors. The name of Eliberis, or Illiberis, is found on the gold coins of the Goths, notably on those of Svintila. Some time after the Arab invasion, the governor, who was commanding in Spain in the name of the Caliph of Damascus, received orders to divide the lands of the Goths amongst the new settlers. Granada remained up to the commencement of the eleventh century under the dominion of the governors named by the Caliphs of Cordova. At this time their numerous possessions became the prey of greedy conquerors, who divided amongst themselves the Caliphate of Cordova; after the ruin of the dynasty of the Omniades (Umeyyah) one of the chiefs erected important buildings at Granada, and his nephew, who succeeded him, fixed his residence in that city.

During the thirteenth century Granada and the province were the theatre of almost uninterrupted civil wars, while the capital itself received numerous embellishments. Ibn-al-Hamar, whose name in Arabic signifies "the red man," dethroned the Almoravides in 1232. This prince became so popular that many thousands of Mussulmans hastened from all quarters to establish themselves in his kingdom, after Seville, Valencia, Xeres, and Cadiz had fallen into the hands of the Christians. He distributed lands to the new-comers, and exempted them from taxation; commerce prospered, hospitals and universities were

founded by him, he constructed aqueducts, public baths, markets, and bazaars—and to crown all he founded the Alhambra.

His son, who succeeded him under the name of Mohammed II., was so much dreaded by the neighbouring Christian princes that they paid him annual tribute. During the reigns of his successors, notwithstanding their triumphs over the Christians, civil strife raged with increased fury.

Yousouf I., surnamed Abu-l-Hadjadj, was one of the kings of Granada who devoted himself and his treasures to complete the splendours of the Alhambra. Granada reached the height of its prosperity under his rule; at no other time was it so populous. A Spanish writer asserts that during the reign of Abu-l-Hadjadj there were seventy thousand houses in Granada, with a population of four hundred and twenty thousand souls—more than seven times its modern population.

Mohammed V., Al-ghani-billah, appears to have inherited a talent and taste for art; one still reads verses in his praise in several of the halls of the Alhambra, which he loved to embellish. One of his successors, Abu Abdallah-el-aysar, the left-handed, *el izquierdo*, as the Spanish authors call him, was dethroned in 1428 after a series of civil wars. But it was during the reign of Mohammed VIII., surnamed Az-zaghir (the Young), that the internal discords shook the kingdom of Granada more violently than ever—discords which less than fifty years afterwards transferred Granada to Spain. It was during this reign that the terrible quarrels between the Zegrís and the Abencerrages arose, which supply one of the bloodiest pages in the history of the city, and which have served as a theme for so many ancient Moorish and Spanish romances, without taking into account those of modern times.

Under Mohammed X. the kingdom of Granada had entered upon its final struggles. Henry IV., king of Castille, ravaged the Vega time after time, and even encamped with his army in sight of the capital—an affront which Granada submitted to for the first time. In 1460 the Christians took possession of Gibraltar and of Archidona, and three years later the king of Granada was forced to sign a treaty of peace by which he was compelled to hold his kingdom as a fief of the crown of Castille, and subject to an annual tribute of twelve thousand golden ducats. In 1469 Ferdinand of Aragon's marriage to Isabella of Castille united the two crowns, and thus augmented the power of the enemies of Granada. The town of Alhama, one of the bulwarks of the Moorish kingdom, was taken in 1482, and the following year the generals of the Catholic king took possession of several fortresses.

Granada was still torn with internal strife, caused by the rivalry of the two sultanas, Ayesha and Zoraya; this rivalry had split the town into two hostile parties, one of them of Christian origin. This endless schism is set down by the Arab historians as the first cause of the fall of Granada. The Zegrís had taken the part of Ayesha, and the Abencerrages that of Zoraya; Abu Abdallah, son of Ayesha, is the one whom the Spanish writers have named Boabdil, a corruption of Bo-Abdila. They have also called him *el rey chico*—"the young king"—thus translating the surname, *Az-zaghir*, which had been given to him, as it had also been to one of his predecessors. Hardly was he crowned, when in hot haste he resolved to take vengeance on the Abencerrages who had forced him into exile at Guadiz. He treacherously entrapped his enemies; then ensued that well-known sanguinary scene within the walls of the Alhambra which stained the ancient palace of the Moorish kings. When we visit the interior of the Moorish palace we shall have occasion to revert at greater length to this dramatic event, the authenticity of which has been so needlessly contested by many writers.



BALCONIES AT GRANADA.

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This treason brought neither happiness nor good fortune to Abu Abdallah; abandoned by the greater part of his subjects, and pursued by the vengeance which he had provoked, he sought shelter alone within the great walls of the Alhambra. At last, when directing an expedition against the Christians, he was vanquished and taken prisoner.



FAMILY OF TRAVELLING MUSICIANS.

Abu-l-Hasan, whom he had dethroned, succeeded him, but he soon abdicated in favour of his brother, surnamed Az-zaghal, a name borrowed from one of the African dialects spoken in Granada, and signifying a gay and valiant man.

Ferdinand, by taking part with his rival Boabdil, rekindled the smouldering fires

of civil strife in Granada, and thus found a pretext for another invasion. Ronda, Marbella, Velez-Malaga were successively taken by him, and by a system of intrigue he re-established the dethroned king. Soon after, Malaga, the second town of the Moorish kingdom, fell into his hands—indeed he took all the places which still belonged to Az-zaghal, and the latter, left without resources, acknowledged himself his vassal.

The Moorish kingdom of Granada was now reduced to the capital and the mountainous country called the Alpuj arra, or the Alpuj arras. The Catholic sovereigns were not long in finding an excuse to resume hostilities. The Moorish king, who had agreed to receive a garrison of Spanish soldiers into Granada, refused ultimately to submit to this new proof of his waning power, and the result was a fresh declaration of war. In the month of April 1491, Ferdinand and Isabella appeared at the head of their army before the walls of Granada, and proceeded to lay siege to the town. The gallant defenders, after twelve months' siege, reluctantly opened the gates to their conquerors.

We were so impatient to see the Alhambra that we resolved to devote our first visit to the *acropolis* of the Moorish kings. Passing many objects of interest on the road, we left the Bibrambla, the great cathedral, the Alcayzeria, and the Zacatin, ancient quarters of Granada, which still preserve their name and Moorish aspect, and at last arrived at the *Plaza Nueva*, beneath which flows the classic Darro.

After leaving the *Plaza Nueva* we began to climb the *Calle de los Gom eres*, and arrived at the *Puerta de las Granadas*, which the Moors called "Bib-Leuxar." It is a sort of triumphal arch built during the reign of Charles V., and in its style harmonises with the old Moorish walls. The principal arch is flanked by two false doors, having columns and cornices of the Tuscan order, and two bas-reliefs destroyed by time, but which represented Peace and Plenty, under the form of two sleeping Genii. In the tympan the escutcheon of Charles V. proudly shows itself, while an incised inscription informs us that we are at the threshold of the Alhambra.

It is impossible to describe one's feelings when entering the Gate of the Pomegranates for the first time. One seems to be suddenly transported into fairy realms, or dreamland. When gazing upon the arches of verdure formed by the elms, they recall the praises of the Arab poet, who compares them to vaults of emerald.

Three alleys open before us: that on the right conducts to the famous *Torres Bermejas* and joins the *Campo de los M artires*; the centre alley leads straight to the *Generalife*, and that of the left took us through a series of enchanting scenes to the principal entrance in the wall of the Alhambra. The road is steep, but the charming vegetation rising on each side, and the purity of the air, appeared to prevent our feeling fatigue, while the songs of birds and rippling of streams and fountains enhanced the pleasure of the ascent. At length we reached a monumental fountain in Græco-Roman style of the Renaissance, rising at the base of the red walls of the Alhambra, and which is called *el Pilar de Carlos Quinto*, because it was dedicated to that emperor by the Marquis de Mondejar. This monument is ornamented with sculptures representing genii, dolphins, and other mythological subjects; on one side are the arms of the house of Mondejar—branches of pomegranate, with their fruits. The Spaniards rejoiced so thoroughly in their conquest of Granada, that they embellished all their monuments with this symbol of their victory.

Ascending still higher, and turning abruptly to the left, we found ourselves in front of the principal gate of the Alhambra, which the Spaniards called *Puerta Judiciaria*, or *del Tribunal*. This Gate of Judgment opens into the centre of a square and massive tower built of stone of a warm colour. The arch is of horse-shoe shape—a form for which



A FAMILY OF BEGGARS AT GRANADA.

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the Moors had a marked predilection; it is supported on pillars of white marble. At the time of the kings of Granada there were four entrances to the Alhambra, the *Torre de Armas*, the *Torre de Siete Suelos*, or the seven terraces—another to which the name of the Catholic kings has been since given—and lastly the *Torre Judiciaria*; the tower and the Gate of Judgment were thus called because, according to an ancient Eastern custom, the kings of Granada used to sit under it and administer justice to their subjects, like Saint Louis under the oak of Vincennes.

Above this gate there is the following Arabic inscription: "This gateway, called Babu-sh-shari'ah (the Gateway of the Law),—may God make the law of Islam prosper beneath it, as He has made of it an eternal monument of glory!—was built by the orders of our Lord the Commander of the Faithful, the just and warlike Sultan Abu-l-Hadjadj Yousouf, son of our Lord the pious and warlike Sultan Abu-l-Walid Ibn Nasr. May God reward him for his holy zeal, and accept these noble works for the defence of the faith! Completed in the glorious month of June 749 (1348 A.D.) May the Most High make of this gateway a protecting bulwark, and record its construction among the imperishable actions of the just!"

On the capital of the columns one reads the following inscription, so frequently repeated on the walls of the Alhambra: "Praise be to God! There is no power or might but in God! There is only one true God, and Mahomet is His prophet!"

In visiting the Alhambra, as we shall have repeated occasion to return to these inscriptions, let us say here that they are of three different kinds:—*Ayâl*, or religious verses from the Korân; *Asja*, religious or mystic sentences, but which are not found in the Korân; and *Ash'ar*, verses in praise of the kings of Granada, who successively contributed to the embellishment of the palace. The two first inscriptions are generally in Cufic characters, the ancient Arabic, which they say Mahomet employed in writing the Korân. These characters are noble, regular, and extremely graceful where the lines interlace. The African characters, called *neskhy*, have been employed exclusively to write the long poems which adorn the walls of the Alhambra. Less severe in aspect than the Cufic characters, they are traced with extreme care and precision, although they at first seem to mix and merge with the floral tracery and arabesques.

Above the arch of the Gate of Judgment we noticed a slab of white marble, which carried a bas-relief of a hand; and a little higher up on the frieze a key, also sculptured in relief. These emblems would have appeared to us of Eastern origin, but many conjectures have been made on this symbolic hand and key. According to the popular tradition, "The Moors of Granada believed that not until this hand should take the key and open the gate would the Christians enter this palace." In reality the Moors held that a prophet sent from God would use it to open the gates of Universal Empire. This reminds one of a chapter in the Korân which begins, "*God has opened to the faithful.*" The key is a symbolic sign often used by the Sufis, representing wisdom, and is the key by which God opens the hearts of believers to make way for the true faith. However that may be, the key is still found over the principal gateways of many of the Moorish castles of Spain.

As to the hand, it has many mysterious significations. It is the emblem of a bountiful Providence; it is also the hand of the law, and the five fingers indicate the five fundamental precepts: believe in God and His prophet, pray, give alms, fast during the Ramadan, go as a pilgrim to Mecca and Medina. But the hand was above all a symbol which had the virtue of preserving against the evil effects of witchcraft and

adverse fate. It was worn as an amulet, and the use of it was so common among the Moors of Granada that the Emperor Charles V., who never neglected an opportunity of persecuting the Moors, published an edict thirty years after the conquest, forbidding the use of the little hands of gold, silver, or copper, worn as charms by the women and children. Superstitious customs are so difficult to uproot that the amulets in the shape of a hand are still common in Andalusia. The hand is generally made of jet, and is called *mano de azabache*. It is hung round the waists of children, the necks of horses and mules, and even attached to bird-cages; and to it they attribute the virtue of protecting from *el mal de ojo* (the evil eye), with which some people are still supposed to be possessed.

The massive door of wood covered with strips of iron is like those of the same epoch which are still seen in different parts of Spain. After having passed this door we came across an inscription of ten lines in handsome Gothic characters, beginning with these words: "*Los muy altos, cathólicos y muy poderosos señores don Ferdinando y doña Isabel,*" etc. It is most interesting, as it recalls the circumstances of the surrender of Granada, and we here give the translation:—

"The highest, most Catholic, and most powerful potentates Don Fernando and Doña Isabella, our king and our queen, have conquered by force of arms this kingdom and this city of Granada. After having been besieged for a long time by their Highnesses, Granada was given to them by the Moorish king Muley Hassen, as well as the Alhambra and other fortresses, the second day of January in the year one thousand four hundred and ninety-two. That same day their Highnesses named as governor (*alcayde*) and captain of the city Don Iñigo Lopez de Mendoza, Count of Tendilla, their vassal, who at the time of their departure was left in the Alhambra with five hundred cavaliers, and a thousand foot-soldiers. Their Highnesses further commanded the Moors to remain in the city, and in their villages. The said Count, as commander-in-chief, had this cistern made by command of their Highnesses." (The inscription was originally erected over a cistern.)

After passing the second door we emerged on the *Plaza de los Algibes*: in the midst of this vast space is an immense reservoir built by the kings of Granada. It is entirely covered by squares of porcelain, and its capacity, they assured us, is more than eight hundred square feet. The water of the *algibe* of the Alhambra preserves a uniform temperature all the year round, and enjoys a well-merited reputation as the best water of the city. There is always a continual coming and going between the city and the cistern. The *aguadores*, in their picturesque costume, are always there awaiting their turn. Some carry the water on donkeys, loaded on each side of their pack-saddles with a *jarra*, shaded under a thick covering of leaves, which transforms the donkey into something like a travelling bush; others, more modest, carry the water in a barrel, having a long tin tube for pouring out the liquid, two or three glasses, and a little bottle of aniseed cordial, of which a few drops mixed with the water suffice to make it quite white. This constitutes the whole of their stock in trade, which is fastened on the back by a shoulder-strap.

Let us stop an instant before the *Puerta del Vino*, which rises to the right. It is a little Moorish monument of the most perfect elegance, built in 1345 by Yousouf I. at the time of Granada's greatest splendour. In the midst there is an arch of marble, of horse-shoe form, contained in a square ornamented with graceful inscriptions, most of them to the praise of God. One remarks among the ornaments a symbolic key, like that of the *Puerta Judiciaria*. The *azulejos*, or squares of delf, inserted in the *Puerta*



GENERAL VIEW OF THE ALHAMBRA.

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del Vino are the largest and most beautiful in Granada. This use of delf in architectural decoration has an exquisite effect; the *azulejos* of the *Puerta del Vino* would without doubt have been carried off by the visitors like those of the Alhambra, had they not been placed beyond reach.

By the side of the *Puerta del Vino* rises the vast façade of the *Palacio de Carlos Quinto*, a cold majestic structure in the Græco-Roman style attributed to Pedro Machuca and to Alonzo Berruguete. When Charles V. visited Granada one of his first ideas was to destroy all that part of the Alhambra which composed the winter palace, and several of the rooms of the summer palace as well. This act of vandalism was characteristic of an epoch when the complete destruction of all that belonged to the Moors was held as an ambition alike worthy of an enlightened Prince and his people.

Cardinal Ximenes had already consigned to the flames, in one of the public places of Granada, more than a million of Arabic manuscripts. It seems that his object was to destroy every trace of the Mussulman religion in Granada, and it was probably at this time that the Spanish proverb had its origin, "*Buscar á Mahoma en Granada*," to search for Mahomet in Granada—a proverb still used in speaking of a thing that it is impossible to find. What adds still more to the cruelty and profanation of the German Kaiser is that he compelled the unfortunate descendants of the Moors of Granada to pay for the ponderous structure which he desired to raise over the ruins of the light and graceful palace of their ancestors. After all, if the palace of Charles V. did not rear its head so insolently within the walls of the Alhambra, one might look upon it with pleasure; the façade, decked with Doric and Ionic columns, with trophies and other classic ornaments, is of perfect symmetry. This was well illustrated by two medallions, representing exactly the same subject, turned so that the same personage held his arms in his left hand and his reins in his right alternately, a most convenient proceeding, which can hardly have cost the sculptor a great effort of imagination. The construction of this palace commenced in 1526, and was continued with many interruptions till 1533, when it was finally abandoned, so that the edifice has never been anything but a roofless ruin, filled with brambles, and inhabited only by lizards and night-birds—a suitable monument to commemorate the vanity of Charles the usurper.

There formerly existed not far from the palace, the *Adarves*, a line of Moorish bastions which were also removed by Charles V., and replaced by gardens and fountains, now ruined and abandoned. One encounters on this spot enormous vines, knotted roots, and gigantic cypress, which, it is said, were planted during the reign of the last king of Granada. According to the popular tradition it was under the foundation of the *Adarves* that the famous vases of the Alhambra were discovered. It is further said that they were buried full of gold, and were unearthed by the Marquis de Mondéjar, governor of the Alhambra under Charles V., who ordered them to be placed in the new gardens which had been laid out with the treasure found in the vases. These magnificent vases were three in number, but only one remains; and yet it alone is sufficient to convey an idea of the advanced state of the ceramic art of ancient Granada.

The vase of the Alhambra is so remarkable for the richness and variety of the designs with which it is covered, that it is without doubt the finest specimen known of *Hispano-Moresque* delf-ware. One of the handles of the vase has been broken off and lost, but Doré reinstated it in his design in order to give the vase its primitive form.

The first author who notices the vases of the Alhambra is, I think, Padre Echeverria in his "*Paseos por Granada*," or "*Walks in Granada*"—a sort of guide in the form of dialogues

between a Granadian and a stranger. He recounts the history of the famous *jarras*, as he calls them:—

“*Stranger*.—Talking of these vases, which you tell me contained treasure, where are they to be found?

“*Granadian*.—In the Adarves in a delicious little garden, made and ornamented by the Marquis de Mondéjar with the gold provided by this treasure. Perhaps it was his intention to perpetuate the memory of their discovery by placing the vases in the garden. Let us go there, and you will see them.

“*Stranger*.—What a marvellous garden, and enchanting view! But let us see the vases. What a misfortune! How they are ruined, and, what is more to be regretted is, that left abandoned as they are, they will be gradually but surely destroyed altogether.

“*Granadian*.—Yes, they will be ultimately destroyed. Already there are only these two which you see, and these fragments of the third. Each traveller, wishing to carry away some souvenir, appropriates a piece, and thus the unfortunate vases are demolished little by little.

“*Stranger*.—Among the ornaments I can trace inscriptions.

“*Granadian*.—Yes, but they cannot now be deciphered, owing to the state of ruin in which you see them, and the enamel having been chipped and carried away by heartless strangers. On this one you can hardly distinguish anything but the name of God twice repeated. Neither of the two bear a readable inscription.”

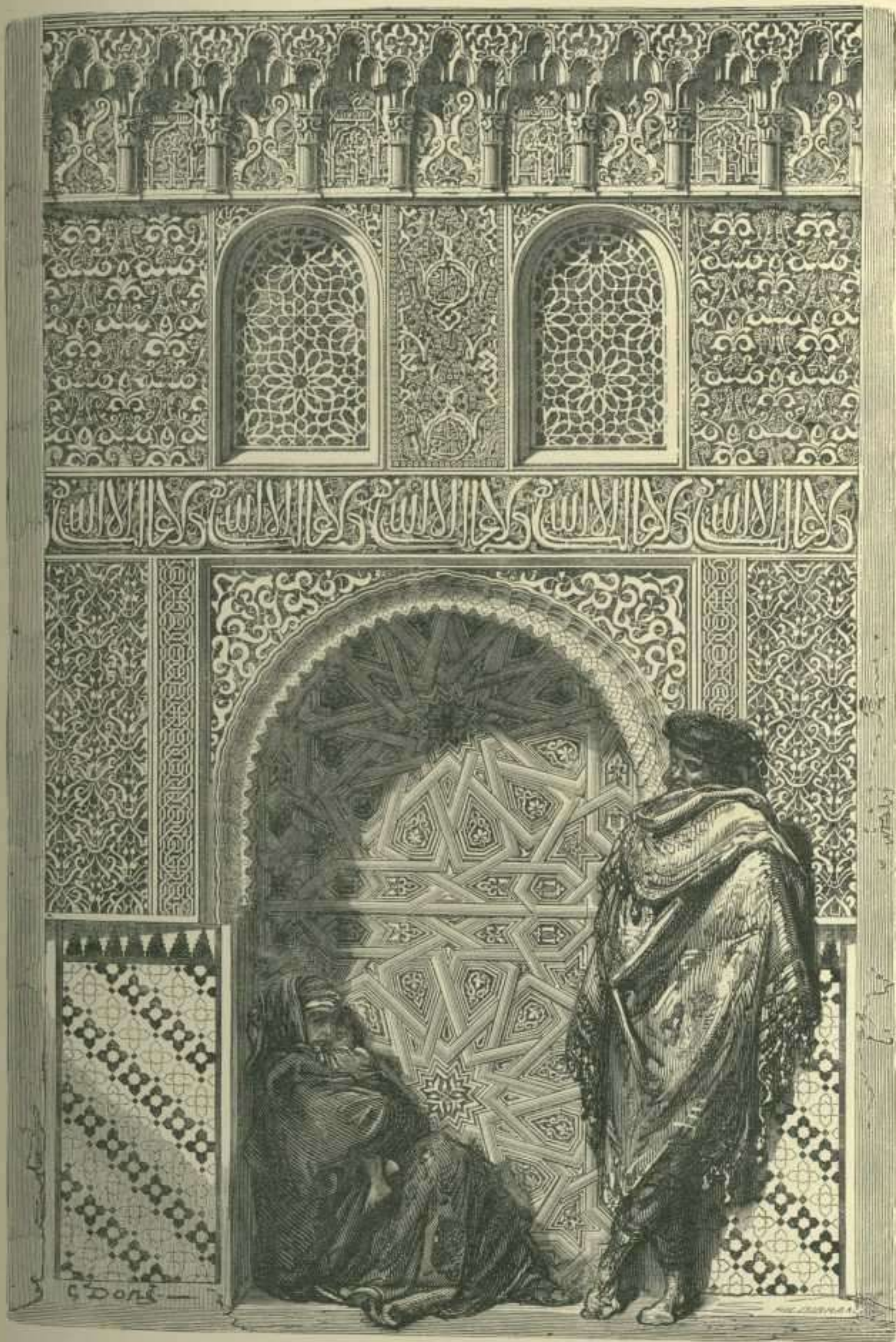
Padre Echeverria has exaggerated the state of decay of the remaining vase, but his prediction has proved only too true. No one seems to know what became of the second vase of the Alhambra. An English traveller tells us that in 1820 Montilla, the governor, used it to put his flowers in, and he adds that one day the governor offered it to a French lady, who at once carried it off. Another version is that it was presented to an English lady. But it is unhappily certain, that only one remains, which has been preserved as if by a miracle, as it is only recently that any care has been taken of it. This masterpiece of Hispano-Moresque ceramic art is now placed in a spot more worthy of its fame.

Before commencing our walk round the *Plaza de los Algibes*, and visiting the *Torre de las Infantas*, and the old Arab towers which defended the walls of the Alhambra, we will say a few words as to the history of the palace-stronghold of the ancient kings of Granada. It is supposed to have been founded by Ibn-al-hamar, “the red man,” who raised many other monuments. The Arab historian, Ibn-al-Khattib, says that soon after the sultan Ibn-al-hamar had driven away the Almoravides, he built a palace in the citadel of that town and fixed his residence within its walls.

In the ninth century there was a fortress, called Kalat-al-hamra, on the hill which rises to the left of the Darro; the ruins on this spot are still known as “the red towers”—*Torres Bermejas*. When Badis Ibn Habous left Elvira to fix his residence in Granada, he built walls round the hill, and raised a citadel, which he named Kassabah-al-hamra. It is in this Kassabah that Ibn-al-hamar built the palace which received the name of Kars-l-hamra, that is to say, the palace of the Alhambra.

Mohammed II., successor to Ibn-al-hamar, repaired the *Torres Bermejas*, and continued to extend the Alhambra.

Abu-l-Hadjadj, among others of his notable works, built the elegant *Puerta del Vino*, as well as the *Puerta de Justicia*. The cost of these erections was supposed to exceed the entire revenue of this lover of art, and tradition gives him the credit of striving to repair



GATE OF THE TORRE DE LAS INFANTAS

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his fortunes by labouring to discover the secret of the transmutation of metals. The reign of Abu-l-Hadjadj, towards the middle of the fourteenth century, may be fairly set down as the greatest epoch of the Moorish Alcazar.

Let us also say a few words regarding the history of the devastations of the Alhambra. It seems that from the time of the conquest the new rulers set themselves diligently to the work of destruction, so that not many years elapsed before they had utterly ruined some of the finest specimens of art—the result of three centuries of the patient toil and genius of the Moors.

The Alhambra, in spite of its light and graceful appearance, is of the most solid and enduring construction even in its minutest details, and has suffered less from the ravages of time than from the hand of man. Even in the time of Isabella the Catholic, the fanatical zeal of some monks led to the destruction of many of the Arabic inscriptions, which recalled “the abominable Mahometan sect.” Charles V., as we have already seen, prosecuted the work of vandalism still further, by throwing down part of the Alhambra, and raising a massive palace over its ruins. Not content with this profanation (as we shall have occasion to notice), he carried on the ruthless work of destruction in other quarters.

During the seventeenth century the Alhambra seems to have attracted little or no attention; however, the Andalusian poet Gongora, who visited the antiquities of Granada in 1627, has recorded his impressions in a few emphatic verses:

“Pues eres Granada ilustre,
Granada de personajes,
Granada de seraphines,
Granada de antigüedades!”

At the close of the seventeenth century the Alhambra became an asylum for insolvent debtors, and served at the same time as a refuge for a lounging population—soldiers, vagabonds, thieves, and other people without a profession. Later, when the Moorish palace was confided to the care of governors, the greater part of them appeared to vie with each other in hastening its ruin.

The history of these ravages would be a very curious one: for example, we should see the governor Savera establishing his kitchen in a Moorish balcony; we should see another, Don Luis Bucarelli, formerly a Catalonian officer, establishing himself in the apartments of the kings of Granada, and successively lodging his five daughters and his five sons-in-law there. He was the same person, we were assured, who one day sold the most beautiful *azulejos* with which the greater part of the rooms were ornamented to meet the expenses of a bull-fight. As to these *azulejos*, a well-known fact in Granada is that they were sold to the first comer to make cement, a donkey-load costing only a few reals. The time will come when not one of these beautiful squares of delf-ware will be found in the building. One day we observed in an apartment of the Alhambra a stranger with shaggy hair, who amused himself by removing them from the wall, and who continued his task as we passed, just as if he were engaged in the most natural or even praiseworthy occupation in the world. This Vandal was well up in his work, which he executed most ingeniously by means of a chisel and a small pocket hammer, while his companion was on the look-out. Doré, who was at that moment drawing a Moorish frieze, could not resist the temptation of consigning this scene of vandalism to his album.

What has become of the beautiful bronze gateway of the Mezquita? Alas! it is only too well known that it was broken up and sold as old copper. The sculptured doors in

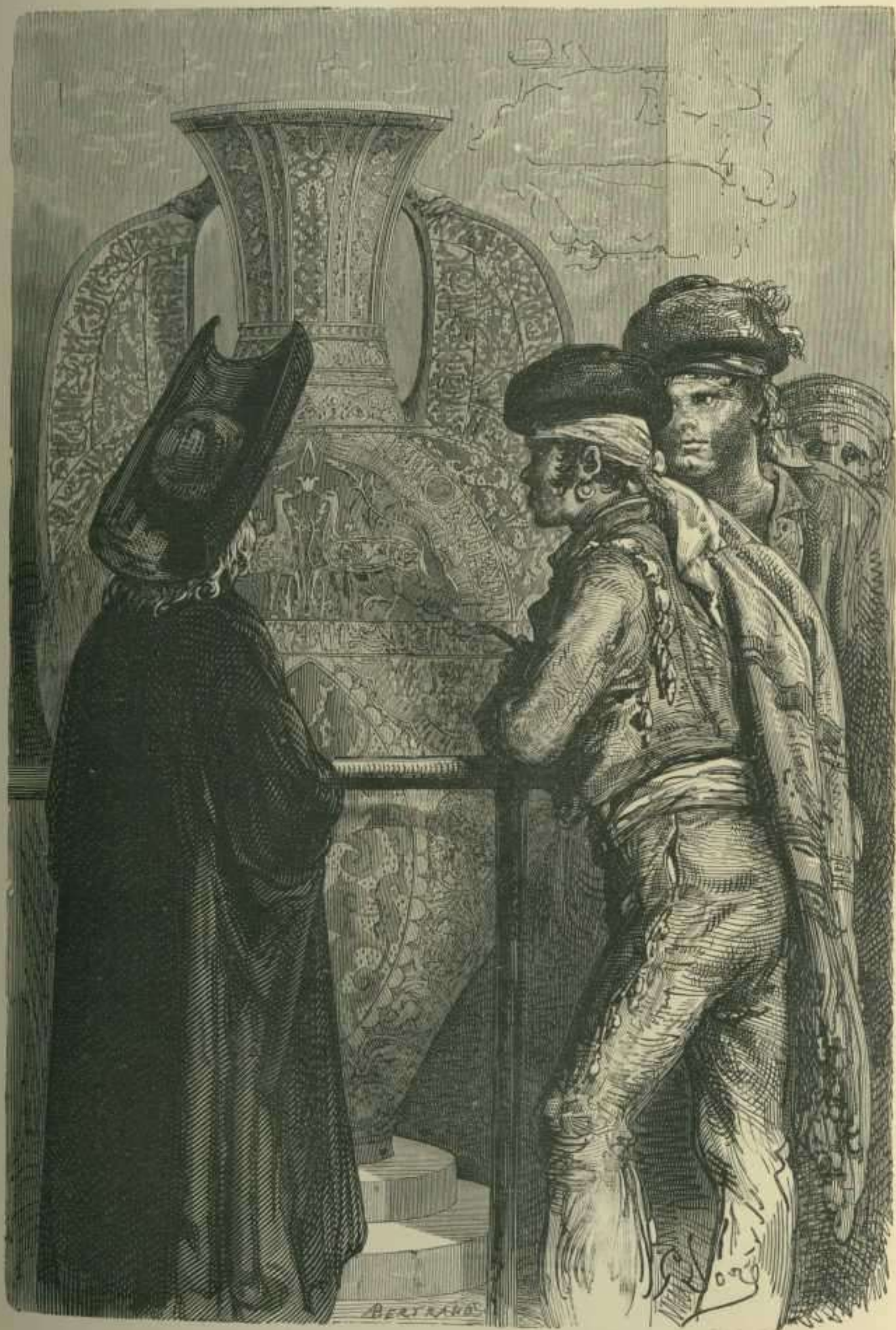
the Hall of the Abencerrages also suffered a sad fate; it is M. de Gayangos who recounts this incredible act of destruction. These beautiful doors were still in their places, when, in 1837, they were taken down and cut up by order of the governor to close a breach in another part of the palace: but that was not all; as they were too large for the opening they were destined to fill up, they were cut down and partly used for firewood.

The governor Montilla found almost nothing to preserve, save only the palace walls, for the bolts, hinges, locks, and even the glass in the windows had all disappeared under the rule of his predecessors.

Of the governor Monchot, *el Gobernador Manco*, Washington Irving has given an amusing portrait. This singular personage, who made himself known by his huge pointed moustache and by his turned-up boots, always carried at his side a long Toledo blade, and in the hilt—oh profanation!—he used to stow his handkerchief. This eccentric governor was named “the king of rascals,” because of the numerous idlers and vagabonds who lived in the palace under his official protection.



DESPOILERS OF THE AZULEJOS OF THE ALHAMBRA.



THE VASE OF THE ALHAMBRA.

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THE BALCONY OF LINDARAJA.

CHAPTER VIII.

The tower *de los Siete Suelos*—The ghosts of the Alhambra—The headless horse and the hairy phantom—The *Alcazaba*—The *Torre del Homenaje* and that of the *Vela*—The bell and the young spinsters—The fall of Granada—The palace of the Alhambra—The *Patio de los Arrayanes*—The *Patio* and the *Taza de los Leones*; the blood-stains—The *Abencerrages* and the *Zegrís*—Massacre in the Court of the Lions—The Hall of the *Abencerrages*—The *Sala de las Dos Hermanas*—The Hall of Ambassadors—The *azulejos*—The beautiful *Galiana*—The *Tocador de la Reina*—The garden and balcony of *Lindaraja*—The *Sala de Secretos* and that of the nymphs—The baths of the sultana—The paintings of the *Sala del Tribunal*.

DURING the warm summer evenings it was pleasant to loiter among the ruins of the Alhambra, which have been the silent witnesses of so many scenes of love and of bloodshed; but when the soft moonlight silvered the old tower of *La Vela*, and the battlements of the *Torre de Comares* stood out against the deep blue of the starry sky—when the high cypress with its fantastic forms threw long shadows like great giants across the path—we almost expected to see the phantoms of the ancient hosts of the Alhambra rise up before us. The brave Moor Gazul and his beloved, the incomparable *Lindaraja*, of the blood of the *Abencerrages*, passing beneath the vault of fig-trees whose branches interlaced; a little farther, the proud *Abenamar* bending over the beautiful *Galina*, and alone the ungrateful

Zayda, the cruellest of all the Moorish beauties, insensible to the voice which sang in the silence of the night this *romance murisco*,

"Bella Zayda de mis ojos,
Y del alma bella Zayda,
De las Moras la mas bella,
Y mas que todas ingrata!"

But the Moorish belles and cavaliers are not the only phantoms which are said to haunt the ruins of the Alhambra. According to the popular legend, the tower *de los Siete Suelos*, or seven stories, is the nightly resort of spirits that effectually bar the ascent above the fourth floor. It is reported that courageous adventurers have dared to doubt the power of phantoms, and have attempted to force their way to the upper stories; but they too only returned terror-stricken, to tell that they had been forced back by a furious blast, which not only extinguished their lights, but left them powerless and petrified on the spot: at other times incredulous intruders have found themselves brought face to face with a terrible Ethiopian, who threatened to devour them if they did not instantly retire. But above all the terrors of fiendish blasts and Ethiopians, the passage is guarded by a legion of fierce and implacable Moors, who throw themselves on all who seek to penetrate into the haunted chambers. When the night is pitchy dark there may also be seen issuing from the same tower a mysterious monster, to which tradition has given the name of *Caballo descabezado*, the headless horse; and yet another, called *el Velludo*, or the Shaggy One, whose duty it is to guard the treasures buried there by their Moorish masters, and who take their nocturnal beats round the ramparts of the Alhambra; they have been frequently seen. Padre Echeverria says that they are still visible. This historian of Granada, who lived for many years in the neighbourhood, took the title of "Beneficiado de la Iglesia mayor de la real fortaleza de la Alhambra." This gentleman assures us solemnly that one eye-witness was a distinguished military officer, a man also renowned for his sense and judgment, while a second was also thoroughly trustworthy. One night the latter met what he took to be the Velludo, a monster covered with long hair or fur; this brute was followed by a troop of invisible horsemen, whose presence was made known by the sound of their hoofs. Upon drawing his sword both phantom and phantom horsemen vanished; they did not relish the sight of cold steel.

"This fact," says the narrator, "was related to me by the witness himself on the very ground where the adventure took place, and the manner in which he related what he had seen assured me that he did not lie."

The military witness is still more credible, for he not only saw the ghost, but also spoke to it.

"Where are you going?" asked the *Caballo*, who, although quite spiritual, was reasonable and courteous.

"I am going to my residence, near the wall of the Alhambra."

"Are you going there to dig for treasure?"

"Not at all, I am homeward bound; treasure is nothing to me!"

"That is well," said the spirit; "and if you promise to leave my treasures alone, you may roam freely where you will."

After these words, the *canalla del otro mundo*, as Padre Echeverria naïvely calls it, disappeared, to continue its nightly rounds; and he adds that one must attribute all this sorcery to the Moors, seeing that magic was as familiar to them as their *couscoussou*, or magic potion.



THE TOWER OF COMARES.

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Let us quit the shadowy domain and pass towards the Alcazaba, where the burning sun displays to advantage the deep hues of the rugged old walls. Formerly one entered by the *Torre del Homenage*, "the Tower of Homage," an enormous and massive structure. At one of the corners of this tower we came across a pillar, which was no doubt taken by the Moors from the ruins of the ancient town of Illiberis. The inscription told us that it belonged to a monument erected by P. Valerius Lucanus to his dear wife Cornelia, "*Corneliæ uxori indulgentissimæ.*"

One of the small courts of the Alcazaba contains a curious monument of Arabic sculpture, a specimen of the art of the eleventh century. It is a large marble basin, in form something like that of a Roman sarcophagus, but which seems to have been designed to receive the water of a fountain. On one side there are sculptured four repetitions of the same subject—a lion devouring an antelope. The Orientals have often, in spite of the Prophet's injunction, depicted similar subjects, such as a falcon killing a hare or a partridge. The bas-relief in question is very skilfully cut, and resembles some Arabic ivory-work in our possession.

On the left of the *Torre del Homenage* rises that of *la Armeria*, which was formerly the arsenal, as its name implies. It is said that up to the beginning of this century it contained specimens of old and curious armour and weapons, which belonged to the ancient defenders of Granada. These splendid relics and trophies, precious in more ways than one, were sold by the governor, Don Luis Bucarelli, to pay the cost of a single bull-fight. It is hard to say to what ignoble uses they have not been put. Let us now enter the famous *Torre de la Vela*, or *de la Campana*, one of the highest in the Alhambra. It formerly served as a watchtower, *vela*, and its other name is derived from the irrigation bell (*campana de los riegos*), which is also called *el Reloj de los Labradores*, or the labourers' clock, as it serves to regulate the times of irrigation. After passing through a low door we climbed a narrow staircase, by which we reached the platform of the *Vela*, where one is dazzled by the enchantment of the scene: the Gulf of Naples from the top of Vesuvius, Constantinople and the Golden Horn all combined, could hardly convey any notion of the wonderful panorama spread out before us. Granada lay at our feet with its spires and its churches, of which we had a bird's-eye view. Farther off, the white houses, tinted rose-colour by the evening sun, dotted the distant heights that rise above the town. These walls seemed to sparkle and glisten like mother-of-pearl through the bright bushy verdure, recalling the poetic sentiment that compared Granada to an emerald cup set round with Oriental pearls.

In the far distance before us stretched the fertile Vega, with its twenty leagues of verdure spread out like a carpet, over which the walls of the *alquerias* shone like silver embroidery in the sunshine. The numerous mountains which bounded the horizon of this unique country have names celebrated in the history of Granada—the Sierra de Elvira, the cradle of the Phœnician town; on our left the majestic Mulahacen, and the snowy heights of the Alpujarras, merging by insensible gradations into the clouds of evening. Farther still, the mountains of Alhama and the Sierra Tejeda, with its weird forms, and lastly the rounded summit of Mount Parapanda, well known to the *labradores* of the Vega, for whom it is a colossal barometer. There is not one of them who, on seeing the mountain capped with cloud, would not be reminded of the popular proverb:

"Cuando Parapanda se pone la montera,
Llueve aunque Dios no lo quisiera."

"When Mount Parapanda puts on its cap, there will be rain even against God's will." On

our right rises the Sierra de Martos, at the foot of which Jaen is built. There is hardly a country in all the world whose history offers so much material alike for poet and historian.

It was the Tower of the Vela which so excited the cupidity of Isabella the Catholic, when leaving her entrenched camp to view the coveted city and the towers of the Alhambra. The Queen approached as far as Cubia, about two miles from the town, and there remained for an instant pensive, contemplating the *Torres Bermejas*, the *Torre de la Vela*, the heights of Albayzin, and the proud Alcazaba.

The long siege of Granada was like a tragic poem, which has been compared by the Spanish historians to the siege of Troy; and it must be conceded that few towns can claim such an important place in history. Peter Martyr says that the Genoese merchants, who carried their wares all over the world, considered Granada the finest example of a fortified city that existed.

It was in the month of April 1491, that Ferdinand and Isabella laid siege to this last stronghold of the Moors, resolved to compel a surrender. According to some writers their army was made up of fifty thousand fighting men, according to others of eighty thousand; the troops are said to have included men of a variety of nationalities, and an entire detachment was composed of mercenary Swiss. There were not wanting Frenchmen, one of whom, whose name is unknown, published during the year of the surrender a very interesting account of the siege, entitled "La très-célèbre, digne de mémoire et victorieuse prise de la ville de Grenade. Escript à Grenade le dixiesme jour de janvier de mil, ccccxcii." This rare and curious little volume was printed in Paris in 1492.

The Catholic sovereigns determined that a town should be built on the site of their camp, three miles from Granada. This town was erected within three years, and named Santa-Fé. Its construction produced an extraordinary effect in Granada, and ultimately led to threatened insurrection; the horrors of impending famine were also added, as the population was greater than the country could well support, seeing that many Moorish families, driven from the surrounding towns, had pressed on to Granada, and thus augmented the number of inhabitants.

The defenders of Granada depended entirely for provisions and reinforcements upon the mountaineers of the Alpujarras, the only province which had not yet submitted to the Spanish yoke. The Marquis de Villena was despatched with orders to reduce this province, and acquitted himself so well that in a short time eighty towns and villages were pillaged and put to the sword. At the same time all reinforcements from the Moors of Africa were cut off, and the garrison of Granada was thrown at last upon its own resources. The Moorish king, seeing that every hope of succour had been taken away, sought to make terms with his foes; but the gallant defenders, in vain hoping for reinforcements, opposed this measure, which was however carried out in secret. The first conference was held at midnight in the village of Churriana, situated about three miles from the town, where the terms of capitulation were discussed and ratified by the two parties. The principal articles accorded to the people of Granada freedom to retain the Mahometan faith, and the practice of their religious ceremonies, their national customs, their language, and their costume. Property was to be respected, and the Spaniards engaged to find vessels for all those who wished to return to Africa. All arms were to be given up to the conquerors; as to the unfortunate Abdallah, they gave him a town and a few neighbouring places in the Alpujarras, with three thousand vassals and a revenue of six million *maravedis*.

Abdallah, or Boabdil, as the Spaniards called him, pledged himself to give up the

forts and the keys of the town within sixty days after the date of the capitulation. But whispers of the parley were beginning to find their way abroad among the people, and the councillors of Boabdil, fearing a revolt, advised him to hasten the event. It was therefore determined that the Catholic sovereigns should enter Granada on January 2nd, 1492.

Early on the morning of this memorable day the Spanish camp presented an aspect of the greatest joy. The Cardinal Gonzalez de Mendoza was sent on in advance of a detachment of the troops of his own house and a body of infantry, veterans who had grown grey in the campaigns against the Moors. These troops took possession of the citadel of the Alhambra, while Ferdinand and Isabella remained behind at an Arab mosque, since consecrated to Saint Sebastian. Soon the huge silver cross carried by Saint Ferdinand during his campaigns shone on the top of the *Torre de la Vela*, and the standards of Castille floated over the towers of the Alhambra. At this glorious spectacle the choir of the chapel royal sang the *Te Deum*, and all the army threw themselves on their knees. Every year on January 2nd a fête is held at Granada to celebrate this event. On that day there is always an enormous crowd at the Alhambra, and one may then see the inhabitants of the neighbouring mountains in their most picturesque attire.

The young girls never miss going up to the tower of the Vela, for there, according to an ancient superstition, those of them who strike the bell will be married in the same year. It is even believed that those who strike the hardest will get the handsomest husbands. One can therefore easily imagine what an uproar there is in the tower on a holiday. On one of the pillars which support the bell we noticed an inscription in Spanish: "The second day of January 1492, of the Christian era, after seven hundred and seventy years of Arab rule, victory having been declared, and this town given up to the Most Catholic sovereigns, there were placed in this tower, as the highest in the fortress, the three standards, the insignia of the Castilian army; and the holy banners having been hoisted by the Cardinal Gonzalez de Mendoza and by Don Gutierre de Cardenas, the Count de Tendilla waved the royal standard, while the soldiers cried with a loud voice '*Granada ganada*' (Granada is won) by the illustrious sovereigns of Castille, Don Ferdinand and Doña Isabella."

The fall of Granada caused as great a sensation as the taking of Constantinople had done not long before. At Rome the surrender of the town was celebrated by a solemn mass, and by festivals of all sorts. At Naples an allegorical play was represented, in which Faith, Joyfulness, and Mahomet played the principal parts. The Moors in Africa heard with consternation of the sad end of Boabdil's kingdom, and for several years they prayed in the mosques every Friday that God would give back Granada to the Mussulmans; and even at the present day, if a follower of the Prophet is seen to be sad and melancholy, they say he is thinking of Granada.

There is not much of interest remaining to be noticed before we enter the palace of the Moorish kings. The church of Santa Maria de la Alhambra, built at the close of the sixteenth century, had nothing to offer worth our stopping to see, and the same might be said of the ancient convent of the Franciscan monks, had not their church received the mortal remains of Isabella the Catholic, which rested there until they were removed to the Cathedral of Granada after the death of her husband.

These churches, and many other structures, occupy the sites of different Moorish buildings, as the great Mezquita of the harem, whose primitive aspect, alas! is changed; and

if one of the kings of Granada could reappear in his ancient capital, he might ask Abenamar *Moro de la Moreria*, as he was asked in the famous Moorish romance :

“ Quelles sont ces hautes forteresses
Qui brillent devant moi ?
—C'était l'Alhambra, seigneur,
Et cet autre, la mosquée,
Et ici étaient les Alixares,
Travaillés à merveille ;
Le More qui les orna
Gagnait cent doublons par jour ;
Cet autre, c'est Généralife,
Jardin qui n'a pas son pareil ;
Et cet autre, les Tours Vermeilles,
Château de grande valeur.”

In this antique acropolis of Granada there is not a stone, so to speak, that is without its legend, and which does not recall some event sung in Moorish romance.

We were now entering the palace by following a narrow lane. Arriving in front of a little modern door of the commonest sort, we rang and summoned a guardian, who, wearing an Andalusian *sombrero*, let us in, when we found ourselves face-to-face for the first time with the splendours of the Alhambra.

The first court is called the *Patio de la Alberca*, or the Reservoir. At each side of the basin there is a thick hedge of myrtle, which has also given to this entrance of the Alhambra the name *Patio de los Arrayanes*.

It would be difficult to give an idea of the elegance of this *patio*, the largest, and at the same time one of the most elaborately ornate of all the Alhambra. At each extremity of this reservoir there rises a gallery, with arches supported by light columns of white *Macaël* marble, whose long slender shafts are reflected in the mirror-like surface of the water. The ornamentation of the walls is of wonderful delicacy, and in much better preservation than that in the other courts. Between the windows and at the angles one sees escutcheons of the kings of Granada, or this well-known Arabic phrase, “ *Wa la ghalib illa Allah*,” “And God alone is conqueror;” among other inscriptions which ornament the *patio* are these lines of a Moorish poet :

“ I am decked like a bride in her robes, with every grace, every perfection :
Look on this vase, and you'll understand the truth of my assertion.”

On the left is the hall in which the celebrated vase of the Alhambra was found amongst an indescribable mass of rubbish ; it was to this vase that the poet alluded in the above lines. The basin was formerly surrounded by a rich Moorish balustrade, which still remained intact at the beginning of this century, when the governor Bucarelli, that great devastator of the Alhambra, had it taken up and sold.

During the time of the Moors the *Patio de la Alberca* occupied the centre of the palace ; on the right rose the splendid gateway which, together with that part of the Alhambra known as the Winter-Palace, was demolished by Charles V., in order to make way for the massive building we have already noticed. Before exploring the interior it may not prove uninteresting if we make some observations on the Moorish mode of ornamenting palace walls. Notwithstanding the lightness of the ornaments and the infinite delicacy of their details, they are extremely solid and durable, although they are cast in material something akin to the *gesso duro* used by the Italians of the fifteenth century to mould their madonnas ; marble has only been used in the Alhambra for columns and capitals, fountains, bath-rooms, and paving-stones. The Italian traveller,



PATIO DE LOS ARRAYANES (COURT OF MYRTLES).

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Andrea Navagiero, who visited Granada soon after its fall, tells us that some of its monuments were inlaid with ivory and gold; he also says that in his time the *patio* was planted with myrtles and orange-trees.

On the right is the *Cuarto de la Sultana*, formerly one of the most beautiful halls of the Alhambra. We now entered the Court of Lions, one of the wonders of Moorish architecture; nevertheless, far from boasting the vast proportions which it has been made to assume in pictures, it is simply a parallelogram of one hundred feet by fifty feet, enclosed by a covered gallery having little pavilions at each end. This gallery is supported by one hundred and twenty-eight columns, surmounted by arches displaying wonderful beauty of workmanship. The basements, in mosaic delf-ware of various colours, have been restored in such a manner as to preserve their primitive aspect. The capitals, all of which offer the same contours, appear at first sight to be uniform, but if one examines them with care, they are found to present an infinite variety of designs, arabesques, and inscriptions. These capitals were formerly painted and gilded, and we discover from the best preserved examples that the arabesques were painted in blue and the groundwork in red, while the inscriptions and a number of the ornaments were done in gold. The gold used was brought from Africa, and beaten into thin leaves in Granada.

One remarks a slight irregularity in the placing of the pillars: some stand in pairs, and others alone; an irregularity, this, producing a charming effect, and without doubt designed to break the monotony. The columns were at one time entirely covered with gold, but after the fall of Granada, instead of repairing them, it was found much more simple and profitable to denude them of their covering by sedulously scraping the shafts and ornaments.

Inscriptions dedicated to the praise of God are lavished without stint everywhere around. On the band which sweeps round the tympan of the principal arch we read in characters of great beauty, "May lasting power and glory imperishable be the inheritance of the master of the palace." This inscription reminds one of the ancient Oriental custom of tracing upon common objects good wishes for their owner.

In the centre of the *patio* rises the Fountain of the Lions, a large dodecagonal vessel of marble, surmounted by another smaller and round in shape, both being ornamented with arabesques and Arabic inscriptions in bas-relief. The lower vessel is supported by twelve lions in white marble; at least they are evidently intended for lions, but the Moorish imagination, ever accustomed to perfect liberty, has never descended to a slavish imitation of nature. The head of these lions, if one may call it a head, is nothing more than a mutilated square, supplied with a round hole to represent an open mouth, from which the water falls into the basin. The mane is indicated by a number of parallel lines, while four square supports are supplied for the legs of the animal. In spite of this almost barbarous simplicity, these monsters have a decorative character which charms and surprises, and we have never come across a fountain whose general effect was happier.

The inscriptions cut on the fountain are highly poetic and imaginative:—

"Behold this cloud of pearls, scintillating from all parts, thrown in prismatic globules into the air.

"Which fall in a belt of silver foam and break into a shower of gems surpassing the brightest jewels in lustre, as they outshine the marble in their pearly whiteness and transparency.

“Looking on this basin, it seems a solid mass of ice off which the water is running, and yet it is impossible to say which of the two is liquid.

“Do you not perceive how the stream leaps to the surface in defiance of the inferior current which would arrest its progress ?

“As a lover whose lashes are full of tears, but who restrains them, fearing an informer.

“In truth what is this font but a beneficent cloud, distilling its waters upon the lions ?

“Like the hands of the Caliph, who rises with the dawn to shower reward upon his soldiers—the lions of war.

“Fear not in thy contemplation while gazing upon these rampant lions ; they are without life and without ferocity.”

Nothing can convey a better notion of the voluptuous life of the Moors than this Court of the Lions. One can picture to oneself the king of Granada, surrounded by his favourite wives and courtiers, seated on Persian carpets spread out beneath the shade of the palms and orange-trees, or reclining on cushions of the beautiful silk of Granada or Almeria, while poets recite their verses, or musicians joyously wake the *laud* and *dulçayna*, the *zambra*s and the Moorish *leylas*, whose sounds mingle with the murmur of the water as it falls into the marble basins of the fountains.

When Andrea Navagiero visited the Alhambra in 1524 the *Patio de los Leones* made a deep impression on him, accustomed as he was to the wonders of Venice ; after manifesting his admiration he adds : “The lions are made in such a manner, that when there is no water, by whispering down the throat of one, people putting their ears to the mouths of the others will hear them articulate the same sounds distinctly.” You must expect when visiting this court to be accosted by the guide, who will certainly point out to you the red stains on the bottom of the basin, and on the large paving-stones. It is the blood of the Abencerrages, which the thirsty marble drank four hundred years ago, and which it has preserved as an accusation against the cowardly assassins. Some sceptics say that the stains are the natural result of age and exposure ; others go still farther, and protest that the two hostile tribes never existed in Granada or anywhere else, except in the imagination of novelists. Let us hasten to assure the incredulous that the Zegrís and the Abencerrages have enjoyed a lawful existence, and that ancient and grave Spanish writers make mention of them. Nothing will convince us that the marks in question are not blood ; and we may just as well believe in this blood as in that of Saint Januarius.

The Abencerrages and the Zegrís were two noble families of Granada who heartily hated each other. The former takes an important place in Moorish romance, and is distinguished by the Arab name Beni-Serraj. They are descended from a vizier of a king of Cordova. When that town was taken by the Christians in 1235, they sought refuge in Granada, and their family or clan increased so rapidly that towards the fifteenth century it numbered more than five hundred members. As to the Zegrís, they were natives of Aragon. When the Spaniards made themselves masters of that land, they retired to Granada under the patriotic name of Tsegrium, that is men of Tseghr, the name by which Aragon was known to the Moors.

The hatred of the tribes was intensified by the rivalry of two of Abdallah's wives. One, his cousin, was named Ayesha, and the other, of Spanish birth, was named Zoraya, or evening-star ; she was daughter of the Governor of Martos. When that town was



GALLERY OF THE PATIO DE LOS ARRAYANES.

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taken by the Moors, Zoraya, whose original name was Isabel de Solis, fell into the hands of her enemies, and owing to her marvellous beauty, was brought to grace the harem of the king, and it is reported that the sovereign soon became passionately attached to her. The gentle Ayesha, who thoroughly detested her beautiful rival, feared lest the king might choose as his successor one of Zoraya's sons, in place of one of her own children; she therefore devised a system of secret intrigue to attain her own ends. Two parties were thus formed: the Abencerrages sided with Zoraya, while the Zegrís declared themselves for Ayesha. The result was that both the town and the palace became the scenes of constant conflict, which weakened the kingdom and brought about its speedy fall.

The Zegrís, who had been strengthened by a tribe of Gomeles, determined to ruin Zoraya by accusing her of adultery with one of the Abencerrages. Accordingly one day a Zegrís appeared before the king, and cried out with a loud voice, "Long live Allah! May death destroy the Abencerrages, and may the queen perish by fire!"

One of the Gomeles observed that no one dared to lay hands on the queen, as her defenders were too numerous. "You know," he added, addressing the king, "that Halbinhamad would call together all his followers, including the Alabezes, the Vanegas, and the Gazules, who are the flower of Granada. But this you must do to revenge yourself. Summon the Abencerrages to the Alhambra, taking care to make them enter one by one, and in the greatest secrecy. Let twenty devoted and sure Zegrís, armed to the teeth, stand around you, and as each one of the tribe enters let him be seized and strangled. When there is not a single man of them left, should any of their surviving friends wish to revenge this careful measure, you may rely upon the Gomeles, the Zegrís, and the Maças, who are powerful and ready to perish for their king." The sovereign at last gave his consent to this scheme of treachery, and Gines Perez, who relates the tragic history, exclaims, "O Granada, what misery awaits thee! Thou wilt never again arise from thy doom, nor recover thy ancient splendour!" The king, deserted by sleep, tossed on his downy pillow. "Unhappy Abdilli, King of Granada," he cried, "thou art on the point of ruining both thyself and thy kingdom." The day at last arrived, and the sovereign entered a court in the Alhambra, where he was received by the nobles, Zegrís, Gomeles, and Maças, who, rising from their seats, saluted him, and wished him success. At this moment an equerry entered with the news that Muça and other Abencerrages had arrived during the night from the Vega, where they had engaged the Christians, and brought back two Spanish flags and more than thirty heads. The king seemed pleased with the news, but, preoccupied with the thoughts of revenge, he called aside one of the Zegrís, and directed that he, the executioner, and thirty trusty followers should repair to the Court of the Lions. The Zegrís retired, and carefully following the king's orders, waited his commands. Finding them ready for the bloody work, the king ordered his page to call Abencarrax, his *alguacil mayor*, who was doomed to be the first victim. The instant he entered the Court of Lions he was seized and beheaded by the conspirators. Then followed Halbinhamad and thirty-four lords of the Abencerrages, the proudest nobles of Granada, who all of them shared the same silent fate. The remaining members of the tribe owed their lives to the presence of mind of a little page who entered at the moment his master was seized, and, terror-stricken at the bloody scene, he made his escape by a secret door unnoticed, at the time when another unsuspecting victim entered the court. Hardly had he left the walls of the Alhambra, when he noticed near a fountain the lords Malik Alabez and Abenamar. They, like the others, were on their way to the palace by command of the king. "Ah, lords," the

page cried through his tears, "by Allah do not go farther, unless you wish to be assassinated!"

"What do you mean to say?" replied Alabez.

"Know, lord, that in the Court of the Lions they have massacred a great number of the Abencerrages, amongst them my poor master. I saw them beheaded—God in His goodness enabled me to escape. By Mahomet, my lords, be warned against this bloody treason!"

The three nobles remained petrified, looking at each other, hardly knowing whether to credit the tale; but as they passed on and entered the street *de los Gomeles* they fell in with the Captain Muça, accompanied by twenty cavaliers who had encountered the Christians in the Vega, and were proceeding to the palace to recount their successes to the king.

"Gentlemen," said Alabez, as soon as he came up to them, "a great plot has been laid against us;" and he told the story of the page. They then repaired to the Bibrambla, and Muça, who was captain-general of the soldiers, sounded the trumpets, and called his partisans to take vengeance. Soon the palace was assaulted, and the massive doors, which resisted the assailants' blows, were reduced by fire, and the infuriated Abencerrages, like hungry lions, rushed into the Alhambra, and fell on the traitors. More than five hundred Zegrís, Gomeles, and Maças perished beneath their poniards.

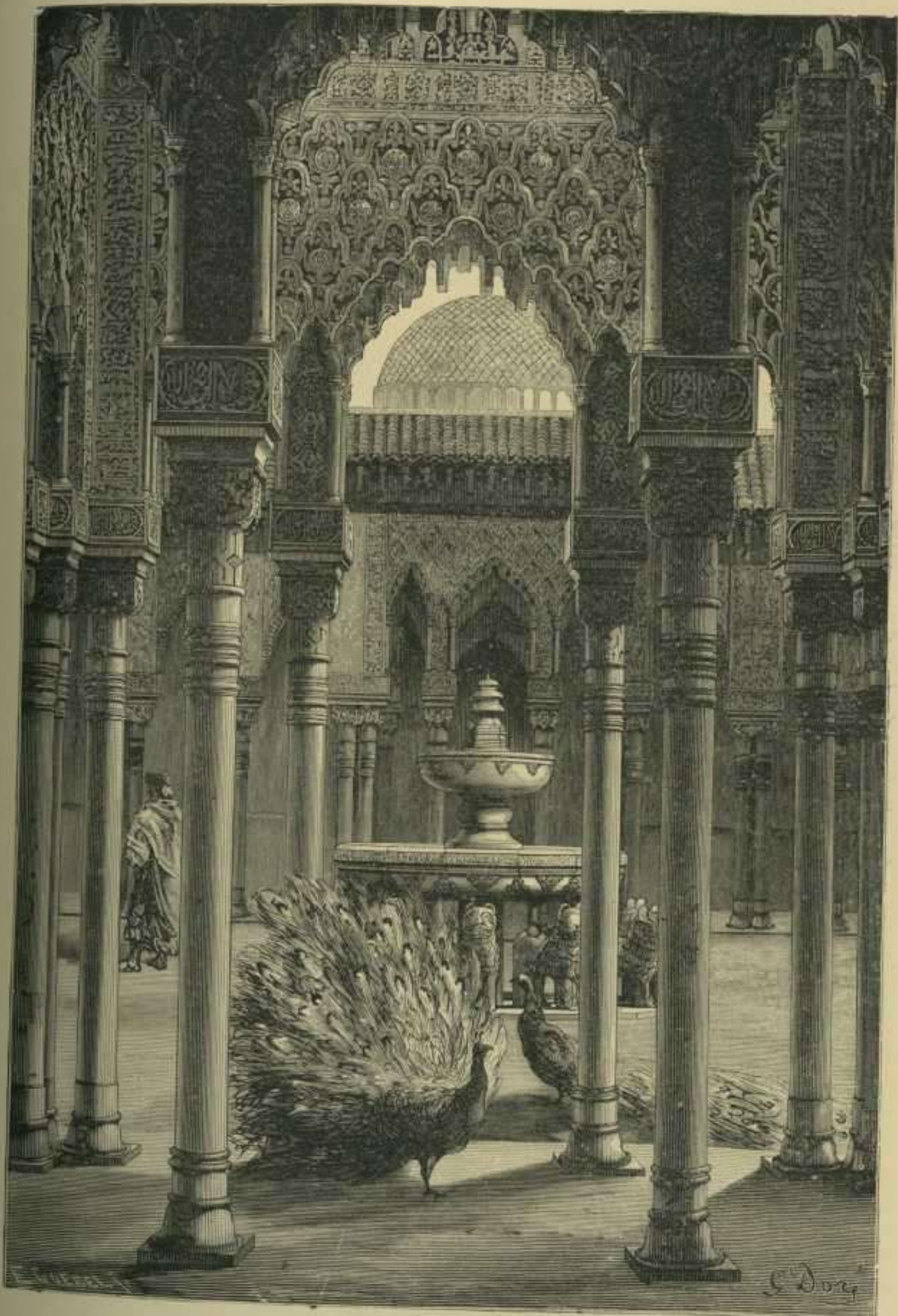
A popular romance, sung for a long time in Granada, recalls the massacre of the Abencerrages:

"In the towers of the Alhambra
A rumour dire arose,
And in the town of Granada
Great was the desolation,
Because without reason the king
To slaughter condemned in a day
Six and thirty Abencerrages.
Nobles of greatest renown, were they
Whom the Zegrís and the Gomeles
Of foulest treason accused."

We will now quit this wonderful *Patio de los Leones*, so rich in poetic legends, and passing beneath its porticoes enter some of the most beautiful halls of the Alhambra, notably the *Sala de Justicia*, the *Dos Hermanas* (the Two Sisters), and that of the Abencerrages. It is into this last hall that we will now make our way, and there we shall again find a souvenir of the tragic event just narrated.

The Hall of the Abencerrages is one of the finest, if not the largest in the palace. The vaulted roof, in the form *media naranja*, half orange, is a marvellous piece of work. Thousands of pendentives of infinite variety drop from the ceiling, like clusters of stalactites. One can only compare these astonishing Moorish roofs to the cells in a beehive, and nothing is more puzzling than their perfect symmetrical construction, in spite of their apparent irregularity. The pendentives are formed by the combination of seven distinct prisms, surmounted by curves, sometimes segments of circles, sometimes ogive. One is astonished at the extraordinary effect obtained by the Moorish architects with elements of such great simplicity.

The rusty stains perceivable on the edge of the basin, which forms a centre ornament to the hall, are said to be the blood of the Abencerrages, who were beheaded over the basin while their brothers were suffering death in the court. Padre Echeverria, who relates with so much gravity the history of the headless horse and the hairy phantom, agreeably banter the simple and credulous visitors who, even in his day, lamented the sad fate of the victims. This Canon of Granada says: "Men and women, when they visit



PATIO DE LAS LEONES (COURT OF LIONS).

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the Alhambra, come to the Hall of the Abencerrages, they look on the ground, then gaze upon the basin, and believe they see the shades of those unfortunate nobles on the walls, or their lifeless bodies on the flagstones. They mark the stains of innocent blood : the men call for vengeance from heaven against such cruelty, and the women shed bitter tears for the sad end of so many brave cavaliers, and curse the impious king ; while others bless the little page who bore the news of the massacre to those who had not yet come to the fatal rendezvous." But, adds Padre Echeverria, that is all mere superstition and falsehood—*todo es mentira, falso todo*. This does not prevent the worthy canon relating to us, a few pages farther on, that the ghosts of the Abencerrages pay regular nocturnal visits to the scene of slaughter, where their presence is manifested by a doleful murmuring noise of sighing and groaning from the spirits who come to demand justice for their cruel death. A priest, who had just finished mass at the church of San Cecilio, with his hand placed on his heart, assured us that it was all too true.

The beautiful wooden doors of which we have spoken are in the Hall of the Abencerrages. Nothing can be more curious than their elaborate workmanship. They are made up of an infinite number of small pieces of resinous wood, lozenge-shaped, and so perfectly united as to form a very solid whole. We have seen some doors exactly like them belonging to an ancient mosque at Cairo.

Crossing the Court of the Lions, we shall now enter the *Sala de las Dos Hermanas*—Hall of the Two Sisters. The name is taken from two blocks of pure white marble, so alike in every way that they were called the two sisters. This was formerly one of the private apartments of the kings of Granada. On each side there are alcoves, which must have been intended to receive beds, ornamented with the richest arabesques, and inscriptions in praise of the Sultan Abu-l-Hadjadj. The room also contains a large basin like that of the Hall of the Abencerrages ; indeed the two apartments are very much alike as to their arrangement, only the first carries off the palm on account of the elegance of its decorations. One or two of the inscriptions caught our eye :

"Look attentively at my elegance, it will furnish you with a commentary on the art of decoration."

"Look at this wonderful cupola ; at the sight of its splendid proportions all other cupolas grow dim and disappear."

"Look also at this portico, it contains beauties of all sorts."

"In truth this palace could have no other ornaments than those which surpass the splendour of the highest regions of the firmament," &c.

The apartment contains many other inscriptions, some hidden by the wooden pillars which the *ayuntamiento* of Granada set up at the four corners in his barbarous attempt at decoration on the occasion of the visit of the Infante Don Francisco de Paula to the Alhambra in 1832. Before that time a workshop had been established there, and at an earlier date some clumsy restorations were effected, when it was used by Isabella the Catholic, and by Elenora, wife of Charles V. of Portugal. But these apartments, with all their grandeur, are not to be compared with that of the Ambassadors, which may fairly be called the masterpiece of this Moorish palace.

During our stay in Granada we came across a curious personage, who would never visit but one part of the Alhambra, alleging that it combined in one every possible beauty, and that after seeing this principal part it was only useless waste of time to devote one's

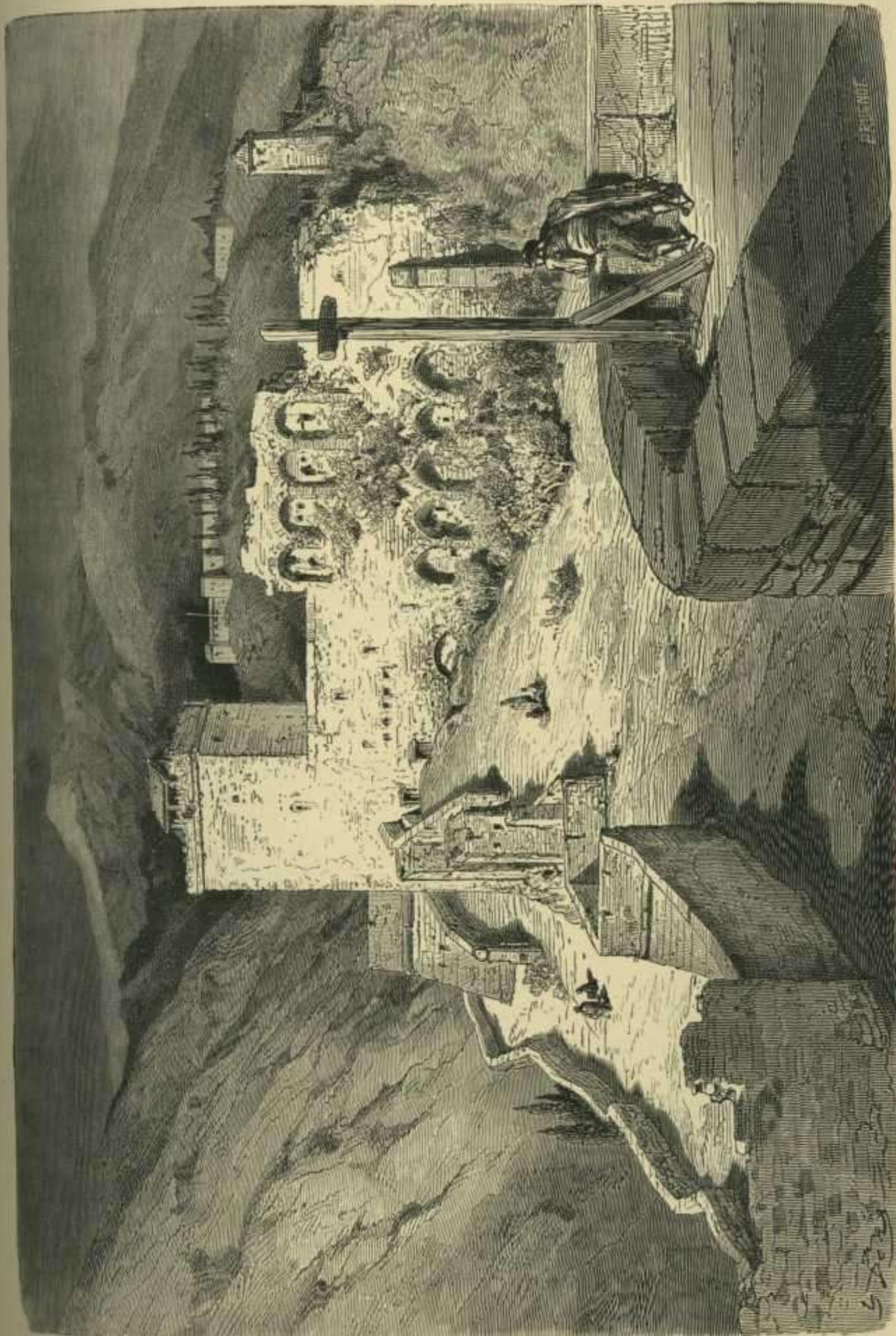
attention to any other part of the palace. This strange sophist was certainly wrong, but if anything would give a colour of reason to his obstinacy it was the majestic aspect and rare perfection of the piece which was the exclusive object of his admiration.

The *Sala de los Embajadores* occupies the whole of the *Torre de Comares*, the largest and most important of the towers of the Alhambra. Before entering it one traverses a sort of gallery or ante-chamber, longer than it is broad, called the *Sala de la Barca*. On each side of the entrance in the interior of the arcade two marble niches are filled in with the most delicate sculpture, reminding one of the mosque at Cordova. These niches were, it is said, designed to receive the visitors' sandals, which were placed there as a token of respect before entering, as is still done at the doors of an Eastern mosque. The Hall of Ambassadors measures about forty feet each way, and is about seventy feet in height, from the ground to the *media naranja*. This roof is made of resinous wood, of the cedar or larch-tree family, called by the Spaniards *alerce*, a word which, we may say in passing, has been taken by the author of a guide-book of Spain for the name of an artist: the ceiling is thus innocently attributed to Alerce! The pieces of wood forming the cupola fit into each other in an infinite variety of ways, which defy description. This extremely complicated kind of work is called in Spanish *artesonado*. It is painted red, green, and blue, and set off by gilding, to which time has imparted a very warm tint.

As to the walls, there is always the lavish bestowal of arabesques, executed in low relief and with lace-like fineness. The patterns unfold and mix themselves endlessly. It is said that during the sixteenth century the hall was restored under the direction of the celebrated sculptor and architect, Berruguete; it is even asserted that he used old Moorish moulds to produce the arabesques. At about five or six feet above the ground the arabesques give way to the *azulejos*, the squares of glazed delf-ware of which we have already spoken. The name signifies blue in Arabic, and was probably adopted because the first specimens made were of that colour.

The *azulejos* are of different colours and shapes; the prevailing colours are blue, green, orange, and violet, forming by their arrangement the most varied combinations, where symmetry does not exclude caprice. Sometimes a design has different colours, separated by lines in relief. Most of the finest designs have either been destroyed or carried off. We may here add that the *azulejos* are always made of delf, not of porcelain, as they have more than once been represented; and the same remark will apply to the beautiful vase of the Alhambra, which has also been called porcelain, although this sort of ware has been for many centuries different from any other produced in Europe. The Hall of Ambassadors was, as one would gather from its name, the place of honour in the palace. It was there that the solemn receptions were held; it was there too that the kings of Granada gave audience to the African princes, who were at times the bearers of perfidious presents, as for example, the poisoned tunic given by Ahmed, king of Fez, to Yousouf II., who (so they say) expired soon after wearing it. It was there that the sultan, Abu-l-Hassan, at the time of Granada's splendour, gave his haughty reply to the King of Castille, who demanded a tribute of silver: "Go tell your master that in my mint they only coin lanceheads for him!"

On more occasions than one these elegant walls were witnesses of bloody strife. Mohammed-Ibn-Ismael, insulted by his sovereign at a public ceremony, and taunted with cowardice, resolved to revenge the affront, and stabbed the king and his vizier. Nevertheless, if the Hall of Ambassadors was the theatre of these tragic events, it witnessed at the same time many a charming scene; the beautiful Galiana wove with her delicate



THE TORRES BERMEJAS AND THE GENERALIFE.

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fingers a rich gold and silver embroidery sparkling with pearls, rubies, and emeralds, and destined for the valiant Moor who broke a lance in her honour at the tournament. From the window opposite the entrance of the hall one overlooks a scene of the richest verdure, through which flows the Darro.

Retracing our steps, we followed a long gallery, constructed after the conquest, and which joins a little pavilion called *Tocador de la Reina* or *Peinador de la Reina*, two names signifying queen's toilet-chamber. This chamber, which has nothing Moorish about it, appears to have been built at the time of Charles V.; its walls are adorned with frescoes in the Italian style of the early part of the sixteenth century. These beautiful frescoes have suffered much at the hands of the vulgar; proper names and all sorts of absurdities are scratched over the painting by generations of visitors from every clime. The paintings on the roof, beyond reach, are in better preservation; they represent medallions, busts, rivers, metamorphoses, and other mythological subjects. Between the white marble columns our vision roamed over one of the grandest panoramas in the world. On leaning forward outside, we perceived a ravine of great depth, bordered by poplar, aspen, and other closely tufted trees; one is apt to feel giddy on looking down on the tops of the trees, which can only be seen foreshortened. On one side rises the imposing tower of Comares, on the other the white walls of the Generalife, shining through the mass of dark verdure; beyond, an interminable picture of the Vega spreads out and is lost in a horizon of mountains forming a succession of graduated plains. It would be useless our endeavouring to convey an idea of the scene, even taking for comparison opals, sapphires, and other gems of the softest hues. About two hours before sunset it is simply entrancing, and tempts one to remain rapt in contemplation until it is lost in the shades of evening.

The *Patio* or *Jardin de Lindaraja*, to which we descended, is encumbered with a thick growth of orange, citron, acacias, and other trees which rise in charming disorder.

The centre of the *Patio* is adorned by a beautiful fountain, while its two sides are flanked by a gallery supported upon rows of slender marble columns. The *Mirador de Lindaraja*, overlooking the garden, is formed by two ogive-shaped windows separated by a pillar of white marble. The tympan above the two windows presents a vast decoration, composed of characters forming knots and various other patterns, and may be taken as the finest and most perfect specimen of its kind that exists. The inscriptions again draw attention to the decoration:—

“These apartments contain many wonders, on which the spectator's eye will always rest, if he be gifted with intelligent appreciation.

“Here the zephyrs descend to soften the rigour of winter, and breathe a genial air around.

“In truth, so great are the charms we boast that the stars of heaven descend to lend us their light.”

We next visited the *Sala de Secretos*, built by Charles V., and which takes its name from an acoustic effect produced by the configuration of the roof. The *Sala de las Ninfas*, which comes next, owes its name to two marble statues of goddesses.

By the side of the *Jardin de Lindaraja* there are also ancient Moorish baths, *los Baños de la Sultana*. They consist of two apartments, also called *el Baño del Rey* and *el Baño del Príncipe*; they were constructed by Mohammed V., Alghani-Billah (he who delights in God), whose praises may be read in the inscriptions.

We passed through the *Sala de las Frutas*, thus named from the fruits depicted on the ceiling, thence without stopping to the *Patio de la Reja*, a little court garnished with an iron railing, and we ended our visit by retracing our steps to the *Sala de Justicia*, or hall of judgment. It is more like a long gallery divided into three compartments, each of which is covered by a cupola, or roof, in the form of an oval; on this dome one sees the famous Moorish pictures of the Alhambra, painted on panels of leather sewn together, and nailed to a concave surface of wood; this leather is coated with plaster. The subject occupying the centre represents ten personages seated in two rows, and each end of the oval displays the arms of the kings of Granada supported by two lions. The figures, brown-complexioned, wear double-pointed black beards, are seated on cushions, and arrayed in the costume of the Spanish Moors. The head is covered with an Oriental turban and the *marlota*, a sort of hood falling on the shoulders; the rest of the dress simply consisted of an ample *albornoz*, or woollen robe, descending to the feet. The ten Moors are armed with their native long sword. Perhaps the group represents kings of Granada, or else a council of state; the position of the hands indicates discussion and renders the latter supposition probably the right one. Another painting represents hunting subjects; here we have a Christian cavalier, lance in hand, piercing a lion that has sprung upon his horse, and by his side another cavalier attired as a Moor, contending with an animal which seems to be a bear, or a wild boar; further off, a second Moor, holding his horse by the bridle, is presenting the produce of his hunt to a lady in flowing robes. On each side rise towers and water fountains. The colours are still bright, and consist for the most part of flat tints without the shadows being indicated; the most striking are bright red, and brick red, light and dark green, and white, the outline being traced by means of a line of thick bistre.

In the last picture another Christian cavalier is seen, piercing a bear with his sword, and a Moorish cavalier has struck his lance into a stag; another Moor, carrying the *adarga*, a large shield of leather like those preserved at the *Armeria* of Madrid, is striking with his lance a Christian, who appears on the point of falling from his horse. On the opposite side are two persons playing at draughts (the *dameh* of the Arabs); but the most interesting part of the picture represents a female with a lion chained at her feet, while on her right, a bearded and hairy man, like the savages represented in the ancient heraldry of Spain, appears to have been overthrown by a mounted cavalier.

Many suppositions have been thrown out regarding these two last figures, but without any satisfactory result; we flatter ourselves however that we have found out the meaning of the enigma. In the ancient Moorish romances, the motto of the *Zégris* is "a woman holding a chained lion," denoting the triumph of love over strength, and that of the *Abencerrages* is "a savage man overthrowing a lion." It seems thus incontestable that this picture bears an allusion to these two celebrated tribes. But at what epoch were these curious paintings executed? It has been said that they were painted after the taking of Granada, but if they date from the Christian dominion, why should the Christians be represented as vanquished in combat? Besides, the costume of the Christians is that of the beginning of the fifteenth century; the architecture, the simple landscape, and other details are of the same epoch. As to the artist, he is quite unknown; but it may be supposed he was some renegade Christian, who had long fixed his residence at Granada.

Such is this admirable palace of the Alhambra, at once so rich and so sumptuous that, in spite of its many degradations, we may call it, with Peter Martyr, a palace without its equal in the world. In order to explore it thoroughly, it would be necessary to pass whole weeks among its ruins, and still at each recurring visit some new and charming feature would be

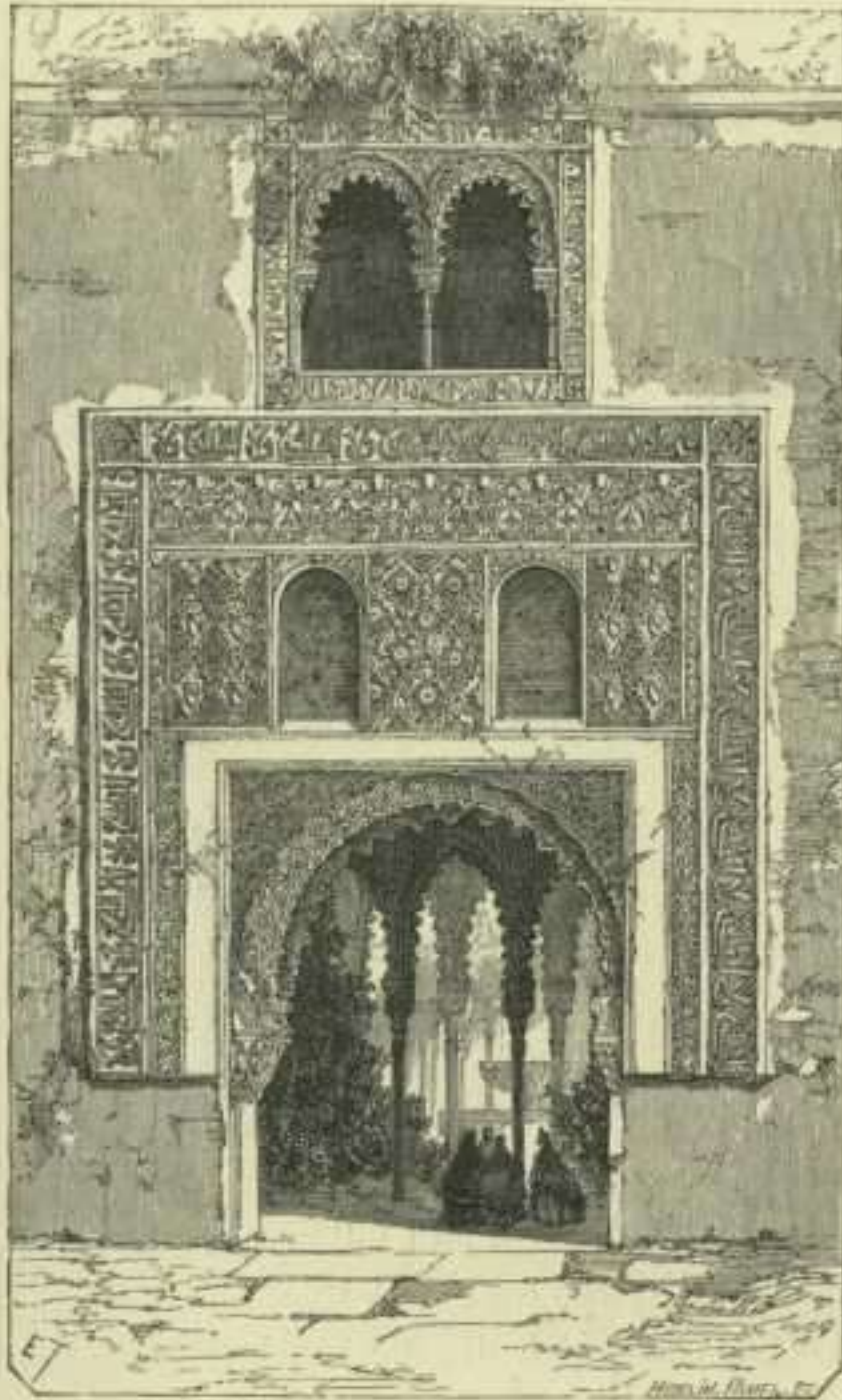


GATE OF THE SALA DE JUSTICIA.

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found. After at last quitting these fairy halls, these elegant and voluptuous *patios*, a thousand delicious but confused pictures present themselves to the mind : it will seem like a splendid dream, and one will delight to repeat with Victor Hugo :

“ L'Alhambra ! l'Alhambra ! palais que les génies
 Ont doré comme un rêve et rempli d'harmonies ;
 Forteresse aux créneaux festonné set croulants,
 Où l'on entend la nuit de magiques syllabes,
 Quand la lune, à travers les mille arceaux arabes,
 Sème les murs de trèfles blancs ! ”





SKETCH IN THE SUBURBS OF GRANADA.

CHAPTER IX.

The Generalife; the cypresses of the Sultana—The *Silla del Moro*—The *Fuente del Avellano*—The Darro—The Zacatin—The Cathedral of Granada—The *Capilla real*; the tombs of the Catholic sovereigns—The Bibrambla; more about the Abencerrages and the Zergis; burning of Arabic books—The Ear arcade and the street of Knives—The Aleaiceria—The Museum—The Cartura—The church and promenade of *las Angustias*—The *Plaza de Bailen*; Maria Pineda—The Salon—The Genil; Boabdil and the Catholic sovereigns—The Moorish baths—Sacro-Monte—The gipsies of Granada—An improvised Ball; the *Petra*—Excursion to the Sierra Nevada—The *neveros*—The *barrancos* and the *ventisqueros*—The *Picacho de Velata*.

THE Generalife is only about a hundred paces from the Alhambra, but, in order to reach it, we must pass under the *Puerta Judiciaria* and follow one of the shady alleys of the *Bosque de la Alhambra*, which descends by the wall of the ancient Moorish citadel. Passing a dark ravine, overgrown with briars, and which divides the hill of the Alhambra from the *Cerro del Sol*, we climbed a path shaded by luxuriant vegetation and fragrant with the perfume of roses, where, beneath the foliage of fig-trees and vines, we caught glimpses of huge pomegranates, whose half-open fruit disclosed their clustering seeds, sparkling like rubies in the sunlight.

Entering the Generalife, we made our way beneath arched galleries, whose ornaments in bas-relief are unfortunately hidden and obliterated by repeated coatings of stone colour. The centre of the garden is taken up by a long basin full of crystalline water, in which the charming arcade of rose-laurels and tufted bushes is reflected as in a mirror.



S. Day

DEGNER

The palace of the Generalife, although most attractive both in its architecture and decorations, presents nothing which can create surprise after visiting the Alhambra. The exterior is extremely simple, and the halls are neither numerous nor attractive. In one of them we came across a number of very indifferent portraits, full of anachronisms in costume, representing historical personages such as Boabdil and Gonzalvo de Cordova. Here a huge volume lies open on the table, intended to receive the names and sentiments of visitors; this polyglot receptacle, like most others of its kind, contains pages of witless commonplace remarks, courageously signed by their authors. In former days one of the apartments contained an ancient Moorish sword, which has been removed to the palace of the lower town; it belonged, it is said, to the last king of Granada. The hilt, in the form of two elephants' heads, is adorned with the escutcheon of the Moorish sovereigns. Both hilt and blade are covered with Moorish legends, and the entire weapon presents a splendid specimen of ancient enamel and filigree work; the sheath, also in good preservation, is made of leather, embroidered with silver wire, an art for which the Moors of Spain and Fez were anciently renowned. The Generalife contains some extremely rare and curious armour. "There are two or three helmets placed at the entrance," says the Padre Echeverria; "also coats of mail, from which many persons have stolen little pieces, and there are hardly any children who are not supplied with a small fragment of this defensive armour, to neutralise the malign influence of the evil eye."

In the garden of the *Cipreses de la Sultana* trees are pointed out, which, according to tradition, were very old even at the time when the Sultana Zoraya sought their grateful shade; and we had the pleasure of gazing upon the one that sheltered this Sultana when, engrossed in conversation with a lord of the Abencerrages, she was surprised by a member of the tribe of the Gomeles.

One great charm of the Generalife is the abundant water-supply seen in its basins, fountains, jets, canals, and bubbling springs. The Moors, to obtain this hydraulic display, cut a canal to the river Darro's source, two leagues distant.

Above the garden rises a terrace, commanding a splendid view. Turning our back upon the Alhambra, we have before us the hill called the *Cerro del Sol*, with a Moorish ruin on the top; it is the *Silla del Moro*, the Moor's chair, supposed to have been the mosque in which Boabdil sought refuge after the massacre of the Abencerrages. The scene before us includes a vast area; we can trace out the windings of the Darro, and there are the Alhambra, the Generalife, the Albayzin, the Sacro-Monte, and a multitude of villages like white spots scattered over the Vega.

Descending the steep slopes of the *Cerro del Sol*, one enters a finely-wooded district, where there are picturesque little country-houses nestling among the foliage, the *Cármenes del Darro*, or villas, which derive their name from the Arabic word *karm*, signifying a vine; these residences are built along one of the most beautiful and fashionable promenades in Granada. A little farther on, there is the *Fuente del Avellano*—fountain of the hazel-tree, known to the Moors as the *Ayn-ad-dama*—fountain of tears. This fountain, as well as that of *Alfacar*, is frequently mentioned by Moorish authors, who attribute to it many virtues; people came from Morocco and all parts of Africa expressly to drink its waters. Andrea Navagiero says that at the time of his visit to Granada, in 1524, the Moors of Albayzin would only drink the water of the fountain *Alfacar*.

Here are a great many houses falling into ruin, and the once beautiful gardens, but now abandoned, tell too plainly that the descendants of the Moors, who cultivated the soil so sedulously, are rapidly disappearing. The Spaniards who are replacing them, both

in Granada and throughout the entire province, are not an industrious race; they prefer the recreation of fighting to tilling the soil, and many go to seek fortune in the Indies. Granada, therefore, although not so populous as it was when under the Moors, is nevertheless, at the present time, the most populous district in Spain. The Venetian traveller noticed the rapid decline of Granada: what would he say if he could see the ancient capital of the Moors at the present day, with hardly anything to boast save its ancient traditions? Its population, which was nearly 500,000, is now, at the most, 70,000. Its glorious suburbs are now taken up by a few scattered families and their domesticated pigs, which they fatten with the fruits of the cactus, *higos chumbos*. Once we were the witnesses of a semi-comic, semi-tragic scene: a fond mother was defending her offspring from the attack of a matronly porker; the children were attempting to carry a tender young nursling from the parental care. Doré did not miss turning the incident to profitable account.

We re-entered Granada by following the banks of the Darro. This river, which flows like a torrent, takes its rise in the Sierra Nevada, and, before entering the city, waters the fertile valley called *Axarix* by the Moors, but which now bears the Spanish name *Val Paraiso*, the Valley of Paradise. It is said that its waters have the unromantic virtue of healing the diseases of cattle. As to the gold dust of the Darro sands, Bermudez de Pedraza informs us, that during the visit of Charles V. to Granada in 1526, the municipality made a golden crown which was offered to the Empress Isabella. The same authority speaks of the vases made in his time from the clay of the Darro, and affirms that gold might be seen sparkling in the clay, and that a vase sold for two *maravedis* contained more than a *cuartillo* of the precious metal, but that the cost of extracting the gold would exceed the profit to be obtained by the process. After watering the *Carrera del Darro*, a charming promenade overlooking the hill of the Alhambra, this celebrated stream traverses the Plaza Nueva, and flows beneath a lofty bridge which the Padre Echeverria proudly sets down as the finest in Europe, and indeed in the whole world.

The Darro overflows at certain seasons, and more than once it has threatened to destroy the Plaza Nueva and the Zacatin.

Entering the Zacatin we are now in the heart of the old Moorish town. It was formerly the great business thoroughfare, and even nowadays hundreds of merchants carry on their trade in the narrow shops, which can hardly have changed since the time of Boabdil. Leaving this street and entering the Bibrambla, we soon find ourselves in front of the Cathedral. The façade dates from the latter half of the sixteenth century; though bastard in style, it is not devoid of a certain grandeur. The interior is spacious, and the enormous pillars supporting the majestic roof are not without effect. We remarked a very singular inscription on several of these pillars, commencing with the words *Nadie pasee con mugeres*, that is to say, no one may walk about with women; the remainder menaces with excommunication, and a fine of forty rials (more than eight shillings), those who loiter in groups, and talk during the service. The decree was, without doubt, fulminated by the metropolitan chapter; if, at any rate, we may credit this passage of Madame d'Aulnoy: "When mass was finished, the gallants ranged themselves around the basin of holy-water; here also the ladies loved to congregate in order to receive holy-water, and flattering phrases from the lips of their admirers. But the Papal nuncio has forbidden the men, under pain of excommunication, to present holy-water to ladies."

Some very rich chapels, stained-glass windows, and grand organs, are all that remain



BANKS OF THE DARRO.

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to be noticed, with the exception of a number of works of Alonzo Cano, a nature painter and sculptor. His works are not numerous, neither do they equal those of the Museum of Madrid. Amongst the sculptures we noticed two beautiful Virgins, and some busts in wood, unfortunately coated with paint, like most of the statues to be seen in the Spanish churches. Alonzo Cano had a rather troubled life, but that did not prevent him from becoming resident canon, and, in spite of the opposition of the Chapter of Granada, he held this post for sixteen years.

The chief interest in the cathedral lies in the *Capilla real*, constructed during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, and although it has its separate clergy, it is nevertheless connected with the church. The Chapel Royal is a rich and tasteful specimen of the Gothic architecture of the fifteenth century; it is full of memorials of the Catholic sovereigns, who are represented kneeling on the right and left of the grand altar. We remarked above the altar four interesting bas-reliefs in wood, contemporary with the reduction of Granada; they are attributed to a Burgundian sculptor, named Vigarny. One of the bas-reliefs represented Ferdinand and Isabella, on horseback, followed by their foot-guards armed with scythes and spears; on the other, King Boabdil was seen,—he had dismounted from his horse and was tendering his submission. Beneath we noticed the Alhambra, with its crenated towers, and the Moorish captives walking two and two with their hands bound over their breasts; the two other subjects represented were the conversion and baptism of the vanquished. These scenes recalled the words of Cardinal Ximenes: "If we cannot conduct the Moors by gentleness into the right way, it becomes our duty to push them." An eye-witness, Andrea Navagiero, tells us what these conversions were. "The Moors," he says, "speak their ancient tongue. They are Christians perforce, and the priests do not care to instruct them in the things of the faith, finding it to their advantage to let them alone; outwardly they are Christians, but in their hearts they are Moors." Running round the walls of the *Capilla real* there is an inscription in fine Gothic characters, in praise of the Catholic sovereigns, Don Fernando and Doña Ysabel, "who conquered this kingdom of Granada and reduced it to our faith Destroying heresy, they drove the Moors and the Jews from their kingdom and reformed the religion."

The *reja*, an immense grating of ornamentally wrought iron, partly gilded, is one of the finest in Spain, and bears the signature of Maestre Bartolomé and the date 1522. In this chapel we find the tombs of Philip the Fine and Jane the Foolish, reposing by the side of Ferdinand and Isabelle. The beauty of the work of these monuments equals the finest of this kind at Dijon, Bruges, or Burgos, and is executed in the richest and best style of the Renaissance, exquisitely cut into the marble, whose dazzling whiteness has toned and mellowed with age. At the four corners of the royal tomb are seated doctors of the Church, while the twelve Apostles take an inferior place on the sides. On the top of the monument are the statues of the king and queen grasping the sceptre and the sword, united even in death; the figures wear an air of calm and majestic repose.

In the year 1506, a French contemporary writer characterises Queen Isabella as the most triumphant and truly glorious woman, who assisted with her own hands in the conquest of the kingdom of Granada.

Leaving the cathedral, we passed through the place *de las Pasiegas*, remarkable only for its clumsy edifice, the *Palacio del Arzobispo*; the great bell of the cathedral had just rung out three o'clock in sonorous tones. It was at this hour, January 2nd, 1492, that the Moors surrendered the city into the hands of the Spaniards, when the Catholic sovereigns,

who were awaiting the signal on the banks of the Genil, saw their standard floating over the summit of the *Torre de la Vela*, and with their whole army fell on their knees to thank God for victory. Since that day, the *Plegaria*, the greatest bell of the cathedral, has always sounded the eventful hour, and if at that moment one recites three prayers, and an equal number of Aves, this piety gains a plenary indulgence—a reward granted, at the request of Queen Isabella, by Pope Innocent VIII.

The place of the *las Pasiegas* adjoins that of the *Bibrambla*, and thus forms a huge parallelogram surrounded by houses, painted every colour of the rainbow, and upon which dilapidated balconies depend for their uncertain support; these residences replace the Moorish palaces, of which there is no trace. At the time of Granada's splendour it was the scene of jousts, tournaments, and of the most brilliant fêtes, and from the delicately-sculptured miradores hung draperies of velvet and cloth of gold, in place of the linen rags that now dangle and dry in the sun.

The Moorish romances are full of accounts of these glorious scenes, when the Zegrís, fired by the flashing glances of the Sultanas, fought against the courage and skill of the Abencerrages. "One evening the brave Muça, at the head of thirty valiant cavaliers, arrived on the *Vivarrambla*. Summoned to a tournament by his king, he wore the blue, white, and yellow dress, and red plumes of the Abencerrages." The Zegrís were attired in green and gold, spangled with crescents of silver. All the town had assembled to witness the fête. In the place of honour sat the Queen, robed in rich brocade, ablaze with gems; her head was adorned with a red rose of marvellous execution, and in the centre of this rose shone a single carbuncle, which alone might ransom a city. Seated on one side were the dark Galina, the beautiful Fatima, and the divine Zayda; but on the other sat the peerless Lindaraja, dressed in silver tulle and azure damask.

The Zegrís soon appeared, mounted on superb bay horses; then followed, marching four abreast, the Gomeles, Maças, Gazules, the Alabezes and other noble families of Granada. The fête was inaugurated by a bull-fight. The Abencerrages and the Zegrís displayed their jealous rivalry by their rash courage; the Alcade Alabez, attracting the bull to the front of the balcony where the beautiful Cohayda was seated, seized the brute by the horns and forced it to bow its head before her. Again, the valiant Albayaldos, not to be outdone, when passing before a mirador, where another lady was seated, compelled his horse to fall on its knees in adoration.

After the capitulation of Granada, the *Bibrambla* ceased to be the theatre of these splendid fêtes; nevertheless it was chosen as the site of the celebrated *auto de fé* of the Arabic books, ordered by Cardinal Ximenes. This ornament of the Catholic faith, not content with persecuting the Moors on account of their religion, and in defiance of the clause in the deed of capitulation which granted to them the free exercise of their creed, proceeded to collect all the Arabic manuscripts he could seize in the town, had them brought to the *Bibrambla*, where a Moorish convert had the melancholy honour assigned to him of consuming them by fire. The number of books thus destroyed was about a million; the number has no doubt been exaggerated by the panegyrists of the Cardinal, who thought to exalt his glory by giving greater importance to this act of vandalism. Only three hundred volumes were saved from the fire; these were conveyed to the library of Alcalá de Henares. It is said that amongst the works consigned to the flames, many were marvels of painting and calligraphy; others were valuable, if on no other account, simply for their binding, which was adorned with mother-of-pearl, pearls, and exquisite embroideries, or consisted of the leather which the Moors were so skilful in ornamenting.



S. Davis

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TOMB OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA IN THE CATHEDRAL OF GRANADA.

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At one of the angles of the *Pescaderia*, or fish market, we pass beneath the *Arco de las Orejas* (the Ear Arcade), into the *Calle de los Cuchillos* (Street of Knives). The popular tradition is that near this place on the 25th of July 1621, on the occasion of celebrating a royal proclamation, one of the houses overcrowded with the curious suddenly gave way, carrying with it in its fall more than two hundred persons, amongst whom were many richly bejewelled ladies. A gang of thieves, profiting by the disorder, and finding it occupied time to extract the eardrops, cut off the ears of the owners; hence the names of the arch and of the adjoining street. Another street is called *Calle de los Cuchillos*, because formerly the *alguaciles* placed all the poniards there which were taken from assassins.

To conclude this nomenclature of odd places, we must cite a neighbouring street, which might pair with the preceding one, the *Calle de las Cucharas*, street of Spoons; and, lastly, a little place, the *Placeta de los Lobos*, place of the Wolves, so named because there the heads of all the wolves slain in the environs of Granada were collected, and the successful hunters were paid four ducats for each of them. The *Alcaiceria*, not far from the *Bibrambla*, was formerly one of the richest markets in the Peninsula, where the bulk of the far-famed silk of Granada was brought for sale. It is a sort of bazaar, made up of a multitude of small narrow streets, the entrances to which were closed by chains of iron.

Granada boasts a *Museo de pinturas*, but apart from one or two works of the early Spanish school, the collection is one of the poorest we have ever seen. There are, however, six exquisite enamels of Limoges, which formerly belonged to the convent of San Geronimo, where the famed Gonzalvo de Cordova was interred; it is even said that he gave them to the convent. These beautiful enamels, attributed to Jehan Penicault, were stolen about ten years ago; but happily have reappeared in the Museum.

Among the ancient convents of Granada, there are one or two deserving of notice. The chapel of the Ave Maria, where the remains of the celebrated Hernan Perez del Pulgar repose, *El de las Hazañas*, "he of the exploits;" this brings to mind one of his daring feats. Finding himself at Alhama during the siege of Granada, he not only made a vow to the Virgin to enter the town, and fix a flambeau and an *Ave Maria* to the walls of the great mosque, but actually succeeded in his rash project. His tomb is between the cathedral and chapel royal, where the Catholic sovereigns are interred; this has given rise to the well-known proverb, *Como Pulgar, ni dentro ni fuera*, "Like Pulgar, neither inside nor outside."

The Charterhouse, or *Cartuia*, stands on a highly picturesque site not far from the town, and from which one obtains a view of the entire expanse of the Vega. The interior is remarkable for its lavish ornamentation, its doors of ebony set with shells and mother-of-pearl, and marble decorations of the richest order. We were shown some Moorish ruins in the garden, probably the remains of an ancient palace, which, like many others, had been destroyed to make way for the convent.

The church of *San Juan de Dios* is only remarkable for its liberal display of the most commonplace decorations so much in vogue in Spain, about the end of the seventeenth century, and known as *churrigueresco*, from the name of the architect Churriguera. It is a broad caricature of what we term rococo, or rock-work style.

The church of *Las Angustias*, dedicated to Our Lady of Grief, for whom the Granadians have a special veneration, partakes of the same characteristics, and has given its name to one of the fashionable promenades of the town, the *Carrera de las Angustias*, where on fine evenings one may observe the *élite* of the society of Granada.

The greater number of the ladies wear the mantilla, fortunately not yet dethroned by the Parisian hat. This graceful mantilla, accompanied by a crimson flower, forms a natural head-dress, which may defy all the art of all the milliners of the other side of the Pyrenees. The women of Granada display a beauty more severe than that of other natives of Andalucia, such as the Cadiz people and Sevillians, who, while they are less majestic, are more coquettish and vivacious.

At the side of this promenade are the principal cafés and the theatre, an extremely simple edifice, where dramas, comedies, and *zarzuelas* or comic operas, are performed without prejudice to the *baile nacional*.

On the *Plaza Bailen*, contiguous to the Campillo, there is a column erected to the Spanish actor Maiquez, and another, the expiatory monument set up to the memory of the unfortunate *Mariana Pineda*. This lady, of noble birth and rare beauty, was condemned to death in May 1831, and ascended the scaffold to suffer the punishment of the garrote. Her crime was the possession of a constitutional flag, found in her house; nevertheless, she was believed to be innocent, and it is said that her denouncer—a disappointed suitor—had treacherously concealed the flag, and thus effected her death.

Nothing of its kind can surpass the scene from the *Carrera de las Angustias*; above the high wall of verdure, formed by the trees of the Salon, rise the snowy heights of the Sierra Nevada. Towards evening the summits of the great mountains are clothed in the most delicate and varied colours. Their icy mantle, lit by the rays of the setting sun, gleams with the tender hues of mother-of-pearl and opal, while the mazy windings in shadow are steeped in a blue softer and purer than the finest sapphire.

Evening after evening we gazed upon this glorious spectacle of ever-changing hues and lights and shadows, until the sun, as if lingering to catch the fading glory, slowly withdrew its last long rays, and blotted out the scene.

The *Salon*, next to the Carrera, is the longest and the most beautiful promenade of the city; it is indeed one of the finest in Spain. A broad avenue, terminated at each end by a fountain, and shaded by trees, whose great intertwining branches remind one of the vaulted roof of some vast cathedral, where the air perfumed with the breath of myrtle and jasmine, renders it one of the most delightful resorts in Granada.

The Genil, more modest than the Darro, flows calmly by the edge of the Salon over a pebbly bed, and, it is said, is even content to wash the silver dust of its sands. The Genil, descending from its distant source in the Sierra Nevada, at length receives the waters of the Darro, and swelled by other affluents flows across the Vega, where its fertilising influence has been compared to that of the Nile.

It was on the bridge of the Genil that Boabdil met Ferdinand and Isabella, when, accompanied by an escort of fifty faithful followers, he left his palace for the last time. According to the accounts of Peter Martyr and of Mendoza, when the fallen King descried the Christian sovereigns he would have descended from his horse to kiss the hand of the conquerors, but Ferdinand, hastening to prevent this act of homage, embraced him. Boabdil then delivered up the keys of the Alhambra, saying, "They belong to thee, O powerful and exalted Prince; since it is thus ordained by Allah, use thy victory with clemency and moderation!"

A marked difference exists between this and the recital of Arab authors; they assert that Boabdil was compelled to dismount, and kiss the hand of the King of Spain, who addressed him in no soothing terms. It is hard to credit such a lack of generosity towards a noble but fallen foe, yet it is said that Ferdinand in his treatment of the



THE GROTTOES OF THE GIPSIES AT SACHO-MONTE.

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vanquished showed neither clemency nor moderation; all the clauses of capitulation were violated one after another, and one historian has it, that even some of the terms were broken before the ink was dry.

After visiting the Alhambra and the fashionable quarter of the town, we must now run over the suburbs, and that portion inhabited by the people who form by no means the least interesting part of the population. *Antequeruela* derives its name from the fact of its having afforded shelter to the fugitives who were driven out of Antequera. The *Albayzin*, a still more populous district, served at one time as a refuge to the Moors of Baeza, when their town fell into the hands of the Christians. This suburb, built on a hill in front of the Alhambra, is the quarter of Granada which still preserves its ancient aspect, as much on account of its population as on account of the few Moorish buildings that escaped the general destruction of the old town. One of the most remarkable of these is the *Casa del Chapiz*, on the hill of the same name. It is entered through a small court, where we noticed a window divided by a slender column, from which there is a view of the hill of the Alhambra. This building still preserves traces of ancient Moorish decoration in marble, stucco, and curious carvings in wood. Another Moorish villa, not less remarkable, is the *Cuarto real*—that is to say, the Royal apartment—where we came across some rare specimens of *azulejos* inlaid with metal; we throw this out for the benefit of the amateur collectors, who roam about everywhere, and whose number is increasing to an alarming extent.

Returning to the Albayzin we will look in at the ancient Moorish baths, which have been transformed into a wash-house—the *Lavadero de Santa Inés*. These ancient public baths are quite different from those of the Alhambra; although their ornaments have nearly all gone, still enough remains to give one a tolerable idea of what they were during the time of the Mussulman dominion. Above all, the quaint columns are still left to carry us back to the tenth or eleventh century. In the centre of the chief apartment there is the great pool or bath of the ancients, where the modern housewives of the Albayza congregate to clean their linen.

In the walls we observed spaces designed for couches, to which the bathers retired. These places were probably heated by means of hot-water pipes. At the extremity there is a *patio*, or garden, where the patrons of the baths might breathe the pure air. The plan of the whole building reminds one of the hot baths of the Romans: there is the *apodyterium* in the first room, and in the next the *tepidarium*, or drying-place.

An edict of Philip II. having prohibited the Moors from using their baths, they charged a venerable chief to carry their complaint before the president of the *Audiencia* of Granada. This curious address has been preserved:—"Can any one affirm that the baths are a religious institution? Certainly not, for most of those who frequent the baths are Christians. These baths are a public convenience, and the receptacles of filth; therefore they cannot serve for Mussulman rites, for these require solitude and purity. Do they say that men and women meet there? It is false; the men and the women have separate rooms. Baths were invented for the cleansing of the body, and they have been adopted in all countries; and if they were prohibited in Castille, it was because they washed out the courage and strength of the fighting-men. But the men of Granada are not warriors, and our women aspire not to be strong, but clean." Notwithstanding all this, the edict was maintained, and the Moors were deprived of their baths.

The Albayzin, now so ruinous and miserable, was, at the time of the Moors, one of the most flourishing quarters of Granada; it was there that the beautiful fabrics, so much

prized by travellers, were woven. It was here, too, that the first insurrection of the *Moriscos*, or little Moors, as they were contemptuously called by the Spaniards, broke out. The *Sacro-Monte*, which adjoins the Albayzin, is still well worthy of a visit. The bones of certain martyrs were supposed to have been found there, hence its name. It is now mainly taken up by the gipsies of Granada, *gitanos*, as they are called, and is, properly speaking, a separate town, having its own particular natives, customs, and language. Although the *Sacro-Monte* is densely populated, yet there are very few houses, as the gipsies live, many of them, in caves on the hillside. These dens are sometimes protected by a sort of court in front; but the greater number are quite destitute of any kind of fence, as the wretched inmates own nothing worth defending.

Upon entering one of these dwellings we discovered a single apartment with white-washed walls, and having a hole pierced through the roof to serve as a smoke vent. In such places, as many as ten members of a family are stowed pell-mell. The furniture consists of a number of doubtful-looking stools, a white deal table, and in well-furnished caves a pallet; but the gipsies for the most part sleep on the ground.

The children, stark naked, and as black as little negroes, crawl about in the midst of famishing poultry and filthy domestic pigs. Some of the gipsies are blacksmiths, and have their forges built in the side of the hill. Thus, when one sees them working after dark, their bronzed bodies lit by the red flare of their furnaces, one is reminded of the celebrated picture of Velasquez, the Forges of Vulcan. At one time these gipsy workers in iron were put down by law; but they are an irrepressible race, for the old trade cropped up again and has now been carried on with unabated vigour for generations. The manufacture of cutlery must have been considered as very dangerous in the hands of people who were constantly accused of the foulest crimes, stealing children and selling them as slaves to the Moors of Barbary, uniting in bands to attack and plunder towns and villages, highway robbery; and the black list was not deemed complete until these unfortunate and mysterious fugitives had been set down as anthropophages. Juan de Quiñones informs us in his *Discurso contra los gitanos*, printed at Madrid in 1631, that a certain judge of Zairaicejo, named Martin Fajardo, had arrested in 1629 four suspected gipsies whom he caused to be tortured. They confessed to having killed a woman in the forest of Gamas, and then to their having eaten her; they further admitted breakfasting off a pilgrim and dining off a fat Franciscan monk.

The iron trade is not the only one to which the gipsies have turned their attention; they, many of them, pursue the *chalaneria* business,—that word comprehends all that is meant in commerce, exchange and jockeying of horses.

They are the most astute horsedealers in the world, and have all sorts of secret preparations which they administer to animals to produce extraordinary vivacity in any poor screw they want to sell, or profitable languor in a sound horse they want to purchase. They have a sickening drug called the *drao*, which they throw slyly into a horse's mouth in order that they may be employed to effect its cure. They are also said to have the power of charming animals by means of magic words. Mr. George Borrow, who spent many years among the gipsies, relates a curious adventure he witnessed, and of which he says it would be difficult to offer any explanation.

It happened at a fair where more than three hundred horses were collected. The gipsies appeared, and soon the animals, seized with a panic fear, set to kicking, neighing, and moaning, striving to escape in all directions; some more furious than others, seemed as if possessed by devils, convulsively striking their hoofs together, while their manes stood



AN ADVENTURE AT SACRO-MONTE.

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on end like the bristles of a wild boar. Most of the riders were thrown to the ground, others experienced the greatest difficulty in keeping their seats. As soon as the panic ceased—and it terminated as suddenly as it commenced—the gipsies were accused of being the authors of the disorder. They were reproached with bewitching the horses in order to have an opportunity of stealing them in the midst of the confusion and alarm, and they were ruthlessly driven forth from the market-place.

The gipsies of Granada, not excepting the Napolitans, are the greatest gesticulators in the world; they possess a mobility of countenance wonderful to behold. They are also



THE GIPSY RICO.

said to be trained in the art of stealing from their earliest years, but not the art of violent theft; rather that which requires quick and silent manipulation of the fingers. It is, however, due to their honour, to notice that there are some honest men among them.

One day when we were in the house of a gipsy named Rico, who had a frank and prepossessing face, one of us happened to drop a few pieces of silver, which the gipsy picked up and faithfully returned. Doré, as a souvenir of this honest act, requested Rico to sit for a moment, and he rewarded his model with a generosity which seemed to touch him greatly.

The gipsies are slender and supple, but they walk with a hip-shot motion peculiar to them. Some of the women are remarkably beautiful; they have great lustrous, piercing eyes, jet-black hair, and teeth white as ivory. They are great fortune-tellers, reading the secrets of the future from the lines of the hand. An author of the sixteenth century, Covarrubias, describes them thus: "*Gente perdida y vagamunda, inquieta, engañadora y embustidora; dicen la buena ventura por las rayas de las manos*"—"A lost, vagabond, deceitful, lying race; they tell fortunes by means of the lines on the hands."

After fortune-telling, dancing is the art in which they display the greatest skill. No stranger ought to quit Granada without first having seen the gipsies dance. It is customary for them to go to the hotel under the direction of a captain, or master of the ballet, *armar el baile*. But their dances, toned down to the taste of strangers, have lost much of their native wildness. As for ourselves we simply set to work, and recruited dancers and *guitarreros* in *Sacro-Monte*; soon the dance was arranged, the improvised dancers, superbly but scantily dressed in thin miserable rags, were ready and cracking their castanets impatiently, while awaiting the guitars and the *panderetas* that were being brought from the neighbouring dens. At length the music throbbed from beneath the players' fingers, and accompanied the strangest melodies. An old crone, the perfect picture of a sorceress, was seated beneath a wall on which hung the dried skin of a huge bat, an accessory which gave a weird finish to her satanic mien. Armed with a great *pandero*, its brown skin resounded beneath her bony fingers. "*Anda vieja! anda revieja!!*"—"Go it, old woman! go it again, old woman!!" cried the dancers to excite the crone, until the Basque tambourine throbbed its loudest under the thumps of its vigorous assailant. A tall young girl, of admirable figure, called *la Pelra*, tripped out, and commenced to dance the *zorongo*. With wonderful pliancy and grace indeed, her feet touched the rough, stony ground as lightly as if it had been a silken carpet; the guitars quickened the movement, and cries of "*Juy! ole! ole! alza!*" sounded from all parts, accompanied by enthusiastic applause and *palmeados*, or clapping of hands. While looking at the graceful dancer, we thought of the *Romances burlescos* of Gongora, where the poet depicts a spirited gipsy attracted by the sound of the *pandero* of the cruzades, "*qui sont une bonne monnaie*"—

"Al son de un pandero
Que á su gusto suena,
Deshace cruzados,
Que es buena moneda."

The dancer, intoxicated by success, redoubled her efforts, and soon her long tresses, straying from their bands, floated in charming disorder over her bronze shoulders. A young gallant stepped before the Pelra, two other couples took the floor, and the excitement became general, the couples joining, separating, and reuniting as the dance went on. The dancers, fired by the applause of the gipsies and by our own, kept up with unabated spirit, until the *guitarreros*, worn out by their efforts, ceased from strumming and singing, and set to tuning the strings of their instruments. Soon, however, two little girls came in turn, and sought to rival the grace of their elder sisters in the dance; one of them, whose lithe little figure would have been naked but for a few torn rags, described circles with her arms, making her castanets resound as she did so, while her partner, holding her petticoat with one hand, proudly placed herself in the most jaunty positions, with head thrown back, the limbs straight, and her left hand resting on her hip, to which she imparted the horizontal movement called *zarandeo*, from its resemblance to the shaking of a sieve. The father, a dark-visaged gipsy, plied his tambourine while the mother sat complacently



A GIPSY DANCING THE ZORONGO.

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watching the dance. The old gipsy did not remain inactive; armed with her castanets, and recalling the dim memory of her distant youth, she encouraged the little ones by tone and gesture. The excitement was so catching that we could not resist the temptation to share the honours of the floor. In an instant our coats were hung on the stems of a cactus, and seizing the inevitable castanets, we rushed into the arena, with our limbs stretched, our bodies bent, and our arms gracefully curved, ready to profit by the lesson we had just received. Two of the ladies who had before distinguished themselves advanced as our partners, and the ballet recommenced with redoubled vigour. But a new dancer joined us; she was a girl of about fifteen years of age, wearing a timid and melancholy expression. Her little head was lost in its luxuriant tresses, her lashes shaded large black eyes that looked restless and wild, while her little naked feet and childlike hands spoke of purity of race, and might have been the envy of the most aristocratic belle in Europe. She was a grave, yet graceful dancer, and her movements, though cautious and languid, were most picturesque. We created quite a sensation among the gipsies; indeed, our fame had spread so rapidly that the gates had to be closed, to prevent the crowd from entering the patio. A rumour had spread abroad that two *caballeros ingleses*—they took us for Englishmen—were dancing the *zarandeo* like native Andalucians, an event unknown in the annals of Sacro-Monte. When the entertainment was over, there followed, of course, a distribution of *pesetas*, a coin to which the dancers of both sexes were far from being indifferent.

As to the morals of the race, the gipsies are, as a rule, irreproachable; the women, above all, merit their reputation for chastity, in spite of a certain provoking air which they affect, more especially in their dances. They are not generally married until they have been betrothed a long time beforehand; according to their law, or rather their usage, these betrothals should last for two years. Their wedding festivals are most brilliant: the fêtes are usually prolonged for three days, during which time they sing, dance, and drink until their resources are exhausted.

It is difficult to say what the religion of the gipsies really is, if they have any religion at all. They are supposed neither to believe in God, nor the Virgin, nor the saints; but, on the other hand, they are said to have faith in metempsychosis, and, like the Buddhists, they are persuaded that the soul only attains absolute purity after it has passed through an infinite number of bodies.

Such are the principal features of the customs and usages of the gipsies of Granada, differing in some respects from those of their brothers of Seville, whom we shall have occasion to notice in another part of the work.

We have now disposed of Granada, having explored not only the city and palace, but its meanest suburb. But before leaving this region we will make the ascent of the *Sierra Nevada*, as we had promised ourselves the pleasure of a close inspection of the snows of the *Picacho de Veleta*, the Mont Blanc of Andalucia. This excursion was no slight affair, for the Sierras of the province of Granada, rarely visited by tourists, have not yet been explored and divided into regular ascents and sections, like the mountains of Switzerland. Professional guides there are none, they could not exist: there would be no work for them during ten months of the year, as it is only possible to make the ascent during the months of July and August; at any other time the cold is too intense and the ground treacherous. We thought our best plan would be to accompany some of the *neveros*, who go to procure supplies of snow to quench the thirst of Granada, and who are perfectly familiar with the mountain paths. M. de Beaucorps had recommended an old gipsy to us, of whom he had taken a successful photograph, which we here reproduce. We

accordingly set out in search for the *nevero*, who turned out to be a man of about sixty years of age. After exchanging a few words we soon settled about terms; he undertook to



THE PANDERON IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

conduct us to the Picacho de Veleta, and afterwards, if we so wished, to the Mulahacen, the two highest mountains in the province, and also to procure suitable mules for the



DANCE OF GIPSY CHILDREN AT SACRO MONTE.

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ascents. Our store of provisions consisted of the red wine of Baza, a sugared ham (*jamon en dulce*), cold fowls, and a plentiful supply of "chocolat à la cannelle," and fruit in quantity sufficient to ward off for some days the perils of hunger and thirst.

One hot morning in the month of August, Ramirez, his gun at the saddle bow, came to wake us for the journey, and in a short time our *alforjas* and our mantles were placed upon the mules, and the caravan joyfully began its march.

Soon we crossed the *Puerta de los Molinos* and were in the Vega; we next traversed the fertile valley of the Güejar, following the course of the Genil. Granada and its hills appeared as if seen through a gauze veil, and were gradually lost in the morning mist. Passing through the valley of Monachil we spent a short time at the convent of San Gerónimo, which is now in ruins. Our gradual ascent lay through the *barrancos*, deep crevices which from the plain below had the appearance of mere scratches on the side of the mountains; as we climbed we noted the gradual change in the vegetation, the pale olive-trees were succeeded by horse-chestnuts, with their darker foliage, and already we could pick some alpine flowers.

The *neveros* pointed out to us the *barranco de Guarnon*, to which popular tradition assigns the guardianship of a great pile of treasure, buried there by the Moors just before the surrender of Granada. This tradition had gained such weight, that in 1799 the Government appointed a commissioner, who repaired to the spot with a squad of workmen; but after much labour had been expended and many excavations made, it was resolved to abandon the search, on the ground that the treasure must have been carried off, or that it existed only in tradition. Although the air was already sharp, our cattle suffered from the heat of the sun.

After ascending the *Camino de los Neveros*, we reached the summit of the *Rambla del Dornajo*, the first halting-place for the day. It is needless to say that our day's work had prepared us for a hearty meal. Seated by the side of a limpid glassy stream, the *Fuente de los Neveros*, we did full honour to our substantial fare, and one of our *botas* of red wine soon collapsed; the fortunate donkey, provision bearer for the expedition, must have felt its load considerably lightened. After a delicious *siesta*, we again started with renewed energy, determined to reach the Panderon by daylight, and there pass the night. The ascent became more difficult, but the splendour of the spectacle prevented our feeling fatigued. From time to time we perceived vultures and eagles floating as if motionless above our heads, their fallow plumage standing out against the snowclad heights or violet-grey rocks. As the sun declined, the vast plain beneath our feet was mantled with a glow of the warmest tints, and a golden vapour shrouded the mountains on all sides; arrived at last at the platform of the Panderon, we were enabled for a few minutes longer to linger over the sublime spectacle, and to watch the sun disappearing behind the *serranias* of Ronda.

Collecting some dead branches, we lighted a fire, which proved to be of great service, as we were almost benumbed by the cold. Seated around the improvised hearth, we made a second breach in our stores, and soon retired to our apartment, which consisted of a cabin, built by the *pastores* and the *neveros*, used by them as a shelter, where they are compelled to pass the night in their mountain solitudes. It was a wise precaution to take our Valencian mantles with us, as the cold reminded one of the month of January, and our hut was so badly constructed, that in going to sleep we could study astronomy through the wide spaces in the roof.

Next morning we started long before the first gleam of daylight had shot across

the peaks, being anxious to witness sunrise from the *Picacho de Veleta*. It was not long before we perceived the first snows in immense sheets, deposited in the hollows of the rocks; soon they became more abundant. We were in the region of the *ventisqueros*, the region of squalls. These great masses of snow, which the hottest sun is never able to melt, supply Granada and the principal towns of the province with cool beverages during summer, and the *neveros* with a revenue regulated by the rise and fall of temperature in the plains. When we arrived at the highest accessible platform, it was quite light, but the sun's disc was still hidden from our sight, behind the snowy cone of the Mulahacen; * at last he rose radiantly above the eternal snows, and lit up the vast landscape spread out beneath our gaze. There is perhaps not in Europe a scene to be compared to the one from the summit of the Sierra Nevada: on the north rise the sierras of Baza and Segura, on the west, those of the Tejada and Ronda, the Sierra Morena justifying its name, and resting its dark indentations against the horizon. The chain of Gador, and part of the wild Alpujarra, rose at our feet in the south, and on the distant horizon, across the Mediterranean, we could descry, through a semi-opaque veil of mist, the mountains on the coast of Africa.

* According to Spanish geography, the height of the Mulahacen is 3652 metres, and that of the Picacho de Veleta 3560 metres, above sea-level.



NEVERO OF THE SIERRA NEVADA.



THE PUERTO DE ARENAS—ROUTE FROM GRANADA TO JAEN.

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VIEW OF LANJARON IN THE ALPUJARRAS.

CHAPTER X.

From Granada to Jaen—The Javaluz and the Pandera—Jaen; the *Santo Rostro*—Excursion to the Alpujarra—Alhendin; *el último Suspiro del Moro*—The Valley of Lecrin—Padul—The *Venta de los Mosquitos*—Durcal—Atrocities of the Moorish War—Fernando del Valor and Aben-Humeya—Ginez Perez de Hita, soldier and historian—Lanjaron—Ujijar—The *Barranco de Poqueria*—Aben Abu—The *Sierra de Gador*—The *Rio Verde*—Berja—Almeria; the *Sacro Catino*—The Moor Tuzani—Adra and Motril; tropical vegetation—Salobreña and the goddess Salambo—Almuñecar—The *cañas dulces* and the sugar mills—Velez-Malaga—Garcilaso and the *Veja*—Malaga—The *malagueñas*—The Cathedral—Andalucian fencing; *puñal* and *navaja*—The *javeque*, the *desjarretazo*, the *plumada*, the *floreazo*, the *corrida*, etc.—The *molinete*, etc.; *lanzar la naca*—Types of *Malagueños*; the *charran*; the *arriero* and the ounce of gold—The *barateros*.

THE route from Granada to Jaen, one of the most picturesque in Spain, is very hilly. On quitting the town we pass, on the right and left of the road, a number of ancient *alquerias*, or farmhouses, shaded by fig-trees, and hedged around with cactus and aloes. Soon these scattered habitations are left in the rear, and we enter a dry, desolate region where foliage could only be seen in the valleys, or marking the course of some fertilising stream.

Following the zigzag of the road through hill and dale, night was falling as we traversed the spurs of the high *Sierra de Martos*, one of the most rugged mountains of Andalucia. It was with the greatest difficulty that our vehicle climbed the seemingly interminable steeps, although most of the passengers had dismounted, and were toiling up the heights on foot.

An amicable exchange of cigars had won for us the good favour of the mayoral, who pointed out the boundary dividing the province of Granada from that of Jaen, which we had just entered. "In my young days," said the mayoral, "it would not have been

prudent to cross the Sierra at this late hour; one might have encountered a band of highwaymen, perhaps those under the chief Ojitos; but now!"

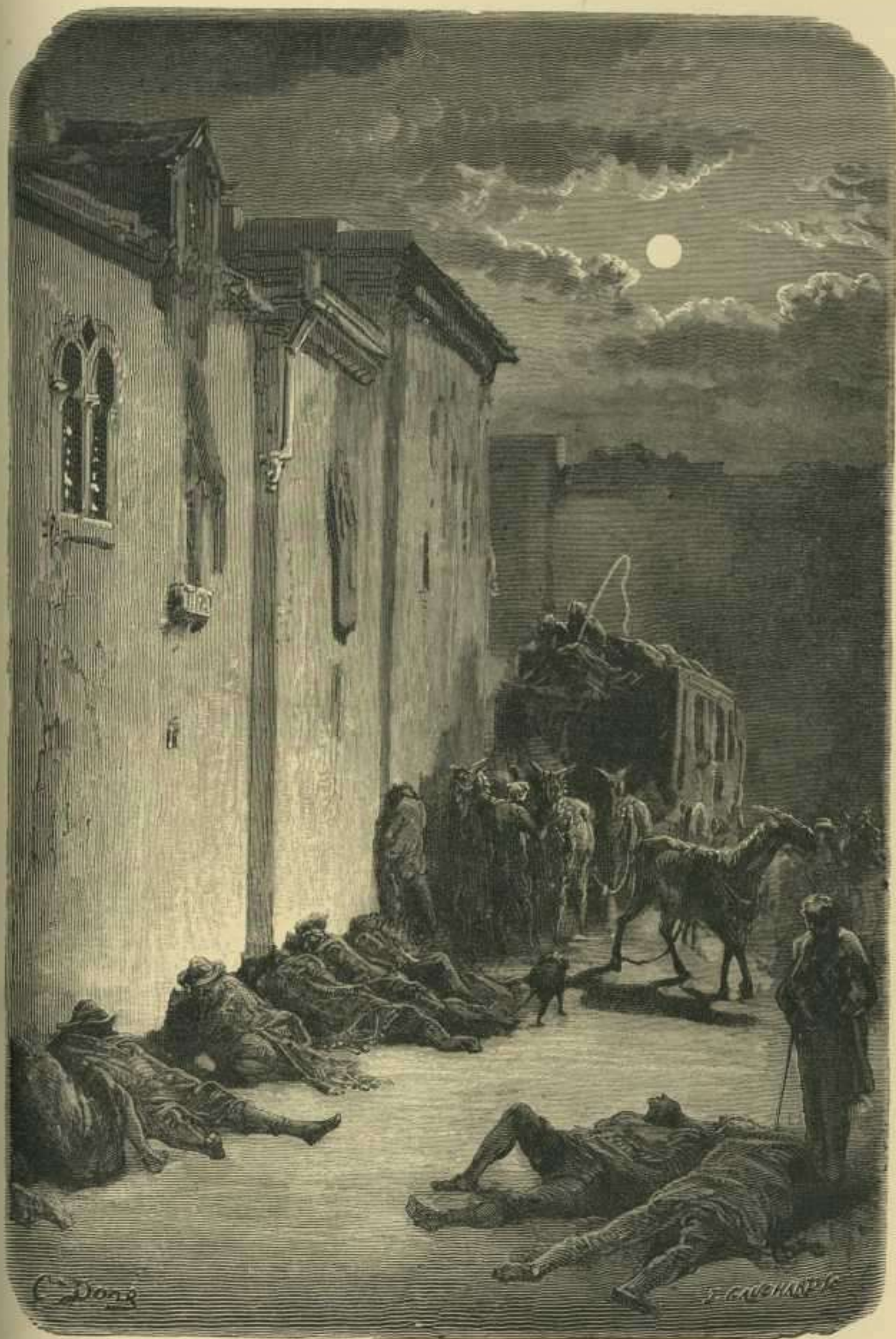
The mayoral meant to say that the police were more vigilant, and probably in his inmost heart sighed for the good old times! It is impossible to tell, but it seemed to us that he broke off abruptly with something like a sigh of regret; it is at any rate certain that the ancient bandit is destined to remain one of the popular heroes of Andalusia. The deserted gorges of these mountains are undoubtedly well fitted for the fierce raids of these ruffians; on one side of the path was a ravine, which in the darkness appeared to be of fathomless depth, while on the other, the rocks rose like gigantic obelisks above our heads. At some parts of the route, immense detached masses seemed as if arrested in their downward course by some giant hand. The flare from the reflection of the diligence lit up the sharp prominences in the rocks, casting forth weird forms of ever-changing shadows, and causing the harness of our long train of mules to sparkle strangely, the nearest in full light, the others gradually passing into shadow, while the sky, black and stormy, was lit here and there by a few dim stars.

Arriving at Jaen before daybreak, we found the streets deserted and silent. Not wholly deserted, for groups of sleepers were scattered here and there over the pavement, like large brown stains. Enveloped in their mantles, these followers of Diogenes had passed the night under the starry sky, with the unyielding stones for their beds, and their arms for their pillows. Some of them, awakened by the noise of the diligence, suddenly raised their heads, which as suddenly disappeared again beneath the folds of their mantles. This custom of sleeping in the open air, so common in Andalusia, is easily explained by the genial mildness of the climate, and by the absolute indifference of the natives in matters of comfort. This is what the mayoral jokingly called sleeping at the moon's inn, *al parador de la luna*. Nevertheless, one group of slumberers, seeing that the coach was well filled with passengers, had risen and taken up their quarters on the *poyo*, or stone seat of the *parador* where the diligence stopped; they consisted of a family, made up of father, mother, and four children. The father was blind, and his bronzed complexion imparted a strange expression to his white eyes. "*Toma, hermano,*" said we, casting a few *cuartos* into his hat, for in Spain, this country of true equality, one bestows the title of brothers on the beggars. Jaen stands at the foot of heights, crowned with old walls as red and ruinous as those of the Alhambra, and we have rarely seen ruins so burdened with thick vegetation, resembling indeed the hanging gardens of Babylon. From these ramparts we obtain a commanding view of the town, above which rises the imposing mass of the cathedral, and in the distance, the mountains of Javaluz and the Pandera, which, when capped with clouds, serve, like Parapanda, as a barometer to herald coming rain, and, like Parapanda, they have given rise to the popular proverb:

"Cuando Javaluz
Tiene capuz
Y la Pandera montera,
Lloverá aunque Dios no quiera."

Spain, above all others, is the land of proverbs; it has them of all sorts, for places as well as persons; indeed, there is hardly a town or a province without its proverb. Thus the province of Jaen is named *La Galicia de Andalusia* (the Galicia of Andalusia); in effect the Jactanos resemble in many respects the *Gallegos*, who are the Avergnains of Spain.

Jaen was formerly the key of Andalusia, and excited the envy of the kings of



A RELAY AT JAEN.

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Granada, who tried in vain to become its masters. It is a genuine type of a town of the Middle Ages, with its tranquil deserted streets, some of which, scarcely ever penetrated by the sun's rays, are thickly overgrown with grass. The cathedral, which loses by close inspection, has been erected on the ruins of a mosque, like many other churches in Spain. Its imposing interior is in the frightful style *churrigueresque*, which at the commencement of last century spread its ravages over Andalusia. But it is not without interest, and contains a relic called the Holy Face, *el Santo Rostro*, or simply *el Santo*.

The *Santo Rostro*, according to tradition, is the linen with which a holy woman wiped the face of our Saviour when on Calvary, and the towel has retained the impress of his features. Others say that it is that part of the winding-sheet in which our Saviour's face was swathed; but many churches share the honour of guarding this precious relic. Be that as it may, the relic of Jaen is so venerated that the peasants wear a copy of it round the neck as a scapular. The holy picture is unveiled to the public gaze thrice a year; it is set in gold, ornamented with gems of great price, and preserved in a case, placed on the altar of the *Capilla Mayor*. Following the tradition, the *Santo Rostro* was taken to Rome more than five hundred years ago by Saint Eufrasio, patron of the town, who made a journey from the Eternal City to Jaen, mounted on the shoulders of the devil, a choice of conveyance spoken of by many writers of the country. The sacristan assured us that Saint Ferdinand took the *Santo Rostro* with him in all his warlike expeditions, accompanied by a Virgin he showed us, called *la Antigua*. It is necessary to note, in passing, that in numerous other churches of Andalusia, we were called to gaze upon statues of the Virgin in wood or ivory, carried by the holy warrior during his campaigns, so that he must have always fought accompanied by a perfect ambulatory museum.

Returning to Granada from Jaen, we sought the repose necessary to prepare us for our projected excursion to the Alpujarra. Our old friend the *nevero* introduced us to his comrade, Manuel Rojas, called *Jigochumbo*, an Andalusian name, derived without doubt from the fact that the colour of his skin resembled cactus fruit. He was recommended to us as a good fellow, and it was agreed that he should conduct us across the wildest part of Spain, from Granada to Alhendin.

In order to escape the midday heat, we were up early and quitted Granada at day-break, turning our heads from time to time to bid adieu to the Alhambra, and to the Torres Bermejas, gilded by the first rays of morning. After one or two hours' march, we reached a little town, Alhendin, that rose from the summit of a huge rock, like the advanced guard of the Alpujarra, where the unhappy Boabdil, after relinquishing his kingdom, when on his way to the desolate region which had been assigned to him as a fief by his conquerors, halted to have a last look at Granada. We were conducted to the spot where the Moorish king turned his horse, and gazing on the terrestrial paradise from which he was driven, exclaimed "*Allah akhbar!*"—"God is great!" But his vizier said, "Reflect, O king; great misfortunes, when borne with fortitude and courage, render men famous in history." "Alas!" replied Boabdil, "never were adversities equal to mine;" and a torrent of tears flowed from his eyes. Whereupon his mother, Ayesha, turning towards him, said, "Weep like a child for your kingdom, since you knew not how to defend it like a man."

We have nothing to prove the authenticity of these cruel words, unworthy of a mother who was no stranger to the misfortunes of her son; however that may be, the rock still bears the name *El último Suspiro del Moro* (the Moor's last sigh), or *la Cuesta de las*

lágrimas (the Hill of tears). It is said that when the words of Ayesha were repeated to Charles V., the Emperor replied that she was right, and that a tomb in the Alhambra was better than a palace in the Alpujarras. This region is one of the most interesting and least known in the Peninsula; its green valleys and inaccessible mountains, even until eighty-four years after the surrender of Granada, were the theatre of constant strife between the Christians and the last Moors of Spain.

Under the name Alpujarra, or Alpujarras, is comprehended the vast country which includes part of the provinces of Granada and Almeria, extending over about twenty leagues from east to west, and twelve or fifteen leagues from north to south, from the long chain of the Sierra Nevada to the coast of the Mediterranean.

Calderon has spoken of this country, "whose mountains proudly tower to the sun." He compares it to "an ocean of rocks and of plains, whose villages seem to float like silver waves."

Soon after quitting Alhendin we entered the valley of Lecrin, and were astonished to find it so charmingly green and fertile in the midst of such a sterile, rocky region. There the orange, citron, and almond trees survive the greatest summer heat, and are nourished by a network of clear mountain streams. This valley was one of the chief centres of the great Moorish insurrection: the fields at the present day, so fresh with verdure and so tranquil, during the sixteenth century were watered by the blood of many thousand brave men, to subdue whom it required all the energy and force of the Spaniards. The most revolting atrocities were committed on both sides; they had come to making neither truce nor giving quarter. At Guecija the Moors took the monks of the convent and boiled them in oil; at Mayrena, the Spanish garrison having left, the inhabitants crammed the priest with gunpowder, and fired him like a bomb.

The Moors of Canjayar sacrificed children at a butcher's stall, and after beheading two Christians, they devoured the heart of one of them. The priest of this borough, who was named Marcos de Soto, was dragged perforce into the church with his sacristan, who had to ring the bell to summon the inhabitants. When they were all assembled, they each passed in turn before their unfortunate teacher; some pulled his hair, others his nose and eyelashes, others struck him with their fists. Then, after passing all sorts of insults upon him, they literally set upon him like fiends, and tore him limb from limb.

This terrible insurrection of the *Moriscos* had been organised with the most perfect secrecy in Granada, in the quarter of the Albayzin; Philip II. was only informed of the rising when the Alpujarras were in arms. The chief of the rebels was a bold, determined youth of twenty-two years of age, a descendant of the Omniades califs, and who had embraced Christianity, under the name *Fernando del Valor*; this he gave up in favour of the name Muley-Mohammed-Aben-Humeya, borne by his ancestors; he also took the title of King of Granada and Andalucia. He was a courageous chief, but with his first successes he completely lost his head; imagining himself already powerful and a potentate, he desired to set up a court and play the king.

Hurtado de Mendoza, the historian of the insurrection, says that the chief had his harem, and this author supplies some rather curious details about one of the favourites, called the beautiful Zahara, a lady of noble birth, celebrated for her skill in dancing the Moorish *zambras*, in singing the *leylas*, and in playing the lute, and who, he adds, dressed with more elegance than modesty. The reign of Aben-Humeya was not of long duration: the Spaniards had put a price on his head, and division was soon introduced into the camp. He had a rival, another chief named Farrax-Abencerrage, a bloodthirsty character, who ordered



A FAMILY OF MENDICANTS.

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three thousand Spaniards to be beheaded in a single day. Aben-Humeya, on the other hand, who had a kind, humane disposition, and forbade the slaughter of women and children, was one day surprised by the followers of his rival, who prepared to strangle him. "I know how to end my days courageously," said Aben-Humeya; and placing the noose round his neck, proclaimed himself a Christian. His body, which was tossed into a common sewer, was taken out and buried under his ancient name, *Fernando del Valor*.

The bourg of Padul, at which we halted to spend the night, suffered greatly during the time of the Moorish wars—so greatly indeed, one would think from its miserable aspect, that it never recovered from the shock. The *posada* was hardly provided with a single necessary, and we should have gone without supper, but for our store of provisions laid in for the journey. We left this wretched place as early as possible next morning, and stopped to breakfast at the *Venta de los Mosquitos* (Inn of the Mosquitos); here we could hardly obtain eggs, or fire to cook them. Necessity had rendered us by this time pretty good cooks, and Doré, who knows Homer by heart, enlivened our operations by citing examples of the ancients who distinguished themselves in the culinary art, assuring us that Eumæus knew how to roast a pig to perfection, and that fiery Achilles, aided by Patrocles, prepared with their heroic hands a feast for Agamemnon.

The little town of Durcal, where we halted next, stands at the foot of the *Cerro de Sahor*, a spur of the Sierra Nevada, and is inhabited by the labourers who cultivate its environs. Marmol recounts the terrible battles that were fought at this spot between the Spaniards and the Moors. Philip II., determined to quell the insurrection by a decisive blow, had given the command of the troops to the Marquis de Los Velez, who commenced a war of extermination; he was known to the Moors as the *Diable à la tête de fer*. The soldiers were thirsting for vengeance, as the Marquis de Sesa, who had entered the Alpujarras with ten thousand men, brought back only fifteen hundred. The Spanish sieges were invariably followed by the *talas*, a kind of expedition employing about two thousand men, whose work it was to destroy the trees, shrubs, harvests, fields, and houses. "A cloud of locusts, alighting on a field, do not make such ravages," said Marmol, "as are made by our troops in the gardens where they encamp, for at the end of an hour one would hardly find a single green leaf left to mark their site." In less than a month ten thousand Moors were either massacred or became bondsmen. Entire villages were depopulated; the inhabitants of Albendin, for example, were transported to Montiel in La Mancha.

Ginez Perez de Hita, an historian of the time, had fought as a soldier in one of these expeditions. "The Spaniards," he says, "only dreamt of massacre and pillage, they were all robbers to a man; *et moi le premier*," he naïvely adds, "seizing even things not worth lifting in order to keep their hands in. After sacking the castle of Jubilez, a thousand Moorish women and three hundred men were beheaded in cold blood. The Moors defended themselves with desperate courage to the last; when arms were wanting, and they had used all their poisoned arrows, they rolled huge masses of rock down upon the heads of their enemies, while the women and children threw themselves upon the Spaniards, and strove to blind them with clouds of fine sand; at last one saw the Moors burying their daughters alive among the snow to save them from the lust of their enemies." "That day," says our author, "I found the lifeless form of a woman covered with wounds, stretched beside six of her murdered children, and she had only succeeded in saving her babe, that had sought her breast when the mother with her dying effort had hid it from her foes. The poor little thing, clasped in its mother's cold stiff arms, was with difficulty released and rescued by the tender-hearted soldier." A little farther on, Ginez Perez relates another tragic

incident. "Two Spanish soldiers, after pillaging the house of a rich Moor, discovered a young girl of marvellous beauty, who had vainly hoped to escape their notice; they both laid hands on her at the same time, each wishing to secure such a priceless treasure. But falling to blows over the prize, a third warrior entering upon the scene drew his poniard and slew the object of the contest, thinking it better to dispose of a useless life than to risk the lives of two brave men. The combatants, furious at seeing the poor innocent lying lifeless at their feet, turned their rage upon the intruder. 'Your crime shall not rest unpunished,' said they, 'infernal monster, who have deprived the earth of its most precious gift from heaven;' whereupon they pierced him with their swords, and sadly went their way, leaving the body of the assassin side by side with the beautiful girl, whom one might have taken for a sleeping angel."

Before arriving at Lanjaron, we crossed over the *Puente de Tablate*, which spans a deep ravine; in 1569 this bridge was defended by the Moors so effectually that the Spaniards hesitated to make the attack until a Franciscan monk, Cristoval de Molina, to shame the soldiers, advanced with shield, sword, and crucifix, and was soon followed by the troops, and the bridge was taken.

Lanjaron is a small town, agreeably situated at the foot of the hill of Bordayla, on the southern slope of the Sierra Nevada; it is there that we find the fertile valley of Lecrin, which has been called *el Paraiso de las Alpujarras*. It was the first town to raise the standard of revolt; but it paid the full penalty of its crime, and is said to have been deserted for eighty years after the close of the war, when fifty inhabitants from the interior of Spain were sent to repopulate the place, which has risen to be the first town of the Alpujarras. Its whitewashed two-storied houses, in the Moorish style, wear an aspect of gaiety rarely to be found in this part of the country. We encountered a number of people from Almeria and from Granada, who had come to escape the heat of summer, and to drink the mineral waters.

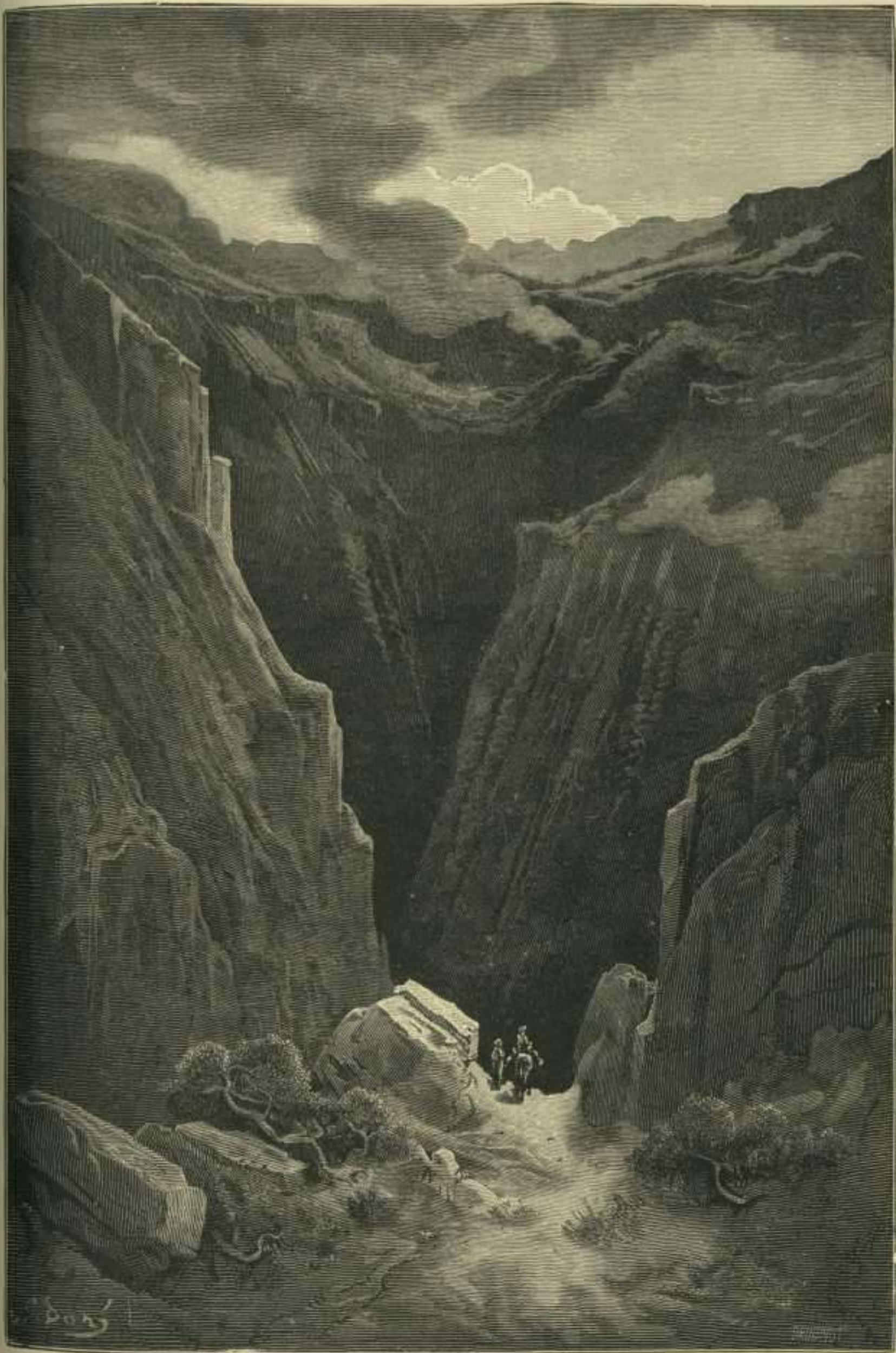
In going from Lanjaron to Orgiva, we passed through a wild, hilly country, where the people we noticed on the way, while there was nothing hostile in their intentions, regarded us with an air of bewildered ferocity.

Orgiva is a large town, situated at the foot of the heights of *Picacho de Veleta*. Availing ourselves of the time required by our *arriero* to rest his jaded mules, we made our way on foot to the *barranco de Poqueria*, one of the most impressive scenes it is possible to imagine. At the extremity of a defile between two perpendicular walls of rock, yawns an immense abyss, where no one subject to giddiness dare stand on the verge and gaze down into its immeasurable depths. Black clouds rose above the abrupt plateaux which crown the *barranco*, mingled with the dense smoke from the fires lighted by the *neveros*. The weird aspect of the scene was, if possible, intensified by the darkness of a lowering stormy sky. Nature has indeed clothed this region with a savage grandeur, which culminates at Ujijar, the ancient capital of the Alpujarra.

Several of the families in the country are said to be the direct descendants of the remnant of the Moors left after the war. It was in Ogixar la Nombrada—the famous—that Don Alonzo fell, when planting the royal standard on the heights of the Alpujarra:

"Don Alonzo, don Alonzo,
Dios perdone tu alma,
Que te mataron los Moros,
Los Moros de Alpujarra!"

It was near this spot that *Fernando del Valor* was born, he who for some months enjoyed



THE BARRANCO OF POQUEIRA IN THE ALPUJARRAS.

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the title of King of Granada and Andalucia, and who was afterwards betrayed and slain in the manner recorded. Aben Abu, who succeeded him, was a native of Mecina de Bombaron, a village close to which we had passed. He, in turn, was betrayed and slain by one of his trusty followers, who said, when he delivered up the dead body of his chief to the Spaniards, "The shepherd was unable to bring the living sheep, but he brings the fleece." The corpse of Aben Abu was carried to Granada, where it was cut in pieces and the head placed in a cage above the gateway Bib-Racha, with the superscription: "This is the head of the traitor, Aben Abu. Let no one remove it under pain of death."

The prohibition was long respected, for in 1599 the head was still in the same place. As to the treacherous El Seniz, the betrayer, his villany did not profit him—he was executed soon after as the chief of a gang of highwaymen at Guadalajara.

Continuing our ascent for several hours, we arrived at Berja, at the base of the Sierra de Gador, near one of the last spurs of the mountain. Berja is a town partly inhabited by miners, who are reputed to be very short-lived, although the country gets the credit of being a healthy one; and strange to say, in this very place, we encountered a beggar who said he was aged one hundred and three years. This splendid old mendicant, clothed in tattered mantle, walked leaning with one hand on his grandchild, and with the other on a long staff. It was Œdipus and Antigone attired in Andalucian costume.

Being fatigued by a long journey, our delight was unfeigned when we gazed upon the broad azure expanse of the Mediterranean, and soon after we entered the ancient Arabic gateway of Almeria.

After our rough experience in crossing the Alpujarras, we returned to the usages of civilised life, but it seemed strange and almost effeminate to repose on an ordinary couch, or to indulge in the luxury of food cooked in oil.

Almeria, with its flat-roofed and terraced houses, wears quite an Arabic aspect, while its narrow, steep, and winding streets remind one of Algiers. The greater number of the ground-floors are open, and one sees there the women seated, Oriental fashion, occupied in making those *esteras de esparto*, or rush-mats, used throughout Andalucia. Although there are mines in the suburbs, causing some activity in the town, it has lost much of its ancient importance. It is stated to be older than Granada, and there is a popular saying to this effect:

"Cuando Almeria era Almeria
Granada era su alqueria."

"When Almeria was Almeria, Granada was farmland."

Almeria in the year 766 became the capital of a Moorish kingdom, which flourished up to the middle of the twelfth century, but its port was a haunt of the pirates who infested the Mediterranean. The Spaniards, aided by the Pisans and the Genoese, made themselves masters of the place in 1147, and, dividing the spoil, it fell to the lot of the latter to appropriate the emerald cup, which according to tradition was used by our Saviour at the Last Supper. This relic, known for many centuries at Genoa as the *Sacro Catino* (the sacred cup), was looked upon as the most valuable treasure in the town.

According to another tradition it fell into the hands of the Genoese at Cæsarea during the time of the Crusades, and was originally one of the gifts of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon. Yet another account sets it down as the Holy Grail, the mystic vase in search of which King Arthur and the knights of the Round Table made so many expeditions. Formerly the *Sacro Catino* was shown to the public on solemn occasions, protected from the sacrilegious touch of the people by the severest penalties. Some travellers of last

century, among others the Abbé Barthélemy, dared to raise doubts on the subject of the genuineness of this relic; these doubts were, however, fully confirmed when, through Napoleon I., the pretended emerald cup was brought to Paris, and turned out to be nothing more than a cup of antique glass. In 1815 it was returned to Genoa, but got broken during the journey.

Almeria and its fertile gardens have often been the subject of Moorish romances. At the time of the war of the Alpujarra, the *rio de Almeria* was one of the last rallying-points of the Moors. Calderon has drawn the subject of one of his pieces from an episode in this war, *Amar despues de la muerte, y el sitio de la Alpuxarra*, that is to say, Love after death, and the siege of the Alpujarra.

There was a young Moor, named Tuzani, expert in the use of his finely tempered Toledo blade and his rich Valencian bow; he loved the beautiful Malcha, who fell at the siege of Galera. Finding the body of Malcha pierced by two mortal wounds, he resolved to devote his life to avenging her untimely end; he joined the Spanish ranks, and at last discovered the assassin in a certain Garcès, who was, as fate would have it, imprisoned along with him in the stronghold of Andarax. Garcès confessed the crime, and fell beneath the poniard of the Moor, who made his escape, but was afterwards captured and brought before Don Juan of Austria, who upon hearing his narrative set him at liberty.

Having determined to go from Almeria to Malaga, along the coast on horseback, we accordingly retraced our steps, and leaving the little village of Dalias, passed through Adra, the ancient Abdera of the Phœnicians, which, in common with many of the coast towns, boasts a very high antiquity; we have observed some medals at Adra struck at the time of Tiberius.

The climate and vegetation here are worthy of the tropics; cotton and the sugar-cane are largely cultivated in the environs of Motril. The coast is exposed to the constant rays of a burning sun; although it was the autumn season, we found it impossible to travel during the heat of the day.

Almuñecar is not far from Motril, and here may be distinguished the sharp outlines of the Sierra de Lujar against the deep blue sky. There is hardly any quarter of the globe in which one encounters so many varied productions: the high mountain saxifrage, and the plants which belong to the cold or temperate latitudes, while the rich soil of the valleys and lower plains yields not only sugar and cotton, but indigo, coffee, and other products of the torrid zone.

During the time of the Moorish dominion, there were many sugar mills at Velez-Malaga, and bordering the coast as far as Marbella. We gather from the observations of an eye-witness, that in the seventeenth century there were still a limited number of these mills. "There are also salt-pits and sugar mills called *ingenios de azucar*, which I have observed near Marpella, or Marbella, in Andalucia. I have also noticed the sugar-canes, which resemble our reeds, only their inner pith yields a sweet juice; I have picked them up on the road."

Velez-Malaga has some brilliant pages in its history. Not long before the fall of Granada, it was still held by the Moors, and Ferdinand and Isabella came in person to lay siege to this, one of the last strongholds of the infidels. The chronicle of Hernando del Pulgar states that on one occasion when the besieged had made a sortie, the king was surrounded by Moors, who were about to carry him off in person. His sword-belt was entangled in the harness of his horse, and being powerless to defend himself, he would have fallen into their hands, had not the intrepid Garcilaso de la Vega, spurring his horse

to the charge, dispersed the sons of Islam and rescued his sovereign, who had just pierced a Moor with his lance.

In memory of this event, Ferdinand granted to Velez-Malaga for its armorial bearings a king fully armed, mounted on horseback, piercing a Moor with his lance.



AN AGED MENDICANT AND HIS GRANDCHILD.

Leaving our guide and cattle at Velez, we took our places in the imperial of the diligence that left early next morning, and before noon we alighted at Malaga.

“Málaga la hechicera,
La del eternal primavera,
La que baña dulce el mar
Entre jasmin y azahar!”

“Malaga, the enchantress, city of eternal spring, tranquilly bathing in the sea, shaded

by the jasmine and the orange." Such is the salutation addressed by a Spanish poet to this agreeable and picturesque city of Andalusia.

The Alameda, the principal promenade, is the favourite resort of the Malagueña, celebrated all over Spain. Less severe in beauty than the Granadian, less coquettish than the Sevillian and the belle of Cadiz, the Malagueña is distinguished from the other women of Andalusia by a complexion of deeper amber, more regular, but not less expressive features; thick and well-marked eyebrows, added to long eyelashes, give to the Malagueñas' dark eyes a charm one cannot describe. They have a wonderful way of leading the eye to their luxuriant raven tresses, by the simple device of a single red or white flower powerfully placed for effect.

Malaga enjoys a serene and splendid climate. In the streets are sold sugar-canes and sweet potatoes, affording an important resource for the natives, who for a few *cuartos* can obtain a bunch of the former that will supply them, if not with remuneration, at least with constant occupation for the day. A throng of petty merchants parade the streets and make day hideous with their cries, among them the *charranes*—fish sellers, who dispose of the produce of the Mediterranean fisheries, and of whom we shall have occasion to speak further on.

The *malagueñas*, popular ballads of the province, are composed of verses each with four lines, the first and last being twice repeated. The subject, when not melancholy, is sentimental.

"Échame, niña bonita,
Lágrimas en tu pañuelo,
Y las llevaré á Granada,
Que las engarze un platero."

"Give me, charming little one,—In a kerchief thy tears,—To Granada I'll take them,
—To a goldsmith to set them."

"Son tus labios dos cortinas
De terciopelo carmesí,
Entre cortina y cortina
Estoy esperando el is."

"Thy lips are two curtains—Of crimson velvet,—Between curtain and curtain,—For the
Yes I am waiting."

"Voy á la fuente y bebo;
No la amenoro,
Que aumenta su corriente
Con lo que lloro."

"To the fountain I go to drink,—But no water I find,—For its current is swollen—
With the tears I shed at the brink."

The rhythm of the *malagueñas* has something strange and unexpected about it, but at the same time the sentiment is refined and seldom commonplace; the same may be said of the *cañas*, the *polos*, the *playeras*, the *rondeñas*, and the majority of the Andalusian airs. They are probably the same melodies as were sung by the subjects of Boabdil, and without doubt many of the couplets are taken from the ancient Moorish romances.

Like most of the towns on the coast, Malaga was an ancient Phœnician colony. It fell into the hands of the Arabs after the famous battle of Guadalete, and only ceased to be a Mussulman town in 1487, five years before the fall of Granada. About fifty years later the cathedral was commenced, an important edifice, which now rises majestically above the port and the sea. A splendid marble staircase conducts to the nave; where, on each side, and parallel to it, rise two lateral aisles, while the façade is ornamented by two high



THE CATHEDRAL AND PORT OF MALAGA.

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towers, one of which still remains unfinished. The best way to see the cathedral is to hire a *falúa*, and pull out far enough to have a full view of the whole building, which towers high above the houses of the city—a splendid picture, backed by the giant mountains behind which Granada lies hidden.

We found the quay at Malaga encumbered with cases of *pasas* and casks of all dimensions. The wines and the *pasas*—that is what the dried grapes are called—are the principal produce of Malaga. We must not, however, omit the coloured terra-cotta ware; it is in the *Pasaje de Heredia* that those little statuettes representing Andalusian costume are modelled. Sometimes it is a *maja*, with a short skirt, dancing the *polo* or the *jaleo*; sometimes a *contrabandista*, *trabuco* in hand, or a *majo* cutting with his *navaja* the tobacco for his cigarette; or a priest with his long hat, *sombrero de teja*.

If the use of the *navaja*, the *puñal*, and the *cuchillo*, is general in Spain, there are certain towns where the “wholesome traditions” are carefully preserved. Cordova and Seville possess very famous fencing-masters, but nowhere is the art of handling cold steel, the *herramienta*, cultivated to so great an extent as at Malaga. Few towns show such a leaning towards homicide; *delitos de sangre*—crimes of blood—are extremely frequent. Whence comes the crime of murder, so common among the people? Is it from idleness, the love of play, or the negligence of the police? “The serenoes of Malaga,” says a popular song, “would have it understood that they drink no wine, but the wine they do consume would suffice to turn a mill.”

“En Málaga los serenoes
Dicen que no beben vino;
Y con el vino que beben
Puede moler un molino!”

Must one attribute some malign influence (in order to account for the fatal results of the quarrels of a certain class) of the *solano* to the burning wind from Africa—impregnated, like the *sirocco* of the Napolitans, with the irritating heat of the sands of the Sahara? Whatever the cause may be, the impunity of assassins is proverbial: *Mata al rey, y vete á Málaga*—Kill the king, and then go to Malaga—such is the popular saying.

In speaking of Albacete we referred to this town as famed for the manufacture of *navajas*; Guadix, Seville, Mora, Valencia, Jaen, Santa Cruz de Mudela, and many other towns possess renowned cutlers. In Andalusia the *navaja* is also known by the pet names of the *mojosa*, the *chaira*, the *tea*, names peculiar to the gipsies; the *barateros*, of whom we shall soon speak, call it *corte* (cutting), *herramienta*; or *hierro* (iron), *abanico* (fan), etc.

During our stay at Malaga, we had the curiosity to take some lessons from one of the professors: Doré speedily became an expert pupil. Taking our positions armed with reeds, the professor commenced to demonstrate the *golpes*, that is how the blows or thrusts are named; these blows are given in the *parte alta* or in the *parte baja*; the high part extends from the top of the head to the waist, and the lower part from the waist to the feet, so that all the blows are *altos* or *bajos*. One of the principal thrusts of the *parte alta* is the *javeque*, or *chirlo*, in which the face is cut; there is a great variety of other blows we need not enumerate. One, probably the most important of all, requiring great address on the part of the player, is the *desjarretazo*, a blow held in the highest estimation; but not by the unfortunate one who receives it, for it is nearly always fatal, as it divides the vertebral column in two. However, as nothing in this world is absolutely perfect, this pretty little blow has the inconvenience of uncovering the guard of the assailant, and exposing him to the risk of a mortal thrust. Altogether the use of the *navaja* is a science requiring

not only careful training, but the greatest coolness, courage, and tact, by any one who would seek to defend himself with the weapon. Sometimes the *tiradores* roll their *mantle* or jacket round their left arm, as the *giuoco della spada e cappa* represented in the ancient Italian books of fencing, or they hold their *sombrero* in their hand, which serves as a shield. These modes of defence are looked upon by experts as defective, as they prevent the *tirador* using his left hand or arm. Every accomplished *tirador* ought to know how to use his weapon with either hand.

As to the *faja* or waistband worn by the combatants, the loins are always girt round with it as a means of defence. Should the band come down or slacken, the *tirador* would be exposed to the greatest danger, as his foe would not lose the opportunity of profiting by his plight.

Each blow naturally has its appropriate parry, but there are many tricks resorted to, which have no place in our rules for fencing, such as tossing one's hat into the face



A DUEL WITH THE NAVAJA.

of an adversary, or ducking the head to avert a severe blow and seizing the opportunity to secure a handful of sand to blind an antagonist, that he may all the more easily fall a prey to the *navaja*.

Like the *navaja*, the *puñal* has its own particular rules. This weapon finds patrons among sailors and prisoners, and is distinguished from the former by its being only used for thrusts. The handle is short and thick, and has something of an egg shape; as to the blade it is sometimes flat and oval, sometimes round, and sometimes four-sided. We have in our possession a *puñal* that belonged to one of the most renowned *barateros* of Malaga. This weapon, long, and sharp as a needle, is something frightful to behold; it is four-sided, gradually rounding towards the point, and, more than that, its edges are barbed, and the blade is in many places pierced with holes. These ingenious devices have the advantage of tearing the wound and rendering it doubly dangerous by the introduction of air. One of the principal thrusts of the *puñal* is the *molinete*, of which Doré made a drawing.

One of the duellists, having approached unawares, turns suddenly on one foot and raises his right arm to wound his foe in the shoulder. This thrust can only be warded off by the left hand, while the right is raised to strike; this is generally followed by a hand-to-hand struggle, which as a rule ends fatally. Throwing the *navaja* and the *puñal* forms the subject of a curious little Spanish work, called the *Manual del Baratero*, or *Arte de manejar la Navaja*. Our readers would hardly credit the wonderful precision with which these weapons are thrown, and sheathed in the bodies of unfortunate combatants; but not less astonishing is the peculiar address which the Andalusians display in averting the thrust of the flying blade.

We have already spoken of the *tijeras*, the enormous scissors with which the *esquiladores* clip their horses and mules. They are used as offensive weapons chiefly by



THROWING THE NAVAJA.

the gipsies, but only on rare occasions, as the gipsies are for the most part a peace-loving people.

After having sketched the outlines of Andalusian fencing, we will now add a few words about two types of pure *Malagueños*—the *barateros* and the *charranes*—people possessed of peculiar skill in handling the *puñal* and the *navaja*.

Tourists who sojourn at Malaga for any length of time have an opportunity of studying two of the most curious phases of humanity in the *charran* and the *baratero*—that is, if they do not dread the bloodthirsty nature of these people.

But who is the *charran*? The *Diccionario de la Academia Española* can afford us no information on this subject, and the word has no place in the other Spanish dictionaries. He is neither the *gamin de Paris*, the *pâle voyou*, nor even the Napolitan *lazzarone*, and yet he is a mixture of all three. Let us saunter on the *barrio del Perchel*, the quarter where the fishermen spread out their nets to dry in the sun; it is the rendezvous of the *majos*, like the *Macarena* of Seville. At Malaga, when one wishes to speak of a girl of the people,

elegant and full of grace, one says *moza Perchelera*, just as at Seville the phrase is *hembra Macarena*. Let us approach this stranded boat, beneath whose shade a group of men are playing cards; these are the *charranes*, who are born in Malaga and die there, unless they end their days in some prison or garrison in Cuba or Manilla. They follow some sort of industry, selling sardines or *boquerones* about the streets, or offering their services as porters to housewives who are out marketing, and who require aid to carry home their store of provisions. But their true occupation, that in which they shine to advantage, consists in doing nothing, living on their wits in the worst sense, waiting for the sunshine to warm them, and looking for shade to cool them.

The *charran* is generally a youth of from fourteen to twenty years of age, who is named *granuja*, a local scornful nickname. These lads are as expert in their way as the pick-pockets of London or Paris; we discovered this to our cost, but fortunately lost nothing more than our handkerchiefs. They have a profound liking for other people's property, and manage to relieve them of it in the most ingenious way, as the following story will illustrate. The question was how to rob a worthy *arriero* from the mountains of an ounce of gold, which he kept carefully shut up in his mouth for fear of thieves.

On Sunday the *arriero* met a peasant friend of his, on the *Puerta de Mar*, who pressed him to accompany him to church. The cautious mountaineer refused, saying he had an ounce of gold in his *faja*, and that he feared to mix in the crowd. His friend insisted that that was no reason for shirking mass, and he added, "Put the gold in your mouth, it will be safer than in your hand." This reasoning appeared conclusive to the *arriero*, who went with his friend to church. But some good-for-nothing *pilllos*, *granujas*, or *charranes*, had overheard the conversation, and had also seen the ounce of gold carefully pass from the *faja* into the mouth of its owner. Three of them followed their victim into church, but before entering they each of them took hold of the corners of a handkerchief, into which they threw a few pieces of money, and played the part of sailors asking offerings to have masses said to the *Virgen del Cármen*. Thus they made their way to the *arriero*, who was standing in the centre of a group with his teeth firmly set over his treasure, and looking with suspicion on every one who came near him. The improvised seamen knelt down and appeared to pray devoutly, keeping an eye all the while on the *arriero*. At last, after the *Ite Missa est*, one of them let go his hold of the handkerchief, and the coins rolled on the stone floor.

"*Caballeros*, let no one move," said one of the *charranes*; "all this coin belongs to the *Virgen Santísima*. Look for the ounce! it is an ounce of gold! Where is the ounce of gold?" Every one bent down to look, and the sailors loudly called out, "Has no one seen the ounce of gold for the masses to *Maria Santísima*? Who can have taken it?"

"It is that villain, who has just picked it up and put it into his mouth," said an accomplice, pointing to the poor *arriero*, who, confused and startled, artlessly put his hand to his mouth and took out the golden ounce, while another accomplice, with well-feigned indignation, snatched it out of his hand and placed it in the handkerchief of the poor sailors. The public heaped a storm of abuse on the head of the *arriero*, who, when permitted to speak, protesting his innocence, and proclaiming his loss, found that the thieves had slipped through the crowd like snakes through a hedge and were away dividing their booty.

In spite of their tattered costume, the *lazzaroni* of Malaga have a certain jauntiness of air, by which they are readily distinguished from the professional beggars; besides this, they never ask for alms—they prefer helping themselves. The esplanade *del Muelle* is the common scene of their exploits. There they levy a certain duty upon the



CHARRANES AND MARINEROS ON THE BEACH.

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goods that are shipped and imported; sometimes it is a *bacalao*—cod-fish—which they slip beneath their shirt, an enormous onion, melon, or some *batatas*. They are also clever at sampling a bag of rice by plunging their *navaja* into it, and receiving the sample in their *sombrero*. They then repair to some rendezvous in the dry bed of the Guadalmedina, or other out-of-the-way spot, where, erecting a few stones to support their pots, they kindle a fire and cook their spoil. These feasts are usually terminated by a game at cards. A rusty mantle, folded and laid on the ground, serves for a card cloth, and the cards are so soiled by use that it is almost impossible to distinguish the points. They are not less passionately devoted to games of chance, into which certainty is so frequently introduced by stealth, as to terminate the festivities with a general scuffle, when blows with fists, sticks, and stones fall like a shower of hail, confining itself in this instance to the unjust. The Guadalmedina is generally the theatre where disputes are settled by the *pedreas*, or stone-hurlers, as the bed of this romantic stream supplies an unlimited store of projectiles to suit all tastes. It is there, too, that the quarrels of the *barrios*, or the rival quarters in Malaga, are settled.

The *charran* adds to his numerous other accomplishments that of being an inveterate smoker, and displays a decided genius for finding cigar ends, which he transforms into cigarettes. When chance sends a *puro* into his hands, he generally divides it with his friends, and this division takes place in the following singular manner. The rascals range themselves, according to age, in a ring. The veteran of the circle lights the cigar, and, pulling as long a puff as he well can, passes the fragrant weed to his next neighbour



THE CHARRAN OF MALAGA.

in seniority, who does the same, and the *puro* thus circulates from mouth to mouth, each inflating his cheeks to their fullest capacity, until it is completely consumed. The *charran* sleeps in summer in the open air, beneath the shade of the houses, in spite of the blood-thirsty mosquitos, his tough bronzed skin defying their most sanguinary assaults; while, in winter, he always finds some portico where, pillowing his head upon the stones, he can shelter himself from the north winds. Although mixed up in all the *fêtes*, demonstrations, and riots, he occupies strictly neutral ground in politics. It is related that when the French army, under the command of General Sébastini, presented themselves before Malaga, troops of *charranes* aided the defenders, shouting, "*Viva Ferdinando VII!*" Men

armed with long knives and poniards could not hold out long against showers of grape, and when the French made their entry into the town they were headed by the same roughs, shouting as loudly as before, "*Viva Napoleon!*"

We have just touched upon the *baratero*, who is a man from the dregs of the people, but who is dangerously expert in handling the *navaja* and the *puñal*, and who trades upon the terror he inspires, by exacting blackmail from fortunate gamblers. We have pointed out that the lower orders in Andalusia are inveterate gamblers. Each town has a certain number of men of no profession, called *tahures*, which corresponds to that of the *grecs*, whose industry is play.

The edicts of Alphonso the Wise against *tafurerias*, or gambling-houses, serve to show that during his time the love of play was sufficiently strong to warrant State interference, and if we are to believe the testimony of a Sevillian author, Fajardo, the vice was still as deeply rooted towards the end of the seventeenth century. This author gives an account of the tricks practised by the swindlers in the pay of the *grecs* of the period.

Each town in Andalusia has its *garitos*, or gaming-houses, where all the professional gamblers congregate, and to whom one might apply this old verse:—

"Ya el jugador de España
Su esperanza no fia
En el incierto azar, sino en la maña."

"To-day the player of Spain—In chance has less faith than in the address of his fingers." The *garitos* are not the only resorts of gamblers; they meet everywhere—on the shore, under the shade of a boat, beneath the umbrageous trees, or under an old wall in some obscure corner. The parties are made up of the *charranes* and other vagrants, to whom are added soldiers or sailors. Look by the side of this *falucho*, aground on the sand, whose sails are drying in the sun. The crew, some of them seated, others stretched flat on the beach, are engrossed in a game of cards. They are playing *pecao*, or *cané*; their faces are agitated and unquiet-looking, affected either by the passion of play, or by fear of seeing an *alguacil* arrive. Suddenly, without knowing whence he came, a man of pale complexion, wearing a sinister expression of face, and a bold insulting aspect, appears in the midst of the group. He has a robust frame, and carries his jacket over his broad shoulder, while his short trousers are held up by a wide silk waistband. He is a *baratero*, who has thus unceremoniously installed himself among the players, and who calmly announces that he has come to deduct his share of the profits—*cabrar elbarato*. The amount of this blackmail is usually small, about ten centimes to the game.

"*Ahí va eso!*" cried the *baratero*, casting down into the middle of the group something done up in a dirty piece of paper, which had probably served to wrap up fried fish. It was a packet of cards—*baraja*—that is, "What does it signify if you play with these cards?" "*Aquí no se juega sino con mis barajas*" ("Here no one dare play, but with my cards"). If the players are inclined to submit, the *baratero* pockets his *cuartos*, and the play passes off quietly. But it sometimes happens that in the group there is an awkward character to deal with, a *valiente*—valiant man, literally—a *mozo cruo* (an almost untranslatable Andalusian expression, which denotes a youth endowed with the attributes of pluck, hardihood, and pride), who would fearlessly reply, "*Camará, nojotros no necesitamos jeso!*" ("Comrade, we have no need of them!") as he hands back the cards to the *baratero*; who replies, "*Chiquiyo, venga aquí el barato y sonsoniche!*" ("Boy, make haste and hand me the *barato*: not another word!") The *mozo cruo* then draws a long knife from his vest,



A BARATERO EXACTING THE BARATO.

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and opening it with a clang of its spring, drives the point close to the stakes, and exclaims, while he glares defiance at the intruder, "*Aquí no se cobra el barato sino con la punta de una navaja*" ("Here the *barato* is only reached by the point of the *navaja*"). The challenge is usually accepted, and the adversaries pronounce the solemn "*Vamonos!*" or "*Vamos allí!*" ("Let us go!") or, "*Vamos á echar un viaje!*" ("Let us make a journey!") It is their *jacta est alea*. Then repairing to some retired spot, the *navajas* or *puñals* are drawn, gleam for an instant in the light, and one of the combatants is sacrificed. But crimes of this sort do not always remain unpunished: it sometimes happens that two or three months later, one hears in the streets of the town the sound of a small bell, and the voice of a man asking alms *para decir misas por el alma de un pobre que van á ajusticar* ("To say masses for the soul of an unfortunate man who is about to be executed").

At other times, two *barateros* meet on the same ground, and either agree to divide their share of the stakes, or to fight a duel, which is certain to terminate fatally to one of them; or it may be that the *baratero* who surprises a group of players is merely a blustering bully, who is only audacious with the timid, and skulks off when he encounters a formidable foe—a type known by the name of *maton*, the *matachin*, the *valenton*, the *perdonavidas*, &c. When two braves of this sort meet, a most amusing dialogue takes place between them, of which we will try to give some notion, although the Andalusian language loses greatly by translation into another tongue.

"*Ea!* it is here that the braves are about to perform," cries one of them, as he makes the spring of his *navaja* ring.

"*Tire osté!* Draw, comrade Juan," cries the other, as he walks round his adversary.

"*Vente á mi, Curriyo!* Not so much skulking around."

"It is you, *zeño* Juan, who leap like a little dog."

"*Ea, Dios mio!* Hold, while you commend your soul to God!"

"Have I wounded you?"

"No, it is nothing."

"Ah! well, I mean to slay you with a blow. You may ask for extreme unction."

"Escape, *por Dios, Curriyo!* You see you are in my power, and I mean to bore a hole in you, larger than the arch of yonder bridge."

This dialogue would last for more than an hour, if the friends did not interpose; and the two adversaries, who are ready to be appeased, close their knives and adjourn to some *taberna*, where their wrath is drowned in a *canez de jerez*.

Besides the *barateros* who practise on the shore, there are those of them who reign in prison, and the *baratero soldado*, or *de tropa*, the tyrant of his regiment, who is permitted by the sergeant to shirk his duties, lest he should make him a dangerous enemy.

The *baratero de la carcel* is the most odious and most dangerous type of all. Lost in vice from his boyhood, he has passed the greater part of his life in prison—*el estarivél* or *casa de poco trigo*—literally, the house where there is little wheat, as the thieves say in their picturesque slang. Whenever a newly condemned *preso* has passed within the prison gates, the *baratero* exacts from him the *diesmo*—the welcome. This request and salutation is always made *navaja* in hand, and should the new-comer refuse to contribute *las monedas*, *los metales*, the question is decided by an exchange of *navajazos*. When justice interposes to inquire into the murder, the *navajas* are rarely to be found, as the *caraceleros* have an endless variety of ways of concealing the weapon, each one more ingenious than the other.

To complete our picture of this strange type, we cannot do better than quote a few

verses of an Andalusian song, *El baratero*, in *germanía*—or slang of the Spanish thieves:—

Al que me gruña le mato,
Que yo compré la baraja,
 Está osté?
Ya desnudé mi navaja:
Largue el coscon y el novato
 Su parné,
Porque yo cobro el barato
En las chapas y en el cané.

Rico trujan y buen trago—
Tengo una vida de obispo!
 Está osté?
Mi voluntad satisfago
Y á costa ajena machispo,
 Y porque?
Porque yo cobro y no pago
En las chapas y en el cané.

He who murmurs dies by a blow,
For I have bought the *baraja*,
 Don't you know?
I have drawn my bare *navaja*:
On novices and innocents bestow
 Your silver.
It is I who touch the *barato*
At the *chapas* and at the *cané*.

With rich tobacco and ripe wine,
The life of a bishop is mine!
 Don't you know?
My tastes are indulged every one,
At my own expense there are none,
 And wherefore?
Because I receive and never pay
At the *chapas* and at the *cané*.

One can almost foretell the end of the *baratero*: it is on the scaffold, erected in some public place to carry out the punishment of the garrote. The executioner fixes the fatal collar of iron, *el corbatin de Vizcaya*, while asking the traditional pardon of the condemned: *Me perdonas?*



FENCING WITH THE PUÑAL.



ARRANCO IN THE SIERRA DE RONDA.

CHAPTER XI.

Environs of Malaga—Loja—The *Peña de los Enamorado*s—Archidona—The Andalusian *bandoleros*; the Niños of Eciija; José Maria—Antequera—Ronda: the *Rondeñas*—The *contrabandistas* and the contraband trade of Andalusia—Gaucin—Gibraltar—San Roque—Aljeciras—Tarifa: the Tarifeñas—Vejer and the *tardios*—Chiclana—Cadiz; the “improbæ Gaditane” of Martial—Lord Byron and the bulls—The Puerta Santa Maria—Jarez de la Frontera—The Jarezanos—The Plaza—The *toro del aguardiente*—The vineyards—The wines of Jarez—Arcos de la Frontera—San Lucar de Barrameda; the manzanilla—Bonanza—The Guadalquivir—An *herradero*—The *novilladas de lugar*—San Juan de Alfaraiche—Arrival at Seville.

BEFORE quitting Malaga, we visited the Hoya, a beautiful plain lying between the mountains and the broad Mediterranean.

The first branch of railway had just been opened, which was to unite Malaga to the line from Cordova to Seville. Passing Antequera and Eciija, we arrived at the temporary station, and, leaving the suburbs, crossed one of the most lovely and fertile plains of Andalusia, or indeed of the whole world, where palms wave their plumes over vast fields of sugar-canes. Next day we returned to Malaga, in order to make a long detour by Alhama, that town of *toreros*, *bandoleros*, and *contrabandistas*. Again quitting Malaga, we

arrived during the evening at Loja, by following the banks of the Genil, which flows through a valley planted with vines and olive-trees, its limpid waters hidden between two walls of rock. Loja, on account of the rich verdure by which it is encompassed, is not only one of the prettiest, but also one of the most agreeable, towns in Andalusia. In passing on from Loja to Antequera, just before reaching the town of Archidona we noticed an immense monolithic rock, known as the *Peña de los Enamorados*—the “Lovers’ Rock”—rising boldly from the plain, and to which the local legends impart a fame as great as that enjoyed by the Lovers’ Hill in Normandy. A very old tradition is recorded by Andrea Navagiero in his curious work: “*Tra Antequera e Archidona, a mezzo camino si passa presso un monte molto aspero detto, La Peña de los Enamorados del caso di due innamorati, un cristiano d’Antequera e una Mora d’Archidona, li quali essendo stati molti dì nascosti in quel monte, al fine ritrovati, non vedendopotere scampare che non fossero presi . . . nè viver l’un senza l’altro, elessero morireinsieme. . .*”

It is the dramatic history of a Christian cavalier named Manuel, and a young Moor called Laïla. The Christian was made prisoner by a Moorish prince, whose daughter, the beautiful Laïla, became enamoured of Manuel, and they had agreed to fly together to the country of her lover. The two fugitives were on the point of setting foot in the land of their choice, when, dreading pursuit, they hid themselves in the recesses of the rock, where they remained concealed for several days. Unfortunately, they were discovered by a troop of Moorish soldiers sent in pursuit, who were ordered to seize and carry back the fugitives. But Manuel and Laïla, climbing to the summit of the rock, were followed by the soldiers. Nevertheless, no one daring to lay hands on a lady of the royal blood, Laïla clung to the neck of her lover, and vowed rather to die than bear separation. At that moment the prince, her father, appeared, and in vain implored her to come to him. Manuel and Laïla then embracing, cast themselves from the rock, at the foot of which they were found lifeless, but still locked in each other’s arms. A cross was erected on the spot, and the rock named *Peña de los Enamorados*.

We stopped for a short time at the little town of Archidona, which is perched, like an eagle’s nest, in the centre of the rocks. Formerly it was the most favourite retreat of the bandits of Andalusia; its environs, broken up by deep ravines, caverns, and patches of dark forests, are well suited to afford shelter to an armed band. The country was the principal theatre of the exploits of the famous José Maria, of whose deeds the people still speak with mingled terror and respect.

We mounted to the summit of the *Torre Mocha*, from which we could still see the *Peña de los Enamorados*, whose profile reminded us of the rock of Gibraltar. We also visited a number of caves near Antequera, which has served as an asylum for many generations and which still serves as a refuge for tribes of nomadic gipsies.

Antequera, like all the surrounding country, bristles with mountains: those stretching away towards the south, called the *Serranía de Ronda*, play an important part in the history of brigandage. These sierras sheltered the numerous bands of marauders who defied the authorities, and who were the constant dread of travellers. The *capitan de bandoleros* was generally an active and robust man, his shaved head covered with a silk handkerchief of bright colours, with the two ends falling on the nape of the neck; over this was his *sombrero calañes*, ornamented with numerous puffs of black silk, while his waistcoat of soft leather was garnished with all sorts of trimmings and embroideries of silk, and innumerable silver filigree buttons. Add to this, short-trimmed trousers, falling a little below the knee and showing the form, and supplemented by elegant gaiters of

embroidered leather, and you have a fair picture of a brigand chief, to render which complete, we have only to add the *faja*, or waistband, of rich silk, holding a brace of loaded pistols, a slender *puñal*, a *cuchillo de monte*, a large poniard, provided with a sheath and horn handle, fitted into the barrel of his carbine.

The genuine *bandolero* made his expeditions mounted on a strong Andalusian *potro*, whose flowing black mane was decked with silk *aparejos*, and whose tail was surmounted by the sort of ribbon the Andalusians call *ata-cola*, and a *manta* of coloured stripes, edged with a fringe of tufts hanging at each side. It is needless to say that the inevitable *trabuco malagueño*, with its wide mouth, is also suspended (its butt-end in the air, Arab fashion) to the *goncho* of a saddle: this completes the equipment, and it is said that José Maria, thus armed and mounted, used to address this joke to his comrades, "Who will dare to demand my passport?"

The classic expedition of the *bandolero* was the attack on the coach: as soon as the sentries announced its approach, the road was blocked up by the *partida* and the horses knocked over or unharnessed; the travellers were ordered to get down, and to place themselves on the ground face downwards, *boca abajo*; their hands were then tied behind their backs, after which the captain gave orders to proceed to the *visite des bagages*. They also searched the passengers, and left them, after having menaced with death he who, before half an hour had elapsed, should dare to make the slightest movement. When the *partida* had regained its haunt, the spoil was divided among the men, whose number rarely exceeded eight or ten persons. It was parted into three lots—one for the chief, one for the band, and a third for a sort of reserve fund, destined to help unfortunates who fell into the hands of justice; and to pay for masses for the souls of those who ended their days, according to their picturesque language, by dancing at the gibbet without castanets.

One of the most celebrated *partidas* of Andalusia, was that of *Niños de Ecija*: this famous band had numerous spies, largely paid, who knew all the routes of the coaches, the *galères* and convoys of silver. They had informers in the farms, and even in the towns, and whenever any one betrayed them, it was not long before his body was found riddled with poniard thrusts, inflicted by some unknown hand.

The *Niños de Ecija* frequently changed their leader. Their most renowned chieftain, whose chivalrous generosity has been so much vaunted, was the *Capitan Ojitos*, an accomplished cavalier belonging to a good family of Ecija, and who turned more than one girl's head. His second, because of his fierce and cunning air, received the name, *Cara de hereje*—"heretic face." *Capitan Ojitos* came to a tragic end: when quarrelling with one of his *bandoleros* named *Tiria*, a fight with the *puñal* ensued, which terminated fatally to both combatants.

The *Niños de Ecija* were long and vainly pursued. Unable to overcome them by force, stratagem was resorted to: a false brother was sent to apprise them of a rich convoy, that was to pass along a certain route, which he was careful to point out. A little before the hour agreed upon, the bandits proceeded in force to await their prize. A bag of silver *duros* had been set in the middle of the road. One of the band, thinking it had been lost by some traveller, hastened to open it with his poniard, when the sound of the silver falling on the stones attracted the entire band, and every man of them bent over the treasure. At this moment a volley was fired by the soldiers who were concealed in the bushes, and the *bandoleros* fell riddled with balls, their pursuers having seized the opportunity of their being gathered in a group, just as would a sportsman when partridges meet round a handful of grain thrown down to attract them.

José Maria, the illustrious *bandolero*, was the true model of a courteous, chivalrous bandit.

“Del pobre protector, ladron sensible,
Fue sempre con el rico inexorable.”

“Protector of the poor, brigand most sensitive,” says the popular song; “he always proved inexorable with the rich.” José Maria, a native of Ronda, like most of the Andalucians, had a sobriquet, *Apodo*; but his surname was *Tempranillo*, because he was always afoot early in the morning. He loved to distribute to the poor, it is said, what he had stolen from the rich; and thus became very popular in Andalucia. This renowned robber ended his days in tranquillity and peace, as would an honest annuitant. Like most of the *bandoleros* he had his *querida*—beloved—a brown girl of Serrania de Ronda, who persuaded him to demand his pardon, which the authorities were only too ready to grant. His many and daring exploits are celebrated in the popular romances, one of which reproaches the Government for making terms with him and his band.

“Al valor español haciendo insulto,
Pidió al bandido contener su saña,
Y dióle en pago miserable indulto
Para baldon de la valiente España!”

“Offering insult to the valour of Spain—He conjures the bandit to control his rage,—
And bribes him to piece with a pardon,—Insulting the valiant of Spain.”

Most Spanish towns have their popular novels, in which the *bandoleros* nearly always have the first characters assigned to them. One might also say that the children learn how to read by means of these romantic histories of the brigands. One day we bought in the little town of Carmona a *cancion Andalusá*, entitled *El Bandolero*:

“Soy gefe de bandoleros,
Y al frente de mi partida
Nada mi pecho intimida,
Nada me puede arredrar.
Que vengan carabineros,
Que vengan guardias civiles,
Mis trabucos naranjeros
Les harán escarmentar,
Y no querrán mas ensayo;
A caballo!
Trabucazo, y a cargar!”

“I am chief of the *bandoleros*,—And at the head of my *partida*—Nothing can me intimidate,—Nothing can my progress arrest.—Come along, carbineers,—Come along, civil guards—my carbines the calibre of an orange.—We’ll teach them how to live—They’ll never wish to try again.—To horse!—Discharge your carbines and advance!”

Thus the histories of the bandits are hawked about the streets, affording noble examples to the rising generation; for instance that of Diego Corrientes, *el Bandido generoso*, of Orejita, of Palillos, or of Francisco Esteban, *el Guapo*. Woodcut illustrations, all for two *cuartos*, represent these freebooters in the gayest Andalucian costume, plundering poor travellers who are on their knees begging for mercy. Then there is also the *Siete hermanos Vandoleros*, which contains “the life, imprisonment, and death of seven bandit brothers, with the harrowing details of the cruelty, attacks, and assassinations committed by Andrés Vasquez and his six brothers, as the curious reader may see for himself.” The members of this singularly amiable family, who were all caught in

the same net, owned themselves guilty of a hundred and two murders, without counting many other peccadillos of a similar kind.

Even women have their places in the gallery of brigandage. We have now before us a little yellow paper, headed by a spirited representation of a young girl on horseback, armed with a carbine and wearing a sabre at her side; it is the *Relacion de las atrocidades de Margarita Cisneros*, who was garrotted in 1852. This interesting young woman



ROMAN BRIDGE AT RONDA.

commenced by killing her husband, and then her *querido*. She was still in the bloom of youth when arrested; nevertheless, she owned herself guilty of fourteen assassinations.

Not many years ago, it was customary to expose the heads of captured brigands in a cage in the public highway. This was the fate of a celebrated bandit, *Paco el Zalao*

(Joseph the Gracious), who found his victims not over twenty years ago in the environs of Seville.

Soon after quitting Antequera we perceived on our left the town of Teba, on a height, and in the midst of a magnificent landscape; this town gave its name to an illustrious personage, of whom the Andalucians always speak with respect.



THE YOUNG TOREROS: A SCENE IN RONDA.

Ronda is the town of *toreros*, of *majos*, and of *contrabandistas*. Here the ancient Andalucian costume will hold its own for some time to come against the inroads of railways and civilisation.

The town is perched on the top of a rock overlooking a deep dark ravine, *el Tojo*,

through which the Guadalvin makes its tortuous way. From a bridge reported to be Roman, a bold structure thrown across the chasm, we overlooked a number of ancient Moorish mills set up on the borders of the stream, and which in the distance looked like Nuremberg toys.

Ronda has lost but little of its ancient characteristics; many of the streets and houses still preserve their original Arabic names. We were shown the home of the Moorish King, *la casa del Rey Moro*, anciently tenanted, according to tradition, by Al-Mohamed, the Arab prince, who had the skulls of his fallen enemies mounted in gold, and used as drinking-cups. The air of Ronda, sharper and fresher than that of the plains, is famed for its purity, and the inhabitants have the robust bearing which characterises smugglers and *toreros*.

"En Ronda los hombres
A ochenta son pollones!"

—"In Ronda men of eighty are still only children."

The Plaza de Toros of Ronda is worthy of a town which has always been looked upon as the classic locality of bull-fighting; the young *Rondeños* play at "bull," just as our children play at soldiers. On one occasion we witnessed a scene of this kind, a little family picture which could not have been more skilfully composed. The father on his knees, his head lowered in the position of a bull about to charge; a boy of eight years, taking the *espada's* part, held in his left hand his jacket in place of the *muleta*, and in his right a willow wand, serving him as a sword. Another boy on horseback, mounted on his brother's shoulders, seemed proud of playing the part of *picador*. The neighbours who surrounded the group were eyeing the combat like consummate lovers of the art, and we ourselves asked permission to be present at the *corrida*.

The *rondeñas*, the songs so popular in Andalucia, take their name from the town of Ronda. Like the *malagueñas* and the *rondeñas*, they are doubtless of Moorish origin. They are the most plaintive and expressive of all the Andalucian airs. The guitar always accompanies the voice, either by simple chords, or arpeggios which serve alike as prelude and accompaniment.

The *virtuos* of Ronda are famed all over Spain; and amid the silence of a hot summer night, when one passes through the little town of the *Serrania*, one hears the melancholy chords of the *rondeña*. Those melodies, so simple and so primitive, admit of infinite variations, which are only limited by the caprice, or by the imagination of the singer.

Like the *malagueñas*, the *rondeñas* are composed of couplets of four lines, the first repeated twice over. There are many charming ideas to be found in these poems of the people.

"El día que tu naciste,
Nacieron todas las flores;
Y en la pila del bautismo
Cantaron los ruseñores."

—"The day of thy birth—All the flowers were born;—O'er thy font baptismal—The nightingales sung."

"Tus ojos son ladrones
Que roban y hurtan;
Tus pestañas el monte
Donde se ocultan."

—"Thine eyes are brigands—Who rob and ravish.—Thy lashes, the forest—In which they find ambush."

"El amor y la naranja
Se parecen infinito:
Por muy dulces que sean
De agrio tienen su poquito."

—"Love and the orange—Are strangely alike :—For sweet as they may seem—They are not without bitterness."

The route which joins Gaucin, San Roque, and Aljeciras, about thirty years ago was very much frequented by brigands, and is still the resort of the *contrabandista* of the present day. The country is very mountainous and the roads are only traversed by mules, as they are quite unsuitable for the wheels of the diligence. The mountains are also furrowed with paths, many of them accessible only to the agile and hardy *serranos*, who take in their supplies at Gibraltar, the great entrepôt which England ceaselessly furnishes with cheap wares destined for the Spanish interior. Such articles as are heavily burdened with duty are operated upon by the smugglers, who, many of them, are thus enabled to realise rapid fortunes.

We fell in with a *contrabandista* in a *venta* not far from Gaucin, who, like ourselves, was bound for San Roque and Aljeciras—the two grand centres, after Gibraltar, for contraband operations.

Our travelling companion rode a splendid black mare. As for himself, he was a powerfully-built, jolly fellow about thirty years of age, wearing a costume not unlike that of an Andalusian *majo*, while his *querida* was mounted behind him.

It was not long before we became friends with this bold trader, who when assured that we were neither government servants nor *carabineros* (custom-house officers), but simply *franchutes*—such is the nickname given by the peasantry to the French—soon made us acquainted with some of the mysteries of his daring craft.

The first operation of the *contrabandista* consists in his proceeding to Gibraltar to lay in his stock of wares. It is generally the Jews who supply him with the articles in demand—muslin, silk handkerchiefs, cigars, tobacco, &c.

So far nothing is safer or simpler in trade, but the difficulty is how to introduce them into Spanish territory; but there is the *corredor*, who is able to solve the problem. This agent is a person who has found it necessary, on account of his peculiar peccadillos, to take up his abode in Gibraltar. The industry of this middle-man consists in removing the obstacles which conscientiously-disposed customs' officers might set up. A few *pesetas* here and a few *pesetas* there, silently dropped into the hands of certain ornaments of justice and guardians of revenue, renders them unable to discover the contents of the *alforjas*, or the nature of the articles concealed beneath the *aparejo* of the mules. It sometimes happens that the *corredor* undertakes operations on a much larger scale, on account of important mercantile firms.

Our more modest *contrabandista* contents himself by taking a few loads of silk handkerchiefs, or tobacco, and as soon as he has crossed the frontier he joins his comrades, and the caravan sets off on the march, taking care to travel only at night, halting during daylight in the *cortijadas*, or isolated farms, or in villages where they have trusty friends.

These hardy smugglers know all the most difficult passes of the sierras, which they, some of them, cross with burdens on their backs and carbines slung over their shoulders, clinging with their hands to the projecting ledges on the perpendicular rocks.

Strange to relate, these traders are often on the best of terms with the authorities of the villages through which they pass, never neglecting to offer a packet of fragrant cigars to the *alcalde*, tobacco to his scribe, and an attractive silk handkerchief to *la señora alcaldesa*.



SMUGGLERS OF THE SERRANIA DE RONDA.

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They almost always reach their destination without let or hindrance. Nevertheless, they are at times surprised by a band of *carabineros*, when they wake the echoes of the sierras with the reports of their *retacos*. This, however, is a very rare occurrence, as it pays better to settle amicably with their easily pacified foes, who are always open to the magic influence of a few *duros*.

Arrived at the termination of his journey, the trader delivers up his wares to his constituents, who sell them on joint account; but it sometimes happens that the tobacco and cigars are sold for the trader's sole benefit.

This daring adventurer, when not engaged in commerce, devotes his hours of leisure to spending, with reckless prodigality, the money he has gained at the peril of his life. He passes his time at the *taberna*, either playing at *monte* (a game at cards of which he is passionately fond), or in relating his adventures, taking care to moisten his narrative with frequent bumpers of sherry, *remojar la palabra*, to soften his words, according to the common Andalusian phrase.

As might naturally be expected, and notwithstanding his brilliant opportunities, the contrabandist who does the work rarely accumulates a fortune, while wealth and honour seem to wait upon the *hacienda* with whom he shares his gains. He frequently ends his days either in prison or in the *presidio*.

We were assured that many of the smugglers, when trade was languid, took to the road and to lightening travellers of their baggage and money, an operation always conducted with the utmost courtesy. It is just possible that this report only does them simple justice, as the profession of smuggler is a sort of apprenticeship to that of highway robber.

Gaucin is about half-way between Ronda and Gibraltar; its old Moorish battlements afford one of the finest views to be met with in this quarter. In the foreground the spurs of the Sierra de Ronda slope down gently to the sea, their sombre tints presenting a striking contrast to the bright hues of the sunny plain. Beyond this plain the Mediterranean stretches out like a long belt of azure, above which rises a little dark speck—it is the rock of Gibraltar. Further still may be dimly descried, like clouds resting on the horizon, the mountains on the African coast between Tangier and Ceuta. After Gaucin, the road skirts the most frightful precipices, where rocks are piled up one above another in chaotic masses, bearing testimony to some ancient upheaval which had convulsed and overturned the land.

We arrived in the evening at San Roque, just in time to obtain a sunset view of Gibraltar rock.

San Roque is quite a modern town; indeed, it does not date further back than the beginning of last century, the time when Gibraltar was taken by the English. It is the nearest Spanish town to the celebrated rock, from which it is separated by about two leagues. A number of English families instal themselves in the town during the summer months. San Roque has been affected by its vicinity to Gibraltar; the cottages, with bastard doors and guillotine windows, might for a moment lead to the illusion that one was in some English town beneath an azure sky, did not an African sun dissipate the dream. Making our way from the town, in a southerly direction, we came upon a long and narrow belt of sand just above sea-level, called the neutral ground, and which divides the British from the Spanish territory. We soon crossed the English lines, and an instant after had entered Gibraltar, where we determined to rest for two or three days.

Leaving on one side the formidable rock, which, to the great grief of every good Spaniard, has been held by England for more than a century and a half, we embarked

for Aljeciras in a *falucho* with long lateen sails, which rapidly clove its way through the blue waves of the bay.

Aljeciras was called by the Arabs "Jezirah-al-Khadrá"—the green isle—a name inappropriate at the present day, as verdure abounds neither in the town nor in its suburbs. It nevertheless is not without attractive features, and, unlike San Roque, still retains its Spanish characteristics, although Gibraltar is only two leagues distant. On a clear day one can see the houses of the town at the foot of the enormous rock, and during the evening we heard the report of the gun which announced the closing of the port.

Crossing the hills to Tarifa, the European town nearest to the coast of Africa, we descried the sharp peaks of the mountains in Morocco.

The town takes its name from the Moor, Tarif. During the Middle Ages it was the scene of the exploits of the famous Guzman, who held it against the Infidels, and thus obtained the name *el Bueno*, the Brave. The Tarifeñas are celebrated for their beauty, and, as far as we could judge, merit their fame; this is, however, difficult to determine, as they still adhere to the Arab usage of walking abroad veiled; their mantilla conceals part of the face, leaving exposed indeed only one soft, dark, lustrous eye, shaded by a long fringe of silken lashes.

After quitting Tarifa, we crossed over a bleak and desolate country to the town of Vejer, whose inhabitants are called *Tardíos*, or "slow-coaches," as they are reported to be anything but quick-witted. The use of this sobriquet is said to make them furious, and its origin is thus explained. There is a rock at Vejer stained with yellow; this rock was so much in the way of the inhabitants that they determined if possible to have it removed, but from some failure in their projectiles they were reduced to employ eggs. All the eggs in the country becoming exhausted, half the labourers repaired to a neighbouring village to procure a fresh supply; as they tarried on the way, they were received with cries of "*Llegad tardíos!*" ("Come on, sluggards.") Their labour was fruitless, but the *tardíos* at any rate left their mark on the rock.

The majority of the towns of Andalusia have their legends of this sort, accompanied by some epithet more or less grotesque. The environs of Cadiz are particularly rich in this way; thus the inhabitants of Medina Sidonia are called *zorros* (foxes); and those of Conil, *desechados*, which signifies something like deserted, or abandoned. Fernan Caballero has given a charming sketch in his popular writings of this peculiar characteristic of the Andalusians.

Chiclana, our next halting-place, is a small town situated on a height near the sea. Graceful *casas de recreo*, with white walls and green shutters, indicated the vicinage of a large town; it is to this place, indeed, that the people of Cadiz repair to enjoy the sea breezes during summer. The *Chiclaneros*, like their neighbours, have also their nickname of *Ataja-Primos*. The legend runs, that two cousins were one evening strolling by the side of the river, when they beheld the moon reflected like a golden disc on its surface; seized with a fit of temporary insanity, they strove to possess themselves of this marvellous treasure, but their hot pursuit along the bank never brought them nearer to the golden disc. Suddenly one said, "*Dá vuelta adelante, y atájala, primo*"—"Go, cousin, quickly round and bar the way." This idea of stealing a march upon the moon gave rise to the name, like that of the "Wiltshire moon-rakers."

Happily they may console themselves with the reflection that the great Montès, *el Chiclanero*, the Cæsar and the Napoleon of bull-fighting, was a native of their town.



THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

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Only a few hours separated us from Cadiz, and we soon quitted *terra firma* to cross to the *Isla de Leon*, celebrated for its salt-pans, where crowds of half-naked *salineros* may be seen, bronzed by the hot sun until they almost resemble Africans. We visited the little town of San Fernando, noted for its splendid observatory, and an hour after landed in Cadiz.

Cadiz is the most ancient city in Spain: it is even more ancient than Rome. The Phœnician *Gaddir*, which flourished more than a thousand years before the Christian era, became later the *Gades* of the Romans, and was for a long time the most prosperous town of the Peninsula, a town built of white marble, and the centre of pleasure *par excellence*. Of the once splendid marble palace, not one stone remains; nevertheless Cadiz is, at the present time, as renowned for its gaiety as (according to the description of Martial) it was eighteen hundred years ago. It is necessary to read this poet in order to form some conception of Cadiz as it existed during the Roman epoch. "The great wealth," says an ancient author, "had introduced corresponding luxury; hence it was that the ladies of Cadiz were in great demand, not only on account of their skill in playing upon diverse instruments at public rejoicings, but also on account of their wit and humour, which were extremely entertaining."

The *improbæ Gaditanæ*, as Martial calls them, were celebrated throughout the whole world for their dances, and for their skill in playing the *batica crusmata*, which were nothing more than the modern castanets. Lord Byron says:—

"Fair is proud Seville; let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days:
But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,
Calls forth a sweeter, though ignoble praise.

"When Paphos fell by time—accursed time,
The Queen who conquers all must yield to thee—
The pleasures fled, but sought as warm a clime;
And Venus, constant to her native sea,
To nought else constant, hither deigned to flee,
And fixed her shrine within these walls of white."

"Her mysteries are celebrated in a thousand temples, and on a thousand altars consecrated to her service the divine fire is kept up without ceasing." Fortunately for the ladies of Cadiz, we are inclined to believe that this picture of the English poet is not more accurate than his description of a *corrida*. Assuredly Lord Byron was no consummate *aficionado*. In the same poem, "Childe Harold," the name "king of the forest" is given to the unhappy bull that has never pastured but on treeless plains.

Viewed from a distance, Cadiz is likened by the Spaniards to a silver cup afloat on the sea; certainly the houses, whitewashed or tinted with subdued colours, impart a singular aspect to the town. When lit by the marvellous Andalusian sun, and softened by the blue haze of distance, the city suggests to our mind a silver crown beneath the azure sky.

The houses of Cadiz, closely packed within its walls, rise to the height of six or seven stories, thus making up in elevation for the contracted area within the fortifications. The ladies of Cadiz repair to the Alameda, rather to be seen and admired than to see. Nevertheless, we may say with the poet that they are skilled in the art of ogling, although we dare not repeat with him that they are always disposed to heal the wounds inflicted by their glances. Among the women of Cadiz one must not omit to notice the *cigarreras*, the girls, most of them young, who are employed at the *Fábrica de tabacos*. The Andalusian *cigarrera* is a separate type, which we will study more particularly at Seville.

We left Cadiz one morning early, in a *falúa*, garnished in front with two great red eyes, like the Sicilian *speronaro*. A fresh breeze filled the white lateen sails, and our little craft sped over the blue waters of the bay. The Puerto, where we were to disembark, was only about three leagues from Cadiz, and we could already distinguish its houses like a white line dividing sea and sky, and farther along the coast, Rota, celebrated for its wines. Passing on our left the Puntilla and the fort of Santa Catalina, we soon landed on the quay.

The Puerto, or Puerto Santa Maria as it is called, stands at the embouchure of the Guadalete, which discharges itself into the bay of Cadiz. It is the entrepôt and port of embarkation for the wines of Jerez; the town white, cheerful, and clean, resembles Cadiz in miniature. We visited its vast cellars, which afforded a foretaste of those of Jerez, as well as its *Plaza de toros*, one of the finest in Spain.

Los toros del Puerto is the title of an Andalusian song, popular all over Spain, and which pictures the passion of the people of Cadiz for their national fêtes.

“¿Quién se embarca para el Puerto?
Que se larga mi falúa!”

“Who embarks for the Puerto?—My *falúa* holds the most!” cried the boatman. Then addressing himself to a young Andalusian, who was stepping into his barque:

“Señorita,
Levantusté esa patita,
Y sartuté á este barquiyo!
No se le ponga á uste tuerto
El molde de ese moniyo!”

“Señorita, raise that little foot, and leap into the barque! But be careful, lest you spoil the model of that pretty bodice.”

Jerez *de la Frontera* is thus named to distinguish it from Jerez *de los Caballeros*, a little town of Estremadura; it received this name because of its nearness to Portugal. The first thing that struck us on entering Jerez was its air of superior wealth, comfort, and cleanliness, characteristics which, as a rule, do not belong to small Spanish towns. The people of Jerez share, with other Andalusians, an established reputation as great braggarts; our *calesero* was such a master of the art of boasting, that he might have served as the model for that *Relacion Andaluza*, popular in the country in which the exploits and deeds of daring of the *Pepillo el Jerezano* are celebrated in verse.

The *Jerezanos* are not less famed as *majos*, *toreros*, and *contrabandistas*. Their dances, among others the classic *Jaleo de Jerez*, take the foremost place in the Andalusian choreography. The *majos* of Jerez, who excel in wearing with grace the elegant Andalusian costume, are said to be expert in the use of the *navaja*.

The Plaza of Jerez is perhaps, after that of Valencia, the most beautiful and largest in Spain; here we were present at a splendid course, where eight bulls were slaughtered; this number did not include the *Toro del aguardiente*, literally, the “brandy-bull.” This expression, which has no meaning to those unfamiliar with Andalusian customs, applies to the extra bull usually given to the common people. This *Toro del aguardiente* is combated by *aficionados* who often display more courage than experience, and it not unfrequently leaves more than one victim on the *plaza*, while the exceptionally fortunate *toreros* are those who retire with a simple wound.

The vineyards of this town occupy an area of about twelve thousand *aranzadas* of land, something like fifteen thousand acres, yielding on an average, an annual supply, taking



CADIZ.

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good and bad years together, of about fifteen thousand *barricas* of wine, nearly two million five hundred thousand litres. The majority of the vineyards belong to wine merchants, who cultivate the grapes, and also make the wine and the casks in which it is stored for exportation. Some of these wine-farmers have vineyards that afford constant employment to a thousand labourers. For example, we will take the houses of Domecq and of Gordon; M. Domecq owns the famous vineyard of *Macharnudo*, the one most celebrated in the environs of Jerez, and which covers about five hundred acres. Close to the vineyards are the great buildings provided for the accommodation of the labourers, and for the machinery used in the manufacture of the wines. These buildings also contain a large hall, used as a refectory and dormitory, and where, beneath the mantle of a large chimney, the long winter evenings are spent by the labourers. We were present at one of the popular *tertulias*, and it would be difficult to picture anything pleasanter, or more picturesque. On the great hearth crackled a huge fire of vine branches, while an enormous trunk of green oak, partly accommodated in the chimney, was seen through the flames, with the big ants driven out by the heat from its bark. A group of a score of Andalusians, in their picturesque attire, sat around smoking and listening to a stalwart youth as he sang the couplets of the *Tango Americano*.

The house we visited also contained the quarters of the proprietor, a small chapel for the use of the labourers, and a vast kitchen, by no means the least curious part of the establishment. There we found four great copper caldrons on the fire, containing a mixture of beef, bacon, *garbanzos* (chick-peas), and tomatoes, filling the place with a steaming fragrance that would have proved enticing, had it not been mingled with an overpowering odour of rancid oil. Immense earthen pans of the coarse green painted pottery, made in Seville, contained stores of provisions, *gazpacho*, that cold and refreshing soup so much esteemed by the Andalusians, and the white *alcarrazas* of Andujar, laid out in long rows, while a limpid stream of water filtered through the porous earth on to an inclined plane of boards to keep all cool.

The vines of Jerez require to be tended with the most sedulous care. The labourers are divided into squads of twelve, and sent out to the vineyards under the direction of foremen, when the vintage begins.

As the grapes are gathered, they are spread out on large rush mats, *esteras de esparto*, and exposed to the sun for several days, care being taken to cover them at night, to protect them from the dew, and also to turn the grapes from time to time, so that the heat may evaporate the moisture and prepare them for the press, to which they are then taken when externally dry. The wine *mosto*, as it comes from the press, is stored in casks and left to ferment. The process of fermentation is generally completed in the month of January, when the wine is prepared for storing.

Before exportation, the wines of Jerez are clarified with a mixture of the white of egg and chalk, or a sort of white clay found in the environs of the town. Afterwards a certain proportion of *vino madre*, or mother wine (old wine), is added to the new to give tone to it.

Not a *bota* of wine leaves Jerez that is not, more or less, mixed with *aguardiente*—brandy—as a preservative during the voyage to foreign countries, and also to satisfy the palates of our neighbours across the sea.

The wines are also divided into *secos* and *dulces*. Among the former are classed the *jerez seco*, properly speaking the *jerez amontillado*. Both are made from the same grape, from the same *mosto*, and even come from the same press; nevertheless, they have neither

the same colour, taste, nor smell. These important differences, we were informed, are effected simply by the particular manipulation to which the wine is subjected.

The *jerez seco* is distinguished by a bouquet peculiar to itself, more pronounced than that of the *amontillado*. There are the varieties called *paja*, *oro*, and *oscuro*, straw, gold, and brown. The *jerez oscuro* or dark brown is prepared almost solely for the English market. After receiving a strong dose of brandy it is the sort of wine sold in London as brown sherry—*jerez brun*.

The *jerez amontillado*, of a straw colour, more or less dark, having a flavour in which connoisseurs recognise a certain nut taste, much richer and higher priced than the other, is eagerly sought after by "gourmets," gifted with a refined and delicate palate. The name *amontillado* is derived from the similarity of the wine to that of Montilla, in the province of Cordova.

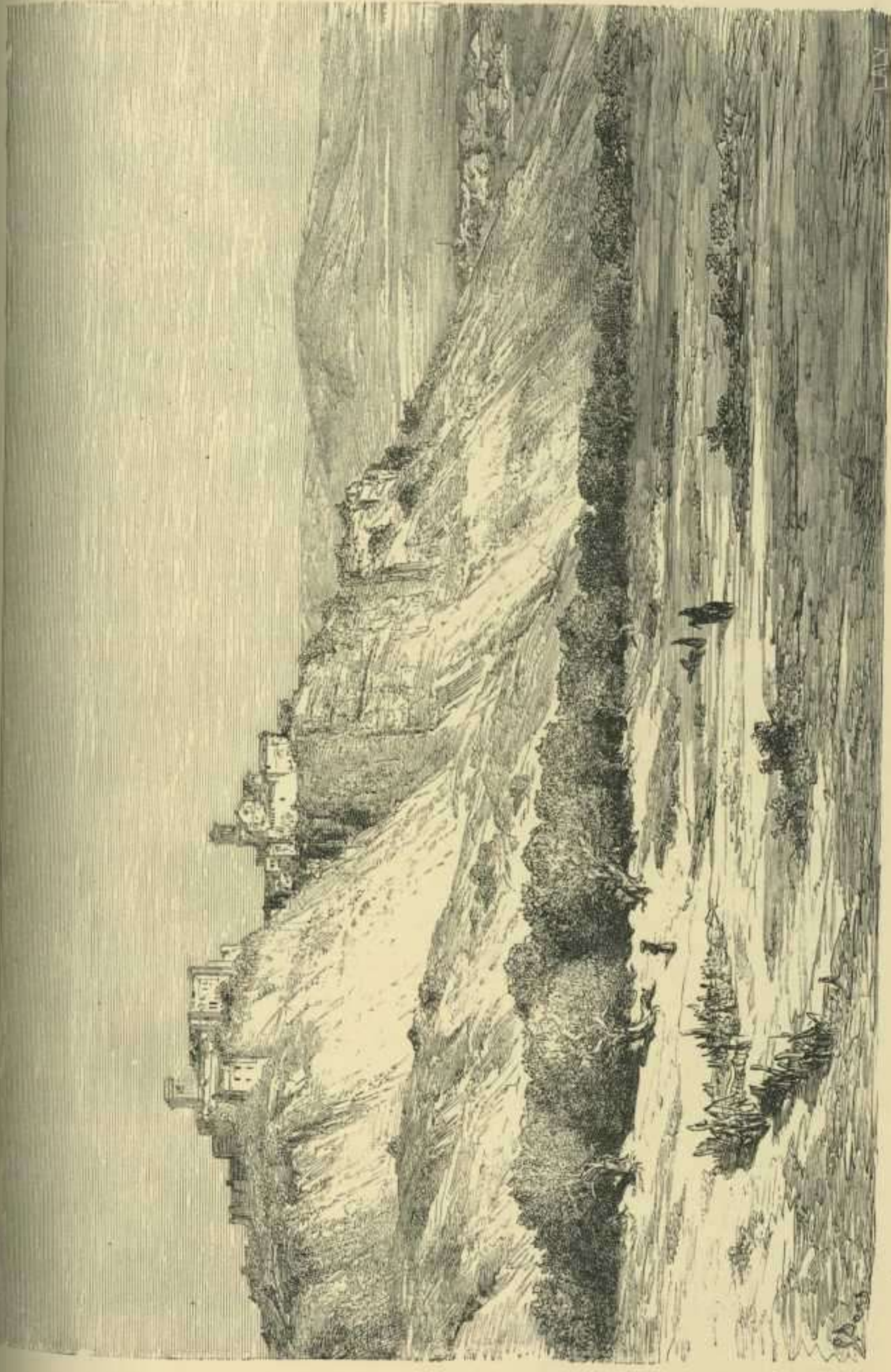
The sweet wines of Jerez are the *pajarete*, called *pacaret* in France, and equally well known under the names *pedro jimenez*, and the *moscatel*, or muscadine. The former is produced from a grape also called *pajarete*, but it is first left exposed to the sun for twelve days, becoming partly dry during that time, and developing a large percentage of sugar. The moscatel is made from the muscadine grape, and produces a sweeter wine than the *pajarete*.

The *jerez* is one of the wines which keep longest. We sampled some more than eighty years old. The proprietors of Jerez receive strangers who may be introduced to them with the greatest possible courtesy, throwing open their wine stores and vineyards for their inspection.

The *bodegas*, or wine cellars, are long, unsightly buildings destitute of windows, but the rich aroma which escapes from the doorways makes amends for their unpicturesque exteriors. A well-stocked cellar presents the accumulated produce of four or five crops, as the wine is hardly ripe for exportation until it is five years old. It also contains an assortment of wines left to age for the purpose of mixing with the new, the *vinos madres*, and lastly a variety of choice wines of different vintages. The average contents of a *bodega* is about five thousand *botas*, each holding thirty *arrobas* (fifteen or sixteen litres). The cellars belonging to M. Domecq, it is said, contain as many as fifty thousand casks.

Arcos de la Frontera, notwithstanding its close proximity to the railway from Cadiz to Seville, is one of the places which has retained, in a marked degree, the primitive customs and usages of the Andalucians. The town rising above the Guadalete is divided into two halves by a long, steep, and wretchedly paved street, having, Moorish fashion, a gutter running down the centre. This street has, however, an antique and attractive appearance. The highest part of the town is crowned by old Moorish battlements, where we obtained an extensive view. At our feet lay a hill planted with olive-trees; lower down the Guadalete flowing through a fertile plain. The bridge of Arcos, which spans the Guadalete, has given rise to all sorts of popular sayings; when any one enters upon an enterprise and fails to carry it through, it is compared to the *Puente de Arcos*, which was never finished, although stones and lime had both been supplied.

San Lúcar stands on the left bank of the Guadalquivir, not far from the mouth of the stream, which increases greatly in breadth just before falling into the sea. Built upon a shore close to the water's edge, the town is in no way remarkable; a few palms rising above the sandy soil bear witness to the genial influence of a climate not unlike that of Malaga. The trade of San Lúcar de Barrameda mainly consists in exporting the wines of Manzanilla.



ARCOS DE LA FRONTERA.

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According to a popular quatrain, "It is to Rome one goes for indulgences, to Gibraltar for tobacco, to San Lúcar for the *manzanilla*, and to Cadiz for grace:"

"A Roma se va por bulas
Por tabaco á Gibraltar
Por manzanilla á San Lúcar
Y á Cádiz se vá por sal."

The *manzanilla* is an excellent wine, a trifle paler than *jerez*, and more uniform. It is a wine for the most part consumed by the Spaniards themselves.

As we wished to ascend the Guadalquivir from its embouchure to Seville, we proceeded from San Lúcar to Bonanza, a short way from the town. It is, indeed, the port of San Lúcar, where the boats stop that run between Cadiz and Seville.

We embarked at Bonanza for Seville at seven in the morning in the *Teodosio*, one of the little steamers that carry passengers up and down the river, and, as the weather was superb, succeeded in crossing the bar without accident. This passage is not always free from danger, and it was formerly much dreaded by sailors, if we are to credit the account of an ancient English mariner, Richard Twiss, who, it may be said in passing, took an entire day to descend the river in a boat with four rowers.

"There is a sand-bank most dangerous in stormy weather. When the Spaniards cross it they take off their hats and repeat a solemn *Pater* and an *Ave Maria* for the souls of those who have been wrecked on the bank, while the captain of the barque makes a collection of small coins from the passengers to pay for masses for the deliverance of the souls of those who have perished."

Having crossed the bar, we entered the *Tablazo*, the name given to the widest part of the river. Here the eye ranges over a broad expanse of nearly level land. We could just descry, lit up by the morning sun, on the distant horizon, the hill known as the *Coto de doña Ana*. The stream speedily narrows down until its width does not exceed that of the Seine at Paris. On the flat banks near the water we saw from time to time rows of herons, the habitual hosts of the river, standing motionless and grave, not deigning to take the slightest notice of the noise and the eddies caused by the steamer. Soon we passed the spot where the river is parted in two and sweeps round a little island, called *Isla Mayor*, to distinguish it from a smaller one still higher up, bearing the name *Isla Menor*. About three leagues from San Lúcar we passed the town of Trebujena, renowned for the richness of its harvests, as one may gather from a well-known Andalusian verse, wherein the *alcarrazas* of Chiclana and the wheat of Trebujena are alike praised:

"Para alcarrazas Chiclana,
Para trigo Trebujena,
Y para niñas bonitas
San Lúcar de Barrameda."

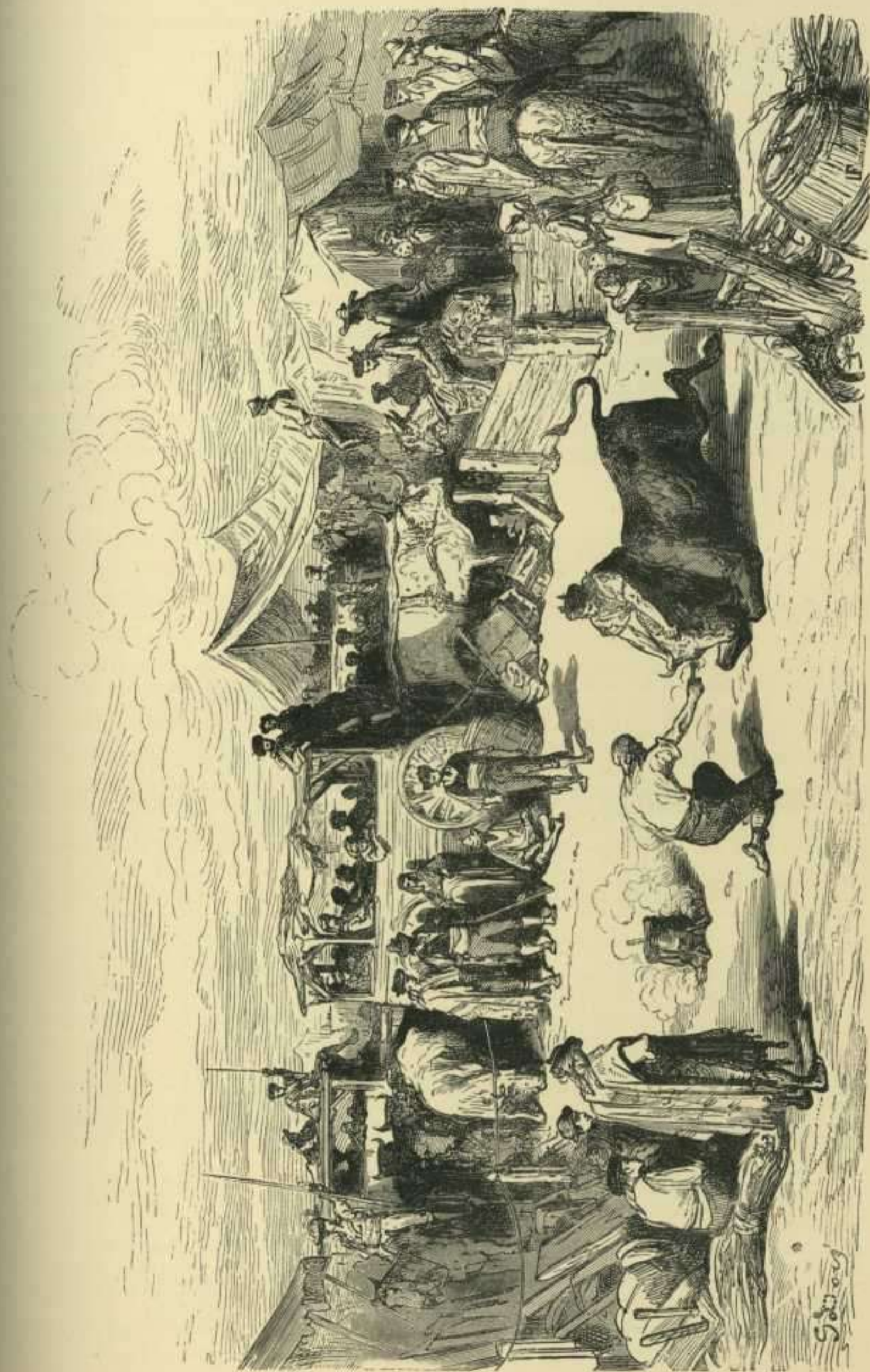
The *Isla Mayor* is not very populous; nevertheless, it contains a fine *hacienda*, or farm, surrounded by trees and gardens, and on which the art of farming is carried to a high state of perfection. It even possesses a steam pump for raising water from the river. At a little distance from the *Isla Mayor* stands the borough, or rather, we should say, city, of Cabezas de San Juan. It obtained the title of Ciudad in 1820, after a *pronunciamento* which it made in favour of the liberty of the constitution, the signal of the constitutional revolution, at the head of which Riego was placed. One knows the unhappy end of the general who gave his name to the hymn so popular in Spain: condemned to death, he was executed at Madrid in 1823, after being ignominiously dragged to the foot of the scaffold on a hurdle.

In the immense fields bordering the river, the troops of horses and bulls destined for the *corrida* roam about at liberty. In these fields, which are called *dehesas*, we only perceived one or two *chozos*, or reed cabins, and not a single tree to break the outline of the horizon, again putting us in mind of that pleasing passage in "Childe Harold," where Lord Byron calls the bull "the king of the forest." Some of the bulls came close to the water's edge, where they stood with their legs half concealed among the reeds, watching, with a savage look, the motion of the boat. It is in these fields that the *herradero*, branding of the fighting-bulls, takes place. This *herradero* in Andalucia, and more especially in the environs of Seville, is a truly national fête, to which both the *aficionados* of town and country flock with passionate eagerness. It would indeed be impossible to choose a time better fitted for studying the manners of the people, in all their most picturesque details.

We set off early one morning in a *calesa* for a *hacienda* (farm), situated just above the town of Coria, not far from the Guadalquivir. Along the road we encountered many sporting characters, who, like ourselves, were bound for the *herradero*; some mounted on splendid black Andalucian horses, with long flowing manes, others in their *calesa*; but by far the greatest number were piled up in *carros* on huge wheels, drawn by a pair of oxen, and decked with festoons and green leaves. This long procession of conveyances, of every form and colour, reminded us of the popular fêtes in the environs of Naples, while the characteristics of the people themselves seemed to offer a close analogy to those of the Napolitans: there was the same animation, the same passion for music, for noise, and for dancing. We might say the same gaiety, only that of the Andalucians have always appeared to us more boisterous, more copious, and more frolicsome. If Léopold Robert had painted a popular scene in Andalucia, he must have failed to introduce that background of sadness which one remarks in most of his compositions.

When we arrived on the ground, many of the *aficionados* had already taken their places around the enclosure. Casks turned up on end, boards with rope attached to them, *carros*, *carritas*, and other vehicles comprised the cheaply-extemporised barrier and the stands for the spectators, while strips of linen suspended from poles afforded partial shade from the ardour of the hot sun. We, in our turn, took our places, as soon as a young bull, a *novillo*, was introduced into the improvised arena, there to undergo the double test of the *tentadero* and of the *herradero*. The former embodies all that is implied in the trial of a young bull, to ascertain his fitness for the *corrida*. After this all the *novillos* are branded with a red-hot iron; only, as we have already explained, those judged worthy of the combat are carefully separated from those doomed to a life of peaceful industry, or to be fed for market. The greatest importance is attached to this examination by all true patrons of the *corrida*. First, the experts scrutinise the colour of the bull, then the general appearance of the animal. The *novillos* selected for combat are at once named, and this interesting ceremony is performed by some of the ladies invited to the fête.

In order to determine the age of a bull his horns and teeth are carefully examined. His teeth are completed at the end of the third year, and remain white up to the sixth, when they begin to show signs of age by taking on a yellow tint. As to the horns, which common people call *las astas*—the pricks—they afford a safer clue to the age of the bull. When he has completed his third year, a little envelope, not thicker than a piece of paper, shows itself and forms the lower part of each horn, a sort of ring, or pad, which is repeated each year, so that the *toreros*, in order to determine the age of an animal, have only to examine and count the number of these rings, or envelopes, allowing three years for the first, and one year for each of the others.



THE HERRADERO ON THE BANKS OF THE GUADALQUIVIR.

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In treating of the *novillos* we must not omit the *novilladas de lugar*; that is the name given to the courses of young bulls held in the villages. These popular fêtes are nearly as well attended as the *herraderos* we have just described; only the *novillada de lugar* is quite a local gathering, in which the inhabitants of the town rarely take part. The passion for sport is by no means confined, therefore, to citizens: it is quite as strong among the people in the rural districts; who, having no Plaza, extemporise one by enclosing a space in the heart of the village. Fortunate witnesses of one of these rustic *corridos* in a village in the environs of Seville, we were amazed at the skill and agility of the Andalusian peasants, who always succeeded in escaping the bull, either by hanging on to a balcony, or by suddenly disappearing behind the wheels of some vehicle in the improvised enclosure.

Leaving on our left the town of *Gelves* and a village surrounded with pomegranates and orange-trees, San Juan de Alfarache—we were now about a league from the capital of Andalusia, and could see its numerous spires, the Giralda, and its great bronze statue, gilded by the rays of the setting sun. A little later, having passed the palace of San Selmo, and disembarked near a Moorish tower, we found ourselves in Seville.



MAJO AND PEASANTS IN THE ENVIRONS OF JEREZ.



CIGARRERAS AT WORK IN THE FÁBRICA DE TABACOS OF SEVILLE.

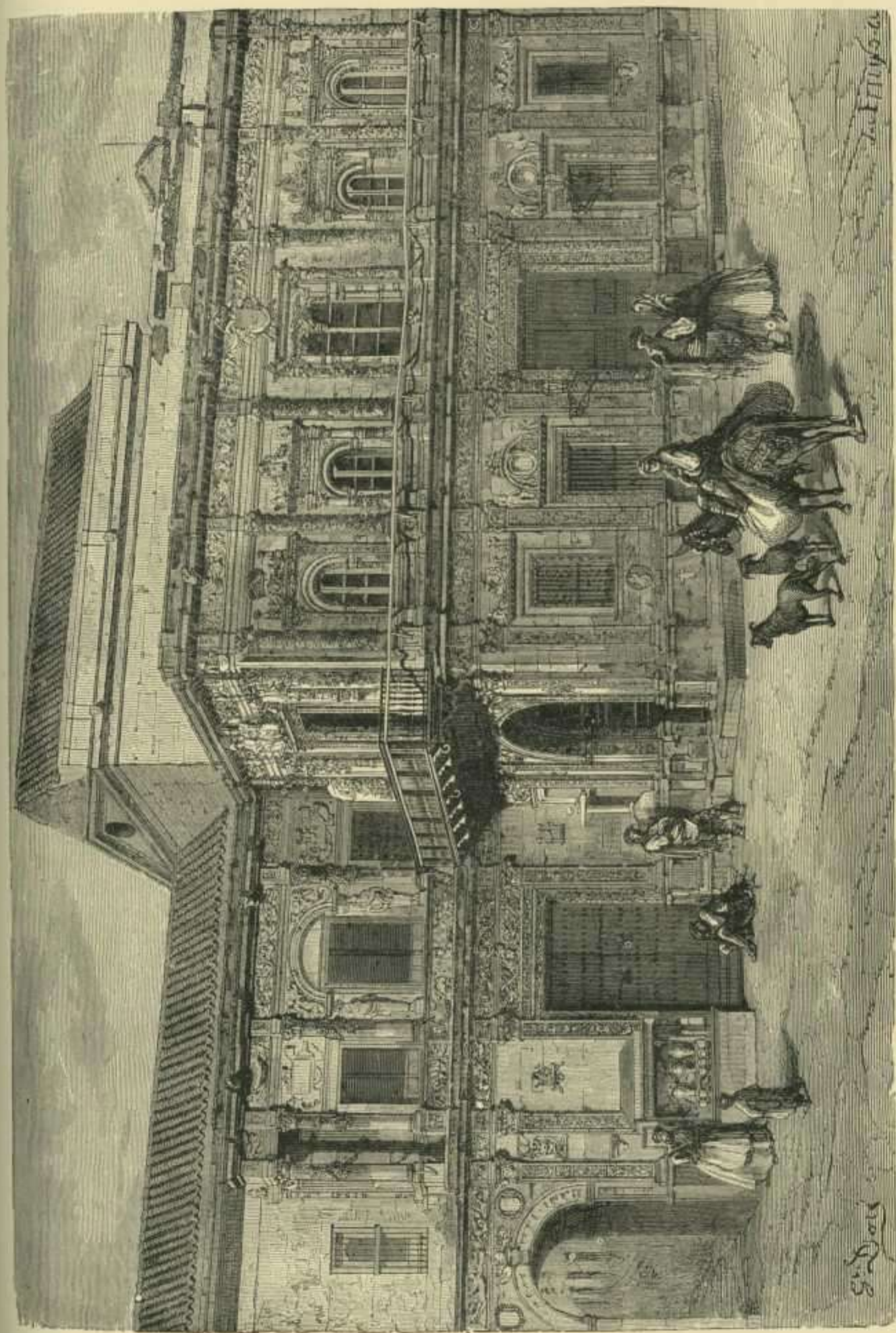
CHAPTER XII.

The origin of Seville—The *calle de las Sierpes*—The Sevillians—The *Mantilla de tira*—The *Correo*—Christian names—The *Ayuntamiento*—The arms of Seville—Streets in Seville; the *calle de Genoa*; the *calle de Mar*—The *calle de Candidejo* and Peter the Cruel—The *Feria*—The *plaza de la Magdalena*; the *puestas de agua*—The *Alameda de Hércules*—The *Giralda*—The Cathedral—The *Alcazar*; the *baños de Padilla*—The *Capilla de Azulejos*—The *Casa de Pilatos*—The University—The Museum; Murillo—The *Fábrica de Tabacos*; the *cigarreras*.

SPANISH historians agree in representing Seville as one of the most ancient towns, not only in Spain, but in Europe. Accordingly, it is reported that Hercules, in person, founded this city exactly two thousand and twenty-eight years after the creation of the world; again, that it was built by the Chaldæans, or by a king called Hispan or Hispal, who gave to Seville its early name, Hispalas, which, at a later period, became Sbilis, and finally Sevilla. Whatever may be the origin of the town, whether it was founded by Phœnicians, Iberians, or Scythians, its antiquity is undoubted, and was recognised even during the Roman epoch, and celebrated by the Latin poets.

The Sevillians are so proud of their early origin, that their monuments are, many of them, inscribed with records, which, with singular impartiality, mingle the mythical and authentic events; in the history of the town, for example, one reads in the following distich above the *puerta de la Carne*:

“Condidit Alcides, renovavit Julius urbem,
Restituit Christo Fernandus tertius Heros.”



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PALACIO DEL AYUNTAMIENTO, SEVILLE.

"Alcide (Hercules) founded the town, Julius Cæsar built it, and the Hero Ferdinand III. gave it up to Christ."

The *puerta de Jerez*, reconstructed in 1561, carries the following incised inscription with nearly the same meaning :

"Hércules me edificó
Julio Cesar me cercó
De muros, y torres altas;
El Santo Rey me ganó
Con Garci Perez de Vargas."

"Hercules built me, Julius Cæsar encompassed me with high walls, and the Holy King (Ferdinand) conquered me with the aid of Garci Perez de Vargas."

Hercules plays a very important part in the fabulous history of the origin of the Spanish nation: the hero, indeed, is so popular in Seville, that his name has been given to one of the principal promenades of the town, the *Alameda de Hércules*.

When taken by the Roman legions under the command of Julius Cæsar, Hispalas received the name of *Julia Romula*—Little Rome—a name not preserved under the dominion of the Vandals, who wrested it from the Romans in 411, and were themselves, soon after, driven out by the Visigoths. When the Arabs invaded the Peninsula, Seville became a dependency of the Califate of Cordova. After the dismemberment of the Califate, in the eleventh century, Seville was governed by certain princes, in whose possession it remained for more than a hundred years. It then became part of the Almoravide and Almohade empires. After the fall of the Almohades, Motawakkel-ben Houd possessed it for some time, and in 1236 it became the capital of a Moorish state. Twelve years later, 23rd of November 1248, after a siege of fifteen months, Seville opened its gates to Ferdinand III., King of Castille, after having remained five hundred and thirty-six years under the Mussulman dominion.

This important event, one of the most important in the annals of Spain, has been celebrated, in every possible way, by national poets and chroniclers.

After the discovery of America, Seville increased in importance, under Ferdinand and Isabella, and later, during the reign of Philip II.; and Seville at the present day still retains much of its ancient splendour.

We had landed at the *fonda de Europa* in the *calle de las Sierpes*. Our rooms on the ground-floor opened into a large *patio*, surrounded by balconies with white marble columns. In the centre of the court rose a jet of water which descended like a sheaf into a vase, flowing over to irrigate a garden planted with trees and shrubs, bananas with their broad waving leaves, orange and citron trees, and a pretty little plant having a profusion of yellow blossom called the Andalusian *dama de noche*—lady of the night—because its flowers remain closed during daylight, and unfold at dark, breathing when open the most delicious odour.

The *calle de las Sierpes*, situated in the heart of Seville, is the true centre of the bustle and activity of the city. *Carrajes*, rare in other parts of the town, are here entirely excluded, leaving foot-passengers perfect freedom to saunter safely along at their ease. During the evening it is, above all, a constant coming and going of picturesque pedestrians, recalling our own *boulevard des Italiens*. The ladies have, all of them, the mantilla of black lace, which they know well how to wear with fascinating grace. One cannot help seeing that they are proud of being Sevillians, and that they prefer their own mantilla to those

tawdry toilets known in other lands. "The Sevillian," says a popular verse, "has in her *mantilla* two words, which may be translated: Long live Seville!"

"Tiene la Sevillana
En su mantilla
Un letrero que dice:
Viva Sevilla!"

The *Mantilla de tira*, so often sung in popular ballads, differs from the other by the middle, sometimes of silk or wool, being bordered with a band of velvet *tira*, cut out in a sort of teeth or zigzag. This mantilla is reserved for the *majas* and *cigarreras*, who know how to wear it with their own particular grace and jauntiness.

The finest shops in Seville are to be found in the *calle de las Sierpes*, where the ambulating traders also resort to seek their fortune. Here a *florero*, his long basket in hand, vaunts in shrill falsetto his dahlias, carnations, or roses.

There a blind man led by a boy is selling lottery tickets, and promising the witching smiles of fortune to every new customer: "*El primo gordo! Quién se lo lleva?*"

At one of the angles of the *calle de las Sierpes* we come upon the *Correo*—that is, the Post. Not long ago there used to be a list of letters stuck up on the walls of the porch addressed to be left till called for. Here we were enabled to make a series of studies of the names of Spanish women, most of which are borrowed from mystic notions of religion:—Carmen (Mount Carmel), Dolorés (of Our Lady of the seven sorrows), Trinidad—Concepcion—Encarnacion—Rosario (Rosary), Pilar (literally Pillar, from the celebrated Notre-Dame del Pilar, of Saragosa), Belen (Bethlehem), etc.

Other female names are simply taken from martyrology:—Pepa, Pepita, or Pepiya (Josephine), Inés (Agnes), Rafaela, Romona (Raymonde), Paca, or Paquita (Frances), Manuela, Angela, Hermenigilda, Rita (Margaret), Leona Petra, Nicolasa, Melitona, Cayetana, Vicenta, Olalla (Eulalia), etc.

The names of men are as a rule less original, Juan and Pedro are the commonest: hence the rhyming proverb:—

"Dos Juanes y un Pedro
Hacen un asno entero."

—"Two Johns and one Peter make a complete ass!"

As Christian names, the gipsies of Andalusia are fond of Cristobal (Christopher), Lázaro, Juan de Dios (God's John), Angel, Ignacio, Alonzo, and Ferdinando; this does not prove, however, that they are always perfect Christians. There are other names of the gipsies, Christian names (for they are almost always baptized), most singular: such as Rocio (from the *Virgin del Rocio*, a well-known pilgrimage in the environs of Seville), Soledad (solitude), which is sometimes pronounced Soléda, sometimes Soléa, Salud (pronounced *Salou*, from *Nuestra Señora de la Salud*), Candelaria (from the Candelario, or paschal taper), etc.

The other extremity of the *calle de las Sierpes* opens into the *plaza de la Constitucion*, one side of which is taken up by the *Ayuntamiento*—Town Hall—built during the first half of the sixteenth century, one of the finest specimens of the plateresque architecture of Spain. The word *plateresco*, employed by the Spaniards to designate the style of the Renaissance, is borrowed from the craft of the goldsmith. The rich details of ornamentation, lavished on monuments by the artists of that time, might almost be compared to the delicate and elaborate chasing of gold and silver plate. Unfortunately this edifice has not been finished; amongst its ornaments, which have been recently repaired with skill and



THE GIRALDA, SEVILLE.

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intelligence, figure the armorial bearings of the town. One beholds Saint Ferdinand seated on his throne, bearing a large sword in his right hand, accompanied by Isidore and Saint Léandre, the patron saints of Seville, who stand at each side of the monarch. The device bears the following inscription :

“Sello de la muy noble ciudad de Sevilla.”

“Seal of the very noble city of Sevilla.”

“NO 8 DO”

This “NO 8 DO,” which the Spaniards call *empresa*, is the equivalent of the Italian



INHABITANTS OF THE SUBURB MACARENA, SEVILLE.

impresso, and is constantly met with on all the monuments of Seville : it is a sort of rebus far from intelligible at first sight, and demanding explanation.

Towards the close of the thirteenth century, King *Alfonso el Sabio*—the Wise—when dethroned by his son, most of the Spanish towns rose in rebellion against his authority. Seville alone remained faithful to him, and as a reward for its loyalty, the King bestowed this *empresa*, which is called *el nodo*. The 8 between the two syllables is a sign representing a knot or skein—in ancient Spanish, *madexa* : thus this sign, intercalated between the two syllables, forms the *no madexa do*, or *no m'ha dexado*, which signifies

literally, "It did not abandon me." This *nodo* alone serves as an emblem of the tie of fidelity which united Seville to its king.

Let us also say one or two words about the device of the Catholic sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, found on so many Spanish monuments, and nowhere more frequently than in Seville. This *empresa*, or emblem, is for the most part contained in two escutcheons, one representing a quiver of arrows—*flechas*—the other a yoke, *yugo*; beneath the arrows is a gothic F, which forms, at the same time, the first letter of the word *flechas*, and the initial of the name, Ferdinand. In the other shield the Y serves as the first letter of *yugo* and of Ysabel.

Besides this yoke the design carries the words *Tanto monta*, interpreted in different ways, but the most trustworthy rendering is: "*Tanto monta Fernando como Ysabel*,"—that is to say, that the two sovereigns enjoy equal rank and power.

The species of rebus just noticed were anciently much in vogue in Spain: the Spaniards even used to brand their slaves on the shoulder with a red-hot iron in the form of the letter S, and a sign which signified slave.

The greatest thoroughfares in Seville, after the *calle de las Sierpes*, are those of *Dados*, and *Francos*, which may be likened to the Rue Saint-Denis. They are occupied by clothiers, hatters, and milliners. As in most ancient towns, each street is reserved for its own peculiar trade. In Seville the *calle de Genoa* is taken up by booksellers, while the *calle de los Chicarreros* and *calle de Mar* are almost entirely occupied by manufacturers of *botines*, or Andalusian gaiters, open at the side and embroidered with bright-coloured silk. Many of the streets have their historic memories, their legends, and their popular sayings; one of the latter enables the visitor to find out, in a very curious way, several quarters of the town under the threefold relations of wealth, ease, and misery. From the cathedral (says the song in question), as far as Magdalena, one breakfasts, dines, and sups.

"From the Magdalena to San Vicente one dines only."

"From San Vicente to Macarena one neither breakfasts, dines, nor sups."

"Desde la catedral hasta la Magdalena
Se almuerza, se come, y se cena.
Desde la Magdalena hasta San Vicente,
Se come solamente;
Desde San Vicente hasta la Macarena,
Ni se almuerza, ni se come, ni se cena."

There is a curious saying in reference to the *calle de los Abades*—the street of the Abbés—situated close to the cathedral, where, "Every one has an uncle, but no one has a father."

"En la calle de los Abades
Todos han tios, ningunos padres.
Los canonigos no tienen hijos:
Los que tienen en casa, son sobrnicos."

The *calle de Candilejo* is celebrated for its bust of the king Don Pedro (Peter the Cruel), which may be seen in a niche in the wall of a house, protected by an iron grating. It was in this street that Justicier (*el Justiciero*) poniarded the husband of a lady he had followed; but after committing this crime, he condemned himself to be executed—only, however, in effigy.

It was in the *calle de San Leandro* that the famous Don Juan resided, whose family name was *Tenorio*, and who served as a model to Tirso de Molina for his work entitled *el*



PUERTA DEL PERDON, SEVILLE CATHEDRAL.

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Burladar de Sevilla ó el Convidado de piedra, from which Thomas Corneille borrowed the subject of his *Festin de Pierre*.

The family of Tenorio had its chapel in the convent of the Franciscans at Seville, where, according to tradition, the body of the commander (*el comendador*), killed by Don Juan, was buried.

The street in which the great painter of Seville lived has received the name of *calle de Murillo*. We were shown the house he occupied.

It was a building of the *calle de los Taveras* that contained the court of the Inquisition, —*el Santo Tribunal*, as it was called. The historians of Seville claim for their country the glory of being the cradle of that institution: "*Esta Santa Inquisicion obó su comienzo en Sevilla.*"

The *calle de Feria* takes its name from a very picturesque market held in there from time immemorial. It was in this street that the first productions of the great painter, Bartolomé Esteban Murillo, were publicly sold. This place even gave its name to its first fabrics, designed, for the most part, for commerce with America, and which, as we all know, were called *Ferías*, as they were sold in the market-place.

The *Plaza de la Magdalena*, with its *puestos de agua*, is one of the most attractive and animated quarters in Seville. The *puestos de agua* are little shops, much in the style of the Napolitan *acquaiuoli*, where all sorts of refreshments are sold very cheaply. The beverages which may be had at these establishments are chilled with snow, and figure in great variety: the *agraz*, for example, is made up of a mixture of water, sugar, verjuice, and syrup—*almibar*, *zarzaparilla*—an infusion of sarsaparilla; *cidra* and *naranja* are made with the juice of the lemon and of the orange; the *orchata de almendra* is nothing more than *orgeat*; *malvabisco*, made from mallow, and a variety of other innocent mixtures, make up the list of drinks, which are, in a warm climate, infinitely preferable to absinthe and other liquors of the same sort.

The quarter *de la Macarena*, of which we have already spoken, is almost solely taken up by the poorer orders of the community, who live quite apart from their rich fellow-townsmen, having little to do with the caprice of fashion, preserving with care the Andalusian manners, costumes, and usages. Thus, when one desires to speak of a young girl who has lost nothing of the characteristics of the lower order of Sevillians, one says, *una moza*, or *una jembra Macarena*.

The *Alameda de Hércules*, one of the most ancient walks in Seville, but little frequented at the present day, takes its name from a statue of Hercules placed on the top of a high column.

We must not omit to notice the *Mercado* where we took our morning walks. Nothing gives a better notion of the fertility of Andalusia, than an early visit to the market of Seville, where one beholds the huge green melons, piled up symmetrically like shells in an arsenal, beneath wide-spreading, blue and white striped *tendidos*, which shade buyers and sellers from the heat of the sun, and where oranges, lemons, and pomegranates, with their brilliant colours, lie in heaps side by side, with gigantic onions, tomatoes, and chillies red as vermilion; where, too, enormous bunches of amber-coloured grapes make one dream of the Promised Land. Thus the popular refrain of Granada has been applied to Andalusia, "When God has set his heart on a man, he is permitted to live in Seville."

The *Giralda*—that marvel, the sight of which makes the hearts of Sevillian children beat—merits in many ways its high reputation. One might almost say that this lofty and magnificent tower stands alone in Europe; the beautiful *campanilo* of Saint Marc, at Venice,

is perhaps the only other to which it may be compared. The Sevillians in their enthusiasm even go so far as to place their tower on a parallel with the pyramids of Egypt: they call it the eighth wonder of the world, placing it above all the other seven.

“Tú, maravilla octava, maravillas
A las pasadas siete maravillas.”

The finest country in Spain, said an old Sevillian author, is that bordering the Betis (Guadalquivir), and amongst the countries through which it flows, the richest is overlooked by the Giralda.

“La mejor tierra de España
Aquella que el Betis baña;
De la que el Betis rodea,
La que la Giralda ojea.”

The Sevillians delight to recount the repartee of one of their compatriots on the subject of the Giralda. A stranger, French or English, who had just seen it for the first time, was at a loss for terms expressive enough to translate his admiration.

“*Puez, zeño,*” said the Andalucian in his dialect, with as strong an accent as that of the Marseillais—

“*No crea uzte que la han traído de Pariz ni de Londrez, que tal cual uzte la vé, la hemoz hecho acá en Zeviya!*” (“Well, sir, do not imagine it was brought either from Paris, or London; such as you see it, it was made by ourselves here, at Seville.”)

Tradition assigns to an Arab of Seville, named Geber or Guiber, the honour of erecting this great tower, the same who was erroneously supposed to be the inventor of algebra. According to another version, it was set up by an architect, named *Abou Yousouf Yacoub*, towards the close of the twelfth century. The interior is designed so as to leave a space lighted by windows, having double horse-shoe arches divided by their columns.

It is in this space that we find not a staircase, but a gentle inclined plane protected by a rail, and broad enough to admit, it is said, of the ascent of two mounted horsemen, riding abreast; half-way up the tower of the other half of the ascent, singly. The Arab architect had crowned the apex of the tower with four enormous metal balls, so highly gilded, that the *Cronica general de San Ferdinando* says they could be descried, when lit up by the sun, at a distance of twenty-four miles; and the same chronicler adds, that one of the gates of the city had to be enlarged to make way for their entrance. These globes were thrown to the ground by an earthquake in 1395. In 1568 Herman Ruez, of Burgos, raised the tower one hundred feet, by adding a spire in the style of that epoch. This addition has a very fine effect, and around it we read in enormous characters this line from the Book of Proverbs:—

NOMEN DOMINI FORTISSIMA TURRIS.

—“The name of the Lord is the strongest tower.”

The spire is surmounted by a bronze statue, representing Faith, cast by Bartolome Morel, about the year 1570. Although this statue is of colossal proportions, it is poised on a pivot so nicely as to turn with the slightest breath of wind; hence the name *Giralda*, from the verb *girar*—to turn. Later this name was transferred to the tower, while the statue was designated by the diminutive *Giraldilla*, or *Giraldillo*, which literally means *girouette*—weathercock—a singular name for a statue representing Faith, in its essence fixed and immovable. While we were at the top of the spire, admiring the splendid



INTERIOR OF SEVILLE CATHEDRAL.

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panorama along the banks of the Guadalquivir, the surrounding country, and the distant Sierras, a terrific noise broke upon our ears: they had commenced to ring a number of the twenty-four bells suspended in the tower. The largest are called *Santa Maria* and *San Miquel*, while the others bear the names of saints of both sexes. The art of bell-ringing appears to be more cultivated in Spain than in France. The *campaneros* of Seville gave themselves up, in our presence, to the most prodigious gymnastic exercises to set their bells in motion; sometimes they clung to the rope, allowing themselves to be lifted to a frightful height, sometimes they rang with *badajados*, or *golpe de badajados*, that is, moving the tongue by means of a cord, quickly or slowly, to suit the chimes.

At the base of the tower is an extensive court planted with oranges, surrounding an Arabic fountain, erected at the same time as the mosque, on the site of which the cathedral now stands.

Not far from the tower is the *Longa* (Bank), a hardly less imposing building, formerly frequented by the merchants of Seville, and which Andrea Navagiero calls *il più bel ridotto di Siviglia*.

The cathedral of Seville is a splendid edifice, so imposing indeed, that it probably gave rise to the popular saying:

"Quien no ha visto á Sevilla,
No ha visto á maravilla."

—"He who has not seen Seville has seen nothing wonderful."

The cathedral is entered by a number of doorways, notably the *puerta del Perdon*—gate of Pardon—which has preserved its *chapas*, or bronze plates, since the time of the Arabs; the *puerta del Lagarto*—the Lizard—named from a crocodile of wood suspended above the entrance, to replace the one sent to Alonzo el Sabio by the Sultan of Egypt when he asked for his daughter's hand. The impressions one feels when standing for the first time beneath the immense nave baffle description. There is certainly no church we have seen so vast and imposing. The annalist Zuñiga informs us that in 1401, when the construction of the edifice was stopped, they determined to raise a monument, so imposing that it should have no equal; whereupon one of the canons called out in the chapter-house:—

"*Fagamos una Iglesia tan grande, que los que la vieren acabada nos tengan por locos!*"
—"Build a church so vast, that those who see it when finished will account us fools!"
You were no fools, worthy canons of Seville, but sages; for you have gifted your country with one of the most superb monuments it is possible for human hands to raise.

The interior is divided into five naves, whose altitude makes one giddy. The pillars supporting the roof, though in reality of enormous diameter, are so high that at first sight they appear to be extremely slender columns. The choir, placed in the centre of the principal nave, has the proportions of an ordinary church, while the decorations and accessories throughout are equally large and imposing.

In one of the partitions there is a colossal picture of Saint Christopher, painted by an Italian artist of the sixteenth century, Mateo Perez de Alesio. The Saint, whose height is thirty-two feet, holds as a slender staff a goodly tree, while the child Jesus, whom he bears on his shoulders, is a perfect giant. Although this picture, finished in 1584, is not devoid of merit, it would appear that the artist made light of his work: a Spaniard painted a cartoon representing Adam and Eve, also for the interior of the Cathedral. Perez on seeing this picture was so enraptured with Adam's leg, that he exclaimed:—

“*Vale piu la tua gamba che tutto il mio Cristoforo!*”—“Thy leg is worth more than all my Saint Christopher!”

The cathedral also possesses the famous Saint Anthony of Padua, by Murillo, one of the largest and best works of the Sevillian painter.

Let us now bid adieu to the wonders of the great Catholic temple, not far from which we find the Alcazar—after the Alhambra, one of the finest palaces bequeathed to Spain. The origin of the Alcazar is only imperfectly known. According to general belief it was commenced during the eleventh century by an Arab architect from Toledo, who imported the workmen engaged on the decorations of the Alhambra.

Unfortunately, however, no trace of the primitive structure remains. Above the principal façade we read this Gothic inscription, in the form of letters peculiar to Spain, and which at first sight one would take, from the archaic and majestic appearance, to be Cufic characters of the most ancient type: “*El muy alto, y muy noble, y muy poderoso y conquistador don Pedro, por la gracia de Deos rey de Castilla y de Leon, mando facer estos Alcázares y estas façadas que fué hecho en la era mil quatrocientos y dos.*”

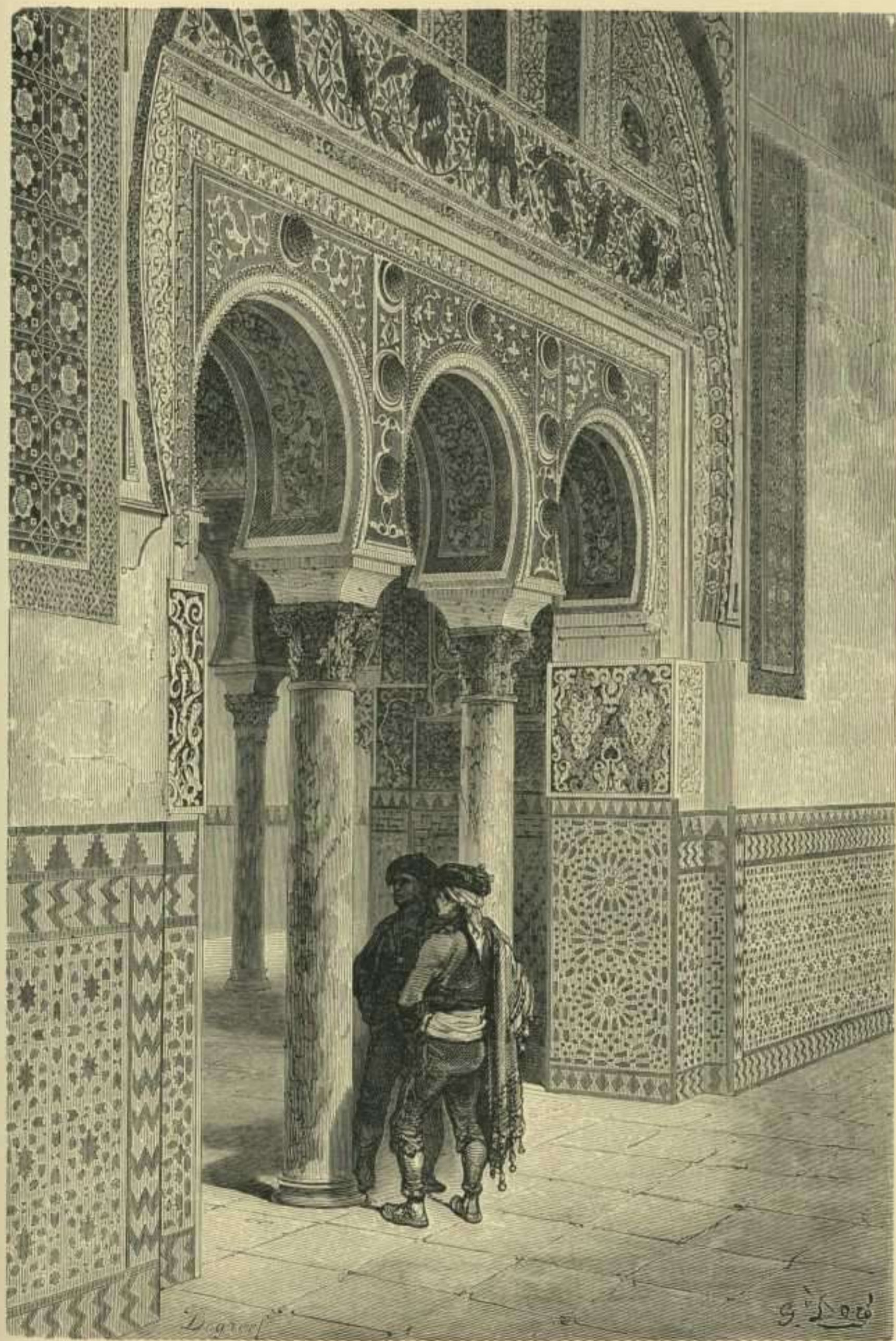
“The most exalted, most noble, and most powerful conqueror, Don Pedro, by the grace of God, King of Castille and Leon, commands these façades and Alcázares to be built.” This curious inscription, with others of the same kind, proves that many important works were carried out during the reign of Don Pedro the Cruel; it was precisely at this epoch, that the most important works of the Alhambra were executed, and the King of Castille, who sometimes held amicable relations with the Moors of Granada, had engaged workmen from that town, who were charged with the decoration of his palace.

Charles V., on the occasion of his marriage with Doña Isabella, the *infanta* of Portugal, made some additions to the Alcazar in the Greco-Roman style, which still exist, and whose heavy aspect contrasts strangely with the capricious lightness of the Moorish architecture. Later, further and most unsightly additions were made, when the delicate arabesques almost entirely disappeared beneath repeated coatings of stone-colour. The Spanish authors of the last century lightly esteemed Moorish architecture, accounting it no better, if as good, as Gothic.

The *Patio de las Doncellas*, a great inner court with its many lobed arches supported on graceful pillars of white marble, surmounted by small columns enclosing rich panels of interlacing flowers and foliage of the most elaborate and beautiful workmanship, presents a scene not readily forgotten. This *Patio de las Doncellas*, “or court of the young girls,” according to an ancient tradition, received its name from the fact that in this very court the kings of Seville received annually one hundred virgins, who were sent to them by the chiefs of tributary states.

If the courts and chambers of the Alhambra have thus their legends, taken from the massacre of the Abencerrages, those of the Alcazar have also theirs, for which they are almost solely indebted to the treachery and tyranny of Pedro the Cruel. Our guide pointed out to us some red stains on the marble floor of the Hall of Ambassadors. These red blotches are to the minds of superstitious persons undoubted stains of blood. It is the spot (so says the legend) where Don Pedro caused his guards to assassinate his brother, Don Fadrique, with all his followers, who were suspected of treason. This event happened on the 29th of May 1358. It seemed to be the fate of this unhappy monarch to slay his relatives: three brothers, his wife, and his aunt were murdered by him, and he himself was assassinated (in his thirty-fourth year) by his brother, Henri de Transtamare.

Every step one takes in the Alcazar recalls some memory of this terrible king. It



MOORISH ARCHES OF THE ALCAZAR, SEVILLE.

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was in the Alcazar that he received a ruler of Granada, *Abu-Said*, surnamed *el rey Bermejo*. After having him conducted in safety to his palace, he got up the most brilliant fêtes in his honour. According to Oriental custom, the Moorish king was accompanied by a numerous retinue, and displayed an extraordinary wealth of cloth of gold and of silver raiment, covered with pearls and precious stones. A contemporary manuscript, which gives an account of the event, mentions three enormous rubies of extraordinary beauty, and as large as pigeons' eggs.* The king of Castille could not resist the temptation presented by the sight of these treasures. He therefore, with his own hand, murdered their confiding owner, Abu, in one of the rooms of the palace.

After having traversed the different rooms in the Alcazar, we next visited the ancient baths, called *los Baños de Padilla*. These were the Moorish baths that Pedro the Cruel had prepared for the celebrated Maria de Padilla, a young lady of noble family, renowned for her great beauty. Padrie Mariana, in his "History of Spain," paints her charms in the most glowing colours. She had the reputation of having bewitched the king. Her tomb is placed by the side of that of Saint Ferdinand, in the *Capilla Real*, the principal chapel in the Cathedral.

The garden of the Alcazar is still a charming retreat, crowded with rare tropical plants, among which one sees bananas in full fruit. The paths are paved with brick pierced with innumerable small holes, communicating with a network of copper water-pipes. The water when turned on issues from the perforated bricks as if a shower of fine rain were rising from the ground in place of falling from the clouds. This sort of hydraulic device, so harmless under a burning sun, was much in vogue among the Arabs and Moors of Spain.

After the Alcazar, one of the principal objects of attraction in Seville is the *Casa de Pilatos*, a palace built about the commencement of the sixteenth century, and at the present day the property of the Duke of Medina-Celi, who does not, however, reside there. The *patio* is one of the finest of the kind we have seen, while its ornaments and those of the apartments of the palace are so purely Moorish in style, as to lead to the belief that Don Fadrique Henriquez de Rivera, who had the place built, must have employed workmen from Granada to carry out the decorations, probably Moorish fugitives, who had fled from the town after it fell into the hands of the Spaniards. The *Casa de Pilatos* was thus named, it is said, because it was built after the plan of the house of Pontius Pilate, at Jerusalem.

The university of Seville was formerly as celebrated as those of Alcalá and of Salamanca; it now occupies the site of an ancient convent. When we entered the chapel of the *universidad* we were struck with the beauty of two great mausolea of white marble, the work of Italian sculptors of the sixteenth century. The extraordinary richness and exquisite finish of these masterpieces render them worthy of a wider fame.

Another monument, comparatively unknown, and which ought to be visited by lovers of art, is the church of the convent of Santa Paula, called *las monjas de Santa Paula*. The doorway is surmounted by *azulejos* of great beauty, the chef-d'œuvre of Niculoso Francisco, the Italian ceramic painter established at Seville.

The Museum of Seville in the ancient convent of the *Merced* is the only one amongst provincial museums at all worthy of the name.

* King Pedro, after the battle of Navarrete, presented one of the rubies to the Black Prince. After passing through many different hands, it came into the possession of Queen Elizabeth, and at the present day adorns the royal crown of England, preserved in the Tower of London.

The school of Seville is the most important in Spain, and it is singular to notice that of its two great masters, Velazquez and Murillo, the works of the latter may be said to form the Museum of the Merced, which does not possess a single example of the works of the former. This absence of the paintings of Velazquez, the greatest artistic genius that Spain ever produced, would seem as strange as it is unaccountable, did we not remember that the painter spent the greater part of his time at the court of Philip IV.

It is well known that Murillo had three different styles, which the Spaniards have named *frio*, *cálido*, and *vaporoso*: "cold, warm, and vaporous." The cartoon representing Saint Justine and Saint Rufine is painted in the warm style: the two patronesses of Seville are pictured with vases similar to those still manufactured in the suburbs of the town.

Another work, the Virgin and Child, is said to have been painted by Murillo on a napkin, hence its name—*la servilleta*. The majority of the other works of Murillo, though less valuable, are equally remarkable in style. The other pictures in the collection include Saint Thomas d'Aquin, a masterpiece by Zurbaran, *Saint Herménégilde* of Herrera *el viejo*, and a canvas by Fr. Pacheco, father-in-law of Velazquez.

The Museum boasts but an insignificant collection of sculpture. One of its best examples is a Virgin in terra-cotta by Torrigiano, the Florentine sculptor who was exiled after he had broken the nose of Michael Angelo. It is well known that Torrigiano perished miserably in a Sevillian dungeon, a victim of the Inquisition, which charged him with heresy.

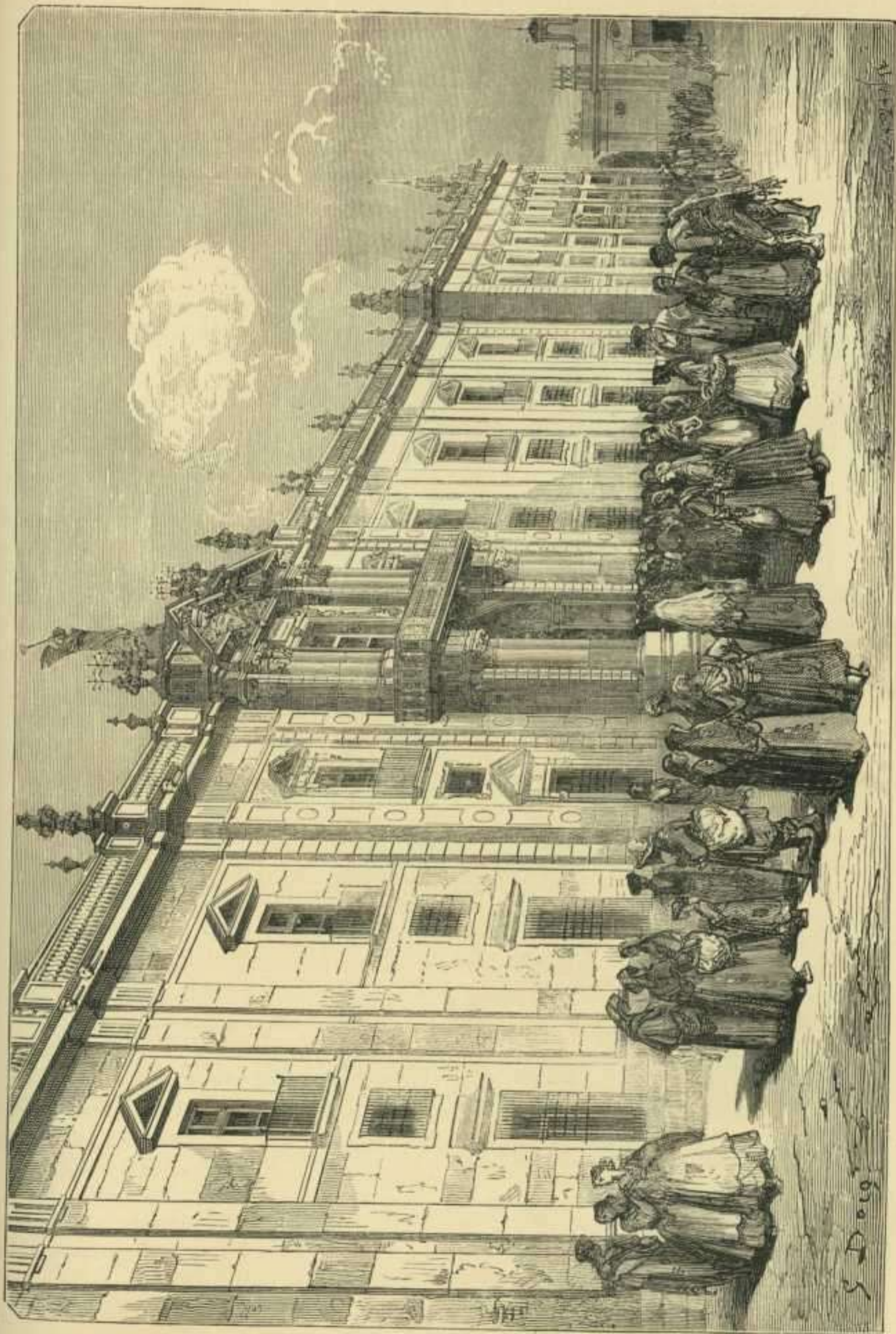
At the Caridad, an asylum for the poor in charge of the sisters of the order of Saint Vincent de Paul, we were shown two of the masterpieces of Murillo which adorn the chapel. One, Moses striking the rock, called by the Spaniards *la Sed*—the Thirst—and the Miracle of the loaves and fishes. We also found, under the same roof, a frightful picture by Juan Valdès Leal, of a half-open coffin, containing the remains of a prelate in splendid robes, his corpse partly consumed by worms. If we credit tradition, Murillo used to say that he could not look at this picture without covering his nose.

On leaving the Caridad we made our way to the *Fábrica de Tabacos*, an immense block of building, one hundred and seventy metres wide, and nearly two hundred long, built in 1757. The deep trenches by which it is surrounded lead one to fancy it is a fortress or barrack in place of a factory.

As early as the year 1620 the manufacture of tobacco was commenced at Seville under the direction of an Armenian, named Jean Baptiste Carrafa. Spanish tobacco was formerly famed over the whole world, while Spanish snuff was no less celebrated. During the last century the Spaniards themselves rarely smoked, at least we gather from Saint Simon's *Mémoires* that a smoker was there a great curiosity.

We were able to obtain permission to witness the manufacture of tobacco as it is carried on in this factory. A *capataz*, or foreman, was told off to conduct us over the various departments on the ground-floor, where the *tabaco de polvo* is chopped up to form *el rapé* and *tabaco picado* used for cigarettes. The *capataz* assured us that the factory contained eighty-four courts, as many fountains and wells, and more than two hundred mills driven by horses.

Passing through the rooms where the leaf is crushed and triturated, we were half choked by the poignancy of the air, to which, however, the workers are so thoroughly accustomed as to suffer no inconvenience whatever. Our guide, taking compassion on our tender nostrils, led us up to the first-floor, and handed us over to a *maestra*—inspector—who introduced us to the rooms where the *cigarreras* are employed.



LA FABRICA DE TABACOS, SEVILLE.

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Entering a long gallery our ears were assailed by a murmur like the sound of ten thousand swarms of bees. Here we found numerous workers, whose hands were employed in rolling cigars with an activity only surpassed by the ceaseless clamour of their voices. As we passed from place to place the busy tongues were arrested for an instant, but the whisperings soon commenced again with redoubled vigour. The *Maestra* informed us that if the workers were compelled to perform their tasks in silence, they every one of them would leave the factory rather than submit to such tyranny. Another strange sound mingled with the whisperings was caused by hundreds of scissors, *tijeras*, all in motion at the same time, cutting the points of the cigars : these are so indispensable to the *cigarreras* as to be called their bread-winners.

“Dijo Dios: Hombre, el pan que comerás,
Con el sudor del rostro granarás;
Cigarrera, añadió, tu vivirás
Con la tijera haciendo: tris, tris, tras.”

“God said to man, The bread thou eatest, shalt thou gain by the sweat of thy brow ; Cigarrera, he added, thou shalt live by the *tijera* by making *tris, tris, tras.*”

We stopped before one or two of the best workers, who are able to turn out as many as ten packets or *atados* a day, each one containing fifty cigars, which makes a total of five hundred, an exceptional number, as few of the *cigarreras* make above three hundred cigars per day, and the majority not so many. The price paid per hundred is one franc twenty-eight centimes, and the earning for an average day's toil is a little over two francs.

The people employed in making cigars are the aristocracy of the trade, known under the established name of *pureras*, that is to say, makers of *puros*, the name generally given to cigars to distinguish them from cigarettes, or *cigarros de papel*. Spanish cigars, as a rule, are of very large dimensions, and the largest are sometimes named *purones*; the inside is made up of Virginia tobacco, while the outer cover, or the *capa*, consists of a leaf of Havannah tobacco. An enormous number of cigars and of cigarettes are smoked in Spain, but the pipe is rarely seen unless on some parts of the coast in Catalonia, and in the Balearic Isles. Although tobacco may be bought cheaply at the *estancos* or sales, yet it is asserted that large quantities are smuggled into the country, chiefly by way of Gibraltar, that great entrepôt for contraband goods.

Before reaching the exalted position of *cigarrera*, the worker, who usually enters the factory at the age of thirteen, has to serve as an apprentice, or *aprendiza*, and has to pass through the different degrees of the hierarchy ; first she is occupied in selecting the finest sides of the *palillos*, or leaves of the tobacco. Later she is advanced to making the cigar, to *hacer el niño*—to make the chubby-cheeked boy—according to their own peculiar language. She gains but little for some years, and from her slender earnings has to sacrifice a portion to pay for the *espurta*, the basket designed to receive the tobacco leaves, the scissors, and the *tarugo*, an instrument used to round the *puros*.

It seems that the *cigarreras*, notwithstanding the smallness of their pay, are strongly attached to their occupation : they are jokingly represented as wearing a band on their shoes, when they have any, inscribed with these words, “Long live tobacco !”

“Tienen las cigarreras
En el zapato
Un letrero que dice:
Viva el tabaco !”

The workrooms are divided into sections, containing about a hundred women in each, presided over by one of the *Maestras*, of whom we have just spoken, and who are selected from the best workers; then there are a class of subordinate overseers, who are themselves workers, and who are seated at the tables with the others.

The making of cigarettes gives employment to a large number of hands; it is not, however, so lucrative as the making of cigars. It was singular to observe that the majority of the *cigarros de papel* were gipsies.

The *cigarreras* take their meals with them to the factory, the rooms being twice a day transformed into huge refectories, redolent with the mingled odours of garlic, fish, sardines, red-herrings—black as ink—and slices of broiled tunny—the materials which make up the *cigarrera's* simple bill of fare.

The *Fábrica de Tabacos* gives employment to about four thousand women and five hundred men. Besides the *gitanas* and the *pureras*, a great number are engaged in tying the cigars and cigarettes, and in making them up into bundles, work which they execute with marvellous rapidity. These latter, who are called *empapeladoras*, work in shops where men are in majority. It is in these *magasins* that the employers deliver a certain weight of tobacco to each worker, to be used for the task of the day: this is called *la data*. The *cigarreras*, when the day's toil is over, ought to bring back a number of cigars, or cigarettes, proportioned to the weight they received; but the *mozos*, with more cunning than honesty, sometimes have their favourites, so it is said—their *paniaguadas*—in whose behalf they make a compromise with the scales.

Nothing is more droll than the aspect of these immense rooms, where so many women are at work, only dressed in a chemise and a skirt, such is the simplicity of their costume. Many of them ignore the use of stockings, while there are few whose hair is not decked with some brilliant flower, a rose, pink, or dahlia. Not many years ago the *cigarreras*, joining in the march of civilisation, wore crinolines, or cages—*polisones*, y *mirinaques*, as they are called in Spain. Before setting to work, however, they took them off and hung them up around the pillars of the rooms, with their shawls, their *mantillas de tira*, and the baskets which contained their repasts.

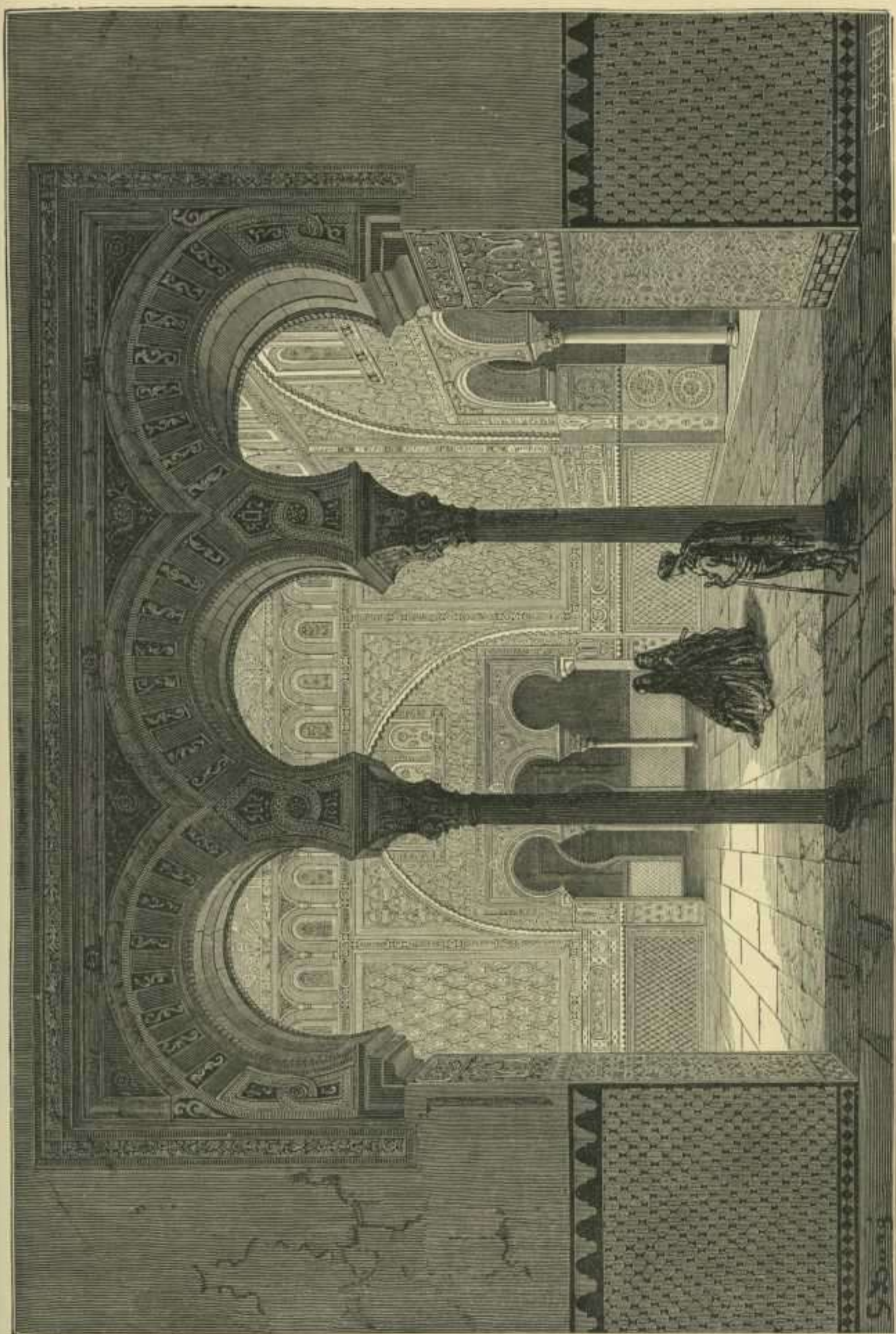
A really curious spectacle is the moment when the *cigarreras* are leaving the factory, when one is startled by something like a steeplechase of three or four thousand women impatient to breathe the pure air outside, and to regain their liberty.

No sooner have they quitted their tables than they rush pell-mell to the staircases, which they descend in the wildest confusion, singing and laughing like lunatics. But as soon as the first outbreak has subsided, and they arrive at the *porteria*, the noise suddenly ceases, for there they must stop and be examined by the *registradas*—*maestras*—whose keen eyes are quick to detect the tobacco which might be otherwise smuggled away by the *cigarreras*.

“Llevan las cigarreras
En el rodete
Un cigarrito habano
Para su Pepe.”

—“The *cigarreras* carry off in their chignons a Havannah cigar for their Pepe.”

The *cigarreras* are frequently the subjects of popular songs, in which it is much to be regretted they are not represented as models of virtue, although at the same time there are noted exceptions. That many of them seem to live a bohemian sort of life may be gathered from the *Relacion de las cigarreras, donde se declaran sus dichos, hechos, costumbres*



LA SALA DE EMBAJADORES, ALCAZAR, SEVILLE.

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y lo que pasa entre ellas, that is an account wherein their sayings and usages are related. The author begins by remarking that he lodged in a house where two *pureras* lived. "They made such an uproar," he adds, "that I was afflicted with constant headaches, and was nearly driven mad. I would rather make my bed in the streets than under the roof which shelters *cigarreras*."



CIGARRERAS OF THE TOBACCO FACTORY, SEVILLE.



MAJOS AND MAJAS AT THE FAIR OF ROCIO, ENVIRONS OF SEVILLE.

CHAPTER XIII.

The *feria de Seville*—The *chalanos* and the *chalanerías*—The *Noche buena*—The *buñoleros*—The *Majos* and *Majas*—The Andalusian dialect—The *feria de Torrijos*, popular scenes—A gipsy in liquor—The *Romerías*—The *Virgen del Rocio*—Sante Ponce, the ancient *Italica*—The religious fêtes of Seville; the *Pasos*—The *Cristo del Gran Poder*—The *Cirio Pascual*—The Passion-week processions—The brotherhoods—The theatres of Seville—*Zarzuelas* and *sainetes*—The *Barateros* of Seville: Barbers of Seville—Triana and its inhabitants—The potteries of Triana—Gipsies of Triana, their funeral ceremonies and their language.

THE grand fête of Seville, the fête *par excellence*, is the *Feria*, held outside the walls, between the suburb San Bernardo and the Cadiz railway. From this site one obtains a splendid view of Seville; on the left rises the imposing mass of the *Fábrica de Tabacos*; in front the gigantic silhouette of the cathedral overtopped by the bronze statue which crowns the Giralda. The *feria de Seville* is as important as any of the large fairs held in the country, such as those of Santa Ponce, and of Mairena, and attracts a great number of persons from all parts of Andalusia.

The trade in horses and cattle is carried on with the greatest activity at the fair in Seville, where we had an opportunity of studying the type of the *chalan*, or gipsy horse-dealer, whose cunning and dexterity are proverbial, and after whom the shrewdest and most dexterous horsedealers of other lands are innocence and simplicity in person. The *chalanerías*, or dodges, employed by the *chalanos*, are numerous and are so highly prized in Spain that the word has become synonymous with roguery.

Nothing can present a more animated scene than the *feria*. There is a gipsy who is opening the mouth of the horse he is about to sell, or praising the points of some mule he



S. Davis

J. E. Smith

PEASANTS GOING TO THE FAIR.

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has an interest in. Further off a *majo*, spreading his *manta* in place of a carpet before a *maja*, who advances mounted on an Andalusian horse, her head shaded by a *sombrero calañés*; a youth smoking his cigarette, or a gipsy telling fortunes; there oxen, sheep, and *calisas* daubed over with paint. The cattle are lodged in the vast enclosure within barriers formed of coarse netting, like those used for the same purpose by the peasants in the country around Rome. Booths with pointed roofs made out of boards and canvas are ranged in long rows from one end to the other of the field of the *feria*, and are stored with merchandise diverse and attractive. Perhaps the *botillerias*, in which liquors and iced drinks are sold, are most numerous. Many of the stalls are held by gipsies, as may be gathered from the sign-boards in pure *calo*. The same may be said of the *tabernas*, called *ermitas*—hermitages. During the evening merry bands gather around these *botillerias* and *ermitas* before joining the gay throng on its way back to Seville.

The night was advancing as we ourselves followed the crowd of joyous citizens homewards, and let us add that we only do the Spaniards simple justice when we say that they enjoy their pleasures with a heartiness and good-nature which are apt to put us to shame.

The *Noche buena*—the good-night—or the *Noche é Navidá*—the night of the Nativity—as the Andalusians call Christmas Eve, also ranks among the times of rejoicings in Seville; but the *velada de San Juan*—the Eve of Saint John—is one of the greatest popular fêtes of the Andalusian capital. On the evening of the 23rd of June, the evening of the fête of the Precursor, all Seville appears to flock to the rendezvous on the great *Alameda de Hércules*. On such an occasion one has no need of a better guide than that afforded by the flowing tide of the population. Thus it was that we arrived in the promenade, which presented a curious and brilliant aspect. The Alameda was seemingly surrounded by festoons of lights, a vast and costly illumination which turned out to be nothing more than the simple lamps which lighted the innumerable stalls around the promenade. A strong and searching odour of hot oil rose from the many tables where fritters were sold. These occupied the best places, and were presided over by brown gipsies frying their bohemian viands in the open air. Others held the *puestos de flores*, where pinks, dahlias, and a variety of flowers were tastefully spread out to attract the Andalusians in want of bouquets or flowers to deck their hair. *Buñoleras* and *ramilletteras* invite customers both by voice and gesture. Should a well-dressed gentleman be imprudent enough to stop and examine their merchandise, he is at once surrounded, and compelled to ransom himself by buying some of their wares for a few *cuartos*. The gipsies attack him first with flattering phrases, such as "*ojos é mi arma*"—"eyes of my soul," etc. Should he refuse to buy, woe betide him! Placing their fists on their hips, they stand up and ply him with a thousand grotesque epithets and insults. When the unfortunate at last escapes, it is under a shower of those imprecations which the *calo* supplies, and the gipsies delight to lavish.

The Andalusian *maja*, whose fame is so often sung in the popular sonnets and ballads, is often, by profession, a *cigarrera*. Sometimes also—sacrificing romance to truth—she is only a vendor of fried fish, or a *castañera* who roasts chestnuts at the door of an inn. It often happens, however, that, like the children of Auvergne in France, the *maja* is a person of no occupation, a type which, thanks to the inroads of railways, will gradually become extinct. It is only on the days of grand fêtes that the *majas* present themselves to the public gaze. On those occasions they are *mugeres de chispa*, the *jembras de rumbo y de trueno*, expressions which defy translation, but which in Spanish render with marvellous force the passion these women have for pleasure and riot. The *maja* delights in bull-

fighting, and is supremely happy when she can repair to a *corrida* in an open *calesa*; but her joy knows no bounds should she encounter some of her less fortunate friends on foot. The *corrida* has hardly commenced before she boldly criticises the thrusts, loudly hissing or applauding the *espadas*, *banderilleros*, and *picadores*, and never quitting her place until the last bull has been slain. She frequently leaves with a *torero*; for the *maja* shows a marked predilection for *la gente de cuerno*, as the *toreros* are jokingly styled by the lower orders, since their days and their labour are spent amongst horned beasts. From the *plaza* they repair to the *botilleria*, where the triumphs and failures of the *corrida* are freely discussed. The evening is ended by a *joleo* or a *zapateado* in one of those popular réunions called *bailes de candil*.

The *maja* sometimes frequents the theatre; still she manifests but little interest in the mock drama, preferring the *corrida*, where tragedy is played *de veras*—"in earnest." At times she will interrupt the play with peals of laughter, at the most amusing parts. The players seem to her all excellent, provided they are powerful of limb and loud of voice. The best pieces are those wherein bold brigands figure, guns are fired, and poniards glance in the air. The *majas* who adhere to the old Andalusian customs speak the native *patois* in all its purity. There are a great many expressions common in Andalusia, which cannot bear a literal translation: for example, *sal*—salt—signifies grace; and it is one of the prettiest compliments that can be paid to a woman to call her *salero*—salt-cellar—or to say to her that she is salted, *salada*. The *canela* (cinnamon) is a word also applied to a handsome woman, but *la sal de la canela*, or *la flor de la canela*, serves to express the highest degree of perfection. Many words of the same kind which are not to be found in dictionaries are constantly employed by the common people, *majos*, *majas*, *toreros*, *caleseros*, and others.

The accent of the Andalusians is extremely marked: it is thus as easy to distinguish them by their speech, as it is for us to distinguish the Provincials or the Gascons. We may add that the Andalusians are in the habit of speaking with great volubility; they, as it is vulgarly said, eat half their words. Thus strangers, even those who are perfectly familiar with Castilian, find it difficult to understand them, and the inhabitants of other Spanish provinces do not understand them perfectly. Be that as it may, their quick, impulsive language, so full of imagery, is always charming when it flows from the lips of a native beauty. It is like an image of the bright sun and blue sky of Andalusia.

La Feria de Torrijos is one of those fêtes or *romerías*—pilgrimages—for which the environs of Seville are so celebrated. It takes its name from a small village near the town, in which there is a hermitage containing an image of Christ, highly venerated by the people, *el Santo Cristo de Torrijos*. It is not, however, at Torrijos that one witnesses the attractions of the fête: it is when the procession is returning through the *calle de Castilla*, the principal street of the suburb of Triana. About an hour before sunset the inhabitants of the town throng both sides of this roadway, some on forms, some on chairs, while the balconies above are filled with women in elegant attire, who, as they fan themselves, are awaiting the passing of the cortége. One of our Sevillian friends kindly provided a balcony for our use, enabling us to command every detail of this curious picture of popular customs.

A number of *majos*, mounted on Andalusian horses, headed the procession, their *majas* seated on the croup resting against them with their right arms round the waist. The *majos* were dressed in the well-known Andalusian costume; as to the *majas*, we have

never seen anything so grotesque as the fashionable Parisian attire in which they indulge on these occasions only. In one word, in order to secure their full share of admiration, they disguise themselves as *Señoras* at the fête of Torrijos. The *majas* achieve this triumph of toilet by borrowing nameless cast-off odds and ends of faded finery—canary or apple-green bonnets of marvellous device, the relics of a bygone generation. It is difficult to believe that these ladies are proud of wearing all this borrowed frippery; nevertheless, the *majas*, many of them, cannot help looking pretty, even in such trumpery apparel.

The crowd was rapidly increasing. We could hear joyous cries, and the sounds of female voices, accompanied by musical instruments; the sounds came nearer, and soon we could descry a long file of *carros* drawn by oxen, with gigantic horns and heads, half buried beneath pyramids of tufted silken bows and fringes of the gayest colours. The *carros* contained troops of young girls in gala dress, chanting couplets of *seguidillas*, or other national songs. Some were followed by their admirers strumming on the guitars, rattling the castanets, or the tambourine, with a vigour only equalled by their devotion.

A very long train of *carros* passed beneath our gaze, each containing from fifteen to twenty women, while by the roadsides were two constant streams of those on foot, who consoled themselves for the lack of more dignified locomotion by grinding guitars, joking with the people in the balconies, or raising to their lips enormous leathern bottles, which yielded up their fragrant streams of dark red wine, and yet though these libations were of the most frequent occurrence, we did not notice a single example of intoxication. At least, we were speculating on the want of potency in the wine, or the marvellous sobriety of the people, when a strange sound greeted our ears, and soon we beheld stretched, as if lifeless, on the back of a donkey, a man, at full length, gloriously drunk. He was a *gitano* being led to his home.

This unfortunate reveller, wrapped in an old manta, was bound to his ass like a sack of corn; but the fastening was badly managed, and he fell from time to time from off the back of his humble companion, when it became necessary to readjust and rebind the load, greatly to the amusement of the crowd. One young woman facetiously applied the proverb, *Debajo de una mala capa hay un buen bebedor*—"Beneath a bad cloak there is a good drinker."

The *romerías*, or pilgrimages, of the present-day, it may be fairly said, scarcely resemble religious fêtes. The dancing, wine, and jollity with which they are invariably associated, cause the relics and saints to be quite forgotten; thus another proverb cautions young men against choosing their wives at a *romería*:—

"Si fueres á buscar novia
Que no sea en romería."

Some sayings, well known in Spain, convey a very fair notion of these fetes:—

"Romería de cerca
Much vino y poca cera."

—"At the neighbouring *romería* more wine than wax is consumed."

"A las romerías y á las bodas
Van locas todas."

—"At weddings and at pilgrimages giddy-headed women are never wanting."

These Spanish fêtes, or *romerajes*, take their name from Rome, as that renowned city used to be the end of all great pilgrimages of the Peninsula.

One of the most curious fêtes to be seen in the province is the *Rocio*. The Madona

which is venerated there bears the poetic name, *Virgen del Rocio*—"Virgin of the Dew." The fête of the Rocio takes place in a little village of that name, about thirty miles from Seville, and attracts great crowds, not only from the Andalusian capital, but from Jerez, Cadiz, Huelva, and even from the frontier of Portugal. On our arrival at Rocio, the environs of the village were taken up by an assemblage of pilgrims, and by horse and cattle dealers encamped in the adjacent fields. These simple encampments were hedged around by a motley collection of *carros*, *galeras*, and other vehicles. The enclosure thus obtained was for the accommodation of the traders, or pilgrims, who cook there, and there spread their beds on the bare sods. The mode of cooking is extremely simple; it is all done in an iron pot, slung from each vehicle, and this pot is also used for feeding and watering the oxen or horses. As to their beds, each one, wrapped in his *manta*, sleeps soundly, with the ground for a mattress and his arm for a pillow.

In the morning we witnessed the defile of the procession, where the picture of the *Virgen del Rocio* is solemnly carried. This ancient painting, begrimed with the smoke of incense, is dimly seen in a recess, formed by a sort of miniature chapel, placed on a *carro* with enormous wheels and drawn by meek-looking oxen, their heads and horns laden with bows, fringes, and diverse garlands. The little temple was draped with lace, adorned with knots of ribbons and bouquets of flowers. Many lanterns accompanied the picture, while silk ribbons were hung from the corners of this ambulating chapel, and attached to the heads of the oxen. The procession was led by an Andalusian in the national costume, who held in his right hand a fife, from which he produced ear-piercing notes; his left hand was performing on a tambour slung with a cord round the neck. The music was simple, if not impressive, and recalled the tambourine and the galoubet of the provincial *romerajes*. Next came the *majos* and *majas*, decked out in the most gorgeous array of finery, singing and sounding a medley of castanets, guitars, and tambourines. Then came the car of the Madona. The open-air merchants drove a flourishing trade that day, more especially the vendors of *alfajores*, a sort of sweet cake of Arabic origin, sold by *serranas* (mountain maids) of remarkable beauty.

Before commencing our experiences in Seville, we made one or two excursions to Italica, the village which has replaced the ancient Roman town. Italica was also named, during the Roman epoch, *Divi Trajani civitas*, the town of Trajan, because it gave birth to the celebrated emperor. Italica was founded by Scipio Africanus, who gave it for its first inhabitants the veterans of the Roman legions. Later, the Emperor Adrian, who was also born at Italica, ornamented the town with splendid edifices. Italica was also the country of Theodosius. Under the Visigoth kings, the place was not less flourishing. Léovigilde rebuilt the walls about the end of the sixth century, when he laid siege to Hispalis, where his son Hermenigilde had raised the standard of revolt. When Spain became Mussulman, Italica, abandoned for Seville, rapidly sank into obscurity, and it was not long before even its Arab name, *Talikhah* or *Talkah*, was completely forgotten. There is nothing now remaining to mark the site of the ancient city which gave birth to these emperors, save portions of its amphitheatre, fragments of entablature, and broken pillars. The amphitheatre, whose dimensions are given by Florez and Montfaucon, differed in no respect from other Roman edifices of the same epoch.

The most popular religious fêtes of Seville are held during Holy Week, and may be compared to those in Rome. Apropos of these *funciones*, as they are called, we may mention the *Pasos*, a word signifying in its strictest sense a figure of our Lord during His Passion, but which is applied without distinction to the groups of life-sized wooden

images belonging to the various churches, and which are carried in procession through the streets of the town during Passion Week. Formerly the most renowned sculptors did not disdain to carve these images, which they afterwards painted with their own hands. The *pasos* are still made of wood and painted by a class of artists whose occupation consists in colouring and repairing the images in the churches. All the churches in Seville have their *pasos*; one of the most curious is known as *Jesus Nazareno del Gran Poder*, that is to say, "Jesus Nazareen, of great power." It belongs to the church of San Lorenzo and is considered one of the best works of the sculptor Montañes. This figure of Christ is clothed in a long black velvet robe elaborately embroidered with silver and gold, and carries a cross which is inlaid with ivory and mother of pearl. On each side of the image stands an angel with outstretched wings and bearing a lamp,

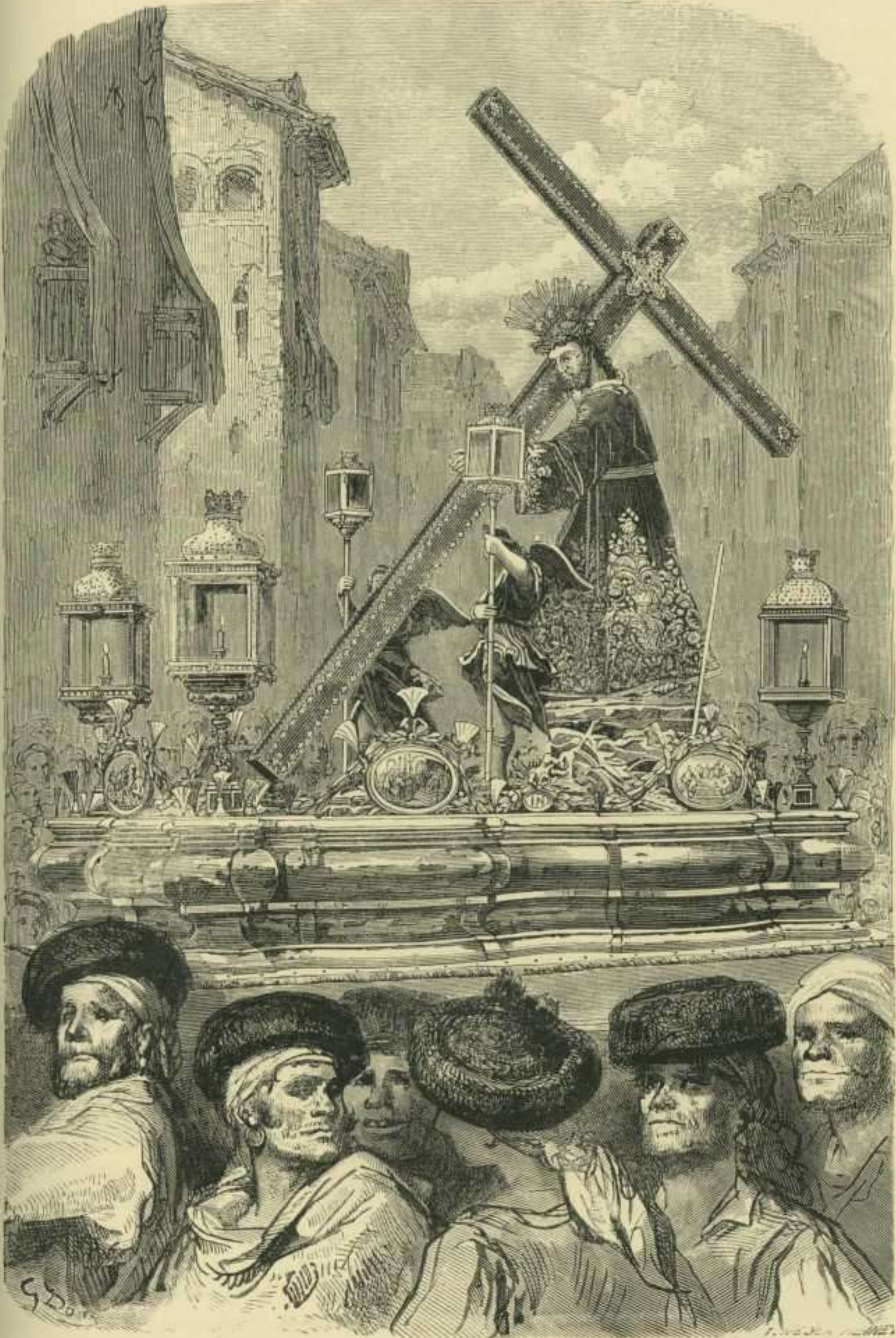


RUINS OF ITALICA, NEAR SEVILLE.

while four large lamps are placed at the corners of the platform of the *paso*. On one occasion we saw this gorgeous image carried in procession past our window. The bearers were hidden by ample drapery, which gave the appearance of voluntary motion to the strange device. We descended, and not without trouble made our way into the heart of the compact crowd, and were carried onward to the cathedral. The fêtes commence on Palm Sunday, when the benediction of the palms is celebrated beneath the majestic naves of the cathedral. An enormous quantity of palm branches are consumed in Spain, and, according to ancient custom, the canon of Seville Cathedral sends an annual supply to the canons of Toledo, who, in return for this generosity, forward a quantity of the wax used to make the *Cirio Pascual*. This famous paschal taper, standing thirty feet high, may be compared to the mast of a ship, or a huge marble column, and it never weighs less than

about two thousand two hundred pounds. This candle is kept burning during Holy Week, when a choir-boy is constantly employed in gathering the wax that swelters down its sides. The afternoon of Palm Sunday is devoted to the procession of the *pasos*. A Sevillian friend offered us a balcony at the angle of the *Calle de Genova* and the *Plaza de la Constitucion*: this we gladly accepted, as it was in one of the best positions for witnessing the public ceremony.

The leading *paso*, the *Conversion del Buen Ladron*—the conversion of the good thief—was made up of a group representing Christ between the two thieves, accompanied by angels bearing the instruments of the Passion, and the inevitable lanterns which figure at these fêtes. At the head of the cortége marched a troop of soldiers headed by a mounted officer in full dress, then followed the standard of the *confradia*, borne by a member of the brotherhood; on one side it carried the arms of Spain, and on the other the Pontifical arms with this inscription: "*Archiconfradia pontificia*." This banner was followed by a body of *los Nazarenos*—the Nazarenes—persons who take an important part in these religious processions. The Nazarenes are adorned with a huge taper-hood, at least half a yard high, resembling a candle extinguisher, or horn; this is supplemented by a long veil hiding the face and neck, and furnished with two eye-holes. A tunic held in at the waist by a broad band falls to the ground, spreading out in a long train. This tunic, allowed to sweep with its full length the floor of the cathedral, is carefully tucked up in the streets, so as to display the wearer's well-turned limbs, clothed in tight stockings and the dainty slippers, with silver buckles, which cover the feet. In the centre of the procession came the *hermanos mayores*, a sort of grand master of the brotherhood, rich in the ornaments and emblems of his order. The *muñidores*, or masters of ceremonies, followed, bearing long silver trumpets, like those of the heralds of old, garnished with rich silk hangings, a reckless waste of embroideries, fringes, and tassels. Then came porters bearing basket-loads of wax tapers, and a *paso*, representing the entrance of Christ into Jerusalem. The figures of our Saviour mounted on an ass and followed by the disciples, life-size, are clothed in vestments of silk and velvet. As we have already said, these groups of images are mounted on platforms and carried by men concealed by simple draperies. The bearers being thus deprived of seeing their way are led by members of the brotherhood, who have established a code of telegraphy by knocking on the platform when they are wanted either to stop, or to proceed. During Monday and Tuesday in Holy Week there is no outdoor ceremony. On Wednesday we dropped in at the cathedral, where they were chanting the Passion. When they came to the words, "*et velum templi scissum est*"—"and the veil of the temple was rent"—we heard the sound of a veil being torn; then, by the same mechanism as that used in theatres, they imitated thunder and lightning at the moment when Christ expired. After this performance the *pasos* are again paraded through the town, one representing our Saviour with a cord round his neck being dragged along by a band of Jews, bearing in their hands a number of very curious weapons. Besides this, a variety of other scenes from the Passion were carried about until darkness set in, when we again repaired to the cathedral to hear the *Miserere*, the rendering of which had been so much vaunted by the Sevillians. The crowd was so great that we found difficulty in finding seats beneath the nave. The *Miserere*, which lasted over an hour, was sung with great power and pathos, while the instrumental accompaniment was quite equal to the vocal rendering of the composition. The music, indeed, of the cathedral enjoys a well-merited reputation all over Spain. The ceremonials of Maundy-Thursdays are of a still more pompous and imposing character; in the morning, the Cardinal-



A PASO AT SEVILLE.

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Archbishop of Seville consecrates the holy oils, when the marvellous richness of the sacerdotal vestments of the numerous clergy renders the scene in the cathedral extremely brilliant and attractive. It is also on this day that the *monumento* is lit up. This *monumento*—Holy Sacrament of the Santísimo—executed by an Italian artist towards the close of the sixteenth century, is a sort of vast wooden temple, which takes to pieces, but requires a long time (about three weeks) and great labour to put together. It is in the *trascoro*, that is behind the choir, on the site of the tomb of Christopher Columbus, that the monument is erected. When lighted up the effect is truly marvellous, the tapers numbering nearly eight hundred.

Good Friday is the day on which the *pasos* are displayed in great number, and when the most interesting is that called *Santo Entierro*. The figures of this group, unlike the others, are living. One man, scythe in hand, seated on the World, represents Death. A number of children are dressed as angels. One, Saint Michael, in warrior costume; another, *el Santo Angel de Guarda*, conducting *man* by the hand: *man* is a baby of about three years, who shivers in his swaddling bands as he gazes with dismay on the crowd of allegorical personages around him. Two other babes are the angels Gabriel and Raphael. Christ, in a glass case, surrounded by Roman soldiers, is followed by the Virgin, Saint John, Joseph of Arimathea, Nicodemus, and other personages. This great show reminded us of *tableaux vivants*, and the simple mysteries of the Middle Ages.

Easter Eve was not without its own peculiar allegorical procession, meant to symbolise the founding of the Church.

The processions of Seville, with their masked and hooded penitents, remind one of a band of victims of the ancient Inquisition being led to their doom.

Nevertheless, there are stranger spectacles to be encountered in the streets of Seville, scenes of the serio-comic order. We have beheld more than once a wretched coffin laid upon a cart drawn by a miserable horse, made to trot at full speed, and followed by a troop of indigents making all haste to be rid of a troublesome task. It was a pauper's funeral.

Easter Sunday was taken up with a great variety of amusements, amongst which the *corrida* was perhaps the most popular, at which we saw a young *espada* slay two bulls with her pretty hand; then followed courses *à la Portugaise*, less bloody, although not less interesting than the ordinary courses; and the carnage ended by a brave *torero*, mounted on high stilts, killing several bulls.

Seville has two theatres—*Teatro principal* and that of *San Fernando*—where comedies, dramas, tragedies, and operas are indiscriminately played without offence to the national taste, and to which the people repair to terminate the fêtes of Easter Sunday.

The first time we visited the *Teatro principal* there was a crowded house, but the ladies were in majority, mantillas and flowers forming a great variety of simple yet attractive head-dresses. There was a constant buzzing caused by the noise of whispering, mingled with the motion of fans. Close to where we sat were two young Sevillians with luxuriant black tresses decked with a white dahlia placed behind the ear. Behind them sat their mother, who might possibly have been once as charming as her daughters, but now, alas! with her dark mantilla shading her wrinkled face, she looked like some old duenna in a comedy.

At last the curtain rose upon a *zarzuela*, entitled *Buenas noches, señor don Simon*, a translation of our comic opera, *Bon Soir, Monsieur Pantalon*, slightly modified, and set to new music. The same may be said of many other Spanish pieces. They are simply adaptations. If, therefore, Rotrou, Calprenède, Montfleury, Pierre and Thomas Corneille, Molière, and

others, have borrowed from Spanish authors, one perceives that at the present day our neighbours are returning the compliment. Immediately after the *zarzuela*, followed *El Paco y Paca*—"Francis and Frances"—no other than *Le Caporal et la Payse*. So far nothing national, nothing original. Fortunately, however, we were agreeably surprised when the curtain rose on the *sainete*.

The pieces comprehended under the name *sainete* are peculiar to the Peninsula. The word now used in theatrical parlance signified originally a delicious morsel, agreeable to the palate, or a sauce only used to give the most dainty savour to meats: it was then applied to short pieces, burlesquing popular vices and follies, or presenting amusing pictures of native customs and usages.

The *sainetes*, presenting only two or three scenes, and never exceeding a single act, are sometimes written in prose; they are, however, more commonly interspersed with couplets and choruses. In Catalonia and Majorca, where ancient customs prevail, they are still called *entremeses*, or *tonadillas*, as in the time of Cervantes.

Since the word has now passed into our language, it may be observed that its true orthography is nearly always altered. Sometimes we have seen it written *saynete*, *sainette*, *saynette*, and even *saignette*, and in France is ordinarily used in the feminine, while the Spaniards, who pronounce it *sainéte*, only employ it in the masculine.

The *sainete* before us is called *El valor de una Gitana*. The personages, all gipsies, are four in number—Pepiya, a young attractive gipsy; *Gavirro*, her father; *Perico*, the betrothed; and *Asaura*, a rejected admirer. The scene represents a grove with Pepiya seated on the ground, placing some flowers in her jet black hair. She takes a mirror from her pocket, and while gazing on her own loveliness, sings a couplet to its praise. Gavirro, an old, tawny, dry and stooping gipsy, the accomplished type of a mule shearer, seeing his daughter so prettily decked, suspects that she has lost her heart, but she won't own it. "Take care," said he; "Love is a—" here the old man characterises love in such strong terms that we won't venture to put them in print. "Do not," he continued, "expose thyself to be covered with shame like thy mother, and remember that the poor woman perished by the hands of the executioners." This joke was a great success, calling forth rounds of applause from a certain portion of the house. The aged parent no sooner retires than we hear a song from the side scenes. The voice approaches, and its owner, Perico, appears. "*Ole salero!*" he cries, as soon as he perceives Pepiya; "thy beauty has killed me, but if I only behold the curve of thy dainty foot I shall return to life."

"Dost thou really love me as much as thou sayest, Perico?"

"Love thee! I would pluck out an eye to see thee queen of Castille! Fight for thee as a she-bear fights to defend her young. Wilt thou be queen? Say one word and I will rout all nations, from the Russians to the French! Should you desire scarfs and silk mantillas, open thy pretty lips: I need nothing more to bring thee fifteen frigates, laden with them to the water's edge. When I behold thy pretty mouth, it is like a gleam of heaven, and I tremble even to the tips of my *pattes!*"

"I begin to think, Perico, that thou lovest me a little."

"I love you as my own donkey, aye, and more!"

Perico retires, and is replaced by Asaura, his rival, who bursts into tears, and not without reason, as one of the heaviest calamities that can visit one of his race has befallen him: his donkey has been stolen. "Child of my heart, what has become of thee? Donkey of a noble stock, as fair as an Englishman, stronger than the horn of Saint James!



PENITENTS ACCOMPANYING A PASO.

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May thy thief be changed to a lizard, and may a scorpion devour him by little and little."

Asaura ends by seeking consolation from his beloved Pepiya, whom he approaches to kiss. This familiarity is resented by a vigorous blow on the ear, followed by "Mosito! I am too beautiful for thee. Dost thou know, only the other day, my garter having fallen, a wreath of roses, as if by magic, took its place. It is not for thee that I deck myself. No! it is for Perico."

"Perico! I vow to tear out his heart with the blade of my *navaja*."

"Well, I will replace him, thou mayst say thy last prayer." Rolling her manta around her arm, she draws her *navaja*. Perico enters.

"Between us," says the lover to his rival, "I will make an *arroba* (twenty-five pounds) of pudding with thy liver."

"Let him live, Perico," says the tender-hearted girl, "do not stain thyself with the blood of this hideous ape."

"Pepiya, beloved, leave us alone; permit me to divide this ostrich in twain."

"Come," cried Asaura, "she is gone; make thy confession, for thou art about to dance *zapateado*."

"Draw the iron, sparrow; thou shalt receive more thrusts than there are saints in the calendar."

"Do not jump so. Defend thyself."

"To-day the world ends for one of us."

The rivals apostrophise each other thus for some time in the style of Homer's heroes. No sooner has the combat commenced than Perico says aside, "It would be unhealthy to receive a thrust of the *navaja*; it will be more comfortable to throw myself down, as if dead." "Asaura," cried he, "thou hast cut me in half: I die!" Pepiya enters, and seeing her lover stretched on the ground, she picks up his *navaja* and charges Asaura, who also falls as if mortally wounded.

"My Perico, my Perequiyo, thou art avenged!" she cries, on seeing the unfortunate swain falling at her feet. Then, throwing down the *navaja*, she kneels to bid her lover a last farewell, and falls fainting between the rivals. Gavirro arrives at that instant, driving a donkey before him, at once recognised as the stolen donkey of Asaura. On seeing three bodies on the ground the old gipsy cries out, but soon subdues his excess of emotion, and hastens to rifle the pockets of the dead combatants. This good Samaritan utters a fearful oath on finding the pockets empty, and as he bids adieu to his lifeless daughter, promises himself consolation with the donkey he had just stolen. Suddenly the animal, recognising his master, brays loudly, whereupon Asaura rises as he hears the musical voice of his beloved but lost helpmate. Perico and Pepiya, resuscitated in turn, join hands and receive the old man's blessing.

These popular scenes lose force in being recounted in a different language. The actors are so natural that one would almost think them real gipsies. Their acting, full of ardour, recalled Pasquale Altavilla, the author and Neapolitan actor, and Antonio Petito, the celebrated *Pulcinella* of the little theatre of *San Carlino*, two renowned popular artists.

It will be seen in the *sainete* we have just glanced over that the gipsies are rather badly treated; sometimes, however, it falls to the lot of the Andalucians, with their boasting quackery and exaggerations, to be made the subjects of the farce. *Paco Mandria y Sacabuches*, which we witnessed some days later, affords a good illustration of the national

egotism of the Andalucians. Paco Mandria, as he himself is careful to inform us, is a mixture of courage and tenderness:

“Yo he nacio pa queré
Y á luego pa peleá!”

—“I am born to love and then to fight.”

Naturally Sacabuches is his rival, and he engages him in a contest of lying and boasting.

“*Soy un mozo muy cruo!*”—“I am a brave boy!” cries the first. In Andalucian, a *gars cru* is one full of energy and pluck; while *mozo cocido*, is a simple poltroon—a drenched fowl.

“Be silent, by simply sneezing I can send a score of men to hospital.”

“Refuse of the gipsies, depart hence, or with a single blow I will knock thy teeth out.”

“*Mozo cocido!* When my wrath is kindled the gods tremble, and a thrust of my little finger will upset a cathedral.”

“*Mentiroso Fanfarron!* If I but undo my *taja*—knife—I will adorn thee with more scars than there are grey hairs on the head of thy grandmother.”

“*Chiquiyo*—boy—dost thou not know how all France and Spain have resounded with the fame of my deeds?”

“And I, have I not struck down thirty-two *carabineros* with a single blow?”

“Hold, idiot. Thou wilt see that I am a tiger, lion, and serpent, all in one!”

“Face of a heretic! Tell thy beads, for I am about to tear out thy heart.”

This interesting dialogue is continued until drawing their *navajas* the rivals seem about to close in mortal combat, when suddenly changing their minds they retire tranquilly from the scene.

In another *sainete*, in which the boastful natives play a prominent part, the hero is a *majo*, who, standing with his bare *navaja* in his right hand and his jacket rolled round his arm, is amusing himself by challenging the men who are coming from a bull-fight. “*Aquí hay un mozo para otro mozo!*”—“Here is a lad who waits for another.” A big, brawny fellow advances, and one expects he is about to accept the challenge. He however is not so foolish; he calmly takes hold of the arm of the *majo*, and calls out, “*Aquí hay dos mozos,*” etc.—“Here are two boys awaiting two others.” A third appears, and they are joined by others, until they form a band of doughty *majos* without finding a single adversary.

The Andalucians own to their faults and follies good-naturedly, as we may gather from the farces we have passed in review. At the same time a number of their *sainetes* are devoted to ridiculing the follies of strangers. Spain is certainly not an inhospitable country; nevertheless, there is a sort of vague spirit of distrust in the people which is perhaps the outcome of their naturally independent spirit. The strangers are, as might be expected, the French and English; the former are frequently designated *Franchutes* or *Gavachos*. In the *Sainete Geroma la Castañera*, the hero is a Frenchman, who is in love with a young chestnut vendor. Our compatriot throughout the play speaks the language *bon nègre*, using the infinitive, as in the *sabir mamamouchis* of Molière. Geroma and her *majo*, named *Manolo*, abuse the *Franchute* to their hearts' content, calling him *canario*—canary—*perro*—dog—etc., to the great delight of the audience. All foreign languages are a *flin-flan*, that is a jargon, to the lower orders among the people. “When will God,” said

one of them, "permit these demons of *Gabachos* to speak like Christians?" It often happens that in *sainetes* of this sort, couplets are introduced, where the national vanity is flattered to the detriment of foreigners—for example :

"Cuentan en París que somos
Atrosados zascandiles,
Porque escasos de carriles
Miran er país aun ;
Mas entiendan los muy perros
Que pá andar por esta tierra
Basta el fuego que se encierra
En el pecho é un Andalú !

"In Paris they say we are presumptuous—that we are behind the times—because as yet we have only a few railroads. But let them understand, the triple dogs, that for traversing the earth, the fire in the heart of an Andalusian suffices."

We may also cite another verse which is probably intended to reply to the famous sentence of Alexandre Dumas, "Africa begins on the other side of the Pyrenees :"

"Desde allende el Pirineo
Los *estranjis* muy ufanos
Nos apondan de Africanos
Porque vamos al toril ;
Y si alguna vez ocupan
El tendido de la plaza,
Con un palmo de bocaza
Van graznando : oh, que plaisir !"

"On the other side of the Pyrenees, the strangers, inflated with pride, call us Africans, because we fight with bulls; but if they by chance sit on the steps of the circus, they open wide their mouths and begin to bray, Oh, what pleasure!"

For some time past, however, foreigners have been better treated on the stage. Even the press has turned in our favour, and these are the words of a journalist who protested against one of the *sainetes* to which we have alluded. "We have very little to say on the subject of *Geroma Castañera*; this well-known *sainete* has for its attraction savage phillipics against strangers. If such pieces have found theatres for their representation, that is no reason why certain persons should expose the bad taste of the nation by taking part in them. It is not flattering to us to see Spaniards represented like *Cafres*, following up with the *navaja* all who don't speak the *caló*. If we continue to rejoice in these repugnant and false pictures of manners, what right have we to find fault with foreign writers when it pleases them to treat us unfairly in their writings?"

Quitting the theatre for the street, we there find some curious types: to begin with the *barateros*, whom we have already had occasion to notice at Malaga.

The *barateros* of Seville are, next to those of Malaga, the most dangerous in Andalusia, carrying on their hideous craft in an out-of-the-way suburb in the same manner as the *Macarena*. Here too, armed with his *navaja*, he exacts tribute from the unfortunate vagrant players, who fain would shelter themselves from his gaze beneath some high wall or under the friendly shade of a group of trees. But let us turn to a more cheerful type of character—the *barbero*.

Beaumarchais could not have chosen a happier scene for his immortal *Barbier* than Seville. The original of his Figaro, there can be no doubt, existed in his time in the capital of Andalusia, and it is probable that one may still find him even at the present day, without much searching. These handicraftsmen of Seville are very numerous, and their

shops may be readily distinguished by the light green or blue paint on the doorway, generally striped with yellow; another characteristic sign is a little green Venetian blind, at the most two or three feet high, commonly fixed before the *barberia*; then there is the invariable barber's dial of tin or brass, swinging above the doorway, and reminding one of the famous helmet of Mambrin, illustrated by Cervantes, one of those wigged heads which we no longer see in our little country towns; glass jars spotted with flies are what we generally behold in the window of a *barberia*. We may also add bottles containing leeches from Estremadura, for the Spanish barber almost monopolises that trade.

Those who prefer to be bled by leeches may thus address themselves to the barber; for he is a sort of surgeon, who not unfrequently styles himself *Profesor aprobado de cirugia*—"diplomated professor of surgery." Yet his functions by no means end there: he is also an accoucheur and a dentist. The shop of the barber is nevertheless an apartment most simple, containing six or eight chairs, a table and couch, while the walls are garnished with some white professional plates, with blue ornaments from Valencia or Triana, and with one or two chromo-lithographs, scenes from the *Judio Errante*, by Eugène Sue, or else with a series of pictures of *Corridas de Toros*, bearing the legend in French and Spanish *Dibujadas por Gustavo Doré*. We must not omit to notice the guitar suspended on the wall, for the barber of Seville is almost always a distinguished *guitarrero*, who wears simply an ordinary coat, waistcoat and trousers, instead of Figaro's brilliant costume.

The barber of Seville, like the men of his profession in all classes, is well posted up in the tittle-tattle of his quarter of the town, and if gifted with a flow of language he becomes a popular favourite, and is apt to neglect family interests in the pursuit of fame. It is a popular saying, "Never marry a barber who goes to bed supperless and rises without silver." The *barberillos*, or small suburban barbers, carry on their craft in the open air, and are much more picturesque, as they still retain the Andalusian costume. Like the *barbieri* of Rome, their patrons sit beneath the blue sky. Their furniture is made up of a simple straw chair, on which the *aguadores*, or *mozos de cordel* are posed for shaving. As for their tools, they are equally inexpensive, a tin *vacía*, an *escalfador* filled at a neighbouring fountain placed on an earthen furnace, a piece of soap, and a selection of nuts of different sizes. It is at first difficult to make out the use of the nuts. When a customer places his chin in the hands of the professor, one of the nuts is selected and inserted in his mouth so that the client, by shifting it from one hollow cheek to the other, smooths out the wrinkles and allows the barber to operate successfully on a plain surface of skin. This is an amusing custom, and let no one imagine that we are colouring our truthful narrative by exaggeration. It is an important fact which may prove of service to the baritones, who play the part of Figaro in the opera, and who are thus at liberty to improve the scene of the lathering of the cheeks of Bartolo.

The *barrio* of *Triana*, which stands on the right bank of the Guadalquivir, is an important part of the town, and is reached by an iron bridge, which has replaced the old *puente de barcas*. This suburb, formerly called Triana, owes its name to a Roman emperor. Triana, to Seville almost what Trastevere is to Rome, has been celebrated by the author of *Don Quixote* in his novel, *Rinconete y Cortadillo*. At the present day, its inhabitants are made up of contrabandists, gipsies, *rateros*, *barateros*, and *majos*. It is a miserable quarter, in whose principal street there is little worthy of notice, unless it be the church of Santa Ana, built in the days of Alonzo *el Sabio*, and which boasts, with the exception of the cathedral, the finest collection of pictures in all the Sevillian churches.



GIPSIES MOURNING (SUBURB OF THIANA).

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Santa Ana contains a curious tomb in painted faïence, dated 1503, and bearing the signature Niculoso Francisco, the artist whose works are to be seen in the chapel of the Catholic sovereigns at Alcazar. The potteries of Triana were famed during the Roman epoch, and it is said that the two patronesses of Seville, *Santa Justina* and *Santa Rufina*, virgins and martyrs, who died at the close of the third century, were the daughters of a potter of Triana. According to popular legend, they saved the Giralda from being overthrown by a storm in 1504.

The potteries of Triana nowadays are the mere ghost of what they were during the time of the Arabs, when the beautiful *azulejos* were manufactured, some of which may still be seen encrusted on the walls of the churches of Seville. During the sixteenth century this suburb contained nearly fifty factories, where the most beautiful delfware was made, of which we noticed some fine samples in the *Casa de Pilatos*, and on the front of the church of Santa Paula.

The gipsies of Triana form a population by themselves; their condition for the most part is very miserable, as they only carry on mean crafts, doing for instance a doubtful trade in the brokerage of horses; others are mule shearers, and some *toreros*. Unlike those of Murcia, they rarely work or traffic in iron. As to the women, they are cigar makers, dancers, fortune tellers; but they also toil at fairs, and at the corners of the streets, making black puddings and fritters fried in oil, selling cheap merchandise, such as haberdashery and common stuffs: these they carry from house to house in search of customers, taking rags and bones in exchange for them. It requires great skill to effect a happy exchange, or even to obtain an introduction to a likely customer; some of them wander patiently from door to door, and are harshly treated unless their native blandishments secure for them a hearing.

The gipsies are not only held up to scorn in the *sainetes*, but they meet with no better treatment in the popular songs, sold at the corners of the streets: one of these, the *Pasillo divertido entre Mazapan y Chicharon*—"The amusing dialogue between Mazapan (a sort of pastry) and Chicharon (huge grasshopper)"—on the occasion of a gipsy funeral. It must be owned that when one of their number dies, they have strange customs to observe. The corpse is exposed on a straw mattress on the floor between two lighted candles; the women prostrate themselves, faces downwards, weeping and moaning, and tearing their dark tresses; as to the men, they many of them are careful to drown their grief in the wine cup, drinking to the memory of the defunct. They have the reputation among the Spaniards of being lovers of wine, and there is a popular song which relates that a thirsty gitano, when breathing his last request, said, "Let me be buried beneath a vine, that I may suck the wine from its roots." They also get the credit of being very cunning and adroit thieves. A well-known Andalusian story serves to illustrate this characteristic of the race. A gipsy, when confessing his manifold sins, said to a *padre cura*, "My father, I am guilty of stealing a cord."

"*Valgame Dios!* How did you not resist the sin? Thou knowest that theft is a great crime; fortunately, however, it might have been more serious."

"But, my father, I must tell you that at the end of the cord there was the harness."

"Ah! is that all?"

"After the harness was the pack-saddle."

"What! the saddle also?"

"Yes, my father, the saddle also; and under the saddle was a mule."

"*Esa es mas negra!* This is very black!" said the confessor.

"No, my father," replied the gipsy, who thought he alluded to the colour of the mule, "it was not nearly so black as the other mules that followed."

Another story relates how a gipsy, when passing his sins in review before a confessor, pilfered a silver snuff-box from the wide sleeve of the father. He then added, "I accuse myself of stealing a silver snuff-box."

"Well, my son, it must be returned."

"My father, if you would like to have it?"

"I! What would you have me do with it?" replied the priest.

"Well," said the gipsy, "I have already offered it to its owner, and he refused it."

"That alters the case. You may then keep it: it is yours."

One of the streets of Seville, the *calle de la Cava* or simply *la Cava*, is almost entirely occupied by gipsies. In treating of the suburbs of Granada, we have noticed one or two words in *caló*, or the gipsy tongue. The *caló* of Seville differs in no important particulars from that of Granada; nevertheless, it is a language quite distinct from the Spanish: the only analogy it presents is in the termination of the verbs, the greater number of which end with *ar*. The construction of the phrases is generally the same as in Spanish, but the words, with a few rare exceptions, bear no resemblance to those of any European tongue.

The *caló* is not without its legends, and its popular poetry, some written, some passed down orally from generation to generation. We have read, in *caló* verse, a most tragic account of the plague which devastated Seville, in the summer of 1800. Wailing and lamentation were almost the only sounds to be heard in the streets, save the heavy rolling of the cars which bore the dead to the overstocked graveyards. It is truly a fearful picture whose deepest shadows were found in Triana, the quarter of the gipsies.

The *caló* has its dictionaries from which we have jotted down the following words:

ENGLISH.	CALÓ.	ENGLISH.	CALÓ.	ENGLISH.	CALÓ.
One,	Yesque.	Eight,	Ostor.	Sixty,	Joventa.
Two,	Duis.	Nine,	Nével.	Seventy,	Esterdi.
Three,	Trin.	Ten,	Esden.	Eighty,	Ostordé.
Four,	Ostar.	Twenty,	Vin.	Ninety,	Esnete.
Five,	Pancho.	Thirty,	Trianda.	One hundred,	Greste.
Six,	Jobe.	Forty,	Ostardi.	One thousand,	Jazare.
Seven,	Ester.	Fifty,	Panchardi.	One million,	Tarquino.
ENGLISH.	CALÓ.	ENGLISH.	CALÓ.	ENGLISH.	CALÓ.
Monday,	Limitren.	January,	Inerin.	July,	Ñuntivé.
Tuesday,	Guerqueró.	February,	Ibrain.	August,	Querosto.
Wednesday,	Siscundo.	March,	Quirdara.	September,	Jentivar.
Thursday,	Cascañó.	April,	{ Alpandi, or	October,	Octarva.
Friday,	Ajoró.		{ Quiglé.	November,	Ñundicoy.
Saturday,	Conché.	May,	Quindalé.	December,	Quendebre.
Sunday,	Curco.	June,	Nutivé.		

The women do not confine themselves to peddling and fortune telling: there are sorceresses among them who profess to understand horoscopy, and who have their set forms of blessing and of cursing. Here we give a *caló* specimen of the latter, translated phrase for phrase:—

Panipen gresité terele tucue drupo!—"That thy life may come to an untimely end!"
Camble Ostebé sos te diqueles on as baes dor buchil, y arjulipé as julistrabas!—"God grant that you may fall into the hands of the executioner, and be dragged as an adder to death."
Sos te mereles de bacata, y sos ler galafres te jaillippeen!—"Mayest thou famish of hunger, and may dogs devour thee!" etc. etc.

There are a variety of most elaborate forms of malediction like the above, from which the old gipsy crones may select appropriate doses of cursing to suit their different customers. The young women are, some of them, skilled in singing and playing the guitar, as well as in dancing in a way peculiar to themselves, which we shall notice when passing the Spanish dances under review, as nothing is more interesting or curious than a *baile de Gitanos*.



A BOX IN THE PRINCIPAL THEATRE OF SEVILLE.



THE BOLERO.

CHAPTER XIV.

Antiquity of Spanish dances—Martial and the *puella gaditana*—The *crotalia* and the *castañuelas*—A treatise on the castanets—The tambourine—The *pavana* of Spain—The *paspie*, the *pascalle*, and the *folias*—The *zarabanda*; opinion of Padre Mariana—The *zarabanda* at the courts of Spain and of France—Ancient Arabian dances—The *fandango*—A Dancing Academy—The *boleras robadas*, and the *jaleo de Jerez*—An improvised musician—A *baile de candil* in the suburb of Triana—The *cantadores*—The *polo*—Supper in a gipsy tavern—The *calseras de Cadiz*—The *caña*—The *zapateado* at the fair of Seville—An old gipsy—The *bolero*—The national dancers and the ancient Spanish engravings—The *seguidillas*—The *seguidillas manchegas*—The *Jota Aragonesa*—Religious *coplas*—The Valencian *jota*—Dancing at a funeral—The *jota* of Navarre and Catalonia—The *danza prima*—The *Carmago*.

MANY Latin authors have celebrated the marvellous skill and grace of Spanish dancers. Martial, who was himself a Spaniard, in his epigrams, eulogises those of Cadiz who had gained a world-wide celebrity, and who were so popular in Rome. It was the delight of the beaux of the metropolis to hum the airs of the *folâtre Cadiz*—merry Cadiz—a very corrupt town, if we are to credit the poet of Bilbilis, who praises the grace of Telethusa, a dancer quite in the style of his time; further on Martial supplies two descriptive verses, which, out of respect for our readers, we must decline to translate. Pliny the Younger, in a letter to Septicius Clarus, tells us that in his time a fête was never complete without the gipsy dancers. Silius Italicus, Appian, Strabo, and many others, have lauded the terpsichorean ability of the *Gaditanes*. These dances of the ancient *Gades*, called by a German author “die Poesie der Wollust”—the poetry of voluptuousness—are perhaps

those we have seen represented on certain monuments of the Roman epoch. It has been even hinted that the famous Venus Callipyge was an exact reproduction of a *Gaditane* dancer celebrated at Rome, probably the likeness of Telethusa, the ballet-girl sung by Martial. The canon Salazar, who wrote in the seventeenth century, informs us, in his *Grandezas de Cadiz*, that the Andalusian dances were no other than those anciently celebrated. Padre Marti, the dean of Alicante, was thoroughly acquainted with all the popular dances of his time, the *delices gaditanes*, as he calls them; he also testifies to their high antiquity and affirms that they have been mellowed and refined. Many other savants have studied with great gravity the various dances in vogue at different epochs, in order to trace out their affinity, or the opposite, to those of which the ancient Romans were so passionately fond; thus it was discovered that the *crissatura* was no other than the famous *meneo*, and the *lactisma* the *zapateado*, whose name indicates that the dancer strikes the ground with her foot, or else the *taconeo*, where the heel, touching, marks the measure, and so on; for we should never have done were we to dive into the technical details on which grave theologians have not failed to grow dull.

There is, however, one important particular in which the modern Spanish dances resemble those of ancient Gades, and that is in the use of castanets. These instruments, for marking the time, have undergone but little change for a period extending over nearly two thousand years. The castanets still form an essential accessory to the dance, and their dexterous manipulation may be set down as a purely Spanish attribute. Hence one of our ballad writers caused one of his characters to address this question to an *hidalgo* whose nationality was doubtful, "You a Spaniard? Show me your castanets!" This is by no means the first time that the noisy and unharmonious instrument has been turned into ridicule. A Dutch traveller of the seventeenth century tells us that the Spaniards had a marked predilection for the castanets. "They are extremely fond of playing an instrument which they call *castañetas*, and which resembles the clappers of the beggars in our country. They have no soul for sweeter harmony." The *crotalia* of the ancients, with a slight difference, was the same as the castanets; only it was more frequently made in bronze in place of wood or ivory. It would appear that the Roman ladies during the time of Trajan used to make castanets of huge pearls to deck their ears or fingers, and delight their lords with the sound they emitted as they moved about. What would the *boleras* of Seville, Cadiz, or Malaga, say to such refinement of luxury, when they themselves think that nothing could be finer than their modest castanets, when garnished with a silken cord, into which a few silver or golden threads have been twisted to heighten the effect of the ivory or wood of the passion-flower which form these dainty instruments.

A Spanish author of the last century deplores the fertility of his compatriots who write on any and every subject, "even the castanets!" And he was right; for we ourselves have before us a huge volume printed *en la imprenta real* in 1792. Its title alone fills a page. The author of this didactic work, named *Licenciado Francisco Agustin Florencio*, roused the indignation of a certain *Juanitor Lopez Polinario*, who attacked *Licenciado* in a pamphlet entitled *Impugnacion literaria*, etc. But the author who seems to us to merit the palm is *Don Alejandro Moya*. This writer, seeing the castanets unjustly attacked, avenged them nobly in a work which bears the title *El triunfo de las castañuelas*, etc.

The licentiate Florencio, in the preface to his satirical work, begins by speaking, apropos of the castanets, of Christopher Columbus and of Galileo; then plunging at last into his subject, he regrets that no one has soiled more than four pages of paper with this particular topic. The author proceeds to point out the rules to be followed in using his

favourite instrument with the guitar. He then brings to light an entirely new castanet, formed to sound thirds, fourths, fifths, etc., and counsels the player to observe what he terms the three unities, namely, unity of action, time, and place. A good castanet player ought to follow precisely every movement of the body, arms, and legs. This he proceeds to prove, relying on the counsel of Aristotle. Lastly, persuaded as to the certainty of success of this important work, he concludes by politely requesting his readers to dance four *seguidillas boleras*. It is to be regretted that the learned author did not exercise his pen in shedding light on the history of the tambourine, the modern representative of the ancient *tympanum*, as one sees it depicted, in the hands of performers, on the well-known mosaic in the museum of Naples.

Like the *tamburello*, dear to the *Minenti* of Rome, the Spanish *pandereta* is ornamented with painting of great simplicity, representing, usually—a *maja* and a *majo* dancing, while knots of ribbons and discs of bright metal add to the general splendour of the instrument. The *pandereta* is everywhere at public fêtes, and even its roll and jingle may be heard at religious celebrations, on Christmas Eve, or the Eve of St. John. The *pandero* is, like the castanets, one of the national musical instruments of Spain. Thus the language is peculiarly rich in its store of names by which these instruments are known: for example, the word *castañuelas* has many synonyms: *castañetas*, and *palillos*; sometimes one simply says *lena*, wood. Next come the words *castañetada*, *castañeteo*, *castañetazo*, *castañeteado*, and *castañeton*, which may be each employed to express the play, or the instrument. There is still the verb *castañetear*, which expresses the action of playing, or it may be applied to one whose teeth chatter with the cold. When a man is bow-legged and his knees knock together, they say he plays the castanets! also when one wishes to describe a quick, lively person, one compares him to a castanet, *como una castañuela*.

The word *pandereta* has also its synonyms, while the sound of the instrument itself has given rise to a number of proverbs and popular sayings. It has been compared to the fool who talks a great deal and says nothing.

But we must now leave our reader to follow up for himself the study of the Spanish musical instruments, while we proceed to say a few words on the national dances during the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, and as we find them in our own time. What were the Spanish dances during the epoch of the Middle Ages? Very little indeed is known upon the subject. "It may be presumed," said the erudite Jovellanos in his *Mémoire sur les divertissements publics*, "that the popular exercises *par excellence* found refuge in Asturia at the time of the Arab invasion." It is certain that the *Juglares* and the Spanish *Trovadores* of the Middle Ages produced both ballads and dances, and among the latter one bore the name of *Rey don Alonzo el Bueno*, and was probably in vogue during the lifetime of the prince—in the twelfth century.

Then there was the *Turdion*, famed for its contortions, and the *Gibadina*, a name which almost signifies the hunchback's dance; and the *Alemanda*, without doubt of German origin. Lope de Vega complains in his comedy, "La Dorotea," of these exercises falling gradually into disuse.

The *Pavana* was a grave and noble step which spread its charms over France and Italy, where it enjoyed a long-continued popularity. "The *Pavana*," says a Spanish author, "mimics the charming attitudes of the royal peacock, who sways about as if he were on wheels." It is said to be of Italian origin, and a dance in which Catherine de Médicis excelled, and which she at the same time brought to greater perfection. The lords of the period danced the *Pavana d'Espagne*, wearing short cloaks hanging from the shoulder, and



THE FANDANGO AT THE THEATRE SAN FERNANDO, SEVILLE.

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rapiers by their sides, in order to add grace to their movements; while the ladies were arrayed in long trailing dresses, bedecked with rich embroidery and glittering with jewels.

Margaret of Navarre, queen of Henri IV., also danced the *pavana*. The slow measure of the air and extreme gravity of the step have rendered this dance useful as a means of ridiculing eccentricities. The phrase, *Son entradas de pavana*, is still used in Spain when speaking of any one who carries on some ridiculous discourse with ponderousness and gravity; *son pasos de pavana*, apropos of a person who affects a slow, dignified gait. It is evident that the French expression, *se pavaner*, has the same origin.

The *Paspié*, so well known in France during the seventeenth century under the name of *passe-pied*, was nothing more than a variety of the *pavana*. The *Pasacalle* (literally, to walk in the streets) obtained its name from its being originally danced by the young people in the streets. It was afterwards transferred to the theatres. The *Pasacalle* enjoyed for a time unbounded popularity in Spain, Italy, and France.

A dance called the *Folias*, supposed by some writers to have originated in Portugal, was nevertheless anciently known in Spain. Its movement was sometimes slow and grave, sometimes animated and rapid. It is related of Peter I., King of Portugal, that he was so passionately fond of the *Folias* as to spend entire nights dancing it with his children and the persons whom he deigned to honour with his sullen friendship. Both in France and Italy many variations were introduced into the *Folias d'Espagne*, which were produced in the theatres so thoroughly marred and mutilated that a purist of the time accounted them unworthy of the name.

During the seventeenth century a distinction was made between *Danzas* and *Bayles*, so we are informed by the learned Gonzales de Salas. The *Danzas* were designed for the slow and measured exercise of the legs, while the *Bayles* admitted freer gestures of the arms and legs, and the greater abandonment of the body. A number of the *Bayles*—light dances—are, it would seem, rather indecent, and have accordingly been named *picarescos*, from the word *picaro*—good for nothing. The most noticeable of these dances was the famous *saraband*, called by Cervantes “the infernal dance,” and the Padre Mariana, *de la Zarabanda el pestifero bayle*.

The celebrated historian, in order to justify his condemnation, says that that dance alone caused more evil than a plague. This is how he characterises it in his work *De spectaculis*: “Amongst the *bayles* which have lately appeared, there is one accompanied by singing, extremely licentious both in words and gestures . . . it is commonly called the *Zarabanda*, and in spite of several opinions which have been advanced, we are at a loss to account for its origin. Nevertheless, it is certain that this dance was invented in Spain.” It is said to have been first brought out in Seville, by an Andalusian dancer, set down by one author as a demon of a woman—*un demonio de mujer*.

A contemporary of the Padre Mariana, the author of a curious book preserved in the national library of Madrid, deploras the evident weakening of the virtue of a Christian community, who take pleasure in a spectacle so pernicious and pestilential, when one sees young children, as soon as they are able to use their legs, learning some of the steps of the *saraband*. “Hence it is,” he adds, “that this dance ought to be suppressed in the theatres and places of public resort.” With rare exceptions, and unlike the *chacóna*, the *saraband* is danced by women alone.

The majority of the Andalusian dances are accompanied by the guitar, an instrument widely spread over Spain during the sixteenth century. “Now,” says Covarrubias, “it is easily played, above all when it is necessary to execute the *raspado*; there is hardly

a stable-boy who is not a virtuoso on the guitar." The music of other instruments, such as the flute and harp, were often mingled with the guitar, and accompanied the song at the same time as the dance.

The *Zarabanda*, which was for the most part accompanied by the guitar, notwithstanding the torrents of abuse heaped upon it, and the systematic efforts made to suppress it, the objectionable dance seems to have been endowed with marvellous vitality, as it not only survived, but flourished for more than a century. It seems that dancing was much in vogue at the Spanish court. Madame d'Aulnoy describes a dance which she witnessed not wanting in originality. "They brought an Indian giantess before the queen. The ladies wished to make this colossal dance, while she held on each hand a dwarf who played the castanets and the *tambour de basque*."

The *saraband* inaugurated a number of other dances, which were favoured with success more or less fluctuating. We have already noticed the *Escarraman* and the *Chacona*. Let us also cite among the *picaresque* dances, the *las Gambetes*, *el Pollo*, *la Japona*, *el Rastrojo*, *la Gorróna*, *la Pipironda*, *el Hermano nario*, *la Gira*, *la Danza prima*, *el Bizarro*, *la Paisana*, *la Gallarda*, *la Palmadica*, *la Guaracha*, *el Zapateado*, etc. In the latter dances the movements of the feet, which were extremely rapid, form the chief attraction. The *Canario*, as its name implies, doubtless originated in the Canary Isles; Thoinot Arbeau (Jehan Tabourot) describes this dance in his curious *Orchésographie*. The *Gira*, one of the most ancient dances of Spain, implies a degree of skill which appears startling to those who are unfamiliar with such arts. The dancer enters a circle traced upon the ground, round which he has to dance quickly without passing the mark or spilling a drop of water from a glass which he carries brimful, poised upon his forehead. The dance is performed on one foot, with the other raised above the ground.

The *Danza prima* has also a respectable antiquity. It was danced by joining hands in a ring to the accompaniment of the voice, and is still preserved among the Asturians and Galicians. *El Bizarro* originated in the kingdom of Granada, and was the prototype of a dance, which afterwards obtained extraordinary success—the famous *Fandango*. The *Villano*, or villains' dance, was executed by striking the hands one against the other, and also on the soles of the feet. A rather curious dance, fashionable in Castille at the time of Cervantes, was the *Danza de Espadas*—sword dance. Covarrubias gives a description of this war-step: the dancers wear shirts and wide trousers of fine white linen, and handkerchiefs of different colours bound round their heads. Each one holds in his hand a sharp sword. After coming and going in a variety of ways, and passing through all sorts of evolutions, they perform a *mudanza*, or figure called *degollada*—beheading—when each dancer directs his sword to the neck of the leader, who at the instant when about to lose his head, ducks down and escapes. This sword dance only survives in memory, and nowadays when one speaks of a family quarrel it is called a *danza de espada*.

The Arabs and Moors of Spain had also their national dances, the *Zambras* and the *Leylas*; the *Cañas* are also said to be Moorish: these are the popular ditties which accompany the dancers.

It is astonishing to find how thoroughly these airs have been preserved and handed down from generation to generation, through times of the direst persecution, to our own day. There is hardly a sequestered spot, or mountain glen, in Andalusia, where, on a summer's evening, one may not hear the peasants or *serranos* singing these old Moorish melodies.

During our stay at Malaga we had several opportunities of seeing the *Malagueña del Torero* executed with great skill. Doré seized the opportunity to make a sketch, which gives a happy rendering of the grace and vivacity of the *boleras*. It was during the reign of Philip IV. that *danzas habladas*, mythological dances, were brought to a high degree of perfection. They were produced at court with the most costly costumes and accessories, and more than once persons of royal blood deigned to take an active part in them. Little



ANDALUCIAN DANCERS.

by little the national dances have disappeared from the theatre. At the commencement of last century the Saraband and the Chacona, as well as other dances of the same sort, were completely abandoned, and replaced by the dance steps still in vogue in Spain, the *seguidillas*, the *fandango*, and the *bolero*. The first of these differs mainly from the *bolero* in the rapidity of its time. The *bolero* is also distinguished by the lightness of its step, causing the dancer to appear almost as if he were flying. The names *bolero* and *bolera* are also given to male and female dancers in Spain.

The *fandango* is set down as one of the most fascinating of all dances. The poet Tomas de Yriarte exclaims, "Show me a people so barbarous that they do not grow animated when they hear the sound of their national dance music! The most popular Spanish air accompanies a dance whose fantastic movements are as graceful as they are enchanting. Astounding alike to the most renowned masters, to natives and to foreigners! The graceful *fandango*, the delight of joyous youth and severe old age!"

Another author esteems the same dance worthy of the temple of Venus. "The air of the *fandango*, like an electric current, strikes and animates every heart, quickening the pulse of every true Spaniard. The dancers when in full career perform the most wonderful gestures, the women, by the softness, lightness, and flexibility of their movements, disport themselves voluptuously, marking the time by touching the stage with their heels. In short, the guitars, violins, castanets, and stamping of the time, mingled with the voluptuous movements of the dancers, fill an ordinary assembly with a frenzy of joy and pleasure!" Formerly this dance was known all over Spain, but nowhere so thoroughly as in La Mancha and in the Andalucian districts. One morning we read a long programme, partly in doubtful French and partly in Spanish, of a ball to be given at the *Academia de baile*, holding out so many attractions that we determined to be present. Accordingly, at the hour named, we entered the *calle de Tarifa*, and made for the first house on our right, the dancing academy. After climbing a steep and narrow staircase, dimly lighted by a candle in an iron holder stuck into the wall, we reached the second floor, where we found the famous *salon del recreo*. This drawing-room, to which the proprietor had pompously given the name of academy, was a large apartment, whose simple furniture and decorations might have been worthy of the Middle Ages. The former was made up of four couches covered with straw matting ranged round the walls, and a number of chairs, some of which were reserved for the *boleras*, while the windows were shaded by modest calico blinds bordered with red. The whitewashed walls were hung with a number of pictures relating, all of them, to the terpsichorean art. Before the arrival of the *boleras* we had leisure to admire these very vivid lithographs, representing a variety of famous steps—pictorial masterpieces manufactured by the house of Mitjana of Malaga, for ornamenting boxes of dried grapes. This collection also comprised portraits of celebrated dancers, such as *la Perla*, *Aurora la Cujiní*, *la Nena*, and others. But the chief work was a portrait of the master of the academy, by some indigenous artist, in the garb of a *bolero* and triumphant attitude of the *Jaleo de Jerez*.

Nearly all the spectators were artisans, as few persons of the higher orders care to frequent these *báiles de palillos*. Next came strangers, English, French, and Russian, accompanied by ladies whom curiosity had driven to the saloon. The orchestra was made up of a blind man, who was led to his seat by a boy of about twelve years, carrying his violin.

Don Luis Botella, seeing that his saloon was beginning to fill, proceeded to inspect the contents of the till. The money-taker manages his part of the business on a very unequal basis, varying his price from four to twenty reaux, to suit the appearance of the visitors. Don Luis next devoted himself to receiving the visitors, and improving his light, which came from some argand lamps. Soon we heard a strange medley of noises, made up of female voices and laughter, the rustling of silk and gauze, and clink of castanets, which heralded the approach of six dancing girls, accompanied by aged women as guardians. The dancers, booted with satin, were dressed in the well-known classic costume of their race. These were followed by a new couple, who seemed to shun their compatriots, a young *bolero*,



A DANCING ACADEMY, SEVILLE.

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whose shoulders and starched petticoat were covered with tarlatan, accompanied by a very dark, stout woman, with a face red, hairy, and adorned with wens and vegetation of all sorts; doubtless it was her mother. We remarked to Doré, "Here is the most beautiful *duègne* you will ever have the opportunity of sketching," and an instant after the *bolera* and her mother were added to his album. "Make way for the dancers," cried the *maestro*



AN ANDALUCIAN BOLERA AND HER MOTHER.

del báile, in a tone of authority. The ballet corps majestically broke through the crowd, and traversing the entire length of the saloon, took up their position at the end.

The director was coming and going with great activity, arranging his audience, being careful the while to reserve the best seats for those who had paid their *duro*, or who appeared to him to be persons of distinction. A number of Russians and of Englishmen secured, by their particularly foreign appearance, marked respect; they were planted in the front row, and seemed impatient for the opening of the ball. As for the Andalucians, they stood or stowed themselves as best they could, looking with the modesty of men who had

only paid half-price or nothing at all. The first notes of the orchestra then grated upon the ear, to the tune *Boleras robadas*; two of the dancers tripped into position *vis-à-vis*, each with her right foot advanced, and resting on the left with the figure jauntily thrown back, then by a dexterous movement well known to the profession, they fixed their ivory castanets, and as if fired by an electric current they bounded with airy grace to the time of the dance, the click of the castanets and applause of the audience. "*Alza Morenita!*" said the *maestro*, addressing the youngest *bolera*, whose jet hair and amber complexion justified the name. "*Jui, Jerezana! Anda salero!*" continued the group of *aficionados*, encouraging by voice and gesture the companion of Morenita, a splendid type of a young and spirited girl from Jerez de la Frontera. The two *bailarinas*, fired by the enthusiastic applause, redoubled their speed and soon gave place to another couple, who in their turn were followed by a third. After the first dance was ended, the spectators advanced to compliment the dancers on their skill. We accompanied them into an adjoining room, where a table was spread with sweetmeats of all sorts, and which we, together with the English and Russians, offered them, and they in turn accepted without any ceremony. There is no knowing how long this feast might have lasted, had not a great uproar announced the arrival of another performer.

The *Campanera*, a tall, slender, dark girl, made her entrance with careless yet charming ease; her perfect self-possession recalled the Spanish dancer, "armed with castanets and effrontery," spoken of by Gramont in his *Mémoires*. It was just twelve years since we had first seen the *Campanera* dance; she, alas, was no longer a *débutante*, but art had replaced her fading youth. The dancer took up her position in the centre of a circle to perform the *Jaleo de Jerez*, the leading steps of which she executed with great agility, accompanied both indifferently and well by the blind *ciego*, who now and again neglected to keep time, when murmurs and cries of "*Fuera el violin! Venga la guitarra!*" were heard. The audience would have the violin no longer, but clamoured for the guitar. What was to be done? The official *guitarrero* had not yet arrived, and the poor *ciego*, discouraged by his want of success, had ceased playing, while the *Campanera* stood motionless on the floor. We at last requested the *ciego* to permit an *aficionado* to replace him for a moment, and, handing the violin to Doré, he played the *jaleo* with marvellous skill. It is well known that our great artist is a violinist of the first order; Rossini, who knew him, gave him a brevet with his own hand. The *Campanera*, electrified by Doré's fiddling, even surpassed herself, and finished the *Jaleo de Jerez* amidst a furore of applause, of which the impromptu player had his full share. Notwithstanding all this, the *bolera* did not bow her head; in the midst of her triumphs she looked tenderly upon an Englishman, a tall personage with long red whiskers—the traditional attributes of his race—and after performing a few steps before him, accompanied by most winning smiles, she cast a little embroidered handkerchief at the object of her attention, who, at a loss what to make of it, applied to us, and we explained that the Andalusian dancers select a stranger. When they have made their choice, they throw the handkerchief at him, and, in return for this high mark of favour, he is expected to hand it back with a *durillo* tied into the corner. The Englishman acquitted himself with very good grace, and the *Campanera*, after taking out the little coin, thanked him gracefully.

At last the *guitarrero* arrived, escorted by several *cantadores*. He was a handsome young Sevillian, wearing the Andalusian costume, and named Enrique Prado, although he was better known as *el Peinero*; he was endowed with a rich voice, and rendered a number of popular ditties pleasantly, after which, and to his accompaniment, the dances were continued.



GIPSY DANCING THE VITO SEVILLANO.

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At the *Academia de báile* we had seen just enough of the Andalusian dances to make us all the more anxious to prosecute our researches in other quarters of Seville, such as the suburbs of Triana and Macarena, where we would have an opportunity of attending the *báiles de candil*, or gatherings at which dancing forms the element of attraction. Our acquaintance had extended to a worthy citizen named *Coliron*, who during his hours of leisure carried on the profession of *guitarrero*, and who promised to introduce us some evening to a gipsy friend, the *tio Miñarro*, who owned a *taberna* in Triana. It was the custom of certain *majos* and *majas* to meet at this tavern, and there give themselves up to dancing. *Báiles de candil* are confined to the lower orders, and are generally held in some liquor shop, or in some dimly-lighted unpretentious house. About an hour after sunset we entered the suburb of Triana, and guided by Coliron passed through a number of dark streets, for the lighting and cleansing of this quarter of the town are equally neglected by the gipsies. At length we reached the tavern of father Miñarro, before whose door a number of Andalusians were chatting and smoking their cigarettes. Amongst them we recognised one or two of the *aficionados* whom we met at the *Academia de báile*. After passing through a room where several jolly fellows, or rather wild adventurous-looking characters, were peacefully drinking, we entered a court surrounded by white marble columns; this court, like many more in Seville, was a relic of ancient Moorish architecture. Lime-trees shaded the worn and cracked walls, while climbing plants twined in fantastic disorder around the now yellow pillars. At the corners of the court rose the broad leaves of the banana, lit up by four flickering lamps that shed a faint lustre on this strange, half-tropical vegetation. A number of rude chairs and pine benches awaited the spectators. Half-a-dozen young men with chop-cut whiskers were conversing with a number of *majas* in the centre of the court, whom we thought we had seen at the *Fábrica de Tabacos*; the conversation was unharmoniously accompanied by the tuning of guitars. The court soon filled with singers, dancers, and *guitarreros*; chords were being struck, when a murmur of approbation greeted the arrival of the *Barbero*, a famous *cantadore*. "*Sentarse! Sentarse!*" "Sit down! sit down!" cried several of the spectators; "*El Polo! el Polo! va á cantarse,*" "They are going to sing the Polo." "*El Polo! el Polo!*" shouted the spectators in chorus.

The *Barbero*, nothing loth, took his place by the side of Coliron, who, after an elaborate prelude on his guitar, awaited the song. The singer's voice, after sounding a few modulations, became gradually more powerful, until, with all the force of his lungs, he burst forth in this well-known *polo* of Seville:

"La que quiera que la quieran
Con fatiga y calía,
Busque un mozo macareno,
Y lo gueno probará!"

—"The lass who desires to be loved with passionate ardour, has only to look for a lad in the suburbs of Macarena, where the best are aye to be found."

The barber had no sooner finished this verse than it was greeted with great applause. "*Otra copla! otra copla!*"—"Another couplet!"—sounded on all sides, the *majas* signifying their intense appreciation by clapping their hands. The singer, permitting his eyes to wander over the charms of the ladies, and at last casting a smiling glance at one of the prettiest *majas*, continued:

"Ven acá, chiquiya,
Que vamos á bailar un polo
Que se junde medio Seviya!"

—"Come here, my little one, we will dance a *polo* together which will make half Seville fall."

The *maja* whom the barber called to dance was an active, plump, good-looking girl, about twenty years of age, named the *Candelaria*. Advancing lightly to the centre of the court, she there proudly awaited her partner. The barber, anxious to economise his breath, gave up his place to a tall fellow, when Coliron striking up the air of the *polo*, set the dancers tripping joyously to the time of castanets, aided by the feet and hands of the spectators, the *majos* tapping with their swordsticks which they constantly carry with them. The *Candelaria*, who had no need of these exciting tokens, now bent as if to escape her partner, now raised her dress lightly on one side, now on the other, disclosing a pretty foot and ankle in a stocking of matchless purity. The dance, though it became faster, was yet full of a grace and sprightliness that affected the spectators nearly as much as the dancers, who, fain to continue the exercise, at length gave in for want of breath. There was only one in the audience who complained of lack of spirit in the *Candelaria*, whereupon the malicious *cigarrera* made a sign to the old gipsy, enjoining him to sing a *tonada* as a punishment.

"Come, old man! The *tonada*!" cried all present. The veteran, taking a guitar, sat down, crossed his legs, coughed, and ultimately sang a song in *caló*. "*Otra! otra! tio!*" cried the *Candelaria*, making at the same time all sorts of endearing gestures to the gipsy, whose rusty organ had caused considerable amusement.

"*Viva la Macarena!*" shouted the old bohemian, and, after swallowing a *copita de aguardiente* at a single draught, he continued:

"Si argo quieres, prenda mia,
No tienes mas que jablá,
Que las mozas en amores
Siempre aciertan la jugaa.
Juy selero!
Vivan las mozas é mi tierra!"

"If there is anything you want, my treasure! you have only to speak. For in love the young maidens always win. Long live the girls of my country!"

The gipsy was here interrupted by the arrival of a party of *majas* who were late. It is customary for the Andalusian lions to pride themselves upon never appearing until the ball has commenced. A number of famous gipsy dancers kept coming in as the evening wore on. Among them was the daughter of the old bohemian vocalist, who was reported to have no rival in dancing the *zarandeo*.

When the Andalusians wish to flatter a fair dancer they say, *Tiene mucho miel en las caderas*—"She has a deal of honey in the hips."

A few moments' interval was allowed for refreshments, but this supper had nothing in common with those of our ball-rooms; slices of cod-fish fried in oil, small sardines, and bread white as snow, made up the substantial part of the feast. A number of Andalusian wines in long narrow glasses, *cañas*, were passed round freely; nevertheless, the sobriety of the Spaniard is too well known to call for any comment. The simple supper was followed by a number of songs and ballads, full of spirit and originality. These were succeeded by a dance, the *Tango Americano*, performed by a copper-coloured gipsy girl with jet eyes and frizzly hair. The *Tango* is a negro dance set to a very jerky and accented air. The favourite *polo*, doubtless of Arabian origin, was again sung, and the *caña*, whose character is essentially melancholy, a sort of dirge beginning with a prolonged half-stifled moan. The voice, after being exercised in the chromatic scale, becomes gradually more sonorous as the measure quickens. One might say that the *caña* is, so to speak, the touchstone of Andalusian singers, requiring great strength of lungs, when the success of the vocalist is tested by the duration as much as by the quality of the high notes.



GIPSIES DANCING IN A COURT OF SEVILLA.

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The *rodeña* was delightfully danced by a Macarena dandy, who had for his partner a very pretty girl of that quarter. This dance was kept up as long as the music lasted, and the two partners threw so much harmony into their steps that one of the audience extemporised the following stanza :

“Estos que están bailando
Que parejitos son!
Si yo fuese padre cura,
Les daba la bendición.”

—“The youthful pair who dance are so prettily matched! Were I a *padre cura*, they should receive my blessing.”

The rhyme, which left a good deal to be desired, did not prevent the poet being applauded. The dancing over, a jingling of friendly glasses closed the evening, and the party broke up. Turning our steps homeward, we felt thoroughly satisfied with the entertainment at the tavern of Miñarro.

We have already said that there are no fêtes in Andalusia without their appropriate dances; at all the fairs and pilgrimages open-air dancing may be seen to perfection. In Spain an open-air dance may be improvised anywhere, under any circumstances, and without any trouble. If an instrumental musician cannot be procured, they manage without one, as the human voice supplies his place. Nevertheless, there is not a village or an inn, however poor, that has not its guitar and *guitarrero*. The instrument may have lost part of its strings, but still it is there, and would be bad indeed if one of the many blind players could not get music out of it.

Having noticed some of the most popular Andalusian dances, we will now say a few words about the favourite dances of other provinces, dances equally graceful and interesting. First, there is the most famous of them all—the *Seguidillas Manchegas*. It was in the province rendered famous by the illustrious *Ingénieux Hidalgo* that these popular airs were introduced about three hundred years ago, and they were not long in becoming popular in the other provinces. Cervantes tells us that compositions of this kind were known in his time, and ridicules certain poets “who lowered themselves by composing a kind of verse called *seguidillas*.” “It was,” he adds, “the ruin of souls, transport of mirth, the agitation of the body, and lastly the ravishing of all the senses.”

The word *seguidilla* served anciently, as it does still, to designate a certain kind of popular poem and a national dance. Let us hear what Mateo Aleman says, who wrote in the sixteenth century his famous *picaresque romance*, *Vida y hechos del picaro Guzman de Alfarache*. “The edifices, machinery of war, change every day; chairs, cupboards, candlesticks, lamps, tables, also change; and indeed the same may be said of the games, dances, music, and songs, for the *seguidillas* have replaced the *saraband*, and in their turn they will make room for other dances.”

Those who have travelled in Spain cannot have failed to remark that the *seguidillas* are common to almost every province of the country. The Andalusians are passionately fond of the *seguidillas boleras*. The figures are used to ornament the fans sold for two cuartos at all popular fêtes, the canary-coloured sides of the *calesa*, and the edges of tambourines. This common medley of colours recalls to us this verse of a Spanish poet, who complains of the popular paintings of Andalusia :

“No ha de faltar zandunguera
Puesta en jarras una dama,
De las que la liga enseñan;
O un torero echando suertes,

O un gachó con su vihuela,
Y una pareja bailando
Las seguidillas boleras."

—"One is sure to see a woman in airy costume, the hands resting on her hips, one of those who do not care to conceal their garters; or a *torero* fighting with his foe, or else an Andalusian with his guitar, by the side of a couple dancing the *seguidillas boleras*."

At the fair of Albacete we had an opportunity of seeing the dance *Seguidillas Manchegas*. While the *guitarrero* was playing a minor prelude, each dancer was choosing his partner. The couples then placed themselves *vis-à-vis* at three or four paces' distance; some chords were sounded, announcing to the singers that their turn had come, and they sang some verses



THE ARAGONESE JOTA.

of the *copla*. While the dancers only waited the signal, the singers paused, and the *guitarrero* struck in with the ancient air of the *seguidilla*. At the fourth bar the *cantadores* continued the song, the clacking of the castanets was heard, and instantly all the couples commenced with agility and spirit, turning and returning, joining their partners and flying from them. At the ninth measure which marks the termination of the first part, the dancers remained perfectly motionless, permitting us to enjoy the grinding of the guitar; then with renewed energy they changed the step, and introduced the most graceful part of the dance, called *el bien parado*. One great point in this dance is made at the moment the measure changes. The dancers on hearing the last note of the guitar must remain motionless, as if suddenly

arrested and petrified in the positions they happened to be in at the instant. Thus those who remain in difficult and graceful positions are loudly applauded.

Such are the classic rules of the *Seguidillas*; but it is nevertheless difficult to say to what point this exercise transports the dancers. The thrilling melody, expressing at the same time both pleasure and melancholy, the stirring sound of the castanets, the languishing enthusiasm of the dancers, the supplicating looks and gestures of their partners, the grace and elegance which temper the passionate expression of their movements, all contribute to give to the dance an irresistible attraction which strangers cannot fail to appreciate as fully as the Spaniards do themselves.

The *Jota* is the chief dance of Aragon. Of ancient origin, it is said to be derived from the *Pasacalle* of the sixteenth century. The *Jota aragonesa* is a dance most lively and discreet, according to popular report:—

“La Jota en el Aragon
Con garbosa discrecion.”

Of purely Spanish origin, it is distinguished by a rare modesty which neither excludes grace nor ability. At fêtes and fairs one will constantly come across couples dancing the *Jota* as long as they have legs to stand on, and not unfrequently the dance forms the obligatory termination of religious ceremonies. Thus we had on Christmas Eve a *Jota* entitled the *Natividad del Señor*, sung and danced.

The first verse of this *Jota* reminds one more of a chant than a piece of dance music:

“De Jesus el Nacimiento
Se celebra por dó-quier:
Por dó-quier reina el contento,
Por dó-quier reina el placer.”

—“Of Jesus the Nativity is celebrated everywhere. Everywhere reigns contentment, everywhere reigns pleasure.”

The refrain, sung in chorus by the assembled audience, passes suddenly from the sacred to the profane:

“Viva pues la broma!
Que el dia convida;
Y endulce la vida
Del gozo la aroma!”

—“Long live merry-making, for this is a day of rejoicing, and may the perfume of pleasure sweeten our existence.”

It is above all others the grand Aragonese fête, that of Our Lady *del Pilar*, in which the *Jotas* play an important part.

These *Jota* songs, loved by the people, and scattered abroad in profusion by the press, are garnished with most attractive titles, such as “the song of the lilies,” or love poems dedicated to the fair sex. They also embrace couplets for ardent lovers who wish to breathe their passion beneath the balcony of their betrothed.

Sometimes the *Jotas* belong to the grotesque order.

“Son tus brazos tan hermosos,
Que parecen dos morcillas,
De aquellas que están colgadas
El invierno en las cocinas.”

—“Thy arms are so beautiful, that they resemble two sausages, sausages hung in the kitchen in winter.”

The *Jota valenciana* differs from that of the Aragonese so little indeed as not to call for any special description.

At Jijona, to our intense surprise, we encountered a funeral at which the bereaved were busily dancing the *Jota*. It happened, as we were passing along a deserted street, our attention was drawn to a half-open doorway, whence issued sounds of mirth and music, suggestive of at least a wedding. Judge our astonishment when we discovered it was a burial ceremony. At the far end of the room, stretched upon a table, lay the body of a girl from five to six years old, decked out as if for a fête day; her little head, ornamented with a wreath of flowers, rested on a cushion. We thought she was asleep; her face wore a smile of peaceful repose; but alas! on seeing a vase of holy water by her side, and four lighted tapers, we discovered that the poor little one was dead. Her mother sat weeping by her side; the rest of the picture contrasted strongly with the sadness of this scene. A young man and woman, wearing the holiday attire of the *labradores*, were dancing a *Jota*, accompanying themselves with their castanets, while the musicians and those invited to the wake encouraged them by clapping their hands. This rejoicing in Spain has a very pleasing and beautiful significance. Children under a certain age are supposed, immediately after death, to join the glorious company of angels around the throne of God: hence the Spaniards esteem the event one to call forth rejoicing rather than mourning. After the dance a merry peal of bells rang out and woke the echoes of the old street.

Navarre and Catalonia also have their *Jotas*, but the most popular and curious dance is that known under the name *los Gigantones y los Enanos*—the giants and dwarfs. The poet Quevedo wrote against it in his *España defendida*. This dance is still in vogue in Barcelona, and is always received with the greatest tokens of appreciation. The metropolis of Spain has no distinctive dance of its own; yet the people have appropriated and brought to a high degree of perfection some of the most characteristic steps, chiefly those in use in the southern provinces. Madrid boasts its public ball-rooms like those of Paris, but they are hardly worthy of notice; the most fashionable is that of the *Salon de Capellanes*, where only waltzes, polkas, and other foreign steps are danced. For some years the *Can-can*, a sad importation from the other side of the Pyrenees, obtained a scandalous success, heightened by immense illustrated placards which soiled the walls of the capital.

The *danza prima*, still practised in the Asturias, is, as its name implies, extremely ancient. According to an Asturian author, it dates from the time of the Gothic kings.

The Basque provinces have always been celebrated for their dances. The dances such as those we saw at Vitoria, at Azpeitia and Balmaseda, and in other quarters, are of the most perfect innocency when compared with those of Andalucia. It was therefore with astonishment that we read a book published by the Rev. Father Palacios, "*Contra báiles*,"—against the dances. This book was destined to completely exterminate the national pastime. "The dance," says the author, "is a circle whose centre is the devil; it is the domain of the devil, school of vice, the perdition of women, the grief of angels, the enchantment of hell, the corruption of manners, the loss of chastity;" and, quoting Petrarch, he says, "the danger does not exist in the pleasure of the moment, so much as in the hope of what is to come. It is the prelude to dishonesty." Father Palacios also condemns the dances held in public, and the *báiles de Saraos*, or the private reunions of persons of the upper classes. It was in vain to propose the abolition of the custom of holding by the hand, and to isolate the dancers of the two sexes by means of a hand-



A FUNERAL JOTA (PROVINCE OF ALICANTE).

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kerchief, which each person was to hold by one end ; it was in vain to propose to transform the night wake into a watchman, to see that nothing went wrong ; the severe enemy of the *danza vizcaina* replied that they would never find watchmen sufficient, nor prisons large enough to hold the culprits. The Basque dance has been taught in didactic works : D. Juan Ignacio de Iztueta has written a work entitled *Guipuscoao dantza*, wherein the ancient dances are not only described, but the music and the words are also given :

“Elle danse bien, la gaillarde,
Les menuets, les passepiez ;
Mais il faut toujours prendre garde
A ses mains, plus tost qu'à ses piedz.”



GUITARRERO AND POOR DANCING GIRL.



MIGUEL LOPEZ GORRITO, MOUNTED ON STILTS, KILLING A BULL IN THE PLAZA OF SEVILLE.

CHAPTER XV.

A bull-fight *à la Portuguesa*—Don Joaquin de los Santos; *el Caballero en Plaza*—José Bó, *el Tigre*—The *rejoncillos*—The *Pegadores*—The Indians, or Negroes—María Rosa Carmona—The Gorrito and his stilts—Repartee of a *picador* to the actor Maiquez—A *torera*: Teresa Bolsi—Olive plantations in the environs of Seville—Spanish olive oil—From Seville to Cordova; Carmona—Excursion to Ecija—Palma: the Genil—Arrival at Cordova—Antiquity of the town—Cordova during the Roman epoch—Abdul-Rahman and the Califat of the West—Entering Cordova in olden times by diligence—The *Mezquita*: the court of the orange-trees—Interior of the Mosque: the *Mihrab*; *el zancarron*—Riches of the Mosque during the Arab epoch—The choir—Marble pillar sculptured by a Christian captive—Curious tombs—The *Puerta del Perdon*—Decadence of Cordova.

WE have already noticed the *corrida à la Portuguesa*, given at Seville during Easter. This blending of the sacred and profane is nothing new in the Peninsula; it is therefore quite a natural transition to pass from the religious dances and the *seises* to the courses in question. For some time the streets of Seville had been enlivened by bills, six feet high and broad in proportion, announcing, in huge letters, an extraordinary bull-fight in the following terms:

“GRAN CORRIDA DE TOROS EMBOLADOS LIDIADOS A LA PORTUGUESA.”

The advertisement promised additional attraction in the exercises of the *caballero en plaza*, a relic of the courses of the time of Charles V., the *Indios*, the *Caporales*, and

the famous Portuguese *Pegadores*, including a *Pegadora*, who could arrest the most furious bull when in full career. This was not all: the Spanish *cuadrilla* was to fight the *toros de muerte*, those destined to die by the sword.

The programme of the Spanish *corrida* was not less curious. First, a fair young *torera*, Teresa Bolsi, was to slay a bull with her own white hand; then Miguel Lopez Gorrito, of Madrid, whose speciality was to fight the bulls *subido en los zancos*,—that is to say, on stilts,—was also set down in the bills.

Attracted by these enticing promises we hastened to secure front seats, the places usually chosen by epicurean *aficionados*.

The vendors of cold water, oranges, and cakes busily offered their wares with the oddest cries. These traders are always very numerous at bull-fights—the *aguadores* especially, who can start business on their own account with a modest capital. Two reals for a jar of porous earth, which they fill at the nearest fountain, a real for a drinking-glass—total, sixpence halfpenny for the entire stock-in-trade. Amongst the open-air merchants we must mention those who sell *rosquetes* and *barquillos*, whose chief ingredient is oil, which can be smelt from afar; *avellanas* (nuts), and certain light cakes known under the picturesque name of *suspiros de fraile*, monks' sighs; lastly, those who bawl out *altramuces*, or grilled lupins, the modest vegetable sung by Horace.

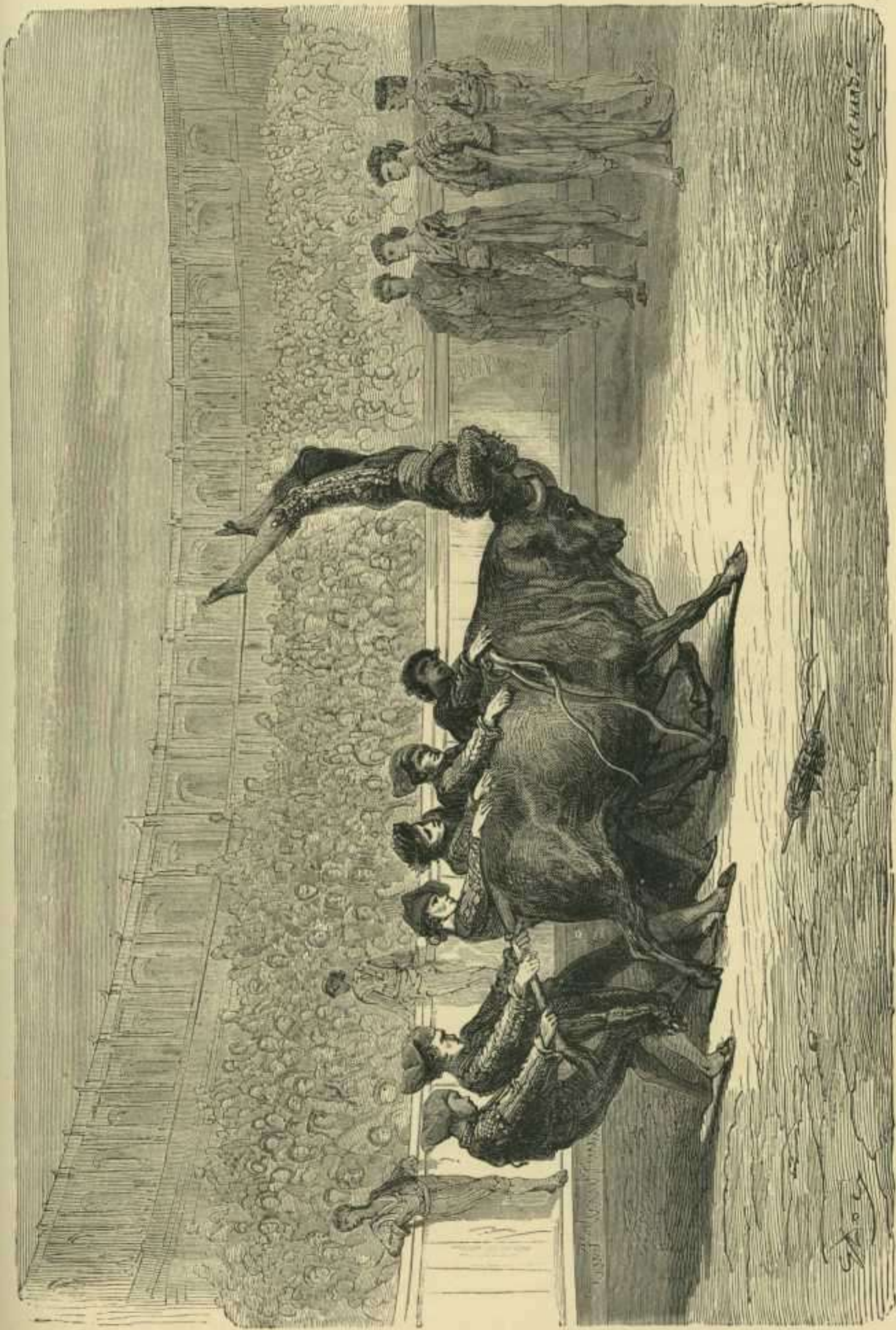
The *corrida* was announced for three o'clock, and the *toreros* are always remarkably punctual. The first proceeding was the *despejo*, an operation which consists in clearing the arena; then the traditional defile took place. The defile ended, the *señor presidente* waved his handkerchief to signify that they might commence. The arena was occupied by a single member of the Portuguese troop, José Bó, surnamed the Tiger, from his prodigious activity. He stood erect and without arms at some paces from the door of the *chiquero*, the narrow cell in which the bulls are shut up. At the first notes of a fanfare of trumpets, the door opened and the animal rushed out furiously; but seeing his adversary waiting motionless for him, he stopped short in a cloud of dust, bent his head, and charged José Bó. According to the programme, he ought to wait for the bull, and pass *por entre sus manos y patas*. The fore-feet are called *manos*, or hands, and the hind-feet *patas*. We cannot exactly tell how it was done,—the movements of the *Tiger* were too rapid to see more than that he shot like an arrow between the legs of the bull, who bellowed lustily, without doubt greatly surprised at having cleft the empty air with his eager horns. At the other extremity of the arena Don Joaquin de los Santos was gravely seated in his saddle, armed with a *rejoncillo*, a sort of wooden lance, not unlike those used in ancient tourneys, but slighter, only five feet long and pointed with iron. In the ancient bull-fights the *caballeros* had alone the right of breaking the lance. Goya has represented this exercise in several of his etchings. Don Joaquin was mounted on a superb Andalusian *ginete*, black and glossy, with a thick mane and long tail sweeping the ground. He spurred his horse towards the bull, and struck him on the muzzle with his lance, which flew into splinters, because these lances, made of a very light wood, break with the least touch, and only excite the animal without injuring him. The infuriated bull tried to avenge the blow; but the *caballero*, whose horse was admirably trained, avoided him by a clever *volte-face*, and galloped away to secure a fresh lance, which was handed to him by a *mozo*. In this way he broke several lances, but managed his horse so deftly that the baffled bull did not succeed in inflicting a single scratch on horse or rider. He then tranquilly retired backwards amid the applause of the spectators. The *caballero* no sooner retired than he was followed by eight Portuguese *pegadores*, who are thus named from the word *pegar*,

which literally means, to stick, as their particular part is to seize the bull, and, so to speak, stick to him, in order to arrest his course by sheer strength of muscle. The costume of the *pegadores* consisted of short breeches, a large coloured waistband, and flowered undervest, which, from its pattern, seemed to have been cut out of an old curtain, and a long woollen *gorro*, something like the cap worn by Catalonian fishermen.

They commenced to rouse the bull by gesticulating and shouting, and the animal did not hesitate to reply to their challenge; but just as he was about to charge them, they raised their right arms in the air, and brought them down rapidly on the bull's back. At the same time a *pegador* seized the animal by the tail, while another sat quickly on his back. This had barely lasted a few seconds when the bull stopped as if galvanised. The *pegadores* held him motionless for about a minute, and suddenly released him on a sign given by the president. We then saw Gorrito, followed by a number of *chulos*. He was a short man, dressed in the traditional costume of the *espadas*, mounted on stilts which raised his feet more than half a yard from the ground. The stilts were firmly bound to his legs, so that in the event of his falling he would experience the greatest difficulty in getting up again; but we soon saw him run with marvellous agility, and our fears were set at rest on his account. He first proceeded, according to custom, to the seat of the *señor presidente*, to *ofrecer el brindis*, or propose the usual toast. His speech finished, Gorrito resolutely advanced to meet his foe. After some *pases de muleta*, or, after having tested the bull and waved a small red flag before his eyes, he killed the beast with a very fine thrust.

After an interval of some minutes the trumpets recommenced their fanfare, and the *cuadrilla* of the Indians entered in the midst of the noise of the people, for these mock Indians are simply negroes, for whom the Andalucians have a special disdain. It was in vain that the placards announced them as subjects of the King of Congo, King Fulani, and other fictitious princes: the public would not consider them in a serious light. They had arrayed them in the most grotesque costumes, their crowns of feathers recalling sundry signboards, and the sham savages exhibited in tents at fairs. The negroes, five in number, sat down without the slightest compunction, upon some straw chairs placed a few paces from the door which would admit the second bull, and holding in their hands their lances; behind them were ranged the *caporales*, standing upright, dressed like common theatrical lackeys, wearing three-cornered generals' hats, from the top of which waved long plumes.

They commanded the Indians, and were ready to aid them if necessary; each one was armed with a lance, and carried in his left hand a fan of rose-coloured paper. At last the door opened, and the bull fell upon the negroes who barred his advance. They held their ground, and the unhappy wretches did not quit their post till they had employed their lances. Then came a farce which excited the hilarity of the people to the highest degree. The negroes, lifted like feathers by the infuriated animal, flew in the air *pell-mell*, accompanied by the chairs; but directly they fell to the ground, they hastened to roll themselves up in balls, and they remained thus coiled, without making the slightest movement, as they well knew that bulls prefer to attack objects in motion; nevertheless, some of them received terrible scars, much to the delight of the spectators. They allowed themselves to be rolled about like hedgehogs stirred by one's foot. This lasted until the bull, tired of exercising his fury on inert objects, left one negro to go to another. Happily for the so-called Indians, the *pegadores* reappeared and ended their sufferings by bringing down their vigorous arms on the bull, which they arrested like the preceding one, only to be slain some seconds later by an *espada* named Ricardo Osed, from Madrid. This *torero* was hissed because he was a *Madrileño*, there being an intense spirit of rivalry between the



PORTUGUESE CORRIDA AT SEVILLE: THE PEGADORES.

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Andalucians and the Madrideans. During the interval the negroes reappeared; we had thought them crushed by the blows they received, but it seems that they become used to it, for they entered dancing the *Sopimpa*, a negro step, the orchestra marking its jerky movements. They then executed other dances of their country, such as the *cucullé* and the *tango americano*. They say that these poor negroes are only paid one *duro* a day to receive so many injuries; and their task was not finished, for we saw them take position again to wait for the bull, only there was a variation; instead of sitting on chairs, they knelt before the *toril*; but the result was exactly the same so far as they were concerned.

As they were about to let loose the third bull, some boys came in rolling a barrel, of which one end was open. Having placed it upright in the same spot as where the negroes had awaited the bull, they fled precipitately, and we saw a young girl enter, Maria Rosa Carmona, surnamed *la intrépida Portuguesa*. The intrepid Portuguese girl, who held a *banderilla* in each hand, was dressed in a little vest in the style of those called *zouaves*, a short skirt very much puffed, large Turkish drawers tied at the ankles, and a very coquettish little turban with plumes covered her flowing hair. Having bowed to the assembly, she leaped lightly into the barrel and concealed herself, showing only her head and her hands armed with *banderillas*. The bull was no sooner released than he sprang towards the barrel; but directly he lowered his head to upset it, Maria Rosa fixed a *banderilla* on each shoulder. Nevertheless, the barrel was overturned, and the bull pushing it with his horns rolled it without the least effort, like a kitten playing with a ball of cotton. He then attacked the *pegadores*, who stopped him without flinching. Whilst they held him motionless under their vigorous grasp, Maria Rosa got out of her barrel, and seizing the animal by the horns, she lifted herself rapidly up by her wrists, and remained thus suspended during some little time. The *pegadores* held firm, and one of them placing his head upon that of the bull, kept his equilibrium with his legs in the air, and without making the least movement. As soon as the *pegador* had left his dangerous position, the *mozos* brought a saddle and bridle, and commenced to harness the bull, exactly like a horse, an operation which was not accomplished without violent protestation on the part of the patient. One of the *pegadores* bestrode this novel charger, and armed with a *rejoncillo* decorated with ribbons, he ran to meet a second bull which had just been introduced into the circus. After a few runs the two bulls ended by meeting, and the *pegador*, in spite of the shock which took place, buried his *rejoncillo* in his adversary's neck. The programme condemned the other bull to die by the hands of *Gorrito*, who reappeared still on his stilts, and had, in spite of his marvellous skill, to endure the criticisms and *andabuzadas* of the Sevillian amateurs, who thought it unworthy of a professional *espada* to attack a bull that was *embolado*. *Gorrito*, without being in the least disconcerted, proposed to lend some of the critics his stilts, if they would take his place in the arena; but no one thought fit to accept his offer.

This reminded us of a well-known Spanish anecdote. One day, Maiquez, an actor who was formerly celebrated, complained of a *picador*, who was too prudent according to his ideas, and whom, remaining too near the barrier, he commenced to insult grossly, as patrons of bull-fights frequently do: "*Salga usted mas! al toro, cobarde!*"—"Go forward! at the bull, you coward!" cried Maiquez, who wished the *picador*, against all rules of prudence, to urge his *rocinate á los medios*, that is to say, into the middle of the arena. "Señor Maiquez," cried the angry *picador*, turning towards the actor, "I am not like you: *Eso es de veras*,—my acting is in earnest!" The *negritos*—also called *los Mongoles*, the Mongols—waited for the last bull to rush out; having placed themselves again

on their knees, they calmly allowed themselves to be turned over and over, and to be thrown in the air. Happily for them, two *picadores* interposed, and made a diversion; then came the *banderilleros*, who placed the regulation number of three pairs of *banderillas*. The *clarin* at last sounded the death-note of the bull: the *torera*, after having, with perfect confidence, drunk the *brindis* before the president's box, went resolutely to meet her adversary. Teresa Bolsi—the *torera*—was a young woman between twenty and thirty years of age, dark, well proportioned, and full of energy; her costume, somewhat like that of the *bailarina* at the theatre, consisted of a low corset, and a short petticoat, which revealed her robust limbs clad in flesh-coloured stockings; an abundance of black hair, kept in by a net, was surmounted by a *montera*, similar to those of the *toreros*. Teresa commenced by some *suertes de capa*, acquitting herself very creditably, and after having worried the bull with her silk cloak and her red *muleta*, she called him to receive death, as the professionals term it; a minute after, the ferocious beast, stuck by a superb thrust, *á la verónica*, that is to say in front, fell at the feet of the *torera*, who saluted the public with her *montera*, by way of acknowledgment of the profuse applause showered on her by the crowd.

The grand *corrida á la Portuguesa* had been such a complete success, that the *empresario* was not long in announcing a second. The programme promised new marvels; but impatient to visit Cordova and its mosque, we resisted these bovine temptations, and bade adieu to Giralda, and to Seville the enchantress, *la encantadora Sevilla*, noble and rich among the cities of Europe, *la sal de Andalucia*—the gem of Andalucia—which Calderon has also called *gala de las ciudades*. A still more illustrious Spaniard, the author of *Quijote*, has sung of this "Triumphant Rome, full of learning and wealth:"

"Roma triunfante en ánimo y riqueza."

Nevertheless, we did not wish to quit Seville without having visited the fine *haciendas* of the neighbourhood, enormous buildings, where the oils produced from the *olivares* of the great plains between Carmona and Alcalá are prepared. From a picturesque point of view, the olive-tree is grey and sad-coloured, and does not improve the tone of the landscape. What contributes still more to render its aspect cold and monotonous, is that the *olivares* are always planted in perfect symmetry; this custom is so absolute, that the verb *olivar* means to plant trees in a straight line. The *aceitunas sevillanas*, which are much appreciated throughout the whole of Spain, were celebrated among the ancients; the Roman epicures greatly prized the *olivæ baticæ* for their feasts. Pliny the Younger promised one of his friends to give him Andalucian olives to decide him to accept his dinner. The best known are those called *aceitunas de la reina*; they are sometimes larger than a pigeon's egg.

The *zorzeleñas*, thus named from a species of blackbird which is extremely fond of them, are, on the contrary, round, and of the size of a cherry. The Spaniards, always very moderate, are particularly so in the matter of olives. "*Aceitunas*," says a well-known proverb, "*una es oro, dos plata, y la tercera mata*"—one is gold, two is silver, and the third kills you. According to another proverb, you may go as far as a dozen if the olives are very good—*aceituna, una, y si es buena, una docena*. The olive harvest, *aceitunada*, falls in autumn; the peasants, aided by their families, gather the fruit in *cofines*, made of canes, and they load their fine and vigorous Andalucian donkeys with them. These animals can easily carry their fourteen *arrobas* (more than 450 lbs.) They put the olives, before they are pressed, in a vast chamber, called *la truja*, and the oil is placed in large earthenware



TERESA BOLSI, ANDALUCIAN TORERA.

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tinajas, something like the Roman *amphora*, and which are made at *Coria del rio*. The Spanish oil has not a good reputation amongst us—it generally inspires a certain repugnance in foreigners; the Spaniards, on the contrary, prefer it to the French and Italian oils, which to them appear insipid. Let us leave the question undecided, it is a matter of taste. Having finished our visits to the *haciendas* and *olivares*—obliged to bid adieu to Seville—we bent our steps, not without regret, in the direction of the railway station, situated between the *Puerta de Triana* and the *Puerta Real*. For a considerable time we could see Giralda and its bronze statue stand in relief against the sky, gilded by the rays of the morning sun. When we could no longer perceive the old Arabian tower, the train was running along the banks of the Guadalquivir; the banks of the river were occupied by a number of idle urchins, with tanned skins, who plunged in the water like a swarm of frogs, just as we were passing them. We did not see, it is true, any *Nymphs of Betis* on the golden sands of the river, which bathes the walls of the imperial city. The poet sings :

“Ninfas del Betis, que en arenas de oro
Undoso baña la Imperial Sevilla.”

On the other hand, the banks of the Guadalquivir, covered with the most luxuriant vegetation, are still what the author of *Guzman d'Alfarache* describes them to be; we admired “these fertile gardens filled with flowers, which may be called a paradise, if any place on earth deserves the name; the trees laden with the most delicious fruits, the odorous plants, the flowering shrubs, and flowing water, all tend to maintain a delightful freshness beneath the shades into which the sun's rays seldom penetrate.”

The railroad from Seville to Cordova runs nearly parallel to the Guadalquivir, the river which meanders peacefully over the vast plain, from time to time disappearing among the rich foliage. *La Rinconada*, *Brenes*, and *Tocina* are unimportant stations where a few square towers rise above the olive-trees and pines of the vast plain, which stretches away as far as Cordova, a city, like Toledo, built on the summit of a high hill, and whose houses may be descried from a great distance, standing out in bold relief against the blue sky. It is said to have been founded by the Phœnicians, like *Carteia*, *Cartama*, and other Andalusian towns, built on a height; the word *car* is supposed to signify an elevation. During the Roman epoch *Carmona* was much more important than it is now. Cæsar accounted it the strongest town of Bætica; its soil was then, as it is now, marvellously fertile. We have seen Roman medals with the word *Carmona* between two ears of corn. We noticed on the façade of the Ayuntamiento the arms of the town, which represent a star surrounded by lions and castles, with this modest inscription :

“Sicut lucifer lucet in aurora
Sic in Vandalia Carmona.”

Before leaving Carmona we visited the ancient Arabian *Alcázar*, situated near the *Puerta de Marchena*, a building of the time of the Moslem domination; the wooden roof still retains some traces of its old gilding. The alcazar commands one of the finest views in the world; a fertile valley dotted with numerous villages lay before us, and we could distinguish several towns: *Marchena*, *Moron*, and *Osuna*, as well as the *Sierra de Ronda* and other Andalusian mountains which faded away in the horizon.

Some hours sufficed to go from Carmona to Ecija. When we entered this town it was one o'clock and the temperature was so high that it would have been thought excessive even in Senegal. It was one of those broiling days which make the grasshoppers sing—

cantar la chicharra—as they say in Andalusia; the few passers-by whom we met rubbed against the walls to profit by the narrow band of shade thrown by the houses here and there; some lean-flanked dogs panted and hung their tongues out of their mouths; the shops were carefully shut, as if on Sunday or the day of a riot, for the shopkeepers who had finished their repast would not have missed their *siesta* for an empire. Ecija is justly accounted the hottest town in Andalusia. It is stated, says the *Guia de Sevilla*, that in the month of July 1859, the centigrade thermometer went up to fifty degrees in the shade. It is not, then, without some reason that this town has received the nick-name of *sartenilla de Andalusia*—the frying-pan of Andalusia.

We must believe, however, that the people of Ecija glory in their temperature, since the arms of the town consist of a shining sun, with this proud legend taken from the Scriptures: *Una sola será llamada la ciudad del sol*, "One town only shall be called the city of the sun." After a *siesta* of some hours, we ventured to take a walk in the town: the principal street, *calle de los Caballeros*, seemed to us like a furnace which had hardly cooled; it is an aristocratic street, bordered with palaces belonging to the Benameji, the Peñafior, and other old families. These palaces, adorned in the *churrigueresque* style, reminded us of the mansion belonging to the marquis *Dos Aguas*, at Valencia, which was a model of the style. Neither in Holland, Germany, nor elsewhere is it possible to find a style of architecture so purely *rococo*. In order to rest our eyes, we went to visit some gardens on the banks of the Genil, for the poetic river which flows at the foot of the Alhambra also washes the walls of Ecija; our guide boasted greatly of its waters: we hoped at first that he would recite to us some Arabian *romances*, but, alas! the waters of the Genil in his eyes were only remarkable for cleansing wool, which is the staple produce of the country. Shortly after leaving Ecija, as we had got down from our carriage to climb a bank on foot, we were accosted at a turn of the road by a big vagabond of singular aspect, and tolerably ragged costume; his head, enveloped in a kind of hood, was sheltered by an old black felt hat, a cloak of gray cloth covered his shoulders, which were laden with one of these wallets called *alforjas*. He held a long stick in his left hand, and a little picture in his right, representing a very coarsely painted Madonna, fixed to a little square box open at the top like a money-box. This individual approached with many bows, and presented his picture, murmuring volubly some unintelligible words; nevertheless, it was easy for us to perceive by the sound of his voice that he recited prayers, and begged at the same time for alms. "It is a *Santero*," said the *mayoral* laughing, as he walked up to us. The *Santero*, who is called also *Demanda* or *Demandador*, because he spends his life in *demanding*, is only a weakly disguised beggar, who abuses the credulity of simple people, by making them believe it is not for himself that he begs, but for the saint represented on his *Demanda*—it is thus that they call the alms-box to which he consigns what money he receives. Each *Santero* places himself under the protection of some particular saint: thus he who begs for *San Blas* sells little silken ribbons which have been attached to the neck of the saint's statue; these ribbons are said to prove infallible charms against the affection of the throat, because it is Saint Blaise who is invoked for maladies of this kind. The *Santero* of *San Antonio Abad* distributes little bells to the country people, which have the virtue of preserving cattle from plague; he of Saint Lazarus possesses an infallible recipe for putting demons to flight. Another keeps off robbers, another thunder, another hailstorms. Thus the *demanda* is, little by little, filled with *cuartos*, that never take the road to a chapel or hermitage; it is for himself, and himself only, that the *Santero* begs. "Do you wish to know," says an Andalusian writer, "how the *Santeros* spend their time when they do not beg? Their

principal occupation consists in going to the *taberna*: that is the hermitage where they worship the god *Bacchus*, for whom they cultivate a real veneration. They always ask for the best and oldest wines, and they are right, for the god of the wine gives them the necessary strength to overrun the towns and the country as well as the eloquence needful to convince those who listen to them."

Before the convents were suppressed, these *Santeros* were much more numerous in Andalusia; and they did not hesitate to disguise themselves as monks, with the assistance of a false beard, a robe, and a cowl; they passed through the villages, preaching repentance and mortification, taking good care, however, to confine themselves to the precept. Nevertheless, there are some who, not content with asking charity, attempt to compel the passers-by to kiss their saints and madonnas. A Protestant Englishman, travelling through Spain in the last century, was greatly annoyed with their conduct. "If you refuse to kiss the images they present," says he, "you are sure to experience considerable annoyance, however large the sum may be which you give them." We took the train at Palma for Cordova. The little town of Palma, with its houses hidden in clusters of orange-trees, occupies a charming position in the angle formed by the Guadalquivir and the Genil; for the poetic river which flows through Alameda of Granada mingles its waters near Palma with those of the great river of the Arabs. The railroad continues to follow very closely the right bank of the Guadalquivir; the vast plains,



ANDALUCIAN SANTERO.

which extend as far as the horizon, are covered with *palmitos*, or dwarf palms, growing wild; the roots of this plant are so difficult to destroy, that cultivators experience the greatest trouble in opening up the country infested by them. Before the completion of the railroad, the *diligences* which ran between Seville and Cordova traversed these solitudes; frequently the sand was so deep that the wheels sunk up to the axletrees, and we remember more than once that ten or a dozen mules could hardly drag the vehicle out of this ocean of sand, in spite of cries, *zagal* stones, and blows with sticks.

Shortly after leaving Palma, we noticed on our left a pointed rock crowned with a square tower overlooking a fortress of the Middle Ages. It was the old Arabian castle of Almodovar *del rio*, an advanced post of Cordova, whose sonorous name accords well with its picturesque ruins. According to popular tradition it was in the castle of Almodovar that Peter the Cruel planned his campaigns. Half an hour afterwards the train stopped at a station like every conceivable station, and the porters called out; *Cordova! Cordoba! Veinte minutos!* Thus we entered the ancient city of the Western Califs.

There are few towns which can boast so glorious a past as Cordova. Its history recedes so far back that even the etymology of its name is unknown; certain it is, however, that it existed long before Christ. Silicus Italicus mentions it in his poem on the second Punic War, as being of the number of towns which aided Hannibal:—

“Nec decus auriferæ cessavit Corduba terræ.”

Martial also speaks of the oil presses of Cordova. It is said that in its environs alone, as much oil was produced as in all Andalusia. This town notably increased from the year of Rome 585, and was the first to which the Romans gave the title and privileges of a colony. Moreover, the name of *Patricia* was bestowed upon it, because a large number of poor patrician families had settled there. Even to this day the *cepa de Cordoba*—the Cordovan branch—is cited as belonging to the *sangre azul*, or blue blood, as the Spaniards say, speaking of the oldest nobility. Doubtless it is from this circumstance that the following saying is attributed to Ganzalvo of Cordova: “Perhaps there are other towns in which I would prefer to live, but none in which I would prefer to have been born.” The town soon had temples, theatres, and amphitheatres, and it speedily became famous on account of its schools. Among the illustrious personages of “eloquent Cordova”—*facunda Corduba*—we will only cite the best known: Lucien and the Senecas. Several kings chose it for their residence, and built sumptuous palaces, notably one used by the Arab kings, of which we were shown some remains in the edifice called *el Alcazar viejo*. This residence was decorated with such splendour that an Arabian author describes it as dazzling the eyes. After the invasion of Spain by Tarik in 711, Cordova sustained a siege of three months’ duration. Forced to yield to numbers, it became, under Abdul-Rahman, surnamed the Just, the capital of the Western Califate. Abdul-Rahman, who reigned under the suzerainty of the Califs of Damascus, declared himself independent in 756, and took the title of *Emir al mumenin*, or prince of the believers. It was under this prince’s reign that the mosque was commenced; it was he also who invited from Asia the most remarkable men of all kinds, and who founded the schools which produced so many learned men when the rest of Europe was plunged in ignorance. Under the successors of Abdul-Rahman Cordova attained to the height of its splendour and prosperity: it then merited to be called the Athens of the West, and became, according to the expression of the celebrated physician Rasis, “the nurse of sciences, the cradle of warriors.” Other Arabian authors call it “the mother of cities, the throne of sultans, the minaret of piety and devotion, the refuge of tradition, the dwelling of magnificence and elegance,” etc. One poet says that Cordova is to Andalusia what the head is to the body; another compares this province to a lion whose heart was the capital of the Califs of the West. The Califs became so powerful that several princes sent ambassadors to solicit their alliance; contemporary histories are filled with details of the reception of the envoys from Constantinople. Mariana, speaking of one of the Califs, said that he held peace and war

in his hands, and that he could make and unmake kings. The Arabian princes were very tolerant with regard to the Christians: they enjoyed free exercise of their worship in the conquered towns. The victors did still better, they shared the churches with them. Thus when it was intended to build the mosque, as the chosen foundation was occupied by a church of which the Christians possessed half, the Mahometans bought their part from them. The Jews were equally free to practise their worship: they had their synagogue in a street which is still called *calle de los Judios*. Rivalling Damascus and Bagdad, the population of Cordova rose to nearly a million inhabitants; it is declared to have contained two hundred thousand houses, three hundred mosques, fifty hospitals, eighty schools, and nine hundred public baths. The details given by the Arab historians of the splendour and luxury of the court of the Califs are so marvellous, that their accounts almost seem exaggerated.

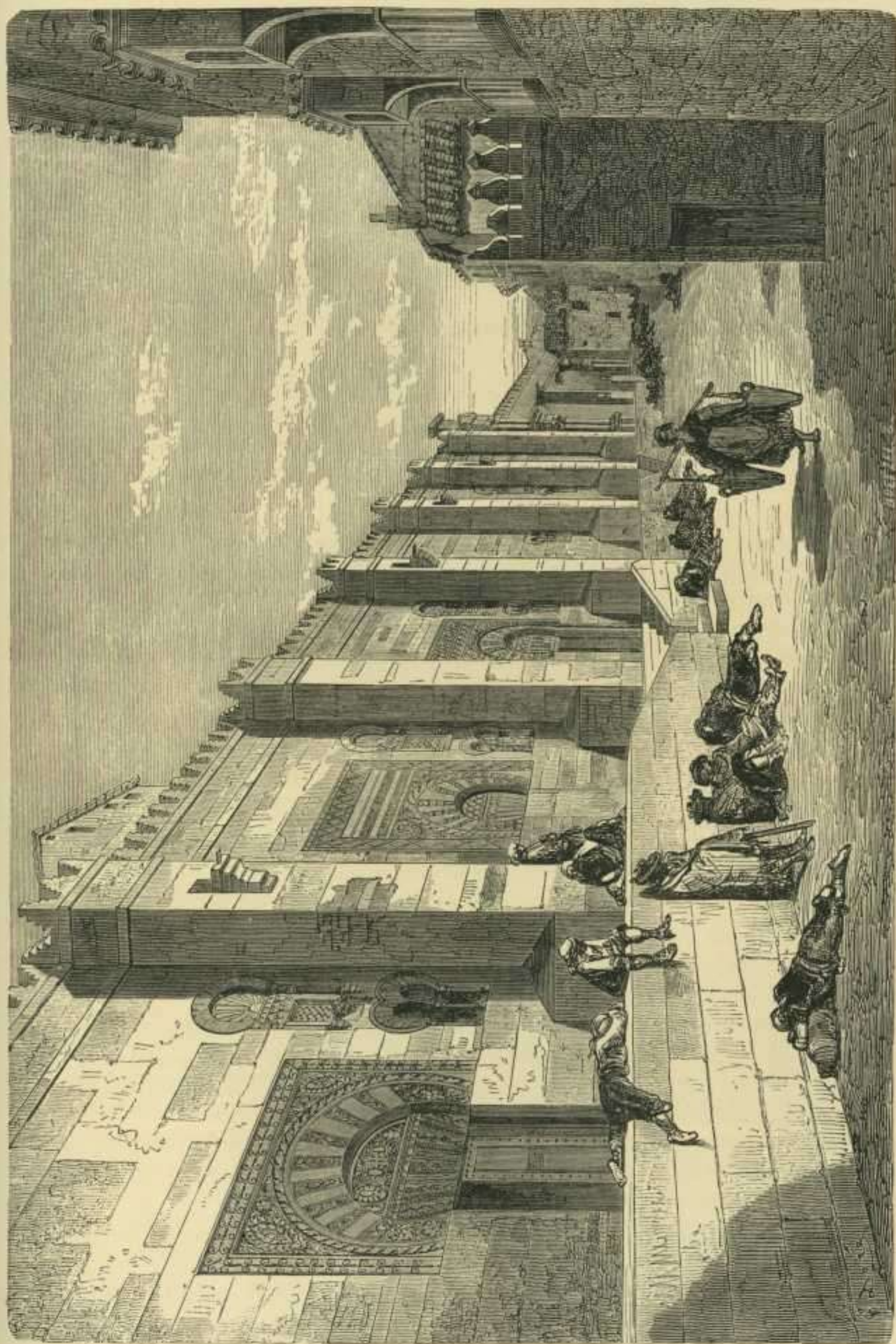
Gold, silver, ivory, pearls, precious stones, the finest marbles and the rarest woods, were lavished with inconceivable profusion in constructing and furnishing the palaces of sovereigns and homes of private individuals. Revolutions, civil wars, and invasions destroyed these splendours little by little, and Cordova having fallen into the hands of Ferdinand III., the 29th of June 1236, its decadence was rapidly brought about under the Christian domination. At the end of the seventeenth century it did not possess more than fourteen thousand houses, and a hundred years later this number fell to eight thousand. It only contains at present ten thousand houses, or barely fifty thousand souls. Our entry into Cordova by rail almost made us regret the good old times of the coaches. It is true one arrived shaken, harassed by fatigue, white with dust, after having been jolted on a bad road during forty or sixty hours in a narrow and badly hung carriage. But, on the other hand, the entrance was superb: leaving behind the *Carrahola*, a majestic crenated tower of the fourteenth century, you crossed the Guadalquivir on a fine bridge with fourteen arches. On the right and left stood the old ramparts of the town, surmounted by Arabian towers, above which grew the slender and elegant palms, reflected on the calm waters of the river. At the other end of the bridge you passed under a triumphal arch constructed by Herera, under Charles V., then the *Puerta del puente*, with its bas-relief attributed to the Florentine sculptor, Torrigiano. The imposing mass of the Arabian mosque, surmounted by a heavy dome in the Christian style, stood out conspicuously from the terraces and flat roofs of the houses. Once in the town, you went through a network of narrow, tortuous, and deserted roads. Such is still, however, the general aspect of most of the quarters of Cordova; one would sometimes think, especially during the great heats, that the inhabitants had deserted their town. One rarely meets a passer-by in these streets, where grass grows which is seldom trodden under foot.

We had thought of Cordova as an old town of the Middle Ages in the style of Toledo, or Avila; we also hoped to find some Arab monuments in the ancient capital of the Western Califs. We found nothing, or next to nothing. The houses, uniformly whitened with lime, have a modern aspect; the iron railings, cleverly wrought like those of Seville, generally exposed to view a *patio* planted with flowers, in the midst of which springs up a thin jet of water; the windows, furnished with *rejas*—solid iron bars—are filled with ornamental plants, which grow by the side of long blue and white striped curtains. The place has, nevertheless, an air of prettiness which is attractive to the eye, and they say that if the inhabitants show themselves so little in the streets it is because they prefer the comfort of home to life in public.

We have said that ancient monuments are rare at Cordova; but it possesses the famous

mosque of the *Mezquita*, as it is still called. It may be considered a unique edifice of its kind: there is nothing like it anywhere else. The Alhambra and the Alcazar are marvels of Moorish architecture, but these palaces can convey no idea of the Cordovan monument, which is five or six centuries older. It was in 770 that Abdul-Rahman undertook to raise a mosque which would surpass in grandeur and magnificence those of Damascus, Bagdad, and other Oriental towns. They pushed forward the works with extraordinary activity. Abdul-Rahman, who had designed the plan himself, took such a great interest in its construction, that he worked at it with his own hands an hour each day. Nevertheless, he was not permitted to see the completion of his toil; it was left to his son, who, after his death, continued the works, which were finished towards the end of the eighth century. It is often asked how the Arabs could have constructed such a gigantic monument in so short a time? First, we must consider that they were very far advanced in the arts and sciences. Besides, instead of cutting and polishing the numerous marble columns employed in the construction, they took those of temples and other antique edifices of Spain and Africa. France too contributed its share, for they brought some from Narbonne; and it is even said, though it seems barely credible, that they brought earth from this town, which the Christian prisoners carried on their backs. Before entering the mosque, we pass through the "*Patio de los Naranjos*," a vast enclosure planted with orange-trees and enormous lemon-trees, with palms and cypresses, forming a thick vault of verdure, under which sparkling fountains keep the air continually cool. The *Patio de los Naranjos* of Cordova and that of the Cathedral of Seville have always aroused the hearts of the Andalucians. Ponz relates, on this subject, an incident which happened to himself. "I was passing through Aragon, and arrived early in the morning at a village about four or five leagues from T ruel. It was very hot, and I intended to leave two or three hours before daybreak, in order to arrive at this town before the heat of the day. As I was looking out of the window of my room in the inn, I noticed six or seven horsemen arrive towards evening; they were armed with long swords, wore white hats, and were dressed in the best style of the *majos*. On entering the inn they shouted altogether: '*Alabado sea el Patio de los Naranjos!*'—'Blessed be the patio of the orange-trees!' Neither the people of the inn, nor the travellers who were there, could understand the strange exclamation, and I knew no more than they. It was in vain I inquired what manner of men they were." Ponz then tells how he and his *arriero* persuaded themselves that they were bandits, and consequently desired to hasten their departure. Notwithstanding all this, they arrived at T ruel greatly pleased at what they considered a very narrow escape. Some time afterwards they met the same horsemen, and learned that they were *toreros* from Cordova, going to a *corrida* in Pampeluna. "It is thus," said the traveller, "that I became aware of the existence of a *Patio de los Naranjos* at Cordova."

The patio is, it is said, one of the additions made to the mosque by the Calif Al-Mansur. An Arab historian relates how this sovereign proceeded with regard to the proprietors whom he wished to dispossess; this anecdote does not lack interest in the times of expropriation in which we live. "The Calif called before him the proprietors of the houses which were to be destroyed, and addressed each one separately thus: 'Friend, I require thy house; I must buy it to augment the great mosque, for this edifice is useful and even necessary to the people. Ask thy price and the royal treasury shall pay it.' Every one of the proprietors consented willingly to sell his house, not without asking the highest possible price for it, and Al-Mansur immediately gave the order to pay them, and, still further, he enjoined that good houses should be built for them in another part of the town. The last



EXTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF CORDOVA.

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person to present herself was an old woman who owned a house which had a palm-tree in its court. This woman obstinately refused to give it up, unless they gave her another house with a similar palm-tree growing in the court. Upon which the Calif gave orders that the wishes of the old woman should be gratified, even if it should cost a million duros. And accordingly another house with a palm-tree was purchased at an enormous price." The mosque is entered by seven doors of a medium height; the sculptures are in very low relief and in pure and simple taste.

The exterior walls, crowned with battlements, are of the clear, yellow stone-colour which is only too often seen on ancient edifices. There is no monumental façade, or grand portal, as in the churches of the Middle Ages; one would say that the architect has exaggerated the simplicity of the exterior in order to still more heighten the striking effect of the magnificence of the interior. Theophile Gautier, a great admirer of the *Mezquita*, aptly says, that to give an idea of this strange edifice, you must compare it to a great esplanade closed in with walls, and planted with columns in quincunx order (that is, a square, consisting of five columns, one at each corner, and a fifth in the centre).

It is impossible to describe the impression one feels on entering the mosque of Cordova for the first time; the numerous columns which support the vault cross each other like forest trees and form long perspectives, which continually change as one penetrates farther into the interior. A half-obscurity, reigning here, as indeed in all Spanish churches, adds another charm to the poetry of these alleys of marble. The columns now number eight hundred and sixty, but were much more numerous formerly: it is said that there were as many as twelve hundred. According to the tradition, they came in great part from the temple of Janus, which occupied the site of the mosque; sixty were carried from Tarragona and Seville, one hundred and fifteen belonged to the monuments of Nimes and Narbonne, and one hundred and forty were a present from the emperor Leon (?), who reigned at Byzantium. A large number were also taken from the temple of Carthage, and several other towns on the African coast. Most of these columns are surmounted with Corinthian capitals; others are of the Doric order, and a good many belong to the Arabian style. All these capitals were formerly gilded, and there are still traces on some of them of the old gilding. The son of the Calif Hisham had them gilded, it is said, as well as the columns and part of the walls. The arcades supported by the columns are of various forms; some are semi-circular; the greater number are of a horseshoe shape and are carved with several crescent-formed lobes, always uneven in number: thus we remarked some with three, five, seven, nine, and even eleven lobes. These arcades are superposed one above the other in two rows, imparting a marvellous air of lightness to the whole aspect of the edifice. The naves formed by the intercrossing of the columns are nineteen in number, taken latitudinally, and twenty-nine longitudinally. The Spaniards designate these naves by the names of *calles*, or streets: thus there is the *calle San Nicolas*, the *calle San Pedro*, etc., thus named from the chapels situated in each nave. At the extremity of one of these naves is the *Mihráb*, the holy part of the mosque; it is in this *sanctum sanctorum*, a very small retreat built in the thickness of the wall, the Alcoran was formerly kept, and where the Califs prayed publicly. The *Mihráb*, the richest part of the mosque, has by unheard-of good fortune escaped from the successive profanations which have degraded many other parts of the edifice. It is entered by a horseshoe arch supported by elegant marble columns, and above which exists the most splendid mosaic. St. Mark's of Venice and the ancient churches of Rome and Ravenna offer nothing richer. This mosaic is composed of little glass cubes, with fine inscriptions as well as ornaments of the purest

taste on a ground of gold and azure blue. Although of Arabian style, it was made in Constantinople, doubtless after the design of a Cordovan architect. A celebrated Arabian geographer of the eleventh century, Edrisi, informs us that it was sent as a present to a Calif of Cordova, by the Emperor Romain II. The interior of the *Mihráb*, which is octagonal in shape, is little more than fourteen feet in diameter and twenty-seven in height up to the vault. The walls are covered with white marble veined with red, above which is a cornice with a frieze of inscriptions. A tablet of mosaic described by Ambrosio de Morales, and which still existed at the end of the sixteenth century, has unhappily disappeared; on the other hand, the twelve small columns of white African marble, with gilded bases and capitals, ranged round the sanctuary, are in perfect preservation. The crowd of worshippers was so considerable in this sacred place, that the marble is worn and looks as if it had been hollowed out circularly; tradition says that the faithful and the pilgrims went round it seven times. The execution of the vault is not less marvellous: it is formed of a single block of white marble, fifteen feet in diameter, grooved in the form of a shell and sculptured with the greatest delicacy. The riches of the *Mihráb* are far from what they used to be, if the descriptions of the Arab writers are to be trusted. Thus, this sanctuary, enriched with marbles of inestimable value and two columns of lapis, was covered besides with ornaments of iron and ebony; other incrustations of still rarer species of wood, composed of thirty-six thousand pieces, were fixed by nails of pure gold and studded with precious stones. A copy of the sacred book, from the hand of Othman, was kept there in a golden box lined with silk, garnished with pearls and rubies, and placed upon a stand of aloe wood, with golden nails. The ancient sanctuary is commonly called *el zancarron*, in derision—literally, an old bone, a fleshpot bone. It appears, from the popular tradition, that Mahomet's jawbone was supposed to be preserved in the *Mihráb*: hence the ridicule implied in the word *zancarron*, now used to designate a place held sacred for so many generations.

Another spot venerated by the Arabs, the *Makssurah*, preceded the *Mihráb*, and contained at one time a sort of throne for the Califs. The flooring of the apartment was formerly made of silver, and the adjacent doors were inlaid with mosaics and golden ornaments: one of these doors was even cast in pure gold. The greater number of the columns were ranged in groups of four, each group crowned by a single capital; the other parts of the mosque, though less profusely decorated, were nevertheless very grand.

There also existed a sort of pulpit, mounted by seven steps, which was said to be the most costly and elaborate piece of workmanship in the whole world. All sorts of figures were represented upon it, for the Mussulmans of Cordova, like those of Granada and other western towns, were far from strictly observing the law which forbids representations of animated objects. This pulpit was named the *silla*—seat—or *carro* (car) *del rey* Almanzar, because it was mounted on four wheels, which still existed at the end of the sixteenth century. It is deeply to be regretted that a relic so interesting should have disappeared. It is reported to have been destroyed by masons who were working at the Mosque. "For what reason I cannot tell," says a contemporaneous author, who adds, "*y así pereció aquella antigualla*,"—"thus ended that relic of antiquity."

Arabian writers give the most extraordinary accounts of the manner in which the mosque was lighted: some set down the number of lamps, which burned day and night, at seven thousand, others at ten thousand. A rather singular fact is, that suspended among the lamps were bells from the cathedral of St. James of Compostella, carried from Galicia on the shoulders of Christian slaves, by command of the Calif Al-Mansur. These bells



CHAPEL OF THE ZANCARRON, MOSQUE OF CORDOVA.

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had been inverted, and suspended by chains of silver from the vaulted roof. Marmol Carbajal assures us, in his curious "Description of Africa," that he noticed similar bells in a mosque at Fez. Besides this astonishing array of lamps, the mosque possessed a great number of candlesticks. It is reported that when St. Ferdinand took Cordova, he had the new-fashioned lamps removed, and ordered the Mahometan prisoners to carry them on their shoulders back to their original site.

The ceilings were sculptured, gilded, and painted with a skill and an appreciation of the beautiful, of which one may form some faint notion from what little remains of the work. The roof has given way in several places, where the beams were pulled out either to build with, or to make musical instruments. These acts of spoliation date from an early period, for Ambrosio de Morales, who wrote in the sixteenth century, states that the value of the wood thus abstracted was several thousand ducats. The members of the *ayuntamiento*, in 1523, endeavoured to put a stop to these acts of vandalism: they even menaced with death any one who dared to touch the sacred building. They appealed to the emperor, who, as he had never seen or heard of the mosque, made no reply. Three years later, when Charles V. came to Cordova, he flew in a rage when he beheld the damage done to the mosque. "I did not know its value," he cried, "else I would never have permitted it to be touched. You have done what may be done anywhere, but you have destroyed what you cannot restore." The great fault of the choir is its being erected in the centre of a Mahometan mosque, otherwise we would accord to it its meed of praise as a fine example of the work of the Renaissance. The mahogany stalls were carved about the middle of the eighteenth century by a sculptor of Cordova, named Pedro Duque Cornejo, who toiled at this part of the decoration for ten years, as we gather from the inscription on his tomb. Nothing need be said of the altar-pieces, gates, and chapels, richly gilded, and ridiculously out of keeping with the noble simplicity of the Arabian architecture.

Amongst the curiosities always shown by the guides to visitors is a column from which a grossly sculptured Christ stands out in relief. A lamp is kept constantly burning by its side, and the carving is reported to have been the work of a Christian captive—chained by the Arabs to that column—who executed it with his nail without the aid of any other tool. But we ventured to remark to our guide that this black marble veined with white is of the hardest description, and we doubted the possibility of a human nail replacing a steel tool. This seemed to shock our man so thoroughly, that it was necessary to explain we had only thrown out the remark to indicate the splendid condition of the captive's nails. A little softened, our guide showed us the inscription: *Lo hizo el cautivo con la uña*—"Cut by the captive with his nail." Not far from this column is a bas-relief representing the captive at prayer, a cord round his neck and chains on his ankles; this subject is accompanied by a Latin inscription, showing how, while the Mahometans celebrated their orgies in the temple, the poor sufferer invoked the true divinity of Christ, and how he transferred the image from his heart to the hard stone.

A tomb in the wall of the mosque, unlike anything we had ever seen before, was in the form of a trunk with three padlocks. Théophile Gautier inquires thoughtfully, "How will the body at the last day, amid the general confusion, be able to find the key to open the trunk in which it is carefully enclosed?" There was another tomb, on which we read this singular epitaph cut on a slab of black marble: Here lies the corpse of Her Excellency Doña Maria Isidra Quintina of Guzman y Cerda, of Guadalcazar é Hinojares, *Grande de España*, etc., *Doctora en filosofía y letras humanas*, *Catedrática y consiliaria perpetua de la Universidad de Alcalá*, *Académica honoraria*, etc. This grandee of Spain

died in 1803 at the age of thirty-five. Let us also mention the tomb of Gongora, the celebrated poet who penned some lines against Cervantes, and in turn was held up to ridicule by Le Sage. Gongora was chaplain to Philip III. and canon of the cathedral of Cordova, where he was buried in 1623.

Leaving the mosque we again made our way along the *Patio de los Naranjos*, at the end of which there is the lofty tower surmounted by a golden statue of St. Raphael, archangel, hovering over the town. This tower was built by Herman Ruiz, the unhappy architect of the choir in the mosque; it was overthrown by an earthquake at the close of the sixteenth century, and rebuilt on the foundation of the ancient *Al Minar*, an Arabian minaret. At the time of the Califs, this minaret was esteemed one of the wonders of the world; its apex was topped by two huge globes of pure gold, and between them was a silver globe, and above an enormous golden pomegranate.



CATTLE MERCHANT OF CORDOVA.



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF CORDOVA.

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SKETCH AT VALDEPEÑAS.

CHAPTER XVI.

The environs of Cordova: the mills of the Guadalquivir—The palace of Az-Zarah—Luxury of the Califs of Cordova—Serenading in Andalucia: the *novia* and the *novio*—*Pelar la pava*, "Plucking the turkey"—*Mascar hierro*, "Chewing iron"—Some couplets—Andalucian devotion to the Virgin—Andujar and its *alcarrazas*—The Sierra Morena and its *ermitaños*—More about José Maria—The *Venta de Cárdenas*—Spanish beggars—La Mancha and its inhabitants—Causes of the misery of the population—Santa Cruz de Mudela and its cutlery—The wine of La Mancha—Ciudad-Real and Valdepeñas—Manzanares.

At the time of the Mussulman dominion, the suburbs of Cordova were as flourishing as the town itself. Situated in the midst of a fertile plain watered by the Guadalquivir, it became the chosen residence of the Califs of the West, where the Ommides exhausted their treasures in rearing sumptuous palaces and useful edifices. On the banks of the Guadalquivir there are no less than five thousand mills between Seville and Cordova; those dating from the time of the Arabs may be generally known by their square towers, but few, if any of them, are at work nowadays. On one of the hills, which rise like an oasis in the direction of the Sierra Morena, there stood the celebrated residence of *Az-Zarah*, perhaps the finest building of the sort erected by the Arabs.

One of the wives of a Calif died, leaving immense riches to be employed in ransoming Mahometan prisoners. As there were no prisoners to be ransomed, it was used by the Sultana *Az-Zarah* to raise the palace to which she gave her name. The Arab historians give wonderful accounts of the luxury and magnificence of this establishment. The pavement of its courts was of semi-transparent marble, inlaid with plates of gold. Eight of the doors were made out of carved ivory and ebony, set with jewels, while the building itself was roofed over with gold and silver tiles.

In the centre of one of the apartments stood a huge basin filled with mercury. When

the sun's rays fell upon its bright surface, the eyes of the spectators were dazzled with refulgent light. Another object, which attracted greater attention, was an enormous bronze-gilded fountain, which had been brought from Constantinople, a masterpiece of art, supported by twelve red-golden figures, arrayed with lines of pearls and precious stones in the form of animals, such as crocodiles, antelopes, dragons, etc.

The city of Cordova itself was no less wonderful. One writer assures us that the distance between the city and *Az-Zarah* was ten miles, and that one might travel at dead of night over the entire route by the light of an immense number of lamps. Cordova is reported to have excelled all other cities in four things—the promotion of the sciences, its great mosque, its bridge over the Guadalquivir, and its settlement of *Az-Zarah*.

Az-Zarah stood on the site now known as ancient Cordova, but it was levelled to the ground at the beginning of the eleventh century, together with *Rizáfah*, the present *San Francisco de la Arrizafa*. We desired to visit these enchanting scenes, but could find no trace of them; indeed, we may say with the Latin poet that even their scattered ruins have disappeared.

If Cordova is silent and dreary during the daytime, it seems to awake partially from its repose to listen to the serenades at night. This serenading appeared to us nothing more than a sort of amusing pleasantry fitted only for the *Opera Comique*. Not so with the Andalucians; to them the guitar is a noble instrument, and its jerking notes are listened to with melodramatic seriousness. A Spanish poet touchingly inquires, "What would an Englishman, Dane, or Swede do to convince a lady of his adoration? Would he willingly deprive himself of a night's rest?" He adds, "Let us see: he would twirl his moustache, arrange his locks so as to fall languishingly over his forehead, sigh, look suicidal, and retire calmly to rest. But with us behold the difference! A *majo*, guitar in hand, his mantle tossed negligently over his shoulder, sings and sighs his love patiently beneath a balcony, regardless of weather; he waits until daybreak, dreading the frown of his lady-love should he quit his post a moment too soon."

In return, it is hard for the *majo* should all this willing toil be thrown away on a lady whom the first notes send to repose for the night. In vain would he breathe his song:

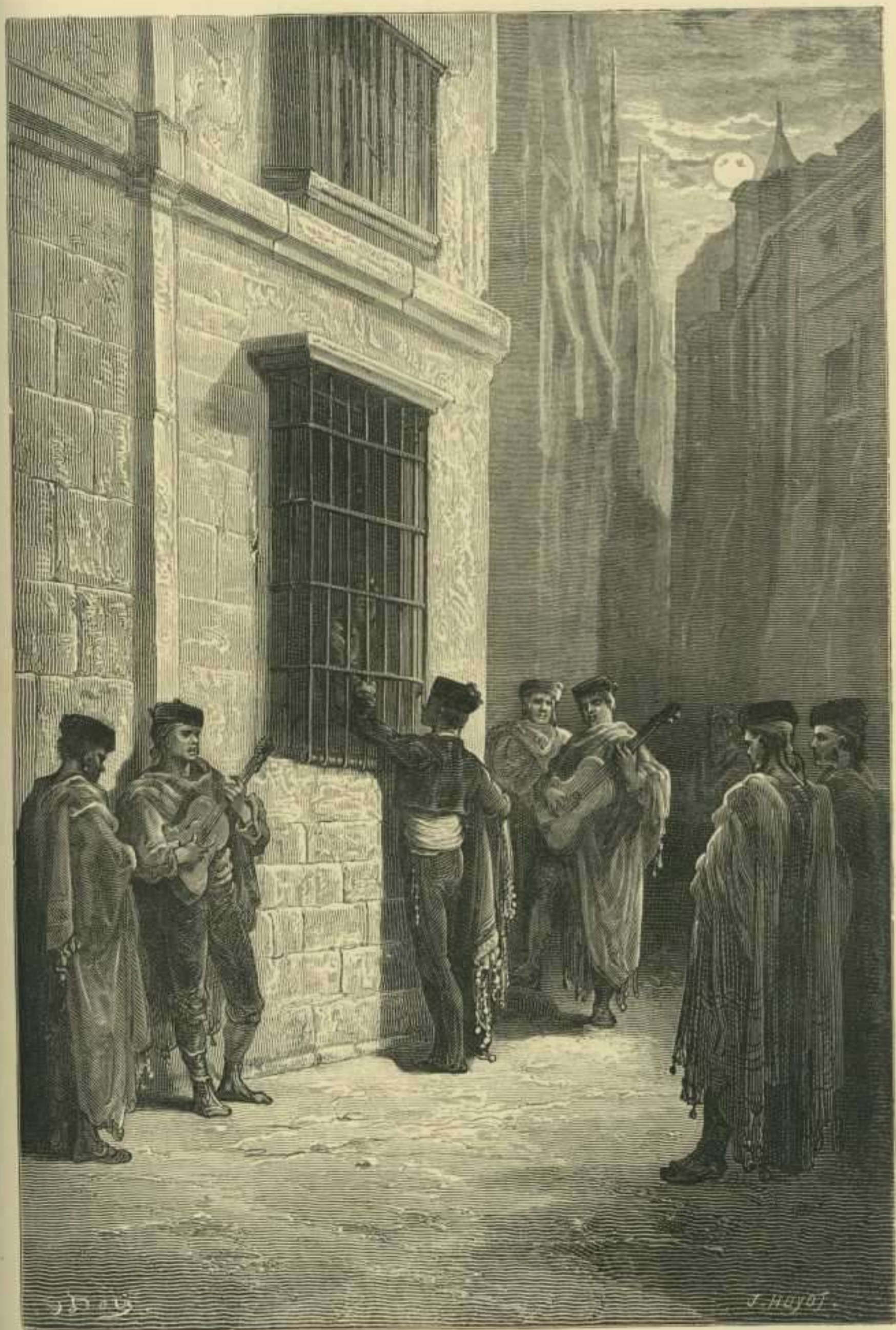
"Si esta noche no sales
A la ventana,
Cuéntame entre los muertos
Desde mañana."

—"If to-night thou dost not appear at thy window, of my death, alas! thou wilt hear on the morrow."

The Spanish nights are so mild and genial that we can hardly wonder the serenaders have not died out. The *novio* still spends a part of his nights singing and talking to his *novia*, betrothed, who is seated behind the iron grating which invariably protects the lower windows of the houses. Whenever we witnessed a nocturnal *tête-à-tête* of this sort, we heard the couple whispering together, and the *novio* could be seen clinging with trembling hand to the iron railing as described by Cervantes in his novel, the *Celoso extremeño*:

"A los hierros de una reja
La turbada mano asida."

This favourite exercise of lovers is called *pelar la pava*—literally, *peladores de pava*—turkey pluckers; it may be because the attitude offers some analogy to a person plucking a turkey



A SERENATA AT CORDOVA.

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with the right hand, while holding it with the left. The Andalucians have another expression for characterising an ardent lover whose head is bent towards the bars; *comer hierro, mascar hierro*—to eat or to chew iron. Sometimes the *pelador de pava* tries to deceive the mother's vigilance, when he is careful not to sound an instrument, and with the consent of the young girl he is even able to deceive the house-dog, or bribe him to silence. "Throw some bread to the dog when you come to see me," says the *novia*, "for my mother sleeps as lightly as a hare."

Amongst the popular songs sold in the streets, those called *serenatas*, or *coplas de ventana* (window couplets) occupy a most important position. Here are some of these *coplas*, which are, so to speak, classic among the Andalucians:

"Cuerpo güeno! . . . Alma divina!
Que de fatigas me cuestas!
Despierta, si estás dormida,
Y alivia, por Dios, mi pena!"

—"Rare beauty! divine one! What trouble is mine! Wake, if thou sleepest, and for God's sake my sorrows allay!"

"La paloma está en la cama
Arropadita y caliente,
Y el polomo está en la esquina
Dandose diente con diente."

—"The dove is in bed, snugly wrapped up, while the pigeon waits in the street, cold and gnashing his teeth."

Sometimes it happens that a rival appears upon the scene, when, if the first will not abandon his claims, the question is settled with the knife; the adversaries cast their mantles on the ground, tighten their *fajas* and fall on each other; but the combat has not always a tragical end, as it sometimes happens that the foes are merely *fanfarrones*—bullies—who at once pass from tragedy into comedy, and after they have exhausted their vocabularies of invective, retire tranquilly to a tavern to drown their rivalry in a bowl of wine.

Satirical couplets are not wanting to enliven this phase of Spanish life. One tells how a gallant sang all night long to the lady of his heart, whom he perceived from time to time moving the curtain on the balcony; but, after all, the object of his rapture turned out to be a black cat which had the curiosity to watch his movements.

When a *pelador de pava* has a circle of musical friends, he appoints a rendezvous under the balcony of his *novia*, who thus enjoys the music, while she listens to the fond words of her lover. One evening we witnessed a *serenata* of this sort in a street in Cordova. While the musicians exercised their skill, the *novio* appeared to be hanging from the iron bars; as to the young lady, a gleam of moonlight revealed her charming face through the *reja*, showing that she took much more interest in her lover's words than the touching strains of the serenaders. It sometimes happens when the *novio* is engrossed with his *novia*, some friends who have concealed themselves surprise him, and compel him to pay a ransom.

Andalucia is renowned for its devotion to the Virgin, the *Santísima*. The number of books printed in honour of the Virgin is extraordinary. The bibliographer Antonio, who lived in the seventeenth century, quotes eighty-four works on the subject of different Virgins, venerated in certain localities, and over four hundred on the Virgin Mary. It is probable that the number has doubled since that time. The Gothic kings consecrated those beautiful golden crowns set with pearls and sapphires to *Santa Maria* in the churches

dedicated to her. A number of these crowns were discovered not far from Toledo, two or three years ago. Jaime *el Conquistador*, king of Aragon, erected a thousand churches, all of them dedicated to the Virgin Mary.

Soon after leaving Cordova, we passed the bridge of Alcolea, where the battle was fought in 1868 which cost Isabella II. the throne of Spain. This bridge was built by Charles III. at the close of last century; the black marble used for its construction was brought from the Sierra Morena. We stopped a day at Andujar, a little town famed for its vases of porous earth, used to keep water cool and which find a ready market all over Spain, and in many foreign countries. Their forms are most elegant, although they have never changed the ancient designs of Arabian origin; indeed vases of the same sort are still manufactured in Morocco, and in various other places along the African coast. They have generally two handles, and the orifice, opening like the calyx of a flower, is ornamented with *pastillages* of extreme delicacy.

Carolina, founded by Charles III., is a large market town of symmetrical construction, many of whose streets are ranged in long parallel rows, with others cutting them at right angles. Nothing can be more dreary than this metropolis of the *Nuevas poblaciones*: this is the name given to certain villages laid out on the same plan, by a celebrity of the state, Ollavide, to people the country bordering the Sierra Morena. After erecting these villages, it was found difficult to procure inhabitants for them. Germans and Swiss were placed there, but they were not easily accustomed to the climate; as we approached the mountains, we noticed some wooden crosses placed to mark the spots where unfortunates had met their death. A traveller of the last century, the Marquis of Langle, struck with the frequent recurrence of these crosses, thought it would have been a decided improvement to set up a scaffold on the sites of these assassinations:—"It is rather more interesting to travellers to find something to commemorate the punishment of crime, in place of the crime itself." The railway runs through frightful gorges and along the verge of high precipices. A celebrated spot, where these gorges are contracted so as to darken the route, is called the *Despeñaperros*.

"Andalucia," says Voiture, "reconciled me to the other provinces of Spain." This famous author, when he penned these words, had just passed through La Mancha, and was charmed with the contrast between the arid plains, the dark vegetation of the Sierra Morena, and the smiling country of the orange and palm trees.

"Three days ago," he adds, "I saw in the Sierra Morena the place where Cardenio and Don Quixote met, and the same evening I supped at the *venta* where the adventures of Dorothea ended." These lines, written seventeen years after the death of Cervantes, show that his immortal fiction was already accounted a genuine history.

The Sierra Morena was for many years one of the most dangerous haunts of banditti in the whole of Spain. These outlaws have been called the hermits of the Sierra Morena. But it is said that nowadays there is not a single band of highway robbers in Spain. José Maria, of whom we have already spoken, must have been a bandit of the romantic and chivalrous order. It is recorded of him that on one occasion he determined to attack a carriage, when the following scene took place:

"Silence!" cried one of the band; "hark, a noise of bells—a carriage—it comes this way."

"Alto!" cried José Maria, seizing the coachman; "let every one get down. Come, masters, get down. How many are there?"

"Four. A tall gentleman, two children, and a young lady."



DEFILE OF THE DESPEÑAPERROS, IN THE SIERRA MORENA.

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"Let them come out. You, Reinoso, guard the door. Another of you hold the horses, and let two others watch."

The *señor don Cosme*—that was the title of the traveller—begged the bandit to spare his daughter.

"Fear nothing. No one here lacks politeness—the beautiful creature!—God preserve you, *Señorita!*"

"Captain," said one of the band, "that is a dainty piece."

"Are you not going to place that jewel in a lottery?" said another.

José Maria imposed silence on his men, and ordered them to search the carriage without injuring any one. A purse was brought out, and the traveller was requested to name its contents.

"Four thousand *duros*," he replied, "my daughter's dowry—all my fortune."

"Do not grieve so, venerable sir," said José Maria; "and you, *Señorita*, weep no more. You were very pleased, then, to be married, and your father did not prevent you?"

"Oh, no, *Señor!*"

"Then God bless you, you are free. If the King receives me some day and pardons me, I will pay you a visit. Your hand. Adieu! Come, *mayoral*, to your box." And while the horses galloped away: "Come, you others," said the chief to his men. "I will divide amongst you four thousand *duros* which I have in reserve, so don't grumble. To horse, and away, ruffians."

A quarter of an hour after we had left the *Despeñaperros* we passed the *Venta de Cardenas*. In spite of its sonorous name, the place only consists of two common buildings, used as granary, inn, and stable. After interrogating the people as to any traditions belonging to it, all we could discover was that the *venta* was also known as the *Melocotones*—Melons—a name given to the proprietor of the estate. As to Cardenio and Luscinda, Cervantes' heroes, they said they knew nothing about such people; they had not been there lately.

Crossing the Sierra Morena, we entered La Mancha. No transition could be more rapid or more complete. The climate changes at once from the south to that of the north, and with it the aspect of nature. The eye wanders over bare arid plains, in vain searching for a single object on which to rest. Towns and villages can be dimly descried in the distance, but the landscape is dreary and desolate, and clothed with an air of poverty reigning supreme, to the verge of the horizon. When the old stage-coaches traversed these plains, travellers were constantly assailed by troops of beggars, whose numbers sometimes reached alarming proportions. One day, when in the diligence, we perceived more than twenty of these vagrants making for the vehicle as fast as their infirmities would allow them. This mendicancy has been attributed to the sloth and idleness of the people, as well as to the lack of resources in the country itself. A curious work by D. J. Ortiz, called "The Scourge of Beggars, Idlers, and Vagabonds," gives an interesting account of the different classes of beggars, begging pilgrims, priests, monks, and hermits, professional weepers, idiots, deaf, dumb, and blind, and those whose skill lies in mimicking diseases; then come those who pass as Jewish converts, and obtain money to enable them to receive baptism, and a host of others too numerous to mention here. The author thus concludes his singular nomenclature:—

"Con arte y con engaño
Se vive medio año;
Con ingenio y con arte
Se vive la otra parte."

—“By artifice and fraud, we live one half the year. By fraud and artifice, we live the other half.”

It is only necessary to read the accounts given by travellers in different countries to learn that mendicity has always in every land been taken up as a profession by a certain class of men. A traveller of last century, Joseph Baretti, Secretary of the Royal Academy of London, relates a story of a Spanish beggar, who asked alms from a Frenchman; but the latter, seeing him robust and strong, inquired how it was that he did not strive to live in a more honest and independent manner. “It is money I want and not advice,” replied the idler, turning his back. Another writer affirms that many artisans, even, only work when hunger compels them. “Go to a Spanish shoemaker and order a pair of boots: he will first look if there is a loaf of bread on the shelf, and, if there happens to be one, he will politely inform you, you may go elsewhere.”

Let us hear what an Italian traveller has to say, who passed through Spain in 1755. “I walked by chance into a bookseller’s, when a beggar came and asked alms of me; but with so much arrogance that he appeared to be demanding payment of a just debt rather than charity. At first I pretended not to hear him, and continued reading my book. Emboldened by my silence, he told me I had plenty of time to read books, and that I ought to attend to what he said. As I continued to take no notice of him, he approached me in an insolent manner and said, ‘Answer me, or else give me alms.’” Judging from what we ourselves have seen and heard of the Manchaens, they appeared to be a sober and industrious race. At first sight the traveller who is assailed by mendicants might naturally think that their misery was caused by idleness, but this is not always the case. When the harvest is abundant the rich farmers employ many hands on their vast estates; should the harvest prove scanty, thousands of labourers are thrown out of work, who, many of them, are obliged to quit their homes and travel through the other provinces begging.

Santa Cruz de Mudela is a small town, or rather large village, most dreary and miserable to behold.

As soon as the train arrived at the station, we were surrounded by sellers of *navajas*, *puñales*, *cuchillos*, and similar wares: some of them we bought to encourage a trade which has still some progress to make before it equals that of Sheffield. The knives are like those of Albacete, and it is doubtless this primitive Spanish cutlery which gave rise to the saying, “One cuts one’s finger without being able to cut a stick.” Next we fell into the hands of the sellers of garters, another local industry. The garters of Santa Cruz are simply ribands of silk or cotton, about the breadth of a finger, and ornamented at the ends with inscriptions in silk or silver thread. The words are usually appropriate:

“Te digan estas ligas
Mis penas y fatigas.”

—“May these garters tell thee my pains and sufferings.”

Some of these *ligas* are like the mottoes in which confectioners wrap their bonbons:

“Eres dulce como miel
Hermosa como Raquel.”

—“Thou art as sweet as honey, and as beautiful as Rachel.”

The fame of the wine of La Mancha is extremely ancient; the finest, that of Valdepeñas, is not unlike the wines of the south of France, or of some grown on



ARRIVAL OF THE DILIGENCE AT THE INN, SANTA CRUZ DE MUELA.

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the banks of the Rhone. It is of a beautiful deep red colour, of a strongly-marked flavour, and very insidious qualities, which it doubtless owes to the stony country. *Valdepeñas*, indeed, signifies "Vale of Stones."

Arriving at the town of Manzanares at a late hour, we determined to remain for a short time, and explore the environs of a spot rendered famous by the masterpiece of Cervantes.

Fifteen or twenty years ago there used to be an extraordinary blind girl in Manzanares, Maria Catarina Diaz, who stood at the *parador de las diligencias*, and who used to improvise verses and speak Latin. She was well known to all the travellers of the time; when we last saw her standing singing, she was pouring forth her words with such volubility that we could distinguish neither rhyme nor reason in them. A priest came up, and saluting the blind girl with a *vale!* to which she replied in Latin, he continued in the same tongue; nevertheless, we could not discover the faintest analogy between the words of the dialogue and the language of Tacitus or Cicero: the priest spoke Latin like a sacristan, while that of the girl could hardly even be called cook's Latin. They half understood each other, soon became confused, and the conversation dropped.

Early next morning we left Manzanares for Alba.



FIGURE.

A YOUTHFUL MENDICANT.—SKETCH MADE AT THE VENTA DE CARDINAS.



ANCIENT AQUEDUCT AT MERIDA.

CHAPTER XVII.

The *Campo de Montiel*—Peter the Cruel and Henry of Trastamare—The Venta of Quesada—The windmills of La Mancha—Souvenirs of Don Quixote and of Sancho—Toboso—Tembleque—Estremadura and its inhabitants—Deserts and pasturages—The convent of Guadalupe—Trujillo—Merida and its ancient monuments—Badajoz—Spanish inns: *fonda, parador, posada, meson, venta*, etc.—Picturesque names—Accounts of ancient travellers—Why the inns are so miserable—Montanechez—Flocks of sheep and the *Mesta*—The *merinos*—Organisation of nomadic flocks—Shepherds and dogs—Cáceres—The *búcaros* of Estremadura—Bridge of Alconetar—Bridge of Alcantara—Plasencia—The retreat of Charles V.: why named Yuste and not Saint Just—Talavera de la Reina, anciently famed for its *faïences*.

THE heat was tropical as we crossed the vast level plain called *el Campo de Montiel*. The town of Montiel is said to have been built on the ruins of the ancient Munda, capital of the Celtiberians, where Scipio Africanus remained for some time, after driving the Carthaginians from Spain. There, also, in 1369, one of the most dramatic events in Spanish history took place. Peter the Cruel, besieged by Guesclin in the Castle of Montreal, made him the most brilliant offers, if he would conduct him to a place of safety. Peter, led to believe that his offers were accepted, proceeded to the French camp, where he was surrounded and forced into a tent. Soon after, his brother Henri de Trastamare appeared, clothed in complete armour, and casting his eyes round the group, said, "Where is the bastard who pretends to be King of Castille?" "There is your enemy," said a French squire, pointing to Don Pedro. Don Henri, still uncertain, looked fixedly at him. "Yes, I am Don Pedro! I am the King of Castille. Every one knows that I am the lawful son of the good king Don Alfonso. Thou art the bastard!" Don Henri, roused by the insult, drew his dagger and struck him lightly in the face. The brothers, too close to each other to draw their swords, struggled violently for some time without any one attempting to interfere. In a fatal embrace they fell upon a camp bed in a corner of the tent. Don



THE MILLS OF LA MANCHA.

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Pedro, the stronger, held his brother under him; but while he felt for his dagger, an Aragonese cavalier, the Viscount de Rocaberti, seizing Don Pedro by the foot, wheeled him over, so that Don Henri, now uppermost, picking up a poniard and raising the king's armour, thrust it into his side. Don Pedro's arms relaxed their hold, and Don Henri disengaged himself, while his followers fell upon the dying king.

We stopped for a relay at the inn of Quesada, an old building resembling a diminutive fortress. Our next halting-place was the small town of Villarta de San Juan, where the Guadiana is said to flow beneath the route not far from the houses. The subterranean source of this river is called *el Puente*—the bridge. It is related of a Spaniard who, boasting to a foreigner of the wonders of his country, said: "We have a bridge more than twenty-one miles wide, on which numerous herds find pasturage." Windmills abound on the plains of La Mancha, where one may easily, like the faithful valet of Don Quixote, count as many as thirty or forty within range. These mills are never very large, and this fact may in a measure explain the mistake of the hero of Cervantes, while their number is easily accounted for by the enormous quantities of wheat produced in the country.

Toboso, which we passed at a considerable distance to our right, derives its name from *toba*, the porous earth of volcanic origin common to the country, and used to manufacture the *tinajas* or *jarras* already mentioned. In spite of the sonorous name, Toboso, the place is nothing more than a poor village of about three or four hundred inhabitants. There is one thing which must strike every traveller who visits the plains of La Mancha, "Don Quixote" in hand, and that is the accuracy with which Cervantes describes all the scenes in which his hero figures. His portraits, too, are almost photographic in their faithfulness and minuteness of detail. Swinburn, an English traveller of the last century, makes a curious observation on this subject. "At the villa de Santa Cruz the only thing we noticed as peculiar was a cow's tail in which our hostess had stuck her combs. As this was the first time we had come across this custom, in vogue at the time of Sancho, and which proved so useful to the barber, enabling him to make a false beard, we were struck with the accuracy of Cervantes."

In no other province of Spain had we the misfortune to meet with so many tattered mendicants, who frequently had not rags enough to hide their nakedness. Doré made a sketch of a blind beggar and his granddaughter: the man carried a placard in front of him explaining the cause of the prevalence of blindness in the neighbourhood of Madridejos. It is attributed to the strong reflection of the sun's rays from the surface of the white sandy plains. At Tembleque we left our slow, ponderous vehicle for the railway carriage. There were a great number of trucks at the station laden with enormous earthen jars full of oil from La Mancha, for that province not only produces grain in abundance, but great quantities of oil are brought from its vast olive plantations. These earthen jars are nearly all of one uniform shape, while their uses are diverse; they may contain either oil, wine, or vinegar. Those holding oil are not unfrequently preserved, buried in the ground, like the Roman amphoræ. Some of the largest of them are used as reservoirs for rain-water, and also for washing purposes. Sometimes they figure as huge flower-pots, and at others as bathing-jars, as we had many opportunities of discovering in Andalusia. Those used for oil are first filled with water, which forms an oil-tight coating inside and prevents leakage. The porous nature of these jars has doubtless given rise to this proverb:

"El jarro nuevo
Primero bebe que su dueño."

—"The new jar drinks before its master."

The ceramic museum at Sèvres contains a jar measuring about four yards in height, and an equal number in circumference.

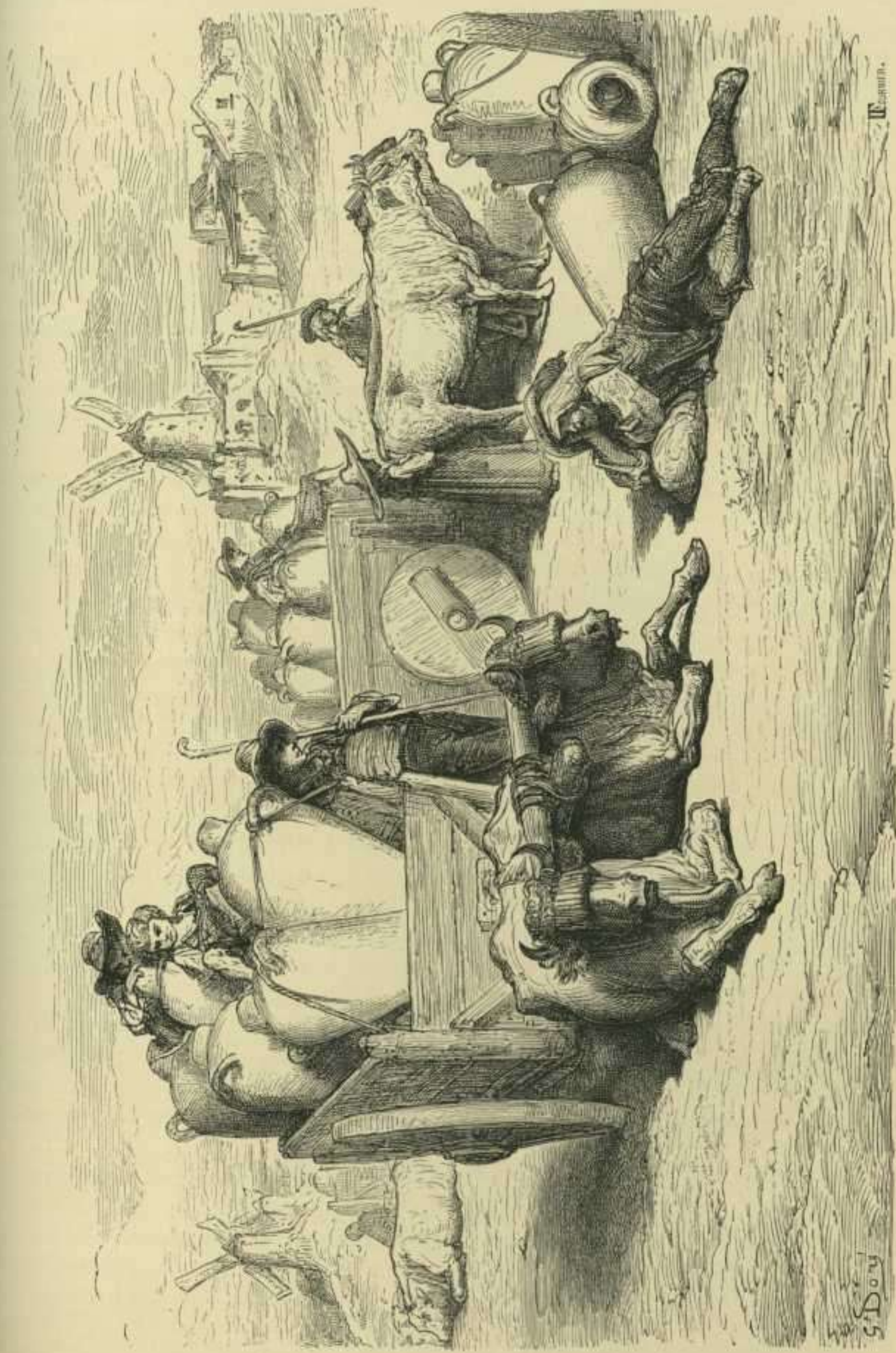
Tembleque, famed for its melons, is a little obscure town standing in a valley and encircled with a range of dreary-looking hills. Railway trains in Spain are neither numerous nor frequent; thus we had to wait several hours at the Tembleque station before we could start for Aranjuez, where we halted for repose, intending to revisit the place after our excursion into Estremadura. The routes leading to this province are so few, that we were forced to go on to Talavera and wait for the coach from Madrid. We enjoyed a glimpse of Toledo from the station, and determined to devote some time on our return journey to this ancient and interesting town. The shades of evening were falling as we entered Talavera de la Reina, and the coach did not make its appearance till seven o'clock. Fortunately we had taken the precaution of engaging the front seats from Madrid, otherwise we might have had to wait several days. Before dawn we had passed the borders of Estremadura. This province is thus named because its boundary skirts the left bank or *extrême du Duero*—*extrema Durii*.

Estremadura is the least populous of all the Spanish provinces, and although the inhabitants are naturally of a lively temperament, they disdain anything in the form of innovation or improvement of any sort: their idleness, indeed, has obtained for them the nickname of the Indians of the nation.

Our first halting-place was the village of Almaraz, on the banks of the Tagus, which we crossed on a bridge spanning the stream between two rocks. It is a bold construction of considerable length, with only two arches, and dates from the sixteenth century.

As we neared Trujillo we were in a position to note the truth of the local saying, "From whatever side you approach Trujillo, you must travel three miles through rocks." We were detained two hours, far too long a time to devote to an insignificant town (boasting only four or five thousand inhabitants), which, with the exception of two churches, presented little of interest to the traveller's gaze, save its ruins. Amongst the dilapidated houses we remarked that of the famous conqueror of Peru, Francisco Pizarro, who was born at Trujillo. After the discovery of America many adventurers left Spain to seek their fortunes in the New World. Estremadura, a province with but scanty resources, supplied a great number of these hardy emigrants. We visited the church of *Santa Maria Mayor*, which contains the tomb of Garcia, another local hero surnamed *el Sanson de Estremadura*, and *el Alcides de España*, companion-in-arms of Gonzalo, who passed his life in making war against the Portuguese, the Turks, and the French.

The country between Trujillo and Merida consists of broad meadows, where immense herds of black pigs and flocks of sheep find pasturage. Merida, a very ancient town, was built indeed twenty-three years B.C. The circumference of its walls measured about twenty miles, while its garrison in times of peace numbered eight thousand foot soldiers and ten thousand horsemen. The town still maintained its importance under the Gothic kings, and when Muza-Ben-Nasser arrived with his besieging army after carrying his conquests into the south of Spain, he exclaimed when he first descried Merida, "The whole world must have lent its aid to raise such a stupendous city!" Merida, after five centuries of Mussulman rule, fell into the hands of the Christians in 1229. Since that time it has gradually dwindled down until, at the present day, it contains not over five thousand inhabitants. The town, hardly so dirty and desolate as Trujillo, wants vitality, and may with Pisa be called "*la morte*." It nevertheless contains more Roman monuments than any other town in Spain, and in this respect may be classed with some of the towns in the south



S. Dow

W. Smith.

THE JARS OF LA MANCHA.

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of France, such as Nîmes, Arles, and Orange. The Roman bridge over the Guadiana—the *Anas* of the ancients—filled us with admiration. This granite bridge was built by order of the Emperor Trajan. It has no less than eighty arches to a length of two thousand five hundred feet, and is still in marvellous preservation.

Another remarkable monument is the triumphal arch called *Arco de Santiago*. Unfortunately the rich sculpture which at one time ornamented this archway has all disappeared. A few scattered fragments mark the site of an ancient Forum, whence the *via lata* started, which united Merida to Salamanca.

One of the finest relics in the town is its ancient aqueduct, rivalling those of Segovia and Tarragona. It is supported on ten arches, composed of brick and blocks of granite, and rises to a height of eighty feet; nothing can convey a better notion of the boldness of the Roman works than these colossal arches. The inhabitants, without doubt astonished by their grandeur, have called them the Miracles. The amphitheatre is now known as *las Siete Sillas*, because of its seven steps which have defied the ravages of time, while the ancient Naumachy is named *Baño de los Romanos*.

Badajoz, the ancient Pax Augusta, is about forty-five miles from Merida. Here we found shelter in the *fonda de las Tres Naciones*, whose white-washed interior was as remarkable for the simplicity of its furniture as for its cleanliness. This town was the birthplace of the famous painter, Luis de Morales, surnamed *el Divino*, as he confined himself strictly to painting religious subjects. One of the streets of Badajoz bears the name of *calle de Morales*. Philip II., on his return from Portugal in 1581, spent some time in the town, desiring to see the painter, who was then more than eighty years of age.

After passing through Badajoz and Merida for the second time, we profited by a galère on its way to Cáceres: there was indeed no choice as to our mode of conveyance, as the diligence is quite unknown along this desolate, deserted route, where one seldom encounters either a village or an inn. The *venta* at which we halted on our way was of a more wretched type than any of the many caravanserais of the sort we fell in with in Spain. The front of this resting-place for weary travellers consisted of a dingy apartment which served as kitchen, dining-room, and hall, or portico, where a group of individuals was seated around a fire, and who appeared to us to be *arrieros*. The hostess, an old wrinkled crone, whose nose and chin were cultivating a growing attachment to each other, was a famous type of those haggard beldames, whose great age it is impossible to determine, and who are called *bruja*s, or sorceresses, by the Spaniards. She was stooping over half-a-dozen mysterious earthen pots that were simmering on the fire, and emitting a foul odour of rancid oil. As to the *ventero*, he was poised on a rickety bench, snorting a native air to the accompaniment of a crazy guitar. This scene was presented to our gaze through a dense veil of smoke, which seemed reluctant to avail itself of the egress afforded by a hole in the roof, or by the open doorway.

The *ventero*, on seeing us, interrupted his song, while the company made way. Happily our *alforjas* contained an ample store of provisions, as we should have found nothing in the *venta* but sour bread and bad wine. Had we inquired of the *ventero* for his bill of fare, he would have replied, in true traditional style, "There is everything . . . you have brought with you."

If the hotels and inns in Spain offer few resources, in return the Spanish language is very rich in its nomenclature of these establishments. Thus we could name seven designations after the hierarchical order, *fonda*, *parador*, *posada*, *meson*, *venta*, *vendeja*, and *ventorillo*. The *fonda*, which derives its name from the Arabic, like the *fondaco* of the

Italians, holds the first rank, and is only to be found in large towns; it is indeed our hotel, with the difference that the traveller, in place of paying for what he receives from day to day, is obliged to pay in certain fixed sums for his weekly board and lodging. The *parador*, the *posada*, and the *meson* are very much alike: the first is frequently made the halting-place for the diligence. In these three establishments, which take the place of our country inns, we find that not only men, but horses, mules, and cattle of all sorts are put up, and it often happens that one has to make one's way through stables, or cattle-sheds, in order to reach the sleeping-apartments. Some of the *posadas* are nevertheless cleaner and better kept than the pretentious *fondas* of the towns.

The *venta* or *ventorillo* might be translated tavern, or public-house, and like these establishments, the *venta* is known by a variety of fanciful names, such as the *de los Ajos*—of garlic, *del Judío*—of the Jew, etc. There are also names which are hardly reassuring, "the *venta* of poniards," "of the robbers," etc.

After resting for a short time at the *venta*, we set out on the road to Cáceres, and it was not long before we descried, at the top of a mountain, the little town of Montanchez, which we reached after climbing a hill three miles in height. This town is famed for its hams, which are said to be the finest in Estremadura.

The country traversed between Montanchez and Cáceres is most fertile, consisting of rich green fields and meadows, shaded by trees and covered with immense flocks of travelling sheep; the merinos of the *Mesta* are celebrated for their migrations, and for the quality of their wool.

The name *Mesta* has been given to a very ancient gathering in Spain, whose members were farmers owning flocks and herds, which were transported during winter to the more genial provinces to escape the cold. As far back as 1501 the *consejo honrado de la mesta* was established, and at that time represented the four provinces of Cuenca, Soria, Segovia, and Leon. This honourable council enjoyed numerous privileges.

At the time of the *Mesta*, the organisation of the journey is very curious. Every *cabaña*, that is a flock of ten thousand sheep, is directed by a master shepherd, or a *mayoral*, an active man who is acquainted with the best pastures, and who is in every way thoroughly qualified for his post. He has under his orders fifty shepherds, accompanied by an equal number of dogs. Each man is allowed two pounds of bread a day, and the dogs an equal weight of food of inferior quality. The shepherds have only nominal pay, but they are permitted to own a certain number of sheep: the wool belongs to the proprietor of the flock, but the shepherd may dispose of the meat, the lambs, and the milk. At the present time the flocks are thus always under the direction of a *mayoral*, who is general-in-chief of these armies of peace.

Cáceres, the first town we encountered after Merida, stands in a commanding situation on the top of a hill: its climate is famed as one of the mildest and most salubrious in Spain. The town, which dates from the Roman epoch, was founded by Quintus Cæcilius Metellius, and its modern name is said to be a corruption of *Castra Cæcilia*. In some parts of the town we noticed a number of Roman remains, but nothing of any importance save, perhaps, a Roman mosaic encrusted in the wall of a house called the *casa de los Golfines*.

In our *posada* there was a number of those red earthen vases, *bácaros*, used, like the *alcarrazas*, for cooling water. They are manufactured in different parts of Spain and Portugal, but chiefly in the province of Estremadura. They were probably introduced by the Arabs: at any rate they have been known in Spain for many centuries.

The *bácaros* of Mexico are also famed as well as those of Spain and Portugal. As to



RUINS OF THE ANCIENT THEATRE OF MÉRIDA.

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those of Estremadura, the finest come from a town near Badajoz, to which this industry has given the name of *Salvatierra de los barro*s. These vases were formerly much sought after. We ourselves have seen a very curious collection of them at the Conde d'Oñate at Madrid, which seemed to us to go back to the end of the sixteenth century. It included several hundred examples, amongst which we remarked one or two more than a metre in height, and of the most chaste and elegant form.

Cañaveral, the town in which we slept, is not far from the famous bridge of Alconetar, spanning the Roman road from Salamanca to Merida.

Plasencia, where we arrived next day, is one of the prettiest towns in Spain. Its position on a prominent hill commands a view of the snowy heights of the Sierra de Bejar; its gardens, planted with fruit-trees and watered by the clear stream of the Gerte, render this town a most fascinating abode for those who love the beauty and tranquillity of nature.

The *Vera de Plasencia*, which stretches eastwards from the town, is fully entitled to its renown as one of the most favoured quarters of the Peninsula. We made our way over the fertile country to the convent of Yuste, celebrated as the retreat of Charles V., in which the monarch ended his days.

We may remark, in passing, that the retreat of Charles V. never bore the name of Saint Just, which has been, and is still, wrongly given to it. It is true that many places in Spain are named San Justo; nevertheless, they have nothing in common with the celebrated convent of Estremadura.

This last resting-place of the monarch has served as a pretext for more than one inaccurate and ridiculous story. Amongst the most ludicrous of those we will single out a professedly *précis historique*, published last century, followed by a play in which both history and geography are alike outraged. "The scene," says the author, "is the monastery of Saint Just in *Andalucia*. . . . In the valley we may descry the church and convent as well as the rich hills bordering the Guadalquivir." Unfortunately for the author, the convent of Yuste stands more than one hundred and fifty miles from the Guadalquivir, and obtains its name from a small stream or *Arroyo*, which takes its rise in the neighbouring mountain.

Charles V. was conducted to the monastery on February 3rd, 1557, and expired within its walls on the 11th of September of the year following. The Emperor did not, as has been often asserted, live with the monks: he had his own spacious, separate suite of apartments which were specially built for him. The room in which he died was so close to the church that, when unable to leave his couch, he could yet hear and join in the service. The interior of this dwelling, although it lacked the sumptuousness of an imperial palace, was nevertheless furnished with a certain degree of refinement. It contained works by Titian and other great masters, costly tapestries, and a multitude of objects of art and luxury adorned the various saloons. But now, alas! nothing is left to the once famous convent of Yuste, but the dim memory of its former greatness.

Resuming our journey at daybreak, in order to reach the route to Talavera de la Reina at Miravete, we had to pass through a wild part of the country, where we were again reminded of Charles V., who, when emerging from a defile in the mountains we were just entering, exclaimed, "*No pasaré ya otro en mi vida, sino el de la muerte*"—"Henceforth I shall cross no other passage than that of death."

Talavera de la Reina, in the province of Toledo, is a small town of some ancient historic note, which owes its name to its having been given as a fief to a certain queen of

Castille. It is the birthplace of the learned Jesuit, Mariana, author of the *Historia general de España*, a work which the parliament of Paris consigned to the flames because it held regicide to be a lawful and patriotic act. If we except a number of ruins and one or two Arabian towers, the town has nothing to remind one of its former importance.

It has a small hermitage, *Nuestra Señora del Prado*, a favourite holiday resort during Easter week, where fêtes, held about the beginning of the century, curiously enough preserved intact certain pagan rites and ceremonies, which it was found impossible to abolish. "Happily," says a Spanish author, "they are moulded to suit the worship of the Virgin, and the Church has done many other important services with similar pagan customs difficult to uproot."

The faïences of Talavera used to rival those of Valencia and Seville, and were praised at the beginning of the sixteenth century in the *Cosas memorables de España* by Marineo Siculo. "At Talavera they make beautiful glazed earthenware of great fragility, and of very careful workmanship; the vases fabricated there are very choice and varied in form."

We left Talavera at an early hour, in order to enter Toledo by daylight. The distance is not great, although on account of the state of the roads it is a full day's journey. Thoroughly fatigued, we at last entered the imperial capital of the Gothic kings and of Charles V.



AN UNFORTUNATE DAY : DESPAIR OF A GUITARRERO.



A SHEPHERD OF ESTREMADURA.

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IDLERS ON THE BRIDGE OF ALICANTE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Antiquity of Toledo; the city under the Romans, the Visigoths, and the Arabs—The Cathedral—Wealth of the ancient clergy—The *Zocodover*—The *Alcázar*—Ancient synagogues: *Santa Maria la Blanca*—The ancient Jews of Spain—Ancient convents of Toledo—Monks—Some proverbs—Saint-Simon and the monks of Toledo—The crowns of Guarrazar—The *Fabrica de Armas*—Ancient fame of the blades of Toledo—Their temper—The iron of Spain—Decadence of the arms of Toledo.

FEW towns can boast an origin so ancient as that of Toledo, whose history has been the subject of such ridiculous fables. Some authors have affirmed that the Jews established themselves in this town after the Babylonian captivity; others attribute its foundation to Hercules, or to Tubal-cain, who settled there exactly forty-three years after the Deluge. All that is known with certainty of the antiquity of Toledo is that it existed more than two hundred years before Christ. Marcus Fulvius besieged the town in the year 192 B.C., took possession of it, and placed it under the Roman dominion. The monuments, of which one still sees the remains, together with its ancient fame for the quality of its swords, prove that Toledo even at that time had acquired a certain renown, though it is spoken of simply as a small strongly fortified town, *Urbs parva, sed loco munita*. When the barbarians from the north invaded the Peninsula, Toledo fell to the Alani. At the beginning of the fifth century it passed into the hands of the Visigoths, and became the residence of their kings. The royal town, as it was then called, was enlarged and embellished by the Gothic kings, notably by Wamba, whose name is still popular in Spain. During the dominion of the Arabs, Toledo was celebrated for its great wealth and prosperity. Amongst the treasures which they found there, were the famous table of Solomon, and twenty massive crowns of gold left by the Gothic kings.

Under the Mussulman sovereigns, Toledo, exposed to constant sieges and assaults,

was at length taken by Amrou, *alcayde* of Talavera. The town was ravaged, and the inhabitants put to the sword; four hundred nobles, who had been gathered together under pretext of a feast during the night, were massacred, their bodies tossed into a ditch, while their heads were exposed upon the walls. Ten centuries have not effaced the memory of this nocturnal deed, and when one wishes to speak of a bad action the popular expression is still *Una noche toledana*—a Toledian night.

The Arabs had shown themselves tolerant to their fallen foes, permitting alike Jews and Christians to practise their religion with absolute freedom.

Toledo had been for nearly four hundred years under Mussulman dominion, when Alphonso VI., king of Castile, conquered it after a prolonged siege extending over many years. This prince awarded numerous privileges to the town, but failed to imitate the Moorish clemency. The natives were subjected to grinding persecution, and finally driven away.

Under the kings of Castile the people were constantly rising in revolt, but the most disastrous insurrection took place in 1449. The chief rebel was an *odrero*, or manufacturer of leathern bottles. This gave rise to a popular saying, *Soplará el odrero, y alborotarse ha Toledo*: "The maker of leathern bottles need only whisper, and Toledo will rise to arms." At the time of the famous insurrection of the *comunidades* in 1520, Toledo was the capital of the *comuneros*, who chose as a chief the bold, but unfortunate, Juan de Padilla; it had then reached the zenith of its fame. It was a learned and polished town like Seville and Salamanca. Even during the thirteenth century Toledo was held as the Spanish town where Castilian was spoken with the greatest purity, a reputation which it still preserves.

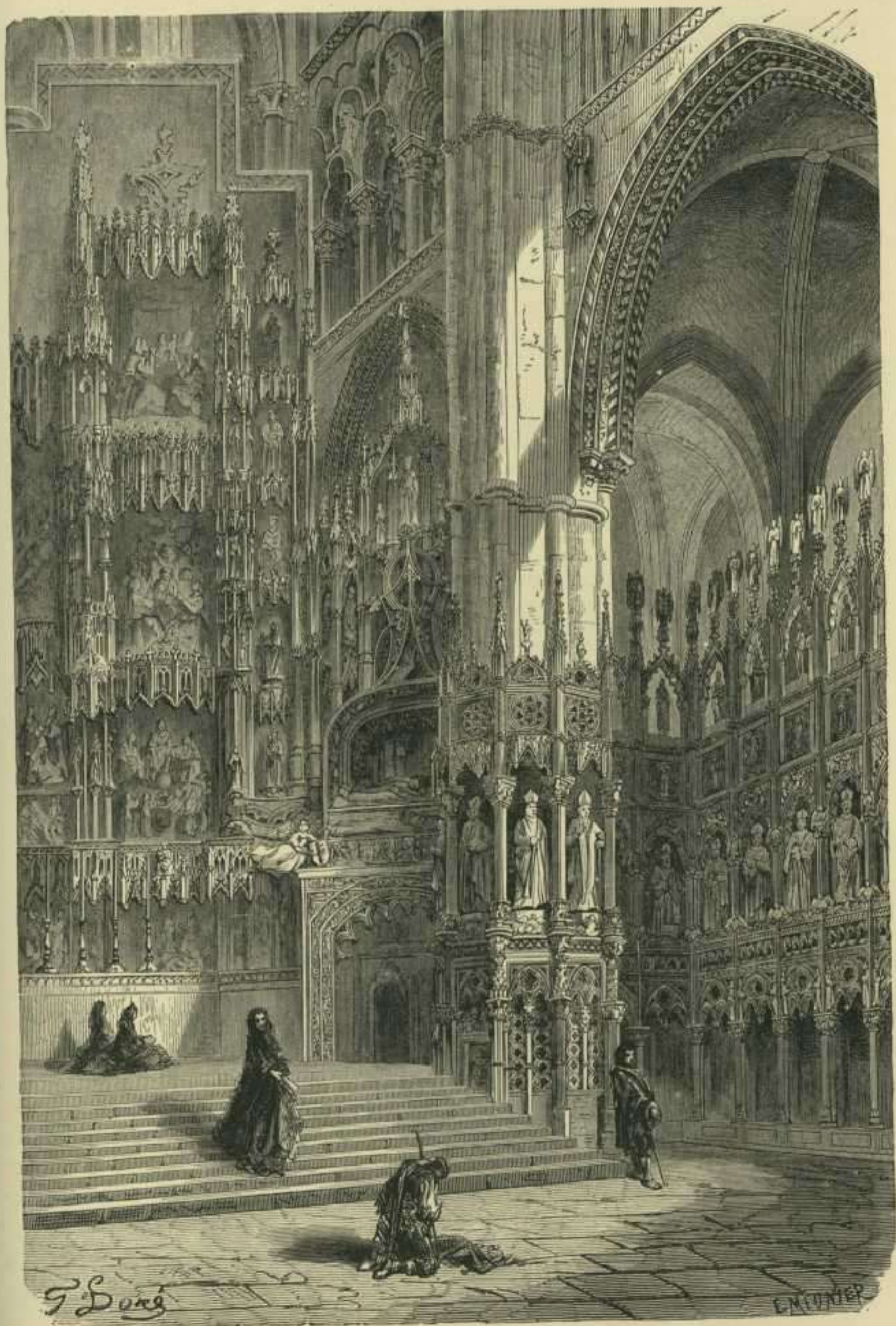
In the year 1560 Philip II. fixed his residence in the modern Madrid, after having abandoned the ancient capital of the Gothic kings; since that time it has declined, and the town, which in the time of its greatest prosperity numbered more than two hundred thousand inhabitants, can hardly boast fifteen thousand at the present day.

The Cathedral of Toledo is one of the finest, and without doubt the richest in Spain. It was commenced in the thirteenth century and finished at the end of the fifteenth; during a period of nearly two hundred years the building was carried on without intermission.

Although the Cathedral of Toledo is not so vast as that of Seville, yet its interior is grand and pleasing; it is divided into five naves, the central nave rising to an imposing height, the inferior altitude of the side naves adding to the apparent elevation of the great central one.

The choir, according to the prevalent custom in Spain, is placed in the centre of the principal nave, and thus occupies the middle of the church. The lower stalls, which date from the end of the fifteenth century, of carved walnut-wood, offer so many different subjects that several hours proved insufficient for a thorough examination of them. For the most part they represent jousts, tournaments, battles, and sieges, rudely executed, it is true, but at the same time full of the most interesting details of costume and weapons in use at the time.

The retables of the Spanish churches are of a proportion and richness of which one can hardly convey any notion by a simple description. That of Toledo rises nearly as high as the roof, and is garnished with innumerable carved figures. The *reja*, or iron gate of the choir, plated with silver, is also of colossal dimensions. Among the many chapels of the cathedral, we first visited the *capilla muzárabe*, thus named because the offices according to the Mozarab rites are daily celebrated there; it is also called the apostolic or Gothic rite. The name of *Muzárabes* was given to the Christians who after the conquest remained under the Mussulman dominion.



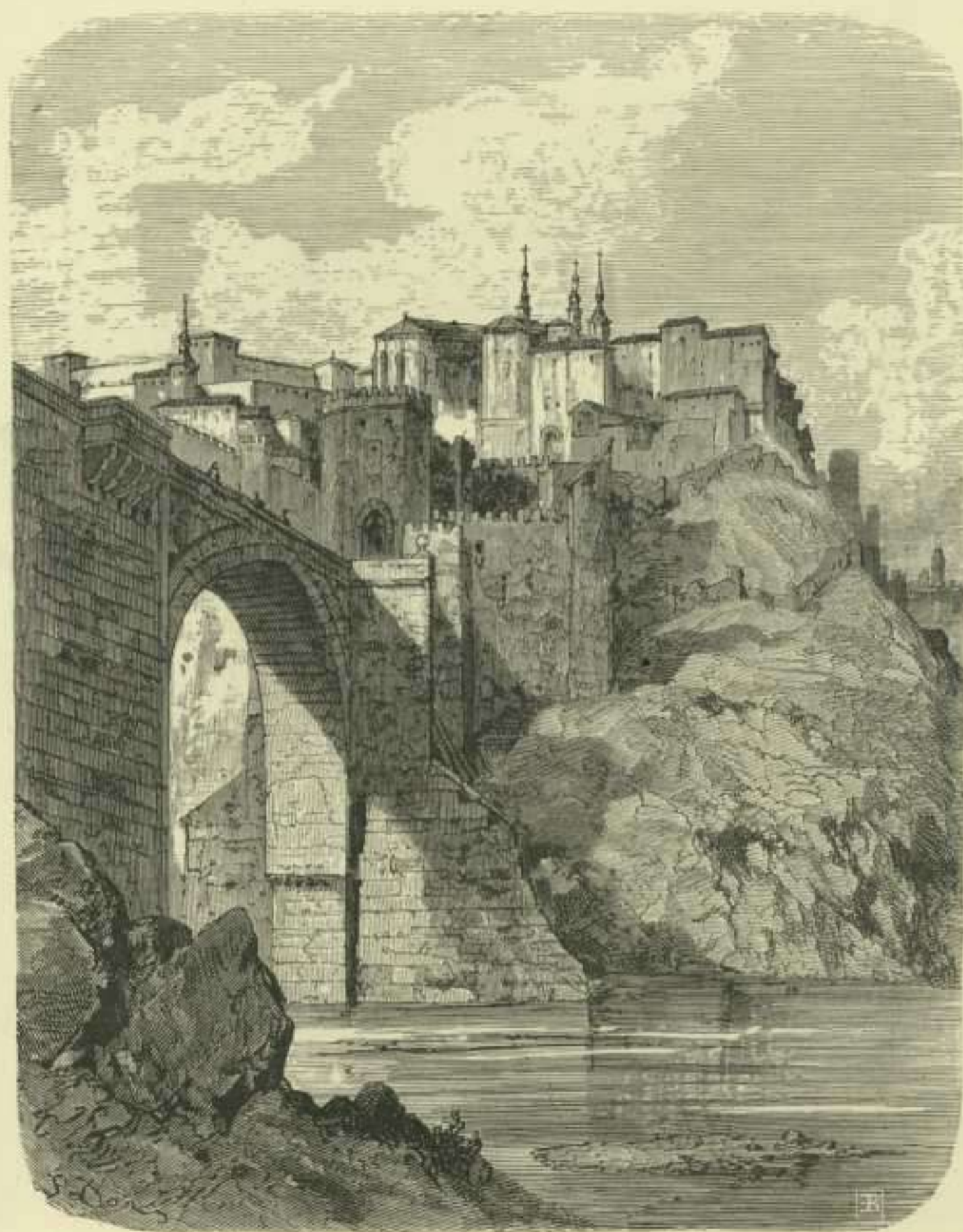
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INTERIOR OF TOLEDO CATHEDRAL.

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The *capilla mayor* was formerly known under the name of *Reyes Viejos*, as it contained the tombs of the ancient kings. The remains of the celebrated Cardinal Mendoza, Archbishop of Toledo, also rest in this chapel. It was quite natural to place by the side of the kings the remains of the distinguished prelate who shared the power of Ferdinand and Isabella.



BRIDGE OF SAINT MARTIN, TOLEDO.

By the side of the *capilla mayor* stands the famous altar, called *el Transparent*, a masterpiece of the bad *Churrigueresque* style; its mad extravagances form the most miserable contrast to the marvels of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance.

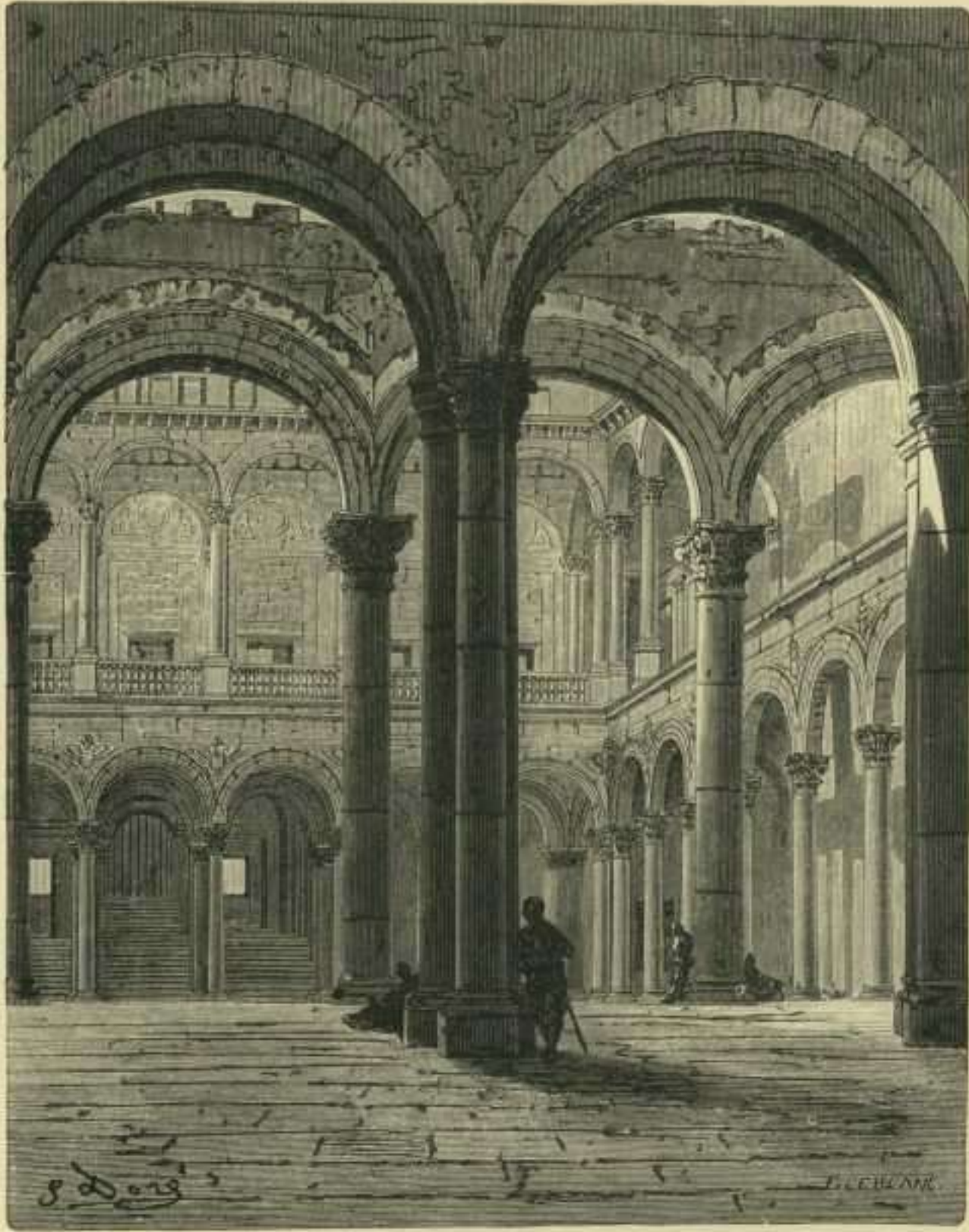
We rode from Zocodover to the Alcázar, built on the highest of the seven hills of Toledo, overlooking the Tagus. This palace was commenced in 1534 by Alonso de Covarrubias, one of the greatest Spanish architects of the Renaissance. The principal façade, which

occupies one of the sides of a vast quadrangle, is richly ornamented. On each of the other façades one still traces the remains of the ancient sculpture, affording some faint notion of the former splendour of this edifice. Unhappily the Alcázar is in a state of dilapidation painful to behold. The grand staircases of marble are reduced to disjointed pillars supporting nothing, and floors whose treacherous rotting beams will hardly bear to be trod upon. Such is the lamentable spectacle which the ancient imperial palace presented to us.



AN ARABIAN WELL, TOLEDO.

After Santa Maria la Blanca, the oldest Arabian monument in Toledo is the little church known as *Ermita del Cristo de la Luz*, used as a mosque before Toledo was taken by the Christians. "The Church of Christ of the Light" appeared to us to date from the tenth century. Its double arches, of horse-shoe shape, are supported by heavy square pillars similar to those in the Mosque of Cordova, and its cupolas, or *medias naranjas*, are of remarkable elegance. This church is the first where Alphonso VI., when he took possession of Toledo, entered to hear mass. The sacristan showed us, beneath one



ALCÁZAR OF TOLEDO.

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of the arches, a wooden shield ornamented with a white cross on a red ground, said to be the one which that prince left in the church as a souvenir of his visit.

Toledo formerly possessed numerous convents; those of the nuns numbered about twenty, while the monasteries were not less numerous. The power of the *frailes* was so great that they monopolised the best of everything. An ancient traveller complains of his inability to procure proper food in a village, because he had been forestalled by the jolly friars, "who preceding us had seized all the best and most useful commodities; for in Spain these holy men are the masters who make free with the property of the people."

The Spaniards, whose proverbs apply to people in all ranks and conditions of life, have not neglected to devote a share of them to the *frailes*: "Neither a good monk for a friend, nor a bad one for an enemy." "One must be careful of the bull in front, the mule behind, and of the monk on all sides."

Let us also quote this curious quatrain from the "*Philosophia Vulgar*:"

"De los vivos mucho diezmo,
De los muertos mucha oblada;
En buen año buena renta,
Y en mal año doblada."

—"From the living, good tithes,—For the dead, good offerings,—In a good year, good rent,
—In a bad year, double."

Saint-Simon does not spare them. "I have never seen," said he, "monks so fat, so big, so coarse, and such great knaves. Pride distils from their eyes and every pore of their skins. The presence of their majesties was not even softened by speech. What startled me, so that I could hardly believe my eyes, was the audacity, arrogance, boldness, and even brutality with which they elbowed their way through among the ladies, and passed the Camarera Mayor, who, like the others, made them a profound reverence, humbly kissed their sleeves, after which they redoubled their salutations, without receiving the faintest token of recognition from the stolid monks. If, as it rarely happened, they tossed them a word, the ladies replied with the sincerest respect both in tone and countenance."

The Spanish *fraile*, which Zurbaran, Murillo, and Goya loved to paint, is a type which has become extinct since the suppression of the convents. This measure left many men, accustomed to the tranquil life of the cloister, without food or shelter.

These unfortunates, sent adrift again to mingle with the society they had abandoned, found themselves without either friends or relations. Nearly every career was closed to them, and they united to form a new body under the name of *exclaustrado*—the unclaustrated. At the present day the oldest members are dead, and the youngest have disappeared by mixing with other classes, so that nothing now remains but their memory.

The most remarkable of the ancient convents of Toledo is that of San Juan *de los Reyes*, built in 1476 by the Catholic sovereigns as a thank-offering to God for victory. San Juan of the Kings, which belonged to the Franciscan monks, is at the present day a simple parish church.

The Fuente de Guarrazar is famed as the spot where a number of golden crowns, which belonged to the Visigoth kings of Spain were unearthed. This treasure, one of the most important which has ever been discovered, was found by a Frenchman, M. Hérouard, professor of the French language at the military college of Toledo, during the time of Charles X. Hunting one day on the hills of the Guarrazar, he perceived a fragment of a gold chain shining in the sun, and making excavations soon brought to light the splendid crowns preserved in the museum of Cluny, and which, on account of historic interest,

are rendered a hundred times more valuable than the mere gold and jewels. New excavations, carried on in the same spot under the direction of M. Amador de los Rios, have since yielded several other treasures which were sent to the *Armería* of Madrid.

Not far from the Fuente de Guarrazar rise the *Montes de Toledo*, so famous in the history of brigandage. As we were walking one day to the *Fábrica de Armas*, we bought from a song vendor, on the place of the Zocodover, a popular ballad entitled *Los Bandidos de Toledo*: "A curious and new romance, in which is related the history of the bandits



INTERIOR OF SAN JUAN DE LOS REYES, TOLEDO.

who inhabited the mountains of Toledo, where they committed the most dreadful atrocities, with all the details, which the curious reader may see."

The swords and poniards of Spain were anciently famed for their temper and quality, as may be gathered from the writings of Polybius, Diodorus of Sicily, etc. The blades of Toledo were held in high favour in England, as several passages in Jonson, Butler, and Shakespeare show. It is the arm which Othello guarded like a treasure in his chamber, and the faithful friend of the soldier. "Toledo's trusty," said Mercutio, "of which a soldier



THE PUERTA DEL SOL (GATE OF THE SUN), TOLEDO.

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dreams." It is unnecessary to say that the *espadas toledanas* were not less valued in Spain. The author of the *Vida de Lazarillo de Tormes*, who wrote in 1525, makes the servant of Toledo who waited upon his hero speak thus: "Oh! if you knew, sir, what a treasure I possess in this blade! The world does not hold gold enough to buy it. In all the blades of Antonio there never was a steel like this." The steel employed in the manufacture of the blades of Toledo is brought from a mine situated at about a league from Mondragon, in the Basque provinces.

The *Fábrica de Armas* stands on the right bank of the Tagus, at about two kilometres' distance from Toledo. It is a large rectangular building, erected in 1780, as we were informed by an inscription placed above the gateway. Charles III., who made so many efforts to encourage Spanish industry, resolved to revive the ancient manufacture of *espaderos*, and accordingly he had this factory built. The old fame of the *espaderos* of Toledo had sadly fallen away, and the king was obliged to import a skilful sword-cutler from Valencia to act as manager of the new works.



A DOOR OF THE MIDDLE AGES, TOLEDO.



A RELAY BETWEEN TOLEDO AND MADRID.

CHAPTER XIX.

From Toledo to Madrid—Aranjuez: the palace and gardens—Bull and tiger fighting—Arrival at Madrid; historical notes—The ancient houses; interior decorations—Some strophes of *Madrid ridicule*—The climate—The *Puerta del Sol*—Cost of building materials—The shops and shopkeepers—Notes on the Spanish press—The newspapers—The petty journals—Satirical papers—Theatrical and sporting sheets—Journals of Barcelona and the provinces—The Republican press.

FORMERLY the journey to Madrid occupied an entire day, although the distance by road was only twelve leagues; but the road was of the roughest sort, and the leagues of the longest Spanish measure. There used to be no alternative but to make this journey in a narrow diligence, or in an antique *calesa* crammed until topheavy, in spite of its high wheels, and producing a motion which has been likened by a traveller to a storm on land. They stopped half-way at Illescas, to partake of a very necessary repast. The dinner of the *posada* was a caution to the traveller, more especially if he happened at the moment to recall the passage in "Gil Blas," where the trusting wayfarer is supplied with a cat disguised as a hare.

The journey is now made by rail, and takes about three hours. Crossing the bridge of Alcantara, situated at the foot of a hill, we soon reached Algodor; then Castillejo, where the rail branches off to Madrid; and half an hour afterwards we were at Aranjuez. The gardens of the ancient royal residence at this place are like an oasis in the centre of the



THE QUEEN'S AVENUE, ARANJUEZ.

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surrounding desert country. We will just pass through the gardens, beginning with the Calle de la Reina, "the Queen's Avenue." It is at least three miles in length, reaching down to the Tagus. The gardener showed us the fountain which Velazquez painted during one of his visits to the palace. This picture, now in the museum of Madrid, proves that the Spanish painter knew as well how to paint landscapes as figure subjects. The attempt has been here made to cultivate plants from South America; other experiments have been made, not always in good taste—an artificial mound, for example, supposed to resemble the Alps, a hermitage, a Greek temple, and many other models equally curious. Most of these date from the reign of Charles III., who had a great liking for this royal residence. After the gardens we visited the town, which is modern, and therefore uninteresting, except to its four thousand inhabitants. But in May and June, the months when the court used to repair to Aranjuez, the population increased to about twenty thousand.



COMBAT BETWEEN A BULL AND A TIGER.

A bull-fight was announced for the day after our arrival, at which we made sure to be present, not so much to witness the ordinary *corrida* as a fight between a bull and a tiger: combats between brutes were very much in vogue two centuries ago. The course did not last long; the tiger, in spite of the exciting cries of the crowd, remained perfectly still, displaying nothing in his attitude to denote the ferocity of his race. The bull on the contrary, though small in size, was bent on war; thus he advanced on his foe and tossed him into the air. The tiger, without attempting to resent the insult, calmly crawled off to his cage, leaving his adversary master of the field.

As we were anxious to reach Madrid, we soon re-entered the train and were carried off to the metropolis. This city above all others has had hosts of rival chroniclers, who have striven to bestow upon it the greatest possible or impossible antiquity. One affirms

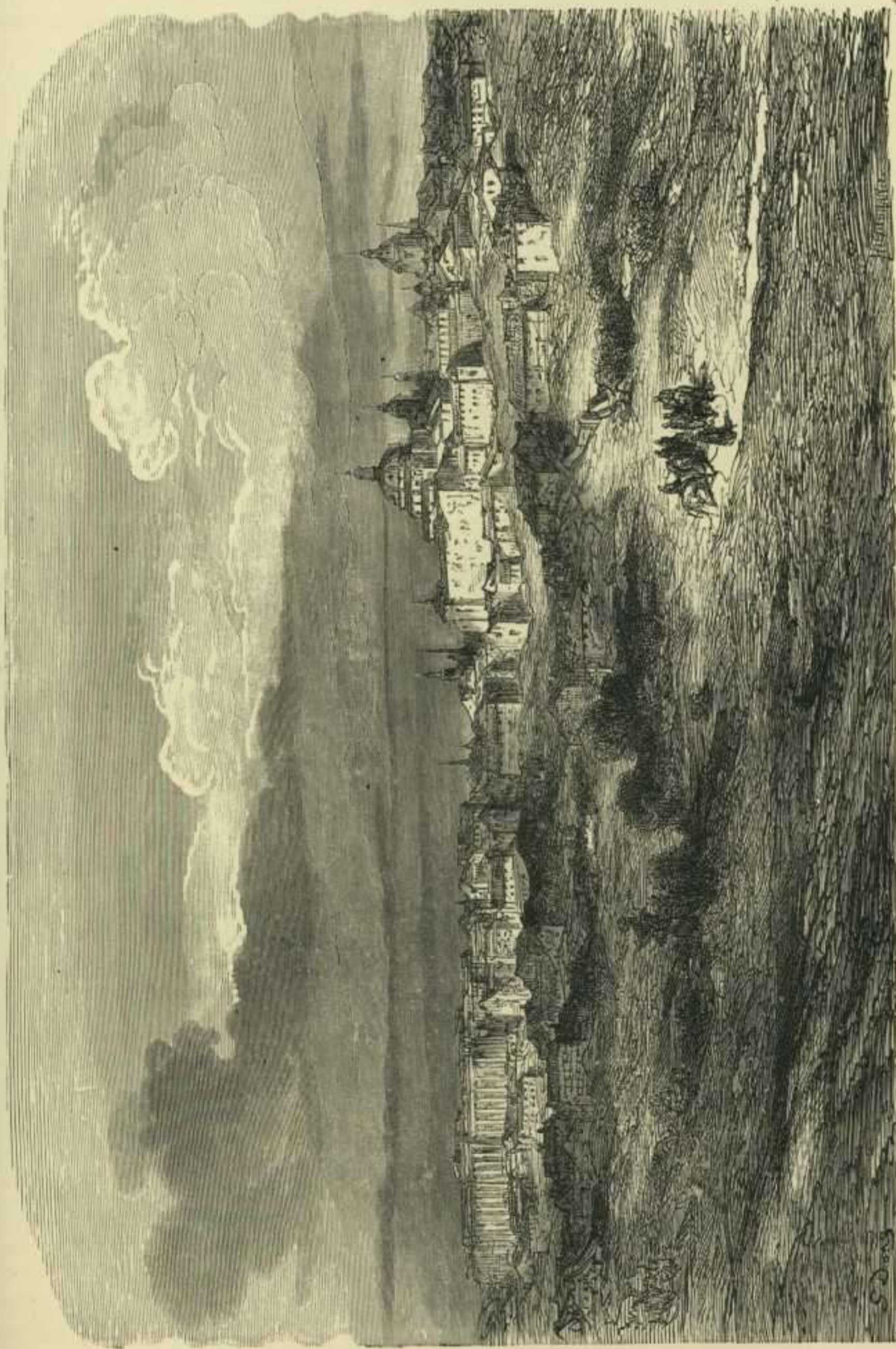
that it was founded immediately after the Deluge; another, more modest, sets it down at ten centuries before Rome; and, according to a third, Madrid was flourishing during the Grecian epoch. Juan Lopez de Hoyos, who called Cervantes his well-beloved disciple, would have us believe that the *Arco de Santa Maria* was built by Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, at the time of his visit to Madrid. But we cannot enter upon the discussion of the fables and facts that figure in the history of this renowned city, as we have not a separate volume to devote to a subject so interesting. The truth is that Madrid is not without the respectability which antiquity confers. It is mentioned for the first time in authentic history in the year 933, when Ramiro II., king of Leon, wrested the city from the Arabs, who named it *Majerit*; it was then an advanced outpost destined to protect Toledo. It again fell into the hands of the Arabs. Alphonso VI., another king of Leon, took possession of it towards the end of the eleventh century, when a Christian population established themselves at Madrid; after which its history became less obscure. Its *concejo*—or city councillors—figure in 1211 in the victorious expedition against Murcia, then under the Arabs. It was at Madrid that Ferdinand and Isabella received their daughter and her husband. It was also there that Cardinal Cisneros governed Spain after the death of Ferdinand. Charles V. loved the palace of Madrid. Philip II., after having abandoned Toledo, made it the capital of Spain. It was at this epoch that the old walls were thrown down to enlarge the city, when many of its most important streets were built. The environs of Madrid were covered with considerable forests, the delight of huntsmen. Argote de Molina, in his *Libro de Monteria*—hunting-book—printed in 1582, speaks of the environs of Madrid as good cover for the bear and wild boar; this accounts for the bear figuring in the city arms. During the seventeenth century the new capital extended rapidly, but without order or design—*tumultariamente*, according to the extraordinary expression of Ponz; “and a thing worthy of remark,” adds the traveller, “while in America we were building towns of the most perfect symmetry, the streets of our own capital were made devoid of regular design. Most of them were built at hazard, care was not even taken to construct them a certain distance apart, for those existing merited only the name of corners, or crossways.”

Philip III., who was born at Madrid, embellished the capital by building the Plaza Mayor, which still preserves its ancient aspect. During the long reign of Philip IV., which lasted no less than forty-five years, numerous monuments and churches were built; the Buen Retiro also dates from his reign.

The houses of Madrid leave very much to be desired, for earth and badly assorted stones were all that was used in their construction.

It is this style of building which tempts a traveller of the seventeenth century, when speaking of the people of Madrid, to say, “They have taken their style of architecture from that of the moles; their houses are simply built of earth and, like mole-hills, only one story high. They make their houses like their pistoles, in which the material is worth more than the work.” Another traveller says, carriage entrances are very rare, but where they do exist they are accompanied by an inner court; the houses which have them are very fine, spacious, and commodious, and certainly they are quite as costly as those in Paris.

The houses in Madrid have for the most part only a ground floor. This peculiarity was caused by the heavy tax levied on buildings above one story high. This restriction on the right of building has given rise to a singular expression; in speaking of low houses, built to evade the tax, they are termed *construidas de malicia*, that is to say, “constructed with malice.” The king, we gather from a proclamation dated 1666, has a right over all



GENERAL VIEW OF MADRID.

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the houses built in Madrid, which yields him a considerable revenue. It is the first floor on which the tax is imposed; but it is customary for either the builder or the tenant to purchase exemption, or, if they have not the means, they are careful to build their houses just high enough to escape taxation. This accounts for the multitude of low houses one sees at Madrid, houses having nothing but a ground floor.

It was also forbidden to build houses, having a first floor, in the neighbourhood of convents or monasteries. Nevertheless, the houses make up for want of upper stories by spreading over a great area. There are at times as many as twenty or even a greater number of apartments in each dwelling, apartments suited to the exigencies of the four seasons of the year. While the exteriors of the houses of Madrid are simple and unattractive, the interior apartments make up for this deficiency by their elegance and sumptuousness of decoration. One may form some notion of an interior from the following description of a mansion occupied by ladies of rank. "It would be difficult to discover anything more sumptuous than their house; they occupied great apartments, draped with tapestries, sparkling with gold. First there was the room of the Duchess of Terranova, adorned with grey tapestry, with bed and furniture to match; then that of her daughter, the Duchess of Monteleon, decorated in the same style. In the apartment of the Princess of Monteleon the bed was draped with green and gold damask, lined with silver brocade, and trimmed with Spanish point lace. The sheets were edged with lace fully half a yard wide. In front of these apartments was the suite of rooms occupied by the Queen, entirely upholstered with white damask. That of the duchess was tapestried with crimson velvet and gold, a rich stuff called in Italy *velluto a giardino*, or parterre velvet. These rooms were divided, one from the other, by partitions of perfumed wood. The ladies met in a large gallery richly carpeted, and surrounded by cushions of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold, and cabinets of rare wood set with rows of precious stones, furniture imported from foreign countries. One also noticed tables of silver, and mirrors set in gorgeous frames, the commonest being silver." Other costly ornaments excited the admiration of Madame d'Aulnoy, such as *escaparates*, or *urnas*, a sort of small glass cabinet containing an array of articles of extreme rarity and great intrinsic value, grey amber, rock crystals, porcelains, branches of coral, mother of pearl, gold filigree, and a thousand costly gems. "There were more," she adds, "than sixty ladies in this gallery seated cross-legged on the ground, an ancient habit obtained from the Moors. They were in groups of five or six together, around a little silver furnace full of olive-nuts, to prevent them getting headaches. The furniture was extremely gorgeous but badly kept; it consisted of tapestries, cabinets, pictures, mirrors, and silver ware."

According to the authors of the seventeenth century, the streets of Madrid were in a truly miserable condition. Madame d'Aulnoy relates her experiences of its thoroughfares with the most charming candour. Provided with no proper sanitary system, the citizens were accustomed to discharge their slops and garbage from the windows above one's head. It was not only necessary to be careful in picking one's steps along the badly paved way, but it was also expedient to keep a sharp look-out above, as many a gallant, sallying forth perfumed for the evening, and not hearing the customary warning, *Agua va*—"Mind the water"—had to beat a hasty retreat back to his chambers, drenched by the foul contents of some utensil shot from a window above his path.

An Italian traveller who visited the metropolis of Spain at the same epoch, says that the revolting odour which prevailed caused him to repent of having come. "I had already heard its filth much spoken of, but had always imagined the picture to be overdrawn. My

own senses now convinced me to the contrary. I wish to quit the town and never dream of returning, unless the king undertakes the Herculean task of cleansing his capital."

The wishes of this traveller were realised under the reign of Charles III. In 1760 Madrid was so thoroughly transformed that no one would have recognised the wretched old filthy town in the well-kept streets, bordered by magnificent edifices, in vast promenades, fountains, and gardens. It is from that epoch that the transformation of the town dates.

The climate of Madrid, is it salubrious? This is a question which has given rise to much controversy. Some say that the sharp cold air is healthy, and it is said for this reason Philip II. determined to make it the capital of his kingdom. On the other hand, many popular proverbs are opposed to this view; in one we find the air of Madrid accounted so subtle and so fatal as to be capable of killing a man without extinguishing a candle:

"El aire de Madrid es tan sutil
Que mata á un hombre,
Y no apaga á un candil."

It is from the mountains of Guadarrama, covered with snow during spring, that this perfidious wind comes. Thus most of the inhabitants take the precaution of protecting themselves, during its prevalence, with the ample folds of their mantles, by which even their mouths are carefully covered. It is certain that the changes of temperature are not only sudden and frequent, but extremely trying to the health, more especially towards the close of winter. This gives rise to a variety of diseases, the most dangerous of which is pulmonia. It is without doubt the prevalence of these illnesses that suggested this rhyming proverb:

"Aun las personas mas sanas,
Si en Madrid son nacidas,
Tienen que hacer sus comidas
De pildoras y tisanas."

—"The healthiest persons, if born at Madrid, should feast without ceasing on pills and ptisans."

At Madrid it is just as intensely hot during summer as it is cold during the winter months. This accounts for the saying, that there are three months of winter and nine months of *inferno*.

The *Puerta del Sol* is here what the Agora was to Athens, and the Forum to the Eternal city. It is the heart of the town, where all the arteries join, the centre of life and movement; the rendezvous of the loungers, idlers, and gossips, so that we naturally introduced ourselves to the Spanish metropolis by seeking this desirable spot. *Puerta del Sol*, in spite of its name, is not a gate, but a certain open space; as it is a celebrated place, it has its ancient and noble titles. During the fifteenth century there was a gateway on which a sun was painted, but it was destroyed by Charles V., who erected the church of *Buen Suceso* on the spot. This church enjoyed the privilege of celebrating mass up to two o'clock in the afternoon, thus causing it to become a fashionable resort. Not many years ago the façade of the *Buen Suceso* occupied one side of the square; it is always present in one's mind with its enormous dial, which was lighted up at night. In the centre of the square stood a fountain of Venus, in rather bad taste, bearing the popular name of *Mariblanca*. The place, badly paved and devoid of footpaths, was bordered on one side by a variety of hideous structures quite unworthy of a capital.

But within the past few years, the appearance of the *Puerta del Sol* has completely

changed ; on the side of the Buen Suceso an immense edifice has been raised, containing the largest hotel and café in the town. The miserable and irregular buildings of former days have been pulled down, and the narrow, ill-constructed streets straightened and rebuilt. The old fountain is replaced by a large basin, whence a jet of water rises to a great height. The *Gobernacion*, an ancient edifice of the last century, which occupies one side of the place, imparts a monumental aspect to the whole.



VENDOR OF WAX MATCHES.

Both land and building materials are very high priced in Madrid. The ground, sold by the Castilian foot, is sometimes valued at fifteen hundred francs the superficial metre. Stone is obtained from the quarries of Angers and of Angoulême, whence it is sent by railway. Besides this, the great expense of living in Madrid appears to be nothing new: a Dutch traveller said, more than two hundred years ago, that the houses were "excessively dear, as well as everything else. . . . A house which would be thought dear at eight thousand crowns, is here sold for twenty and twenty-five thousand crowns: when a man builds he is reported to be extremely rich."

The shops of the Puerta del Sol and neighbouring streets are let at exorbitant rents, and are tenanted by tailors, drapers, milliners, hotel-keepers, and jewellers. One also comes across the *tiendas de quincalla*, where a heterogeneous collection of all sorts of things is exposed for sale, chiefly made up, however, of what are known as *articles de Paris*.

By the side of these imposing shops, many open-air industries are carried on; the most noisy of all are the vendors of newspapers, women and children, who make themselves hoarse with screaming towards evening; when they are working off the last edition, their harsh voices become perfectly hideous: "*Que acaba de salir ahora!*"

The cries of the newsvendors mingle in dreadful chorus with those of the *cerillas*—purveyors of wax matches—the only sort used in Spain. Scantly clothed, having wretched *alpargatas*, hempen sandals, or simply bare feet, their establishment consists of a little box, supported by a cord round the neck, with which they parade the streets striving to outdo their noisy neighbours with their *A dos y á tres, cerillas*. Next comes the *aguador*, with his well-known cry: *Agua! Quién quiere agua?* or *El aguador! Agua y azucarillos*. In one hand he carries a *porron*, with a huge orifice and narrow spout, and in the other a small table of tin or polished brass, on which are disposed *azucarillos* and a number of glasses of formidable dimensions, for the people are great water-drinkers. Here are again a variety of wandering merchants, one selling paste for polishing silver, another an alkali for extracting stains of grease, a boy crying *papel de hilo, papel de Alcoy, etc.*

Let us approach this group of men conversing in front of the Café Impérial: we shall only overhear a few words, such as *volapié, muleta, puyazo, and vara*; these are *hombres de capa y calañes, gente torera*, as they say here. Besides, by their tight-fitting breeches, supported by a silk band, by their short jackets and Andalusian hats, and the little plait of hair which hangs from the nape of their neck, we already recognise them as *toreros*. Indifferent to the surrounding crowd, they are engrossed with professional topics, their *puros*, or cigarettes, and only turn their heads when they hear the rustling of a silk dress.

Before quitting the Puerta del Sol, the great news exchange of Madrid, let us glance at the Spanish press. The large papers differ so immaterially from our own, that we might almost pass them over without comment; they are generally divided into sections: *Seccion oficial, Seccion judicial, Seccion religiosa, etc.*; at the end is the *Seccion de anuncios*, where one reads in big letters *Atencion! Interesante! Buena ocasion! Grande rebaja!* and other traps for the credulous public. Next, the *Perdidas y Hallazgos*—objects lost and found; the public theatres and *Academias de baile*; the *Casas de huéspedes*, always numerous and at fabulously low prices; then the *Sirvientes* and the *Nodrizas, etc.*

But let us look for a moment to the periodical literature comprised in the numerous smaller journals of Madrid: many of them are only ephemeral. We will therefore confine our observations to the best known and most interesting papers.

Amongst the satirical journals of Madrid, published before the revolution of 1868, we will first cite the *Padre Cobos*, one of the best known and most flourishing during the years 1855 and 1856. Father Cobos, a great good-humoured monk, is pictured at the head of the journal, laughingly taking his pinch of snuff.

Next on the list is the *Sopa-boba*, whose title, absolutely untranslatable, is taken from a popular saying, *Estar á la sopa-boba*, which means to eat and to drink—to regale oneself at the expense of another.

Then there is *el Cascabel*, the Bell, adorned with a vignette representing a fool,

pen in hand, holding a roll on which these words are written, *Viva la Pepa!* (long live Fifine!) The reader adds, *y el pan á dos cuartos*—and a twopenny loaf—to complete a jocular popular exclamation, almost synonymous to “Long live happiness and potatoes!”

There may also be enumerated the *Luneta*, the *Heraldo de los espectáculos*—journals of the theatre; the *Tío Patatas*, *Puntillion Semanal*, literally the “Father Great-foot, and the Weekly Kick.” The title adds that kicks are to be impartially bestowed on whoever merits them. There are also *el Gil Blas*, *el Don Quijote*, *el Mosquito*, *las Animas*—that is to say, souls in trouble, who are no other than *cesantes*, *pretendientes*, and others who are out of employment or who solicit occupation, a very numerous band in Spain; *el Garbanzo*; then *la Gorda*, the gross, an epithet applied to an enormous calabash pictured on the first page—this paper was hostile to the Government after the revolution of 1868. It must also be remembered that the noble art of bull-fighting boasts its own literature: the *Tío Caniyitas* borrows its title from that of a popular *zarzuela*; the *Tío Macan* is supposed to appear half an hour after each *corrida*; “*el Lidiador*,” the combatant; *el Clarin*—this title is taken from the clarion which announces the different phases of the course; *el Tábano*, the gad-fly; and lastly a sporting journal, *la Caza*.

After Madrid, Barcelona has the greatest number of journals, which partake of characteristics similar to those already noticed.

The small towns, and even villages, have their journals; but in conclusion we will notice one or two papers which flourished a few years ago: *el 93*, the ninety-three; *la Bruja*, the sorceress, *periódico de la canalla*; *el Petroleo*—titles which require no comments of ours. The republican journals are numerous: *el Pájaro verde* and *el Pájaro pinto* (the wise bird); *el Trueno gordo*, the bouquet of fireworks; *el Monaguillo* (the sacristan) *de las Salesas* (an ancient convent of Madrid); *el Jaquemate*. The *Loca Gamus* is a reactionary journal. There are several Carlist journals: *la Pitita* (the name of the royal march); *el Papelito*; *la Reconquista*; *la Regeneracion*; *la Esperanza*, and many other still-born papers, whose ephemeral pages can boast but one or two issues—papers which are far too numerous to admit of notice at our hands.



PEASANT IN THE ENVIRONS OF MADRID.



A BARBER AND HIS CUSTOMERS.

CHAPTER XX.

The *Calle de Alcalá*—Academy of *San Fernando* and the *Gabinete de Historia Natural*—The *Calle Mayor*—Silverware of the ancient palace of Madrid—Theatres of Madrid—Theatrical success—The *Plaza Mayor* and its fêtes; the *Festas reales*; the *Autos de Fé*; the great *Acte de Foi* of 1680—The bull-fights—Politicians of the *Plaza Mayor*—The *Maragatos*—The *Escribanos* of the *Calle Mayor*—The prison of Francis I.—The *Calle de Toledo*—Street merchants—The cries of Madrid—The *Rastro*—The *Fábrica de Tabacos*—The *Cigarrera* and the *Manola*—The *Prado* and the *Fuente Castellana*—The *Buen Retiro*.

LEAVING behind the *Puerta del Sol*, let us enter the *Calle de Alcalá*, the finest street in Madrid. On our left rises the façade of the ancient *Aduana*, now occupied by the *Hacienda* (minister of finance), the *Gabinete de Historia Natural*, and the Academy of *San Fernando*. There are only about twenty paintings in this academy, all more or less celebrated. The finest work is perhaps *Saint Elizabeth of Hungary*, by Murillo, and known as *Tiñoso*—the scurfy—as the saint is represented ministering to poor mendicants and lepers; this marvellous canvas is most fascinating, in spite of the revolting nature of its details. The collection also includes two other works by Murillo, a Rubens, and several examples of the Spanish school, notably five Goya, one of which is a superb portrait, full of life and beauty—a *maja* reclining, supposed to be the charming Princess of Albe, who, it is said, enjoyed the society of *majos* and *toreros*. The *maja* is most fascinating, and as a portrait reminds one of the description of the Marquis of Langle: "The Duchess of Albe, each hair of her luxuriant tresses inspires devotion.



SCENE FROM THE 'TIO CANIVITAS.'

To face page 406.

There is nothing in the world so beautiful ; it is impossible to add to her charms. When she passes, the people neglect their duties to gaze on her loveliness, and the children leave their play to follow her."

The museum of natural history contains the famous *Megatherium* found towards the end of last century near Buenos Ayres, the largest antediluvian skeleton in the world ; also an extremely interesting mineralogical collection gathered from all parts of the Peninsula.

Turning to the right, we arrived at the *Palacio del Congreso*, which stands on the *Plaza de las Cortés*. We stood on this spot with the lamented H. Regnault, when General Prim, on the day of his triumphant entry, stopped in the heart of an immense crowd cheering him, full of joyous hope for the future of Spain. Following the *carrera de San Gerónimo*, one of the most elegant and most frequented streets in Madrid, and after again crossing the *Puerta del Sol*, let us enter the *Calle Mayor*. The *casa de Oñate*, which occupies the angle of the place, is a great building of the seventeenth century, a fair example of the houses of that period. We have already noticed the costly manner in which the Spaniards furnished their houses. "The viceroys of Naples and the governors of Milan," says Madame d'Aulnoy, "brought excellent pictures from Italy ; the governors of the Low Countries added beautiful tapestries ; the viceroys of Sicily and Sardinia collected embroideries and statues ; those of India, jewels, vessels of gold and silver. Thus from time to time they all returned loaded with the riches of a kingdom, which were stored in the capital. We are not nearly so well supplied in France with costly wares as persons of rank are in Spain. The vessels used are all made either of silver or porcelain." In some private houses of Madrid one sees "silver vases filled with oranges and jasmines, as at Versailles, but nowhere is the wealth and profusion so remarkable as at the Duke of Albuquerque's." "There were," says Saint-Simon, "many articles of furniture which in place of being made of wood were cast in solid silver." This magnificently furnished house was one of the finest in Madrid. It is said that after his death it took six weeks to make an inventory of the gold and silver plate.

Among the number of larger houses in the city we may cite the palaces of Osuna and of Medina Celi, which possessed *armerias* and libraries ; also those of the Dukes of Frias, Liria, Vista Hermosa, Abrantes, and the Marquis of Alcañices, and others, all of them containing sumptuous furniture, ornaments, tapestries, and pictures.

According to recent statistics, Spain is, after France and Italy, the richest country in theatres. The Italian Opera House of Madrid takes the foremost rank ; it is even comfortable, which we can hardly say of our Parisian theatres. Next comes the *Teatro del Príncipe*, consecrated to the Spanish drama, followed by those of the *Zarzuela*, *Variedades*, *Circo*, *Novedades*, and the *Teatro de Lope de Vega*, where a variety of plays including *sainetes* are produced.

The theatres, whatever may have been said to the contrary, differ little from those in France, and have this advantage—that the *claque* is unknown, although it probably originated at Madrid.

It is, indeed, asserted in an account of the seventeenth century that the artisans and tradesmen of the town repaired to the theatre with the cape, the sword, and the poniard, and that "it was they who determined the success or failure of the piece by their uproar." These gentlemen obtained the name of *mosqueteros*. It is said that "an author visited the

leader of one of these bands, and attempted, with an offer of a hundred dollars, to bribe him to applaud his play, but the *mosquetero* proudly replied he would first form his estimate of the merit of the play, which was ultimately hissed off the stage."

We have already noticed the *sainetes*, but the *zarzuela* must not escape being mentioned. All sorts of plays interspersed with music are designated under this name, which was itself derived from a royal residence where representations of the kind were given at the time of Philip IV.

There are certain of the *zarzuelas* imitations of the French comic operas, such as the *Domino Azul* and the *Val de Andorra*. As an example of a purely Spanish *zarzuela*, we may take the *Tio Caniyitas*, which was played for the first time in Seville in 1849, and whose hero is an Englishman in love with a gipsy, who disguises himself as a *majo*. This opera had a most unparalleled success; in less than two years it made the tour of the Peninsula, and there was not a single town which did not desire to have it put upon its stage. The enthusiasm reached its climax at Cadiz, where it was running night after night without interruption, at three different theatres, during the entire season. Soon after its appearance it became popular all over Spain, and in America the *Tio Caniyitas* became so much the fashion that its incidents were reproduced in a hundred different ways in lithographs, engravings, or cigarette papers, cigar-holders, and even on the *abanicos de calaña*—fans mounted in willow, and sold at two *cuartos* on fête days.

The *Plaza Mayor* is one of the largest and most important places in Madrid. It was also the scene of great royal fêtes such as the *actes de foi* of the Inquisition, bull-fights, tournaments and festivals in honour of the crowning of sovereigns, their majority, and their marriage. It was here on the 30th June 1680, that the procession formed which carried twenty-three heretics to the funeral pyre outside the town, near the gate of the Fuencarral. Besides these victims there were thirty-six effigies of other unfortunates, who had ended their days in the prison of the Inquisition before they could be brought to the stake.

The great fire was lighted at four o'clock in the afternoon, and burned throughout the night; nevertheless, the bodies were many of them not wholly destroyed. On this celebrated occasion, while the victims were being slowly consumed by fire, their pious tormentors were regaling themselves with iced drinks and choice viands, disposed in refectories set up for the event. The king, Charles II., it is reported, remained the whole time seated in his balcony, not incommoded by the heat, fumes, or noise of the crowd; his devotion to the faith was indeed so remarkable, that it not only supported him while witnessing the harrowing details of the spectacle, but it enabled him to inquire calmly when the last heretic had been burned, if that was all?

In the centre of the *Plaza Mayor* there is a bronze statue of Philip III. mounted on horseback. The arcades which surround the place are occupied by shops, where articles of local industry are sold, such as the *monteras*, or fur caps, embroidered garters, knives, and all sorts of miscellaneous wares. A number of citizens may be encountered, seated beneath the arches, absorbed in reading the papers in front of the booksellers' or newsvendors' shops.

The Spaniards have always been addicted to politics; with the *Madrileños* the passion for politics has become chronic. More than two centuries ago, some one wrote, that even

then, in Madrid, there was not a cobbler or waterman who did not pride himself on his political profundity.

An author of the same period shows us how the Madrid cobbler—

“Forgetful of his humble craft,
Burdened with mighty consequence,
He cobbles the affairs of state,
And sticks up with wax and prudence
For minister and potentate.”



PEASANTS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF MADRID.

In passing from the *Plaza Mayor* and entering the *Calle Mayor*, let us pause for an instant before the shops of the *Maragatos*. The *Maragato* is a most interesting type of the Spaniard who leaves his own country to seek his fortune elsewhere. At Madrid he carries

on a trade of the fishmonger, or else he traverses the Peninsula as an *arriero*. We shall have occasion to notice him as he appears at home. The *Calle Mayor* is one of the leading business quarters of Madrid. Not far from the French embassy, situated on the ground floors, are several offices of the *escribanos*, above which one reads the name *Escribanía*. Spanish notaries must do a good business, one would think, from the following proverb. "The wives of *escribanos* have nothing to do but cross their hands:"

"Mano sobre mano,
Como mujer de escribano."



VALENCIAN WAITRESS.

"Birds with many feathers," says another quatrain, "find it difficult to pick up a living, while the *escribano* needs but one to keep both wife and daughter:"

"Pájaros con muchas plumas
No se pueden mantener;
Los escribanos, con una,
Mantienen moza y mujer."

Other popular sayings are rather severe on the *escribano*. According to one, sooner than the soul of an *escribano* shall mount to heaven, one will see his ink-stand, his paper, and pens dancing the *fandango*:

“Primero que suba al cielo
El alma de un escribano,
Tintero, papel y pluma,
Han de bailar el fandango.”



JAR MERCHANT, MADRID.

Returning to the *Calle Mayor*, there is the *Casa de los Lujanes*, an ancient palace belonging to the family of Lujan, in which Francis I. was imprisoned in 1525. The captivity of this king of France was long a popular theme for ballads, as the Spaniards seemed disinclined to allow so important an event to pass into oblivion.

The *Calle de Toledo*, one of the noisiest streets in Madrid, contains shops, where the mantles of Valencia, of Palencia, and of Burgos hang side by side with the bright-

coloured *aparejos* of mules, presenting a chromatic spectacle more easily imagined than described.

Not far from this spot in the *Calle de Segovia* are the *Mesones*, where the *arrieros* and country labourers lodge. These inns have not changed since the days of Don Quixote, and their aspect is most attractive. But still more attractive resorts are the Valencian *chuferías*, where all sorts of cheap refreshing drinks may be obtained. During the autumn months, these shops change their aspect; then pomegranates, grapes, and immense melons are sold. In winter *esteras*, or reed-mats, made in Andalusia, replace the fruit; while in spring these places are stored with oranges and lemons.

The refreshments are served by young Valencians, who wear the graceful national costume. While we were sipping our *horchata de chufas*, Doré made a sketch of one of these handsome waitresses.

The most picturesque scenes abound in the lower quarters of Madrid. First come the *barberillos*, who shave their patrons in the open air. Then a *jarrero* passes, laden with a number of earthen jars, beneath which he almost disappears. Further, the *carboneros* weigh sacks of coke on a sort of steelyard, using them as a counterpoise by leaning on a long pole which raises the weighing apparatus clear of the ground. There are a great variety of petty traders in the streets of Madrid whose cries are quite unintelligible to strangers, and whose diverse appliances of trade are a nuisance in the thoroughfares.

The Rastro recalls the Temple, the Place Maubert, and the ancient Cité; it is the resort of vice and misery, the abode of rag, iron, and refuse merchants; the *prestamistas*, who lend money on security at five per cent. a week, are more numerous in this neighbourhood than in the other quarters of the town. At every step we encountered a *despacho de vino*, where wine is sold in leathern bottles and earthen *cántaros*, or a *taberna*, where the uninviting cooking recalled the *arlequins* of certain Parisian hovels. These *ermitas de Baco*, as Cervantes calls them, are frequented by a sickly and scantily-dressed population, part of which belongs to the corporation of thieves, who are as numerous and as redoubtable here as in most large towns, and whose slang name is *cherinola*; each department, however, has its own subname. Thus the one who plans the exploits is called *piloto*; those who toil in crowds, *buzo*; those who carry on their profession by entering windows, *ventoso*; the petty thief who operates on his own account, *ratero*, *raton*, or *raterillo*; the receiver of stolen goods is named *aliviador*, etc. The thieves' slang, or *germania*, is not less striking than that of their French brothers.

It is in this quarter that the *Fábrica de Tabacos* is situated; it is a vast edifice, whose principal entrance is in the *Calle de Embajadores*. This factory gives employment to three thousand workpeople. An ancient writer assures us that even in the seventeenth century tobacco was worth a clear million annually to Spain, a considerable sum for that epoch. A popular saying at the present day is that this passion for smoking, card-playing, and bull-fighting leads to *San Bernardino*—that is, to the hospital.

The *cigarrera* of Madrid is one of the most characteristic types of the capital, and the only one which recalls the *manolas* of former times—*las defuntas manolas*, who disappeared about twenty years ago, like the Parisian *grisettes*. This word, with its masculine *manolo*, is nothing more than an abbreviation of a very common prénom, *Manuel*. The *Manola*, painted by Gautier in his *Melitona*, was a popular lioness, passionately addicted to

bull-fighting. She repaired to the arena in a *calesin*, a vehicle which has disappeared with its gay occupant, whose memory, rapidly growing dim, only exists in popular ditties.

We will now visit the fashionable promenade, the *Prado*, formerly (as its name implies) a field, which Charles III. transformed into the breathing-place of the beauty and fashion of Madrid. It is on that part known as the *Salon del Prado* and *Fuente Castellana* one encounters on summer evenings all that is elegant in the population of the capital. One must not expect to find a blaze of colour in the costume there; the Parisian fashions have long dethroned the mantilla, and were it not for the different cries of the street merchants we might readily imagine ourselves in a Parisian promenade.

The alley of the *Fuente Castellana*, recently made, is ornamented with the pretty fountains *del Cisne* and *del Obelisco*; it is the haunt of cavaliers and equipages.



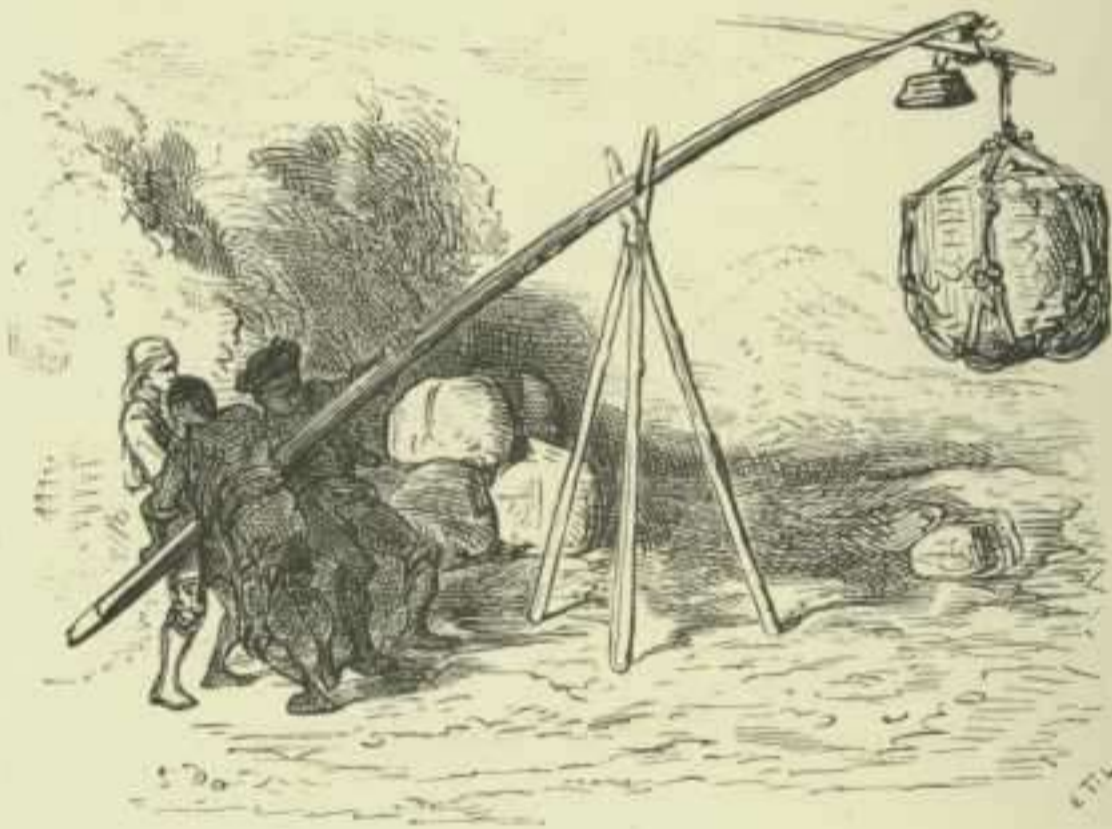
ROASTING CHESTNUTS.

That part of Madrid where there are fine hotels promises to become a fashionable quarter like the Champs-Élysées, or the West End of London.

The *Paseo de Atocha* serves as a site for the *feria* in the month of September. The fair of Madrid was formerly held on *la Plazuela de la Cebada*. After leaving the *Jardin Botánico* and the Museum, and following a long walk leading to the gardens of *Buen Retiro*, we stood before the magnificent palace built during the reign of Philip IV. for the Duke of Olivares, and which bears a great resemblance to the Luxembourg at Paris. This palace was burned down in 1734, when a large number of the works of Titian and Velazquez were entirely destroyed. The gardens, with their numerous shady avenues and pavilions,

form a most attractive summer resort, although the latter are nothing but gewgaws in very bad taste. The same might be said of many of the statues scattered along the alleys: they are in the most exaggerated *rococo* style. The ancient kings, many of them, are posed in such attitudes that they appear to be ready for a waltz or minuet.

The celebrated porcelain factory, founded by Charles III., was situated in the *Buen Retiro*. Its productions, like those of Sèvres, were destined for the most part to be offered as presents to sovereigns.



WEIGHING CHARCOAL.



FOUNTAIN OF THE FOUR SEASONS, MADRID.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Museum of Madrid—The foreign schools—The Spanish school—Velazquez : his portraits ; abuse of paint at the court of Philip IV.—Murillo—The churches—The processions of Madrid : penitents, scourgers, and others—The Brotherhood of *Paz y Caridad* ; a capital execution—The *Palacio Real* and ancient *Alcázar* of Madrid—The prison of Francis I.—The *Armeria* : historical arms ; the casque of Charles V., and that of Francis I.—The Manzanares ; public baths—The environs of Madrid—Sportsmen—The *Casa del Campo* and the Prado.

WHEN the *Real Museo* was opened in 1819, it had only three rooms, containing three hundred and eleven pictures. The area occupied by the building, however, and the importance of the collection have been so greatly increased, as to render the museum of Madrid the richest in the world. It does not contain, it is true, a chronological series of examples of the different schools of painting, nor does it illustrate the history of painting from its origin. It is simply a gathering together of masterpieces, arranged without any preconceived plan, and the works which form this unrivalled collection have been brought from palaces, convents, and from the Escorial. The Spanish school, notwithstanding the absence of a number of important examples of the primitive masters, is well represented. The genius of Velazquez is illustrated by sixty-four of his works, a number greater than that contained by all the museums of Europe. There are forty-six of the works of Murillo, while those of Ribera are still more numerous. Then follow Juanes, el Greco, Alonzo Cano, Zurbaran, Juan Bautista del Mazo, Pantoja de la Cruz, who are each represented by a respectable number of pictures. Of the Italian school, there are ten Raphael, forty-three Titian, twenty-five Veronese, thirty-four Tintoret, sixteen Guido Reni, and twenty-eight Bassano, not to mention fifty-five Luca Giordano, an insignificant number for a painter who merited the name of *Fa Presto* and who executed such a prodigious quantity of

paintings in Spain. The Flemish and Dutch schools are very fully represented, while that of Germany is confined to ten of the works of Albert Dürer. Of the French school, there are ten works by Claude Lorraine, and nineteen by Le Poussin, together with a number of portraits by Mignard and Nattier, two charming Watteau, two or three sea pieces by Joseph Vernet, and a Greuze of little importance.

As we might devote an entire volume to a description of the numerous *chefs-d'œuvre* of Madrid, we must confine ourselves to glancing rapidly over the Spanish school, of which it is impossible for any one to form a correct idea without visiting the Museum. It is here that Velazquez occupies the first place, both by number and quality; one might almost say that the entire produce of his genius is contained within these walls, as the few canvases scattered over Europe can scarcely add to his fame. It appears strange that the works of Velazquez were not more widely distributed; the reason was that he spent (as we have already noticed) the greater part of his life near Philip IV., whose favourite he was, and who conferred on him several functions which attached him to his court.

The painter of Philip IV., who excelled in every branch of art, surpassed himself in portraits; those of the king are as numerous as they are varied, sometimes he is represented in bust, sometimes on foot. Young or old his features are always recognisable, chiefly by the thickness and prominence of his upper lip. The painter also represented himself in the picture of the *Meninas*, palette in hand, painting the portrait of the king. It was customary at the Spanish court and with the leading nobles to have dwarfs and jesters, as formerly at Rome; the more deformed, and the more hideous they were, the better they were liked. The deformed *enanos* seen in the pictures of Velazquez are quite those described by travellers of his time. "There are male and female dwarfs, who are most repulsive, more especially the female dwarfs. They are frightfully ugly; their heads, larger than their bodies, are clothed with their hair falling to the ground. At first it is impossible to tell what they are. They wear superb dresses: being the confidantes of their mistresses, they obtain everything they desire." The entire court of Philip IV. appears to have been preserved on the canvas of Velazquez with such lifelike reality as to bring before our eyes with marvellous power the scenes and characters so familiar to the painter. Among other things these paintings show us that the ladies of the period rejoiced in the use of rouge; not content with imparting the hue of rosy health to their faces, such was their dread of appearing delicate and sickly, that they applied it to the neck and shoulders. Madame d'Aulnoy relates that a lady in her presence took a cupful of rouge, and, armed with a huge paintbrush, proceeded to bestow most bewitching tints to her cheeks, to her chin, above her eyebrows, and to the tips of her ears, and that she also applied the colour to the inside of her hands and her shoulders. One would say that they have a sort of enamel over the face, and that the skin is so drawn as to render it unhealthy. This fashion was carried so far that rouge was applied to the marble statues, more especially to the cheeks and shoulders of female figures. Velazquez has been careful to avoid exaggeration in his paintings of the painted court of Philip IV.

What shall we say of the famous picture of *las Lanzas*, representing the Marquis of Spinola receiving from the governor of Breda the keys of that place? Such a masterpiece must be seen; it cannot be described. The same might be said of the *Borrachos*, the bacchanalian scene where two comrades are crowning their fellows with vine and ivy leaves. Who is not familiar with the story of the English painter, Wilkie, who went to Madrid expressly to see this picture, and who confined himself to its study? Coming each day and admiring with profound silence his much-loved picture, he is reported to have daily retired

sighing audibly. In the *Meninas*, called by Luca Giordano *Théologie de la peinture*, the qualities of Velazquez shine in the highest degree: he shows himself a naturalist in the best sense of the word; his personages, painted with a sure and simple touch, live and breathe, and, as Moratin said, he knew how to *peindre l'air*.

Velazquez depicted workmen at their toil with the same power and fidelity which imparted to his religious and mythological subjects a realistic significance, not commonly found in the works of other masters.

Although the principal masterpieces of Murillo are not to be found in the museum of Madrid, yet the painter of Seville is well represented by a number of very attractive pictures.

By the side of Velazquez and Murillo certain other less celebrated masters of the Spanish school hold a distinguished place.

There is another gallery in Madrid rarely visited, the *Museo nacional*, originally designed to receive the pictures from the suppressed convents, where there are nine hundred and ten canvases, nine-tenths of which are hardly worthy to be exposed. From this circumstance one may fairly conclude that the convents were not so rich as they were represented. This view will be further sustained by visiting the different provincial museums, that of Seville excepted.

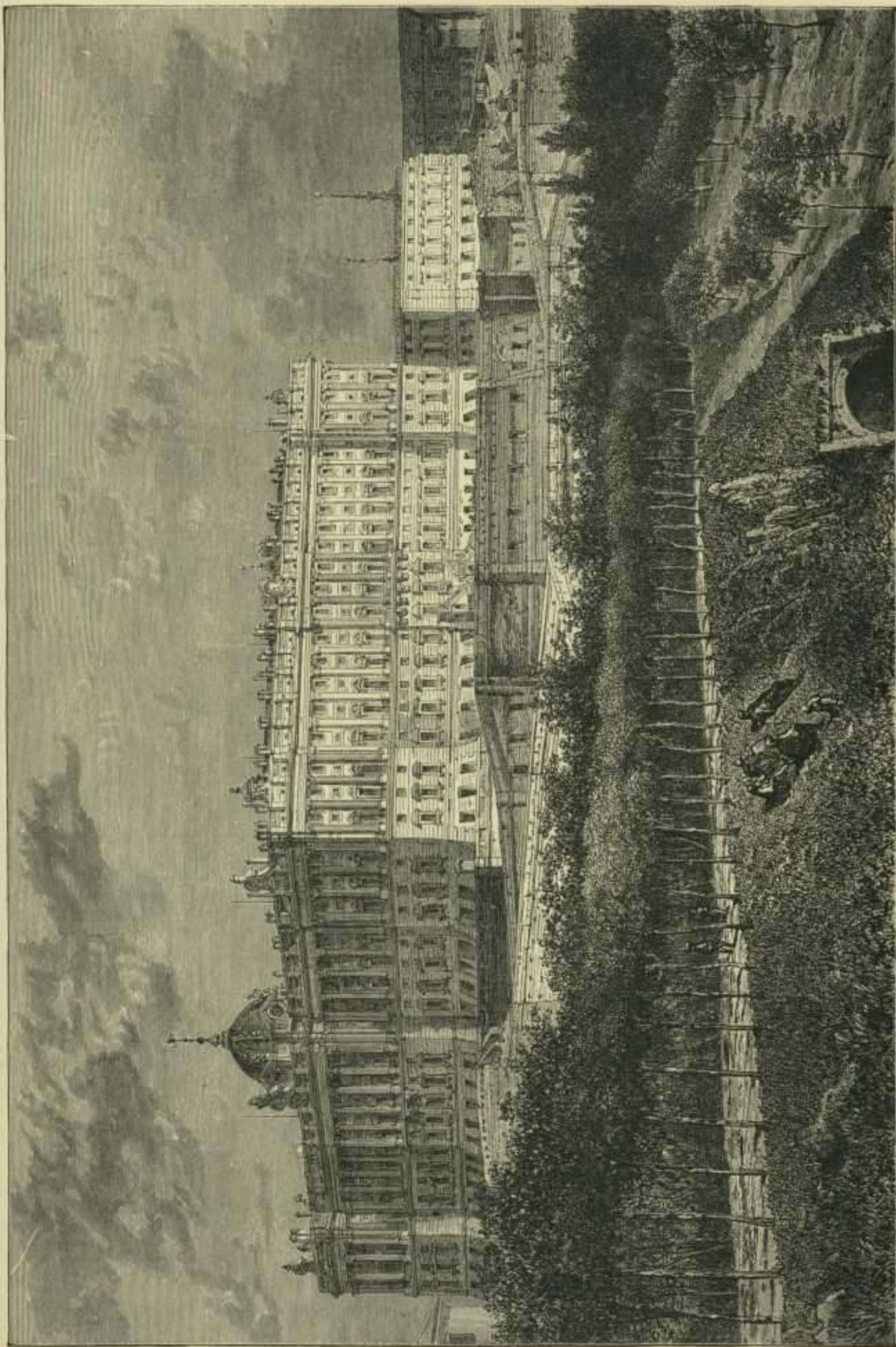
Regarding the churches of Madrid, they are very numerous, more or less imposing, and rich in decoration, although, at the same time, there is not one worthy of the Spanish metropolis. The church of *Santa Maria de la Almudena* takes the place of a cathedral, and enjoys all the privileges accorded to a city church. *San Andres*, which formerly contained the body of *San Isidro*, is one of the most ancient churches in Madrid. Although constructed in the style of the seventeenth century, we saw in the *Capilla del Obispo* some sculptures in good preservation, and dating back to the fifteenth century; also the tomb of the Bishop of Plasencia, the most famous work of the Renaissance existing in the capital. By far the most interesting specimen of Gothic architecture in Madrid is the gateway of the *Latina*. This name was given to an ancient convent founded by Beatriz Galindo, surnamed *La Latina*, from her having taught Isabella the Catholic the Latin tongue.

Nuestra Señora de Atocha—Our Lady of Genêt—has her sanctuary at the extremity of the *Paseo* of that name, which adjoins the Prado. It is the Royal Chapel to which the kings and queens make their pilgrimage, repairing to the shrine in great pomp in a carriage drawn by eight horses, while regiments of guards line the streets from the palace. Saint-Simon, who witnessed one of these ceremonies, gave a detailed description of it in his *Mémoires*, where he says "it presented an admirable spectacle." "Devotees come from all quarters," says Madame d'Aulnoy, "and when some good fortune falls to the lot of the kings of Spain, it is there that they go to chant the *Te Deum*." She then gives an account, still correct at the present time, of "the Virgin holding the Child Jesus, an image said to be endowed with the power of working miracles. The Virgin is often dressed as a widow, but on the occasion of great fêtes she is so bejewelled and berobed in splendid attire that the effect is marvellous to behold. Her head is surrounded by a glory radiating outwards with wonderful effect. She is also supplied with a long rosary either in her hand or suspended from her waistband." It is to Our Lady of Atocha that the queens of Spain offer their bridal attire. Queen Isabella II. conformed to this custom, and also gave to the patroness of Madrid the dress she wore the day she was wounded by Merino; it had been rent by the knife of the assassin.

The processions of Madrid are esteemed among the most brilliant in Spain, and have enjoyed a period of long and uninterrupted fame, not even marred by the revolutions which have wrought a change in many other Spanish institutions. The processions in which the dances, the writhings, and contortions of certain penitents are publicly displayed have rendered these penitential ceremonies unworthy of religion. There is something hideously revolting about them and the masked hypocrites who scourge themselves in public. The accounts of the seventeenth century are full of details of these scourgings. "What most Frenchmen find strange and ridiculous, and even what Spaniards themselves, many of them, are ashamed of, is the sight of certain penitents, robed in white with a long taper hood of linen covering their faces, with their back bared to the waist, and armed with cords, having at the ends knobs of wax carrying small points of glass with which they scourge themselves until they scratch their shoulders. Those who lacerate themselves the most are accounted the bravest." In another account we read that "these penitents reminded us of brutes with their backs scraped and scarred, marching one after the other on their hind-legs. What is still more frightful is from time to time to see these hypocrites taking a long breath and then stopping up their nose and mouth, thus straining the skin of their backs so that the blood may flow freely. A man following behind wipes off the blood with a towel so that it may not harden over the wounds and thus deprive the citizens of a revolting spectacle. This display has for its object, so it is said, three motives—penitence and austerity, purification, and lastly, to win the favour of the belles; for the false penitents are masked, and it is always arranged that they shall pass beneath the balconies, or the gateway of the church at a certain hour, wearing each of them a ribbon, the colour of his favourite. He who is most thoroughly besmeared with gore is accounted the strongest and most devoted swain, as he has shed his blood freely on behalf of his mistress. One of these I myself saw died; I do not know if he was of the third kind: God forbid!" These processions of penitents were suppressed at the end of last century. Charles III. forbade the use of penitential masks and put down dancing and scourging in public.

Among the brotherhoods of Madrid there is one, that of the *Paz y Caridad*, whose chief duties consist in aiding criminals condemned to death, accompanying them to the place of execution, and burying them. We had occasion, not many years ago, to witness the members of this order accomplishing their pious tasks. A young girl, hardly twenty-five years old, who had assassinated her mistress, the Vicenta—that was the servant's name—went one evening into her mistress's room, and there with a knife inflicted two mortal wounds, after which she coolly bound them up with handkerchiefs, and remained two hours the heartless witness of her victim's agony. The Vicenta was condemned to be executed by the garrote, the sentence to be carried out in the women's prison.

The female prison is in one of the longest streets of Madrid, the *Calle del Barquillo*. When we arrived there the crowd was so dense that we could hardly pass. The condemned was brought out seated on an ass—according to custom—and robed, with the exception of a white veil, entirely in black. Her features wore an expression of serenity; she seemed prepared to meet her doom with firmness, so that the brothers had no need to support her to the scaffold. She only complained of thirst, which was quenched by a glass of wine. It was past twelve when the mournful cortége arrived at a wooden scaffold, raised in the middle of the plain of Chamberi. The plain is vast and perfectly level, so that we were enabled to see her mount the steps, and seat herself at the foot of the beam; while a priest addressed his last exhortations, the executioner approached and fixed the fatal iron collar destined to strangle her. Deep silence reigned during these dread preparations, then a



THE PALACIO REAL OF MADRID.

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shudder ran through the crowd, announcing that all was ended. The body of the criminal remained exposed for several hours; at night—it was in the month of January—the members of the brotherhood came and carried the body to the cemetery, where it was interred.

The *Palacio Real* of Madrid stands on the site of the ancient Alcázar, the palace of the kings of Castile, which was rebuilt in 1537 by Charles V. We have before us an old engraving representing the palace as a building of severe simplicity, and at the same time of irregular form. The author of *Madrid Ridicule* gave a by no means flattering picture of this edifice:

“Palais où deux cents Scaramouches
Vont faire au Roi le pied de veau,
Quiconque peut vous trouver beau
Se sert de besicles bien louches.
Ah! quels parfums d'aulx et d'oignons
Exhalent tous ces beaux mignons!”

The interior “contains excellent pictures, beautiful tapestries, rare statues, magnificent furniture, and, in a word, everything that pertains to a royal palace.” Many of the rooms were dark; a certain number of them had windows, but no glass. Francis I. spent the greater part of his captivity within the walls of this palace, to which he was transferred by Charles V. on the 24th of February 1526. “The cell in which Francis I. was imprisoned was not large, but appeared larger, owing to a small recess in the wall; in front of the window, constructed so as to admit daylight, and glazed to exclude air, there was a strong double grating of iron fixed into the wall. This window overlooked the Manzanares and the surrounding country. The apartment was only large enough to hold one or two chairs, boxes, a table, and bed. The height of the window from the foot of the tower, which rises above the banks of the Manzanares, was upwards of one hundred feet; yet while the French king was shut up within his cell, two battalions were kept day and night under arms at the base of the tower.”

The ancient Alcázar was destroyed by fire in 1734. The present building, commenced in 1737, during the reign of Philip V.—after the plans by J. B. Sacchetti—was finished twenty-seven years later, in the time of Charles III.

The armoury connected with the palace contains one of the finest collections of ancient armour in the world. The building is unworthy of its rare and valuable contents, and it has been more than once threatened with demolition. Yet the saloon, where more than two thousand five hundred objects are brought together, is large and well-lighted. The first sight of this gallery, filled with ancient weapons, flags, and suits of armour, carries one back to the days of ancient Spanish chivalry. Here one sees armour said to have been worn by Boabdil, although it cannot be proved that it was ever borne by the famous *Rey Chico*. Two suits belonging to Charles V., one engraved and richly gilded; the other, with its casque in the form of a human skull, and carrying the signature of Milanais Negrolì, was discovered in the monastery of Yuste after the emperor's death.

There is also the equestrian armour worn by him on his entrance to Tunis. Amongst the armours of different countries, let us note that of Alonzo Cespedes *el Bravo*, surnamed *el Alcides Castellano*, whose strength was as great as that of the hero in the fable. One day, in the presence of Philip II., he arrested the motion of a mill-wheel on the Tagus, and when asked by Prince Don Carlos if he would encounter a tiger, he replied in the affirmative, and succeeded in poniarding the animal. With a single blow of his sword he decapitated a bull, and one night returning home late to Toledo, he lifted one of the

city gates off its hinges as the keepers refused to open to him. It is also said that he was famed for his gallantry. Standing one day in a crowded church, he noticed a lady making vain efforts to reach the marble font in the wall, whereupon he brought the font to the lady by wrenching it from the solid stone socket, and then calmly replaced it after the fair stranger had made use of the holy water. Besides all these there are a great variety of curious arms which we cannot pretend even to notice. Among them are still other suits of Charles V., Philip II. and his unfortunate son Don Carlos, the arms of Christopher Columbus, and of Gonzalvo of Cordova, and that worn by Juan of Austria at Lepanto.

There are also ancient helmets of exquisite workmanship and great value, shields, and, above all, the swords which are the pride of Spain. Yet the sword of Francis I., one of the greatest trophies of the Armeria, is now no longer at Madrid. The original, presented by Ferdinand VII. at Murat, is in the museum of artillery, at Paris.



INTERIOR OF THE ARMERIA, MADRID.

The Manzanares, the river of Madrid, although nearly dry during summer, gives employment to troops of *lavanderas*, robust girls of Galicia, who may be frequently seen making their way to the *Cuesta de la Vega*, carrying an enormous bundle of linen on their heads and another under each arm. These washerwomen dig holes in the sand, called *lavaderos*, in which they retain their miserly supply of water. Thus, says M. Breton de los Herreros, the unfortunate stream is hardly less drained than the public treasure, and even if the sun's rays have not consumed the water, it is compelled to submit to vulgar drainings to supply the *baños*, so that the *lavaderos* are reduced to the direst straits; yet it is astounding how they overcome these difficulties, and wash their linen. The bed of the river is, in many places, taken up by the huts of these poor washerwomen, who watch with the deepest interest the rise and fall of the stream. The baths, which we have just noticed,



LA FUENTE DEL CISNE (FOUNTAIN OF THE SWAN), MADRID.

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consist of holes dug in the sand covered over by a linen tent. They were in vogue during the time of Madame d'Aulnoy, who says, when describing the pleasures of the people of Madrid, "where more than a thousand carriages are driven during the night, and where one sups to the sound of instruments. There were also persons who bathed there," but, she adds, "in a very disagreeable manner. The ambassadress of Denmark has done so for some days: her servants precede her and dig a hole in the gravel, which fills with water, and then the lady gets into it. Here is a very pleasant bath, as you may imagine, and yet it is the only sort in use on the river."

The caricatures do not spare the bathers of Madrid. We purchased a couple of engravings for two *cuartos*, representing men, women, and children with towels in their hands going in procession to the river, into which they hoped to plunge: the other represents the interior of a bath: one is vainly attempting to cover his head, another his body, while a third, less ambitious, is simply washing his feet. Above the engraving there is the following quatrain:

"Todos estos que aquí ves,
Y mas que bajan á pares,
No vienen al Manzanares
Mas que á lavarse los pies."

—"All the bathers you see here, and those descending by couples, come to the Manzanares to have a foot-bath."

The Manzanares takes its rise in the *Puerto* of Navacerrada, near the borders of the province of Madrid and that of Segovia; a number of affluents join the main stream, but their influence is hardly perceptible, as much of the water descends through the sandy bed of the river. After following a course of about thirty-six miles, the Manzanares is lost in the Jarama. According to a Spanish poet, the poor river receives the embraces of the Jarama, which is to it a minotaur crystalline:

"Los abrazos de Jarama,
Minotauro cristalino."

It is difficult to imagine anything more dreary and desolate-looking than the environs



PEASANT OF THE ENVIRONS OF MADRID.

of Madrid. Instead of the picturesque residences and flower gardens of the suburbs of London or Paris, one traverses, in the outskirts of the Spanish capital, nothing but a desert bestrewn with stones. These stones, of a dark colour, only heighten the miserable aspect of this metropolitan wilderness, of which it may be said, in common with the little town of Trujillo, in Estremadura, "that it is surrounded by fire," in allusion to the sparks produced by the flint that lies scattered over the plain.

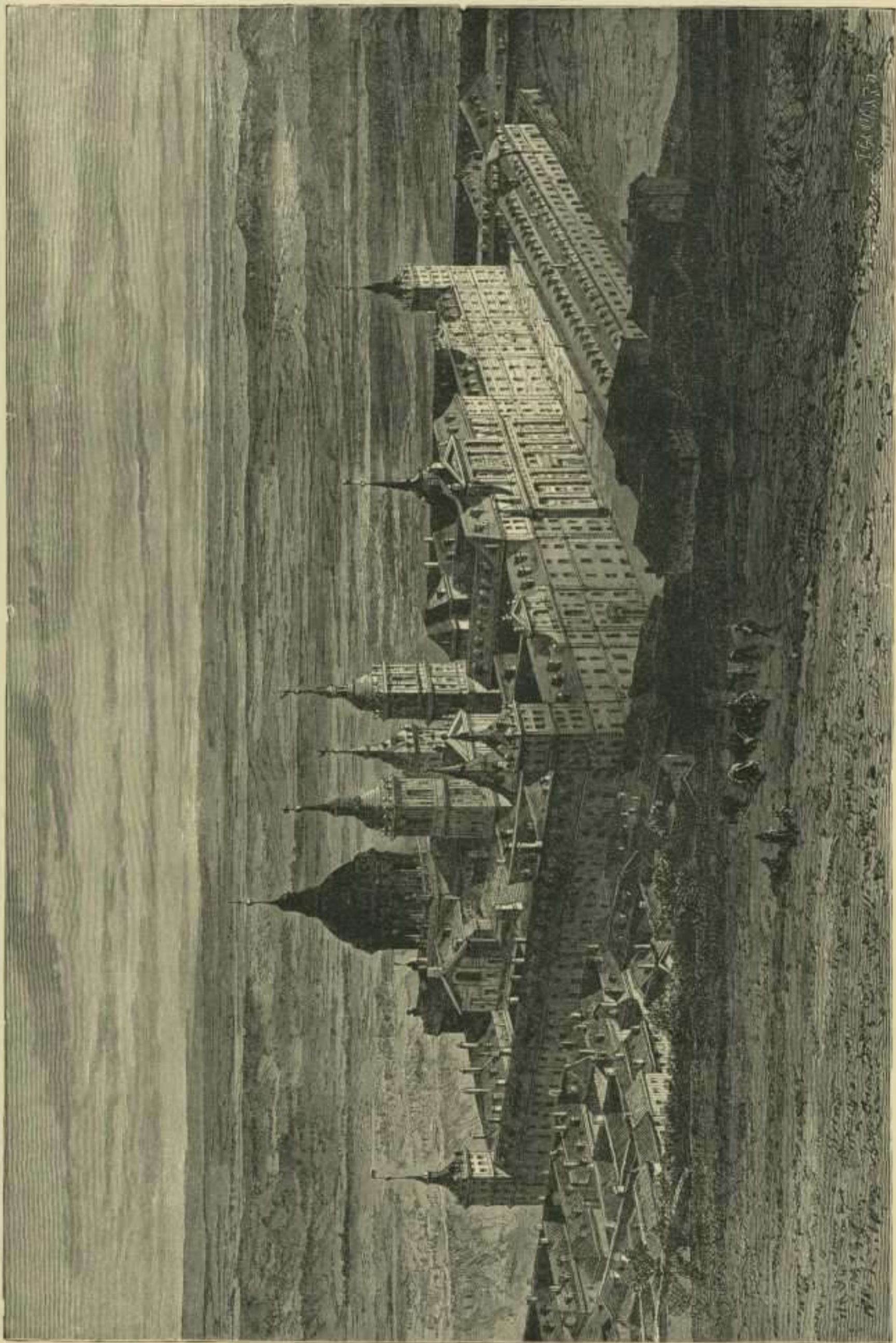
The citizens of Madrid take their Sunday rambles in the immediate environs of the town, over the plain of *Chamberi*, or along the banks of the Manzanares, or the canal where sportsmen also delight to meet.

The *cazador del canal* is a type which recalls the sporting character of the St. Denis plain, or the simple cassairé of the suburbs of Marseilles. He is a personage who has been made the subject of frequent caricatures, in which he is pictured, gaitered, buckled, and armed to the teeth, groaning under the burden of warlike munitions and provisions for the campaign. When the sport is successful beyond his utmost expectations, he returns laden with a single lark or sparrow, which he carries as a trophy to the city.

In the *Casa del campo*, one of the favourite hunting-grounds of Charles III., the game is more abundant, as well as in the Prado, where the rich foliage and cool woodland shades contrast happily with the sterility and heat of the greater part of the country.



SHEPHERDESS, ENVIRONS OF MADRID.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE ESCURIAL.

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STUDENTS DE LA TUNA.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Escorial—The vow of Philip II.—The *patio de los Reyes*—The *Relicario*—The *Panteon*—The Library—Alcalá de Hénarès—The University—The Students—From Madrid to Cuença—The pine forests—The cathedral of Cuença—Segovia: the Aqueduct; the Alcazar and the Cathedral.

THE distance from Madrid to the Escorial, says an ancient traveller, is about the same as that from Paris to Fontainebleau; indeed, it was only eight Spanish leagues between the capital and the *real Monasterio*. Nevertheless, the journey seemed long and fatiguing. We ourselves have frequently gone over the route, either in a diligence, or in an antique carriage, ornamented with fantastic pictures, and drawn by plumed mules. It occupied at least eight hours to traverse this road, while the jolting was as incessant as the dust was suffocating. We have read somewhere that when the king of Spain went to the Escorial, the road was carefully watered, a very wise precaution as the royal mules were kept galloping at full speed until they reached their destination. The well-known popular tradition ascribes the founding of the Escorial to the victory of Saint Quentin.

“The Spaniards,” says one of the combatants who survived the battle, “could neither exterminate their French foes, nor deprive them of their resources and the hope of again rising into power.” . . .

Philip II. *el Prudente* justified his surname by not marching on to Paris; yet if he vowed to raise a magnificent temple in honour of Saint Lawrence, it is impossible to believe, as some would have us do, that his vow was inspired by panic-fear.

The *real Monasterio de San Lorenzo* was founded in 1563, five years after the battle of Saint Quentin. The designs of the edifice have been attributed to different Italian and French architects: thus Vincenzo Danti and A. Ch. d'Aviler assert that those of the

church are due to Vignole. Palladio has also been spoken of, and Voltaire says positively, that "the Escorial was built from the design of a Frenchman," Louis de Foix, architect of the tower of Cordouan, who resided in Spain at the time of Philip II., and played a part in the history of Don Carlos. The truth is that the plans of the Escorial were made by a Spanish artist, Juan Bautista de Toledo, who constructed one of the best-known streets in Naples, the *Strada di Toledo*. The plans were approved by Philip II., and Juan Bautista himself laid the foundation-stone of the edifice, on the 23rd of April 1563, in the presence of the king and the monks who were to inhabit the convent.

Juan Bautista died in 1567, when the foundations were almost finished; Juan de Herrera and the Italian Pacciotto were entrusted with the task of completing the work. The edifice was finished in 1583, the same year in which Philip II. died.

The Escorial has been the subject of an infinite variety of criticisms; indeed, every independent traveller takes his own peculiar view of the building; but, for all that, the dominant feeling in our minds, at first sight of this ponderous mass of granite, was one of profound sadness. It was very grand and most imposing, yet after all it only reminded us of some huge funereal monument.

Penetrating within the building, we remarked by the side of the colossal statue of Saint Lawrence the jaws of a whale which was taken in 1574 in the waters of Valencia. The first court is called *patio de los Reyes*, because of the statues of six kings of Judah, in the ordinary stone of the country with the exception of the heads, the hands, and the feet, which are in white marble; the crowns, sceptres, and other attributes are in gilded bronze. A cold and sombre corridor conducted us from the royal court to the church; the aspect of the interior, although severely plain, is nevertheless majestic. Above the centre shrine rises a gigantic altar-piece, perhaps the largest in Spain; on the right is the *relicario* filled with a prodigious number of relics collected by Philip II., of which the P. Ximenez, a monk of the Escorial, has made a curious enumeration. It was made up of eleven bodies, three hundred heads, and six hundred arms of defunct saints, etc., amounting in his time, 1764, to upwards of thirteen thousand relics. The reliquaries were ornamented with gold, silver, and precious stones; few churches possessed such a rich treasure.

The royal vault, *el Panteon*, is placed beneath the chief altar, and its richness in marbles and bronzes defies description. The form of the *Panteon* is octagonal, and the niches designed to receive the bodies are thirty-six in number.

Notwithstanding the lavish ornamentation to be seen in this temple of the dead, the impression one receives upon entering is most lugubrious, and the icy coldness of the place makes it none the less depressing. The *Panteon* was reserved for the kings and queens of Spain, and for their mothers; while the bodies of the princes repose in another vault. The *Panteon de los Infantes*, also called *el Podridero*—the fermenting trough. Among the remains there are those of the Duke of Vendôme, a natural son of Louis XIV., who was placed in this royal company like Turenne in Saint Denis; also the remains of the unfortunate Don Carlos. This sickly and savage child, who bit and kicked his nurses, developed, as might have been expected, into an equally savage and uncontrollable man. "He loved," says Brantôme, "to roam about at dead of night, fomenting quarrels and fighting duels whenever he had an opportunity." Some say he destroyed himself, others that he was assassinated at the instigation of his father. Saint-Simon, influenced by this belief, amused himself by tormenting one of the monks of the Escorial. "Passing to the end of the vault we desecrated the coffin of Don Carlos. 'As to him,' I said, 'it is well known how he met his death!' At these words the fat monk became excited, declared that he died a natural



LIBRARY OF THE ESCURIAL.

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death, and began to declaim against the idle tales which had been spread abroad. I laughed, saying I agreed with him it was not true; his veins had been tapped. This roused the worthy father, who fumed and raged most unreasonably. At first I listened in silence, then I told him in confidence that the king, soon after his arrival in Spain, had the curiosity to have the coffin of Don Carlos opened, and I myself knowing an eye-witness of the scene—Liouville—he informed me that the head was found between the legs; that Philip II., his father, had it cut off before him in his prison. ‘Ah well,’ cried the monk furiously, ‘it probably served him right, as Philip II. had the Pope’s permission.’ Although my reputation protected me, yet I had no desire to quarrel with this bloated monk, but contented myself with laughing and making signs to those who were there to keep silence. He then sullenly conducted us round the vault.”

The library is one of the finest apartments in the Escorial; magnificent tables of marble and porphyry, cabinets of ebony, mahogany, and a variety of precious woods make up a most attractive assortment of furniture.

The pictures on the walls are so arranged as to illustrate the subject of the books above which they are hung. Unlike most libraries, the edges of the books are presented to the view of the spectator, with the titles inscribed on each. It is said that this mode of placing the volumes dates from the sixteenth century. The erudite Arias Montanus, whose library served as a model for that of the Escorial, was in the habit of placing his books with their edges exposed. This practice was adopted as much to secure uniformity as to supply a larger surface for the names of the volumes.

Before leaving the Escorial, let us pass through the royal apartments, which represent the handle of a gridiron in the plan of the building.

It was formerly the autumn residence of the kings of Spain, where they passed six weeks every year. We remarked a number of tapestries from the cartoons by Goya, representing landscapes, towns, etc. The Escorial is no longer what it was. The monks, formerly so powerful in Spain, have long since ceased to inhabit their numerous cells. The long, cold, and dreary corridors are almost deserted, while the slightest sound awakens the deep echoes of the courts, whose damp mouldering stones are mantled with green.

Alcalá de Hénarès, the learned city, the ancient rival of Salamanca, is now an obscure town with only ten thousand inhabitants, a station of little importance on the Saragossa railway. Our first visit was to its University, built by order of Cardinal Ximenez, the benefactor of the town. The façade, which has fallen into decay, is ornamented with sculptures in the Spanish style of the Renaissance, so remarkable for its ingenuity and beauty. The chapel still preserves traces of its ancient wealth, and its decorations in the Moorish taste present one of the finest examples of the *mudejar* style of the sixteenth century. The University at Alcalá was even more famous than that of Salamanca. The students, who are said to have numbered about ten thousand, gave Francis I. a splendid reception.

Navagiero, who visited the town in 1523, furnishes some curious details of this institution, “where all the courses are in Latin, and not, as in the other Universities of Spain, in Spanish.” One of the most illustrious students of Alcalá was the Infant Don Carlos, who had more taste for arms than for books; it was in one of the staircases of the University he received the fall which he felt all his life. Philip II., who was at Madrid, came to Alcalá in great haste bringing with him the body of the blessed Diégo of the Order of Saint Francis, reputed to effect miraculous cures of the sick. The body of the monk was laid upon that of Don Carlos, who happily escaped death. Several towns in Spain have claimed the honour of being the birthplace of Cervantes, who was born at

Alcalá, 9th October 1547, and baptized at the parish church of Santa Maria *la Mayor*. We were shown the house in which he was born, bearing an inscription recording the great event.



STUDENTS TRAVELLING WITH MULETEERS.

As we are in a university town we must not overlook one of the most curious types of ancient Spain, the students called *tunantes*, or *de la tuna*—idle vagabonds, more the friends, says Cervantes, of the file and buckler, than of Bartole and of Baldus. Cervantes, who knew them well, describes them in his *Coloquio de los Perros*—the Dogs' Dialogue—



STUDENTS SERENADING.

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where he gives a curious picture of student life, making the dog Berganza speak, "I led the life of a student, and barring hunger and itch, it was a most joyous existence; for if hunger and itch were not so inseparable from students, the life would leave nothing to be desired."

The ancient romances are full of descriptions of the characteristics of the students, who, if not beating some *alguacil*, prosecuted their studies by tossing all the neighbouring dogs in a blanket. We have read in an old proverb, that with Latin, a florin, and a pony, one may travel over the world. Who knows that this proverb was not made for the sole benefit of the nomadic students? The exploits of the students have been made the subjects of popular ballads, where they are held up to praise or to ridicule. They have also been, times without number, caricatured in the local prints, and set down as the authors of all the practical jokes, pleasantries, and scandals which could be traced to no certain source. The misery of their lives was proverbial. One of them says, "Since I became a student, since I have worn the cloak, I have eaten nothing but soups made out of old boots. For three months I have not tasted food. I am brought low by hunger, having to ballast my boots with lead to prevent the passing wind blowing me away."

"Cuando un estudiante sale
Al mercado en día cubierto,
Los jamones y embuchados
Se ponen en movimiento."

—"When a student presents himself in the market-place on a stormy day, the hams and sausages begin to tremble."

More students than one have become distinguished *toreros*, like the *muy diestro estudiante* of Falces, illustrated by Goya. There are several points of resemblance between the student's life and that of the ancient knights-errant and the *trobadores* of the Middle Ages: poor and nomadic like the first, poets and musicians like the second, singing under balconies, and holding out their hats to beg for a *cuarto* or a *peseta* in exchange for their *jotas* or their *seguidillas*. It is thus that they are represented in popular song. Here we give a rendering of the sort of verse devoted to the glories and sorrows of student life.

The students scour the world in search of some one to succour them:—"Young lady on the balcony above, toss us a coin of silver, or better, a single Napoleon; silver let thine offering be, not copper, a coin that savours of poverty. Our stomach is like our guitar, brilliant outside, but empty within. In hope we have quite lost faith, but we have placed our trust in charity; should it prove faithless what will become of us? Toss me some silver, little bud of the rose; when I am raised to a cabinet minister, I swear I will wed thee. All you present carefully pass in review the depth of your pockets, and those who are unable to yield up a coin may they go to the d——."

But let us warn tourists not to waste time in searching for this curious type of humanity. They are now as rare as the fossils of antediluvian animals, and the last specimen of this race has passed away to join the *manola*, the *fraile*, and other remains of ancient picturesque Spain.

The modern students are more orderly and less turbulent than their early prototypes; yet they are still noted for their love of practical joking and trickery. In the provincial theatres they make the fair and foul weather of the stage. Alas for the actor who offends them: besides shrill whistling and interruptions of all sorts, he has to submit to sundry marks of attention in the shape of potatoes or turnips, and if anything goes wrong in the orchestra, it is caused by some perfidious hand that has silently dropped a ball of lead into the trombone

or greased the strings of the counter-bass. But it is in the playing of the *pandero* that the student finds full scope for the exercise of his genius; not content with playing it simply with his fingers, he plays it with his head, neck, nose, knees, and feet.

There is a town in Spain seldom visited by strangers, nevertheless it equals in beauty many old cities such as Ronda, Toledo, or Avila. The journey to Cuença, although the town is only ninety miles from Madrid, is so arduous, that it prevents the place becoming a popular resort. Our desire to see this unfrequented spot tempted us to face twenty hours jolting in a diligence, not to mention the risk of suffocation by dust and heat. We soon arrived at the little town of Arganda, whose red wine with a rich bouquet rivals the Valdepeñas and the Cariñena in the taverns of Madrid. Passing Tarancón, we crossed a hilly and finely wooded country. The pines of Cuença have long been famed in Spain, It was from these forests that part of the wood used in the construction of the Escorial was taken.



CUENÇA.

Cuença, not rich in monuments, has nevertheless a cathedral which contains finely sculptured marbles, with a number of chapels and curious altarpieces, also fine wood-carvings and elaborate *rejas* of iron. The town, almost devoid of commerce and industry, has been long cut off from the other busy quarters of Spain, and it seems improbable that a branch line of railway should join it either to Madrid or Valencia, although it is about an equal distance from both these towns; for all that, it was formerly a centre of a certain importance. Besides the Mendoza and the Albornoz, it gave birth to a number of celebrated persons, notably of a family of goldsmiths named Becerril, artists who produced very fine works which have unfortunately been destroyed. We had determined to proceed on to Minglanilla, in the direction of Valencia, whose mines of gem salt are most curious; but, compelled to abandon the journey owing to bad weather, as it could only be made on horseback, we returned to Madrid in the diligence.



SEGOVIA : THE ALCAZAR AND CATHEDRAL.

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After visiting San Ildefonso we set out for Segovia, and reached that town in the evening at an early hour, yet it appeared to us to be already plunged into a profound sleep. Fortunately the times have changed, otherwise were we to rely upon the good faith of ancient authors and travellers, we might have expected to run the risk of perishing from hunger or exposure during the night in a town where inns and hostelries were unknown.

The town of Segovia possesses three remarkable monuments—the Aqueduct, the Alcazar, and the Cathedral.

The Aqueduct is one of the most extraordinary works of its kind in the world. It is composed of two ranges of superposed arches made of enormous blocks of granite that have withstood the ravages of time for eighteen centuries.

The Alcazar of Segovia, as well as a part of the town, has been built on an elevated rock ; it is of an elongated form and has been compared to a ship. It is well known that Le Sage has made this castle the prison of Gil Blas. State prisoners were formerly shut up in the highest cell. Among those who were there imprisoned was the celebrated adventurer, Riperda. After fifteen months' captivity, he made his escape, in 1728, thanks to the governor's servant, who lent him her clothes.

The Cathedral of Segovia is one of the finest of its kind in Spain, and was built at a time when the Gothic style was blended with that of the Renaissance, an epoch so fertile in charming masterpieces. We were shown, in one of the chapels, the splendid altarpiece by Juan de Juni, a Castilian painter of the sixteenth century. This painting, known as *Piedad de Juni*, presents some wonderful points of attraction.

We have now entered Old Castile.



PINE FOREST OF CUENÇA.



SALAMANCA ; THE TOWN AND ROMAN BRIDGE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Avila—The Cathedral—An Inn—Salamanca : its University—Alba de Tormes—The *Charros* and *Charras*—From Salamanca to Zamora—Toro—Medina del Campo—Charles V. at Medina—The *Braseros*—Valladolid ; the *Plaza Mayor*—The Museum ; Pompeo Leoni—Berruguete and Gregorio Hernandez—Houses of historic fame.

AVILA, one of the most ancient towns of Castile, ought to be visited by every tourist, even after Fontarabia, Toledo, and Cuenca. The town viewed from a distance presents a striking picture, it is surrounded by high walls, surmounted by numerous round towers, and appears to have undergone no change since the chronicler, Marineo Siculo, described it in the fifteenth century, *Avila cercada de muchas torras con sus almenas*, "Avila, protected by walls and surmounted by numerous watch-towers." The cathedral, a structure of the twelfth century, resembles a fortress more than a church ; the stalls and the choir are masterpieces of their kind in the style of the Renaissance. One is at a loss which to admire most, the perfection of the workmanship or imagination of the artist, who has crowded into so small a space a thousand ingenious and charming devices. A tomb ornamented with exquisite sculpture, also in the style of the Renaissance, contains the remains of Alfonso de Madrigal, surnamed

el Tostado—the Burnt—(because of his dark complexion), who was Bishop of Avila in the fifteenth century.

We were shown some gigantic monsters cut out of granite, like those known in Spain under the name of *toros de Guisando*, and to which Cervantes makes allusion in his history of the Forest Cavalier. These *toros* are at Guisando, at a short distance from Avila. The sculpture of these imaginary bulls is shapeless. Such monsters were formerly very numerous in the country; several opinions have been advanced as to their origin, which is still unknown. They go back to a very remote epoch, and are without doubt contemporaries of the first inhabitants of Spain. The glory of Avila is to have given birth to Saint Theresa, *Santa Teresa de Jesus*, as the celebrated reformer of the Carmelite Order is here called. Visitors are shown the convent in which she lived, some articles of the furniture of her cell, and a number of manuscripts penned by the saint. After spending two days at Avila, we took our places in the diligence for Salamanca. The country is dreary, and the inns justify the reputation of the ancient Spanish *posadas*. In one of these where we halted we found a splendid type of the *posadero* of former times, a tall powerful man of about sixty years, wearing a short vest and trousers, and his head covered with an immense *gorra* of wool. While talking to him we noticed a great coloured picture most interesting to behold: it represented a *posadero* seated, one hand in the air, a bag of crowns in the other; he appeared to be winking at us. Above was this inscription, *Abre el ojo*—he opens his eye; and beneath these lines, which summarise the philosophy of the innkeeper:—

“Hoy no fian aqui,
Mañana así;
Si fio, no cobro,
Si cobro, no todo;
Pues, para no cobrar,
Mas vale no fiar.”

—“Here no credit is given to-day, nor to-morrow either; if I give credit I don't recover; if I recover, it is only in part; hence, so as not to lose, I never give credit.”

Besides these sage maxims, which remind us of the famous *Crédit est mort*, the print was also adorned with several proverbs especially suited to the profession of *posadero*, such as the following: *Dame y darte he*, “Give to me, and I will give to thee.”—*Miel en boca, y guarda la bolsa*, “Honey in your mouth, and a guard upon your purse.”—*El hombre que en hombre fia, queda cual ciego sin guia*, “A man who trusts in another is like a blind man without a guide;” and other sentences equally worthy of Sancho.

Salamanca is a town which fails to come up to the expectation of the traveller. It is no longer the place described by Marineo Siculo, *en la qual ay asaz de todas las cosas que son necesarias a la humana vida en grande abundancia*, in which one finds abundance of everything necessary to human life. The sixteenth century was the most brilliant epoch of Salamanca, when it included among its inhabitants the most illustrious noble families. Its prelates were rich and numerous, and Benvenuto Cellini cut a splendid vase at Rome for one of its archbishops. The University with that of Alcalá were at that time the most brilliant in Spain.

The ancient *Salmantica* of the Romans is one of the oldest towns in Spain, yet the only antique monument which it possesses is the bridge of seventeen arches over the Tormes, dating from the time of Trajan. From the banks of the river one has a very fine view of the town, whose spires, overtopped by the cathedral, stand out in bold relief against the horizon. The cathedral is the most imposing building in Salamanca, dating from the

sixteenth century, its Gothic architecture presenting almost no trace of the influence of the Renaissance.

The Chateau d'Alba de Tormes is about fifteen miles from Salamanca. Fernando Alvarez de Toledo, Duc d'Alba, was lord of the castle, which we descried at the summit of a hill. The castle and palace are in a deplorable state: the high towers are in ruins, and the walls and arches, supported by elegant columns, witnesses in the sixteenth century of



CHARRO OF SALAMANCA.

splendid fêtes, seem bending to their fall, and serve at the present day as an asylum for owls, crows, and lizards innumerable. From the battlements we commanded the view of a vast plain, still owned by the family of Alba, where the Tormes wends its way through fertile fields to join the Duero.

Our journeys through the environs of Salamanca enabled us to study the costumes of the *Charros*, that is the name given to the peasants of the country, an honest and robust population, with simple and patriarchal manners, who still preserve the traditional Castilian honour.

The honesty and simplicity of the *Charros* is well known in Spain, where their homeliness has given rise to a great number of anecdotes; for example we heard of this exclamation from a *Charro* who was for the first time in his life at the theatre *del Liceo* at Salamanca. As the traitor was abusing the confidence of the king: "*Señor,*" cried the peasant, loudly, "*no crea V. á ese, que es un picaro,*" "Sire, do not believe him, he is a rogue." Also the story of a *Charro* who was present at the solemn reception of a divine of Salamanca, when asked what he thought of it replied: "My faith! I think these gentlemen must have little to do at home, to fritter away their time in such childish folly." Most of the peasants live in isolated miniature farms, which they call *Montaracias*, where they show a warm hospitality only equalled by what is met with in the Highlands of Scotland. If we ourselves had no opportunity of visiting them in their rustic abodes, nevertheless the celebration of the *Fête-Dieu* enabled us to study their costumes. The men wear a large round black felt hat, adorned with a silk tassel; the square cut waistcoat is garnished with numerous buttons, and is partly hidden by the *cinto*, a large band of leather tastefully embroidered. This *cinto*, like the *faja* of the Andalusians, is a sort of store into which everything is put, and replaces the pockets, which could neither be put in a short vest or tight breeches. Notwithstanding the intense heat of the month of June, this dress was covered by an ample Castilian cape of brown cloth, following the Oriental maxim, "that which protects from cold defies the heat." The *Charras* are famed for their beauty, and not without reason, more especially when they are decked out for a *fête*. The hair caught up by a large ribbon behind the head, linen sleeves with black embroidery; a *rebozillo* of embroidered fichu covers the shoulders and chest, over which several coils of gold chain are attractively displayed, and carry a cross set with emeralds; large earrings, *zarcillos*, jewellery of coarse workmanship, but picturesque design. We must not neglect to note the petticoat and apron of scarlet or garnet coloured velvet, embroidered with birds, flowers, and other objects. It is without doubt from this profusion of embellishments that the word *Charro* is derived, an adjective in the Spanish language signifying anything laden with ornaments.

The road from Salamanca to Zamora, which we traversed in six hours by diligence, offers no points of special interest. Nevertheless Doré made good use of his time in sketching first a *pareja* (couple) of *civiles*—the police of Spain, who parade the roads by moonlight; next a rustic funeral, a simple yet touching scene, the body of a peasant laid out on a cart, the face uncovered, drawn by two oxen, and followed by his mourning friends and relations; a group of beggars; and, in a little hamlet at which he stopped, a pretty *pavera*—turkey-keeper—who stood for her portrait with much complacency.

Zamora is a little town which still seems to belong to a bygone age, although the railway has put it in communication with Medina del Campo. It is proposed to continue the line to the frontier of Portugal, about forty miles distant. The cathedral and ruins of the palace of Doña Urraca are almost the only objects of interest in the town. Doña Urraca, a princess who lived in the twelfth century, played an important part in the *romancero* of the Cid. During the Middle Ages Zamora was called *la bien cercada*—the well fortified; *á Zamora no se ganó en una hora*, "Zamora was not taken in an hour," says the proverb. The town became famous during the *comuneros* war in Castile, when the Bishop of Zamora commanded in person a battalion of fighting priests which he himself had formed.

On the following day we left for Toro, another unimportant, antique, sluggish-looking town, which boasts no special industry. The surrounding country is, however, fertile and

produces excellent wheat. The Duero, running parallel to the highway, and passing through the town, must be a rather remarkable stream, as well as an invaluable resource of the indolent natives, who liken its nourishing waters to chicken broth.

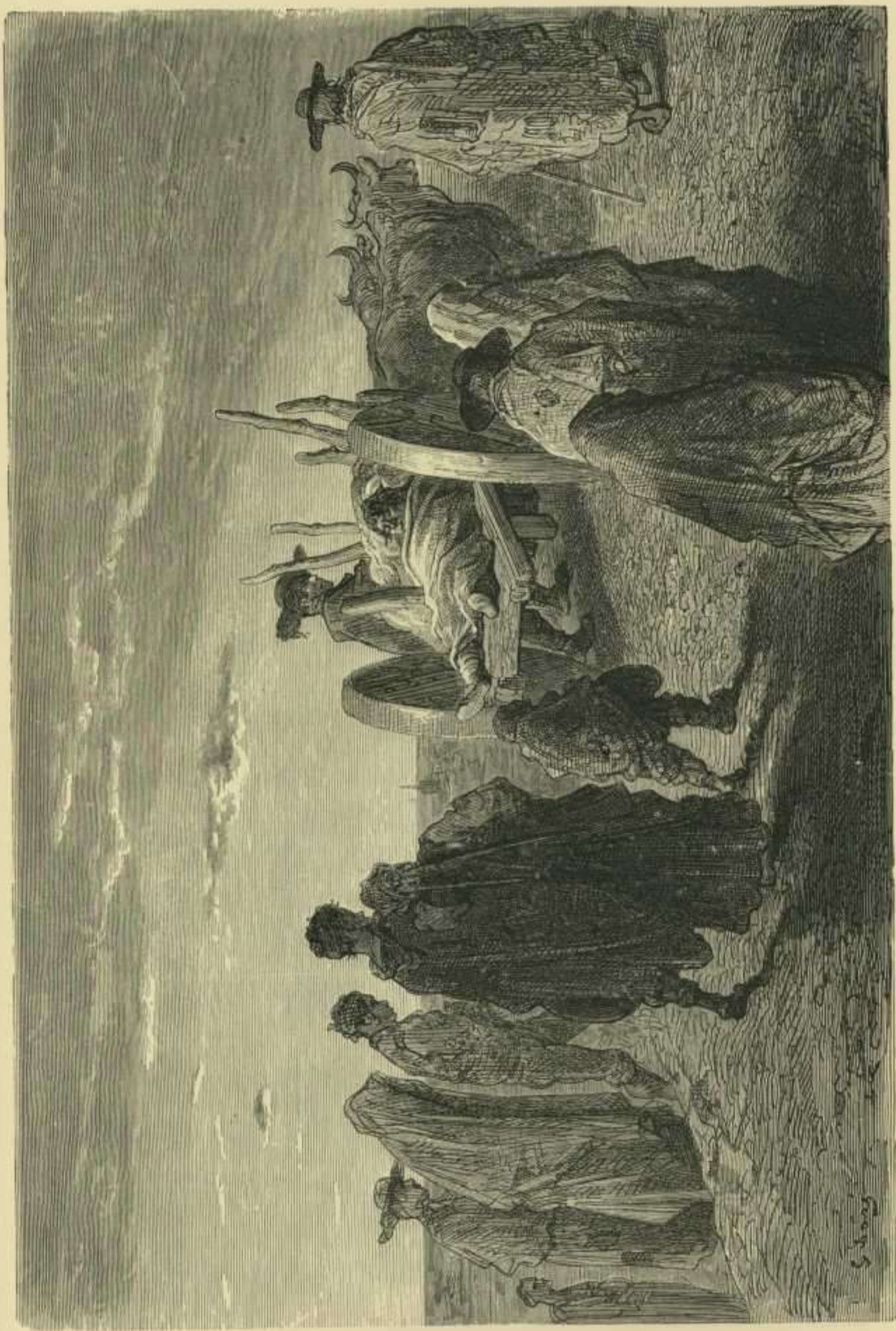
The next train conveyed us to Medina del Campo, a town boasting little of its ancient splendour, but containing at the same time a number of monuments of historic interest. The *Castillo de la Mota*, a brick edifice of the sixteenth century, towers proudly over the town. Cæsar Borgia was imprisoned in this stronghold for two years. Isabella the Catholic died in one of the apartments of this castle in 1504. *Medina del Campo*—the town of the plain—was formerly a great commercial centre. "A rich town with great traffic," says a French traveller, "because of its long fairs held during both summer and winter." Navagiero says: "It is a fine country full of costly residences, and extremely rich, owing to the numerous fairs held there every year, which bring buyers and sellers from all parts of Spain. There are very fine streets, and as a great portion of the town was burnt in the time of the *comunidad*, the major part of Medina has been recently rebuilt. . . . Merchandise of all sorts abounds at the fair, but spices brought from Portugal take an important place. The greater part of the business is effected by exchange."

These spices and exchanges call to mind a curious incident relating to the journey of Charles V., when the emperor halted at Medina del Campo on his way to Yuste. The erudite canon, Tomás Gonzalez, relates in his curious account of the last days of the emperor, that the latter stopped at a celebrated money-changer's, Rodrigo de Dueñas. The banker, either to please his guest, or to display his wealth, placed a *brasero* of massive gold in his chamber; but instead of olive-nuts he burned in it the finest cinnamon of Ceylon. Spices were sold weight and weight for gold, and cinnamon was held in high esteem in Spain. It would appear that Charles V. was nearly suffocated by the odour, and, in order to punish the banker for his ostentation, would not permit him to kiss his hand, and moreover caused him to be paid for his apartments, as if he had been a common innkeeper.

We passed through the town in November, and our host likewise honoured us by placing a *brasero* in our room, only of copper; yet an ordinary fire and common chimney would have pleased us better in such a climate as Castile. These chafing-dishes are only useful in warming one's feet or hands, and lighting a cigarette. Be that as it may, they were very anciently in vogue in the Peninsula; we have seen them in Spain covered with silver, and dating from the sixteenth century. An author of that epoch relates that a pretty comedian complained to the Duke of Alba that she had no money, that her room was so cold she was nearly frozen in it. The duke sent her a *brasero* filled with *piastres*. The use of the brazier was not always without danger; it might cause headaches, and even asphyxia, as one may find confirmed in the death of Philip III.

Medina del Campo, although it has no longer its fairs and its rich bankers, yet carries on a considerable trade in the cereals of Castile. The grain is of the finest quality, and is largely bought by Parisian merchants, who send their representatives to Medina and its environs.

The arrival at Valladolid produces on the traveller an impression to which he is quite unused in Spain. The black smoke from a forest of chimneys darkens the clear blue sky, reminding him that he is in the midst of a busy manufacturing town. Valladolid was the capital of Spain until the middle of the sixteenth century. It was then called *Valladolid la Noble, rica de toda grandeza*, and according to an old saying it had no rival in Castile.



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PEASANT'S FUNERAL, OLD CASTILLE.

Valladolid possesses a museum, in the building of the ancient *colegio* of *Santa Cruz*. It would be difficult to enumerate the paintings which encumber the ten or twelve rooms, corridors, and staircases; with the exception of a picture of the Assumption, and two canvases by Rubens, there are hardly any others worthy of notice.

Sculpture is more favourably represented: first there are two statues of gilded bronze by Pompeo Leoni, the Duke and Duchess of Lerma, both kneeling. The celebrated minister of Philip III. wears his armour, while the Duchess is richly attired. In the same rooms we found statues carved in walnut, by Alonzo Berruguete, which belonged to the convent of San Benito, the finest specimens of this sort of work to be seen in Spain. Berruguete, one of the greatest sculptors of the sixteenth century, had fixed his residence at Valladolid. Another sculptor, Gregorio Hernandez, who spent his days in the same town, is worthy of special mention. Nothing is more curious than the sixty or eighty large wooden figures executed by the artist for one of those *pasos* of which we have already spoken. All the personages of the Passion are there represented, from Christ and the two thieves, to the carpenter who pierces the cross with his auger.



MENDICANTS.



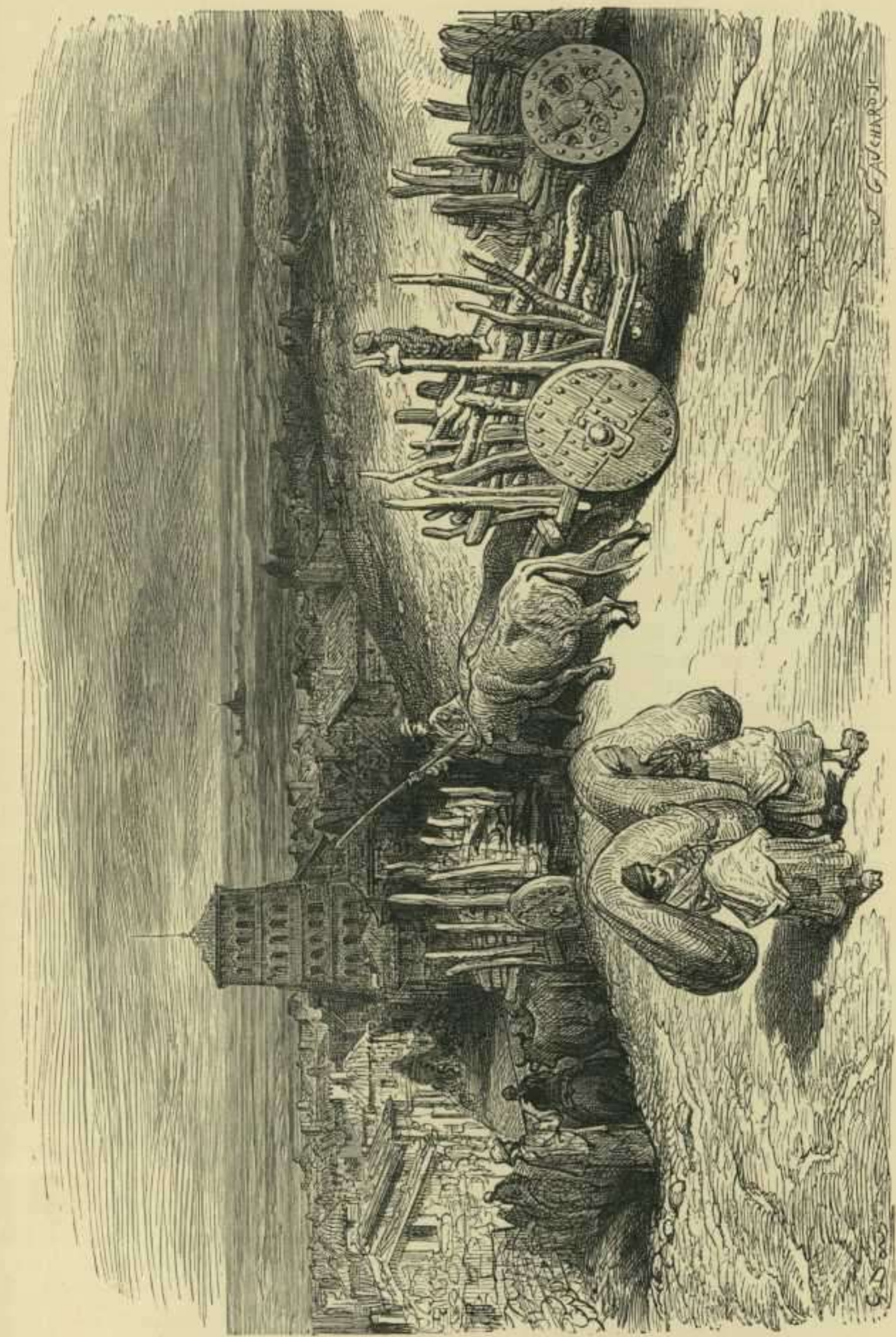
BANKS OF THE CARRION, PALENCIA.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Palencia: the cathedral—The Cathedral of Leon—Astorga—Some words about Spanish cookery—The temperance of Spaniards—The *olla podrida* and the *puchero*—The chocolate of Astorga; antiquity of chocolate in Spain—Curious traits—Philip V. and Saint Simon—Galicia—Villafranca del Bierzo—Lugo—The *segadores gallegos*—Popular songs and sayings about the Galicians—Santiago—Saint James of Compostelle—The Cathedral—Oviedo—The Asturias—Covadonga—The inscription of the King Silo—The pass of Pajares.

PALENCIA, the ancient Palantia of the Romans, is one of the most agreeable towns of Old Castile. It is here that the *romancero* celebrates the marriage of the Cid with *Doña Ximena*. The river Carrion, along whose banks we enjoyed many pleasant walks, has also its place in the immortal work. The university of Palencia is the oldest in Spain: it existed two hundred years before that of Salamanca.

The position of the town, with its hill of the *Ermita del Otero*, its river, its canal, and its railways, is one of the best in Spain; but the glory of Palencia is the cathedral. The exterior is simple and imposing, while the interior contains an array of splendid works of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The pulpit, entirely of carved walnut-wood, is a charming example of the art of the Renaissance. A magnificent *reja* of iron carries the date 1522. The sacerdotal vestments, carefully preserved in the sacristy, are masterpieces of needlework. The beautiful *custodia* by Juan de Benavente is the best work of a Castilian silversmith who was worthy of a wider fame. We noted several *fleurs-de-lis*, and were at some loss to account for the presence of the French arms in a Castilian church. We gathered, however, from the following legend, that "under the reign of Don Sancho, an anchorite, San Antolin, lived in a forest. One day the king followed a stag which took refuge in the grotto of the hermit; the latter arrested the arm of the king, as he was about to slay the



SALAGUN, PROVINCE OF LEON.

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animal. The forest was presented to San Antolin, and the cathedral erected on the site occupied by his grotto, which is still preserved in a crypt situated in the middle of the church. San Antolin was a Frenchman, and it was to do honour to the saint revered at Palencia that the *fleurs-de-lis* were thus scattered over the cathedral."

The route from Palencia to Leon is only remarkable for its dreary monotony, suggestive of a great desert enlivened at long intervals by trains of mules crossing the barren waste. Even the lark, winging its flight across Castile, must carry its store of grain, and yet these plains when cultivated amply repay the toil of tillage.

After crossing the Carrion and the canal of Castile several times, we arrived at Paredes de Nava, the birthplace of the great Castilian sculptor Berruguete. A slight accident occurring at the station of Grajal, a forced delay of two or three hours enabled us to visit the church, whose construction is not devoid of elegance. Doré had time to make a sketch of the town with its belt of old walls. Sahagun, the next station, is of greater importance; the spire of its church has a rather curious appearance; the tiers, which are numerous, gradually diminish in size upward, giving it the form of a truncated pyramid. At last we arrived at Leon. Leon—how many memories are there not in the name! it alone proves the antiquity of the town, for it is none other than that of the seventh legion of Augustus, who made it his headquarters, "*Legio septima gemina.*" After the Romans came the Goths, then the Arabs, who, defeated and driven away, at length returned under the command of the celebrated Almanzor, and reduced the town by fire and sword; but they did not hold it long. In the tenth century Leon had already many kings before Castile made any laws.

In spite of all these souvenirs, Leon has nothing of the aspect of a capital, and were it not for one or two monuments which bear testimony to its ancient splendour, it would be little more than a large uninteresting village. Amongst these monuments, the cathedral must take the first place, as it is famed throughout Spain for its light and elegant construction, although it is rapidly losing its former graceful proportions by the repairs and restorations which have been going on for four years. The windows, dating from the thirteenth century, are of great beauty. Leon had formerly a school of most skilful carvers, who carried their art to a degree of marvellous perfection, as may be gathered from a pretty Gothic door of the cloister adjoining the cathedral, and one of those of the façade; nevertheless, it is in the ancient convent of San Marcos where one encounters marvellous specimens of the wood-carver's art.

The most ancient church of Leon is that of *San Isidro el Real*. The saint is pictured above the entrance mounted on a horse and dressed in the attire of a bishop, brandishing a sword, like the cavaliers seen on the seals of the Middle Ages. The most interesting part of the church is a low chapel called the *Panteon*, dedicated to St. Catherine, and containing the remains of several kings, queens, and princesses of Castile and of Leon. The sacristan showed us a curious pennon or standard, of the close of the thirteenth century, ornamented with gold and silver embroidery, representing the patron saint of the church on his palfrey.

Leaving Leon at seven o'clock in the morning, we reached the station of Astorga at nine o'clock. During the Roman epoch this town might have been, as Pliny says, a magnificent place, yet at the present day Astorga is one of the most miserable towns in Spain. Its cathedral, however, is in good preservation, and worthy of a passing visit.

Mr. George Borrow, when in Spain endeavouring to distribute the Bible, made some attempts in Maragatería, but it proved to be time thrown away on men so wedded to their ancient customs. He says: "I found their hearts coarse; their ears refused to listen, and their eyes were shut. There was one to whom I showed the New Testament who

listened, or pretended to listen, with patience, while every now and then he took copious draughts from an enormous jug of white wine he held between his knees. 'As to what you have just told me,' said he, 'I understand very little, and I don't believe a word; yet I will take three or four Bibles. I shall not read them, it is true, but I have no doubt I shall be able to sell them at a higher price than the one you ask.' "

We shall long remember the dinner we had at the *posada* of Astorga: the table was itself suggestive. The cloth was stained with red wine, stray sausages, and yolk of eggs, heightened in effect by pieces of vermilion pickle, and the whole glazed with a coating of oil. The dinner-napkins were worthy of the tablecloth, and reminded us of a consoling passage in the memoirs of the Marquis of Louville, where he says that they made dinner-



GRAJAL, NEAR LEON.

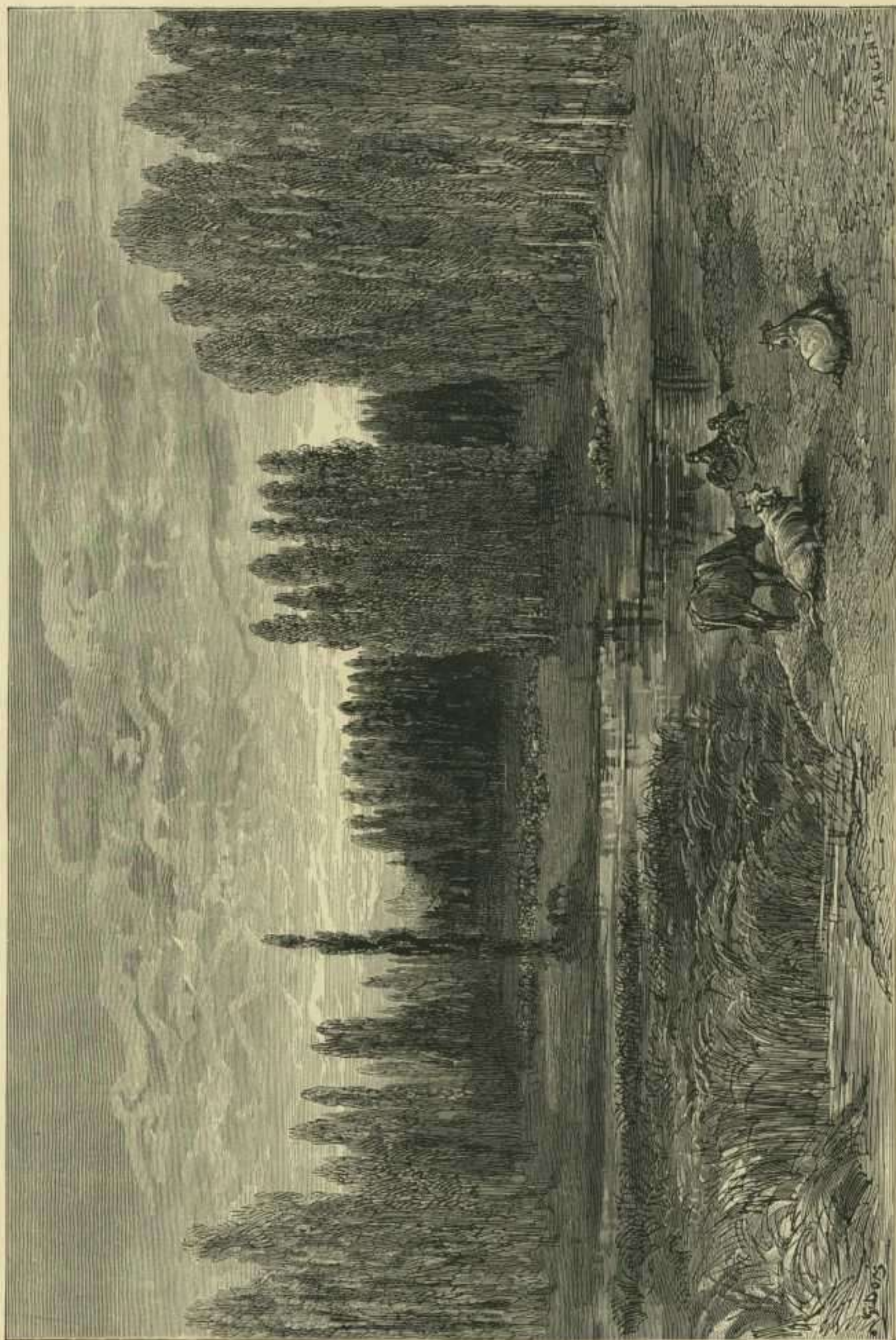
napkins for Philip V., in the palace of La Granja, with the shirts of his scullions. The waiter, a robust Asturian, first brought a tureen full of a preparation fuming with strong oil. Next appeared a partridge floating in a pool of oil. Wine-vinegar, with all sorts of strong herbs, followed by a stew of sheeps' trotters; and the other dishes were no less curious and strong.

The sobriety of the Spaniards has been much, and reasonably, vaunted in ancient and modern times. It is an old Spanish saying that "one may find perfect contentment in a crust of bread and bit of garlic:"

"Con pan y ajo crudo
Se anda seguro."

—"Dinner," says another proverb, "has killed more men than Avicenna ever cured:"

"Mas mató la cena
Que sanó Avicena."



THE POPLARS OF THE COUNTRY ROUND LEON.

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"They are very temperate, and are not fastidious as to what they eat," said a Dutch traveller in 1669. "The greatest lords have their soup made of a fowl, with a little beef and mutton. . . . They drink very little wine, and the table of a worthy citizen of Paris is better than that of a Spanish grandee."

They were even anciently said to be equally noted for their temperate use of wine and their utter abhorrence of drunkenness. The name drunkard ever applied to any one was not unfrequently avenged by murder. Nevertheless, if the Spaniards are renowned for their temperate living, they at the same time cannot be set down as niggardly in their hospitality.

At the feast given by the Constable of Castile at Valladolid, in honour of the English ambassador in 1603, the account of which, attributed to Cervantes, fired the malicious spirit of the poet Gongora, there were twelve hundred dishes of fish and meat served, without counting dessert and other courses. Saint-Simon himself speaks with enthusiasm of a dinner which was placed before him by a great Castilian lord. It is true that Spanish cookery, looked at from the point of view of the Grimod de la Reynière, the Brillat-Savarin, etc., may seem primitive and even barbarous, yet it is not without its merits, and ought to be re-established in the favour of epicures free from prejudice.

Each province has its favourite dish, but the national dish is the *puchero*—almost a synonym of dinner. To invite a friend one says, "*Vente á comer el puchero conmigo.*" *Puchero*, in the first place, signifies an earthen pot, that is, the modern synonym of *olla*, pronounced *oya*. This name signifies a mixture of a variety of ingredients—a Spanish hodge-podge composed of beef, mutton, chickens, capon, bacon, lard, pigs' feet, garlic, onions, and all sorts of vegetables. The bacon was indispensable. "There is never an *olla* without bacon, or a wedding without tambourine," says an old proverb:

"No hay olla sin tocino,
Ni boda sin tamborino."

There is also a curious variation in which cookery and the church are blended—"There is never an *olla* without bacon, or a sermon without Saint Augustine:"

"No hay olla sin tocino,
Ni sermon sin san Agustino."

To the name of *olla* was added that of *podrida*, or mess, because it becomes too soft by overcooking. According to this refrain, when it boils too long it loses its flavour:

"Olla que mucho hierva
Sabor pierde."

There are also a dozen other popular sayings of this kind, as the *olla* played as important a part in the cooking as does the *puchero* at the present day.

Let us say a few words on the *altramuz*, which is no other than the lupine of Horace. It appears to have been the favourite food of the Greek philosophers, more especially of the Cynics; the Roman conquerors gave it largely to the people, and it figured on the most refined tables. At the present day in Spain, as indeed in Italy, it occupies the most humble position among vegetables. It is eaten boiled, and in Andalusia the *altramuceros* sell it grilled. The *altramuz*, it is said, is very wholesome, and, above all others, the vegetable of the poor.

There is an animal which figures largely in Spanish gastronomy: we wish to speak of the more useful than ornamental quadruped which Grimod calls an encyclopedian animal

—the pig—since it must be called by its name. It is used in a great variety of ways. There is, indeed, no country in which this unclean animal plays so important a part, or is more worthy of the epithet which the celebrated gastronomer, Grimod de la Reynière, has given it. It has a great variety of pet names, too numerous to mention. In Spain excellent hams are made; sweet hams of Cadiar in the Alpujarras are renowned in Andalucia. This name is given to them because of the coating of sugar with which they are covered.

The finest hams are those of Montanechez, in Estremadura, where the pigs are said to be fed on vipers. The hams were considered equal to those of Bayonne and Mayence, and so the *jamon gallego*. The *morcillas*—black puddings—and the *chorizos*—sausages—are also highly esteemed, and include a number of choice varieties. The bacon, too, is not without its share of the fame, and is said by epicureans to improve by keeping, like old wine.

Astorga, although a place of almost no commercial importance, is at the same time famed for its chocolate. This important article of trade was first discovered by the Spaniards in Mexico, about the year 1520, where it was known as *calahuatl*, or *chocolatl*. It was at once introduced into Spain, and soon afterwards to France and the other countries of Europe, when it became a very grave question among the Roman Catholics, whether the prepared chocolate broke the fasts; but the point was at length decided in favour of the much-loved beverage by Pope Paul V., who, ordering some to be prepared in his presence, pronounced it lawful to be drunk during the fasts of the Church. Philip V. had perhaps read the curious volume of Padre Tomas Hurtado; at any rate, he always took his chocolate with a tranquil conscience, if we are to credit Saint-Simon.

“One day, seeing the Queen taking snuff, I said it seemed strange to me that the King himself neither indulged in snuff nor chocolate. The King replied it was true he did not take snuff, upon which the Queen strove to excuse herself by saying that she had tried times without number to give up the pernicious habit, out of respect to her royal husband, but that she was quite unequal to the task of self-denial. The King added, as to chocolate, ‘I take it with the Queen on fast days.’ ‘What, how, sire,’ I replied, ‘chocolate on fast days?’ ‘Yes,’ said the King gravely, ‘chocolate does not break the fast.’ ‘But, sire,’ I continued, ‘it is something which nourishes and sustains the body.’ ‘I assure you,’ replied the King, reddening a little, ‘it does not break the fast; the Jesuits, who told me, take it regularly themselves. On fast days, it is true, they use it without bread.’ I stopped short, not having come to instruct the King as to the manner of observing fasts; but I must say I admired the morality of the pious fathers, and the instruction which they imparted. Truly kings repose in dense and tranquil clouds who trust to the guidance of these holy men!”

The railway which unites Galicia to Old Castile and the other provinces of Spain stops at the present day at the station of Brañuelas, a poor village several miles from Astorga, whereas we continued our journey in the *coche-correo* through a very dreary country that brought us at last to the picturesque Vierzo, a circular valley about thirty miles across, green with woods of chestnut and walnut trees, or vast fields of flax, watered by limpid streams recalling scenes in Switzerland or Dauphiné.

Climbing a hill on foot, we fell in with a *maragato* bound for Leon with a cartload of huge chestnuts from Vierzo. Offering him a cigar, which he received without ceremony, insisting at the same time on our accepting some of his nuts, we entered into conversation. This simple incident is characteristic of the independent pride and generosity of the



NATIVE CART AND CHESTNUT MERCHANT.

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peasantry. Passing through Ponferrada, we soon arrived at Villafranca *del Vierzo*, a pretty little town whose ancient name, Villa Francorum, is derived from the bands of French pilgrims who halted here on their way to Saint James of Compostelle.

The country becomes gradually more wild and hilly, and at the picturesque villages through which we made our way, the girls offered us glasses of water, fruits, and milk. At last we reached Lugo, an ancient Roman city with walls like those of Astorga. Here we were in Galicia, where we might study at our leisure the natives whom we had already met at Madrid as *mozos de cordel*, and whom we had frequently encountered along the highways, setting out as reapers for the harvest. There is an annual exodus of the hardy and robust children of Galicia, who make their way into the different provinces of Spain to work as farm labourers during autumn. For all that, these rude tillers of the soil are passionately attached to their country. On our way through La Mancha in the coaching days, we came across a dozen of these reapers, seated beneath an olive-tree, devouring their simple meal with a hearty appetite. When we spoke to them of Lugo, Santiago, and of the mountains, their bronzed faces lightened up, they grasped our hands and compelled us to drink some black wine in honour of Galicia. In spite of their honesty and many other admirable qualities, they are made the butt of the people of other quarters of Spain. The name *Gallego* now signifies coarse, or ignorant. Many popular verses have been devoted to the poor Gallegos:

“Los Gallegos en Galicia
Cuando van en procesion,
Llevan un gato por santo
Y una vieja por pendon.”

—“The Galicians in Galicia, when they march in procession, carry a cat in place of a saint, and an old woman for a banner.”

“Los Gallegos en Galicia
Cuando se van á casar,
Llevan la tripilla llena
De mendrugillos de pan.”

—“The Galicians in Galicia, when they celebrate a wedding, feast on bread crusts.”

The couplets of this sort beginning with the same line are almost without number.

During the sixteenth century they were badly treated in the popular proverbs; it was even said, “It is better to be a Moor than a Galician.”

Santiago, better known in France under the name of “Saint Jacques de Compostelle,” is the most ancient and famous pilgrimage in Spain. Saint James was the patron saint of the country, and Santiago was the war-cry of the Spaniards during the Middle Ages. According to the legend, the apostle who was going to Spain disembarked at Padron, at some distance from Santiago. A miraculous star, at a later time, shone over the spot where his body lay. His remains were brought to the town, which received the name of *Campus stellæ*—Field of the star.

Santiago is surrounded by mountains, and rendered unhealthy by the prevalence of a damp atmosphere.

The cathedral is most ancient, and in its general plan reminds one of that of Saint Sernin of Toulouse, which it is said served as a model for it. The part we admired most is the *portico de la gloria*, a magnificent gateway ornamented with numerous figures in relief. This masterpiece of the *maestro Mateo* has been remodelled for the South Kensington Museum in London. We were present when it was put in position about two years ago. The tomb of Saint James still occupies its ancient place, and Madame d’Aulnoy informs us

that the bones of the saint rattle audibly in the grave when any great calamity is about to overtake Spain.

Oviedo is the capital of the province of that name, and the principal town of the Asturias, one of the most rugged and wild countries of the Peninsula. It is from the mountains of the ancient *Principado de Asturias* that these *mozos de cordel* and the *aguadores* descend every year, dressed in their conical hats and short trousers, as we have seen them at Madrid.

Pelage, first king of the Asturias, who was called *Don Pelayo*, defended this country successfully against the Arabs.

In the passes of Covadonga, about thirty-six miles from Oviedo, he arrested their progress with only a thousand men against an army of twenty thousand. Some historians say that there were three hundred thousand. Covadonga is thus looked upon as the cradle of Spanish independence.

Asturias, the only province which was never under Mussulman rule, is still little known on account of the great difficulty of access. It is in this province one finds the finest specimen of ancient Gothic architecture, and most curious inscriptions. Here is a most interesting example bearing the name of one of the successors of Pelage, King Silo, who reigned in the Asturias towards the close of the ninth century. We obtained it from a friend at Oviedo; it was copied from Santiyanes de Pravia, about thirty miles from the town, and is composed of the words *Silo princeps fecit*, which may be



GALICIAN, HOLIDAY COSTUME.

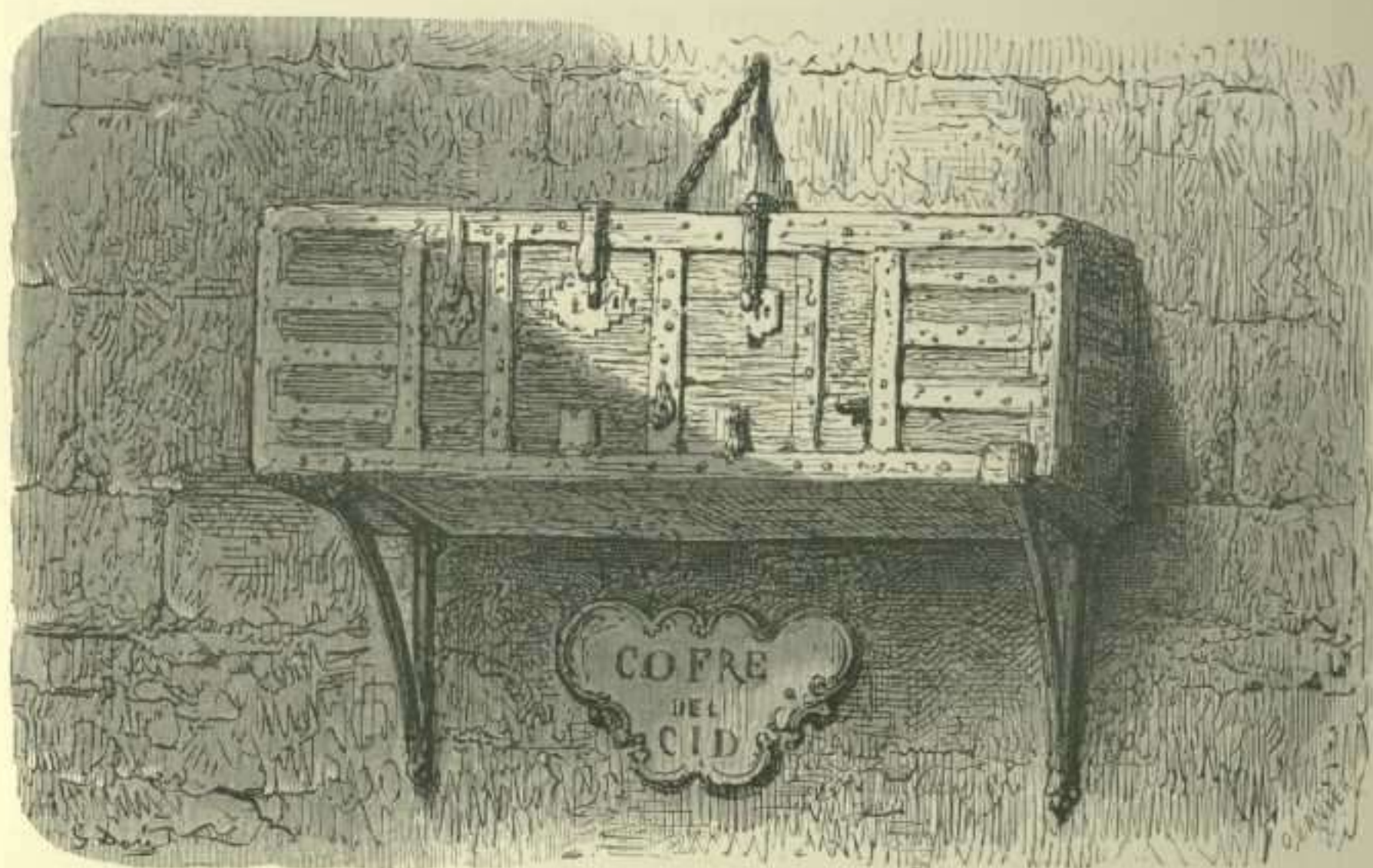
read in many different ways, always starting from the middle.

T I C E F S P E C N C E P S F E C I T
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 T I C E F S P E C N C E P S F E C I T

Asturias, one of the wildest provinces in Spain, is approached by a single coach-road from the province of Leon, along which we made our return journey to Leon. We fortunately passed without accident the *Puerto de Pajares*, a narrow defile which separates the two provinces. It not unfrequently happens during winter that this pass is blocked up with snow, when travellers are compelled to rest at the *posada*. Passing Pola de Gordon we soon arrived at Leon, and the following day, throwing a parting salutation to the cathedral of Palencia, entered the capital of Old Castile.



INTERIOR OF A COUNTRY INN.



THE CID'S COFFER, BURGOS CATHEDRAL.

CHAPTER XXV.

Burgos—Costumes of the peasants; the *Montera*—The *Mercado de la Llendre*—The *Casa del Cordon*, and the *Arco de Santa Maria*—The *Ayuntamiento*; the bones of the Cid—The Cathedral—A statue of Christ covered with human skin; *el Cofre del Cid*—The monastery of Las Huelgas and the *Cartuja de Miraflores*; the nuns—San Pedro de Corlova: the tomb of the Cid—The Cid, did he really exist?—Miranda de Ebro—The Ebro—The Calahorra—Tudela.

ALTHOUGH beneath a blue sky and brilliant sun, the cold of Burgos was excessive. Yet it was only the month of October; nevertheless, the town, standing in the centre of an elevated plateau, is one of the coldest places in Spain: we even remembered seeing two feet of snow there during the month of November.

The Arlanzon, a small stream nearly dry in summer, is frequently frozen during winter. Navagiero, who visited this spot in 1524, thought the place as sad as its sky, which is frequently clouded over. It is said that Burgos wears mourning for all Castile. It is on the *Plaza de la Libertad*, surrounded by covered porticoes, that one sees the real Castilian wrapped in his mantle warming himself in the sun, and seeking shelter from the wind. As long as he has—says a popular verse—wine, garlic, corn, and barley, he neither quits the place in July nor his mantle in January.

It is here that the markets are held, where one may see the peasant women with bright yellow petticoats, and the men decked with their *monteras* of skin. This ancient head-dress, something of the form of a helmet, imparts a savage look to its wearer. Ponz remarked during last century: "The people are the best repository of ancient customs and usages. The variety of the *monteras* in the different provinces of Spain represents, so far as I can judge, the shape of the ancient morions, sallets, and other helmets used at different



THE POOR DE SOLEMNIDAD, BURGOS.

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epochs. This people, almost entirely military, have not only preserved the form of the helmet in their *monteras*, but also that of the ancient armour in their *coletos*, doublets, *polaynas*, and the *abarcas*, gaiters, and even in the *alpargatas*. When one enters an ancient *Armeria*, if familiar with the Sevillian, Granadian, Valencian, Castilian, and Galician *monteras*, one will at once detect a strong resemblance in them to the helmets of olden times."

"Burgos at the present day presents a picture of poverty, idleness, and depopulation," said a traveller of the last century, and this may be held to describe the place truly even now. We fell in with a number of beggars, wearing above their forehead, attached to the hat, a tin plate on which, stamped in relief, are found these words, *Pobres á solemnidad*. These were poor beggars regularly licensed by the *ayuntamiento* of Burgos: the word *solemnidad* signifies notoriety. At the entrance of an old portico we one day remarked a number of men coming and going, most of them covered with rags. Asking a young charcoal-seller what it all meant, she blushing replied, after a moment's hesitation, that it was the *Mercado de la Llendre*, which we render honestly, but not literally, by market of rags, for the rags are the recipients of the *llendre*, a name given to the eggs of a certain insect much attached to human hair, an insect which a Spanish poet, Cepeda Guzman, causes to figure even on the head of a sonnet, and which he affirms is at times born in golden tresses.

"*Piojos cria el cabello mas dorado.*" This highly picturesque, but withal lively, market reminded us of Houndsditch, which we had visited in London with Doré. But to return to the mendicants of Burgos, most of them bear their lot with an air of resignation mingled with pride. As good Castilians, they doubtless think that some drops of noble blood flow through their veins; some of them take a purely philosophic view of their condition: thus we heard a blind beggar sing the following strain:

"Los pobres mas hambrientos
Son los mas ricos,
Porque todo lo comen
Con apitito:
No así los grandes,
Que aunque todo les sobra,
Les falta el hambre."

—"The famished poor are the richest, because they devour what falls to their lot with a good appetite; it is not so with the rich—although they have everything in abundance, they still lack hunger."

Amongst the ancient houses of Burgos the *Casa del Cordon* is one of the most interesting. It takes its name from a cord cut in relief round the entrance door, an original decoration obtained from the arms of the *Condestable de Castilla*, by whom it was built. The *Arco de Santa Maria*, constructed under Charles V., pointing to the *Espolon*, a fashionable promenade, is ornamented with statues of ancient armed warriors. The *Ayuntamiento* is a very common edifice, where we were shown, in one of the halls, the bones of the Cid and of Doña Ximena, preserved—O profanation!—in a bottle in a vulgar glass-case.

The cathedral of Burgos is remarkable for its elegance and lightness of construction. One of the chapels contains a rather curious image of Christ, said to have been picked up by a trader in the Bay of Biscay, and famed for its power of working miracles. This wonderful idol is covered with human skin in a manner ingenious, although at the same time revolting to contemplate.

After beholding this remarkable relic, we noticed at one of the doorways, fixed up

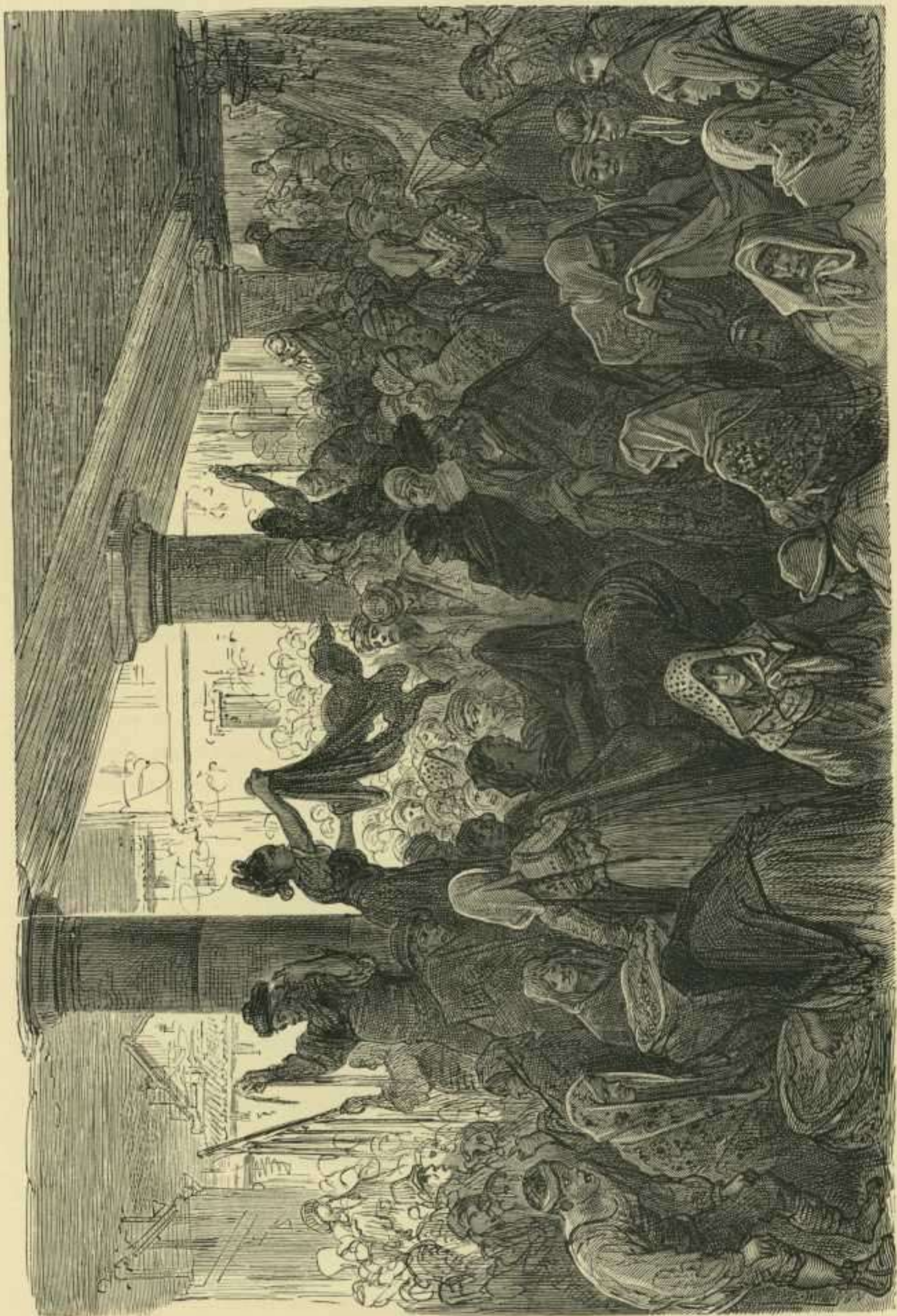
against a wall, an old coffer of worm-eaten wood, kept together with clamps of iron, supported by two brackets beneath and chain above. It originally belonged to the Cid Campeador, the coffer which has been rendered famous by chroniclers and by legends. According to some it formerly contained the veritable altar which followed the hero throughout his campaigns; others say that it held the sheath of his sword. Lastly, this model of cavaliers used it to play a trick on two Jews, which in our days would be a subject for the consideration of the police magistrate. "One day, when Campeador required money, he sent for two Jewish usurers named Rachel and Bidas, from whom he borrowed a very heavy sum, giving them as a pledge the coffer in question, full of sand, assuring them that it contained valuable jewels." It must be recorded, however, that the Cid paid back at the stated time both principal and interest.

The monastery of *Las Huelgas* stands so near to the town that we had time to visit it one morning before breakfast, and to make some sketches of the church and cloister, which dates from the second half of the thirteenth century. The architecture struck us as being at once simple and noble. Madame d'Aulnoy knew a beautiful and fascinating widow who retired to this convent. "It is," she said, "a celebrated abbey, where there are a hundred and fifty nuns, most of them the daughters of princes, dukes, or people of rank. These poor children enter at the age of six or seven years, sometimes earlier, when the vows are generally taken by the parents, or some near relative, while the little victim finds attraction in jams and sweets, caring little how she is dressed, and knowing less of the miserable life before her." The convent of Huelgas is still occupied by nuns, so that we had to content ourselves by viewing the church through an iron gateway. We have often seen these iron gateways in Spain, more especially in a convent of Granada, where the visitors' room is separated from that of the nuns by a triple network of iron; the bars are so close together that the hand cannot pass through, and, to increase the security, long points of iron are placed at each intersection, menacing the profane like so many poniards. These numerous precautions, we are informed, were sometimes useless, and without doubt it was so in the time of the Countess d'Aulnoy, who describes a room with three frightful gratings bristling with points of iron.

"What," said one of her interlocutors; "we always thought the nuns were sociable and attractive, but they need hardly fear a lover so powerful as to break down these iron barriers."

From *Las Huelgas* to *Cartuja de Miraflores* is only a short distance. This was formerly one of the richest convents in Spain. A walk of two hours brought us next to San Pedro de Cardena, an ancient convent containing the body of the Cid, which was taken there on his famous horse Babieca, and not Babieça, as it is sometimes written, and which it is said was buried with him, according to his wish, together with his three favourite swords, the Colada, Joyosa, and Tizon, or Tizona.

It may at first appear surprising, after having noticed the hero's horse and swords, to put this question: The Cid, did he ever exist? The question may seem impertinent in a land where the legendary hero has become a sort of demi-god; nevertheless, a well-known Spanish historian of the last century—Masdeu—dared to doubt his existence. It is now known, let us assure our readers, that the Cid was, after all, no fabulous hero, but that he really existed. At the close of last century, Ponz mentions, in his *Viage de España*, a curious manuscript of the twelfth century, which he saw at Leon, wherein the Cid was named *Campi doctus*. Since that time another interesting document has been brought to light, extracted from the edicts of a council held in 1160, sixty years after the hero's death,



OLD CLOTHES MARKET, BURGOS.

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at Hormedes, in the diocese of Palencia. In this document the Cid is called *Magnus Royz Didaz, cognomento Citte Campeator*. The existence of the Cid has been also proved by the notices of several contemporary Arabian historians which have been translated and sifted by M. Dozy, Professor of the University of Leyde. Conde and Gayangos have also given extracts from these authors, who, in place of representing the Cid as a model of chivalrous loyalty, paint him as a fierce, perfidious, and ungenerous enemy, faults common to more than one hero of the Middle Ages. A modern Spanish writer, M. Alcalá Galiano, believes that a personage existed called the Cid, who rendered himself famous during the wars against the infidels. Better still, he feels assured that there were several Cids. M. Antoine de Latour says, speaking of this author, "in the year of grace, 1862, M. Alcalá Galiano was summoned to appear before a judge, who in Spain has the attributes of our justice of the peace, for having affirmed the existence of a plurality of Cids. His accuser, Don Casimiro Orense y Ravazo, appeared as a direct descendant of the Cid, and modestly disclosed his ancestry to the judge. M. Alcalá Galiano, on his side, might have challenged Don Casimiro to establish his descent. Unfortunately the latter died, and this curious case was never brought to an issue."

It is well known that between the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries, an innumerable collection of books appeared, celebrating the fabulous adventures of the Cid—this Hercules of Spain. Let us confine ourselves to stating that the biographers place the birth of the Cid between the years 1026 and 1040, in a little village, six miles from Burgos—Bivar, or Vivar—which had the extraordinary fame of introducing into the world the hero whom the romances and the histories call *el invencible, el esforçado cavallero el Cid Ruy Dias de Bivar, el buen Campeador, mio Cid el de Bibar, mio Cid lidiador*, etc.

Let us say good-bye to the Cid, and proceed to the north of Old Castile. After passing Briviesca we arrived at the *Gargantas de Pancorbo*, one of the wildest and most grotesquely picturesque passes; huge perpendicular rocks tower to a great height, and in some parts nearly meet together. A traveller of the seventeenth century calls it "This frightful passage, which seems rather the road to the lower regions than to Pancorbo."

When a meeting was arranged between Louis XIV. and Philip IV., on the occasion of the marriage of the King of France with the Princess Maria Theresa, the King of Spain conducting the royal betrothed, and accompanied by a numerous retinue, passed through the gorges in the month of April. It was a series of fêtes like a triumphal march: the nobles and the *ayuntamientos* prepared bull-fights and fireworks; they even lit bonfires on the summits of the rocks of Pancorbo.

After emerging from the passes the country still preserves its wild, hilly aspect. On our right is the ancient monastery of Bujedo, built at the base of enormous rocks, and which in the good old days of the monks must have sheltered numerous guests. Ivy has invaded its ruined walls, and the roofs that have fallen in disclose great halls, deserted save by crows and owls.

At length the train stopped at a station for twenty minutes, which time the passengers spent at the *buffet*. We were in the last town of Old Castile, by the side of the Ebro, the ancient Iberus, that gave its name to the "hard ground of Iberia." The waters of the Ebro, clear like those of the Tagus and the Tiber, are not navigable; many fruitless attempts had been made to deepen its channel. It waters a part of Old Castile, and flows through the entire length of Aragon; a popular saying compares it to a traitor, *Ebro traidor naces en Castilla y riegas á Aragon*—"Ebro, thou art a traitor: born in Castile, thou waterest Aragon." This saying is, however, not quite accurate, seeing that the watershed

of the Ebro is in Fontibre (Fons Iberis), in the mountains of Reinosa, province of Santander.

We passed through the little village of Haro, which has given its name to a celebrated family including among its members the famous Luis de Haro, successor to the distinguished Duke of Olivares. The country is fertile and charming; hills planted with vines and green prairies make one forget the sadness of the landscapes of Old Castile. We were now in the province of Logroño, whose capital we soon reached. Logroño is an old town, with narrow, winding streets, and its stream spanned by a bridge of the Middle Ages.



GORGES OF FANCORDO : THE TUNNEL.

It was the birthplace of the celebrated painter Navarrete, towards 1520, a master colourist who merits the name of the Spanish Titian.

Calahorra, one of the next stations, is the ancient Roman Calagurris, which suffered a still more terrible siege than that of Numance. The inhabitants, rather than yield up the town, endured the most terrible famine. Historians supply details which make one shudder. Husbands ate their wives, and mothers killed and salted their own children.

An hour after passing Calahorra, we halted at Tudela, a very ancient little town, the Roman Tutela, which a Dutch traveller calls "a town inhabited by thieves and



GORGES OF PANCORBO.

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banditti." "Rather a pretty town," he adds, "but being on the borders of Aragon, Castile, and Biscay, it is the retreat and nest of numerous malefactors, who have fled from their country to escape the punishment due to their crimes. According to current report, it is doubtless a resort of vagabonds; yet I came across several thoroughly respectable-looking personages, forming an exception to the general run of the community."

The Navarrese are active and laborious, like their neighbours the Basques, and are much attached to their country. Their popular songs celebrate the beauty of their cloudless sky:

"El cielo de la Navarra
Está vestido de azul,
Por eso las Navarritas
Tienen la sal de Jesús."

—"The sky of Navarre is clothed with azure. That has given to the Navarrese the grace of Jesus."



THE MONASTERY OF LAS HUELGAS, NEAR BURGOS.

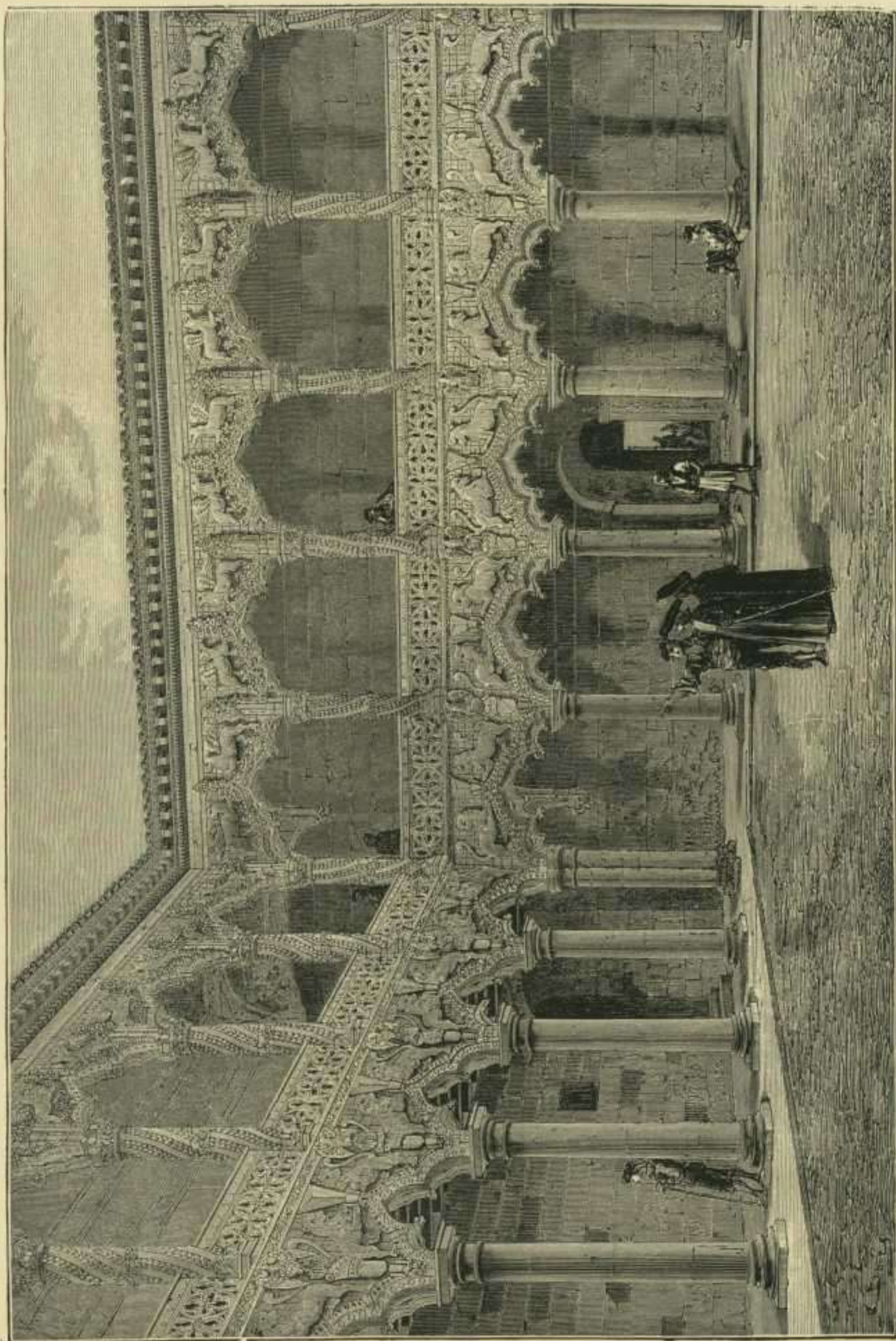


OLIVE PLANTATIONS NEAR SARAGOSSA.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Aragonese and their costume ; the *cinta morada* ; the *alpargatas*—Riela—Carineña—Teruel : legend of *los Amantes de Teruel*—Calatayud : the *Morería*—The *Castillo del Reloj*—Medina-Celi—Sigüenza—The popular physicians of Spain : *Barberos, sangradores, sacamuélas, curanderos* ; and other charlatans—Bleeding the arm and the foot ; satirical couplets on the doctors ; Guadalajara ; the palace of the dukes of the Infantado—Saragossa ; the *Torre Nueva* (leaning tower)—Our Lady *del Pilar*—The popular saints ; San Anton and the loaves and ladies ; a saint in a well ; some *coplas*—*San Juan de Dios, San Roque*, etc.

WE are now in the heart of Aragon, one of the most interesting provinces of the Peninsula. The Aragonese, beneath a rough exterior, conceals a loyal and generous nature. His stubbornness is proverbial, and according to an ancient refrain his head is so hard that he would find no difficulty in using it to drive a nail into a stone wall. The malicious even affirm that he would succeed in driving the nail home into the wall with the pointed end next his skull. When an Aragonese is born, his mother knocks him on the head with a plate—according to the legend : should the plate break, he is a choice hard-headed child ; but, on the contrary, should it remain whole he is soft-headed and will cause sorrow. The costume is highly picturesque, more especially when worn by one of the robust, well-made peasants, with a broad violet band round his waist. Violet is the favourite colour for the *fajas moradas* all over Aragon. It is also the colour of the ribbon to which the image of the patron saint is suspended round the neck of every good Aragonese. The head-dress is extremely simple, consisting of a coloured handkerchief twisted round the



COURT OF THE PALACE OF THE DUC DE L'INFANTADO.

head, and tied over the right temple. The band, of which we have just spoken, supports tight-fitting breeches of green or black velvet, or fawn-coloured leather, falling to the knees and supplemented by blue stockings, fitting closely to the well-formed leg, and reaching to the ankles, so as to leave the bare foot to support the hempen sandals.

Continuing our route towards the south of the province, we soon arrived at Ricla, a small obscure town rising like an amphitheatre on a hill to the right. During the sixteenth century Ricla was famed for its firearms, of the most elegant workmanship. The country, watered by the Jalon, is extremely fertile; so fertile, indeed, that the vineyards of Cariñena, which we passed on our way from Saragossa to Teruel, are celebrated all over Spain. Viewed from a distance, the old walls and battlements of Teruel reminded us of Toledo and Avila. This town is the centre of a vast district into which railways have not yet penetrated, and are not likely to penetrate for some time to come. The cathedral is in no way remarkable, if we except the altarpiece carved in wood, by a French artist named Gabriel Yoli, who lived during the early part of the sixteenth century. A French architect of the same epoch constructed a magnificent aqueduct still in good preservation—*Los Arcos de Teruel*; but the town enjoys more of legendary than of real fame. The *Amantes de Teruel* are as celebrated here as Abelard and Héloïse, or Romeo and Juliet. These two lovers have furnished materials for many Spanish and foreign romances. Pursued by fatality, they were only, at last, united in the tomb. In 1555, during the progress of some restorations, their tomb was found, and their remains were exhumed. In 1708 they were transferred to the cloister, and placed standing in a closed niche, where we saw them in good preservation, surmounted by the following inscription :

*Aquí yacen los celebres Amantes de Teruel
D. Juan Diego Martínez de Marcilla, y Doña Isabel de Segura.
Murieron en 1217, y en 1708 se trasladaron á este panteon.*

Making our way back to the railway, we proceeded to Calatayud, the ancient Calatayut, whose name appears more times than one in the *romancero* of the Cid. It is Bilbilis of the Romans, the country of Martial, who describes the town just as we found it, cold and dismal looking. The poet represents it as celebrated for its waters and its arms. The waters of the Salo—the Jalon of the present day—are reported to have possessed the virtue of imparting an excellent temper to the steel.

The town is divided into two parts, the lower town, and the *Moreria* or elevated suburbs. The latter is the ancient quarter of the Moors, covering several hillocks, excavated with grottoes like those of the environs of Granada. We have never seen anything so utterly wretched as this suburb, made up of a multitude of holes scooped out of the hill-sides, and tenanted in common by human beings and filthy animals, whose only means of ingress is by the doorway, which supplies, at the same time, an opening for the ventilation of the dank interior, and the only vent for the smoke. A number of the miserable inhabitants of this quarter follow the trade of weavers, which renders the close damp dwelling all the more unhealthy. The women and children prepare the hemp, while the skilled labour falls to the lot of the men. There are, without doubt, in this unhappy community, a number of the descendants of the ancient Moors, who remained in the country like pariahs, after the edict of expulsion by Philip III.

The *Castillo del Reloj*—Castle of the Clock—whose picturesque ruins overlook the suburb, evidently dates from the time of the Arabs. So, indeed, does the name Calatayud—the Castle of Job. Aragon is one of the provinces in which we find the richest relics of the Mussulman dominion. The Moors were formerly very numerous there, more especially

in the southern part. Navagiero, speaking of the little town of Aranda near Calatayud, which he visited in 1523, says that the castle was occupied by Moors. Several of the Moors of Calatayud employed themselves in the manufacture of the *hispano-moresque* ware, so highly prized by modern collectors.

Touching *en route* at Medina-Celi, we pushed on to Sigüenza, where, one of us being taken suddenly ill, we thought it prudent to apply to a local doctor, Don Narciso Pastor, who, after a most reassuring conversation, sent us to the chemist Don José Molinero, with a formal prescription. The doctor was probably a graduate of the famous university of Sigüenza; at any rate, he was a skilful physician, and sickness gave way to his treatment as if by magic. Doctors and their medicines in Spanish towns differ only in unimportant details from the doctors and medicines of other civilised communities. In country districts it is, however, quite different, where barbers and quacks, with their copious bleedings, blistering, specifics, and simples, flourish as the recognised physicians of the people. Nevertheless, the Spaniards formerly, like the Orientals, had an intense hatred for surgery. It was even considered profanation to mutilate the bodies of the dead: the Inquisition are reported to have begged of Philip II. to sanction the burning of André Vésale for his having dissected a corpse.

The Spanish barber is not unfrequently accoucheur, dentist, and even professor of surgery; when he modestly claims this latter title, he sets up above his doorway the sign of a bleeding leg.

Bleeding has been practised in Spain for many centuries. The patient when he has to be bled may submit to the operation while following his daily occupation: first he is bled on the right arm, and two days after on the left, to equalise the blood—so they say. It is only when thoroughly prostrated by loss of blood, that the sufferer is permitted to keep his bed. The feet were, however, more frequently punctured than the arms, and if we may judge by this verse the practice is still in vogue:—

“Me han dicho que estás malita,
Y que te sangran mañana;
A ti te sangran del pié,
Y á mi me sangran del alma.”

—“They tell me you are ill, and that to-morrow you will be bled. The blood will flow from your foot, while the lance will pierce my heart.”

The pleasantries of Molière on the doctors are not to be compared with those we come across in the Spanish proverbs:

“Dios es el que sana,
Y el médico se lleva la plata.”

—“It is God who cures us, and the doctor pockets the money.”

It not unfrequently happens in the country that the doctor is only called at the last moment. The peasants have a superstitious dread of having their pulse felt: they say it is a prognostic of the tomb. These barbers and quack doctors seldom consult any text-books, other than those containing popular receipts, such as *Médico de si mismo*—“Every one his own Physician,”—in which each prescription of four lines is accompanied by a simple woodcut; the *Médico en casa*—The Household Physician; or the *Médico de los Pobres*—The Poor Man’s Physician. These works contain remedies for every sort of disease and accident; many of them are very curious, although quite harmless. For instance, grilled garlic for toothache, onion and pitch for stings; but the sovereign remedy is oil, which cures burns, corns, chilblains, insect bites, etc.

Continuing our itinerary, and visiting the ancient town of Guadalajara,—literally in



THE LEANING TOWER OF SARAGOSSA.

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Arabic the river of stones,—we found difficulty in obtaining a decent lodging, although it was a provincial capital. Its resources are extremely limited; nevertheless, during the sixteenth century it was a place of great importance. “Guadalajara,” said Navagiero, “occupies a fine site and contains splendid edifices, notably that belonging to the Cardinal Mendoza, Archbishop of Toledo, and that of the Duke of Infantazgo, which is hardly equalled in Spain. It is a great resort of cavaliers and persons of rank, where the duke, in his lavish hospitality, spends more than his revenue, which amounts to fifty thousand ducats. He has a guard of two hundred foot soldiers, numerous mounted retainers, a band of excellent musicians, and in every conceivable way he displays his liberality.”

Where, alas! are the armed retainers of this proud noble and his little court, almost as brilliant as that of the kings? Ancient authors have left curious accounts of the fêtes held there. Francis I. was entertained with a splendour that eclipsed his reception at Alcalá de Hénarès.

The court of this palace of the dukes of Infantazgo is still in good preservation, and displays a richness of ornament and architectural beauty well worthy of the study of the traveller.

Let us bid adieu to souvenirs of the past, and take the train to Saragossa.

Saragossa boasts a high antiquity. It remained an Arab town for upwards of four centuries, and during the twelfth century, after a siege of five years, fell into the hands of Alfonso I., King of Aragon and Navarre. The town, indeed, appeared to have enjoyed a memorable fame for sieges, and it is well known with what heroism it sustained those of 1808 and 1809. A curious coincidence occurs on this subject, suggesting the notion that Madame d'Aulnoy, in 1679, foresaw the famous sieges when she penned these lines: “The town of Saragossa is not strong, but the inhabitants are so brave that they alone are sufficient to defend it.” Navagiero found the town very flourishing in 1524. It had beautiful houses and rich churches; it was the residence of many nobles, and abundance reigned in Saragossa.

The capital of Aragon has many interesting monuments. The oldest, the Aljaferia, of which Cervantes speaks in “Don Quixote,” was the stronghold of the Arab kings; it later became the palace of the Inquisition, and at the present day it is a barrack. Although the Aljaferia has suffered numerous degradations, there are certain parts still remaining from which one may gather some idea of its primitive appearance. A number of the apartments contain remains of graceful Arabian ornamentation, others not less elegant belong to the sixteenth century. The grand staircase, built under the Catholic sovereign, is one of the finest in Spain.

The leaning tower, the *Torre Nueva*, is not less curious than those of Bologna and Pisa: the angle of inclination is more than ten feet from the perpendicular. This monument, with its reliefs in brick, in the Moorish style, is of very elegant architecture; unfortunately its effect is spoiled by a bell tower.

Saragossa has two principal churches, the *Seo* and the *Nuestra Señora del Pilar*. The *Seo* is an immense and very ancient edifice, which has been ruthlessly modernised. Its beautiful Gothic altarpiece, the finest in Spain, is in alabaster, painted and gilded, of most exquisite workmanship. It was in the *Seo* that the Prince Don Baltazar, son of Philip IV. (whose portrait was so often painted by Valasquez), was buried. *Nuestra Señora del Pilar* stands, like the *Seo*, on the borders of the Ebro; its name is derived from the pillar which supports the venerated image on which the Virgin descended from heaven.

As to the saints revered in Spain, we will just say a few words, beginning with Saint Anthony, vulgarly called *San Anton*, whose aid is most frequently besought as the patron

of quadrupeds. On the Saint's fête-day, mules, donkeys, horses, decked with ribbons, are ranged before the church of *San Antonio Abad*, at Madrid, where small loaves made of barley blessed by an officiating priest are given to the animals, which are thus protected from all evil. These loaves are also sold in the *calle Horteleza*. This street is crowded by ambulating traders, who cry aloud "Genuine loaves of the Saint, flavoured with lemon and cinnamon." This good Saint also extends his beneficent influence over the unhappy porkers slaughtered and transformed in savoury hams and sausages.

Saint Anthony, with praiseworthy impartiality, not only protects the pigs but procures husbands for young ladies if they will only confide in him. It is necessary for the spinster who sighs for a partner, to take an image of the Saint, and treat it with the utmost contempt by casting it to the bottom of a well, saying, "You must stop there until you have secured a husband for me."

Let no one imagine we are jesting, here is a popular verse which speaks for itself:

"¿Fuiste tú la que metiste
A san Antonio en un pozo,
Y lo hartaste de agua
Por que saliera un novio?"

—"Is it not you who put Saint Anthony in a well, and compel him to drink the water till he finds you a husband?"

The saint must enjoy the greatest popularity amongst the ladies. He is consulted on a variety of occasions: it is even said he has been asked to interfere in the unfair distribution of beauty:

"Todas las feas del Mundo
Se juntaron una tarde
A pedirle á san Antonio
Que las bonitas se acaben."

—"All the ugly women in the world met together one evening to beg Saint Anthony that beauty might be totally suppressed."

This strange custom of submerging Saint Anthony reminds us of the practice in certain villages on Saint John's Day. This time it is not the image of the saint that is put in the water, although the object is the same, a young girl in search of a husband. The *muchacha* must, as the hour of midnight strikes, plunge her head into a fountain in order to secure a partner within the year. It is supposed to be done out of pure frolic; nevertheless it cannot be denied that many of the girls have a profound and secret belief in its efficacy.

As to Saint John, he is treated quite as irreverently, if we may judge from the following rhyme, in which the saint is pictured on a fig-tree aiming at a fig with his blunderbuss:

"Estaba San Juan de Dios
Subido en una higuera,
Con un retaco en la mano,
Apundanto á una breva."

There is a variation of it in which the fig-tree is replaced by a cork-tree, and San Roque takes the place of the fig in order probably to help out the rhyme. It seems almost incredible that there should be such an extraordinary collection of these songs circulating amongst the people of a country so religious and Catholic as Spain. It is now the turn of Saint Peter:

"San Pedro, como estaba calvo,
Le picaban los mosquitos,
Y su madre le compró
Un sombrero de tres picos."



CHURCH OF OUR LADY DEL PILAR, SARAGOSSA.

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—“ Saint Peter, who was bald, was stung by mosquitoes, and his mother bought him a three-cornered hat.”

“ Glorious Saint Sebastian—riddled with arrows,” exclaims a married man, who piously adds, “ Would that I could represent thy soul, and my mother-in-law thy body.”

“ Glorioso san Sebastian,
 Todo lleno de saetas ;
 Mi alma como la tuya,
 Como tu cuerpo, mi suegra !”

But as these verses are innumerable, we must summarise by saying that all the saints in the calendar come in for their share, and by adding the oft-repeated assurance that we must not for an instant consider them profane, or irreverent, as they have not only obtained the sanction of the priests and monks, but some of them have emanated from the seclusion of the holy cloisters.



AN ARAGONESE PEDLAR.



BUCKLER, WITH THE HEAD OF MEDUSA, IN THE ARMOURY OF MADRID.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SPANISH CURIOSITIES AND ART-MANUFACTURES.

- SALE OF THE JEWELS OF OUR LADY *del Pilar*.—The Catalogue ; duration of sale ; the adjudication ; principal objects sold.
- THE GOLDSMITH'S ART.—The crowns of gold of Guarrazar—The jewels of the sixteenth century—The art of enamelling in Spain, etc.
- ARMS AND IRON-WORK.
- SPANISH CERAMIC AND GLASS WARE.—*Azulejos*—Hispano-Moresque ware—Arab potteries—Spanish porcelains of Buen Retiro, Alcora, and Madrid.
- WOOD-CARVING.—The wood-carving of the sixteenth century—The Arabian ivories—Carvings of the Middle Ages—Decadence of the art.
- FURNITURE.
- FABRICS.—Richness of the stuffs made by the Arabs of Spain—The silks of Toledo, Valencia, Talavera, etc.—The tapestries of Alcaraz—Rich embroideries of the Cathedrals.
- ILLUMINADORES.—Illuminated chronicles, romances, and other writings—Collectors of objects of antiquity—Portrait of a collector—The trade in curiosities in the Peninsula—Counterfeits.

DURING our stay in Saragossa, in the spring of 1870, a very interesting sale took place, which created a great stir in Spain. The articles sold were the jewels of Our Lady *del Pilar* which the chapter had decided to part with in order to raise funds to finish the works of the temple discontinued during last century. A double catalogue, in good Spanish and doubtful French, had been sent to the chief towns of Europe. Thus the 31st May the *Sala Capitular* in which the sale was held was filled with merchants and collectors from the four quarters of the globe, who came to contest for the jewels and offerings made to the *Virgin del Pilar* centuries ago.

The South Kensington Museum in London had sent its representative, who bought largely. The catalogue included five hundred and twenty-three jewels, fifty of which, such as pendants, reliquaries, medallions, crosses, etc., dated from the sixteenth century. The remainder was composed of rings, bracelets, collars, chains, watches, rosaries, earrings, pins, etc. There were even fans, caskets, candlesticks, gold and silver combs, as well as all sorts of *ex-voto*: heads, legs, arms, hands, eyes, busts, fingers, hearts, etc., not to mention twenty images of the *Virgin del Pilar*. Two curious lots consisted of silver bulls offered by the most celebrated *espadas* that Spain ever possessed, *Pepe Hillo*, whose tragic end we have related, and *Cuchares*, the father-in-law of *Tato*.

The sale, which would have occupied two days in London and about double that time in Paris, lasted nearly fifteen days in Saragossa, thanks to the leisurely manner in which the members of the chapter carried on their operations. The president, acting as auctioneer, commenced by asking if they would give the price estimated, *Dan la tasa*; when the limit was reached he exclaimed, *La tasa dan!*—The price is given. Then when the bidding became languid, *A la una!* (once), *A las dos* (twice), *Que se va á rematar* (it is about to be sold). Then *A las tres* (thrice); as he uttered these words, the president rang a bell and the lot fell to the last bidder. Among the most important lots were a French decoration of the Holy Spirit set with brilliants, which sold for 312,500 reaux. A collar and a diadem, each worth 100,000 reaux. A golden pomegranate enamelled, of exquisite workmanship, of the middle of the sixteenth century, attributed to Benvenuto Cellini, was bought by a citizen of Saragossa. A very beautiful watch, with a gold enamelled chatelaine of Paris workmanship, was sold to a Parisian collector. The total of the sale, as far as we can remember, reached the respectable sum of two millions of reaux.

Apropos of the treasure of the *Pilar*, we will now say a few words as to the artistic workmanship of ancient Spanish handicraftmen. The trade of the goldsmiths, which forms one of the most interesting branches, produced its earliest examples of art during the fifth century. The crowns of gold of Guarrazar which we find in the museums of Cluny and Madrid, convey some notion of the advanced state of this art; the most beautiful date from 621 to 672. During the three centuries which followed the invasion of the Arabs, Asturias and Galicia, the only provinces which held their independence, possessed goldsmiths, who introduced the *Latino-bisantino* style of work. The finest specimens of this kind are to be found in the cathedrals of Oviedo and Santiago, presenting some analogy to similar treasures in the cathedral of Monza. In the eleventh century the style was gradually changed by Arabian influence; examples of this epoch are, however, extremely rare. During the fourteenth century the name of *Plateros* was scarcely known, while in the century following their works became very numerous, and differed in no important points from the works of the goldsmiths of other countries.

It was not, however, until the sixteenth century that the Spanish goldsmiths obtained a world-wide fame for their skill and the extraordinary beauty of their workmanship. The Spanish churches are still rich in their masterpieces, notwithstanding the numerous meltings and sales which have taken place from time to time, and the deeply to be regretted losses caused by the French invasion. Let us say in passing, that crimes have frequently been imputed to our compatriots of which they are not guilty. When you go to Toledo you will be certain to be shown the Alcázar, and informed that it was totally ruined by the French, although we ourselves have proved that at least one hundred years before the French army set foot in Spain this monument lay in ruins.

The art of enamelling was very early practised in Spain, as may be gathered from the ancient French inventories of the fourteenth century, the *esmaux de la façon d'Espagne*, and of the *esmaux d'Arragon*. The Spanish goldsmiths of the seventeenth century applied semi-opaque enamel to silver, as may be seen on the crosses of *Caravaca* which are not unfrequently met with. The enamel was also applied to copper, chiefly to those little reliquaries still common in Spain. The art of inlaying silver was practised by the early Arabs, and later by the *Plateros* of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, who gave it the name of *niel*. There is a beautiful specimen of this art to be seen in the *custodia* of the Cathedral of Palencia, by Juan de Benavente. The Spanish jewels of the seventeenth century followed the bad taste of the architecture of the period. Madame d'Aulnoy says,

"The precious stones are admirable, but the settings are so bad that the finest diamonds appear inferior to those sold in Paris for thirty louis."

The use of filigree is very ancient in Spain, and is still in vogue in many parts of the country. The best modern work of this sort comes from Cordova and Malaga; the art was undoubtedly borrowed from the Arabs, who used it to ornament their swords and helmets, as we may see for ourselves in the armoury of Madrid. The Museum of South Kensington, whose collection of ancient and modern Spanish relics amounts to about four hundred objects, possesses a number of specimens of antique filigree work.

The Spanish ceramic ware occupies a distinguished place in the cabinets of collectors. The *azulejos*, used by the Arabs during the twelfth century for the exterior as well as the interior decoration of their dwellings, had arrived at a high degree of perfection, at a time when the delft-ware produced in other European countries was extremely coarse. The use of these squares was adopted by the Spaniards, who represented a variety of different subjects on them: Cean Bermudez cites a *maestro de pintar azulejos*, who lived in the sixteenth century. The beautiful *Hispano-Moresque* faïences with brilliant metallic reflectors were among the first produced; from the fourteenth century they were made the ornaments of princely dressers. Twelve years ago, we visited the most renowned centres of this trade: Malaga, Valencia, Manises, Majorca, Barcelona, Murcia, Teruel, etc.

The Arabs of Toledo manufactured large earthen vases of the most elegant forms, but not glazed. The surroundings of their wells, also of the same material, were ornamented with coufique characters; we have also seen fonts carrying Gothic inscriptions. During the sixteenth century, the manufacture of faïence formed perhaps the most important industry of Seville, Talavera, and Toledo. The factory of Alcora, founded in 1729, occupies the first rank; its potteries, of a very decided French style, rival those of Moustiers which supplied the models, and which they often surpassed in beauty. This factory, employing more than three hundred workmen, belonged to the Count of Aranda; this Spanish minister, who was almost Parisian, was a friend of Voltaire, to whom he sent a gift of a set of ware, and who remarked it was the most beautiful he had seen for the table, after that of Saxony and Sèvres.

Spain also boasted many porcelain factories. The porcelains of the manufactory of Buen Retiro, founded in 1759 by Charles III., have the same merits as those of the *Capo di Monte*, established in Naples by this prince as early as 1736. When he took possession of the throne of Spain, he brought with him the entire staff of that establishment, which included two hundred and twenty-five artists, workmen, etc. It required no less than four transport vessels to convey the materials.

The porcelains of Alcora and Madrid, comparatively unknown to collectors, are well worthy of attention. The porcelains produced in Alcora were hard and elastic, and are rarely to be met with nowadays. The Count of Aranda sent several of his workmen to study at Sèvres.

Spanish glassware, as well as the French glassware, is little known to the antiquary, and yet the two countries had very important factories, whose productions have been generally confounded with those of Venice; as early as the Roman epoch, glass was made in Spain: we have in our possession an antique cup found in Palencia. A passage in Saint Isidore of Seville shows that in his time glass was known in Spain. Later, several Arabian authors speak of the manufacture of glass, notably the glass factories of Almeria, in the thirteenth century, where all sorts of vases and utensils were made; Malaga and Murcia had also renowned glass factories. In the latter town large glass vases, of most exquisite

form were made; they must have resembled those beautiful "*Voirres de Damas*," so highly prized during the Middle Ages, and, in our own days, so eagerly sought after by collectors. The Arabs of Spain were also skilled in the production of mosaics of glass, which they called *al foseyfasá*.

In 1455 the *vidrieros* of Barcelona formed a corporation; an author of the fifteenth century likens the productions of this town to those of Venice. *Cadalso de los Vidrios*, a town in the province of Madrid, also Caspe in Aragon, were famed for their glassware during the fifteenth century. At a later period, other places in Spain, such as Mataro, Cervelló, Cebreros, San Martin de Valdeiglesias, Valdemaqueda, Recuenco, and Granja, had also their glass works.

The wood-carvers of Spain have enjoyed an exceptional and well-merited fame; nevertheless, their works ought to be more widely known and studied. There is no other country in the world where carved-wood altarpieces may be seen that are at all comparable to those of Spain.

The art of weaving was very anciently known in Spain. The Arabs brought it to a high degree of perfection during the ninth century. Many of the ancient Arab writers mention the rich brilliantly-coloured silk stuffs, which gave employment to thousands of workmen at Valencia, Malaga, Murcia, and Almeria. This latter town surpassed all others in the beauty of its fabrics, more especially its *tiraz*, into which the names of sultans, princes, and nobles were woven. A beautiful Arabian ivory casket, of which our friend is the fortunate owner, is lined with this stuff. They also produced a fabric called *Atabi*, which has left its name to the *tabis*, so well known to the students of ancient bindings. The carpets of Murcia were also renowned and exported to foreign countries. In the inventory of the furniture of Charles V., made at Yuste after his death, we find the *tapices de Alcaraz* mentioned, while an author of Majorca speaks of the carpets made in his country during the sixteenth century, which Charles V. thought good enough to place in the finest apartments of one of his palaces. Carpets were made at Madrid in the time of Philip II.; the factory of Santa-Isabel was established there in the beginning of the seventeenth century, the place represented by Velasquez in his celebrated picture of *Las Hilanderas*. The carpets of the factory of Santa Bárbara at Madrid, founded in 1720 by Philip V., are not without merit. About a hundred persons were employed, and the designs followed were by different foreign artists, such as Luca Giordano, Teniers, Amiconi, and others, not to mention the Spanish painters, amongst whom were Maella, the two brothers Bayeu, Goya, etc.

The Spanish embroiderers of figures of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries have left behind them many marvellous specimens of their skill, which may still be seen in the churches and cathedrals. Seville, Burgos, Palencia, Granada, Segovia, and Barcelona possess sacerdotal vestments of the greatest beauty, but no town is so rich in embroideries as Toledo, whose cathedral has a complete series of chasubles, chapes, dalmaticas, etc., for each fête in the year.

These artists, like the *plateros* and the *vidrieros*, formed a powerful corporation.

We can only notice in passing the works of the *Iluminadores* to be found in Bibles, missals, *libros de coro*, etc., some of them dating from the tenth century. Even chronicles, romances, works of chivalry and *executorias*, or titles of nobility on parchment, are found embellished with masterpieces of illumination.

In conclusion we need hardly remark that a passion for the fine arts was widely diffused over Spain during the sixteenth century. Apart from the sovereigns whose inventories prove their wealth in objects of art, there were many private individuals like

Hurtado de Mendoza, the reputed author of "Lazarillo de Tormes," and Felipe de Guevara, who formed valuable collections. Twenty years ago the *anticuario*, or *recolector de antiguallas*, was represented in the *Españoles pintados por si mismos*, a collection of national types, as an idiot, or at least an untidy and slovenly imbecile, a ridiculous fool, living several centuries behind his time. "All antiquarians are as thoroughly alike as acorns; it is only necessary, therefore, in order to obtain a complete knowledge of this class of animal, to examine a single type. The collector of ancient pictures possesses an array of dreadful daubs, on the corners of which he piously inscribes the names of Titian or Correggio. The collector of arms has one of the Cid's swords, and by the side of the horse of Santiago he places the stirrups of a village priest which he takes for those worn by Scipio at the siege of Troy. The collector of medals falls in with an old coin, and worships it as one of the oboli which the ancients placed in the mouths of the dead. Another possesses the keys of Noah's Ark, the spectacles of Tobias, the harp of King David, and the palette of Saint Luke, etc." As to the amateur in ancient books and manuscripts, his greatest treasure is a book produced by a waiter at an inn, which he displays to his friends as the original manuscript copy of the adventures of the "Grand Capitaine." These pictures of antiquarians have been decidedly overdrawn, so much so indeed that we failed to trace their likeness to the modern collectors we came across in Spain.

The trade in ancient pictures, relics, and curiosities is not nearly so important in Spain as it is in either France or Italy. It is nevertheless a branch of commerce which is steadily expanding, and although there are old curiosity shops in most of the Spanish towns, yet the dealers in such wares are for the most part men who have some other means of making a living. There is a curious industry connected with the sale of antiquities, and that, strange as it may appear, is the making of them.

We were not long ago offered some Hispano-Moresque dishes which had just come out of the furnace.

Perhaps the most successful impostors are the manufacturers of ancient weapons, who get up shields and deposit them in private houses, to which the willing collector is conducted with an air of mystery, and there led to purchase the prize with great secrecy, as from an ancient noble family in distress, after which the reduced nobles and their accomplices calmly divide the spoil.



H. CATONAL DELI

HISPANO-MORESQUE VASE.



MIRANDA DE EBRO.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The *provincias Vascongadas*: Alava, Guipúzcoa, and Vizcaya—The *fueros*—Ancient nobility—The Basque language—Vitoria: the *Plaza nueva*; the market—A proverb touching figs—False money and counterfeit coiners—Zumarraga—Mondragon—Gipsies—Vergara—The Carlists; popular pictures; *la Historia de Cabrera*; *Mazen Anton*—Tolosa; church of Santa-Maria—Ancient devotion to souls in Purgatory—Some anecdotes: Philip IV. and his hundred thousand masses; the Count of Villa Mediana and the priest—The mountains—Basque carts; singular noise produced by their wheels; some details on the subject—Saint Sebastian—Bilbao—Irun.

AFTER leaving the station of Miranda de Ebro, we followed the course of the Zadorra, a deep and rapid stream, one of the affluents of the Ebro; at certain bends of the road we caught glimpses of the Sierra de Oca, which stood out against the sky in a multitude of fantastic shapes: soon we arrived at Vitoria, after passing through a fertile and smiling country. We had just left Old Castile and entered the Basque provinces, which bear the name of *Provincias Vascongadas*, and sometimes simply that of *Provincias*, which include the three provinces, Alava, Guipúzcoa, and Vizcaya, or nearly the territory of the ancient *Cantabria*. There is hardly a town in Europe which has retained its ancient characteristics in so marked a degree. These intrepid mountaineers, who resisted successively the Romans, the Goths, and the Arabs, have always been jealous of their independence and their liberty, and for many centuries they have enjoyed certain rights and prerogatives—*fueros*—which obtained for their country the name *provincias exentas*—"exempted provinces."

A striking peculiarity of the Basques is, that they are every one of them *Hidalgos* who count themselves the purest and most ancient *caballeros* of Spain. "They think themselves all cavaliers, even to the water-carriers." A Basque author modestly desig-

nates his country, "The great stream of nobility—the quintessence of nobility—the most ancient nursery of the aristocracy of Spain." It was therefore in no way surprising to fall in with so many ancient noble houses in the smallest villages, having escutcheons sculptured in stone above the doorways. The Basques, we need hardly say, speak a language peculiar to themselves, and intelligible only to each other. Scaliger tells us, "that these people understand each other; as for me, I don't believe it."

The word *vascuence*, which is used to designate the Basque idiom, is also employed

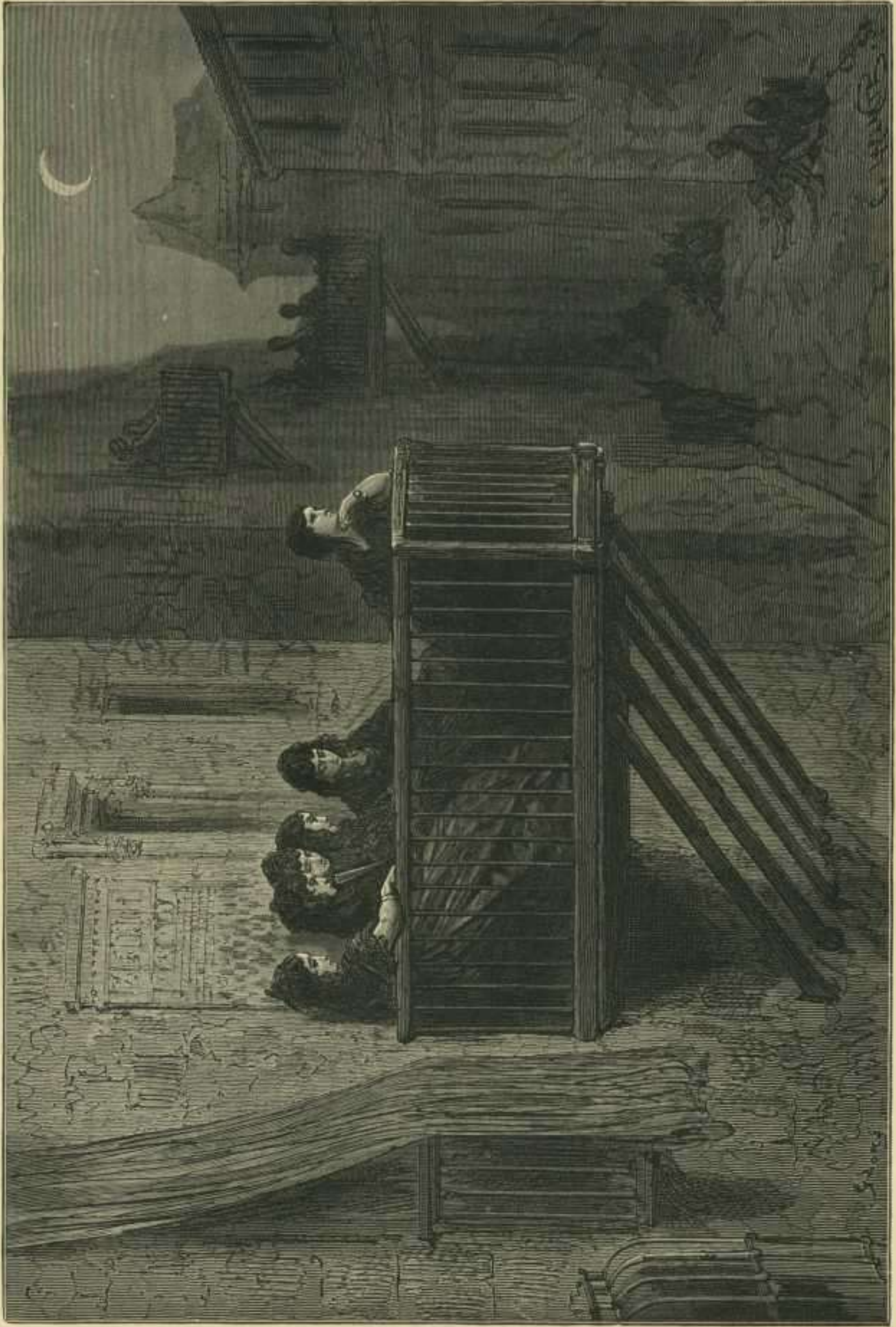
to denote anything so obscure as to be thoroughly incomprehensible. Cervantes, when he makes use of the Biscayan, causes him to speak bad Spanish and still worse Biscayan. It is just probable that the proverb, "To speak Spanish like a cow," is derived from the more ancient one, "To speak Spanish like a Basque." The Basques call themselves *Euscaldunac*, their language *Euscara*, and their country *Euscaleria*. There are hardly any absurdities which have not been thrown at the unfortunate *Vascuence*. According to one author, it was the language which Adam used in Paradise; it was also the language of the angels brought in all its purity by Tubal, long after the confusion of tongues of the tower of Babel, and that it was once spoken all through the Peninsula, etc., etc. But the most singular assertion is that the devil, after having studied at Bilbao for seven years, was only able to learn three words of the Basque language.

It has been repeatedly tried to discover some analogy

between this and other living languages, more especially the Celtic and Irish. An English author, Mr. Borrow, considers the Basque of Tartar origin, because of its affinity to the Manchu and the Mongol, in which he perceives a predominating element of Sanscrit. More recently the Basques are said to have descended from the great tribe of the *Chaovias*, established in the province of Constantine. According to a letter from a French officer, who lived among the tribe, the *Chaovias* talked with the Basque woodmen working in the forest of Batna. All these allegations are more or less speculative; perhaps the most reasonable



CASTILIAN SHEPHERD.



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BALCONIES OF VITORIA.

is that of Humboldt, who thinks that the Basque language is indigenous to Spain, and that at one time it was spoken all over the country: certain it is that many Spanish words are derived from Basque. Padre Larramendi says that they amount to two thousand; but this number seems to us to be too great. The language can hardly be said to have a literature of its own, although there are certain popular poems and songs which have been set up in type and printed. The sounds of the Basque tongue, in spite of their being



THE SIERRA DE OCA, NEAR MIRANDA DE EBRO.

frequently praised as soft and harmonious, have always seemed to us to be harsh and difficult of pronunciation. Be this as it may, the characteristic just mentioned has called forth the saying that the Basques write Solomon and pronounce it Nebuchadnezzar.

It was almost night when we arrived at Vitoria, the capital of Alava. The streets were silent and feebly lighted, provincial streets, calm and tranquil, if ever there were any. On reaching the principal part of the town, we saw on the façade of the church a statue of the Virgin, surrounded by a glory composed of numerous lights, and concluded that

the illumination was on the occasion of some fête, but were informed that the statue was always lit up at night. Strolling through a narrow street, we noticed a balcony of peculiar form, and so large that it was like a little drawing-room in the open air. The ladies were out enjoying the cool evening breeze and mild moonlight. In the ancient quarter of Vitoria there are many similar balconies.

Next day we visited the *Plaza Nueva*, a vast parallelogram surrounded with porticos. It was market day and the peasants of the environs had assembled to sell their wares; they are the pure descendants of the ancient Cantabrians, that vigorous and unconquerable race. Fruit was abundant, for the surrounding country is highly tilled, and extremely productive; magnificent *brevas*—the name bestowed on the early figs—they looked so inviting, that the temptation to regale ourselves on them was quite irresistible. "Don't drink water after them," said the seller. It is thought dangerous to drink water after eating figs, or the fruit of the cactus, and snails. Proceeding to the only theatre in the place to spend our evening, we tendered a gold coin, value a hundred reaux. The clerk at the bureau returned it as false. After having examined it, made it ring, and weighed it, he said it was the proper weight, but the moment he saw it he knew it was a false coin. We were in the land of counterfeit coin; perhaps in no other country has the art of producing false coin been so widely practised; every piece of gold, indeed, has to be subjected to a variety of tests to prove its genuineness. There are also men who have not the capital to invest in the necessary plant for counterfeit coining, and who content themselves by sweating the pieces of gold, chiefly the onzas, worth rather more than three guineas apiece; thus, the onzas which are short of weight are always refused. But this industry of fabricating spurious coin is not new in Spain, if we may credit what has been said of a celebrated painter, Herrera le Vieux, who was imprisoned, being accused of having made base coin. Gold and silver were formerly much rarer than they are at the present day; copper was the chief metal used for the currency. "Silver does not roll about and is not used in commerce. As for myself, I have never seen silver coins. My mother receives rather large sums all in *quartos*; they are weighed, as no one would spend the time in counting such trash. Men carry the cash about in huge wicker baskets, and when the payments arrive it occupies all hands in the house at least a full week in counting the *quartos*. In ten thousand francs there are not a hundred dollars in gold or silver." Copper money, or *calderilla*, is sold in some streets by money-changers, whose shops are on the ground floor, as in the streets of Naples.

As we sped onward towards the Pyrenees, the country became more hilly: after each tunnel, and they were numerous, many of the hills of considerable height were planted with walnuts, oaks, chestnuts, box-trees, or covered with gorse, heath; the valleys were, many of them, planted with apple-trees, recalling scenes in Normandy. Cider, *Zagardua*, is made in the Basque provinces in large quantities, chiefly in the environs of Saint Sebastian. As to wine, the country produces very little, and that of such poor quality as to be hardly worthy of the name.

We had just passed the stations of Salvatierra and Alsásua, where the line branches off to Pamplona and Saragossa. After following the course of the river Urola for some time we at last arrived at Zumárraga, a town in the neighbourhood of Azpeitia, the country of Ignacius Loyola, in the province of Guipuzcoa, one of the most renowned in the Peninsula for its learning and industry. It is here that we find the celebrated iron mines of Mondragon, about which we said a few words in speaking of the swords of Toledo. Not far from Zumárraga we came across a family of nomadic gipsies who are rarely to be met



MARKET AT VITORIA.

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with in this quarter, while they are numerous in Navarre, where they speak the Basque language as well as their *caló* tongue.

Not far from Zumárraga, half-way between Vitoria and Tolosa, is the little town of Vergara, celebrated for the convention signed there in 1839 between Espartero and Marota. The *Convenio de Vergara* put an end, for a time at least, to the civil war called the Seven Years' War. Yet several risings proved that the Carlist party was not wholly suppressed. Insurrections broke out from time to time, but those of 1848, 1855, and 1869 were the most important. Cabrera, born at Tortosa in 1809, was the hero of the Carlist campaign in 1848; though still alive, he is quite a legendary personage in Spain. His biography is sold in the streets, illustrated with rude pictures representing his exploits. We have one of these works, containing no less than forty-eight pictures. In reading this *Historia de Cabrera*, one might readily imagine that his risings had desolated the whole of Spain. It abounds in cruel assassinations, and wholesale slaughter. The mother of the fire-eating hero is shot at Tortosa; soon after the Christian Colonel Fontivero shares the same fate; ninety-six sergeants of the Queen's troops are bayoneted; Carlist prisoners are poniarded at Saragossa; then came the turn of their foes.

Many of the priests have themselves headed bands of Carlist rebels. We have a representation of one, *Mosen Anton*, Mr. Anthony, at the head of his *partida*, composed of peasants armed with carbines. *Mosen Anton* is a fat country priest, wearing a huge *sombrero de teja* on his head; his cassock tucked up, so as to leave the limbs free, a long cavalry sabre is fixed in his belt, which also supports two enormous pistols. Perched on the summit of a rock, this warlike theologian surveys his enemies' position through his field-glass.

The Carlist movement in 1855 was directed by the generals Marco and Estartus;



FOWL MERCHANT, VITORIA.

the first commanded in Aragon, the second in Catalonia, but this insurrection was of little importance. That of 1860, at the head of which was the Captain-General of the Balearic Isles, Don Jaime Ortega, was at once suppressed: disembarking at San Carlos de Rapita, near the mouth of the Ebro, Ortega was arrested and shot at Tortosa.

During the concluding years of the reign of Isabella II., the Carlist risings were insignificant. Soon after the revolution which dethroned the queen, the party of Don Carlos came to the front: in 1869 and 1870, insurrections broke out in several provinces of Spain, gradually spreading with varied success until the rebels attained to the position they occupy at the present time. We will add nothing more, as we can only bestow a brief retrospective glance on the political position of Spain.



GIPSY CAMP, NEAR ZUMARRAGA.

Tolosa is a pretty little town famed for its industry. The church of Santa Maria is the only interesting edifice in the place. On one of the towers there is a colossal statue of John the Baptist, and a curious inscription at the entrance not uncommon in other churches: "To-day souls are relieved out of purgatory." This is always a powerful appeal to those who are charitably inclined. "It is sometimes carried too far," says Madame d'Auluoy. "I knew a gentleman of distinguished family who lived in the greatest poverty in order to purchase six thousand masses for his soul after death. This has given rise to the saying: Such a one has made his soul his heir. Philip IV. ordered that one hundred thousand masses should be offered for him after death; if he ceased to require them, they were to be applied to release the souls of his parents, and if they had ascended to heaven, they should be given for those who were slain in the wars of Spain."



BASQUE SHEPHERD, PROVINCE OF ALAVA.

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This reminds us of the joke attributed to the Count of Villa Medina. Being one day in the church of Our Lady of Atocha, and seeing a monk who was begging alms for souls in purgatory, he gave him a piece of four dollars. "Ah, my lord," said the good father, "you have delivered a soul." The count drawing forth another piece, placed it in his cap. "Now," continued the monk, "another soul is saved." In this manner sixteen dollars were given in succession, and as each coin was dropped into the eager hand, the pious father exclaimed: "A soul has left purgatory." "Are you quite certain?" said the count. "Yes, my lord, they are safe in heaven every one." "Well, then, good father, give me back my dollars," said the donor, "for if the souls are in heaven they can never return to purgatory."

The money was however left as a gift to the church.

In quitting Tolosa one enjoys, as far as Saint Sebastian, a charming panorama. There are, indeed, moments when we would almost imagine ourselves in Switzerland, were it not for the small white-washed houses which replace the chalets. The aspect of the mountains is constantly changing: sometimes they are piled one above the other, the vapoury outlines of the highest disappearing from our gaze. The vegetation is always vigorous, unless in those parts where the bold limestone rocks stand out in relief against the masses of green foliage. These great tunnelled mountains and deep valleys, through which we passed in a few minutes, recalled the good old times of the diligences, when one travelled with the tutelar escort of the *escopeteros*, stopping every evening at sunset. Nowadays, indeed, it occupies about the same time to traverse the Basque provinces of Irun and Vitoria as it did then to climb the single hill of *las Salinas*. This hill, the dread of travellers, was only crossed by the aid of half-a-dozen oxen, added to the ten or twelve mules of the coach, urged upwards by showers of blows and missiles, and a perfect Babel of sounds, in which curses were freely mingled. Speaking of noise we must not overlook the clumsy Basque carts. These heavy vehicles, with massive wheels, cannot have undergone any serious change since the days of Don Pelayo, who reigned in Asturias. They differ little from those we encountered in that province, and in Leon; Doré had already made some



BASQUE PEASANT.

sketches of them at Palencia and Leon. Theophile Gautier has given a picturesque description of the singular noises produced by the Basque *carros*. "A strange, inexplicable rusty noise has assailed my ears; one would have said that it was a mixture of a multitude of peacocks being plucked alive, children whipped, cats making love, and innumerable *vs* applied to hard stone, a rattling of iron pots, and the rusty hinges of a prison door forced to relieve the prisoners. I thought it was at least an unmusical princess attacked by some howling ruffian; but it was, after all, nothing more than a cart making its way up the street, its wheels screaming lustily for the grease that had been greedily transferred to the conductor's soup. This cart had assuredly nothing of the modern conveyance in it. The wheels were cut out of solid wood, and fixed on to the axle like the little carts which children make with the rind of a pumpkin. The noise can be heard miles off, and is far from displeasing to the native ear, thus supplied with an instrument of music, which plays as long as the cart goes. A peasant would on no account invest in a silent unharmonious cart. This vehicle must date from the Deluge."

If the carts of the Basque provinces do not date from the Deluge, they at least belong to a very remote epoch. Cervantes, in one of the *Novelas ejemplares*, says, in speaking of the ministers of justice: "If they are not well greased, they make more hideous noises than the carts drawn by oxen." We gather from an ancient traveller that the carters have a superstitious reverence for the noise of their vehicles. They rely upon the dreadful sounds to scare away malignant spirits.

After passing the stations of Andoain and Hernani we arrived at Saint Sebastian, a pretty, modern, and attractive town. The streets, almost entirely rebuilt, are perfectly straight, and intersect each other at right angles. It is the Brighton of Spain. Notwithstanding its nearness to the frontier, Saint Sebastian is thoroughly Spanish, having its *plaza*, in which bull-fights are given, and its houses with balconies and *miradores*. The route from this town to Bilbao traverses a highly tilled and densely populated country, whose fields afford ample proof of the steady industry of the natives. Passing through Zaranz, a charming sea-bathing place, also a fashionable resort, then Guetaria, and the pretty little town of Deva, we were approaching the village of Guernica, celebrated for its noble oak, beneath which the *juntas* of the province meet to discuss national affairs. The little town of Bermeo was the birthplace of the author of the *Araucana*, Alonzo de Ercilla, the soldier-poet, who wrote his verses on the pommel of his saddle.

Bilbao is agreeably situated. Its narrow ancient streets, with their massive houses and projecting roofs, have a picturesque and primitive appearance. Here the women bear the burdens and manage the boats. These boatwomen seemed to have attracted the notice of Madame d'Aulnoy, when they rowed her across the Bidassoa. These girls—"the pretty pirates," as she calls them,— "won't hear raillery and compel respect, as will appear from the following incident, which happened during the passage. The courteous cook desired to make a favourable impression on a young Biscayan, but the lady marked her appreciation of his attentions by breaking his head with a boat-hook. He was so thoroughly thrashed that he was bleeding from many wounds, and my banker informed me that these boatwomen, when roused, were more to be dreaded than a roaring lion."

Irun is the last station on the northern railway. The town stands close to the frontier; in a few minutes we had reached the Bidassoa, and descried on our right a little island covered with reeds. It is the *Isla de los Faisanes*, where Henry IV., king of Castile, held an interview with Louis XI., whose mantle of thick cloth shocked the Spanish lords. It was there, too, that Francis I., after quitting his prison at Madrid, embraced his sons, who were going to take



BASQUE DAIRYMAID, SAN SEBASTIAN.

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his place. Cardinal Mazarin also met Don Louis de Haro, to sign the Peace of the Pyrenees. The Isle of Faisans is chiefly celebrated on account of the interview which took place between Philip IV. and Louis XIV. in the summer of 1660, on the occasion of the marriage of the King of France with the Infanta Marie-Thérèse. The island was then five hundred feet long and seventy wide. The frontier on each side was reached by a bridge, made up of nine boats on the Spanish side, and fourteen on the French. The fêtes were magnificent; the suite of the King of Spain consisted of four thousand horses and mules, seventy carriages, and as many baggage-waggons. Twelve trunks decked with velvet and silver, and twenty trunks of morocco, contained the marriage trousseau. The cortège covered a space of six leagues. The edifices raised on the island were three hundred feet in length; the conference hall alone was fifty-six feet long, and every apartment was adorned with costly tapestries. The celebration of this great event was kept up for two entire months, during which time cavalcades, tournaments, promenades, races in gilded barques on the Bidassoa, succeeded each other; the great painter Velazquez, whose position as *apostador* called him to take a share in the organisation of these fêtes, played a most important part. Unfortunately, shortly after his return to Madrid, he was seized with the illness which carried him off in two or three days.

The Bidassoa crossed, we were at Hendaye, on French soil, and bade adieu, not without regret, to this *dura tellus Iberia*, the last refuge of the picturesque in Europe.



VILLAGE ON THE ROAD TO SAN SEBASTIAN.



VIEW IN MAJORCA.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Balearic Islands—Their ancient civilisation ; the *Gymnasia* of the Greeks—Wealth of Majorca during the Middle Ages—The *Majolica*—Printing introduced in Majorca—Palma : the cathedral—The *Llotja*—The convent of San Francisco de Asis and Raymond Lulle—Ancient reputation for beauty of the women of Majorca—Cardinal de Retz at Palma—Ancient dwellings of Palma—The palace of Montenegro ; Mme. Sand—The ancient Jews of Majorca ; *la Chueteria*—Excursion round the island—Valldemosa ; souvenirs of the author of *Indiana*—The peasants and their costume—Deya—Soller and its oranges—The island of Minorca—Arta and its grottoes.

IN the Mediterranean, not far from the eastern coast of Spain, and equidistant from Marseilles and Algiers, there is a little group called the Balearic Isles, rarely visited by tourists and only known by name. These islands, occupying so small a space, present attractions most varied, vestiges of an unknown epoch, Arabian and Christian monuments

of the Middle Ages, vegetation almost tropical, wild scenery, and an honest and hospitable population.

The history of the Balearic Isles carries one far back into the dim obscurity of the past. The Greeks, we read in Diodorus of Sicily, called them *Gymnēsis*, owing to the inhabitants going quite naked during summer. The Romans named them Balearic, a name derived from the native address in using the sling. The mothers used to exercise their children by placing a loaf at the top of a pole, and allowing them to fast until they had reached it. Silver and gold were banished from them, as they were accounted the cause of strife and misfortune.

It is said that the islanders sent to implore the aid of the Roman soldiers to extirpate the rabbits which were laying waste the country—a new sort of foe for the Roman legions. Later, these islands were successively occupied by the Vandals, the Goths, and the Arabs of Cordova; the latter were expelled by Charlemagne, and the French twice established themselves there. Afterwards the Normans ravaged the Balearic Isles, then they belonged to the Pisans, Genoese, and Aragonese, when they again fell into the hands of the Arabs, who in turn were driven out in 1228 by Jayme I., king of Aragon, who received the name of *Conquistador*. Majorca was formerly famed for its fertility and for its wealth. Among the spoils carried off by the Pisans were gold and silver treasures, vases, arms, silk, and gold stuffs, and many precious wares. During the fifteenth century, the commerce of Majorca was very considerable; the beautiful pottery with metallic reflectors was exported to Italy and the East. The Italian name of pottery—*Majolica*, which we have transformed into *majolique*, is only a corruption of Majorica. Palma was one of the first towns in Spain into which printing was imported. We have seen a work, *Tractatus magistri Johannis de Gersono, cancellarii parisiensis*, printed there in 1485.

We set off from Barcelona one calm summer evening in the *Don Jayme primero*. The sea was perfectly calm; at daybreak we could descry the faint outlines of the mountains of Majorca, gradually becoming more distinct as we neared the shores of the island. The vessel hugged the land so closely as to almost scrape the high perpendicular rocks, whose crevices afforded shelter to flocks of birds. At the foot of the rocks, grebes with their silvery plumage were gambolling in the sun; we had just doubled the point of Cala Figuera, when we came in full view of the bay of Palma, which presented a splendid picture, with the town rising like an amphitheatre beyond. On our left was the *Torre del Señal* with its fortresses; a little farther off, on the summit of a hill, the *Castillo de Belver*, a stronghold of the Middle Ages. The shore was covered with windmills, whose great white wins, six in number, were held together by cords, disposed circularly, giving them the appearance of immense spiders' webs. The houses of the town were enlivened by the luxuriant foliage of gardens, and nestled beneath the shades of graceful palm-trees; but, to the stranger, the most striking feature about Palma is the perfect calm which reigns there, so different to the activity of Barcelona. Seated in an apartment of the *Fonda de las Tres Palomas*, a place which, although not destitute of comfort, has still something to learn in providing for the modern traveller. It had an air of primitiveness characteristic of the town: "In most of the country houses, glass windows are not used," said Madame Georges Sand, thirty-five years ago. This absence of glass in windows was common to other parts of Spain; as we may gather from a passage in "Don Quixote," several apartments in the palace of Madrid were without glass windows.

The bank of Palma is a masterpiece of the first half of the fifteenth century, and is only equalled by the *Llotja* of Valencia. The building, which is in perfect preservation,

is ornamented at each of its four corners with octagonal towers set off with statues; turrets of the same form, but much more slender, serve as counterforts to the sides, and rise above the roof. In the interior, the ceiling is supported by six spiral columns, supplemented by mouldings; the stones were brought from the quarry of Santañy, at the southern extremity of the island. Palma possesses several interesting churches: we need only cite that of Santa Eulalia, where we admired some beautiful iron-work of the fifteenth century, and San Miguel, which stands on the site of an Arabian mosque. The cloister of the ancient convent of San Francisco de Asis is one of the finest examples of the work of the fourteenth century. It is there we find the tomb of Raymond Lulle, whose name and works filled Europe during the Middle Ages, and who has been regarded by some as a saint or prophet, and by others as a madman or an heretic. Towards the year 1265, Brantôme relates, he fell passionately in love with a lady of the island of Majorca, famed for her wit and beauty. "He served her long and patiently. . . . She one day uncovered her breast, which was protected by a dozen plasters, and tearing them off one after the other, disclosed a frightful cancer, and with tears in her eyes told him of her sufferings, and asked him why his love had been bestowed on such a loathsome object; moved with compassion, he commended her to the care of God, and throwing up his profession became a hermit. . . . After returning from the Holy Wars he studied at Paris under Arnaldus, a distinguished philosopher." The end of Raymond Lulle is well known. Setting out for Tunis, in spite of his eighty years, on a mission to the Moors, he was stoned and left for dead; found by some Genoese merchants, he was brought to Palma, where he expired after a few days, and was buried in the church of Santa Eulalia, whence his remains were brought to the convent of San Francisco de Asis.

The *Borne* and the *Rambla*, the promenades of the town, divide Palma into two. It is on the Borne every Sunday before sunset that the Palmesan society can be seen between the two grand sphinxes of white marble that ornament the promenade. As far as we were able to judge, the ladies of Majorca merit their ancient fame for beauty. The Cardinal Retz, who visited Palma on his way from Barcelona to Rome, speaks with much enthusiasm of the ladies of that time. "The viceroy, who was an Aragonese Count, waited on me with over a hundred carriages of the nobility, and carried me to mass at the *Seo* (cathedral), where I beheld twenty or thirty ladies of quality, each more beautiful than the other, and it is quite exceptional to fall in with a woman who is plain-looking. They are for the most part delicate beauties, wearing the blended hues of the rose and lily. Even the common people partake of the same characteristics. They have a peculiar head-dress, which is very pretty. The viceroy then accompanied me to a convent to hear some music by young girls, who were in no way inferior in beauty to their sisters in the town."

Most of the ancient houses of Palma remind one of those of Valencia and Barcelona. They have a *patio* or square court, like the Roman *atrium*; in the centre a well recalls the *impluvium*; a stone staircase, often ornamented with sculptures, conducts to the first floor. These houses are very numerous in the town, and are covered with projecting roofs supported by carved hardwood beams. Beneath the roof, which advances two or three metres, are rows of small windows lighting a loft, called *porcho*. The lower windows merit special description. They are generally very high, and supported by columns of black or grey marble, so slight that one would think they were cast in bronze or iron. We have noticed some of them two or three metres long, which we could easily hold in our hands. At first sight they seem to be of Moorish origin, but the capitals, with their double row of volutes, belong to the Ogival style.

One of the most curious quarters of the town is the *calle de la Plateria*, where the goldsmiths work in the open air in front of their shops, as they do in the East and in some quarters of Naples. The Majorcans of the Middle Ages had given the Jews the absurd surname of *chuetas*—owls. Most of them were goldsmiths, bankers, or money-lenders. They thus found means of enriching themselves, of which the natives were jealous, and made it a pretext for heaping all sorts of indignities upon them. In 1391 the quarter of the *chueteria* was pillaged; later, all those who refused to be converted were expelled.



ENVIRONS OF VALLEDEMOSA, MAJORCA.

The *chuetas* of Palma are all supposed to be Christians, although we know some of them who have held steadfast to their ancient faith, and who are cut off from the community, living in little colonies by themselves.

It was by the *Castillo de Belver* that we began our excursions into the island of Majorca. Thanks to the kindness of the captain-general of the Balearic Isles, who has since been arrested as a Carlist, and, alas! shot at Tortosa, we thoroughly explored this fortress. From the *torre del Homenaje* we perceived a bare rock rising on the horizon above the sea:

it was the Isle of Cabrera on which so many of the French miserably perished. The dread inspired by the simple name of this island has caused it to be used as a threat by the women when correcting their children.

We hired a vehicle called *birlocho*, which reminded us of the Napolitan *corricolo*, to go



PEASANT WOMAN, MAJORCA.

to Valldemosa. The plain over which we passed was extremely fertile: already, in the middle of May, the rye had been cut. From time to time we noticed *posesions*. These country houses are generally sheltered by carobs, and hedged round by the cactus. The valley of Valldemosa, with its palm, lemon, and orange trees covered with flowers and fruit, made us think of the gardens of Armide. The vegetation is so vigorous that the ground is completely mantled by foliage. At the foot of the mountains which we were approaching shone the white walls of *cartuja* of Valldemosa, where Madame Georges Sand passed the winter of 1838. "From the picturesque convent the sea may be seen on both sides,



ROCKS OF AUMALLUCH.

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while one hears the murmur of its waves. It appears like a gleam of light at the foot of the mountains; and the immense plain spreads out to the south—a sublime picture, framed on the one hand by black pine-clad rocks, and on the other by finely wooded mountains. It is one of those views whose splendour leaves nothing to the imagination. The elements of the fondest dreams alike of poet and painter seem to have been gathered into this one spot. A superb whole, an infinity of details, inexhaustible variety of confused forms, grotesque outlines, mysterious depths, are the elements which here leave nothing to the imagination of the artist." This celebrated writer is still remembered at Valldemosa: we were shown the places she describes in her "Winter at Majorca," the cells she inhabited, but we found no souvenirs of her visit. Discharging our *birlocho* we set out from Valldemosa one fine May morning to walk round the island. Each *pagés* whom we met—the name given to the peasants—saluted us with a *bon dia tingui*—good-morning—which takes the place of the *vaya V. con Dios* of the Spaniards. We always found the natives very talkative, and ready to impart a store of information about the island.

Passing one or two small villages surrounded by belts of foliage, we climbed to the top of a hill, and gazed upon the valley of Soller and its rich orange groves, which spread out beneath our feet like an immense green tapestry embroidered with gold. The little town of Soller has recently risen into notice, thanks to the cultivation of the orange-tree, which has added greatly to its resources. The population is nearly ten thousand.

Between Soller and Palma we made our way through a defile called *Col de Soller*, where we noticed an elegant stone cross supported by a lofty column, whose capital was ornamented with finely sculptured figures representing the twelve Apostles. Many



PEASANTS, MAJORCA.

similar crosses are to be found in good preservation on the island, as the people are careful to protect these relics of the Middle Ages.

We embarked at Alcudia for Mahon, which has a curious approach. "There is nothing more agreeable in the rustic picture of the opera than the scene of Port Mahon," said the Cardinal Retz in his Memoirs.

Minorca is not to be compared to the island we have just quitted. The valley of Alhayor, on the road to Ciudadela, the second town in the island, is rather picturesque. Many of the villages have preserved their ancient Arabian names, such as Beni Gaful, Beni Said, etc.

Some days after we bid adieu to Majorca, the enchanted island that Georges Sand calls the Eldorado of painting, one of the most beautiful and least known spots on earth.



PEASANT, MAJORCA.





