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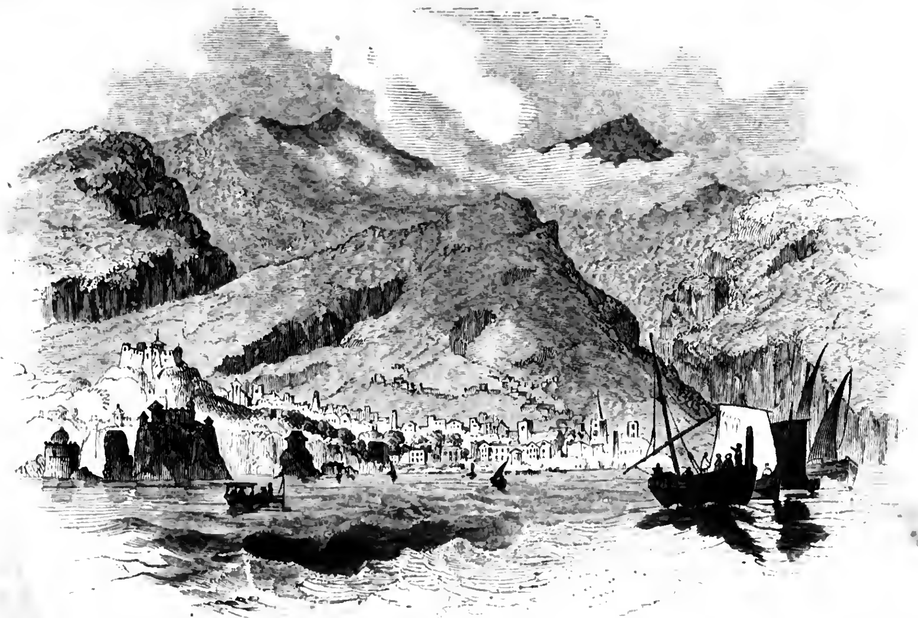

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#252

SKETCHES AND ADVENTURES

IN

MADEIRA, PORTUGAL,

AND

THE ANDALUSIAS OF SPAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"DANIEL WEBSTER AND HIS COTEMPORARIES."

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PREFACE.

Passing the summer months in a village in New Hampshire—a village, let me say parenthetically, which, from its nice houses, well-cultivated farms, and pleasant scenery, reminds me more of Old England than any other country town I have seen in New England—and being necessarily thrown for occupation mostly upon my own resources, I concluded to write out some recollections of a short residence in Madeira and the European Peninsula—a part of the world which has been comparatively but little visited by the American or general tourist. The want of regular communication between the United States and those countries is doubtless the reason of their being so little known to our countrymen. The few who have visited them always speak with grateful acknowledgment of the pleasure they derived from the tour or sojourn.

Two of our most eminent citizens—General Dix and Mr. John Van Buren—passed a winter in Madeira, receiving and conferring great gratification in their visit. The former has written the best book upon the island ever put forth;—without pretension, and yet full of interesting details; in a chaste, lucid, and concise style; and has created a desire among those whose means and education qualify them for travel to participate in enjoyments he so keenly relished. I have reason to know that his pleasant narrative has induced many to visit Madeira, as it doubtless will many more.

While many books have been written upon Spain, I recollect no one that treats particularly and *personally* of the Andalusias, or southern part. My sketches and adventures reflect Andalusia as it is, or I have failed in my attempt. I

make no claims to any thing but to delineate manners and daily occurrences by transcripts from my own experience. Indeed, there was nothing else left to be done. Our own American Triumvirate—Irving, Prescott, and Ticknor—had divided Spain proper among themselves; one appropriating the province of romance, another that of history, and the last, of literature: and he would be rash indeed who undertook to disturb a supremacy resting upon the incontestable title of genius.

I have not aimed to make an ambitious book. Had I done so, I should not have succeeded in the attempt. Both subject and ability would have failed me. But I *have* endeavored to convey to others some faint idea of the attractions of the most interesting part of Europe, as I think the southern part of Spain decidedly is. Let the traveler go there and judge for himself.

However it may be—whether my success in that or other respects be commensurate with my intents—of one thing I am sure: *I have had my reward.* I have lived over the perhaps six pleasantest months in my life in writing out their history; and on a spot endeared to me above all the rest of the world by hereditary associations and the poetry of childhood.

GREENLAND, *Nov.* 1*st*, 1855.

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CHAPTER I.

START FROM SOUTHAMPTON—STORM IN THE CHANNEL—EXPECTED DINNER AT THE ISLE OF WIGHT—PORTO SANTO—ANOTHER STORM—ARRIVAL AT MADEIRA.

Some love to roam
O'er the dark sea foam,
Where the shrill winds whistle free."

Some are great fools then, and, on the well-advised interposition of friends, should be confined to a private lunatic asylum. And no less fools, in my opinion, are they who, induced or compelled to a sea-voyage, relinquish steam for sails. In the latter predicament I stand; for, on the first day of October in the year of Grace one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two, and of the Independence of the United States the seventy-sixth, I left Southampton for the Island of Madeira, in the brig "Brilliant," of some two hundred tons burden. It had been particularly commended to me as having been previously the yacht of a lord. Had it been consecrated to the Lord, it had hardly found more favor in the eyes of snobbish John Bull.

We started with unpropitious omens. It was on *Friday* we left our moorings—a day ever disastrous in nautical calends. The preceding day I saw, or imagined I saw, the face of a person who had died a year before; and I thought to have been called by name, and by the voice of a person too distant to be understood by merely human organs. This, according to popular belief, is sure to presage an untimely death. The great

Dr. Johnson himself was once called in this way; and though the call met with the same fate as Baxter's "Last Call to the Unconverted," *i. e.*, inattention, the philologist's belief in this supernatural summons was only suspended, not annihilated. The experiment failed in his case, but the principle remained the same.

Had the mighty Julius been deterred by half such portents, would he not have forborne the Capitol, and thus avoided the ungrateful stroke of Brutus?

A steam-tug towed our reluctant keel some miles down the Channel, against wind and tide; and, on the approach of evening, parted companionship, leaving us inert upon the wave.

Is it not Horace who says that he who first dared the dangers of the deep must have possessed a heart of brass? He indeed might have been bold at Pharsalia, and yet avoided the sea without reproach to manhood. There *is* something fearful in the ever-present conviction that but a plank separates you from eternity! On the land there seem a thousand chances for life; on the sea, but one. A hidden rock, an accidental flame, an insignificant leak—and no hope save in God!

And beside the heart of brass to go down upon the waters, you require the stomach of an ostrich to endure them. Good digestion never waits on appetite. You never eat a natural meal. I dined once on this voyage—the first day—on cold meats, and with a full table. I recollect it gratefully; for it was the only dinner at which I "assisted" unaffected by sea-sickness, or nausea, or rebellious stomach, the whole voyage.

I turned in early that evening—not so much with the desire or from the hope of sleep, as to escape the motion of the vessel, which rocked wearily upon the billows; these becoming each minute more and more agitated by the increasing wind.

I awoke, in a hurricane of wind and rain, the next morning. My state-room was in the stern of the vessel. It had been given up by the captain to the crowd of passengers, and had fallen to my lot. It was filled with his clothes, books, charts, chronometers and general "fixins." Close to the wheel, it seemed to feel most the motion and noise of the vessel. To stand upright in it during the gale without assistance was impossible. It required, indeed, all my ingenuity and strength to keep myself in bed.

The steward, missing me at the morning repast, or urged thereunto by some sympathetic friend, brought me the means of existence in the shape of black tea and dry toast. It was all my palate would tolerate, save an occasional pear which a provident fellow-passenger had deposited for safe-keeping in the captain's room.

With the increasing day, the storm increased. The wind blew as it would have blown its last. It rushed past, through, and athwart the sails, with a whistling, screaming, maddening energy, appallingly terrific, and with voices like vindictive furies. The shrouds were loosened, the cordage strained, the sails rent, and the tall masts bent, like saplings; the deck inundated with "shipped seas," and untenable to the trained sailor. This was the scene above. Below—squalling children, screaming women, falling tables, and crash of broken crockery, made a concord or discord of sounds fearful in the darkness of my room.

Toward night I was informed that all our fresh beef had been swept overboard. I made no repining thereat. I rather rejoiced. Sea-sickness gains rather ridicule than sympathy; and so I vindictively congratulated myself that those of insolent health would be deprived of part of their promised enjoyment.

To reach the gentlemen's room I was obliged to pass through the ladies', or over the deck. The first was *contra bonos mores* (in the situation in which I might find the softer sex), and the latter was *contra* my strength; so I was compelled to remain "cabined, cribbed, confined," and conclude a restless day with a sleepless night. And this was the morning and evening of the first day.

The next day was like unto it, save that the storm seemed on the *crescendo* scale.

The celebrated admonition of some personage who sought to comfort his fellow-passengers in a storm that threatened a fatal termination—"they were as near heaven by water as by land"—brought me no peace of mind. In the first place, I did not wish an abrupt termination of life, and in the second place, should have infinitely preferred, to that "bourne whence no traveler returns," a land-route. Nor did Cæsar's rebuke to his frightened pilot assure me more: "*Quid times? vehis Cæsarem et ejus fortunam.*" I had not that dauntless confidence in a great *future* that possessed his soul. I more resembled him when he had that fever in Spain, and when, according to the person who afterward *finished his life*, he cried out, "Give me some drink, Titinius." Indeed, I was "horribly afear'd"—and but from the fear of showing fear, should doubtless have exhibited much pusillanimity. Thus it is that the moral triumphs over the physical man.

The charts, quadrants, and nautical instruments generally of the captain, were fastened most insecurely to the roof of the state-room. So that every motion of the vessel agitated them; every decided lurch threattened to precipitate them against my berth with the momentum of missiles from a catapulta. I threw up a

barricade of pillows, bolsters, and what I could otherwise spare of bed-clothes, and awaited the result with Russian determination at Sebastopol. This accumulation was not without compensatory advantages; it diverted the mind from unpleasant imaginings by giving it temporary employment, and any exertion was a gain. For indeed any thing that even in the smallest degree tends to mitigate the unutterable tediousness of a sea-voyage is a blessing—to the man safe from seasickness, as well as to him afflicted therewith.

The next day, to use the strong language of an American poet, "my heart and morning broke together"—or rather, had morning lingered but a short time longer, there would have been a simultaneous act of the kind. For all through the long watches of the night I had been tempest-tossed; my sleep had been broken, my head racked with pain, and my stomach tortured into vain retchings. Darkness too intensifies terrors. For we never wholly recover from childhood's fancy that there is something terrible in the gloom of night. And I had prayed for morning as sure to bring relief.

The early morning promised well. Before breakfast hour we had made some twenty miles down the channel, by short and frequent tacks; but alas! at noon, the increased force of a wind yet more adverse, acting with the refluent tide, drove us back beyond even the starting-point of the morning, so that I told the captain, when he made me a visit of condolence (because the storm was so violent he could not remain on deck) that we should only reach Madeira as the boy did his school, when it was so slippery he lost two steps for every one he took: "he turned round and went backward."

Some of the ladies' maids were frightened into hys-

terical convulsions by the seeming danger, and uttered the most extravagant outcries. Expostulation quieted some, command silenced others, while two or three of the most refractory were subdued by brandy and opium.

These cries and scenes, with the looks of the captain, and overheard expressions of the crew, and the continued tempest, which knew no abatement with the declining sun, gave to my thoughts but one direction; and, abandoned to the gloomy forebodings that, under such circumstances, *will* bear down the mind, the dream of the doomed Clarence forced itself upon my recollection:

> "Oh, Lord! methought what pain it was to drown!
> What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!
> What sights of ugly death within my eyes!"

For such unbidden, unwelcome images rush into the presence-chamber of the troubled mind, like rebels upon a defeated monarch.

The fourth day saw no relaxation of the storm. It raged with unabated violence. Kept awake all the previous night by the noise on deck and clamor below, I obtained during this day one or two fitful slumbers—a kind of demi-consciousness wherein you recognize, without seeming able to control, the course of thought. Toward the evening, however, I was fully awakened to earnest realities by a violent trembling of the vessel, or convulsive shivering as with a fever-and-ague-fit, followed by the shrieks of women, infantile screams, and crash of every thing hitherto unbroken. Fearful that some great calamity had taken place, I thoughtlessly came down from my entrenched position and set foot upon the floor. I had instantaneous cause to regret my precipitation: a feather in a high wind had no more

volition. I was first thrown against a suspended lamp, and incontinently demolished the glass into countless fragments; then, by a ricochet movement, I was forced into collision with the wash-bowl, which I drove out of existence for evermore; thence I was passed from a table to a chair, from the chair to my trunk, and broke my final fall by crushing an article unnecessary to be described. I lifted up my voice, and shouted; I lifted up my arm, and madly pulled the bell—striving pertinaciously with the din around me. I succeeded in arresting the attention of a chance steward, and gained reassurance from his report of the condition of the vessel and women. He brought me a light, and also a glass of brandy and water, with which, under Providence, I was enabled to get through the night.

On the morning of the fifth day, the storm promised to abate, and by noon kept it to the hope. I experienced a full sense of relief, a transition indeed from despair to the height of joy, when my servant came into the state-room and informed me we were going into the Isle of Wight, within sight of which, for the five days previous, we had been tempest-driven. "Thank God!" I ejaculated, and sprang out of bed. I knew that the Isle of Wight had not been early converted to Christianity; but I was not bigot enough to believe that in consequence its *cuisine* had been neglected. I knew further, that it was *famous for the smallness and sweetness of its mutton!* (a leg rarely exceeds four pounds in weight), and I determined that in case the art preservative of all arts was unknown or unappreciated, I would, like one of Homer's heroes, cook my own chops. These chops, curiously cooked, I prepared, while I made a hasty toilet, to accompany with some sliced tomatoes *au naturel*, besprinkled with much red pepper. The bare imagination of such a feast

drove the blood with an accelerated current through my veins. Horace Walpole tells us, that his Duke of Newcastle was in the habit of saying—"On Friday next, with the blessing of Providence, I propose to get drunk;" of course, I made in my mind no such proposition; but I was equally resolved to feast sumptuously that day!

Man proposes. Ascending to the deck, I learned that we were not to enter the harbor after all! The wind, it seemed, had *chopped* round while we were standing out for the island, and now blew fair for Madeira. The captain said it would be sinful not to take advantage of the only fair wind we had had, and therefore bent his course once more for the north of the channel.

I wilted. Chops from that sweet and small mutton, and tomatoes enlivened with cayenne! How I sympathized with old Shylock—"I never felt the curse till now!"

But I bore the disappointment, cruel as it was, without unmanly repining. I had been blessed—with expectation. I was on my feet; and the very exertion I had made to overcome the languor of my nerves exhilarated and braced them. I breathed freer and deeper.

Two days longer yet we tacked and beat and shipped seas in the British channel, making scarce perceptible progress. On the morning of the 8th, more than a week after our departure from Southampton, we bade final adieu to the channel, and stood fairly out to sea.

We escaped the storms of the dreaded Bay of Biscay, and over the broad Atlantic made three days of fair sailing. Then we encountered calms or adverse winds, and for four days gained but little on our journey. The sailors told me that the unusual delay and disasters of our voyage were to be attributed to our starting on Friday. But not one of them could tell

me, why Friday, of all the days of the week, should be pronounced unlucky. With them the superstition has survived the knowledge of its origin.

In spite of omens or disasters, on the evening of the third Sunday of our departure, we made the little island of Porto Santo, about forty miles from Madeira, historically famous as having been once the residence of the discoverer of America, Christopher Columbus. There are few emotions more to be envied, as there are few less alloyed, than the rapture with which the tempest-tost sea-sickened, cadaverous voyager hails the first sight of land. Heliogabalus would have paid a large sum for this sensation rather than never to have experienced it. The stench of bilge-water, forced companionship, sea-sickness, and all the deprivations we had undergone, seemed lost in this new emotion.

We had besides, at the close of this day, a most magnificent spectacle to exhilarate us. Never was the process of sun-setting (to use a theatrical expression) better "got up." The *mise en scène* was superb. I had never witnessed a grander sky. The glorious orb of day went down upon the western waters in noon-day splendor. The attendant clouds caught and reflected the dazzling luster of the retiring monarch, arrayed in shapes that had the outer forms of reality. Mosques with domes and minarets, castles with towers and battlements, mountains and crags, blazing in burnished gold, were boldly defined upon the sky in no seeming and unsubstantial pageantry.

The scene alas! was transitory. Around the setting sun these "gorgeous palaces, these solemn temples" lingered awhile ; but, with their architect, disappeared. They died on the rich sky; they faded to the enraptured gaze, and were soon forever lost but to the revivifying imagination.

Filled with this scene and the peaceful twilight that fell upon the ocean, we retired, in the full hope of reaching an anchorage early in the morning.

Again to be disappointed! For storms ushered in the coming day. Every wind seemed conspired against us. Eurus and Notus, and the stormy Afric driving the wet tempest before them, raged against us; and our fated vessel, lifted up at one time, as it were, to the skies themselves, and at another dashed down to the lowest abyss, was the unresisting sport of the elements. Our condition, contrasted with our hopes of the previous evening, desolated our hearts. Some took to prayers, some to strong liquors—I, to bed. "Grief," says Sterne, "naturally seeks a horizontal position."

Our patience was exhausted; so were our provisions. The beef had been early washed overboard; the mutton had been devoured before one half the distance; and the poultry had followed hard upon it. The passage had been calculated at ten days, and we were now in our eighteenth! A veteran goose, spared a long time for its longevity, had scantily furnished the previous dinner. The fresh water had given out, the soda a week before, and our stomachs refused the ale. Salt beef, and peradventure ham and pork, remained; but with what could we wash or hold them down?

Beating about, tacking incessantly, and looking well to compass and to sails, we held our own through the dreary day; and with the setting sun, made out to reach the *Disertas*, three sister islets which rise fifteen hundred perpendicular feet from the ocean, directly opposite the north-eastern extremity of Madeira, about twenty miles from Funchal. They are uninhabited, save by the goats that browse the grass of the penurious rocks. We hugged these islands all night long, and were glad to find in their sheltering arms an es-

cape from the ungoverned tempest, which raged with untired animosity the whole succeeding day. The seaworthiness of our vessel was sorely tried, as well as the skill of the captain and endurance of the crew. How much gratitude do we promise these in such perils! and how soon after is such promise forgotten!

Our vessel plowed the sea in useless furrows. We could not anchor nor advance one tenable rod toward our landing station. The captain feared our only hope was upon the open ocean. With the wind we had, Funchal Bay, even if attained, could afford us no protection. Vessels riding at anchor there had slipped their cables, as we could distinguish, and run out to sea.

We could see the inhabitants crowding the beach, the house-tops, and the rocky cliffs We felt they knew our danger, and could assist us nothing. In our vexed career we approached sufficiently close to distinguish the blossomed trees, the varied flowers, and ripened fruit; and as we turned our backs upon this opening Paradise, we feared the doom of the disobedient Hebrew—fated to see, but never to set foot upon the land overflowing with milk and honey, wine and oil.

But the next sun broke and dispersed the clouds. The wind moderated, and the sea subsided. We came on deck and breathed. The captain bade us hope. By noon, the wind was right; at two, it was deemed safe to let go the anchor, about half a mile from the shore, in the open roadstead—the nearest anchorage with safety. Visited by the Health and Custom house officers to see that we brought neither epidemic nor tobacco, we immediately disembarked, escaping the perils of the sea, the unhealthy closeness of our wooden world, and starvation. I was the first of the passengers to reach "the sure and firm-set earth."

CHAPTER II.

SEASON OF MADEIRA AND ENGLAND CONTRASTED—AGREEABILITIES OF THE ISLAND—ITS RESOURCES—CITY OF FUNCHAL—THE FAIR SEX.

Of the many kind dispensations of Providence, for which we can never express sufficient gratitude, not the least is that happy faculty of the mind which enables us, in our first moments of enjoyment, to erase from the memory all impressions of previous miseries. A warm bath, change of linen, and the admirable *cuisine* of the American Consul, whose guest I became on landing, made me soon oblivious of all the *désagréements*, delay, and dangers of the voyage. These became, in the hour that succeeded dinner, as shadowy and indefinable as myths.

We had left England in the midst of autumn. All was in the sere and yellow leaf. The trees had lost their foliage, and the fields their verdure. Cold winds and cheerless skies ushered in and closed melancholy days—our voyage had been long and stormy—on our arrival, what a change! "Winter has become summer; the naked trees which we left are exchanged for luxuriant and varied foliage; snow and frost for warmth and splendor; the scenery of the temperate zone for the profusion and magnificence of the tropics: a bright blue sky; a glowing sun; hills covered with vines; a deep blue sea; a picturesque and novel costume; all meet and delight the eye just at the precise

moment when to have landed on a barren island would have been considered a luxury." Thus Captain Maryatt describes the change, and thus I found it.

Some one has summed up the advantages and disadvantages, the lights and shadows of Madeira life, after this manner: "On the whole, if Madeira were one's world, life would certainly tend to stagnate; but as a temporary refuge, a niche in an old ruin, where one is sheltered from the shower, it has great merit." This, doubtless, is true, yet not all that is true. Madeira, assuredly, is no place for turbulent life; our "hot youth" would seek a more active, energetic, livelier existence; where the play of the passions is more various, and adventure more dramatic. But to him who is satisfied with still waters; with innocent gratifications; with untroubled enjoyments; who seeks rather contentment than distinction, and his own more than others' satisfaction—as well as for him who has seen and shared enough the follies and vices of the world—who has felt the treachery of friends, the inconstancy of affection, and the spurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes; who has served, in a word, his apprenticeship to the trade of life—I know no place better calculated for an abode. Had Johnson placed Rasselas here instead of in Abyssinia, he might have lived and died innocent and undesirous of change. What a man seeks more than Madeira affords, savoreth of evil.

In beauty and sublimity of scenery it is unsurpassed by lands more famous for both, while the matchless moderation and salubrity of its climate are world-renowned. Its soil produces spontaneously the fruits of the tropics—the orange, the pomegranate, the banana, the guava, the citron, and olive—and, with cultivation, though not in equal perfection, the pear and the apple,

as well as other productions of colder latitudes. The grape that is nourished in most favored spots affords a wine of richer color and superior excellence to any of sunny France, or the boasted vineyards of Germany; while the fish of its waters, the game of its mountains, its herbage-fed and luscious beef, turkeys, and various web-footed birds, supply a rich and abundant table. What can one find more, in any country of Christendom, to gratify a well-informed taste?

Nor is Madeira unprovided with intellectual resources. In the houses of the wealthy residents, as well as in the clubs, there are libraries of the choicest books always attainable by the sojourner; well-informed, agreeable society, among the higher Portuguese and English proprietors—the latter distinguished for ready hospitality. In the winter months, dinners, balls, and social evening parties abound; while, in summer, nothing can be more agreeable than a day spent at the quintas, or country seats of the opulent merchants: and then for the indulgence of self-communion—that most useful of mental occupations—there are the ever-varying walks and rides along the shore of "the far-resounding sea," or up to the summits of the high overreaching hills. Man, indeed, never wants here occupation or amusement who is true to his own nature. He has every thing to content him but contentment. Weariness, however, springs from the same source as gratification. Our desires increase with indulgence; and he who has conquered worlds, weeps for more worlds to conquer.

The inhabitants are, to a degree, shut out from the busy world. Daily wars, or rumors of wars affect them not. The regular communication between the island and the continent not being more frequent than once a fortnight; their sensibilities are not wounded

by the unvaried record of crimes, which, in cities, every newspaper inflicts upon the morning meal. Plato, it is said, excluded all poets from his model republic, lest their prurient imaginations should affect injuriously the mind of the body politic; with how much greater reason would he have kept out editors, whose fictions, no less incredible, are much more dangerous! It is true there are two newspapers published daily in Funchal. But they do little harm, because, in the first place, they have few readers; and, in the second place, no believers.

Speaking of Plato reminds us that he placed his Atalantis somewhere west of the columns of Hercules. And it is the general belief of the intelligent that "the Islands of the Blest," where the Grecian poets were wont to send their heroes when they had done with them, comprised the Cape de Verdes, the Canaries and Madeira. Surely no more grateful residence could have been selected for the retirement of the favored few whom just Jupiter had loved. Here Achilles, recovering from the felon-stroke of Paris, might well have congratulated himself that he had exchanged for a glorious immortality the tedious length of human days. Here, Agamemnon, "king of men," indeed, but not of women, fatally convinced of his arrogant credulity in a wife's ten-years' constancy, might have found unhoped-for solace; and here, Dido, forgetting him who had usurped the privileges, without conceding the name, of husband, forgiving even what women, unless Christian, so seldom forgive, *spretæque injuria formæ*, the sated contempt of her charms, might have maintained her youth and beauty amid scenes and climate of such surpassing loveliness! At least, I doubt not they would have been glad to have made the trial, for I fear they went further and fared worse.

The approach from the sea gives to Funchal the wild ideal we form of Byron's pirate isle:

> "It was a wild and breaker-beaten coast,
> With cliffs above, and a broad, sandy shore;
> Guarded by shoals and rocks, as by an host,
> With here and there a creek, whose aspect wore
> A better welcome to the tempest-toss'd—
> And rarely ceased the haughty billows' roar,
> Save on the dead, long summer days, which make
> The outstretched ocean glitter like a lake."

There is properly no harbor where vessels can safely anchor, nor pier, nor mole jutting into the sea, to which they can be fastened. The open roadstead is their only anchorage. Nor is it at all times a safe one. It is exposed to all the blasts from east to south-west, which sometimes rage with fatal violence. To escape their fury, vessels raise their anchors and run out to sea; and are occasionally absent for weeks.

The city of Funchal is built upon the base of a large range of mountains, which rise to the height of 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, and protecting it, like the sides of an amphitheater, form a magnificent background to the view from the deck of a vessel. It is thus seen to the best advantage. Too close proximity makes it more prosaic. The streets are mostly narrow, and all irregularly built, with as little regard to symmetry as convenience. They are paved with round pieces of basalt gathered from the beach, and set edgeways, to afford a surer hold to the horses' feet; which require to be shod like ours for snow and frost. The clatter of these quadrupeds, so heavily ironed, as they gallop through the stony streets, has something fearful in it; and as there are no causeways for the unfortunate pedestrians, it is sometimes "*sauve qui peut*" with them. Accidents, however, seldom

happen. The horses are very manageable, and are attended, besides, by a kind of gillies or outrunners, here called "Burroqueros," who aid to prevent mischief. It is what the English call a *jolly* sight, to see one of these animals, with his attendant burroquero, fairly *en route*. No matter how fast he goes—whether on a trot, canter or gallop—the burroquero keeps equal ground; not, perhaps, so much to be wondered at, since the man twists his hand securely into the horse's tail, and hangs to it, "thorough bush, thorough brier." He uses it, too, as a kind of rudder with which to steer the animal's course; and however viciously inclined it may be, it can not kick or get free its hinder parts, while the burroquero holds firmly to the caudal extremity. Such an apparition has, to the stranger, a ludicrous sense. And when he mounts he determines to get rid of the unnecessary appendage. He urges his horse to rear, to plunge, to shy, to start into a gallop, or violently to halt—but all in vain. The burroquero can no more be removed than the gloomy thoughts which, the Roman poet says, sits behind the horseman. There was but one *forcible* means by which I ever succeeded in extricating my horse—it was by fording a large stream. The burroquero was like Burns's witches:

> "A running stream they darena' cross."

Still, as there are other as efficacious methods of killing a cat as drowning, so there are better ways than force of separating horse and burroquero, whenever you wish to do so. But sometimes the services of the burroquero can neither, with comfort nor safety, be dispensed with. He brushes the flies from the animal with a horse-tail broom he has ever in his hand; holds him while you dismount; compels him to reluctant

speed; and leads him over dangerous paths. Nor is this all. He is your most amusing traveling companion. He knows the secret of every house, and can tell you the latest scandal; where the jewels of Signora came from, and why that black-eyed boy you so much admired looked so little like his putative father. He can also supply you with all traditionary information of places, persons and occurrences. He is, in a word, "the abstract and brief chronicle" of all times. I had in my employ a perfect bijou of a burroquero—the coolest romancer, the greatest cheat, and cleverest valet I ever met with. If any one of you should go to Madeira, retain "Matthew" (as he Anglicizes himself), and you will find I am right.

These fellows and the lower class generally wear a peculiar sort of cap, something like an inverted saucer, not much larger, but more conical in form. It is surmounted by an appendage, not unlike a pig's tail, with a rakish inclination to one side, as a pig might carry his, when making love. How such a cap could ever have been invented puzzles comprehension—or what purpose it serves. There is nothing picturesque or attractive in it; and it no more covers the head than a fashionable lady's bonnet. The remainder of the dress is ordinary, no less in appearance than quality. Indeed many of the poorer class have no more covering than sufficient to neutralize nudity.

Some of the men are exceedingly well made; tall, and of symmetrical proportions. They walk erect, and with an ease and elasticity of carriage nowhere surpassed. One of the men attached to the palanquin of the Consular House has the muscular beauty of an Apollo Belvidere; and his attitudes and motions display a vigorous grace beyond the reach of art.

I say less for what is called the softer sex. The

women are generally unprepossessing. Indeed among the lower classes I saw but one pretty girl; and her history will be told hereafter; whether it be owing to the hard toil they undergo, to early and continual exposure, to habits, or to the scanty food they meet with, I know not; but the melancholy truth is, the women of the island, in youth, are by no means attractive, and in their old age, fearfully ugly. You see withered beldames too, at forty. Many of them have no youth. Man-traps and spring-guns appear in all their lineaments. Nor is this in all respects an unfortunate circumstance. For they hold their last favors very cheap; and were they less repulsive, they would be more dangerous—to morals and health.

It is not merely that their features are plain, and their persons coarsely formed—*they take little or no care of either.* The prettiest girl would want attraction, if she wanted cleanliness; but dirty ugliness turns the stomach. They seem to avoid water like a mad dog; upon many of their persons, I have been told, certain animals domiciliate themselves, whose names are unspoken "to ears polite"—squatters who insist upon their pre-emptive rights. You often see of a sunny afternoon, in some of the most public promenades, girls busily engaged in removing from each other's heads these tenacious occupants; and the innocent *abandon* with which they interchange such mutual kind offices would afford matter of curious reflection to a peripatetic philosopher. But to the ordinary spectator this occupation, however agreeable and even salutary to the parties most immediately interested in it, brings no gratification; nor excites indeed other emotions than repulsion and disgust.

The Portuguese ladies *du bon ton* are of course to be exempted from such a charge. The social outlaws,

of whom I have spoken, respect the aristocracy. The upper classes here doubtless are as careful of their persons as ladies elsewhere, excepting perhaps the French, whose household deity is cleanliness, and who bathe as often as an early Mussulman. Generally speaking, however, they are not pretty. Many, it is true, have sparkling black eyes, which lend a brilliant irradiation to the features; but their countenances mostly lack expression; and indolent habits with gross food soon bring on that *embonpoint* so fatal to sentiment. They are said to be clever and lively in conversation, to posess much ease of manner, and amiable dispositions. Marriages among the aristocratic circles, as in the mother country, and generally on the Continent, are made by the parents. This custom in warm climates, however it may prove "in the cold regions of the moral North," is followed by beneficial results. The *marriage de convenance*, founded upon what Philosopher Square would call "the eternal fitness of things," has proved an excellent institution; while what are poetically termed *love matches* are generally prolific of mutual misery. Warm climates engender warm blood; and what springs from precocious passion terminates in early satiety. The romance vanishes, the passion evaporates, *the woman remains!* "But something too much of this."

He who feels therefore the *besoin d'aimer* in Madeira (and where will he not feel it, unless like Jupiter, he goes on a frolic among the "Ethiopians"), will look elsewhere for its gratification than among the Portuguese ladies; and may not look in vain. Each winter sends to the island many English families, with youthful daughters not indisposed to a proper flirtation; and nowhere in the world are girls better "got up" than in England. I don't allude merely to the

physique, wherein they confessedly excel—but in deportment, character, repose of manner and intelligence; unlike our girls, they are not sent from the nursery to the drawing-room without intermediate experience, nor allowed to converse without being first taught to think. With the better classes, the daughters are educated at home under the intelligent affection of a mother; and not intrusted to those social nuisances, *boarding-schools*, where girls are more likely to learn every thing rather than womanly virtues and accomplishments.

"There is a period," says our countryman, Cooper, "in the life of every woman, when she may be said to be predisposed to love; it is at the happy age when infancy is lost in opening maturity—when the guileless heart beats with joyous anticipations of life which the truth can never realize, and when the imagination forms images of perfection that are copied after its own unsullied visions." It is at this poetical age that many English girls come out to Madeira. The delicious climate and softened sky; the varied scenery and generous food; the romantic rides and shaded walks, all inspire and nourish sweet desires. Love, which in its first and least selfish phase, seeks but return of love, which devotes itself to the present without thought of the morrow, springs here spontaneous in the heart. It reveals itself in some unconscious act—some casual encounter, or intercepted look; a mere sentiment at first, it may become, on proper opposition, a passion. Instances have occurred where heads of families have been compelled, to save their daughters from a *mésalliance*, to quit precipitately the island. But such instances are rare. Marriages, indeed, do not unfrequently take place, and without any shock to *les convenances;* but, generally speaking, nothing more unfortunate than a sentimental *liaison* occurs.

CHAPTER III.

THE GARDEN AND ESTABLISHMENT OF THE AMERICAN CONSUL—THE PRAZA DO CONSTITUTIAO—THE CANONS OF THE ROMISH CHURCH—THE LANDED PROPRIETORS.

It was near the close of the day when we landed from our tempest-tossed bark upon the shore. The approaching evening and my battered condition alike indisposed me to investigation. I had no inclination for details—nor, after dinner, for aught else than recuperative sleep. Thus, when I awoke in the morning, I awoke to the fullness of gratified surprise. Throwing open my window-curtains to welcome the mountain air, the branch of an orange-tree, deeply laden with mellowed fruit, offered itself to my eye—and, without unnecessary pause, was grasped by my eager hand. Defended by no prohibition, divine or human, I plucked the fruit and ate: and this was, for mornings, the preface of my breakfast. Water from the mountains which overhung the house, two thousand feet in height, furnished me a re-invigorating bath, cold, but not chilling. My ablutions and orisons completed, I descended to the grounds upon which my chamber abutted, to satisfy, by nearer inspection, an imperfect *coup d'œil.* Besides the orange-trees, whose contrasted fruit and foliage enlivened the atmosphere, I saw the curtained pomegranate, the rich banana, the coffee-tree whose fruit rivals the Mocha, the luscious custard-

apple, and the perfumed citron, all in unaided abundance. It was realizing a scene in Persian poetry; while the softened air and transparent sky mingled with and harmonized the bounties of the earth.

I partook of breakfast with more than ordinary appetite and gratitude; both strengthened by the luscious freshness of the figs that ushered it in. I felt a self-complacent pity for the man who had never commenced his morning repast with fresh figs. Let no such man be envied.

The Salic law prevails in the consular establishment. No woman: governs there indeed, save one in wood—the figure-head of a shipwrecked bark,—I saw none of the softer sex in the house. My chambermaid was a man of some fifty years; and it is due him and truth to say, that he performed his functions with more assiduity and less *fuss* than any female chambermaid I have had the good or ill-luck to encounter. He never spoke unless when addressed, and then in Portugese, of which I did not understand one word. He never used my combs, nor tooth-brushes; never pretended to be alarmed when I prepared for the bath; and never stole my cosmetics: took all gratuities without simulated reluctance, and expected no endearments. He was, indeed, as John Foy, our sometime Washington friend, would have described him "a *paycock*" of a chambermaid. I have met never his superior since. "Maestro" Francesco, who presided over the *cuisine*, was an artist; and properly designated maestro. He composed. He invented. He gave more genius to his dishes than often goes to the composition of an epic, or an opera. He loved his profession; gloried in it, and was glorified by it.

He was not compelled to the office; unlike the starved apothecary, his will, *not* his poverty consented.

He was a man of means; what we call a forehanded man; a landed proprietor, and owner of houses. His rents had been a sufficient livelihood—but he preferred doing good to selfish indolence; of influence among his countrymen, he was much respected by the stranger that was within the gates.

But Homer sometimes napped, and Michael Angelo failed—and Francesco, great in his art as they in theirs, had one infirmity; he was too much disposed to load his table with pork. To be sure, the porcine flesh of Madeira is like such flesh nowhere else—so juicy is it, so delicate, so sweet; and whiter than an infant's. Dr. Barrowby, equally well-known in Johnson's time as a physician and lover of swine's flesh, would not have needed to utter, on eating this, the superfluous wish "Oh that I were a Jew!" "Why so?" some one inquired; "the Jews are not allowed to eat your favorite meat." "Because," replied he; "I should then enjoy the taste of the pork with the additional pleasure of sinning." The Madeira pork would have left him no possibility of further desire. Still it may be crowded too much upon the table, though it assume as many various disguises as Proteus.

In truth, the Portuguese make excellent servants, in whatever capacity employed—versatile, active, honest, impressionable, they are as intelligent as the French, and much more reliable. I speak generally; of course there are rogues and drones among them as in other places.

The garden walls of the consulate abut on the Praza do Constitutiao—the most popular lounge for those who have nothing to do on the island; *i. e.*, threefourths of the natives, and all the foreigners. Flanked on one side by the castle, and, on the opposite by the cathedral, with a row of fine trees enclosing it on every side, it affords a picturesque and

shaded walk. Here the ladies exhibit their dresses, and their faces; talk scandal or sentiment—excite and reward admiration—and the gentlemen smoke and gaze. Day-life is listless, a major part of the time hère, and conversation is mostly too great an exertion, unless to those from whom it flows naturally. The principal objection to this resort, as to other most agreeable walks near Funchal, is the number of consumptive sick you meet. Our careless and unthinking enjoyment of existence seems to outrage these fated sufferers. It is, however, the blessed characteristic of their disease that they feel not how fast it steals away their blood—their life ebbs rapidly, while their hopes increase. The smile on their wan cheeks attest no consciousness of danger—and no premonitory pangs anticipate the agony of dissolution.

It is easy to while the day in the open air, under cloudless suns, and in a well-tempered clime. A mere sense of existence fills and satisfies the soul. You want no distraction, amusement, or occupation. As the Grecian philosopher proved existence—"*Cogito, ergo sum*"—"I think, therefore, I must be"—so was defined our daily life—"We *feel*, and therefore live." For what *is* happiness but a series of pleasurable sensations?

And the evening *réunions* at the consulate were pleasant, and dwell gratefully on the memory. Whist was the general occupation, with tea and toast for the sole refreshment. I do not recollect to have seen wine introduced at all, and no stronger potations are known in polite society. The Portuguese are no wine-bibbers, though they cultivate the vine. They place their choicest vintage upon the table from courteous habit, but indulge even at dinner sparsely; after dinner, most rarely, if ever.

Among the most frequent and honored guests on these occasions was the Conego Bento, a canon of the Holy Catholic Church. An octogenarian, but more bowed down by the weight of honors than of years. He had obeyed literally the Scriptural injunction: He had sold all he had, and given to the poor. Devoted to his flock and the Church, wealth had been to him a distraction and an incumbrance. During a long life unshadowed by a suspicion, he had gradually divested himself of a large patrimony for the maintenance of poor relatives; and whoever was needy was his relative. He had all the amiability, the *bonhommie*, and quiet deportment of Fénélon, with nothing of his time-serving disposition. Had he been disposed to flatter the great, he too could have obtained the higher dignities of the Church. But he preferred conscience to position, self-respect to unworthily-earned promotion. Tolerant, although he had suffered persecution; fervid, while the times encouraged laxity of opinion, he gained proselytes by kindness, and secured them by example.

I have heard him in the pulpit—and while generally the mildness of his daily thought was reflected there, on occasions when vice provoked, or his lofty theme urged him onward, I have known him to burst forth in a torrent of indignant or impetuous eloquence, like Bourdaloue rebuking protected sin, or the inspired convert preaching the Unknown God! His port then assumed a majesty suited to his theme; his bowed form became erect; his eye regained all its original fire—his voice its wonted compass—and every lineament, feature, and gesture, revealed the struggling Divinity within!

His sole amusement was this game of whist; his nightly amusement, did no duty prevent. They who have neither his intellect nor beauty of life may pro-

nounce it frivolous or objectionable. The intelligent and the charitable, whose censure alone is worthy regard, will approve him. Had they who deserted the Church of Rome made life more tolerable, they had made their religion more desirable. There must be something wrong in the faith which punishes contentment in this world with damnation beyond it.

Conego Pestana was another of the guests; more learned than his elder *confrère*, though surely not more devout. Educated at the University of Coimbra, accustomed to high society, and of great natural parts, his conversation was as brilliant as it was easy and unaffected. He never attempted and never failed to shine. He knew the world, and was too wise to abuse it; he loved his calling, or had too much sense to discredit it. That is, he sincerely believed, or unsuspectedly doubted.

Then we had a "colonel of the regular army," an officer of the customs, the Governor of the island, and an occasional *morgado*, as the hereditary land-proprietors are called. With varied conversation and cards, we got through the evenings quietly, pleasantly, and instructively. My knowledge of the language was too sadly limited to allow a full appreciation of the conversation; many a pointed epigram or brilliant repartee escaped me, as well as (I suspect) many a scandalous anecdote, which the sterner sex relish as much as the softer. But some one was always at hand to give me an outline of the *mot* or story, so that I could imagine what it would be with filling up and coloring. The Portuguese language is an expressive one, and the Portuguese themselves the best of mimics and *raconteurs*, so that the well-selected epithet, the animated eye, and speaking gesture conveyed a meaning which careless or unaided words could never have rendered intelligible.

But the old hospitality of the island can hardly be kept up. The blight has fallen upon the grape, and there is no longer "fruit in the vine." In former times, no persons any where lived more comfortably or sumptuously than the *noblesse de la vigne* of Madeira. They had handsome town houses and elegant country residences, many clubs, and a retinue of servants. They kept an open and a luxurious table. This must all be changed. There are many wealthy residents still; but their former hospitality and large expenditures must decrease with decreasing incomes. Thirty years since, when a house exported annually some hundreds of pipes at a romantic profit, the height of great extravagance even was hardly felt. With regal incomes, these "royal merchants" laughed at all outlays. But with change of times must come change of habits. There can be no exportation of wine, for there are no grapes, and consequently there can be no income. The proprietors, who are now drawing upon their stored wines to keep up their establishments, will soon find that resource exhausted. They must relinquish their old occupation, and devote capital and energy to other pursuits.

CHAPTER IV.

RIDES AND WALKS NEAR FUNCHAL—THE MOUNT CHURCH—THE WATERFALL—CAMACHA—DESCRIPTION OF A QUINTA.

It was my custom generally of an afternoon to take one of the many beautiful rides around Funchal, to gratify my love of the picturesque, and to get up an appetite for dinner. We dined seldom before seven o'clock of the evening, when the business of the day was over, and there was naught to disturb our devotions.

West of the town they were constructing, while I was there—and, doubtless, are still constructing (for a thing is never completed in Madeira)—a road, which, if finished, would answer well for wheels, and, with proper care, might, in some places, safely be traveled even with a pair of 2.40s.—partly from individual contribution, and partly at the expense of the Government. On one side it abuts upon the sea; and you can look down several hundred perpendicular feet upon the breakers that vex the shores, and hear their angry murmurs as they break against the repelling rocks. It is fearful—more so than at Dover Cliff—to cast one's eyes so low. The road at times seems but a cincture of the precipitous rock, incapable of foothold. Its apparent danger lends it additional attraction. But compared with what I have seen of other pathways on the island, which span with tottering bridges fearful chasms, hang over fatal precipices, and descend per-

pendicular declivities, this "New Road" is an easy promenade.

But a ride I more affected and oftener followed, was to "Nossa Senhora do Monte"—the Mount Church, as it is less poetically Anglicized. The ride, from its very commencement, is always on an ascent. The church stands some 2000 feet above Funchal; and the road is paved throughout. The greater part of the way runs between the high white walls of the quintas, and under their vine-colored corridors. Flowers attend you on every side, and fill the air with perfume; the geranium and the fuchsia, and other flowering shrubs native to the soil, climb up the walls, and offer themselves to your coming. In its proper season, the grape, "in Bacchanal profusion," bursts out from the leaves that strive to imprison it; and purple, plump and luscious, seems to court your touch; while, from many a crevice in the walls, opened for the passage of unwanted moisture from the terraced earth, peep forth flowers of every hue, and dip their blushing heads in the running streamlets at your feet; for you have, to the very topmost height of the ascent, an ever fresh, sparkling, running rivulet. These are cradled in the inaccessible summits. Their natural hatred of restraint is somewhat tamed as they quit their birth-place; and they are made to flow within rock-built channels, in vehement regularity, down the steep pathway. But even under such control, their precipitous descent, and the increased volume from alliances formed in their course, would terrify with fears of inundations the dwellers of the plain but that their native fierceness is still further subdued by well-timed division. Their waters are separated, and singly overcome; and then devoted to irrigating gardens, turning mill-wheels, washing foul linen, or "such base uses."

As you pause part-way on your ascent, to afford well-needed rest to rider and horse, looking upward you see the church of "Our Lady of the Mount," rising with its turrets proudly above neighboring hills, huge forest trees, and human habitations—no unfit emblem of the Faith it illustrates, which has triumphed alike over the fierceness of nature and over Dominions, Principalities, and Powers!

From the top of the church you have a panoramic view of surpassing magnificence. The church fronts the ocean. Between yourself and this ocean lies Funchal, with its white walls and chimneys glistening in the sun. Distance gives it beauty; for whatever of incongruity, disorder or imperfect architecture may appear to the nearer view—whatever in any way liable to criticism, or repugnant to severer taste—is lost to the eye, thus removed. From this station, castle and cathedral, fortress and monastery, blend and harmonize with the lazar-house and the prison, the broken wall and the vacated hut; while, before, behind, and every where around you, precipice and ravine, crag, forest, and weather-scarred mountain, rush on the sight.

You can descend the mountain in cars—not so swiftly, but more safely, than by steam—propelled, or rather guided by boys. They are mere sleds such as we used in younger days for coasting, and move as fast over the smooth stones as we formerly over the hardened snow. As a varied entertainment, a ride or slide like this is not *mal à propos*. It is no easy task to descend this hill on foot, particularly after a shower; and the rejected boys will be sure to accompany any mischance with a portion of the Portuguese vocabulary more expressive than nice. Their gibes and jeers give a sharper anguish to the offended part.

No less agreeable than either of these rides is per-

haps the one to the east of the town. The road hugs the cliffs all the way till you reach the Ribeiro de Gonzalos, a love of a ravine, which unites with the sea a mile from the Sorocco Church. Further than this, the cliffs arise with almost perpendicular violence. The road winds round them, and becomes less picturesque till you reach Cape Garajao, which, with its projection upon the ocean, forms the eastern horn of Funchal Bay, and from the top of which you have a view of a long range of cliffs, rising on either side, one above the other, with furrowed features and grotesque heads, that imagination might convert into any thing fantastic. The projection of this cape, met by a corresponding one further to the east, forms a bay, or crescent of the sea, wherein a large navy might ride at ease, or hostile armadas find ample room and space enough for fatal encounter, to win or lose a world. Some fancied resemblance to Salamis took one day such strong hold of my imagination that, in temporary forgetfulness, I exclaimed to my astonished burroquero:

"Approach, thou craven-crouching slave!
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
Oh, servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?"

My emphatic gesture and indignant voice, I thought, would have given my follower fits; but I soon reassured him, and he went on his way rejoicing.

Another excursion in which I indulged, however but seldom, as it was somewhat of a serious character, was to the waterfall. A short distance from the Church of San Roque, we descend the side of a precipitous ravine, on reaching the bottom of which we find the pathway no longer practicable for our horses. These we

were therefore obliged to abandon, and made the rest of the journey on foot, or in a hammock upon the shoulders of men. The road lies through the bed of the torrent, and we were compelled to climb over boulders and masses of rock, which have been detached from the stupendous cliffs on either side, or been driven down by the violence of the winter storms. They are of enormous bulk, and attest the power of the torrent that has dislodged them. It may well be supposed that a journey over these is exhausting. It is, indeed, achieved only by those whose passion for the picturesque subdues physical fatigue. Falling sometimes from, sometimes against a rock—slipping at one time among the sharp stones, and at another into the current—after a struggle of two hours we reached the waterfall, muddied, bruised and exhausted. But as the scene presents itself suddenly to our view, we feel, for the moment at least, fully compensated. The effect is indeed grand. There had been a short time previous to my first visit a copious fall of rain, and the stream, as it broke through the opening gorge, and fell nearly three hundred perpendicular feet, occupied our minds with gratified awe. Here, a view of this kind is prized more highly than in countries more abounding with well-filled streams. The rich and wild island scenery, otherwise incomparable, loses much of its beauty from the lack of inland water.

But far more agreeable than to the Church of our Lady, upon the "New Road," or to the waterfall, was, for me, the ride to Camacha. Not only that it was bordered with villas and quintas—among them "Palheiro," the country seat of the late Conde de Carvalho—and with groves of beautiful trees—not that it commanded a glorious view of the *Disertas*,

the promontory of Sao Lourenço, with its fossil-bed two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, as well as other no less striking natural splendors—but chiefly because I found at Camacha the loveliest quinta and warmest welcome in all Madeira. Inclosed on three sides with embracing hills, which will not beteem the winds of heaven to visit its face too roughly, and open on the other o'er varied and picturesque scenery to the ocean, one would suppose these grounds laid out by Nature in one of her happiest moods. With glens and running streams, cascades and ravines, precipice and natural lawn, brown heath and shaggy wood; where could we find a happier contrast, or more harmonious variety? What a place for a honeymoon! Here all day long (while it lasted!) we would while away the flying hours with Anna, Lizzie, Mary, or some other "inexpressive she;" sit down with her by the side of some waterfall, whose music her voice alone would excel (of course) in silvery sweetness—cull flowers more lovely than aught save her cheeks, and more fragrant than aught save her breath—descend some glen, whose gloom no sun has penetrated, and find it illuminated by her presence—cross ravines deeper than plummet-reach, and feel no fear with her—look at her, think of her, talk with her, and feel no *ennui* the livelong day!

Is there such another place on all this earth? Do miracles repeat themselves?

A stream runs along the entering pathway of the grounds, and breaks into a gentle fall just as it reaches the house. I noticed, on my first approach, a party swimming and diving in the water directly under the fall. They were extremely *décolletée*, even more so than the present rage, and I hesitated to advance. Speering out, however, more leisurely from an ambus-

cade, upon which, on the first danger, I had retreated, I discovered that these naiades were of wood, and that, in drawing nearer, I ran no risk of Actæon's fate. So I plucked up resolution and passed them. My frightened sensibilities soon recoved their wonted tone.

These figures, once caught in the vortex of the falling stream, are fated to incessant motion. They alternate between a plunge and a motion somewhat like the gait of a fashionable lady on entering or leaving a room. 'Tis n't a walk—'tis n't a glide—'tis n't a swim. It is a *je ne sais quoi*—a motion of the other limbs, like the arms in tossing a baby; doubtless quite fascinating and unnatural.

These wooden ladies can no more leave the circle of the falling water than Dante's damned, theirs—and have no more rest than his sufferers. It is funny to see them, naked from the waist upward, dance round, and, seemingly, attempt to get out of the vortex. They make such life-like exertions; and if they get too near the stream, and you see they are obliged to turn a somerset, you can always turn your back in time!

There is no more hospitable man on the island than the proprietor of this place—and there is no house visited with so much gratification. Ceremony exacts no toll at the door; the threshold once crossed, the freedom of the house is yours. Welcome meets you, and good-breeding leaves you at your ease.

No man had better wine or husbanded it less. He seemed to like to taste his choicest on the palate of a friend. I can speak gratefully of quantity and quality. After a ride of two or three hours from Funchal, a glass would fall upon my jaded powers like the dew on Hermon. Though wilted, I lifted up my head and freshened. The remembrance warms me now.

Two such persons—host and hostess—characterize

a place—give it a tone, and make it inhabitable. Whether one mountain be a little higher than another, covered with snow, or bare—or one river somewhat deeper and wider than another—or one climate a little more moderate and salubrious—or fruit of the earth more plentiful and delicious, makes, after all, to the cosmopolite, but little difference.

The smile of the hostess as we enter the house, the exchange of intellectual sympathies while we remain, and the warm grasp which invites a repetition of our visit; these constitute the pleasure of a residence.

CHAPTER V.

THE LONGEVITY AND FECUNDITY OF MADEIRA—MENDICANCY—ANECDOTE OF A PRECOCIOUS YOUTH——ILL-REPAID LABOR.

Poets have sung and physicians praised the delicious climate of Madeira; and I doubt if there be in the world a more salubrious. Never in any place of equal population, have I found among natives and residents so few affected by disease. I have seen and heard among these, none with pulmonary complaints. Longevity here, too, is more the rule than the exception—a general rather than a restricted enjoyment. The age of three of our *stock company* at whist, of whom I have spoken—the two Conegos and the Colonel—amounted to an aggregate of two hundred and fifteen years; and they had felt little or nothing of the benumbing influence of time. True it is that their habits of life had conduced much to the preservation so long of their mental and physical vigor; never in their youth did they apply hot and rebellious liquor in their blood—but much of both is fairly attributable to the salutary temperature of the climate. It knows no extreme of heat nor cold; and no sudden atmospheric reverses—the too frequent curse of climates less favored. The greatest rigor of winter in Funchal seldom, if ever, precipitates the mercury lower than 52 Fahrenheit; so that fires are unnecessary to comfort; while in summer, under the unbridled rage of the Dog Star, it rises in

warmest exposure, but to 88—a difference of but little more than thirty degrees between summer's heat and winter's frost; and this difference overcome by no spasmodic leap, but gently reached in regular gradations. Can one be surprised then, that with moderate indulgences, under a sun so well tempered, old age is not only so general, but that when it slowly comes, it comes like "a lusty winter, frosty but kindly."

Nor is it merely that it prevents or cures consumptive complaints, or that it induces or cherishes hale old age, that the climate of Madeira is to be commended. It has a generative no less than a conservative or restorative influence, and fertilizes women as well as the soil. It is no uncommon thing to see a woman of middle age followed by a brood of children of the apostolic number; whose ages succeed each other with the regularity of mile-stones. I have heard that one lady presented her husband with three of these innocent pledges of her affection in twenty-eight months, in installments of one at a time. "Like as arrows in the hands of a giant, so are the young children. Happy is he that hath a quiver full of them!" Of a verity, the people of this island seem to agree with the inspired Psalmist, and discharge their arrows incessantly.

Nor is this laudable fecundity restricted to the native women. Those from abroad who come here, and for a while domiciliate themselves, feel the genial influence of the climate; and, though before unfortunate, in proper time, remove their lords', or their own reproach. In many instances, cases seemingly desperate have given way to proper treatment. Estates, that threatened to devolve upon distant or unregarded kinsmen, have been maintained in lineal and satisfactory descent by an unexpected *accouchement*; and graceless heirs at

law, who had thought that the "old fellows" made them wait too long for an estate, or cash, or country-seat, have been balked forever, by what they might call a malicious Providence.

Indeed I have heard of one instance of the recuperative or suggestive influence of the climate, which, but that it was well attested, I should hesitate to mention; for I would not willingly be suspected of exaggeration. It is this. While the English, in their extravagant contest with Napoleon, held possession of this island against the enemies of Portugal as well as against Portugal herself, they garrisoned Funchal with two regiments of soldiers, many of whom brought childless wives with them; wives, some of them, that had been married and barren a quarter of a century or less. The regiments remained here for some years; and when, after the war, the soldiers who were married returned to England, they returned, nearly all of them, with the most substantial proofs of their wives' attachment.

Scandal believes, or affects to believe, that these "femmes du régiment" changed more than the climate to give their husbands heirs. But I prefer the story in its naked simplicity.

Dining one day with a friend on the island, the gratified father of a numerous offspring, I took the liberty, after the ladies had retired, to remonstrate against his putting forth any further editions of himself—ten being as much, in my judgment, as a well-advised public opinion would tolerate. My friend, who has an inclination for piety, replied:

"It is all in the hands of the Lord."

"Indirectly," I said.

The worst feature, so far as the natives are concerned, even among the better classes, of this extraordinary fecundity is, that as the law of entail prevails here

in all its antiphilosophical rigor, the younger scions of the house, be they boys or girls, are left without the means of livelihood. The *morgado* (or hereditary land-holder) has no more than sufficient for the maintenance of the estate—not enough surely to cultivate it to advantage. He can not alienate it, if he would. The consequence is, that while his brothers and sisters starve, or seek a disreputable existence, the estate itself runs to sterility. To remedy these two crying evils, two changes are necessary; first, the abolition of the law of entail; second, the enforcement of the doctrines of Malthus. The first is anticipated from the action of the mother country. I know not what legal enactment or preventive police can compel the second. One unfortunate fact experience has established in every country—that the more desperate the circumstances of men, the more eager they are to perpetrate matrimony. On what principle, I know not, unless upon the proverbial one "that misery loves company." This atrocious wrong to woman is likewise a crime against society; for society suffers from unnecessary births; and the principle of self-defense authorizes it to employ every counteracting regulation.

This ungoverned passion among the poorer class in Madeira makes of the women slaves, and children beggars. Every where, and on every occasion, during my rides, I met meager, half-clad, half-starved troops of children, from infancy to almost puberty, soliciting alms. I understood their gestures, if not their language; for misery never yet wanted a proper organ of communication. Systematic beggary is but a synonyme for knavery; and fictitious sorrows are more eloquent than real ones. Here the practice has reached the regularity of a system; and some of the most youthful mendicants are the greatest proficients.

As I was riding one day, somewhere in the parish of San Martinho, I saw a boy, apparently about twelve years old, sitting by the way side, and moaning. Calling into use whatever little knowledge I possessed of Portuguese, I inquired what ailed him. After much sobbing, he told me with broken articulation, and mournful pantomime, that his mother had given him a pistareen to go to the venda, and buy some meal, as the family was without provisions of any kind, and nigh starvation. He had lost the money from his pocket—the last cent that he had in the world—and he was sure his father would kill him if he returned home. I was moved with the pathetic tale, and gave him two pistareens, telling him to buy meal with one, and to keep the other for himself. With a fervent acknowledgment of the kindness, he took the money, and dried his tears; and I continued my ride with a feeling of virtuous satisfaction.

A few days after, chance impelled me to the same locality; and as I was walking my horse somewhere near the place where I had met the boy, some one run ahead of me, sobbing and vociferating most lugubriously. I stopped him, and on his turning, recognized my former beneficiary.

"What is the matter, my boy?" I inquired.

"Oh, signor, I shall be killed. My mother gave me a pistareen to go to the venda to buy some meal, and I have lost it, and I can not go home, for my father will kill me, as this is all the money he has in the world." And here of course recommenced the sobbing on the crescendo scale.

"You young rascal," said I, "are you losing pistareens every day? Did you lose the two I gave you a short time since?"

He looked at me an instant, and, doubtless recogniz-

ing me, addressed himself to flight. But I caught him by the collar, and threatened to give him a good whipping, which he needed more than pistareens. He threw himself upon his knees, and protested he would never have told me such a story had he known I was the gentleman who had been so kind to him!

I could not but laugh at his impudence; and telling him if I caught him in a lie again I would certainly punish him, let him go. This is but one of the many instances of precocious roguery we met every where in the island.

The destitute condition of the island-population can not however be too strongly stated. The failure of the grape for three years has made poverty chronic, incurable, save by emigration. American and English charity have afforded, it is true, great relief to the sufferers; but further eleemosynary contributions from abroad can hardly be expected, while famine is as imminent as before. The truth is, the population of the island is disproportionate to the demand for labor, and, consequently, means of livelihood. Wages are insufficient to bare existence, and threaten to become lower. Even at the present time a full-grown boy or man will cut wood all day in the mountains, and in the evening bring the product down on his head to the market for about five cents. The women, however, are generally the carriers of wood; as, indeed, of almost every thing else. The poor live mostly upon vegetables and fruit, which are not dear, and they need little clothing in such a warm climate. But many, from the want of sufficient food and clothing, even of the cheapest kind, suffer greatly, and die early.

Yet notwithstanding their poverty and their too often extreme suffering, the peasantry of the island do not seem an unhappy race. They are very kind to

each other, and sympathy alleviates the evils it can not remove. Thus it is that Providence distributes, after all, its favors more impartially than we sometimes think: upon one portion of mankind it bestows in greater profusion wealth and luxuries; upon another, the greater gift of contentment without them.

CHAPTER VI.

TOUR OF THE ISLAND—THE VARIOUS PRODUCTIONS—THE DIFFERENT PEAKS—ARRIVAL AT ST. ANNA.

It has been said that one should never go with determined purpose in search of the picturesque; that they alone are fortunate who come upon the beauties of nature unexpectedly, like him who encountered the Goddess of the Silver Bow in all the luxuriance of her unobstructed charms.

I doubt. The happiness *may* come doubled that comes unanticipated; but is anticipation itself nothing? Is imagination nothing? and the quickened pulse of hope nothing? Indeed, what is all of life but a continuing hope? and hell itself, but a hopeless eternity?

But let us leave the question with metaphysicians who will never determine it, while I describe some scenes on this island which I sought out advisedly.

Sometime in December I undertook the grand tour of the island. It would be something, I thought, to think and speak of afterward. To have undertaken and accomplished, in "the dead waist and middle" of the winter, a journey, *à cheval*, over hills thousands of feet above the level of the sea, over streams hazardously bridged, precipices of fatal depth, and roads where a false, might be an eternal, step.

I had read and heard of moving accidents by field and flood; of dislocations, broken arms, and perilous

falls—and longed to show my courage in encountering, and address in avoiding such dangers.

From the rustic population I knew I had nothing to apprehend. The peasantry are peace-loving and honest. Unlike the individuals, we were told we should be sure to meet in Spain, these people neither fusilade nor terrify you; rob you neither of your money, nor your wits.

I took with me not only a regular burroquero, but a person I had raised from the ranks and constituted dragoman. He was a cicerone, and a ripe and good one; who not only pointed out with invariable fidelity all the scenes of interest, but developed their various excellences with admirable discrimination. I had lost much without him.

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The matin-bell was tolling, as, after a toilsome ascent, I reached the plateau, about two thirds up the mountain, where stands the church Da Nossa Senhora do Monte. The doors hung persuasively open, and I dismounted to mingle my devotions with the crowd within. The prostration and the following blessing, with the sweet temperature of the morning, gave new encouragement to my road, and I achieved the summit of the mountain, well-pleased with mankind.

To turn back and look was an immediate and fortunate impulse. The Bay of Funchal from the Disertas to Cape Giram lay before me, under a transparent atmosphere, which gave more of sky and sea to the vision than I had ever before witnessed; and every intermediate object between the mountain and the shore shone in unwonted brilliancy. The few vessels in the harbor were taking advantage of the dryness and warmth of the day to restore their rain-soaked sails, which, seen through the vast distance below,

seemed but the foam of broken waves turned by some under-current to the light. The turrets of the church underneath us, embosomed high mid tufted trees, peeped out from the surrounding foliage, and with their gaudy coloring of white relieved the scene, otherwise too invariably green. Nature had not awakened from her nap; all was quiet and motionless. Mountain, glen, and precipice, cliffs, ravines, and "bosky dell," all, from the height I stood, illustrated what painters call *repose.*

Near where I halted my horse I distinguished a low murmuring, like men in agitated councils. It at first perplexed me—but on closer investigation I found it to proceed from subterranean waters. It may have been a council of war, among the Genii of these mountain-streams, to determine upon the exigences of the day; what detachments to send to the ocean direct; what, circuitously, through Funchal; the hope of supplies, the fear of exhaustion—and other cognate matters most urgent upon their consideration. Wanting, however, the power of intercommunication, I put them no question. Happy, indeed, I thought him who could find "books in the running brooks," and by some indefinable agency possess those mysteries of the universe withheld from our grosser sense.

The mountains which overlook Funchal are not the highest of the island, but, from their precipitous proximity, seem so to the Funchalese, as they shut out from the curtained sight the higher beyond. Still these are some four thousand feet above water-line; and I was right glad to find, on overcoming their tedious summits, a kind of table-land, upon which, with the combined aid of spur and burroquero—the latter keeping up "a fire in the rear"—I could trot my horse.

I met, surmounting the crests of further mountains, and, descending in long and wearisome trains toward Funchal, the country population of both sexes, all encumbered with faggots on their heads, or borne down to earth with overladen arms. It was a picturesque sight; the women coming down the mountains in their very short petticoats, with a circular tippet or pelerine thrown carelessly but gracefully over their shoulders, and tied in front; and their heads crowned with these bundles of sticks, not unlike a Jersey wagon in form and size, walking erect, and stepping out as firm as though they were unencumbered. For some of the prettiest I thought I could have got up a *tendresse.* They were on their way from their rustic homes, my dragoman told me, with their valueless labor to Funchal—to get a little money for the "fiesta," or Christmas Holidays. They were toiling, some of them, for eighteen miles, over hills almost impassable, to gain an insignificant trifle—a pistareen, or even "bit," to celebrate the natal day of their religion. Some were shoeless and breechless—almost all without covering for the head.

Yet they plodded on, not uncheerfully, with a ready salutation, or a blessing for an unasked and unexpected trifle. I saw excavated, from within the stony sides of the mountains, an occasional cavity, like a wild beast's den. "These," said my dragoman, "were the dormitories in which belated pedestrians, past all hope of home, went through the night;" uncouched, uncovered, and unfed—but not, I trust, unblessed—for

> "He that doth the ravens feed,
> Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,"

would visit these harsh stones with sleep, denied to beds of down!

After a varied pace of some four miles we came to a venda, with the customary initials P. V. B. over the door. They signify pao—vigno—bom—or "good wine and bread"—and are used as universally as "W. I. Goods and Groceries" in a New England village. Here I refreshed my followers with a glass of wine, my horse with rest, and myself with a walk to a summit overhanging the road, from which I obtained a pleasant though mountain-restricted view. I found I had traversed about six miles of my journey in an hour and a half—I might have rode quicker and less agreeably.

I passed on the right Pico Infante, Pico Silva, and Pico Obebras—on the left, Pico Lagoa, and Pico Poigo. They stand opposite to each other, with their towering, peaked summits relieved against the sky, like sentinels, or outposts of contending armies; or like warders on castle walls. The observant eye would detect among them features like man's. These appeared, as in early youth, fresh, and smiling. Those, in maturer age, with heads somewhat thinned, and with a more subdued expression—while others again had scars and furrows, like wrinkles—the livery of old age.

You find various latitudes with their corresponding temperature and productions in either of these mountains. On their lowest slopes, turned to the daily sun, tropical flowers and fruits abound; among the fruits, the banana, and the warmth-loving custard-apple; of the flowers, the camelia japonica, in extravagant size and profusion; the ballad-lily, and many others hardly less beautiful; while the orange-tree, the coral-tree, the coffee and the cork-tree, dazzle the eye with their brilliant foliage, and gratify the odorous sense. Half-way up the mountains we find the products of our

orchards, the pear, the apple, and the plum—and higher still, and on the very summits, the delicious strawberry, so much sweeter in its untamed habits. All these I found in an hour's journey up the ascending road.

Pico Poigo is the highest point we traversed. It divides the southern from the northern part of the island, and with a marked determination. To ascend this peak on foot, or mounted, is an arduous undertaking, not unattended with peril. The road—hardly more sometimes than an indentation of the mountain—is suspended over precipices, from the bottom of which, as my dragoman said, you would not be "worth picking up." One is obliged to pick his way with the greatest care; and even then, the slip of his horse, or false step, would be fatal. However, there is something so attractive in danger that no tourist avoids this route.

These roads are paved, in many places, to the summits of the mountains—a work of immense labor and cost; yet most necessary, or otherwise the tempestuous rains would carry away even the landmarks of the road. In the mean time, after a rain, the smooth stones are not very tenacious of the feet.

About to descend to the valley of the Ribiero Frio, as there had lately been a rain, I prepared to dismount, and seek, as I thought, a safer achievement on foot. But here, my attendants—the dragoman on one side, and the burroquero on the other—clasped me by the legs and pinned me to the saddle—vociferating, gesticulating, and protesting against the rashness of my intent. I could have understood their eloquent gestures if I had not comprehended my dragoman's language: "Much man," said he, "fall down and hurt herself, trying to walk." Wherefore, I kept to the saddle, and, doubtless, well advised; for my dragoman, un-

consciously illustrating St. John's famous apothegm—that about philosophy teaching by example—had scarcely taken ten steps forward, before, his feet sliding from under him, he fell at full length, and with no gentle force, upon the smooth-worn stone, and to the great gratification of his comrade, was carried half way down the steep declivity, when a turn of the road arrested his progress. He rose immediately to his feet, and with no other injury than a decided rupture of his nether integuments, and a somewhat painful barking of the dexter arm. He congratulated me on his fall; and I understood full well the inference he expected me to draw from this practical illustration by himself of his own argument.

As we crossed the "Feyteiras," or table-land, we had a view of the mountains that on the eastern side shut in the "Curral," the greatest natural prodigy of the island. The peaks of these mountains, from the distance I viewed them, stood out against the sky in singular shapes. We saw solitary slabs, like altars, rise to the heavens; broken shafts, like columns of overthrown temples; and sculptured tomb-stones, commemorative of an ancient world, or perhaps of the Titanic disaster. Indeed, nowhere amid Alpine scenery have I encountered views better calculated to excite and gratify the poetic faculty.

Through a ravine many hundred feet in depth, and clothed from top to bottom, on either side, with flowering trees and evergreens, the Ribiero Frio flows. As I saw it, it was a gentle and a quiet stream, abounding in pleasant sinuosities and noiseless falls. But I am told that when the snows on the high mountains are loosened, and the rains descend like cataracts, this river swells into a mighty and terrible stream—tears up by the roots the firmest-planted vines, seizes the

huge rock from its reluctant bed, and rushing with demoniac fury upon the unprotected cottage, sweeps the engulfed mass to the ocean. Indeed, one would determine for himself, from the great width and immense depth of its bed, as well as from the too frequent indications of its angry power on either side its course, that it was intended for other than a holiday stream.

Crossing the river over a stone-bridge raised high above the stream, we ascended the opposite mountain by a winding and tedious pathway, in some places nearly perpendicular. This was toil. The greatest labor has alone rendered it passable, and alone keeps it so. When you look up to either opposing mountain from the valley, you almost despair of ever reaching their summits. They stand so high—so precipitous—so near and imminent to each other, as if they had been separated by some vehement convulsion of nature, yet longed to meet again.

But all our labor is lost in the impressive sublimity of the scenery. We miss, it is true, the boundless glacier and the relentless avalanche of Switzerland—those miracles in ice and snow; but these in their turn hide prodigies no less wondrous than themselves. You see here what is not seen there, or elsewhere, in such vivid distinctness—a whole volcanic drama; chaos, yet struggling with order; the elements impressing their fury upon wild and heaving masses; Nature arrested in a delirium. As if upon the enunciation of some potent spell, every thing around you, of whatever fantastic shape, became instantaneously fixed and immovable.

Traveling the road on I turned an abrupt angle, and came upon a view striking and novel. It was the fall of a stream from the topmost mountain, hundreds of feet down. The stream was not a large one, nor was

the fall wholly uninterrupted, or the effect would have been unexampled. The water descended *en échelon* in a series of natural grades of solid rock, some twenty feet apart. As it turned the extremest edge of the mountain, it threw off, under the rays of the meridian sun, sparks of light of many-colored hues; and formed, to break and renew, countless tiny rainbows, which started from the luminous spray like exhalations.

Next we reached the mountain, which rises precipitously from the Meyo-Metade ravine—a ravine of limitless depth. Somber clouds overhang it, and lend new horrors to its shaded gloom; primeval trees line the sides of the mountains which inclose it, and forever debar the sun-light. In truth, "the features of its character," as has been said of somebody, "are grand, gloomy, and peculiar," and gave rise to saddened thoughts; from which I could only emerge by gaining, as I did with all possible speed, the heights above, and revisiting sun-lit grounds.

When Madeira was first discovered, it was all densely loaded with wood; and hence its name—*Madeira*, in Portuguese, signifying wood. Fire and the axe have, on the south side, removed the indigenous trees, nor has taste as yet repaired their ravages. But on the north beyond Pico Poigo—the dividing barrier—the trees remain untouched, save by Time. They attain to a lofty and vigorous size, and add much to the vast impressiveness of the scenery.

From the valley of the Fayal river, we ascended another first-class mountain, from the top of which I gained a commanding view of the ocean; a spectacle, however frequent, never to be beholden without a new emotion of admiration; boundless, endless, and sublime. Nor could I even sympathize with the savage in Dryden, who, on viewing it for the first time, exclaimed:

"Is this the mighty ocean? Is this *all?*" What would he have had more?

I reached St. Anna, on the extreme north of the island, after an exhausting ride of six hours, over more hills and higher too, than could be perhaps encountered in any consecutive eighteen miles elsewhere. St. Anna commands the ocean on the north, as Funchal on the south, and is resorted to in the summer months for change of air and scene.

I met here, by appointment, a captain of the British navy, and a barrister from Lincoln's Inn. We incontinently ordered dinner, "with all the delicacies of the season;" to which, in repeated attacks, we did full justice; and, like the heroes of Homer,

> "When the rage of hunger was appeased,
> With free libations we prolonged the feast."

CHAPTER VII.

ASCENT OF PICO RUIVO—VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT—SAO JORGE—PASS OF THE TORRINHAS—THE GREAT CURRAL.

UPON the summits of mountains but barely accessible, where the breath of immortality seems to pervade every thing around, above, beneath—with the wild rocks for altars, and the heavens for our vaulted sanctuary—with awful anthems of torrent and tempest—the sculpture, the painting, and the poetry, the work of His hand, and the image of His mind; man feels his insignificance, and bows down in worship.

I never felt deeper devotion than on the top of Pico Ruivo. I had parted with man's companionship for that of nature, and felt it good sometimes to be alone. I seemed nearer God. In a legible hand he had written his power every where around me. For, indeed, the view from this mountain, under the transparent sky through which I beheld it, is stupendous. Mountainous rocks and bristling crags, ravines as deep and gloomy as Dante's circle, horrid precipices and fissures of the earth that naught less than the most violent convulsions could have made, were revealed in startling distinctness. Lofty and perpendicular cliffs, from three to four thousand feet in height, met the eye every where. The "Curral," the greatest prodigy of the island, the "Torrinhas," so called because they seem like castellated fortresses, the *Penha d'Aguia*, an

SÃO JORGE.

isolated rock, springing abruptly from the plain to a height of nearly two thousand feet, with other momentous objects, filled the mind with emotions of awe. While, turning which way I would, I beheld the restless and endless ocean.

I could have remained hours in admiring silence, where the heart alone is speechful. But the meridian had passed before I had attained the summit; and the vapors, which I could see nestling below, I knew, would soon inclose mountain and forest, and perplex my descending pathway. Unsated, therefore, I hastened downward, and after much fatigue, and some danger, arrived safely at my hotel.

A full night of refreshing sleep "rehabilitated" rider, horse, and burroquero; and, after a comfortable breakfast, we continued our excursion. A precipitous and rugged path, spanning ravines and torrents, led to the parish of Sao Jorge, in a western direction from Santa Anna. We passed the church, nestling amid luxuriant chestnut-trees, whose branches supported the vine. It was one of those quiet, lovely, sequestered spots you only find in Catholic countries; where the priest devotes a whole life to the poor, the ignorant, and the miserable, and looks for his sole guerdon beyond the grave. No tithes has he, no unctuous salary; but, like the primitive Christian, preaches eternal life without money and without price. I readily sympathized with the burroquero's asking countenance, and, entering the church, mingled with his my own orisons. These moments of impromptu prayer may not have saved me from the hidden precipice, or the dizzy path—no God was, perhaps, necessary there—but they gave a freshness and an exaltation to the soul which raised it to the comprehension of the wonders of the route. A table-land of quintas and cot-

tages—the prodigality of nature harmonizing with cultivation—with a semicircle of lofty mountains, whose forms and summits were grotesquely sculptured, opened on our view as we neared the Arco de Sao Jorge, and afforded us one of the finest scenes we had witnessed of quiet grandeur. Thence, toward the "Eutroza," the road skirts a cliff which overhangs a sea, whose tumult fills the ear, though many hundred feet below—and from whose fatal grasp a frail construction of wood, projecting from the rock, alone protects the traveler. Below this giddy height reposes, in safe serenity, the lovely village of Boa Ventura. It was on taking an inland direction thence that we reached the pass of the Torrinhas, after an exhausting ascent of some three hours—and over a fearful road. Near the upper part of the ravine the inclination is terrific—one false step, a trip or stumble upon the smooth large stones with which the road is paved, would precipitate horse and rider into the unfathomed abyss below. Precipices threaten you from above, and yawning chasms open beneath; while, before you, rises an abrupt mountain of rock, whose outlet, at first unseen, but reveals another and, perhaps, greater obstacle. The Trosachs in the Highlands of Scotland, and the Notch at the White Mountains in New Hampshire, though of somewhat resemblance, are by no means so fearful in character. Indeed I have seen nowhere such awful grandeur. It is fearful, though magnificent, to contemplate it! our emotions kindle, as in a storm; our blood warms, as in the midst of the battle. The sense of danger thrills our nerves, and gives unknown power to our conceptions.

And how, amid scenery like this, do we feel our impotence! the vanity of our works, compared with those of the Eternal! Man builds columns of marble,

and of stone—ay, pyramids which outlast centuries. The other, too, builds columns and pyramids; but His columns are the inaccessible rock, His pyramids the Alpine and Indian hills, whose beginning knows no time, whose duration no limit. The works of the one may be broken by the wave, shattered by the lightning, or leveled by the powder-blast. But His are immeasurable, invincible, eternal: "As they were in the beginning, are now, and ever shall be."

The Torrinhas—"turrets," or "towers"—defend the entrance to the Curral on the north. The Curral, or Curral das Freiras, is considered, by the tourist, generally, the master-piece of Madeira scenery. Nature, they say, tried her 'prentice-hand on other scenes, and then elaborated this. It is an enormous ravine on the exhausted bed of a former lake, hemmed in on every side by mountainous ranges. Perpendicular and lofty cliffs rise out from the hills by which it is encircled, and resemble the atalayas, or watch-towers of the Alpujarra Mountains of Grenada. From where I first looked down upon it, on the summit of the Torrinhas, nothing on its bottom was fully distinguishable. For I was some thousands of feet above it, and it was darkened by the shadow of reflected mountains. Its church and other buildings seemed small as the toys of children. But there was something impressive, aye, and oppressive, in its vast circuit and gloomy immensity.

A mist obscured the path as I prepared to descend the Torrinhas into the Curral, which added greatly tc the dangers of the road; but as a bivouac on these cold and uncovered peaks all night was otherwise the only alternative, I plucked up resolution, and, contrary to the advice of my guide, proceeded downward. An occasional breeze, uplifting the mist, revealed to us

precipices whose very brink we were at the moment approaching, till my escort, fearing their vows to the Virgin were no longer heard, broke out in open rebellion, and I was obliged to stop. Fortunately, in a short time after, the meridian sun dissipated the vapors, and enabled us to proceed.

I wish the Curral *could* be described. Nature, they say, has her affectations, and this is one of them. The whole scene is on a scale of such original extravagance, so grotesquely sublime, so sublimely grotesque, so discordant with all our preconceptions, so victorious over all imagination, that it at once defeats comprehension and defies description. Indeed, before one attempted to convey to another's mind an adequate picture, he would require much time, deep studies, and the nicest perceptive faculty, and, added to these, an art of coloring beyond any present discovery.

It is called *Curral des Freiras*, or the "Fold of the Nuns." Why, I know not, unless that the mountains which inclose it shut out the rude world from the religious recluse. It is some three thousand feet above the level of the sea and hemmed in by mountains whose summit reach as great a height as six thousand feet above the sea. Upon their jagged peaks we could see small spots of snow sparkling in the sunlight like the diamonds of a crown, which, when approached, we knew would turn out vast fields. Pico Ruivo, with its diadem of clouds, stood out like a despot, in cold isolation, its size and mysterious solitude confirming its claims to supremacy. We saw many a torrent bursting from it whose channels seemed to have been formed by the earthquake. In truth, every thing around or near the Curral appears to have been thrown out in one of nature's spasms. The cataract is more riotous, the precipice more fearful, the face of the mountain

more savage, than nature's regular moods. It is an epic composed by her before she had learned rhythm and poetic laws.

I was fain to rest awhile at the church, situated on a small elevated plateau in the bed of the Curral. The holy padre who officiated there received me kindly, brought wine and cake, and offered lodging for the night; ignorant if I was heretical or of the old faith. The full-orbed moon was rising over Pico Ruivo, and gave promise of a lovely evening. I thought best to avail myself of its light for a homeward journey, and receiving the benediction of the padre, mounted horse and took the road for Funchal. The road for some distance from the Curral clings to the precipitous sides of steep hills, unprotected by wall or parapet on its outer edges. Under the uncertain light of the moon it seemed too hazardous for venture; but the indifference with which my attendants traversed it encouraged me, and without accident we got upon the San Antonio road, which leads safely, though circuitously, to Funchal.

I have been nowhere under the sun where a lover of nature could be more gratified than by the tour I have in vain attempted to describe.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VINTAGE—THE ORIGIN OF THE MADEIRA GRAPE—THE VARIOUS KINDS OF WINE.

ONE of the nicest times in Madeira is the gathering in of the vintage. It is made half-holiday—labor united with festive enjoyment, like a husking in New England, or rather as it *was* in my boyhood. New England since only indulges in *isms*—abolition-ism, temperance-ism, and rheumat-ism.

The grapes mature some time in September—early in the month in the southern part of the island—and there is scarcely a more grateful sight than these round, plump, purple pendants from the vine, which is trained along a net-work of canes, some three or four feet above the ground—

> "Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grape
> In Bacchanal profusion reels to earth,
> Purple and gushing"—

holding out the word of promise to the eye, and *keeping* it to the hope.

The women and girls, with a portion of the men, go into the vineyards with their baskets and gather carefully the grapes. These they bring in on their heads, safely balanced. Would that these girls were prettier, that we might think of Hebes pouring out such wine! But Providence apportions its blessings.

The grapes thus gathered are picked over, "escolhido," and the good and indifferent separated—the best reserved for the costliest wine. They then are thrown into the wine-press, a wide, clumsy trough of wood, into which men jump, barefooted, with their trousers rolled up, and trample out the juice. The advantage of expressing the juice with the feet is said to be that they give way to the stem and seeds, and do not squeeze out and mix their bitterness with the pure juice. Too much care can not be bestowed upon this delicate product of the vine. After the first expression has been drawn off, the remaining portion is collected together in some integument, and fastened by a cord, subjected to a lever pressure. The grapes all exhausted, the juice is conveyed to the store-houses in goat-skins, which are said to give it additional flavor, and there emptied into casks for the process of fermentation, which usually lasts four or five weeks. Water is thrown into the wine-press, after the juice has been carefully extracted, and this, mixing with the refuse, and undergoing the same process as the juice before, forms the "agoa pè," literally foot-water, which is retailed at the ventas to the lower classes at a moderate price, which they drink often immoderately, and induce diarrhea, particularly if used after the fermentation has commenced.

The vintage bringing into Funchal the peasantry, with their filled goat-skins, makes a *fiesta*—a frolic; and of an evening you hear every where in the environs the simple harmony of the machête—a small guitar, used to accompany the voice and dance. Every body dances here, and every body sings, if not with much grace, with great *abandon;* and as the delicious evenings tolerate these festivals out of doors, you see and hear all around you merriment and innocent revelry.

The wine, having ceased fermenting, is drawn off the lees, and put into sweet casks, when it is clarified with eggs, ox blood, or usually with gypsum; a *soupçon* of brandy, also made of the grape, having been previously added to each pipe to prevent the acetous fermentation.

BRINGING WINE TO MARKET IN GOAT-SKINS.

The grapes that furnish the best wines are not agreeable to the palate; there are other grapes, however, most grateful in the mouth, which, with the fresh figs, the orange and the banana, constitute the customary *avant-bouche* of breakfast.

The grape, it is generally allowed, came from Cyprus some four centuries ago, through the patronage of the royal house of Braganza. It soon improved, under the temperate climate and on the volcanic soil

of this island: for the whole history of the vine has demonstrated that volcanic or calcareous soils are best adapted to its cultivation. In the neighborhood of Vesuvius, and within reach of its influence, flourish the choicest vines of Italy, the Falernian and others. Hermitage, the boast of France, affects the *débris* of decomposed hills, or mixture of calcareous and granitic soils; and, generally, the wines that most gladden the heart of man spring from the mold of the earth.

The fancy of the grape for certain soils and positions was not unknown to the ancients. They soon found that the vine throve best in slopes, basking in the sunshine, and on limy soil, and governed its cultivation accordingly. They early discovered, too, how much age develops and enhances the intrinsic value of wines. The cob-webbed bottle was as much of a boast then as now. Horace, Bacchus's poet-laureate, dwells enthusiastically on cotemporaneous *amphora*, which, with him, first saw the light, "Consule Plauco," while Plaucus was Consul, some forty years before, and sings its merits under an inspiration, it may be, borrowed from itself. In earlier Greece, the cultivation of the vine reached the dignity of a fine art. Her poets built lofty verse in grateful commemoration of their indebtedness:

"It made Anacreon's soul divine."

Their best and oldest wine they reserved for the greatest occasions—for the bridal-feasts, the coronation, or sacrifice to the gods. When the embassadors of Agamemnon sought Achilles's tent, with large offers of reparation, upon the acceptance of which depended the fate of Troy, before the son of Thetis would permit them to unfold their message, he directed Patroclus to bring out some of his father's own selected wine,

and to serve it out in unmeasured goblets. And though Homer, for reasons best known to himself, withholds the confession, there can be no doubt that the success of the mission is mainly to be attributed to the free circulation of the cup. Even Ulysses seemed to lay aside his craft, and Achilles to forget his wrongs; and ever since that occasion, in all elevated and polished society, the bottle has passed from right to left; as Homer tells us Achilles passed it.

The soil of Madeira resembles that of the Campagna Felice, where grew and grows the historic Falernian; nor are the flavor and aroma of the best wines of the two unlike, or their sanitary properties. It is a vulgar prejudice that Madeira naturally produces gout. It has been the fashion to decry it from the time the Prince-Regent forsook it for Sherry; as every one who affected to be à la mode, thought it necessary to join with royalty. Those who have deemed it expedient to make a specific charge against the wine, accuse it of producing this "old-gentlemanly" complaint—the gout. The opinion, however, of the most eminent physicians is to the contrary. So is experience on the island. Nowhere do they drink older or better Madeira than where it is made, and nowhere do they suffer less from the gout. Indeed, the disease is unknown to the natives or residents. Doubtless, excessive indulgence in Madeira wines would injure health and shorten life; and this may be said with equal truth of other wines, particularly of Champagne, which, from the too frequent admission of deleterious substances in the manufacture, is sure to undermine the constitution.

Brandied wines of any kind intoxicate, and therefore injure. It is the peculiar felicity of Madeira wines that their own alcoholic qualities are sufficient to their own safety. "Nothing in them doth suffer a sea-

change" by exportation, for the worse. They support themselves, like virtue. That they are sometimes mixed with foreign spirits, and thus become pernicious, is true, as virtue herself suffers by contact with vice; but *caveat emptor*, let the buyer know the producer.

HAULING WINE ON A SLEDGE WITH OXEN.

The discoveries of science have greatly facilitated the proper cultivation of the grape. The study of chemistry, particularly, has done much to improve the fruit by a careful and enlightened investigation of the properties and capacities of the soil. Nor has such been the sole accomplishment of experimental study. *The aspect which the vineyard lends to the sun* has proved an all-important consideration. The same vines upon the same soil, and under the same care have given very different results—a difference traced to

variations of aspect. The vine, to produce a wine of exquisite flavor, should, like the sunflower,

> "Turn to its God when he sets,
> The same look it turned when he rose."

It should bask in its heat all the time it is above the horizon.

The judicious selection of the plants, seasonable pruning of the vine, proper irrigation and careful maturing of the fruit—such are some of the assiduities necessary to the perfect development of the qualities of the grape. By these the astringent properties, which reside in the unreclaimed vine, and which affect injuriously the stomach, are removed; while the rich saccharine matter, the aroma, and those undefined intrinsic virtues which promote cheerfulness, are brought out and developed. No plant of the earth requires more devoted attention, or more abundantly rewards it.

Some of the island proprietors attach vineyards to their quintas (country seats), mingling the useful and the ornamental. The American Consul, Mr. March, had most of the grounds of his quinta covered with the vine. It is a pleasant little villa on the so-called "New Road," about a mile from Funchal; and faces sun and sea. The grounds are some fifty acres in extent; a greater part the two sides of a ravine, or bed of an exhausted torrent—terraced with the vine from the bottom to the highest ground. The soil is composed of a certain fresh mold, the product of an annual dissolution of the rocky hillocks or mounds above, dislodged and borne down by the tempestuous storms of winter. The fertile slopes of the "Côte d'Or" of Burgundy, which furnish the Romanee and Chambertin, have a soil of the same kind. *Non inexpertus loquor.* For last summer, accompanied by Monsieur Jules

Lausseure, one of the largest wine-growers in the district, I went over those regions, so dear to nature and to the gourmand, and made myself as well acquainted with the properties *as the production* of the soil. I recollect to have taken to my lodgings a portion of the soil which was pointed out to me as calcareous, and the effervescence which resulted from the application of vinegar, indicated the presence of a considerable quantity of lime.

The owner of this quinta, cognizant of the eminent merits of the soil and situation, has devoted, and is devoting, much time, labor, and expense to its proper management. Great care is bestowed upon the selection of the cuttings, great nicety in planting, and great assiduity in pruning them. The soil is always kept clean, properly irrigated, and cleared of insects and weeds; and if the grape recover from its present blight, he will reap, many times told, the cost of his outlay and labor. The vineyard, so carefully and scientifically cultivated, will doubtless afford an annual vintage of fifty pipes of Sercial and other wines, the choicest and most costly that the island produces.

The capital of these merchant-proprietors are their vineyards and their stored wines. The latter may be denominated their bank, upon which they determine the extent of their transactions. The long established houses have a large capital in their vaults—a specie capital. I counted many hundred pipes of wine in the store-houses of the Consul; wines of different vintages and denominations, ranging in price according to character and age, from $2 50 the gallon, to as high a sum as the most extravagant would wish to pay. Other old houses such as Newton, Gordon & Co., Blackburns, Oliveira & Davies, have also large store-houses filled.

All the wines of the island pass, with the stranger,

under the general designation of Maderia wines. In the mean time, there is as great a difference between the different wines of the island as between Madeira and Sherry, or Sherry and Port. Some are dry, some full-bodied, some of a fruity taste. Some are light, and others heavy. Some that would have delighted our grandfathers, men of strong heads, and others better suited to modern capacities. They are various in color, too. There are those of deeper red than Port, while others again are paler than sherries. Indeed, there is hardly a taste which could not be gratified with some of the wines of the island.

The wines of the south side of the island are the best; and, indeed, in aroma, delicacy of flavor, and cheerful properties, are unsurpassed anywhere. The finest are the Sercial, the Malmsey, the Bûal, the Tinta or Burgundy Madeira, and the Tinto.

The Sercial is called a *dry* wine. Of a verity, if taken in full glasses, the victim would be *very* dry the morning after. It is potent, and to be treated accordingly. But its bouquet might "create a soul under the ribs of death," if any thing could. It sends an odor through a room sweeter than pastils. A glass after soup confirms the grace before, and predisposes the soul to the fullness of a gratitude—*the sense of favors to come.*

On my descent down "the wide and winding Rhine," I stopped at the Château of Johannisberg, the property of the celebrated Metternich. With some trouble I gained admission to the cellars, and tasted their rich contents. The major-domo (whose German designation I know not how to spell) gave me much information regarding the wines—all which to hear I patiently inclined. The best wine he had, he told me with emphasis, came from a vine he had caused to be

transplanted from Madeira, and which, on that island, produced a wine called Sercial. On that hint I spoke "right out in meetin';" I told him I was recently from Madeira—had often drunk the Sercial there, and dared not believe *that* wine *could* be improved. "Wait," says he, swallowing the bait like a famishing trout—and, releasing a huge key from the bundle at his girdle, bade me follow; which indeed I did. He came to a "bodega," or storehouse, better built and guarded than the rest. He entered. From a crypt, such as in churches they place the images or relics of the saints in, he drew out a bottle, "beautiful exceedingly," and carefully extracted the cork. I fear a doubt might be thrown upon my reputation for veracity if I should venture to tell the whole truth of the effect of the perfume from that uncorked bottle! The remorseless spider, "pleased with the grateful sense," left his protected covert to draw nearer, and extended his antennæ to catch the aroma. If a spider could be so moved, what must have been my feelings? more easily imagined than described. The major poured out, and I drank. Unconsciously I held out my glass to be replenished—"Not for a crowned head!" was his somewhat amazed reply.

This wine sells on the estate at five dollars the bottle, and is mostly bought up, before vintage, for the royal houses of Europe. Prince Metternich, by this and other experiments, has done much to improve his native grape, which will induce many to palliate, if not wholly to excuse, the part he performed in the "Holy Alliance."

The MALMSEY is too luscious a wine for ordinary use. It should be taken as a *liqueur*, and, as such, only by women and children. It is one of the rarest and most costly wines of the island, and is produced nowhere

else. Little of it is grown, and that little only with the greatest care. The slightest fog or moisture blights it, and years often pass without a vintage. The old monks cultivated this vine, cherished it, and loved its juice. Its rich flavor gladdened their cloisters and warmed their devotions. In the solitude of their cells, weary of a world that had given them so little, or wholly intent upon another that promised them so much, they were wont to pass their hours in prayer, in vigils, and recuperative potations—potations which gratified mind and soul more than bodily appetite. What wanted they of Paradise save an Eve? whom they may indeed have had. It was the introduction of this, "Heaven's last best gift," that, in a great degree, caused their expulsion from monasteries, "if ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men."

The Bûal is a delicate and a mellow wine. Its grape, like an Andalusian maiden, should be gathered at the very moment of maturity. Either wither rapidly after. Unlike Sercial, which should be kept at least one half the time Horace demands for poetry, the Bûal is pleasant in its infancy. Yet time, that softens every thing, adds additional mellowness to this. The grape grows scarcer each succeeding year, and the wine of course dearer. The best on the island is produced from the vineyards of Padre Joao, in the district of San Martinho—a priest of the Holy Catholic Church, a worthy man, well skilled in the vine.

The Tinta, also called the Madeira Burgundy, because it has all that sun-set glow of the latter wine, boasts a flavor of peculiar excellence. It gains its rich warm color from the husks of the grape, which are allowed to remain in the cask during fermentation, and which give to the wine some of the astringent properties of port. Its peculiar excellence is ephemeral.

Unlike the other island wines, it gains no value from age. Two or three years are its grand climacteric. Thence it gradually loses its tender flavor and delicate aroma, becomes morose, insipid, soured, like ladies of "a certain age," and, like them, should be sedulously avoided.

But in its prime, Claude's coloring is not warmer, nor Moore's verse more exciting. "Burning Sappho" might have taken her fill of it before the Leucadian leap, or, from her history, might have been often addicted to it; for no wine, unless perhaps its immediate parent, Burgundy, would sooner beget the frenzy of love.

The TINTO is a dark red wine, from a grape larger, softer and juicier than the Tint*a*. It is sometimes known as "the pure juice of the grape," being naturally less potent than the others. Mixed with water, it is very palatable, and a fit accompaniment for the meats, with which it should leave the table.

Then there is also the VERDEILHO, a rare wine produced from the white grape. It is a strong-bodied wine, too potent for general consumption, and seldom used in its natural state.

Such are the best of the normal wines of the island. Others are made of their commixture, among which that exported as "Madeira Wine;" the component parts of which are principally the Verdeilho, the Tinto and Bûal; and wines of various kinds, differing in color, taste and quality, are mingled together from the "mother butts," and exported.

Instead of keeping their wines in cellars, as many of us do, the Madeira proprietors store them above ground. The interior of their "bodegas"—storehouses—is kept deliciously cool, the heat and glare of the sun being watchfully excluded. It is a perfumed

promenade through them, hedges of butts diffusing on either side an unrivaled fragrance—an ever-fresh bouquet of various aromas. Some visitors are accustomed to scent their handkerchiefs or fingers; others, *their breath.*

A bountiful season has given from 25,000 to 30,000 pipes; of which, however, it is safe to say, never more than one fifth was good wine. It behooves the intended purchaser, therefore, to acquaint himself with the exporter's reputation for *good taste* as well as probity.

Intoxication is rarely or never the vice of vine-producing countries. Neither in Portugal, Spain, on the Rhine, nor in France, did I see other than an exceptional case of inebriety. In Madeira, even among the peasantry, a drunkard is a less reputable person than a thief; necessity, they say, may sometimes make the one, but nothing save his own degraded inclination, the other. They drink wine always, and never to excess. "No nation is drunken," says Jefferson in his Letters, "where wine is cheap; and none sober where the dearness of wine substitutes ardent spirits as the common beverage." It is the discovery of the process of distillation which (like the civil feuds of Rome) "has filled the world with widows and with orphans." Prohibit distillation, and abolish the duties on wines, and no necessity would exist for the enforcement of "Maine Laws."

CHAPTER IX.

ARRIVAL OF PRESIDENT ROBERTS—DINNER OF THE CONSUL—MR. ROBERTS'S ACCOUNT OF LIBERIA—ITS TRADE AND PROSPERITY—LINE OF STEAMERS BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND THAT WESTERN COAST.

ONE day His Excellency, J. J. Roberts, the President of Liberia, arrived in Madeira. He came in an English ship of war, which had been placed at his disposal by the Queen. He was on his return to his Presidency from England and France, in both of which countries he had been well received. He had dined with her majesty in England, and had had several interviews with "the nephew of his uncle" at the Tuileries.

He was accompanied by his wife and another woman —perhaps one of the ladies of the bed-chamber—of the color and somewhat of the figure of the Queen of Clubs. Ethiopian wholly.

But the president is quite a nice-looking man, six feet, and "well proportioned." He was not darker than many we meet in America, who have no taint of African blood—and was of agreeable manners, and intelligent. He became a guest, the day or two he tarried at Madeira, of the American Consul, and conducted himself always like one accustomed to society.

The Consul gave him a dinner, to which he invited the island-dignitaries, the governor, and foreign consuls. The duty fell on me of attending the sable lady

to the table, and of sitting next to her. It would have shocked *les convénances* in the United States; but I had left my prejudices with my country, and black as my companion was, I attended to *les petits soins* of my position as faithfully as if she had been the fairest of skin. She seemed to like the Champagne, which she carried as well as any other lady of the *haut ton;* while with her Portuguese neighbor on her other side, she drank glass with glass of the Tinta; but all the while conducted herself with the strictest propriety. I did indeed think her not indisposed to a flirtation with the dessert; but her confession of marriage of course restrained any inclination of the kind one might otherwise have been disposed to indulge. Nor did I suppose her pressure of my hand, as I led her from the table, indicated aught else than a grateful acknowledgment of my attentions to her appetite.

Mrs. Roberts was quite pretty, with an olive complexion, and sparkling eye. She was quiet, unpretending, with somewhat, as the French would say, of "a talent for silence." But she seemed to appreciate what others said, and intimated her sympathy; and such persons are far more interesting companions than mere makers of words.

Mr. Roberts seemed to retain much attachment for his native country, though his lot there had not always been happy. I believe he was born a slave, perhaps in Virginia. If so, he was doubtless emancipated when young—for otherwise it had been difficult, if possible, to attain the manner, equally removed from servility and presumption, which distinguished him.

He said much of the great opportunities our country possessed for a lucrative trade with Liberia and the coast, and the little attention paid to it, while England was every year doubling her profits from that source.

The average import of palm-oil alone for some years past into Liverpool, he said, had been at least 15,000 tons, valued at £400,000 sterling; and England had received altogether as much as $200,000,000 of gold from Africa, and a part of this from Liberia.

He spoke enthusiastically of the fertility of the country. A semi-annual crop of corn, of sweet potatoes, and other nutritious vegetables was easily raised, and in much greater abundance than on the same quantity of land in the United States. An acre of well-cultivated land, he said, would produce $300 of indigo. Coffee, better than Mocha, grew luxuriantly, and dyes of all shades, and for all uses, abounded, while most of the tropical productions grew as spontaneously there.

Some eight thousand of the present inhabitants of Liberia, I understood him to say, were natives of the United States. Some eighty thousand of native Liberians had become civilized, learned the value of civil government, and enrolled themselves citizens of the Republic. Her Republic had not only suppressed the slave-trade along its own coast, but had entered into treaties with several tribes to the number of two hundred thousand men, for the discontinuance of the dreadful traffic.

He told us that the value of the exports of the Republic amounted from half to a million of dollars, and was increasing at the ratio of forty per cent. annually.

The Queen of England and the Emperor of the French had promised him every facility in their power to augment and secure the commerce of the country, as well as to promote in every way its general prosperity. Two lines of steam-propellers are already established between England and Liberia; both very lucrative, and daily becoming more so: while French capital is promised for a French line.

Liberia had been recognized for some years by France and England as an Independent Government; President Roberts was too well-bred to add, when Americans were present, "but it had been slighted by the country of which it is the off-shoot."

That there is a great opening for a remunerating trade between Liberia and our country, if the proper exertion be made, there can be no doubt. Some sagacious Americans have endeavored to engage the public sanction to such an enterprise. Four or five years since, the Hon. Mr. Stanton, of Tenn., then the efficient chairman of the Naval Committee, introduced a bill into the House for the establishment of a line of steamers between the United States and the western coast of Africa. His colleagues lacked the prescience which distinguished him, and refused to entertain the proposition. But doubtless the rapidly-increasing commerce between the two countries, and the easy substitution of such steamers for the costly squadron we now maintain on the African coast, as well as the growing necessity for the exportation of the free blacks, will, at no distant day, compel the carrying out of such a proposition. Mr. Webster, in his last great effort in the United States Senate, pronounced himself warmly for a Governmental scheme of this kind, in furtherance of the colonization of the free colored people; to which object, he thought the proceeds of the sales of the public lands should be devoted. The history of Liberia, under President Roberts's administration, conclusively demonstrates that colored people, when removed from the discouraging contact of the whites, can emerge from a subordinate to an independent condition, and cultivate, with perhaps equal success, the various arts of peace.

The English, and Europeans generally, do not enter-

tain the prejudice against the African, which prevails so generally and naturally among us. From early youth we are accustomed to look down upon them; social degradation or nature has certainly made them our inferiors. But in Europe, it is otherwise. There, law makes no difference in color; social or political rights are independent of the skin; God's image in ebony is respected equally as in ivory. It may be that a certain peculiarity of the African, offensive to us, is unperceived or unregarded by the European; at least I never heard on the other side any complaint, even in warm weather, of too close proximity to the African. At Lisbon I saw, in the highest society, persons of African extraction, *i. e.*, natives of Portugal, whose ancestors had intermarried with blacks. It is true, they had gained no beauty by the cross; but neither had they lost caste. In Paris, cosmopolite Paris, while the African color found no disfavor any where, in certain places it seemed a recommendation. At the Bal Mabille, not an aristocratic assemblage, it is true but none the less an exponent of public manners—I saw no more admired beaux than our "colored brethren."

So President Roberts and suite were lions in Madeira, with foreigners and natives. They would have been fêted, had they consented to remain, with perhaps more earnest honors than a representative of a dynastic European throne; and curiosity would have been as eager, as official etiquette ready, to entertain him. The English ladies were particularly anxious to see "the Black Prince," as he was jocularly called. Holding slavery as the worst of curses, and the most degraded of conditions, their desire to behold and estimate a man who had emerged from it, and become the founder of a growing empire, was vehement. But His

Excellency considered it a duty to hasten to his presidency, and turned his back upon their expectations.

The consul did not permit him to depart empty-handed. He took wherewithal to cheer him on his passage; nor did the ladies go unencumbered.

Should a line of steamers be established between our country and the west coast of Africa, Madeira would be an excellent depôt for coal. Two lines of steamers, from England to other countries, stop at the island for that purpose—the African and the Brazilian lines—and carry passengers and cargoes either way. Madeira would be much visited by Americans, not only to see some of the sublimest scenery in the world, but from motives of curiosity, and particularly from a desire of health. Probably no climate holds out greater encouragement to consumptive and rheumatic patients; and few places, better accommodations at moderate prices. At present, the time and money necessary to be consumed in reaching the island viâ England—the regular route—deter many from the undertaking who would joyfully embrace a more direct and cheaper communication. The great deprivation which would be felt by our countrymen in Madeira, is the want of carriages. The hills are so steep, and the roads covered with such smooth flat stones, it would be dangerous, and doubtless often fatal, to use wheels. One does not easily reconcile himself to the substitute of sledges drawn by oxen, and tires of being always in the saddle—the only other means of riding, except on men's shoulders; still, ox-sledges are safe, if not fast; the horses are sufficiently spirited, and sure-footed, and a palanquin or hammock will allow sleep with progress.

Then there is boating always at command, and plenty of fish always to be caught. There are excur-

sions by water, not easily to be foreborne, to Santa Cruz, to Cama de Lobos, Machico, and other marine places worthy to be visited. And perhaps, after all, with such varied means of locomotion, the palanquin, the ox-sledge, the horse, the foot, and the boat, wheels would not be desired *but that they can not be used.* For I fear that the human heart longs rather for what it can not obtain than is grateful for what it enjoys. Selah.

CHAPTER X.

DOUBTS OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE ISLAND—PLUTARCH'S STORY—THE PHENICIANS—THE ROMANCE, PERHAPS TRUE, OF ROBERT MACHIN AND ANNE D'ABFET.

THE discovery of Madeira rests on conjecture. Plutarch tells us "that Sertorius, flying from before the face of Sylla's legions, met at Gades (Cadiz) some mariners who had lately arrived from the Atlantic Islands." These islands, he says, "are two in number, separated only by a narrow channel, and are at the distance of four hundred leagues from the African coast. They are called the Fortunate Islands. Rain seldom falls there, and when it does, it falls moderately; but they generally have soft breezes, which scatter such rich dews that the soil is not only good for sowing and planting, but spontaneously produces the most excellent fruits, and those in such abundance that the inhabitants have nothing more to do than to indulge themselves in the enjoyment of ease. The air is always pleasant and salubrious, through the happy temperature of the seasons, and their insensible transitions into each other. For the north and east winds which blow from our continent, in the immense tract they have to pass, are dissipated and lost; while the sea winds, that is, the south and west, bring with them from the ocean slight and gentle showers, but oftener only a refreshing moisture, which imperceptibly scatter plenty on their plains. So that it is

generally believed, even among the barbarians, that these are the Elysian Fields, and the seats of the Blessed which Homer has described on all the charms of verse." Sertorius, the same authority assures us, was so excited with this relation, that he conceived a strange desire to settle down in these peaceful islands, where wars or rumors of wars should never reach him more; for wars, since they had proved disastrous, he had learned, like a true philosopher, to despise. His soldiers, however, refused to follow him to places where there would be no sacking of cities, or other legitimate plunder: so he was obliged to abandon his design, and return to his former occupation of throat-cutting.

By some, a much earlier discovery is claimed. They contend that the Phenicians, next to Noah the earliest of navigators, who, by order of Pharoah Necho, six centuries before Christ, sailed from the Red Sea round Africa, and returned by the pillars of Hercules, visited these islands; but they adduce nothing save plausibilities in support of the theory.

An island with such romantic scenery, soft climate, and graceful vegetation, deserves more than ordinary origin; and, fortunately for the fitness of things, boasts of one as indubitably authenticated as that of mighty Rome. And history or fable typifies the destiny of either. The wolf-sucked founders of Rome impressed upon its character the ferocity they imbibed from their foster-mother; while the soft desires and venial offences of this island may be said to have been inherited from the example of its claimed discoverers. The story is this: Some time in the reign of Edward the Third of England, a young lady of noble birth, neglectful of *les convénances*, fell in love with a young man of plebeian blood. His presumption in recipro-

cating the sentiment was punished by imprisonment under the royal warrant. But love, even in those days, laughed at locksmiths; and Robert Machin—for such was his inexpressive designation—after awhile, effected his escape from durance, and found means to put himself in communication with Anne d'Arfet, our bewitched and bewitching heroine, whose ancestors came over with the Conqueror. While his Most Gracious Majesty was experimenting at Cressy and Poictiers with his new *fire-engines*, putting out not the houses but the lives of Frenchmen, Robert Machin succeeded in carrying off Anne from her father's castle and embarking, with a vessel and crew previously hired for the purpose, for the coast of France. A violent tempest drove them from their course far out upon the ocean, and after twelve days of storm and uncertain latitude, threw them, half dead with fatigue and hunger, upon the shore of Madeira. It was at a place now called Machico, some twenty miles east of Funchal, where there is an indenture of the coast that may be called, from strained courtesy, a harbor, they landed. A few hours after they had been ashore, another tempest tore their vessel from its moorings, and drove it, untenanted, to sea. Anne d'Arfet, whose mind and health had been much affected by the exposure and perils she had undergone, for which an education in baronial halls had not prepared her, immediately began to droop; and notwithstanding the mild loveliness of the climate, and the delicious fruits, died within three days; fortunately too soon to realize the dangers of an ill-assorted union, or to add another instance to the oft-verified maxim—"that they who care so little for the fifth will care still less for the seventh commandment." Her husband or lover followed her in five days, and the survivors placed them

in the same grave. Their burial-place is under the village church of Machico—a town that takes its name and interest from the hero of this story—the only interest indeed attached to the place. The houses are miserable, and their occupants beggars.

Tired soon of the monotonous security of the island, the surviving crew put to sea in an open boat; were, some days out, captured by a Moorish cruiser, carried to Barbary, and sold as slaves; one more daring or fortunate than the rest effected his escape, and reached the Spanish territory. During his life, the account of his adventures was either disbelieved or neglected; but a half century later coming to the ears of Don Henry, "the Conquistador," it engaged his attentive consideration; under his auspices, Joao Gonsalves da Camara fitted out an exploring expedition, and, having reached Porto Santo, noticed a dark cloudy outline on the horizon, which, on being nearer approached, proved to be the island of Madeira. The point which they first made they called San Lourenço, from the name of their vessel—and the island itself *Madeira*, the Portuguese word for wood—because, when discovered, it was covered with dense and magnificent forests.

Such is the story—*Si non è vero è bene trovato*—that is (liberally) "if not true, it ought to be." The natives believe it; and the courteous visitor, if he doubts, concedes its truth. It is no more improbable than many other histories better attested.

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CHAPTER XI.

DEPARTURE FROM MADEIRA—ENTRANCE OF THE TAGUS—FIRST VIEW OF LISBON—FIRST INTERROGATORY THERE—MONOPOLIES—ARRIVAL.

EARLY in the spring I took the schooner "Galgo" from Madeira for Lisbon. I had summoned resolution enough to tempt the sea once more in a sailing vessel. The steamer from the Brazils, which regularly touched *en route* at Madeira, often brought yellow fever with its other freight, and I preferred to this uncertain winds. Our captain was a Portuguese; and as he could not speak a word of English nor I more of his language, we got along excellently well together. We understood each other by signs—a terser eloquence than speech.

On the ninth day from leaving the island we descried the main-land, and in the evening reached the mouth of the Tagus, but too late to pass the bar. I did not rise sufficiently early next morning to witness the entrance into the harbor, yet in time to appreciate the picturesque dangers of this passage. The murmurs of the restless breakers and their glittering crests impressed us fearfully for some time after we had escaped their reach. Tales, that we had heard in our protracted voyage of frequent fatalities from their rage, had somewhat fevered our blood; and wonted circulation only returned with the distanced bar. Two revolving lights, standing opposed to each other, contain and indicate

the only safe pathway; outside of either is inevitable destruction. And so narrow is the entrance, so easily missed or lost, that during storms many a gallant vessel perishes, crew and cargo.

The Tagus flows seven miles from the Custom-house of Lisbon to the bar; its banks profusely studded with quintas, vineyards and villages. Two castles, bristling with guns, frown upon the entrance—threaten but do not strike. Some twenty years since, the admiral of the French fleet passed the bar, almost unopposed by these fortifications, and captured, with Lisbon itself, the whole Portuguese fleet. In truth, while no marine city in Europe is more capable of successful defense, none has been more frequently or shamefully taken—from its capture by the Crusaders from the Moors in the twelfth century down to the present day.

From the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, we beat up and down the golden-sanded Tagus. With wind and tide dead and strong against us, we could make but little progress. But I heard no expression of impatience from the crowded deck of our vessel. An operatic troupe from the Brazil, returning adventurers, Lisbonians who had hybernated in Madeira, English and other valetudinarians, with careless voyagers like myself—all, recumbent or on their feet, were absorbed in the lovely and ever-changing prospect. Castles and towers, convents, fortified bluffs, dismantled strongholds, interspersed with quiet country seats and relieved with sparkling landscapes, hung over the varying course of our vessel; illustrating its career with alternate views. Soon after our entrance within the river we encountered the Tower of Belem, a half-Gothic half-Moorish structure. Its unaccustomed architecture and imminent position—the uninformed curiosity respecting its original purpose—its varied history and un-

certain founder, puzzled the mind. It is defended by a battery in front, and at high water is nearly surrounded by water. The Peña Castle, crowning the Highlands of Cintra, and, more indistinctly, the remoter palatial fortifications of Mafra, we had descried even before the passage of the bar—now more distinct on nearer view. The Convent of San Jeronylmo—once a wealthy religious institution, and now an equally useful orphanage, where boys, parentless and indigent, are taught, at the government's expense, lucrative arts—we also passed. It was erected and endowed—so an intelligent Portuguese told us—in commemoration of the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope by Vasco de Gama. In a hut, occupying the site where the church now stands, he passed the livelong night previous to his departure in vigils, fasting and prayer. From this spot the next morning he boarded his vessel; and encouraged by his dreams—which are revelations to the sanguine—he confidently set forth upon his hazardous enterprise. The monarch of the time, Dom Manuel, erected this church in honor of the Virgin, who had heard his vows, and accorded to the hardy navigators the safe circumnavigation of the cape. It is a circumstance worthy in this relation to be mentioned, that some of the companions of Vasco, returning home from their expedition, either from purpose or by accident taking a western route, discovered the Brazils, eight years subsequent to the discovery by Columbus of the West Indies—an event at the time unknown to the Portuguese explorers. Thus it seems that the fullness of time had come for the revelation to the Old of the New World. The use of the compass had made it inevitable, and Columbus but anticipated his cotemporaries.

On our left, high placed on an elevated ridge, we

admired the magnificent palace of Ajuda, a right royal residence; the broad river, crowded with the varied sails of divers nations; while before us, rising from the waters, stood the beauteous city itself, with its domes, spires and towers reflecting the sunbeams; and above all this gorgeous spectacle the azure canopy of the heavens—a sky softer and more transparent than northern imagination had preconceived.

Emotions escape through poetry as through a safety-valve; and if nature will not permit of our making verses, memory, more kind, enables us to repeat them: and I brought Byron to my rescue:

> "What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold!
> Her image floating on that noble tide
> Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold;
> But now whereon a thousand keels did ride
> Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied,
> And to the Lusians did her aid afford.
> * * * * * * *
> Oh, Christ! it is a goodly sight to see
> What Heaven hath done for this delicious land!
> What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree!
> What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand.
> * * * * * * *

But no description—not the most poetical—can render all the beauties of such a scene; for neither eye nor mind can absorb its infinite variety.

A duty, however, I owed myself—the duty of dining—made me quite willing to quit vessel, scenery and romance, when, at 4 o'clock, P.M., we at last cast anchor.

The first interrogatory at Lisbon to a stranger, even before he is allowed to land, is, "How are you off for soap?" This is literally true. Your passport may be strictly *selon les règles*, your sanitary condition admir-

able, and your disposition toward the government unquestionably kind; and yet a cake of soap, no bigger than the pebble that overcame the dread son of Anak, prove your ruin. When I was cautioned to divest my luggage of soap, I hastily concluded that the Portuguese, not using the article themselves, maliciously denied it to others. Some passenger, however, was kind enough to advise me that soap was a monopoly in Portugal—a company of contractors paying a large sum annually to the government for the exclusive sale of the article; and that an agent of the company had boarded us somewhere near Belem Castle. Wherefore, whatever soap I had with me and cared to preserve, I carefully concealed in my pockets, and in those of a friend kindly offered for the purpose; and though somewhat perfumed, it all escaped the uneducated scent of the visitatorial police.

And we had to run a second gauntlet for our cherished weed. Tobacco is also a monopoly here, yielding the government an annual revenue of $1,500,000—a monopoly injurious to both the parties. The contractors find—what with the sum annually paid for the exclusive privilege of vending the article, the cost of an extensive police, and the inevitable smuggling (much of which is done *legally* through the foreign legations)—the trade from year to year decreases; while the government, by a system of moderate duties on the raw material, and judicious fostering of domestic manufactories of cigars, would not merely gain in revenue, but be emancipated from the pernicious control which this company, through its many and various ramifications, exercises over its action. For so extensive and potent is the machinery of this monopoly, that when it chooses to put forth all its means of corruption and intimidation, it can secure a majority in the Cortes,

and, thence, command of the ministry. The present able Minister of Finance laments, and strives to devise a remedy for this evil; but his colleagues fear its abolition would bring on a deficiency in the revenue, not elsewhere to be made good. As it now exists, it is a source of incessant vexation to visitors. Violations of the company's regulations are punishable with greater severity than crimes—the latter the government can pardon, but over the former it has relinquished all power to the monopoly. That alone can throw open the prison-doors, and bid the captive go free. And this irresponsible power is liable to constant abuse. Sailors, coming incautiously on shore with vital plugs in their pockets, have been frequently unceremoniously incarcerated. And but a few days before our arrival—so the captain informed us—a passenger by the Brazilian steamer from England, a respectable personage, had been subjected to durance vile for an abortive attempt to smuggle a few choice Havanas.

Forewarned, I determined to be forearmed. I had stowed in my portmanteau a few dozen of a box presented me in Madeira by Lieutenant J. H. Adams, as on his way to Japan he stopped at our island in the "Powhatan," upon an expedition from which, alas! he was destined never to return. In him, his companions lost a friend without guile, and the service an officer beyond reproach. These I desired to save, and could think of but one way. In many cases, the safest is the boldest course. I filled my cigar-case, and carefully stowing the rest with my soap in my pockets, approached the "detective." I knew the language well enough to ask him to smoke. He took and lighted a cigar—took and lighted another, took and lighted, talked and smoked all the way from the Belem Castle to our moorings. The calumet had been passed

between us, our smoke had commingled, and when, giving and receiving salutations, I left the deck for the boat that was to take me ashore (all vessels anchoring in the stream at Lisbon) I felt my person was sacred, whether there was the smell of smoke on my garments or no.

And yet after escaping the soap and tobacco perquisitions, I was still not free to land. Although we had come from an integral part of Portugal, and in a Lisbon vessel, our passports were subjected to as rigid a scrutiny as if we had arrived direct from a hostile country. Some trifling verbal irregularity in mine threatened for awhile to prevent my going ashore. The explanations of the captain, who guarantied my harmlessness, sufficed finally to obtain from the scrupulous officer a conditional release: I was permitted to land, on my promise, confirmed by the captain's guaranty, that I should report myself next morning to the police, and abide its decision. This I cheerfully assented to—as I would have done to almost any condition that would have enabled me to dine on shore. No sooner had I landed than incontinently I made my way to the Hotel de Braganza, where I ordered a dinner of mutton-chops and raw tomatoes sliced. It was the dinner I should have made on the Isle of Wight.

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CHAPTER XII.

VEXATIOUS POLICE—LISBON—TAXATION—MILITARY SERVICE—CARRIAGES—THE QUEEN—KING CONSORT.

The Custom-house and police of Lisbon cause you more trouble at your landing than you meet at any other port perhaps in Europe. Every portmanteau or package is searched, and your passport rigidly scrutinized. You lose a great deal of time and all your patience before you have undergone the two ordeals. As in barbarous countries, *stranger* and *enemy* are synonymous. I don't know whether the underlings of the police office delayed the visée of my passport in hopes of a *douceur*, or whether from the mere consciousness of the pain they were inflicting; but it was hours before I could obtain their sanction to remain in Lisbon. It is true there was some irregularity in the passport I had obtained from the Governor of Madeira, but an irregularity of trifling import, and patent on the face of it. However, I bore the insolence of office in eloquent silence: the only eloquence of which I was capable, as I did not know even the objurgatory part of the language, which is always soonest learned.

I was disappointed in Lisbon, and most agreeably. Lord Byron and my other authorities had given me an unfavorable impression of the place. The first had written of the inhabitants as "dingy denizens," and of palaces and huts as equally filthy. Since his time, then,

fortunate changes needs must have taken place. I found streets and people clean. The higher classes of the Portuguese take very good care of their persons, and as for the lowest, they are pretty much the same the world over.

Lisbon, like Rome, stands on seven hills, upon the top of the highest of which the Castle of St. George is situated, the most prominent object to the eye from the Tagus. Many of the streets are well paved, and the Alcmeria, a very precipitous street, is occupied with the massive palaces of the Portuguese nobility, with an occasional pendant garden.

Though full of churches, Lisbon boasts of no eminent cathedral. Its aqueduct, however, would have done credit to Roman architects in Rome's best days. Its principal arches cross the valley to the north-east of the city, and discharge the cool, sparkling, delicious element into a rocky edifice, called Mother of Waters, whence the whole city is supplied. The source is seven leagues distant, and there are other edifices and public works not unworthy of attentive regard. There is the Church of San Roque, coarse and common in its exterior, but containing within its walls some of the best mosaic in the world, fashioned and finished at a cost of a million or more of money. Then there are the English and Portuguese cemeteries, as attractive to the living as the empty mansions of the dead can ever be. The Black Horse Square is one of the finest in Europe: one side abuts on the Tagus, to which you descend by a massive flight of steps; on the opposite side is the entrance, the gateway of which, formed of brilliant marble, will, when completed, be a specimen of gorgeous architecture. The Custom-house and other buildings of stone and marble complete the square, while an equestrian statue of Dom Joseph, no indifferent

piece of art, embellishes the center. Then there is the Praza of Dom Pedro, a nice promenade, and the Public Gardens, a better lounge for Sunday evenings, where the Queen's band performs.

I saw no beggars in the streets, and should have come, like travelers generally, to some hasty and unadvised conclusion therefrom but for the explanation of a friend, who informed me that Government prohibited beggary, *i. e.*, incarcerated all who were caught soliciting alms. This is a fortunate arrangement for the sojourners within the gates; but I doubt if the alternative between starvation and a prison is considered much of a boon by the pauper population, whose name is legion here as well as in the Continental cities generally. I know no language better adapted than the Portuguese to mendicancy. The melancholy and lugubrious sounds of the terminating *ao* break upon the ear like a dying groan; and this accompanied by the whine and loathsome appearance of a professional pauper is irresistible. Self-defence, more powerful than charity, compels you to give. For it is your own relief you seek. The income tax here has gone far beyond the audacity of Sir Robert Peel. His principle has been carried out, as the logicians would say, *ad absurdum.* The poor laborer, who by dint of unintermitted exertion, gains his dollar or his half *per diem*, is obliged to pay 10 per cent. of the amount to the Treasury; and with this fact before me, I was a little surprised that Government had suppressed beggary, for it might have come in for its tithe there also!

Every able-bodied young man in Portugal is liable to service in the army, from eighteen to twenty-four years of age; and all who can not pay for a substitute, are obliged to become soldiers at ten cents per day, all things included. Many maim themselves to escape en-

listment; and more desert, and fly the country. What with monopolies, taxes, and compulsory military service, the condition of the lower classes here is not most enviable.

And yet they do not seem unhappy; and doubtless are more contented with their lot than others with a better. It is not, indeed, the *little* or the *much* that constitutes happiness, but the disposition with which either is received. This unquestionably has struck others as well, and I claim no merit for the discovery.

Lisbon is not a "fast" place—nor "progressive." The people stand by the landmarks which their fathers have set up, and are slow at imitation, unless with the higher classes, who ape French manners. This adherence to ancient usages I noticed in many things; in more than in carriages for hire, the fashion of which, as well perhaps as the very vehicles themselves, has come down through generations. They are so high in the air that you can not get into them without ladders, or your driver's assistance. They have two wheels and two horses. The driver straddles the nigh horse, and whips the off one, whose back is covered with something probably intended for a saddle, with a projection into the air from the pummel, like a miniature steeple. Sometimes mules are used. The "Patriarch's" carriage is drawn by four of these animals, with bells round their necks; and clattering and ringing through the streets, it makes quite a sensation. Why the Patriarch prefers mules I did not learn—perhaps in imitation of the founder of his religion, who rode into Jerusalem mounted in that way; and certainly, whatever heretics may say otherwise against the high dignitaries of the Holy Church, they can not refuse them the praise of humility.

Mules, if not so handsome, are more serviceable

than horses; at least in Portugal. It is astonishing how much they will carry and endure. I often met them coming into the city with a whole domestic establishment on their backs—furniture, kitchen-utensils, beds—one mule moving a whole family, women and children surmounting the load. They ride upon them, eat upon them, sleep upon them—indeed make of them ambulatory residences; and the poor animals get for all their endurance stripes, for all their exhausting exertions starvation. But this is so every where. Where we hear no complaints we imagine no sufferings; or if we do, heed them not.

The less said of the Portuguese ladies the better—physically and morally. Of course, I speak generally, making all due exceptional allowance. Black eyes and blacker hair is mostly their physical beauty. I attended a ball at the Duchess of Palmella's, where all the *ton* of Lisbon were assembled; and among the native Portuguese there was not one really beautiful girl. Two English young ladies and one American relieved the scene from monotonous ugliness. They stood out, like stars, and dispelled the darkness. There were, however, many fine-looking men present; and, indeed, you find no handsomer gentlemen than the Portuguese, or of more agreeable manners and conversation. It were well if they intermarried with women of other nations, and transmitted their own good looks to other generations.

I attended the opera one night, rather to see than hear—for the company, a French one, was indifferent. I saw the queen there (since dead), Donna Maria da Gloria, who was thought well qualified to reign till she had ascended the throne. Her father's popularity was her capital, which she soon exhausted. She had one fault more unpopular with her countrymen than want

of administrative capacity—*a want of good manners.* Call a Portuguese a cheat, a robber, a coward, and he may forgive you; but accuse him of bad manners—what he expresses by "mal criado"—and he never will. They expect to receive from others the same consideration they concede. Now, Her Most Faithful Majesty had great hauteur, which begat a brusqueness and rudeness of deportment not calculated to render her respected by her lieges. But it was not so with her royal consort, Dom Fernando. His gracious manners and agreeable disposition made him popular with all classes; and as he never meddled in political quarrels, but was ever ready to interpose his kind offices in favor of any deserving individual of whatever faction, he had around him hosts of attached and influential friends; so that, on the decease of his wife, he became King-Regent with an assent almost universal. It speaks well for both the royal parents that their sons have been admirably educated—in mind, manners and exercises. They often were seen in public unattended, and no otherwise distinguished than by their unpretending deportment and gentlemanly address.

CHAPTER XIII.

CINTRA—PALACE—QUINTA OF JOHN DE CASTRO—PANORAMIC VIEW—TORRES VEDRAS—COIMBRA—STORY OF INEZ DE CASTRO—OPORTO.

But one does not tarry long in Lisbon. There are places in its vicinity which insist upon your early presence;—more than others, Cintra. Known to me by reputation as one of the loveliest spots on earth,* I was still wholly unprepared for its excessive beauty. It resembles enchantment, and one must borrow new epithets of commendation to describe it. Surprise overpowers admiration as the scene bursts upon you. Nothing is more bleak, somber and desolate than the waste and stony wall that, rising high over the Lisbon road, protects Cintra from the profane eye. But the rock once turned, and what a fairy scene opens to the eye! The most gorgeous foliage, of deepest green, gigantic trees, savage hills, untamed forests, waterfalls,

* "I know not how," says Mr. Southey, "to describe to you the strange beauties of Cintra: it is, perhaps, more beautiful than sublime, more grotesque than beautiful; yet I never beheld scenery more calculated to fill the beholder with admiration and delight. This immense rock or mountain is in part covered with scanty herbage; in parts it rises into conical hills, formed of such immense stones, and piled so strangely, that all the machinery of deluges and volcanoes must fail to satisfy the inquiry for their origin. But the abundance of wood forms the most striking feature in this retreat from the Portuguese summers. The houses of the English are seen scattered on the ascent, half hid among cork-trees, elms, oaks, hazels, walnuts, the tall canes, and the rich green of the lemon gardens."

cataracts, towers, domes, and Moorish ruins, labyrinthine paths, and gushing rivulets, quintas, and palaces. In what other place under the sun have nature and art united to form so glorious a scene!

I ascended the lofty and precipitous peak once surmounted by the principal stronghold of the Lusitanian Moors. Its walls seem a part of the rock out of which they spring; and as I looked from out of its watch-towers, surveyed the vast distance below, and felt with what toil and fatigue my unopposed ascent had been accomplished, I marveled how armed men, holding with determined hand the approaches to the castle, could have been overcome, till "famine or the ague ate them up." Rocks detached from the battlements would have overwhelmed hosts, and a bold sally driven back armies. But the spirit of the Moors was subdued before their fastnesses. Yet they never ceased to regret what they had been unable to save; for, long after their expulsion, holy men among them would cross the straits, and, braving perils of sea and land, repair to the rocky tomb, near their ancient fortress, of a famous Sidi, and there, like the Jews of old, sit down and weep, remembering their former glories.

Cintra is as rich in historic associations as natural beauties. I visited the somber palace—my recollections, it may be, coloring my thoughts—where the Boy-King Sebastian gathered together the chivalry and boast of Portugal, to aid him in his gasconading expedition against the Moors of Africa, who avenged upon the bloody field of Alcazarquibir their own expulsion and insulted faith. The Christian banner went to the ground with the gallant nobles who sought to uphold it—and the king ne'er returned to meet his people's curse.*

* The fate of Sebastian is one of the many historical puzzles. His dead body was not found at the field of Alcazar, nor was he

Old Joao de Castro's quinta I saw—that half-mad old viceroy of Goa—what time Portugal held an empire in the Indies, on either hemisphere, and made its name feared from the rising to the setting sun. The stones that stand before the portal of his quinta are crumbling into dust—the inscription so deeply graven upon them is fading away, but his name and the deeds he accomplished will remain in his country's history forever. And not far off is seen all that remains of the dilapidated structure of "England's wealthiest son"—the owner of Font-Hill, and the author of "Vathek"—whose life illustrated the wide difference between wisdom of conduct and of speech.

And whoever wishes to embrace within the circuit of the eye an unmatched panorama, let him ascend the summit of the Pena Convent and look around him. In one direction, some three leagues distant, lies the broad Atlantic, with intermediate plain and meadow,

taken prisoner there. Some writers contend that he afterward appeared in Venice, and maintaining his identity, claimed the protection of that Republic—that while there he was seized by the Spaniards—conveyed to Naples, of which they had possession, and thence to Spain, where he died in prison. As Philip II. of Spain had conquered Portugal, it was for his interest to keep the secret of Sebastian's existence inviolate—and the exhibition of his dead body to the people of Lisbon was a mere state trick, got up to deceive the Portuguese with the belief of the extinction of their own royal line.

So Scottish authors assert that James did not fall on the fatal field of Flodden—but made long pilgrimages to other lands till his death—not wishing to reappear in a land his rashness had brought to the brink of destruction.

There, too, is the French story of the *Masque de Fer*, or Iron Mask—which with the preceding and many others serve to relieve the sometimes austere character of history. Their solution, whatever it may be, can not, fortunately, affect the interests of the present day.

undulating like the sea itself; and turning somewhat to the left, you behold the entrance to the Tagus with the opposed castles and rotatory lights; Belem structure, and San Jeronylmo Convent; the canvas of commerce enlivening the river, and the white houses its shores. On another side Mafra* gives to the eye

* Kinsey in his "Portugal Illustrated" thus speaks of it: "The extent of this noble structure is prodigious. It contains at once a palace, a convent, and a church of imposing magnitude, and it is proudly termed the 'Escurial of Portugal.' Mafra is about twenty miles north of Lisbon, and is surrounded by a bleak and solitary country, within view of the sea. It was considered a place of great strength in the time of the Moors, who built a fortress here, of which, however, no vestiges are discoverable at the present day. On this spot Joao V.—who surrendered himself to a corrupt nobility, an intriguing and artful priesthood, and women of bad character—not contented with the vain display of having elevated the church of Lisbon into a patriarchate, to vie with that of St. Peter's at Rome, employed his troops in the erection of an edifice that was to eclipse by its splendor and magnificence the glories of the Spanish Escurial. Its construction was confided to a foreign architect; its embellishments were completed by Dutch, French, and Italian artists; and the splendid vestments in silk for the service of the priests were manufactured at Lyons. The marbles which resemble wood with work inlaid, are principally the production of the mountain overlooking Cintra, and of the celebrated quarry of Puo-Pinheiro. The six colossal columns in red marble, of one single block, which decorate the three chief altars of the church, and the large pannels of marble, perfectly black, which adorn the lower part of the side walls, justly challenge the admiration of travelers. The six organs in the chapel are extremely handsome, and their tones perfectly correspond with the richness of their exterior ornaments. * * * The plan of this edifice forms a quadrangle, measuring from east to west seven hundred and sixty feet, and from north to south six hundred and seventy feet. In the center of the west front is a sort of an Ionic hexastyle portico, which leads to the church; at each side is a pavilion, one for the accom modation of the royal family, the other for the patriarch and

its solitary architecture—half palace, half convent—a large, formless, limitless agglomeration of stone, upon whose flattened roof, it is said, ten thousand troops could be reviewed at once. Seen from such a distance its immensity impresses the mind, while on nearer approach it seems tasteless in design and defective in execution; and countless wind-mills, seldom quiet, the quintas, gardens, parks, and pleasure-grounds of the Portuguese noblesse line and decorate the road to Lisbon.

These azure mountains and transparent sky; these sparkling lakes, river, and heaving ocean; these convents crowning wooded hills, cliff, crag and bold headland; statues and palaces, and historic ruins; the "cork-trees hoar," the vine and the fig, the acacia, the olive and the almond-tree—form, indeed, a scene the eye relucts to quit, and the memory never relinquishes.

The village of Cintra contains from eight hundred to a thousand inhabitants, and is, during the summer months, the residence of the court and foreign ministers. Many of the latter have permanent country-seats there. The Crown of England owns one of the

mitered canons. At the rear of the building is a monastery with eight hundred cells. The library is three hundred and eighty-one palmos long by forty-three broad, and is supposed to contain between forty and fifty thousand volumes. In the dado of the high altar are two large tables of black marble so highly polished that John V. used them as looking-glasses before they were sent hither. Among the ornaments of the edifice are fifty-eight statues of Carrara marble, some of which are very well executed. We may form some idea of the magnitude of the whole building by the number of apartments it contains, which amount to eight hundred and sixty-six; the doors and windows being some five thousand two hundred. The entire of this vast pile is vaulted and covered over with flags, forming a platform whereby we may walk over the summit of the edifice. The gardens, which are in the rear, are very extensive, and formerly were well stored with exotics imported from Asia, Africa and America by the founders."

finest; occupied, while I was in Portugal, by Sir Richard Packenham, once representative of the English Government at Washington, where his character and deportment secured him every consideration. It illustrates, by the way, the small value attached to the embassy near our court, among European diplomats, that the one at Lisbon should be preferred, though Portugal is but a third-rate power. Society at Washington is, generally, so nomadic, its manners and customs in such a transition state, its accommodations so limited and rude, that persons accustomed to the refinements and comfort of European life soon sicken and retire. Sir Richard, however, spoke gratefully of Washington, and even commended it as a residence—expressing a belief that, in its rapid increase, it would soon extend to Bladensburg—I intimated, in reply, that I thought my countrymen had been there once too often already.

Then there is Batalha,* worth a visit if you wish to

* The great, and indeed the only inducement to visit Batalha, which is situated about half-way between Lisbon and Coimbra, is this beautiful Dominican Abbey with the attached Church. It was erected, at the close of the fourteenth century, by "John the Bastard," to commemorate the decisive victory won by his troops over those of Castile, though far outnumbering his, on the bloody field of Aljubarrota—a victory which secured the throne of Portugal to his dynasty—a sight of it is worth even the harassing journey from Lisbon; perils of the road by day, and of the inn by night.

King John, determined to build a monastery superior to all the monasteries of Europe, invited, with the largest rewards, the most eager competition. The building is one of the finest specimens of the Norman Gothic extant—and as Gothic architecture at the time flourished in England, it is not improbable that an English artist devised it—a presumption better warranted from the circumstance that the Queen Phillippa was the daughter of "old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster," and endowed with great taste. "In the interior of the church," says an intelligent traveller—

see the finest cathedral in Portugal, and one of the finest on the Peninsula. The lines of Torres Vedras, where "the Duke" held the French invaders at bay till he had prepared his troops to meet and overthrow them in the open field. One end of these extraordinary fortifications rested upon the sea, and the other upon the Tagus—extending some twenty-nine miles in length, and at an average distance of thirty-five from Lisbon. The art of the engineer had aided the natural strength of this mountain line, and the British commander, with seventy thousand troops under him, laughed at Massena's out-numbering battalions. So great was the security felt at Lisbon, that a ride to the "Lines" became an ordinary party of pleasure. If you seek to conciliate the good-will of the Portuguese, visit these lines, and speak of them as defended by their valor. There is a longer excursion to Coimbra, famous for its university—whose students were among the first to rise against the French—and

"there is a chaste and noble plainness, and the general effect, which is grave and sublime, is not derived from any meretricious embellishments, but from the intrinsic merit of the design. The forms of its moldings and ornaments are also different from those of any other Gothic building that I have seen. Throughout the whole are to be observed a correctness and regularity evidently the result of a well-conceived, original design. The extent from the western entrance to the eastern extremity is four hundred and sixteen feet, and from north to south, including the monastery, it measures five hundred and forty-one feet. In every thing that constitutes the ornamental or the elegant, the principal entrance certainly stands unrivaled by any other Gothic frontispiece in Europe."

As I viewed this imposing and ancient structure, sunset was falling upon it, covering the crowded association of pinnacles, spiers, windows, and buttresses, with a mellowed light. The unbroken solitude of the place, the far-projected shadows, and the umbrageous canopy of traditional oaks, together with the sparse and venerable friars—fit emblem of the past—filled my mind with thoughts of pleasing melancholy.

famous, in the olden time, as the scene of a tragic occurrence which has lent to history the coloring of romance. It has been the theme of the poet, the dramatist, and the novelist, in Portuguese literature. The Infante Don Pedro had conceived an inextinguishable passion for Iñez de Castro, the daughter of a noble Castilian who had sought an asylum in Portugal from Pedro the Cruel. The defenders of Iñez—who seems to have excited in her own time and to have maintained since, the same interest with authors and readers as the Scottish Mary—insist that this attachment, though reciprocated with equal fervor on her part, never exceeded, during the life of Pedro's wife, the limits of personal chastity—a presumption perhaps warranted by the enduring character of Pedro's attachment; for however it may be with legitimate espousals, satiety soon follows unblessed fruition.

The king, Alfonso, who feared that on the decease of Pedro's wife—a woman of delicate health—the Infante, in the excess of his love, would marry Iñez notwithstanding the disparity of their positions, endeavored to prevent such a consummation by insisting upon Donna Iñez being godmother to one of the Infanta's children—the spiritual connection between the father of a child and its godmother being, according to the canons of the Church, a no less insuperable bar than natural affinity. But on the death of his wife, the violence of Pedro's passion could be no longer resisted. He obtained Papal dispensation, and wedded Iñez, though in secret. Fear of parental wrath induced him to conceal the marriage, and even to suffer in silence disgraceful imputations on his wife's character. She lived in perfect seclusion at Coimbra, in an embowered quinta they still call from her story Quinta das Lagrimas, where she became the mother of five children. Some favor-

ites of the king, who suspected the real state of the case between Pedro and Iñez, and who feared that on her becoming queen, her brothers would overshadow them, excited in his bosom apprehensions for the safety of Don Pedro's son, Ferdinand, by his former wife, whom they said that Iñez was secretly contriving to dispose of, and insisted that the death of Iñez was indispensable to his grandson's as well as the public security. The old queen, who was much attached to her son and knew of his unbounded love for Iñez, gave him timely notice of these machinations; but he, looking upon her warning as a stratagem to induce his consent to another matrimonial alliance, and believing besides his father incapable of such atrocity, slighted her premonitions. One day when the Infante had gone upon a hunting excursion, the enemies of Iñez persuaded the king to visit Coimbra, and execute their horrid purpose. Iñez, terrified at the violent and menacing intrusion into her seclusion, threw herself with her infants at the feet of the old king, and implored mercy for his son's wife and children. Her beauty, and the sight of his grandchildren, moved the old man's heart, and he left her and them unharmed. But the remonstrances of his favorites, Gonsalves, Pacheco, and Coelho, who had accompanied him to Coimbra, once more hardened his feelings, and with his permission they hastened to the quinta, plunged their knives in the bosom of their unresisting victim, and rejoined their master with their hands dyed in the blood of his daughter-in-law.

The grief and rage of the Infante rose to madness. For awhile he was incapable of action or thought. At last, the desire of vengeance stifled every other feeling. Raising the standard of revolt, he soon drew around him a determined army, with which he deluged half

of Portugal in blood—and was preparing a war of extermination against his father, when his mother interposed, and prevailed upon him to lay down his arms and submit to a reconciliation. The king sent the assassins of Iñez out of the country, ordered masses to be said for her soul, and sought in every way to remove the resentment of his son.

In a short time afterward the king died, and Pedro ascended the vacant throne. His first thought was vengeance on his wife's murderers. They had taken refuge in the dominions of Pedro of Castile—and to get control of their persons, Pedro entered into a treaty with that monarch for the mutual surrender of fugitives. There were in Portugal at that time some Castilians of high rank, who had fled from their own country to escape their sovereign's unprovoked animosity. They had been kindly received by Alfonso, and advanced to places of trust under him. His son's thirst for vengeance, which had grown with want of gratification, instigated him to violate the sacred rites of hospitality, and to deliver them up to their master. Nay, the better to secure the great purpose of his mind, he agreed to contract his three sons to the daughters of the Castilian Pedro by Maria de Padilla—and indeed would have sacrificed the crown itself to this same end. By these efforts he obtained possession of two of the assassins, Gonsalves and Coelho; Pacheco had received timely warning of his danger, and escaped into Arragon. All that the most ingenious mind could refine into torture was practiced upon these miserable wretches; their sufferings were long, agonizing, and terrible, till the recollection of their crime was almost lost in the ferocity of the torments by which it was expiated. Thus far Pedro's conduct appears to have been natural, if not even justifiable; but his next step

argued an extravagance amounting to monomania. As if all he had done had not appeased the manes of Iñez, or sufficiently attested his sense of her irreparable loss, he convoked the Cortes of his kingdom, and after a solemn oath to the assembly that he had obtained the Papal dispensation, and been lawfully married to Iñez de Castro, in the presence of the Bishop of Guarda and his own chief equerry, whose oaths confirmed his, he ordered her corpse to be raised from the tomb, to be clad in royal robes, and to be crowned with all the civil and religious pomp due a living queen; he went still further: he required all the chief nobility and courtiers, whose homage would have been her right in life, to kneel and kiss the hand moldering from the grave—her step-son and his heir, the Infante Ferdinand being the first, from his superior position, to perform the ceremony. Was ever a wife more madly loved or avenged?

How it is with others I know not, but I like these scenes of the historical picturesque, and would rather visit places famous in story, however otherwise insignificant, than multitudinous cities, or even nature's nobler creations.

To reach Coimbra, you go through Oporto; and to reach Oporto, or Porto, as it is called by the inhabitants, you take the sea, the only traversable highway from one place to another; for the roads are abominable, and the estalagems or inns villainous. Porto, when it was a general entrepôt for the deposit of South American productions, coffee, rice, sugars, and cotton, flourished and grew rich; this trade fell off, however, with the establishment of unrestricted communication between the Brazils and other countries, and Porto languished till within a few years; its commerce has somewhat revived, and with increasing manufactures and

exports, promises again to be prosperous. Wine, salt, and fruits of all kinds constitute its principal exportation. The Douro, upon which the city lies, has, like the Tagus, a dangerous bar at its outlet, which, with its shifting sands, renders navigation always delicate, sometimes dangerous. Indeed, in winter, when the full force of westerly winds, and the Atlantic waves act upon the coast, an attempted entrance would be fatal.

Porto has many elegant edifices, lay and religious, clean streets, gardens filled with the purple grape, lemon-trees, and the loaded lime and orange-trees; the Indian cane with its gorgeous blossom, the flowering aloes, and the myrtle-tree with its pendant vine; but what lives most gratefully in my recollection is the pork I was wont to eat there. The animal that affords it feeds upon the sweet acorn to render his flesh more palatable. The natives, who never or seldom drink to excess, gormandize upon this juicy delicacy. Many a Jew, I was told, who had resisted the fires of the Inquisition, christianized to enjoy the porcine *morceau;* as Henry the Fourth said of Paris, so thought the Jew of pork: "It was well worth a mass."

Oporto is best, or most favorably known to other countries from its wine, the annual export of which is (or was) about eighty thousand pipes. This trade, however, is diminishing. England once, and even now, its best customer, imports less annually. It is present *ton* there to affect a taste for French and lighter wines; and some of the *acti laudatores temporis* pretend to find a deterioration of the national character in consequence. "Your old two-bottle men," they say, "were always to be depended upon; they had stamina of principle as well as of constitution. But your modern gentry are like the wine they drink—frothy, bodyless, and unreliable."

CHAPTER XIV.

EARLY HISTORY OF PORTUGAL—THE ROMAN DOMINATION—THE ARABS—THE RECAPTURE OF LISBON BY THE CRUSADERS—THE DISCOVERIES UNDER DOM MANUEL AND DOM HENRIQUE

BUT Portugal lives best in history. Her glories are all of the past. Her Titanic era has been succeeded by a generation of pigmies, whose boast should be their opprobrium. When we travel through Portugal, contemplate her crumbling monuments, familiarize ourselves with her annals, and behold her as she is, we feel the same difficulty in associating the past with the present as the traveler who discovers the mounds and other indications of superior intelligence on the banks of the Ohio, and wonders in view of the Indians, what has become of the enlightened architects who fashioned them. The degenerate Portuguese of the present day, so far from being able to emulate, are incapable of recording the deeds of their ancestors.

Portugal was known to the early nations, and has indeed been one of the battle-grounds of Europe for many centuries. The Phenician navigators visited its shores, and established commercial relations with its inhabitants; they were followed by the Carthaginians, who in their turn gave way to the universal Roman. "Where the Roman conquers," says Tacitus, "he inhabits." The northern portions of Iberia and Lusitania (for such was the ancient appellation of Portugal)

succumbed, after a series of protracted and sanguinary combats, to the conquerors of Hannibal, and thus for the first time lost their hitherto fiercely asserted independence; a thousand years of rapine, neglect, and decay have since succeeded; but we still behold the solid remains of the massive aqueducts, the magnificent bridges and roads of this wonderful people. Rome seems still to contend with time for eternity of duration.

On the fall of the Western empire, in the fifth century of the Christian era, the Visigoths and Suevi partitioned Portugal, and were themselves, two centuries later, overcome at the battle of Xerès de la Frontera by the Arabian Moors, when their king, Roderic, was entirely defeated. The whole of the Peninsula fell into the possession of the victorious Arabs, and formed the caliphate of Spain. This conquest humanized the Peninsula; for the followers of Mohammed were more advanced in the sciences and arts of civilized life than the so-called Christians, who had received their religion not from Nazareth, but Rome. A taste for liberal arts, and a devotion to scientific pursuits accompanied and illustrated the Arab's career of glory, while they refined his manners and softened his heart. A chivalric bearing springing from a consciousness of individual merit, lent to their actions a character of grandeur, which their daily life confirmed. I shall have much to say of these extraordinary people when I speak of Spain. It is sufficient here to say that the civil wars into which their impetuous ambition led them, broke down their dominion in the Peninsula, and prepared the way for its reconquest by the Goths.

About three centuries after the defeat of Roderic, "the last of the Goths," Alphonso VI. of Castile, backed by the Crusaders whom religious bigotry at-

tracted to his standard, drove the Moors out of northern Portugal far south of the Douro, and gave these reconquered provinces, with the hand of his daughter, to Henry of Besançon, a younger son of the Duke of Burgundy, who had most distinguished himself of the Crusaders in the battles with the Moors. Upon his elder brother, Raymond, Count of Burgundy, he had bestowed his eldest daughter, with Gallicia for his portion—the house of Burgundy apparently performing in those times the same *rôle* the house of Coburg represents at the present day on the royal stage of Europe. Henry was called Count of Portucal (the name being derived from Porto de Cale, or Port of Cale); but it was not till the reign of his son Alphonso that Portugal was erected into a kingdom. Alphonso, having defeated the combined forces of the Walis of Badajos, of Bèja, of Evora, Elvas and Lisbon—amounting to the incredible number of four hundred thousand men—in the plain of Ourique, was proclaimed king on the field of victory by his enthusiastic soldiery. This victory, so justly celebrated in Portuguese annals, was followed by the most important consequences. The whole of Estremadura, and nearly the entire territory of the Alentijo, fell into the power of the conqueror; and soon after the towns of Leiria surrendered, Santarem, Lisbon, Cintra, and many strong places south of the Tagus. The conquest of Lisbon was the complement of his triumphs. It was even at that day considered the most commodious and important port of the Peninsula, with fortifications deemed impregnable. Its Moorish walls were surmounted with seventy-seven towers, and embraced a circumference of fourteen miles. Chance is at times the providence of nations. A fleet, manned by Crusaders, partly English, proceeding to the Holy Land from the north, was driven by stress of weather

into the Tagus at the very moment Alphonso's victorious troops were approaching Lisbon by land. The Crusaders attacked it at the same time by sea, and the garrison soon surrendered. This is the first recorded interference of England with the affairs of Portugal. The kingdom, which but for them might never have been established, without them could never have been maintained.

A century afterward, Alphonso III., a Pope-appointed king, effected the complete subjugation of the Algarve, the present southern boundary of Portugal, and was succeeded by his son Denis—"the good King Denis" of Portuguese history. To his wisdom and love of country, Portugal was greatly indebted for improvements in and encouragement of agriculture, commerce and navigation. He founded a national university, first at Lisbon, and afterward at Coimbra, which lasts and flourishes at the present day; and, indeed, protected, embellished and fertilized the kingdoms his ancestors had conquered.

But it was under his grandson, Pedro I.—the lover of the unfortunate Iñez—that Portugal first began to emerge into importance as a power in Europe. From the extravagance of his conduct in regard to his murdered wife on his accession to the throne, his rigid impartiality in the execution of the laws, his keen judgment, and indefatigable attention to the interests of his kingdom, would hardly have been predicted. But the expiatory sacrifices to her fame and untimely departure once performed, he devoted the whole energy of no common mind to the glory of his country. He established and reformed courts of law; repressed and limited ecclesiastical privileges; secured the safety of the highways; developed the internal resources of the kingdom; extended and strengthened its foreign alli-

ances; and well deserved, indeed, that highest of earthly attributes, "the Just," which impartial history has accorded him.

Portugal—which, under his degenerate successor, Ferdinand, the son of his first wife, Constance, languished and receded—gained new vitality and increased vigor upon the accession to the throne, on Ferdinand's decease, of Pedro's natural son, Don Joao, the founder of the house of Avis. The battle of Ourique had secured the independence of the country against all efforts of the Moors. The battle of Aljubarota, won by Don Joao, removed all fears of the Spaniard. Safe from all foreign molestation the kingdom flourished.

But it was the daring enterprises of his great son, the Prince Henry, that illustrated this and the subsequent reign. He inaugurated that grand system of maritime discovery which, carried to so glorious an extent under succeeding monarchs, rendered his country powerful and dreaded, and effected an entire revolution in European commerce. Through his own means, and by his own unaided energies, he equipped the fleet which discovered Madeira, and subjected the Canaries to the Portuguese crown. And while his brother was prosecuting conquests in Africa, and adding another Algarve to the kingdom, his navigators added new discoveries to the acquisitions before made on the Guinea coast, boldly passed the equinoctial line, and, undeterred by the menaces of ignorance and superstition, stood fearlessly out on the maritime route to the Indian seas. Under the succeeding reign of John II., surnamed the Great, maritime discoveries were prosecuted with increased energy. The name of Cabo Tormentoso, or Stormy Cape, had been given to the southernmost African promontory at that time known.

A thousand superstitious fears hung over it; and the belief that the torrid zone was uninhabitable from excessive heat, had even deterred Prince Henry's adventurous mariners from advancing much beyond it. Nor, although a more scientific application of astronomy to navigation had begotten greater confidence in these enterprises, could King John inspire any navigator with resolution to double this formidable cape. Conscious, however, of the great influence a mere *sound* has upon the superstitious mind, he changed the name of Cabo Tormentoso, which Barthelemi Diaz had given it, to that of the Cape of Good Hope, which it bears at the present day. Unable further to prosecute his discoveries by sea, he thought to effect them by land. He dispatched two officers of his household on distant journeys—one to Ethiopia, to find out the realms of Prester John, a supposed Christian potentate who had long excited the curiosity of Europe, and at this time was considered as identified with the King of Abyssinia; and the other to India, to acquire geographical information which should facilitate the ardently-desired maritime route to that country. I find in the Portuguese annals no relation of the exploits or fate of these envoys. The realms of Prester John probably never existed out of romance.

But while King Joao was wholly intent upon the discovery of this supposed route, he neglected the opportunity of adding a new world to his dominions. Christopher Columbus had married the daughter of one of Prince Henry's most distinguished mariners, B. Morio de Palestrello—from whose papers he had derived much information on nautical matters. He had domiciliated himself at Porto Santo, an island near Madeira which had been colonized by Palestrello—and thence had made voyages of discovery in the

Portuguese fleets. From study and observation he had arrived at the opinion of the ancient philosophers that the earth wes spherical, and thence, at the natural conclusion that it was possible to reach India by sailing westward; and the conviction entertained, at that time, that the earth was much smaller than it has since been ascertained to be, and that consequently India, or rather China, could not be very far distant in a westerly direction, gave increased strength to his theory. He sought with great pertinacity of endeavor, to impress his views upon the king and court—and, after frequent rebuffs, finally succeeded in inducing King Joao to refer the matter to a committee of scientific men, whose energies were then affording great facilities to navigation. Boldness of action seems seldom to wait upon abstracted study—and these men, wise in their generation in the principles of science, were too timid or too ignorant to urge their application. They rejected the scheme as chimerical, and the king, preferring their judgment to his own, declined participating in the undertaking.

Under his immediate successors, Dom Manuel surnamed the Fortunate, and Dom Joao the Third, from 1495 to 1557, Portugal reached the full meridian of its power. During that period of little more than half a century, its discoveries, conquests, and colonial establishments, astonished and alarmed Europe. With one arm she grasped the eastern, and with the other the western continent. Her mariners penetrated every sea, and her flag was known to the torrid and the frigid zones. Truly could she boast that "on her empire the sun never set."

In the third year of Don Manuel's reign, Vasco de Gama—the favorite no less of history than romance—passed, unterrified, the terrors of the Stormy Cape,

and ascended the unknown coast of Caffraria; visited Mozambique and the friendly Melinda; and thence, with the aid of a native pilot, steered boldly across the gulf, and reached the coast of Malabar. He announced himself at Calecut as the embassador of the mighty sovereign of the Western World, and partly by persuasion, and partly by force, obtained from the *Zamorin* rich cargoes, with which he sailed homeward, and arrived at Lisbon in July, 1499, after a two years' voyage. He was received with unbounded enthusiasm. Dom Manuel, in addition to his other sonorous titles, now assumed the extraordinary one of Lord of the Conquest, Navigation, and Commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, and India. Upon Gama he bestowed the title of Admiral, and created him Count of Vidigueira, with a share in the royal monopoly of the trade with India. The next year Alvares Cabral, on his voyage to India, was driven by contrary winds from his course westward, and discovered the empire of Brazil, of which he took possession in the name of the king—and another adventurous Portuguese, Cortereal, sailing northward, reached Greenland.

Under Alfonso Albuquerque, the greatest of the great men Portugal sent to India, the Portuguese dominions extended from Ormuz, at the mouth of the Persian Gulf, to Malacca; and Goa, which soon began to rival Lisbon in wealth and population, was established as the seat of the Vice-Royalty. Under his successors, Joao de Castro and others, Cochin, Caunaor, and the Moluccas or Spice Islands were conquered and annexed to the Portuguese crown. The fortress and city of Duc, in the kingdom of Cambay, and large territories in the wealthy Deccan, fell also under the Portuguese dominion. The policy of the Portuguese, like that of the English afterward, was to

excite the native Hindoos against their Mohammedan masters, and when both were worn out in incessant conflicts, to interpose and seize upon the exhausted countries.

The wealth of Ormuz and of Ind poured into Portugal; China sought its alliance, and the Japanese freely opened their ports, while the remotest isles of the Indian Ocean trembled at its name. On the Western Continent, Brazil was springing into importance and already from her mines of gold and diamonds, and with her various cereal productions, repaying a thousandfold the fostering care of the mother-country.

The Tagus and the Douro were crowded with the sails of every nation, and the warehouses of Lisbon and Oporto filled with the productions of every clime. Arts and manufactures, commerce and agriculture, flourished, and enriched the country.

But its decay was more rapid than its rise. Even before the death of Joao III. Portugal had culminated. Half a century had sufficed to raise it to the pinnacle of greatness—a few short years witnessed its fall. To the introduction of the Inquisition, the Protestant writer would attribute its decadence; the paralyzed machinery of the government, the demoralization of the public mind, and the arrested progress of arts and sciences being in his opinion the necessary consequences of the establishment of that tremendous authority. The politician would find in the useless wars waged by the succeeding king, Sebastian, against the Moors in Africa, which drained the kingdom of its best soldiers and its wealth, while foreign possessions were neglected, a sufficient explanation of its untimely decrepitude. The economist would insist upon the depressing weight of taxation, upon the rapacity of the fiscal officers, and upon the wasteful expenditure of the government.

These, indeed, may all have precipitated the fall of Portugal, which its conquest by Philip II. in 1640 confirmed.

During the sixty years of Spanish domination the treasures of the state were wasted, its military force broken up, its commerce destroyed, and its richest colonies torn from the crown. The English and Dutch took possession of its commercial and other establishments in the Indies and Africa, and though the House of Braganza, in the person of Joao IV., succeeded in expelling the Spaniard and securing the independence of Portugal, it could not recall the possessions or faded glories of the country. From the position of a first power in Europe it sunk to that of a third, from which it has never emerged, though the administration of Carvalho, Marquis of Pombal—"O Gran Marques" as he is still called in Portugal—gave it a temporary luster. But that a feeling of self-interest induced the crown of England to maintain its nationality, Portugal would long since have followed its natural destiny, and been incorporated with Spain.

CHAPTER XV.

ARRIVAL AT CADIZ—HOTEL BLANCO—OLLA PODRIDA—THE MUCHACHAS—ROBBERS—CIGAR MANUFACTORY—ASYLUM FOR THE POOR

Much pleased with myself that I should have been so well pleased with Portugal, I embarked on board the steamer "Madrid," one of the liners from Southampton to Gibraltar, for Cadiz. We passed, half-way from Lisbon, the bold promontory of Cape St. Vincent, historically disastrous to Spain. For here Rodney, during our revolutionary war, defeated the Spanish fleet, capturing five, and destroying two men-of-war; and here Jervis won his earldom in 1797, by routing twenty-seven Spanish sail with fifteen inferior vessels, Nelson supporting him. Here again Napier, with the tacit assent of the English crown, in 1836, put to flight the Portuguese squadron of Dom Miguel, and thereby placed Dom Pedro on the throne. With favoring wind and weather—the captain told me—he often approached sufficiently near the point to hear the vesper bell from the surmounting convent. We were obliged to stand too far out to sea to catch the sound.

We left Lisbon at 11 A.M. and entered the Bay of Cadiz at 2 P.M. next day—a shorter than an average passage. A far distance off we had made a line of mountains which on nearer approach seemed from their lofty and frowning heights to bar all progress beyond.

They were the Sierra de Ronda, and are the first land-marks made at sea on the Atlantic.

Cadiz rests upon the ocean like a swan. Its shining palaces cover the ground with snowy white, and the sea ramparts which gird it more than four miles round are ever fresh and polished from the ceaseless wave of the Atlantic.

We anchored in the bay; and boatmen from the city immediately boarded us. It were well to make a bargain with these gentry before engaging their services. Otherwise their charges will be extortionate. Quite a good-looking tall personage accosted me, and inquired, in English, if I wished a boat. I replied I knew no other way of getting ashore. Whereupon he said a friend of his would put me and my baggage on land for a "*peseta*" (about twenty cents). In a few minutes I was on *terra firma*. My tall acquaintance adhered to me, and accompanied me to the Custom-house. I was prepared to undergo much trouble here. The vexatious delay at Lisbon had "filed my mind," and the experience of our English passengers left little hope for better usage here. In the mean time, I got through easily and quickly—in much less time and with less trouble than at Liverpool or Havre. Ford cautions his countrymen to employ liberally, every where in Spain, judicious bribes, and to travel with the purse always open. Generally my experience confirmed his counsel. But on this occasion I used neither money nor its sometimes satisfactory substitute—cigars. Indeed, I had no opportunity; for the officers of the Custom-house passed my luggage almost before I could unstrap it.

My passport I had given up to the agent of the steamers at Lisbon; and, as it was not inquired for on my landing at Cadiz, I supposed the agent had given

it to the Spanish authorities, and that I should find it at the proper bureau when I wanted it—all which turned out to be the case. The two great bugbears of European travel—passport and luggage—I had thus happily got over.

My next thought was my dinner. My good-looking friend advised, as the two best, the Hôtel d'Europe and the Hotel Blanco. The latter, he said, was kept by a man who had been in "the States," and spoke English well; and his house overlooked the Alameda. These reasons decided me; and I followed my luggage to the Hotel Blanco. My English fellow-travelers, who had arrived at the hotel before me, I found in angry remonstrance with the landlord. His house, he said, was full, and they must look elsewhere. There was but one vacant room in the hotel, and that was reserved for Lady ——, who was expected from Seville that evening. John Bull was irate, and, of course, somewhat unreasonable; and the landlord exhibited a correspondent recalcitration.

The Hotel Europa, I learned from this conversation, was full—so was the first of the second-rates; and unless I could get into the Hotel Blanco—a stranger in a strange city, ignorant of places and the language—I might be "taken in and done for." I avoided the rock upon which the English split, passed the landlord at a safe distance, and approached a very nice-looking, black-eyed personage, who, my still constant companion told me, was the landlady. The fairer sex is not so mercenary as ours, but more impressionable and sympathetic. Having rendered the expected homage to her good looks in language sufficiently decided, I told her my situation, and solicited her interference. This she readily accorded; and, on my promise to give up my rooms when Lady —— should arrive (the

landlady told me parenthetically she would *not* arrive that night), installed me into a clean suite of apartments that overlooked the Alameda.

At dinner that day I encountered for the first time the famous national dish—the *olla podrida;* and as it has had no little influence upon my subsequent destinies—detaining me three months in Spain, and thereby permanently affecting my future—I will speak of it as it is. Its ingredients are various—carrots, peas, carabansas (a peculiar kind of bean), onions, garlic, lettuces, celery and long peppers, with slices of beef and ham, all boiled together, and served in one dish. To an uneducated stomach it does not seem a savory repast; but, like virtue, the better you become acquainted with it, the more you are attached to it. It is true the garlic is apt to impregnate your breath with other than Sabean odors; but where all participate, none revolt. As with smoking, self-defense, if not inclination, compels its adoption. I entered Spain with a determination to embrace every thing Spanish; and I pitched into the olla podrida with an *abandon* that astonished myself. The English at the table—particularly the ladies—took no pains to conceal their repugnance—shrugged their shoulders, turned aside their heads, and abused the absent landlord in good-set terms. However, it is but the first step that costs; the next day some had the courage to taste; and in a few days all seemed to relish this institution.

I grew so enamored of it that, before long, the pungent garlic with which it was seasoned, and the rancid oil with which it was accompanied, became a nature to me; and if any day I was obliged to forego it, in traveling or otherwise, I thought with the Roman Emperor, "I had lost a day."

Dinner accomplished, I strolled out on the Alameda,

the public promenade directly on the bay, beautifully decorated with trees, fountains, and statues; and, at the close of the day, still more so with the mantillaed señorinas, and the yet lovelier *muchachas.* Cadiz pours out its beauty on this walk about the hour of vespers—when the declining sun no longer emits scorching rays, and the sea-breeze invites out-door enjoyment. The transition from the Portuguese to the Spanish girl was almost too much for me. The change was so sudden and so complete that my senses were stunned; thought was suspended, and I could only look.

I will not trust myself to speak of their eyes and hair, of which their ancestors robbed the Moors when they took from them every thing else; nor of their smile which, like Armida's, to see and feel was to be lost—

> "You would have thought the *enamored* God of day
> *In sunshine kissed the lips, whose luster shamed his ray;*"

nor of their hands so classically chiseled, with such tapering fingers and such artistic nails that they might divide the homage of your lips; nor of their rounded forms and swelling bust. No, "that way madness lies."

Still less will I undertake to describe their walk. The heavy strut of the Englishwoman; the senseless wriggle of the French; the affected shuffle of the American "lady"—how weak, how tame, how ridiculous in comparison with the *aire* of the girl of Cadiz! so natural, and yet so surpassing art. It is upon this the Spanish girl prides herself—and with greatest justice; like Milton's angels, "smooth-gliding without step;" an undulating motion that propels without effort—a natation like the movement of the swan.

The Roman poet, with an eye attuned to beauty, reveals the Queen of Love by her unequaled step:

> "*Vera incessu patuit Dea.*"

"In her very walk the goddess appears"—and so with Gaditanian beauty, whose walk emblazons her other charms. She may be said literally, "to walk into your affections."

Till the coming night had obscured all objects I walked the Alameda; a stranger, but not in feeling. For I seemed already to know some of these mantillaed beauties. There was nothing bold in their manner, no indelicate assurance; but an ease and unstudied kindness, an appreciation of their own and your position which inspired immediate confidence. Ignorant of the language, I could address no one; but my undisguised admiration raised, now and then, a blush or smile that would have emboldened me otherwise to speak. How poignantly I regretted my ignorance of the Spanish! I could not but say to myself, with Sir Andrew Aguecheek: "I would I had bestowed that time on the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting!" and I registered a vow to take a Spanish instructor without delay.

I dreamed that night I was covered over with mantillas, and of eyes, like stars, illuminating my room.

A girl, however fair or beautiful, can walk the streets of Cadiz, alone and unprotected, any hour of the night, without fear of insult. With how much truth could this be said of an English, French, or American city? It may not be so much from respect for the woman as for himself that the Spaniard refrains from outrage. He is too proud to assail a weaker than himself. It would endanger his self-esteem to

be guilty of a discourtesy. Their sex is their sure protection, and at night as well as by day they walk unmolested and unaccosted, unless their manner or tongue solicits attention. Sit down by the side of an unaccompanied lady on the plaza, and she will enter into conversation with you, provided your address be gentlemanly. She may not be of the highest ton, perhaps, but none the less likely to be virtuous.

The ladies never walk arm in arm with gentlemen in the public streets or promenades, unless their fathers or brothers, husbands, or acknowledged lovers. The duenna still attends the unmarried daughters, or some married friend, to satisfy *les convénances.* No lady concedes her hand, much less her lips to an admirer, till at least after betrothal; for with them, the outworks once carried, the citadel is bound to surrender.

By this, I do not intend it shall be inferred that the ladies of Cadiz are distinguished for what Dr. Johnson would call "surly virtue"—*tout au contraire.* I only speak of their public deportment. What may be their conduct in the privacy of their houses, *of the married particularly*, *quien sabe?* Let those speak who know. But, in public, their manners and bearing are irreproachable. The *filles de joie* themselves betray nothing of their profession abroad; make no lascivious gestures, attempt no suspicious allurements, expose no better-concealed charms; but appear as virtuous as the virtuous: and "vice, in losing all its grossness, loses one half of its deformity."

Once indeed, and but once while in Spain, I was insulted by some girls no better than they should be. I was walking from the hotel to the Casino, or Club-house (into which I had been introduced by our consul), and was passing through a somewhat retired street, when I heard voices shouting "*Ven aqui, In-*

glese," "*Ven aqui, caballero*," and looking up over my head, I saw three or four girls, neither apparently more than fifteen years old, leaning from balconies, and beckoning me to come up to them. Like the Levite, I crossed over to the other side, waving my hand in token of adieu; whereupon they screamed and shouted, made up all manner of faces at me, and I fear used very bad language. I hastened to get beyond the reach of their tongues, for what in nature is more harsh than the voice of an angry girl?

Flowers and beautiful girls seem ever associated, not in poetry merely, but in the world, and Cadiz illustrates the fact. You see flowers every where, upon the Alameda and plazas, upon the balconies, ay, and the very roofs of the houses. Indeed, these flat roofs are sometimes gardens themselves, covered with trees and beautiful plants, and laid out with exquisite delicacy. The inhabitants often take their coffee, or their chocolate *con leche* "chocolate with milk," upon these elevated apartments, and hold occasional tertulias there. It is pleasant to look down upon the streets below, and see them thronged with the gayly-dressed pedestrians; it is pleasanter sometimes to be of the crowd yourself, with a *muchacha* hanging on your arm.

There is one objection to the *muchachas*. They can not read! Can one entertain an endearing sentiment for a girl who is ignorant of her letters? Is not one half of a passion its expression? and how can it be so well expressed as on paper, "in thoughts that breathe, and words that burn?" Give passion no such vent, and it loses all its aroma, and soon becomes as insipid as uncorked Champagne. One indeed could write himself into a passion; the warmth of words is transferred to the heart, as the lion works himself into a rage by lashing his flanks with his tail. But the mere mechan-

ical part of love, the pressure of the hand, the encircling of the waist, the control of the lips even, become "stale, flat, and unprofitable" after a few interviews; unless mind responds to mind, there is nothing but the brutal instinct. But then the Cadiz girl knows every thing but her letters, more than many other girls who know these. She is quick, apprehensive, lively, and talkative—and talks well of subjects she understands. It is said that the fathers of families purposely withhold instruction from their daughters for fear they will use their knowledge to carry on a secret correspondence with their lovers! Like that Earl of Douglas, who, when he heard of a forgery, thanked God that but one of his sons, and he a bishop, knew how to write!

The *muchacha* of Cadiz never drinks intoxicating liquors. The English girl, of the abandoned class, will get drunk on brandy or gin, the French grisette on Champagne, but the Spanish courtezan avoids all stimulants of a liquid nature. She is consequently never maudlin, irascible, or sullen, is careful of her person, and maintains her self-respect. So I have learned from observation more intelligent than my own.

Of course, I heard many stories of robberies in Spain. Indeed, before I reached the country, I was forewarned. In Lisbon I was often gratified with tales of Spanish banditti. They don't like the Spaniards very well there, and truth not much more. So I had my imagination quite roused, and for some time after my arrival at Cadiz, I carried, at least of an evening, a Colt's revolver in my pocket. Before I left, however, I considered my purse and life safer than in Broadway, and laid aside the detonator.

There may be robbers in Spain, and doubtless are, as in all civilized countries; but since the last civil war,

robberies have been very infrequent, and are daily diminishing. I became acquainted with one man, who had been eminent as a bandit, but had exchanged that profession for an office in the Custom-house, a more lucrative perhaps, but generally less honorable employment. I met him two or three successive evenings at a café; and on one occasion, to try my Spanish, addressed him: "*Fuma usted?*" "Will you smoke, sir," at the same time offering him a *puro*. "*Gracias, muchissimas gracias,*" he replied. I found he could talk a little French, and putting mine with his, we got along tolerably well together.

He told me many stories of his brigandage, and with the conscious pride of one who expects sympathy. When he discovered that I was an American, he related an adventure of which one of my countrymen was the hero. Some years before, he said, while *he exercised the profession of arms*, there was an American residing at Cadiz, who was in the habit of frequenting the same café where we were smoking our *puros*. This man was very indignant that there should be robbers in this enlightened period of the world, and rated the Spanish Government in no moderate terms for its toleration of them—a toleration which he attributed to their fears. But for one, he was determined to let the villains know they could neither terrify nor rob him. So one day he started for San Lucar armed to the teeth, and valiant as the Cid. He had traversed nearly the whole distance from St. Maria unencountered; and was attributing to the exaggerated fears of travelers these stories of imaginary bandits, when just as he was arriving at the gates of San Lucar, a voice shouted seemingly close to his ear: "You son of a thief, *boca-a-tierra,*" (literally "mouth to the ground"); and as this voice had as an accompaniment a shining carabine

aimed directly at his head, he thought best to listen to its commands, and immediately laid himself flat on his belly; while the bandit, smoking all the while, rifled his pockets and disarmed him. Our traveler never told his misfortune, and would rather have "let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, feed on his damask cheek," but that his *arriero* let it out as a good joke.

"Signor Don Caballero," said I, as he closed his narrative in smoke, "I suppose, I must look upon you as the man who undeceived my countryman."

"*Quien sabe?*" was of course the reply.

My friend advised me, if I traveled much into the interior, far from sea-ports or large towns, to carry as little money as possible; for many a person would rather rob me than starve. But I had more danger of robbery to apprehend, he said, from the landlords of the ventas and posadas, and my escorts or arrieros. There were many caballeros among "Diana's foresters," but among those "*mala gente*," not one. An hidalgo might boldly demand your money for his temporary necessities, but he would never condescend to cheat you out of it.

I expressed my grateful thanks for his advice, and with mutual compliments we parted.

One day I visited a cigar manufactory; I went only attended by "Juan," the man who visited me on board the steamer on my arrival, and whom I had taken into my service. I was courteously received. They saw I was a stranger, and they asked nothing more—a thousand women were gathered together—*muchachas*, *mozas*, and *niñas*—full grown girls, pullets, and children, rolling tobacco leaves into cigars. I did not see a beautiful girl among them. The unwholesome air they are condemned to breathe, and the sedentary confinement, it is said, ruin their constitutions and com-

plexions. It was running the gauntlet to go through the crowd. Every thing about you was subjected to the severest scrutiny. Your dress, your looks, your age, were freely commented upon, and I found myself often the object of unconcealed laughter. This, with the heated atmosphere, made the rooms too hot for me; and I was glad to get on the outside of the building.

I was told afterward that all these girls indulged in excessive smoking, and that the habit aided much in giving them an unhealthy withered skin. Tobacco is a passion with the lower classes, men and women. The old ones snuff; and young and old smoke immoderately. But of all nations, America, I believe, is the only one that chews the filthy weed.

Another day I visited, in company with Mr. Reed, formerly United States' Consul at Malaga, to whose kindness I was indebted for much gratification, the Asylum for the poor. It is a large building, well ventilated, with a walk through the grounds in front, decorated and perfumed by flowers of various kinds. Nearly a thousand persons are fed and maintained in this institution, of which one tenth are insane. These latter are treated with great humanity and attention; and even the most furious are only confined—never whipped. This barbarous custom, which prevailed in civilized countries long after the lesser cruelties of the thumbscrew, the iron boot, and other ingenious tortures for sound persons were abolished, and which indeed have but recently been disused, never gained foothold in Spain. Her annals are clear of such foul blot. The Inquisition, it is true, destroyed the body in the hope to save the soul; but neither that nor any other abused power thought to flagellate insanity into reason.

As illustrative of the craving for tobacco here, it may be worth while to state that the insane of what-

ever degree or age, of either sex, are incessantly praying for it, even those who had never smoked or snuffed till they had lost their reason—which seems to indicate that the use of tobacco is of itself a kind of insanity.

I was much struck with the cleanliness of this establishment. A long and spacious hall is exclusively devoted to the purpose of ablution; wash-basins and foot-baths are securely fastened all along the two sides of the hall, fed by water conveyed through pipes. The dormitories were nicely swept and ventilated; and the bed-clothes clean and in good order. Sisters of Charity are the ministering angels of the establishment, who find their own happiness in the alleviation of others' sufferings.

One hundred insane, one hundred indigent, aged and infirm of both sexes, with about eight hundred boys and girls of all ages, compose this family. The children are taught by the Sisters from their A B C to reading and writing, and their duties to their neighbor and their God. The older girls and boys are required to work so many hours each day, in furnishing clothes for the establishment. The boys manufacture the cloth which the girls cut out and sew; and the former too make all the shoes.

An impost or tax was formerly put upon certain articles of consumption to defray the expenses of the Institution; but the amount thus raised proving inadequate to the purpose, Government has assumed to make good the deficiency from the Treasury.

A printing press is connected with the establishment, and worked by the inmates, which executes orders for the outsiders.

The whole motive and conduct of this hospital gave me a favorable impression of the kindness as well as prudence of the nation.

It is a peculiar merit of Spain to the tourist, that she is essentially, in customs, manners, character, and mode of speech the same she has been for centuries. Cervantes and Le Sage are modern writers, though they lived two centuries ago or more. There was not a day that I did not hear, see, or encounter something which had its prototype in Don Quixote or Gil Blas. I had not indeed landed before a resemblance thrust itself upon me. The man who had boarded us, and under whose guidance I came ashore, had accosted me in the same style as the parasite of Peñaflor Gil Blas; and if he did not call me the eighth wonder of the world, it was perhaps because he thought he might hook me as easily; and, to tell the truth, one great reason why I detained him in my service at Cadiz, was a real or fancied resemblance between him and "Scipio," the accomplished valet of Gil Blas. The barber-surgeon whose professional services, in either capacity, I required in Cadiz, might have descended lineally from our friend in Don Quixote; so like was he in speech, in apothegm, age, and in features: and he felt very much flattered when I called his attention to the striking resemblance. He, as well as every other Spaniard of the uneducated classes I met with, believed, or pretended to believe, in the real existence of Don Quixote; Cervantes, they said, was his biographer. The Don, with the Cid, is a part of their religion. Preparatory to plunging into Spain, every one therefore should cram with Gil Blas and Don Quixote; for they are the *carte du pays*.

The Spaniard receives but little company, *chez lui*. He puts his house and all that is in it at your disposal. "*Està muy a la disposicion de usted*"—but you must not expect to find him often in. His wife or daughters do the honors of the house, and soon put you at your

ease; for there are none better bred than Spanish ladies. You will find them busy perhaps at some domestic occupation, intertwining the gold and silk on the tambour with their sharp needles, or at some other task which does not infringe the delicacy of their matchless hands. But your presence will not interfere with their employment, nor that with your gratification. They will not rise, as you enter or leave, for that is not etiquette; nor give you their hand, which is still less so, but express by their manner nevertheless your welcome.

If you can not find the Spanish friend you are in search of at the café or casino, look for him at the apothecary's shop. It is the great rendezvous of newsmongers; an inner room in the rear of the shop, separated by a curtain from the customer's gathering-place, is the resort, during the evenings, of persons of both sexes, who come to talk over the occurrences of the day. From their ambuscade, they can see customers as they enter the shop, and find out what particular medicines they buy—a matter of some importance to jealous husbands. The apothecary's or druggist's business in a Spanish city is most lucrative; their prescriptions, whether for prevention or cure, gain an extensive sale. The official report makes the illegitimate one third as large as the legitimate births in Cadiz; and there is many a secret intrusted to the apothecary, which, divulged, might disagreeably affect domestic relations.

The apothecary's shop is usually one of the corners where four streets meet. Another corner will be the grocer's, where the servants of the family congregate —buy for their masters on credit and are debited with double the amount properly chargeable, they dividing with the grocer the surplus. Still another corner is

the *vinos y licores* establishment, where all sorts of people resort for all sorts of drink; and the other corner the confectionery shop, where the girls, and the *niños y niñas*, the little children of either sex, grow sick on *dulces*—for the girls and children of Spanish towns will live on sweetmeats—and in consequence lose or corrupt their teeth long before maturity.

So at the Four Corners I found an epitome of Spanish middle or lower life; and before I left Cadiz I was in the habit of frequenting each place, and making acquaintances. I took good care to concede every thing to their peculiarities—imitated as fast as I could acquire them, all their customs, and coincided in all their prejudices. A Spaniard is very sensitive and proud, seldom proffers a civility, and never fails to return one —at least so I found him.

I had been but a few hours in Cadiz before I heard there was to be a bull-fight, a week from the next Sunday—and the question that governed all conversation was, if "Cuchares" would be there. Who is "Cuchares?" I asked a pretty muchacha of my acquaintance. "Cuchares," says she, "is the greatest man *en todas las Españas*." "Who is Cuchares?" I inquired of a grave caballero, as we were smoking at a café. "Cuchares," he replied, "has succeeded Montes, and in some respects is his superior." "Who is Cuchares?" I demanded of Juan. "Cuchares is the greatest bull-fighter in all Spain. He is expected here next week." If I asked a Spaniard of the lower class what he thought of Queen Christina, "*Puta*," he replied; of Queen Isabella, "*Puta tambien*"—but speak to him of Cuchares, and no term of praise was stinted. Montes, the hero of one hundred bull-fights, had died, just before I entered Spain, in consequence of a wound received in one of these contests; and his death was lamented as a na-

tional calamity. He had lingered for some time after his wound; and the carriages of the highest nobility at Madrid were daily seen at his house, making inquiries of his condition; among which, it was said, was that of the Countess de Montejo, now Empress of the French. His portrait was stuck up in every barber's shop, café, and bookstore; and his deeds were in every body's mouth.

It was not long before I became affected with the *maladie du pays*, and, being a stranger, took it more violently than the natives. I passed each night from the apothecary's to the grocer's, from the grocer's to the *vinos y licores*, and thence even to the confectionery's—and inquired if they had heard whether Cuchares was coming or not. These visits cost me something in dulces, cigarettes and *vinos y licores*—but I considered the money well-bestowed. It is true, I got no information, but then I did get a vast deal of sympathy—and that is a great deal to a troubled mind.

The bull-fight being eminently a *cosa de España*, it behooved us to be on the *qui vive*. Like the rustic about to be married who, when asked by the clergyman, "Wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife?" replied, "To be sure I will; I came on purpose"—I might say, I came on purpose; at any rate the *olla podrida*, the *coridas de toros*, and the *baile* (or national dance), were the three institutions that I had determined to "exploit"—institutions found nowhere else.

One day, dining with our excellent consul in Cadiz, I tasted for the first time in my life some *alcochofas*, "artichokes." They are served with meats—but your true gourmand never eats them till afterward. Our artichokes—mean, miserable, sickly, sour, acrid, and of no account—are not to be mentioned in the same

breath. The day that I was first introduced to an *alcochofa* I have ever since considered an era in my life.

Indeed I liked every thing in Cadiz. If all Spanish life resembled it here, I concluded that I had nothing before me but one *fiesta*, or holiday.

CHAPTER XVI.

SAN MARIA—XERES—PEDRO DOMECQ'S ESTABLISHMENT—WINES OF XERES—JOURNEY TO SEVILLE.

MR. REED proposing to visit Xeres, I seized upon an opportunity to view the place under such good auspices. We took a steamer, and crossed the beautiful bay to El Puerto de Sa. Maria, Port St. Mary—about half an hour's passage. It was a nice pleasant day, and we had a very smooth sea. But sometimes, when the Atlantic is vexed with storms and vents its fury upon this bay, the passage is very dangerous.

El Puerto, or "the Port," as it is called, contains some twenty thousand inhabitants. It is a pleasant, unpretending place, and one of the three towns for the exportation of wine. I found some Amontillado and Mansanilla very choice here; I bought a bottle of the latter for thirty cents, much better than what I have paid three dollars for at the Astor House, much better, and less potent. There are bodegas, or wine-stores, here, that we could not neglect to visit, but for the superior ones at Xeres.

We hired a *calesa* to Xeres and back for two dollars. It is as necessary to make a bargain with the *caleseros* as with New York hackmen; or, in either case, you will be shamefully *done*. The Spaniard, however, is the least unconscionable rogue of the two; not that perhaps he has more conscience, but less im-

pudence. The road from El Puerto to Xeres is not remarkable for its beauty—though at one point—*la buena vista*, you have a fine view of the Bay of Cadiz, which you do not readily forget. Groves of olives occasionally refreshed the sight, and the banks of the Gaudalete on our right had the appearance of great fertility. It was in the vicinity of this river that Don Roderick, the last Gothic King, lost life and kingdom.

We passed some flocks of sheep *en route*, white and black—the latter with short wool, while the former had long white fleeces, which more resembled hair than wool. It is unlawful to inclose fields; vineyards and gardens being the sole inclosures. So that as soon as the corn or grain is gathered in, cattle and sheep are allowed to run loose upon any man's grounds. This is of no great advantage to agricultural improvements. The vineyards and gardens are protected generally by hedges of the cactus or prickly-pear, and the aloe; the latter is inferior because it dies when it has flowered, while the former, renewed with occasional fresh plants, will last, perhaps, forever.

I saw some men in a field plowing. The oxen were not yoked, like ours, by the neck, but by the head; the yoke placed immediately behind the horns, and fastened to the forehead of the beasts. Their fathers plowed in this manner, and why should n't they? They are like old Manse Headrigg, opposed to innovations in agriculture—to all "new-fangled machines for dighting the corn frae the chaff, thus impiously thwarting the will of Divine Providence by raising wind for one's ain particular use by human art, instead of soliciting it by prayer, or waiting patiently for whatever dispensation of wind Providence was pleased to send." Indeed, but for the fear of starvation, the Spaniard would abandon every thing to Providence.

The ride to Xeres is but about seven miles, and we accomplished it in an hour. Our horse was not of the fleetest, and carried three; the driver mounted on his back, postillion fashion.

Xeres is a Moorish city of some thirty thousand population. A part of the original walls still remain, and the Alcazar is nearly the same as the Moors left it. Its situation is picturesque, emerging from vine-clad slopes, studded with pleasant farm-houses and country-seats; and, seen from a distance, with its whitewashed towers and walled fortresses, its quaint architecture and vast bodegas impresses the fancy. But its streets are narrow, irregular, and filthy, and its houses and other buildings erected with no regard to harmonious resemblance. Its history is a mystery; legends are its only annals; no solution of its origin being considered other than mythical. "It is so far doting in age," as old Fuller says of the pyramids, "as to have forgotten the very name of its founders." But though—

> "The Grecian mound, the Roman urn,
> Are silent when we call,
> Yet still the purple grapes return
> And cluster on the wall."

To its vine, and not to its fabulous antiquity or historic incidents, does Xeres owe its fame.

We visited the stupendous bodegas of Domecq. They were said to contain fourteen thousand butts of wine, of every variety of Sherry. Some of the bodegas are three hundred feet long, with rows of butts, filled up on either side one above the other three deep, and containing each on an average three thousand butts, every age and vintage represented. They showed me one butt (*Tomelado*, I think they called it) which held fifteen hundred gallons. Why, one might set down

before it longer than the Greeks before Troy, and yet not be able to overcome it! much more likely to be taken himself.

The house of Domecq is the largest in Xeres, and one of the longest established. It is of French extraction, and they introduced from their own country a much more scientific treatment of the vine than had previously prevailed. Ferdinand the Seventh was so much pleased with their wines that he granted them permission to stamp the royal arms on their casks; of which they have ever since availed themselves.

The greater part of the wines imported into England and our country under the name of Sherry are grown in Malaga, brought round to Cadiz, and thence reshipped. The whole quantity of Sherry annually exported from Xeres would not exceed twenty five thousand butts, and in this country alone we drink as much as that. The whole extent of the vineyards of Xeres, which produce wines of any but inferior character, does not reach seven thousand acres. We pay often the highest price for Sherries which have nothing of the wine of Xeres but its stolen name. So it is with Champagne. But what matters it? If we know not the imposition, we are as happy as with the genuine article. What but *shams* constitute the greater portion of our happiness?

The exporters purchase the wine from the growers usually when it is a year old. Wine is forbidden by law to be sold for consumption of less than a year old; nor do the best houses in Xeres ship their wines before they have reached the age of two years, *i. e.*, till the bulk of the wine has attained that age. For it is to be understood that they never ship a *normal* wine; wine, I mean, of any one vintage alone, without qualification from others. If an order is received for wine

of a certain age, that order is filled by preparing a wine from vintages of various years, according to the price proposed to be paid. A cask of wine, exported to meet an order for fifty years old wine, may contain a portion of the vintages of as many seasons—a better wine perhaps than that exclusively of the age expected, but of course a different wine. It follows, then, from this mixture of wines of various ages, what we drink as Sherry, has the least possible pretension to the character of a *natural* wine.

A partner of the house Domecq, who was kind enough to attend us through the bodegas, gave me, among other *bonnes bouches*, a glass of brown Sherry upward of a century old. It was from a butt of what they call the *madre-vino* mother-wine, because it suckles many youthful butts. It has not, however, the miraculous qualities of the widow's jug of oil (Samuel i.), and would soon be sucked dry by its numerous offspring, but that it is replenished with contributions from themselves, so that indeed after a series of years, like a frigate or other vessel that has been so often repaired as to have lost every plank of its original build, it becomes a wholly different wine. I tasted also some nutty *Amontillado*, which I much affected; a dry wine, used in enriching poorer wines, and in reducing those of too high color. Pure old Sherries are of a rich brown color; but to suit the taste of Cockney pretenders, their natural color is discharged by some chemical process, most injurious to their delicate aroma.

The *Amontillado* is said to be produced in a way never yet explained, and perhaps inexplicable. It is impossible, some say, to predict whether the wine, in fermentation, will turn out *Amontillado* or Sherry. The partner of the house thought it might be the re-

sult of a more perfect fermentation; while a noted Spanish authority states it to be the produce of a particular grape—the *Palomina.* Whatever may be its origin, there is no dispute about its excellence. It has a bitter-almond, dry flavor, and mixed with the Moscadel and other sweet wines, makes some of the highest-priced wines.

Over the vestibule or office, as we entered the Bodegas, I saw posted up, in painted letters—

"*Hoy, no fuma.*
Mañana, si."

"To-day, no smoking here; to-morrow, certainly." But that placard being immovable, "to-morrow" never comes: it is always "hoy" (to-day); so that the permission is no more fruitful than a Delphic oracle. It is, in the mean time, a prohibition absolutely needed; for the Spaniard smokes every where save in church.

These Sherry wines you seldom see on Spanish tables; they are too strong for the national taste. At the best houses a glass may once be served round as a *liqueur* or *chasse*—a full bottle supplying many dinners. The *vin ordinaire*, or natural wines, are much preferred—as well for their comparative cheapness as inferior strength.

We returned to Port St. Mary by dinner; and, dining at a café, I had an opportunity to acquire a Spanish custom. As Mr. Reed and I were sitting down at our table, we saw a stranger take his seat at another. "*Guste usted comer?*" said Mr. Reed, with a polite bow to the stranger. "*Gracias, señor,*" he replied, with an equally courteous inclination. My companion explained that it was considered good breeding in Spain always to offer a part of your meal to any person you may encounter at a café, or elsewhere, when you

are yourself eating—an offer always declined, unless on urgent and repeated entreaty—a courtesy never thrown away—never omitted—save from ignorance or churlishness. From this lesson I derived no little gratification, and, indeed, advantage, while in Andalusia.

We slept at Port St. Mary, and at a nice *fonda*, called Vista Alegre, which overlooks the bay. No *pulga*—that curse of the *posadas* and *ventas* in the country—disturbed my sleep; and after breakfast next morning I started for San Lucar, to meet the steamer from Cadiz for Seville. I hired the same *calesa* we had the day before, promising the *calesero* two dollars, and something to drink besides, if he arrived at Bonanza in time to meet the steamer, which he promised to do, *a fe de caballero*—upon the honor of a gentleman—which of course was conclusive.

And neither of us was faithless to our engagement. He drove me over the fourteen or fifteen miles in less than two hours, arriving at Bonanza before the steamer, and I paid him the two dollars, besides supplying him with *aguardente* at every *venta en route.* It is true he wanted an additional *peseta* for putting my luggage on board the steamer; and his countenance seemed to regret, when I paid him this uncontracted addition, that he had not asked more. Doubtless, he was *un picaro del muchacho*—a rogue of a boy—but he had carried me safely over a road somewhat noted for *mala gente* and I felt satisfied in getting off so cheaply.

"Ye nymphs," says Florian, at the commencement of his "Gonsalve de Cordoue"—"Ye nymphs, who bathe the tresses of your long hair in the limpid waters of the Gaudalquiver." If Florian had no better authority for the incidents of his book than he had for the

character of this river, it is worthless as an historical romance. "*The limpid waters!*" Why, I never met with a more turbid stream. For ten miles or more above Bonanza, the muddy waters seemed so thick as to impede the easy motion of the vessel. The banks were tame, low, alluvial flats, monotonously dull, and apparently too wet for the pasturage of cattle. All that relieved the scene was the natural phenomenon of the mirage of the desert, which made islets of the trees and fields in the middle of the river near our stern. The Arabs gave it the name of the Wäda-l-Kebir, "the Great River;" and great it may have seemed to them, but to one familiar with the Missouri or Mississippi, the nomenclature appears absurd. Still, when I recollected that I was on the same stream that had borne the Phenician, the Carthaginian, the Roman, the Vandal, the Arab and the Goth, each in the pride of triumph—that these shores, dull and spiritless as they now seemed, had vibrated to the tread of the armed battalions of Hannibal, of Cæsar, of Tarik and San Ferdinand, I felt my blood flow with an accelerated current, and a glow of gratified emotion suffuse my cheek.

After a voyage of some eight hours from Bonanza—the distance is about eighty miles—we reached Seville. It was the last day of April, and the softened rays of the declining sun had attracted to the shaded walks on the banks of the river the beauty of the city. Through the trees that line "las Delicias," as this favorite promenade is called, I could see the gay mantillas of the señorinas, and "their glorious black eyes shine." Our steamer passed this Alameda, and anchored near *Torre del Oro*, the Golden Tower.

The *commissionaire* of the "Fonda Europa" boarded the steamer—a Frenchman to my great content. For though I knew little French, I knew less Spanish. Be-

sides my "guide," as he called himself, at Cadiz had cautioned me against the Sevillians of the same class. "*Todos estan picaros.*" "They all are rogues," he said—and I was glad to find some one who could not consider it a point of national honor to fleece me. "Alphonse" ordered my baggage to the Despacho—the Custom-house.

I had my own reasons for not wishing a particular examination of the contents of my portmanteau. It had escaped scrutiny at Bonanza, in the hurry of putting the general baggage on board the steamer; but here we were at our journey's end, and I could not hope a second such escape—still I knew something of the law of optics. I knew that the interposition of a body between the eye and another body would render the latter invisible. So I placed half a crown between the eye of the aduanèro and my portmanteau, and during the temporary obscuration the latter was carried off by my servant. There was among my baggage two or three articles, carelessly left there, which might have caused me trouble, had they been seized and reported.

Passing the Custom-house we ran into Scylla, *i. e.* the Police-office, where we were expected to show our passports, and put down our residences at Seville. It occurred to me that, on leaving Cadiz unexpectedly, I had neglected to pay the Policia there two *pesetas* for permission to visit Seville. Fearing that this omission might subject me to inconvenient delay at least, I tried the same experiment on the police-officer as on the aduanèro—and, I am happy to add, with the same gratifying result. In its passage from my pocket to his the piece of money dropped with a loud ring on the floor, in presence of many bystanders. A moment of hesitation might have compromised my official friend or myself. I had started on my way from the office,

but in hearing the fall of the silver, I immediately stopped, picked it up, and in sufficiently good Spanish told the officer, on handing it to him, that he must have dropped it. He courteously thanked me, and recollected he had had such a piece. I went on my way.

CHAPTER XVII.

SEVILLE—TABLE D'HÔTE—LAS DELICIAS—OUTSIDE THE WALLS—DON GAETANO PEICKLER.

Immediately on arrival at the Fonda Europa I made my toilet, and soon after dined. There was a table d'hôte, and dinner was served in courses, between which the Spaniards at the table would take out their cigarettes and smoke. True to my purpose of servile imitation, I smoked likewise. Five nations were represented at the table: France, England, Germany, Spain, and my own country in my person—a polyglot collection. The German swilled, the Frenchman chattered, the Spaniard smoked, John Bull sulked, and "Young America" kept up a good deal of thinking. There was plenty of wine on the table—*vino blanco y vino tinto*—white and red, the common wine of the country, very palatable with water, and not unpleasant without—all furnished without extra charge. Champagne, Madeira, and Sherry, etc., could have been furnished if called for; the two first at rather extravagant rates—but no one wanted them.

John Bull, with a round face, cropped head, and aspiring shirt-collar, sat on my sinister elbow. "Would you smoke?" said I, offering the weed. "It is beastly," he replied, "to smoke while you are eating." "Then why don't *you* smoke?" said a Spaniard opposite. He enveloped himself in taciturnity, and soon

after adopted invisibility. He was a snob on his first travels, and thought himself still within sound of Bow-bells. *Mem.* My association with Englishmen, both at home and in their travels, has led me to this irresistible conclusion: the Almighty (not to speak it profanely) has seen fit to illustrate the two extremes of his action in the creation of the English gentleman and the English snob;—while in nature there is nothing more perfect than the one, so there is nothing more despicable than the other.

The courses finished, dinner was over. No one lingered over the wine—a custom which both inclination and *ton* forbid here, as, in truth, every where in good European society.

I was glad to get through dinner, for I longed to join the evening promenade on "Las Delicias," the shaded walk which had struck my fancy from the steamer; and I found my way there without assistance. It is at some distance from our Fonda. These grounds overhang the Gaudalquiver a mile in length. They are decorated with the greatest taste; the avenues bordered with orange-trees, and terminating in a garden at one end, full of costly plants and flowers. This would be the place "to sport with Amaryllis in the shade, and play with the tangles of Neæra's hair;" and I have reason to believe a great deal of such sport prevails here. A fine carriage-road lies on the other side of it, and handsome equipages, with cavaliers on Arabian horses, enlivened the scene.

I had thought nothing could be more attractive than the girls of Cadiz. I was surprised into admiration there, and doubtless formed an opinion while my senses were in tumult. But I was obliged to confess now that Seville bore the palm of beauty. The ladies of Seville seemed more graceful, more delicate, more refined;

their features, if not more lovely, seemed more cultivated by intelligence; and their dress—that reflex of the soul—displayed more taste. Their walk, too, had less pretension; if less natural, it was apparently more so. They had reached the perfection of art, and concealed it.

I walked to and fro Las Delicias as long as it was peopled with such attractions. With the twilight the *señorinas* left; and I essayed to return by another route than I had entered. I passed the *Torre del Oro*, whose erection the Sevillians vainly ascribe to Julius Cæsar, but whose architecture stamps it unmistakably Arabian; and plunged into the city beyond. For some time I occupied my mind with novel impressions—studying costumes, and shops, and inscriptions, and modes of life—till I found twilight had deepened into darkness, when my situation—a stranger but newly arrived, ignorant of the language, the place into which I had wandered, and the name of the street where I "put up"—struck me all at once. I saw I was outside the city walls—had heard that many people of the suburbs were "*mala gente*"—and had neglected to leave my purse behind. So I was in "a concatenation accordingly." I attempted at one or two stalls, or shops, to learn the direction to the Fonda d'Europa; but while I seemed to make my meaning understood, from the readiness of the answers I received I could not comprehend a word of the reply. Finally, I entered a place where *vinos y licores*—wines and liquors—were promised to be sold, and ordering something, inquired, with some desperation, for the Fonda. A person smoking at the table near me, looking like Wallack in Don Cæsar de Bazan—a gentleman in subdued circumstances—started up and exclaimed, "*Vamonos*," and left the house, beckoning me to follow,

which I incontinently did—deeming it safer to accompany him than to remain. He devoured the way with long strides; and I followed him, as little Julius his father, Æneas, from the sack of Troy; *non passibus equis*, with much shortened steps. He crossed many a square, and carried me through many a lane, turning round occasionally to see if I was coming. He either took me purposely out of the way, to enhance the merit of his action by the seeming distance, or I had indeed gone far from my destination. As soon as we were within the walls I felt easier. The rest of the distance was soon accomplished. Don Cæsar delivered me safely at the fonda, and then, wrapping his cloak around him, fixed his eye upon me. I thought I saw some "speculation" in it, but I feared to offend a caballero of such dignified, though impoverished appearance, by the offer of money. Fortunately, while we were looking at each other in doubting uncertainty, "Alphonse" hove in sight, and I inquired of him what my late conductor expected. "A *peseta*," he replied. I gave him two; and with "*Gracias, caballero*," and a dignified bow, he went his way, and I saw him no more.

Sleeping outside the walls all night would not have been comfortable, if it had not been dangerous. The "*pulgas*" would have attacked me, and they were *mala gente* also, who rushed upon you on every opportunity, and never failed to draw blood. No posada or venta is safe from them. It is a reason why you never find the floors carpeted—the carpets would soon become filled with these villainous nocturnal marauders.

There was much to be seen in Seville, and I had been told it was necessary to retain a guide or cicerone: wherefore I sent for Don Gaetano Peickler, a Spaniard by birth, though of German parentage. He

had looked on better days, but was now obliged to support himself by this profession, and trafficking in paintings, terra cotta images, etc.; a man somewhat advanced in age, but sympathetic with youth, and more trustworthy than the class generally. Indeed I never heard his character for honesty impeached. He was intelligent, and well-acquainted with all of Seville that related to the past or the present. He was a presentable man, and a companionable withal—dined with me often, and accompanied me on excursions. Without him I had lost much of Seville, living and dead. He gave me the coloring to what would only have been outline without him; blood, and muscle, and life, to what had been but skeleton else—and he had great delicacy of feeling that ever prevented him from intruding or boring.

I found Seville even yet more agitated with the expected bull-fight of the coming Sunday than I had left Cadiz. Cuchares was here! Cuchares would appear at Seville before he visited those picaros of Cadiz! Alphonse said I must not lose a moment in buying a ticket, as there never was such a demand for them, and the best seats had already been taken. The Duchess of Montpensier was to preside, and some magnificent *toros* were to be introduced. He would engage me a *boletin de sombra*, a shaded seat in the stone balcony, where I could see every thing, and be near the box of Her Royal Highness.

I was glad to have missed the bull-fight in Cadiz. It would have been sadly provincial. There is very little of the *sangre azul*, the genuine *blue blood*, in Cadiz; society is consequently snobbish, parvenu-ish, and much to be avoided. The bulls do not like to appear before such spectators. All this information, and much before, I gained from a fair Sevillian who

claimed to be related to the ducal house of Medina Sidonia; and if small hands and ears be, as Lord Byron contends, the true test of nobility, I don't know who could have boasted a more aristocratic origin.

If the bull-fight be a mania in Cadiz, here it reaches a frenzy. The lower class will part with every thing to gain admission to the spectacle; the men with their last (and first) shirt—the girls with what, being lost, makes them poor indeed. This is not exaggeration. It is daily experience.

This promised to be more than an ordinary entertainment. It should have come off a fortnight before, but had been postponed in consequence of the non-appearance of Cuchares, who had been unavoidably detained at Madrid. Fresher and fiercer bulls had been procured, and the sister of the queen, the Duchess of Montpensier, had graciously been pleased to signify her consent to preside. All along my route, indeed at Lisbon, before I entered Spain, I had heard of this projected *fiesta*, and had fallen in with far-away strangers on their way to Seville. The *fondas* were full, and the *cafés* crowded from morning to night.

I procured two nice seats very near her Royal Highness for $1.25 each—cheaper than an opera-ticket. And now all I wanted was a companion; some one with whose excitability I might sympathize. The softer sex I deemed the most impressionable, and it behooved me to find one of them who would accept me as an escort. *Les convenances* forbade me to hope for a *señorina*; so I looked out for a *muchaca*—a girl of the middle class. I did not wish a married lady, nor one of doubtful position; but a pretty, lively, genteel girl, *una muchaca bonita y quapita.* On the evening preceding the important day I succeeded.

I had in the mean time made the acquaintance of a Franciscan friar, who seemed as poor as his order enjoins. I was in the daily habit of attending mass in the cathedral where he officiated. Particularly careful to do nothing offensive to the national prejudices, I never addressed any acquaintance inside the church—never even recognized any one, nor wandered listlessly about; but always joined the worshipers at the altar, kneeling when they knelt, and prostrating myself with them, on the enunciation of the awful mystery. For no one indeed can enter a Catholic church, listen to its music, participate in its services, and understand their meaning, without devotion. The imagination, and, through it, the heart, is moved; and the religious sentiment, common to all mankind, is deeply, if not permanently affected. When the gorgeous anthem rolls down the shadowy arches, sweeps along the vaulted roof, trembles around the decorated pinnacles, and sighs amid the mutilated statues and fading canopies, it awakens the sympathetic echoes in our heart, and we fall down in adoration.

As I was leaving the cathedral Saturday evening after vespers, I encountered the friar on the outside, and made a deep obeisance as I was on the point of passing him: "*Buenas tardes, hijo mio*," said he, "*puede usted hablar Español?*" "Good evening, my son; do you speak Spanish?" I replied that I could speak but a few words. On learning that I understood French a little better, he addressed me with great ease in that language; I replied in a kind of composite tongue. He asked me if I was *Christiano*; to which I gave an affirmative answer. He had supposed so, he said, from seeing me so often at mass; whence I inferred he took me for a Catholic, in which apprehension I thought it well to leave him.

He spoke of the bull-fight the next day, and advised me to attend it, after high mass in the forenoon; at which, as well as at the bull-fight afterward, he said, her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Montpensier, would assist. I told him I should most certainly attend mass, and that I had procured two seats for the other ceremony, and wanted a lady to share them with me; but that unacquainted in Seville, I knew no one to invite. The reverend father was pleased to smile. "My son," said he, "although my profession is not of this world; nor do I meddle with things worldly, save as they conduce to things eternal (here he crossed himself), still, as you are a good Catholic, and doubtless *un hombre de bien*, I will do you a good turn." He then told me, he was confessor to a family of a mother and two daughters. The father was a portrait-painter by profession—was yet living, but had run away from his family, and had left them in embarrassed circumstances. The girls embroidered, and endeavored to eke out a livelihood by such occupation. They were *gente bien nacida*—well-born, and both girls pretty and genteel, particularly the youngest, who was only fifteen years old. He would take me to the house, and introduce me as a friend the next day (Sunday) after mass. I gave him my sincerest thanks, and something for the poor of his order, which he received with a benignant countenance. Then, directing me to meet him on the same spot after mass, he gave me his blessing, and went his way.

What is it that the poet says?

"Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream."

No acting of a dreadful thing was threatened next

day, yet much of moment to me; and if the interim did not appear like a hideous dream, or any thing of that kind, it was not without agitating sensations on my part. I hung between hope and fear. Cuchares and Dolores (for such was the name of the painter's daughter) alternately or simultaneously kept my heart in a state of insurrection. I was very glad when that night came, and much gladder when it left.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HIGH MASS—THE CATHEDRAL—DOLORES—BULL-FIGHT.

The day so anxiously looked for came, with a pure atmosphere, and bright sun, and every thing seemed propitious. At the breakfast-table I sat next to a worthy pillar of the Church of England, a vicar of some position. Without any previous knowledge of each other, we had struck up an acquaintance. I found him well-educated and intelligent, of course; this morning our principal topic of conversation was the approaching bull-fight. He had felt, he said, the greatest difficulty in determining whether to go or stay away. His desire ardently urged him to attend, his religious convictions condemned such a desecration of the Sabbath. But then on no other day could such a spectacle be commanded, and how could he return to England without having seen a bull-fight? As his eye seemed to demand my opinion, I told him that Sundays did not run in Spain, no more than according to Callum Beg, they did in the Highlands: "Sunday seldom cam aboon the Pass of Bally-Brough." At least, they were not such Sundays as he was accustomed to in England, and that if he thought he should derive more gratification than he would incur sin in attending, he ought to go, from a sense of duty he owed himself. I did not think, when I entered Spain, that among the novel situations

in which I might be placed, I should be called upon to advise a Vicar of the Church of England as to his religious duties. But after some years of travel one ceases to be surprized at any thing save his own former *greenness.* If my apostolic friend had not determined to "assist at" the bull-fight, I doubt if there were any thing in my argument to justify him in so doing, and he seemed to think so, for he made no response to my suggestions. I said that I presumed he would attend High Mass, that I understood it would be performed with more than customary splendor, as the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier would be present. He replied: "Certainly not. I may do wrong in witnessing this bull-fight. I *know* I should in approving, by my presence, this superstitious ceremony." Here was another of my angular prejudices rounded off! A clergyman of a Christian church risks the degradation of his office in witnessing the massacre of beasts on the Sabbath day, while he objects to participate in prayers and religious services, which, being without the pale of his own Church, are necessarily superstitious! Alas! that this self-conceit should be the besetting sin of so many members of a religious institution, most eminent for its piety, its eloquence, and learning.

The cathedral is the largest in the kingdom, being four hundred and thirty one feet in length by three hundred and fifteen feet in breadth. Its center nave is one hundred and forty-five feet high, while at the transept dome it is one hundred and seventy-one feet. The pavement of black and white checkered marble is magnificent. Carvings by Juan Martinez Montañes, Alonzo Cano, and other sculptors; paintings by Juan Valdes Leal, by his greater rival, MURILLO, and artists nearly as eminent decorate the transepts, the chapels, and courts of the cathedral. As I entered, the enor-

mous organs were giving forth their volumes of solemn music, and the deep-swelling tones of the largest, with its five thousand three hundred pipes and uncounted stops, made themselves heard above all sounds. All Seville was present; royalty and nobility, the beggar and the sinner, the virtuous and the frail woman were all there, and all seeming equally devout.

His and Her Royal Highness were separated from ordinary Christians, as if there might be a royal road to heaven, though there be not to geometry. They occupied an apartment or inclosure very much larger than a box at the opera, handsomely decorated, and facing the altar and the spectators, so that their genuflections and their signs of the cross might be seen and imitated. He had strong motives for devotion: his marriage with the infante, which had done more than any thing else to precipitate his father (Louis Philippe) from the throne and to drive his family out of France, had secured him a nice little snuggery here in Spain; a nice little wife withal, who looked not unlike a daughter of the late Judge W—— of New Hampshire, and I was glad to see that he was earnestly intent upon the service, as if he was conscious of the great obligations he was under to his Maker.

Mass having been performed, I lost no time in attending the rendezvous of the friar; nor did he keep me waiting long. He had seen the ladies, he said, and they were expecting us. The mother had at first refused her daughters' companionship to me; but on his guaranty that I was "*hombre de bien*," and a friend to the Faith, she had finally consented. The Spanish language is fertile in extravagant phrases, is full of "*ponderaçion*," and our friar did not stint himself when he spoke of the difficulty of success. Of course, I knew he was speaking for "the poor of his

order," and when he made an end of talking, I gave him some *pesetas*, which he bagged without an attempt at unconsciousness.

We soon arrived at our destination—a small but neat-looking stone-house, not far from the ancient Alameda. On our ringing the bell, and giving the usual answer—"*gente de paz*," literally "peaceful persons"—the door, unfastened within by means of a string (generally pulled from the second floor), turned on its hinges, and we entered. The girls were pretty, very pretty. The youngest had the Moorish eye, and a hand that never could have been intended for any thing but kisses.

It is not the pleasantest thing in the world to be in company with two pretty girls and be unable to converse in their language; and after I had exhausted the few expressions I had been able to summon to my assistance, and had received Dolores's promise to be ready for me at two o'clock that afternoon, I took ceremonious leave of the ladies—the friar remaining behind.

I never intentionally was guilty of the crime of making a lady wait, and I took good care to have my carriage at Dolores's door a few minutes before the appointed hour. She was dressed, and looking radiant with expectation. Her mantilla, fan and gloves were all perfect, and her tiny feet, "like little mice, stole in and out, as if they feared the light." Her eyelashes, long and heavy, half-concealed the eyes, making them appear like Cupid's artillery in ambuscade. Upon the whole, I felt myself going.

In the carriage, with her *tête-à-tête*, I got along much better than when in company with her mother and sister. I got rid gradually of my *mauvaise honte*, and as I found she seemed to understand me, I poured out all my Spanish without fear of ridicule. It is much easier to speak Spanish than French, because in the

former language every syllable is pronounced, while in the latter many a terminating syllable seems to be retained for no other purpose than a caudal decoration.

I addressed her as "*hija mia*"—my child; an affectionate expression not unpleasant to the muchachas—and said some pretty things, which made her smile and flush; for in Spain young girls like to be told they are beautiful. So that by the time we arrived at the *Plaza de Toros* we had established quite a pleasant relationship between each other.

Although we reached the place an hour before the time appointed for the commencement of the performance, so vast and dense was the crowd at the entrance that it was only with the greatest difficulty and with much loss of time we got through. The entrance for the seats in the balcony was fortunately not the same as that for the uncovered seats, or we might not have got in before the performance.

Such a sea of heads I never beheld in one inclosure. Fifteen thousand persons were by accurate computation within the walls of the amphitheater—of every shade of color and every variety of costume. I saw the turbaned and dusky Moor; the fixed stare of the careless gitano; the fair-haired European; the thick-lipped African; and the Seville *majo* in all the extravagance of his attire. He is the Spanish swell; the b'hoy of Andalusia; the connoisseur in tauromachia; the intimate of bull-fighters; the gospel of the "*aficion*;" whose jokes, even when practical, must not be resented, and whose decisions, though contradictory, must never be questioned. I gained much *sal Andaluça*, as pungent if not as delicate as "Attic salt," from my intercourse with the Seville majo; the *majo fino*, and *muy cocido*, —the noble and "well-boiled" majo—as contra-distin-

guished from the *crudos*—the raw and sadly provincial majos of such places as Cadiz, Xeres, and Malaga.

THE MAJO OF SEVILLE.

There is something fearful in the aspect of a vast multitude! against its rage we feel conscious that individual life were not worth a moment's purchase; and, at times, nothing but ignorance of its own power would seem to restrain its fury. On this occasion, when I looked around and beneath me, and saw so many eyes upturned toward me, dark and seemingly threatening, and doubted not that many of the thousands carried under their cloaks the usual Catalonian knife, I felt how insecure a barrier law, or even the

armed soldiery present, would interpose against their hostile determination. The swaying of their compact heads, as they moved to and fro in incessant action, reminded me of what sailors call the ground swell of the ocean; an agitation without visible cause, which ever portends a coming tempest. And to a foreigner unaccustomed to their habits, and unacquainted with their language, the vociferation, the shouting, the vehement gestures of the crowd were not at all assuring. Nor when I beheld a body of soldiers rush amid the multitude, seize hold of a man and forcibly carry him out, did I feel more courage; particularly when I learned the person so ejected had just stabbed another. However, Dolores told me it meant nothing; it was merely a *cosa de España*, and that as soon as the performance commenced all would be right.

An hour after our arrival their royal highnesses entered their *loge*, opposite the door, through which the bull rushes from his den into the arena. No very enthusiastic *vivas* from the crowd accompanied the entrance of the queen's sister. Spanish loyalty went out with Don Carlos. But hush! a trumpet sounds, and the vast multitude is silent.

The picadors, mounted on horseback, and cased in armor of stuffed leather, enter the arena—ungainly-looking beings—and such horses! why ancient Pistol's "hollow pampered jades of Asia, which can not go but thirty miles a day," would have been Arabian steeds compared to them! Rosinante a Bucephalus! lean and limping, spare and spavined, with one eye bandaged and no leg sound, they tottered rather than trotted around the lists. However, their appearance was greeted by the multitude with greater enthusiasm than had been exhibited to the infanta.

Another blast from the trumpet, and the tauridors,

eight in number, bound into the lists amid the shouts of the crowd and the waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs. In their fanciful, gaudy, and costly attire, light of foot and quick of eye, they walk around the arena, bowing and smiling to their acquaintances, and take their places close to the barrier behind the picadors, who have taken position within thirty feet of each other; the foremost being within a short distance of the gate by which the bull is to enter.

He sits, with lance poised, awaiting the onset of the bull; like a knight of old with lance in rest expecting an attack. His weapon is some ten feet long, of strongest wood, terminating in a spear two inches in length, pointed, and sharp. Around his legs and underneath the stuffed leather he wears a covering of steel. He sits upon his horse as motionless as the statue of the Commander in Don Giovanni.

Another burst of wild, barbaric music, the den opens, and the bull, goaded upon his very entrance by a dart from a man stationed for the purpose, rushes furious into the arena. For a moment he stands still as if stupified; the unusual spectacle—the mounted horsemen and the clamor of the multitude astounding him. Soon you see his hoof move; he paws the ground; and dashes the sand over the arena. Then with a bound he rushes, with lowered head, at the nearest picador, who thrusts his lance deep into the flesh of his huge neck, and skillfully wards off the blow. The horse with his blinded eyes had not seen the bull, or he would not have bided the attack. Foiled, the bull stops to recover breath; but now the tauridors fearlessly advance, one or two at a time, and unfolding the variegated scarf dash it into his eyes. The animal rushes madly upon one, but he escapes the attack by springing over the barrier.

Another picador now advances against him. The bull plants himself, lashes his sides with his tail, and again rushes upon his foe—and this time with better success. He gores the helpless horse, breaking through the opposed spear, and rips up its body. The steed falls with his rider under him. "Bravo! toro," shout the multitude—"Bravo! toro," shouted even Dolores. "My dear little friend," I said to myself; "if you were where that poor picador is, you would hardly be shouting, "Bravo, toro." But I thought it best to say nothing to her. The picador was now in imminent peril of his life. The multitude but a moment before so clamorous, became suddenly and intensely still. The bull was rushing with avenging horns upon the prostrate picador, and in another instant would have let out his life-blood, when a daring and skillful tauridor flew to the rescue, shook his scarf into the very eyes of the bull, and frustrated the meditated blow. The animal attacks his new assailant, and is encountered by the whole band, whose consummate evolutions of alernate aggression and retreat are full of excitement, and elicit loud and repeated bravos from the crowd. The fallen picador, saved by this timely diversion, is pulled out from beneath his dying horse and hastily passed over the barrier: his heavy armor, and, perhaps, intoxicated condition (for the picadors drink deeply before these encounters) preventing his extricating himself unaided. The disemboweled steed is allowed to remain uncared for, his blood gurgling out at every respiration and clotting the sand.

The bull, now relinquishing the useless pursuit of the tauridors, most of whom, however, he had compelled to overleap the barrier, made a third rush at an opposing picador, who, by a dexterous management of his horse, escaped unharmed. Not so the bull; he had

exposed a flank to the spear of the picador, and received thereon a perilous wound.

The crowd by this time, tired of this part of the performances, shouted: "Banderillos, banderillos!" and straightway, amid loud and high flourishes of music, some half a dozen gayly-dressed, sinewy, active persons, with close-fitting jackets and breeches, leaped within the lists; armed with darts which were about two feet long, and decorated with flowers, they rushed with inconceivable swiftness upon the now panting animal, and dexterously stuck their pointed darts into different parts of his body; even where perhaps he had already received wounds from the picadors. Some of these darts contained fireworks which ignited as they penetrated the persecuted beast, who roared with rage and agony. With short convulsive leaps he bounded over the arena, rushing at tauridor, picador, banderillo, and even at the barrier in his tempestuous fury; while the joyous shouts of the mob drown his bellowing. Covered all over with ghastly wounds, with the darts still goading him, and with the blood spirting from his nostrils, he finally stood at bay, his black swollen tongue hanging out, and his mouth whitened with foam.

I looked at my fair companion in the faint hope that she would turn her head from the sickening spectacle; but alas! habit or education had indurated her feelings, and the only emotion I could read in her countenance, was one of joyful anticipation. The nurses even in the royal box held out their little charges that they might obtain a better view of the mutilated animal.

And now nothing could satisfy the excited crowd but the immediate death of their noble victim; and with another flourish of Saracenic music, Cuchares springs over the barrier into the arena. A shout arose as loud as, old Homer tells us, the God of War gave

forth, when wounded, he quit the plain of Troy. "Cuchares, Cuchares!" issued from ten thousand throats in simultaneous cry. Acknowledging by a bow or smile the flattering clamor, he approached the infanta's station, and bending gracefully on one knee, respectfully solicited (so Dolores afterward explained to me) permission to kill the animal, which, of course, the infanta was graciously pleased to grant. Cuchares immediately sprang to his feet; and whirling his hat round his head in a number of rapid gyrations, threw it violently on the ground, and approached the infuriate beast. And now took place the crisis of the fight. Here superior strength encountered superior skill—ferocity, agility; and ungoverned rage, courageous nerve.

Awhile, man and beast, as if both conscious this was a struggle for life, stood motionless within a few feet of each other, watching the moment of attack. There was no sound audible in that vast multitude; the breath of the whole crowd appeared suspended on the event.

Cuchares stood before the bull, no otherwise armed than with a straight two-edged sword, holding in his left hand a scarf of glittering red. He commenced the final contest by shaking this before the face of the animal, who, thereby still more incensed, rushed upon his antagonist. The matador avoided the blow by a sudden spring to one side, and continued teasing, worrying, and exhausting the bull by a series of artistic feints; till the animal, in the act of rushing upon him, lowered his head too near the ground, when Cuchares seized the unguarded moment to thrust the blade two thirds its length just where the vast neck mingles with the spine. The blood gushed out in streams from the nostrils and mouth of the bull; and after staggering a moment, he fell amid the vehement and prolonged shouts, and died on touching the sand. The victor

richly merited the applause he received; for he had achieved a feat most dangerous in the attempt, and attended rarely by success—the instantaneous death of the bull on the first thrust. Much indeed is required to form an accomplished matador. Dauntless courage, a vigorous arm, an accurate eye, and an ever active mind. These, with long experience, are absolutely essential. Montes possessed them all; but rash from continued success, he attempted unnecessary perils, and forfeited life.

The matador wiped his blade upon his prostrate foe, and then, to the air of martial music, and the uproarious shouts of the amphitheater, advanced to the royal seat, where, uncovered, he bowed his head low, while *pesetas*, *duros* and *Napoleons* fell, shower-like, upon him. These he gathered together in great haste, as if he feared his allies would claim their portion; and thanking their royal highnesses in usual Spanish phrases, retired from the lists. Then came in the car, decorated with flowers and ribbons, and drawn by mules, gayly caparisoned; into this, the animal "butchered to make a *Spanish* holiday," was thrown, and galloped outside of the amphitheater, where his carcass was immediately sold to the Seville butchers. "To such base uses must we come."

Now, while they were removing the slaughtered horse, and sewing up those that had only been partially ripped open (that they might serve another turn)—while the picadors, and tauridors, and banderilleros took huge drafts of *aguardiente*, and repaired their torn or soiled garments, men glided about through the seats selling refreshments. The dust of the arena, and the smoke of unlimited tobacco made iced-lemonade a blessing; and I was glad to see Dolores pitch into it. Now the señorinas and mu-

chachas moved their fans and tongues—though the eloquence of the first renders that of the latter almost superfluous; for Spanish ladies give as much expression to their fans as others to their tongues. They invite with it, they repel with it; make an assignation or denial with it; smile, frown, weep, coquette and kiss (though I prefer another way) with it. It is emphatically with them "an instrument of many strings."

But short time, however, was allowed to refreshments or flirtations. As in a theater when the drop-curtain lingers, so now, cat-calls, groans and hisses were liberally lavished, as if the bull ought to hurry up and be killed. The picadors and matadors resumed their positions; and another bull bounded into the arena. After one bewildered stare at the preparations made to receive him, he fairly turned tail, and trotted round the barrier. Such a storm of jeers, hisses, and damnatory ejaculations assailed him, but that his hide was proof against them, he had been instantly annihilated! "*Vaurien*," said a Frenchman who sat in front. "*No vale nada*," exclaimed Dolores. "He is n't worth a Continental d——n," issued from a voice, with a down-east intonation, somewhere near me. And now arose the wildest cry I had yet heard. "*Per-ros! per-ros!*" shouted the lower orders. "*Per-ros!*" cried Dolores. "*Per-ros!*" chimed in this individual, to the greatest danger of his lungs. "Can you tell me," I said to my French neighbor, "why we are all shouting, '*Per-ros?*' I have not the most remote idea." "*Per-ros!*" replied he, "*veut dire des chiens*." "Oh! it is '*des chiens*,' is it? So it is dogs we are crying for." And I continued to bawl, "*Per-ros! per-ros!*" But no "*per-ros*" came. They had not been invited to the entertainment; nor, while I was in Spain, did they ever appear as *dramatis personæ*. They are only intro-

duced as a *dernier resort* when the bull obstinately refuses to fight the stock-company. On this occasion, the bull, finding escape from the lists was impossible, finally took heart of grace and showed fight, but was easily dispatched.

The third was of different mettle. He made three consecutive attacks upon three picadors instantly on his entrance, and his roars filled the amphitheater. The first horse he gored so badly that he could but carry his rider to the barrier, when he dropped down, and instantly expired. The second escaped with a slight wound in the flank; but the bull rushed with main force upon the third, bearing back the lance of the picador, is if it were a reed, and nailed horse and rider to the barrier. The picador was saved by his friends on the outside pulling him over from the saddle; so badly bruised, however, as to be unable to make his appearance again that day. The horse, escaping from the horns of the bull, staggered, with his bowels dragging to the ground, across the arena, moaning dreadfully, and laid down to die. The matadors avoided the contest by springing over the barrier; in which, indeed, in one instance they were followed by the bull, when you might have seen the spectators nearest the barrier fly, as for life, to higher seats. A path, or aisle, girds the lists, defended by the barrier on one side, and the raised seats on the other, some five feet high, opening with many doors into the arena, through one of which, thrown open for the purpose, the bull was driven back. Picadors and matadors again attacked the bull; and after four horses were killed and three others disabled, and two picadores placed *hors du combat*, the noble hero—for the bull *is* the hero of the fight, and wins all the sympathies of the crowd—was finally exhausted and overcome.

There were twenty-two horses killed this day, and eight bulls; but the expectations of the crowd seemed but half gratified, as all the men escaped.

To a stranger, it must be confessed that this spectacle, seen for the first time, is disgusting and repulsive. The useless exposure of life gains no admiration, while the premeditated torture of the animals sickens the senses. Still the accessories of the entertainment are so brilliant and captivating, there is so much and varied excitement throughout, that after awhile the sojourner becomes as deeply interested as one to the manor born. At least I found it so; nor ever, while in Spain, did I fail to attend *todas las corridas de toros,* all the bull-fights, wherever holden.

CHAPTER XIX.

DOLORES—STUDY OF SPANISH—THE ALCAZAR—CASA DE PILATOS—EL MUSEO—MURILLO—SPANISH COURTESY—BAILA—THE FRENCH DANCING-MASTER.

I ROSE betimes next morning and attended early service at the cathedral. The malicious may think I went there with the purpose of meeting Dolores; but the charitable, whose censure, in our allowance, must outweigh a whole catalogue of others, will ascribe proper motives to the act. It is true Dolores was there, with her mother. She was kneeling on the marble pavement, and gazing upward as I entered. The earliest rays of the morning sun but faintly penetrated the deep-stained glass, and all objects appeared in that *chiaro-oscuro* subdued light so favorable to beauty. As I approached Dolores, who, all unconscious of my presence, her eyes upturned with an expression of mingled love and reverence, and her chiseled hands crossed upon her gently-budding breast, was pouring forth her soul in prayer, I could not but liken her to that inimitable personation of ideal grace and natural loveliness, the madonna of the "immaculate conception."

I sunk down on the pavement beside her, careful by no noise to attract her attention. Her orisons finished, she rose and recognized me, and with her mother we left the cathedral. On our way home, I invited them *tomar el fresco* "to take the air" on the Alameda or

Las Delicias the coming evening after siesta, to which they assented.

DOLORES KNEELING IN CHURCH.

With a phrase-book, dictionary, Gil Blas, and a teacher, who gave me two lessons daily, I was soon making great progress in the Spanish language. I frequented the cafés, the theaters, and other popular resorts nightly, that I might accustom myself to the sound of the words: and, reckless of ridicule, I plunged into conversation, floundering through it the best I

could. Every one was civil, and affected to understand me. I tried to *think* in Spanish, and avoided as much as I could English society. By this means, within a few weeks of my arrival in Spain, I could not only make myself intelligible to others, but easily understand them when speaking slow. In acquiring so much knowledge of the language, Dolores was of great advantage to me. The words, interpreted by a smile or expressive look, carried their meaning directly to the comprehension. She corrected my errors so prettily that I sometimes made them intentionally. One such walking dictionary is worth all the encyclopædias of the world!

Don Gaetano Peickler called to accompany me to the Alcazar, one of the wonders of Seville. It is one of the best specimens of Moorish architecture left in Spain. It stands where once stood the mansion of the Roman prætor, Alcazar or Al-Kasr, signifying from the Arabic the House of Cæsar. According to Condé (*la Dominacion de los Arabes*) it was rebuilt by Prince Abderahman Ledin-Allah some time in the tenth century, after a great pestilence in Spain when the mortality was so great that the living became weary of burying the dead. The Roman, the Goth, and the Arab have each impressed his occupancy upon its architecture. The columns of the vestibule are Roman, surmounted with Gothic capitals, while many of the doors and ceilings are genuine Moorish. The Spaniard too has characterized his sway, and obliterated the delicate tracery and gilding of his predecessor by an overcoat of whitewash!

The Hall of the Embassadors (*la Sala de los Embajadores*) is more magnificent than the one with the same title within the Alhambra of Grenada. Don Pedro the Cruel employed Moorish workmen to build

it, who vied with their cotemporary rivals of the Alhambra in its decoration.

Then the gardens laid out by Charles V. with varied levels and orange-bordered plots, and secret fountains beneath the walks, are well deserving of careful admiration. You must be cautious how you step, or, when least expecting it, a *jet d'eau* will spring up through hidden openings, and inundate your clothes. My cicerone told me that when, during the Peninsular war, Sir John Downie (or some other Englishman with "a handle to his name") occupied the Alcazar as Governor of Seville, he was wont to invite ladies into these gardens, and when they were fairly over the fountains to touch the secret springs, whereby they were unexpectedly cooled.

From the gardens you descend to the baths, built by Don Pedro for his mistress, Maria de Padilla. They are constructed of solid stone, one hundred feet long, and four or five deep, with galleries surrounding them, and grottos at the sides. It is said that from a concealed position Don Pedro was wont to watch the ladies of his court while bathing and swimming in these vaulted baños. But let us hope that this is one of the fables with which history seeks at times to smooth her corrugated front.

We next visited the *Casa de Pilatos*, or House of Pilate—so denominated because built in imitation of that occupied by the Roman tetrarch. It is of Gothic-Saracenic architecture, mostly in decay; and is, indeed, chiefly to be visited as a relic of the past:

> "Before Decay's effacing fingers
> Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

And thence we went to the Museo to see the Murillos, which I would be glad to describe, but that I know not

how. If it require a poet to understand poetry, none but a painter can express his own art. I *felt;* but the emotions that are deepest are at least susceptible of analysis. Under their domination we lose all consciousness of existence, and no after effort of the memory can revive their unprobed intensity.

One room in the Museo is exclusively devoted to Murillo. It is his kingdom, and he bears no rival near his throne. One of his *chefs-d'œuvres*—La Concepcion—I had seen previously in the Louvre. It had been *borrowed* by Marshal Soult when in Spain, who, as the Fates in the case of Hector, had forgotten to return it. It was sold to Louis Napoleon some three years since for $120,000. Inimitable as I then considered it, I found the one in the Museo, which is claimed to be the original, far superior in coloring and execution. Besides it had that attraction, indefinable and incontrovertible, which time lends to art. That in the Louvre had been recently *renovated.*

Seldom a day passed that I did not visit the Museo; and after Mr. Peickler's introduction, mostly alone. You do not desire conversation in such presence. It seems inappropriate and vapid. Nor did I want the beauties of the artist pointed out to me; it is like undertaking to read "the beauties" of an author, seen by other eyes, and conveyed through other minds. No! before such inspirations one wishes to be alone, as with his God!

To visit other objects of curiosity or art that day, after Murillo, I thought would be profanity; I returned therefore to the hotel and awaited the hour of dinner. I met at the table my friend of the Anglican Church, and asked him if he had been satisfied with the bullfight. "Quite so," he said, "and satisfied not to go again. I have gratified my curiosity—can say I have seen a bull-fight—and no consideration on earth could

induce me to witness another." I thought he expressed himself rather strongly; repeated to myself the words of the wise man: "Let not him that putteth on his armor boast like him who taketh it off," and could not get rid of the presentiment that I was destined to see him again at a bull-fight.

There never was a day so long but that it reached an end; and though Phaeton could not have driven his father's horses this day, the time *did* arrive when the chariot of the sun approached the western horizon, and permitted my attendance on Dolores. I found her looking very pretty in her nice-fitting *basquina*, tall, lithe and graceful; her glossy hair nicely arranged and ornamented on the back of the head with a tortoise-shell comb, which I had procured and sent anonymously to her since the morning. She no sooner saw me enter than she came running toward me, to thank me for the beautiful present I had made her. It was in vain that I affected ignorance, or denied the soft impeachment. She was determined to believe I sent it, and nothing that I could say would affect her conviction. Gratitude coming from such pretty lips and in such pretty phrases are irresistible, and I confessed the deed.

What a brilliant concourse on the Alameda! What bowing, greetings, kissing, and fluttering of fans! and what fans; some valued at over one hundred dollars each. It was a delicious evening, and many of the señorinas had thrown their mantillas upon their shoulders, to give full prominence to their hair. Some pass the livelong day in brushing, curling, and arranging their hair, and well may they be proud of such an ornament. Black as the night-hawk's plumage, and soft as eider-down, it will fall, unrestrained, almost to their feet. It gives expression to the ordinary face: it is the crowning glory of a lovely one.

Dolores told me that many of her acquaintances who stopped to address her, inquired who I was. "And what reply did you make them?" She blushed. But, on my urging, replied, "I told them you were my *querido*." "And so I am, *hija mia*," said I. *Querido* means a beau, or lover, and is a necessary appendage of a Spanish beauty.

I then accompanied them to a café where we got *limonade y helados*, ice and lemonade. In Spain as in France, ladies frequent cafés without risk to their delicacy. Nothing in the conduct or language of the other sex ever takes place to offend them. When I called the *mozo* to settle the bill, he said it had been paid. I thought there was a mistake, and so told him. He insisted it had been paid, but refused to tell me by whom. "*Cosa de España!*" said Dolores, smiling. It was a custom with Spanish caballeros to pay *la cuenta*—the bill of a *caballero estrangero*. A very pretty custom, I thought, within certain limits, but might be inconveniently carried to excess. However, as the Spaniard does not dine you, invites you to nothing *en su casa* but his wife's tertullias, he can afford an occasional compliment like this. I never found out the person to whom I was indebted for this delicate civility; but, as they say in Spain, "*Viva mil años*"—May he live a thousand years!

From the café, we attended a *baile*, of which *La Girandilla*—so called from her residence in the bottom of *La Giralda*, a great tower of the Cathedral—is the *impressario* and *la première danseuse*. She had been the heroine of a nice little bit of romance which came off just before my entrance into the country. She had for her acknowledged *novio* (which does not mean bridegroom, lover, nor husband; but something welding the peculiarities of the three together), one of

the most famous matadors of Seville—second, indeed, to Cuchares alone. No native presumed to interfere with his *funcion* near the *Girandilla*. But a French *maître de danse*, with the vanity of his nation and profession, made open court to the lady of the tower, and set the bold stabber of bulls at defiance. He had great opportunities, for he gave her lessons in dancing, which places master and pupil in very confidential relations; and Rumor, very singularly at that time having no other scandal on hand, went about the city into the cafés, the bailes, and less reputable resorts of tauromachian *artistes* and amateurs, and positively asserted that the dancing-master had performed the same duties for the *novio*, that Iago accused Othello of near his wife. A suspension of public opinion was of course requested on the part of the friends of the matador, till he had had an opportunity to be heard. He loved public opinion too well to keep it long in suspense. One night, our French *maître* was returning home from his pupil in more than usually gay spirits, and shouting (for he was a "patriot"),

> "Amour sacré de la patrie
> Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs—"

when his step, and, at the same time, voice were (what he would call, *entrecoupés*) broken up, by about four inches of a Catalonian or Arragonese knife. He was found weltering in blood, faint but still breathing, and carried to his home, where he lingered a long time between this world and the next. As the bull-fighter had only performed what he had been heard by divers persons to threaten, and as he was known to be fastidiously scrupulous regarding the sanctity of his word, he was arrested and placed in durance vile, like a common malefactor. Seville was in commotion. The bull-fight

was then expected to take place in a fortnight; it was doubtful if Cuchares could leave Madrid, and there was no other person but our incarcerated friend who could presume to perform his *rôle.* What was to be done? The nobility was enraged, the *aficion* gloomy, the populace desperate. The authorities were besieged with prayers, menaces, bribes, to let the prisoner go free. They would not even listen to the latter—a thing never before heard of since the days of San Fernando. It may be that their daughters took lessons from the *maître de danse*, or that their wives were too fond of the matador, or that his friends were outbid. Doubtless, there was sufficient good reason for their obduracy. The surprise of Seville, therefore, may be more "easily imagined than described," when about ten days before the bull-fight was expected to take place, our tauromachian ally was seen walking toward the *Plaza de Toros*, "calm as a summer's morning." Curiosity was baffled, the matador would or could say nothing. The Frenchman displayed *beaucoup de talent pour le silence.* The authorities and *La Girandilla* gained as much credence as a bulletin. It cost me twelve lessons, and many a *petit verre* to pump the *maître*; *La Girandilla* had induced him to declare to the authorities his solemn belief in the innocence of the accused. This declaration, accompanied (as it was suspected) by certain donatives from friends, had opened the prison-door to the matador, without the unnecessary publicity of a trial. Seville was too pleased with the result to care much how it was brought about. A true Spaniard always reconciles himself to any occurrence by a proverb: *A caballo prestado no hay que mirarle el diente.* "We will not," they all said, "look a gift-horse in the mouth."

"*Ma foi,*" said the Frenchman, when he made an

end of the story; "what *can* a gentleman of *la grande nation* refuse to a lady!"

So La Girandilla was a meritorious lioness while I was in Seville; and by dint of paying *dos pesos* to each of her *bailes*, and giving her an occasional "glass of refreshment," I became on good terms with her. She consented to teach me some of the national dances—and the price was agreed upon—but the gleam of that Arragonese blade was too much for my equanimity, and I got off the contract by a *douceur*.

She was of the masculine order of beauty—indeed much more than an armful—and fit only for one of that old mad King of Prussia's grenadiers. She danced, however, with vigorous grace; "high and disposedly," as the Scotch embassador characterized Queen Elizabeth's step—and never gave out.

The room wherein she held her *bailes* was small—so as to leave but little space for the dancers, whose breath we felt in our faces, and whose feet touched ours. I had never seen freer and seldom better dancing. Some of the dancers were *figurantes* of the opera whom I had seen before. Most had clean limbs, and seemed determined we should have satisfactory evidence thereof. Among the spectators there were English and French ladies, from the Fonda de Europa, whose acquaintance I had made. I thought to see them a little shocked at dances somewhat Cyprian—but as they were not, I concluded it would be *mauvaise ton* for me to appear so—and therefore I looked on without winking. We had, among other dances, *el jaléo de Xeres*, which Fanny Ellsler used to render so indecent and popular, and which in Brussels she had been prohibited from dancing—and one, the *Ole*, which I had never witnessed elsewhere. The *danseuse* with the national hat and a handkerchief in either

hand, danced round the complete circle of spectators, *pose*, attitudes, *pas*, equally artistic and fascinating. She carried eye and soul with her in every effort. Now she approached with the greatest rapidity and astonishing grace some one of the circle, coquettishly extending hat or handkerchief as about to bestow such signal mark of preference, and then as suddenly retiring, and eluding hope in its almost fruiton: languishing now looks that subdued the senses, and now darting glances that inflamed them to fever; every mood, every inflection of the limbs, every articulation of the nerves, every expression of the features, suggestive of passionate desire!

The *finale* of the dance is her crowning, while still making a *pas*, some one with the hat, or throwing the handkerchief; which so flattering compliment the happy recipient is expected to acknowledge by returning the hat with some weighty substance concealed within it.

The next day when I told Don Gaetano Peickler how much gratified I had been at this entertainment—"Wait," says he, "till I get you up a *baile de los gitanos*—a gipsy-dance."

CHAPTER XX.

THE FRANCISCAN FRIAR—VISIT TO DOLORES—HER VIEWS OF CONFESSION—THE GIRALDA—THE CATHEDRAL—THE DRIVE AROUND THE CITY.

SOME days had elapsed since I had seen my friend of the Order of St. Francis, and my conscience was reproaching me for seeming indifference, when I suddenly came almost in collision with him, as I was turning the corner of a street, on my way to call on Dolores. "I began to fear you had left us, my son," was his salutation. "Reverend father," I replied, "I have been so busy visiting the antiquities of the place that I have had no time to find you out." "'The antiquities' of Seville, my son! and has your curiosity been solely engrossed with *them?* Is there nothing of the present day here, nothing beautiful, that is not old, to please you?" Of course I could not but understand his meaning, if only from the tone and look with which it was conveyed; and I blushed like a girl, or an ass. I knew I blushed, for I felt the suffusion on my cheeks. "You see Dolores, my son?" "Occasionally, holy father;" I replied. "Occasionally means daily, or oftener perhaps? Her mother tells me that Dolores and you are great friends. When shall we look for the commencement of the end?" "I do not comprehend you, reverend father." He smiled with an expression I did not like, and which, when I recalled it afterward, put me to thinking. He immediately changed the con-

versation. He spoke of the Church as it was, and is—its days of former glory, and its present tribulation. "In my young days," he said, "the Church of Seville consisted of an archbishop, an auxiliary bishop, forty canons, and twenty minor canons; as many prebendaries, and chaplains of the choir. The devout gave of their superfluity, and the Church distributed to the poor. Nearly one thousand houses in the city belonged to the chapter, from the rent of which, as well as from the tithes, we did honor to the service of the Virgin. But Mendizabal, an accursed Jew, when minister in 1836, laid violent hands upon the sacred property, and appropriated it (as he called his infamy) to the wants of the State. As if the State could want any thing when the Church flourished! And now, my son, we are beggars, and the scoff of outcasts. Our churches have been despoiled, our monasteries sequestered, our altars desecrated; and, outrage upon outrage! they withhold from us the bare pittance they promised us from our stolen possessions! They have robbed, and now starve us."

I sympathized in proper terms with his indignation, reminded him that the triumph of the wicked was but temporary, and thought to console by assuring him that Providence would take care of the Church. "Providence!" said he, with a sneer—"Providence is too much occupied with the little birds—providing that the sparrow does not fall too hard upon the ground—to think much of the Church." This reply, so Voltaire-ish, and uncanonical, made me laugh *malgré moi.*

I found Dolores alone. Her mother and sister, she said, had gone to see a sick neighbor. This opportune sickness, and the friar's peculiar smile, suggested to my mind a suspicion that an occasion for an *éclaircissement* had not been unpremeditated. But Dolores looked all

unconscious of any such purpose, and I thought that I might be wrong

"*Hija mia*," said I, "do you tell every thing to your priest at confession?" "Every thing," she replied; "otherwise absolution would do me no good." "What—do you tell him, in all their details, any little charming weaknesses of which you may be guilty—all your fibs and flirtations?" "Without doubt. I withhold nothing that I suppose he would deem necessary to be disclosed." "Your confessor, my child, is old, and prudent—but I should be sorry to have you confess to a young and handsome priest. There are secrets with which a young girl can only intrust herself."

She was silent.

"Have you had no other confessor besides our Franciscan friend?" I continued; because I thought I detected an equivoque in her reserve. "Yes," she replied, "and I exchanged him for my present confessor, because he asked me improper questions." "Could you tell me what he wished to know?" I rather hastily inquired. "Excuse me," she replied. "How often, my child, do you attend confession?" "Twice a week, generally." "When do you go again?" "This evening," said she. "What! have you done any thing bad since you were last at confession?" "Oh, no; but the priest says that frequent confession keeps the soul safe even from impure thoughts." "Well, Dolores, suppose a gentleman should kiss you, would you consider it absolutely necessary to confess it to the padre?" "Doubtless," she replied. "And the name of your accomplice?" "He would not demand it." * * * * She blushed. "Tell me next time I come, Dolores, what penance he prescribes for your involuntary peccadillo."

The mother and sister came in, and I made my congé.

Although I had been in Seville two or three weeks,

I had not ascended the Giralda. As my delay was generally attributed to want of taste, I thought it expedient to lose no further time in paying my respects to this object of curious architecture; Don Gaetano Peickler attending me, for the purpose of historical illustration. It was erected, according to Condé, in the latter part of the twelfth century, by Abu Jusuf Yacab, as a station whence the muezzin might call the faithful to prayers five times each day. The founder of Islamism rejected bells, because the Christians used them; trumpets, because they were the instruments of the idolatrous Guebers; and gongs, because none but barbarians ever thought of them: and adopted the human voice as being more natural, more sympathetic, and less liable to be cracked. Still, one would think that from the top of the Giralda, two hundred and fifty feet from the foundation, even in the time of the Moors, it would require powerful lungs to tell to Seville the hours of prayer: one hundred additional feet having been since added by the Spaniards, and the cross having been substituted for the crescent, bells have naturally resumed their functions. Those now in use should have a peculiar efficacy in summoning the devout to mass; because, before they were exalted to their high eminence, they were baptized with holy oil and canonized.

The Giralda, being under the patronage of two female saints, has escaped all damage, "when temple and tower went to the ground." The lightning has respected it: bombs, in mid-volley, have turned aside and spared it; and the earthquake forborne to move it. Murillo has illustrated the miraculous interpositions of these saints, which the Royal Academy of Seville has *proved* beyond conjecture. These saints were the daughters of a potter in the suburb of Triana: very

lovely of course, and of ferocious virtue. They were put to death in the year 287, because they refused to worship the image of Venus. What peculiar propriety there was in their having been adopted as the patron-saints of Seville, it is difficult to divine; for their example has found, among the sex to which they belonged, few admirers, and fewer imitators.

So attached were the Moors to this tower, that before they would consent to the surrender of Seville in 1248 to King Ferdinand (called Saint Ferdinand in Spanish annals, because he carried fagots himself when heretics were burned), they exacted a promise from him to destroy it on taking possession, preferring its destruction to its desecration by the infidels. But King Ferdinand, piously concluding that no promise should be kept to heretics, refused to demolish it, and guarded it from Moslem rage. Succeeding generations have rejoiced in the violated faith of the royal saint, whom Paley, on the ground of general utility, would successfully exculpate.

The ascent of the Giralda is easily accomplished, notwithstanding its height. The spiral steps are so gradual, so wide and capacious, that one might ride up on horseback; a feat indeed that Ferdinand the Seventh performed, and which, with the grant of the royal arms to the house Domecq, constituted the only acts of his reign for which he deserves commendation. And well might St. Ferdinand have congratulated himself upon his broken word, could he have foreseen that this ascent of the tower he had saved was destined to illustrate the reign of a descendant!

I did not ascend *à cheval*, as I had no royal blood in my veins, but walked lazily and speculatively up, thinking of its history, the creeds it had served, and the masters it had undergone—thinking sometimes of

La Girandilla, whom I had encountered as I entered; of Dolores, whom I hoped to see soon; and of all the romantic things around me—till I had reached, unconscious of the time, the topmost height. Seen from such an eminence, Seville, with its so narrow streets that the houses almost touch, seems one jumble; save that the larger edifices—the Alcazar, the Palace of the Montpensier, the cigar manufactory—stand out in bold relief, and detain the eye. Between you and the Guadalquiver, on your right, you can espy the moldering remains of a once formidable Moorish castle—and still more formidable residence, afterward, of the terrible inquisitors. The river some two hundred years since left its bed, and, *agmine facto*, rushed against the walls of this edifice, which it partially destroyed. A Protestant writer attributes its attack to indignation for the crimes committed within; our own means of information are too limited to justify an opinion upon the subject. That rivers, however, *are* sometimes agitated with human emotions we have the irrefragable testimony of Homer.

Beyond the Guadalquiver you see Triana, the residence of the gipsies, where Don Gaetano got up for me a *funcion de gitanos*, which I am yet to describe. It is not a safe place for your purse, as it is populated and frequented by smugglers, banditti, and gitanos—all the *mala gente* of Seville. And beyond Triana—what was once Italica, which was founded by Scipio Africanus, and gave birth to three Roman emperors, of whom, not the worst or least, Trajan was one—copper coins with his "superscription" are still sold by the peasants; for one of which Jonathan Oldbuck would have given many an acre of his "laigh crofts." And though our antiquarian friend might have found no indications of a former Pretorium amid the ruins, he

could have easily discovered the vestiges of an amphitheater outside the town—its circuit not wholly obliterated, and its broken tiers of seats yet distinguishable. Like too much of Spain, its greatness is only of the past. Italica, founded by Cæsar, and the birthplace of Trajan, sumptuously decorated by Adrian, and gratefully protected by Theodocius, populous under the Goths and flourishing under the Moors, is now the habitation of the disgustful lizard, and the haunt of the thievish gipsy. Unless you wish, like Marius amid the ruins of Carthage, to muse upon the mutability of fortune, you will make no long tarry there. Weeds instead of ivy cover the ruins, and *lagartos* (the slimy lizard) take the place of romantic owlets. It is a nice place to hasten away from.

Satisfied, though not satiated, with the view from the Giralda, I descended, leaving a small *douceur* with the family as I went out the tower. I entered the cathedral with my companion, that I might view through his eyes what I had not comprehended by my own. He showed me the tomb of Hernando, son of Columbus; who, as his motto has it—*a Castilla y a Leon nuevo mundo diô*—"gave a new world to Castile and Leon." It *is* something to have *and deserve* such a motto for one's arms! Columbus himself died at Valladolid, a broken-hearted old man. With Scipio Africanus, he might have said: "Ungrateful country! thou shalt not have my bones." He was buried in the Havana, which he had annexed to the crown of Spain. His family, however, by an act of tardy justice, was ennobled. And the present representative of the great discoverer is a man of fortune; which he increases by raising bulls for the tauridors. His ancestor gave a new world to Spain; and he gives fresh bulls—each according to his capacity.

In a transept, Don Gaetano showed me the masterpiece of Luis de Vargas, "*La Generacion*," of which he told me the following story: "The *gorge* of Eve had been exquisitely painted—done so to the life that hundreds and thousands of the curious of both sexes daily crowded this place. The images of the Virgin—even *La Concepcion*, by Murillo, were deserted. The devout or the timorous or the grateful who had vowed and given silver candlesticks and other offerings for favors received or expected, discontinued their donations. The Virgin had gone out of fashion. The canons and priests became anxious lest a fruitful source of revenue to the Church should be dried up; and they put themselves to find out the cause of the sparse oblations upon the former shrine. They were not long in discovering or removing the cause. One day the breast of our first mother was found covered with a shawl of fresh paint! and devotion immediately returned to its proper altar." This union of mysticism with concupiscence may not be exclusively a *cosa de España.*

Of course we visited the relics and bones—we had been heretics else. There was a piece of the true cross, as in all Catholic churches abroad; part of St. Francis's toe-nail, from the size of which I inferred he must have had a respectable foot of his own; some of the tears that Peter shed after having denied his master; and (perhaps) some of the water that Dives asked Lazarus for; at least, relics just as probable and as easy to be proved. We saw the identical keys which the Moorish authorities gave St. Ferdinand on surrendering the city. The genuineness of these is established beyond a miracle.

It would take much more time to describe all I saw worthy of commemoration than the time consumed in

seeing; and my readers would not have the patience I had. For statuary and painting, decorated aisles, gorgeous windows, and inimitable altars, do not produce the same impression when seen in print as when they strike the retina of the eye themselves. They bear translation still worse than the Iliad. Either, to be appreciated, must be seen in the original.

From the church we took a carriage, and drove round the outer walls of the city—a circuit filling one's mind and eye with rich histories and picturesque novelties. I learned and saw more of Spanish history and life in this one drive than I might otherwise have acquired in a twelve month. Mr. Peickler was an admirable cicerone to guide one through the past and present. We went out by the same gate through which St. Ferdinand entered in triumph. An angel introduced him glittering in golden robes, a dozen beggars ejected us, shouting in squalid rags. But times have changed since the capture of Seville from the Moors, and *pesetas* rather than angels are now your best masters of ceremonies.

We first passed the suburbs occupied by the gitanos or gipsies—a wonderful race! Wonderful from their origin, of which themselves are ignorant; wonderful from their organization which excludes all foreign addition; wonderful from their habits, which have not yielded to climate, or laws, or sympathy; wonderful from their character, a nation of thieves, liars and vagabonds, and yet temperate and chaste; the men never drunkards, and the women seldom frail; ruled by their own chieftains, obedient to their own laws, attached to their own kindred, and hating, ay, utterly abhorring, the rest of mankind. Chased from one country they have thriven in another; and, taking root nowhere, have visited and afflicted every kingdom of Europe.

As with the swarms of locusts, no one could predict their coming or determine their stay; but what they found a garden they ever left a desert. Nor is their station here in Seville less anomalous. The grounds they occupy were first the site of a Roman arsenal, and next a Moorish dock-yard. These outcasts of the human race have displaced the victorious Arab, and the all-grasping Roman; and now—but they are occupying me too long.

On our left we saw the convent of St. Jerome—attractive though in ruins. The state has gained nothing, and religion lost much by the secularization of these pious institutions; for while devotion has decreased, taxation is as onerous as ever. Charity has been secularized at the same time—the monks can not give, and others won't. And surely I never saw more fit subjects for compassion than next met my eye—the hideous victims of the elephantiasis, or swelled leg. Cases I had met with in Madeira, but not so horribly disgusting. The Hospital of San Lazaro seemed to have poured out this day all its leprous contents. Legs swollen to quadruple their former size, all sore with blotches and cancers, were zealously uncovered to your eyes; and the plague-stricken wretches attempted a relation of their disease almost as nauseous as the thing itself. Your stomach is moved with your heart, both induce you hastily to give and pass on. The way to get rid of an ordinary beggar in Spain I had been told: when a sturdy suppliant, with importunity in his eye, solicited alms, I was to look with steady gravity at him and reply "*Perdone usted por Dios, hermano*—For God's sake, excuse me, my brother." I had tried this recipe a number of times, and found it as efficacious as Mrs. Kidder's cordial. The beggar would scrutinize my countenance inquis-

itively for a moment, and finding it as savagely determined as Cato's refusing a bribe, would take me for an old stager, and wait a better opportunity. But it would have been cruelty to one's self no less than to the miserable lepers to have practiced this on them. It was easier to give than refuse.

"What is that flock of queer-looking animals before us?" I inquired of my companion; "are they baboons? That can not be, for they seem to have no hair, nor tail so far as I can distinguish. What do you call them?" "We call them, in Spain," he laughingly replied, "*niños* and *niñas*. You would call them boys and girls, or children." And so, on nearer approach, they proved to be—romping on all fours, and naked as when they entered the world, and as perhaps they had ever been since—for Mr. Peickler informed me that their parents were wretchedly poor, and, of course, extravagantly procreative. Malthus has not been abroad, in Spain, more than in Madeira. But they were nice-looking little wretches (when I say nice I don't mean *clean*, no more than the young man who told Captain Marryatt his sister was the *nastiest* gal in all Kentucky meant dirty), and I could not wish them fewer. They jumped up as we passed, and stared at us, thinking no more of their nakedness than Adam did before he partook of the forbidden fruit. (What a moral might be plucked out of this if I had time to develop it!) I threw some small coin among them to illustrate human nature; and the way they screamed, shouted, knocked about and pitched into each other would have greatly pleased a misanthrope. "If they have all of Adam's nudity," I said to my companion—"they have some of Cain's depravity." He replied: "*Aunque la mona se vista de seda, mona se queda*—If the parents are wicked, how can you ex-

pect the children to be good? Do men gather figs from thistles?"

We passed a barrack of dilapidated soldiers, "all tattered and torn"—some without a distinguishable feature save the mustache. One man had lost an eye; another, his teeth; and many, a nose—the latter feature having doubtless been more exposed. These were the heroes who won the battles of Salamanca, Talavera, Barossa, and the like; history having tripped in assigning any merit to the English—an error a Spanish author never falls into. I should have liked to have heard them fight these battles over again, but the hour urged me onward. "Did you notice," my companion inquired as we drove along, "that every Spaniard crossed himself as he passed that building?" "No—wherefore do they?" "Because it was once the abode of the Holy Inquisitors, and its history, during their sway, was written in blood. The populace broke into it, when the institution had been suppressed, and completely gutted it. Still it is not without a sentiment of fear that the Spaniard approaches it; whether that he recollects its former cruelties, or is apprehensive of their renewal. Indeed many a one makes a long circuit to avoid it. *La pintura y la pelea desde lejos las ojea*—they say. That is, "There are certain things viewed best at a distance."

We passed the long line of aqueducts with which the Arabian monarchs supplied the city with abundant water. These you find all over Spain. For like the Roman, the Arab never conquered, but he occupied—and whatever he occupied he decorated. King Abderrahman Anasir, one of the most magnificent sovereigns of the Cordovan dynasty, beside the construction of numerous aqueducts for Seville, caused the bridge of the Guadalquiver to be repaired; and

erected mosques containing fountains with marble basins (Condé, chap. 72). He alone did more for Seville than all its Gothic rulers. As we loitered and surveyed these aqueducts, we saw approaching a gay cavalcade—which, as they neared us, displayed a picturesque variety of habiliments. The Gitanos and other romantic scoundrels, the majo with his *querida* on his horses rump, all in holiday attire; the girls yet more fancifully dressed than the men, passed in review before us, swelling like peacocks. They were on their return from Mairena, where there had been holden a three days' horse fair, which this kind of people never fail to attend. It is a great occasion for practical jokes, and a grand opportunity for the *gitanos*, the greatest horse jockies in the world—(for they sell a man the identical horse they have stolen from him, but so disguised it is impossible for him to recognize his own property). Strangers could not do better than attend one of these *ferias* (fairs) if they wish to see an infinite variety of fun and rascality—*cosas de España.*

There is a fair every Thursday at Seville—we had passed the spot on our way—but not a fair where the majos collect, but the would-be-purchasers of fruits, fish, and poultry, and meats generally. The pork is as delicious as that of Oporto, fattened, like our Western pork, upon the acorn, which gives it a game flavor. There is fish of all kinds, from the shad to the flounder, which if you prefer, you can purchase and eat ready cooked, both at this place and other piscatory stands outside and inside the walls. And the olla podrida is always simmering; in these places literally *podrida*, *i. e.*, rotten—the meat which aids its composition being generally carrion, which the perverted taste of the native pauper rather prefers. Near the *barqueta* or ferry-boat, on the Guadalquiver, is a stand famous for

savalo asado, roasted shad, which the connoisseur frequents. I went there occasionally, not so much to eat the fish—though that was very savory—as to see those who did. It was one of the seminaries of manners, where you acquired more Españolism in a few hours than years in "good society." True character never reveals itself surer than in eating.

We had circumvented more than half of Seville, daguerotyping many phases of life seen nowhere else previously, when we arrived at Los Caños de Carmona, or the aqueduct. Thence to *Puerta de la Carne*, there runs along the Moorish walls, a level, unoccupied ground, the daily haunt of gamblers, idle tauridors, and the "*aficion*," who pass hours and days at cards, till some one more fortunate than the rest has carried off all the money, when the sederunt breaks up, and the losers go in search of means to repair their fortunes. The tempered sun of the early spring affords just sufficient warmth for enjoyment out of doors, and begets at the same time a kind of listlessness unfavorable to exertion. So, stretched at full length, in order as it were to absorb more of the sun's genial heat, you see hundreds daily pursuing this pastime, scarcely quitting their recumbent position, unless to visit the shambles, *matadero*, opposite, to partake of a certain kind of tripe which they much affect. They drink always; but of wine seldom sufficiently potent to muddy their brains. Rarely do you hear of a serious quarrel among them; losers are expected to rail, and victors to forgive. But the oaths are sometimes formidable, and the gesticulation minatory, at which pass, friends or perhaps the *policia*, interfere, and prevent bloodshed.

Near the *Puerta de la Carne* is the cavalry barracks—*lucus a non lucendo*, for many of the men want horses, and many of the horses, saddles, *cosa de España*. The

whole corps will never be mounted unless they hear in Seville that Don Carlos has reached Madrid. Then they probably will mount, and, as they say in Texas, "take the Sabine slide."

From this place the *Fabrica de Tabacos*, or cigar manufactory, looms hugely up. It covers, in a quadrangular form, a space of six hundred and sixty-two feet by five hundred and twenty-four, a shapeless mass of uninformed architecture. My companion told me that at times as many as seven thousand persons had been employed, all in rolling cigars, nearly all of whom were females. What a hornet's nest it would be to fall into! Their tongues are said to move faster than their fingers, which in the mean time are not idle; for one good workwoman will make five hundred cigars in a day. Mr. Peickler advised me to enter, but I told him I had rather run a gauntlet of Indian tomahawks than their tongues. I had visited a manufactory at Cadiz, and that *gato escaldado del agua fria teme*—a burned child dreads the fire; a proverb with a Spaniard is as conclusive as a *bon mot* to a Frenchman, or bribe to a Scotchman, and my cicerone urged me no further.

We deflected a little from our path to visit the *Quemadero*, the place where they used to roast heretics. We stood on the very spot where the unfortunate beings were bound to the stake, and I could not but congratulate myself that I had not entered Spain till the present century. The last *auto-da-fé* took place here in 1780, and the victim was a beautiful girl. She was condemned for having invented a kind of Eccaleobion—hatching eggs otherwise than through the proper medium of hens, a mortal offense which death by fire alone could expiate. So she was burned in the presence of as gratified a crowd as attends bull-fights. It has been insinuated, on Protestant authority, that this

was not the real offense for which the girl suffered: that she had been detected in hatching something else in the natural way with the assistance of certain friars of a neighboring monastery. But who will give faith to the insinuations of heretics. When I next saw my Franciscan friend, I asked him if he supposed the latter version the true one. "*Quien sabe?*" he replied. "There is a proverb relating to children born in a certain street: *Todos han tios, y ningunos padres*—all have uncles, and none fathers. This girl may have had *nephews* by the monks."

Leaving on our left San Diego, a suppressed Jesuit convent, afterward turned into a tannery! and, at a farther distance, the city cemetery of San Sebastian, in which no heretic can be interred, we came upon the Puerta de Xeres, the gate whence I issued from the city—"unfriended, melancholy, slow"—the night of my arrival in Seville. It is the outlet of the fashionable world upon the promenade, after the siesta, and is the loveliest extra-mural ground. Here a beautiful walk, shaded with trees, and enlivened with flowers, was laid out in honor of the youthful bride of Ferdinand VII., the fair Christina of Naples. She has been taught since to walk a step faster, if not so graceful, as the *aire* of the Sevillian señoras. And were she now in Seville, the crowd would be more likely to accompany her to the *Quemadero* than to *El Paseo de Christina*. After having exhausted, more than once, the finances and patience of the nation, she has been compelled to seek final refuge in the dominions of Louis Napoleon. Beyond this walk, lie *Las Delicias*, "the delights" of Sevillian fashion, of which I have previously spoken, but can never say too much, while memory holds a seat in this distracted globe.

The *Puerta de Xeres* is claimed to have been built

by Hercules, and the *Torre del Oro*, "the tower of gold," by Julius Cæsar, and with equal justice. They bear unmistakable signs of Moorish origin; and the latter of Spanish *reformation;* for something in shape of a pepper-box has been built upon the top which gives to the edifice a ridiculous incongruity.

We did not stop either at the ancient or modern arsenal—because all the fire-arms constructed at the first have gone off long ago, and those at the latter *won't go off* at all—nor at the place where they sell *bacalao* or salt cod-fish, a very useful institution in Lent, though not an odoriferous one at any time. The *muchachas* compelled to partake of it during seasons of fast, when fresh fish is rare and dear, neutralize its scent by lavish use of *mengwyn*—a kind of mineral which emits, when touched with fire, volumes of perfume. They put it on the coals of their *braséros*, and then stand or sit over it till all their clothes are saturated with the potent vapor. I must confess, that after a while I should have preferred the perfume of the bacalao, if only as variety.

We drove round the *Plaza de Toros* where I had assisted at the bull-fight, and then entered the city by the *Puerta de Triana*—opposite the quarter where the gipsies inhabit.

The walls of the city are strong, and show but little the influence of time. A portion is said to have been built by the Romans, all of whose works seem to have been constructed not for time but eternity. These have lasted for centuries, and for centuries, in all probability, will last.

Many an anecdote, illustrative of the past and present, did Mr. Peickler, during our drive, eloquently impart, which I stored in some of the cells of my memory. But so much rubbish has accumulated over them since that I have in vain looked to find them.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. PEICKLER ON GIPSIES—OUR WALK TO TRIANA—WASHINGTON IRVING'S HAUNT—GIPSIES—THEIR EYE—CHASTITY OF THE GIRLS—THE GIPSY DANCE.

"The gipsies," said Mr. Peickler, as next day we walked to Triana, "have been four centuries in Spain, and still, in all essential parts of character and conduct, are the same as when they scaled the Pyrenees and bivouacked upon our territories. In lineament and moral character they are as distinctly marked as the Jews; whose history is said, in one respect, whether truly or fabulously, to resemble theirs—I mean, in relation to our Saviour. For as our religion teaches that the Jews were driven from their own country and dispersed throughout the world because of their cruel treatment of Christ—so the gipsies attribute their expulsion from Egypt, and consequent vagabondage, to their hard-hearted refusal to entertain the Virgin and her Child when they sought refuge among them. Their account of themselves in this respect, as in every other, is probably false. But we have none more plausible to offer as a substitute. They are a mystery —an enigma, as well as abomination to all the nations."

"And how," I asked, "do they gain a livelihood?"

"The men as blacksmiths, horse-jockeys, cheats and thieves; the women as thieves, fortune-tellers and procuresses. The latter are possessed of one virtue—chastity; the former free from one vice—drunkenness.

I never saw a gipsy harlot—I never knew a gipsy sot. Neither would be tolerated in the fraternity." "But are they never punished for their crimes?" "Oh, yes; when they can not bribe the alguazil or escribano. The men are sometimes gibbeted for murder, or sent to the galleys for highway robbery; and the women imprisoned for theft, or flagellated for sorcery: but, generally, they know how to escape detection or evade punishment."

As we were crossing the bridge over the Guadalquiver, the sight of the former residence of the Holy Office led me to inquire if the gitanos had been persecuted by the Inquisition?

"I do not recollect in its annals," he replied, "a single case of gipsy punishment. If any of the sect were burned, it was not because they were gipsies. Foreigners generally look upon the Inquisition as a religious institution, which it was not, either in origin or practice. It was introduced by Ferdinand as a means of extorting money from the wealthy, and punishing the powerful, and has been used ever since to gratify avarice, or to put down superior talent. Jews, Moors, and Protestants, were not burned because they were infidels or heretics, but because their possessions were envied or their position dangerous. The gipsies never mentioned the name of our Saviour but in derision or with blasphemous epithets, and yet the Holy Office never thought to intermeddle with them. Religion was the mask, as it ever has been, to conceal horrible enormities, but it was never the motive."

It was high-noon when we entered Triana; and before we plunged into the tortuous and dirty streets, I proposed a lunch to my companion; who, nothing loth, took me into some kind of a store of no very pretensious appearance, and ordered bread and cheese (all

the comestibles it boasted) and *pocas copitas* of Mansanilla. The wine was the best of the kind I tasted in Spain. Its superior quality, Mr. Peickler told me, was owing to the preparation of the cask; but in what manner I did not learn. The whole cost of our entertainment, including a pint of this wine, was six reales—thirty cents.

Leaving this *venta*, or whatever it was called, we visited the house where, my companion informed me, Washington Irving was wont to sit whole hours talking with the washerwomen. What a garrulous crowd! what an indiscriminate and ceaseless clattering of tongues, screaming of children, yelping of ugliest curs, and general uproar! *Que carcajada!* What shouts of laughter, and, oh! what costumes! or what want of costumes! I opened my eyes and shut my ears, that I might satiate one sense without losing the other. It had formerly been more quiet—Mr. Peickler said—but since my distinguished countryman was here, it had become quite a rendezvous for *las lavanderas y suyos niños*, the washerwomen and their children—I should think for all the washerwomen of the place.

We found the gipsies occupying the dirtiest lanes and alleys of this dirty suburb—very narrow, and almost impassable from filth. The "Five Points" of New York were never worse or so dangerous; for not only the gipsies, but the robber-population of Seville house themselves in this quarter; and it would not be pleasant to trust one's self among them at night—though, indeed, the character of the place has improved much within a few years. Such picturesque rascals I never can hope to see again—of all colors, from the olive hue of the Spaniard to almost negro blackness; above the middle height, and well proportioned. What sinews! what thighs! what legs!—strength and

agility equally developed! They had high-peaked hats on their heads, coming to a point like a sugar-loaf; a handkerchief of gaudy colors tied loosely around the neck; a *zamarra*, or coat of sheep-skin, over their shoulders, with a red-plush waistcoat, overloaded with buttons, and filigree underneath. A *faja*, or crimson sash, girdled the waist, its ends hanging on either thigh. Leather breeches covered the leg to the knee; and spatterdashes of cloth or leather protected it below.

Some were wielding huge hammers, and surrounding their heads with showers of sparks; some trimming the fetlocks of horses, at which they are great adepts; and others operating with their *tijeras* (scissors) upon the ears, backs and tails of horses and mules, which they shear quite close—that (they tell you) if the animals be galled by their harness or load, the wounds may be less likely to fester, and more readily cured. I saw that they gave particular attention to the pastern of the horse; to guard, they said, against a certain cutaneous disorder, to which the animal there was very liable. No persons take better care of their horses than the gipsies; and the gratitude or subservience of the animal is wonderful. With a gesture the gipsy can make his horse intractable, and by a word stop him in full career.

Children in dirty, squalid and numerous litters I saw every where, and was in danger of being tripped up by them several times. Imps, with such mischievous features and shining eyes, were never encountered, and in such swarms! Mr. Peickler told me that some time previous he had accompanied Lady —— over these same haunts, who had been also much struck with the large number of children she saw around her. Curiosity induced her to inquire of a pretty-looking gitana how it

happened they had so many children among them—"Please your ladyship," the young woman replied, "oil is so dear with us, *il faut coucher à la bonne heure.*"

But the gipsy-eye! What can be compared with that? It seems to possess the fabled power of the basilisk's, and to hold volition enchained. It is not merely that it is vividly black, or emits from beneath the heavy brow flashes of lurid light, like the sudden ray of the sun from behind the storm-cloud—it is its strange staring expression—its fixed glare—its unnatural intensity. It is as if all its rays were conveyed into a focus to *burn* into the object upon which they are concentrated. You can see it in the darkness like a wild beast's, or heated coal; it sparkles like phosphorescence.

It is absolute truth that a girl, of some fifteen years, who undertook to read my fortune from the lines of my hand so completely mastered me with her eye that I was unconscious of her picking my pocket. It was not till my return home, when I sought my money for some purpose, that I discovered my loss. I never before believed in animal magnetism.

While I was being cleaned out by the dark-eyed beauty, my companion had subsidized an old woman to get up a *funcion* for the evening, which reconciled me to the loss of the *pesetas.*

"In a country where chastity is hardly considered a virtue," said Mr. Peickler, as we turned homeward, "does it not appear singular that these people should hold it so priceless? Would not one think the contagion of example would subdue their virtue? Example justified and recommended from the throne itself? But the poorest girl among them would not sell it; nor one condemned to the gibbet rescue life by its sacrifice. They will lie, they will cheat, they will *murder*—but they will not fornicate!"

"It is singular," I replied; "but I suppose their domestic training in part explains it." "Doubtless," said he. "The girl is told from earliest youth, that there is but one misfortune that can happen to her—the loss of her virtue; that there is but one crime she can commit—fornication. The direst punishment she is warned awaits her disobedience. Nor is it a vain menace. For when a girl has been detected in a lapse from virtue, she disappears forever: and the very mystery of her fate is an additional terror against imitation of her crime. This is not all. The mother provides what may be called a physical security against this danger, *she so fastens the inmost dress of the girl that it can not be undone without her knowledge;* and she continually inspects it till the girl leaves her home to be married." "You have no idea," I inquired, "how that part of the dress is fastened?" "Not the least," said he. "Because," I continued, "I should think it would be a blessing to Spanish mothers. Why don't they learn the tie?" "Generally," he replied, "they wish to unloosen it sooner than the girls themselves." Which indeed is melancholy truth.

My companion cautioned me against being too familiar with the girls whom we were to see in the evening. The girls, he said, were armed themselves as well as the men who accompanied them; and would not hesitate to return with a thrust of the knife any too pronounced demonstration. Their language and gestures were any thing but chaste or decent; they would do every thing to provoke, and nothing to gratify. I thanked him for his advice, which I told him, in the mean time, was unnecessary. "But is it in the suburbs of Triana," I inquired, "that we are to have this *funcion*—in one of their own houses?" "*No quiera Dios*—God forbid!" he replied. "*Quien se fia de un lobo.*

entre sus dientes muere—We should go out for wool and return shorn. No; the *funcion* is to come off within the walls, where our lives, if not our pockets, will be safe."

Mr. Peickler called for me about nine o'clock that evening, and led me to the place where the dance was to come off.

It was a large room he had hired for the occasion, capable perhaps of seating comfortably fifty persons; without furniture, save benches and chairs, and with no light but tallow candles. The floor was of brick, like most of the houses in Spain. There was an alcove at one corner, separated by dirty-looking curtains from the apartment—which was to be used as a tiring-room.

The orchestra was composed of one piece—a bandit-looking individual with a cigar in his mouth, and a guitar in his hand; so dark, that but for his eye, I should have taken him for an African.

The *mise en scène* did not seem extravagant in cost, nor expressed in fancy.

The saloon appeared full, or nearly so, when we arrived. Mr. Peickler had told me he should distribute tickets to certain acquaintances who would help to discharge the expense of the entertainment. Besides these, there were the relations, friends, lovers of the *danseuses*, who all expect to "assist" at one of these *réunions*. Their swarthy complexion, and darker eyes and hair, made the walls of the room, around which they hung, seem draped in mourning. I felt rather diappointed as I took my seat in the inner circle nearest the dancers, every thing seemed so discouraging. But, as Sancho Panza was wont to say, "*Paciencia y burlaja*—patience, and shuffle the cards." The end is not yet.

We had not been long seated when the orchestra

began to strike up. That is, the *gitano* threw away his weed and thrummed his guitar. And immediately there emerged from the alcove, with a step as light as the fawn's, a girl of some fourteen years—lithe, graceful, and agile. She wore a black bodice, laced with rich ribbons, and so adjusted to her figure as to seem a part of it, contrasting artistically with the scarlet *saya*, or tunic, which descended to the knee or little lower, leaving unconcealed and untrammeled the poetic instep. A gay handkerchief covered her bosom, and another her head—tied beneath the chin, the ends falling upon the graceful shoulders.

She waited with picturesque immobility the moment to commence, and then glided into the dance. Her first motion was slow, like the *adagio* in music. Every *pose* was perfect, and every *pas* artistic; but still she seemed like one rehearsing rather than acting a part—articulation and emphasis were all correct, but soul was wanting. By degrees she appeared to enter into the spirit of her *rôle*. Her eye sparkled, her bosom heaved, and her feet glanced like meteors. What can paint motion? Neither the pen nor pencil; the one can give no color, the other no life. These graceful flexions, these springy bounds, these artistic *entrechats*, and these sparkling glances, how can they be transferred to paper or canvas?

If she commenced the dance like a woman oppressed with *ennui*, continued it like one gradually irritated, she closed like a woman carried away in spite of herself. Every thing expressed tumultuous passion. The face, the eye, the bosom, every gesture and nerve, breathed delirious emotion! And still, though many of her movements were voluptuous, none were licentious—as an antique statue is naked, but not indecent.

To indicate their satisfaction, the Andalusians threw

their hats at her feet, and I, not to be outdone in Españolism, did the same. Fatal imitation! she seized my "pile" from the crowd, danced round it in tempestuous abandon, and then, in a seeming rage wholly feminine, sprung upon it again and again, till she had smoothed it with the floor. "What, in the name of all that is good, Mr. Peickler," said I, "has that girl smashed my hat in that way for? Is she angry with me?" "*Tout au contraire*," he replied; "she has paid you the highest compliment she is capable of showing. See what an envious look some of those caballeros give you, because you have been so distinguished!"

From this custom, I suppose, our phrase must have originated, "You may take my hat."

It cost me a good many *pesetas* to make good that hat. I had not taken the precaution of those to the manor born, and taken a worn *sombrero*, but my very best. However, the gratification of defeating others reconciled me easily to the loss.

Although this girl had more than exceeded my anticipations, for I surely had never seen so much saltatory grace and execution before, I could not but think she had been thrown out as a skirmisher; that the main action was yet to take place. Nor was I mistaken.

The *danseuse* had retired into the alcove, upon which I turned my back to converse with Mr. Peiekler, when a buzz or hum, intended to indicate suppressed emotion, caused me to turn my head.

Within four feet of me, I saw a vision! I rubbed my eyes, but there it stood. It was a vision, and none the less that it was clothed in flesh and blood.

She stood like a falcon about to soar; and you held your breath, lest loud respiration should alarm her. Her eye, haughty, fierce, and penetrating, seemed to look

upon the crowd as subjects of *her* sport or alternate scorn. No glance could withstand hers. The pupil of her eye comprised all its visible part, save when the long heavy lashes lifted up, and you detected the blue transparency of the ball within, like the azure of heaven, momentarily revealed through breaking clouds. There was a mysterious fascination in these dark orbs which you could not forego, though you felt its terror.

Her dress was calculated to display all the danger of her voluptuous figure. Her coal-black hair, falling in undulating folds upon her neck, was surmounted by a Madras handkerchief of brightest hues, which relieved its glossy transparency; and a dark velvet bodice, with a row of silver buttons in front, half revealed, half concealed the rapturous swell of the bosom. Her round and delicate waist was circled with a *faja*, or sash, of richest silk, and varied colors; while the tunic, though reaching below the knee, permitted the eye to determine the elaborate sculpture of the limbs it covered. The slender and polished ankle developed into faultless symmetry above, and terminated in a delicate foot below.

Her face was oval, and her cheeks had that peachy blossom so rarely found even where youth and beauty meet. But her teeth! that feature so seldom beautiful, and so irresistible in perfection! Hers were regular, dazzlingly white, and of the purest elephant's bone. The proudest empress would have envied her their possession, and exchanged for them the costliest jewels of her crown.

She drank in for a few moments the flattering incense of admiration, more eloquent in its speechlessness —and then addressed herself to her task. She was to dance the "*Ole*," the favorite of a Spanish audience, and for which she had (what they call in Paris) *une spécialité*—an unrivaled, inimitable talent.

Its representation is prohibited on the public stage, and therefore it was only on occasions like this the intense passion of the Andalusians for it could be gratified. What constitutes its chief charm is the combination of motions, haughty and voluptuous at the same time, defiant and alluring beyond imagination; passion awakened by disdain, stimulated by coquetry, maddened by desire—the riot of the senses. It is the mysterious expression of the gestures—the indefinable action of the features; the sound of the governed respiration, and the radiating and intoxicating perfume which beauty evolves in motion. It is, in fine, the union of all the sensual powers from liquid eyes, dewy lips, ardent gestures, and voluptuous motion, that reaches, penetrates, frenzies every soul!

It is not such dances they get up for the stage; dances taught by rule, and performed by art; a dance of legs and arms, soulless and inexpressive. No! This dance was a poem, a painting, a melody. It filled the soul, it pleased the eye, it intoxicated the heart.

The gitana at times curled in her head and strutted like a peacock; now beat the harsh floor with her tiny feet, like a stag at bay; now neighed like an amorous mare; now mewed like the tamed tigress; now roared like the chafed lioness—her eye expressing all the phenomena of the different phases of passion. With a sudden spring she approaches each man of her circle, as suddenly rebounds, again to return, surcharging him in her fierce career with that magnetic fluid which escapes like vapor from her excited system; and each man, as he feels this intoxicating fluid penetrate his veins, imbibes the feverish passions of the danseuse, and trembles when she trembles; respires to her quick breath; groans with her moans; shouts with her cries, and stamps with her rage; in a delirium of transport

returns, in tempestuous bravos and hoarse vociferation, the sounds which intoxicate and the glances which inflame him. I have witnessed the effects of opium, and the still more exciting hachich—but nothing of their influence equal to the delirium which seizes the Andalusians on the representation of this passionate dance.

I was too happy that she took my chair for a few moments' rest. While I stood by her side I undertook certain compliments, which she received with pleased condescension, and with the same air a glass of Mansanilla.

She then executed one of the most pleasing figures of the dance. She took a hat from some one near—it matters not whom, as no compliment is intended—and while gracefully and quietly dancing, amuses the audience by the different manners in which she covers her head. She now wears the hat on one side, like "one of the b'hoys;" now on the top of her head, like a Yankee; now on the extreme back, like John Bull; and now deep on her face before, like a defeated candidate, or "lame duck" limping out of Wall street.

Then, from time to time, as interludes between her acts of self-coronation, she advances as it were to crown one of us, but at the very first motion the seeming favorite makes to meet the courtesy, she improvises a pirouette, and with a daring *jeté-battu* gains the other side, coquetting soon again with another equally credulous and equally disappointed. At each successful evasion shouts, bravos, and clapping of hands acknowledge her artistic triumph—and surely never did bee or humming-bird more lightly brush the flower than she the pavement which she scarcely seemed to graze.

I had seen this feature of the *Ole* at La Girandilla's *réunions* not ungracefully executed. But there it was art; here—inspiration.

But "*El Fandango! El Fandango!*" rose from the crowd and reverberated through the hall. "*El Fandango!*" I shouted till my voice broke and left me.

And now advanced from the alcove the girl who had first appeared, accompanied by a young man of perhaps twenty years. He was dressed *en majo*—jacket of dark cloth, with sleeves slashed with velvet; waistcoat with double rows of silver buttons; an embroidered shirt, and a handkerchief round the neck of rainbow *simplicity;* breeches of crimson cloth, ornamented with silver; leggings open on the outer side, and displaying gaudy silk hose; and a foot neatly dressed in morocco. A more picturesque or picaresque (roguish) looking pair I do not recollect to have seen.

The fandango is a love-scene, set to music, and expressed in motion. The *danseur* accompanied his steps with the sound of the castanets, in the hands of an Andalusian so joyous and melodious an instrument. He advanced upon the girl, who retreated coquettishly: he hastens in pursuit; she flies and escapes. His countenance expressed hope, hers simulated hesitation; his gestures employed persuasion, hers rebuked presumption; his eye betrayed desire, hers a soft languor that partially assented. After countless stratagems on one side, successfully evaded on the other; approaches admirably planned, and retreats as ably accomplished; promises, prayers, menaces, all passionately lavished and scornfully repulsed, the girl, tired of the victorious contest, consents to parley. They approached each other, at first with hesitating steps, then with quickened movements, and at last with eager vehemence, music and motion illustrating the different phases of their passion, till their breath commingled, their arms interlaced, and their lips encountered! the crowning glory of their exploits!

The fandango, like the ole, is forbidden to be literally rendered on the public stage. Indeed, it requires great circumspection so to perform the latter as to avoid the shock of delicacy. It has, like the Grecian philosophy, an esoteric and exoteric sense. To the uninitiated it seems a series of graceful undulations, of poetical postures, of inexpressive beauties, awakening soft emotions, thrilling with untutored sensations, or at best encouraging innocent desires, the dream of inexperienced life. But to those of wider adventure, to those of unloosened zones, it speaks too eloquently of passion excited, ungovernable, sated; of the daring escalade, the dim-lit bed-chamber, and conquered reluctance.

During the performance, I had, with Mr. Peickler's assistance, improvised a supper—fruits, *dulces*, and wine; and, the spectators having generally dispersed, I sat down to the table with the ballet-troupe and their friends. We were rather short of glasses, so three or four of us were obliged to drink from the same glass. I took good care to sit next to the star of the evening, and was too happy to drink from hers. I don't envy the man, "high though his title, proud his name," who has not shared with a beautiful girl the contents of his wine-glass. Her lips leave an aroma behind that intoxicates with its perfume. It was so with me. I was carried away in spite of myself: what with the aroma and sparkle of her eye, I forgot Mr. Peickler's premonitions, and found myself making desperate love to the siren. In the enthusiasm of the moment I could not help kissing her hand, and, as *on n'arrête pas dans si beau chemin*, I doubtless should have aspired still higher, had I not been indignantly rebuked by the girl herself, and most savagely *envisaged* by a truculent-looking desperado opposite, whom I found afterward was her *novio.* It was not worth while, I

thought, to risk a stab from one of those horrid knives for the kiss of a hand, however small and graceful; or of lips indeed, though they distilled nectar. So I pleaded my ignorance of Spanish customs, protested my regrets, and was excused.

After supper, the *empresario* of the occasion told me that if I wished, he would have the fandango danced once more. The ladies by this time had all retired —and he said it could be now performed without the restriction their presence had imposed upon the dancers. I thanked him for his courtesy, and telling him that I could witness nothing too indelicate for ladies, declined the offer.

As we returned home, my companion said he did not think, after his caution, I would be so indiscreet as to take such a liberty with the *danseuse*, in such presence, too. "I did not think," I replied, "I should be so tempted."

CHAPTER XXII.

RIDE TO CORDOVA—CARMONA—LA LUISIANA—ADVENTURE AT A POSADA—ECIJA—CORDOVA—ITS HISTORY—THE MOSQUE.

I THOUGHT to vary the scene for a few days, and visit Cordova—I took a place in the *coupé* of the diligence, and started. A railway is *not* a *cosa de España*. It was a long time before the Spanish mind could reconcile itself to a steamboat. "A vessel," said the Spaniards, "that goes against wind and tide, without sails, goes against God." They looked upon it as an invention of heretics; the first steamboat having been sent from England—and crossed themselves every time they saw one. But by degrees they conquered their prejudices, and ventured to move about in vessels without sails. Even railways have been planned, but as every thing in Spain is affected by the languid indolence of the atmosphere, it is probable many years will elapse before one is completed.

It was about sunset when we reached Carmona, some twenty miles distant from Seville. Over such roads, and with such teams, we made but moderate progress. As a general rule, nature has done much more for the highways of Spain than man. It has furnished the soil, the foundation—which he has accepted and neglected.

Carmona has as much of a Moorish look as any place I visited in Spain. The massive walls and

arches, the Alcazar—a picturesque ruin—and the gates, were all constructed by the Moors. There are also Roman vestiges; Cæsar having fortified the city, during his campaign against the sons of Pompey. It crowns the summit of a precipitous hill, and hangs over the road like the eyrie of an eagle. Don Pedro occupied the castle as one of the fastnesses for his mistresses—as much to fasten them in as others out—and guarded his chiefest treasures here. During the domination of the Moors it was considered the key to Seville; it was taken by San Ferdinand, after an obstinate and sanguinary defense, and Seville speedily surrendered.

It has a beautiful Alameda cradled among the hills—and the view from its heights is grandly picturesque. The Ronda barriers and the Alpujarras which protect Grenada are distinctly visible, and, saluted by the rising sun, look like sentinels of advanced posts (a simile I have used before).

The *Vega* beyond, now an uncultivated and deserted waste, was a garden, under the Moors, thick sown with the palm, the olive, and the orange; after their expulsion it fell into sterility. The minister of the day made an attempt to populate and redeem it, about the middle of the last century, with colonies of Germans; but the effort failed—and now from this place to the Sierra Morena, which divides Andalusia from La Mancha, there is but sparse population and general beggary.

The ride to La Luisiana, though uncharacterized by incident, and unadorned by neat cottages, would not have been disagreeable but for the villainous jolting of the diligence. It had no springs, or at least none that availed on highways broken up with ruts and thick with stones—and it was impossible to keep

your seat. This marred the picturesque loveliness of the scene; under an early summer's sun in Andalusia, nature, though deserted by man, is full of redolent images and serene enjoyments. But I was so battered, bruised, and dislocated, that I determined to stop the night at La Luisiana, uninviting though the sole *posada* seemed. Besides, I wanted to rough it once at one of these country inns, otherwise my mission would not be complete.

The *posada* must have come down from the times of Gil Blas—as it was such a one as he was sometimes fated to encounter. There were many, and large rooms, all floored with brick, each one, as far as I examined, containing an alcove at one end, in which stood the bed. The house was nearly full, and of all sorts of people, most of whom, the landlord said, "were bound to a fair to be held next day in the neighborhood." I saw among them a number of dark-eyed *muchacas*. It was not without difficulty, and the promise of additional *pesetas* that I succeeded in engaging a room to myself; the landlord even then insisting that if others came in later at night, he should be obliged to quarter somebody with me. Possession, I thought, would be nine points in the law; and though uncertain how many other points there were, I determined to hold my room against all comers.

One thing I noticed early that impressed me favorably toward our host: he seemed to receive rich and poor, the functionary and the beggar, with equal politeness. If the latter was not harbored, he was not spurned. Poverty, the Roman moralist tells us, has no harsher feature than that it makes man contemptible. But here, and as I found afterward more generally, the pauper is not despised. He gains good

words, if not alms. The natural consequence follows, that the beggar, even in his lowest condition, maintains a degree of self-respect; and, feeling that, is more ready to concede their due to others. More than one Edie Ochiltree I saw in Spain, "who kept his rounds within a particular space, and was the news-carrier, the minstrel, and sometimes the historian of the district"—Homeric in expression and beard—as dignified, if less garrulous than Nestor—in giving to whom you seemed to honor yourself.

I entered the eating-room, and sat down to one of the tables, to order supper. I was immediately saluted with a shower of "*Guste usted comer?*" some offering one thing, and some another. I declined right and left, with many thanks; but was obliged, from fear of discourtesy, to accept a *copita* of Montillo which a person dressed *en majo* sent to me by one of the "*mozos*" (waiters), with a message that he hoped the *Caballero Inglese* would pledge him in friendship. I directed the *mozo* to inform him that I was an American—a citizen *de los Estados Unidos;* but that if he wished me to drink with him as such, I should most gratefully, as there was no nation in the world our country respected so much as *Las Españas.* "*Gracias, Señor Don Caballero,*" replied he; "*muchissimas gracias;*" and we drank to each other, with low salams. Many of the guests, particularly the girls, turned round and looked at me, as if expecting to see some curious monster. I bore the fusillade as well as I might—but it had nothing malicious in it. One muchacha was kind enough to say to the old gentleman with her, probably her father, I thought, or, perhaps, more probably her husband: "Why, he is not so dark as we are!" She was rather pretty; but I took no particular notice of her; as, doubtless, I should have done, could I have foreseen

in what a very "peculiarly perplexing predicament" we were so soon to meet again.

After a light supper on some nice trout (nowhere better than in Spain), and not so expensive as Gil Blas's at Peñaflor, and the consumption of numerous *cigarettes* which I received and returned with the caballeros present—beginning to feel drowsy from the fatigues of my ride, I concluded to retire. The door of my room, I found, had neither lock nor bolt; so I was unable to fasten it against any chance guest of the landlord. However, I had little of value upon my person, and had no apprehensions that little would be taken. Not liking the appearance of the bed-clothes—the sheets particularly—I concluded I would lie down on the outside, only partially undressed. I did not sleep soundly, but fitfully, and with frequent change of position. I dreamt, or in a state of semi-consciousness imagined, that some one had entered my chamber—that condition of the mind in which, even after fully awake, you can not tell whether what you experienced was the result of sensation or imagination. A sharp noise in the chamber roused me, however, to full consciousness, and I distinguished the sound of feet on the floor. "*Quien es?*" I exclaimed, as I started from the bed with the supposition that some one had entered to rob me—"Who is there?" "*Dios!*" exclaimed a voice too soft for that of the midnight robber; "*me engaño.* I am mistaken. I supposed this was my husband's room. What shall I do?" I told her the best thing she could do was to wait till I struck a light, and that then I would endeavor to show her to her husband's room. Upon this, I would not swear whether it was a sob or suppressed laughter I heard from my invisible visitor; it certainly was one, and sounded, I am free to confess, much more like the

latter. While I was groping for the lucifers I had placed upon my mantlepiece, I most accidentally encountered a breathing form of flesh. Of course, I immediately apologized, and my excuses were received in good part. "She did not know what I *could* think of her. She hoped I would not for one moment believe her error intentional. Her lamp had fallen with a crash upon the brick floor, and had awakened me before she had approached sufficiently near to discover her mistake and retire. But she would get to her own room again before her husband noticed her absence." I told her such mistakes were continually occurring without any "blame to be attached to the driver." Though I must confess that I *afterward* thought it singular she should not have been more fully dressed on leaving her husband's chamber, no thought at the time, however, injurious to her purity gained admission in my breast. The pure themselves are never quick to suspect impurity in others.

Well, I finally succeeded in getting a light; and I saw before me the pretty *muchacha* who had been so surprised to find me so light complexioned. She seemed a little embarrassed as to whether I *would* lead her back to her husband's room—an injustice of which I would soon have convinced her, but that Fate saved me the option; for at this precise moment the door opened, and entered the *caballero* in a rage, and *robe de nuit*, with something very truculent in his dexter hand. I had not performed, nor had I intended to perform, the *rôle* of Don Juan, but old Lambro himself could not have seemed more enraged than my friend the caballero. Circumstances, it must be confessed, were against the fair *muchacha* and myself. Neither of us was dressed in full costume, as we would have preferred to have been, to receive a gentleman of his

striking appearance; and the consciousness of that fact, together with the hour of the night, the place of meetting, etc., may have lent to our countenances the color of guilt—a color, however, which, so far as I was concerned, truth compels me to declare, the sight of a naked sword in the hands of an infuriated man, contributed very much to reduce. I had never supposed my life in greater danger, and I reviewed in full and repented all the deeds done in the body of my previous existence; it is singular with what telegraphic dispatch all the events of your past career are transmitted in moments like this to your cognizance! Five minutes did not intervene between my extreme peril and escape, and in that time the most minute details of antecedent adventures had been impressed upon my mind in luminous record. Fortunately, the gray mare was the better horse—or, as they say in Spain, *Le pone el pie en el pescuezo*—literally, she places her foot upon his neck; as we would say, she henpecked him. My pretty friend, like Cato's Platonic soul, "smiled at the drawn dagger, and defied its point." She raked her husband right and left with an incessant discharge of abuse: words fell upon him like rattling musketry, and Bragg's battery could not have been fired oftener or produced greater effect. She asked him what he meant by following her when she was on her way to some necessary place from which she had just returned, and by mistake taken the left instead of the right hand room. How he dared to present himself before a *Caballero Americano* in such attire? (Her husband looked at his legs, and felt a little abashed.) Did he suppose that the *Caballero Americano*, who had pistols ready loaded near his pillow (as indeed they were, only unloaded), would fear such a knife in the hand of a paralytic old man. (The *caballero* grinned with spite.)

Did he not know that the people *de los Estados Unidos* carried the longest knives in the hollow of their backs, and cut up men as they whittled sticks? (The *caballero* looked at me half maliciously and half apprehensively.) He ought as a Spaniard, and as a hidalgo certainly, not only to ask my pardon for his injurious suspicions, but to thank and embrace me for my delicate conduct toward her, while, her lamp having fallen from her hands, we were encountering in the dark—and when, had I been other than a gentleman, instead of immediately procuring a light, I might have taken improper liberties with her person, which she would acknowledge her light dress and apparent forwardness justified me in doing. This last argument seemed a clincher to the Signor Don, whether because he really believed in the innocence of her mistake, or because it naturally attracted my regards to her somewhat unencumbered condition. He muttered something which might have passed for an apology or a malediction, and making an inclination partly exculpatory, partly defiant, left the room with the lady. I gave thanks for my double escape, and tried to address myself once more to sleep. But the adventure and the *pulgas* (*Anglice*, fleas) "murdered sleep."

When I arose in the morning I was glad to learn that the caballero *y su sposa* had gone, because a meeting would have been awkward for all parties. I inquired of the landlord who he was. "*Hombre de bien*," an honest sort of person, he replied. He was a "*ganadero*"—owner of cattle, and, like Columbus's descendant, raised bulls for *las corridas de toros*—and the landlord added, "He was very jealous of his wife." "Do you think he has any cause for jealousy?" I inquired. "*Dios sabe*," he replied, "*Quien sabe?*" I ought not to have expected any other answer.

We reached Ecija some hours after breakfast. It is pleasantly situated on the river Genil, which pays tribute to the Guadalquiver, and then pours its remaining wealth of waters upon Grenada, where it effects too a junction with the Darro. Ecija is rich in those rich productions of nature, corn, wine, and oil, and proud in historical associations. The Roman, Goth, and Moor alternately occupied and embellished the city. But her chiefest boast is, that St. Paul once visited her; and the *mayoral*, with whom I sat in the box of the diligence, as I entered the place pointed out the house where he was said to have lodged; just as authentic as Don Quixote's house in La Mancha. I asked the *mayoral* if he supposed that *was* the identical house, as it must have been built more than eighteen centuries ago, and its architecture was evidently Moorish. "*Yo no sé*," he replied with a shrug of his shoulder. "The priests say he lived there, and it is just as likely to be true as one half the things they say." "You don't like the priests, I see, *amigo mio*." "Like them," said he. "*Todos son picaros—todos son putaneros—todos son ladrones*—all rogues, women-seekers, and thieves." None take greater liberties with their priests than the common people of Spain—or less with their faith.

I was not sorry to reach the summit of the Cuesta del Espinal, or Hill of the Thorn—a Mount Pisgah—whence the promised Cordova could be distinctly seen. It looked like an Oriental city, as, indeed, it mostly is; emerging from among its olive and palm-trees with its walls, its minarets and mosques, luminous in the rays of the setting sun. "Its many spires pointed to the heavens, and its domes of gold enriched the sunbeams;" just as Counselor Phillipps' Moscow, before Napoleon visited it. I called the attention of my friend on the box to the sight—"*No es todo oro lo que reluce*," said

he, sententiously—whence I inferred it looked better outside than within. Which was really the case.

As the posada of the diligence, where I concluded to stop, was at the further end of the town, I had an opportunity to see a great deal of it as we rode through, and found the streets narrow, mean, and dirty, and decay covering every thing. We saw but few persons in the streets, save the inevitable beggars—the most active of whom pursued our diligence to the posada with most importunate cries. Such sights and sounds were enough to fill one with melancholy thoughts, and I early sought my bed in quite dejected humor.

But the morning Andalusian sun dispersed the shadows of my mind as well as those of night, and I was prepared to look upon things more benignantly.

Cordova rests upon the Guadalquiver, which seems to have deflected from its course to embrace it—thus affording one of the many illustrations of that "wise provision of Nature, which has caused rivers generally to flow past cities." No place in Spain can boast so varied and illustrious annals. Under the Carthaginian it was famous and prosperous; It furnished Pompey some of his best soldiers and liberal funds; it was besieged, taken and half destroyed by Cæsar, who put to death twenty thousand of its citizens, to deter other cities from such obstinate defense. It was rebuilt and re-peopled by some of the poor nobility of Rome, who sought to regain in the provinces the wealth they had squandered in the capital of the empire. Under the early Cæsars it cultivated and enriched the polite and useful arts. The philosophic Seneca and the poet Lucan were born here, and in their pages have commemorated its glories.

Under the Gothic dominion it still maintained a su-

premacy among the Iberian cities; but it was under the Moors that it became most eminent for wealth, luxury, and science.

In 756, Abderahman made it the capital of the Omeyah dynasty, embellished and aggrandized it. No romance equals the narrative of his fortunes. Abderahman, who was the son of Moavia, who was the son of Hixem, who was the son of Abdelmelic, who was the son of Merwan, was born at Damascus, while his cousin was caliph of that powerful empire; early in the eighth century, while a youth of but twenty years, the Abasside usurpers drove his family from the throne, and every member of it, with the exception of himself, was by their order put to death. Warned by a trusty friend that the murderers were in hot pursuit of his life, he fled in disguise from Syria, with a few faithful followers, and after many almost incredible escapes, reached the deserts of Arabia. Here, for some time, he was the companion of the nomadic and predatory Bedouin, sharing his dangers, partaking of his sports, and subsisting upon his precarious fare. No place was safe to him; no night secure. He changed his resting-place each day, and slept in his saddle. Harassed by constant pursuit, and more exposed to capture while with armed men, he took leave of his hosts, and assuming a deeper disguise, sought refuge among the shepherds of the hills, watching their flocks by day, and couching upon the arid plain at night. The persevering malice of his hereditary enemies found him even in this obscurity, and he was compelled to flee into Africa. The Governor of Barca owed his position to the Caliphs of Abderahman's House, and the fugitive hoped a sure asylum at his hands. But forgetful of gratitude, and of the sacred rights of hospitality, the governor to gain favor with the usurpers, directed all his alcaldes to use

every effort to seize the royal youth, and deliver him up to the emissaries of the caliph. Meanwhile, Abderahman, relying upon the good-will of the governor, was proceeding unguarded, and with great confidence, through his territories, meeting, wherever he arrived, courteous reception and ready shelter. His royal birth, his misfortunes, his youth, the graces of his person, and a certain majesty of address, gained him allies and friends every where. The governor, apprised of his entrance into, and progress through his dominions, sent out roving parties of soldiery to capture and bring him in. One night the Bedouins of the Aduar, or Village of Tents, in which Abderahman had received hospitality, were greatly alarmed by the arrival of one of these parties while their guest was in a deep sleep, from the fatigue of a hunting excursion that day. To an inquiry from the soldiery, if they had seen any where, in their wanderings, a youth answering the description of Abderahman, they replied with ready subtlety, that they had seen him; that he was even then living among them; but that he had accompanied other youths to the hunt of the lion in a valley at some distance (which they named); and that he would not return until the following night. With specific directions to find out the valley to which the fugitive had gone, the governor's emissaries departed, and the faithful Bedouins immediately aroused Abderahman, and communicated to him his danger. He expressed in the most sincere terms his sense of obligation for their incorruptible fidelity; and then, accompanied by six of the most determined youth of the Aduar, left the tent, and, protected by the darkness of night, sought in the most remote deserts safety from his inveterate persecutors. Four days and nights, these bold hearts of the desert journeyed over moving plains and hills of sands, with

the fierce roar of the lion accompanying their flight, and fiercer thirst and hunger preying upon their vitals. In Mauritania they at last found refuge. A noble sheik of the tribe of Zeneta offered the fugitives his house and protection, though ignorant of Abderahman's station. They were strangers; they were fugitives; and they were doubly welcome. Abderahman, well acquainted with the noble qualities of the Zeneta tribe, from whom, indeed, through his mother, he was descended, unhesitatingly avowed his name and position, and the sheiks, to a man, pledged their fidelity and fortunes to his cause.

"Blessed be God the Lord! In His hands are all the empires of the earth. Kingdoms, power, and greatness are given according to His will; strength, sovereignty, and empire are taken away at His pleasure. Oh, Lord Allah! Thy empire alone is eternal, and without change. Thou alone art master over all."

Thus speaks the pious Arabian author as he contemplates the eventful incidents of Abderahman's life; and as he proceeds to show, that having served a proper apprenticeship to misfortune, he had become qualified to assume and govern the throne of a mighty kingdom.

While Abderahman now had found secure hospitality with the generous sheiks, and was enjoying the recollection of his many perilous adventures, it was announced to him that a deputation of the most noble Moslemah of Spain solicited an audience. He bade them enter; when Temam Ben Alcama, the most powerful among them, thus addressed him:

"The Moslemah of Spain, and in their name the principal Xeques of tribes belonging to Syria, Arabia, and Egypt, have sent us to offer thee not only a secure asylum, for that thou hast already obtained in the pro-

tection of these noble Zenetas, but the empire and sovereignty of Spain; and this they do from their own minds, and of their own free will. Already art thou master of many hearts; and in our loyal obedience, thou shalt find a support firm as the mountains. Perils and stubborn resistance thou wilt have to encounter; but thou shalt not be alone; at thy side thou wilt find the steadfast conquerors of the West, generals well practiced in the field; while the people, who desire and who call thee to govern the land that belonged to thy fathers, shall be faithful unto the death, and shall combat, if need be, first to place, and after to maintain thee in the sovereignty which they offer."

Abderahman remained some time in silence; but when he perceived that all respectfully yet anxiously awaited his reply, he made answer, and said: "Renowned warriors, Envoys of the Faithful of Spain, in compliance with your wishes, and with the hope of your good, I will go with you ready to fight for your cause; and if God preserve to me the allegiance you now offer, and the aid you now hold forth, I will be to you a sure ally, a true brother, in your prosperity or your perils. Labor and adversity do not intimidate me, nor can the horrors of battle divert me from honor. Though young in years, the inconstancy of my fortunes has rendered many forms of death familiar to my sight, and taught me to count my life at best but a precarious possession. If such be the will of the Moslemah of Spain, I promise to be their general and protector, and with them to conquer, or, if such be the will of God, with them to die."

The noble Zenetas were loth to part with him, for they loved him already like a brother; but aware of the high destiny that opened before him, and confident of his capacity to meet it, they furnished him with arms

and men for the enterprise. The Sheik of Tahart, who had first received him, alone contributing fifty horse and one hundred lances or men-at-arms.

He landed in Spain with less than one thousand men—but such was the influence of his family and name, as well as hatred of the many tyrants who wasted the kingdom in civil broils, that, within a week of his arrival, he was surrounded with a well-appointed army of twenty thousand men. With these he marched immediately upon Seville, which opened its gates and poured forth its population to receive him. He then proceeded to Cordova, and after two sanguinary victories over the rebels who sought to relieve it, captured it; and soon after made himself master of all Moorish Spain.

Having subdued domestic opposition within an incredibly short time, he spared the Moslem, and smote the Infidels upon the frontiers—from whom, after several almost exterminating defeats, he extorted a heavy tribute as the price of peace.

He then turned his attention to the improvement of his capital. He caused the highways and the aqueducts of the Romans to be restored, and public gardens and walks to be laid out and decorated. He himself planted the first palm-tree ever seen in Spain; and, from the summit of the tower he had erected in his garden on the Guadalquiver, he was wont to watch its growth. On one occasion, when recollections of fairer Damascus had rendered him more than usually thoughtful, he composed some verses to the palm, of which the first stanza follows:—

"Thou, also, fair and graceful palm-tree, thou
Art here a stranger. Western breezes wave
Softly around thee with the breath of love,

> Caressing thy soft beauty; rich the soil
> Wherein thy roots are prospering, and thy head
> Thou liftest high to Heaven. Thou, fair tree,
> Dost feel no grief for thine abandoned home.
> To me alone that pain, to me alone
> The tears of long regret for thy fair sisters,
> Blooming by Forat's wave."

He was the most accomplished prince of his age—a good soldier—a wise statesman—an unequaled musician and poet—he was the founder of a dynasty the most illustrious in the annals of his faith. Under him and his descendants Arabian Spain became powerful and enlightened. It was dreaded and respected every where. While Germany was slowly emerging from the barbarism in which Cæsar had left it; England devastated by the savage wars of the Heptarchy and Norman atrocities; France inundated with civil feuds; and all Northern Europe a horrid nest of pirates and relentless banditti—Arabian Spain was cultivating the arts, developing pure science, and illustrating the amenities and refinements of polished life. All that could give vigor and elasticity to the mind or body was sedulously attended to: for the one, schools of dialectics, of pure mathematics, and high philosophy, were instituted and endowed; while for the other, the chase, the tournament, the cast of the jereed, and other manly exercises, were sedulously followed. In every profession, military or civil, the Arabian genius displayed incontestable supremacy—a supremacy, in many respects, enduring to this day.

Abderahman determined to inaugurate his reign and dynasty by the erection of an unequaled mosque. He attracted to his court, by promise of large reward, all the most cunning artificers of Syria as well as of Spain; and the result of their handiwork is the admiration as

much of the present as of the cotemporaneous age, mutilated and denuded though it has been by the rude hand of unenlightened taste. It has been said that the plan was drawn by the king himself, who intended the mosque should resemble that of Damascus, and be of greater extent than that of Bagdad, which, also, it was to surpass in splendor and magnificence (Condé, chap. xxxiv.) He was even desirous that it should equal the Holy House of Jerusalem—the object, next to the Caaba at Mecca, of the Moslem's utmost veneration. He carried forward the work with the greatest diligence—working himself daily for an hour among the artificers. It was six hundred feet long, and two hundred and fifty wide. The columns supporting the roof were ten hundred and ninety-three, and of finest marble. The southern entrance was approached by nineteen portals, covered with metal plates of wonderful workmanship—the principal gate being plated with massive gold. Three gilded balls surmounted the highest cupola, and above them was placed a pomegranate of solid gold. Two thousand seven hundred lamps were lighted for the time of evening prayer. The atanor of the Mirab, or lamp of the oratory, was of gold—very large, and of marvelous design. Where else in Europe would you find, in the eighth century, so glorious a structure? Where now? Can Strasburg, or York, or Rome even, show any thing comparable?

This noble edifice, having survived the outrages of the Berbers (barbarians from Africa who overran Andalusia) and of the reconquering Goths, still stands in the first rank of Moorish architecture. You enter as into a forest or grove of delicate pillars, so transparent and small that they appear to serve rather for ornament than use. You are reminded of a Druidical

temple, where the trunks of graceful and harmonious oaks support the overhanging canopy of leafy branches —no indifferent resemblance to the fantastic carving of the roof. And as I saw the shadows of the cowled monks flit past the pillars, my imagination called up those ancient ministers of idolatrous rites stealing through the grove and preparing incantations.

Entering this mosque or cathedral from the glare of the Spanish sky, you seem at first involved in darkness—so strong is the contrast of the softened light admitted through the deep-stained glass of the diminutive windows to the garish effulgence of day. This dim light attunes your soul to the stillness and solemnity of the place; and if you entered mocking, you remain pensive, and depart subdued.

Abderahman—of that name the third—who acceded to the throne early in the ninth century, sought to render the Ommeyau dynasty still more illustrious— Three miles from Cordova he built the city palace and gardens of Jehra. To their construction he devoted twenty-five years, and more than three millions sterling. Twelve hundred columns of marble, Spanish and African, Grecian and Italian, sustained and decorated the buildings. The Hall of Audience was inlaid with gold and costliest pearls; and the marble basin in the patio, or court, was surrounded with trees of gold and silver, upon whose branches sat various birds of the same costly material, who gave out melodious sounds from invisible machinery. In a secluded pavilion of the garden, where the monarch conversed with his favorites, a fountain threw out from the marble basin, not water, but the purest quicksilver. His officers and attendants shone in gold; and the belts and cimeters of his guard, twelve thousand strong, were studded with gems and gold. His seraglio, consisting of his

wives, concubines, and black eunuchs, amounted to upward of six thousand persons.

He was the patron of the learned, and his was the Augustan age of Arabic literature. It is said that his library consisted of six hundred thousand volumes—the very catalogue of which required forty-four. The adjacent towns of Malaga, Almeria, and Murcia, produced a list of more than three hundred writers; and seventy or more public libraries were opened in the cities of Andalusia. Eight centuries have elapsed since these days, and we are just beginning to imitate this example of the followers of Mohammed.

Philosophy, mathematics, physic and astronomy were all cultivated and advanced. The works of Plato and Aristotle, of Euclid and Apollonius, of Galen, Ptolemy, and Hippocrates, were translated into Arabic, and familiarized. Averroes put forth a commentary upon Aristotle, and gave a meaning to the Stagirite his cotemporaries could not have strengthened. "*Il gran commenteo feo*," says Dante; who places him in one of his infernal circles, because he was too enlightened to believe in that gross superstition of the times, miscalled Christianity. Avicenna developed the science of medicine; and Catholic princes were always eager to intrust their cure to the skill of the Arabs—a felicitous illustration of which Sir Walter Scott has introduced in his 'Talisman.' One of the three handmaids of that science owes its origin to the Arabians; and though anatomy never reached its perfect condition under them, from their superstitious reverence for the human body, botany, the other handmaid, was cultivated and utilized. The earliest astronomers were those who watched their flocks by night; and the Arabs held possession of the same level ground, with the same unclouded horizon, whence the Chaldean

shepherds made their observations; and the astronomical tables of Bagdad, Spain, and Samarcand were the most reliable of the times. The solar system had not been comprehended, and all data, independent of its truth, must necessarily have been defective.

Abderahman received a revenue from his kingdom of about six millions sterling, besides tributes from the Christian princes neighboring his dominions—a sum, doubtless, exceeding the united revenue of the Catholic monarchs of Europe at the time. Agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, flourished and enriched the people. Eighty cities of the first, and three hundred of an inferior class, followed the faith of Mohammed, and were tributary to Abderahman; and the Guadalquiver flowed past twelve thousand villages and hamlets, the very site of which would now elude the most patient research.

"I have now reigned"—I recite the authentic document found in the closet of the deceased Abderahman—"above fifty years, in victory or peace, beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honors, power and pleasure, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot—they amount to FOURTEEN. Oh, man! place not thy confidence in this present world." It is much to be regretted that the royal philosopher forbore to tell us *why* those fourteen days were happy; such a revelation might have been of greater advantage to mankind than his querulous confidence of half a century's misery. I do not believe we are any better from these disparaging views of life. It is true, a wiser and more powerful man than Abderahman, who could boast, too, of as

many wives and concubines, has said—"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." But he doubtless meant in relation to things eternal, as, of course, all mundane matters are. "As for my single self," although I can not boast of Abderahman's revenue, and have ever been addicted to celibacy; although I have fought no battles, but been a man of peace from my youth upward, my happy days outnumber the Spanish caliph's. His very power, pleasures, and pursuits may have been the whips to scourge him. *Quien sabe?* In my opinion, there is a great deal of latent happiness we don't extract from things; perhaps because we don't know how, or that we have no sympathetic temperament. As the ingenious chemist converts the poisonous mineral into a salutary medicine, so I believe that he, well skilled in the occult science of the human heart, can derive from circumstances seemingly desperate the capacity of happiness. It is a trite saying, that every man carries his fate in his own hands. It is not what we have, but what we don't repine for, that makes us content. For my own part, I have lived many happy days upon a *souvenir*, and more upon a *hope*, and "the past, at least, is secure."

But fallen, fallen, fallen is Cordova! The metropolis of her nation—the protectress of arts—the seat of science—the cradle of chivalry—the beautiful city! Where now are her twelve hundred thousand private edifices? Where her six hundred mosques—her hospitals—public schools—and nine hundred aromatic baths? Where her mines of gold and silver—her pearls, corals, and inestimable stones? Where her reservoirs—her gardens and embowered walks? Where her dark-eyed maidens? and, alas! where, oh! where her *men?* The grass grows in her streets—the obscene bird of night hoots from her palaces, and Desolation

stalks like a ghost amid crumbling temples and forgotten ruins!

Cordova is, as it always has been, famous for its horses. The Arab loves his horse better than his wife, which is somewhat singular, as he sees a great deal more of him. The present Andalusian steed, however, is not a genuine descendant of the fierce horses that swept away the armed battalions of Don Roderick. It is more gentle and tractable, and far handsomer. Their color generally is black, of the most sparkling gloss, their manes full, silky, and very long, while their tails, as bushy as the gray squirrel's, like the garments of Troy's proud dames, "sweep the ground." I seldom if ever saw a gelding among them, or indeed in Spain; entire horses are almost universally used for all sorts of purposes.

It had been my intention on leaving Seville to go to Grenada from Cordova, the latter being about half way between the two cities. But the road being represented as very hilly, and much worse for wheels than the road I had overcome—and the diligence being rickety, slow, and more tardy in starting than Mrs. Macleuchar's "Hawes Fly"—*and* recollecting that I had left something behind in Seville, I concluded to return to that place.

I had visited the Mosque of Cordova, had purchased some silver trinkets, for which Cordova artists are as famous as their prototypes of Damascus, and had remained long enough to regret that I had not come there some twelve centuries before, or *not at all.* So, the morning but one after my arrival, before sunrise, I took my place in the diligence for Seville, where I arrived the same night in the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal'," without adventure on the road, and very much rejoiced was I to be once more in Seville, "famous for women and oranges."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SHORT EXORDIUM—DOLORES—THE THEATER—CATALINA—THE STORY OF HER LIFE.

THEY who have acquired command over the mind's revelations will tell you that man is not a creature of pure intelligence. That he will not seize an inanimate abstraction; but that, if you would penetrate to his heart, you must first subdue his senses. The ministers of the antique faith have exploited this truth, and made it subservient to Christianity.

Nor is such philosophy solely conversant with things appertaining to another world, momentous as are its considerations. It interpenetrates our daily life, and most of all does it influence the relation between the sexes. As the love we bear the Creator is inert so long as it is limited to a finite contemplation of His attributes, so (not to speak profanely) the love we feel for the creature arising merely from the exhibition of personal charms is rapid and soon passeth away. In either case there must be accessories, surroundings, incentives to devotion, to make it warm and permanent.

Such at least were the thoughts mirrored in my mind as I arrived at the residence of Dolores—and, unseen, contemplated her standing among the flowering shrubs and aromatic plants in the marble *patio*, or court, of her house. Orange-trees and the *azahár* loaded the air with perfume, while melodious birds from an aviary

beneath the piazza sang from mere excess of gladness. An awning protected the scene from the too ardent gaze of the sun, and mellowed by its interposition the sobered light. Cleanly dressed in her nice-fitting *basquina*, her glossy hair simply arranged, and her tiny foot just peeping out—was not Dolores more to be dreaded than if, with all her beauty, she had been caught, like Dulcinea by Sancho, at the wash-tub, with filthy accessories around her? The marble pavement of dazzling whiteness, the flowers, the perfume, the song of birds, would not all these intensify if they did not create the sentiment of love, when accompanying and illustrating personal comeliness? Love, chameleon-like, is colored by the objects that surround it.

I thought to perceive in Dolores's manner somewhat of reserve. She did not receive me with that *empressement* I had anticipated from my *petites soins* toward her. Not that she sulked, or gave other than pleasant answers; but there was a chill, a kind of nor'-easter in her look that I did not like. I thought it best, however, not to notice the phase of her humor: I recollected she belonged to the "*varium et semper mutabile*" genus, the variable and ever inconstant sex—and doubted not that her next disposition would be as pleasant as a May morning. I perceived that she expected I would interrogate as to the cause of her coolness, but I knew too much for that. Indulge a woman once in that way, and she has bagged you for good.

Opposing, therefore, the greatest suavity of manner to her chilling reserve, and to her somewhat curt remarks an easy fluency, I conducted my visit to a close, without giving her the slightest reason to suppose I was conscious of her change of manner; and she seemed much surprised, when leaving *muchas expres-*

siones—many civil compliments—for her mother and sister, I made a somewhat abrupt departure.

I was a frequent attendant at the theater—partly to learn the language, and partly to see the audience. The acting was very good, and the ballets sufficiently well executed. One of the first evenings I attended, my ignorance of the customs of the place led me into a natural error. I noticed there was one row, or half rather of a row, exclusively occupied by ladies; I wondered at the want of gallantry upon the part of the gentlemen, in leaving ladies to their own amusement, and I determined to show them that a stranger could teach them good manners. So one evening when this row was more than usually decorated with beauty, I ascended from my seat in the parquette, and entered. I found myself immediately the butt of general remark. Some of the ladies eyed me with a frown; but these were *viejas* (old women), and I did not care for their looks; others gazed at me sneeringly; this troubled me somewhat, because I thought my dress or deportment might not be exactly the thing; while the prettiest and youngest would look at me, and giggle—which most disconcerted me; for I felt then I had been doing something ridiculous. Nor was I left long in suspense. A *niño* (small boy) had disappeared soon after I entered, and in a little while returned, accompanied by one of the *gens-d'armes*, who gave me to understand that I was decidedly *de trop*. As I was going down to my proper place, he condescendingly informed me that the row I had entered was exclusively appropriated to ladies who frequented the theater unaccompanied by gentlemen; and that this, so far from throwing a necessary suspicion upon their reputation, rather strengthened it. Indeed, no women were admitted within these precincts, whose life was known to be unchaste.

I became acquainted with one of the actors, who introduced me behind the scenes, where I saw more to amuse and interest me than on the stage. The green-room was life's epitome; and the *rôles* assumed and represented there surpassed in variety and novelty those behind the foot-lights. I liked best of the actresses a girl named Catalina. It was said she was the illegitimate daughter of a nobleman. It was none of my business how she got into the world, so long as she rendered herself agreeable in it. She was frank, joyous, *gracieuse*, off the stage—clever and popular on it. She usually performed the character of the virtuous wife at the theater, and brought down the house—probably from the novelty of the part. She quitted the character, it was said, with the stage, being *entretenue*, though a wife, by a wealthy hidalgo. This, however, at first I attributed to scandal. Her merits were great; so, of course, would be the envy which they excited. And therefore I did not forego visiting her. For if we should believe one half we hear to the prejudice of our friends, where should we go for companionship? No one, from her manner or conversation, could have supposed Catalina other than virtuous; and I never attempted a stricter investigation. I liked better passing an hour at her rooms after the theater than attending the *tertullias* of higher society. Her life had been varied with many an incident of more than ordinary interest; and she related her adventures with a spirit and wit that doubled their natural interest.

Catalina was blonde; in truth, she was Arragonese, and not Andalusian. Her eyes were deep blue, and yet had all the brilliancy of black. Some three months later, when I was going from Strasbourg to Baden Baden, and having crossed the Rhine in an omnibus, was waiting with the rest of the passengers to have my luggage

put into the railway-car, I noticed in the crowd a beautiful blue-eyed girl, not unlike in features to Catalina. She had, indeed, one of those faces you have seen in dreams, or in a state of pre-existence—something that hovers between the actual and ideal. The loveliness of her features had something so sweet, so soft, so spiritualized, in them, as to carry to the soul an indefinable sentiment of happiness. With such a guardian angel, life would be but a festive promenade. My stupid diffidence prevented my accosting her, as I might have done upon some imagined pretext, and found out, at least, whether she was a countrywoman, or English. She must have been one. If the former, and "these pages should ever meet her eye," I trust she will furnish "the undersigned" some clue to her residence. All other particulars about her—age, position, character—he feels he knows full well.

Catalina was *spirituelle*, and had an inexhaustible fund of vivacity. She had the French fineness of expression; "And might be French," she would say laughingly, "by her father's side." She was not a sufficiently wise daughter to know her own father. "Her mother always said he was a nobleman, and she could readily believe it, for she had a great attachment for noble blood, which she must have derived from her birth." I asked her one day, while we were taking coffee and ices at some restaurant, whereabouts in Spain she thought the women most virtuous? "*En la cuna*,"* she replied. On another occasion I was praising the Order of Jesus to her—told her that the Jesuits had done more for learning than all the rest of the Catholic clergy combined; that in pursuit of the principles of their order, there was no danger they would fear to encounter, no refinement of torture they would flinch from bearing. With their Faith in one hand,

* *La cuna*—the cradle.

and their life in the other, they had penetrated countries before deemed inaccessible, and had planted the standard of the Cross in the midst of barbarian rites. "They have introduced the turkey into Europe," she replied; "and a *dinde truffée* has been of more service to mankind than all their homilies, propagandism, or auto-da-fés." *Risu solvuntur tabulæ*—and I was generally obliged to yield to her superior wit the superiority of argument. She knew Lope de Vega almost by heart—praised Cervantes—and contended, of course, for the Spanish origin of Gil Blas. "Le Sage," she said, "was nothing but a man-midwife, and performed the office bunglingly. Besides, Gil Blas itself, with all its cleverness and variety, is inferior to the Alonzo of the Licentiate Geronimo of Segovia—a master-work of its kind." Dining in company with her one day where there were many *bons vivants*, and a variety of excellent wines, some one complimented her upon the nicety of her taste which enabled her to distinguish the shades of wine. "Oh," says she, "I inherit this from my father, and have therefore a clearer title than Sancho Panza boasted. By his father's side, you recollect, he said he had two kinsmen who were the most excellent tasters of wine La Mancha had known for many years. 'As a proof of which,' says he, 'I will tell you what once happened to them. A sample of wine was presented to them out of a hogshead, and their opinions asked of its condition and quality. One of them tasted it with the tip of his tongue, the other did no more than clap it to his nose; the first said the wine tasted of iron—the other affirmed it had a twang of goat's leather. The owner protested the pipe was clean, and the contents without any sort of mixture that could give the liquor either the taste of iron, or the smell of goat's

leather. Nevertheless, the two famous tasters stuck to the judgment they had given. Time passed on, the wine was sold, and when the pipe came to be cleaned, they found in it a small key, tied to a leather thong. By this your worship may perceive whether or not one descended from such a race may venture to give his opinion in cases of this kind." Well, Don Carlos (they always address you by your Christian name in Spain), if Sancho had such correct taste from collateral kinsmen, with how much more reason should I boast of it, who get it directly from my father, well known as he was *en los quatro reinos*—in the four kingdoms of Andalusia—for the delicacy of his taste? Any body can tell Mansanilla from Montillo, *Val de peñas* from a Malaga wine, or one *bodega* of Xeres from another; but bandage my eyes so that I shall not see the bottle, close my mouth so that it shall be impossible for me to taste it, and I will tell you from the aroma not only the kind of wine, but its very vintage. One person has an eye for painting—another an ear for music—I have a nose for wine. It is a sense reserved for persons alone of the *sangre azul*. The *canaille* have but five, and even know not how to use those." And Catalina might have added she had a mouth for wine, too; for although she never drank so as to become *gris*, I have seen a brighter color in her eye, a deeper bloom on her cheek, and a more frolicksome *abandon* in her manner, from her coquetry with the rosy god. But neither her conduct nor her language, at any time, ever outraged the *bienséances*. She had no false modesty, nor real vulgarity. She was not so nervously anxious to avoid the import of ordinary words—an anxiety which reveals rather the knowledge than ignorance of evil—and did not seek to make fastidiousness the mask of indelicacy.

She had not driven modesty from her heart to enthrone it on her lips.

One day, as we were supping together, after theatrical performances, she told me the history of her life. "I was born in Valencia," said she, "and my mother says of noble ancestry by my father's side. As I considered her the best authority on the subject, I never thought to dispute it. Since I have left hers I have taken my putative father's arms, which is all, indeed, I ever took from him. Ungrateful parent! he may be ignorant of the very existence of his daughter.

"I have heard it said that persons entering the world in this, as it were, burglarious sort of a way, endeavor to overcome the prejudice thus excited by some deeds of dazzling merit. But this must be an axiom subject to very many exceptions, particularly in Spain. For otherwise what a great number of aspirants to public renown we should have among us! The bar sinister might control the destinies of the country; as perhaps, indeed, it does, though unacknowledged. However that may be, I can not say that I ever felt any desire to blazon my illegitimate birth. I was content to let the *sangre azul* flow quietly through my veins, without invoking the attention of every one to the manner in which it was injected.

"I got over the infantile crises of teething, measles, whooping-coughs, etc., just like ordinary children, and reached my fifteenth year without encountering a danger even more to be dreaded by girls of my condition in *las Españas*, I mean the danger from which my mother did not escape. I was not her oldest child, and she was but sixteen when I was born. Her father was favorite valet to the Condé de ——, and his son, perhaps from a feeling of filial reverence, preferred her to all the other *muchachas* of his acquaintance—at least

for a time. When I hear women call men perfidious and scoundrels because they are inconstant, I laugh; for who knows not that the promises which passion dictates will be forgotten with the passion itself? And that as we love without reason, so without reason we shall cease to love?

"Well, at fifteen I underwent the usual destiny of Spanish maidens. I had a *novio*, a young man who had serenaded me for a twelvemonth before we had exchanged a syllable, for which, indeed, my mother never gave me an opportunity. But eyes speak when the voice is silent, and through them we established a good understanding. I loved, or thought I loved Antonio, for such was the name of my *novio*. His condition was mechanical—a shoemaker. So I may be literally said, considering my semi-noble birth, to have *fallen* in love. My mother opposed our marriage—fatal error of parents! If they would leave us girls alone with our fantasies, nine times out of ten we should tire of them before it is too late to recede. Besides, there is a natural instinct in the female heart toward any thing forbidden—we got it from the first woman.

"I have had reason to think since, my mother had other designs than matrimony for me. She was proud of my birth, and sought to make me equally proud of my children's, *viâ* the bar sinister. When illegitimacy, Don Carlos, has become chronic in families, they take as much pride in it, it seems to me, as others in an unstained birth—at least when there is good reason to suppose an admixture of richer blood. I determined, however, that illegitimacy, like the king's-evil, should skip one generation of our family, even at the risk of breaking my poor mother's heart—and married Antonio. I had often heard that girls, who married against their parents' wishes, were in most cases miserable, and

in all cases deserved to be. And I can now readily believe it, for we sink in the estimation of the very man for whom we have sacrificed our strongest natural affections. They attribute our conduct to some ignoble motive; and vent upon us the anger they entertain toward our parents. Besides, they are too apt to think that the girl, who has disobeyed her parents, will deceive her husband. If she has broken the strongest natural tie, she will not hesitate to rend asunder an artificial one. My honeymoon was not visible above the horizon; it rose in clouds, continued in storms, and went out in tempests. Antonio was jealous, sullen, and insolent. He had the meanness, in some of his fits of anger, rendered more intemperate by *aguardiente*, to reproach me for my illegitimate birth, as if the daughter of an hidalgo, though not born in wedlock, was not superior to a son of the canaille, of however lawful espousals!

Besides, his jealousy was *mauvais ton*, and offended my prejudices. "*Nous autres nobles*," she said laughingly, "we may be jealous of our mistresses, but of our wives never! We have imported this refinement upon ancient Spanish customs, with our bonnets, from Paris. Antonio suspected me without cause: I had been married three weeks, and had not so much as ogled a man; but I had too much respect for my husband to leave him long a prey to unfounded suspicions. As I could not disabuse, I was determined to confirm his jealous apprehensions—and to gratify his pride of opinion at the expense of his pride as a husband. He had interdicted my visits to my mother, had watched me when I went to mass, and had even confined me in the house. Nay, I believe he would have been happy had I mutilated my nose and lips, and thus rendered myself unattractive—as my confessor has told me the nuns of some abbey did, to escape ravishment from the Moors.

"I soon found means of acquainting my mother with my situation, and my ardent desire to be released from it, at whatever cost. I had loved Antonio without knowing him; is it more singular that, having known him, I should dislike him? *Yo creyo que no*, I believe not. If love comes into the heart without the head, it will go out *through* the head.

"I jumped from the balcony of my window one night (it was the very last of the honeymoon!) into the arms of a gentleman who *happened* to be underneath. It may seem a singular coincidence that these were the identical arms my mother intended I should jump into without the intervention of the honeymoon. Do not blame her, Don Carlos; for the *amiga* of an hidalgo, or man of property, is generally much better cared for in this country than the *sposa* of the poor mechanic, and alas! generally much more virtuous.

"I lived with my rescuer two years, most of the time traveling in France and this country, contented, happy, and attached. My old confessor had taught me to read and write, and had assisted to develop a natural inclination for books, particularly for romances and comedies. While I was quite young, he would read to me Lope de Vega and Cervantes, and the judicious selection he made of their works begot in me a great desire for further gratification of the kind. My kind protector gave me every opportunity for indulging this taste; I read during these years most of the Spanish light literature, Lope de Vega constantly, whose plays I was fortunate enough often to see represented on the stage. Indeed, I never failed to attend every representation—and off the stage was continually reciting and acting scenes, to the great amusement of my patron and the few friends to whom he had introduced me. They complimented me very much upon my histrionic ability,

and predicted that if ever I went on the stage I would make a sensation. I made through my friend the acquaintance of some of the actresses, and was often behind the scenes, and thus acquired a knowledge of the mechanical part of the profession. I did not dream at this time of ever appearing on the boards; but I was passionately attached to theatrical performances, and sympathized with all the feelings and fortunes of the players. I attended rehearsals, and sometimes got up at our house private theatricals, at which some of the actors and actresses assisted. One of them, Maria, who is with us in Seville now, took particular pains to cultivate what she called my natural talent for the stage. Sancho Panza, she said, told us that "the wheels of fortune turned round swifter than cart-wheels, and those that were up to-day might be down to-morrow," and it therefore behooved every one to provide against an unlucky turn. Maria's advice was prophetic, for at the end of these two years the affairs of my friend, partly from the rascality of his agent, partly from some of his own rash speculations, became dreadfully embarrassed—and he was obliged to retrench his expenses, and to adopt, indeed, the simplest domestic economy. Now was the time, I thought, for me to show my gratitude for his unbounded kindness toward me, in the employment of any talent I might possess for the stage. He at first objected to what he called the sacrifice; but upon my insisting that otherwise I would withdraw from his companionship, he reluctantly consented. I made my *débût* at Grenada, where the stage, you know, is rather provincial, and met with a reception that emboldened me to undertake higher *rôles* and a wider sphere. It is two years since my first appearance. In this time I have played at Barcelona, Grenada, Cadiz, Seville, and Madrid several engagements, each

of which has been more successful than its predecessor. I have enabled my friend to resume his former social position, in disembarrassing himself of pecuniary obligations that he despaired of ever meeting, and convinced him that if I sinned against another I have been true to him in heart and in conduct. My fancy for Antonio was an uninformed caprice: my love for my protector is an enduring sentiment, the offspring of gratitude and respect. Since I have lived with him I have developed my heart and mind, and I am not only intellectually but *morally* better than with my husband. I know that the law does not sanction my present position, as mutual respect did not my marriage; but character and conduct, more powerful than laws, have assured me a consideration which I would not forego for my former condition of legal prostitution."

I have nothing to say in extenuation of Catalina's infidelity toward her husband; on the contrary, I advise all without sin in that or greater respect, to *stone her well*—if only to make themselves happy. But all Seville concurred in opinion, even including those ladies who envied her position, that her conduct since her *liaison* with the hidalgo, had been, so far as observation extended, most correct and irreproachable. Wherefore, although I condemned while I pitied her violation of the seventh commandment, I concluded it would not be immoral in me occasionally to visit her, or to entertain her at a café.

So what with Catalina, Dolores, and an occasional *baile* with La Girandilla—what with soft skies, delicious fruits and wines—what with bull-fights and gipsy-dances—what with drives around the walls, and through Las Delicias, frequented by fairest of women—what with Murillo for contemplation, and Moorish ar-

chitecture and ruins for reflection—I made out to get nicely through the days in Seville. It was, indeed, with heartfelt conviction of its truth that I subscribed to the subdued sentiment of its citizens:—

> "*Quien no ha visto a Sevilla,*
> *No ha visto a maraviglia.*"

> "Who never has to Seville been,
> No marvel yet has ever seen."

CHAPTER XXIV.

DANGER SCIPIO AFRICANUS AND THE AUTHOR ENCOUNTERED IN SPAIN—THE AUTHOR GREATER THAN DEMETRIUS POLIORCETES—BREAKFAST ON THE STEAMER—VOYAGE TO CADIZ, AND ARRIVAL—HISTORY OF CADIZ—DEPARTURE FOR GIBRALTAR, AND VOYAGE.

It is related of Scipio Africanus that, while fighting the battles of Roman conquest in Spain, he took captive a beautiful native princess. Notwithstanding the report of her matchless charms, he dismissed her safe to her friends—and thus achieved a greater victory than his subsequent one at Zama.

I am inclined to think that Spain, and more particularly Andalusia, much exposes one to the kind of danger from which the conqueror of Hannibal escaped. *Non inexpertus loquor.* But I claim a greater merit than his. The historian tells us that he refused to see the captive whose beauty he had heard so much extolled; evidently fearful of his own resistance. "Look on that picture, then on this." Taking a stroll after siesta, the evening before I left Seville, I met my friend, the confessor of Dolores. After a few preliminary nothings, he asked me when I had seen that young lady? I replied: "Two or three days previously—but that as I thought I perceived a change in her manner toward me, and was unconscious of the cause, I had concluded not to call again till I had seen him, and been put *au fait* about it." "Do you love Dolores?" he inquired. "*De tout mon cœur;* with

a love surpassing the love of woman, like Jonathan's for David, holy father." "Then why, my son," replied he, "have you not given them to understand so much?" "Reverend father, if Dolores don't understand my sentiments toward her, I know no words that will express them. Do you imagine the girl ever lived who could not divine, without the mediation of language, the nature of a man's feelings toward her? Depend upon it they require no declaration of love to know our love."

"But you have not communicated with the mother, who has, for a long time, expected it. Your attentions have been marked and assiduous. You have appeared to all friends as her *novio*, and yet you have said nothing to mother or daughter."

"What should I say, holy father? I can not marry Dolores; and God knows I never supposed it was expected." "Marry! who talks of marriage, my son? But you certainly could make some settlement upon her, and treat her as your wife, so long as you remain in Spain; and this her mother is anxious for." "And Dolores?" "Dolores, my son, would be an obedient daughter."

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The steamer was to start for Cadiz the next morning at five o'clock. I returned to the *Fonda de Europa*, packed my portmanteau, paid my bill, and next morning, soon after early cock-crowiug, I was once more on the Guadalquiver.

I considered myself a greater man than Demetrius Poliorcetes. He was "a taker of cities"—but does not Solomon say that he who overcometh himself is greater than he who taketh cities? I do not recollect the very words of the philosophic Hebrew; but such is their sense. I had obtained a great victory over myself, and

could have got up illuminations, bonfires, and *Te Deums* with more propriety than *le Grand Monarque* upon most of his victories. It was, however, a Pyrrhus victory: another such, and I should have been ruined. All my feelings were in a state of insurrection. Grief, love, regret, desire, pity, and anger raged in my heart, and wasted it.

For some time perhaps the strongest feeling was one of indignation against the Franciscan, that he should have prostituted his sacred office to such base purpose. But after a while, on contemplation of his broken fortunes, and the general laxity of Spanish morality, I subdued this feeling, and laid the blame upon circumstances. For I recollect how different but a few years since was the condition of the poor priests. Then, what now are academies, hotels, museums, palaces, were their habitations, where they dispensed unstinted hospitality. Theirs were the well-cultivated fields, rich in corn, in oil, and wine—theirs the gardens, loaded with fruit—theirs the well-fed servitors, and the sleek ambling nag. Now, they live where no one asks, eat what no one cares, and die where no one knows; and if not professional beggars, are poorer than those who are!

To one brought up in the strictness of New England drinciples—to any person of delicate feelings, this sale of daughters by mothers, in almost market overt, seems disgusting as well as immoral. But *que voulez-vous?* what otherwise is the destiny of the girls? an enslaved condition, unrewarded toil, premature decrepitude! As Catalina said, it is better to be the mistress of a man of fortune in Spain, than the wife of a poor man, at least, in a vast number of instances. Thus, although I do not exculpate the mothers, and should scorn to be a party to such a transaction, I

think both mother and daughter are much more entitled to our commiseration than denunciation.

Had I been restrained by no moral principle from acceding to the friar's proposition, my regard for Dolores herself would have been her protection. I do not believe the man ever loved, who could associate with the object of his passion the least thought of impurity. Love borrows the language of devotion, because the feeling we entertain for the creature is akin to that we feel for the Creator. Woman in her nature is so far superior to us, is so much nearer the angels, that to love her as she should be loved, we inspire a portion of the Divine exhalation itself. Our emotions and our intelligence are "likest God's" when we fully appreciate this best revelation of his to earth. It is the secret of the Catholic enthusiasm. The warm, chivalrous, if somewhat fanciful worship of the Virgin, is but veneration for the divinity in woman—idealized and spiritualized in her—but incarnate, wherever the unsullied heart reposes its affections.

There is a purity of heart independent of purity of conduct. The man may fall, and yet the soul survive. I know Mrs. Grundy will not allow this, but will insist that a deed done in the flesh necessarily and immediately affects the soul. But in spite of such generally uncontested authority, I could go into a long argument to prove that we may sin, and yet be unconscious of sinning. Still, if this be not a self-evident truth, it will be labor lost to establish it; and I forbear. Let us insist, as a compromise, that he who resists temptation the strongest that man can be subjected to, and feels from his triumph the joyous consciousness of earliest innocence, deserves a larger crown of laurel than he who has never been subjected to temptation—or, subjected, has escaped it from phlegmatic indiffer-

ence. If any one has doubts upon the subject, let him try the experiment; and if he undergoes successfully this crucial test, let him reap equal glory with us who have been tried, and not found wanting.

Partly, because I felt very much in love with myself from this glorious achievement, partly to create a diversion from bitter thoughts, I determined to elaborate a superb *déjeûner à la fourchette*—as good a breakfast as the steward could get me up. Meals were served *à la carte* on board the steamer—each person ordering what he wished, and paying what the steward wished. I inaugurated the entertainment with some nice melon and *vino tinto*—red wine, diluted, of course, with water; but I rather coquetted with these than addressed them seriously; then I ordered some trout, still redolent of the limpid stream, and *huevos pasados por agua*—boiled eggs, juicy to the palate. These gained, what my old Presbyterian parson was wont to request (often in vain) for his sermons—my "serious and candid attention." *Et puis, les côtelettes d'agneau panées aux pointes d'asperges* (which can't be translated), and *poulet aux truffes* (which can't be imitated). With this third course "my bosom's lord sat lightly on his throne," and I began to acknowledge with philosopher Square "the eternal fitness of things." My fourth course consisted of *les truffes au vin de champagne*, and *pâté de foie gras de Strasbourg!* which aided greatly to digest the venom of my spleen. I still had a margin left for some *alcochofas à l'huile*—artichokes prepared with oil—and concluded with *chocolate con leche.* This pleasant occupation whiled away some two hours, and rehabilitated me. The feeling that had commenced a poignant grief terminated a grateful souvenir.

A Frenchman on board eyed me with much apparent interest, as I was slowly passing through my meal, and

was perhaps desirous of asking me the same question, one of his countrymen is said to have put to a Kentuckian, which led to mortal combat and the death of the Frenchman, who in his last agonies expressed his perfect willingness to die, if his antagonist would but resolve the question that led to the quarrel · "Monsieur, will you tell me whether that is your breakfast or your dinner that you are eating?" Or perhaps my meal reminded him of Paris and its countless associations of pleasure. His curiosity, or other sentiment, however, found no voice.

I had made an end of my feasting by the time the steamer reached Bonanza, eighty miles from Seville, and felt so comfortable that I concluded to go round to Cadiz by water, instead of crossing by land to Puerto Santa Maria, the route I had taken on my way to Seville. The day was fair, and I anticipated a quiet run. While stopping at Bonanza, I had an opportunity of observing with what pious adhesion the Spanish agriculturists still practice the mode of plowing of God's favorite people. When Elijah found Elisha, the son of Shaphat, he was "plowing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth"—and I dare say, the Spanish plow was used before the flood.

After getting out of the Guadalquiver, by the Cipiona Point, upon which formerly stood a Phenician light-house, and entering the Bay of Cadiz, I found a fresh south-west wind, which disturbed the waters much, and my stomach more. Incontinently I sought a horizontal position, which, however, did not avail to save a great part of my breakfast—so that the fish had a glorious opportunity to dine *à la carte* gratuitously, of which I trust they availed themselves.

Coming from Seville, with its moth-eaten walls, its venerable edifices, and crumbling structures, Cadiz had

a new, modern look, with its imposing buildings of fresh whiteness, its pretentious fortifications and symmetrical proportions. Once the wealthiest city of all Spain, it even now on first view seems prosperous. This is but however the hectic flush that beautifies decay. Running back to almost fabulous antiquity, as do many of the Spanish towns, Cadiz boasts an origin more certainly antique than any of them. It is doubtless intended by the inspired writers as "the uttermost part of the earth," the place beyond which all was void. The first well-attested record of its origin is its foundation by the Phenicians some centuries before Rome. To these earliest of navigators it was a place of some importance, and when their dominion over the sea was usurped by the Carthaginians, it still grew in importance; nor did it suffer declining prosperity when the latter, in their turn, gave way to the Romans. Under their powerful empire it became the theater of sensual refinement. Horace and other writers of Rome's palmy literature would seem to have thought to expiate the sins of the Eternal City by attacks upon the grosser sensuality of the *improbæ Gaditanæ.* "Since poverty has been banished," exclaims Juvenal, "the pleasures of the Sybarites, of Rhodes, and of debauched Gades, have been introduced and domesticated among our hills," and, he might have added, had flourished there in more than original vigor. Partaking of the prosperity if contributing to the vices of Rome, Gades declined with her. The barbarians occupied and injured both. The Arabs succeeded the Goths in the possession of Gades, which never recovered under their sway its former luster. Alonzo el Sabio, the King James I. of Spanish annals, "the most learned fool in Christendom," retook it from the Moors in 1262—and two centuries later the discovery of America gave it a rich trade and a revived import-

ance. It was taken and sacked by the Earl of Essex in 1596, who sent thirteen ships of war and forty vast South American galleons to England as trophies of his victory. Falstaff must have rejoiced as much as any one in this booty—for doubtless the Lord Essex, one of the most accomplished noblemen of his country, would take care to send home a large quantity of "good sherris-sack," of which Sir John was so eloquently encomiastic.

Drake and his cotemporaneous buccaneers intercepting the heavily-laden galleons on their return from the South American colonies dried up the streams of Cadiz's prosperity, and much accelerated its decay. It was again twice attacked by the English during the seventeenth century—once while the haughty and incompetent Buckingham ruled, under Charles I., England's destinies—in revenge for some slight from the equally haughty Spanish minister; but both times unsuccessfully. Its admirable fortifications, when properly defended, are almost impregnable. It stands upon a narrow neck of land, some fifteen to fifty feet above the sea, and only on the east is connected by a narrow isthmus with the continent. Nature comes in aid of art to protect it, for besides the waters of the Atlantic, whose almost incessant violence renders approach or station dangerous, sunken rocks form bulwarks not safely to be despised. Its fortifications, however, have always been neglected from the time of its capture by Essex to the present day, and that it has not oftener been taken is owing more to the ignorance on the part of its aggressors of its defenseless condition than to its own ability to resist attack.

What its population may have been in its palmiest days, early in the seventeenth century, when the sun never set upon the dominions of Spain, I have no means

of ascertaining. During the Peninsular war it was said to have reached 100,000 souls; now there is hardly more than half that number, "with a margin for a fall." Living is cheaper in Seville, and society better; these two circumstances have attracted thither a large portion of its former population, unconnected with commercial pursuits. As the Spanish hidalgo prefers being pinched by poverty to contamination from trade, Cadiz, being almost exclusively a commercial place, contains but little of the *sangre azul.*

An episode in the history of Cadiz is its temporary occupation by Sertorius, a general who wanted but a larger field and more propitious fortune to have rivaled Rome's greatest commanders. Driven from Italy by Sylla, he crossed the Pyrenees, entered Spain, and raised the country against the Roman power. Of raw levies of barbarians he made soldiers, equal in discipline and valor to Sylla's conquering legions; defeated several times the troops sent against him, and for awhile maintained an equal contest with Pompey himself, fresh from his Asiatic victories. Nay, but for the opportune arrival of Metellus, on one occasion he would have routed that great general, and with inferior forces: "If that old woman had not come up, I would have flogged this boy back to Rome," he said. He might have succeeded in establishing an independent throne in Spain, had he not been assassinated in the maturity of his power by treacherous friends.

A greater, too, than Sertorius, HANNIBAL, the conqueror of Italy, and but that he knew better how to gain than use victories, the would-have-been conqueror of Rome, distinguished Cadiz with his presence. After he had taken Saguntum, and was on his way to Rome with one hundred thousand men (not half of whom, however, crossed the Alps with him), he stopped at Cadiz, to re-

new the vow of vengeance he had taken in early youth against Rome. And a greater than Hannibal, greater than the conqueror of Hannibal, JULIUS CÆSAR himself came here, on the defeat of Sextus Pompeius at Munda, to pay his homage to the colossal image of Alexander. He is said to have wept, as he contemplated the statue, because at an age when the Macedonian had conquered the world, he had done nothing worthy to be commemorated; a self-accusation most unjust even then, and which after events in the life of this most extraordinary man of antiquity rendered ridiculous to be entertained. Such men give character to places where they are but sojourners, illustrate their annals, and emblazon their fame.

Cadiz is less Spanish than most of the cities in Spain. That is, it has fewer local peculiarities; peculiarities, not of character or conduct, but of external appearance. It has less of Moorish vestiges, and more of modern features. It has handsome shops, like Paris or London, where more general commodities can be obtained; an Exchange, and cleaner streets. Españolism, however, is sufficiently predominant here, in all appertaining to the *morale:* Spanish in want of enterprise, Spanish in procrastination, Spanish in indifference. Literature, I should think, was at rather a low ebb. To use a French *bon mot*, "*les lettres de change y sont les belles lettres.*" I tried at several shops to buy Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra," or "Conquest of Grenada," whether in English or Spanish, but unsuccessfully. One shopkeeper told me he had never heard of the works, and another, that there was no demand for them. Every Spaniard, knowing his country to be the greatest in the world, cares but little what other people say of it. I asked a young lady one evening at a *tertullia*, if she had ever read the "Tales of the Alhambra?" She replied, that

she had never seen them, but had read the tales of Paul de Kock, which she liked very much. It was such trash mostly that I found at the shops in Cadiz. Another young lady (not of the *haut ton*, however) told me she never read; to which I innocently replied, that I supposed she would read if only to kill time; whereupon she frankly said she did not know how. "But you will learn before you are married?" "Is it necessary in your country to know how to read before you can get married?" she inquired in reply.

It is true, I found a Gil Blas in Spanish, and paid six dollars for it; and I could have purchased Don Quixote, and the Plays of Lope de Vega. Many French works of celebrity were also procurable; but any thing like a library of classic, scientific, or general literature, I saw nowhere in Cadiz, or, indeed, any where in Andalusia. The Andalusians, I began to find, were ridiculed by other Spaniards, for their pretensions and deficiencies. "They did not speak pure Castilian, but a *patois* barbarous and almost unintelligible; clipping the words so as to render them uncurrent, and coining new ones." Still, I am free to confess, I never heard sweeter sounds than this very Andalusian *patois* from Andalusian lips. Gibbon says, the musical notes of the Greek language from an Attic tongue to an Attic ear, must have been the secret soul of harmony; and I found that the liquid music of Andalusia, flowing through ruby lips, was but a varied confirmation of his theory.

A tragic act took place in Cadiz during my absence. I had noticed more than once on the Alameda a young girl "beautiful exceedingly," and of a peculiarly fascinating carriage. I was induced to make inquiries regarding her, and found out that she was the daughter of a man attached to the Aduána, or Custom-house, of respectable position and unsuspected character. My

Scipio told me that she had for a *novio* a handsome young fellow, of no particular employment and no enviable reputation. He was a kind of Don Juan among the softer sex, and it was said received money from some of the more wealthy. This, however, may have been the envious scandal of less fortunate admirers of the sex; but his lack of ostensible means of existence occasioned or confirmed the report.

Like the Andalusians generally, he was much given to boasting, and, unsatisfied with the successes he had really achieved, imagined more. So Scipio said, than whom no one knew better the *on dits* and occurrences of the day.

Suddenly he had disappeared, and for some days nothing had been heard of him. The last time he was recollected to have been seen was one evening, when at a late hour he had left a *café*, where he had been more than usually communicative of his adventures; and some expressed an opinion that he had been indulging in too frequent potations.

The sudden disappearance of a man so well known and so often seen, made, of course, some stir. Persons who cared nothing about him yet felt a little curiosity for his fate, while his friends of either sex exhibited a natural anxiety. Officers of the police instituted a formal investigation, but as no extraordinary inducement was held out to them, their perquisitions availed nothing. It began to appear probable that the ripple his unaccounted-for absence had made would soon subside, and every thing go on smoothly, as if no such occurrence had happened; when a rumor started—no one knew whence, nor was it traceable to any source—that he had been seen after his departure from the *café* entering the residence of the Custom-house officer. As his attentions to the daughter were well known, an officer

of the police was directed to interrogate her. She denied any acknowledge of his whereabouts, strenuously contradicted the report that he had visited the house on the evening in question, and, indeed, showed no other emotion than natural grief at his loss. As the originator of the report of his visiting the house that evening could not be found, and as no criminatory circumstances appeared against the young girl, the investigation dropped. But the day before my return the corpse of the young fellow was found floating in the bay, and, from appearances, it had been some days in the water. A post-mortem examination resulted in a verdict of death by poison. This gave another impetus to curiosity, and required from the authorities further proceedings. Strict inquiries were made at the several apothecaries' as to the purchase of any poisonous substance within a definite time; but no sale had been made which was not easily and satisfactorily accounted for. The house of the father of the girl was thoroughly searched, and himself and daughter subjected to a rigid inquiry, but no clue was found to the solution of the mystery, and justice finally seemed content to be baffled.

I asked Scipio what he thought of the matter. He shrugged his shoulders and replied "*Quien sabe?*" but at the same time showed by his countenance that he wanted to be further urged. I humored him by renewing my question with greater earnestness. He suffered himself to be persuaded to speak. In his opinion the man had been murdered by the daughter of the aduanéro, who had heard that he had boasted of her last favors, and that he had said he now had had all he wanted, and was resolved to leave her. He came by appointment that night, and probably had told her that he must bid her adieu. "But why should not the authorities hear these things also?" "*No sé*, I don't

know," he replied. "Justice may be deaf sometimes, as well as blind." Scipio's version may have been correct, but no act of the kind could have been perpetrated without being found out, if the civil authorities were seriously desirous to discover the author.

I saw the girl afterward on the Alameda. If she were really guilty, she must have been what we call in New England, "true grit." No feature or movement betrayed the least consciousness of crime. Her face wore a subdued expression, but no vestige of guilt. Still, many thought her appearance in public so soon after the event, was intended to divert suspicion; as if she feared seclusion would be construed into a symptom of self-accusation. But I could not look upon so lovely a face, nor notice the repose of her features, and believe her a murderess; yet I could not but acknowledge to myself, what I never would have done to another, that her bravado had in it something—to say the least—mysterious. Even if guilty, however, circumstances extenuated, if they could not justify, her act. A woman so foully wronged should be fearfully avenged; and under an Andalusian sun, the passion, whether of love or hate, knows no limit:

> "Souls made of fire and children of the sun,
> With whom revenge is virtue."

But, farewell, Cadiz! My fate, not my inclination, draws me away. If I liked you less than Seville, it may be because I saw less of you. He who could not be satisfied with the pleasures and pursuits you offer, must lack the capacity of enjoyment.

A *funcion* of bulls was to take place at Ronda in a few days, and I was promised to "assist." I had intended to cross the country from Xeres with a gentleman who was traveling with his servants and blooded

horses—of the latter of which he offered me my choice. But the route by sea, though more circuitous, was easier and quicker; and, besides, I wished to see "the Rock," of which I had read so much. So I took my passage for Gibraltar on board one of the steamers of the Peninsular Company.

A little before noon we passed Cape Trafalgar, somewhat famous for a naval battle fought in its vicinity by Nelson against the combined fleets of France and Spain; where England expected every man to do his duty, and was not disappointed. A Spaniard on board told me that to this day fragmentary portions of wreck would occasionally rise out of the waters—melancholy testimonials of the useless waste of life on that occasion. For what is England doing now but refuting the policy of her long and murderous contest with France? What mean her present armaments but to avenge Waterloo! The Nemesis of nations refines her vengeance, and makes victory itself the instrument of punishment. But for Trafalgar and Waterloo, Balaklava and Inkermann would be unstained fields, and Russia a restricted empire.

My Spanish acquaintance seemed more glad to dwell upon the alliance of France with Spain on this memorable day than on subsequent English friendship. Whether singular or not, I made this almost invariable observation in Spain: that French principles, French customs, and French people were much more popular than English. The individual English are almost universally unpopular. Their *morgue*, their insular prejudices, and their constant ridicule of Spaniards, beget an earnest and perhaps not unnatural dislike toward them; while the French, more cosmopolitan, more accessible, and (perhaps, because more selfish) more ready to flatter *Españolism*, are generally

liked. The old cry of "*Mueran los gavachos*—death to the scoundrels"—for some time after the Peninsular War a national expression against the French—has either been forgotten or lost its significance. It struck me that at no time since the accession of a branch of the House of Bourbon to the Spanish throne have France and French alliance been so much esteemed by the Spanish nation as at present.

After leaving Trafalgar we soon came in sight of the Moorish coast, making Cape Spartel on our right. By this time the vessel began to pitch somewhat; and I, of course, took to my horizontal position. My Spanish friend was kind enough to sit down by my side and discuss the scenery, and the historical events for which it was famous. Tarifa was the first place of much importance on the European side we passed. Near it, my companion said, famous battles had been fought against the infidel Moriscoes. Don Alonzo XI. had gained a glorious victory over them with less than forty thousand troops against half a million—a kind of Spanish Marathon. But as Greeks and Spaniards are the sole historians we read of these wars, and as both have a meritorious dislike of truth when their country's honor is interested in its perversion, we must take their accounts with some grains of doubt. Miltiades and Alonzo were doubtless good soldiers—as brave as any that "lived before Agamemnon," perhaps; but, like him, they have been as fortunate in their biographers as in their exploits. My friend went on to say that in this famous battle but twenty of Don Alonzo's men were killed, while two hundred thousand infidels bit the dust! "Do you believe this, *amigo mio?*" I inquired. "Every word of it," he replied, "*a fé de caballero.* Our patron, San Jago himself, fought at the head of the Christian host, in the armor of a Spanish

knight, and slew with his single sword hundreds of the infidels." "Oh, very well," I replied; "I believe the whole story now." My friend looked suspiciouly at me; but I kept up as much gravity of countenance as Socrates when taking his bitters (hemlock).

Condé says that cannon was used here for the first time in Europe—it having been made at Damascus. Alonzo's cotemporary, Edward the Third of England, is said to have employed cannon, with effect, at the battle of Cressy. I forget which battle was anterior in date.

I told my Spanish acquaintance that the Moors when they painted their victories gave the large preponderance of numbers to the Christians; that at the battle of Xeres, where Don Rodrigo was killed and his kingdom lost, the Moorish annals allowed but seventeen thousand to their host, while that of the Spaniards amounted to upward of one hundred thousand. "Who would believe the word of an infidel?" he exclaimed.

From Tarifa across to Africa is the narrowest portion of the straits, being about twelve miles. Some contend that the two continents were formerly united, and were disrupted by some violent convulsion of nature. The ancients asserted that Hercules cut a canal between them, and erected his two columns, Gibraltar and Gibil Musa, to commemorate the event and to determine the limits of the world. Certainly, according to them, he performed labors only less miraculous—and if one be true, all may be. If he cut the canal, he might as well have constructed a lock so as to command the waters of the Mediterranean, as a current sets in from the Atlantic at the rate of two miles and a half to the hour; by cutting off this supply, or by managing it, the Mediterranean would always be in the power of the nation holding posses-

sion of the lock! But this may be to consider things too curiously.

Tarifa was the scene of one of those romances with which Spanish history is more rife than that of any other country. It was recaptured from the Moors by Sancho el Bravo, in 1292. As it was in danger of continual attack from the Moors, who sometimes crossed the straits in numbers

> Like which the populous North
> Poured never from her frozen loins to pass
> Rhene or the Danau—

every one declined the post save Alonzo Perez de Guzman, who offered to hold it for a twelvemonth against all comers—like Sir John de Walton's engagement in Scottish story to hold the Douglas Castle against the Douglas and all his kith and kin for the same period. Alonzo, who like Douglas gained the epithet of "Good," was more fortunate in his undertaking than the English knight. The Moors came over with a large host, and, aided by Juan, a traitorous brother of Don Sancho, assaulted his fortifications, but were repulsed in many sanguinary actions. Whereupon the traitor Juan conducted Alonzo's eldest son, a youth of nine years—who had been intrusted to him as a page—to the walls, and threatened to put him to instant death in sight of both armies unless Alonzo surrendered. With all the stoic firmness of the earlier Romans, Alonzo exclaimed: "I prefer honor without a son to a son with dishonor," and retired from the ramparts. Don Juan immediately carried the son to be executed. The cry of horror that arose on the ramparts called Alonzo forth; he beheld his slaughtered son, and then returned to its bereaved mother, calmly observing, "I thought the infidel had

broken into the city." The Moors, despairing of ever taking a place defended with such heroic resolution, retired in dismay. Alonzo's devotion became the theme of many a ballad, not only in Spanish, but other languages. An intelligent traveler records that he has heard the story chanted, in Danish, by a hind in the wilds of Jutland; and, in the English tongue, it has made the circumnavigation of the globe. For such deeds are of no clime, and are circumscribed within no limit. Alonzo became the founder of the ducal house of Medina Sidonia, whose representative at the present day is one of the chief grandees of Spain.

At four o'clock in the afternoon we reached Algeciras, which means in Arabic, "the place of the islands." We were too late for the steam ferry which plies twice a day between this place and Gibraltar, and it seemed, at first, we were destined to pass the night here; which we regretted much, as the accommodations of the place were said to be indifferent, and we were in haste to reach the rock. Fortunately, two or three of us hired a boat with two oars and sail to take us across the bay—a distance of five miles—to Gibraltar. The wind was rather high, and the sea rough; but still I could obtain a full view of the magnificent object which rose before us, fifteen hundred feet high, grand and impressive. The rays of the descending sun, now gilding its summit, threw the vast side toward us into the shade—making no unlike resemblance to a couchant lion—its mane colored by the light, while its huge tawny flank rested upon the sand. A lion, indeed, it has been to Spain—from the time that Tarik fortified it, and gave it his name Gebel-Tarik, to its seizure by the English in 1704; a lion, not couchant, but rampant. It bridles the power of Spain

and tames its pride: nor so long as England retains possession, will Spain be, in heart, its friend. As we approached nearer we saw the batteries peering out from the rock, rising tier above tier, fearful even in their repose. "What must they be," was my thought, "when belching out death from eight hundred mouths; crag and mountain shake with their jar, and Afric's distant shores tremble to the roar!" On every jutting rock, every available spot, we saw towers and fortifications pointing toward Africa and Spain, and menacing both with their fatal strength.

The whole scene resembled Fairyland, or a page from the Arabian Nights. Gibil Musa on our right lifted up its gray head turbaned with clouds, and with its sides curving in toward the straits, seemed stretching out its gigantic arms to embrace its long-lost brother. Behind us, the sunset fell upon the high battlemented walls of Algeciras, upon its hoary towers and consecrated fanes, emblazoning, as it were, their historic glories; the bold and rugged coast of Spain hung on our left surmounted with scattered castles, martello towers, and *atalayas*, which latter, even in the age of Hannibal, had served as a cloud of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night to signalize friends or foes, while the singular, strange, aad wondrous hill lies ever before us implacable and impregnable. So absorbed were my mental faculties in contemplation of the objects before, around, and above, that my predisposition to sea-sickness had been entirely forgotten.

We stopped near the mole. As we were in momentary trepidation lest the evening gun should bar our entrance within the gates (for after that they open to no one), and we should be compelled to row back to Algeciras, or sleep *al fresco*, we hastened to discharge our boatmen, giving them besides the stipulated price

of three dollars *alguna cosa para echar un traquito,* something for a drink.

We sprung ashore and lost no time in passing the drawbridge and entering the long archway, which, going under the ramparts, leads into the town. Near the archway paced with silent, measured, uninterrupted tread, the representatives of the majesty of the British empire, the red-coated sentinels. The gravity of their aspect, their stalwart figures, and irrepressible though subdued consciousness, well became the part they represented—the subordinate yet indispensable guardians of the integrity of Britain—of "a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared—a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

CHAPTER XXV.

GIBRALTAR—THE GUIDES AND MONKEYS—THE ROCK—ST. MICHAEL'S CAVE—ENGLISH OFFICERS—RIDES—SAN ROQUE.

Gibraltar is the Babel of nations; not only that all languages are spoken, but that they are so much *patois* and jargon as to be mostly unintelligible. Moors, Arabs, Ethiopians, Egyptians, English, French, Dutch, and Scotch—Spanish, Irish, and Portuguese—Turks, Jews, Mesopotamians, and "dwellers beyond Jordan" are all here, with every variety of tongue. Such a mixture, such a confusion of languages, necessarily produces a certain kind of gibberish, called "Rock Spanish," or "Rock English," or "Rock Moorish," as either tongue most predominates. A man here in a short time would lose his own language, and perhaps individuality.

I put up at the Club-house, a quiet, comfortable hotel, and not less agreeable from its situation than accommodations, being situate directly opposite the Exchange, on one side of Commercial square. I could not indeed have chosen such a *coigne* of vantage elsewhere to view the life of Gibraltar. Here I saw the world move past me: "The malignant and the turbaned Turk;" the crouching, livid-faced greasy Jew of Fez, hatless and sandaled; the Ronda smuggler in his picturesque costume; the Spanish bandit with scrupulously clean linen, jacketless, but in a waistcoat of

green silk profuse in silver buttons never used—and the kilted Highlander proud of his exposed calves and ear-splitting pibroch—all these and many others passed continually before my seat in front, and almost persuaded me I was assisting at a masquerade.

Two of the lions of the Rock are the "guides" and the monkeys. The first are a species of man; the second an animal that would not be flattered by comparison with them. The men are indigenous—no other soil, indeed, could produce them—and are nomadic in their habits. They call themselves "guides," and are scoundrels. I met them all over Andalusia, and gave them wide berth every where. Catholic, heretic, or Moslem, by turns, they carry in their countenances the indelible mark of the curse. They descend lineally from the Jew who mocked Christ; and, like him, are continually on the move. They infest the hotels and public places every where; but Gibraltar seems their head-quarters. They put on a variety of costume, as they assume a variety of character. They speak Spanish as well as they do English, and English as well as they do Spanish; that is, an Englishman can't comprehend their English, nor a Spaniard their Spanish. They will lie, cheat and steal; and as Gibraltar is a great rendezvous, and there are many fools among those who enter within its gates, they make quite a respectable livelihood from the three professions.

The chattering of the monkeys is no better understood, it is true; but their depredations are less formidable—for they only rob gardens, never pockets. They come out of a sunny day upon the summit of the rock, warm themselves in the heat, and look down upon the pismire—man—who crawls beneath their feet. They are wiser denizens than that interloper; for while the

latter builds his habitation of brick and plaster on a few feet square, and invites the vermin to take up their residence in his curtains and carpets, they arrange nice, cool, comfortable quarters upon the wind-visiting cliff, where no fevers abide, nor man or other noxious being can penetrate. They pay no rent, nor are they assessed for taxes. They have no notes to take up, nor offices to lay down. They refuse speech, because they have no thoughts to conceal. Their whole history justifies the belief that without specious declaration, certain rights they hold inalienable; and, among these, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Some contend that the monkeys have tunneled the strait so as to pass from one side to the other; and as they are multitudinous on the African coast, and found nowhere on the Spanish save at Gibraltar, they cite this as plausible confirmation of the theory. I doubt much, however, if they understand engineering well enough for the purpose, or their ancestors before them; nor, that I have ever learned, has Brunel, who superintended the submarine passage of the Thames, been at any time employed by them. The fact that they are sometimes seen in numbers, and sometimes sparsely, or not at all on the rock, may have given rise to such a conjecture. It is, perhaps, as reasonable to suppose that they cross, if they cross at all, by means of a *pont vivant*—a bridge of their own kind—monkey projected upon monkey, in one continuous series of links, from shore to shore, over which the voyager could pass in safety. But however they get on the rock, there they are; privileged characters—never shot at, and seldom caught. If Lord Monboddo's theory be correct, that men once had tails, which they lost in lapse of ages, these animals may be on their way to manhood—for they have no tails; and, through processes, which our

finite intellects can not comprehend, may be in other respects daily growing more human. They can not lie because they do not speak; nor cheat, because they flatter not; and if they steal, it may be because they never have been prohibited from doing so. If they still differ from man in these respects, who knows but continued intercourse may smooth the contradictions!

The day after my arrival I visited the Rock. I rode a sure-footed and strong horse, and was accompanied by a *valet de place* from the hotel to point out the way. Going in an easterly direction, we ascended a precipitous street, and reached the Moorish Castle, as it is called. We passed *en route* a number of very pleasant houses with nice green gardens—the residences, I was told, of the officers of the garrison. The Governor's habitation was formerly a Franciscan convent; still famous for its refectory and cellar. We looked down a number of picturesque glens, where nestled, as seeking refuge from the rude storm, the prettiest of suburban villas. These and the gardens afforded a grateful relief to the generally savage landscape. This Moorish tower is said to have been erected more than one thousand years ago. Time has left some wrinkles on its rugged face; and the bullets of the beleaguering hosts in the great siege, some scars and ugly wounds. But, in all probability, it for many revolving years will bid alike defiance to the power of the elements and man. Here we reached a guard-house, or some kind of station, where we procured the companionship of an artillery sergeant, without whom our quest would have been unfruitful. He accompanied us to a huge rock, where, unlocking a heavy iron gate, he introduced us, horse and rider, into a dark, high-vaulted passage, from which we emerged into a steep stairway of solid rock. This led us to the "galleries," as the excavations are

called, cut out of the rock some twelve feet from the outside, and running in tiers the whole breadth of this north side. The galleries are pierced like a man-of-war, with port-holes for the guns, which are mounted on carriages, each with a huge heap of heavy bullets at its side, with box, and all the appliances for real war. The Halls of Cornwallis and St. George—large, airy, magnificent saloons—terminate the galleries at this extremity, bristling with guns of great caliber; which are seldom discharged, as they fill the galleries with smoke. This, however, our sergeant stoutly denied, as if the honor of his country was involved in the admission. Besides, they are so high that their range would be of little use; and they are intended rather for intimidation than actual service. The precipice, which rises abruptly from the so-called neutral ground, frowning portentously upon the Spanish territory, is surmounted by the Rock-gun. This at sunrise and sunset each day calls the faithful on either side the strait, not to prayers, but to curses deep *and* loud; for Spaniard and Moor hate its insolent tones. The view from the signal station is magnificent, and alone is worth the whole toil of the ascent. The eastern extremity of the rock, which I next visited, is strongly contrasted with the northern. The latter commands the land approach, and is more shelving toward the sandy isthmus which connects the Rock with the Spanish territory. It is necessarily, therefore, more strongly defended by artificial means. But the eastern side seems impregnable by nature. It rises precipitous from the water, solid and inaccessible. No place there for scaling-ladders, nor hold for desperate foot. Grape and canister, and balls of heaviest metal would affect its compact integrity no more than oranges. During our Revolutionary era, the combined fleets of France and Spain besieged

the castle for four years—employing against it every invention of destructive missile, and every conceivable feint or undisguised attack—all in vain. The French floating batteries were burned, sunk, or captured; and the Spanish unwieldy men-of-war riddled and silenced by the guns of the rock. Since that event new batteries have been erected and old fortifications strengthened. The place is provisioned for seven years—so my sergeant told me—and the military organization is most efficient. So long as Britannia retains the trident of Neptune and "rules the waves," Gibraltar will remain an appendage of the empire.

Returning from the eastern point, I visited St. Michael's Cave, which is about half way up the Rock, and several hundred feet above the water. Its mouth is a gaping fissure in the side of the mountain, some fourteen feet high, and perhaps as many wide; within, an inclined plane of some 45 degrees leads to the mouth of the abyss. As the floor of this path is quite slippery from the continual droppings of water that oozes from the roof, it is perilous to walk carelessly over it; for besides the yawning mouth of the abyss, there are holes, never yet fathomed, that stand open for the unwary foot.

Many ineffectual attempts have been made to sound this abyss, and many lives sacrificed in the desperate undertaking. So great is the mysterious fascination of unknown peril, that scarcely a week passes, indeed, without some effort being made to fathom the unfathomable gulf. The few who have gone down in the darkness, and returned alive, report that, after having reached immense depths, they have been able to discover no indications of a possible end; but that precipice overhanging precipice, gulf succeeding gulf, abyss confronting abyss, and horrid cavern yielding to one

more horrid, presented an unbroken continuity of fearful sights, from which they were only too glad to emerge. Nay, it has been said that persons have gone down among these dangers, and been so affected by their multiplied horrors, as to have lost, for some time afterward, the free command of their senses. The Mantuan poet could not have chosen a fitter entrance or *locale* for the dreary realms of Pluto. Here are the *loca nocte silentia latè*—here, *sonantia saxa*, here, *tristes sine sole domos.* Here, we might suppose, the very threshold:

> "*Tisiphoneque sedens, pallâ succincta cruentâ,*
> *Vestibulum insomnis servat noctesque diesque.*"

And surely no one over this entrance could hold other than a sleepless (*insomnis*) watch, unless to awaken in eternity.

The Florentine, too, might have borrowed the circles of *his* hell from these tiers, and intensified his artificial horrors. Hanging to a precipice or suspended over an abyss, Ugolino, craunching the brains of his enemy, would have been a yet more romantic *tableau*, while Aristotle, Dioscorides, and others whom he has punished for the inexpiable crime of having anticipated in their birth the coming of our Saviour, could have been condemned to an eternity of descent. However, he made the most of the materials he had at command.

This marvelous cavern is seen to most advantage when illuminated with blue-lights, throwing a picturesque coloring over all objects. I had no opportunity, while in Gibraltar, to see the illumination.

After the repose of Seville, all seemed bustle, and noise, and activity at Gibraltar. The "cursed thirst for gold" pervades all classes: Jew, Moor, and Christian seem equally possessed. The Moors keep shops

where they retail articles from Fez and Morocco, and seek to avenge upon Spaniards and English, by exorbitant prices, the shame of their expulsion from their once stronghold. The Jews, as in every age, and every nation, are the money-changers, and lenders at a proper "rate of usance."

The principal business, however, done in Gibraltar is smuggling. It being a free port, all sorts of articles are introduced to be smuggled along the coast as far as Cadiz. The English thus find an excellent market for their cottons; thereby making the Rock, in a commercial as well as a military point of view, a source of great injury to Spain. It detracts nothing from the immorality of the practice that the English engaged in it have confederates on the Spanish side, and even among the officers of the Customs themselves. On the contrary, it doubles it; for besides the violation of the law, it seduces the integrity of its guardians. Cigars are the chief article smuggled; and as their manufacture is the most active one in Spain, the honest industry of the nation is disastrously affected by this illicit practice. But Gibraltar is the rendezvous of larger rascals than Jewish guides or smugglers: many a gipsy thief and Spanish *ratéro* (foot-pad) congregate here, if not to ply their trade, to gather intelligence that will aid them elsewhere. There is very good shooting on the Spanish main, particularly the woodcocks in the corkwood—and parties are often made for an excursion. It has happened that these parties, especially when small, have been dogged from the Rock, and come upon unawares, when their guns had been just discharged or their ammunition had given out, and cleaned out by these roving bandits. Such cases, however, are rare, and every year less likely to be repeated. These *ratéros* are perhaps so deeply imbued with Españolism as to think it no

wrong to plunder the English, who have dispossessed their country of, and still withhold Gibraltar, more than the Gael, in times gone by, thought it sinful to make a creagh upon the Saxon.

The best society at the Rock is the officers and their families, with foreign consuls. Nowhere have I met a finer-looking, more gentlemanly set of men than the officers of the English army. Without pretentious manners, they are intelligent, civil, and agreeable. The higher their birth, the less they assume. My personal observation, as well as the report of persons better qualified to express an opinion, has led me to conclude that the higher you ascend in the English social scale, the greater simplicity of manner you encounter. It is only *parvenus* that are snobbish. A Cavendish, a Howard, or a Beaufort, is satisfied to appear as he is; while a vulgar origin is ever striving at vulgar display. As a general rule, the English army is much better officered than the navy—I mean the officers are better educated, and more polished; and then—the true test of a gentleman—the officers of the army do not indicate their profession, either in their language or deportment. There is nothing of the barrack about them—no odor of the mess-room; while the officers of the navy, generally inferior in social rank, not having enjoyed equal opportunities for the softening of tone and manners, sometimes neglect their aspirations, and too often reveal the quarter-deck.

Some years since, a quarter century, more or less, the officers of the garrison at Gibraltar were famous for rather abundant hospitality. They were wont—so it has been said—"to teach you to drink deep ere you departed." *Mais ils ont changé tout cela.* Good breeding has ruled out this lingering barbarism of their Saxon ancestors. Moderation in every habit is *haut*

ton; and here, for once, fashion lends it powerful prestige to virtue. I doubt if there is an officer of the English army addicted to habitual intoxication; at Gibraltar I know there was none.

There are pleasant excursions *à cheval* in the vicinity of Gibraltar. The ride to San Roque is most delightful. The American Consul, Mr. Sprague, who, in discharging the duties of the office in which he has succeeded his father, thinks himself also called upon to continue his father's unstinted hospitality—was wont to lend me his Arabian for a daily ride. I generally rode as far as San Roque, three or four miles distant; some two miles beyond the "Lines," as the boundaries are called which separate Spain from the English possessions. There were at one time strong fortifications here: erected by Philip the Fifth upward of a century since, and demolished by the English, in the Peninsular war, to prevent their occupation by the French. This was taking *rather* a liberty with their good ally, Spain—not quite so great a liberty, however, as they took with their ally, the King of Denmark, when they took his fleet from him. Neither the fortifications nor the fleet have ever been restored; the one was razed and the other sunk. Spain, after the war, innocently undertook to rebuild her forts—but having received a notice from the Commander of Gibraltar that if she persevered he would pour a broadside from the galleries upon the men engaged therein, the project was abandoned. Is not this the kind of protection that, in the words of our friend Rolla, "the vulture lends to the lamb?" But the Spaniard will quiet himself with one of Sancho's national proverbs: "*Paciencia y burlaja*—patience, and shuffle the cards."

Going to the Lines from the castle we cross a causeway which is carried over a marsh; this can be readily

laid under water so as to inundate approaching foes; while the defenders of the fort could "behold from the safe shore their floating carcases and broken chariot-wheels." Certainly nowhere else have nature and art formed such an *entente cordiale* to make a place impregnable.

San Roque was built by the Spaniards after the capture of Gibraltar; as a proper station, I suppose, whence they might command a fine view of the place they could not retake—and there sit down and weep, remembering Zion. Many Gibraltar families quarter here in summer to escape the heat and fevers of the Rock. And as the English occupy no place they do not improve, that part of San Roque appropriated to them has the neat, tidy, comfortable look found nowhere save among the English. The houses were painted—there is glass in the windows, and ruddy children gambol about. The road to the Lines is macadamized, and kept in good repair at English expense.

One, however, soon tires of Gibraltar. It is all seen in a day, and no variety of incident breaks in upon its monotony. Your ears are bored with the jargon and gibberish every where around you—your eye soon becomes satiated with sights which, ceasing to be novel, cease to be interesting—you reluct to enter the gates every night at sunset, and you long for more freedom of action and a less confined routine. It is only intended as a stopping-place, a relay-house for the people of Europe, Asia, and Africa, whom affairs excite to travel, or *ennui* kills at home. The *cuisine* at the Club House I found good: the beef I particularly affected, having found none estimable in Spain—for "beef is rare within those oxless towns"—nor was fish or game wanting. However, any place is dull to him who wants occupation; and unless one belongs to the

garrison, or is engaged in commercial pursuits, Gibraltar is not be recommended for a long sojourn.

As Cuchares was to appear the coming week at Ronda, where crowds were expected from all the four kingdoms of Andalusia, I took a more willing leave of the Rock than doubtless I otherwise had done. The expectation of that event perhaps dulled my impressions of Gibraltar. I had, indeed, become so wedded to this *funcion*, that I could have foregone any thing but a duty on its account. On these occasions you see all motley Andalusia; and one who seeks to study manners and character rather than listlessly to view scenes and sights, can not do better than frequent these gatherings.

CHAPTER XXVI.

START FOR RONDA—MY COSTUME AND COMPANION—GANCIU—STORY OF PEHE—RONDA.

To go to Ronda a guide was necessary. I did not like any of the profession I saw at Gibraltar, they were "'Ebrew Jews," and so I took up with a retired bandit. He had never been guilty, I was told, of any thing disgraceful in his former *métier*—had never betrayed a confederate—committed a gratuitous cruelty—or appropriated more than his share of plunder. As he knew that I was to accompany him without more funds than a few Napoleons—the rest of my available finances having been sent forward in advance, and that he was to receive nothing until my arrival at Ronda, what with his previously good character I felt very much at ease, the more particularly as the horses were his, and therefore safe from his otherwise perhaps unmastered cupidity. The penniless traveler, says the Roman poet, sings in the very presence of robbers, and I started with my friend in gay spirits.

I indued the majo dress, which I had bespoken in Cadiz: a short jacket of olive cloth, with sleeves slashed with crimson velvet, and with pendant tassels of silver, to be thrown over the shoulder rather than worn; breeches of the same material, decorated with double rows of silver buttons from waist to knee; a *chaléco*, or waistcoat of broadcloth, also resplendent with silver;

an embroidered shirt with collar *à la Byron* falling over a neck-tie of stunning colors; a *faja*, or sash of richest silk and more variegated than Joseph's garment; *bottinas*, or spatterdashes of the finest russet-leather, open on the outside, to show the gaudy hose, and shoes "to match;" two handkerchiefs, be it said, dangling from each pocket of the jacket—such was my costume; with this, like Sir Hudibras,

> "—— did I abandon dwelling
> And out I rode a colonelling."

If I met any acquaintances at Ronda, I doubted, if I would be recognized, and if I was, what harm? Why not in Andalusia dress like the Andalusians? "*Esta usted tambien de nosotros*—You are also one of us"—said my companion, as I was mounting my horse to start.

On the neutral ground we passed a race-course and cricket-ground, which the English officers have established to break the dull uniformity of garrison-life, and to bring old England fresher and nearer to them. "*Cosas de los Ingleses*," said Josè. "*A cada necio agrada su porrada*—every fool likes his own folly." From this I inferred my attendant either disliked these games, or those who had instituted them.

Turning partially round to take a farewell of this monster-fortress, as I beheld in each yawning aperture the ever-loaded instrument of death, I involuntarily quickened my pace—a gun *might* go off, it *might* reach me in its range, and I *might* be killed. Who would wish to trust life to even such remote possibility? "*No quiere usted los cuernos del toro*," said Josè, "*ni yo tampeco*—you do not like the horns of the bull, nor I either."

At San Roque, where we stopped to give the horses water and Josè *una copita de aguardiente*, we fell in with a gipsy party bound like us for Ronda. There

JOSE.

were half a dozen girls among them. The prettiest, bright-eyed, dark-haired, olive-colored, accosted me and asked me to let her tell my fortune. I assented though Josè remonstrated, and gave her my hand, which she wisely studied, muttering all the while the usual gibberish. She first looked at me, and catching my eye, gave a significant glance at Josè: "There is blood upon your path," she said, "*antes que te cases*,

mira lo que haces," a proverbial expression which recommends you to look before you leap, whether in a matrimonial journey or other. I laughed, and asked her what she wanted for her kind warning. "*Dos pesétas*," she replied. "I will give you double, *hija de mi alma* (daughter of my soul) *por un bèso*—if only to avert the omen." She won and pocketed the four *pesétas*, but I could have wished her face had been a little cleaner. "*Mala gente*," said Josè, as we traveled along, "*gente de reputacion*—very bad people." "But Josè, I am told they are very much better than formerly, and perhaps by and by they will be as honest *como nosotros*." "*Jamàs!*" he replied. "*El lobo pierde los dientes, mas no las mientes*—the wolf may lose his teeth, but never his habits."

I inquired of Josè in what way he supposed the monkey crossed the straits? He said they had a subterranean or submarine communication through the cave of San Michael, and that one of these days the Moors from Barbary would follow them and get possession of the rock, as they did once before. "When was that?" I asked him. "*En el tìempo del rey Wamba*," he said, "*o un poco mas tarde*—some indefinite time, long time before." Probably he may have intended the capture of the place by Tarik. Josè said once on a time it was the stronghold of famous robbers, who committed depredations all round the country and retreated to the cave when pursued, or to hoard their plunder. For a long time they maintained the secret of their hiding-place, till some people from the other side of the straits, chasing the monkeys one day, pursued them to the mouth of the cave, and there discovered the foot-prints of men. After awhile they found out the entrance, and going in, caught some of the robbers feasting. These they seized, and by means of

torture compelled them to disclose their misdeeds and confederates. The latter they lay in wait for, and captured on their return from a marauding expedition; whom, with those first taken, they afterward hung. "*Que lastima!*" he said. "Pity they were hung, Josè? and why?" "Because," he replied, "the Moors who captured them were greater robbers still."

For two leagues or more from San Roque we traversed a diversified route of hill and valley, slowly and carefully. Our horses were surefooted or we should have been in danger of many a fall. Some of the declivities seemed but the bed of torrents, which had carried part way down stones and rocks, and left them planted in the road. My companion told me to give my animal the rein, and he would carry me safely along, which indeed he did, picking his way quietly and sometimes apparently sliding over the ground.

We could see on our right along the coast the *atalayas*, or watch-towers, which, it is said, were erected by Hannibal, and repaired by Charles V. when he feared the descent of Barbarossa. Standing out in bold relief against the sky, upon the headland, they made quite an attractive spectacle, and filled the mind with memories of the various nations they had served since their establishment. The land was mostly uncultivated, though the soil seemed good, and doubtless would yield a rich harvest if properly attended to. I saw many palms, the gift of Abderahman to Spain, whose flourishing though neglected condition indicated the natural goodness of the soil.

About two hours after leaving San Roque we struck the river Guadiaro, where we were refreshed with the sight of orange-groves, and rich clumps of cork and chesnut trees. Wild flowers, heath blossoms, and luxuriant shrubbery abounded every where. We crossed

the river by means of a ferry, and pursued our road to the Venta de Guadiaro, a secluded inn, hidden, one would think, purposely from travelers. Our ride had given us a healthy appetite, and we lost no time in ordering supper—which was calling spirits from the vasty deep. It did not come. The landlord *had* had every thing: but the officers from the Rock had eaten his fowls, some hidalgos had devoured his mutton, a party of English travelers had made way with his beef, and there was nothing left but fried fish and bread. With this, however, and a bottle of Estepona wine, most grateful to the palate and pleasant to the eye, we succeeded tolerably well.

There was quite a goodly collection of persons at the inn, all on their way to Ronda, where the annual fair was to be held, and Cuchares to appear. His merits were the theme of every tongue, and his was the most popular speech who had most anecdotes to tell of the great bull-fighter. He had only gone up the day before, having just finished a *funcion* at Algeciras, and every one lamented that they were a day behind him. As I, alone of the crowd, had witnessed any of his late exploits, I was surrounded by an admiring audience, to whom I narrated with much *ponderacion* what I had seen at Seville and Cadiz. In their eyes, I became a part of the hero of my narrative, and among the *muchachas* of the crowd, more particularly, I was quite lionized. To confess the truth, I did not dislike even these vicarious honors, and I do not know how long I should have continued a narrative that gained me so much consideration, had not Josè rather abruptly broken in upon the fourth *corrida* (in which I had determined to escape the leap of the bull over the barrier by just a moment's spring backward) and told me it was time to be moving. My friends of the inn parted

with me very reluctantly, and as I left the door way, I was saluted with a shower of "*Vaya usted con Dios*—God go with you."

From the venta the road became more steep, as we were now ascending the Sierra which, like a wall, separates Grenada from Gibraltar. Many a perpendicular ridge that confronted our path and barred our progress we were compelled to turn, and in some places to dismount, and crawl on hands and feet, dragging our horses along with us, so steep was the ascent, and so perilous, with the loose stones and deep gullies. The stones we would detach from their insecure hold rolled down some frightful precipice and were heard falling with a deep splash in some pool far below—a fearful intimation of our hazardous adventure. Still Josè appeared totally unconcerned, and smoked his constant *cigarro de papel.* I gained confidence from sympathy, and soon lost all sentiment of fear in an overpowering sense of wonder at the stupendous scenery around me. In its eccentric boldness it reminded me very much of Madeira; so prodigal has nature been in either place of fantastic extravagance. We passed many a spot where a rude cross of wood had been put up to commemorate a violent death; not a very reassuring spectacle where the remote solitude of the deep glens, impervious to the light, was rendered yet more gloomy by the companionship of one not unsuspected of such deeds himself. But Josè had a good-natured, though dare-devil look, and an *insouciance* of manner and speech that annihilated suspicion. These crosses, raised on heaps of stones to which every passer-by contributes, bear the name of the victims, and the dates of their untimely departure. It is an oriental custom—these *cumuli*—and was doubtless introduced by the conquering Arabs.

Gaucin, perched on a cleft ridge, looked like a martlet's nest, as we approached it by slow and laborious ascent up a stairway indented in the solid rock by nature in a convulsive fit. How Guzman El Bueno (Guzman the Good who would not surrender Tarifa) ever got up here with his cavaliers—unless in some such way as the Children of the Mist ascended the castle of the Knight of Ardenvoh, "by ladders of withies or saplings," in the darkness of night and unopposed—I can't understand. But he did get up with many a stout follower after him—never to come down again. He fell with harness on his back, as best becomes the soldier—fighting gloriously against the enemies of his faith and nation.

But the view from Gaucin compensates, perhaps, the trouble and perils of the ascent. From the top of its Moorish castle, the prospect is superb. Beneath is the dark torrent of the Guadiaro, chafing its steep banks, and foaming against the rocks; atalayas crest the summit toward the sea, while southward Gibraltar raises her weather-beaten front, and Gibil Muza her gray Titanic head beyond. The old Moors from this watch-tower in the skies could have discerned Africa hastening to their beleaguered fastness, or the victorious armament of "the Catholic kings" besieging Malaga.

But this view was later. I had no inclination on my arrival to indulge in any other prospect than that of a well-spread table. If, as Dr. Johnson says, "the most glorious prospect a Scotchman ever beheld was the high road leading from Edinburg to London," the most grateful one to me would have been, at this juncture, a porter-house beef-steak on its travels from a warm plate to an empty stomach. *Dis aliter visum.* Neither beef nor mutton, flesh nor fowl, was to be procured at the *Posada de la Paz* that evening. The

advance guard of the invading army had seized upon all the meats. But a mundane providence, in the shape of some nice trout freshly caught in a stream of the Guadiaro, came to our relief. The sweetest of butter, the freshest of eggs, and the whitest of bread served as proper accompaniments, with the "crowning mercy" of a bottle of the Estepona wine, whose taste was nectar, and whose color gold. It is true I had undergone a fatiguing, harassing day's journey, had escaped dangers, perhaps not all imaginary—but I had witnessed scenes of romantic grandeur, had gained new ideas and new sympathies—and while I ate my trout and drank my Estepona with my friend Josè, and felt that exhilaration of spirit consequent upon dangers surmounted, I said to myself that Abderahman, without the experience of such a day, was wrong in limiting his happy number to fourteen. That probably the very power and honors he enjoyed, so far from having contributed to his happiness, fatally interfered with it, in depriving him of such a ride so attended, and so followed! and I went to sleep, pitying the caliph of once Arabic Spain!

"Day rose on Gaucin's Castle steep"—and called us from our beds. Whether it was that the situation was too fearful, or the atmosphere too pure, I was not troubled with *pulgas* this night. The sun rose like that of Austerlitz, and its summer rays were tempered by the mountain air. The heaven's breath smelt wooingly there, and invited us to the castle's top. When, satiate with the view, and with the rich breakfast our landlord prepared for us, we mounted and proceeded onward.

There had been no rain for months in Andalusia, and the highways were dusty. The *ramblas*—so the dry channels of the torrents are called—seemed like

gashes on the face of the mountains—the streams diminished to mere threads, and the rivers but quiet rills oozing lazily through deserts of stone and sand—so that fortunately we had no rivers to swim, and no torrents of reckless water to overleap. But Josè said, "That had an autumnal tempest set in, every thing would be changed. The *barrancas*, or ravines, would be swollen with maddened floods—the tiny streams, now scarce perceptible, would become raging torrents, and the rivers fearful inundations—overwhelming every thing in their foaming course. The roads," he said, "then were for days impassable, and villages cut off from intercommunication." As I had no inclination to ford streams or swim across rivers, I was glad in having anticipated such an autumnal tempest.

I found the appearance of more industry than I had seen previously. The mountains were cultivated to their airy summits, to which Josè said the hard-working peasants carried up earth from below to form gardens on these heights. As I saw many indications of Moorish lineage on my route, I was not so much surprised to find vestiges of Moorish habits—agriculture having been one of the sciences in which the Moors excelled. Nomenclature too, indicates origin; and the villages we passed had often Moorish names.

At one place where the road was more than usually bad, and the face of the country broken into deep ravines, I noticed a cross which contained the names of three victims—husband, wife, and child. I called Josè's attention to the circumstance as singular. He crossed himself, and exhibited symptoms of much sadness. "Ah," said he, "I knew the man well. He was one of my friends, *un hombre de bien*—a *caballero* of great reputation. He was murdered with his wife and *niño* (little son), on this spot, while he was honestly

pursuing his business." "Murdered, Josè—by whom?" "By these *gavachos*, the police, whom he had refused to bribe. He was a mild, inoffensive *hombre*, and very good to the poor; whenever he found a purse more than usually heavy, he divided its contents into three parts—one for himself, one for the Virgin, and the other for the poor." "Where," said I, with some *naïveté*, "where, Josè, did he find purses?" "In other people's pockets, señor. People going to the fair to purchase horses, or returning with the money they had received for them." "Yes; I understand, Josè; your friend undertook to relieve the burden of the heavily laden. But how came he to this untimely end—and his wife and child too? Did the ungrateful scoundrels whose burden he had helped to share assassinate them?" "No, señor; it was the police, as I said. They had for some time envied his good luck, and the fame he had got for his good deeds. He had been warned again and again, by some well-wishers, that unless he paid a tithe of his earnings to these *canaille*, he would be troubled; he gave no attention to the advice, but only devoted himself the more to his profession. Well, señor, he was going one day to this very fair of Ronda, with his wife and child, and was ascending this hill, when he was overtaken by three of these scoundrels. Pepe—that was the name of my friend—was not only armed himself, but had armed his wife with a carabine—for he knew there were *mala gente* on this road—and the wife could shoot as well as himself. The rascally police called on him to stop, threatening at the same time, to fire unless he came forward, and delivered himself up. Pepe told his wife to take the *niño*, and get behind the rock you see there, while he parleyed with the scoundrels; but to fire upon them, if she saw him raise his carabine. Well, señor, although

Pepe spoke them fair—for he did not wish a fight, on account of his wife and child—they would listen to nothing but an unconditional surrender. As Pepe had a considerable amount of money on his person, which he made in a transaction with some travelers the day before, and as he suspected the police were in want of this very amount, he refused to give himself up, knowing very well that if they got the money he would never see it again. Whereupon they leveled their guns at him, and he raised his—probably on both sides with no intention of firing. But his wife, obeying the preconcerted signal, fired, and brought down one of the police; the others immediately discharged their guns, and mortally wounded Pepe. The woman, who was brave as the Cid, and now as raging as the cubless tigress, loaded again as quickly as possible, and fired. One of the scoundrels was hit in the arm, and the other shot the woman down in cold blood. The coward, to shoot a woman! How the boy was killed, *sabe Dios*—God knows. The police said he was accidentally killed by a chance shot; I believe they murdered him too. Neither of the scoundrels was killed, though two were wounded. But Pepe, wife, and *niño*, all were dead. He was a good man, and very popular on the road." The idea of a highwayman being popular among the victims of his profession was sufficiently ludicrous to divert my sympathies from poor Pepe's fate. Josè spoke of him, as we would of the conductor of a railway-car, or a stage-driver.

But in other days the path we now traversed witnessed scenes of greater romance. It was oftentimes the battle-ground of the conflicting faiths; and robberies on a larger scale, and murders of more sanguinary character, illustrated its history. These *barrancas* were filled by the insidious Moslem—these *ramblas* dense

with the turbaned Moor, watching the pranking array of Castile, whose gaudy banners were spread to the breeze; while the burning villages they had left behind them lit up the mountains with a garish flame. In their advance upon Ronda, the haughty cavaliers of Castile and Arragon forget the hardy mountaineers who bar their progress with equal bravery and superior skill. While they become entangled in some deep glen, whose bed of broken rocks impedes the passage of their cavalry; or undertake to pass some precipitous ledge, where the wild goat gains no foothold, the hurling of stones and whistling of arrows reveal the ambushed enemy. A thousand alarm-fires—each crag an *atalaya*, and every cliff a beacon—summon the exasperated mountaineers. Their dusky features and turbaned heads look fiercer in the flickering light; and, combined with frantic gesture and bounding leap from rock to rock, arm them with the terror of demons. Many a spotless banner goes down, and many a brave cavalier bites the dust. The van of Castile wavers, the array of Arragon halts, and Leon learns to retreat; for every pass swarms with the unearthed foemen, and every cliff and precipice become towers and battlements fraught with death!

Suddenly a new cry is heard resounding along the valleys: "*El Zagal! El Zagal!*" echoed from cliff to cliff—taken up, and countless times repeated. "What cry is that I hear?" exclaims the Grand-Master of Santiago. "It is the war-cry of El Zagal, the valiant commander of Malaga," replies one old Castilian soldier; "I have heard it a thousand times, and never to my good fortune."

The Master of Santiago addresses his fellows-in-arms. "Let us die," said he; "making a road with our hearts, since we may not with our swords. Let us

scale the mountain and sell our lives dearly, instead of remaining to be tamely butchered here. No man, be he friend or foe, yet ever saw the back of the Grand-Master of Santiago!"

In this race of honor no one hangs back. The meanest foot-soldier contends with the proudest knight. Emblazonry is nothing against personal prowess at times like these. MAN is every thing. The standard of the Grand-Master is lost—the standard-bearer with it: standard, steed and rider have all gone down over a precipice, and passed from crag to crag, mutilated, disfigured, disjointed, are dashed to atoms in the valley. The affrighted men-at-arms stand aghast; banner nor trumpet can they be made to follow longer. The Grand-Master, as pious as Æneas, raises his hands to heaven: "Oh God!" exclaimed he, "great is thine anger this day against thy servants. Our shortcomings have moved at last thy long endurance. Thou hast made the scum of the earth the instruments of thy vengeance, and hast exalted the infidel over the picked soldiery of Castile. From Thy wrath, and not from peasants and boors, do I now fly."

No sooner had the Master of Santiago turned his horse, than his troops scattered in every direction. Many were lost in the mountains, many fell by the sword of the avenging pursuers; some were taken prisoners, a few escaped with the sad story of disgrace.

Such was one of the many occurrences which made these places famous in the olden times; and which now shine with all their original luster in the revivifying pages of Irving.

My friend Josè had never heard of the Master of Santiago, nor had he ever read the tales of America's pleasantest author. Indeed, though much imbued with Españolism, he had never read the works of Spanish

writers. I repeated some sayings of Sancho Panza to him, as a reply to some proverb of his own. He knew Sancho very well, he told me. He was an *arrièro*, and went between Ronda and Seville—*un hombre de bien sin duda*, but he had never thought him very intelligent. I asked him if he had never read Don Quixote? "No," he said; "but he had an uncle by his mother's side, who had, and told him about him. He was a great warrior, and had won a battle against the Moriscoes." After this I did not attempt to draw Josè out on literary subjects, for they were evidently not in his line. He had, however, read men to some advantage—a knowledge, I am told, more useful to the children of this world than many books. As to them, he frankly avowed he could not read them without his eyes being affected. "It was the reason," he said, "he had asked me to read the inscriptions on the crosses." This ophthalmia, as I may have said before, is not uncommon in Spain, and arises from want of *proper treatment of the eyes in early youth.*

As we approached Ronda we saw crowds hastening toward its walls. We passed many of both sexes with whom we exchanged the "*Vaya usted con Dios*—God be with you." This salutation is seldom first proffered to a stranger, and never unreturned. The girls were more ruddy of countenance, and more vigorous than those generally on the sea coast. The bracing air of these mountainous regions gave the hue of health to their features, and a springing elasticity to their gait.

This mountain-range of Ronda is the first land made by ships on the Atlantic bound to Cadiz. It rises in a series of serrated ridges to the clouds. The town itself clings to a rock, which is gi dled by the waters of the Guadiaro, and is only accessible by means of a narrow precipitous road which the Moorish castle completely

enfilades. The demon of Arabian or German story who was to obey the behests of the person that raised him up, and to be harmless so long as he was employed, should have been directed to lay out Ronda. One would think the undertaking might have baffled his powers, and given to his employer a perpetuity of enjoyment. It puzzles comprehension, and distracts thought—so wild, so chaotic, so fearful is its aspect! It was one of Nature's dreams, while she was suffering from the night-mare! For not she, in her most fantastic humor, could have conceived such a waking reality. The *tajo*, or chasm, has no prototype or copy; for such features are never repeated. From the old Moorish mills in the valley below, where I took my first view of the chasm, and its attendant wonders, to the bridge which, six hundred feet above, arches the chasm, every where around you, above, beneath, in repose or action, Nature's gorgeous ecstasies clothe themselves in beauty. The features of the storm-scarred rocks, cloud-capped and solemn, bespeak your earliest sympathies; the vast abyss, whose bottom no eye can penetrate, and whose origin no mind can reconcile, sonorous with the mass of waters, whose unseen struggles strike the ear like the deep roar of angry lions; the river as it bursts its rocky prison, where for some time it has been an untamed and unyielding captive, and rushes impetuously and rejoicingly into sun-light and liberty, like a fabled knight of old, breaking from the power of some enchantment; the suspended arch, high in the heavens, and so light as to seem but a rainbow against the sky; the frowning walls of the rock-built city; the moss-grown turrets, and the dizzy ramparts; the savage fastnesses and robber-holds in neighboring cliffs; the noise, the motion, the life in air, in earth, and in the waters under the earth—make

RONDA.

a view which no eye has seen, nor has it entered into the heart of man to conceive. Without seeing Ronda, I might have been happy; having seen it, I have a possession, "a joy forever!" It is the complement of my existence.

The lively notes of the castanet, the gay mazes of the boléro, and the quick glancing of twinkling feet welcomed Josè and myself to Ronda, and as we threaded its tortuous and narrow streets, festive dresses, and the shouts of revelry accompanied us. "*Que buena moza!*" said I to Josè; "what a pretty girl that is tripping along there with the old caballero." "*Muy hinchada, que tono se da!*" she is very proud, and gives herself great airs," replied Josè. "I will make you see others *muy guápitas*—uncommonly nice." "*Hola! Señor Don Josè, que tal?*—What 's the news, Josè?"—exclaimed a man "dressed to kill" *en majo.* Josè exchanged salutations and embraces and then introduced me: "*uno de mes amigos,*" he said to his companion. "*Es hombre tan formal come nosotros*—a friend of mine, and as well-bred as we are." Whereupon his friend and I embraced, and I invited them into the posada that we might take *una copita,* in sanction of the acquaintance. Josè took a side-opportunity to tell me his friend was engaged in the *funcion de toros*—a very good sort of a person, barring that he was *tunánte y embustéro,* an incorrigible liar.

The bull-functionary had a great power of talk, and his natural talent in that direction excited by two or three copitas of *aguardiente* made him as garrulous as a *vieja*—old woman. In vain Josè, who wanted to say something, and I who wished to inquire something, essayed to interpose. The turbid gush of his conversation broke down, or overleaped our frail barriers, and carried every thing before it to the Dead Sea of oblivion.

For I am confident that neither he nor his auditors could have recalled to mind next morning scarcely a word of this reckless waste of speech. But that we cut off communication with the reservoir that fed this noisy stream, he might have run on till time mingled with eternity. His *funcion* was, of course, the Aaron's rod of his topics, and Cuchares the refrain of his theme. His arrival the day before—his appearance on the Alameda—his sanitary condition—his inimitable prowess—the number of bulls he would kill, etc., etc., he commented upon, enlarged upon, and, I hoped, would sleep upon. But no! if he shut his eyes, he could not his mouth; and I feared that even, if he slept, he would still talk and talk of Cuchares. Josè, however, who perceived that the effects of a hard day's journey were telling upon me, as I had given incoherent drowsy answers to some of the functionary's assertions two or three times, finally got him out of the posada, and left me to "tired nature's sweet restorer."

CHAPTER XXVII.

VIEW FROM THE MOORISH TOWER—LA CASA DEL REY MORO—THE FAIR—BULL-FIGHT—ALAMEDA—MOONLIT SCENERY—HOG-FUNCION—FRUIT—WILD-BOAR HUNT.

THE sun rises early on these mountain heights, but never found me laggard. I sallied forth to embrace the untainted air, and catch Nature, if possible, *en déshabille.* Slight clouds, like *bonnets de nuit*, or night-caps, covered the tops of the old wrinkled crags; and white mists still lay like specks upon the lowland glens. Yet man was moving. Coming into Ronda from every side I beheld rustic crowds in their holiday attire—*viéjos, viéjas, niños, y niñas*—old men, old women, little boys and little girls—all ruddy with health. For so pure is the air of these mountains that the glow of health is on every cheek, and no one dies from disease, but, like ripened fruit, drops quietly to the ground. Longevity is chronic here, and the only fatal complaint: *En Ronda los hombres a ochenta son pollones*—men of eighty years at Ronda are mere chickens.

My mind full of the Moors and of their still wondrous edifices, unhurt by time or more remorseless man, before these altars of Nature where they worshiped, where mosque was distant, and the muezzin called to instant prayer, I could hardly refrain from repeating their *azala*, or earliest morning supplication. The God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, was also the God of Mohammed, and was and is alike accessible to the

votaries of either faith. I went to the Moorish tower that hangs over the mighty chasm—that production of the earth in throes—and felt sick as I looked below. It requires hardened nerves to gaze, unmoved, upon such a fearful fall. How is it that on such occasions we feel a half-inclination, an impulsive thought, to cast ourselves beneath? Some German writer has said: "Hast thou never trod the verge of a fearful precipice and wished to throw thyself below? If not, thou hast never loved!" Whether this be so, or whether the converse of the proposition be rather true: "If thou hast ever loved, and hast ever trod the verge of a frightful precipice, thou must have wished to throw thyself below"—I leave to others better qualified to judge to decide. One thing seems incontestible from uncontradicted experience—that among the many mysteries of that greatest mystery, the human heart, is a vehement impulse, amounting often to a monomaniac intensity, to encounter, at whatever hazard, a frightful, and therefore fascinating peril.

I visited afterward *la casa del Rey Moro*, the house of the Moorish king, built some eight centuries since by Muhamad Ben Muhamad Aben Ismail Aben Abed, a monarch with a long name, which should have gone "to the barber's with his beard." Condé says of him: "This prince was of singularly beautiful person, but was the slave of his passions, and as cruel as he was voluptuous; even in the time of his father he maintained a precious harem of seventy slaves, exquisite in beauty, selected from different countries and maintained at immense cost." When he became king, "he extended his harem to the number of eight hundred damsels, all entertained for his own delights." As there is a much larger number of females than males born into the world, some contend that nature as well

as Mohammed authorizes polygamy. However that may be, let us see what Condé writes further about the long-named caliph: "He was somewhat tainted with impiety, or at least had obtained the reputation of being but slightly attached to his religion, and in all the five-and-twenty fortresses of his lordship, he caused but one aljama to be erected; but on the other hand he gave command that a most beautiful palace of pleasure should be constructed in Ronda, and placed therein such a train of servants as sufficed to maintain it in perpetual readiness for his use." He had a singular taste in one respect: "He assembled within a magnificent recess a rich treasure of singular and beautifully decorated cups, garnished with gold and jacinth, emeralds and rubies; the bowls of these cups were made from the skulls of such great personages, his enemies, as he had destroyed with his own hand and sword." This was reviving a custom that I supposed had become obsolete with the Scandinavians, the followers of Odin and Thor, who were for a long time "short" of crockery or silver.

From this house I descended to the river by means of a stair-case cut out of the solid rock. There I found a grotto, which I afterward learned from Condé had been formed by Christian captives about the middle of the fourteenth century. It must have been a hard task for them, but no harder than they in return imposed upon the Moors when they had captured and enslaved them. It is to be remembered that during the wars that raged almost uninterruptedly for seven centuries between Moslem and Christian, prisoners on either side incapable of ransoming themselves were condemned to severe and almost hopeless bondage. "The Catholic kings," Ferdinand and Isabella, devoted thousands of the unhappy Moors, whose only crime had been attach-

ment to their faith and country, to pitiless slavery, even at the expense of their royal word. For this as well as for other laudable exploits, they have met their eulogists, modern as well as cotemporaneous.

I had now got up a pretty good appetite for breakfast; the part motive and full reward of my early walk. The exercise may have lent a more than usual flavor to the trout, as I thought never to have eaten any so delicious; and the summer fruit was luscious. What a monotonous thing life would be, but for these ever-recurring meals! how tame, how intolerable! But I can't sympathize with those who sigh for a perpeutal novelty of dishes. They don't know their own minds, or they have never eaten the Ronda trout. In them, indeed, I found an ever-piquant variety of flavor, controlled perhaps by countless accidents. The stream in which they were caught, the resignation or ferocity with which they submitted to their fate—age, celibacy, condition of the sun or atmosphere, their disposition and antecedents—these, among many other equally powerful accidents, determined their qualifications for the *cuisine.* They had for me a Protean fecundity, seeming new fish each morning.

After breakfast, Josè and I circulated among the people. The *majos* and *majas* shone in gaudy colors. The long dark hair of the *majo* was combed backward, and plaited, terminating in a cue, interwoven with gay ribbons; his wavy luxuriant whiskers, curled with the real Andalusian grace. The girl was content to leave her jet-black hair unornamented, save by a single rose; it was parted in the middle, and uncovered, and well became the fair ruddy face it surmounted. In every street, and on every plaza, we passed booths where the different contributions to the fair were exposed for sale. There were the soft and fine Cordovan leather, famous

for centuries, the huge peaked Moorish saddles, rising at either end a foot from the back, with heavy stirrups, into which the foot is inserted, as into a shoe. No wonder one would think, the seat of the rider is firm; for till the saddle gives way, it is hard to see how he could be dismounted. There were beautifully-embroidered gaiters, of cloth and leather, all kinds of *majo* dresses, silver ornaments, with very many other things to please the fancy. But it is as a horse-fair that Ronda is mostly celebrated. The Andalusian, the Arabian, and the peculiar horse of these mountains, are here in great numbers, and can be bought sometimes at great bargains. The principle, however, of *caveat emptor* is much to be attended to. The purchaser must know the horse or its owner, or he will be sure to be *sold.* The gipsies are to be shunned assiduously.

Every where, even so early in the day, we hear the sound of the guitar and castanet. The balconies are loaded with beauty, and the narrow streets are impassable from the throng of tripping *muchachas.* We hear the ringing laugh all around us, and at each step, catch the glance of semi-Moorish eyes. No people abandon themselves more easily, gracefully, and enthusiastically to mirth than the Andalusians. Their gay, joyous temperament, careless of the morrow, finds in the present all power of gratification. Their climate invites them abroad, and a fertile soil supplies them with easy means of abundance. They are pleased with little; a nice basquina, a graceful mantilla, a fan, and the girls are dressed; a cake, an ice, with *chocolate con leche,* and they are feasted; a *boléro,* and they are happy. As all happiness depends upon the disposition itself, and as external circumstances contribute but little toward filling or replenishing the secret reservoir, whence happiness flows, why are not these persons more to be

envied than they of larger spheres, and more ambitious minds?

Josè, I found, was a lion among the *majos*; many of whom had been, like him, soldiers in war, and robbers in peace—guides, smugglers, horse-jockeys—"every thing by turns, and nothing long." Not the most reputable crowd, I thought, to fall among, but not the least picturesque or interesting. Besides, I said to myself, if I only wished to associate with ladies and gentlemen, *why did I not remain in America*, where every man is a "gentleman," and every woman a "lady"? I was now in search of novelties, and not "good society."

The true gentleman is cosmopolitan. He is not one thing in Paris, and another at St. Petersburg, but is recognizable every where from his want of pretension. With the lower classes, it is widely different. They have not the same knowledge either of books or mankind, and are, consequently, more original in thought, and more independent in conduct. I learned a great deal more of Spain from Josè than I should have done from the Duke of Medina Sidonia.

Besides I was here at Ronda, *en majo*, and considered myself bound to act in character. It is true the color of my hair and complexion were not suggestive of Andalusia, nor did my Spanish smack of Old Castile. For my deficiencies in these respects it behooved me to pay the stricter attention to the more important parts of my *rôle*—to be conversant with every *funcion*—to assist at fandangos—to be agreeable to the *muchachas*—and to diligently cultivate *las corridas de toros*. Fearing my shortcomings otherwise, therefore, I addressed myself studiously to these duties.

The bull-fight was to come off about noon; and I went previously with Josè to visit the building in which it was to take place. It is situated on the Ala-

meda, which is decorated with roses and other beautiful plants, and overlooks a ravine of immense depth. This, including the mountain panorama, is called the grandest view in Ronda, or the world. There is but one Ronda—and this the Spaniards should have pronounced *la octava maraviglia*—the eighth wonder—instead of the Escurial; though, to be sure, the latter is the production of human power, while Ronda is not. A man who has a real passion for the picturesque could not do better than use his available means for a visit to Ronda. Here might he accumulate a hoard of striking views which, impressed upon the retina of his memory, would serve ever after for grateful retrospection. For what is there in life save images of the past and hopes of the future, worth living for? and where can one find, for the indulgence of thoughtful contemplation, a more innocent souvenir than nature's varied face? I would test a man's capacity for virtue by the impression such scenes produce upon his soul. Depend upon it, he can not be irreclaimably vicious who inspires pleasure from so pure a source—nor he wholly virtuous who looks with languid eye and unmoved heart upon nature's *chef d'œuvres.*

Ronda was besieged by Ferdinand, in 1485, while its valiant alcalde, "El Zegri," was absent on a foray against the Christians. It had been previously considered impregnable. Perched, as it was, upon a lofty isolated rock, crested by a citadel whose triple walls and towers laughed to scorn the beleaguering host—and surrounded on three sides by a frightful chasm (*tajo*) of perpendicular depth, through which a branch of the Guadiaro flowed and roared. But the storm of war burst with fierce violence over its devoted head; and though its defenders fought with ferocious courage, and El Zegri, apprised of its danger, rushed to

its rescue, combating with unequal numbers but unabated energy the host of Ferdinand, it was obliged to open its gates and surrender to the enemy of its faith. The fancied strength of their bulwarks had been of little avail against the batteries of the besiegers. In the space of four days, three towers, and great masses of the walls which defended the suburbs, were battered down, and the suburbs taken and plundered. Lombards and other heavy ordinance were now leveled at the walls of the city, and stones and missiles of all kinds hurled into the streets. The very rock on which the city stood shook with the thunder of the artillery. "They fired not merely stones from their ordnance"—says a chronicler of the times—"but likewise great balls of iron, cast in molds, which demolished every thing they struck. They threw also balls of tow steeped in pitch, and oil, and gunpowder, which, when once on fire, were not to be extinguished, and which set the houses in flames. Great was the horror of the inhabitants: they knew not where to fly for refuge. Their houses were in a blaze, or shattered by the ordnance; the streets were perilous from the falling ruins, and the bounding balls, which dashed to pieces every thing they encountered. At night the city looked like a fiery furnace; the cries and wailings of the women, between the thunders of the ordnance, reached even to the Moors on the opposite mountains, who answered them by yells of fury and despair." Thus the eloquent author of the "Conquest of Grenada," who throws over history a gorgeous coloring of romance, describes some of the incidents of the siege of Ronda; a siege how tame in all its horrors compared with one that has taken place under our eyes—where the combatants, on either side, professed the religion of the cross—and whence the victor goes in state to

the temple of his Maker to thank Him for the useless slaughter of thousands and tens of thousands of His creatures!

There was a time when the *funcions de toros*, or bull combats, were performed by the haughty chivalry of Castile—when no one without gentle blood in his veins was suffered to enter the lists. No prouder knighthood nor lovelier dames graced the gentle passage-at-arms at Ashby de la Zouche than on these occasions in the olden times of Spain. And as to a tournament, gallant cavaliers from other realms flocked hither to contest with Spanish knights the smiles of Spain's dark-eyed daughters. The dust of this arena was equally the breath of their nostrils, and the victor's prowess the theme of the minstrel's song. If I remember rightly, the anticipated nuptials of Charles of England with the Spanish Infanta were illustrated by a *corrida de toros*, in which gallant cavaliers, mounted on proud-spirited horses, encountered, with lance in rest, the ferocious monarchs of the herd; a contest far more fearful to look at than that of man with man.

But those times have changed: "the age of chivalry is o'er;" and the modern *toreros* contend not for fame, but money; risk their lives for a few *pesetas*, which they may expend in debauch.

I took my seat on this occasion with Josè among the *canálla*, in the circle nearest the bull, from whom we were only separated by a lobby a few feet wide. The barrier of the lists, however, was too high and strong to be easily overcome. The lobby, as I have said before, surrounds the amphitheater, and is pierced by folding-doors, four in number, communicating with the lists and the different apartments beneath the galleries or benches. One of these apartments is, if I may use the expression, the tiring-room of the chief actor in the

bloody drama: here the bull is got ready to be killed; hence he enters the lists, whose only outlet for him is the gate of death. Like the Roman gladiator, he might say, if he understood Latin, "*Moriturus te salutat.*" But, unlike the gladiator, sometimes saved by an indulgent whim of the populace, an inexorable fate awaits the bull: *Muerto* is he called, and the red ribbon upon his neck foretells his inevitable death.

I do not propose to detail the bloody currents of this fight. The description of the one in Seville generally answers for all. The bulls on this occasion were of fiercer breed, and more full of the pasture than any I had met before; and *Cuchares*, perhaps, displayed more of his moral ferocity. On more than one occasion his life was in imminent jeopardy; but his countenance always exhibited the same fearless confidence in himself—at once the cause and consequence of his many escapes.

One bull, whose hide was of a rusty brown, deepening into black about the neck and shoulders, rather lightly than clumsily built, deep-chested, with a short head and sharp horns, showed more pluck than I had before witnessed, and tasked all of Cuchares' cool energies to their utmost. He entered the arena with a bound and roar that carried terror to every heart: the horses of the picadors trembled at the sound. He rushed nearly to the middle of the lists, lashing his tail with rage. He foamed at the mouth; and, with nostrils distended and fiery, glared with savage eye upon the crowd. He hardly pauses to select a foe; and no sooner fixes his eye upon the nearest matador, than, bounding, roaring, and with writhing tail, he dashes upon him. In one circuit around the lists he gores two horses, and breaks the leg of a third; dismounts two picadors, and thrusts his horn through the arm of

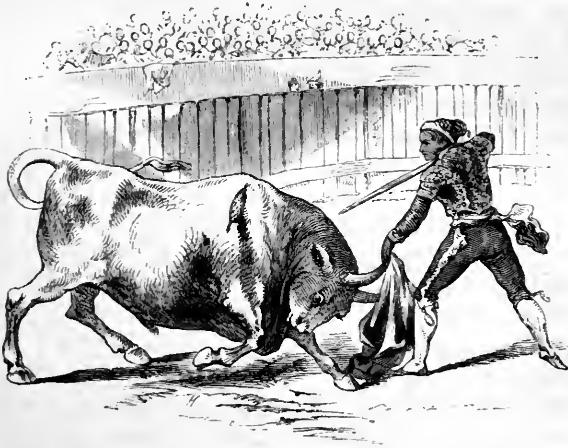
another. For awhile he holds all his enemies at bay—picadors, *chulos* and banderillos. But the jeers and taunts of the crowd urge them upon him. The picadors get fresh horses; while the *chulos* vex and weary him with their crimson cloaks. His undaunted courage incites him to renewed attacks upon the newly-mounted horsemen; and again he gores horse and puts rider to flight. One had fallen under his horse, and only escaped death from the horns of the infuriated bull, by the fearless advance of the *chulos*, who threw their cloaks completely over the eyes of the animal, and drew him to another quarter. He had killed or fatally wounded sixteen horses; had wounded one picador seriously, and two others slightly; driven three of the *chulos* twice over the barrier; had himself twice leaped that barrier and cleared the lobby before he had become so weakened with various wounds, and so fatigued with the incessant and harassing attacks of the *chulos*, that Cuchares dared to enter the lists against him.

He came forward with the air of one who had a desperate task before him, but feared not to undertake it. There was nothing reckless, nor yet hesitating in his manner. The occasion, he seemed to think, would require all his self-possession, and he was determined to be equal to it. He approached the Corregidor with a firm but modest deportment, and received the expected license to kill the bull with composure and without arrogance. He returned with a smile and bow the encouraging applause of the vast circuit—threw away his hat—and with his banner in his left hand, and his sharp Toledan blade underneath its folds in his right, drew near to the bull. He paused when he had advanced half the distance between them, to await his adversary's onset. The *chulos* all the while were casting their cloaks before the bull as he stood gazing, with

dilating eyes, upon his new opponent, and seeking to excite his ferocious instincts to a display of precipitate rage. By this means he was induced to reach the spot where the matador, summoning all his energies, calmly awaited him. The animal rushed madly against the banner of the matador, who, springing to one side, allowed him full impetus against its yielding folds—astonishing the animal, apparently, with the slightness of the opposed obstacle. This *ruse* he repeated a number of times, till the bull, becoming more and more exasperated—his previous wounds disgorging blood and strength all the while—lost more and more the power to direct his blows. This game of life against life, where the chances seem so equally poised, excites the admiring crowd. Their passions hang on this crisis of the combatants. They rise upon the benches and in the galleries. The women repeat a pater-noster—the boldest *majo* holds his breath—and all eyes watch the glittering blade seen to protrude beyond the folds of the banner. Cuchares now held his banner pointed directly over the head of the animal in his left hand, while with his right he points and directs the blade above. The bull now makes a fearful rush; the banner as before gives away; his head passes beneath the arm of the matador, whose sword at the very moment pierces deep into his back, and remains there transfixed, to the very hilt. The whole amphitheater gives one shout of applause, amid waving of handkerchiefs and trampling of benches; and the clangor of trumpets swells the triumph of Cuchares!

But the contest was not yet ended. The bull, although mortally wounded, struggled yet for vengeance. With head transfixed, and life pouring out in a fearful stream of gore, he yet made onsets upon the matador. But, blind with rage and pain, and with

the film of approaching death, his efforts availed him naught. Cuchares easily avoided the insane fury of his attacks, teasing him still more by illusory defenses and scornful, jeering epithets, till his strength was wholly exhausted. He stands, unable to make another thrust; his head grows tremulous; his eye dim; he



CUCHARES AND THE BULL.

falls to his knees, and then, with a moan as of a breaking heart, falls dying to the ground; while Cuchares pulls out his sunken blade, and wipes it upon his banner, already incarnadined with previous trophies.

And now there arose from the crowded benches of the *patio* a deep shout: "*Toro! Toro!*" filled the whole amphitheater, accompanied with whistling, catcalls, stamping of benches, and other deafening and sometimes terrifying articulations of an angry or excited multitude. I did not know at first what it meant, but deemed it safe to join in with it; and if any one

shouted *toro* louder, he must have had better lungs. Josè told me that they wanted the bull given to Cuchares for the bold and lucky stroke that had caused his death-wound. The corregidor was obliged to yield to the fiercely-expressed will of the mob, and signified his assent; whereupon Cuchares approached the prostrate bull, and cutting off one of his ears, indicated his proprietorship.

Sixty horses were killed in this *funcion*, and twelve bulls; and it was generally considered the crack one of Cuchares' circuit this summer. The bulls were fiercer and made better fight; and Cuchares himself seemed to fight *con amore*, and not merely for his stipend. It is said that he saves his money, while most of his profession squander it loosely.

After the *funcion de toros*, I took a walk on the Alameda, that overhangs the *tajo*—chasm. It was alive with all sorts of people and dresses: filthy Jews, big-breeched Moors, picturesque *contrabandistas*, red-capped Catalans, the gaudy *majos*, swaggering *torèros*, officers from the Rock, and Europeans of almost every nation, with of course an indefinite number of *muchachas*, mostly of the vicinage. Ronda being rather too difficult of access, and its *fiestas* rather too *pronounced* to justify the presence of distant *señoritas.* I contemplated this scene for awhile, as, half-recumbent upon a bench, I saw the ever-moving pedestrians pass in review—and then as the moon rose clear and full above the mountain-tops, I took a solitary stroll beyond the confines of the town. A summer's moon in Andalusia, when she rises full-orbed on the serene transparent atmosphere, is a different thing from what we have been accustomed to in our colder and duller climate. It is such a moon as wooed Endymion, and gently stole a kiss while upon the mossy mountain-side he urged in

dreams his tired hunt—compared with which our moon is the painted image of the stage, so pale and wan its rays.

Precipices towered imminent above me, jagged and fierce. Rocks were piled upon rocks confusedly as if the Titans here had sought in tumultuous haste to scale the heavens, while between me and the town lay the fearful chasm, whose horrors were deepened in the uncertain rays of the moon. "The sweet regent of the sky" had anticipated the departure of the monarch of day, and, like an impatient usurper was seeking to grasp the yet unrelinquished homage. The notes of the nightingale attended her inauguration; of the nightingale, the frequent denizen of Andalusia. This sultana of the rose inhabits many a country of Spain, but the land of the Moors is her favorite abiding-place. Here her voice is gayer, her melody more amorous, and her song the outgushing of an overflowing heart. On this occasion three had met together perhaps to improvise a concert. The muse, says the Roman poet, delights in alternate verses. It matters not perhaps whether recited or sung: so these choristers seemed to think; for each sang in turn, one waiting as for the expected applause due her sister, and then commencing in her turn, to be in the same way followed. I could not clap my hands, nor cry with rapturous shout "*encore*," for either would have broken up the concert; but—a quieter and more delicate flattery—I listened in rapt attention and applauded in quickened pulsations. How upon the listening ear of eve that sweet and swelling strain descended! Beginning soft and low, like an angelic invocation—and rushing from rapid quavers to expressive modulations, growing fuller and deeper as the theme grew in interest, it reached without a false note or a discord the greatest volume of melodious force, and then through cadences equally

happy and harmonious, returned to its earliest sound. The breath of the mountain, which all day long had fed upon the countless flowers that grow wild here in sweetest beauty, now loaded the air with perfume, and penetrated the senses with an intoxicating delight. Happy, thought I, the man who can view such scenes, who can hear such strains, who can inhale such sweets; but happier, oh *how* happy he that retains the sinless heart which alone can prize them!

As I descended the crags and made my way homeward toward the posada, I heard on all sides the gay castanet and the eternally-thrummed guitar, and many a *fandango* I knew was being celebrated that night at Ronda. Josè, whom I encountered at the posada, insisted that I should accompany him to one got up by a friend of his, and I was not sorry to have gone—for I saw a couple dance the *jaleo de Xeres* better than I had seen it done before; but there was nothing sufficiently novel in the dances nor in any of the incidents of the occasion to justify description.

I attended while at Ronda a *funcion de puerco*, as I suppose I may call it. For why should not hogs have a *funcion* as well as bulls? In other words, a hog-lottery. The price of tickets was quite small, a few pence only; and the only apprehension I entertained was that of success. I should not have been obliged to "stand treat" as in our country upon a like success; but then what could I have done with a hog all my own? However, fortunately I was unfortunate, and drew nothing but blanks. The breed of hogs in Spain is most excellent, perhaps surpassed nowhere, and is the favorite meat of the Spaniards—why I know not, unless to indicate a proper abhorrence of Jew and Moslem, neither of whom touch the unclean animal. The one selected for this *funcion* was black, as I

believe for such purposes they always are, and so fat as to preclude the idea of locomotion.

The connoisseurs would go to the pen, where he lay in state, though not dead, and look at him most scrutinizingly—nor be satisfied with mere sight. They would probe him under the ribs at first slightly, as men sometimes do their fellows, to provoke laughter; they then would scratch him, and make him grunt—perhaps to try if his temper was good—and catch hold of his tail, and twist it, till the animal would send forth powerful squeals—perhaps to see if his lungs were sound. Satisfied on these points, they would go and purchase tickets. When they were all sold, the manager of the *funcion* drew the numbers, as if performing one of the most solemn duties of life; and the interest of the spectators seemed as great as if the fate of the kingdom rather than that of the hog, depended upon the result. The successful candidate for fortune's favors was a butcher by profession, and marched off with the prize, much elated, though accompanied with the jeers and coarse raillery of his disappointed rivals. There is a great deal of *sal Andaluz* on these occasions—if not so fine as the Attic salt, yet pregnant with boisterous mirth. At Ronda, where the *majos* are in their greatest glory, and always assemble at every kind of *funcion*, one of these hog-lotteries is bound to furnish much cause for jokes, sometimes of rather too practical character. The *majo* is not very considerate of others' feelings, or of nice propriety in action; and blows are occasionally given and returned from sudden exasperation. As, however, they are seldom excited by drink, quarrels generally end without bloodshed.

These two or three days at Ronda quickly passed. The *fiesta* was more than commonly attractive, and attended. The guitar and the *bolèro*, the *funcion* of bulls,

and of hogs, the show of horses, and the various multitude, left no vacant moments. Festivity abounded every where. All abandoned themselves to enjoyment as during the carnival. Old and young, all classes, and both sexes vied with each other in revelry. Nor did any thing occur to disturb the general serenity. No eyes were gouged out; nor were bowie-knives used, or Colt's revolvers.

Ronda is a great place for apples and pears, and, indeed, for almost every kind of fruit; but it has a *spécialité* for the two former. In the variety, profusion, and flavor of its fruit, Spain is probably unsurpassed by any nation of Europe. Besides the fig, orange, lemon, pomegranate, and citron, the products of temperate climes, such tropical fruits as the date, plantain, banana, and cheremoya—most luscious of fruits—flourish in some parts of the kingdom.

The figs—the fresh green figs—I found here particularly delicious; they formed a delightful overture to breakfast, and prepared the palate for the appearance of the nice sweet trout and unparalleled eggs. I remember my breakfasts at Ronda. We had game too, in abundance—hares, rabbits, bears, and wild-boars. The hunt of the latter is an exciting and dangerous sport, and requires great courage and great dexterity for its successful prosecution. Among these mountains, the horn and halloo of the hunter, the baying of the deep-mouthed hound, and all the noisy accessories of the chase, needs must make a glorious symphony!

> "I was with Hercules and Cadmus, once
> When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the boar
> With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
> Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
> The skies, the fountains, every region near
> Seemed all one mutual cry."

Hyppolita might have heard still more gallant chiding among these hills, which would catch and continue sounds long after the impulse that gave them birth had ceased.

But the nature of human enjoyment is transitory. My three days at Ronda—the utmost limit of my permitted stay—expired; and I turned my back upon its chasm-girdled walls almost as lingeringly as the Moors of old when dispossessed by the crafty Ferdinand.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DEPARTURE—SHEEP—ROBBER-CAVE—ARRIVAL AT MALAGA—ITS PRODUCTS—VINTAGE—RAISINS—THE MUCHACHAS CRACKING ALMONDS—ALAMEDA—START FOR GRENADA.

THE morning was fair, and scented with the perfume of flowers and medicinal plants when I started for Malaga; I took care to attend to the *provende* before setting out; for Alpine scenery looks grander, in my opinion, to the full man than the fasting, and it was well I was so thoughtful—for at the first posada we stopped at we found no food—not even the coarsest bread.

There are more sheep, I believe, in Spain than men—a fortunate circumstance—for the former is the more useful animal of the two. I saw many a large flock whitening the mountain top to which it clung; and the shepherds armed with the same sling that David used so artistically against the son of Anak. After the capture of Jerusalem by that grass-eating monarch, Nebuchadnezzar, great crowds of Jews emigrated to Spain—some of whom, doubtless, were shepherds, and introduced these slings. Don Quixote, as well as Goliath, found them an efficient weapon of offense in the hands of these keepers of flocks. A stone from one of them carried away two or three of his teeth, and caused him to bite the dust with the rest. I saw the shepherd boys, surrounded by their grazing flock,

taking their soft siesta upon the green banks protected by the shadow of a tree or rock from the noontide rays—a picture of repose relieving the savageness of Nature. The sheep not only afford meat for the table of the Spaniard but a means of transportation for his wine. Their skins have superseded mostly the use of barrels and bottles, and are said to keep the wine better: which may be so, though the probably true reason of the universal use of the skins for this purpose is their abundance, and the scarcity of wood; with, perhaps, the additional reason that they are more easy of carriage on the backs of the mules than barrels. They require, too, but little preparation. First tanned a little, then coated with pitch, on the hairy side, and turned inside out—and they are water-tight or wine-tight casks. They are then sewed up, legs and all, with the exception of one leg which is tied with a string, and serves as a conduit or spout for the liquor. The skin, or *bota*, adapts itself easily to the form and motion of the mule, and don't fall or roll off as a barrel would be very likely to do. I carried one holding about half a gallon, made something like a shot-bag, with my pistols, upon the pommel of the saddle—it went off much oftener than the latter.

I passed some very nice robber scenery—many a place where you could be easily overcome by an ambuscade—and more than one defile on the principal of the Caudine Forks, or *cul-de-sac*, from which there would be no escape from a well-arranged attack. And I visited a cave said to have been once, and not long before, the abode of a noted gang, whose depredations had harassed the neighborhood far and near. It was not unlike in appearance to Gil Blas' description of the one Captain Rolando conducted him to, and where he served his noviciate as scullion to Dame

Leonarda. "In vain I looked around on all sides," says he, "I could see neither house, cottage nor dwelling of any kind. In the mean time two of the band raised up a great wooden trap-door covered with earth and brambles, which concealed the entrance of a sloping and subterranean path, into which the horses threw themselves as if they were well acquainted with it." The one I saw was a fac-simile of this. The former hidden trap-door had been removed, and the deep cavern was open to the sun—otherwise you would have supposed yourself visiting Captain Rolando's quarters. There were evident marks of former occupation. Empty and broken bottles covered the bottom of one of the apartments, while in another there were many indications of a former *cuisine.* Horses might have been stabled there, and indeed we discerned their foot-prints, and other vestiges of their former occupancy.

The robbers who held this cavern, the *arrièro* told me, had not been content with stopping people on the highway, and stripping them of clothes and money; but had often taken them to their hiding-place, and kept them in confinement till their relatives or friends had ransomed them: and so indifferent had they become to the *justicia*, that their envoys would appear openly in the villages to treat about the terms of ransom. The rich preferred paying a certain sum for the release of a relative to applying to the *justicia*, as the latter was the most expensive and least reliable institution of the two—while the poor, as they were never troubled, more frequently espoused their cause. Indeed, these cavaliers of the road might have descended to their graves full of riches and honors, but for their indiscretion in carrying off a corregidor of one of the towns. This worthy official, who had been long sus-

pected of collusion with the robbers, was, to the surprise of every one, captured one day while within a short distance of the walls of the town, and carried to this cave. It seems the robbers had suspected him of an unfair sequestration of certain spoil with which he had been intrusted as receiver for them, and resorted to this effectual means of getting satisfaction. The corregidor was released upon disgorging the proper amount; but he felt too deeply the insult to his self-love, as well as the injury to his pocket, to pass over the matter in silence. He bought over one of the gang to lead a well-armed party secretly to the cave while the band was absent. Here they remained quietly ensconced till the robbers returned in the evening more than usually fortunate in their collections. Outnumbered and taken by surprise as they unsuspiciously entered within, they surrendered at discretion. Two of the ringleaders were capitally punished, and the rest, with the exception of the traitor, condemned to the galleys. Their effects, of course, as in the days of Gil Blas, were confiscated to the *justicia*. The original owners were obliged "to put up with the first loss." The fate of the traitor was indicated by a cross of stones we passed some miles distant from the cave. It commemorated his untimely and violent death. I asked the *arrièro* who killed him. "*Quien sabe?*" he replied: and I was satisfied.

Spain, in losing its robbers, is losing part of its romance. In any other country you can be fleeced by landlords and unconscionable tradespeople. But in Spain you have always looked forward to a *rencontre* on the highway. It was in my hopes when I landed. But here I had been months in the country, and over routes pronounced dangerous, and had never been in peril of my life! had never even been requested to

stop and be rifled. "The age of chivalry is over," I thought, "and all you have to fear in Spain, as in the rest of Europe, is *la justicia*." A nice robbery or nicer abduction is fast ceasing to be *una cosa de España*—and to the next generation, it is much to be feared, will be as much of a surprise as a Highland foray was to Waverley. Petit larceny will take the place of gallant exploits on the road, and the fanciful dangers of an ambuscade will give way to real losses by protected imposition.

I was glad to see the spires of Malaga pierce the sky, for I was tired and *molido*—bruised where I had come in contact with the saddle. Besides, I was "an hungered," and longed for the savory *olla podrida*.

From the height I looked down upon it, Malaga shone bright in the clear atmosphere. It was surrounded on one side by orchards, gardens, and vineyards, which clothed the hills with verdure, while on the side opposite to me, its walls were gently kissed by the waves of the tranquil Mediterranean. Groves of oranges, citron, and pomegranates, hung in clusters upon the highway—or with the graceful cedar and majestic palm, penetrated and mingled with the hoary battlements and yet unbroken towers. Its sunny bay was thick with masts, while in the offing, sails, like white specks, crested the waters.

I had ascended the hill whence the old Moorish castle once commanded the city, communicating with an upper keep, called Gibil Faro. It is a palatial fortress, and was built in 1279 by the Moors, who were endeavoring to save, with defenses thought impregnable, this their last possession in Andalusia, the Christians having recaptured all the others. Malaga was one of their best-fortified strongholds, and underwent the most obstinate and sanguinary struggle before

capitulation, and this castle caused the besiegers more embarrassment and loss than any of the other defenses. From the ramparts they poured down boiling pitch and rosin upon the assailants, and hurled stones, darts, and arrows—nor would its commander consent to surrender till two days after the capture of the city—and not then till his followers threatened death in case of refusal. It was the same redoubtable Hamet El Zegri who had in vain undertaken to relieve Ronda, when so hard pressed by the besieging force under the Catholic kings in person.

But I only waited long enough to throw a *coup d'œil* over the city, my body more than my fancy wanting at the time gratification. I "put up" at the Fonda de la Alameda, which is situated upon the Alameda, or promenade, of Malaga—a good hotel, and boasting good baths, which you do not find generally at the hotels in Spain.

The origin of Malaga, like that of the Nile, is undiscoverable. No authentic history commemorates its rise. It is and ever was a commercial city; and like most such, distinguished more for prudent selfishness than disinterested patriotism. The Phenicians, Carthaginians, and Romans in turn subdued, occupied and devastated it. The inhabitants were faithful to Fortune alone. False, fleeting, perjured, they deserted their benefactors whenever interest prompted to court new alliances with new pledges of fidelity. Such was the character at least that ancient history gave them.

Under the Moors, however, Malaga made as vigorous a defense against Ferdinand and Isabella as any city they captured. It cost the Catholic kings many of their best soldiers, and a long siege to capture it. And its heroic defense on this occasion entitles it to as high consideration as either Saguntum or Numantia in an-

cient, or Saragossa in modern times. Ferdinand was greatly exasperated with the obstinate valor of its inhabitants, who, under Hamet El Zegir, performed extraordinary feats, and endured incredible privations. With a soul dead to every emotion of generosity, he imprisoned the gallant commander, and condemned fifteen thousand of the inhabitants to hopeless slavery—after having got possession, under fraudulent pretexts, of all their gold and hidden stores. "No faith should be kept with infidels," was the principle of his policy.

Malaga flourishes. It has less of the Spanish indolence than any of the Andalusian cities, mainly owing, doubtless, to its foreign admixture. Its population reaches nearly or quite one hundred thousand. Its principal exports are raisins and sweet wines, of which it sends to the United States alone between one and two millions in money. The grapes are excellent and various. Thirty-two distinct species, I was informed, were distinctly defined. Those pleasant to the palate do not make good wine; and those that make good wine are not agreeable to the palate. The Muscat wine is very scarce, because the grapes dried for raisins are more profitable than when expressed for wine. It is rather used to qualify other wines, like the Amontillado; a small portion of it is mingled with a white sweet wine, made of the Pedro Ximenes grape, and the mixture is grateful to the taste. The *Old Mountain*, or Malaga sweet wine, which our grandfathers, and peradventure our grandmothers, so much affected, has become obsolete. Generations have arisen who know it not—and the produce of the vineyards round Malaga, which is not converted into raisins, is almost exclusively a dry wine. Much of the wine that your connoisseur with knowing-look and smacking lip extols as Golden Sherry, Amontillado, or Duff Gordon and Co.'s best, was made in

Malaga, carried round to Cadiz, there somewhat modified, and shipped to America. And it is just as good, if the purchaser believes it so; its value, like that of a painting or piece of sculpture, being mostly dependent upon the imagination *and price.* In Malaga these wines cost about fifty dollars the butt. The sweet Muscatel more, of which the dearest and best is called *Las Lagrimas*—the tears—so called, I presume, because they are dropped by the grape on discovering its full maturity. I tasted a wine at Mr. Kreisler's—one of the largest wine and raisin growers in Malaga—which I liked much. It is called *Guinda*—Cherry—from the circumstance of a cherry-tree branch being dipped into it, which gives it a peculiar and pleasant flavor. Mr. Kreisler informed me that it had an extraordinary faculty in giving force and sweetness to the epithalamium, and that he was accustomed to send a cask as a *cadeau* to the nuptial feast of any friend. He was pleased to add, I should be so remembered, when notifying him of the opportune occasion. It is a deliciously sweet beverage, and if a cask had the miraculous quality of the widow's jar of oil, might make of marriage a protracted honeymoon.

They commence usually gathering the grapes about the middle of August, choosing only the bunches that are ripe. In a week or two they return for another selection; and so on, for a third or fourth time, till all worth picking are gathered. A place is always reserved in the vineyard, free from plants, on which the grapes can be spread; and a spot where the soil is of the darkest color is selected, in order to its keeping the full force of the sun's rays during the day, and retaining the heat during the night. The bunches are spread out separately on the ground, and never allowed to press on each other. In about a fortnight they are generally sufficiently dry.

There are three distinct kinds of raisins: First, the Muscatel, which are the finest, and are always packed in boxes of twenty-five pounds, or half and quarter boxes, containing, respectively, the half and quarter of that quantity. Secondly, Sun or Bloom raisins, which are prepared precisely in the same way as the Muscatel, but from a different grape—a very long grape—which is called in the country, *Uva larga.* These are packed in boxes, and also in casks—the former being called *bunch raisins;* the latter are generally of an inferior quality, and separated from the stalk. Thirdly, The *Lexias,* so called from being dipped in a lye (lexia) of wood-ashes. They are packed in casks, or grass mats called *frails,* and are much inferior to the other two. The late grapes you find hung up in festoons in the cottages of the peasantry, and are thence called *colgaderas.*

Among other exports are oil, figs, orange-peel for Curaçoa, and almonds. The latter are of a kind called Jordan—why, I know not, unless because they are a hard *nut* to *crack.* The *muchachas* are employed in shelling the almonds. They break each almond separately, placing it on a small anvil, and striking it with a small iron rod. It is a very grateful sight—one hundred pretty girls, with their tiny hands cracking the almonds. I don't envy the man who can look on such a spectacle unmoved. His heart must be immeasurably harder than the hardest nut they crack—nay, hard as the unfeeling anvil itself. The confectioners purchase the shells of the almonds for their fires, which almost pay for the expense of shelling. The girls receive five rials—about twenty-five cents—the day for their labor; which is not, however, the sole means of support to many of them, though the most honest. Chastity in Malaga can not be maintained on five rials per day: it is a much more expensive virtue; and many

even of the wealthy refuse it a place in their domestic *ménage*.

Malaga is charmingly situated. It is open to the south and sea, and sheltered from north and east winds by the high surrounding mountains. Its climate is salubrious and mild—more so than any other part of Spain; and winter brings no frost. The Guadalmedina, or "river of the city," separates the pleasant part of the city from the suburbs;—in summer an indolent stream, but in winter a dangerous torrent, when it overflows its channel and occasions much injury. The Alameda is one of the pleasantest in Spain; it is full of flowers, trees and water—terminating at one end in a marble fountain, which was made at Genoa, and presented to Charles V., who gave it to this city. The señoras, I noticed, never in their walks when accompanied by gentlemen, reached this fountain; the female figures who hung about it in stone were too rude for their sense of delicacy—for Spanish ladies do not like the obtrusion in public of aught to shock *les bienséances*, whatever little peccadillos they may tolerate within the thick walls of their dwellings. Therefore, so far as my personal observation extended, they are more careful than the French to avoid *double entendres*, or to convey by insinuation what they would hesitate to pronounce unreservedly. The outworks with which virtue is obliged to defend herself, whether of conduct or speech, are no more cautiously guarded any where—so far as appearances justify opinion.

No *funcion* in Spain has more Españolism in it than the *paseo*—the promenade. It is exploited by all sorts of people. The bull-fight, the theater, the *baile*, all cost money, and are, therefore, sometimes to be relinquished; but the *paseo* is free to the poorest. He enjoys as much of it, and with as great capacity as the Duke of Villa

Franca, or royalty itself. He enjoys it too, with as much self-respect; for the beggar abates not an iota of his equal haughtiness, even while soliciting alms in face of the assembled city. Birth gives him an equality which circumstances can not overcome; he illustrates the triumph of man over his accidents.

Spanish manners, as I may have remarked before, could not be better daguerreotyped than on the Alameda. It is there one sees the daily life of persons—the domestic relation turned inside out. And nowhere in Andalusia did I see it to better advantage than on the Alameda of Malaga. At balls and theaters, and bull-fights too, Parisian modes generally prevailed; but the *paseo*, being exclusively a national institution, admitted only of the national *mise*—the fan, mantilla, and basquina, which none but those to the manor born, can carry off with success. I have seen many an elegant French woman achieve a distinguished failure by attempting the mantilla. With all their wonderful art, in all that accompanies dress, or *tenue*, they could not accomplish the graceful carriage of this Spanish invention. As to the fan, its mastery, like poetry, must be born with one: it comes by nature, and defies art. The rapid, yet graceful action of the arm, in adjusting the mantilla or coquetting the fan, is an inspiration, and, with the equal poetry of the step, reveals the secret soul of harmony. An *Andalusienne* in motion leaves encomium lagging behind.

Yet, I do not mean to say that *las Malagueñas*, though *muy halagueñas*, very bewitching as they are, will compare with the señoritas of Seville, or that I saw any one in Malaga who could shine otherwise than as a satellite to Dolores. No; in matchless exquisiteness of form, in feature, in the many virtues of manner, and in the studiously concealed consciousness of power,

the Sevillian beauty walks unapproachable. There is a natural aristocracy about her, which no mimetic art can reach. You might as well attempt to improvise a full-grown woman, as equal her. Still, I saw many a lovely girl upon the Alameda of Malaga, whom, less afflicted by experience, I might have pronounced incomparable. After *siesta*, and when the breeze from the Mediterranean had coaxingly persuaded the inhabitants from their houses, how often have I sat on a marble seat of the Alameda, and watched these graceful figures as they floated past, their faces damasked with the glowing bloom, their lips tremulous with unconscious smiles, and their eyes kindling with suppressed desires, while the hour, the climate and languishing atmosphere, gave a dangerous coloring to one's thoughts: or approached a circle, where, on gathered seats, under the trees, they improvised a *tertulia*, and made the vicinage vocal with the ring of merry laughter. How would I then bewail my hard fortune, that found me a stranger in a strange land! Alas! there is something melancholy in the encounters of unexpected beauty—beauty unseen before, and in a few moments, invisible forever! which moves our heart, and annihilates all hope, which seen, becomes a part of sight, yet, never of fruition—a malady that haunts us, and we can not recall—a present that has no origin in our past, nor promises light to our future; vague as a dream, tantalizing as a desire, and evanescent as a thought! I have felt a sadder man after such a vision.

Bare-headed boys go about the Alameda with lighted matches for your cigars, not disinterestedly philanthropic, for they expect some *cuartos* in return; and carriers of water, equally expectant; while *majos* from neighboring *botillerias* hand round sherbets and ices, which you will pay for if partaken; and pretty girls offer

you oranges and pomegranates which you can't refuse. Here, indeed, you have all the pleasure, without the formality, of visits. You meet all your acquaintances, and gather the latest *on dit*. From one coterie, you go to another, and in turns perform all your *devoirs*. The ladies are dressed in costume for the promenade—no less *recherché* and becoming than the *toilette du bal*—and their springy light step on the Alameda is as graceful and fascinating as in the dance. These *réunions* on these delicious walks, where flowers, and fountains, and brilliant skies, and soul subduing atmosphere, attune the senses to sympathy, are some of my pleasantest reminiscences of Andalusia.

There is not a great deal for the stranger to see in Malaga of curiosities. It never had much taste for the arts, and you see scarcely an object of admiration, whether of sculpture, painting, or architecture. The Cathedral is indeed the only edifice of architectural distinction. It is divided into three large naves with grouped columns; and the floor is inlaid with squares of red and white marble. The choir, which stands in the middle of the church, contains stalls and many figures of saints, in wood, delicately carved in bas relief and sculpture. And I saw in the choir a few good pictures.

The Church of Santiago was once a mosque, and has not been improved, architecturally, by its conversion. The grand mosque was torn down to make room for the cathedral—as before a Christiau church had been for a mosque. The *Pluza de Toros* was once a convent; the monks and the Moors having been put down, their former temples and habitations have been devoted to other purposes: one kind of bulls being exhibited in the old domicile of the monks; and another kind in

the holy places of the Moors; the bulls of the pasture, and the bulls of the pope.

The Moorish *atarazana*, or dock-yard, is worth visiting—if only to see, from what remains of it, how in those old times they got up these things. A marble horse-shoe arch still remains intact. It is now within the town, as the sea, since the time of the Moors, has greatly receded.

Malaga is famous for its *terra-cotta* images—burned or baked clay, which is very ductile, and don't burst or crack in the baking. I have seen all the combatants of the bull-fight represented in *terra-cotta*, bulls, horses, and each class of the human animal, picador matador or *chulos*—the figures, a foot or more high, admirably executed, and costumed. Besides, historical events are done in this clay, and persons who have been of note represented to the life. However, they seem rather the playthings of boys than useful or ornamental objects of art. Drinking-cups are also made of this material, which, chased with silver, might answer well for "the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine." This clay is found near the Convent of La Victoria—an edifice not remarkable for its beauty, but worth visiting, perhaps, because it occupies the spot where the keys of the city were delivered up to King Ferdinand. To the right of the high altar is suspended, at this day, the banner which Ferdinand actually planted on the *Torre del Homenáge* when the city surrendered; and to the left, the red ensign of the Moor. Underneath the floor of the church is the family vault of the noble family of Villalcazar. It is a large quadrangular apartment, surrounded with niches walled-up, where the dead are deposited. The walls are covered with stucco-work, representing skeletons and other fatal evidences of mortality. The top of the vault is black,

and death's heads with two bones crossed decorate the marble—strange fancy this to surround death with new terrors! One would think that since the Christian dispensation, the passage by which we approach eternity from our temporary residence here could be enlivened with joyous emblems—that the mansions of the dead, instead of being oppressed with images of terrible gloom, would be crowned with flowers—sculptured into festive associations, and gladdened with symbols of victory. But grinning skeletons, moldering bones, and other ghastly vestiges of mortality, are every where brought into requisition to render the idea of death most horrible.

Of course there is a *Plaza de Toros* at Malaga; and, of course, I attended the bull-fight. Cuchares had followed me from Ronda to star it at Malaga. He was making his annual circuit, and drawing crowded houses wherever he went. He was the Edwin Forrest of matadors—and very popular with the *majos*, the proper critics of bull-fights. He was about the same height as the American tragedian, but not of such artistically developed proportions. The first time I saw him he reminded me of Forrest in the Gladiator—in manner and look. The genuine tauromachian artist fears public opinion as much as he of the buskin; and he takes good care that his *hits* shall tell as well upon his audience as upon his antagonist. Cuchares was a good actor; his gestures, mien, bearing, walk—all reflected the true spirit of his *rôle*. It may be that, like his exemplar, he occasionally overdid his part—and with the same intent: to catch "the groundings;" for to him also applause was the breath of his nostrils. But, generally, he bore himself naturally.

At the first bull-fight I attended at Malaga, while looking round upon the spectators during an interlude,

I noticed a not unfamiliar face. I did not immediately determine its proprietor. But after a bow—a little embarrassed, I thought, on his part—I recognized my apostolic friend of the English Church, who had told me at Seville that no consideration could induce him to witness a bull-fight again; which convinced me that clergymen, no more than the unbeneficed laity, should boast of their ability to withstand temptation. He who goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, it is well known, is particularly anxious to make a *bonne bouche* of the clergy. It is for them that his most cunning traps are set, as his victory over them would be his greatest triumph.

It may be that some thought of this kind gave to the cheek of my clerical friend its sunset hue. So, after answering his recognition with the most innocent air of the world, I turned away to give him time for recovery.

But the clergy of the Church of England, as far as my personal observation authorizes me to speak, are no hypocrites. They seek to impose upon no one by simulated virtues; nor do I believe there is an order of men in any country more universally distinguished for enlightened piety, unaffected manners, and charity. They may not equal the Catholic priesthood in zeal or self-denial; but in personal deportment and decency of life they are excelled nowhere.

Hours otherwise unoccupied in Malaga I was wont to pass at the *casino*—a club into which I was introduced by some friends—where I could always find the latest newspapers of America as well as of Europe; and where I would generally meet some courteous and intelligent gentleman, from whose conversation I gathered much information in regard to Spain. I found nowhere indeed in Andalusia Spaniards of such general

knowledge and facile conversation as in this city. Most of them had traveled over Europe; some had been in the United States and other parts of America; and all had profited by their travels. They had conquered local prejudices without any diminution of patriotism. Such a rendezvous as this *casino* gave a character and a determination to my sojourn at Malaga. The day which I had assigned as the limit of my visit glided unconsciously into a week; and the week would have become a month, without any wish of mine to leave, could I have afforded the time. Pleasant companionship would make any place tolerable: in Malaga it enhanced the beauty and many agreeable qualities of the place itself.

I took the *corrèo*, or mail-coach, for Grenada. It is a lumbering vehicle, without springs. It promised to go through in less time than the diligence, and I was rashly persuaded into it. The pains are still in my ribs that its jolting over ruts and stones caused me. The road in the time of the Romans was, doubtless, good—as all Roman roads were; in the time of the Moors it was, I presume, sufficiently passable for horses; it is now nicely broken up into gullies, rocky ravines, and other pleasant incidents. As we traveled by night, we had no opportunity of estimating with our eyes its character; but our feelings required no such confirmation of its picturesque susceptibilities. We forded two or three serious streams, never bridged since the days of King Wamba. Bridges, indeed, are not *cosas de España.* It required fourteen mules to haul us through one stream, and then only with great difficulty. At one time we stuck in the middle of the river, and I began to think the mayoral and his subsidiary forces intended, like Horace's rustic, to wait till the river flowed by. I asked him if he expected to get through.

"*Si Dios quiere*—just as God pleases"—he replied, without moving his *cigarro de papel.* This expression resolves all the future with the Spaniard, and is equivalent to the *Inch Allah* of the Moors, from whom, as well as the sentiment of predestination, they borrowed it. The Spaniards, during their struggles with the Moors for the possession of Andalusia, purposely kept their roads in almost impassable condition, to render their cities less easy of access to the latter; and as they are now bad by prescription, they hesitate, with their reverence for ancient usages, to amend them. This at least is the most charitable construction of their neglect.

But the view of Loja at sunrise almost compensated us for our bruised bones. It stands on a high hill, between two overhanging mountains—its castle towering upon the extreme summit of the rock, with the waters of the Xenil bathing its foundations, and reflecting, as from a mirror, turrets, barbican, and keep. Beyond rises in Doric sublimity the snow-crowned range of the Sierra Nevada, illuminated but unheated by the rays of a summer's sun. Loja is the advanced post of Grenada—the guarded entrance to its Vega, famous in Castilian annals. It was besieged by Ferdinand in 1488, and captured after a bloody siege of thirty-four days, in a holy crusade against the Moors, in which professional cut-throats from many nations of Europe fought under his banner. "The mingled sounds of various tongues and nations," says the incomparable author of the "Conquest of Granada," "were heard from the soldiery, as they watered their horses in the stream, or busied themselves round the fires which began to glow here and there, in the twilight; the gay *chanson* of the Frenchman, singing of his amours on the pleasant banks of the Loire, or the sunny regions

of the Garonne; the broad guttural tones of the German, chanting some doughty *krieger lied*, or extolling the vintage of the Rhine; the wild romance of the Spaniard, reciting the achievements of the Cid, and many a famous passage of the Moorish wars; and the long and melancholy ditty of the Englishman, treating of some feudal hero or redoubtable outlaw of his distant island." The Englishmen were commanded by the Earl of Rivers, one of the new nobility of Edward IV., whose wife's brother he was; an accomplished personage for the times and England. As the wars of the Roses had been for a while suspended, and there seemed little hope of their immediate resumption, Lord Rivers carried over to Spain a body of English archers and men-at-arms to assist the Catholic kings in their pious attempt to extirpate the infidels. At this siege the islanders displayed their wonted bull-dog ferocity, and the Earl of Rivers gained more credit than English commanders at a recent siege. "This was the first time he had witnessed a scene of Moorish warfare. He looked with eager interest at the chance-medley fight before him, where there was the wild career of cavalry, the irregular and tumultuous rush of infantry, and where Christian and Moor were intermingled in deadly struggle. The high blood of the English knight mantled at the sight, and his soul was stirred within him by the confused war-cries, clangor of drums and trumpets, and the reports of arquebuses. Seeing that the king was sending reinforcements to the field, he entreated permission to mingle in the affray, and to fight according to the manner of his country. His request being granted he alighted from his steed: he was merely armed *en blanco*, that is to say, with morion, back-piece, and breastplate; his sword was girded by his side, and in his hand he wielded a powerful battle-ax. He was followed by a

body of his yeomen, armed in like manner, and by a band of archers with bows made of the tough English yew-tree. The earl turned to his troops and addressed them briefly and bluntly, according to the manner of his country. 'Remember, my merry men all,' said he, 'the eyes of strangers are upon you; you are in a foreign land, fighting for the glory of God; and the honor of merry old England.' The earl waved his battle-ax over his head: 'St. George for England!' cried he; and to the inspiring sound of this old English war-cry, he and his followers rushed down to the battle with manly and courageous hearts. They soon made their way into the midst of the enemy; but when engaged in the hottest of the fight they made no shout or outcries. They pressed steadily forward, dealing their blows to the right and left, hewing down the Moors, and cutting their way with their battle-axes, like woodmen in a forest; while the archers, pressing into the opening they had made, plied their bows vigorously, and spread death on every side." Lord Rivers was the first to penetrate into the suburbs, though Ponce de Leon, and others of Castile's warlike chivalry contended with him for the distinction. He was struck in the face by a stone from the battlements, and was deprived of his two front teeth—a loss, however, of but temporary importance, because, not long afterward, our friend Richard III. took off the head which had contained them.

I had procured a copy of Irving's "Conquest of Grenada," and "Tales of the Alhambra," at Malaga; and while we were waiting at Loja for breakfast and change of animals, I turned to his siege of Loja, from which I have made the preceding extracts. It is something to read of gallant exploits in language that becomes them, and upon the very spot they illustrate. You feel a

personal interest in the results, as you fancy yourself an actor in the scene.

It was at Loja too that Gonzalvo de Cordova, *el Gran capitan*, whose deeds romance has scarcely been able to exaggerate, sought for awhile retirement from the envy of Ferdinand, who, like other mean spirits, could never forgive the services he was unwilling to recompense. Posterity, more just than kings, has awarded Gonzalvo merited honors; and with the Cid he divides the homage and the heart of the country he served and aggrandized.

One great feature of natural beauty wanting to what I had seen of Andalusia is trees. There are scattered trees, it is true, but no forests of majestic oaks, lofty pines or tall cedars; no clumps decorating the brow of hills; no groves shading the fountains. The dryness of the climate may have partially produced this destitution, but, I was told, it is mainly owing to the prejudice of the population, who look upon trees as a shelter to the pilfering birds. From the appearance of the neglected condition of the soil on this route, I could easily have supposed it was the intention of the inhabitants to starve out these depredators—so uncultivated and barren every thing looked around me. The earth exposed to the heat of a powerful sun, with no trees to temper its scorching rays, or invite humidity, looks burned and sapless, empty ravines and dried-up streams attesting the sources of a former fertility. In matter of artistic beauty the earth without trees is like a *hairless human;* however handsome the features otherwise, the face of the earth as the face of man unsurmounted with their natural decoration, seems vapid, arid, inconsequent.

I speak not now of the loftier mountains of Spain—whether of Andalusia, or other parts. They are mostly covered with forests, which furnish wood for char-

coal, the principal fuel used in the country, as well as ship timber. Indeed, there is nothing nature has given man, unattainable in some portion of Spain.

Leaving Loja to its historic and natural associations, we proceeded onward to Lachar, stopping at one or two *ventas*, most wretched in appearance and accommodation. They contained but one room, which served as kitchen, eating-room, bed-room, pigsty and stable —men, mules and hogs, all "cheek by jowl." The fire-place was in the middle of the room, and around it the different denizens had collected. There was not a mouthful of any thing that hardly a hog would eat, to be procured. Every one was, indeed, expected to bring his provisions with him, or to fast. Some people of the neighborhood had come in on our arrival, bringing certain kinds of cake, of which those of our party who had not breakfasted at Loja, or wanted lunch, partook; and loaves of bread, very white, as bread in Spain always is. There was *aguardiente* and some very poor wine, which those who desired to taste had an opportunity to regret. I was glad not to have encountered such *ventas*, when agitated by hunger, or in search of a bed. It is easier to endure the absence of things of which we have no present need.

Without accident or incident we reached the village of Cacia, through a deep gorge or funnel of the mountain, at the bottom of which it is situated; and thence from a rising hill we descried the Vega of Grenada, spread out like a green carpet at the feet of the Sierra Nevada.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE VEGA OF GRENADA—MY ARRIVAL—VISIT TO THE ALHAMBRA—"EL NIETO" GRANDSON OF THE ALHAMBRA—THE INFLUENCE OF IRVING UPON ITS PRESENT CONDITION.

What a superb prospect opened on our sight! Here was that glorious Vega of Grenada, whose beauties have been the theme of every tongue—the wonder of every eye!—dotted over with gay villages and scattered habitations, laughing with rivulets and sparkling lakes; covered with the verdure of the orange, the lemon, the fig, almond and pomegranate, which seemed to start spontaneously from the luxuriant carpet beneath, hemmed in by gently swelling hills, whose slopes bore the vine and hardy olive—all glowing in a transparent atmosphere, which lent new charms to objects so lovely in themselves. While peak above peak, and pinnacle above pinnacle, the Sierra Nevada cuts the northern sky—clear and well defined, yet mysteriously distant. What crowds of associations, what throngs of ideas came rushing upon my mind! All that I recollected of Florian, of Chateaubriand, and our greater Irving, rose up before me. Here was the battle-ground of the two faiths! Here Moslem and Christian displayed their equal chivalry, and rivaled each other in courtesy no less than in arms. Here too Moslem contended with Moslem in civil strife, and drenched the soil with fraternal blood. Here the gallant Abencerage—unsus-

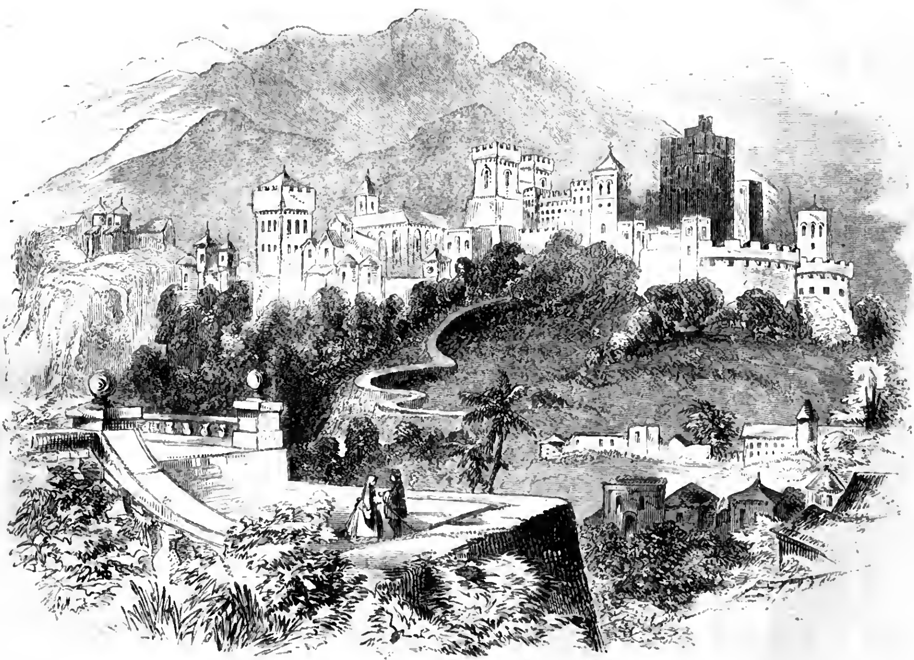
picious of his hastening doom—pranced his Arabian steed; and here the treacherous Zegri, distrusting the open field, sought to entrap his unwary brother. Here Ferdinand displayed the banners which had recovered all else of Spain, and which were soon to float over the Alhambra; and here Boabdil, the Unlucky, took his final farewell of a kingdom he had shown so much recklessness in acquiring, and so little capacity to defend. I was treading on classic ground, where every hill had its story, and every pass its legend, which had fertilized the fancy of the poet, the dramatist and the historian, and which—while associated with all that is noble in daring, grand in execution, and rich in fancy—presents features of natural interest no other place can boast.

The fatigue and *désagrémens* of the journey disappeared with these scenes and the emotions they called up—and I traversed the plain some five miles unconscious of the jolting of the carriage, entering Grenada by the delicious *paseo* on the banks of the Xenil—whence crossing a stone bridge, built by General Sebastiani while Grenada was occupied by the French, we passed along the *Carréra de las Angustias*, a grand and spacious street bordered on either side with walks as wide as itself, decorated with trees and flowers, and margined outwardly by lofty, well-built edifices. Deflecting to the right, we reached almost immediately a noble-looking *plaza*, upon one side of which stood the theater, and at right angles with it the *Fonda* "*Leon de Oro*," where I put up.

I had left Malaga at seven in the evening, and it was three P. M. next day when we arrived at Grenada—a journey over a broken and dusty road in a convulsive vehicle of some twenty hours' duration, mostly performed fasting—for my breakfast at Loja had rather stimulated than satisfied my appetite. My first thought,

therefore, on my arrival, was the rehabilitation of the inner and outer man, for which I ordered a bath and dinner. Baths, that necessary luxury of hotels, have but recently been attached to the *fondas* of Spain, nor are now a general institution with them. They are procurable of course in cities and large towns; the Moors left them in every street and almost in every house; but in *fondas* even otherwise commendable, they are not yet generally prevalent. The *Leon de Oro* had lately introduced them. You pay in Spain an extra charge for soap, which is a monopoly, and consequently dear. With a bath and tolerable dinner, I found, like Candide, life very comfortable; but I concluded to make no perquisitions in Grenada till after a night's repose. The view from my chamber-window commanded a portion of the Alhambra. Its turrets under a mid-summer moon rose clear and distinct to my eye, and, after I had sought my couch, mingled their histories with my dreams.

But neither the visions of the night nor the expectations of the morning interfered with my appetite for breakfast. I made a hearty meal upon *tortillas y pescado*, and *café con leche*, omelet, fish, and coffee. Then with a cigar *de papel* I started for the Alhambra. Following the banks of the Xenil, I entered the great square of the Vivarambla, famous in Moorish story, where the Abencerages and the Zegris so often indulged their death-feuds, and the monarch father and son, Muley Abul Hassan, and Boabdil, sought in unnatural strife each other's blood. Here still remain as they left them, some of the buildings of the Alcaceria —the former bazaar of the Moors—one entire row of houses with Spanish windows, being untouched even by time. Here formerly was the jezeed, or cast of the lance performed, and the combats of bulls—and here



THE ALHAMBRA.

now are celebrated the pageantry of *Pasos* and Corpus Christi. On market days all kinds of booths and stalls crowd the square, making a rich display of grapes, figs, melons, and other tempting fruits. The arrowy Darro rushes through a stone arch beneath this square, and joins the expectant Xenil immediately beyond. Turning to the right, the red towers of the Alhambra emerged from their leafy environs, and chided my stay. I hastened forward up a steep hill which leads to the outer gate of the palace, called *La Puerta de las Granadas*, because sculptured pomegranates (*granadas*) cluster over it. It is a heavy, massive gateway, of Grecian architecture, built by Charles V. Under the arch sat long-bearded, long-cloaked beggars, beseeching, in a kind of mournful recitative, bread and alms—fit masters of ceremonies for introduction into a Spanish palace, I thought. From the entrance I passed common life into fairyland; I was in the midst of flowers and fountains, traversing a rounded pathway lined with tall elms, or loitering mid groves upon seats of marble. The towers of the Alhambra, embosomed high mid tufted trees, rose on my left, and on the right, starting from a rocky eminence the *Torres Vermejos* (the Vermilion Towers) greeted my sight. Their origin, like some towers of Windsor Castle, rests on fable; as the latter have been ascribed to Julius Cæsar, so have these to the Phenicians, and probably with equal justice. They gain nothing in beauty from near inspection. Their dingy red color and unsymmetrical proportions had nothing to detain me. "*Guarda y pasa*—take a look and go on"—is the proper treatment for them. The center walk leads to the public gardens of the Alhambra; that to the left to the palace itself, which I preferred. Passing along winding pathways, bordered always with trees whose interlinked branches excluded

the sun, I reached a stone fountain, sculptured with the arms of Spain. It is fed from the Moorish tanks in the mountains above. The waters of the Darro and Xenil are drawn off in canals from reservoirs near their sources, and thus retain their original elevation over the city—a work of course of the Moors. Out of the mouths of the sculptured river-gods—the Xenil, the Darro, and the Beira—the waters are discharged into the cistern, ever fresh and unstinted. Turning an abrupt angle from this spot, I faced a square, rudely-built Moorish tower, in front of which two or three soldiers were sitting or reclining, and smoking of course. It is called *la Torre de Justicia*, and, under the Moors, was the place where the alcalde dispensed the cheaper kind of justice to the lower class of people—summary if not always just, as can be seen by a reference to the "Arabian Nights." The Arabs brought this custom from their Eastern home, where it had prevailed from time immemorial. "Mordecai, the Jew, sat at the king's gate."

The form of the entrance is the usual horse-shoe arch of the Moors. Over it is sculptured an open hand, which some consider as emblematic of the Oriental quality of hospitality, and others as a talisman against the "Evil Eye"—a superstition which the Moors bequeathed to the Spaniards, and from which the latter have, in our days, by no means recovered. Entering a covered vestibule, I encountered another arch, upon which a key was sculptured, whose original meaning, like that of the hand, has not survived the architect. Some say it has an occult religious purport, and others that it is merely a badge of honor, such as chamberlains wear in court; but Laborde, the distinguished French traveler, contends it had a mystical meaning, indicating that the Christian could never gain possession

of the Alhambra till the outer hand clasped the key; if so, a prediction that, unlike some others, did not succeed in realizing itself.

When I found myself within the walls of this so-world-famous fortress, I must confess to a feeling of bitter disappointment. I thought to have my eyes dazzled with palaces, gorgeous in ornament, with ever-playing fountains from marble basins, with gardens of luxuriant foliage, and blooming groves, vocal with nightingales. Instead of palaces, I beheld a few huts, or tenements which, in our country, had hardly been considered habitable, at least by persons above poverty. I saw no fountains of ever-gushing water, no delicious gardens; and instead of the musical nightingale, I heard the clanking of the galley-slave's chain. Was this the entertainment I was invited to?

But first impressions are not always the most to be relied upon. The eye, no less than the ear, needs cultivation; and I soon began to entertain a more flattering and more correct view of this last and most perfect creation of the Moor.

I had not taken "a guide" with me, for I had great reliance upon the Spanish proverb: "*Quien léngua ha, a Roma va*—who has a tongue can go to Rome"—and with it I thought I could enter the Alhambra. I called at the first house I encountered, and asked where I should find the door of entrance. The *muchacha* whom I questioned told me to take a seat, and she would soon find some one to show me the way. She returned with Matèo Ximenes the younger, as he calls himself, though his baptismal name is Pépé. He is a son of Irving's Matèo. He told me that as his father had been called since the days of Irving "*El hijo de la Alhambra*—the son of the Alhambra," so he was called "*el niéto*," the grandson. He would show me over the

Alhambra *con mucho gusto*—for he knew every spot, and every story connected with it. Incontinently I followed him without more words.

The open square we were traversing, he told me, was called *la Plaza de los Algibes*—of "the cisterns," because underneath were the old Moorish cisterns, which are filled by the Darro, whence water cold, transparent, and sparkling, is transported on donkeys to the city, and there retailed. I afterward often met at this cistern these water-carriers, and carried on much conversation with them—mostly from Gallicia and Asturia—not so courteous as Andalusians, but vastly more honest. Their cry resounds through Andalusian cities. "*Agua! agua! fresca! Que ahora mismo viene de la fuente! Quien bebe, señores? quien bebe?*—Fresh water, just from the fountain! Gentlemen, will you drink? will you drink?"

This plaza separates the palace from the Alcalzaba—once a proud castle, consisting of many towers, and defended by walls, barbicans, and other outworks—now a prison for galley-slaves. To such base uses has it come. It stands upon the highest elevation of the hill which the Alhambra covers, and from the top of its principal tower, *la Torre de la Vela*, Matèo pointed out to me Grenada and the Vega.

The city rises some two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, on the spurs of the mountains, which to the north-east, attain an altitude of thirteen thousand feet, and, like the Alps, a covering of eternal snow. This snowy range not only tempers the otherwise intolerable heat of midsummer, but sends down streams of fertilizing water to cover the earth with verdure—a beneficent Nile, supplying the want of rain, which, during the summer months, seldom favors Grenada. The greater the heat, the more profuse the

stream; so that while the atmosphere remains transparent and azure skies are constant, the earth imbibes abundant moisture, and is fertile in crops.

Grenada occupies the slopes of two hills and the intervening valley—the better part of the population inhabiting the latter. Its name is taken from its resemblance, imagined or real, to a half open pomegranate (*granáda*), and from its musical sound well becomes a city rich in so many attractions.

As we stood upon this lofty tower, the Vega was unrolled before us, sparkling with villas and villages; seventy miles in circumference, and walled in by mountains like the Happy Valley. The sullen outline of the Alpujarras, whose very name calls up throbbing associations, shut in the Vega on our left: on the right, the rocky defile of Moclin and the jagged chains of Jaen broke the view—while the far Sierra of Alhama, and the mountainous gorge of Lope, through which the Christian storm of war was wont to burst upon the Vega, attract the eye: nearer, the Sierra de Elvira rose like an inner fortification—and Grenada itself belted with gardens and orchards, each the scene of a deadly contest in the olden time, was under our feet.

In the center of the Vega I descried the city of Santa Fé, built by Ferdinand and Isabella—on the very spot where the conflagration of their camp took place while besieging Grenada—to convince the Moors that the siege was to endure till its capture. Nine of the principal cities of Spain were charged with this undertaking, and the zeal with which they performed it proved their reliance upon success. It was here that Isabella finally gave a favorable audience to him who was to give to her kingdom a new world: Columbus having been overtaken at the bridge of Pinos—which I

also distinctly made out from the tower—by her messengers, as in that bitterness of feeling which maketh the heart sick, he was carrying his project of discovery to the court of France. Not far distant from Santa Fé, Matèo pointed out to me the hill called to this day "*El ultimo suspiro del Moro*—the last sigh of the Moor"—where Boabdil took his last view of lovely and beloved Grenada: and as I looked around upon the glories he relinquished forever, I could sympathize with the tears he shed on the occasion; nor less with his more gallant mother when she told him: "He did well to weep like a woman for what he could not defend like a man!"

Many other historic scenes Matèo pointed out and illustrated with picturesque traditions which time will not admit of my repeating. The past throws, like twilight, a softening influence over objects, and things in themselves insignificant borrow a grace from the subdued light in which they are beholden. "What an inestimable possession," I thought while I stood on this tower—"is that faculty which enables us to abstract ourselves from the present and return to the past! These galley-slaves, the clanking of whose chains grates my ears, disappear under the power of the imagination, and become captive knights, subdued in warlike foray, on their way to the massy towers; those cloaked and silver-bearded men I see in the plaza are not mendicants, but holy *santons* from Africa visiting their Moslem brothers—and yonder tower, whose elegant arch and rich arabesque reveal its origin, is not the *Cloacina Grenadina*, but the oratory whither these holy men are tending—and that sound is not the hoarse cry of the water-carrier, but the voice of the muezzin calling to prayer." Indeed, every thing around you is so redolent of the past, that the present is wholly forgotten.

Matèo showed me an inscription on one of the turrets to the effect that the Christian standard was first planted here by the Grand Cardinal, Don Pedro Gonzales de Mendoza. Ferdinand had sent him forward to take possession of the citadel, while he remained at the small village near, to enter the city as soon as he knew the Alhambra had surrendered. A longer time had elapsed than he thought necessary for the purpose, and he began to fear the Moors had repented of their promise to surrender, and destroyed or captured this detachment, when he saw the silver-cross, the great standard of this crusade, elevated on the *Torre de la Vela*, or Great Watch-Tower, and sparkling in the sunbeams. Beside it was planted the pennon of that warlike apostle, St. James, who had contributed so much to the success of the Spanish army—and a great shout of "Santiago! Santiago!" passed throughout the army. Lastly the royal standard was given to the breeze, amid deafening shouts of "Castile! Castile!" At these sights and these sounds, the Catholic kings sank upon their knees, and joined in the solemn anthem of "*Te Deum laudamus*," which (of course) was sung by the choristers of the royal chapel. This happened on the sixth of January, 1482, on the festival of the Epiphany—the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles: a sore anniversary to the Moors, who found in their surrender nothing of that manifestation. With whips and chains, and threats of the dungeon, the fagot, and the stake, they were compelled to profess a faith they could not understand, and serve a hierarchy they could not but abhor.

The *Torre de la Vela* or Tower of the Watch, is so called, Matèo informed me, because a heavy, deep-toned bell is suspended in it, which, struck at the proper times by the watchman, tells the hour to the ir-

rigators of the Vega. It is also rung on the anniversary of the surrender, and is heard as far as Loja, thirty miles distant. As every maiden who strikes the bell on this day is sure of a good husband, it may be supposed that a crowd of *muchachas* assemble on the occasion, and that the bell has little rest. Matèo said that girls of all ages rang—the old girls with more vehemence than younger ones. So that this anniversary at the Alhambra is a kind of *feria* of *muchachas* and *vièjas*; but, as at other fairs, a man might not obtain the very article he had hoped.

We descended the Torre de la Vela, and proceeded to the palace of Charles V. Like "the story of Cambuscan bold," it was left half-finished. The outer decorations are full of richness, and the principal entrance is majestic. The ornaments of the windows and grand portal have been ascribed to Berrugete. The interior is composed of two circuitous galleries, one above the other, sustained by thirty-two columns of delicate marble, overlooking a large Doric and Ionic *patio*, which is circular, like the arena of the *Plazas de Toros*, and is said indeed to have been intended for bull-fights—the galleries to contain the Emperor's court. It is unroofed; but so dry is the atmosphere that it seems to have suffered nothing from exposure.

As the beauty of this palace is mostly without, so that of *la real casa*, as the palace of the Alhambra proper is called, is wholly within—placing Spanish and Arabian taste in violent contrast. A rude, simple, almost repulsive exterior, like the leaden càsket that contained fair Portia's features, gives no promise of the prize within. A low, coarse entrance through a plain, unornamented door, admitted us to this scene of once inimitable gorgeousness. The Arabian writers attribute this plain outside to the fear of the Evil Eye, as if it

were sought to be propitiated by the appearance of great humility.

We entered the *Patio de los Arrayánes*, the Court of Myrtles, as it was formerly called, when planted with them—now more generally styled *de la Alberca*, of the Fish-pond, or *de la Barca*, of the "Bark"—corruptions probably from some Arabic word. The marble basin in the center of the *patio*, formerly surrounded with a Moorish balustrade, is filled with gold and silver fishes, and margined by beds of flowers and aromatic shrubs. On the right was the former grand entrance of the Moors, which Charles V. demolished to build his palace in its stead. A smaller entrance near it, Matèo told me, was the royal one, and could be used by kings alone. This, too, disappeared with the larger. The saloons on the right, which are yet called *el cuarto de la Sultàna*, were once the splendid apartments of the favorite Queen.

The colonnaded walks, the baths, the fountains, the *azuléjos*, and the starred roofs, attest their Oriental origin, and the palm-like columns of the *patios* are but the copies of Damascus. The words, "*Le galib ilé Allah*—There is no conqueror but God," are found in almost every piece of the *azuléjo*. With the assistance of Matèo, I procured a piece containing the same inscription. As the Arabs were forbidden by the Koran to represent animal life, they were compelled to seek other means of decoration, and selected texts from the Koran, and other terse sentences, which, interwoven with flowers, they impressed upon, or indented in these *azuléjo* pillars and tiles.

We passed through an arched passage from the *Patio de la Alberca*, and entered a magnificent pavilion which, with one—a fac-simile—directly opposite, leads into the famous Court of Lions. This *patio* or court

is a quadrilateral oblong, of one hundred and twenty feet by sixty. More than one hundred columns of pure white marble support the peristyle; sometimes single, sometimes coupled, and sometimes grouped; so small, so delicate, so fragile, that they scarce seem able to support the superincumbent weight. The walls, within the peristyle, are richly decorated with stucco, *azuléjos*, mosaic, and arabesque, with many appropriate sentences inlaid with flowers and cunning ornaments. The floor is of white marble, somewhat broken, it is true, but still retaining much of its original purity.

The alabaster fountain in the center rests on the backs of twelve huge lions, and is itself surmounted by a smaller basin, from whose center a stream, in the form of a wheat sheaf, starts out, and falling into the lower, finally empties itself into the reservoir, where it encounters twelve other streams from the mouths of the lions. These animals are rudely sculptured, and have little in common with the masters of the Lybian forests; their faces resemble the sphynx's, or other heraldic monster, and their legs are as large as a Gallego water-carrier's, one of those incongruous monsters the Apostle saw in his Revelations on the Isle of Patmos; and on their heads too, we saw inscriptions, among which I recollect these: "Though my mouth is ugly I do not bite; on the contrary, fresh and limpid waters flow through it." And this: "Out of the strong comes forth sweetness:" whence perhaps it may be inferred that the Arabs were acquainted with Sampson's riddle—for, if I recollect, that was one half of it. There is a long inscription round the basin, of which one sentence runs thus: "Seest thou not how the water from above flows on the surface, notwithstanding the current underneath strives to oppose its progress; like a lover whose eyelids are pregnant with tears, and who sup-

presses them through fear of an informer? For truly what else is this fountain but a beneficent cloud, pouring out its abundant supplies over the lions underneath, like the hands of the caliph, when he rises in the morning to distribute plentiful rewards among his soldiers, the lions of war."

Some of the most beautiful chambers in the Alhambra overlook this court. The richest in historical association, as well as one of the most exquisite in decoration, is *la Sala de los Abencerages!* around whose name cluster such a crowd of sad, yet tender memories. Groans and the clanking of chains, Pépé positively assured me, were yet often heard in the stillness of night, which undoubtedly proceeded from the murdered Abencerages, whose spirits, like Hamlet's father's, thus revisited "the glimpses of the moon," to renew the plaint of their sad tragedy. He pointed out to me some discolored spots near the fountain, as the genuine blood-marks of those victims whom Boabdil had massacred. Upon my expressing some doubt of the fact, he handed me his knife, and told me to scrape the floor, which I did, and found that immediately below the surface, all discoloration disappeared, and the marble appeared white and unstained—a proof, at least, that the color was something independent of the original marble. If the blood of Rizzio still attests the foul murder at Holyrood, and that of Becket the awful sacrilege at Canterbury, why should the blood of the Abencerages leave no mark? Does not Macbeth tell us that not "all great Neptune's ocean could wash the blood clean from his hand?"

The Hall of the Two Sisters—*las dos Hermanas*—is opposite the Hall of the Abencerages. It is so called from two slabs of marble, of equal size, purity and brilliancy—sister-like in appearance—which are let into

the pavement. There are alcoves on each side of the walls, which were formerly used as sleeping-rooms—these having been the private apartments of the Moorish monarchs. The decorations of the walls and roofs are inimitable—as delicate as Honiton lace, and as fanciful as the crystallizations of the morning-frost. The hall is overlooked by balconies with latticed windows, from behind which the dark-eyed daughters of the land could view the entertainments below, without subjecting themselves to the risk of being seen. From a window at the end of this apartment I looked down upon the *Patio de Lindajara*, radiant with the blossoms of roses and myrtles, of citrons and oranges. The alcove, which contains this window, was the *boudoir* of the Sultana, whose siesta was lulled by tinkling rills, and the music of falling waters, and whose dreams were softened with the perfume of flowers from the gardens below. Who can view such scenes and recall their early associations without peopling them with life! Shapes, voiceless yet distinct and lovely, reveal themselves as in Agrippa's glass, and though not palpable to the touch, are real to the fancy.

At the entrance of *la Sala de los Embajadores*—Hall of the Embassadors—are recesses, where the slippers were placed, while the person introduced entered the Presence-chamber barefooted. This Oriental custom seems to express more reverence than ours of removing the hat. The Audience chamber occupies the whole interior of the Tower of Comares. It is a square of thirty-seven feet; and the height from the floor to the center of the dome is seventy-five feet. Directly opposite the entrance was the royal throne. The walls are decorated with arabesque and rich stucco; and the dome of cedar is covered with ornaments in gold, almost invisible from its height. The walls are of im-

mense thickness, as can be seen from the recesses of the windows. The balconies look down upon the Darro, and its tree-margined alameda, upon the caves of the gipsies in the hills, and upon the streets, the bazaars and convents of the Albaycin, and commands a distant view of the outspread Vega. From one of the windows of the apartments contiguous, used as prisons for state criminals, it is said that Ayeshah lowered Boabdil in a basket, to escape the enmity of her rival Zeraya. Better had it been for Moslem cause that he had been precipitated to the dread depth below. I noticed a number of subterranean passages, which, Pépé said, in the time of the Moors led from the fortress to various parts of the city, or to sally-ports on the banks of the Darro and Xenil. They were constructed by the Moorish kings as avenues of escape, in case of insurrection, or for stealing quietly away upon some secret expedition. At the present day some have been entirely lost, while others exist, partly filled with rubbish, and partly walled-up. Irving, in his charming story of the "Three Princesses," teaches us to what proper use these underground passages were sometimes put.

Turning to the right from the Hall of the Embassadors, we entered through a heavy gallery, constructed by Charles V., the *Tocador*, or Toilet of the Sultana. I do not believe, however, whatever Pépé or others assert to the contrary, that the Sultanas ever used this as a dressing-room. It is too exposed to up-gazers from below. Religion and custom, and doubtless instinctive delicacy, made Moorish ladies chary of their persons; if they unmasked their beauty to the moon, they knew her chaste, and believed her no tell-tale—a nearer witness of their unvailed charms they would not have endured. It is rather to be supposed from the

lovely scenes, that open to us from the marble colonnade, that this was intended as a *mirador*—a looking-out place—whence the Sultanas might behold nature in one of her gayest moods. In one corner I noticed a slab of marble perforated with holes, and learned from Pépé, that through them perfumes were wafted while the Sultanas were reclining from the noon-tide's fervor.

A passage, defended by iron gratings, led us from the ante-room of the Tower of Comares to the Moorish baths. I entered a court which on one side opens upon the *Patio de Lindajara*, and on the other into the suite of baths. There was the entrance-saloon, where the bathers disrobed, and underwent the prefatory process of shampooing, which has been modernized with us. The baths consist of *El baño del Rey*, and *El baño del Principe*, and are, indeed, right royal. The waters flowed into them through aqueducts from the mountains, and were tempered to the inclination by caldrons arranged for the purpose. Beyond was the chamber of repose, the natural disposition after such exercises. A gallery is placed in one corner where music gently invited to sleep. The Moors bathed always before each meal, and previous to retirement for the night; before the siesta, and particularly and elaborately before they put on their armor for the perilous battle-field—as if they sought to prepare themselves for the embrace of the Houris, promised to those who died in fight battling for their faith!

Such is a meager outline of some of the characteristics of this celebrated palace. Beautiful as even in its decaying and fallen condition it now is, what must it have been in its days of glory? When its coloring, and its tracery, and gildings all were fresh; when its carving and embellishments, its capitals and cornices were all untouched; when its countless columns of

purest marble supported galleries and halls of matchless elegance; when the rich stucco and the arabesque illumined the walls, and the beautiful ceilings of cedar shone with the bright tints of the Arabian pencil; when music floated through the arcades, and flowers perfumed the bowers; when the softened light fell upon the gorgeous pavements and decorated moldings, and threw mysterious beauty upon alcove and balcony; when every alabaster fountain scattered through the air its showers of glistening pearls, and tempered with a pervading freshness the grottos and chambers of the baths; when the nightingale sang amid the thickets of myrtles within its courts, or the sound of the cymbal and the trumpet pierced the fairy fret-work of its domes! Now, indeed, it is the sepulcher, and not the habitation of the Moor.

Most undoubtedly, one great, if not the principal, charm of the Alhambra is the poetic associations connected with it. As for myself, I should never have visited it but for Florian and Chateaubriand, and visiting it, should never have comprehended it, but for Irving. He is the second founder of the Alhambra, and has done only less for it than the Moor. When the Dervish in eastern story applied his magic ointment to the eye, pebbles and common earth were transmuted into pearls and jewels of price; so, by the magic of his pen, our enchanter has given grace and freshness and life to objects which the unanointed eye would pass heedlessly by.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PEPE—FONDA DE SAN FRANCISCO—THE HILL OF THE ALHAMBRA—MATEO XIMENES—HIS STORY—THE GENERALIFFE—LA SILLA DEL MORO—AN EPITOME OF SPANISH HISTORY.

TRIFLES are often the pivots of destiny. An impulse, a word, an indifferent act, sometimes colors a whole life. I had intended to remain but three days in Grenada; and the second day of my arrival had secured and paid for a seat in the *coupé* of the diligence for Madrid, to reach Paris *viâ* Bayonne. But my casual encounter—against which the chances were about one hundred to one—with Pépé, kept me two or three weeks in Grenada, and has, perhaps, affected my entire future. *Quien sabe?*

I found him so companionable, so willing to oblige, and so able to interest me, that I gave up my seat in the *coupé*, and removed my baggage from the Leon de Oro to the Fonda de San Francisco, within the walls of the Alhambra; Pépé occupying a small house within the same precincts. Every attempt was made by the people in the city to dissuade me from a change of lodgings. I was told that the occupants of the fortress were "*mala gente*"—that they pilfered and robbed, and that it was unsafe to sleep there; the persons about the Leon de Oro particularly cautioned me against the landlord of the San Francisco; "he was a liar and cheat, and his house a *casa de reputacion*—a house of bad repute." As they were all interested in my re-

maining below, I paid no attention to their representations, answering them with the proverb: " *Tu enemigo es el de tu officio*—Two of a trade never agree." Pépé assured me there would be no danger, and I went.

The hill of the Alhambra is some two thousand seven hundred feet long, and about seven hnndred and fifty in its greatest width. The walls, which average some thirty feet in height, and are six feet thick, follow the dip of the ground, which gives them a more picturesque appearance than a dead level. The towers rise high above the walls, and are surrounded with elms—the only ones I recollect to have seen in Andalusia, and which doubtless were sent from some other country. The last royal occupants of the palace and fortress, were Philip V. (the first king of the Bourbon dynasty) and his beautiful queen, Elizabeth of Parma. Under their influence the Alhambra enjoyed a returning prosperity. The palace was made habitable, and a new suite of apartments erected; the gardens and fountains repaired, and a court once more shone upon the place. But the sovereigns soon repented of their choice, and abandoned the palace forever. In consequence, the Alhambra, which had almost reached in itself the capacity of a town, having several streets lined with houses, besides a convent and parochial church within its walls, immediately began to dwindle. The walls were suffered to fall to ruin, the gardens were abandoned, and the fountains ceased to play. A lawless population of *contrabandistas*, thieves, and all kinds of rogues, gathered there, till their depredations excited the attention of the royal authority, when the whole community was sifted, the greater part of the houses demolished, and a mere hamlet of scattered habitations left, with the church and convent.

Thus I found it—with a garrison of a few invalid

soldiers, who seem to have nothing to do but to watch the chained galley-slaves and mount guard over the entrances. They have a *penchant* for mustaches and cigars; a *puro* will unbend their rigidity, and two or three *copitas* open their hearts. Through such mediums I established friendly relations with them, and induced them to admit me within the walls when, later at night than the hour prescribed for admission, I returned from the city. Pépé always accompanied me in these extra-mural expeditions, whether by day or night. If we went out at night, we went armed—he with a knife, and I with a Colt's revolver—so he advised. The deep and wooded ravine, through which we passed from the barbican of the fortress to the outer gateway, might have concealed "*mala gente*," and did not enjoy a reputation free from reproach.

Pépé was an invaluable acquisition. During the fortnight I had him in my employment, he never once gave me cause of offense. He was always respectful, and I believed him honest—never in the way, and never out of the way. He played the guitar well, and sang much better than most accomplished young ladies. He danced the national "*bailes*" fervently—with life and mettle in his heels, and had a talent for improvisation that I have rarely seen equaled. He struck his guitar, and the words seemed to follow as obsequiously as soldiers at the sound of the *rappel.* The servants of the Fonda came to my rooms in the evening, and danced to his music. In Spain, your servants are familiar without being disrespectful. They came into my room, smoked my cigars, and drank my wine; and yet, though I treated them with companionable kindness, they never transgressed the line of relative position. They had too much self-respect to be guilty of a want of it toward others. As there was nothing vulgar in

their manners, nor coarse in their language, I found much matter of amusement in this freedom of intercourse. The click of the castanets and the notes of the guitar were heard every night within the walls of the fortress; and I often "assisted at" the *bailes* the children of the Alhambra got up; not as a dancer, but spectator. Occasionally I invited a party to my rooms, and never enjoyed an evening more. The son of our landlord was as handsome a young fellow as I saw in Andalusia, and danced the *bolèro* "with a will." The *muchachas* who graced these *réunions*, were some of them pretty, and all of them gay. With flowers in her hair, and a nice fitting basquina, not one of them but felt supremely happy.

"Give a Spaniard," says the historian of the Alhambra, "the shade in summer, and the sun in winter, a little bread, garlic, oil, and *garbanzos*, an old brown cloak and a guitar, and let the world roll on as it pleases." They are content to dance and fiddle themselves through existence. They have got through the day, the evening has come with the guitar and castanets, and the morrow may look out for itself; such is the philosophy of their life. How different in countries less favored with genial climates and spontaneous productions! where a night of lassitude succeeds a day of extreme toil—and festivities, if they occur, are a burden rather than relaxation; for they take their pleasures sorrowfully.

Old Tony Weller tells Mr. Pickwick that when people become poor and half-starved—"they rush out in reg'lar desperation and eat oysters." My experience of such a condition in southern climes teaches me to believe that they rush out and get children—for I found in Andalusia, as in Madeira, the idle poor were overrun with half-clad, half-fed urchins. In the Alhambra

they were as thick as letters, and always under your feet like puppies; with a strange uniformity of resemblance, as if the parents "swopped work," which in many instances they do. The Ximenes family is no exception to this fecundity. I doubt if Pépé could give the nomenclature of all his brothers and sisters, sons and daughters: their proper name was Legion. The parents seem to think that after having introduced their children into the world their task is over, and leave them to shift for themselves. Pépé's house had little indeed but *niños* and *niñas* in it; a paralytic bed or two, half a dozen rickety chairs, and a table, *voici tout.* But his family, like the Slys' "came over with the Conqueror." He told me he was a lineal descendant of the great cardinal of his name, and showed me the arms of the Ximenes, with the quarterings emblazoned of the various families with which they had intermarried. No flitch of bacon, no joints, no fattened fowls hung in his larder; but his armorial device was suspended against the wall—and he was happy. And why should not the mendicant boast of the *sangre azul* as well as the lord of castles and principalities? Poverty perhaps should be pardoned its pride, when it is all it has to boast.

Pépé brought his father to me, a garrulous, conceited old man. He owes all his virtues to Irving, as well as his reputation. He pestered me a great deal with his presence—not knowing the proper time to come or go. He told me he had furnished Irving with all his stories, who had not done half justice to them in his book. "He ought to have written them out himself, and then he would have made a fortune"—and he seemed to believe what he said; probably from many "a vain repetition." He asked me to recommend him as a guide to any of my countrymen visiting Grenada, and gave me his card:

"TO TRAVELERS, VISITING GRENADA—

"DON MATÈO XIMENES,

'Guide to the celebrated Washington Irving, begs to offer his services to Gentlemen visiting GRENADA as a guide to the Alhambra, and the numerous curiosities and antiquities in which the city abounds.

"Being a native of the Fortress, he is perfectly acquainted with all the objects and localities of interest, and he will have great pleasure in procuring access to them for all those who may require his services. He may be found at the *Fonda de Minerva*, or at any other of the inns of the city.

"He refers to His Excellency Washington Irving, United States Minister at Madrid."

I promised to give all the circulation I could to this announcement, and I do. He is probably as good a "guide" as any one there, except his son, who has all his local knowledge without his tedious garrulity. Still Matèo is at all times a pleasant companion, and you could easily tolerate his company if you knew how to get rid of it. Cutting off the supplies—cigarettes and wine—I found caused him to draw off his forces and beat a timely retreat. Indeed, he never would be obtrusive if he suspected himself of being so.

He was very fond of reciting his personal adventures, and whenever he found me alone in my rooms of an evening would, without being much urged, relate events which he had witnessed, and a great part of which he was—like the following:

"Many years ago, Don Carlos, when I was a younger man than I am now, and rather too fond of wine and the *muchachas*, which I do not care for longer, I used to leave the Alhambra in the evening, go down into the city, and sometimes not return till late at night, or even next morning. My blood was warmer and my foot quicker, and the *baile* or *venta*

was always welcome to me. My most intimate companion in those days was a person about my own age by the name of Juan. He was a *picaro* also—one who loved frolics too well, and sometimes stood by the *bóta* till he could stand no longer. Well, Don Carlos, one night, after we had been carousing till a late hour at one of the ventas below, and had taken more *copitas* than we could well carry, we started to return to the Alhambra. It was near midnight, or, perhaps, past, and fearfully dark. The wind moaned as we passed through the gateway, and from the top of the Vermilion towers the owl hooted. There seemed a stifling sensation in the atmosphere, such as I have known precede an earthquake. We sang, as we jogged along, some amorous ditties, perhaps somewhat coarse in expression—and not exactly suited to the stillness of the hour. But '*do entra beber sale saber*—when the wine is in the wit is out.' We had gone over half the distance, perhaps, from the outer gate to the barbican, when we met a figure, all dressed in white, coming toward us. We could not, at first, make out her features or age, but no matter—'*de noche todos los gatos son pardos*—cats are all gray at night'—and Juan and I both determined to have her. We were excited with wine and *aguardiente*—but had we been perfectly sober we should have acted the same, because a *muchacha*, in those days, was something we could not resist. As it was, we should not have feared he devil had we encountered him—*aguardiente* makes no cowards. We shouted to the girl, who had turned as if to escape us, and told her to stop; and, finding that she seemed to pay no attention to our words, started in pursuit, screaming, hallooing, and I fear, blaspheming. Dark as it was, Don Carlos, we could follow her track as in daylight. We did not gain on

her, for we could not run so fast as we might have done, for the wine. Once, when she turned, I saw her features, revealed from the white vail that encircled them as from a shroud—they were so pallid and wasted. Her eye shone bright, but with strange glazed expression, as you may have seen the eyes of a person walking in a dream. She beckoned to us with her hand, so wan and transparent that the moon could have shone through it. And her smile, 'God forgive me!' said he, crossing himself; 'it has broken my slumbers many a time since—such ghastly mockery was it. However, the *aguardiente* urged me on, though I must confess I began to repent of the chase. Juan could not have seen the face and the strange lure in the eye or he would not have sworn as he did with a tremendous oath, when I said we might as well give over the girl, 'that he would have her, or die that night.' The figure instead of entering at the barbican turned to the right, and repassed the Vermilion towers. We followed as best we could. The owl hooted as before—unearthly sounds came from the dark groves, and the bats fell against our faces. But still on we went, Juan bursting out with fearful imprecations on the girl, who passed through the gateway beckoning us forward. She flitted through the streets, up one, down another, till she reached the Church of San Jeronymo. Here she awaited our coming. I shuddered at the very thought of entering the church for such a sacrilegious purpose, and tried to dissuade Juan. But it was in vain that I remonstrated with him, and even clasped him in my arms to prevent him. He broke from me, and shouting 'he would have her if all hell opened before him,' followed her into the church.

"I have no further recollection of any thing, Don

Carlos, till after sunrise next morning, when I found myself lying at the bottom of a precipice near the Darro. I had attempted to return home in the darkness, but had lost my way, and doubtless fallen over the precipice and been stunned. As soon as I had completely mastered my senses, I recalled the adventure of the previous evening, and determined to visit the church before going home, to see what had become of Juan. For now that I had recovered from the *aquardiente*, I felt great apprehension in regard to him—recalling to mind the fearful companionship in which I had left him. Not without much shuddering and many a pater-noster I entered the church. Imagine my horror when I found Juan stretched out near the chancel stone-dead!"

"Dead drunk, you mean, Matèo?"

"No, señor; dead and stiff. He never breathed again. His limbs were rigid, and his face expressed yet the agony of terror, as if he had died in a convulsive horror."

More than one such tale of *diablerie* Matèo told me, which he confirmed by asseverations frequent and strong.

A deep and narrow glen, thick with fig-trees, pomegranates and myrtles, separates the fortress of the Alhambra from the Generaliffe. A winding pathway through the valley, oppressed on either side by a brown profundity of shade, led me to the Generaliffe by the gardener's lodge. The buildings which compose it are all painted white, and as you ascend, afford a pleasant relief to the dusky towers and somber walls of the Alhambra. Orchards in full bloom and terraced gardens girdled this palace like a necklace of pearls. An open colonnade overlooks the Alhambra, which, seen from such a distance, grows majestic and solid;

its walls lose their shabbiness, and its towers their squalid decay.

This villa of the mountain was purchased of the architect by one of the Moorish sultans as being a cooler resort, from its more elevated situation, than the Alhambra. It clings to an arm of the Sierra del Sol—the Mountain of the Sun—and is fanned by the breezes which rustle around its summit. The gushing Darro percolates its court under evergreen arches, and from its rapid and leaping stream sends up a constant freshness. A garden, surrounded on three sides by the apartments of the palace, and on the other graced by a range of open arcades, is filled with an ever-changing variety of shrubbery and flowers; and cypress-trees, taught to bend themselves in arches, hang over a basin of purest water. These cypresses form the identical boudoir or trysting-place where the frail Zoraya is said to have received her lover—the bold, but unfortunate Abencerage. She was seated here, before her favorite rose-bush, indulging sweet and bitter fancies, when her fated lover, Aben Hamet, entered the grounds to take his last farewell. Pépé pointed out to me the shaded alley through which the Abencerage crept, unobserved by the guards, into the presence of his mistress. This alley, canopied with intertwining laurel, and concealed in the darkest shade, with murmuring streams to drown the footfall, would seem to justify the confidence of lovers. But the Abencerage ne'er retrod it—there were no returning footsteps. Arrested where his presence was suspicion, and his disguise confession, he paid with his life the rashness of his enterprise. The cypress-tree, under which he was seized by the guards of the sultan, still lives and grows—of great size and height, but hollowed out by age. He who could find "tongues in trees"

might gather many a moving story from this "ancient of days," which has witnessed generation after generation spring up and disappear—"now green in youth, now withering on the ground." The principal building of the Generaliffe contains the gallery of portraits; which, like those of the Alhambra, is borne up by marble columns, and richly decorated with stuccoed ceilings and arabesque. I did not think much of the portraits; and could not believe them genuine, because they gave no historical idea of the persons they assumed to represent. It is certain that the same individuals never sat to the artist and historian; for the pen and pencil have given us portraits wide as the poles asunder. Vandyke and Clarendon give us the same physiognomy; a Stuart or a Villiers is the same on canvas or the lettered page: but who would recognize the Boabdil of Christian or Moorish annals in this furred neck and inexpressive face? Who, Ponce de Leon or Hernando del Pulgar in such every-day features? I know the danger of confounding moral and physical sublimity or deformity; but still a man can not be a hero and look like a bumpkin. As Quin used to say, "The Almighty writes a legible hand"—and nowhere clearer than on a man's features.

A bold, rugged height, domineers over the Generaliffe, called *la Silla del Moro*—the Seat of the Moor—because tradition says that Boabdil was wont to fly here to escape the frequent popular insurrections in the city, and remain all day upon a rocky summit—which Pépé pointed out to me—looking fearfully down upon his turbulent subjects. The ruins of a Moorish building, and of the Spanish chapel of Saint Elena are still here. The structures of man perish with their architect—one generation builds, another destroys, or time *edax rerum*, consumes every thing. But the prospect from this

height can never be defaced or destroyed—it is enduring as it is glorious.

Many times of a summer morning, before the rays of the sun had gilded the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada, have I left my lodgings in the Alhambra, to climb this steep—skirting the gardens of the Generaliffe, perforated with fountains—and passing the remains of the Moorish tanks, and the door cut into the heart of the rocky hill, now closed up. The peace of the hour was on every thing around me. Nature, physical and moral, yet slept—no insect stirred, nor had the rose unclosed its petal. I felt that soft serenity of mind the consequence and reward of virtuous sentiments. The fragrant freshness of the unsunned morn gratified sense and heart.

I felt it was "good for me to be here." The recollection of corroding cares, of puerile anxieties, of worldly excitement indisposed me to return. I felt all the vanity of human purposes; the littleness of human aspirations. I had come within the fairy palace where all objects are represented in the coloring of truth. Man and every thing man's seemed to me false, unsubstantial, fleeting. The Generaliffe, and the Alhambra, and the towering Cathedral—the boast of impotent man—acknowledge but four centuries, and yet totter to their foundations, while eternity is enthroned in the icy domes of the Sierra Nevada, and stamps its impress upon the wild and terrible Alpujarras. It was on such occasions I found myself indulging in audible soliloquies, and pouring out impassioned monologues; but I was not sorry no one was present "to take down my words." The truth is, the best part of eloquence has never been expressed.

This walk of "the fragrance-breathing morn" did more for me: it got me up an excellent appetite for

breakfast; it inaugurated my day with felicitous omens. I took my breakfast in the garden of the Fonda, while Pépé improvised some appropriate melody upon the guitar, amid the fragrance of aromatic shrubs, and with the breeze of the Sierra fanning my cheek. The nicest of linen, the cleanest of garniture, were accompanied by the whitest bread, the most savory trout, and the sweetest butter, with *vino tinto con agua* as an accompaniment, and coffee or chocolate, richest of flavor, with purest of cream, as a crowning mercy. *Noctes cœnæque Deûm*, you can't compare with such breakfasts! To say nothing of the fruit—grapes, melons, fresh figs, prickly-pear, which I could always command, and never pretermitted!

I would pass the morning and the hours before siesta in reverie. *To exist* under such an atmosphere is happiness—sensation is the sole excitement you require. The hours flow uncounted by. Homer tells us that when Minerva came down to assist the Greeks, she harnessed the hours to her chariot, to denote the swiftness with which she moved. We drove the same team in Andalusian Grenada, and seldom stabled our steeds. This calm voluptuousness of existence, reposing upon the romantic associations around you, soothes the heart, while it gives full play to the imagination. The Moorish ruins, the Christianized mosques, the sparkling costumes, the splendid paintings before so unfamiliar, the gorgeous hierarchy with their rich processions and frequent festivals; the tertullias, the theaters, alamedas, bull-fights, and bailes—do not these afford ever fruitful subjects for fits of musing—the *dolce far niente* of the mind?

I never had an idle moment in Spain—for thought is no more idleness than a cup and balls is occupation. My body might be in a state of repose, but my mind

was active: if not intent upon the present, yet ruminating upon the past. And what nation can boast of a past more diversified or more glorious! of annals more ancient or more picturesque? From the time of Tubal, grandson of Noah, who is supposed first to have settled it, down to the accession of the House of Bourbon, or even to the present day, it seems impossible to say whether its history is romance, or its romance history, so strange and yet seemingly so well-authenticated are its annals. The Iberians certainly occupied it, for their names and blood have reached us through centuries. The Celts as certainly followed—the foremost wave of that raging sea of Asiatic population that finally submerged Europe. These two, after years of bloody and almost exterminating contests, formed a national combination—which under the name of Celtiberian, first made Spain known to then civilized Europe. Up to this period Spain had been only accessible over the Pyrenees; but the Phenicians demonstrated that intervening bodies of water, so far from separating, brought countries, however remote, into contact. They conquered and colonized portions of the sea-coast, and in process of time were themselves supplanted by their colonists, the Carthaginians, who in their turn gave way to the all-conquering Roman. No province of that universal empire cost so much in the acquisition. Two centuries elapsed before even its nominal subjugation was accomplished, though the whole force of the empire was brought to bear down upon it. Cæsar fought his most desperate battles within its territories, and gained victory only at the extreme peril of life. During the best days of the empire it flourished in arts and arms: it gave orators, poets, rhetoricians, Emperors, to Rome; but it followed its fortunes in adversity no less than in prosperity. The Franks, the Vandals, the Alani, and

the Suevi, all invaded and wasted it in turn—and all gave way to the mightier Goths, the most generous and least barbarous of the hordes that inundated imperial Rome. These inhabited and cherished Spain; confirmed its Christianity and improved its laws—so that the two nations, conquerors and conquered, became amalgamated in language, institutions, and sympathies. So, two centuries or more later, the Arabs, the most singular and picturesque people of history, found them. During their occupation of the country, history would indeed seem to have gone masquerading; the Thousand and One Tales of the Princess Scherazede might have been borrowed from the realities of Arabian Spain—so gorgeous, so chivalric, so perhaps fantastic were many of the circumstances of their domination—and the struggle of centuries that succeeded between the followers of the Crescent and the Cross has all the varying fortune, the splendid courtesy, the romantic achievement of Ariosto's Epic.

Long before the advent of our Saviour, as well as often since, Spain was the battle-field of Europe. It has been overrun, conquered, inhabited by nations the most dissimilar in language, institutions, and character, not one of which but has impressed something idiosyncratic upon its destiny. Its language is composed of many tongues; its character is formed from various habits; its integrity springs from numerous nationalities. Its history is emblazoned by exploits the most romantic, is scarred by wars the most exterminating, and ensanguined, alas! by crimes the most revolting.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE MOOR FROM TANGIER—HIS DRESS—THE FORMER GLORIES OF THE ALHAMBRA—THE MOSLEM AND CHRISTIAN RELIGIONS COMPARED.

One evening, as after dinner I was musingly strolling through the halls and corridors of the Alhambra, I encountered a Moor. He was looking from the balcony of the Hall of the Embassadors upon the magnificent prospect beneath him. The noise I made on entering caused him to turn round. He was a striking personage in appearance, and I took him for a Santon from Barbary. He wore a snow-white turban, and the *haik*, or white flannel wrapping-plaid which, gracefully gathered around the body, swathed the upper part of the head, and fell in a knot on one side. His legs were as bare as a private's of a Highland regiment, and his stockingless feet were cased in large yellow slippers, curiously worked. A majestic beard, white as the turban, and more than a foot in length, carefully combed and perfumed, rested on an ample breast. His features, with the exception of the eye, which was too small, were noble, and his deportment dignified and commanding. Impressed with rather a reverential sense of his appearance, I made a low obeisance—touching, after the Moorish fashion, my forehead, mouth, and breast. He returned the salutation in a manner, though civil, a little condescending; which, however, neither offended my *amour propre*, nor national sensitiveness. He accosted me in Spanish, which he seemed

to speak with ease; told me he was from Tangier, which he had left to visit the home of his ancestors. Four centuries had elapsed, he said, since they had been despoiled of their possessions in Grenada. They were awaiting patiently their restoration, which was sure to take place.—" God is great."

I spoke of the former glory of his people while in possession of Spain—of their great proficiency in the arts of peace and war, and of this gorgeous palace, the like of which eye had not seen.

" A thing of paint and whitewash!" he said, with indignation. " A painted sepulcher, compared with what it was! The walls and the marble remain, but the delicate tracery has been obliterated, and the beautiful fretwork is gone forever. Oh! but recall it in the days of Boabdil, with its costly decorations, its rich gildings, its lavish purple! Think of its beautiful violet relief, its precious mosaics, its luminous inscriptions, and its borders of scarlet, fresh, brilliant, and sparkling! Nay, recall its glorious occupants, with their picturesque and dazzling costumes—the gallant Abencerage, and the haughty Zegri, cased in rich and shining armor, whose martial tread and clanking sabers yet reverberate through the desolate halls. Bring back the harem and the perfumed baths, and the loveliness that graced them—Fatima, Ayeshah, and her well-called 'the Morning Star!' But alas," he continued, " why dwell upon these departed glories. We fell, not from the power of our enemies, but our own civil dissensions. While the infidel was battering our gates, the Alhambra was steeped in revelry, and the Albaycin was red with the blood of Moors, shed by fraternal hands. Allah il Allah! There is no God but one. His decrees are eternal. The Moors won and lost Spain through civil feuds."

I did not interrupt the holy man, while his thoughts reverted to the former greatness of his nation, but awaited his inclination to resume the conversation.

"The infidels," he resumed, after awhile, "were not satisfied with driving us from our homes: they wished to deprive us of our faith. For this, they strove with the torture and the stake. And what did they offer us in exchange? The worship of idols—soulless images of wood and stone—ceremonies without meaning, and incomprehensible dogmas! Why, our own idea of the founder of their faith is more reverential than theirs. We acknowledge him as a mighty prophet sent to redeem the world, while they make him but a helpless infant—*niño Dios*—or a piece of baked dough. And how far more sublime is our idea of the eternal, all-powerful, uncreated God! According to them he descended from the heavens, divested himself of his sovereign attributes, and assumed the form and impurities of man! How impious a conception, how revolting a contradiction!"

Not holding myself equal to him of the long beard in a polemic controversy, I adopted an eloquent silence, which seemed to give him a favorable opinion of me.

"See," said he, as he stooped down, and read an inscription—"we decorated our walls with wreaths and garlands, composed of the verses of the Koran. Roses and lilies surrounded our religion with associations of beauty and of perfume. The eye was gladdened, while the heart was instructed. How is it with the infidels who have desecrated our temples? How do they typify their religion? Visit their churches: a crucifixion, ghastly with nails, and thorns, and blood! a female, daubed on canvas, with daggers piercing the heart! blood-boltered martyrdoms! unexampled tortures! But these, horrible as they are to the eye and

mind, have been outdone by the cruelties of the accursed Inquisition!"

Here my friend made an end of speaking, and soon, after a courteous salutation, went his way and I saw him no more.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE—THE CATHEDRAL—THE ROYAL CHAPEL—FERDINAND AND ISABELLA—FRENCH OCCUPATION AND INFLUENCE—SOCIETY OF GRENADA—THE ALAMEDA.

Of course I would not be much time in Grenada without making a visit to the archbishop's palace, which Gil Blas has rendered historical. He describes it as rivaling a royal palace, and I was naturally eager to see it. "I might enlarge," he says, "upon the structure of the building, extol the richness of the furniture, describe the statues and pictures, and not spare my readers the least tittle of the stories they represented; but I shall content myself with observing that it equalled the royal palace in magnificence."

I could not believe the mean-looking building, with naught save a plateresque front, to redeem it from total condemnation, which Pépé said was the palace, could be the house which Gil Blas had described. The truth is, that, like the Spaniards of the uneducated class, I had begun to believe in the real existence of Le Sage's hero, and necessarily gave faith to his descriptions. But this! why it is truly what they call in Spain a *casa de ratones*, a rat-hole—compared, at least, with many I had seen. But Le Sage never was in Spain; and as he stole most of the incidents of his inimitable book from Spanish authors, perhaps, as a matter of compensation, he determined to imagine beau-

ties, and thus gratify Españolism. However that may be, the building has no pretensions to the designation of a palace, inside or out. It has neither architectural beauty, nor domestic accommodation. I felt the disappointment like a personal grievance. To have had my expectations so raised, and to have them so humbled—"it was tolerable, and not to be endured."

When I had recovered a portion of lost equanimity, I visited the cathedral near by. It was built some three hundred years since, when the Christian-Gothic architecture was going out of fashion. What order it properly belongs to, I am unable to say; but whatever one may have been designed, I should say, as Lord Brougham once said of the House of Lords: "It is not true to its order." It does not indeed seem to belong to any, but rather to have an antipathy for all.

The glaring whitewash of its interior offends the eye; and no less, some heroes and heroines in the corners of the *coro*, bewigged *à la Louis Quatorze.* Why their statues should be placed in a church after death, when perhaps their persons never were there during life, puzzles the mind; nor are we prepared to believe they are the most fit persons for "the glorious company of the Apostles," some of whose portraits, by Alonzo Cano, also decorate the *coro.* The only true object of admiration in the cathedral, always excepting a few paintings by Alonzo Cano, Juan de Ribera, and his pupil Bocanegra, is *la Capilla de los Reyes*—the Royal Chapel. On either side of the high altar kneel sculptured effigies of Ferdinand and Isabella, which are pronounced fac-similes of their forms, faces, and costumes. Painted carvings, illustrating some of the most memorable incidents of their reign, are suspended behind them. The surrender of the Alhambra is one.

Isabella rides on a white palfrey, as she was wont to do in life when she visited the royal camp, or on ceremonious occasions; on either side of her, ride Ferdinand, and he who, like Wolsey, was "ever ranking himself with princes"—Cardinal Mendoza; he rides a mule in proud humility. Boabdil, on foot, gives him the key of the city, holding it by the wards: captives, in pairs, issue from the gates, while the knights and ladies of Isabella's court, look on with all the satisfied expression of *basso-relievos.*

There are two alabaster sepulchers in the middle of the chapel, delicate to the sight. They are said to have been wrought in Genoa by a most skillful artist. Ferdinand and Isabella—the first as cold, and the second as chaste as life—slumber here in marble; and next to them their daughter, Juana la Loca—the crazy Juana, with her husband, Philip—both magnificently attired. He wears the order of the Golden Fleece, as of the House of Burgundy. Isabella died elsewhere, but was buried here at her own request. Grenada, which she had contributed so much to annex to the Castilian crown, was ever after her favorite residence. She prized it in life, and appointed it a sepulcher in death —*dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.*

A low door leads down into a vault where all that was mortal of these "Catholic kings" lies moldering. The coffins are plain, and hooped with iron; and neither their outside nor inside indicates that royal rather than plebeian dust is contained within; nor, probably, do the worms—your only true Democrats—know that in feasting upon this decayed mortality they are guilty of *lèse majesté.*

If the spirits of the departed are conscious of events in the world they have left behind them, what anguish should Ferdinand feel when he contemplates the condi-

tion of his country! What has availed his barbarity,—his violated faith—his unknightly duplicity? Four centuries have barely elapsed since the fabric of his policy and unscrupulous machinations was raised; and but for the aid of an alien and heretical power, it would long since have crumbled into dust. The seminal principle of dissolution, indeed, was sown by his own hand. He introduced, not from mistaken enthusiasm, but in the craft of his own cold nature, that active and persecuting bigotry which blighted the strength of his country in its very blossom. By the expulsion of the Moors it depopulated the fairest provinces at home; and by the revolt of the Netherlands, cut off its richest territory abroad. His immediate successor boasted that "upon his dominions the sun never set;" and now upon what, save Spain itself, of all that unlimited empire, does it rise?

Grenada—his last conquest and last resting-place—Grenada is a hissing and reproach to him. He found her populous, and left her poor. He "made a solitude, and called it peace." Three millions of contented beings thronged its cities or cultivated its lands. Where are they now? Where are those cities themselves? The rack, the fagot, and the stake, have scattered the first; and sunken walls and grass-grown streets—the lair of the wild beast and the haunt of the venomous reptile—respond for the other!

As I have said before, I saw but few paintings in the cathedral, or indeed in Grenada, of much value. English tourists have accused General Sebastiani, while Grenada was in possession of the French, of having stolen a large number of valuable paintings; but these stories, intended for the English market, I heard the Captain-General of Grenada say were gross exagger-

ations—that Sebastiani always paid for whatever paintings he took away, and that he might have obtained many more at less prices—that the best pictures of Alonzo Cano were cut out of their frames in the convents and churches, and sold to the English themselves, and not without suspicion of their being accessories before the fact. One of the best, valued at £2,000, was sold in Gibraltar for less than £100.

Sebastiani did much, indeed, during his brief sway in Grenada, to decorate and improve the city. He built or completed the theater, and constructed a handsome stone bridge over the Xenil, called to this day "the bridge of General Sebastiani:" and when some thirty years since, the Duc d'Angoulême made his military promenade through Spain, he, for awhile, garrisoned the Alhambra with his troops; but for his active and judicious interference this ancient palace of the Moorish kings would have reached the complete desolation to which it was fast hastening. He repaired the roofs; defended the saloons and galleries from the weather; cleared and cultivated the gardens; restored the watercourses, and caused the fountains once more to sprinkle their sparkling showers.

The truth is, in my opinion, the irruption of the French into Spain, under Napoleon, however much to be objected to as a political error, or censured as a moral crime, was of essential service to the country. Spain was indeed fast relapsing into the ignorance and barbarism which accompanied and followed the expulsion of the Moors; arts and sciences, manners and morals giving away to unlettered and untamed brutality—when Napoleon invaded and rescued it at the point of the bayonet. A compulsory is not, it is true, always an unqualified benefit—and Napoleon, doubtless, inflicted some injury upon one generation, while

he prepared great benefits for another. French literature, French tastes, French intelligent activity accompanied French arms. The injury occasioned by the latter has already disappeared; while the advantages arising from the former become daily more and more manifest.

The long and savage wars which Pitt commenced, and to his death, with hardly an interruption, carried on against France, were throwing England also back upon barbarism. Repelled not only from France, but from the Continent generally, the English had no models for the study of manners or morals, and were returning to a state of insular ignorance and brutality. An intelligent foreigner who visited the country in the latter part of the eighteenth century, was surprised to observe in Pall Mall—one of the most fashionable thoroughfares of London—a set pugilistic encounter, where a peer of the realm was one of the backers; and cock-fighting was one of the favorite pastimes of the nobility—with high play and deep-drinking. Since which time, travel and familiar intercourse with the elegant classes of France and Italy have humanized and polished the English—and there are not a few among them who have equaled, if they could not surpass, their models.

The ladies of Grenada have not the grace of the Sevillians nor the beauty of the Gaditanæ—nor are they so intelligent or well educated as those of Malaga. But the society of Grenada looks down upon that of Malaga, as the society of Seville upon that of Cadiz. They boast to be of the *sangre azul*, and abhor the mushrooms of trade. As there is a greater admixture of Moorish blood in their veins than in places less isolated, they retain the Moorish character-

istics—beautifully small hands and feet, of which they are justly proud. For indeed there is more power in the small hand of a woman than in the scepter of kings: and as it is the most beautiful, so it is the most enduring of female graces. The brightest eye grows dim—the dimpled cheek becomes furrowed—the sweetest lips lose their fullness, and the richest hair its color; but the hand, unaffected by climate, exposure, or time, "flourishes in immortal youth"—retains its freshness, contour, and eloquence, throughout life; and is as kissable at three score years and ten as in the teens.

The houses, generally, of Grenada have not the Oriental type of Seville, are smaller, and less pretensious in appearance. Grenada was built, when the Arabian power was on the wane, by refugees from the conquering Spaniards. Their means were limited, and their hopes broken. In the aristocratical portion of the city—the *calle de la Tablas*—there are some fine buildings, the mansion of the Conde de Luque among them; but these have been built since the days of the Moors, and from the wealth of which they were plundered. The Zacatin, however, the great shopping street of Grenada, and market of the silversmiths, is essentially Moorish. In summer it is covered over, from one end to the other, with an awning, which gives it a bazaar-like appearance.

The Alameda of Grenada, or *El Salon* as it is called, is one of the pleasantest in Andalusia. It is on the Xenil, at the point where that river, after many coy advances and feigned repulses, finally consummates its espousals with the Darro. Here the grace and fashion of Grenada resort every summer evening to recount the adventures or determine the hopes of the preceding day. The ladies here conclude those triumphs which they have planned in their boudoirs, or rehearsed from

their balconies. Alleys of shady trees, and parterres of flowering shrubs invite and protect the revelations of the heart, which gush forth spontaneously and irresistibly under the influence of the soft airs of an Andalusian eve.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BOABDIL'S GATE—PEPE'S STORY OF THE HAUNTED TOWER.

Pepe took me one day to the gateway through which, for the last time, Boabdil went out of the Alhambra. It is in the center of what was once a formidable tower—*la Torre de los Siete Suelos*—the tower seven stories high. But two of the stories remain: the other five are said to be filled up.

The unfortunate king made a last request of the Catholic monarch, that on his departure the gate should be walled up, so that no one after him could pass though it. Princes of oriental descent or tradition seem always to have entertained a jealousy of others passing through gates solemnized by their own persons; of this feeling one or two instances in Holy Writ could be adduced. Boabdil's wish was granted by Ferdinand and Isabella the more readily, I suppose, as there were other better modes of entrance and egress. So this gateway was walled up, and unanointed persons never afterward desecrated it.

The tower is now a mere wreck, having been blown up by the French, who cared little for Boabdil, or the Catholic kings. It did not look to me as if it could ever have been inhabitable, though Pépé assured me that for some time after the Moors it had been occupied, and indeed only had been deserted on account of the strange apparitions that had made it untenable.

"Thereby hangs a tale," I said to myself, and asked Pépé if he knew of any particular circumstance of a supernatural character in connection with it. "*Muchos*," replied he, and in the evening, when he came to my rooms, he would relate to me one which he knew to be well-founded.

Well, with the evening came Pépé. I had provided a vast quantity of cigarettes and a bottle of *Val de Peñas*. He lit his weed, took a *copita*, a word escaped him, and he thus addressed himself to speak:

"You must know, Don Carlos, that a little while after the conquest, and while the Catholic kings held command of the Alhambra, there dwelt in the *Torre de los Siete Suelos* a family very poor indeed. The tower was haunted by a Moorish woman who had come to an untimely death therein, and who walked nightly through the apartments, up and down stairs, without caring for lock or bolt. *Porqué, Dios sabe, quien sabe*—why she did so, God knows, who knows. However, no one would live in this tower but this poor family—and they only because they could live nowhere else.

"Well, Don Carlos, they had lived there without any other disaster than an occasional intrusion from this Moorish apparition, which indeed never spoke to them, six months and a few days; I believe ten days in all."

"No matter about the odd days, Pépé—throw them in."

"The whole story is true, Señor Don Carlos" (Pépé was on his dignity now, and gave me a full title); "and if I tell you a lie about the days you will not believe the rest of the story."

"Perhaps not, Pépé; but *andamos*."

"Well, then, Don Carlos, one night the wife of the

mason (the man who inhabited the tower was a mason) and her sister went down to the well in the *Plaza de los Algibes* for water, wherewith to continue their usual occupation of twisting thread; and as they were dipping their jug into the fountain, they perceived a fearful agitation of the water. The wife and sister remained dead with fright, and after awhile the sister fainted away. The wife rushed up the stairway of the tower to seek for assistance. She found no one, for her husband had gone down to the city; and besides these three there was no one in the house. She knew not what to do: to return to the dreadful scene she dared not, and yet she must leave her only sister in the power perhaps of demons. She was distracted between yes and no—between a desire and fear to return. In this state, unconscious of time, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, capable of nothing, alive, but motionless, she remained till her husband returned from Grenada, and knocked at the door of the tower. No one coming to the summons he repeated blow upon blow, and raised shout upon shout. There was no other means of entrance but by this door, and this was fastened within by strong locks and stronger bars. Despairing finally of getting inside without assistance, and surmising something terrible from the reputation of the tower, he went to the quarters of the captain of the guard, and told him what had happened; and, moreover, that he had heard sounds like groans within, which he feared proceeded from his wife or sister. The captain, accompanied by a file of soldiers and the mason, immediately hastened to the tower, and struck loudly against the door, commanding it to be opened in the name of the Catholic kings. The wife, who but a few minutes before had in part recovered her senses, looked out from one of the loop-holes of the tower, and ex-

claimed, 'Alas! is that you, my husband?—is that you, dear Juan?' And the mason replied, 'Yes; open, in the name of God and the Catholic kings. It is I and the captain of the guard, with soldiers.' The wife hereupon slowly descended the winding stairway, holding on to its sides to prevent her falling, for she still was weak with agitation. As she examined her bunch of keys for the one that opened the door, it was not to be found; but in its stead one that had come down from her ancestors, which unlocked her treasures, and which she had kept in a safe place by itself. Without thinking, however, she applied this to the door, and to her consternation found it fitted."

"If that was the case, Pépé, perhaps she had the right key, after all."

"No, Don Carlos, it was not the key, nor one shaped like it. It was a larger key, and had never opened the door before. This is true, señor."

"As the rest of the story. But go on."

"Well, they got into the tower—husband, captain and soldiers—and the wife immediately seized the husband by the arm, and said, 'My dear Juan, there have been strange doings in this house;' and thereupon swooned. The mason cried out, 'My wife—my dear wife! She is dying. What shall I do!—what shall I do!' The captain took hold of him, and said roughly, 'Do! why, go and get some water, and throw upon your wife. These women can faint whenever they please.' And he threw a full bucket of water upon her face, and soon brought her to. When she saw the captain and soldiers, and recalled what had happened, she cried out, 'Alas! my sister! my dear sister! It is now four hours since you have been away.' 'But where is your sister, señora? Has any one carried her off?' Whereupon the wife told him the whole story,

amid much sobbing and wringing of hands. The captain replied, 'Señora, this is nonsense. It is an imposition you have put upon us, or that has been put on you. And if the water *did* move, what of that? I am inclined to think something besides water was moving in you. Come,' he said to the soldiers, 'let us go to the cistern and find out this cock and bull story.' They found her sister still in a swoon, but the water as placid as if nothing had happened. Having applied water to her face, rubbed her hands, and pinched her, they recalled her to life. When fully recovered, she said that after her sister's departure, as she came to herself she saw four Moors, richly dressed, with burnished cuirasses, and poinards glittering with precious stones, standing near the cistern, one of whom gave her a paper with this inscription in Arabic and Spanish: 'To all those who come here for water let them read this note. Whoever shall have courage to sprinkle upon us water to baptize us, shall have gold enough to buy one half of Grenada:' and thereupon retired without another word."

"But Pépé, one moment—could the girl read Arabic and Spanish too?"

"*Dios sabe, señor.* All *I* know is, the story is true."

"Doubtless, Pépé. There are greater improbabilities in greater truths."

"No, I was wrong, Don Carlos. The Moors told the girl more before they disappeared. They told her, that they had permission from the Almighty to appear for three days on earth, in search of some one who would sprinkle upon them the water of life; but that, failing in their pursuit, they would be condemned to everlasting torments. That this was the first night, and two more would conclude their days of grace.

Telling her this, and saying in supplicatory tone: '*Mañana la noche*,' they vanished."

"But, Pépé, why did n't the girl make the sign of the cross as soon as she saw them? That would have scattered them."

"*Quien sabe?* She was a woman, and wanted to hear what they had to say. A woman, Don Carlos, would risk her soul to gratify her curiosity."

"They say the first of the sex did, Pépé—but *vamos*."

"The captain, on hearing the girl's story, commanded two soldiers to remain and guard the woman during the rest of the night. He neither believed nor wholly discredited the story. He was a Christian, Don Carlos, and knew that the poor Moriscos would be glad to get out of the place where they were suffering such dire torments; but it puzzled him to think why they should go to these women rather than to a holy padre, unless because they feared that those who had failed to convert them when alive would hesitate to gratify them after death. However, he dispatched a messenger to the Catholic kings, with an account of the whole matter, and received in return a command to turn the family of the mason out of the tower, whether their story was true or not; because, if true, persons who had had intercourse with infidels, though disembodied, were not proper custodians of the tower; and, if false, they should be punished for circulating scandalous untruths."

"A most proper determination, Pépé; and most conformant to the wise and merciful character of king Ferdinand."

"*Vamos ahora al abañil*—Let us now speak of the mason. Next morning the captain of the guard communicated to him the order of the Catholic kings, to which he replied that within the week he would quit

the tower with his family and movables, if he could be allowed to remain so long. The captain assented, and left him. Then the mason inquired of his wife's sister if the story she had told the captain of the guard was really true, or not. She replied: 'If it is not true, I will die a maid!'"

"I believe it now, Pépé. Go on."

"'In that case,' said the mason, 'we will all go this night with the very same jugs to the fountain, and see if these Moors will give gold enough to buy one half of Grenada.' The wife and sister said at once they would not go down there again to save their lives; whereupon the mason, who feared to go alone, said it was necessary a woman should go with him, or the Moors might not care to appear. 'And only think, my dear wife,' said he, cunningly, 'if they should give us the gold, what dresses, what jewels you would have!" This was too much for the woman in the wife. She said, decidedly, that come what come might, she would go down with her husband. So the jugs were got ready; and all the images of the saints, and hoarded relics were collected together, and when the hour of midnight arrived, they went down to the fountain. It was still, and remained so for half an hour or more, when all of a sudden it became dreadfully agitated, and the selfsame Moors slowly ascended from the convulsed waters, and stood before them. One, more majestic than the rest, wore a white turban, and had a regal port. It was one of the kings who had died in the year 767. They told the mason and his wife that if they would throw some water upon their heads, and baptize them in the Christian faith, they should find a fountain running with gold. The mason replied without hesitation he would do all they wanted. The Moorish king said, that done, they could go to the blessed rest of Chris-

tians. Whereupon, the mason and his wife, after having repeated many a paternoster, and told their beads many a time, took water in their hands and sprinkled it on the Moors, baptizing them with the names of Christians—when a fearful burst of thunder smote the tower, and from a spot on the ground near the fountain, where a bolt fell, a stream gushed forth, running with gold. The Moors vanished from sight. When the mason and his wife had recovered from the trance into which they had been thrown, they saw before them this golden stream, and now felt that the story was true. On pretext of carrying away their household effects, they hired two mules, which they loaded down with gold. Then before the dawn, they went out of the Alhambra, and never returned."

"I can easily believe that, Pépé. But you don't mean to say that all the incidents of this tale are true?"

"*Si, señor*, every word. I don't tell lies like a Jew."

"*A fè de caballero*, Pépé? upon the honor of a gentleman—"

"*Si, señor, y a fè de Christiano viejo tambien.* Yes, sir, and on the faith of an old Christian also." Old Christians are those who claim a Christian ancestry previous to the Conquest, in contradistinction to converted Jews or Moors. "I will show you," continued Pépé, "the very rent in the tower made by the lightning; it runs from turret to the ground."

"But let us return to the story itself, Pépé, unless it is concluded."

"Nearly so, Don Carlos. The captain of the guard had not slept that night—what with the noise of the thunder, the dreadful neighing of the horses—who were found next morning covered with perspiration, and yet shivering—and his anxious thoughts about the mason's story. He rose very early in the morning, and pro-

ceeded with a file of soldiers to the tower. He found the door open, and no one within—and began to fear that the family, having ventured once more into the presence of these demons, had been seized and carried to the infernal regions, particularly as he found their clothes and little furniture untouched. He immediately dispatched another messenger to the Catholic kings, who came to the tower, and the multitude from Grenada, and the people from all the towns of the Vega, who all were astonished at the things that had occurred."

"And well they might be, Pépé. But was nothing ever afterward heard of the mason and the woman?"

"*Si, señor.* After a good many years, when the story had begun to be forgotten, and the Catholic kings and the captain of the guard had died, they all returned to Grenada. Where they had been, *Dios sabe.* They seemed to be rich, but as they gave great sums to the Church for masses and other pious purposes, nobody troubled them. Some persons, like Jews and such *canalla*, disbelieved the mason's story, and said that having discovered some hidden hoard, and fearful that it would be seized by the Catholic kings or the Church, he had invented this tale upon the strength of the tower's reputation, to divert suspicion from the truth. But my grandfather has told me that his grandfather knew a man who had seen a man who had heard the mason tell the story himself."

"That is conclusive, Pépé."

"Well, Don Carlos, my story is finished."

"So is the bottle, Pépé. You have timed it well."

It was with such stories that Pépé, when the castanets were still, and twinkling feet fatigued, whiled away many a leisure hour of evening. Hidden treasures of gold miraculously revealed was the fruitful theme of

nearly all his tales; *el tièmpo de los Moros* the era of their occurrence. Pépé followed implicitly, if unconsciously, the advice of the Roman critic, "*si vis me flere*"—and believed first himself the stories he sought to make others believe. The solemn countenance, the eloquent gesture, the deep yet broken accent with which the miraculous events were narrated, are all necessary to the full effect of the story; these are lost to every one but the immediate auditor, while much of the force of the words and idiomatic fervor disappear in the translation.

CHAPTER XXXV.

RIDE TO EL PICACHO DE LA VILETA—THE VENTA—THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION—THE ROBBERS—THE COPITA OF AGUARDIENTE—THE NIGHT AT EL PREVESIN—THE ASCENT OF THE PICACHO—THE VIEW—THE RETURN.

In the vicinity of Grenada there is many a picturesque ride—naturally and historically picturesque. It was my custom often, of a morning, to ride to some *pueblo*—village—of the Vega, and trust to fortune for adventures. Pépé always accompanied me; his sociable qualities alone would have made his companionship necessary, had I not required his assistance as a guide and *cicerone.*

The longest excursion we made, and the most agreeable, was to *El Picacho de la Veleta*, next to the highest of the Alpine peaks of the Sierra Nevada. Its height is more than twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea; and it is no holiday-task to surmount it. Mounted on two good roadsters, we left the Alhambra after an early breakfast, with the intention of making as much of the distance as we could before the heat of the day set in. After crossing the Xenil, the first place we halted at was the *pueblo* San Antonio, whence we had a charming view of the city, and of the Alhambra. All that was uncouth, disjointed, *outré*, in the latter, from too much proximity, became soft and harmonious from this distance; and I easily concurred with the sentiment of Charles V.: "Better a tomb in the Al-

hambra than a palace in the Alpujarras"—in allusion to Boabdil's choice of the latter. At the *venta* where we stopped, to get a *copita* of *vino tinto con agua*—red wine and water—two men were taking olives, bread, and cheese, with wine *al fresco.* I saluted them, of course, as I dismounted, and was accosted with the invariable courtesy " *Guste usted?*—will you join us?" " *Gracias, señores caballeros,*" on my part acknowledged and declined the invitation. I like this custom, if only that it establishes a relation, grateful if temporary, of kindness between strangers. It is better certainly than the sullen brow or supercilious look which you too often encounter under similar circumstances among insular people.

When my wine and lunch were brought, I, of course, before tasting, offered it to them, and met, of course, a gracious denial. But when, on renewing our glasses, I told Pépé to urge their participation, with a true sense of civility they accepted: as a compliment, they had declined; but when they found I would be gratified by their acceptance, they held it ill-bred to refuse. Both were men of good manners; but one had a deportment, a natural ease of carriage and address, you seldom find unless in high life. He had a large bundle of green herbs beside him, which, he told me, he had gathered in the Sierra Nevada, and was carring to Malaga for medicinal purposes. They were, he said, very good for all complaints of the stomach. He was on foot, had walked all the way from Malaga, had ascended partway, at least, the Sierra, and was now returning on foot; three or four days of hard labor, for a slight compensation. Yet he seemed well-satisfied with his condition, and doubtless had reason to be so—for happiness is in a man's own heart.

While I was conversing with him, a tall, upright,

venerable personage, wrapped in an ample cloak, though the thermometer must have been 80°, with the true Spanish cast over the left shoulder, approached, and saluted me: "*Ave Maria purissima!*" said he. "*Sin peccado concebida,*" I replied. "Hail most purest Mary Virgin," was the salutation. "And without sin conceived," the reply. A fierce controversy had raged in Spain as to the question of the conception of the Virgin, the Dominicans insisting that she was liable to the pains and penalties of original sin, while their rivals, the Franciscans, with more gallantry, and stronger plausibility, contended that she was wholly exempt. Fortunately for art, the latter doctrine prevailed at Seville, since it inspired Murillo to embody in his "*Concepcion*" the most exquisite ideal of female purity—the most innocent unconsciousness of sexual shame—the great miracle of our Faith all but miraculously rendered.

As a matter of belief, the doctrine of Immaculate Conception is placed beyond a cavil, since the highest spiritual authority known to Christendom has decided in its favor. What was hope is now faith.

This mode of address, once almost universal on entering a house, has fallen into almost universal disuse. It has been abandoned to the order of mendicants, the older class of whom frequently adopt it. Of such was the respectable interlocutor who had introduced himself into our party. He had too dignified an air—too self-respecting a demeanor for me to exorcise with the "*Perdone usted por Dios hermano,*" the cabalistic phrase which, like the reading of the Riot Act, generally disperses the mendicant mob. Barring his want of blindness, he might well have personated Belisarius asking for an *obolus.* He too had looked on better days, he told us; and though, unlike

the great general whose fallen state his present appearance resembled, he had not performed services

THE BEGGAR.

too great to be requited ; yet he had served an ungrateful master many long years, in tending his flocks faithfully—to be thrown, in destitute age, upon the world's cold neglect. I gave him more than usual alms, which he said should be repaid in glory.

Upon my mounting my horse to take leave, my ac-

quaintance of the herbs arose to make his adieus—a courtesy that the Spaniard seldom thinks necessary to extend, unless to a personal friend. But he knew that I was a stranger; was, doubtless, grateful for the interest I had shown in his affairs, and, perhaps, *quien sabe?* was somewhat impressed with the brilliancy of my costume, for I was in full dress, *en majo.*

We had rode, perhaps, some five or six miles from the *venta* rather sharply, and were walking our somewhat heated animals, when from out of a deep thicket, by the roadside, two men emerged about a hundred yards in front of us. They were truculent-looking individuals, and armed with carabines. *Hoc erat in votis:* it was my wish, when I entered Spain, that I should encounter bandits before I left. But like persons who have often called on death to terminate their fancied sufferings, and are seized with a mortal fear if they think their appeal is to be answered, I shuddered at the bare thought of the realization of my foolish gasconade. A cold tremor occupied my limbs. The loneliness of the place, our incapacity for resistance (for all our arms were a Colt's revolver, and a knife of Pépé's)—the stoppage of the diligencia the week before, on the highway from Madrid to Valencia, almost unsexed us. I felt all the valor which I had got up and nursed on Val de Peñas, like Bob Acres's, "oozing out at my finger's ends"—and, like him, I was wishing for a long, a *very* "long shot," indeed!

I had, on Pépé's advice, left at home my watch and all my money, except a few Napoleons; but as Spanish robbers always give you a severe beating if you don't give them satisfactory coin, at the best I could only hope to save my life at the expense of bruises and loss of self-respect.

"*Mala gente?*" I asked of Pépé.

"*Dios sabe, señor. Yo creyo que si*—God knows, sir; but I am afraid they are."

Our only safety was in hoping no safety. Desperation was prudence. So I told Pépé, we had better advance, not on the *pas de charge* indeed, but in a seemingly unsuspicious gait. We had gone, perhaps, one half the intervening distance, when one of the brigands raised his carabine—and "*Boca a la tierra, ladrones*—you rascally robbers, throw yourselves upon your bellies"—were the words my imagination heard. On looking at Pépé and observing him making no preparations to dismount, but on the contrary, tugging at his holsters as if in search of his pistol, I mechanically took mine out and cocked it. He heard the click: "*Jamas*," said he, "*son amigos*—stop, they are friends"—so it appeared. What I thought the hostile direction of the carabine was intended, not for us, but some passing bird—and the words I misunderstood were a request for *aguardiente*—and Pépé was pulling out a bottle instead of a pistol. In the excitement of the moment I had forgotten he had no pistol to pull out.

One would like to make a more dramatic exit from this sublunary stage than by the chance bullet of a common cut-throat—and in a sequestered place withal, where it could never be known if he did show pluck. To stand at a gentlemanly distance of ten paces, with equal weapons, against a former friend, with the assurance that you will gain credit for courage if you survive, and that your loss will be known and lamented if you fall, reconciles one to the duello. At least the fear of opinion, stronger than the fear of death, would induce you to accept such an arbitrament. But to encounter such odds as a carabine against your pistol, in an obscure spot, without a witness or chroni-

cler of your prowess or bashfulness—without a motive for the quarrel, or peer for an antagonist—it is a respect must make us pause. For my own part, I acknowledge I have not that romantic intrepidity which finds in mortal danger, as in virtue, its own reward; I do not love danger for danger's sake, and I was quite relieved that our bandit-looking friends were on a shooting excursion, where the expected game was the birds of the air, and not their own species. Pépé had *un poco de aguardiente de Francia*—some Cognac—of which he gave them a glass each, and we parted with *vayas usteds con Dios*—blessings—on either side.

Then we spurred our horses on another trot, and made, before pulling up, two or three more miles—when we halted at a *pueblo*, where there was no *venta*, but where Pépé had a friend who was better, he said, than all the *ventas de los cuatro reinos.* Indeed we found him hospitable. He got us up a nice lunch, accompanied with a *bóta of Val de Peñas*, and urged us to dine; repeating his invitation more than once, and promulgating his bill of fare—*olla podrida*, fish and mutton. Pépé said it was not merely the usual Spanish compliment, but the earnest hospitality of his friend that induced the invitation. I, however, declined with many courtesies, which seemed to satisfy the *caballero.* He showed us from the balcony of his house extensive fields of wheat, of which he was proprietor, and of which he was very proud. He was a man of substance, Pépé said, and his heart was as large as his means. He was very desirous to have us dine with him, or he (Pépé) would not have entertained the invitation; because, said he, "*á boda ni á bantizado, no vayas sin ser convidado*—don't attend a wedding or a baptism unless you are urged." Pépé, as Falstaff says of his royal pupil, had "a damnable iteration"—he was always

quoting or improvising one of these "short sentences drawn from long experience," as Cervantes characterizes them, and which form the library of the unlearned in Spain. Some estimate of their currency may be derived from the fact that, more than a century ago, twenty-four thousand were collected together by Juan de Triarte; and doubtless there were very many more that he was unable to gather.

When we had arrived at the *Puche*, some five hours from Grenada, we thought it time to forage for horse and rider. We had taken care to provide some *Jamones dulces de las Alpujarras*—sweet hams of the Alpujarras, that would have shaken the prejudices of an "'Ebrew Jew." They can not be described, they can only be eaten. With these, some cold chicken, and *vino de Baza*, we accomplished dinner, with such an appetite as a long ride, a long fast, and bracing air from the mountains conspired to give. We did justice to the viands and the *vino*; and our hunger being allayed, consumed *muchas cigarritos*. Near this place is *El Barranco de Viboras*, or Ravine of the Vipers. These reptiles are hunted for their medicinal qualities; and thus by their death redeem perhaps the dangerous character of their lives. Nature is full of these compensations. "The toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in its head"—and the virtues of many a man have been descernible only after death.

Having refreshed ourselves and horses, we took the road again. We were obliged to "progress" slowly, for our path was now always upward. After awhile, we passed *El Domajè*—the trough—where jagged rocks are thrown together as if they were suddenly arrested while on a St. Vitus's dance; some had features like men, others resembled the couchant lion, and I saw one "very like a whale." The Picacho now fully re-

vealed itself, cutting the clouds with its splendid pinnacles; and gave us menace of a toilsome ascent. We could hear, as step by step we made our harsh pathway, the faint roar, and could see the terrible glimmer, of descending streams, carrying the tribute of the Sierra to the Vega. It is the meeting of the snows, coursing through every glen and gorge of the mountains, and diffusing upon the Vega an emerald verdure and abundant fertility. Behind us we had left blooming orchards, groves, and terraced gardens; but before us lie harsh and savage sterility; below this spot, an earthly paradise; above, an unreclaimed, irreclaimable waste. Man asserts a divided dominion below, but Nature reigns supreme and despotic above.

The next stage we made, after a hard struggle, was *Las Piedras de San Francisco*—the Rocks of St. Francis—why so called I know not. I doubt if the worthy saint ever ascended the mountain so high for prayer. Seen from below, these rocks are surrounded by fields of snow, whose shining whiteness gives increased relief to their black and towering summits. Here commence the *Ventisqueros*, or pits of snow, some of which, in unsunned depths, last even through the rage of the dog-star. Here are the extremes of nature, endless snow and the blood-heat of the tropics, brought almost into juxtaposition—the one operating upon and tempering the other, receiving and repaying mutual benefits. The melting of the snows supplying the rivers, whose waters, rarified by the heat, ascend, and are condensed into snow. Thus, under a latitude of 37°, Grenada can boast every variety of production, from the rock-haunting lichen to the sugar-cane.

We were right glad to reach *El Prevesin*, the boundary of our days' hard labor. It is a stone inclosure thrown up by the *Neveros*, or ice-sellers, who nightly

ascend these mountains for their stock in trade, to retail in Grenada. They built it as a protection against sudden and raging storms; here we pitched our tents for the night, as we were assured by some *Neveros* we met there was no other place above save the snow-covered mountain, where we could find a place to lay our heads. Indeed, but for this inclosure, we should have been obliged to lie down on the open rocks, because we were forespent with fatigue and weariness.

Pépé poured into a glass a *soupçon*—yea, more than a *soupçon*—of *aguardiente de Francia*, Cognac innocent of the guager, and mingling with it some water, cold as ice and clear as crystal, bade me drink. I quaffed the nectar, and immediately recovered from my lassitude. During the glow of feeling which followed, my mind ran over some of the happiest draughts of my previous experience. I recalled the Champagne, the *Vieux Ceps* of my friend Lausseure, which *demi-frappée*—half-ice, half-liquid—I was wont to imbibe with George Ashmun of Springfield, and the eminent artist, Chester Harding, after a walk of some dozen miles in search of trout along the banks of the Saco at the White Mountains—the vivifying potation I once shared with the Defender on our arrival at the Girard House from a hot, dusty, exhausting ride from Washington, when the servant, pouring more water into his glass than proportion admitted, he exclaimed with a voice and look with which John Philip Kemble as Coriolanus might have rebuked the Volscian: "Boy, don't inundate this brandy!"—the old Madeira, drunk in old times with old friends, when the meats removed and "the world shut out," the blazing hickory from the capacious hearth radiating heat and rosy light, we indulged in the interchange of genial thoughts: I dwelt on these and other kindred draughts of my

younger life, before Maine Laws were invented to punish the excess of wholesome indulgence; but none of these, grateful to the memory as they had been to the palate, equalled the draught Pépé gave me upon the ascent of this snowy Sierra. It warmed me, and caused me to go to sleep, and when I awoke I felt like another being.

There are few if any of the pleasures of this world that bear repetition, even where the intellectual and sensuous are combined. The surprised delight can never be renewed, the sense of novelty is once gratified, and then disappears forever. An *encore*, whether of song or sight, never gives us the whole pleasure of the first time, with the sole exception perhaps of scenery, which revisited and rerevisited affords an ever-increasing gratification. We learn to comprehend and appreciate infinite beauties of detail, which on a first view escaped the mind. This range of mountains I was now visiting may have resembled in general outline the range of the Sierra Ronda or the mountains of Madeira. Still in many respects they presented a different aspect to the eye, and consequently called forth new sensations of delight. Nature, indeed, like the houris of Mohammed destined for the elect, offers a perpetually renewed virginity. She is always fresh, always lovely, always intact.

It was not merely or chiefly to enjoy a grand panoramic view that I was toiling up this mountain, thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea; for I could have obtained from inferior elevations better views. But I wished to become familiar with the heights and recesses where human foot had never or rarely been. I longed to acquire a personal acquaintance with scenes that I had only known through report, and to blend the sense of adventure, and perhaps of danger, with the

enjoyment of mighty scenery. The chasms, the precipices, the roar of hidden rivers, the jagged inaccessible pinnacles spoke living language to my heart; they peopled my mind with imaginary beings; and uplifted my thoughts, in due order of procession, from the contemplation of these wondrous works, to the worship of the great Architect himself!

Fortunately we found at El Previsin some of the ice-carriers, whose assistance was of much avail to us. They went out, and collected a vast quantity of dry underwood, with which we made a bonfire that must have made the Grenadians suppose that the old atalayas had been relit, and the Moors were again pouring down upon the Vega from the Alpujarras. It was a nipping and an eager air, upon these mountain heights; and it was only by dint of much dry wood that we kept warm.

We rose before the village cock had once done salutation to the morn, because we aspired to be on the Picacho before the sun. I never had an opportunity previously to appreciate the literal beauty of the simile in Hudibras:

> "—— Like lobster boiled, the morn
> From black to red began to turn."

I could see the gradual change from the dark color of night to the rosy redness that precedes the rising sun; which verified to my mind, in sparkling distinctness, the poet's illustration.

There was no moon-light; but the stars seemed newly trimmed, for their light burned clear and bright, and shed upon our pathway sufficient distinctness. For an hour we struggled along on our horses, who found, however, difficult foothold among the loose stones and

broken path—till we concluded we should make a more rapid ascent dismounted; and so we left our animals in charge of a *nevero* converted into a groom for the nonce, and walked manfully upward. This contest with the slippery earth and stones became soon very severe and fatiguing; and but for the fear of compromising my position with my attendants, I am not certain that I should not have turned back. The extreme rarity of the atmosphere began soon to affect me, which I had not felt while seated on my horse. The great exertion now required produced a greater strain than in a denser atmosphere. I felt a sickness of the stomach, and a scent of blood in the mouth—and a disposition to lie down a while. But Pépé encouraged me with animating expressions and some weak brandy and water; and after two hours of extreme toil and some suffering, we stood on the Picacho, thirteen thousand feet above the sea. Mont Blanc itself, "the monarch of mountains," being only two thousand feet higher.

The top of the Picacho is a small level piece of ground over a tremendous precipice. No life or vegetation reaches this height—the hardiest lichen withers in this icy atmosphere. I felt as if I were in the presence of the earlier days of creation, before the world was peopled, and while darkness still covered the face of the deep—every thing appeared so wan in aspect, so desolate and cold.

There *is* a religion anterior to creeds, a sense of which overwhelms the soul before these altars not made by hands, but fashioned in the image of eternity. The loftiest elevations, it is true, are nothing when compared with the distance between the earth and the stars; but that distance, in which millions of miles convey no more to the imagination than the ciphers

which represent them, weighs not upon the mind. It has no definite sense, and makes no impression. In accomplishing, however, the ascent of one of these earth o'er-gazing mountains, we have appropriated details, which, instead of detracting from the general impression of solemn grandeur, infinitely heighten it: and this, indeed, is the true test of physical greatness, composed as it is of things rare in their individual grandeur, and not represented by mere outline or unimpressive figures. We are raised above the pollution of earth, morally as well as physically—in a purer atmosphere—by the separation not only of distance, but of time and severe labor—and on an elevation seemingly nigh to heaven—and partake of feelings natural to our situation, serene, mysterious, eternal.

I shall not undertake to describe the sunrise from this mountain of the Sierra Nevada. It is a spectacle to be seen and not described. Most people have witnessed a sunrise at some period of their lives, if only, like Sir Harcourt Courtly, on their return home from a ball; and they must imagine what it would be with the command of the grandest objects in nature as accessories. But while I stood on this pinnacle I saw the clouds far beneath, and the summits of lesser mountains emerging like islands above them. The vapors ascending from the valleys looked like floating shrouds; and when the sun threw his dazzling beams upon the snowy peaks, they seemed like the illuminated towers or domes of gigantic edifices.

On one side I could see the blue waters of the Mediterranean, tremulous with the morning breath; and even an indistinct outline of the African coast in the far horizon: while, inland, the sharp and splintered peaks of countless Sierras, that separate the central Castiles from Granada, cut the transparent sky. Be-

low us, like an unrolled map, lie the Vega, embossed with shining villages, and pierced with a net-work of streams, diminished to silver threads; and between us and the sea, cradled in the Alpujarras, stood Orjiba, the capital of the kingdom secured to Boabdil by the treaty of Grenada, and wrested from him the moment that Ferdinand thought it safe to break his royal word. Indeed, all around us were scenes profuse in natural beauty, or rich in story.

The return was far more tedious and fatiguing than the ascent. No hope buoyed me up; and from the absence of any need of exertion, the path seemed immeasurably longer.

After descending the mountain, we took a new route home, to alleviate our fatigue by the novelty of scenery. Deflecting to the left, we passed through the village of Zubia—to which, during the siege of Grenada, Isabella rode to take a view of the Alhambra, and was herself nearly taken. A renegade had sent word to the city of the intended visit; and while she was in a house—still pointed out to the tourist—a body of Moorish cavalry surrounded it; and but for the visible interposition of the Virgin—who seems, in monkish chronicles, to have watched over Isabella as Minerva over Achilles in the Homeric narrative—she would have been captured. In commemoration of such timely aid, she erected a hermitage to her protectress, which still remains. On the other side of the Dilar, a stream which it is easy to ford, we stopped at the beautiful village of Otrusca, half-hidden among cypresses and shrubbery; and as we came upon the charming banks of the Xenil, we passed San Sebastian, where Ferdinand and Isabella accompanied El Rey Chico Boabdil, the day of the surrender of Grenada. The tree under which mass was said, in pious acknowledgment of this event, flourished till

within a century since, and might have come down to our times had it not been cut down by malicious or unsympathizing persons.

"*Soy molido*, Pépé—I am ground, or bruised," said I, as I entered the gate of the Alhambra.

"*Y yo tambien*—and I also," he replied.

We had rode over fifty miles, and part of the way on a very hard road. But I had had two very pleasant days, notwithstanding the privations, difficulties, or dangers of the undertaking. The privations, indeed, were puerile, the difficulties cheerfully surmounted, and the dangers more seeming than real—while the gratification was immense. I had penetrated some of the mysteries of the mountain—had filled my mind with ideas that partook of the sublimity of the scenery around me—had seen a greater and more diversified panorama than ever before—and, above all, had laid up granaries of thought for the food of my after-life.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MENDICANCY—THE MAN WITH CRUTCHES—THE BEGGARS' FROLIC—THE OLD HAG —THE MUCHACHA—THE DANCE—THE CONTRABANDISTA.

DOUBTLESS the two most vexatious institutions in Spain are the beggars and the *pulgas*. Few places are free from their intrusions; and those most exposed where you hope the greatest security, *i. e.*, your chamber and the church. To have your devotions interrupted by the one, and your slumbers broken by the other, is the accumulation of insult upon outrage. The beggar does not confine his importunities to the vestibule of the church more than the *pulga* his to the occupancy of your chamber—the latter invades your bed, and the former follows you to the altar. Many a time, when rising from my knees, I have encountered these sturdy mendicants, demanding alms with menace of constant perseverance. You can not escape them, unless by flight, and you can not call upon the police to remove them, for they are privileged nuisances. For a long time I got rid of them as of other officious intrusion, by bribery; but after I had been a while in Grenada, I learned something of the secrets of the trade, and knew how to drive away its professors without sacrifice of my purse.

That old age, or natural infirmity, or even incurable poverty, made many pardonable objects of charity, is doubtless true; and could real be separated from simu-

lated destitution, it were not only charitable, but commendable, to give. But so great is the proportion of successful imposition, that almsgiving in this country is more likely to encourage knavery than relieve unfeigned distress. A stranger on first entering one of these cities would naturally suppose a lazar-house had been emptied of its contents; so apparently maimed, diseased and loathsome are the crowds he encounters at every corner of the streets, in the plazas, in the entrance of the shops, before the cafés and fondas, and, always surrounding and penetrating the churches. But in most cases the limbs are unnaturally distorted, blotches and sores artistically fabricated, and decrepitude, disease, and starvation, the cunning masks of vigor, health, and abundance.

As I said before, I was obliged to pay for this discovery; as, indeed, one always does for all information really and lastingly valuable. My apprenticeship had cost me many a *peséta*, but when I had become "free of the guild," I did not begrudge the fees of initiation.

One day when complaining to Pépé of these annoying importunities, while sympathizing at the same time with the direful extremities of suffering that greatly palliated them, he laughingly replied that both my sympathies and my purse were wasted, as scarcely one of the objects deserved commiseration, or needed money. I expressed some incredulity, whereupon he told me, he would give me ocular demonstration of the truth of his remarks. A certain acquaintance of his—an hidalgo withal—belonged to the fraternity. He was a member of a certain club or society of mendicants, all of whom had noble blood in their veins, and many, money in their purses. His "beat," he said, was upon the *Vivarambla*, and if I would accompany him, he would take me there on that very instant. I cheer-

fully assented. When we arrived in the square, Pépé, looking about a minute or so, exclaimed "There he is now, talking to that pretty *muchacha.* She is giving him some *maravedis* in answer to his doleful story. He has such a knack of uttering the most lamentable sounds that he brings down both *muchachas* and *viejas.* Oh! he is a *picaro* of a beggar!"

Pépé's friend was on crutches, and trembling with the infirmities of age or disease. He seemed scarce able to move; his next step, you would have thought, would be the grave. His rags were squalid, and only half concealed his body, which was spotted with sores. He took no notice of Pépé, but addressed me in a voice that would have become the last agonies of an expiring saint. He had not tasted food for two days, and had become so weak that he could hardly keep himself on his crutches (and here he shook as in an ague fit). But he did not care for himself: he only wanted death. His old, helpless, bed-ridden wife, however was absolutely in the last extremity of starvation, and when he left her this morning, she was speechless. This and more, pronounced in the most heart-rending tones, or rather in gasps, and with the most truth-like air, had almost moved my sympathies against my convictions, and I might have given something but from an admonitory gesture from Pépé, who asked me to move on a little, while he had some talk with our mendicant friend. I consequently retired out of ear-shot, but not so far but I could distinctly perceive every thing. Pépé was evidently in an animated discussion with his friend, who, on his part, was exhibiting much more energy in manner and gesticulation than I had supposed him capable of. Soon, however, the two seemed to come to a mutually good understanding; their gestures became more subdued, and their coun-

tenances expressed equal satisfaction. "Well, Don Carlos," said Pépé, as he rejoined me, "I have arranged it all right for you." "Arranged what, Pépé?" "Oh, there is to be a great *fiesta* to night among the members of the club, and I have persuaded my friend to give us an invitation. It will cost you something, but you will see sport. There will be, too, some *muchachas* present whom you have seen before." "Seen! where, Pépé?" "*Quien sabe? Paciencia*, Señor Don Carlos." "But will there be no danger, Pépé? Are there no *mala gente* among these persons—hidalgos though they be?" "Not the least," replied Pépé, "my friend is a chief among them, and he guarantees your safety *à fè de caballero*. A king's pledge would not be more religiously observed." "*Vamonos*, Pépé, we will go, and *si Dios quiere*, we will have some sport."

Pépé then went on to inform me that he had told his friend I was a stranger, an American, an *hombre de bien*, and that he had guaranteed my inviolable secresy as to the scenes or adventures of the night so long as I remained in Spain. That he had also promised that I should contribute *cinco duros* (five dollars) to the entertainment of the evening—that I should come in the disguise of a mendicant, and treat the company, particularly the *señoras*, as became their noble blood. To these conditions I hastened to subscribe, giving Pépé my right hand, after the antique manner.

The night came, and with it Pépé. He brought a bundle of clothes under his arm with which he indued me. "Since I was only going as an amateur beggar," he said, "it would be unnecessary to dress me in costume *de rigeur*. But the disguise I was obliged to assume was far from becoming; and, seeing that I did

not affect it much, he told me for my consolation, while he could not help laughing at the bizarre appearance I presented, "that while the rules of the society required all members to come and leave in their professional attire (the better to avoid notice as they passed through the street), any one could change his or her dress after arrival; and that I had better take my *majo* costume for that purpose, my appearance in which would be received as a national compliment." I did not hesitate to follow his advice.

The fiesta was to come off in a house in the Albaycin which had been engaged for the purpose, though on a different pretext: for no individual other than a member of the society was supposed to know any thing about their proceedings. Pépé said "he was in no hurry to go, because he did not wish to come upon them before his friend had communicated my expected arrival, and secured their willing acquiescence." He had told him "that I was a great man in my own country—*uno de los mas ricos de los Estados Unidos*—and that I liked Spain more than any other country. The *ponderaçion*, with which Pépé had indulged concerning my *status* with his friend, must have been yet exaggerated by him in communication with his *confrères*. For when I entered the room I found I produced a marked sensation. To my great surprise the company arose to receive me—an action not in accordance with the general custom of the country—and I felt indeed somewhat embarrassed. But their kindly greeting soon reassured me. "*Buenas tardes*," said one; "*Como està Señor Don Carlos?*" inquired another. "You are very welcome. We are glad to see you," burst out from many quarters.

But what a party I had fallen among! Tam o' Shanter looking in upon the dance at Kirk Alloway

could hardly have viewed a stranger sight. My friend of the crutch was here in the same garments as when we met him in the Vivarambla, and there were others more hideous than he. A legless man was stuck up on a table in one corner, and near him a haggard object who seemed fresh from the tomb. His eyes were glazed and expressionless, and his whole countenance wore the livery of the grave. "*Por amor de Dios*—for God's sake, Pépé, who is that horrible object? Is it a corpse?" "Hush, Don Carlos. They will overhear you. He is a respectable gentleman who does the part of *un loco*—an insane person, whose relatives shut him up in a mad-house to get possession of his property, and let him out when they had squandered it. He is perfectly harmless, and you will see him any day near the cathedral."

But the women were, if possible, still more repulsive. Withered beldames, toothless, blear-eyed, paralytic; grinning ghastly smiles, making strange gestures, chattering unintelligible jargon, and yet, horrible to relate! affecting the air and manners of young girls. One more disgusting than the rest, all covered with sores like Job, approached me, and attempted some endearments. I made a desperate bolt and gained Pépé's side: "Take me out of this," I shouted, "or I shall go mad!" "*Paciencia*, Don Carlos," he laughingly replied. "The devil is not so black as he is painted. Let us go and take a *copita*, and you will feel better." Whereupon we passed into an adjoining room, in which was a table spread with ices, sweatmeats, coffee, and wine, the product, Pépé said, of my contribution. Here we found some half dozen venerable mendicants compelling clouds of smoke. They were a kind of Sandhedrim, my companion told me, supervising the society and its treasurers. Pépé introduced me with all the Spanish

grandiloquence, which met with a corresponding return. I sat down among them, took the offered *cigarito*, and discoursed with them. My presence seemed no check upon their garrulity. They talked of their adventures freely, and as if they were certain of my sympathy, or wholly indifferent to it. As they had been more than ordinarily successful this day, they were in good spirits. "I propose," said one with a long gray beard, "the health of the pious Christian who opened his purse to my dismal tale. I had been keeping the strictest Lent for four days, had buried my sole *nieto* (grandson) who had died famishing, and had drawn my tottering limbs to the portal of the church to lay me down and die, when I met this mundane angel and relieved him of two *pesètas*. May he be repaid in glory." We all drank this sentiment in silence. "As for myself," said another who had a roguish twinkle of the eye, "I have not unstabled my horse to-day. Providence has spared me the relation of my woes. As I was passing near the theater, I saw a crowd assembled before the ticket-office. Approaching to see what play was to be performed, I observed something fall upon the ground from a *caballero's* hand. I stooped to pick it up and to return it to the proper owner. But he had entered the theater before I could overtake him, the swelling in my leg so far from subsiding had visibly increased, and on this occasion I could scarcely hobble. I shall keep the purse and the *pesètas* till I find the *caballero*." We approved his determination, and drank the health of the *caballero*. Another had encountered a party of roisterers, just as they had been dining, and obtained an alms which he had solicited in vain from their soberer disposition. And one man had accompanied a Frenchman to a house where he hoped to meet his *amiga*, and enhanced the service as our coachmen do,

by taking a devious route. No one among them indeed but had met with more than usual luck.

Half an hour or more being thus agreeably passed, Pépé proposed we should return to the room we had left. But at this I relucted, and told him emphatically that I should prefer going home. He said my departure would be taken as an insult, and might indeed be prevented. If I would go in, and remain five minutes, just for a kind of a leave-taking, he would then accompany me to our quarters. I made a virtue of necessity, and followed him. But what a surprise awaited me! The former occupants of the room had all disappeared—the lame, the cadaverous, and the diseased, with the villainous old hags. And now the room was filled with smart-looking men and pretty *muchachas*. The change was as sudden and complete, as in northern climates the burst of spring, in all its joyous freshness, from the torpor of winter. I was obliged to rub my eyes that I might be sure there was no illusion. But there they were—the girls in their nice *básquinas*, and the men in their holiday clothes. "Well, Don Carlos," inquired Pépé, "are you ready to go home now?" "No, Pépé; but I would like to get rid of my rags, and put on my *majo* dress." When, after my toilet, I returned to the room, I noticed a girl in one corner, the expression of whose countenance seemed full of mischief, and whose eyes whenever they met mine, were filled with laughter. So I crossed the room, and soon got deep in conversation with her. It may be that I indulged in some decided expressions of admiration; every body knows that as the blood warms the tongue is prodigal of affection; for she said with a smile a little malicious: "*Amigo mio*, you seem better pleased with me than the last time you saw me." "*Hija mia*," I replied—"to the best of my recollection and belief I never saw

you till this blessed moment." "What!" says she—"and is it possible I made no deeper impression upon you? I thought from your manner you entertained a strong feeling for me—though not exactly of admiration." And then she began to mumble her words, and assume the professional whine and air of the mendicant, till, struck with a sudden suspicion, I sprung up from my seat. "*Dios!*" I exclaimed—"it is impossible!" Her silvery laugh and sparkling eye attested her enjoyment of my amazement. Yes, indeed—I had been completely *done*. This was the veritable hag whose advances a little while before I had repulsed with so much disgust! Nothing seemed stranger in any tale of the "Arabian Nights"—not even the metamorphosis of the cat into a beautiful fairy. "Do not deem so harshly of me as to suppose," she said, "that the disguise of a beggar is willingly assumed, or for a selfish purpose. The part I perform is a fictitious one—my poverty is real. I could bear it alone unrepiningly; but I have a father who is blind and a mother who is incapable of exertion; and it is for them I beg." My dear child, I thought to myself, you may be acting now as much as you were an hour since; still, when I looked into her eyes, and saw the gathering tears, I confess I came down! If I was imposed upon, I trust I may be forgiven! Errors of the heart, with all but the elect, are as venial as those of the will.

After this surprise I was prepared to see my friend of the crutches going it on the light fantastic—nor felt any thing more than a slight astonishment, when Pépé pointed out a black-haired, black-whiskered, handsome fellow, of some thirty years, as the person whom I had supposed they had borrowed from some charnel house.

A merrier party I did not meet in Spain. The guitar was introduced, and admirably managed by him of the

crutches. I danced with my fair friend as often as *les convénances* allowed; and when not dancing paid her assiduous court. She was gay, brilliant, *enjoué;* and, notwithstanding her equivocal position, of great delicacy in manner and speech. Her father, she said, was an hidalgo, and, of course, could stoop to no trade—or he might have been rich. He preferred beggary to dishonor; and as for herself, why she must not only supply the necessities of her parents, but in a manner not to offend their prejudices. What a compensatory blessing this consciousness of noble blood must be, since it reconciles its proud possessor to the lowest state of degradation!

After a while the fun became fast and furious. Every body was on the floor at once, and the *copitas* put life and mettle in their heels. Two of the *muchachas* became very much disposed to be very confidential with me—told me on what occasions they had met me before in their disguise as *viejas* (old women), and their successful appeals for charity; and other things which they might as well have retained within their own breasts. Toward midnight they drew the table with all the glasses on into the middle of the floor, and one of these *muchachas* making a step of some man's hand, lightly sprung upon it. "*Ole! ole!*" every body shouted, and the girl commenced dancing "with a will." The glasses danced at the same time, and their ring was a fine accompaniment to the guitar. But so skillful was the girl in the greatest fury of her steps, that she neither struck nor overthrew a single glass—a feat I could not have believed practicable. It is true, the table was a large one, and she wore an unhooped dress. The task accomplished, we surrounded her with our congratulations, and pledged her in our *copitas.*

Besides myself, there was another present who might have been deemed a guest—a *contrabandista*, who divides the national heart with the *tauridor*. This

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man was indeed the lion of the evening. Every body applauded his jokes and quoted his opinions. With the ladies he was a veritable Captain Macheath—"the pet of the petticoats." A good-looking fellow, his dress improved his natural advantages. He danced well, sang well, and told a thousand spirited stories. A hatred of the excise is a natural instinct with the mass of people in all countries; and in Spain, where

indispensable articles are monopolized, the *contrabandista*, or smuggler, is looked upon as a national benefactor. He brings good tea and the latest news to the *padre*, silver and cigars to the *escribano*, ribbons and laces to the *muchachas.* Against such a person what could be my pretensions, and in such a crowd!

However, I did not envy, I rather admired. Successful audacity always meets a certain approbation, and this man was a hero in his profession.

But there is an end to every thing. At midnight the girls, like Cinderella, put off their spangled dresses and resumed their rags. They went their several ways, with their favored attendants. I had promised the partner of my dance to see her again; but next morning Phœbus dissipated the vow into thin air. I saw her no more forever; but I shall not soon forget her or the Beggar's Fiesta.

I would not be understood to convey the idea that there are no deserving objects of charity among the countless beggars we encounter every where in Spain. On the contrary, there are few countries where poverty is more sincere. Indeed, the incontrovertible destitution, so manifest to our senses, makes imitation more facile. The fear of imposition, therefore, should not withhold our alms. Give always—give with the ready hand. The best part of charity is ours; for it is more blessed to give than to receive.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SYMPATHY WITH TRADITIONS AND SUPERSTITIONS—FRESHNESS OF SPANISH LIFE—PECULIAR INSTITUTIONS—CHEAPNESS OF LIVING—MY DEPARTURE.

I BELIEVE if I had remained much longer in Spain, I should have become infected with a belief in the superstitions of the peasantry. For every thing respires romance there. Particularly in Grenada, where the Moors lingered longest, and impressed most deeply upon the soil their poetic fancies and fervid temperament. The soft languor of the atmosphere predisposes the mind to a dreamy voluptuousness where, on indulgence, the ideal seems to assume the breathing form of the actual.

Most current and most earnest of all the popular traditions is the one that, on the eve of St. John, unlocks the gates of the subterranean cave, wherein the rest of the year Boabdil and his Moorish retinue are held enthralled, and sends them forth with many an emblazoned banner and gorgeous equipage, with richly dressed cavaliers and knights in gallant armor, with cymbal and trumpet, and all the pomp of war, to revisit the scenes of their former glories. And many a peasant with horror-stricken countenance will tell you how, belated on the mountains past the witching hour of night, he has seen the gorgeous cavalcade, with banner and pennon displayed, sweep down the mountain-

side. Other superstitions hardly less romantic, gain equal credence, and engross the popular ear. Hearing these continually, and finding them mostly believed in, you begin from sympathy to accord them at first ready entertainment, and then partial credence. Had I passed the eve of St. John on the Sierra del Sol, with the multitude of both sexes, I too should have been fully prepared for the pageantry of the Moorish king.

Beside the popular traditions and legends, the novel manners, picturesque individuality, and national customs impress a stranger deeply. Now in Paris we find every thing better than any where else—but little or nothing to which we have been unaccustomed. The difference is not one of kind, but degree. In Spain, on the contrary, every thing strikes us as fresh, original, peculiar. There are spectacles and institutions, costumes, and habits of life, different from all we had previously seen or understood; these we much affect after a while, and quit with reluctance. Indeed, I feel a greater desire to revisit the Andalusias than any country of which I have had experience. I liked the people; I liked the *bailes;* I liked the *corridas de toros;* I liked the *olla podrida;* I liked the *insouciance*, the devil-may-care sort of habits; I liked the *majos*, *contrabandistas*, and *picaros* generally. Indeed, I liked every thing but the *pulgas*.

Living in the Andalusias is not dear. At the best hotels the board per day is only seven and a half *pesètas*—a dollar and a half; and this includes as much *vin ordinaire* for your dinner as you wish. The table too is good, and the cooking not indifferent.

It is unnecessary, however, for me to dwell upon the agreeabilities of a sojourn in these favored regions. The previous pages have revealed in full my sentiments on the subject. Nothing, indeed, could have prevailed

upon me to leave but the hope of a speedy return. In that hope I still live.

* * * * * * * * * *

I took the steamer at Malaga for Marseilles, late in June, stopping at Carthagena, famous in the olden time, at, Valencia, the home of the Cid, and at Barcelona, the busiest city in all of Spain; and crossing the Gulf of Lyons, quietly and speedily arrived at my destination, full of grateful *souvenirs*.

THE END.

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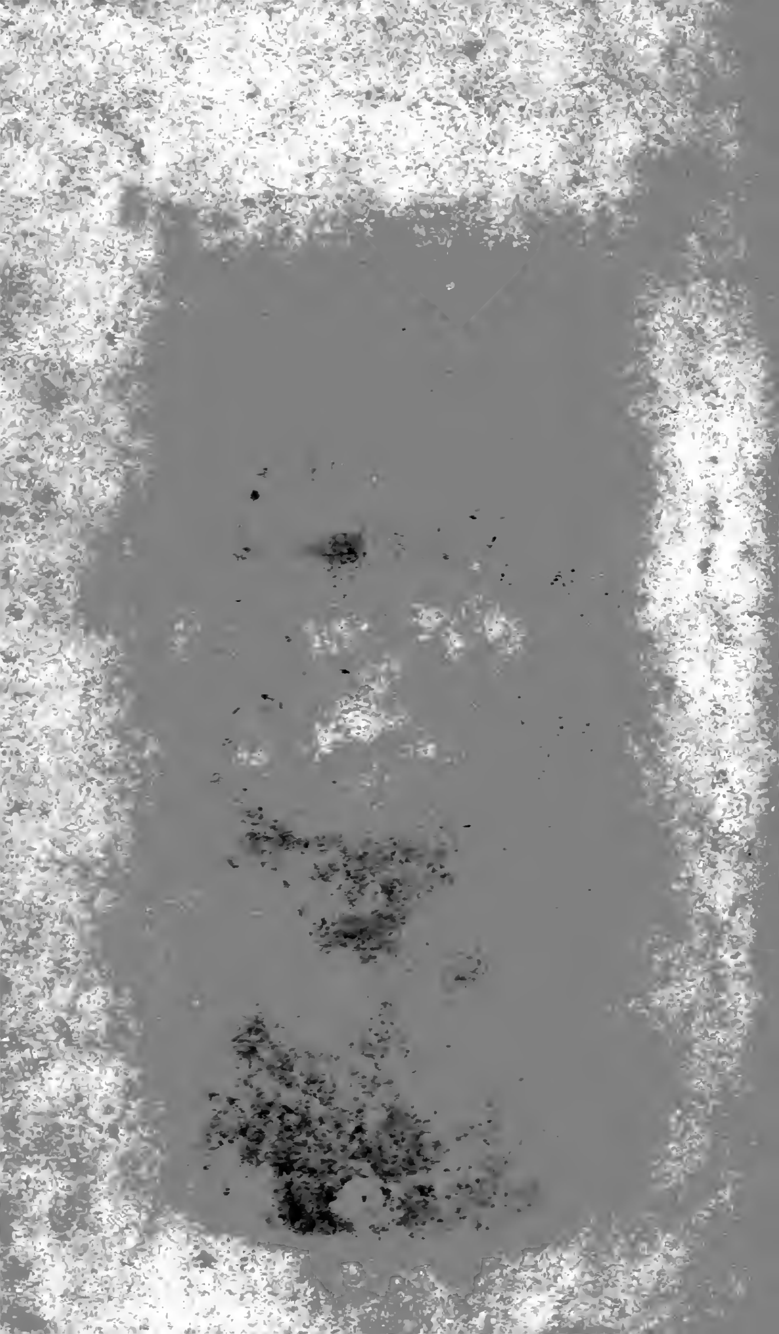

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