

appropriated to the parish: it contains paintings by Arteaga and frescos by Lucas Valdes.

In *Sⁿ. Andres* is a "Concepcion" by Montañes, with many small pictures by Villegas.

In *Sⁿ. Alberto* is a good Pacheco: the glorious *Ret^o*. by Roldan, was pulled down by the French and sold as wood for firing, when Soult turned the church into a cartridge-manufactory.

The tower of *Sⁿ. Pedro* is Moorish; observe the *artesonado* roof and the *Ret^o*: the pictures by Campana have been repainted. The "Delivery of St. Peter" is by Roelas.

Sⁿ. Juan de la Palma was a Moorish mosque dedicated to the Baptist; the Arabic inscription at the entrance records that "this great temple was rebuilt in 1080 by Axataf." The cross occupies the site of the palm, under which the dead were buried. A corpse, in 1537, hearing a rich Jew say that the mother of God was not a Virgin, rose from his grave and denounced him to the Inquisition, who burnt the sceptic and confiscated his property. Inside is a "Crucifixion" by Campana; early and hard, by whom, also, is a "Christ at the Pillar."

In *Sⁿ. Isidoro* is the masterpiece of Roelas, "*El Transito*," or the death of the titular saint. None should fail to look carefully at this superb specimen of a very great master, although much less known and appreciated than he deserves: observe the grey heads, the Correggiesque flesh tints, so much studied by Murillo, and the admirable composition. Here also is a "St. Anthony" and "St. Paul" by Campana, both repainted, and some pictures by Valdes: the "*Paso*" of El Cireneo is carved by Bernardo Gijon.

In *S^a. Maria la Blanca* are some granite columns, thought to be Roman: this was a synagogue down to 1391. Here were the fine Murillos now in the Madrid academy; the others were carried off by the French. There only remains a "Last Supper," in his *frio* style. Here is a "Dead Christ" by

L. de Vargas; very fine and Florentine, but cruelly injured and neglected.

Sⁿ. Salvador is a collegiate church. It continued in its original mosque form down to 1669, when it was rebuilt in the worst Churriguerismo: the image of *Sⁿ. Cristobal* is by Montañes. The *Patio* was the original Moorish court; here is a miraculous crucifix, *El Cristo de los Desamparados*, where countless pictures and "votive tablets" are hung up, as in the days of Horace. The sick come here for cure, and suspend legs, arms, and models of the parts benefited, made of wax, which become the fee of the priest, and from the number it is evident that he has more practice, and effects more cures, than the regular Sangrados.

Sⁿ. Vicente was founded in 300. Here, in 421, Gunderic, entering to plunder, was repulsed by fiends. Here *Sⁿ. Isidoro* died, A.D. 636: read the affecting account of his truly Christian end, by Redempto, an eye-witness; 'E. S.' ix. 402. Outside is painted the tutelary with his familiar crow holding a pitchfork in his mouth; a rudder would have been more appropriate (see p. 204). These attendant birds are an old story—Juno had a cuckoo on her sceptre (Paus. ii. 17. 4), Esculapius a cock. Inside is a painting of Christ by Morales, and some large pictures by F^o. de Varela.

In *Sⁿ. Julian* is a fresco of St. Christopher by Juan Sanctis de Castro, 1484; it was barbarously repainted in 1828. Under some shutters to the left is a "Holy Family" by him, which has escaped, and is one of the oldest paintings in Seville: the kneeling figure is one of the Tous Monsalvez family, who were buried here, and to one of whom the Virgin appeared on a broom bush, hence she is called *de la Iniesta*. Observe the *Rejas*, made of votive chains of captives delivered by her interference—a Pagan custom—"Catenam ex voto Laribus." The "Concepcion" at the altar is—some say—by Cano. The plateresque *Ret^o*. has a fine painting of *S^a. Lucia*, the papal patroness of eyes (*lux*, light).

In *Sⁿ. Martin* is a "Descent from the Cross," ascribed to Cano, but it is a Roman painting, and inscribed "J^o. Guy. Rom^o. f. año 1608:" observe the chapel of Juan Sanchez Gallego, built in 1500 and repaired in 1614. In the *Ret^o* are some early paintings by *Herrera el Viejo*.

The admirers of Roelas should visit La Academia, where is a "Conception" by him equal to Guido.

N.B. Several pictures by Roelas exist at *Olivares*, four L. N.W. of Seville, and a pleasant ride. He was canon of that church. There he painted, in 1624, a "Birth of Christ," now much injured; an "Adoration;" an "Annunciation;" a "Marriage of the Virgin;" the "Death of St. Joseph:" but although his last they are not his best works. Here he died April 23, 1625.

The *Calle de la Sierpe*, the Bondstreet of Seville, leads to the *Plaza del Duque*, where the great Dukes of Medina Sidonia had their palace. This central square is planted, and forms the fashionable nocturnal promenade during the summer months: it is a miniature Vauxhall, the lamps being omitted, as the dusk is better for those who, like glow-worms, need no other light than their own bright eyes; and the moon, which cannot ripen grapes, certainly here ripens love. But in these torrid climes the rays of the cold chaste orb of Dian are considered more dangerous than the *tabardillo* or *coup de soleil*: "*mas quema la Luna, que el Sol*," the moon burns more than the sun; and it must be remembered that the Spanish man is peculiarly combustible; being *fire* according to the proverb, and the woman being *tow*, the smallest puff of the evil one creates an awful conflagration.

"*El hombre es fuego, la muger estopa,
Viene el diablo y sopla.*"

Continuing from this plaza, walk by the church of *Sⁿ. Vicente* to the *Alameda Vieja*, the ancient but now deserted walk of Seville. The water of the fountain here, *del Arzobispo*, is excellent. Look at the Roman pillars and

statues (see p. 246). Here reside the horse-dealers and jockeys, and cattle-dealing continually goes on.

June is the great month for *Veladas*, vigils, and wakes: these nocturnal observances are kept on the eve preceding the holy day: the chief is that on the 24th, *El día de San Juan*, and is celebrated on this old Alameda, which then presents a singularly Pagan scene. This St. John's, our midsummer eve, is devoutly dedicated to flirtation by both sexes. In some places the parties go out at daybreak to gather vervain, *coger la verbena*, which represents in Spain the magical fern-seed of our forefathers. Bonfires are lighted, in sign of rejoicings—like the *bon-feu* of our Guy Fauxes—over and through which the lower classes leap; all this is the exact manner by which the ancients celebrated the entrance of the sun into the summer solstice. The fires of Cybele were kindled at midnight. The jumping over them was not merely a feat of activity, but of meritorious devotion (Ovid. 'Fast.' iv. 727):

"*Certe ego transilii positas ter ordine
flammas.*"

This pagan custom of passing through the fire of Baal or Moloch was expressly forbidden in the year 680, at the 5th council of Constantinople, to which the younger classes of Sevillians are as scandalously inattentive as the Irish are to their similar Baal-tinné.

To the left of the fountain is a barrack of tattered invalids; it once was a convent of Jesuits, and when that order was suppressed was given up to the Inquisition. The edifice is rather cheerful than forbidding; it partakes more of the attraction of its first proprietors than of the horror of its second. It was entirely dismantled by the populace, and contains no record of its dungeons and torture rooms: now it is fast hastening to ruin, and is, in all respects, a fit abode for its inmates.

Turning to the r. is *La Feria*, where a fair is held every Thursday, which all should visit; it is the precise Soock e

juma of Cairo; the street leads to the *Pa. de la Encarnacion*—now the market-place, to construct which the French pulled down a convent dedicated to the Incarnation. Here the naturalist will study the fish, flesh, fruits, and fowls; the fish and game are excellent, as is also the pork, when fattened by the autumnal acorn, the *bellota*. Instinct teaches these *feræ naturæ* to fatten themselves on the good things which a bountiful nature provides. The meats which require artificial care, and the attention of man, are of the worst description; the beef would be burnt at Leadenhall market, as unfit for human food; however, not much of it is eaten. Observe the purchases made, the two-ounce "joints" of meat or carrion, for the poverty-stricken *olla, parsimonious* as in the time of Justin (xliv. 2). It must be remembered, that in this burning climate less animal food is necessary than in the cold north. The caloric thereby generated is exactly what is most to be avoided; the daily rations of fourteen pounds of rein-deer per man of our Hudson Bay Company arctic explorers, would feed half a regiment of Andalusian *Bisnoños*. "Dis-moi ce que tu manges, et je te dirai ce que tu es," says Brillat Savarin; and what is sold in shops and markets is a sure test of the wants, habits, wealth, and civilization of a country. Everything, however, is relative; for the Spanish proverb considers the man who dines in Seville as especially favoured by heaven, "*a quien Dios quiere bien, en Sevilla le da a comer*;" but not one of our readers will think so.

In the *Ce. del Candillejo* is a bust of Don Pedro, placed, it is said, in memorial of his having here stabbed a man. The *Rey Justiciero* quartered himself in effigy only. His and Lord Byron's "friend," Don Juan was a Sevillian *majo*, and a true *hidalgo*. The family name was Tenorio; he lived in a house now belonging to the nuns of *San Leandro*, in which there is some good carving. (For his real pedigree, see 'Quar. Rev.' cxvii. 82.)

Look also at the extraordinary *Azulejo* portal of *Sa. Paula* of the time of the Catholic kings; the carvings in the chapel are by Cano. The French carried off all the pictures. Here are sepulchres of Juan, constable of Portugal, and Isabel his wife, the founders.

Those who wish to sup on horrors may visit the foundling hospital, or *La Cuna*, as it is called in Spain, as if it were the cradle, not the coffin, of miserable infants. Most large cities in Spain have one of these receptacles; the principal being in the Levitical towns, and the natural fruit of a rich celibate clergy, both regular and secular. *La cuna*, or *casa de espositos*, may be defined as a place where innocents are massacred, and natural children, deserted by their unnatural parents, are provided for by being slowly starved. These hospitals were first founded at Milan in 787, by a priest named Dathæus. This Seville one was established in 1558 by the clergy of the Cathedral, and is managed by twelve directors, six lay and six canons; few ever attend or contribute, save in subjects. The hospital is situate in the *Calle de la Cuna*; a marble tablet is thus inscribed, near an aperture left for charitable donations:—"Quoniam pater meus et mater mea deliquerunt me Dominus autem assumpsit" (Ps. xxvii. 10).

A wicket door, *el torno*, is pierced in the wall, which opens on being tapped to receive the sinless children of sin; and a nurse sits up at night to take in those exposed by parents, who hide their guilt in darkness.

"Toi que l'amour fit par un crime,
Et que l'amour défait par un crime à
son tour,
Funeste ouvrage de l'amour,
De l'amour funeste victime."

Some of the babies are already dying, and are put in here in order to avoid the expense of funeral; others are almost naked, while a few are well supplied with linen and necessaries. These latter are the offspring of the better classes, by whom a temporary concealment is de-

sired. With such the most affecting letters are left, praying the nurses to take more than usual care of a child which will surely be one day reclaimed; a mark or ornament is generally fastened to the infant, in order that it may be identified hereafter, if claimed. Such was the custom in antiquity. Thus Sostrata mentions a *ring* being left as a mark with an exposed girl (Terence, *Heau.* iv. i. 36). These *cunas* are the *βρεφοτροφεία* of the ancients, and these distinguishing marks are the *Γνωρισματα* or *crepundia*. Every particular regarding every exposed babe is registered in a book—a sad record of human crime and remorse.

Those children which are afterwards reclaimed pay two reals for every day during which the hospital has maintained them; but no attention is paid to the appeals for particular care, or the promise of redemption, for Spaniards seldom trust each other. Unless some name is sent with it, the child is baptized with one given by the matron, and it usually is that of the saint of the day of its admission. The number is very great, and is rapidly increasing with increasing poverty, while the funds destined to support the charges decrease from the same cause. There is a certain and great influx nine months after the Holy week and Christmas, when the whole city, male and female, pass the night in kneeling to relics and images, &c.: accordingly, in January and November, the daily numbers often exceed the usual average by fifteen to twenty.

There is always a supply of wet nurses at the *Cuna*, but they are generally such as cannot obtain situations in private families; the usual allotment is three children to one nurse. Sometimes, when a woman is looking out for a place as wet-nurse, and is anxious not to lose her breast of milk, she goes, in the meanwhile, to the *Cuna*, when the poor child who draws it off plumps up a little, and then, when the supply is withdrawn, withers and dies. The appointed nurses

dole out their milk, not according to the wants of the infants, but their number. Some few are farmed out to poor mothers who have lost their own babe; they receive about eight shillings a month, and these are the children which have the best chance of surviving, for no woman who has been a mother, and has given suck, when left alone, will willingly let an attaching infant die. The nurses of the *Cuna* are familiar with starvation, and even if their milk of human kindness were not soured, they have not the means of satisfying their hungry number. The proportion who die is frightful; it is, indeed, an organized system of infanticide. Death is a mercy to the child, and a saving to the establishment; a man's life never was worth much in Spain, much less that of a deserted baby. The exposure at the *Cynosarges* of the Athenians, the caves of *Taygetus* of the Spartans, the *Columna Lactaria* of the Romans, were, if possible, less cruel than the protracted dying in these Spanish charnel-houses. This *Cuna*, when last we visited it, was managed by an inferior priest, who, a true Spanish *administrador*, misapplied the funds. He became rich, like *Gil Blas*' overseer at *Valladolid*, by taking care of the property of the poor and fatherless; his well-garnished quarters and portly self were in strange contrast with the condition of his wasted charges. Of these, the sick and dying are separated from the healthy; the former are placed in a large room, once the saloon of state, whose gilded roof and fair proportions mock the present misery. The infants are laid on dirty mattresses placed on the floor, and are left unheeded and unattended. Their large heads, shrivelled necks, hollow eyes, and wan wax fingers, are shadowed with coming death. Called into existence by no wish or fault of their own, their brief span is run out ere begun, while their mother is far away exclaiming, "Quand j'aurai assez pleuré sa naissance, je pleurerai sa mort."

Those who are more healthy lie

paired in cradles arranged along a vast room, but famine is in their cheeks, need starveth in their eyes, and their shrill cry pains the ear on passing the threshold: from their being underfed, they are restless and ever moaning. Some, the newly exposed, just parted from their mother's breast, having sucked their last farewell, look plump and rosy, they sleep soundly, blind to the future, and happily unconscious of their fate.

About one in twelve survives to idle about the hospital, ill clad, ill fed, and worse taught. The boys are destined for the army, the girls for domestic service. They grow up to be selfish and unaffectionate; they have never known what kindness was; their young hearts are closed ere they open; "the world is not their friend, nor the world's law." It is on their heads that the barber learns to shave, and on them are visited the sins of their parents; having had none to care for them, none to love, they revenge themselves by hating mankind. Their occupation consists in speculating on who their parents may be, and whether they will some day be reclaimed and become rich. A few occasionally are adopted by benevolent and childless people, who, visiting the *Cuna*, take a fancy to an interesting infant; but the child is liable ever after to be given up to its parents, should they reclaim it. Townshend (i. 134) mentions an Oriental custom at Barcelona, where the girls when marriageable were paraded in procession through the streets, and any desirous of taking a wife, was at liberty to select his object by "throwing his handkerchief." This Spanish custom still prevails at Naples.

Seville is surrounded with suburbs; the circuit round the walls contains many objects of first-rate interest. We shall commence going out from the *Calle de las Armas*, by the *Puerta Real*, the Royal Gate, through which St. Ferdinand entered in triumph. It was called by the Moors *Goles*, which the Sevillians, who run wild about

Hercules, consider to be a corruption from that name; it is simply the gate of *Gules*, a Moorish suburb (Conde, iii. 35). Emerging from a dip to the r. is the *Colegio de Merced*, or *Sⁿ. Laureano*, which was desecrated by the French, and made a prison for galley-slaves by the Spaniards; behind it are the ruins of the house of Fernando Columbus. The suburb is called *Los Humeros*. Here were the *tunnels*, and Moorish dock-yard. It is supposed to have been the site of the Roman naval arsenal. It is now tenanted by gipsies, the *Zincali*; Seville in their Romany is called *Ulilla* and *Safacoro*, and the Guadalquivir, *Len Baro*, or the Great River. Here always resides some old hag who will get up a *funcion*, or gipsy dance (see p. 188). Here will be seen the dark-eyed *caltees*, and their lovers armed with shears, *para monrabur*. Here lives the true blood, the *errate*, who abhor the rest of mankind, the *busné*. Our good *pat* Borrow's accurate vocabulary is the key to the gitanesque heart, for according to him they have hearts and souls. As the existence of this extraordinary work of the Gil Blas of gipsies is unknown to them, they will be disarmed when they find the stranger speaking their own tongue; thus those who have a wish to see the fancy and *majo* life at Seville, which is much the fashion among many of the young nobles, will possess *la clé du caveau*, and singular advantages.

Turning to the r., between the river banks and the walls, is the *Patin de las Damas*, a raised rampart and planted walk, made in 1773. The city on this side is much exposed to inundations. Opposite in its orange groves was what once was the *Cartuja* convent; beyond rise the towers of Italica, and the purple hills of the *Sierra Morena*.

Passing the gate of Sⁿ. Juan is *La Barqueta*, or the ferry boat. In the *Chozas* opposite true ichthyophiles go to eat the shad, *Savalo*, the Moorish Shebbel. *Los Huevos* and *Savalo asado* are the correct thing. This rich fish is unwholesome in summer. Here also *El Sollo*,

the sturgeon, is caught, *one* of which the chapter used to send to the royal table, reserving the many others for their own. The walls now turn to the r. Half a mile outside is the once noble convent of St. Jerome, called, from its pleasant views, *La buena vista*. The *Patio*, in Doric and Ionic worthy of Herrera, was designed by two monks Bart^e. de Calzadilla and Felipe de Moron, in 1603. It is now a glass manufactory. Here Axataf took his last farewell of Seville, when St. Ferd. entered. Returning by gardens hedged with aloe and tall whispering canes, is Sⁿ. Lazaro, the *Leper Hospital*, founded in 1284: the term *gafó*, leper, the Hebrew chaphaph, was one of the 5 actionable defamatory words of Spanish law. Observe the terra cotta ornaments on the Doric façade. The interior is miserable, as the funds of this true Lazar house are converted by the trustees chiefly to their own use. Here will be seen cases of elephantiasis, the hideous swelled leg, a disease common in Barbary, and not rare in Andalusia, and which is extended by the charity-imploring patient in the way of the passenger, whose eye is startled and pained by what at first seems a huge cankered boa-constrictor. These hospitals were always placed outside the cities; so, among the Jews, "lepers were put out of the camp" (Numb. v. 2). The plague-stricken were compelled to dwell alone (Lev. xiii. 46).

A Moorish causeway, raised in order to be a dam against inundations, leads to *La Macarena*, the huge *La Sangre* Hospital rising to the r.; this is the suburb of the poor and agricultural labourers. The tattered and party-coloured denizens of all ages and sexes, the children often stark-naked, *vêtus du climat*, as in Barbary, and like bronze cupids, cluster outside their hovels in the sun. Their carts, implements, and animals are all pictures; everything seems naturally to fall into a painter's group, which so seldom is the case with the lower classes in England. It is a *tableau vivant*,

and particularly as regards certain "small deer," *caza menor*, for which a regular battue is always going on in the thick preserves of the women's hair. The occupation possibly may neither be cleanly or genteel, but as a ragged Spanish *resguardo* is worth half a dozen French marshals for a foreground in a sketch, so these ladies and their pursuits do better on canvas than would all the patronesses of Almack's. Here it was that Murillo came for subject and colour, here are the rich yellows and browns in which he revelled, here are beggars, imps, and urchins, who with their parents, when simply transcribed by his faithful hand, make such exquisite pictures, for their life and reality carries every spectator away.

Continuing the walk, turn l. to the *Hospital de la Sangre*; it is also called *de las cinco Llagas*, the 5 bleeding wounds of our Saviour, which are sculptured like bunches of grapes. Blood is an ominous name for this house and home of *Sangrado*, where the lancet, like the Spanish knife, gives no quarter. This hospital was erected in 1546 for Catalina de Ribera, by Martin de Gainza and Hernan Ruiz. The intention of the foundress was perfect, the performance of her successors incomplete; after her death the funds were misapplied, and the building now remains, and will remain, unfinished.

The grand court-yard is very classical, and the portal is one of the good architectural bits in Seville; observe the medallions of Faith, Hope, and Charity, sculptured on the front of the chapel by Pedro Machuca; the chapel is a Greek cross, with Ionic pillars; the *Ret^e* of the high altar was designed by Maeda in 1600, and gilt by Alonso Vasquez, whose pictures in it have suffered from neglect and repainting. Observe the "Crucifixion," with the "Magdalen," and some females by Zurbaran, of no great merit.

La Sangre, as far as medical purposes go, does small credit to science and humanity. Wanting in almost everything at the critical moment, it is a fair

specimen of the provincial hospitals of Spain, with a few exceptions.

Returning to the city walls, observe *la Barbacena*, the Barbican; the circumscription all the way to the gate of *Osoño* is admirably preserved: it is built of *tapia*, with square towers and battlements, or *almenas*, which girdle Seville with a lace-like fringe. Opposite the hermitage of *Sⁿ. Hermenegildo*, where *Herrera el Viejo* was imprisoned, is the *Capuchinos*, long adorned by the *Murillos*, now in the *Museo*; near the *Puerta del Sol*, the most E. gate, are *Los Trinitarios Descalzos*, the site of the palace of *Diogenianus*, where *Justina* and *Rufina* were put to death (see p. 249): this fine convent was desecrated by the French. Passing the long fantastic *salitres*, the saltpetre manufactory at the gate of *Carmona*, the scene becomes more lively. To the l. is *Sⁿ. Agustin*, once full of *Murillos*; the French having carried off the best, gutted the convent, and destroyed the magnificent sepulchres of the *Ponce de Leon* family, and rifled the graves: the tombs were restored in 1818 by the Countess Duchess of *Osuna*, and an indignant record placed of these outrages. Now this convent has been made a den of thieves, a prison for galley-slaves. This side of Seville suffered somewhat from the bombardment in July, 1843.

The long lines of the aqueduct, *Los Caños de Carmona*, now run picturesquely up to the *Humilladero* or *Cruz del Campo* (see p. 237). The next gate is *la Carne*, which once led into the Jews' quarter. To the l. is the suburb *Sⁿ. Bernardo*, which must be visited; the mounds of earth are composed of the collected heaps of Seville dust-holes; a planted walk leads to the *Fundicion*, the artillery foundry erected by *Charles III.*, and then one of the finest in Europe; now it is one of the worst, for Spain has stood still, and let other nations pass her by; here the power of motion is obtained by *maquinas de sangre*, engines of blood, not steam, and murderous is the waste of animal labour. *Soult* reorganized this

establishment. Here were cast those mortars with which *Victor* did not take *Cadiz*, while one of them does ornament *St. James's Park*, relic *tâ non bene parmulâ*. *Soult*, before he fled, ordered the foundry to be blown up, but the mine accidentally failed. The furnaces were then filled with iron, and with those cannon which he could not remove; but the amalgamated masses were subsequently got out by the *Spaniards*, and remain as evidence of his cuisine *Française*. The relic is called *la torta Francesa*, or French omelette. A darker crime was planned and perpetrated; a flint was placed in the wheel of a powder-mill, which, when set in motion, struck against a steel; and thus, by this cowardly contrivance, *Col. Duncan* and other men were blown to atoms. (*Conder's 'Spain,'* ii. 14.) The *Junta*, on *Soult's* departure, sent an order to destroy the foundry, fearing the French might return: this was disobeyed by the officer, *F^{ro}. de la Reyna*, who was rewarded by being made a *canon* of the *Seville Cathedral*; a very usual mode of pensioning officers, and a church militant system decreed by the *Cortes*. This *Reyna* lived afterwards in *Murillo's* house, and was fonder of gunpowder than incense, of cannons than canons. "I knew him well, *Horatio!* a fellow of infinite jest." The splendid *cinque cento* artillery, cast in Italy at a time when form and grace were breathed even over instruments of death, were carried off by *Angoulême* in 1823. The *Bourbon* was the ally of *Ferd. VII.*; *Soult* was, at least, his enemy.

In this suburb was the celebrated *Porta Celi* (*Cœli*), founded in 1450; here were printed, under extraordinary precautions, for in fact they were bank notes, the *papal bulls*, by which indulgence was given to eat meat in Lent, and on certain fast days. This *Bula de Cruzada* was so called because granted by *Innocent III.*, to keep the *Spanish crusaders* in fighting condition, by letting them eat meat rations when they could get them. This, the bull,

la Bula, is announced with grand ceremony every January, when the civic authorities go *en coche* to the cathedral: a new one is taken out every year, like a game certificate, by all who wish to sport with a safe conscience with flesh and fowl; and by the paternal kindness of the Pope, instead of paying 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*, for the small sum of *dos reales*, 6*d.*, a man, woman, or child may obtain this benefit of clergy and cookery: but woe awaits the uncertificated poacher—treadmills for life are a farce—perdition catches his soul, the last sacraments are denied to him on his death-bed; the first question asked by the priest is not if he repents of his sins, but whether he has his *bula*: and in all notices of indulgences, &c., *Se ha de tener la bula*, is appended. The bull acts on all fleshly, but sinful comforts, like soda on indigestion; it neutralizes everything except heresy. The sale of these bulls produces about 200,000*l.*; for in a religion of forms, as in the *Ramadan* of the East, the breaking one fast during Lent inspires more horror than breaking any two commandments; and few genuine Spaniards can, in spite of their high breeding, disguise the disgust with which they see English eating meat breakfasts during Lent. It sometimes disarms them by saying “*tengo mi bula para todo.*” The French burnt the printing presses, and converted everything into a ruin.

The *Parroquia de Sⁿ. Bernardo* contains a superb “Last Judgment,” by the dashing *Herrera el Viejo*: a “Last Supper,” by *Varela*, 1622; and a statue of the “*Tutelar*,” by *Montañes*. Here also is the *matalero*, the slaughter-house, and close by *Ferd. VII.* founded his tauromachian university (see p. 178). These localities are frequented by the Seville fancy, the *majos crudos*, and *toreros*: here the favourite and classical dishes of a sort of tripe, *callos y menudos*, are still eaten in perfection. See *Pliny*, ‘N. H.’ viii. 51, as to the merits of the *Callum*. N.B. Drink manzanilla wine with these peppery condiments; they are highly provocative, and,

like hunger, *la Salsa de San Bernardo*, are appropriately cooked in the parish of this tutelary of appetite, *buen provecho le haga a Vmd.*

The sunny flats under the old Moorish walls, which extend between the gates of *Carmona* and *La Carne*, are the haunts of idlers and gamblers. The lower classes of Spaniards are constantly gambling at cards: groups are to be seen playing all day long for wine, love, or coppers, in the sun, or under their vine-trellises. There is generally some well-known cock of the walk, a bully, or *guapo*, who will come up and lay his hand on the cards, and say, “No one shall play here but with mine”—*aqui no se juega sino con mis barajas*. If the gamblers are cowed, they give him *dos cuartos*, a halfpenny each. If, however, one of the challenged be a spirited fellow, he defies him. *Aqui no se cobra el barato sino con un puñal de Albacete*—“You get no change here except out of an Albacete knife.” If the defiance be accepted, *vamos alla* is the answer—“Let’s go to it.” There’s an end then of the cards, all flock to the more interesting *écarté*; instances have occurred, where Greek meets Greek, of their tying the two advanced feet together, and yet remaining fencing with knife and cloak for a quarter of an hour before the blow be dealt. The knife is held firmly, the thumb is pressed straight on the blade, and calculated either for the cut or thrust, to chip bread and kill men.

The term *Barato* strictly means the present which is given to waiters who bring a new pack of cards. The origin is Arabic, *Baara*, “a voluntary gift;” in the corruption of the *Baratero*, it has become an involuntary one: now the term resembles the Greek *βαρῆρος*, homo perditus, whence the Roman *Balatrones*, the ruiners of markets, *Barathrumque Macelli*; our legal term *Barratry* is derived from the medieval *Barrateria*, which *Ducange* very properly interprets as “cheating, foul play.” *Sancho’s* sham government was of *Barateria*; *Baratar*, in old Spanish,

meant to exchange unfairly, to thimble-rig, to sell anything under its real value, whence the epithet *barato*, cheap. The *Baratero* is quite a thing of Spain, where personal prowess is cherished. There is a *Baratero* in every regiment, ship, prison, and even among galley-slaves. For the Spanish knife, its use and abuse, see *Albacete*.

The space near the *P^a* de la Carne on *Sabato Santo*, which is equivalent to our Easter Monday, offers a singular and picturesque scene. In the afternoon the traveller should not fail to go outside the city walls, where, under the crumbling Moorish battlements and long arches of the aqueduct, the Paschal lambs are sold, or *corderos de Pascua*, as Easter is termed in Spanish. The bleating animals are confined in pens of netted rope-work; on every side the work of slaughter is going on; gipsies erect temporary shambles on this occasion; groups of children are everywhere leading away pet lambs, which are decorated with ribbons and flowers. The amateur will see in them and in their attitudes the living originals from which Murillo faithfully copied his *St. Johns* and the infant Saviour, *el divino Pastor*. Peasants mingle among them, carrying lambs on their shoulders, holding the four legs together on their necks, making with the animal a tippet exactly in the form so frequently seen in antique bassi relievi and in Spanish paintings of the adoration of the shepherds. This buying and selling continues from the Saturday until the end of Monday.

The huge mounds of rubbish opposite are composed of the accumulated dung-holes of Seville, and under them are buried those who die of plagues, which these Rome-like *Immondezzaios* are enough to render endemic.

Returning to the walls are the cavalry barracks, in which horses and saddles are occasionally wanting. Now the Alcazar towers above the battle-mented girdle of walls. The classical gate, *S^{ra}* Fernando, was built in 1760: here it was that the Virgin miraculously

introduced St. Ferdinand into Seville during the siege.

The large building to the l. is the *Fabrica de Tabacos*, where tobacco is made into snuff and cigars. The edifice, in size at least, is a tobacco Escorial: it has 28 interior *patios*. The enormous space covers a quadrangle of 662 feet by 524. It was built in vile taste in 1757 by one Vandembeer, a fantastic Dutchman. It is guarded by a moat, not destined to prevent men getting in, but cigars being smuggled out. In the under-floor a fine rappee snuff is made, called *tobaco de fraile*: it is coloured with red *almagra*, an earth brought from Cartagena. You come out powdered as with rhu-barb, and sneezing lustily. The use of tobacco, now so universal among all classes in Spain, was formerly confined to this snuff, the sole solace of a celibate clergy. The Duc de St. Simon (xix. 125) mentions, in 1721, that the Conde de Lemos passed his time in *smoking* to dissipate his grief for having joined the party of the Archduke Charles—"chose fort extraordinaire *en Espagne*, où on ne prend du tabac que par le nez."

The cigar manufactories of Spain are in fact the only ones in really full work (see p. 193). The many thousand pairs of hands employed at Seville are principally female: a good workwoman can make in a day from ten to twelve bundles, *atados*, each of which contains fifty cigars; but their tongues are busier than their fingers, and more mischief is made than cigars. Walk over the establishment. Very few of them are good-looking, yet these *cigareras* are among the lions of Seville, and, like the grisettes of Paris, form a class of themselves. They are reputed to be more impertinent than chaste; they wear a particular *mantilla de tiro* (see p. 198), which is always crossed over the face and bosom, allowing the upper part only of most roguish-looking features to peep out. These ladies undergo an ingeniously-minute search on leaving

their work, for they sometimes carry off the filthy weed in a manner her most Catholic majesty never dreamt of.

On the flat plain outside the walls, called *El Prado de S^o. Sebastian*, was the *Quemadero*, or the burning-place of the Inquisition: here the last act of the tragedy of the *auto de fe* was performed by the civil power, on whom the odium was cast, while the populace, in the words of Cæsar, "sceleris obliiti de pœnâ disserebant." The spot of fire is marked by the foundations of a square platform on which the faggots were piled. Here, in 1780, a *beata*, or female saint, was burnt, for taking upon herself the heretical office of hatching eggs. Townshend, however (ii. 342), says that she was very bewitching, and had a successful monomania for seducing clergymen.

The Spaniards are still very shy of talking about the *Quemadero*; sons of burnt fathers they dread the fire. *Con el Rey y la Inquisicion, chiton! chiton! Hush! hush!* say they, with finger on lip, like the image of silence, with King and Inquisition. As the swell of the Atlantic remains after the hurricane is past, so distrust and scared apprehension form part of the uncommunicative Spaniard in dealing with Spaniard. "How silent you are," said the Queen of Prussia to Euler. "Madam," replied he, "I have lived in a country where men who speak are hanged." The burnings of torrid Spain would have better suited the temperature of Russia. The effects are, however, the same; an engine of mystery hung over the nation, like the sword of Damocles; invisible spies, more terrible than armed men, omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent, aimed at every attribute of the Almighty, save his justice and mercy. The dread of the Inquisition, from whence no secrets were hid, locked up the Spanish heart, soured the sweet charities of life, prevented frank and social communication, which relieves and improves. Hospitality became dangerous, when confidence might open the mind, and wine give utterance to

long-hidden thought. Such was the fear-engendered silence under Roman tyranny, as described by Tacitus (Agr. 2): "Adempto per *inquisitiones* et loquendi et audiendi commercio, memoriam quoque ipsam cum voce perdidissemus, si tam in nostrâ potestate esset oblivisci quam tacere."

It is as well, therefore, here as elsewhere, to avoid jesting or criticism on this matter; *Con el ojo y la fe, nunca me burlaré*. Spaniards, who, like Moslems, allow themselves a wide latitude in laughing at their priests, are very touchy on every subject connected with their creed: it is a remnant of the loathing of heresy and their dread of a tribunal which they think sleepeth, but is not dead, scotched rather than killed. In the changes and chances of Spain it may be re-established, and as it never forgets or forgives, it will surely revenge. No king, cortes, or constitution, ever permits in Spain any approach to any religious toleration; the spirit of the Inquisition is alive; all abhor and brand with eternal infamy the descendants of those convicted by this tribunal; the stain is indelible, and the stigma, if once affixed on any unfortunate family, is known in every town, by the very children in the street.

The Inquisition, a tribunal of bad faith, bigotry, confiscation, blood, and fire, was derived from France. It was imitated by St. Domenick, who learnt his trade under Simon de Montfort, the exterminator of the Protestant Albigenses. It was remodelled on Moorish principles, the *garrote* and furnace being the bowstring and fire of the Moslem, who burnt the bodies of the infidel to prevent the ashes from becoming relics (Reinaud., 'Inv. des Sarasins,' 145).

Spanish cities have contended for the honour of which was the first seat of this *holy* tribunal, once the great glory and boast of Spain, and elsewhere her foul disgrace. This, says Mariana (xxv. 1), was the secret of her invincible greatness, since "the instant the holy office acquired its due power and

authority, a *new light* shone over the land, and, by divine favour, the forces of Spain became sufficient to eradicate and beat down the Moor."

Seville was head-quarters of these bright fires. The great claim put forth in 1627 for the beatification of St. Ferdinand was, that he had carried faggots himself to burn heretics. But the spirit of the age was then fanatically ferocious. Philip le Bel, his cousin, and son of Saint Louis, tortured and burnt the templars by a slow fire near his royal garden. The *holy tribunal*—for *el delincuente honrado* runs through Spanish nomenclature—was first fixedly established at Seville, in 1481, by Sixtus IV., at the petition of Ferdinand, who used it as an engine of finance, police, and revenge. He assigned to it the citadel of Triana (see p. 282). Tomas de Torquemada was the first high-priest. Thus were revived in his own town the fire and blood of the sacrifice of Moloch (Meleck, the Phœnician king, Hercules). Torquemada was the willing instrument of the fanatic Ximenez. The statistics of the Inquisition, or the results, to use Bossuet's mild phrase, of "the holy severity of the church of Rome, which will not tolerate error," according to Moreau de Jonnes, are as follows:—

| Epochs. | Burnt Alive. | Burnt in effigy. | Prison and Galleys |
|-------------------|--------------|------------------|--------------------|
| From 1481 to 1498 | 10,200 | 6,840 | 97,370 |
| " 1498 ,, 1517 | 2,592 | 829 | 32,952 |
| " 1517 ,, 1519 | 3,561 | 2,232 | 48,059 |
| " 1519 ,, 1521 | 1,620 | 560 | 21,855 |
| " 1521 ,, 1523 | 324 | 112 | 4,448 |
| " 1523 ,, 1538 | 2,250 | 1,125 | 11,250 |
| " 1538 ,, 1545 | 840 | 420 | 6,520 |
| " 1545 ,, 1556 | 1,300 | 660 | 6,600 |
| " 1556 ,, 1597 | 3,990 | 1,845 | 18,450 |
| " 1597 ,, 1621 | 1,840 | 690 | 10,716 |
| " 1621 ,, 1661 | 2,852 | 1,428 | 14,080 |
| " 1661 ,, 1700 | 1,632 | 540 | 6,502 |
| " 1700 ,, 1746 | 1,600 | 760 | 9,120 |
| " 1746 ,, 1759 | 10 | 5 | 170 |
| " 1759 ,, 1788 | — | — | 55 |
| " 1788 ,, 1808 | — | — | 42 |
| | 34,611 | 18,048 | 288,109 |

By it too were lost to poor, uncommercial, indolent Spain, her wealthy Jews, and her most industrious agriculturists, the Moors. The dangerous engine, when the supply of victims was exhausted, recoiled on the nation, and fitted it for that yoke heavy and grievous under which for three centuries it has done penance; the works of Llorente have fully revealed the secrets of the tribunal's prison-house. The best account of an *Auto de Fe* is the official report of José del Olmo, 4to. published at Madrid in 1680.

Near the *Quemadero* is Sⁿ. Diego, a suppressed Jesuit convent, and given in 1784 to Mr. Wetherell, who was tempted by Spanish promises to exchange the climate of Snow Hill, Holborn, for torrid Andalucia. Townshend (ii. 325) gives the details. This intelligent gentleman, having established a tannery, and introduced steam machinery and workmen into Spain, was ruined by the bad faith of the government, which failed in both payments and promises. The property has now passed by a Spanish trick into other hands, who bribed the court of appeal to allow a false deed or *Escritura*. Mr. Wetherell lies buried in his garden, surrounded by those of his countrymen who have died in Seville: *requiescant in pace!*

On the other side of the plain is the great city cemetery of Sⁿ. Sebastian. Into this Romanist Necropolis no heretic is allowed to enter, if dead. The catacomb system is here adopted: a niche is granted for six or seven years, and the term can be renewed *prorogado* by a new payment. A large grave or ditch is opened every day, into which the bodies of the poor are cast like dogs, after being often first stripped by the sextons even of their rags.

This cemetery should be visited on the last night of October, or All Hallowe'en, and the vigil of All Saints' day; and again on Nov. 2, the day of All Souls. The scene is most curious and pagan (see p. 168). It is rather a fashionable promenade than a re-

ligious performance. The spot is crowded with beggars, who appeal to the tender recollections of one's deceased relations and friends. Outside a busy sale of nuts, sweetmeats, and cakes take place, and a crowd of horses, carriages, and noisy children, all vitality and mirth, which must vex the repose of the blessed souls in purgatory.

Returning from *Sⁿ. Sebastian* to Seville, the change from death at the *Puerta de Xerez* is striking: here all is life and flower. The new walk was laid out by Arjona, in honour of Christina, then the young bride of Ferd. VII. *El Salon* is a raised central saloon, with stone seats around it *para descansar un ratito*. Nothing can be more national and picturesque than this promenade of an afternoon, when all the "rank and fashion" assemble, to say nothing of the lower classes in their Andalucian fancy-ball costume. Beyond, on the bank of the river, are *Las Delicias*, a charming ride and walk. Here is the botanical garden. This was suggested by the M^s. de las Amarillas (Gen^l. Giron); but, although approved of by the government, for four years nothing was done. Four days after Amarillas became Capⁿ. General, the same Arjona, who had hitherto thwarted it, because not his own scheme, now was the first to lay it out. But, as in the East, a dog is obeyed in office.

Next observe the ridiculous churrigueresque nautical college of San Telmo. It was founded by Fernando, son of Columbus. The present edifice was built in 1682 by Ant^o. Rodriguez. Here the middies were taught navigation in a room, from a small model of a three-decker; thus they are not exposed to sea-sickness. The Infant Antonio, appointed by Ferd. VII. Lord High Admiral of Spain, was walking in the Retiro gardens near the pond, when it was proposed to cross in a boat; he declined, saying, "Since I sailed from Naples to Spain I have never ventured on water" (Schep. i. 56). The Spanish

Lords of the Admiralty rely much on San Telmo (see Tuy), who unites in himself the attributes of Castor and Pollux; he appears in storms at the mast-head, with a light, or the *Lucida sidera* of Horace. Hence, whenever it comes on to blow, the pious crew fall on their knees, depending on this marine Hercules. Our tars, who love the sea, *propter se*, for better for worse, having no San Telmo to help them in foul weather (although the somewhat irreverent gunner of the Victory did call him of Trafalgar Saint Nelson), go to work and perform the miracle themselves—*aide toi, et le ciel t'aidera*; but things are managed differently on the Thames and the Bætis. Thus, near Greenwich Hospital, a floating frigate, large as life, is the school of young chips, who every day behold in the veterans of Cape St. Vincent and Trafalgar living examples of having "done their duty." The evidence of former victories thus becomes a guarantee for the realisation of their young hopes, and the future is assured by the past.

The *Puerta de Xerez*, said to be built by Hercules (*Hercules me edificó*, p. 244), was at all events rebuilt in 1561. The Moorish walls hang over the reedy Tagarete, and once were painted in fresco. Up to 1821 they connected the Alcazar with the out-post tower, *La torre del Oro*, "of gold;" *La torre de Plata*, that "of silver," lies nearer the mint. These fine names are scarcely sterling, both the towers being built of Moorish *rapia*. The former tower is of course ascribed to Julius Cæsar, just as the old Babylonians attributed all ancient buildings to Semiramis. It was used by Don Pedro *el Cruel* as a prison for his enemies and his mistresses. The Spaniards have built a trumpery sentry-box on the top of this Moorish tower, where their red and yellow flag occasionally is hoisted.

Passing on is the *Aduana* or Custom-house, a hotbed of queer dealings, which lies between the *Postigos de*

Carbon and *del Aceite*: inside are some pretty old houses for the artist; on the river shore is a solitary crane, *el ingenio*, which now suffices to unload the scanty commerce of a city thus described four centuries ago by our pilgrim (Purchas, ii. 1232):—

—“Civyle! grund! that is so fre,
A paradise it is to behold,
The frutez vines and spicery thee I have told
Upon the haven all manner of merchandise,
And karekes and schippes of all device.”

Here the hungry tide-waiters look out for bribes, and an official post-captain pompously announces the arrival of a stray smack.

Close by are the *Atarazanas*, the *Dar-san'-ah*, or house of construction of the Moors, whence the Genoa term *darsena*, and our word arsenal. The present establishment was founded by Alonzo el Sabio, and his Gotho-Latin inscription still remains imbedded in the wall near the *Caridad*. Observe the blue *azulejos*, said to be from designs by Murillo, who painted the glorious pictures for the interior (see p. 263).

Near this is the modern arsenal, which is not better provided with instruments for inflicting death, than the wards of *La Sangre* are with those for preserving life. Misgoverned, ill-fated Spain, which, in her salitrose tablelands, has “villainous saltpetre” enough to blow up the world, and copper enough at *Rio Tinto*, and at *Berja*, to sheathe the Pyrenees, is of all countries the worst provided in ammunition and artillery, whether it be a *batterie de cuisine* or *de citadel*.

Adjoining the arsenal is the quarter of the dealers of *bacalao* or salted cod-fish. “You may nose them in the lobby.” This article, furnished by heretics to the most Catholic Spaniards, forms a most important item in national food. The numerous religious corporations, and fast days, necessarily required this, for fresh-water fish is rare, and sea fish almost unknown in the great central *parameras* of the Peninsula. It is true, that by buying a *Bula de Cruzada*, a licence to eat

meat was cheaply obtained; but where butchers' meat is scarce, and money scarcer, this was a mere mockery to the hungry masses. The shrivelled dried-up cod-fish is easily conveyed on muleback into uncarriageable recesses. It is much consumed all along the *tierra caliente*, or warm zone of Spain, *Alicante* being the port for the S.E. as *Seville* is for the S. portions: exposed to the scorching sun, this salt-fish is anything but sweet, and according to our notions not less rancid than the oils and butters of Spain: but to the native this gives a haut goût, as putrefaction does to the aldermanic haunch. The Spaniard would hold our Ash-Wednesday fish as tasteless and insipid, and a little tendency to bad smell is as easily masked by garlic, as pungency is by hot peppers. Our readers when on a journey are cautioned not to eat this *Bacalao*: it only creates an insatiable thirst, to say nothing of the unavailing remorse of a non-digesting stomach. Leave it therefore to the durabilia and potent solvents of muleteer gastric juices. In order to make it tolerable it ought to be put many hours *al remojo*, to soak in water, which takes out the salt and softens it: the Carthaginians and ancients knew this so well that the first praise of a good cook was *Scit muriatica ut maceret* (Plaut. ‘*Pœn.*’ i. 2. 39).

In this piscatose corner of *Seville* poverty delights to feed on the Oriental cold fried fish, and especially slices of large flounders and whiting, called familiarly *Soldaos de Pavia*, possibly in remembrance of the deficient commissariat of the victors of that day. The lower classes are great fish eaters: to this the fasts of their church and their poverty conduce. They seldom boil it, except in oil. Their principle is, when the fish has once left its native element, it ought never to touch it again. Here, as in the East, cold broiled fish is almost equivalent to meat (St. Luke, xxiv. 42). Observe the heraldic gate, *del Arsenal*, of the Strand, and a sort of Temple Bar; the open

space in front is called *la Carretería*, because here carts and carters resort; and also *el Baratillo*, the "little chepe," from being a rag fair, and place for the sale of marine stores or stolen goods. Near this is the *Plaza de Toros*, which is a fine amphitheatre, although still unfinished, especially on the cathedral side, which at least lets in the Giralda and completes the picture, when the setting sunrays gild the Moorish tower as the last bull dies, and the populace—*fox nondum lassata*—unwillingly retire. This Plaza is under the superintendence of the *Maestranza* of Seville, whose uniform is scarlet. For tauromachian details see p. 177.

Remember the day before the fight to ride out to *Tablada* to see the *ganado*, or what cattle the bulls are, and go early the next day to witness the *encierro*; be sure also at the show to secure a *boletín de sombra* in a *balcón de piedra*, i. e. a good seat in the shade.

Leaving the *Plaza* we now approach *el Río*, the River Strand, where a petty traffic is carried on of fruit, *Esteras*, and goods brought up in barges; a rude boat-bridge stems the Guadalquivir, which is at once inconvenient in passage and expensive in repair: formerly it was a ferry, until Yusuf abu Yakub first threw across some barges in Oct. 11, 1171, and they now remain, no doubt, exactly the same in form and purpose; over them are brought in the supplies from the fertile *Ajarafe*. It was the cutting which off, by breaking this bridge, that led to the capture of Seville by St. Ferd. The "Bridge Estate Commissioners" are jobbers of the first magnitude: in 1784 an additional tax was levied on all wines consumed in Seville for the repairs: this the trustees, of course, pocketed themselves. Arjona at last destined the funds to city improvements. This Balbus of Seville was about to erect an iron suspension bridge to be made in England, when the civil wars led to his downfall, and with him, as in the East, to his plan of amelioration.

Next observe *el Triunfo*. This sort of religious monument is common in Spanish towns, and is usually dedicated to the tutelar patron saint, or local miracle, and is the triumph of bad taste, not to say priestcraft. The Doric gate is called *la Pa. de Triana*, because facing that suburb; it was erected in 1588, and is attributed to Herrera. The upper story was used as a state prison—a Newgate: here the Conde de Aguilar, the Mæcenas of Seville, was murdered by the patriots, urged on by the Catiline Tilli (see Schep. i. 269, and Doblado's Letters, p. 439). The plain beyond was formerly *el Perneo*, or the pig-market; during the cholera, in 1833, the unclean animals were removed to the meadows of the virgin patronesses Justa and Rufina, behind *Sn. Agustín*, and the space made into an esplanade by *Amarillas*: and re-entering by the *Puerta Real* the circuit is concluded.

Of course the traveller will ride out some day to *Alcalá de Guadaira* (see p. 235).

A smaller and home circuit should also be made on the r. bank of the Guadalquivir, crossing over the boat-bridge to the suburb *Triana*, the Moorish *Tarayanah*, a name supposed to be a corruption from *Trajana*, Trajan having been born near it, at *Italica*. To the r., on crossing the bridge, are some remains of the once formidable Moorish castle, which, with its gloomy square towers, is shown in ancient prints and views of Seville. This was made the first residence of the Inquisition, the cradle of that fourth Fury. The Guadalquivir, which blushed at the fires and curdled with the bloodshed, almost swept away this edifice in 1626, as if indignant at the crimes committed on its bank. The tribunal was then moved to the *calle Sn. Marcos*, and afterwards to the *Alameda Vieja*. The ruined castle was afterwards taken down, and the site converted into the present market.

The parish church, *Sa. Ana*, was built by Alonzo el Sabio, in 1276: the

image of the "Mother of the Virgin," in the high altar, is a *Virgen aparecida*, or a divinely revealed palladium (comp. the Pagan worship of Anna, Ovid. 'F.' iii. 523); it is brought out in public calamities, but as a matter of etiquette it never crosses the bridge, which would be going out of its parochial jurisdiction: in the *Trascoro* is a curious virgin, painted by Alejo Fernandez; in the plateresque *Reto*. are many fine Campanas, especially a "St. George," which is quite a Gior-gione. The statues and bas-reliefs are by Pedro Delgado. Visit the church *Na. Sa. del O*; many females are here christened with this vowel; had she been born in Triana, the unfortunate Oh! Miss Bailey would have been called Miss Oh Bailey. Great quantities of coarse *azulego* and *loza*, earthenware, are still made here as in the days of *Sas. Justa* and *Rufina*. The *naranjales*, or orange gardens, are worth notice. The principal street is called *de Castilla*: here the soap-makers lived, whence our term Castile soap. There is a local history, '*Aparato de Triana*,' Justino Matute, Seville, 1818.

To the r., a short walk outside Triana, and on the bank of the river, is the *Cartuja* Convent, dedicated to *Na. Señora de las Cuevas*, begun in 1400 by Arch. B. Mena: the funds left by him were seized by the government, always needy and always unprincipled. It was finished by Pier Afan de Ribera; it was a museum of piety, painting, sculpture, and architecture, until, according to Laborde, iii. 263, "Le M^r. Soult en fit une *excellente* citadelle, dont l'Eglise devint le Magasin; la Bibliothèque ne valoit rien; elle a servi pour faire des gougusses" (cartridges): sequestered latterly, and sold, it has been turned into a pottery by Mr. Pickman, an Englishman, who, not making the chapel his magazine, has preserved it for holy purposes. Observe the fine rose window in the façade, and the stones recording the heights of inundations;

inquire in the garden for the old burial ground, and the Gothic inscription of the age of Hermenigildo. The oranges are delicious.

Following the banks of a stream we reach the miserable village of *Santi Ponce*, the once ancient *Italica*, the birthplace of the Emperors Trajan, Adrian, and Theodosius; it was founded u.c. 547, on the site of the Iberian town *Sancios*, by Scipio Africanus, and destined as a home for his veterans (App. 'B. H.' 463). Adrian adorned his native place with sumptuous edifices; the citizens petitioned to become a *Colonia*, that is, subject to Rome, instead of remaining a free *Municipium*: even Adrian was surprised at this Andalusian servility (Aul. Gell. xvi. 13). Many Spaniards assert that the poet *Silius Italicus* was born here; but then the epithet would have been *Italicensis*: his birth-place is unknown; probably he was an Italian, for Martial, his friend, never alludes to his being a *paisano*, or fellow-countryman. From his admiration and imitation of Virgil he was called his ape. To the Spanish antiquarian he is valuable from having introduced so many curious notices in his *Punica*. Pliny J^r. (Ep. iii. 7) thus justly describes his style: *Silius scribebat carmina majore curâ quam ingenio*.

Italica was preserved by the Goths, and made the see of a bishop: Leovigild, in 584, repaired the walls when he besieged Seville, then the stronghold of his rebel son Hermenigildo. *Italica* was corrupted by the Moors into *Talikah*, *Talca*; and in old deeds the fields are termed *los campos de Talca*, and the town *Sevilla la vieja*. The ruin of *Italica* dates from the river having changed its bed, a common trick in wayward Spanish and Oriental streams. Thus Gour, once on the Ganges, is now deserted: the Moors soon abandoned a town and "a land which the rivers had spoiled," and left *Italica* for Seville; and ever since the remains have been used as a quarry. *Santi Ponce* is a corruption of *San Geronico*, its Gothic bishop. Consult '*Bosquejo de*

Italica, Justino Matute, Seville, 1827; and for the medals, Florez, 'M.,' ii. 477. Of these many are constantly found by the poor natives, and offered for sale to foreigners, for few *Sevillanos* care for old coins, while all prefer mint new dollars. The peasants, with a view of recommending their wares, polish them bright, and rub off the precious bloom, the patina and ærugo, the sacred rust of twice ten hundred years. They do their best to deprive antiquity of its charming old coat.

On Dec. 12, 1799, a fine mosaic pavement was discovered. This a poor monk, named Jose Moscoso, to his honour, enclosed with a wall, in order to save it from the fate usual in Spain. Didot, in 1802, published for Laborde a splendid folio, with engravings and description. The traveller will find a copy in the cathedral library in the *Patio de los Naranjos*, at Seville. Now this work is all that remains, for the soldiers of M. Soult converted the enclosure into a goat-pen. Thus, at Valmuza, near Salamanca, they also turned a previously well-preserved mosaic into a stable (C. Berm. 'S.' 424). Laborde, in his 'Voyage Pittoresque,' has preserved, in engraving, many ancient and sacred buildings, which his countrymen came and destroyed.

The far-famed and much overrated amphitheatre lies outside the old town, *seges ubi Troja fuit*. On the way the ruins of *Italica* peep out amid the weeds and olive groves, like the grey bones of dead giants. The amphitheatre, in 1774, was used by the corporation of Seville for river dikes, and for making the road to Badajoz. But Spanish mayors and aldermen are not absolute wisdom. (See the details, by an eye-witness, '*Viaje desde Granada a Lisboa*,' duo. 1774, p. 70.) The form is, however, yet to be traced, and the broken tiers of seats: the destruction has been wantonly barbarous. The scene is sad and lonely: a few gipsies usually lurk among the vaults. The visitors scramble over the broken

seats of once easy access, frightening the glittering lizards or *Lagartos*, which hurry into the rustling brambles. Behind, in a small valley, a limpid stream still trickles from a font and tempts the thirsty traveller, as it once did the mob of *Italica* when heated with games of blood.

The rest of *Italica* either sleeps buried under the earth, or has been carried away by builders. To the west are some vaulted brick tanks, called *La Casa de los Baños*. They were the reservoirs of the aqueduct brought by Adrian from *Tejada*, 7 L. distant. Occasionally partial excavations are made, but all is done by fits and starts and on no regular plan: the thing is taken up and let down by accident and caprice. The antiques found are usually of a low art. The site was purchased, in 1301, by Guzman *el Bueno*, who founded the castellated convent *San Isidoro* as the burial place of his family. It was entirely gutted by Soult on his evacuation of Andalusia, and next was made a prison for galley-slaves. The chapel is, however, preserved for the village church. Observe the statues of Sⁿ. Isidoro and Sⁿ. Jeronimo by Montañes, and the effigies of Guzman and his wife; they lie buried below. The tomb was opened in 1570, and the body of the good man, according to Matute (p. 156), "found almost entire, and nine feet high;" here lies also Doña Uraca Osorio, with her maid Leonora Davalos at her feet. She was burnt alive by Pedro the Cruel for rejecting his addresses. A portion of her chaste body was exposed by the flames which consumed her dress, whereupon her attendant, faithful in death, rushed into the fire, and died in concealing her mistress.

The *Feria de Santi Ponce* is the Greenwich fair of Seville. Booths are erected in the ancient bed of the river. This is a scene of *Majeza* and their *Jaleos*. The holiday folk, in all their Andalusian finery, return at nightfall in *Carretas* filled with *Gitanas y Corraleras*, while *Los majos y los de la aficion*

(fancy) *vuelven a caballo, con sus queridas en ancas*. Crowds come out to see this procession, and sit on chairs in the *Ce. de Castilla*, which resounds with *requiebros*, and is enlivened with exhibitions of small horns made of barro, the type of the *Cornudo paciente de Sevilla*; and here the lover of *Majeza* and horse-flesh is reminded never to omit to visit the grand cattle fair, or *La Feria de Mairena*, near *Alcalá de Guadaira*, which is held April 25th, 26th, 27th. It is a singular scene of gipsies, *legs chalanes*, and picturesque blackguards: here the *Majo* and *Maja* shine in all their glory. The company returns to Seville at sunset, when all the world is seated near the *Caños de Carmona* to behold them. The correct thing for a *majo fino* used to be to appear every day on a different horse, and in a different costume. Such a *majo* rode through a gauntlet of smiles, waving fans and handkerchiefs: thus his face was whitened, *salió muy lucido*. It was truly Oriental and Spanish. Now poverty and the prose of civilization are stripping away these tags and tassels, preparatory to the universal degradation of the long-tailed coat. The *Maja* always, on these occasions, wore the *Caramba*, or riband fringed with silver, and fastened to the *Moño*, or knot of her hair. She ought also to have the portrait of her *Querido* round her neck. The *Majo* always had two embroidered handkerchiefs—her work—with the corners emerging from his jacket pockets.

The traveller may return from *Itálica* to Seville by a different route, keeping under the slopes of the hills: opposite Seville, on the summit to the r., is *Castileja de la Cuesta*, from whence the view is fine and extensive. Here Fernan Cortes (see *Medellin*) died, Dec. 2, 1547, aged 63, a broken-hearted victim, like *Ximenez*, *Columbus*, *Gonzalo de Cordova*, and others, of his king's and country's ingratitude. He was first buried in *San Isidoro* at *Itálica*: his bones, like those of *Columbus*, after infinite movings and

changings of sepulture, at last reached *Mexico*, the scene of his glories and crimes during life; not however doomed to rest even there, for in 1823 the patriots intended to disinter the *foreigner*, and scatter his dust to the winds. They were anticipated by pious fraud, and the illustrious ashes removed to a new abode, where, if the secret be kept, they may at last find that rest which alive they never knew—that rest at last, for which *Shakspeare* prayed in his own epitaph.

Keeping the hill *Chaboya* to the r., we reach *San Juan de Alfarache*, *Hisn-alfaraj*, “of the fissure or cleft;” it was the Moorish river key of Seville, and the old and ruined walls still crown the heights. This was the site of the Roman *Julia Constantia*, the Gothic *Osset*, and the scene of infinite miracles during the Arian controversy: a font yet remains in the chapel. Read the authentic inscription, vouched by the church, concerning the self-replenishing of water every Thursday in the *Semana Santa*. (See also ‘E. S.’ ix. 117.) *Strabo*, however (iii. 261), points out among the marvels of *Bætica* certain wells and fountains, which ebbed and flowed spontaneously.

Observe the *Retablo*, with pictures by *Castillo*. This originally existed in the *Sⁿ. Juan de la Palma*. The panorama of Seville, from the convent parapet, is charming. On the opposite side of the river is the fine *Naranjal* or orange grove of *Don Lucas Beck*, which is worth riding to. “Seville,” says *Byron*, “is a pleasant city, famous for oranges and women.” There are two sorts of the former, the sweet and the bitter (*Arabice Naring*, unde *Naranja*), of which Scotch marmalade is made and Dutch *Curaçoa* is flavoured. The trees begin to bear fruit about the sixth year after they are planted, and the quality continues to improve for 16 to 20 years, after which the orange degenerates, the rind gets thick, and it becomes unfit for the foreign market, which always takes the best. The trees flower in March, and perfume the air of Seville with their

Azahar; from the blossoms sweetmeats are made, and delicious orange-flower water: buy it at Aquilars, *Pa. Sn. Vicente*: to eat the orange in perfection, it should not be gathered until the new blossom appears. The oranges begin to turn yellow in October, and are then picked, as they never increase in size after changing colour; they are wrapped in Catalan paper, and packed in chests, which contain from 700 to 1000 each, and may be worth to the exporter from 25s. to 30s. They ripen on the voyage, but the rind gets tough, and the freshness of the newly-gathered fruit is lost. The natives are very fanciful about eating them: they do not think them good before March, and poison if eaten after sunset. The vendors in the street cry them as *mas dulces que almibar*, sweeter than syrup; the "Honey, oh! oranges honey" of the Cairo orange-boy. The village below the hill of Alfarache, being exempt from the *Derecho de puertas*, and being a pleasant walk, is frequented on holidays by the Sevillians, who love cheap drink, &c. Those who remember what preceded the birth of El Picaro Guzman de Alfarache—a novel so well translated by Le Sage—may rest assured that matters are not much changed. *Gelves*, Gelduba, lies lower down the river. This village gives the title of count to the descendants of Columbus: the family sepulchre is left in that disgraceful neglect, so common in a land where *Los muertos y idos no tienen amigos*.

EXCURSION TO AN OLIVE FARM.

The olives and oil of Bætica were celebrated in antiquity, and still form a staple and increasing commodity of Andalusia. The districts between Seville and Alcalá, and in the Ajarafe, are among the richest in Spain: an excursion should be made to some large *Hacienda* in order to examine the process of the culture and the manufacture, which are almost identical with those described by Varro, Columella, and Pliny.

San Bartolomé, a farm belonging to

the Paterna family, is a fine specimen of a first-rate *Hacienda*; it contains about 20,000 trees, each of which will yield from two to three bushels of olives; the whole produce averages 5000 arrobas (25 lbs.), which vary in price from two to five dollars. The olive-tree, however classical, is very unpicturesque; an ashy leaf on a pollarded trunk reminds one of a second-rate willow-tree; it affords neither shade, shelter, nor colour.

They are usually planted in formal rows: a branch is cut from the tree in January, the end is opened into four slits, into which a stone is placed; it is then planted, banked, and watered for two years: the tree as it grows is pruned into four or five upright branches: they begin to pay the expense about the tenth year, but do not attain their prime before the thirtieth; as the growing-wood is most productive, they are constantly thinned. The cuttings make excellent fire-wood. Whole plantations were burnt down by the French, while the Duke issued strict orders forbidding it among our troops. The best soils are indicated by the wild olive (oleaster, *acebuche*), on which cuttings are grafted, and produce the finest crops (Virgil, 'G.' ii. 182). The Spaniards often sow corn in their olive grounds, contrary to the rule of Columella, for it exhausts the soil, *chupa la tierra*.

The berry is picked in the autumn; it is then purple-coloured and shining, *baccæ splendentis olivæ*. This is a busy scene; the peasant, clad in sheep-skins, is up in the trees like a satyr, beating off the fruit, while his children pick them up, and his wife and sisters drive the laden donkeys to the mill. The ancients never beat the trees (Plin. 'N.H.' xv. 3.) The berries are emptied into a vat, *El trujal*, and are not picked and sorted, as Columella (xii. 50) enjoined in his careful account how to make oil. The Spaniard is rude and unscientific in this, as in his wine-making; he looks to quantity, not quality. The berries are then placed on a circular hollowed

stone, over which another is moved by a mule, a *machina de sangre* or *atahona*; the crushed mass, *El borugo*, is shovelled on to round mats, *capuchos*, made of *esparto*, and taken to the press, *El trujal*, which is forced down by a very long and weighty beam, composed of six or seven pine-trees, like a ship's bowsprit; it is the precise *Biga trapeutum*, ελαιοτριβειον. In order to resist the strain, a heavy tower of masonry is built over the press; a score of frails of the *borugo* is placed under the screw, moistened with hot water. The liquor as it flows out is passed into a reservoir below; the residuum comes forth like a damson-cheese, and is used for fuel and for fattening pigs; the oil as it rises on the water is skimmed off, and poured into big-bellied earthen jars, *tinajas*, and then removed into still larger, which are sunk into the ground. These amphoræ are made chiefly at Coria, near Seville; they recall the jars of the forty thieves: some will hold from 200 to 300 arrobas, i. e. from 800 to 1200 gallons.

The oil, *aceite* (Arabicè *azzait*), is strong, and not equal to the purer, finer produce of Lucca, but the Spaniards, from habit, think the Italian oil insipid. The second-class oils are coarse, thick, and green coloured, and are exported for soap-making, or used for lamps. Candles are rare in Spain, where the ancient lamp, *el velon* or *candil* (Arabicè *kandeel*), prevail, and are exactly such as are found at Pompeii. The farm is a little colony; the labourers are fed by the proprietor; they are allowed bread, garlic, salt, oil, vinegar, and *pimientos*, which they make into *migas* and *gazpacho* (see p. 68), without which, in the burning summers, their "souls would be dried away" (Numbers xi. 6). Bread, oil, and water, was a lover's gift (Hosea ii. 5). The oil and vinegar are kept in cow-horns ("the horn of oil," 1 Sam. xvi. 13), which hang at their cart sides. This daily allowance, *Επιουσιον*, *Ἡμισποτροφίς*, *Chœnix*, corresponds minutely with the usages of antiquity as described by Cato (R. R.

56), and Stuckius (Antiq. Conviv. i. 22. Ed. 1695). The use of oil is of the greatest antiquity (Job xxiv. 2): it supplies the want of fat in lean meats.

The olive forms the food of the poorer classes. The ancient distinctions remain unchanged. The first class, *Regiæ*, *Majorinæ*, are still called *Las Reynas*, *Las Padronas*. The finest are made from the *gordal*, which only grows in a circuit of 5 L. round Seville: the berry is gathered before quite ripe, in order to preserve the green colour: it is pickled for six days in a *Salmuera*, or brine, made of water, salt, thyme, bay-laurel, and garlic; without this the olive would putrefy, as it throws out a mould, *nata*. The middling, or second classes, are called *Las Medianas*, also *Las Moradas*, from their purple colour; these are often mixed in a strong pickle, and then are called *Aliñadas*: the worst sort are the *Rebusco*, *Recuses*, or the refuse; these are begarlicked and bepickled for the *dura ilia* of the poor. The olive is nutritious, but heating; the better classes use them sparingly; a few are usually placed in saucers at their dinners: they have none of the ancient luxury, those *Aselli Corinthii*, or silver donkeys, laded with paniers of different coloured olives (Petr. Arb. 31; Ovid, 'Met.' viii. 664).

ROUTE VII.—SEVILLE TO RIO TINTO
AND ALMADEN.

| | L. |
|------------------------------------|----|
| Venta de Pajanosa | 34 |
| Algarobo | 1½ |
| Castillo de las guardas | 3 |
| Rio Tinto | 5 |
| Arcena | 5 |
| Fuentes de Leon | 5 |
| Segura de Leon | 1 |
| Valencia | 3 |
| Fuente de Cantos | 1 |
| Llerena | 4 |
| Guadalcanal | 4 |
| Fuente Ovejuna | 5 |
| Velalcazar | 5 |
| Almaden | 6 |
| Sa. Eufemia | 3 |
| Al viso de los Pedroches | 2 |
| Villanueva del Duque | 2 |
| Villa harta or Villarta | 5 |
| Cordoba | 6 |

There are coal mines at *Villanueva del Rio*, which those who intend to make the whole circuit of R. vii. should visit before starting.

R. vii. is a riding tour of bad roads and worse accommodations; attend, therefore, to our preliminary hints, and get a *Spanish* passport from the Captain-General, or *gefe politico*, explaining the scientific object of the excursion: letters of introduction to the superintendents of the mines are also useful. The distances must be taken approximately; they are mountain leagues, and very conventional. The botany in these *dehesas y despoblados* (see p. 148) is highly interesting, and game abundant. An English double-barrel gun is useful in more respects than one. For some remarks on mines in Spain and the most useful books, see Cartagena.

Passing through *Italica*, the high road to *Badajoz* is continued to the *Venta de Pajanos*, 4 L., and then turns off to the l. over a waste of *Xaras*, cistus, and aromatic flowers given up to the bee and butterfly, to *Algarrobo*, 1 L., a small hamlet, where bait. Hence 3 L. over a similar country to a mountain village, *Castillo de las guardias*, so called from its Moorish *atalaya*; here sleep. 5 L., over a lonely *dehesa*, lead next day to *Rio Tinto*. The red naked sides of the copper mountain, *La Cabeza Colorada*, with clouds of smoke curling over dark pine woods, announce from afar these celebrated mines. The immediate approach to the hamlet is like that to a minor infernal region; the road is made of burnt ashes and *escoria*, the walls are composed of lava-like dross, while haggard miners, with sallow faces and blackened dress, creep about, fit denizens of the place; a small, green coppery stream winds under the bank of firs, and is the *tinged river*, from whence the village takes its name. This stream flows out of the bowels of the mountain, and is supposed to be connected with some internal undiscovered ancient conduit: it is from

this that the purest copper is obtained: iron bars are placed in wooden troughs, which are immersed in the waters, when a *cascara*, or flake of metal, is deposited on it, which is knocked off; the bar is then subjected to the same process until completely eaten away. The water is deadly poisonous; no animal or vegetable can live near it, and it stains and corrodes everything that it touches.

These mines were perfectly well known to the ancients, whose shafts and galleries are constantly being discovered. The Romans and Moors appear chiefly to have worked on the N. side of the hill; the enormous accumulation of *escoriales* show to what an extent they carried on operations; these old drosses are constantly used in the smelting, as from the imperfect methods of the ancients they are found to contain much unextracted copper.

The village is built about a mile from the mines, and was raised by one *Liberto Wolters*, a Swede, to whom *Philip V.* had granted a lease of the mines, which reverted to the crown in 1783. It is principally occupied by the miners; there is, however, a decent *posada*: the *empleados* and official people have a street to themselves. The view from above the church is striking: the town lies below with its stream and orange groves; to the l. rises the ragged copper hill, wrapt in sulphureous wreaths of smoke; while to the r. the magnificent flat fir bank, which supplies fuel to the furnaces, *la mesa de los pinos*, is backed by a boundless extent of cistus-clad hills, rising one over another.

A proper officer will conduct the traveller over the mines, and then follow the ore through every stage of the process, until it becomes pure copper; visit therefore the *Castillo de Solomon* in the *Cabeza Colorada*. Entering the shaft you soon descend by a well, or *pozo*, down a ladder, to an under gallery: the heat increases with the depth, as there is no ventilation; at the bottom the thermometer stands at 80 Fahr., and the miners, who drive in,

iron wedges into the rock previously to blasting, work almost naked, and what few clothes they have on are perfectly drenched with perspiration; the scene is gloomy, the air close and poisonous, the twinkling flicker of the miners' tapers blue and unearthly; here and there figures, with lamps at their breasts, flit about like the tenants of the halls of Eblis, and disappear by ladders into the deeper depths. Melancholy is the sound of the pick of the solitary workman, who alone in his stone niche is hammering at his rocky prison like some confined demon, endeavouring to force his way to light and liberty.

The copper is found in an iron pyrites, and yields about five per cent. The stalactites are very beautiful; for wherever the water trickles through the roof of the gallery, it forms icicles, as it were of emeralds, and amethysts; but these bright colours oxidize in the open air, and are soon changed to a dun brown. When the *Zafra*, or rough ore, is extracted, it is taken to the *Calcinacion*, on the brow of the hill, and is there burnt three times in the open air; the sulphur is sublimated, and passes off in clouds of smoke; the rough metal, which looks like a sort of iron coke, is next carried to be smelted at houses placed near the stream, by whose water power the bellows are set in action. The metal is first mixed with equal parts of charcoal and *escoriales*, the ancient ones being preferred, and is then fused with *Brezos*, a sort of fuel composed of cistus and rosemary. The iron flows away like lava, and the copper is precipitated into a pan or *copella* below. It is then refined in ovens, or *Reverberos*, and loses about a third of its weight; the scum and impurities as they rise to the surface are scraped off with a wooden hoe. The pure copper is then sent either to Seville, to the cannon foundry, or to Segovia, to be coined.

There is a direct cross-ride over the wild mountains to *Guadalcanal* and *Almaden*. Attend to the provend and take a local guide. It is far better to

make a detour and visit *Aracena*, 5 L. and 6 hours' ride, over trackless, lifeless, aromatic *dehesas*—a wide waste of green hills and blue skies: after *Campo Frio*, 2 L., the country improves and becomes quite park-like and English; *Aracena* is seen from afar crowning a mountain ridge: here is a good *posada*: population about 5000, which is swelled in the summer, when the cool breezes tempt the wealthy from Seville to this *Corte de la Sierra*. Ascend to the ruined Moorish castle and church, which commands a splendid mountain panorama. The Arabesque belfry has been capped with an incongruous modern top. It was to Aracena that the learned *Arias Montano* retired after his return from the Council of Trent. From hence there is a direct bridle route to *Llerena*, 12 L., turning off to the r. to *Arroyo Molinos* 4 L., and crossing the great *Badajoz* and *Seville* road at *Monasterio* 3, thence on to *Montemolin* 2, *Llerena* 3. The author, however, rode on to *Zafra*; and the country is charming. Leaving *Aracena*, 5 L. of iniquitous road—all carriages are out of the question—lead to *Fuentes de Leon*; the country resembles the oak districts of Sussex, near Petersfield: in these *Encinares* vast herds of swine are fattened. At *Carboneras*, 1 L., the route enters a lovely defile, with a clear torrent; all now is verdure and vegetation, fruit and flower. The green grass is most refreshing, while the air is perfumed with wild flowers, and gladdened by songs of nightingales. How unlike horrid *La Mancha* and the torrid Castiles! These districts once belonged to the rich convent of *San Marcos* of *Leon*. Thence to *Segura de Leon*, 1 L., which is approached through a grove of pine-trees, above which the fine old castle soars. It is in perfect repair, and belonged to the *Infante Don Carlos*; it commands a noble view. *Valencia de Leon* has also another well preserved castle, with a square *torre mocha* or keep: observe the brick belfry of the parish church with its machicolations and fringe of

Gothic circles. In these vicinities occurred one of those remarkable miracles so frequent in Spanish history: In the year 1247 Don Pelayo Perez Correa was skirmishing with some Moors, when he promised the Virgin to detain the day, promising, as Cæsar did at Pharsalia, to vow a temple *τη γεννητρεψη*, to Venus Genetrix (App. 'B. C.' ii. 803). The sun was instantly arrested in its course (compare Oran at Toledo). Thus the immutable order of the heavens was disarranged, in order that a *guerrillero* might complete a butchery by which the grand results of the Seville campaign were scarcely even influenced. It was, moreover, an especial miracle confined to local Spain, for no change in the solar system ever was observed by the Galileos and Newtons of other parts of the world. The chapel built by Correa, which marks the site, is still called Santa Maria Tendudia, a corruption of his exclamation, *Deten tu el dia!* Correa on the same day struck a rock, whence water issued for his thirsty troops (Espinosa, '*Hist. de Sevilla*,' iv. 156). Accordingly, in the '*Memorias de Sn. Fernando*,' iii. 116, Madrid, 1800, this partisan is termed the Moses and Joshua of Spain.

Crossing the Badajoz road, we now turn to the r. to *Llerena*, Regiana, an agricultural town of some 5000 souls, and of no interest save to the lover of miraculous taumachia. Here, on the vigil of San Marcos, and it occurred in other neighbouring villages, the parish priest, dressed in full canonicals, and attended by his flock, proceeded to a herd of cattle and selected a bull, and christened him by the name of Mark. The proselyte then followed his leader to mass, entering the church and behaving quite correctly all that day; but he took small benefit either in beef or morals, for on the morrow he relapsed into his former bullhood and brutality. After mass the apostolical bull paraded the village as the *Bœuf Gras* does at Paris, his horns decorated with flowers and ribands:

and as he was miraculously tame, *sine fœno in cornu*, the women caressed him, as *Marcito*, dear little Mark. Such was the Egyptian adoration of Apis, such the Elean idolatry, where the females worshipped Bacchus under a tauriform incarnation (Plut. Q. R.; Reiske, vii. 196).

If the selected bull ran restive and declined the honour of ephemeral sainthood, as John Bull sometimes does knighthood, the blame was laid on the priest, and the miracle was supposed to have failed in consequence of his unworthiness; he was held to be in a state of *pecado mortal*, and was regarded with an evil eye by the suspicious husbands of the best-looking Pasiphaes. If Marcito stopped before any house, the inhabitants were suspected of heresy or Judaism, which was nosed by the bull as truffles are by poodle dogs. It will easily be guessed what a powerful engine in the hands of the priest this pointing proboscis must have been, and how effectually it secured the payment of church rates and *voluntary* offerings. The learned Feyjoo, in his '*Teatro Critico*,' vi. 205, dedicates a paper to this miracle, and devotes 25 pages to its theological discussion.

Near Llerena, Apr. 11, 1812, Lord Combermere, with his cavalry, put to indescribable rout 2500 French horse, supported by 10,000 infantry, the rear-guard of Soult, under Drouet, who was retiring, baffled by the capture of Badajoz. Few charges were more "brilliant and successful" than this: they rode down the foe like stubble in the plains. Disp. Apr. 16, 1812.

On leaving *Llerena*, the road runs for 4 L. over wide corn tracts, studded with conical hills, to *Guadalcanal*, said to have been the Celtic *Tereses*. The silver and lead mines are situated about a mile to the N.E. The river *Genalija* divides Estremadura from Andalucia. These mines were discovered in 1509 by a peasant named Delgado, who ploughed up some ore. In 1598 they were leased to the bro-

thers Mark and Christopher Fugger, of Augsburg, who also rented the quicksilver mines at Almaden; and they, keeping their own secret, extracted from the *Pozo rico* such wealth as rendered them proverbial, and *Ser rico como un Fucar* meant in the time of Cervantes being as rich as Croesus. They built a street in Madrid after their name. Their descendants, in 1635, were forced to give the mines up; but previously, and in spite, they turned in a stream of water. Yet the fame of their acquisitions survived, and tempted other speculators, with "dreams of worlds of gold;" and in 1725 Lady Mary Herbert and Mr. Gage endeavoured to drain the mines: these are Pope's

"Congenial souls! whose life one avarice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Asturian mines;"

a slight mistake by the way in the poet, both as to metal and geography.

The scheme ended in nothing, like so many other loans; &c.—*Châteaux en Espagne*; and the English workmen were pillaged by the Spaniards, who resented seeing "heretics and foreigners" coming to carry off Spanish bullion. In 1768, one Thomas Sutton made another effort to rework them. Thence crossing the *Bembézar* to *Fuente de Ovejuna*, pop. 5500; it stands on the crest of a conical hill, with the *Colegiata* on the apex, like an acropolis. The "sheep-fountain," *Fons Mellaria*, is at the bottom, to the W.: coal-seams occur here and extend to *Villaharta*. The direct road to Almaden runs through *Velalcazar* 20½ L. by *La Granja* 5½, *Valsequillo* 4, *Velalcazar* 5, *Almaden* 6. It is not interesting, and devoid of accommodation: sleep at *Valsequillo*, pop. about 2000, placed in a hilly locality near the *Guadiato*. *Velalcazar*, pop. 2500, stands in a well watered plain. It is a tidy dull town with a ruined castle, called *Bello Alcazar* (whence *Velalcazar*) built in the 14th century. The *Pozo del pilar* is a fine work; hence crossing the *Guadamatilla* over a broken bridge to *Sa. Eufemia* and Almaden.

The better route perhaps, although equally wearisome, is by *Éspiel*, which is reached following the *Guadiato*, a good fishing river, for five hours. *Éspiel*, pop. 1000, has a bad *posada*. This poor agricultural village is placed on a dry elevated situation, between the fertile valleys of Aran and Benasque: thence is a wearisome ride to "*Almaden del Azogue*," two Arabic words which signify "the Mine of Quicksilver," and show whence the science was learnt. As the *posada* is miserable, lodge in some private house. The long narrow street is placed on a scarped ridge: pop. about 6500. Walk to the *Glorieta*, at the junction of three roads, and look at this sunburnt, wind-blown town. It is built on the confines of La Mancha, Andalucía, and Estremadura. The *Sispona*. *Cetobrix* of Pliny (N. H. xxxiii. 7) was somewhere in this locality. The mine is apparently inexhaustible, becoming richer in proportion as the shafts deepen. The vein of cinnabar, about 25 feet thick, traverses rocks of quartz and slate, and runs towards *Almadenejos*. Virgin quicksilver occurs also in pyrites and hornstein. The working this mine is injurious to health, and galley-slaves were long employed after the old Carthaginian and Roman custom: now free labour is preferred. About 5000 men are thus engaged during the winter, the heat and want of ventilation rendering the mercurial exhalations dangerous in summer. The gangs work about six hours at a time, and hew the hard rock almost naked. There are three veins, called after the saints *Nicolas*, *Francisco*, and *Diego*; the adit is outside the town; the descent is by steep ladders: the deepest shaft is said to be 900 feet; the wells, elsewhere called *Pozos*, are here termed *Tornos*, and the shafts or *Ramales*; *Cañas*: they extend under the town; hence the cracks in the parish church. The water is pumped out by a 20-horsesteam-engine, brought in 1799 from England, and now a curiosity fit for a mechanical museum.

The mineral is raised by a splendid mule-worked *atahona*. The arched stone galleries are superb: the furnaces of the smelting-ovens are heated with sweet-smelling *Brezo*. The men thus employed are much more healthy than the miners. The mercury is distilled by two processes; either by that used at Idria, which is the best, or from certain ovens or *Biutrones*, *Hornos de Reverbero*, invented by Juan Alonzo de Bustamente.

The quantity of mercury now obtained is enormous. The Fuggers only extracted 4500 quintals annually; now between 20,000 and 25,000 are procured. The price has also lately risen from 34 to 84 dollars the quintal. Almaden, one of the few certain sources of the ever needy government, has been mortgaged over and over again. For full details see Widdrington, chap. vii. For the regulations and methods of working the mines, consult '*Ordenanzas de 31 Enero, 1735*,' fol. Mad. 1735; for some other books, see Cartagena. Formerly the superintendence of these mines was bestowed by Madrid jobbing; but latterly, since the pecuniary importance has increased, it has been given to a *gefe* of scientific attainments.

Those who do not wish to visit *Almaden* may return to Seville from Guadalcanal by *Constantina*, *Laconimurgi*, a charming fresh mountain town, whence Seville is supplied with fruit and snow: thence to picturesque *Cazalla* 3 L. Equidistant from these two towns is a lead and silver mine, called *La Reyna*. The iron-mines at *El Pedroso* deserve a visit: this busy establishment is the creation of Col. Elorza, an intelligent Basque, who made himself master of the system of machinery used in England, which he has here adopted, and by so doing has infused life and wealth into this Sierra, which elsewhere is left almost abandoned, roadless, and unpeopled. Game of every kind abounds. The botany is also very interesting (see Widdrington, chap. x.). At *Cantillana*, Illia, 6 L.,

the mining district finishes: everywhere the *escoriae* show how much it once was worked. Hence to Seville, by *Alcalá del Rio* 5 L., over an excellent snipe and woodcock country, but without any accommodation except at the miserable *el Bodegon*. From *Cazalla* a route passes on to the coal mines of *Villanueva del Rio*, long, in spite of the facility of water-carriage, allowed to remain almost lost: now they are in work, and the mine of Col. Elorza is by far the most scientifically conducted. The coal is well adapted for steam-engines. The river may be either crossed at *Alcolea del Rio*, or the land route through *Santi Ponce* regained.

The geologist and botanist, when once at *Almaden*, may either join the Madrid road at *Trujillo*, having visited *Logrosan* and *Guadalupe* (see R. lvi.), or strike down to *Cordova*, by a wild bridle-road of 18 L. This ride occupies 3 days: the first is the shortest, baiting at *Sa. Eufemia* and sleeping at *Viso*. *Sa. Eufemia* domineers over the fertile plain of *Pedroches*, which separates the table-land of *Almaden* from the range of the *Sierra Morena*: here mica slate occurs, followed by granite, which commences at *Viso*, an agricultural town of some 2500 inhab., and distant 12 L. from *Cordova*. The second day the country is tolerably well cultivated to *Villaharta*, where stop and bait, and then, after 2½ L. over a wild *dehesa*, ascend the *Sierra Morena*: the country becomes now most romantic and full of deep defiles, leading into the central chains. The hills are round-backed, and of moderate elevation, covered with *jaras* and aromatic shrubs, but utterly uninhabited. *Villaharta*, where sleep, is a picturesque village. The last day's ride continues through the sierra, amid pine forests, with traces of seams of coal, which extend W. to *Espiel* and *Valmez*, to a venta, from whence you look down on the plains of *Andalucia*, and descend in about 3 hours to *Cordova*. Professor Daubeny, who, in 1843, rode from *Trujillo* to *Cordova*,

considers this line to be of the highest interest to the geologist and botanist. From *Almaden* to *Ciudad Real* are 15 L. (see p. 319); and it is in contemplation to construct a regular road.

ROUTE VIII.—SEVILLE TO MADRID.

| | | |
|--|----|-----|
| Alcalá de Guadaira | 2 | |
| Mairena | 2 | 4 |
| Carmona | 2 | 6 |
| La Portuguesa | 2½ | 8½ |
| La Luisiana | 3½ | 12 |
| Ecija | 3 | 15 |
| La Carlota | 4 | 19 |
| Mango Negro | 3 | 22 |
| Cordova | 3 | 25 |
| Casa Blanca | 2½ | 27½ |
| Carpio | 2½ | 30 |
| Aldea del Rio | 3½ | 33½ |
| S ^a . Cecilia | 2½ | 36 |
| Andujar | 2½ | 38½ |
| Casa del Rey | 2½ | 41 |
| Bailen | 2 | 43 |
| Guarroman | 2 | 45 |
| La Carolina | 2 | 47 |
| S ^a . Elena | 2 | 49 |
| V ^a . de Cardenas | 2 | 51 |
| Almuradiel | 2 | 53 |
| S ^a . Cruz | 2½ | 55½ |
| Valdepeñas | 2 | 57½ |
| Consolacion | 2 | 59½ |
| V ^a . de Quesada | 2 | 61½ |
| Villarta | 2½ | 64 |
| Puerto Lapiche | 2 | 66 |
| Madridejos | 3 | 69 |
| Canada de la Higuera | 2 | 71 |
| Tembleque | 2 | 73 |
| La Guardia | 2 | 75 |
| Ocaña | 3½ | 78½ |
| Aranjuez | 2 | 80½ |
| Espartinas | 2½ | 83 |
| Angeles | 3 | 86 |
| Madrid | 2½ | 88½ |

When ladies are in the case it will be prudent to write beforehand to some friend in Madrid to secure quarters at an hotel.

The journey takes 4½ days, arriving the fifth morning; a few hours are allowed every evening for sleep.

This high road is not in the best order, and the accommodations are indifferent; however, the diligence inns are the best. After leaving the basin of the Guadalquivir it crosses the *Sierra Morena*, ascending to the dreary central table-lands. *Cordova* is the only object worth visiting on the whole line: the best plan to diminish the tediousness of this uninteresting jour-

ney will be to send on all heavy luggage to Cordova by the *ordinario* or by Ferrers' galera, then ride the cross-road to *Carmona*, and there take up the diligence to Cordova, and proceed by the next to Madrid, sleeping, if possible, all the way except at *Despeñaperros*.

Carsi y Ferrers' diligence is to be preferred. Buy also the *manual* of Gonzalez.

There is some talk of a railroad which is to connect Cordova with Cadiz; and nothing can be more favourable than the level line of the Guadalquivir.

For *Alcalá*, its fine castle, bread, and water-springs, see p. 235. *Mairena* is celebrated for its three days' horse fair, in April, which no lover of gallant steeds and gay *majos* should fail to attend. Cresting an aromatic uncultivated tract, the clean white town of *Carmona* rises on the E. extremity of the ridge; it commands the plains both ways. The prefix *car* indicates this "height." The old coins found here are inscribed "Carmo," Florez, 'M.' i. 289. Cæsar fortified the city, which remained faithful to the Goths until betrayed to the Moors by the traitor Julian: St. Ferdinand recovered it Sept. 21, 1247, and gave it for arms, a star with an orle of lions and castles, and the device "Sicut Lucifer lucet in Aurorâ, sic in Bætica Carmona." Don Pedro added largely to this castle, which he made, as regarded Seville, what Edward III. did of Windsor in reference to London. Here he kept his jewels, money, mistresses, and children. After his defeat at *Monteil* his governor, Mateos Fernandez, surrendered to Enrique on solemn conditions of amnesty; all of which were immediately violated and himself executed; so now it is said that capitulations make good paper to light cigars with.

Carmona, the Moorish Karmunah, with its Oriental walls, castle, and position, is very picturesque; population 20,200. There is a decent Posada in the suburban *plaza*, coming from Seville: observe the tower of *Sⁿ. Pedro*,

which is an imitation of the metropolitan Giralda; observe the massy walls and arched Moorish city-entrance. The *patio* of the university is Moorish; the church is of excellent Gothic, and built by Anton. Gallego, obt. 1518. The "Descent of the Cross" is by Pacheco; a Venetian-like *Sⁿ. Cristobal* has been repainted. The *Alameda*, between a dip of the hills, is pleasant; by starting half an hour before the diligence, all this may be seen, and the coach caught up at the bottom of the hill. The striking gate leading to Cordova is built on Roman foundations, with an Herrera elevation of Doric and Ionic; the *alcazar*, towering above it, is a superb ruin. Don Pedro and the Catholic kings were its chief decorators, as their badges and arms show. The view over the vast plains below is magnificent; the Ronda and even Granada chains may be seen: it is the Grampians from Stirling Castle, on a tropical and gigantic scale. Consult '*Antigüedades de Carmona*,' Juan Salvador Bauta de Arellano, Sevilla, 1628.

Descending into the plains the road continues over aromatic uninhabited uncultivated wastes: soon after *Moncloa*, with its palms, a bridge is crossed, formerly the lair of a gang of robbers, called *Los Niños de Ecija*; although now extinct, these "Boys" are immortal in the fears and tales of Spanish muleteers. The miserable post-houses, *La Portuguesa* and *La Luisiana*, called after Spanish queens, are almost the only abodes of man in this tract of rich but neglected country.

Ecija-Astigi, in the time of the Romans, was a city equal to Cordova and Seville (Plin. 'N.H.' iii. 1; Pomp. Mela, ii. 6): it rises on the Genil, the great tributary of the Guadalquivir: pop. 34,000: the inn *la Posta* is decent. *Ecija* is a well-built, rich in corn and oil, and a very uninteresting town; from its extreme heat it is called the frying-pan, or *La Sartanilla*, of Andalusia; accordingly it bears for arms the sun, with this modest motto, *Una*

sola sera llamada la Ciudad del Sol; but here frying-pans assume the titles and decorations of an Heliopolis, on the *Delincuente honrado* principle.

Ecija boasts to have been visited by St. Paul, who here converted his hostess, *Santa Xantippa*, wife of one *Probus* (these shrew *grey mares* always have good husbands). See for authentic details 'E. S.' iii. 14, Ap. viii., and Ribad. ii. 284. One of the earliest bishops of *Ecija* was St. Crispin, but that was before neighbouring Cordova was so famous for its Morocco leather.

Observe the rambling plaza, the *Azulejo* studded church-towers: the columns in those of *Sa. Barbara* and *Sa. Maria* are Roman, and were brought from a destroyed temple, once in the *Ce. de los Marmoles*. The house of the *M^o. de Cortes* is painted in the Genoese style: here the king is always lodged. There is a fine bridge over the Genil: the edifice at its head is called *El Rollo*. *Ecija* has a charming *alameda* outside the town, near the river, with statues and fountains representing the seasons. For local details consult '*Ecija y sus Santos*,' Martin de Roa, 4to. Sevilla, 1629; and the work of Andrea Florindo, 1631.

10 L. over a waste, lead to *Cordova*. *Carlota* is one of the *nuevas poblaciones*, or the newly-founded towns, of which more anon (p. 306). *Cordova*, seen from the distance, amid its olives and palm trees, and backed by the convent crowned sierra, has a truly Oriental look: inside all is decay. The diligence inn at the other end of the town, is the best. Those only passing through should get out at the bridge, look at the *Alcazar* and *Mosque*, then tread the one long street and take up their coach; most of which usually breakfast or sleep here, stopping in the first case about two hours, which gives ample time to see the *Mezquita*. Those going to ride to Granada will find the *Pda. del Sol*, although truly Spanish, more conveniently situated; and it is the resort of muleteers, and is close to the mosque and bridge.

CORDOVA retains its ancient name. *Cor* is a common Iberian prefix, and *tuba* is said to mean important, *Karta tuba*. Bochart, however, reads *Coteba*, the Syrian *coteb*, "oil-press;" the *trapeta* (Mart. vii. 28) for which this locality has long been renowned. Corduba, under the Carthaginians, was the "gem of the South." It sided with Pompey, and was therefore half destroyed by Cæsar: 23,000 inhabitants were put to death *in terrorem*. His lieut. Marcellus rebuilt the city, which was repopled by the pauper patricians of Rome; hence its epithet, "*Patricia*;" and pride of birth still is the boast of this poor and servile city. *La cepa de Cordova* is the aristocratic "stock," like the *ceti* of Cortona in Italy. As the Cordovese barbs were of the best blood, so the nobles boasted to be of the bluest. *La sangre su* is the azure ichor of this élite of the earth, in contradistinction to common red blood, the puddle which flows in plebeian veins; while the blood of heretics and Jews is black, the *μελαν εἶαρ* of Callimachus (247): that of the Jews is thought also to stink, whence they were said to be called *Putos*, quia putant; certainly, as at Gibraltar, an unsavoury odour seems gentilitious in the Hebrew, but not more so than in the orthodox Spanish monk. The Great Captain, who was born near Cordova, used to say that "other towns might be better to live in, but none were better to be born in."

Bætica, in addition to blood, has always been renowned for brains; the genius and imagination of its authors astonished ancient Rome. Seneca (De Suas. 6 sub fin.), quoting Cicero, speaks of the "pingue quiddam atque peregrinum" as the characteristic of the style of Sextilius Eua, one of the poets of *facunda Cordoba*, the birthplace of himself, the unique Lucan, the two Senecas, and of other Spaniards who, writing even in Latin, sustained the decline of Roman poetry and literature. In these works must be sought the real diagnostics of Iberian style. The Andalucians exhibited a marvel-

lous love of foreign literature. Pliny, jun. (Ep. ii. 3), mentions an inhabitant of Cadiz who went from thence, then the end of the world, to Rome, on purpose to see Livy; and having feasted his eyes, returned immediately; St. Jerome names another Andalucian, one Lacinus Licinius, who offered Pliny 400,000 nummi for his then unfinished note-books. *Ces beaux jours sont passés*, for now no Andalucian would lose one bull-fight for all the lost *Decades* of twenty Livys.

Cordova, under the Goths, was termed "holy and learned." Osius, the counsellor of Constantine and the friend of St. Athanasius, who called him *παινουσιος*, was its bishop from 294 to 357: he presided at the Council of Nice, and was the first to condemn prohibited books to the fire. Under the Moors, Cordova became the Athens of the West, or, in the words of Rasis, the "nurse of science, the cradle of captains." It produced Avenzoar, or, to write more correctly, Abdel Malek Ibn Zohr, and Averroes, whose proper name is Abu Abdallah Ibn Roshd; he it was who introduced Aristotle to Europe, and in the words of Dante, "il gran commento feo." The wealth, luxury, and civilization of Cordova under the Beni-Ummeyah dynasty, almost seems an Aladdin tale; yet Gayangos has demonstrated its historical accuracy. All was swept away by the Berbers, true Barbarians, who burnt palace and library. Their progress was scarcely less fatal to Moorish art and civilization, than the irruption of the Goths had been to that of antiquity.

Spanish Cordova for some time produced sons worthy of its ancient renown. Juan de Mena, the Chaucer, the morning star of Spanish poetry, was born here in 1412; as were Ambrosio Morales, the Hearne, the Leland of the Peninsula, in 1513; and Tomas Sanchez, the Jesuit, the author of the treatise *De Matrimonio*, which none but a dirty celibate monk could have written; the best edit. is that of Antwerp, 3 v. fol. 1607. Here, in 1538, was

born Pablo de Céspedes, a painter and poet; in 1561, Luis de Gongora, the Euphuist; and near here, at Montilla, was born Gonzalo de Cordova, the great (and truly great) Captain of Spain. Well, therefore, might Juan de Mena follow Rasis in addressing his birthplace as "the flower of knowledge and knighthood."

Cordova was always celebrated for its silversmiths, who came originally from Damascus, and continue to this day to work in that chased filigree style. Juan Ruiz, *El Vandalino*, is the Cellini of Cordova. The *joyas* and earrings of the peasantry deserve notice, and every now and then some curious antique emerald studded jewelry may be picked up.

Roman Cordova resisted the Goths until 572, but *Gothic* Cordova was taken by the Moors at once, by Muquiez el Rumi. It at first was an appanage of the kalifate of Damascus; but in 756 declared itself independent, and rose to be the capital of the Moorish empire of Spain, under Abderahman (Abdu-rahman, the servant of the compassionate). He was the head and last remaining heir of his dynasty, the Ummeyah, which had been expelled from the East by the Abasside usurpers. No fiction of romance ever surpassed the truth of his eventful life. He was the founder of kingdoms and cities; under him Cordova became the rival of Baghdad and Damascus, and was the centre of power and civilization in the West, and this at a time when weakness, ignorance, and barbarism shrouded over the rest of Europe. It contained in the tenth century nearly a million inhabitants, 300 mosques, 900 baths, and 600 inns. It withered under the Spaniard; and is now a dirty, benighted, ill-provided, decaying place, with a popⁿ under 60,000, or, as some say, and probably correctly, 45,000.

The most flourishing period was A.D. 1009. The Moorish dynasties are usually divided into four periods:—The *first* extended from 711 to 756. The newly-conquered peninsula was

called the *Island, Gezirah*; those portions which were not under the Moslem were called *Veled Arrum*, the land of the Romans, as the Goths were termed. During the first period Spain was governed by Amirs, deputed by the Kalif of Damascus. The *second* period commenced when Abdu-rahman made Cordova his capital, whence he was called *Al-dakhel*, "the enterer," the conqueror. This period extended from 756 to 1036. This dynasty declined about 1031, under Hisham III., having given 17 sultans. The Moorish power in Spain, which was founded by the Ummeyahs, fell with them. Now, in the third period, two factions took the lead in the divided house; first, the Almoravides-Murabitins, Rábitos, or men consecrated to the service of God, the types of the Christian knights of Santiago. They were put down in 1146 by the Almohades, or Unitarian Dissenters, or fanatics (Al Muevah-edun), who were headed by Ibn-Abdallah, a Berber lamplighter, who persuaded the mob to believe that he was the Mehedi, or "only director," in the paths of virtue. There was no tyranny, no Vandalism, which this Unitarian Jack Cade in a turban did not commit, for your democrat in power is always a despot. This degrading domination ceased about 1227, when the whole Moorish system became disunited, the fragments of the exploding shell (like those mollusca which, when divided, have such vitality, that each portion becomes a new living creature) became independent, "Quot urbes tot reges." They were *sheikhs*, however, rather than *kings*, and such as those of which Joshua in the East, and the Cid in the West, overcame so many. This, in reading the early history of Spain, must always be remembered. The misapplication, or mistranslation of our more extensive term, king, for the lesser title of a powerful baron, as in the case of Lear; gives an air of disproportion to the narrative.

These *Reguli*, being rival upstarts,

never acted cordially together, being torn by civil dissensions and factions, for the Spanish house was ever divided against itself; hence its weakness and fall. The unamalgamating *atoms* laboured to undo what the Ummeyahs had toiled to put together. Tribe now quarrelled with tribe, sect with sect, town with town, province with province, feuds raged alike in the royal and private families, and discord ruled within and without the walls: the Moor lapsed into the primitive condition of the disunited Iberians, and therefore fell as certain a victim to the united Spaniards as the aborigines had to the disciplined Roman, and Cordova was easily taken by St. Ferdinand, June 30, 1235.

In proportion as the Moor was subdivided, the Spaniard was consolidating his power; thus, Leon and Castile were joined under St. Ferdinand, Aragon and Valencia under Jayme I., and these great monarchs advanced everywhere as conquerors; Jayme overran Valencia, while the Castilian invaded Andalucia. The Moorish princes were unable, single-handed, to resist, and being rivals of each other, would not combine. Then Ibnu-l-ahmar, a vassal of St. Ferdinand, founded, in 1238, 1492, the fourth and last dynasty, that of Granada, which after two centuries and a half, was in its turn undermined and weakened by internal dissensions, until the union of Arragon and Castile under Ferd. and Isab., taking place at the period of the greatest Granadian divisions, completed the final conquest, and terminated the Mohamedan dynasties in Spain; but such is the common history of the rise and fall of Eastern kingdoms. The Arabs brought their isolated tribe system into a land where, of all others, no beneficial change was likely to take place; for the Iberians never would put their shields together. The empire of Ferd. and Isab. and Charles V. was thus raised and created, to last scarcely beyond the duration of their lives; for here, as in the East, states accumulate

into masses under the rule of some one man of power and intellect; but in the absence of fixed law and policy, all depends on the individual, and when he is gone the compressing bond is wanting, the bundle falls to pieces, and the primæval form of petty independencies is renewed. The Cordovese power rose with the master-minded Abderahmans, and was maintained by Al Mansúr, the mighty captain-minister of Hisham. Even then a germ of weakness existed, for the Kalif of Damascus never forgave the casting off his allegiance: he made treaties with the French against the Cordovese, while the Cordovese allied themselves with the emperor of Constantinople, as the rival of the Eastern kalif. Both parties occasionally used the services of the Jews, renegades, mongrels, Muwallads (disbelievers), and especially the Berbers, all of whom were contented to side with the richest and strongest party of the moment, hating both equally. The Berbers particularly, who at different times allied themselves with the Spaniards, French, and Christians against the Cordovese Moors, whom they abhorred as descendants of Yemen and Damascus, and as their dispossessors, for they claimed Spain as theirs in right of their Carthaginian ancestors, who had fled to the mountains of the Atlas from the Romans. These highlanders, although Pagans, and utterly *barbarous*, thought themselves alone to be the salt of the earth, and assumed the epithet *Amazirghis*, or *nobles*. Brave and martial, these barbarians, *barbarous* in name and deeds, were at once the strength and weakness of the Moors; first they aided in conquering the Goths, and then turning against their allies, in upsetting the most elegant and accomplished dynasty Spain ever has witnessed.

For these matters consult '*Antigüedades de España*,' Morales; for Cordova consult '*Antigüedades de España*,' Morales, Alcalá de Henares, 1575, chap. 31; '*Almakkari*,' trans-

lated by Gayangos; see our remarks, p. 131. The third book records what Cordova was in all its glory; Southey, art. i. 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' has given a portion of the 10th and 11th vols. of Florez, 'E. S.;' '*Los Santos de Cordova*,' M. de Roa, 4to., Lyons, 1617, or 4to., Cordova, 1627: '*Antigüedades de Cordova*,' Pedro Diaz de Rivas; '*Catalogo de los Obispos de Cordova*,' Juan Gomez Barbo; and '*Antiguo Principado de Cordova*,' M. de Roa, 4to., Cordova, 1636.

Cordova is soon seen. This Athens under the Moor is now a poor Bœotian place, the residence of local authorities, with a liceo, theatre, a *casa de espositos*, and a national museo and library of no particular consequence: a day will amply suffice for everything. The city arms are "a bridge placed on water," allusive to that over the river: the foundations are Roman; the present irregular arches were built in 719 by the governor As-samh. At the town entrance is a classical Doric gate erected by Herrera for Philip II. on the site of the Moorish Babu-l-Kanterah, "the gate of the bridge." Near this is *El triunfo*, a triumph of churriguerism; it was erected by the Bishop Martin de Barcia, to whom, coming from Rome, some demon whispered, "Bishop, have a taste:" nothing can be worse. On the top is the Cordovese tutelar saint, Rafael, who clearly is unconnected with his namesake of Urbino. The *Alcazar* rises to the l.: it was built on the site of the Balatt Dudherik, the Castle of Roderick, the last of the Goths, whose father, Theofred, was duke of Cordova; formerly it was the residence of the Inquisition, and then, as at Seville, of miserable invalid soldiers. The lower portions were converted into stables by Juan de Mingares, in 1584, for the royal stallions: near Cordova and Alcolea were the principal breeding-grounds for Andalusian barbs, until the establishment was broken up by the French, who carried off the best mares and stallions. Here, under the Moors,

was the *Al-haras* (unde *Haras*), the mounted guard of the king, and they were either foreigners or Christians, Mamelukes or Sclavonians; for the Moorish rulers distrusted their own subjects, and preferred strangers, because not mixed up in domestic politics, and who, being envied and hated by the natives, stood alone, with no friend but their new master: so David formed his body-guard of Cherethites and Pelethites; so the Spanish Bourbons did theirs of Walloons and Irish; so the Pope entrusts the keeping of his holy person to mercenary Swiss, as Nero, when Pontifex Maximus, had done his to Germans.

The bishop's palace, close by, was built in 1745, and is churrigueresque; the inside is all dirt, decay, and gilding, marble and whitewash; ostentatious poverty. In the *Sala de la Audiencia* are a series of bad portraits of prelates. Here Fer^d. VII. was confined in 1823, and attempted to escape through the garden, in which observe the gigantic lemons, Arabicè *laymoon*. The artist must not fail to walk below the bridge to some most picturesque Moorish mills and a pleasant fresh plantation.

The cathedral or the mosque, *La Mezquita*, as it still is called (*mesgad* from *masegad*, to worship prostrate), stands isolated. The exterior is castellated and forbidding: walk round it; observe the square buttress towers, with fire-shaped or bearded parapets: it is the type of that which was at Seville. Examine the Moorish spandrils of the different entrances. Enter the Court of Oranges at the *Puerta del Perdon*, of which the type is truly Oriental: 1 Chr. xxviii. 6. The cistern was erected in 945-6, by Abdu-r-rahman. In this once sacred *τεμενος* and "Grove" importunate beggars worry the stranger and dispel the illusion (see how to get rid of them, p. 173). Ascend the belfry tower, which, like the Giralda, was shattered by a hurricane in 1593: it was recased and repaired in 1593 by Fernan Ruiz, a

native of this city. It is not so successful either in form or colour as his restoration of the Seville Giralda. The courtyard was built by Said Ben Ayub in 937; it is 430 feet by 210. The 19 entrances into the mosque are now closed, save that of the centre. Observe the miliary column found in the middle of the mosque during the repairs of 1532: the inscriptions were re-engraved in 1732; they record the distance, 114 miles, to Cadiz, from the Temple of Janus, on the site of which the mosque was built. The interior of the cathedral cannot be described, it must be seen; it is a labyrinth of pillars, which, like a basilicum, support a low roof. Gayangos remarks that the whole building was principally constructed with materials taken from Greek and Roman temples in and out of the Peninsula. Morales ascertained that the materials of a temple of Janus, consecrated to Christian worship during the period of the Gothic domination, had served for the construction of the mosque; and the Arabian writers record that out of the 1200 columns—now reduced to about 854—which once supported its low roof, 115 came from Nismes and Narbonne, in France; 60 from Seville and Tarragona, in Spain; while 140 were presented by Leo, Emperor of Constantinople, and the remainder were detached from the temples at Carthage and other cities of Africa; and the columns are in no way uniform—some are of jasper, porphyry, verd-antique, and other choice marbles: their diameters are not equal throughout, the shafts of some which were too long having been either sawed off or sunk into the floor to a depth of four and even five and six feet; while in those too short, the deficiency was supplied by means of a huge and disproportionate Corinthian capital, thus destroying all harmony and uniformity. The Arabs have always appropriated the remains of Roman temples and cities as materials of their buildings. Thus Ctesiphon and Babylon became the quarry for the private and public

buildings of Baghdad; so Misr was transformed into the modern Cairo; so Tunis rose out of the ruins of Carthage; and in Spain few are the Roman cities whose site was not changed by the conquerors, by transporting their materials from the original spot whereon they stood, and this particularly whenever the deserted city occupied a plain or valley; for the Arabs, from habit, as well as from an instinct of self-preservation, always chose to locate themselves on high and river-girt ground, as most susceptible of defence. The *old* sites are to be traced by the distinguishing epithet *La Vieja*, which is equivalent to the Greek *τα παλαια*, the Moorish *Baleea*, the Turkish *Eskey Kalli*. Our *Old Sarum* is an apt illustration of this practice, where the ancient city was absorbed by more modern Salisbury, and used up, thus serving in its decay to elevate its rival.

Ancient Cordova is supposed by some to have been on the other side of the river. The temple of Janus was converted by the Goths into one dedicated to S^{an} Vicente, which Abdu-r-rahman pulled down, and began the present mosque, July 2, 786, copying that of Damascus. He died June 10, 788, and it was finished by his son Hixem in 793-4. It was called *Ceca*, *Zeca*, the house of purification, the old Egyptian *Sēkos* (*σηκος*, adytum). In sanctity it ranked as the third of mosques, equal to the Alaksa of Jerusalem, and second only to the Caaba of Mecca: Conde, i. 226, details its magnificence and ceremonials. A pilgrimage to this *Ceca* was held to be equivalent in the Spanish Moslem to that of Mecca, where he could not go; hence *andar de Mecca en Ceca*, became a proverb for wanderings, and is used by Sancho Panza, when soured by blanket tossings. The expense of the edifice was entirely defrayed out of spoil from the Christians, and, according to Arabic authorities, the earth for the foundation was brought from Galicia and France on the shoulders of captives. The area is about 394 ft. E,

to W.; 356 ft. N. to S. The pillars divide it into 19 longitudinal and 29 transversal aisles: the laterals are converted into chapels. Observe the singular double arches and those which spring over pillars, which are one of the earliest deviations from the Basilica form: the columns, as at Pæstum, have no plinths, which would be inconvenient to pedestrians. Some of the upper arches are beautifully interlaced like ribands; the pillars differ from each other in colour, diameter, and material, but the Moor had no eye to symmetry, he treated Roman columns as Procrustes did men. The low roof is about 35 feet high, and was flat before the modern cupolas were substituted. The *alerce* wood of which it is formed is as sound as when placed there nearly eleven centuries ago. This tree, the *Eres* of the Hebrew, *L'aris* of Barbary (the root of *Lorix*, larch), is the *thuya articulata*, or *arbor vitæ*, of which vast quantities grow in the Berber mountains, beyond Tetuan; from whence it was brought here (Morales, 'Ant. de Esp.' 123). Spain was always celebrated for the durability of its timber and excellence of carpentry. The Phœnicians were the great carpenters of antiquity, and selected as such by Solomon for the temple at Jerusalem (1 Kings v.). Pliny (N. H. xiii. 5), speaking of these woods, observes, that they were selected from the *immortality of the material* for the images of the gods; and see what he says (xvi. 40) of the antiquity of the beams of the temple of Saguntum, which were durable like those of Hercules at Cadiz (Sil. Ital. iii. 18).

Visit the *Capilla de la Villa Viciosa*, once the *Mashurah*, or seat of the kalif. Observe the *Mih-rab*, the recess in which the Alcoran was placed: the kalif performed his *Chotbâ*, or public prayer, at the window looking to the *Ceca*, or sanctum sanctorum. Observe the quaint lions, like those in the Alhambra, and the *Azulejos*, and the arabesque stucco, once painted in blue and red, and gilded. The inscriptions

are in cuphic. Visit the *C^a Sⁿ Pedro*, once the Cella, the "*Ceca*," the Holiest of Holies, and the *kiblah*, or point turned to Mecca, which lies to the E. from Spain, but to the S. from Asia; observe the glorious Mosaic exterior of a style, called by the Moors *Sofeyabâ*; it is unequalled in Europe, and has a truly Byzantine richness. A paltry *reja* rails off the tomb of the constable Conde de Oropesa. This chapel the Spaniards call *Del Zancarron*, in derision of the *foot-bone* of Mahomet, a well-placed sneer in the mouths of the worshippers of ten thousand monkish relics; enter the chapel, which is an octagon of 15 feet; the roof, made in the form of a shell, is wrought out of a single piece of marble. The pilgrim compassed this *Ceca* seven times, as was done at Mecca; hence the foot-worn pavement.

The lateral chapels of the cathedral are not very interesting. Pablo de Cespedes, ob. 1608, is buried in that of *Sⁿ Pablo*: by him are the paintings of St. John, St. Andrew, and a neglected "*Last Supper*," once his master-piece. In the *C^a Sⁿ Nicolas* is a Berrugete *Reto*, and paintings by Cæsar Arbasia, of no merit. In the *C^a de los Reyes* lies buried Alonzo XI., one of the most chivalrous of Spanish kings—the hero of Tarifa and Algeciras: his ungrateful country has not raised a poor slab to his memory. In the *C^a del Cardenal* is the tomb of Card^l Pedro de Salaza, ob. 1706. It is churrigueresque; the statues are by Jose de Mora. In the Panteon below are some fine marbles. The two bad pictures in the Sacristia, and ascribed to Alonzo Cano, are only copies. The church plate once was splendid; the empty cases and shelves remain from whence Dupont carried off some waggon loads. A few cinque cento crosses and chalices were secreted, and thus escaped, like the Custodia. This is a noble Gothic silver-gilt work of Henrique de Arphe, 1517 (see Index). It was injured in 1735 by the injudicious additions of one Bernabé Garcia

Spikes as to 35 ft. from by
being raised 12 ft.

de los Reyes. The marvel, however, of the verger, is a rude cross scratched on a pillar, according to an inscription, by a Christian captive with his nail (? a nail), *Hizó el Cautivo con la Uña*; but Heaven first taught letters for some wretches' aid.

So much for the Mosque. The modern addition is the *Coro*; this was done in 1523 by the B^p Alonzo Manrique. The corporation, with a taste and judgment rare in corporate bodies, protested against this "improvement;" but Charles V., unacquainted with the locality, upheld the prelate. When he passed through in 1526, and saw the mischief, he thus reprov'd the chapter:—"You have built here what you, or any one, might have built any where else; but you have destroyed what was unique in the world. You have pulled down what was complete, and you have begun what you cannot finish." And yet this man, who could see so clearly the motives in clerical eyes, disfigured the Alcazar of Seville, and tore down portions of the Alhambra, to commence a palace which he never finished, and whose performance shames mighty promise.

The *Coro* was begun by Fernan Ruiz in 1523, and completed in 1593. The cinque cento ornaments and roof are picked out in white and gold. The *Silla*, by Pedro Cornejo, is churriguesque; he died in 1758, æt. 80, and is buried near the Capilla Mayor. The excellent *Retó.* was designed, in 1614, by Alonzo Matias; the painting is by Palomino, and is no better than his writings; the tomb, *Al lado de la Epistola*, is that of the beneficent B^p Diego de Mardones, ob. 1624.

The walk round the lonely walls is picturesque. They are Moorish, and built of *tapia*; with their gates and towers, they must have been nearly similar to that original circumvallation as described by Cæsar (B. C. ii. 19). Observe the beautiful group of palms hanging over the wall near the *Puerta de Placencia*. The first ever planted in Cordova was by the royal

hand of Abdu-r-rahman, who desired to have a memorial of his much loved and always regretted Damascus. The octagon tower, near this *Puerta*, *La Mala Muerte*, was erected in 1406 by Enrique III.

The Moors and Spaniards have combined to destroy all the Roman antiquities of Cordova. The aqueduct was taken down, to build the convent of Sⁿ. Jeronimo. In 1730 an amphitheatre was discovered during some accidental diggings near Sⁿ. Pablo, and reentered. In making the prisons of the Inquisition, some statues, mosaics, and inscriptions, were found, all of which were covered again by the holy tribunal, the extinguisher of knowledge. There is not much fine art in Cordova; Mellado mentions a public library, and a museo of sculpture and painting. Florez (M. i. 373) describes the coins, those relics which have escaped somewhat better. The modern churches are overloaded with barbaric churriguesque and gilding. Ambrosio Morales was buried in *Los Martyres*, where his friend the Archb^p of Toledo, Rojas Sandoval, placed a tomb and wrote an epitaph. The *Plaza*, with its wooden galleries, and the C^o. de la Feria, abound with Prout-like bits. Observe a common-place modern portico of six Composite pillars, by Ventura Rodriguez, much admired here. The inhabitants, in dress and manners, are true Andalucians. The peculiar leather, called from the town *Cordwain*, Cordovan, was once celebrated, but the Moors carried their art and industry to Morocco: a few miserable tanpits near the river mark the difference between the present and former proprietors. The chief manufactures at present are tubs for pickled olives.

A morning's excursion may be made to the *Val Paraiso*, and the hermitages in the Sierra Morena; the path ascends through gardens. At Sⁿ. Francisco de la Arrizafa was the fairy villa, Medinatuz-zahra, the Rizzifah of Abdu-rahman: i. e. "the pavement"—undé Arricife. Gayangos and Conde have

detailed the historical, but almost incredible luxuries of this Aladdin palace. This museum of art, like the villa of Hadrian, near Tivoli, was entirely destroyed, Feb. 18, 1009. The chief leaders, says the historian Ibnur-râkik, were only "ten men, who were either sellers of charcoal (*carboneros*), butchers, or dung-carriers" (Moh. D. ii. 228 and 488). The inhabitants made no resistance; now, even the traces of these palaces cannot be made out.

The hermitages on the Sierra above, were to Andalusia what Monserrat was to Catalonia—a Thebais, a Laura, a Mount Athos. They never wanted a tenant of the bravest and best born, for in the Iberian temperament, as in the Oriental, *inedia et labor*—violent action and repose—are inherent. The half monk, half soldier crusader, after a youth of warfare and bloodshed, retired with grey hairs to cleanse with holy water his blood-stained hands. This was the cold fit, the reaction after the fever: some excitement was necessary, and as the physical forces decayed, a moral stimulant was resorted to (see Monserrat).

Cordova was always most servile and priest-ridden; besides 13 parish churches it once had 16 convents within the walls, 7 outside, and 19 nunneries; no wonder that the theatre in Ferd. VII.'s time was closed, because some nuns saw the devil dancing on the roof. Thus, in ancient times, the brazen tree of Apollo remonstrated when a dancer came near it, who was torn to pieces by the priests (Athen. xiii. 605). Cordova is now dying of atrophy; it has neither arms nor men, leather nor prunella: the first blow was dealt by the barbarian Berbers, the last by the French. Dupont entered it in June, 1808, and although no resistance was made, the populace was massacred, and the city, *Mezquita*, and churches were plundered (Foy, iii. 231); every one, says Maldonado (i. 291), from the general to the fraction of a drummer-boy, giving them-

selves up to pillage. The "plunder exceeded ten millions of reals:" 8000 ounces, or 25,000*l.*, were found in Dupont's luggage alone: see Maldonado (i. 335); who, with Toreno (iv.), gives all the details.

There is a bridle cross road from Cordova to Granada, 22½ L.; see R. xii.

Quitting Cordova, at 2 L. the Guadalquivir is crossed by the noble bridge of dark marble at *Alcolea*. This is so fine that the Spaniards say that the French, when they saw it, asked if it were not made in France. Here Pedro Echavarri, who had promoted himself to the rank of lieutenant-general, attempted with some thousand men to stop Dupont's advance, June 7, 1808. The French, led by the gallant Raselot, passed the bridge with the audacity exhibited at Lodi; Echavarri instantly turned and fled, never halting until he reached Ecija, 40 miles off; others ran even to Seville, and were the first messengers of their own disgrace (Foy, iii. 229). Castaños thereupon meditated retreating on Cadiz, and the Junta even to S. America. Had Dupont pushed on, instead of robbing churches, he would have won Andalusia in one blow, as Ocaña afterwards proved. Ferdinand VII., in 1814, instituted an order of honour for the *prodigios de valor* exhibited at Alcolea, and very properly gave Echavarri the only grand cross, and Minaño (i. 103), writing in 1826, eulogizes these *valientes* Andaluces—a strange translation of Livy's older but more correct epithet, *imbelles*.

Near Alcolea is the great stable *La Regulada*, for the once celebrated breeding grounds of Cordovese barbs: the establishment has never recovered since the best stallions were carried off by the invaders. At *Carpio*, with its Moorish tower, the costume begins to change, the women wearing green serge *sayas*, and handkerchiefs and shawls instead of mantillas. Passing through fertile tracts of corn and olives is *Andujar*, Andura, a dull unwholesome town on the Guadalquivir of 13,000 souls, with an old dilapidated bridge: the

diligence inn is decent. Here are made the porous cooling clay drinking vessels, *alcarrazas*, the *Qooleh* of the Arab, which, filled with water and arranged in stands or *tallas*, are seized upon by thirsty Spaniards on entering every venta. The *Parroquia S^{ra} Marina* was a mosque: the *montes* in the neighbourhood abound in game. At Andujar was signed, July 23, 1808, the convention of Bailen, and again, Aug. 8, 1823, the famous decree of the Duke of Angoulême, whereby superiority was assumed by the French over all Spanish authorities. This was resented by the whole Peninsula, for it touched the national *Españolismo*, or impatience under foreign dictation; it converted every friend, nay, even the recently delivered Ferdinand VII., into a foe to the knife, and compromised the existence of every Frenchman in Spain.

From Andujar there is a cross cut to Jaen, 6 L.: the road is bad, but carriageable; it communicates with the *Camino real de Granada*, R. xiv.

Leaving Andujar the road to Madrid ascends the hills, over a broken country, down which the Rumberl boils. The memorable battle took place between the post-houses *La Casa del Rey* and *Bailen*. BAILEN, where "*Nosotros* crushed the veterans of Austerlitz and Marengo," and "thereby saved, not Spain alone, but Europe."

When Cuesta had, by being beaten at Rioseco, opened Madrid to the French, Murat considered the conquest of Andalucia to be merely a *promenade militaire*. Dupont accordingly was sent from Toledo, May 24, 1808, with 10,000 men: he boasted that on the 21st of June he should be at Cadiz: his forces were next increased by 12,950 more men under Vedel; but Dupont mismanaged the whole campaign: he arrived, without obstacles, at Andujar, and then neither pushed on to Cadiz, nor fell back on Madrid while the mountains were open. Meanwhile Castaños was enabled to move from Algeciras, by the help of a loan ad-

vanced from Gibraltar, and advanced on Andujar with 25,000 men: his army, both in men and generals, was little more than nominally Spanish. The 1st division was Swiss, and commanded by Reding, a Swiss; the 2nd was commanded by De Coupigny, a Frenchman; the 3rd by Jones, an Irishman, and the best troops were Walloons.* The 4th division, which really consisted of Spaniards, never fired a shot, while Castaños, their chief, only arrived when the battle was gained, and then would have given away its results; previously Dupont had so mis-manceuvred and scattered his forces, that Castaños planned his circumvention, and making a feint of attacking Andujar, he sent Reding to the r. by the ford of Mengibar, and thus got between Dupont and Vedel, whose forces were higher up in the Sierra. The positions were singular, each being placed in these hilly defiles between two fires: Dupont between Castaños and Reding, Reding between Dupont and Vedel.

July 18, Dupont quitted Andujar in the night with 8000 men, and was met at daybreak of the 19th by Reding and Coupigny with 14,000 men, drawn up in a strong hill position. The French were beaten back by these Swiss, Irish, and Walloons; and, to complete their disaster, a Swiss regiment under Dupont went over to their comrades in the most critical moment. The battle was of short duration, for everything was against the French, whose troops, raw conscripts (Foy, iv. 109), were pitted against the best veteran and *foreign* soldiers in the Spanish service; again, they were wearied with a long night march over broken ground, disheartened by retreat, and demoralized by previous pillage; more than 1500 men were actually employed in guarding the "impedimenta," or waggons of plunder, and some high officers, says Foy (iv.

* So at Pavia, the Fleming Lannoy with the Germans gained the day; so at St. Quintin, Emmanuel of Savoy commanded, and the English under Lord Pembroke did the work—sic vos non vobis.

100), "anxious to secure their *butin infame*, were ready to listen to dishonour;"* the uneven country was also in favour of Reding, as it rendered all scientific manœuvring impossible; in short, it was a Roncesvalles.

The report of the firing during the contest brought up La Peña with the 4th Spanish brigade, and Vedel with his division; thus Reding was attacked in front and rear by Dupont and Vedel, while Dupont was exposed in the same manner to Reding and La Peña; but the Spaniards arrived first, for Vedel had halted some hours to permit his troops to convert into soup a flock of goats which they had caught: thus nearly 20,000 Frenchmen were sold for a mess of pottage: "La destinée des nations dépend de la manière dont elles se nourrissent," says Brillat Savarin; and this ought to be a warning to so truly great a gastronomic nation, how they meddle with the rude cuisine of Iberians, who were sad goat-eaters, according to Strabo (iii. 232, *τραγοφαγοῦσι μάλιστα*). Fatal was this delay, for every moment rendered the position of the French more desperate, as the burning Andalusian sun, and the want of water, were more formidable than the Spaniards. Read Livy (xxxiv. 47) to see a former example of these effects on a French army. When the troops ventured down to the stream below, they were shot by hornet swarms of armed peasants. All parties were anxious to come to some terms, particularly the chiefs, Dupont and Castaños; indeed the latter, on his arrival, after the fighting was over, would have granted a convention of Cintra had he not been prevented by Tilli, a sort of commissioner of the Seville junta. The treaty was so

* Thus the crime entailed its own punishment, as in the parallel instance of Vitoria. The scholar will remember the *Aurum Tholosanum*, which passed into a proverb among the ancients: such was the curse which haunted the old Gauls of Toulouse, who had plundered the sacred vessels of Delphos; such was the retribution of Nemesis ultor sacre pecuniæ: Justin, xxxii. 3.

disgraceful to the French, that Vedel, a brave man, indignantly drew away his troops, but was recalled by Dupont, trembling under the Spanish threats; and on the 23rd, 17,635 Frenchmen laid down their arms: it was a *Furca Caudinæ*.

The panic spread far and wide: whole detachments of French along the road to Madrid, volunteered their own submission. Joseph, concluding that the Spaniards would follow up the blow by marching instantly on Madrid, evacuated it, having first pillaged everything; but the invaders retired from the coming shadows of only their own fears, for Marshal Moncey and the king reached Burgos, even before Moreno, Castaños's aide-de-camp, could arrive alone at Madrid; whilst he, so far from advancing on the foe, more amazed at his victory than even the French at their defeat, actually marched the other way, and went back to Seville to dedicate flags to St. Ferdinand; nor did he reach Madrid until Aug. 23, when he proceeded to kneel before the Atocha image of the Virgin, and thank her for her interference (Schep. i. 458). Meanwhile Buonaparte was silently preparing his great revenge unmolested by the Spaniards, who quietly reposed under their laurels, and talked about driving the invader over the Pyrenees; for no steps were taken to dislodge the French runaways even from the line of the Ebro; *Manaña manaña y veremos*, the curse of procrastination, coupled with local selfishness and paltry intrigues, paralysed all exertions: well might Bacon say, *Me venga la muerte de España*. The Andalusians thought the work was done, and the war concluded by one blow; and even the sober English caught the infection, and imagined Bailen to be a tragedy to be repeated whenever the French appeared, until further notice. Like the nation, so the conqueror Castaños took very little by his victory, for the Junta dreaded encouraging any general; they feared a Cromwell or a Buonaparte. When Ferdinand VII. was restored,

such services were imputed as a disservice. Castaños was not made *Duque de Bailen* until nearly a quarter of a century afterwards, and then only because Christina was anxious to create a liberal party for her own ends. To his praise be it said that he was free from mean jealousies, and cheerfully served under English commanders, and of all his countrymen was best liked by their allies. He also, to his honour, opposed the Punic manner in which the convention of Bailen was broken. Retaliation and poetical justice were satisfied rather than good faith. The French, who had sowed in the storm, now reaped in the whirlwind. "They were treated," says Southey (ch. viii.), "as criminals rather than soldiers; as men who had laid down their arms but could not lay down their crimes." "On leur réclamait avec menaces et injures les vases sacrées des églises" (Foy, iv. 107). Many were massacred in cold blood on the road, others were starved in the Cadiz hulks, the rest were exposed on the desolate island of Cabrera, without food or clothing, to feed on each other like howling wild beasts.

Buonaparte, according to M. Foy (iv. 109), "Versa des larmes de sang sur ses aigles humiliées, sur l'honneur des armes Françaises outragées; cette virginité de gloire qu'il jugeait inséparable du drapeau tricolore, était perdue pour jamais, le charme était rompu, les invincibles avaient été vaincus, et rangés sous le joug." He, however, concealed the truth from his slaves: "Les Français," says Foy, "n'en eurent même pas connaissance." When the retreat from Madrid could no longer be kept back, he just hinted in the 'Moniteur,' Sept. 6, that the heat of the weather and the superiority of the Ebro water were the causes; just as at Trafalgar, he ascribed the accidental disaster to the elements. Yet his military genius fully comprehended how little Spanish strategies had caused the victory; and, writing immediately after the disaster, he remarked, "Les

Espagnols ne sont pas à craindre, toutes les forces Espagnoles ne sont pas capables de culbuter 25,000 Français dans une position raisonnable;" and subsequent events showed how true was this opinion, for he never again lost any great battle with the Spaniards, and in a few months routed these very heroes of Bailen, Castaños, La Peña, Giron, &c. as it were mere child's play; nay, as Schepeler observes, "La son de ce mot *Bailen* produisit un vertige de triomphe, et livra à Buonaparte mainte armée Espagnole." The Spaniards took the exception for the rule, an accident for a certainty, and imagined that their raw levies, wanting in everything, and led by incapable officers, could beat the highly organised veterans of France led by consummate commanders; in vain the Duke urged them to keep to their hills, and wage a Fabian defensive warfare which history, the nature of the broken country, and the admirable *guerrilla* qualities of the Spanish people pointed out. Bailen always interfered; they were always fighting Bailen over again, and planning how to catch all the French at once in one trap; accordingly their only tactics were to quit the mountains and descend into the fatal plains, there to extend their lines, in order to surround the enemy, when these tartars, by *one charge of cavalry*, generally put them to rout.

Meanwhile the effect of Bailen was electrical; for the truth could not be quite stifled, even in France. Europe aroused from her moral subjection; Spain retook her place among nations; and England, thinking her now worthy of her friendship, rushed to her final deliverance.

The town of *Bailen* or *Baylen*, Betula, is most wretched, and is no bad sample of those of the dreary localities which we are approaching; popⁿ under 3000. There is a ruined castle here, with a machicolated tower belonging to the Benavente family, now to the Osuna. Now commences the *Paño pardo*, the brown cloth, and the

alpargata, or the hempen sandal of the poverty-stricken Manchegos.

Leaving Bailen the road enters the Sierra barrier, which rises between the central table-lands and the maritime strips. Carolina is the capital of *Las Nuevas Poblaciones*, or the new towns of this district: it is tidy and clean, laid out by line and rule, and in academic common-place. The fair skins of the people, and the roads planted with trees, are more German than Spanish; popⁿ. 2800. These wild hills were formerly left to the robber and wolf, without roads or villages. Spain, after colonizing the new world and expelling her rich Jews and industrious Moors, was compelled to repeople the *Despoblados* with foreign settlers. In 1768, Don Pablo Olavides, a Peruvian by birth, a protégé of the Minister Aranda, and *Asistente* of Seville, planned the immigration of Germans and Swiss to what they were told was a "mountain paradise," by a bribe of pecuniary assistance and promise of immunities; all these pledges were broken, and most of the poor foreigners died broken-hearted of the *maladie du pays*, executing Punic Spain, and remembering their sweet Argos. Olavides himself, this modern Cadmus or Deucalion, who had infused life into the silent mountains, fell in his turn a victim to bigotry and ingratitude. One stipulation had been the non-admission of monkish drones into these new hives: a capuchin, named Romuald, thereupon denounced him to the Inquisition; he was arrested in 1776, his property confiscated, and he himself confined in a convent in La Mancha, subject to such penance as the monks should inflict. He escaped into France, shaking Spanish dust off his feet for ever—"Oh dura tellus Iberiæ!"

The hilly road is admirably planned; it was executed by Charles Le Maur, an able French engineer in the service of Charles III. About two L. from Carolina is the village of *Las Navas de Tolosa*, the scene of a former Bailen, and of an important victory, which also

paved the way to the restoration of Spanish independence. This fatal battle is called by Moorish annalists, that of Al-'akab. *Navas* is a Basque word, and like the Iberian term *Nav*, enters into names connected with "plains,"—Navia, Navarra. Here, July 16, 1212, Alonzo VIII. defeated Mohammed Ibn Abdallah, surnamed Annassir Ledin-Allah—the Defender of the Religion of God, and King of Morocco. The conquest of Toledo by the Christians, had led to a fresh invasion of Spain from Barbary: the news spread dismay over Christendom, and Innocent III. proclaimed a general crusade. No less than 110,000 foreign crusaders came to assist the Spaniards; they were principally English and French, and no doubt bore at least their share in the burden of the fight, although the glory is now claimed by the Spaniards for themselves exclusively. The allies left Toledo June 21, to meet the invaders. They found the passes guarded by the Moors, and despaired, when a shepherd, since ascertained to have been Sⁿ. Isidro himself (see Madrid), appeared and pointed out a bypath by which the Christians got between the Moors: so at Marathon, a stranger, like Sⁿ. Isidro, in a rustic dress, assisted the Greeks, and then disappeared; the oracles afterwards declared him to be Hercules (Paus. i. 32. 5). The Christians opened the attack; the Andalusian Moors, true to their old character of *imbelles*, were the first to turn and run (Conde, ii. 423). The remainder followed their example; 200,000 infidels were killed, and only 125 Christians; so records an eye-witness, a better hand probably at guess work than arithmetic.

The victory could not be followed up, as the Spaniards, in want of everything, were unable to move; they therefore returned to Toledo, to thank Sⁿ. Ildefonso, instead of marching on Seville; just as Castaños returned after Bailen to Seville, to thank St. Ferdinand, instead of advancing on Toledo. The fighting archb. Rodrigo Ximenez,

who first broke the Moorish body of the Almohades, has left an account of the battle (lib. viii. 7). Here, again, as at Covadanga and Salado, when we behold the circumscribed hungry sites, it is manifestly impossible that any such numbers could either have existed or manœuvred.

Now the road descends to *Las Correderas* and the magnificent narrow gorge *Despeña-perros*—"throw over dogs." This is the gateway to dreary *La Mancha*. Adieu the gay Andalucía and the tropical vegetation. Those who advance N. exchange an Eden for a desert, while those who turn their backs on the capital, at every step advance into a more genial climate and a kindlier soil. The Seville junta, with their usual improvidence, only talked of fortifying this natural Thermopylæ: nothing was ever done except on paper; and after the rout of *Ocaña* the runaways dared not even stand behind the rocks, where 100 old Greeks would have checked the advance and saved Andalucía. Jan. 20, 1810, the French, under Dessolles, forced the pass in spite of Giron, M^{te} de las Amarillas, a hero of Bailen, and his ten thousand men. They dispersed "every man to his own home;" and this on the plains of Tolosa. But there was no Swiss, Irish, or French general now to lead, no foreign troops now to support: yet the country is a natural fortress, and well did the Duke know its value. It might have been made the *Torres Vedras* of Andalucía. His plan, when he contemplated defending Andalucía, which failed from the Junta's suspicions regarding Cadiz, was to make Carolina his head-quarters. "I think," said he, "while *I am there* the French will not venture to pass the Sierra." Now, when he was *not* there, Gazan, in two days, was master of 50 miles of almost impregnable passes.

The province of *La Mancha*, although Don Quixote's, is the dullest of central Spain. Nor can there be a greater proof of the power of genius, which gilds all on which it lights, than the

interest infused by Cervantes over this most wretched locality. As it has been our fate to pass no less than six times over this road of bore, we entreat the traveller to arm himself beforehand with a Don Quixote: some intellectual provender is no less needful for the mind, than "vivers and provend" are for the body in out-of-the-way riding excursions in the Peninsula; at all events, a few observations on Don Quixote will not here be out of place. In order, however, not to break the continuity of our route description, we have placed them at its end: those who admire Gil Blas, may also turn to Santillana.

La Mancha contains about 7500 sq. miles, with a scanty population of 250,000. It is chiefly table-land, elevated at a mean height of 2000 ft. above the sea-level. Although apparently a plain, it is very undulating; in the dips, occasionally, a streamlet creates a partial verdure and fertility: water is the great want. Denuded of trees it is exposed to the cutting wintry blasts, and scorched by the calcining summer heat: tawny and arid is the earth, while the dust, impregnated with saltpetre, and the fierce glare of the sun blind the eye: wearied with prospects of uniform misery and a total want of anything of interest, either in man or his works, or the nature with which he is surrounded, the traveller is sickened with the wide expanse of steppes; and, as Sterne said, "can make nothing of these plains;" they are tiresome as a twice-told tale, and are as common-place and unpicturesque as those portions of "*La belle France*," which might well be called *La Manche*, after their Peninsular namesake. The long lines of road, which cut their despot way, show how little respect has been paid to private rights or comforts, if such terms may be made use of: no ancient manor-houses, embosomed in aged oaks, here give evidence of long enjoyment of peace and security.

The towns are few and poverty-

stricken; they have neither art nor commerce, and are devoid alike of social attractions or interest; one would imagine, looking at the cloaked and listless loungers on the *Plazas*, that all the work which could be done was done; and yet the fields of which Solinus could once say, that there was *nihil sterile, nihil otiosum*, are as listless as these idlers. How great must be that mismanagement when these unemployed hands are not brought in contact with these uncultivated fields!

The mud-built villages are the abodes of under-fed, ill-clothed labourers; besides the want of water, fuel is so scarce that dry dung is substituted: such, says Mr. Lane, is the sad resource of the desert of Egypt (compare Ezekiel iv. 12, 15). These hamlets, wretched enough before, were brutally sacked by Dupont and Soult, and never have recovered. The plains produce much corn, saffron, and in some places rich wines: the mules are celebrated. The *Manchego* is honest, patient, and hard-working when there is any one to hire him; his affections are more developed than his reason. Temperate, brave, and moral, he is attached and confiding when kindly used and honestly dealt with; reserved and stern when he suspects ill-treatment and injustice. He is plainly clad in *pañó pardo*, with a *montera* on his head. This, the old Iberian *Μίτρα* (Strabo, iii. 232), is a most inconvenient cap: it neither defends the head from the sun, the rain, or cold; yet, in spite of all these untoward circumstances in man and his country, this is the province of the song and dance, the *Seguidilla* and *Manchega*. Honest, homely Sancho Panza is a true *Manchegan* peasant.

La Mancha is the *infierno* of mules and asses, of which many are bred here. On these quadrupeds, see p. 45. Remember the proverb, "never to go behind a mule, before a woman, or on any side of a friar," unless you wish to be tricked or kicked. The *Manchego* is

the true *Juan Español*, the simple gaffer goosy, the John Bull of Spain. *Dos Juanes con un Pedro, hacen un asnon entero.*

After passing the gorge of *Despeñaperros*, to the r. is the *V^a. de Cardenas*; here we think of Cardenio and Dorothea. In the immediate Sierra is the scene of the knight's penance. *Sa. Cruz de Mudela* is a dull unwholesome town; population 5500. It is celebrated for its garters, which the women offer for sale to the passengers; some are gaily embroidered, and enlivened with mottos, e. g.

"*Te digan estas ligas
Mis penus y fatigas.*"

*Soy de mi dueño; Feliz quien las aparta;
intrepido es amor, de todo sale vencedor;*
and so forth, but "Honi soit que mal y pense." These epigrammata are truly antique, and none wrote them neater than the Spaniard Martial. Of such class was the inscription on the girdle of Hermione—*φιλει με και μη λυπηθεις ην τις εχη μ' ετερος*: compare them with the devices on the Spanish *cuchillos* of Albacete.

Hence to *Valdepeñas*, a straggling place of 10,000 souls, and a decent inn. The red blood of the grape issues from this valley of stones. This delicious wine is the produce of the Burgundy vine, transplanted into Spain. The liquor is kept in huge *tinajas* or jars; when removed it is put into pig skins, *cueros*, such as Don Quixote attacked. These are pitched inside; hence the peculiar *Borracha*, or resinous flavour, which is agreeable to Spaniards, and to no one else. This doctoring wines with pitch is an old story (Plin. 'N. H.' xiv. 19, xvi. 11). Few things change in Spain, a land bottled for antiquarians. But next to glass bottles, wooden barrels are here wanting; yet sandy Murcia is overgrown with plants, producing the finest alkali in the world, and the forests in the Asturias would supply staves for all Europe. The native simply takes the *raw* materials which nature lavishes gratis, but leaves to others to *labour* them into manu-