

growth under her smile, and withered at her death. She is one of the most faultless characters in history, the purest sovereign who ever graced or dignified a throne, who, "in all her relations of queen or woman," was, in the words of Lord Bacon, "an honour to her sex and the corner-stone of the greatness of Spain." Observe the *Urna* and its ornaments; the four doctors of the church are at the corners, and the twelve apostles at the sides: Ferd. wears the Garter, Isabella the Cross of Santiago. Their faces are portraits: their costume is very simple. Analogous is the *Urna* of Philip of Burgundy and *Juana la Loca*—crazy Jane. They are both gorgeously attired: he wears the Golden Fleece. The decorations are cinque cento, and some of the sculptured children are quite Raphaelesque.

A low door—mind your head—leads down to the vault. The royal coffins are rude and misshapen; they would shock Mr. Banting and the 'Morning Post'; but they are genuine, and have never been rifled by Gaul or Ghoul, like those of Leon and elsewhere. The ashes of the royal conqueror have never been insulted, like those of Henri Quatre, nor have the dead been unplumbed to furnish missiles of death against the living. The letter F. marks that of Ferdinand. The religio loci and sepulchral character is injured by some modern churrigueresque stucco work. The Catholic sovereigns bequeathed to this chapel the royal sword, with a singular semicircular guard, a plain gold crown, a Gothic cross, two pixes—one Gothic, an exquisite enamelled *viril*, the finest thing of the kind in Spain, and the queen's own "missal," which is placed on the high altar on the anniversary of the conquest: it was finished by Fr^o. Florez on Monday, July 18, 1496: it contains 690 pages: one of the best of the illuminations is the "Crucifixion," at p. 313.

On leaving the cathedral enter the *Zacatin*, the "shopping street" of now

decayed Granada; to the l. is the *Al-caiseria*, which, previously to the sad fire in 1843, was an identical Moorish silk bazaar, with small Tetuan-like shops, and closed at night by doors. Half-way down the *Zacatin* cross the Darro over a bridge, to the *Casa del Carbon*. This Moorish palace was built very early in 1070 by Bádís, and was used, it is said, by the brother of Boabdil as a stable: now it is degraded into a den of *Carboneros* and their charcoal. The archway is very rich. Adjoining is the house of the Duque de Abrantes, by whose wife this Moorish residence was some years ago modernised and whitewashed. Below is a subterranean passage, said to communicate with the Alhambra: this his incurious grace blocked up without any previous examination. This grandee possesses much land in the Vega: one farm was bought of the Infanta Fatima in 1495, for 4000 reals, and is now worth a million. His Arabic title-deeds deserve the notice of conveyancing amateurs.

The *Zacatin* is filled with silversmiths; at the end is the *Plaza nueva* and the *Chancelleria*, or Court of Chancery, built in 1584, by Martin Diaz Navarro, after designs of Juan de Herrera: the natives admire the front. Here resides the Capt. Gen., the Military Prætor, the Vizier or Dhul-Wizarteyn, the man of the sword and the pen, for he is president of the court and commander-in-chief. The court, since recent alterations, is no longer what it formerly was, when it was the sole grand tribunal of appeal for the S. half of Spain. The *Audiencia* has now a jurisdiction over 1,214,124 souls. The number tried in 1844 was 4434, being about one in 273. The proceedings are carried on in a very slovenly and *continental* way according to English notions of justice. Pursuing the course of the Darro turn to the l., near a half-broken Moorish arch, which, stemming the torrent, connected the Alhambra hill with the Mint. This *Casa de la Moneda* is op-

posite "*La Purissima Concepcion*," and is now a prison. Observe the Arabic inscription over the door, and the recumbent lions in the *Patio*, larger than those of the Alhambra, and left by the authorities for the *Presidarios* to mutilate when out of work and wanting amusement. In the *Ce. del Banuelo*, No. 30, is a Moorish bath, with horse-shoe arches: it is entered from the back, and is quite a picture, although now only used by women who wash linen and not themselves. One of the first laws after the conquest of the Catholic sovereigns, was to prohibit *bathing* by fine and punishment (*Recop.* viii. 2, 21. See, on these matters, p. 72).

Passing the elegant tower of *Sa. Ana*, we reach the *Alameda del Darro*; a bridge leads up to the *Puerto de los Molinos*, and also to the l. up to the *Fuente de los Avellanos*, by some considered to be the *Aynu-l-adamar*, the "fountain of tears." Those who do not cross the bridge may continue to ascend to the *Monte Sacro*, where a gross trick was played off in 1588 on the Archbp. de Castro, who was a relico-monomaniac, holy bones being his hobby. A college is founded on the site of the discoveries, and the spots are marked by crosses. A folio was published at Granada in 1603 by Gregorio Lope Madera, to prove their undoubted genuineness; and in the last century Echevarria made an attempt to revive the forgeries, whereupon the learned canon Bayer managed to have a commission appointed by Charles III. to report on their falsification. The report is indeed a curious 'Blue Book' (*Razon del Juicio seguido en la ciudad de Granada, ante Don. Manuel Doz*; folio, Mad. 1781), from which it appears that Alonzo de Castillo and Miguel de Luna, two notorious impostors, forged the writings and hid the bones and lead vessels both here and in the *Torre Turpiana*; these they soon dug up, and then revealed the rare discovery to Pedro de Castro. This archbp., worthy of Gil Blas, fell into

the trap, and actually employed the very originators of the trick to decipher the unknown characters. They professed to relate to San Cecilio, a deaf and dumb boy, who, having been cured by a miracle, came to Spain, and there went blind. His sight was restored by wiping his eyes with the Virgin's handkerchief, for which relic Philip II. sent, when ill in 1595. Some of these vouchers for the cure of San Cecilio were written in Spanish; and Aldrete, the antiquarian, narrowly escaped being burnt for saying that the Spanish language did not exist in the first century. He just escaped by affirming that San Cecilio wrote miraculously in choice Castilian because he foresaw that it would be that spoken when the writings were to be discovered.

Descending again to the *Alameda del Darro*, turn up the *Ce. de la Victoria* to the *Casa Chapis* on the r. hand, a now degraded but once beautiful Moorish villa. Observe the patio, the galleries, and the enriched window, which opens towards the Alhambra; now ascend to the *Albaicin*, and visit the church of *San Nicolas* for the view. This saint has replaced Mercury, and is the papal patron of thieves, school-boys, and portionless virgins. (See *Alicante*, p. 424). The scholars of the *Sacro Monte* here chose their boy-bishop. This church was broken into by some worthless thieves, men without honour; but "Old Nick" drove them out with his crossier. The miracle is represented in a rude picture, hung here as a notice to trespassers. One of the confessionals was lined, when we were last there, with a French paper of Venus, Cupid, and flowers; a pretty pagan pasticcio.

Some of the Moorish houses of the humble refugees from Baeza still remain here unchanged. The *Albaicin* has its own circumvallation. Passing out at a portal another ravine is crossed, beyond which is another suburb, also walled in by long lines, which terminate at *Sⁿ. Miguel el alto*;

whence the view is glorious: so also is that from the tower of *S^a. Cristobal*.

Turning to the l. we descend into Granada by a ravine; to the r. was the ancient Moorish *Casa del Gallo*, which was pulled down in 1817, to build a manufactory; it was a look-out guard-port: the weathercock indicated watchfulness — “fore-warned, fore-armed.” Another such house, in the valley of the Xenil, still exists: the vane was an armed Moor, whose lance veered with the wind.

“*Dice el Sabio Aben Habuz
Que asi se difiende el Andaluz.*”

The Moorish proverb indicated constant “preparation,” which is no thing of modern *Granadinos*. This was a charmed talisman, and its being taken down by the Moors was thought to have entailed the Christian triumph.

Crossing the defile the walls of the Albaicin may be re-entered by a Moorish gate, above which is another called *La Puerta de Monayma*. This fine masonry tower overlooks the entrance to Granada and the *Pa. de Elvira*, which has been barbarously repaired.

Opposite is an open space; in the centre is *El Triunfo* (see p. 282), near which executions take place. Here, in May, 1831, Maria Pineda, a lady of birth and beauty, was strangled, to the horror of Granada. The age of chivalry was past: her crime was the finding in her house an embroidered constitutional flag. Pardon was offered if she would reveal her accomplices, which she refused: she died heroically, like Epicharmis the victim of Nero—but that was before the civilizing influence of Christianity. Ferdinand VII., although not cruel by nature, never, when his fears were roused, spared blood in political offences.

Maria Pineda was generally thought to be guiltless, and that the flag was placed in her house by some agent of Ramon Pedroza, a low *empleada* of

Granada, whose addresses she had rejected. Her body, in 1836, was raised and carried in state to the *Ayuntamiento*; and on the anniversary of her execution the sarcophagus is taken in solemn procession to the cathedral, where an impressive requiem is performed. A column near the *Triunfo*, with an inscription, marks the site of “her sacrifice to a longing for liberty.” She is the modern martyr saint of Granada; for liberty, not religion, is just now the order of the day.

Next visit the *Cartuja* convent, a little way out of the town to the r.; it is now suppressed, and a shadow of its previous wealth and art. The wood and marble work employed in the doors and altars of the chapel is very costly, and the pavement is in fine black and white slabs. The *Sacristia* is a beautiful saloon; observe the rich wardrobes in which the robes and dresses of the clergy were once kept. The silver pillars of the sanctuary attracted Sebastiani's notice, and accordingly were replaced by painted wooden ones: then also disappeared the fine Cano pictures. He made this convent a magazine. Now all is silent; the gardens of the former recluses are overrun with weeds; the charming view over the *Vega*, which could not be defiled, is all that has escaped the invader and reformer. Those who have leisure may pursue their ride or walk to *Visnar*, a villa of the archbishop, which is deliciously situated, and overlooks the *Vega*.

Returning to the *Plaza del Triunfo*, at the corner is the *Hospital de los Locos*, founded by Ferd. and Isab., and one of the earliest of all lunatic asylums. It is built in the transition style, from the Gothic to the plateresque, having been finished by Charles V. The initials and badges of all parties are blended. Observe the *patio* and the light lofty pillars. The filth and want of management of the interior is scandalous, and yet this is one of the lions which Granadians almost force an Englishman to

visit; possibly from thinking all of us *Locos*, they imagine that the stranger will be quite at home among the inmates. See also Toledo. At the upper end of this Plaza is the bull-fight arena, and near it "*Las eras de Cristo*," "the threshing-floor of Christ," whose name is also profaned by being given to a low *Posada* near it. How different from David, who purchased the threshing-floor of Araunah because it desecrated the site of the temple; these *Eras*, however, are thought by the modern Moors to be holy ground. In the adjoining *Calle de Sⁿ. Lazaro* is a large hospital, and a true Lazar-house. Retracing our steps to the *C^a. de San Juan de Dios*, visit the hospital founded by this saint himself. Juan de Robles was a truly philanthropic and good man, the father Paul of Spain. Consult his '*Biografia*,' by Fr^o. de Castro, 8vo., Granada, 1613, and printed again at Burgos, 1621. Over the entrance is his statue, in the usual attitude in which he is painted and carved, that in which he died in 1604—on his knees, and holding a crucifix. His body was kept in an *Urna*, with pillars and canopy of silver, all of which was melted by Sebastiani as very pagan. The hospital has two courts; the outer has a fountain and open galleries; the inner is painted with the saint's miracles: in one he tumbles from his horse, and the Virgin brings him water; in another, when sick, the Virgin and St. John visit him, wiping his forehead.

Hence to *San Jeronimo*. This once superb, but now desecrated convent, was begun by the Catholic sovereigns in 1496. The chapel was designed by Diego de Siloe: left incomplete, the convent was finished by the widow of the Great Captain. On the exterior is a tablet supported by figures of Fortitude and Industry, inscribed "*Gonzalvo Ferdinando de Cordoba magno Hispanorum duci, Gallorum ac Turcorum Terrori:*" below are his arms, with soldiers as supporters. The grand *patio* is noble, with its elliptical arches

and Gothic balustrades. The chapel is spacious, but suffered much in the earthquake of 1804. The *Retablo* of four stories bears the armorial shields of Gonzalo. The effigies of the Captain and his wife knelt on each side of the high altar, before which he was buried: the epitaph is simple, and worthy of his greatness:—"Gonzali Fernandez de Cordova, qui propria virtute magni ducis nomen proprium sibi fecit, ossa perpetuæ tandem luci restituendæ huic interea loculo credita sunt, gloria minime consequuta." This convent was pillaged by the French, who insulted the dead lion's ashes, before whom, when alive, their ancestors had always fled. When Mendizabal suppressed the convents, this was made a barrack for Bisofio Cristino cavalry, of all whose wants that of a *grand capitain* was not the least, General Bombastes Cordova, albeit a namesake, not excepted.

We are now approaching the aristocratical portion of Granada, and the *Calle de las Tablas*. Here the Conde de Luque has a fine mansion: there is not much else to be seen in Granada. The churrigueresque *San Angustias*, on the Darro walk, has a rich Camerin of jaspers, and the *Colegiata Santiago* has a tabernacle by Diaz. Near *Sⁿ. Francisco* is a quaint old house, *La Casa de Tiros*, with a façade of soldiers and projecting arms. The convent, demolished by Sebastiani, was rebuilt, and is now the post-office. *San Salvador* was formerly a mosque; *San Juan de los Reyes*, with an old tower, was the Moorish Mezebit Teyben, and the first church consecrated by Ferd. and Isab., who left there a curious portrait of themselves. In the *C^a. de Elvira* is the fountain *del Toro*, attributed to Berruguete, which is a libel on that eminent artist.

EXCURSIONS NEAR GRANADA.

These are numerous and full of interest to the historian, artist, and geologist. The Englishman, be his pursuits what they may, will first visit

the *Soto de Roma*, not that it has much intrinsic interest beyond that reflected on it by its illustrious owner. This property lies about 3 L. from Granada, and is bounded to the W. by the Sierra de Elvira, celebrated in Spanish annals for the defeat of the Infantes Pedro and Juan. They had advanced against the Moors with "numbers that covered the earth." After much vainglorious boasting they retired, and were followed, June 26, 1319, by about 5000 Moerish cavalry. They were entirely put to rout: 50,000 are said to have fallen, with both the Infantes. The body of Don Pedro was skinned, stuffed, and put up over the gate of Elvira; many princes were slain, and among them the Lord of Ilkerinterrah, or England, just as Lord Macduff was wounded at the very similar affair of Ocaña. This disaster was amply avenged 21 years after by Alonzo XI. at Tarifa.

The *Soto de Roma*, or "Wood of Pomegranates," is situated on the Xenil, and is liable to constant injuries from its inundations. The estate was an appanage of the kings of Granada, and was granted in 1492 by Ferd. to the Señor Alarcon, who afterwards guarded as prisoners both François I. and Clement VII. His '*Comentarios*,' fol. Madrid, 1665, detail services of 58 years. Thus, the brightest pearl in the coronet of the first and last soldier proprietors was a prize for the broken diadem of France. The *Soto*, on the failure of the Alarcon family, was resumed by the crown, and granted to court favourites. Charles III. gave it to Richard Wall, his former prime minister. This Irish gentleman lived here in 1776. Before he came here the house was in ruins, and the lands neglected, the fate of most absentee properties in Spain, but Wall, although 83 years old, put everything into perfect order. Charles IV., after his death, granted the estate to the minion Godoy. At the French invasion Joseph, "qui faisait bien ses affaires," secured it to himself. Salamanca proved a flaw in

the title, whereupon the Cortes granted the estate to the able practitioner who settled the reconveyance; and this is one of the few of their grants which Ferd. VII. confirmed, but very reluctantly: our Duke holds it by *escritura de posesion*, in fee simple, and unentailed. It contains about 4000 acres, and was celebrated for its pheasants, which Charles V. had introduced. They were destroyed in the time of the French. The value has been enormously magnified in Spain; first from habitual "*ponderacion*," then from a desire to exaggerate the national gift, and lastly from not knowing what they are talking about.

In 1814 Sir Henry Wellesley appointed as manager the Contador of the M^{sa}. de Alcañices; the report of its annual value, then returned by Señores Aguilar and Conde, was "*from 700 to 800 dollars*," the real being 20,000; but the object was to cajole the Duke out of a profitable lease. He, however, intrusted the affair to Gen. O'Lawlor, an Irish gentleman in the Spanish service, who had been appointed by that government, with Alava for his colleague, to be aide-de-camp to the Duke at the commencement of the war, and in that capacity stood at the conqueror's side in all his glorious fields, and is honourably mentioned in the Dispatches *passim*. O'Lawlor having married a wealthy heiress of Malaga, settled in Granada. He had not taken possession of the "*Soto*," in the Duke's name, 3 days, before the tenants presented petitions to Madrid "impugning the right of the Cortes to grant the property to a *foreigner*:" they well knew that under the control of a friend and countryman of the Duke, the old robbery system would be changed, the rents exacted, and not *settled*, as usual in Spain, between the tenant and the "unjust steward." The petitioners were all forthwith ejected, and have since abused the credulity of the Peninsula with lies. Thus, said they, the "*Soto* is worth *at least* a million;" in Spain and out of Spain it was con-

sidered an Eldorado. Those who go there will, as in many other *châteaux en Espagne*, have all these illusions at once dispelled. The land itself is poor, and the house, this so-called "palace," in England would not pass for a decent manor farm; but much must always be discounted from Oriental grandiloquence—"Words, words, words," says Hamlet.

The whole property, in 1815, produced about 3000*l.* a year; it then declined, in common with all other estates in the Vega, in which, in 1814, wheat sold at 60 to 70 reals the fanega, and oil at 85 reals the arroba. In 1833 wheat sank to 30 and 35 reals, and oil to 30 and 35 reals. Since the recent changes everything has got worse, and as the rents decreased, the burdens increased. Under the despot Ferdinand, the conditions of the grant were respected; under the liberal constitution, every right was violated. The estate was tithe free, but when the church revenues were "appropriated," a full tithe was exacted for lay coffers. The Duke always has received a better proportionate rent than the neighbouring proprietors, the Dukes of Abrantes and of San Lorenzo, and (teste the latter) simply because he was not robbed. O'Lawlor put everything into repair:—twice, therefore, does the "Soto" owe its restoration to Irish care. From being deputy Capt. Gen. of the province, he was enabled to do for the estate what none but "one in authority" and on the spot could have done; without this the Duke would long have been cheated out of the whole property, as he assuredly eventually will be; yet even with all this local protection, the wheel within wheel of Spanish chicanery scarcely could be regulated. In vain did Ferd. VII., in deference to repeated complaints, order justice to be done. A son-in-law of a Granadine president, being interested in the *Junta* of the Xenil irrigation, set the king at defiance. *Se obedece pero no se cumple*, is the maxim of local authorities, who each are despots in their petty radius.

Meanwhile envy, backed by avarice, circulated every evil report against O'Lawlor; "*Está atesorando*," he is making his fortune, was the universal cry; and as most Spanish *administradores* in his place, which they coveted, would have done so, the belief in the lie was commensurate. *El ladrón piensa que todos son de su condición*. The thief judges of others by himself.

In truth, O'Lawlor has been a loser by the situation, which he held from pure love and respect to his great master: how different was his subsequent reward from that received by Alava, his colleague. The latter, because a Spaniard, was made a Lieut. Gen. in 1814, covered with orders, and promoted to embassies, while the former remains in the same condition as when the war was concluded, and that in spite of the Duke's commendations and recommendations.

No Spanish government has ever chosen, or perhaps dared, to promote him in the army or make him the Captain-General, as they feared his supposed wealth and influence. O'Lawlor, prudent for others, and economical in his habits, by an early investment of part of his wife's fortune in the most profitable lead mines of Berja, has reaped the reward of order and wise speculation. He, like his master, has long treated with contempt the floating calumnies of the "smaller deer," as *cosas de España*; but when they were published by a person of rank, whose chivalrous character is a sufficient guarantee that his ear had been poisoned with incorrect accounts, he sent through the Duke, who has always known his man, such an unanswerable answer as became the soldier and the gentleman.]

The rambling old mansion at the Soto contains nothing worth seeing, the greengages in the garden excepted. The visitor, if on horseback, may cross the Xenil—that is, if there be no flood—and return to Granada by the now decayed agricultural village *Santa Fé*, the town built by Ferd. and Isab. while

besieging Granada. The miserable spot was much shattered by an earthquake in 1807. Here the capitulation of Granada was signed, and the original deed is at Simancas. It was dated at this town of "sacred faith," as if in mockery of the punic perfidy with which every stipulation was subsequently broken. It was from *Santa Fé* that Columbus started to discover the New World, and also to find every pledge previously agreed upon scandalously disregarded.

ASCENT OF THE SIERRA NEVADA.

The lover of Alpine scenery should by all means ascend the *Sierra Nevada*. The highest peak is the *Mulahacen*, so called from Boabdil's father. It rises 11,658 ft. above the sea. The other, *El Picacho de la Veleta*, the "watch point," although only 11,382 ft., appears to be the highest, because nearer to Granada, and of a conical, not a rounded shape. The distance to this point is about 20 miles, and may be accomplished in nine hours. Those who start in the night may return the next day. The author has been up twice; sleeping the first time *al fresco*, near the summit; and the second at the *Cortijo del Puche*, when a delicate English lady and a grave ambassador composed the party. The greater part of the ascent may be ridden; for the *Neveros*, who go nightly up for snow, have worn with their mules a roadway.

Leaving Granada, and crossing the *Xenil*, a charming view of the city is obtained from *San Antonio*. Thence skirting the *Cuesta de la Vaca*, an hour and a half's ride leads to the *Fuente de los Castaños*, and another hour and a half to the *Puche*, where the mountain is cultivated. The invigorating hill-air braces up industry, which flags in the scorching plain. Near here is *El barranco de Viboras*, the viper cleft: these snakes enjoy a medicinal reputation second only to those of *Chiclana*. Passing *El Dornajo*, an Alpine jumble of rocks, we

mount above the lower ranges of the pinnacles, and now the true elevation of the *Picacho* begins to become manifest, and seems to soar higher in proportion as we ascend. The next stage is *las Piedras de S^a. Francisco*, whose black masses are seen from below resting on the snowy bosom of the Alp. Now commence the *Ventisqueros*, or pits of snow, from which the mountain is seldom free, as patches remain even in the dog days. These, which, when seen from below, appear small, and like white spots on a lion's hide, are, when approached, vast fields. At *El Prevesin* is a stone enclosure, built up by the *Neveros*, as an asylum during sudden storms; and here the first night may be passed, either ascending to the summit in 3 hours, to see the sun set, and then returning, or mounting early to see the sun rise, a sight which no pen can describe. The night passed on these heights is piercing cold—"the air bites shrewdly;" but with a "pro- vend" of blankets, and a good *Vino de Baza*, it will kill no one. While beds are making for man and beast, the foragers must be sent to collect the dry plants and dead underwood, of which such a bonfire can be made as will make the *Granadians* below think the *Picacho* is going to be a volcano, *probatum est*. No diamonds ever sparkle like the stars seen from hence at midnight, through the rarefied medium, on the deep firmament. After the *Prevesin* begins the tug of war. For the first hour there is a sort of road, which may be ridden; the rest must be done on foot. The effects produced by the rarity of the air on the lungs and body are not felt while seated on a mule; but now that muscular exertion is necessary, a greater strain is required than when in a denser atmosphere. The equilibration which supports the bones as water does the fish, is wanting, and the muscles have to bear the additional weight; hence the exhaustion:

The *Picacho* is a small platform over a yawning precipice. Now we are

raised above the earth, which, with all its glories, lies like an opened map at our feet: Now the eye travels over the infinite space, swifter than by railroad, comprehending it all at once. On one hand is the blue Mediterranean lake, with the faint outline even of Africa, in the indistinct horizon. Inland, jagged sierras rise one over another, the barriers of the central Castiles. The cold sublimity of these silent eternal snows is fully felt on the very pinnacle of the Alps, which stands out in friendless state, isolated like a despot, and too elevated to have anything in common with aught below. On this barren wind-blown height vegetation and life have ceased, even the last lichen and pale violet, which wastes its sweetness wherever a stone offers shelter from the snow; thousands of winged insects lie shrouded on that wreath, each in its little cell, having thawed itself a grave with its last warmth of life. In the scarp and soil-denuded heights the eagle builds; she must have mountains for her eyry. Here she reigns unmolested on her stony throne; and lofty as are these peaks above the earth, these birds towering above, mere specks in the blue heaven,

"Yet higher still to light's first source aspire,
With eyes that never blink, and wings
that never tire."

To the botanist this Sierra is unrivalled. The herbal of Spain was always celebrated (Pliny, 'N. H.' xxv. 8). The vegetation commences with the lichen and terminates with the sugar-cane. At the tails of the snow fields the mosses germinate, and from these the silver threads of new-born rivers issue. The principal heights of the Alpujarras chain are thus calculated by Rojas Clemente:

	Feet.
Po. Mulahacen	12,762
Po. de la Veleta	12,459
Cerro de la Alcazaba	12,300
Cerro de los Machos	12,138
Cerro de la Caldera	10,908
Cerro de Tajos altos	10,890
Picon de Jerez	10,100

The geologist may take a pleasant day's ride to the quarries from whence the green serpentine is obtained. They lie under the *Picacho de la Veleta*, and belong to the M^s. de Mondejar. Ascend the charming valley of the Xenil to Senes, 1 L.; thence to Pinos, 1 L.; and to *Huecar*, 1 L. Here, where vast quantities of silk-worms are reared, while the dinner is getting ready at some private house (bring the materials with you), ride up the defile to the *Barranco de San Juan*, 1½ L., taking a *Huecar* guide. The green masses lie in the bed of the stream. Return to *Huecar*, and let both men and beasts dine.

Another morning ride will be over the cricket-looking grounds, *Los Llanos de Armilla*, to *Almending*, and thence by the Padul road to some sandy knolls, where, from want of water, all is a desert, tawny and rugged as the few goats which there seek a scanty pasturage. This is the spot from whence Granada ceases to be seen, and hence it is called *El ultimo suspiro del Moro*, for here Boabdil, Jan. 2, 1492, sighed his last farewell. The banner of Santiago floated on his red towers, and all was lost. Behind was an Eden, like the glories of his past reign; before, a desert, cheerless as the prospects of a dethroned king. Then, as tears burst from his water-filled eyes, he was reproached by 'Ayeshah, his mother, whose rivalries had caused the calamity. "Thou dost well to weep like a woman, for that which thou hast not defended like a man." When this anecdote was told to Charles V., "She spake well," observed the Emperor, "for a tomb in the Alhambra is better than a palace in the Alpujarras." Thither, and to Purchena, Boabdil retired, but not for long. He sickened in his exile, and passing over into Africa, is said to have been killed in a petty battle, thus losing his life for another's quarrel. Gayangos, however (Moh. D. ii. 390), has ascertained that he lived at Fez until 1538, leaving children. His posterity was long to be

traced there, but reduced to the lowest poverty, existing as beggars on the charity doled out at the mosque doors! a sad reverse of fortune, and a melancholy conclusion of the brilliant Mohamedan dynasty in Spain.

Do not return to Granada by the same road; but passing through the pretty village of *Otrusa*, cross the rivulet *Dilar* to *Zubia*, to which, during the siege, *Isabella* rode to have a view of the *Alhambra*: while she halted in the house with *Claude-like* *miradores*, a Moorish sally was made, and she was in much danger. In memory of her escape she erected a hermitage to the *Virgin*, who appeared visibly for her protection, and it still remains amid its cypresses. Returning home, just on entering the avenue of the *Xenil*, to the l. on its banks, is *San Sebastian*, a Moorish *Caaba*, where some say that the *Rey Chico* met *Ferdinand*, and did him homage, on the day of the surrender. The extraordinary *Alamo*, or tree, under which the first mass was said, stood here, but was cut down by some barbarians in 1760.

ROUTE XXIV.—GRANADA TO ADRA.

Padul	3	
Durcal	2	.. 5
Lanjaron	3½	.. 8½
Orjiba	1½	.. 10
Ujijar	3	.. 13
Berja	3	.. 16
Adra	2	.. 18

This is a ride full of artistical and geological interest, and it may be prolonged from *Adra* either E. or W. ward, without returning to *Granada*: or the return may be made by *Motril*, principally over new ground.

This excursion skirts the S. bases of the *Alpujarras*, the last mountain refuge of the *Morisco*. The *sierras* of *Gador* and *Contravieja* are the nucleus, which some consider to be the "Hills of the Sun and Moon" of the *Moors*. The entire chain is called the *Sierra Nevada* (the *Himalaya* or "Snowy Range" of Spain), the "Sholayr" of the *Moors*. The name *Alpujarras* is the corruption of *Al-Basherah*, "grass,"

the district of pastures, which extend W. to E., about 17 L. long by 11 broad. They are divided into 11 portions or *Taas* (Arabic *Tá*, obedience). This territory was assigned to *Boabdil* by the treaty of *Granada*, of which every stipulation was soon broken, and the *Moriscos* hunted out like wild beasts, as the *Indians* were by the *Pizarros* in the new world. The atrocities find no parallel, except in the extermination of the *Protestant Waldenses* in 1655, by the D. of *Savoy*. The *Spaniards*, who had before expelled the wealthy commercial *Jews*, now completed their folly by the banishment of the industrious agricultural *Moors*, thus depriving their poor indolent selves of money and industry, of soul and body alike. They found it easier to destroy and drive out, than to conciliate and convert. They thought it a proof of Roman force of character, to make a solitude and call it peace. For particulars read *Mendoza's 'Guerras de Granada.'* The *Moriscos* were expelled, in 1610, by the feeble *Philip III.*, a tool in the hands of a powerful church, but their resistance in these broken glens and hills was desperate; they fought *pro aris et focis*, for creed and country. It was the *Affghan Ghilsee* pitted against the *Feringee*. Most of them when expelled, went to *Tetuan* and *Salé*; there they took to piracy, and avenged themselves on all Christians by peculiar ferocity. The name of the "rovers of *Sallee*" is familiar to all readers of nautical forays.

Passing the *Ultimo Sospiro*, we descend from a ridge of barrenness into the basin between the *sierras* of *Granada* and *Alhama*: it is an irrigated garden of olives, palm-trees, and oranges. The swamp below *Padul* was drained by the *Herrasti* family, of which the gallant defender of *Ciudad Rodrigo* was a member. The *Alpine* views of the *Sierra Nevada* from *Durcal* are superb: here vast quantities of *esparto* and *flax* are grown. Passing *Talara*, whose stream tears down a wild cleft, observe the *Puente de Tablada*. Lan-

jarón is a picturesque Swiss town, whose fresh air, fruit, and mineral waters attract summer visitors from the scorching coasts. The bathing season is from May 15 to Sept. 30. The walnut, chesnut, and olive grow here to an enormous size. Below the town is a Moorish castle perched on a knoll. Popⁿ. about 3000. The peasantry are hard working and poverty stricken, while nature all around teems with fertility; the fruit and grapes are delicious, and the broken hills abound in subjects for artists, while the botany and geology is as rich as it is hitherto unexplored. A long league leads to *Orjiba*; it lies at the base of the *Picacho de la Veleta*. The *Acequia de las Ventanas* is picturesque; here are some mines, *Las Minas de los Pozos*, which were worked by the Romans. They were abandoned a few years ago, because the natives were scared by a skeleton found in them! At *Albuñol* much brandy is made; the excellent wine sells at about 6*d.* for four gallons. *Orjiba* is the capital of its hilly *partido*: every possible spot is cultivated with fruit trees; the wastes are covered with aromatic shrubs. The *Barranco de Poqueira* and the mill and cascade of *Pampaneira* are very picturesque, and are worth visiting; there is a tolerable posada. Leaving *Orjiba*, the broken road winds up the bed of a river: if the waters are low, the rider should by all means go by the *Angostura del Río*. This is a *Salvator Rosa*-like gorge, which the waters have forced through the mountain (compare *Chulilla*). The rocks rise up on each side like terrific perpendicular walls, and there is only an opening sufficient for the river. The traveller passes, like the Israelites, through these lonely depths, into which the sun never enters: when the snows are melting, or in time of rains, the deluge rushes down the stony funnel, carrying everything before it. Such a one had occurred just before we rode through, and the wreck and ravages were visible far and wide. Emerging, the last three L. to *Cadiar*

become less interesting as the river bed widens. *Cadiar* lies about two mountain L. below the *Picacho de la Veleta*, and there is a chamois path over the heights to Granada. Up in the mountain is *Trevez*, where the "*Hamones dulces de las Alpujarras*" are cured; no gastronomie should neglect these sweet hams. Very little salt is used; the ham is placed eight days in a weak pickle, and then hung up in the snow; while at *Berja* and in less elevated places, more salt is used, and the delicate flavour destroyed.

The hamlet *Trevez* (population about 1500) is situated among these mountains, and is only one L. S. E. from the top of *Mulahacen*. The whole of the *taa*, of which it is the chief place, is wild and Alpine; the trout in the river *Trevez* are delicious.

Moorish *Ujjah*, the capital of the *Alpujarras*, is girt with hills, and hangs over the *Adra*. Every patch of ground is cultivated; grapes grow in terraced gardens, and in such declivities that the peasants are let down by ropes to pick them, like Shakspeare's sapphire gatherers. The *Colegiata* is built on the site of the destroyed Mosque; a magnificent avenue of gigantic elms, planted by the Moors, was cut down by the Vandal chapter and municipal corporation, to build some paltry offices. Spain, however, is not the only country in which similar bodies exist.

The inhabitants are half Moors, although they speak Spanish. The women, with their apricot cheeks, black eyes and hair, gaze wildly at the rare stranger from little port-hole windows, which are scarcely bigger than their heads. Three long L., by a *rambla* of red rocks, lead to *Berja*. *Alcolea* lies to the l. Here the foragers of *Sebastiani* butchered the curate at the very altar, scattering his brains over the crucifix; 400 persons were massacred in cold blood; neither age nor sex was spared (*Schep. iii. 112*). The avenger of the *Morisco* meted out to the *Spaniards* from their own mea-

sure: "how shall you hope for mercy, rendering none?"

Berja-Vergi is a busy, flourishing, and increasing town; population under 10,000. It lies under the *Sierra de Gador*, and is in the heart of the lead mines, of which many hundred are opened. Peculiar facilities are given in Spain to mining speculations (see *Cartagena*, p. 417). Whoever discovers a mine reports it to the *Gefe*; he examines the spot, and if no one has a better claim, grants a "*demarcacion*," a "marking" out of a certain extent: this is made clear by fixing boundary stones. A small rent is assigned, and so long as the lessee pays it, none can dispossess him. He, however, has the privilege of throwing up his lease whenever he pleases, and then the rent ceases. These mines are only worked while they remunerate; the ore occurs in uncertain quantities, sometimes in veins, and at others in deposits, or *Bolsadas*. Large fortunes have been made by the early speculators, who have creamed the hill and enjoyed the first sale. Now the supply has become less in the *Sierra*, and the market is glutted from other competing districts; the finest ore sometimes yields 70 per cent. pure lead; much was exported in the ore state for want of fuel. Latterly, some fine smelting and flattening houses have been erected on the coast, and worked with English machinery. *Berja* is full of new houses, a thing rare in Spain; in them the wives and families of the miners reside; the men are mostly lodged on the limestone hill, near the works. The *Sierra* is honey-combed in all directions, the shafts being sunk in an oblique direction; the working is injurious to health, affecting the teeth and bowels. The miners occupy rude stone huts; their food, and even water, is brought up to them. No women or dogs are allowed to remain on the hill.

At the edge of the *Gador* is an old Phœnician mine called *La Sabina*, about which infinite fables are current. The miners are ignorant and super-

stitious; working in the dark underground, they naturally are less enlightened than those Spaniards who live in the bright world. *Berja* is also full of asses and mules, on which the ore is carried to the sea-port, *Adra*, 2 L. In spite of the traffic, the roads are iniquitous: so it always was, for, says a Moorish poet of these localities, "There is no remedy to the traveller but to stop; the valleys are gardens of Eden, but the roads those of hell;" as, indeed, are most of those of *Andalucia*, the paradiso of poets, the inferno of donkeys.

Winding along this mule-track, down a gorge of a river, we reach *Alqueria*, and thence through sugar plantations arrive at *Adra*, *Αδρα*, a town founded by the Phœnicians (*Strabo*, iii. 236). The sea has retired; it once came up to the walls of the Moorish castle. From the watch tower, *La torre de la Vela*, a tocsin rang out a summons to arms on the approach of African pirates, but now cannon and every means of defence are wanting. Population about 8000. Some lead works have been established here.

Malaga lies 27 L. to the W. of *Adra*.

ROUTE XXV.—ADRA TO MALAGA.

<i>Gualchos</i>	7
<i>Motril</i>	3 .. 10
<i>Salobreña</i>	1 .. 11
<i>Almuñecar</i>	3 .. 14
<i>Torroz</i>	4 .. 18
<i>Velez Malaga</i>	4 .. 22
<i>Malaga</i>	5 .. 27

From *Adra* the leagues are long and wearisome, but we rode in one day to *Motril*. Passing the fine English smelting houses, after *La Rábita*, the sands become African. The fishermen, dusky as Moors, dwell in *chozas*, Arabic "huts made of reeds," or *Cañas*. The long range of grape hills commences near *Gualchos*, whence a very steep track amid vines leads to *Motril*, which lies below in its green vega of rich alluvial soil. It is full of fish and fruit. The amphibious agricul-

tural popⁿ exceeds 10,000. The Posada is decent, The road continues to coast the sea to *Salobreña*, the city of *Salambo* (Astarte), and once the important Moorish town *Shalúbániah*, and now dwindled to a hamlet; in the rock-built castle the Moslem guarded his treasures. It is now a ruin, and the present poverty needs no store-house.

Almuñecar is the *Maukahab*, "the gorge," of the Moors; here sugar and cotton, *Azucar y Algodon*, *gucar-coton*, Moorish things and names yet remain. The soil in the valley is very rich, being formed of the detritus of the hills and alluvial deposits, and under the Moor was a golden strip, and studded far beyond Malaga with towns and cities. Now *dehasas et despoblados* attest the dominion of the Gotho conqueror; for *Velez Malaga*, see p. 356. Those who wish to return to Granada from Motril, instead of going to Malaga, may take

ROUTE XXVI.—MOTRIL TO GRANADA.

Venez de Benaudulla	4
Rio Grande	2½ .. 6½
Pinos del Rey	2 .. 8½
Padul	3 .. 11½
Granada	3 .. 14½

Leaving Motril ascend the *Sierra de Lujar*, with fine sea views, and thence to *Velez de Benaudulla*,—Beled, "the land of the children of Audulla;" it is generally called *Velezillo*. The *Rio Grande*, a "large river" in rainy times, and a small one at others, joins the *Guadalfeo* near this hamlet: the castle is picturesque on its knoll. Now we ride on to a mill, where an artist might linger a week. The olive trees, planted by the Moors, are gigantic. Soon after the road branches, and a short cut to the r., by a wild river, leads to *Durcal*, and thence by Granada; we took this route as saving 4 L. The further and fairer goes round by the picturesque valley of *Pinos del Rey*.

The districts lying to the E. and N. E. of Adra are of the highest interest to the botanist and geologist; they are almost virgin ground, since

Bowles and other foreigners have done little more than show how much is yet to be known. The excursion is, however, one of some hardship, and it must be ridden. "Attend to the provend," and take a local guide from time to time, especially if the expedition be prolonged to the forest of *Segura* and the lead mines of *Linares*, near *Ubeda*. The following route is recommended; where an asterisk is placed, the distances cannot be exactly stated; indeed, in the mountain and forest country the leagues are conventional and mere guesswork. It will be always advisable in each place to question the cura or the alcalde in any case of difficulty.

ROUTE XXVII.—ADRA TO JAEN.

Adra	
Dalias	3
Roquetas	4
Almeria	4
Tabernas	5
Senes	4
Macael	2
*Purcheda	1½
*Baza	7
*Orcera	4
*Segura	5
Hornos	3
Iznatorafe	3
Ubeda	5
Baeza	1
Linares	3
Mengibar	4
Jaen	3

Leaving Adra, and crossing the dreary sandy plains, *El Campo de Dalias*, which might easily be irrigated, is *Almeria*—Murges, *Portus Magnus* of the ancients, *Al-Meryah*, "the conspicuous." Under both Roman and Moor it was the "great port" of traffic with Italy and the East, and one of the richest manufacturing towns. Under its Moorish independent chief, *Ibn Maymum*, it was a perfect Algiers, a pirate port, whose galleys ravaged the coasts of France and Italy. Then, according to the proverb, Granada was merely its farm; "*Cuando Almeria era su alqueria*." It was taken by the Spaniards, Oct. 16, 1147, chiefly by means of the Genoese, who

were anxious to abate this worse piratical nuisance than even Tortosa. See a most curious Latin Leonine poem on this conquest. E. S. xxi. 399. Fuit Ilion! It is no longer, as sang its Arabian eulogist, "a land where, if thou walkest, the stones are pearls, the dust gold, and the gardens paradise." The houses are small, the women and climate African: the popⁿ is under 20,000. Some bustle is given to the decay since the introduction of steamers, which touch here up and down. The remains of the Moorish castle of Keyran are now called the Alcazaba: they command the town, and were repaired by Charles V., who there hung a bell to give warning of piratical descents. The port is without a mole; the vestiges of one constructed by the Moors might have suggested such a necessary improvement, and recently a pier has been projected, on paper only. The *atarazanas*, or dockyards, may also be traced. Almeria is a chief town of the district, and residence of petty authorities, who get rich by encouraging smuggling from Gibraltar: it has a cathedral. About 2 L. in the Sierra are the baths of Alhamilla; they are much frequented. There are two seasons,—from May 1 to June 30, and from Sept. 1 to the end of October. The commerce consists principally in the produce of the lead mines, and the esparto and barrilla, of which quantities grow on the plains. The *arbol de tinte*, a sort of *acacia* from which a dye is made, flourishes here. The geologist will, of course, visit *El Cabo de Gata*, the "Cape Agate," distant 15 miles S. E. This is the ancient *Promontorium Charidemi*, a word derived by Bochart (Can. i. 34) from the Punic *char-adem* caput sardii, the sardonix. It is a rock formed of crystals, spars, and agates, of 8 L. by 5 L. in extent. Visit the cavern in the *Montaña del Bujo*, where amethysts are found. The *Vela blanca* is a white spot, a landmark to travellers on this windy cape, since, according to the nautical adage, "At Cape de Gat,

take care of your hat." Other knobs have a religious nomenclature common in Spain, such as "*El Sacristán*" and *Los dos Frailes*, equivalent to our "parson and clerk," "devil's peaks," &c. Those going to Cartagena, who dislike steam conveyance, may ride across the sandy coast.

ROUTE XXVIII.—ALMERIA TO
CARTAGENA.

Almeria		
Rioja	2	
Tabernas	3	.. 5
Mojacar	5	.. 10
Vera	2	.. 12
Pulji	4	.. 16
Puerto de las Aguilas	3	.. 19
Algarobillo	2	.. 21
Almazarron	4	.. 25
Cartagena	5	.. 30

This route is very uninteresting, and the accommodation wretched. The coast is studded with *atalayas*, and the plains produce esparto and soda plants. The route runs inland to *Tabernas*, leaving *Cabo de Gata* to the r.; it comes out on the sea near *Mojacar*. *Vera*—Barea, the "End" of the Tarraconese division—is a seaport from whence are exported the corn, barrilla, esparto, etc. of the rich environs. The climate is delicious, *hic ver perpetuum*: popⁿ under 8000. Hence cross over the *Almanzora* by the *cortijo de Pulpi* to *El Puerto de las Aguilas*, a small place of two intersecting streets, at the foot of a rock and castle, destined by Charles III. as the port of the country up to Lorca and Murcia. A carriageable road communicates hence to Lorca, 5 L. *Almazarron* is an industrious place; popⁿ some 5000. The land and sea afford them occupation. From the number of ruins discovered in the vicinity, this is supposed to have been the site of an important Carthaginian settlement. In the Sierra of *Almazarron* silver ores occur, while from the hill San Cristobal alum is extracted, and the red earth, *almagra*, which is used for rubbing Merino sheep, polishing mirrors, and mixed with the red rappee snuff of Seville. The friable rock is first roasted, and

then slaked. When the alum is deposited in solution, the residue after evaporation is the *almagra*, which, according to Capⁿ. Widdrington, is a silicate of iron, according to others an oxide. Much barrilla is made here, and burnt with the shrubs of these timberless plains. Crossing the *Almanzora* to the l. is the silver-pregnant *Sierra de Almagrera*, now honey-combed with miners. (See, for curious details, post, p. 419.)

ROUTE XXVII. *continued.*—ALMERIA
TO JAEN.

Leaving *Almeria* for *Macael*, 9 L., this hill of marble lies under the *Sierra de Filabres*, whence the view over the country is singular, as it resembles a stormy sea suddenly petrified. *Macael* is one block of white marble, whence were extracted the thousands of pillars which the Moors raised in the Patios of Seville and Granada; now, in the pining atrophy and marasmus, they are scarcely worked. *Purchena* is historically interesting, as being the town to which Boabdil retired; it was assigned him as his petty estate, and part of his alcazar still remains. For Baza, see p. 407. Thence the lover of natural history, who is not afraid of roughing it, may strike to the *Pozo del Alcon*, where the pine forests commence. Hence to *Cazorla*, which forms one point of a triangle with *Puebla de Don Fadrique*, distant 15 L. The roads are iniquitous in these tangled woods. The oaks and pines are very fine. At *Orcera* was the governmental establishment of woods and forests, whence the arsenals of Cadiz were supplied, but the noble buildings were all burnt by the French. The forest of *Segura*, *Saltus Tigiensis*, extends about 80 L. by 60. The visitor should apply to the resident authorities for permission to explore the localities, stating frankly his objects; otherwise his arrival will create an infinite hubbub, and he will be exposed to every sort of suspicion and inconvenience. The *Guadiana*, which flows into the *Guadalquivir*, is useful

for floating down timber. According to an official survey in 1751, there were then 2,121,140 trees fit for ship-building appropriated to the arsenal of Cadiz, and 380,000,000 to that of Cartagena: making every discount for Spanish exaggeration, the supply was certainly almost inexhaustible. The '*Espediente*' of Martin Fernandez Navarete, Mad. 1824, gives the number as 44,297,108. The forest is now scandalously neglected and ill-used, like most others in Spain (see Widdrington, i. 384); game of all kinds abounds, and wolves are so numerous that sheep can scarcely be kept.

Passing through a fertile well-watered country is *Ubeda*, built by the Moors with the materials of the Roman *Bætula*, now *Ubeda la Vieja*. *Ubeda* was taken by Alonzo VIII. eight days after the victory of Las Navas de Toloso. The Spaniard, writing to Innocent III., stated that it "then contained 70,000 Moors, of whom many were put to death, and the rest made slaves to build convents in Spain, and the city razed to the ground." When these Christian destroyers retired, from the usual want of means to follow up their success, the Infidels returned and rebuilt *Ubeda*. But the ill-fated town was again taken by St. Ferd. on Michaelmas-day, 1239. Hence the city arms—gules, that Archangel, with an orle, argent, of twelve lions, gules. *Ubeda* contains about 15,000 inhab., principally agriculturists.

Here the architect will find the best specimens of Pedro de Valdelvira, an architect of the sixteenth century, and second only to Berruguete. The Cathedral, once the mosque, has been built into a Corinthian temple, in a style similar to those of Jaen and Granada. Near the high altar was buried Don Beltran de la Cueva, the reputed father of La Beltraneja, the rival to Isabella. The Mæcenas of *Ubeda* was Fr^o. de los Cobos, secretary to Charles V. He brought from Italy Julio and Alessandro, pupils of Jean de Udina, to decorate his house with arabesques.

The mansion, cruelly degraded, still exists in the parish S^{to}. Tomas. He also employed Pedro de Valdevira, in 1540, to build the beautiful *San Salvador*. The interior has been over-gilt and altered, but the exterior has fared better. Observe the *Portal del Llano*, and the entrance and inside of the rich sacristia. The convent of Dominican nuns, in the *Plaza del Llano*, was also a residence of the Cobos family. The hospital is a fine building: observe the tower, the cloister, and the minute bassi-relievi on the *retablo*. The funds have long been misapplied, and the mismanagement is complete. Visit the Lonja, and the buildings in the Exido—the “Exodus,” or place of departure for Baeza, distant 1 L. There is a profusion of water, and fertility is everywhere the consequence: indeed the whole of this *Lomo de Ubeda* is some of the finest land in the world. Under the Moors it was densely peopled, and a granary; now much is *despoblado* and neglected.

Baeza—*Beata Bæcula*—is the spot where Scipio the younger routed Asdrubal (U. C. 545), killing 8000 Carthaginians, and taking 10,000 Spaniards prisoners (Livy, xxvii. 18). Under the Moors it became a flourishing town of 30,000 souls. It was taken and sacked by St. Ferd. in 1239, and has never been again what it was. The miserable Moors took refuge in the Albaicin of Granada.

Baeza is a handsome town. Popⁿ. about 14,000. There is a good new posada in what was the Franciscan convent. The noble buildings of the sixteenth century, and now deserted halls, bear record of former importance. The position, on a lofty *lomo*, with pure air, rich plains, and abundance of water, is well chosen. The principal edifices are the oratorio of Sⁿ. Felipe Neri, the grand patio and staircase of the university, the fountain with cariatides in the Plaza, and the cinque-cento gates of Cordova and Baeza.

The cathedral is joined with that

of Jaen, under the same mitre. It was modernised in 1587, and dedicated to the “birth of the Virgin.” This mystery is represented in a basso-relievo by Jeronimo Prado, over the classical portal. The chapel of Sⁿ. José is in excellent plateresque. It was for this cathedral that Fr^o. Merino, one of the best silver workers of Spain (obit 1594), made a magnificent *custodia*.

But the pride of Baeza was the being the birthplace of the eleven thousand virgins, commonly called of Cologne. Vilches, in his ‘*Santuarios*,’ i. 28. 26, filches from England the glory, and claims it for *Nosotros*. These ladies, really born in Cornwall about the year 453, were daughters of one Nothus, a great lord, and the Bastard family is still among the best in the West of England. Some critics contend that the eleven thousand were in reality only twins, and by name Ursula and Undecimilla; others assert that the mistake arose from the abbreviations of an old manuscript, “Ursula et XI. M. V.,” meaning simply, Ursula and eleven martyr virgins. At the same time there must have been many thousands of them, since there is scarcely a *relicario* in Spain which cannot boast a virgin or two of them, while the numbers in Germany and Italy defy calculation. Be that as it may, it would be now not easy to find 11,000 virgins in the *cuatro reinos*, much less in Vilches, and even if they were found, not ten would be willing to prefer death to loss of chastity.

The celebrated sculptor, Gaspar Becerra, was born at Baeza in 1520.

Linares—*Hellanes*—is placed in a pleasant plain under the Sierra Morena, with an abundance of fertilising streams. Popⁿ. under 7000. It was celebrated in antiquity for its mines of copper and lead, which are still very productive, especially those of Los Arrayanes, Alamillos, and La Cruz. Every day new shafts are being opened; but, as at Berja, the working is very prejudicial to the miners’ health. About $\frac{1}{2}$ a L. distant is the supposed site of

Castulo or Cazlona, where mutilated sculpture is frequently found and neglected. At *Palazuelos* are the presumed ruins of the "Palace" of Himilce, the rich wife of Hannibal, and near is the site of the great battle won by Scipio (Livy, xxiv. 41). The fine fountain of Linares is supposed to be a remnant of the Roman work which was connected with Castulo. N. of Linares and about 5 miles from Carolina, in the *Cerro de Valdeinferno* are certain ancient mines, which still are called *Los Pozos de Anibal*: the geologist may strike on to *Vilches*, a small place with 2000 souls, placed in the midst of neglected mines of copper and silver. The wild shooting in all this district of *Las Nuevas Poblaciones* is good, so also is the fishing in the *Guadalen*, *Guarrizoz*, and *Guadalimar*.

The two towns of Baeza and Linares, as is common in unamalgamating Spain, do not love their neighbour. *Baeza quiere pares, y no quiere Linares*.

The traveller may either strike up to Bailen; 2 L., or return to Granada by Jaen—2 L. to the Venta de Don Juan, and 1 L. to the dangerous ferry of Mengibar, and thence 4 most dreary L. to Jaen. See Index for details.

The communications from Granada will be found in the preceding pages: to Jaen, Route xiv.; to Cordova, R. xii.; to Seville, by Osuna, R. xi.; to Ronda, by Antequera, R. xix.; to Malaga, by Albama, R. xxiii.; or by Loja, R. xi. There now remains the Route to Murcia and the Eastern provinces.



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

SECTION IV.

THE KINGDOM OF MURCIA.

CONTENTS.

ROUTE XXIX.—GRANADA TO MURCIA.

Guadix; Lorca; Murcia.

ROUTE XXX.—MURCIA TO MADRID.

ROUTE XXXI.—MURCIA TO CARTA-

GENA.

Mines, ancient and modern.

ROUTE XXXII.—CARTAGENA TO ALI-
CANTE.

Orihuela; Elche; Alicante.

ROUTE XXXIII.—ELCHE TO MADRID.

ROUTE XXXIV.—ELCHE TO XATIVA.

ROUTE XXXV.—ELCHE TO ALICANTE.

ROUTE XXXVI.—ALICANTE TO XATIVA.

Castalla; Alcoy; Xativa.

ROUTE XXXVII.—XATIVA TO VA-
LENCIA.

THE petty *Reino de Murcia*, one of the smallest in Spain, contains about 660 square L. It is of an irregular shape, about 25 L. long by 23 broad, and is bounded to the E. by Valencia, to the N. by Cuenca and La Mancha, to the W. by Granada, and to the S. by the Mediterranean. It is thinly peopled, and where water is wanting is almost a desert. The irrigated portions and *Huertas*, however, compensate by their prodigious fertility. They produce the palm, orange, and carob tree. The staples are silk, soda, bass-grass, red peppers, and rich wines. The mineralogy is most interesting, especially in the mining districts near Cartagena. The chief objects worth notice are these mines and the *Pantanos*, or artificial reservoirs. The best line of route is that which comprehends Lorca, Murcia, Cartagena, Elche, and Alicante (R. xxix., xxxii., and xxxvi.). The springs and autumns are the fittest seasons for travelling; the former are all flower, the latter all fruit. Murcia was the cherished province of the Carthaginians, and was destined by them to replace their loss of Sicily, as it contained those mines which enabled the family of Hannibal to war against Rome itself. The Goths of Murcia made honourable resistance against the Moors, and their leader, Theodimir, was allowed to retain an independent sovereignty during his life: hence the province was called *Tadmir*, a word often confounded with *Tadmor*, a country of palms, which do indeed flourish here. Under the Moors Mursiah became one continuous "garden," and hence was called *El Bostan*, as well as *Misr*, Egypt, to which it was compared. When the Kalifate of the Ummeyahs was broken up, Mursiah split off into an independent state, under the Beni-Tahir family, which ruled from 1038 to 1091; after this internal dissensions led at last, in 1260, to the triumph of the Spaniards. The Moorish Murcians were reputed to be obstinate and disobedient; and the province, lying in an out-of-the-way corner, is still considered the Bœotia of the south.

In Murcia, *Murtia* the pagan goddess of apathy and ignorance rules undisturbed and undisputed. "Dulness o'er all usurps her ancient reign." The better classes vegetate in a monotonous unsocial existence; their pursuits are the cigar and the siesta. Few men in anywise illustrious have ever been produced by this Dunciad province. The lower classes, chiefly agricultural, are alternately sluggish and laborious, retaining the *Inedia et Labor* of the old Iberian. Their physiognomy is African, and many have migrated latterly to Algeria. They are superstitious, litigious, and revengeful, and even remark of themselves and province that the earth and climate are good, but much that is between them is bad. *El cielo y suelo es bueno—el entre suelo malo*. The littoral plains, especially about Cartagena and Alicante, are much subject to earthquakes, and are rendered insalubrious by salt marshes. The salt made from them is chiefly shipped to the Baltic. The *barrilla*, or soda plant, grows abundantly. There are four kinds—the *barrilla*, *algazal*, *sosa*, and *salicor*: the first is the best. It grows a low tufted spreading bush, of a greenish colour, ripening into a dull brown. The plants, when dry, are burnt on iron gratings over pits, and the saline particles sink below in a vitrified mass. An acre of *barrilla* will produce a ton of alkali. It is an exhausting crop. Alicante is the chief place of export. The *esparto*, the bass feather-grass or Spanish rush, *Spartium junceum*, *genet d'Espagne*, grows naturally in vast quantities: hence the district of Cartagena was called by the Greeks, *το σπαρταριον—το ιουγγαριον πεδιον*, and by the Romans *Campus Spartarius Juncarius*. The name of this "stipa tenacissima" is said to be derived from *σπειρα*, *conserere*. It resembles the *spear* grass which grows on the sandy sea-shores of Lancashire. This thin wiry rush is still worked up into the same purposes as are so accurately described by Pliny (N. H. xix. 2); such as matting, baskets, soles of sandals, ropes, &c. It was exported largely to Italy (Strabo, iii. 243). These are the Iberian whips of Horace (Epod. iv. 3). The rush, when cut, is dried like hay, and then soaked in water and plaited. It is very enduring, and the manufacture, as formerly, employs multitudes of women and children.

The present section will include a portion of Valencia, as Murcia is quitted near Orihuela, but the description of the Elche, Alicante, and Xativa districts will, however, come conveniently to the traveller who approaches Valencia from Granada. Murcia is ill provided with roads; even the great communication between Granada is but just carriageable. It is wearisome, and without much accommodation. The best plan will be, on leaving Granada, to make an excursion into the Alpujarras to Almeria (R. xxiv.), and then take the steamer to Cartagena. There is a good local and heraldic history of Murcia, the '*Discursos Historicos*,' Fro. Cascales, Murcia, 1621; or the new and better ed. of 1775.

ROUTE XXIX.—GRANADA TO MURCIA.

Huetor	1½	
Molinillo	3	4½
Diezma	1½	6
Purullena	2	8
Guadix	1	9
Venta de Gor	3	12
Venta de Baul	1	13
Baza	3	16
Cullar	4	20
Chirivel	3	23
Velez Rubio	3	26
Lumberas	4	30

Lorca	3	33
Totana	4	37
Lebrilla	4	41
Murcia	4	45

This road is practicable for strong *galeras* and *tartanas*. It is better to ride it, hiring horses to Lorca, whence a diligence runs to Murcia; reserving, however, a power of taking the horses on, if preferred.

Leaving Granada by the gate of

Facalaua, a two hours' mountain ride leads to the tolerable posada at *Huetor*. Hence, passing the picturesque defiles and descents to *Molinillo*, and wild *dehesas*, to burnt-up *Diezma*. The arid soil contrasts with the snowy *Sierra*, which glitters to the r. The wastes are covered with the usual aromatic herbs (see p. 148), which, bruised by the goats' feet, perfume the loneliness. The side ways are studded with crosses, erected over sites where wine and women have led to murder. Near *Purullena*, the miserable peasantry dwell in holes or *cuevas*, excavated from the soft hillocks. Many of the loftier hills to the r. bear names connected with the silver mines of antiquity, such as *Sierra de la Mina*, *Sierra del Pozo*, &c.; indeed, all this range, down to the *Sierra de Filabres* and *Vera*, is marble and metal pregnant. In these districts, probably, were the *Orospeidan* chain; the *Opos ἀργυρου* of *Strabo* (iii. 220); the *Mons Argentarius* of *Fes. Avienus*. *Bochart* interprets the word *Orosphed* quasi *Phed*, *Punicé* silver.

Guadix, *Acci*, in its mulberry groves looks more cheerful. There is a decent posada under the town, near the gate and nice little *Alameda*. *Guadix* contains 9000 souls, and is a bishopric; suffragan to *Granada*, although it claims to have been converted by seven prelates sent expressly by *St. Peter and Paul*. The town is of Moorish construction, whence its name, "Wadi ash," "The River of Life." Walk up to the *Plaza*, with its columns of the 15th century; thence to the *Paseo de la Catedral*, and observe the view over the *Vega*. The cathedral is unimportant. The *coro* is enriched with many small statues, carved in pear wood; the *silleria* is in exaggerated plateresque: the pulpits are composed of the red and green *Alpujarras* marbles. Coming out towards the bishop's palace, is a Roman stone, let into the wall, and inscribed "*Colon Accis*." Hence by the *Calle de la Muralla* to the ruined Moorish castle. Observe the extraordinary character of the environs.

The whole country about the town resembles a sea, whose waves have suddenly been transformed into solid substances. The hillocks rise up fantastically into conical and pyramidal shapes: their marly sides are excavated into caves, the homes of the poor. No wonder some are called *los dientes de la Vieja*, although they are more like the jaws of a petrified colossal crocodile, than of an old woman. These localities, once covered by water, have been ploughed by the retiring floods into gullies, by which the whole district is intersected. *Guadix* is renowned for its knife. *El Cuchillo de Guadix* is made with a *molde*, or catch by which the blade can be fixed and converted into a dagger; admirable for stabbing, nothing can be ruder than this cutlery, which however answers Spanish purposes, and that *guerra al cuchillo*, which proved scarcely less fatal to the invader than the British bayonet (but see *Albacete* for Spanish knives). About $\frac{1}{2}$ L. from *Guadix* are the baths of *Graena*. The accommodations, as usual, are wretched; and many visitors prefer lodging in the cool caves of the hills to the hot and inconvenient houses.

Leaving *Guadix*, and threading a sea of pointed hillocks, sandy, earthy, and tawny, amid which the *Esparto* rush grows luxuriantly, a midday halt may be made at the poor *Va de Gor*. *Ghaur* means a pass in *Hindee*. The town lies to the r. Hence to *Baza*, 3 long L. The clay-built-looking city lies in a rich plain, surrounded by a country ploughed up by ravines and *Brobdrignag* furrows.

Bazu, the Roman *Basti*, the Moorish *Bástah*, is an agricultural town of some 11,000 souls: the posada is roomy and good. Fragments of antiquity are constantly found in the *Vega*, and are as constantly neglected or broken to pieces by the peasants, who, like Moors, think they contain hidden treasures. *Baza* was taken by the Christians, after a siege of seven months, Dec. 4, 1480. *Isabella* came in person, there, as everywhere else, the harbinger of victory.

This gentle and delicate queen possessed also the masculine virtues of our bold Bess, while a soul of Cæsar was enshrined in the form of Lucretia. She braved all hardships, hurried to every post of danger, regardless of weather or ill health, and appearing at the nick of time, like our Elizabeth at Tilbury Fort, communicated to her troops her own dauntless spirit. The Spanish artillery was under her especial management, for she perceived the power of this arm, hitherto undervalued from being worked insufficiently. She was the soul and spirit of every campaign, by providing the finance and commissariat, things rare in Spain, and recorded by P. Martyr as *belli nervos*. She pawned her jewels to pay the troops, seldom paid since. She established military hospitals, and maintained a rigorous discipline: her camp, says P. Martyr, resembled a republic of Plato's. Need it be said that her armies were victorious? for Spaniards make fine soldiers when well fed and led. She placed her battery on the site of the present *Posito*, or grain deposit, and some of her cannon remain near the rose-planted Alameda. They once were mounted before the cathedral, but were cast down when it was plundered by Sebastiani. They are composed of bars of iron, bound by hoops, and have no wheels, being moved by strong rings. The splendid Custodia was the work of Juan Ruiz of Cordova. The cathedral is unimportant, but Baza is renowned for rich red wines, the beverage of Granada. Those of the *convento* are the best, or rather were, before reform destroyed

"That happy convent, buried in deep vines,
Where abbots slumbered, purple as their
wines."

The women are among the prettiest in Spain, and, as at Guadix, are fair-complexioned. The female peasants are clad in green *sayas*, with black stripes and red edgings. With their sandalled naked feet, upright elastic step, as they carry baskets or pitchers on their heads, they are quite classical

and melodramatic. The Valencian costume now begins, and the striped *manta* takes the place of the cloak. There are two local histories: one by Gonzalo Argote de Molina; the other and better by Pedro Suares, fol. Mad. 1696.

Hence, by a poplar Alameda to *Cullar de Baza*, which lies in a ravine below its Moorish ruin, and in a valley of maize and vines. It is a straggling place of some 5000 souls: half of the dwellings are mere holes dug in the hill side, in which the rustics burrow and breed like rabbits, and they are all fur in their sheepskin jackets. Here, in August 1811, Freire was beaten to shreds even by Godinot, one of the worst of French generals, whose incapacity allowed his foe, skilled in flight, to escape (Toreno, xvi.).

Ascending a broken ridge, the miserable *Va. de las Vertientes* marks the summit from whence the "parted waters" descend both ways. *Chirivel* is in the district of flax and hemp, *lino y cañamo*. The latter, when cut, is soaked for eight days, until the rind rots: it is then beaten on round stones, and drawn through an iron-toothed machine. The whole process is unwholesome, for the offensive soakings produce fever, while the minute particles which fly off during the beating irritate the lungs and induce consumption. *Velez el Rubio* is approached by an awful league, *La del Frayle*, which is at least five miles long. The stream is pretty; and the two rocky knobs of the *Frayle* and *La Monja* are singular. *Velez el Rubio* is a poor but well-peopled place of some 12,000 souls, in a most fertile district, which also abounds in fine jaspers: the white houses lie under the castle in a picturesque hill-girt situation. Near it is the *fuelle del gato*, a ferruginous mineral water, and excellent for nervous disorders. The Posada was built in 1785 by the Duke of Alva, who owns large estates in these parts. The exterior is grand and imposing, as the interior is all want and discomfort. *Velez el Rubio*, although unarmed and unre-

sisting, was dreadfully sacked by Sebastiani in April 1810.

Now we enter Murcia, the high road to Lorca is carried over the ridge at *el Puerto*: but the traveller should make a mountain détour to the l. by the noble castle of *Xiquena*, dining at the venta on the opposite side of the river, and beyond the picturesque mills. The stone pines are magnificent. Hence to the *Pantano* of Lorca: an enormous dyke, called *el puente*, is built of a fine yellow stone across the narrow valley: *it is said* to be 1500 ft. high, and consists of seven ramps or *caminos*, each 12 ft. wide; thus the base would be 84 ft. thick. This effectually dams up the waters of the rivulet, which thus accumulate behind in a vast reservoir lake, and are thence doled out by hatches to the lands below, which require irrigation. These *Pantanos* are the precise Byzantine *ὑδραλῖα*, the *Bendts* by which Constantinople is supplied. This one was a speculation of the company de Prades, formed in 1775, by whom money was raised for the Murcian canal at $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., which, being guaranteed by Charles III., was lent readily. In 1791, Charles IV., or rather the needy, unprincipled Godoy, consulted the theologians whether this rate was not usurious. They of course assented; and a royal decree was issued reducing it to 3 per cent., and deducting the whole amount of the previously paid difference of $4\frac{1}{2}$. The dyke across the gorge was finished in 1789. It was quite filled for the first time in Feb. 1802, and gave way April 2, from the feeding stream having no separate vent, destroying everything for nearly fifty miles below. Similar was the reservoir and the destruction of the *Sitte Mareb*, the work of Solomon's Queen of Sheba, which swept entire cities from the face of Arabia (Sale's 'Koran,' i. 12). Such also were the natural deluges which poured through the Val de Bagnes and Martigny, in Switzerland, in 1596 and 1818, when the dam of ice gave way and let

loose the accumulated waters behind it.

Following the lines of damage for 2 L., we reach *Lorca*, *Elicroca*, *Lorcáh*, built under the *Monte de Oro*, on the banks of the *Sangonera*, which soon falls into the *Segura*. Lorca is a rambling old city, but clean and with good houses: inhab. under 22,000, with a decent *Posada*. It was the Moorish key of Murcia. The castle was very strong, and is still a fine specimen, and worth visiting. The tower *Espolon*, and the long lines of walls, are Moorish. That called the *Alfonsina* is Spanish, and was built by Alouzo el Sabio, who gave the city for its arms his bust on this tower, with a key in one hand and a sword in the other, with the legend:—

“Lorca solum gratum, castrum super astra locatum,
Ense minas gravis, et regni tutissima clavis.”

Lorca is a dull, unsocial place. The streets are steep and narrow. The façade of the *Colegiata* is Corinthian and composite. The interior is dark, but rejoices in relics of its patron St. Patrick. The tower has a Murcian pepper-box dome. The old Plaza, with its arched prison, and rambling streets are picturesque. There is a tolerable Gothic church, *La S^a. Maria*. The walks are pleasant, especially the Alameda, near the river. In the *Corredera* is a pillar and Roman inscription. The graven images of S^t. Vicente Ferrer (see Valencia) now begin to appear, as we approach his native province. The motto, “*Timete Deum*,” designates this herald of the Inquisition. *Lorca* was twice sacked by the French. Here, Feb. 1811, Freire fled as usual on the second approach of Sebastiani. There is a local history, ‘*Antigüedades, &c., de Lorca*,’ Pedro Morote Perez Chaecos, fol. Murcia, 1741.

There is a diligence from Lorca to Murcia. The route is arid and desolate from want of water. Totana and the mud-built Lebrilla are the head-

quarters of Murcian gipsies, whose costume is very gay and ornate. They are the innkeepers of the district. Their grand rendezvous is at Palmas de Sⁿ Juan, where they dance the *Toca, Ole*, and *Mandel*. Totana is divided by these dark children of the Zend into two portions, called in remembrance of their beloved "*Safacoro*," "*Sevilla y Triana*." Near Totana commences *La Sierra de España*, in the snow of which the gipsies traffic. The town has a fine fountain, supplied by a handsome aqueduct. It contains 8000 souls, and has a *Colegiata*.

The vegetation, where there is water, is tropical: tall whispering canes and huge aloes towering up in candelabras, are intermingled with palm-trees and gigantic sun-flowers, whose seeds are eaten by the poor. The low thatched cottages of the peasants have projecting roofs, and gable-ends, on which is the cross of *Caravaca*,* the talisman of these localities, and which now supercedes the *Rostro* of Jaen; but relics in Spain are like local authorities, which have no power out of the limits of their jurisdiction.

Murcia rises out of its level Huerta of mulberries, golden maize, and red pepper. The peasants, with handkerchiefs on heads like turbans, and white kilts, look, from this contrast of linen with bronzed flesh, as dusky as Moors. The pretty women are made more so by their ballet costume of blue *sayas* and yellow boddices. The city is entered by the pleasant *Alameda del Carmen*, traversing the Plaza with its highly-worked iron balconies, and thence over the muddy, half-exhausted Segura, by a fine bridge built in 1720. The best Fonda is in the *Pa. de Sⁿ. Leandro*; the best *posadas* are the *San*

Antonio and *La de la Alhondiga*. *La del Comercio* is in C^e. de la Rambla del Cuerno. In the C^e. Mayor are two decent casas de pupilos; one kept by Juan Gutierrez, the other by Doña Maria Romero. Consult '*Discursos Historicos*,' Cascales, fol. Murcia, 1621.

A day will suffice for Murcia: it is the capital of its province, and in the centre of the fertile *Huerta*, the Moorish *al-Bostan*, "garden," which extends 5 L. in length by 3 in breadth, and is watered from a magnificent Moorish contrivance called the *Contraparada*, and by the river, which is *sangrado*, or bled to death. Silk is the staple, and red pepper powder, which is sent all over Spain. Murcia was built by the Moors, from the materials of the Roman Murgi, Murci Arcilacis. It was called Mursiah, and Hadhrat Tadmira, the court of Theodomir, its independent Gothic prince. The Segura is the Tader, Terebis, Serebis of the ancients, the Skehurah of the Moors. The city contains about 35,000 souls, and is the see of a bishop suffragan to Toledo, who is still called *de Cartagena*, which was originally the site of the metropolitan, and since the removal of the two cities have abhorred each other most devoutly.

Murcia was taken from the Moors in 1240, by St. Ferd.; it rebelled, and was reconquered by Alonzo el Sabio, who left, as a precious legacy, his bowels to the dean and chapter, *i. e.* coals to Newcastle; had he bequeathed a portion of his brains, this Dunciad see and city might have profited, for it is the dullest city in Spain, which is no trifle, and one of the driest; but whenever rain is wanted, the miraculous image of our Lady of *Fuensanta*, is brought in grand procession from *Al-*

* Caravaca lies up in the hills, 11 L. from Murcia, and is a considerable town; the castle is called *La Santa Cruz*. The city arms are a "red cow, with a cross on its back;" the origin being, that Don Gines Perez Chirinos, when very desirous, May 3, 1221, to say mass to a Moorish king of the ill-omened name Deceyt, had no cross, whereupon angels brought one down from heaven. The Moor was instantly converted. Miracles have ever since been wrought. Rings especially, when rubbed against the cross, a small fee being paid to the priest, effectually protect the wearers from illness. The peasants also imagined that the cross would protect them from Sebastiani and Soult, which it did not. Consult the history by Martin Pinero, folio, 1722.

gezares 1 L.; this spot, her sanctuary, is also a favorite holiday lounge for idlers and devout persons.

The streets of Murcia are generally narrow, and many of the houses are painted in pink and yellow colours; those of the *Hidalgos* are decorated with armorial bearings; observe, for example, the Casa Pinares, in the *Calle de la Plateria*. The city arms are six crowns with an orle of lions and castles. Visit the Alcazar, fortified in 1405 by Enrique III.; ascend the cathedral tower. This belfry was begun in 1522 by Card. Mateo de Langa, and finished in 1766. The stone chain is in compliment to the Velez family, whose armorial bearing it is; it is crowned with a dome, and is the type of Murcian belfries; it rises in compartments, like a drawn-out telescope; from the summit the eye sweeps far and wide; below lies the circular city, with flat bluish roofs, and cane pigeon-houses—a Valencian fancy. The *Huerta*, where there is water, is green; where that ceases, as beyond *Alcantarilla*, the tawny desert recommences. The plain is studded with farms and drooping palm-trees; the pointed isolated hill to the E. is the *Monte Agudo*, whence a title is taken, like our Montagu and Egremont.

The capacious episcopal palace in the plaza was built in 1768; it has been daubed with pinks and green, and is Rococo. The cathedral was begun in 1353, and altered in 1521; the façade, by Jayme Bort, is a churrigueresque. Inside observe the Gothic niches behind the *Coro*, the carved *Silleria* and organ, and the chapel, with an alto relievo, in stone, of the Nativity; the sculpture is not good, but the effect, in the dim light, is striking; opposite, in a gaudy frame, is a pretty *Madona and Child*; the *Retablo* is full of old carving; the stones near the high altar are picked out with gold, as at Toledo; here, in an *urna*, are the bowels of Alonzo el Sabio; and opposite, in a silver vase, are portions of the tutelar saints Sⁿ. Fulgencio and Sⁿ. Floren-

tina, whose brother was the great archbishop Sⁿ. Isidoro. The *Sacristia mayor* has some fine dark wood-carving, of 1525; the portal is rich plate-resque; the splendid plate was appropriated by the French, especially the *Custodia* and *Copon* of pure gold. The smaller silver *Custodia* escaped miraculously; it is ornamented with grapes and spiral columns, and was made by Perez de Montalto, 1677. As usual, this cathedral has a parish church annexed, it is dedicated to the Virgin, and is called *La Sta. Maria*; and in the *Ca. del Sagrario* is an excellent Marriage of the Virgin, by Juanes, painted in 1516, for Juan de Molina; see the inscription. The *Capilla de los Velez* contains some singular stone chains, the badge of the family; the portal of bluish-veined marble is enriched with statues of royal and local saints, in which figures Sⁿ. Hermenegildo, who was born at Cartagena; the interior is octagonal, and incongruous in style and ornament; observe the St. Luke writing his Gospel, by Fr^o. Garcia, 1607, and the *Pasos*, the chains and sprigs of a tree, and the gigantic skeleton. This cathedral suffered much in the earthquake of 1829, when the tower, façade, and dome of the transept were cracked.

Murcia, this Dunciad city, has little fine art; much of the carving in it and the province is by Fr^o. Zarcillo, who died here in 1781, and who, had he lived in a better age, possessed the capabilities of a true artist. In the church of *San Nicolas* is an exquisite San Antonio, carved in wood in a brown Capuchin dress, about 18 inches high, by Alonzo Cano, and inscribed: it is the gem of Murcia. The traveller may walk through the *Traperia* and *Plateria*, busy streets, with summer awnings stretched above, and sparkling dressed peasantry grouped below; here are the shops of the silversmiths and the sellers of *mantas y alforjas*, i.e. gay parti-coloured striped mantles and saddle-bags (see p. 31). The *mantas*, which are much renowned, ought al-

ways to have a knot of ribbons in the corner, which is usually added by the fair hand of a *querida*. The *Almudi*, Arabicè, "*Granary*," is still the corn magazine; the post-office and prison contain some Moorish remains; there is also a *Plaza de toros*. The favourite walks are the Carmen, with its shady seats, and the Arenal, the "Strand;" the red granite monument to Ferd. VII. is heavy, and the weirs and water-mills would be more picturesque, were the stream of a better colour. There is a good botanical garden. The ill-provided hospital of the town, like one tower of the cathedral, is only begun, and probably never will be finished.

The Murcians, although dull, are no cowards; thus in the War of the Succession, its gallant bishop Luis de Beluga beat off the Germans, and held it for Philip V. This province was never permanently occupied by the French; it was overrun by Soult's brother and Sebastiani, who came rather to levy contributions than from any military reasons (Toreno, xv.). Sebastiani was its Alaric; he, in March 1810, sallied from Granada with 6000 men; Freire, although he had 19,000 men, did not dare to face him (Nap. xiii. 6), but fell back on Alicante, where there were English to support him, as at San Marcial. Sebastiani was the first who arrived on the 23rd of April at unplundered Murcia; he pledged his word of honour that persons and property should be sacred, entered the confiding, unresisting town, "assumed royal honours, and because the municipality had not welcomed him with *salvos*, fined them 100,000 dollars; after having got together the five quintals of plate from churches, and convents, and private houses, he returned to Granada laden with plunder."

Toreno's (xi.) details of the horrors and excesses then committed in the town are fully borne out by Schepeler (ii. 537). To this fatal sack Murcia owes its denudation of wealth and art.

Sebastiani was afterwards imitated by Soult's brother, who was feasting in

the bishop's palace, when the inhabitants, headed by Martin de Cervera, rose on their plunderers; Cervera was killed, and the site of his death is still pointed out. Gen. Soult rose, panic-struck, from table, and fled, committing atrocities which cannot be related. See Toreno xvii. and Schepeler iii. 497.

There are regular diligences to and from Lorca, Cartagena, and Alicante, but to Madrid there is only a *galera*; the common carriage in these parts is the Valencian one-horsed *tartana*, which may be hired at from twenty to twenty-four reals per day, not including the keep of the driver and his horse. In the vicinity of Murcia are many mineral baths; the most frequented are those of *Archena*, *Alhama*, *El Azaraque*, and *Hellin*. This corner of Spain is the chief volcanic district of the Peninsula, which stretches from Cabo de Gata to near Cartagena; the earthquakes are very frequent. This district lies nearly in the same parallel as Lisbon, where earthquakes and volcanic rocks also occur; and the same line, if extended westward, would touch the Azores, which are also volcanic; and eastward would run through Sicily and Smyrna, both which localities present the same class of phenomena.

ROUTE XXX.—MURCIA TO MADRID.

Lorqui	3	
Ciezar	4	.. 7
Torre	3	.. 10
Hellin	3	.. 13
Venta Nueva	4	.. 17
Pozo de la Peña	2	.. 19
Albacete	2	.. 21
Madrid	35	.. 56

This is a dreary, uninteresting route. The traveller must ride or get to *Albacete* as he can, and there take up the Valencian diligences. The fertility of Molino is unrivalled; the cochineal or *Nopal* is abundant; the population is agricultural, and the women busy spinners. Lorqui, near the Segura, is the site where Publius and Cneius Scipio were defeated and killed by Masinissa, 211 B.C. The Romans had

taken 20,000 Spaniards into their pay, and were deserted by their allies in the critical moment, and left to bear the whole brunt single-handed.

Ciezar rises above the river on a peninsular table; on the opposite hill are the remains of an ancient Roman town. *Hellin*, Ilunum, a town of 7000 souls, lies on the slope of the Segura chain; the new *Posada* is excellent; the Roman city was at *Binaseda*, where vestiges may be traced. *Hellin* is a tidy town, of 8000 souls, well paved, with neatly-painted houses, and an air of comfort and *aseo*; the *parroquia* is very fine, with three aisles; observe the *boveda*, supported by pillars, and the masonry and the marble pavement at the entrance; from the hermitage of San Rosario, in the old castle, the view is extensive; near *Hellin* are the mineral baths of *Azaraque*, and distant 3½ L. the celebrated mines of sulphur.

Hellin was dreadfully sacked by the French under *Montbrun* (see *Schepeler* iii. 495); and afterwards became the point, where *Joseph*, flying from *Madrid*, and *Soult* from *Seville*, after *Marmont's* rout at *Salamanca*, united with *Suchet*; the misconduct of *Ballesteros*, by disobeying the Duke's orders to place himself in the *Sierra de Alcaraz*, left the way open to the enemy to regain *Madrid*. From *Hellin* there is a wild mountain track to *Manzanares*, 14 L. through the *Sierra de Alcaraz*. The high road to *Madrid* and *Valencia* is entered at *Pozo de la Peña*; for which and *Albacete*, see R. ciii.

ROUTE XXXI.—MURCIA TO CARTAGENA, 9 L.

Those going to *Alicante* may either go direct in the diligence or they may take the diligence to *Cartagena*, and then the steamer: or they may ride from *Cartagena* to *Orihuela*, and then take up the Murcian diligence to *Alicante*, by which means they will see *Elche*, the *Palmyra* of Europe; this is the plan which we should suggest. Proceeding to *Cartagena* after crossing the *Segura*, the well-planted road soon

ascends a ridge, and passing *el Puerto*, descends into the uninteresting salitrose plain; the best *fonda* is in the C^o. *Mayor*; the best *posadas* are *los cuatro Santos* and *la Rosa de S^o. Antonio*.

Cartagena, *χαρχηδων ἡ νεα*, *Carthago nova*, was the new Carthage founded by the *Barca* family, when they meditated making themselves independent rulers of Spain; this name is a double pleonasm, *Carthago*, *Karthadtha*, meaning itself "the new city," in reference to old *Tyre*. The admirable port stood opposite to the Carthaginian coast and half-way between *Gaddir*, *Cadiz*, and *Barcino*, *Barcelona*; it was their grand arsenal; a full account of the siege is given by *Livy* (xxvi. 42); and a still better one by *Polybius* (lib. x.). It was a *Ciudad Rodrigo* affair, as *Scipio* pounced on the fortress before the enemy could relieve it; he formed his plans with such secrecy that neither friend nor foe even suspected his intention. The Carthaginians, like modern Spaniards, were quite unprepared; they had only 1000 men in garrison, never dreaming, says *Polybius*, that any one would even think of attacking a place reputed to be so strong. *Scipio* knew the importance of taking them by surprise and giving them no time for preparations; he stormed it by fording the marsh during a low tide, and took it in one day.

"All Spain was in this one city;" the booty was prodigious. Even *Livy* was ashamed of the enormous lying; "mentiendi modus adeo nullus." *Scipio's* conduct as a general was exceeded by that as a man; brave as merciful, he scorned to tarnish his great glory with the dross of speculation, and in his chivalrous generosity to the vanquished, and his high-bred delicacy towards the women, deserves the signal honour of being compared to our Duke. Although the loss of this naval arsenal was the first blow to the power of the Carthaginians in Spain, their leaders, models of modern juntas, at first concealed the disaster, then attributed it to accident, and next un-

dervalued its importance, to deceive the people. (Compare the Cadiz Cortes, p. 214.)

Cartagena continued to flourish under the Romans, who now called it "Colonia Victrix Julia." All the ancient learning is collected by Ukert (i. ii. 400). The place was all but destroyed by the Goths; and Sⁿ Isidoro, who was born there in 595, speaks of it as then desolate (Orig. xv. 1). Cartagena is now a *Plaza de Armas*, and gives the name to a bishopric, although Murcia has been the see since 1219: for the ecclesiastical history and hagiography, consult '*Cartagena de España ilustrada*,' 4to., two parts, Leandro Soler; and '*Discursos*,' Fr^o. Cascales.

Cartagena is now much decayed; it scarcely contains 30,000 inhabitants, instead of the 60,000 of 1786, when Charles III. endeavoured to force a naval establishment. This was so reduced, that Toreno records, when the war of independence broke out, there was not even lead for bullets in this famed arsenal; the few unserviceable ships were only saved by our Capt. Hargood, after infinite difficulties, raised by the officials, who suspected him of evil motives. Here were fitted out those fleets which were crushed at Cape St. Vincent and Trafalgar. The authorities as usual are shy of admitting foreigners to spy into their nakedness; while, like the Moors at Laraiche, the arsenal of Western Barbary, they pretend that they exclude Christians for fear they should learn their unrivalled art of gunnery.

As Laraiche, once the port of the Sallee rovers, the terror of the Mediterranean, is now full of emptiness, so is Cartagena, and both are true emblems of fallen Barbary and Spain; like at La Carraca and El Ferrol (see Index), every thing here that man has made is now changed for the worse. The port, scooped out by the mighty hand of nature, "impensò Naturæ adjuta favore" (Sil. Ital. xv. 220), alone remains the same; owing nothing to the care of man, neither can it be spoilt by his neglect; it is the best on

this coast, and was ranked with July and August by the admiral of Philip II., when the monarch demanded which was his safest harbour; here even the navy of England might ride. It is accurately described by Virgil (*Æn.* i. 163); "Est in secessu longo locus," &c. The hills which fringe the bay render it land-locked, while the island *La Isleta* defends the narrow entrance: this is also called *La Escombrera*, a corruption of the ancient name *Scombaria*, from the scombri or mackerel from which such famous pickle was made (Strabo, iii. 239).

The best street in Cartagena is the *Calle Mayor*. There is plenty of good red marble for ornamental purposes; the traveller will be pained when he walks round the silent quays and parade at the head of the harbour, and beholds the fine marine school, a building better than its pupils. The hospitals, arsenals, rope-walks, foundries, and dock-yards are things that were; the last were pumped out by the galley-slaves. The details of Townshend and Swinburne, eye-witnesses, recall the hell under earth, and the murderous system of the Carthaginians, described by Diod. Sic. (v. 360).

The port of *Cartagena* is now much deserted, as there is no navy, and commerce prefers Alicante. The fish of this coast is excellent, especially the *folado*. The catching the tunny, and the export of barrilla, and mining, are the chief occupations of the population. A glass manufactory has recently been established by an Englishman; for although nature furnished abundantly the raw materials of sand and alcali, the *Cartageño* never dreamt of combining them.

Cartagena, during the Peninsular war, being defended by the English, was, like the similarly circumstanced Cadiz, Tarifa, and Alicante, never possessed by the French in spite of all their numbers and efforts. The town is dull and unhealthy, and the water brackish. The swamp *el Almojar* is left undrained, to breed fever and pestilence. The stone used in

building is friable, and adds to the dilapidated look. The traveller may ascend some of the heights for the view, either *Las Galeras* or *La Atalaya*. The alcazar was built in 1244 by Alonzo el Sabio, who gave the city for arms "that castle washed by waves." However torpid man and water, the element of hatred against their neighbour Murcia burns fiercely: they never have forgotten or forgiven the removal of the see.

We are now in a metal-pregnant district, and Murcia at this moment is mining mad: the Spaniard, not ill-disposed in the abstract to Mammon worship, has caught a new infection from the foreigner in its practical exhibition. Those who care not for these matters, may pass on to p. 420; but some account of these mines, ancient and modern, may interest others who love either to "speculate," or to dig up the ore of the past from the rubbish of oblivion. Here the antiquarian will find the identical shafts of the Carthaginians reopened and at work, after a discontinuance of so many centuries: and the same districts are again made busy by this, the ancient source of wealth and industry.

It is the singular fate of Spain to have long supplied the world, both ancient and modern, with the precious metals. She herself was the Peru of antiquity: she enriched Tyre and Rome with bullion from her own bosom, as she in later times did Europe from her Transatlantic possessions. The Phœnicians were the first to discover her metallic wealth, and they long kept the secret to themselves with a jealous precaution and closely guarded monopoly, which their descendants imitated in regard to their golden colonies of the New World. The merchants of Tyre found the natives of Tarshish (the south of Spain) precisely in the same condition as the aboriginal Indians were in, when afterwards discovered by the Spaniards: they were totally unacquainted with the conventional value of the precious metals as a representative of wealth, for no mention whatever is made of coin. They treated them simply as materials for the construction of the meanest utensils, for mangers and water-vessels (Strabo, iii. 224). The Phœnicians carried bullion away in such quantities, that when their ships were freighted to the full they made their anchors of silver (Diod. Sic. v. 358, Wess.): the coasts of Palestine were encumbered therewith, so that in the house of Solomon (who traded with Hiram) everything was of gold and "silver was accounted nothing" (1 Kings x. 21). The very next verse shows that all this came from Spain. Hence the possession of this country of gold, the source of the sinews of war, and the secret of power, soon became the bone of contention among nations (App. 'B. H.' 482). The fame of the Romans was spread over the East, in consequence of "what they had done in Spain, the winning of the mines of silver and of gold which is there" (1 Macc. viii. 3). It was natural that everything which regarded this subject should interest the avarice of Roman adventurers, who, says Diodorus Siculus, flocked to Spain in the hopes of suddenly becoming rich, just as the Spaniards did to Peru and Mexico; accordingly, there was no want of authors on Spanish metallurgy. The works of Posidonius, the chief authority, have been lost, but it was from them that Strabo and Diodorus Siculus derived their principal information: we also refer the antiquarian to the 33rd book of Pliny, and to his beautiful exordium on the fatal greediness for gold, the "profunda avaritia" of his countrymen, and the quantities extracted. Posidonius, according to Strabo (iii. 217), was so dazzled with the subject, that he departed from his ordinary prose, to indulge in poetical exaggeration; he adventured on the pun, that Plutus, not Pluto, lived beneath the Spanish soil. Strabo goes on to say, that men would bore down to the lat-

ter to dig up the former. Even this cautious geographer warms when enlarging on the wealth of the Peninsula. No tale could, in fact, be too exaggerated for the credulity, the avarice, and the golden visions of the reading public of Rome, who thought that the streets of Spain were paved with gold, just as the modern Romans think those of London now are. The Tagus was said to roll over golden sands, while the ploughshare of the Gallician turned up clods of ore (Justin, xlv. 3). The Iberian names of these interesting lumps, *Palas*, *Palacranas*, *Baluces*, have been preserved, while the rest of the dictionary has perished. It is still true, as was remarked by Strabo (iii. 210, 216), that those portions of the Peninsula where the soil is most barren are the most fertile in the precious metals.

Those who have read of the murders committed in the S. American mines by the Spaniards, and of the myriads of poor Indians wasted, blood, bones, and all, as *machinas de sangre*, will be satisfied, on comparing the recorded iniquities committed here by the Carthaginians, that the Punic taint, when gold is in the question, has remained unchanged in their descendants. The accounts given by Diod. Siculus of the mode of working the mines of Egypt (iii. 181) and of Spain (v. 359) prove, from the identity of practical details, that the Phœnicians introduced the Oriental system. Nothing could exceed the cruelties exercised in both countries on the *ergastula*, the gangs of wretched miners, who were composed of captives and criminals; they toiled day and night, naked, and urged on with the lash, until death came as a welcome deliverer. In the mines near Cartagena 40,000 men were thus employed at once (Strabo, iii. 220), and the daily returns of silver amounted to 25,000 drachma; and one mine alone, called *Bebulo*, produced to Hannibal three cwt. of silver daily (Plin. 'N. H.' xxxiii. 6). The mines were drained by hydraulic machines, *κοχλῖαι*, the invention of Archimedes, and imported from Egypt, just as the steam-engines are now brought there from England, for the Spaniard never was a mechanician. Shafts were burrowed into the mountains, by which rivers were turned off; they are distinguishable from the Moorish by being *round*, the latter are *square*. Job (xxviii. 7) alludes to these Phœnician tunnellings, the remains of some of which are still thought to be traceable at Rio Tinto, and the S^o. Spirito, near Cartagena. These shafts, the Greek *ορυγματα*, *Συριγγαι*, and Roman *Cuniculi*, were called by the natives *arrugia*, in which, and its Greek corruption, the Iberian or Basque root *ur*, "water," is evident. The wells, *pozos*, were called *agangas* and *agogas*, for the Romans, mere military conquerors, preserved, nay derived, these technical terms from their more ingenious predecessors, just as the Gotho-Spaniard adopted the nomenclature of the Moor, and the French do now from us in the arts of steam and the rail.

The Iberians, like the modern Spaniards, were rude and careless manufacturers; they took the *raw* material just as bountiful nature offered it to them, and left to the stranger the processes of artificial perfection. Thus their bullion was exported, as now, in pigs, or simply "spread into plates" (Jer. x. 9). How little all the processes of separation and amalgamation were known may be inferred from the Saguntines having simply melted their gold and silver with lead and brass, in order thereby to render it useless to Hannibal (App. 'B. H.' 435). It has also been ascertained that even 12 per cent. of silver is yet to be extracted from the ancient slags, *escoriales*, left by them, so imperfect was their system of smelting. It would appear that the advanced metallurgical science of Egypt and Phœnicia, from whom the Jews learnt their processes even of reducing and dissolving gold (Exod. xxxii. 20), was not kept up by the colonists of Carthage. For Spanish church plate, see p. 125; Index, D'Arphe, Becerril, and Valladolid.

The Carthaginian labourers in these districts were then, as now, very poor;

the ore was dug up by a sweat of blood, and modern Spaniards have always neglected the surer source of wealth, agriculture, which lies on the surface of their fertile soil; they have, like Orientals, loved to gamble; buoyed on by their imaginations, and readily believing what they eagerly desired, they have sighed for sudden acquisition of riches, for some brilliant treasure accident, and have thus lost the solid substance in the attempt to catch at a glittering shadow. The want of fuel is a serious objection; thus the juxtaposition of English iron and coal has won the Spaniard's gold, to whom the angry gods denied these gifts, while they granted richer ores. Industry, again, is wanting, the alchemy which converts these baser substances into precious things, and solves the doubt of the Roman philosopher, "argentum et aurum proprii Dei irati negaverint dubio."

The Moorish invasion led to the discontinuance of the working of these ancient mines; this portion of the Peninsula became a scene of domestic and foreign warfare, and when the Moor was at last conquered, the almost simultaneous discovery of the New World threw into the lap of Spain a virgin source of unexhausted wealth: it was no longer worth while to expend heavy labour and capital on the long-neglected mines at home, when the supply could be so well procured elsewhere, and they were closed in 1600 by a royal order. Latterly, since the loss of the Transatlantic colonies, much attention has been directed to these former sources of treasure. The government of Ferd. VII. exerted itself in these mining enterprises, but much was paralyzed by the civil wars: now that public tranquillity is in some measure restored, the spirit of speculation has revived; foreign capitalists have poured in with foreign science and machinery, and even the Spaniard, cautious as he is in embarking his hoard in any commercial adventure, joins in this race for gold. It plagues over their most inveterate national and even religious antipathies. He co-operates with Jew and Gentile, for the Rothschilds, wise as their king Solomon, have again sent forth their agents to Tarshish, buying up the bullion and making advances for new operations. These are chiefly directed by Englishmen and Frenchmen. Even the coals used for smelting are brought from Newcastle.

Some remarks have been made at *Berja*, p. 399, on the peculiar mode of working mines in Spain. The decree of Ferd. VII., July 4, 1823, on the subject, has been thus abridged by Mr. Walton in the *Polytechnic Magazine*, No. IV.: "It was thereby declared that all metals and precious stones under ground are in the right of the crown, and, consequently, that no one is entitled to dig for them unless by special licence. It was, however, at the same time enacted, that every Spaniard or foreigner is at liberty to seek and acquire possession of any mineral deposit or vein, whether situated on crown lands or those belonging to individuals and corporations, entailed or otherwise, provided, in case of failure, he makes good to the proprietor any damage thereby occasioned. In order to obtain possession, application is made to the district inspector, accompanied by a specification of the mine solicited, which, once admitted and registered, the party interested, within ninety days, is held to open a shaft upon, to at least ten *varas* or yards deep. On receiving notice that this preliminary formality has been complied with, the inspector, accompanied by a public notary and witnesses, proceeds to the spot, measures the ground and fixes the bounds, when the formal act recording these circumstances and embodying the specification, delivered to the applicant, becomes his title to legal possession. Each *pertinencia*, or sett, is fixed at 200 *varas* in length, and 100 in breadth, which cannot afterwards be divided; nor can two contiguous setts be granted to the same individual, excepting, first, when a new vein has been discovered; secondly, in case works are resumed which had previously been abandoned; thirdly, when a

company of at least three persons has been formed; and fourthly, provided a legal transfer of the property has been made. In case new veins are discovered, or abandoned works resumed, one party may hold three setts, and if for the use of a company, as many as four.

"These grants are made for an unlimited period, and so long as the grantee complies with the obligations enjoined in the ordinance, the property thus acquired is held sacred, and the possessor can dispose of it as best suits him. The works of no mine, once opened, can be suspended without previous notice to the inspector, nor is any mine considered at work which has not at least four persons employed upon it internally or externally. Miners are allowed to use the waters of adjacent springs and streams for their own purposes, and also to procure in the neighbouring forests such timber for props and fuel as they may require, provided the owners are indemnified. On the same principle, additional ground may be obtained to construct the corresponding works, offices, and dwellings. With the exception of iron mines, each sett, of the dimensions above named, is annually to pay to government, dues equal to 1000 reals, or 10%, and each furnace establishment 500 reals for every 100 square varas of ground occupied; besides 5 per cent. on all ores smelted. The right of possession acquired in the manner above stated is lost, first, in case works have not been commenced within the ninety days specified; secondly, when the same have been suspended without due notice; thirdly, when, after due notice, they have been suspended for a period of four months consecutively, or eight months in the course of the year, excepting a war, plague, or famine should have intervened; and fourthly, when, by the labour being withdrawn to the surface works, the underground ones have been allowed to become flooded. The right to the buildings erected is also forfeited when the furnace and other sheds are left unroofed, or otherwise impaired in such a manner as not to answer the ends for which they were destined.

"Excepting the mines reserved for the crown, all others were declared open to public competition: and further, that as all mining establishments are under the special protection of government, those carried on for account of foreigners should be exempt from reprisals in case of war; and besides, that such foreigners as in that contingency might happen to be therein employed should not be molested, but retain possession, and be allowed the disposal of any property thereby acquired. A Mining Court or Board was also ordered to be established in Madrid, composed of one director general, two general inspectors, and a secretary, experienced in this department, upon whom the decision of all contentious matter relating to it was finally to devolve, and who, besides, were to be the immediate channel of communication with the government, and take charge of the crown mines. It was further ordained, that inspectors should be appointed in suitable districts; and finally, as the laws previously passed upon the subject were no longer in force, it was determined that all matters relating to the working of mines and the reduction of ores should be regulated by an organic law, which made its appearance on the following 8th of December, consisting of 192 clauses, and divided into five parts"—the object being to render the mining department independent of other legal jurisdictions, and simplify every judicial process.

The mineralogist is referred for additional information to the '*Historia Natural*' of Bowles; the '*Comentarios de las Ordenanzas de Minas*,' Ant^o. Xavier de Gamboa, folio, Mad. 1761, translated by Richard Heathfield, Longman, 1830; also '*Registro de las Minas de la Corona*,' Tomas Gonzalez, 2 vols. Mad. 1832; and '*Minero Español*,' Nicacio Anton Valle, Mad. 1841. "Favoured by this new code, and encouraged by the pledges held out by the government, a mining mania seized upon the Spaniards in almost every part of the kingdom, more

especially in Murcia, Andalucia, and Asturias. Secluded cliffs and dells were eagerly explored, and wherever surface indications pointed to treasure concealed underneath, bores were made and pits dug to determine the nature and ascertain the most economical method of extracting it. Works traced to the ancients were revisited, old traditions revived, and wherever appearances warranted the experiment, licences were obtained for digging. Owing to the scarcity of money, coupled with the extreme caution observed by those who, amidst so many political convulsions, had still been able to preserve their little stock safe in their coffers, it was found difficult to procure the means requisite to commence active operations, the principal capitalists holding back, notwithstanding schemes to all appearances capable of being rendered highly remunerative were submitted to them. In consequence of this distrust, recourse was had to the medium of associations, with very small capitals, the shares issued by which, in the outset, were almost exclusively taken by persons among the working classes, such as artisans, muleteers, bakers, and small shopkeepers."

The mines near Cartagena were discovered by a poor weaver of that city named Valentin, who under the pretence of shooting passed his days in the *Sierra de Almagrera*, about 2 L. from *Cuevas de Vera* (see p. 401): here, near a ridge or dip called *el Barranco Jaroso*, he found what he imagined, and correctly, to be a precious ore; specimens of which he carried to Granada and Cordova to be assayed, when it proved to be galena or argentiferous lead: being utterly without money, he at last confided his secret to a fellow tradesman and townsman named Soler, equally ignorant as himself. These two continued for four years digging and delving, but never venturing to call in a professional adviser, for such is Spanish mistrust. At last Valentin died poor and unrequited. *Cosas de España!* while Fugger, the weaver of Ausburg, rose to be a noble and a Cræsus by his minings (see p. 291); and the Carthaginians of old raised a temple to *San Aletes*, who discovered these identical ores (Polyb. x. 10). Soler now formed a club of twelve friends, who made a purse of about 100*l.*, and proceeded to obtain a legal grant of the site, and then employed a competent engineer: on the 21st of April, 1839, a lode was discovered about 50 feet below the earth. This *bonanza* or godsend was called *La Carmen*, in honour of the Virgin, as sole dispenser of the bounties of heaven. The shares soon rose from 150 dollars to 60,000. Indeed 1800 arrobas of 25 lbs. each were raised per day, even with the rudest machinery. This sudden acquisition of wealth, the fond dream of the Oriental and Spaniard, now attracted thousands of competitors. "So eager were miners to open works upon the *Sierra Almagrera*, that, according to a copy of the survey, published last year, 98 setts had already been allotted upon it; the whole now presents a busy scene; what seven years ago was a wild and dreary waste is now studded with buildings, traced into roads, crowded with labourers, and nine smelting furnaces erected upon it. To complete the works, a draining company has been formed for the purpose of opening an adit, now nearly completed. The outlet is on a level with the sea, and the line will communicate with that part of the Sierra which contains the principal mass of ore, a distance estimated at 2200 yards.

"It appears from an official report that in April, 1843, as many as 128 smelting works had been established upon the coast, viz., at Marbella 3, Mijar 1, Malaga 2, Motril 2, Adra 2, Alqueria 1, Berja 10, Dalias 16, Roquetas 1, Rica y Felix 14, Almeria 41, Garrucha 1, Villaricos 5, Aguilas 5, Lorca 1, Almazarron 1, Cartagena 14, Alicante 6, Valencia 1, and Barcelona 1. Of these, six were then worked by steam power and the rest by water. Eight are on British and four on French account. Of the number above quoted, four smelt iron, one copper, and the rest argentiferous lead. The quality of the ore varies,

in some places yielding only 25, and in others 50 and 75 per cent. of metal, with a proportion of from two to eight ounces of silver in the quintal. Owing to the distance of water from the mines, and the want of good washing machines, the ore has usually been sold to the smelter at the pit's mouth, with great disadvantage to the miner. The process of washing was also for a long time most defective; but an improved method has lately been introduced by a Mr. Brunton, of Eaglesbush, Neath, who has taken out a patent in England, Spain, and other countries, for what he calls his 'Separator,' the principle of which is founded upon the unchangeable laws of gravity. From an official document it appears that in March, 1843, the several smelting works in the Cartagena district obtained, by means of 70 operations, 170,000 oz. of silver. The works now afford employment to upwards of 50,000 families, and such is the general movement that the aspect of the country has entirely changed." Large quantities of this silver are sent to France in the pig shape, and are returned to Spain coined into five-franc pieces, whereby a handsome profit accrues to the former country.

Among the finest refining establishments in these districts may be named *La Britannica* and *La de San Juan*, at Alicante. The amalgamation works of *San Isidoro*, at Escobreda, and *La Regadora*, at Almazarron, deserve notice. A new custom-house has been opened at *Porman*—Portus magnus—solely for these galena mines. The bonanzas of *La Esperanza*, *La Observacion*, and *Emilia*, of San Gines, on the Rico Cerro de Oro, may be visited: at *S^o Spirito* was discovered, in 1841, a Carthaginian shaft, supported by masonry. However, the talk of this angle of Murcia is about ores, and the traveller will hear of nothing else: every day some new association is formed, some new ground broken. These, and all other particulars, will be learned from his consuls at Cartagena and Alicante, or any respectable merchant or resident.

ROUTE XXXII.—CARTAGENA TO ALICANTE.

The coast road is 18 L., and very indifferent. Cabo de Palos, the S.E. Cape of Spain, lies 6 L. to the E., and is the termination of a ridge of hills. The track passes by the shallow landlocked lake, *la encanizada* de Murcia. The ride to Orihuela is 9 L., over plains which produce the *Esparto*, *Barrilla*, *Palmito*, and *Orozuz* (liquorice). Crossing the ridge at the *V^a* de San Pedro, the basin of the Segura is entered, and the province of Valencia, the peculiarities of which are described at the head of Sect. V., and which the traveller will do well to refer to now.

Orihuela, the Auriwelah of the Moor, still looks oriental amid its palm-trees, square towers, and domes. It was the Gothic *Orcelis*, and was well defended after the battle of the Guadalete. Theodoric here made a

stand, and by dressing up the women as soldiers on the ramparts (compare *Tortosa*), obtained excellent terms from *Abdelaziz*, and retained his sovereignty for life, being called *Tadmir Ben Gbdos*, the Son of the Goth (*Conde*, i. 50). There is a local history by *F. Martinez*, 1612.

Orihuela was made a bishopric in 1265, and is suffragan to Toledo. The principal buildings are the Cathedral, which is small and overcharged, the *San Francisco*, the *Colegio de los Predicadores*, with cinque-cento windows. It is a long-straggling over-churched town, inhabited by wealthy proprietors and agriculturists: popⁿ. under 26,000. It has a theatre, university, *casa de niños espositos*, a nobly-placed cathedral, a portion of its ancient walls, and some charming alamedas. The best point of view is from the *Monte del Castillo* and the *Colegio de Sⁿ. Miguel*. The Segura divides the town, and fertilizes one of the richest plains

in the world: the vegetation is gigantic, and the oleanders are absolutely trees. According to the proverb, the corn plains of Orihuela are independent even of rain: *Llueva o no llueva, trigo en Orihuela*. Alicante is distant 9 L., and there is a diligence. The maritime strip is sandy, and studded with brackish lakes (*lagunas*), from which salt is extracted.

Leaving Orihuela, to the r. rises the metal pregnant ridge *El rico cerro de oro*. The tropical country and climate are very remarkable: the dusky peasantry in their white *bragas* and striped *mantas* look like Greeks; the thatched cottage of Murcia now gives place to long, low, white, flat-roofed Eastern buildings, with few windows, and girt by beauteous palm-trees. *Callosa* lies to the r., under its castle-crowned rock. This district is very subject to earthquakes; thus one in March, 1829, destroyed many villages, and particularly *Torre Vieja*, near the sea, and its *laguna*. San Emigdio, the especial tutelar against *los temblores de tierra*, has since been rather in disrepute. 3 L. from Orihuela, on the l., is *Crevillente*, long the lair of the Ladrón Jaime, the hero of those charming writers our friends Huber and Lord Carnarvon. He surrendered to Don Jose Miste, on solemn promise of pardon and promotion for himself and company, whereupon Don Jose hung him forthwith, and put his head up at Crevillente over the prison, and then shot the rest of the gang, *Cosas de España*.

There is only one *Elche* in Europe: it is a city of palms; the Bedouin alone is wanting, for the climate is that of the East. There is a good local history, '*Illice*,' Juan An^{to}. Mayans y Siscar, 4to., Valencia: 1771. *Elche*, *Illice*, lies about 2 L. from the sea; here winter is unknown; the town is flourishing, and contains some 25,000 souls. There is a decent *posada*; the city is divided by a ravine, over which is a handsome bridge. The view here is extremely oriental: the reddish

Moorish houses, with flat roofs and few windows, rise one above another. To the l. is the *Alcazar*, now a prison, but all around waves the graceful palm. The best church is the *Sa. Maria*; the masonry is excellent, and the portico fine; the Tabernacle is made of precious marbles. From the tower the enormous extent of the palm plantations can alone be understood: they girdle the city on all sides, many thousands, nay ten thousands in number; some are of a great age; they are raised from dates, grow slowly, each rim in the stem denoting a year. The males bear white flowers, which blossom in May; the females bear fruit, which ripens in November. The dates are inferior to those of Barbary, although shipped at Alicante, and sold as such by the respectable trade. They are much used as fodder for cattle. When ripe, they hang in yellow clusters underneath the fan-like leaves, which rise, the umbrella of the desert, like an ostrich plume from a golden circlet. The palm-trees are decreasing: the barren ones yield a profit by their leaves, which are tied together and blanched, as gardeners do lettuces. Thus 12 fine stems are obtained from each, which were worth a dollar in Spain and Italy for the processions of Palm Sunday, and as certain defences all over Spain against lightning, if blessed by the priest who sells them; they are then hung in the house balconies, and are cheaper, at least, if less philosophical, than a conductor made of iron.

There are diligences from Elche to Alicante and Murcia.

Those going from Elche to Madrid without visiting Alicante must ride to Albacete, 24 L., that is, until the royal railroad, which is projected on paper, be completed.

ROUTE XXXIII.—ELCHE TO MADRID.

Monforte	4	
Monovar	2	.. 6
V ^a . de las Quebradas	3	.. 9
Yecla	2	.. 11
Venta Nueva	2	.. 13
Monte Alegre	2	.. 15
V ^a . de la Higuera	1	.. 16

Pretola	3	..	19
Pozo de la Peña	3	..	22
Albacete	2	..	24

The picturesque road enters the Sierras by the basin of the river Elche, and passes the *Pantano*, of which there are several in these districts. The sides of the hills are terraced into gardens. After a narrow gorge, the road ascends to the *Pedreras de Elche*, and thence down to *Monforte*, in its pleasant valley, with its once strong *mount fort*, now a ruined castle; thence entering a broken country to *Monovar*, a flourishing town built on a slope. Near it is the *charco amagro*, a salt mineral water, excellent for cutaneous diseases. 3 L. S.E., near *El Pinoso*, is the celebrated *Cerro de la Sal*, an entire ridge of salt, hard as crystal, and of variegated colour. It extends E. and W. nearly 2 L., and rises 200 ft. No geologist should omit to visit this extraordinary spot, which rivals *Cardona* and *Minglanilla*. 2 L. to the N.W. of *Monovar* is a lake called *Salinas*, which occasionally overflows and fills the atmosphere with fever.

The road now re-enters Murcia, and, emerging from the hills, arrives at *Yecla*, a large town of 11,000 souls, built under the *Cerro del Calvario*, from the ruined castle on which height the view is splendid. The district was peopled by the Romans, and vestiges of their buildings are yet to be seen at *Marisparra*, now a farm, where antiquities are constantly found, and as constantly neglected and destroyed.

Monte Alegre contains 2500 souls, has a good *Posada*, and a ruined Moorish castle, on the hill *Serratilla*. Now we enter one of the richest grain portions of Murcia. To the l. of the *Venta de la Higuera* is the salt lake, much frequented for cutaneous disorders. After *Pretola* or *Petrola*, the high road is reached (See R. ciii.).

Those going to Valencia from Elche, without visiting Alicante, have the choice of two picturesque roads; they may ride to *Almansa*, and there take

the diligence, or, which is far better, proceed by *Xativa*.

ROUTE XXXIV.—ELCHE TO XATIVA.

Monforte	4	
Elda	3	.. 7
Villena	3	.. 10
Fuente de la Higuera	3	.. 13
Moxente	2	.. 15
Xativa	4	.. 19

Leaving *Monforte* the wild road winds over *las Salinetas*, amid rocks of reddish marble, through the fruitful valley of *Elda* and *Petrel*; although scarcely two miles apart, the inhabitants of these two places keep up the ancient hatred of Christian and Moor. The *Petrelians*, although speaking Valencian, abhor the *Eldanians*, who speak Castilian, and hold themselves only as descendants of conquerors and old Christians.

Passing the *Pantano* and *Sax*, which rises on its conical hill, and is famous for its bread, the route runs along the frontier of Murcia; the hills abound in aromatic plants, and such is their traditional fame, that Moorish herbalists even yet occasionally come here to gather simples. This broken frontier country is full of points of defence, and hill forts: it was the scene of sundry skirmishes between *Suchet* and *Sir John Murray*, and discreditable alike to both. At *Biar*, to the r., the latter lost his guns, which (as at *Taragona*) he thought a "trifle," and "rather meritorious," to use the contemptuous expression of the Duke, writing about these performances (*Disp. Aug. 8, 1813*).

Villena is placed in a fertile plain under the *Cerro San Cristobal*; the streets are narrow and winding: it contains 7500 souls. This is the place which *Lord Galway* was besieging when he was inveigled into fighting the rash battle of *Almansa*. The ruined castle is still a grand object: this town was so ferociously sacked by *Montbrun*, that the '*V. et C.*' xxi. 4, are obliged, by way of extenuation, to describe some of the

regiments as little better than bandits. Montbrun, in Jan. 1812, had been detached from Marmont by the order of Buonaparte, Nov. 11, 1811: by this blunder Marmont was weakened, and beaten by the Duke, while Montbrun, like Ney at Quatre Bras, was marched and counter-marched for nothing: he arrived too late to aid Suchet, and failing in intercepting Mahy, after the rout of Valencia, attacked Alicante, and was signally repulsed by the English: he retired, venting his spite by burning and plundering everything, a trade he had learned under Massena at Santarem. He was sent to his last account by a bullet at Moskowa, Sept. 7, 1812.

At the *Fuente de la Higuera*, which is an important strategic point, Jourdan, Soult, and Suchet, after the rout of Salamanca, met with their retreating forces, and held a council of Olympus, how best to get back into France; when Ballesteros, by refusing to obey the Duke's orders, opened the way for them to Madrid (Disp. Nov. 1, 1812).

From this place the road branches off to the l.; it leads over the Puerto *Almansa* to the high road to Madrid (see R. ciii.), while to the l. another runs to Xativa by Moxente. *Montesa* lies to the l.; this was the chief residence of the commander of the order of this name, founded in 1319 by Jaime I., and into which the Templars, persecuted by Philippe le Bel and Clement V., were received. The magnificent castle was injured by an earthquake, March 23, 1748. For the history of this order consult '*Montesa Ilustrada*,' Hippolyto de Samper y Godejuela, 2 vols., folio, Valencia, 1669.

ROUTE XXXV.—ELCHE TO ALICANTE.

The plain, about half way, is divided by a ridge, and the pass *el Portichon*; *Alicante*—Lucentum—lies under its rock-crowned castle, and is not seen till closely approached. It is defended by a strong outwork, *el Castillo de Fernando*, which was built in 1810 by

the advice of the English, who paid for it, like the Cortadura of Cadiz; and like Cadiz, Alicante being also defended by our fleet and men, it never was taken by the French. Gen. Montbrun came up to the walls, and was most handsomely beaten back by the English. Thus Alicante—the Cadiz of the E. coast—was saved in its hour of need by those troops which, in their times of confidence, the natives refused even to admit.

The best inns are *la Cruz de Malta*, *el Leon de Oro*, on the P^a. del Mar, and *el Vapor*, en la P^a. del Muelle. *Alicante* is a purely mercantile place: it is much addicted to smuggling, especially on the wild coast near Benidorme. It is one of the great inlets of English goods from Gibraltar; hence, as at Malaga, the secret of its patriotic *pronunciamentos*. The moment liberty is proclaimed the public till is robbed, the authorities dispossessed, and vast quantities of prohibited goods introduced: the steamers, French and Spanish, which touch here, also do much business in this line.

Alicante is the residence of an English consul, and of some English merchants, who will give all information to the mineralogist: they import much salt fish, *bacalao*, and export wine, almonds, coarse raisins—the *lexias* of *Denia*—and potash, for the linens of Ireland. The wines are rich, with a rough taste combined with sweetness: they are used to doctor thin clarets for the British market. The celebrated *Aloque* is the best, and ought to be made from the *Monastrel* grape: however, the *Forcallada Blanquet* and *Parrell* are used indiscriminately, and hence it is said the name "*A lo que saldra*." The *Huerta* is very fertile; it is best seen from the tower at *Augues*. The olives, especially the *grosal*, are fine, the carob trees numerous and productive. The farms are very Moorish, with hedges of canes tied up with the esparto: that of the M^o. de Beniel, at *Peñaferrada*, is worth visiting; the *Huerta* is irrigated from the artificial

Pantano de Tibi, and to the E. by the *Azuda* of Sⁿ. Juan de Muchamiel. This work, as the word *sudd* denotes, is purely Arabic; the *compuertas*, or hatches, are ingenious. Here the succession of crops never ceases. There is no winter; one continual summer reigns in this paradise of Ceres and Pomona: but the immediate environs are arid and unproductive, and the swampy coast towards Cartagena breeds fevers and dysenteries, which the immoderate use of the *Sandia* or water melon encourages.

Alicante contains about 25,000 souls; its trade is no longer what it was. This key of Valencia rose in consequence of its castle, which protected it from the Algerine pirates: Philip II. added works, employing the Italian engineer Christobal Antonelli. The rock is friable; the black chasm was blown asunder by the French in 1707, after *Almansa*, when Gen. Richards and his garrison were destroyed by the mine. The castle is not in any order, and the touchy officials, as elsewhere, are jealous in letting prying foreigners into it. The city bears for its arms this castle on waves, with the 4 bars of Catalonia. The under town is clean and well built; the port is a roadstead rather than a harbour; it lies between the capes *La Huerta* and *Sⁿ. Pablo*. The view from the mole head is pretty; a fixed light is placed there 95 feet high, which may be seen at a distance of 15 miles. The *Colegiata* is dedicated to San Nicolas, the papal Hermes, and god of traders and thieves. He (our "old Nick") is much worshipped in Spain, where his disciples are numerous. He is the patron of Alicante, and is the portioner (or was) of poor virgins, and a model of fasters; for, according to Ribadeneira (iii. 28), when a baby he never, during Lent, sucked before the evening, and only once on Wednesdays and Fridays (see *Granada*, p. 390).

The first stone of this his church was laid in 1616 by Agustin Bernardino: the fine white material came from the *Sierra de Sⁿ. Julian*: the noble dark

portal was built in 1627. If this church were not blocked up by the Coro, it would be a superb specimen of the Herrera style. The houses of the bishop, of the C^o. de Altamira and M^a. de Angolfa, may be looked at. The latter has a gallery of tolerable pictures: *pero no todos son ruyseñores*.

Alicante, in March, 1844, was the theatre of Don Pantaleon Bonet's abortive insurrection; this caricature of "Boney" was shot in the back with 23 officers by Roncali, a fit pupil of the C^o. de España, and, as usual in Spain, without the form of a trial. Comp. Moreno, Estella, and Durango.

ROUTE XXXVI.—ALICANTE TO
XATIVA.

The high road to Madrid passes through *Monforte* and *Yecla*: a coast road is contemplated to Valencia by Denia. There are 2 routes to Alcoy, and thence to Xativa, 13 L.: that to the r. passes *Busot*, with its celebrated mineral baths, and reaches *Xijona*, 4 L.; built like an amphitheatre on a shelving hill, with a fine castle. It contains 4800 souls, and has 2 good streets looking over its gardens. The honey is delicious, and much used in making the celebrated *Turrones de Alicante*, the almond-cakes or cheeses—*rupos*—the French Nourgat. The Spanish women, as those in the East, are great consumers of *dulces* or sweetmeats, to the detriment of their teeth, stomachs, and complexions: but the goddess of beauty herself, Aphrodite, had a liquorish tooth, and piled honey and sweet wine on her *rupov* (Ody. T. 68): *cheese-cakes*, therefore, are a classical cosmetic. The road to the l., however, is to be preferred: it must be ridden: after 2 L. the mountain passes are entered, whence amid almond groves to the *Pantano de Tibi*, a magnificent dyke, which dams up the torrents of a mountain gorge: walk on the top of this vast wall or breakwater, which is 150 ft. high and 66 ft. thick: above is the lake-like reservoir, below bold masses of warm rock, with here and

there elegant stone pines. Hence, amid rocks of reddish marbles to the straggling Tibi, which hangs with a Moorish castle on an arid hill: to the l. lies Castalla.

Here, July 21, 1812, while the Duke was defeating the French at Salamanca, did Gen. de Lort, with 1500 men, utterly put to rout 10,000 Spaniards under Jose O'Donnell, who, not choosing to wait for the arrival of the Anglo-Sicilian army, formed the usual plan of surrounding the French, in order to catch them in a net; he, as usual, was caught by these Tartars, for De Lort opened the ball by ordering a few bold dragoons to charge the bridge of Biar, where the Spanish artillery were strongly posted; but, as at Somosierra, this *Procella equestris* overwhelmed them instantly. Gunners and men turned, and the whole army ran away; then, had not Col. Roche, with a few English, manfully checked Mesclap at Ibi, Alicante itself must have been lost; Roche entered that city and was received with almost divine honours. Maldonado (iii. 277) ranks this saving San Roque with Paulus Emilius and the heroes of the classics, which indeed he was, when compared to the Blakes, Cuestas, and *Nosotros*, who, in the words of the Duke, "were the most incapable of useful exertion of all the nations that I have known, the most vain, and at the same time the most ignorant of military affairs, and above all, of military affairs in their own country" (Disp., Aug. 18, 1812).

This Bœotian nook of Spain was the favoured resort of another sort of non-descripts, the military agents sent to Spanish juntas by the British government, the Greens, Doyles, &c. *fortemque Gyam, fortemque Cloanthum*. While the names of Hill and Picton are unknown, the Murcian echoes heavily repeated those of Don Carlos and Don Felipe, and others who here played the first fiddle, and being the distributors of English gold and iron, were worshipped by the recipient Spaniards, who soon discovering the weak side of

these agents, set them on horseback and covered them with flattery, ribbons, and titular rank, which cost, what they really were worth, nothing. These rambling missionaries, being selected from almost subalterns, thus found themselves by the sport of fortune converted into generals and ambassadors; the heads of these nobodies became turned with new and unused honours, they caught the national infection, and their reports became inflated with the local exaggeration and common nonsense. They were not altogether uninterested in keeping up a delusion which secured the continuance of their employment, and prevented their relapse into pristine insignificance; and their rhapsodies became the sources of information on which Frere, the English ambassador, relied; and like him, our cabinet turned an inattentive ear to the prophetic doubts, and stern, unpalatable truths of Moore and Wellington, who saw through the flimsy veil of *documentos* and professions, and knew the real weakness and utter incapability of self-defence. Napier has properly exposed the absurdity of these missions, on which the Duke placed small reliance. He was anxious that they should be discontinued, or at least put under his orders (Disp., May 3d, 1812); he well knew that they did more harm than good, by fostering foolish hopes and absurd expectations both in Spain and in England.

At Castalla, April 13th, 1813, a battle took place between Suchet and Sir John Murray, in which neither commander evinced a particle of talent; both were inclined to retreat, which fortunately Suchet did first, as Soult did at Albuera, and thus Murray, like Beresford, remained master of the field. The French now claim this "affaire" as their victory, while the Spaniards call the battle theirs, omitting all mention of the English (Paez, ii. 87); but in truth it did no credit to either one or the other.

Ibi is a red, warm-looking hamlet, nested amid its olives, and overlooked

by a castle. *Alcoy* lies 2 L. up the valley. This day's ride is full of Italian scenery, stone pines, cypresses, and figs in autumn drying on reed stretchers, amid terraced groves of almond trees. *Alcoy* lies in a funnel of the hills, built on a tongue of land hemmed in by 2 streams. The N.E. side is Prout-like and picturesque, as the houses hang over the terraced gardens and ravines. The town contains nearly 20,000 souls, and is busy and commercial; it is filled with coarse woollen and paper manufactories. Here is made the *papel de hilo*, the book which forms the entire demiduodecimo library of nine-tenths of Spaniards, and with which they make their *papelitos*, or economical little paper cigars. The *petadillas de Alcoy*, or sugar plums made of almonds, are excellent.

Alcoy being in the centre of many roads, is well placed for trade and military strategics. Suchet held it as the key of the district. The medicinal botany is very rich, and Moorish herbalists come here even to this day. *Alcoy* is filled with new buildings, a novelty seldom seen in inland Spanish towns, where, as in the East, decay is the rule, and repairs the exception; the lower classes have the air of operative misery peculiar to our English manufacturing men; they wear also "shocking bad," round hats, which give them a pauper Irish look; nor are the courtesies and salutations of high-bred Spain so frequent; so much for the civilization of the loom and beaver.

A league more, along a pleasant river, leads to *Concentaina*, another industrious town, with a square Moorish tower, Franciscan convent, and weeping willows; beyond rise the Sierras de Mariola and Muro, above a plain studded with villages. Crossing the rifge to the l. is *Adzaneta*, and thence 3 L. to *Xativa*.

The diligence inn is very good, so are the baths, and refreshing after the long ride; while the reader of Ariosto may fancy himself in the identical hotel where the fair Fiametta, the Ma-

ritornes, played her prank on Giocondo and his companion after they had quitted Valencia "ad albergare a Zattiva" (xxviii. 64).

Xativa, or San Felipe, was the Roman *Setabis*, so celebrated for its castle and linen. The fine handkerchiefs were all the fashion at Rome, and were considered equal to those of Tyre, from whence the art was introduced. An ancient inscription records this Phœnician foundation: "*Sætabis Herculeæ condita diva manu.*" Bochart (Can. i. 35) derives the name from the Punic *seti-butis* tela byssi, "the web of fine flax." It was also called *Valeria Augusta* by the Romans, and *Xativa* by the Moors, from whom it was taken in 1224, by Jaime I. He termed it one of the *eyes* of Valencia, being the key to the S., as Murviedro was to the N. Don Pedro, in 1347, made it a city, and gave it for arms a castle with his band gules and the four bars of Catalonia: for the old coinage, see Florez 'M.' ii. 555.

Xativa, in the War of Succession, was stormed by the French, under the false ferocious Asfeld, with overwhelming forces and flushed by the victory of Almansa. It was defended by the people and "only 600 English;" a type to Zaragoza, every house was defended with "unrivalled bravery and firmness." After 23 days' struggle the last holds surrendered, then Asfeld proceeded to butcher "the priests, and trees were not sufficient for his victims." Berwick next ordered the city to be razed, "in order to strike terror into the minds of the people." The very name of *Xativa* grated in his ears, and was changed for San Felipe. The English soldiers continued to hold the castle, until starved out; they then surrendered on honourable conditions, every one of which were "shamefully violated by the victors" (Mahon, vi.).

Xativa now contains about 15,000 souls. The rivers Albarda and Guadamar dispense fertility; the climate is delicious, the plain a paradise of

flower and fruit. The *Colegiata*, dedicated to San Feliu (see Gerona), was built in 1414, and has a fine dome and an unfinished portal. At the altar of Sⁿ. Gil is blessed, every Sept. 1, the holy *hinojo*, or fennel, to be carried round to all houses: see (i. 10) 'Viaje Literario,' by Villanueva, Mad., 1803, a useful volume as regards the ecclesiastical antiquities of Xativa. The *Reja del Coro*, in black and gold, and the pink marble *Baldaqino* of the altar, deserve notice: observe N^a. S^a. de la *Armada*, a singular virgin of great antiquity; also N^a. S^a. de *Agosto*, rising from a sarcophagus, supported by gilt lions. The Gothic façade of the *Hospital* is very rich and remarkable: in the *calle* de Moncada observe the palace of that family, and the *Ajimez* or window divided by thin, lofty marble shafts, which is quite Valencian. The Alameda, with its palm-trees, is shady and Oriental: in the suburbs ascend the zigzag cypress-planted terraces of the *Monte Calvario*: the view is charming; from thence the grand castle will be seen to the best advantage. Next ascend the castle, taking the *Campo Santo* in the way, and the hermitage San Feliu, said, under the Moors, to have been a Mosarabic temple: observe the horseshoe arches, the ancient pillars and jaspers, inside and outside, and the Roman inscription, near the font, "Fulvio L. F." Near the convent *El Mont Sant* is a Moorish cistern. The castle is of a vast size; the *Torre de la Campana* at the summit commands the panorama of the garden of Valencia, which, with all its glories, lies below. The fertile plain is green as the sea, and is whitened with quintas sparkling like sails. To the r. is the lake of Albufera and the blue Mediterranean: Valencia glitters in the middle distance, backed by the towers of Murviedro (Saguntum).

In this castle were confined the Infantes de Cerda, the rightful heirs to the crown, but dispossessed by their uncle, Sancho el Bravo, about 1284.

The Duke of Medina Celi is their lineal descendant. Here also did Fernando el Catolico imprison the Duke of Calabria, the rightful heir of the crown of Naples. That ill-fated prince surrendered to Gonzalo de Cordova, who swore on his honour, and on the sacrament, that his liberty should be guaranteed. No sooner did he touch Spain than every pledge was broken. This is one of the three deeds of which Gonzalo repented on his death-bed: but Ferd. was the real culprit; for in the implicit, obedience of the old Spanish knight, the order of the king was paramount to every consideration, even in the case of friendship and love (see the beautiful play of 'Sancho Ortiz'). This code of obedience has passed into a proverb—*Mas pesa el Rey, que la sangre*: and even if blood were shed, the royal pardon absolved all the guilt—*Mata, que el Rey perdona*.

Here also was confined the infamous Cæsar Borgia, also a prisoner of Gonzalo's, and to whom also he pledged his honour: the breach of this pledge was his second act of which he repented when too late.

The Borjas were an ancient family of Xativa: here in July, 1427, was born Rodrigo, afterwards Alexander VI.; he was son of Jofre who lived in the *Plaza de los Borjas*: they long monopolised the see of Valencia, after Alonzo de Borja became its bishop in 1429; it was then raised to be an archbishopric by Innocent III., and Rodrigo was named by his uncle, Calixtus III., the first primate: when he too became pope, July 9, 1492, he appointed (Aug. 31) his natural son Cæsar as his successor to this see, which after his renunciation he bestowed on his kinsman Juan de Borja, and again when he died, appointed another relation, Pedro Luis de Borja. Thus five of this family held this wealthy see in succession. These Spanish popes Calixtus III. and Alexander VI. scandalised even the Vatican with jobbing, *empeños*, nepotism,

avarice, lust, and bad faith and venality:—

“Vendit Alexander claves, altaria, Christum,
Emeratille prius, vendere jure potest.
De vitio in vitium, de flamma transit in
ignem.
Roma sub Hispano deperit imperio.”

The crimes of the Borgias figure in the recent work of Alexandre Dumas: the family, however, produced a celebrated saint, as if by way of compensation for its *Santità* Alexander VI. For the miracles of this Sⁿ. Francisco de Borja, see his '*Heroyca Vida*,' fol. Mad. 1726.

At Xativa also was born, Jan. 12, 1588, Josef de Ribera, who going *young* to study at Naples, was therefore called by the Italians “the little Spaniard,” Lo Spagnoletto. He became the leader of a gloomy although naturalist school, and was a painter-monk, formed by taste and country to portray the church-militant knights of Santiago, the blood-boltered martyrdoms, attenuated ascetics, and ecstatic Faquirs of the province of Sⁿ. Vicente Ferrer, the fore-runner of the Inquisition.

ROUTE XXXVII.

XATIVA TO VALENCIA.

Carjajente	2½ ..	
Alcira	1 ..	3½
Algamesi	1 ..	4½
Almuzafes	2 ..	6½
Catarroja	2 ..	8½
Valencia	1 ..	9½

There is a regular diligence. The road runs over a rich extent of rice-grounds and gardens. All plains are wearisome to the traveller, and especially when, from edges and fences, he can see nothing. The sun and muskitoes are terrible. The rice-grounds commence at Alcira. Now the peculiar character of Valencia is not to be mistaken in the coloured tilings or *azulejos*, the costume, the reed-fences, and the *Algarrobas* hanging outside the Ventas; but the people are poor in the bosom of plenty. At *Cilla* the Madrid *arrecife* is entered; at the *Cruz del Campo* the city jurisdiction commences: the infinite votive crosses denote the frequency of the assassin stab, for which the Valencians are notorious. For Valencia see next Section.