

but a single knight who now attacks you." A little farther on, a flock of sheep grazing at the foot of a hillock, naturally reminded me of another adventure of Cervantes' hero. "This, oh Sancho! is the day that shall manifest the great things which fortune hath in store for me,—seest thou that cloud of dust before us? the whole of it is raised by a vast army, composed of various and innumerable nations that are marching that way."

Between Puerto Lapiche and Manzanarez, we passed through Villaharta, a place, attesting in its ruins, and wretchedness, the desolating effects of war; and we also stopped a little while at the venta de Quesada, under which the river Guadiana is supposed to flow. It is certain that the Guadiana loses itself about two leagues to the left, and again emerges at a short distance to the right of this venta. In approaching Manzanarez, the appearance of the country improves: a brilliant sunset blazed across the landscape, giving great richness to the fields, which were covered with the blue flower of the saffron; and touching with gaiety and lightness, even the unrefreshing green of the olives, which, in

long straight avenues, intersected the wide plain.

Manzanarez is a place of some size, and of proportionate poverty. Almost all the surrounding land belongs to the knights of Calatrava, and to the Duke of San Carlos, who has extensive cellars of val de Peñas, in the neighbourhood. The landlord of the posada, a fine old man of seventy, used to be entrusted with a commission to send prime wine of the country to his late Majesty, when Prince Regent: he made me taste a choice glass, which I found not at all inferior to that which I drank from the king's cellar, at St. Ildefonso. At Manzanarez, I vacated my seat in the diligence,—securing for my next day's journey, a small caleche, and two strong mules, by which I hoped to be carried to the foot of the Sierra Morena. If I had proceeded by the diligence, I must have passed through all the intervening country, and Val de Peñas, during the night. We supped well at this posada; and when I retired to bed, it was with the agreeable knowledge that I should not, like my travelling companions, be roused at midnight, to continue my journey. In taking

leave of Polinario, I asked him if I might consider myself safe in sleeping the ensuing night in the venta, at the foot of the Sierra Morena; he replied, that he would desire them to prepare a bed for me, and that I might sleep in security. I slipped a dollar into his hand, and felt that I was secure in his promise.

I left Manzanarez before sunrise, and found my muleteer obliging and intelligent, and my mules active. Soon after leaving Manzanarez, the small town of Argamasilla de Alba is seen on the right: here it is, that Cervantes is said to have been imprisoned, and that the first part of Don Quixotte is said to have been written. Betwixt this point and Val de Peñas, I passed through a small village called Consolacion,—almost a ruin, from the effects of war; the inhabitants had in few instances rebuilt their houses, but had scooped out hovels and habitations in the rubbish. My vehicle attracted many to the outlets of these miserable abodes; and the inmates looked more like wild animals peeping from their dens, than civilized beings, looking from human habitations. In approaching Val de

Peñas, the country improves, the land is evidently tilled with greater care, and the more anxious culture of the vine shews that the grape is here worth cultivating. Before entering Val de Peñas, I passed through an extensive olive plantation, in which I noticed several monumental crosses,—two of them, broken by the weight of stones with which the devout had burdened them.

Val de Peñas—"Valley of Stones"—is alike the name of the town, the district, and the wine: the latter makes the riches of both the others; and Val de Peñas is accordingly said to be the richest town in the Castiles. The wine of Val de Peñas, is the wine universally drunk by the better classes all over the Castiles;—indeed, it may almost be said, every where north of the Sierra Morena. But unlike most other wines, it is drunk most in perfection in the district where it grows; not because it is incapable of exportation; on the contrary, it has body enough to bear exportation to any climate: but because it is not tasted once in a hundred times free from the taint of the skins in which it is carried. When found in perfection, it is a wine deserving of being held

in the highest estimation ; there is a raciness about it, which would certainly recommend it to the English palate ; and if a communication should ever be opened between La Mancha and the southern provinces, there is little doubt that the wine of Val de Peñas will find its way into the English ports. I visited one of the repositories of the richest growers, who told me he had there upwards of six thousand skins,—the average contents of the skin being about ten arrobas ; and that the price of the wine bought upon the spot, would amount to about (in English currency and measure) 3*l.* 10*s.* per pipe. I saw no beggars in Val de Peñas ; but neither is there any appearance of general comfort. The culture, and preparation of the wine, employ all the inhabitants ; but wages are low, and the enjoyments which they purchase few. The wages of labour are about three reals (less than 7*d.*) per day. Mutton here sells at eight quartos ; bread at six and a half quartos, per lb. Beef is not to be found in almost any part of La Mancha, and it is not esteemed.

Here, and in most other parts of La Mancha, it is the custom for women of the inferior

orders, to throw over their heads the skirt of their petticoats; the veil and mantilla being only used by the upper ranks. This fact explains the passage in *Don Quixotte*, where, when Sancho tells his wife how great a lady she is destined to be when he is governor of an island, Theresa replies, "Neither will I put it in the power of those who see me dressed like a countess, or governor's lady, to say, "Mind Mrs. Porkfeeder—how proud she looks! It was but yesterday she toiled hard at the distaff, and went to mass with the tail of her gown about her head, instead of a veil." In a hundred other instances, light is thrown upon the page of Cervantes, by travelling through La Mancha.

I left Val de Peñas, after a tolerable breakfast in one of the largest posadas I had seen in Spain; and immediately upon getting clear of the town, the Sierra Morena rose before me, apparently at no great distance. I passed through several small villages in approaching nearer to the Sierra, among others, St. Cruz, and La Concepcion de Almuradiel: between these two villages, the plain of La Mancha is lost among the outer ridges of the Sierra;

and, excepting in the vicinity of the latter village, the country is scarcely cultivated. Between La Concepcion de Almuradiel, and the foot of the Sierra, the road constantly rises, though gradually; and about four in the afternoon, I arrived at the "Venta de Cardañas," where I purposed passing the night. I found a room and a bed,—such as they were,—prepared for me, as I had reason to expect from Polinario's promise; and the host told me, that Polinario had enjoined him to take care of me; to give me a good supper, and to provide me with a steady mule to pass the Sierra.

The Venta de Cardañas, is a solitary house standing just under the mountain, upon a small elevation on the left side of the road. It is here where the famous adventure of the galley-slaves is placed by Cervantes, where, after Don Quixotte had delivered Gines de Passamonte and his companions from bondage, and after Sancho had his ass stolen, the knight and his squire entered the Brown Mountain, and met Cardenio; upon whose story the Drama of the Mountaineers has been constructed. This neighbourhood is still famous

for the frequency of the robberies that take place in it; and it was in the identical Venta de Cardenas, that the greater number of Polinario's robberies were committed; the landlord of the venta,—the same who inhabits it now,—had an understanding with Polinario; and in most instances, travellers were taken into this venta and stripped; this being considered safer and more convenient than stripping them on the highway.

About an hour after I arrived, the supper which had been bespoken, was placed before me; and having myself superintended the cookery, I had the satisfaction of sitting down to fowl and bacon, without either oil or garlic.

The host told me, that upon the La Mancha side of the Sierra Morena, there was little danger of robbery; but that the moment I set foot in Andalusia, I might consider myself in constant jeopardy. The band of Don José, he said, was then scouring every part of Andalusia; and on some roads, scarcely any traveller escaped robbery. I afterwards found, that in this information he was correct; but just about the same time, the band of Don José was dispersed; upwards of twenty were

made prisoners, and the leader, and about fifteen followers escaped to Portugal.

After dinner, it still wanted an hour of sunset; and this interval, and nearly another hour added to it, I spent in a ramble among the outposts of the Sierra. All the lower part of the mountain on this side is covered with a thick carpet of shrubs, and with millions of aromatic plants. Wild olives grow profusely over the lower acclivities; but higher up, and in the defiles, ilex and pine throw their deeper and broader shadows upon the mountain side. The silence of the hills is felt in its fullest extent on the Sierra Morena, because it is not broken by the music of mountain rills, whose playful gush, and varying tone, often go far towards neutralizing the character of solemnity which naturally belongs to mountain scenes. Almost all the waters of the Sierra Morena descend on the southern side, and flow towards the Mediterranean. I caught some fine mountain images before darkness forced me back to the venta. Sunny slopes, strewed with pale olives; and dark hill sides scattered with crooked ilex; golden peaks, and dusky ravines; milk-white goats

descending the steeps, and the goatherd, such as he whose whistle startled Don Quixotte and his squire; small trains of mules, with their bells, and their muleteer, winding down the road towards the venta; and the broader shadows, and the fading light, and the dusky mountain, and the dark outline, piled against the unclouded heaven of Andalusian skies.

Leaving injunctions to call me before sunrise, I took a draught of val de Peñas, and retired to my *quarto*, a small square apartment, with no furniture in it excepting one chair and my bed, which consisted of a mattress laid upon three boards, supported by two logs. The window was open, and not more than six or seven feet from the ground; but the assurance of Polinario was enough, and I slept well till awoke by the muleteer calling to me that my mule was ready. I swallowed a cup of chocolate while dressing, and was seated upon my mule, just as the highest peaks of the Sierra received the earliest message of day. It was as charming a morning as ever broke upon the mountain tops; the sky was one field of azure, with that pale green tinge peculiar to morning skies in the south of Spain; and the air felt so light

and invigorating, that every draught was like the gush of a mountain spring. My mule trod sturdily up the steep winding road: and the muleteer, an Andalusian of Andujár, walked or ran as was necessary. Although early, we were not the earliest upon the road; for several trains of mules were seen winding round the brow of the opposite acclivities: these, though close at hand, were not speedily gained by the road, which was obliged frequently to ascend one side of a gorge, cross it at the extremity, and return by the other side to the point opposite to that by which we entered it. After about half a league of steep ascent, the first pass is obtained: here the scenery is wild and striking; the road passes beneath a succession of lofty rocky peaks, while on the other side, a deep and narrow gulf runs parallel with the road: if twelve or fourteen feet of rock were here blown up, this pass would be no longer a pass.

From the first summit, I descended into a deep valley, and then ascended again, during at least two leagues. The sides of the mountain are scattered with evergreen oak, and a few ash trees, and are thickly covered with an

underwood of shrubs ; occasional glimpses are caught below, of openings into the deep and uninhabited lateral valleys of the Sierra ; but as the road climbs towards the south, nature puts on a more cultivated aspect, and houses, and villages at a little distance, are seen scattered around. These are the new colonies, as they are still called, of the Sierra Morena, and the first of the villages we reach, is Santa Elena. Nothing can be more striking or agreeable than the contrast between the villages of the new settlements, and those we meet in other parts of the interior of Spain. Industry and activity were evidently at work every where around ; the soil was forced to yield whatever crop was suited to it ; and corn and pasture, and little patches of potato and cabbage land, smiled fresh and green around the cottages : these were of a better construction than the cabins of Spanish peasantry ; and upon looking into some of them, I noticed all the necessary articles of common household furniture. The people too, were not seen looking from their doors in rags, or sitting under the walls wrapped up in their cloaks ; they all seemed to have something to

do, and went about their avocations with the air of persons who had no hankering after idleness. The secret is, that these people have an interest in what they do, for they labour upon their own property. The history of these settlements is probably known to every one; and yet, I can scarcely altogether pass it over.

Previous to the reign of Charles III., the Sierra Morena was entirely abandoned to banditti; but Don Pablo de Olavido, who then enjoyed a high office in the government of the province of Seville, conceived the design of colonizing the Sierra, and of supporting the colonists by their agricultural labour. One attempt failed, after a great outlay; but a second was, to a certain degree, successful. Settlers came from different parts of Germany, tempted by the liberal offers of the Spanish government; and it is their descendants who still people these colonies. Every settler received fifty pieces of land, every piece being ten thousand square feet—free of rent, for ten years; and afterwards, subject only to tithes. And if these pieces were brought under cultivation, another equally large portion was assigned to

the cultivator. Along with his land, the colonist received the necessary articles of agricultural labour:—ten cows, an ass, two pigs, a cock and hen, and seed for his land; a house, and a bake-house: and the only incumbrance upon the property, was, a restriction in the power of disposing of it, which no settler had the liberty of doing in favour of any person already in the enjoyment of a lot; so that the possessions of the colonists could neither become less nor greater; excepting by their own industry.

But, notwithstanding the many advantages and privileges which these colonies enjoy; and although, in comparison with the ordinary run of Spanish villages, the villages of the new settlements present an aspect of comfort and industry; the colonies have never been entirely successful, and are said to be less flourishing every year. At present, there is no increase of riches among them; all they are able to do, is merely to support themselves in tolerable comfort: the only cause that can be assigned for this negative prosperity, must be referred to a deficient outlet for the produce of their labour. It is evident, that without a

market, the labour of the agriculturist is useless, and will soon be restricted to that point which is fixed by the wants of himself and his family.

Soon after leaving Santa Elena, the prospect opens towards the south; the highest ridges of the Sierra lie behind, and Andalusia stretches below. About three leagues beyond Santa Elena, lies La Carolina, the capital of the new settlements; where I arrived early in the afternoon. This is really a neat, clean town; and the apparent excellence of the posada almost tempted me to yield to the instances of the muleteer, who wished me to make my night's quarters at this place; but I had resolved to sleep at Baylen, that I might have a short day's journey on the morrow, to Anduxar.

Nature exhibits a new appearance when we leave Carolina, and descend into the plain of Andalusia: the olive grounds are no longer groves, but forests; the ilex does not dot, but clothes the sides of the mountains; innumerable new shrubs, and varieties of aromatic plants, unseen before, cover every spot of waste land; and the hedges by the way-side,

are composed of gigantic aloes. All the way from La Carolina to Baylen, I passed through a country rich in corn and oil;—a wide, undulating plain, bounded on the south by the mountains of Granada; and here and there, upon the southern ridges of the Sierra Morena, which forms the northern boundary of the plain, were seen the ruins of Moorish castles. At nightfall I reached Baylen, celebrated as the field of battle where Castanos gained the decided victory which subsequently led to the evacuation of Madrid.

I almost regretted that I had not yielded to the temptation of a good posada at Carolina, as the guide led my mule into the yard of a very wretched posada at Baylen. I found a bed, however, not worse than usual; and for supper, I was forced to be contented with fried eggs, and excellent wine, and a delicious melon. My journey had been long and fatiguing; and defying the mosquitos, by throwing a handkerchief over my face, I slept soundly till morning. It may be charity to the traveller, to mention a contrivance which I afterwards adopted as a defence against the assaults of mosquitos. Mosquito curtains are nowhere

to be found in Spain, not even in the very best hotels, and every one is not able to sleep with a handkerchief thrown over the face. I purchased a piece of thin muslin about a yard square, and loaded the sides of it with small leaden weights, the muslin having been previously much starched: this, thrown over the head, leaves ample breathing room; and the weights keeping it down on all sides, it rarely happens that a mosquito gains admittance within.

I left Baylen, as usual, about sun rise; and immediately entered a wild, but highly picturesque valley. A turbulent stream, called Rio de las Piedras—"river of stones," dashed through it,—its banks, wherever the rocks admitted a tuft of green, covered with the bright pink flower of a shrub unknown to me: ilex, here and there diversified by a tall round-headed pine, clustered in the hollows, and strewed the sides of the acclivities; and a party of muleteers, and their mules, resting under the shade of a clump of trees, added greatly to the picturesqueness of the landscape. Several of these figures

forcibly reminded me that I was now in the country of Murillo. The short brown hair, the ragged and patched brown coat and trowsers, the bare feet, and the occupation—breaking bread, and eating fruit, all carried me to those admirable portraiture of Spanish life, which have so often and so successfully engaged the pencil of this illustrious master.

There is little to interest between leaving this valley, and arriving at Andujar. I passed through extensive woods, both of olives and ilex, where I counted three crosses; and the muleteer assured me it was not at all unlikely that we might be robbed before reaching Andujar; though he admitted that our probabilities of escape were greater, owing to its being morning. This is considered one of the most dangerous spots between Madrid and Seville: about a week after my arrival at the latter place, the mail was robbed within about two leagues of Andujar. This robbery was attended with one circumstance, rather inconsistent with the usual civility of Spanish banditti. After every package had been rifled, the four passengers,—three gentlemen and one lady,—

were stripped, all excepting the *camisa*, and in this plight were put into the carriage: the postilion also made his entry into Andujar in his shirt. I reached the Venta de Lequaca, however, without interruption; and after resting there an hour, taking chocolate, and refreshing my mule, I continued my journey, and arrived at Andujar early in the afternoon.

Here I dismissed my mule and muleteer; though yet unresolved in what manner to proceed to Cordova and Seville: but soon after, learning that a light waggon and seven mules would leave Andujar at four next morning, I engaged a place in it to Cordova.

The situation of Andujar is fine: it stands at the head of a wide plain, watered throughout its whole extent by the Guadalquivir, which I saw here for the first time; and the advanced slopes of the Sierra Morena rise close to the north of the town. Every where round, the country is under cultivation; a fine soil, and a delightful climate, insuring an abundant return: and the banks of the river, and the slopes of the Sierra are covered with

vines and olives. The city itself is of considerable size, containing nearly twenty thousand inhabitants, six churches, and nine convents. I remarked an evident improvement in the appearance of the people: they were better clothed and better looking than the Castilians; but notwithstanding this, the population of Andujar, as well as of Cordova, is said to be a bad population,—thievish, deceitful, and violent. It is certain that, with the exception of the coast between Cadiz and Malaga, more robberies are committed in the neighbourhood of Audujar than in any other part of Spain.

I took my seat in the waggon at four in the morning, and the day dawned about half an hour after leaving Audujar. The whole way to Cordova, the road lies through the extensive plain that borders the Guadalquivir:—this plain is chiefly divided between wheat and olives; the latter forming a complete forest a few leagues from Audujar:—they are the property of the Duke of Medina Cœli, who is said to be the only man in Spain who waters his olives. The river flows at about a mile distant, and the whole of the olive

land is subjected to irrigation by means of machinery, which raises the water into channels and wooden troughs laid for it. I learned that the Duke finds his advantage in this system, having frequently fine olive crops when other proprietors have none. The wheat crops raised upon this plain are of the finest quality, but only one crop is expected. There can be no doubt, however, that if the wheat land were also subjected to the process of irrigation, as in Valencia and Murcia, more than one crop might be obtained from the soil. The road, in approaching Cordova, is bordered on either side by magnificent hedges of aloe. I had the curiosity to measure some of these, and found several leaves eleven and twelve feet long, and the stalks of the flower from twenty-four to thirty feet high. The aloe is a useful plant to the natives. Ropes are made from the fibres of the leaves; and the stalks of the flowers are cut into light beams for constructing cottages. The wild olive, which grows in great abundance in this district, is also a useful tree, although its fruit be worthless; the wood is among the hardest known, and is much used

in agricultural implements, particularly in the construction of cart wheels.

I approached Cordova under all the advantages of a most glorious sunset, which bathed in gold the numerous towers and minarets of this ancient Moorish capital, long the nursery and favourite shelter of the arts and sciences, and the birth-place of Seneca and Lucan. The situation of Cordova is truly delightful. East and west flows the Guadalquivir,—the level stripe that lies along its banks, rich in every production that is congenial to the climate of Andalusia; a range of low hills wooded to the summit, and diversified by gardens, orange groves, and country houses, stretch, parallel with the river, bounding the prospect to the south; while the elevated chain of the Sierra Morena, pushes forward its picturesque outposts almost to the walls of the city. But situation is the only glory of Cordova that remains. Science has found other sanctuaries, and riches new channels; and modern Cordova is one of the most decayed, most deserted, and most miserable cities of Spain. Cordova, when metropolis of the kingdom of Abdoulraman, in 759, is

said to have contained three hundred thousand persons; forty years ago it contained thirty-four thousand; and since then, twelve thousand more must be deducted from the number of its inhabitants; and of the twenty-two thousand yet remaining, upwards of three thousand are shut in by convent walls. The inhabitants live entirely by agriculture,—for, with the exception of a very trifling manufactory of linen, there is no trade of any description. At a moderate distance from the city are some lead mines, said to be well worth the notice of the capitalist. I met an English gentleman resident at Cordova, who has lately begun to work one of these mines under a sufficiently advantageous contract: he told me that the only thing he had to contend with, was the expense of carriage as far as Seville; the wages of labour were only four reals, about 9*d.*; and if there was water conveyance from Cordova to Seville, he could secure a highly profitable return. The Guadalquivir, however, is not navigable; and without this facility of transit, I believe the speculation is doubtful. Every thing is remarkably cheap in Cordova: Beef is fourteen quartos the

pound of thirty-two ounces. Mutton, sixteen quartos. Fine bread, six quartos. The ordinary wages of agricultural labour do not exceed three reals.

The great attraction of Cordova is its mosque,—once, second only to that of Mecca. It is curious, but not beautiful or striking; the interest arises chiefly from the knowledge we obtain from it of the structure and interior of a mosque. Divested of this interest, it is a labyrinth of small pillars, without order or elegance: the area is indeed immensely large, being no less than five hundred and twelve feet long, by four hundred and twenty-three broad; but the multitude of pillars injures the general effect; and the erection of an altar in the centre, where nothing was ever intended to be, destroys its unity as a mosque, without substituting any of the grandeur of a Christian temple. There is one beautiful Moorish relic however, which, of itself, well repays a visit to this curious remain of other and brighter days. This is the chapel of Mahomet, which was accidentally laid open in the year 1815, by the removal of some old brick-work. It is in the most

perfect state of preservation. The Arabic characters upon the cornices, and the colours in which these are inscribed, are as perfect and as vivid as if it were all the work of yesterday. The gilding too, and the mosaic, have lost nothing of their freshness. Close by the mosque, upon a stone platform above the river, there is a monument to the angel Raphael, the guardian angel of the city. A certain devout archbishop, who held the see of Cordova many years ago, dreamt that the angel Raphael appeared to him, and declared himself guardian of the city; and the archbishop commemorated his dream by the erection of a handsome monument. Such expensive dreams have gone out of fashion now-a-days.

From Cordova, I resolved to travel to Seville by the diligence; and finding a vacant place in the *coupé*, I left Cordova at one o'clock next day. The views are very charming in leaving Cordova; fine vistas are caught among the neighbouring mountains, from which, embowered in wood, several convents look down upon the plain. I saw here, for the first time, the date tree, which in the

kingdoms of Valencia and Murcia, adds so great a charm to the landscape: two of them were seen towering far above all the surrounding trees, in a convent garden,—their tall stems, and fan-like branches, carrying me in fancy, to the tent of the wandering Arab, and the fountains of the desert. All the way from Cordova to Carlotta, the country is well cultivated and well wooded; and to a great distance on every side of this newest of the new settlements, neat white cottages are scattered over the plain. Carlotta, itself, is a remarkably pretty town; and the inhabitants looked clean and well fed. We arrived at Ecija about seven o'clock, after crossing the Xenil by a fine bridge, and found an excellent posada, and a supper that would have done honour to a French table. We were also regaled by the most delicious perfume; for the walls of the *patio* were entirely covered with jasmine, of a luxuriance and fragrance beyond any thing that I had ever seen elsewhere; every blossom was larger than the largest periwinkle. I had sufficient time and light, before supper, to stroll through the town, which is more

flourishing, and even more populous than Cordova. Returning to the posada by the Plaza Mayor, a fine spacious square, with a double row of balconies the whole way round, I stepped into a barber's shop, and while he was preparing his implements, I ventured to ask him if he had heard the news? "What news?" said he. "Why," replied I, "that with the assistance of God, the king's troops have defeated and taken prisoners the whole army of refugees." I was not aware of any such news, but I wished to hear the sentiments of an Andalusian. "Thank God! thank God!" said he, "and so we shall be allowed to live in our own way after all."

I left Ecija at an early hour next morning, with the pleasant assurance that I should dine in Seville. A remarkably wild country stretches between Ecija and Carmona—most of it is crown land—and I believe few serious attempts have been made to people and fertilize it. Robberies had lately been very frequently committed upon the extensive heath that stretches almost to the foot of the hill upon which Carmona stands; and I noticed several crosses, two of them evidently

of recent erection. The situation of Carmona is particularly striking, looking down from its isolated hill over the plains of Andalusia; a very winding road leads up to the city; but I left the carriage and walked straight up the hill to the gate, which I had sufficient time to examine and admire as a fine Moorish remain;—because the sentinel would not allow me to enter until the diligence arrived. At Carmona I found the luxury of *café au lait*, for the first time since leaving France; and we were soon again on the road to Seville.

Between Carmona and Seville, there is little to interest, excepting the increasing excitement in approaching nearer and nearer to famous Seville, the capital of the south of Spain. At Alcala, the nearest town to Seville, and which may be called its bakehouse—since almost all the bread generally used there is made at Alcala—we stopped to change horses; and, not long after leaving this town, upon reaching the brow of a ridge, Seville, queen of Andalusia, was seen amidst her orange groves, swaying her sceptre over a dominion of luxuriance and beauty, and

circled by the broad glittering waters of the Guadalquivir.

I reached the city soon after mid-day, and immediately established myself in the house of a private family, in the neighbourhood of the alcazar and the cathedral.



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

CHAPTER XIII.

SEVILLE.

Madrid not the sole Capital of Spain; Peculiarities of Seville; Moorish Customs; the Streets; the Population; Manner of Living in Andalusia; Society; Morals; the Archbishop; the Dean; the Convents; frequency of Murder in Andalusia, and its Causes; Serenading; Superstition in Seville, and Examples of it; extraordinary Facts; the Paseo; Andalusian Women; *Oracion*; *Las Delicias*; Orange-Groves; Details respecting the Orange Trade of Seville; the Cathedral; the Capuchin Convent, *La Caridad*, and Murillo's Pictures; Private Collections; the Alcazar and its Gardens; the Tobacco Manufactory; Roman Remains; Seville as a Residence; Prices of Provisions; Descent of the Guadalquivir, and its Banks; Optic Deception; St. Lucar; Night Journey; Port St. Mary; the Bay of Cadiz, and the City.

SPAIN is the only country in Europe, that contains more than one capital. London is the capital, and the only capital of England; and Paris is the sole capital of France. Bour-