

was rather murky, but not cheerless or unclean, and they sat near the cave's mouth. This dwelling was nearly all rock; the whole almost of the interior "fittings" cut in the stone.

The best church I went to see, after those I have mentioned, was one at the Carthusian convent, which was very richly decorated, particularly with sculpture and inlaid work: it reminded me, in this, of the admirable Carthusian church, the Certosa, at Pavia; but cannot for a moment be compared to it in beauty.\* There is a pretty villa garden adjoining it, belonging to a lady named Muros; it was part of the Carthusian property, and she bought both this and the convent, but, as she was going to pull the building down, the government made her re-sell it. This is the story. I am glad the government were able and willing to do this; but it seems unlike the proceedings attributed to them in other places.

At another church, San Jeronymo, I saw the only memorials now remaining of the famous Gonsalvo (properly Gonzalo) de Cordova, who was buried there; a small tablet, with a Latin inscription, in the pavement at the foot of the altar-steps; and, on each side of the altar, coloured effigies of his wife and himself in the atti-

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\* Here is a series of paintings representing the persecution of Carthusians in England under Henry VIII.; poor enough as works of art, but clear, broad, and dramatic, and well calculated for the people.

tude of prayer. I will not trouble you with more of my church-goings, or researches after Moorish remains, in all which I was properly diligent, except to mention that at the convent of Saint Dominic I saw, among some paintings on the wall, of the fifteenth century, a little naked angel with a pistol raised to his eye, taking aim : a new idea to me, though I do not know why celestial beings should not handle triggers and ramrods as well as fiddlesticks.

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Aldea del Rio, May 31st.

I am on the banks of the Guadalquivir, which will be my companion now nearly all the way to Cadiz. It has been about a nine hours' ride, but with a refreshing wind meeting us.

To finish with Granada. I went over one aristocratic house, that of the Marquis del Salar, a descendant of the famous Pulgar of the Ferdinand and Isabella days, surnamed El de las Hazañas (he of the exploits). It is in the Calle de las Tablas, the "West End" of Granada, but quite dismantled : the Marquis having, it seems, another house in Granada, and another in Madrid. It has good capabilities, and looks out beautifully to the hills and Vega ; but could never, I think, have been what we English should approve of as a nobleman's house. Granada makes very little show, either in the private or other houses ; there are

what one may suppose to be luxurious dwellings, particularly near the Alameda of the Xenil, but they do not produce any combined effect. The shops are in general merely open stores, some well furnished I dare say, but not holding out much temptation to the eye: and indeed I was once or twice at a loss in trying to get very ordinary things. The Zacatin, the busy shopping quarter from the Moorish time downwards, has a lively appearance of business, but is as narrow as the Burlington Arcade. None of the shops are glazed. When the sun is on them, they are shaded with curtains. Adjoining the Zacatin is a curious remnant of the old Moorish bazaar. As an instance of the scale on which business goes on at Granada, I tried one day to get ten pounds worth of gold at the banker's to whom my circular letter is directed; and though it was only one o'clock, they said they had paid away all their gold, and could not produce it.

Of course Granada has an endless variety of beautiful near walks. The tall groves under the Alhambra on the contrary side of the ship to the Albaycin are a delightful refuge from the heat, but rather puzzling when you have to work your way up in the dark to your Alhambra quarters, for there is never any artificial light at night. There is a romantic walk along the banks overhanging the Darro, to what the English call the nut fountain (Fuente del Avellano); a pretty spring, but rather an object to end a short

excursion than remarkable in itself. In returning, I was taken to a walk higher up in the hill, where you can peep into the channels by which water is "laid on" to the Alhambra and Generalife from the Sierra Nevada, as methodically as it is to our houses.\*

On Sunday evening I went to a fine point of view at the churchyard of St. Nicholas, and saw a glorious sunset. The Plaza de Toros was at a distance below, the bull-fight was going on, and I could see part of the audience, and distinctly hear their shouts in the stillness of the evening. In the churchyard, while I was admiring the view, a good yeoman-looking man was talking politics behind me to Ximenez and others. It seems there was some Church edict which had put his blood up, and he appeared to be talking very well, and like an honestly intentioned man, though with the petulance of the self-educated, against assumptions of this kind in general. I did not hear

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\* Ximenez was my guide; Portéla attending, as he sometimes did on these occasions, without asking any question, but as a matter of course; and I saw no reason to object.

We loitered some time near one of the tanks, in a lone place under the hill, to hear the bellowing (for so it might be called without exaggeration) of the frogs. Ximenez styled them not ranas but ranos; perhaps they are so called in compliment to their masculine voices.

or understand all that he said, but there was so much of the John Bull *à-plomb* about it, and such a mixture of honest, with some wrong, feeling (for I heard him talk some nonsense about worshipping God in the fields), that I could not help having more respect for him, as he touched his cap and went away, than I should probably have had for Sir ——— after a popular address upon religious liberty at ———.

In returning home through the Albaycin we heard castanets and voices from the interior of some very humble premises, and asked leave to go in. The place could hardly be called a yard, it was like a hen-house unroofed; but there was a crew of lads and girls, and a dance; the girls playing castanets, all who had them,\* and sometimes singing. They made room for

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\* I have already offended too much in the practice (which I have often disapproved in others) of waylaying the reader with notes, and it would be a mere assassination to discharge upon him here the learning upon the subject of Spanish dances which has been made familiar by so many writers, and among them by Mr. Ford, who does not usually observe the Mosaic precept, to leave something for the gleaner. Every one knows that the description of the dancing Gaditana in Juvenal, Sat. xi. v. 162-164, is better expounded at a baile in any Andalusian town than in twenty columns of German or Dutch commentators; and that the "testarum crepitus" denounced by the satirist, v. 170, cannot be construed by any other words than "the click of castanets." It is

Ximenez and me very good-naturedly, and we saw some dancing. It seems the man who chiefly figured was a dancing-master, so that we did not see so much a genuine dance as his exhibition with his favourite pupils. He was a vulgar fellow, with trowsers and glazed boots, and a rough black jacket à l'Andalouze, with superb silver trimmings, of which Ximenez told me the man had a curious assortment at home, if I liked at any time to go and see them. (I did not.) The dancing was not very remarkable, and there were polkas as well as boleros. A handsome but

known, too, that there is much good Greek on the subject of these instruments within the reach of any one who will turn a few pages for it. Nevertheless I am tempted to extract a passage (not hackneyed by quotation, I believe) which describes with striking exactness the scene mentioned in the text, of several persons among the bystanders accompanying the dance with castanets.

Athenæus (Deipnosoph. B. xiv., c. 9, xxxix. vol. 5, p. 307-9, Bipont, 1805), after noticing the statement of a much earlier writer, Dicæarchus, that there were certain instruments formerly used for women to sing and dance to, which, when touched by the fingers, made a shrill click (*λιγυρὸν ψόφον*), adds: “*Δίδυμος δὲ φησιν, εἰωθέναί τινὰς ἀντὶ τῆς λύρας κογχύλια καὶ ὄστρακα συγκρούοντας, ἔνρυσμον ἤχον τινα ἀποτελεῖν τοῖς ὀρχουμένοις.*” “Didymus says it was usual for some persons, instead of playing the lyre, to strike oyster and other such shells together, and with their sound make a kind of timed accompaniment to those who danced.”

insipid Jewess figured greatly and almost brushed my head off with her skirts, to the amusement of the girls. The simplicity and good humour of the muchachas were very amusing, but I thought the mozos, who were plain rustics, seemed rather bored at seeing the whole affair usurped by the master. As soon as some cigars came, which I presented to the gentlemen round, I got away.

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Cordova, June 1st, 4 afternoon  
(just going to the Cathedral).

With much exertion I am at last here: saddle from a quarter to four till past two, deducting about an hour and a half's rest. I find a very pleasant inn (Parador de las Diligencias), which is a repose greater than any other; but grieve that I cannot stay here longer than to-morrow: how we get to Seville I do not know yet. I wrote yesterday from Baylen.

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NOTE.

Having mentioned in this letter one or two endeavours of the Spanish government to save national monuments from destruction, I may add here another instance of praiseworthy, though late, efforts in the same direction. Don Pascual de Gayangos, to whom almost

every one who now writes upon Spain incurs some obligation, favours me with the following statement:—

“In 1852 the Spanish government commissioned the Royal Academy of History to search in the *Oficinas de Bienes Nacionales* for such manuscripts, charters, and deeds as could be of use for historical purposes. But let me first explain to you what *Bienes Nacionales* are. In 1821 the Constitutional government and the Cortes ordered all the property belonging to ecclesiastics to be sold, and a good deal of it was brought to the hammer: beautiful monastic buildings were then sold off for a mere trifle, and demolished for the sake of the materials; libraries were wantonly destroyed, and the archives of the convents transferred to the hands of certain officers in the capital of each province, whose business it was to sell the lands and houses belonging to the aforesaid monastic corporations, and to administer for the account and profit of the nation the lands and houses unsold. Then came the restoration of the old régime with the assistance of a French army, and a violent decree was issued, re-establishing the convents and the friars everywhere throughout the country, and ordering that their property should be returned to them without indemnifying the purchasers. In 1834 things were again brought to their former state: all convents (with the exception of those of nuns) were again shut, the property restored to the original purchasers or to their heirs, and whatever remained unsold was publicly disposed of. The Royal Academy of History having, though rather too late, urged upon the government the necessity of an inspection of the conventual archives thus collected, lest there should be, among the charters and deeds seized by the provincial officers, papers and books of historical



interest, I was commissioned by the Academy to carry on the inspection in the various provinces. I have done so for several years consecutively, saving from utter destruction upwards of 80,000 deeds and charters, and several curious manuscripts belonging to the 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th centuries, besides illuminated missals and other valuable papers, which now constitute a separate archive in the rooms of the Royal Academy at Madrid."

Don Pascual adds that the most valuable collections thus made were from the monasteries of San Millan de la Cogulla near Najera in Castile, Santo Domingo de Silos in the mountains of Burgos, Sahagun and Oña in Leon and Castile, and Melon and Sobrado in Galicia.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

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

LETTER XIII.—*See page 186.*

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## LETTER XIV.

Seville — Portéla's departure — Granada — Breakfast company at the café — The guide Ximenez — Diligence journey to Baylen — Spanish coaching — View of Jaen — Arrival at Baylen.

Seville, Wednesday, June 4th.

I HAD the happiness of receiving your letter here to-day, as well as one on my arrival at Cordova, or rather the day after, for they pretended that letters could not be given out on Sunday. I suspect the official was gone junketing, and put up a sanctified mask to amuse strangers. I am glad you find mine amusing; they are the matter of fact, not at all embellished; and it amuses me to write them, though sometimes I go on till the pen literally drops from my fingers; I doubt now and then whether others may not become as drowsy. I am established here, after twenty-seven hours of diligence (having left Cordova at ten yesterday morning), and have now no journey before me but down the Guadalquivir by steam to Cadiz (14th), and thence to England. You may let Mr. — know that, not having been assassinated as he said I should be, I think he ought in honour to pay me the wager I

proposed upon it, though he did not actually strike hands. I feel rather insignificant in never having, to my knowledge, been even threatened with any harm. Portéla has just been taking his leave : he goes home to Port St. Mary to-morrow, and is anxious to do so (though he would have stayed if I had wished it), as he fears that a storm this morning may have damaged some fields that he has there : but he sees no harm in leaving me now that we are fuera de campamento (out of the field). He is a good barbarian, and I dare say has had more care and thought about me, after his manner, than I have ever been grateful for.\*

I think I finished all I had to say about Granada, except that I delivered M. De Gayangos's letter to Don Manuel de Mendoza, and regretted not having met him sooner. Mr. Riaño I mentioned ; he was, though a plain man, a most kind and sensible friend : he lives in an odd little place, though gentlemanlike enough, off the Zacatin. Mr. Mark returned to Granada only the day before I made my farewell call. He and his family have a very pleasant residence at

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\* His dialect was at first a great damp upon our conferences, for the Andalusian is to the Castilian what the Neapolitan is to the Tuscan, or the Austrian to the Saxon. But, by long travelling together, we arrived at such a mutual understanding that he used to interpret between me and his country-people.

the Alhambra for the summer, with a garden snugly and romantically nestled under the Torre Bermeja (Vermilion Tower). There are many places of the kind let in this way, and very eligible for a family who do not mind being out of the world a little.\* The general Alhambra in which I lived is, to say the truth, a little blackguard (as to the population, and street or rather lane appearances), though delightful when you are in your own "home and haunts."

I went into the Granada world the day I came from Zubia, by taking a second breakfast in the comedor (salle à manger) of the Café Nuevo, the principal hotel.† For one thing, I wished to know if any of my Gibraltar friends had succeeded in getting here, but none known to me had arrived. There was good company at breakfast, among them two young ladies with round faces, large unmeaning eyes (though I believe they were Spanish women), and long eyelashes; beauty made as if by a printed receipt: and a young gentleman (Spanish), handsome too, with an important, insipid face, laying down the law earnestly to some

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\* Or for a student or an artist. My guide, Ximenez, professed to have a project of taking one of the Alhambra towers to let in the following spring season.

† The breakfast and general accommodation were very good. They gave here a sea-fish from Motril, something like whitebait, called Boquerones.

listeners, and fanning himself with a fan; a thing to be abhorred in man, let fashion say what it may; especially in Spain, where the fan is part of woman; he might as well wear a woman's stomacher.

I thought myself lucky to get a place in the berlina (coupé) of the diligence to Baylen, but it was a middle seat, with a very uncomfortable back, so that I was thoroughly tired before we arrived. We left Granada soon after six,\* and did not reach Baylen till eleven at

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\* Ximenez came into the town to see me go, an attention which looked kindly, as I had settled all accounts with him the evening before. He was an alert, good-humoured companion, ready at his duties as a guide, with something of the confident French manner, which, I suppose, may characterize young Spain, and upon jaunty speaking terms with almost every one we met. Not that he discarded the old forms of Spanish courtesy. One day, as we returned from a walk, passing by a house of very humble appearance, he said to me "Esa es su casa" (this is your worship's house). For an instant I was puzzled at such a compliment, but the house was his own, or his father's, and this was the Spanish way of at once noticing that fact and saying "My house is yours." We stopped there once to deposit some money, which I had received at a banker's, while we pursued our walk: and he insisted on counting it before me to the last farthing when we left it, and when we took it again: a business-like proceeding, but showing, as I thought, some want of the national pride.

night. Two people sat with the conductor, and blocked the front windows. One of my companions was a director of the Diligence company, a fidgety old coxcomb, who fussed all day because a hole had been broken in the window-pane opposite to him, and was continually harassing his servant, who sat against it on the outside, to prevent his breaking it more. I had the pleasure at last of seeing all the pane come into the old gentleman's hand in pieces, together with the frame itself. My other fellow-passenger and I exchanged looks of congratulation.

Our journey for the first part of the day was a mountain one, through the pass of Segri (or Zegri), among grey rocks and woods, and sometimes olive plantations, into a chilly atmosphere; then down again into a pretty country of wood, overlooked by an old castle, obra de los Moros (a work of the Moors), of course, as every fine old thing almost is in Andalusia, according to popular report. The road was the Queen's highway from Granada to Seville, but it was dreadfully bad. The arrangements of a Spanish diligence (at least of the two I have been in) are like those of a French one, but more outré. The conductor (called the Mayoral) sits in the same kind of place as those in France do, and dictates, or pretends to dictate, to nine, ten, eleven, or twelve horses and jumping and kicking mules; but he holds the reins of only two. The near fore animal is ridden by the delantero (postilion), who guides his

own and the off horse, and cuts the two behind when he has time: the intermediate ones have to profit by what goes on at their heads and tails. Then there is a wonderful person, the zagal, who sits on the front of the coach, and whose business it is to jump down about every-two minutes with a whip in his hand, and rush at the string of mules and horses like a maniac, bounding, screaming, and yelling, and belabouring some chosen beast, the mules all the time screeching in return, and capering and kicking at one another, and the conductor throwing in some noises of his own, more uncouth if possible than those of his comrade; all which keeps the machine going, but not to a certainty, for, soon after we left Granada, there came a sudden shock and stop, and we were axle-deep in a sand; outcries and blows would not do, and we were obliged to send for some men, who luckily were at work near, to dig us out. Then we came to a waggon fixed in the same way, and were obliged to lend part of our team to extricate that.

Between four and five we again came to some fine, bold, and broken mountain scenery, and saw, in the bosom of very wild and abrupt heights, the city and old castle and cathedral of Jaen. The cathedral is a modern building, but very spacious and seemingly handsome, and boldly placed: it reminded me of some of the stately buildings in romantic situations on the Danube. I should have liked much to go to it, but the stay of the coach was uncertain (it did, however,

stay an hour) and a heavy rain came on, and my umbrella is supposed to have strayed at Gaucin. We reached Baylen, of course, long after dark. Luckily the Diligence inn there was a comfortable one. The next diligence and the silla-corréo (malle-poste) did not arrive till evening of the next day; the diligence about three hours after time, which is thought nothing remarkable. There was no room in either, except for three out of some half-dozen who had been waiting longer than I had. A diligence from Malaga and one from Madrid meet at Baylen, and to carry everybody on to Seville there is only one diligence, and the malle-poste which takes two passengers. There were formerly two more coaches, but somehow they did not answer, and were laid down.

How I went on to Cordova, and got here, you shall know in my next.

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## LETTER XV.

Baylen — The battle-field — Andujar — Robbers and patrol — Travelling precaution — Aldea del Rio — Bacallao — Sierra Morena — Pedroabad — Carpio — Alcolea — Cordova — The cathedral — Site of Abderrahman's palace — Ascent of the Sierra — Recluses — Interesting objects in the town — Diligence journey to Seville — Ecija — Carmona — Arrival at Seville — Cathedral — Notes on the Moorish palace near Cordova, and on robbery in Spain.

Seville, June 5th to June 7th.

UNLESS one could pass the day in wondering how old Castaños contrived to cut off a strong French brigade, Baylen is a very unfortunate place to be detained in, for it has no object, natural or artificial, to employ the mind much upon. It is a long village, in a good agricultural district, with some substantial village houses, and a remnant of an old castle; when you have witnessed these things, you have to fall back upon your own thoughts. As we had agreed, in case of the coaches failing, Portéla hired a horse for me, and a mule for himself and the baggage, the mule-owner to walk alongside, and bring the animals back. The distance being eighteen leagues or more, to be divided

between a long and a short day, I doubted if this pedestrian feat could be managed, but Portéla said, "Oh, in Spain we do these things easily;" so off we set at half-past five, with man, mule, and horse. I believe I am now accustomed to all the "arrés" on the Spanish roads: "arré mulo," "arré borrico" (donkey), "arré caballo," "arré haca" (hack, plodding mare).\* We passed over the field of battle of Baylen; it is about three miles from the town, in a wild, heathy, and bushy country of a mountainous character, near the banks of a little rocky river edged with oleanders, the Rumblar, which the French vainly tried to get at in the heat of a burning July day; their surrender was owing in a great measure to this distress. There is a little chapel on the field, dedicated to the Virgin, and she is believed to have done much towards the success. The Spanish and Swiss chiefs who gained the battle hung their decorations upon her image, here, or in the town. I am glad to see that the people of Baylen, or the government, had the grace to name two of the little plazas after the victorious chiefs Castaños and Reding.† The flourishes of my men about Spanish armies as we rode over the field, were amusing;‡ if it had

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\* I should add "Arré pia," addressed to the piebald steed which I rode from Granada to Zubia.

† A fiesta is still kept on the anniversary.

‡ "The French," said Portéla, "are reckoned the finest troops in Europe, but thirty thousand Spaniards would

been possible to administer a dose of Gurwood to them, I wonder how it would have operated.

Our way, after the field of battle, lay through a rich olive country: indeed olive is the great product of the lands I have gone through for several days past, and it is in vast profusion. Very early in this day we got sight of the Guadalquivir and the heights of the Sierra Morena. My muleteer trudged on patiently, but we had of course to consider his powers, and now and then Portéla took him up upon the mule. In a blazing summer day I saw that this would not do, so I gave orders to pick up another beast at the first town. This was Andujar, a long inert place, where we rested for the noon hours. The inn was little more than a venta, and the hostess, a pretty little black-eyed woman, did not care much for us; but my squire drew some cold cutlets, which he had brought from Baylen, out of his wallet, and with these and a little brandy and water

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beat thirty thousand French at any time." On other subjects his patriotism was more reasonable. When we came to a profusion of corn, olives, vines, or flowers, he would say, "What a country Spain is! it produces everything. What might it not be if it had a good government!" But I am afraid that a people who delight in bemoaning themselves, and find an easy consolation in throwing blame upon their governments, or in changing them, are not the most likely to work out any steady practical reformation.

(for I have never quite finished the flask I took from home) I did very well: moreover, a man came in with lumps of the Sierra Nevada ice, brought from Jaen, and lemonade which he cooled in it. I leave you to judge if we resisted. There was, adjoining the place where we were, a waste dismantled room, which had been the dining-room for one of the now suppressed diligences; it was heaped with bundles of newly-cut grass, very sweet, and on these I spread my manta and slept, not "the sultry hours," but a sultry half-hour, away gloriously.

I observed in this country, and onward, the use of sandals very frequent, instead of the Andalusian leg-gings: they are quite upon the classical model, and a boy whom I saw at this place, very well limbed, with a handkerchief folded tight round his head, making a cap, and light blue sandals upon his bare legs, would have been a pretty subject for an artist. The costume was Valencian, I understand.

We left Andujar with our third beast about two o'clock, the sun still broiling, and crossed the Guadalquivir, which was something like the Tyne above Newcastle, but less romantic, and had now a fine view of the Sierra Morena, a long range of hills mostly of even heights, dark with brushwood and shrubs and sometimes wood, and here and there showing cultivation. We rode over a good deal of plain, cutting off the windings of the river, and towards evening got

sight of Aldéa del Rio, a large village and handsome-looking at a distance, pleasantly situated on the Guadalquivir ; this was our home for the night, a disappointment to me, for I reckoned on getting a stage farther, and being at Cordova very early the next day ; but our new man detained us abominably in our starting.

I conclude you read in the newspapers of the robbery of a Colonel Campbell, which happened a few days before this, about three miles on the Madrid side of Baylen. It produced one good effect, for I saw more of the guardia civil upon the road between Baylen and Seville than in all the rest of my travels ; in this day's journey we met them in pairs, about four times.\* I cannot tell whether the best patrol to prevent robberies, or catch robbers, is formed by twos and twos of foot soldiers in conspicuous white trowsers and square cocked hats, each with a musket and large sabre ; but perhaps their appearance may overawe the evil-disposed.† As we drew near Aldéa I heard Portéla

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\* The region of the Guadalquivir east and west of Andujar seems to have kept an ill fame from of old. Townsend (vol. ii. p. 274) and Mr. Slidell (A Year in Spain, vol. ii. p. 96) bear witness to its thievish character.

† I am informed that the guardia civil, though not perhaps fitted to catch flying highwaymen, does effectual service in discouraging the domiciled thieves

say to the other man, "If any one here asks me where we are going to-morrow I shall not tell him the truth, for this is a place where 'hay mucha gente picarilla'" (there are a great many rogues). It seems that he had himself known of some acts of pilfering at Aldéa. He told me, at our parting here, last night, that, wherever we went in cross-country places, he had avoided letting it be known what way we took; but the man now with us was a stranger, and might not have been aware of the precaution. I asked him last night (for I never raised the question while we were travelling) whether he really thought such a precaution had been necessary in the places we went through. He said he did not know, but the way in which casual robberies generally happened was by the loose persons about the entrance of a posada (of whom there is generally a herd) asking questions of the guide, or servant, about the traveller and his movements, and the guide foolishly, and sometimes treacherously, giving particulars, upon which the rogue slips out in the morning, and waits for the traveller at an easy distance out of the town or village. I observed that a great many of the old assassination crosses were situated about three or four miles out. But even if Portéla's answers had been more explicit, I fancy a

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of the villages who vary their rural occupations with occasional plunder, and can be inquired for at their places of residence.

man who had talked with him, and seen his grim though merry face, long limbs, and dragoon figure, would have thought twice before he decided upon waylaying him. About six o'clock we rode into the posada, and Portéla carried all the things into my room as usual, but gave me a strong injunction this time about locking my door if I went out, and at night.

I went down afterwards to order my evening meal in that strange cavern which you ride into on arriving at a Spanish country inn, and which is not exactly stable-yard, coach-house, kitchen, or lumber-yard, but something of all, with the murky chamber stair in the corner. I found two ladies of the establishment sitting at ease to have their black hair combed out, and with some difficulty got an audience of them and the landlord. The usual process was gone through, of bringing the practical bill of fare within the smallest possible compass, and I was to have bacallao and fried eggs and ham. Bacallao is the stalest salt fish, dressed with rice and stale oil, and with a few shreds of salt meat. Presently, as I was rummaging in my luggage, my nostrils were very unpleasantly saluted, and I began to wonder what filth Portéla had suffered to come in contact with my bag; but upon turning round, I found that it was my bacallao just come upon table. I was ashamed to have ordered a thing that I could not eat, and so manfully bolted a few mouthfuls before I fell back upon the

huevos fritos (fried eggs) and tea.\* They brought me wine in a decanter with a long tube in the side, to pour upon my tongue from, if I had had that fancy: but the wine was an edged tool, not to be played with.

It was settled that we should start very early; I had gone to bed tired, and dreaded Portéla's knock at three in the morning, but I found that I had slept well and was quite fresh. We soon poked our way out of the cavern, and the gruff landlord took leave

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\* Bacallao was the dish with which Don Quixote was regaled at the celebrated venta where the host dubbed him knight. "No habia en toda la venta sino unas raciones de un pescado, que en Castilla llaman abadejo, y en Andalucía bacallao, y en otras partes curadillo, y en otras truchuela." "Trújole el huésped una porción del mal remojado y peor cocido bacallao" (Don Quixote, part i. c. 2). "There was nothing to be had at the inn but some pieces of fish, which is called abadexo in Castile, bacallao in Andalusia, curadillo in some places, and in others truchuela, or little trout, though after all it is but poor jack." "The landlord brought him a piece of that salt-fish, but ill-watered, and as ill-dressed." (Motteux's translation. "Ill-watered" should be "ill-soaked.")

"What have we here?" says Trinculo, "a man or a fish?" "He smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, poor John." So (if Motteux's interpolation upon Cervantes be correct) I supped at Aldéa del Rio upon the fish that Caliban smelt of.



of me with "Vaya Vmd. con Dios, caballero;" literally, "Good-bye, sir," but how stately and courtly in sound! We were on the road by a quarter to four, day dawning, and the delicate crescent line of the new moon just showing above the glow of the east. We had gained a good start before our enemy, the sun, sprang over the tops of the Sierra Morena. These mountains now extended as far as we could see up and down the river on our right hand, rising to a great height, and richly coloured with tints of green and brown: they a little reminded me of the Black Forest of Suabia, but they have not its superb woods. I suppose the Sierra Morena of Cardenio and Dorothea is not this face of the mountain, but an inner region, more wild and desolate.\* Olives, olives, olives, for many miles, were the nearer scenery: the objects on the road, the guardia civil (whom we met about six times to-day), a murder cross three or four miles out of Aldéa, and troops of mules carrying bags of oil to Seville: strange that this expedient should be still in use on one of the greatest highways in the kingdom of Spain. I do not suppose it is within living

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\* According to the industrious commentator Don Diego Clemencin (*D. Quixote*, ed. Madrid, 1833, vol. ii. p. 249), these immortal scenes of romance lie far up in the ridges I was now contemplating, where the mountain tops divide the streams which run to the Guadiana from those which fall into the Guadalquivir.

memory that salt used to be carried on pack-horses in England over the mountains between Cheshire and Lancashire and Yorkshire.

We breakfasted about seven at a Moorish-looking village called Pedroabad; this time I had insisted upon going out fasting, to economize the cool hours. The lounging landlord showed me with great vanity a smart gun with an inlaid stock, made in Biscay (à propos to the subject of riding armed), yet his kitchen in which I sat, had scarcely what could be called a table to breakfast upon; there was no milk, though we were on the banks of the Guadalquivir, and, on my taking a second cup of tea, sugar, or a clay so called, had to be sent out for. I mention these things as contrast, not in the way of complaint, for I have learnt to do without almost everything. My men had a tortilla (omelet) made chiefly with onions, which was excellent. I was sorry not to have joined their mess.\*

We passed Carpio, where Portéla said he had served as a national militiaman (against the Carlists) in the time of Cabrera's wars; and we then had a long ride over green plains, a marsh in winter, and a scorched desert, I suppose, in summer, but now not unpleasant. Our ride was tedious: I had a tight little horse enough,

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\* With the eye of experienced foragers, they caught sight of a bundle of herbs laid in a corner, and the whole bouquet was tortilla-ed together.

but who made it a principle to give as little as he could for your money, and my companions, Spaniard-like, could not comprehend the importance of arriving an hour sooner or later. At noon we came to Alcolea, where there is a large, handsome bridge which the Spaniards are justly proud of, and I paused a little to enjoy water, wood, and the nightingale.

In about an hour, after the rise of a hill, the stately town of Cordova opened upon us, with an appropriate foreground for such an oriental place, of sandy plain. Its effect, as you see it here, is dignity and quietness: the domes and turrets stretch out upon a long level,\* and nothing seems built upon an emergency or in expectation of one—it looks the city of a people at peace. The famous mosque makes no great show; indeed I had a difficulty in making it out. It was not till near two that we entered the gates, and after a long hot wandering, through narrow, wild, Moorish streets, and over killing pavements, I found harbour in the hotel we were in search of, that of the Diligences, one of the best (after Gibraltar and Malaga) that I have been at in Spain. Its place in the town was marked by a palm-tree in a neighbouring garden, growing upon a high point, and one of the handsomest

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\* "Cordoba la llana," Cordova the level. Romance of the Infantes de Lara, Ochoa, p. 103.

I have yet seen ; the fan of branches the most spreading and perfect.

As soon as possible, and as often as possible, I went to the famous mosque, now the cathedral. It makes but little outward show, being surrounded by high yellow walls which quite mask it, and are unornamented, except at the entrances, which have some rich oriental decoration. Passing in, you find a large court, the Patio de los Naránjos, ranging along the whole breadth of the cathedral and planted with orange-trees ; an orange grove with a tank in the centre. Entering the cathedral itself, you are at once in that strange forest of little columns which we have so often seen pictured, the columns joined above by double arches, (one over the other) of oriental character, the whole forming an intricate though never a confused perspective. Wherever shade lies upon the scene, it seems a stupendous crypt ; and its solemnity is heightened to the imagination when you reflect that the generation which completed it passed away a thousand years ago. The columns have all capitals like those of the Corinthian or the Composite order, but no bases, which gives a strange rudeness of appearance ; they are of various colours, green, yellow, grey, and other hues, sobered by time ; and most of them were taken by the builders of the mosque from other buildings still more ancient.\* Some

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\* The mosque is said to have been erected on the site

are plain pillars, some have spiral flutings or other decorations, but this does not destroy the unity of effect. One almost expects to see a sage turbaned Arab pacing the wide brick pavement, and vanishing between the columns. Such is the church when you see it from a favourable point; but it is difficult to keep up the impression I have described, for the place is lamentably spoiled. First, the Christians have built a great choir in the centre, handsome in itself, in the heavily decorated style, but suppressing the grove of columns in all this quarter of the cathedral, and of course abolishing the original perspective through a great part of the building. And, next, they have introduced window-lights over head, destroying the mysterious gloom which the style of the old mosque so much required, and introducing quite another effect, as you too plainly see if you catch a vista where the light does not intrude, and where a Mussulman's ghost might still walk. If the Christians did not do this, I beg their pardon; but I believe they did, and it was about as bad as putting rhymes to Paradise Lost.\*

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of a Christian church, San Vicente; and that probably may have borrowed some pagan columns which had seen the days of Seneca.

\* I retain this as it was written, but by no means intending it as a presumptuous summary condemnation of Dryden's 'State of Innocence,' which, with all its

Under all its calamities I am very glad to have seen the Mosque of Cordova, and should have liked to haunt it longer, catching the effects of light and perspective, such as they still are, among its nineteen aisles and twenty-nine transepts ; but I think it more disfigured than the Alhambra. It has, however, some very beautiful decoration in the Alhambra style, but earlier ; and there still remains (now forming part of a chapel) the cave-like recess to which the Moors used to make pilgrimage : it is an octagon with a canopy roof in the form of a shell ; the ceremony was to pace this round, close to the wall ; the number of paces was sixteen. The Moorish archway which opens into this recess is faced with a richly-coloured mosaic, so elaborate and beautiful, and so perfect, that I am ready to believe Ford when he says that there is nothing like it in Europe.

Cordova lies under a line of green hill or down which forms the bank of the Guadalquivir on the opposite side to the city : on its own side, the Sierra Morena throws out bold promontories which come within two or three miles of the gates. I rode out on Monday after dinner, with a guide on foot, to see the hermitages of the Sierra,\* or rather to see a small specimen

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faults, contains some of the most beautiful specimens of heroic rhymed verse in the English language.

\* Well described in 'Doblado's Letters,' Letter 7.

of the mountain scenery. A little way up the ascent I was taken to a pavilion house, with a garden, on the site where formerly stood a celebrated Arabian palace;\*

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\* I do not affect, in this trifling work, to marshal historical authorities, but I cannot forbear extracting a passage where Gibbon (referring to Cardonne) describes this palace in periods worthy the magnificence of the subject (*Decline and Fall*, &c., c. 52).

“Three miles from Cordova, in honour of his favourite Sultana, the third and greatest of the Abdalrahmans constructed the city, palace, and gardens of Zehra. Twenty-five years, and above three millions sterling, were employed by the founder: his liberal taste invited the artists of Constantinople, the most skilful sculptors and architects of the age; and the buildings were sustained or adorned by twelve hundred columns of Spanish and African, of Greek and Italian marble. The hall of audience was encrusted with gold and pearls, and a great bason in the centre was surrounded with the curious and costly figures of birds and quadrupeds. In a lofty pavilion of the gardens, one of these basons and fountains, so delightful in a sultry climate, was replenished not with water, but with the purest quicksilver. The seraglio of Abdalrahman, his wives, concubines, and black eunuchs, amounted to six thousand three hundred persons; and he was attended to the field by a guard of twelve thousand horse, whose belts and scymitars were studded with gold.” The happy days of his life, according to his own written avowal, were fourteen. Gibbon’s comment upon this piece of Oriental querulousness is manly and Johnsonian.

See Note at the end of this Letter.

afterwards, a convent ; now the place is a speculation of my Cordova landlord. Its present arrangement is very much like that of Generalife at Granada : on a hill-side a garden of sweet and gay flowers, tanks, and running water, and shrubs, hedges of pomegranate in bright bloom, but all tangled and dishevelled, as the whole garden was. The view of Cordova from these garden terraces was beautiful : you saw it in profile, not so sunk in the plain as it appears when looked at from a greater height. The long line of stately building quietly spread along the level, with the green hill at its back, put me in mind of Oxford, though there is no likeness in the architecture. The villa is to be let in summer lodgings. I peeped in, on the invitation of the housekeeper : the apartments were "the worst inn's" best "room." There are other houses, I believe, lettable in the same way, for the Sierra seems, deservedly, a favourite retreat ; and châteaux of noblemen were pointed out to me in more than one place on the dark swelling line of mountain overlooking Cordova and the plain. The situations must be delightful, and I was very sorry I had not a few days to explore them.

The rest of the ascent to the Hermitage was steep and rocky, with many zigzags—the mountain outlines of the Sierra, and its vegetation, very picturesque. The Hermitage itself was trumpery enough, about as respectable as that of Vauxhall. Several people live on the edge of the mountain as recluses, not in any



community except going to the same chapel, nor under any rule that I could make out, but supported by alms. There is an outer gate, where they made a pretence of detaining me and others while a man in quaint dress, who came very tardily to the door, affected to ask leave of somebody for our being admitted. From a stone chair under a cross which is very conspicuous from the valley, you have a good view of the plain and Sierra, but not so interesting as that lower down. I found I had come much too late, and had barely time to get off the mountain paths while there was sufficient light. It was quite dark when I entered the gate of Cordova, and the little oil lamps of the town streets were very acceptable. Seville has gas. The whole excursion took four hours.

I saw some other interesting things at Cordova: the old bridge, still retaining some of its Moorish arches; a good prospect of the town from the tower of St. Nicholas de la Vigia;\* a number of picturesque little views and fragments of views up and down the streets; Moresque bits of building, and glimpses of old Moorish

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\* The view extended as far in the direction of Seville as the castled promontory of the Sierra which marks the situation of Almodovar. This, I presume, is the Almodovar to which the goatherds in Don Quixote proposed carrying the lunatic Cardenio (a journey of eight leagues); to be taken care of. Part i. c. 23.

under-the-rose luxury in the courtyards of houses.\* For all these things, and the Sierra, one should have had time and guidance, and a long time might be well employed by a man of taste who could use a pencil.

I saw here Mr. Shaw, the manager of lead-mines, to whom (or to his brother) I had an introduction. He lived at my hotel. He says he has travelled about Spain at all times and in all ways for a long time past, and never was robbed or molested. Mr. Pavon, a medical man, to whom also I had a letter, was very kindly attentive, as far as my short stay allowed.

On Monday Portéla agreed for a carriage to take us to Seville in two days (it was too far to ride on horseback in that time); and nothing remained but to fix the hour of starting, when the carriage-owner insisted that the money must be paid before the journey began. So impudent a proposal was too much, even for my easy

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\* A sinister-looking thoroughfare called Callejuela de los Gitanos (Gipsies' alley) excited my curiosity, but I had not time to enter it. There is a plaza named, after the famous Gonsalvo, Plaza del Gran Capitan. Antiquated and forlorn as it appears, Cordova is not without some signs of elegance which strike even a hurried stranger. Silversmiths' and china and curiosity shops are more frequent than might be expected in such a place: and the public walks under the old town walls are spacious and prettily laid out, and command fine prospects.

habits, so I refused the carriage and took my chance of the diligence, which was to arrive at seven the next morning. Somewhere about nine it did arrive,\* and I thought it a vast good fortune that there was a place in the imperial; the tip-top seat, under a canopy, which you may remember to have seen in foreign stage-coaches, over the conductor's head. As for Portéla, he got leave, as a great favour, to sit upon the apron outside of this imperial, like a monkey, till we got to Ecija (ten leagues), when there would be a vacancy within. It was no very great comfort to know that there is a railway beginning from Cordova to Seville.

My companions were a facetious old fellow of Ecija, a young man who seemed to be half a gentleman (but might be an entire one) and carried a sabre in his baggage, and a woman of the class who wear handkerchiefs on their heads, about thirty, hard-featured, but with a good eye and arch expression. The lady had a great wicker basket, which she insisted upon placing where my legs ought to be. I opposed and she persisted. Portéla, seeing me overmatched, took my part, sitting as it were in the woman's lap on the outside of the apron; and there followed a downright Andalusian row between them, worthy of the stage: it ended in the

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\* It was to depart at nine en punto, and at actually did start at ten.

basket being put behind-backs, where there was abundance of room, and all was fair weather again. I have remarked several times that the Andalusians, after the most violent contention, will fall back into good humour as quickly and entirely as children do. The basket contained eatables, which I suppose had been contributed in the course of the journey by all the party, and they heaped fire upon my head afterwards by making me partake. Our journey was very slow. My companions in the imperial enlivened it by agaceries to the lady. The waggeries on both sides rather startled my English prudery, a female being one of the party; yet I do not think she was a disreputable person, farther than retorting their raillery and smoking cigarillos which they supplied her with.

There came a lull at last, and I believe she wanted to enlist me in the skirmish of wit, for she said, "El Señor y yo somos los mas sosegaos" (sosegados: the gentleman and I are the quietest). Whatever a younger man might have done on such a challenge, I kept my *sosiégo*, under the shelter of want of Spanish.

Not long after we left Cordova something under the carriage broke, and we stopped at a *venta* to get it mended. I paced about, Englishman-like, in impatience; my companions coolly spread their *mantas* in the shade and took their *siesta*, which there was ample time for. As I have said before, all these details may

be twaddling, but they are what I see of the country, and do not see elsewhere.

The roads were very bad, deep, and sandy, and the prospects not very interesting. We did not make more than a league an hour, stoppages not included. In the evening, passing over a great plain country, we came to Ecija, a town I regretted not seeing more of; two stately church spires, and the general handsome appearance of the place, gave a great deal of promise, and there was a large palace occupying a great part of the main street, the property of Count Peñafior. Two very fat domestics were standing at the gate, and civilly invited me to take a view of the patio (court-yard).

My position on the coach was not uncomfortable, and did not prevent my sleeping, but the bad roads, and the starts and struggles of the mules hunted by the zagal, made the carriage reel and pitch so desperately that I own I was now and then in some bodily fear; and the thought of a broken limb on these lonesome roads gave me more concern than I had ever felt for the more remote and uncertain danger of being robbed and thrown in a ditch. We seemed to make a great deal of descent in the night. Rain came on, and there was thunder and lightning in the direction of Seville. A little before seven in the morning the Moorish remains of Carmona appeared before us; a ruined fortress spreading over the top of a bare round

hill, something like the pictures of hill-fortresses in India. It was admirably set off by a whitish dew-cloud behind, which again was backed by an inky darkness.

We breakfasted at Carmona, and still had a long run (waddle rather) to Seville. We passed through Alcala de Guadaira, a pretty place, no doubt, in good weather, where a little Murillo boy set his back against the wall and howled rondeñas while we changed horses. By-and-bye, at the base as it seemed of a line of hill, skirting a great plain, the famous Giralda spire appeared, and the long city of Seville quietly disclosed itself, reposing, as it were, along the banks of its river, without dread and without defiance: like Cordova, it looks the offspring of peace. We arrived soon after, and had to undergo a douane at the diligence office. I then went to the Fonda de Madrid, which seems now to be reckoned the first inn; and I have very fair quarters.

After a table-d'hôte dinner I found my way to the old Plaza, and, without a guide, plunged into the majestic vaults of the cathedral, where the last sunlight was playing upon the painted windows. And here, if I had glided among the seats of the *fiéles*,\* and offered thanks for coming thus happily to the close of a laborious expedition, I do not think there would have been

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\* Los *fiéles*; the faithful.

much idolatry in it: what I did you shall know when we have settled the point of conscience.

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June 7th.

Both your letters addressed here came safely: I am (as I may say) at the opera (*Il Trovatore*), but have slipped out to despatch this to-night. I find that, to be safe with the English packet, I must leave Seville on the 13th, though the nominal packet-day is the 17th. As to remaining longer abroad, the places I should have most wished to stay for are already left behind; and the summer will now be upon us fiercely. A short break of bad weather came just as I got here, but is gone. Now that I understand Spain a little, I could begin a second chapter of adventures with a very good heart, if time and the season permitted. I have seen all the great things at Seville, and admire the Murillos; one Immaculate Conception in the museum particularly. But I am inclined to think that, in point of high art, Zurbaran is the hero of this place. I have delivered all my letters of introduction.

Seville does not astonish me like some of the places I have been at, but seems very enjoyable. Much in it must depend on weather and society. The Infante (Montpensier) reviewed troops this evening, and I

went up the Giralda tower\* for a bird's-eye view. Very pretty it was. Numbers did the same.

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NOTES.

On the subject of the Moorish Palace near Cordova, Don Pascual de Gayangos, who was employed by the Spanish government to make researches on the site, kindly supplies me with this note.

“With regard to the excavations at the place called Cordova la Vieja, near Cordova, the facts are these:— Abderrahman III. had a palace and city built at the foot of a mountain called by the Arabs Jebel-al-Arús (the mountain of the bride), to which he gave the name of one of his favourite slaves, Az-zahrá (the flowery). The site, according to Al-makkari and other historians, was to the north-west of the capital about three miles. This corresponds exactly with the place now called Cordova la Vieja, at the foot of the mountain where stands the convent of San Jeronimo. For a description of this city and palace, in the time of the Cordovan khalifs, you can consult my translation of that historian. Abderrahman began the building A.H. 330, or A.D. 942, and his successor, Alhaquem II., finished it.

“Medina Az-zahrá was plundered and partly de-

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\* It is literally true that an ordinary horseman, or horsewoman, might ride with ease up the interior of this building as far as the first battlements (those of the old Moorish tower); the ascent being not by stairs but by gentle and spacious inclines.



stroyed by the Berbers in A.D. 1012, during the civil wars which preceded the ruin of the khalifate, as well as by the Almoravides and Almohades, who subsequently took possession of Cordova. When, in the beginning of the 13th century, Ferdinand III., called The Saint, took Cordova from the Moors, very little remained of that once magnificent city, with the exception of a strong castle, called El Alcazar, and a mosque. In 1408 a Hieronimite friar, called Fr. Vasco, applied for permission to found a convent of his order on the top of the mountain overlooking Medina Az-zabrá, which was not only granted, but also the faculty of using the materials belonging to the old city. The friars, as you may easily conceive, were not backward in using the licence granted to them, and accordingly laid their hands on whatever remains of stone and marble columns, &c., they could find. But there remained still enough in the plain to induce an antiquary of the 16th century, Ambrosio de Morales, to make a minute description of the ruins, though, mistaken in his judgment of their look and appearance, and believing them to be Roman, he at once pronounced them to be the ruins of a city built by Marcellus.

“The excavations which, at my recommendation and that of Don Pedro Madrazo, the Government caused to be made on the spot in 1853, were badly executed, and soon suspended for want of funds; but enough has been discovered to show that it would not be difficult, by removing the rubbish and the vegetation which now cover the ruins, to find the walls and rooms of the Moorish palace. Pieces of white marble, elaborately sculptured after the arabesque fashion, and bearing inscriptions, are now strewed on the plain, and are suffi-

cient testimony of what still lies concealed. I sent once to Baron von Hammer Purgstall of Vienna a small drawing and description of the ruins, and he published an account of them in the Transactions of the Imperial Academy."

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The subject of robbery may appear to have been too often introduced in these pages, considering that, after all, no adventure of the kind happens, and I cannot even assert, as hardly any traveller in Spain has failed to do, that, if I was not robbed, I had on some occasion good reason to expect it. The fact seems to be that this romantic feature of Spanish travelling has been wearing away since the establishment of the Guardia Civil in 1844 or 1845, though it has not finally disappeared; witness (among other proofs) the robbery near Baylen noticed in the text, pp. 185, 213, and the murder of a gentleman near Algeciras in 1855, by ruffians, one of whom was executed in 1856.

A wise traveller will not suffer his spirits to be disturbed, or his arrangements defeated, by apprehensions on this head, but he will so far bear the subject in remembrance as not to omit common precautions. Observing these, he may compose his mind with the assurance that his chance of a hostile encounter is very small, and that, with ordinary good sense and presence of mind, there is no likelihood, worth an anxious thought, of any worse event than the loss of a few gold pieces, a bad watch, which of course he will be provided with, and perhaps some clothes. Such, at least, was the conclusion I drew from my short opportunities of inquiry and observation.

As to inquiry, however, there is no question upon which evidence is so discordant as the safety of the highway in Spain, whether generally or in particular districts. Before I left England an experienced courier advised me to give up travelling by land from Cadiz to Gibraltar, because the roads were too insecure. At Cadiz I was told that the Guardia civil had put robbery out of fashion. The English banker of whom I took money at Gibraltar shrugged his shoulders ominously when I asked if there was any hazard on the road from thence to Ronda. Mr. Shaw of Cordova declared that he had made innumerable journeys of business during his residence in Spain, and met with no mischance.

Authors, as long ago as the last century, disagreed on this subject as living witnesses do now. Townsend, a business-like traveller, who journeyed in 1786-87, shows in several parts of his tour (published in 1791) a decided opinion that Spanish travelling is dangerous, and recommends the gun. His contemporary Don Antonio Ponz (secretary to King Charles III., and author of the 'Viage de España'), a real Espriella, who travelled in England soon after the peace of 1783, writes indignantly from London: "Oyendo los robos que casi todos los dias se hacen en ella y sus contornos, no puedo oir con paciencia, que los ladrones sean en España uno de los embarazos que el viagero Ingles tiene para ir á ella; pues me atrevo á asegurar, por lo que aquí se cuenta, que hay mayor numero de ladrones en Londres, y en las veinte leguas de su contorno, que en toda España. Yo habré andado por ella cerca de tres mil leguas, y no les he encontrado." (Viage fuera de España, vol. ii, p. 97, 2nd ed., Madrid, 1792). "Hearing of the robberies which are committed almost every day in London and its environs, I

have no patience when I am told that robbers are one of the discouragements which prevent an Englishman from visiting Spain; for I dare assure you, from the accounts I hear in this place, that there is a greater number of robbers in London and twenty leagues round than in all Spain. I have travelled over Spain about three thousand leagues, and have not met with any."

It must be owned that, in Ponz's time, Hounslow, Bagshot, and Finchley had a sinister celebrity, and there were many other counterparts to the terrible "Crackskull Common" of Goldsmith's Tony Lumpkin. Hounslow Heath might have been garnished with more than one murder-cross within the memory of persons now living. But in the first half of this century the troubles of Spain were continually tending to recruit the brigand service, while, with us, robbery on the public roads was nearly put down by an irresistible Hercules and Theseus, the horse-patrol and the enclosure commissioner. And, although the annals of crime in our country are voluminous and industriously kept, it cannot I think be shown from these legends that highway enterprise was ever carried on here with so high a hand as in Spain, or that, in any modern age of England, such a scene was witnessed as the robbery and murder near Amposta in 1826, described by the "Young American" (*Year in Spain*, vol. i. c. 3; London, 1831).

An entertaining French writer who travelled in 1840, and whose descriptions sparkle more than simple truth usually does, declares that "Un voyage en Espagne est encore une entreprise périlleuse et romanesque; il faut payer de sa personne, avoir du courage, de la patience, et de la force; l'on risque sa peau à chaque pas; les privations de tous genres, l'absence des choses

les plus indispensables à la vie, le danger de routes vraiment impraticables pour tout autre que des muletiers Andalous, une chaleur infernale, un soleil à fendre le crâne, sont les moindres inconvénients; vous avez en outre les *factieux*, les voleurs et les hôteliers, gens de sac et de corde, dont la probité se règle sur le nombre de carabines que vous portez avec vous. Le péril vous entoure, vous suit, vous devance; vous n'entendez chuchoter autour de vous que des histoires terribles et mystérieuses. 'Hier les bandits ont soupé dans cette posada. Une caravane a été enlevée,' &c.; "'Palillos est en embuscade,' &c. "Sans doute il y a dans tout cela beaucoup d'exagération; cependant, si incrédule qu'on soit, il faut bien en croire quelque chose, lorsqu'on voit à chaque angle de la route des croix de bois chargées d'inscriptions de ce genre: 'Aqui mataron á un hombre,' &c. (Voyage en Espagne, par Théophile Gautier, p. 285, Paris, ed. 1845.)

The lively author falls into this train of reflection between Granada and Alhama. Supposing (which I am not entitled to deny) that his picture is truly drawn, I can attest, after making the same journey, that things have greatly changed for the better in the sixteen years since M. Gautier travelled, except perhaps the climate, which may still be "infernal" in August. It is true however, as I have more than once observed in the preceding letters, that the subject of robbery, though one may not care to dwell upon it, is continually brought to mind by the monumental crosses (less consolatory than our gibbets, which denoted the death of a thief, not of an honest man), by the sight of peasants and travellers riding armed, and now and then by other casual incidents, slight but significant. For example: in the

course of my long journey with Portéla I several times offered to pay him two or three gold pieces on account of his wages, but he always steadily refused to take more than was wanted for the cebada (horses' barley) and small current expenses. At last I conceived the reason to be, that, in case of our being rifled on the road, his pay would be lost to him if taken from his pocket, but still due if taken from mine.

I am aware that Spanish literature is adorned by some memoirs of eminent rogues, who, if not strictly historical personages, may be types: but I do not know whether Spain boasts any record equivalent to our "General History of the Lives and Adventures of the most famous Highwaymen, Murderers, Street Robbers," &c., "interspersed with several diverting tales, and pleasant songs; and adorned with the heads of the most remarkable villains, curiously engraven on copper. By Captain Charles Johnson:" folio, London, 1734. And the Captain has had many followers in this walk of literature.

## LETTER XVI.

Approach of summer — Seville in curtains — The cathedral and Giralda — Zurbaran and Murillo — La Sangre — Figaro's house — Alcazar — House of Pilate — Lonja — Amateur felonies — Caridad — Duc de Montpensier — University — Cathedral library — Bailly the cicerone — Introductions in Seville — Spanish and gipsy dances — Bull-fight — Dominguez — Italian opera — Promenades and patios — Visit to Italica — Capilla de los Reyes — Tobacco manufactory.

Seville, June 10th.

I SHALL arrive, I hope, so soon after this letter, that it need not be long. I was rejoiced by receiving yours. As to lengthening my excursion, there are many reasons against it; and Spain is getting too hot for any active pursuit: the amount of time lost in the day on this account grows quite important. Seville at the siesta time is a curious sight; it is a city in curtains. Awnings are drawn across the narrow streets; the picturesque and airy outside curtain (generally of some gay colour and pattern; blue and white with a red border are very common) floats from the house windows; and the shop fronts, which commonly are not glazed, are entirely veiled by heavy draperies, just allowing you to see, by a peep, the kind of goods.

inside, and some shopman who is compelled to be awake and on duty, looking grim in the twilight.

I shall not half know this town, it is so large and flat. The great landmark is the Giralda Tower of the cathedral, Moorish originally, and very handsome, and raised a story with very good effect by the Christians. The Giralda, I dare say you know, is a female figure, fourteen feet high, holding a spacious banner, and serving for a weathercock. I was disappointed in this tower when I first saw it, but have admired it more and more every day since. The cathedral itself is a grand piece of Gothic, though not, I think, equal in sublimity of effect to that of Milan. As in several Spanish churches that I have seen, the choir is so completely a building of itself, set down in the midst of the other, that the general effect is in a great degree marred. But on the other hand, when you are in this Seville choir, the magnificence accumulated round you surpasses everything of mere magnificence I have ever met with; not only the architecture itself, the arches, the immense masses of clustered columns, the ceilings, decorated in this part of the church with the richest stonework, and the reflections from painted windows, but the gigantic piles of gilt and coloured shrine and screen, the huge organs, one on each side, and the vast gratings, coated with gold, which divide one compartment from another, and rise to more than half the height of the cathedral. You see in the whole of this an all-powerful Church,



commanding, as it did when such things were done, the wealth of the Indies.\*

The cathedral is rich in paintings, but they are in vexatious lights. A sitting figure of St. Peter with the triple crown, in the act of blessing, by Zurbaran, is one which I am willing to think very fine, but, after trying many hours of the day, I have not been half able to see it. Murillo's Guardian Angel is quite a lady's picture: the child is beautiful, and the whole very good. But of all his pictures which I have seen (and I think I have not omitted any principal one) I admire most an Immaculate Conception at the Museum, in which the Virgin appears with rather an unusual form of countenance, plain some would call it, but a very heavenly expression, with the half-moon not beneath her feet but at her knee, and a beautiful tourbillon of infant angels underneath. I am afraid it is not engraved. One of the grandest pictures at Seville, in some of its parts, is an Apotheosis of St. Thomas Aquinas, by Zurbaran, also at the Museum, with a great number of figures. Some sitting personages with mitres seem to me nearer to the majesty of the greatest Italian masters than anything I have met with here. I saw too, this morning, some female saints of his at

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\* In an age, as Mr. Stirling well says, "when goldsmiths were architects who built with the ore of Mexico and Peru." (Velasquez and his Works, p. 29.)

the great Hospital de la Sangre; some of them are bad enough, but one, Sta. Dorothea \* with the fruits of Paradise, and another, Sta. Marina, in a coquettish pilgrim's dress, seem to be portraits of his own time, and I should almost venture to say they rivalled Vandyke. But I am getting out of my knowledge.†

A propos of the cathedral, before I quite leave it; a short way from it, and catching a fine view of the Giralda, is a grass-grown plaza near the Alcazar, in which, I do not know for what reason, they have fixed upon No. 15 as the establishment of Figaro. It is a little birdcage of a place, and so much out of the way

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\* The heroine of Massinger's 'Virgin Martyr,' where, after her death, the good spirit, in the guise of her servant, appears to the Roman persecutor Theophilus, bringing fruit and flowers, and says,—

“I had a mistress, late sent hence by you  
 Upon a bloody errand; you entreated  
 That when she came into that blessed garden  
 Whither she knew she went, and where, now happy,  
 She feeds upon all joy, she would send to you  
 Some of that garden fruit and flowers; which here,  
 To have her promise saved, are brought by me.”

Act 5, sc. 1.

† Mr. Stirling says, in his 'Annals of the Artists of Spain' (which I had not seen when I wrote this), that Zurbaran “frequently painted female saints, apparently preserving in their persons the portraits of beauties of the day, for the rouge of good society may often be detected on their cheeks.” (Vol. ii. p. 777.)

that I think Figaro would have been neither "qua," nor "là," so soon as he was wanted.

There are several interesting Moorish places here ; among them the Alcazar, which I mentioned in my last letter, and where the Duchess de Montpensier lived while her own palace (now one of the chief ornaments of Seville) was building ; it has a very pretty garden, formal, and hemmed in by walls, but as fresh and bright as a garden can be made à la Moresque by running water from the aqueduct of the Caños de Carmona, white roses, scarlet geraniums, pomegranate, and oleander ; the myrtle (stiffly clipped), the palm, the palmetto, the magnolia, the cypress, and the beautiful coral-tree, leafless but with a dazzling scarlet flower. Another remarkable Moorish place is the house of Pilate, supposed to be a fac-simile ; or the house itself ; I am not quite sure which.\* A third, now rather wild and forlorn, belonging to the Duke of Alba, was for some time the residence of the late Lord Holland.

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\* At the close of the 16th century, Mr. Stirling says, " Fernando de Ribera " (Duke of Alcalá), " head of a house in which munificence and valour were hereditary, was representative of the Marquess of Tarifa, whose pilgrimage to the Holy Land had been made famous by the poet Juan de Enzina. He kept his state in a mansion, still known as the house of Pilate, having been built by his pilgrim ancestor, after the plan, it is said, of the house so called at Jerusalem." (Velasquez, p. 25.)

Among the other lions, which must sleep for the present, were : The Lonja (the Exchange), a very handsome building, rather for show than for use as it seems, except as a repository of archives : there are many curious ones, relating to the first adventurers in South America, but not to be touched now, in consequence of a lady having tried to smuggle one of them for her album :\* the Caridad, a great charitable foundation, for which Murillo painted some of his best pictures, and they are still there ; I went there this morning to hear a musical service by way of thanksgiving in consequence of the government having released some property of this establishment from appropriation to public purposes ; the Duc de Montpensier was there, a well-

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\* I was told, but was willing to disbelieve, that the offender was an Englishwoman. The fact is so stated, however, in the work of Lady Louisa Tennison, who says (p. 176) that the robbery was accomplished, and speaks of it with honourable indignation ; justly censuring, at the same time, the ridiculous mania for carrying off memorials, even where it is done in less direct defiance of the eighth commandment. This larcenous virtù, in the more flagrant instances, is fitter to be dealt with by the magistrate than by the moralist ; but in less aggravated cases it is a mere imbecility of selfishness, where, as most frequently happens, the relic has an historical or sentimental charm while in its own place, but has no more significance when transferred to a miscellaneous private hoard than a silver spoon in the nest of a magpie.

looking gentlemanly man, with a good deal of humour in the corners of his eyes: the University chapel and library, and the library of the Cathedral,\* where I was allowed to look over books, and passed some time.

My guide to these places, as I mentioned before, was Antonio Bailly (he boasts himself to be grandson of Bailly the mayor of Paris who was guillotined in the Revolution); he is recommended by Ford and Mr. Philip, and I suppose knows more than any other one could find; he is fat and elderly, and romances a little, but has become a sort of appendage to this hotel, and is the oracle of the English here, of whom (with one or two Americans) there has been a small coterie ever since I came.

The first thing I made Bailly do was to go with me to leave my letters of introduction. Mr. Alava, Professor of Civil Law in the University (Mr. de

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\* Bequeathed by the son of Christopher Columbus. My cicerone pointed out as a rarity Pine's Horace, and I did not shock him by mentioning the moderate price which this once admired work would now bring in England. I also looked over a copy of Æneas Sylvius, with manuscript notes (chiefly, I think, abstracts of the text), said to be autographs of the great Christopher; but a well-informed Spaniard, to whom I mentioned them afterwards, threw a doubt upon this. Permission was given me to revisit the library and read there; and the kindness and good order prevailing in it made me regret not doing so: but time pressed, and "he that runs" cannot always "read."

Gayangos's friend), has been exceedingly kind, and allowed me a long sitting, went with me to the University, its church, and its library, and gave me a talk about law reform which was quite refreshing.\* And Mr. Pavon, of Cordova, gave me a letter to another university professor, Mr. Zapata, who has also been very kind and useful. Farther than this I have nothing as yet to mention, except a call in my absence. Mr. Zapata is lionizing a Spanish acquaintance; and I am glad of the opportunity to associate with the Spaniards still, instead of relapsing into a mere Englishman. And there is much that grows upon me in the Spaniards, both of the higher and lower classes. A more intelligent and right-minded man than Mr. Alava, so far as I have seen, could not have been found in any European country.

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\* The court-yard of his house, in the lively Calle de las Sierpes (called by Ford the Bond Street of Seville), was a good specimen of the elegant Sevillian patio; and the library in which he received me had a pleasant air of business, order, and literary affluence. He told me that the subject of codifying the laws had been occupying attention in Spain as it does with us: the arguments there for and against the system seem to run much as in England. I am informed that the criminal law of Spain has been reduced into a code; and that the project of a civil code has gone through the hands of a Commission, but still waits the consideration of the Cortes.

June 11th.

I was up till between one and two this morning with opera dancers and gipsies; is not it time I should come back to sober London? I have been some time inquiring for a gipsy exhibition, but Bailly could not or would not manage anything about Triana; and the only thing to be done was for the English staying at this hotel to get up a "funcion" at a place of their own by subscription, which is not uncommonly done for the purpose of Spanish dancing; the best possible gipsies were to be provided in addition. Bailly hired a place at a lodging-house known to him near the Alcazar, a retired corner of the town enough; the people at first objected to the gipsies, but this was got over.

We marched under Bailly's guidance between nine and ten, and were let into a large patio, an open stone court with colonnades. The space under these colonnades was the ball-room; the floor clean brick, the lights common tin or iron oil-lamps. The dance was under the superintendence of Bailly and a dancing-master from the theatre, an excellent Spanish dancer and very well-behaved man. There were three girls in curtailed petticoats\* from the Opera, all young and

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\* A costume quite inappropriate to boleros and jotas, and one symptom of a Gallican taste which would tame down the superb witcheries of Spanish dancing to the frigid effrontery of the commonplace French ballet.

fresh-looking ; one, Enriquita by name, a very good figure, and pretty, in the more vulgar style of Spanish beauty ; and the gipsies sitting apart. I rather suppose it was a deviation from strict order that these ladies should appear at the same party. There were a sofa and chairs placed together for the señores ; and all along three sides of the dancing-place, indeed all about the patio, was an audience which I cannot well give an idea of : tidy women and children of the lower class ; men of the same in shirt-sleeves ; a few dressed like gentlemen : all smoking, of course, who had wherewithal. The company, as far as I could learn, were the relations or connections of the dancers, or persons belonging to the place : the coterie at the gipsy end was, I understood, chiefly of that race. With all the odd irregular look of the place (dogs ran in and out ; I will say nothing of fleas, because E——\* thinks it illiberal), it was impossible that in any ball-room there could have been more perfect good behaviour and good understanding ; everybody seemed

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\* A Spanish friend, who had objected to some allusion of this kind in a former letter. Were the subject permitted, I might introduce, as à propos to dancing, the complaint of an Arabian poet, cited in the 'History of the Arab Domination,' p. 67 :—

“ There is one thing in Valencia which annoys me most, and puts me out of humour,  
Which is, that the fleas are continually dancing to the music of the mosquitoes.”



just desirous to see what went on, the friends now and then, in addition, giving some little assistance or suggestion to the dancers. We had, I should think, every Spanish dance that could be danced, the simple bolero and fandango, the ole and the cachucha, the Sevillana, the jota Aragonesa, the Manchega (a rattling affair by two boys), the Gallegada by several couples, a grotesque caper with a tambourine by a droll fellow in a costume which I do not exactly know; and fifty more things. I think every trick of Spanish dancing was gone through.

The principal gipsy was a very tall handsome girl, light coloured for one of her race, with handsome draperies though simple; a pink dress with three very slight flounces, so long as to cover the feet when she did not raise it; a yellow shawl crossed over the breast, and pinned so as to make a picturesque fall of drapery; flowers in the back of the hair in the Spanish fashion; a handsomely formed foot, though not small. She danced very quietly, but with a great deal of grace, throwing her eyes to the ceiling, and with a smile which, though pretty, did not look trustworthy. You will say, what public dancer's smiles are? but I mean that the sinister effect was the one that chiefly struck you. She acted with the arms very much, like the Spaniards, but with a sort of princely motion from above downwards, and continually turning from side to side. It put me much in mind of what I recollect of the

Bayadères who exhibited in London some years ago. She danced without castanets ; a boy howled behind-backs in her own part of the room. The dance, as dance, was a mere nothing and without any variety, though she stood up three or four times. We could not help thinking that she was a little influenced by the presence of the other ladies ; she now and then turned off, and made some smiling half-shy observation to them. Towards the end she introduced some movements, not altogether different from what I have seen in Spanish dances, but certainly not of the most modest, though it was evident that she kept down her style in this respect, and a very guileless person might have seen nothing exceptionable. When she ended her first performance, a bold burly woman, a gipsy in quite common dress, burst out from the gipsy circle and gave a short exhibition which was a sort of grotesque version of the other dance, full of life, for she came upon us like an animal broken loose ; and what the other woman insinuated in point of impropriety she put beyond doubt, making it however excessively laughable. She was such a savage that if I had been alone I really should have been frightened, like a lady, at her first onset. It was evident that she did not respect the presence of the opera-dancers, if the other women did.

All this, with an occasional handing round the room of wine and cakes, made time pass not at all heavily for more than three hours, after which the master of the

ceremonies (the dancing man) made a bow and said, in English, "Good night." I forgot to mention a little Spanish girl in full Maja costume who danced some things very prettily, and was a pupil of this master. It was said that all the opera ladies whom we saw were women of correct character, and I certainly saw nothing to the contrary.

To complete the melancholy picture of my habits, I went to another bull-fight. I was told that what I had hitherto seen was not a fair specimen, and that Seville was a classical ground of bull-fighting: moreover everybody was going, and our dinner put off till eight. I still did not come away delighted: the theatre was not so beautiful as that of Malaga: that indeed was a sight I have never seen equalled: the bulls were "below mediocrity:" the men upon the whole good. The performance of one fighter on foot, named Dominguez, a very fine man, was something beautiful; his address and courage were so great, and he knew so perfectly what could be done with the stupid animal, that he moved about him as if the bull had been a pony, not off and on at bo-peep, like others, but keeping up a continued play, in uninterrupted attendance upon the animal's movements.\*

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\* It was a striking picture when this powerful and graceful matador, in his showy costume, marched across the arena, after slaying the bull, and made his obsequious

This, and some other incidents of the affair, create an interest which makes one understand how natives are tempted to attend such things continually; but I shall never improve, I am afraid. The feebleness of the performance on horseback, and the cruelty and nastiness that follow, are things I cannot get over. From what I hear, I think it not unlikely that even with the Spaniards themselves the amusement will go to decay, as prize-fighting did with us. Two men

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yet proud obeisance under the state box. The Duke, with a gracious air, equally suited to the occasion, threw him a purse of money.

During the performances of Dominguez, a lady of no very distinguished appearance or dress, sitting in the seats before those in which I was with Bailly and some of his English class, became faint and was led out. Presently she returned, and went on watching the fight. I wondered at her perseverance, which appeared not to be in very good taste; and I marvelled still more when she again became unwell, and again went out and returned. Some one afterwards explained the reason of her faintness and her pertinacity; she was the mistress of Dominguez.

The heat on this day was excessive, and the cry of "Agua!" (water to sell) more importunate and monotonous than the note of the grasshopper or frog. The seats and passages, after the fight, were strewn with little yellow, and green, paper fans (ornamented with figures of matador and bull), which are sold for a trifle on such days, for the comfort of male as well as female perspirants.

on this occasion got awkward falls: one was rolled over and over by the bull, but did not seem the worse for it. The Duke de Montpensier presided, and brought his two little girls. I hear that nothing can exceed the popularity of the Duke and Duchess with all classes; but I suppose that even in them disloyalty to Los Toros would not be pardoned. The Duchess, however, did not appear this time: it was said her health would not allow it.

I have made a long letter after all: I am like the clerk in Scott's novel, who, though dead drunk, copied a huge pleading off hand, upon having a pen put between his fingers. What more I have to say, however, is soon told. You heard that I went to the Italian Opera. 'Il Trovatore' was new to me; I thought some of the music very pretty, but did not greatly admire the singing. The house is large and rather handsome. The lowest boxes are not closed in front like ours, but have only a light railing which shows down to the feet of the persons sitting in them; and they are more within speech of the pit than ours. I think this a pretty arrangement.

I went to a Spanish theatre with a party from the hotel, but was not much amused, though there was a favourite actor there, in the lacayo line, from Madrid. I have never since I came seen a well-attended public promenade; there seems to be caprice about this, and it depends partly on the military bands playing, which

has not been done of late. Some of the streets, however, are made lively in an evening by ladies standing or sitting in the handsome green balconies, looking at the passers by: some of these balconies, though on the first and second floors, have rejas; for show, I suppose, or to excite the imagination. The patios, as I peep into them, look very pretty and Pompeian; most of them, in the good streets, have large masses of flowers in the centre, sometimes a fountain, statues and casts, prints hung round, and sofas, as for a sitting-room. I have not even yet got quite used to the customs about letting you in. The other day I went to call on a gentleman of this place who lives in a house of modest style, and was let in by an elderly lady, bareheaded, who sat upon the bench by the gate, and invited me to do the same till Mr. — came home. I did so, and talked to her under the impression that she was the portress; quite respectfully, however; so that I was not confounded, though rather surprised, when I found that she was the lady of the house.

I went yesterday with Mr. Zapata and his friend in a hackney carriage to the village and convent of Santi Ponce, near which is the site of an old Roman town called Italica. Few remains of this are to be seen now; but a pretty rural walk takes you to the old racing circus, which is very tolerably preserved; the general outlines still well defined, and a good

deal remaining of the seats and passages, as well as some massy fragments of walls. It is not unlike the old circus which you may remember at Trèves. We sat down, and one of the gentlemen read us the Ode upon Italice by the Spanish poet Rioja,\* which seems to be stately and pretty, and to introduce every remarkable circumstance. †

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\* Rioja lived in the first half of the seventeenth century, and was an adherent of the Duke of Olivares. The 'Italice' was his most popular poem, if his; but there has been a controversy upon the authorship. (Ticknor's History of Spanish Literature, vol. ii. p. 507, London, 1849.)

† Our first halt, after leaving Seville, was at the wide, unattractive village of Santi Ponce (about five miles off), where we were to see the old convent of San Isidoro. We were expected, and keys had been sent from a distance for our admission into the church. That key, however, which opened the very church door had been left behind. Everything that hospitality could suggest to gain us admission without the key was tried, even to battering the lock with a stone, but in vain; so we departed for the Italice Circus (about a mile distant), and the key was to be sent for during our absence. Time passed quickly in the sweet country air and among the silent and verdant ruins, and it was growing dark before we returned to San Isidoro. The church was open, but could not now be seen without candles; and by this light we hastily viewed the coloured statues, by Montañes, of St. Isidore and St. Jerome, and the tomb and effigy of Guzman el Bueno, the hero of Tarifa.

On another evening Mr. Zapata took us to see the Capilla de los Reyes at the cathedral: a monumental chapel in a very simple and grand style. Alonzo el Sabio (the Savant) and his queen are buried here: their

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It was the night for which Bailly had bespoken the dance at Seville, and I had promised to join our party at the hotel by nine. Not the more quickly did our calesa travel over the uneven road from Santi Ponce. I already felt myself belated, and could not help imparting my trouble to Mr. Zapata's friend. It was much past eight. Never, I believe, was there a more courteous and less hard-hearted man, but he only replied, "O! you will be there at nine; poco mas o menos" (a little more or a little less). The answer breathed the very soul of that philosophy which Spaniards are blessed with in the matter of time. "Poco menos" was out of the question already; "poco mas" was the very thing I was feverish about. Presently the wheels of our slight carriage ran deep into a bed of loose stones in the middle of the road; any struggle of the horse to pull it through was hopeless. After some time, by the combined strength and ingenuity of all concerned, the calesa was liberated. But then it appeared that, in these efforts, something had broken the harness, and it was still impossible to go on. My companions lighted their cigars, and placidly strolled forward. It was a calm moonlight night, and a solitary place; the driver stood silently contriving the cure of his tackle, and I meditating upon my broken appointment. By what wonder of good fortune the harness not only was mended but lasted us to Seville, I cannot say, but it



monuments are striking; each being merely a canopied recess in the wall, very lofty, with only a bier, covered with a rich flowing drapery, and pillows laid on it with the crown and sceptre. Before the altar (upon it, as it looked to me) is a massive silver repository containing the body of St. Ferdinand, the king who recovered Seville from the Moors. Here too is shown an image of the Virgin and Child, which the saint used to carry with him on his saddle; small figures, but uncomfortably large furniture to ride on horseback with.\*

One of the grandest buildings in Seville is the Royal manufactory of tobacco, where women, it is said four

was with unhoped-for satisfaction that I found our carriage entering the street of Triana without further accident, and the "poco mas" by which I sinned against punctuality not so serious as I had expected.

These are trivial details, but may warn a future traveller in Spain what he may have to reckon upon when he proposes a short drive out of town. The moral, in short, of this somewhat prosing story is: If you propose to see Italica and Santi Ponce, you had better not leave Seville at five, intending to be home by nine. But they ought to be seen.

\* Above is an effigy of the Virgin and Child on a larger scale, said to have been carried before the King in triumph when he entered Seville. In a vault of this royal chapel is seen the coffin of Maria de Padilla, the mistress of Peter the Cruel. Her bath is shown at the Alcazar.

thousand, are employed in rolling and bundling cigars and stuffing cigarillos. I went into some of the long galleries, where you see in vistas several hundreds of them at a time sitting at tables on which are their work, their eatables, and flowers, or anything else they have brought to entertain themselves with; above, shelves, on which lie the parcels of finished work. The groups, in many varieties of action, working, gossiping, eating, or boldly staring at the visitors, were amusing enough; but I never saw so many ugly women under one roof: I speak of downright monkey ugliness: hardly one was good-looking. In another part of this building was a machinery for chopping up snuff, the wheel turned by very fine mules: an odd sight to us who are accustomed to see manufactures on a large scale carried on by steam. But the mules may be the best thing, here.

In memory of Figaro I had my hair cut at Seville, but the barbers of to-day seem to be a very different race; mine was a dull republican fellow enough. By-the-bye, I saw one the other day shaving a customer under a tree in the Old Alameda; the looking-glass and apparatus not immediately in use hanging to a peg run into the trunk.

I have now had another deliberate view of the Murillos at the Museum, and must confess that, taking all qualities into consideration, I do not think anybody here can be ranked above or with him. He is extremely unequal, but his genius was truly a rich one.

June 12th.

Mr. M——, to whom I had brought a letter of introduction, called yesterday evening, and I saw him to-day. He was prevented by ill health in his family from calling sooner. I now find that the mail, "viâ France," is stopped by inundations, which accounts for my not hearing again from you. I can only put this into the post to take its time, hoping that in another day the road may be open. To-morrow I leave Seville, by the river boat, at seven in the morning, for Cadiz. As the Peninsular boats sometimes call there two days before the time, I dare not be later. We have very fine weather, but great heat. Having no family acquaintance at Seville, I am very willing now to leave it, though I have not quite seen everything; and shall enjoy another evening at the reja at Doña C.'s, if the packet does not hurry me away.

## LETTER XVII.

Southampton River, Tuesday, June 24th.

I write this by Mr. ——, a fellow-passenger, who will go to town during the night. I am too late for the last evening train.\* .....

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\* We arrived about seven, but had not done with the custom-house before nine.

In the old times of Greece, according to Thucydides, strangers arriving at a port were asked, as a matter of course, and with all possible urbanity, if they were pirates; nowadays you are welcomed with a like courtesy all over the civilized world, only the question is, not whether you are thieves, but whether you are smugglers: an attention which often constrains you to pass a night with the hospitable natives instead of continuing your journey.

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## LETTER XVIII.

## (A LETTER TO THE READER.)

Fate of toreros — Bull-fighting — English censures upon it — Its effect on popular character — Triana — River walk under walls of Seville — New Plaza — Zurbaran and Murillos at the Museum — Remark on pictures of the Virgin Mary — The Caridad — La Sed — San Juan de Dios — Murillo's house — Supposed Zurbaran at the University — Seville students — Steam voyage from Seville to Cadiz — Cadiz in June — Lampon on Espartero.

Voyage to England — Cape St. Vincent — Lisbon — Cintra — M. Barbès — Signalling the Madrid for news — Vigo — Pratique — Crossing Bay of Biscay — Ushant — The Channel — Southampton.

THE correspondence here ended was necessarily left imperfect, as the author could not well (after the manner of some heroes and heroines of epistolary novels) write in the form of letters that which he might expect to relate in person as early as the post could carry it. It may, perhaps, be allowable to add a few pages for the purpose of finishing the narrative, and gathering up some incidents and observations which might have been the subjects of a letter if the tour had continued longer. And, first, a final word upon Los Toros.

Evil befel the two favourite matadors, Cuchares and

Dominguez, whose performances I admired at Malaga and Seville. Before leaving Spain I heard that Cuchares had had his ribs broken at Port St. Mary. The newspapers of 1847 announced that Dominguez had been tossed and dangerously wounded, and I hear he is since dead. Some persons might suppose that such tragedies, which have never been uncommon,\* would make the sport odious. With us, no doubt, they would excite a discussion which, if it did not end in legislative interference, would shame away educated persons from such exhibitions. But in Spain there is less nicety; and the very sense that a real danger is being incurred, that a life is at stake, though under high chances in favour of him who risks it, gives a zest to the entertainment and heightens the enthusiasm of the spectators. And I fear that the exaltation of spirits from this cause is shared, though perhaps unconsciously, by some who boast themselves to be more scrupulously nurtured than the majority of Spaniards.

It is certain that, on cool reflection, the English traveller finds difficulty in justifying to himself the curiosity, heightened by the contagion of popular feeling, which carries him again to a bull-fight after he has seen one. On his first visit the novelty is so surprising,

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\* Blanco White, writing in the beginning of this century (p. 157), says that few of the matadors have retired in time to avoid a tragical end.