

the spectacle so brilliant, the occurrences so interesting, that the horror of some parts of the show and the tediousness of the whole are lost in more powerful impressions. Townsend, though a clergyman, fairly says, "I am ready to confess, that the keenest sportsman cannot be less attentive to his own danger, or to the sufferings of the game he is pursuing, than I was to the sufferings of the bull, or to the danger of those by whom he was attacked; nay, so inattentive was I to my own danger, that, although by a shivering I knew that I was taking cold" (this was at Madrid, where colds are often deadly), "I had not resolution to retire. My cold was attended by an ague," &c.—(Journey through Spain, vol. i. p. 351.) When, indeed, a second occasion tempts, the traveller should be able to reply, as a learned person is said to have done when asked to go out a second time with fox-hounds, "I have been: does anybody go twice?" But if the reader ever visits Seville, or Malaga, or Granada, he will find that, in spite of strong resolutions, or stronger indolence, the sight of a gigantic placard, headed "Toros de muerte" (literally, Death-bulls), has a fascination, even after some experience of the amphitheatre, which is best vanquished by going out of town.

We must not, then, too arrogantly condemn the Spaniards for their attachment to this diversion, however justly we may, on a clear view of right and wrong, disapprove it. Our own former practice, as well as the

consciousness of our own present feelings, would rebuke such an assumption. Secretary Ponz, on his visit to England (*Viaje fuera de España*, vol. ii. p. 91), declares that an English prize-ring is much more barbarous than the Spanish amphitheatre. Without admitting the justness of this comparison (for a prize-fighter, unlike the bull and horse, is a willing candidate for glory), it must be remembered that bull-baiting flourished in England at a time much within living memory; and worrying a bull with dogs was perhaps less humane than the Spanish practice with spear and sword. In the time of Queen Elizabeth bulls and bears were baited for the amusement even of the Court: and Strutt (*Sports and Pastimes, &c.*, p. 194, 4to. 1801) cites an advertisement of sports at Hockley in the Hole, in the reign of Queen Anne, introducing "The famous bull of fireworks, which pleased the gentry to admiration;" "variety of bull-baiting and bear-baiting;" and "a bulldog to be drawn up with fireworks."

I have ventured in a preceding letter to anticipate that, in days to come, the Spaniards may renounce practices which we now deem barbarous, as the English, late and not without reluctance, suffered bull-baiting to be proscribed, and as they have abandoned prize-fighting to the lowest order of patrons. But the bull-fight is associated with nobler recollections, appeals, in some of its incidents, to more refined and elevated tastes, and has a more extensive influence on the imaginations of

the highest as well as the lowest classes. And the English censor must not refuse some tribute of respect to assemblages in which many thousands meet without discord or confusion (except in rare cases), and for hours give eager attention to a game of skill and chance, without any stimulus from drink or betting.

The institution of bull-fighting in Spain has not in modern days enjoyed an uninterrupted supremacy. The eminent writer and politician Jovellanos assailed it in the last century (1796) with a burst of stormy satire, in a declamatory pamphlet, still popular, entitled 'Pan y Toros' (Bread and Bull-fights), which exposed, in a strain of ironical reprobation, too high-flown and monotonous to cause any salutary pain, the decay and corruption of Spain in all her institutions. He displayed in glaring colours the inhumanity of this spectacle, the unseemly mixture of ranks and the rudeness and licentiousness, which it promoted,* the idleness it encouraged, and even the opportunities it afforded

* It is remarkable that in this work Jovellanos uses almost the very phrase, "a swinish multitude," which drew such clamorous obloquy upon Burke in 1790. "Una España muchacha, sin instruccion," &c.: "*un vulgo bestial.*" (A Spain, childish, uninstructed, &c.: a bestial populace.) The expression of Burke, if fairly read with the context, is less affronting than that of the philosophic Spaniard. I have heard doubt from a well informed quarter, whether 'Pan y Toros' be really the work of Jovellanos, though it circulates under his name.

for a popular outbreak ; and he declared that it made Spain singular among the nations of the earth. Authority for a time enforced what the moralist preached : Godoy, the Prince of the Peace, exerted his influence against bull-fighting, and it was, by royal order, discontinued for a few years ; but, about the beginning of this century, the prohibition was withdrawn,* and amphitheatres, formerly seen only in the great cities, sprang up in every considerable town. That the amusement may nevertheless decline and go out of use without any new exercise of authority, has appeared to me not improbable, partly from the tendency of all distinctive national customs to melt down as knowledge becomes more general, and intercourse with foreign countries more familiar ; and still more from the degeneracy of the entertainment itself in that part which is most associated with noble recollections, the performance on horseback. When, instead of the cavalier who

“ With a graceful pride
His fiery Arab dextrously did guide,”†

you see a padded picador, wretchedly mounted, unable to save his horse, clumsily scrambling over the barrier to save himself, and leaving the poor jade to be miserably butchered, it is difficult to suppose that many more

* Doblado's Letters from Spain, p. 135, Letter 4.

† Conquest of Granada, first part, act i. scene 1.

generations will be satisfied with an exhibition of which this is a principal feature. Spaniards themselves speak of it in a tone of apology which is ominous to a public amusement, and from which I have more than once augured the downfall of this.

What moral effect might result from the suppression of bull-fighting it would be rash, especially in one slightly acquainted with Spain, to anticipate. The change would probably be one of several which would operate gradually. Many persons, no doubt, would expect from it, as numbers did in England from the suppression of our ruder sports, the extinction of manliness, without any advance in virtue or Christian benevolence. It was a paradoxical saying of Mr. Windham, that "cruel sports do not make cruel people."* Of course this, if true, would be an imperfect justification of the sports. But what is meant by "cruel people"? If cruelty be implied in the habit of looking upon the pain of other beings with indifference or inattention, few of us are not cruel in some instances,

* Speech on Cruelty to Animals Bill, June 13th, 1809 (Speeches, vol. iii. p. 322). And see his Speech on Bull-baiting, May 24th, 1802 (vol. i. p. 348). There was a strong mixture of downright good sense with some extravagance in these speeches. Mr. Windham certainly went far when he urged that a baited bull "felt a satisfaction in the contest," and, while he "had the better side, did not dislike his situation."

where the sufferings are familiar to us, and we have no ready means of preventing them. There is also cruelty where suffering is inflicted, consciously, but without pleasure in the infliction, the pain given being incidental to the prosecution of some purpose which engrosses the whole attention, as in some of our field sports and contests of the turf. The Princess, in *Love's Labour's Lost* (Act iv. sc. 1.), touches exactly upon this point :

“If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes,
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes ;
When for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart :
As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.”

How far the sportsman may be answerable at the rigorous tribunal of conscience for pain which he may thus create wantonly and for mere glory and pastime, is not now the question. Such as he is are not, in the sense of Mr. Windham, “cruel people.” Their amusement, though continued through life, does not make them cruel in other respects. A lady who would tenderly relieve distress, and shrink from the detail of some dismal accident, will not refuse to see the greyhounds run ; yet the agony of a coursed hare is not less affecting than that of a bull in the amphitheatre.

But in bull-fighting, as I have seen it, there is a different and a worse cruelty. During a great part of the sport, torture, as torture, is, if not the end, the

direct and desired medium. The beast, if exhausted, is to be urged upon new efforts; if cowardly, to be excited, and to be punished. No sight more pitiable can be seen than a fatigued or what is called a "bad bull," when he stands perplexed in the arena, foiled in all his attempts to escape, or to overthrow his persecutors; his shoulders mangled; his hoof scraping the ground, not in fury but in distress; his mouth half open, parched doubtless with intolerable thirst. A faint bellow may be heard issuing from his throat amidst the boisterous uproar of the theatre; perhaps in impotent desperation he rushes aside and gores a dying horse, then returns to his helpless quietude. No one pities him; the active spirits all hate him; strike at or goad him if they can; invent new torments for him, and call for fire or dogs. This is cruelty in act, and cruelty tending (though it may not always have that effect) to form a cruel character. When the poor horse receives his last injury in the service of man, we pity and are shocked, avert our eyes, and may forgive those who see the catastrophe and think no more of it. But the persevering, inventive tyranny which rages on all sides against the great victim of the theatre excites not only compassion for the sufferer, but a recoil of feeling against the tormentors.

Were I one of those lawgivers who are pictured from time to time as fashioning the whole habits and manners of a people, I would teach them to deal with

the brute creation as given for man's use and support, yet in the spirit, if possible, of Wordsworth's precept,—

“Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.”

But if this maxim be too angelic for human practice, I would at any rate, for the love of mercy and also for the safety and well-being of the commonwealth itself, prohibit them from amusements in which the assembled many rejoice over the distress of one.

My walks in Seville were abridged by the heat. In passing the Triana bridge, where the river, by its size and character as a stream, reminded me of the Ouse at York, I often saw gipsies of picturesque figure and strongly marked countenance; but, though I once strolled through the suburb, and enjoyed the view of Seville and the Golden Tower from the Triana bank of the Guadalquivir, I did not explore this region under good guidance. Bailly never listened willingly to any proposal of going among the gipsies; and it struck me at Granada that Ximenez (though he introduced me to one of the race) did not go about with his usual easy off-handedness in the Albaycin. The gipsies, in the early part of this year, if I recollect rightly, had alarmed the community in some places by scenes of desperate riot; whether this conduct had made them obnoxious, and quiet citizens unwilling to meddle with them, or whether my remark upon the conduct of the ciceroni was unfounded, I cannot say.

I walked one evening along the malls, shaded but deep in dust, between the old city walls and the river, re-entering the town at a gate beyond the Hospital de la Sangre. The promenade was not cheerful. The most striking groups that peopled it at this time were a file of children from the Institution for Foundlings, with their nurses, and a troop of galley-slaves escorted by soldiers. As I approached the stately edifice of La Sangre (which at this time, I was told, had four hundred patients), a slovenly waste ground and a stagnant ditch under the ancient Moorish wall seemed inviting the cholera. The life of Seville in an evening, during my short stay, seemed to reside chiefly in the streets and in the bright, verdant, and bustling little Plaza del Duque.

The picturesque ancient sites of this city are not so many or so remarkable as might be expected from the place it has filled in history during so many centuries, and from the monuments of old magnificence which it still possesses. The visitor must seek for happy points and combinations. Of the improvements which modern taste would effect if a career were opened to it, the new square, Plaza de Murviedro, is not a hopeful specimen. Mr. Ford (Handbook, part i. p. 190) anticipates that it will be a place "in which the picturesque and national will be superseded by the comfortable, civilized, and commonplace." Comfortable I trust it is, though he who crosses its bare

expanse in the daytime runs a severe gauntlet of hot sunbeams; civilized it is, no doubt, if regular lines of apparently spacious and substantial houses denote civilization; but to call it commonplace is almost a flattery, for in baldness and poverty of style, and the absence of any architectural idea, it exceeds ordinary meanness. Frontages more bleak and flat could hardly be found in the most penuriously "run up" Paragon of the most unambitious suburb or watering-place of our own country. Fortunately the old Plaza is at hand, where the famished eye may refresh itself with Moorish and Gothic forms.

When I revisited the Museum my attention was again absorbed by the majestic figures of the four enthroned sages of the Church in Zurbaran's great picture. Those who have seen the artist only in his spectre friars and gorgeously robed priests can scarcely imagine the broad, solid, daylight grandeur of this noble group. Above it is an Immaculate Conception by Murillo, which the visitor is evidently expected by those who attend him here to distinguish by his especial wonder. It presents a very handsome woman, suspended in the air, with a very rich and ample drapery: her position in the picture (as it seemed to me) uncomfortably inclining to the diagonal. Though I do not doubt that it is a fine work, I bade farewell to it contentedly; but it pained me to take a last view of the countenance, so heavenly yet so human,

of the Virgin in the Sala de Murillo, which enchain- ed my attention on my first visit; a countenance breathing all the tenderness and thoughtfulness, the piety and self-devotion, which make up the character of the Blessed among women; and these imprinted upon features so far homely, though engaging and expres- sive, that the feelings are not lowered to the admira- tion of mere beauty. In the Romish pictures of the mother of our Lord it is too much the practice to forget the saint in the Virgin. The painter gives a face of waxen purity and clearness, purged of all hu- man expression, unless indeed he can infuse into it (as some of the greater masters have so well done) a mild beam of maternal tenderness: his chief aim is to present a mother who is an unsullied girl. He does not attempt to indicate the devoted faith which said, "Be it unto me according to thy word," though the decree involved temporary shame and the danger of being made a "public example:" the heart which trea- sured all the sayings of her divine Son while he was still subject to his parents: the assured Spirit which said at the marriage in Cana, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it," before he had yet manifested forth his glory by any miracle: or the love powerful as death which pressed to the foot of the cross when men had forsaken their Master and fled. For this reason, though the subject of the Madonna with the Holy Infant has called forth so many master-works of art, I think the

image of the Virgin less impressive in these than where she is exhibited at a more advanced age, and where, therefore, the character of immaculate and unperturbed innocence no longer predominates; as for instance, Titian's great Assumption at Venice, and the beautiful medallion of a Pietà in bas-relief by Michael Angelo in the Albergo dei Poveri at Genoa.*

If any one could appreciate imperfectly the greatness, exuberance, and versatility of Murillo's genius after seeing this collection, the measure of his admiration must be filled up when he visits the Caridad.†

* It is right to acknowledge that I have not yet seen the Madonna di San Sisto at Dresden.

† M. Gautier (p. 365) mentions this hospital as founded by "le fameux Don Juan de Marana" (there is no Don Juan in the case, see Stirling's Annals, vol. ii. p. 853; Ford, vol. i. part i. p. 190); and he gravely imagines that the benevolent individual was Don Juan (Tenorio), the famous Libertine of Sevillian tradition, and Burlador of the drama; whereupon he observes "Un hospice fondé par Don Juan! Eh mon Dieu! oui. Voici comment la chose arriva," &c. Assuredly Sterne had some reason to say of the French, "If they have a fault, they are too serious" (Sentimental Journey). As to the morals of Don Miguel (Mañara Vicentelo de Leca), the real founder, the two English writers differ; but according to Mr. Stirling, whose account (following that of Cardenas) seems the accurate one, Miguel's only sensual infirmity was a fondness for chocolate.

Here, opposite to each other, are the two famous pictures of the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes, and the Israelites receiving Water from the Rock (la Sed—the Thirst): both, but especially the last, marvels of invention and expression. Both want, perhaps, that epic greatness, if the term may be so used, which a subject of this kind requires, because the composition does not, in either, sufficiently rally round a predominant figure, or carry out one entire action. But they teem with life, nature, and character, with incident at once surprising and probable, and handled with a grace and facility which charm the uninstructed beholder as well as him who can render scientific reasons for his applause.* These pictures are, in painting, what

* "Far be it from us," said Sir David Wilkie, "to envy the taste of those who despise in matters of art the sympathy of the untutored mind; this, when unoccasionally by trick or deception, is perhaps one of the most solid and most lasting evidences of the power of true excellence" (Life of Wilkie, vol. ii. p. 516). He remarks, as other critics have, that there is something in these pictures which at first disappoints; they are far from the eye, badly lighted, and the colours not brilliant: in the Moses, he says, "the chief figure wants relief: the great merit of the work lies in the appearance of nature and truth" (p. 515). In another passage, which conveys a great deal of criticism in two or three words, he speaks of Murillo, in Spain, as one who might, by thoughtless observers, be "despised, like Goldsmith, for his very excellence." (P. 522.)

the best passages of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* are in poetry. Glad may the visitor of Seville be that they escaped the *Boca abajo* of Marshal Soult.*

Another work of Murillo in the *Caridad*, which strongly marks the versatility of his powers, is the *San Juan de Dios*, where "the good Samaritan of Granada is represented carrying a sick man on his shoulders by night, and sinking under the weight, of which he is relieved by the opportune aid of an angel." † The opposition of vivid light and stern shadow in this picture is very striking and Rembrandt-like; and there is a circumstance in the design which indicates great nicety of conception. Though the angel is visibly assisting *San Juan* by the touch of his outstretched hand, and partly encircles him with his arm, there is no muscular exertion; the figure is perfectly at ease, and evidently sustains the good man by the mere communication of a miraculous impulse. The picture embodies the thought expressed by the spirit in *Comus*:—

"And, if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her."

By the kind introduction of Don José Maria de Alava I obtained admission to the house and picture-

* *Boca abajo*! face to the ground; the phrase in which robbers, it is said, invite the traveller to lie down while he is being rifled.

† Stirling, *Annals, &c.*, vol. ii. p. 860.

gallery of Dean Cepero, situated at an extremity of the town near the river, and approached by a narrow Moorish street which reminded me of Tangier. The collection was attractive, intrinsically and by the elegance of its arrangement; but the great object of interest was the house itself, the last which was occupied by Murillo. It has a pleasant, gentlemanly air of retirement and elbow-room, and the upper story, in which Murillo painted, looks over the city wall and a kitchen garden of the Alcazar to the flat fields of the Guadalquivir, where the half-African peasant is represented ploughing in Mr. Ansdell's picture of the Spanish Husbandman.

I had been told that there was a remarkable painting by Zurbaran at the University, in the Rector's rooms. The Rector, on Mr. Alava's introduction, obligingly showed me the picture, which was evidently not Zurbaran's, and, as he believed, was by Lucas von Cranach. It was, if I recollect rightly, a half-length figure, of the natural size and of forbidding aspect, and called the Anatomist. In two visits to the University I was well pleased with the grave and scholarly aspect of the place; and the students, of whom I saw a good many, were of a good academical demeanour, and dressed without any affectation of peculiarity.

At seven in the morning on the 13th of June I was at the river-side, to embark in the San Telmo steamboat for Cadiz. Though the walk was long, my good-

humoured friend Bailly was there to see me depart. The boat moved, and the Torre de Oro, the Montpensier pavilion with its orange-bowers, the great Tobacco palace, and the queenly Giralda, soon glided out of sight. To be within the grasp of steam again was having one foot in England.

Passing by the old château (obra de los Moros) of San Juan de Alfarache, and the adjoining village and kilns, we descended the opaque stream through a country which had little to excite the imagination;* low and often sandy banks, with here and there an orange-plantation, and afterwards pastures grazed by horses and horned cattle; in the distance, as we advanced, hills, the outskirt of the Ronda chain; on the river itself, occasionally a lateen-sailed boat. Gradually the higher mountains of the Ronda district began to show themselves, cloud-like, against the sky; among them San Cristobal, a towering landmark from whatever side you approach it. At Bonanza we discharged passengers at a landing stage, and had time to contemplate

* "Below Seville it divests itself by degrees of every feature of beauty till it becomes little else than a mighty drain, meandering leisurely through a vast flat."—*Cities and Wilds of Andalucia*, by the Hon. R. D. Murray, p. 92, 3rd ed.; a book which, with sufficient liveliness of style, has a solidity and apparent trustworthiness in the general narrative, not always to be found in the minor works upon Spain.

the town of San Lucar, rising not ignobly from the sands, with its Moorish castle, its Oriental palm, and its church or convent dome and steeples. On the other side of the river, now beginning to expand into salt water, was a mass of forest, part of the famous sporting ground called the Coto of San Lucar. Passing the point of Chipiona, we were fairly at sea; and as we ran down the bleak, sandy coast upon which stands Rota, the snow-white pavilions of Cadiz (for so its buildings look at a distance) started into my sight once more from over the waves, and seemed welcoming me to a home. We landed early in the afternoon, and I again rested in my pleasant little seaward rooms at the Alameda Hotel. They had been honoured, while I was away, by the residence of the "King of Portugal."

In no part of this excursion, except perhaps between Antequera and Malaga, was the change of climate so marked as in passing from the sultry atmosphere of flat Seville to the sea-breezes of Cadiz. They fanned the blood with a drowsy influence hardly to be resisted. Cadiz was now a watering-place in season: the Alameda was not unfrequented, but too much thronged; grace of manner and movement were almost lost in the uniform flow of a crowd; and the persons of most distinguished appearance preferred reposing upon the wooden settees on each side of the promenade to walking. The Plaza de San Antonio and Plaza de Mina were full of lively groups to a

late hour on these summer evenings; the first spacious, town-like, and communicating with principal streets; the other verdant with rows of small trees, and here and there opening pleasantly towards the sea. Once more I enjoyed for two or three evenings the charm of good Spanish society at the house of the excellent Doña C——.

The Tagus steamer, in which I was to go home, passed eastward on her way to Gibraltar on the day after my arrival. No time was named for her return. Lisbon, I was told, was the only place from which the Steam Navigation Company's packets depart on, or at least not before, a fixed day. They arrive at every other port as soon as wind and weather permit, and depart as soon as they can; and if this leaves time to spare, the stay at Lisbon is lengthened by so much: a necessary arrangement, perhaps, but harassing to those who are waiting to embark at other points of the voyage. To be in expectation of a passing ship is, of all the kinds of idleness I have experienced, the most slavish and least pleasurable.

The sea-baths and the Casino were among the resources against ennui and the heat. The baths were a spacious building in the port, not very elegant, but commodious enough, with compartments opening into the sea. At the Casino I had time to bring up arrears of news. I think it was in these latter days at Cadiz that I was struck by some stanzas in a

Spanish newspaper, reflecting upon General Espartero with a bitterness and audacity which showed the press to be more unshackled, or the Minister less potent, than I should have thought possible in Spain. The theme of the drollery, if so it might be called, was the General's military hat; the insinuated topics were the General's want of spirit and of regard to the national honour. I had a final interview with Portéla, to wind up our long account. It amused me to meet him again in the streets of Cadiz, with the Mozo (whom I never knew by any other name) deferentially attending him as in our travelling days. The worthy Mozo grinned recognition to the top of his gums.

At last the long narrow streamers upon the consular houses announced that the *Tagus* had come in: and on the 16th of June the departing guests of the Alameda (there were two or three beside myself) followed their baggage to the embarking-place, our little host, Mr. Blanco, bustling between his house and the mole, and pregnant with the double responsibility of dismissing those who were to go, and speeding those who might be on the way to his establishment. About ten in the morning we took boat for the packet. Scorching summer had set in, and my vacation had already been too long; yet it was not with a light heart that I quitted the soil of romantic and friendly Spain; and when I paid away my last Isabel I could have said with great truth,—

“Invitus, regina, tuo de littore cessi.”*

Unwillingly, O Queen, I left thy shore.

The Tagus was already well-filled with passengers; and I was obliged to accept an upper berth in a narrow slip of cabin containing four. Three were occupied by English military officers, two of them from the Crimea and one from Gibraltar: They had established such comfort for three as the little cage admitted of, and there was hardly a nook, hook, or peg which was not consecrated to their arrangements. I felt that I was a disaster to these gentlemen, and that I myself had a week before me which must be an age of uneasinesses. It passed, however, much more tolerably than I expected; and I trust we all did our best to lighten the common calamity. Happily we all kept our health.

Cadiz and the inland Sierras gradually faded out of view. At night we were off the point and lighthouse of Cape Santa Maria. About four in the morning, having desired to be called when we were at Cape St. Vincent, I was awakened by an arm silently thrust into my berth through the open door of the cabin. With difficulty I executed the nice manœuvre of letting myself down peaceably to the floor, and on mounting to the deck I saw the famous promontory, with its lighthouse and convent, lying

* Virg. Æn. 6, 460.

dark against a gloomy sky; on its flank, buttresses of cliff, square and perpendicular, confronting the Atlantic. It was a bleak morning, the sea rough, though not boisterous, and the ship labouring against a head-wind. Chilled, and fearful of qualms, I was glad to retreat and bury myself again in bed-clothes and darkness.

By half-past five in the evening of the 17th we had made eighty-four miles from Cape St. Vincent, and were off the stony cliffs of Cape Espichel, beyond which appeared the round hill of Palmella, between Setubal and Lisbon. About nine we anchored at Lisbon, and the usual official visitors came on board. After some tiresome formalities I and other passengers obtained leave to land; and, though impatient of the delay, I could not help rejoicing to hear that we might, if we chose, stay on shore two nights. I went to the Braganza, which was kept by an Englishman, and was, in its style, the substantial, business-like hotel of a large mercantile place: exactly the quarter for a man arriving from sea on a day's leave.

The best occupation I could plan for the next day was a journey to Cintra; and in this three of my fellow-passengers joined me. Our carriage (from Lisbon and back) cost about thirty shillings English. The journey, over a tolerable road but with a good deal of ascent, took about three hours. Arriving in the neat little town of Cintra, we alighted at a pleasant inn, an

offshoot of the Lisbon Braganza and bearing the same name, and were provided with donkeys, the only beasts at hand, to make our tour of the environs.

It would lengthen this supplemental chapter too much to attempt a description of Cintra; and my recollections of our hurried day are but imperfect. The features that most strike on a general view of the Cintra region are the savage boldness of the crags, the grand masses of wood, the majestic pine towering amidst a luxurious depth and breadth of softer foliage, the villas which seem to associate all the elegance of civilized life with all the majesty of nature, and, at a distance, the bright unbounded expanse of sea. To bring these together in a description which the fancy of a reader could grasp is hardly practicable; at least it has not been accomplished in any work within my knowledge. Lord Byron's celebrated stanza in *Childe Harold* "The horrid crags,"* &c., presents a separate circumstance in each line very beautifully; but although

* "The horrid crags, by toppling convent crown'd,
 The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
 The mountain moss by scorching skies imbrown'd,
 The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
 The tender azure of th' unruffled deep,
 The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
 The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
 The vine on high, the willow-branch below,
 Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow."

he speaks of these as "mixed in one mighty scene," the description, taken as a whole, is not a picture but only a rich chintz.

One fault which renders the general scenery of Cintra imperfect is the tract of bleak, comparatively flat land which intervenes between the region of beauty and the sea, so that rocks, groves, and pavilions, which should be mirrored in the Atlantic, look to seaward over a forbidding moor.

We ascended by rock paths to the Penha convent, purchased, since the suppression of monasteries, by the ex-Regent, and turned into a castle, but keeping a great deal of its original form. Much care has been bestowed upon it. The chapel is adorned with some good painted glass from Nurenberg, of the date 1841.

From the summit of La Penha the view extends to Mafra and far over the sea, and commands the lower reaches of the Tagus, and the point where it rolls into the Atlantic a volume of discoloured waters, turbid, as the ancients fancied, with gold. But nothing, especially on this 18th of June, was so affecting to an English mind as the distant range of elevations running along the hill-sides of the Mafra country, and broken here and there by small protuberances, which marked the immortal lines of Torres Vedras.

After a visit to the Moorish tower and bath, on a neighbour height to the Penha, we proceeded to the famous Cork Convent: and this book will not have been

utterly useless if it prevents any future tourist, whose time is short, from following our example. We crossed the country to the rearward, and out of sight, of the fine Cintra scenery, and passed the best hours of the day in toiling over a rugged, rocky tract, like a moor in the interior of Cornwall. The convent itself, as scenery, is pretty, but not enough so to reward a long journey: the reputed curiosities are a series of small cells and a chapel, formed among, and partly in, the rocks, where so much damp penetrated that the chambers required in many places to be protected by cork linings, as delicate persons in wet weather use cork soles. Hence the name. Apart from the other cells, and still more narrow and sordid, is the den in which Honorius, a hermit, secluded himself, and died at the age of ninety-five. What edification there might be in such a lone, damp, foul, darkling state of existence, I do not pretend to judge; but, to estimate this kind of self-sacrifice at its just value, one should know whether it was actually disagreeable to the recluse to be idle and nasty, before he renounced the world.

A far more interesting scene was the house and ancient chapel of Penha Verde, with the beautiful pine-crowned promontory from which the place takes its name. And, in our return home, the boy-guides who belaboured our animals were importunate with us to look at a villa below the road on our left, belonging, they said, to an English lady. What made it pecu-

liarily interesting they could not explain. There was great natural beauty surrounding it, but the house itself had a forlorn and exposed look, suggesting discomfort. I found afterwards that it was Montserrat, formerly the residence of Mr. Beckford, dilapidated after he left it, but since restored. Our last lion was the Moorish palace at Cintra, modernized in parts, but still abounding in the fantastic elegance of that accomplished people. There were some rich windows, in themselves a jewel of beauty, and adjusted with critical discernment so as to command and blend with the fine surrounding scenery. In the more modern part of the palace are the small Council-room where Don Sebastian held his last audience; the Hall of Arms, in which are the blazons of the Portuguese nobility (but two have been erased (in 1759) for an act of treason, and the obliterations left conspicuous, as the figure of Marino Faliero is blotted out at the ducal palace in Venice); and the Magpie Saloon, whimsically painted all over with magpies of heraldic stiffness, each holding a rose in its claw, and each uttering the words "Por bem" (for good), which flutter from its beak in a label. Perhaps these birds are akin to the card-playing magpies in Antoine Hamilton's Fleur d'Épine, which could utter nothing but "Tarare!" Murray's Handbook gives another explanation, but not more satisfactory. We reached Lisbon again by nine at night.

Between seven and eight the next morning we were

on board the Tagus. A gilt barge, in the government service, came off, bringing a lively, middle-aged gentleman, evidently of some importance: I heard afterwards that he held a public employment (I forget what) and a government contract. With him, and apparently under his patronage, came a tall, gentleman-like Frenchman with a melancholy and not unpleasing countenance, of a somewhat Quixotic character. This, it soon became known, was the once formidable Barbès, whose enterprises, in the French Revolution of 1848, were cut short by imprisonment, greatly to the public advantage. Our head-wind was still inexorable. We passed between the mainland and the Berlingas rocks; in the distance, little islets emerged above the sea, looking like porpoises. Not till eight the next morning did we approach Oporto. We lay off it about half an hour. Four or five miles beyond, a place on the coast was pointed out where a harbour of refuge was making, or about to be made, under the direction of Sir John Rennie: an accommodation well placed near the inhospitable bar of the Douro.

About three we passed the mouth of the Minho, and began to coast the stern mountain shore of Galicia. There were a few Gallegos on board, returning home,*

* I was told that, according to the habits of these people, some of them would probably make another trip before the end of the summer.

and they hung over the landward side of the ship, contemplating their native soil, if soil it might be called. To any but a Galician eye it was forbidding enough; stony highlands, without heath, fern, or bush.

Approaching Vigo, we met my old friend the Madrid, marching gaily with the wind towards Oporto. Public feeling on board the Tagus was in a state of suspense as to the fate of the wretched murderer Palmer, then under sentence in England, and, as some thought, likely to be reprieved. The Madrid was lately enough from London to know what had happened. Signals and the signal-book were hastily got on deck for the purpose of asking the question "Is Palmer hanged?" As Nelson, when he sent aloft his last memorable injunction to the fleet at Trafalgar, was unable to find a signal expressing his own name, and therefore substituted "England," so, to compare small things with great, our querists were at a loss for the name "Palmer;" and upon such hurried consultation as the time allowed (for the Madrid was fast going out of reach) they substituted "prisoner." For a minute or two the Madrid was mystified, but, just as we feared we had lost her, she caught our meaning and signalled "Yes."

We arrived off Vigo at half-past eight, and were condemned to lie there twelve hours, being too late to obtain "pratique." John Bull imperiously demands why he should be detained because two or three foolish

questions cannot be asked between eight and nine on a summer evening. As wisely might he inquire why, if he turns up a certain number at the game of Goose, he is to stay three turns in the Well.

Though the delay was vexatious, it was a comfort to be motionless all night in that sheltered bay. Early in the morning came on board, as usual, the Vigo traders with fruit, flowers, vegetables, and other temptations. One only of my former female acquaintances presented herself, notable as before, and awake to every sort of gain, down to a single cigar. We issued from the bay to be again buffeted over the "loud hoar foam"* by cold and adverse blasts. Between two and three we were off Cape Finisterre, a bleak headland with a lighthouse, projecting from a line of stony cliffs, which threw out other promontories still more to the north-eastward, in the direction of Corunna. The wind, which always bears down like a cataract over a low mountain screen, rushed ruthlessly upon us from the cape. The day ended with a windy haze and much sea. In the morning no land was in sight; we were traversing the Bay of Biscay, with fine weather and on smooth water. It was Sunday. Our Captain called over the men of the ship, fifty-six in number, and summoned all of the passengers and crew who could attend into the principal cabin, where he read the Church of England

* Tennyson. 'Lotus-eaters,' (1833).

service. Those who have not experienced it can scarcely imagine how affecting the act of common prayer is in a ship alone on the sea and out of sight of land.

Cast upon their own resources, without even a point of coast to pore upon, the passengers beguiled their time with books (travellers usually prefer one another's), and rope quoits, and conversation. No colloquial scene on board amused me so much as the dialogues between Barbès and his patron, and the persons, male and female, who took part in their discussions. The Social republican and ex-colonel of revolutionary National Guard stood on the deck propounding his broad theories with a calm ingenuousness of manner which might have been almost persuasive, but that the vivacious Portuguese continually broke in and put him down before he could finish his sentence. His arguments could only be compared to the fossils found in some places, which appear to have been snakes, but invariably have the head snapped off. It seems the fate of M. Barbès, formidable as at times he may have been, to be easily checkmated. On board the Tagus, at any rate, his genius quailed under the brisk peremptoriness of the Lisbon functionary, and he took refuge at last in the conversation of one or two ladies. Female ears are always open to a "celebrity;" kindly open to one that has been under clouds. This evening we were able to carry a sail.

On the 23rd, early in the afternoon, one of the ship's

officers quietly let fall that he had seen Ushant. Great was the rejoicing; but it was long before untrained eyes could make out the island, even with a telescope. By six in the evening, however, it was in full view, a down, sloping away into a promontory, and crowned with a lighthouse; beyond it the line of French coast northward of Brest. Our course now lay diagonally across the mouth of the British Channel. Morning brought a new delay; a fog had come on; our pace was slackened, almost to stillness, and the captain kept men perpetually sounding. An hour or two were thus lost: but at half-past one we discerned Portland; the sky cleared; presently St. Alban's Head and the Dorsetshire hills came in view; then good eyes distinguished the Needle rocks. By-and-bye the variegated cliffs of Alum Bay opened upon us, and at half-past three we passed "through" the Needles. Smoothly and rapidly beyond expectation we ran up the Solent and the Southampton Water; and at sunset our ship disembarked her sixty-eight passengers in the harbour of Southampton.

IN the summer of 1857 the author made a short excursion to the Pyrenees, and some adjoining parts of France and Spain. The following letters are selected from a number written during that journey.

B. G. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

LETTER XIX.

The Landes — Spanish frontier — The Bidassoa and Isle of Pheasants — Fuenterrabia — San Marcial — Boy guide — Diligence journey to San Sebastian — Fonda de Beraza — Fortress and town of San Sebastian — Scene of the attack in 1813 — Military mass.

[THE author entered Spain from Bordeaux and Bayonne. Part of the journey by railroad between these places was described in a letter of June 17th, as follows :—

I travelled over the great Landes, but was disappointed in them. They are talked of as a desert, half African and half Siberian; but I might have travelled them without noticing the country at all, except to say that it was very flat and dull. The worst part of it was like Chat Moss. Soon after three, when we had passed a station called Rion, I caught the first view of the Pyrenees, a far-stretched line of mountains dimmed with cloud and haze, but showing here and there wide beds of snow, lighted up by the sun. . . . I saw in the Landes one man on stilts, no more. Probably this district has altered a good deal. Pains have been

taken to encourage vegetation and fix the sand ; and I saw a great deal of young fir planting.]

Irun, June 19th, 1857.

I am once more in Spain, and have been this evening, after a very short dinner, up the high rocky hill of San Marcial, to moralize upon the river and mountain boundary between this kingdom and France, as Mr. Ford instructs one to do in the Handbook. There is to be a great fête there at the end of the month, in memory of the Spaniards who fell in a battle of the Peninsular war where, as at Baylen, the Spaniards unassisted beat the French. All the little Castilian I had last year (little enough) comes to my tongue's end, I do not know how, and I already find an advantage in it : here a great many strangers travel, and comparatively few of them know Spanish : in the south there are fewer strangers, and it hardly occurs to natives that a foreigner does not come or ought not to come into the world speaking gross Andalusian.

I left Bayonne about half-past eleven in a little open calèche, which cost me a napoleon, but on this fine day it was really worth the money to lounge at one's ease in open air from the Adour to Spain, with no restraint or hurry, and with a sensible driver, which I had, to ask questions of. Not far out of Bayonne I passed

what remains of the château of Marrac, a villa seemingly embowered in trees, where Napoleon* met the stupid royal family of Spain, and drove them into a surrender of the kingdom. The road runs very near the sea, and in nearer and nearer view of the lower Pyrenees which form the border of the two kingdoms, and are about as high and bold as Shap Fells, and not much unlike them in character. At Bedart, a dreary village on the declivity of a hill near the sea (much spoken of in *The Subaltern*), you enter the Basque country. My ears were pierced by an unintelligible halloo from some boys, and, as we drove out of this place, something fell on my head: it proved to be a handful of roses and jessamines, and a little hooded girl appeared by the carriage wheel with eyes that said R. S. V. P. The R. of course went in the shape of copper sous.

I continue at

St. Sebastian, June 20th.

The next remarkable place was St. Jean de Luz, which has a neat white street and some ancient houses, partly surrounding a basin of the river Nivelle. In one of these, a comparatively stately building with three tiers of arcades, Louis XIV. was married to his Spanish queen. My driver pointed this out to me,

* It was his residence for this occasion. Thiers describes it (*Consulat et Empire*, vol. viii, p. 573, liv. 30).

as well as a conspicuous red house in which the bride was lodged before her marriage. By this time the Arrhune mountain, part of the battle-grounds of 1813 and 14, unfolded itself in very grand dimensions; farther on, the smaller but more wildly shaped height, Les Trois Couronnes, pointed out the entrance of Spain, for this mountain is within it. A little before three we came to a plateau from which, in one direction, I could see the lighthouse of Biarrits, and in the other I looked down upon Behobia, the last place in France, and Irun, the first in Spain.

There is trouble and expense in taking carriages and horses across the frontier, so it had been arranged that I should have my calèche as far as Behobia only, and get a chance conveyance to Irun. A man appeared and proposed a boat, and it was settled that this should take me first down to Fuenterrabia, which is a lion, and then land me at the customhouse of Irun. The boat was prepared while I was taking some bread and milk at Behobia, and then I found myself, in a fine sunny and breezy afternoon, floating upon the river Bidassoa between France and Spain, in the bosom of the wild green hills of the frontier. A man, and a little boy worth fifty of him (Behobians), punted the boat. They pointed out to me on the side nearest Spain a low grassy islet, about large enough for a middling cow-house to stand upon, but without any culture or habitation: this was the Isle of Pheasants, famous in

French and Spanish history for acts of state and meetings of great personages.* Down the stream, in Spain, were a group of houses and a spire, rising from the river's bank with an air of majesty which nothing at this day entitles them to: this was the little old town of Fuenterrabia, called by Milton and Scott Fuenterrabia, and connected by them with the disaster of Charlemagne's army at Roncesvalles, which is many a long mile away.

We landed at the river-gate of the town, under huge stone walls, from which great masses of ruin have been rolled down towards the river. Through this entrance appeared the perspective of a long, narrow, dark, forlorn street, the more depressing because it had traces of a heavy magnificence. It was like a place seen in a painful dream. Huge penthouses projected from the roofs and shut out the light; many of these were elaborately carved on the under side. There are a town-hall, and a great mansion ponderously decorated in stone, of the style, I suppose, of Charles the Fifth's time, but the building a mere shell: it bears a fine emblazonment of the arms of a Countess or Marchioness Torrealta. The ordinary houses have not the *reja* of the south

* Most noted, perhaps, as the rendezvous of the great duel in diplomacy between Mazarin and Don Luis de Haro, in 1659. There is much interesting detail as to the island in Stirling's 'Velasquez,' ch. viii.

(this, indeed, I have not seen yet), but heavy wooden jalousies and screens. The few inhabitants were for the most part sitting lazily in the shade in unglazed shops. The church is handsome, as Spanish churches generally are. At the end of the town you find yourself close to the sea.

I was glad to have seen this place, and glad to leave it. Punting upwards again for Irun, we had both tide and a great deal of wind against us, and but for the boy I should have doubted whether we could make our port, though the river is not much broader, I think, than the Thames at Hampton Court. On landing I had to go through the ceremonies of passport and douane, the last in the usual way in which well-meaning officers try to reconcile duty and civility. I was very fairly accommodated in the Fonda Echandia at Irun.

I went up the steep rocky hill of San Marcial guided by a boy of about seven years old, whom I was much pleased with. I have observed several times that boys of this age and a little onward, in Spain, are remarkably vivacious and forward; troublesome so if ignorant fellows. This lad told me his proper language was Basque, but he had learnt Spanish at school, and this seems not to be uncommon. Some other things he mentioned which interested me; but as I found afterwards that he told me some lies, I will not entertain you with his facts.

This morning I left Irun by a diligence with six horses which runs between that place and St. Sebastian, and, though a "short stage," is a well-conducted affair. We were little more than two hours on the road. Two young Spaniards were with me in the coupé: one of them kept up a badinage with a rather pretty countrywoman, who sat on the driving seat in front and rattled away in return. I was struck with the difference in manner of speech between people here and the Andalusians. All that this woman said, voluble as she was, was soft and sweet-toned: the Andalusian's talk in the same case would have been high and clattering and jarring: the same instrument but all out of tune. We passed through a green mountain-country with some cultivation, very pleasantly varied in surface. At Renteria I saw a cotton-mill* worked by steam, a far different thing from ours both in appearance and in size. I was glad to get a sight of the little port of Passages, which we used to hear so much of in the latter part of the Peninsular war, when almost all interesting Spanish news came that way. It is very picturesque and singular, almost locked into the land; the houses looking pasted against the bases of the hills. By neglect, it is said, the basin is so choked up as to be of little use: yet there seems some traffic; there is a large porcelain manufactory, kept by a Frenchman,

* Of about six years' standing, as I was told.

and a rope-walk. My Spanish companions were very ready in pointing out the places which were remarkable in General Evans's campaign in 1836.

I am very fairly lodged here (Fonda de Beraza), looking to the sea, but with intermediate bad sights and smells.

June 21st.

I discovered last night that my bed-room was over stables, though I believe it is not much worse than the other single gentleman's rooms in the house. This and the atrocious racket of the other inmates, who came in late from the theatre, gave me rather an uncomfortable night. My next neighbour is a principal singer at the Opera at Tolosa, a smarter place than St. Sebastian, it seems. His roulades, but during the day only, have been formidable; though I fancy he does not sing badly. Altogether I do not much like "mine inn."

St. Sebastian looks very grand and Gibraltarish as you approach, but it cannot be compared to *the* Rock in grandeur. You know it well by pictures, and the features are so marked that a picture cannot well be unlike. I walked all round the citadel, and a very fine succession of views you have from the terraces: first, the low strip of land which joins the fortress to the main country; upon it the Plaza de Toros, looking from above like a great wheel thrown

down upon the flat; the sands where people bathe, and a pretty meadow and Alameda walks; then the narrow entrance of the port between two rocky hills; then a series of grand sea-prospects over the Bay of Biscay and the north-eastern Spanish coast. Some of the advanced points of the fortress beetling over the sea are just the sort of place to which Hamlet's friends were afraid the ghost would tempt him. On one of the steeps to seaward are memorial stones of officers who fell in the Peninsular war and in Evans's campaign. Passing round towards the town, you overlook the little river Urrumea, which helps to make it a peninsula; and, on the other side of the river, a line of sand-hills, on which the English batteries were stationed in the great siege, a place which looks as much made for this purpose as the stone walls and rocks of the town for defence.

The place in the town walls where the breach was made and entrance forced is marked on the inside by a fountain with cannon-balls on the top. The houses of the town come close up to the walls, and seem timidly peering over them. As soon as the walls are passed from the outside, long narrow streets open up in parallel directions from end to end of the town. Along these on the night of the capture ran the torrent of destruction and confusion which made such a dismal tragedy in the history of this unfortunate place. I say along "these;" but the houses are mostly

new, though upon the old sites; for the greater part of the city was burnt. I walked over to the place of the English batteries by the wooden bridge of the town: there was no bridge at the time of the siege, but our army waited the fall of the tide and then waded the river. It is awful to think of the advance of a body of men over this wide open space (eight hundred yards) of sand, water, and rock, in broad daylight, and in the face of a defending army fully prepared, and who had already repulsed one attack. The place tells its own story exceedingly well.* The citadel, to which the French retreated when the town was taken, is a small massive building on the top of the mountain.†

I have settled my journey for to-morrow; not to

* I sat for some time upon the Chofre sand-hills in the stillness of a scorching afternoon, and saw and heard the tide running down under the sullen walls of the fortress; and as the black shoals gradually rose above the surface, making the stream fordable, my thoughts pictured with painful distinctness that dreadful ebb, watched in suspense by so many thousands of brave men, which made way for Sir Thomas Graham's final attack on the 31st of August, 1813. It was from the Chofre battery nearest to the town that Graham watched the assault, and ordered the British artillery to re-open fire over the heads of our own troops (Napier, vol. vi. p. 202).

† This, and I believe every part of the fortifications, is open to the loungee without question or restriction.

ride, I am sorry to say, but to drive. I find more difficulty in such arrangements than I had expected in this part of Spain. Mr. March, the English Consul, has been very kind in helping me to negotiate this matter, and goes with me as far as Elizondo. We set out at five.

I have just been to a military mass at the church: no great spectacle, but striking enough: the church is grand and simple: there were some three or four hundred, at most, of soldiers, in green regimentals, and a tolerably numerous congregation. Just as I came there there was an elevation of the Host; they all, of course, fell into the attitude of adoration, and the soldiers stooped and advanced their muskets. At this moment the military band struck up a jolly tune,* so inconsistent with the sentiment one would have expected to prevail, that even I, who had only Church of England views on the subject of the Real Presence, was scandalized.

All the world will be running to a bull-fight at Tolosa this week, but not I with them.

* The Royal anthem or march, always used on grand public occasions, and therefore considered duly respectful to the Majesty of the Host, notwithstanding its secular joviality.

LETTER XX.

Great square of Pamplona — Cathedral and cloister — San Sebastian — Alameda — Casa de Misericordia — Dance in the market-place — Theatre — Calesa travelling — Valley of the Bidassoa — Vera — Valley of Bastan — Elizondo — Smuggling — Prospect of France from the Puerto de Maya — A veteran of Cabrera's wars.

Pamplona, June 24th.

I WRITE from the most Spain-like place I have seen in this year's travels, and the weather, now pure mid-summer, favours the impression. An unblemished sky, blazing sunshine, the keen bright light which in the North we seldom see but in pictures or in hard frosts, the windows of the great Plaza de la Constitucion shrouded in outside curtains, so that, as Wordsworth says, "the very houses seem asleep,"—all make you feel that you are in a southern country. It being a saint's day, I have been to the cathedral to hear the high mass, which was performed with stringed instruments as well as the organ. The cathedral is a poor one, but I wandered through it into the cloister, and was enchanted. It is spacious and perfect, and the arches of a late, rich Gothic: the stillness was improved rather

than broken by the distant music, and the coolness only qualified here and there by a reflected warmth from the flowers, shrubs, and cypresses in the centre. When the music paused, you could hear the faintest chirping of a bird. A sumptuous marble monument has been placed in the wall of this cloister to the memory of the great Navarrese warrior Espoz y Mina.

There were a number of well-dressed women, chiefly in black and in mantillas, sitting and kneeling on the floor of the church, their fans vibrating like leaves of trees in the wind ; and the effect of this kneeling arrangement is the more striking, as they place themselves in divisions one behind another, where they can get a sight of the altar uninterrupted by pillars, so that a number of black radii are formed diverging from the points of view. Now I have left the streets to the dogs and Englishmen* (of whom I do not see any, though I think I heard the language last night in a café), and will try to bring up the history of my proceedings.

I did not much admire my hotel, though the individuals in it behaved kindly enough, especially a

* This Spanish by-word against the noon-day restlessness of the English is not confined to our countrymen. M. Gautier says (*Voyage, &c.*, p. 200), "Il n'y a dans les rues que les chiens et les Français, suivant le dicton vulgaire, fort peu gracieux pour nous."

smart young lady, the landlord's daughter, very brown and something like pretty, who knew French, and was going to learn English, and patronized me, as much as came to my share, but would not relieve me from the stable room. I suppose she thought it good enough for me, as her own wardrobe hung in a closet of it, which she kept a right of access to (at due times of course); and I noticed that she wore different dresses three times at least on Sunday.

On Sunday evening I had an interesting walk out of town with the consul and Mrs. March. We passed through the great gate towards the meadows and Alameda;* the gate faces the site of a convent, San Bartolomeo, now destroyed, which was occupied by our troops during the siege and gave a plentiful sprinkling of cannon-shot to the walls of this gate, as they still testify. We went to a place called the Misericordia, a little way from the town: it is the poorhouse of the district, and supported partly by bequests, which have been very large (one equal to 25,000*l.* of our money), and by contributions, which are not voluntary, but like a poor-rate. People who have no apparent means of subsistence must go there, and they are not let out unless

* The Alameda is a pretty suburban walk, contrasting pleasantly with the frowning mass of the city defences. On this Sunday evening it was well filled, and a lively scene of rural enjoyment.

they can certify that they have resources. At present there are about four hundred inmates. It is as pretty as such a place can reasonably be, with a court-yard and fountain, and a profusion of flowers, and trees some of which you would long to cut down as unwholesome; but it is a pleasant shade and lounge for the poor people. The house is attended by Sisters of Charity, one of whom always sits up all night to keep watch. It was delightful to see the simple good manners and unassumed cheerfulness of these good women, and the kind greetings between them and Mrs. March. The visits of my friends, I perceived, were no unusual event, and many of the poor people seemed to be aware that their coming was for good. The rooms and arrangements were remarkably neat and English-like; the air, except in one or two places, quite unobjectionable. The attendance of the sisters here is by no means an affair of sunshine. One of them said the men were manageable, but the women not at all so; if, for instance, they have the least suspicion that they do not get equal shares of food, they throw it about and quarrel like tigers. To convince them that the bread is equally shared, the whole loaf is exhibited with the cuts in it before it is divided. Men and wives are separated, as under our workhouse system.

About eight o'clock on the same evening I walked into the great market-place. There was a lively

concourse of the lower order, chiefly young men and women, making a great noise, when there came into the square three steady-looking men playing a kind of flageolets and small drums. There was a sort of clamour of pleasure in the crowd, and you began to see heads and bodies swaying from side to side, and those who were encumbered with babies brandishing them with a kind of grace over the heads of the rest: presently the convulsed movement subsided into a number of boleros, fandangos, and I do not know what, but there was hardly a corner in which there was not a set busy. The dancers were almost all women; now and then a rough-looking mozo would propose himself, but I observed that, if he was a stranger, he seemed to be rejected. The dancing was not first-rate, but in all of it there was a grace, or at least an appreciation of grace, which you would hardly see among us from one end of England to the other. It put me something in mind of the reels I have seen suddenly started in Scotland. The babies went on figuring overhead, as at first. It seems the musicians are public servants; and, when they thought they had given enough, which was rather of the soonest, they went about their business, and the whole scene of excitement fell away of course.

On the repeated urgency of all the Beraza establishment I went for a time to the theatre: it is a pretty place enough, and was half-filled with tolerably

good company. Coming in late, I did not understand the piece, 'Las Travesúras de Juana;' but I was sure that there were very loud dissonant talking, very tame acting, and very uncouth men and women. The clumsiest female took to man's clothes before I went away. My young hostess was in a principal box, which thwarted my arrangements, as I was going at five in the morning, and wanted to get through the "sweet sorrow" of "parting" from my hotel, overnight. But there was left at home a good creature calling herself the muchacha Angela, with a yellow complexion and Yorkshire face, who volunteered, if I would have her called at four o'clock, to deliver my bill, and moreover give me my chocolate and a packet of provisions which I bespoke, rather needlessly as it proved; and this she did. Mr. March arrived with the carriage soon after five, and we set off. He had assisted me in bargaining for it, and a dear bargain we were obliged to make.

I had wanted much to go through some of the valleys of the Lower Pyrenees in which, and near them, our movements and those of the French were made in 1813; both on account of the scenery and of the historical recollections. You may remember (or may not) that after the battle of Vittoria, which finally drove King Joseph out of Spain, the Duke had to take St. Sebastian and Pamplona before he could move into France; and, while he was about this, Soult

made a grand march from the French side of the Pyrenees to beat up his quarters and relieve Pamplona, which led to a good deal of hide-and-seek and hard fighting in these valleys, and at last to the defeat of Soult.

The first part of our journey was back to Irun : then we followed the Bidassoa up a very pretty mountain valley to the village or rather little town of Vera. In going to Irun we passed a second time by the harbour of Passages, and I was shown a good deal of land reclaimed, and about to be reclaimed, from the sea. The author of some of these improvements lives in a great square house, comfortable and wealthy looking, just above the port. Before arriving at Irun we had a slight adventure. Our cattle were two mules ; and one of them, when he had got us fairly away from St. Sebastian, fell to kicking and plunging like a thing possessed. The driver was evidently overawed. We bore the matter as long as we could ; but when we saw the mule on the wrong side of the pole, and the pole, which was a mere toy, snapped in two, we began to think ourselves in bodily peril, and let ourselves out. The pole was spliced at Irun with an infinity of string well wetted. We insisted that, at least when we got to Vera, there should be another mule : I knew, however, by the way in which the man hung his ears, that there would not. Things went better from Irun to Vera ; but the pleasure with which we looked down

from our high terraced road, often having no parapet, upon the romantic little stream of the Bidassoa far below, was damped now and then by thinking how soon we could get out of the carriage if there began a new attack upon the pole.

Vera is a place quite secluded in the green hills, but with a large church, a town-house, and several large private dwellings. We saw here a disgusting elderly idiot, roaming about in a blouse, and holding out distorted fingers for money. At the posada they gave us a very indifferent breakfast, but plenty of it : trout from the river of course. We continued our journey upon an excellent hard road (like all I have yet seen in the north of Spain*), far different from the caminos perdidos (ruined roads) of poor Andalusia, or even its mail roads (caminos reales), which pretend to be kept in some order ; but making much higher ascents and descents than engineers would now suffer anywhere in England. Rocks, wood, and river were all delightful ; the scenery of the valleys generally was something like that of the Styrian, though scarcely on so large a scale. We passed the beautiful narrow defiles of Yanzi and Echalar, from which the French extricated themselves with great difficulty after Soult's incursion. As to our own wars, we found our friend the mule still at his post, but quieter, for they had tied his

* They are under provincial, not government, superintendence.

tail tight to the crossbar in front of the carriage ; and our man said, moreover, that he had visited him in the stable at Vera and admonished him by a good drubbing. The road opened at last into the spacious cultivated valley of Bastan, a place evidently inhabited by substantial people. Indeed I hardly know where I have seen on the Continent, in what may strictly be termed the country, such a succession of large, square, solid-looking houses, fit to be the residences of moderate country gentlemen, or a high class of yeomen. It is a kind of old Tory district, and has always been a stronghold of the Carlists.

At Elizondo we had comfortable quarters enough at the posada Archea, and a pleasant evening stroll. Elizondo stands very prettily, and with something like town pretension, with its back to the little river. More than one of the houses have large coats of arms in stone let into the walls. One stately-looking mansion, all desolate and shut up, was the house of a lady of fortune living at Madrid, descendant, as we understood, of the famous General Tilly ; two little girls of the colour of Indian half-blood looked from an upper window and gave us the local information.

I wanted to ride early in the morning to the Puerto de Maya and back in time for the diligence, but there was difficulty about a horse ; a burly man, a relation of our host, with one arm (he had lost one in South America), and wonderfully like Henry VIII. in the face,

talked the matter over with us in our balcony ; at last he said that, if the worst came, he would lend me a good little horse of his own. Thought I, "This is the prelude to some grand extortion : " but I was soon ashamed of myself, for the magnanimous Tudor said I should have the horse as a matter of friendship, only giving anything I pleased to the man who went with me ; but he warned me to keep a tight rein, as, if the horse had a fault, it was stumbling. At any rate, after a day's kicking, stumbling was a variety.

We breakfasted soon after five. Mr. March was to return with the carriage, and there came a petition to him to take a lady with a little girl who wanted to go to San Sebastian ; a job of the driver's, of course, but he was not hard-hearted enough to refuse. The lady was wife of the chief of the Carabineros at this place, a decent housewifely-looking woman, and without much baggage. The husband came with her to pay his respects, and escort the lady and señorita. There is a strong party of Carabineros (eight) at Elisondo, for the contraband traffic with France is carried on very briskly, especially in small matters such as cigars and eatables ; and very much by women.* We saw a "difficulty" while we stayed ; a country waggon stopped on suspicion ; the driver very innocent, and hot, and fussy. I do not know how the search ended.

* Among the lawful merchandize I saw on its way to France was Navarre wine in skins borne by mules.

My horse was a pretty little chesnut pony enough, with gay Valencian housings, and a saddle of red Moorish leather. The attendant was an old Basque, old at least for this kind of work ; in a blue beret,* white shoes sandalled upon his bare legs with black, a loose jacket, a scarlet sash, and trousers. When we left the village he went into a steady but fast run. The horse followed him at a trot like a dog, but walked again when he whistled and held up his stick. In this way we trotted and walked more than half the way to the Puerto, which is some eight or nine miles from Elizondo. From the village of Maya, where, on a mount behind, the site of the English camp is pointed out, it is a continued rise among high downs, growing more and more bleak till you reach the Puerto, the pass between the mountains, where you begin to descend towards France. Though it was a fine morning, the view was not clear, but it was enough so to give all the sentiment of this prospect, and enable you to conceive what the victorious English army must have felt when, after toiling through these bleak heights, they looked across the green and woody hills of Navarre to the plains of France which they were going to invade. The French country which I had passed over the other day by St. Jean de Luz was in full view, though dulled by haze,

* The Boina ; a miniature of the flat lowland Scotch bonnet,

and the Arrhune, and all the great French landmarks between me and France ; a wild undulation of hills and many variegated valleys * : in direct view beneath, the distant French village of Aynhoe.

I was at the Puerto at eight, and had a warm but shorter ride home, as it was down hill. My guide talked a great deal about the Carlist wars, but his Basque Spanish was hardly intelligible. He spoke much of Cabrera, whom he had served under, and it was quite interesting to see the old man's open eyes and high colour as he described the chief, when he went to an attack, striking up his hand to his Basque bonnet and flattening it off his forehead, and throwing his right arm bare to the elbow. My guide had received wounds in the wars ; one of them, he complained, interfered with his running.

I got back to Elizondo (with hardly an attempt at a stumble) in good time for the Madrid diligence passing through Pamplona ; and I arrived here after a journey of about seven hours.

Pamplona is a place I could lounge in many days, but the eternal " en avant " is in my ears, and, for a hurried traveller, I have given it time enough.

* It is said that the Biarrits lighthouse may be seen from this point in clear weather.

An English soldier's first arrival at the camp on the Puerto is well described in Captain Sherer's ' Recollections of the Peninsula,' p. 251 ; London, 1824.

LETTER XXI.

Wedding supper at Pamplona—Throwing beans—Journey to Pamplona from Elizondo—Bridge of Sorauren—City of Pamplona—The great square—Walk round the ramparts—Cathedral—Roman Antiquities—Alameda—Equestrian performances—Opera—Landlord and family at the fonda—New police at Zaragoza—Journey from Pamplona—Canal of Aragon—Moncayo mountain—Don Quixote—Site of the Duke's palace—Zaragoza.

Pamplona, June 25th.

AN odd scene goes on here to-night. Returning from the play, I found, arriving, a party of uproarious vulgar men, and tidy women, but of the lower class, thirteen or fourteen in all, who sat down at the farther end of the table where we inmates supped, and had their own supper served apart. It was a wedding from a village a few leagues off. It seems that the bride and bridegroom, wealthy country people, have been married by proxy, a thing not uncommon in Spain, and meet to-night with their friends to celebrate the wedding in a place where there is good entertainment. The married folks stay: the friends go about their business. The man is a scrubby-looking person

enough : the woman a good s^onsie body, and seemingly not much daunted by sitting with her bridegroom at the head of the table ; in appearance she might pass well enough for an Englishwoman. The amusing feature of the entertainment is that none of the party has a word to say, but every now and then somebody sends a smart shower of small dry beans (*habas*) down the table, smiting not only their own party, but all the rest : I think they chiefly come from the ladies. Our host says this is an old custom ; but the steady-going Spaniards near me deny it, and get disgusted : something of the kind has been done with almonds, they say, but pelting with beans is unknown. As it grew late and nothing new took place, I had not the curiosity to stay longer, and have gone up to my room, locking my door, contrary to my habit, for fear of some other old custom. A gentleman near me, but he was a prim person, charged me not to give out that what I saw was the practice of Spain. I have heard since, in the café here where I take chocolate, that the practice of pelting is usual, only in good houses it is done with bonbons.*

I must hasten over my journey from Elizondo. I had a corner place in the *berlina*, but we were three, and the *berlina* most uneasily constructed ; there were

* It seems to be the old Roman practice of throwing nuts : "Sparge, marite, nuce."--Virg. Ecl. viii. 30.

three windows in front, but the driving seat was on a level with them, and three hulking fellows sat there, each filling a window with his back.* For the first stage the heat, dust, and confinement were almost intolerable. We were still travelling through a beautiful country, towards one source of the Bidassoa : and in the second stage we ascended to the pass of Vilate, through scenery of wood and mountain on a far grander scale than I had hitherto seen in this journey, rising and rising by terrace roads till the view down was stupendous. All this time there were the usual frantic scenes of mule-driving ; urging and swaying the ten wild beasts with lashes and uncouth cries up hill and down dale, the mayoral working the break as if he was rowing a boat.

After Vilate we descended to an easier and more open country, and had horses ; the woods were still fine, and we passed some huge decayed oaks which in an English park would have been the pride of a county. Approaching Pamplona, we passed, in a bottom between high hills, the venerable stone bridge of Sorauren, where you may recollect (for there was a picture of it in the diorama of the Wellington

* This arrangement, which shows a singular inventive cruelty in the coachbuilders, did not always occur in my diligence travels ; perhaps it may disappear from Spain as civilization advances.

campaigns) the Duke penned or pencilled a hasty order on the parapet, just as the French were coming up. The grey arches and the quiet river bordered with poplars make a tranquil country scene not at all congenial to "stratagems and spoils."

At last we emerged from the hills, and entered the wide green basin of cultivated land where Pamplona stands, overlooking the level from a natural platform under which runs its little river the Arga. The city itself stands out detached from the mountains, but the horizon on every side is filled with the Pyrenean peaks and ridges: those nearest are of the height, and something of the character, of the Pentland hills near Edinburgh. It was a beautiful clear evening, and the outlines of the town, and the towers of the cathedral and the church of St. Firmin, were finely marked in shade against the declining sun, the mountains beyond standing out in still darker shadow. We arrived about half-past seven, and I got (not without a battle) a good room in the Parador de las Diligencias, looking upon a kind of boulevard street, where the principal alameda begins, and peeping into the great square del Castillo, or de la Constitucion.*

* At night I took the cool air in this noble plaza, and heard the guitar. It was St. John's eve, which I suppose made the out-door scenes more lively than usual; and I was told something about a custom of going into

It is a semi-barbarous inn after all, but the people are kind in their way, and things are not unclean. The company I cannot say much for; but it is not all low; and there is a quiet lady with whom I have, not very easily, established some conversation in French, and who is said to be a person of rank.

June 26th.

Pamplona is quite a little toy city, its beauty is so compact and regular, and lies in so few features. No part of it has yet strayed beyond the walls, which are still important as a fortification; consequently the interior, except the magnificent Plaza del Castillo, is rather crowded, and the streets narrow; and they are not otherwise handsome than in such beauty as Prout might find in them or give them, when bright sun and strong shade are contending in their depths, and hundreds of white outside blinds fluttering different ways in the wind. The shops are not very showy. You may walk all round the town upon ramparts slowly in an hour and a quarter, and a beautiful walk it is. The greater part of Pamplona stands upon the edge of the bank or platform over the little river which surrounds about three parts of it, and the rampart

the meadows and drinking chocolate there at two in the morning; but I was content to take this fact on report.

walk gives a continual variety of pretty panoramas. The features of these are green plains, over which the great roads run into the passes towards Madrid, Bayonne and other places; mountains near and distant; windings of the river among trees, chiefly poplars, and under two or three antique bridges; groups of women washing in the stream; and picturesque projections of the ancient walls and turrets. The river-side does not harbour the nightingale as it would in Andalusia, but the frog is indefatigable. They say that the climate of Pamplona is subject to cold from the mountains, and part of the river freezes in winter. I called on Mr. Illareguy, who has pretty rooms on the Grand Plaza. We went together to the cathedral, and he showed me in the cloister a beautiful iron *reja*, a trophy taken from the Moors at the battle of Las Navas de Tolosa. In the choir I saw some exceedingly bold and graceful carvings in wood by an old Spanish artist. How works lose their immortality by being unluckily placed! If these things had been at Nuremberg they would have been renowned through Europe. I went up the cathedral tower, and walked, as many times as I could during my stay, in the beautiful cloisters. The style of their Gothic is that of Melrose.*

* The cloister contains several remarkable monuments: the most ambitious, that of Mina already mentioned; but its inscription is quiet—"Navarra A su

In the choir is rather a fine tomb of a king and queen of Navarre (Charles "the Noble" and Leonora) with marble effigies: but the musicians pile their books upon the reja which covers it, with no great regard to majesty. The cathedral is supposed to stand where the old Roman city was. Mr. Illareguy showed me two good mosaics which have been found on Roman sites: the most curious, singularly enough, they have let into the pavement at the foot of the stairs of the Municipality, the ground most to be trodden upon, one would suppose, in the whole town.*

On St. John's evening I walked on the Taconera, the Alameda walk leading out of my street. Never have I seen anything of the kind more beautiful in scenery. There are several deeply shaded alleys between elms, but in the two principal ones the trees, after rising to a good height as handsome trunks, fork and meet each other, forming just such arches as a

esclarecido hijo Don Francisco Espoz y Mina:" the decorations, a medallion profile of Mina, and a palm-branch crossed by an agricultural prong.

* At the Casa Municipal Mr. Illareguy showed me a New Testament in Basque, presented by the Prince Lucien Bonaparte: only a very small number, had been printed. I was introduced to a bookseller's shop, said to be a great repository of literary rarities: the stock was large, but it seemed to have been carefully picked of nearly every thing worth having.

landscape artist would desire, and the walks end with exquisite points of the river and walls, and far-off views of the mountains. It being holiday, there was a very crowded promenade, but very few gentleman or lady-like looking people, though there were many gay colours. The best style was in black. The fascinating Andalusian walk was not to be seen; or I fancied it was not.

On the same evening I went to the Plaza de Toros to see some equestrian performances. I must with shame own that, when I saw the place, not filled, for the sunny side was empty, but partly crowded with the noisy eager holiday people, and I glanced over the well-known points of a bull theatre, I could not help repining that el toro himself was not to make his appearance. The performances were very poor: what I chiefly went to see was the Andalusian smuggler pursued by the carbineers; a favourite moral with the Spanish public. The smuggler came in on horseback in exquisite majo costume, or what was meant to be so, with two bundles of contraband something at his saddle, caressing and making much of himself as Punch does. After a time two soldiers appeared, on foot, with muskets; there was a chase, and all the parties fired at each other; the smuggler lost one of his bundles, and got off wounded with the other, leaving the two soldiers scuffling and rolling over each other in the dust. There was another contrabandista affair in a

lower style of drollery.* Both gave immense delight to the Pamplonians. The *Diamans de la Couronne* was played one night at the theatre: it was a pretty little place enough, and well attended: the best people, I suppose military grandees: some inferior Madrid performers act.

I am now (June 27th) in the immortal city of Zaragoza, and have only to raise my eyes to look upon the famous street of the *Coso*, the great scene of the *Guerra á Cuchillo* (war at the knife's point),† where the besieged fought with the besiegers after they actually got into the city, across the street, each making one side their stronghold. One of the largest buildings in it bears many honourable marks of the

* The smuggler was distended behind with a mass of something brittle, and the smashing of this was the catastrophe.

† This is Southey's rendering, and more exact than "War to the knife," which has become proverbial with us. The French chief, having gained a lodgment in the city, played his decisive card, as he deemed it, by demanding, in two words, "*La capitulacion.*" Palafox trumped the card by answering "*Guerra á cuchillo!*" "*Á cuchillo*" here implies, I believe, a fight à l'outrance, in which it is understood that the knife may come into play. The challenge was, to close quarters and all weapons. Toreno (vol. i. p. 232, book 5) makes the French demand "*Paz y capitulacion,*" and the patriots answer "*Guerra á cuchillo!*"

shells and cannon-balls. But I must let you know how I got there.

The wedding party kept it up on Thursday night, novios (bride and bridegroom) and all, till three in the morning, and were flitting about the house again early the next day. Things are so primitive at this Pamplona house that I had various partings as if I had been an acquaintance of some standing, though I was here only a couple of days. The landlord, a large heavy-browed man, asked me quite seriously, the first day I dined there, if I could do or advise anything about getting his son (there he was at table) established in a mercantile house in London. To be sure he proposed to advance money, which made the matter a little less romantic. All I could say in answer, after trying to explain the subject a little, was, that I would consult the Spanish Consul in London, and would let Mr. Otermin (my host) know the answer. The young man had been at school at Bayonne, and, though gawky, seemed to have the materials of a smart lad. When I was going, however, Mr. Otermin came and explained in proper diplomatic terms, through the medium of the quiet lady, that his son had decided against going into mercantile life in England, as he wished to try his fortune in South America, where he had two or three brothers. The quiet lady, whom I was sorry not to have seen more of, was a Spaniard, married and resident at Bordeaux. The Basque maid

who attended my room, and was rather bluff with me upon my first taking it, brought me my breakfast, or luncheon, lamented that I did not eat, and went through the catechism I have before undergone: was I married? had I children? had I ever had any? why did not my wife come? &c. I set out with a corner place in the coupé or berlina at noon for Tudela.

I must again interrupt myself, things come upon one so oddly. I forget if I mentioned that they have at St. Sebastian a blue police, just upon the model of ours, at least as to the private men; the officers are more military and wear swords. There is the same imitation here; and when I went out to-day after dinner I found two of the police aux prises with a little urchin whom they had caught in some act of vagabondism. Imagine two actual "Bobbies," in their leather belts and oilskin-bound hats, in the streets of Zaragoza, attacking a wild scared Spanish niño, and setting him down with "Hombre!" (man), the gravest form of familiar remonstrance in Spain; a ring of other niños looking curiously on. There was more fright than hurt I believe after all.

After leaving Pamplona and passing a grand limb of the aqueduct which brings water to it from the country, we approached the hills and got into scenery which was dreary without much grandeur; but it grew prettier again as we approached the handsome-looking town of Tafalla. Here we were met by an elderly Spanish

gentleman, well known apparently ; one of those kings of the road whom you meet occasionally on all roads, and who claimed my corner place as having been bespoken for him from Pamplona, and paid for long since. He made his claim with such an unnecessary hauteur that I was strongly inclined to dispute it, but the way-bill was referred to and was against me (they had purposely, I believe, not given me the ticket of my place at Pamplona, where the coach took me up), and, being in a minority, or rather being *the* minority, and not having Spanish enough to argue against an official document, I was obliged to subside into the middle seat; the corner one was not too comfortable, and this of course was less so, though we had not the former wretched arrangement of three sitters before the windows. Had I passed immediately out of Aragon, I should have considered this man's ungracious manners a confirmation of the unamiable character usually given to the Aragonese ; but I have travelled with others to-day who certainly did not deserve it, and breakfasted with ten or eleven of the middle and of a somewhat superior class, whose manners were as obliging and gentlemanly as any I have met with.

Towards the evening we were crossing the sandy wastes of Aragon, and passed dun-coloured cliffs and villages of dun-coloured houses: the spacious plain of the Ebro stretched far away on our right and left, and (after diverging from the Madrid road by way of Val-

tierra), we crossed the long ancient bridge of Tudela about nine o'clock. Here I left the diligence, though it proceeded to Zaragoza, and slept at an inferior fonda, where the coach stopped.

To-day I was called at four, and at five set out with the canal party, which went by three omnibuses. We reached the canal in an hour, and the boat, drawn by three mules, started punctually at six. I found the voyage very pleasant and refreshing: we were not too many: every place was common to all ranks, but there was good room on the deck and in a reasonably large saloon. The boat, I was told, will carry ninety passengers. The canal (of Aragon) seemed to me equal to one of our best. We did not pass a single lock. The Ebro was near us on our left hand all the way. We had a bright day and a fine breeze, and the immediate neighbourhood of the canal was verdant and pleasant, but the more distant views, especially in the latter part of the day, were dismally arid, ending in lines of cliff which were quite Egyptian. A high lone mountain of Aragon, the Moncayo, laced with snow, was in view most of the day. It is one of those ill-reputed mountains which are supposed to have particular relations with all the stormy and unwholesome winds.* At

* "Sus negras alas desplegó la noche ;
Y como en su alba cima ve Moncayo
Las oscuras tormentas apiñarse,
Y al viento desafía,
Al ronco trueno y al ardiente rayo :

a very early hour too (about eight) the High Pyrenees to the northward began to make a grand though far off display of eternal snows.*

Feeling rather hungry, I had made some inquiry after boiled eggs; but our host of the canal-boat told me there would be an almuerzo fuerte (a strong breakfast) about ten. It came up at last: soup, strong indeed, but which even the Spaniards made wry faces at; a very good dish of little eels, and a good dish of omelet, almonds, and little cakes. We were to make maigre it seems, because the day after to-morrow is St. Peter's: for the same pious reason, I suppose, we had not enough, and paid as if we had. But

Tal, al mostrarse la vecina aurora,
Zaragoza impertérrita veía
Desparecer, bajo contrarias huestes,
Las cercanas colinas y llanuras."

MARTINEZ DE LA ROSA. Zaragoza, poema.
Obras, vol. iii. p. 14.

"Night spread her black wings; and, as Moncayo sees the dark tempests gather about his hoary summit, and bids defiance to the wind, the hoarse thunder, and the lightning's blaze; so at the ensuing dawn did Zaragoza unperturbed behold the surrounding hills and plains disappear beneath the hosts arrayed against her."

* We made a great halt at Gallur, a village with a large church and houses in the usual dun-coloured livery, to discharge and take in passengers and luggage.

the other guests seemed submissive, so I tried to keep my Lutheran stomach from repining. The passengers, as I said, were very courteous; only one, in the name of the breakfast party, expressed a curiosity to know how old I was. He had the politeness however not to say caramba! (the deuce!) or anything else, when I told him. They all expected to see me very much impressed when we came to a place where the canal is carried over a little river: some made allusion to the Thames Tunnel. About breakfast-time we passed the village of Pedrola on the Ebro, near which, according to Ford,* the Duke and Duchess who entertained Don Quixote had their castle. The village rises on a slope, a pretty site enough, near a great olive-wood of the Duke of Villahermosa. Between one and two I heard that Zaragoza was in sight, and it was really with veneration that I saw the towers of the noble town emerging from the vale of the Ebro. We took to omnibuses again at a place called Casa-Blanca, and arrived at Zaragoza about three.

NOTE.

The merry grandees who entertained Don Quixote are supposed to have been the Duke and Duchess of

* Handbook, Part ii., p. 941.

Villahermosa, whose seat, near Pedrola, was the palace of Buenavia. The conjectures on this subject, and on the topography of this part of Don Quixote's adventures, are stated in Clemencin's edition, notes on part ii. c. 29; vol. v. pp. 111, 117. Boquiñen, a village in the plain a little above Pedrola, is imagined to be the scene of Don Quixote's adventure of the enchanted bark. Ford, part ii. p. 941.

I know few sentences of prose more musical than Cervantes's description of the Ebro in this part of its course. "Llegaron D. Quijote y Sancho al rio Ebro, y el verle fué de gran gusto á D. Quijote, porque contempló y miró en él la amenidad de sus riberas, la claridad de sus aguas, el sosiego de su curso, y la abundancia de sus líquidos cristales, cuya alegre vista renovó en su memoria mil amorosos pensamientos." Part ii. c. 29.

It is remarkable that two of the greatest humorists, Cervantes and Fielding, should have been pre-eminent also in the harmony and sweetness of their prose. Rabelais is a third instance, when the bells of his cap are not jingling too loud.