

Toledo. It is one of the towns, about a dozen in number, the foundation of which is attributed by the Count de Mora, in his history of Toledo, to the Jews. He fixes the date at about five centuries before the Christian era, when a large number of Israelites, to whom Cyrus, king of Babylon, had granted their liberty, arrived in Spain under the guidance of a Captain Pirrus, and fixed themselves principally in and around Toledo. He also states that the synagogue of Toledo—since called Santa Maria la Blanca—was erected by them. The name given by them to Escalona was Ascalon. The neighbouring Maqueda was another of their towns, and was called Mazeda. It was created a duchy by Ferdinand and Isabella in favour of their courtier Cardenas. I cannot learn the date of the castle of Escalona. Alonzo the Sixth won the town from the Moors; and it is probable that the castle was erected, at least in part, by Diego and Domingo Alvarez, two brothers, to whom he granted the place. After their death it reverted to the crown of Castile, and continued to be royal property until Juan II. gave it to his favourite Don Alvaro de Luna.

This grandee was known to have amassed great treasures in the castle; and on the confiscation of his possessions at the period of his final disgrace, the king marched an army to take possession of the

fortress ; but the countess held out successfully, and obliged the royal troops to raise the siege. On a second attempt, made after Don Alvaro's execution, his widow considered she had no further object in maintaining it, and lost no time in coming to terms. The conditions of the surrender were, that the treasure should be divided into three equal parts, one for the king, another for herself, and the third for her son. The son was likewise allowed to inherit the castle, and by the marriage of his daughter, it came into the possession of the Marquis of Villena, D. Lopez Pacheco, created Duke of Escalona by Henry the Fourth. The family of Fellez Giron, proprietors of Montalban, were descendants of this duke. At present the castle of Escalona belongs to the Duke of Ossuna. It is not only the most considerable of the numerous ruins disposed over the territory of Toledo, but one of the most interesting historical relics of Spain, having filled an important place in the annals of several of the most stirring periods. The unfortunate Blanche, Queen of Pedro the Cruel, was its inmate during several years ; as also her rival, Maria de Padilla, at a subsequent period.

The best excursion from Toledo in point of architectural interest, is that to Torijos, a small town situated rather to the left of the direct road to Escalona, and five leagues distant. Immediately

before arriving there, the castle of Barciense is met with, situated on an eminence which commands an admirable view, extending south and west to a semicircle of mountains, composed of the Sierra del Duque, and the chain called the mountains of Toledo, and for a foreground looking down on a perfect forest of olive-grounds, surrounding the town of Torijos, two miles distant. The ruin of Barciense consists of a lofty square tower, and the outer walls of a quadrangle. There is nothing worth notice, with the exception of a bas-relief, which occupies all the upper half of the tower on the east side. It consists of a solitary lion rampant; probably the largest crest ever emblazoned. The Dukes of Infantado were proprietors of this castle.

The little town of Torijos contains a Gothic, or rather semi-Moorish palace, two Gothic churches, an ancient picturesque gateway, and the ruins of a magnificent monastery. It is one of those towns here and there met with on the Continent, which, at a favourable crisis of the arts, have fallen to the proprietorship of one of those individuals idolised by architects—men whose overplus of fortune is placed at the disposal of their eyes, and employed in ministering to the gratification of those organs. The greater part of the decoration of Torijos dates from the reign of Ferdinand the Catholic, when it be-

longed to D. Gutiere de Cardenas, father of the first duke of Maqueda. The following story is related respecting the founding of the monastery by his wife Teresa Enriquez.

This lady resided, when at Toledo, in a mansion, the ruins of which still exist, on the opposite side of the street to the monastery of San Juan de los Reyes, of which I sent you a description in a former letter. Being warmly attached to religious observances, (for she went by the name of Teresa la Santa,) and animated with an enthusiastic fervour towards everything which appertained to the splendid establishment in front of her residence, she had discovered a position, from which a view could be obtained, overlooking the principal scene of the religious ceremonies of the Franciscans. She there caused a window to be constructed, splendidly ornamented in the Arab style, and kneeling on a rich *prie-dieu*, she united her daily devotions with those of the *frailles*.

No small sensation was caused by this proceeding, most perceptible probably within the monastery, on the discovery being made by the brethren of the addition to their holy fraternity. The cardinal became alarmed, and intimated to Doña Teresa that the window was ill-placed,—that it admitted too much light in a wrong direction; that, in short, it must disappear. The veto of the all-powerful Ximenes de



Cisneros, already regarded as the dispenser of the royal frowns and favours, could not be resisted. The window was blocked up; but the interference was replied to in terms pointed with pious pique and holy revenge. The lady declared verbally to the prelate that she had no need of his convent, for she would found a more splendid one at Torijos. This threat, immediately put in execution, produced the building I mentioned above, the ruin of which is all that now remains.

Of the inhabited portions the external walls alone remain. The cloister is almost entire, and the church has only lost its roof. The rich tracery surrounding the doorways, and the sculpture in all parts of the interior, consisting chiefly of repetitions of the founder's armorial bearings—in imitation or satire of the profusion of similar ornament in San Juan de los Reyes—are entire, and appear as though they had been recently executed. The church is designed after the plan of San Juan, but the style of its ornament is much more elegant. The cloister is, however, very inferior to that of Toledo, and the whole establishment on a smaller scale.

Every traveller in search of the picturesque knows in how great a degree his satisfaction has been increased whenever the meeting with a scene deserving of his admiration assumes the nature of a discovery.

For this reason, the chapters of tourists should never be perused before a journey—independently of their possessing more interest subsequently to an acquaintance having been made with the country described. Strictly speaking written tours are intended for those who stay at home.

But the most favourable first view of a highly admirable building or landscape, is the one you obtain after the perusal of tours and descriptions of the country, in none of which any notice is taken of that particular object or scene. The village of Torijos is approached under these advantageous circumstances. Every step is a surprise, owing partly to the above cause, and partly to one's being inured to the almost universal dreariness and ugliness of the villages and small towns of this part of Spain. The appearance under these circumstances of a beautiful Gothic cross and fountain, of an original and uncommon design, outside the walls of the place, and the open tracery of the tall windows of the ruined monastery at the other side of a green meadow, creates an agreeable surprise, and adds considerably to the pleasure which would be derived from the same objects, had expectation been already feeding on their beauties. Imagine, then, the discovery, after leaving behind these monuments, (sufficient for the immortality of a score of Castilian villages,) of the façade of the

principal church, consisting of one of the richest and most exquisite specimens of Gothic decoration in Spain; and, a street further on, of a second ornamental portal of a different sort, but Gothic likewise, giving access to a half Arab palace.

The Count of Altamira is the proprietor of this place, but neither he nor any of his family have inhabited the edifice for several years, and it is allowed to go to decay. Some of the *artesonado* ceilings, more especially that of the chapel in form of a cupola, admit the light through the joinings of the gilded woodwork. A large hall on the first-floor, which formed the anteroom to a suite of inner apartments, decorated in the Arab style, has been taken possession of by the *haute volée* of Torijos for their public ball-room. A tribune for musicians is placed against one of the end walls, and adorned with paper festoons. A placard, inscribed with the word *galop*, was visible in front of the seat of the leader of the band, indicating that the Torijos balls terminate with that lively dance. There was no furniture in that nor any other part of the house, with the exception of an *entresol* inhabited by the count's steward. This person no sooner learned that I was an Englishman, than he commenced setting in the best possible light the advantages the premises possessed for the establishment of every sort of manufactory.

It appears the proprietor is anxious to dispose of the building; and as all the English pass here for manufacturers, owing to the principal articles of common use, introduced by smugglers, being English, the worthy factotum had instantly made up his mind that I was the purchaser sent by Providence to take the old edifice off his master's hands. He is evidently either promised a bonus on the success of his efforts to sell, or he wished to pass with the property; for his idea produced a degree of zeal most useful towards the satisfaction of my curiosity, and without which his patience would have been exhausted before I had completed the view of the building. One peculiarity of the rooms consists in the ceilings—that is, the ornamental ones—being nearly all either domes, or interiors of truncated pyramids. There is only one flat. It is ornamented with the shell of the arms of the Cardenas family—each of the hundreds of little square compartments having one in its centre. The staircase is adorned with beautiful Gothic tracery.

## LETTER XIV.

VALLADOLID. SAN PABLO. COLLEGE OF SAN GREGORIO. ROUTE  
BY SARAGOZA.

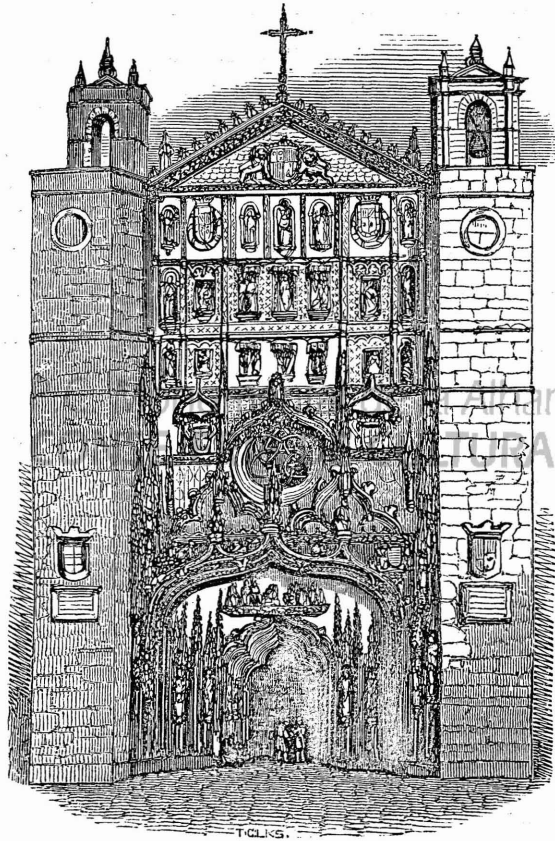
Tolosa.

I SHOULD have sent you an account of my excursion to Valladolid at the time it took place, but was prevented by the shortness of my stay and the hurry of my departure from Madrid, which immediately followed. I preserved, however, memoranda of the limited explorations which were to be made during a flying visit of three days, and will now give you the benefit of them, such as they are; as also of my experience of the public travelling in that direction. You will recommend your friends, who may visit this land of adventure, and are careful at the same time of their personal comforts, to wait the introduction of railroads, before attempting this excursion, when you hear that I met with three upsets in one night, and was afforded, in all, nearly five hours' leisure for contemplating the effect of moonlight upon the sleeping mules and an upside-down carriage!

The town of Valladolid contains monuments of much interest, although none of great antiquity. The greater number date from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and form a chain, illustrative of the progress of architecture in this country, subsequently to the abandonment of the Gothic style. This style is, however, worthily represented by two edifices, placed in juxtaposition, and ornamented each with a façade of extraordinary richness. I will content myself with the endeavour to give you some idea of these two buildings, which, although belonging to a style so common in England and France, are totally unlike all the Gothic specimens I am acquainted with in those countries.

The largest of the two is the monastery of San Pablo. It was a foundation of much magnificence, and the building has sustained very little injury, owing to its having, immediately on the expulsion of the monks, been applied to other uses, instead of being deserted and left to decay. It is now a Presidio, or central prison for condemned malefactors. The cloister is a superb quadrangle, of the pointed style of the end of the fourteenth century, and is the usual resort of the prisoners, who are grouped so thickly over its pavement, that it is with difficulty one passes between them, without adding to the clanking of chains as their wearers

change their posture to make way. The façade of the church is enclosed between two small octagon towers without ornament, like a picture in a frame. Within these all is sculpture. The door-way is formed of a triple concentric arch, flanked by rows



FAÇADE OF SAN PABLO.

of statues, all of which are enclosed within another arch, which extends across the whole width, from

tower to tower. Over this there is a circular window, surrounded with armorial escutcheons, and the remainder of the façade is covered with groups of figures in compartments, up to the summit, a height of about a hundred and thirty feet, where there is a pediment ornamented with an immense armorial shield and lions rampant as supporters, and the whole is surmounted by a cross.

The church was erected by the celebrated Torquemada, who was a monk in the establishment. Doña Maria, Queen of Sancho the Fourth, although mentioned as the founder of the monastery, only completed a small portion of the edifice compared to what was subsequently added. A handsome tomb by Pompeyo Leoni, is seen in the church. It is that of Don Francisco de Sandoval, Duke of Lerma, and his wife. The woodwork of the stalls is by Ferrara. It is adorned with fluted Doric columns, and is composed of walnut, ebony, box and cedar. The superb façade of this church and its sumptuous tracery, had well nigh been the cause of a misunderstanding between the representative of the Spanish Government and myself. To obtain admission to the interior of the building, which I was told had become national property, I addressed my humble request in writing to the *gefe politico*, or governor of the province, resident at Valladolid. I left



the note at his official residence, and was requested to return at an hour appointed, when I was to obtain an audience. The functions of a *gefe politico* answer to those of no provincial functionary in England, or any other constitutional state—he has more authority even than a Préfet in France. He represents the monarchical power, with this difference, that he is uncontrolled by parliament within the limits of his province. Although not charged with the military administration, he can direct and dispose of the armed force; besides being a sort of local home minister and police magistrate; in fact, the factotum or *âme damnée* of the Cromwell of the moment, with whom he is in direct and constant communication on the affairs of his district.

I was at Valladolid during the regency of Espartero, when the cue given to these functionaries, relative to the *surveillance* of foreigners was very anti-French, and favourable to England. Now in the eyes of a *gens-d'armes* every one is a thief until he can bring proof to the contrary, just as by the jurisprudence of certain continental countries, every accused is presumed criminal—just as every one who comes to a Jew is presumed by him to have old clothes to sell, or money to borrow. Thus, owing to the nature of the duties of the Governor of Valladolid, every foreigner who met

his eye, was a Frenchman, and an *intrigant*, until he should prove the reverse.

Not being aware of this at the time, I had drawn up my petition in French. On my return for the answer, my reception was any thing but encouraging. The excessive politeness of the Spaniard was totally lost sight of, and I perceived a moody-looking, motionless official, seated at a desk, with his hat resting on his eyebrows, and apparently studying a newspaper. I stood in the middle of the room for two or three minutes unnoticed; after which, deigning to lift his head, the personage inquired in a gruff tone, why I did not open my cloak. I was not as yet acquainted with the Spanish custom of drawing the end of the cloak from off the left shoulder, on entering a room. I therefore only half understood the question, and, being determined, at whatever price, to see San Pablo, I took off my cloak, laid it on a chair, and returned to face the official. "I took the liberty of requesting your permission to view the ancient monastery of San Pablo."—"And, pray, what is your reason for wishing to see San Pablo?"—"Curiosity."—"Oh, that is all, is it!"—"I own likewise, that, had I found that the interior corresponded, in point of architectural merit, with the façade, I might have presumed to wish to sketch it, and carry away the drawing in my port-

manteau.”—“Oh, no doubt—very great merit. You are a Frenchman?”—“I beg your pardon, only an Englishman.”—“You! an Englishman!!” No answer. “And pray, from what part of England do you come?” I declined the county, parish, and house.

These English expressions, which I had expected would come upon his ear, with the same familiarity as if they had been Ethiopian or Chinese, produced a sudden revolution in my favour. The Solomon became immediately sensible of the extreme tact he had been displaying. Addressing me in perfect English, he proceeded to throw the blame of my brutal reception on the unfortunate state of his country. “All the French,” he said, “who come here, come with the intention of intriguing and doing us harm. You wrote to me in French, and that was the cause of my error. The monastery is now a prison; I will give you an order to view it, but you will not find it an agreeable scene, it is full of criminals in chains.” And he proceeded to prepare the order.

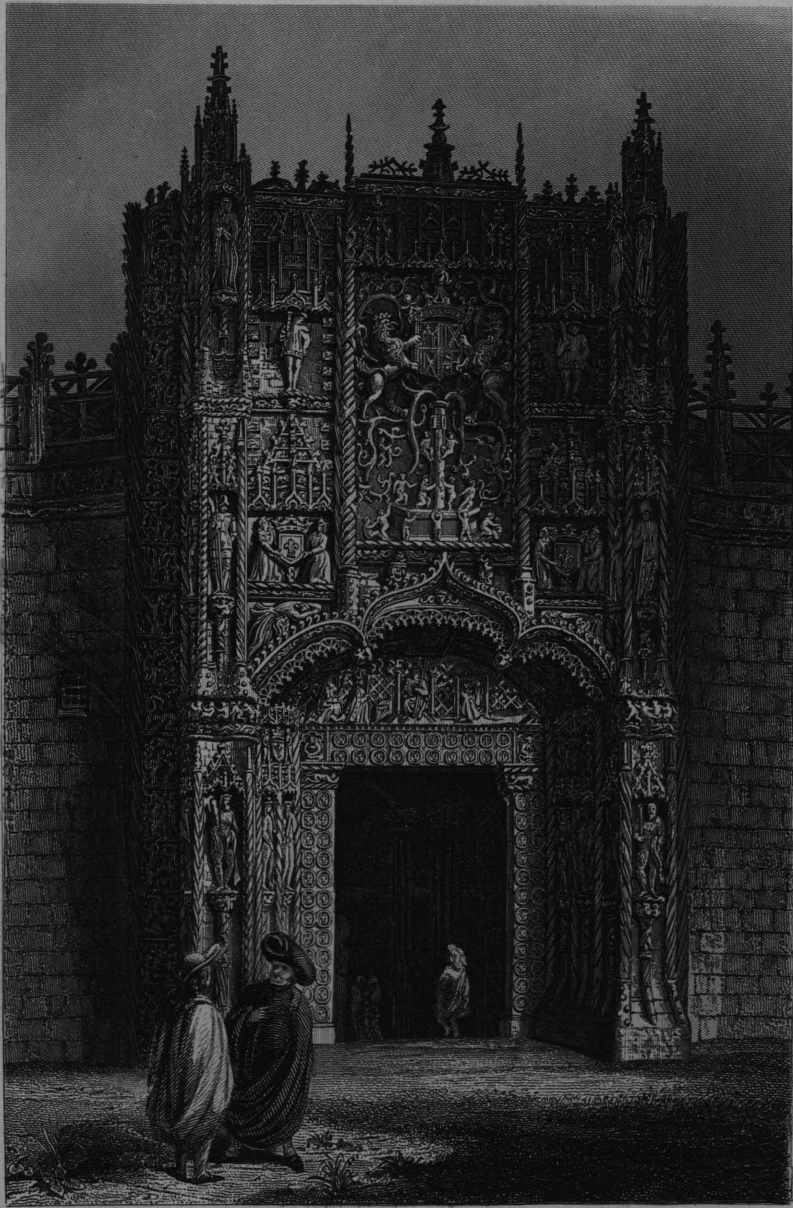
Not having recovered the compliment of being taken for a conspirator; nor admiring the civilisation of the governor of a province, who supposed that all the thirty-four millions of French, must be *intrigants*, I received his civilities in silence, took the order, and my departure. The most curious part

of the affair was, that I had no passport at the time, having lost it on the road. Had my suspicious interrogator ascertained this before making the discovery that I was English, I should inevitably have been treated to more of San Pablo than I desired, or than would have been required for drawing it in detail.

The adjoining building is smaller, and with less pretension to magnificence is filled with details far more elaborate and curious. The Gothic architecture, like the Greek, assumed as a base and principle of decoration the imitation of the supposed primitive abodes of rudest invention. The Greek version of the idea is characterised by all the grace and finished elegance peculiar to its inventors; while the same principle in the hands of the framers of Gothic architecture, gave birth to a style less pure and less refined; but bolder, more true to its origin, and capable of more varied application. In both cases may be traced the imitation of the trunks of trees; but it is only in the Gothic style that the branches are added, and that instances are found of the representation of the knots and the bark. In this architecture, the caverns of the interior of mountains are evidently intended by the deep, multiplied, and diminishing arches, which form the entrances of cathedrals; and the rugged exterior of the rocky mass,

which might enclose such a primæval abode, is imaged in the uneven and pinnaced walls.

The façade of the college of San Gregorio, adjoining San Pablo, furnishes an example of the Gothic decoration brought back to its starting point. The tree is here in its state of nature; and contributes its trunk, branches, leaves, and its handfuls of twigs bound together. A grove is represented, composed of stripping stems, the branches of some of which, united and bound together, curve over, and form a broad arch, which encloses the door-way. At each side is a row of hairy savages, each holding in one hand a club resting on the ground, and in the other an armorial shield. The intervals of the sculpture are covered with tracery, representing entwined twigs, like basket-work. Over the door is a stone fourteen feet long by three in height, covered with *fleurs-de-lis* on a ground of wicker-work, producing the effect of muslin. Immediately over the arch is a large flower-pot, in which is planted a pomegranate tree. Its branches spread on either side and bear fruit, besides a quantity of little Cupids, which cling to them in all directions. In the upper part they enclose a large armorial escutcheon, with lions for supporters. The arms are those of the founder of the college, Alonzo de Burgos, Bishop of Palencia. On either side of this design, and separated respec-

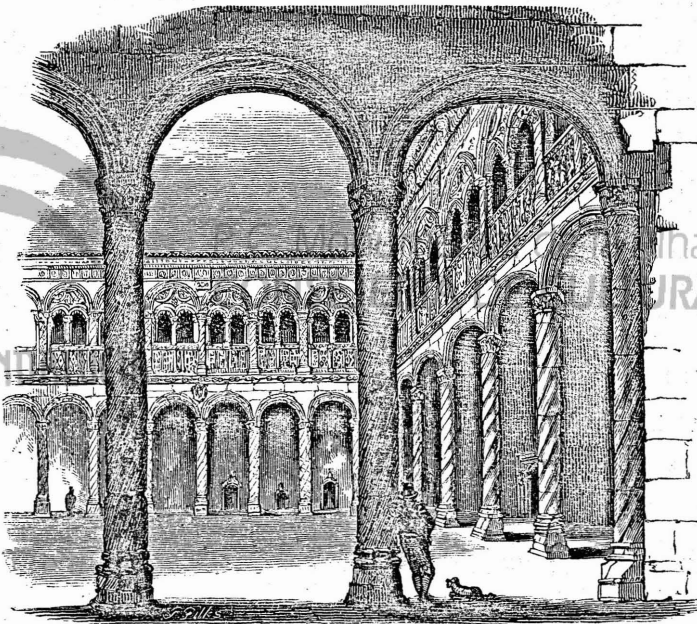


FAÇADE OF SAN GREGORIO, VALLADOLID.



tively by stems of slight trees, are compartments containing armed warriors in niches, and armorial shields. All the ornaments I have enumerated cover the façade up to its summit, along which project entwined branches and sticks, represented as broken off at different lengths.

The court of this edifice is as elaborately ornamented as the façade, but it was executed at a much



COURT OF SAN GREGORIO. VALLADOLID.

later period, and belongs to the renaissance. The pillars are extremely elegant and uncommon. The doorway of the library is well worthy of notice; also

that of the refectory. The college of San Gregorio was, in its day, the most distinguished in Spain. Such was the reputation it had acquired, that the being announced as having studied there was a sufficient certificate for the proficiency of a professor in science and erudition. It is still a college, but no longer enjoys the same exclusive renown. In the centre of the chapel is the tomb of the founder, covered with excellent sculpture, representing the four virtues, and the figures of three saints and the Virgin. It is surrounded by a balustrade ornamented with elaborate carving. Berruguete is supposed to have been the sculptor, but in the uncertainty which exists on the subject, it would not be difficult to make a better guess, as it is very superior to all the works I have seen attributed to that artist. At the foot of the statue of the bishop is the following short inscription, "Operibus credite." To this prelate was due the façade of San Pablo; he was a Dominican monk at Burgos, where he founded several public works. He became confessor, chief chaplain, and preacher to Isabel the Catholic: afterwards Bishop of Cordova; and was ultimately translated to the see of Palencia. He received the sobriquet of Fray Mortero, as some say from the form of his face, added to the unpopularity which he shared with the two other favorites of Ferdinand



and Isabella,—the Duke of Maqueda, and Cardinal Ximenes, with whom he figured in a popular triplet which at that period circulated throughout Spain,

Cardenas, el Cardenal,  
Con el padre Fray Mortero,  
Fraen el reyno al retortero. }

which may be freely translated thus :

What with his Grace the Cardinal,  
With Cardenas, and Father Mortar,—  
Spain calls aloud for quarter ! quarter !”;

The concise inscription seen on the tomb, was probably meant as an answer to this satire, and to the injurious opinion generally received respecting his character.

I returned from Toledo by way of Madrid and Saragoza. The diligence track from Toledo to Madrid was in a worse state than at the time of my arrival: a circumstance by no means surprising, since what with the wear and tear of carts and carriages, aided by that of the elements, and unopposed by human labour, it must deteriorate gradually until it becomes impassable. Since my last visit to the Museo the equestrian portrait of Charles the Fifth by Titian has been restored. It was in so degraded a condition that the lower half, containing the foreground and the horses' legs, presented scarcely a distinguishable object. It has been handled with

care and talent, and, in its present position in the centre of the gallery, it now disputes the palm with the Spasimo, and is worth the journey to Madrid, were there nothing else to be seen there. I paid another visit to the Saint Elizabeth in the Academy, and to the Museum of Natural History, contained in the upper floor of the same building. This gallery boasts the possession of an unique curiosity; the entire skeleton of a Megatherion strides over the well-furnished tables of one of the largest rooms. I believe an idea of this gigantic animal can nowhere else be formed. The head must have measured about the dimensions of an elephant's body.

From Castile into Aragon the descent is continual, and the difference of climate is easily perceptible. Vineyards here climb the mountains, and the plains abound with olive-grounds, which are literally forests, and in which the plants attain to the growth of those of Andalucia. In corresponding proportion to the improving country, complaints are heard of its population. Murders and robberies form the subject of conversations; and certain towns are selected as more especially *mal-composées*, for the headquarters of strong bodies of *guardia civile*; without which precaution travelling would here be attended with no small peril. This state of things is attributed partly to the disorganising effects of the

recent civil war, which raged with peculiar violence in this province. The same causes have operated less strongly in the adjoining Basque provinces, from their having to act on a population of a different character,—colder, more industrious, and more pacifically disposed, and without the desperate sternness and vindictive temper of the Aragonese.

The inhabitants of this province differ in costume and appearance from the rest of the Spaniards. Immediately on setting foot on the Aragonese territory, you are struck by the view of some peasant at the road-side: his black broad-brimmed hat, — waist-coat, breeches, and stockings all of the same hue, varied only by the broad *faja*, or sash of purple, make his tall erect figure almost pass for that of a Presbyterian clergyman, cultivating his Highland garden. The natives of Aragon have not the vivacity and polished talkativeness of the Andalucian and other Spaniards; they are reserved, slow, and less prompt to engage in conversation, and often abrupt and blunt in their replies. These qualities are not, however, carried so far as to silence the continual chatter of the interior of a Spanish diligence. Spanish travelling opens the sluices of communicativeness even of an Aragonese, as it would those of the denizens of a first class vehicle of a Great Western train, were they exposed during a short time to its vicissitudes.

However philosophers may explain the phenomenon, it is certain that the talkativeness of travellers augments in an inverse ratio to their comforts. The Spaniards complain of the silence of a French diligence; while, to a Frenchman, the occupants of the luxurious corners of an English railroad conveyance, must appear to be afflicted with dumbness.

Saragoza is one of the least attractive of Spanish towns. Its situation is as flat and uninteresting as its streets are ugly and monotonous. The ancient palace of the sovereigns of Aragon is now the Ayuntamiento. It would form, in the present day, but a sorry residence for a private individual, although it presents externally a massive and imposing aspect. Its interior is almost entirely sacrificed to an immense hall, called now the Lonja. It is a Gothic room, containing two rows of pillars, supporting a groined ceiling. It is used for numerous assemblies, elections, and sometimes for the carnival balls. The ancient Cathedral of La Seu is a gothic edifice, of great beauty internally; but the natives are still prouder of the more modern church called Nuestra Señora del Pilar,—an immense building in the Italian style, erected for the accommodation of a statue of the Virgin found on the spot, standing on a pillar. This image is the object of peculiar veneration.

After leaving Saragoza you are soon in the Basque provinces. The first considerable town is Tudela in Navarre; and here we were strongly impressed with the unbusinesslike nature of the Spaniard. This people, thoroughly good-natured and indefatigable in rendering a service, when the necessity arises for application to occupations of daily routine appear to exercise less intelligence than some other nations. It is probably owing to this cause that at Madrid the anterooms of the Foreign Office, situated in the palace, are, at four in the afternoon, the scene of much novelty and animation. In a town measuring no more than a mile and a half in each direction, the inexperienced stranger usually puts off to the last day of his stay the business of procuring his passport, and he is taken by surprise on finding it to be the most busy day of all. Little did he expect that the four or five *visas* will not be obtained in less than forty-eight hours: and he pays for his place in the diligence or mail (always paid in advance) several days before. It is consequently worth while to attend in person at the Secretary of State's office, in search of one's passport, in order to witness the scene.

The hour for the delivery of these inevitable documents, coincides with the shutting up for the day of all the embassies: so that those which

require the subsequent *visa* of an ambassador, have to wait twenty-four hours. Hence the victims of official indifference, finding themselves disappointed of their departure, and minus the value of a place in the mail, give vent to their dissatisfaction in a variety of languages, forming a singular contrast to the phlegmatic and *impassible* porters and ushers, accustomed to the daily repetition of similar scenes. Some, rendered unjust by adversity, loudly accuse the government of complicity with the hotel-keepers. I saw a Frenchman whose case was cruel. His passport had been prepared at his embassy, and as he was only going to France, there were no more formalities necessary, but the visa of the police, and that of the foreign office. All was done but the last, and he was directed to call at four o'clock. His place was retained in that evening's mail, and being a mercantile traveller, both time and cash were of importance to him. On applying at the appointed hour, his passport was returned to him without the *visa*, because the French Secretary had, in a fit of absence, written Cadiz, instead of Bordeaux — he was to wait a day to get the mistake rectified.

These inconveniences were surpassed by that to which the passengers of our diligence were subjected at Tudela. Imagine yourself ensconced in a corner of the Exeter mail (when it existed) and on

arriving at Taunton, or any intermediate town, being informed that an unforeseen circumstance rendered it necessary to remain there twenty-four hours, instead of proceeding in the usual manner. On this announcement being made at Tudela, I inquired what had happened, and learned that a diligence, which usually met ours, and the mules of which were to take us on, was detained a day at Tolosa, a hundred miles off. Rather than send a boy to the next stage to bring the team of mules, which had nothing to do, a dozen travellers had to wait until the better fortunes of the previous vehicle should restore it to its natural course.

As if this contretemps was not sufficient, we were subjected to the most galling species of tyranny, weighing on the dearest of human privileges, I mean that which the proprietor of a shilling,—zwanziger, franc, or pezeta,—feels that he possesses of demanding to be fed. We had left Saragoza at nine in the morning, and had arrived without stoppages at six. A plentiful dinner, smoking on the table of the *comedor*, might have produced a temporary forgetfulness of our sorrows: but no entreaties could prevail on the hostess to lay the table-cloth. It was usual for the joint supper of the two coaches to take place at nine, and not an instant sooner should we eat. Weighed down by this complica-

tion of miseries, we sat, a disconsolate party, round the *brasero*, until at about eight our spirits began to rise at the sight of a table-cloth; and during half an hour, the occasional entrance of a waiting woman, with the different articles for the table, kept our hopes buoyed up, and our heads in motion towards the door, each time it opened to give entrance, now to a vinegar cruet, now to a salt-cellar.

At length an angelic figure actually bore in a large dish containing a quantity of vegetables, occasioning a cry of joy to re-echo through our end of the room. She placed it on a side-board and retired. Again the door opened, when to our utter dismay, another apparition moved towards the dish, took it up and carried it away; shutting the door carefully behind her. This was the best thing that could have occurred; since it produced a sudden outburst of mirth, which accompanied us to the table, now speedily adorned with the materials of a plentiful repast.

The next town to Tudela, is the gay and elegant little fortress of Pamplona, from which place an easy day's journey, through a tract of superb mountain scenery, brings you to Tolosa, the last resting-place on the Spanish side.



## PART II.

SEVILLE.

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### LETTER XV.

JOURNEY TO SEVILLE. CHARACTER OF THE SPANIARDS. VALLEY  
OF THE RHONE.

Marseille.

IN order to reach the south of Spain, the longest route is that which, passing through France, leads by Bayonne to the centre of the northern frontier of the Peninsula, which it then traverses from end to end. It is not the longest in actual distance; but in regard to time, and to fatigue, and (for all who do not travel by Diligence), by far the longest, with regard to expense. Another route, longer, it is true, in distance, but shorter with respect to all these other considerations, is that by Lyons and Marseille; from either of which places, the journey may be made entirely by steam.

The shortest of all, and in every respect, is that by the Gibraltar mail, which leaves London and Falmouth once a week. This is a quicker journey

than that through France, even for an inhabitant of France, supposing him resident at Paris, and to proceed to England *viâ le Havre*. But there is an objection to this route for a tourist. Desirous of visiting foreign scenes, he will find it too essentially an English journey—direct, sure, and horribly business-like and monotonous. You touch, it is true, at Lisbon, where during a few hours, you may escape from the beef and Stilton cheese, if not from the Port wine; and where you may enjoy the view of some fine scenery; but all the rest is straightforward, desperate paddling night and day; with the additional objection, that being surrounded by English faces, living on English fare, and listening to English voices, the object of the traveller—that of quitting England—is not attained; since he cannot be said to have left that country, until he finds himself quarrelling with his rapacious boatman on the pier of the glittering Cadiz.

Although this arrangement may possess the merit of the magic transition from England to Andalucia, which, it must be allowed, is a great one—many will prefer being disembarked in France; looking forward, since there is a time for all things, to a still more welcome disembarkation on England's white shores, when the recollected vicissitudes of travel shall have disposed them to appreciate more

than ever her comforts and civilization, and to be more forgiving to her defects; and, should they not be acquainted with the banks of the Rhone below Lyons, adopting that equally commodious and infinitely more varied course.

In fact, there are few who will not agree with me in pronouncing this the best way, for the tourist, of approaching Spain. It is not every one, who will not consider the gratifications which the inland territory of the Peninsula may offer to his curiosity too dearly purchased by the inconveniences inseparable from the journey. Add to this the superiority of the maritime provinces, with scarcely any exception, in point of climate, civilization, and attractions of every sort. Valencia, Barcelona, Malaga, and Cadiz are more agreeable places of residence, and possess more resources than even Madrid; but their chief advantage is a difference of climate almost incredible, from the limited distance which separates them from the centre of the Peninsula. The Andalusian coast enjoys one of the best climates in the world; while the Castiles, Aragon, and La Mancha can hardly be said to possess the average advantages in that respect; owing to the extremes of cold and heat, which characterize their summer and winter seasons, and which, during autumn and spring, are continually alternating in rapid transition.

Andalucia unites in a greater degree than the other maritime provinces, the advantages which constitute their superiority over the rest of Spain. It does more, for it presents to the stranger a combination of the principal features of interest, which render the Peninsula more especially attractive to the lover of travel. It is, in fact, to Spain what Paris is to France; Moscow and Petersburg to Russia. England, Italy, and Germany are not fit subjects for illustrating the comparison; their characteristic features of attraction and interest being disseminated more generally throughout all their provinces or states. Whoever wishes to find Spain herself, unalloyed, in her own character and costume, and in her best point of view, should disembark in Andalucia.

There, unlike the Castiles, and the still more northern provinces, in which only the earth and air remain Spanish, and those not the best Spanish—where all the picturesque and original qualities that distinguish the population, are fast fading away—the upper classes in their manners and costumes, and the Radicals in their politics, striving to become French—there, on the contrary, all is natural and national in its half-Arab nationality: and certainly nature and nationality have given proof of taste in selecting for their last refuge, the most deli-

cious of regions; where earth and heaven have done their utmost to form an abode, worthy of the most beautiful of the human, as well as the brute creation.

I will not pause to inquire whether the reproach be justly addressed by the other Spaniards, to the inhabitants of this province, of indolence and love of pleasure, and of a disposition to deceitfulness, concealed beneath the gay courtesy of their manners; it would, indeed, be a surprising, a miraculous exception to the universal system of compensations that we recognise as governing the world, had not this people some prominent defect, or were they not exposed to some peculiar element of suffering, to counterbalance in a degree the especial and exclusive gifts heaped upon them. By what other means could their perfect happiness be interfered with? Let us, then, allow them their defects—the necessary shade in so brilliant a picture—defects which, in reducing their felicity to its due level, are easily fathomed, and their consequences guarded against, by sojourners amongst them, in whose eyes their peculiar graces, and the charm of their manner of life, find none the less favour from their being subject to the universal law of humanity. They cannot be better painted in a few words, than by the sketch, drawn by the witty and graceful

Lantier, from the inhabitants of Miletus. "Les Milesiens," he says, "sont aimables. Ils emportent, peut-être, sur les Athéniens" (read "Castillans") "par leur politesse, leur aménité, et les agrémens de leur esprit. On leur reproche avec raison cette facilité—cette mollesse de mœurs, qui prend quelquefois l'air de la licence. Tout enchante les sens dans ce séjour fortuné—la pureté de l'air—la beauté des femmes—enfin leur musique—leurs danses, leurs jeux—tout inspire la volupté, et pénètre l'âme d'une langueur délicieuse. Les Zéphirs ne s'y agitent que pour repandre au loin l'esprit des fleurs et des plantes, et embaumer l'air de leurs suaves odeurs."

This passage is, word for word, so exactly applicable to the Andalucians and their land, that it is difficult to imagine another people to have sat for the portrait, nor to a more talented painter. It is a pity that the author I quote, is a rarity in modern libraries: owing, perhaps, to his descriptions being at times rather warm, or, as his compatriotes would say, *un peu regence*.

In Spain, the country of proverbs, they are very fond of summing up, by the aid of a few epithets, the distinctive character of each province. As bad qualities frequently predominate in these estimates, it is of course usual for the individual, who undertakes the instruction of a foreigner in this department

of knowledge, to omit the mention of his own province. After all, the defects attributed to the inhabitants of one portion of a country by those of another, are not to be taken for granted without considerable reservation; allowance must be made for rivalry and jealousies. Almost every country affords examples of these wholesale accusations laid to the charge of particular counties or divisions of territory. Thus the character usually attributed in Spain to the Andalucians, is that of a people lively, gay, of extreme polish and amiability of manners, but false and treacherous. The Galicians are said to be stupid and heavy, but remarkably honest; the Catalonians courageous but quarrelsome, *mauvais coucheurs*. No doubt in some of these instances, the general impression may be borne out to a certain extent, by some particular class of the denizens of the province alluded to; but such distinctions are rarely perceptible among the educated classes. It is perhaps less easy in Spain than elsewhere, to establish these classifications at all successfully. Contradictions will be met with at every step, calculated to shake their infallibility. To our eye, as foreigners, there are sufficient peculiarities belonging to the nation universally, and respecting which our knowledge is far from being complete, without attempting to classify a greater or smaller list of subdivisions, the

appreciation of which would require a prolonged residence in the country.

Spain is looked upon by the greater number of strangers as a land delivered over to depredation, and highly insecure. In fact, it is surprising that such should not be the fate of a country in which instruction is limited, and where, as I myself have witnessed, servants may be known to be in the daily practice of stealing without their dismissal being by any means a necessary result. It is surprising, that in the absence of any strong natural objection to theft, any honesty should exist in the presence of temptation; yet I know no country where there is more, if I may form an opinion from the individuals of whom I have had an opportunity of judging. However, as an instance of the contradictions one meets with, the following event was represented as having taken place in one of the provinces in which I had received the favourable impression abovementioned.

A cidevant colonel, just arrived in Madrid, related the fact to me one evening, on which, as chance would have it, I found him at supper. Immediately on my entering the room he commenced complaining of the lack of silver articles of necessity for the table, and accounted for it in the following manner. He had recently arrived with his family from a pro-



vincial town, in which he had filled a government situation. Shortly before his departure he had invited all his friends to a leave-taking repast; and after the departure of his guests nearly two dozen articles of plate were missing. "In packing up," I observed, "no doubt some dishonest domestic—" "No, no," he interrupted, "they were all pocketed by my guests."

That the man in office should have conciliated the attachment of all his acquaintances to such a degree, as that all should conceive simultaneously the idea of preserving a *souvenir* of his person, and that in so delicate and unostentatious a manner,—was not possible. As, therefore, I still retained my impression of the honesty of the lower classes, and as the sufferer appeared to treat the occurrence as one by no means extraordinary, I came to the conclusion, that—either Spanish integrity, unlike that of other nations, must rise in an inverse ratio to men's fortunes and stations; or that the author of the anecdote had been tempted, by the desire of masking the (perhaps unavoidable) deficiencies in his supper service, to have recourse to his inventive talent, at the expense of his absent friends' reputation.

I believe it must be allowed that with respect to the disregard of the rights of proprietorship, of which the lower classes are accused, there are suffi-

cient instances on record to counterbalance, in some degree, my personal experience ; but there is this to be urged in favour of that class of culprits, where such are met with, that their mode of operation is far more manly and courageous than that of the depredators of some other climes—by which means they obtain also the full reputation of their misdeeds. There may scarcely be said to be anything mean or degrading in their manner of thieving : and their system is itself a proof that they see no sin in it. They take to the mountains, and declare open war against those whom they consider the unjust monopolizers of wealth.

Instances of this sort are no doubt frequent in Spain ; in Toledo they relate that, some years since, the passes of Estremadura were occupied by one of the most formidable and best organized of these bands, under the orders of a female. Various versions were given of this woman's history ; but the one most accredited accounted in the following manner for her having adopted the profession of freebooter. A young lady of rank had disappeared from her family residence, leaving no trace by which to guide conjecture as to her fate. It was therefore presumed she had been kidnapped. The event, however, had already long ceased to be a subject of conversation in the district, when three or four years after, a

traveller, who had escaped from an attack of banditti, announced the fact of their being commanded by a woman. Although well disguised, her voice, and delicate figure had betrayed her sex. The fact was subsequently confirmed by positive discoveries; and, at length, confiding in the alteration time and her mode of life had produced in her appearance, she ceased to make a mystery of the circumstance, and headed the attacks, mounted usually on a large black horse. Her age and beauty coinciding with the description given of the young countess who had disappeared some years previously, gave rise to the supposition of their identity. The band has been since dispersed, and many of them captured; but their chief has contrived to escape, and it is probable the truth respecting her may never be divulged.

It is said she at times exercised more pitiless cruelties than are usually practised by the male chiefs of the regular banditti; and that, after such acts,—as though conscience-stricken,—she would, by way of compensation, allow parties to pass unmolested.

From such instances as these a portion of the Spanish population must be considered amenable to the charge brought against them; but there are peculiarities of a different stamp, which mark the

Spaniards in general, and are more deserving of notice in a summary of the national characteristic qualities. It is impossible, for instance, not to be struck by the intelligence and tact, independent of cultivation, which pervade all classes. Whether the denizens of these southern climes are indebted to the purity of their atmosphere, for this gift of rapid perception, in which they surpass our northern organizations, or to whatever cause they may owe it; the fact leads to involuntary speculation on what might have been the results, in a country so distinguished, besides, by its natural advantages, had the Arab supremacy lasted until our days. At a period when education was generally held in no estimation in Europe, the first care of almost every sovereign of that race was usually directed to the establishment, or improvement, of the public schools, in which the sciences and languages were taught at the royal expense. No town being unprovided with its schools, it is difficult to imagine to what degree of superiority over the rest of Europe the continuation of such a system would have raised a people so gifted as to be capable of supplying, by natural intelligence, the almost universal absence of information and culture.

You continually meet with such instances of uncultivated intelligence as the following. I was occu-

pied in sketching in a retired part of the environs of Madrid, when a ragged, half-naked boy, not more than ten or eleven years of age, and employed in watching sheep, having to pass near me, stopped to examine my work. He remained for nearly a quarter of an hour perfectly still, making no movement except that of his eyes, which continually travelled from the paper to the landscape, and back from that to the paper. At length, going away, he exclaimed, "Que paciencia, Dios mio !"

The following is an example of the absence of cultivation, where it might have been expected to exist. A student leaving the university of Toledo, at the age of twenty-seven, told me he had studied there eleven years, and had that day received his diploma of barrister, which, when sent to Madrid, where it would be backed by the sanction of the minister, would authorise him to practise his profession in any town throughout Spain. In the course of the same conversation, he asked me whether Russia was not situated in the Mediterranean, and whether England did not form a portion of that country.

Tact and good manners are so universal among the lower classes, that a more familiar intercourse than we are accustomed to, can be allowed between persons of different ranks. Those of the highest class are seen, during a journey, dining at the same

table with their servants ; and on all other occasions entering into conversation with them. This intercourse of good nature and good understanding, universally existing between superiors and inferiors, and which is never known to degenerate into familiarity, would preserve Spain a long time from revolutions of a popular origin—were she left to herself. The Spaniard of the lowest station has as considerable an idea of his personal consequence as a marquis, and maintains with his equals all the forms of high breeding. If you stop to listen to the discussions of a knot of ragged children playing at marbles, you will hear them address each other by the title of Señor.

The urbanity and polish which prevails throughout all classes is genuine, and the result of good nature. This is proved by their readiness to render all sorts of services as soon as they are acquainted with you, and even before ; and *that* notwithstanding their suspicion and dislike of strangers, a disposition for which they have ample cause. I don't mean to include services which might incur pecuniary outlay ; it would be something like requesting the loan of the Highlander's inexpressibles. Although even of this a remarkable instance has fallen under my observation,—the capability existing,—but they will spare no trouble nor time : doubling the

value of the obligation by the graceful and earnest manner of rendering it.

Should your reception by a Spaniard be marked by coldness, it is generally to be accounted for by a very excusable feeling. The Spaniard is usually deeply preoccupied by the unfortunate state of his country. This subject of continual reflection operating on a character singularly proud, but which is at the same time marked by a large share of modesty,—qualities by no means incompatible,—occasions him a sensation when in presence of a foreigner nearly approaching to suffering. He feels a profound veneration for the former glories of his land, and admiration of its natural superiority; but he is distrustful of his modern compatriots, of whom he has no great opinion. His anxiety is, therefore, extreme with regard to the judgment which a Frenchman or Englishman may have formed respecting his countrymen and country: and he is not at his ease until satisfied on that point; fearing that the backward state of material civilization may be attributed by them to hopeless defects in the national character, and diminish their respect for his country. He is restored to immediate peace of mind by a delicate compliment, easily introduced, on the ancient grandeur of Spain, or the eternal splendour of her skies and soil, and especially by an expression of disapproval of the



influence which foreign governments seem desirous of arrogating to themselves over her political destinies.

Should the stranger delay the application of some such soothing balm, he will not hesitate to provoke it, by ingeniously leading the conversation in the direction he wishes, and then heaping abuse and censure on his compatriots.

The interference of foreign governments in their politics is, in fact, one of the consequences of the present national inferiority, the most galling to their feelings. This is accounted for by the high independence, which is one of the principal features of their character, and is observable in the most insignificant events of their daily life. The practice which prevails in some countries, of meddling each with his (and even *her*) neighbour's concerns, and of heaping vituperation where a man's conduct or opinions differ from his who speaks, is one of the most repugnant to the Spanish nature. If a Spaniard hears such a conversation, he stares vacantly, as though he comprehended nothing; and the natural expression traceable on not a few countenances and attitudes may be translated, "I don't interfere in your affairs, pray don't trouble yourself about mine."

It is curious to trace this in their favourite sayings, or proverbs (*refrans*), by which the national pecu-

liarities of character are admirably depicted. Of these no people possess so complete a collection. The following is one which expresses the feeling to which I allude :

El Marques de Santa Cruz hizo  
Un palacio en el Viso :  
Porque pudo, y porque quisó.

or, translated,

What could induce Sir Santa Cruz to  
Build a house the Viso close to ?  
—He had the money, and he chose to.

I place, in the translation, the edifice close to the Viso, instead of upon it, as in the original text. I doubt whether any apology is necessary for this poetical licence, by which the intention of the proverb undergoes no alteration. It is true, a house may be close to a hill without being erected upon it ; but if, as in this instance, it is on the top of the hill, it is most certainly close to it likewise.

The submission of the Spaniards to the despotism of etiquette and custom in trifles, does not (otherwise than apparently) constitute a contradiction to this independence of character. However that may be, the breach of all other laws meets with easier pardon, than that of the laws of custom. This code is made up of an infinity of minute observances, many of which escape the notice of a foreigner, until

accustomed by degrees to the manners of those who surround him. He will not, for instance, discover, until he has made himself some few temporary enemies, that no greater insult can be offered to a person of rank, or in authority, than saluting him in a cloak *embozado*—the extremity thrown over the shoulder.— A similar neglect is not pardoned either by the fair sex. The minutest peculiarities in dress are observed, and if at all discordant with the received mode of the day, incur universal blame. The situation of a stranger is, in fact, at first scarcely agreeable in a country in which the smallest divergence from established customs attracts general attention and criticism. This does not, however, interfere with the ready good-nature and disposition to oblige met with, as I said before, on all occasions.

In some instances the attachment to external forms operates advantageously. Such is that of the picturesque practice prevailing in many of the provinces, of assuming the quality of the *Beata*. In Toledo, certain peculiarities in the toilette of one of a group of young ladies attracted my curiosity. She was apparently about seventeen; pretty, but by no means remarkably so for a Spaniard, and appeared to be in deep mourning. Whenever, in speaking, a movement of her right hand and arm lifted up her mantilla, a japanned leather sash was exposed to

view, of about two inches in width, an end of which hanging from the right side, reached rather lower than the knee. On the right sleeve, half-way between the shoulder and the elbow, was fixed a small silver plate, called an *escudo*, and a rosary was worn round her neck.

I was informed, on inquiry, that she was *una beata*; and being still in the dark, my informant related her story. He commenced by the inquiry, whether I had heard of a young man being drowned four months previously in the Tagus. I replied that I had heard of thirty or forty; for he referred to the bathing season, during which, as the river is sown with pits and precipices, and unprovided with humane societies, accidents occur every day. He then named the victim, of whose death I had in fact heard. He was a youth of the age of twenty, and the *novio* (intended) of the young lady in black. On hearing suddenly, and without preparation, the fatal news, she had been seized with a profuse vomiting of blood, and had continued dangerously ill during several weeks. She was now convalescent, and had made her appearance in society for the first time.

My informant added, on my repeating the inquiry respecting the costume, that it is the custom for a young lady, on recovering from a serious illness, to offer herself to the *Virgen de los dolores*; the

external sign of the vow consisting in the adoption of a dress similar to that worn by the Virgin in the churches. The obligation assumed lasts generally during a year; although some retain the dress for the remainder of their life. Examples are known of this practice among the other sex; in which case the costume is that of a Franciscan friar; but the *beato* becomes the object of ridicule.

Among the forms of society to which especial importance is attached are the ceremonies and duration of mourning for relations. The friends of the nearest relative,—especially if a lady,—of a person newly deceased, assemble day after day for a considerable time in her house. All are in full dress of deep mourning; and the victim of sorrow and society is expected to maintain a continual outpouring of sighs and tears, while she listens to each consoler in turn. Much importance is attached to the display of the usual appearances of grief, even when the circumstances of the case do not necessarily call for it. Happening to enter a house in which news had been received of the death of a relative, who resided in another part of Spain, I found the lady of the house discussing with a friend the form of her new mourning dress.

Struck by the melancholy expression of her countenance, and the redness of her eyes, I inquired

whether any bad news had been received. My question gave rise to a renewed flood of tears; "Yes, yes," was the reply; "I have had terrible news; my poor uncle, who had been afflicted for years with dropsy, died only six days ago." I expressed my sincere regret at so sad an event, while she continued her explanations to the other lady. "I understand," she said, in a voice almost suffocated, "that this sleeve is no longer to be—drawn in; and the—front, according to the last—French—fashion,—is at least an inch—shorter." Taking the opportunity of the first moment of silence, I asked for some further details respecting this beloved uncle. "It was your Señora mother's brother, I believe?" "No, no, the husband of my aunt: and what—do you—think of the—mantilla?" After the reply of the other visitor to the latter question, I continued,—“But your profound regret, on occasion of the loss of so amiable a companion, is natural.” “Terrible, sir, yes—my poor uncle!” “Had you seen him shortly before the sad event?” “Alas! no, sir, I never—saw him but—once in my life; and—should not now have recognized him—for I—was then—only five years old.”

The Spaniards are not a dinner-giving nation; obedient, as some suppose, to their proverb,—which although the effect, may also operate as a cause,—namely, ‘Feasts are given by fools, and partaken of

“by wise men.” This proverb, however, paints the national character with less fidelity than most others; the parsimonious selfishness it implies is not Spanish. Sufficient reasons exist to account for the rarity of dinner invitations.

Although the English are not responsible for the geniality of climate, which corks up their crystallized souls to be enclosed fog-tight, until released by a symbolical ceremony of the popping of champagne corks,—it is not the less true that dinners are their only introductions to acquaintanceship. Spaniards have corks also, and well worth the trouble of drawing, as well as all the other *materiel* of conviviality; but they despise it, finding the expansion operated by their sunshine more complete and less laborious. Their sociability no more requires dinner parties than their aloes hedges do steam-pipes. With the exception of their ungovernable passion for cold water, their sobriety is extreme; and this may perhaps unite with a dislike to social ostentation in resisting the exotic fashion of dinners. But bring a good letter of introduction to a Spaniard, and you will find a daily place at a well-supplied table, the frequent occupation of which will give unmistakable pleasure.

In such case you are looked for as a daily visitor; not ceremoniously, but as using the house when in