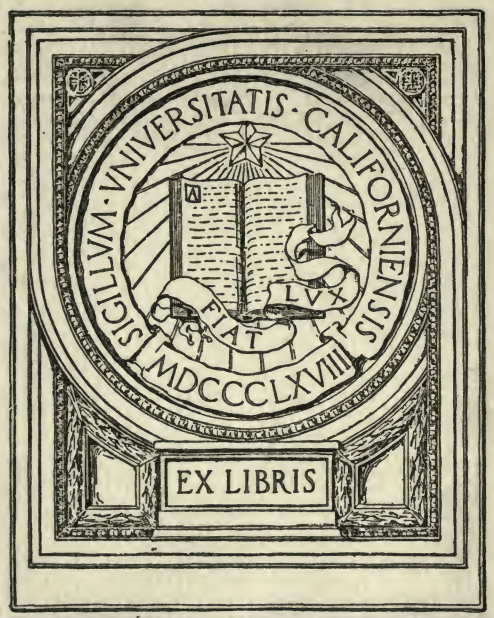
SIGILLVM · VNIVERSITATIS · CALIFORNIENSIS
FIAT LVX
MDCCCLXVIII
EX LIBRIS

Drawn by David Roberts. Engraved by J. B. Allen.

HIGH ALTAR, CHURCH OF SAN ISIDRO, MADRID

London Published Oct. 28, 1836, by Robert Jennings & Co 62, Cheapside.

JENNINGS'

LANDSCAPE ANNUAL

OR

TOURIST IN SPAIN.

FOR 1837.

BISCAY AND THE CASTILES.

ON THE PRADO, MADRID.

LONDON.

ROBERT JENNINGS & Co

62 CHEAPSIDE.

PHILADELPHIA. CARVER, THOMAS & Co

THE

TOURIST IN SPAIN,

By THOMAS ROSCOE.

BISCAY AND THE CASTILES.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS

BY

DAVID ROBERTS.

Ye who would more of Spain and Spaniards know,
Go read whate'er is writ of bloodiest strife:
Whate'er keen vengeance urged on foreign foe
Can act, is acting there against man's life:
From flashing scimitar to secret knife,
War mouldeth there each weapon to his need:
So may he guard the sister and the wife,
So may he make each curst oppressor bleed,
So may such foes deserve the most remorseless deed.

CHILDE HAROLD.

LONDON:
ROBERT JENNINGS AND CO., 62, CHEAPSIDE.

1837.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY MAURICE, CLARK, AND CO.
FENCHURCH STREET.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

FROM BAYONNE TO VITORIA.

CHAPTER II.

VITORIA.

CHAPTER III.

FROM VITORIA TO BURGOS.

CHAPTER IV.

BURGOS.

CHAPTER V.

FROM BURGOS TO VALLADOLID AND SEGOVIA.

CHAPTER VI.

SEGOVIA.

CHAPTER VII.

ST. ILDEFONSO AND THE ESCURIAL.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROUTE AND ENTRANCE TO MADRID.

CHAPTER IX.

MADRID.

CHAPTER X.

TOLEDO.

LIST OF PLATES,

ENGRAVED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. JENNINGS.

THE

TOURIST IN SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

FROM BAYONNE TO VITORIA.

Bayonne—a Carlist Volunteer—Politics of the Middle Ages—a Russian Liberal—Spanish Diligences—Theatre—Scott's "White Lady"—Search after the Picturesque—Church of the Holy Ghost—Cathedral—Parting with the Carlist—the Muleteer—St. Jean de Luz—View of Fontarabia—Departure from Bayonne—Ancient Fountain—Scenery—Costume—the Frontier—the Lazaretto—Scenery on the Bidassoa—Détenus—Sketches of Character—Departure—Irun—Hernani—Beautiful Valley of the Oria—Picturesque Scene—Tolosa—Overtake a number of Carlist Prisoners—an Old Friend—Escape of the Prisoners—Arrival at Vitoria.

NOTHING could surpass the beauty of the weather, the clear mellow days, the delicious air, and the refulgent nights of the autumn of 1835. It was perfectly inviting to push at once across the Pyrenean boundaries, and reach that land of a yet brighter south; but as, on quitting Bayonne, we were to take leave of a peaceful country to journey through one in which civil war—generally the most uncivil of all wars—was raging in its worst forms, it was not un-

natural that we should wish to enjoy a few quiet days before passing the frontier. Of our companions in the diligence from Bourdeaux there was one—an Englishman by the way—who appeared to be very doubtful whether or not he should be able to pass the Bidassoa. He was an enthusiastic legitimatist, and, imagining he saw in me something more than indifference towards both parties, confessed, in confidence, that he was desirous of gathering his first laurels in the service of Don Carlos. Had I been returning out of Spain, I might have considered myself authorized, by my experience, to endeavour, however uselessly, to dissuade him; but as I could pretend to know no more than himself about the real state of things, it would have been absurd to interfere with his purpose, farther than by showing, that if Don Carlos really possessed, as he had been taught to believe, the affections of nine-tenths of the Spanish nation, it would be somewhat Quixotic in a foreign adventurer, to throw himself with his maiden sword into the already overloaded scale. It was precisely the Quixotism of the thing, however, that principally recommended it to his imagination; observing which, I ceased to disturb him with arguments, particularly as he appeared pensive, though resolved, and had probably been driven into this step by circumstances into which no stranger had any right to inquire.

He had come thus far under protection of a passport, and, for form's sake, went along with me to have it examined by the Spanish consul. But we were

here to take leave of each other, though bound towards the same point; as, while I pursued my way along the king's high road, the warm partisan of the Don, and whatever, in short, emanates from the institutions of the Middle Ages, would be compelled to turn aside and associate with *contrabandistas*, the enemies in ordinary times of all authority, whether regal or democratic. Strange to say, however, we had contracted a sort of intimacy and liking for each other, without any reference to political views or opinions, and, more than all, as regarded age,—the down of manhood having scarcely budded on his chin. His heart nature had furnished with noble feelings; but he might have picked up his ideas from novels, where it is common to find power clothed by imaginative rhapsodists with a sort of stage glitter, captivating to the young and ignorant. We thought differently, therefore, but felt alike. The interests of mankind we both desired to see consulted; only he imagined them inseparably bound up with supreme authority both in matters of state and religion, while I took a more calm and philosophical view of the subject.

On the morning after our arrival, we strolled round the environs of Bayonne with Mr. Barton, an English merchant resident at Bilboa, now returning homeward, and a Russian, whose name I would write if I could. My Carlist friend expected to find in the Muscovite —who spoke very bad French, and worse Spanish— a congenial spirit, and in this persuasion almost betrayed himself; but was confounded to discover that, not having the prospect of Siberia before his

eyes, he spoke like a partisan of the movement party, an admirer of municipal institutions, which, he was persuaded, must be the best form of government for merchants, as well as for others. But detesting all politics which, particularly here on the dusty promenade, are excessively heating and annoying, we went into a cabaret, where we got some very excellent sweet wine, and better cakes than I had ever before met with in France.

From Mr. Barton, who had been often at Madrid, I learned, that during the first part of our journey we must proceed with mules, or in a mule-drawn vehicle, hired expressly for ourselves; but that, at Burgos, we should find a diligence for Valladolid every Sunday and Wednesday, which performed the journey, a distance of ninety miles, in one day. He would, however, notwithstanding the state of the country, rather recommend travelling by a conveyance of our own, by which means only we could hope to form any tolerably correct opinion either of the country or the people. This was also the opinion of a friend in England, who had himself made the tour of Spain; and, as will be seen in the sequel, we acted upon their joint advice.

In the evening,—my travelling companion being otherwise engaged,—I accompanied the youthful Carlist to the theatre, where we derived considerable amusement from the opera of "La Dame Blanche," taken from Scott, though the imitation of Scottish costume, like the rest, was sufficiently extravagant. At the close of the evening, when the play for the following night had been announced, there was a

general call for the Marseilloise hymn, which, after some little delay, caused partly by want of singers, was complied with by the managers. In fact, the audience were vehement and imperative in their demand, and an *émeute*, on a small scale, might have been the consequence of a refusal. It was executed by the whole strength of the company, one of whom appeared with a tri-coloured flag on the stage; and the whole theatre, except the Carlist and myself,—for I hate all sorts of military music—joined enthusiastically in the chorus.

Most travellers, by the time they reach Bayonne, are tired of France, and impatient to be in Spain; for which reason this town is too commonly neglected. It would probably also have been the case with us, had circumstances permitted of our pushing on at once; but, being involuntarily detained, we employed the leisure thus created in seeking out the picturesque, which generally lurks, like unassuming characters, in quiet and out-of-the-way places. Nor were we by any means unsuccessful in our pilgrimage, though dire was the number of dirty lanes and alleys, both within and without the walls, which we threaded in search of it. In spite of the spirit of improvement, numbers of antique houses, not at all dilapidated, are still found here, and each of these would form an interesting study for the pencil.

In the suburbs we found an old church, dedicated to the Holy Ghost, which, poor as need be in the interior, presents at the eastern exterior several very striking features. Close adjoining is the gable end

of another church, with a fine Saxon doorway, now stopped up and converted into a small shop, where a pretty grisette deals forth tapes and laces to the belles —if there be any—of Bayonne. Not far behind we were shown a much larger building, formerly a convent, but now occupied as a private dwelling, and kept in very good repair. It appears, moreover, to have suffered little from the Revolution,—whose shoulders are thought broad enough to bear the sins of ages,—or, indeed, from any other cause; so that we advise those who love to be pathetic over ruins to pass it by entirely, as there is absolutely nothing to lament over. The dormitories now afford shelter to a number of industrious and, we hope, honest men, which, for aught we know, might be predicated as well of their predecessors; the cloisters remain as formerly, and the square in the centre is at present a garden.

But what more particularly commanded our admiration, was the chapel, which is still in a state of high preservation and extremely beautiful. It was originally lighted up, on one side, by six painted windows of exquisite workmanship; but the mullions have been mostly destroyed, and the windows themselves are blocked up. The ceiling is of wood, richly painted, with groins springing from corbels between the windows. At the western end, over the principal entrance, is a gallery still entire; and here also is a door communicating with the cloisters.

The cathedral is situated in the old town,—though it be somewhat hard to say which part of the town is

the more ancient,—and is fallen very much to decay. Like many other sacred edifices, it suffered considerably during the paroxysm accompanying the dissolution of despotism. The western entrance, for example, together with the porch looking towards the north, have been totally defaced; which is the case, also, with the statues, canopies, tabernacle-work, &c., though the place they once occupied can still be traced. Judging, however, from what remains,—particularly a doorway in the south cloister,—all these decorations must have been extremely gorgeous.

The church itself is oblong without transepts, and, towards the south, has a cloister which presents a far more antique appearance than the rest of the building. Marks every where appear of hostile hands. The arched screen surrounding the cloisters, and separating them from the square plot of ground in the centre, has been greatly defaced, and the mullions, in most cases, have been torn away. Part of the building seems to be desecrated, and used as workshops; but the large crucifix, with the image of Christ nailed to it, still retains its original position in the midst of secular objects. This church must once have been exceedingly rich in stained glass. The inhabitants attribute the erection of it to the English, as they generally do that of the finest churches in the north of France; but, however this may be, the windows are highly beautiful, particularly those running round the upper part; the lower ones, no doubt the finest, have been destroyed. The interior is singularly light and elegant, more especially the

open gallery which extends round the upper part. By far the greater portion of the exterior, at least near the ground, is masked by paltry shops, which look like so many wasps' nests stuck against it; and though painters, ignorant of what is truly beautiful, affect to admire this grotesque assemblage of incoherent parts, it must always appear unsightly to the philosophical observer.

Our stay at Bayonne was somewhat prolonged, and, although the accommodations and the champagne of the Lion d'Or were not amiss, I, at least, was heartily glad when the day of starting arrived. My Carlist friend, who had found a smuggler ready, for a consideration, to smuggle him over the frontier, left three days before us, late in the evening, in the midst of heavy rain; and when we parted, not without some misgivings of the heart on both sides, it seemed to be with a mutual conviction that we should never meet again. He no doubt expected I should get shot, some fine morning, by the legitimatists; and, it must be confessed, I was not altogether without suspicion that the Christinos would terminate his career with a screw and collar. With these comfortable mutual reflections we took our leave of each other, but, as I shall presently relate, were again within a very few days brought together under extremely different circumstances.

The muleteer, who had undertaken to conduct us as far as Vitoria, and was afterwards tempted to prolong his engagement through both the Castiles, was a fellow whose exterior bore no great promise of agree-

ableness or fidelity. He was stout, square, thickset in make, and his costume partook of that of the smuggler of the Pyrenees, and of the common Basque mule-driver: a coarse short jacket, black velveteen trousers, kept in their place by a broad red sash, sandals, a thick warm night-cap, stuffed, along with his head, into an ample flapped hat, and a capacious brown cloak, which seemed to have seen its best days. Diego—the only name we ever knew him by—had received from nature, or acquired by associating with fashionable muleteers, a downright roguish look; and the long spur on his heel, though designed for the mule's flanks, seemed rather intended to catch at shawls or fine linen, in riding through narrow lanes, and transfer them to a new owner. But he could not help his face; and if fortune meant him to be a rogue, it was the more to his credit that he knew how to overcome his evil genius.

One very fine day, during our sojourn at Bayonne, we strolled along the high road to St. Jean de Luz, the last French town of any consequence in approaching Spain. *Luz*, in the Basque language, signifies "mud;" and, from the ample supply of dust now every where to be met with, I make no doubt that, when it rains, the Saint's boots, if he ever walks abroad, bear an undoubted testimony to the propriety of the name. Being pedestrians *acharnés*, as our guide's compliments assured us, we greatly enjoyed the walk, as well as the cognac and cigars with which, at his suggestion, we fortified ourselves by the way. The sun, however, was somewhat powerful,

and we could read in each other's mahogany faces that we should very shortly want nothing but a pair of thick lips, and a respectable fell of woolly hair, to pass for people from the Gold Coast.

Our walk, three long leagues, performed before breakfast, called the gastric juices into such active operation, that, on entering the suburbs, we felt a disposition to devour the steeple of San Juan, just then heaving in sight. We had serious apprehensions of not finding sufficient provisions in the town to pacify our voracious appetites; but when four new-laid eggs, a quantity of bacon,—there was no ham to be found,—several *pains à café*, and I blush to enumerate how much more, had convinced us of the contrary, we sallied forth in an excellent humour to enjoy the picturesque.

Travellers have always remarked that at St. Jean de Luz one feels already out of France without being exactly in Spain. The Basquinos, indeed,—supposed descendants of the ancient Cantabrians,—are neither Gauls nor Iberians; and their language, unintelligible to both, has in it all the flavour of antiquity, without being cultivated or possessing a literature. In the character and appearance of the people there is something very peculiar. The men are clean-limbed and robust, the women light and graceful; and their costume is admirably adapted to exhibit the beauties of their form.

The town is situated in a most admirable position. At some distance below, the Ninette, having first swelled into a double bay capable of admitting vessels

Drawn by David Roberts. Engraved by J. C. Armytage.

SOUTH-ARABIA.

Pubd. by Colnaghi Oct. 28, 1836, by Robert Jennings & Co. Cheapside

of considerable size, falls into the sea. Lines of pretty picturesque buildings run along the shore, here protected by hills of no great height, which gently rearing their green slopes and woody summits, afford a fine contrast with the blue expanse of the ocean. Looking Spain-ward, the eye travels over a country richly cultivated, and rests on the promontory of Fontarabia, a name embalmed in everlasting fragrance in the memories of Englishmen, (we leave Ariosto to his Italians), from being found in that poem which forms the highest culminating point of modern literature. Who, in fact, does not, at the bare mention of this little town, find a glorious pageant involuntarily sweep over his imagination? Who does not recal that sublime recapitulation of the armies, that amused his boyhood with their exploits, from those

> "That fought at Thebes and Ilium,"

down to

> "What resounds
> In fable or romance of Uther's son,
> Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
> And all who since, baptized or infidel,
> Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
> Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebizond,
> Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
> When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
> By Fontarbia?"

This town, whose Spanish name is Fuente Rabia, from the Latin *Fons Rapidus*, was formerly called Ocaso. It is surrounded by strong fortifications, and considered one of the keys of Spain, which has known better how to preserve it than that other key at the

pillars of Hercules. It occupies the point of a small tongue of land projecting into the sea, on the left bank of the Bidassoa, and enjoys the rank of a city, but notwithstanding its strength and importance, is somewhat diminutive. Nothing, however, can be finer than its situation, rising in terraces upon the amphitheatrical slope of a hill facing the sea, and backed by the lofty and picturesque sierras of Jasquevel, clothed with forest, and not unfrequently a resting-place for heavy and gloomy clouds. Now, however, the whole landscape absolutely sparkled in the morning sun,—the sea calm and blue,—the mountains also clothed with cerulean tints,—the valley of the Bidassoa escaping inward, and partly concealing its loveliness from the eye; and best of all we approached not too closely to examine the elements of the picture, and risk the dissipating of the whole charm of the view. Having to dine at five at the *table d'hôte*, our eyes only for the present passed the border; and we returned to Bayonne to find ourselves, and all other *non-militaires*, thrust into a small insignificant room,—the large *salle à manger* had been appropriated to the officers of the garrison, —who, having been presented with a set of colours, had that day determined to dine in state.

To observe how they managed these things at Bayonne, we took a peep at them. The table was handsomely laid out. The *property dishes*, as they would be termed on the stage, were decorated with the tri-coloured flag; and the band, stationed in a small ante-room, played several lively and agreeable

airs. Further than this, our hunger would not permit us to explore the regulations of the *Mounseers*, for our own soup was soon *servie*, and we hastened to do honour to it.

We quitted Bayonne at break of day, and having got clear of its fortifications, which always appears like escaping from a prison, found ourselves, as the light grew stronger, advancing rapidly into the open country, with the Pyrenees, rising like a ridge of dark clouds, lying between us and Spain. Not far from the gates is a fountain, or rather well, of very picturesque appearance, and situated, notwithstanding its proximity to the road, in a very romantic and, apparently, little frequented spot. It had previously attracted our attention, and from the old woman who is its guardian, we learned the legend which tradition has attached to it. Formerly, there lived a bishop,—a very pious and charitable man, who being too good for the times in which he flourished, was, for I know not what cause, murdered near this spot. Whether the perpetrators of the deed were apprehended by the old gens d'armes, and punished as they deserved, the story recordeth not, as it had no connexion with the miracle; but as they were removing the corpse to a place a little higher up, it bled anew, and some of the holy fluid falling on the earth, a beautiful spring of water gushed forth, and has continued flowing ever since. The doorway, by which it was formerly entered, is now blocked up, and the water is obtained by the aid of a pump. We could not, therefore, examine the interior; but, upon the whole,—the cross upon the

summit excepted,—it may be said to resemble St. Margaret's well in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, though of larger dimensions. In a tablet over the doorway is an illegible Latin inscription; and near the bottom lies a statue so extremely mutilated, that it would be difficult to say whether it was meant to represent our friend the bishop, or the Virgin.

The country round, as far every way as the eye could reach, is barren and covered with heath, interspersed with small forests of pine and cork trees. On the right lies the sea, now beginning to look blue and interesting, as the light fell in warmer profusion on the scene. It being market-day, great numbers of peasants from the country were making the best of their way towards the town, some mounted on asses, which appeared to have made their wills; others on spirited little nags, that looked down, like patricians, on the ass-riders and foot-walkers. The women, it may, en passant, be remarked, make in this part of the world the most of their legs, riding astride like their sturdier helpmates, and showing very gay garters, sometimes above sometimes below the knee. The costume of the drinking and swearing sex—though the distinction is hardly kept up—resembles nothing seen elsewhere in France, consisting of a bonnet, precisely that of the Lowland Scotch, a great coat, fashioned like a herald's tabard, with one piece hanging before, another behind, and a third extending over and protecting the arms. It is easily put on or off. Their hair is worn long, and spreading over the shoulders. All go buttoned up in jackets and trousers, in colour

principally brown or blue; and held up, like those of Diego, by a red sash twisted like that of a Turk round the waist. In the warm part of the day the jacket enjoys quite a sinecure, being taken off and thrown jauntily over one shoulder, the sleeves meeting under the opposite arm, and being tied in a knot on the breast. A pair of *sabots*, or wooden shoes, completes their visible equipment; we never presumed to inquire about their shirts, and stockings are a luxury which seem to be universally voted useless. Nearly all the women wear, as at Bourdeaux, handkerchiefs, red, blue, or yellow, neatly twisted about the head. Stays are rarely worn, even by the wealthier classes. Their principal garment is a short gown, like what is common in many parts of Scotland,—with a slit on either side through which appears their delicately white linen. Their petticoat is generally of a flaming red colour, though it is sometimes blue; and a red handkerchief over the bosom, a smart pair of wooden shoes, and a bouquet of sweet-smelling flowers, complete the paraphernalia of a Bayonne belle.

As we proceeded, the aspect of the country improved rapidly, assuming at every step a more variegated appearance; the fields, now somewhat browned by the sun, divided—as in England—by quickset hedges, and undulating with a perceptibly upward slope to the craggy ridges of the Pyrenees. In winter, or bad weather, this road would doubtless be exceedingly bleak and uninviting; but the sun, not long risen, was now shining brilliantly upon every thing, and clothing the whole landscape with beauty. The most inveterate

grumbler would therefore have found little to complain of. We discovered no ground of uneasiness, nothing to abuse, nothing to apprehend, at least on the hither side of the border; and about what we were to encounter beyond it, we very sagely judged it would be as well to form no useless conjectures.

The country, like an April day, put on various appearances in the course of our seven hours' ride. Sometimes we pronounced it beautiful, and spoke highly of the industry which had been employed in calling forth its resources; but, in a short time, it was necessary to call in the aid of different language. Barrenness, at length, as we drew nearer and nearer to the Pyrenees, became the predominant characteristic. Trees of a stunted growth,—*rabougris*, as the peasants express it,—seemed to have a hard task of it to coax any nourishment out of the ungrateful soil; and, as man cannot live—at least none but a poet or an artist—out of the picturesque, the appearance of human dwellings was rare. From time to time we met or overtook a knot of peasants, rarely less than three, transporting charcoal or brushwood towards some distant hamlet in carts drawn by cows, and of very primitive form and construction. The wheels are of solid plank, and the whole is said to be made entirely without iron. They are invariably drawn by cows or oxen, which are attached, not by the neck, as with us, but by the horns.

As we approached the frontier, the face of the country grew more than ever dreary, until we entered the pleasing valley in which the town of Anoa, the

IRUN, FROM THE BIDASSOA.

last in the dominions of Louis Philippe, is situated. It was already past noon,—and the *passage* opens at twelve,—yet we were detained, I know not wherefore, till six o'clock, when we entered Spain and pushed forward to our halting-place, where we were destined to become acquainted with Biscayan comforts.

On arriving at this capacious hut, which, in the time of the cholera, had been the lazaretto, Diego obtained intelligence which determined him to make a halt of at least two or three days. The Carlists and Christinos were by the ears in the valleys hard by; and the former, it was said, being hard driven, were daily seizing upon every mule of decent appearance that came within their reach, in order to make ragouts of him,—their other provisions, just then, running very low. One comfort—for such it really was—we at least enjoyed in our barn: we were not the only *détenus*, there being nearly forty other travellers, all of whom pretended, as we did, that their muleteers alone were to blame, inasmuch as they themselves feared neither liberal nor legitimatist.

Without instituting a rigid inquiry into the strength of their apprehensions, which were, perhaps, not greater than our own, we sought, after demolishing a large tureen of soup, to extract what amusement we could from our position. The whole company, to speak the truth of them, appeared remarkably gay for people within three musket-shots, perhaps, of hostile troops; for the Carlists were said to be close upon the frontier. There was an old Frenchman, whose only travelling companion was a fiddle, which morning,

noon, and night—as we found to our cost—was patriotically engaged in scraping the air of the Marseilloise. Besides this republican instrument, the company mustered two guitars; and, as every body could play, and, in his own estimation, sing too, heaven knows at what hour they would have broken up their serenading orgies, or given respite to their cigars, had not a hurricane came on, which made still louder music and threatened to transfer us, fiddles and all, to the Bay of Biscay.

Our farm-house, hostelry, or whatever else it might be called, was situated on the banks of the Bidassoa, within sight of the bridge, and the view from the window was infinitely picturesque. In the left foreground was a house of the same age, apparently, as the mountain, out of which it seemed to have sprung like a wart upon Olympus. Its colour was the same—that nondescript sort of gray which one means when it is said "the sky is gray," or "the morning is gray." Moss and creeping plants, attracted by the moisture of the river, audaciously projected their roots, over the roof, and along the "wooden walls," until they at length met the water, where, at the bottom of some rude steps, there was a damsel, who sported as handsome a pair of legs as Dorothea in Don Quixote, when, weary and exhausted, she was found cooling her feet in a stream. Boats of exceedingly rude construction, and seemingly as heavy as Chinese junks, were comfortably moored among green and rotten old posts, while two or three of the female inmates appeared nearly ready for bathing. The

bridge itself, and the buildings beyond, look very well as component parts of a landscape; but the former, at least, when approached near, seems in its erection to have preceded Noah's ark, and been left as a specimen of the taste, and invention, and architectural resources of the contemporaries of Tubal Cain.

But the river and the mountains are exquisitely modern; such, at all events, was the opinion of the French fiddler, who entertained the most profound contempt for every thing which dated beyond the year 1789. "Bah!" said he to a Spaniard, who was hinting his admiration of his country's former glory, "what is the good of looking back at old times? What were you then, at best, but the handles with which a king moved, or the scoops with which he filled his revenue coffers; or else the manure for his fields, which he drenched with your blood?—Allons, Monsieur! let us not look back, but forward, to those glorious times when the Peninsula shall be a republic, and that old bridge be trodden by democratic feet!"

The Spaniard shook his head, and gave a grim smile. He was a Carlist. But neither the admirers of the old, nor the admirers of the new order of things, had a spark of admiration to spare for scenery. Politics and their cigars, to our infinite annoyance, engrossed them entirely. The landscape before us was, nevertheless, exceedingly fine, consisting of a sweep of undulating country rising gradually, and terminating in the distance in a chain of mountains Alpine in character, which encircled the vale and bounded the horizon. Bare and arid, above a certain elevation, but of diver-

sified outline, and rising in precipitous cliffs like the secondary chains of the Lower Valois, they are invested with more grandeur than generally belongs to unforested ridges; and, being commanded by no higher mountains, rise like a chain of clouds above the common level of the country.

But if we had elevation and grandeur out of doors, to make up for it there was the very reverse within. Never did farce or comedy bring together a more complete set of uncouth originals. To begin with the top of the list, there was an old actor and manager, named Petto, who amused himself with railing at his betters, in setting at nought matrimony, and travelling about the world with a *chère amie.* Like all other managers, he imagined himself born to play the tyrant, and his philosophy, if it ever was more extensive, had now contracted to the comprehension of one single proposition: viz. "self is every thing." He ate like a half-starved wolf from the Pyrenees, voraciously and unintermittingly, till every thing within his reach had been consumed; and then seemed to eye the company, as if he would next have liked to try the taste of one of them. He was now returning from South America, where he was said to have realized a fortune of at least eight hundred per annum, invested in the French funds.

The next person in importance to Petto was Señor Torino, with a wife, nephew, and two children, the worst in manners I ever in my whole travels encountered. They spoke a little English, and proved their proficiency by swearing in it incessantly like troopers.

Señor Torino had been during nine years engaged in the wool trade at Liverpool, where he had ended by becoming a bankrupt; but very fortunately possessed some little property in Spain, whither he was now retiring, to vent his oaths, for the remainder of his life, on his own lands.

Third upon the list was a lady, now married; but whose beauty had formerly been public property at Madrid. The husband who had taken unto himself this relict of the capital, was a merchant, engaged, like Torino, in the wool trade; but his wife preserved so much of the elegant style of thinking acquired during her professional practice, as to consider it necessary, after marriage, to retain as *cortejo* a Mr. O'Flannighan, who, growing tired of Madrid, absconded with a considerable part of her husband's property. In pursuit of the delinquent, her very sagacious lord had despatched her to Bourdeaux, where she of course arrived just in time to be too late. The lady was now on her way back; and instead of the Irishman above commemorated, had contrived to enlist in her service two cavaliers, who would have made a figure, with clothes-bags on their shoulders, in the most celebrated second-hand purlieus of the metropolis. The first of these worthy successors to Mr. O'Flannighan, was a conceited little fellow called Belasco, aid-de-camp in the Spanish army, and, in his own estimation, a hero of the first water. His partner, for they were not rivals, appeared to have more right to the honour they were enjoying, having Irish blood in him, and rejoicing in the magnificent appellation of O'Flinn.

Why Diego had not chosen to take up his quarters at Irun, close at hand, did not at first appear; but intelligence, which afterwards proved to be unfounded, had been diligently circulated, that the Carlists were about to make an attack upon it in the night, and carry off whatsoever they could lay hands on. However, seeing no vestiges of Don Carlos's heroes, our establishment was soon broken up, and the several inmates transferred to the posadas of Irun, ourselves among the number. Here we hastily comforted ourselves with a garlic and saffron stew, and some tolerably good wine, after which we resumed our journey, putting implicit confidence in Diego and his mules, who led the way at what pace, and in whatsoever direction they pleased.

The country now grew extremely beautiful, the level lands being profusely watered, while the uplands and mountains, from their roots to the summit, were clothed with magnificent oaks, beech-trees, and chestnuts, with some few specimens of the *encina*, or evergreen oak, which bears an acorn equal in flavour to the chestnut. A short ride brought us to Hernani, a large village recently rendered remarkable by the courage of our countrymen, who, under the command of General de Lacy Evans, taught the Carlists a lesson they will not soon forget; and thus furnished an exemplification of those high qualities and that superior discipline brought into resistless action by their brilliant and illustrious leader in the Peninsular war. Hernani, which then possessed no particular interest in our eyes, is situated in an agreeable

valley, fertilized by a river which, like the Pisuerga farther on, comes frequently under the eye of the traveller, as he advances towards Vitoria. Mountains of vast height impend over the valley, into which they every moment appear ready to precipitate themselves, to swallow up the town where anchors, in former times, were forged for the Spanish navy, when such a thing existed. Recently nothing was forged there but lies, which lighter than anchors, flew with nimble feet over the Pyrenees, transformed themselves into paragraphs in the French and English papers, travelled northward to the gates of St. Petersburgh, and there, as here, gave rise to other paragraphs which, just as it happened, raised or lowered the Spanish bonds.

A road striking off to the right leads to St. Sebastian; but this town having, at that time, no particular attractions for us, we took that to the left, leading through Tolosa towards Vitoria. At first our route lay over the hills, which, branching off at Andaya, enclose and shelter an extremely narrow valley, kept in perpetual verdure and fertility by the romantic little river Oria, which flows in a winding and willow-fringed channel down its centre. Every object that meets the eye bears testimony to the industry and comfort of the people. Villas, or rather, perhaps, farm-houses, interspersed through the valley at frequent intervals, peep forth from amid encircling groves of walnut, mulberry, apple, and other trees; and the sparkling whiteness of the walls, like those of the Welsh cottages, contrasts agreeably with the

verdure, now tinged by autumn, of the surrounding trees. Every where, high and low, where the plough could bite, cultivation had been at work, and the eye was refreshed and delighted by the result. Nature, no doubt, had done still more than man; but whatever the agents which had produced it, few prospects in Spain can be contemplated with more satisfaction than the valley of the Oria, on the way to Tolosa. Hills of different elevations rise in tiers behind each other, and gradually lead the eye backward, and upward, till it rests on mountain-peaks clothed with forest, and overcanopied by a brilliant sky. Here and there, in windless nooks embosomed in trees, we discovered while moving along, small picturesque hamlets, or larger villages, each with its church spire towering above the woods. Now and then, as we advanced, not too rapidly it must be confessed, we came to beautiful cascades in the river, which precipitated its clear waters over green mossy rocks, sometimes bare to the sun, at others closely hemmed in and almost hidden by overhanging oaks.

As we were approaching Tolosa, forgetful of the fact that our road lay through a country torn by civil war, fortune presented us with a spectacle well calculated to call it to remembrance. This was a party of Christinos conducting towards Vitoria a number of Carlist prisoners, who, it was expected, were there to be shot. They were tied two and two, with their arms bound behind their back; and it at once struck me that my eye was not unfamiliar with at least one face among them. They did not lift up their heads

as we passed; fortune had humbled them; they appeared to be counting the steps, the very minutes, that led them to death. I stopped my mule,—for it was only at Vitoria that we determined upon enjoying the luxury of a carriage,—and looking down upon the shirtless, shoeless captives, I immediately recognised my Carlist friend of Bayonne, whose romance appeared to be drawing too rapidly towards a conclusion.

"Gracious God!" I exclaimed, "can that be you?" He turned up his eyes with a start, as my voice struck upon his ear, and seeing who had accosted him, made an effort to put on a smile. I was on my feet in a moment, and before the peseteros could interfere to prevent us; "Can I do any thing, my friend, to get you out of this scrape? Do you know of any way? I have some acquaintance with the English general, and will despatch a messenger to him this moment."

"It would be useless, my dear sir!" he replied. "The king has recently refused to pardon a number of the rebels who had fallen into his power; and now that it is their turn, nothing can prevent them from using their advantage. It will be all over with me by this time to-morrow. But push on, and leave us. You see they are going to command you. I would not involve others in my misfortunes; particularly one who——"

He was unable to finish the sentence; not from any interference of the Christino soldiers, but from the state of his own feelings, the bitterness of which, too visible in his countenance, no words of mine could portray. There were tears in his eyes. He trembled

with emotion. "Go on, my friend!" said he: "leave me to my fate. God bless you!"

I left him accordingly; but, going up to the officer, who, indeed, partly spared me the trouble, I inquired into the circumstances under which the prisoner had been taken. He was a civil and a gentlemanly man; but could not withal conceal the strong prejudices he entertained against Englishmen in general, but especially against such,—few, indeed, and those mostly foolish young men,—who had taken part with the Pretender. There was a reluctance in his manner to hold communication with one who evinced an interest in a Carlist. He at length, however, informed me that my countryman had scarcely passed the Pyrenees before he fell into their hands; and having been captured in company with several native *rebels*,—for it is thus that each party designates the other,—it was not to be expected he should escape the fate which awaited them.

I knew, of course, that nothing in this affair would ultimately depend on him, but wished to obtain permission to hold further communication with my countryman, which was politely, but firmly refused. It was hinted, moreover, that it would be well if I myself escaped the imputation of being a Carlist, since no one could understand, on any other ground, the interest I appeared to take in one of that detested faction. Perceiving that nothing was to be gained by perseverance, I took my leave, and pushing forward, entered Tolosa considerably before them.

Determining not to lose sight of the Carlist until his

fate should be decided, we lingered in a posada, overlooking the road to Alegria, until the escort had passed with their prisoners; and then, resuming our journey, followed slowly in the distance behind. Setting aside the poor prisoners, the cavalcade made a fine appearance. The peseteros, with their handsome vests of rifle-green, with yellow stripes down the trousers, were mingled with an almost equal number of chapelgorris, or Biscayan volunteers, many of whom, besides their red chakos, wore trousers also of red. Their horses were light and spirited, and seemed to rejoice in the dust they every now and then raised about them. It was the dark dress of the ordinary volunteers which caused the peasantry to bestow on them the name of *los negros*, or "the blacks," an appellation afterwards extended to the Christinos generally, and by many foolishly supposed to signify "negroes." A report has gone abroad, but I know not on what founded, that many of these troops, as well as the carabineros, carried at the end of their muskets a long four-edged bayonet, with teeth like a saw near the point, which inflicted incurable wounds. For myself, seeing the fierce spirit which animates both parties, I should feel little surprise, if, like savages, they should have recourse to poisoned weapons, that whomsoever they touched might perish.

Our road now lay through a most charming country, where agriculture seemed to be conducted on enlightened principles. The hamlets and scattered farm houses, visible from the highway, were clean, and exhibited signs of comfort; and in one or two of the

small towns there were manufactories of poniards, swords, and fire-arms. Towards dusk we saw the soldiers, who had evidently driven their prisoners to the utmost of their strength, enter an inn in a small hamlet on the northern slope of a mountain, over which we were to pass. Arriving not long after them, we also took up our quarters there, in the hopes that chance would afford some opportunity of conversing with the English captive, who, though I felt for all, excited the greatest share of my commiseration.

On entering the kitchen, we found round the fire a knot of Navarrese peasants, who seemed to be returning homeward from a considerable journey. They were travel-stained and way-worn; but eyed the soldiers, as it appeared to me, with most unfriendly glances. Their costume was highly curious and characteristic, consisting of a *beret*, or blue round cap, a jacket and breeches of the coarse brown cloth usually worn by the Franciscans, a blue or red sash, and *alpargatas*, or hemp sandals, which, both in Navarre and Biscay, are worn instead of shoes.

It was not an occasion to look for much attention or civility from the inn-people; but, paying for what we required, it seemed reasonable to expect some little more than we found. By dint, however, of coaxing and perseverance, we at last succeeded in obtaining something to eat. Still the principal object of my stay remained unaccomplished; the peseteros appeared to fear lest I might eat or otherwise spirit off their captive, and watched me so closely, that I could get no opportunity of conversing with him even for a

moment; and, after trying uselessly till a late hour, I retired in exceedingly bad temper to bed.

Fate had ordained that we were to meet no more. About midnight we were suddenly startled from our sleep by the firing of muskets and pistols, as it at first appeared, in our bed-room; but, on starting up, rubbing our eyes, and rushing forth into the corridor, we found the whole house in an uproar, several of the peseteros shot, and the prisoners gone. Nothing could exceed the external manifestations of sorrow and rage on the part of the landlord, who cursed Don Carlos, and all dons whatever, in a manner which seemed to satisfy the peseteros, who serve not a don, but a donna; though, for myself, I have little doubt that he was deeply concerned in the rescue, and considered Don Carlos the legitimate lord of Spain. In my heart I rejoiced no less than he, though I took much less pains to conceal it; and felt, what he probably did not, sincere sorrow for the honest chapelgorris, who had lost their lives in the affair.

It will readily be imagined that, after such a scene, we felt but little inclination to sleep. Diego and his mules were fresh, and ready for starting; we had no longer any motive for delay: so, bidding adieu to the Christino chief, if chief he might be called, we resumed our journey considerably before day. We had already achieved the ascent and descent of the mountain, and arrived at the village of Ansuela, before day completely broke upon us. In a short time we quitted the province of Guipuscoa and entered that of Alava, where the great high road all the way from Vergara to

Vitoria may very well be compared to a long street. Villages, farm-houses, and other dwellings, are constantly seen on either hand—the Zadorra winds before us through the valley—and at length the mountains sink rapidly into the vast rich plain of Vitoria, where we arrived with sharp appetites rather late in the afternoon.

Scarcely a foot of ground we had that day traversed, not a town or city of importance, or strong position upon hill or river, but had afforded us an object of interest as associated with British history, the skilful combinations of the greatest of living commanders, and the persevering indomitable valour of his armies. On how many spots did we trace the memory of his exploits, and the impress of the iron foot of war! The Pyrenees—the passage of the Bidassoa—Irun—Hernani—St. Sebastian, and the surrounding valleys and heights had been carried, position after position, by a masterly series of movements, which thwarted the manœuvres and best efforts of a brave and experienced foe. Neither old Numantium, nor modern Saragossa need blush to boast of allies whose deeds may be emblazoned with their own; and their combined influence ought to serve as a future war-cry against the invader, should the foot of a foreign foe again threaten Spain's independence.

CHAPTER II.

VITORIA.

The Parador Viejo—Inmates of the Kitchen—a Student of Salamanca—the Chimney Corner—the Great Square—Market Day—King Joseph—Battle of Vitoria—Valour of the Spaniards—Antiquarian Disquisition on Gaels, Biscayans, &c.—Spanish Contentment not founded in Humility—English and Foreign Politeness—the Public Promenade—View from the Florida—Exploit of Zumalacarregui.

On our arrival at Vitoria, the capital city of Alava on the Castilian frontier, it was, as I have said, drawing near dusk, and our predilection for the picturesque was consequently compelled to yield precedence to the more homely gratification afforded by a good dinner and the blazing kitchen fire of the posada, by which this meal is always eaten in this country. The Parador Viejo has been admitted, by most travellers, to be the best inn in Spain, which, however, is not saying much for it. I will be more encomiastic: it is, in many respects, not unworthy to be compared with a good English inn, its apartments being neatly fitted up, and furnished with fire-places; its beds curtained and clean; its floors well swept; and, though last, not least, its provisions and style of cookery worthy of high commendation.

Its spacious kitchen was, as usual, the place of general rendezvous for the travellers who patronised the establishment, and whose numbers, on the present occasion, were so considerable, and their costume, stature, and complexion so various, that, but for the roof and the female attendants, I might almost have fancied myself in the court of an eastern caravanserai. Close to me, on the high-backed wooden seat, fixed for greater comfort in the chimney corner, where I enjoyed the genial warmth of the fire, sat a tall Aragonese in his capusay, not unlike the Moorish haik, or Grecian capote. The hood, thrown back on the shoulders, exhibited to view his small sheep-skin cap, from beneath which escaped, in matted flakes, a profusion of black greasy hair. His countenance, though disfigured by several cicatrices, beamed cheerfully on all around; and his tongue moved quicker than the flappers of Don Quixote's windmills. His neighbour, who received this volley of vivacity, was an Andalusian merchant, in travelling costume: a sheep-skin jacket with silver clasps, tight breeches, buskins of leather, large silver spurs, and a gancho hat. They were both smoking paper cigars, and had engaged in argument on general politics, occasionally glancing more or less adroitly at the contest going on in the province.

Clustering around the fire in front was a motley group, composed of individuals from almost every part of the country—Castilians, Biscayans, Navarrese, Galicians, all puffing forth smoke like furnaces, and bandying, in the midst of the cloud thus created,

arguments somewhat infected by the mistiness of the atmosphere. My attention was by degrees fixed upon a young student from Salamanca. His robe, which had doubtless once been new, now displayed sundry unseemly rents, and was altogether so threadbare and brittle, that the first storm that should overtake him out of doors, would certainly carry the better part of it to the crows. With regard to his cap, it was in somewhat better condition; for, not having been endued with the faculty of growing with his head, it had long been reduced to an article of mere show, and was carried under the arm, to prove that, in rainy weather, his locks had once skulked under cover.

He had engaged in conversation with a Catalan merchant, to whom he was recounting the brief story of his life. He then descanted on his studies with much earnestness, and some complacency; and I discovered that, if his robe was somewhat antiquated, his ideas were of the newest stamp, full of lively and benevolent tendencies, and far more enlarged than I should have supposed it possible for a man to have picked up in a Salamanca education. With such notions, he was not likely to be an enthusiastic Christino, still less a Carlist. He evidently disliked both parties. He considered them as old tide-marks, over which the waves of a much higher flood must very shortly break, to sweep away and conceal for ever all trace of their existence. He met, however, with but little sympathy in his hearers, who, altogether absorbed by the interest of passing events, heard with impatience all reference to a state of things, possible

perhaps, but remote, equally from their experience and their hopes.

As the air of the evening was chill, and the kitchen of great extent, every person present sought to obtain a glimpse of the fire, consisting of a pile of live embers fed by numerous logs, and a liberal supply of brush-wood, cast on from time to time to make a blaze. The culinary operations were carried on, as in France and Italy, upon a number of small furnaces, fixed in a solid platform erected against the wall, and faced with painted and varnished tiles. To render the affair more interesting, the superintendents of the copper stew-pans were young and pretty, dressed too in a costume admirably adapted to show off all the graces of their forms, and constitutionally and from education disposed to join in all the frolic, gaiety, and broad humour which usually bubble forth in companies of so motley a character.

Being somewhat fatigued with our ride, we retired early to rest, where it was not long before imperious sleep had triumphed over the uncouth noises of every description which resounded through the streets of this miniature Babel. In the morning, after fortifying the inner man with a profusion of such good things as the larder of the Parador Viejo afforded, we sallied forth towards what constitutes the great point of attraction in Vitoria—the Great Square. Its beauties, as the reader will perceive, have employed the pencil of Mr. Roberts, which, much more compendiously than language, will convey a correct idea of the material and immoveable features of the scene. But this is

GREAT SQUARE AT VITTORIA.

neither all, nor perhaps the most interesting portion of what here presents itself to the eye of the traveller. Its greatest charm lies in the vivacity, the animation, the almost tropical warmth of countenance observable in the various groupes, called into existence in its wide area, or beneath its shady and comfortable piazzas, by the spirit of trade; for it is here that the market is held, and here the unoccupied labourers assemble, and stand, each with the implements of his calling, as of old in the market-places of Judea, plying for employment. Around the fountain, which stands in the centre of the square, the watermen, a race, as Juvenal terms them, of strong-backed knaves, are found busy at all hours, bottling up for the use of the citizens large quantities of that element, which an ancient poet pronounced the most excellent of all things.

Here, on the one hand, were peasants from the surrounding districts with grain and pulse; and on the other, rough-handed Basques with vegetables cultivated in large market-gardens on the southern banks of the Zadorra. With one old fellow of the latter class, dressed in a woollen bonnet resembling that worn in the Highlands, a striped manta, and sandals instead of shoes, I fell into conversation. Upon his finding we were English, his memory appeared to be suddenly quickened. He recalled the day—and he recalled it with vivid pleasure—on which his countrymen, inspired by the energetic co-operation of the British, defeated the last remaining strength of the usurper Joseph, and sent him baffled and humiliated to smoke his *cigarillo* beyond the Pyrenees. The old Basque was

eloquent in his description of the battle. But I observed that his sympathies—which depend much, in all of us, upon our habitual associations—were no less painfully excited by the magnificent crop of corn which the combatants trampled down and spoiled, particularly in the neighbourhood of his own village of Abuchaco, than by the number of his countrymen —for the others were nothing—who that day bit the dust. He exhibited considerable enthusiasm in describing the attack—whether he witnessed it himself, or only spoke from the report of others—made by the Spanish troops under General Morillo on the French corps posted above Puebla. Supported by a party of English under Colonel Cadogan, who fell there, they in the most gallant style mounted the heights, and after much hard fighting, succeeded in dislodging the enemy at the point of the bayonet. He appeared almost willing to forget the timely aid afforded by a detachment sent by Sir Rowland Hill. It was always *we*—"nosotros"—who performed whatever there was of heroic in the action of that day; and, it must be owned, that if the Spaniards could be prevailed upon to fight half so well as they talk of fighting, no troops in Europe would be able to stand before them. There was a particular infusion of glee in the tone of triumph in which he related the disasters of Joseph, whom he was careful not to honour with the title of *El Rey*, which a Spaniard's imagination still surrounds with a misty halo of veneration. It was fortunate for him, he said, that he had been able, while in Spain, to filch a good horse, for it was to

that circumstance he owed his life; since, when Captain Wyndham and his squadron of cavalry fired into the fugitive's carriage, in the hope of picking him off by accident, he had just a moment to fling himself upon his Andalusian, which, like an unpatriotic beast as it was, in a moment carried him out of danger.

The amusing nationality of this gasconading old Basque, which seemed to make his very woollen cap perspire, strongly reminded me of those spiritual natives of the Emerald Isle, who woke lively figures of rhetoric out of whisky. And, indeed, there have not been wanting, among later travellers, those who trace the Vascongades, the Navarrese, the Scotch Highlanders, and the Irishman, to one common Keltic stock, which, if this be true, must have been endued with portentous fertility. In one point, it would give me pleasure to discover a resemblance in the Irish, or, indeed, in the Gael, to these hardy mountaineers; a sober, cleanly, industrious people, who extract from the rude soil, to which they are enthusiastically attached, wherewith to maintain a sturdy independence.

"But my pen wanders—I demand it back!"

To say three words of the architecture of the square, which the battle of Vitoria, and the Irish origin of the Basque, or the Basque origin of the Irish population, had nearly caused me to overlook. The houses are erected with a sort of freestone, in a very tasteful and handsome style, with a suite of arcades below and airy balconies above, where ladies in the evening

may listen to serenades, and enjoy the cool breeze. Seats with railed backs, placed at intervals against the interior of the columns, enable the lounger to enjoy his cigarillo and daily dram of politics, which, of late, has been substituted for private scandal, more safe and exciting under the old regime. Señor Olarvide, from whose designs the square was built, is said to have been himself a native of Vitoria, who devoted his distinguished talents to the embellishment of the place of his birth.

This city has always excited the admiration of foreigners, whether they have merely paid it a passing visit, or have enjoyed the experience of a longer residence. Provisions are plentiful and cheap, and the climate, notwithstanding the vicinity of the mountains, which bound the horizon towards the north, is extremely mild and temperate, excepting perhaps a few days in the depth of winter. We may, perhaps, seek in vain for that Arcadian simplicity and innocence of manners celebrated with credulous enthusiasm by former travellers,—and for this the civil war may charitably be called in to account; but one feature of the national character, observable here and every where, cannot fail to strike you, as you sit with one leg over the other in the arcade of the Great Square,—I mean that tone of repose, of calm, unanxious reliance upon the future, which pervades every group around you. Doubtless the climate may lay claim to something of this, but not to all. Other causes must co-operate. And of these, perhaps, the chief is the absence of the commercial and speculating

spirit, and the reliance of the majority upon the more certain, though more moderate returns of agriculture and of unambitious trade. Here, as in the East, the cobbler is as content to be a cobbler, as the duke to be a duke. His pride consists in being a Spaniard; and for this he knows no other reason upon earth, than that his father before him indulged the same pride, and transmitted it, as a sort of heir-loom, to him. There is, moreover, a sort of equality, which is not that of freedom. On the contrary, it derives its source from despotic rule; for, where the sovereign is regarded as every man's master, those who share in the feeling of inferiority thus engendered, and from the cradle accustom themselves to look up to him as to a being above the ordinary level of humanity, naturally view all below that level as little or nothing better than themselves. That such is the case, any man may convince himself who will be at the pains to examine the structure of society in countries where the most rigid despotism prevails;—in the Ottoman empire, or in Persia, for example. He will there find precisely the same equality as in Spain, accompanied necessarily by the same slovenly ease of manners, which, wherever it appears, is based on the most profound ignorance that in the economy of human actions there is such a thing as good-breeding. The uneducated and untutored Englishman is awkward, because his active aspiring mind has obtained some glimpse of a system of manners more beautiful than his own; and though ignorant of the means, he would fain appropriate something of this enviable possession

to himself,—a wish which almost necessarily involves him in affectation. In one word, every Englishman would, without precisely knowing how, be a gentleman; and, thanks to the finer and more free element of his government, the desire, accompanied by industry and good fortune, may be realized. But in Spain, and every other country under a purely monarchical government, men, to adopt a common phrase, know their place; they are under the influence of a modification of the system of castes; such as is the father, such must be the son; there is no jostling for precedence. A traditionary acquiescence in the wisdom of established institutions has grown up among them; and hence that contentment and animal satisfaction which delude the superficial observer—the man who can envy the felicity of a sloth—into a belief that beings so gross, so unprovided with mental resources, can be considered really happy.

But, whatever the Spaniards may be in an ethical or political point of view, they generally furnish good subjects for the artist, whether he chooses to paint them with language or with colours. This is particularly the case at Vitoria, which, being situated near the confines of several provinces, formerly kingdoms, is generally filled with a mixed population, every individual of which presents some peculiarity of costume or feature. I was made strongly sensible of this on the Florida, a fine public promenade stretching along the southern suburbs of the city, reminding me, by many of its features, of the noble walk that encompasses the sunny ramparts of Dijon.

Here the view, as there, after wandering over a rich plain, roughened at intervals by inconsiderable elevations, is terminated on all sides by mountains. There are points, however, of difference. On the great flat of Burgundy, there are few of those green lanes, or pleasant hedgerows, whose chief merit consists in their reminding one of England, or affording shelter in a raw day; as, in an extended landscape, nothing can be more adverse to the picturesque, since they chequer and break up the face of the country into a resemblance with a Highlander's tartan. In Biscay, however, the fields are, as with us, divided by hedges, and intersected by numerous cross-roads, fenced and shaded by tall trees.

The objects occupying the fore-ground on the Florida were more interesting than the distant landscape; groupes of fine children, attended by handsome deep-bosomed brunettes with large liquid eyes, such as the reader may become acquainted with on the canvas of Murillo. Nurse-maids are in no country a very staid or pensive race. Compelled to take abundant exercise in attending on their little charges, and imbibing too, perhaps, from them some portion of their infantine nonchalance, they generally possess an overflow of health and good spirits, and their character becomes rather hoydenish than demure. They were now engaged in a sort of game, which has been noticed by other travellers; striking with a small bat from one to another a wooden substitute for a ball, which those towards whom it was directed caught in their aprons. The little mock bull-fight is

another favorite amusement of the young, as described in a former volume.

But the inhabitants of Vitoria, though now so gay and apparently free from care, had not many months before been visited by the scourge of civil war, when the mirth of many families had been quenched in blood. It had, in fact, been the scene of one of Zumalacarregui's exploits. This general, active, cruel, and ambitious, suddenly entered Vitoria, where, finding the Christinos in small force, his valour increased in proportion to the little need there was for it. At the head of six thousand men, he put to flight three hundred militia, overpowered the feeble garrison, and immediately proceeded to exact a heavy levy upon such of the inhabitants as were supposed to favour the liberal cause.

From his subsequent conduct there seems room, however, to suspect that the possession of wealth was the principal offence punished by Zumalacarregui. He no doubt wanted money for himself, or for Don Carlos; and, of course, considered it insolent in "fat choughs" of citizens to be hoarding their pesetas and feeding with the gusto of aldermen, while his pockets, like his stomach, were empty. His behaviour, on this occasion, has been differently interpreted. From the superiority of his numbers, and the rapidity with which he made himself master of the town, he was enabled to secure about one hundred and twenty prisoners, whom, after remaining in possession of the place about six hours, he carried off along with him. His object, not at first suspected by any one, soon

became manifest. He had along with him a priest, Don Juan Antoño Laserte, curate of Arroyala; and, perhaps against his advice, rather than with his concurrence, proceeded, at the village of Hereida, two leagues from Vitoria, to give a practical proof of what the liberals were to expect, should fortune ultimately desert their cause. The prisoners were parcelled out into parties of five, stripped naked, and shot; after which, death not having been able to satisfy the vengeance of the gallant victors, knives and bayonets were drawn, with which their savage revenge was sought to be slaked upon the warm corpses of the dead. One man, however, escaped from this nefarious butchery. He had been wounded, but not in a vital part; and falling among the dead, where both knives and bayonets missed him, he recovered consciousness when all was over, and returned with the tale of what he had witnessed. Such are among the barbarous excesses committed on both sides throughout this lamentable war.

It might, by the charitable, be supposed, that Zumalacarregui was actuated by the humane desire of killing off his enemies, the sooner to bring about a peace. I wish so much could with truth be said for him. But this excuse for his severity he was careful, at the outset, to remove, by sparing the military prisoners who fell into his hands, after having stripped them of their arms and uniform. He felt that if these were removed, there would be none to keep up the ball, and his occupation, with all the delights attending it, would be at an end. It is possible that the gentle-hearted old curate of Arroyala assisted by

compulsion at this characteristic fête, never having been used to similar exhibitions in the Holy Office. He was thought, however, to have exceeded the bounds of priestly charity, and suffered the gentle punishment of banishment. But the general, supposed also I imagine, to have been a Christian, accountable to God for his deeds, received, so far as I can learn, neither check nor reprimand; but on the contrary, was doubtless applauded by Don Carlos as a good and faithful subject. We have seen, however, the natural result of such a line of policy. The spirit of civil war, every where peculiarly sanguinary, has subsequently become more and more savage; atrocities have been repaid with atrocities, murders with murders, until, in the depth of their degradation, the Spaniards have resumed the practices, common in the French invasion, of wreaking on the wives and mothers of their foes the vengeance they could not, or dared not, on the husbands and sons.

CHAPTER III.

FROM VITORIA TO BURGOS.

Valley of the Zadorra—Orchards of Alava—Adventure among the Basques—Christino Cavalry—Town of Puebla—Miranda del Ebro—General absence of Trees—Scarcity of the Picturesque—Vermin—Duke of Wellington—Rocks of Pancorvo—Grandeur of the Scene—Traverse the Pass—Beautiful Islet—English study of Topography—Rich and Picturesque Valley—Pride of the Castilians—Briviesca—Rudeness of Innkeepers—Feathering of Women—Anecdotes—Curate Merino—Lakes of Briviesca—Mountain Pass—Exploit of the Carlists—Arrival at Burgos.

On leaving Vitoria, which we did early in the morning, our road lay over the plain and inconsiderable heights above Gomecha, where the French took up their position on the memorable twenty-first of June. Crossing several small streams, which carry their sparkling waters towards the north with a rattling current, we ascended a small hill, from whence the eye commanded a fine view of the valley of the Zadorra, hastening to bear, through a smiling country, its tributary waters to the Ebro. As our muleteer partook largely of his countrymen's disregard of time, it was always practicable, particularly when there were any wine or brandy shops on the way, to outwalk his beasts, and loiter at our ease wherever there happened to turn up any thing to invite examination.

Upon reaching the brow of the hill, just where the road brings us in sight of the small hamlet of Nauclares, being, as usual, considerably a-head of Diego, we turned aside into a pretty footpath leading among the orchards and gardens that covered the whole slope of the declivity. The fruit was ripe, and hung temptingly on the boughs. We longed to transfer some of it to our pockets, but having made small progress in Basque, we vainly sought, through the medium of our Spanish, which, to confess the truth, was none of the purest, to explain our wishes to the ruddy peasants who were there at work. As to the language of signs, which travellers every where find many occasions to employ, it serves very well to make known the fact that something is wanted, but not what, or how much; at least it does this very imperfectly.

We were soon encircled by a little crowd of Biscayans, some of whom imagined we had lost our way, and offered, as we could clearly see by their movements, to conduct us to the great road. Others supposed we were hungry, and with the benevolent design of supplying our wants, led us to their cottages, where boiled chestnuts, pork sausages, and excellent fat bacon,—which they considered much better for our stomachs than raw fruit,—were placed with profusion at our disposal. It was impossible not to be delighted with their hospitality, though we would just then have preferred that they should have exhibited more quickness of apprehension. To convince them that it was not provisions, but dainties,

we demanded of them, we had recourse to a step which, in any other part of Spain, might have cost us dear,—we showed them our purses; and, pointing to the delicious pears and apples which, like Tantalian fruit, on all sides mocked the eye, signified by most intelligible pantomime what we would have them comprehend, pointing towards the road and to a most primitive vehicle standing within sight, to intimate that we were travellers. Upon this they laughed heartily, I suppose at their mistake about the bacon, and one of the young men going to a tree covered with ripe pears, soon with a single shake, brought down a shower of them upon the grass; and putting these, with a quantity of fine apples into a basket, insisted upon carrying them to our carriage, where he indignantly refused all remuneration.

In the course of the morning, we encountered a considerable party of horse, proceeding from Castile to join the queen's army in Biscay. They moved along enveloped in a cloud of dust, through which, when it cleared away for a moment, we could discover from afar the flashing of their helmets and cuirasses in the sun. Their horses, principally from Andalusia, were full of fire, and exhibited that strength of limb, and roundness about the haunches, which bespoke their descent from the Arab; and the riders, though they awakened less magnificent ideas than their steeds, appeared, nevertheless, to want only training and the inspiration of a truly popular cause, to render them good men and true. We were allowed to pass without even being questioned; and, on reaching Puebla,

learned with satisfaction,—as it appeared to promise us an undisturbed journey to Miranda,—that the above-described cavaliers had already been engaged, and done some service in routing a body of Carlists, which had been posted on the road to intercept their advance.

The town of Puebla, Carlist perhaps at heart, was now in possession of the Christinos; and every face wore that anxious, uneasy expression which near-impending danger gives birth to. People congregated together in small knots, and though apparently, from long acquaintance, sure of each other's politics, conversed in dubious expressions, endeavouring all the while to look into each other's thoughts, to discover in what direction they might really be leaning. Here and there sentinels were patrolling the streets, and other soldiers, partly idle, partly on duty, collected on various points, buried in reflection, or discussing with unusual seriousness the chances of being engaged. Few women made their appearance. Even the boys, as they walked along, looked as they do in London on a windy day, when, at every street-turning, they expect to be saluted with a falling tile or chimney-pot. It was clear that a visit from the Carlists was anticipated; and, in fact, I afterwards learned at Madrid, that, notwithstanding the force possessed in the neighbourhood by the Christinos, a flying incursion was that very night made into their district, and much booty in sheep and cattle carried off.

Pushing forward at a snail's pace we arrived, early in the afternoon, at Miranda del Ebro, where, though

much of the day remained, we resolved to pass the night. To this arrangement Diego was always favourable. He saw no wisdom in hurrying forward at a break-neck rate; particularly as in every town through which we passed he possessed a number of acquaintances, male and female, with whom, in order to continue on good terms, he considered it necessary to smoke a cigarillo, or sip a goutte. The Ebro, which is here in its infancy, having effected its escape from the mountains of the Asturias, and begun its southern career in search of warmer weather, divides Miranda into two unequal parts. In front of the town, on a rocky hill, a ruinous castle tries to impart an air of picturesqueness to the landscape, which, in spite of the river, is peculiarly bleak and arid, more especially towards the west, where the eye toils upwards over the dismal slope which leads to the high table-land of New Castile. A few trees, stunted and mean-looking, skirt the great road to the capital. In all other directions you may look in vain for any signs of verdure, though industry, perhaps, under the guidance of an enlightened rural economy, might clothe those barren hills with wood, and the plains and valleys with rich harvests.

Though taste may here and there select a subject for the pencil, this is certainly not a country abounding in landscapes. For, even where there is grandeur, there is generally nothing characteristic, nothing peculiarly Spanish, or, with the exception of the costume where figures are introduced, which might not be found in any other country. But this complaint was

not long to continue. Our journey soon brought us into contact with very different scenery, which required not the excitement of civil war, the apparition of armed bands of robbers or military,—which often in the Peninsula mean the same thing,—or the alarm of a rustic population, to enable it to take a hold on the imagination.

Miranda del Ebro possesses little to repay the traveller for the risk he encounters from vermin in sleeping there. He should think himself lucky indeed, if by some of the miracles common in Spain, he is enabled to resist the efforts of those countless myriads that swarm about his dormitory, to bear him into the Ebro, and be suffered to proceed with a whole skin towards Castile. We enjoyed this piece of good fortune, and set off in the morning, *primâ luce*, bidding farewell to the river which had formed the boundary of Charlemagne's conquests in Spain. On our right, as the vehicle began to ascend the eminences west of the stream, we caught a glimpse of the road leading from Puente de Arenas, traversing rude gorges through craggy, precipitous, and almost inaccessible mountains, by which, after having crossed the Ebro nearly at its sources, the Duke of Wellington led his army towards Vitoria.

The sun, just risen behind our backs, now flung its warm rays upon the lofty rocks of Pancorvo, —the passes to which have become celebrated by the victories of the great duke,—towering in picturesque grandeur above every other object within the circle of the horizon. Never were their giant forms beheld

Drawn by David Roberts. Engraved by J. B. Allen.

ZARAGOZA, ON THE EBRO.

to more advantage. Relieved against the bright blue sky, their jagged and shattered outline rendered startlingly distinct by the purity of the atmosphere, which appeared to annihilate the distance and bring the whole scene close under the eye, and painted with rich and brilliant colours by the sun, we appeared to be transported with a fragment of the Valaisan Alps beneath a more genial heaven. The eye was now fascinated by this avatar of the picturesque. Every moment, as the carriage rolled on, some new feature, some inexplicable charm of the landscape, some pinnacle that sunk or blended with the rocks beyond, some scarcely perceptible inequality which rose momentarily into importance, kept the fancy constantly awake, and on the look-out for novelty.

At length, at Mayago, we entered the narrow winding valley formed by these rocks, which, as at Morez in the Jura, rise up like a wall on either hand, and excluding the rays of the sun, produce in broad day a gloom like that of evening. The resemblance to the scene in Franche Comté was rendered more complete by the Oroncillo, whose waters, occupying nearly the whole breadth of the gorge, tumble in noise and foam over their rocky bed; leaving, however, here and there small patches of soil, which the industry of the peasants had converted into so many gardens. In one part of the pass, or garganta, there was a spot which, from contrast with the savage scenery around, appeared to be invested with peculiar beauty. An immense block of stone, rolling down the precipices, had taken up its station in the centre of the stream,

which, fretting uselessly about its feet, found itself too weak to remove the obstacle. In process of time a quantity of mud accumulated beneath the rock, and seeds of grasses, blown thither by the wind, shot up and bound the islet together with their roots. Mosses and lichens covered the rock itself,—beautiful feathery shrubs grew in the shelter it afforded,—and man stepping in to the aid of nature, the islet was dammed round with stones, tilled, planted, and sown; and, when we passed, ripe apples were nodding from its banks over the translucent waters of the Oroncillo.

Having achieved this pass, and traced the masterly positions and movements of our great British general, we arrived at the village of Pancorvo, situated close to the foot of the rocks at the western extremity of the garganta. The fortress which commands the entrance of the gorge was, in 1813, strongly garrisoned by the French, then in full retreat before the English army; and it was this circumstance that compelled the Duke of Wellington to abandon the great road towards Biscay, and move with all his forces towards the left, over a country until then deemed impracticable for carriages. On this occasion General Foy, who, in his *History of the Peninsular War*, complains of our neglect of topography, found to his cost, that even sportsmen who traverse districts, Manton in hand, may possess a sufficient knowledge of the *local* to out-general the best map-eaters going. This hint, however, may be worth the attention of our military authorities.

Drawn by David Roberts. Engraved by J. C. Varrall.

PASS OF PANCORBO.

The people of Pancorvo, where we entered upon the cookery of Castile, appear to be liberals of the first water. All the time we were at dinner, an inquisitive circle of politicians surrounded us, and discovering from what part of the world we hailed, entered with us into such a discussion as our hunger would allow us to keep up between mouthfuls, respecting the merits and prospects of General Evans and the British Legion. Though not over addicted to be polite towards strangers, they seemed desirous of showing the good opinion they entertained of English valour, and the beneficial results expected from it. What they may say after the war is another thing. According to Colonel Napier, who, if experience be worth any thing, should know them, Spaniards display but little gratitude towards those who may have delivered them; but, on the contrary, when the danger is past, claim to enjoy all the honour of removing it. Be this as it may, they were clamorous in their aforehand gratitude. Our prowess was lauded to the skies; our soldiers were all heroes; our nation whatever is most high-minded and disinterested. Convinced, whether they were sincere or not, that there was some truth in what they said, the garlic-stew and tolerably good wine we were also discussing, went down more sweetly for the flattery; for, of the praise bestowed on England we took some small part to ourselves.

Dinner being concluded, and Diego in readiness, we took our leave of Pancorvo, and, inwardly well fortified, proceeded along the road to Briviesca,

through a richly cultivated vega interspersed with frequent hamlets. The weather continuing beautiful, every thing wore its best aspect. At all times, however, the scene we were now traversing must possess considerable interest, at least for the traveller; who, seeing it constantly shifting, as one valley, one ravine, one dingle after another, each with its grassy flat and shady brook, comes under the eye, has no time to experience weariness, and often, perhaps, confounds the animal delight produced by motion and novelty, with that arising from the contemplation of the grouping discoverable in lovely landscapes.

Having proceeded for some leagues along the mountains of Occa, and passed through two or three villages of most unprepossessing appearance, where the peasants were sufficiently poor and miserable to have been mistaken for mendicants, we entered the district of Burena, a country invested by nature with so many features of beauty, that almost the first impulse of the traveller is one of regret that it should have fallen to the lot of so unadmiring a people. It has been asserted, that the peasants every where throughout Spain are indolent, ignorant, and proud. If the reflection were true,—which fortunately is not the case, —there would be no difficulty in comprehending why it should be so. Their indolence is the cause of their ignorance, which again, in its turn, is the cause of their national pride; and their pride which, if enlightened, would impel them irresistibly towards knowledge, being based upon profound ignorance, only serves to keep them perpetually grovelling in

their antediluvian prejudices. It is not through indolence alone, however, that they are slaves to the notions of their forefathers. The same stupidity which causes them to rejoice in the continuance of absurd customs, leads to the neglect of all improvement in agriculture, in manufactures, in the most necessary arts of life, and converts their villages and dwellings into nests of filth, where pride and vermin swarm together. Every reader will remember the vanity of the Arcadians, which led them to claim for themselves an existence antecedent to that of the moon. This was simply ridiculous, or founded on some mythological tradition misunderstood. But the pride of the Castilian sometimes plunges him into blasphemy, as in the case of the Bellasco family, whose motto was—

> "Antes que Dios fuese Dios,
> O que el sol illuminaba los peñascos,
> Ya era noble la casa de los Bellascos."

> Before God was God,
> Or the sun shone upon the rocks,
> Already was the house of Bellascos noble."

It is to this feeling also, I presume, we are to attribute the saying of the Castilian, who, having stumbled and broken his nose against a stone, got up in a furious passion and exclaimed,—"This is what comes of walking upon the earth!" In the same way we may, perhaps, account for the extreme laziness every where observable. People here prefer living in penury, to the degrading of their nobility by carefully cultivating the soil, ridding their hovels of misery, or

providing themselves with clean linen. The discovery having long ago been made that people cannot live upon proud crests and armorial bearings, the descendant of a hundred *marquesas* and *condes* is compelled to put his aristocratic hand to the plough, or spade; but he considers it due to his ancestors not to be guilty of plebeian industry, or to procure any thing more for himself and family than what may enable them to starve and be ragged in state.

The country itself, however, upon which we now entered, though far from what it might be made by a laborious population, exhibited more neatness and attention to agriculture than are commonly witnessed in Spain. Numerous brooks and rivulets, the confluents of the Occa,—which itself at no great distance falls into the Ebro,—supply moisture and fertility to the valleys and hollows opening on all sides into the bosom of the hills. The villages, or pueblos, are frequent, and, as we move along the road, peep forth picturesquely from amid encircling orchards, and groves of chestnut and elm.

On arriving at Briviesca, the principal town of the district of Burena, our first care was to provide ourselves with the materials of a good supper, an undertaking which the padrona of our posada declined in no gentle terms: *Que tiene usted de bueno?*—"What good things have you got?" inquired we on entering the kitchen, where an ominous absence of every thing like preparation cast a damp over our spirits. *Lo que ustedes han traido!*—"Whatever you may have brought with you!" replied she, with an indolent

drawl, at the same time turning round and dragging her feet and slatternly person towards the fire-place. Presently, however, her daughter came in, and being of a kindlier disposition, our wants were not suffered to remain long unsupplied. She was the first woman I had seen in Castile who had been what is called "feathered" by the Carlists; that is, who, for having betrayed a leaning towards the liberal cause, had been caught by the curate Merino, and had her long hair cut off close to the head.

This punishment was devised by the far-dreaded Zumalacarregui, who made the most of his brief career in taking all the delight which the infliction of cruelty affords a Spaniard. He at one time thought proper, with a degree of hardihood perfectly original, to proclaim the blockade of all the towns and villages occupied by the Christinos in Navarre and the neighbouring provinces, which Rodil had fortified. But, as the blockading force had no existence out of his own imagination, the very idea was treated by the enemy with contempt. He found some resource, however, in his unbounded cruelty. Having no other allies upon whom he could depend, he called in to the aid of legitimacy numbers of those ruffians, half assassins half smugglers, who for ages have set the laws at defiance in the vicinity of the Pyrenees; and forming them into bands, called *partidas*, consisting each of some fifty or sixty men, let them loose upon the country, under the pretence of blockading the constitutional towns, with free licence to murder every man, and cut off the hair and feather *(emplumar)*

every woman, who should be found endeavouring to enter the towns. The indescribable atrocities to which an order like this, issued to miscreants of so desperate a character, must necessarily have given birth, may easily be imagined. Merino sought, upon a small scale, to imitate Zumalacarregui in Castile, more particularly in "feathering" the women, —an employment highly suitable to an old priest; but so deep was the hatred his conduct excited throughout the country, that nothing but the fear of being shot by the more powerful chief, who menaced him openly, could at length restrain him, and he escaped beyond the Ebro from the scene of his exploits.

To return, however, to the young woman: we learned in the course of the evening that she had a betrothed lover in the constitutional army, and it was performing some service for him and his comrades that had drawn down upon her the resentment of the savage old priest, who skulked when the Christinos were at hand, but issued forth as soon as the coast was clear to wreak his valour on the weak and defenceless. As might reasonably be expected, both he and his employer are detested in Castile; where it must, at the same time, be admitted, the opposite party are also viewed with little enthusiasm, there being, among the more enlightened, no strong leaning towards either side. This, it will be remembered, was, in the early part of his life, the bias of Zumalacarregui, who, from motives best known to himself, becoming a renegade, was animated by all that fierceness of hatred

known only among those who have abandoned their principles.

Briviesca is a walled town, and has four gates which correspond with each other. Its *fasti* comprehend few events, it being chiefly remarkable in history as the place where the Cortes were held by King John in 1388, when the title of Prince of Asturias was entailed on the eldest sons of the kings of Castile. In a valley at no great distance are two considerable lakes, known among the peasantry by the names of the *Black Well*, and the *White Well*; which, being supposed to possess medicinal properties, are necessarily placed under the protection of some member or another of the celestial hierarchy, and, accordingly, are denominated the Lakes of St. Vincent and St. Castilda. The site of Briviesca is exceedingly fine. Standing in a valley closely hemmed in on both sides by lofty and rugged mountains, it is encircled by beautiful gardens and orchards, where autumnal flowers mingled their bright colours with those of the ripe fruit, which now literally perfumed the atmosphere.

We set forward next morning before sunrise, though the east already exhibited that ruddy blush which, in Spain, betokens fine weather. At such an hour and under such a sky, even very homely landscapes seem beautiful, borrowing at least half their charms from the buoyant spirits of him who looks on them. But here this was by no means the case. The valley through which we rode was fertile, thickly dotted with human dwellings, and richly varied in aspect; and having at length traversed a mountain-pass, our road

entered into a delightful dale, of no great extent, through the bottom of which flows a stream whose banks are shaded by willows and poplars. Continuing to follow the windings of this mountain stream, we passed through the village of Momasterio, celebrated throughout the Peninsula for its excellent cheese. By degrees, however, as we still proceeded to ascend, the streams forsook us, and our track lay over arid ground till we reached the summit of a ridge, said to be one of the loftiest in Spain. Here, at all events, the waters separate, the springs on the northern slope finding their way by the Duero to the Atlantic; while those on the opposite side swell the current of the Ebro, and fall into the Mediterranean. The view from this airy summit is of vast compass, embracing a singularly striking assemblage of hills and dales, not unlike the prospects one enjoys from the northern exposures of the Apennines. Burgos, with its glittering spires and pinnacles, was distinctly visible; and the intervening sweep of country, clothed with verdure and warm with sunshine, refreshed the eye, mingling all the charm of contrast with that of pastoral beauty and repose.

In descending the mountain, the road traverses a country lavishly clothed with magnificent oaks and cistuses, about the base of which flourishes the hypocistus, which impregnates the atmosphere with a delicious fragrance. We missed the *encina*, or evergreen oak of Navarre and the neighbouring provinces, the acorn of which, when roasted, is not inferior to a chestnut. No doubt, however, it is found in these

woods, though not observable on the skirts of the highway.

At Quintanapalla, a village situated near the foot of the mountains, we heard a story, which, whether true or not, appears to be always kept ready on the tip of the tongue, to be related to every traveller that passes. Like the ladies, too, it has the faculty of remaining ever young; for, as long as the civil war continues, to give a colour to it, the narrator will be sure to add that it happened only *a few nights ago*. But, however this may be, the legend recounts that the escort of cavalry appointed to convoy the mail to Burgos was surprised and made prisoners, only a very short time before our arrival, by the *Carlistas*, or, as the northerns mispronounce it, *Calristas*. The horsemen, it is said, were feasting jovially in the posada kitchen, singing, joking, or swearing over their wine, when a party of the legitimatists, it is not stated how many, suddenly sprang into the room, and, presenting the muzzle of a musket or blunderbuss to each man's breast, required them to surrender or die. Seeing themselves thus taken at disadvantage, and knowing they must have been betrayed by their hosts, who had probably harboured the ruffians for the purpose, the Constitutionalists were constrained to submit to their fate, and were carried away prisoners to the mountains, where, having been stripped and robbed, they were dismissed, with each a blanket to cover him and a piece of money to purchase food. This tale, repeated with a few necessary variations in forty different places, was evidently a Carlist nouvelette, founded perhaps on fact, but in-

tended to show the superior daring of the partisans of the prince. The sequel, if not apocryphal, would show that the government considered the peasants of the village no less guilty than the marauders, who were probably followers of the curate Merino; for it imposed a heavy fine on the place, and imprisoned the padrono, who had, perhaps, shared in the plunder. This has been, by some writers, stigmatized as base; but as, throughout the provinces, it has been customary with the opposite party to put men to death for much slighter offences, the government ought rather, it is argued on the other side, to be applauded for its forbearance. However this may be, it was beyond the scope of my views to make myself a party to any political feeling or prejudice whatsoever.

Having reached the plain, our road lay along the course of the Arlanzon, and was shaded on either side with trees, which already began, in many places, to shed their leaves, or assume the rich hues of autumn. The sun's beams, penetrating between their umbrageous boughs, played in broad patches upon the dusty avenue, and the chequered shade, cool and refreshing, was extremely agreeable to the eyes, fatigued by many hours' exposure to an unmitigated glare. A gentle breeze, too, was playing above among the rustling leaves, which, as they alternately shook and swung backward and forward with their sustaining boughs, imitated the sound of the ocean heard at a distance inland. In a short time we again caught glimpses of Burgos, of which we had entirely lost sight since quitting the summit of the mountains above;

Drawn by David Roberts.

Engraved by J. Carter

ENTRANCE TO BURGOS.

and presently afterwards observed the horsemen and pedestrians, laden carts, mules, asses, &c. becoming every moment more frequent, showing we were drawing near a place of some importance. About noon our lazy vehicle passed under the gates, and we found ourselves, with no small pleasure, in the capital of Old Castile.

Like some of the older cities of Spain, Burgos—once the residence of kings—wears the aspect of an ancient, dilapidated strong-hold, bearing ample evidence of the fierce career of the spoiler—War, and of the desperate efforts made for its possession by the Spaniard and the Moor. Alternately lost or won, the fortunes it experienced, and the events it witnessed, long employed the genius of the elder chroniclers and romancers of those stirring times; and the striking old ballads and the historic songs of the Cid are, perhaps, the only effusions of a chivalrous muse which have not suffered by the keen-pointed shafts of the prince of all humorous novelists.

CHAPTER IV.

BURGOS.

Ancient glory of Spain—Government—Birth-place of the Cid—Rivalry of Burgos and Toledo—the Cathedral—Young Spanish Artist—Beautiful Façade—Poetry of Architecture—View in the Interior—Style and Effect of the Sculpture—Pictures and Relics—Chest and Legend of the Cid—Comparison of the Cathedral with York Minster—View from the great central Tower—Scarcity of Timber—Convent of Miraflores—Carmelite Convent—San Pedro—Tomb of the Cid—Beauty of Spanish Women—Costume.

It is something for the Spaniards that, though the present offers few examples of heroic virtue, or honour, or patriotism, they can yet point to the past, when there was glory in Spain, though connected with a system of things in itself undesirable; for, when chivalry was proudest, their courage most undoubted, and their manners the best recognisable in their history, there still existed unhappy causes of dissension, which cast their poisonous shadow, like the fabulous Upas, upon every thing imagined or executed. And this circumstance, in my case at least, stifled much of the enthusiasm I should otherwise have experienced at beholding the scene, or in perusing the chronicles of her heroes, who, however adventurous or brave, were still but the representatives of an exclusive and

oppressive class of men. Such was the feeling, damped and alloyed, with which I looked upon the birthplace of the Cid, celebrated by romancers until his character in history almost appears doubtful.*

His native town, however, whatever faith we may put in his legend, is a place of considerable antiquity, and was once the capital of a kingdom, when the narrow domains of a petty chief were dignified with such an appellation. By some writers its origin has been traced back to classic times, and confounded with that of the Bravum of Ptolemy; while others, of whom Laborde is one, consider it more probable that it stands on the site of Aura, another ancient city, and built somewhere in the ninth or tenth century. Whichever conjecture is right, it flourished long, and only began to fall into decay when Charles V. removed the seat of empire to Madrid. It is still a fine city, the first, perhaps, in the Castiles, though Toledo refuses to admit the superiority; and, if I could, I would not decide a dispute carried on with so much wisdom and advantage to both parties during two centuries,—

"Arcades ambo,"—

and why should they not dispute? The course of events has left them little else to amuse them, and employ their spare energies, unless they choose to engage in civil war.

The first thing about which a stranger makes inquiries at Burgos is of course the cathedral, a building

* According to several chroniclers, he was born at Bivar, a village two leagues distant.

that owes its first erection to the architectural genius of the thirteenth century. Three hundred years afterwards the chancel was found to require some repairs; and the grand altar was constructed at a period when true taste began to be revived in the country.

As our stay in Burgos was somewhat protracted, we paid several visits to this noble building, but shall here describe only the first; introducing, however, remarks made subsequently at leisure. We were accompanied by a young Spanish artist, who, having travelled, was in a great measure delivered from those ignorant prejudices which too generally infest the minds of his countrymen, and, after the first effervescence is over, render their gasconading vivacity intolerable. He was not, indeed, professionally an architect, but had yet bestowed upon the *Res Ædificaria* sufficient attention to entitle his decisions to respect.

The façade of this edifice, erected in a pure gothic style, presents all those features which characterise the order of buildings to which it belongs, and immediately produce upon the mind the desired impression. Perhaps the architects who reared these fanes, entered but little into metaphysical investigations concerning the best means of awing the approaching Christian into a frame of mind suited to the religious observances to be witnessed within,—philosophy being in those days but little understood, except when required to furnish matter for dispute; but most unquestionably a profound conviction and veneration for the truths they taught stepped in to guide their practice, and enable

them to accomplish their aim. On issuing forth from a crowd of secular structures, the abode of little cares, hopes, and speculations, into the open space before the cathedral, a striking change in the state of our feelings is experienced as its beautiful front and heaven-pointing spires meet the eye. Something, no doubt, is to be traced to early associations; but even a savage would be struck by it. A flood of holy aspirations pour in upon the soul. Our every-day worldly habits fall away from about us; a pure fervour, or an exquisite calm, springs up; we appear to be verging towards a spot which communicates with heaven,—a spot over which some visible shekinah hovers,—where, to be found with heart unrenewed and desires unsanctified, would be a palpable profanation.

To analyze the causes which concur in producing this effect, would scarcely be compatible with the popular character of this work; for they lie deep amid the very foundations of art, surrounded by a light barely sufficient to enable the practised eye to contemplate them. Let us enter the cathedral, which is of so vast an extent that divine service may there be performed in eight chapels at once, without occasioning the slightest embarrassment or confusion. It was not now the hour of mass. The rays of the early sun, streaming inward through richly wrought windows and between the tall clustered columns, fell in purple, crimson, and orange masses upon the floor, or lighted up the form of some passing devotee. Far in the interior we observed a group of ladies, with dark veils partly concealing their snowy shoulders, clustering

round an image, some standing, some upon their knees. Others were congregated near the staircase, whose massive stone balustrades are surmounted by dragon-shaped monsters couched like sphinxes. These were practising singing; and near them a young priest, engaged in reading to his superior, was casting clandestine glances at the fair ones. The artist has happily reproduced this group, in his view of the staircase leading to the great organ; and his representation will, better than any language, convey an idea of the magnificent style in which the cathedral in every part is decorated with ornaments:—pictures, statues, tracery, scrolls, mullions, altar-formed cippi, pillars, fantastic abaci, cornices, entablatures, friezes, the whole harmonizing wonderfully together in the soft light shed from vast windows far above.

The design and execution of the statues, bassi relievi, and other ornaments crowded into the choir, have by some travellers been criticised with severity; perhaps from their not reflecting how much more stress is, in the gothic, laid upon the general result, than on particular decorations. None of these statues, for example, will abide the test which might with safety be applied to a piece of Hellenic sculpture, where individual perfection was aimed at; but viewed where they stand peopling the choir and awakening, every one of them, a feeling of religion which few imaginations can now connect with the form of a heathen divinity, they concur in accomplishing the grand design of the original architect, impressing us with solemn feelings, the natural prelude to true devo-

tion. In the places of worship of those severer sects of Protestants, who condemn all representations of every thing in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, as incentives to idolatry, a sensation of holy awe is engendered by the very bareness of the walls. You appear to feel the presence of God, of that first beautiful, and first good, that may well supply the place of all other ornament. He seems to be the more present to your mind, because no attempt is made to clothe his incomprehensible nature with form, or to distract the thoughts from him by representations of inferior beings. But I would not, therefore, condemn such other means of exciting solemn reflections, or a devout exaltation of sentiment, as may among nations less civilized and spiritual be found necessary. With these, material symbols and visible mementoes may avail, when all suggestions conveyed by circumstances less obvious would be found ineffectual.

But even as works of art, the carvings of the choir in many cases possess considerable merit, particularly two series of bassi relievi, arranged in tiers one above the other, representing scriptural subjects, those above being taken from the New Testament, and those beneath from the Old. The artists who executed them are not, perhaps, known with certainty; but may probably have been Roderigo and Martin del Aja, two men of singular ability, who sculptured the bassi relievi which adorn the great altar. To them also may be attributed the pagan group on the back of the episcopal stall, representing the rape of Europa. Among the beautiful monuments and other relics of

art contained in the several chapels, we particularly remarked those raised to the memory of the famous constable of Castile, Pedro Hernandez de Velasco, and his wife Mencia Lopez de Mendoza.

It would, in general, be useless to attempt a catalogue of the pictures we meet with in the Spanish cathedrals, though they are far less rich than those of Italy; but in the metropolitan church of Burgos there are some few pieces that deserve to be commemorated, whether they are the works of the artists to whom they are attributed or not. The most remarkable is a Mary Magdalen, in the sacristy of the constable's chapel, which, whether it be by Raffaello or Leonardo da Vinci, is an incarnation of female loveliness. Next to this, is a full-sized picture of the Virgin, said to be by Michael Angelo, who, when he chose, could soften his terrible pencil, as in the case of the Cleopatra, and call into existence forms as gentle as those of nature herself. The Crucifixion, by Matteo Cerezo, a native of Burgos, has also much merit; it occupies a place in the chapel De los Remedios.

Of the various relics we took no account, though the good people imagine some of them to be endowed with the power of working miracles. But the "Chest of the Cid," connected with a story carefully repeated to all travellers, is an object of considerable curiosity, from the legend attached to it. This legend, like many other things, may be taken by two handles, and converted either into an excuse for reprehending, or a theme for praise in the character of the Cid. On the eve of setting forth on his military career, find-

ing himself in the position, not uncommon even at this day among Spanish nobles, of a penniless man, he had recourse to the effect of his former good character, and by the help of a well-meant lie,—but still a lie,—contrived to furnish his coffers, and supply his followers with necessaries. He invited two ancestors of Baron Rothschild to dine with him, and having entertained them handsomely, opened the business of the day, and offered to leave them *two chests of plate* in pledge for what money he wanted. His former honesty enabled him to be dishonest now. Instead of plate, of which, it is to be presumed, he had none, *two boxes of sand* were left with the Jews, who, trusting to his honour, omitted to open them. This is not a bad example of the "stern virtues" of the middle ages. If the fortune of war had gone against him, the Jews, who had relied upon his honour, must have contented themselves with their boxes of sand, and such reflections as they would necessarily have made on the word of "that noble mirror of chivalry." Fortunately, however, for them, El Cid Campeador was enabled to redeem his boxes, in which he is represented as saying that the "gold of his truth" lay hidden! Alas, for the truth which could delude men into the belief that sand was plate! Yet persons have not been wanting to laud this knightly feat, and to talk of "sentiments so noble" being natural to the Spaniards; but why they should be denominated "noble," or why heroes should be complimented on such grounds as these, it would be difficult to explain.

In speaking of the cathedral of Burgos, I should not omit to mention its resemblance in form to York minster, which, when entire, was by an excellent critic regarded as the standard by which gothic sacred architecture ought to be judged. Its steeples, terminating in spires, and vast square tower with eight pinnacles, correspond exactly with those of the English church; and, to complete the likeness, we have a lower octagonal building at the east end with eight pyramidal turrets, terminating in needles, piercing an open star-like ornament, which the reader will at once recognise as the counterpart of the chapter-house at York. Here however, as elsewhere, the integrity and harmony of the view are destroyed by the clustering of mean dwelling-houses about the base; and a secular, not to say a barbarous and ridiculous air, is communicated to its appearance, when beheld near, by a couple of heraldic monsters, one on either side of a window, defending with their hideous ugliness the arms of Castile. But as the eye travels upward over those clustering pillars which climb along the turrets with the slenderness and delicacy of reeds, and finds itself among that forest of decorations, statues, fretwork, foliage, filagree, and tapering turrets that crown the summit of this exquisite octagon, we feel ourselves in presence of one of the triumphs of art, and are absorbed in the depths of admiration.

But these pleasures are to a great degree exclusive, belonging only to a certain class of minds, formed by nature and trained by education to discover beauty in harmonious combinations of solidity and grace. The

natives, born under the shadow of the cathedral, regard the whole with an undistinguishing eye. They have looked upon it till they know not what it means. You may, any day in the week, find lounging groupes of men or women bending over greasy cards on the steps of a door, or sunning their lazy limbs at the very foot of the chapter-house, unconscious of its beauties, like the Genevese, who would gladly level the environs of his lake to convert them into a turnip field. Nor is this matter of surprise, or, indeed, of blame. They have not been taught to derive gratification from the contemplation of any thing higher than a purse of reals, and accordingly confine their admiration to "what will make the pot boil," as one of their homely proverbs expresses it.

From the summit of the great central tower, where you may breathe the cool breeze after the toil of the ascent, we enjoyed a magnificent prospect over the whole city and its environs. Burgos stands on the slope of an almost precipitous hill, which is commanded by a castle of antique structure, formerly the residence of the counts, and afterwards of the kings of Castile. The river Arlanzon, flowing at the foot of the declivity, divides the suburbs from the city, and continuing its visible course down the vale, is every where accompanied by signs of population and fertility. As far as the eye can reach, the country is well wooded; and many rivulets, bringing their tributary waters to the Arlanzon, enrich, each in its turn, some miniature vale, beautified with rural hamlets encircled with foliage. Among the remarkable build-

ings from hence distinguishable was the Carthusian convent of Miraflores, standing beautifully on a round hill, which I afterwards visited, and the abbey De las Huelgas, on the road to Valladolid, once inhabited by a bevy of noble nuns, whose abbess, in riches and prerogatives, almost rivalled a sovereign princess. While we sat aloft in this artificial eyry, enjoying the contemplation of the picturesque, our ears were pierced by sounds peculiar, perhaps, to Spain. A string of carts from Aragon, laden with bull-spears and iron, was just then winding through the narrow streets below, and the grinding of their ungreased wheels, musical as ten thousand files, made us sigh for the comparative Arcadian stillness of Merthyr Tydvil iron-works.

I have above remarked that the environs of Burgos are well wooded, but this requires explanation; for, though a sufficiency of trees exists to adorn the landscape, and refresh the eye with the aspect of verdure, there is a lamentable scarcity of fuel, which began to be felt as far back at least as 1753, when it was deemed of importance enough to command the attention of government. It may, however, by the way, be observed, that all over the continent the forests are fast disappearing, and fuel every year becoming more and more scanty; so that in France, where the comforts and conveniences of the people are still very little consulted, the government has at length been constrained to improve its forest laws, hitherto lamentably deficient. On the royal domains, since the accession of Louis Philippe, the larger game have

been destroyed, their preservation having been found inconsistent with the raising of young timber, whose tender shoots they cropped in the spring, and thus caused to perish. The Spanish government adopted a different plan. By an ordonnance of the Council of Castile, every inhabitant of the country was enjoined to plant five trees. But the execution of this order having been confided to ignorant and inefficient persons, the object of the government was in a great measure defeated; in some places through malignity, in others, more particularly in Old Castile, through prejudice, the peasants having imbibed the notion that the trees brought together birds, and other vermin inimical to the wealth of the husbandman. Attempts, injudicious in their nature, were made to enforce obedience, but without success. The plantations, in some districts, were cut down by passers by, wantonly, or for saplings; elsewhere they were made ignorantly, and perished from not being adapted to the soil; while in other places, perhaps, the same hands that fixed them in the earth, for various reasons uprooted them. Recourse was at last had to the only argument really calculated to prevail: those in power, king and grandees, set the example by making plantations in their several grounds; the bishops and curates followed in their footsteps; and thus some advances were made towards hiding with leaves the nakedness of Spain.

The effects of this patriotic resolution are still visible, as I have said, in the environs of Burgos, particularly upon the banks of the Arlanzon, along which

lies the road to the convent of Miraflores, situated about half a league south-east of the city. The cloisters are spacious, lofty, and constructed with much taste; but it is the church attached to the convent that constitutes the object of the traveller's admiration. It was erected during the fifteenth century, under the direction of three successive architects, Ferdinand Mutienzo, John of Cologne, and Simeon his son. Other architects have contributed to enrich the interior. In the chancel are two superb tombs, the one on the right, the other on the left-hand side of the altar, containing the mortal remains of John II. and his son. That of the king consists of an octagonal base supporting a couch, whereon recline the statues of King John, with the vain insignia of royalty, and of his queen, crowned also, but holding, instead of a sceptre, a book in her hand. Thirteen smaller figures, among which are those of the four evangelists, are grouped round the royal couch. The other tomb is surmounted by the statue of a child, in the attitude of prayer. The execution of these works, upon the whole, is chaste and elegant, but the plan somewhat more complicated than good taste will approve. More praise is, perhaps, due to the artist who conceived the design of the principal altar, which is in the gothic style, crowded with bassi relievi and statues executed in a very superior manner. Figures of the Virgin and St. John, introduced near a crucifix, occupy the central compartment; and on the sides are placed two pictures by Pedro Antanasio, the one representing the dream of St. Joseph, the other his death. In the sacristy is a

Drawn by David Roberts — Engraved by J. Carter

RUINS OF THE CONVENT OF THE CARMELITES, AT BURGOS.

Printed by R. Lloyd

London: Published Oct 28 1836 by Robert Jennings & Co. Cheapside

piece of great merit by Diego de Leyva—the Virgin bestowing a chaplet on St. Bruno; and the chapter-room contains a series of fourteen pictures by the same artist, distinguished for the harmony and beauty of the colouring, in which are represented the principal events in the life of St. Bruno. Other pictures, remarkable for their antiquity or their merit, are found in this church; but we cannot now pause to enumerate or describe them.

Our next pilgrimage was to the ruins of the Carmelite convent, where vegetation is fast springing over fallen fragments, and creeping upward over the shattered walls to clothe them with fresh beauty, and, interspersed with sculpture and tracery, to present that singular grouping of natural and artificial objects which renders decay lovely. Nothing can be richer, or, at the same time, more whimsical or grotesque, than the style of the doorway, which in some of its decorations resembles what we find in Mamalook buildings. Others are peculiar to the gothic; for example, the statues of saints, introduced into a voluted compartment between too highly projecting beads, and each with his tabernacle over his head, bending round to suit the curvature of the arch, and butting pates at each other above. But in the midst of this grotesqueness there is surpassing beauty. What can be finer than the draped figure of Our Lady on the right? Standing on a pillar in a deep niche, with a most tasteful and yet highly ornate tabernacle overhead, she gathers together her robes with one hand, presses the other on her bosom, and leans slightly forward, like a Hellenic statue, as if in

the act of blessing her worshippers. The apostles, angels, and other figures, more or less perfect, which adorn the face of this extraordinary ruin are all distinguished for the appropriate movement of their attitude; and the art with which they are grouped, the decorations interspersed, and the position assigned to each,—every thing combines to render this fragment the admiration of connoisseurs.

Fortunately for us, too,—and it is a piece of good fortune that seldom any where falls to the lot of a traveller,—there were neither guides nor beggars about the spot to interrupt the current of our feelings. Earth and sky appeared to be wrapped in sunshine and stillness. The breeze, rustling among the branches, wafted a mild fragrance about us, which seemed redolent of health and buoyant spirits. A few autumnal birds got up a pleasant song in the trees, and the sparrows, which doubtless abound wherever man has fixed his abode, were busily hopping from niche to niche, now perching on St. Peter's nose, and now nestling in the bosom of the Virgin. I protest against being understood, by what is here said, to intimate any hostility to beggars; on the contrary, so lax are my economico-political notions that I seldom, when the thing is convenient, miss an occasion of dropping my mite into their capacious reservoirs; but this does not prevent my being an enemy to their practice of besetting the avenues to every beautiful spot or object in France, Spain, and Italy, and by their appearance, and the lugubrious howls they find it necessary to make in order to force

their way to the purses of the wealthy, dissipating in a very great degree the pleasure to be derived from beholding whatever is most excellent in nature or art.

Though by no means deeply versed in the ballad literature, or deeply imbued with admiration for the gothic heroes of Spain, we would not quit Burgos without paying a visit to the convent of San Pedro, where the mortal remains of the Cid and his wife Ximena repose. On this expedition we were not alone. An honest guide, who seemed capable, should his real stock fail him, of inventing an extempore legend or two for the amusement of good-natured travellers, accompanied us thither; and, that we might not accuse him of being chary of his lungs or of his knowledge, his tongue never ceased pouring forth such authentic particulars as he had gleaned from the chronicles, or his own more fertile imagination. He assured us we were going to see, in the effigies of the hero on his tomb, an exact likeness of a man who, had he now been living, would easily, by his own prowess, have driven Don Carlos out of the Free Provinces, (as the Basque districts are somewhat singularly denominated,) and secure a constitution to Spain. He had already beaten Charlemagne and Napoleon, (he did not trouble himself about chronology,) when death, ever envious of Castilian glory, carried off both him and his wife, and left our times nothing but unromantic peseteros, who are obliged to eat before they can fight; a sad falling off,—for the great men of former days, when the sheep of Castile were nearly as large as buffaloes, knights of prowess and conduct

made no account whatever of creature comforts. And this persuasion, in strict conformity with our best knowledge of human nature, was seriously entertained by those sage authorities alluded to by Butler, where, having spoken of some of their renowned deeds, he says,—

> "For when, afar, through deserts vast,
> Or regions desolate they passed,
> Unless they grazed, there's not one word
> Of their provisions on record;
> Which made some confidently write
> They had no stomachs but to fight."

Which, though by the example of King Arthur this ingenious author is afterwards led to contradict, we are convinced is a far more philosophical view of the practice of knights-errant than that other theory, which supposes them to have eaten and drank like other people.

However this may be, we proceeded merrily along upon our mules, until having reached the brow of an inconsiderable eminence, Don Guzman (for our guide was of gentle blood, as might be guessed by his regard for truth) pointed out to us the convent, lying in all its loneliness at the bottom of a quiet hollow, surrounded by a circle of low hills. In judging of such matters, much depends on the humour of the traveller at the moment. Accordingly, I find that persons exceedingly lavish of praise on other occasions, have become suddenly critical on beholding the towers of San Pedro, and disparaged its huge quadrangle and warlike battlements, which have only the single defect of reminding one of a London Penitentiary. But

Drawn by David Roberts. Engraved by R. Sidell.

WEST-FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL AT BURGOS.

this is not an insurmountable objection, particularly as the resemblance ceases when you contemplate the solitary aspect of the scene, the snowy mountains hanging like a cloud over the eastern extremity of the landscape, and the intense blue of the sky encircling the whole like a frame of turquoise.

On drawing near the sculptured portal of the convent, we were reminded by a multitudinous group in semialto relievo, of the exploits of the Arab hero Antar; but were informed, that it represented the Cid himself mounted on his fabulous steed, driving, with brand in hand, over the falling or prostrate Moors. We have here an example of how barbarism leads, in various ages and countries, without imitation, to the same result; for this group, like the Egyptian sculptures, is painted and gilded precisely as the master-pieces of Grecian art were disfigured, apparently with public approbation, by Nero. There is considerable vigour, nevertheless, in the sculpture: the hero is represented in a good attitude, and the horse is full of fire; but by a mistake, not uncommon among artists, who are seldom over-gifted with philosophy, the enemy are embodied in forms over which it would require but little heroism to triumph.

The object of our visit—the Cid's tomb—is found in a small side chapel on the right hand, in proceeding up the church towards the altar. There is a religion about the grave which all must feel, even in common cemeteries; but the mind is necessarily more powerfully affected when we draw near the spot where a man of distinguished merit and reputation is gathered

to his fathers. And such, doubtless, was the Cid, notwithstanding the little affairs of the sand-boxes, of which we have spoken rather jocularly a few pages back. The ashes of the hero's wife, Ximena, are mingled with his in the tomb; and their effigies, side by side, like those of Eloisa and Abelard, recline in marble above, an image of that beautiful repose thus silently brought to mind, which spirits enjoy beyond the grave. Near the parental dust lies that of his two daughters, Elvira and Maria, queens of Aragon and Navarre, through whose offspring many a royal house still existing may claim to be descended from the Cid; though few of them, perhaps, have inherited any of his virtues.

Some travellers have animadverted with unnecessary severity upon the French, who, during their occupation of Spain, removed the remains of the Cid from this convent to the public promenade of Burgos. I also disapprove of their taste, but applaud, in this instance at least, their conduct, which unquestionably was based on a profound respect for the virtues and valour of the hero. They imagined, falsely no doubt, that the sight of an illustrious tomb would inspire their less heroic contemporaries with an emulous desire of greatness like that which had immortalized their ancestor, and therefore dragged the bones from their quiet resting-place to bring them immediately under the public eye. But few converts, perhaps, are thus made to patriotism or magnanimity. No trace, I believe, exists of any lady of modern Paris having been rendered more spiritual or more constant in love

STAIR-CASE IN THE NORTH TRANSCEPT, CATHEDRAL OF BURGOS.

by the advent in Père la Chaise of the tomb from the Paraclete; though no human being, whose heart is rightly placed, could ever pass that antique gothic tabernacle without experiencing an accelerated motion in the pulse, and a sense of pride at belonging to the same race as she whose image still breathes around her sepulchre all the sanctity of ennobling affection. It were better, however, I admit,—far better,—to leave the dead in the spot where they chose to be laid, or the love of kindred survivors placed them; particularly when, as in the case of the Cid, it happens to be protected from habitual profanation by the influence of the national creed, and with religious reverence unites the scarcely less powerful sentiment inspired by scenes remote and solitary. To the superstitious, by nature or by religion, the legendary relations of quaint and garrulous chroniclers may supply additional motives for respect. Upon myself they produce a different effect, suggesting degrading ideas of fanaticism and intolerance; as, where they celebrate, in barbarous phrase, the sectarian feuds of the Papists, Jews, and Moors of a period, when all were shrouded from the light of the pure Gospel by one common circumfused cloud of ignorance.

It has become fashionable among travellers in Spain, particularly in these portions of it, to grow eloquent in praise of the beauty of the women. Much, among those whose admiration is genuine, depends upon accidental circumstances. They have, perhaps, had the good fortune to fall in with a favourable specimen, both in character and appearance, and very

naturally transfer the flattering ideas, by these means acquired, to the whole race. It is, in fact, exceedingly difficult to speak correctly and rationally on the subject. Not to dwell on the differences of taste,—which after all, perhaps, are nothing more than the difference between knowledge and ignorance,—men's judgments are warped by so great a variety of considerations, that on this, or any other point with which passion is accustomed to interfere, it would be unreasonable to expect uniformity in their decisions. But among persons, not only constituted alike, but educated amid the same ethical and philosophical influences, we have a right to look for some resemblance in their ideas of loveliness, particularly in the conformation of their own species. However, we frequently look for it in vain. One man, for example, will find, in traversing this part of Castile, that the women in the neighbourhood of Burgos are gifted with remarkable beauty; while another pronounces them to be as ugly as sin. Both, possibly, desire to speak truth, but above all things abhor being common-place; and hence, partly, the discrepancy in their descriptions, each seizing upon the opposite extreme of what they saw, and generalizing unphilosophically. It is by no means easy to be eloquent or striking in correcting errors, and introducing moderation into a discussion; but I must risk the charge of being common-place, for the sake of keeping within the limits of truth. The Spanish women, like all others of southern race, have remarkably fine large eyes, not indeed intelligent, or expressive of any thing beyond

mere passion; but bright and sparkling, and full of animal fire. Their complexion, moreover, is often good, though dark, and their carriage possessed of all the grace and charm arising from ease and intense self-possession. Otherwise they appear to me far from beautiful. There is nothing of that classic lightness and sunniness of aspect discoverable in women of Hellenic blood,—nothing verging upwards towards the region of the ideal, or which wears the semblance of "commercing with the skies." They are all earth's mixture,—of corporeal mould. This character is given to the countenance by a flatness and squareness of visage, such as the ancient sculptor seized upon when they would represent the merry wood-gods and their train, and of which they found the type among the surrounding barbarians, or half-castes at home. But such a style of features is well enough calculated, we know, to please persons of a peculiar temperament. They seek not for those creatures of poetic mould, in whom the rays of passion are so intimately blended with those of intellect, in whom imagination, fancy, and whatever is least terrestrial in human nature, are so wedded to ardour of feeling and depth of emotion, that the result is the most perfect harmony of soul and sentiment; but, instead of this, are content with warmth and vivacity, grafted on youth and health, and accordingly find what they admire in Spain.

This will be intelligible to any person, without traversing the Pyrenees, who will be at the pains to study the pictures of Murillo, Velasquez, or any other Spanish artist; and compare them with the poetical

beauties of Raffaelle, or of a Greek sculptor. Here we find the poetry of womanhood as it exists, not as it may be imagined,—for most ignorant or unhappy is he who supposes there is any possible beauty in humanity which does not exist in womankind; while the Spanish artist, embodying what he saw and understood, fell short of that ideal loveliness reserved by nature for a more highly favoured race. Unquestionably, in traversing the Peninsula, the eye may now and then distinguish among the crowd of forms pressing around it, some more exquisitely fashioned, and instinct with a nobler soul, than others. What I mean is, that such specimens of beauty are rarer in Spain than in some other countries,—than in England for example, or Greece; and when they occur, still, in most cases, are wanting in certain traits and touches which elevate the human figure towards the perfection attributed by the nations of old to their divinities. These exceptions are found chiefly, perhaps, in the north. In fact, a very judicious traveller, not addicted to exaggeration, has given a testimony in favour of the charms of the fair Biscayans, which it may be but justice to add: "The women (he says) are beautiful as angels, tall, light, and merry; their garb is neat and pastoral; their hair falls in long plaits down their backs, and a veil or handkerchief, twisted round in a coquettish manner, serves them for a very becoming head-dress."

CHAPTER V.

FROM BURGOS TO VALLADOLID AND SEGOVIA.

Quit Burgos—Valley of the Arlanzon—Storks' Nests—Torquemada—Naked Plain—the Pisuerga—Poverty of the Inhabitants—Worship of Despotism—Vineyards of Dueñas—Wines of Cabezon—Gil Blas—Valladolid—Cookery—Romantic Reminiscences—the Giant—Promenades and Churches—Monks' Nests—Drilling Conscripts—Desertion—Departure—Simancas—Hornillos—Valley of the Eresma—Olmedo—Cow's Tail—Approach to Segovia—Arrival.

QUITTING Burgos by the gate of Valladolid, our road for some time lay through the valley of the Arlanzon, and was flanked on either hand with trees. We enjoyed a delightful view of the celebrated convent before mentioned, standing in bold relief from its eminence, and the picturesque-looking abbey, which we passed by with no little regret at not having leisure to stop and visit them. The sun, rising behind our backs, lighted up the landscape, which for some time continued to exhibit considerable beauty. Ranges of hills, or rather mountains, rose on either side of the road, and being in many parts well wooded, at least towards the foot, exhibited, as they alternated with narrow highly cultivated valleys, varied and pleasing features.

The villages on this part of the road are very numerous; and we observed, on almost every steeple, an

old stork's nest, these birds being held in great veneration throughout Spain, as they are in Holland and the East. The Arlanzon, as if loath to part company with us, kept constantly within view until we reached Villadrigo, a village built to show how dexterously they can in Spain mar the effects of a good situation; for, though it stands most agreeably on the right bank of the stream, its poverty and wretchedness wholly overpower the advantages of position. The country now sinks into a vast plain, interspersed with a few half-starved looking vineyards, bespeaking most eloquently how much the *dolce far niente* is here thought to surpass all other pleasures.

Having weathered a couple of tolerably steep ascents, where our mules seemed strongly disposed to take a nap as they moved along,—if they really did move,—we reached the further brow of an eminence commanding a prospect of the Pisuerga, with its fertile but timberless valley. At no great distance lay the town of Quintana de la Puente, or "of the Bridge,"—so called from a fine stone bridge of eighteen arches there thrown over the Pisuerga. The road and the river proceed upon a very coquettish plan throughout the whole extent of this broad valley, now tending towards each other, meeting with outstretched arms, snatching a hasty salute, and then running off pouting at a tangent, as if each in high dudgeon had vowed by St. Jago they would never be neighbours again; yet once more slily approaching towards the same point, and again separating, until circumstances finally produce a lasting divorce.

At Torquemada, we again traverse the stream, over a bridge of twenty-six arches. The houses, in this part of the country, are built like the Egyptian villages and the ancient cities of Mesopotamia, with sun-dried bricks; but, as their baking is extremely imperfect, not being effected by an Egyptian sun, it is surprising the first heavy shower does not once more reduce them to their original mud. However, the church of Torquemada, as is generally the case, affords a striking contrast to the poverty of the private dwellings, being erected in a handsome style of gothic architecture.

The country at length opens into a vast naked plain, arid, shrivelled, and sun-burned, where the eye seeks in vain for bush or tree. Here the Spanish farmer must enjoy the satisfaction of taking the birds at complete disadvantage, as there is not a leaf to cover them; and if his corn is thin, it cannot be laid to the charge of the forests, which are elsewhere said to harbour sparrows, &c., but must be attributed to his own indolence and slovenliness, or the natural poverty of the soil. From the road we discover, across the bare flat, such as we have above described it, the village of Magaz, not far from which is the confluence of the rivers Arlanzon and Arlanza, whose united stream afterwards falls into the Pisuerga. The river formed by the junction of these and other tributaries, pursues, under the name of Pisuerga, an almost direct course from north to south, and falls into the Duero at Simancas, a little to the west of its confluence with the Eresma.

The poverty of the country is abundantly visible in the interior of the posadas, where every thing bespeaks the existence of wretchedness. Every where, as you approach nearer and nearer, you perceive how fatally industry has been paralysed; but if the people ever become civilized, their apathy and indolence will be shaken off with detestation. It is impossible to enter their dwellings without disgust, not altogether unmingled with contempt. Poor and miserable they now are. Their fuel consists of a few withered plants, often of an aromatic kind, dried branches of the vine, and a little straw, which are thrust into the stove, that, flueless and chimneyless, occupies the centre of the room, smoking, like red herrings, the ragged royalists who huddle round it in cold weather.

Here and there, as we advance, a few clumps of trees are discovered on the banks of the Pisuerga, contributing in some small degree to break up the monotony of the landscape, which, after all, looks as hungry as the impoverished peasants themselves. As the road approached the eminence on which Dueñas is situated, we discovered on the left one of those religious foundations which the Christinos, whether to their credit or no, have begun to disturb; I mean the convent of San Isidro, where a brotherhood of Benedictines used to reside.

It is no distinction to a Spanish village to say that it is gloomy and abounds in filth,—for there are very few which do not; but Dueñas, notwithstanding its pretensions to be considered the Eldana of Ptolemy, bears, in this respect, the bell from all the towns and

hamlets on the route. According to some of the older travellers it could once, however, boast of a good inn; but this was so much out of the ordinary course of things, that it could not be suffered to continue, and therefore matters soon lapsed into the old channel.

Nevertheless, the vine takes kindly to the hill-sides in this neighbourhood, and produces a pleasant wine, which is kept in rocky cellars excavated beneath the hill. They have, at first sight, the appearance of grottoes formed by nature; but are, in reality, altogether artificial. Close to the margins of the streams, discoverable from the heights of Dueñas, are several pretty strips of meadow, which enliven the view with their cheerful green.

On descending from the village, we entered upon a plain of very unpromising aspect, thickly strewed with loose flints, and with scarcely a tree to hide its nakedness; but having proceeded about ten or twelve miles, kept in good humour by the elastic buoyancy of the air, which is generally light on barren soils, we arrived at Cabezon, where, according to report, for our experience was far too limited to enable us to decide, the very best wine in all this part of Spain is produced. It is of a red colour, and extremely light. This is doubtless to be attributed to the predominance of sand amid the clay and marl of which the hills are composed; for, wherever the soil has these qualities, it is adapted to the cultivation of the vine, which, on the other hand, always suffers where clay predominates.

Here the road again traverses the Pisuerga, over a large and fine stone bridge; and, on regaining the

general level of the great undulating plain, the elevated spires of Valladolid came in sight, glittering and apparently almost transparent in the sunshine. A considerable body of cavalry, destined for the seat of war in the north-east, was approaching in a cloud of dust. It was only at times, however, that we could tell whether they were troops, or a large herd of cattle, when the breeze had sufficient strength to blow aside the aspiring particles of silex, and bare their flashing casques and cuirasses to the sun. They passed us at a brisk trot. Both man and beast appeared to be in tolerably good condition; but many who then looked proudly around from their prancing Andalusians, and stroked their well-smoked mustachios as they moved along, have by this time, no doubt, become food for crows among the mountains of Biscay.

The approach to Valladolid, by a shady avenue half a league in length, is sufficiently striking; but much of the interest I experienced as we drew near the gates, arose from a source wholly independent of external objects. It is celebrated in the pages of Gil Blas; and the shade of that lively vagabond, surrounded by sundry of his companions of the same kidney, stood among the well-dressed men and women on the promenade outside the walls, and welcomed me to the scene of his merry exploits. The persons assembled on the paseo constituted, of course, a motley multitude, made up of exquisites, military and unmilitary, priests, friars, and ladies of fashion with basquiña, mantilla, and fan. My eye, wandering over their countenances in search of beauty, was disap-

pointed; but they were light and graceful in make, and tripped along the earth as if scarcely formed to tread on it.

Our hunger, however, was more than a match for our taste. So, instead of pausing to admire the ladies, which a gallant traveller would, at least, have pretended he had done, we urged Diego to push on to the *Parador de las Diligencias*, where we anticipated becoming acquainted with Valladolidian cookery.—Appetite, whetted by abstinence and fatigue, is generally a lenient judge; else I would say something in praise of our dinner, including the wine, which sparkled and seemed most excellent. At all events, we were not a little pleased with our fare; and this, in all conscience, is enough. In other respects our hostelry was less to our liking. All the women of the establishment appeared to possess patent tongues, warranted never to wear out; and with these, put in motion by stentorian lungs, they maintained a clamour so incessant, that no ears, save those of a Spaniard, could long endure it. Besides the influx of people from the north, who looked very like soldiers in disguise, and of noisy cockneys from Madrid, with their insolent metropolitan tone, quite discomposed my equanimity, and made me sigh for the quiet sheep-walks about Segovia:—

> "O, qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
> Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra!"

But as no demon, good or bad, appeared inclined to undertake this exploit upon the spur of the moment, I

was fain to await the slower proceedings of Diego's mules, and, in the meantime, to smoke my cigarillo, comfort my imagination with reminiscences of Gil Blas and Dr. Sangrado, and trot about the city under the guidance of one of those hedge antiquarians, ycleped ciceroni,—I presume from their being supposed, from the fluency with which they romance, to be descended by a female branch from the great Roman orator.

At a place, like Valladolid, where there is nothing very extraordinary, the question always is, what must we see first? The best way, if one has no particular predilection, is to leave the matter entirely to the guide; who, if he be lazy, will take you to the nearest wonder, and if he be vain, to that whereon he can most eloquently descant. The most remarkable thing to be seen any where in the vicinity our guide assured us was the giant, dug up in excavating the canal near the village of Sigales; but, as two or three travellers, all credible persons, had already been at the pains of riding two good Spanish leagues to behold this Castilian of old times, who had so far outgrown the ordinary standard,—being, at least, twenty feet high,—and found nothing but a few odd-shaped stones, which a learned and patriotic apothecary had metamorphosed, for the advantage of his village, into shin-bones and skull, we declined this excursion, and confined our curiosity to humbler objects.

The next best things,—if we declined the giant,—were the public promenades, and the churches. Of the former, which are three in number, two without

the walls and one within, no great deal need be said. They are carried along the banks of the Pisuerga and Esgueva, and furnished with seats and, in part, with trees, under which the men may enjoy their cigars, and the women such gossip as a country town can supply.

There is, of course, no lack of churches, in some of which are found productions of art of great merit, chiefly by native artists. In the church of Las Augustias, which has an elegant façade adorned with Corinthian columns, we found a statue of the Virgin de las Peñas, executed in a very spirited style by Hernandez; and a group, representing the Virgin, supporting the dead body of our Saviour, and close at hand the two thieves. This piece, notwithstanding the unity of the design, is by two sculptors, the thieves being by Juni, and the other figures by Hernandez. The cloister of San Benito, a spacious and tasteful edifice, contains an altar, which it is surprising should have escaped the French: it is constructed in a fantastic taste, but of precious materials, surmounted by a tabernacle of silver, and approached by gilded steps.

No one can have passed through Valladolid, since the commencement of the present war, without being struck, and indeed somewhat amused, by the awkward embryo soldiers got up here for the purpose of quelling the Carlists; this being one of the great military focuses of the liberal party. Any day in the week you may behold a small host of newly caught peasants, who, under the hands of drill-sergeants, are undergoing the process of being converted into heroes on the new promenade, where they are cuffed and pummelled into

a respect for the perpendicular by men to whom the power of inflicting blows evidently affords considerable satisfaction, and to the infinite edification of sundry white-toothed urchins, collected there by the uncouth sound of the constitutional drum.

We were amused by the appearance of the place, no less than of the recruits. It exhibits signs of the rise of a feeling, new in Spain,—a tendency towards improvement,—and much pains has been bestowed upon the promenade in order to render it agreeable to the people, by planting trees, erecting statues and fountains, and placing seats whereon they may smoke, or talk. The ultimate boundary of the enclosure consists of convents, in which a large proportion of the peasants' earnings used to find its way in other times. No doubt it gives the incipient soldier some satisfaction in the midst of his drilling to reflect, that the government for which he is about to hazard his life, promises to protect him from the old contributions levied by monks, whose dwellings he sees around, and to recognise his right to be treated henceforward as a citizen and a man.

The conscripts themselves very strongly resembled Falstaff's ragged regiment, with which, had he not got out of the habit, he would have blushed to march through Coventry. Of all countries in Europe one finds here, perhaps, the most scarecrow population. Sleeves, skirts, and bodies, of all colours, appeared to have jumped together from opposite ends of the kingdom. No man there had been measured for any part of the coat he wore. The children of Abraham

had collected them, partly, I believe, from gibbets; and, after issuing from their bags, they had undergone a palingenesia, which gave them the aspect of cast adder-skins in spring. The men, disguised by this species of masquerade dress, wanted nothing but the ethical and metaphysical elements of good soldiers. Bodies of a very respectable make they possessed; and this being the case, it has seemed wonderful to many writers that they should prove so inefficient on the field of battle; though, in reality, the military character is far more the fruit of education and political institutions than any moral quality observable in society. Give the Spaniard something worth contending for, and he will fight as he ought. Till then his valour will be fitful and uncertain, the courage of a mere animal, impelled by coarse contentional instincts; to-day powerful and vehement, to-morrow panic-stricken, feeble, the sport of accident.

The correctness of these views is proved by the frequency of desertion, and the facility with which the priests pervert the minds of men at first well-intentioned towards the constitution; for it appears to be a fact acknowledged, that numbers of conscripts collected by the government, and transported at considerable expense to the neighbourhood of the seat of war, constantly go over to the other side.

Having exhausted the sights of Valladolid, many of which the reader will gladly excuse me for not inflicting on him, we took the road to Segovia. The country immediately visible on leaving the city, makes no pretensions whatever to be akin to the picturesque.

It is almost as flat as the Milanese, and would remind the traveller of that rich rice and pasture land, but for the laziness and ignorance of the inhabitants, which effectually prevent all comparison. Looking across the plain, our view was bounded by a chain of white hills, close to one of the angles of which stands the town of Simancas, near the junction of the Pisuerga with the Duero. Here, in 938, was gained that great victory over the Moors, which, according to tradition, gave rise to the Voto de Santiago. Philip the Second deposited the archives of the kingdom in the castle of Simancas, and there they remain to this time, daily open to the public till two o'clock in the afternoon. Not designing however to write the history of Spain, we did not interrupt our journey to examine them.

After traversing a hill of no great elevation, from which, looking back, we could command a good view over the plain of Valladolid, the road descended into an extremely sandy tract of forest land, where our movements were painfully slow. Our quarters, this night, were at Hornillos, a place unknown, I believe, to history and romance, but prettily situated on the river Aldaya, whose banks are dotted picturesquely with small detached woods, between which, while moving along, the eye caught glimpses of many sweet pastoral scenes.

Continuing our journey up the valley of the Eresma, through a country of agreeable aspect, we traversed the skirts of several pine forests, in one of which is a grand monastery of Bernardines. This whole district,

with exception of the woods, is rich in corn and pasturage, in vast flocks of black sheep and droves of brood mares, and the banks of the river display a beautiful canopy of verdure.

Olmedo, the town we next arrived at, is situated on an eminence, and commands an extensive view over the circumjacent plains. This place, which possesses seven parish churches, and was formerly surrounded by walls, now in ruins, has been rendered celebrated by being mentioned in Gil Blas. Its principal church contains, we were told,—for we did not stop to look at them,—several good pictures. Perhaps, however, they may owe their reputation to the indolence of travellers, who, like ourselves, have wanted courage to devote an hour to their examination. The only branch of industry that still flourishes at Olmedo is brick-making, which, however, is not sufficient to prevent the population from rapidly diminishing.

We had still, according to Diego, eleven leagues of road to get over before we could reach Segovia; and the country to be traversed he would, though highly patriotic, acknowledge a man had better pass over asleep than awake. There was nothing to see, nothing to admire, and, peradventure, nothing to eat. But this, after all, was nothing new in Spain; and we preferred keeping awake, as long as the dreamy motion of his mules would permit, to see what sort of country a Spaniard would confess to be bad in his native land. For our part, we found it much better than many other tracts that bear a superior character; and learned, on entering New Castile, to look back even

upon this part of our journey as picturesque and interesting, compared with the threadbare deserts by which we were there surrounded.

No doubt the country is extremely sandy and open, but from time to time, more particularly in the vicinity of the rivers, the road lay through unextensive pine forests, which, at least, kept up the appearance of verdure. Signs too of much greater fertility than is to be found in New Castile on every side meet the eye, in the more dense population, and frequent villages filled with rude plenty. In other respects, there certainly was very little on this road that could be termed remarkable. We observed, however, at Villa de Santa Cruz, that the celebrated cow's tail, in which the hostess of the posada stuck her combs,—a fact noticed by former travellers,—had not yet yielded to the march of intellect. There it still was, primitive as in the days of Sancho Panza, when, as a humorous traveller has observed, it was of such service in furnishing the barber with a false beard.

In spite, however, of the cow's tail, and the delectable reminiscences it awakened, it must be confessed that the road to Segovia did really seem tedious. It was in vain that we invoked the shade of Sancho, and of that other inimitable companion, Gil Blas; all we could do sufficed not to put to flight the ennui caused by the monotony of nature. At length, when our patience was nearly at the last gasp, Diego exclaimed that he could discover Segovia in the distance; and looking in the direction in which he pointed, we saw the towers of the castle and the spires of the cathedral.

This was enough to refresh our imagination. We forgot the fatigues of the way, the slowness of the perverse mules, the treeless, dull, unvivified landscape, as in fancy we listened to the prisoner in the tower who amused himself in his solitude with scraps of verse:—"Alas! a year of pleasure passes like a fleeting breeze; but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain!"

> Ay de mi! un año felice
> Parece un soplo ligero;
> Però sin dicha un istante
> Es un siglo de tormento.

But the approach to Segovia was no doubt intended, by those good old road-makers who contrived it, to serve as a substitute for purgatory. From the clearness of the view you obtain of the church-spires, &c., you imagine your journey completed, and your mustachios within reach of stews and garlic. But you are mistaken. The labyrinth of Dædalus is before you. One minute the old castle, frowning on the crest of a rugged precipice, appears on the left; anon it is in front, then on the right; and, presently, whisk round goes the road, and you seem trudging sullenly back towards Olmedo. Nature, however, has put on an agreeable aspect; for, in steering onward, you plunge into a sweet valley, which a crooked brook runs sportively through, and clothes with verdure. Here, if landscapes have any power to soothe the pangs of hunger, the traveller may meet with something to admire; but, for our part, we will candidly allow that the apparition of a good omelette, or stew, or mine

host's roasted cat,* would have proved more than a match for any scene in Christendom. In this humour, sulky and savage as Scotchmen before breakfast, we at length found our way into Segovia, and appeased our appetite with a ragout, which we pronounced the most delicious we had ever eaten.

Indeed it was not till we had dined, taken our siesta, and rambled a little way from the town, that we noticed the broken, uneven summit we had ascended on which it is built,—such had been the one absorbing topic of our morning's fast. It now scarcely wore so wild and gloomy a look as on our approach; but we found the streets narrow, crooked, and dirty, lined with miserable wooden houses, which do not appear to have improved by their vicinity to a great cloth manufactory,—itself by no means flourishing. But the people claim the merit of being the best feeders of sheep, and shearers of the finest wool,—a claim not easy to establish; for as the flocks, as we shall show, are wholly beyond the operation of the vagrant act, wandering by ancient prescription, and not bred in *their* domain, it is difficult to see on what ground the Segovians should boast pre-eminence in this respect.

* Alluding to a passage in the history of Lazarillo de Tormes, written by Mendoza, from whom the identical cat was stolen by Le Sage, who makes his host present it in lieu of game to that prince of pleasant vagabonds—the renowned Gil Blas.

Drawn by David Roberts. Engraved by J. Cousen.

SEGOVIA.

London Published Oct. 1st 1836 by Robert Jennings & Co. 62, Cheapside.

Fishes Sc. Edinr.

CHAPTER VI.

SEGOVIA.

Antiquities of Segovia — Hercules — Form of the City — the Eresma and the Clamores — the Roman Aqueduct — Scenery about Segovia — Urban Groupes — Romans and Spaniards — A Digression on Morals — Anecdote — Defence of auricular Confession — the Alcazar — the Prisoner in Gil Blas — Effigies of Kings — Musulman Prisoners — the Mint — Merino Sheep — Effect of Climate on Wool — Migratory Flocks — Shawl Goats — Wandering Shepherds — the Mesta — Origin and Regulations — Pastoral Life — Real and Poetical — Bucolics of Spain.

SPANISH antiquarians love to lose themselves in the darkness of remote ages in search of the founder of a city; and those who have undertaken in this way to render Segovia illustrious, are satisfied with nothing less than Hercules. Others, imagining themselves possessed of more precise information, contradict this opinion; but without giving us another founder half so good as Hercules, who may, in fact, have pitched his tent—if he possessed such a convenience—somewhere near this spot, when he was beating up Geryon's quarters. However,

"Non nostra est tanta componere lites!"

So we leave the question to Don Galeano, who, when he shall have pacified Spain, and shown how much

better a queen is than a republic, may amuse himself with shivering a steel pen for or against the son of Alcmena.

Strabo, who is at least as fanciful as he is philosophical, compares the whole Peninsula to an ox-hide,—ἔοικε γὰρ βύρσῃ κατὰ μὲν μῆκος ἀπὸ τῆς ἑσπέρας ἐπὶ τὴν ἕω,—and they who pursue the same thread of resemblances have discovered that Segovia is very much like a ship. There is some foundation for the idea. Perched like an ancient galley upon a vast rock, with its stern eastward and its prow pointing towards the west, it occupies a low ridge between two hollows, and seems to be only waiting for sufficient water to right itself, and float down the valley. In each of the deep ravines that flank the city there is a stream; in one the Eresma, in the other the Clamores, which have their confluence a little to the north of Segovia. The former river, which is spanned by five handsome bridges, and has its banks clothed with wood, formerly bore the name of Arava, whence the inhabitantsof these v alleys were of old denominated Arevaci.

There is some excuse for one's ideas running, at Segovia, into an antiquarian channel, its chief claim to be noticed by a traveller consisting in that rare relic of the old world, which enables its citizens to enjoy their coffee and lemonade, without every morning performing a pilgrimage to the Eresma or Clamores for wherewith to make it: — I mean the Aqueduct. It commences in the hills near the road from St. Ildefonso, and runs nearly parallel with it a considerable way through the suburbs. At first the arches are, of

course, low; but, as it proceeds farther and farther from the spring, they assume gradually a loftier span, until, in the Plaza del Azogueio, at the foot of the walls, they tower to above a hundred feet in height. Here, indeed, the architect's admirable taste suggested the propriety of a double tier of arches one above the other, to obviate even the appearance of weakness which the work might otherwise have put on. And how beautiful it now appears, more particularly from the old cross near the bridge at the northern entrance to the city, while the shadows of morning from the old tower and cypress-crested hill on the east wrap the bases of the piers in shadow, and give them the look of springing up out of water, or the mists of a mirage. Just peeping above its summit, we discover the spires of the churches, while, excepting one cluster of dwellings near the reservoir, the whole city lies overspanned and commanded by its proud line of arches, extending to the length of two thousand four hundred feet.

The country visible above the aqueduct, over which, as we gazed, the wind was wafting slight volumes of smoke from the warm and comfortable kitchen of some Segovian alderman, would have defied Claude to make a landscape out of it. Nothing short of poetry could cast the mantle of romance over its weather-beaten, brown, unsightly, visage; lofty without grandeur, sufficiently undulating to lose the character of a table-land, too wide, sprawling, unambitious to be a mountain. A thunder-storm, with a sufficiency of forked lightning, and masses of black clouds piled up

in Alps towards the empyrean, might have done something to banish its insipidity; but there was nothing but placid sunshine, and one cannot enjoy all kinds of good things at once.

If we would have pictures, they must be domestic ones, and we must search for them in the city. We therefore descended from our rocky stroll along the hill-sides to the foot of the aqueduct, to study the characteristic groupes composed of mules, sleek and wanton, ragged Spaniards, chattering old market-women, boys, and nondescript idlers, which chance congregates in that part of the town every day in the year. One point in this long sweep of beauty particularly struck us, and the artist has represented its most striking phasis. It is where one of the great streets of Segovia, running from south to north, passes through two arches under the aqueduct, and has on one side, a cluster of private dwellings, on the other a church, where in a short piazza supported on horse-shoe arches, we see manifest traces of the Moor.

It is easy to perceive in the modern and ancient structures the difference between the Spaniard and the Roman. The works of the former, frail, uncouth, fantastic as his own character, appear designed but to house for a brief space the dwarf-minded subjects of a tottering monarchy; those of the latter, erected under a prince who appeared but the chief of the republic, seem formed, in their simple and severe grandeur, to wrestle for ever with the elements. And should the aqueduct perish, and the city along with it for lack of water, the municipal government will be alone to

Drawn by David Roberts

GREAT ROMAN AQUEDUCT AT SEGOVIA.

blame. Creeping plants, climbing about its arches, twisting themselves about the piers, and drooping beautifully from the moist parapet above, improve, no doubt, the picturesque features of this remnant of the taste of republican Rome, but they injure while they adorn. For the roots, insinuating themselves between the stones, whither they will be followed by air and moisture, introduce the first principles of decay, and, if not in time removed, will end by bringing this splendid monument to the ground.

Meanwhile, however, the Segovian sips the cool water it conveys to him, and cares not a farthing for posterity, upon the good old consideration that posterity has never cared for him. He might, no doubt, add, "and never will care!" For posterity, whatever may be the flattering unction which we lay to our souls, will just remember and bless those, and those only, who, during their lives, have been careful to leave behind them something to promote the comfort, amusement, or instruction of said posterity.

But Spain is the worst place in the world to moralize in,—except upon the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*; for it has no morality, or so very little as not to be worth mentioning. They do not govern themselves here by the laws of ethics, but by custom, or according to the rules they can suck out of the pith of old proverbs, mostly antediluvian, and just suited to the world as it existed before the flood. The great get their morality from court, and the people get their morality from the great; from which a tolerably good idea may be formed of the progress of the virtues

in Spain. A late facetious and very profound traveller, seems to be of opinion that a sound practical code of ethics is disseminated from the confessional; in proof of which he tells a single anecdote, which admitting it to be true, proves nothing beyond this, —that the curate in question happened to be an honest man.

The story is somewhat long, but as it is connected with an important subject, we will beg leave to listen, with the reader, while the good-natured traveller repeats it again,—for it must be a standard anecdote in his common-place book. "At the same moment that the city (Valladolid) broke full upon our view, we came in sight of a very remarkable object, placed at the junction of the high road to Madrid with that by which we were approaching. It was the right arm of a man nailed to the extremity of a tall post, which had been removed from the body a little above the shoulder, bringing away part of it. It was shrivelled by exposure to the weather, so as to lose something of its original size, and the colour had become livid and sallow. The hand, the skin of which resembled a glove, grasped the hilt of a dagger, the arm being raised and contracted, as if to deal a death-blow. This in some measure set forth the cause of this horrid exposure, which was farther explained to me by a shepherd, who happened to pass with his flock, and whose peaceful occupation gave him a right to express becoming horror at the crimes which the owner of that hand had committed. He had been a robber, and had murdered many of his fellow-men; but that

would not have been enough to entitle him to such a distinction, or indeed, to death at all. He had raised the sacrilegious hand, now exposed to detestation, against a minister of God. The robber had gone to confess himself to the curate of a village in the neighbourhood of Valladolid, who, being shocked at the recital of so many and such atrocious crimes, refused absolution entirely, or proposed such conditions of penance as the sinner was unwilling to fulfil. In a fit of rage he stabbed the uncomplying curate to the heart.

"Such an offence excited universal horror; the murderer was pursued, taken, convicted, and condemned, and the full rigour of the law adjudged to him. He was therefore quartered, and his limbs distributed to be thus exhibited in the most exposed situation, as an example of terror to such as might hereafter be tempted to raise an impious hand against a priest. Pepe told me that he had seen the limb thus exposed, at each successive visit he had made to Valladolid during the last five months. The friar, who seemed to be highly delighted with the way the robber's crime had been requited to him, remarked, that the limbs must all be taken down and collected for Christian burial before Palm Sunday, as no exhibition of that sort could continue during the Holy Week.

"The conscientious denial of absolution on the part of the murdered curate, may serve as an answer of no little force to such fanatical revilers of the Catholic church, as denounce confession as a fosterer of crime."

Now, if the reader considers this an answer to such

as regard auricular confession unfavourable to morality, all that can be said is, that we most vehemently differ from him. In our opinion it is no answer to any thing. On the contrary, it would appear that the murderer, well acquainted with the practice of his church, and the general leniency of ministers, fully expected absolution, and, up till then, had probably met with no one who refused it to him. At finding a curate of impracticable conscience—such as he had probably never met before,—he was therefore doubly enraged, and consummated the guilt which brought him to tardy punishment.——But this is running a long way from Segovia and the aqueduct.

This great public work, though neglected and disfigured, continues to effect the purpose for which it was erected, and, after a lapse of about eighteen hundred years, is said to leak in no part of its extent. It is built of rough freestone. The piers, or pillars, on which the water-course rests, are six feet eleven inches wide in front, and nine feet four inches deep. They have also,—and this is the worst part of the design,—something like a cornice projecting at various heights from the shaft. The effect would have been nobler had they sprung from a low pedestal up to the turn of the arch, apparently in one unbroken piece. There is a sort of deep torus above, where the casing seems slightly to project over the perpendicular. No cement has been used in its erection.

But there are in Segovia other things besides the aqueduct which merit attention from the traveller; and among these the principal, undoubtedly, is the Alcazar,

Drawn by Frank Mason Engraved by J. Rogers

or Castle, which is situated in one of the finest possible positions, on a rock commanding an extensive view of the open country. This, in fact, is the prospect of which Don Andrea de Tordesillas gives Gil Blas so flattering an account on the first day of his imprisonment. "You will see from your window," says he, "the flowery banks of the Eresma, and the delightful valley which extends from the feet of the mountains that separate the two Castiles as far as Coca. I know that at first you will not be very sensible of such a fine prospect; but when the violence of your grief shall be mellowed by time into a soft melancholy, you will take pleasure in making an excursion with your eyes over such agreeable objects." Honest Gil, indeed, formed a different opinion of the landscape; but this, probably, was because, as he himself conjectures, he had not arrived at that sweet melancholy which dresses up objects in its own way. "I got up to air my room," says he, "by opening the window, and surveyed the country of which I remembered Mr. Keeper had given such a fine description. But I could find nothing to justify what he said; the Eresma, which I imagined was at least equal to the Tagus, appeared to be no more than a rivulet, its flowery banks were bedecked with the nettle and thistle only, and the pretended delightful valley presented nothing, to my view, but lands for the most part barren and uncultivated."

But this was turning round the tapestry, to look at the wrong side; for, in fact, the Eresma, which washes the foot of the precipice, is a very pretty stream, and the whole city, extended on either hand along the

brow of the hill, appears magnificent, as viewed from hence. The declivity, too, is woody, and the whole sweep of the river's banks presents a fine succession of pastoral landscapes, while the background is composed of the snowy mountains and vast gloomy forests of St. Ildefonso. Before the great outward tower, towards the town, there is a spacious court celebrated by Le Sage, who has rendered the Alcazar a classic building throughout Europe. The remainder of the edifice forms an antique palace, seldom inhabited but by state-prisoners since the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, who thought far more favourably of the prospect than Gil Blas, and spent much of their time here. We still find several superb halls in the castle, adorned in a half barbarous taste with a profusion of gilding. Ranged along the cornice of the great saloon are the effigies of all the kings of Spain, seated in state; which must doubtless be likenesses, as no artist's imagination could have given birth to such a series of ill-looking elfs.

Formerly, when Spain had a navy on the Mediterranean which could cope with the Barbary pirates, or make a show of doing so, and bring home a few Musulman prisoners to gratify the orthodox hatred of the people against all nations of a different creed, one court of this ancient palace was appropriated as a prison to a number of Algerine *reis*, or ship-captains, whose crews were kept hard at work in the arsenal of Carthagena. These captives constituted a chief part of the attraction of the Alcazar, and are so associated with the idea of it, that, though they are no longer to

be seen, we must beg the reader's permission to describe, in the words of a former traveller, what manner of men they were.

"These Turks," says a graphic and vigorous writer, "are very handsome, portly figures, with clean looks and well-combed beards: they are well treated and left to themselves. Most of their time is spent in conversation, walking up and down a long gallery, smoking, and playing at chess, except when they go down at stated hours to fetch water for their own use. Confinement apart, their lives pass in ease and tranquillity. As soon as they saw us walking about the court, they immediately knew us to be Englishmen, most of them having been several times at Gibraltar, and being well acquainted with the British character of face: it being the hour for fetching water, and the door open, they flocked about us with great demonstrations of joy, and tears of pleasure starting into every eye. They kissed our hands, and called us 'Ingles, bueno bueno amigos,' over and over again, with difficulty prevailing upon themselves to leave us to go about their work at the well. My man, by our orders, followed one of the principal men among them, and in *linguâ Franca*, which indeed is the common jumble of tongues he made use of at all times, gave him an account of the Spanish defeat before Algiers. They had heard of the preparations for the expedition, and had been much cast down with the thoughts of it, but had begun to obtain some hopes of a miscarriage, as many months had elapsed since they knew of the departure of the fleet, and not

a syllable concerning its success had dropped from any of their guards. The venerable old Musulman raised his hands to heaven, and seemed to look upon the pains and irksomeness of slavery to be more than repaid by the exquisite sensations he enjoyed in this happy moment. When his informant added that the Algerines had lost a great number of camels, the Turk turned upon him with a 'What talk ye to me of camels? Had they killed thousands of them, there would still remain enough, and the beasts themselves must be proud of dying to save their country.' After shaking them by the hand, and leaving a present to buy tobacco, we took our leave of our *allies*, who followed us down the portico with longing eyes and a thousand benedictions; which, if their prophet has any jurisdiction over the roads, will preserve us from over-turns and broken limbs."

Immediately below the Alcazar is the mint, a spacious building, erected in the fifteenth century by Henry the Fourth, and in great part rebuilt by Philip the Second. At this most ancient place of coinage in the kingdom, the mint formerly produced gold and silver; but of late years copper only—brought hither from the mine of Rio Tinto near Seville—has been coined here. At present, I believe, the works are seldom put in requisition, though the hydraulic engines, by means of which the operations of the mint were carried on, still exist. They are supplied with water from the Eresma; and strangers may see them by making application to the proper authorities.

An opinion has long prevailed, though called in

question by some writers, that the country round Segovia is the best adapted of any in the kingdom for the feeding of the celebrated merino sheep. Not having examined all the down and undulating open districts in Spain, I am not prepared to support or contradict this opinion; but of this I am well convinced, that these high, bare, and little fertile lands, not unlike the great downs of Sussex between Brighton and Steyning, are admirably well calculated for sheep-feeding. The grass in this, and similar districts, is peculiarly fine, and free from weeds and all admixture of coarse rank plants, which sheep abhor. It is short, also, and interspersed with several kinds of diminutive aromatics, among which I particularly noticed the wild thyme, whose fragrance, when trodden upon, fills the atmosphere.* According to the most authentic accounts, the shawl goats of Tibet thrive in their own country upon downs exactly like these; where they might probably be more advantageously introduced than on the French *landes*, or any other district in Europe. In the rich pastures of northern India and Affghanistan,—or at least in Kashmér,—their hair becomes coarse and long, and the animal itself degenerates, as it has already, I

* Swinburne, generally a judicious and well-informed traveller, considers the prejudice in favour of the Segovian downs to be altogether unfounded; since, according to him, the sheep owe whatever superiority they possess to their migratory habits. But he had not been careful, while at Segovia, to inform himself correctly on this point; for the flocks in this part of the country, as well as in several districts of Aragon and Estremadura, have always been stationary.

believe, in France. But though the sun of Segovia, and even its general climate, might prove less genial than those of Tibet, the shawl goat would undoubtedly, I think, naturalize more rapidly here than any where else west of the Indus, with the exception, perhaps, of the mountains of the Druzes in Lebanon.

To return, however, to the Spanish sheep. In Biscay, and the Asturias, the breed is exceedingly diminutive, and its condition generally so bad that, during our wars in the Peninsula, the common soldiers often refused to take a whole sheep as an equivalent for nine pounds of mutton. These are the animals which the black eagle of the Pyrenees so frequently pounces upon, and bears off to his young. He would find a sheep of the ordinary breed, or even of the merino, somewhat too weighty.

It is a fact well known to gourmands, that the flesh of wild animals is much sweeter than that of tame ones of the same species, which arises from two causes: the superior exercise, and the greater variety of food within the reach of the former. Now, whatever improves the flavour of the flesh, must at the same time improve the health, and with it the coating of the animal; a truth which possibly may have been early discovered by the shepherds or great sheep-owners of Spain, where the production of fine wool has been from very remote times an object of great solicitude to those connected with rural economy.—Hence the institution of the *mesta*,* which Laborde

* Laborde, however, attributes it to accident, which is often indeed the mother of useful inventions.

has explained with the greatest correctness to mean, in its general acceptation, a mixture of two or more sorts of grain, equivalent to the English word *maslin*, and by extension, the uniting of numerous flocks belonging to different proprietors into one collective body, which does not remain stationary in any particular district, but migrates with the seasons to several parts of the kingdom.

By these means the sheep enjoy something like the freedom of the wild state, together with that constant change in their food and air, which, when not too violent, is beneficial to all animals. Something also is attributed to their being kept constantly in the open air; but Laborde, generally a sensible and cautious writer, seems strongly inclined, on the strength of a few imperfect experiments, to call the truth of this opinion in question. He doubtless had not sufficiently reflected on the peculiarities of soil and climate in those cantons, where the wool of the stationary sheep is equal to that of the migratory ones; or he would have been convinced that, although the herbage of some small districts, such for example as that of *Benasqua* and of the *Partido d'Albarrazin*, may nourish the finest wool, all the merinos in Spain could not be fed in them, and would certainly degenerate if made stationary elsewhere. Change only, and that constant and properly regulated, can ever keep up the fineness of the wool; and it is therefore to be hoped that, with certain limitations imperatively called for, the mesta will be still continued in Spain.

The society, or association, to which the travelling

flocks belong, consists of the nobles, ecclesiastics, and other rich proprietors, whose united sheep are called *merinos*, or *tras humantes*. By some, the origin of the custom has been referred to that age in which the great plague ravaged Spain, and carried off two-thirds of its population; upon which, the few persons who survived took possession of the unowned lands, but not being able to bring them into cultivation, converted the greater portion into pasturage. What was then the effect of a national calamity, in the end became itself the cause of much greater evil, perpetuating, long after the necessity for it had ceased, the pastoral life in a large portion of the country, where the sheep may literally be said to have eaten up the peasantry and the poor. This is particularly the case in Estremadura, and the kingdom of Leon, where people possess immense grazing estates without any title to them; a practice which calls loudly for an agrarian law, to regulate the amount to which persons shall be allowed to plunder the community.

The term *mesta*, as I have already observed, signifies an united flock belonging to many proprietors, which in general consists of about ten thousand sheep, though sometimes the number is far greater. Over each of the small separate flocks, the union of which constitutes the mesta, is placed an officer called a *mayoral*, who not only keeps watch over the shepherds and directs their movements, but is also required to be possessed of considerable experience in the management of sheep, as with him rests the choice of pasturage, and the treatment of such diseases as

these animals are liable to. His salary is considerable, and he is allowed a horse to ride on, with fifty subordinate shepherds, divided into four classes, to each man of whom, in addition to their wages, which vary from one pound eleven shillings to eight shillings per month, a daily ration of two pounds of bread is regularly allowed. A small sum, under the name of travelling expenses, is presented to each shepherd on the departure and return of the mesta, besides the privilege of keeping a few goats and sheep, which he may call his own, but can make no use of, since the wool and hair belong to the sheep-owners, and he can neither sell nor remove them. All the advantage he derives from them appears to be the milk.

The number of persons employed in attending these migratory flocks is supposed to amount, in the whole kingdom, to upwards of fifty thousand; but since the number of the flocks has very greatly varied at different times, the same, no doubt, must be said of the shepherds. In the sixteenth century the migratory sheep are said to have amounted to seven millions; but, about the beginning of the next century, in the reign of Philip the Third, they had decreased to about two millions and a half. From some cause or another, the number was again greatly augmented towards the close of that century, when they amounted to four millions. One hundred years later they were estimated at five millions; and at present perhaps, out of the nineteen millions of sheep existing in Spain, something less than a third may be migratory.

Having passed the winter in the plains of Estrema-

dura, Leon, Old and New Castile, and Andalusia, the flocks are put in motion about the end of April or the beginning of May, taking their route towards the mountains, and in general moving as far north as Aragon, Navarre, and Biscay. Many large flocks are pastured in the mountains about Segovia, Soria, and Buytrago, where it is supposed that the migratory sheep could not endure the cold of winter, though the native breeds stand it extremely well. During their sojourn in the mountains, the sheep have a quantity of salt frequently administered to them, as medicine, to counteract the effects of the herbage they there meet with. The salt being distributed over large flat stones, the sheep are driven thither, and suffered to eat what quantity they please; but on these days care is taken that they do not graze on calcareous soils, but on argillaceous, where they appear to feed with the eagerness of a Madrid gourmand. Towards the close of July, the ewes and rams, hitherto kept apart, are allowed to be together. In the course of September the backs and loins of the sheep are rubbed with ruddle dissolved in water, a practice for which different reasons have been assigned, none perhaps at all approaching the true one; some imagining that the ochre, blending with the oily matter of the fleece, performs the same office as the oil distributed by birds over their feathers at the approach of rain, turning off and protecting them from the wet; while others conceive the earth designed to absorb the superabundant perspiration, and thus prevent the wool from becoming coarse and harsh.

Towards the close of September, the temperature of the mountains being now considered too cool and inclement, the flocks are once more put in motion, and turning their faces southward, descend into the low country, and spread themselves over the warm plains of Estramadura, Andalusia, and Leon. A similar practice prevailed in old Greece, where much greater care was taken to protect the fine-fleeced sheep from the weather, from thorns, dirt, &c.

In most cases, the migratory flocks are conducted to the same pastures where they had grazed the preceding winter, and where the greater number of them had been yeaned. The vast flocks of Central Asia, and the Arabian Peninsula are, of course, migratory, like their owners; and, unless the conjecture of the native writers, given above, can be supported on better authority than has hitherto been adduced, I should certainly be inclined to attribute the migratory habits of the Spanish shepherds to ideas and habits introduced by the Arabs.

In the month of May, during their journey towards the mountains, the operation of sheep-shearing takes place. This, in Spain, is a business of immense importance, from the large scale on which it is conducted, and the ceremonies which precede and attend it. Among them it holds the same rank as the harvest or vintage in other countries; and the shepherds, of course, have an interest in religiously preserving the ancient customs, in other respects so congenial with the season of the year. The shearing is carried on in spacious buildings, called *esquileos*, capable of con-

taining flocks of from fifty to sixty thousand. Feasts, songs, and a kind of Saturnalian revels, in which both proprietors and shepherds join, accompany the proceedings; and none seem serious excepting the sheep, that from the noise around them appear to entertain strong apprehensions of being eaten, as Spaniards seldom grow obstreporous but when they are going to dinner, or to dispatch an enemy.

The workmen engaged in this pastoral occupation, which is very offensive though it tells very well in poetry, are divided into a number of classes, each of which vindicates to itself some particular branch of the business. One thousand ewes afford employment to about one hundred and twenty-five persons; while the same number of wethers having, to use the shepherd's own phrase, "more of the devil in them," require to be kept in order by at least two hundred men. Each animal yields three, or, according to some reports, four kinds of wool, more or less fine, the difference depending on the part of the body from which it is taken. The females, as among mankind, are most finely clad; and their clothing, moreover, is most scanty, the fleeces of three wethers being equal in weight to those of five ewes, whose whole coat does not exceed five pounds.

The sheep having been properly robbed of their warm jackets, the wool is collected in bales, and either conveyed to the several sea-ports for exporting, or, especially if designed for native use, to certain places in Castile called washing-stations. Of these, one of the most considerable in the kingdom is in

the neighbourhood of this city; but our visit having been made in autumn, the account I give rests on the authority of others. The wool is transported hither in flocks or clotted tufts, just as severed from the sheep, in which state it is delivered to the *apartadores*, who immediately make a separation of the wools of different qualities. Practice has conferred upon these men so quick a perception, that they will at first sight decide from what part of the body any flock of wool has been cut. When the division has been made, the several kinds are spread upon hurdles to dry, and previous to their being washed they are again exposed, in a scattered state, to the sun and air, and also well beaten, to dislodge all such foreign particles as may adhere to them. When thoroughly washed and cleansed from all impurity, a separation again takes place; and that which is clotted with dirt, and judged unfit to be retained among the wools of better quality, is carefully set aside, and having been sold, the produce is appropriated to the very pious purpose of having masses chaunted for the souls of the dead. The motive is commendable, but the proceeds might doubtless be better employed, were it only in buying a few changes of clean linen for some of her Catholic majesty's shirtless subjects. That some change in the system is required no one can doubt; but how far the regulations of the mesta may yet be modified and improved, remains to be seen.

Whatever is carried on during a number of successive centuries, must of necessity be regulated by certain rules and customs. This is the case with the migra-

tions of the mesta; and the reader will perceive, from the spirit of those ordinances, how completely the interests of the many are sacrificed to those of the few. These aristocratic sheep, on the way to their villas on the mountains, or in returning back to winter quarters, have the right to pass unmolested over the pastures and commons belonging to the villages situated on their road; and, like a cloud of locusts, too frequently make bare the landscape as far as their ravages extend. They are not, indeed, allowed to roam at large, like so many bulls of Siva, over the cultivated lands; nevertheless, the proprietors of all such estates as lie in their way are constrained to leave for them a path of about eighty or ninety yards in breadth. As might be supposed, the rate of their movements varies according to circumstances. In traversing such pastures as they are permitted to denude entirely, they rarely perform more than five or six miles per day; but in the intermediate spaces, where they must generally march fasting, they are said sometimes to walk full seventeen miles in that time. The whole extent of their journey, which they complete in about five weeks, may be estimated at between five and six hundred miles.

It is not of course to be supposed that in the rich plains, where these vagrant flocks pass the winter, they are allowed to feed gratis, as on the steppes of Tartary, or oäses of the Arabian deserts. But, though some price is paid, the landed proprietors have no voice in fixing it, as the sheep, in general, belong to the nobles, clergy, and their connexions, in whom this oppressive

custom is still recognised. Some absurd enactments, called the "Laws of the Mesta," have from time to time been passed, as circumstances have stuck their spurs into the flanks of Spain's legislative genius; but it is questionable whether Lucretius's god, Chance, would not have regulated matters more wisely. For those "laws" were originally enacted by the persons most interested in perpetuating abuses,—that is, the proprietors of the flocks; notwithstanding which they received the sanction of many kings of Spain, having been first approved and confirmed by Charles in 1544.

To administer these "laws," which do great credit to the high and chivalrous character of Spain, a particular tribunal, called the "Honourable Council of the Mesta," has been established. This court, over which a member of the great council of Castile presides, consists of four judges, denominated *alcaldes mayores entregadores*, each of whom has an exchequer, with an *alguasil mayor*, or escheator. All the privileges and rights of the mesta are under the jurisdiction of this court, which levies upon the shepherds and their flocks parcage, pontage, and other tolls; settle such Arcadian disputes and quarrels as may arise among the shepherds; regulate the route which the flocks are to take in their journey to and from the mountains; determine whatever occurs on the passage; in short, manage despotically the whole concerns of the mesta. But as they are not always within reach, a power of commitment has been entrusted to the flock-proprietors, and even to the shepherds themselves; a power which it was easy to foresee they

would certainly abuse. For, not only do they decide in what concerns the members of their own body, which might perhaps be considered quite sufficient, they have the pleasant privilege of citing before the mesta persons of all ranks and conditions, under pretence that, directly or indirectly, they are connected with the craft and mystery of sheep-feeding.

Dull and unintellectual as the Spanish nation is, there still exists throughout the country a feeling, which, being expressed, may be *called* public opinion, decidedly hostile to this impolitic institution, as it at present exists, which not only inflicts severe injuries on private individuals, but literally retards the progress of the whole country in the career of agricultural improvement. In the first place it withdraws from the rural population at least fifty thousand men; a number which, in a retrograding population like that of Spain, where even the principle of life is comparatively inactive, must be seriously felt. A large portion of the best land in the kingdom is converted into pasture ground, to the utter impoverishment of several provinces, where large numbers of the inhabitants are cut off from the employments which agriculture would furnish, and from those necessaries of life which it would supply. Incalculable damage, moreover, is done to all those lands which are situated in the vicinity of the routes taken by the mesta; for, to say nothing of the sheep themselves, is it probable that fifty thousand sturdy vagabonds, such as are the shepherds, should pass through a country without committing all kinds of iniquities,

particularly when they are well aware they may do so with impunity? The persons suffering from these abuses have repeatedly presented their complaints and addresses "at the foot of the throne;" but without any favourable result.

From the above account one inference may be drawn, which, if the reader be of our way of thinking, will be regarded almost as important as a statement of the price of wool: viz. it will be evident that Spanish authors have it in their power to paint pastoral manners from the life, if they can only prevail upon themselves to escape from their day-dreams in the salons of Madrid, and spend a month or two among the wandering shepherds of the mesta. In general, it must be confessed, pastorals, whether in verse or prose, are the dullest of all earthly compositions. A plodding unimaginative author sets two or three characters, insipid as himself, about describing their slavish employments, or mawkish passions. A few mythological allusions to the more obvious fables of antiquity,—for a slight sprinkling of heathenisms is deemed essential to pastoral; a happy swain boasting of the favours of his mistress; or a lack-a-daisical fop dying because Phyllis "gives the preference" to some other shepherd: such are his materials, and the handling is generally worthy of them. But in Spain, the pastoral poet, as we have observed, has no excuse for falling into errors of this kind. It is easy for him to become an eye-witness of the scheme of life generally prevalent among shepherds; and long and extensive may be his experience before he discovers any

thing resembling the Arcadian simplicity, innocence, constancy, sentimentality, &c. &c. which look so enchanting in the pages of Florian, and other imaginary sheep-feeders.

Theocritus, it is well known, is the only pastoral poet who does not set one to sleep. And the reason is plain. He describes a shepherd's life,—or a herdsman's or goatherd's life,—just as he found it, and as it every where is to this day, free from the great disturbing passions,—from all, at least, except one,—but still sufficiently ruffled by the usual feelings of our nature, and not of such milk-white purity as, for the credit of the sheep who set them so praiseworthy an example, we might perhaps expect to find it. He enters with admirable tact into their feelings and amusements, exhibits in their true colours the hopes and fears, the vexations, petty jealousies, sorrows, vicissitudes, defeats, that disturb their obscure career, and at the same time reveals, in all their quiet beauty, the natural pleasures which fortune casts in the balance against their misadventures. Painted in this way, a country life, like a rustic landscape, may be invested with singular charms, more particularly for those, who, in the depths of their heart, sigh for the serenity of solitude, but by circumstances are perpetually confined within the dusty circle of business. Hence, in a great measure, the charms of Wordsworth's verse. He looks at the lakes and mountains for us, and translates into poetry the feelings we should all more or less experience, though we might be much less able to express them.

Cervantes, with something of the modern leaning towards sentimentality, exhibits much of the vigour and truth to nature of Theocritus in his account of Don Quixote's brief sojourn among the goatherds. But in this picture there is a beauty which every reader of course feels, without perhaps perceiving from what combination it arises. The knight, whose mind is stored with poetical and classical associations, beholds in the rude hinds around him mementoes of the golden age; of that time when there was neither *mesta* nor courtier in Spain, nor inclosures, nor friar, nor inquisition. His fancy colours every thing he sees with romantic and poetical hues. He walks on the clouds. For him, whatever the poets have feigned is realized to the letter. The goatherds, rough and ignorant, but hospitable, comprehend nothing of all this; and the gross and sensual Sancho, who is an exact representative of a good sort of man, understands still less than the goatherds. From these contrasts arises a picture inimitable in its kind, of what however is yet only the bright side of Spanish pastoral life; for the wrangling, cheating, insolent, thievish servants of the mesta, would make but a poor figure by the side of the Don's primitive entertainers.

But the reader who has already made himself familiar with the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, will not pardon me if I content myself with merely alluding to this exquisite picture. He would be glad to look at it once more; for, like morning or sunset, the truly beautiful will bear to be contemplated every day, and

seem perpetually to improve upon acquaintance. And if there be any one to whom it is new, I am in no apprehension of his censure for making him acquainted with it; so, without further ceremony, let us take up the Don just as he is entering upon this peaceful adventure:—

"He received a hearty welcome from the goatherds; and Sancho having, as well as he could, accommodated Rosinante and his ass, was attracted by the odour that issued from some pieces of goat's flesh that were boiling in a kettle; but though he longed very much at that instant to see if it was time to transfer them from the kettle to the belly, he checked his curiosity, because the landlord took them from the fire, and spreading some sheep-skins upon the ground, set out their rustic table without loss of time, inviting their two guests to a share of their mess, with many expressions of good-will and hospitality. Then those who belonged to the cot, being six in number, seated themselves round the skins, having first, with their boorish ceremony, desired Don Quixote to sit down on a trough, which they had overturned for that purpose.

"The knight accepted their offer, and Sancho remained standing, to administer the cup, which was made of horn; but his master perceiving him in this attitude, 'That thou mayst see, Sancho,' said he, 'the benefit which is concentered in knight-errantry, and how near all those who exercise themselves in any sort of ministry belonging to it, are to preferment and esteem of the world, I desire thee to sit

down here by my side, in company with these worthy people; and that thou mayst be on an equal footing with me, thy natural lord and master, eating in the same dish, and drinking out of the same cup that I use; for what is said of love may be observed of knight-errantry, that it puts all things upon a level.'

"'I give you a thousand thanks,' said Sancho; 'but I must tell your worship that, provided I have plenty, I can eat as much, nay more to my satisfaction, standing on my legs, and in my own company, than if I was to sit by the side of an emperor; and if all the truth must be told, I had much rather dine by myself in a corner, though it should be upon a bit of bread and an onion, without all your niceties and ceremonies, than eat turkey-cocks at another man's table, where I am obliged to chew softly, to drink sparingly, to wipe my mouth every minute, to abstain from sneezing or coughing, though I should be never so much inclined to either, and from a great many other things, which I can freely do when alone; therefore, sir master of mine, I hope these honours, which your worship would put upon me as being the servant and abettor of knight-errantry, which to be sure I am while I remain in quality of your squire, may be converted into other things of more ease and advantage to me, than those which, though I hold them as received in full, I renounce from henceforth for ever, amen.'—'Thou must nevertheless sit down,' said his master, 'for him that is humble, God will exalt;' and, seizing him by the arm, he pulled him down to the seat on which he himself sat.

"The goat-herds, who understood not a word of all this jargon of squire and knights-errant, did nothing but eat in silence, and gaze upon their guests; who, with keen appetite and infinite relish, solaced their stomachs by swallowing pieces as large as their fists. This service of meat being finished, they spread upon their skins great quantities of acorns, and half a cheese, harder than plaster of Paris. All this time the horn was not idle, but went round so fast, sometimes full, sometimes empty, like the buckets of a well, that they soon voided one of the two skins of wine that hung in view."

Cervantes, who entertained but little respect for the notions that happened to be in fashion among his contemporaries, or which were transmitted down to them from their ancestors, has clearly, throughout this whole scene among the goatherds, his eye upon Garcilaso de la Vega, Mendoza, and others of that class, whose ideas of pastoral life were not a whit more sane than Don Quixote's. In the speech which follows, on the Golden Age, the satire glances in different directions, sometimes attacking those who could discover no excellence in their own times, sometimes the supporters of a contrary opinion. We would gladly transport Cid Hamet Benengeli entire into these pages, or at least the whole of this speech; but we must, after all, leave ourselves room for an observation or two upon authors less known, who have likewise played upon the oaten pipe.

Among these, a distinguished place belongs to Garcilaso de la Vega, who appears, however, to have

imbibed his taste for this species of composition in Italy, where the example of Virgil has enticed many writers of distinguished abilities into this method of babbling o' green fields; for the first, it seems, of his three famous Eclogues was written at Naples, where he is supposed to have imbibed the passion of bucolic-making from Sannazaro. His shepherds, as will presently be manifest, are not copies of our friends who accompany the migratory flocks of Spain. Neither do they bear any resemblance to the *poimenes* of Theocritus. They are such shepherds as one sees in bag-wigs and tight silk stockings, "sighing like furnace," or reclining lack-a-daisically in sweet arbours in the landscapes of Watteau. Love, of course, in some phasis or other a pastoral must exhibit, for without it this species of poem would be like beer without malt; but it is whining, whimpering, despairing love, subsisting upon conceits, which would infallibly die the moment it should obtain its object. If a shepherd's love were returned, he would be happy, and there would be an end of it. No poet would celebrate his joys; for happiness is supposed to be untranslateable. But, if his passion be kindled by a scornful, unsteady, jilting abigail, whose cruelty, to borrow a word from the pastoral vocabulary, drives him to despair, he immediately becomes a fit subject for the bucolic muse, and we are entertained with the intolerable sorrows which kept him from growing fat.

Garcilaso possesses sufficient art to conceal the ridicule inherent in his subject. One of his shep-

herds is afflicted by genuine grief. The object of his love has been elevated to the rank of a pure spirit by death, and solemn associations from the grave breathe through the verse, and check effectually all disposition to be critical even where affectation is not wholly kept out of sight. The other, however, having bestowed his affections on one whom he should rather have viewed with indifference, sees his mistress call another man lord, and on this account considers himself authorized to be at least as unhappy as his companion. This poem, with the other works of Garcilaso, has been translated into English by the late Mr. Wiffen, and I borrow from his version the following fragments, which will enable the reader to decide for himself whether he would like to form a more intimate acquaintance with the bucolics of Spain.

SALICIO.

"Through thee the silence of the shaded glen,
Through thee the horror of the lonely mountain
Pleased me no less than the resort of men;
The breeze, the summer wood, and lucid fountain,
The purple rose, white lily of the lake,
Were sweet for thy sweet sake;
For thee the fragrant primrose, dropt with dew,
Was wished, when first it blew.
Oh, how completely was I in all this
Myself deceiving! Oh, the different part
That thou wert acting, covering, with a kiss
Of seeming love, the traitor in thy heart!
This my severe misfortune long ago
Did the soothsaying raven, sailing by
On the black storm, with hoarse sinister cry
Clearly presage; in gentleness of woe,
Flow forth, my tears, 'tis meet that ye should flow!

How oft when slumbering in the forest brown,
(Deeming it fancy's mystical deceit,)
Have I beheld my fate in dreams foreshown.
One day methought that from the noontide heat,
I drove my flocks to drink of Tagus' flood,
And, under curtain of its bordering wood,
Take my cool siesta ; but arrived, the stream,
I know not by what magic, changed its track,
And in new channels, by an unused way,
Rolled its warped waters back :
Whilst I, scorch'd, melting with the heat extreme,
Went ever following in their flight, astray,
The wizard waves : in gentleness of woe,
Flow forth, my tears, 'tis meet that ye should flow!

* * * * *

But though thou wilt not come for my sad sake,
Leave not the landscape thou hast held so dear ;
Thou mayst come freely now without the fear
Of meeting me ; for, though my heart should break,
When late forsaken, I will now forsake.
Come, then, if this alone detains thee ; here
Are meadows full of verdure, myrtles, bays,
Woodlands, and lawns, and running waters clear,
Belov'd in other days ;
To which, bedew'd with many a bitter tear,
I sing my last of lays.
These scenes, perhaps, when I am far remov'd,
At ease thou wilt frequent
With him who rifled me of all I lov'd.
Enough ! my strength is spent ;
And leaving thee in his desir'd embrace,
It is not much to leave him this sweet place.

* * * * *

NEMOROSO.

As at the set of sun the shades extend,
And when its circle sinks, that dark obscure
Rises to shroud the world, on which attend
The images that set our hair on end,

Silence, and shapes mysterious as the grave :
Till the broad sun sheds, once more, from the wave
His lively lustre, beautiful and pure ;
Such shapes were in the night, and such ill gloom
At thy departure ; still tormenting fear
Haunts, and must haunt me, until death shall doom
The so much wished-for sun to re-appear
Of thine angelic face, my soul to cheer,
Resurgent from the tomb.

* * * * *

Poor lost Eliza ! of thy locks of gold,
One treasured ringlet in white silk I keep
For ever at my heart ; which when unroll'd,
Fresh grief and pity o'er my spirit creep,
And my insatiate eyes, for hours untold,
O'er the dear pledge will like an infant weep :
With sighs more warm than fire, anon I dry
The tears from off it ; number, one by one,
Thy radiant hairs, and with a love-knot tie :
Mine eyes, this duty done,
Give over weeping, and with slight relief,
I taste a short forgetfulness of grief."

Drawn by David Roberts. Engraved by Freeman.

PALACE OF THE ESCURIAL

CHAPTER VII.

ST. ILDEFONSO AND THE ESCURIAL.

Apology for Digressions—Diego's Mules—Monks of Burgos—Barren Plains — Change in the Landscape — Approach the Mountains—Palace of St. Ildefonso—Tomb of Philip—Variable Climate—the Escurial—the Pantheon — the Gardens—Works of Art—Funeral Procession—Treasures of Learning—Portraits—the Tabernacle—Road to Madrid—Silent Palinodia.

It is much to be feared that, what with our learned dissertations on wool, and delectable disquisitions on bucolic poetry, arising out of our partiality for sheep and cattle, the reader has ere this made up his mind to sleep during the rest of the journey. Should this, however, be his determination, let him lay no blame on us if he learns nothing of St. Ildefonso, the Escurial, or the Seven Peaks, upon the subject of which we may, perhaps, prove excessively eloquent, before we take our coffee at Madrid. It may, moreover, be confessed, *inter nos*, that we found the shepherds beginning to become a bore, even to us, who are gifted with the patience of Job; and therefore reserve for next year the remainder of our diatribe upon their poetical manner of life, on their feeding, like hogs or Arcadians, upon acorns, with sundry other particulars, some few of which, we find, Cervantes has purloined, without acknowledgment, from our "Adversaria."

During the many days we remained at Segovia, collecting materials for the above chapter, Diego's mules had been feeding like aldermen, and by the day of our departure were grown so exceedingly frisky, that we more than once apprehended the overturning of our vehicle from their unruly movements. In fact, they reminded us strongly of the crowd of sleek citizens who, after divine service, crowded round us close to the cathedral of Burgos, admiring the tramontane cut of our coats, laughing at our heretical boots and breeches, and the narrow brims of our hats, which they seemed to regard as something smelling strongly of Martin Luther. However, off we went, the vast mountains of Castile rising before us, and amusing our fancy till the pinnacles of the palace itself bristled up in the distance, inviting our eye to descend, for the present, from the mountains to contemplate them.

There are but about six miles to travel from Segovia to St. Ildefonso. Nevertheless, the pilgrim of the picturesque would scarcely feel any regret if the distance were still considerably less, the whole foreground of the landscape which meets his eye consisting of mere barren plains, with a few hungry hamlets sparingly scattered over them. Nothing can well be more unfertile than this district, which must, moreover, remain so for ever, unless art can be made to supply the deficiency of water with which nature has cursed it. But the folly and weakness of former governments contributed greatly to improve the native barrenness of the land. Consulting only their own pleasures, and basely trampling on the rights of the

people they were designed to serve, they let loose upon the province numerous herds of deer, which, overspreading the country, ate up every thing edible that the industry of the peasant had culled into existence. To the honour of Charles IV. it should be added, however, that he had no sooner ascended the throne, than he took measures for delivering the husbandman from this scourge.

As we advance nearer to St. Ildefonso, a change almost magical takes place in the landscape. Imperceptibly we find ourselves transported from an arid flat into the midst of hills and valleys, watered by numerous sparkling rivulets, and clothed with delicious herbage. Woods, rising along the heights, and opening into vistas of emerald green, disclose from time to time the scanty descendants of those mischievous herds of deer above commemorated; while here and there, emerging from clusters of verdant oaks, a beautiful villa presents its classic front to the eye. Farther on, the palace itself, partly embosomed in trees, and flanked by mountains of sublime grandeur, unites with the surrounding objects in forming a picture not to be contemplated without profound interest.

This palace, the favourite residence of Philip the Fifth, was greatly embellished by that monarch; who, reckless of his duties, or ignorant of the high trust Providence had reposed in him, lavished upon his private pleasures the riches of Spain. The great object of his ambition is supposed to have been,—if we can believe historians at least,—to rival the vaunted wonders of the gardens of Versailles. Here, surrounded

by rugged precipices and solitary woods, he loved to spend the days bestowed on him for much higher purposes than indulging in useless gloom; and here, when death had gathered him to his fathers, his ashes were deposited. We visited his mausoleum. It is constructed, in a style of much simplicity, of various kinds of marbles, with ornaments of bronze. The tomb itself, resting on a massive pedestal, supports an urn surmounting a lofty abacus. Two statues, one representing Charity, the other a weeping figure, are placed one on either side of the urn. Above these are two medallions, containing the portraits of Philip and his queen, both enveloped with a veil, which Fame is endeavouring to remove. A pyramid supporting a vase of perfumes rises behind the tomb, on the pedestal of which is the following inscription:—

PHILIPPO V.
PRINCIPI MAXIMO,
OPTIMO PARENTI,
FERDINANDUS VI.
POSUIT.

But Ferdinand, having erected this monument to his father's memory, abandoned the palace to his mother-in-law. The court, however, long continued, and I believe still continues, to spend the hot summer months in this wild retreat, which is defended from the sirocco and other southerly winds by a very elevated ridge of snowy mountains, and lies in a sheltered vale open to the north. Like all places in the immediate vicinity of lofty mountain chains, Saint Ildefonso is liable to sudden and frequent

changes in the temperature of the atmosphere, so that, in the course of the twenty-four hours, persons of delicate constitutions are sometimes obliged to change their dress two or three times. These fluctuations in the state of the air are occasionally productive of colic, and other acute disorders.

The exterior of the palace has nothing magnificent in its appearance; though the garden front, adorned with pillars of the Corinthian order, is not inelegant. From several of the royal apartments there is a splendid view over a parterre, adorned with marble vases and statues, of a cascade unrivalled for the richness of its decorations and the limpid purity of its waters. A romantic stream breaks over the rocks at no great distance, and rolls along through an extensive tract of thickets, where the king, when disposed to imitate Isaak Walton, used to amuse himself with the rod and line. One of the principal recommendations of St. Ildefonso arises from the abundance and excellence of its water. These it owes to the mountains which, towering aloft into the clouds, intercept vast quantities of vapours on their way towards the scorching plains of New Castile, and convert them into springs and rills that flow northward, and fertilize and render beautiful this solitary spot.

The grounds, which are three miles in circumference, and of very broken and unequal surface, exhibit an endless succession of novel scenes. They are laid out with much taste. Each of the principal walks corresponds with one of the peaks of the neighbouring mountains, and, like the vistas in the Isola Madre, forcibly fixes

attention upon the most striking objects. One in particular every visitor must notice. Opening forward from the grand façade, it carries the view over five fountains, adorned with exquisite groupes of sculpture, rising with the ground tier above tier, to the mountain peak which crowns the whole.

The water-works are universally acknowledged to excel those of Versailles, which, therefore, need not be disparaged below their merit to heighten the praise of these. One traveller ventures to describe the water thrown up in the gardens of the French king as of a muddy colour, and as falling down like a noisome thick fog. He is wrong. They are less crystalline indeed than these; but, to make this discovery, it is necessary to observe them very narrowly. No doubt the streams thrown up by the Castilian fountain are clear as crystal, and the sunbeams falling through them play before the eye in the most exquisite prismatic tints, while the spray falls around like the finest dew. The sweetness of the atmosphere, the odours of the flowers, the murmuring waters, and the blue sunny beauty of the heavens above, make you imagine yourself transported to the fabled gardens of Irem, and a gentle melancholy seizes you as a multitude of historical associations rise before the mind.

Nature itself never meant an earthly paradise to arise in this spot. The soil is hungry and shallow, and the rocks are so compact and uniformly near the surface, that, in order to obtain depth for the trees to take root, the king had square pits blown in the rock with gunpowder, and worked with tools, after which

they were filled with earth brought hither from a distance. His industry, indeed, would have been commendable had his whole kingdom been a rock, like Malta, where the knights were compelled to have recourse to similar contrivances to create a few scanty gardens; but Spain abounds in fertile and pleasant spots, where, with little labour or expense, scenes of surpassing beauty might be called into existence.

Distance, however, in all cases, enhances the beauty of objects. Delille, in his "Jardins," speaks of the grounds of St. Ildefonso with an enthusiam, which probably would not have been increased by a visit to the spot; but, it may be remarked that he dwells with most delight on that which is furthest removed from nature. He seems, indeed, to speak with some degree of disrespect of artificial springs; but after all, what is there here that is not artificial? "*Toi*," he exclaims:

> "Toi, surtout, Ildefonse, et tes fraiches délices
> La ne sont point tes eaux dont les sources factices,
> Se ferment tout à coup, par leur morne repos
> Attristant le bocage et etrompent les échos.
> Sans cesse résonnant dans ces jardins superbes,
> D'intarissables eaux, en colonnes, en gerbes,
> S'élancent, fendent l'air de leurs rapides jets,
> Et des monts paternels égalent les sommets:
> Lieu superbe où Philippe, avec magnificence,
> Defiait son ayeul et retraçait la France."

The palace contains a very fine and large collection of pictures, several of which are by the most celebrated masters. There are travellers who appear to acquire, during their passage through Spain, a taste for its scenery, its manners, and its artists; who,

accordingly prefer the productions of the native painters before those of the greatest men of Italy. But, with every disposition to do justice to Murillo, Velasquez, and other Spaniards, I constantly, in all their collections, found my eye wandering towards the works of the Italians, who, in art, appear to have imbibed more of the Hellenic spirit than any other people of modern times. Among the most remarkable pictures here, however,—where there are some by Michael Angelo, Claude Lorraine, and Guido Reni,—is one of Murillo, "Saint Anne teaching the Virgin to read;" in which, united with the greatest fidelity to nature, there is a softness, a delicacy, a force of expression perfectly Titianesque. Not far from this splendid work of art is a head of Portia, by Guido, mentioned by several travellers, into which the artist has infused all the dignity of a Roman matron, tempered by the graceful tenderness and impassioned melancholy of an Attic maiden.

Among the sculptures, which I believe are wholly antique, are several very splendid groupes and statues. We were particularly struck by an Aphrodite kneeling on a tortoise, and pouring a phial of essences over her plaited tresses. Here we find embodied that placid loveliness which the Hellenic sculptors appropriated to their representations of divine beings; visible in Herè, Athena, Dameter, and Artemis, but shining forth in none so resplendently as in the daughter of Dionè, in whom all the grace and sweetness of the old mythical poetry appear to be clothed with form and expression.

But it is by no means my intention to enter into critical remarks on the works of art to be found at Saint Ildefonso; properly to do this, we ought to have remained there at least a month; whereas we viewed the whole in a morning. Proceeding thence towards the mountains, in less than an hour we traversed the Eresma and reached Balsain, a village lying in the depths of a woody hollow, where the kings of Spain had formerly a hunting-seat. The view now assumes a magnificent character. Bleak pine-clad mountains, covered deeply on their loftier slopes with snow, and lifting their numerous peaks far into the clear sky, broken into chasms, ravines, and torrent beds, in one place barren as the ocean, in another teeming with gloomy vegetation, stretch right and left like the battlements of some vast fortress reared by the Titans. At first view it seems, as among the Alpine ridges, impossible to climb the impending steeps. No hold for the foot of man or beast appears. But as we advance, the road, shaded by enormous-pine trees, works its way upwards among the rocks, until you at length find yourself on the level summit, with the interminable plains of New Castile stretched out like a map beneath your eye.

Madrid, about whose extent and magnificence the Spaniard makes such a continual boast, every Castilian should view from this elevated spot. He would then see what it is,—a circumscribed dot upon the map of the plain, which scarcely makes a break in the vast sweep of the horizon. One enjoys extraordinary pleasure in contemplating a scene like the one

now before us from so great a height. There is an elastic spring in the air which imparts a buoyancy to the spirits, already put in brisk motion by exercise and the sun. The sight, too, pursuing its objects over so boundless an expanse, unobstructed by mist, or haze, or cloud, appears to enjoy a grasp unknown in more northern latitudes, and luxuriates on a multitude of fine points at once. But if such a scene presents all the characteristics of a map, it will of course be understood that among them want of life and animation must be included. There is the grave-like stillness of the desert, accompanied by a consciousness of imperfection on your part; for you are sure there is life with all its concomitants below, if the obtuseness of your organs did not prevent its being revealed to you. Soon, therefore, you are glad to quit this aërial observatory, and drop with satisfaction into the plains of New Castile.

During our descent we noticed here and there upon the brown sun-burned plain, dense volumes of smoke rising from spots where appeared no other signs of population; and learned, upon inquiry, that they proceeded from the kilns of charcoal-burners, who in this necessary operation destroy the few copses and thickets which might otherwise rescue this dreary landscape from the charge of utter nakedness. The road, meanwhile, is exceedingly good; and ere we have achieved one half of the descent, the eye, plunging down a hollow of the mountain, alights with surprise and pleasure on the famous monastery of the Escurial.

Even from a distance, the appearance of this edifice is remarkably striking. It looks a forest of lofty domes, towers, spires, and pinnacles. The gridiron plan, — of which the hint was taken, not from the frontispiece of Cobbett's Register, as many sage and learned antiquaries might perhaps suppose, but from the instrument used by the ancient pagans in grilling St. Lawrence, — is not discoverable from the overhanging mountains, or indeed at all, unless it is pointed out, or recalled by an effort of the memory. You behold balconies, balustrades, hanging galleries, domes, roofs of all heights, columns, windows innumerable, with broad esplanades, sheets of water, walks, and shady trees below; and the impression, if not that of beauty, which, alas! is every where rare, is at least that of power aiming blindly at the sublime, and stumbling in its way on barbaric grandeur and magnificence.

But much of the effect produced upon the imagination springs from the wild and singular situation of the place. Secluded in a recess of these savage mountains, midway up their steep acclivity, it seems to be one of those edifices raised by enchantment in unfrequented spots to amaze and bewilder the traveller. Yet it is not out of harmony with the scene. Gloomy in its site, it is itself gloomy, and calculated to beget that feeling in all who behold it. I beheld it, nevertheless, with much pleasure. The rich mellow tints of autumn were on the woods which clothe the slopes of the mountain beyond it; the warm rays of the sun streamed between its spires and domes, heightening infinitely their picturesque effect; and

there was an air, I know not from whence arising, of soft melancholy repose diffused over the whole, which, no doubt, constituted its principal charm in the eyes of the atrabilious monarch who chose it for his favourite abode.

Though I had read many descriptions of this extraordinary edifice, I found, as usual, that none of them had exactly prepared me for what I saw. Every thing had been exaggerated, except the beauty of the site, which, though striking at first, is not properly appreciated till one has strolled leisurely through the grounds, and studied, from every point of view, the character of the encircling landscapes. Above all things that Spain has to show, the scenes round the Escurial, contemplated in the soft hour which precedes twilight, are perhaps the most truly poetical, and the best calculated to leave a lasting impression on the heart. One feels all around the approach of evening. Massive shadows thicken among the trees, where the breezes become fresher and louder, swinging to and fro the huge boughs, and rustling the innumerable leaves. The birds sing cheerfully, though taking their farewell of the day; and as we listen, the forms of friends beloved, but now far distant, crowd around us, and impart an unearthly flavour to our enjoyment. And if the eye wanders upwards, through some long leafy vista, towards the over-hanging sierras, it beholds the golden sunshine, which has left the plains and valleys, lingering among their skyey peaks, and likening them, in their serene and tranquil beauty, to those Olympian summits, where the poetical imagination of the pagan placed the home of his gods.

The palace, or monastery,—which ever it may be called,—though doubtless it pleased me, did so much less than the site. Within and without it betrays marks of effort, aiming laboriously, and, I must add, ignorantly, at effect. The general body of the edifice is much too low; the towers, spires, and domes, in comparison, too high; and accordingly their union, instead of producing one grand whole, instinct with harmony, gives the idea of a piece of architectural patchwork tastelessly put together. The portico, for example, of the principal front, is timidly, as it were, thrust into the building, and rests on a basement elevated unmeaningly above the esplanade. What it is intended for, no one can tell. Above it, moreover, you discover a weight of building, which every moment appears about to crush it into the earth; and then, if you contemplate it from the height close at hand, your eye runs along the roof until it is obstructed by masses of littleness. On the contrary, though deficient in beauty, the square towers and the dome have, from their mere height, an air of grandeur, which helps to rescue the general impression from the charge of tameness and insipidity.

Many travellers, captivated by mere magnitude, seek to dazzle the reader by dwelling upon the vast dimensions of the structure. The building, it is observed, is a long square of six hundred and forty feet by five hundred and eighty; so that allowing, in addition, four hundred and sixty for the projection of the chapel and king's quarter, the whole circumference amounts to two thousand nine hundred

feet. Granted: but what is the height? By exact admeasurement fifty-one feet eight inches to the cornice, not more than a twelfth of the length of the front, which looks, therefore, more like one side of a street than the façade of a palace.

Its erection was commenced in 1557, under the auspices of Manegro, a Toledan architect; who dying in ten years, left the work to be continued by Juan Herrera Bustamente, one of his pupils, an Asturian, who died thirty years afterwards at Madrid. The stone of which it is constructed is of a poor gray colour, brought from the neighbouring mountains. Some writers pretend, not perhaps without reason, that it was erected by Philip the Second, in consequence of a vow made to St. Lawrence before the battle of St. Quentin, which was fought on the 10th of August, 1557. Whether the vow be apocryphal or not, the battle of St. Quentin was the cause of its erection; for Philip, desirous of commemorating so signal a victory gained by his troops over the French, reared this monastery and dedicated it to St. Lawrence, the patron saint of the day on which the victory had been achieved. And now follows the chief absurdity. St. Lawrence having, according to popish legends, been broiled to death on a gridiron, Philip, to propitiate his manes, accommodated the plan of his building to the form of that martyrological instrument of cookery, appropriating to himself the handle, and the remainder to the monks; to intimate, possibly, that he would much rather they should be grilled than he.

The church, which occupies the centre of the whole pile, is spacious, lofty, and very richly decorated, and surmounted by a light cupola. The high altar, on which, in Catholic churches, we find the principal care generally bestowed, is composed of sumptuous marbles, agates, and jaspers of extreme rarity, all found in Spain. Two catafalquos occupy the side arcades of the sanctuary; on one of which the emperor Charles the Fifth, with his wife, daughter, and two sisters, are represented in colossal bronze figures in the attitude of prayer; and on the opposite side are those of Philip the Second, his unnatural son, with his three wives, likewise in bronze, and in a kneeling posture. At perceiving them thus put in juxtaposition, one remembers how diligently the father flogged himself; partly as penance for his numerous crimes, partly for his folly in yielding up the reins of government to a son, who more than once refused him the stipend necessary for his maintenance.

Beneath is the burial-place of the royal family, heathenishly styled the "Pantheon," and not unaptly applied, considering the character of the majority of the princes of Spain. We descend to this vault by a flight of twenty-five steps, and read over the door a Latin inscription, which informs the curious traveller that the place is sacred to the mortal remains of the Catholic kings of Spain:—

"HIC LOCUS SACER MORTALITATIS EXUVIIS
CATHOLICORUM REGUM HISPANIARUM," ETC.

The original idea of this family vault, the last retreat of vain-glory and pride, was conceived by the

Emperor Charles; his son Philip, more inclined to do honour to his memory than to his person while he lived, determined to carry the design into execution, but took no active steps towards it. Philip the Third inherited the project, and made a beginning; and the fourth Philip, more fortunate in this than his predecessors, completed the royal tomb. Weak and frail as we are, some apology may be made for the solicitude we all experience that our bones may repose in a peaceful, if not a sumptuous retreat, when death shall have laid his hand upon us. Kings share this feeling with the peasant. If virtuous, therefore, while they live, I would willingly excuse their vanity and weakness in this particular; seeing, as the pagans expressed it, that the tomb is our true dwelling-place, to which life is but the passage, or scanty vestibule.

The staircase by which we descend to the Pantheon is covered, like the building itself, with marble. This subterraneous building, which strongly calls to mind the descriptions given by travellers of the tombs of the Egyptian kings at Thebes, is one hundred and eight feet in circumference, and nearly forty in height. There is little here to remind us of being in the burial-place of Christian princes. The example of our Saviour, too generally forgotten by them during life, has not been imitated by the Spanish kings in their graves. The simplicity of Christ suited not with their ideas of sepulchral magnificence. They would render Hades a place of delight, a place where the disembodied shade, if still cheered by the sight of marbles, bronze, gold, and the other gewgaws with

which human vanity seeks to conceal or disguise our mortality, might love to wander, through halls dim and shadowy, but occasionally lighted up,—when another inmate is added to that silent throng,—by a superb lustre shedding its beams, like an infernal sun, from the cupola, upon that gorgeous nook of the nether world.

This imperial abode of death is divided into several chambers, each appropriated to some particular purpose. In one, significantly denominated the *podridero*, or "place of putrefaction," the bodies of kings and queens are consigned to the first ravages of corruption. Close to this is a chamber set apart for such personages of royal stock, of both sexes, as have not participated in the delights of sovereign power; and among these a French traveller discovered with some satisfaction, that the ashes of the Duc de Vendôme had obtained a place on the 9th of September, 1712.

> "But far within,
> And in their own dimensions, like themselves,
> The great Castilian lords, and conquerors,
> In close recess and secret conclave sit."

The Rotunda, or Pantheon properly so called, is appropriated entirely to the remains of royalty. No dust is there but what once felt pleasure or pain upon a throne, and heard courtiers and poets-laureate babbling of its greatness and immortality. The flickering light of a torch now guides your footsteps through this dumb and motionless assembly of sovereigns, who once wielded the destiny of millions, while the dust

of their satellites has long mingled with the clods of some common cemetery. By the aid of this dim light, rendered still more chilling and melancholy by that which descends through the gratings from above, you discern, opposite the principal entrance, an altar and a crucifix of black marble on a pediment of porphyry. This is the most beaming ornament of the whole; there is a language in the crucifix; it suggests a train of ideas that softens the features of death, and sends the thoughts, oppressed by a sense of helpless mortality, bounding upwards to Him who brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel.

The royal sarcophagi are arranged on either side of the altar in three rows, one above another, like the coffins in an Egyptian tomb, and in different compartments, divided from each other by noble fluted pilasters of marble. Of these sarcophagi, which are of bronze and of a chaste and classic form, many, still empty, are ready to receive the ashes of kings yet to be. Moralists declaim, on the occasion of such visits, of the lessons humanity may learn from spectacles of this kind; but I have never heard that people's humanity was disposed to turn them to any good account.

The ornaments which adorn this subterranean palace are tasteful and elegant. Both the walls and arches are encrusted with marbles exquisitely assimilated and shaded; the entrance is adorned with ten polished marble Doric columns, with bases, capitals, and medallions of gilded bronze; and, placed one on either hand, are two allegorical statues, the one of human nature, the other of Hope.

But if we remain longer under ground, we shall become gloomy and tomb-like as the mausoleum itself. We, in fact, found the shadows of the grave closing over our imaginations; and, ere examining the pictures and other works of art here brought together by the Spanish kings, found it necessary to shake off the dreary feeling by a walk in the gardens. The weather was beautifully clear, but, as the wind blew from the north and came sweeping down from the mountains in violent gusts, there was a chill in the air difficult to reconcile with the sunny look spread over every thing around.

Our guide, however, a gossiping septagenarian, whose hale complexion did great credit to the climate of the Escurial, assured us that the cold we complained of was nothing compared with what is sometimes experienced even in July, when the wind happens to sit in the same quarter. He spoke much also of the prodigious fury of the winds. If we might believe him, miracles are every year performed at the Escurial by Boreas, who not only blows old women from one end of the *Lonja* to the other,—a distance of three-quarters of a mile; but whisks carriages-and-four across a court or avenue with an ease and celerity peculiar to Spanish winds. Once, he said,—and he liberally exhibited the remainder of his teeth while he spoke,—he remembered to have seen a state minister taken up in the coolest manner imaginable by the breath of an insolent tornado, and deposited, stars and ribands and all, in a thicket hard by. And it was his firm opinion that the wind would not spare even the

king himself, should he venture out while it is blowing. Perceiving the little respect of these plebeian blasts for the attendants, &c. on royalty, and reflecting that it is sometimes necessary to venture abroad even on such occasions, a subterraneous corridor, called *la Mina*, has been carried from the palace to the village, where most of the courtiers have their mistresses, by which even women, or the king's guards, may pass to and fro without fear, let the wind blow as it pleases above. The sage and ingenious politician, whose profound genius suggested this method of outwitting the north-wind, has thereby obtained a kind of immortality in Spain, where every thing which promotes the comforts of the great is regarded with unceasing admiration. Let us, therefore, aid in handing the name of this illustrious individual down to posterity. Reader, he was known in Castile by the glorious appellation of Don Jayme Massones; which henceforward, we hope, will be as celebrated as that of Antinous, Hephestion, or any other king's favourite renowned in history.

But the winds, we find, are blowing us away from the gardens, which we quitted the cemetery on purpose to enjoy. They differ greatly from those of St. Ildefonso. Here there is much more of nature; and the solitude and quiet which brood over every thing, enhance the beauty of the landscape, or, at least, give additional force to its effect upon the imagination. The walks are exceedingly rugged. One broad alley, in particular, leads through a deep valley towards a woody and shaggy projection of the mountains,

terminating in precipitous cliffs, which have an appearance wild as the rocks of Savoy or the Upper Valais. The ground you traverse, being exceedingly broken and rugged, now ascending and now sinking abruptly, in some places clothed thick with trees, in others bare, presents you every moment with new features in the landscape. Here a cluster of tiny waterfalls breaks upon the eye at once, dashing, foaming, and plunging with hissing sound down natural or artificial steeps; there green slopes, thickly sprinkled with wild flowers and encircled by umbrageous trees, disclose to us a herd of fallow deer, grazing, lying down, or glancing sportively through the sunshine.

These gardens have a general slope, which is that of the mountains, towards the south, and descend, terrace below terrace, towards the plain. This gives them, when viewed from a little distance, either below or above, the appearance of hanging gardens, piled up artificially one above another like the diminutive gradations of the Isola Bella. From the sweep, also, of the semi-hollow in which they are situated, they have something of the appearance of the gallery of a theatre, and the very site looks almost artificial, without losing any of the beauty which nature has bestowed on it.

From all this, it will be easy to conceive how delightful was the contrast we felt on coming forth from the damp gloomy sepulchre into these gladsome walks, where every thing looked so cheerful and sunny, that it was somewhat difficult to believe in the existence of death.

By the advice of the guide we walked up to the village, where, he assured us, we should behold a procession of great pomp and splendour. Though this kind of show,—in which, judiciously or injudiciously I know not, the Catholics have imitated the pagans of antiquity,—was by no means new to us, we judged it to be our duty as travellers to see whatever was to be seen; and accordingly put ourselves under his direction, to lead us whithersoever he might think proper. Of the village itself nothing need be said; except that it certainly seemed, at least in its holiday trim, somewhat less dirty than most other villages. The windows of the street through which the procession was to pass were all hung with tapestry, or, as my companion thought, with coverlets and other bed-clothes, which looked very well at a distance. About the procession itself there was undoubtedly considerable splendour; moving along with flags and streamers waving, bands of music playing impressive airs, and a large image of the Virgin borne by four monks, while six grey friars found employ in supporting the awning which protected it from the sun. The flags, which had once been extremely beautiful, though carefully furbished up for the occasion, could not conceal the fact that they had seen much service, and were now far advanced in years; a remark which will still more strongly apply to the antique vehicle that closed the procession, and had doubtless seen the light before the Moors were driven out of Granada. It probably belonged to the bishop.

As they were proceeding to the church of the Escurial, we fell into the train of old women and ragged urchins who composed the majority of the spectators, and strolled very devoutly among them, adapting our looks and paces to the occasion. Several honest peasants from the neighbouring hamlets had taken care to desert their field-labours to be present at this august ceremony, and the figures they cut were by no means unpicturesque. They wore a short doublet over a tight black waistcoat, and a good cloak, which the wind made very free with, over all. As these modern Abantes wear the hair long, something is found necessary to keep it in order; and accordingly, every man appeared with his head in a bag of black silk netting, called *recezilla;* which, being filled with profuse and well-matted elf-locks, hung gracefully over the shoulders, moved from side to side as the owner of the bag looked this way or that. Their large round hats, more for show than use, were carried in the hand. Two or three Castilians from beyond the mountains formed a striking contrast with their neighbours, disguised in their dark-coloured frocks, strapped round the waist like a friar's sack, and gloomy pointed *monteros.*

On arriving at the monastery, they deposited in the chapel a figure of a friar holding a cross, which I had not previously noticed, and then retired to the adjoining cloisters, whither we also followed. One of their corps was now selected,—for his *resemblance*, it was said, to our Saviour!—and a cord having been bound about his body, and a crown of thorns placed

upon his head, he took up an immense crucifix,—in imitation of Christ's bearing the cross,—and the procession continued, the monks chaunting and parading round the cloisters.

We now left the friars to continue their exhibition, and directed our attention to the conventual part of the edifice, in which there are numerous objects worthy of observation,—as the old church, the priory, the chapter-rooms, refectories, cloisters, and library. Perhaps, however, there is nothing in the Escurial more worthy of notice,—excepting the library, which a passing stranger can make no use of,—than the superb collection of pictures, dispersed about the various parts of the church, sacristy, and convent. In many respects they may be said to surpass every other gallery in Europe, except that of Dresden. Here the English traveller beholds with considerable interest, pictures which once belonged to England, having been collected for Charles the First, who whatever may have been his political errors, was not without taste. By the side of these are such of the spoils of Italy as the rapacious sovereigns of Spain could gather together during their odious domination over the southern portion of that most beautiful land; consequently we have here, as might have been expected, works of art of the highest grade,—of the highest, at least, known to modern times.

In a portion of the edifice called the *Antilla*, there are several pieces by Titian, all remarkable for that truth of outline and richness of colouring for which

this great artist is distinguished. Among these, the one most generally admired is a Glory, in which he has introduced the emperor Charles the Fifth and his son Philip, not as saints, but as suppliants. The composition of this picture no doubt contains something grand and striking; but it comes less strongly recommended to the imagination by inventive grace than a Saint Margaret, which the monks, however, have contrived to spoil, by painting a cloth to cover the naked limbs. This reminded me of the anecdote of the Italian painter, who was engaged by one of the more scrupulous pontiffs to drape the figures of his more distinguished predecessors, and hence acquired the appellation of "the master-tailor,"—the head of a new school of masters. But, rather than mutilate so fine a work of art, it would have been better to have transferred it to some other building. Here also is a fine original picture by El Mudo, representing a number of Christians coming by night to bear away the body of Saint Lawrence, who, as we have already observed, had suffered martyrdom on a gridiron. The subject was admirably well suited to the painter's genius, and he has accordingly made the most of it. You discover the pious company advancing stealthily by the light of a single torch, which casts a startling glare upon their faces, where courage and apprehension, reliance upon Providence, and a desire to escape the notice of their enemies, are exquisitely blended.

Proceeding into the chapter-house, where there is a Saint John playing with a Lamb, by Spagnoletto,

distinguished for its extraordinary merit, our whole attention was engrossed by the Annunciation of Baroccio. The Virgin, whose true character none but the artists of Italy have seized, is a being full of sanctity and poetry, beautiful, yet not merely on that account remarkable. Informed of her high destiny, believing, yet amazed, she stands an incarnation of meekness, and innocence, and perfect submission; and the sentiment, recorded with inimitable beauty by the Evangelist, "I am the slave of God!" breathes from her features, and appears to be fluttering upon her lips. Idolatry is, no doubt, in all respects hateful; but if any modification of it be less guilty, less condemnable than another, it is doubtless the worship of the Virgin, of that purest, and brightest, and holiest of created things, in comparison with whose loveliness even the liquid light of Hesper is pale and dim.

But I am growing half a pagan, and must hurry on to the vicar's hall, where we find what is regarded as the master-piece of Velasquez: "the sons of Jacob showing him the bloody garment of Joseph, and bidding examine him and see whether it was his son's coat or not." This is certainly a splendid work of art. The grouping is highly natural, the characters of the several personages are legibly written on their countenances, and the dumb agony of the father, not wholly unmingled with self-reproach, has all the force and energy of life. Murillo has never, perhaps, produced any thing equal to this; but I speak with hesitation, as his works have afforded too much

genuine pleasure to allow of my giving my vote against him without regret.

There is a Dead Christ, by Rubens, in the prior's hall, which professed connoisseurs consider in his best manner, and very greatly admire. I find little to please me in the works of this painter, excepting their rude vigour, indicative, no doubt, of much energy in their author. The fault may be in me, or peradventure in him; but in my eyes, he always appears to have been deficient in the art of directing his energies into a proper channel, and even in the taste required to keep clear of coarseness and vulgarity, than which nothing can be more adverse to high art. However, the figure of Mary Magdalen kneeling before the corpse of Christ, is executed in a fine striking style, and there is considerable majesty in the august body of the dead. In the same hall is a magnificent picture of Paolo Veronese, the Centurion kneeling to Christ, in which we admire both the character of the figures, and the classic majesty of the architecture.

I pass over many other works of genuine merit, in order to say one word of a Holy Family by Raffaelle. Nothing can be more touching than the pictures of this class from the hands of masters. The most perfect harmony pervades the composition: dignified old age in Saint Joseph; youth, beauty, spotless innocence, the timidity of a girl, the tenderness of a mother, in the Virgin; and in Christ whatever is most winning, lovely, soft, and attractive in childhood. Heaven itself is suffused about them like a

cloud. The heart is elevated and chastened while we gaze. There is a religion in them distinct from that of art. We admire, we love, and grow better as we gaze. Much of this character belongs also to a Madonna in Glory, by Guido, which is one of the most exquisite creations of art any where to be found in Spain. It breathes of a divine and quiet majesty, almost peculiar to this artist, who was doubtless a poet, if ever artist was. The Virgin is distinguished for that meek elevation of character which belongs to unconscious greatness; and there is in the expression of the Christ, in addition to the sublimity inherent in his nature, a calm concentrated thoughtfulness altogether supernatural.

In the midst of the rare enjoyment afforded by these masterly productions of art, the shadows of evening began to be perceived creeping silently through the halls of the Escurial, suspending a thickening veil over the pictures, and admonishing us to pause in our admiration. It became necessary to retreat to the village, from whence we might return early on the following morning. We effected our retreat through the *Mina*, or subterranean passage, whose fine freestone arch promises to endure as long as ever it may be wanted, and found our posada of a much more comfortable and quiet description than the inns commonly to be met with.

Next morning, just as the girl had brought in our coffee and mutton chops, we learned from the ringing of bells, chaunting, &c., in the street, that a funeral procession was approaching. The chops, therefore,

were left to cool on the table, while, accompanied by our familiar maritornes, we adjourned to the balcony to observe the sight. It was highly characteristic. The cortège was headed by a boy, bearing a black banner; four youths followed, chaunting the burial service; and to these succeeded persons carrying tapers, crucifixes, incense-vessels, &c. Next came the bier containing the corpse, which, for the purpose of making an impression on the spectators, was exposed to view. It appeared to be that of an elderly person, but constituted an appalling sight, more particularly to persons about to sit down to breakfast. It spoiled the taste of our mutton chops, and even the coffee seemed, to our imagination, to have been cooled in a charnel house.

But this was not all. Just as we were preparing to start for the royal monastery, a person came in to inform us that a house was on fire in our neighbourhood. As conflagrations are not every day to be seen in Spain, except in the north, where the calamity of civil war rages and destroys every thing in its course without discrimination, we for the present postponed our visit to the Escurial, in order to observe how they manage to extinguish a fire in this loyal country.

The few regular troops in the neighbourhood, accompanied by the volunteers, had already turned out for the purpose of lending their assistance, whether in putting out the fire, or in plundering the houseless unfortunate, is more than I can say. At any rate, a more dirty and ragged set of vagabonds

could not most assuredly be found in Europe. They bore off the bell, in this respect, from the military recruits whom we saw drilled at Valladolid; as also in another respect, being for the most part as thin and lantern-jawed as Don Quixote, while the aforesaid Valladolidians had every appearance of being "fat, ragged, and saucy."

We quickly discovered that there were no fire-engines. In fact, such contrivances as these, belong to a people farther advanced in activity, and must therefore be discouraged where the spirit of the good old times is to be kept up. This seemed greatly to the satisfaction and convenience of the flames,—the only things in Spain that are not lazy,—for they spread round, darted forth their tongues like adders, curled, mounted, and drove the smoke before them, as if they intended to devour the whole Peninsula. Meantime the water was some way off, and had, moreover, to be all carried in the common stone pitchers of the country. It resembled very much the labours of the Danaïdes. The more the soldiers whisked their scanty pints of water upon the conflagration, the more it raged, threatened, and looked big. In a short time, the flames communicated from one house to another; and the whole village, which was as dry as tinder, might have been reduced to ashes, had not some ingenious old woman, the only person in the place who appeared to have any brains, suggested the propriety of pulling down a house or two between the conflagration and the uncaught houses. To this many objections were made by the owners of the

houses to be demolished, who could not see the propriety of sacrificing them to save their neighbours; but those who were interested constituting a large majority, the hint was no sooner given than it was adopted, and thus the fire was brought to reason by the cutting off of its supplies. On this occasion we were more than ever led to admire the fertility of the Spanish soil in watermen, regular and irregular, if there were no firemen with their grand engines; for I every where found them around the conflagration

> "Thick as in spring the flowers adorn the land,
> Or leaves the trees."

In consequence of this episode in our history, we did not return to the monastic palace till somewhat late in the day, when, instead of continuing the pictures, we turned into the library. Here the principal riches consist in the manuscripts, which amount, it is said, to four thousand three hundred, in Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and Latin. No one, I believe, has ever thoroughly examined them; so that perhaps some ancient works, supposed to be lost, may still exist in this monastery, I mean among the palimpsests, which, I make no doubt, many of them are. To discover this, however, must be the work of a resident, not of flying visitors like ourselves, whose thoughts were too little concentrated upon any one subject, even to allow of our making the best use of the little time we had to bestow.

Of this superb manuscript collection nearly six hundred, it is said, are Greek,—probably the most valuable of the whole. Those in Hebrew are few, not

exceeding sixty-seven; but in Arabic, Latin, Castilian, &c., the number is very great. Among the leading curiosities in the collection is reckoned the Greek Bible of the Emperor Cantacuzene, with a copy of the Four Evangelists seven hundred years old, magnificently embellished with miniatures; and a Greek Liturgy, supposed by many to have been written by St. Basil.

On entering the principal apartment of this library, I was forcibly reminded of a remark of Paulinus à Bartolomeus, who, in treating of Hindoo schools, commends the simplicity of their appearance, and says that in this, at least, they are wiser than some other nations, who seem more solicitous to possess spacious schools than great men. Something similar may here be applied to the Spanish kings, who were certainly more desirous of enshrining in sumptuous cabinets the literature of past ages, than of surrounding themselves with the quick and breathing creations of men of their own times. The reason, however, may be easily understood. By amassing the works of the dead, clothing them sumptuously, and surrounding them with costly decorations, they exhibited their own riches, and obtained, peradventure, a reputation for taste; but, in calling forth the energies of a new literature, they might indeed be complimented for their sagacity in discovering and rewarding genius, but the principal glory would not be theirs.

However this may be,—though it be a reflection of no trifling importance,—the grand saloon in which the manuscripts above enumerated are contained, is mag-

nificently adorned with fluted Doric columns; and the roof and frieze are covered with a series of allegorical designs intended to embody views honourable to the arts and sciences. On a large table in the centre of the apartment, is a miniature octagonal temple, in which Charlemagne is represented surrounded by all his princes and paladins. The design is extremely ingenious, and the execution is not unworthy of the original conception. But, as was intended, the principal admiration is commonly bestowed on the materials, which are of the richest kind; the temple itself being constructed of silver, while its ornaments consist of gold filigree, lapis lazuli, agates, emeralds, jaspers, diamonds, and other precious stones. The whole expense, as will easily be credited, was very considerable; but the most distinguished monarchs having invariably been the most magnificent and lavish upon matters of this kind, have also been fortunate enough to obtain the praise of those persons, upon whose shoulders the foundations of such edifices may be said to be raised.

It has been justly remarked that the colossal figures on the vaulted ceiling by Tibaldi, the master of Michael Angelo, serve to throw a littleness over the appearance of the book-shelves below, which though of costly wood and beautifully carved, seem insignificant in contrast with the vast creations of art by which they may be said to be, as it were, overshadowed and eclipsed. In the vacant spaces beneath are paintings by Bartolomeo Carducci, which every traveller has observed to be also cast into the shade by

the gigantic and often extravagant productions of Tibaldi.

In the intermediate spaces between the shelves are the portraits of the fifth Charles, and of the three Philips who succeeded him. The most remarkable is that of Philip the Second, by Panteju de la Cruz. Of this bigoted man we can read the whole character in his countenance: sombre, superstitious, fanatical, cruel; ungrateful towards his parent, oppressive towards his subjects, disobedient, yet cringing towards his Maker; unfit to live, afraid to die, a curse to his country, and a blot upon her history. But enough on this head. In the same hall with the manuscripts you find such books as the bigotry of the clergy forbids to be read by the profane, and reserves for themselves; well knowing that, whatever they may contain, there can be little fear of its rendering them worse. The walls are hung round with portraits of Spaniards who, either by their swords or their pens, have rendered themselves illustrious; and their number is by no means so inconsiderable as one might, under the circumstances of the country, have expected.

The stranger, on entering the library of the Escurial, is always struck by the singular appearance of the books, that, instead of presenting their backs, as elsewhere, which the Castilians perhaps supposed would have been unpolite where a prince might perchance sometimes take it into his head to look at them, are all placed the wrong way, and have their titles inscribed at full length on the edge of the leaves.

The librarians explain the circumstance differently. They tell the traveller that Arias Montanus, a learned Spaniard of the sixteenth century, whose library served as a nucleus for that of the Escurial, had arranged and titled all his books after this fashion, and afterwards introduced the practice into the royal library, where, for the sake of uniformity, it has ever since been observed. But this is only the old story of the Hindoo, who tells you that the world rests on an elephant, and the elephant on a tortoise, and so on. The question always arises, why did Arias Montanus adopt this plan? At present, perhaps, even those who conform to the practice know no more than we of the true reason of its adoption, and merely follow established custom because it has been established. But other subjects of greater interest will be found to engage the visitor's attention in this grand emporium of learning.

To return, however, to the pictures; in the sacristy we find the celebrated *Madonna della Perla*, of Raffaelle, which, having been included in the collection of Charles the First of England, was afterwards sold to the Spanish king, who called it *Perla mia*, which has at length become its distinguishing appellation. Even were it an inferior production, the name of the artist would ensure it praise from the greater number; but there are some, ambitious of being thought to see farther than their neighbours, who would not fail to aim at originality by belying the decisions of their judgment. Truth, however, is better than originality. We must

therefore re-echo the common cry, and join in the praise of our "Lady of the Pearl." But it is far easier to praise than to describe a picture such as this, where the principal excellence and merit consist in an indescribable harmony breathing through the whole composition, and causing itself to be felt rather than perceived, even by the most enlightened spectator. The Virgin is represented sitting in an attitude of perfect repose; the infant Christ, whom she supports upon her lap, has one leg carelessly thrown across her knee, while the other rests on a linen garment cast negligently over a cradle. St. Anne, who kneels at her daughter's left side, is represented leaning upon her hand, which is supported on the lap of the Madonna; who, in turn, has placed her left hand upon her mother's shoulder, thus, at the same moment, cherishing her divine son and her own aged parent. The group resulting from this disposition of the figures, combined with the cradle, that symbol of infantine happiness, is one of the most perfect that can be conceived. The accessaries, likewise, are replete with beauty. Saint John the Baptist, approaching on the right, holds out some fruit in a skin towards Jesus, who, while stretching forth his hand to take the offering, turns round towards his mother with a look of simple and graceful joy, such as childhood, perhaps, only knows. The eye, accustomed to Holy Families, still finds something wanting; and looking behind the group, discovers St. Joseph apparently moving among ruins. Flowers of rich and varied tints adorn the foreground,

while a landscape of highly poetical character stretches back into the distance. Even from this rough inventory of its component parts, the reader will be able to perceive something of the nature of the picture; but of the beauty inherent in it, language lacks the power to convey a full idea, so harmoniously are the colours blended together, so truly and admirably are the lights and shadows distributed, and so full of life, and grace, and nature are the attitudes and the figures.

Many other pictures of this collection might justify a detailed description, particularly a Virgin suckling the Infant Christ, by Guido; our Saviour washing the feet of his Disciples, by Tintoretto; other Holy Families, by Raffaelle and Andrea del Sarto; and an Apparition of Christ to Mary Magdalen, by Coreggio; but we must no longer linger among the treasures of this paradise of art, except to cast a parting glance over their choir and high altar, celebrated for their riches throughout Spain.

Projecting from the door into the nave of the church, directly opposite the principal altar, is the choir, the awkward position of which, though in itself it contains much to command admiration, must unquestionably be allowed to diminish the symmetry and beauty of the edifice. What was wanting, however, in simplicity and grandeur of design, the architect has sought to compensate for by the exquisite finish and embellishment of the interior. The wild, but gorgeous and striking pictures of Luca Cambiaso cover the walls and ceilings; but, while we admire

the masterly execution of this painter, we lament his want of judgment and taste, which led him into absurdities innumerable; for, in his representations of heaven, the angels and beatified spirits, instead of being occupied in peaceful avocations, are ranged in rank and file, like an army drawn up ready for battle.

In the centre of the choir stands a magnificent pulpit, constructed of cedar and ebony, resting on four bronze columns, and adorned with numerous ornaments of the same metal. It terminates above in a sort of temple, formed by twelve columns of the Doric order. Two superb rows of stalls, likewise of cedar and ebony, occupy the sides of the choir, and contain two hundred and twenty-eight seats. The upper tier is adorned with fluted columns. You discover the prior's seat placed in the centre of the twelve columns, above which is a picture of Christ bearing his Cross, by Sebastian del Piombo, the artist who painted—from the designs, it is said, of Michael Angelo—the Christ raising Lazarus in the National Gallery.

A flight of twelve marble steps leads to the chancel, which is decorated with bronzes, and has its ceiling covered with paintings in fresco. Here are two magnificent mausolea, already described. Three doors inwrought with crystal, bronze, and precious stones, lead under an arch into this part of the building, which is divided into three compartments incrusted with marbles of various kinds. Two of these compartments contain altars and altar-pieces; and here the royal family, when at the Escurial, attend divine service.

The high altar consists of four piles of architecture. The first of these is adorned by six columns of the Doric order; an equal number of fluted Ionic pillars form the ornaments of the second; the third pile has four Corinthian columns; and two of the Composite order surmount the whole. Distributed among this pyramid of pillars are fifteen statues and numerous paintings, of various degrees of excellence, which we shall not now pause to describe or enumerate.

The centre of the altar is occupied by a circular table of Corinthian architecture, about fifteen feet in height, and seven or eight feet in diameter. This superb table is adorned with statues of the twelve apostles in bronze gilt, and eight pillars of red jasper so exquisitely veigred with white, as to be scarcely distinguishable from the finest Ethiopian or Egyptian agates. The capitals, plinths, medallions, and other ornaments, are also of gilded bronze. This costly and gorgeous structure terminates above in a dome of jasper, which contains a statue of Christ, and a topaz, nearly the size of a man's hand, enchased in a golden rose. Within this tabernacle is placed another, of a square form, constructed entirely of precious stones, and decorated on every side with columns and pilasters, of which the bases and capitals are of gold enamel, and the cornice of silver. The whole is crowned with diminutive pyramidal spires, placed on pedestals of vermilion stone embossed with gold. On either side is a door of rock crystal, studded with gold. This smaller shrine terminates above, like the

larger one, in a dome, the apex of which is marked externally by an emerald, inserted in a rose of gold; and, on the inside, by a topaz of exquisite beauty, set in gold enamel. Notwithstanding the costliness of its materials, however, and the elaborateness of the workmanship, this little tabernacle must be regarded merely as a splendid toy, which must be closely examined before the riches of its design and the beauty of its ornaments can be discovered. It appears, too, as if attached to the wall, and loses, from its height from the ground, nearly the whole of its effect.

Having passed another night at the village of the Escurial, we next morning set forward at an easy pace for Madrid, our heads still aching, and our memories confused and bewildered by the innumerable curiosities we had beheld. We knew, however, that a still greater variety of objects was to be encountered at the capital; but there would be some respite afforded by the journey, the search after lodgings, visiting, &c., so that time would be allowed for our taste for *vertu* to revive.

Our road at first lay through a noble wood, where the deer were continually crossing and recrossing before us, while our eye wandered delightedly through long vistas and wider openings in the forest, until the sight was lost in the distance, or some new object presented to it by our moving forward. A sort of charm, moreover, was cast over the whole landscape by the beauty of the weather, and still more, perhaps, by the lightness of our own spirits caused by the

constant exercise and excitement we enjoyed. Every person whom we met or overtook appeared, however, from their happy looks, to be in exactly the same mood, excepting a single horseman, whom we found watering his beast by a brook side. Dressed like a peasant, his low-necked jacket, cloak without cape, slouched hat, breeches, and leggings, hung on him uneasily, as if unacquainted with his limbs. His horse too, though rough and neglected, was powerful and high-mettled, and had evidently been accustomed to good living. Altogether his appearance was such, that we at once concluded either that our friend was one of those knights of the road so common in Spain, or a cavalier from the seat of war, who found it convenient to approach Madrid in disguise.

He saluted us courteously as we came up, and having learned whither we were journeying, expressed a desire to join our party, and proceed under our convoy to the capital. To this arrangement, notwithstanding our suspicions, we of course made no objection; and he accordingly fell into conversation with Diego, who doubtless let him as far into our history as the extent of his own researches enabled him. From these confidential communications with our muleteer he gradually slided into a tolerably free conversation with us, neither ostentatiously introducing political topics, nor avoiding them. It was soon clear that he was a person somewhat above the common. He was one of those men who, from their intimate acquaintance with care and misfortune, seem prematurely old. There were wrinkles about his

forehead, and his dark locks were mingled with gray, though he had not reached that period of life when time would of itself have wrought those changes.

Conversation with this singular cavalier in the peasant's garb beguiled the tediousness of the way, so that we had already completed the descent of the mountains and found ourselves on the plain, before we thought of bestowing a glance upon the landscape around us. Now, however, on halting and looking back, we were struck with admiration at the scenery of the hills. Skirted with picturesque villages, and covered with immense forests of pines, oaks, and ilexes, they rise gradually, like vast buttresses, against the sierras of Guadarrama, and present the traveller with a series of landscapes of extraordinary interest.

We halted to breakfast at the village of Guadarrama, and instead of patronising, as perhaps we ought, the new hotel, turned into an old-fashioned venta, the landlord of which was evidently a near relation of Falstaff. He was likewise good-humoured as well as fat, and assured us we should breakfast at his venta in as substantial and tasteful a manner as at any *parador* in Castile. There was truth in what he said. Our breakfast was really excellent, consisting of stewed mutton and tomatas, poached eggs, bread of the whitest and most delicate kind, and, to wash the whole down, some exquisite Val-de-Peñas of the right age. The introduction to all this, which would elsewhere have formed of itself a meal, was composed of several cups of superior chocolate, with those small rolls of the *pan pintado*, of which Sancho Panza com-

memorates the excellences. These delicacies formed a striking contrast with the rude features of the posada; but we had travelled long enough to be aware that the best fare is not always to be found in the most showy inns.

We partook not of all these good things alone. Three other travellers, besides our stray cavalier, sat down along with us, and entertained each other, while the meal was in progress, with recounting the histories of their lives. If the reader, however, apprehends we intend inflicting them upon him, he is mistaken; though perhaps, were this the proper time and place for the introduction of such narratives, he might find them no less amusing than descriptions of Spanish scenery or Spanish palaces. One of these worthies was a friar, who, instead of having spent his better years in shouldering crucifixes or telling beads, had devoted them to killing men. In a word, he had been a soldier. His history would make a very good ground-work for a romance; but as the reader expressed considerable alarm when we first entered on this adventure, lest he should be compelled to listen to three men's lives, narrated by themselves after the manner of Gil Blas, we shall pass it over, merely remarking that our cavalier interrupted him thrice during the developement of it, as if about to propose some correction, but each time checked himself, and apologized for the apparent rudeness.

There are but about thirty miles from the *Puerto de Guadarrama* to Madrid, and of these we had disposed of six before breakfast. We were, there-

fore, in no violent haste to be gone from our breakfast-table companions, and should doubtless have continued to listen much longer to their amusing and instructive relations, had not our friend, the peasant-cavalier, started up suddenly; and observing that since we seemed to be interested in the history of the travellers, he would take his leave of us there, as business of a pressing nature required his presence that evening in Madrid. Feeling no disposition to part with him, however, we also bade adieu to the story-telling knot, and continued our journey.

We had now turned our back on trees and fine scenery, and were fain, for the rest of the way, to admire, or at least tolerate, very homely flats, which, at the proper season of the year, contribute by their rich harvests to support the unprofitable population of Madrid. There was little to amuse us, henceforward, save such sage reflections as people are apt to make when they have nothing else to employ their wits upon. At length we drew near the Manzanares, and found that its brisk lively current communicated something of its own alertness to our ideas. There were, moreover, many trees upon its banks, and its little shrunk and shrivelled stream which, though sprightly and active, seemed scarcely gifted with force sufficient to turn a mill, was spanned in two places by bridges apparently designed to accommodate the Tagus at least.

However, the absurdity of turning arches of large dimensions over streams so diminutive is more apparent than real. They are, in fact, necessary in

Drawn by [illegible] Engraved by [illegible]

ENTRANCE TO MADRID, GATE OF TONCAMRAL.

Printed by [illegible]

countries like Spain, which, being intersected in all directions by ridges of mountains, whose summits are often covered with snow, its brooks and rivers receiving their supply from these sources are liable to sudden risings, and would sweep all the bridges before them to the sea, unless constructed with capacious arches. These floods over, the streams again sink into insignificant brooks, and on all other occasions present a ludicrous image of disproportion between themselves and the bridges which traverse them. The architects, however, wisely provide against these emergencies, though perfectly well aware of the ridiculous appearance their works must commonly present.

As we advanced nearer and nearer to the capital, our companion's countenance seemed to assume a darker shade of anxiety, until at length it grew painful to regard him. No effort,—and he evidently was making all he could,—sufficed to conceal the struggle, whatever it might be, which was passing within. Had he been going to certain execution, he would hardly have exhibited more outward indications of mental perturbation. It was clear to me that he must be engaged in some conspiracy, of which Spain has long been the constant theatre, and felt, perhaps, very serious misgivings respecting the faith of his associates, or the wisdom of placing his life in their hands. Occasionally, as the road exhibited greater signs of life and bustle, he would rally, and put on a cheerful look; but the change was momentary, and always ended in increased gloom.

At short intervals we passed the embouchures of smaller roads, which poured their passengers, mules, carts, waggons, and other vehicles into the great highway, that, like an immense river, went rolling on its living flood towards the capital. Every moment the noise was augmented, and the smoke of cigars along with it. My spirits rose with the growing bustle. Expectation was on tiptoe. Every moment brought us nearer the scene of many a romantic exploit celebrated in those veracious chroniclers, the novelists; and my imagination was half on fire with a dim forethought of adventure.

The crowds which now met the eye on all sides would, with their grotesque exterior, have afforded us matter, under any other circumstances, for remark and observation for a week. On one hand was a party of Gallician muleteers, some singing, others smoking, laughing, or cracking jokes at the foot-passengers, who moved sulkily along under the influence of a warm sun and sultry atmosphere. At a short distance we should overtake a string of laden carts, proceeding with ungreased wheels towards the centre of Spain, creaking so fearfully as they moved along, that I more than once envied the deaf, if indeed there be any ears that would be deaf in the midst of such piercing sounds.

At length, as a light friendly breeze cleared away the clouds of dust in which we had for some time been enveloped, we cast our eyes forward, and beheld the glittering domes and towers of the Spanish metropolis rise before us in all their grandeur. Though

beyond all things addicted to travelling, and delighted with locomotion, the prospect of a long rest in that renowned city, in the midst of a thousand romantic reminiscences, was quite exhilirating. We were, therefore, in extremely good humour with every thing around. The road appeared superb, the people gay and affable, and the city, as its beauties one after another unfolded themselves before the eye, seemed worthy of all the praise usually bestowed on it. We now began to recant the unflattering decision we had come to on the top of the mountains of Guadarrama, from whence Madrid seemed a place of very trifling importance. No one, however, heard us chaunt our palinodia, nor would any person have listened had we chaunted it ever so loud; for, as near all capitals, every man, woman, and child here appeared to be absorbed in the consideration of their own importance. We proceeded therefore in silence, feasting, in imagination, on all the sights we were to behold, and all the mirth, extravagance, and other good things we expected to enjoy; and in this temper approached the termination of our journey.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROUTE AND ENTRANCE TO MADRID.

A pleasant Prospect—Diego's good Humour—View of Madrid—Character of the Scene—National Groupes—Philosophy of Travel—Political Strictures—Gravities and Gaieties—Our solemn Procession—Gate of Fuencarral—Street of San Bernardo—Custom-house Officers—Varieties—National Characteristics—Ranks—Causes of suffering and degradation of the People—Exterior View of the Royal Palace—Unexpected Meeting—German Dialogue—an Adventure—the German's Tale—Visit to the Prado—the Royal Palace—Botanic Garden—Museum, &c.

It is surprising what buoyancy and lightness of step are infused into man and mule by a near view of some church spire, the sound of a sheep-bell,—renewing ideas of coolness and a good supper,—of any thing, in short, which awakens associations connected with the Spanish posada, towards the close of a long and wearisome route over the Castilian plains. It was now some time since we had reached the dead level flat, at once elevated, monotonous, and desolate—one of the least pleasant characteristics of central Spain, and which, contrasted with the glories of the southern and western vegas, makes one imagine its old invaders must have imported some part of their burning desert with the arts and arms of the East.

Along with the vast barrier mountains, valleys, pass, and dreary wild, without a tree, a hamlet, or a farm to give an idea of even vegetable life, we had at length also left the seat of war behind us. The vivacity of Diego, for a Spaniard, grew quite amusing, and he bore the jests of all upon the sudden loss of that seriousness and dignity becoming a *mayoral*, when danger frowns from behind some olive-bush, with infinite ease and good humour.

Madrid, with all its magnificence, its treasures of learning and of art, its excitements and its solemnities, lay before us; and not one of us but felt momentarily happy in the prospect of exchanging the more laborious progress of our way for the comparatively dignified ease and the lion-seeing of this most princely of southern capitals. Yet there is nothing, till we draw very near, which at all conveys the impression of being in the immediate vicinity of the most wealthy among modern cities, belonging to a once great and victorious people. A barren half-cultivated soil, without shade or verdure, wretched inns, an air of desertion and almost savageness of aspect, mark the country nearly as far as the banks of the Manzanares, of which the superb bridge first raises the expectation of something better at hand, though one could scarcely help asking the rather puzzling question of, "where is the river?" at least one any way meriting the embrace of so bold a bridge, or to throw grace round the approach to a royal residence.

Our next view of Madrid,—from an eminence in the

vicinity,—with its forest of spires, its golden domes and peculiar towers, seen through the deep clear sun-light of a brilliant evening which brought every object in closer contact with the eye, was certainly picturesque, but it is one already too often dwelt upon to call for repetition; and I know of no description more than another which succeeds in impressing a feeling of the reality upon the mind, which, like the eye, must rest on the long dark outline of the Guadarrama chain, so richly contrasting with the variety and splendour of the objects more near, to appreciate any thing like the effect of such a scene. It is the same with the capital itself; it must be seen to form an idea of its interior character and appearance: while other splendid cities have fallen into the obscurity of deserted villages, it towers with so bold and proud a look from its desert plain,—an arid and ungrateful soil,—as to put all attempts at mere description out of countenance.

On your approach, you look around in vain for the usual signs of some great metropolis—the heart of a wide-spread land; but it bursts at once, as it were, upon the sight, a strange, boldly grouped, and almost confused mass of magnificence, brought sudden as some oriental palace by the genii's wand from the centre of the dismal wild. No succession of lordly woods and castles,—no bright gay environs, teeming with luxuriant gardens, groves, and fountains,—the blooming vega, with smiling fields and pastures such as ought to adorn the estates and villas of men who succeeded the conquerors of the luxurious Moors.

From the stately gate of Fuencarral, opening on the Segovian road, you behold on one side the bare unbroken flat, extending far beyond the bridge erected by the celebrated Herrera in the reign of the second Philip; on the other, all the gorgeous pomp and circumstance of stately towers, and gates, and squares, the very names of which have a full oriental sound that makes you gaze on the rich and splendid architecture which surrounds the Plaza Major, the Gate of the Sun, and the noble street of Alcalà, with more than common regard. Our drooping spirits began to revive the nearer we drew nigh the ancient gate of Fuencarral. And we now seemed to attract the attention of various groupes lounging to and fro —as numerous, but not as busy as bees—pouring in and out of the great hive, where the drones, as in most capital cities, invariably feast upon the labourers' honey. Here were specimens enough to make the most sedate of unadmiring philosophers wonder at the many Proteus shapes that can be assumed by that most indescribable of biped animals, called man. Amusingly characteristic of every thing Spanish, no succession of mummers and mimers could more decidedly fix your attention than that of the different parties who throng the public resorts on a fine evening, such as it now was, and who, by their diversity of pursuits, manners, and dress, admirably illustrate the poet's idea, that "motley is your only wear." Mingled with the modern Madrid *majos* and *maias* of aristocratic *ton* and *tourneur*, were seen the old mustachioed dons, officers of the line or the

national guards, more proud and fiery in look than firm and decided in the field; here and there a knot of citizens in earnest converse—on the last lies from the army—the fall of the old ministers—the rise of the new; a civilian or provincial sent fresh from the provinces, not to make laws, but to humour the notion of a popular constitution, followed hard by some mechanic, deputed perhaps to furbish up the Chamber of *Proceres* as some little counterpoise to the high-soaring democracy of the day, and the grandiloquent menaces of ministers, who might otherwise annihilate their enemies at a single blow; and many an Othello's occupation, in the art of scheming and corruption, be entirely and for ever gone.

Again as we threaded the gay and spacious street of San Bernardo, the veiled beauties in twos and threes were bending their way amid "signs, and becks, and wreathed smiles" to keep their appointments at the Prado or elsewhere; escorted by the élite of the brave gallanting guards to the new play, the carnival, a bull-fight, or high mass, just as the time or the humour might prescribe. Here the streets and shops seemed to teem with all imaginary products:—wares of every variety, for wants and convenience no less than luxury and parade; fruit-women of every colour and pitch of voice, with shapes straight as an arrow and jet black eyes,—half Spanish languor and half Moorish fire, and as Lord Byron has said of their more aristocratic countrywomen—we had like to have said sisters—"at once mystical and gay." Then the robuster watermen in their quaint dress and style of serving one of

Drawn by David Roberts. *Engraved by James B Allen.*

STREET OF SAN BERNARDO, AND CHURCH OF THE NOVITIATE OF THE JESUITES, MADRID.

the greatest luxuries of the capital, and joining in the little Babel of shrill sounds, strange at first to any English ear, with all the rich gusto that a thirsty man could partake of the favourite beverage they so unwearied ly ply. It is still old Tantalus's cry of "Water, water!" and very properly, to obtain an answer, they take care to add, "Who drinks, who drinks?" The water however long in keg or skin is ever "fresh and cold;" the chestnuts are just as "hot and fat;" the oranges and eggs as cheap as the most fastidious customer could desire.

Nor was it less characteristic of the industry of the people to observe the easy dignified way in which even the sturdy Gallician carrier contrived to get along; the slow or sulky Asturian as leisurely filled his vessels at the fountain, stopping like many less busied passengers to gaze at our solemn progress, for it was become sad and solemn from sheer fatigue; so that between our steady pace, and the numerous vehicles flying now to this side and to that, the foot-goers—in particular the tight-laced and booted dandies if they had any fair object in their eye — ran a woful risk of bespattering, or complete demolition.

From the entrance to Madrid, by the gate of Fuencarral, the coup d'œil over the street of San Bernardo, its numerous curious and handsome edifices, with the royal palace, the no distant church of San Isidore, the grand street of Alcalà opening far beyond, with an infinite variety of spires, towers, domes, and spacious courts and squares, is at once brilliant and impressive. Not such, however, was the appearance of our motley

cortège; we might well be termed indeed a diligence by the pace and perseverance with which we "wound our toilsome march" towards the long wished-for Fonda de San Bernardo, now prayed for with the zeal of all the saints put together by our good Diego, as if it had been the very seventh heaven instead of his earthly inn of rest. But we had a visit yet to encounter, only less disagreeable than one from the Carlists; for it was from custom-house officers, the very antipodes of your ancient contrabandistas, and smugglers of all times,—and as extremes of party, like other extremes, mostly meet, there was little to choose between the politeness of the two professions as regarded us. And it would have been no slight task to haul us regularly over, unpack and ransack our various and piebald equipages; for we had been joined the latter part of our way, for the sake of general sociality and security from flying bands—those light-fingered squadrons of the hills,—not only by travellers and trains of mules, but by private equipages and no trivial escort of horsemen. In short we had the look of having come fresh from a mountain skirmish, in which we had had the worst, or as fresh from the dust of La Mancha, by the length of our own faces at the sight of the *anti-contrabands* as we entered the court-yard, and by the no less elongated necks, the downcast air of our steeds, and the soiled, red pulverized, travel-worn aspect of our whole retinue. The process of examination of any kind, especially a man's goods and chattels, is none of the pleasantest in the world, and the Spanish are a wise

people not to lend themselves to the performance of so tedious and annoying an operation when they once fairly understand you. No people, of all ranks, are more amenable to the authority of reason, if placed in a taking point of view; though we felt much the same as if we had had the honour of paying an involuntary contribution to the bullets of some brigands.

As we entered the court of the inn, the contrast we cut with a sprightly and brilliant company of the guards, or the "Queen's Own," just passing on their mettlesome bloods, with shining helm and rich accoutrements, made the very passengers smile as they looked on "this picture and on that;" and our bold mayoral, for his credit-sake, gave his leader a sharp touch in the flank, as much as to say, "we are not so completely done up, my fine fellows, as you seem to think." But it was the magnanimous effort of a high-minded mule, for no sooner had the soldiers gone by, than he stood stock still; and his master, throwing himself off, thanked heaven and San Jago with a fervour quite edifying to travellers, after surmounting all the perils of the high-ways and by-ways of a country in the singular condition of Spain. The weary beasts, with panting sides and outstretched heads, followed the guide, and ranged themselves with military precision in order to undergo the willing operation of unpacking and applying themselves to food and rest. It was an example not lost upon their masters; and the whole of the travellers of different ranks, bag and baggage, betook themselves to the interior of the new hotel, which rising from the simple *venta*, through the

meson and the *posada*, has at last reached the most dignified appellation of all,—the modern *fonda*.

The pleasures of a Spanish *table d'hôte*,—a genuine Quixotic supper,—with whomsoever your adventures bring you into contact, and the odd oriental phrases and modes of salute, are now too generally familiar to the tourist to call for remark; and it is not here that the characteristics of the people, mingled with strangers and foreigners of different rank, can be seen to the same advantage as in many parts of the provinces. From the middle and higher orders many of the loftier qualities, with the genius and manners which distinguished older Spain, have disappeared, leaving in their place much of the grasping avarice and cruelty of their forefathers without their bravery, a ludicrous pride of lineage no longer supported by merit, political intrigue and profligacy, almost universal corruption, and a mean national jealousy which would rather sacrifice its allies than contend with its enemies. Of this treacherous and degrading system a whole people are made the victims, and we gladly turn from the contemplation of so horrible a picture, as the gradual dissolution of society, and of all ties which bind men or citizens in civil compact with their government, now offers for an example to other nations less unhappy than Spain.

Still it is not the crime of the people themselves, but of those who prolong their sufferings as a stepping-stone to their criminal ambition, their factious enmity, and love of empty parade. It is not among such that any of the brighter qualities, the popular traits

or dispositions which marked the Spaniards of better days, are to be sought for, while the furies of civil strife have driven them from their old pastoral homes, and pursued them into the meanest haunts of the towns and villages. That the seat of the wide-spread national calamity should lie,—not in the Biscayan hills in the equal strength of contending parties, but in the wretched intrigues and jealousies at Madrid, is a truth which in future history will make the Spaniard blush for his country, and denounce the weak unprincipled supporters of a tottering throne as the real authors of its fearful sufferings and its unmerited wrongs. After the scenes we had recently witnessed in the provinces, I could not view Madrid, its proud aspiring edifices, its royal residences, with the thousand attractions of its splendid foundations,—churches, libraries, and delightful walks, without a melancholy interest, as when you gaze on some bright and lovely being, no longer pure and noble, fallen from truth and honour; and you feel impelled to utter the terrible malediction of Dante upon the crimes and excesses of papal Rome. With a change of names, all the violences, the same disregard of the duties of humanity, of nations, and of society,—those horrors which are the bitter fruit of long misgovernment, may with equal justice be said to characterise the political partisans of modern Spain, as they actuated the conduct of the Catilines and the Borgias of other days.

But calmer and pleasanter reflections came to my relief, as I strolled along the street of San Bernardo towards the house of the English ambassador, catch-

ing a glimpse of objects and peculiarities novel to the eye of the stranger, the elegance or imposing appearance of the streets and modern structures, with the singular effect of the open view and the general perspective in that clear atmosphere, which the artist also remarked, and has with graphic power exhibited upon his canvas. Glancing, however, only rapidly at the less striking points of the prospect here presented to me, I took the direction of the palace, so conspicuously situated,—as every palace ought to be,—looking down from its master-height upon its subject realm of buildings below, reminding the Spaniards, perhaps, of the superior happiness of possessing a government founded upon wars of succession, ever followed by the peacefulness of supreme sway. It stands out boldly from its seat at one extremity of an elevated bank, which flings its shadow over the Manzanares; it has an air not at all symmetrical, but massy; all is on an extended and magnificent scale, though to me it appeared less interesting either in its exterior grandeur or its internal attractions, than for the fine views which its lofty position affords. From the terrace of the esplanade, stretching in front, you catch a pleasant view of the stream quietly meandering below, a succession of hanging gardens adorning its track, of the several bridges that span its waters, of the public walk and its no distant relative,—one of the *rural* palaces of the Spanish kings. After enjoying the prospect of the various scenes, and the thousand objects of interest which lay around and below us,

we took an ample survey of its general aspect, and of its particular details, sufficient to convince me of the extreme accuracy, as well as the beauty of its representation as it here appears.

Engaged in a similar employ I met a German traveller, an artist, whom I had previously known in England,—a true enthusiast, and, as I subsequently learnt, rather a martyr to the picturesque; along with him a Spanish colonel who had served under Cordova, *invalided* at Madrid; and a Transatlantic, (vulgarly called a Yankee,) also a soldier, but in another guess sort of service, and under a different *chef de bataille* to the Spaniard, since become so illustrious for *not* fighting. Accosting me with a degree of deference and frankness of manner, which it is gratifying to perceive an Englishman now almost invariably receives at the hands of strangers wherever fortune may cast him, I quickly recognised my travelling artist, who gave me an amusing account of his rambles since he left England; how he had crossed the Morena hills, and the plain of La Mancha, tracking the footsteps of the great Don with the laudable purpose of publishing a new geography of Don Quixote. Our meeting was one of unexpected pleasure. Like the Don, it seems, he had met some adventures, for he had his arm in a sling, a large black patch over one eye, a halt in his gait, and wore rather a rueful countenance. However, he introduced me to the Christino colonel, who introduced me in turn to the tall republican officer, whom from his slang air and decided duelling look,

I strongly suspected of having roughly handled my poor friend G., and that *el gran colonello* had been playing second fiddle while the others "exchanged shots." I said nothing, (non ego tantas componere lites,) but I was puzzled; for I knew my good German G. was as great a friend to peace as O'Connell himself, though related to a field-officer, and would any time rather crack an innocent joke than a foolish man's skull.

It was curiosity, therefore, as much as the gregarious law, which made me comply with their request to return and sup with them at their old posada in the grand street of Alcalà, instead of going, as I was, to join my fellow-travellers in the more illustrious Hotel de San Bernardo, under the wing of the said royal palace,—at which I was determined to have another peep,—devoting the rest of the evening to the native study of ease with dignity, to the social instead of the picturesque. So I submitted to be taken, like a prisoner, hand and heart-bound by my old German guard, who for some time kept exclaiming, "Tausend teufel! my gut sare; what for von vonder I fine you in Madrid?"

"Is it more surprising than your visit to the Venta de Cardenas, and your hunt after the knight, that pink of all knighthood, over hill and plain? Is not that as extraordinary as that you now see me where I am?"

"Is it not?" was the reply. "In dis purgatory, not only of de dum animal, as Voltaire say, but of dat vociferous, ravenous oder animal, de man, vat your poet say? Man, dat here before all parts of

earth 'do play his fantastic tricks before high heaven, dat make de leetle angels for to veep.' Is not dat someting he say?"

"Speak lower," said I, "or you will be having one other duel."

"Vat you say?" and he looked on me with unfeigned dismay.

"You are wounded, I think," I rejoined. "How comes it?"

"Not in de vars, nor in de two-fight vat you call de duel. It vas de great teeves and robbers in dat pass of de Sierra vat comes into de knight's plain, —La Mancha, ven ve leave our leetle inn. Come vid us now to de *big* inn, and dare you can hear de vole of dis ting," and he pointed to the black patch upon his eye.

As we bent our steps back, we observed several groupes of people, and among them a party of soldiers, apparently amusing themselves with watching the laundresses, or washerwomen, busily at work in the stream, and spreading their fine linen, or coarse, to bleach and whiten in the sun. The whole appeared in good humour, laughing and joking with these dulcineas, or with one another; but all at once, on some jest which raised a loud laugh at the expense of one of the party, the soldiers proceeded from bandying words to blows. A man belonging to the guards drew his bayonet, his comrades ranged themselves on his side; the party insulted, some of a regiment of Madrid, did the same; and proceeding to action, the women dispersed on all sides with horrible

cries, while we hastened towards the nearest station to give notice of the affray. A detachment from the garrison soon reached the spot, but not until some blood had been shed; as we saw, from the windows of the inn, one of the national guards borne to the hospital, followed by two others belonging to the old regiment, between whom the dispute, touching some point of honour, had originated.

We returned to our supper without making any remarks; only a single exclamation from our hostess, the padrona. "Jesu Maria! and all good saints, especially San Jago, take care of us! What brutes some men are!" met our ears as she turned to scold her handmaids for venturing to follow her example, and look out of the window. Over an excellent bottle of Alicant, and a dessert such as would have graced the table of Sancho Panza when governor of the island of Barrataria, we were treated also to the German's adventures since we parted, a year before; and which it will be as well to interpret from the broken German, which can only be relished when heard from the lips of a voluble enthusiast of that artistical land.

"Ah, well! it will be no use to tell you how I came one evening to the Venta de Cardenas, and the amusing dialogue between the good Father Antonio and the padrona, upon the most approved method of roasting a Spanish onion, and the exact ingredients necessary to the true flavour of the olla. And what a curious contrast it offered to the affecting meeting between the two brothers,—the priest and the soldier, who eyed each other so fiercely and were coming to

fiercer words, when they were recognised by the affectionate instinct of their little sister. Who indeed can forget the look of horror which that officer cast on his sword, when he found against whom his fury had been excited?—how he cursed a war engendering all evil passions and crimes, as by turns he embraced the calm benignant being whom he had insulted, and his weeping sister?

"But we have witnessed too many scenes like these, even more fatal and terrible, and I hasten to satisfy your curiosity as to the part I played in a small guerilla affair; in other words, being robbed among the mountains. In a little time, the brothers and I becoming acquainted, and bending our steps the same way, they agreed to join our party as far as Carmona. Ramon, our old conductor, a stirring fellow as you will find for an Andalusian, summoned us betimes, and ere the sun had gilded the snowy peaks of the Nevada we were passing the pleasant valley of Guadalquiver, by the old ruinous colony of La Carlotta and over those bare weary hills, except here and there dotted with the olive, which bring us to the renowned city of Ecija, close upon the Xenil. There we sojourned for the night, not a little pleased, as our bold pioneer assured us we had reason to be, at having reached so safe and respectable a town unmolested. The officer laughed, and his brother, the priest, offered to give poor Ramon absolution, if it would ease his conscience before he went further. This our mayoral cheerfully accepted, and went to rest with his mules happier by half at the idea of being roughly handled by friend or

foe,—man or demon,—now they could not send him to purgatory. So the next day he was again up with the sun, thinking withal his confession, that we should consequently reach our destination earlier towards night-fall. Not liking the aspect of the hills and holly-bushes by which we had to pass, he kept his galeras like a city in a state of siege, without allowing the jokes of young Rojas or the officer to interfere with his precautions for a moment. Two of his cafilah were sent down some fifty yards in advance to keep a look out, and outposts were established about the same distance upon either of our flanks. Our flints and Mantons he inspected with the eye of a sportsman intent upon hitting his bird, and every now and then he cried out, 'Stand!' to use us to the voice of the robbers, so that we might not tremble, and miss our men. 'Why, my good fellow,' cried Rojas, 'at this rate we shall be fit to encounter the seven sons of Lara himself, who played such fiery pranks with the Moors.—Nay, I think the seven children of Ecija, renowned in marauding annals as they are, would be glad to get out of our way.'

"About the first two leagues we pushed through an

* The seven sons of Lara, so celebrated in the old ballads of the time. They were of high and heroic lineage, as we learn by their exploits in our former volume, when betrayed by their treacherous uncle into the power of the enemy. A little hill about two leagues from Cordova is still pointed out to you by the guides and peasants as the spot where the seven sons of Lara fell in mortal combat. They were afterwards avenged upon their cruel uncle by their half Moorish brother Mudarra, who became a hero worthy of his father's fame.

ill-looking broken road, half hill half ravine, with rock and bush here and there conveniently situated for hiding a thief, or witnessing a deed of blood. Nothing could be worse for the safety of our vehicle, and Ramon was now doubly on the alert. But at length the beautiful open plain burst upon our view, in the midst of which rises the isolated cone, upon whose summit stands the ancient Carmona, covered with the fragments of those mosques and towers once considered the inalienable inheritance of the invincible Moors.

"The plain is here almost wholly denuded of trees—only a few half-stunted shrubs, bearing a remarkable resemblance in every thing but size to the aspiring palm. Upon reaching this open ground, the laugh against the good Father Ramon—as he was familiarly termed—was loud and universal; and he certainly began to relax something of his generalship in the idea that he had, for once, stolen a march upon the enemy. His advanced posts were called in, the scouts on our flank quietly resumed their position, and discipline was no longer the order of the day. We were just approaching a solitary court and garden on the site of an antiquated castle, partly surrounded by a little olive wood, not more than a few steps from the road-side. Scarcely had we set eyes on it, when the old startling cry of 'Stand!' made us draw back, and every one looked hard at Ramon, thinking he had been repeating his old experiment upon our courage. But his look convinced us it could not be so, and the appearance of a horseman,—a perfect cut-throat from

head to foot,—assured us that Ramon's extreme uneasiness was by no means feigned. 'Halt! back!' was again repeated, as our guide turning to us observed, 'Now do your best, gentlemen, for the devil is broken loose. What is your good pleasure, cavallero?' he continued addressing the horseman. 'Father Ramon,'* replied the other, 'give us no useless trouble. You have a certain quantity of gold by you—I think ten ounces, besides other valuables. Hand us two thirds, and an order on your banker at Seville for one hundred pounds. You can then quietly pursue your journey, less encumbered, and more agreeably to the company.'

"The latter had time to eye the speaker a little closer. He wore the smart cut of an Andalusian majo;† was well and handsomely mounted, with huge spurs, short stirrups—also of immense size, and high-pummelled saddle in the ancient Turkish style. A green light net, to serve as a fly-flapper, bedecked his steed, his horse-pistols glanced from their holsters, and he brandished a most formidable-headed lance,—looking altogether like the blunderbuss which hung

* The term Father is often familiarly used, and applied indiscriminately to different characters or professions. It carries with it a certain air of courtesy, and sometimes endearment, as here and in Germany; but from the lips of the bandit it bore with it a peculiar satirical sound, which is occasionally adopted when evidently out of place.

† One of the modern fashionables—a Peninsula dandy; offering much the same contrast to the old Spanish dons, as one of our own Almack or Opera sparks to the English country gentleman,—that descendant of Sir Roger de Coverley so rarely to be met with.

at his side. A cartridge-box (new pattern) of variegated leather, clasped round his body, held some fifteen charges in plated cases, shining in two rows one above the other.

"At the friendly proposal to pay thirteen-shillings and sixpence in the pound and jog on, Ramon's countenance fell, and he replied, 'You are very polite, cavallero; but will a dozen Castilian gentlemen, such as I have the honour to escort, approve of the dividend? For myself, I am no friend to squabbles. Show us how we can surrender with honour, and I promise you that we shall not fire the first shot. How many are you?—let us compare our strength.' But before the horseman could reply, our young soldier, Rojas, had unsheathed his weapon, calling out, 'You rascal! By the holy Lady of Cavadonga, are you going to sell us like so many sheep?'—'Stand to your arms, then, gentlemen!' cried the mayoral, assuming one of his boldest looks. 'Carajo!' exclaimed the robber, wheeling round his horse, 'I will treat you better than you deserve;' and taking aim at us from at least some hundred paces, he fired, and poor Rojas with a cry of vengeance fell the next moment to the ground. Other shots followed; two of the mule-drivers were stretched at his side, and some eight or ten more ruffians now issued from the wood. 'Carajo!' again cried their leader; 'I will teach you to treat the children of Ecija with more respect.'

"Our Castilian travellers, however, stood firm. We returned their fire, and Ramon, making a virtue of necessity, resolved to defend his property to the last.

He called most vociferously on every man to do his duty, and led up his discomfited muleteers to a second attack. Our pieces were in none of the best order, carrying neither so surely nor so far as those of the enemy; who, after a discharge, directly galloped off, reloaded, and came down upon us again. Seeing this, an old Castilian veteran, on our side, advised us to follow him and come to close quarters; a proposition no way pleasing to Ramon, who maintained it was his duty to guard the baggage and effects. Four of our company were now wounded, and one at least appeared to have given up the ghost. We had the worst in the next encounter, in which I received an ignoble blow from a stone, instead of a bullet, upon the eye. I had lost the use of an arm; and when the whole band burst in upon us with their drawn cutlasses, crying, 'Down with your faces!' they had no need to repeat the order, as far as I was concerned. 'How childish to give me all this trouble, Ramon,' exclaimed the leader. 'Come, down like the rest!' All quickly obeyed, with the exception of Father Antonio, who slowly and solemnly turned his reverend visage into the dust. What was Ramon's agony to hear the thieves rummaging over all his valuables, and every now and then chinking the gold! It had like to have fared worse with Father Antonio; for, in the last charge, he had unluckily shot the head bandit's horse, who now swore that, as he had assumed the military for the clerical, he should dispatch him, not as a priest, but as a layman who knew how to carry a musket, leaving him to settle

the matter as he pleased. 'No!' exclaimed another of the band, 'let him first say his prayers; he will not be long,—it is his special business.'—'Not the pope himself should interfere, the brute!' retorted the leader. 'He has killed the noblest beast ever bestridden since the days of Babieca* and the Cid. Ho! Christoval! bind these two villains who first fired to a tree; dispatch both, and let us be off.' At the name of Christoval, Antonio raised his head; and the next moment recognised in the robber his own foster-brother, and the lover to whom his sister had commissioned him to present a token of her regard. His appearance offered a favourable contrast to that of his companions: slight and elegant in his form, his eyes and hair were of that clear bright brown, which is esteemed a rare beauty by the Andalusian women. They were already binding my poor friend Rojas to a tree, being the less disposed to spare him from the cut of his cap, which showed he was a national guard. But, as they laid hold of Father Antonio for the same purpose, he cried out, while he held out his sister's love-token in his hand, 'Don't you acknowledge this, Christoval Moreno? Will you not save your brother, Antonio Lara?' At these words, Christoval rushed between his comrades, knife in hand:—'By our holy mother, I should like to see who dare touch one hair of your head! He shall answer it to me!'—'Back, Moreno, on your

* The name of the Cid's favourite war-horse, on which he made his desperate attack on Burgos, and rode down whole regiments of Moors.

life!' cried the chief. 'Much as I am thy friend, were he as a hundred brothers to thee, he must die!' He motioned to his band to drag Christoval away, and dispatch the prisoners; when that moment the cry of 'The queen for ever! down with the bloody villains!' and a strong party of horse, burst from the further side of the wood, and were in a moment on us. The robbers,—or Carlists,—as the troopers chose to term them, were taken so completely by surprise, that they had not time to fire a shot; and they were both too weak and dispersed to stand to their arms for a moment. Two were already disabled, like those they were tying to the tree; and a third was taken. But Christoval had thrown himself on his horse, followed by some half dozen of those nearest to him; while Pedro, their chief, had barely time to take refuge in the old house close by, and make fast the entrance. 'We have him! get round!' cried the captain of the troopers; and the ruined court and garden were filled at every outlet by his men. The officer advanced close to the door, summoning the robber to surrender, and come forth. The same instant it opened; and the desperado presented his piece within arm's-length of the captain's head.—'Let me pass, young sir: it irks me thus uselessly to shed your blood.' The young fellow had only his drawn sword. He hesitated one moment, and then shouting, 'Long live the Queen!' he threw himself on his terrible adversary, who snapped his musketoon; but it missed fire, and the next moment the bandit chief measured his length on the ground.

"Father Antonio, the young soldier, and poor Ramon were already on their legs, and you may fancy how our deliverers, especially the gallant young captain, were regaled by us that evening, when we all reached Carmona together. Our sick and wounded were taken care of. Pedro 'the terrible,' as Ramon, while he was busily making out a new inventory, entitled him, was the only one left dead on the field, and a few arm-slings and black patches, as you see, put an end to our somewhat startling adventure."

Each and every one present congratulated the German on his escape, for though he said not a word on the subject of his own exploits, I subsequently learnt that he had evinced considerable *sang froid;* and it was evident that he had stood fire. Being, moreover, a great *dilettante*, he proposed to accompany me to the Museum and other collections of art; and as the night was yet beautifully clear, to cool our lungs after "our wine and walnuts," by taking a turn along the Prado. Our men of war volunteered to attend us, the Spanish colonel having there to meet some friends to whom he was anxious to show that rare sight at Madrid,—the uniform of a brother hero on a republican officer. It seemed, indeed, as if travellers from all parts had just agreed to meet on the Prado. The queen's recognition of the liberals wore its newest popular gloss; festivities of every kind were the order of the day; you had facilities of seeing the handsome Neapolitan and her court as often as you liked; and it seemed odd enough to behold the faces of the old refugees and their friends, which I had

seen in England "gloomy as a November's sky," now lighted up with vivacity and wearing courtly smiles, as if to welcome a brighter future. They appeared to have made a leap, like their own bonds, from zero to blood-heat; and where it had lately been death for one of them to be seen, numbers thronged the great street of Alcalà, mixed with equestrian and foot of various nations, pouring from different sides to enjoy the evening breezes on their favourite *paseo*. I could not help admiring the wonderful freaks of fortune, and, I may add, the equanimity with which her favours were received; for not a single one of those whom I had met under very different circumstances, manifested the least desire to forget the past, or to shun my acquaintance. Far from it; they offered every sort of courtesy and attention, while those of the most opposite views and all shades of opinion, took equal pleasure in showing that political considerations had no influence on their manner of receiving an English stranger.

The colonel introduced his American guest to several officers of the guard, sauntering with the belles of Madrid, richly arrayed in their last court colours, their mantillas, basquiñas, and airy fans, most gracefully tutored to play their part, and bright satin sandals fitted close to the small foot, sparkling as they passed; their gay plumes and ribands, with that graceful waving motion, giving an indescribable air of enchantment to the whole person, and lighting up with fresh attraction the brilliant saloon. No more perfect *studio* for the painter of manners, as

Drawn by David Roberts. Engraved by J. B. Allen.

STREET OF ALCALA, MADRID.

London: Published Oct. 1, 1836, by Jennet Humphreys, 65 Old Bond Street.

Printed by B. Fisher.

regards character and costume, could well be imagined,—no greater contrast of dress, physiognomy, and attitude, and the eye of the German artist absolutely sparkled with delight. "Ah," he cried, "I like this: it is a real play, worth all the dramas in the world. Throw your eye along those vistas,—gradually receding with those indistinct forms, the old palace and gardens, and leafy walks, into dimmer light and far-off sombre shade. And here, how rich and varied the fore-ground of the picture against that shadowy distance and repose,—these gay variegated colours,—this brilliant contrast,—the easy natural grouping,—the masterly arrangement and whole composition with which nature clothes her canvas, and exhibits her ever fresh and moving scenes to the view. Mark that little cluster about the fountain; how characteristic of the people and the spot;—eager and earnest in pleasure, listless in labour, imaginative, grave and silent from intensity of feeling or passion, jealous and vindictive if provoked, sanguine in pursuit, inefficient in result and action. And how well the figures, the foliage, the play of the bright bubbling waters, and those white walls blend with the scene, and rise into stronger relief from their contrast with the green leaves and the deep blue sky."

"Can we wonder," I rejoined, "at the delightful descriptions we read in the old Spanish drama and the novel, when the writers of bold and chivalrous times had such materials, such a stage,—scenes, characters, and adventures to study on the spot and draw from the life? Hence the charm we find in

them; nor is the charm yet gone for the enthusiast, the citizen of the world, or the observer of mankind." Indeed, a succession of interesting or amusing objects kept our attention incessantly on the alert. The spacious walks,—the long shady alleys,—the open and more sequestered paths were alike filled with brilliant equipages, with equestrian or foot—loitering, conversing in groupes, saluting, laughing, or in deeper confab, as choice or circumstance might direct. Though formed in part of strangers, it was still a striking and characteristic scene, if not so strictly national as some centuries ago. There were no longer the tall-plumed cavaliers in their flowing *capas*, with their bright *toledos* and *dagas* concealed beneath,—the ancient doughty squire in his red velvet breechings, slashed doublet, and huge galligaskins following in the wake of some high-born *condesa*, or lynx-eyed *dueña*, with lovely charges bent on outwitting both, and keeping the appointed assignation instead of the nun's vows.

Fearful adventure, intrigue, and fiercer duel, and the thousand deep-laid plots—so happily worked up by the Lopes and Calderons of their day—to elude the vigilance of the jealous father, husband, or eldest brother, as it might be, intent on guarding the honour and dignity of some venerable house, had ceased to rule the destinies and actuate the motives and passions of the motley throngs that now graced the avenues of the Prado. Eager but to display their charms,—those of rank and equipage in the space allotted them,—and pour the stream of fashion in opposing tides,

saluting and saluted, seeing and being seen, all seemed here content with simple vanity and open pleasure,—less exciting and adventurous than of old, but perhaps not less joyous and awake to the pleasant influences of a social kind, deriving fresh zest from the cool refreshing air,—the cloudless sky,—the graceful play of the sparkling fountains,—and the dewy fragrance exhaled from herb, and flower, and tree. What a contrast in all things to the old times, when the secluded solemn state, the slow pace, and sombre countenance cast their shadow round the court of the elder Philips! And many a spot in these then unadorned retreats,—the neighbouring gardens of the Buen Retiro and the ancient palace, witnessed perilous rencounters; the sudden arrest,—the lover's last sigh, or woman's shriek,—or the struggle of the despairing heretic, even of princely lineage,—when the giant arm of the Inquisition stretched its grasp into the royal precincts, and paralysed alike the strength of nations and of kings.

And as if to bring the picture of the two periods more clearly before the eye, and to crown the brilliant attraction of the evening, the queen's equipage at a rapid pace, drawn by eight spirited Andalusians, made its appearance amidst the *vivas* of the surrounding throngs, and passed along the magnificent open space formed by Charles III., followed by the princes and a slight escort of the royal guard. The band of the same regiment struck up several national airs, the cuirassiers in their glittering armour drew up as a guard of honour upon either side, and numbers of

young officers and of the nobility upon their fiery barbs, or English bloods, spurred towards the grand entrance of the Prado, intent upon saluting the royal party on its return, and gracing their fair regent's departure from the spot. This was the signal for throngs of fashionables—vehicles of every size and colour,—riders and walkers, to press towards the same point; and after obtaining as close a glance of the blooming, smiling, and really beautiful and good-natured young dowager as they could, the whole concourse of the Prado, as if seized by one spontaneous movement,—dispersing like clouds of mist before the sunny smiles of their sovereign lady,—as quickly followed her example, leaving the world to me and to my German Achates, who stood at my elbow; for he had promised to show me not only the lions of Madrid, but to join me in my excursion to the city of Toledo.

The lofty palace and gardens of the Buen Retiro rose more dimly in the gathering shadows above us. The murmur of the trees and of the glittering waters began to be heard amid the lessening din; and far along the shallow vale of the Prado, and up the hill to the gate of Alcalà, the vistas grew gradually more circumscribed:—the long avenues, the broad walks, rows of trees, statues, and every object but the sparkling of the jetting fountains contrasted with the flickering shadows of the leaves upon the ground, began to be lost upon the eye. Though sheltered by the surrounding hills from the sudden blasts which sweep across the high plains of Castile, and shut in

from the barren prospects around, the air soon became chill, and the breeze rose into a louder note from the gardens of the palace and the more elevated grounds around. The three noble openings from the principal streets could be no longer discerned;—the heights of the Retiro, the view stretching from the gate of Saint Barbara to that of Atocha, and the old avenue of trees reaching as far as the new canal and the banks of the Manzanares.

It is towards this hour that the deep mournful sounds of the *angelus* falls upon the ear with a strange and solemn power; and there is something singularly striking in the awe-inspiring effect which it so instantaneously throws over a vast assemblage of human beings,—especially on the Prado,—when the vast moving concourse stops, as if struck by an invisible hand. However earnestly or passionately engaged in the most absorbing of topics—love, argument, politics; malice, envy, the most cutting repartee, all alike yield to the overpowering sense of the one great necessity—the last supporting hope—the refuge of calamity,—prayer; without which the human mind withers and dies in the thick fogs and darkness of its own terrestrial atmosphere. Reason may try to combat, or impiety to deride, a custom hallowed to its observers by the religious impressions of centuries; but not even the most philosophical can be present at the sight, mark the short interval thus dedicated to Heaven, and the as sudden resumption of every word or thing at the precise point it left off, without mingling surprise with his respect.

Our first visit, next morning, was to the royal palace, erected on the site of that consumed by fire in the year 1734. The architect Giuvara supplied the first model,—still in existence; but, on account of its immense extent, never carried into execution. It was designed by his pupil, Sachetti, after his master's death, and the edifice may perhaps be said to have neither gained nor lost by the exchange. *Par nobiles fratres*, they might have consulted with advantage the works of the Italians, to say nothing of Vitruvius and his successors. Chasteness, dignity, and grandeur lie buried under an unwieldy mass of ornament and unmeaning capricious forms and combinations, which, like Gray's long story, can boast of "passages which lead to nothing." Simplicity and beauty are both lost in the study of the gorgeous and the light. It is built of white stone.

Each front extends four hundred and seventy feet, and one hundred high; the whole pile, from its lofty situation, commanding an ample prospect of surrounding plains and distant hills. As you enter, it has more the appearance of some stupendous fortress than a royal residence removed hundreds of miles from the frontiers of the land. The confusion of windows, pilasters, and decorations, with ranges of vast glazed arches round the interior court, give it the aspect of some huge manufactory,—a want of architectural taste the less excusable, from the number of admirable models in the old Alcazars—in particular that of Toledo—almost before the designer's eyes. The elegant colonnade, and the circular court

Drawn by David Roberts. Engraved by E. Paul.

ROYAL PALACE, MADRID.

of the Moorish edifices, ought to have suggested happier combinations, without reference to the splendid progress of the art in Italy; but perhaps, as it has been justly remarked by an enlightened traveller, the very existence of such a thing was then a secret at Madrid. The design itself appears to have involved contradiction and inefficiency in the execution; for the grand staircase, formed upon the plan of a double flight, had subsequently one of the entrances closed up, the other being deemed of "ample room and scope enough" for every earthly purpose. It is only to the interior, then, and the treasures which it enfolds, that the traveller can look for that gratification which so vast but shapeless an edifice promised to the eye; and the moment you are surrounded by the gorgeous beauty and magnificence of the upper saloons, you cease to feel disappointment and to blame the architect's want of knowledge and skill.

Having ascended by the elegant marble staircase, with its richly decorated balustrade, we were astonished at the imposing dimensions of the halls, and the height and splendour of the ceilings which struck our view. On first entering the grand *Salon de los Reynos*, my companion could not conceal his admiration, although he had visited most of the capitals of Europe and become familiar with all "the pomp and circumstance" peculiar to royal residences, and the miracles of art which the Parisian, Dresden, and Bavarian galleries can boast. Here is the throne; the ceiling is one of the chef d'œuvres of the Venetian

Tiepolo, who has appropriately decorated it with the different costumes of Spanish royalty. Splendid marbles fill the cornices and socles, and form the frames of the doors and windows.*

A profusion of antique vases, statues, and busts give animation to the massy decorations and the spacious dimensions of the saloon. The rich furniture, of Spanish workmanship; the brilliant mirrors, no where excelled in size; the tapestry, also of native manufacture; the allegorical figures, representing provincial deputies attended by eminent citizens, each in the exact prevailing dress of the day; the triumphs of the Spanish arms,—present altogether a picture of times, character, and costume, as curious to the artist as it is interesting to the general beholder. I left the German busily noting and sketching, while I entered the dining hall, in which Mengs figures with all his might upon the ceiling, surrounded by half Olympus,—the graces of the goddesses and the terrors of the gods being equally obedient to the magic touches of his pencil. Portraits of two Philips

* These rich marbles are wholly the produce of Spain, and there is little doubt that not only the Moors, but the Romans drew the splendour of their temples and palaces from the same inexhaustible source; the ruins of Roman and Moorish magnificence,—alabaster, porphyry, and the richest jasper, being alike found in different parts of the country. Porphyry was brought from the neighbourhood of Cordova, jasper from Aracena, green marbles from the mountains of Granada, the brown from Zorlosa. Leon and Malaga supplied alabaster; Toledo, Talavera, Badajoz, and Murviedro abounded in variegated colours. Jasper is found in different places; and for the amethyst and its radix, Spain has always been more particularly celebrated.

adorn the walls, with the consort of Philip III., the Count of Olivarez, all on horseback, the work of Velasquez; and two of very inferior character, Philip V. and Queen Isabella Farnese, by Charles Vanloo. Velasquez was fond of representing the Spanish princes on horseback; and the inimitable grace and spirit which he threw into the attitudes of the steed, no less than of the rider, made him celebrated in this line even more than for his finer productions, in particular during his life-time;—the vanity of kings, like that of other people, being one of the most liberal patrons in the world.

The audience chamber next exhibits the Apotheosis of Hercules, by Mengs; and that fine picture of the Annunciation, upon which he was last employed at Rome when surprised by death. The expression of modest tenderness in the countenance of the Virgin is inexpressibly beautiful; though that of the angel Gabriel, and the attitude in which he delivers his mission, have been pronounced not so appropriate by some critics. His Homage of the Shepherds is remarkable for its natural grace and expression, and it is one of the most highly finished by this interesting master. So attached was Charles III. to his productions, that he ornamented his chamber with them; and if we may judge from a single specimen,—the Descent from the Cross, in which the sorrow of the beloved disciple, the deep anguish of the Virgin, and the touching grief of the Magdalen,—still beautiful amidst the last wreck of their hopes,—are all told with so much pathetic truth, the Chevalier

Azara was not so far wrong, when he declared that he could stop and gaze upon his works day after day, without their losing a particle of their original charm.

But how proudly pre-eminent appeared to me, and the German artist re-echoed the sentiment, those master-pieces of Italy, in the adjoining hall! How the Titians shone upon you with the vividness of fresh creations,—still clear, rich, and full-toned,—as if glowing with young life, and producing the same impression compared with Spanish, Flemish, or any other, as lately the portraits of Reynolds put by the side of Lawrence, and the exhibition of our modern historic painters contrasted with our gallery of the old school! Look at the Venus blindfolding Cupid, and its counterpart, the Group of two beautiful Women, with a Warrior standing between them; a Venus at her Toilet, a Lysippus, a Prometheus, and that exquisitely finished Adam and Eve; and then turn to its counterpart, the copy executed by Rubens, and you must at once admit the unapproachable excellence of the great original. Others, by Paolo Veronese, by Bassano, Tintoretto, Giordano, and one by Spagnoletti, though positively excellent, convince you of the immeasurable distance between the few great masters of Italy and their followers in their own and in every other land. One would rather suppose that Raffaello, Titian, and Michael Angelo had been pupils of some Parrhasius or Apelles, those shadowy wonders of elder Greece, than that those who followed them had been theirs, and children of the same studio, the same genius-teeming land. But while he

criticised, my friend did justice to native Spanish worth, pointing out in the next apartment the Vulcan's Forge, by Velasquez; and a Spanish General receiving the Keys of a conquered Town.

On going through the adjoining chambers, we were equally struck with two exquisite productions of Coreggio, and others by Vandyke, Titian, and Raffaello himself. Of the last, Christ bearing the Cross is one of the most wonderful emanations of intellectual majesty and beauty which ever sprung from a painter's soul, and it cannot be contemplated for many moments without filling the mind with unspeakable emotion, and the eye with tears. The mingled pathos and sublimity of the expression, as the Saviour of the world bends beneath the weight of his cross,—the divine calmness and lofty sorrow with which he looks upon his fierce persecutors, and, regardless of his own grief, seeks to console the afflicted mother and his followers, seemed to us as we gazed more like the effect of inspiration, than the mere tracings of a mortal hand. The Homage of the Kings, by Rubens, displays all the richness and magnificence which he knew how to throw into his composition and colouring; the majestic air and action of the kings is shrouded by the knowledge that a greater King, to whom all thrones must bow, is come upon the earth; their genius stands rebuked before the awful tribunal that shall try them as other men, and the only grandeur and dignity of sentiment which raises them in your eyes seems borrowed from the mission on which they are sent,—delegates from

mankind to hail the advent of one before whom all power not founded on justice shall be condemned. I shall pass over other apartments adorned, like most palaces, with works of a less perfect, as well as a less elevating and moral kind; some of the Italian, others of the Flemish school. The rapid Giordano, Lanfranc, Poussin, Paolo Veronese, each are assigned their sphere, till at length you reach the native masters, scarcely heard of beyond Spain,—Navarrette, Cano, Zurbaran, Zerezo, Cabezalero, Blas de Prado, Joanes, who, next to the great men already commemorated, there at least enjoy their share of fame.

My companion would have lingered in these rooms for hours; but time passed, and with the good nature characteristic of his nation, he walked with me to the botanic garden, close to the Prado, of which it forms one of the most pleasing features, being separated from it only by a slight enclosure. It is a delightful summer retreat, affording abundance of shade, and regaling the eye with plants of the greatest rarity and variety, brought from every clime and arranged according to the Linnean method, in squares. With the opportunities of enriching it, such as only kings of Spain possessed, it might have been rendered still more wonderful and valuable; for it might once be said, in the words of Piron,—

> "Et l'Espagne est partout, où luit l'astre du jour!"

Yet years elapsed without the slightest attempt to improve such advantages, and it was not till the dominion of the monarchy was much circumscribed, that

the attention of the government was directed to the subject. The institution was most indebted to the minister of the Indies, Galvez; since whose time no year has elapsed without bringing some curious specimens or other in the form of new trees, plants, bulbs, or seeds. It is creditable to the former government also, that men of science were sent with instructions to the different colonies to collect facts connected with the properties, growth, and culture of exotics; the discovery of new varieties, and the best manner of introducing them into Europe. The learned director, Cavanilles, ably seconded the views of the ministry; and it is to him that the stranger from every part of Europe, no less than Spaniards, are indebted for the pleasure which the arrangement affords in examining the different departments of this splendid collection. For general information, the names of the plants are inscribed on tickets, enclosed in little tubes of tin and placed at the foot of each of them. Numerous experiments were publicly tried by the professors and their pupils, illustrated by a series of lectures; and frequent meetings were held, which had the advantage of leading to the discussion of other sciences, and subjects connected with them.

Every kind of information is given to the visitors, and from the rector to the subordinate authorities the same courtesy and attention are experienced, which make the examination of this excellent institution, its spacious walks, its delicious shady alleys, the varied and beautiful disposition of the grounds, so much an object of curiosity and so inviting to the traveller. Nor

are other inducements wanting to excite your admiration, and win your steps into this region of bloom and beauty, on a day such as it was our fortune to behold it. The pure fragrant air, the bright blue sky, the clear far prospect, and the soul of life and gaiety which animates the picturesque groupes of every class, in their best peculiar dress, passing or repassing before the eye.

Among the days we spent at Madrid, none afforded us a richer treat than our visit to the royal Museum in company with Señor M., a brother artist of my German friend, who kindly introduced me to him. He was a man of the most affable manners, well informed, intelligent beyond his age, and profoundly acquainted with the principles of his art. In point of courtesy and hospitality he vied with those chivalrous times, when a Spaniard never saw you without placing his house and all it contained at your disposal. He had given my friend admission at any hour to the Museum during his stay; he paid me the same compliment, and moreover gratified us both by accepting our invitation to join in our excursion to Toledo, which we proposed as a little break upon the continued succession of sights, which in a place like Madrid, soon becomes almost as wearisome as the description itself, besides the risk of a sight-fever,—and then, after a respite, to return with renewed resolution to the charge. In short, I was quite bewildered with the splendid collection which now burst upon my view; my eyes refused to wander even over the catalogue; and the master-pieces of Spanish art, the famous Flemish

school, and the diviner creations of Italy, all equally began to pall upon the eye and the mind. Yet the Titians are allowed to be some of the finest which that magic genius ever drew: I was vexed that I could not feel pleased; and observing me to be fairly worn out, my good German—though fresh as a lark himself—absolutely pulled me away, jocosely proposing a visit to the bull-ring, and in the evening to the grand opera, to hear three famous singers, at the principal theatre in Madrid.

In returning to our hotel, we witnessed one of those popular traits which show that the Spanish, with all their faults and disadvantages, have some sense of honour and of right conduct left. There was a group of women, two of whom of a class called *manolas* had a quarrel, and drew knives. Some officers, who happened to be passing by, interfered; and one of these, from his extreme likeness, was mistaken for the handsome *cavaliere servente*, Muños. The parties interested, as well as the spectators, began to load him with all manner of uncomplimentary epithets. "Please to let *honest* people alone, sir!" was the cry. "Let the ladies fight it out, Señor Servidor! Go home, Sir Cavallero, and attend to your own business!"

CHAPTER IX.

MADRID.

Impressions of Travel—Madrid—Strictures on Sight-seeing—Bores—Anecdote—German Bonhommie—Walks—Sketches—Dialogues—the Bull-ring—the Grand Opera—the Play—Don Quixote—Music—Moorish Airs—Historians—Instrumental Provincial Music—the Carnival—Grand Procession—Church of San Isidro—High Mass—Catholic Influences—Balls—Masquerades—Sports on the River, &c.

NOTHING can exceed the infinite diversity of scene and character to be met with in Madrid; a succession of changes and contrasts, which renders the traveller's sojourn, if he have the wit to vary his amusements according to his humour, one continual feast. Be the said traveller composed of what qualities he may, the most strange and contradictory in the world, he will find food for each and all at Madrid. It was this happy tact of varying his objects of pursuit, that kept my German friend, to speak in the vulgar tongue, from being *bored*, and what is equally to be avoided, from becoming a bore,—a sin I at least could not lay to his charge. He agreed with me, on the other hand, that to run the gauntlet, without stopping, through a whole series of exhibitions and *spectàcles* of every kind, such as this city has to offer, is only less intolerable than to inflict a "full and particular

account" of them, in the language of our public criers, without allowing breathing time, upon the unfortunate and unoffending reader.

For the interest of the tourist individually therefore, no less than as a caterer for the pleasure of others, it is very advisable that he should be merciful in his descriptions, moderate in his use of comparatives and superlatives, and judicious in the choice and distribution of his topics. It was with this view, then, after visiting some of the grander institutions and public places, that I now preferred to join my friend in his quiet walks, in search of the picturesque, to different spots, taking the Post-office in our way; for I had observed, during the last day or two, the visible anxiety of the good German to hear from some of his friends,—and, as I subsequently learnt, also from his banker at Munich. And not without reason; for it appears, that on his way from Seville to the north he had fallen in with an Englishman,—a man of the most affable manners and winning address, but who, I regret to say, not appreciating the excellent qualities of my friend, his noble, enthusiastic nature and generous disposition as he ought, sought to render them subservient to his own sordid views. By degrees the swindler, —for it was found in the end that he was no better,— contrived to make himself so agreeable, and appeared from letters and other documents he exhibited to be a man of such fashion and connexions, that the unsuspicious G. hesitated not a moment, when requested, to advance some hundred pounds, and to take in exchange a fictitious order upon a well-known banker

at Madrid. His ready cash had thus become nearly exhausted, and he had been several days at Madrid before he cared even to present his cheque, so very confident did he feel of all being right with a man of birth and fashion.

His surprise and perplexity upon being undeceived may well be imagined; and it was honourable to his character, and to the high-minded motives and feelings which I believe to have actuated him, that he could so soon admit to his confidence—nay, to his friendship, a countryman of one who had even now so basely imposed upon him. That the inconvenience was temporary is no mitigation of the crime, for such it was, which the impostor committed, it may almost be said, against the laws of nations as well as of society. Yet not a word of this reached my ears till after my honourable friend, as I may justly term him, had received his new letter of credit from Germany. Fortunately it was a post-day; and not only a letter, but letters, some from his family, made my kind companion's countenance radiant with a serene and grateful joy, in which I could not but sympathize for many reasons. Absence from home and country seems at once to make friends of those who meet upon a foreign shore; they form a new social compact, a community of kindred spirits, and hence the idea of a citizenship of the world,—when men shall learn how to appreciate one another's claims to an intellectual brotherhood, to one great commonwealth of Christian love.

In this pleasant mood, we first bent our steps

through the grand street of Toledo, thronged with groupes of country people and suburbans of a better class, hurrying to their favourite exhibition of a bull-fight, while we proceeded on the gentler mission of sketching the noble bridge and a picturesque-looking water-mill, which had before struck the German's fancy as he passed by. Proceeding afterwards towards the palace and along the banks of the river, we caught a view of some cattle and figures, very pleasingly grouped, and offering a tempting foreground for one of his many delineations of the neighbouring palace, and these he immediately transferred, with unexampled rapidity —for the air was somewhat sharp—to his port-feuille. But though cool, the weather was delightfully clear and invigorating, such as to induce us to extend our walks over the entire circuit of the city, above three leagues and a half in circumference, and three quarters at least in length, or breadth. This brought us within view of the cemetery beyond the walls, from which we could command a more general and complete view of the capital, towards which the villagers were yet hastening to the grand fiesta,—its broad straight streets, its gates, squares, and numerous churches and public edifices, which my companion could now observe and criticise at his leisure. He remarked the extreme want of taste,—a want not yet supplied by the labours of its academies of learning and art,—so observable in its public monuments, the patchwork of barbarous relics, extending no less to the gates, to the ancient fountains, the statues, and embellishments of public places, than to the churches and palaces themselves. It is to this

combination of heterogeneous parts we may attribute the unpleasant and imperfect effect of so many monuments and public works upon the eye; a censure, however, from which we ought to exempt, I think, the gates of Alcalà and St. Vincent, in some measure the new palace, and assuredly the noble edifice you see beyond the gardens of the Retiro, bordering on the Prado,—the work of the able Villanueva: I need not mention the royal Museum. How few besides are worth the attention of the classic student and man of taste! It is a pity; for you see the capital, as a whole, well laid out, not half so crooked as most other metropolitan streets, exceedingly well *policed*, neat and clean, and not deficient in handsome quarters, as the avenues of the Prado, the Plaza Mayor, the long piazzas, and the broad squares, sufficiently attest.

I suppose it is its historical associations,—the grand autos-da-fé, and the bull feasts, which make the great square such a favourite with the Spaniards, especially when illuminated for some solemn procession, the wild festivities of their carnival—*fiestas reales*, as they are magnificently termed. You hear yonder arena, now overflowing with countless thousands, how it rings with the tumult of savage exultation, deemed exceedingly glorious and gratifying to the eyes of their patron saint to witness the death-struggle between man, the generous steed, and the bold-hearted father of the herds. Think of the description given of him by Virgil, and turn your eye to the sanguinary scene where all his noble energies, his dauntless heart and sinewy frame, are made worse

than sport of,—tormented, maddened, torn, — till every nerve and pore are alive only to pain, and he falls slain, but often unconquered to the last. Yet the same people who can delight in exhibitions like this, hold their scientific and literary meetings in the very amphitheatre appointed for its celebration—the Academy of History, its library, its museum, collections of manuscripts and medals, being situated in the Plaza Mayor. And as I believe there is philosophy even in a bull-fight, and wisdom to be extracted from the worst passions,—being good moreover for the eye to witness sudden peril, dexterity, fortitude, and escape in extreme need, we will even go to the bull-ring, though detesting a sight of horror and details that will not bear description, as I know we both do.

"But enough, my friend, of sketches for to-day: I have got three of the old fountains, the mill, two of the water-drawers, the observatory, the grand altar of St. Isidore, this group of cattle and figures; in short, I have most ample materials to make half a dozen volumes of illustrations, if you will only supply the letter-press. And what a field before us!—it is all one grand landscape! The sight of these wild bulls will conjure up ideas of green hills, the old forests, the fragrant flowery meads, the clear limpid streams, and all those forest joys which my beloved Virgil or Sannazaro sung so well, and it would make you weep to hear them celebrate their loss, and the fate of the noble animals so doomed. Besides, we can study the whole costume, the character, and all those little manners and peculiarities best, when the vast concourse is greatly

excited, full of natural looks and action, and not imagining, as in church or at a procession, that they are the "observed of all observers," which of itself induces artificial modes and affectation in every thing. We will then go and peep at the grand opera, and the play,—Don Quixote let it be,—and the masquerade, and the carnival on the river, and high mass at the great altar of St. Isidore, where you shall sit almost next to the queen,—and all this will improve your philosophy of travel that you mean to publish, and make you ready for being heartily ennuied, and going your little visit to see the old-fashioned Toledo."

I had now, listening to the good-natured gossip of my companion, joined the stream of population bearing towards the gate of the Sun, thence to the Prado and the noble spreading street of Alcalà, up to its very outlet presenting one continued chain of processions of the most grotesque and ever-varying character, with vehicles of every size, antique and modern, drawn by horses, mules, and donkeys, from the old don's family coach to the neat calesine, and the go-carts, bearing the dignity, the fashion, and the sweepings of stalls and alleys, alike to participate in the excitement of the eventful scene. Mounted on lively Andalusians, or the small palfreys of Xeres and Cordova, the majos and young officers, scions of the aristocracy, each in their characteristic attire, were seen gallantly escorting their fairer counterparts of the lordly creation. The rich-dressed majas and the lively manolas played off their best airs from their fine-footed amblers, or the pillion in the old style,

the open barouche and the neater calesine; while shoals of villagers and citizens lined the foot-ways, passing their opinions, betting, laughing, full of skits and proverbs aimed at the foibles of their superiors, often borrowed from the great Don's squire, or at each other, as if they had suddenly become another people, and put off their national dignity and gloom with their every-day clothes.

Upon reaching the square, the glory of Castile appeared to gain its parhelion; glittering cuirassiers of the old guard were drawn up in double lines, with a precision and boldness of look that would have struck the stoutest Carlist, ready to receive the court and its retinue with all due military honours. The royal equipage dashed boldly on; the fair regent, infantes, ministers of state, courtiers, and jockeys, alike sparkling in the fresh glossy liveries they had just won, desirous, it would seem, of showing off to our astonished eyes while the sun of their prosperity shed its morning beams. This was the signal for a sensation of the most exciting kind, quite characteristic of the Spaniard, in which he takes a lively revenge on his habitual apathy and gravity, richly repaying himself by those moments of extreme exultation. The extent of the movement beggars all description; it was a simultaneous thrill—a murmur—growing into voice and action like the rising of a simoom, till it took expression in *vivas* bursting from the vast concourse assembled within and without,—the ten thousands that filled the rows of the amphitheatre, in that peculiar agitation of the individual and the whole mass, as if

just electrified. Nothing but the waving of shawls and kerchiefs, hats,* vibrations of fans, till the amphitheatre and the surrounding streets, and the palace gardens re-echoed the tumultuous din.

We had obtained seats, (by special interest,) near the *sombra*, or that part of the Plaza protected by awnings from the burning rays of the sun and where the queen and court were seated, so as to command a complete view of the scene. The united bands first struck up a pealing prelude to the terrible rencounter of man and bull. The coup d'œil at that moment, while the music filled the air, was singularly impressive; nor was the effect diminished when, as suddenly ceasing, a dead silence ensued. Next came sounds of eagerness and impatience, just as in the galleries of our theatres, soon growing very unruly and tumultuous, when the royal signal was seen waving from the hand of the corregidor, and the alguazils, as I have before described them, paced the arena on their prancing barbs in the old Moorish fashion; and having saluted the court, they performed their duty of introducing at one side of the lists the picadores, mounted in their peculiarly gay and gallant trim, and at the

* In some of the former lists regularly issued with an account of an approaching bull-feast, notice was given that people were permitted to flap their hats in the sun. In consequence of a revolt in Madrid, all hats were ordered to be worn cocked up wherever the court resides; and the common hangman was enjoined to wear his slouched, that others might not be tempted to let down theirs, for fear of being mistaken for him,—a precaution highly characteristic of the Castilian dignity, and the jealousy of risking the slightest loss or concession of rank.

other the matadores, who, with their chulos, crossed themselves on entering the ground.

The verdugo, or common hangman, is the master of the ceremonies pitched upon to introduce the bulls; and the moment he has opened the huge *toril* door he scrambles up into the gallery, leaving the horsemen stationed opposite to receive the first salute. For sometimes the wily beast will stop short in coming out, and make a home thrust at Señor Verdugo, amidst the plaudits of the commonalty, who seem to have an instinctive horror of his sight, and logically reason, that if he fall by the horns of the bull, he will never live to mount on their shoulders, or fasten a screw about their throats. At other times the more spirited will bolt forth, as now, directly at the horseman, and often stop to reconnoitre the position of his enemies, when loud plaudits are heard at this manifestation of his generalship; grand things are expected of him; the picador is on his guard, and even the chulos prick up their ears. Such a leader of the herd was he, who on this occasion first opened the ball. He was circumspect, and measured horse and rider from head to foot. The picador brought the head of his horse directly in front of the bull, and in making the plunge, it seemed as if they would come right against each other; but on reaching the spear, while the bull bears to one side, the nimble steed, by a sudden evolution, avoids the shock by wheeling to the other. The shout now rose in favour of the cavalier, who boldly planted himself in the centre of the arena, while his adversary drew to one end, and looked dogged and

sulky, which not all the hisses and reproaches of the spectators succeeded in rousing him from, till the light-footed chulos began to toss their darts. In a moment, maddened by the curled banderillas, he charged the enemy's infantry with the utmost impetuosity, compelling them to seek shelter by jumping over the first parapet, or in the recesses of the palisades.

But I shall not again describe the entrance of the matador with his Toledan blade, and the revolting details of the closing act, when the mules, decorated with streamers and bells, galloped into the arena, and with the same celerity bore away the dead and the wounded from the bloody field. Like most others who witness this detestable spectacle for the first time, I was heartily sick, and would have withdrawn from it much earlier; but perceiving that my companion was a comparative veteran in the sport, I repressed my nausea as well as I could, and forbore all expression of it, lest I should be laughed at by some fashionable lady at my elbow. But never was a captive more glad to be set free than I, when my companion declared that it was the hour to think of preparing for the grand opera.

This species of killing the time was long a rarity at Madrid; for when first introduced by the court, it did not take kindly to the soil. It was an exotic, and from Italy; and the public at first did not perceive the *meaning* of it—very odd if they could,—or why it should usurp the place of the old national comedies, teeming with Spanish intrigue and wit. They even preferred the *Comicos de la Legua* of the strolling players; for though covered with rags, the heroes of

Scarron are at least amusing; and Ferdinand IV. was obliged to humour it as a weakly court bantling, which actually expired along with its patron, and the old national theatre resumed its honours without a rival. On the death of Charles III., the Marquis de Grimaldi made another effort to naturalize the ballet and the song, but his opera also followed him into retirement. When again set upon its legs, it could scarcely perform a *pas seul*, till the hospitals charitably took the sickly bantling under their care; but instead of getting any fees, as they ultimately expected, they were delighted to get rid of it by transfer into the hands of wealthier patrons—the grandees of Spain. Not even the wealth of the aristocracy sufficed to keep it alive more than a few years, at a very considerable sacrifice, which led to its speedy dissolution. While it lasted, both serious and comic operas were performed; the decorations were aristocratically superb, the ballets very passable, and the dresses the pink of magnificence. The Spanish actors subsequently had these models, and they appeared to approve of them; but notwithstanding the representations of their best pieces, they have gained nothing. For a considerable period, then, the Spanish opera was considered a national failure, altogether incurable; and how at length it gradually gained a footing by more liberal adaptation to the feelings and prejudices of the people, is a matter of more general notoriety.

The same want of success attended the best and most judicious exertions to support a single French theatre; nor could we wonder at the result, when we

witnessed the style in which two of Moliere's best plays were travestied,—the inimitable *Tartuffe* and *Le Malade Imaginaire*, and heard the performances extolled as perfect master-pieces. Much the same may be averred of another afterpiece, for it hardly deserved the name of entertainment, founded on the adventures of the renowned knight and his squire; but it may have been excellent in its way, for national wit, something like the colours of the chameleon, is not a fair mark for criticism. It is of a piece with the old dramas,—*de capa y spada*, of the cloak and sword; the dulness of which in our eyes,—though highly edifying to the audience,—made us, on all occasions, long for the hour of the opera. Even here we were not carried away by any superlative skill, enthusiasm, or power of melody, if we except one or two solos of the prima donna; the powers of her three coadjutors, like their voices, were certainly rather on the wrong side mediocrity. But the sound of the castanets, and the music of grace and motion which accompanied them, we found infinitely more pleasing than any higher intellectual representations more feebly executed, which I dare say might be accounted for upon philosophical principles. Half Moorish and half Gothic, like themselves, the Spaniards are fond to idolatry of a species of music and dancing, now become strictly national, into which they throw all their soul, and in which they appear constitutionally formed to excel. But deprive them of their native measures and movements, and their vivacity and grace at once disappear; foreign airs and motions sit uneasily on

them, and no exotic charm can flourish in their burning soil. The Roman writers allude to this fact, and Martial eulogizes the peculiar lightness and flexibility of their forms and gestures. The majas and manolas of their respective class still bring to mind the Andalusian dancers, so admired by the Romans; and not only at home did the ladies, accomplished in the art, smite the hearts of Rome's proud consuls, but in the provinces and the capital laid siege to the dignity of her gravest senators. Nor from the specimens we saw, have the Spanish beauties of the south at all degenerated from the worth of their famed progenitors.

We have said, that it is only in their native dances that they excel; and though they can vie with the English and French in the new galopades and mazourkas, dance you down in a country dance, or figure in a minuet,—a part of the education of a modern Madrid belle,—the grave airs with which they acquit themselves in the latter by no means consort with the natural ease and energy of their motions. At the balls and masquerades it was often amusing, and almost ludicrous, to mark the introduction of figures, turns, and windings, which had really nothing to do with the genuine dance of the old minuet,—a piece of absurdity and affectation for which they are indebted to those bungling masters, who think there is something fine in making their pupils ape foreign fashions and perfections.

How tired we were of seeing the eternal round of set figures,—the glory of these fashionable displays of modern imitation, or rather *travestie*, in the opening

minuet, the quadrille,—nay, the exploded country dance,—instead of at once striking the eye and the fancy by the free, full, natural developement of the charms and graces of feminine action in the bolero, or the fandango, as little exceptionable, after all is said, to the eye of the true critic, as the contemplation of the undraped forms of Hellenic chasteness and pure ideal beauty! We thought them at least an agreeable relief to the Italian operas performed at both the theatres, El Principe and La Cruz, on alternate nights, after the usual Spanish plays. They were not less welcome, perhaps, for following those tiresome afterpieces, oddly enough considered entertainments, more full of ribaldry than wit; and you turn with pleasure from the miserable imitations of the French school to the first lively sound of the castanets and the singular accuracy of the hand and foot movements, which give harmony and spirit to the dance. Upon the stage the bolero is assuredly the best thing after the French ballet. But imagine the exquisite absurdity, to say no worse, of the idea, in private parties, of veiling the beauties of the dance by the ingenious substitute of children,—innocent but soul-less beings, who repeat the unmeaning lesson as do imprisoned birds,—the human sounds they cannot understand. It gave us pleasure, therefore, to find on one occasion, that on its being whispered about, if there were any thing improper in the matter it was still more objectionable to lead children into the way of it, the young women of the party, in a good national spirit highly commendable, took up the gauntlet for the

innumerable lady-generations that had gone by, after dancing fandangos to their hearts' content; and, on another occasion, actually vindicated the reputation of their great-grandmothers, by dancing as good a bolero as the genius of the land could infuse into their souls and forms. We observed that the national dance, like other nationalities, was only losing ground in the higher circles,—not at festivals, or upon the stage, which, in the aspiring spirit of the times, is ambitious of representing inferior imitations of foreign operas and plays—nay, sometimes attempts at Olympic honours; about as like Astley's as the celebrated Punch, or the performances at Rag-fair.

Besides this *serious* innovation upon the vivacity of the old Spanish dance, modifications of the discipline of the ball-room were also attempted; but I am rejoiced to add that, in some respects, they signally failed. The ancient masters of the ceremonies still consist of two of the guests, selected by the visitors themselves,—namely the *bastoneros*, and who, with hat under their arm and cane in hand, arrange the important details of the evening. One, we hope it is not the cane, presides over the ladies; the other, we suppose the hat, over the gentlemen; and it is the office of these masters to fix upon the dances, and who is to dance, and whether minuets, quadrilles, or fandangos. Precedence and etiquette are the laws on which their conduct is based; add to which, a laudable desire to promote the acquaintance of those who sigh to become acquainted. The lady invited to dance first rises agreeably to antique custom, though

it appeared strange to us, crosses the room alone, and places herself on the spot where she is to begin, without being indebted to her partner's gallantry and assistance; and when the dance is danced, the said partner makes his bow to her in the middle of the room, without giving himself any further concern about one who seems to be so well able to take care of herself. This custom, however, now only prevails, as it ought, in the provinces. The distinction in ranks, especially as regards females, is by no means so strict in Spain as elsewhere; and at no distant period, persons of condition might have been seen dancing in the public market-places and squares, and mingling in all the diversions of the people: in Biscay, Navarre, and parts of Catalonia, the custom continues to this day. It is there, too, we saw some lively specimens of the *carricadanza*, an old favourite dance performed to the musical beat of the drum. But in Castile I was better pleased with the *guaracha*, danced by a single female to the sound of the guitar. It becomes the soft, serious look and graceful step, while the dancer, with motionless arms, often accompanies herself on some light instrument or other. Two other dances, peculiar to some districts in Catalonia, exhibit the same slow, solemn, and rather monotonous motion. In the first, a number of women begin with a stately measured step, one behind another, and one gentleman only at the commencement,—another at the close of the file. The first leads, the second follows; but at every turn they change places, and he who was last gets first. The file sometimes stops, and forms into

a circle. In a little while the file is broken; other gentlemen mingle in it, and each lady takes her partner. The whole dance next goes into a sort of circle; the men move through it backwards, each dancing before his partner, who fairly jumps him back into the set. The circle, the file, the crossings and backings alternately succeed; the men sometimes playing the castanets,—those who have none snapping their fingers. The second is much more lively, but still somewhat tedious and uniform; and both are danced in turns to the sound of the bagpipe, the drum, a flageolet, and flutes made like a hautboy. We remarked that the dances of Cerdagne, Ampurdan, and the bordering province of Roussillon, do not much differ, and are performed to the same kind of instruments.

We saw some of the Valencian dances, on the other hand, executed much in the manner of the old ballets, which evinced considerable dexterity and address. To display their precision of step, they place a number of eggs at short intervals from each other. Through these they fly around with extraordinary skill, without touching a single one of them. In a still more favourite dance the performers are furnished with a little stick, two feet and a half long: by striking them sharply together, they contrive to beat time instead of each other; and still, throughout the continued rapidity and complexity of their motions,—in every possible position, they always manage to sound them at the same moment, and the music of the sticks, now quick, now slow, invariably hits the time, and falls on the ear in perfect concord. Still none of the

dances peculiar to the provinces can rank in the estimation of the public with the antique fandango, the modern bolero, and the seguidilla, a sort of ballet intended to represent the best points of the other two. The poet Martial, to be sure, launches his invectives against the dancers of Cadiz, meaning the ladies, for rendering this favourite of the people too soft and voluptuous, at the expense of its native vivacity and force.

Like their passion for all festivals, solemn or simple, that of the Spaniards for the dance is carried to the highest degree of enthusiasm. Just as at their *festas de toros*, no sooner is the prelude to the evening's joys struck up, than a murmur of delight runs through the rooms, the whole frame seems to vibrate, the eyes and face glow with delight; and I could not help repeating to my companion the remark of an English divine,* that if any one were to come suddenly into a church or a court of justice playing the fandango or the bolero, priests, judges, lawyers, criminals, audience, one and all, grave or gay, young or old, would quit their functions, forget all distinctions, and all set themselves a dancing.

The observation is doubtless amusing, and was most probably suggested to the reverend traveller by a little Spanish piece, the humour of which turns on the proposed suppression of the fandango. The decision is referred to the conclave at Rome; a consistory was formed; the cause of the fandango was tried according to all the rules of canon law. Sentence was going to be pronounced, when one of the judges very judi-

* The Rev. Mr. Townsend.

ciously observed, that a criminal ought not to be condemned without being seen and heard. The observation was approved, and a Spanish couple was introduced, who to the sound of instruments displayed all the graces of the fandango. The severity of the judges was not proof against this appeal; the austerity in their faces soon began to relax; they got up; their knees and arms soon recovered their juvenile suppleness; the hall of the consistory was transformed into a dancing-room, and the fandango is acquitted. Its triumph must be supposed from thenceforth to be complete; and though French models, here as in other matters, have recently been proposed for popular imitation, I was convinced, from all I saw both at Madrid and in the provinces, that their reign would be transitory; and that, as with the French opera, national taste and long-engrafted custom would still maintain with the fandango their pristine influence, and that Spaniards would live and die Spaniards to the end of the chapter.

The fandango is graver than the bolero, but more expressive; and the former is the greater favourite in the capital, the latter in the provinces. We saw them in both, danced in couples to the sound of the guitar and the noise of castanets, which are employed for the occasion with equal skill and sportiveness to mark the time and animate the gestures. In the bolero, the man and woman went through the same motions, those of the latter being more lively and expressive, the feet never for a moment still; and with rapid and continually varied steps, there was the utmost precision and correctness. Her arms, unequally

extended, sometimes half held out, at others a little bent, alternately raised and depressed, assumed a variety of positions never seen elsewhere, but full of grace and attraction. The head, sometimes upright sometimes hung negligently on one side, accompanied the motion of the arms; while inflections of the form, equally varied, succeeded each other with rapidity. The variety of motions, action, and position, forms a whole which cannot be described, but which excites a most singular emotion, amounting almost to vertigo, while the power of captivation throws a spell over the senses and the sight.

When the play is over, the stage usually changes into a handsome saloon; the orchestra begins to play again; and at the sound of the castanets, from each side of the stage a male and female dancer make their appearance, both dressed in the Andalusian costume, which belongs to the dance. But a truce to these saltatory exhibitions,—to the old national dances which we like, and to the new-fangled pirouettes, pigeon-wings, and harlequin feats we do not like, so unsuited to the genius of Spain, and to the soft graceful movements of her wild and captivating daughters. We cannot do better than complete our sketch by some graphic lines from a contemporary tourist, whose pictures of every-day life, and all other life in Madrid, display a characteristic pathos and truth with which Hogarth himself would not have quarrelled. "After the dance," says this amusing writer,* "we had a delightful farce, called *The Enraged Chestnut Women.*

* The author of *Spain Revisited.*

Two rival sellers of chestnuts are discovered roasting their wares at the opposite corner of a street, and deafening all who pass by with their shrill cries of *Calientes y gordas.* They quarrel about a lover, whom they equally claim; are accused by an old fellow who lives near of being common scolds; the alguazils are introduced to keep the peace; and after various adventures, in which watermen, porters, and other characters such as are daily seen in the streets of Madrid are brought forward, the play, which does not last more than an hour, finishes with a ball in the house of the widowed wife of a carpenter, who is recently dead, leaving his relict wherewithal to amuse herself. Here the parties dance boleros to music furnished by two or three guitar-players, who sing seguidillas, and are the same people who are employed in the real frolics of the *manolas.* The whole scene was just such, indeed, as one might see any day among the lower classes of Madrid, and was not so much a copy of manners as the very reality."

We were not, however, so fortunate on the night of our last visit to the Madrid theatre, for we saw nothing half so entertaining. Unfortunately for us, a taste had just began to revive for the heroic comedy; all the heroism employed against the Moors, and in the civil wars for the succession, being put into requisition once more, as a grand example for the present day. Indeed it displayed modern Spanish chivalry to the life; and we could not help laughing heartily at seeing how admirably the whole action of the piece applied,—though in a manner not intended; while both Moors

and Spaniards were far more intent on belabouring one another with scurrilous epithets, rich in eloquent abuse, than with blows. The open extravagance and the covert satire could not well be carried farther; and when one of the Moorish generals, not being able to get in on any side towards the enemy, to whom he had a most menacing challenge to deliver, took the pit in the rear, and there making his appearance on horseback proceeded to harangue the Spaniards, the resemblance of his language to that of the modern bulletins was as striking as it sounded heroic and exciting.

In the mechanical department of the theatre, changes for the better have taken place. The scenery at least is better understood, the costume is more generally studied, and we no longer see, as the French wit observed, upon the stage, "Orosman in a morning gown, and Zaira in a *pel du l'air*." There are some peculiarities, however, not so easily to be rooted out, although open to ridicule; the actors still like to direct their eyes to the boxes, to smile and even nod at the persons they know; and when at the close of an harangue they receive the plaudits of the audience, they will stop and survey the applauders, not much unlike those noble animals in the amphitheatre, and evince their gratitude by ducking their heads. We observed still less signs of improvement in the *saynetes*, or *intermes*, pieces of one act, as simple in their plot as the old comedies are intricate and perplexed, and for the same reason too monotonous. Here the prevailing humours and topics of the day, with all the petty interests, the intrigues and quarrels, are so closely

imitated, that you imagine they must be the identical characters themselves before your eye, just as if the fruit-women or the porters had stepped from the street upon the stage. It is the remark of a clever traveller that they are too like; and it is certainly possible that simple nature may be embellished without ceasing to be true,—and in here lies the real merit of imitation. The same observations have been made on the productions of the greatest masters of the Spanish school of painting. When we look at the shepherds, the young peasants of Velasquez, or even of Murillo, they appear to higher painting what the homely *saynetes* are to the dramatic art,—very characteristic, and almost as disagreeable. To make the illusion perhaps more real, the actors would not unfrequently leave the stage altogether, and go and seat themselves in one of the boxes, from whence they commence an active dialogue and repartees with the other characters.

With regard to their music, modern innovation has made less inroads upon its national genius and character, than on most other possessions of the Spaniards. Unlike their more lively neighbours, they consider the French as too languid and unvaried, and preferred patronising the Italian—even the Italian operas, at Madrid as well as at Cadiz and Barcelona, which last city alone, by virtue of a special permission, continued to preserve its Italian operas and ballets. For their best airs, however peculiar to the country, they are indebted to their generous conquerors who, instead of rooting every thing up, were content to graft the best part of their own sciences and institutions upon such as

they found in existence. They established schools to teach it scientifically, wrote upon the elements, the higher grades and varieties of the art, with the best means of advancing it. That of Cordova produced pupils who became the delight of Spain, no less than of Asia and Europe. Several excellent treatises on the subject from the pen of Abi Zelti, who flourished in the fourteenth century, became the study of the learned and connoisseurs of the art; while Alfarabi cleared the more thorny way to its intricacies and beauties by his *Elements of Music*, in which the principles of the union of voices and instruments, and different kinds of musical composition, with the addition of Arabic notes and drawings of more than thirty kinds of instruments, are fully treated. This work, and another by Alhassani, containing a large collection of tunes, the lives of fourteen celebrated musicians, and of four eminent female singers, favourites of the khaliphs, are still preserved in the Escurial. The Spaniards, having the same taste, were induced to imitate their masters, and a choir of music was established at Salamanca, which still subsists. It was followed by the establishment of two other schools, at the college of San Leandro in Murcia, and in the King's College at Madrid, for the purpose of forming pupils for the royal chapel.

In the fifteenth century appeared the musician Ramus, an Andalusian. He became the professor of music at Salamanca, was invited by Pope Nicholas V. to fill that at Bologna, where he published a treatise on music, which was twice printed in 1484. Calderon of Madrid, Angela Siga, a lady of Toledo, wrote upon

the same subject; and Salinas, though blind from the age of ten, distinguished himself greatly in the art; while more recently the Spanish poet Yriarte has written a poem on the subject. We often heard Moorish airs, some of them exceedingly soft and tender, sung by one or more voices, and accompanied by the lute. They were the same that are to be found in Ali Ben Alhassani's collection; and from Alfarabi's work it appears that they were acquainted with the fourth, fifth, and eighth concord, though ignorant of the third. It is remarked, also, that there is no vestige of semitones to be found in them. Like that of the Moors, from which it chiefly sprung, the national music of the Spaniards is for the most part confined to detached airs, such as seguidillas, tiranas, and tornadillas, which may be sung by one or more voices, and accompanied by the guitar. They bear some resemblance in the tunes to the French vaudevilles; all of them, we thought, more or less lively, but with too little variety in their modulations; and while at times they were grave and pathetic, they had an air of too great monotony. It is a sort of music also adapted to the stage for the afterpieces; but the more modern has been from time to time *Italianized*, in so far as to be hardly recognised for that of either people.

With some modifications, Spain has also adopted the musical instruments of other nations, besides retaining many peculiar to the older times. The guitar and the far-famed castanets, are now in every body's hands; for they are by no means adapted to give grace and

spirit only to the dances of the Spaniards. Madrid is of course supplied with all of the choicest kind, some of them peculiar to the provinces. The bagpipe of Galicia has a dull and heavy sound, something even more comfortless than the sharp lugubrious wail of the Scotch highlander's. In Catalonia I have heard almost the same; but there the sort of cut-throat melancholy sounds it breathes were deadened by a large flageolet and a small drum. The Biscayan shepherd, like most mountaineers, uses a short flute, which has four holes, three above and one below; and he also plays a small drum, sometimes holding the flute with his left hand and beating the drum with his right. The sounds are sharp and rapid. Valencia delights in the *dulzayna*, a kind of flute with a mouth-piece, which gives out sharp and dissonant tones, which you might also mistake for long, shrill, and piercing groans. It has a true title to the first syllable of its name, and the emphasis should certainly be laid on that, notwithstanding the inhabitants doat upon this crying evil; for such it really seems to any one first condemned to hear it, though it is probable the Valencians may fancy it for the very quality which distracts the ears of foreigners, and even of some Spaniards. They perhaps fancy that they hear the lamentations of a conquered enemy in those horrible guttural squeaks, and moans, and rattles, which convince them they have nothing more to fear, for that he must surely be giving up the ghost. Castile boasts two instruments peculiar to itself, which are the *zambomba* and the *pandero;* the first of which is merely an earthen pot, the large

opening covered by a tightly strained parchment, in the centre of which is fixed a stick which reaches to the bottom, and rises five or six inches above the parchment. The fingers are moistened, and rubbed sharply up and down the stick, producing a harsh, obscure, and monotonous sound. To this they sing, running about the streets at night, and, especially the common people, are very active on the return of any festival from All Saints to Christmas; for during the rest of the year it never annoys you. It has been heard in some country places, I am told, in Holland, more particularly so about the neighbourhood of Rotterdam. But it is there used only on one day in the year, and is known by the name of the Rummelspot. There is reason to believe that it was imported into the country by the Castilians, during the period of its occupation by the Spanish kings. The pandero, which we also heard, is an oblong frame of wood, over which two parchments are stretched, one on each side; it is often adorned with ribands and bells, and the parchment is played upon by the fingers, much like the tambour de Basque. Its tones are more sonorous than those of the zambomba, but are still low and insipid. Most frequently it is introduced in the singing which accompanies the dancing of the seguidillas, and many other national figures.

At no distant period, when the love of processions, and of those sacred *autos* in which monarchs sometimes figured, reigned in all its glory, the more serious national music was held in high estimation, and at solemn festivities, and the celebration of high mass, and the *Te Deums* of victory,—as now in most

Catholic chapels,—it assumed a loftier character, impressing the audience with feelings of mingled awe and delight. Unfortunately the rage for splendid exhibitions in the case of the *autos sacramentos* ran to such an extreme, that Charles III. was induced to forbid their continuance, much to the dissatisfaction of the people and of a large portion of the clergy. The magnificent processions of angels, saints, and all the virtues, are no longer to be seen, except occasionally on the stage, and in the singular compositions of that capricious genius, Calderon, who shed over them all the fascinations of his exuberant imagination. In the present state of society at Madrid, it would hardly be credited that such pieces as the *Zelos de San Josef*, and *El Diablo Predicador*, were the favourite sacred exhibitions of their day, in which ingenious writers threw away their wit and fancy in adorning subjects with what their successors consider puerile conceits, and a sort of burlesque not altogether free from profanity; but which, by the public of that period, were looked upon with a degree of seriousness and respect amounting to veneration. It is not for me to presume to decide between them.

But enough of plays and processions, music and dancing, as they were and are; for it is time to return to the living drama, moving with the resistless impulse of no feigned passions, as the thousand motives which impel men on their various career amidst the anxieties and tumults inherent in the pursuits of almost all capital cities, presented its actors to the eye. And my German companion was no less eager to quit the

crowded theatre, the ball-room, and the still closer labours of the easel, to enjoy the fresh air once more, and take another pilgrimage to enrich his collection of sketches. The day on which we sallied forth was fine, and it was a saint's-day, the patron saint of the whole city; and we might witness a procession well worth seeing, and the celebration perhaps of high mass in the church dedicated to his name, — the noble edifice of San Isidro. It need not be said that a saint's is always an idle day at Madrid, and that it has invokers of all classes sincere enough in doing honour to it in that behoof. So, as idle as other idlers, we first proceeded to the garden of the Retiro, determined to take our station and behold whatever sights were to be seen from the summit of the Observatory, which my friend was anxious to sketch,—with a view, I had little doubt, of delighting the world, in due course of time, with a finished specimen of his interesting labours.

While the artist was making his sketch, I took the opportunity of making a *reconnoissance*, and setting down a few notes for brief description. It stands near the gate of Atocha, and presents a specimen of the modern, if not improved taste, as regards the architecture of the capital. A handsome circular dome supported by light columns, with an airy graceful appearance and over-topping all neighbouring objects, surrounded by trees, gardens, and the clear light atmosphere,—never purer in fine weather than round this eminence or the high Castilian plain,—affords you a delightful look-out, and so perfectly transparent in the bright noon-light, as very greatly to diminish the

apparent distance of every thing you see, as compared with the same distance and objects viewed through a different medium. You looked upon the city, spread like a giant with all its strength, and dignity, and beauty, lowly at your feet; beyond and on every side you discerned the fine bronzed portals, the openings into the elegantly-disposed streets and squares,—yet withal so little apart and broken into distant sections, that you not only take in the whole picture with your eye, but may as pleasantly take the entire route, or even circuit of all with your feet, without half the labour it must take you to go a tithe of the ground occupied by the British or Parisian metropolis. It is this, enriched with the clear air, and brilliancy of the reflected sky and sunny atmosphere, which enables you to distinguish both animate and inanimate objects, and to watch the whole stir and busy moil of civic life, the variegated costume, the different motion, and action, and progress of all, even more distinctly than you could watch a nest of ants close under your eye; and it almost puzzles one, till we calculate the latitude and the height of the table-land above the sea, to think why we never looked upon things in so clear a point of view before. The fine chain of hills seems scarcely to form a back-ground to the grand architectural picture,—the bold natural blending of spires, domes, golden pinnacles, and towers,—the noble perspectives its long wide streets and piazzas thus seen presents to the eye; while the prospect of the unbroken fields, of one unvarying colour since the harvest-tide, with as few trees or hedges as there were seen houses and

villas,—stretching in one uniform monotony,—a lifeless solitude beyond that gaudy dress and busy stir of life close around you, offered a contrast as marked as it was new and surprising. Here and there, from some distant hollow, peered the dim tower of a village-church,—the dark tracings of the paths across the plain; and when we next turned our eyes upon the gayer spectacles within our reach, the sense of loneliness and melancholy inspired by the country round was as suddenly changed by seeing the glittering arms, sparkling from rank and file of the regiments of national guards passing in review,—an honour, we presumed, due to San Isidro and all saints, militant or otherwise; to commemorate whose merits, throngs were now gathering from the different gates and quarters of the city, bending their steps towards the street of Toledo as to a common centre. The sight was picturesque and characteristic in the highest degree. Though no longer so splendid as in some of the chief towns of the provinces, the processions of the capital, shorn as they are of their antique glory and magnificence not less than of their awe-inspiring influence over the popular mind, have yet, in time of carnival, votaries of all ranks and ages, eager to share in the imposing exhibition of a triumphal procession (for such it is) from motives of custom and fashion, if not the old zeal and terror of the papal supremacy and high inquisitorial sway.

To disregard the service of the patron saint at the opening of the exhilarating season of a carnival at Madrid, and to permit the hour of celebration, still

sounded with as scrupulous exactness as in the days of the Moors, to fall unheeded on the heretical ear, would be deemed, in a native, something far worse than profane swearing; and in the stranger who doffed not his hat, or bent his knee before the raising of the Host, as a national slight,—not to say a more serious offence. It is for this reason foreigners of all grades, especially the embassies and their suite, almost vie with the court itself in exhibiting testimonials of respect, and assist in throwing the charm of fashionable illusion over an ancient Christian custom, which has lost much of its sacred authority and discipline. Besides ushering in the carnival with the imposing duties of religion, of which it forms a part, it was the celebration of one of Rodil's victories,—such as it was,—when *Te Deums* were to be sung after the performance of high mass in presence of the queen and court. The houses of the ambassadors, of the ministers and public offices, were decorated for the occasion; even the hotels and private mansions were not remiss in showing that something above common was expected from every body and nobody, on the serving up the opening course of festivals, as a first dish, with the great feast of San Isidro.

Soon after midnight, indeed, the voice of the old watch was heard, evidently pitched in a higher key, and he rejoined with peculiar emphasis, after telling you how time went, his *Viva la Reina Isabella!* which he had just taken up instead of his old cry, *Viva el Rey Absoluto!* or which we may best render by "Long live King Absolute!" who has assuredly

had a pretty long life of it in Spain. Near rivals of the watch and city officers were "mine hosts" of the different inns and hotels, especially those over whose portals hung the royal chains, now freshly decorated, as a token that regal heads had rested within their walls; and they were ready, as the symbol of their willing service gave forth, to become again their loyal hosts, and receive, as soon as possible, the ample recompense.

In its progress through the street of San Bernardo, the sacred procession passed the house of Mr. Villiers, a handsome building on the right, and some *vivas* were heard from the mass of people who closed the rear, and stopped to give ebullition to the prevailing spirit of the day, or, it may be said more justly, of the hour,—such was the capricious temper of the popular mind. This appeared by the groans and execrations that burst forth on reaching the mansion once belonging to the favourite Godoy, who in the insurrection at Madrid so narrowly escaped with his life, while all the elegancies and luxuries he had enjoyed became a prey to the indignant passions of the people. No longer the abode of the Prince of Peace, it was now more appropriately devoted to a school, or rather a museum for engineers, where there is a good collection of the means offensive and defensive, scientific models and specimens of the art,—altogether presenting a very different sort of establishment to that which had obtained under its former master.

To those who have witnessed the impressive manner in which the rites of Catholic worship are performed, and the strange influence exercised over the

mind by the combined power of religious sanctity, the pealing anthems, the gorgeous beauty of the scene, and the almost divine melancholy inspired by the dim and shadowy light, the spreading aisles, the richly painted walls and ceilings, the effect of the retreating columns, the whole exterior vastness and nobleness of aspect,—as if striving to do most honour to the infinite and incomprehensible glory and greatness unseen,—not any apology will be thought requisite for joining a procession of our fellow-beings, in whatever Christian land one may be, bearing in solemn guise the incense of their worship to the throne of grace. And who but One shall judge the heart of a mighty throng, such as now filled the streets and avenues from the remotest gate to the farthest point of the street of Toledo, and the noble temple it contains! The appearance of such a host, preceded by the sacred banners, with all those beautiful and majestic symbols of a religion for which millions of their ancestors have bled, has in it something startling and almost overwhelming to the eye and the mind, as you behold, in long succession, the dark-clad figures of different ranks, ages, and sex, moved by one simultaneous impulse, entering the precincts, passing the solemn porches, and winding along the far-spreading aisles of the temple of the living God.

The coup-d'œil on entering the majestic edifice was one of the most extraordinary and impressive that could well be imagined, infinitely surpassing what I had been led to anticipate, both in point of external grandeur, imposing display, and richness of decora-

tions, and the really soul-exciting ceremonials which they are intended to illustrate and to honour. The picturesque character of the scene, the elegant and varied costume, the blending and harmony of the countless throng filling the spacious body and sides of the most splendid of the churches of Madrid, the innumerable chapels, all profusely decorated and sparkling with gold and precious gems, paintings, statuary urns and monuments, dazzled the eye, till it at last rested, bewildered and lost, in the deep concentration of illuminated beauty and majesty of the edifice round the high altar.

The metropolitan church of San Isidro is favourably distinguished from all other edifices of the same kind in Madrid by its superior architecture. Its noble-looking portico,—once the boast of the Jesuits to whom the church belonged,—though not free from defects, has much to recommend it. Besides its proud display of treasures and lavish luxuriance of ornaments, fretwork, carving, and elaborate workmanship to the most curious and minute degree, the interior possesses other wealth more valuable in the eye of taste in the works of Mengs and Titian, which truly adorn the walls. When once within them, you may be almost said to have visited all the churches in the capital, so great is the general resemblance however superior some may be to others, if ornate architecture, gilding and carving round every recess, niche, or corner as richly embellished with saints and fathers of the church, can be entitled to the distinction of superiority. Chaste grandeur and simplicity appear

to have been long unknown in the church architecture of Spain.

From the deep universal silence which now prevailed, the almost total exclusion of day-light,—yet sufficient to cast a lurid glare round the numerous lamps burning over the different shrines before which were prostrated fair and penitent devotees, preparing themselves to pour their confessions into the bosom of their father confessors, while a sigh was at times heard, or the deeper groan, not to be repressed, burst from the breast of some wretched being, as he bent lowly before the image of his favourite saint,—you might imagine yourself in presence of one of the old religious tribunals of past times. You saw the richly decorated chapels, open on either side, as you drew near the high altar, with the costly shrines which each and every one contains; one sentiment of deep devotion seemed to absorb all hearts; the exquisite works of art cast a melancholy beauty round the scene; and as you gazed upon the monuments of ages, accumulated round you by the pious care of hands which had lost their cunning, you could not repress a feeling of awe well calculated to give effect to the approaching solemnities of a religion which retains its hold over the mind by so many appeals superior to the dictates of reason and the freedom of thought. As I contemplated the stately magnificence of its edifices, its enormous revenues, its concentrated power of ages over the national mind, I could no longer wonder at the influence it exercised, through its priests, over a whole people. To exterior decoration and the

splendour of costume was attached the sacred aspect of the various shrines and of their ministers, the effect of which was heightened by impressing into their service the noblest performances of the sister arts, and that irresponsible power, embracing the system of confession, to bind or to loose which holds the conscience in its grasp. It is the potent spell which has hitherto kept, and will continue to keep a nation like Spain, even for centuries perhaps, behind the civilization of the other nations of Europe.

In the high altar of the church of San Isidro we beheld the most perfect specimen of the kind, if we except, perhaps, those of the more ancient cathedrals of Seville and Toledo. During the performance of mass the whole altar appeared in a blaze of light, the wax tapers by which it was illuminated being of prodigious size. The gigantic candelabra which contained them were of solid silver, inlaid with the most exquisite workmanship;* while the flood of light which now illuminated every part of the edifice was the gift of pious individuals, who bequeathed a sum of money to be laid out in the consumption of these enormous wax-lights in perpetuity. Not only the body of the church, the porticoes, and every entrance were thronged to excess, but the street of Toledo itself, and the great

* Some of these, as at Seville, are made from twenty-five to thirty English feet in height, and are almost as large in circumference as an English alderman's corporation. A person is constantly required to trim the wick, and to receive the wax that flows over in a large silver ladle. This is done by means of a moveable scaffold on which the priest stood, and which is raised or lowered as the occasion requires.

square leading into the Calle Mayor, lined with companies of the royal guard, overflowed with country people eager to catch a glimpse of the grand solemnities, to hear the roll of the full-choired anthems and pealing organs burst forth on the elevation of the Host, before which the whole court, the ancient grandees, and the assembled masses prepared to prostrate themselves beneath the symbolic majesty of Deity, veiling their faces as they worship at the foot of his awful shrines. And now, in the impressive pause which ushered in the moment, and seemed to thrill through the imagination of the coldest devotee, the high priest of God, followed by the officiating clergy magnificently robed, proceeded from the sacristy, heralded by the choristers, and boys bearing torches, banners emblazoned with the gorgeous symbols of their holy office, and before all the plain, unadorned, tremendous cross. There was something unearthly in the sudden universal chaunt which rung through the air as they swept along the receding aisles and entered the choir; while the chosen minister of the Most High appeared in the centre of the grand altar, surrounded by the full effulgence of light which rested on his head like a glory as he stood with outstretched arms in the act of blessing the assembled multitudes, seen every where prostrate and bending towards the external balustrades of the great altar, as if the dews of Heaven's grace must there fall more abundant upon their heads. But it was at the instant of the appearance of that awe-inspiring sign that mortal beings bow in adoration to the dust before the actual presence of that infinite Majesty and

Power which created them, which gives to the last grand rite of Catholic worship all its resistless and plenary power, when the spirit, no longer doubting, breathing another atmosphere, trembling yet supported in its terrors, feels the conviction that every spiritual pore is open to the searching eye in the actual presence of its Creator.

It is then, after a solemn pause, when the awful impression still haunts the imagination and dwells on the heart, that the power of music exercises its supreme sway over the feelings,—pathetic, soothing, and benign, striking successively all the chords of our human passions, till the soul, in calm and heavenly frame from the discharge of its loftiest and holiest duties, partakes of a peace softer than infant slumbers, and which passeth the understanding. Such was the imposing exhibition of the Catholic service in the church of San Isidro, and such the result of the doctrine on which its worship is founded, as explained to us by an aged monk of St. Francis, whom we fell in with as we retired from the celebration of a religion which, he assured us, must be seen and felt to produce the lasting impression which it ought. Undoubtedly it thus takes a powerful hold of the imagination; and I will candidly confess, as did my German friend, though a Lutheran, that if I did not wish to become a Catholic, I should not willingly enter into argument with one of that faith, like the aged deeply-read monk of St. Francis, or go frequently to hear him in the church of San Isidro after high mass.

The singular contrasts to the above picture in the daily mode of life, in the character of the amusements, and in the manners of Madrid society, which so easily adapted themselves to all changes and varieties of temperature in the carnival thermometer during that life-stirring season, offered inexhaustible materials for good humour, wit, and untiring *bon hommie*, no less than philosophical observation, to my excellent German guide,—for he was at once "my guide, philosopher, and friend," in the strictest sense of the word. Without him I had been a comparative cipher, a drop in the ocean of gaiety and splendour that surrounded us, unable to make my way in one half at least of the best society of the capital, like a one-sided argument, as he observed, that only takes in the least half of a question. He it was who opened the way for me,—nay, who strewed it with roses, to the various public exhibitions, to private parties and to balls; who seemed to have at once a key and a safe-conduct that brought us into correspondence with, and into the presence of political men, and social men too, of all grades and parties. There were few private dances, masquerades, and more interesting supper-parties, of which he did not command the entrée, affording us ample opportunities of studying characters, and comparing our ideas of men and measures with those which we had previously been taught by public report to indulge.

The entertainments given by the different ambassadors were conducted in the superior style which characterises the wealth and the good taste both of France

and England, and we were more than once heartily amused to observe the amazing efforts of a few of the patriotic marquisas and condes of the court,—bent on surpassing every thing which had been before seen,—attended often with ludicrous failures and disappointments perfectly horrifying to their sense of etiquette; and on some occasions with less pleasing results, when beauty and gallantry in richest costume, and even the supper-tables and chandeliers themselves left the duties assigned them, and with mechanical vulgarity, obedient only to its own laws, reproached the grand host's want of care or skill by tumbling before his face, to the infinite dismay of the beholders, and the damage of all surrounding things. But peace and happier arrangements be to the marquis, and to *all* private as well as public parties at Madrid!

Nor were the revels, religious or gay, confined solely to the streets and squares of Madrid; the neighbouring scenery came in for a share, emulating the lords of misrule in the interior,—*non passibus æquis* indeed,—but with no lack of enthusiasm and zeal. From the gate of Toledo to the great street of Alcalà, and along the Prado to the banks of the Manzanares, the whole surface was covered with as wild and gay a population,—as busied in all manner of national sports and pastimes, and bandying words, witticisms, and more substantial ware with one another, and even with their betters, who at times leave the madder orgies of the city to look peacefully on, as though they were not the most cold-visaged, grave, and automaton-like mortals in the least, whom you

had seen half asleep and idling in every corner but yesterday.

With a feast, and a new comic spectacle just got up in double-quick time upon the river; the fair thronged; the fandango and the guitar briskly at work, and all other means of killing time being put in requisition; modern sleight of hand instead of miracles* daily performed;—thus religiously employed we left both town and country. Yet with all their love of pastime and their faults, the Spaniards are not an avaricious or ungenerous people when treated fairly; for at the close of their fêtes champêtres, their fortune-telling and revelling of all kinds, they made a collection for the poor prisoners in the common gaol, which put my German companion quite in good humour with them, —and speaking ill of nobody, we returned to prepare for our little excursion.

* The last of its kind is said to have been a voice heard from the vaults below the Pantheon where Ferdinand was interred, calling out lustily, from the lungs of a jolly friar instead of a ghost, "Carlos, Carlos, hasten to the succour of my people!" But instead of the people going to listen to the voice of their beloved Ferdinand, a couple of alguazils made search and brought forth from the royal cemetery a monk of the order of St. Jerome.

Drawn by David Roberts

Engrd. by [illegible]

CHAPTER X.

TOLEDO.

Happy Release—Unhappy Anticipations—German Disquisitions on Art — Bleak Prospect — Adjournment to the Posada—Conventual Memorials—Picture of Toledo—Hudibras—Enchanted Castle—Spanish Traits—Vicissitudes—History—Archbishop—Gil Blas—Antiquities—the Castle—Orders of Architecture—Hospital of St. John—Archiepiscopal Palace—Ancient Cathedral—Chapel of Muzaraba—Rivers—Palmyra—Inns—an Asturian and his Daughter.

Our curiosity having been indulged almost to satiety in the capital, we were not altogether sorry to escape from its bustle and noise, to enjoy again the more healthful and scarcely less exciting pleasures of the road. Nothing, indeed, sooner tires than spectacles, theatres, concerts, palaces, &c. when visited in rapid succession almost as a matter of business, accompanied by a set of gossiping half-witted guides, who have long ceased to be haunted by a solitary sensation of genuine delight in the midst of the finest objects. Besides, to confess the truth, though fond of art, I am still fonder of nature; and, in moving southward, I expected to find, what after all is extremely rare,—lovely landscapes overcanopied by warm skies, where it would not be necessary to study the picturesque wrapped in cloaks and furs.

The journey to Toledo, though somewhat short of forty miles, had been rendered formidable to our imaginations by the many inauspicious stories related to us by our friends at Madrid. Every inn, whether one should sleep there or not, would, we were kindly assured, be found, in the literal meaning of the term, a *coupe-gorge;* and there was not a bush on the road which did not conceal a formidable gang of banditti. One might, at first thought, imagine that relations of this kind are unpleasant preludes to a journey. But experience teaches us a totally different lesson. They are, in every way, exceedingly beneficial. If in reality there be robbers, the traveller is put on his guard, expects the rencontre, and is in some degree prepared for it: if there be not, an air of adventure and romance is cast over his movements, and he enjoys much of the excitement without the danger of falling among thieves.

Be this as it may, it was with fancies strongly possessed by robbers that we quitted Madrid through the gate of Toledo. At the same time, we had most inconsistently deferred our departure to a rather late hour in the day, an arrangement which would involve us in the necessity of passing one night at least in one of the coupe-gorges before commemorated,—perhaps two, as there were many things on the way that must be visited by every traveller with the least pretensions to taste, which unfortunately was our case, more particularly since the accession of my German friend to our party.

This excellent man, who appeared to be a near

relation of Semler, stopped us on the bridge of Philip the Third over the Manzanares, and entered into a most learned dissertation, founded on Sulzer's theory of the fine arts, the object of which was to show that the architect had aimed more at utility than elegance; that the structure, though well calculated to resist the attacks of time or sudden floods, had neither airiness nor grace; and that the ornaments which crowded the parapets would have been infinitely more tasteful, had they been in any way suited to the place. To my unlearned apprehension all this appeared self-evident at first sight; but it was some satisfaction to know how much could be advanced to prove that one ought not to be pleased with that which does not interest one!

If there was little to be said for the bridge, the country was undoubtedly a still more unpromising theme. It was bare, bleak, and hungry. Not a tree could any where be seen; nor was there any thing else to make amends for their absence till we arrived at Getane, formerly a place of some consequence inhabited by twelve thousand Castilians, but now dwindled to a small town with fewer than half that number within its walls. But the church, which has not diminished along with the population, is a fine gothic edifice, with three spacious aisles separated by large majestic columns, of which the central ones appear isolated. The high altar excited our admiration, notwithstanding that we had of late been accustomed to so much greater magnificence in objects of this kind. But here was extraordinary simplicity, both in the architecture and embellishments; and in this consisted

its charm and its recommendation. The pictures with which it was adorned,—the work of Alphonso Carno, —represent the several eras of the life of Mary Magdalen. From the treatment of these pieces we conjecture that the artist had not adopted, perhaps had never heard of, the theory of Dr. Lardner, which supposes that Mary Magdalen had not at all been a remarkable sinner, but a person of exemplary life, whom habitual religious feelings led to be one of the earliest proselytes to Christianity. On the side altars are two pieces by the same painter: the one an Infant Christ, the other the Virgin of Peace.

After discussing, with much learning and animation, the merits of these various productions, we adjourned to the posada, where we found a good stew, with the requisite proportion of saffron, and some very delicious Val de Peñas to terminate the repast. Having thus refreshed our exhausted energies, we continued our route and in about four hours arrived at Illescas, a small town with a retrograding population, lying nearly half way between Madrid and Toledo. Of the country traversed in reaching this place, it would be impossible to relate any thing of a flattering nature. In fact, we here sighed in good earnest for the flat between Olmedo and Segovia, where there was fertility, if nothing else, to refresh the eye. But had the country been picturesque, we should have been totally deprived of the satisfaction to be derived from having something to grumble at, which, occasionally perhaps, is as good as any other pleasure.

It was somewhat late in the afternoon when we reached Illescas; but, as some portion of the day still

remained, we made diligent inquiry concerning the *respectabiles*, and learned, to our infinite contentment, that the place still boasts of five churches, two convents, a hospital, and a promenade, which, for a town of two thousand souls, may be regarded as considerable. In fact, a man of moderate appetite in *vertu* might find sufficient employment for a week in five churches, to say nothing of the convents and the hospital, which may, perhaps, derive its curative powers rather from an image of the blessed Virgin, supposed to have been brought thither from the oratory of Saint Ildefonso, than from any drugs or medical skill to be found in it.

This palladium of Illescas we did not, however, see, not having at the time a touch of the gout, or any other patrician disease, for the removal of which we might have invoked its aid. Our first visit was to the church of the Franciscans, celebrated for a fine picture of the Virgin, and two monuments erected in honour of Gedeon Kinojosa, and his wife Catherine Velasco, founders of the convent. Memorials of this kind have always a peculiar interest for me. I love to approach any spot hallowed by the ashes of piety, valour, or munificence; and the impression assuredly is not diminished when, as in the present case, it happens that the affections have united with devotion in perpetuating the memory of an act of piety. The tombs of this religious pair occupy a prominent position in the church which owes its erection to them. Besides the usual appendages of frontispiece and pilasters, we discover the statues of the founders as large as life, in a kneeling posture, beautifully executed in marble. They

are the works of a man of genius, whose fame has been most incommensurate with his merits,—I mean Dominico Theocopoli, popularly known in Spain by the appellation of the Greek, and there equally admired as a painter, a sculptor, and an architect. Another monument of the genius of this distinguished foreigner are the six altars in the church of the Hospital of Charity, remarkable for the simple classic elegance of the architecture. The high altar has, however, the defect of uniting the Doric and the Corinthian orders of columns, but so admirably arranged, so harmoniously blended together, that the eye scarcely detects the discrepancy. This church contains other monuments also of Theocopoli's genius,—several beautiful statues of prophets, executed with a delicacy borrowed from Myron or Lysippus, and a portrait of St. Ildefonso, with a suite of allegorical paintings of the Virgin, all breathing of that high feeling for the beautiful which was of old the inheritance of his illustrious countrymen.

On returning to our posada, possessed by ideas of dirt and discomfort, we were agreeably disappointed at finding a substantial and agreeable supper laid out for us in the kitchen, with three or four pretty waitresses, the daughters of mine host, whose family was a prodigy of beauty for this part of Spain. He himself was a jolly old Castilian, with ruddy cheeks and laughing eyes, which, as he recommended his stews or his wine, glittered through the clouds of his cigar like the moon through the last remains of a fog. He had lost his wife, which he evidently considered a real misfortune; for more than once during the evening he complained of

feeling like a man who has had his right hand cut off by the Barbary corsairs. "But what is to be done?" said he. "I am creeping after her, with my cigar in my hand; and when these *young ladies*,"—such were his very words,—"when these young ladies are provided for,—why, to confess the truth, I care not how soon, by the blessing of the Virgin, I overtake her."

The reader who feels desirous of supping at the table of this sentimental innkeeper, need only inquire for Don Jose Gañeda—every man in Illescas knows him—and he will be well served and civilly; and the pretty Hebès, if he be at all musical, will chaunt him some of the sweetest airs to be heard in Spain.

Next morning, after breakfasting on the best fare Don Jose could furnish, we resumed our journey, and passing through two or three villages whose names are not worth remembering, made a brief halt at the town of Olias, which, though not remarkable for its dimensions, is prettily situated in the midst of groves of fruit trees. The country, as we approach Toledo,—from which Olias is not more than six or seven miles distant,—begins visibly to improve. In fact, much of the district called Sagra, extending from this little town to the walls of Toledo, is fertile, and not altogether unpicturesque; which is strongly opposed to the conceit of those etymologists who would trace to an Arabic root the name of the Toledan gate of *Visagra*, by which the city is entered from Madrid. It may, they imagine, have been called *Bab-Sahra*, which they translate "the Gate to the Fields," but which should be rendered, "the Gate to the Desert;" and the *Sagra*,

as we have above remarked, is by no means a desert, but the reverse. They who derive *Visagra* from *Via Sacra*, have much greater probability on their side; though why this should be termed the "Sacred Way," as if it led to some second Eleusis, is more than I can pretend to explain.

Having thus disposed of the etymology of the name of the gate, let us proceed to enter it. We obtain the first view of Toledo from the summit of an eminence overlooking the rugged valley in which it is situated; and, certainly, it is not one of those objects whose appearance immediately captivates. If we ever get fond of the place, it must be from habit and long acquaintance. Its exterior is particularly rude and uninviting. From the height above mentioned, the eye rests on a collection of unshapen buildings, seemingly piled up and accumulated one upon another; nor, as you advance, does its aspect improve, the place having grown up to its present extent gradually, without plan, or any reference whatever to the picturesque.

As, however, we descend the valley, which though of great length is exceedingly narrow, the imagination becomes interested in the features of the landscape. The weather was gloomy; heavy clouds, filled with rain and ready to burst, hung over the mountains; yet beneath this dark canopy the sight extended far along the vega, discovering or shaping to itself features of considerable grandeur. We soon ceased to regard the city, and before we reached it had become so deeply interested in the surrounding scene, that we felt no desire to reach the termination of our day's journey.

Every person who has travelled must be aware, that the finest landscapes are not always those which most powerfully strike the fancy. It is often difficult, indeed, to penetrate to the root of your emotions, and say why certain peculiar combinations of objects are preferred to others, more admirable, perhaps, and calculated to form a superior picture. Yet so it is, and I was never more impressed by the inexplicable sources of interest in scenery than on the day of our approach to Toledo.

On both sides of us the mountains, invested with that singular character always assumed by vast masses of granite, shot up to a height which, from the extreme narrowness of the valley, appeared prodigious. Here and there likewise, their peaks, piercing the superincumbent stratum of clouds that prevented our conjecturing to what elevation they soared, recalled to mind the alpine ridges which hem in the gorge of Lauterbrunn; though on the morrow, when the atmosphere was unclouded, I missed half the majesty of the view. The very absence of trees upon the cliffs, their stern barrenness, their steep, rough, overjutting faces, heightened the effect of the whole; and, undoubtedly, during my whole travels through Spain, there is no one day to which my fancy more frequently recurs, or with more delight, than to that in which I rode silently and thoughtfully down the Vega of Toledo.

Before reaching the gates, we entered on a splendid promenade leading from the gate of Visagra to the manufactory of cutlery, near the banks of the Tagus.

Here, I presume were produced in former times those

"Tranchant blades, Toledos trusty,"

armed with one of which Sir Hudibras sallied forth against the spoilers of his native land. The sword-blades manufactured at this city were little less celebrated in the West than those of Damascus throughout Asia, and are supposed partly to owe their peculiar temper to the waters of the Tagus in which they were cooled.

The promenade extends nearly a mile from the city gate, and consists of three straight alleys, intersected at irregular distances by transverse paths, ornamented with stone seats, and planted with noble trees. Here, notwithstanding the coolness of the evening, all the rank and fashion of Toledo appeared to be assembled; and, scattered in small knots among the trees, or driving in their old-fashioned carriages up the broad avenues, imparted an animation to the scene in striking contrast with the savage mountains encircling the valley.

As Toledo itself stands on a lofty isolated rock in the middle of the hollow, we had no sooner entered the gates than our vehicle had to toil up a very steep and difficult eminence, through a succession of tortuous, narrow, and somewhat dirty streets, where the odours which assaulted the nostrils certainly did not proceed from attou of roses. However, on went the mules, and on went we, till the open door of the welcome *parador* received us. Here the steams of sundry savoury dishes, proceeding from the kitchen and filling the whole court-yard like the effluvia of a pagan sacri-

fice, gave fresh edge to our appetites; and in a few minutes we had forgotten both fatigue and the picturesque amid the good things which crowded the hospitable board of the *Moro*.

Next morning, on issuing from our enchanted castle, we began to study the general aspect of the city, before we should devote our attention to any particular edifice. It will be remembered that its external appearance threw us into no raptures, when we first viewed it from the eminence on the road from Olias. The interior is quite in keeping with the outside. Setting entirely aside all reference to situation, the ground-plot of Toledo reminded me frequently of Lausanne and Genoa, where the same irregularity, roughness, and general squalidness of aspect are observable. Assuredly no architect was consulted in laying the foundations of this city, which, if I could forget the determination very sagely made at Burgos, I would not for a moment suffer, at least in my own estimation, to maintain a rivalry with that capital of Old Castile. From the nature of the ground, the place has assumed the amphitheatrical form; but, instead of taking advantage of this arrangement to create a series of magnificent terraces rising one behind the other, the houses are crowded and thrust one against another, as if for mutual support; and the unpaved streets, reeking with every description of uncleanness, are rough, crooked, and narrow. No where can two carriages pass each other, nor is there in the city a single street of uninterrupted level. It is, in fact, the purgatory of horses, mules, and foot

passengers; in short, of all who cannot doze away life in a carriage. For this reason people of fortune, who have three hundred yards to ride on a visit, perform the journey, a very serious business, with six horses; and if it happens to be night, must be preceded by a troop of link-boys with supplements to the lamps, which, dim and feeble, represent the waning fortunes and genius of Spain.

I have already remarked the propensity of Spaniards to take refuge in the past, when the present wretched condition of their country, and every thing it contains, spontaneously forces itself upon their notice. Their patriotism flows in the same current at Toledo. If you inquire concerning the population of the place, the question is almost construed into an insult. Where is the necessity of demanding what it is *now?* Ask what it was formerly, when two hundred thousand individuals thronged its streets, its marts, its churches, its promenades! You should have seen it then, when the whole space enclosed by the walls erected under the kings of Castile was covered with dwellings, and all those dwellings inhabited. At present it is the mere ghost of its former self; twenty thousand souls, if so many, occupy the place of nearly a quarter of a million, and the dulness and inactivity of death pervade its streets.

Such is the account of the vicissitudes of Toledo which one obtains from a native. But it is difficult to believe that two hundred thousand persons were ever congregated within the walls of this city. In the Tuscan Pisa, where a population of fifteen thou-

sand represents a whole republic, one can credit,—for the dispeopled city remains,—that one hundred and twenty thousand brave and active human beings once existed there. But the ancient population of Toledo has doubtless been exaggerated, though it cannot be denied that vestiges of its departed grandeur and magnificence on all sides meet the eye. Where whole streets once stood, we now find nothing but heaps of earth, bricks, and tiles, proving how far the dwellings once extended. Below, almost at the foot of the mountain, are the walls erected by the kings of Castile, extensive indeed and flanked with small towers, but built in such a manner as to seem intended rather to support the soil, than to contribute to the defence of the city.

The old Moorish town comprehended little more than the highest part of the city. It was encircled by lofty walls, supported by vast buttresses and round towers, with battlements and loop-holes. Fragments of these towers still remain, together with the foundations of the city walls. Though greatly reduced in extent, the inhabited portion of Toledo is still said to contain,—for I certainly did not count them,—seventy-nine churches, thirty-nine or forty convents, fifteen hospitals, with a great number of beautiful edifices of other descriptions.

The history of Toledo is in a great measure the history of its archbishop, who, in the days of Gil Blas, piqued himself upon the elegance of his homilies, and an income amounting to one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds per annum. At present the

revenue, I imagine, is greatly shrunk, and I have never heard any thing remarkable of his homilies, which, though they should rival those of St. Chrysostom, would never, perhaps, be heard of beyond the Pyrenees. He is still, however, considered the richest priest in Christendom, excepting the bishop of Rome; and has under his command a clerical multitude sufficient to subdue all the heretics in Europe, were they half so expert in wielding syllogisms as they are in dealing forth the censures of their church.

As in many pagan cities of antiquity, the grandeur of the temples and other public edifices forms a striking contrast with the general meanness and poverty of the private dwellings; but, though not indisposed to admire, I could discover no structures which, as a very respectable writer conceives, would bear a comparison "with the monuments left us by the Romans;" unless, indeed, he means to exclude from the parallel the greatest and noblest of those memorials. There is, notwithstanding, no necessity to resort to any absurd approximations of this kind to enhance the magnificence of the public fabrics of Toledo, which, though in a barbarous taste, exhibit much originality of design, with splendour and vigour of execution. The ornaments and accompaniments also, which often, in buildings of this description, exceed the structures themselves in curiosity and value, are here numerous and often in good taste.

It would be endless to attempt an enumeration of all that, in this city, deserves notice. There are, as might be supposed, many churches of great merit, of which

I can mention but few; though, perhaps, the ones I pass over possess no less claims to be described than such as I have noted in my journal. These, however, are, the church of the Convent of Grand Carmelites; the church of St. Juan de los Reyos; that of the Capuchin nuns; of Peter the Martyr; the ancient church of the Jesuits; and the church of Silos, belonging to the Bernardine nuns. Of others I shall speak hereafter, in describing buildings of a mixed destination, with which churches were united.

There is at Toledo one structure, which, though it may be regarded as a private house, exhibits more magnificence, even in its decay, than the palaces of many sovereign princes. It reminded me of the Doria palace at Genoa, though far more imposing externally, and erected on a finer site. This is the Casa de los Vargas; in other words, the hotel or palace of Vargas, a superb monument of private taste and grandeur. It was erected, about the end of the sixteenth century, by Diego de Vargas, Secretary of State to Philip the Second; and is situated on the ramparts, near the gate of Cambron, in a very commanding position, from whence you enjoy an extensive view over the Tagus and the whole vega, or diminutive plain, which occupies the level portion of the valley. It at present belongs to the family of Mora, if there be still any of that name; but has long lain neglected, and is falling fast into ruins. The façade is constructed entirely of fine marble, according to the rules of the rich Corinthian order, with an elegant portico supported by two fluted Doric columns, the pedestals of which are

adorned with bassi-relievi, representing military trophies. The ornaments of the frieze consist of morions, taurocephalæ, and medallions. Above, upon the cornice, are two female statues of the size of life, bearing a coat of arms. The structure and arrangement of the spacious court resemble those of an Eastern caravanserai. Two tiers of light and beautiful galleries, one above the other, extend round the whole; and of these the first is supported by columns of the Doric order, the second by Ionic. A staircase of extreme elegance leads to the apartments, where the chief ornament now remaining is a series of deep cornices covered with rich decorations in basso-relievo.

The castle, or palace, still known by the Arabian name of Alcazar, may however be considered the most remarkable building in Toledo. This splendid structure, the founding of which has escaped the researches of the Spanish antiquarians, was rebuilt by Alphonso the Tenth, and repaired by Charles the First; but, about the beginning of the last century, narrowly escaped being reduced to ashes during the wars of the succession, by the barbarism of the Austrian and Portuguese troops, which, upon the conclusion of the treaty, wantonly set fire to the city, and left it enveloped in flames. With the same odious spirit of Vandalism they sought to destroy the beautiful bridge of Alcantara, in Estremadura. In fact, of the Alcazar of Toledo by far the greater part was destroyed or much damaged; the only portions which escaped their fury being the principal walls, the court, the grand staircase, and the chapel which was partly unroofed,

with a few other apartments. The more stately and spacious halls were left in ruins, exposed without roof or floor to the devastations of the elements. Nor was any effort made to restore the Alcazar, whose ruin every revolving year was rendered more and more complete, until Cardinal Lorenzana, with patriotic munificence, devoted a large portion of his princely revenues to its reparation.

The site of the castle is in the most elevated part of the city, where it has been erected in an oblong area, sheltered by a lofty mound, from whence the eye commands a fine view over the city, the valley, and the surrounding mountains. About fifty years ago two statues in terra cotta, of two celebrated Gothic kings of Spain were placed one on either side the gates of the Alcazar; and there they still remain on their freestone pedestals, though the white paint with which they have frequently been garnished has now been suffered to grow very dingy.

Like most other celebrated Spanish structures it presents, in all its parts, a mixture of the magnificent and the grotesque, which, when we are rather in search of impressions than notions, interferes comparatively little with our enjoyment. Contrary to the principle upon which the Escurial is erected, there is a degree of proportion observed between the length and the height of the façade; the whole extent of the front not exceeding one hundred and seventy feet, while the elevation is considerable. There are three rows of eight windows, each of which is surmounted by a gable-shaped attic, adorned at the apex by a head;

and so inventive and fantastic was the imagination of the artist, that, of the whole twenty-four no two heads correspond with each other. At either extremity of the façade a lofty mass of architecture projects in the form of a square pavilion, entirely destitute of embellishment.

The principal gateway forms an arch in the centre of the front, and is adorned with four columns of the Ionic order, raised on pedestals. Above is a cornice, surmounted by the arms of Spain and Austria. Through this lofty gateway we entered into a magnificent vestibule, supported by massive double columns; and were shown the spot where formerly stood two marble statues, now entirely destroyed. We next passed into a capacious square court, surrounded by two richly ornamented galleries, resting upon seventy-four columns of the Composite and Corinthian order. Here, however, with the exception of the great staircase, terminates the whole grandeur of the pile; for the interior by no means answers to the idea formed of it from a view of the external magnificence.

Toledo, every traveller will confess, is a dull place, for even the guides, those never-failing resources elsewhere, are here infested with taciturnity, and drawl out their legends and antiquities as if they believed not the one and despised the others. They remember little but dates; in what year, for example, such or such an archbishop died, or such a king was born, which one might discover without travelling so far as Toledo. With such companions we toiled

through the hospital of Santa Cruza, founded, as they assured us, in 1495, by Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza, archbishop of course. It is said to occupy the site of the palace of the Gothic and Moorish kings, and certainly may be considered its equal in grandeur or utility. Magnificence, however, heals no wounds; and the poor who obtain medical aid in this establishment might, perhaps, prefer enlightened treatment and rapid cures, to gorgeous ornaments which they neither admire nor understand.

The same remark may no doubt be applied to the hospital of St. John the Baptist, which, though uselessly superb, if its distinction be considered, is in itself a structure worthy of more than ordinary admiration. It is indeed a masterpiece in its kind for the regularity of the architecture, the richness and variety of the accessaries, the extreme delicacy observable in their finishing, and the air of dignity that breathes through the whole. It was erected about the middle of the sixteenth century, at the expense of Cardinal Juan Tavera, archbishop of Toledo; and occupies an agreeable site beyond the city opposite the gate of Visagra, where, being surrounded by the country, it enjoys the advantage of a pure salubrious air.

Externally this building was at first totally plain; and the attempts since made to disfigure this simplicity by absurd decorations, only prove how much better it would have been to suffer the original design to remain untouched. All the taste and magnificence of the pile appear, however, the moment you have

passed the vestibule and entered its spacious courts, where very graceful and elegant piazzas, archways, columns, galleries, burst at once upon the eye, harmoniously blended together so as to produce an unmixed and most pleasing effect. At the extremity of the piazza which separates the two courts stands the church, with a Doric façade of white marble, gates flanked by fluted columns, and rich and elegant cornice, above which are seen two statues in military garb, supporting the arm of the founder. The symbolic designs, in allusion to the beheading of John the Baptist, consist chiefly of scimitars and chargers, representing that patera in which the daughter of Herodias brought in the head of the prophet to the royal banquet. Within, our admiration is principally commanded by the dome, of extremely beautiful construction, which springs to an elevation of nearly two hundred feet above the pavement. The high altar, though disfigured by several superfluous and tasteless embellishments, is yet a fine piece of Ionic architecture. It is surmounted by a tabernacle of open-work, of singular lightness and elegance; and in the niches at the side are paintings by artists of distinguished abilities. Directly beneath the centre of the dome is the mausoleum of the founder,—a massive tomb resting on a basement covered with ornaments, and bearing a recumbent figure of the cardinal.

But the chief merit of this hospital consists in the great number of large airy apartments which it contains for the accommodation of the sick, some adapted for warm weather, and others for winter. Those de-

signed for the men are on the ground floor, and consequently less airy and healthy than those above, which are appropriated to the women.

Of the other remarkable edifices of Toledo my account must be very brief; for, to say all that each, if it stood singly, might deserve, would require a volume considerably larger than *The Landscape Annual.* But in architectural details, unvivified by moral pictures, there is little interest; and even if to these we add a history of the founders, the dates of their birth and death, relate who destroyed or repaired their labours, and conclude with an eulogium on their piety or munificence, we only heap lead upon lead. Let us, therefore, pass over with a bare mention the archiepiscopal palace, the town-house, and other objects of a less striking character, and pause a moment at the cathedral, which, though it may bear no comparison for architectural beauty with that of Burgos, excels it far in the reputation of antiquity, which is more valued in Spain.

In fact, if we may credit certain authorities,—which it is very hard to do,—this church was founded in the primitive ages of Christianity. Its consecration, however, goes no farther back than the year 630, at which I somewhat marvel, seeing the figures 63 can be written as easily. The inscription proving this date was dug up in 1581, in digging the foundations of the church of St. John of Penitence; but the reader will perhaps remember the famous inscription of *Siganfu*, also dug up, by which the Jesuits established, I know not how firmly, the early preaching

of the Gospel in China. If the demonstration was designed for the native eruditissimi, they might as well, while they were digging up inscriptions, have discovered one that would have proved it was then preached by the Jesuits; for the era of Ignatius Loyola was little known to the Mandarins.

However this may be, if the Toledans ground upon the grandeur of their cathedral the superiority of their city over Burgos, they can have seen but one of the two buildings. For, though in itself a striking and venerable pile, the church of St. Mary will not bear to be brought by the imagination into juxtaposition with that most chaste and sublime structure—the cathedral of the old Castilian capital, rich and ornate within, towering, airy, graceful, and full of beauty without. Here, on the contrary, every ornament, small or great, breathes of antiquity indeed, but still more of ignorance of the art of building; and the effect of the whole,—clumsy masses, and elaborate, intricate, rude, unmeaning decorations,—is any thing but that of a work of art. Whatever pleasure it affords arises from the *religio loci*, not from any combination or harmony of parts; or, perhaps, from cumbrous and vast proportions, which fling their images, like so many dark clouds, over the traveller's mind.

This judgment is equally true when applied to the works of Berruguete and Philip de Burgoyne, which adorn the choir and the chancel; though, in the midst of confused masses of sculpture and painting, the eye occasionally alights upon a well-conceived and tasteful piece. Two statues in the chancel deserve mention

as historical monuments, honourable to the feelings and character of the Castilians of other days; the one, that of the humble shepherd who was guide to Alphonso the Eighth to the battle of Las Navas de Tolosa; the other, that of the Moor Alfagni, who, overlooking the apparent and temporary interests of his religion, had the nobleness of soul to become the intercessor with Alphonso, in favour of Queen Constance and Archbishop Bernard, at whose instigation the mosque had been converted into a church, contrary to the articles of capitulation, and in violation of the royal word. But if the Moor deserves our admiration for his disinterested generosity, so also do those Toledans who could overcome the force of their prejudice against a hostile creed so far, as to place the statue of one of its greatest ornaments among those of their own people, and in their holiest temple.

The interior of this cathedral is, however, a vast museum, filled with curiosities and works of art, badly arranged indeed, but for that very reason, perhaps, apparently more numerous. I by no means pretend to describe them. Even Caymo and Le Ponz would here find their industry at fault, and be compelled, sometimes, to plead guilty to the sin of omission. Among the most incongruous objects of the whole are two hexagonal pulpits, opposite each other, decorated with the figures of satyrs and the four evangelists,—a real emblem of catholicism!

Another remarkable feature in this extraordinary edifice is the series of scriptural subjects represented on the painted windows of the transepts. Being of

very different eras, they exhibit the most striking variety of style and manner, and concur in proving what, however, is every where apparent, that in Spain taste and genius have long been on the wane; for the more ancient of these paintings, in which the genuine gothic spirit appears, greatly surpass those of later date, in which, as they approach nearer the present times, more and more of barbarism is discoverable. The contrast is painful in such windows as, having accidentally been broken by hail or storms, have been at different times repaired; for these exhibit

"Variety of wretchedness!"

Among the numerous chapels which this edifice contains are several deserving of notice; as the chapel of Muzaraba, that of San Pedro, of Los Reyes Nuevos, of San Iago, of San Ildefonso, and of Nuestra Señora del Saevario. In the chapter-room, which, though not magnificent, is spacious and handsome, we observe a curious series of portraits of all the archbishops of Toledo, among which methought I could distinguish him of the homilies, celebrated by Gil Blas. Some few of these portraits are in oil, but the majority are in fresco. Here, in the archives of the chapter, we were shown the singular chests which contain the deeds of the church. They are constructed of wood, but most admirably fashioned by Berruguete in the Doric style of architecture, with pilasters, cornices, and pedestals, the whole surmounted by allegorical figures of great beauty. The spaces between the pilasters are covered with figures of children, me-

dallions, garlands, festoons, and other fanciful ornaments, executed in basso-relievo with extraordinary taste and delicacy.

In the sacristy is a picture, which the English traveller acquainted with the writings of Beckford will view with peculiar interest: I mean "the Deluge," by Basan; which probably suggested to that original and critical writer, that fine description of the chamber in the Ark, in his biography of Andrew Guelph and Og of Basan, in the *Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters.* This picture I would gladly have brought with me to England; but the Spaniards, at least at Toledo, have not yet begun to convert their paintings into articles of trade.

But I must here bid adieu to the churches and their curiosities, lest they tempt me to extend this volume beyond its proper dimensions. There remain two or three remarks to be made on Toledo, which I shall compress into as small a compass as possible. Every reader at all conversant with our older literature must be familiar with its sword-blades, which during several generations were the most celebrated in Europe, as I have already observed above. The cause for which the manufacture of them was abandoned, may be mentioned as highly characteristic of the Spanish character: they had from the beginning been made in the shape at one time universal in the country, and continued to be fashioned after the same model as long as they were called for. But upon the accession of Philip V., French swords came into fashion with French dresses; and, as the

Toledan manufacturers continued, as if by instinct, to form their blades according to the ancient type, none but the patriotic or the antiquarian refrained from preferring the foreign articles, by which the Toledos were quickly supplanted.

In former ages the Tagus was navigable as far as Toledo; and the quay, where the boats from Lisbon unladed, still exists, in a very perfect state, in the Plazuela de las Barcas. It has, moreover, been ascertained, that the navigation of the river might, with very little expense or labour, be again thrown open; but a damp has been cast on the undertaking by certain doubts, many having questioned whether the prosperity of Toledo would be by this means extended. I confess myself unable to discover any rational foundation for scepticism of this kind; and the reasons assigned by those who entertain it, are to me so many proofs of the necessity of re-opening the Tagus. They consider the manufactures of Toledo too limited to supply any branch of active traffic. But is there any insuperable bar to the extension of those manufactures? Are not swords, needles, and good woollen cloths, still valuable in Spain? The objectors go on to say that, as it produces no exportable commodities, the throwing open of the Tagus could *only* render it the entrepôt for the adjacent country. But what was Palmyra? Nothing but an entrepôt—upon a large scale indeed—for the adjacent countries; and Toledo, in the same way, might once more be filled with an opulent population, subsisting and enriched by their own industry, instead

of one almost wholly composed of lawyers, priests, friars, and students, who now crawl through its half-ruined streets, and render them melancholy.

One great merit Toledo possesses,—it contains an excellent inn, certainly one of the best in Spain. It is a spacious and handsome edifice, where ease and comfort may, for once, be found in company with grandeur and magnificence. The building extends round two courts, both surrounded by broad and elegant galleries, supported on massive columns of freestone. The kitchens, where, as in humbler establishments, the curious traveller will be sure to find a group of originals, are large and extremely convenient, and the range of stables more than large enough to accommodate a troop of horse. The grand staircase is superb, better suited to a palace than an inn; and the apartments neat, light, airy, and judiciously disposed.

The present landlord is an Asturian, and with great judgment he has formed his female establishment almost entirely of his pretty countrywomen, who are literally the belles of Toledo. His own daughter, who will be a great fortune, is particularly handsome, and has long made the discovery. She sings, too, very sweetly; but unfortunately imagines none but a dandy from Madrid worthy to become her husband. Of the dinners and suppers, it would be rather flat to speak after the ladies; but they also are good in their way, and may be succeeded, at a rather cheap rate, by very exquisite wines. We invite the reader to pass the vacation there with us, and make trial of them,

should we be fortunate enough a succeeding year to resume our rambles through other parts of North Spain, where a wide field remains yet unexplored by the foot of the "Tourist." Illustrated also by the pencil of his ingenious and enthusiastic colleague, scenes highly interesting in every point of view, especially if regarded with reference to the fortunes of a new and better Spain, will appear, presenting faithful specimens of the genius and wonders of a land,—once the favourite colony and every where bearing the imprint of the Roman, and of his Gothic and Moorish successors; all of whom have left, in those splendid ruins of art which so forcibly appeal to the imagination while they rivet the eye, magnificent memorials of great though fallen dynasties.

THE END.

LONDON:
Maurice, Clark, & Co., Fenchurch-street.

LITERARY NOTICES OF THE WORK.

"This is not only the most beautiful landscape series of engravings which Mr. Jennings has as yet published, but, to our taste, the most beautiful, novel, and interesting suite of illustrations of the class which have appeared in any publication."—*Old England.*

"We confess we never saw any thing more pure, chaste, and masterly, than the embellishments of this elegant volume."—*Dublin Evening Mail.*

"One of the most splendid Annuals hitherto published, combining scenery of the greatest variety, introducing towns, cities, palaces, and edifices of religious worship, which, in point of ornamental and unique style of architecture, are magnificent beyond conception."—*Bell's Messenger.*

"The plates are twenty-one in number, beautifully engraved by almost the same number of clever artists; indeed, we think it scarcely possible to carry the art of line engraving for small works to a higher state of improvement than these specimens develope."—*Herald.*

"It is astonishing that such a number of exquisite pictures can be given in one volume for the moderate price of the 'Landscape Annual.'"—*Dispatch.*

"The engravings are so uniformly excellent, that we cannot, without doing injustice to the others, name any one in particular. They are, for the most part, perfect."—*Spectator.*

"This may be pronounced the best of all the Annuals; its object is not the temporary gratification of the general reader or the connoisseur of the fine arts, but it claims a distinguished place among the standard works in the library of the man of taste and letters."—*Bells New Weekly Messenger.*

"The 'Landscape Annual' is indeed a volume of which both countries may be proud—Spain of its subjects, and England of its artists."—*Atlas.*

"We have already noticed, in terms of warm commendation, the engravings of this splendid volume; and it is our pleasant duty now to declare, that the letter-press is not unworthy of the illustrations."—*Old England.*

"The subject this year is 'Andalusia,' upon which Mr. Roscoe has written some three hundred agreeable pages. These, in point of fact, are so agreeable, that all who read them must judge favourably of them."—*News.*

"Altogether, the 'Landscape Annual' is one of the very best of the attractive class of works to which it belongs. Its letter-press contents are equal to its exquisite illustrations, and, it may be stated with advantage, and safely quoted as an historical authority."—*Dispatch.*

"Some have excelled in one way—some in another. The 'Tourist in Spain,' however, combines the beauties of all, and, in our humble opinion, deserves every epithet of praise. Expense has been evidently never considered, as the plates are the acme of excellence."—*True Sun.*

"In our opinion, Mr. Roscoe has achieved his object in a manner worthy both of his hereditary and of his acquired character, and has produced a volume of highly-amusing and interesting reading."—*Literary Gazette.*

"To us, mere miscellanies of short stories and small poems are singularly tame and void of suggestion; and we prefer such of the Annuals as form a link in some coherent chain, and are therefore worthy of a place on the shelves of the library, as well as the table of the boudoir, when their immediate novelty has gone by. Such an one is the 'Landscape Annual,' the oldest of the last-named class, and the likeliest to be found, 'like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,' when its rivals of a flimsier staple shall be forgotten."—*Athenæum.*