

old mansions of the nobility, or the ancient towers of Purchena, where Boabdil retired when he left Granada.

But the time was now approaching for our departure from this paradise of the Moor, and it was indeed with reluctance we bade adieu to our lovely garden and its terraced walk. It was in all its beauty when we left; the rich grapes were hanging in green and purple clusters from the vines; the pomegranates laden with fruit formed a perfect picture as their crimson seeds burst forth from their golden cage. There are scarcely any oranges at Granada; although growing at the same elevation at Lanjaron. They do not flourish here on the northern sides of the Sierra. The feeling that one might never revisit it made the leaving sad: one of the penalties of travelling is having to tear oneself away from places whose beauty has captivated us—from scenes on which nature has lavished her charms so profusely. We had, however, some faint idea that we might once more revisit this lovely spot and enjoy a few more summer evenings amid its pleasant groves and fairy halls. We were obliged to be at Seville by a certain day, and illness having delayed our departure from Granada, we were compelled to give up the journey round by Cordoba and take the shortest route. Our preparations were completed, and we sallied forth from the Puerta Elvira and pursued our course along the vega by Loja and Osuna: such a tiresome ride! more particularly in these autumn months, when everything is scorched and burnt.

No one who has not ridden in Spain can form any correct idea of the general aspect of this wild country, its vast monotonous plains, its wilderness of mountain chains where all is grand in its loneliness and desolation; entire tracts of country unpeopled and unculti-



vated, covered only by low brushwood ; no signs of living being, save perhaps in the far horizon some small village may be descried promising a refuge for the night. It presents far more the character of African or of Asiatic than of European scenery, and at times nothing is wanting to complete its resemblance to the former, except long trains of camels winding slowly along. Some stray muleteers meet you on the way and you pass on to find yourself once more the sole occupant of the treeless plains around you. The contrast presented by the same country in spring and autumn is very striking : in early spring the land looks green, the young corn is coming up, the grass grows on the roadside, the shrubs seem fresh ; and although there may not be any timber, all nature wears a verdant garb ; the wild flowers are clothed in a thousand hues, the blue iris is dotted about, and blossoms which would be the pride of many a parterre, flourish over the wide *dehesas*, interspersed among the low stiff leaves of the palmetto. But cross the same tract in autumn, when it has been exposed for months to the fierce action of the sun, without one gentle shower to mitigate the intensity of its rays, it has suddenly been transformed into a desert ; not a vestige of green remains ; the corn has been cut ; the stubble alone is standing ; every blade of grass is parched, calcined, and yellow ; the plants crackle beneath your horses' feet ; all is dried up, withered and covered with dust which rises in clouds at every gust of wind.

Vegetation is taking its sleep, preparing to bloom forth afresh when the November rains shall afford them their gentle nourishment. There is certainly not much enjoyment in this season, and one cannot regret that the intense heat should oblige one to rest by day, and pursue the journey at night. The ride to Loja



occupies about nine hours, and a weary one it is along a broad carriage-road, kept in good order—at least for Spain ; and Loja itself appears to have been considerably improved and embellished of late. The reason it has been so favoured is, that there is the residence of Narvaez, who, while he ruled the country with an iron hand, did not forget to benefit his own little town and look after its interests. When we passed through Loja, the Duke of Valencia was residing there in a sort of quiet retirement, away from the intrigues of court, but only awaiting his opportunity to appear again upon the stage.

The posada at Loja is decidedly not the best in Spain ; there are plenty of rooms in it and beds, but the *comedor*, as the dining-room is called, has but few attractions. The town was anciently one of the keys to the kingdom of Granada situated in a pass between two lofty hills crowned by its old castle. Here the great Captain Gonzalo de Cordoba lived, when he sought to forget, amid the splendour of his own miniature court, the neglect and ingratitude of his sovereign. We tried to ascend to the roof of the castle, and were obligingly told to enter ; and after climbing up a flight of very ricketty stairs, we found ourselves in a prettily arranged theatre. I saw, however, no signs of a view, and on asking whether there was no window whence we could look out, the man appeared intensely disgusted, evidently imagining the renown of the theatre had attracted us thither.

The following evening we met the *galera* going on to Loja from Antequera, with its eight mules. It is a perfect mystery how such heavy lumbering vehicles can traverse the roads, which seem almost impassable for horses, much more for vehicles of any description. But it is one of the wonders of Spanish travelling, how



these mules do drag carts and waggons straight across country, quite as a matter of course. They go at a snail's pace, those galeras, but still they do go, and generally reach their destination in due course.

We rode at night, passing the hill of Archidona, on the southern side of which stands the town. The salt lake of Antequera lay to our left, and we passed through Alameda and its adjacent oak-woods. The cortijos in this neighbourhood used to be celebrated as the haunts of robbers and bandits in the days of the formidable José Maria. Things have changed since then, as our ride at night would sufficiently prove, our own party, consisting only of Mr. T—— and myself, and the man to whom the horses belonged. There is something unutterably lonely in these Spanish wastes at night, without even the moon at times to light up the scene around ; the dark vault above, lighted only by the glittering stars ; no sound save now and then the bark of some shepherd's dog sounding in the distance, telling of the existence of life ; all tranquil and dark, the very essence of silence and of solitude. And when you plunge into the oak-woods there is a mysterious darkness and tranquillity, which incline one to start at the slightest sound. These places are indeed fit haunts for the bandit, and one could almost fancy the ghost of some robber-chief flitting behind the trunks of the tangled oaks waiting to pounce upon his prey. As the traveller, whose imagination has long looked forward to some charming adventure whenever he should explore the enchanted land called Spain, cannot easily gratify his fond anticipations, he may be allowed at least the innocent amusement of peopling these wild dehesas with them in his mind's eye. Yet there are many even in this day, who would not undertake such a ride as we did ; certainly not an English



lady I met once, who after making the journey from Granada to Málaga with safety in a diligence, declared it was wonderful how they had escaped being robbed, for they saw the banditti standing on almost every rock as they came along. Poor people! it is a pity that honest Spanish peasants will look picturesque and robber-like, and thus foster a delusion so fatal to the good character of their country. Doubtless, the Melodrame has much to say to it; for with their cloaks thrown over their shoulders, their sombrero with its knowing-looking silky tufts at the side, their black moustache, and dark flashing eyes, and the musket on which they lean to gaze upon the traveller as he passes, they seem the very heroes for a tragic scene. How should the traveller know, when he sees them in such suspicious costume, whether their weapons be prepared for murder or more peaceful objects? It is a singular fact, but I hardly ever met travellers in Spain who had not had some miraculous escape; who had not passed by half-an-hour before they were to be attacked, or half-an-hour after the robbers had left their ambuscade, but I never yet met with one who had arrived just at the moment when the robbers would have been ready to receive them; and what is still more strange, we were ourselves destined to add to that remarkable list; but I must not anticipate.

However, although they do not often attack travellers, there is no doubt that robbers still exist in Andalucia; but the race of those who were "muy caballero," very gentlemanlike, is extinct. There are no more José Marias, who come and visit the great people in Seville and other towns, and interchange civilities when they meet unexpectedly on the road. Many and amusing are the anecdotes still told of these courteous knights.



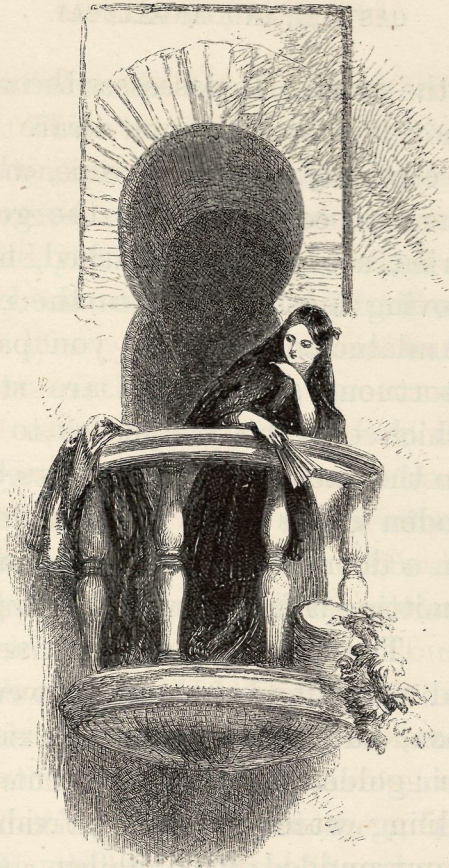
Once upon a time a party of them attacked a diligence in which there happened to be a grandee, who had always highly favoured the robbers whenever his influence could be of any avail ; but his kindness did not save him now. He happened to have a considerable sum of money with him, and it was all appropriated. His "Excelencia" was a great devotee and most peculiar worshipper of the Señora de las Angustias, the patron of Granada, a golden medallion of whom he always wore round his neck ; and the robbers espied this prize, but when its meaning was explained to them, they returned it with the most polished courtesy, and begged him to keep it, praying that it might watch over him and preserve him from all robbers !

From Alameda you pass on to Osuna, but although we made the journey in perfect safety, I would not recommend any one who can avoid it to follow in our footsteps. A more wearisome journey I never made ; no object of interest on the road—a ride which even in spring could offer but few attractions, and at this season of the year perfectly detestable. It is far better either to go round by Ronda, or by Cordoba. I never felt more rejoiced than when we reached Alcalá de Guadaira, a town about two leagues from Seville, where we entered on the high road from that city to Madrid. The sun was just rising as we passed, and before us lay stretched an olive-coloured plain, with a tall tower rising in the distance. That tower was the Giralda, whose square and lofty substantial-looking edifice, at that distance, gives no promise of its beauty and elegance. We crossed by a small path through the olives, leaving the high road on our right. The white cortijos warned us of our approach to the town, and at the Cruz del Campo we beheld the city lying before us. We soon reached it, and at last found ourselves winding through its



narrow streets of dazzling whiteness, and were at once struck by the oriental appearance given to it by the awnings spread from house to house, shading the streets. We were in Seville! the rival of Granada, whose Cathedral and whose Tower are alone worthy of a pilgrimage.





LA CAMPANERA.

## CHAPTER VI.

Insigne Catedral donde Dios vive  
 Eternamente, donde el cuerpo santo  
 Del rey conquistador culto recibe;  
 Dó yace el sabio rey, dó brilla tanto  
 Trofeo de victoria,  
 Encanto, iglesia, monumento, historia.  
 Mientras mas te contemplo y mas te admiro,  
 Mas entusiasmo y pura fé respiro . . .  
 Salve portento santo sin segundo,  
 Gloria de España, admiracion del mundo.

DUQUE DE RIVAS.

SEVILLE — STRIKING PECULIARITIES — THE GIRALDA — LA CAMPANERA — SCENERY — EFFECTS OF  
 DISTANCE ON THE CONSCIENCE — MOORISH AND CHRISTIAN ARCHITECTURE — THE CATHEDRAL —  
 EASTER SUNDAY — ST. FERDINAND — MIRACULOUS IMAGES — PAINTINGS — TOMB OF F. COLUMBUS —  
 CHURCH TREASURY — SEISES — SERMONS — BULA DE LA STA. CRUZADA — STATE OF RELIGION — THE  
 CLERGY — REVIVAL OF THE CONVENTS — RECEPTION OF A NUN.

THE first thing which arrests the traveller's attention on entering Seville in summer, is the peculiar character



presented by the town. It possesses the most powerful charm in its novelty, for I am not aware there is anything like it, certainly not in Europe, where it stands alone. The houses, consisting for the greater part of only two stories, are all whitewashed, their dazzling brightness proving most painful to the eye under the glare of an Andalusian sun. As you pass along the narrow and tortuous streets, you are struck by the manner in which everybody appears to be living in public, open to the gaze of all the passers-by; you find the large wooden doors wide open, and a small hall terminating in a door of elaborately ornamented open iron-work, admitting a full view of the exquisite marble court within. These *patios*, as they are called, are generally filled with gaudy-coloured flowers, bushes of myrtle or of box, and tall orange-trees rising amongst them with their golden fruit: in the centre, a fountain, with its sparkling water spreading freshness around. The patio is surrounded by a gallery, supported on slender white marble columns, under which the family spend their time in summer. A thick canvass is drawn across from roof to roof, which excludes the heated air and fierce rays of the sun, and under this grateful awning the family repose, and enjoy the refreshing shade. But here they are in public, nothing between them and the street except the open iron-work, the *cancela*. The intense heat of summer prevents many from going about in the day-time; but towards evening the streets of Seville present quite a fairy scene,—the marble courts, with the bright lights of hanging lamps shining among the flowers, the figures of their inmates sitting round in lively conversation, or striking now and then the chords of the guitar, whose wild notes accompany the still wilder songs, the sound of the castanets keeping time to the merry dance, all



enjoying themselves in the delicious coolness of the evening air. This is a picture of life which must certainly be considered as peculiar to Seville, lending from its strangeness a tinge of oriental romance to this fair city. And yet, if we only consider for a moment, nothing can be more uncongenial to Eastern manners than such a life. Eastern nations bury themselves in the interior of their houses, far removed from the public gaze; carefully excluding their domestic circle from every eye; deep in the inmost recesses of their dwellings; a mode of living which affords a complete contrast to that of the inhabitants of Seville. It is like Seville and Seville alone, for nowhere else is there anything of the kind. The style of the houses, to say the truth, reminds one more of the plan of those of Pompeii than any others I have ever seen; and may it not have been borrowed in the first instance—long before the Moors put a foot in Spain—from the neighbouring city of Italica? Be this as it may, they have a charming appearance, which is, however, lost to the traveller who only sees the town in winter, for the patio life ends in September, and does not recommence until May.

The families, who reside on the first floor in winter, migrate to the ground floor when the heat commences, taking with them all their furniture, which is arranged in the rooms opening out of the patio; even the doors and windows in many instances being removed, as they are made to fit both floors. Many of the larger palaces of the nobility have gardens as well as courts, where oranges and myrtles flourish in great luxuriance, the former perfuming the air in spring with the delicious odour of their snowy blossoms.

We had a splendid house, as far as the size of its patio, garden, and rooms were concerned. It had been uninhabited for many years, and was much neglected,



but it was a most enjoyable winter residence. There was a large terrace looking upon a garden full of orange trees, where the sun was often too hot even in the winter to venture sitting there in the middle of the day. Most of the houses have a terrace on the roofs, although they are not generally flat as in Cadiz; and from ours we could look down into the bull-ring, and catch a glimpse of the arena—a distant vision of it, sufficient for those who had not learned to steel their hearts against its horrors. We could hear the shouts that accompanied the performance of every feat, and could tell each act in succession by the sounds of the music.

It is quite as difficult to get houses in Seville as in any other part of Spain. Furnished houses are not to be met with, and those which are unfurnished can scarcely be procured for less than a twelvemonth. In Seville, as in all warm climates, the invalid requires apartments facing the sun, for the narrow streets, delicious as they are in summer, strike most cold and damp in winter. We were settling ourselves there for a lengthened residence, and naturally enough took the tiresome duty of sight-seeing more tranquilly than birds of passage, who have to do the lions in the space of four-and-twenty hours—a period of time I have heard many travellers say sufficed to see the whole of Seville. Ample time, certainly, to have a general view of it from the summit of the Giralda; but the treasures of art which it contains would delay the traveller for many and many a four-and-twenty hours within its walls.

The pride and glory of Seville bear witness to the domination of both Moor and Christian. The Giralda and the Cathedral bear the stamp of their respective architects, each alone and unequalled. We will first turn our steps to the famous tower from whence the call to prayer was once re-echoed by a thousand