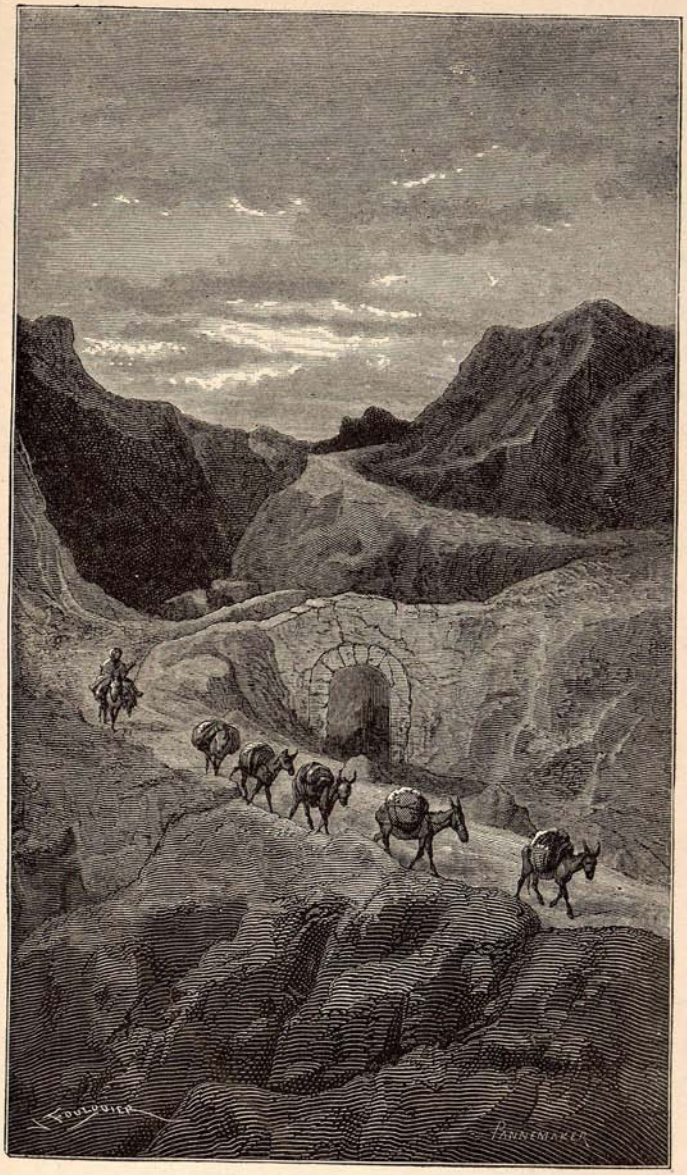
pended on crag and ledge, like Cyclopean ruins. Elsewhere, the crests of the mountain, rent and jagged, bristled with peaks and needles. This defile bears a name often met with in historical records: it is called the Puerto de Despeña-Perros, and is the most important pass from La Mancha into Andalusia; consequently, from the wars of the Moors down to the War of Independence, it has been one of the strategical points whose possession has been most vigorously contested. Within a comparatively recent period, the route was very insecure for travellers; the Sierra Morena having been the refuge of numerous bands of brigands. At intervals you see along the road small wooden crosses with the inscription: *Aqui mataron un hombre*, "Here a man was killed."

As soon as the summit of the chain is reached, and its shoulder crossed, you find the declivities and the valleys covered with a dense vegetation of evergreen shrubs, lentisks, rosemarys, rock-roses, and strawberry-trees. It is to this eternal, but somewhat sad-coloured verdure, that the heights owe their significant name,—*Sierra Morena*, or "The Brown Mountain."

We began to descend the southern slope; the declivities grew less abrupt; a few isolated houses, and afterwards some scattered villages, enlivened the landscape. The valleys were clothed with olive-trees. A more various cultivation was seen in the neighbourhood of La Carolina; a small, well-built town, with monumental gates, and streets laid down at right angles.

La Carolina is one of the colonies founded in the last century by Charles III., for the purpose of repeopling the Sierra Morena, and infusing new life into agriculture, which

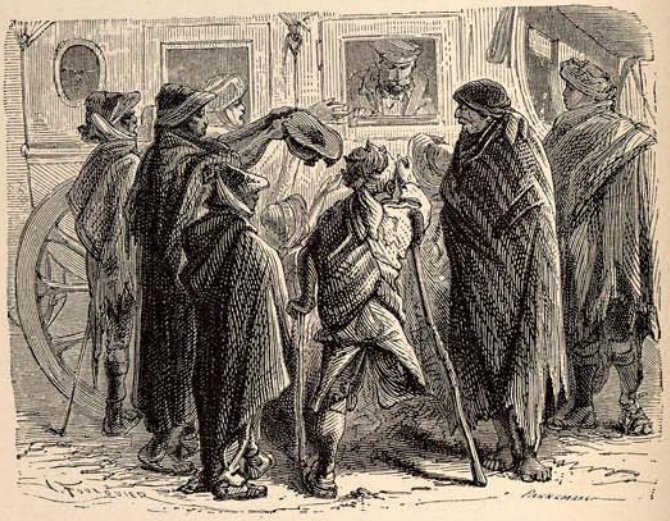


A MOUNTAIN PASS.

had fallen into decay after the expulsion of the Moors. The principal promoter of this enterprise was Don Pablo Olavidès, Comte de Pilos, governor of Seville. He was a man of lofty and generous mind; a philanthropist, though, perhaps, of somewhat chimerical views. In his enterprise he displayed an unceasing activity and unflagging zeal. He brought over a body of colonists from Germany, and established six thousand Bavarians at La Carolina. He cleared the wilderness, opened up roads, built villages, and in a few years converted an uncultivated country into fertile and smiling fields. But Olavidès fell under suspicion of entertaining "philosophical opinions," and was denounced to the Holy Office. In spite of the royal favour, he was arrested and imprisoned: after a prolonged examination, he was condemned to seven years of enforced seclusion in a convent of La Mancha. Shortly afterwards he fell dangerously ill; and the court, which remained partial to him, obtained him permission to drink the waters in Catalonia. He escaped, and took refuge in France. Since his time the colonies of the Sierra Morena have led but a sickly life.

About mid-day we arrived at Baylen—a small, gloomy, and dirty town, situated at the bottom of a deep gorge—where we breakfasted. On alighting from the diligence we were assailed by a crowd of mendicants, blind men, and cripples: I have never met with a more repulsive and evil-looking set of scoundrels. Nor was the *posada* more inviting. We entered, as in all posadas, through the stable. At the very gate the odour of oil was suffocating. Everybody has *heard* of Spanish oil; but no one can have a correct idea of it who has never tasted it. The olives, however, are delicious in this country; but, as if they had sworn to spoil whatever Provi-

dence has designed for their advantage, the Spaniards, by leaving them to ferment, have contrived to extract an oil of abominable flavour and savour, which attacks simultaneously nose and throat, and which I can only compare to a mixture of castor oil and colza oil. *They* think it delicious, and stigmatize the Provence oil as flat and tasteless!



A GROUP OF SPANISH BEGGARS.

[Mr. Ford, in his well-known "Handbook to Spain," graphically describes the processes of extracting olive oil.

The berry, he says, is picked in the autumn; it is then purple-coloured and shining—*baceæ splendentis olivæ*. This is a busy scene; the peasant, clad in sheep-skins, is up in the trees like a satyr, beating off the fruit, while his children pick them up, and his wife and sisters drive the laden donkeys to the mill. The berries are emptied into a vat, *el trujal*, and then placed on a circular hollow stone, over which another is moved by a mule, a *machina de sangre* or *atahona*; the crushed mass, *el borugo*, is shovelled on to round mats, *capuchos*, made of *esparto*, and taken to the press, which is forced down by a very long and weighty beam composed of six or seven pine-trees, like a ship's bowsprit: it is the precise *Biga trapetum* (ελαιοτριβειον) of the ancients. In order to resist the strain, a

heavy tower of masonry is built over the press; a score of pails of the *borugo* is placed under the screw, moistened with hot water. The liquor as it flows out is passed into a reservoir below; the residium comes forth like a damson-cheese, and is used for fuel and fattening pigs. The oil as it rises on the water is skimmed off, and poured into big-bellied earthen jars, *tinajas*, and then removed into still larger, which are sunk into the ground. These amphoræ are made chiefly at Coria, near Seville. They recall the jars of the Forty Thieves: some will hold from two hundred to three hundred arrobas—that is, from eight hundred to twelve hundred gallons.]

The name of Baylen sounds painfully in the ears of the French. The battle-field lies beyond the town, in broad deep valleys, where, on the 20th of July 1808, General Dupont's army, cut off from its vanguard, and surrounded by a superior force, was compelled to capitulate. In the public square of Baylen has been erected a bad marble statue to commemorate the victory; a victory which prodigiously excited the patriotism of the Spanish, but of which, as it appears to me, they had no great reason to boast. Three thousand men dying of hunger and thirst, beaten down by a sun of lead, exhausted with an almost tropical heat, and compelled by eighteen thousand to lay down their arms, is not a victory to be set by the side of Lepanto. The consequences were still less glorious for Spain. In defiance of the terms of capitulation, the French soldiers were detained as prisoners. Conducted to Cadiz, they were insulted, threatened, and pursued by the populace all along the road. The baggage of the officers was plundered. Many were massacred. At Cadiz the popular rage was so great that, to prevent the prisoners from being torn in pieces, it was found necessary to place the Host * in their midst.

Such facts as these would ineffaceably stain the honour of a people if they were not the results of the wild national

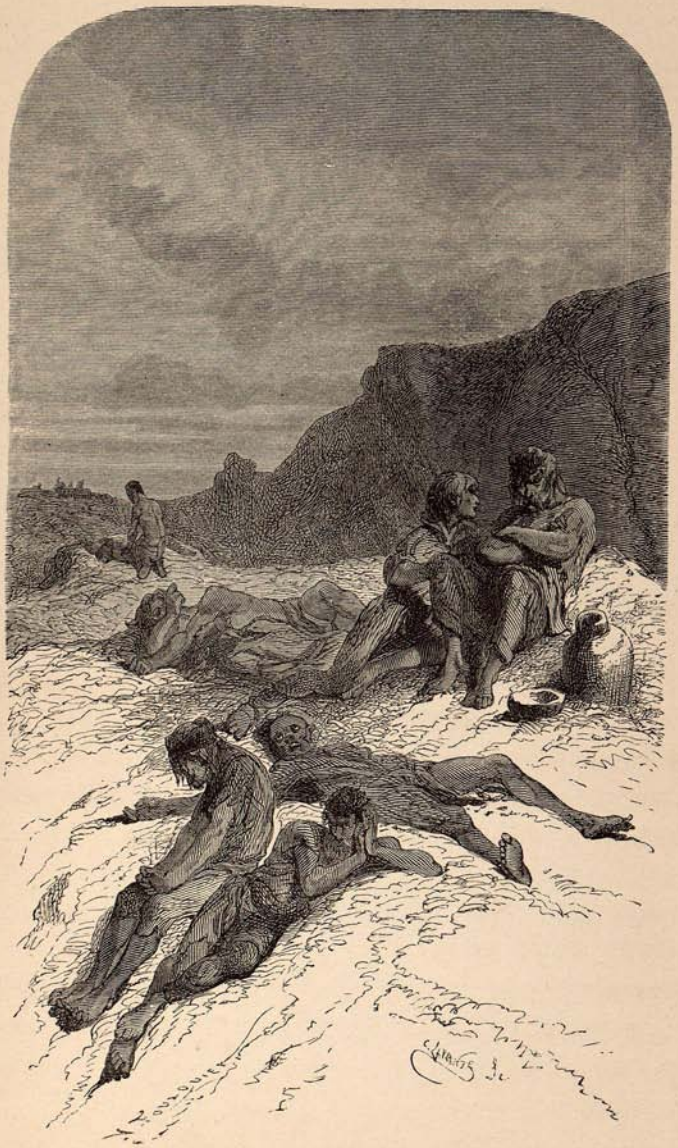
* The consecrated elements of the holy Sacrament.

wrath at a foreign invasion. What is inexcusable, however, is the unworthy treatment inflicted on these same prisoners, who had so narrowly escaped the knives of the populace, by the Spanish Government. In the first place, they were huddled into the hulks of Cadiz, where they were decimated by scurvy and dysentery. This situation was soon considered as too favourable for them, and they were transported to the rocky isle of Cabrera, the smallest of the Balearic Islands, a barren and uninhabited reef. There they had no shelter of any kind, and no garments but the rags of their uniform. Every fourth day a boat brought to them from Majorca some morsels of bread and a few dried beans. The prisoners supplemented this wretched and insufficient food by eating rats and green lizards and the few fish they contrived to catch. One day the boat did not arrive; they waited for it six days; when it appeared, a hundred and fifty prisoners lay dead—*starved.* Their cruellest sufferings, however, had arisen from thirst; a small spring, which did not yield half the water necessary for their wants, was their only resource. Eight thousand Frenchmen were, at different times, transported to Cabrera; four thousand died there; the remainder were exchanged at the close of the year 1811.*

Let us drive away these melancholy images. Let us forget, if we can, the madness of men, their bloody contests, their atrocious vengeances. It seems that the most beautiful regions of the world are those whose possession is disputed with the greatest acrimony, and which are enriched most abundantly with human blood.

At a few leagues from Baylen the road rapidly descends

* "Aventures d'un Marin de la Garde Impériale," by H. Ducor. 1833.



THE PRISONERS OF CABRERA.

the final declivities of the Sierra Morena. We crossed, on a trembling bridge of timber, the Rumblar, a torrent which seethes and boils in a chasm forty feet deep. Then, in a few moments, and all on a sudden, the landscape changed, the horizon enlarged, the plains expanded. A warm breeze blew in our face; the sky assumed its hottest tints. To plantations of olive-trees, sweet but sad in aspect, fields gay with verdure succeeded. A thousand spring blossoms lent brightness and beauty to the wayside. The hedges bloomed greenly, and here and there, among the bushes, shone the charming flowers of the rock-rose. It was Spring which bade us welcome, and, with a smile, threw open to us the gates of Andalusia. Its graceful heralds flew to meet us; a couple of swallows with white flashing wings, and a butterfly attired in cloth of gold. We were in the valley of the Guadalquivir; a fresh new vegetation extended on every side; the aloes reared along the road their tall standards, hung with fleshy and prickly leaves, and nopals of fantastic bearing mingled with the fig-trees in the smiling fields.

The sun sank below the horizon in a sky of a pale blue, where tiny clouds of fleecy whiteness seem to sleep immovable. Transparent vapours bathed the distant hills, and enveloped them in a halo of rainbow-glory. The lofty mountains visible beyond were painted at their base in violet colours, which imperceptibly passing into a tender rosy hue, were lost at the summit in the dazzling splendour of the snows. I shall never forget the impression of surprise and enchantment which I experienced at this abrupt transition from the cold and naked plains of La Mancha to the rich and genial valleys of Andalusia. It was like the uplifting of a splendid curtain; as if the wand of a magician had transported

us, in the twinkling of an eye, from the chill misty airs of the north to the serene and radiant heaven of the south.

It was 4 o'clock P.M. when we arrived at Andujar. From this place we should have taken the railway to Cordova, if the communications had not been interrupted. But, alas! the information given by our French acquaintance at Alcazar was only too exact—the railway was broken down. We found the inn crowded with travellers, who had been blocked up for some eight-and-forty hours, waiting until the passage was again thrown open. It was announced that the road would be repaired in one or two days, but this in Spain meant fully a week. Now, Andujar is a small town without resources and without interest; to pass a whole day there would be a prolonged torture. Moreover, the posada was choked with people, and not a single bed was available "for love or money." At whatever cost, we resolved to quit such a miserable hole.

And, besides, we were but exercising our right. The owners of the diligences at Madrid had given us through tickets to Cordova; we had paid for our places to Cordova; and whether by railway or by any other way, the company was bound to deliver us at Cordova. Our request, politely addressed to the agent of the diligence, was repulsed with *hauteur*. As a special favour, and taking into consideration our embarrassment, this honest hidalgo was willing to carry us on to Cordova, next day, if we paid an additional fee of three hundred reals (about eighty francs, or sixty-three shillings) each person. Observe that the distance from Andujar to Cordova does not exceed sixteen leagues. We insisted on our rights; the agent cried, declaimed, gesticulated; the

conductor mingled in the mêlée; everybody spoke at once; the noise was indescribable. After the Arabs, I know not any people who bawl so vehemently as the Spaniards.

Finding that the discussion grew warmer as it grew longer, we resolved on bringing the matter before the *alcalde*, or mayor. Our travelling companion, M. de L——, who spoke Spanish with perfect ease, explained the position of affairs, and produced the tickets which we had received for Cordova. The alcalde appeared somewhat embarrassed, and turning the tickets over and over, said to the railway agent between his teeth, "You are a simpleton. Why did you issue tickets for Cordova? I am obliged to condemn you." And he gave orders that the diligence company should see us carried to our destination.

The agent, however, overwhelmed him with protestations and expostulations, and demanding that we should pay an additional fare, the alcalde, to relieve himself of both parties, decided that the question of indemnity should be settled, if need were, by the Governor of Cordova.

This evasive sentence exposed us to fresh difficulties, but it was useless to hope for more; the chief thing was, to get away from Andujar.

We returned in triumph to the posada, where we were received with joyous hurrahs by every passenger. It was agreed that we should start at three o'clock in the morning. The delay was tiresome, but never mind—we were really to start, and meanwhile we could settle about dinner.

We were about thirty in number; it was quite a caravansary. There were people of all classes and all countries—tourists like ourselves, merchants, travelling agents, railway speculators, even singers, who belonged to the opera company

of Seville: there were Americans, Italians, Frenchmen, Belgians. It was a curious circumstance that they all spoke French; they spoke with more or less correctness, and a more or less marked accent; but, in truth, the French language proved a common bond of intercourse between these travellers from all countries.

By a little dexterous squeezing, everybody found a seat at the dinner-table. For the first time we made acquaintance with the Spanish *puchero;* it is a kind of soup, whose ingredients are beef, mutton, sausages, with various vegetables, and especially a variety of dried pease called *garbanzos.* I ought to add that it is almost the only tolerable dish in the whole Spanish cuisine. However this may be, thanks, perhaps, to the good humour caused by the prospect of departure, we found the *puchero* excellent. The dinner was completed by broiled partridges and oranges, and on the whole was pronounced to be "not so bad." I must add that we were served by two charming young hostesses; one of them especially, a young mother, who carried a fine child in her arms, and who without any hesitation suckled him in our presence, would not have been rejected by Murillo as a type for his Madonna.

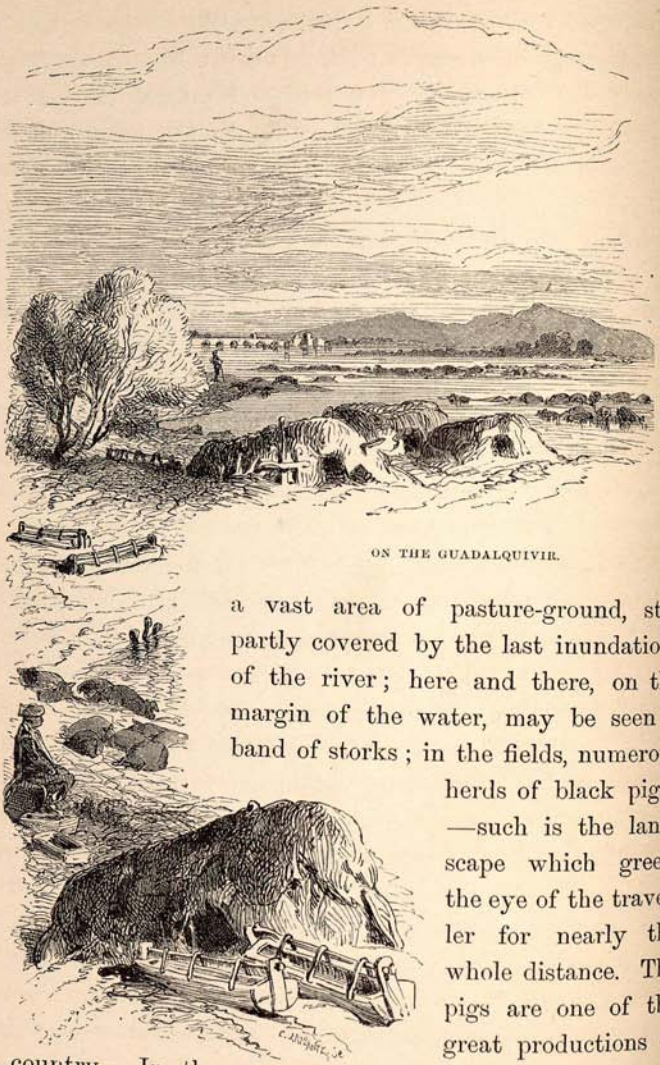
After dinner, the gentlemen remained to enjoy a cup of coffee and a cigar in the dining-room; they conversed, and made each other's acquaintance: such intervals are some compensation for the uncomfortable episodes of travel. In a large room some mats and mattresses were laid down on the floor; the ladies threw themselves upon them, in their travelling dress, to gain, if possible, a few minutes' sleep before the hour of departure.

About two o'clock the attendants began to load the car-

riages. But the mayoral and the postillions, being in a bad humour, did not go through their work without intense grumbling. They raised a thousand difficulties respecting the luggage, which they declared to be too heavy; and we were compelled to go in search of the civil guard to superintend the loading. At length we took our places; and as the mayoral continued grumbling, and pretended that his vehicle was so overloaded it would certainly capsize, M. de L—— said to him, in good Castilian: "Listen! If we reach Cordova in time, you will get a gratuity; if you upset us, I will break your head with my revolver."

From this moment the mayoral became more polite, and there seemed every probability we should arrive at Cordova without accident.

The route is not very interesting. It follows up the valley of the Guadalquivir, and I am constrained to own that the Guadalquivir, a brawling stream, with yellowish and turbid waters, appeared to me infinitely less poetical than I had dreamed. There are some names which possess a secret charm; which are formed of syllables so sonorous and so musical that they never fall on the ear without awakening in us a thousand attractive memories, a thousand smiling images —and this is one of them. It seems that its signification in Arabic is simply "the great river" (Oued-el-Kebir); but for those who do not understand Arabic, it means, the river of happy banks—it means, all the delights of a sunny sky, all the charms of a genial nature, all the enchantments of a romantic poesy. The reality—at least, the modern reality—is by no means poetical. On the left rises a low range of hills, sparsely planted with olive-trees; on the right extends



ON THE GUADALQUIVIR.

a vast area of pasture-ground, still partly covered by the last inundations of the river; here and there, on the margin of the water, may be seen a band of storks; in the fields, numerous herds of black pigs; —such is the landscape which greets the eye of the traveller for nearly the whole distance. The pigs are one of the great productions of the country. In the summer, when the river is low, and exposes the numerous islands in its channel, the farmer leads

thither his herds, and there they remain all day, sleeping on the sand, or searching for food among the mud. In the evening they are driven back to their sties. O nymphs of the Guadalquivir, where are your garlanded shepherds? Where, O Galatea, are your snow-white sheep?

As we draw near Cordova, the country becomes more characteristic. Mountains of low elevation form a pleasing horizon. The houses increase in number. Hedges of gigantic aloe-trees border the road; the gardens surrounding the town are gay with orange-trees; and high above the roofs tower the graceful crests of the palms.

We reached Cordova early; but our tribulations were not yet ended. At the coach-office, a modest demand of three hundred reals was again urged upon us, and on our energetic refusal of payment, our luggage was detained. We were constrained to carry our sorrows before the governor. We found him a grave and aristocratic-looking personage, who listened to us very affably. Without a moment's hesitation he decided in our favour, and issued immediate orders for the delivery of our luggage. In the course of our journey we had had little cause to praise Spanish justice; but, on this occasion, Spanish authority showed an impartiality and a good feeling for which I am anxious to make my grateful acknowledgments.

Cordova is built on a gentle eminence, in the midst of a fertile and pleasant plain. Few Spanish towns can boast of more thrilling associations. In ancient times it gave birth to the philosopher Seneca, and to the poet Lucan; the latter a poet of decadence, it is true, but whose immortal honour it is,

that his voice was one of the last which spoke in fitting terms of freedom and virtue, in the enslaved Imperial world. During the period of Arabian domination it was the capital of the Ommiades, the rival of Bagdad, and, for three centuries, the centre of a refined and brilliant civilization, the "cradle of captains," and the "nurse of science."

[Arabian Cordova produced two of the most learned men of their time: Avenzour (or, as it is more correctly written, Abdel Malek Ibn Zohr), and Averroës (that is, Abu Abdallah Ibn Roshd); the latter brought the scholars of Europe acquainted with Aristotle. His treatise on the great Stagyrite is praised by Dante:—

"Averroës, who the Great Comment made."

He was born at Cordova in 1149, and died in Morocco about 1200.

Spanish Cordova, too, has had it worthies: Juan de Mena, whom Ford entitles "the morning star of Spanish poetry;" Ambrosio Morales, the "Leland of the Peninsula;" Tomas Sanchez, the Jesuit; Pablo de Cespedes, the painter; Luis de Gongora, the Euphuist; and, most famous of all, Gonzalez de Cordova, the Great Captain.

Cordova fell into the hands of the Moors early in the seventh century, and remained Moorish until captured by St. Ferdinand, June 30, 1235.

The Moorish dynasties comprise four distinct periods:—

First (A.D. 711–756), when Spain was governed by Amirs, the lieutenants of the Kalif of Damascus;

Second (A.D. 756–1036), the period when Cordova was the capital of the Sultans of the Ommiades (or Ummeyah) dynasty;

Third (A.D. 1036–1235), the period when the peninsula was convulsed by the struggles between the Almoravides and the Almohades, the latter of whom eventually prevailed; and,

Fourth (A.D. 1235–1492), the period from the fall of Cordova to the fall of Granada, when Spain was consolidated into a Christian kingdom by Ferdinand and Isabella.]

Of all the glory of Cordova, of all its splendours of art, science, and literature, but few and inconsiderable vestiges are extant. It is to-day a city of the dead. Formerly, its population numbered 200,000; it does not now exceed 40,000. The grass grows in its silent streets; half its

houses seem deserted. Yet it has preserved through every change a physiognomy of its own; has preserved the profound impress of the civilization which formerly flourished within its walls. Its white houses still retain a Saracenic character, with few and narrow windows opening upon the

THE MOSQUE OF CORDOVA: ITS OUTER WALL.

street; all the apartments are lighted from an inner court, which is more or less elegantly decorated.

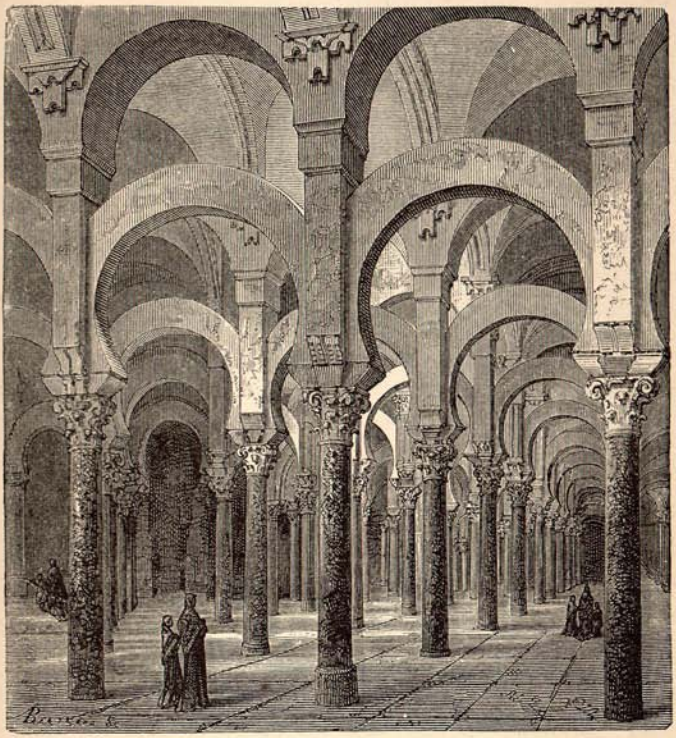
One monument alone remains to attest the ancient glory of Cordova—I mean, its Mosque; but this monument is

unique, and without rival in the whole world. Scarcely installed in our hotel, we were yet desirous, before night-fall, of paying it a first visit. We traversed a labyrinth of winding streets. Having made our way into the lower portion of the town, we found ourselves suddenly before a vast enclosure, whose walls, forty feet high, of a beautiful golden tone, are crowned by dentelated ramparts. Through a gate surmounted by an Arabic arch, we entered into a quadrangular court; the Mosque forms one of its sides; the three others are enclosed by a kind of cloister or portico.

The court is planted with magnificent orange-trees, palms, and cypresses; a marble fountain occupies the centre. There, of old, the Moslems made their ablutions before entering the house of prayer. Nothing can be more charming, in my opinion, than the arrangement, which, in front of the consecrated place, has disposed these beautiful and tranquil shadows, like a vestibule inviting one to repose, and preparing one for devout meditation.

We passed into the Mosque, and so impressive is the first *coup d'œil* that one pauses involuntarily on the threshold. Picture to yourself a veritable forest of shapely pillars of marble, jasper, and porphyry; their lines cross each other in every direction, and are prolonged into avenues of which the eye can perceive no end. Upon these columns, which are not of any great height, but are slender and graceful, rise two stages of superimposed arcades—some dividing into lobes, and frequently affecting the ogival curve, but the majority of a horse-shoe shape, with *douelles* painted white and red. The light, unequally distributed, penetrates feebly through narrow windows placed at the extremities of the

naves, or falls through the few openings in the roofs; here and there, where a ray of light partially glides through, oases of light (so to speak) emerge from the bosom of the shadow. You advance, and at every step the perspective changes. The myriad-coloured trunks of that marble forest seem to



MOSQUE OF CORDOVA: INTERIOR.

move and glide in the semi-daylight; and the fitful play of the light across the arcades and intermingling avenues adds to the depth and magical aspect of the building.

Neither Cairo nor Damascus boasts of anything comparable to this marvellous monument. The Mosque of Amrou, at

Old Cairo, seems to have served as a model for that of Cordova. But the *magnum opus* of Abdu-r-rahman far surpasses that of the conqueror of Egypt. The Mosque of Cairo, in its covered part, has only three hundred columns; the Mosque of Cordova has from a thousand to eleven hundred.

One thing which struck me was, that, despite the want of elevation of the vaults, the architect had contrived to produce here, by other means, the idea of devotion and the sentiment of grandeur. Assuredly our Gothic cathedrals have expressed the religious thought with unequalled force and power; a force and power never approached by Moorish art. But we must recollect that the Mosque of Cordova dates from the year 770, and that Gothic art did not flourish until four centuries later; and if there is here no comparison to establish, we must recognize, nevertheless, a masterly ingenuity in that architectural arrangement which, unable to attain majesty by the loftiness of the roof, was able to realize it up to a certain point by extent of surface and play of perspective.

Observe, especially, that the Mosque of Cordova is no longer what it was in the days of the Kalifs. Instead of its present roofs, heavy and time-worn, it then boasted of surfaces of cedar and thuya-wood, ornamented by panels gilded and carved with that elegance of which the Arabs have left us so many models. Above the roof rose numerous cupolas surmounted by golden balls. In the interior burned and shimmered four thousand lamps. Finally, the nineteen naves which divide the breadth of the edifice formerly opened, by large gates with Moorish arches, on the Court of Orange-trees; so that the rows of these beautiful trees seemed still to prolong to the eye the extended colonnades. But the gates have been

walled up, the cedar-wood and thuya-wood destroyed, and the cupolas overthrown. A yet more lamentable change has taken place. After the conquest of Cordova in 1236, by St. Ferdinand, the Mosque was appropriated, without any great alterations, to the Christian worship; in transforming it into a cathedral, the conquerors had had the good taste and the good sense to leave intact its original character. But, in 1523, under Charles V., the chapter of Cordova unhappily conceived the idea of erecting a *coro*, or choir, in the centre of the Saracenic edifice. The municipal administration protested warmly against so barbarous a notion; it even menaced with the penalty of death any person who undertook to demolish the Mosque; but the king's council supported the chapter. Sixty columns were levelled to make room for an enormous construction of nearly two hundred feet in length, whose heavy pilasters, lofty roofs, Gothic and Greco-Roman ornaments contrast most disenchantingly with the Moorish style of the Mosque, and whose colossal mass, like to a monstrous aerolite dropped into the middle of this maze of slender, shapely columns, arrests the view in all directions, and disagreeably breaks up the perspective.

It is related that when Charles V., three years afterwards, visited Cordova, he showed a right royal indignation at the mischief which the monks had wrought, and said to them :— "You have built here what you, or any one, might have built anywhere else; but you have destroyed what was unique in the world. You have pulled down what was complete, and you have begun what you cannot finish."

The semi-civilization of the Renaissance proved more destructive in Spain than the barbarism of the Middle Ages.

The monks of the sixteenth century have, however, preserved in the Mosque two masterpieces of Moorish art. The one, a kind of oratory, was the part of the temple reserved for the ulemas, and its walls, internally, were clothed with arabesques of the most exquisite design. The other is the sanctuary, or *mihrab*, which was placed, according to Moorish custom, in the direction of the east, and towards which every Moslem turned, when reciting his prayers. There the Koran was deposited, and pilgrims paid their devotions. It is a kind of little chapel, on whose façade is raised a narrow trefoiled gallery. The small columns supporting this gallery, the grated windows which illuminate it, the ogival arch which forms the entrance of the sanctuary, the ornaments in black and gold which embellish it, the mosaics in coloured glass which enrich its sides,—all are of an exceeding richness, elegance, and grace.

[With this description by a French traveller, the reader may compare the following from an English pen :—

"But the Mosque remains still, though how defiled and degraded! Many of the portals have been walled up; the beautiful seat of the Caliph is filled with all kinds of Church finery; the walls, once so delicately and richly carved, are hidden by tawdry decorations. You feel inclined to cry out vengeance against the despoilers of a temple which Solomon's could not have surpassed.

"It is the most wonderful place, and one can understand what a grand religious conception the Moors must have had when inside this, their temple of temples. After all, the Mahommedans were much more tolerant and enlightened than the people they alternately ruled and served, and were Unitarians *pur et simple*, praying to the universal God, in whose name never was raised a more fitting house of prayer.

"To have seen the Mosque of Cordova forms an era in one's life. It is so vast, so solemn, so beautiful. You seem to be wandering at sunset time in a large and dusky forest, intersected by regular alleys of tall stately palms. No matter in what direction you turn your face, northward, southward, eastward, westward, the same beautiful perspective meets your eye, file after file of marble and jasper columns supporting the double horse-shoe arch. Nothing can be more imposing and at the same time graceful than this arrangement of transverse aisles; and the

interlaced arches, being delicately coloured in red and white, may not inaptly be compared to foliage of a palm-forest, flushed with the rays of the setting sun. If so impressive now, what must this place have been in the glorious days of Abdu-r-rahman, the Al-Raschid of Cordova, when the roofs blazed with arabesques of red and blue and 'patines of bright gold;' the floors were covered with gorgeous carpets, and the aisles swarmed with thousands of worshippers in their bright Eastern dresses? The richest imagination cannot even paint the scene, the readiest fancy cannot embellish it; and only those who have imbibed the rich colours of the East can close their eyes and dream of it. When the dream is over, cast your eyes along the long lines of columns, and you will see where the shoulders of spectators and worshippers of ages have left an enduring mark—a touching sight!—and then go into the once exquisite Maksara, or Caliph's seat, and weep to see what becomes of beautiful things in Spain!

"Words are not strong enough to condemn the desecration of such a temple—a temple worthy of the purest religion the world will ever know. Let the Catholic services be celebrated within its walls, let the priests preach from its altars, let the people kneel upon its floors—but why, in heaven's name, should every exquisite relic of Moorish art, and every vestige of Moorish devotion, be ruthlessly destroyed? One marvels to see even the pillars and horse-shoe arches left intact—who knows for how long? And there are still some inlaid ceilings of thuya-wood, and some fragments of arabesque stucco, as remarkable for richness of design and delicacy of work as any of the Alhambra. But to those who are curious in such things I say, see them soon, or you will be too late. It is always a question of now or never in Spain.

"It is curious that Cespedes, the Spanish Crichton, or, as some call him, the Spanish Michel-Angelo, wrote a learned dissertation, trying to prove that, where this glorious mosque now stands, a temple once stood dedicated to Janus, erected by the Romans after the conquest of Spain. Cespedes was a native of Cordova (*hijo de Cordulea*), and a man of whom she has every reason to be proud. He was a scholar, an antiquary, a poet, a painter, a critic. Look at his pictures 'if ever you should go to Cordova.'

"When you have seen the Mosque, you will have seen all that the Spaniards have left there. There were formerly Roman antiquities of no ordinary interest, aqueducts, an amphitheatre, and monuments, of which not a trace remains. Will it be believed that, in making the prisons of the Inquisition, some statues, mosaics, and inscriptions were found, all of which were covered again by the holy tribunal as being pagan. Of the Aladdin-like palaces of Abdu-r-rahman, there is not a vestige; mediæval Cordova, with its architecture, its arts, and its prosperity, is disappearing bit by bit, whilst, like some physical manifestation of energetic disease, a large and splendid plaza for bull-fights has sprung up."*]

The Arabs, in Spain, were always strangers; encamped

* M. Betham Edwards, "A Journey through Spain to the Sahara."

rather than naturalized upon its soil. Therefore, though we met everywhere with the deep traces of their march, their civilization has not survived, but has disappeared with them. The antipathy of races, the diversity of manners, the hostility of creeds; add to this the heroically obstinate national spirit —the patriotic pride which for eight centuries kept the Spanish people armed and on foot to reconquer their independence, and drive back into the sea their invaders; to these various causes it is due that the Spaniards have not always done justice to the many admirable features of the Moorish civilization. History ought to be more impartial.

We owe to Humboldt the just remark, that the Arabic invasion of Spain, unlike the Germanic invasions which wrought universal ruin, imported into the conquered country the germs of a civilization which rapidly developed and grew strong. "The Arabs," he says, "were peculiarly well adapted to play the *rôle* of mediators, and to act upon the conquered races from the Euphrates to the Guadalquivir. They possessed an unexampled activity, marking a distinct epoch in the history of the world; a liberal tendency opposed to the intolerant spirit of the Hebrews, which enabled them to mingle with the people they subdued without ever abjuring their national character. While the races of Germany did not acquire any refinement until long after their migrations, the Arabs brought with them a perfected language, and the delicate flowers of a poetry which ought not to be thrown aside in favour of the troubadours and minnesingers."

The domination of the Goths was rapidly decaying—was dying in anarchy and corruption—when the Arabs passed the

Strait of Gibraltar. As a proof of this fact it is only necessary to mention that a single battle delivered into the hands of the invaders the entire peninsula from Mount Calpe to the Pyrenees. It was but an undermined empire, already tottering to its base; and a single blow completed its destruction.

Less than fifty years afterwards, 756, Cordova became, under the Ummeyahs, or Ommiades, a kalifate independent of that of Bagdad; and from this moment the Moorish civilization flourished with marvellous splendour.

Abdu-r-rahman the Great built the Mosque of Cordova; he opened up new roads; he founded libraries, and established schools in the principal towns of Andalusia. Agriculture was developed and maritime commerce extended. The natural sciences and medicine were already held in high honour among the Arabs; he favoured them, and founded a Botanical Garden near Cordova.* It is even said that, in memory of Damascus, his birth-place, whence he had been compelled to exile himself after the massacre of all his family by Aboul-Abbas, he caused to be brought to Cordova and planted in his palace-garden the first palm-tree seen in Spain. History attests the fact,† but poetry has seized upon the anecdote, and an ancient Spanish romance expresses, not ungracefully, the complaints which the kalif addresses to the tree that, far from consoling him, did but remind him of his fatherland, and cherish his regrets.

"Thou, too, noble palm-tree,
Thou art a stranger to this soil.
The bland zephyrs of Algarves
Lovingly stir thy leaves;

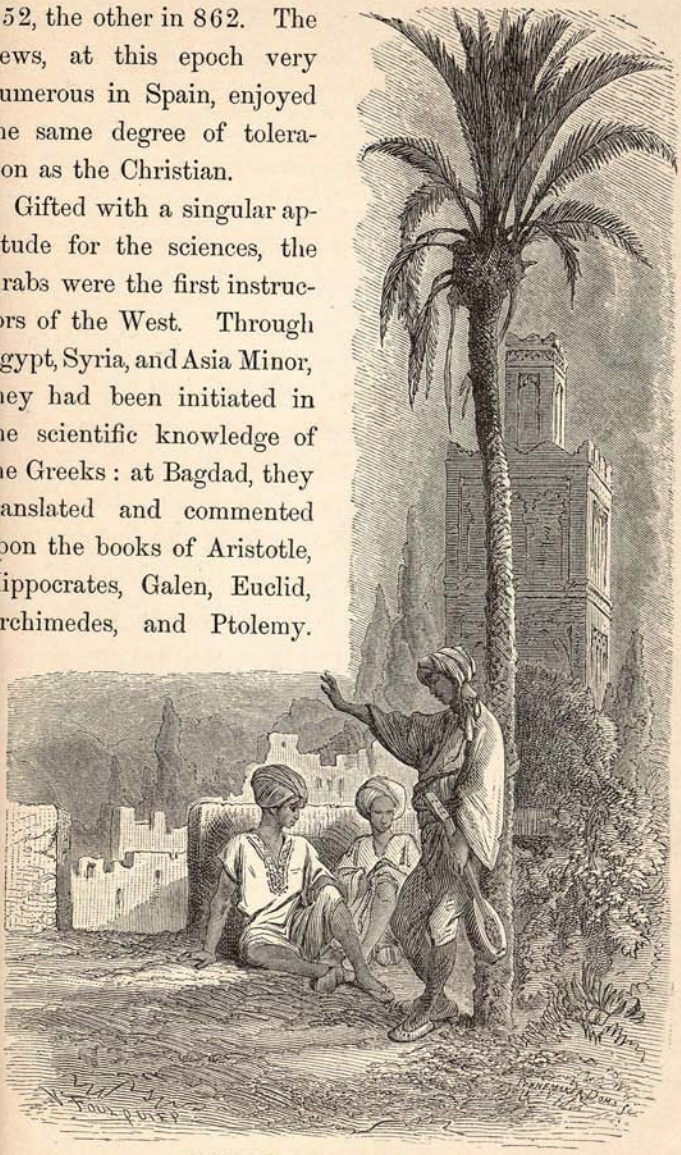
* Humboldt, "Kosmos," vol. ii. c. 5.
† Conde, "Histoire de la Domination des Arabes," i. 159.

Thy roots strike deep and firm
Into a fertile earth;
And yet, like me, thou grievest,
If, like me, thou rememberest!
I have dewed with tears the palms
Which bathe in the flood of Euphrates;
But both the palms and the river
My care have already forgotten.
Of our country dearly loved
Thou retainest no recollection;
But as for me, unhappy me,
I think of it unceasingly,
And unceasingly I weep."

Not less honourable to Abdu-r-rahman than his love of the sciences is the tolerant disposition he evinced towards the Spanish Christians. On condition of their paying an annual subsidy, he granted them a charter of safety ratifying the privileges they already possessed in right of the ancient capitulations, and permitting them the enjoyment of their own civil and religious laws. This wise and humane policy contributed not a little to the prosperity of the country so long as the dynasty of the Ummeyahs occupied the throne—that is to say, from 756 to 1145—the most flourishing period of Moorish civilization. The Christians formed the most numerous portion of the population; and the mildness with which they were treated retained them in the kingdom, where the only change they had experienced was that of masters. These Christian subjects of the Arab kalifs were afterwards called *mozarabes* (Most' Arab—*i.e.*, become Arabs). The Catholic hierarchy subsisted among them; the bishops appointed the curés and abbés. Several councils took place under the Moorish supremacy and in a Moorish realm. One was held, for instance, in 782, at Seville, in the reign of Abdu-r-rahman the Great himself. Two others took place at Cordova, one in

852, the other in 862. The Jews, at this epoch very numerous in Spain, enjoyed the same degree of toleration as the Christian.

Gifted with a singular aptitude for the sciences, the Arabs were the first instructors of the West. Through Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor, they had been initiated in the scientific knowledge of the Greeks: at Bagdad, they translated and commented upon the books of Aristotle, Hippocrates, Galen, Euclid, Archimedes, and Ptolemy.



THE PALM-TREE OF ABDU-R-RAHMAN.

Through Persia and India they had collected the most precious discoveries of the East; they had received algebra from the Hindus; from the Chinese, paper and the mariner's compass. They did not limit themselves to the mere introduction into Europe of these varied branches of knowledge; they knew how to enrich, to develop, and perfect them. On such a point as this we can invoke no higher authority than that of Humboldt, whom I have already cited :—

"The Arabs," he says, "have enlarged our views of Nature, and enriched Science with a great number of new creations. They deserve to be regarded as the veritable founders of physical science, taking these words in the extended sense which they bear to-day."

The study of medicinal plants guided them to botany, which they may almost be said to have created. Nor is chemistry less indebted to them. They cultivated geography and geometry with success. Astronomy, especially, owes to them an extensive development. They rectified the Tables of Ptolemy, and determined the duration of the earth's annual revolution with an exactness which differs but by one or two minutes from the most recent calculations. It was they who first applied the pendulum to the measurement of time; this important discovery belonging to the great astronomer Ebn-Jounis, who lived towards the end of the tenth century.

Gerbert—the erudite scholar, who was the instructor of the son of Hugues Capet, next Bishop of Rheims and Ravenna, and, finally, Pope, under the name of Sylvester II.—Gerbert was taught in the Moorish schools of Spain. He studied, it is said, for three years at Seville, under the Moslem doctors, mathematics, astronomy, and rhetoric; there, too, he gained

a knowledge of chemistry, which led to his being accused of magical practices by some of his contemporaries.

During the night-shadows of the Middle Ages, in the ninth and tenth centuries, at an epoch when ignorance and barbarism covered all Christian Europe; when intellectual culture, crushed beneath the heavy burden of feudalism, survived only

ARABIC GEOMETRICIANS.

in a few sequestered monasteries; south of the Pyrenees there flourished, in those opulent and powerful towns where Oriental magnificence was displayed in its grandest aspects—at Toledo, at Cordova, at Seville—by the side of enchanted palaces and marvellous mosques, vast colleges, richly endowed, in which poetry, philosophy, and the natural sciences were taught to tens of thousands, many of whom had come from remote countries. In noble public libraries were accumulated the

literary and scientific treasures of Greece and the East, translated and commented upon by the Arab writers. As many as seventy of these are known to have existed. That of Cordova was so numerous that the catalogue alone formed forty-four volumes of fifty leaves each. Four hundred years later, despite the efforts of Charles the Wise, the Royal Library of France consisted of no more than 900 volumes, of which three-fourths were theological.*

Aristotle was taught in the schools of Bagdad and Seville three centuries before he reigned in those of the West; Averroës was the great apostle of the Scholastic philosophy. The Moorish literature of the Middle Ages exercised, in the opinion of the most competent authorities, a very marked influence upon Provençal literature. It was not by the direct contact, but by the mixture of peoples and languages, that this influence operated: "It was through a thousand channels the breath of Arabic poetry, the perfume of Araby, reached the West, and that this Oriental vigour passed onward even to the Southern nations, who, so far as the Arabs are concerned, are almost peoples of the North."†

It is not my intention here to speak of Moorish architecture; an opportunity of referring to it will more naturally present itself in another chapter of my book. I shall confine myself to one remark; namely, that architecture is the art in which, poesy alone excepted, the Moorish genius has displayed the greatest originality. In grandeur, it is true, it is deficient; but what grace, what elegance, what marvellous variety!

* Viardot, "Histoire de la Domination Arabe," tome ii., p. 165; Dulaure, "Histoire de Paris."

† Villemain, "Littérature du Moyen Age," 4me. leçon.

Not, indeed—as is often said—that our Gothic architecture has borrowed from the Arabs the *ogive*, which is its characteristic feature. The architectural style which we so unfortunately designate Gothic was born spontaneously in France, towards the middle of the twelfth century, and derives its origin only from the Roman, and through the Roman from the Byzantine. But unquestionably it is true that Moorish art had also, but independently, created the *ogive;* that is, it had made use of it several centuries before the Christian art had discovered and applied it. Here, then, is another proof of the singular ingenuity and precocity of the Arab intellect.

To those already drawn, numerous traits require to be added, if we would fill up a complete picture of the Moorish civilization. I have sought only to indicate its principal aspects. Exaggeration, moreover, must be avoided; and there can be no greater paradox than to pretend to elevate the Moorish civilization to the same level as the Christian. Not to speak of the immense superiority of the Gospel to the Koran, if we examine the question simply in reference to letters, science, and art, we shall find that the parallel cannot be sustained. The Arab mind—curious as it is, ingenious and active—fails in power and depth. It never fully understood the Greek genius. From Greece, indeed, it derived its scientific results and its logical discipline; but it was unable to assimilate to itself its magnificent poetry, or its lofty philosophical inspirations. It seems that these profundities are inaccessible to the Semitic mind, which has in it an undefinable hardness, narrowness, and inflexibility. Not only is the Arab intellect deficient in force and suppleness; it lacks also fecundity and initiativeness. Even where it displays its greatest originality,

its flight is quickly arrested. Two, or at the most three, centuries have exhausted its sap. Compare this with the career maintained—and, so far as we can see, long likely to be maintained—by European civilization. How readily has *this* assimilated the Greek and Roman genius! Its flight has been slow; during the mediæval centuries it had, so to speak, a long and laborious incubation; but what an awakening! And since then how marvellous a fertility! With what suppleness it accommodates itself to the diversities of race, of time, of climate! It has had its oscillations and its waverings; but it has never stopped. When it appears stationary on one point, it is advancing on another. Sometimes it seems to pass from one people to another people; seems to develop in succession the grand faculties of the human mind. But through all these various accidents, through all these diverse phases, the European civilization, the Christian civilization, is characterized by one noteworthy sign; its law is that of progress, of indefinite perfectibility. The further it advances, the more its horizon enlarges before it.

Neither the civilizations of antiquity, nor the Moorish civilization, have possessed this remarkable feature. After a more or less lengthy course, a more or less brilliant development, they have grown sickly, they have waxed faint, and eventually they have disappeared from the world. The Moorish genius, in particular, has been unable to renew itself; and as soon as the Moorish race, never very numerous, was mixed and confounded with populations less richly endowed, with the wild tribes of Morocco, it appeared to be struck with exhaustion, with an incurable sterility. Not the less, in its proper era, did the Arabic civilization exercise a most

salutary influence and attain a remarkable degree of splendour. It formed the link ; the transition between the ancient civilizations, which were on the point of dying out ; and the modern civilization, which was springing into life. It hastened the birth of the latter ; and if its career has been brief, it has left, at all events, a luminous trace in history.

A MOORISH SCULPTOR.

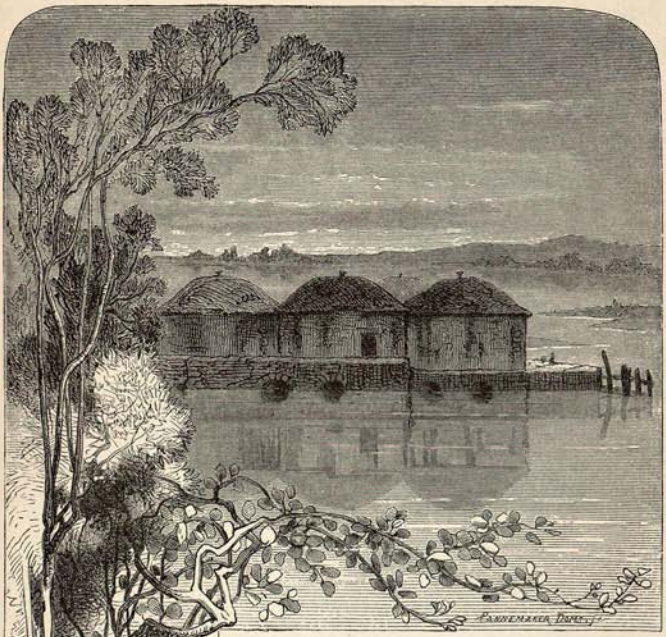
IV.

A Pilgrimage to Seville.

SEVILLE—THE ALCAZAR—DON PEDRO THE CRUEL—THE MUSEUM—THE CATHEDRAL—THE GITANOS.

Fair is proud Seville ; let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days.

BYRON.



IV.

BEFORE quitting Cordova, we were desirous of paying one more visit to the Mosque ;—for it is a singular circumstance that though transformed into a church six hundred years ago, it has retained its Mohammedan appellation, and the Spaniards themselves always call it *La Mezquita.* Truly it is quite an enchantment to sit in the *patio,* under those beautiful orange-trees, the finest I have ever seen — the contemporaries, perhaps, of the kalifs ; I

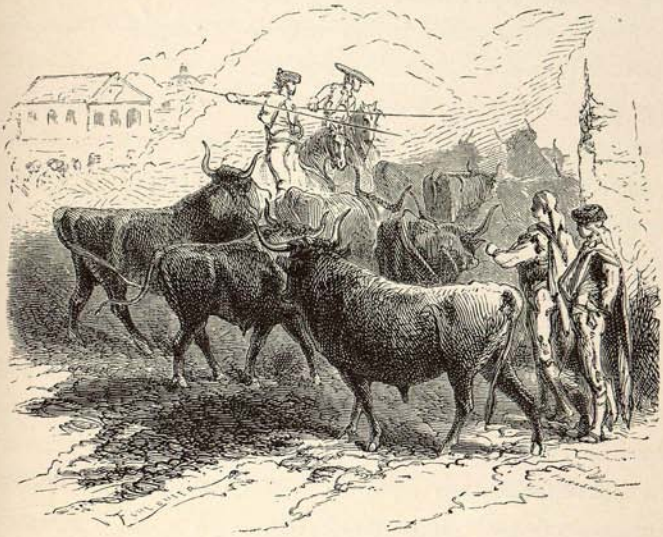
measured one whose trunk was upwards of three feet in circumference. It is like a fairy dream to wander, as the evening shadows lengthen, under the long sombre arcades of the Mosque: without laying too heavy a tax on the imagination, one may think oneself transported into the midst of the Eastern world—and every moment one expects to see, at the angle of a colonnade, a Moslem believer, with his forehead on the pavement, performing his adorations towards the east; or some dervise, crouched in a corner, counting his beaded chaplet.

We returned along the bank of the Guadalquivir. We crossed the stream on an old bridge with high and solid arches, said to be of Arabian construction. From this point a beautiful view is obtained of the city; and of the river banks, covered with alders and poplars of a tender green. In the bed of the river, a little higher up, may be observed a singular structure, also of Moorish origin—a mill, raised upon massive vaults: to take advantage of the lowest water, it has been built so low that, at the epoch of the floods, it is completely drowned and submerged. The miller returns to his abode when the stream thinks fit to abandon it to him.

As we returned towards the town, we caught sight of two men on horseback in rustic garb, with savage mien, and armed with great spears, debouching on the bridge. The passers-by hastily ranged themselves in a line at their approach, and we had but just time enough to imitate their example. In the rear of these worthies came a troop of bulls—they were fighting-bulls, and were being conducted to the circus, to figure in the great show on Easter-day. The rear was brought up by two men on foot, clothed in sheep-skins, and carrying a sling. These are the hinds who look after the bulls in the

pastures where they are bred; savages scarcely less ferocious than the animals with whom they live. They manage the sling with extraordinary skill; if a bull strays, the stone strikes him as surely as a rifle ball from a needle-gun. It is said that at a single blow they can break a bull's horn, or bring the beast to the ground.

The evening was very warm, and the sun was setting in a fiery sky. Above the black line of the bridge, the silhouette



GOING TO THE BULL-FIGHT.

of these horsemen and their lances, these bulls and their great horns, standing out in bold relief against the red horizon, vaguely reminded one of those half-savage *Guachos*, who, mounted on horseback, guide their herds across the *pampas* of South America.

From Cordova to Seville is a short journey, which we

accomplished in a few hours. The country is fertile, and pleasantly diversified. A small mountain-chain on the right follows the course of the Guadalquivir. On a rock, abrupt, steep, and picturesque, rises the Moorish castle of Almodovar. The small town of Palma seems to nestle in the midst of a grove of orange-trees. All around spread richly cultivated fields, intermingled with wide pastures and marshy meadows. The traveller is especially struck by the scarcity of houses. It is not the earth which here denies itself to the efforts of man, but man who fails in his duty to the earth.

The first aspect of Seville is charming. Just as Cordova is desolate and mournful, so is Seville bright and full of life. Its spacious squares, planted with orange-trees; its splendid promenades, on the banks of a mast-thronged river; its palaces, its Alcazar, its majestic cathedral, dominated by the gilded tower of the Giralda; its clean streets, paved with large flag-stones; its white houses, its green balconies; its *miradores*, ornamented with many-coloured hangings and flowers; —all these features combine to endow it with the physiognomy of a busy capital, and yet of a city of pleasure.

It is true that we arrived in a season of festival. The ceremonies of the Holy Week attract a great number of strangers to Seville; they come from a circuit of thirty leagues. The hotels are crowded to overflowing, and prices are doubled. We were lodged in the most crowded street of Seville, the *Calle de las Sierpes*, near the Plaza de la Constitucion. The hotel was not a good one, but the situation was agreeable, and our apartment particularly attractive. The patio, surrounded by marble columns, flourishes thickly with citron and orange-trees, bananas and almond-trees in flower. Our

chambers, on the first story, opened on a glazed gallery, through whose broad panes the sunshine entered in genial floods; the orange-trees inclined towards it, as if to offer to the hand their branches heavy with fruit and blossom.

The Frenchman here seems in a country of his own. We, for our part, met again with several countrymen whose acquaintance we had made at Andujar. Two other tourists, with whom the same misadventure had placed us on a still more familiar footing, had come from Cordova at the same time as ourselves: one, a young Frenchman from Bordeaux, M. du S——; the other, a Sicilian, the Marquis Sch——. Their itinerary was the same as ours: they were going to Gibraltar, and thence to Granada. Thus we formed, at the Hotel de l'Europe, a small and very agreeable colony.

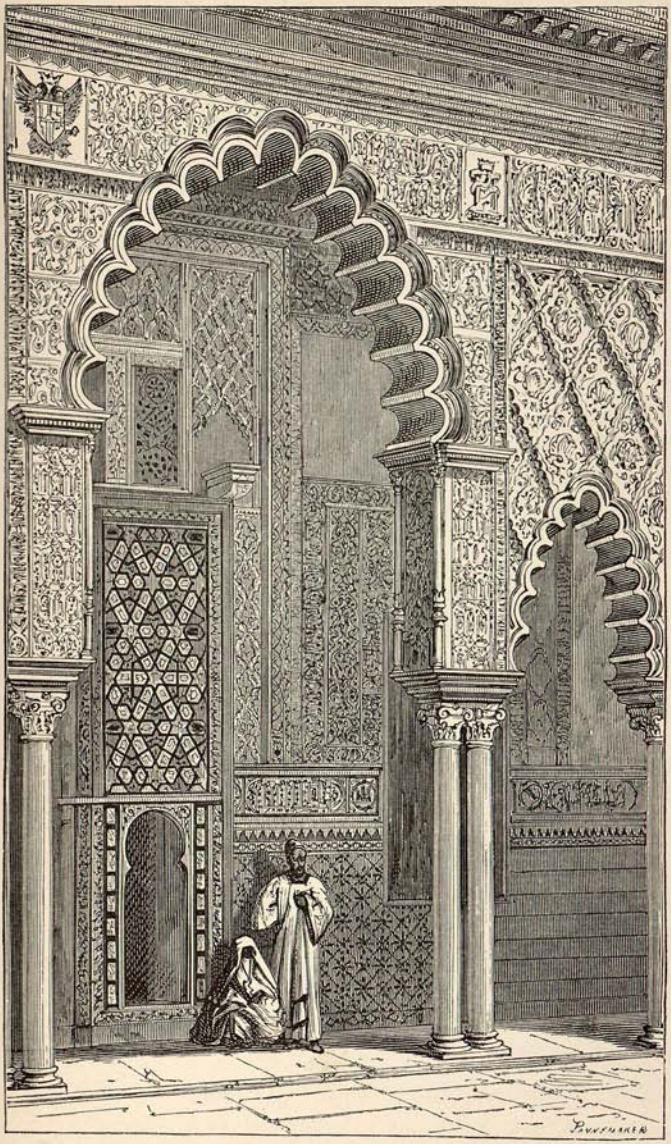
According to the information we had received, religious ceremonies and processions occupied, at Seville, the last three days of the Holy Week. During these three days ordinary commonplace life is wholly suspended in the city; the shops are closed, the museums are closed; the pictures in the churches are veiled and invisible; you are not admitted to visit the public monuments. We therefore took measures to utilize the time which remained to us before the commencement of the fêtes. The first three days we resolved to devote to visiting the Alcazar, the Museum, La Caridad, and the tobacco-manufactory.

The Alcazar of Seville is, next to the Alhambra, the most precious and perfect monument of Moorish architecture in Spain. Within the last few years it has been restored, thanks to the exertions of the Duke of Montpensier, with a care and

a taste worthy of all praise. The most shameful devastations had been committed there. At one time it had been converted into a barrack. In numerous places the bayonets of the soldiers had worn away the walls, and terribly cut to pieces the delicate stucco lace-work which embellished them. Elsewhere the arabesques had disappeared under thick layers of whitewash and coarse paint. Now they have been restored to the daylight; the destroyed portions have been repaired, with a strict fidelity to the original designs; the rich colours of gold, vermilion, and azure which embellished them have been revived. The polished faïence-work, or *azulejos*, which formed the wainscotting, have been, not exactly reproduced—for the secret has been lost—but very cleverly imitated.

For one who has not seen Granada, it is difficult to imagine anything more marvellous than this Alcazar. One thinks oneself in a palace of fairies. One is astonished, charmed, dazzled. The walls seem clothed in a *guipure* of gold and silk. I do not think the Moors have ever been equalled in the art of internal decoration. Spite of the profusion of ornament which covers the halls up to the very roof, and even the roof itself, there is neither heaviness, nor overloading, nor a gaudy abundance of richness in the marvellous whole, so varied and so elegant are the forms.

Only, in its present condition, and after its recent restoration, the Alcazar has, perhaps, a single defect: the paintings are too gorgeous, the colours are too vivid, the tones too hard. Is this the fault of the modern artists, who have not possessed the faculty of communicating to their work that harmony so noticeable in the work wrought by Moorish hands? Or is it simply that Time has not yet given to the too vivid colours



THE ALCAZAR OF SEVILLE.

that subdued tint which he gives to everything? I know not; but I have since seen the Alhambra, and I must own that its interior ornamentation has an effect far more harmonious and tender to the eye. I may add, that so far as concerns the architecture and the internal details, the palace of Granada greatly surpasses in elegance, delicacy, and aerial lightness all that is to be seen in the Alcazar of Seville.

There is one thing, however, which we must note as an exception—the *patio;* which is, in my opinion, the most beautiful part of the building. The pavement is of marble, with a fountain in the centre, surrounded by flowers and myrtles. The gallery which forms the four sides is supported by shapely marble columns, arranged in twos, and supporting trefoiled arcades; these arcades, open to the day, are marvels of grace and lightness.

The Alcazar of Seville was mainly erected by Don Pedro I., surnamed in history "the Cruel." On the principal gateway may still be read the inscription,—

"The most illustrious, most noble, and most powerful conqueror, Don Pedro, King of Castile and of Leon, caused this palace and this façade to be constructed in the year 1362."

The style of the building, however, is explained by the fact that, though raised under a Spanish and Christian king, it was built by Moorish architects. At the epoch we are speaking of, the Arabs alone, in Spain, cultivated the arts and sciences; they alone were astronomers, physicians, architects, engineers. In war the Christian kings were compelled to have recourse to the Moorish engineers for the construction and management of the machines they employed to batter down the walls of beleagured towns. Thus, in 1364, Don Pedro, laying

siege to Castel-Favib, a small place in the kingdom of Valentia, was obliged to summon from Carthagena two Moors, sons of a celebrated engineer named Master Ali, to construct the military engines of which he stood in need. More than once Moslem architects were invited to Toledo and Burgos by the Christian kings, to direct the works they had ordered. The Spanish language itself has preserved the trace of this fact: in Spanish, the word which signifies "a mason" is derived from the Arabic *albanil*.

Near the door of the patio already referred to, we were shown, on the marble pavement, an indelible stain of a rusty colour. It marks the spot, according to popular tradition, where was slain, by order of Don Pedro, his natural brother, Don Fadrique. The heart of the king had nourished an implacable hatred against his two brothers, Henry de Trastamare and Don Fadrique, who, in 1354, had joined the faction of the insurgent nobles, and had held him for some time a prisoner at Toro. Henry, suspecting a snare, had taken refuge in Languedoc; Don Fadrique, more trustful, had reconciled himself to Don Pedro, and served him loyally.

In 1358, after reconquering for the king the town of Jumilla, in the kingdom of Murcia, he received orders to repair to Seville. He hastened thither immediately, thinking to be rewarded with, as he had deserved, the royal approbation. Scarcely had he crossed the threshold before he was arrested by the king's guards. He broke from them, fled into the court, and attempted to defend himself; but the handle of his sword had got entangled in his baldric, and he fell beneath the maces of the crossbowmen. Meanwhile, one of the gentlemen of his suite, his chief equerry, Sancho Ruiz de Villegas, took refuge in Maria de Padilla's apartment, and seized in his

DEATH OF THE INFANTE DON FADRIQUE.

arms one of her daughters as a defence against the murderers. But the king, who followed him sword in hand, snatched the child from his grasp, and dealt him the first blow. His courtiers completed the cruel deed. Don Pedro then descended into the court, where his brother was lying motionless, but still breathing. He approached him, looked at him attentively, and drawing his dagger, handed it to an African slave to give the dying man the *coup de grace*. The bloody deed thus finished, he re-entered the palace, and went to dinner.*

This Don Pedro, whom history has blasted with everlasting shame as "the Cruel," Philip II. would fain have had known as "the Just." We can easily understand that absolute monarchs may have wished to rehabilitate this sombre figure. Pedro was a tyrant; but, like Louis XI., he was a king. In the feudal anarchy of the fourteenth century he had defended royalty, which the great nobles sought to humble, and which they succeeded in humiliating under Henry IV. He warred against his powerful vassals, and hesitated not to bring them to the scaffold. These were titles to the admiration and gratitude of his successors. But this selfish rehabilitation has been unable to crush out the vitality of the popular tradition; and the cruelties of Don Pedro must have been enormous, and have powerfully struck the imagination of the people, since they were not pardoned by the latter in consideration of the vengeance he exacted upon the great.

All that can be said in extenuation is, that Don Pedro lived at a bloody and barbarous epoch. The chronicles of the time are full of incidents which paint that society to us in the most frightful colours. Force was the only law: men

* Ayala, "Chronique," pp. 237–243; Prosper Mérimée, "Histoire de Don Pèdre," c. vi.

lived like beasts of prey. Blood flowed in torrents: murder and vengeance reigned rampant everywhere. No reverence, no compassion was felt for women or for children. Death was a spectacle in which everybody delighted. Like the Turkish pashas who, even at the present day, cause the condemned to be executed before their eyes, the sovereigns of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were always attended by executioners, who, at the order of the king, beheaded his enemies in his presence, if he did not imbrue his own hands in blood. When the royal guards assassinated some grandee whose ambition the king feared, or whose wealth he coveted, they brought back to him, suspended from their saddle-bow, the head of the victim. This, too, was an Oriental custom which the Christians borrowed from the kalifs. The head thus cut off was at once the trophy of the conqueror, and the proof that the messenger had faithfully obeyed his sovereign's mandate.

THE HEAD OF A TRAITOR.

The popular ballads present us with a picture of mediæval manners which is not less faithful, and is much more living, than that of history. In these we see, with all its rugged violence, the character of the people and the spirit of the age.

The narrative is frequently legendary, but at bottom there is a basis of truth : the passions, and ideas, and habits of the time are easily discernible. Read the *Romancero*, and you will know, better than if you had perused the thick folios of Mariana, the character of the Spanish Middle Age, the warlike and ferocious genius of those barbarous times.

One of the victims of Don Pedro—whose unhappy fate most excited the popular compassion, and whose misfortunes have been sung in the most pathetic strains—was his wife, the miserable Blanche of Bourbon. She was the niece of Charles V., King of France—young, beautiful, endowed with all kinds of amiable qualities. The marriage had been solemnly celebrated at Valladolid on the 3rd of June 1353. Two days afterwards Don Pedro abandoned Blanche, and repaired to Montalvan to enjoy the company of that Maria de Padilla whose empire over him lasted all his life. Some writers have asserted that the king had discovered a guilty intrigue between the queen and his brother, Don Fadrique : this is neither more nor less than an imaginary romance, of which not a trace can be found in the contemporary historians.

Fearing that Blanche might become a rallying-point for the nobles who had revolted against him, he caused her to be carried away from Medina del Campo, whither she had retired, and to be imprisoned in a strong fortress. Released for awhile during Don Pedro's captivity at Toro, a very short time elapsed before she fell into the hands of his executioner. Many years passed, and no tidings of her reached the outer world. Then in 1361 the news was suddenly bruited abroad that Blanche had died in the castle of Xérès de la Frontera.

She was only twenty-five years old, and had spent eight years in prison.

All the contemporary authorities attribute her death to Don Pedro. Ayala even goes so far as to name the persons implicated in the cruel deed. It is, however, uncertain whether Maria de Padilla had any share in it, or excited, as the popular tradition represents, the king to its commission. The old romances, it is true, envelop the favourite,

BLANCHE OF BOURBON IN PRISON.

"the beautiful tigress," in the shame and lasting dishonour of the queen's unhappy death. Blanche, on the point of expiring, sings her funeral dirge :—

"O France, O beloved country, why didst thou not detain me when thou sawest me go forth to suffer in this cruel Spain? Yet I do not accuse this noble country: its people have had pity on my sorrows. But behold, the king permits his lawful wife, contrary to the wish of Castile, and all to please Padilla, to perish!

"Castile! Castile! what have I done to thee? I have not betrayed thee; yet the crown thou gavest me was full of blood and anguish! But I look for a more precious one in heaven."

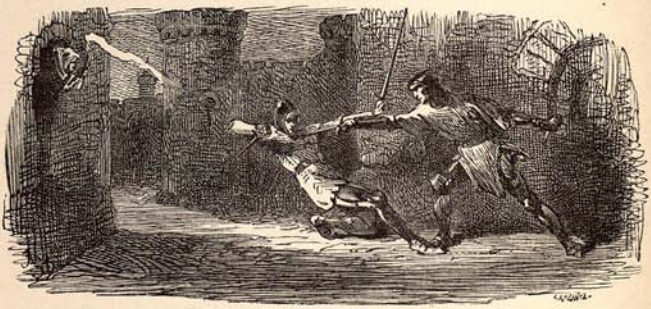
Don Pedro was very partial to Seville; and it was at the Alcazar itself, in a kind of harem, that he established Maria de Padilla in right royal state. In a remote part of the palace, near the sumptuous palace-gardens, are still shown the baths after the Eastern fashion which he caused to be constructed for her, and which still bear her name. This did not prevent him from simultaneously installing, and not less publicly, another favourite—Aldonza Coronel—in the Tower of Gold (*Torre del Oro*), which is situated at no great distance from the Alcazar, on the bank of the Guadalquivir.

At this epoch Seville had already been for a hundred years the capital of the kings of Castile. Though the splendour it had attained under the Moors was beginning to decay, it offered to the rough Castilians—to the austere men of the North who, for four centuries, had made war amongst the mountains—all the dangerous delights of a voluptuous climate and a refined civilization. Owing to incessant wars, the Spanish princes still preserved their military virtues; but in all other respects they had experienced the ordinary influence of the Southern civilization on the men of the North. They had borrowed the vices of the Moors, without their virtues; allied the voluptuous manners of the East to the violent and ferocious manners of the West. The kings of Seville were too frequently sultans, with nothing Christian but the name, and were not always worthy to be weighed in the balance against their enemies the kalifs.

It is not the Alcazar only which is full of memories of

Don Pedro; we trace them everywhere in Seville. Legend, undoubtedly, mingles to some extent with history; but it serves to attest the prominent place this king has occupied in the memory and imagination of the people through his caprices, his vehement loves, his cold, calculated cruelties, and even his somewhat fantastic acts of justice.

We are told that, following the example of the kalifs of Bagdad, he loved to wander at night, alone and in disguise, through the streets of Seville. On one occasion he was stopped by an unknown person, who endeavoured to ob-



A STREET BRAWL.

struct his passage. A quarrel ensued, swords were drawn, and the king killed his adversary. When the night-watch arrived he had disappeared: but an old woman who had seen the duel declared that the fugitive made in walking a curious noise; and everybody then knew that it must have been the king, whose knees, owing to a defect of conformation, cracked or crackled in a very singular manner. Don Pedro confessed his guilt, and gave a sum of money to the old woman; but as the law decreed that the murderer should be decapitated, and his head exposed at the place where he had

committed his crime, he ordered that his bust, sculptured in marble, should be set up in a niche on the scene of his unexpected combat. It may still be seen at Seville, in the street called *Candilejo.*

Acts of justice on the part of Don Pedro were rare; his vengeances and his cruelties innumerable. Nearly all the members of his family became his victims. His two youngest natural brothers—mere children, one aged nineteen, the other fourteen—were assassinated in their prison at Carmona. Don Juan of Aragon, his cousin, who had assisted him to kill Don Fadrique, was killed himself in the king's palace. Queen Leonora, his aunt; Donna Juana de Lara, his sister-in-law; Isabella, Don Juan's widow.—were, one after the other, imprisoned and put to death. All who gave umbrage to the tyrant or provoked his cupidity were stricken down. Samuel Lévi, his treasurer, or minister of finances, having grown too wealthy, he caused to be tortured: the poor wretch died on the rack, and his goods were confiscated by the king. He would dissemble with so much art that his most intimate friends were deceived. More than one were killed at his very table—notably, Alvarez Osorio: the two arquebusiers, who were the habitual executioners of the royal vengeance, felled him in Don Pedro's presence, and struck off his head.

All these crimes aroused at length the indignation of Castile. They explain and justify the judgment pronounced upon Don Pedro by the people, who called him "the cruellest soul that had ever lived in a Christian's bosom":—

"Alma mas cruel
Que vivió en pecho cristiano."

The manner of his death is well known. A life sullied by

crime was terminated by a crime. Besieged in the castle of Montiel by his brother, Henry of Trastamare—who had enlisted under his banner Du Guesclin and his famous lances—Don Pedro one night attempted to escape in disguise; but betrayed and surprised, he was killed by dagger-thrusts, after a face-to-face struggle with his brother. Nothing less than a fratricide could have fitly closed a life so full of misdeeds; no other scene would have been an appropriate termination to a tragedy as black as that of the Atrides.

On issuing from the Alcazar, we went to the Museum.

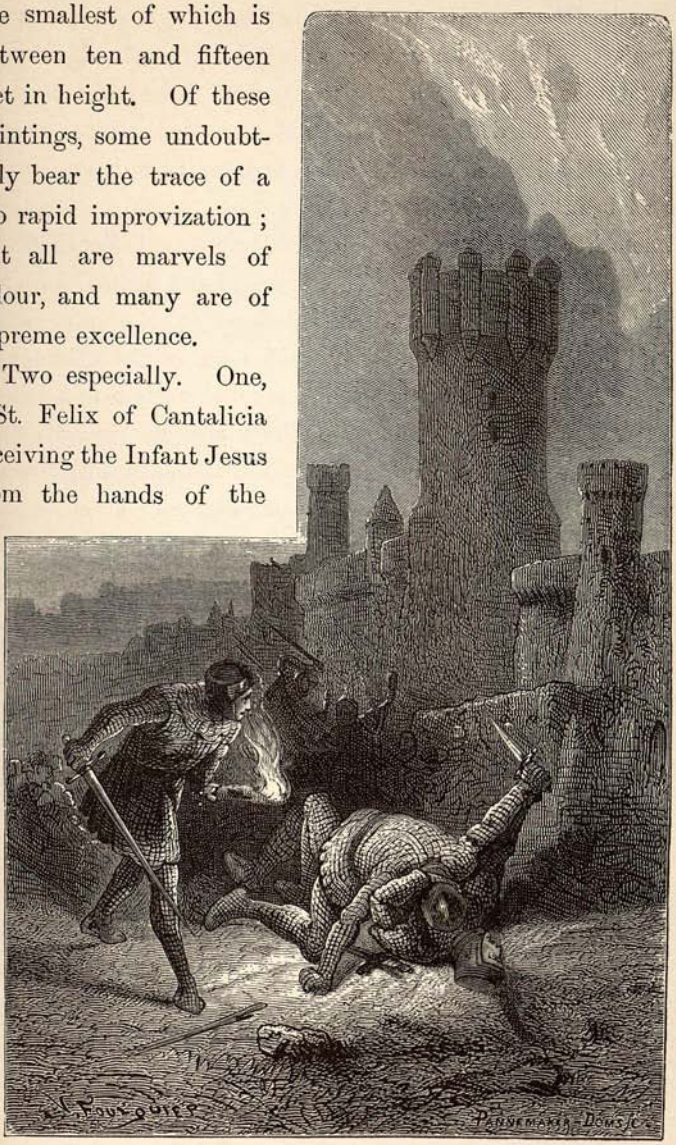
The Museum (*Museo*) of Seville is rich in pictures by Murillo and Zurbaran. Unfortunately, on the occasion of my visit it was undergoing repair. Most of the pictures were taken down, and piled up in a corner: among these were the Zurbarans, which I regretted the more because the Museum contains the finest specimens of this most original master. But as Murillo's pictures were visible, we had something with which to console ourselves.

Murillo was born at Seville, where he passed the greater part of his life. It is not, then, a matter of astonishment that his works are so numerous in that city: they are not only to be found at the Museum, which was formed out of the spoils of many convents, but also, and in considerable numbers, in the Church of the Hospital and the Cathedral.

The fecundity of this great master was prodigious. He was one of those happy geniuses who produce without effort, and whose prompt and obedient hand follows without hesitation the impulse of the thought. At Seville, in the hall of the Museum which bears his name, there are twenty tableaux,

the smallest of which is between ten and fifteen feet in height. Of these paintings, some undoubtedly bear the trace of a too rapid improvization; but all are marvels of colour, and many are of supreme excellence.

Two especially. One, "St. Felix of Cantalicia receiving the Infant Jesus from the hands of the



DEATH OF DON PEDRO.

Virgin." The expression of the saint is beautiful; but the Virgin's head is as charming as anything ever painted by Murillo. It swims in a fair transparent light: the features are of exquisite delicacy. It is not, indeed, the ideal beauty of Raphael—it is not divine; but it is an angelic and superhuman beauty.

The other picture is superior still. It represents Santo Tomas de Villanueva giving alms. The figure of the bishop, crowned with the white mitre, is clearly defined on the harmonious ground colours, where the light glides across the columns of the palace. Upon the tranquil visage there is a mixture of grace and majesty, of noble simplicity and evangelic sweetness. In the whole composition Murillo has admirably united firmness of modelling with suavity of colour.

At the Hospital of La Caridad two vast breadths of canvas may be seen, representing "Moses striking the Rock," and the "Miracle of the Loaves." They are among Murillo's most celebrated works, but I will not assert they are among his best. The painter has thought too little of the religious side of his subject: he seems to have sought only an opportunity of composing grand landscapes and beautiful groups of figures.

Thus, then, in point of style his "Moses" is inferior to the "Moses" of Poussin, which is so well known by engravings. But Murillo recovers his superiority in potency of colouring, truth of detail, and harmony of *ensemble*. If you give no thought to Moses or the Israelites—if you see nothing but a group of travellers or emigrants quenching their thirst at the source of a river—the scene is replete with life. The women who stoop to fill their vessels of bronze—the mother who

hands the refreshing draught to her child — the confused groups of men and horses, — all are full of movement and nature, of grace and simplicity.

In the "Miracle of the Loaves" the same defects are evident, and the same admirable qualities. The subject is but an accessory; the landscape is the principal. But this landscape is magnificent: the lines are grand and simple; the earth and sky are of a fine colour. All great painters of the human figure have become great landscape painters when they willed.

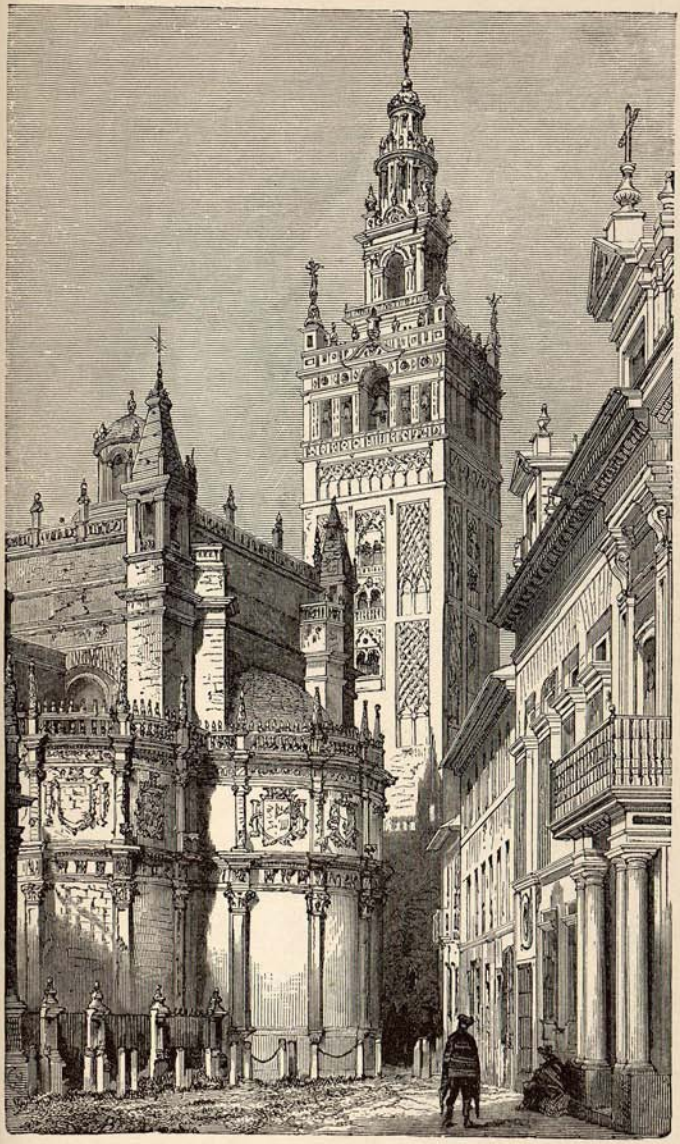
The "St. Antony of Padua"—which many consider to be Murillo's masterpiece, and which, at all events, must be included amongst his finest compositions—is in the Cathedral. The picture has grown darker; and, moreover, it is badly lighted. The chapel where it hangs receives the daylight through a window of blue glass—ingeniously contrived, one would think, to render the picture invisible. The painter triumphs over all; spite of time which has embrowned it, spite of the bad conditions under which one sees it, the light seems to ripple over the canvas.

The saint is in ecstasies; his face radiates with joy and love: before him heaven opens; the descending cloud seems to expand into a flood of celestial brightness; and the child Jesus, borne gently upon the luminous waves, sinks towards the saint as if attracted by the force of his prayer. The head of St. Antony breathes forth the ardent piety and intoxication of the divine love: in the movement of the body is conspicuous a passionate impulse. The colour is of a penetrating sweetness; the whole composition has "a velvety harmony" which caresses the gaze. I do not believe that any painter

has ever communicated to the ecstatic vision such a power of reality. Murillo has frequently treated analogous subjects; in none has he developed a sentiment more profound, and in none has he exhibited with greater splendour the magic of his pencil.

Some writers affirm that Murillo as an artist was devoid of the religious sentiment. This, in my opinion, is an exaggeration and an injustice. But there is here a delicacy of expression which ought to be noted. What Murillo represents is a subdued and tender piety, the love of the Christian for the Virgin and for the Saviour—the adoration, mingled with fear, of the mysteries and sublime grandeurs of the Bible and the gospel. Murillo's painting is a truly Spanish painting, executed for a people more passionate than reflective, more sensual than spiritual. It speaks less to the mind than that of Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci, who were nourished both by the antique and the Christian ideal. But this is the fault of the age and the country rather than of the man; and, moreover, Murillo had never seen Italy.

I have spoken of the "St. Antony of Padua," which is *in* the Cathedral, before speaking of the Cathedral itself. It is Murillo who has enchanted me, who has led me astray; one is so easily beguiled into dallying before him. But let us now return, with your permission, to the Cathedral, which is well worth the trouble. It is, without doubt, the handsomest church in Spain, and, one might say, one of the handsomest in the whole world. Built on the site of the ancient Mosque, it has preserved the lofty walls of its enclosure, its magnificent portico and Moorish arch, and the Moorish court, planted



THE CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE.

with orange-trees (*Patio de los Naranjos*). The building is in the simplest and severest Gothic style; it is divided into five naves. The vaults, which rest upon slender pilasters formed of clusters of little columns, are of an extraordinary elevation; I remember nothing, except the dome of Cologne, which approaches them in loftiness of sweep. Like the Seo of Saragossa, the lateral naves are very nearly of the same height as the central; the effect is majestic and imposing. Unfortunately, as is the Spanish custom, a choir, of that bastard and over-decorated style which is called the *plateresque*, occupies the centre of the building, and singularly impairs the general effect. It is impossible to understand why this unfortunate arrangement was introduced into and naturalized in Spain. Deplorable from an artistic point of view, because it everywhere interrupts the grand lines of the basilica, it appears to me equally unfortunate from the point of view of the solemnities of worship. In fact, owing to its situation within this square enclosure, you can only perceive the principal altar through the two lateral openings which separate it from the chapter. Far more favourable to the majesty of ritual is the arrangement of our cathedrals, where, at the extremity of an immense nave, and under the ample span of a lofty roof, the altar rises—in view of all the prostrate people—on the summit of the steps where the ceremonial pomp is exhibited.

The Giralda, which is now made use of as the belfry, or campanile, of the Cathedral, and which stands at one of the angles of the patio, is a tower of Saracenic construction. It was built, about A.D. 1200, by order of the Kalif Yakub-al-Mansoùr, and intended to serve as an observatory. It is of a square form, in brick of a beautiful rose colour, with

designs *in relievo* of a very elegant character. In the sixteenth century it was surmounted with a kind of belfry, to receive the church bells, circular in form and Roman in style, which by no means harmonizes with the remainder of the structure.

We had been recommended to visit the tobacco manufactory (*Fabrica de Tabaca*). But I may say at once that what the traveller goes to see is neither the tobacco, nor the manufacture, but the *operatives;* and, I must add, the female operatives, who appear under a very peculiar and curious aspect. We had one day to spare before the fêtes; this was a capital means of employing it.

We traversed with rapid steps the low halls, where the acrid vapour seizes one's throat and produces a convulsive cough, and immediately ascended to the workshops on the first story. We found there several hundreds of women, occupied in rolling up cigarettes; and among them detected all the types of the Andalusian race. When at work, they assume a rough and coarse attire; suspending their flying robes and lace-embroidered petticoats against the walls. Many are extremely pretty, and even those who are *not* do not exhibit aught of that *vulgar* ugliness so often seen in the women engaged in our factories at home. Nearly all wear flowers in their hair, and this elegant coiffure contrasts agreeably with the negligence of their costume. The Spanish women take extreme care of their hair; all have their combers to attend them, and even the women of the lower orders dress their hair several times a-day. And they tell you that every flower which they employ in its decoration has a

language of its own. If placed on the side of the head, it means that the wearer is betrothed, has a fiancé, a *novio;* if placed in the middle of the forehead, that she is free, disengaged, and has a heart at liberty to be won. I very rarely saw the flower in the middle of the forehead.

Among these workwomen, there is a great number of *Gitanas,* who are easily recognized by their rippled hair and

BY THE WAYSIDE.

olive-coloured skin; the profile is generally bold, the eye tawny (*fauve*) and mobile. A Spanish proverb says, "A Gitano's eye and a wolf's eye." But Gitanas when really beautiful are not so by halves; there is a certain air of nobility and haughtiness about them which we do not see in other women.

Formerly the Gitanos were very numerous in Seville, and occupied nearly the whole of the suburb of Triana. Though

somewhat scattered at the present time, we still encounter them very frequently. This strange race has always swarmed in Spain, and particularly in Andalusia. It would seem that the sun, which has almost an Eastern splendour, reminds it of its native country. For it is now known that the Spanish Gitanos, like the Egyptians or Bohemians of France, like the Gipsies of England and the Zingari of Italy, are a people from the banks of the Indus—the Tsiganés—driven from their home-land by political revolutions or religious persecutions. They made their appearance in Europe towards the close of the fourteenth century. From the banks of the Danube, where they made their first halt, they quickly spread to the extreme limits of the Old Continent, and were only arrested in their wandering course by the shores of the Atlantic.

Their language, which is plainly connected with Sanskrit, the sacred tongue of India; their very features, which still represent the Hindu type, place beyond all doubt their Eastern origin. Their existence, for the last five centuries, is one of the most curious singularities of history. They have traversed Europe in every direction, and rooted themselves nowhere. They have mingled with all the Western nations, and yet have never blended with them. Encamped, so to speak, in their midst, living by the wayside, on the open heath, or at most in the outskirts of their towns, feared by the sedentary population, and exercising all kinds of suspicious trades, this mysterious nomadic nation has remained obstinately and invincibly outside our modern civilization, which surrounds and enfolds without being able to penetrate it.

There is something very strange in the tenacity of certain

races, which are neither altered by time nor by surrounding influences. The Jews offer a second example of such a phenomenon. And, perhaps, in the two peoples we shall find its explanation in the same cause — persecution, the antipathy of manners and religion, which has converted them into a kind of accursed, feared, and hated sect, treated as an enemy by all mankind.

In spite of traditional vices, and incorrigible habits of theft and vagabondage, the Gitanos have preserved two virtues —the chastity of woman, and domestic affection. They intermarry only among themselves. They have their own laws and their own customs; we may even say, their own religion; for it is doubtful whether they are Christians otherwise than in name.

Some thirty-two years ago, an Englishman, George Borrow, a member of the Bible Society of London, attempted to distribute the Bible among them. He acquired their language, lived with them for many years, translated St. Luke's Gospel into Zingari, and had it printed at Madrid. But what have they done with the Holy Book? They look upon it as a talisman, an amulet, and put it in their pocket when they meditate a theft or any other illegal action.*

On our return from the tobacco manufactory, we visited the Palace of San-Telmo, then occupied by, and belonging to, the Duke of Montpensier. There is nothing remarkable about the building, which is an ancient college; but the prince, who has inherited from his race an enlightened passion for

* George Borrow, "The Bible in Spain."

arts and letters, has converted it into a kind of museum. Besides a precious collection of antiques, it contains a gallery of first-class pictures, among which I noted Ribiera's "Cato of Utica," and a charming "Madonna" by Murillo. But the true marvel of San-Telmo is its gardens. Renewing by an useful example the ingenious art of irrigation, which the Moors had carried so far in Spain, the duke has brought into his park the waters of the Guadalquivir; and his park is covered, as if through enchantment, with an admirable vegitation. You can promenade through groves of orange-trees, whose golden fruit strews the earth; in the shadow of American trees of gigantic stature, mingled with mimosas and palm-trees, thrive a thousand rare shrubs and exotic plants. You see all that intelligence and labour can obtain from so excellent a soil and so genial a climate.

Our travelling companions had organized for the evening a national ballet; it was too good an opportunity to be missed, and it was understood, moreover, as ladies accompanied us, that everything should be conducted with decorum. The dancing saloon, in a kind of cabaret, was not conspicuous for elegance; but we had six or eight female and two male dancers, and an orchestra composed of a guitarist and a singer. Four danseuses, in the traditional Spanish costume—a petticoat of dazzling colour, adorned with black lace and spangles—danced at first a bolero, then the cachuca, the jalero de Xérès, and the dance of "the hat and cloak." Some of these dances are original and graceful; but during the last thirty years everybody has seen them in France and England on the boards of our theatres. I was most pleased by a couple of Gitanas, who, in their national costume, executed before us a

Bohemian or Moorish dance, I know not which, full of character. The guitar accompanied, while the singer, with a harsh guttural voice, sang a strange, wild song, alternately slow and impetuous. The dancer, who was alone, sometimes imitated with her fingers the clatter of the castagnettes (*castañuelas*), sometimes clapped her hands vehemently together; and the singer at intervals also clapped her hands to mark the measure. One of the women, who had already passed her first youth, must once have been of a rare beauty: bold features, a fine proud mouth, long hair of a bluish black, a tranquil eye which ever and anon flashed forth lightnings, and that warm-coloured complexion which the poet has so well described: —

"Tu n'es ni blanche ni cuivrée,
Mais on dirait qu'on t'a dorée
Avec un rayon du soleil."

Neither bronzed art thou, nor white,
But gilded with the sun's rich light.

Her gait, her gestures, were characterized by a natural nobleness, a nobleness which apparently belongs to the race. When she advanced, with head erect, one arm upraised, the other hanging down, striking the ground with her feet as if repeating her summons, she had the attitudes and the bearing of a queen. The oblique movements, the bendings of the haunches which resemble the undulations of the adder, and which are peculiar to the Moorish and Spanish dances, had nothing in them, on this occasion, of that repulsive vulgarity which they may be made to assume too readily, and were even not without a certain grace.

For ages the Andalusian women have been renowned for their dancing. As early as the days of the Empire, the

danseuses of Gades were eagerly sought by the Romans, to figure in the fêtes and banquets in which the masters of the world exhausted upon coarse and sensual amusements the treasures and voluptuousness of the enslaved universe.

And it is worthy of remark that Juvenal, describing their dances in energetic verse, speaks of the castagnettes (*testarum crepitus*), whose clack marked the cadence of the steps, and graphically paints the bending attitudes and lascivious movements which are still the characteristics of the Spanish measures.*

* [Juvenal, Satire XI. In Dryden's translation the reference to the castagnettes is wholly omitted. Martial speaks of these dances in almost the same terms as Juvenal, in the 78th epigram of his 5th book.]

THE GITANA DANCING

V.

Grave and Gay.

SEVILLE (CONTINUED):—THE HOLY WEEK AND THE RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS—THE BULL-FIGHTS.

Such the ungentle sport that oft invites
The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish swain.

BYRON.

V.

SEVILLE has a singular charm. The Spaniards boast of it as the pearl of their cities, and the Spaniards are not wrong. It is one of those happy, slothful towns, like Venice and Naples, which seem wholly designed for a life of indolence and pleasure. A climate which, during winter, is enchanting; during summer, slightly enervating; a fertile and laughing Nature; a light and lively population, contented with little, and passionately

fond of amusement;—such are the principal features of its physiognomy. Its seductions easily overcome you. After a long and troublesome journey, on emerging from the mists and snows which had so long beset us, we felt it to be a delicious sensation, an expansion and elevation of body and mind, to breathe under a sky so pure the warm and balmy air.

The evenings were deliciously soft and bland. Every day, after dinner, we seated ourselves under the orange-trees of the Cathedral, or on the promenade by the side of the Guadalquivir—sometimes on the bridge which leads to the suburb of Triana. From the latter point a magnificent prospect may be enjoyed: beneath your feet, the river broad and rapid, with the ships outlining against the sky the slender details of their aerial architecture; on the left, the vermeil walls of the Tower of Gold, no longer preserving those treasures of the New World which Spain fondly thought inexhaustible; further off, the palace and gardens of San-Telmo; and still further, the grand mass of the Cathedral, crowned, as it were, by the lofty Giralda.

The suburb of Triana, which stretches along the right bank of the Guadalquivir, is now the industrial quarter of Seville; from the distance you see the smoke-clouds of its factories, the most important of which is a manufactory of china, worked by an English company. With rare exceptions, all the great industrial enterprises, agricultural or commercial, which you meet with in this country, are directed by strangers, chiefly English or French.

The castle which formerly defended the Triana suburb was the first residence of the Inquisition at Seville. Over its gateway was placed, in 1481, the following inscription, in-

tended to record the date of the establishment in this province of the holy office :—

"SANCTUM INQUISITIONIS OFFICIUM CONTRA HÆRETICORUM PRAVITATEM IN HISPANIÆ REGNIS INITIATUM EST HISPALI, ANNO MCCCCLXXXI...GENERALIS INQUISITOR PRIMUS FUIT FRATER THOMAS DE TORQUEMADA. FAXIT DEUS UT IN AUGMENTUM FIDEI USQUE SÆCULI PERMANEAT...EXSURGE, DOMINE: JUDICA CAUSAM TUAM. CAPITE NOBIS VULPES."

Englished:—

In the year 1481, the Holy Office of the Inquisition of the kingdoms of Spain against Heretics was established at Seville...The first General Inquisitor was the Brother Thomas de Torquemada... God grant that it may eternally endure for the triumph of the Faith...Rise, O Lord, and judge in thine own cause. Capture for us the foxes.

At first the Inquisition possessed a purely ecclesiastical jurisdiction; and as such was placed under the superior authority of the bishops. Ferdinand removed it from the episcopal government; the inquisitors thenceforth were named by him; and he was careful to select them from among the monks, sometimes even from among the laity. The Inquisition, therefore, was, as Ranke says, virtually a royal tribunal, invested with spiritual weapons. All the profits of the confiscations it enjoined went to the royal treasury, and proved no contemptible source of revenue. Moreover, no position, no title, however powerful and illustrious, could shelter a man from its attacks. Bishops, nay, archbishops, were unable to defy it. Charles V. handed over to it the prelates who had taken part in the insurrection of the *Comuneros*. In 1589, Bartolomeo Carranza, Archbishop of Toledo, and Primate of Castile, was arrested by order of Valdès, the Grand Inquisitor, and only escaped through the intervention of Pope Pius V., who summoned him to Rome.

Thus, then, we can understand that the nobility and the clergy would repel with equal energy the introduction and extension of the Holy Office. The popes regarded it as in some wise an encroachment of the temporal on the spiritual power. They also blamed, we say it to their honour, the unwise persecutions and exaggerated severities of the Spanish inquisitors. As early as 1445, Nicholas V. prohibited them from making any difference between the old and the new Christians (the "new Christians" were converted Jews and their children). Sextus IV., in a brief of 1482, complained of Ferdinand's inquisitors, and ordained that for the future they should act only in concert with the bishops. As his prescriptions were disregarded, he appointed, in the following year, Iñigo Manrique, Archbishop of Seville, to hear appeals from the sentences of the Inquisition. And when this measure also proved useless, he commanded that all appeals should be brought before himself. In 1529, the inquisitors of Toledo were excommunicated by Pope Leo X., who reminded them of the parable of the Good Shepherd.*

It was all useless. In spite of resistance and protestation, the holy tribunal flourished. Everything bent, everything trembled before it. Sustained by the royal power, its authority was uncontrolled, its jurisdiction without limit, its judgments without appeal. Charles V. so clearly perceived its far-reaching power in the hands of royalty, that on his death-bed he recommended it to his son as of the first importance, "if he wished to discharge fully his duty of government."

He discharged it only too well. Thanks to this concentra-

* Michelet, "Précis de l'Histoire Moderne," pp. 59, 60; Hefele, "Histoire du Cardinal Ximenès."

PHILIP II. OF SPAIN.

tion in their own hands of both temporal and spiritual power, the Spanish kings exercised a despotism which has never been equalled among Christian nations. But such a regimen could not but be fatal to a country, as Spain has proved. Its decadence began under Philip II. From that epoch it grew immovable and lethargic; its genius waned and was eclipsed; it has produced neither a great statesman nor a great warrior; and if arts and letters continued for awhile to illuminate it with a fitful splendour, it was not long before that glory too was extinguished.

Spain, it is true, has been preserved from religious schisms and heresies; but is it certain that the faith has preserved its integrity and vitality?

Let us study the thoughts of an illustrious writer, one of the most eloquent defenders of Catholicism:—

"Recall," he says, "what absolute power has achieved for religion, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in the monarchy calling itself Catholic *par excellence;* study on the spot the lamentable condition of souls in the country of St. Theresa, St. Ignatius, and Calderon. Sound the deplorable decay of Catholicism in this country, where the system of universal compression has so long triumphed. Compare it with what the Church does and can do in lands where to live it must struggle, under the shadow of political or intellectual liberty, in Belgium, in England, in France!"*

During the latter days of our visit, the town wore a festival air. A singular animation everywhere prevailed; crowds filled its streets. All the women were attired in black—the

* Montalembert, "On the Future of England," p. 283 (French edition).

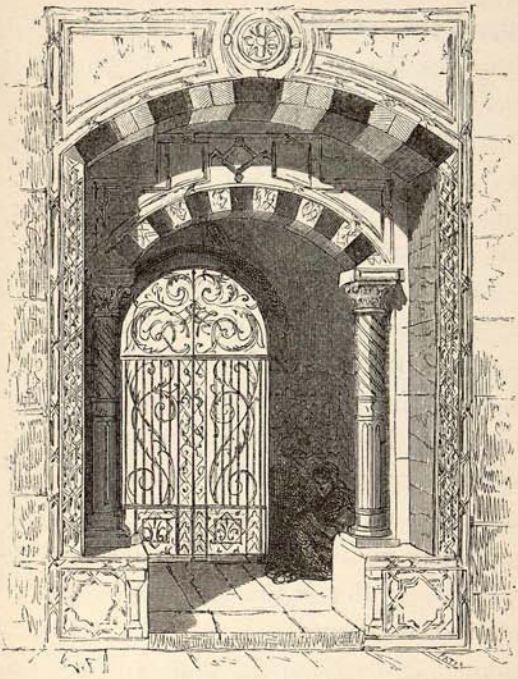
proper and prescribed costume for the Holy Week. But, apart from this funereal garb, I must confess that all things breathed of gaiety rather than meditation. To my eyes, everybody had the air of hastening to a spectacle rather than of preparing for acts of penitence.

The sun, too, was holding festival; a cloudless sky illuminated the smiling and coquettish town. It was but the end of March, and yet we enjoyed a temperature as warm as that of June in France. The Spaniards, chilly, like all Southrons, wrapped themselves in their cloaks up to the very chin; but, for ourselves, we felt as if it were midsummer; we put on our lighter clothing, and dined in the open air, in the patio, under the orange-trees.

All the houses of Seville, large or small, rich or moderate, are constructed on the plan of the Moorish house. Nothing can be more appropriate to the climate, and, at the same time, nothing more charming. The principal gate, which remains open all day, affords access to a vestibule closed at the bottom by a grating. Through this grating, which is more or less ornamented, we perceive the patio, which, in the mansions of the wealthy, is paved with marble; a fountain bubbles in its centre; it is filled with evergreens, flowers, and fan-leaved bananas. In summer, mats and awnings shelter it from the rays of a too ardent sun. There, in the evening, the family and its guests assemble to enjoy a little coolness; it is the *salon*, the place of conversation, the rendezvous of all the household, where visitors are received.

Generally the Spaniards go out but little, except in the evening, at the hour of promenade. But, thanks to the Holy Week (*Semana santa*), these sedentary habits are for some days com-

pletely modified. The women issue forth in the morning to pay their devotions; and daily, from ten o'clock to noon, in the *Calle de las Sierpes*, where our hotel was situated, and where several churches stand within a short distance of each other, we saw passing and repassing all the pretty women of Seville.



GATEWAY OF A SPANISH MANSION.

I had always suspected there was a certain amount of exaggeration in the accounts given by the travellers and poets of the beauty of the fair Sevillanas. I owe them the *amende honorable;* they have overcoloured nothing. The women of Seville merit their reputation. Nearly all, in truth, are pretty; and those who are not so, appear to be so. Rather

short than tall; rather pretty than lovely; the complexion of a burnished gold; almond-shaped eyes with long lashes, whose splendour has led them to be compared to azure diamonds; superb tresses of that bluish black unknown in northern countries, which shines with the metallic reflections of the crow's wing; feet and hands of aristocratic slenderness; a supple and elegant figure; finally, in the bearing of the head, and in the gait, a certain undefinable something, graceful and billowy, peculiar to themselves;—these are the distinctive signs of the race. All, even the women of the lower orders, wear nowadays the long robe, and it is marvellous to see with what superb indifference they drag it through the mud and dust. I did not see (thank Heaven!) that the frightful French hat had anywhere dethroned the mantilla. The national coiffure, in every country, is the last thing which resists the invasion of foreign fashions; and the fair Sevillanas would have acted very wrongly if they had renounced theirs. The handsome tresses, carefully combed, and raised up in great waves; the mantilla of tulle or lace falling back half over the forehead like a light and mobile shadow; a rose or pink coquettishly fastened at the side of the head; assuredly this is the prettiest coiffure which can frame a pretty countenance.

It was upon Holy Thursday that the processions commenced. All the morning, the crowd rushed to the churches, which displayed, in the decoration of the tombs or calvaries, the full splendour of their treasuries and their sacristies. All along the line of road to be followed by the processions were arranged benches, and chairs, and scaffoldings, covered with spectators. For the last two days, public criers have been selling in the streets printed programmes, announcing the

hours of departure, the order of march, the stations, and the composition of each of the processions; at the head was printed "Gran Funcion,"—a local expression difficult to translate, which may often be read on the playbills, and which the Spaniards employ indifferently as a designation for the great religious solemnities and the theatrical representations. The reason is, that the former to some extent they look upon as spectacles. The crowd rushes to them as to the bull-fights. The women converse, and laugh, and play with their fans, and ogle with their beaming eyes. The men smoke lustily, as at a café.

We dined "in hot haste," and took our seats on some chairs, previously hired, which were placed before the door of the hotel. The aspect of the street was very animated and very picturesque; all the windows were thronged with spectators. Mats and canvas were stretched above the streets; and draperies and awnings of every colour floated from the balconies, which were gay with flowers and foliage.

Soon a band was heard performing some operatic airs. Then came a singular-looking cortége of white, black, and violet penitents. They were dressed in a long robe bound round the waist with a leather girdle; on the head they wore the most formidable looking sugar-loaf caps, three to four feet high, like those which you see depicted in old pictures of the auto-da-fé. A long piece of the same stuff as the cap and robe, cut to a point, and falling down upon the breast, covered the face like a mask, with two round holes for the eyes. You can conceive of nothing stranger or more sinister than these long files of penitents, with their pale or gloomy faces; some carrying torches, others banners emblazoned with the arms of the brotherhood.

After the great and little penitents came the Roman soldiers, wearing the yellow tunic, the gilded cuirass, and the crested helm; then appeared in the centre of the cortége the monument which forms the principal feature of the procession; it is a palanquin, covered with velvet and gildings, and surrounded by a quantity of wax tapers, on which are planted, sometimes an image of the Virgin or the Saviour, sometimes

THE PROCESSION ON HOLY THURSDAY.

a group representing a scene from our Lord's Passion. This palanquin is carried by a dozen men, who are concealed by the draperies which fall around it. The statues are of painted wood, and life-size; frequently they are larger than life; and generally of an extravagant expression. The bad taste with which they are dressed is peculiarly striking; they look like so many dolls. It is a complete confusion of gilded rockwork,