

and the *Indicador*, by Luis Maria Ramirez de las Casas Deza; and the *Manualito* de Cordova; read also Lebrecht's essay in Ashur's '*Benjamin de Tudela*, ii. 318.

Cordova, this Athens under the Moor, is now a poor Bœotian place, the residence of local authorities, with a liceo, theatre, a *casa de espositos*, *plaza de toros*, and a national museo with some rubbish in *San Pablo*, and a library of no particular consequence; a day will amply suffice for everything. The city arms are "a bridge placed on water," allusive to that over the river; the foundations of it are Roman; the present irregular arches were built in 719 by the governor Assamh. At the town entrance is a classical Doric gate erected by Herrera for Philip II. on the site of the Moorish Babu-l-Kanterah, "the gate of the bridge." The reliefs on it are said to be by Torriano. Near this is *El triunfo*, a triumph of superstition and churriguerism, which was erected by the Bishop Martin de Barcia. On the top is the Cordovese tutelar saint, Rafael, who clearly is unconnected with his namesake of Urbino. The *Alcazar* rises to the l., and was built on the site of the *Balatt Ludheric*, the Castle of Roderick, the last of the Goths, whose father, Theofred, was duke of Cordova; formerly it was the residence of the Inquisition, and then, as at Seville, that of miserable invalid soldiers. The lower portions were converted into stables by Juan de Minjares in 1584, for the royal stallions: near Cordova and Alcolea were the principal breeding-ground for Andalucian barbs, until the establishment was broken up by the invaders, who carried off the best mares and stallions. Here, under the Moors, were the *Alharas* (unde *Haras*), the mounted guard of the king, and they were either Christians, Mamelukes, or Slavonians, *foreigners*, with whom suspicious despots like to surround themselves.

The bishop's palace, close by, was built in 1745, and is in a bad rococo style: the inside is all dirt, decay, and

gilding, marble and whitewash; ostentatious poverty. In the *Sala de la Audiencia* are a series of bad portraits of prelates. Here Ferdinand VII. was confined in 1823, and attempted to escape through the garden, in which observe the gigantic lemons, Arabicè *laymoon*. The artist must not fail to walk below the bridge to some most picturesque Moorish mills and pleasant fresh plantations.

The cathedral or the mosque, *La Mezquita* as it is still called (*mesgad* from *masegad*, Arabicè to worship prostrate), stands isolated, and has served as the chief temple to many creeds, each in their turn. The exterior is forbidding, being enclosed by walls from 30 to 60 feet high, and averaging 6 feet in thickness: walk round them, and observe the square buttress towers with fire-shaped or bearded parapets; it is the type of that which was at Seville. Examine the rich Moorish spandrils and latticed openings of the different entrances. Enter the Court of Oranges at the *Puerta del Perdon*, of which the type is truly Oriental (1 Chr. xxviii. 6). The cistern was erected in 945-6, by Abdu-r-rahman. In this once sacred *τρεμενος* and "Grove," this "court of the House of God," importunate beggars, although bearded, cloaked, Homeric, and patriarchal, worry the stranger and dispel the illusion. Ascend the belfry tower, which, like the Giralda, was shattered by a hurricane in 1593; it was recased and repaired the same year by Fernan Ruiz, a native of this city. The courtyard was built by Said Ben Ayub in 937; it is 430 feet by 210. The 19 entrances into the mosque are now closed, save that of the centre. Observe the miliary columns found in the middle of the mosque during the repairs of 1532: the inscriptions (re-engraved in 1732!) record the distance, 114 miles, to Cadiz, from the Temple of Janus, on the site of which the mosque was built. The interior of the cathedral is like a basilicum, for the Moors introduced a new style of building in Spain, or rather converted the *basilicum* to the

mosque, as they had adapted the Bible to the Koran. This specimen offers the finest type in Europe of the true temple of Islam. The labyrinth, a forest or quincunx of pillars, was chiefly constructed out of the materials of a temple of Janus, consecrated to St. George by the Goths. Out of the 1200 monolithic columns—now reduced to about 850—which once supported its low roof, 115 came from Nismes and Narbonne, in France; 60 from Seville and Tarragona, in Spain; while 140 were presented by Leo, Emperor of Constantinople; the remainder were detached from the temples at Carthage and other cities of Africa; the columns are in no way uniform—some are of jasper, porphyry, verd-antique, and other choice marbles: neither are their diameters equal throughout, the shafts of some which were too long having been either sawed off or sunk into the floor to a depth of four and even five and six feet; while in those too short, the deficiency was supplied by means of a huge and disproportionate Corinthian capital, thus destroying all harmony and uniformity. The Moslem was the thief of antiquity. This passion of the Arabs for appropriating Roman remains has always been and is general, wherever they settled; the materials of their buildings were seldom extracted from the quarry. From the Tigris to the Orontes, from the Nile to the Guadalquivir, the cities of the first settlers are entirely built from the wreck of former ones. Ctesiphon and Babylon furnished materials for the private and public buildings of Baghdad; Misr was transformed into the modern Cairo: Tunis rose out of the ruins of Carthage; and in Spain few are the Roman cities whose site was not changed by the conquerors, by transporting their materials to a distance of two, three, and even more miles, from the original spot whereon they stood; this being principally the case whenever the deserted city occupied the centre of a plain or valley; for the Arabs, from habit, as well as from an instinct of self-preservation,

always chose to locate themselves on high ground, as most calculated for defence. The old sites are to be traced by the distinguishing epithet *La Vieja*, which is equivalent to the Greek *παλαια*, the Moorish *Baleea*, the Turkish *Esky Kalli*. Our *Old Sarum* is an apt illustration, where the ancient city was absorbed by more modern Salisbury, and used up, serving in its decay to elevate its rival.

Abdu-r-rahman began the present mosque, July 2, 786, copying that of Damascus; dying June 10, 788, it was finished by his son Hixem in 793-4, and was called *Ceca*, *Zeca*, the house of purification, the old Egyptian *Sēkos* (*σηκος*, *adytum*). In sanctity it ranked as the third of mosques, equal to the Alaksa of Jerusalem, and second only to the Caaba of Mecca. Conde, i. 226, details its magnificence and ceremonials. A pilgrimage to this *Ceca* was held to be equivalent in the Spanish Moslem to that of Mecca, where he could not go: hence *andar de zeca en meca* became a proverb for wanderings, and is used by Sancho Panza when soured by blanket-tossings. The area is about 394 feet E. to W.; 356 feet N. to S. The pillars divide it into 19 longitudinal and 29 transverse aisles; the laterals are converted into chapels. Observe the singular double arches and those which spring over pillars, which are one of the earliest deviations from the Basilica form: the columns, as at Pæstum, have no plinths, which would be inconvenient to pedestrians. Some of the upper arches are beautifully interlaced like ribands. The roof is about 35 feet high, and originally was flat before the modern cupolas were substituted by one Valle Ledesma in 1713. The real lowness is increased by the width of the interior, just as the height of the gothic is increased by the narrowness of the aisles. The *alerce* wood of which it is formed remained as sound as when placed there nearly eleven centuries ago; and, when taken down, the planks were much sought after by the guitar makers. This tree, called in the

Arabic dialect of Granada, Erza, *Erc* the *Eres* of the Hebrew, the *Laris* of Barbary (the root of *Larix*, larch), is the Thuya, the Thus articulata, or arbor vitæ, which in the time of the Moors grew plentifully near the *Gumiel*, as it still does in the Berber mountains, beyond Tetuan, from whence it was brought here (Morales, 'Ant. de Esp.' 123). Spain was always celebrated for the durability of its timber and excellence of its workmanship. The Phœnicians were the great carpenters of antiquity, and selected as such by Solomon for the temple at Jerusalem (1 Kings v.). Pliny, 'N. H.' (xvi. 40) speaks of the antiquity of the beams of the temple of Saguntum, which were durable like those of Hercules at Cadiz (Sil. Ital. iii. 18).

Visit the *Capilla de Villaviciosa*, once the *Maksurah*, or seat of the kalif. Observe the *Mih-rab*, the elaborately ornamented cabinet or recess in which the Alcoran was placed, and where the kalif performed his *Chotbá*, or public prayer, at the window looking to the *Ceca*, or sanctum sanctorum. Observe the quaint lions, like those in the Alhambra, and the *Azulejos*, and the arabesque stucco, once painted in blue and red, and gilded. The inscriptions are in Cuphic. This spot has been sadly disfigured by Spanish alterations. Visit the *Calle San Pedro*, once the Cella, the "*Ceca*," the Holiest of Holies, and the *kiblah*, or point turned to Mecca, which lies to the E. from Spain, but to the S. from Asia; observe the glorious Mosaic exterior unequalled in Europe, and of truly Byzantine richness. The Greeks soon made friends with the dynasty of Cordova as the natural enemy of their eastern antagonist the kalif of Damascus. According to Edrisi, this splendid Mosaic was sent to Cordova from Constantinople by the Emperor Romanus II. It was their *ψηφωσις*, which the Moors pronounced Tsefysa, Sofezabá. There is nothing finer in this kind at Palermo or Monreale. A paltry *reja* rails off the tomb of the constable Conde de Oropesa, by whom, in 1368, Cordova

was saved from Don Pedro and the Moors. Its Spartan simplicity contrasts with the surrounding gorgeousness. This chapel the Spaniards call *Del Zancarron*, in derision of the *foot-bone* of Mahomet; the chapel is an octagon of 15 ft.; the roof, made in the form of a shell, is wrought out of a single piece of marble. The pilgrim compassed this *Ceca* seven times, as was done at Mecca; hence the foot-worn pavement.

The lateral chapels of the cathedral are not very interesting. Pablo de Cespedes, ob. 1608, is buried in front of that of *San Pablo*: by him are the paintings of St. John, St. Andrew, and a neglected "Last Supper," once his masterpiece. In the *Calle San Nicolas* is a Berruguete *Retablo*, and paintings by Cesar Arbasia, of no merit. In the *Capilla de los Reyes* was buried Alonso XI., one of the most chivalrous of Spanish kings—the hero of Tarifa and Algeciras: his ashes have been moved to *Sn. Hipolito*, but his ungrateful country has not even raised a poor slab to his memory. In the *Capilla del Cardenal* is the rich tomb of Cardinal Pedro de Salazar, ob. 1706. It is churrigueresque; the statues are by José de Mora. In the Panteon below are some fine marbles. The two bad pictures in the Sacristia, and ascribed to Alonso Cano, are only copies. The church plate once was splendid; the empty cases and shelves remain from whence Dupont and his plunderers carried off many waggon loads. A few cinque-cento crosses and chalices were secreted, and thus escaped, like the *Custodia*. This is a noble Gothic silver-gilt work of Henrique de Arphe, 1517. It was injured in 1735 by the injudicious additions of one Bernabé Garcia de los Reyes. The marvel, however, of the verger, the great and absorbing local lion, is a rude cross scratched on a pillar, and, according to an inscription, by a Christian captive with his nail (? a nail)—*Hizó el Cautibo con la Uña*.

So much for the Mosque. The modern addition is the *Coro*; this was

done in 1523 by the Bishop Alonso Manrique. The city corporation, with a taste and judgment rare in such bodies, protested against this "improvement;" but Charles V., unacquainted with the locality, upheld the prelate. When he passed through in 1526, and saw the mischief, he thus reproved the chapter:—"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." And yet this man, who could see so clearly the motives in corporate eyes, was the Vandal who disfigured the Alcazar of Seville, and tore down portions of the Albambra, to commence a palace, which even now is unfinished; oh! fit ruler of Spaniards, whose poor performance ever shames their mighty promise!

The *Coro* was commenced by Fernan Ruiz in 1523, and completed in 1593. The cinque-cento ornaments and roof are picked out in white and gold. The *Silleria*, by Pedro D. Cornejo, is churrigueresque; he died in 1758, æt. 80, and is buried near the Capilla Mayor. The excellent *Retablo* was designed, in 1614, by Alonso Matias; the painting is by Palomino, and is no better than his writings; the tomb, *Al lado de la Epistola*, is that of the beneficent Bishop Diego de Mardones, ob. 1624. Lope de Rueda lies buried *entre los dos coros*. For other details consult the *Descripcion*, &c., of *Casas Deza*, D^{uo}. Cordoba, 1847.

The walk round the lonely walls is picturesque. They are Moorish, and built of *tapia*; with their gates and towers they must have been nearly similar to that original circumvallation as described by Cæsar (B. C. ii. 19). Observe the palms overtopping the wall from a convent garden near the *Puerta de Plasencia*. The first palm ever planted in Cordova was by the royal hand of Abdu-r-rahman, who desired to have a memorial of his much-loved and always regretted Damascus; his plaintive sonnet is still extant. The octagon tower, near this *Puerta*, *La*

Mala Muerte, was erected in 1406 by Enrique III.

The Moors and Spaniards have combined to destroy all the Roman antiquities of Cordova. The aqueduct was taken down to build the convent of San Jeronimo. In 1730 an amphitheatre was discovered during some accidental diggings near San Pablo, and reinterred. 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. Formerly there were 35 convents, besides 13 parish churches, in this priest-ridden city; most of these are overloaded with barbaric churrigueresque and gilding. Ambrosio Morales was buried in *Los Martyres*, where his friend the Archbishop of Toledo, Rojas Sandoval, placed a tomb and wrote an epitaph; the ashes were moved in 1844 to the *Colegiata de San Hipolito*. The *Plaza*, with its wooden galleries, and the *Calle de la Feria*, abound with Prout-like bits. Observe a common-place modern portico of 6 Composite pillars, by Ventura Rodriguez, much admired here. Some 250 bad pictures were got together in the *Colegio de la Asuncion*. The sword of the Rey Chico and the Arabic bell of Samson may be inquired after. Mediæval Cordova totters and every day disappears: the fine old houses of the ruined nobility and absentees are either converted to vile purposes or pulled down. The convents shared the same fate. The traveller may visit *La Corredera*, once the plaza for tournaments and bull-fights. A grand new arena has been raised at the *Paseo Grand Capitan*. The Moorish house *La Cuadra*, on the *Plazuela San Nicolas*, deserves notice. Commerce has fled with arts and arms. The peculiar leather, called from the town *Cordwain*, Cordovan, was once celebrated, but the Moors carried their art and industry to Morocco: a few miserable tanpits near the river mark the difference between the present and former proprietors. The chief manufactures at present are

olives and tubs for them. Cordova was always most servile and priest-ridden; the theatre in Ferd. VII.'s time was closed, because some nuns saw the devil dancing on the roof. Thus, in ancient times, the brazen tree of Apollo remonstrated when a dancer came near it, who was torn to pieces by the priests (Athen. xiii. 605). Cordova is now dying of atrophy: it has neither arms nor men, leather nor prunella; the first blow was dealt by the barbarian Berbers, the last by the French.

A morning's excursion may be made to the *Val Paraiso*, and the hermitages in the Sierra Morena; the path ascends through gardens. At *San Francisco de la Arrizafa* was the fairy villa, the Rizzifah of Abdu-r-rahman, i. e. "the pavement"—unde Arricife; Conde and the accurate Gayangos have detailed from Arabic authorities the historical but almost incredible luxuries of this Aladdin palace. This museum of Oriental art, like the villa of Hadrian, near Tivoli, was entirely destroyed, Feb. 18, 1009. The chief leaders, says the historian Ibnu-r-râkik, were only "ten men, who were either sellers of charcoal (*carboneros*), butchers, or dung-carriers" (Moh. D. ii. 228 and 488). The inhabitants made no resistance; now, even the traces of these palaces cannot be made out—etiam periere ruinæ. A scheme has recently been set on foot to make excavations and researches.

The hermitages on the Sierra above were to Andalucia what Monserrat was to Catalonia: desecrated and suppressed, they now are hardly worth going up to; the excursion, however, affords a true notion of Andalucian vegetation, and the views from above are extensive.

The hermitages on the Sierra—a Thebais, a Laura, a Mount Athos—never wanted a tenant of the bravest and best born; in the Iberian temperament, as in the Oriental—*inedia et labor*—violent action and repose are inherent. The half monk, half soldier crusader, after a youth of warfare and bloodshed, retired with grey hairs to cleanse with holy water his blood-stained hands. This was the cold fit,

the reaction after the fever; some excitement, too, was necessary, and as the physical forces decayed, a moral stimulant was resorted to (see Monserrat, p. 419.)

Cordova has never recovered the fatal June, 1808, when it was entered by Gen. Dupont: although no resistance was made, the populace was massacred, and the city, *Mezquita*, and churches were plundered (Foy, iii. 231); every one, says Maldonado (i. 291), from the general to the fraction of a drummer-boy, giving themselves up to pillage. The officers vied with the rank and file (Madoz, vi. 658). The "plunder exceeded ten millions of reals:" 8000 ounces, or 25,000*l.*, were found in Dupont's luggage alone: see Maldonado (i. 335); who, with Toreno (iv.), gives all the scandalous details.

General Villoutreys, who was sent to Paris with the news, although travelling express, halted a day at Bayonne, to convert his illgotten Spanish gold into lighter French billets de banque (Maldonado, i. 333): compare Diod. Sic. (v. 305) and his character of the "excessive love for bullion" of the old Gaul. Well may Bory exclaim (Laborde, iii. 201) that "Le souvenir du Varus Français est demeuré odieux aux citoyens de Cordoue." Even Foy, in spite of his "generous patriotism," does not dare to hide the notorious truth: he tells the sad details (iii. 231), the sack of the mosque, the inexcusable butchery of peaceful, defenceless multitudes. In the words of even Thiers it was "*une véritable brigandage*." Our Napier (i. 8), notwithstanding, asserts that, "as the inhabitants took no part in the contest, and received the French without any signs of aversion" (thus far he is correct), "the town was protected from pillage!" Buonaparte, however, who knew the real facts, told Savary that he could only account for the "unusual cowardice and subsequent defeat of Dupont's troops at Bailen, from a fear of losing their plunder,"—and he was right. Those who rob, as the

Duke told so often the Spaniards and Belgians, are worth nothing when faced against the enemy.

There is a bridle cross-road from Cordova to Granada, 22½ L. (see R. 14), and a new road is contemplated to Malaga, *viâ* Fernan Nuñez, Montemayor, Montilla, Aguilar, Benamegi, and Antiquera, which, *if* finished, will bring Malaga in land and carriage communication with Madrid, Seville, and Cadiz. Meantime the roads of this rich province are most disgraceful.

Quitting Cordova at 2 L, the Guadalquivir is crossed by the noble bridge of dark marble, built by Charles III., at *Alcolea*. This is so fine that the Spaniards say that the French, when they saw it, asked if it were not made in France. *Alcolea* is a common name in Spain, being the *Alcalah*, the fortress, the outpost of the Moors. Here, June 7, 1808, Pedro Echavarri, a "returned convict, half madman and entire coward" (Schep. i. 280), who had promoted himself to the rank of lieutenant (thus Morillo and others rose to rank), with some thousand men, ought to have stopped Dupont, but at the first French advance this general turned and fled, never halting until he reached Ecija, 40 m. off; others ran even to Seville, and were the first messengers of their own disgrace (Foy iii. 229); then had Dupont pushed on, instead of thinking of plunder, he would have won Andalusia without firing a shot. Ferdinand VII., however, in 1814, instituted an order of honour for the *prodigios de valor* exhibited at *Alcolea*, and gave Echavarri the only grand cross. All this is omitted by Madoz (i. 456). Again, in 1836, the dastardly citizens of Cordova yielded to a handful of men under Gomez,

Near *Alcolea* is the great stable *La Regalada*, for the once celebrated breeding-grounds of Cordovese barbs: the establishment has never recovered since the best stallions were carried off by the invaders. At *Carpio*, with its Moorish tower, built in 1325, the costume begins to change, the women wearing green serge *sayas*, and hand-

kerchiefs and shawls instead of mantillas. Passing through fertile tracts of corn and olives is *Andujar*, Andura, a dull unwholesome town on the Guadalquivir of 9000 souls, with an old dilapidated bridge: the diligence inn is decent. For history consult *Vida de Santa Eufrasia y Origen de Andujar*, Antonio Terrones de Robres, 4to. Gran. 1657. Here are made the porous cooling clay drinking-vessels, *alcarrazas*, Arabicè Karaset, which, filled with water and arranged in stands or *tallas*, are seized upon by thirsty Spaniards on entering every *venta*. The *Parroquia Santa Marina* was a mosque: the *montes* in the neighbourhood abound in game. At *Andujar* were signed two memorable documents; first, July 23, 1808, the convention of Bailen, and secondly, Aug. 8, 1823, the decree of the Duke of Angoulême, whereby superiority was assumed by the French over all Spanish authorities. This was resented by the whole Peninsula, for it touched the national *Españolismo*, or impatience under foreign dictation; it converted every friend, nay, even the recently delivered Ferdinand VII., into a foe to the knife.

From *Andujar* there is a carriageable road to *Jaen*, 6 L., and thence to Granada, Rte. 16.

Continuing on to Madrid the road soon ascends the hills, over a broken country, down which the Rumber boils. The memorable battle of Bailen took place between the post-houses *La Casa del Rey* and *Bailen*. BAILEN! This great name, which first, which last is repeated by Spaniards, is the *one* victory, the hapworth of triumph which covers a multitude of intolerable defeats, such as in no history can be paralleled except by that of themselves. BAILEN, where "*Nosotros* crushed the veterans of Austerlitz and Marengo," [Dupont's troops being, in fact, raw conscripts and "*des soldats novices*," Foy, iv. 109,] "and thereby saved, not Spain alone, but Europe!" As the road to Madrid offers little to look at or write about, the *real truth*

may at once amuse the English and instruct the Spanish reader while journeying over dreary and dull La Mancha.

When Cuesta had, by being beaten at Rioseco, opened Madrid to the French, Buonaparte and Murat considered the conquest of Andalucia to be merely a *promenade militaire*. Dupont accordingly was sent from Toledo, May 24, 1808, with 10,000 men, and boasted that on the 21st of June he should be at Cadiz: his forces were next increased by 12,950 more men under Vedel; but Dupont mismanaged the whole campaign: he arrived, without obstacles, at Andujar, and then neither pushed on to Cadiz, nor fell back on Madrid while the mountains were open. Meanwhile Castaños was enabled to move his *bisoiños* from Algeciras, by the help of a loan advanced by the merchants of Gibraltar, and marched towards Andujar with 25,000 men: his army, both in men and generals, was little more than nominally Spanish, although Madoz, iii. 303, says they were *casi todos Andaluces!* The 1st division was Swiss, and commanded by Reding, a Swiss; the 2nd was commanded by De Coupigny, a Frenchman; the 3rd by Jones, an Irishman, and the best troops were Walloons. The 4th division, which really consisted of Spaniards, who now claim all the glory, never fired a shot, and Castaños, their chief, only arrived after the battle was gained; previously Dupont had so mismanceuvred and scattered his forces, that Castaños, by marching Reding to the r., got between him and Vedel. The positions were singular, each being placed in these hilly defiles between two fires: Dupont between Castaños and Reding, Reding between Dupont and Vedel.

July 18, Dupont quitted Andujar like a thief in the night. So careless was the Spanish look-out, that the enemy had marched five hours before Castaños even knew that he was gone. Dupont was met at daybreak of the 19th by Reding and Coupigny, drawn up in a strong hill position. The battle was of short duration, for the

French had become demoralized by indulgence in pillage; more than 1500 men were actually employed in guarding the "impedimenta," or waggons of plunder; thus, as at Victoria, the crime entailed its own punishment. But according to Justin (xxxii. 2) such defeat is no unusual consequence of Gallic plunder, and especially when sacrilegious; hence the classical proverb *Aurum Tolosanum*, the curse-entailing pillage of Delphos, which haunted the French of Toulouse, and the comrades of Brennus. Such was the just retribution of Nemesis, *Ultor Sacra pecunia*. And some high officers, says Foy (iv. 100), "anxious to secure their *butin infame*, were ready to listen to dishonour;" the uneven country was also in favour of Reding, as it rendered all scientific manœuvring impossible; in short it was a Roncesvalles.

The report of the firing during the contest brought up La Peña with the 4th Spanish brigade, and Vedel with his division; thus Reding was attacked in front and rear by Dupont and Vedel, while Dupont was exposed in the same manner to Reding and La Peña; but the Spaniards arrived first, for Vedel had halted some hours to permit his troops to convert into soup a flock of goats which they had caught: thus nearly 20,000 Frenchmen were sold for a mess of pottage: "La destinée des nations dépend de la manière dont elles se nourrissent," says Brillat-Savarin. This ought to be a warning to so truly great a gastronomic nation, how they meddle with the cuisine of the rude Iberians, who were sad goat-eaters, according to Strabo (iii. 155, *τραγοφαγοῦσι μάλιστα*).

All parties were anxious to come to some terms, particularly the chiefs, Dupont and Castaños; indeed the latter, on his arrival, after all the fighting was over, would have readily granted a convention of Cintra had he not been prevented by Count Tilli, a sort of commissioner of the Seville junta.

Every moment's delay rendered the position of the French more desperate.

The burning Andalusian sun, and the want of water, were more formidable than the Spaniards. Read Livy (xxxiv. 47) to see a former example of these effects on a French army. When the troops ventured down to the stream below, they were shot by hornet swarms of armed peasants. Eventually, on the 23rd, 17,635 Frenchmen laid down their arms. The panic spread far and wide: whole detachments of French along the road to Madrid volunteered their own submission. Joseph Buonaparte fled from Madrid instantly, having first pillaged everything; but the invaders ran away from the coming shadows of only their own fears, for Castaños, so far from advancing on the foe, more amazed at his victory, than even the French at their defeat, actually marched back to Seville to dedicate flags to St. Ferdinand: nor did he reach Madrid until Aug. 23, when he proceeded to kneel before the Atocha image of the Virgin, and thank her for her interference (Schep. i. 458). Meanwhile Buonaparte was silently preparing his great revenge unmolested by the Spaniards, who quietly reposed under their laurels, not taking the smallest steps even to dislodge the French runaways from the line of the Ebro; they thought the war concluded by one blow; and even the sober English caught the infection, and imagined Bailen to be a tragedy to be repeated whenever the French appeared, until further notice. The rewards given to Castaños, this conqueror by deputy, were as slow as his military movements; he was not made *Duque de Bailen* until nearly a quarter of a century afterwards, and then simply and solely because Christina was anxious to create a liberal party for her own ends. To his praise be it said that he was free from mean jealousies, and cheerfully served under the Duke of Wellington, and of all his countrymen was best liked by their allies. He was fully aware of his own utter military incapacity, and being a true *Pillo Andaluz*, cut his joke on himself and on everything else. Thus,

when Dupont on delivering his sword, made a grandiloquent speech in the *Honneur et Patrie* style: "this is the first time mon épée has witnessed defeat." "Ma foi," replied Castaños, "what is odder still, this is the first time mine has witnessed a victory."

Castaños, who trimmed and weathered all the storms of Spanish politics, died liked by all Sept. 23rd, 1852, aged 95. On the 14th of that month, also full of years and honours, our great Duke had led the way, as he was wont. They indeed justly represent the shares of the real work done in the war of independence by England and Spain.

Castaños was a gentleman, and to his honour opposed the Punic manner in which the convention of Bailen was broken on some quibble about the impossibility of sending the French home in "*Spanish ships*." Thus retaliation and poetical justice were satisfied rather than good faith. The French, who had sowed in the storm, now reaped in the whirlwind. "They were treated," says Southey (ch. viii.), "as criminals rather than soldiers; as men who had laid down their arms, but could not lay down their crimes." "On leur réclamait avec menaces et injures les vases sacrées des églises," (Foy, iv. 107). Many were massacred in cold blood on the road, others were starved in the Cadiz hulks, the rest were exposed on the desolate island of Cabrera, without food or clothing, to feed on each other like howling wild beasts, in spite of the indignant remonstrances of English officers, who are now charged by some French! with the guilt of the very crimes, which they did every thing in their power to prevent.

Buonaparte concealed Bailen and the truth from his slaves: "Les Français," says Foy, "n'en eurent même pas connaissance." When the retreat from Madrid could no longer be kept back, he only hinted in the '*Moniteur*,' Sept. 6, that the heat of the weather and the superiority of the Ebro water were the causes; just as at Trafalgar he ascribed the *accidental disaster* to the elements. Barring this fanfaron-

nade, his military genius fully comprehended how little Spanish strategics had caused the victory; and, writing immediately after the disaster, he remarked, "Les Espagnols ne sont pas à craindre, toutes les forces Espagnoles ne sont pas capables de culbuter 25,000 Français dans une position raisonnable;" and subsequent events showed how true was this opinion. He never again lost any great battle with the Spaniards, and in a few months routed these very heroes of Bailen, who displayed everywhere the most incredible cowardice and incapacity. Even Schepeler observes, "Le son de ce mot *Bailen* produisit un vertige de triomphe, et livra à Buonaparte mainte armée *Espagnole*." This victory of an accident really proved to Spaniards a disaster, for they now took the exception for the rule, and imagined that their raw levies, wanting in everything, and led by incapable officers, could beat the highly organised veterans of France led by good commanders; in vain the Duke urged them to keep to their hills, and wage a Fabian defensive warfare, which history, the nature of the broken country, and the admirable *guerilla* qualities of the Spanish people pointed out. "I am afraid," said the Duke, "that the *utmost* we can hope for is, to teach them how to avoid being beat. If we can effect that object, I hope we might do the rest" (Disp. Aug. 18, 1812). But their *Españolismo* took huff; they were not to be taught; and these "children in the art of war" were naughty enough to quarrel with their kind nurse and well-meaning instructor. Bailen always interfered; they were always fighting it over again, planning how to catch all the French at once in one trap. This idea led them to quit the mountains and descend into the fatal plains, there to extend their lines, in order to surround the enemy and catch him in a trap, when these Tartars, by one charge of cavalry, generally put them to rout.

Meanwhile the effect of Bailen was electrical; for the truth could not be quite stifled, even in France. Europe

aroused from her moral subjection; Spain retook her place among nations; and England, thinking her now worthy of her friendship, rushed to her final deliverance.

After nearly forty years, a monument was talked about being erected on this glorious site; and even this, a thing of accident, was not got up to honour Castaños or his troops, but to express by a side wind the national disgust at the marriage of the Spanish Infanta with the French Duc de Montpensier.

A more curious monument will be the official Spanish book that is to be written on the battle, in order to confute the statements in Thiers' "historical romance;" just as Marliani was employed as the mouthpiece of Castilian indignation, to rebut the same lively gentleman's version of Trafalgar. Meantime the name *Dupona* was long given to "a croptailed rip," in coarse and horse parlance in central Spain.

The town of *Bailen* or *Baylen*, Betula, is most wretched, and is no bad sample of those of the dreary localities which we are approaching; pop. under 3000: the diligence *Parador de la Paz* is a poor inn. There is a ruined castle here, with a machicolated tower belonging to the Benavente family, now to the Osuna; observe the palm-tree. Those who are going N. may now bid adieu to the vegetation of the *tierra caliente*, while those who are coming S. will welcome this harbinger of the land of promise. Now commences the *pañó pardo*, the brown cloth, and the *alpargata*, or the hempen sandal of the poverty-stricken Manchegos.

Leaving Bailen the road enters the Sierra barrier, which rises between the central table-lands and the maritime strips; and striking is the change of vegetation, the best test of climate, when this frontier is passed. The hilly road is admirably planned, having been executed by Charles Le Maur, a French engineer in the service of Charles III. These localities at the gorge of the mountains have naturally been the theatre of battle: in these parts Publius Scipio defeated Asdrubal, and here

in modern times the Spaniards have twice worsted their most inveterate foes. About 2 L. to the rt. of *Carolina* are *Las Navas de Tolosa*. *Navas* is a Basque word, and like the Iberian term *Nav*, enters into names connected with "plains,"—*Navia*, *Navarra*. This is the scene of a former *Bailen*, called *delas Navas de Tolosa* by the Spaniards, and by Moorish annalists that of *Al-'akab*. Here, Monday July 16, 1212, *Alonso VIII.* defeated *Mohammed Ibn Abdallah*, surnamed *Annassir Ledin-Allah*—the Defender of the Religion of God—King of Morocco. The conquest of Toledo by the Christians had led to a fresh invasion of Spain from Barbary: the news spread dismay over Christendom, and *Innocent III.* proclaimed a general crusade. It is said that no less than 110,000 foreign crusaders came to assist the Spaniards from all parts of Europe, although the Spaniards claim all the glory for themselves, as in the *Peninsular war*; and, as scarcely any mention is made of the Duke and the English, who did that deed, and all the glory taken to *Nosotros*, and this while thousands are alive who know the real truth, some doubts may be raised as to this former statement and exclusive claim, but no doubt that foreign auxiliaries bore at least their share in the burden of the fight. The allies left Toledo June 21, to meet the invaders. They found the passes guarded by the Moors, and despaired, when a shepherd, since ascertained to have been *San Isidro* himself (see *Madrid*), appeared miraculously and pointed out a by-path: so at *Marathon*, where a stranger, like *San Isidro*, in a rustic dress, assisted the Greeks, and then disappeared, the oracles afterwards declared him to be *Hercules* (*Paus. i. 32*). The Christians opened the attack; the Andalusian Moors, true to their old unwarlike character, were the first to turn and run (*Conde, ii. 423*). The remainder followed their example; 200,000 infidels were killed, while scarcely 25 Christians fell; so writes the pious and fighting archbishop *Rodrigo*, who was present:

by birth a Frenchman, and fired with all the military spirit of his gallant nation, this eye-witness was a better hand probably at guess-work than arithmetic. He vouches also for the fact that no wood was burnt in the victor camp, except the spears, arrows, and (long) bows of the Moors. See, also, p. 97, *Annales Ecc. de Jaen*. *Jurado*. Those who have read any Spanish general's or junta's accounts of their victories! during the *Peninsular and recent wars*, will see how little changed are these unchangeable romancers. The victory could not be followed up; the Spaniards, as usual, in want of everything, were unable to move; they therefore returned to Toledo, to thank *San Ildefonso*, instead of marching on Seville; just as *Castaños* returned after *Bailen* to Seville, to thank *St. Ferdinand*, instead of marching on Toledo.

Carolina. Diligence *Parador* good. This is the chief place of the *Nuevas Poblaciones*, or the new towns of this district: pop. 2800: it is tidy and clean, laid out by line and rule, and in academical rectangular and commonplace; perfectly uninteresting and un-Spanish, it is much admired by the natives, because so European and civilized. The fair skins of the people, and the roads planted with trees, are more German than Iberian. These wild hills were formerly left to the robber and the wolf, without roads or villages. Spain, after colonizing the new world and expelling her rich Jews and industrious Moors, was compelled to re-people the *Despoblados* with foreign settlers. In 1767, *Don Pablo Olavide*, a Peruvian by birth, planned the immigration of Germans and Swiss to what they were told was a "mountain paradise," by a bribe of pecuniary assistance and promise of immunities; all these pledges were broken, and most of the poor foreigners died broken-hearted of the *maladie du pays*, execrating Punic Spain, and remembering their sweet Argos. *Olavide* himself, this modern *Cadmus* or *Deucalion*, who had infused life into the silent mountains, and one of the few enlightened Assis-

tentes Seville ever had, fell in his turn a victim to bigotry and ingratitude. One stipulation had been the non-admission of monkish drones into these new hives: a capuchin, named Romuald, thereupon denounced him to the Inquisition; he was arrested in 1776, his property confiscated, and he himself confined in a convent in La Mancha, subject to such a penance as the monks should inflict. He escaped into France, shaking Spanish dust off his feet for ever.

The road made by Charles III. winds through a mountain gorge, with toppling crags above and around, some of which are called here *los organos*, from representing the pipes of a gigantic organ, and soon passes by *Las Correderas* and the magnificent narrow gorge *Despeña-perros*—"throw over dogs," meaning the "infidel houndes." This is the natural gateway to dreary *La Mancha*, as Pancorbo is to Castile. Adieu now gay Andalucia and the tropical vegetation. Those who advance N. exchange an Eden for a desert, while those who turn their backs on the capital, at every step advance into a more genial climate and a kindlier soil. In the war of independence the Seville Junta only *talked* of fortifying this natural Thermopylæ, this Bolan pass; nothing was over done except on paper; and after the rout of *Ocaña* the runaways dared not even stand behind the rocks, where 100 old Greeks would have checked the advance and saved Andalucia. Jan. 20, 1810, the French, under Dessolles, forced the pass in spite of the heroes of Bailen and their ten thousand men, who dispersed "every man to his own home;" and this on the plains of Tolosa! yet the country is a natural fortress, and well did the Duke know its value. It might have been made the *Torres Vedras* of Andalucia. His plan, when he contemplated defending Andalucia, which failed from the Junta's suspicions regarding Cadiz, was to make Carolina his head-quarters. "I think," said he, "while *I am there* the French will not venture to pass the Sierra." Now, when he was *not* there,

in two days, they forced 50 m. of almost impregnable passes.

The province of *La Mancha*, into which we now enter, contains about 7500 square m., with a scanty population of 250,000. It is chiefly tableland, elevated at a mean height of 2000 feet above the sea-level. Although apparently a plain, it is very undulating; in the dips, occasionally, a streamlet creates a partial verdure and fertility. but water is the great want; indeed, some see the origin of the name *Mancha* in the Arab *Manxa*—dry land. Denuded of trees, it is exposed to the cutting wintry blasts, and scorched by the calcining summer heat: tawny and arid is the earth, while the dust, impregnated with saltpetre, and the fierce glare of the sun blind the eye, wearied with prospects of uniform misery and a grievous want of anything worth notice, either in man or his works, or in the nature with which he is surrounded; the traveller is sickened with the wide expanse of monotonous steppes, and over which nought but the genius of a Cervantes could have thrown any charm, gilding, as it were, its unendurable misery and dulness.

The towns are few, poverty-stricken, and without a particle of comfort or interest: the mud-built villages, the abodes of under-fed, ill-clothed labourers: besides the want of water, fuel is so scarce that dry dung is substituted, as in the East. These hamlets, wretched enough before, were so sacked by the Duponts and Soult, that they never have recovered. The plains produce much corn, saffron, and in some places rich wines: the mules are celebrated. The *Manchego* is honest, patient, and hard-working when there is any one to hire him; his affections are more developed than his reason. Temperate, brave, and moral, he is attached and confiding when kindly used and honestly dealt with; reserved and stern when he suspects ill-treatment and injustice. He is plainly clad in *pañó pardo*, with a *montera*—the Iberian *μῦτρα*—on his head, a most inconvenient cap, which neither

defends the head from the sun, the rain, or cold; yet, in spite of all these untoward circumstances in man and his country, this is the province of the song and dance, the *Seguidilla* and *Manchega*. Honest, homely Sancho Panza is a real Manchegan peasant. He is the true *Juan Español*, the simple gaffer goosy, the John Bull of Spain. *Dos Juanes con un Pedro, hacen un asnon entero.*

After passing the gorge of *Despeñaperros*, to the rt. is the *Venta de Cardenas*; here we think of Don Quixote, Cardenio, and Dorothea, for these fictions rank as realities. In the immediate Sierra to the l. is the scene of the knight's penance. Near *Torre Nueva* he liberated the galley-slaves. As we are now in Don Quixote's country, and as it has been our fate to pass no less than six times over this dreary road of bore, we entreat the traveller to arm himself beforehand with a Don Quixote: some intellectual provender is no less needful for the mind than "vivers and provend" are for the body in the hungry barrenness of La Mancha, so a few remarks on Cervantes may not be out of place here.

According to M. Montesquieu, the sayer of smart things, "this, the one and only good book of Spain, is employed in exposing the ridicule of all others." Certainly, for Don Quixote's sake, a vast tribe of Spanish sins in print may be spared, which, to no loss of mankind, might be condemned to the fire of the Don's niece or the furnace of the inquisition of Ximenez; but we must not suppose that it was written to put down knight-errantry; that exponent of a peculiar age had passed with its age, and had Don Quixote been a mere satire on it, both the conqueror and conquered would long ago have been buried in the same grave and forgotten. Those who say that Cervantes "laughed Spain's chivalry away," forget that it had expired at least a century before his birth. It is impossible not to see that it is "Cervantes loquitur" all through, and that the tale is made the vehicle for his own chivalrous temperament, and for

his philosophical comment on human life, his criticisms on manners, institutions, and literature. The actors in the narrative—the "*Cura*," for instance, the Canon, and Don Quixote himself—are the mouthpiece of the author, as the "*Cautivo*" is the hero of some of his real adventures when captive in Algiers. Don Quixote is a delineation of the old high-bred Castilian, a hater of injustice and lover of virtue; he is indeed a monomaniac, but that one point is not one which is unbecoming to an hidalgo; although the sweet bells of his intellect are jangled and out of tune, he is always the gentleman, always disinterested, generous, elevated, and beneficent; he gradually recovers his senses in the second part, when our feelings of pity and sympathy, always strong in his favour, increase. Cervantes probably did not intend or anticipate the spirit of ridicule which he excited against this sentiment of "the chivalrous;" accordingly the tone and character of his hero rise in the second part; he is exposed to somewhat fewer rude and less personal mishaps. Undoubtedly Cervantes contributed to injure the heroic and energetic character of the old Castilian, for one cannot laugh at books of chivalry without in some wise affecting the principle; but his real and avowed object was to put an end to the absurd romances which it was then all the fashion to read.

The second part was produced from an author under the name of Alonzo Fernandez de Avellanada having put forth a spurious continuation, published at Tarragona, 1614. This called up the hitherto careless Cervantes, who has transfixed the plagiarist by the *banderillas* of his wit. He then became so chary of his hero that he killed him, in order, as Addison said of Sir Roger de Coverley, that no one else might murder him; then, as he says with honest pride, "did *Cid Hamet Ben Engeli* lay down his pen, and place it up so high that none since have ever been able to take it down." This "canting" name of Ben Engeli, is thought by Conde to shadow out in Arabic the Spanish word

"*Cervantes*," the "son of the stag," *Ciervo*; the final *ez* being in Basque nomenclature equivalent to our son, Juan-Juanes, John-Johnson. The prefix, Ben-Ibn meaning "son" in the Arabic, is the French Fitz-fils, and Eggel-Agl is a stag.

It is a mistake to consider Sancho Panza (*Paunch*) to be a vulgar clown; he is the homely, shrewd, natural native of La Mancha, and may be compared with the grave-diggers in "Hamlet," or the $\Delta\eta\mu\omicron\varsigma$ in Aristophanes. Notwithstanding his preferring his belly to honour, and his *bota* to truth, his constant and truly Spanish reference to self and his own interests, we love him for the true affection which he bears to his master, for his Boswell-like admiration, which hopes everything, believes everything, in spite of his hero's eccentricities, which he cannot help noticing and condemning.

But none who have ridden far and long with a single humble Spanish attendant, will think either his credulity or confidence in the least forced. The influence of the *master* spirit over the *man* is unbounded; nor is it any exaggeration to say, that these squires end in believing their English "*amo*" to be invincible and infallible, if not supernatural, although not perhaps owing to a very orthodox spiritual connexion. Hence the Spanish troops, composed of such materials, entertained, said the Duke (Disp. May 6, 1812), an opinion that our soldiers were invincible, and that it was only necessary for them to *appear* (like Santiago) to secure success. The attachment of these fine fellows becomes devotion, and they will follow their new master to the end of the world like a dog, leaving their own home, and kith and kin. Neither is the admirable and decorous conduct of Sancho, when made a governor, at all in variance with Catholic Spanish or Oriental usages. There the serf is the raw material for the Pasha and Regent. "*Debajo de ser hombre puedo venir á ser Papa*," says Sancho. In Spain, as in the East, the veriest jack in office, armed with authority, becomes in his

petty locality the representative of the absolute king; he suffices for the welfare of the many, or, it may be, their oppression, as the jawbone of an ass did in the hands of a Samson. Again, where laws and habits of ceremonial manner are so well defined, and the bearing of the lower classes so naturally high bred, every one on his promotion falls, like the Oriental, into his place, without effort or uncertainty.

The spirit of wit which pervades Don Quixote is enhanced by the happy and original idea of bringing the sublime into a constant contact with the ridiculous; hence the never-failing charm of the conversations of master and man, *los graciosos razonamientos*, the well-compounded salad of practical, utilitarian, all-for-the-main-chance, common sense, with the most elevated abstract romance of chivalrous $\mu\epsilon\gamma\alpha\lambda\omicron\psi\upsilon\chi\epsilon\iota\alpha$; yet the opposition, however marked, is always natural. The Hidalgo, tall, spare, and punctilious, clad in armour and mounted on a steed worthy of the burden, is balanced by the short, round, fat, and familiar squire, clad in his *pañó pardo*, and straddling his ignoble "*rucio*." The one brave, temperate, and vigilant, the other cowardly, greedy, and somnolent: never was the *tel maître tel valet* doctrine more contradicted. The master, always reasoning well and acting absurdly; the servant, like the Spaniard in general, seeing clearly and distinctly what is brought closely to him, but with no wider grasp than his own petty profit and locality. Both, however, are always and equally serious, and intensely in earnest; the knight never losing sight of his high calling, the squire of his own eating, interest, and island, and, to make perfection perfect, both speaking Spanish, that magnificent and ceremonious idiom, and yet so capable of expressing the proverbial mother wit of the lower classes. This state-paper language of big promise, and beggarly, not to say ridiculous, performance, has long been, and long will be, the natural and appropriate vernacular of juntas and