

as much hampered thereby, as the irregular trader is favoured; the operation of prohibitory and excessive duties on articles which people must, and therefore will have, leads to breaches of the peace, injury to the fair dealer, and loss to the revenue; the enormous profits tempt the peasantry from honest occupations, and render those idle, predatory, and ferocious, who under a wiser system would remain virtuous and industrious; the *fiscal* is the curse of Spain and Spaniards, it fosters a body of reckless, active armed men, who know the country well, and are ready for any outbreak. They emerge, elements of disturbance, from their lairs, whenever the political horizon darkens, just as the stormy petrel comes forth from his hidden home to usher in the tempest. Smuggling habituates the already well-disposed Spaniard to breaches of the law, to a defiance of constituted authority; and a hatred to the *excise*, which pinches his belly, is as natural to the heart of man, as a dislike to duties on dress is to the soul of woman. In Spain the evasion is not deemed a heinous crime, or a moral offence, but barely a conventional one; a *malum prohibitum*, not a *malum per se*; those who defraud the custom-house are only considered as attacking an odious administration by which the nation at large is robbed. The masses in Spain go heart and mind with the smuggler, as they do in England with the poacher. They shield a bold useful man who supplies them with a good article at a fair price. Nay, some of the mountain curates, whose flock are all in that line, just deal with the offence as a *pecado venial*, and readily absolve those who pay for a very little detergent holy water.

The Spanish smuggler, so far from feeling himself to be a criminal or degraded, enjoys in his country the brilliant reputation which attends daring personal adventure, among a people proud of individual prowess. He is the model of the popular sculptor and artist—the hero of the stage, its Macheath: he comes on dressed out in full *Majo* costume, with his *retajo* or blunderbuss in his hand, and sings the well-known *Seguidilla*: “Yo que soy contrabandista, yo ho!” to the delight of the old and young, from the Straits to the Bidasoa, tide-waiters not excepted. In his real character he is welcome in every village; he brings sugar and gossip for the curate, money and cigars for the attorney, ribbons and cottons for the women. He is magnificently dressed, which has a great charm for all Moro-Iberian eyes, whose delight is *Boato*, or external ostentation. He is bold and resolute. “None but the brave deserve the fair.” He is a good rider and shot, knows every inch of the intricate country, wood or water, hill or dale; he swears and smokes like a man, and displays, in short, all those daring, active, and independent personal energies which a debasing misgovernment has elsewhere too often neutralized.

The expensive preventive service of *Resguardos*, *Carabineros*, &c., which is everywhere established in order to put down the smuggler, in reality rather assists him, than otherwise. The *empleados* of all kinds receive a very small salary, and that is often ill-paid. It is impossible to resist the temptation of making in one evening more than a six-months’ pay: practically the custom-house officers receive their emoluments from the smuggler, who can readily obtain all the official documents, legal certificates, &c., on false returns; again on the frontier, where armed parties are stationed to intercept smugglers, a free passage is bargained for with those very guards who were placed there to prevent it; *quis custodes custodiet?* The commander, when duly bribed, pretends to receive information of smuggling in a distant quarter, withdraws his men, and thus leaves everything open for “running the cargo.” These gentry, in fact, only worry inoffensive travellers, or, in a word, all who do not pay them hush money.

The traveller near Gibraltar will see enough of the *Contrabandista Rondeño*, and a fine fellow he is: a cigar and a bota of wine open his heart at the *Venta* fire-side, and he likes and trusts an Englishman, not that he wont rob him if in want of cash. The *Contrabandista* of Ronda is one of the most picturesque of his numerous class in a locality where “everybody smuggles.”

ROUTE 13.—SEVILLA TO GRANADA, BY
OSUNA.

There are many ways of performing the journey from Seville to Granada; 1st, by steam to *Cádiz* and *Malaga*, and thence by *Loja* in the diligence; 2ndly, by riding across the wild country through *Osuna*; 3rdly, by going in the diligence to *Cordova*, and then riding over the mountains by *Alcalá la Real*; and 4thly, which perhaps is the best for ladies, by coach to *Andujar*, and then across to *Jaen*, or by the *Madrid* diligence up to *Bailen*, and thence taking the down diligence to *Granada*.

Gandul	3	
Arahal	4	.. 7
La Puebla	4	.. 11
Osuna	3	.. 14
Pedreña	3	.. 17
Roda	2	.. 19
Alameda	2	.. 21
Va. de Archidona	4	.. 25
Loja	3	.. 28
Va. de Cacín	2	.. 30
Granada	6	.. 36

This direct road, between these important cities, can scarcely be called one; the line is, however, practicable for carriages during the summer, and is taken by the *galera*, which performs the journey in 6 days; in England a railroad would run it in 6 h. There is a talk of one to *Osuna*. The *posadas* are bad; attend to the provend. Well-girt riders may do the journey in 4 days.

These districts, although the soil is fertile and the suns genial, have been abandoned by the Spaniard since the Moorish conquest. Corn-plains have become *dehesas*, overgrown with *palmitos*, and the lair of the wolf and robber; those travelling with ladies should scarcely venture on this route without an escort.

At *Gandul* is a Moorish castle, amid palms and orange-groves, after which a wide level leads to *Arahal*, where the *posada del Sol* is tolerable; *Moron* rises on its conical hill to the rt. *Osuna*, a large town of 15,000 souls, hot in summer, but healthy, domineers over its fertile plain. Although a central point it is left in a most scandalous want of common communications, and nearly

inaccessible in wet weather and winter. *Posada, Caballo Blanco, and del Rosario*, at the outside, coming from Seville. The apex of the triangular hill is crowned by a castle and the *colegiata*; the streets are straggling; the buildings are whitened with *cal de Moron*; the carnation pinks, grown in pots imbedded in the houses, are superb.

Osuna was called *Gemina Urbanorum*, because 2 legions, and both of Rome, happened to be quartered there at the same time. The Spanish annalists prefer deriving the name from *Osuna*, daughter of *Hispan*, who married *Pyrrhus*, a killer of boars; hence the arms of the city, a castle with 2 boars chained to a window. The early coins found here are numerous and curious (*Florez*, 'M.' ii. 625). *Osuna* was taken from the Moors in 1240; Philip II. granted it to *Pedro Giron*, whom *François I.* used to call *Le bel Espagnol*. For this noble family (doubtless descendants of the fabulous *Geryon*) consult the '*Compendio de los Girones*,' *Jerº. Gudiel, Alcalá, 1577*. The *Girons* became the true patrons of *Osuna*; thus *Juan Tellez*, in 1534, founded the church, and his son, in 1549, the college. Ascend to the castle: the panorama is extensive. The *colegiata*, built in 1534, in the mixed Gothic and cinque-cento style, was converted by *Soult* into a citadel and magazine, for, as in olden times, *Osuna* is an important military position, from its fine spring, water being wanting in the plains (*Hirt*, 'B.H.' 41). The *Marshal's* soldiers amused themselves with mutilating the terra cotta sacred subjects over the cinque-cento portal, and with firing at the grand Crucifixion by *Ribera*, which was afterwards restored by *Joaquin Cortes*. There also are other 4 gloomy pictures by *Ribera* in the *Retablo*, which were brought from *Naples* by the celebrated *Viceroy Duke*. The marbles of the pavement are fine; *Soult* carried off more than 5 cwt. of ancient church plate; a gilt *Cordovan* cup has alone escaped. Visit the underground portions of this ch. The *Patio del Sepulcro* is in *Berruguete* taste. In the *Sacristia* is a *Christ*, by *Morales*. The vaults are supported by

Moorish arches. The mortal remains of the Girones lie in a labyrinth of sepulchral passages. The present Duke, 12th of his family, scarcely attends sufficiently to the decorous condition of the ashes of his ancestors.

Leaving *Osuna*, 2 short L. are *Aguas dulces*, whose sweet waters create an oasis in these aromatic *dehesas*. *Estepa* lies to the l. about 2 L. from *Roda*, on the road to *Ecija*; some traces of *Astapa* are yet visible on the hills of *Camorra* and *Camorrillo*. This guerillero hill-fort rivalled *Numantia*, and when besieged by the Romans, 547 u. c., its inhabitants destroyed themselves, their wives and children, on a funeral pile, rather than surrender (Livy, xxviii. 23). For the old coinage see Florez, 'M.' ii. 624.

Roda is, as its Arabic name *Rauda* implies, a garden of roses *rodá*; the *posada* is clean: between *Pedrera* and *Venta de Archidona* are the immemorial robber haunts, *la Va. de Cobalea* and *el cortijo de Cerezal*, where *Jose Maria* so long ruled; indeed this broken and intricate country is made for *ladrones* and beasts of prey; the aromatic underwood and wild evergreen oaks are scattered in a park-like manner all the way between *Osuna* and *Loja*.

Alameda lies amidst its olives and corn-fields in the bottom of a valley; the *Posada* bad; the shooting is excellent. Passing on to the rt. in the plain is the salt lake of *Antequera*, which glitters like a mirror; the city and the Lovers' Rock lie beyond (see Rte. 21). A wild iniquitous cross road communicates between *Antequera* and *Andujar*, 19 L. through *Benamegi Cabra* and *Porcuna*; and another equally cut-throat track runs from *Antequera* to *Ecija*, 12½ L. through *La Roda*. After quitting the *Va. de Archidona* by all means go a little out of the way to the rt., and pass through *Archidona*; after ascending the steep *Puerto del Rey*, we reach *Loja*, which is, as its Arabic name implies, the "Guardian," the advanced sentinel of the Vega of Granada; the opening view is most picturesque. The castle towers from a rock in the middle of the town; below runs the Genil, crossed by a Moorish bridge, while be-

yond rises the *Sierra Nevada*, with its diadem of snow.

Inns: The best, *de los Angeles*, is but bad in spite of the patronage of *angels!* be content therefore, ye mortals—ditto *Jesus Nazareno* and *Jose*. *Loja* is rapidly improving; pop. nearly 14,000; with a new *posada* and theatre. This place, being the key to Granada, was once of great importance. Ferdinand and Isabella besieged it in 1488, and took it after 34 days, very much by the aid of the English archers under Lord Rivers. Washington Irving, in his charming 'Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada' (which here should be read), gives a "romantic" account of this affair (ch. xxxix.). "Lord Rivers was the first to penetrate the suburbs, and was severely wounded. His majesty visited the tent of the English earl, and consoled him for the loss of his teeth by the consideration that he might otherwise have been deprived of them by natural decay; whereas the lack of them would now be esteemed a beauty rather than a defect, serving as a trophy of the glorious cause in which he had been engaged." The earl replied that "he gave thanks to God and to the Holy Virgin for being thus honoured by a visit from the most potent king in Christendom; that he accepted with all gratitude his gracious consolation for the loss he had sustained, though he held it little to lose two teeth in the service of God, who had given him all." But different is the *historical* account of an eye-witness. Peter Martyr, whose authentic epistles none should fail to peruse in these localities (Lett. lxii. Elzevir ed.): Ab orbe venit Britano juvenis, animo, genere, divitiis, et titulo pollens, Scalæ comes (Lord Scales) cum pulcherrimâ familiarum patrio more arcubus et pharetris armatorum catervâ. Is post fortia testibus Hispanis facta, dum per scalas murum inter consortes scutatus ascenderet, saxo percussus ad tentoria deportatur exanimis. Chirurgorum cura exactissima vitam servat, sed anterioribus ictu saxi dentibus amissis. Reginam ubi primum extentorio licuit exire, quæ nuper advenerat, it salutatum: dolenti

oris fœditatem Reginæ ad ablatos dentes, juvenis alludens, 'Christo qui totam eam fabricaverat domum, fenestellam se fecisse, qua facilius quod intus laterat inspicere possit,' lepide respondit: placuit Regibus argute dictum, atque honestis illum muneribus donatum ad natale solum in Britanniam remiserunt." Ferdinand gave to Loja for arms, *gules* a castle or, and a bridge argent, with the device "*Flor entre Espinas.*"

It was to *Loja* that Gonzalo de Cordova, *el Gran Capitan*, and Spain's almost only real Great Captain, retired from the suspicions of the ungrateful Ferdinand, who, like an eastern khalif and a modern junta, dreaded a too victorious servant. Yet here such was the prestige of his influence and career, that, like Wallestein, his mere name improvised armies in the hour of need of his master. He died at Granada of a quartan fever, Dec. 2nd, 1515. Mr. Prescott has given us a correct sketch of his life and character in his admirable 'Ferdinand and Isabella' (see also our paper in the 'Quar. Rev.' cxxvii. 51). Charles V., in 1526, employed Hernan Perez del Pulgar to write a chronicle of his former chief the great Captain. Seville, 1527. It is rare, but was reprinted at Madrid in 1834, by M. de la Rosa, with a poor life and notes. There is also a biography by the commonplace Quintana. The old '*Coronica del Gran Capitan*,' folio, Alcalá de Henares, 1584, although interesting as a romance, is, as Cervantes says (speaking through the Curate), a *true history*: the French work by Florian is worse than worthless in this respect. It was to *Loja* also in our days that Narvaez retired when out of favour with Christina. The road to Granada, neglected for centuries, has at last been put in order.

Between *Loja* and *Lachar* are two wretched *ventas*: *La del Pulgar* might better be called *de las Pulgas*, from its host of vermin. Passing a mountain torrent, is *la Va. de Cacin*, and then opens the celebrated *Vega* of Granada like the promised land.

ROUTE 14.—SEVILLE TO GRANADA, BY CORDOVA.

By far the best plan is to go to Cordova in the diligence in about 22 hours, and then hire horses and ride over the mountains. The roads are very bad, the inns no better; yet by attending to the provend the thing is to be endured. It has been done in 2 days, but 3 are better. The scenery is alpine and full of picturesque castles and localities, celebrated in Moro-Hispano foray.

CORDOVA TO GRANADA.

Santa Cruzita	4	
Castro del Rio	2½ ..	6½
Baena	2 ..	8½
Alcalá la Real	6 ..	14½
Puerto Lope	3 ..	17½
Pinos Puente	2 ..	19½
Granada	3 ..	22½

After passing over tiresome *dehesas* and plains, producing some of the finest wheat in the world, ascending and descending *Cuestas*, crossing and recrossing the Guadajoz, we reach *Castro del Rio*, built on an eminence, and hence pass through wild districts studded with eagles' nest villages and *atalayás*, to *Baena*, a ride of some 11 h.

Baena, with a poor but dear *posada*, is one of the most considerable central towns of these districts: Pop. above 11,000. The *posada* is bad. The old town was built on the hill above, which is crowned with a castle, once the property of the great Captain. The modern one below has a fair plaza. The *Santa Maria* has some old inscriptions and a good silver *Custodia*. The site of the Roman town is still marked, and antiquities are constantly found and destroyed: in 1833 a sepulchre was discovered, said to be that of the families of Pompey and Gracchus.

The climate, olives, corn, water, and fruits are delicious: the river Marbella produces a sort of tench called here *arriquel*, which the naturalist should examine and eat. The mineralogy and botany deserve attention. Near *Baena* a curious yellow orchis abounds. The armorial bearings of the town are five

Moors' heads, which were cut off by five Spaniards of Baena, after a desperate combat.

From *Baena* the direct road runs to *Antequera*, 12 L.; through *Cabra* (*Ægabrum*, *Agabra*, Punicè—a fort), 3 L., which is a rich agricultural town. Pop. under 9,000. It once was the see of a bishop: the tortuous town is built under two hills. The tower of *Homenage* of the old castle remains: the *Plaza*, although irregular, is striking; and the streets on the level are handsome and cleansed with running water. There is a curious old stone used for the font in San Juan. The parish ch. *de la Ascencion* was a mosque, and has been badly altered inside after the model of the cathedral of Cordova. The *pasos* of the *Ermita Sa. Ana* are worth notice, especially the silver Saviour, large as life, and a beautiful Virgin *de la Soledad*, ascribed to Juan de Mena. The town is surrounded with gardens, which produce excellent fruits and vegetables, from the abundance of water. The wines made in the *Pago de Rio frio* vie with those of Montilla. The geologist should examine an extinct crater at *Los Hoyones*, and the curious cave *de Jaracas*. The reader of *Don Quixote* (ii. 14) may inquire for the celebrated *Cima*, into which the *Caballero del Bosque* leapt. *Lucena*, *Erigena*, is another of these large towns which no one visits. Pop. under 17,000. Like *Cabra*, it also is placed under two hills, with the best-built streets on the level. The *San Mateo* is a fine church, 1498, with an extravagant new *Sagrario*, 1772: it abounds in fruits of a rich well-irrigated soil under a glorious sun. The apricots are renowned. Here, April 21st, 1483, the Conde de *Cabra* took *Boabdil*, *el Rey chico de Granada*, a prisoner. Consult *Memorias de Lucena*, *Cardenas*, 4to., *Ecija*, 1777. Three L. on is *Benamegi*, near the *Xenil*, a town of bandit and robber ill-fame. Hence, by *dehesas* and *despoblados*, 4 L. to *Antequera* (see R. 21).

Continuing R. 12 and leaving *Baena*, although it is only 24 m. to *Alcalá la Real*, it is a 7 to 8 hours' ride: the old *posada* bad and dear: the *posada S. Anton*, on the *Alameda*, is better spoken

of. The very picturesque town, with its bold towers, rises on a conical hill: the streets are steep, the *Alameda* is charming. This was once the stronghold of the *Alcaide Ibn Zaide*: being taken, in 1340, by *Alonso XI.* in person, it obtained the epithet *Real*. The beacon-tower *La Mota, el Farol*, the light to guide prisoners escaping from the Moors, was erected by the Conde de *Tendilla*, the first governor of the *Alhambra*. Here, Jan. 28th, 1810, *Sebastiani* came up with the runaways from *Ocaña* and again routed *Areizaga* and *Freire*, who fled, without even making a show of defence, to *Murcia*, abandoning guns, baggage, and everything. A mountain defile to the l. leads to *Jaen*.

The road to *Granada* continues through splendid mountain scenery and strong defiles, where *Freire*, however, made no stand. *Illora* lies to the rt. on a hill. Soon the glorious *Sierra Nevada* is seen through an opening in the hills: and, after passing the *Venta del Puerto* the *Vega* expands to the view. It was on the bridge of *Pinos*, which is soon crossed, that *Columbus* was stopped, in Feb. 1492, by a messenger from *Isabella*, who informed him that she would espouse his scheme of discovery. He had retired in disgust at the delays and disappointments which he had met with in the court of the cold cautious *Ferdinand*, until his more generous queen, urged by the good prior of *Palos*, at last came forward. Thus *Columbus* was recalled, and she was rewarded with a new world. The offer was made in the very nick of time, and even then he hesitated to replunge into the heart-sickening intrigues of the Spanish court. Had he proceeded on his journey to our *Henry VII.*, that sagacious monarch, ever alive to maritime expeditions, would have listened at once to his proposals, and *S. America* would have been English, Protestant, free, and rich, instead of *Papist*, bigoted, beggarly, and bloodthirsty: on such trifles do the destinies of nations turn.

The wooded *Soto de Roma*, the Duke of *Wellington's* estate, lies to the rt.: to the l. is the hill of *Elvira* (see p. 325), one of the advanced guards of *Granada*.

ROUTE 15.—SEVILLE TO GRANADA
BY JAEN.

Go in the diligence to *Andujar* (see R. 9), and thence by a bad but carriageable road to *Jaen*, 6 L.; or go on to *Bailen*, and then take the down diligence to *Jaen*. 6 L. The *Guadaluquivir* is passed by a suspension bridge near *Mengibar*. Both these routes are uninteresting, and occasionally robber-infested; they are carried over treeless plains, cold and wind-blown in winter, calcined and dusty in summer. The road from *Jaen* to *Bailen* was commenced in 1831.

ROUTE 16.—ANDUJAR TO GRANADA.

Mengibar	2	
Jaen	4	6
Va. del Chaval	4	10
Campillo de Arenas	3	13
Segri	3	16
Mituganda	2	18
Granada	4	22

Six mortally wearisome L. lead to *Jaen*; the best inn is that of the diligence, *El Café Nuevo*; the other is *El Santo Rostro*, *Calle de Matadero*, “the Holy Face in Butcher-street.”

Jaen, *Jayyàn*, was a little independent kingdom under the Moors, consisting of 268 square L. The capital—the Roman *Auringis*, *Giennium*—stands like a sentinel at the gorge of the mountain approach to *Granada*. *Gien* in Arabic is said to signify fertility; and the town was also called *Jayyenu-l-harir*, “*Jaen of the Silk*.” Its position is most picturesque, lying under a castle-crowned hill; the long lines of Moorish walls and towers creep up the irregular slopes, and the artist will do well to follow the circuit. The jumble of mountains, and those called *Jabalucz*, *La Pandera*, and *El del Viento*, almost deprive the city of sun in the wintry days. These are the local barometers. *Cuando Jabalucz tiene capuz y La Pandera montera, Llovera aunque Dios no quiera*. Near the *Jabalucz* are some mineral baths called *de Jerez*;

the walk there is delightful, the botany very rich. *Jaen* has been compared to a dragon, a watchful *Cerberus*. It is a poor place, amid plenty: pop. 17,000, and principally hardworking agriculturists. These boors, termed *Pastoris*, are so dull that *Jaen* is called the *Galicìa* of *Andalusia*. The fruit-gardens outside the town are charming, freshened and fertilised by living waters which gush everywhere from the rocks. *Jaen* is, however, very wind-blown in winter.

The place surrendered itself to *St. Ferdinand* in 1246; as *Ibnu-l-ahmar*, “the Red Man,” a native of *Arjona*, who had raised himself from the lowest classes, to be its ruler, being at variance with the Moorish king of *Seville*, was unable single-handed to oppose the Christians, and in self-defence declared himself their vassal.

Jaen is a bishopric conjointly with *Baeza*. The cathedral is built after the style of its metropolitan at *Granada* and *Malaga*. The old mosque was pulled down in 1492, and in 1532 *Pedro de Valdevira* introduced the Græco-Romano style; the plan is noble and regular. There are 4 entrances: the *W. façade* stands between two fine towers; the *Corinthian interior* is all glare, whitewash, and looks like a Pagan temple. The *Sacristia* and *Sagrario* are elegant: of the church plate, notice the silver *Custodia*, by *Juan Ruiz*, and the statue of *San Eufrasio*; but the grand relic is *La Santa Faz*, *El Santo Sudario*, or, as it is commonly called, *El Santo Rostro*, the Holy Face of our Saviour, as impressed on the handkerchief of *Santa Veronica*, which this saint is said to have lent to the suffering Saviour on the road to *Calvary*; but the very name, *verum icon*—the true portrait—denounces the pious *ex post facto* fraud. Hence some say her name was *Berenice*; be this as it may, the cambric, like a copper-plate, has given off many impressions for true believers, by which many souls have been saved and the true church much enriched, so many proofs, in fact, that the existence of “eleven thousand virgins,” all *Veronicas*, may be inferred. Mere connoisseurs when they look at this fetich fright must regret that no

Benahua 1 L., thence to *Colmara* 4 L., and so on 2 L. to Granada, a lonely but beautiful ride.

ROUTE 17.—SEVILLE TO RONDA,
BY OLVERA,

Gandul	3
Arahal	4 .. 7
Moron	2 .. 9
Zaframugon	2 .. 11
Olvera	2 .. 13
Setenil	2 .. 15
Ronda	2 .. 17

For *Gandul* and *Arahal* see p. 254. It is best to push on the first night to *Moron*, Arumi, pop. 9000, built on irregular acclivities, with the remains of its once almost impregnable Castle to the E. erected by the Moors on Roman foundations; it was blown up by the retreating French. The chalk, *Cal de Moron*, makes the fatal whitewash, by which so much mediæval and Moorish decoration has been obliterated. Not that, as old Feltham said of the Dutch, Spaniards are more careful of their house-fronts than of their bodies, or of their bodies than of their souls. The *tortas de Moron* have a Peninsular celebrity.

In the *Sierra de Laita* are remains of old silver-mines, and load-stones and emeralds are found here. *Moron* is a notorious den of thieves. Even the women, according to Rocca, opposed the French, while the masculine gender of Andalusia yielded; these are the worthy mothers of the noble mountaineers into whose fastnesses we now enter. *Olvera* rivals *Moron* in notoriety of misrule: pop. 6000. It is the refuge of the man of blood; hence the proverb, "*Mata al hombre y vete á Olvera*," kill your man and fly to *Olvera*. The inhabitants on one occasion, being compelled to furnish rations to a French detachment, foisted on them asses' flesh for veal; this insult, says M. Rocca, was thrown always into their teeth: "Vous avez mangé de l'âne à *Olvera*." His '*Guerre en Espagne*' is a charming, well-written book, and one of the best French

military accounts. It details hardships endured by his countrymen in these hungry hills, where for one cook, there were a thousand sharpshooters. Rocca afterwards married Madame de Staël.

ROUTE 18.—SEVILLE TO RONDA,
BY ZAHARA.

Utrera	5
Coronil	3 .. 8
Puerto Serrano	4 .. 12
Zahara	2 .. 14
Ronda	4 .. 18

Set out from Seville in the afternoon and sleep at *Utrera* (see p. 159), and then perform the rest in two days. You can, however, avoid *Utrera*, and bait your horses at the *Venta de Utrera*, which is nearly half way, and inspect the capital olive *hacienda* of the Conde de Torrenuevo. The *dehesas y despoblados*, delightful to the wild bee and botanist, extend to castle-crowned *Coronil*; *Posada Nueva*; the other Inn is *de los Dolores*, of which thin-skinned travellers' recollections are dolorous. The *Puerto* is the mountain-portal through which robbers descend to infest the high road to Cadiz. The 6 L. to Ronda are very long, and equal to 7. After tracking and crossing the *Guadalete* we reach a new *venta*, built under *Zahara*, which is a true Moorish eagle's nest crowning its pyramidal hill, and so fortified by nature with rocks for walls, and river for moat, as to be almost impregnable before the invention of artillery. The capture by Muley Aben Hassen in 1481 was the first blow struck in the war, which ended in 1492, by the conquest of Granada, just as that of Saguntum by Hannibal led to the downfall of Carthage. Hence by the *Cuesta de la Vina* by picturesque defiles to *Ronda*.

ROUTE 19.—SEVILLE TO RONDA,
BY ECIJA.

Those who have not seen Cordova will, of course, go there in the dili-

gence, and return by it back again to Ecija, and thence take horses for the Sierra.

Osuna	4½	
Saucejo	2½	.. 7
Va. de Grenadal	2½	.. 9½
Setenil de las Bodegas	1½	.. 10½
Ronda	3	.. 13½

Sleep at *Osuna* (see p. 254). The ride is desolate; at *Saucejo* it crests the hills, and soon becomes very picturesque; thence to *Ronda* in about 6 h, a lonely and sometimes dangerous journey.

Ronda has tolerable *posadas*, *de las Animas* and *de San Carlos*, in the old town. The *Pastelleria de Cuatro Naciones* can be the most recommended; the landlord civil: in the new town there is a very tidy little *posada*, *de San Cristobal*—the Christopher—to which Etonians may go, in the *Calle del Alberto*, and near the *Alameda*, *Posada del Tajo*. Those who prefer a private and quiet house will find many on *El Mercadillo*, near the *Plaza de Toros*. The charges at the fair time—the season—are generally higher than at others. Roman *Ronda*, *Arunda*, lay 2 L. north, at *Acinipo*, now called *Ronda la Vieja*. The Moors, who chose new sites for most of their cities, used up the ancient one as a quarry for their *Rondáh*, as the Spaniards have done since. The *Ronda* corporations have been such busy Vandals, that these ruins, considerable in 1747, now scarcely exist, and do not deserve a visit. The coinage is described by *Florez* (M. i. 153).

Ronda, say the Spaniards, is the *Tivoli* of *Andalucia*, but *Trajan*, although an *Andaluz*, built no villa here, and its *Mæcenas* was the Moor, from whom it was taken by surprise by *Ferdinand* in 1485. The town hangs on a river-girt rock, and is only accessible by land up a narrow ascent guarded by a Moorish castle. It contains 13,000 Inhab., chiefly composed of bold, brave, fresh-complexioned mountaineers, smugglers, and bull-fighters, and *Majos muy crudos*. The *Tajo*, or chasm, which divides the old and new town, is the emphatic feature. The *Guadalvin*, Arabicè the “deep stream,” called lower down *El Gua-*

diro, girdles *Ronda*, as the *Marchan* does *Alhama*, the *Tagus* *Toledo*, and the *Huescar* and *Jucar* encircle *Cuenca*. Those in search of the picturesque should begin at the old bridge of *San Miguel*, and descend to the mill below. The modern bridge, which at the other extremity of *Ronda* spans a gulf nearly 300 feet wide, and connects the new and old town, and was built in 1761, by *José Martin Aldeguela*, who was dashed to pieces by a fall: standing on it, “’t is dizzy to cast one’s eyes below.” The Moorish mills in the valley must be descended to, passing out of *Ronda* by the old castle. The view from them, looking up to the cloud-suspended bridge, is unrivalled. The arch which joins the *Tajo* hangs some 600 ft. above, like that in the *Koran*, between heaven and the bottomless pit; the river, which, black as *Styx*, has long struggled heard but not seen, in the cold shadows of its rocky prison, now escapes, dashing joyously into light and liberty; the waters boil in the bright burning sun, and glitter like the golden shower of *Danaë*. The giant element leaps with delirious bound from rock to rock, until at last, broken, buffeted, and weary, it subsides into a gentle stream, which steals like happiness away, adown a verdurous valley of flower and fruit, and offers no inapt emblem of the old Spaniard’s life, who ended, in the quietism of the cloister, a manhood spent in war, hardship, and excitement. There is but one *Ronda* in the world, and this *Tajo*, cleft as it were by the scimitar of *Roldan*, forms, when the cascade is full, as we have seen it and as it ought to be seen, its heart and soul. The scene, its noise and movement, baffle pen and pencil, and, like *Wilson* at the Falls of *Terni*, we can only exclaim, “Well done, rock and water, by Heavens!”

In the town, visit the Dominican convent; the Moorish tower stands on the verge of the chasm. There is another Moorish tower in the *Calle del Puente viejo*; visit, in the *Calle San Pedro*, the *Casa del Rey Moro*, built in 1042, by *Al-Motadhed*, who drank his wine out of jewel-studded goblets

formed from the skulls of those whom he had himself decapitated (Conde, ii. 26). Here is *la mina de Ronda*, a staircase cut down to the river in the solid rock. Descend to the singular Nereid's grotto below, which was dug by Christian slaves, in 1342, for Ali Abou Melec. The bitter task of descending and raising water passed into a proverb, *Dios me guarde del zaque de Ronda*; the steps were protected with iron; these the Spaniards sold, and they were then replaced with wood, which General Rojas, the governor, who lived in the house, used up, in 1833, for his kitchen firing.

Ronda is an intricate old Moorish town of tortuous lanes and ups and downs. The houses are small; the doors are made of the fine *Nogal*, or walnut, which abounds in the fruit-bearing valleys. The fruit, especially the *Peros*, *Samboas*, *Ciruelas*, and *Melocotones* are excellent; indeed the apples and pears of Ronda are proverbial. The damsels, unlike those of tawny Andalusia, are as fresh and ruddy as the pippins. Ronda is the cool summer residence for the wealthy of Seville, Ecija, and Malaga. Being highly salubrious, the longevity is proverbial; thus Vicente de Espinel, born here in 1551, died at the age of ninety; he was one of the best musicians, poets, and novelists of Spain, and translated Horace's 'Art of Poetry.' Espinel had served in the campaigns of Italy, and in his picaresque tale of Marcos de Obregon—translated by Major Langton—gives his own adventures; it is from this work that Le Sage borrowed freely for his Gil Blas. True believers, who wish to shorten the pangs of purgatory, can do much in a month at Ronda. In the church, the *Socorro*, they may be succoured at the rate of a million days' indulgence, by one touch, such is the benefit of the *cuenta del Millon*, while in this life the longevity of Ronda is expressed in a proverb, *En Ronda los hombres á ochenta son pollones*. These hardy octogenarian chickens, according to M. Rocca, used to hide in the rocks, and amuse themselves with popping at the French sentries. The land-gate was repaired

by Charles V. The Alcazar, or castle, is the property of the Giron, and the *Duque de Ahumada* is hereditary governor. The invaders blew it up on retiring, from sheer love of destruction, for it is entirely commanded, and since the use of artillery valueless as a military defence.

The fine stone-built *Plaza de Toros*, or bull arena, is in the new town, near the rose-garnished *Alameda*, which hangs over the beetling cliff: the view from this eminence over the depth below, and mountain panorama, is one of the finest in the world. After the bull-fights, vultures—which the natives swear are eagles—hover around, attracted by the dead animals, adding to the Salvator Rosa sentiment. The *Plaza* itself, and all the cells for the bulls, and the contrivances for letting them in and out, are well worth examination by taumachians. The fairs and *Fiestas* are of the first order. May 20th is, or rather was, the time to see Ronda, its bulls and *Majos*, in their glory. This is the great leather, saddlery, embroidered gaiters, garters, mantas, and horse fair, to which many detachments of English officers ride from the Rock, and some in one day; but commonplace civilization is ruining the national and the picturesque. The *Maestranza*, or equestrian corporation of Ronda, takes precedence over all others.

The Ronda horses are small, but active; José Zafran is the Anderson of the *Serrania*. Excursions may be made to *Ronda la Vieja*, to the picturesque cavern *La Cueva del Gato*, which lies, with its untrodden stalactical caverns, about 2 L. N.W., from whence a rivulet, a gushing Vaucuse, emerges and flows into the Guadairo. N.B. After seeing this *Cueva* ride round by *Benajuan* and *Montejaque* to the gorge of *Zumidero*, equal to any thing in the Alps, thence to Ronda, an excursion which will take 6 h. For antiquities consult '*Dialogos por la Historia de Ronda*,' 1766, Juan Ribera; also Carter's excellent '*Journey*,' 1777.

ROUTE 20.—RONDA TO XEREZ.

Grazalema	3	
El Bosque	3	.. 6
Arcos	5	.. 11
Xerez	5	.. 16

This, one of the wildest rides in the *Serranía*, is eminently lonely but picturesque; a horse with baggage can get to *El Bosque* in 4 h., and thence to *Arcos* in 6, and in as many more to *Xerez*. Passing the almond and walnut groves of the valley of the *Guadairo*, we enter a *dehesa* of cistus and quercus *Quexigo*. About half way is a rocky gorge, a notorious robber-lair. Here we once counted 15 monumental crosses in the space of 50 yards, stretching out their black arms in Spanish welcome; they are raised on the "heap of stones" (*Josh. vii. 26*); the "shreds, flints, and pebbles thrown for charitable purposes" on the murdered traveller's grave. These are the *λιθοὶ λογαδῆς* of *Pausanias* (x. 5, 4); the heaps over the dead, *ταφοὶ* tumuli, which in Turkey are thought to conceal treasure. *Mal Tepee* (*ταφος*). It was an Oriental and Roman custom to cast if only one stone. *Quamquam festinas non est mora longa*. A simple wooden cross bears the name of the victim, and the date of his foul unnatural murder, cut off in the blossom of his sins, no reckoning made. Pray God for his soul! These crosses, here the signs of execution not redemption, do not affect or alarm the Spaniard, who is used to appalling symbols in churches and out; he is indifferent from habit to associations of blood and wounds, at which the solitary stranger is disagreeably startled; a shadow of death seems to hover over localities where such stones preach Spanish sermons, *te saxa loquuntur*; a dreary feeling will steal over the most cheerful, boldest mind, it is not good to be alone. The wanderer, far from home and friends, feels doubly a stranger in this strange land, where no smile greets his coming, no tear is shed at his going,—where his memory passes away, like that of a guest who tarrieth but a day,—where nothing of human life is seen, where its existence only is inferred by these stone-piled cairns which mark the

unconsecrated grave of some traveller like himself, who has been waylaid there alone, murdered, and sent to his account with all his imperfections on his head! These Spanish milestones, memento mori, are awkward evidences that the repetition is not altogether impossible, and make a single gentleman, whose life is not insured, keep his powder dry, and look every now and then if his percussion cap fits.

Grazalema, *Lacidulia*, *Posada—La Trinidad*, is plastered like a martlet-nest on the rocky hill, and can only be approached by a narrow ledge. The inhabitants, smugglers and robbers, beat back a whole division of French, who compared it to a land Gibraltar. The wild women, as they wash their parti-coloured garments in the bubbling stream, eye the traveller as if a perquisite of their worthy mates. The road now clammers over the heights under the mountain nucleus *San Cristobal*, the Atlas of Roman Catholics. It is also called *la Cabeza del Moro*, and is the first land seen by ships coming from the Atlantic. The summit is generally snow-clad. Seen from that height the plains of the *Guadalquivir* are laid out like a map; we slept at a tidy *posada* in *El Bosque*. Continuing the ride through a pleasant country, we reach *Benamahomad*, a hamlet all girt with streams and gardens. Hence, over an undulating pine-clad *despoblado* to *Arcos de la Frontera*, which rises over the *Guadalete* in two points, one crowned by a tower, the other by a convent. Crossing the wooden bridge, a steep ascent, overlooking a yawning precipice, leads up to this steep wild place of truly Andalusian *majos*, who continue to wear the national costume in all its glory. The portal of the *Parroquia* is in excellent Gothic of the Catholic kings. The banners taken at *Zahara* in 1483 were kept in the *San Pedro*. There is a decent *posada* on the r. hand, going out of the town to *Xerez*. Pop. about 11,000. The views from above are superb, ranging over the *Ronda* mountains. The plains below, being irrigated from the river, produce abundant crops and fruits.

Arcos, *Arci Colonia*, *Arco Brija*, was an Iberian town, *Brija* being equivalent to "city,"—burgh, borough, bury, *πυργος*. It was taken by *Alonso el Sabio* from the Moors, and was called *de la frontera* from its frontier position; almost impregnable by nature, it was embattled with walls and towers, portions of which remain. The *Arcos* barbs, and their watchful daring riders, are renowned in ancient ballads. They were reared in the plains below, and especially in the once famous *Haras* of the *Carthusians* of *Xerez*. The intervening country is without interest.

ROUTE 21.—RONDA TO GRANADA.

Cuevas del Becerro	3	
Campillos	3	.. 6
Bobadilla	3	.. 9
Antequera	2	.. 11
Archidona	2	.. 13
Loja	3	.. 16
Granada	8	.. 24

This may be ridden easily in 3 days by a well-girt horseman. From *Ronda* to *Campillos* 9 hours; *Campillos* to *Loja* 12 hours, allowing one for baiting; *Loja* to *Granada* 9 hours, allowing half an hour for halting; *Antequera* lies out of the direct road, but is well worth visiting; those in a hurry might sleep the first night at *Campillos*, or at the solitary *venta* under *Teba*.

The only mid-day halt is the *venta* at the *Cuevas del Becerro*, "Caves of the Calf," a den fittish for beasts, but the place may be left out altogether, in which case the half way will be at the *Venta del Puerto*. Nature, indeed, enthroned in her alpine heights and green carpeted valleys, has lavished beauty and fertility around; man alone and his dwellings are poverty-stricken. About half way on to *Campillos*, *Teba*, *Theba*, rises on the r., but is not worth ascending up to. The name, which has puzzled antiquarians, occurs in the Egyptian *Thebais*, and *Tapé* in Coptic means "head, capital." The son of *Abraham* by the concubine *Rennah* (*Gen.* xxii. 24) was called *Teba*.

Thebes in *Bœotia* was founded by the Phœnician *Cadmus*; and the word *Teba*, in *Bœotian* dialect, signified a hill (*M. Varro*, 'R. R.' iii. 1), which coincides with this locality. Meantime the *Bryants* and *Fabers*, and dabblers in *Noetic* and *Archite* archæology, contend that *Teba*, in *Syriac* (*Tzeses*, *Scho. Lyc.* 1206) a heifer, and in *Hebrew* an ark, alluded to the female symbol of the regeneration of nature in contradistinction to the male principle *Gor* (*Hebrew*), *Σωπος*, a bull and a coffin. *Theba* (not this one), say they, was the eminence on which the *Noetic ark* rested, but perhaps they may be wrong.

Andalucian Teba was recovered from the Moors by *Alonso XI.* in 1328. *Bruce*, according to *Froissart*, when on his deathbed, called the good *Lord James* of *Douglas*, and told him that he had always wished to fight against the enemies of *Christ*, and that, as he had been unable to do so while alive, he now selected him, the bravest of his knights, to carry his heart, after his death, to the *Holy Land*. As there were no ships going directly to *Jerusalem*, *Lord James* proceeded to *Spain*, and, thinking fighting the Moors in the intermediate time would be the most agreeable to the wishes of the deceased, proceeded to the siege of *Teba*. He wore the royal heart in a silver case around his neck. In the critical moment of the battle, he and his followers were abandoned by their *Spanish allies*; then the good *Lord* threw the heart of the *Bruce* into the fiercest fray, exclaiming, "Pass first in fight, as thou wast wont to go, and *Douglas* will follow thee or die," which he did. For historic references see our paper, '*Quart. Rev.*' cxxvi. 310. In our times the fair *Condesa de Teba*, a fair scion of the illustrious house of *Guzman*, won the imperial heart of *Napoleon III.*

There are some decent *posadas* at *Campillos*, on the *Alameda—La Corona*, *Jesus Nazareno*, and *Santa Maria del Carmen*. The *Salina*, or *Salt Lake*, distant 2 L., forms a striking object from *Campillos*.

Antequera, *Anticaria* was in the time

of the Romans, as now, an important city of the second order; lying, however, out of the high road, it is seldom visited. Pop. 16,000. The best inns are *Posada de la Castaña*, *La Corona*, and one in the *Calle de las Comedias*. The ancient town was situated at *Antequera la Vieja*. The remains of a palace and a theatre, almost perfect in 1544, were used as a quarry to build the convent of *San Juan de Dios*; a few fragments were saved by Juan Porcel de Peralta in 1585, and are imbedded in the walls near the *Arco de Gigantes*, going to the castle court. Others were then brought from *Nescania*, 7 miles W., where a hamlet was erected in 1547 for the invalids who came to drink the waters of the old *Fons divinus*, now called the *Fuente de Piedra*, because good for stone and gravel complaints.

Antequera (Antikeyrah) was recovered from the Moors in 1410 by the Regent Fernando, who hence is called "*El Infante de Antequera*." He gave the city for arms the badge of his military order, *La Terraza*, the "vase" (*quasi de terrâ*) the pot of lilies of the Virgin, under which the mystery of the divine incarnation was shrouded (see our Remarks, 'Quart. Rev.' cxxiii. 130). This order, the earliest in Spain, was founded in 1035 by Garcia of Navarre.—See the curious details, p. 177, *Discursos Varios*, D. J. Dormer, 4°. Zarag, 1683. *Antequera* contains some 20,000 Inhab., chiefly agricultural; they wear the *majo* dress, and are fond of green velvets and gilt filigree. In the fertile plain is a peculiar salt *laguna*, or lake. The town is clean and well built. The *Colegiata*, gutted by the invaders, has been partially refitted; but poverty of design unites with poverty of material. The castle is Moorish, built on Roman foundations. Observe the Barbican. Ascend the *Torre Mocha*, with its incongruous modern belfry. Observe the Roman frieze and cornice at the entrance. The view is striking. In front, the Lover's Rock rises out of the plain, and to the r. the three conical hills of *Archidona*. The castle is much dilapidated. The curious old mosque in the enclosure was converted by the

French into a store-house, but the magnificent Moorish armoury disappeared when the city was sacked by them; the enemy, at the evacuation of *Antequera*, wished to destroy the castle, but Cupid interfered; the artilleryman left to fire the train lingered so long taking his last farewell of his nut-brown *querida*, that he was himself taken prisoner, and so the walls escaped. When we were last at *Antequera* the governor was in the act of taking down the Moorish mosque, to sell the materials and pocket the cash. The tower of *San Sebastian*, the clock, and the copper angel the vane, are thought magnificent by the natives.

Antequera, probably because it suits the rhyme, is the place selected by the proverb which indicates the tendency in Spaniards of each person taking first care of himself: "*Salga el sol por Antequera, venga lo que viniere, el ultimo mono se ahoga*. I'll be off, for the last monkey is drowned." Occupet extremum scabies. This is, however, only the *saue qui peut* principle of the selfish of all times and places, whose cry is, the devil take the hindmost.

Antequera was the home of the great Alcaide Narvaez, *el de la gran lanzada*.—See the curious *Historia*, &c., by Francisco Balbi de Corregio, 4°, Milan, 1593. This Don was no less redoubtable a personage in his time than Don Ramon, the Duque de Valencia, was in ours. Consult for local history *Panegyricos*, &c. Pedro de Espinosa, 8vo., Xerez, 1628; *Historia de Antequera*, Francisco Espinosa y Aquilena, 8vo., reprinted Malaga, 1842.

From *Antequera* there is a bad but carriageable road to Malaga, 9 L., which is to be continued on to Cordova. Ascending the height is a *lusus natura*, called *el Torcal*, an assemblage of stones which look like a deserted town. The 8 L. are hilly, dreary, and townless. Leaving the pass *Boca del Asno* are the wretched *ventas*, *de Galvez*, 4 L., *de Linares*, 2 L., and *de Matagatos*, 1 L., a true *kill-cat* den, where none but an *ass* will open his mouth for food. The views on descending to Malaga are delicious.

The ride to *Granada* is pleasant.