

lion on the leaders, and attended by another, besides the mayoral or conductor, a guard and an escopetero. The reins were of rope, and attached only to the wheel mules. As soon as we had cleared the rough paved streets, we commenced smoaking along the Camino Reale amidst overwhelming clouds of dust. The country during the first stage was wild and high, scattered over with heath, rosemary, and other fragrant herbs: here and there appeared an orange garden, and olive plantations inclosed by hedges of towering aloes.

At the end of three hours we reached Carmona, a town with half the houses in ruins, a very common mark of the thriving state of Spain. An old Moorish tower stood on a height commanding the place. I was here joined in the Berlina by a Spaniard, who began entering into conversation with great politeness and sociability. Having passed outside the gate of Carmona, we looked down from the summit of a steep hill over the dreariest and most monotonous vale that ever met my eye—a vast flat parched to dust, without a tree or a single green thing appearing over its

whole surface; and yet this, my companion informed me, was one of the most fertile of the Andalusian plains, and in the month of June had presented one uninterrupted sea of waving corn. I asked him while the dust was whirling round us in clouds, when it had last chanced to rain in this country. About five months ago was his reply; the summer had been more than usually dry and hot. At the succeeding stage we harnessed as many as eight mules and three horses to our vehicle, and commenced ploughing our way through a deep sandy heath-track, and at night-fall, after the most broiling day's journey I ever experienced, we arrived to sup at Ecija, a large town, said to be the hottest in Spain, for which, from my own sensations, I give it full credit.

In the ordinary routine of travelling we should have stopped here to sleep, but as the Diligence that night was charged with the mail packet, we continued our journey after supper. At day-break the horizon portended rain after a five months' drought. Continuing our way over a hilly country, without trees or houses, we arrived about nine o'clock at a Moorish bridge across the

Guadalquivir, here dwindled into an insignificant stream, and entered the city of Cordova, when I descended from the Diligence, and lost no time in repairing to the cathedral, the celebrated Moorish mosque converted into a Christian church. But paying it merely such a short and hurried visit, I must refer you to others for a description of it, merely observing, that the Moorish part of the building, which are the aisles, are low, supported by above one thousand little pillars, and resemble more nearly than any thing else I can compare them with, a forest of little trees arching over your head, dark, gloomy, and with an air of twilight superstition hanging over them worthy of the Mahommedan religion, founded by the arch-impostor. In the time of the Moors this was considered the most celebrated mosque after that of Mecca. From the cathedral I walked through desolate, silent, ill-paved streets, to the inn at which the Diligence had stopped for breakfast. In the centre of this inn was an open arcaded court, covered with the most luxuriant jasmine, and as I stood admiring it, I did at length behold it rain in Spain, and in good earnest too; it came

down for an hour in one uninterrupted sheet. For in this country it may be truly said, it never rains but it pours.

Continuing our journey after breakfast, a few miles from Cordova, we met an unfortunate troop of galley-slaves, escorted by soldiers, and soaked through and through with mud and rain. The sight of these galley-slaves, of course, reminded me of one of Don Quixote's adventures, for whoever travelled through Spain without being reminded of the Knight and his Squire, at the sight whether of a galley-slave, of a windmill, an ass, or a raw-boned horse? nay, there are some travellers who behold the portrait of a Maritornes in every inn they alight at.

During a part of two stages to-day we were escorted by a party of mounted dragoons: for there was said to be a band of some twenty fellows exercising their depredations on the road.

The villages we passed through seemed to be the wretched abodes of poverty and crime.

We arrived at Andujar in the evening, and after taking supper, I was on the point of mount-

ing the Diligence again to proceed by it as far as Bailen, where I understood I should find another Diligence which would convey me to Granada, when an Englishman who was staying at the inn being informed of the point of my destination, advised me, instead of proceeding to Bailen, where I should have a day and night to pass at the most wretched town in Spain before the Diligence passed through it that was to convey me to Granada, to remain that night and the next day at Andujar, engaging to procure me a guide and mules to take me across the country, a six hours' ride to Jaen, where he told me I should meet with the Diligence at a nearer point to Granada than at Bailen.

Seeing that he was perfectly acquainted with Spain, indeed he had been long a resident at Seville, I adopted his friendly advice.

I passed the next day in company with my friendly fellow-countryman, Don Tomas, as the Spaniards called him, of whom I must give you a brief sketch, for he was too remarkable a person to be entirely passed over. He was of about

thirty-five years of age, full six feet four inches in height, stout, well-limbed, and altogether as handsome and athletic a person as I ever beheld, with a fine open countenance, and a frank, manly bearing and manner. His voice was low, harsh and guttural: something seemed to have impaired its natural tone; I believe it was not from "hallooing of anthems," but more probably from the five years' imprisonment he told me he had suffered in the dungeons of Badajoz for having expressed rather too freely his attachment to Liberalism during the reign of the beloved Ferdinand. He was dressed in loose trowsers, without neckcloth or waistcoat, and had on merely a short jacket, with which he covered himself as with a cloak, without putting his arms through the sleeves. He spoke the genuine Andalusian, in its utmost purity or impurity, and was extremely popular with the Spaniards of Andujar, with whom he chatted and joked incessantly. In short, what with his popular talents, his athletic frame, a certain dare-devil expression of countenance, and the influence he appeared to exercise over half a dozen liberals who were constantly with

him, he seemed to be the very man to head any enterprize that required a determined leader.

As we were walking about together he pointed out to me where the fallen in walls of the town had been built up with loose stones in order to prevent a surprise from the Carlists, or *facciosos*, as they are termed: for about a week since an armed party of one hundred and fifty had entered the town at two o'clock in the morning, with the intention of pillage, but after the first alarm had subsided, were driven out by the citizens sword in hand.

I shall now give you a sketch of Andujar. It is a melancholy, execrably paved, country town, with wide streets, and but mean houses, containing a population of about fifteen thousand, and stands on a hill overlooking a scene of dreary solitude. This is said to be the most antient town in Spain, and that, when without the gates, you look on the fragments of ruined buildings and crumbling walls, and piled up mounds of earth which once were buildings, strown over the ground in all directions to a great extent, you survey the ruins of ages from the time of the

Phœnicians to that of the Carthaginians, from thence to the Roman æra, and from the æra of the Romans to that of the Moors.

My friend had engaged me a guide, with a couple of mules, to take me to Jaen the following morning. He was a rough, uncouth and free and easy sort of a fellow, and demanded the whole payment in advance immediately the bargain was concluded. However much his looks and manner might be against him, Don Tomas, however, pledged himself for his being an honest kind of a rogue, and for his conducting me in safety to Jaen.

I went to bed that night with no very agreeable anticipations of my following day's journey I must confess, and after fencing the greater part of the night with a couple of the largest mosquitoes in all Andalusia, judging from the terrible buzzing of their wings (by the bye, you may as well fence with the "intrenchant air," for the very motion of your hand wafts these infernal insects away), I dropped at last into a disturbed sleep, from which I was awaked by the crowing of a cock beneath my window at five o'clock, the



hour appointed for starting. Now I must inform you that the cock in this case performed the office which the waiter had *promised* to do, that of awakening me in time; but take my word for it, never trust in this country to anybody calling you, or you may sleep on till Doomsday. After swallowing a cup of chocolate in all haste, I descended to mount my beast for Jaen, and I proceed now to give you the particulars of my journey.

After leaving Andujar half a mile behind, we struck off into a bye-path, which conducted us across a succession of bare, naked hills, of the dreariness of which you may form some idea by picturing to yourself the appearance of the Brighton Downs stripped of every blade of herbage. The only objects that varied the monotony of the scene was an occasional farm-house perched upon a hill, and built perhaps for necessary defence with the solidity of some fortress. During this ride of twenty-four miles we passed through one, and one only, hamlet. We met, however, with several parties of peasants, and of farmers mounted on their mules, who were all

armed with guns slung over their saddles, and who invariably saluted us with a *buenas dias*.

A ride like this you will agree with me required something of an agreeable companion to render it palatable. Not such was my muleteer, being of the same sweet complexion as I am told distinguishes his fellows in general. Keeping, the whole journey, at a respectable distance behind me, mounted on the mule which bore my portmanteau, I had every now and then a word from him, such as "*Usted a la mano derecho*" (to the right hand, Sir), or "*todo derecho*" (straight forward), or "*Pare usted*" (stop, Sir), and these directions he hallooed out in much the same tone as "*Arri, arri—mula, mula,*" accompanied with many a "*Caracco,*" the oath which seasons every third word of these sort of fellows. Occasionally he would break forth for his own amusement into one of those monotonous howls which the Spaniards mistake for singing, and just before we reached Jaen, in return, I suppose, for some cigars which I had given the monster as a sop to Cerberus, he produced from his *Alforjas* a skin of wine detestable enough, and an

earthen jar of water, which he offered me with a grim complaisance.

On reaching, after eight hours, the town of Jaen, I was very civilly received at the posada, the ground-floor of which, as is very common in Spain, was a sort of stable, by a landlady with an enormous wen on her dexter cheek. As she ushered me into my room I felt so much flattered by the *descriptio personæ* with which she designated me, as she told the *muchacha* to bring up water, sheets and towels, that I must repeat it: "Hay gente fina," there is a gentleman come, I know not how otherwise to translate it, "trac agua, una toalla, y limpias sabanas."

So far so good, but when I asked her to provide me with some dinner, the good woman shook her head. She had nothing ready to give me now, but there would be a supper at eight o'clock on table when the *Diligence* arrived. I then begged for some chocolate and eggs, which she provided me with, together with some fruit and wine, upon which I managed to make a very good repast.

Jaen is a very considerable town, containing

twenty thousand inhabitants, situated at the very foot of an overhanging mountain crowned with a Moorish fortress, and climbing up the slope of a hill, with its narrow winding streets. It is surrounded by walls, and from the naked wild plain stretching around it, exhibiting not the vestige of human habitation, you seem to be cut off entirely from all intercourse with the rest of the world. The appearance both of the inhabitants and the buildings is quite Moorish. In the town-house a row of arcades in the upper story is supported by little pillars with fantastic heads for capitals, which evidently belong to Moorish architecture. The only building of a modern æra is an immense Cathedral in the Grecian stile, which looks quite out of character and proportion with every thing else about you.

While I was rambling up and down the solitary streets the scene was enlivened by a party of Pobres Estudiantes, poor academical vagrants, and idle ones too I suspect, who pass their vacations in roaming about begging from town to town. Dressed in the shabby genteel style, with a cocked hat and some old tarnished silk coat

with cut steel buttons, they go about displaying their vocal powers to the rustic accompaniment of a tabor and pipe, and, from the fun and buffoonery they exhibit, seem to be great favorites with all the lower orders, who follow these classic minstrels in crowds whenever they appear.

The Diligence arrived in the evening looking like a travelling battery, with blunderbusses projecting their muzzles over each side of the roof, and two escopeteros, most ill-looking rascals seated upon the top.

We started the next morning before day-break, and arriving at our first changing-place, the scenery was both pleasing and characteristic. The post-house stood among the windings of a mountain Sierra, overlooking a garden of flourishing fig and pomegranate trees. Amongst the passes of this mountain-chain lay our whole day's journey; their sides were here and there varied with tufts of heath, small pine-trees and patches of olives, while their summits rose up into bare and fantastic peaks of lime-stone.

At six o'clock we descended into a fertile vale, and amidst a line of gardens of fruit-trees, bien

poudrés with dust, entered the city of Granada. A great crowd stood assembled in the Plaza di Bailen, awaiting the arrival of the Diligence, impatient to hear how their proclamation of the Constitution here had been received at Madrid, and as I descended, one of the mob ordered me in a very imperative tone to cry "Viva la Constitution," and so I shouted Long live the Constitution. In company with a lady and gentleman, who were my fellow-travellers, we pushed through the crowd and entered our inn.

Having now given you the details of my journey to this city, I hasten at once to that object of such deep interest and curiosity to travellers of every nation, the Alhambra, or palace of the Moorish kings; for difficult as I feel it to give anything like a description of it, I must still venture the attempt.

Towards the upper extremity of Granada you ascend a street terminated by a gateway, which having passed through, you find yourself, after the heat and bustle of a populous town, amidst the silence and coolness of a shady grove; the path before you continues to mount the hill,

the grove terminates, and three spacious walks open before you bordered by beautiful flowers and shrubs.

Following the left of these three walks, you reach a square tower and passing through the arched gateway with which it is pierced, ascend to a terrace commanding a view of the town beneath you. Here you will be struck with the magnificent shell of an unfinished palace commenced by Philip IV., but casting I presume but a hasty glance at this modern ruin, you will hasten to survey the wonders of the Alhambra, which stands in the rear of it. Having rung the bell for admittance, you are conducted into the myrtle court of the Moorish kings, so named from a myrtle hedge which surrounds a spacious basin of water standing in the centre of the Patio. From this first Patio an arched gateway, in the side-walls of which are pointed out to you little recesses, in which the Moors out of respect to royalty were used to leave their slippers, leads you into a large hall distinguished by those beautiful stuccoed walls and tessellated roofs which I described in my account of the Alcazar at

Seville. From hence you pass into a second Patio, the glory of all Patios and one of the great features of this Moorish palace,—the court of lions. In the centre of this court, surrounded by arcades, supported by one hundred and sixty slender marble pillars, the walls of which are encrusted with stucco, so delicately worked as to resemble a specimen of filagree work, or the carving of an Indian fan, stands a marble fountain resting upon the backs of twelve lions, that are spouting water from their mouths into a large circular basin beneath.

Among the various objects of beauty which surround you, and they produce almost the effect of enchantment, (some scene such as you may have pictured to yourself from reading the Arabian Nights) it is difficult to say which will most attract your eye. It cannot fail, however, to rest for sometime upon the two projecting porticoes facing each other, which stand out from the arcades, surmounted with their dome-shaped tessellated cieling, and to admire the rich effect produced by the thick clustering of these elegant marble pillars here accumulated together. Pic-



ture to yourself the elegance of this architecture, add to this the beauty and perfume of flowers, the murmuring of the fountains, and the freshness which here ever tempers the air in the midst of a burning and sultry summer, and you may form some idea of the matchless Patio de los Leones.

Within the arcades of this court, are arched entrances into the hall of ambassadors, the hall of justice, the hall of noblemen (la sala de los Abencerrages) and the hall of the two brothers (la sala de los dos Hermanos). From my ignorance of the details and even technical terms of architecture, I must thus sum up the general idea of them. They are all lofty and spacious, and paved with marble and encrusted with stucco work of an infinite variety of patterns, amongst which is worked in several passages from the Alcoran in the Arabic character. In some are marble fountains playing in the centre, and the shape and decorations of the roofs are varied in each. That of the hall of ambassadors is a dome encrusted with mother of pearl; that of the Abencerrages an octagon lighted at top, from

which the stucco work hangs down in pendants, resembling the stalactites which line the roof of some subterranean cavern. Besides these splendid halls there are the royal baths and a retiring room, with two alcoves to repose in after the bath and a music gallery above. Such was the luxury of these Mohammedan monarchs.

Ascending to the upper story, amongst various apartments, the cabinet or dressing-room of the Moorish queens, is distinguished by a ceiling as elegant as it is singular, being constructed of slender joints of wood crossing and intersecting each other, in spiral and waving lines, and forming a roof of most beautiful trellice work. You will observe in this apartment likewise a curious kind of vapour bath. A part of the floor is pierced through with little apertures, which admitted the vapour of perfumed steam from beneath. From the queen's cabinet, you pass out into an open gallery which commands a bird's eye view over the town of Granada, with its numerous villas and gardens in the outskirts climbing up the opposing hills; the vale beyond, the white villages, and bounding the

prospect, the chain of the Sierra Nevada, forming upon the whole a scene which can have few rivals.

I now proceed from the Alhambra to a smaller palace but not less worthy of attention, called the General-liefe, it now serves as the residence of the General of the district. This was the summer retreat of the Moorish court, and stands higher up the hill nearly on its summit, high above Grenada and in an atmosphere always cool and refreshing in the hottest days of summer. Taking now the middle of the three walks I before mentioned, you find it soon narrow into a shady path, bordered by gigantic cypresses, some of which are said to have flourished for five centuries, fig, pomegranate and peach-trees, with vines climbing up their trunks whose fruit is hanging in clusters above your head, and at the termination of this beautiful walk, appears the General-liefe looking down upon Granada beneath like some eagle's nest. On entering within you find yourself in a Patio, divided by a canal of water, bordered by parterres of flowers, and dwarf cypresses cut into various fanciful shapes.

An open arcaded gallery runs round this court, commanding a still more extended view than that you have seen below. You enter from this Patio into a suite of apartments, where the colours of the tessellated wood-work of the roofs are quite fresh, apparently in all their original brilliancy. Returning again into the Patio, a door on the left leads you into a garden, at one end of which presents itself a flight of stone-steps divided into three stages, on the centre of each of which plays a fountain. The parapet wall on each side of this flight of steps is channelled out at the top, and down the channel gushes and murmurs a stream of water. Above you are grapes hanging down from a trellice work of vines. Here raised above the noise and bustle of the world, amidst the purest and most refreshing mountain air, a scene ever verdant, and silence only interrupted by the murmur of bubbling fountains and running water, was the royal retreat from the cares of government and the intrigues of a court. There is pointed out to you, however, (if tradition be not a lying chronicle) a lofty cypress, which as the recording witness of the infidelity of one of

these Moorish monarch's spouses, attests alas! the melancholy fact that the purest air does not always inspire the purest thoughts.

But we will now quit the Alhambra and its gardens, certainly one of the most interesting objects of antiquity, though not of a very remote age to be found in Europe and take a look at the town. It stands distinguished by its public walks and gardens, for besides those of the Alhambra, are the Salon, the Carrera di Darro, and the Carrera di Xenil. The interior however of the town is abominable from its filthy odours, crazy old houses and narrow streets. Indeed I wonder considering this and the confined circulation of the air from the immediate neighbourhood of the mountains, how the cholera which continued here six months ever got out of the town. There is a magnificent Cathedral in this city of the Grecian stile, the massive pillars of which composed of four Corinthian columns, united together form a striking feature, besides the gorgeousness of the altars, the different specimens of statuary and painting, and the superb ornaments of the two organs in the choir. The

music and singing here are the best I have heard in Spain. Of the piety of the Grenadescans I observed a rather questionable proof, in a printed admonition on the walls forbidding the practise of walking up and down the aisles and chatting with the women. A part of the town is intersected by the river Darro. Its deep channel was now dry, but a month back it had rushed down from the mountains in a swollen stream, and carried away with it the lower stories of the antiquated houses in its course. Following its course, you arrive at the promenade called by its name, which winds along the side of a hill sheltered with trees at the foot of the Alhambra. A hill opposite to you is excavated with gipsies' caves and covered with gardens of the prickly pear.

The fruit of this plant is the cheapest and commonest in Spain, if you will pardon me this short digression: it grows at the extremity of its large fleshy leaves beset with prickles, resembles a pear in taste, but is much more watery, and unless fresh gathered and not too ripe is mawkish and insipid. The plant is one of the Cactus

tribe, and it affords a notable illustration of the richness or rather of the diversity of the Spanish language in different parts of even the same province. Thus at Cadiz it is named higo agudo, at Seville higo di acuna, and at Granada higo di chumba.

The other fruits here are in great plenty and variety, but inferior in flavour to those of Seville. Orange-trees are very rare: the neighbourhood of the Sierra Nevada chills the air too much to allow them to flourish. At one of the fairs here, which occur very frequently throughout Spain, there were pomegranates, apples, figs, grapes, melons, nectarines, peaches and apricots, which are all hard, yellow inside, and in the flavour of which I had either lost my taste, or could distinguish no difference, and a small fruit called Acerollas, between a pear and a medlar, a sort of thorn apple. At this fair where I was indebted to one of the gipsey tribe who swarm about Granada, for having had my pocket lightened of a handkerchief, as my laquais de place Miguel shrewdly guessed, there were several stalls

stocked with painted figures made of clay displaying much ingenuity.

The town of Granada is encircled by a belt of fruit-gardens to the extent of about a mile and a half—beyond this there is not the vestige of a tree. And upon this subject the universal scarcity of trees throughout Spain, you might perhaps at first imagine that the heat of the climate, or the dryness of the soil might in some degree account for it, had I not mentioned that the banks of the Guadalquivir also were equally as bare as the rest of the country. No it is not the fault of nature but of man, for trees are as much a proscribed race in this country as the Jews were of old, or the descendants of the Moors? With a foresight that leaves all other nations behind in the march of intellect, the Spaniard, cuts down trees, because trees harbour birds and birds eat up the grain. These friends, the shade of whose foliage is so desirable under a burning sun, which would have sheltered the burnt up soil, and preserved its humidity, are mercilessly destroyed lest the birds should share



with these enlightened people a few bushels of grain. Let the soil be parched up into dust, let a dreary monotony weary the eye of the traveller as he traverses a country which Nature would have beautified, and man has deformed, let the rivulets neither fed or protected by trees, dwindle into brooks, and the brook at length present nothing but its dried up channel, O people whose wisdom runs counter to the foresight of Providence, all this is done to save you the trouble of placing a few scare-crows to frighten away a few sparrows from your crops.

The stranger who arrives at Granada, should be cautioned against drinking too freely of the water which is drawn from very cold springs, and from exposing himself too much to the heat of a meridian sun and the treacherous breath of the Sierra Nevada. I suffered severely for two days, during which time I drank nothing but orgeat which I found effectually relieved a sore-throat, that had been brought on by these causes.

During this indisposition, my inn, being in the great thoroughfare, la plaza di Bailen, I had a