

and soldiers, whilst from the gate of the Moorish fortress issues forth a train of Christian captives wearing their chains. On the other side is represented the baptism of the Moors. The kneeling figures of Ferdinand and Isabella appear in front of these quaint historical bas-reliefs.

In the royal vault an incident occurred which gave a new Saint to the Romish Church, in the person of Francis Borgia, Duke of Gandia. The Empress Isabella, wife of Charles V., died at Toledo after a few day's illness; as her master of the horse the sad duty devolved upon Borgia to follow her body to the tomb, and swear to its identity. Borgia stood before the coffin, and reverently uncovered the face he had known so well, struck down in the prime of her beauty; his heart sank within him at the sight; and from that hour he resolved to dedicate the remainder of his life to the service of God.* It was to Borgia that Charles V. confided his intended abdication, but Borgia was the first to resign earthly honors. When in 1550 he wrote to ask the Emperor's permission before entering the company of Jesus, the reply was, that "he could not withhold him from the service of that Great Master whom he had chosen."

It needed, however, all the persuasion of Borgia to induce the Emperor to regard with leniency this new order; he looked with suspicion on Ignatius Loyola, conceiving him to belong to a sect called "Los Alumbados," (the enlightened)—in other words "Quietists"—and lamented that his friend had not contented himself with becoming one of the Jeromites.

We now descended to the vault; torches are required here as at the Escorial; but in all else how unlike! There is no attempt at decoration within this vault; the coffins are few, and marked by simple initials, easily deciphered, and as you stand in this dark vault, and read the letters on each rude shell, you feel something of a morbid interest creeping over you; you cannot help lingering over these sad relics, and thinking of the long sorrowful journey from Burgos, ending in

* See "Cloister Life of Charles V."



this gloomy vault, and repeating to yourself the words of Charles V.—“How small a space for so much greatness.”

THE CARTUJA.—Within an easy drive from Granada is the famous Cartuja. On the road to it we passed a large building, bearing the name of SAN JUAN DE DIOS, the saint whose picture (by Murillo) had impressed us so much at the CARIDAD in Seville. His first house of charity was erected at Granada, where on his arrival the conscience stricken saint was treated as a madman. Further on is the PLAZA DEL TRIUNFO, once shunned as the place of execution for criminals, now a public garden. Leaving the carriage we entered one of the side alleys, that we might see the spot where the young and beautiful Donna Mariana Pineda suffered in the cause of liberty in 1831. Her story by Madame Charles Reybaud should without fail be read by all who visit Granada. Close to this is the HOSPITAL DE LOS Locos, built by Isabella la Catolica, whose natural sympathy was drawn out towards the insane: both her mother and daughter having been afflicted with madness,—that terrible legacy which Juana bequeathed to the House of Austria.

We now approached the CARTUJA, where one of the brothers left in charge of the deserted convent received us. It is not its architectural beauty, but its rich adornment of inlaid work and marbles, which makes this church remarkable. The statue of St. Bruno was shown us; it is the work of Mora, the pupil of Alonso Cano; but it is less striking than Pereyra's statue of the saint at the Miraflores. In the cloisters are pictures by a Carthusian monk, Juan Sanchez Cotan, of the sufferings of his brethren in England. In 1535 Henry VIII. determined to dissolve the monasteries: for this purpose he fixed upon Thomas Cromwell, who had been brought to his notice by Cardinal Wolsey, and appointed him his chief agent in carrying out his designs. Dugdale tells us that the King's real aim was the possession of the revenues and riches of the religious houses, and therefore to excite the minds of his Protestant subjects, a “Black Book”

was drawn up in which every alleged enormity, whether true or false, was made known to the world.

Many of the abbots, on condition of a pension, consented to "the conversion of their houses to better uses," little thinking that the enrichment of the King's coffers was the true end in view. Others, however, refused to violate the intentions of their great founders, and among these were the Abbots of Fountains, Glastonbury, and the "Charter House" in London; and it is the sufferings of these abbots, and especially of the Abbot of Glastonbury and his monks, which are depicted on the walls of this Spanish convent. Our attention, as English travellers, was pointedly called to these pictures by our Carthusian guide, who, however, made the Protector Cromwell responsible for the outrages of his namesake.

SAN GERONIMO.—Anxious to see the Mausoleum of the "Great Captain," we proceeded to this Convent, which he founded, and where repose his ashes. So magnificent was SAN GERONIMO, that on seeing it when completed, Ferdinand the Catholic is said to have exclaimed, "This is more splendid than my palace!" "True, sire," responded Gonzalvo de Cordova; "and it is destined for a greater Prince, for I give it to Him who is the King of Kings!"

The sword of the Great Captain, which had done his country such signal service, hung for three hundred years before the high altar, where his body lies interred; but it was taken down, and sold at an auction some few years back for the sum of half-a-crown! Sad proof that hero-worship is a thing of the past! Add to which that the once glorious building which owed to him its erection, and which he solemnly dedicated to his Maker, has been turned into a barrack; the Church into an arsenal; and the Cloisters into stables!

The afternoon was wearing on, and we hurried back that we might see the sunset from the Alhambra. We reached the Tower of Justice, and obtained permission

to ascend to the parapet, where we found some few persons already assembled. Opposite where we stood was the Tower of Vigil; and, stretching far around were the red and ruined Moorish walls and turrets, made more ruddy by the rich glow of the setting sun;—the city lay coiled beneath, shadowed by rocks and brush-wood. Over the Elvira range were soft silver grey clouds, streaked with long glittering lines of amber, and gorgeous hues of red, increasing in depth and splendour till the whole sky was overspread by a blaze of glorious light, shedding an indescribable lustre on the old vermilion towers, and every rocky keep and fort. It was as though a furnace burnt within the Alhambra walls, so lurid was the light cast on them. Far away through the Vega flowed the Xenil, its waters flashing like beacon-fires at every turn in their winding course. As we moved round to view the mountains behind the Generalife they looked cold and sad; but we looked again, and they too had passed under the transforming power of this glorious southern sunset;—the sad garb was exchanged for a brilliant violet, and the Sierra Nevada was seen peering above with faint rosy streaks colouring her snow-white peaks. About a hundred feet below us was the Avenue; and as we bent over the parapet, the liquid notes of nightingales suddenly filled the air, singing among the tall elms and poplars. Every other sound was hushed: we all listened in rapt silence to this evening benediction rising up out of the sombre wood as the sun went down.

A few moments elapsed, and the song of the nightingales was broken in upon by a Frenchman, exclaiming in a tone of declamation, "*Que c'est ravissant! Je ne connais qu'une seule ville au monde qui me rappelle cette vue!*" The remark was addressed to me, and innocently I enquired "*Laquelle?*" "*Mais Paris!*" was the sharp reply. The descent from the sublime was swift. Paris rose before me—imperial Paris in its gay modern uniformity, and with rapid steps we descended from our tower top followed by the Frenchman.

Before leaving Granada, we rode towards the foot of the Sierra Nevada. Our road was wild and rugged,

hemmed in on the left by a deep ravine which separated us from the "Moor's Seat" and hills of Granada. Huge clefts and fissures were seen on the side of the precipice, as if the rocks had been rent by some convulsion of nature, and the thought of the valley of Hinnom rose to our minds. Not a tree was to be seen, a fierce sun beat over our heads, and it seemed almost beyond belief that on the other side of this wilderness lay the Generalife, with its garden of roses and the luxuriant plain of Granada. As we ascended, we found the ground covered with wild thyme and other stunted aromatic shrubs, gum cystus and golden broom, but throughout our ride there was no sign of cultivation. Our muleteer was evidently anxious not to proceed farther, and we observed that he cast quick suspicious glances around. We therefore retraced our steps to Granada, and only learnt some time afterwards that to wander without the city was not considered safe in these troublous times.

Our last day at Granada was spent at the Alhambra, and at night, when the silver chimes of the bell fell on our ear from the Torre de la Vela, we could not resist visiting it again in the bright moonlight, and striking with our own hands the bell which rings every five minutes through the night.

The Moors believe that the paradise of the Koran hung over the Vega of Granada, and as we stood on this tower, and bade farewell to this earthly paradise, lighted up by the soft moonbeams, the words* of the prophet of Mecca arose to our lips, and with a sigh we turned away.

* "Man has but one paradise, and mine is not here."



GRANADA TO MALAGA.

Once again we were journeying through the beautiful Vega, with its fruit trees and its rich meadows teeming with wild flowers. The train left Granada at 7·10 in the morning, and in less than two hours we were at Loja ("the flower among thorns"), where we found two diligences, one to take us to Malaga, the other for passengers to Cordova.

We had engaged the Banquette, or *Coupé* as it is called in Spain—said to hold four—but, alas! for the unhappy individual who comes late to claim the fourth seat. Beneath us sat our two coachmen; the head man was out of health, and in vile temper; all the work was left to his deputy, whilst he soothed his bodily ailments by alternate snatches of sleep and slices of garlic. The journey is stated to occupy eight hours and a half, but add to this two more hours, and the weary traveller will still find himself in the diligence descending the steep mountain pass, and with wistful eyes catching the first sight of Malaga which lies sheltered below.

No threatened amount of weariness, however, should deter travellers from personal experience of a Spanish diligence. It is so totally unlike all other travelling—so thoroughly national—that for a while at least it is exciting through its novelty. Our diligence was drawn by eight mules and horses, each having bells round the neck and no bit in the mouth. The leaders have not even reins. They are guided by the voice and whip and sound of the trumpet, through which the driver addresses them by name—"Leona, Pomona, Ginevra, Selina, Romero"—now in tones of expostulation, now of indignation—keeping up a perpetual discourse. When this failed to increase their speed, he would rush from his seat below the banquette and let fall a shower of stones upon the wretched offender, with which he had provided himself on the way; and then

having incited the whole team to a brisk gallop, he would lay hold of the tail of one of the wheelers and vault into his seat; whilst we above were clutching fast hold of the side of the coupé to prevent our losing our balance, and being tossed out as the diligence swayed heavily from side to side.

On entering the wild mountain passes we caught sight of the old-fashioned cocked hats of the "Guardias Civiles," posted two and two at every sharp turn in the road. The scenery was magnificent, and as we approached Malaga, it became more tropical. Stately palms reared their heads, aloes, prickly pears, and pomegranates, covered with scarlet blossom, lined the road. Behind these rose a mountainous barrier of grey stone, whilst the fig, the vine, and the olive grew in abundance on the volcanic slopes on the mountain side.

MALAGA.—Fonda Alameda. Ascension Day. Of Malaga we can say but little; a comfortless hotel; a dirty town, and an unapproachable shore, were the notes in my journal; and whatever advantages it may possess in point of climate, these would seem to us counterbalanced by the utter disregard of all sanitary regulations.

The city is said to have been named by Florinda, the beautiful daughter of Count Julian, who in despair at the ruin she had been the unhappy means of bringing on Gothic Spain, cast herself down from a tower overlooking the town, crying out "Let this city be henceforth called 'Malacca,' in memorial of the most wretched of women who here put an end to her sad existence!"

The Cathedral is architecturally unworthy of Spain. Here as in every other Church we were struck by the rosary and not the mass book being in the hands of every worshipper. The rosary owes its introduction into the Romish Church to a Spaniard—St. Dominick—who was the founder of the order of the Dominicans in the thirteenth century. It was received with enthusiasm,

and continues to this day to be the popular aid to devotion in his country.

After spending one day in this town, and making sundry purchases in the way of pottery, we were glad to depart. Our object had been to reach Alicante or Valencia by sea from Malaga; but no information could be obtained as to the day of departure of the French boat; and having met an English acquaintance who had just endured the delays and discomforts of a Spanish steamer, we relinquished our maritime expedition, and betook ourselves again to the Camino de Hierro.

MALAGA TO CORDOVA.

The train started at three o'clock in the afternoon, and after traversing a magnificent mountain gorge, grander than any we had yet seen, we found ourselves at sunset at BOABDILLA JUNCTION, and at eleven at night in the city of Cordova. As we drove through the narrow streets, the cry of the watchman told the hour, and on reaching the Fonda Suisse, the eastern clapping of hands notified our arrival to the household.

CORDOVA TO VALENCIA.

Viá ARANJUEZ.

There were many English passengers by the train which left Cordova at 2·23 in the afternoon; some of these braved the long journey of twenty-two hours to Valencia; others stopped at ALCAZAR DE SAN JUAN for the night, and gave us afterwards a description of what they had endured, which made Loja seem to us almost stripped of its thorns. For ourselves we went on to ARANJUEZ.

It was reached at 4·26 in the morning, and though out of our way, we felt secure of clean comfortable rooms at the Fonda "des Ambassadeurs." From this point we were within fourteen hours of Valencia, and an easy distance from Madrid. Here, therefore, we took up our abode, passing most of our time at the Madrid Museo.

ARANJUEZ. Fonda "des Ambassadeurs," Sunday, May 9.—What a change had passed over this place since we were last here! "The nightingales with joyous cheer" were now singing in the green woods, and we were awakened in the morning by the note of the cuckoo. Here we passed our Sunday, but alas! a festival cannot pass even at Aranjuez without a bull fight to disturb its peace! We made our way to the once royal gardens, adorned with fountains and statues and bosquets. In the centre of the first garden we entered, was a pedestal on which there once rested the bust of some royal personage, but it has fled from its pedestal as Isabella from her throne, and the name of *Serrano* in huge black letters is now inscribed on the place of honor. The name, however, was not carved, but roughly painted, marking, to an observant eye, the

temporary position he occupies. In the next garden a similar honor is paid to *Prim*.

The terrace overlooks the Tagus, and fine avenues of planes, elms, and limes set at defiance a sandy soil and a scorching sun. There is an air of neglect, however, about the whole place; the palace is shut up and deserted; and the empty sentry boxes look, as though waiting for the return of royalty to restore the decayed glories of Aranjuez.

We left ARANJUEZ at nine in the evening for VALENCIA.

Our party was now reduced in number, and the engagement with our Spanish servant had come to an end. We boldly set forth, however, for the east coast of Spain without an interpreter, and experience justified our seeming rashness.

At sunrise we were at ALMANSA, with its fine Moorish castle towering above the town, and its far-stretching plain, where in 1707 an English army under Lord Galway was totally routed by a French army under the Duc de Berwick—a battle which virtually finished the war of the succession, and established on the throne of Spain that French dynasty which has so lately fallen.

It may be some consolation to English susceptibilities to remember that the Earl of Galway, who commanded the defeated army, was a French refugee, and the victorious general was an Englishman, the son of our King James II.

In spite of his great services, Berwick was not popular in Spain, and Philip V. begged that he might be recalled to France. The French Ambassador expressed his surprise to the Queen (Marie Louise of Savoy), and asked the reason, to which her Majesty is said to have replied, "He is a great dry devil of an Englishman who will always have his own way."*

* Memoirs of the Duke of Berwick by himself.

LA ENCINA.—At this junction we had to change carriages for VALENCIA.

Vast fields of rye grass and Indian corn, bearded wheat and barley, were on each side of the line: the soil is a red marl, and it is said that guano alone is used to enrich it. The ploughs are invariably drawn by oxen, which are better suited to hot climates than horses.

We soon came in sight of JATIVA, where Pope Alexander VI. was born, and his son Cæsar Borgia held in captivity by Ferdinand the Catholic; but one's thoughts turn from these evil names to Francis Borgia, the great Jesuit Saint,* who shielded the wrongly-accused, and denounced the severities of the Inquisition.

Our train now passed through square boggy enclosures, the surface covered with water, and labourers ploughing their way ankle deep in mud. These were rice fields, and from these dirty-looking enclosures we suddenly emerged into the most luxuriant country. As far as the eye could reach were gardens of oranges, figs, pomegranates, almonds, and mulberries. Soon after we passed soft beds of most brilliant green—the seed had not been cast in vain on the muddy water—for here the rice had sprung up, and whispered in the breeze. Bamboos and carob trees, with long pendent pods,† arrested the eye after this, and the heat had become sufficiently intense to remind us of the tropics.

A few thatched cottages, with high-pitched roofs, were dotted here and there, so English in character, that, save for the wooden cross to each gable, and the absence of chimneys, we might have fancied we were passing the dwellings of our own labourers.

* Francis Borgia defended Archbishop Carranza before this dread tribunal.

† The pods of the Carob tree are used as food for man and beast; these were “the husks” which the poor prodigal would fain have eaten when perishing with hunger.

VALENCIA.

How much lies in a name! How insensibly does it guide the judgment, even in the choice of an hotel! What stranger visiting Valencia, and having no courier to determine his choice, would not fix upon THE CID in preference to any other fonda in this city?

We drove through narrow streets, where every window was protected by an iron balcony, overhanging which was an outside blind of matting.

No delicious piazzas filled with orange trees met the eye as at Seville, but acacias, tall and straggling, were to be seen in some of the principal streets. From the windows of "the Cid" we had a view of the Miguelete Tower of the Cathedral; but the view was over the tops of the opposite houses. There are but few open spaces in Valencia. All is close and densely packed. The buildings are crowded together, the streets thronged with people, and the atmosphere close and heavy.

May 11th

FONDA DEL CID.—Valencia is rich in what is sadly lacking elsewhere in Spain. Carriages are to be found in plenty, and such carriages as we believe Valencia alone can boast. They are springless, round-roofed, omnibuses, having two wheels, holding four persons, and drawn by one horse at a foot's pace, the driver sitting on a low, cushioned step in front. These carriages are called "Tartanas," and though at another pace they would probably be unbearably rough, they are easy and comfortable, and it is a great relief on a hot day to recline in one of these Valencian carriages. As we moved slowly and smoothly on in the dim light that first evening of our arrival, our black wagon-roofed Tartana seemed to us like a gondola on wheels, so sombre its look, and so soothing its movement. The

horses here are strong and handsome, unmistakably well fed and well cared for—unlike the lean, sorry animals to be seen on most cab-stands.

12th May.

The market place in the early morning is a very striking scene. Here, in the beginning of May, we found a Covent Garden of July; summer fruits and vegetables in profusion; dates fresh from the tree, and knots of the jointed sugar cane. Choice flowers, of which the owner of an English hot-house might be proud, were to be had for a few pence. Bright yellow handkerchiefs covered the heads and set off the dark complexions of the flower sellers, as they stood under their white and red awnings, inviting you to purchase, with that smiling grace which is peculiar to the South, and content with the “*mañana*”—or promised tomorrow which seldom comes.

Buyers were there in their black mantillas, fastened to the back of the head, the fall of lace or gauze veiling the face and the ends folded artistically across the chest; men in their gay mantas strolled about beneath the acacias; all smiling, all talking, and none refusing, as it seemed to us, to cast a mite into the beggar's extended hand.

The houses in Valencia and elsewhere in the South are built of “*tapia*” (or concrete), and are generally painted blue, and upon the flat roofs are seen pigeon cages, their occupants flying about the crowded market place. It is curious to see the process of building these houses: a frame work of wood is raised, and then filled in with concrete, which hardens and forms a very durable wall.

Valencia was conquered from the Moors by the Cid in the 11th century, after a siege which lasted twenty months.

The Campeador entered by the old Moorish gateway, afterwards called by his name, the “*Puerta del Cid*,” and as he rode proudly through the city he had won,