Moor to replace an earlier Roman work, and is a stupendous erection. An incident which illustrates the Spanish character occurred in the Zocodover, the principal square of the city. Two boys began to quarrel, and suddenly the smaller one retired backwards, took up a stone, so large he could scarcely lift it, and dashed it at the other, very narrowly missing breaking his leg. The other began to cry, a crowd collected, and the military—of whom there appear to be a great many here—interfered and took off the small boy. Both countenances were hideous with passion, and it was necessary to interfere promptly to prevent a fatal result.

Watchmen, called "*serenos*," go round at night in every street, and call out the hours, and what kind of weather it is, in a long monotonous chant. It is identically the same tone as that in which the mueddin calls the faithful to prayer, from the top of his minaret, in the East at the present day.

Spanish women walk very little; the charming *viuda* with whom we are lodging never goes out except to church, she tells us. We are living exactly as the natives do, a thing very difficult for English stomachs; no dish ever comes to table in which rancid oil has not been used. After a salad is made, the dish is filled up with water, which cannot be a wholesome proceeding. Marie Bashkirtseff in her Diary has made the mistake of locating the Rastro in Toledo. That picturesque market is not here, but in Madrid, and is one of the things best worth seeing there. Toledo is a perfect labyrinth of narrow streets; it is difficult to find your way because there is never a distant view to be obtained of anything for a landmark, even of so large an object as the cathedral.

The incessant fluttering of the fan by the women irritates me more and more; they are constantly agitating this instrument of torture; it gives an idea of that ignorance

and frivolity which are but too truly their characteristics. Their faces are very beautiful, but they are nearly all short and large-headed, which, artistically speaking, are great faults.

Vehicles cannot pass through the narrow and tortuous streets, except with great difficulty; so traffic is carried on by mules and donkeys. These animals are very sketchable, carrying on their backs fruit, bottles of water, skins of wine, and quantities of melons. Their bridles are of gayest colours, and on their collars religious subjects are often painted. Toledo is anything but the deserted city it is poetically supposed to be; its inhabitants seem full of life, and rather prosperous; the fashionable promenade on Sunday is crowded with well-dressed people and soldiers; and though the latter are slim and narrow-shouldered, they still look smart, wearing, like the French, red continuations.

The town is lighted with electric light, which all semi-barbarous peoples seem to have seized

upon; witness Tivoli and Tangier, which have it, while parts of Paris and London are still unillumined by its lucid beams. The heat by day is intense, the whole country parched and dried up, and this part of Spain reminds me of nothing so much as of the rainless summers and sun-scorched plains of Australia.

We paid a second visit to San Juan de los Reyes, and certainly, of all the churches I have ever had the good fortune to see, this is the most perfect in taste and wonderful in execution; the wealth of detail and delicacy of execution of the carving are unequalled. How terrible, in the midst of all this fastidious purity of taste, to see a modern altar of wood painted to imitate marble, two *rococo* angels, figures of Christ in a crimson velvet robe, the Virgin dressed as a nun in a crinoline, St. Joseph gaily attired, and a Crucifixion in which the figure wears a velvet petticoat, and has real hair reaching down to the waist!

Santa Maria la Blanca was a synagogue, but is now being turned into a Museo Nacional. It is of Moorish architecture; the horseshoe arches, arabesque decorations, and roof of *alerce*-wood struck me as being noteworthy, being the first of the kind I have seen. El Transito is a synagogue turned into a church, and, like many other buildings here, the restoration of it seems to have been begun and carried far enough to ruin it, then stopped.

The scaffolding interrupts anything like a good view of it; the perforated marble windows excited my admiration, but I can see no mention of them in "O'Shea;" the Alhambraic ornamentation of the walls, on which traces of colour still remain, is most beautiful. Both these buildings are situated in the Jewry, and bear witness to the important part Jews have played in the history of imperial Toledo.

There are curious nooks about this old town, which we must seek for if we desire to know

it well. In one remote part we were shown two magnificent rooms, said to be portions of the palace of Alfonso VI. We came upon them after passing through an old *patio;* the walls are decorated with admirable and intricate stucco work; over the round arch a most perfect vine is growing, but the roof is the chief attraction. Hollow, and carved of dark wood, it lends an air of calm to the otherwise too light room.

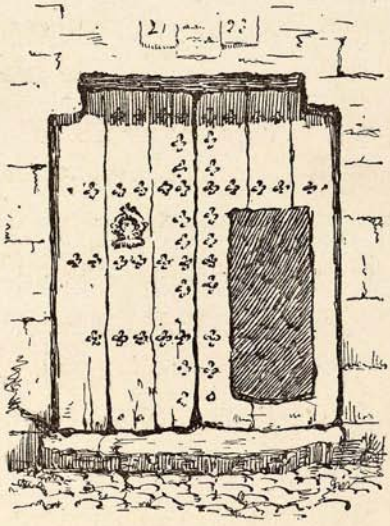
Then we visited the remains of the office of the Inquisition—now a *posada.* The magnificent roof of the hall of council still remains, and some low arched vaults in which the prisoners were herded together. The scanty furniture of the poor *posada* looks strangely out of place in the grand old room; the latter are stables for mules and donkeys. Indeed, I have never seen rooms so devoid of furniture and comfort as in Spain; a few chairs, a table, a small sofa, two or three valueless religious prints, and the thing is complete. To be

thoroughly Spanish, all the furniture must be draped in white.

In the Church of Santo Tomé may be seen a fine picture by El Greco, representing the magical burial of Count Orgaz, which was attended by Saint Augustine and Saint Stephen. As this event occurred in this very church, of course it must be true. The heads, especially of the two priests holding the body, are extremely noble: the elder is grand, the younger most lovely and sympathetic; the dead body of the count, in armour, is beautifully painted. The upper part is less worthy of commendation. In the same church is also a wooden life-sized statue of Saint Elias, painted, which is a favourable example of Spanish sculpture, nearly always executed in wood, and coloured after life.

This sounds rather badly, but they have managed to invest their figures with so much sincerity and force of expression that one cannot pass them by unnoticed.

The drawbacks to visiting Toledo are—that the food is almost uneatable, everything being cooked in bad oil; and the insolence of the boys, who hoot and jeer at every stranger in the street. The place is full of curious



Door.

archæological and artistic treasures, which cannot be sketched, because the inhabitants are so barbarous as to annoy, and literally prevent your doing it. Yet every doorway,

and every window is a study for an artist; the doors, studded with huge nails, are especially remarkable. Behind the very *casa de huespedes* in which we are lodged are two beautiful Moorish archways walled up, and the pillars of the *patio* are of granite, the remains of some more magnificent building. Toledo is at once the most beautiful and aggravating of places to stay in, all is so captivating and so impossible.

I examined most carefully the *coro* in the cathedral, justly said to be the most beautiful in Europe. The carving of the lower stalls, which are of walnut-wood, is most elaborate, a mixture of the Florentine and Moorish styles; but the upper row exceeds everything imaginable in beauty. They are divided by jasper columns, over which are alabaster niches, adorned with figures which represent the progenitors of Jesus Christ. These are strongly modelled; I have seen some work in this cathedral which reminded me of Michel Angelo, especially in the *reja* of the choir.

The books are splendid specimens, a whole calf-skin being used to each leaf; the covers are so heavy that it is a task to turn them over. The Virgin over an altar in the choir, called the "Virgen de la Blanca," is, her name notwithstanding, very dark, almost black in the face, but not a bad figure, having a good deal of the Greek about it. The Spanish peasants prefer the Virgin dark.

"Moreno pintan à Cristo,
Morena à la Magdalena,
Moreno es el bien que adoro—
Viva la gente morena!"

I also looked very carefully at the various doors. What strikes one more especially is the *newness* of it all; though the foundation-stone was laid as far back as 1227, in this wonderful climate everything appears as if finished but yesterday. After this remark, the guide-book descriptions give all the other information possible, and no words can convey any adequate idea of the tremendous Gothic cathedrals

of Spain. They stand far apart, long tedious journeys are necessary to get at them, but once seen they mark an epoch in life. Their tall pillars seem to cleave the skies, and the arches to blend into the warm and palpitating atmosphere; the delicate tracery around reminds you, by its variety and lavishness, of nature itself; and you have no feeling of being indoors, but simply of being in a different scene, when you enter the overwhelming fabric.

The weather is as hot as Rome in July, and it never seems to change; we need not say, "To-morrow we will go to such-and-such a place *if it is fine;*" we take it for granted that it will be fine, and so it is. Rather a contrast to our own uncertain climate! We saw the archdeacon in the streets, a most gorgeous personage, with a broad, brilliantly-coloured band across his black vestments, and an order hanging thereto; a star of precious stones ornamented his not very manly breast. The archbishop is still more gorgeous; he never

goes abroad even in these narrow, rough, little streets except in his coach.

It is best not to say much about the insects; they are of many kinds, and the mosquitoes excel all others of their sort in rapacity and impudence. It is getting monotonous to be stared at and followed every time one puts one's foot out of doors, to find two or three persons occupied in steadfastly gazing on you while you eat your humble meal, and to be hooted at in the streets. Only once did anyone interfere to prevent our being annoyed, and that occurred when I was trying to sketch with a pencil one of the magnificent nailed doors, and was literally swarmed with children. I saw even a Spanish artist surrounded in the same way with about thirty of these little imps, though he had paid one boy to drive the others away. When I sketched the Puerta del Sol they went so far as to throw dirt and spit at us, calling us "Frances"—French. When one sees a priest it is natural to expect he will try

to restrain the children's rudeness, but in vain; they are perhaps worse than the rest of the people.

The reason the food here is so unpalatable to English people is this—there is no pasture, therefore no cows; no cows, therefore no butter; no roast meat, therefore no dripping; and in north and central Spain, no pigs, therefore no lard. So fish, flesh, and fowl, vegetables, and the few sweets used, are all cooked in the strong oil of the country. The food is rather over-cooked, unlike that of their neighbours, the French, who prefer their meat simply warmed through. We only eat bread with our coffee in the morning; the Spaniards soak one in the other.

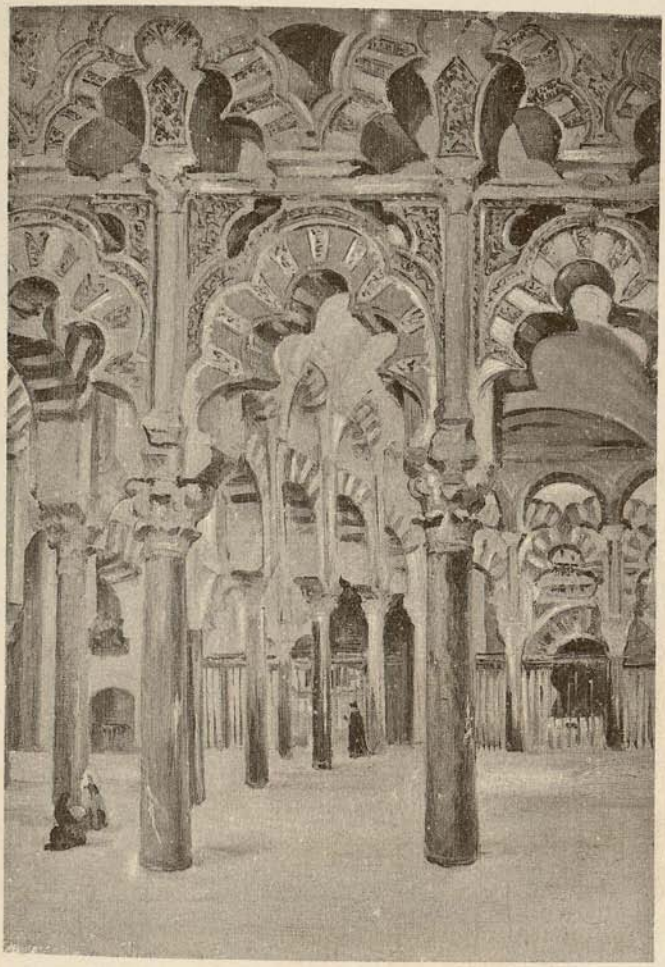
All I have written so far refers to north and central Spain; we are now about to take the long leap that leads to the southern cities; for Spain is like a schoolboy's cake—the plums are few and far between, but when found are of the most luscious description. At the station we

heard the train last evening from Madrid did not arrive till 1.30, that is, it took seven hours and a half to traverse thirty-one kilomètres! No capital is so badly served by railways as Madrid, and though so near it, benighted Toledo is still a place out of the world; shut up in itself, its objects of interest are as much hidden away from Europe as if they were in China or the very centre of Morocco itself.

CHAPTER VI.

CÓRDOBA AND ITS MOSQUE.

We left Toledo for Córdoba one evening at seven o'clock when the stars shone like *rivières* of brilliants in the sky. The stars *do* shine in Spain, not *glimmer*, as in some countries I could mention. No one seemed to know by what route the train would go, because, owing to the inundations at Consuegra, the entire traffic is disorganised. The guard said one thing, the porters another, and every passenger had a separate and individual opinion on the subject, which he duly aired. For a Spanish railway-carriage is a *salon de conversation ;* no sooner does a person enter, than, having said, "Buenos dias," "Buenas tardes," or "Buenas noches," as the case may be (and about this



The Mezquita, Cordoba.

they are very particular), he immediately commences a conversation with his fellow-travellers in the most confidential manner, as if they had been friends for years. They all talk and shout at the same time in very high voices, so it is difficult to get any sleep. As there are no buffets on the southern railways, it is as well to carry provision for the journey with you ; on the northern lines it is possible to purchase a little refreshment, but when once you leave Madrid for the south you can buy little but water and fruit at the stations.

Four armed gens d'armes, having perambulated the platform as usual with the air of noblemen, got in pairs into two of the carriages, and the train at last started for Ciudad Real, to which place and no further we could obtain tickets. The train crawled there, and we were put out on the platform about midnight, to take second-class tickets if we wanted to go on ; if not, to wait till half-past one the following day. Of course, we

did not hesitate, and went on, and the whole journey only cost between thirty-two and thirty-three *pesetas* each; or, as Spaniards count, one hundred and sixty-eight *reals*.*

At one o'clock the train reached Córdoba, in heat so tremendous that it was difficult to endure. The first part of the journey was over the same desolate wind-blown plains; then we came to red earth, sprinkled thinly with a little hay-coloured grass; what the scanty cattle supposed they were eating I could not imagine; next we saw olive plantations, with aloe hedges, in the midst of which lies Córdoba. We stopped on the way at numerous places where we could see no stations, and whose name no one seemed to know; a few people got in or out at whichever side of the carriage they pleased, and those who went appeared to vanish over the interminable plain.

* *A real* is worth 2½d., and is the standard chiefly used in business calculations.

Córdoba lies in a valley, and presents no fine appearance—has not, in fact, the grand air and style which distinguishes Toledo, but, examined closely, it is full of many and varied beauties. The streets are as narrow and winding as in the latter town, like all those made by the Moors; the windows and doors are hardly so quaint and picturesque, but the *patios*—nearly every one of which is surrounded by stone or marble columns, and planted with shrubs very rare in northern climates—are greatly superior. All have a huge awning, to be drawn during the heat of the day. The paving of the streets (it was the first town ever paved) is rough and uncomfortable, but along most of them runs a line of smooth flat stones for the pedestrian. Our old friend Velasquez is justified of the horses here: of the Andalusian breed, they are large-bodied, and have very small heads, and that peculiar hobby-horse action which we generally abuse in his equestrian portraits. They have long flowing

tails and manes, silky skins, and are very handsome.

I am as long a time in coming to the chief centre of interest in Córdoba—the Mosque, as we were in going there; owing to its low position and the tortuous courses of the streets, it was difficult to find. Once there, we were enchained, entranced, and I cannot hope, calmly writing, to convey an idea of the impression it made.

A forest of marble columns, a skyful of round arches, a large high altar and *retablo* and nobly-carved choir—these were the first concrete objects which loomed through the chaos of bewildered ideas; on closer examination there appeared so many gems of Moorish remains, that a whole day scarcely sufficed to examine them. We shall visit this great shrine—in which one religion does not seem so much to supplant as to blend with another—again and again.

The entrance is through a very narrow door

beside the great Gothic tower. The Moorish bronze door and arch, called the "Gate of Pardon," over which the tower is built, are magnificent; but here, as everywhere, the delicate tender traceries of the Saracenic work are elbowed and jostled, as it were, by the rougher Gothic architecture in an endeavour to supplant it—not that some of the latter work is not beautiful, but it cannot bear the comparison.

The vile hand of the spoiler has built up many a beautiful arch, overlaid with plaster many a wall and window covered with the most delicate arabesques, and stuck tawdry altars and images wearing wigs at the end of the superb aisles; but enough of complaints—let us be devoutly thankful for what remains of this, the noblest specimen of Moorish architecture in Europe, not excepting even the Alhambra.

There are in the Mosque over one thousand columns, all of precious marbles—pink, blue, white, black, and yellow, and nineteen aisles. Describing this building a modern French

writer says:—"Les colonnes, d'un seul morceau et d'un pied et demi de diamètre, ont dix ou douze pieds jusqu'au chapiteau, d'un corinthien arabe plein d'élégance; elles sont de brèche verte et violette, de jaspe, de porphyre; elles soutiennent deux arcs en pierre superposés qui parfois s'entrecroisent. On a fait au milieu de ce quinconce mauresque une église chrétienne en forme de croix latine qui en tout autre endroit serait admirée."

The exterior resembles a fortress. Gloriously tinted walls and towers surround the Mosque and the magnificent *patio*, planted with orange-trees and palms, some said to be one thousand years old. The fountain is that once used by the Moors for their ablutions; and here the people come to laugh and gossip, to tell and hear the news, and to repose in the heat of midday and cool shadows of evening. There is no other spot in Europe quite like this.

Some kind of restoration, of course, is

going forward in the Mosque, but it seems of a beneficent kind, for men are stripping off plaster, and revealing delicate tracery like that of the finest Cashmere shawls, and throwing down brickwork which fills up the beautiful proportions and colouring of the horseshoe arches. In some places the original panelled roof of arbor vitæ, covered with designs, is being unveiled from the disfiguring plaster.

Anything like the beauty of these marble columns, which came from Italy, Greece, and Africa, it is impossible to imagine, but the chief glory of the Mosque is the Mih-rab, or Holy of Holies, where the copy of the Koran made by the Khalif Othman was kept. It is a chapel and niche, covered with the most marvellous mosaic, which gleams like jewels in the sombre light. We will return to this wondrous edifice another time—perhaps many times; it is to be the running theme of this chapter. Meanwhile I may add that Córdoba was a Phœnician city,

which passed to the Romans, who, as usual, set their strong stamp on it. From the dominion of the Goths it passed to the Arabs, and became pre-eminently distinguished as the court of the western Khalifs. Seneca and Lucan were born here, and in later days "el gran capitan," Gonzalvo de Córdoba. The Mosque was built by Abdurrahman, to be a place of pilgrimage, instead of Mecca, for all Mohammedans in Spain who did not care to make the longer journey.

The much-talked-of use of the fan is indeed universal. At church this instrument plays a very conspicuous part in the devotions; it is put into a baby's hand at two years of age, and seldom leaves it afterwards. The secret of its graceful usage seems to lie in three things—first, the instrument must be supple; secondly, it must be worked from the wrist; and thirdly and chiefly, the user must be unconscious that there is anything noticeable about the manner in which she flutters it.

A Spanish Peasant.

It is the fashion here for girls to wear flowers in their hair, sometimes, I am very sorry to say, made of paper. One curious thing I have noticed all through Spain, and that is the familiarity (never impudent) of servants with their masters. A running conversation is carried on with the waiter at the *mesa rodonda*;* the servant who brings your coffee in the morning will sit down and wait and converse with you while you drink it. In truth, in every country I have yet visited there is none of the absurd slavishness in which it is supposed to be the thing to keep English servants; no dignity is lost by it, for a Spaniard cannot lose his dignity whatever he does, and the servant is thus acknowledged to be a fellow-creature. Speaking of servants reminds me that Spaniards only take two meals a day; we were unable to attain to similar heights of self-denial, so took coffee in the morning, always brought by a neat little maid, who was

* *Table d'hôte.*

glad indeed to break her fast, which she would not otherwise have done till two o'clock, with whatever remained.

I think I ought to say something about the hands of the Andalusian ladies, who are nothing if not ornamental. As they never do anything worth mentioning, of course their hands are well-formed and very white; the nails are highly cultivated and cut into points like bird-claws; I have seen even men with two or three nails on their hands above three-quarters of an inch long. These lovely hands the ladies when at dinner place conspicuously on the table, and proceed to business by ladleing their viands into their mouths with knives made broad in the blade for the purpose. I have seen them stir up their half-boiled eggs with a knife before swallowing it; and they use the toothpick freely. Talking of the women reminds me somehow or other of the melons, which they also shovel in with the knife. The flavour is indescribable, like the

Mosque. They are of several kinds, from the simple water-melon to those which taste like diluted pineapple, near the middle full of sun and sugar; perhaps it is worth while enduring this heat for the sake of the flavour.

It is October, but still too hot to go out in the middle of the day; when we do go out we are the objects of greater staring and remarks than Queen Victoria when she goes (if ever she does go) to the East End of London. One gets used to this in time, however, like real royalty. In Spain our experience was that of the French author, who writes:—"Tout le monde s'est mis aux fenêtres à notre passage; les vieilles femmes couraient comme les jeunes pour nous voir; les hommes même ne résistaient pas à la curiosité. La rue où nous descendîmes se remplit en un moment. Si c'eût été de l'admiration, nous l'aurions supporté; mais non—les jeunes garçons me faisaient des grimaces d'un air de grand mépris. Je suis entrée à l'église: on faisait cercle autour de

moi. Les femmes tâtaient l'étoffe de mon manteau, et les gamins *se mouraient* de me faire des cruautés; quelques-uns me tapèrent un peu sur la tête et le dos." Such, in so many words, was our continual experience.

The word, "Mira! mira!" * which signalised our appearance, will be for ever hateful in my ears; and "Frances! Frances!"† will always make me shudder in future. Since we left Paris we have not heard a score of words in either French or English, and I could not advise anyone entirely unacquainted with the Spanish language (except the rich, who have couriers) to make this journey. It would be almost impossible.

The Roman bridge over the Guadalquivir is splendidly picturesque, one of the most wonderful performances of art in Spain; the old water-worn stones tell the tale of many a contest with the elements through untold

* "Look! look!"

† "French! French!"

centuries. It consists of thirteen arches, though the guide-books say seventeen and eighteen. Let us return for a little time "à la Mosquée, où l'œil se perd dans les merveilles." The exterior remains in most places as it was in the times of the Moors; in others the Goths (justly a term of reproach) have built up

Córdoba Bridge and Mosque.

arches, defaced battlements, erected altars, and committed numberless barbarities. The old Moorish entrances may still be found, some vilely defaced, others changed by the introduction of Gothic pillars and inscriptions.

The original walls seem simply to have been crowned with battlements and supported by

buttresses; they are in *tapia*, and from thirty to forty feet in height. The area enclosed is six hundred and forty-two feet long by four hundred and sixty-two feet wide. A great many priests were saying prayers sometimes when we went there, but the congregation was usually nil. As is customary in Spanish churches, there are two pulpits, one each side of the altar; one is supported by a rebellious bull in marble, the other by a contemplative youth on a lion, and both are *rococo* in style. The clash of bells, which I had before remarked at Burgos, was repeated here, and is very effective. The magnificent silver lamp hanging from the roof should be observed; it weighs sixteen *arrobas*.*

Córdoba is anything but a dead city; till twelve o'clock at night it is very much alive; the cafés are open, men are eating cakes and drinking water, and people are parading under the orange-trees in the Plaza called "El Gran

* An *arroba* is a Spanish weight, equal to twenty-five pounds.

Capitan." Until we came here we never heard a guitar in Spain, except when some dirty ragged beggar in Madrid strummed an instrument which, in answer to strenuous applications of his fingers, yielded forth a smothered note occasionally as an accompaniment to his importunities; but here the guitar is played to perfection.

Some singing may be heard, too, and though the people have no voices to speak of the wild intensity of the execution of the unwritable music is most interesting. I heard the Arab singers at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, and this singing more nearly resembles it than anything else I can compare it to; it is also like the monotonous melody of the shepherds on Vesuvius. They have no notion of the intervals between the notes which cultivated musicians have formulated, and this makes their singing wild and spontaneous, like that of the birds.

The streets here, and the scenes in them,

are the despair of the painter; with every opportunity it would be difficult to render them, but with opposition of every kind it is almost impossible. The caparisons of the donkeys and mules are gorgeous, of every imaginable colour, and adorned with tassels which serve the purposes of ornament and of driving away the flies. You see them in every street, always in the very spot where, if you were a painter and the street a picture, you would introduce them.

There is a representation of the Crucifixion in the Mosque which haunts one; a life-sized figure, coloured like nature, hangs on the cross in the mystic interrupted light of one of the side-aisles; real hair as long as a woman's streams down the emaciated form, and mingles with the blood, while the feet are nailed with silver nails, from which votive offerings are suspended. The tortured expression of the shadowed eyes is terrible, even the ridiculous crimson velvet petticoat cannot do

away with the impression it causes. The whole thing has an awful effect, both morally and physically. There is also a miraculous image of the Virgin—votive offerings by the score surrounding it, and I once watched a priest stand reverently in prayer before it for hours.

I never imagined the heat here was so great; it is October, but nowhere in Europe have I felt such fire from the sun, even in July and August. Only that in the southern hemisphere rivals it. The shopkeepers sit drowsily in their shops, idly waving paper flappers to keep the flies off their wares.

It always interests me to hear High Mass in the greatest cathedrals, and so heard it here; it is not so imposing, however, as that at Toledo. The sermon was an intemperate abuse of Protestantism whether levelled at us or not; I do not know. I was glad the preacher was confined to the pulpit which he so vigorously thumped and kicked. The undisguised indifference of the priests is noticeable, and par-

ticularly the inattention of the little boys, who run here, there, and everywhere during the services in scarlet petticoats. The women, who bring their campstools, or sit on the naked floor clothed in black, with their heads covered with mantillas, have the monopoly of devotion.

The builders of this beautiful Gothic church seem barbarously to have hewn away the elegant marble pillars of the Moors, as if they had been so many trees, to make a place for it in the very centre of the Mosque. Elsewhere it would seem a noble church; the *retablo* of pink marble and bronze-gilt figures is fine; the huge altar is of silver and silver gilt, but here every bit of Gothic irritates one. It is simply agonising to see the manner in which they have covered, defaced, and in some places destroyed the tender Moorish ornament, hiding jasper columns in plaster, placing *rococo* altars ruthlessly over priceless tracery, even covering up the jewel-like mosaic which has no equal in Europe.

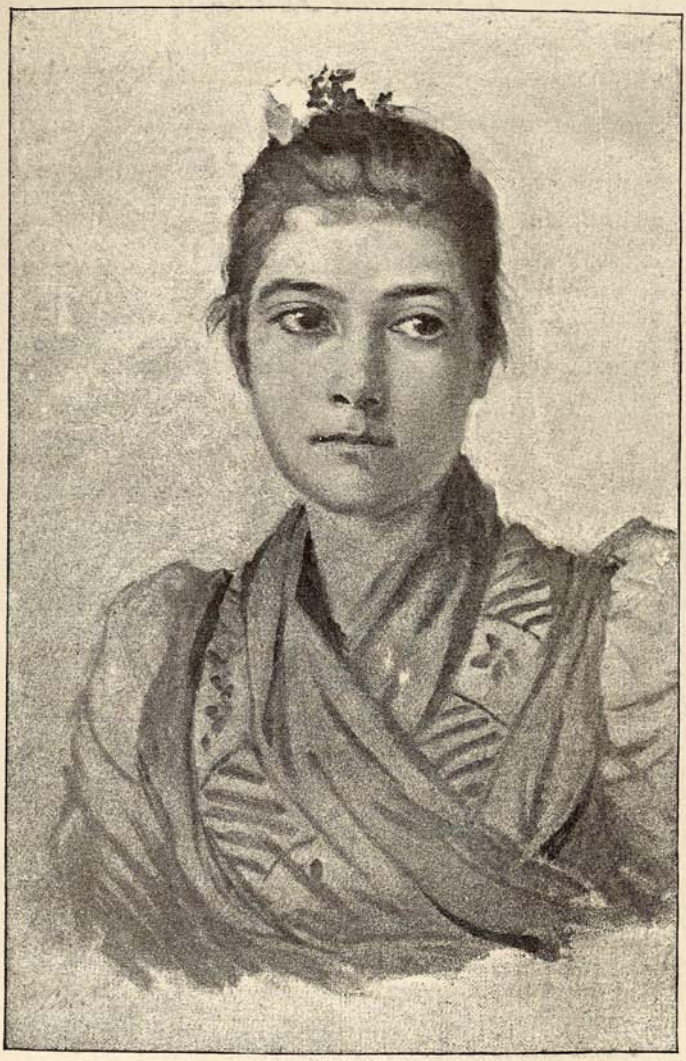
In the Villaviciosa chapel, the most precious of all the remains, an attempt, atrocious, of course, has been made to restore the original colouring of the vault; I only trust it may soon be washed off. The true Moorish ornament which is left on the walls is like lace, or the most delicate ivory carving, resembling the delicate tints of a natural flower; while the restored portion is like the vulgar colouring of the paper foliage with which some years ago we used to fill our fireplaces.

As we were always the observed of all observers, people even going out of their way to walk beside us in the streets, it is not wonderful the beggars considered us natural objects of prey. A tiny girl, with velvet eyes like the petals of a black pansy, dressed in rags of every hue, followed us one day for a mile with perseverance worthy of a better cause, chanting incessantly, "Un centimito, por caridad de Dios! che yo no tengo padre!" The next day we saw her in most gorgeous

robes, holding her father by the hand, *en fête!*

The walls of Córdoba are supposed to remain just as they were described by Julius Cæsar; they are quite insignificant, and, like the houses, whitewashed. How the Spaniards love whitewash! perhaps because, like charity, it covers a multitude of sins. The fruit, except the melons, is disappointing to an Australian; people from northern climes might, perhaps, echo the ecstasies of the books on the subject. The natives say winter lasts here only two months, and that there is never any snow. Every town, every village in Spain, possesses its Plaza de Toros, and Córdoba is no exception. It has also a fine promenade, planted with orange trees, where the fashionables appear and sit at little tables and drink water in the evening, for life is essentially an out-of-door performance whenever the sun does not interfere to prevent.

If I were to write a chapter on the Spaniards'



"*Paca.*"

I

manners at the dinner-table, it would be very short—simply that they have *none*. The table is thus set out:—it is long and very narrow, and down the centre is a row of small dishes containing fruit, decanters of wine, earthern vessels of water, and artificial flowers in little vases. On either side of these are olives, radishes, capsicum salad, and toothpicks. The guests take an olive or a radish between each dish. They put their arms on the table, especially the ladies, and as a matter of course eat with their knives. There are many dishes; soup, or a mixture of eggs and bread, is served first, then *garbanzos*, a coarse kind of pea, which "aspires to be considered a haricot bean and succeeds but too well," *cocido*,* stews, skinny fowls, and afterwards salad, either of capsicums cut in small pieces, or of lettuce, swimming in oil and water, which announces the end of the repast,

* This dish is composed of beef, sausage, pork, pudding, *garbanzos*, cabbage, lettuces, beans, &c.

excepting the fruit, to which every one helps himself.

Very little salt is eaten, and mustard, pepper, pickles, and sauces are conspicuous by their absence. The meals invariably resemble each other—there is no change from year's end to year's end; and every dish reeks of the rancid oil in which it is cooked—fish, flesh, and fowl alike. One great comfort is that the bread is uniformly good from north to south. During the dinner men light their cigarettes, conversation is very animated, and fans are flirted vigorously. The greatest contentment appears to prevail; a Spanish gentleman will make his dinner on what no one in England, except the very poorest, would even taste. As to smoking, every workman smokes, and the shopkeepers serve you with a cigarette in their mouths.

As in most foreign countries I have visited, the lower classes seem to lead happy and contented lives; they have their share of the

good things of this life, in the beautiful atmosphere, in the glow of the sunshine, and in the fruit, flowers, and vegetables, which they can get for almost nothing. Nowhere is seen the sordidness and hopelessness of English poverty. The poor girl puts a flower in her hair, dances her national dance, makes love, goes to church and confession, and is happy; the poor man may work long hours, but he beguiles them with a cigarette, eats his dinner of water-melon or olives and bread, makes love, plays his guitar, and is happy too.

One is struck with the absence of birds, and misses the feathered songsters throughout the length and breadth of Spain; the reason is that there are so few trees. A patriotic Toledana, anxious that no good thing should be wanting in her native land, once stoutly maintained that there were plenty of birds there. Asked where they lodged, she placidly remarked, "In the air, of course."

Permission to paint in the Mosque was easily

granted us by the *segretario*—a very fine personage in priestly robes. The behaviour of the people to us when we were sketching was little better than that of the Toledanos. Every house has a *patio*, in which the inhabitants assemble in the evening for conversation, singing, and dancing.

I have mentioned the Roman bridge before —it is certainly as magnificent a structure as any to be seen in Italy. The Roman arch adjoining is worthy of its nationality and looks "all its age." The traffic is principally confined to donkeys and mules; many streets are too narrow to admit vehicles; those that are not, are labelled "Entrada de Carruajes" at one end, and "Salida de Carruajes" at the other. The baker comes round on a donkey, carrying the bread in leathern panniers.

A walk through Córdoba is full of interest. The poor remains of the once most luxurious Alcazar, the old palace of the Gothic kings, then of the Khalif, and afterwards of the

Inquisition; the *potro*, or horse-market, mentioned in Don Quixote; the Plaza Mayor, or Corredera, surrounded by houses having balconies with windows; the Campillo, where heretics condemned by the Holy Office were burnt; old markets, and many streets reasonably paved and lined with tolerable shops, may thus be inspected.

In the Church of San Pablo they were celebrating the "Giubileo" of the Forty Hours. There were numerous figures of saints in this church, dressed in magnificent robes; the transition from coloured statues to this degradation of sculpture is the "*facile descensus Averni.*" The altar was a mass of lights and artificial flowers, with a gilt background; in the midst of this, images of Jesus Christ, the Virgin, Saint Joseph, and Saint Paul appeared, magnificently robed, holding sceptres and wearing crowns. The dresses were of rich brocade; but as I saw a shop one day where "plated articles for

the use of the Church" were sold, I cannot answer for the crowns and sceptres being of real silver and gold. The reverse of this magnificence was the crowd of beggars encamped at the door, some with the most hideous deformities which defy imagination; they ought never to be seen out of a hospital. But Andalusia is called "*la tierra di Maria Santissima;*" so perhaps all is as it should be. At all events the people seem happy, and are certainly most good-natured.

The Church of San Nicolas de la Villa is particularly rich in religious statues—more properly called figures. I cannot deny them a certain amount of expression; having said this, all I can say in their favour, I will describe them. Some are simply of wood coloured according to nature; the next step is to images clothed in real clothes and wearing real hair. They vary from life size to that of a medium-sized Dutch doll, and all are of a most distinctly Spanish type. There is

a group of full-sized figures kept covered with a curtain: Jesus Christ appears in the centre; on one side is the Virgin robed as a nun, holding a rich lace handkerchief; on the other Saint Joseph in the richest brocaded silk. The middle figure is seated in a melancholy attitude, dripping with blood, and having long woman's hair reaching to the waist. There is no connected action in the group, which is horrible to look at. Next we have the Virgin alone, the size of life, dressed in royal robes and crowned; then about eight inches high, dressed in silver brocade. Many other saints, also in costume, figure in this church.

I have noted a few remarks about Spanish customs, which I dare say everyone knows, but which were new to me. Spanish ladies seldom leave their houses, except in the evenings to take a drive. They seldom or never walk, and all that can possibly be left to servants, the servants do; they must lead most miserable lives,

forever sitting at a barred window playing with a fan.

The custom of courtship being carried on through window gratings still obtains; a suitor, or *novio*, occupies himself night after night in pacing to and fro the window opposite our house, waiting for his beloved one, who, by the way, very seldom gladdens his vision by her appearance; when they agree to be engaged, he will interview her parents, be received in the drawing-room if accepted, and woo her more comfortably. Spaniards certainly only eat twice a day, but their digestion must rival that of the ostrich; a man will eat at the same meal two kinds of salad, water-melon, peaches, a few beans, and a very little indifferent meat, and wash these things down with some bad wine and a lot of water, and still survive. Great is the power of habit. As there are no fireplaces, so there are no bells; when you want a servant you clap your hands in the corridor outside your room which sur-

rounds the *patio*, just as they used to in the Arabian Nights.

The men ride extremely well, and never appear to so great an advantage as on the superb Andalusian horses; they do not lift themselves in the saddle, but move with the undulating motions of the animal. Sometimes they use mules to their carriages. The donkeys are larger and better behaved than those of Blackheath or Greenwich, and follow their masters like dogs. Across the narrow streets awnings are sometimes stretched from house to house, forming a most complete shelter from the sun. I do not think many middle-class Spaniards can read, very few can write; therefore all their knowledge is obtained from observation, which accounts perhaps for their perpetual curiosity. Their redeeming quality is their intense good nature; during our journeys we have always been treated with the greatest kindness by them. The horses are most beautiful to look upon; they appear as if

they had just stepped out of the Elgin marbles, or were the equestrian pictures of Velasquez revivified, or the colossal animals modelled by Donatello and Verochio down from their pedestals; their satin-shining skins, small heads, red dilated nostrils, and peculiar gait would stamp them anywhere, and their riders sit them just as Velasquez has represented. On everything and everywhere, from the most important to the most trivial thing, one still sees the indelible stamp of the Moor; beginning at Madrid, it becomes more and more distinct every mile you travel south, till where the Mediterranean chafes in his narrow channel between the two continents, the types are almost confounded.

The colour of the sky at evening resembles that of opals and amethysts; one night near the horizon it was orange, yellow higher up, then red, last a thick rich purple. The mountains of the distant Sierra Morena are all tinged with these marvellous tones; at times they

appear a blaze of crimson, then orange; lastly, they fade into intense violet. A description of a place is like a painter's sketch from nature—one touch on the spot is worth all the elaboration afterwards. The mosquitos are a scourge all over Spain; it makes one shiver to think of their shrieks of triumph as they hover fiend-like over their helpless human victims.

The monument, "El Triunfo," erected on the spot where the angel Rafael alighted, on some remarkable occasion, has an inscription to the effect that the inscriber asseverates by "Jesu-Cristo crucifido" that he was an eye-witness of the event. After that who can doubt it? Toledo was the scene of more miracles than I ever heard of before: this is the only one I have remarked in Córdoba. A little way outside the town is the cemetery, contained in white walls, and planted with cypresses. The greater number of graves are above the ground in tiers six deep; the coffins are put on the shelves endwise; others are

like ours; the poor are thrown nameless into a common fosse, used over and over again. Criminals (they are garrotted here) have a separate place of interment under a wall.

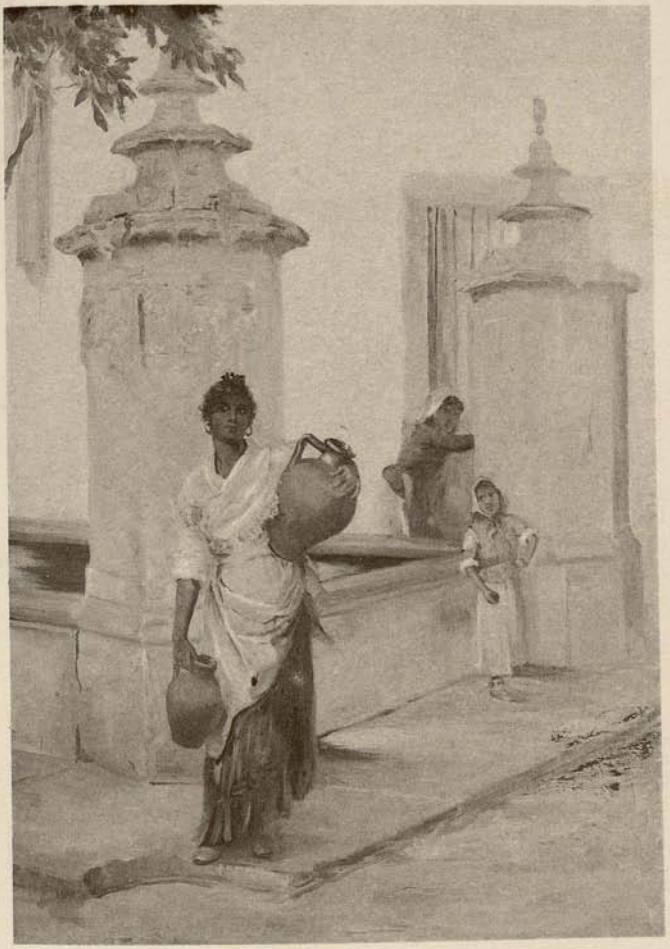
In the church adjoining is an image of the Virgin which was found in a well; the well and the Virgin are both shown, and it would be a matter worth inquiry to know whether or not she came up in the gorgeous robes she now wears. There is here the grave of a lady, whose nationality is unknown, who, according to the sexton's account, was killed in a railway accident. In reality she was robbed and murdered within a few miles of Córdoba, in a first-class railway carriage, in 1884, and the assassin has never been discovered. Pious hands have placed a wreath of immortelles over her nameless tomb. On many a grave is simply inscribed, "Hijo de mi alma," * expressing more in four words than all the syllables which cover many a more pretentious headstone. Life

* "Son of my soul."

in Córdoba is short and full, the climate is most unhealthy, and old age seldom reached ; we, who only remained here for a fortnight, became in that time enervated and idle.

Evening in Córdoba came swiftly. O'er
Each outline, standing crudely sharp and white
Against the deep blue sky, the fading light
Flung clinging mist. Then at the western door,
Where passed the tired-out sun to rest once more,
The deepest orange shone ; and still more bright,
Above dark yellow met the dazzled sight
Blent with rich red ; beyond deep purple wore
The changing heavens, till opal, amethyst
Were rivalled, and the strong dark hills afar
Glowed, bathed in crimson 'neath the ev'ning star,
Which like a brilliant shone. The moon took birth—
A silver strip set in a purple mist.
Then Night in all her jewels came to Earth.

M. T.



Fountain
Patio de las Naranjas, Cordoba

CHAPTER VII.

SEVILLE AND MURILLO.

In the blazing sun of October we left Córdoba for Seville, and, there being no third-class carriages to the train, took second-class tickets, eleven *pesetas* and a half each. Once more we traversed wide arid plains—planted, however, here and there with olive-groves, and in the distance loomed the long blue line of the Sierra Morena. Beside the railway, for the whole distance, were long rows of aloes and cactuses. The muddy Guadalquivir sometimes put in an appearance; a few herds of swine and cattle tried to feed on the dry scant grass; little huts one would hardly ask a donkey to live in, where the men who guarded them creep to sleep at night—were visible here and there;

and an eagle sometimes soared into the quivering air.

At Almodovar are the fine ruins of a castle, overtopping the whitewashed little village below, interesting, like all this country, to the readers of Don Quixote. So sure as there is a village in Spain, it is whitewashed; so sure as there is a man, he looks like a brigand who has mistaken his vocation. In some places the husbandmen were scratching the earth with ploughs made out of trees drawn by bullocks; the share is a part of the root. So we got safely to Seville, a thing to be thankful for; I mean the safety, since the *great* Spanish railways having only single lines, the down trains, of course, have to be shunted aside at a station before the up ones can pass, and *vice versâ*.

We were disappointed with the first view of Seville, the "Marvel of Spain," the "Queen of the Moors," &c., &c. It reminded us of the worst part of Naples—partly, I think, because the railway-station is situated in one of the very

worst quarters, as is so often the case in this part of the world. But the greatest disappointment was the cathedral—not the building itself, but because a large portion has fallen, and nearly all the nave and side-aisles are choked up with the scaffolding and beams necessary to support it. The height appears tremendous—it gave one the vertigo to gaze up into its vast arches almost lost in the clouds; the style of the architecture is much severer and purer than that of either Burgos or Toledo. The stained-glass windows date from 1504, and are the finest in Spain; the doors, and such portions of the exterior as have escaped destruction, are very majestic. The Puerta del Perdon was the entrance to the mosque which originally stood on this spot, and is the twin sister to that of the mosque of Córdoba. Slowly as the Spaniards work, it will be very many years before anyone will have an uninterrupted view of the interior of the glorious cathedral of Seville, now a mass of scaffold-

ings and hoardings. This does not seem to be generally known. The Spaniards are collecting money in every possible manner to meet the vast expenses of the restoration, charging admission to the Museo at Madrid, the Tobacco Factory, Casa de Pilatos, ascent of the Giralda, &c., and devoting the receipts to this object.

However, we were able to visit the Sala Capitular, a most perfect building, oval in form, said to be the finest specimen in Spain of the Græco-Roman style. Its chief attractions to me were the paintings by Murillo.

Those who have only studied this great artist in the galleries of England, France, and Italy may be excused when they say his Madonnas are low in type; here the reverse is distinctly the case. In his "Conception of the Virgin" in this Sala, the face has the loveliest, holiest expession ever rendered on canvas, and is ideal in type; hypercriticism might suggest that the drapery is a little

heavy, that is all. The eight pictures of saints, by the same master, around the chapel are wonderfully fine, especially those of Santa Justa and Santa Rufina.

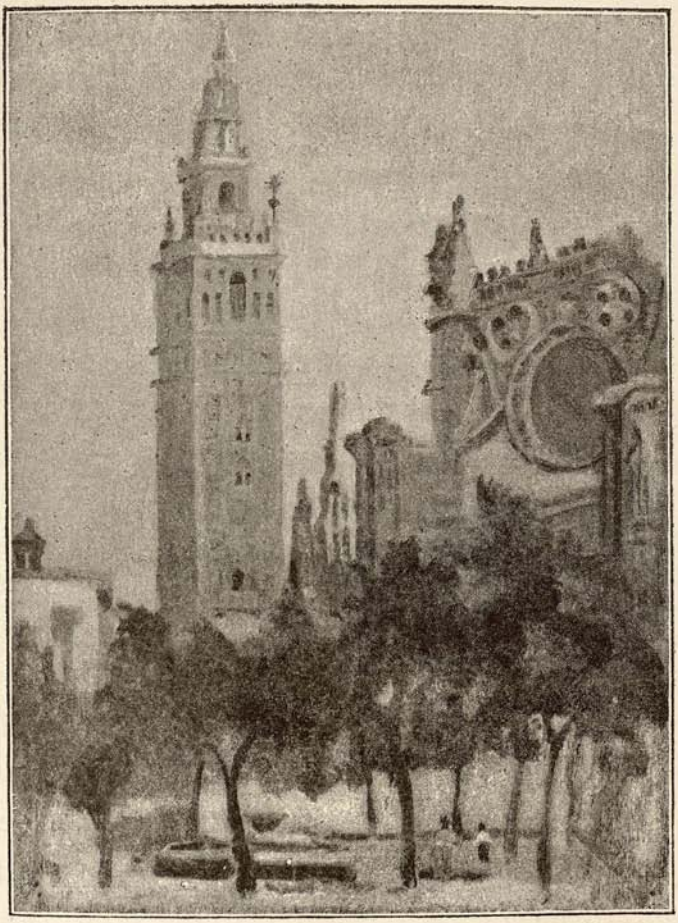
We ascended the beautiful tower called the Giralda, a most easy task since it is done on an inclined plane, up which a horse might walk nearly to the top. So far as the Moors worked, which was one hundred and fifty feet, the architecture is lovely, and the material exquisitely tinted bricks; but higher up, where the Spaniards built in white marble, it ceases to interest me. It was erected in 1196, is three hundred and fifty feet in height, and contains some huge bells. The view from the summit is glorious. Formerly it was the tower of the mosque, and from it the mueddin cried the hour for prayer.

The accompanying sketch of the Giralda was taken from the Court of Oranges, near the Sagrario, one evening when it rose like a tall pink shaft into a sky trembling with the

purple light which Spain, and Spain only, has borrowed from Africa. The last rays of the setting sun bathed buttress and pinnacle in golden light, and the soft perfume of the orange-trees, borne on the gentle airs, lapped one's senses in a dream of Paradise; the gentle fall of water into the fountain in the distance was just audible where I sat. All this sounds pleasant, but some boys were 'ware of the sketching, and crowded round. *Verbum sap.*

The fountain was the original one used by the Moslems. In the corner is a staircase leading to the famous Columbine Library, and to the left is a stone pulpit where San Francis has preached.

The guide who showed us over the cathedral told us that the accident to the building took place in 1888; some workmen, who were restoring, took a large stone out of one of the columns to replace it with a new one, but before the latter was placed, the *bovedas*, or roofs, and four columns fell, destroying the



The Giralda.

most beautiful portion. Of the fourteen workmen employed, not one was killed. It is doubtful if they will ever be able to reconstruct the fallen portion, for this huge pile seems to have exceeded the limit of size it is possible for man to build. The stone is a rich, mellow yellow, and the evening sun-rays falling on it make it look like a palace of gold. The vaunted Torre d'Oro owes its name to this circumstance, but is not otherwise beautiful.

The Alcazar, castle or Moorish palace, is like a fairy scene. *Une fièvre d'admiration* seized me here, and I have no words in which to describe the delicate architecture—carved windows, which repel rather than admit the superabundant light in this hot climate, heavy carved and gilt doors rolling in their huge pivots, airy arches, ceilings of panelled wood, and painted interiors. I can only say that it is nearly a perfect specimen of the pure Moorish architecture of 1181. The visitor passes through room after room of that exquisite

and delicate work which we are apt to associate with the Alhambra only; the Rooms of the Ambassadors, of the Prince, of the Sultanas, have each their special and appropriate colouring. The vaulted roof of the Sala de los Embajadores is a thing of beauty to be remembered forever. The *media naranja* half-orange, as the Moors call cupolas, is of admirable proportions and work. One begins at last to believe the proverb—

"Quien no ha visto Sevilla
No ha visto maravilla."

The most romantic gardens imaginable are the gardens of the Alcazar. Greatly improved by the Spanish kings, they are visions of loveliness, where tall palm-trees, huge magnolias, roses, myrtles, tile-encased pavilions, marble baths and fountains, blend into a perfect scene from the Arabian Nights. No one would be surprised to see the dark-eyed beauties of the harem suddenly re-peopling the fairy scene.

There are some underground baths and prisons, the latter for the benefit of the sultan's refractory wives; and the palace once extended so far as the Torre d'Oro by the river.

The outside of the Alcazar, as is usual with Moorish buildings, is plain; it has no windows, is battlemented and supported here and there by buttresses. The Patio de las Doncellas is a magnificent court, surrounded by fifty-two marble columns, and, like many another before us, we were dumb with admiration when we entered its shadowy arcades. Truly the Moors knew better than any other nation how to defy the heat, and make life worth living even in this almost tropical temperature.

The treasures of the cathedral, which are kept in the Sagrestia Mayor, are very numerous and valuable; a *custodia* in silver twenty-five feet in height, numerous chalices, monstrants, crosses, &c., glittering with jewels, are shown, together with a thorn from the crown of thorns, a cup made from the first gold that came from

America, and the keys of Seville given by the Moorish king to Saint Ferdinand. To quote a French author :—" Vous nagez dans l'or, l'argent, les pierreries, le brocart, les ornements incomparables." The most remarkable of these treasures is the *custodia*, which is " twelve stages high, and formed of four stages, resting on ninety-six beautifully ornamented pillarets. The allegorical statuettes—the children, vine-work, *relievos*—all is beautiful." It weighs forty-eight *arrobas*, so I suppose it is the largest piece of goldsmith's work in the world. In the same vast hall is a " Madonna Dolorosa" by Murillo, most exquisite in expression ; he was a master of expression as well as of colour. The priests' vestments kept in presses here, are superb specimens of embroidery, dating from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and said to be unequalled.

In the Capilla Real, behind the high altar of the cathedral, lies the body of San Ferdinand, in a coffer of massive silver, placed on a jasper

altar. The body is even now well preserved, and *it is said* the swelling of one of his feet, where he had the gout, may still be seen. Behind the tomb is an image of the Virgin, "Our Lady of Kings," given by Saint Louis to Saint Ferdinand. It is of wood, and has articulations, so that she can stand or sit; at present this venerable relic is covered with precious stones given by her admirers, and wears a crown of large emeralds. You descend a few steps beside the altar, and there, arranged on shelves like so many jars, are the coffin in which the body of the saint was originally placed, the coffins containing the remains of Doña Maria de Padilla, the celebrated mistress of Pedro the Cruel, of Doña Beatrix, the wife of San Ferdinand, and of Alfonso the Learned. The interior of the cupola is very fine, and is decorated with statues of all the kings of Spain. Let us now tear ourselves away from the cathedral for a time, and visit the picture-gallery.

This Museo is contained in a building which was formerly a convent and church of the Franciscans. The lower floor contains some marble fragments from Italica, of no great merit; you pass up a fine marble staircase and find yourself in the presence of the greatest works of Murillo. Here he rises to sublime heights of painting, and may be said to rival, if not surpass, Velasquez, who, though he was born in Seville, is unrepresented here. He has the honour of a room to himself in this, the finest picture-gallery in Spain after Madrid. The greatest work of this superb master is, to my mind, "Santo Tomas de Villanueva giving Alms." Never have I seen finer colour, composition, chiaroscuro, expression—in fine, everything that makes a masterpiece. The saint's head is an epitome of charity and goodness; the kneeling beggar is life itself. Most artists do not know their best works, but Murillo was right when he called this "mi cuadro," and preferred it to

all his other works. An amateur even, writing of this gallery, says:—"Douze ou quinze toiles de Murillo, qui sont réunies là, méritent à elles seules qu'on fasse cinq cents lieues." The "Saint Thomas" was greatly admired by Wilkie, who also calls it the finest picture by this master. Nearly as fine is "Saint Francis embracing the Crucified Saviour;" the heads are magnificent, but I could not get over the impossibility of the situation.

"St. Felix de Cantalicia with the Infant Jesus in his Arms" is another masterpiece; the child is the best this artist, who excelled in children, ever painted, warm flesh and blood in glowing sunlight. "Saints Leandro and Buenaventura" is remarkable for the broad and simple treatment of the draperies. "Saint Joseph and the Child" is a fine work—the nestling head of the child particularly tender.

In all Murillo's works I notice his perfect mastery in the treatment of hands. "Saint Antony of Padua" belongs to the same list of

exalted masterpieces; the expression of the saint's face is rendered as if by a miracle; it seems as if human hands could never produce such a marvel of art.

The other pictures in this collection I did not find interesting—in the presence of Murillo they were like lamps when the sun is shining—all seemed hard and cold beside the works of the great master of atmosphere, colour, and expression. Three specimens of sculpture, perhaps the very finest of their kind, are placed in this room. Santo Domingo and San Bruno are by the Spaniard Montañes, while Torregiano, the sculptor of Henry VII.'s sepulchre in Westminster Abbey, is the artist of the third—"St. Jerome striking Himself with a Stone in the Act of Penance." The expression in these works is very forcible.

In search after Murillos, more eager than that of the gold-digger for his fatal ore, we visited many churches in Seville. Very celebrated are those pictures of his which are in the

Church and Hospital of La Caridad. After knocking, we were admitted by the kind and gentle-looking sisters; how lucky for them that their founder had artistic intuition enough to give commissions to Murillo instead of to an inferior painter, for the pictures remain *in statu quo*, and form a lucrative source of revenue to the charity! This institution was founded by a young nobleman, Don Miguel de Mañara, who was celebrated for his reckless profligacy, but who reformed, and died a perfect example of piety.

It is ten thousand pities that the church is so dark, and the pictures so high, that one can scarcely form an opinion about them. Yet even in the gloom, that called "La Sed," or "Moses striking the Rock," and the "Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes," could be distinguished as masterpieces, though, I am inclined to think, a little inferior to the great works in the Museo here, and in San Fernando in Madrid. A head of the Saviour as a boy, and another

of Saint John the Baptist, placed under separate altars, are painted by Murillo, and are worthy of him. I do not share Wilkie's admiration of "San Juan de Dios with an Angel;" it appears to me black and spotty.

Here are also two dreadful pictures by Valdès Leal, one representing the half-decayed body of a bishop, the other a skeleton treading over a globe. It is the right thing to sentimentalise over these works, and repeat the tale of how Murillo, on seeing them, exclaimed, "One cannot look at your pictures, Leal, without holding one's nose." Looking at them, notwithstanding, from an artist's point of view, they are mistaken in subject, and hard and dry in execution. More worthy of sentimental remark is the epitaph on the founder's tomb on the threshold of the *sacristia*:—"Cenizas del peor hombre que ha habido en el mundo."*

La Caridad also possesses a fine "Ecce Homo" by Alonzo Cano, and, like all the other

* "Ashes of the worst man in the world."

churches here, specimens of Spanish sculpture in wood, coloured after nature. I am far from despising these *in their places*, they are so admirable in expression and modelling.

San Salvador, an ancient mosque rebuilt, contains the most wonderful *retablo* in the worst imaginable taste. Gilt scrolls piled up and hanging forward, mixed with flying angels and cherubs painted the colour of life; underneath, a life-sized figure of Christ, bearing a cross gilt at the ends, wearing a velvet robe embroidered with gold, and having three (apparently) large gilt hairpins stuck in his head; or the same personage, sitting in a pensive attitude, streaming with blood, and crowned; or a distressed-looking Virgin in regal attire, carrying the everlasting lace handkerchief; or, perhaps, a Bambino exactly like a doll, dressed in lace and wearing brooches, chains, &c.—such are the principal recollections brought from Spanish churches. San Salvador

rejoices in the possession of a miracle-working image of Christ, called "Cristo de los Desamparados," which is very popular, and the chapel in which it is placed glitters with gold and light.

The Casa de Pilatos is so called because the founder had the not very brilliant idea of building it in imitation of the house of Pontius Pilate in Jerusalem. It consists of some elegant Moorish rooms, opening on to an exquisite *patio* of two galleries, with a fountain in the centre.

The Greek statues in the angles do not, in my opinion, harmonise with it. What the visitor principally notices is the variety and beauty of the iridescent *azulejos*, or tiles, with which the lower part of the walls is lined for about ten feet from the floor; above this is the usual Alhambraic stucco ornament.

The doors and shutters are old and extremely fine. One room represents the prætorium of Pilate, and in it is a copy of the table on which

the thirty pieces of silver were counted out. In the *cella*, or chapel, is a copy of the column to which Jesus Christ was bound, given by Pius V. to the first Duke of Alcala. Curiously enough, it is as different from the "real" column, shown in St. Peter's, Rome, as it can possibly be, the Sevillian pillar being short, straight, and of pink marble, while the Roman is a rich, twisted column, very tall, and made of white Greek marble.

Seville, like most Spanish cities I have described, if we except Toledo, lies on a plain; it is all white, but the houses are relieved with balconies, *miradors*, plants, different-coloured shutters, &c. The streets are narrow; through but few of them can a carriage pass. The principal one for business is the Sierpes, and no vehicle is permitted to traverse it—which makes it pleasant for pedestrians. The shops are curious; those of the drapers and most others are open to the streets, without doors or windows, and the counters run along at the

back, where may be seen the assistants smoking cigarettes. The awnings stretched across the streets from house to house give a very pleasant effect of light and shade, and may be drawn at pleasure.

Of course, the boys are troublesome here, and the priests are as bad; what can we hope for the future of Spain when the guides to improvement and morality have so hopelessly lost their way? Party feeling runs very high, but at this moment a romantic devotion to "el rey-niño" seems to predominate. By the way, I always find myself describing the cathedrals and museums first, and the city which contains them last; this must be because the latter is nothing but the frame, as it were, to those glorious pictures.

By taking a tram to Triana, one can walk thence to the celebrated porcelain factory of Messrs. Pickford & Company, established in an old *cartuja*, or Carthusian monastery. Triana is a suburb of the town, across the

river, inhabited by the lower classes and by gipsies, where Murillo is said to have selected his models. Like many other things about Seville, its characteristics are generally exaggerated in books.

The manufactory of porcelain is immense, and splendid clay is found in the Guadalquivir close by, but the pottery is of the usual common French and English sort, and we did not care to purchase a specimen. Hundreds of men and women are employed there, and though it seemed a pity to put the poor old church to this use, the establishment does a great deal of good in giving employment to so many people. Some of the Spanish workmen appeared *really* to do a little work, though they kept their cigarettes between their teeth as usual.

Walking in summer is rendered difficult by the roads being nothing but a sea of dust, and in winter nothing but mud. The strings of mules and donkeys—white, grey, brown,

spotted, piebald, and of every imaginable hue, with their many-coloured trappings — are among the most picturesque sights in Seville.

The riding of the men is magnificent—they seem glued to their horses and be one with them; hence the movement is most easy and graceful; they must look like centaurs, or preferably, centaurs must have looked like them.

The girls of the lower classes are a brilliant sight on Sunday, wearing yellow, black, and white shawls embroidered with the most vivid colours, and having more flowers than usual in their hair; flowers appear the one luxury of their lives. Vegetation in the gardens is most luxuriant; plants which only flourish in hot-houses in England here reach the dignity of shrubs; cockscombs grow to four feet in height, gum-trees seem not to be aware they are not in their native Australian bush, dates ripen on the palm-trees, and huge oleanders

are full of blossom. The Alameda de Hercules, a shabby promenade, scarcely repays a visit.

The friendly feeling I have before remarked as existing between master and servant is found here also. A tale is told at the dinner table, the waiter caps it; a piece of news is related, the servant gives his additional information; this does not prevent him from handing the next dish most politely, with the remark that it is "un plato muy bueno."

The maids also entertain you with remarks and songs while they are doing up your room. Of course, these comments do not refer to the upper classes of society, of which I had no opportunity of judging. The Spaniards are not at all a grasping people; they do not try to wring the uttermost *cuarto* out of you, and make but little effort to sell their wares. We bought two little vases in a shop one day, and afterwards decided to purchase a third, but the shopkeeper said,

wrapping it up in paper, it was a *regalo* (gift), and we accepted it.

Neither are they interested in improving their position, and seem happy as they are. But it is these very things that help to make them so impossible as a nation; moreover, you cannot depend on them, and no coercion has the least effect.

In the baptistery of the cathedral may be seen one of the masterpieces of Murillo—nearly all his pictures are masterpieces,—"The Infant Jesus, surrounded by Angels, appearing to Saint Anthony." I cannot describe it better than by saying it looks as though Heaven really opened, and the lovely Child appeared in the glorious light which issues thence. The utter devotion of the kneeling saint is expressed in the most wonderful manner, the tender glory of the Child is most touching, and the composition of light and shade is equal to anything Rembrandt ever produced. The whole scene seems literally swimming in sunlight. Above

this grand work hangs "The Baptism of Christ," by the same great master, equally glorious in colour. Murillo has deservedly his two statues, one in Madrid, and another here; but nowhere have I seen one erected to Velasquez, who shares with him the honour of being the greatest painter the world has seen.

Of course, we went to the tobacco manufactory, an extensive building, with twenty-eight *patios*, and numberless rooms, galleries, &c. About five thousand girls are there, seated at low tables, making cigars and cigarettes, chattering and laughing the whole time, and dressed, or rather undressed in the gayest colours. They take off their dresses, boots, &c., on entering, and hang them round the room; some keep flowers in their hair, others put them in water to keep fresh till they leave their work.

Most are of the boasted type of Sevillana beauty, that is, with lustrous deep eyes set in dark orbits, pale complexions, and piles of

Una Cigarrera.

hair, and every one has beautiful hands. They range in age from twelve to sixty; the older ones seem to make cigars, the younger cigarettes, and they work very deftly. They are paid a *peseta* a day, and, of course, cannot live on that alone. "The *cigarreras* of Seville form a special class, like the grisettes of Bordeaux and Bayonne," and do not seem averse to a cigarette themselves. Some had brought their babies, who were lying in cradles at their feet while they worked. The food sold them in the building seemed to consist mainly of fried fish; the odour of the whole place was almost insupportable.

Many of the girls begged, and pulled our dresses as we passed. I was rather reminded of a menagerie of wild animals, and indeed, the services of the two persons, a man and a woman, who accompanied us closely throughout our visit, were not unnecessary. The effect of colour in looking down the long rooms, full of brilliant sunlight, where so

many gaily dressed girls were bending over their work, was almost dazzling.

The drive to Italica, the remains of the city where Trajan, Adrian, and Theodosius first saw the light, occupied an hour over a road which was literally a bed of dust. The amphitheatre is the only thing to see there now; it was built to contain twenty thousand persons, and the remains are Titanic. It was overthrown by an earthquake, and the huge piles of masonry lying round reminded me of Capri, where masses of brickwork may be seen, hurled from great heights, and yet unbroken. The platform where the magistrates sat, seats for the people, doors, lions' dens, and *sudarii* where the gladiators prepared themselves for the fight, are shown, but at present there are no excavations going on. The notice which meets your gaze as you descend from your carriage, "No se permite l'entrada," simply means, being interpreted, that you must fee the guardian. The views there were very

wild and savage in the fading light of the October evening.

It is said that Italica was founded by Scipio Africanus as a resting place for his convalescent and wounded soldiers after the campaign against the Carthaginians; it must, at any rate, have been an important place to have possessed so large and handsome an amphitheatre.

Lying in the folds of the hills, it has been but partially excavated; beneath them may be buried many other Roman remains, but the Spanish Exchequer does not permit the luxury of much antiquarian research.

The guardian of these ruins is a typical Spaniard; he took us to his cabin in the circus, dark and small, and sold us a few coins he had found. He lives there alone all the year; what would not an artist give for such a residence for a few months of sketching weather?

Near Italica is the church and monastery of Santo Ponce, founded in 1301, very extensive

and ancient in appearance, but we did not enter it. It would not be possible for a small unprotected party of ladies to stay here for a night; the people looked very wild, or I should have made some sketches. Strings of the celebrated mules and donkeys, for which Spain is remarkable, met us at every turn of the road.

One of the most interesting sights in Seville to the artist, is the gipsy dances to be seen in a *café chantant.* A large room, containing a number of small tables, at which sit visitors drinking water, coffee, or, rarely, a coarse spirit known as *aguardiente*, a few seats in the gallery for spectators, a tiny stage in one corner, in front of which is a piano—such are the surroundings. At the back of the stage were seated five men, four holding guitars, the other with a stick; at both sides were rush-bottomed chairs, on which the girls who are performing, sixteen in number, sat during the intervals.

These *gitanas* are magnificent creatures, tall

and having superb figures, and wild almost savage faces ; ordinarily attired as to dress, but all wearing a gay shawl peculiarly draped, and flowers in their hair. Suddenly the reverend-looking individual with the stick began to use it vigorously on his chair, and all the girls on their seats to clap their hands in time; at the same time every guitar was thrummed. This went on for a considerable time. At last, as if the spirit moved her and she could not help it, one of the girls got up, and performed that singular dance which consists more in undulations of the body and waving of the arms and hands, than in movement of the feet. This she continued for some time, and, animated by the increasing clapping of her companions, she gradually began to move faster and faster. The excitement increased ; the man with the stick broke forth into a wild chant at intervals best known to himself. At last, when the girl was tired of her graceful movements and wild gestures, during which she also clapped her

hands and snapped her fingers so as to resemble the noise made by castanets, she sat

Spanish Gipsy.

down, and another and then another went through the same performance.

At one time two danced together; at another, a girl, coquettishly dressed as a Spanish youth, danced a different and quicker measure. The dances in no way resemble what we are accustomed to consider dancing; they are more like Javanese dances, or the dancing of Egpytian *almées*—posturings, in which the feet have less to do than the hands and arms. Perhaps a sentimental person might call it the poetry of motion. A man afterwards danced extremely well, the difference between his performance and that of English and French stage dancers being that he danced *to* his partner, with whom he appeared absorbed, rather than *to* the spectators.

Then these untamable-looking beings sang. When a girl sang a solo she began by calling for a *sombrero*, and one was immediately handed or thrown to her from among the audience; with this on her head, she poured forth a wild ditty, tuneful and expressive, in a true uncultured voice. They all sang in chorus some-

times, laughing and dancing, and making many gestures as they did so, almost acting the song; they seemed so full of animal spirits that the man who tried to conduct the music had rather an anxious time of it. Between the songs, the hat was thrown back amid the audience, and the performers walked about the room and gallery interviewing their friends; I should not like to say that many a flirtation did not take place in quiet corners. Be that as it may, this gipsy concert was a curious spectacle, well worthy of study from an artistic point of view; there were no spider waists, but I am sorry to add every *gitana* had spoiled her complexion by the immoderate use of powder. I am told these girls earn a very good livelihood in this way, receiving as much as five and six *pesetas* a night.

Seville is so far in advance as to possess a fine free library, due to the munificence of a son of the immortal Columbus, and called after him the "Biblioteca Colombina." It

contains an interesting collection of books on Spanish history and literature, and some good portraits.

On October 21st we left Seville—"una cosa preciosa," as its proud inhabitants delight to call it—which has not quite realised all we had heard said and sung about it. We asked our obliging landlady to put up some provision for us during the journey to Granada, as is always necessary, and she urged us to take a good quantity, "in case," she remarked, "the train should be '*paralysé*,' as it was yesterday." Tickets to Granada, second class, cost thirty-four *pesetas* forty *centimos*. The worst cheats in Spain are the so-called omnibus-drivers, who are in league with the lodging-house keepers, and do not drive omnibuses at all, but two-horse vehicles resembling them, for which every passenger has to pay as much as if he hired it for his own special convenience. It is better to take a cab.

The author of the *Modern Odyssey* well

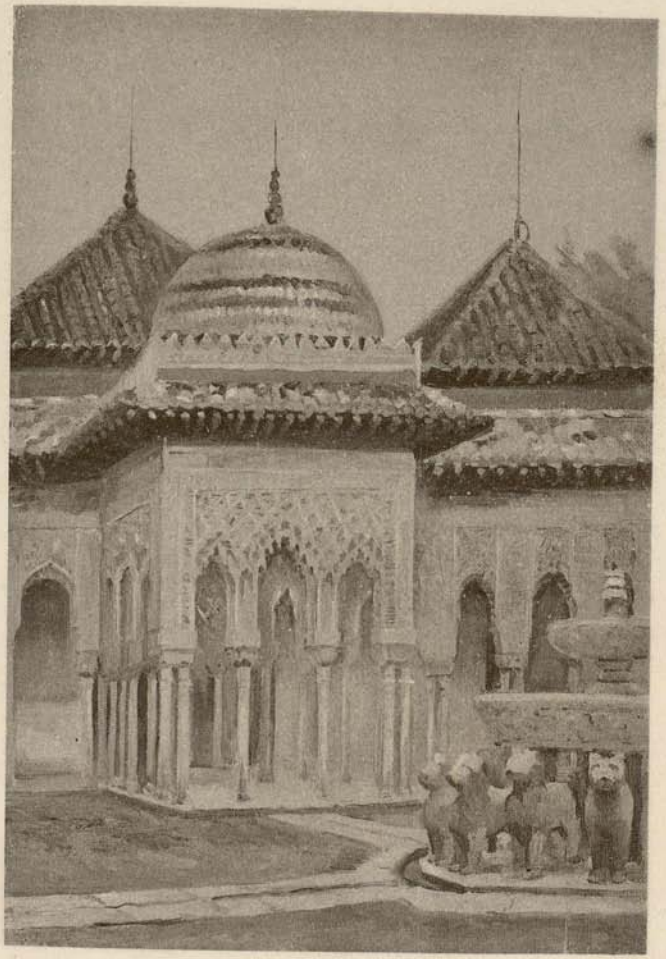
observes:—"Extravagant laudation has impaired the reputation of many admirable things, and the pleasure of gazing at a beautiful scene is often discounted by highly coloured descriptions of it."

CHAPTER VIII.

GRANADA AND THE ALHAMBRA.

Puerta Judiciaria.

THE journey from Seville to Granada occupied ten hours and a half, and seemed particularly irksome—first, because Spanish living had not supplied the requirements of our vigorous constitutions; next, because you change carriages twice with all your luggage; lastly, because the line is most uneven—in some places



Patio de los Leones, Alhambra.

dangerously so—and the train rocks to and fro like a drunken man. At Marchena some fine ruins are passed, dilapidated and neglected, like Spain itself. Before getting to Bobadilla the traveller goes through vast plains and olive-gardens; the stations consist of a single building, where a few persons, coming from apparently nowhere get in, and others get out and disappear over the wastes as usual. At Bobadilla, an important junction, the scenery is wild and picturesque. Numerous omnibuses met the train at Granada, and great was the confusion of tongues and quarrelling, indicating our arrival at a show place.

The cathedral at Granada seems to me in bad taste; it is large, but though I sincerely tried, I could not admire it. It has a few fine pictures. There is a *pietà*, well carved in marble; the Virgin wears a crown as large as her whole body, and is further graced by a tin mantilla. A crucifix in a veritable crinoline trimmed with lace is among the curiosities to

be seen here. The one part of the cathedral worthy of more than a passing glance is the Capilla Real, where, in the scene of their victories, Ferdinand and Isabella la Catolica sleep their last sleep. The exterior is of fine Gothic architecture; their tombs, with those of Philip I. and Crazy Jane, his wife, are before the high altar, and are miracles of elaborate carving. The alabaster recumbent statues seemed in the dim light very fine; a vexatious railing prevents one going near enough to examine them in detail. The entrance to the vault is behind, and there you are shown the old leaden coffins in which the bodies repose, each simply marked with an initial. That of Philip is the identical coffin which his wife used always to have carried about with her, and passionately embrace.

The *retablo* of this chapel (which is separate from the cathedral, and has an especial chapter and chaplains of its own) is of carved wood,

painted and gilt, and magnificent of its kind, as is also the *reja*. The coloured figures of Ferdinand and Isabella kneeling on either side of the altar are supposed to be exact portraits of these enterprising monarchs; and the pictures representing the taking of Granada are invaluable as records of costume. Here may be seen her crown and sceptre, and his sword, &c.

Beggars abound here, and we are still followed in public by the curious population. I am rather weary of it, and shall not be sorry to retire into a little more obscurity.

I am a long time coming to the Alhambra, simply because I do not know how to write about it, and so put it off. Was it not Washington Irving who discovered it, and also has almost the monopoly of describing it? So I decide simply to write down my impressions on the spot, and eke out the meagre descriptions with a sonnet; also an inspiration of the place.

It is better to be prosaic than fail in a sentimental description, and I will first remark that the "Alhambra" is the name given to a height fortified by the Moors, of which two-thirds are inaccessible and surrounded by rivers; the other third slopes gently down to the city of Granada, and on it is situated the modern entrance. From it on every side are the most exquisite views—the Sierra Nevada with its hood of snow, the Generaliffe, the Gipsy Caves, and the whole of Granada white as whitewash, untarnished by fog or smoke, can make it, and the luxuriant *vega* which surrounds it can be seen from this elevation. The entrance is up the steep Calle de los Gomeles, through a gate in vile taste built by Charles V., who is responsible for ruining a great deal of the delicate Moorish work here, even pulling down the principal entrance to make room for the palace which he never finished. This Puerta de las Granadas leads to groves of trees which remind you of an English park, in whose

branches once again you hear the sweet birds sing; passing through these shady avenues the visitor comes to a tower and gate of magnificent Moorish architecture, the Puerta Judiciaria.

I cannot discuss the mystery of the hand and key, which are carved on two stones over this famous gate, but I imagine the hand is simply a talisman against the evil eye, as we find it so constantly used in Moorish ornament. The narrow path inside this gate leads to the spacious Plaza de los Algibes (Place of the Cisterns), where Charles V.'s ungainly palace annoys the sight; thence a little side door admits one to the world-famed Alhambra. Then what can I say? the mind is bewildered amid *patios* surrounded with marble columns (one has so many as one hundred and forty), rooms covered with delicate tracery like lace, windows of alabaster whence are lovely views of mountain, river, and glen; marble baths, halls lined with

gleaming *azulejos*, roofs like the stalactites in an ice cavern, a secret room from each corner of which you may hear a whisper in the others, splashing fountains, gardens of myrtles, oleanders, roses, chrysanthemums, &c., and other fairy scenes, which make you rub your eyes to find out whether you are dreaming or not.

In some places are alcoves where sentries used to stand; at other doors niches for the slippers always taken off on entering a room by the Moors. The mosque is a perfect little gem of Moorish architecture, but Charles V. has been here also before us, and made a church of it by erecting a tasteless altar and gallery; Christian devices alternate with verses from the Koran, and two statues, resembling satyrs but called "Vice," occupy a conspicuous position.

The colouring is not rich, like that of the Alcazar, at Seville; the tracery is much more delicate, and the prevailing tone is a creamy white, which I like better. The Moorish

palace of the Alhambra is not large, neither is it in ruins, but rather over-preserved and restored for the poet and painter's taste. The traveller can no longer wander over its poetic scenery at his own sweet will by day and night, neither can he wrap himself in his cloak and sleep in its trellised chambers as of yore; he is followed during his visit by a custodian whom he is expected to fee in the most unromantic manner, just as if he were visiting our own cleaned and repaired ruins—the only difference being that the fee once paid, his future visits may be made gratis.

We visited the Torre de las Infantas, once the residence of the Moorish princesses: and the Torre de la Cautiva (Tower of the Captive), the abode of the beautiful Christian girl who became the favourite sultana of Abu Hasen and famous in song and story under the name of "Zoraya" ("the Morning Star"). The interiors of both these towers, nearly equal in workmanship to the rooms in