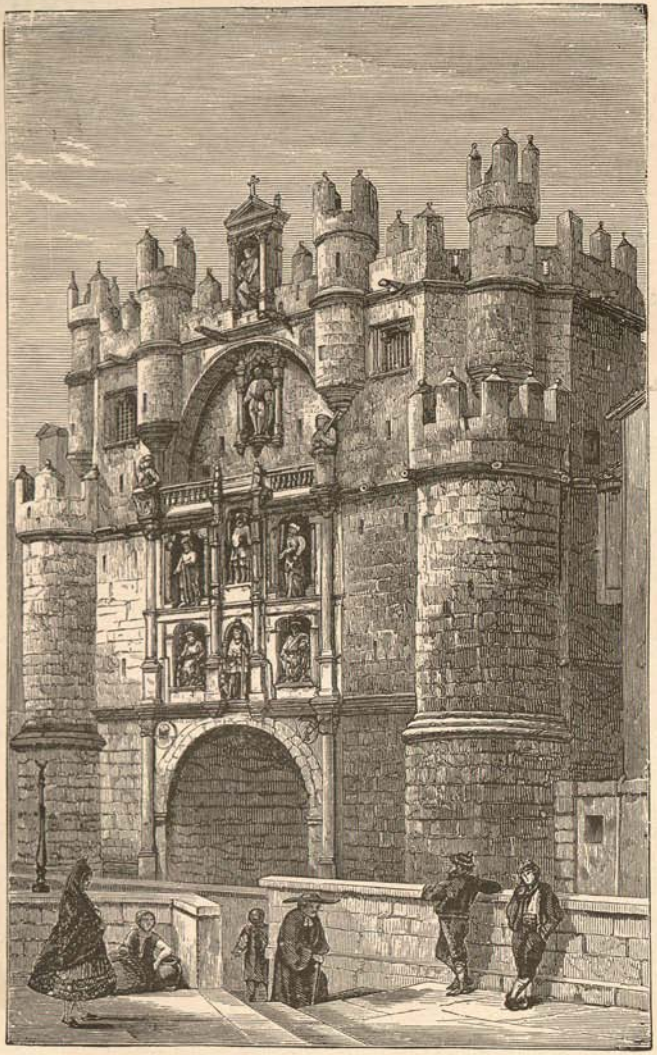
IMPRESSIONS
OF
SPAIN
LADY HERBERT



Gateway, Burgos.

IMPRESSIONS OF SPAIN.

BY

LADY HERBERT.

WITH FIFTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW YORK:
THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY,

TO

THE LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON,

WHO HAS CONTRIBUTED

MORE THAN ANY ONE IN ENGLAND

TO GIVE A HEALTHY AND RELIGIOUS TONE TO THE

POPULAR LITERATURE OF THE DAY,

AND WHOSE WORKS ARE AN INDEX OF HER HOLY INNER LIFE,

This Volume

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

Oct 26, 1866.

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

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IMPRESSIONS OF SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

ST. SEBASTIAN AND BURGOS.

WHAT is it that we seek for, we Englishmen and Englishwomen, who, year by year, about the month of November, are seen crowding the Folkestone and Dover steamboats, with that unmistakable 'going abroad' look of travelling—bags, and wideawakes, and bundles of wraps, and alpaca gowns? I think it may be comprised in one word:—*sunshine.* This dear old land of ours, with all its luxuries, and all its comforts, and all its associations of home and people, still lacks one thing—and that is climate. For climate means health to one half of us; and health means power of enjoyment; for, without it, the most perfect of homes (and nowhere is that word under-

stood so well as in England) is spoiled and saddened. So, in pursuit of this great boon, a widow lady and her children, with a doctor and two other friends, started off in the winter of 186–, in spite of ominous warnings of revolutions, and grim stories of brigands, for that comparatively unvisited country called Spain. As far as St. Sebastian the journey was absolutely without interest or adventure of any kind. The express train dashed them past houses and villages, and picturesque old towns with fine church towers, from Paris to Bordeaux, and from Bordeaux to Bayonne, and so on past the awful frontier, the scene of so many passages-at-arms between officials and ladies' maids, till they found themselves crossing the picturesque bridge which leads to the little town of St. Sebastian, with its beach of fine sand, washed by the long billowy waves of the Atlantic on the one hand, and its riant, well-cultivated little Basque farms on the other. As to the town itself, time and the prefect may eventually make it a second Biarritz, as in every direction lodging-houses are springing up, till it will become what one of Dickens's heroes would call 'the most sea-bathingest place' that ever was! But at present it is a mass of rough stone and lime and scaffolding; and the one straight

street leading from the hotel to the Church of S. Maria, with the castle above, are almost all that remains of the old town which stood so many sieges and was looked upon as the key of Northern Spain. The hotel appeared but tolerably comfortable to our travellers, fresh from the luxuries of Paris. When they returned four or five months later, they thought it a perfect paradise of comfort and cleanliness. After wandering through the narrow streets, and walking into one or two uninteresting churches, it was resolved to climb up to the citadel which commands the town, and to which the ascent is by a fair zigzag road, like that which leads to Dover Castle. A small garrison remains in the keep, which is also a military prison. The officers received our party very courteously, inviting them to walk on the battlements, and climb up to the flagstaff, and offering them the use of their large telescope for the view, which is certainly magnificent, especially toward the sea. There is a tiny chapel in the fortress, in which the Blessed Sacrament is reserved. It was pleasant to see the sentinel presenting arms to IT each time his round brought him past the ever open door. On the hillside, a few monumental slabs, let in here and there into the rock, and

one or two square tombs, mark the graves of the Englishmen killed during the siege, and also in the Don Carlos revolution. Of the siege itself, and of the historical interest attached to St. Sebastian, we will say nothing: are they not written in the book of the chronicles of Napier and Napoleon?

The following morning, after a fine and crowded service at the church of S. Maria, where they first saw the beautiful Spanish custom of the women being all veiled, and in black, two of the party started at seven in the morning, in a light carriage, for Loyola. The road throughout is beautiful, reminding one of the Tyrol, with picturesque villages, old Roman bridges, quaint manor-houses with coats of arms emblazoned over their porticoes; rapid, clear trout-streams and fine glimpses of snowy mountains on the left, and of the bright blue sea on the right. The flowers too were lovely. There was a dwarf blue bugloss of an intensity of color which is only equalled by the large forget-me-not on the mountain-sides of Lebanon. The peasants are all small proprietors. They were cultivating their fields in the most primitive way, father, mother, and children working the ground with a two-pronged fork like this,  called by them a 'laya;' but the result

was certainly satisfactory. They speak a language as utterly hopeless for a foreigner to understand as Welsh or Gaelic. The saying among the Andalusians is, that the devil, who is no fool, spent seven years in Bilboa studying the Basque dialect, and learnt three words only; and of their pronunciation they add, that the Basque write 'Solomon,' and pronounce it 'Nebuchadnezzar!' Be this as it may, they are a contented, happy, prosperous, sober race, rarely leaving their own country, to which they are passionately attached, and deserving, by their independence and self-reliance, their name of 'Bayascogara' —'Somos bastantes.'

Passing through the baths of Certosa, the mineral springs of which are much frequented by the Spaniards in summer, our travellers came, after a four hours' drive, to Azpeitia, a walled town, with a fine church containing the 'pila,' or font, in which St. Ignatius was baptized. Here the good-natured cura, Padre G——, met them, and insisted on escorting them to the great college of Loyola, which is about a mile from the town. It has a fine Italian façade, and is built in a fertile valley around the house of St. Ignatius, the college for missionary priests being on one side, and a florid, domed, circular marble church on the other. The

whole is thoroughly Roman in its aspect, but not so beautiful as the Gothic buildings of the south. They first went into the church, which is very rich in jaspers, marbles, and mosaics, the marbles being brought from the neighboring mountains. The cloisters at the back are still unfurnished; but the entrance to the monastery is of fine and good proportions, and the corridors and staircase are very handsome. Between the church and the convent is a kind of covered cloister, leading to the 'Santuario,' the actual house in which the saint was born and lived. The outside is in raised brickwork, of curious old geometrical patterns; and across the door is the identical wooden bar which in olden times served as protection to the château. Entering the low door, you see on your right a staircase; and on your left a long low room on the ground-floor, in which is a picture of the Blessed Virgin. Here the saint was born: his mother, having a particular devotion to the Virgin, insisted on being brought down here to be confined. Going up the stairs, to a kind of corridor used as a confessional, you come first to the Chapel of St. Francis Borgia, where he said his first mass. Next to it is one dedicated to Mariana of Jesus, the 'Lily of Quito,' with a beautiful picture of the South American saint

over the high altar. To the left again is another chapel, and here St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies, said his mass before starting on his glorious evangelical mission. Ascending a few steps higher, their guide led them into a long low room, richly decorated and full of pictures of the different events of the life of the saint. A gilt screen divided the antechapel from the altar, raised on the very spot where he lay so long with his wounded leg, and where he was inspired by the Blessed Virgin to renounce the world, and devote himself, body and soul, to the work of God. There is a representation of him in white marble under the altar as he lay; and opposite, a portrait, in his soldier's dress, said to be taken from life, and another of him afterwards, when he had become a priest. It is a beautiful face, with strong purpose and high resolve in every line of the features.

In the sacristy is the 'baldachino,' or tester of his bed, in red silk. It was in this room that he first fell sick and took to reading the 'Lives of the Saints' to amuse himself, there being no other book within reach. Such are the 'common ways,' which we blindly call 'accidents,' in which God leads those whom he chooses, like Saul, for his special service. The convent con-

tains 30 fathers and 25 lay brothers. There are about 120 students, a fine library, refectory, etc. They have a large day-school of poor children, whom they instruct in Basque and Spanish; and distribute daily a certain number of dinners, soup, and bread to the sick poor of the neighboring villages, about twenty of whom were waiting at the buttery door for their daily supply.

The English strangers, taking leave of the kind and courteous fathers, had luncheon at a little 'posada' close by, where the hostess insisted on their drinking some of the cider of the country, which the doctor, himself a Devonshire man, was obliged to confess excelled that of his own country. The good cura entertained them meanwhile with stories of his people, who appear to be very like the Highlanders, both in their merits and their faults. Some of their customs seem to be derived from pagan times, such as that of offering bread and wine on the tombs of those they love on the anniversary of their death; a custom in vogue in the early days of Christianity, and mentioned by St. Augustine in his 'Confessions' as being first put a stop to by St. Ambrose, at Milan, on account of the abuses which had crept into the practice. The drive back was, if possible, even more beautiful than that of the morning, and they reached

St. Sebastian at eight o'clock, delighted with their expedition.

The next day they started for Burgos, by rail, only stopping for a few minutes on their way to the station to see the 'Albergo de los Pobres,' a hospital and home for incurables, nursed by the Spanish Sisters of Charity. They are affiliated to the sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, and follow their rule, but do not wear the 'white cornette' of the French sisters.

The railroad in this part of Spain has been carried through most magnificent scenery, which appeared to our travellers like a mixture of Poussin and Salvator Rosa. Fine purple mountains, still sprinkled with snow, with rugged and jagged peaks standing out against the clear blue sky, and with waterfalls and beautiful streams rushing down their sides; an underwood of chestnut and beech trees; deep valleys, with little brown villages and bright white convents perched on rising knolls, and picturesque bridges spanning the little streams as they dashed through the gorges; and then long tracks of bright rose-colored heather, out of which rose big boulder-stones or the wayside cross; the whole forming, as it were, a succession of beautiful pictures such as would delight the heart of a painter, both as to composition and coloring. No one can

say much for the pace at which the Spanish railways travel; yet are they all too quick in scenery such as this, when one longs to stop and sketch at every turn. Suddenly, however, the train came to a standstill: an enormous fragment of rock had fallen across the line in the night, burying a luggage train, but fortunately without injury to its drivers; and our party had no alternative but to get out, with their manifold bags and packages, and walk across the débris to another train, which, fortunately, was waiting for them on the opposite side of the chasm. A little experience of Spanish travelling taught them to expect such incidents half-a-dozen times in the course of the day's journey; but at first it seemed startling and strange. They reached Burgos at six, and found themselves in a small but very decent 'fonda,' where the daughter of the landlord spoke a little French, to their great relief. They had had visions of Italian serving nearly as well as Spanish for making themselves understood by the people; but this idea was rudely dispelled the very first day of their arrival in Spain. Great as the similarity may be in reading, the accent of the Spaniard makes him utterly incomprehensible to the bewildered Italian scholar; and the very likeness of some words increases the difficulty when he finds that, accord-

ing to the pronunciation, a totally different meaning is attached to them. For instance, one of the English ladies, thinking to please the mistress of the house, made a little speech to her about the beauty and cleanliness of her kitchen, using the right word (*cocina*), but pronouncing it with the Italian accent. She saw directly she had committed a blunder, though Spanish civility suppressed the laugh at her expense. She found afterwards that the word she had used, with the 'ci' *soft*, meant a female pig. And this was only a specimen of mistakes hourly committed by all who adventured themselves in this unknown tongue.

A letter of introduction procured for our travellers an instant admission to the Cardinal Archbishop, who received them most kindly, and volunteered to be their escort over the cathedral. He had been educated at Ushaw, and spoke English fluently and well. He had a very pretty little chapel in his palace, with a picture in it of Sta. Maria della Pace at Rome, from whence he derives his cardinal's title.

The cathedral at Burgos, with the exception of Toledo, is the most beautiful Gothic building in Spain. It was begun by Bishop Maurice, an Englishman, and a great friend of St. Ferdinand's, in the year 1220. The spires, with their lace-

work carving; the doorways, so rich in sculpture; the rose-windows, with their exquisite tracery; the beautiful lantern-shaped clerestory; the curious double staircase of Diego de Siloe; the wonderful 'retablos' behind the altars, of the finest wood-carving; the magnificent marble and alabaster monuments in the side chapels, vying with one another in beauty and richness of detail; the wonderful wood-carving of the stalls in the choir; the bas-reliefs carved in every portion of the stone; in fact, every detail of this glorious building is equally perfect; and even in Southern Spain, that paradise for lovers of cathedrals, can scarcely be surpassed. The finest of the monuments are those of the Velasco family, the hereditary high-constable of Castile. They are of Carrara marble, resting upon blocks of jasper; at the feet of the lady lies a little dog, as the emblem of 'Fidelity.' Over the doorway of this chapel, leading to a tiny sacristy, are carved the arms of Jerusalem. In the large sacristy is a Magdalen, by Leonardo da Vinci; and some exquisite church plate, in gold and enamel, especially a chalice, a processional cross, a pax, etc. In the first chapel on the right, as you enter by the west door, is a very curious figure of Christ, brought from the Holy Land, with real hair and skin: but painful in the extreme, and almost

grotesque from the manner in which it has been dressed. This remark, however, applies to almost all the images of Christ and of the Blessed Virgin throughout Spain, which are rendered both sad and ludicrous to English eyes from the petticoats and finery with which modern devotion has disfigured them. This crucifix, however, is greatly venerated by the people, who call it 'The Christ of Burgos,' and on Sundays or holidays there is no possibility of getting near it, on account of the crowd. In the Chapel of the Visitation are three more beautiful monuments, and a very fine picture of the Virgin and Child, by Sebastian del Piombo. But it was impossible to take in every portion of this cathedral at once; and so our travellers went on to the cloisters, passing through a beautiful pointed doorway, richly carved, which leads to the chapter-house, now a receptacle for lumber, but containing the chest of the Cid, regarding which the old chronicle says: 'He filled it with sand, and then, telling the Jews it contained gold, raised money on the security.' In justice to the hero, however, we are bound to add, that when the necessities of the war were over, he repaid both principal and interest. Leaving, at last, the cloisters and cathedral, and taking leave of the kind archbishop, our party drove to the Town Hall, where, in a walnut-wood urn, are kept the

bones of the Cid, which were removed twenty years ago from their original resting-place at Cardena. The sight of them strengthened their resolve to make a pilgrimage to his real tomb, which is in a Benedictine convent about eight miles from the town. Starting, therefore, in two primitive little carriages, guiltless of springs, they crossed the river and wound up a steep hill till they came in sight of *Miraflores*, the great Carthusian convent, which, seen from a distance, strongly resembles Eton College Chapel. It was built by John II. for a royal burial-place, and was finished by Isabella of Castile. Arriving at the monastery, from whence the monks have been expelled, and which is now tenanted by only one or two lay brothers of the Order, they passed through a long cloister, shaded by fine cypresses, into the church, in the chancel of which is that which may really be called one of the seven wonders of the world. This is the alabaster sepulchre of John II. and his wife, the father and mother of Queen Isabella, with their son, the Infante Alonso, who died young. In richness of detail, delicacy of carving, and beauty of execution, the work of these monuments is perfectly unrivalled: the very material seems to be changed into Mechlin lace. The artist was Maestro Gil, the father of the famous Diego de Siloe, who carved the

staircase in the cathedral. He finished it in 1493; and one does not wonder at Philip II.'s exclamation when he saw it: '*We* have done nothing at the Escurial.' In the sacristy is a wonderful statue of St. Bruno, carved in wood, and so beautiful and life-like in expression that it was difficult to look at anything else.

Leaving Miraflores, our travellers broke tenderly to their coachmen their wish to go on to Cardena. One of them utterly refused, saying the road was impassable; the other, *moyennant* an extra gratuity, undertook to try it, but stipulated that the gentleman should walk, and the ladies do the same, if necessary. Winding round the convent garden walls, and then across a wild moor, they started, and soon found themselves involved in a succession of ruts and Sloughs of Despond which more than justified the hesitation of their driver. On the coach-box was an imp of a boy, whose delight consisted in quickening the fears of the most timid among the ladies by invariably making the horses gallop at the most precipitous parts of the road, and then turning round and grinning at the fright he had given them. It is needless to say that the carriage was not his property. At last the horses came to a stand-still; they could go no farther, and the rest of the way had

to be done on foot. But our travellers were not to be pitied; for the day was lovely, and the path across the moor was studded with flowers. At last, on climbing over a steep hill which had intercepted their view, they came on a lovely panorama, with a background of blue mountains tipped with snow; a wooded glen, in which the brown convent nestled, and a wild moor foreground, across which long strings of mules with gay trappings, driven by peasants in Spanish costumes, exactly as represented in Ansdell's paintings, were wending their way toward the city. Tired as some of our party were, this glorious view seemed to give them fresh strength, and they rapidly descended the hill by the hollow path leading to the convent. Over the great entrance is a statue of the Cid, mounted on his favorite horse, 'Babicca,' who bore him to his last resting-place, and was afterwards buried beside the master he loved so well. But the grand old building seemed utterly deserted, and a big mastiff, fastened by an ominously slight chain to the doorway, appeared determined to defy their attempts to enter. At last, one of them, more courageous than the rest, tempting the Cerberus with the remains of her luncheon, got past him, and wandered through the cloister, up a fine staircase to a spacious cor-

ridor, in hopes to find a guide to show them the way to the chapel, where lay the object of their expedition, viz., the monument of the Cid. But she was only answered by the echo of her own footsteps. The cells were empty; the once beautiful library gutted and destroyed; the refectory had nothing in it but bare walls—the whole place was like a city of the dead. At last she discovered a staircase leading down to a cloister on the side opposite the great entrance, and there a low-arched door, which she found ajar, admitted her into the deserted church. The tomb of the Cid has been removed from the high altar to a side chapel; and there is interred, likewise, his faithful and devoted wife Ximena, and their two daughters. On his shield is emblazoned the 'tizona,' or sparkling brand, which the legends affirm he always carried in his hand, and with which he struck terror into the hearts of the infidels. This church and convent, built for the Benedictines by the Princess Sancho, in memory of her son Theodoric, who was killed out hunting, was sacked by the Moors in the ninth century, when 200 of the monks were murdered. A tablet in the south transept still remains, recording the massacre; but the monument of Theodoric has been mutilated and destroyed. The Christian spoilers

have done their work more effectually than the Moslem! Sorrowfully our travellers left this beautiful spot, thinking bitterly on the so-called age of progress which had left the abode of so much learning and piety to the owls and the bats; and partly walking, partly driving, returned without accident to the city. One more memento of the Cid at Burgos deserves mention. It is the lock on which he compelled the king, Alonso VI., to swear that he had had no part in his brother Sancho's assassination at Zamora. All who wished to confirm their word with a solemn oath used to touch it, till the practice was abolished by Isabella, and the lock itself hung up in the old Church of St. Gadea, on the way to the Castle Hill, where it still rests. This is the origin of the peasant custom of closing the hand and raising the thumb, which they kiss in token of asseveration; and in like manner we have the old Highland saying: 'There's my thumb. I'll not betray you.'

Another charming expedition was made on the following day to Las Huelgas, the famous Cistercian nunnery, built in some gardens outside the town by Alonso VIII. and his wife Leonora, daughter of our king Henry II.

When one of the ladies had asked the cardinal for a note of introduction to the abbess, he

had replied, laughing, 'I am afraid it would not be of much use to you. She certainly is not under my jurisdiction, and I am not sure whether she does not think I am under hers!' No lady abbess certainly ever had more extraordinary privileges. She is a Princess Palatine —styled 'by the Grace of God'—and has feudal power over all the lands and villages round. She appoints her own priests and confessors, and has a hospital about a mile from the convent, nursed by the sisters, and entirely under her control. After some little delay at the porter's lodge, owing to their having come at the inconvenient hour of dinner, our party were ushered into the parlor, and there, behind a grille, saw a beautiful old lady, dressed in wimple and coif, exactly like a picture in the time of Chaucer. This was the redoubtable lady abbess. There are twenty-seven choir nuns and twenty-five lay sisters in the convent, and they follow the rule of St. Bernard. The abbess first showed them the Moorish standard, beautifully embroidered, taken at the battle of Las Navas de Tolosa, in 1180. A curious old fresco representing this battle remains over the arch of the church. She then took them to the choir, which is very rich in carving, and contains the tombs of the founders, Alonso and Leonora,

and also a number of Infantas, whose royal bodies are placed in richly carved Gothic sepulchres, resting on lions, on each side of the choir. In the church is a curious hammered iron gilt pulpit, in which St. Vincent Ferrer preached. Here St. Ferdinand and Alonso XI. knighted themselves, and here our own king, Edward I., received the honor of knighthood at the hands of Alonso el Sabio.

The church is a curious jumble of different dates of architecture; but there is a beautiful tower and doorway, some very interesting old monuments, and a fine double rose-window. The cloisters are very beautiful, with round-headed arches, grouped pillars, and Norman capitals. The lady abbess then ordered one of the priests of the convent to take her English visitors to see their hospital, called 'Del Rey,' the walk to which from the convent is through pleasant fields like English meadows. It is admirably managed and nursed by the nuns. Each patient has a bed in a recess, which makes, as it were, a little private room for each, and this is lined with 'azulejos,' or colored tiles, up to a certain height, giving that clean bright look which distinguishes the Spanish hospitals from all others. At the end of each ward was a little altar, where mass is daily performed for the sick.

There are fifty men and fifty women, and the surgical department was carefully supplied with all the best and newest instruments, which the surgeon was eager to show off to the doctor, the only one of the party worthy of the privilege. The wards opened into a 'patio,' or court, with seats and bright flowers, where the patients who could leave their beds were sitting out and sunning themselves. Altogether, it is a noble institution; and one must hope that the ruthless hand of government will not destroy it in common with the other charitable foundations of Spain.

CHAPTER II.

MADRID.

BUT the cold winds blew sharply, and our travellers resolved to hurry south, and reserve the further treasures of Burgos for inspection on their return. The night train conveyed them safely to Madrid, where they found a most comfortable hotel in the 'Ville de Paris,' lately opened by an enterprising Frenchman, in the 'Puerta del Sol;' and received the kindest of welcomes from the English minister, the Count T. D., and other old friends. It was Sunday morning, and the first object was to find a church near at hand. These are not wanting in Madrid, but all are modern, and few in good taste: the nicest and best served is undoubtedly that of 'St. Louis des Français,' though the approach to it through the crowded market is rather disagreeable early in the morning. The witty writer of 'Les Lettres d'Es-

Madrid.

pagne' says truly: 'Madrid is modern, clean, civilized, right-angled; it does not speak to the heart.' As for the climate, it is detestable: bitterly cold in winter, the east wind searching out every rheumatic joint in one's frame, and pitilessly driving round the corners of every street; burning hot in summer, with a glare and dust which nearly equal that of Cairo in a simoom.

The Gallery, however, compensates for all. Our travellers had spent months at Florence, at Rome, at Dresden, and fancied that nothing could come up to the Pitti, the Uffizi, or the Vatican—that no picture could equal the 'San Sisto;' but they found they had yet much to learn. No one who has not been in Spain can so much as imagine what Murillo is. In England, he is looked upon as the clever painter of picturesque brown beggar-boys: there is not one of these subjects to be found in Spain, from St. Sebastian to Gibraltar! At Madrid, at Cadiz, but especially at Seville, one learns to know him as he is, that is, the great mystical religious painter of the seventeenth century, embodying in his wonderful conceptions all that is most sublime and ecstatic in devotion and in the representation of Divine love. The English minister, speaking of this one day to a

lady of the party, explained it very simply, by saying that the English generally only carried off those of his works in which the Catholic feeling was not so strongly displayed. It would be hopeless to attempt to describe all his pictures in the Madrid Gallery. The Saviour and St. John, as boys, drinking out of a shell, is perhaps the most delicate and exquisite in coloring and expression; but the 'Conception' surpasses all. No one should compare it with the Louvre picture of the same subject. There is a refinement, a tenderness, and a beauty in the Madrid 'Conception' entirely wanting in the one stolen by the French. Then there is Velasquez, with his inimitable portraits: full of droll originality, as the 'Æsop;' or of deep historical interest, as his 'Philip IV.;' or of sublime piety, as in his 'Crucifixion,' with the hair falling over one side of the Saviour's face, which the pierced and fastened hands cannot push aside; each and all are priceless treasures, and there must be sixty or seventy in that one long room. Ford says that 'Velasquez is the Homer of the Spanish school, of which Murillo is the Virgil.' Then there are Riberas, and Zurbarans, Divino Morales, Juan Joanes, Alonso Caño, and half-a-dozen other artists, whose very

names are scarcely known out of Spain, and all of whose works are impregnated with that mystic, devotional, self-sacrificing spirit which is the essence of Catholicism. The Italian school is equally magnificently represented. There are exquisite Raphaels, one especially, 'La Perla,' once belonging to Charles I., and sold by the Puritans to the Spanish king; the 'Spasimo,' the 'Virgen del Pescado,' etc.; beautiful Titians, not only portraits, but one, a 'Magdalen,' which is unknown to us by engravings or photographs in England, where, in a green robe, she is flying from the assaults of the devil, represented by a monstrous dragon, and in which the drawing is as wonderful as the coloring; beautiful G. Bellinis, and Luinis, and Andrea del Sartos, (especially one of his wife,) and Paul Veronese, and others of the Venetian and Milanese schools. In a lower room there are Dutch and Flemish chefs-d'œuvre without end: Rubens, and Vandyke, and Teniers, and Breughel, and Holbein, and the rest. It is a gallery bewildering from the number of its pictures, but with the rare merit of almost all being good; and they are so arranged that the visitor can see them with perfect comfort at any hour of the day. In the ante-room to the long gallery are some pictures of the present cen-

tury, but none are worth looking at save Goya's pictures of the wholesale massacre of the Spanish prisoners by the French, which are not likely to soften the public feeling of bitterness and hostility toward that nation.

There is nothing very good in sculpture, only two of the antiques being worth looking at; but there is a fine statue of Charles V., and a wonderfully beautiful St. John of God, carrying a sick man out of the burning hospital on his back, which is modern, but in admirable taste. Neglected, in some side cupboards, and several of them broken and covered with dust and dirt, are some exquisite tazzas of Benvenuto Cellini, D'Arphes, and Beceriles, in lapis, jade, agate, and enamel, finer than any to be seen even in the Grüne Gewölbe of Dresden. There is a gold mermaid, studded with rubies, and with an emerald tail, and a cup with an enamelled jewelled border and stand, which are perfectly unrivalled in beauty of workmanship. Then, in addition to this matchless gallery, Madrid has its 'Academia,' containing three of Murillo's most magnificent conceptions. One is 'St. Elizabeth of Hungary,' washing the wounds of the sick, her fair young face and delicate white hands forming a beautiful contrast with the shrivelled brown old woman in

the foreground. The expression of the saint's countenance is that of one absorbed in her work and yet looking beyond it.* The other is the 'Dream,' in which the Blessed Virgin appears to the founder of the Church of S. Maria della Neve (afterwards called S. Maria Maggiore) and his wife, and suggests to them the building of a church on a spot at Rome, which would be indicated to them by a fall of snow, though it was then in the month of August. In the third picture the founder and his wife are kneeling at the feet of the Pope, telling him of their vision, and imploring his benediction on their work. These two famous pictures were taken by Soult from Seville, and are of a lunette shape, being made to fit the original niche for which they were painted: both are unequalled for beauty of color and design, and have recently been magnificently engraved, by order of the government.

But apart from its galleries, Madrid is a disappointment; there is no antiquity or interest attached to any of its churches or public buildings. The daily afternoon diversion is the drive on the Prado; amusing from the crowd, perhaps, but where, with the exception of the nurses, all nation-

* This picture was stolen from the Caridad, at Seville, by the French, and afterwards sent back to Madrid, where it still remains.

al costume has disappeared. There are scarcely any mantillas; but Faubourg St. Germain bonnets, in badly assorted colors, and horrible and exaggerated crinolines, replacing the soft, black, flowing dresses of the south. It is, in fact, a bad *réchauffé* of the Bois de Boulogne. The queen, in a carriage drawn by six or eight mules, surrounded by her escort, and announced by trumpeters, and the infantas, following in similar carriages, form the only 'event' of the afternoon.* Poor lady! how heartily sick she must be of this promenade. She is far more pleasing-looking than her pictures give her credit for, and has a frank kind manner which is an indication of her good and simple nature. Her children are most carefully brought up, and very well educated by the charming English authoress, Madame Calderon de la Barca, well known by her interesting work on Mexico. On Saturdays, the queen and the royal family always drive to Atocha, a church at the extreme end of the Prado, in vile taste, but containing the famous image of the Virgin, the patroness of Spain, to whom all the royalties are specially devoted. It is a black image, but almost invisible from the gorgeous jewels and dresses with which it is adorned.

* This work was written about three years before the late revolution.

One of the shows of Madrid is the royal stables, which are well worth a visit. There are upwards of 250 horses, and 200 fine mules; the backs of the latter are invariably shaved down to a certain point, which gives them an uncomfortable appearance to English eyes, but is the custom throughout Spain. One lady writer asserts that 'it is more modest!' There is a charming little stud belonging to the prince imperial, which includes two tiny mules not bigger than dogs, but in perfect proportions, about the size required to drag a perambulator. Some of the horses are English and thoroughbred, but a good many are of the heavy-crested Velasquez type. The carriages are of every date, and very curious. Among them is one in which Philip I. (le Bel) was said to have been poisoned, and in which his wife, Jeanne la Folle, still insisted on dragging him out, believing he was only asleep.

More interesting to some of our party than horses and stables were the charitable institutions in Madrid, which are admirable and very numerous. It was on the 12th of November, 1856, that Mother Dévos, afterwards Mother General of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul, started with four or five of her Sisters of Charity to establish their first house in Madrid. They had many hardships and difficulties to encounter but lov-

ing perseverance conquered them all. The sisters now number between forty and fifty, distributed in three houses in different parts of the city, with more than 1000 children in their schools and orphanages, the whole being under the superintendence of the Sister Gottofrey, the able and charming French provincial of Spain. The queen takes a lively interest in their success, and most of the ladies of her court are more or less affiliated to them. There are branch houses of these French sisters at Malaga, Granada, Barcelona, and other towns; and they are now beginning to undertake district visiting, as well as the care of the sick and the education of children —a proceeding which they were obliged to adopt with caution, owing to the strong prejudice felt in Spain toward any religious orders being seen outside their 'clausura,' and also toward their dress, the white cornette, which, to eyes unaccustomed to anything but black veils, appeared outrageous and unsuitable. The Spanish Sisters of Charity, though affiliated to them, following the rule of St. Vincent, and acknowledging V. Rev. Father Etienne as their superior, still refuse to wear the cornette, and substitute a simple white cap and black veil. These Spanish sisters have the charge of the magnificent Foundling Hospital, which receives

upwards of 1000 children ; of the hospital called Las Recogidas, for penitents; of the General Hospital, where the sick are admirably cared for, and to which is attached a wing for patients of an upper class, who pay a small sum weekly, and have all the advantages of the clever surgery and careful nursing of the hospital, (an arrangement sadly needed in our English hospitals ;) of the Hospicio de Sta. Maria del Cármen, founded by private charity, for the old and incurables ; of the infant school, or 'salle d'asile,' where the children are fed as well as taught; and of the Albergo de los Pobres, equivalent to what we should call a workhouse in England, but which we cannot desecrate by such a name when speaking of an establishment conducted on the highest and noblest rules of Christian charity, and where the orphans find not only loving care and tender watchfulness, but admirable industrial training, fitting them to fill worthily any employments to which their natural inclination may lead them. The ladies of the Sacred Heart have a large establishment for the education of the upper classes at Chaumartin de la Rosa, a suburb of Madrid, about four miles from the town. It was founded by the Marquesa de Villa Nueva, a most saint-like person, whose house adjoins, and in fact forms part of the con-

vent—her bedroom leading into a tribune overlooking the chapel and the Blessed Sacrament. The view from the large garden, with the mountains on the one hand, and the stone-pine woods on the other, is very pretty, and unlike anything else in the neighborhood of Madrid. The superior, a charming person, showed the ladies all over the house, which is large, commodious, and airy, and in which they have already upwards of eighty pupils. They have a very pretty chapel, and in the parlor a very beautiful picture of St. Elizabeth, by a modern artist.

One more 'lion' was visited before leaving Madrid, and that was the Armory, which is indeed well worth a long and careful examination. The objects it contains are all of deep historical interest. There is a collar-piece belonging to Philip II., with scenes from the battle of St. Quentin exquisitely carved; a helmet taken from the unfortunate Boabdil, the last Moorish king of Granada; beautiful Moorish arms and Turkish banners taken at the battle of Lepanto, in old Damascus inlaid-work; the swords of Boabdil, and of Ferdinand and Isabella; the armor of the Cid, of Christopher Columbus, of Charles V., of St. Ferdinand, and of Philip II.; the carriage of Charles V., looking like a large bassinet; exquisite shields, rapiers, swords, and

helmets; some very curious gold ornaments, votive crowns, and crosses of the seventh century; and heaps of other treasures too numerous to be here detailed. But our travellers were fairly exhausted by their previous sight-seeing, and gladly reserved their examination of the rest to a future day. At all times, a *return* to a place is more interesting than a first visit; for in the latter, one is oppressed by the feeling of the quantity to be seen and the short time there is to see it in, and so the intense anxiety and fatigue destroy half one's enjoyment of the objects themselves. That evening they were to leave the biting east winds of Madrid for the more genial climate of sunny Malaga; and so, having made sundry very necessary purchases, including mantillas and chocolate, and having eaten what turned out to be their last good dinner for a very long time, they started off by an eight o'clock train for Cordova, which was to be their halting-place midway. On reaching Alcazar, about one o'clock in the morning, they had to change trains, as the one in which they were branched off to Valencia; and for two hours they were kept waiting for the Cordova train. Oh! the misery of those wayside stations in Spain. One long low room filled with smokers and passengers of every class, struggling

for chocolate, served in dirty cups by uncivil waiters, with insufficient seats and scant courtesy: no wonder that the Spaniards consider our waiting-rooms real palaces. You have no alternative in the winter season but to endure this fetid, stifling atmosphere, and be blinded with smoke, or else to freeze and shiver outside, where there are no benches at all, and your only hope is to get a corner of a wall against which you can lean and be sheltered from the bitter wind. The arrival of the up train brought, therefore, unmixed joy to our party, who managed to secure a compartment to themselves without any smokers, (a rare privilege in Spain,) and thus got some sleep for a few hours. At six o'clock the train stopped, the railroad went no farther; so the passengers turned out somewhat ruefully in the cold, and gazed with dismay at the lumbering, dirty diligences, looking as if they had come out of the Ark, which were drawn up, all in a row, at the station door, with ten, twelve, or fourteen mules harnessed to each, and by which they and their luggage were to be conveyed for the next eight hours. The station-master was a Frenchman, and with great civility, during the lading of the diligences, gave up to the ladies his own tiny bedroom and some fresh water to wash them-

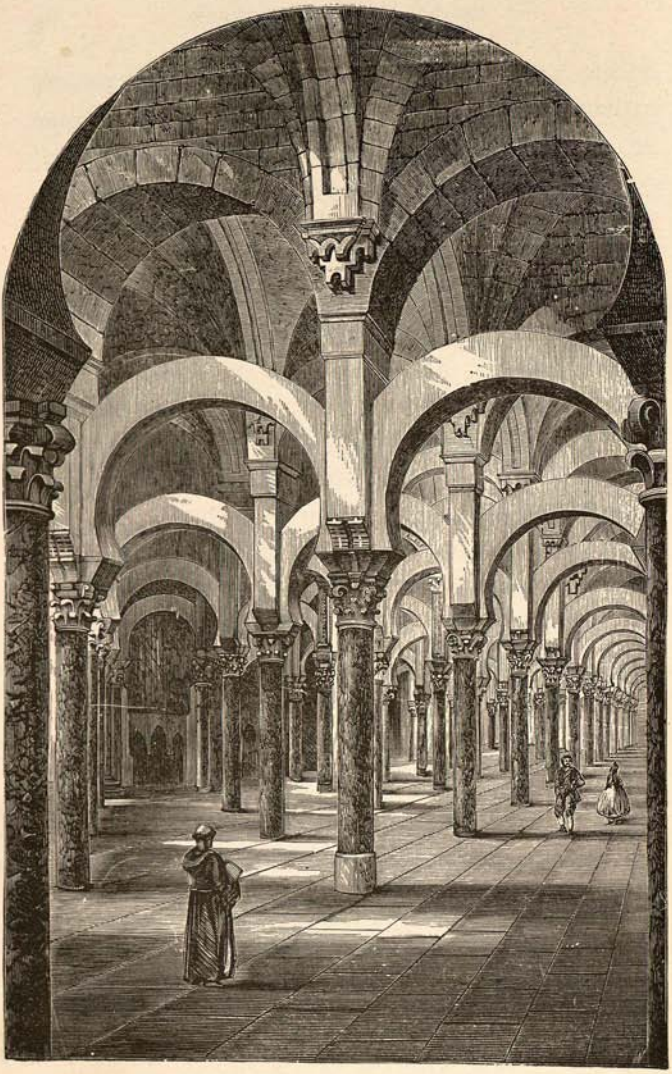
selves a little and make themselves comfortable after their long night journey, for there was no pretence of a waiting-room at this station.

Reader, did you ever go in a Spanish diligence? It was the first experience of most of our party of this means of locomotion, and at first seemed simply impossible. The excessive lowness of the carriages, the way in which the unhappy passengers are jammed in, either into the *coupé* in front, or into the square box behind, unable to move or sit upright in either; while the mules plunge and start off in every direction but the right one, their drivers every instant jumping down and running by the side of the poor beasts, which they flog unmercifully, vociferating in every key; and that not at first starting, but all the way, up hill and down dale, with an energy which is as inexhaustible as it is despairing, till either a pole cracks, or a trace breaks, or some accident happens to a wheel, and the whole lumbering concern stops with a jerk and a lurch which threaten to roll everything and everybody into the gorge below. Each diligence is accompanied by a 'mayoral,' or conductor, who has charge of the whole equipage, and is a very important personage. This functionary is generally gorgeously dressed, with embroidered jacket, scarlet sash round the

waist, gaiters with silver buttons and hanging leather strips, round his head a gay-colored handkerchief and a round black felt hat with broad brim and feather, or else of the kind denominated 'pork pie' in England; he is here, there, and everywhere during the journey, arranging the places of the passengers, the stations for halts, and the like. Besides this dignitary, there is the 'moto,' or driver, whose business is to be perpetually jumping down and flogging the far-off mules into a trot, which he did with such cruelty that our travellers often hoped he would himself get into trouble in jumping up again, which, unfortunately, he was always too expert to do. Every mule has its name, and answers to it. They are harnessed two abreast, a small boy riding on the leaders; and it is on his presence of mind and skill that the guidance and safety of the whole team depend. On this occasion, the 'mayoral' and 'moto' leant with their backs against what was left of the windows of the *coupé*, which they instantly smashed: the cold wind rushed in, and the passengers were alternately splashed from head to foot with the mud cast up in their faces by the mules' heels, or choked and blinded with dust. For neither misfortune is there either redress or sympathy. The lower panels of the floor and

doors have holes cut in them to let out the water and mud; but the same agreeable arrangement, in winter, lets in a wind which threatens to freeze off your feet as you sit. A small boy, who, it is to be supposed, was learning his trade, held on by his eyelids to a ledge below, and was perpetually assisting in screaming and flogging. A struggle at some kind of vain resistance, and then a sullen despair and a final making up one's mind that, after all, it can't last for ever, are the phases through which the unhappy travellers pass during these agreeable diligence journeys. It was some little time before our party could get sufficiently reconciled to their misery to enjoy the scenery. But when they could look about them, they found themselves passing through a beautiful gorge, and up a zigzag road, like the lower spurs of an Alpine pass, over the Sierra Morena. Then began the descent, during which some of the ladies held their breath, expecting to be dashed over the parapet at each sharp turn in the road: the pace of the mules was never relaxed, and the unwieldy top-heavy mass oscillated over the precipice below in a decidedly unpleasant manner. Then they came into a fertile region of olives and aloes, and so on by divers villages and through roads which the late rains had made

almost impassable, and in passing over which every bone of their bodies seemed dislocated in their springless vehicle, till, at two o'clock in the afternoon, they reached the station, where, to their intense relief, they again came upon a railroad. Hastily swallowing some doubtful chocolate, they established themselves once more comfortably in the railway carriage; but after being in the enjoyment of this luxury for half an hour, the train came all of a sudden to a stand-still; and the doors being opened, they were politely told that they must *walk*, as a landslip had destroyed the line for some distance. Coming at last to a picturesque town with a fine bridge over the Guadalquivir, they were allowed once more to take their seats in the carriages, and finally arrived at Cordova at eight o'clock at night, after twenty-four hours of travelling, alternating from intense cold to intense heat, very tired indeed, horribly dusty and dirty, and without having had any church all day.



Mosque at Cordova.

CHAPTER III.

CORDOVA AND MALAGA.

A COMFORTABLE little old-fashioned inn, with a 'patio' full of orange-trees, leading to a public 'sala,' rather like a room at Damascus, with alcoves and fountains, gladdened the hearts of our wearied travellers. After a good night's rest, (and one advantage in Spain is, that except mosquitoes, your beds are generally free from other inhabitants,) they started down the narrow, badly-paved streets to visit the cathedral. The exterior is disappointing, as all you see is a buttressed wall, with square towers sixty feet high, opposite which is the gateway and wall of the archiepiscopal palace. But on passing through a low arched door, you come into a beautiful Oriental court, in the centre of which is a picturesque Moorish fountain, the rest of the space being filled with orange-trees and palms, and on the north side an exquisite giralda, or tower, from

whence there is a beautiful view over the whole town and neighborhood. All the entrances to the mosque (now the cathedral) from this court are closed, except the centre one. Entering by that, a whole forest of pillars bursts upon you, with horse shoe arches interlacing one another, and forming altogether the most wonderful building in the world. The Moors collected these pillars—of which there are upwards of a thousand—from the temples of Carthage, of Nismes, and of Rome, and adapted them to their mosque. Some are of jasper, some of verde-antique, some of porphyry—no two are alike. The pillars have no plinths, and divide the mosque into nineteen longitudinal and twenty-nine transverse aisles; hence the immense variety and beauty of the intersection of the arches. This mosque was built in the eighth century, and ranked in sanctity with the 'Alaksa' of Jerusalem and the 'Caaba' of Mecca.

A pilgrimage to it was indeed considered equivalent to that of Mecca, and hence the Spanish proverb to express distant wanderings, 'Andar de zeca en Meca.' The roof is of arbor-vitæ, and is in perfect preservation. Two of the moresque chapels are exquisite in carving and richness of detail, one being that of the Caliphs, and the other the 'Holy of Holies,' where the

Koran was kept. The beauty and delicacy of the moresque work, with its gold enamel and lovely trefoiled patterns, its quaint lions and bright-colored 'azulejos,' (tiles,) exceeds anything of the sort in Europe. The roof is in the form of a shell, and exquisitely wrought out of one single piece of marble. The mosaic border was sent to Cordova by Romanus II., from Constantinople. When the brother of the king of Morocco came there a year or two ago, he went round this 'Holy of Holies' seven times on his knees, crying bitterly all the time. The inscriptions in this mosque are in Cufic, and not in Arabic. The whole carries one back to Damascus and the East in a way which makes it difficult to realize that one is still in Europe. The choir is a horrible modern 'churriqueresque' innovation, stuck in the centre of the beautiful forest of Saracenic columns, many of which were destroyed to make room for it. Even Charles V. protested against the bad taste of the chapter when he saw it completed in 1526, and exclaimed: 'You have built a thing which one can see anywhere; and to do so, you have destroyed what was unique in the world.' The carving of the choir is certainly fine, but the incongruity of the whole jars on one's taste too keenly for any kind of admiration. The only

beautiful and solemn modernized portion of the building is the chapel of the cardinal, with fine tombs and a deep recess for the Blessed Sacrament, with a magnificent silver tabernacle. From the cathedral, some of the party went to visit the bishop, who received them very kindly, and sent his secretary to show them the treasures of the cathedral. The 'custodia,' of the fifteenth century, is in silver-gilt, with beautiful emeralds, and exquisitely carved; it is the work of Arphe, the Benvenuto Cellini of Spain. There are also some beautiful processional crosses, reliquaries, chalices, and pax, secreted at the time of Dupont's French invasion, and so saved from the universal plunder.

Having spent the morning in the cathedral, our travellers wandered down to the fine Roman bridge, of sixteen arches, over the Guadalquivir, looking upon some picturesque Moorish mills and orange gardens. To the left is a statue of St. Raphael, the guardian angel of Cordova; and close by is the Alcazar, now a ruin, formerly the palace of Roderick, the last of the Goths, whose father was Duke of Cordova. Nothing can be more melancholy than the neglected gardens, the broken fountains and statues, the empty fish-ponds, and grass-grown walks, despite the palms and orange-trees and luxuri-

ant creeping roses, which seemed to be striving to conceal the desolation around. The first palm ever planted in Cordova was by the Moorish king Abdurrahman, who brought it from his much-loved and always regretted Damascus.

After luncheon, having obtained special permission from the archbishop, our party started off in two carriages for the hermitages in the Sierra Morena, stopping first at a picturesque ruined villa, called the 'Arrizafa,' once the favorite residence of the Moorish king. The gardens are beautiful; passion-flowers and jessamine hung in festoons over all the broken walls, and the ground was carpeted with violets, narcissus, and other spring flowers. The view from the terrace is lovely, the town, when seen from a distance, being very like Verona. Here the road became so steep that the party had to leave their carriages and walk the remainder of the way. The mountain-path reminded them of Mount Carmel, with the same underwood of cistus, lilac and white, and heaps of flowering and aromatic shrubs. Beautiful wild iris grew among the rocks, and half way up a rushing stream tumbled over the boulder-stones into a picturesque basin, covered with maiden-hair fern, which served as a resting-place for the tired travellers. After a fatiguing climb of two hours,

they reached the postern gates of the hermitage, into which, after some demur as to their sex, the ladies, by special permission of the archbishop, were admitted. There are at present seventeen hermits, all gentlemen, and many of high birth and large fortune, living each in a little separate cabin, with a patch of garden round it, and entirely alone. They never see one another but at mass and in choir, or speak but once a month. In their chapel they have a beautiful oil painting of St. Paul, the first hermit, whose rule they follow in all its primitive severity. One of the cabins was vacant, and the party entered. It was composed of two tiny rooms: in the inner one was a bed formed of three boards, with a sheepskin and a pillow of straw; the rest of the furniture consisted of a crucifix, a jug of water, a terrible discipline with iron points, and Rodriguez' essay on 'Christian Perfection,' published in 1606, at Valladolid, and evidently much read. This cell was that of Count ——, a man of great wealth and high rank, and of a still wider reputation for ability and talent. He had lost his wife some years ago, to whom he was passionately attached; and remaining in the world only till he had settled his children, then took leave of it for ever, and resolved to spend the rest of his days in peni

tence and prayer. Their habit is composed of a coarse grey stuff, with a leathern girdle, drawers, and a shirt of serge. No linen is allowed, or stockings, and they wear sandals on their feet. They are not permitted to possess anything, or to keep anything in their cells but a glazed earthenware pot, a wooden plate, a pitcher, a lamp, and instruments of penance and devotion. They keep a perpetual fast on beans and lentils, only on high days and holidays being allowed fish. They are not allowed to write or receive letters, or to go into one another's cells, or to go out of the enclosure, except once a month, when they may walk in the mountains round, which they generally do together, reciting litanies. Seven hours of each day must be given to prayer, and they take the discipline twice a week.* How strange a life

* The Rev. Père Félix, the famous Paris preacher, in one of his Notre Dame conferences, speaking of asceticism of this sort, says: 'Paganism had exhausted voluptuousness; Christianity has exhausted suffering. From this crucible of suffering a new man has issued—a man greater than the man of old. Well do I know that corporal austerity, fasting, abstinence, the discipline, scourging, excite the ridicule of the free thinkers of our day, who deem themselves too wise to practise such follies They have more regard for the flesh, more regard especially for the body, and, sneering at Christian austerity, they exclaim: Asceticism, Middle Ages, Fanaticism, Madness! The fact is, voluntary chastisement of the body to avenge the dignity of man

for one accustomed to live in the world and in society! Yet there is no lack of candidates for each vacancy; and the prior told our travellers that the number of vocations of late years had increased. There is a fine old marble seat and cross in the garden, erected by the late bishop, from whence there is a magnificent view over the whole country. The cold in winter is intense, and they are not allowed any fires, except what is absolutely necessary for the cooking of their miserable meal. Taking leave of the prior in his little 'parloir,' and receiving a rosary from him made of the wood of the 'Carouba,' by the hermits themselves, the visitors retraced their steps down the hill, feeling as if they had been spending the last couple of hours in another world; and, rejoining their carriages at the villa, made the circuit of the city walls, which are partly Moorish, built of tapia, and described by Julius Cæsar. Then one of the party went to

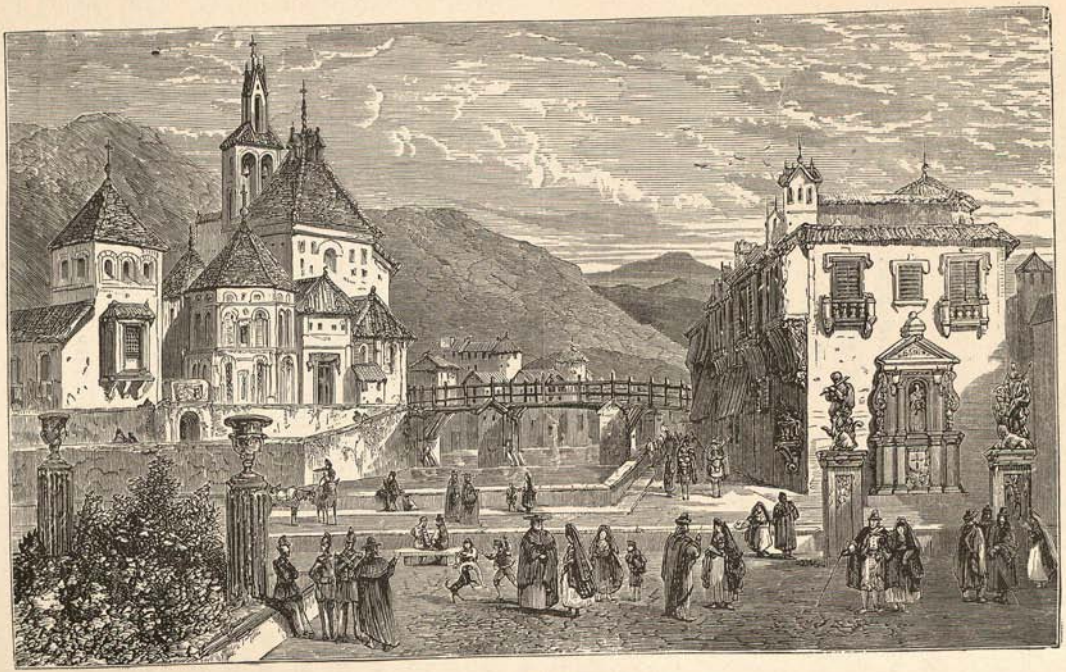
outraged by revolts is a holy and sublime thing. The fact is, to give the body its pleasures requires only a coward; while to inflict on the body voluntary pain with a view to moral restoration requires courage—a man must be truly great. The fact is, that this race of mortified men, better than any other, maintains at its just height the level of mortality, and holds in its intrepid hand, with the scourge of self-chastisement, the flag of progress. The path of progress, like that of Calvary, is a dolorous way. The banner of Christian austerity will once more triumph in the world of pagan sensuality of our days.'

see the Carmelite Convent of St. Theresa; not one of the saint's own foundation, but one built soon after her death. It contains twenty-four nuns, the cheeriest and merriest of women, proving how little external circumstances contribute to personal cheerfulness.

The German gentleman who had so kindly served as escort to our travellers during their stay at Cordova dined with them in the evening, and gave them several very interesting details of the place and people. The next morning mass had been promised them at five, but it was six before the priest made his appearance in the fine old Jesuit church, now bereft of its pastors and frequent services; and it was only thanks to the unpunctuality of the Spanish railways that the train which was to convey our party to Malaga was reached in time.

Passing through a very fine gorge of the Sierra Nevada, with magnificent Alpine scenery, the train suddenly stopped: the guard came to the carriages, and civilly suggested to the passengers that the government could not answer for the safety of the tunnels, and therefore had provided carriages and mules to take them round; or else, if they preferred it, that they might *walk*, as there would be plenty of time. This sounded ludicrous enough to English ears;

but, after all, they thought it more prudent to comply than to run any risk, and accordingly bundled out with their bags and manifold packages. On the recurrence of a similar warning, however, a little later, they voted that they would remain and take their chance; and nothing disastrous occurred. At the station they were met by the kind and obliging English consul, who had ordered rooms for them at the hotel called the 'Alameda,' pleasantly situated on the promenade, and who had done everything in his power to ensure their comfort. The first days of their arrival they spent in settling themselves in their new quarters, which required a good deal of preliminary cleaning, and in seeing the so-called 'lions' of the place. These are soon visited. In truth, except for climate, Malaga is as dull and uninteresting a place as can be well imagined. There is a cathedral, originally a mosque, but now converted into an ugly Corinthian pile with two towers. Only one fine old Gothic door remains, with curious 'azulejos.' The rest, both inside and out, are modern, heavy, and in bad taste. The high altar, however, is by Alonso Caño; and there are some fine wood-carving of the sixteenth century in the choir and on the screen, commemorating different scenes in the life of St. Turibius, Archbishop of Lima,



Malaga.

whose apostolic labors among the Indians were crowned with such wonderful success. There are one or two good pictures and monuments, especially the recumbent figure of a bishop, in bronze, of the fifteenth century. In the sacristy is a valuable relic of St. Sebastian, and some fine silver vases for the holy oils; but everything else was plundered by the French. Afterwards our travellers went, with an order from the governor, to see the castle and Moorish fortress overlooking the town, built in 1279. Passing under a fine Moorish horse-shoe arched gateway, they scrambled up to the keep, from whence there is a magnificent view over sea and land. It is now used as a military prison, and about twenty-six men were confined there. The officers were extremely civil, and showed them everything. The men's barracks seemed clean and comfortable, and their rations good; their arms and knapsacks were, however, of the most old-fashioned kind. That day a detachment of troops were starting for Morocco, whose embarkation in the steamers below was eagerly watched by the garrison.

But if Malaga be dull in the way of sights, it is very pleasant from the kind and sociable character of its inhabitants. Nowhere will the stranger find more genuine kindness, hospital-

ity, or courtesy. Their houses, their villas, their horses, their flowers, their time, all are placed, not figuratively, but really 'vuestra disposicion.' Some of the villas in the neighborhood are lovely, especially those of Madame de H——, the Marquise L——, etc. Here one finds all kinds of tropical vegetation: the date-palm, the banana, the plantain and India-rubber trees, sugar, cotton, and other Oriental products, all grow luxuriantly; while the beds are filled with masses of violets, tulips, roses, arums, scarlet hybiscus, and geraniums; and beautiful jessamine, *scarlet* passion-flowers, and other creepers, trail over every wall.

But the chief interest to the winter resident at Malaga will be derived from its charitable institutions. The French Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul have the care of three large establishments here. One—an industrial school for the children and orphans connected with a neighboring factory—is a marvel of beauty, order, and good management. The girls are taught every kind of industrial work; a Belgian has been imported to give them instruction in making Valenciennes lace, and their needlework is the most beautiful to be seen out of Paris. Any profit arising from their work is sold, and kept for their 'dot' when they marry or leave

the establishment. Attached to this school is also a little home for widows, incurables, and sick, equally tended by the sisters. This admirable institution is the offspring of individual charity and of a life wrecked—according to human parlance—but which has taken heart again for the sake of the widow and the orphan, the sorrowful and the suffering. Her name is a household word in Malaga to the sad and the miserable ; and in order to carry out her magnificent charities, (for she has also an industrial school for boys in the country,) she has given up her luxurious home, and lives in a small lodging up three pair of stairs. She reminded one of St. Jerome's description of St. Melania, who, having lost her husband and two children in one day, casting herself at the foot of the cross, exclaimed: 'I see, my God, that Thou requirest of me my whole heart and love, which was too much fixed on my husband and children. With joy I shall resign all to Thee.' The sight of her wonderful cheerfulness and courage, after sorrows so unparalleled, must strengthen every one to follow in her steps, and strive to learn, in self-abnegation, her secret of true happiness. The French sisters have likewise the charge of the great hospital of St. Juan de Dios, containing between 400 and 500 patients, now about to be

removed to a new and more commodious building; and also of a large day and infant school near the river, with a 'salle d'asile,' containing upwards of 500 children, who are daily fed with soup and bread. They also visit the poor and sick in their homes, and everywhere their steps are hailed with thankfulness and joy.

The 'Little Sisters of the Poor' have likewise established themselves in Malaga, and have a large house, containing seventy old and incurable people, which is very well supplied by the richer inhabitants. The nuns of the 'Assumption' have lately started a 'pension' for the daughters of the upper classes, which was immensely wanted, (education being at a very low ebb in Spain,) and which has been most joyfully hailed by the Malaga ladies for their children. The superior, a charming person, is an Englishwoman; and the frequent benediction services in their beautiful little chapel were a great boon to some of our party. They paid a visit also to the archbishop, a kind and venerable old man, with the most benevolent smile and aspect, and who is really looked upon as the father of his people. At a grand Te Deum service, given in the Church of San Pedro de los Martires, one of the most interesting churches in Malaga, as a thanksgiving for the preservation of the city

from cholera, he officiated pontifically, which his great age generally prevents, and gave the benediction with mitre and crozier to the devout and kneeling multitude.

There is a very touching 'Via Crucis' service performed every Friday in Malaga, up to a chapel on the top of a high mountain overlooking the whole town and bay. The peasants chant the most plaintive and beautiful hymns, the words of which they 'improviser' on the way, both up and down. It begins at a very beautiful church and convent called Our Lady of the Victories, now converted into a military hospital, nursed by the Spanish Sisters of Charity. The family of the Alcazars is buried in the crypt of this church, and beautiful palms grow in the convent garden. In the old refectory are some fine azulejos tiles and some good specimens of Raphael ware.

As to diversions, Malaga offers but few resources. Those who like boating may go out daily along the beautiful coast; but the rides are few, the ground hard and dusty, and the 'rivière à sec,' like that at Nice, must be traversed before any mountain expeditions could be reached. There is a bull-ring, as in every Spanish town, and occasionally the additional excite-

ment of elephants being used in the fights; but the bulls will rarely face them.

After about a month, therefore, spent in this quiet little place, it was decided to start for Granada, which promised to afford greater interest and variety.

CHAPTER IV

GRANADA.

TAKING leave rather sorrowfully of their many kind friends, and of the Sisters of Charity who had been their constant companions during their stay in Malaga, our travellers started one stormy evening, and found themselves once more cooped up in one of those terrible diligences, and slowly ascending the mountains at the back of the town. Their intention had been to go on horseback, riding by Velez-Malaga and the baths of Alhama; but the late heavy rains had converted the mountain streams into torrents, and some of the party who attempted it were compelled to return. After ascending for about three hours, leaving on their left the picturesque cemetery, with its fine cypresses, they came to a plateau 3,000 feet above the sea, from whence they had a magnificent view, the whole of Malaga and its bay being stretched out at their

feet, the lights glistening in the town, and the moon, breaking through the clouds, shedding a soft light over the sea-line, which was covered with tiny fishing vessels. Beautiful aloes and cacti starting out of the bold rocks on either side formed the foreground, while a rapid river rushed and tumbled in the gorge below. But with this fine panoramic view the enjoyment of our travellers came to an end. When night came on, and they had reached the highest and loneliest part of the bleak sierra, it began to pour with rain and blow a regular gale; the heavy mud was dashed into their faces; the icy cold wind whistled through the broken panes and under the floor of the carriage, and froze them to the bone. There was some difficulty about a relay of mules at the next stage, and so our party were left on an exposed part of the road without drivers or beasts for more than an hour Altogether, it was impossible to conceive a more disagreeable journey; and it was therefore with intense joy that they found themselves, after sixteen hours of imprisonment, at last released, and once more able to stretch their legs in the *Alameda* of Granada. Tired, hungry, dirty, and cold, a fresh disappointment here awaited them. All the hotels were full, (their letters ordering rooms had miscarried,) and only one tiny bedroom could be

found in which they could take refuge and scrape the mud off their clothes and hair. One of the party found her way to the cathedral; the rest held a council of war, and finally determined to try their fate at the new 'Alhambra' hotel outside the town, where an apartment was to be had, the cold and wet of the season having deterred the usual visitors to this purely summer residence. They had every reason to congratulate themselves on this decision; for though the cold was certainly great, the snow hanging still on all the hills around, and the house being unprovided with any kind of fire-places or stoves, still the cleanliness and comfort of the whole amply compensated for these drawbacks, to say nothing of the immense advantage of being close to the Alhambra, that great object of attraction to every traveller who visits Granada. The way up to it is very picturesque, but very steep. After leaving the wretched, narrow, ill-paved streets, which dislocate almost every bone in your body when attempted on wheels, and passing by the Sala de la Audiencia and other fine public buildings, you arrive at an arched gateway, which at once brings you into a kind of public garden, planted with fine English elms, and abounding in walks and fountains and seats, and in which the paths and drives, in spite of

their precipitous character, are carefully and beautifully kept by convict labor, under the superintendence of a body of park-keepers dressed in full Andalusian costume. The hotel is placed on the very crest of the hill overlooking the magnificent range of snowy mountains to the right. To the left, the first thing which strikes the eye is the Torre de Justicia. Over the outer horse-shoe arch is carved an open hand, upon the meaning of which the learned are divided; some saying it is an emblem of the power of God, others a talisman against the Evil Eye. Over the inner arch is sculptured a key, which typified the power of the Prophet over the gates of heaven and hell. A double gate protects this entrance, which no donkey may pass: in the recess is a very beautiful little picture, framed and glazed, of the Virgin and Child. Passing through this arch, you come to an open 'plaza,' out of which rise two towers; one has been bought by an Englishman, who has converted the lower part of it into his private residence. (Where shall we not find our ubiquitous countrymen?) * The

* This unexpected rencontre reminded one of our party of a similar surprise, some years ago, in the mountains of the Tyrol. She was riding with her husband, when they came on a very picturesque old 'Schloss,' in an out-of-the-way gorge of a mountain pass. Stopping to look at it, and pushing open a half open door in what appeared to be the only habitable part of the ruin,

other is called the Torre de la Vela, because on this watch-tower hangs the bell which gives warning to the irrigators in the vega below. The view from hence is the most enchanting thing possible, commanding the whole country. Below lies Granada with its towers and sparkling rivers, the Darro and the Xenil. Beyond stretches the beautiful rich 'vega' (or plain), studded with villas and villages, and encircled by snowy mountains, with the Sierra of Alhama on one side, and the Gorge of Loja on the other. Descending the tower, and standing again in the 'plaza' below, you see opposite to you a large ruined Doric palace, a monument of the bad taste of Charles V., who pulled down a large portion of the Moorish building to erect this hideous edifice, which, like most other things in Spain, remains unfinished. Passing through a low door to the right, our travellers were perfectly dazzled at the beauty which suddenly burst upon them. It is impossible to conceive anything more exquisite than the Alham-

they came on a group of chubby-faced English children, sitting round a table in their white pinafores, eating an undeniable English tea; and were told by the nurse, in answer to their enquiries, that the present owner of this Austrian Schloss was a London tradesman, who brought his children over every year to spend the summer—a most sensible arrangement, as the healthy, bright looks of his little ones testified.

bra, of which no drawings, no Crystal Palace models, not even Washington Irving's poetical descriptions, give one the faintest idea. 'I try in vain to think: I can only feel,' exclaimed the authoress of 'Les Lettres d'Espagne' on entering; but the predominant feeling is one of regret for the Moors, whose dynasty produced such marvels of beauty and of art. Entering by the fish-pond 'patio,' and visiting first the Whispering Gallery, you pass through the Hall of the Ambassadors, and the Court of Lions, out of which lead the Hall of the Abencerrages, and that of Justice, with its two curious monuments and wonderful fretted roof, and then come to the gem of the whole, the private apartments of the Moorish kings, with the recessed bed-room of the king and queen, the boudoir and lovely latticed windows overlooking the beautiful little garden of Lindaraja (the violets and orange-blossoms of which scented the whole air) and the exquisite baths below.*

* Few have described this enchanting palace as well as the French lady already quoted. She says, speaking of the feelings it calls forth: 'I would as soon be crushed in the maw of these pretty monsters, with noses like a cravat-bow, called *lions* by the grace of Mahomet, than talk to you about the Alhambra, so difficult is it to describe. The walls are delicate and complicated lace; the boldest stalactites cannot give you an idea of the cupolas. The whole is a marvel, a work of bees or fairies.

It is a thing to dream of, and exceeds every previous expectation. Again and again did our travellers return, and always discovered some fresh beauties. The governor resides in a modernized corner of the building, not far from the mosque, which has suffered from the bad taste of the Christian spoilers. He is not a good specimen of Spanish courtesy, as, in spite of letters of introduction from the highest quarters, it was with very great difficulty that our party were admitted to see anything beyond the portions of the building open to the general public. At last, however, he condescended to find the keys of the Tower of the Infantas, once the residence of the Moorish princesses whose tragical fate is so touchingly recorded by Washington Irving. It is a beautiful little cage, overlooking the ravine, with its fine aqueduct below, and rich in the delicate moresque carving of both ceilings and walls. Afterwards, crossing a garden, they came to the gate by which Boabdil left his palace for the last time, and which

The sculptures are of ravishing delicacy, in perfect taste, of a richness that makes you dream of all that the fairy stories describe as of yore, in the happy age when imagination had golden wings. Alas ! mine has no longer wings ; it is of lead. The Arabs used only four colors, blue, red, black, and gold. This richness, these vivid tints, are still visible everywhere. In fine, dear friend, this is not a palace : it is an enchanter's city.'

was afterwards, by special request, walled up. The tower at this corner was mined and destroyed by the French. Our party then descended to a little mosque lately purchased by Colonel ———, and beautifully restored. This completed the circuit of the Alhambra, which is girdled with walls and towers of that rich red-brown hue which stands out so beautifully against the deep blue sky, but the greater portion of which was ruthlessly destroyed by Sebastiani, at the time of his occupation of Granada.

The restoration of this matchless palace has been undertaken by the present queen, who has put it in the hands of a first-rate artist named Contreras; and this confidence has been well bestowed, for it is impossible to see work executed in a more perfect manner, so that it is very difficult to tell the old portions from the new. If he be spared to complete it, future generations will see the Alhambra restored very nearly to its pristine beauty. This gentleman makes exquisite models of different parts of the building, done to a scale, which are the most perfect miniature fac-similes possible of the different portions of this beautiful palace, and a most agreeable memento of a visit to it. Our travellers purchased several, and only regretted they had not chosen some of the same size, as they

would make charming panels for a cabinet or screen.

In the afternoon, the party started to see the cathedral, escorted by the kind and good-natured dean, who engaged the venerable mother of the 'Little Sisters of the Poor' to act as his interpreter, his Andalusian Spanish being utterly unintelligible to most of the party. The first feeling on entering is of unmixed disappointment. It is a Pagan Greco-Roman building, very much what our London churches are which were erected in the time of the Georges. But it has one redeeming point—the Capilla de los Reyes, containing the wonderful monuments of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of Philip and Joan. The alabaster sepulchres of the former, wrought at Genoa by Peralta, are magnificent, both in design and execution. Isabella's statue is especially beautiful:

> . . . . . In questa forma
> Passa la bella donna, e par che dorma.

The faces are both portraits, and have a simple dignity which arrests the attention of the most unobservant. A low door and a few steep steps below the monuments lead to their last resting-place. The royal coffins are of lead, lapped over, rude and plain, (only the letter F distinguishes that of the king,) but they are genuine, and untouched since the day when their bodies, so justly

revered by the Spaniards, were deposited in this humble vault. Among the treasures of this chapel are likewise shown the identical royal standards used at the conquest of Granada; the king's sword; the queen's own missal; their crozier and crown of silver-gilt; the picture of the Virgin and Child by St. Luke, given to Isabella by Pope Innocent VIII., and before which mass is said every 2d of January, the anniversary of the taking of the city; and the portrait of the knight who, during the siege, rode into Granada, and affixed a taper and an 'Ave Maria' on the very door of the principal mosque. In the sacristy is a 'Conception,' exquisitely carved, by Alonso Caño; an 'Adoration of the Kings,' by Hemling, of Bruges; a curious ring of Sixtus II.; a chasuble embroidered by Queen Isabella; some very valuable relics and reliquaries, and a letter of St. Charles Borromeo, which the good-natured dean allowed one of the party to copy. Besides these treasures, and the Capilla de los Reyes, there is really nothing to look at in the cathedral, but one or two good painted glass windows, some clustered columns, and a curious arch in the dome, which was made to bend downwards.

The following morning, after an early service at the Capuchin convent of St. Antonio, one of

the party started on an expedition with the sisters of the town, and winding up a beautiful and steep ravine, in the holes and caverns of which gipsies live and congregate, they came to a picturesque wood planted on the side of the mountain. Here they left their carriages, and scrambled up a zigzag path cut in the hill, with low steps or 'gradini,' till they reached a plateau, on which stands both convent and church. The view from the terrace in front is the most magnificent which can be conceived. On one side are the snowy mountains of the Sierra Nevada, with a rapid river tumbling into the gorge below, the valleys being lined on both sides with stone-pine woods, amid which little convents and villages are clustered. On the other is the town of Granada, with its domes and towers; and sharply standing out on the rocks above the ruins, against the bright blue sky, are the coffee-colored towers of the beautiful Alhambra. There is a Via Crucis up to this spot, the very crosses seeming to start up out of the rocks, which are clothed with aloes and prickly pear; while in the centre of the terrace is a beautiful fountain and cross, shaded by magnificent cypresses. The church is built over some catacombs, where the bodies of St. Cecilia and of eleven other martyrs were found, who suffered in

the persecution under Nero. The superior of this convent, now converted into a college, is Don José Martin, a very holy man, though quite young, and revered by the whole country as a saint. He is a wonderful preacher, and by his austere and penitential life works miracles in bringing souls to God. His manner is singularly gentle, simple, and humble. He kindly came to escort the party through the catacombs, and to show them the relics. The sites of the different martyrdoms have been converted into small chapels or oratories: in one, where the victim perished by fire, his ashes still remain. Little leaden tablets mark the different spots. Here also is the great wooden cross of St. John of the Cross, from the foot of which he preached a sermon on the 'Love of God' during his visit to Granada, which is said to have converted upwards of 3,000 people. 'I always come here to pray for a few minutes before preaching,' said simply Don José Martin, 'so that a portion of his spirit may rest upon me.' After spending some time in this sanctuary, the party reluctantly retraced their steps, and returned to the town where they had promised to visit the great hospital of San Juan de Dios. It is a magnificent establishment, entirely under the care of the Spanish Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de

Paul, with a 'patio' or quadrangle in the centre, and double cloisters round, into which the wards open: all round the cloisters are frescoes describing different scenes in the life of the saint. The church is gorgeous in its decorations, and in a chapel above rests the body of San Juan in a magnificent silver shrine, with his clothes, his hat, the basket in which he used daily to go and collect food for his sick and dying poor, and other like personalities.

This saint is immensely revered in Granada. He was the first founder of the Order of Brothers of Charity, now spread all over Europe, beginning his great work, as all the saints have done, in the humblest manner possible, by hiring a small house, (now converted into a wayside oratory,) in which he could place four or five poor people, nursing them himself night and day, and only going out to beg, sell, and chop wood, or do anything to obtain the necessary food and medicines for them. The archbishop, touched with his burning charity, assisted him to build a larger hospital. This house soon after took fire, when San Juan carried out the sick one by one on his back, without receiving any hurt. It is thus that he is represented in the Statue Gallery of Madrid. The people, inflamed by his loving zeal, and in admiration of

his great wisdom, humility, and prudence, came forward as one man to help him to build the present hospital, which remains to this day as a monument of what may be done by one poor man of humble birth, if really moved by the love of God. His death was caused by rescuing a man in danger of drowning from the sudden rising of the river, and then remaining, wet and worn out as he was, while caring for the family. He died on his knees, repeating the 'Miserere,' amidst the tears of the whole city, to whom, by the special command of the archbishop, he gave his dying benediction. His favorite saying was: 'Labor without intermission to do all the good works in your power while time is allowed you;' and this sentence is engraved in Spanish on the door of the hospital.

The following day happened to be the anniversary of his death, or rather of his birthday in heaven, when a touching and beautiful ceremonial is observed. The archbishop and his clergy come to the hospital to give the Holy Communion to the sick in each ward. A procession is formed of the ecclesiastics and the Sisters of Charity, each bearing lighted tapers, and little altars are arranged at the end of each ward, beautifully decorated with real flowers, while everything in and about the hospital is

fresh and clean for the occasion. A touching incident occurred in the male ward on that day, where one poor man lay in the last stage of disease. The eagerness of his look when the archbishop drew near his bed will never be forgotten by those who were kneeling there; nor the way in which his face lighted up with joy when he received his Lord. The attendant sister bent forward to give him a cordial afterwards: he shook his head and turned his face away; he would have nothing after *That.* Before the last notes of the 'Pange Lingua' or the curling smoke of the incense had died out of the ward, all was over; but the smile on the lips and the peace on the face spoke of the rest he had found. Afterwards there was a magnificent service in the church, and a dinner to all the orphans in the sisters' schools.

Another interesting expedition made by our travellers was to the Carthusian convent outside the town. Sebastiani desecrated and pillaged the wonderful treasures it contained; but the tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl doors and presses remain, reminding one of those in the Armenian Church at Jerusalem at the shrine of St. James. There are also two statues of St. Bruno, by Alonso Caño; wonderful for their life-like appearance and expression, but still not

equal to the incomparable one at Miraflores. There are some beautiful alabaster and agate pillars still left in the chapel behind the high altar, which it is to be supposed were too heavy for the spoilers to carry off. In the cloisters are some curious frescoes of the martyrdoms of the Carthusians, at the time of the Protestant Reformation, by Henry VIII. of England. The guide who accompanied our travellers said slyly to the only Catholic of the party: 'We had better not explain the subject of these. Let them imagine they are some of the horrors of the Inquisition—*that always takes with English people!*' Another picture was startling both in subject and coloring; it was that of a dead doctor, much venerated in life, who on a funeral panegyric being pronounced over him, started from his coffin exclaiming, 'that his life had been a lie, and that he was among the damned! The friar who showed our party over the now deserted convent was like Fray Gabriel in Fernan Caballero's novel of 'La Gaviota.' When the rest of the Carthusians were turned out by the government, he would not go. 'I was brought here as a little child,' he said, 'and know no one in the world;' and so he sat himself down by the cross and sobbed. They let him stay and keep the garden and the church, but his

life is over. 'The blood does not run in his veins—it walks!' Like Fray Gabriel, he will die kneeling before the Christ to whom he daily prays for those who have so cruelly wronged and robbed him. The view from the terrace in front of the church is beautiful, overlooking the rich and cultivated plain of Soto de Roma, the property of the Duke of Wellington, with the mountain of Parapanda above, the hills of E vira, and the pass of Moclin, which forms the bridle-road to Cordova. The gardens also are delightful: no wonder the poor monks clung to their convent home!

In the afternoon our travellers walked up to the Generalife, a villa now belonging to the Pallavicini family, a branch of the great Genoa house, but formerly the palace of the Sultana. Passing through vineyards and fig-trees, they arrived at the gate of the fairy garden, with its long straight borders fringed with myrtle, irrigated by the Darro, which is carried in a little canal between the flower-beds, and with a beautiful open colonnade overlooking the Alhambra, while a less formal garden sent up a shower of sweet scents from the orange-trees and jessamine trellises below. Through this colonnade they passed into the living-rooms, exquisite in their Moorish carvings and decorations. In one of

them there are a number of curious though somewhat apocryphal portraits, including one of Boabdil, and of another Moorish king of Granada, with his wife and daughter, who turned Christians, and were baptized at Santa Fé. In the outer room are portraits of all the 'bluest blood' of Granada. But the gardens form the greatest charm. The ground was covered with Neapolitan violets and other spring flowers. Roses climbed over every wall, and magnificent cypresses, and aloes in full flower, shaded the beds from the burning sun. The largest of these cypresses, called the Sultana, is twelve feet in circumference, and to this tree the fatal legend of the fair Zoraya is attached. Behind these cypresses is a flight of Italian-looking steps, leading to another raised garden, full of terraces and fountains. On the steep brow of the hill is an alcove, or summer-house, from whence the views over Granada and the Alhambra are quite enchanting, every arch being, as it were, the setting or frame of a new and beautiful picture. Above this again is a Moorish fortress, and a knoll called the Moor's Chair, from whence the last Moorish king is said to have sadly contemplated the defeat of his troops by the better disciplined armies of Ferdinand and Isabella grouped in the plains below. Scramb-

ling still higher up, our travellers came to the ruins of a chapel, and to some curious caverns, with a peep into a wild gorge to the right, leading into the very heart of this mountainous and little visited region. Boabdil's sword, and other relics and pictures of the fifteenth century belonging to the Pallavicini family, are carefully preserved by their agent in their house in the town, and had been courteously shown to our travellers when they called to obtain permission to visit the villa. Returning toward their hotel, they thought they would prolong their walk by visiting the great cemetery, or 'Campo Santo,' which is a little to the north of the Generalife. Long files of mourners had been perpetually passing by their windows, the bier being carried on men's shoulders, and uncovered, as in the East, so that the face of the dead was visible. Each bier was followed by the confraternity to which he or she belonged, chanting hymns and litanies as they wound up the long steep hill from the town to the burial-ground. But all appearance of reverence, or even of decency, disappears at the spot itself, where the corpse is stripped, taken out of its temporary coffin, and brutally cast into a pit, which is kept open till filled, and then, with quicklime thrown in, closed up, and a fresh one opened, to be

treated in a similar manner. It is a disgrace to Catholic Spain that such scenes should be of daily recurrence.

Another villa worth visiting in the neighborhood of the Alhambra is that of Madame Calderon, where the obliging French gardener took our travellers all over the gardens and terraces, the hot-houses and aviaries, the artificial streams and bridges, till they came to the great attraction of the place—a magnificent arbor-vitæ, or hanging cypress, falsely called a cedar of Lebanon, which was planted by St. John of the Cross, this site being originally occupied by a convent of St. Theresa's. The house is thoroughly comfortable inside, with charming views over the 'vega,' and altogether more like an English home than anything else in Spain. If any one wished to spend a delightful summer out of England, they could find no more agreeable retreat; perfect as to climate, and with the most enjoyable and beautiful expeditions to be made in every direction. It is worth remembering, as Madame Calderon, being now a widow, is anxious to let her residence, having another house in Madrid. There is a church close by, and a dairy attached to the garden, which is a rarity in Spain, and a public benefit to the visitors at the Alhambra; and the clever and

notable French wife of the gardener makes delicious butter, and sells both that and the cream in her mistress's absence—luxuries utterly unknown anywhere else in the Peninsula.

Bad weather and heavy snow (for they had visited Granada too early in the year) prevented our travellers from accomplishing different expeditions which they had planned for the ascent of the Sierra Nevada, and visiting Alhama and Adea and other interesting spots in the neighborhood. But they drove one day to the Alameda, where all Granada congregates in the evening, and from whence the view looking on the mountains is beautiful.

Returning by the Moorish gateway, called the Puerta de Monayma, they came to an open space, in the centre of which is a statue of the Virgin. Here public executions used to take place, and here, in 1831, Mariana Pineda, a lady of high birth and great beauty, was strangled. A simple cross marks the spot. Her crime was the finding in her house a flag, maliciously placed there by a man whose addresses she had rejected.

From this 'plaza' our travellers drove to the conflux of the rivers Darro and Xenil, which together form the Guadalquivir; and from thence proceeded to a mosque, where a tablet