and the step stately and free; but it requires an internal organism of health and ribs of symmetry and strength. You cannot have a Venus without bones. To this form she must come at last; as from this she began to grow. So this Eden of Valencia so vaunted and so beautiful, is made by the very qualities of the ungainly rocks and rugged mountains—those ribs of nature—which protrude so unpleasantly in the distant sky. The soil and the water come from thence; the skilful hand of the Moor gave them culture and direction, and the Spaniard does not neglect the lessons of his old enemy. It may not be easy to analyse loveliness in the abstract, but it may be satisfactory to know how and under what conditions loveliness may be reproduced. Language has been exhausted by visitors to describe the refinement everywhere around Valencia. One of the Spanish archbishops is quoted as saying that not only was each church a museum, each season another spring, each field a beautiful garden, but their united attractions suggest to us some happy spot in the lovely vale of Tempe. Others have likened it to the gardens of the Hesperides, where the fragrant flowers and golden fruit are companions on the same trees, guarded by no dragons, unless those be such who are conciliated by a few reales. Indeed, the ancients placed their elysium somewhere hereabouts.

I could take my readers up into a high place—not as a certain wily potentate did, into a high mountain, but the tower of the cathedral, and there, one by one, point at these vegetable splendours of Valentia vale. Beyond the mosque-shaped domes, which only need the crescent to carry them back four hundred years; outside the tall houses, whose windows are shaded with the matting curtains so peculiar to this part of Spain; over the fifty church roofs of blue tiles and glistening copper; outside the great Moorish gates or towers,

once used for a parliament, when Valencia had her kingdom apart from Castile, and now used as a prison; far beyond the old walls which shut in over a hundred thousand people, lies, in the enduring emerald of perennial spring, this lovely Elysium, this paragon of gardens, this terrestrial Paradise! Spenser's Knight of Courtesy, Sir Callidore, had many hardships to undergo before he found his bower of bliss, where maidens pressed from the growing grapes the wine he quaffed, and with their roseate 'wine press' (fingers, to wit) presented to him goblets purple with the light of love. In some sort, we are doing Sir Callidore in faerie land. We have gone through the volcanic debris and calcined desolation of this south-eastern coast of Spain, to find at the end—our Valencian Bower of Bliss. We drink to the beauties of its balconies in the sun-warmed wine of its Vega. We have approached it with gradual step. Not all at once, but from absolute sterility to sickly clover and stunted vines; from dusty fig trees and scrubby oranges; from rocks full of geothermal heat, radiating in vain upon land where no water is, and where no green life springs, we come at last to a vale, through which a whole river, as large as the Thames or Wabash, percolates, every drop utilized and every gush making its oil for the olive, its gold for the orange, its vermilion for the pomegranate, and its petal for the magnolia! Water! Water! Water! We are, as bodies, eighty per cent. water. Plants have more. What water is, in its analysis, we know. Therefore, Americans! rejoice, I say rejoice in your Mississippis, Missouris, Connecticuts, Sacramentos, and Hudsons. Rejoice in your mountains, and clouds, and rains. You will never know, till the Great Drought which will follow the Great Evaporation under the influence of the Great Conflagration, what water is in the great economies. Do not, my Ameri-

can brother, waste your water by too free an admixture of it, with other elements. Use it for horticulture, agriculture, and navigation.

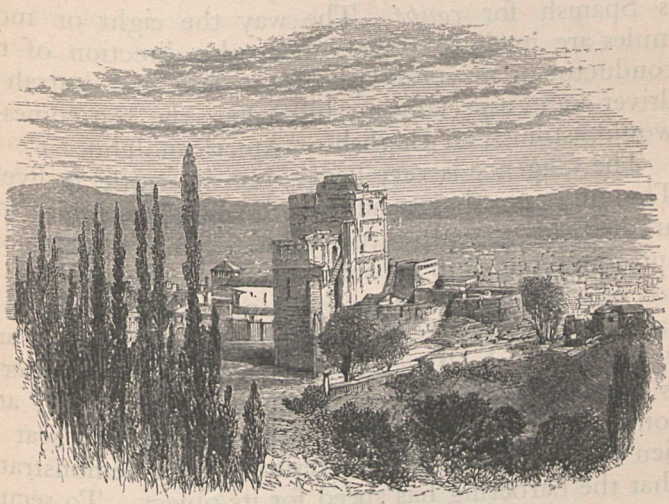
If my writing from Valencia seems too jocund, remember that it is the City of Mirth! The peasants are honest, buoyant and pleasure-seeking. Their music is not too sedate; their dresses are gay as the most theatric could wish; the domes of their churches are dressed in cerulean hues; their streets are twisted, as if they had drunk whole rivulets of the dark-red wines of the plains around; their mountains, with true Spanish pride, trick themselves, morning and evening, in 'trailing clouds of glory,' and their river—the honest, laborious Turia—does it all! Without it, there would be no Eden here, and no corn and oil, and no people.

The Turia is spanned by five bridges. The people of Valencia ought thus to honour it with these arches of triumph, although there is no water to run under them! To be honest, if not poetical; to be homely, if not elegant—the plain of Valencia 'sops' up the river, and the Cardinal de Retz wrote well when he saw the results of this effort: '*Toute la champagne, qui est émaillée d'un million de différentes fleurs qui flattent la vue, y exhale un million d'odeurs différentes qui charment l'odorat.*' And all these wonders of flowers and fragrance are made by a discreet use of water, under a latitude of 38°, where it never snows, and hardly ever rains! No wonder the medical world send invalids hither for a dry, tonic climate. 'Winter sunbeams' I am looking for. I have found them here in white rays, undecomposed by the prism, for there is hardly enough moisture for a rainbow. The winds which blow here, even from the north or west, lose their moisture or their cold before they salute Valencia. Here, if anywhere out of the Riviera, we find the conditions which the Father of Medicine, Hippocrates

himself, prescribed as essential to good climate and good health. Here we find what another doctor, —one William Shakespeare—enunciated when he made the mad Dane say, 'I am but mad north-north-west; when the wind is *southerly* I know a hawk from a handsaw.' When Wellington marched his armies through Spain, and when the French did the same, the endurance they displayed was utterly wonderful, for they had this dry climate; while in Algiers, under the moist climate, or with the sirocco blowing on them, they found fatigue, sickness, death, and not unfrequently death by suicide. On one march, under the sirocco, eleven of General Bugeaud's soldiers committed suicide. That southern wind was not of the kind Shakespeare referred to as sanitary. But winds have much to do with health, and the shelter given from harsh northern blasts to Alicante and Valencia by the mountains north of them, draws out the life of man to its largest limit. It conquers even winter—that enemy of old age, *inimicior senibus hyems*—by its genial sunbeams, and its dry, bright atmosphere.

I do not know how better to end my sojourn here than by recalling the contrasts which have led me step by step to this spot of luxuriance. They are to be found in the mixture of rough and smooth, fertility and sterility, fire-burned mountains and water-fed valleys—the granite shooting up in great black jets through the fantastic limestone mountains, and making with castles and towns a picturesque confusion; as it were the moon, first as science knows it, utterly crisp and dead—ashes, ashes, ashes—and then, the same orb all at once enchanted and enchanting, as if under a lover's fancy, and making an Eden of Earth! This is the last analysis of our trip through south-eastern Spain. We have lingered amidst this garden, naming its flowers, like our first mother. We have wondered

at its wealth of luxuriance. Marvelling more, we have thought it strange that a people, so ingenious and industrious as the Spanish labourer and peasant, should so long have submitted to the rule of aristocratic vampires. These, sucking their blood, eating up their substance, building palaces out of their industry, have, like the nobles and aristocrats of the French Revolution, deserted their benefactors and left their land a prey to whatever of political riot and disease may come upon it, under the conflicts of faction and party. But I should reserve all political thoughts till I reach Madrid, and there learn more precisely the present situation and prospects of the Spanish nation.



The Alhambra.

CHAPTER XVI.

GRENADA—ANDALUSIA.

'Te Deum Laudamus! was up the Alcala sung:
Down from the Alhambra's minarets were all the crescents flung;
The arms thereon of Arragon they with Castile display;
One king comes in, in triumph—one weeping goes away.'

Spanish Ballad.

IF a tourist be at Madrid, there is but one good way to reach Grenada, namely, by rail to Menzibar, nearly due south, and arriving after twelve hours, breakfast there, and thence by diligence to Grenada, arriving about ten at night. I am particular to state this, for the

guide books are blind or faulty. The latter part of the trip by diligence is very inspiring. If you are particular, get a seat as we did, in the 'berlina,' which is Spanish for *coupé*. The way the eight or more mules are made to travel, under the direction of the conductor or mayoral, lash of postilion, and hurrah of driver—and especially up hill, where the tug comes—would astonish an English or American Jehu.

The diligence is very heavy, but its rattle is lively. The mules are shaven half way down. Their tails, too, are half shaved, with a tuft of hair left at their roots, spreading out into a sort of moustache at the *os coccygis*. This shaving of the mule is said to be a sanitary process. It prevents cutaneous disorders and keeps him cool. The way that 'meek child of misery' is lampooned by driver, postilion, and director, and sometimes by a passenger who hires an outside seat in lieu of the conductor, who retires within, demonstrates that the barbering has speed for its object. To secure speed the pachydermatous outside of the mule is rendered, by shearing, somewhat sensible to the lash and whip stock. The mule is said to be the favourite animal in Spain, but he is treated very harshly. He is suited to the acclivities and declivities of the country, and his stubbornness and resignation, his endurance and imperturbability seem to be suited to the Spanish race. I know that even outside of Spain he has been abused. He is sometimes called an ass. But he boasts that if he has an ass for his father, he has a horse for his mother! How he was abused in America during our civil war! Yet the war paths were macadamized with his bones. The phosphorescence from their decay led many a brigadier to glory. I used to think it hard that legislators offered resolutions of thanks to so many brigadiers and other generals, while never a one was tendered to the mule.

In Spain a good mule is worth more than a horse. The best mule will bring three or four hundred dollars, while the best horse generally brings two hundred. The minimum price is nearly in the same proportion. Most of the mules come from the Pyrenees, or France. Prim drives a team of six, in gorgeous ruddy accoutrements. They are the coach horses, as an Irishman would say, of the best families. Sometimes their coats are clipped or shaved fantastically, zebra style, or in spots; Gipsies do this well. As we travel we may see them armed, like Atropos, with shears, emblematic of their profession as mule barbers.

On our route to Grenada, justice compels us to say, that the whipping of the mules has not so much to do with our speed as the hallooing. Every mule has a name. The name generally is resonant. It ends in an *a* or an *o*. The opportunity of exercising the *os rotundum* is never neglected. Our driver had a knack of running his fist into his ear, so that he was not stunned at his own horrid howling. Our leading mule was named 'Romero.' My old friend, the Mexican Minister, would be shocked to hear the variety of intonations and expletives wherewith his musical name was sounded and accompanied. The general tone rises at the ending of the word, thus:—Ro-me-r-o-o-o-*o*-*o*-o-O!! The particular mule addressed by name, generally signifies his possession of ears, for he 'gets up.' When we came to pass through the narrow streets of the towns—Jaen, for example—and with our team of eight, when the immense diligence undertook to turn at right angles, and that, too, in streets so narrow that the wheels grazed the houses on either side, ah! there and then was skill worthy of a charioteer in the Olympian games. To crowd the eight mules into one, to make that one gallop and fly round in a hurry, required

a *finesse* and *élan* accomplished only by the postilion afoot with lash, by the conductor with a magazine of stones, and by the united and turbulent hallooing of all the three persons employed—at all the eight mules by name, at the same time! The dark-eyed señoritas stopped watering their flowers in the balconies to gaze after us; beggars forgot to show their sores and whine their plaints; the cobbler in the basement waxed curious and gazed after us as if it were his last, last look. I could never become accustomed to the incessant hubbub and beating of the animals. I believe that the Spaniard thinks that his voice is ever sweet to the mule, even when raised to a screech, and that his whacks with the butt end of his whip are oats and refreshment. Was it not Irving who remarked that dry blows serve in lieu of provender in Spain, for all beasts of burden? We stopped at the famous city of Jaen for dinner, sauntered up the high hill to the cathedral, and took a survey of the scene. It was not the historic associations, or the old towers of the church, that seemed most peculiar to Jaen; but her caballeros. What groups of lazy dignity; how they did seem to stand, as if idleness alone were honourable, the only effort being to light a fresh cigarette, or gaze after the stranger. I introduce to the reader one of these groups.

In going from Madrid to Grenada you pass through La Mancha. It is apparently very bleak and uninteresting. It is not so dry and calcareous, or calcined, as the country between Murcia and Carthagena; but is not comparable to the magnificent country between Grenada and Cordova, or Cordova and Seville. These latter are the best parts of Spain, and do justice to the reputation given to Andalusia by Moor and Christian, as a terrestrial paradise. We do not see much else, however, between Madrid and Grenada, than valleys of

grain and mountains of sterility. Few trees are visible, but the people are everywhere interesting; not alone because they are the result of a mixture of Celt, Greek, Phœnician, Carthaginian and Roman of the elder day, with the native Iberian; not alone because the Goths and Vandals here mingled their tough spirits and heroic blood with these races, but because the Moor—the child of the Orient—has himself freely mixed with each and all, and transfused into the dark, lustrous eye and lithe figure of the Spaniard, the imaginative, poetical, and luxuriant qualities of the East.

The oriental character of Spain is everywhere observable. Spain has always been apart from Europe. The Moors overran the peninsula from Gibraltar to the Pyrenees, and were only stopped from overrunning France by the battle of Tours. They left their impress not alone in their alcazars, their houses, their palaces, their systems of horticulture, agriculture, pisciculture and irrigation, but in the very blood and bones of the Spaniard. The traveller is surprised now and then at finding so many fair-faced and even light and red-haired people in Spain, especially in Castile. He notices it, because it is exceptional, as he thinks. These are signs of Gothic invasion and conquest. But the Moors have been here within three hundred and seventy years. In the year of the discovery of America, Isabella and Ferdinand received from Boabdil the key of the Alhambra. This strange race, full of science, learning, grace, chivalry and dash—who at one stroke struck off the crowns from the kings of all the nations, from India to Morocco—subsided like an ebbing wave.

The bull-fight, the most obnoxious institution yet to be seen in Spain, was one of the legacies of the Moor, and seems to me very incongruous with the re-

finement of that civilization which Europe in the dark ages came to learn in the schools and universities at Cordova, Toledo, Seville, and Grenada. But the bull-fight was the brutal, sanguinary side of the Moorish character. Wherever you go in Andalusia, you will find the radiance of this brilliant though dusky people.

The Spanish alamedas, or public promenades, show a wonderful variety of people and costume. The white-kilted Valencian is a picture; and the velvet clad Andalusian is another. The lady decked with her unvarying dark mantilla, and the grave gentleman without avocation, in his Spanish cloak hiding his tatters (so common in America—I mean the cloak—a quarter of a century ago) thrown over the left shoulder in a grand way; not to speak of the Majo, or Spanish exquisite, who is called here *lechugino*, signifying a sucking pig and a small lettuce; and the Spanish students whom we meet every time we walk in and around the Alhambra precincts, and sometimes, as on Sunday last, in groups, with their caps worn in a jaunty way and cloaks lined with the most inflammatory red, and always showing the lining—these give evidence that for display the Spaniard will do anything. It is either Irving or Ford who says that he will rob his larder, and eke out a scanty meal with a few vegetables, in order to furnish his wife with a graceful mantilla and himself with a dark capa!

A new era of progressive ideas is dawning for Spain. This is observable not alone in the free discussions of the Cortes, but from the better order prevalent throughout the country. We have seen no drunkenness, no rows, no fights anywhere. We have had occasion to make this observation, especially between Grenada and Madrid. There is little or no evidence of repressive measures. True, we see soldiers saunter-

ing, gun in hand, along the highway between Jaen and Grenada, but they are continued here now from habit. There have been no robberies for some time. The bandits are as scarce as the contrabandistas, of whom Irving tells so many stories of forty years ago. Even the gipsies, about whom Matteo, Irving's valet, used to tell horrors, are as well behaved as the Arabs and Kabyles of Algiers. We have been among them, and can testify to their good conduct, nice homes and fascinating dances.

In the winter of 1852, I saw Washington Irving for the first and only time—*Virgilium tantum vidi*—and I well remember that he said to me, 'If you would taste the Orient with a dash of Arabian spice, you may do it in Spain. Go to Andalusia. Go, as I was accustomed to go, on horseback, through its mountains and valleys; and, above all, see the monuments of Moorish elegance and grandeur in the Mosque of Cordova, the Alcazar of Seville, and the Alhambra at Grenada.' I then made a pilgrim's vow, at some day to see the mountains, fortresses, castles, gardens, palaces and homes, to which the genius of Irving has added an enchantment, which the Moorish architect, the Arab story-teller, the Spanish poet and the monastic historian did not and could not bestow.

The builder of the Alhambra was an illustrious captain, a great prince, a good king, and as married as Solomon. His monuments remain about as Irving saw them forty years ago! The Moorish character still remains, although there is so much that is changed. Even since Irving was here, what changes! What changes in and around the Alhambra! A fortnight goes by here so delightfully, that it is more like a dream than reality, and leaves little time for writing commentaries. One of these changes, however, is so striking, that I may be permitted to record it.

Last Sunday, three thousand republican volunteers were under arms, training with the manual—marching, countermarching, double-quick, mark time—and all reviewed by a republican alcalde; and this, too, within the royal walls of the Alhambra! Here, where in old Yusef's day forty thousand soldiers could be sustained within these rough, red walls, and where four hundred thousand people slept in the city under their protection; here, where once issued to and from the gate of justice, to the plaza of cisterns, Moorish squadrons of horse and soldiers afoot, with banners flying and scimetars drawn, white guards and black guards; here, where thronged to high mass the conquering host of Isabella and Ferdinand, in 1492;—here where Columbus waited on their Majesties so wearily—when from these halls, his requests refused, 'indignantly did he toward the ocean bend his way, and shaking from his feet the dust of Spain;' here, whither he was recalled to fresh energy in his enterprise;—where the cuirassed knight and silken courtier, the grand cardinal and great captain, mitred prelate and shaven monk, bowed at one altar with King and Queen, to thank God for their victory over Boabdil and for the taking of the fortress—here, on last Sunday, on this very plaza, I mingled with the republican throng of many thousands, who were practising their tactics for the struggle of the future!

It is something that Yusef or Irving could never have anticipated. A republican muster of volunteers in front of the palace of Charles V., and within the shadow of the ruddy towers of the Moorish fortress! The spell is broken indeed! We are living in an era of transitions. Creeds die, and prejudices give way. Old monuments like these around Grenada may remain, but the foundations of the social fabric are stirred by popular tremblings. Like a wild courser,

leaping along the highway, and down the bye way, or like one of those splendid equestrian effigies which Art has copied from Nature in this clime of the Arab steed—fit to symbolize the war horse of Job—Progress shakes its mane, and thunders over the pavement, it may be in unbridled freedom; but the chariot follows in a smooth and even course, and the goal is approached in safety! May the Progress of Spain find a similar realization at the end of the course! Certainly the crowds upon the plaza preserve the best order. All the city have wandered up to those heights this beautiful Sunday afternoon. The companies are manœuvring and a band is playing. Water-carriers are singing their *agua fresca*—'fresh water!' *Quien quiere agua?*—'Who wants water?'—and vending it to drinkers at a quarto a glass. Everybody here is thirsty, but no one drinks anything but the crystal, cool water which comes down from the Sierras. The English drink beer; the Germans swallow their lager; the French drink their absinthe; the Americans their whisky and bitters; but the Spaniards, as a people, drink water! Their air is so dry and exhilarating, and their wines are so rich, that water is to them indispensable. Everybody, men, women, and children, are drinking it on this Sabbath day. The wheel at the cistern, immortalized by Irving, is going briskly; the carriers fill their little wooden casks, fix them on their backs, and sing away, *Agua! Agua!* A few pea-nut peddlers also appear.

Where I sit, upon the stone bench near the wall, are some half-dozen señoras and señoritas, dressed fashionably. They are of the better class, and have come up, as I infer from their manner, to laugh at the republicans. The awkwardness of the volunteers seems to them, just now, very funny. Beggars ply their vocation, and exhibit their *argumentum ad*

misericordiam, with woful plaints and saddest ululation. Beautiful women—without bonnets, all in black mantillas, only a veil of that hue upon their glossy hair, and having unmistakably the dark Moorish eye, saunter about with *nonchalant* air. These are 'Spain's dark glancing daughters angelically kind,' whom Byron found at Cadiz, and whom we shall find all through Andalusia.

All are strangers to me except one or two of the volunteers, keepers of the Alhambra, who have recognised me before as a republican 'and a brother,' with whom I gossip much amid the palace walls, and by whom I am now introduced to many others. Presently we see the captain of a company whose face is familiar. It is Captain Mariano, of the Hotel 'Washington Irving.' He marches by with his company of 'boastful but brave Andalusians,' and salutes us with '*Viva Republica!*' '*Viva America!*' and we respond. Ghost of Boabdil, the Yellow-bearded! The tears you shed on leaving the Alhambra, and for which your cruel mother reproached you, may well flow afresh!

They certainly would, if Boabdil could have seen a company of a hundred and more of these republicans drinking, on the invitation of the writer, from the spiggot fixed adroitly to the leg of a dead porker, whose skin was plump with the Valdepeñas vintage, and drinking to the Spanish Republic, on an American model! And when cheers went up from the gardens of the Fonda, for America! her Minister! and a federal republic for Spain! were they not followed by the 'goblet's tributary round,' from the hogskins above mentioned? And when the writer,—I should say speaker,—responded, in a modest way of course, to the salutations, on behalf of some forty millions of American republicans,—the shade of Isabella of Cas-

tile must have sighed for the ill-spent *bijouterie* wherewith she encouraged Columbus to discover so republican a world as America. The scene is worth remembering. It indicates the changes here since 1829, when Irving lived in the Alhambra.

In consideration of the peculiarity of this phase of my experience at the Alhambra, I propose to do two things in this volume, for which I deliberately turn my back to the critical lash. One is the publishing my bill of fare, and the expense thereof, of this republican festivity, that the future American when he does likewise, may count the cost. Here it is:—

	Reales.
Convite republicanos federales,—4 arobas (hogs' skins) de vino	168
Nan (9) asistunas y 9 incurtidos (slices)	48
Segars	36
9 libras de solchilson	144
Comidà de los officiales	96
	492

Secondly: I produce the remarks made by the author on that occasion. Who reported them, modesty declines to mention. They are reported as they were spoken, on the Spanish model. Here is the report:—

With many cheers for the republic, their captain, and the American Minister, Mr. Hale—who arrived while they were assembling—the wine was passed and the hilarity began. After the company had enjoyed the hospitalities, Captain Mariano introduced to them the gentleman who had invited them to the entertainment. He was received by the company with many vivas, and spoke as follows:—

'Señores! Republicanos! I speak from the hospitable gardens of the 'Washington Irving' Hotel. It bears the name of the most honoured of American

republicans. (Vivas.) His name is not less known in the republic of letters than in the American republic. I regret that I cannot acknowledge your courtesy and sentiments in behalf of my country, its Minister, and myself, the humblest of its representatives, in your own magnificent language. I shall ask my Irish friend, Señor Maurice Mullone, to translate my words. They will not lose, but gain much, by his translation, and into your own tongue. Your language is called the eldest son of the Latin, and from distant days through many vicissitudes—from the great Republic of Rome to the latest free utterance of your republican members of the constituent Cortes, this language of Cicero has syllabled the aspirations and preserved the laws of republican liberty. (Vivas.) It is a gorgeous vehicle for the conveyance of truth. It may be perverted. It has been even here. But here, where I have seen, within those walls of the Alhambra, so many elegant effigies of dead dynasties — of Moorish absolutism in its barbaric pomp and delicate refinement, and Spanish royalty in its most arrogant pretensions and aggravated exactions; here in Grenada, where repose the bones of Ferdinand and Isabella, who aided Columbus in the discovery of a new hemisphere, as the home of republics, and who are, therefore and thereby, made lustrous in history; here, where, if anywhere, the signs of royal power have the fascinating glamour of the past; here, I have seen to-day, under arms, in front of the unfinished palace of Charles V., and under the shadow of the old dismantled tower of the Alhambra, three thousand volunteer soldiers of a federal Spanish Government. (Great vivas! bravos!) While by the policy of the American republic, the American people do not intervene with arms in the affairs of foreign nations; while the American Minister cannot, with propriety, answer the partisan salutation you