

Figaro's, not a fictitious Don or house either, but a much more authentic person and mansion than that of the barber!

The next day found us at the Cathedral to see the FÊTE and the PROCESSION moving thence. It was a rainy day; but the canopies were across the narrow streets, and the procession, with its emblems and fraternities, is gathering at the Cathedral. We are there before 10 o'clock. The Cathedral is crowded. The tapestries adorn every pillar and nook. The organs are responding to the music of the choir. The music of the boys is seraphic—female voices they seem in sweetness. The throng presses to the east end. Here at this end is a richly endowed octave, and pictures treating of the conception, one by Murillo! Here the dignitaries, choristers, &c., assemble. Here the ceremonies are proceeding; and, as one exhibition of joy for the risen Saviour, are the 'Seises,' or Sixes. These are twelve little children, appalled like pages in the time of Philip III., in blue, white, and red, innocent as the children Christ blessed, and they danced a beautiful yet solemn dance, with castanets accompanying sacred music! The effect of this symbol of jubilee did not strike us as in any degree either ill-timed or inappropriate. It is one of the expressions of the happy Andalusian heart in its own favourite way, and is no more to be carped at than the music of the violin, organ or flute, being but another mode or accompaniment of lyrical or hymnic expression. The procession of fraternities is made up of the most substantial men. Each bears a lighted wax candle. The military and civic processions join, then the Archbishop, followed by the priestly order; and thus, with music of bands and amid crowds in every balcony and along the streets, all in their best attire, and hardly exempt from the rain which the awnings do not alto-

gether avert, the procession moves through the principal avenues. These avenues are decked in canopies and with hangings from every house. In the evening Seville is illuminated. All the gaiety of this lively people, notwithstanding the rain, shows itself on this grand occasion of Corpus Christi. It is said that the day is not kept so gorgeously as it used to be here. But I do not see how it could be more august or imposing. It is said, again, that the ceremonies of Corpus Christi are conducted here with a solemnity and grandeur second only to their celebration at Rome! I can well believe it.

I have had much to do to keep my pen from a premature description of the Alcazar, or house of Cæsar. It is on the site of the Roman prætorium. It was built for a Moorish king, but has been so altered—so gothified, or modernised—the ceilings have been so renewed, and so much has been added by the Spanish kings and queens, that it is hard to tell which is the Moorish work and which is its reproduction. Here Charles V. was married. Here the Philips introduced the royal portraits into the building, fishes into the ponds, new tropical trees into the gardens, and fresh fountains through all the walks. The palace has been white-washed, and the aqueducts injured; but much has been recently restored. The grandest hall is that of the ambassadors. It is on the grand scale what the Alhambra is in miniature. We are shown where Pedro the Cruel killed his brother; also a painting of four skulls where he hanged four venal judges. Pedro deserved his name. He was in the habit of murdering almost anybody; when he could find no one else handy, he used to select a few rich Jews and burn them to keep his hand in. When he took a fancy to a young lady, and she jilted him, he burned her to a cinder. Only one lady, whose portrait is preserved in

the Alcazar—the beauteous Padilla—ruled this monster. The story of Pedro is her story.

But as some one laid flowers on Nero's grave, so Pedro has found his defenders. Voltaire is among them. Pedro may not have been so bad as he is painted. Lockhart has several ballads about him. It may be said in extenuation that he came to the throne in bad times. His domestic relations are illustrated in the lives of his father, King Alonzo, and his mother, and the lady Guzman, whom his father afterwards made queen, and whose sons he made princes. On his father's death, Pedro caused the Lady Guzman to be beheaded in the castle of Talaveyra. Her powerful sons then began the struggle for revenge. One of them, however, Don Fadrique, made peace with Pedro, and came on invitation to a tournament in Seville,

‘For plenar court and knightly sport within the listed ring.’

It is the old story in which the imperious Padilla played her part.

‘My lady craves a New Year's gift;
Thy head, methinks, may serve the shift.’

The head was given to Padilla, and she gave it to a mastiff to devour; meanwhile leaning out of her painted bower to see the mastiff play. We know the history of Padilla. The opera tells it. It is sung in the sweetest of music. For Padilla, Pedro deserted or rather murdered his wife—the unhappy Blanche of Bourbon whose plaint Lockhart so sweetly sings:—

‘The crown they put upon my head was a crown of blood and sighs,
God grant me soon another crown more precious in the skies!’

It was this Pedro the Cruel whom the Black Prince came with the English and Gascons to fight. Old

Froissart tells that story. Its sequel was the violent death of Pedro by the hand of his illegitimate brother Henry. Walter Scott has a ballad about this. So that literature has much to do with the immortality of infamy belonging to that age and dynasty.

Never was there a more beautiful domain than this Alcazar. It is simply horrible to associate with it those scenes and days of perfidy, cruelty, and murder. It is, however, like the Alhambra, blood-stained and lust-tainted. It likewise resembles the Alhambra in its palatial decoration; only the halls are more extensive. The gardens are the most beautiful in Europe. Orange, box, and myrtle form the walls. Labyrinths, coats of arms, and other quaint shapes and devices, appear in the clipt vegetation. All through the fairy realm the odour of the asahar fills the air. In the lower garden is an azulejo—a domed Moorish kiosk. Under the palace are gloomy apartments, once used as bathing-rooms and prisons. Here we found the relics of the Roman days lying loosely around. In the terrace of the palace, above the gardens—you may wander in and out—into the Alhambra-tinted rooms, and out on the balconies into the fragrant air. When it is all over, you may wonder at the jumble of architecture and civilizations—wonder what all this was meant for, who paid for it, and why Pedro the Cruel ever lived; and then you may pay four reals to the porter as consideration for the suggestion of your thoughts.

The reader will do me the credit to admit that I have not generally affected the archæologist. Under great temptations—I have hitherto refrained. A scholarly friend writes to me—from amidst the comforts of a New York mansion in mid winter—that he could not scold me for being as poetic and pulmonary in the South of Europe, as a fashionable clergyman.

He advised me to resort to antiquarian research, and let the large family of American Leatherlungs blow out and away; observing that men now shine like the bust of Brutus by absence; he recommended me to improve that absence by exhuming at Ancona a MS. proving that the mole of Hadrian was only a wart on the imperial physiognomy, or by digging up at Ostia a silver buckle with the inscription *Sus. per Coll.*—proving that ‘gallowses’ were worn, as well as erected, by the Roman patricians, *tempore Gallieni.*

Although thus advised to rush after ruins, and forget, in historic doubt, the dirt of the ‘living present,’ I have abstained. Although Roman ruins are so numerous in Britain, France, Algiers, and especially Spain; and, although I have been near them, and tempted, yet I thought it preferable, if I desired to exercise my faculties as excavator or annotator, to search for the relics at Rome itself, or read the epitaphs of departed greatness, without the delusive gloss of distance and doubt. I would, myself, prefer to rummage among the catacombs of the Eternal City, but not being able to get to Rome, the next best place for illustrations of Roman Imperialism is at Seville, or rather Italica, within sight of Seville. Were not three Emperors born there? Were not the Cæsars especially fond of the place? Was it not the pet—and why should it not be?—the pet of the wits, who indulged in too free a use of the pasquinade (excuse the anachronism)? or I should rather say, the Martial-ade, and, as a consequence, were exiled to this other Rome? And is there anything more illustrative of Roman greatness and power than the fact that here, in (then) far-off Iberia, the mistress of the world ruled while she refined the people, who here illustrated by letters and art the lessons

which the mistress taught with so much potential persuasion?

So, leaving Seville and its museums, its fête-days and its bovine fights, its Oriental languor and Gothic grandeur, its dances and demoiselles, its alcazars and alamedas, we take a long, dusty ride to the Roman ruins of Italica. Crossing the river, glancing at the crowd on the bridge who are watching the seining below for a drowned man, stopping at the Venta des Estrelles—'Star Tavern'—where we are served with the rarest muscatel, native to the country, tasting, however, of the pig-skin, and the tar on its inside, in which it is bottled—passing across the plain where once the Guadalquivir ran before it took a fancy for the Seville vicinity, we arrive at a little village, called Sante Ponce. This village is literally on the top of Italica. We stop at once at the amphitheatre. Before we venture within let us ponder. It is hard to believe that so much dust is collected above these forums, theatres, palaces, houses, and temples. Where, O conscript fathers! are the sumptuous edifices now? Not as a school declamation do I ask it; but there, here, under and around, is all that is left of this once proud municipium. One mosaic pavement, fast disappearing by being torn up by tourists, and one little patch of fresco, are all that remain of your sumptuousness. The proud city where Trajan, Adrian, and Theodosius were born—where Scipio Africanus built homes for his veterans; where their eagles were borne in many a triumphal procession; the Goth and the Moor have abandoned, and even the Guadalquivir deserted. Your palaces have been quarries for yonder rival city. A few great stones lie around, relics of your greatness, but the lizard and the gipsy lurk amidst the broken fragments!

Some marble statues have been found by excavation

under the olive orchards. We saw in the Museum at Seville and at the Alcazar some broken monuments of Italican art. Several of these represent Augustus Cæsar, several Hercules, some Trajan and Theodosius. Every specimen seemed to be either a foot or leg without a body, a breast without a trunk, a head without a body, or a bust without a nose. By putting this and that together, one might form a complete human body, the nose excepted. I cannot distinctly affirm that I ever met with one single piece of authentic ancient sculpture with a nose. It is sad, but so it is. To those who are seeking through the chisel the perpetuation of their image and features; to the ambitious statesmen and soldiers of America and other lands, I would say: Ponder the lesson which is taught by Italica and the ages! If you insist on being handed down in brass, very well. Brass may do for you! But if in marble, you will go down the corridors of time noiselessly, in noseless if not nameless marble. For when your noses are lost, what is there to mark your heroic quality? When that characteristic protuberance has become pulverized, and your artist has neglected to sculp on the marble the name of 'John Smythe, of Smytheville, brigadier and congressman!' what is there of consideration for the outlay of your greenbacks or the satisfaction of Smytheville? Again, what is there for the renown of Smytheville? And to you, my coloured American brother, a word: You are seeking fame, honour, office. You, too, like Scipio Africanus, Cæsar, and Pompey, desire to be handed down in enduring marble. When thou knowest that even Roman noses are abraded by time, let not the brutal Conservative, sneering at your features through the medium of science, taunt your effigy in the great future you are seeking. Therefore, my brother, be not ambitious of such immor-

talization. Your full-length figure will turn out a bust. Your bust will be noseless; your name will be in dust; your fame in ashes. Few marbles survive in perfection.

‘Can Volume, Pillar, Pile, preserve thee Great?
If not, do not trust the noseless statue.’

Italica teaches this lesson; we are all mortal; mortality is dust; dust is unpleasant. We found it so; for the very dust, golden with historic memories—perhaps the dust of martyred Christians who died in the amphitheatre—ah! that brings me to the spot where my moralizing began. Into the amphitheatre we go. It is the Coliseum over again. But to reach the arena we creep under vaults. We go in where the gladiators and wild beasts went in. There is a musty, damp smell, and plenty of moss about these vaults. There are streams running yet, after two thousand years. They bubble up here and there. They show good masonry. Adrian made the reservoirs and aqueducts. The fountains where the gladiators bathed and the room for the prisoners are here yet. Grass grows in the circle and upon the seats. The latter are broken, but they are as marked as if filled yesterday by ten thousand spectators. We see a few stones with inscriptions. We have come thus far without a guide. Directly we see other visitors convoyed by an old man wearing a sash and carrying a gun. He is the warder. He sends after us his young nephew, Pedro. We had already read a writing, posted upon a fragment of a ruin, advising us that the Commission of Monuments in Seville had selected Gregory Ximenes, as the guide and philosopher of Italica. (The Ximenes—from the great Cardinal to Irving’s ‘Son of Alhambra’—are famous in Spain.) The nephew, however, did well for a while. I questioned him: ‘Pedro, what did they do

here in the old times?' He has his lesson well. 'Six things, señor.' 'What?' 'Racing.' 'What racing—horse-racing or human racing?' 'Chariot racing.' 'Good.' 'Next, they pitched quoits, fought with fists, filled the arena with water and had naval battles,' or, as he called it, simulacia of fights; 'then they fought wild beasts.' He had enumerated five—very well. He said that the gladiators used to wash in the rooms below, and that the well was full yet, twelve feet deep. He pointed out the cages for the lions. Sitting amidst the arena, on a stone, with the innocent, yellow, purple, and red flowers growing about us, the nephew told us the most sanguinary stories, and showed us the actual teeth of the wild beasts. He told us how some of the gladiators preferred to suffer death in their cells rather than to endure the ignominy of fighting with beasts for their lives! The old warder then, having dismissed the tourists, came to us. He had his gun, a cartouche box, and a bran new leather belt, with a large medal, and on the latter these signs: 'No. 8 Do.' Now, this mystery I had seen all through Seville. It was on flags, in processions, in churches, over shops, in ventas, over the City Hall—everywhere, No. 8 Do! It was as mysterious as S. T. XX 1860. Was it an advertisement—a provocation to curiosity? Did it mean bitters, ale, or was number eight cabalistic and significant of Carlyle's religion? Do! This ancient warder solved my doubt. Seville was ever faithful to Alonzo, son of its saviour from the Moors. Alonzo was a learned fool. He gave Seville this badge. It is called El Nodo. It means '*No-m'ha dexa-do,*' and that means 'It has not deserted me.' *Madexa* is an old Spanish word for *knot*. *Nodus* is Latin for knot. Thus Seville happened to hit on the Phœnician merchant-mark, the *Nodus Herculis*. The figure 8 represents the knot. This mark in Phœnicia meant commerce.

Seville, without intending it, reproduced this emblem of commercial adventure. How she illustrated it history tells; for at one time she had 400,000 population.

Our warder, Gregory, was a man of much interest, in his own eyes. He was a little of a wag, too. He had been under fire, and under Prim. He had been to Rome, and had the cross of San Fernando. He conducted us through the vaults, then unlocked a cupboard and showed us, to his own surprise, first, a beautiful big lizard called Lagardos, which crept within, and then, to ours, a perfect piece of Roman mosaic—the only remnant, as he said, of the decoration of the building. It was then boxed up, to preserve it. He next led us out of the theatre into his hut among the tumbled rocks. The ivy grew round the ruins. Hollyhocks, onions, verbenas, snails, pinks, and grapevines—these were scattered amidst the fragments. His little hut was without ventilation. We asked him if he lived there alone. ‘Yes, he had no wife now; his gun was his wife.’ He was not so well off as Robinson Crusoe, he said, who had a man Friday. His hut was pretty well charred, as he made a fire inside, and the smoke had only the door for a chimney. I asked him what he knew of Crusoe. He had read it in Spanish. It was his favourite. He believed it. I asked him if he had read of Don Quixote. ‘Oh! yes, señor!’ But he added—I translate him literally—‘I do not hold to the truth of all that book.’ He said it was in some respects like Sinbad. He had read Sinbad, and did not accept it as verity. It is a fact, in Spain, or at least in La Mancha, that the common people believe implicitly in the Don. They have not a doubt about Sancho. In verification that he was a real man, a peasant told me that he had seen in La Mancha one of Sancho’s descendants. He looked like the pictures

of Sancho, and he was a good, devoted friend, fat, jolly, and selfish withal.

Gregory showed us with pride his verbenas and pinks, his nectarines and grapes, growing amidst the blocks of Roman ruin. He was accustomed to kill rabbits and partridges amidst the ruins and fields, for a supper now and then, but kept his gun near him, in these times, as he hinted bravely, for other purposes. He said all the town was Republican. He was for Prim. I asked him if he had ever been married. Yes; but he had lost his Eve some time ago. Wrapping his handkerchief around his head, he started out, over the wheat fields and through the olive orchards, to show us the Roman baths, the forum, and the ancient city. The latter is only partially exhumed. Its stones are now mansions of Seville. Ximenes said he had not travelled much himself, but his picture had gone round the world. Some photographist had taken him amidst the ruins of the Roman Empire! We clambered after him over and under ground, through brambles and weeds, and saw what was to be seen of ancient glory. That was but little. Only two relics did we bring away—a piece of mosaic and a Roman coin. But we have materials for future meditation; for we know that here, where the grain and flax, the wine and olive, now grow, the thoughtless peasants make ruin and decay tributary to human wants. They draw on what seems a bankrupt treasury of a proud and defunct empire—which the Cæsars themselves had helped to build—for the oil which they mix with their salads and the bread which they saturate with the oil. Imperial Cæsar's dust—you know what Hamlet says.

On our way to Seville we kept to the slope of the hills. We stopped at Montpensier's country palace and secured entrance. It is on the Calle Real, or Castileja de la Cuesta. The view is very fine; but we

did not go there for the view. Here it was that Cortez lived and died. In 1547, aged sixty-three, the conqueror of Mexico—a broken man—yielded up his spirit to his God. His bones were removed to Mexico, the scene of his glory and crimes. Yet he is a hero in Spain. Montpensier has one room of his palace altogether dedicated to Mexico. There is here a picture of his brother, the Prince de Joinville, bombarding Vera Cruz; a *fac simile* of the Act of Independence of Mexico in 1821; the sword of Iturbide; a fine view of Queretaro and Jalapa; a portrait of the ill-starred Count of Bourbon, massacred in Sonora some years ago: several perfect likenesses and portraits of Cortez, and one of Columbus—a wonderful picture, taken in 1506; fourteen years after he discovered the New World. He is represented as bald-headed, with great perceptive faculties, a wide space between the eyes, large nose, and keenest eyes; but he looks like a sad and wearied man. Was the portrait taken after he experienced the ingratitude of Spain?

CHAPTER XIX.

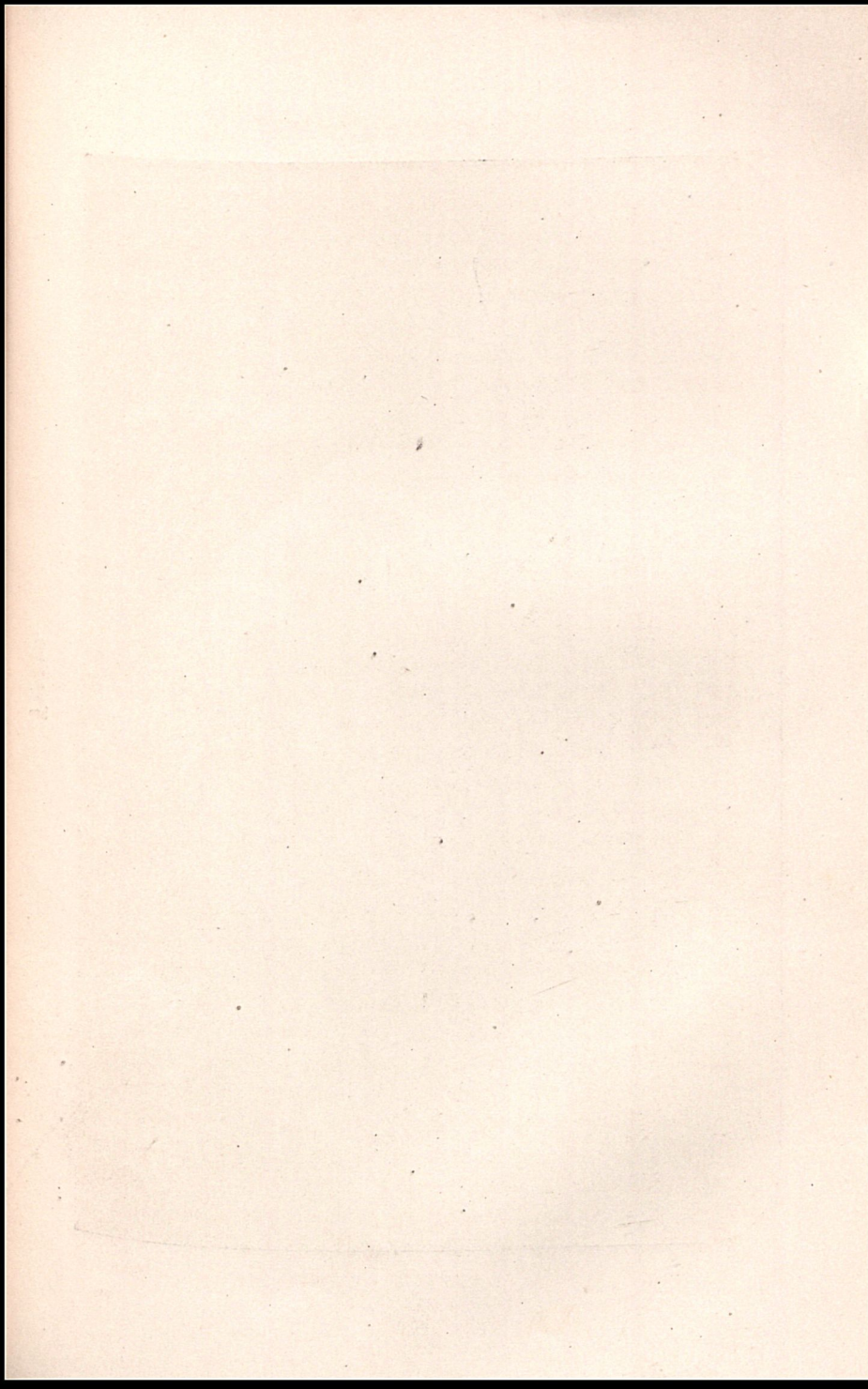
*A PRINCELY AND ECCLESIASTICAL CAPITAL—
TOLEDO.*

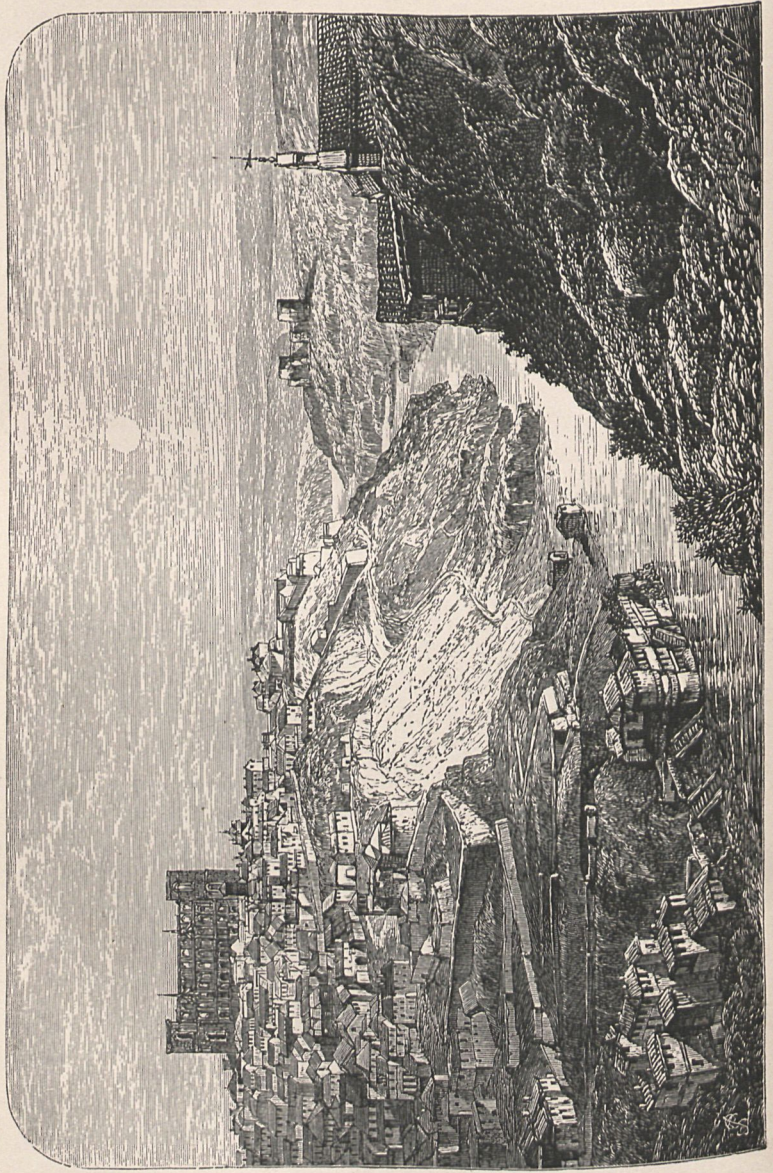
'Whilom upon his banks did legions throng,
Of Moor and knight in mailed splendour drest.
The Paynim turban and the Christian crest,
Mixed on the bleeding stream, by floating hosts oppressed.'

SOUTHEY.



HAVE a ring of cities, full gemmed, in my memory, which deserve to be displayed. Carthagera, Alicante, Valencia, Murcia, Grenada, Malaga, Seville, and others, I have endeavoured to illustrate. I have not yet spoken of Toledo, Cordova, Aranjuez, Madrid, and Saragossa. For the sake of completeness, I owe something of description and much of praise to these olden seats of princely and ecclesiastical power. I have omitted to follow my own rule, to photograph impressions in the momentary sunbeam. Omitting to do so, and a few days intervening, my recollection becomes entangled; but it is the tangle of flowers in a luxuriant but neglected garden. Where is there to be found a more fruitful source of blooming memories than at Cordova and Toledo? Where has there been so much of regality as upon the banks of the Tagus, amidst the pastures, forests, and palaces, of the modern seat of royalty, Aranjuez? And then there is so much to be gleaned at Madrid. The prevailing political excitement prevented my observing much that was interesting





TOLEDO.

there, and it also prevented me from writing what I did observe. But casting back the reminiscent eye—with my foot moving forward toward the Pyrenees—my first glance rests upon thy stately castle and sacred towers, O Toledo!

Toledo is but three hours by rail from Madrid, but it is switched off the usual track of travel. It is situated in a mountainous district. The Sierras, which divide the waters of the Tagus from the Guadiana, are seen from its walls. Toledo stands upon a rocky eminence of the Tagus, which here bursts through mountains of granite, encircles the city, and turns many old Moorish mills as it girdles the walls. My sketch gives a fair idea of its position. It was ever a strong place. There is but one approach to it. It is on the land side. The Moorish towers remain to show how well that part was defended. Toledo is a city set on a hill; it cannot be hid. Nay, like Rome, it is set on seven hills; or, rather, it sleeps on seven hills, and with the somnolence of the seven sleepers. It has no longer its two hundred thousand souls. Its population is less than its far off Ohio namesake's by many thousands. It is now the simulacrum, the ghost, or, rather, the skeleton, of a city. Its spirit has departed, but its substance remains. Its bones are perfect. The Goths came like a tempest; the Moors poured down like the rains, and they have gone; but Toledo, in substance, is still found, because founded on a rock. It is called Imperial. That is a memory. It is called the Crown of Spain. That is a fly in the amber of history. It is called the 'light of the whole world.' In the dark ages, when the other portions of Europe were shrouded, Toledo, like Salamanca, was the home of learning, the capital of empire, and the seat of chivalry. She was a Pharos in the world of letters, arts, and theology.

I do not mean to convey the impression that the Tagus, whose valley we follow from Aranjuez to Toledo, is all the way rocky and rushing. It is not. It ruminates—or eats its way wearily—over level, grassy plains, after it leaves its fretting, working, irrigating duties, through the palatial pleasure grounds at Aranjuez. It is thus like the Guadalquivir. It is so nearly on a level with the banks and fields, that we see numerous donkeys and mules at work along the banks pumping up the water for the fields of potatoes and wheat. You see that potatoes, Toledan citizen of the Western world, do grow in the vicinity of your namesake. What their size is I do not know. I hope they merit a more gigantic tribute than that conveyed in the verse about your Ohio stream:—

‘Potatoes they grow small,
And they eat them skins and all,
On Maumee! on Maumee!’

The fields alternate along the Tagus with potatoes and wheat. Here and there is a violent dash of red poppies. As we approach Toledo the city towers shine aloft in the sun's glare as if they were polished, like her blades. The depot is not in the city, but outside the walls. To reach the city requires an effort. With three mules abreast, and hitched to a rickety omnibus, the high bridge is crossed; then around and up the hill, we wind with a rush and halloo (for every one in Spain drives mule and horse with all speed *up-hill*); then enter on a gentle gallop through an ancient gateway, into the narrow, steep, tortuous, and badly paved streets. Very ancient looks the city. The houses have a serious, solid, sacerdotal, and comatose look. They remind us of the Moorish mansions. If within these walls once lived two hundred thousand souls—and now there is less than one-tenth of that number—either there are many unoccupied tenements or rent