

the scene of his glories and crimes during life; not however doomed to rest even there, for in 1823 the local patriots intended to disinter the *foreigner*, and scatter his dust to the winds. They were anticipated by pious fraud, and the illustrious ashes removed to a new abode, where, if the secret be kept, they may at last find rest.

Keeping the hill *Chaboya* to the rt., we reach *San Juan de Alfarache*, Hisnal-faraj, "of the fissure or cleft;" it was the Moorish river key of Seville, and the old and ruined walls still crown the heights. This was the site of the Roman Julia Constantia, the Gothic Osset, and the scene of infinite aqueous miracles during the Arian controversy: a font yet remains in the chapel. Read the inscription concerning the self-replenishing of water every Thursday in the *Semana Santa*; consult the quarto *Sobre la milagrosa fuente*, by Josef Santa Maria, Sev. 1630, and the *Esp. Sag.*, ix. 117. Strabo, however (iii. 261), points out among the marvels of Bætica certain wells and fountains which ebbed and flowed spontaneously. Observe the *Retablo*, with pictures by Castillo, which originally existed in the *San Juan de la Palma*. The panorama of Seville, from the convent parapet, is charming. On the opposite side of the river is the fine *Naranjal* or orange-grove of the house of Beck, which is worth riding to. "Seville," says Byron, and truly, "is a pleasant city, famous for oranges and women." There are two sorts of the former, the sweet and the bitter (Arabicè *Narang*, unde *Naranja*), of which Scotch marmalade is made and Dutch Curaçoa flavoured. The trees begin to bear fruit about the sixth year after they are planted, and the quality continues to improve for 16 to 20 years, after which the orange degenerates, the rind gets thick, and it becomes unfit for the foreign market, which always takes the best. The trees flower in March, and perfume the air of Seville with the almost sickening odour which retains its Arabic name *Azahar*; from the blossoms sweetmeats are made, and

delicious orange-flower water; buy it at Aquilar's, *Plaza San Vicente*; nice sweetmeats are made of them by the nuns; to eat the orange in perfection, it should not be gathered until the new blossom appears. The oranges begin to turn yellow in October, and are then picked, as they never increase in size after changing colour; they are wrapped in Catalan paper, and packed in chests, which contain from 700 to 1000 each, and may be worth to the exporter from 25s. to 30s. They ripen on the voyage, but the rind gets tough, and the freshness of the newly-gathered fruit is lost. The natives are very fanciful about eating them: they do not think them good before March, and poison if eaten after sunset. The vendors in the street cry them as *mas dulces que almibar*, sweeter than syrup, like the "Honey, oh! oranges honey" of the Cairo chapmen.

Toma, niña, esa naranja,
Que la cogi de mi huerta;
No la partas con navaja
Que está mi corazon dentro.

The village below the hill of Alfarache, being exempt from the odious *Derecho de puertas*, and being a pleasant walk, is frequented on holidays by the Sevillians, who love cheap drink, &c. Those who remember what preceded the birth of El Picaro Guzman de Alfarache—a novel so well translated by Le Sage—may rest assured that matters are not much changed. *Gelves*, Gelduba, lies lower down the river. This village gives the title of Count to the descendants of Columbus: the family sepulchre is left in disgraceful neglect.

EXCURSION TO AN OLIVE-FARM.

The olives and oil of Bætica were celebrated in antiquity, and still form a staple and increasing commodity of Andalucia. The districts between Seville and Alcalá, and in the Ajarafe, are among the richest in Spain: an excursion should be made to some large *Hacienda* in order to examine the process of the culture and the manufacture, which are almost identical

with those described by Varro, Columella, and Pliny. Formerly Seville was surrounded with splendid *Haciendas*, which combined at once a country-house, a village, and oil-manufactory: the *fiestas, y convites de campo*, kept here by the wealthy proprietors, were celebrated before the ruin entailed by Buonaparte's invasion, as few have been able to restore their ravaged establishments. Whole plantations of olives were burnt down by Soult's troops, while our Duke issued strict orders forbidding this ruinous practice; matters are, however, mending, thanks to the great exports of oil to England.

San Bartolomé, a farm belonging to the Paterna family, may be visited as a fine specimen of a first-rate *Hacienda*; it contains about 20,000 trees, each of which will yield from 2 to 3 bushels of olives; the whole produce averages 5000 arrobas (of 25 lb.), which vary in price from 2 to 5 dollars. The olive-tree, however classical, is very unpicturesque; its ashy leaf on a pollarded trunk reminds one of a second-rate willow-tree, while it affords neither shade, shelter, nor colour.

The trees are usually planted in formal rows: a branch is cut from the parent in January; the end is opened into 4 slits, into which a stone is placed; it is then planted, banked, and watered for 2 years, and as it grows is pruned into 4 or 5 upright branches: they begin to pay the expense about the 10th year, but do not attain their prime before the 30th. The best soils are indicated by the wild-olive (oleaster, *acebuche*), on which cuttings are grafted, and produce the finest crops (Virgil, *G.* ii. 182). The Spaniards often sow corn in their olive grounds, contrary to the rule of Columella, for it exhausts the soil, *chupa la tierra*.

The berry is picked in the autumn, when it is purple-coloured and shining, *baccæ splendentis divæ*: then the scene is busy and picturesque; the peasant, clad in sheep-skins, is up in the trees like a satyr, beating off the fruit, while his children pick them up, and his

wife and sisters drive the laden donkeys to the mill. The ancients never *beat* the trees (Plin. *Nat. Hist.* xv. 3). The berries are emptied into a vat, *El trujal*, and are not picked and sorted, as Columella (xii. 50) enjoined. The careless Spaniard is rude and unscientific in this, as in his wine-making; he looks to quantity, not quality. The berries are then placed on a circular hollowed stone, over which another is moved by a mule; the crushed mass, *horujo, borujo*, is shovelled on to round mats, *capuchos*, made of *esparto*, and taken to the press, *el trujal*, which is forced down by a very long and weighty beam (the precise *Biga, Trapeum, ελαιο πρίσιον*), composed of 6 or 7 pine-trees, like a ship's bowsprit, over which, in order to resist the strain, a heavy tower of masonry is built; a score of frails of the *borugo* is placed under the screw, moistened with *hot* water, which is apt to make the oil rancid. The liquor as it flows out is passed into a reservoir below; the residuum comes forth like a damson-cheese, and is used for fuel and for fattening pigs; the oil as it rises on the water is skimmed off, and poured into big-bellied earthen jars, *tinajas*, and then removed into still larger, which are sunk into the ground. These amphoræ, made chiefly at Coria, near Seville, recall the jars of the forty thieves; some will hold from 200 to 300 arrobas, *i. e.* from 800 to 1200 gallons.

The oil, *aceite* (Arabicè *azzait*), is strong and unctuous, and the real juice of the berry, and not equal perhaps in delicacy to the purer, finer produce of Lucca, but the Spaniards, from habit, think the Italian oil insipid. The second-class oils are coarse, thick, and green-coloured, and are exported for soap-making or used for lamps. Candles are rare in Spain, where the ancient lamp, *el velon* or *candil* (Arabicè *kandeel*), prevail, and are exactly such as are found at Pompeii; the growers of oil petitioned against lighting Spanish towns with gas, "lamps being preferable to this thing of the foreigner." A

large farm is a little colony; the labourers, fed by the proprietor, are allowed bread, garlic, salt, oil, vinegar, and *pimientos*, which they make into *migas* and oriental *gazpacho* (Arabicè, soaked bread), without which, in the burning summers, their "souls would be dried away" (Numb. xi. 6). Bread, oil, and water was a lover's gift (Hosea ii. 5). The oil and vinegar are kept in cow-horns ("the horn of oil," 1 Sam. xvi. 13), which hang at their cart sides. This daily allowance, *Ἐπιουσιον Ἡμεροτροφία*, *Chœnia*, corresponds minutely with the usages of antiquity as described by Cato (R. R. 56), and Stuckius (Antiq. Conviv. i. 22; ed. 1695). The use of oil is of the greatest antiquity (Job xxiv. 2): it supplies the want of fat in the lean meats of hot climates.

The olive forms the food of the poorer classes. The ancient distinctions remain unchanged. The first class, *Regiæ*, *Majorinæ*, are still called *las Reynas*, *las Padronas*. The finest are made from the *gordal*, which only grows in a circuit of 5 L. round Seville: the berry is gathered before quite ripe, in order to preserve the green colour: it is pickled for 6 days in a *Salmuera*, or brine, made of water, salt, thyme, bay-laurel, and garlic; without this, the olive would putrefy, as it throws out a mould, *nata*. The middling, or second classes, are called *las Medianas*, also *las Moradas*, from their purple colour; these are often mixed in a strong pickle, and then are called *Aliñadas*: the worst sort are the *Rebusco*, *Recuses*, or the refuse; these, well begarlicked and be-pickled, form a staple article of food for the poor. The olive is nutritious, but heating; the better classes eat them sparingly, although a few are usually placed in saucers at their dinners; they have none of the ancient luxury, those *Aselli Corinthii*, or silver donkeys, laded with panniers of different coloured olives (Petr. Arb. 31; Ovid, *Met.* viii. 664).

The geologist may visit *Villanueva del Rio*, 7 L. from Seville, and examine the coal mines, which, long neglected,

are now worked by the *Reunion Company*.

ROUTE 8.—SEVILLE TO RIO TINTO
AND ALMADEN.

	L.
Venta de Pajanosa	3½
Algarrobo	1½
Castillo de las Guardias	3
Rio Tinto	5
Aracena	5
Fuentes de Leon	5
Segura de Leon.	1
Valencia.	3
Fuente de Cantos	1
Llerena	4
Guadalcanal.	4
Fuente Ovejuna	5
Velalcazar	5
Almaden	6
Santa Eufemia	3
Al viso de los Pedroches	2
Villanueva del Duque.	2
Villaharta or Villarta	5
Cordova	6

This is a riding tour of bad roads and worse accommodations; attend, therefore, to the provend; and get letters of introduction to the superintendents of the mines. The distances must be taken approximately, as they are mountain leagues. The botany is highly interesting, and game abundant. A double-barrel gun is useful in more respects than one. For some remarks on mines in Spain and the most useful books, see Cartagena, and p. 339.

Passing through Italica, the high road to Badajoz is continued to the *Venta de Pajanosa*, 4 L.; then a rude track turns off to the l. over a waste of cistus and aromatic flowers to *Algarrobo*, 1 L., a small hamlet, where bait. Hence 3 L. over a similar country to a mountain village, *Castillo de las Guardias*, so called from its Moorish watchfort: here we slept. 5 L., over a lonely *dehesa*, lead next day to *Rio Tinto*, where there is a decent *posada*. The red naked sides of the copper mountain, *La Cabeza Colorada*, with clouds of smoke curling over dark pine-woods, announce from afar these celebrated mines. The immediate approach to the hamlet is like that to a minor infernal region; the road is made of

burnt ashes and *escoria*, the walls are composed of lava-like dross, while haggard miners, with sallow faces and blackened dress, creep about, fit denizens of the place; the green coppery stream which winds under the bank of firs is the *tinged river*, from whence the village takes its name: flowing out of the bowels of the mountain, it is supposed to be connected with some internal undiscovered ancient conduit: the purest copper is obtained from it; iron bars are placed in wooden troughs, which are immersed in the waters; the *cascara*, or flake of metal, deposited on it is knocked off; the bar is then subjected to the same process until completely eaten away. The water is deadly poisonous, and stains and corrodes everything that it touches.

These mines were perfectly well known to the ancients, whose shafts and galleries are constantly being discovered. The Romans and Moors appear chiefly to have worked on the N. side of the hill; the enormous accumulation of *escoriales* show to what an extent they carried on operations.

The village is built about a mile from the mines, and was raised by one Liberto Wolters, a Swede, to whom Philip V. had granted a lease of the mines, which reverted to the crown in 1783. Paralysed by the French invasion, in 1829 it was farmed to *Señor Remisa* for 20 years. It is principally occupied by the miners, but the *empleados* and official people have a street to themselves. The view from above the church is striking; below lies the town with its green stream and orange-groves; to the l. rises the ragged copper-hill, wrapped in sulphureous wreaths of smoke; while to the rt. the magnificent flat fir bank, *la mesa de los pinos*, which supplies fuel to the furnaces, is backed by a boundless extent of cistus-clad hills, rising one over another.

A proper officer will conduct the traveller over the mines, who thus follows the ore through every stage of the process, until it becomes pure copper; visit therefore the Castillo de Solomon

in the *Cabeza Colorada*. Entering the shaft, you soon descend by a well, or *pozo*, down a ladder, to an under gallery: the heat increases with the depth, as there is no ventilation; at the bottom the thermometer stands at 80 Fahr., and the stout miners, who drive iron wedges into the rock previously to blasting, work almost naked, and the few clothes they have on are perfectly drenched with perspiration; the scene is gloomy, the air close and poisonous, the twinkling flicker of the miners' tapers blue and unearthly; here and there figures, with lamps at their breasts, flit about like the tenants of the halls of Eblis, and disappear by ladders into the deeper depths. Melancholy is the sound of the pick of the solitary workman, who, alone in his stone niche, is hammering at his rocky prison, like some confined demon endeavouring to force his way to light and liberty.

The copper is found in an iron pyrites, and yields about five per cent. The stalactites are very beautiful; for wherever the water trickles through the roof of the gallery, it forms icicles, as it were, of emeralds and amethysts; but these bright colours oxidize in the open air, and are soon changed to a dun brown. When the *Zafra*, or rough ore, is extracted, it is taken to the *Calcination*, on the brow of the hill, and is there burnt three times in the open air; the sulphur is sublimated and lost, as it passes off in clouds of smoke; the rough metal, which looks like a sort of iron coke, is next carried to be smelted at houses placed near the stream, by whose water-power the bellows are set in action. The metal is first mixed with equal parts of charcoal and *escoriales*, the ancient ones being preferred, and is then fused with *brezo*, a sort of fuel composed of cistus and rosemary. The iron flows away like lava, and the copper is precipitated into a pan or *copella* below. It is then refined in ovens, or *reverberos*, and loses about a third of its weight; the scum and impurities as they rise to the surface are scraped off with a wooden hoe. The pure copper is then sent

either to Seville to the cannon-foundry, or to Segovia, to be coined.

There is a direct cross-ride over the wild mountains to *Guadalcamal* and *Almaden*. Attend to the provend and take a local guide. It is far better to make a detour and visit *Aracena*, 5 L. and 6 hours' ride, over trackless, lifeless, aromatic wide wastes of green hills and blue skies: after *Campo Frio*, 2 L., the country improves and becomes quite park-like and English. *Aracena* is seen from afar crowning a mountain ridge: here is a good *posada*; population about 5000, which is swelled in the summer, when the cool breezes tempt the wealthy from Seville to this *Corte de la Sierra*. Ascend to the ruined Moorish castle and church, which commands a splendid mountain panorama. The Arabesque belfry has been capped with an incongruous modern top. It was to *Aracena* that the learned *Arias Montano* retired after his return from the Council of Trent. From hence there is a direct bridle-route to *Llerena*, 12 L., turning off to the rt. to *Arroyo Molinos*, 4 L., and crossing the great Badajoz and Seville road at *Monasterio* 3, thence on to *Montemolin* 2, *Llerena* 3. There is a direct road from *Aracena* to *Badajoz*, through *Xerez de los Caballeros*, a picturesque old town with Moorish walls and a grand tower; remembering, on passing *Fregenal*, to observe at *Higuera la Real*, $\frac{1}{2}$ L., the 6 pictures by Morales in the parish church.

Let us first mention the route on to *Zafra*. The country is charming. Leaving *Aracena*, 5 L. of iniquitous road lead to *Fuentes de Leon*: the country resembles the oak districts of Sussex, near Petersfield; in these *Encineras* vast herds of swine are fattened. At *Carboneras*, 1 L., the route enters a lovely defile, with a clear torrent; all now is verdure and vegetation, fruit and flower. The green grass is most refreshing, while the air is perfumed with wild flowers, and gladdened by songs of nightingales. How doubly beautiful, as reminding one of dear England! These districts once be-

longed to the rich convent of San Marcos of Leon. Thence to *Segura de Leon*, 1 L., which is approached through a grove of pine-trees, above which the fine old castle soars, commanding a noble view. It is in perfect repair, and belonged to the Infante Don Carlos. *Valencia de Leon* has also another well-preserved castle, with a square *torre mocha*, or keep: observe the brick belfry of the parish church, with its machicolations and fringe of Gothic circles. In these vicinities occurred one of those authentic miracles so frequent in Spanish history, and so rare elsewhere. In the year 1247 Don Pelayo Perez Correa was skirmishing with some Moors, when he implored the Virgin to detain the day, promising her a temple, as Cæsar did at Pharsalia, to vow a temple $\tau\eta\ \gamma\epsilon\mu\eta\tau\epsilon\iota\sigma\eta$, to Venus Genetrix, App. B. C. ii. 492. The sun was instantly arrested in its course (compare Oran at Toledo). The chapel built by Correa, which marks the site, is still called Santa Maria-Tudia-Tendudia, a corruption of his exclamation, *Deten tu el dia!* Thus the immutable order of the heavens was disarranged, in order that a *guerillero* might complete a butchery, by which the grand results of the Seville campaign were scarcely even influenced. This was a true miracle of Spain, that country of localism, for no change in the solar system ever was observed by the Galileos and Newtons of other parts of the world. Correa on the same day struck a rock, whence water issued for his thirsty troops. See Espinosa, '*Hist. de Sevilla*,' iv. 156. Accordingly, in the '*Memorias de San Fernando*,' iii. 116, Madrid, 1800, this wonder working partisan is justly termed the Moses and Joshua of Spain.

Crossing the Badajoz road, we now turn to the rt., to *Llerena*, Regiana, an old walled agricultural town of some 5000 souls, and of little interest save to the lover of miraculous taumachia. Here, on the vigil of San Marcos, and it occurred in other neighbouring villages, the parish priest, dressed in full canonicals, and attended by his flock, proceeded to a

herd of cattle, and selected a bull, and christened him by the name of Mark, the ox being the symbol of that apostle. The proselyte then followed his leader to mass, entering the church and behaving quite correctly all that day; but he took small benefit either in beef or morals, for on the morrow he relapsed into his former bullhood and brutality. After mass he paraded the village, decorated with flowers and ribands, a sort of *Bœuf Gras*, and behaving like a lamb; and as he was miraculously tame, *sine fœno in cornu*, the women caressed him, as *Marquito*, dear little Mark. Such was the Egyptian adoration of Apis, such the Elean idolatry, where the females worshipped Bacchus under a tauriform incarnation (Plut. *Q. R.*; Reiske, vii. 196). If the selected bull ran restive, and declined the honour of ephemeral sainthood, as John Bull sometimes does knighthood, the blame was laid on the priest, and the miracle was supposed to have failed in consequence of his unworthiness: he was held to be in a state of *peccado mortal*, and was regarded with an evil eye by the suspicious husbands of the best-looking Pasiphaes. If *Marquito* stopped before any house, the inhabitants were suspected of heresy or Judaism, which was nosed by the bull, as truffles are by poodle dogs. It will easily be guessed what a powerful engine in the hands of the priest this pointing proboscis must have been, and how effectually it secured the payment of church-rates and Easter offerings. The learned Feyjoo, in his '*Teatro Critico*,' vi. 205, dedicates a paper to this miracle, and devotes 25 pages to its theological discussion.

Near Llerena, April 11, 1812, Lord Combermere, with his cavalry, put to indescribable rout 2500 French horse, supported by 10,000 infantry, the rear-guard of Soult, under Drouet, who was retiring, baffled by the capture of Badajoz. Few charges were more "brilliant and successful" than this. (Disp., April 16, 1812.) They rode down the flying foe like stubble in the plains.

On leaving *Llerena*, the road runs for 4 L. over wide corn tracts, studded with conical hills, to *Guadalcanal*, said to have been the Celtic *Tereses*. The silver and lead mines are situated about a mile to the N.E. The river *Genalija* divides Estremadura from Andalucia. These mines were discovered in 1509 by a peasant named Delgado, who ploughed up some ore. In 1598 they were leased to the brothers Mark and Christopher Fugger, the celebrated merchants of Augsburg, who also rented the quicksilver mines at Almaden; and they, keeping their own secret, extracted from the *Pozo rico* such wealth as rendered them proverbial, and *Ser rico como un Fucar* meant in the time of Cervantes being as rich as Cræsus, or, as we should say, a Rothschild. They built a street in Madrid after their name. Their descendants, in 1635, were forced to give the mines up; but previously, and in spite, they turned in a stream of water. Yet the fame of their acquisitions survived, and tempted other speculators, with "dreams of worlds of gold," and in 1725 Lady Mary Herbert and Mr. Gage endeavoured to drain the mines: these are Pope's

"Congenial souls! whose life one avarice joins,

And one fate buries in th' Asturian mines;"

a slight mistake, by the way, in the poet, both as to metal and geography.

The scheme ended in nothing, as the English workmen were pillaged by the Spaniards, who resented seeing "heretics and foreigners" coming to carry off Spanish bullion. In 1768 one Thomas Sutton made another effort to rework them. Thence crossing the *Bembesar* to *Fuente de Ovejuna*, pop. 5500; it stands on the crest of a conical hill, with the *Colegiata* on the apex, like an acropolis. The "sheep-fountain," Fons Malaria—some say the right name is *Abejara*, alluding to the bees and honey—is at the bottom to the W.: coal-seams occur here, and extend to *Villaharta*. The direct road to Almaden runs through *Belalcázar*, 20½ L., by *La Granja* 5½, *Valsequillo*

4, *Belalcazar* 5, *Almaden* 6: not interesting, it is very devoid of accommodation: sleep at *Valsequillo*, pop. about 3000, placed in a hilly locality near the *Guadiato*, once famed for the wines grown on its banks. *Belalcazar*, pop. 2500, stands in a well-watered plain. It is a tidy dull town, so called from its former most magnificent palatial fortress, *Bello Alcazar*, built in 1445, by Gutierre Sotomayor, and once one of the grandest in Spain, but since used as a quarry by the boors. It belongs to the Duke of Osuna. The *Pozo del pilar* is a fine work; hence crossing the *Guadamatilla* over a broken bridge to Santa Eufemia and Almaden.

The better route, perhaps, although equally wearisome, is by *Espiel*, which is reached following for five hours the *Guadiato*. *Espiel*, pop. 1000, has a bad *posada*. About 4 L. on the road to Cordova is a fine ruin, the Castle *de mano de hierro*, of the iron hand.

A tiresome ride leads to "*Almaden del Azogue*," two Arabic words which signify "the Mine of Quicksilver;" and show whence the science was learnt. As the *posada* is miserable, lodge in some private house. The long narrow street which constitutes this town is placed on a scarp ridge: pop. about 8000. Walk to the *Glorieta*, at the junction of three roads, and also to the *Retamar*: look at this sunburnt, wind-blown town, which is built on the confines of La Mancha, Andalusia, and Estremadura. The *Sisapona Cetobrix* of Pliny (N. H., xxxiii. 7) was somewhere in this locality. The mine is apparently inexhaustible, becoming richer in proportion as the shafts deepen. The vein of cinnabar, about 25 feet thick, traverses rocks of quartz and slate, and runs towards *Almadenejos*. Virgin quicksilver occurs also in pyrites and hornstein, and in a greyish conglomerate called here *Fraylesca*, from the colour of a monk's frock. Generally the mercury of Almaden is not found in veins, but seems to have impregnated three vertical strata of a quartzose

sandstone, associated to slates rather carbonaceous. About 4000 men are thus engaged during the winter, the heat and want of ventilation rendering the mercurial exhalations dangerous in summer. The gangs work day and night, about 6 hours at a time, and hew the hard rock almost naked. There are three veins, called after the saints Nicolas, Francisco, and Diego; the adit lies outside the town; the descent is by steep ladders; the deepest shaft is said to be 1000 feet, and the lode improves the deeper it is worked. The wells, elsewhere called *Pozos*, are here termed *Tornos*, and the shafts, or *Ramales*, *Cañas*: they extend under the town; hence the cracks in the parish church. The mineral is raised by a splendid mule-worked *atahona*. The arched stone galleries are superb: the furnaces of the smelting-ovens, in which the ore is sublimed, are heated with sweet-smelling *brezo*. The men thus employed are much more healthy than the miners, who suffer from salivation and paralysis. The mercury is distilled by two processes; either by that used at Idria, which is the best, or from certain ovens or *Buitrones*, *Hornos de Reverbero*, invented by Juan Alonso de Bustamente. An original engine made by Watt is still in use; elsewhere it would be put in a museum as a curious antique.

The quantity of mercury now obtained is enormous. The Fuggers only extracted 4500 quintals annually; now between 20,000 and 25,000 are procured. The price has also lately risen from 34 to 84 dollars the quintal. *Almaden* produces some 250,000*l.* a year profit to government, and is one of the few real sources of income. The quicksilver always has been a royal monopoly, and as its possession converted the ore of the new world into bullion, has led to indescribable jobbing and robbing: the management latterly, since the pecuniary importance has increased, has been given to a *gefe* of scientific attainments, and schools are instituted. For all details consult *Minas de Almaden*, Casiano Prado;

Widdrington, ch. vii.; the *Apuntes*, by Joaquim Erguerra del Bayo; and ditto, by Lucas de *Alduna*; see also the scientific details of Rafael Cabanillas, Madoz, ii. 21. (See also p. 339.)

Those who do not wish to visit *Almaden* may return to Seville from Guadalcanal by *Constantina*, *Laconimurgi*, a charming fresh mountain town, whence Seville is supplied with fruit and snow: thence to picturesque *Cazalla*, 3 L. Equidistant from these two towns is a lead and silver mine, called *La Reyna*. The iron-mines at *El Pedroso* deserve a visit: this busy establishment is the creation of Col. Elorza, an intelligent Basque, who made himself master of the system of machinery used in England, which he has here adopted, and by so doing has infused life and wealth into this Sierra, which elsewhere is left almost abandoned, roadless, and unpeopled. Game of every kind abounds. The botany is also very interesting. At *Cantillana*, Illia, 6 L., the mining district finishes, and everywhere the *escoria* show how much it once was worked. *Cantillana*, according to Don Quixote, ii. 49, is the Lincoln of Spain, over which the devil looks. *Vamos por otra parte, que está el diablo en Cantillana*—why he should be there particularly none can tell but himself. The roads are infamous, the ferry boats bad, in spite of the great traffic between Almaden and Seville. Hence to Seville, by *Alcalá del Rio*, 5 L., over an excellent snipe and woodcock country, but without any accommodation for horse, wheel, or man, except at the miserable *el Bodegon*. From *Cazalla* a route passes on to the coal-mines of *Villanueva del Rio*, long, in spite of the facility of water-carriage, allowed to remain almost lost: now they are in work, and the mine of Col. Elorza was by far the most scientifically conducted. The coal is well adapted for steam-engines. The river may be either crossed at *Alcolea del Rio*, or the land route through *Santi Ponce* regained.

The geologist and botanist, when once at *Almaden*, may either join the

Madrid road at *Trujillo*, having visited *Logrosan* and *Guadalupe*, or strike down to *Cordova* by a wild bridle-road of 18 L. This ride occupies 3 days: the first is the shortest, baiting at *Santa Eufemia* and sleeping at *Viso*. *Santa Eufemia* domineers over the fertile plain of *Pedroches*, which separates the table-land of *Almaden* from the range of the *Sierra Morena*: here mica slate occurs, followed by granite, which commences at *Viso*, an agricultural town of some 2500 inhab., and distant 12 L. from *Cordova*. The second day the country is tolerably well cultivated until, after a wild *dehesa*, you ascend the *Sierra Morena*: the country becomes now most romantic and full of deep defiles, leading into the central chains. The hills are round-backed, and of moderate elevation, covered with *jaras* and aromatic shrubs, but utterly uninhabited, *Villaharta*, where sleep, is a picturesque village on a slope of the *Solana*. The last day's ride continues through the sierra, amid pine-forests, with traces of seams of coal, which extend W. to *Espiell* and *Valmez*, to a venta, from whence you look down on the plains of Andalucia, and descend in about 3 h. to *Cordova*. This line is of the highest interest to the geologist and botanist. From *Almaden* to *Ciudad Real* are 16 L., and it is in contemplation to construct a regular road,

ROUTE 9.—SEVILLE TO MADRID.

Alcalá de Guadaira	2
Mairena	2 .. 4
Carmona	2 .. 6
La Portuguesa	2½ .. 8½
La Luisiana	3½ .. 12
Ecija	3 .. 15
La Carlota	4 .. 19
Mango Negro	3 .. 22
Cordova	3 .. 25
Casa Blanca	2½ .. 27½
Carpio	2½ .. 30
Aldea del Rio	3½ .. 33½
Santa Cecilia	2½ .. 36
Andujar	2½ .. 38½
Casa del Rey	2½ .. 41
Bailen	2 .. 43
Guarroman	2 .. 45
La Carolina	2 .. 47
Santa Elena	2 .. 49
Va. de Cardenas	2 .. 51

Almuradiel	2	..	53
Santa Cruz	2½	..	55½
Valdepeñas	2	..	57½
Consolacion	2	..	59½
Manzanares	2½	..	62
Va. de Quesada	2	..	64
Villarta	2½	..	66½
Puerto Lapiche	2	..	68½
Madridejos	3	..	71½
Canada de la Higuera	2	..	73½
Tembleque	2	..	75½
La Guardia	2	..	77½
Ocaña	3½	..	81
Aranjuez	2	..	83
Espartinas	2½	..	85½
Angeles	3	..	88½
Madrid	2½	..	91

When ladies are in the case it will be prudent to write beforehand to some friend in Madrid to secure quarters at an hotel. This wearisome journey is now (1854) shortened by the rail, which is opened from *Tembleque* to *Madrid*; this high road is in very bad order; the accommodations are indifferent; the diligence inns are the best.

After leaving the basin of the Guadalquivir the road crosses the *Sierra Morena*, ascending to the dreary central table-lands. *Cordova* is almost the only object worth visiting on the whole line. There is some talk of a railroad to connect that city with Cadiz by the level line of the Guadalquivir, to be made and paid for by Britons bold.

For *Alcalá*, its fine castle, bread, and water-springs, see p. 159. *Mairena del Alcor*, was once celebrated for its 3 days' horse-fair, held April 25th, 26th, and 27th. It was a singular scene of gipsies, legs *chalanés*, and picturesque blackguards: here the *Majo* and *Maja* shone in all their glory. The company returned to Seville at sunset, when all the world was seated near the *Caños de Carmona* to behold them. The correct thing for a *Majo fino* used to be to appear every day on a different horse, and in a different costume. Such a *majo* rode through a gauntlet of smiles, waving fans and handkerchiefs: thus his face was whitened, *salió muy lucido*. The *Maja* always, on these occasions, wore the *Caramba*, or riband fringed with silver, and fastened to the *Moño*, or knot of

her hair. She ought also to have the portrait of her *Querido* round her neck. The *Majo* always had 2 embroidered handkerchiefs—her work—with the corners emerging from his jacket pockets; but all this picturesque nationality is getting obsolete, and is voted uncivilized.

Cresting an aromatic uncultivated tract, the clean white town of *Carmona* rises on the E. extremity of the ridge, commanding the plains both ways. The prefix *car* indicates this "height." The old coins found here are inscribed "Carmo," Florez, 'M.' i. 289. Cæsar fortified the city, "the strongest in the province," which remained faithful to the Goths until betrayed to the Moors by the traitor Julian: St. Ferdinand recovered it Sept. 21, 1247, and his standard is borne every anniversary to the Hermitage Sn. Mateo, founded by him. He gave the city for arms, a star with an orle of lions and castles, and the device "Sicut Lucifer lucet in Aurorâ, sic in Wandaliâ Carmona." Don Pedro added largely to this castle, which he made, as regarded Seville, what Edward III. did of Windsor, in reference to London: here, in 1368, he kept his jewels, money, mistresses, and children. After his defeat at *Montiel*, his governor, Mateos Fernandez, surrendered to Enrique on solemn conditions of amnesty, all of which were immediately violated, and himself and many brave soldiers executed. The site is still called el Rio del Cuchillo; but Spaniards say that capitulations make good paper to light cigars with.

Carmona, the Moorish Karmunah, with its Oriental walls, castle, and position, is very picturesque: pop. 15,000. *Fonda de las Diligencias* good: and a *Posada* on the suburban *plaza*. Observe the tower of *San Pedro*, which is an imitation of the metropolitan Giralda; remark the massy walls and arched Moorish city-entrance. The *patio* of the university is Moorish; the church is of excellent Gothic, and built by Anton. Gallego, obt. 1518. The "Descent of the Cross" is by Pa-

checo; a Venetian-like San Cristobal has been repainted. The *Alameda* with its fountain, between a dip of the hills, is pleasant; by starting half an hour before the diligence, all this may be seen, and the coach caught up at the bottom of the hill. The striking gate leading to Cordova is built on Roman foundations, with an Herrera elevation of Doric and Ionic; the alcazar, towering above it, is a superb ruin. Don Pedro and the Catholic kings were its chief decorators, as their badges and arms show. The view over the vast plains below is magnificent; the Ronda and even Granada chains may be seen: it is somewhat like the panorama of the Grampians from Stirling Castle, on a tropical and gigantic scale. Consult '*Antigüedades de Carmona*,' Juan Salvador Bautista de Arellano, 8vo., Sevilla, 1618.

Descending into the plains, the road continues over aromatic uninhabited uncultivated wastes: soon after *Moncloa*, with its palms, a bridge is crossed, formerly the lair of a gang of robbers, called *Los Niños de Ecija*; although now extinct, these "Boys" are immortal in the fears and tales of Spanish muleteers. The miserable post-houses *La Portuguesa* and *La Luisiana*, called after Spanish queens, are almost the only abodes of man in this tract of rich but neglected country.

Ecija, Astigi (of Greek origin, and the city par excellence), in the time of the Romans, was equal to Cordova and Seville (Plin. 'N. H.' iii. 1; Pomp. Mela, ii. 6): it rises amid its gardens on the Genil, the great tributary of the Guadalquivir, just where it was navigable: pop. 24,000: the inn, *la Posta*, is decent. *Ecija* is a well-built, gay-looking, improving town, but still socially very dull. Some of the Moorish gates and massy towers remain. From the extreme heat it is called the *Sarténilla de Andalucía*, and the produce of corn and oil is consequently very great. This roasted and toasted town bears for arms the sun, with this modest motto, *Una sola sera llamada la Ciudad del Sol*; thus Boetican frying-pans

assume the titles and decorations of an Heliopolis.

Ecija boasts to have been visited by St. Paul, whose gilt statue surmounts the *triumfo*, placed here in honour of his having converted his hostess, *Santa Xantippa*, wife of one *Probus* (these shrew grey mares always have good husbands). See for authentic details 'Esp. Sag.' iii. 14, Ap. viii., and Ribad. ii. 284. One of the earliest bishops of *Ecija* was St. Crispin, but that was before neighbouring Cordova was so famous for its Morocco leather.

Observe the *Plaza Major*, with its pretty acacias and *Amazon* fountain, and the *Azulejo* studded church-towers; the columns in those of *Santa Barbara* and *Santa Maria* are Roman, and were brought from a destroyed temple, once in the *Calle de los Marmoles*. The house of the Marquis de Cortes is painted in the Genoese style: here the king is always lodged. Of other finely balconied and decorated mansions observe those of Peñafior, Benameji, and Villaseca. The cloisters of San Francisco and San Domingo may be visited. There is a fine but narrow bridge over the Genil: the edifice at its head is called *el Rollo*. *El Rollo* meant the gallows, usually built of stone and outside of the town; and from the steps being worn round by walkers sitting down, *rollo* in time obtained the secondary meaning of a promenade, a pretty one that ends in a gibbet. *Ecija* has also a charming alameda outside the town, near the river, with statues and fountains representing the seasons, and a new and magnificent *Plaza de Toros*, built on the site of a Roman amphitheatre. For local details consult '*Ecija y sus Santos*,' Martin de Roa, 4to., Sevilla, 1629; and the *Adicion* of Andres Florindo, 4to., Sev. 1631.

10 L. over a waste lead to *Cordova*. *Carlota* is one of the *nuvas poblaciones*, or the newly-founded towns, of which more anon (p. 236). *Cordova*, over which so many associations hover, seen from the distance, amid its olives and palm-trees, and backed by the

convent-crowned sierra, has a truly Oriental look: inside all is decay. The diligence inn is at the other end of the town. Those only passing through Cordova should get out at the bridge, look at the Alcazar and Mosque, then thread the one long street and take up the coach; and as most of them usually breakfast or sleep here, stopping in the first case about 2 h., ample time is thus given to see the *Mezquita*. Those going to ride to Granada will find the *Posada del Sol*, or *del Puente*, humble, although truly Spanish, more conveniently situated, as being close to the mosque and bridge; it is the resort of muleteers. N.B. Drink *Montilla* wine.

CORDOVA retains its time-honoured name. *Cor* is a common Iberian prefix, and *tuba* is said to mean important, *Karta tuba*. Bochart, however, reads *Coteba*, the Syrian *coléb*, "oil-press;" the *trapeta* (Mart. vii. 28) for which this locality has long been renowned. Corduba, under the Carthaginians, was the "gem of the South." It sided with Pompey, and was therefore half destroyed by Cæsar: 23,000 inhabitants were put to death *in terrorem*. His lieutenant Marcellus (Hirt. 'B. A.' 57) rebuilt the city, which was repopled by the pauper patricians of Rome; hence its epithet, "*Patricia*;" and pride of birth still is the boast of this poor and servile city. *La cepa de Cordova* is the aristocratic "stock," like the *ceti* of Cortona in Italy. The Great Captain, who was born near Cordova, used to say that "other towns might be better to live in, but none were better to be born in." As the Cordovese barbs were of the best blood, so the nobles protested theirs to be of the bluest. This *sangre azul* or *sangre su*, the azure ichor of this élite of the earth, is so called in contradistinction to common red blood, the puddle which flows in plebeian veins; while the blood of heretics, Lutherans, Protestants, and political enemies, is held by Spanish *sangrados* and heralds to be black, pitchy, and therefore combustible. The blood of Jews especially is thought to be both sable and to *stink*; and it

has been said that the Jews were called *Putos*, quia putant; certainly, as at Gibraltar, an unsavoury odour seems gentlemanly in the Hebrew, but not more so than in the orthodox Spanish monk.

Bætica, besides blood, was renowned for brains; and the genius and imagination of the Cordovese authors astonished ancient Rome. Seneca (De Suas. 6 sub fin.), quoting Cicero, speaks of the "pingue quiddam atque peregrinum" as the characteristic of the style of Sextilius Ena, one of the poets of *facunda Cordoba*, the birthplace of himself, the unique Lucan, the two Senecas, and of other Spaniards who, writing even in Latin, sustained the decline of Roman poetry and literature; not but what the turgid Lucans of Spain corrupted the pure Augustan style of Italy of old, as the Cordovese Gongora did in modern times. In these older works must be sought the real diagnostics of Iberian style. The Andalucians exhibited a marvellous (for Spaniards) love of foreign literature. Pliny, jun. (ii. 3), mentions an inhabitant of Cadiz who went from thence, then the end of the world, to Rome, on purpose to see Livy; and having feasted his eyes, returned immediately; St. Jerome names another Andalucian, one Lacrinus Licinius, who offered Pliny 400,000 nummi for his then unfinished note-books. *Ces beaux jours sont passés*, for now no Andalucian would lose one bull-fight for all the lost *Decades* of twenty Livys.

Cordova, under the Goths, was termed "holy and learned." Osius, the counsellor of Constantine and the friend of St. Athanasius, who punningly called him *παινοσιος*, was its bishop from 294 to 357: he presided at the Council of Nice, which was the first to condemn prohibited books to the fire. Under the Moors, Cordova became the Athens of the West, or, in the words of Rasis, the "nurse of science, the cradle of captains." It produced Avenzoar, or, to write more correctly, Abdel Malek Ibn Zohr, and Averroes, whose proper name is Abu Abdallah Ibn Roshd; he it was who introduced Aristotle to

Europe, and, in the words of Dante, "il gran commento feo." The wealth, luxury, and civilization of Cordova, under the Beni-Ummeyah dynasty, almost seems an Aladdin tale; yet Gayangos has demonstrated its historical accuracy. All was swept away by the Berbers, true Barbarians, who burnt palace and library.

Spanish Cordova for some time produced sons worthy of its ancient renown. Juan de Mena, the Chaucer, the morning star of Spanish poetry, was born here in 1412; as was Ambrosio Morales, the Hearne, the Leland of the Peninsula, in 1513, at No. 10, *Calle del Cabildo Viejo*; so also Tomas Sanchez, the Jesuit, and author of the celebrated treatise *De Matrimonio, que le sapeva mas del Demonio*. The abominations of the modern Dens are blank cartridges to this cloaca of casuistic filth; yet the author was innocent of any obscene intentions, and treated the case simply as a surgeon dissects a subject. The best and uncastrated edit. is that of Antwerp, 3 vols. fol. 1607. Here, in 1538, was born Pablo de Cespedes, the painter and poet, overrated by Spaniards; and in 1561, Luis de Gongora, the Euphuist; here, in *San Nicolas*, Gonzalo de Cordova, the great (and truly great) Captain of Spain was baptised. Well, therefore, might Juan de Mena follow Rasis in addressing his birthplace as "the flower of knowledge and knighthood."

Cordova was always celebrated for its silversmiths, who came originally from Damascus, and continue to this day to work in that chased filigree style. Juan Ruiz, *El Vandalino*, is the Cellini of Cordova. The *joyas*—Arabic *jauhar*, brilliant—and earrings of the peasantry deserve notice, and every now and then some curious antique emerald-studded jewellery may be picked up.

Roman Cordova resisted the Goths until 572, but Gothic Cordova was taken by the Moors at once by Mugeith el Rumi, the Mogued of Spanish writers; at first it became an appanage of the *Khalifa* of Damascus. The successor and representative of

Mahomet, the *Emir al Mumenin*, the Commander of the Faithful; the distant kingdom in 756 declared itself independent, and rose to be the capital of the Moorish empire of Spain, under Abderahman (Abdu-r-rahman, the servant of the compassionate). He was the head and last remaining heir of his dynasty, the Ummeyah, which had been expelled from the East by the Abasside usurpers. No fiction of romance ever surpassed the truth of his eventful life. Under him Cordova became the Kalifate of the West, and the rival of Baghdad and Damascus, and was the centre of power and civilization in the West, and this at a time when weakness, ignorance, and barbarism shrouded over the rest of Europe. This revolt in Spain dealt the death-blow to the Kalifate of the East, and was followed by the loss of Africa. From the 9th to the 12th century Baghdad was eclipsed by Cordova, which contained in the tenth century nearly a million inhabitants, 300 mosques, 900 baths, and 600 inns. It withered under the Spaniard; and, rich and learned under Roman and Moor, is now a dirty, benighted, ill-provided, decaying place, with a population about 55,000.

The most flourishing period was A.D. 1009. The Moorish dynasties are usually divided into four periods:—The *first* extended from 711 to 756. Then the newly-conquered peninsula was called the *Island*, *Gezirah*, and those portions which were not under the Moslem *Velad Arrum*, the land of the Romans, as the Goths were termed. During the first period Spain was governed by Amirs, deputed by the Kalif of Damascus. The *second* period commenced when Abdu-r-rahman declared his independence, and made Cordova his capital, whence he was called *Al-dakhel*, "the enterer," the conqueror. This period extended from 756 to 1036, and its dynasty declined about 1031, under Hishara III., having given 17 sultans. The Moorish power in Spain, which was founded by the Ummeyahs, fell with

them. Now, in the third period, two factions took the lead in the divided house; first, the Almoravides-Murabitins (*Rábitos*, or men consecrated to the service of God, the types of the Christian knights of Santiago), and secondly, their rivals, and by whom they were put down in 1146, viz. the Almohades, or Unitarian Dissenters, or fanatics (Al Muevahedun); they were headed by Ibn-Abdallah, a Berber lamplighter, who persuaded the mob to believe that he was the Mehedi, or "only director," in the paths of virtue. There was no tyranny, no Vandalism, which this Jack Cade in a turban did not commit. This degrading domination ceased about 1227, when the whole Moorish system was shivered to pieces like the fragments of the exploding shell, or (like those molluscæ, which, when divided, have such vitality, that each portion becomes a new living creature) became independent, "Quot urbes tot reges;" each portion becoming the prey of some petty ruler, who being all rival upstarts, never acted cordially together. They were *sheiks*, however, rather than *kings*, and such as those of which Joshua in the East, and the Cid in the West, overcame so many. This, in reading the early history of Spain, must always be remembered. The misapplication, or mistranslation of our more extensive term, king, for the lesser title of a powerful baron, as in the case of Lear, gives an air of disproportion to the narrative. The divided and weakened Moorish principalities gradually fell before the united Spaniards, and Cordova was easily taken, June 30, 1235, by St. Ferdinand—a king, aye every inch a king.

Then it was that Ibnu-l-ahmar, a vassal of St. Ferdinand, founded, in 1238, 1492, the fourth and last dynasty, that of Granada, which after two centuries and a half, was in its turn undermined by internal dissensions, until the union of Aragon and Castile under Ferd. and Isab., taking place at the period of the greatest Granadian divisions, completed the final con-

quest, and terminated the Mohamedan dynasties in Spain. The Cordovese power rose with the master-minded Abderahmans, and was maintained by Al Mansúr, the mighty captain-minister of Hisham. Even then a germ of weakness existed, for the Kalif of Damascus never forgave the casting off his allegiance: he made treaties with the French against the Cordovese, while the Cordovese allied themselves with the emperor of Constantinople, as the rival of the Eastern kalif. Both parties occasionally used the services of the Jews, renegades, mongrels, *Muwallads* (disbelievers), and especially the Berbers, deadly foes to the Cordovese Moors, whom they abhorred as descendants of Yemen and Damascus, and as their dispossessors, for they claimed Spain as theirs in right of their Carthaginian ancestors, who had fled to the mountains of the Atlas from the Romans. These highlanders, although Pagans, and utterly *barbarous*, thought themselves alone to be the salt of the earth, and assumed the epithet *amarzeegh*, or *nobles*. At once the strength and weakness of the Moors, first they aided in conquering the Goths, and then turning against their allies, upset the most elegant and accomplished dynasty that Spain has ever witnessed.

For Cordova consult '*Antigüedades de España*,' Morales, Alcalá de Henares, 1575, chap. 31: '*Almakkari*,' translated by the learned P. Gayangos. The third book records what Cordova was in all its glory. Southey, in art. i. '*Foreign Quarterly Review*,' has given a portion of the 10th and 11th vols. of Florez, '*Esp. Sag.*,' '*Los Santos de Cordova*,' M. de Roa, 4to., Sev. 1615, Lyons, 1617, or 4to., Cordova, 1627; '*De Cordova in Hispaniâ*,' and ditto, 4to., Lyons, 1617; '*Antigüedades de Cordova*,' Pedro Diaz de Rivas, 4to., 1624; and '*Antiguo Principado de Cordova*,' M. de Roa, 4to., Cordova, 1636; '*Palestra Sagrada*,' Bart^e. Sanchez Feria, 4 vols. 4to., Madrid, 1772; '*Catalogo de los Obispos de Cordova*,' Juan Gomez Bravo, 2 vols., fol., 1778,