ordinary skill, the delighted spectators fling their hats into the arena, and the matador pitches them back. A friend of mine saw a priest, unable to contain his admiration, fling his canonical hat into the ring: as the matadores are an ungodly set, and detest the clergy, he hurled it back far beyond the priest, with a look of contempt for such homage as only a matador could assume.

The eighth and last bull came in, and rushed at a horse, before the picador had time to get on it. A matador began the sport, playing with his mulata before him for some time, avoiding his attacks with wonderful agility; sometimes laying the flag on the ground, and then in defiance putting it on his own shoulders, and mocking the wild animal. Two horses, one after the other, this bull gored on the thigh; then he upset another steed and his rider; the matadores played beautifully before him: two held the flag before his face, and passed it over his head when he rushed; and this they did again and again, with slight variations. The crowd was enraptured with their activity, and certainly this was the most graceful, and perhaps the most dangerous, part of the day's exhibition, requiring the greatest agility and address. Soon the enraged bull raised from the ground a steed and his rider, and rolled them on the arena; the horse never rose again. The beast was furious, when nearly a dozen darts were planted in his neck, attacking the poor animal lying

on the ground. The matador did not wait for his rushing upon him, but ran into the bull; which dangerous feat closed the day's sport. The band played, the bull and three dead horses were dragged from the arena; and the people, delighted with their day's sport, applauded the matadores to the skies.

I saw these heroes of the day afterwards go away in open carriages with their mistresses, to end the day in festivities, and, it is said, in every kind of debauchery.

It is impossible to see a bull-fight for the first time without being disgusted at the cruelty to two of the most noble and useful creatures in the world —the bull and the horse; and cruelty to game and smaller animals cannot be compared to this, as neither the hare nor the fox, nor even the stag excites our sympathies to such an extent. The most revolting part of the exhibition is undoubtedly their allowing the horses to continue the fight when wounded to death, and dragging their intestines after them round the arena, which is seldom without one in this condition. The wretched ponies they use have no chance of escaping, being poor creatures not worth above two pounds here, nor perhaps more in England. Most of them have fatal diseases, as a Spaniard said to me, of which they must die, and the bull greatly alleviates their sufferings; but still it is disgusting to see the bellies of these poor animals ripped up, their bowels

hanging out, and also painful to see the shoulders of the fine bulls covered with their blood, and mangled with the lances.

No exhibition in the world can, however, be more imposing and more exciting. The amphitheatre, commanding a splendid view of the Giralda, was filled with fourteen thousand people, whose very souls were wrapped up in the excitement; silent, or screaming with agony when the picadores were in danger, or breaking forth in thundering applause when men or bulls distinguished themselves; for, to do them justice, they are most impartial in their approbation. The noble bulls galloping about in their rage, assuming the grandest attitudes, pawing the ground and tossing their heads with cowardly impatience, or bravely charging headlong all who opposed them, are undoubtedly the most pictorial of animals; then the gay costumes of the matadores, picadores, chulos, and the gentry and people in their majo finery, all glittering under a bright Andalusian sky, is a truly brilliant sight. There is little apparent unfairness in these combats; in the first act of the drama, the bulls can only receive slight wounds, but the picadores, though always strong, athletic men, are well known to have seldom a sound rib in their bodies, and many of them are killed. In the second act also, the bull can only be slightly wounded, but death perhaps to the chulo whose fleetness does not save him, or a false step betrays. In the third act of

the drama, the all-absorbing death-struggle takes place — overwhelming physical force, with horns almost as fatal as the sword, opposed to a man whose adroitness, and thin, shining weapon can alone compensate for his comparative feebleness.

The bull is rarely victorious; long experience, and exquisite skill, exhibit in this, as in other encounters, the superiority of science to brute force; but every matador is occasionally wounded, and a very large proportion of them end their lives in the arena. There may be portions of a bull-fight which are tiresome, but undoubtedly there are moments of interest exciting beyond description. The Spanish ladies around me screamed and were as alarmed as English ladies could have been when the picadores were in danger, and covered their faces with their fans when bloody scenes occurred; it is also questionable whether their great object in visiting the arena, is not rather to be seen, than see the fight.

The Spaniards are kind-hearted in all the relations of life, and there is no reason to suppose that these exhibitions have had any influence on their character any more than the horrors committed during the civil war; and though I could wish the Spaniards would have better horses, and remove them the instant they are wounded, I cannot join with those who place the whole nation beyond the pale of civilization, because they have been born and bred to delight in the excitement of a bull-fight.

CHAPTER V.

CORDOVA IN THE TIME OF THE MOORS—OMEYYAH DYNASTY —LEARNING—SCHOOLS—LIBRARIES—SCIENCE AND LITERATURE—PALACE OF AZ-ZAHRA—CORDOVA—TAKEN BY THE CHRISTIANS—DISTINGUISHED FOR LITERATURE—THE MEZQUITA—CHAPEL OF VILLA-VICIOSA—SAN PEDRO—CAPILLA DEL OS REYES—VIEW FROM THE TOWER—ALCAZAR—WALLS —BARBICAN—TOWERS—FOUNDLING HOSPITAL — PRESENT STATE—CLIMATE—CHOLIC.

THERE is considerable difficulty in planning the journey from Seville to Madrid, so as to allow more time for seeing Cordova than the short hour that the diligence stops there for dinner. At this season of the year there are so many passengers on the road, that it is requisite to take places to Madrid several days previous to the time you wish to start; and, of course, they will not book to Cordova alone, when they have chances of passengers to the metropolis. The courier being dearer, and less comfortable perhaps, than the *coupé* of the

diligence, and therefore less in request, I applied for places twice in the morning, and they told me they would give me an answer at seven in the evening, that is, two hours before the departure, when, if no one wanted them for a longer distance, I might have them. I said, as there was a lady in the case, I was anxious to know as soon as possible, especially as in Spain they require the luggage an hour before the time for starting; and I begged they would give me an answer exactly at seven o'clock, as every moment was of such consequence, and they promised they would. The bureau was opened at seven precisely, but the clerk never made his appearance until an hour afterwards.

The officials in Spain make appointments, but never care about keeping them themselves; their idleness and indifference about anything but their own comfort, and the delays and difficulties they raise in transacting business, are inconceivable. They make an engagement, and will not attend to you, if you arrive before or after the time; and if you are punctual, the probability is they will keep you waiting for hours, or put you off until another day. (Cosas de España.)

Fortunately I got places, and engaged the *coupé* of the diligence two days later from Seville to Madrid. From nine o'clock until daylight the next morning it was miserable work, rattling at a great rate over a road full of holes and ruts. Sleeping

was out of the question. If the carriage had not been very strong, it would have been shattered to pieces five hundred times. When we passed Carmona, I could just distinguish the beauty of the scenery before we commenced a steep descent.

We had a very good breakfast at Ecija, a large city of thirty-five thousand inhabitants, called, from its extreme heat, La Sartanilla, the frying-pan of Spain; and walking through the place, had time to admire two beautiful towers of the churches, and the picturesque Moorish plaza. The country around is verdant and rich, and they say there are many wealthy inhabitants and nobles The Marquis de Cortes' house is gorgeously painted, and quite fresh; but Ecija is very dull—no society no amusement, they say, but the promenade.

Many of the Goths, who escaped the disastrous battle of the Guadalete, fled to this city, which was fortified with walls. The citizens joined them, and ventured to encounter the Moors in the plain; but, the Christians being defeated fled in different directions; and the city, destitute of defenders, surrendered. The Moors, following the advice of Count Julian divided their forces; one body, under Magued, a renegade from the Christian faith, marching on Cordova; and the rest of the army, under Tarik, laying waste Andalusia.

The road from there to Cordova we found pretty good, and the country rich and green; sometimes

barren, but generally planted with olives or grain; often we saw extensive pastures, covered with herds of cattle.

The view on approaching Cordova, is pretty, situated in a verdant plain, with a fine range of mountains beyond.

Cordova retains its ancient name. The city was taken by Cæsar, who, according to Mariana, put to the sword twenty thousand of its inhabitants, the partisans of his rival Pompey. Marcus Marcellus, the general of Cæsar, was called the founder of Cordova, adorning the city with magnificent edifices, and conferring on it the title and right of a Roman municipal city, and those privileges which attached to the empire their hard-earned conquests. It was then called Colonia Patricia, from the number of princes, or, as Mariana calls them, the escogidos, the *élite* of Rome and the world who inhabited it; and to this very day, the nobles pride themselves in the purity of their descent, which made the Great Captain say, "Other towns might be better to live in, but none were better to be born in."

There seems to have been something in the atmosphere of Cordova congenial to talent and learning; for in every age this city has been fruitful of great men. In the time of the Romans, the two Senecas and Marcus Pontius Latro, and the poets Sextilius Ena and Lucan, were born here.

It was at Cordova that Roderick, throwing aside

the luxurious indolence and sensuality which had hitherto paralyzed him, assembled a mighty army of fifty thousand horsemen, and a countless host of undisciplined soldiers. The plain where they assembled was called El Campo de la Verdad, or the Field of Truth, from the solemn pledge given by the nobles and soldiers.

After the disastrous battle on the banks of the Guadalete, the panic which spread over Spain soon reached Cordova. Many of its inhabitants fled to Toledo, and a peasant betrayed the city to the enemy, showing them a place where they might enter. In the dead of the night, one thousand horsemen, with a foot-soldier behind each, swam across the river, and having reached the other side in safety, the infantry scaled the ramparts, and, seizing one of the gates, admitted the cavalry, which was soon followed by a part of the army, and Cordova was taken. The Governor and four hundred soldiers having taken refuge in the Church of St. George, where they defended themselves for three months, perished; but the inhabitants were treated with that clemency and generosity which distinguished the Moors throughout their conquests. For nearly three centuries, ending A.D. 1031, Cordova, the capital of the Omeyyah dynasty, was distinguished for her great and talented kings, whose valour checked the growing power of the Christians in the north, and whose wealth we can judge of by their still existing

works scattered over the districts then under their dominions—some ornamental, exhibiting a knowledge of the arts and tastes then unrivalled in Europe; and others, such as fountains, aqueducts, bridges, roads and hydraulic works, useful to the Christian conquerors, and still serviceable to their descendants.

Without giving entire credence to the accounts of Arabian historians, of the twelve thousand villages, farms, and castles, scattered over the districts watered by the Guadalquiver, and doubting even whether Cordova contained, as is stated, a million of inhabitants; yet when we consider the thousands who perished in the civil wars of the Moors, the tens of thousands who perished in the religious struggle of nearly eight centuries with the Christians, and that, according to some authorities, about three millions of Jews and Moors left Spain voluntarily or as exiles, there is good reason for supposing that Andalusia must alone have contained a population of between five and six millions during the reigns of the Omeyyah dynasty.

The revenue of Cordova is said to have been then six millions sterling, an almost incredible amount for that period; but the fifth of the spoils taken in battle amounted to a large sum in those days of continual warfare; and besides a capitation-tax on Christians and Jews, and tolls on the transportation of goods; the taxes were a tenth of the produce of their un-

rivalled husbandry and flocks, of their commerce so extensive, especially with the Levant and Constantinople, and of the mines of precious metals which the Phœnicians and Romans had not entirely exhausted.

Schools and libraries were established, and every pains taken to improve the people. Hisham, A.D. 791,* who rebuilt the bridge and finished the Mezquita, was one of the most pious and charitable of the Moorish kings; he and his successor established schools at Cordova for the teaching of the Arabic; and obliging their subjects to use that language, forbad their making use of the Latin, which may account for so many Arabic words still existing in the Spanish vocabulary.

The Court of Alhakem, the ninth of the Omeyyah dynasty, the most distinguished for his cultivation of literature and talent, was the resort of the eminent scholars in Europe. His library, collected at a great expense, is said to have consisted of six hundred thousand volumes, besides seventy other public libraries scattered over his dominions, and that at a time when Europe was immersed in darkness; and three or four hundred books were considered a magnificent endowment for a monastery. Eighty freeschools were opened in Cordova alone; and the professors in the different branches of litera-

* Condé, vol. I, chap. xxviii.

ture and science attracted scholars from every country in Europe. Pope Sylvester II., one of the most remarkable men of his age, is believed to have owed his elevation to the pontificate to the culture he received in Seville and Cordova.*

Their observations of the heavens from the lofty minarets of their mosques, contributed greatly to astronomical knowledge; according to an Arabian author, cited by D'Herbelot, they could boast of thirteen hundred writers in the department of history; and their treatises on logic and metaphysics amount to one-fifth of the surviving treasures of the Escorial. The Cordovan Averroes contributed more than any other to establish the authority of Aristotle over the reason of mankind for ages; and they made great progress in the sciences of medicine and chemistry, introducing many salutary remedies into Europe. Algebra was taught in their schools, and diffused over the Continent; the manufacture of paper was derived from them, as I have stated in my account of Xativa; and also the more doubtful benefit of the application of gunpowder to military science. If their vivid Oriental imaginations ever inclined to the mysterious, and the superstitious, led them to debase their physics by magic, degrade their chemistry into alchemy, and their astronomy into astrology; the same temperament,

* Tickler, vol. III, p. 346.

clothed in a language remarkable for the purity and elegance of its idiom, exhaled in bold and impressive poetical effusions, coloured with the brightest imagery. All were poets, from the chiefs to the peasants; and the Caliphs of Cordova, as was ever the custom in the East, solaced their leisure hours with listening to their bards, who sang to them of "sucesos de armas y de amores con muy estranos lances y en elegante estilo."*

"Of ladye-love and war, romance and knightly worth."

The luxury and the architectural magnificence of the Omeyyah dynasty may be conceived from the description of the beautiful palace of Az-Zahra, erected by Abdu-r-rahman, near to Cordova, at San Francisco de la Arrizafa, and one would think it almost a tale of the Oriental nights, a romance of the grave historian, as no traces of it exist, did not the Mezquita remain to satisfy us that the splendour of the Omeyyah dynasty was a reality, and not altogether a dream.

The arches were sustained by four thousand three hundred marble columns, and all the pavements consisted of squares of marble of different colours, tastefully arranged. The roofs were painted with azure and gold; and the beams were of precious wood, worked with great skill. In the large hall, fountains of sweet

* Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, vol. I, chap. viii.; Condé, vol. I, p. 457.

water played into marble basins of various forms, and in the centre of the court, which was called the Saloon of the Caliph, there was another fountain of jasper, ornamented with a golden swan brought from Constantinople. Above the head of the bird was suspended a very large pearl, which the Emperor Leon had brought to Abdu-r-rahman.

Contiguous to the palace were gardens of fruit-trees, and bowers and arbours of laurels and myrtles, surrounded with pieces of water, which reflected as in a mirror the branches of the trees and the blue sky and clouds. In the middle of the garden, on an eminence commanding a view of the surrounding country, was the pavilion of the King, where he delighted to repose on his return from hunting, adorned with white marble columns with gilt capitals, and in the centre of the pavilion was a fountain of quicksilver, which, flowing into a vase of porphyry, reflected the sun's rays in a surprising manner. Many elegant baths distributed in the garden increased their delight, and the curtains and carpets were of rich gold and silk tissue, wrought into representations of birds and animals. A mosque less large, but richer perhaps than the Mezquita of Cordova, was built near the palace.

"O Cordova!"
Exclaimed the old man, "how princely are thy towers!
How fair thy vales! thy hills, how beautiful!
The sun, who sheds on thee his parting smiles,

Sees not in all his wide career a scene
Lovelier, nor more exuberantly
By bounteous earth and Heaven blest.
The time has been when happy was their lot
Who had their birthright here."—DON RODERICK.

When the Omeyyah dynasty fell, and the Kings of the Almoravides and the Almohades succeeded, the power of the Moors was shaken to its foundation. Strifes, civil wars, kingdom divided against kingdom, town against town, afforded opportunities to the Christian princes to extend their conquests.

Don Alonso, King of Castile, Leon and Galicia; Don Garcia, King of Navarre, and Don Ramiro, King of Arragon, arranging their differences, entered Andalusia, sacked and burnt the towns and laid waste the country around Cordova. The Moors were then divided into the three parties of Zefendola, the real descendant of the Moorish princes; the Lord of Rota and of Azuela, the Governor of Valencia; and Abengamia, the Governor of Cordova under the Emperor of Morocco. The latter, alarmed at the great preparations of the kings, surrendered the city to the Christians, and assisted them with provisions and money, and the Archbishop of Toledo consecrated the Mezquita, the richest and most superb temple in Spain; but no sooner had the Christians left the city without leaving a garrison, than Abengamia disregarded the oath he

had taken on the Koran that he would keep the city for the Christians.

In 1286, the Spaniards, under Don Ferdinand, taking advantage again of the Moorish dissensions, took the city a second time, notwithstanding the gallant defence of the numerous population, fighting even in the streets and the squares for their liberty and their country, and only surrendering at last when they heard from some prisoners they had taken, that Aben Hut, the King of Granada was dead, and Don Lorenso Suarez had gone over to the Christians. Their lives were spared, the inhabitants were allowed to go where they liked, and the Mezquita was consecrated a second time.

Cordova continued to be prolific of great men. Juan de Mina, born in 1411, was a kind of poet-laureate, and the historiographer of John II. His long poems were fashionable, if not popular; and though most of his writings are disfigured with pedantry and conceits, the language of Spanish poetry was strengthened, and its versification ennobled by his efforts to enlarge the Castilian vocabulary.* Antonio Morales was born in 1517; but unfortunately only commenced his valuable continuation of the History of Spain, by Ocampo, at the age of sixty-seven, and in eleven years, when he died, had only brought it down to 1037. Luis de Gongora,

* Tickler, vol. I, chaps. xix and xx.

born in 1561, had to struggle all his life with poverty, but his early lyrical ballads in short lines, are remarkable for their simplicity and beauty; though his affected style had a most prejudicial effect on the literature of Spain. At Montilla, near here, Gonzalo de Cordova, the Great Captain (and well he deserved that title) was born in 1453, and died in 1515 at Granada; the victim of the jealousy of his King, after gaining him a kingdom. Pedro Cespedes, who was a poet, painter, architect and sculptor, was born here in 1538, and studied in Italy. Laborde mentions with admiration a head of Seneca which he added to an antique statue of that philosopher; and his paintings in the cathedral are decidedly good. Antonio Castillo, was born in 1603, and died of envy of Murillo in 1667.

Century after century the city became poorer and poorer, and at last in 1808, the French entered Cordova, under General Dupont, and sacked the decayed place of plunder amounting it is said to £100,000.

An Arabian author has said, Cordova surpasses all other cities on earth in four principal things: its bridge over the Guadalquiver, its great mosque, the city of Az-Zahra, and the sciences therein cultivated.

The Mezquita or Mosque, commenced by Abdu-r-rahman in 786, and finished by his son, Hisham,

in 791, is almost all that remains of the magnificence of the metropolis of the Moors; but none of the illustrious family of the Omeyyah dynasty died without making considerable additions, or contributing in some way to the ornament of this sumptuous building.* The exterior is quite Moorish, and similar to a portion of the enclosure of the Court of Oranges in Seville, consisting of high walls with buttress towers and a battlement. There were formerly nineteen entrances, but they are now all closed but one. Those on the east side are very beautiful, consisting of charming horse-shoe arches surrounded with rich Moorish work, and on each side small arches. The arched doorways on the west side have windows with lattice-work on both sides of them: the centre and largest entrance, La Puerta del Pardon, is still open, and is by far the most beautiful; the fine horse-shoe arch is surrounded with Moorish work and coats of arms, around which are some frescoes of a more modern date; the huge tower adjoining, though imposing, is not remarkable for its architectural beauty.

This entrance leads into a spacious court filled with beautiful orange-trees, and three fountains, where formerly the pious Moslems performed their ablutions. A number of men, basking in the sun, formed picturesque groups, though many of them would have

* Mohammedan Dynasties, p. 219.

been greatly improved if they had made the same use of the fountains, and washed themselves in the basins. At each end of this court is a colonnade of marble columns, supporting circular arches, and on each side the entrance of the cathedral is a Roman miliary column, stating the distance—one hundred and fourteen miles—to Cadiz. A fine arch leads into the interior, the first view of which is curious, and at first rather disappointing. Formerly, there was a forest of about twelve hundred columns, some say more, and now there are still eight hundred and fifty remaining, chiefly collected from the Roman temples in the Peninsula and from the temple of Janus which stood on this site.

One hundred and fifteen, Mr. Ford says, came from Nismes and Narbonne, sixty from Seville and Tarragona, one hundred and forty were presented by Leo, Emperor of Constantinople; and others came from Carthage. The interior of the cathedral, four hundred and seventy feet by three hundred and fifty, consists of seventeen naves from north to south, not including two naves turned into chapels; and from east to west thirty naves, besides the side aisles, now also converted into chapels. The columns support two rows of arches one above another, and some of the upper ones are interlaced, which have a good effect; the roof is only thirty-five feet from the pavement, and the shafts of the columns are about eleven to twelve feet high, and without bases, in

order to afford more space to walk; they vary in diameter, and not two capitals together are alike and few good. The columns are all monolithic and of marbles of various countries, different coloured granites, jasper, and porphyry, but the greater number of a light rose-coloured Spanish marble.

On entering, the effect of the double arches is very displeasing, but by degrees, and on a second visit, the eye becomes more reconciled to it. We must, however, recollect this is a monument above one thousand years old, spoilt by the Christians changing the centre of the mosque into a cathedral, and thus destroying the effect of the immense court; and the present white-washed roof is also a poor substitute for the beautiful alerce artesonado work of the Moors.

The Chapel Villa-viciosa, formerly the Maskurah, or seat of the Caliph, is very interesting; the one in front of it, in the plateresque style, and gorgeous with gilding, promises little of the elegance which it conceals. The Moorish decorations are very rich, the half lions at the spring of the arches, those of a full size at the beautiful side arch, and the different ornaments and Cufic inscriptions are extremely interesting. The roof is of alerce wood, and very handsome; the gilding still remains in considerable quantities, and the azulejos are charming; the recess, or mihrab, in which the Koran was placed, is larger than usual, but very beautiful.

We then visited the chapel of San Pedro, called by

the Spaniards Del Zancarron, in derision of the foot-bone of Mohammed; seven beautiful arches, supported by marble columns, form the *façade* of this interesting chapel, and lead into what was originally a gallery, but is now formed by iron railings into three rooms. One of them contains a painting of the Last Supper, by Cespedes, the composition and colouring of which deserve praise, but there is little beauty in the expression; and there is no possibility of tolerating anything which destroys the effect of this interesting Moorish chapel.

The other room, corresponding with this, has a doorway ornamented with a beautiful horse-shoe arch, richly decorated with mosaic azulejos, the patterns of which are quite charming. Over the arch is what appears to be a window with a lattice carved in marble. The centre and chief room contains the tomb of the Constable, Condé de Oropesa, the plainness of which contrasts strangely with the richness around, and especially the gorgeous roof above, supported by eight clusters of three marble columns each, and glittering still with gilding, inscriptions, and beautiful ornaments. The arched doorway, leading from the centre room into a little gem of a chapel, is exquisite beyond description. The mosaic azulejos which cover the wall are perfectly charming, and the interior of the arch glitters as if the mosaic pieces were of solid