

and the island of Cuba alone remains to her. Some idea may be formed of the triumph with which Spain exulted in the anticipation of unbounded wealth and conquest on the first discovery of that new world, by the alteration that was then introduced in the royal motto. This alteration was but the omission indeed of a single word, from "Ne plus ultra" to "Plus ultra:" but what triumphant expectations were shadowed forth by the omission of that negative! "Ne plus ultra"—no further than this we extend the bounds of our empire. "Plus ultra"—henceforth we spread our dominion over a new world and regions yet unknown.

I now come to the tobacco manufactory, which I at first mistook for some royal palace, till my Genoese lacqueis de place Ambrosio undeceived me. However, though not a palace, it is a royal building and a royal monopoly. There are two thousand five hundred women and one thousand five hundred men employed in twisting up cigars and pounding tobacco, who, besides earning from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. per day, are well lodged in a very clean and handsome row of

buildings opposite; and not deriving much interest from the various processes of tobacco manufacturing, I mention the only thing that did interest me, and that was to see so many people employed and well provided for.

From this modern palace of tobacco, I shall now transport you to the ancient palace of the Moorish kings. It stands in a large court, inclosed by a turreted wall, and at the back looks into a garden of fine orange trees laden with fruit, laid out into parterres of flowers divided by box hedges, and adorned with numerous fountains, basins of water, and fanciful water-works. On entering within the Alcazar, you may fancy yourself transported to a new quarter of the globe, so different is the scene to any thing you have witnessed before—lofty halls opening one into the other with marble pavements, the walls to a certain height encased with glazed and variegated tiles, and above this encrusted with a coat of stucco, presenting the appearance of stone most exquisitely carved in the most various patterns; vaulted ceilings of a novel construction, formed of tessellated pieces of wood dove-

tailed into each other, glowing with brilliant colours, and arranged into many a different pattern. These stuccoed walls and tessellated ceilings of the Moors, surpass in beauty the choicest specimens of tapestry, the arabesque paintings on the walls of Pompeii, and the frescoed ceilings of the Italian palaces.

And now I believe, having shortly run over every thing which may entitle Seville to be called a city of wonders, I must proceed to afford you some general idea of it. It is the capital of Andalusia, and contains a population of about a hundred thousand souls; but within the circuit of its walls might I imagine well contain treble that number. It has an air of tranquillity and antiquity about it, which is perhaps more interesting to the traveller than the brilliancy of Cadiz, which, by comparison, seems a city just fresh from the builder's hands.

Tormentingly paved, the streets are most of them exceedingly narrow, and in a great part of the town a perfect labyrinth. To distinguish it from Cadiz, which may be called the city of verandahs, this may be termed the city of patios.

I have mentioned before that the patio is the open court in the centre of the Andalusian houses, and answers chiefly to our hall. At night these patios all lighted up, (which you see into, as they are only divided from the entrance door by a short passage) form an agreeable and distinguishing feature of Seville. Here the Sevillians display their taste and luxury, embellishing the walls with paintings, and decorating the area with flowers, shrubs, and orange trees; and here they hold their tertullias, or evening conversaciones, and as you pass by them, the tinkling of many a guitar will salute your ear.

The heat that reigns in this town is excessive. I shall state a few facts in illustration of this. Over three or four of the most commercial streets you will see, during the heat of the day, canvas awnings suspended from the opposite roofs for shelter, which cover their whole length; while in every one you will find *puestos di agua*, or water stalls. In the Plaza del Duque, the principal evening promenade, I have counted more than a dozen, each furnished with five or six capacious earthen jars filled with the softest and

most delicious water imaginable. I may truly say I never had an idea of the luxury of water as a beverage till I tasted it at Seville, and Sangrado himself never drank harder than I did while here of the simple element. It costs about a halfpenny a glass, and is in fashion with every class of people.

To give you now an idea of the heat that prevails from twelve till five, while the white houses are reflecting the rays of the sun, and the streets are as stifling as so many ovens, you may hear the echo of your footsteps on the pavement. The town is then as silent as London at four o'clock of a winter's morning. Towards sunset the city may be said to begin to awake. From ten o'clock till two in the morning, the whole population is in motion: the guitars are tinkling in every street; there sit some five or six before their door doling forth in chorus some melancholy ditty, beating time and measure with the palms of their hands; here the rosarios are roaming about, a sort of half-religious, half-begging procession, consisting of some dozen men and boys, preceded by a banner and lights,

who sing holy music to the accompaniment of instrumental music; and now the female inmates of the houses are stretching forth their necks from the opposite windows of their narrow lanes, and giving vent to their volubility of tongue; the Serranos, or watchmen, are going their rounds, and answering each other from different streets by shrill prolonged whistlings; the dogs, who are the midnight plague of Spanish towns, are commencing their howling, barking conversaciones, and the cats are screaming from the roofs of the houses.

As Cervantes says, in illustration of the midnight silence that reigned in Toboso, "No se oia en todo el lugar, sino ladridos de perros, que atronaban los oidos di Don Quijote, y turbaban el corazon di Sancho. De cuando en cuando rebuznaba un jumento, mayaban gatos, grenian puercos, cuyas voces di diferentes sonidos se aumentaban con el silencio de la noche." There was heard no sound throughout the whole village, save the barking of dogs, which stunned the ears of Don Quixote, and went to the very heart of Sancho. From time

to time some ass set up his braying, and the miaulings of the cats and the gruntings of hogs stole on the ear ; while this concert of discordant sounds was heightened and rendered more distinct, by the silence of the night. Night in short, in Seville, is any thing but the season of sleep and tranquillity ; and I imagine that the clearness of the atmosphere in Spain, in a great degree increases the distinctness of every sound.

The general appearance of the capital of Andalusia is that of a quiet country town, and the shops are much upon about a par with those of a small country town in England. Although there are numbers of spacious palaces belonging to the nobility, I saw but few equipages about the streets, and those of an exceedingly unpretending fashion, nor any appearance of fashion and gaiety—but in place of this, troops of laden asses and mules, and sober citizens (a most sickly and emaciated looking race) enveloped in long cloaks, which performing the office of coats and waistcoats, serve to conceal linen not remarkable for purity and whiteness.

But perhaps you will now be curious to learn

the appearance which the country around presents. It may be very shortly described as a naked sun-burnt plain. Taking one evening one of my usual walks in the environs, I was forcibly struck with the novelty of the scene, and the different features which the landscape displayed, to those which would have presented themselves in England. On one side of me stood the ancient lofty turretted walls of Seville, of Moorish construction; through the gateway was passing a priest, distinguished by his enormous hat. On the other side of me lay the Guadalquivir, in whose stream numbers of people were bathing, and on whose flat treeless banks the setting sun was casting its rich glow. Along the road were passing creaking carts of the old Roman fashion drawn by bullocks. Between the walls and the river intervened a desert of sand, covered here and there with patches of prickly yellow weeds, while the only object of beauty that refreshed the eye, was a lordly palm-tree that towered solitarily above the lofty walls of a huge monastery.

I took one morning after breakfast, a ride to Italica, the ancient city of the Romans, which is



at the distance of about seven miles. The naked monotony of the country was only varied by a few aloes, olive and wild fig-trees, and one large monastery, and so hot and dreary a ride, was ill-recompensed by the sights of some old fragments of walls, and the traces of baths and an amphitheatre, which were just sufficient to prove that here once stood the Roman city.

I must not, however, forget the gardens and public walks around Seville, of which there are no less than four. I saw them not however, in their beauty at this season. The burning heat of a Spanish summer had withered up the flowers, as ungenial to vegetation as the winter's cold of northern latitudes. The most agreeable and spacious of these is along the southern direction of the river, and here you will observe amongst acacias, cypresses and other shrubs of a hot climate, the orange, the lemon, the citron and the pomegranate tree, bearing its red blossom and its fruit both together.

I believe I have now but one more subject to touch on in my general description of this city, and on that I am forced to sum up my observa-

tions with even more than my usual brevity. Every traveller who has been at Seville talks of the superb specimens of that glory of the Spanish school of painting, Murillo, which are here exhibited in the different monasteries. That there are such, I dispute not. But when the said traveller launches out in his admiration of these chef d'œuvres, I take leave to express my surprise, unless he be gifted with miraculous powers of vision, how he has been able to discern the beauties of paintings, covered with dust, placed under the recesses of overshadowing arcades in churches which are so sparingly lighted, and many of them too suspended on the walls full fifty feet above him? For my own part, after straining my eyes to no purpose, I gave up picture-hunting at Seville, and contented myself with Mr. Williams, the English consul's very choice collection, which are *not* hid under a bushel. As the monasteries and their riches are now to be sequestered, it is to be hoped, at some future day, the pictures will all be collected together and placed in some public gallery.

I conclude this letter with some extracts from my daily journal.

August 25th. Went to an evening party, or tertullia, at the English consul's, and were received in the patio, where I met an English family I had sailed with from Falmouth, perhaps the only new-married couple that ever ventured upon a tour in this country. The consul had engaged for the entertainment of his company six of the best dancers in Seville; for every town and village in Spain has its dancers. There were three men and three women, attired in their holiday dresses, which were not only extremely splendid, but graceful and becoming costumes. To the music of a guitar, and accompanying themselves with the castanets, they danced away the whole evening with great glee and animation, displaying much agility, lightness of step, and variety of figure and attitude, in which there was no want of gracefulness. Amongst these different figures I was much surprised to see a hornpipe executed, and I leave it to be decided by those who are learned in the

art of dancing, whether this dance be of British or Spanish origin, and whether our sailors taught it to the Spaniards, or they to our sailors; for, reflecting that they *are* a dancing people, and that we are *not*, I begin to doubt whether we really are entitled to claim the honour of its invention.

28th. I was favoured yesterday evening, by the kindness of an English lady, with a peep into a new world. In short, I was introduced into the visitors' apartment of a Spanish convent. Separated by a double-grated window, we were received by the lady abbess, a portly cheerful looking dame of about the age of forty. With her was a youthful novice, robed in virgin white, with a sort of crown-shaped cap on her head, embroidered with gold, and two nuns habited in black veils and gowns. The conversation, however, I am compelled to say, was not very interesting, consisting merely of question and answer as to their mode of life, and how they were reconciled to it. What could they say in presence of the lady abbess, but that they were happy, very happy — contented, perfectly contented? and

this they reiterated so often, that I would fain believe they were so. Whatever the lady abbess said, they seemed to take pleasure in chiming in with, and when she smiled they smiled, and laughed when she laughed, and a merry dame she seemed to be; but whether from our worldly wisdom, and her retirement from the world, apparently somewhat simple withal.

It is, indeed, a sinful world we were again returned to from this sanctified seclusion; but reflecting that its temptations were ordained to be the test and trial of human virtue, I doubted in my own mind whether such a separation from our species is to be considered as an act of true piety. Besides, how could I penetrate into the secrets that those walls might whisper within? Or how say that the heart was there purer, though separated from contact with the world?

29th. This tranquil city is beginning to suffer a state of excitement. Private letters, which in this country are always a full week in advance of the public journals in imparting the news of the day, have brought intelligence that Cadiz, following the example of Malaga, has proclaimed

the Constitution. The good citizens are in a ferment, swarming about like so many bees when disturbed in their hive. I will endeavour to collect some news. . . . . I am just returned, and this is the state of things. The Governor, determined it seems that there shall be no such doings here as at Cadiz and Malaga, has collected around his own house all the disposable force he can collect, consisting of about four hundred troops of the line, foot, cavalry, and artillerymen, with about forty of the migüetes, a species of Spanish gens-d'armes, the only force that look formidable, though, from their singular wild costume, you might take them for a troop of brigands, the rest of the garrison having been ordered off for Malaga on the first intelligence of the events that were there in agitation. Various reports (not as yet of fire arms) are flying about. Fame is busy with her hundred tongues. The first report affirms that a column of three thousand men are marching on Seville from Cadiz to proclaim the Constitution. Report the second,—that the Urbanos are resolved to anticipate them by first proclaiming it themselves. Report the

third,—that the Urbanos have been ordered by the Governor to keep to their barracks. Report the fourth,—that the troops of the line have been ordered to march towards the said barracks, and summon the said Urbanos to deliver up their arms.

Eight o'clock at night. The whole town is illuminated “*Ne quid detrimenti respublica capiat.*” It is said we shall have a visit to-night from the rabble of the Triana, a suburb across the river, which is the favoured residence of gipseys, smugglers, and other such desperate characters. The cannon planted at the heads of the streets, with an artilleryman prepared with a match, stand staring you in the face ready to blow you to perdition. The whole scene is altogether very exciting.

30th. The troops and guns still maintain their position of yesterday. The Urbanos have been every where replaced by troops of the line, to do the duty of the town guard. The city to-night is again illuminated.

31st. This morning the troops round the Governor's house, except the miguletes, together

with the cannon, have vanished, and Seville once more wears its usual tranquil appearance. There is something, however, under this apparent state of quietude I suspect in agitation, but what exactly I cannot divine.

September 1st. The bells all over the town are ringing a merry peal. What can be the meaning of this? . . . . . Glorious news! glorious news! Viva la Constitucion! viva la Libertad! The troops of the line have fraternized with the Urbanos, instead of disarming them, and the deserted Governor has sent in his resignation. The whole of Seville is in a state of movement. Such a running and scampering about, such a talking, such a number of groups collected together; for now is the Constitution to be proclaimed with a dignity and solemnity suited to such an event. Forth from their narrow lanes and alleys are issuing those who have achieved the triumph of liberalism, the brave Urbanos, patriotic householders and shopkeepers of Seville, attired in martial accoutrements, and shoulder charged with musket. They are mustering to the beat of drum, and repairing



to the principal square there to proclaim in due form the Constitution which they have established. What that Constitution is precisely, however, I assure you they would be a little puzzled to inform you, for it is a word of a very vague and indefinite meaning.

Behold them now all drawn up in front of the town-house, in the balcony of which is exhibited to the public gaze a portrait of Isabella the Second, the infant Queen of Spain, of the tender age of five years old. And now there commences a mighty clanging of trumpets, and rattling of drums, and squeaking of fifes, and the Urbanos, after wheeling about in all directions, and performing all sorts of military antics, set up a shout of "Viva la Constitucion!" and thus is the Constitution proclaimed. But how demean themselves the people all this while? Why very rationally and sensibly, standing by very demurely and soberly, as perfectly indifferent and unconcerned spectators of the scene in which they have had no part themselves, it having been entirely the act and deed of the Urbanos.

This is the first time I ever witnessed a revo-

lution, and the whole thing was enacted as peacefully and harmlessly as if it had been represented on the stage of a theatre. I had heard so much for the last four days of the valiant deeds that might be expected to be performed between the Urbanos and the troops of the line, supposed to be opposed to each other on this great event, that I did all the while anticipate a battle royal between the two parties. Such execrations had I heard poured forth against the Governor, that for my own part I did not think his life worth an hour's purchase. One of those burly heroes an Urbano, exclaimed in my hearing, with an awful look as he shouldered his musquet "Soy veterano." From all this I did imagine that I should have had to immortalize deeds of valour worthy of Don Quixote himself, but it appears that the Regulars and Urbanos were all the while "foregad both of one story," and this wonderful unanimity of the two parties has robbed my little journal of its brightest page.

And now at length dear Tomkinson, I conclude a letter which may somewhat have wearied your patience, but as I leave Seville for Grenada

to-morrow, I was anxious to tell you all I had to say of this metropolis of Andalusia. The few acquaintance I have here wish me a *safe* journey, and by way of encouragement inform me that the baker between here and Carmona, my first stage, is regularly robbed at least once a week. Notwithstanding this of which I claim the liberty of believing as much as I please, as I travel in the Diligence which is well guarded, I trust once more to write to you from the land of the living.

Believe me, dear Tomkinson, &c.

To Trelawney Tomkinson, Esq.  
Land's End, Cornwall.

LETTER V.

ANALYSIS OF DANTE'S INFERNO.

University Club.

DEAR SIR,

I AM now about to guide you through the several Cantos of the Inferno, and I hope by illustrating the obscurities of Dante by extracts from Monsieur Artaud's notes appended to his translation, which are a judicious selection from the voluminous mass of partly learning, partly pedantry, partly lumber, accumulated by the Italian Commentators, to render him intelligible to you. These extracts I shall mark with inverted commas—for the rest I take the responsibility on my own shoulders. The two opening Cantos appear to me to be meant as a sort of preface to the poem, and a very disheartening commencement I must confess they form to the reader, for it is necessary that a sphynx should be constantly at his elbow to explain their ænigmatical meanings.

Summary of Canto I. The poet in the middle of his path through life finds himself bewildered amidst the mazes of a dark forest (the forest of vices) the remembrance of whose horrors he describes to be as bitter as death, and seeing a hill in the distance on whose summit the morning sunbeams are resting, he directs his course towards it, but is successively driven back by a speckled panther of shining coat, (by the shining coat of the animal he perhaps signifies the allurements of pleasure) by a she-wolf the emblem of avarice, (but why he has particularized the sex I pretend not to conjecture) and by a lion the emblem of ambition. Virgil at length appears before him, announces that he is sent to his aid by Beatrix, exhorts him to fly from this accursed place, and promises to conduct him to the hill in the distance, which he assures him is the source of every joy, through the realms of departed spirits. Dante, after urging the presumption of his attempting such a journey, suffers himself to be persuaded and under Virgil's guidance follows his steps. The language throughout the whole of this canto is dark and obscure, while few poetical

beauties give relief to the allegory that runs through it. Describing the horrors of the forest of vices, he illustrates them by this simile, and if you will allow me I shall give you my extracts from Dante in my own clumsy attempt at versifying them in stanzas of three blank lines. The simile is this—

“ As one from out the deep disgorg’d upon the beach  
 With panting breath, his fearful eye turns back,  
 Steals tow’rd’s the grave he hath escap’d a hasty glance, &c.”

On his first meeting with Virgil, whose voice (he says) from lengthened silence “ utter’d sounds uncouth,” the meaning of which after all the laboured attempts of the Commentators to explain, may I think be best explained in the simplest way, viz. that a long silence would naturally affect the organs of speech and render its accents uncouth and indistinct—he addresses him in some lines which in the original possess much simple beauty.

“ Oh! art thou then that Virgil, and that fount of song  
 The ever welling stream that pourest forth?  
 I answer’d him with downcast eye, and reverential look,

Thou both my master, and my model author art,  
 Thou he from whom alone the stile I have derived,  
 The graceful stile, that gilds my name with praise.  
 Thou of all other poets bright exemplar, beacon-star,  
 Let my long study, title to thy favor plead,  
 And the deep love wherewith thy volume I have ponder'd o'er."

Having thus presented you first with a summary of this Canto, and noticed the few poetical beauties it seems to me to contain, I shall add some of the explanatory and critical notes which I translate from Monsieur Artaud. "In whatever way the reader may interpret this allegory, such it indisputably is, and without seeking for too refined explanations, it is sufficiently obvious that the poet having reached the middle term of life, finds himself lost amidst the distractions of ambition, and enslaved to the tyranny of his passions, from which unhappy state he is desirous of raising himself to the exalted heights of virtue. To this resolution of amendment the love of pleasure first opposes itself. Ambition afterwards succeeds and a thirst for worldly distinction, and lastly the passion of avarice and the love of wealth, the most formidable of all

obstacles to his designs. The sage, who comes to his assistance, teaches him that such hindrances to virtue cannot all at once and immediately be overcome, and that it is only by quitting the path of vice that virtue can be attained; and that for this a long meditation on the lessons of wisdom is the necessary and preparatory step.

“Now, in the age in which Dante lived, these lessons consisted in meditating on the destiny of man after his death, and in the insight which it was supposed might, by such meditation, be revealed to him of the nature of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. Such, without doubt, is the object and meaning of this Vision, which appeared nothing strange according to the spirit of those times, though surprising it assuredly is, that the poet should have found means from such a subject to extract so many beauties.” (Guingené Hist. Litt. d’Italie.)

Rivarol observes, “here we find ourselves amidst a sober kind of twilight, the effect of those mysterious allusions with which it is filled. Such was the genius of the age, and in order to form a proper judgment of Dante, it is necessary to