only version allowed in Spain. Had he unexpectedly taken a religious turn, and abandoned the world for the church and the confessional, such changes of feeling were too common in Spain to have occasioned much surprise. But this absolute retirement, this neglect of devotional works and pious practices, for a book which even professional divines seldom took the trouble to examine, had in it something peculiar, and not easily accounted for. After continuing for several months his scriptural studies, Valér was observed to court the friendship of the clergy. One of the most eminent was Dr. John Gill, or Egidius, canon magistral (preacher) of the Cathedral of Seville; an office to which he had been unanimously chosen by the archbishop and chapter, as a testimony of superiority among his contemporaries. The learned canon had been admired for his profound knowledge of divinity, rather than for his eloquence; but since his intimacy with Valér, his preaching had assumed a higher tone, his sermons lost their trifling character, and became earnest and powerful addresses to the hearts and the feelings of his hearers; and he was soon the most popular preacher in Seville. That the change which had gained him such public applause was the work of Valér, could not even be suspected by those who were well aware of the immense superiority of the canon's

learning over the slender talents of his friend; yet such was in fact the case.

"No slighter impulse than that of an ardent love of religious truth would have been sufficient to engage any man in the desperate undertaking of spreading protestant doctrines, under the watchful eye of the Inquisition, now doubly alert, from the animosity which their sovereign, Charles V., was showing against the Lutherans in Germany. But no danger could appal the enthusiastic Valér. Regardless of his personal safety, or what is still dearer to a man who has enjoyed the respect of his companions, his character for judgment and soundness of intellect, he appeared at the most frequented places, addressing all that would stop to hear him, upon the necessity of studying the Scriptures, and making them the only rule of faith and conduct. The suspicions of his mental derangement, which had been afloat since the period of his retirement, were now fully confirmed, and saved Valér, for a time, from the hands of the Inquisition. This humane construction of his conduct did not last long; he was seized and confined to a solitary prison. His friend, Egidius, who was yet without any taint of suspicion, appeared before the judges as Valér's counsel: a dangerous, yet honourable proof of his friendship. The prisoner made no attempt to disguise his opinions, but charged the inquisitors themselves

with blindness and ignorance. Valér was twice imprisoned, and made to stand a trial. The first time he forfeited his fortune, the second his liberty for life. Public disgrace is one of the most powerful weapons used by the Inquisition. Accordingly Valér was conducted every Sunday, in a san benito, or coat of infamy, to the collegiate church of San Salvadore, to attend high mass, and hear a sermon, which he frequently interrupted, by contradicting the preacher. Under a strong doubt whether he was really a madman, or courted the suspicion to escape the punishment of fire, the inquisitors came to the final determination of confining him to a convent near the mouth of the Guadalquiver; where, deprived of all communication with the rest of the world, he died, about fifty years of age. He was of course deprived of his Bible; but we are told that he had committed a considerable portion of it to memory, so that he had still that consolation in his solitude.

"The final sentence against Valér, which was passed in 1540, did not damp the zeal of his friends, though it made them more cautious. Egidius lived in habits of great intimacy with Constantine Perez de la Fuente and Dr. Vargas, two very learned and exemplarary priests, his early friends at the university of Alcalá de Henares. By the zeal of Valér many additions had been made to this knot of friends; for his proselytes in

different parts of the town soon became known to each other. By the conversion to Protestantism of Dr. Arias, the rising church began to feel strong in the number of her learned men. Arias, in spite of his natural timidity, which afterwards, in the hour of persecution, betrayed him into the most odious duplicity, disclosed his new views in religion to one of the members of his convent.* This man was possessed of an open and ardent character, the very reverse of that of Arias; and through his agency, the whole community, including the prior, embraced the reformed doctrines. The concealed Protestants were mostly divines of great eminence for their learning and their virtue, and possessed an extensive influence in the town, especially through the confessional. That their efforts were much restrained by apprehensions of danger there can be no doubt; yet, in the space of ten years, two protestant churches were founded; one at Seville, and another at Valladolid, whose members, under the direction of appointed ministers, implored the blessing of Heaven on the religious work in which they had engaged, at the imminent peril of their lives. At the head of the church of Seville was Dr. Egidius, its founder. It contained more than eight hundred members when it was extirpated. The house

* Arias was a Hieronymite. Their convent is situated two miles from Seville, and is called San Isidro del Campo.

of Isabel de Varna, a lady of illustrious birth, was used as a place of worship."

"With what terror," said Ellen, "they must have gone there! and how unhappy the deceit they were compelled to practise must have made them!"

"True," said her father. "But those who had gone on for some years unreproved, would be less susceptible of these agitating feelings: they would have acquired a habit of security; and those who were novices, would have less fear from seeing the courage of others."

"But persecution came at last, did it not?" said Edward

"Yes, it came like a whirlwind, and none of its victims escaped. Dr. Augustin Cazalla, canon of Salamanca, one of the king's chaplains and preachers, had been educated at Alcalá when Egidius, Vargas, and several protestant leaders had been there. Having attended the emperor into Germany, he is supposed to have learned there the principles of the reformation. Numerous females, many of them ladies of quality, embraced the Lutheran faith at Valladolid; and the meetings were held at the house of Leonor de Vibero, Cazalla's mother. The history of religious zeal hardly presents an instance of more heroic devotion, or greater disregard of danger, than appears in the Spanish Protestants. The fierce spirit of persecu-

tion, which the nation had imbibed during the struggle for dominion with the Moors, was now directed against the German Lutherans; those new enemies of the faith, who, in the conception of the Spaniards, had been marshalled by the powers of darkness, to take up the interests of satan's kingdom. Their emperor, Charles V., had employed, for some years, the whole strength of his extensive influence to oppose the reformation in Germany. The Spaniards, by shedding their blood in that cause, had taken a double interest against it. Their honour was engaged to deliver up into the hands of justice, all such as might be found combining to spread heresy, in the most orthodox of all countries; and the mercenary feelings of the lower class engaged them to the performance of a lucrative duty, which entitled the informer to a share in the spoil of God's enemies."

"Detection," said Edward, "was thus unavoidable, and must have been, I should think, foreseen by the Protestants."

"If it were so," said Mr. Delville, "few precautions were taken for their safety. Egidius first fell under the suspicion of heresy. He was confined in the solitary prisons of the Inquisition; and the slow process of his trial was embittered by the persecuting zeal of Peter Diaz, one of the inquisitors, who had formerly been his friend, and the base desertion of Arias, whom he had appointed

his counsel, but who was afraid of committing his own safety. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, heresy could not be proved against him; and he was only condemned to three years' imprisonment, and to a public profession of the Romish faith. When his liberty was restored to him, he hastened to visit the Lutherans in Valladolid. On his return to Seville, 1560, death snatched him from the general persecution which was then impending. Had he lived longer, he would have expired in the flames, to which his bones were consigned in 1560. The trial of Egidius led to discoveries, which, being followed up, put the Inquisition, in some measure, in possession of the secret protestant association. A few priests, who felt their danger, left the kingdom; and Julian Hermandez quitted Seville, on pretence of a commercial speculation, but in reality to promote the diffusion of the reform doctrines by the introduction of protestant books. On his return he was seized, tortured, and convicted of having smuggled a great many works, concealed in double casks, holding a small portion of French wine between an outer and an inner range of staves.

"But the circumstance that was most fatal to the interests of the Spanish Protestants, was the unfortunate disclosures made by a female who had embraced that faith. Maria Gomez was a widow who lived as housekeeper with Dr. Zafra, vicar of

the parish of St. Vincent, at Seville. After the death of Egidius, Zafra was among the chief leaders of the Protestants, and Maria the most constant attendant at the secret meetings where her master officiated. Whether the effort which the abjuration of her former religious principles had cost her, was such as to impair her health, or the fear of detection had dwelt too painfully and too long on her mind, the poor woman became deranged, and it was necessary to confine her. In this state she eluded the vigilance of her keepers, ran straight to the Inquisition, and made a complete disclosure of all she knew. Her derangement was so evident, that Zafra would not confirm her account by his flight, a measure which would, he knew, be so injurious to his friends. The Inquisition allowed the alarm of the Protestants to subside, and, with the assistance of government, prepared to strike a final and decisive blow on a party whose strength they began to fear.

"When that tribunal had taken its measures with its usual secrecy, the Catholics of Spain learned with awful joy, that not only the prisons of the holy office were crowded with Lutherans, but convents and private houses had been converted into gaols, for the safe keeping of their heretical countrymen. Few of the accused had been able to escape. Zafra, who had the most reason to dread the consequences of the disclosure made by his

servant, delayed his flight until he was taken; but he was so fortunate as to break out of prison, and finally escape from his pursuers. Six monks of the Hieronymite convent, near Seville, fled out of the kingdom in time; but one or two having been detected in Flanders, preparing to embark for England, were seized by the Spanish authorities, and sent back to Spain, where they neither expected nor found mercy. The Lutherans of Valladolid were secured at the same time, and a bull obtained from the Pope, authorizing their execution, without allowing them the usual benefit of recantation, within a certain period.

"This bull being obtained, and the secret trials brought to a close earlier than usual, by the unsparing use of the rack; on the 21st of May, 1559, which was Trinity Sunday, the principal square of Valladolid presented one of the most splendid assemblies which Spain, then at the height of its glory, was able to display. Don Carlos, prince of Asturias, then fourteen years of age; his aunt, Jane of Austria, the grandees and ladies of their suite, and all the nobility and gentry of that ancient capital and its environs, filled up the seats, which surrounded the square in the form of an amphitheatre. In the middle of the square an extensive platform was raised, on which the inquisitors were seen, seated under a canopy, facing an altar, surmounted by a crucifix, and bearing the candle-

sticks and sacred vessels for the celebration of mass. Next to the altar stood a pulpit, from which the appointed preacher was to address the convicts; and from whence, at the conclusion of the act, their respective sentences were to be made public by the secretary of the Inquisition."

"O papa!" said Ellen; "what a solemn scene! And all to torture some poor creatures who differed in opinion from themselves. How could they have the heart to be so cruel?"

"An auto-da-fe," my dear, "has always been considered in Spain as a triumph of true Christianity, where the spectators rejoiced so completely in the victory of the church as to overlook the anguish of the sufferers. In the midst of that splendid assembly at Valladolid, there stood fourteen persons, men and women, condemned to die by fire; and by their side were sixteen persons sentenced to infamy, confiscation, and perpetual imprisonment. They all wore the coat of infamy, or san benito; a long slip of cloth, with an opening for the head, hanging loose before and behind, with a high pointed cap of coarse paper on their heads. Those who were to die had the figures of flames and devils on their dress. Near relatives, the sons and daughters of a wealthy citizen, composed the greatest part of the condemned group. They stood near the figure of a female, placed upon a deal box. It was the effigy of Leonor de

Vilero, their mother, whose bones were contained in the box, to be consumed in the same fire with her children. Augustin Cazalla, whom I before mentioned to you as the protestant leader in Valladolid, was the eldest. His dislocated limbs bore fatal marks of the rack. Pain and the love of life made him recant his opinions. He had been deluded with the hopes of mercy till the day before his execution, yet not all the barbarity of his tyrants was sufficient to reanimate his courage. He died repenting his protestant belief. Let us not," said Mr. Delville, as his children struggled with tears; "let us not too harshly condemn him: our nature is frail, and the body weakens the mind. Who shall say the extremity of mental and corporeal torture he endured, in the dark recesses of the Inquisition, before his constancy gave way. In the second auto of 1559, thirteen more victims perished in the flames. Don Carlos Seso, a noble Venetian, died firmly and heroically at the stake. His wife, a descendant of the ancient kings of Castile, by a natural daughter of Peter the Cruel, wanted courage to follow her husband's example, and submitted to endure a life of infamy in prison."

"Surely, sir," said Edward, "that was the hardest fate of the two."

"So I should think," said his father; "but it has been justly observed, that the timid die many

times, the brave but once. Among the females who suffered were four nuns; one in her twenty-first year. They were steady to the protestant belief, but were strangled before being committed to the flames. Cazalla the elder, when passing before the princess, on his way to execution, implored her protection for the helpless orphans of his sister, who was to suffer with him. The request must have been useless; for what could have been expected from hearts that could behold and hear these things without breaking?"

"Terrible as it is to hear of these things," said Edward, "I can imagine death less frightful to the sufferers than life, especially when the agony of their mind, previous to the last sentence, is considered."

"Deep as our sympathy is," said Ellen, "for those who died, I feel more for those who could bear to live, and to renounce their principles. Can you tell us, papa, any thing of the fate of the Protestants of Seville?"

"They evinced, as a body," said Mr. Delville, "the most heroic firmness. Twenty-seven out of thirty-five persons dared to die rather than deny their principles: of these, thirteen were females. Arias, who had betrayed his friends and denied his faith, suffered at last, and expiated at the stake his former cowardice. One story is too touching to be withheld, painful as it is. A priest, named

Gonsalez, had, among other proselytes, converted his two sisters to the protestant faith. They were all confined in the dungeons of the Inquisition. The torture, repeatedly applied, could not draw from them the least evidence against their religious associates. Every artifice was employed to obtain a recantation from the young women. Their reply to these solicitations was wonderfully simple and affecting: 'We will die in the faith of our brother: he is too clever to be wrong, and too good to deceive us.' The three stakes at which they died were near each other; and they sang the 109th Psalm till the flames smothered their voices, and removed them to another and better world, to sing their Redeemer's praise."

A pause of deep feeling followed; and Mr. Delville was about to dismiss the subject, when Ellen enquired if he could tell them any further particulars of the unfortunate Maria Gomez, who had so unintentionally betrayed the protestant cause.

"Yes," replied her father; "and her fate is not less tragic than the rest. No sooner had she recovered her reason, than the protestant doctrines resumed their former influence over her mind. Her widowed sister, Leonor Gomez, and her three unmarried daughters, deeply shared her religious feelings. One of these young women being arrested, every effort of cruelty and deceit was employed to extort a confession implicating her

mother, aunt, and sisters. But she endured the rack in perfect silence. An inquisitor, irritated by this extraordinary firmness, took the resolution of entrapping the hapless prisoner, by affecting a decided interest in her favour. He gave her private audiences, where his tone of paternal affection soon melted a heart which had been so long fed with tears and bitterness. She was made to believe that all danger would be removed from her dear relatives, if the judge, who seemed bent on saving her, was put at once in possession of the whole truth. A declaration of this kind was all that the evidence wanted to render it complete, and the five female relatives were condemned to the flames. Without the least sign of weakness, subterfuge, or wavering, the helpless creatures prepared themselves to die. They comforted each other on the scaffold; the young thanking the old for their cares and religious instruction, and they pointing to heaven, where, within a few brief moments, they all firmly hoped to embrace in never ending happiness."

"Weep not, my dear Ellen," said Mrs. Delville: "they are not objects of our pity. May we die the death of the righteous, and may our last end be like theirs."

"And these are the people," said Frank, "that Edward prefers to the French."

"Never," replied his brother, "was a nation

more sullied with blood than the French people. None have more bitterly persecuted the reformers. It was the French troops who aided the Piedmontese in their horrible massacres of the unoffending Vaudois."

"Indeed!"

"Aye, indeed, Frank. Do you remember Milton's lines, so deeply expressive of his indignation?"

"Not I!" said Frank. "I know nothing of your poetry! It is too grave, friend, for me."

"This is indeed worth hearing, Frank," said Ellen; and at the request of her elder brother she repeated, with great feeling, the celebrated sonnet:—

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Are scatter'd on the Alpine mountains, cold;
E'en them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,
Forget not! In thy book record their groans,
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks! their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The mitred tyrant: that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who, having learnt the way,
Early may fly the Babylonian war."

"Such, you see, my children," said Mr. Delville, "has been in all ages the persecution of the true faith, when it arose in the bosom of the Roman Catholic church. Scenes so revolting to humanity, as the Inquisition presented with all the pomp and circumstance of national exhibitions, could not have been tolerated by a noble and generous people, but for the existence of those prejudices against all enemies of the faith, which we have already traced to their hatred of the Moors. This prejudice has been acted on to such a monstrous extent as to have become a gigantic evil, fatal to the independence, the humanity, the character, and best interests of the Spanish nation. Their punishment is sufficiently obvious and severe. God has already revenged upon the land, a hundred fold, the righteous blood of his slaughtered saints."

CHAPTER III.

PROVINCE OF BISCAY—CHARACTER OF THE BISCAYANS—MOCK BULL-FIGHT—IDIOT CHILD.

THE moment when the travellers crossed the Biddassoa was naturally one of excitement; they knew that they were then in Spain, and they looked with increased interest on the surrounding objects. They were twice stopped for their passports in a quarter of an hour; and they were glad of this interruption, for it gave them an opportunity for closer observation. Mr. Delville pointed out to them, on the right, an island called the Isle of Pheasants, formed by a turn in the river. It is small and uninhabited, and only remarkable for the conference held there in the reign of Louis XIV., between Cardinal Richilieu and Don Lewis de Haro; in which it was decided that the duke of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV., should, accordingly to the will of Charles II., be proclaimed king of Spain, by the title of Philip V. Irun, the frontier-town of Spain, offered nothing to detain their attention; but as they passed on to Tolosa, they were delighted with the extreme beauty of

the scenery. Their road lay through green and fertile valleys; and the sides of the mountains, instead of being covered with forest-trees, were clothed with a great variety of fruit-trees, most of them in full bloom; and the eye was charmed, from the foot to the summit of the mountains, with the varying tints of the delicate blossoms. Some of the more common fruits were ripe; and, as they passed through the villages, the children threw them into the carriage, instead of flowers. From Bayonne to Biscay the nearest communication is by the coast; but the road had so bad a reputation for robbers, that Mr. Delville was obliged to go round by Vittoria. In ascending the mountains, which bound the plain in which that town is situated, oxen were used instead of mules for the steepest parts of the ascent. Calculating on their slowness, the young Delvilles chose to walk; but they found, to their mortification, that they were left far behind, and were glad to be waited for at last. Vittoria was descried long before they arrived there; and the travellers admired the streets, bordered with trees as a defence against the sun.

"It was here," said Mr. Delville, "that, in 1808, the French repeatedly defeated the Spanish armies, which had been assembled near this city. That misfortune was followed by the recapture of Madrid and the retreat of Sir John Moore on Coruna. But at a later period, the English ob-

tained, near the town, a most splendid victory over king Joseph: one hundred and fifty pieces of French artillery fell into their hands, and between two and three thousand carriages of all kinds. That battle finally freed Spain from French dominion. It was one of the many proud days of England in which 'every man did his duty.'"

"How delightful," said Frank, "to hear of these things in the very spot where they happened! If I live to be a man I will never be anything but a soldier. Ellen, you are as fond of battles as I am."

"Of the success, Frank; not the battle. I am a fire-side soldier; though I love to hear of English valour as much as you do."

The first novelty that struck the travellers in Vittoria was the Spanish cloak. It was a warm spring day, but every one was wrapt up in one. The very boys in the street were pursuing their games in them. The colour of those worn by the lower class was brown; that of the upper, black or blue. The women wore their hair plaited and hanging down about their backs; but they looked in vain for the Spanish mantilla: it is not found so far north. After visiting the church, where several portly friars attracted their smiling notice, they went to the bread-market, where they found a variety of loaves, of all shapes and sizes, as

white as pure flour. They had heard much of the delicacy of Spanish bread, and they found it fully equal to its reputation.

On their return home, by the great square, they were highly amused by an unexpected spectacle. Two or three hundred little girls, from eight to fourteen years of age, were assembled there, dancing with each other to the music of a flageolet and a Basque drum. Their movements were slow and dignified, and scarcely a smile was to be seen on any of their young faces. This was a sight that fixed the attention of the travellers. Nothing they had hitherto seen had shown them so strongly the difference between the continental manners and their own. Edward, however, was inclined to look at it with contempt. His father checked this feeling. "A philosopher, like you," he said, with a smile, "should look with interest on all modes of pleasure: that they are different from those you have been accustomed to is only an argument for closer investigation. The national character is here displayed in a lively manner. These children are denied all literary instruction: the schools, so common in England, are unknown to them: they are therefore at liberty to pursue their amusement only, at an age when, in England, they would probably be engaged in toil. In their eyes their occupation is a dignified one, and con-

ducted, as you see, with great propriety: for my own part, I should have been sorry to have missed this truly national sight."

Edward blushed and was silent; and Mr. Delville was happy to perceive afterwards, that his admonition was not thrown away, and that he took more interest in the small pleasures and minute traits of the strangers among whom he was thrown. Vittoria did not detain them longer than a day: they then resumed their route to Bilboa.

"We are now going into Biscay, then, papa," said Ellen.

"Yes, to Biscay, or, as the Spaniards call it, Viscaya. This name does not appear in history till a century after the establishment of the Arabs in Spain. The Biscayans resisted the Mahommetan power with unceasing vigilance; and, like the Asturians, claim for themselves the proud title of old Christians. These two northern provinces, alone, furnish three-fourths of the nobility of Spain. Whatever may be the vicissitudes of their fortune, they preserve the titles of their noble birth with extreme care. They are deeply attached to their freedom; and, by a fiction that soothes their pride, they call the taxes they pay, a gift. They acknowledge no king: the king of Spain is only lord of Biscay. The conscription does not extend to this province; and it is only in

case of invasion that it is bound to furnish troops. As soon as the enemy leaves the country they may disband themselves. Another privilege they possess, which they value exceedingly, seems to me to have very little to recommend it. A Biscayan cannot be hung, but he may be strangled."

"What is the difference?" said Ellen. "I thought that hanging was strangling."

"Why, both produce death," said her father; "but in hanging the sufferer is suspended by the neck in the air, and when strangled he is seated."

"Well, I think," said Edward, "there is a great difference. I would rather die seated, than wavering, like a cat or a puppy, in the air."

"So the Biscayan thinks; but whatever may be the advantage of the mode in which he is to die, it is said that justice is badly administered, and that the rich have almost a certainty of obtaining their cause. No foreigner is allowed to establish himself in Biscay in any trade, unless he professes the Roman Catholic religion. The female peasants are remarkable for their strength and vivacity, and undergo fatigues that would overcome many men. Their activity is so generally acknowledged as to have passed into a proverb. They live abstemiously, and it is very uncommon to see them under the influence of liquor. Their fair complexions, quick eye, and

smiling open countenances, offer a remarkable contrast to the dark, proud, and grave physiognomy of the rest of the Spaniards.

"In Bilboa the women exercise the profession of porters, and carry enormous loads, seemingly without fatigue, as they return gaily to their houses, and spend the evening in dancing; an amusement to which they are passionately attached, and which is always accompanied by the tambourine and the Basque drum. Their funeral ceremonies, even, are less sad than those of other people: cheerful airs are played, and they seem to rejoice that their companion has reached that quiet haven where no earthly storms shall ever more intrude. The Basque idiom has not yet been traced to any other known language. The celebrated Scaliger was so disconcerted by the insurmountable difficulties he met with in endeavouring to acquire it, that he is said to have exclaimed, with very amusing irritation: 'These people are said to understand each other; for my part I do not believe it.'"

Frank here interrupted his father, to say that they were approaching Bilboa; and as they passed the bridge across the small stream that runs a mile from the town, they were struck with the uncommon beauty of the situation. It is seated at the base of lofty mountains which run directly into the Bay of Biscay. No one is allowed to take a

carriage into Bilboa, in order to preserve the purity of the water; and our travellers therefore alighted at the entrance, and walked through the streets. Leaving Mrs. Delville and Ellen at the inn, to get rid of the dust and change their dress, the boys and their father prolonged their walk. In one of the most frequented streets they saw some young Spaniards of their own age amusing themselves with the mimic representation of a bull-fight. They went through all the forms they had seen acted on a larger scale. One boy was mounted on the back of another, the uppermost representing the picador, or man on horseback, carrying a long pole with a lance at the end of it. A third, on foot, his head covered with a basket, into which he had stuck two horns, imitated the motions and bellowing of the bull. Several others, with handkerchiefs, acted the part of the torredores, who provoke the animal to anger by offering him red handkerchiefs. Mr. Delville was highly amused, and explained to his sons what the game was intended to represent. Edward and Frank looked on with all the eagerness of their age. They were anticipating seeing at Madrid, on a splendid scale, this celebrated amusement; and though Mr. Delville thought he had given them ample time to gratify their curiosity, he had some difficulty in getting them to move on at last.

"With what spirit they play, papa," said Frank.

"Yes, all their feelings are excited, and their ingenuity exerted. This amusement excites in a Spaniard unwearied enthusiasm. His feelings are not called out and dissipated, as it were, by a variety of domestic recreations and local interests, as is the case with us in England. His diversions are few; they are closely associated with the national character, and he is consequently particularly attached to them."

"What a sturdy, independent race they look," said Edward, as they stopped before a fountain.

"Notwithstanding his bluntness," said Mr. Delville, "the Biscayan has a great deal of intelligence and kind-heartedness. Many of them have made voyages into other countries, and seen modes of living and thinking different from their own; and they have returned home with diminished prejudices and more liberal ideas. They regret the degradation of their country, and ardently wish for a greater diffusion of knowledge and a more enlightened government. In the lower class, however, the greatest bigotry prevails, and is likely to continue under the present maladministration of the country."

On their return to the inn, Ellen was informed minutely of the mock bull-fight they had seen, in which she was willing to be as interested as they were; but neither the arguments of Edward

nor the vivacity of Frank, could inspire her with a wish to see a real exhibition, or any sympathy for any one concerned in it, except the bull.

Their discussions on this subject were interrupted by the appearance of dinner. There was a plentiful supply of oil and garlic in all the dishes; and they were compelled to dine off an olio, the only dish uncontaminated by these favourite ingredients. The olio is a national dish peculiar to Spain: it is a sort of stew of beef, mutton, veal, pork, and chicken, palatable, and usually well dressed.

"The Biscayans," said Mr. Delville, "are remarkable for the simplicity of their table and their household. Whatever be the rank of the individual, he takes his cup of chocolate at eight in the morning, followed by a glass of sugar and water. He dines at one, usually upon broth, with boiled beef and a small piece of pork, surrounded either by cabbage or Spanish peas, and sometimes a sausage. He has another cup of chocolate in the afternoon; and for supper, a boiled lettuce prepared with vinegar, oil, and pepper."

"His housekeeping," said Mrs. Delville, with a smile, "cannot be expensive. Provisions, I conclude, are cheap."

"Compared with our own," he replied "they are remarkably reasonable. Beef is three-pence, mutton three-pence-halfpenny, and veal four-pence

for a pound of seventeen ounces. A lamb is two shillings, and the best bread a penny-halfpenny a pound. Game is cheap and plentiful; woodcocks not more than a shilling a couple; and I have been credibly informed, that few persons can contrive to spend more than three hundred a year. Lest these advantages should appear too desirable, we must remember, that it is the stagnation of trade and of intellect, the little emulation in all classes, and the absence of all those social advantages which we enjoy in England, that occasions these low prices. In this point of view they cease to be cheap."

On the last evening of their stay in Bilboa they went to see the new cemetery, the design of which was novel. A square, containing six acres of land, was surrounded by a covered arcade, supported by columns. The back of the arcade is an immense wall of brick-work, in which there are four rows, or spaces, for coffins. The opening, one yard wide, and six feet and a half long. Into this the coffin is deposited and the space bricked up. It is arranged to hold three thousand bodies. Beyond the arcade there is a garden and a shrubbery. The whole had an air of neatness and attention that was soothing to the feelings.

As they walked back to the inn they met two children, who were, like themselves, returning to the city, though by different roads. The younger

was a girl with the large Spanish black eyes, dark hair, and brown complexion. She was leading by the hand a boy, older and fairer than herself; his light blue eyes and flaxen hair bespoke him of another lineage. On questioning them, the girl alone answered: the boy looked up with a vacant smile, that showed at a glance his unsound intellect.

"He is not my brother," said the youngest child. "His mother died of fright when the French set fire to our village. She was an Englishwoman. She lost her senses before he was born, and Andrew has never had his."

The boy gave a melancholy laugh, as if to confirm the truth of what was said, while she passed on with the same grave and composed air with which she had spoken.

"Poor child!" said Ellen, with a sigh, "he can never be happy."

"Why not, my dear," said her mother: "perhaps he has greater freedom from care than more rational persons. The mental malady under which he suffers, is not, like madness, the consequence of some delusion in which the mind still participates, even in its diseased state. His soul, which seems a blank to us, may possibly have modes of felicity known only to itself. I have observed that persons in his situation seem to derive great satisfaction from the objects of nature: flowers and

shells, and running streams always appear to delight them."

"Mamma," said Ellen, "may I repeat to you those lines my aunt liked so much, by Montgomery, upon an Idiot Boy. We are just at the inn."

"Do, my love: it will put us in mind of England and of home."

Thus encouraged, Ellen repeated, with an unaffected grace, the following beautiful lines.

"Down yon romantic dale, where hamlets few
Arrest the summer pilgrim's pensive view,
The village wonder, and the widow's joy,
Dwells the poor mindless, pale-faced maniac boy.
He lives and breathes, and rolls his vacant eye,
To greet the glowing fancies of the sky;
But on his cheek unmeaning shades of woe
Reveal the wither'd thoughts that sleep below;
A soulless thing, a spirit of the woods,
He loves to commune with the fields and floods.
Sometimes, along the woodland's winding glade,
He starts and smiles upon his pallid shade;
Or chides, with idiot threat, the roaming wind,
But rebel music to the ruin'd mind:
Or on the shell-strewn beach delighted strays,
Playing his fingers in the noontide rays;
And when the sea-waves swell their hollow roar,
He counts the billows plunging to the shore;
And oft, beneath the glimmer of the moon,
He chants some wild and melancholy tune,

Till o'er his soft'ning features seem to play
A shadowy gleam of mind's reluctant sway.
Thus, like a living dream, apart from men,
From morn to eve he haunts the wood and glen;
But round him, near him, wheresoe'er he rove,
A guardian angel tracks him from above.
No harm from flood or fen shall e'er destroy
The mazy wand'rings of the maniac boy."

"These," said Mrs. Delville, "are gentle and beautiful conceptions, which soften our sense of a heavy calamity. This is to be really a poet: to lead us, in reverence, to the hand that has wounded and alone can heal."

CHAPTER IV.

THE ARABS AND CONQUEST OF GRENADA.

MR. DELVILLE was of opinion, that when it is possible, a stranger does wisely to adopt the customs of the country in which he travels. He therefore hired a galera, or light waggon upon springs, to perform their journey to Madrid; and they soon began to think it a luxurious mode of conveyance. It was open before and behind, and admitted, in a most reviving manner, the fresh air: it was covered above to exclude the sun, and there was plenty of clean straw to recline upon, for those who wished it. Their road lay through a narrow valley, among hills rising to the height of two and three thousand feet, their summits crowned with oak: a little rivulet flowed through the valley, and the country people were busy in the field. It was a prospect of calm and cheerful beauty, highly agreeable to the English party.

"I believe," said Mr. Delville, "the positive mental gratification which an Englishman receives from the sight of well-directed industry is pecu-

liar to him; no other nation shares it with us, unless it be the Americans, who derive it from us. We possess in a high degree the abstract love of what is useful, acquired doubtless by our own regular habits of exertion."

"Look, papa!" said Ellen, "at those large Spanish chesnuts, scattered about the meadows that border the stream, and the cattle standing, or lying, and chewing the cud under them. Is not that an English scene? Does not that put you in mind of home?"

"Look well at it, Ellen: you will see none like it again. We are going into a province where every thing is decidedly foreign, and all the remnants of the past that remain belong wholly to the Saracens."

"I am so glad you have mentioned them, sir," said Edward. Now that we are so happily situated, and our eyes amused by this pretty scenery, will you tell us of the occupation of Spain by the Arabs? It will give a much greater interest to all the remnants of their former power that we shall meet hereafter."

"Do, papa, oblige us," said Ellen. "We shall enjoy it so much! Shall we not, Frank?"

Frank was a twin brother with Ellen, and she was never quite pleased herself till she knew he was so. Her mother seconded the proposal; and Mr. Delville, having stipulated to be allowed to

stop, if any objects of interest arose, began his narrative.

"Ishmael, the son of Hagar," he said, "is generally supposed to be the father of the Arab race; and the description of his character and his habits is as applicable to his descendants at this day as it then was to himself.

"'And he will be a wild man, his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him; and he shall dwell in the presence of his brethren.' They still dwell alone, a solitary and unsubdued nation.

"The people of Arabia possessed strong passions and wild imaginations; their manners and their habits were distinct from other nations, and in their intercourse with them they had few feelings in common. Mahomed, who was the founder of the Mahometan religion, lived at a period when the world in general was exceedingly corrupt, and the religious knowledge of every nation obscured by ignorance, and their practice depraved by idolatrous worship. The belief in the one true God was almost lost, and Mahomed re-established it. His creed was composed partly from the Scriptures, to which it is clear he had access; for to them he is indebted for all the good that the Koran contains. Nor is this extraordinary, since we know that St. Paul visited Arabia, and that many Jews, after the taking of Jerusalem, fled to that

country for safety. Other precepts, especially his notions of a hereafter, and its rewards and punishments, are derived from the doctrines of more barbarous nations. His religion was essentially a military system; and while yet in its infancy, and revealed only to a few of his family and intimate friends, the energy with which it was adopted was an earnest of its future success, and showed how congenial it was to the spirits to whom it was about to be unfolded. The essence of the Moslem creed consisted in unshaken faith, unhesitating obedience, and ferocious energy. The only alternatives offered to unbelievers were death, slavery, or tribute. But to mere idolaters no choice was permitted but the Koran or the sword. Nothing could resist the fury of the first Arabian conquerors. Armenia, Messopotamia, Syria, Persia, Egypt, and Spain, all submitted to their arms. But they soon became enfeebled by their victories. In Damascus the wild tribes of the desert tasted the cup of luxury, and forgot the abstemious habits and the determined energy which had hitherto ensured success. Under Moawyah an important change was effected in their government. Hereditary descent was substituted for an elective crown. However necessary the establishment of an absolute monarch might be for the maintenance of order, it prevented that freedom of choice, by which talent and bravery

might, in a military government, have been substituted for weakness and incapacity.

"The khalifs, of the race of the Abassides,* who fixed the seat of their power at Bagdad, have challenged the admiration of the world. Their splendid palaces, the arts and sciences they cultivated so successfully, their golden treasures and gorgeous cities are in strong contrast with the ignorance and poverty which reigned over the European world. At their court, learning, which their prophet had condemned as useless and profane, was cherished and respected. Astronomy and philosophy were publicly taught; and they repaid the learning acquired from the Egyptians by the communication of the sciences of Arabia. Yet, with all their merit, the Abassides were stained with atrocious crimes. They had no law to restrain their passions, and their deeds were cruel. It has been justly observed, that those dark actions are ill redeemed by the praise of justice, scrupulous in punishing others, while their own vices were unchecked.

"But in Spain, beyond any other country, the sciences were most devotedly cultivated by the Arabians. Cordova, Grenada, and Seville rivalled each other in the magnificence of their academies and their colleges."

* So called from Abbas, uncle of the Prophet.

"Papa," said Frank, "was not Aaroun-al-Raschid, so frequently mentioned in the 'Arabian Nights,' a Spanish Arabian?"

"No, he was of the race of the Abassides, and sovereign of Irac Arabia, the ancient Chaldea.* The seat of his government was Bagdad. The translators of the Arabian Nights inform us, that they are only a small part of the great collection of similar stories which the Arabs possess. The profession of a story-teller was, in that country, a lucrative and dignified employment.

"Unaccustomed to active pursuits, and having neither share nor interest in the government, the reveries of the imagination are eagerly sought after in the east, when the sense of their actual position is painful to them. At this day, in the coffee-houses of the Levant, a man assembles a mute crowd round him, and excites pity or terror at his pleasure."

"Oh! papa," said Ellen; "how I should like to hear him! Do the stories of the east resemble ours?"

"To a certain extent they are like the chivalrous romances of the middle ages, yet they have striking points of difference. In those of the east we find a timid and mercantile people, in our own a nation of warriors. In theirs, the warlike deeds

* A province now in Turkey in Asia.

of the soldier, the excitement and the perils of battle have no place; they want that vigour which freedom only gives. Their heroes wander incessantly in foreign countries; but the interests of commerce, alone, stimulate that curious activity which the thirst for fame excited in the knights of old. Supernatural agents are common to both. But let us return to our Arab history.

"A great number of the inventions that now render life delightful, and exercise a most important influence on governments and men, are due to the Arabians. In 706, paper, made of silk, was manufactured in Spain;* Joseph Amrou having brought the art from Sarmacande, when it was conquered by the Saracens. In the twelfth century, Valencia was celebrated for its beautiful paper-mills. This art spread from Spain to Italy in the thirteenth century. Gunpowder, the invention of which has been attributed to Schwartz,† the German, was known, at least, a hundred years before to the Arabs. Some of these things may have been actually invented again; and be, what has been whimsically termed, 'old new inventions;' but this does not impair the glory of the original discoveries.

* It was first made of cotton; but that being scarce and dear, it was made of flax, which grew in abundance in Spain.

† He lived in the twelfth century. Gunpowder was first used by the Venetians in 1300.

"The Arabs were almost the inventors, or rather discoverers of chemistry; and this science gave them a far greater insight into nature than the Romans and Grecians ever enjoyed, as they applied it to all the necessary arts of life. Their skill in agriculture was also remarkable; and from its nice adaptation to their climate, soil, and the growth and increase of plants and animals, was eminently successful. No nation in the world possessed a wiser code of rural laws than the Arabs in Spain: and when they were expelled from that country, the arts of agriculture and rural economy departed with them; a fit retribution for the inhuman conduct pursued towards them."

"And what remains, papa," said Ellen, "to the Arabs, of so much glory?"

"Forgetfulness and oblivion, Ellen. In their own highly poetical language, 'The spider has woven its web in the magnificent libraries of the Abassides.'"

"They were conquered by the Spaniards," said Edward.

"Yes, as I mentioned to you before, the hardy mountaineers of the Asturias gradually reduced them to the province of Grenada. Such, in its commencement, was the kingdom of Spain, which was divided into two principal states, Castille and Arragon, each governed by their own laws. In the year 1236, Ferdinand III. of Castille, took

from the Saracens the magnificent city of Cordova, enriched by the splendid works of a learned and munificent race of Moorish kings. It was the last victory of the Christians for nearly two hundred years."

"How extraordinary, sir," said Edward, "that, after such brilliant success, they should have stopped short in the career of victory."

"Two causes," said Mr. Delville, "contributed to the inaction of the Christians on one side, and the successful occupation by the Moors, of that narrow space into which they were compressed. When the Christians first came down from the mountains into the plains, their poverty gave energy to their arms, their wants stimulated their valour, and they were all united in one feeling—an eager desire to retrieve the honour of their country. Success altered their position. It introduced jealousies and divisions amongst them; and the arms of the Christian warriors were too often turned against each other. To these divisions were added habits of luxury and ease, which gradually abandoned to other hands the military enterprises they had formerly headed themselves. Fresh accessions of territory brought with them new evils as well as new duties. The war, which had been pursued as the vital principle of their existence as a nation, naturally languished when

it was committed to private individuals, who, besides combating on a small scale, were encumbered with a variety of personal interests, which prevented their seeking to acquire more than they could securely retain. History informs us that, when any of those proud counts thought themselves affronted, they deemed it no disgrace to take shelter among the enemies of their country, and, at times, to join offensively against it."

"Is it possible, sir?" said Edward.

"The noblemen of that period were much more upon an equality with the monarch than they are now. They possessed very extensive property, and considered themselves more as allies and equals, than as subjects bound to submit without reservation. Physical strength was the only acknowledged power that could enforce order, and it was generally exerted to forward the schemes of private ambition. One faction destroyed another, without acquiring or teaching wisdom.

"By the death of John, king of Arragon, and the marriage of Ferdinand, his successor, with Isabella, queen of Castille, the two ancient and rival monarchies were for ever united. The union of the two crowns produced an accession of strength to the government that led to the conquest of Grenada. The attack on that important province was begun the year after their corona-

tion;* and though pursued with all the resources of Arragon and Castille, it took ten years to subdue it. The unexpected resistance offered by the Moors presents the best excuse for the long inactivity of the Christians. Had it been attempted earlier, or with a less powerful force, it is probable that it might not have been successful.

"The city of Grenada surrendered on the 2nd of January, 1492. This victory was thought so valuable as to counterbalance the loss of Constantinople, (which was taken at that time by Mahomet II.) and raised the Spanish monarchy to a superior rank in the estimation of Europe. The empire of the Saracens was one of taste and science. Grecian literature was eagerly cultivated among them; and they cherished a generous and chivalrous spirit, which became the lovers of poetry and the elegant arts. The conquerors brought with them stern hearts, and hands unused to any thing but fierce and bloody warfare. They were incapable of mixing long with a gentler race without oppressing them. They found peace and wealth, and a people numerous, beyond any precedent in the Spanish provinces, and they made this paradise a desert. Under the name of religion, though the exercise of their own had been granted to the Moors, on their capitulation, the

* A. D. 1481.

most hateful and revolting cruelties were practised; and thousands perished in sorrow and shame, who, till they knew the victors of 1492, had lived happily and cherished life as dear. Such deeds have met their own recompense. With the Moors, the domestic wealth and the arts of commerce and agriculture quitted Spain; and in looking at her present condition, we cannot but feel, that the poisoned chalice has long been returned to her own lips, and tainted all the sources of national prosperity."

"How melancholy it is, papa," said Ellen, "to see whole nations so insensible to their best interests. My wishes and affections were all on the side of the Moors."

"The religion of Mahomed," said Mr. Delville, "and the energy of his followers in spreading it, was no doubt a scourge, in the hand of God, to punish the general corruption of the world; and when its purpose was accomplished, its power crumbled away more rapidly than it rose. It is highly deserving our attention to mark how the Almighty brings good out of evil. By the conquest of Constantinople the Grecian fugitives carried into Italy the Scriptures in the Greek tongue, and taught that language to all the celebrated men of that age. Thus, in Rome itself, a way was prepared for a critical and profound knowledge of the new Testament; and a reference to its doctrines, a

few years afterwards, occasioned that resistance to the papal power that eventually led to the Reformation. If we look at history merely as a cold narrative of peace and war, it will give us little instruction; but if we examine it in all its bearings; if we trace the influence of events, trifling in themselves, but important in their consequences, we shall invariably see the hand of divine Providence, in the whole chain of circumstances; and perceive, that though God frequently brings good out of evil, wickedness is sooner or later visited with severe punishment. When we calmly view the history of Spain, and see it loaded, as a nation, with the guilt of innocent blood, we cannot wonder at its decay, even though the wealth of the new world was poured into its coffers. She remains, at this day, with uncommon advantages of territory and position, a ruined and exhausted nation."

"These moral retributions," said Mrs. Delville, "have a salutary influence: they strengthen our conviction in an overruling Providence."

CHAPTER V.

OLD CASTILLE—BURGOS—WONDERFUL IMAGE—MEAT IN LENT—SPANISH NOBILITY.

THE first entrance into Castille is picturesque. The road lies through a narrow defile, between bold and steep rocks; but gradually the scenery assumes a tamer character, and, after a few miles, nothing but a flat corn-country is to be seen on all sides. The first object the travellers saw, on entering Burgos, was the cathedral, with its elegant pinacles rising high above every other building. Their first care was to visit it. This beautiful Gothic edifice is at the extremity of the city, almost opposite to one of the three bridges over the Arlançon. Its extent is so vast that mass might be performed at the same time in its eight chapels, without causing any confusion. This edifice and the Alhambra, of Grenada, are said to have a striking similarity to the celebrated mosque of St. Oram, at Jerusalem. In one of the chapels is a fine picture of the Virgin Mary dressing the infant Jesus, who is standing on a table. It is by Michael Angelo. Ellen Delville had a taste

for painting, and her father called her attention to it.

"Look, Ellen," he said, "at the strength and correctness of this design; how well the draperies are disposed; and how beautifully the linen, which the Virgin holds in her hand, and is about to roll round the infant Christ, adds, by contrast, to the effect of the whole."

Ellen looked with great admiration; but after a few moments' silence, she said: "Papa, beautiful as this picture is, it hardly seems to me to suit the place: when we look at the solemnity of this Gothic edifice all such ornaments seem out of character. The painted window, with its mellow tints, admitting the sober day, is in unison with every thing around us; but the picture, to my mind, beautiful as it is, takes away from the singleness of our admiration."

"I understand and like your feeling, Ellen. It is a subject that has been much debated, but seldom on so poetical a ground as you have chosen. Protestants, who are accustomed to worship in a spiritual manner the unrepresented Divinity, object to the introduction of pictures in a church; while the Catholics assert that they assist and even purify devotion."

"I would not exclude them from all churches, papa; only from such an ancient of days as this