

here, as in Paris and Edinburgh, are inhabited by different families : the porter, therefore, has more than one single interest to attend to. But after all, perhaps, the truest cause may be referred to the suspicions and feelings of personal insecurity, which are the offspring of political persecution and religious inquisition."

"The window-shutters of the houses," said Edward, "seem as massive as the doors."

"Yes; and the glass is purposely so bad that no one can see into a house from the opposite side of the street. Three panes are, however, always of good glass, that the inhabitants may be able to see into the street. Insecurity and fear may claim these precautions, so happily unknown among us in England."

"These are, indeed, the circumstances," said Mr. Delville, "that make us grateful for our wise laws, and the fair freedom we enjoy."

After they had been some time in Madrid, and enjoyed the pleasant acquaintances which their letters of introduction procured them, a question arose among the young people, whether the Spaniards were a hospitable people. They could not agree in opinion, and they referred the decision to their father."

"Yes, or no, sir?" said Edward.

"It is not a question, I think, to be answered by a monosyllable. During the acquaintance of many

months you might not even eat a biscuit in the house of a Spaniard."

"Then he is not hospitable," said Edward.

"Softly," said his father; "draw no hasty conclusions. Hospitality is not rigidly confined to eating and drinking. If you go with a Spaniard to a bull-fight, a coffee-shop, or even a fancy bazaar, he insists upon paying every thing for you, and would be deeply offended if you were to refuse to permit him. He seems always anxious to procure an opportunity of paying his money for you."

"It is a drawn battle," said Ellen: "he is hospitable after his own fashion, not after ours."

"Very true. An Englishman would be very shy of paying even a small sum for a foreigner; but he would ask him ten times to dinner, and lay out treble the amount to entertain him."

"These are only different customs, papa," said Ellen: "I am sure the English are generous."

"See!" said Edward, "she is colouring for her country."

"Not blushing for it, at least," she answered.

"I fear," said Mrs. Delville, "that the hospitality of the Spaniards, with regard to money, and which sometimes jars against the nice, or, perhaps I should say, proud feelings of an Englishman, arise from a love of display. To this feeling the Spaniards in all ranks make great and lamentable sacrifices: nor is it confined only to the men; it extends

to the women also; and influences, in a mournful manner, their lives. Mental pleasures being denied them, their chief object is to be admired. To appear in the Prado with a handsome mantilla, a fine comb, and an expensive fan, they will submit to the severest privations at home. So that here, as well as elsewhere, external splendour is no indication of real affluence.

"I have heard, since I have been here, of a judge's widow and her four daughters, with an income of eighty pounds a year, appearing every Sunday on the Prado with new satin shoes, and clean white kid gloves."

"The gloves," said Ellen, laughing, "would last them a long time; but as for the shoes, they must, I think, have been made of a piece of Penelope's web."

"Certainly," said Mr. Delville, as some Spanish ladies passed them, "certainly the mantilla is a very becoming dress, descending nearly to the waist in graceful folds behind, and drawn up over a high comb, and fastened with those well-chosen ornaments on the forehead."

"I was told yesterday," said Mrs. Delville, "that there are three distinctions of rank marked by the mantilla. The first is of blond, or lace; that indicates a damsel of the first rank: the Bourgeois have it of silk and lace, the lace in front, the silk behind: and the lower class have it wholly of

silk, or silk trimmed with velvet. The price of the first rank of mantillas varies from four and five to twenty pounds. Four pounds is not an uncommon price for a comb; and a fan, I am assured, costs frequently twenty dollars."

"In fact," said Mr. Delville, "hundreds who appear well dressed upon the Prado, live upon bread and grapes to enable them to make this outward appearance. Amongst the thousands to be seen there daily you will not find an ill-dressed person."

"We shall be more charitable when we go home," said Mrs. Delville, "to the external finery of the English people. We shall think of the Prado, and blame them less.

"Unhappily in England we cannot dine on bread and grapes. It is not there certainly that we can justly say,

‘Man wants but little here below.’

John Bull must have solid fare, as well as external show: and he contrives to accomplish both; but too often at the expense of so much toil and anxiety, as destroys their enjoyment."

CHAPTER XII.

PROFESSION OF A NUN—PERSUASIONS USED TO TEMPT
YOUTH TO TAKE THE VEIL.

MR. DELVILLE had gone out for a walk, and to return some visits; and there was no expectation of his coming back for some hours; when, after a very short absence, he again entered the room.

"What brought you back, papa?" said Ellen; "we were just saying it was too hot for you."

"Something that will give you pleasure to-morrow: a nun is to take the veil, in the convent of Comendadores de Calatrava. Would you like to go?"

Mrs. Delville looked at Ellen: her wishes were written on her countenance, and her mother smiled.

"It will be an exciting and fatiguing ceremony. Let me recommend you to give up all idea of going to the Mendozas this evening; I must not expose my English rose-bud to a too glaring sun."

"I will stay cheerfully, gladly," she said. "Will Frank and Edward go with us?"

"No, neither of them wish it. I left them with Padre Cabeza, enquiring about the bull-fight; and

hardly able to restrain their transports, because one is finally fixed for next week. And now, adieu. How cool and comfortable you look here; it is an absolute furnace out of doors!" and so saying he left them.

Ellen was supremely happy: this was a pleasure to which she had been looking forward with as earnest a desire as her brothers felt for the bullfight. It was a pleasure, indeed, mixed with pain; which was not, however, the less attractive on that account. The sensations of pity and regret, in well ordered minds, are not without a soothing influence; and we have a secret pleasure in finding ourselves capable of those tender sentiments. After a time, when her joy had leisure to subside, she began to feel an anxiety as to what she was to see: she remembered her mother had spoken of it as a mournful and afflicting spectacle. "Mamma," she said, "you will not like it so well as I shall: but tell me why you think it so sad."

"I think it very sad, my dear, to see a young creature, at an age when she knows nothing of the world, and is incapable of judging of it if she did, renounce it, and all the kind affections of her nature for ever; and condemn herself to a dull round of unmeaning superstition, and the maxims of a religion which forbids her to taste of the living waters at its source. The lives of saints must henceforth be her only amusement:—and she will

either sink into dejection, and die young, or be filled with a vain enthusiasm, and heated religious zeal, which will bring no healing on its wing."

Ellen looked grave after this account; but her curiosity, though repressed, was still as lively as ever; and the next morning she went with her parents to the convent, in a flutter of expectation, in which the happy buoyancy of youth foresaw little sorrow.

The chapel of the convent was separated from the other apartments by a wide iron grating; so wide that every thing which takes place on the other side is seen as distinctly as if there was no separation whatever. The English party placed themselves close to this grating before the ceremony commenced. Ellen had read no romances, so her imagination was free from all the strange yet attractive influence they retain over the young mind: her eyes, if they wandered from the grate, looked round upon the gathering crowd with all the hilarity of thirteen; while Mr. and Mrs. Delville, whose minds were not taken by surprise, and whose good sense could come but to one conclusion on the subject, that of unmingled disapprobation, waited in quiet thoughtfulness for the commencement of the ceremony.

At the appointed hour, the abbess entered the room on the other side of the grating, accompanied by all the nuns, and by several ladies, friends, and

relatives of the novice. She herself entered a moment after, and immediately knelt down, with her face towards the grating, so that they had a near and distinct view of her.

She was attired in the novice's robe of pure white, and wore a crown of flowers upon her head. She seemed scarcely more than sixteen. Her countenance was gentle, sweet, and interesting. There was an expression of seriousness, though not of sadness, in her face; and a skin fairer than usually falls to the lot of Spanish women, was coloured with a fine carnation: the glow of youth, and health, and happiness was yet lingering on her cheek, and connecting her with the world of light and freedom, about to close on her for ever. It was a most mournful sight.

The administrator now entered the chapel, and placed himself in a chair close to where the Delvilles were stationed, and at the side of an opening in the grating of about a foot square. The novice then rose, and walking forward to the grating, presented him with a paper, which he read aloud: this was the act of renunciation of all property then and for ever: and during this ceremony the novice retired and knelt as before, holding in her hand a long, lighted taper, with which the abbess presented her.

The preparatory service then commenced, by reading and chanting: this, although monotonous,

was pleasing and impressive, according well with the solemnity of the scene that had introduced it; and in this service the novice joined with a clear, sweet voice, in which nothing like emotion could be distinguished. When this was concluded, the novice again rose, and advanced to the grating, and pronounced slowly and distinctly the three vows that separate her from the world,—chastity, poverty, and obedience.

Her voice never faltered, nor could the slightest change of countenance be perceived. The colour only seemed to be gradually forsaking her.

The lady abbess, who stood close by her side, wept all the while. If each tear could have told why it flowed, what a history might have been unfolded!

Indignation was the predominant feeling produced in the mind of the Delvilles.

When the vows, that could never be recalled, had been pronounced by this misguided child, she stepped back, and threw herself prostrate upon the ground: this is the act confirmatory of her vows, symbolical of death, and signifying that she is dead to the world.

The service was then resumed: a bell continued to toll slowly; and the priest read, while the nuns who stood round their new-made sister, responded, “Dead to the world, separated from kindred, bride of heaven:” and the nun, who lies prostrate, is sup-

posed at the same time to repeat to God in secret, the vows she has already pronounced aloud.

When this was concluded, a slow organ-peal, and a solemn swell of voices rose, and died away: and the abbess then raised the nun from the ground, and embraced her; and all the other nuns and her relations also embraced her. There was no tear upon any cheek, except that of the abbess, whose face was so full of benignity, that it half reconciled those who looked at it to the fate of the young initiated, who had vowed obedience to her.

When she had embraced every one, she again knelt for a few moments, and then approached the grating along with the abbess; and the priest handed to the abbess, through the opening, the vestments of a nun.

Then came the last act of the drama: the crown was lifted from her head, the black vestment was put on, and the girdle and the rosary; and the black hood was drawn over her head.

She was now a nun; and she again embraced the abbess and all the sisters. Still no tears were shed, but by the abbess, who continued to weep almost without ceasing to the very end. The countenance of the young nun remained unmoved. The crown was again placed upon her head, to be worn almost all that day; the sacrament was administered, and one last embrace by friends and relations terminated the scene.

Ellen seeing the calm and cheerful countenance of the young nun, and unable to appreciate all she resigned, saw this affecting ceremony with more of interest than sadness.

Mrs. Delville, on the contrary, was painfully affected, and was grateful when all was over.

They had been permitted to hope that they might view the interior of the convent, nor were they disappointed; even Mr. Delville was that day allowed to accompany them. The portress, an old nun, and the priest led the way. It is one of the most complete in Madrid, and the best fitted up: every nun is obliged to bring to its treasury a considerable fortune, and its accommodations are upon a scale of corresponding comfort. The arrangements for each nun consist in a small parlour, and sleeping room adjoining, and a small kitchen.

The nuns do not eat in company. The dinners are separately cooked; and the whole is then carried to a public room where it is blessed, and again carried back to the separate apartment, where each are to dine alone.

The little parlours of the nuns are plain and clean; the walls white-washed, and the floors generally matted: but the room is without any fire-place, and contains a table and two chairs. The beds are extremely small and hard: and upon the table in every dormitory there is a crucifix.

Among other parts of the building they were conducted to the chamber of the new-made nun. The bed was strewed with flowers, marigolds and dahlias ; and a crown of jilly-flowers lay upon the pillow. Here every thing was new ; yet all would grow old along with the inmate.

A new, bright lamp stood upon the table. As Mrs. Delville looked at it, she could not avoid thinking of the silent inmate of the chamber, through the long, chill evenings of winter : it was a most painful contrast to a cheerful home. The heart of a mother could not view this picture untouched, and she turned away in tears.

Ellen too was affected by the loneliness : of this she was able to judge ; and went through the gallery with a duller step than that with which she had entered it.

They again saw the unconscious nun ; for that day she had the range of the convent. They saw her in the corridors and the garden : she looked quite happy.

They returned home with spirits sobered, and with less cheerful hearts.

After a long pause, Ellen asked if the nuns were unhappy ; whether they were compelled to become nuns.

“ In a certain sense,” said her father, “ they are compelled ; that is, they are studiously shown one side of facts, and that the most attractive and

pleasing. A young girl enters a convent as a novice at fifteen and sixteen: this requires little persuasion: the scene is new, and therefore not without its pleasures.

“Mothers, sisters and friends are occasionally seen; and no vow prevents a return to the world. During the novitiate she forms attachments among the nuns, who exert themselves to please her. The attractions of the world are not presented, and she therefore does not feel them to be attractions. In the meanwhile the priests and confessors have been labouring to impress her with the notion of the excellence of a religious life, its pure enjoyments in this world, and its certain and great rewards in another; and these arguments are accompanied by strictures upon the vexations of life, and the little happiness in the world.

“Such reasoning naturally produces its effect upon the mind of a young person who has never known the world, and who is daily told by the nuns how happy they are.

“There is also a certain eclat in taking the veil, very captivating to a young mind; and all these things considered, it is not surprising that when the novitiate expires, there should be nothing terrible, or even affecting, in taking the veil. What are the vows to the buoyant youth and happy ignorance of sixteen? She looks forward to the

future being like the past, and every body joins to assist this delusion. But time brings a change : and heaven alone knows the broken hearts which the cloistered walls enclose. They are reserved for the day when all secrets shall be disclosed."

CHAPTER XIII.

ESCURIAL—OPENING THE GREAT GATES—BURIAL VAULT
OF THE SPANISH KINGS—THE EARTHEN PITCHER—RE-
TURN TO MADRID—TOLEDO—ITS CATHEDRAL—SWORD
MANUFACTORY—COLLEGE FOR GIRLS—IMPRUDENCE.

THE Delvilles who were looking forward to an excursion to Andalusia, and who had now pretty well satiated themselves with the novelties of Madrid, resolved to employ the intervening week before the bull-fight would take place, in seeing the Escorial. This famous monastery is situated in the middle of the ascent of the chain of mountains which terminate Old Castille.

Philip II. has been compared to Louis XI., and the choice which he made of this steep and gloomy situation seems an apt picture of his dark and savage mind. His memory however is respected at the convent, where he is perpetually called the holy founder, where his ashes are deposited, and where his image constantly meets the eye. He built and endowed in it consequence of a vow made the day he gained the battle of St. Quentin, at which however Philip was not present.



"Sir," said Edward, "as they advanced to the front of the edifice, " did we not hear something of St. Lawrence having inspired the idea of this edifice?"

"No, not exactly that, Edward. The battle of St. Quentin was gained on St. Lawrence's day, and therefore this building was dedicated to him. This saint is reported (how truly I know not) to have endured martyrdom, by being fried on a gridiron; and this culinary instrument is to be seen, I am told, impressed upon the doors, windows, altars, and sacerdotal habits: the whole structure, indeed, represents one huge Brobdignag gridiron."

The building is quadrangular, with the principal front to the west, behind which a mountain is seen. The opposite side, which faces Madrid, takes the form of the shortened handle of a gridiron reversed, and the four feet are represented by the spires of four little square towers, which rise above the angle. Its form has not permitted the architect to make the most of its vast extent: there is nothing magnificent in the architecture. It has rather the serious simplicity befitting a convent, than the splendid elegance which announces the residence of a great monarch. The front, to the west, alone has a fine portal, formed by large columns of the Doric order, half sunken in the wall; and on each side are two great doors of noble

dimensions. This principal entrance is never open for the kings of Spain and the princes of the blood, except on two solemn occasions: when they come for the first time to the Escorial, and when their remains are deposited there, in the vault that awaits them. As they stood looking at these closed gates, Mr. Delville said: "These gates may stand for the emblems of life and eternity; which, for the children of kings as well as the meanest mortals, open but once, and immediately close again for ever."

When the court is not at the Escorial it resembles only a vast convent, inhabited by two hundred monks, under the inspection of a prior. On the arrival of the court, the convent is transformed into a palace, the monks are banished to the apartments in the south and west sides, and the principal cells become the habitations of the royal family and the courtiers. The king himself has his in the narrow space that forms the handle of the gridiron. Philip II. seems to have wished to make this a retreat where sovereign greatness might retire, to hide itself beneath the shade of altars, and become familiar with the tomb; and his successors, faithful to his vow of humility, still content themselves with the same humble habitation.

They went into the church to visit the tombs of Charles V. and his son, Philip II. These two

sovereigns are on their knees, and seem to bow their majesty before the King of kings. They occupy the fore-part of a kind of open chamber, lined with black marble, by the side of the altar.

“There is something,” said Mr. Delville, “at once solemn and grand in these two monuments. While we contemplate them we seem to feel more sensibly the vain insignificance of human greatness, and the abyss in which it is, sooner or later, swallowed up. These reflections come home to us with more force, when applied to two sovereigns who, during their lives, disturbed the world with their ambition, and are now conquered by the only law they could not evade.”

In the two vestries Mr. Delville stopped to contemplate some masterpieces of painting; but the young people were too young to value or enjoy them. They descended into the pantheon, to visit the royal sepulchre. It was impossible to repress a feeling of religious awe as they entered the vault. A few rays of half-extinguished light, with difficulty penetrate this cold abode. By the flickering light cast by the flambeau, they saw, opposite the entrance, an altar and a crucifix of black marble, on a pedestal of porphyry. The rest of the apartment corresponds to this melancholy magnificence. The cases which contain the bodies of the kings and queens are placed on each side

the altar, in three stories, and in different compartments, formed by five fluted pilasters of marble. The cases are of bronze, simple, yet noble in their form. The pantheon is not yet full, but the empty cases are ready to receive their deposits.

“A salutary, but terrible lesson for kings,” said their old grey-headed guide.

“A lesson to us all,” said Mr. Delville. “The silent tomb awaits each of us, though its precise situation may not be thus marked out to us.”

As they again mounted into upper air, Edward refreshed himself, for his past penance in visiting the vaults, by inveighing against all subterraneous burial-places.

“Why,” said Ellen, “what do you mean? All burials must be under the earth.”

“True, it is under the earth I wish to lie—some of the green hillocks of our church-yards—not under a huge stone, or piled in cases as they are below.”

“Do not distress yourself,” said Frank. “I do not think, Ned, you are likely to have a place in the pantheon of the Escorial.”

“No,” said Ellen; “this shall be his fate:—

‘To fair Fidele’s grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village-hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

‘ The red-breast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gathered flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.’

“ What do you think of that Edward ? Will that please your upper-air taste ? ”

“ So well,” he said, “ that I was just thinking I should like to look up, and enjoy such an evening as you describe.”

“ Edward must be a farmer,” said Frank. “ How he is ever to live in cities I do not know. When he comes of age, and takes possession of my grandfather’s farm, we shall see him commuting the farmers’ rents into a daily offering of cowslips and primroses.”

“ A town ! ” said Edward, utterly regardless of their raillery. “ Do not talk to me of towns ! I shall be a traveller. I could not breathe in a town. I feel half suffocated at the idea.”

“ That is because you have just come out of the pantheon. Come with me, and refresh yourself with a sight of the library,” said his father.

The library of the Escorial is more remarkable for its selection than its extent. It has a rare collection of Greek and Arabic manuscripts. Over the different sciences are allegorical paintings, which indicate the subject of which each division or compartment of books treat. Above the books, which treat of theology, is a painting of the Coun-

cil of Nice. Mathematical works are indicated by the death of Archimedes at the siege of Syracuse. Nothing could exceed the affability and politeness of the monks, or the pleasure they seemed to take in obliging. They passed on, after an examination of all the other wonders of the Escorial, which did not, however, excite much interest; for it is astonishing how little gold, silver, and precious stones have the power of giving gratification. We wonder, indeed, at such prodigality of riches; but our astonishment is without interest, and we are content to recur to humbler objects.

It was not so with the paintings and the frescos. Mr. and Mrs. Delville were never weary of admiring them, though the young people could not enter into their merit.

But there were other curiosities, of which the monks were yet more proud, the *santa forma*, or sacred wafer, marked with three streaks of blood, in miraculous confirmation of the doctrine of transubstantiation. They were also shown an earthen pitcher, one of those which contained the water turned into wine. Mr. Delville took it up and examined it with scrupulous attention, but he set it down again, politely refraining from any expression of his feelings. Edward was too well bred not to follow his example. He took the pitcher, examined it, and set it down again,

only looking with some latent significance as he bowed to the friar, and followed his father. Frank and Ellen still remained. The good-natured monk, who thought that they also might like to look at it, held it towards them. A laugh revelled in Frank's eye, but was checked by Ellen's gentle remonstrance. "He is an old man, Frank." Her brother felt himself wrong, and he stood patiently to look at it: but the father had read the feelings of both. He gave a kind and cordial blessing to Ellen; and as he removed the vase from Frank's reach, he smiled; but it was a smile of perfect kindness; and Frank was sorry that he had not reined in his wandering spirits.

They returned that evening to Madrid, and retained an impression of awe rather than of interest, in the gloomy convent. It was long before Edward forgave their visit to the pantheon.

It was now Wednesday; the bull-fight was not to take place till the Monday following: they had still time to see Toledo, the metropolitan of Spain. The ladies, however, seemed indisposed for the journey; the heat was too oppressive for so hurried an excursion: and at length it was settled, that Mr. Delville and Edward should go alone, and be back by Monday. Frank was willing to remain; and they were glad that it was his choice. Before the sun arose on the Thursday morning, the two travellers were on the road to Toledo.

The first day Frank had no fears, but the next, a vague thought came over his mind, that they might be too late, and that, in consequence, they would miss the bull-fight. This idea was so disappointing to him, that he was but dull company; and when Saturday came, and the hour he had thought proper to fix in his own mind for their return, passed away, he sat down by Ellen, so utterly despairing, that she could not help smiling, though she was careful not to let him see her. "Your fears are all vain," she said; "I know papa would make every exertion rather than disappoint you; and then there is Edward, whose heart is as intent on this murdering concern as your own; and would rather travel all night than be too late for to-morrow."

"But Edward is a philosopher, and I——"

"Am not one, I suppose you would say, Frank," said his mother: "and, indeed, after the doleful dumps you have been in these last three days, I confess I think you cannot fairly lay claim to that distinction."

"There!" said Ellen, as the clatter of a mule's hoof suddenly ceased on the pavement; "there they are! Edward first, and papa more soberly."

She was right; her brother was in the room a second afterwards, but too hot to be kissed, or even shook by the hand: glowing crimson were cheeks,

forehead, and eyes ; and panting and breathless he threw himself on the sofa.

“ My dear boy,” said his mother, taking the hot hand, “ you alarm me : have something to drink ; but it must be warm : a cup of chocolate ; and lie down.”

But no : Edward was quite well, and strong, only dry and thirsty ; and the heat so terrible ; for he had ridden too fast to hold an umbrella.

An hour afterwards, in came Mr. Delville himself, comparatively cool, and appearing as pale as Edward looked flushed. He looked at his son with alarm ; there was no diminution of the crimson hue on his skin, and he now began to complain of his head. Mr. Delville insisted on the chocolate being taken, and his fairly undressing and going to bed : this proposal was now less distasteful to him than it had been. His mother had not been unmindful of the increasing fever : hot water was prepared, and she had his feet put into it ; and cold vinegar cloths, very well wrung, applied to the top of his head. In half-an-hour, these remedies were successful. The hot, red skin, became soft and moist ; and he was soon asleep upon his mattress, looking pale and exhausted, but totally free from any symptom of illness.

It was astonishing, that during the hour of suspense about Edward, the bull-fight never once

crossed Frank's mind : it was a circumstance remarked by every one but himself, and endeared him yet more to his family.

By tea-time, Edward was able to join them ; with no other indication of his past imprudence than a total loss of colour.

"Edward," said his mother, "your pale cheeks are really grateful to my eyes. What induced you to ride so hard?"

"We were detained for mules, till the sun was too hot to ride in comfort ; and I thought, if I galloped over the ground I should get in quicker, and experience less inconvenience. I had no idea of the effect heat might have."

"I hope it will be a caution to you," said his Father. "Many a man has lost his life from a less exciting cause. I was most seriously alarmed when I first saw you."

"Now, papa," said Ellen, "we are quite anxious to hear about Toledo. Did not we decide wisely not to go there?"

"I did not think so, Ellen, when I saw the Cathedral: we were told it had no rival but that of Seville. All the cathedrals I have ever seen shrink into insignificance before this grand object. The interior is four hundred and eight feet long, and two hundred and six feet wide. The height of the aisles is one hundred and sixty feet. The columns that run along the aisles are forty-

eight feet round. There are sixty-eight painted windows, and one hundred and fifty-six marble and porphyry pillars. But this will not give you an idea of the solemn and inexpressible grandeur of it as a whole : it almost seemed a fit reception for the Deity. We saw, also, many relics, and a profusion of gold and silver, and precious stones ; which made no other impression on me than regret at so injudicious a use for so much wealth. While we remained I went twice a-day to the Cathedral : the more I contemplated its vastness, its immensity and grandeur, the more I was lost in astonishment, that it should be the work of man. Time has no effect on such a structure, but to hallow it."

"Oh ! papa," said Ellen, "I wish, oh, how I wish we had gone with you !"

"You may yet have an opportunity : we shall return to Madrid from the south, and I am most anxious to enjoy the pleasure of a second view with your mother."

"Thank you, papa : then Frank and I will go also : but you know, we are to question you till you are weary. What did you do the first day ?"

"We went," said Edward, "to a tertulia ; such a stupid concern : a little talk, a little card-playing, some cold water, and farewell to you."

Mrs. Delville laughed. "So you cannot reconcile yourself to the cold water ?"

"No, not even with those sugar-loaves in it."

"But, papa," reiterated Ellen, "what was your general impression of the city?"

"That past magnificence, my dear, and present poverty, are written in legible characters in every part of it. It is impossible to walk a step in Toledo, or to turn the eye any where, without perceiving ruins in every direction. The remains of former grandeur, and the indication of present decay, are present every where. The Alcayer, that immense pile, once the residence of Moors, and subsequently of the kings of Spain, forms one corner of the city. The irregular and picturesque line of buildings, at least one half of them convents, each with its tower, and terrace, and hanging-garden, stretches along the summit of the hill towards the west; and mingled with them are the remains of the Roman walls that once entirely enclosed the city: parts of it are still perfect.

"Toledo contained two hundred thousand inhabitants; now they do not exceed sixteen or seventeen thousand: but throughout this progressive decay, the convents and churches, the priests and the friars, have continued in undiminished numbers. Bigotry and fanaticism, nowhere exert so powerful an influence as at Toledo. The geographical position of Toledo is highly favourable to the success of priestcraft; for, with sufficient resources in the territory that lies along the Tagus,

and with no passable road or navigation of any kind to other towns, the inhabitants have scarcely any intercourse with strangers; none whatever with foreigners. The franciscan and mendicant friars receive a marked obeisance from all they meet; every shop has its patron saint to bless its gains; and it is but fair to add, that the more strict and self-denying conduct of the clergy maintain these good dispositions in the people. Every thing and every person in Toledo is purely Spanish; it has no foreign mixture whatever. We visited of course the manufactory for steel arms. The Toledo blade has long been famous. It is a building of extraordinary extent, comprising within itself, the workmen, forges, and every portion of the establishment. The blades are polished on a wheel of walnut-wood, and are very beautiful specimens of art."

"Thank you, papa," said Ellen. "It is delightful to hear all these details from one who has just seen them: but is this all; have you nothing more to tell me?"

"Nothing more; and I have been talking incessantly for this last hour."

"How many swords do they make, papa, in a year?"

"Not more than eight thousand; and only fifty workmen are employed to complete them.

This manufacture, like every other, is on the decline."

"The has-beens are a large and flourishing family in Spain," observed Frank.

"They are," said his father. "It is a subject of deep regret that it should be so: but there was one establishment at Toledo, that is in actual existence, and that pleased me exceedingly. It is a college for girls, chiefly the children of officers, and individuals in government-offices. They are well educated in every useful and ornamental branch of education; and here they may remain all their lives, at the charge of government, if they neither marry nor choose to go into a convent. By a fundamental rule laid down by the founder, (Lorenzana,) a small dowry is given to every one that marries; but nothing is given to those who go into a convent. When we visited the institution, there were twenty-seven young ladies; ten had married the year before: and there was no disposition, no allurements held out, even in Toledo, to a monastic life, because no profit would be acquired by it. Nothing explains more clearly the self-interested motives which induce so many young persons to bury themselves for life in a nunnery. And now, Ellen, I think my budget is closed. The boys have gone off to your mother to talk over their dear bull-fight; and I am tired: I think I shall go to bed."

“Good-night, papa. Do not leave your door open, or Frank will wake you before your first sleep is out.

‘In vain these dangers past, your doors you close,
And hope the balmy blessings of repose.’”

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BULL-FIGHT.

IN the morning of the day appointed for this sight, it was astonishing how calmly Ellen eat her breakfast, and how impossible Edward and Frank found it to eat any.

"Frank," said Ellen, very seriously, "pray eat something: you will never be able to go through the day without it. There, take some ham and some chocolate, as Edward has the wisdom to do, or you will be ill."

"We shall be in the shade, papa says," Frank replied.

"I was not thinking of the sun. But—there is the trumpet. Yes, down they both go. Edward has taken his sandwich in his hand."

Mr. Delville laughed.

"No bad plan. But, Ellen, give me some biscuits: I will put them in my pocket. And now let us be off. Every sound of that instrument makes those foolish boys, like high-mettled horses, eager to start."

They set off, and arrived in excellent time, at

the capital seats prepared for them by a friend, so occupied by their own joyous feelings, as scarcely to observe the general joy of others. The bull-fight is the national game of Spain, and the love of the Spaniards for this spectacle is almost beyond belief. No frequency of repetition deadens their delight. When they had taken their seats in a front row, and had leisure to look round, the spectacle was most imposing. The whole amphitheatre, said to contain seventeen thousand persons, was filled in every part, round and round, and from the ground to the ceiling; carrying the mind back to antiquity, and to 'the butcheries of a Roman holiday.'

After awhile, the people began to be impatient, and shouts of "El toro!" (the bull!) were heard in a hundred quarters; and soon after, a flourish of trumpets and drums announced that the spectacle was about to commence. This created total silence—one of the results of intense interest; and even the motion of the ladies' fans ceased for a time.

First entered the chief magistrate of the city, on horseback, preceded by two alguals, or constables, and followed by a troop of cavalry, who immediately cleared the arena of every one who had no business there. Next an official entered on foot, who read an ordinance of the king, commanding the fight, and requiring order to be

kept. These ceremonies having been gone through, the magistrate and cavalry retired, leaving the arena to the two picadores, who entered at the same moment.

They are clothed after the ancient manner of the Spaniards; and fastened down, as it were, to their saddles, wait for him, armed with long lances. They station themselves on different sides of the arena, about twenty yards from the door at which the bull enters. The moment the bull appeared, a deafening shout arose, but it was succeeded by perfect silence. The picadores generally open the scene; but this depends much upon the disposition of the bull, his courage, temper, and strength. The bull frequently rushes upon them; and, if undaunted by the thrusts of the lance he receives, he still presses on to the attack, shouts of applause ring the air, and pleasure then becomes enthusiasm; but if the animal be pacific and cowardly, and runs round the circle, avoiding his persecutors, hisses and blows salute him on every side. They disdain to attack him with men and horses, and they call loudly for the dogs.

Great dogs, kept for the purpose, are then let loose upon him, who seize him by the neck and ears. The animal now finds the use of his natural weapons. The dogs, thrown fiercely into the air, fall stunned, and sometimes lacerated, on the

ground: they rise again, renew the combat, and commonly end by overthrowing their adversary, who then perishes ignobly.

Attached to the mane of the bull is a crimson ribbon, which it is the great object of the picador to seize, that he may present it as a trophy to the lady he most admires. Sometimes this ribbon has been torn off at the very moment that the bull closed upon the picador.

The first bull that entered the arena was a bad bull, and quickly dispatched. The second was a fierce bull of Navarre, from which place the best bulls are said to come. He paused only for a moment, and then instantly rushed upon the nearest picador, who wounded him in the neck; but the bull disregarding this, thrust his head under the horse's belly, and threw both him and his rider upon the ground. The horse ran a little way, but, encumbered with trappings, he fell; and the bull, disregarding for a moment the fallen picador, pursued the horse, and pushing at him, broke the girths, and disengaged the animal; which, finding itself at liberty, galloped round the arena—a dreadful spectacle, covered with gore, and its entrails trailing upon the ground. At this sight Frank, a brave yet most compassionate-hearted child, gave a sort of shout, and turned so deadly white, that Mr. Delville thought he would have fainted. But Frank, though half

broken-hearted with pity, was too manly to give way; his youthful chest heaved; but he struggled with the sudden passion of tears, and he struggled successfully. His efforts were aided by the diversion given to his thoughts, by the loud and repeated shouts from the eager spectators. The bull was now engaged with the chulos, who showed great dexterity in shaking their cloaks in his face, and diverting his attention from the fallen picador. The bull having overthrown the second picador and killed the horse, the impatient crowd were now anxious for fresh actors to come upon the scene, and they signified their inclinations by a monotonous clapping of hands and beating of sticks.

The banderilleros then entered. Their business is to throw darts into the neck of the bull; and in order to do this, they are obliged to approach with great caution, and to be ready for a precipitate retreat; because it sometimes happens that the bull, irritated by the dart, disregards the cloak, which the banderillero throws down to cover his retreat, and closely pursues the aggressor. One banderillero was so closely pursued by the bull of Navarre, that he saved himself only by leaping over the bull's neck. The actual danger, however, is scarcely so great as it appears to the spectator to be, because the bull makes the charge with his eyes shut.

The danger of the picador, who is thrown upon

the ground, is much greater; because, having made the charge, the bull then opens his eyes, and the life of the picador is only saved by the address of the chulos, who divert the attention of the victors.

Generally the banderilleros do not make their appearance until the bull appears by his movements to decline the combat with the picadors; which he shows by scraping the ground with his feet, and retiring.

When the people are tired of the banderilleros, and wish to have a fresh bull, they signify their impatience in the usual way; and the signal is then given for the matador, whose duty is to kill the bull. The matador is in full court dress, and carries a scarlet cloak over his arm, and a sword in his hand; the former he presents to the bull, and when it rushes forward, he steps aside and plunges his sword into the animal's neck; at least so he ought to do, but the service is a dangerous one, and the matador is frequently killed. Sometimes it is impossible for the matador to engage upon equal terms a very wary bull which is not much exhausted.

This was the sixth bull turned out on this occasion; it was an Andalusian bull, and was both wary and powerful. Many times the matador attempted to engage him, but without success: he was constantly on the watch, always disregarding

the cloak, and turning quickly round upon the matador, who was frequently in imminent danger.

At length the people were tired of this lingering combat, and seeing no prospect of its ending, called for the semi-luna, an instrument with which a person skulks behind, and cuts the ham-strings of the animal: this the bull avoided a long time, always turning quickly round; and even after this cruel operation was performed, he was still a dangerous enemy, fighting upon his knees, and even pursuing the matador. The moment the bull falls, he is struck in the spinal marrow with a small stiletto; folding doors, opposite to those by which the bull enters, are thrown open, and three mules, richly caparisoned and adorned with flags, gallop in. The dead bull is attached by a hook to a chain, and the mules gallop out, trailing the bull behind them, this is the work of a moment: the door closes, there is a new flourish of trumpets, and another bull rushes on the arena. This animal proved himself a perfect master of the science: he rushed first at one picador and then at another, and overthrew both the horses and their riders; killing both horses, and wounding one of the picadores.

Two fresh picadores immediately appeared, and these he served in a precisely similar way: but the overthrow was more tragical; one of the horses and his rider were raised fairly into the air, and

the horse falling so as to crush the rider between its body and the fence, he was killed on the spot.

The bull was now master of the arena; he had cleared it of men; three horses lay dead, and he stood in the midst lashing his tail, and looking round for another enemy. This was a time to observe the character of the people. When the unfortunate picador was killed, in place of a general exclamation of horror, and loud expressions of pity, the universal cry was, 'How courageous that bull is!' The whole scene produced the most unbounded delight. The greater the horror the greater the shouting, and the more vehement the expressions of satisfaction. Not a single female averted her head, or betrayed the slightest symptom of wounded feeling.

When this last bull was dispatched, the people immediately rushed on the arena; and the carcass was dragged out amid the most deafening shouts.

Such was the conclusion of this memorable pastime. The impression it left upon the English party was one of unqualified disgust and loathing.

Edward was indignant at its cowardice. "The bull," he said, "has no chance whatever: he is opposed successively by fresh men and fresh horses; and when all these are baffled, they basely cut his ham-strings, and even then the noble animal keeps them at bay. I am an entire convert to Ellen's opinion: all my sympathy is for the bull."

"I agree with you perfectly," said his father; "if liberty was given to a bull that showed courage and resolution, the animal on two legs and the one on four would be more on a par; but as it is now arranged, it is merely a protracted slaughter, appealing only to the more brutal feelings of our nature."

"There was one moment, however, sir," said Edward, "when I was almost carried away by the general enthusiasm, when those thousands of persons rose by one general impulse, and expressed simultaneously their intense interest; what a collection of human faces that moment presented!"

"It was a fine spectacle, Edward, more imposing than the most crowded theatre could ever present; but still what was its object?—the peril and eventual death of their fellow-creatures, in a most brutal pastime. There was no regret, nor loathing; if there was any remembrance of the picador, it was only to despise his want of skill. These shows are a lively representation of the gladiatorial exhibitions of the Romans."

"But, sir," said Edward, "we have our own fights, have we not, that are much condemned?"

"We have; but there is a wide distinction between the ring, as it is called, in England, and the bull-fights of Spain. I disapprove of them highly; but they are not open to the same censure as the

favourite sport of Spain. In England, two persons are pitted against each other, as nearly equal in talent as possible. There are rules and regulations of the strictest kind, most rigidly adhered to, which preserve the strictest impartiality; any infraction of them, any suspicion of unfair play, exposes the parties, even in that low scale of morality, to shame and contempt: consequently, no low cunning or revengeful feeling is excited or encouraged. When one man is overcome the thing is over; a succession of fresh men are not brought in to triumph over the conqueror; all is fair and upright in their proceedings with each other: and in England, among high and low, there is a very general and strong feeling against every species of unfair play.

“Boxing, no doubt, leads to many evils, and is therefore most deeply to be censured; but it appears to me that it causes infinitely less harm than horse-races, where every species of iniquity and fraud is secretly committed; and yet there is nothing to fix or shock the public eye.”

On their arrival at home, Frank ran to Ellen, and expressed all the horror with which the spectacle had inspired him. “Oh!” he said, “if you had but seen the horses!—but no, you could not have borne it; I myself was sick!”

“And how did the ladies bear it?” said Ellen.

“I do not know; I never looked at them: the

stage fixed all my attention : but I think papa said they liked it."

"Poor Frank!" said his sister; "you look sick now."

"How disappointed I am!" he continued. "When the bull ran on the stage, I was delighted; and even when I saw the picador ride at him, I did not anticipate any thing so shocking: but the bull did not care for the lance, and he rushed at the horse; and the poor creature snorted, and opened its nostrils, and its large eyeballs stared; and, though you know horses make no noise, it looked in such agony! and then that horrible wound! oh, it was too shocking!"

"And the rider," said his sister, deeply interested.

"He escaped, though a little hurt: but there was another bull that actually threw horse and rider into the air; and down they came. The man lay quite still, and papa says that he was dead: he did not move when they took him away. Was it not shocking?"

"Very shocking, I think," said Ellen: "but I am not so surprised as you are, because mamma told me how much cruelty was used towards the poor bulls; and that made me dislike to see this exhibition."

They were soon afterwards called to tea; and the subject was discussed by all.

“I am of opinion,” said Mr. Delville, “that these exhibitions encourage that ferocious delight in blood and cruelty with which the Spaniards may justly be reproached. The Inquisition and the bull-fights could only be cherished in the nineteenth century by them: both have had a bad influence on the country. No one seemed to feel any thing disagreeable in the spectacle. Neither men nor women seemed to have any compassion for the sufferings of man or beast. It is said that the late queen wished to have the horses clothed in a net; by which contrivance much of the shocking spectacle would be avoided: but it was not done, because it was thought that the common people would not have liked it: perhaps they would not have consented to this refinement. And yet, notwithstanding all this, in all the common daily concerns of life the Spanish men and women are compassionate and kind, and wanting none of the gentleness or good feeling that is found among other nations. Their delight in these horrid scenes can therefore only be ascribed to habit; on which principle alone many of the inconsistencies of human nature can be explained.”

CHAPTER XV.

DEPARTURE FOR THE SOUTH—ARANJUEZ—DILIGENCE—
SPANISH ROBBER—GERMAN COLONISTS OF THE SIERRA
MORENA—CORDOVA—CHAPEL OF MAHOMET—STORY OF
A TURKISH CADI.

MUCH as our travellers had found to please them in Madrid, yet the prospect of seeing Seville, and visiting Cordova and Grenada, was still delightful. They were still eager to behold the former scenes of Moorish glory; and they looked forward to the orange-groves of the south, and the far-famed banks of the Guadalquiver, with all the liveliness of youthful imaginations. They passed through the gate of Toledo, and over the magnificent bridge thrown across the scarcely moist channel of the Mançanares, with a smile. All around Madrid the country is a desert, on account of the drought, which presides as the reigning Lares of the place.

The first place of interest at which they arrived was the royal palace of Aranjuez *. Independent of its gardens and scenery this spot is celebrated

* Twenty-five miles south of Madrid.

for the abdication of Charles V. In the reign of Ferdinand VI. this palace consisted of little more than the castle. A few small houses, scattered over some uneven ground, were the only lodgings of the ambassadors and attendants of the court. They have now been replaced by regular buildings. The plan of the village of Aranjuez is said to have been obtained from Holland. The principal streets are shaded by a double row of trees, between which runs a river, that keeps them continually fresh. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the royal gardens; and art has converted an uninteresting plain into a spot now rich in verdure and in beauty. The public walk is reported to be four miles in extent, and twice crosses the Tagus; whose waters, formed into cataracts, near the palace, add, by their refreshing murmurs, new charms to the shade of the lofty trees.

Aranjuez has not, like St. Ildefonso, the advantage of lofty mountains; but all the beauty that art could devise, while imitating nature, has been prodigally and successfully bestowed. A perpetual verdure is kept up by perpetual irrigation; and such is the perfection to which this artificial watering has arrived, that to a bunch of fading flowers, a tiny rill can, if required, be in a moment directed. The young people would willingly have lingered another day in this charming scene; but the diligence being engaged to convey them to Cordova, they had no option but to proceed.

They were not prepared to find this public conveyance so perfectly comfortable as it proved. It was well lined with cushions, roomy, and easy. They had six or seven mules, according to the state of the road. The average speed was seven miles an hour; and the punctuality and civility of the director left nothing to wish for. The whole of the arrangements were infinitely better than any they had seen in France. It stopped at Orcana for the passengers to sup; and when collected round the table, looking with curiosity into each other's faces, as travellers are wont to do, they were struck with the martial appearance of the guard, a remarkably fine man. Amidst all the courtesy of his manner, his eye yet disclosed something of the restless fire of a soldier, on whom the peaceful manners he had adopted did not yet sit easily.

On their return to the carriage, a Spanish gentleman, who had taken the only vacant seat, asked if they knew the history of the guard; and on their replying in the negative, he startled them by saying he was the celebrated robber-chief, Polinario. They looked at each other with astonishment, and their new friend smiled.

"Spain," he said, "is infested with robbers; and all the diligences pay 'black mail' to them, to insure them against being robbed. These gentlemen are honest knaves, and as long as the stipu-