

lated sum is paid to them, they are perfectly free from danger."

"But Polinario," said Mr. Delville.

"His history is a singular one. The usual range of his exploits was the northern parts of the Sierra Morena, and the southern parts of La Mancha; and there he remained in his vocation eleven years. Some little time ago, having received intimation that the archbishop of Gaen would pass the Sierra Morena in his carriage, attended only by his servants, he watched for him, and stopped his reverence. The archbishop delivered his money; but upon Polinario asking his blessing, he remonstrated with him upon the wickedness of his life, and his numerous offences. The robber interrupted him, saying that this advice could be of no use to him, unless the prelate could obtain a pardon for his past life, as otherwise he could not change his mode of living. The archbishop was really a good man, and felt a desire to assist him in procuring a better mode of living. He therefore passed his word that he would obtain for him his majesty's pardon; and Polinario, on his part, pledged himself that he would rob no more. In this state matters remained for ten months; for it took that time before the promised pardon could be obtained; and all that time the penitent was obliged to conceal himself from a pursuit, induced by the reward offered for

his apprehension. The pardon was, however, at last signed, and he had again all the world before him."

"He looks scarcely contented with the change," said Mr. Delville.

"He makes no hesitation in saying, that the promise made to the archbishop, alone prevents him from acting up to his former profession; but that, as that prelate kept his word with him, he will do the same by him."

"There is a good feeling," observed Mr. Delville, "in this honourable adherence to a promise; and after a time Polinario may himself find the sweets of it."

They were now travelling, through La Mancha, to the foot of the Sierra Morena. In that country there is nothing to detain the stranger. It has no picturesque beauties, and produces chiefly wine, corn, oil, and saffron. The recollection of Don Quixote gives it a romantic interest; but the young people were not sufficiently acquainted with that work to enter into the associations connected with it. As they advanced into the Sierra Morena, they came to Santa Elena, the village belonging to the new colonists, introduced in the reign of Charles III. Little patches of potatoe and cabbage-land were before the doors: all around there was an air of unusual cultivation and industry; and the houses were filled with the necessary

articles for domestic use; offering a striking contrast to the dirt and absolute nakedness of a Spanish cottage. The secret of this improvement is soon told. The inhabitants were labouring on their own property, and had a personal interest in what they did. Their Spanish friend, seeing the interest they took in it, gave them a brief account of the colony.

“ Previous to the reign of Charles III.,” he said, “ the Sierra Morena was entirely abandoned to banditti. Don Pablo de Olivado, who then enjoyed a high office in the government of Seville, conceived the design of colonizing the Sierra, and supporting the colonies by their own agricultural labour. One attempt failed, after a great expenditure; the second was more successful. Settlers came from different parts of Germany, tempted by the liberal offers of the Spanish government; and it is their descendants who still inhabit these colonies. Every settler received fifty pieces of land, every piece being ten thousand feet square, free of rent for ten years, and then only subject to tithes. When those pieces were brought into cultivation, another equally large was assigned to the cultivator. Along with this land every colonist received the necessary articles for agricultural labour: ten cows, one ass, two pigs, a cock and hen, and seed for his land. The only restriction imposed on them was, that no one was allowed to

dispose of his lot in favour of any other colonist. Thus none could grow richer than the rest but by their own labour."

"And how has this plan answered?" said Mr. Delville.

"Not so well as could be wished. The colonists live in comfort; but there being no outlet for their superfluous produce, while gain, the great stimulus of labour is withheld, the colonies may live, but will never flourish."

"True," said Mr. Delville, with a smile. "That rule obtains all over the world: gain is the sole effectual stimulus to labour."

As they entered the plains of Andalusia they found the olive-trees enlarged into groves, and the flax clothing the sides of the mountains. A great variety of new shrubs caught their attention, and the aromatic smell of others perfumed the air. Gigantic aloes were seen on the road-side; and at every step some fresh indication of a more southern climate met the eye of the traveller.

On quitting the Sierra Morena, the mountains of Grenada rose like a mist before them, and Moorish castles were seen on the most precipitous parts of the Sierra. At night they reached Baylen, which the Spanish officer eagerly pointed out, as the celebrated field of battle where Castanos gained the victory over the French, which subsequently led to their quitting Madrid. By favour

of Polinario they passed in safety through Andujar, a place noted for its robberies, and where the moral character of the people is notoriously bad. The whole road to Cordova, from Andujar, lies through the extensive plains, watered by the Guadalquiver, which are rich in wheat and olives. Their companion pointed it out to them as the property of the duke of Medina Cœli, who was said to be the only proprietor in Spain who waters his olives. The river flows at about a mile distant, and the whole of the olive-land is subject to irrigation by means of machinery.

“ And does he find this plan advantageous ? ”

“ So he affirms. He has crops when all other olive-trees fail.”

Cordova now lay before them. The road by which they were approaching it was bordered by hedges of aloes, some measuring eleven feet in height, and the flower-stems rising from twenty-four to thirty feet high. This is a useful plant to the natives; ropes and thread are made from the fibres of the leaves, and the stalks of the flowers are cut into light beams for the roofs of cottages.

The situation of this once celebrated city is truly delightful. East and west flows the Guadalquiver. The level ground, along its banks, is rich in every production congenial to the climate of Andalusia. A range of low, wooded hills, embellished by gardens, orange-groves, and houses, runs

parallel to the river; while the elevated range of the Sierra Morena pushes forward its picturesque and rugged forms almost to the walls of the city."

"What a splendid situation!" said Ellen.

"It is all it has now to boast," said her father. "Cordova, once the favoured seat of science and a munificent dynasty, is now sunk into poverty and ignorance. It was once celebrated as the birth-place of the learned Arab physician Averroes; and in later times, it claims Gonsalvo de Cordova, surnamed the 'Great Captain,' as her citizen."

The first spot they visited was the Mosque. It disappointed them. It wanted the grandeur of a gothic cathedral, and it had lost the novelty of a Mosque. The space in the middle, where, in the original design, nothing was ever intended to be, was filled up by an altar; and by destroying the unity of design, the eye was dissatisfied. One curiosity, however, amply repaid them: it was the chapel of Mahomet, in the most perfect repair, and accidentally laid open in 1815. By the removal of some old brick-work, the Arabic characters, in all the freshness of their original colouring, were seen upon the walls; and the painting and gilding were as vivid as though finished but yesterday.

"This," said Mr. Delville, "is a monument that carries us back to years gone by. Our imagi-

nation recurs to Cordova, in all its original glory, when it contained six hundred mosques, seven hundred baths, two hundred thousand houses, and gave laws to eighty cities of the first order. It was in this city that the victorious natives of Damascus were fixed, on the first irruption of the Arabs, while those of Emessa were stationed at Seville: and Grenada was colonized by ten thousand horsemen of Syria and Irak; the children of the purest and the most noble of the Arabian tribes."

"If the Spaniards," said Edward, "had in any degree preserved the former prosperity of these cities, at this day the change of power would be indifferent; but it rests on the testimony of Moorish history, and seems like a fable, when we compare it with the present reality."

"And the Arabs," said Ellen, "were neither gloomy nor tyrannical to the Spaniards, till irritated by the losses they sustained: they were goaded by the implacable hatred of the Christians into some degree of retaliation."

"Many traits are reported of their sprightliness and wit," said Mr. Delville. "I recollect a story told of Alhaken, that bears a strong resemblance to Gascoigne and our prince Henry."

"Tell it us, papa, here, in the very chapel of Mahomet; nothing can be better chosen!"

Such were the entreaties of the young people, and Mr. Delville complied with them.

“Alhaken, the favourite son and successor of Abderahmen, knew how to choose good judges. Wishing to add a pavilion to his gardens, he proposed to a neighbouring proprietor to sell him his field. On his refusal, the prince's servants took possession of it by force, and built the pavilion upon it. The proprietor went and made his complaint to the *cadi*\* of Cordova. Abu Becri ben Wefid, persuaded that a sovereign was not permitted any more than the least of his subjects, to take what belonged to another, went immediately to Agohara, where the king was in his newly-built pavilion. The *cadi* was mounted on an ass, and carried an empty sack before him, which he craved permission to fill with earth. The prince, though surprised, granted his request. When it was full, he requested the king to assist him in placing it on his ass. The king, looking upon the whole as a joke, consented; but it was so heavy, that he could scarcely lift it.

“‘Prince of the faithful,’ said Abu Becri, in a severe tone, ‘this sack, which you cannot lift, contains but a small part of the field you have usurped. When you appear before God, how will you bear its entire weight?’

“Struck by this noble lesson, Alhaken returned

\* *Cadi*, judge.



the field, and made its owner a present of the pavilion with all its contents."

Frank and Ellen gave this story unqualified praise, and declared that Abu Becri was a Turkish Gascoigne: but Edward could not go so far, and contended, that from the known excellent character of Alhaken, and his own capacity of judge, he had nothing to fear from the violence of his sovereign; but that the English justice, on the contrary, had every thing to dread from a prince not scrupulous in his actions, and in whose person he had degraded the royal dignity.

"Much may be said on both sides," said Mr. Delville; "though I confess you have argued on your own side with great shrewdness."

They now left the chapel, having completely wearied the patience of their guide. On coming out of the Mosque, they observed, upon a stone platform above the river, a monument, representing Raphael, the guardian angel of the city. Upon enquiring its date, they were informed that a devout archbishop, who held the see of Cordova many years ago, dreamed that Raphael appeared and proclaimed himself the guardian of the city. The prelate commemorated his dream by the erection of a handsome monument.

"Such expensive dreams have gone out of fashion in modern times," said Mr. Delville.

Cordova had now little to attract their attention ; every thing within it was stamped with the withering hand of decay. Three days after they left it, Seville, the queen of Andalusia, was seen amidst her orange-groves, and encircled by the broad glittering waters of the Guadalquiver.

## CHAPTER XVI.

SEVILLE—MOORISH HABITS — PATIO — INFANT CAPUCHIN—VESPER BELL—THE SPANISH PROTESTANTS—CATHEDRAL—TOMB OF COLUMBUS—GARDEN OF THE ALCAZER—BQLERO.

SEVILLE is said to have been founded by the Phœnicians. Strabo, Pliny, and Ptolemy speak of it as already an ancient town in their days. The Romans gave it the name of Julia; and under the auspices of Julius Cæsar, embellished it so much, that they may be considered as its founders. The Gothic kings resided there till they removed to Toledo, when Seville passed under the yoke of the Arabs; till, in 1248, after the siege of a year, it was conquered by Ferdinand II. king of Castille and Leon. The Moors, to the number of three hundred thousand, emigrated to Grenada and Africa. It is a common proverb in Spain, "That those who have not seen Seville have not seen a wonder." Spain is the only country that has many capitals. This is accounted for by the different nations that have possessed the north

and south of the kingdom. Seville is the capital of the south, Valencia of the east.

“Now,” said Edward, on their return through the town, from a walk; “I see, for the first time, the customs of a southern people, and trace the remains of Moorish habits; among which, the most remarkable is the contempt for chairs: in most of the shops I saw the people sitting upon mats.”

“And the patio,” said Mr. Delville, “and the scrupulous cleanness of the streets.”

“Pray, papa,” said Ellen, “what do you call the patio?”

“I forgot you were not with us this morning. The patio is an inner square within the house, and separated from the entrance-passage by cast-iron doors, through which the persons inside may be seen. It is open to the sky; but the sun scarcely enters it, and there is always a contrivance by which an awning may be drawn over it. The floor is of marble, or painted Valencia tiles. Sometimes a fountain plays in the centre, and a choice selection of sweet-smelling flowers are placed around in ornamental vases; there the inmates escape from the noon-day heat; and there every family assembles in the evening, to converse, see their friends, play the guitar, and sip lemonade.”

“I remarked,” said Mrs. Delville, “another

remnant of Moorish habits, in the extraordinary profusion of ornaments worn by the lower class, and in the numerous bracelets and various kinds of rings, seen even on the beggar's fingers."

"The dress of an Andalusian peasant," said Mr. Delville, "is derived from the same source. His jacket and waistcoat are always trimmed with gold and silver, and a profusion of silk cord and buttons cover every part of his dress. Further observation furnished them with fresh proofs of the change of climate, and also its change of manners: there was more poverty in the streets, and more wretchedness and rags every where."

"This," said Mr. Delville on their remarking it, "is the almost invariable result of a hot climate, where labour is a disagreeable exertion, and the temptations to labour few. Here it is easy to live. If a small loaf of bread be given to one of these idle varlets, he makes a hole in it, begs a little oil, (too plentiful in this country to be refused,) pours it into the hole, and, dipping his slices of bread in it, as he cuts round his loaf, he is set up for the day. He is therefore idle because he has no excitement to be busy. In this country the sun shines every day, and rags and houselessness are not felt as an evil."

"A dainty dish, that of the beggar," said Frank: "I should not like to mess with him."

As they walked through the market they were

amused with watching the progress of a Franciscan friar, with his sack, soliciting the charity of the country-people. One person gave a handful of lettuces, another a bunch of carrots, a third a couple of melons, and a fourth a loaf of bread. The Delvilles observed that every gift was chosen from the best of their supply.

“We should not see this in the north,” said Edward.

“Superstition,” said his father, “reigns in all its glory in the southern provinces. The belief in miracles, performed by those who are particularly holy, is still lively and unshaken. On the death of a friar, in this city, a short time ago, who had a very pious reputation, such was the crowd that pressed to touch his garments and his body, that the aid of the military was called in to preserve order.”

“Wonderful!” said Ellen, “most wonderful! particularly viewing these gentry as we do. They carry about with them more marks of idleness and dirt, than any thing else, I think.”

Turning at this moment into another street, they were amused to see a little child, about a year old, in a friar's dress. His parents had made a vow he should wear it for a year, on his recovery from sickness. The young people, particularly the boys, were inclined to laugh heartily; and their father was glad to hurry them into a shop, to divert their thoughts.

On the Paseo, a walk on the banks of the river, they had an opportunity of observing, for the first time, the effects of the vesper-bell. This fashionable resort was crowded from one end to the other. All the beauty, youth, and priesthood of Seville were assembled there. It was a gay and exhilarating scene: the jest and the laugh went round; when suddenly every convent-bell rung forth a signal for prayer. The jest and the laugh was instantly hushed, every head was uncovered; and the monotonous hum of many thousand persons, uttering one common prayer, was alone heard. This feeling, however, was but for a moment; the next, each had returned to their suspended conversation; the interrupted bon-mot was completed; and habit, doubtless, makes this solemn spectacle but a mechanical devotion to the actors in it. Such, at least, was Mr. Delville's opinion.

"Why should you think so, papa?" said Ellen.

"Because I see it has no permanent influence on their actions; and therefore I conclude, and I think justly, that it has but a slight influence on their hearts. You have heard it said, with great truth, that prayer will either make us leave off sinning, or sin will make us leave off prayer. Now, I think the Sevillians do, in point of fact, leave off praying with their hearts, though not with their lips, or they would not be in the daily and hourly commission of many sins which are common here."

“It was here, perhaps,” said Mrs. Delville, “in the constant observance of this unfruitful prayer, that Valer, the Spanish Protestant, first turned to a purer religion, and learned to pray with the heart as well as the lips.”

“I have thought of him often,” said Edward; “but the recollection was so melancholy that I did not revert to it.”

“It is hardly wise,” said his mother, “to talk of them at all in the streets.”

“We will then walk,” said Mr. Delville, “to ‘Las Delicias,’ about a mile down the river.”

They proceeded there, with thoughts full of those recollections which, while they sadden, purify the heart. Then, as they walked through a grove of flowering-trees, and aromatic shrubs, between rows of acacia, perfumed by the adjacent orange and lemon groves, they recalled all the circumstances relating to those Protestant martyrs.

“Here, perhaps,” said Ellen, “Valer disclosed his new opinions to Egidius; here they arranged their meetings, and sometimes trembled over their false security.”

“Yes,” said her father; “and here an evil eye may almost always be said to have been upon them. Do you see, in the distant suburbs, that old Gothic tower, rising alone, as it were, amongst the humbler houses? That is the castle of the Inquisi-



tion, where the inquisitors held their first meeting, in 1482."

This was an object from which they were not easily won; and as they stood in that delightful spot, gazing on the dark, massy building, tears of youthful sympathy filled their eyes, as they dwelt upon the anguish that had once been suffered there.

The recollections of every day were not, however, of so gloomy a character, and their visit to the Cathedral of Seville afforded them the highest gratification. Though as large, it was not so rich in ornaments as that of Toledo: and those who had never seen its rival could not imagine that any thing could surpass it in solemn grandeur. The organ is considered the most perfect in the world. It contains five thousand pipes, and one hundred and ten stops; being more than the Harlaem organ has. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the music: day after day they went there to hear it; and never did its influence diminish. Heard in the silence of evening, after a sultry day, with all the aisle in twilight, the effect was overpowering. The tower of the Cathedral is one of the curiosities of Seville. It is three hundred and fifty feet high, the work of a single Moor. It is singular, from having no steps in the ascent to it, they are supplied by an inclined plane. The queen was driven up in a small carriage. The

view from the top would well repay a more fatiguing mode of access to it: an interminable plain spreads round Seville, and the Guadalquivir traverses its whole length. From thence, a hundred and twenty spires and towers may be counted, belonging to the neighbouring villages and the city itself. Often, too, they stood in silent admiration over the tombstone dedicated to Christopher Columbus; though his body was sent to St. Domingo. It was a simple slab, containing only these words:

“ To Castile and Arragon  
Colon gave another world.” \*

Such was the last memorial of this wonderful man. A more magnificent tomb is near it of his son Ferdinand; but who can regard it by the side of the other? Mr. Delville was obliged to bribe his children from the spot, by reminding them that they were to visit Palos, and there hear the history of his early life, and first embarking on his great undertaking.

The Alcazar of Seville is much inferior to the Alhambra of Grenada. There are seventy-eight

\* “ A Castillia y Arragon  
Otro mundo dio Colon.”

Columbus was called Colon by the Spaniards. He was a Genoese by birth.

rooms in number, all opening into one another. Most of the walls are of carved wood-work, or of composition. The garden was more attractive than the palace. Its shade, its fountains, and the delightful fragrance of the orange-trees and shrubs, made it always a charming lounge. The hedges of the small-leaved myrtle and geraniums attracted particular admiration. The freedom and freshness of their growth, and their large branches, astonished the Delvilles. The garden is surrounded by a high wall, near the top of which there is a walk, under an arcade, supported by innumerable pillars. The prospect from this walk is most beautiful: on one side is the fine fertile plain, with its countless gardens and orangeries; on another, the tower of the Cathedral, and the numerous and more distant spires of the city; the old Roman aqueduct, with its four hundred arches; the river, seen gliding by at the openings left between the orange-groves, the magnificent Convent of the Carmelites on the opposite bank, with its deep surrounding shades and stately palm-trees; and below the pleasure-grounds of the Moorish kings, rich in every variety of mellow fruit, and fragrant with the blossoms of the myrtle, the orange and the lemon-trees.

These were charms of which the English travellers were never tired. Before they quitted Seville, they had the pleasure of seeing the bolero danced :

the rapidity of the steps, and the precision and exact time in which they performed such rapid movements, was truly astonishing.

“This indeed,” said Ellen, “is

‘To trip it on the light fantastic toe.’”



## CHAPTER XVII.

## HISTORY OF COLUMBUS.

THE distance from Seville to Moguer was not great ; but they had some difficulty in making the journey, from the unfrequented road. Some part of it was performed in a small cart, and a larger portion of it on mule-back. They went slowly through Palos de Moguer, forming a thousand conjectures, and eager to catch the first glimpse of the convent of La Rabida. When it was pointed out to them, they stopped, and looked at it with a veneration that the Spaniards themselves had never felt for it. Palos is now dwindled to a paltry village, containing about four or five hundred persons, and has but five barks employed in fishing. It was once celebrated for the hardihood and intelligence of its navigators. These are all gone : a withering blight seems to have fallen on all connected with the new world. The last descendant of Hernando Cortes is a canon at Seville. Neither Spain nor the Spaniards have prospered since they grasped the riches of the new-found empire, and

imbrued their hands in the blood of the innocent and confiding natives.

At the convent of La Rabida they were received with hospitality ; but their errand seemed to excite more wonder than sympathy : and they found no prototype of Fray Juan Perez de Marchena amongst the friars. After partaking of some refreshment, and finding that nothing new was to be learned, upon an intimation that the evening service was about to commence, they took their leave ; and seating themselves in the porch at the gate of the convent, they enjoyed the fresh evening breeze : and looking out upon the little port from whence the daring adventurer sailed on his first perilous expedition, they prepared, with no common interest, to listen to the history of Columbus.

“Of the early days of Christopher Columbus,” said Mr. Delville, “nothing is now known with certainty. From the testimony of his contemporaries and intimates, he must have been born about the year 1435, or 1436. Though several places contend for the honour of his birth, it is tolerably certain that he was born at Genoa. He was the eldest of four children ; having two brothers, Bartholomew and Diego, and one sister, of whom no further information has been received, except that she married a man in a low situation. His father was a wool-comber ; and though many illustrious families have since claimed alliance

with him, his son Fernando tacitly relinquishes all claims of the kind; for he observes, 'I am of opinion that I should derive less dignity from any nobility of ancestry, than from being the son of such a father.'

"While he was quite a child, he was taught to read and write:—his writing was so remarkably good that it was said he might have gained a livelihood by it. He was sent for a short time to Pavia, the great school of learning in Lombardy. He was instructed in geometry, geography, astronomy, and navigation. He had at a very early age evinced an irresistible inclination for the sea, and he pursued with ardour every congenial study: but the time he remained at Pavia was short, and the elements of those sciences was all he acquired there. The knowledge which he possessed of them in after life, was the result of diligent and solitary study. He was one of those men of strong natural genius, who appear to form themselves; and, from having to contend at their very outset with privations and impediments, acquire an intrepidity to encounter, and a facility to vanquish difficulties. The means with which he performed his greatest undertakings were always small, and apparently insufficient; but his genius supplied what was wanting, and triumphed over difficulties that would have conquered most men. He says of

himself, that he began to navigate at fourteen years of age.

“The sea-faring life of the Mediterranean, in those days was made up of hazardous voyages and daring enterprises. Even a commercial expedition resembled a warlike cruise; and the maritime merchant had often to fight his way from port to port. The frequent feuds between the Italian states; the armadas, fitted out by private noblemen, who exercised a kind of sovereignty in their own dominions, and kept petty armies and navies in their pay, these, with the holy wars continually waged against the Mahometan powers, rendered the narrow seas, to which navigation was principally confined, scenes of the most hardy encounters and trying reverses.

“Such was the rugged school in which Columbus was reared. Surrounded by the hardships and humiliations which beset a poor adventurer in a sea-faring life, he still seems to have cherished a lofty tone of thought, and to have fed his imagination with schemes of glorious enterprise. The severe and varied lessons of his youth gave him that practical knowledge, that facility of resource, that undaunted resolution and vigilant self-command for which he was afterwards remarkable. In this way the fruits of a bitter experience became blessings in disguise.



“It was in 1470 that Columbus arrived in Lisbon, at that time the cradle of maritime discoveries, under the enlightened protection of prince Henry of Portugal. He was then in the full vigour of manhood, and of an engaging presence. His hair in his youthful days was of a light colour; but care and trouble soon turned it grey, and at thirty years of age it was quite white. He was simple and moderate in diet and apparel, eloquent in discourse, engaging and affable with strangers, and of so much amiability in domestic life, that his servants were greatly attached to him. He was remarkable throughout his life for a strict attention to the offices of religion, observing rigorously the fasts and ceremonies of the church.

“At Lisbon he married, and this circumstance fixed him there for a time. This marriage brought him in contact with the discoverers of the Cape de Verde and Canary Islands, and those navigators who were exploring Africa and trading to Guinea. He was in possession of the maps and charts of other voyagers: he examined all that the ancient geographers had said of the islands in the Atlantic, and from these documents and his own calculations he formed the immovable belief that there was yet another world to be discovered, and that by sailing to the west it might be reached. When Columbus had formed his theory, it became fixed in his mind, and influenced his conduct and cha-

racter. He never spoke in doubt or hesitation, but with as much certainty as if his eyes had beheld the promised land. No trial nor disappointment could afterwards divert him from the steady pursuit of its object. Filled with these projects, he made a proposal to John II. king of Portugal to undertake to explore land to the west. A most unjustifiable fraud was practised upon him by that monarch. He was required to state his reasons, and his proposed route; and when the court received them, they dispatched another by the way which he had indicated, who, wanting his genius and his firmness, was deterred by the first difficulties that presented themselves in an unknown navigation, and returned to Lisbon, ridiculing the project of Columbus, to hide his own miscarriage. Indignant at this deceitful conduct, Columbus, in the year 1484, departed secretly from Lisbon, taking with him his son Diego; and his wife having been some time dead, the tie that attached him to Lisbon was severed for ever.

“The first appearance of Columbus in Spain, was at Palos de Moguer, in Andalusia. About half a league from that town, stood, and stands at present,” continued Mr. Delville, with a smile, “an ancient convent of Franciscan friars, dedicated to Santa Maria de Rabida. He had his young son by the hand, and stopped at the gate of the convent, and asked the porter for a little bread and

water for his child. While receiving this humble refreshment, the prior of the convent, friar Juan Perez de Marchena, happening to pass by, was struck with the appearance of the stranger; and observing, from his air and accent, that he was a foreigner, entered into conversation with him, and soon learned the particulars of his story. The prior was a man of extensive information. He was greatly interested by the conversation of Columbus, and struck by the grandeur of his views. It was a remarkable occurrence in the life of the cloistered monk, that a man of such singular character, intent on so extraordinary an enterprise, should apply for bread and water at the gate of his convent. He was deeply interested in the stranger's story, and he collected together some of the oldest and most experienced pilots in Palos, a place then celebrated for its hardy navigators; and their opinions, concerning the probability of land to the west, agreed with those of Columbus. Fray Juan Perez possessed that hearty zeal in friendship which carries good wishes into good deeds. He advised Columbus to repair to court, and make his propositions to the Spanish sovereigns; and he offered to give him a letter of introduction to Fernando de Talavera, prior of the monastery of Prado and confessor to the queen. Columbus accordingly set forward on this wise and wonderful errand, leaving his son behind him

at La Rabida. This introduction to their most catholic majesties was followed by the conference at Salamanca, the particulars of which I have already detailed to you, and by the subsequent acceptance of his proposals at Santa Fé. Columbus once more returned to the gates of the convent of La Rabida; but he now appeared in triumph. He was received with open arms by the worthy prior, and became his guest while he remained at Palos.

“Nothing can be a stronger evidence of the bold nature of this undertaking than the extreme dread with which it was regarded by a maritime community, composed of some of the most adventurous navigators of the age. Notwithstanding the peremptory tenour of the royal order, and the promise of compliance on the part of the magistrate, weeks elapsed, and not a single vessel was to be procured.

“Fresh orders from the court were given, with equal ill success, until Martin Alonzo Pinzon, a rich and enterprising navigator, came forward, and took a decided and personal interest in the expedition. His assistance was most timely and efficacious; and through the united exertions of himself and his brother, the vessels were in a month equipped for sea. Three small ships, not larger nor superior to the coasting-vessels of the present day, were all that he had requested, though he

had found them so difficult to procure. The largest only was decked, on board of which Columbus hoisted his flag: it was called the Santa Maria. The second, called the Pinta, was commanded by Martin Alonzo Pinzon, accompanied by his brother, Francisco Martin, as pilot. The third, called the Nina, was commanded by the third of the brothers, Vincente Pinzon. In the three ships there were one hundred and twenty persons. The squadron being ready to put to sea, Columbus, impressed with the solemnity of his undertaking, confessed himself to the friar, Juan Perez, and partook of the communion. His example was followed by his officers and crew; and they entered upon their enterprise full of awe, and with the most devout and affecting ceremonies, committed themselves to the especial guidance and protection of Heaven. A deep gloom was spread over the whole community of Palos, at their departure; for every one had some relative or friend on board the squadron.

“The spirits of the seamen, already depressed by their own fears, were still more cast down at the affliction of those they left behind, who took leave of them with tears and lamentations, and dismal forebodings, as friends they were never to behold again. It was natural that men, who had embarked on an expedition to unknown lands with reluctance, should feel their fears increase, when

they found themselves traversing that boundless ocean, over which no European ships had sailed before. Accordingly they soon began to murmur, and to expostulate with Columbus. His situation was becoming daily more critical. In proportion as he approached the regions where he expected to find land, the impatience of the crews augmented. At times they threatened to mutiny, and seemed disposed to resort to any measures that might induce him to return. At length indications of land became numerous; singing-birds alighted in the shrouds; they saw a duck and other birds whose flight was short; a branch of thorn, with berries on it, floated past them; and they picked up a staff artificially carved. Mutiny and gloom gave way to sanguine expectation, and each was eagerly on the look-out for land; a pension of thirty crowns being promised to him who should first discover it. In the evening, when, according to custom, the mariners sung the vesper-hymn to the Virgin, Columbus made an impressive address to his crew. He pointed out to them the goodness of God, in thus conducting them, by such soft and favouring breezes, across a tranquil ocean; cheering their hopes continually with fresh signs, increasing as their fears augmented, and thus leading and guiding them to a promised land. That night, while watching with intense anxiety, he thought he saw a gleam of

light on the sea, as if it came from a distant shore—like a person carrying a flambeau from house to house. He called two other persons to see it, fearful of being mistaken. They saw it distinctly, and at two in the morning a gun from the *Pinta* gave the long-hoped-for signal of land. It was clearly seen, about two leagues distant: they took in sail, and waited for the dawn. The thoughts and feelings of Columbus, in that little space of time, must have been tumultuous and intense. In spite of every difficulty and danger, he had succeeded in his enterprise. The theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established. He had secured to himself a glory which must be as durable as the world itself.

“ It was on the morning of Friday, the 12th of October, 1492, that Columbus first beheld the new world. When the day dawned, he saw before him a level and beautiful island, several leagues in extent, blooming as an orchard, and the inhabitants running from all parts to the shore, to gaze upon the ship. It was one of a chain of islands, now known by the name of the Bahamas; and the one at which he landed first was *St. Salvador*. Imagination can hardly paint the feelings with which the Spaniards first landed on this unknown shore. Columbus threw himself on the earth, and kissed it in a transport of gratitude. The natives were naked, guileless, and good-natured; and he was careful

to conciliate their good-will by kindness, and such gay and glittering toys as were most suited to their taste. Cotton seemed to be the chief production. There was little or no gold, and no display of art or industry. The poor simple-minded Indians concluded that their visitors, arriving in ships, that seemed to fly before the wind, had come from heaven, and adored them as celestial beings. From the Bahamas Columbus sailed to Cuba, with the beauty of which he was enchanted. Before he set out on his voyage of discovery, Columbus was prepossessed with an idea that he was going to Asia, and was to discover the magnificent kingdom of Cathay, (China,) of which Marco Polo, the Venetian traveller, had given so extraordinary an account; and which had fired the imagination of Columbus, from the first time he read it. It was at Cuba that, for the first time, they saw tobacco used, and the leaves of that plant rolled and smoked like our modern cigar.

“ From Cuba he went to Hispaniola, and found the same quiet and well-disposed race of people; and a country so beautiful, that the Spaniards said it even surpassed the luxuriance of Cordova. It was off this island that a severe misfortune happened to the admiral. While he slept, the master gave the helm to the ship-boys; and the consequence was, that the vessel was shipwrecked, and went entirely to pieces. Alonzo Pinzon had ab-



sconded with his; and all that remained was the Nina, a small vessel, not fit to hold the stores and the men. At this period of misfortune, the cacique, Guacanagari, a chief of the island, went to see Columbus after this disaster, and treated him with the most generous kindness; soothing his dejection by every offer of attention, and showing all the virtues of a genuine and generous compassion. The crew lived on shore, and soon became fascinated with the easy and happy life of the natives; and contrasting it with the hardships they would be obliged to encounter in Europe, they eagerly solicited the admiral's permission to remain behind. It appeared to him to be a favourable opportunity for forming the germ of a colony; and he determined to build a fort there, with the permission of the cacique; and his people eagerly assisted them in its erection, little dreaming that they were assisting to place upon their own necks the galling yoke of perpetual and toilsome slavery. When the fort was finished, and the men who were to be left supplied with proper seeds, and implements for improving, by the productions of Europe, their means of subsistence, Columbus, on the 2nd of January, 1493, bid farewell to the excellent cacique, and sailed for Spain. Soon after his departure from Hispaniola, he fell in with the Pinta, commanded by Martin Alonzo, who had purposely absented himself, in order to make his

own discoveries, though he pretended to have been in search of the admiral.

“They met with heavy tempests on their return, in which the *Pinta* again parted company with Columbus, who found shelter at St. Mary’s, one of the Azores, where he received very ungenerous treatment from the Portuguese governor: but on the weather moderating they again sailed; and once more pressed by the stress of weather, they were obliged to take shelter in the Tagus. Columbus sent to the king of Portugal to request permission to go with his vessel to Lisbon; and despatched a courier with the tidings of his arrival to the sovereigns of Spain. When the intelligence reached Lisbon of the return of the caravel from such a voyage, curiosity could scarcely have been more excited had the vessel come freighted with the wonders of another planet. From morning till night the ship was thronged with visitors, who hung with rapt attention on the accounts given by Columbus and his crew, and gazed with insatiable curiosity upon the specimens of unknown plants and animals; but above all upon the Indians, so different from any race of men hitherto known.

“By the express desire of John II. he visited the court at Valparaiso, and gave to the king a minute account of all the wonders he had seen. He listened with a courteous air, but grief sat heavy at his heart; for he was pursued by the

bitter recollection that this magnificent enterprise had once courted his acceptance, and been rejected.

“ He visited the queen also at the monastery of San Antonia, at Villa Franca, and had the gratification of seeing the unbounded interest which he excited.

“ The weather having moderated, he put to sea once more ; and on the 13th of March he arrived at the Bay of Saltes at sunrise, and at mid-day entered the harbour of Palos, from whence he had sailed on the 3rd of August in the preceding year ; having taken not quite seven months and a half to accomplish this most momentous of all maritime enterprises. The triumphant return of Columbus was a prodigious event in the history of the little port of Palos, where every body was more or less interested in the fate of his expedition. When the news arrived that one of the adventurous ships was sailing up the river, the inhabitants were thrown into the greatest agitation ; but when they heard that she returned in triumph from the discovery of a world, and beheld her furling her sails in their harbour, the whole community broke forth into transports of joy. The bells were rung, the shops shut, all business was suspended ; for a time there was nothing but the hurry and tumult of sudden exultation and breathless curiosity.

“ When Columbus landed, the multitude thronged

to see and welcome him; and a grand procession was formed to the principal church, to return thanks to God for so signal a discovery, made by the people of that place.

“Finding the court at Barcelona, he wrote to inform them of his arrival; and taking six of the natives with him, set off to Seville to await their answer there.

“Ferdinand and Isabella considered the event communicated by him as the most wonderful of a prosperous reign. He was commanded to set out to their court without delay; and the most flattering acknowledgments were lavished upon him. His journey was continually impeded by the crowds of persons who came to see and to hear the wonders he had to tell and to show. He entered Barcelona in a kind of triumph; every arrangement had been made to do him honour; the sovereigns rose at his approach, as if addressing a person of the highest rank; and when he bent the knee before them, they raised him in the most gracious manner, and ordered him to seat himself in their presence; a rare honour in that punctilious court; and at their request he detailed to them the wonders he had seen and performed.

“The words of Columbus were listened to with profound emotion by the sovereigns. When he had finished, they sank on their knees, and raising

their clasped hands to heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, they poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence. All present followed their example; a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamation of triumph. The anthem of 'Te Deum laudamus,' chanted by the choir of the royal chapel, with the melodious responses of the minstrels, rose up from the midst in a full body of sacred harmony; bearing up, as it were, the feelings and thoughts of the auditors to heaven.

"Such was the solemn and pious manner in which the brilliant court of Spain celebrated this sublime event; offering up a grateful tribute of melody and praise, and giving glory to God for the discovery of another world."

"One question more, father,—only one," said Edward, as Mr. Delville rose; "what became of Alonzo Pinzon?"

"When he parted from Columbus he was driven before the gale into the Bay of Biscay, and made the port of Bayonne. Doubting whether Columbus had survived the tempest, and at all events anxious to anticipate him, and to secure the favourable impressions of the court and the public, Pinzon immediately wrote to the sovereigns, giving information of the discovery he had made, and

requested permission to come to court, and communicate the particulars in person. By a singular coincidence, on the very evening of the arrival of Columbus at Palos, and while the peals of triumph were still ringing from its towers, the *Pinta*, commanded by Martin Alonzo Pinzon, likewise entered the river. When, on entering the harbour, he beheld the vessel of the admiral riding at anchor, and learned the enthusiasm with which he had been received, and the rejoicings with which his return had been celebrated, the heart of Pinzon died within him. He called to mind his frequent arrogance and insubordination, and his wilful desertion off the coast of Cuba, by which he had impeded the prosecution of the voyage. He kept himself out of sight till the admiral's departure. He then returned to his home, broken in health and deeply dejected. Palos had been his little world, in which he moved with unrivalled importance; but now he found himself fallen in public opinion, and fancied the finger of scorn continually pointed at him.

“At length he received a severe and reproachful reply to the letter he had written the sovereigns. His feelings, added to his disease, carried him off in a few days:—he died a victim to envy and remorse. That he was naturally a man of generous feelings, is shown by the bitterness of

his regrets; but his story proves how one lapse from duty may counterbalance the merits of a thousand services; and how important it is for a man, under all circumstances, to be true, not merely to others, but to himself; to do to others as he would wish others to do to him."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

GRENADA—BOBADIL, THE LAST OF THE MOORISH KINGS  
IN SPAIN—VISIT TO THE ALHAMBRA—HALL OF THE  
ABENCERRAGES.

LONG before it was possible to catch a view of Grenada, the young people were looking out for it. At length, the fair reality rose before them; and behind it was the lofty Sierra, capped with snow. At Santa Fé the country became rich and populous, for it was within the influence of irrigation; but it was not the immediate object of the travellers. Mr. Delville was fixing their charmed attention, by recollections of no common interest.

“It was in this city,” he said, “then built hastily of stone, in the Vega of Grenada, on account of the conflagration in the tents of the royal camp, that Columbus was recalled from Palos to receive the final assent of Isabella to his project of discovery. He arrived in time to witness the memorable surrender of Grenada to the Spanish arms. He beheld Bobadil, the last of the Moorish monarchs, sally forth from the Alhambra, and yield



up the keys of that favourite and splendid abode; while the king and queen, with all the chivalry, and rank, and magnificence of Spain, moved forward, in proud and solemn procession, to receive these tokens of submission. For Spain, this was a splendid moment. After nearly eight hundred years of painful struggle, the crescent was overthrown, and the standard of the cross waved over those ancient walls. The air resounded with shouts and hymns, with songs of triumph and thanksgiving. On every side were seen military rejoicings and religious oblations. It was considered a triumph not merely of arms, but of Christianity. Every where was heard the sound of music and festivity."

"Poor Bobadil el Chico!" said Ellen, "how did he bear it? These rejoicings must have sounded bitterly in his ears."

"When he arrived at the mountain of Padul, from whence all Grenada was seen, he took a last look of that city, once so rich, so beautiful, and so happy; now humbled and defiled by the yoke of an enemy. He wept as he gazed.

"'Weep!' said his sultana, Zoraya; 'weep like a woman, the loss of that empire you had not the courage to defend like a man!'

"A favourite counsellor, who still adhered to him, now interposed, and said, 'Remember, that great misfortunes give to him who bears them with

courage, as much renown and celebrity as victory and prosperity.'

"'What misfortunes,' said the prince, in a disconsolate tone, 'can be compared with mine?'

"Ambitious and rash in prosperity, and weak and pusillanimous in adversity, he was too much attached to a high station to live quietly in obscurity. He felt the neighbourhood of Grenada to be an obstacle to his repose; and he passed over to Fez in Africa; Ferdinand gladly paying him the price of the domains of Alpuxara, which had been assigned to him: and he who wanted courage to defend his own country and ancient throne, died in a foreign land, fighting for the rights of his relation, the king of Fez.

"And Columbus," said Edward "how did he feel?"

"A Spanish writer,"\* said his father, "has left us a faithful picture of his feelings in that hour of general triumph. 'A man, obscure and but little known, followed at this time the court. Confounded in the crowd of importunate applicants, feeding his imagination in the corners of antechambers, with the pompous project of discovering a world, melancholy and dejected in the midst of the general rejoicing, he beheld with indifference, and almost with contempt, the conclusion of a conquest which swelled all bosoms

\* Clemencin, *Elogio de la Reina Catholica*, p. 20.

with jubilee, and seemed to have reached the utmost bounds of desire. That man was Christopher Columbus.”

“Good,” said Edward; “this is excellent discerning, is it not sir? The ‘pompous project of discovering another world!’ How I should like to have seen him after that world was discovered! But I conclude he died, or he would have had the wit to alter that passage.”

“I cannot inform you; but I think it very probable.”

They were now approaching so closely to Grenada, that it was with little effort they resigned one subject of interest for another. The situation of Grenada eclipses that of almost every other city. Ranges of castles, towers, and palaces, extend to almost a league in circumference, rising in loftiness, while the city lies beneath in all its unequalled beauty. This was a sight excelling all previous expectation, and on which the unsated eye long gazed, and yet had new discoveries to make every moment. With how many swelling recollections did they enter its walls! The intervening centuries seemed annihilated, and, to the mind’s eye, past scenes were acted over again. Isabella, her train of chivalrous knights, her silken pavilion, and victorious army peopled the streets; while on the distant plain, they fancied they could see the Moorish cavalry, and exiled monarch, taking a