tive of bloodshed, and the utter *insouciance* about life which prevails in Spain was evidenced by the fact, that six persons were killed and eight wounded during the course of the first masqued ball, the long Albacete knives being used, and the murderers easily escaping in their masquerade dress, without its producing any effect upon the gaiety of the rest of the revellers.

With more than slightly sarcastic reference to the Italian king, who is much disliked here, the whole people of Seville, with banners flying, bands of music, and mounted troops of imaginary cavalry, went out to the gates at the beginning of carnival to meet the King of Nonsense, and solemnly escort him into the city, which he, a puppet, entered in a coach-and-four, bowing and nodding on either side from the windows, as real kings do. On the last day this figure was public deposed and executed—strangled as criminals are, on a scaffold in the great square, amid universal acclamations; and on the first Sunday in Lent (for the Sevillians, if robbed of some of their fun by the wet weather, use the Sundays in Lent for more carnival) tens of thousands of country people came into the town to see him lie in state, and attend his funeral with a procession of mock penitents, torches, and chant-

ing. On other days of carnival *los gigantes*—huge figures of the Moorish sovereigns—were paraded round the town.

The people of Seville all seem proud now of its Moorish history, and aware of the advantages which that period has bequeathed to them. All the best Moorish houses are preserved, and the hot season of "the oven of Spain" is rendered endurable by the forethought which made the streets so narrow that it is generally impossible for two carriages to pass one another, while the houses which line them have large gardens, or are built round open courts, which, in summer, are covered with an awning or *velo;* while the windows are defended by the thick matted blinds called *esteras.* The names which are written up at the entrance of the streets in Seville are in themselves always picturesque and interesting, and have reference to events which occurred in them, or persons who have lived there. The word "calle," or street, is always omitted. The name stands alone—"Murillo," "Juan de Mena," "Abades," "Dados," &c. All are whitewashed, as at Cordova, and the clear shadows of the passers-by fall blue upon the dazzling walls. In the streets where most business is carried on, barriers are placed at each end of the

broad flagged pavement to prevent a carriage from attempting to enter, so that only mules and donkeys jostle the foot-passengers with their heavy burdens. Here the chief shops have no doors or windows, but are open porticos, supported on pillars, like oriental bazaars. Conspicuous among these are the shops of the gaily-coloured Mantas, generally kept by solemn-looking old Moors, who insist upon their customers being seated, and regale them with dates and sweetmeats, while they exhibit their wares; and those of the common earthenware, with their picturesque forms and bright green and red enamel. In the engravers' windows strangers will notice that some of the visiting-cards are black, with the name in white—these are the cards of the doctors, and, rather ominously, signify their calling.

If, in the evening, leaving the busier streets, filled far into the night with a moving crowd, amid which water-carriers are constantly circulating, with their shrill cry of "Agua, agua!" you turn into the quieter lanes flanked by private houses, you may generally see, not one, but many scenes, which look as if they were taken out of the play of *Romeo and Juliet*, of young men wrapped in their cloaks, clinging to the iron bars of one of the lower windows, making love, with the ripple of the fountain

in the neighbouring patio as an accompaniment; only, at Seville, there is nothing surreptitious in this; it is the approved fashion of love-making, admitted by parents and guardians, and to neglect it on the part of the innamorato, would be to forfeit his lady's good graces. Fatal frays frequently occur in the streets, in consequence of the lover arriving and finding his place occupied by another. Often the love-making is no whispered confidence, but a serenade on the guitar. The verses sung are seldom original, and have a savour of Moorish times and imagery. Here are some of them :—

"Tus colchones son jazmines
Y tus sábanas mosquetas,
Azucenas tu almohada,
Y tú, rosa que te acuestas."

"Los cipreses de tu casa
Están vestidos de luto,
Y es porque no tienen flores
Que ofrecerte por tributo."

"El naranjo de tu patio
Cuando te acercas á él,
Se desprende de sus flores
Y te las echa á los piés."

"Son tus labios dos cortinas
De color de carmesí,
Y entre cortina y cortina
Estoy esperando el sí."

Looking into the patios of Sevillian houses is like looking into the private life of their inhabitants, for the adornment of each may be considered to reflect the taste of its owner; in one brilliant flowers, in another a marble fountain, or a beautiful statue, or drooping bananas, or tall palms, or cypresses clipped into strange forms of temples and pagodas. Here the *tertulias* are given, the pleasant, unformal receptions which are the only kind of evening parties in common use in Spain. When properly presented at any Spanish house, its master says to you on taking leave, after your first visit, "Henceforth this house is yours," and from that time you may come and go unrestrained, and feel sure that you are always welcome, though you are offered no refreshment, or only a cup of chocolate, which it is not usual to accept, and though the master of the house himself is seldom at home, being at some other tertulia. In the course of the evening, one of the gentlemen present often takes a guitar, then the younger guests dance, while their elders play at cards or gossip round the fountain. If a sudden silence falls upon the company it is attributed to the passing of an angel, who imposes upon the air, which is wafted by his wings, the respect of silence, without any

definite cause or comprehension. With Spaniards dinner-parties are almost unknown; though invitations are sometimes given, it is a mere matter of form, which all well-bred persons are expected to refuse, unless pressed repeatedly. Great stress is laid upon all the formalities of Spanish courtesy, and a stranger is measured by his observation of them. It is absolutely necessary that a first visit at a Spanish house should be paid in complete black, though morning dress may be worn. The visitor's hat is then seized, the utmost consideration is paid to it, and it is solemnly placed on a cushioned chair by itself, and this attention must be carefully observed when the visit is returned. No attempt must be made to shut the doors, for to be alone with a lady with closed doors would be considered indecorous, and it must be remembered that Spanish ladies never either shake hands or take a gentleman's arm; but when the visitor rises, he must say, "Beso los pies de usted, señora"—("Lady, I kiss your feet;") to which the lady responds, "Beso á usted la mano, caballero"—"Sir, I kiss your hand.") Religious topics can seldom be touched upon with impunity, for the mass of Spaniards consider Protestants little better than heathen, a belief which is very naturally fostered

by the extremely irreverent behaviour of our countrymen in Roman Catholic churches, and by their habit of walking about looking at the pictures and statues, and talking aloud, even at the most solemn moments of the services. Here, though the spirit may be overlooked, scrupulous attention is paid to the letter of the national religion, which is nowhere more perceptible than in the universal impulse with which all classes alike fall at once on their knees when the tinkling of a little bell announces that the Sacrament is being carried past. An old proverb says, with regard to genuflecture—"Al Rey, en viendole; á Dios en oyendole." Even at a theatre, in the midst of a performance, if this bell is heard, actors and audience alike fall upon their knees till it ceases. The Sacrament, like the king, is spoken of as "Su Majestad." Thus when, after prayer, the consecrated wafer is placed in the mouth of a dying person, a priest, after a few minutes, approaches with a napkin, and asks, "Ha pasado su Majestad?" ("Has his Majesty gone down?")

> "Quien no ha visto Sevilla,
> No ha visto maravilla,"

is a proverb which its inhabitants delight in, but which may equally be applied to many of the

other towns of Spain. To the seeker after the picturesque, Seville must unavoidably be a disappointment. The first view even of the famous cathedral is a shock. It has no external beauty, and cannot compare with any of the great French cathedrals, or even with many of the English ones. It stands on a high platform, girdled with pillars, partly brought from Italica, and partly relics of the mosques, of which two existed on this site. The last, built by the Emir Yusuf in 1184, was pulled down 1401, when the cathedral was begun, only the Giralda, the Court of Oranges, and some of the outer walls being preserved. The Chapter, when convened for the building of the cathedral, determined, like religious Titans, to build one "of such size and beauty that coming ages should proclaim them mad for having undertaken it." To their efforts the main portion of the edifice is due, paid for chiefly out of their own incomes, but so many chapels and dependent offices have been added, that even on the exterior every phase of architecture is represented — Gothic, Moorish, Græco-Roman, Revival, and Plateresque; while in the interior every century has erected a chapel or retablo in its own peculiar style.

Far above houses and palaces, far above the

huge cathedral itself, soars the beautiful Giralda, its colour a pale pink, encrusted all over with delicate Moorish ornament; so high that its detail is quite lost as you gaze upward; so large that you may easily ride on horseback to the summit, up the broad roadway in the interior. The lower part of the tower alone is really Moorish; the upper tier, with the bells and the surmounting cupolas, was added by Francesco Ruiz in 1568, who inscribed his work with the large letters, "Turris fortissima nomen Dei." At the summit is a figure of Faith, inappropriately chosen to turn with every wind of heaven, executed by Bartolomé Morel. Nothing can be more enchanting than to spend a morning at the top of this tower, where from the broad embrasures, you overlook the whole city, the soft bends of the Guadalquiver, and the sunny green plains melting into an amethystine distance. Subdued by the height, the hum of the great city scarcely reaches you; but the chime of many bells ascends into the clear air, and mingles with the song of the birds, which are ever circling round the tower in the aërial space, and perching on the great lilies which adorn it. Just below are children, always playing in the Court of Oranges, where the old fountain, used

in the Moorish ablutions, still sparkles in the sunshine.

It is perhaps best to enter the mighty cathedral from this courtyard, where you find the Puerta del Lagarto, so called from the crocodile which hangs above it, which was sent by the Sultan as a present when he asked for the daughter of Alonzo el Sabio as his wife. The king kept the gift, but declined the young lady, who thought that her lover's first present was scarcely indicative of the tender regard she expected.

The effect of the interior of the cathedral is terribly marred by the huge mass of the choir and the retablo of the high altar, which block up the view in every direction. In the former is an inscription, saying that "Nufro Sanchez, a sculptor, whom God held in his keeping, made this choir in 1475." Everything is vast, down to the paschal-candle, placed in a candlestick twenty-five feet high, and weighing 2,500 lbs. of wax, while the expenditure of the chapter may be estimated by the fact that 18,750 litres of wine are consumed annually in the sacrament. Of the ninety-three stained windows, many are old and splendid. Their light is undimmed by curtains, for there is an Andalusian proverb that the ray of the sun

has no power to injure within the bounds in which the voice of prayer can be heard. In the centre of the nave, near the west door, surrounded by sculptured caravelas, the primitive ships by which the New World was discovered, is the tomb of Ferdinand Columbus, son of the great navigator (who himself rests in Havannah), inscribed—

"A Castilla y á Leon
Mundo nuevo dio Colon."

At the opposite end of the church is the royal chapel, where St. Ferdinand, who was canonised in 1627, "because he carried faggots with his own hands for the burning of heretics," rests beneath the altar in a silver sarcophagus. Here also are his Queen Beatrix, his son Alonzo el Sabio, father of our Queen Eleanor, and Maria de Padilla, the beautiful morganatic wife of Pedro the Cruel.

Every chapel is a museum of painting and sculpture; but amid such a maze of beauty three pictures stand forth beyond all others. The first is the "Angel de la Guarda" of Murillo, in which a glorious seraph with spreading wings leads a little trustful child by the hand, and directs him to look beyond earth into the heavenly light.

The second is the S. Antonio of Murillo, in the baptistery. The saint is represented kneeling in a cell, of which all the poor details are faithfully given, while the long arcade of a cloister can be seen through the half-open door. Above, in a transparent light, which flows from himself, the child Jesus appears, and descends, floating through wreaths of angels, drawn down by the power of prayer. The third is in the great sacristy; it is the solemn, awful "Deposition from the Cross," by Pedro de Campana, before which, by his own desire, Murillo was buried. In his lifetime he would remain for hours before this picture. The sacristan once asked him why he thus stood gazing there. "I am waiting, he said, "till those holy men have finished their work."

Many of the services in this church reach a degree of splendour which is only equalled by those of St. Peter's; and the two organs, whose gigantic pipes have been compared to the columns of Fingal's cave, peal forth magnificently. But one ceremony, at least, is far more fantastic than anything at Rome, when at Corpus Christi and the octave of the Immaculate Conception, the choristers *dance* before the altar with castanets, wearing plumed hats and a dress of the time of

Philip III., red and white for Corpus Christi, and blue and white for the Virgin.

Sermons are still occasionally preached in the open cloister, from the stone pulpit, whence S. Vicente Ferrer declaimed the horrors of the Inquisition, and most picturesque is the scene, of the vast congregation seated round the fountain, and under the shade of the old orange-trees. The gift of preaching has by no means perished out of Spain, and is still well represented in Seville. Perhaps the most celebrated preacher of late years in the Peninsula has been Don Cayetano Fernandez, a monk of the Oratory here, some of whose teachings have been published under the title of "Fabulas Asceticas." Their pictorial eloquence and imagery is well suited to the Spanish mind: see this fragment:—

"'O suffering! O cruelty!' thus cried an olive-tree, which an active hand was despoiling of its branches.

"'Why, by the edge of your bill-hook, do you thus cause my ruin? Is this your love for me, O gardener?

"'Already my shorn and injured head has ceased to offer either shade or beauty, in the midst of the pain which overwhelms me.'

"'Be silent! cease your importunate lamentations,' answered the man. 'That which is required of you is not beauty, or shade, it is olives.

"'You will see, in April, with how many flowers your poverty will be clothed, and the abundant harvest which you will give in October.

"'Until that time, O olive, have patience.'

"Do you also, O Christian, adore the chastisement of a severe and

inflexible Providence; it does but prepare through suffering the fruits of autumn."

Or this:—

"'Penelope, many persons call me a Penelope; it enrages me to hear it. Why do they treat me so ill?'—'Because your life is spent in *spinning* and *unspinning*.'

"Do you not know that the Lady Penelope passed her days in spinning her web, and that, in the night, she unravelled it? This is why the name is given to all women who imitate her—who *spin* and *unspin*.

"The young girl who thinks herself religious, who goes to mass and sermon, and who at night, at parties, dances the fango and gavotta, is occupied, in my opinion, in *spinning* and *unspinning*.

"If she reads A Kempis and the Christian Year, and then has Dumas and Victor Hugo in her hands, it is (who cannot see it?) to *spin* and *unspin*.

"And if, a model daughter, she is like a slave in her obedience, yet gives *rendezvous* at the grille of her window and the crevice of her door, it is but the old story of *spinning* and *unspinning*.

"She who humbly kisses the earth, and, at the least insult, rises to become a fury; she who throws herself upon her enemy and tears her hair, has made terrible progress in the art of *spinning* and *unspinning*.

"She who rises early to go to confession, as I see more than one of you do, and who, in the evening, thinks of nothing but amusing herself at the theatre; what do you call that?—*spinning* and *unspinning*.

"And what when she welcomes the poor, because she loves to do good; if, at Tertulias, she backbites her neighbours, it is so much good lost. She has *spun* and *unspun*.

"And if, at a religious meeting, she recites the Short Litany and immediately goes to gallivant upon the Alameda at the expense of her modesty, she runs the risk of losing everything in *spinning* and *unspinning*.

"For to be an angel by day and a little devil by night, is to go with four horses to hell, is foolish and absurd, is to sow and not to reap, is . . . . . to *spin* and *unspin*."

The grass-grown squares to the north of the cathedral are surrounded by an interesting group of buildings of various dates. First comes the vast Lonja or Exchange, built 1582-98, enclosing a grand staircase of brown and red marble, and containing, on its upper floor, the precious correspondence of Columbus, Pizarro, and Fernando Cortes. Opposite this is the huge Archiepiscopal Palace of 1697.

Between these two buildings we approach the serrated walls of the famous Alcazar (Al Kasr—the house of Cæsar), which was begun in 1181, but in great part rebuilt by Pedro the Cruel (1353-64), and again altered by Charles V., who displayed here the same passion for building one palace inside another which has disfigured the Alhambra. Pedro, however, strictly imitated the Moorish sovereigns in his buildings, as he tried to resemble them by administering open-air justice in the Patio de las Banderas. The history of this strange monarch gives the Alcazar its chief interest. Hither he fled with his mother as a child from his father Alonzo XI. and his mistress, Leonora de Guzman. They were protected by the minister, Albuquerque, at whose house he met and loved Maria de Padilla, a Castillian beauty of noble birth, whom

he secretly married. Albuquerque was furious, and aided by the queen-mother, forced him into a political marriage with the French princess, Blanche de Bourbon. He met her at Valladolid, but, three days after his nuptials, fled from the wife he disliked to the one he loved, who ever after held royal court at Seville, while Queen Blanche, a sort of Spanish Mary Stuart, after being cruelly persecuted and imprisoned for many years, was finally put to death at Medina-Sidonia. In this Alcazar also Pedro received the Red King of Granada, with a promise of safe conduct, and then murdered him for the sake of his jewels, one of which, a large ruby, which he gave to the Black Prince after Navarete, and which is "the fair ruby, great like a racket-ball," which Elizabeth showed to the ambassador of Mary of Scotland, now adorns the royal crown of England. Of his nocturnal adventures many strange stories are told. One is still quaintly commemorated in Seville. The king, cloaked and disguised, used to serenade his various loves, Seville-fashion, beneath their window-bars. One day, on arriving at a rendezvous, he found his place already occupied, and in a fit of jealousy he killed his rival. The only person who saw the deed was an old

woman who was sitting up baking. In the murderer she recognised the king, but, fearing one whom all dreaded, she kept silence. The next day the news of the tragedy resounded through Seville. Pedro, imagining that no eye had seen the deed, sat upon his judgment-seat in the Banderas, sent for the alcalde of the town, and declared that his own head should answer for that of the murderer unless he produced him in three days. The terrified alcalde inquired of all people in the neighbourhood of the fatal spot, and at length found the old woman, who revealed the truth. But there was still the difficulty of accusing the awful king to his face. To meet it he made a puppet, which he painted and dressed exactly like the king, and when the three days expired he presented himself before Pedro, saying that he had found the murderer and captured him, and when Pedro declared his incredulity he produced the image. Then the king went through a mock form of trial, and condemned the image to death, and it was hung in chains at the entrance of the street ever since called Justicia, where the bust of Pedro may still be seen on the spot on which the murder was committed, as well as the Moorish house, unaltered, whence it was seen by

the old woman. It was in the Alcazar also that Pedro murdered his illegitimate brother, the master of Santiago, who had caused him much trouble by a rebellion. Maria de Padilla knew his coming fate, but did not dare to tell him, though from the beautiful ajimez window over the gate, she watched for his arrival, and tried to warn him by her tears. Six years after, this murder was avenged by Henry of Trastamare, the brother of the slain, who stabbed Pedro to the heart; but Maria de Padilla was already dead, and buried with queens in the royal chapel, when Pedro publicly acknowledged her as his lawful wife, and the marriage received the sanction of the Spanish Church.

Over the door of the Alcazar is the device of El Nodo, in reference to the fidelity of Seville to Alonzo el Sabio. Within all is still fresh and brilliant with light and colour. It is like a scene from the Arabian Nights, or the wonderful creation of a kaleidoscope. The first court is called Las Donzellas, because there it is said that the Moorish sovereign used to choose his wives, fifty rich and fifty poor, all the young ladies of Seville passing in review for the purpose. The Hall of Ambassadors is perfectly glorious in its delicate lacelike ornaments and the rich colour of its exquisite

azulejos. It has a "Naranja ceiling" like the inside of an orange. In one corner there are dark stains upon the floor. "Ah, blood!" said the old guide, "I know that word of English; it means sangre. All the English ladies who come here look for that stain, and then they say 'Blood!'" It is said to be that of the victim of Don Pedro, who called out, "Slay the master of Santiago!' from the upper gallery, beneath which his portrait and those of his two wives, opposite to one another, are let into the wall. Beyond this are shown the sleeping rooms of the Moorish king, where his four hundred wives and his three hundred children were accommodated—a number which seems less incredible when one learns that the present Emperor of Morocco has had eighty children born in one month!

On the upper floor is the bedchamber of Don Pedro, outside which still hang the skulls of some unjust judges which he caused to be placed there, that he might look upon them whenever he went in or out. Here also is a beautiful little chapel built by Isabella the Catholic, in which her grandson, Charles V., was married to Isabella of Portugal. The arms of the great Isabella are seen bound by a yoke to those of Ferdinand, whose jealousy

added the motto, "Tanto monta," "One is as good as the other."

Behind the Alcazar, approached by a separate entrance, are its lovely gardens, laid out by Charles V., an absolute blaze of sunshine and beauty, where, between myrtle hedges and terraces lined with brilliant tulips and ranunculuses, fountains spring up on either side the path, and gradually rising higher and higher, unite, and dance together through the flowers. Beyond the more formal gardens are ancient orange-groves covered with fruit. The ground is littered with their golden balls. "There are so many," the gardener said, "it is not worth while to pick them up." We gathered as many as we liked, and felt that no one knew what an orange was who had not tasted the sunny fruit of Seville. One old tree is shown as having been planted by Don Pedro. It stands near the pleasant summer-house of Charles V., covered with purple azulejos. His bath is also shown beneath the orange bowers, and that of Maria de Padilla, an arched crypt, delightful in summer, with a hole through which Pedro could look down at her. In another part of the garden are twenty-nine hideous camels, pets of poor Queen Isabella, which the new government tried to sell, and,

when they failed, sent here to do what work they could.

Just behind the Alcazar is the Plaza S. Tomas, where Figaro, "the Barber of Seville," had his shop. It is strange that no enterprising barber should set up a shop there now.

Facing the pretty Botanical Garden near this is an enormous and stately building, which we at first imagined to be a royal palace, but afterwards found to be the Government tobacco manufactory, where six thousand women are employed daily. As they are paid according to the amount of work they do, all is activity and diligence, and it is astonishing to see the deftness with which the cigars are rolled up. Here the best types of Andalusian beauty may be seen. One part of the building is entirely devoted to the Gipsies, who carry on their separate dialect and sing their own songs here among themselves. Morality is at a low ebb:—

> "El hombre è fuego, la muger estopa,
> Viene el diablo y sópla."

Infants produce small scandal in Seville; they may be only the result of having eaten of the lily, which is sacred to the Virgin!

On the other side of the same garden rises another palace, really inhabited by royalty. It is

that of S. Elmo, originally founded as a naval school by the companions of Columbus, in gratitude for having been saved during a tempest by the mariners' saint. His statue stands above the handsome portal, but his reputation is at a low ebb now, even at Naples, for he is always said to appear after the storm is over! Queen Isabella gave the building to her sister, the Duchesse de Montpensier, and since the revolution of 1848 she and her husband have made it their principal residence. They are exceedingly popular at Seville, where they do a great deal of good by careful and discriminating charity, to which they give much personal attention, and in encouragement of art and skill of every description. S. Elmo is a charming ideal of a happy family home. Its beautiful marble courts and halls, where a fountain often plays in the centre of each chamber, and in which are no fire-places, present too cold an aspect for our northern notions of comfort in winter; but in summer they must be delightful; and the walls are completely covered with family relics and *souvenirs*, evidently greatly prized and cared for. These include portraits of Louis Philippe, Marie Amelie, and Madame Adelaide, frequently repeated, with those of all the brothers and sisters of the Duke; pictures also of

various family events—the baptism and marriage of the Comte de Paris, Louis Philippe and his five sons on horseback, &c. Among a number of sketches, evidently framed rather for the sake of the artists than for any intrinsic value of their own, is one "par la Princesse Alexandrine Victoire, fille du Duc de Kent; en 1835," representing an angel of mercy visiting a starving family. In the Duchess's room are many portraits of her own family—her sister, Queen Isabella, represented over and over again, the first time as a baby of a few months old; her mother, and Don Francisco d'Assisi, the queen's husband. The first hall is surrounded by glass-cases filled with little memorials of family tours—pottery from Etruria, glass and lamps from the Catacombs, coins, medals, and dried plants. In one of the rooms are the Madonna della Faja of Murillo and Ary Scheffer's beautiful picture of "Monica and Augustine." In a patio are copies of the tombs of two infantas who have died. When the first child died, it was buried in the royal chapel of the cathedral, but when the second died, and the parents wished to lay it there also, it was not allowed: "They were no longer royal; the royal chapel was not for them." It was the greatest insult which the Revolution offered them.

In front of S. Elmo rises the Torre del Oro, a river bastion of the Alcazar, once united to it by walls which were destroyed to make way for the promenade called the Christina. It was used as a prison for the disgraced mistresses of Don Pedro. Its name is said to be derived from the gilt tiles which once roofed it. These have now been taken away, but are amply compensated for, as far as the name goes, by the bright yellow wash with which the walls are covered.

Hence, along the bank of the muddy Guadalquiver, extends the pleasant promenade of Las Delicias, crowded in the afternoon with Sevillian beauties. On the promenade ladies often wear low dresses and their hair dressed with flowers, while even at a large evening party high dress is the rule. Every possible form and size of fan is to be seen—often with a handle, and so large that it is used as a parasol. There are fans for every season and for every occasion. A friend of ours asked a Spanish lady how many she had. "Only thirty dozen," she said, and thought it very few. In church, where there are no chairs or seats of any kind, and where all the ladies sit picturesquely upon the floor, the flapping of fans in the hot weather is prodigious. Many writers have dilated upon the

beautiful feet of the Spanish ladies, but their dresses are worn so very long, that it is difficult to imagine how this knowledge can have been arrived at. Nor is this hiding of feet merely the result of modern fashion; the feet of Spanish ladies have always been concealed. Mediæval artists were always forbidden to paint the feet of the Virgin, and to mention them was as sacrilegious, as it was disloyal to allude to the possibility of the queens of Spain having legs.

The Hospital of the Caridad was founded by Don Miguel de Mañana, or Tenorio, a Don Juan of the seventeenth century. His story relates that when he was coming out from a midnight orgy, he encountered a funeral procession, with mutes and torches, and inquiring whose it was, was told that it was that of Don Miguel de Mañana, and in the corpse they bore beheld with horror his own image. The bearers said that they were about to celebrate the funeral mass, and bade him accompany them, and join them in praying for the soul of Don Miguel. He did so, and the following morning was found senseless upon the floor of the church. From that time his career was changed, he sought only works of charity and mercy, and at his death endowed this hospital

with ten thousand pounds a year, commanding that he should be buried at the church-door, so that all who passed by might trample on his grave, which by his own direction bears the epitaph, "Here lies the worst man in the world."

When we went to see the pictures we asked for the sacristan, and were told, "Here the sacristan is una Madre de Caridad." These sisters manage the whole, and take care of a hundred and forty old men in a well-organized hospital, the wards consisting of two long galleries, divided by pillars.

The small church contains a wonderful collection of pictures. The six Murillos include his two famous large representations of Moses striking the rock and the miracle of the loaves and fishes. The grand and affecting altar-piece of the Deposition is by Pedro Roldan, with a background painted by Valdes Leal. Near the door, by the same artist, is the too truthful picture of "Los Dos Cadaveres," before which Murillo used to hold his nose.

The picture-gallery in the Convento de la Merced is almost filled with the works of Murillo. Eight of his finest pictures were painted for the glorious retablo of the Capuchin convent, closed in 1835, and of these seven are now here. Perhaps the

gem of the whole collection is the St. Thomas of Villanueva, Murillo's own favourite picture, which he called "Mi Cuadro." St. Thomas was the favourite preacher of Charles V., and was created Archbishop of Valencia, where he seemed to spend the whole of his revenues in charity, yet never contracted any debt; so that his people used to believe that angels must minister to his temporal wants. He is represented at his cathedral door, distributing alms, robed in black, with a white mitre. A poor cripple kneels at his feet, and other mendicants are grouped around. Near this, hangs the grand picture of the Vision of St. Francis of Assisi, to whom the Saviour visibly descends from the crucifix. St. Francis turns to receive his Lord with awe and love unspeakable, and, as he turns, the world, represented by a globe, rolls away from beneath his feet. "La Virgen de la Servilleta" is a lovely small picture, which derives its name from having been painted on a napkin. When Murillo was working at the convent, the cook entreated to have something as a memorial, and presented a napkin as the canvas, on which this brilliant, glowing Madonna was painted, with a Child which seems quite to bound forward out of the picture.

One other building in Seville deserves especial mention. It is the Casa de Pilatos, the palace of the Dukes of Medina Celi, built by a Marquis of Tarifa on his return from Palestine in 1520, in professed imitation of the house of Pilate at Jerusalem. To render this resemblance complete, nothing has been omitted, the Prætorium, the pillar of the scourging, the basin in which the hands were washed, the table where the thirty pieces of silver were counted, while at the top of the stairs the cock which crowed is seen, stuffed, in a niche, with entire disregard of the fact that this famous bird lived in the house, not of Pilate, but Caiaphas. But the real interest of the house is derived from its splendid azulejos, like those of the Alcazar, the gorgeous purple colour of its tiled staircase, and its little garden of enormous bananas.

One lovely evening we drove out to Italica, passing through the gipsy quarter of Triana, where Murillo studied his ragged boys, and where pots are still sold like those which Santa Rufina and Santa Justina were making on this spot, where they were stoned to death for refusing to bow down to the image of Venus. Murillo, when he painted his famous picture of the sainted tutelars, took as his models two peasant-girls of Triana.

Here is a church with the strange name of "Sant' O." Beyond Triana, a dreadfully bad road leads across the green corn-covered plain to the foot of a low line of hills, where are to be found the few vestiges which mark the site of the city where the emperors Trajan, Hadrian, and Theodosius, were born. Even the "ruins of the ruins" were destroyed by the earthquake of 1755. Enough of the amphitheatre alone remains to show the former importance of the place. When we saw it, the broad area was filled with water, in which the ruined seats were reflected as in a mirror. We sate to sketch the lovely effect as sunset bathed the whole with gold, and introduced the figure of the old guide, seated on a rocky fragment; "thus he would live on after he was dead," he said. His cottage clings to the ruins like a parasite, shaded by a huge fig-tree, and in all the rugged interstices around he has planted roses, mignonette, and coronella, so that it is a perfect bower of sweets. The only other inhabitants of Italica are vast bands of black pigs, which live in its vaulted passages.

On a neighbouring hillock is the fine old neglected convent of S. Isidoro, gutted by Soult. Its church contains a beautiful statue of the patron

saint, by Montanes, and the tombs of Guzman el Bueno and his family. This Guzman received his surname from King Sancho el Bravo, after the defence of Tarifa against the Moors. He had entrusted his eldest son, of nine years old, to the care of the Infante Juan, who leagued with the Infidels, and who brought the child under the walls, threatening to kill him if the fortress was not surrendered. Guzman replied, "I prefer honour without a son, to a son with dishonour;" and the boy was killed. When, called by the cry of horror to the battlements, Guzman saw his child's dead body, he turned to its mother, saying calmly, "I feared that the infidel had taken the city." The daughter-in-law of Guzman, Doña Uriaca Osorio, who is also buried here, was burnt alive by Pedro the Cruel, for refusing to become his mistress. Her epitaph also records the fate of her faithful maid Leonora Davalos, who insisted upon dying with her beloved mistress. As we emerged from the dark convent courts we came upon one of those striking views so completely Spanish in character, and which derive all their charm from its climate. In the distance, against faint blue mountains, the cathedral and town rose through a violet mist, then came the rich green plains, inter-

sected by long fiords of water; and on the rich dark Siena foreground, groups of gaily-dressed peasants, with their hundreds of pigs, stood out in the strongest relief of shadow against the brilliant sunset-colour. Fernando Cortes died hard by (December 9, 1597), at Castillejo de la Cuesta (now a country house of the Montpensiers), where Bernal Diaz says that he sought retirement for the purpose of making his will and preparing his soul for death; "and when he had settled his worldly affairs, our Lord Jesus Christ was pleased to take him from this troublesome world." He was first buried at S. Isidoro, but his remains were afterwards removed to Tezcuco, in New Spain.

Our last visit at Seville was to the site of the Quemadero, on the plain called Prado San Sebastian, outside the walls; where, and in the Plaza San Francisco, beneath the picturesque old Casa del Ayuntamiento, the *autos da fé* took place. The bricks of the long-used scaffold, where so many suffered, can only just be seen peeping through the grass beneath which time has so long been burying them. But here, that which Bossuet describes as "the holy severity of the Church of Rome, which will not tolerate error," burnt 34,601 persons alive, and 18,043 persons in effigy, between 1481 and

1700, besides imprisoning and sending to the galleys many thousands of others. In all cases the property of the sufferers was confiscated and their families left destitute. It can scarcely be wondered at that Seville is now foremost among Spanish cities in her search after a reformed faith. Many Protestant schools are opened, in which about four hundred children are being educated; and though they are preached against in the cathedral, and denounced from the pulpit of St. Vincent Ferrer, their teachers are gladly welcomed and universally treated with respect by the people. The church of S. Basilio has been bought from the Roman Catholics, and services are performed and sermons preached there in Spanish. When the building was being repaired by its new possessors, its roof was found to be full of the bones of children. Even at the English services Spaniards of the lower classes often appear, and behave reverently.

VIII.

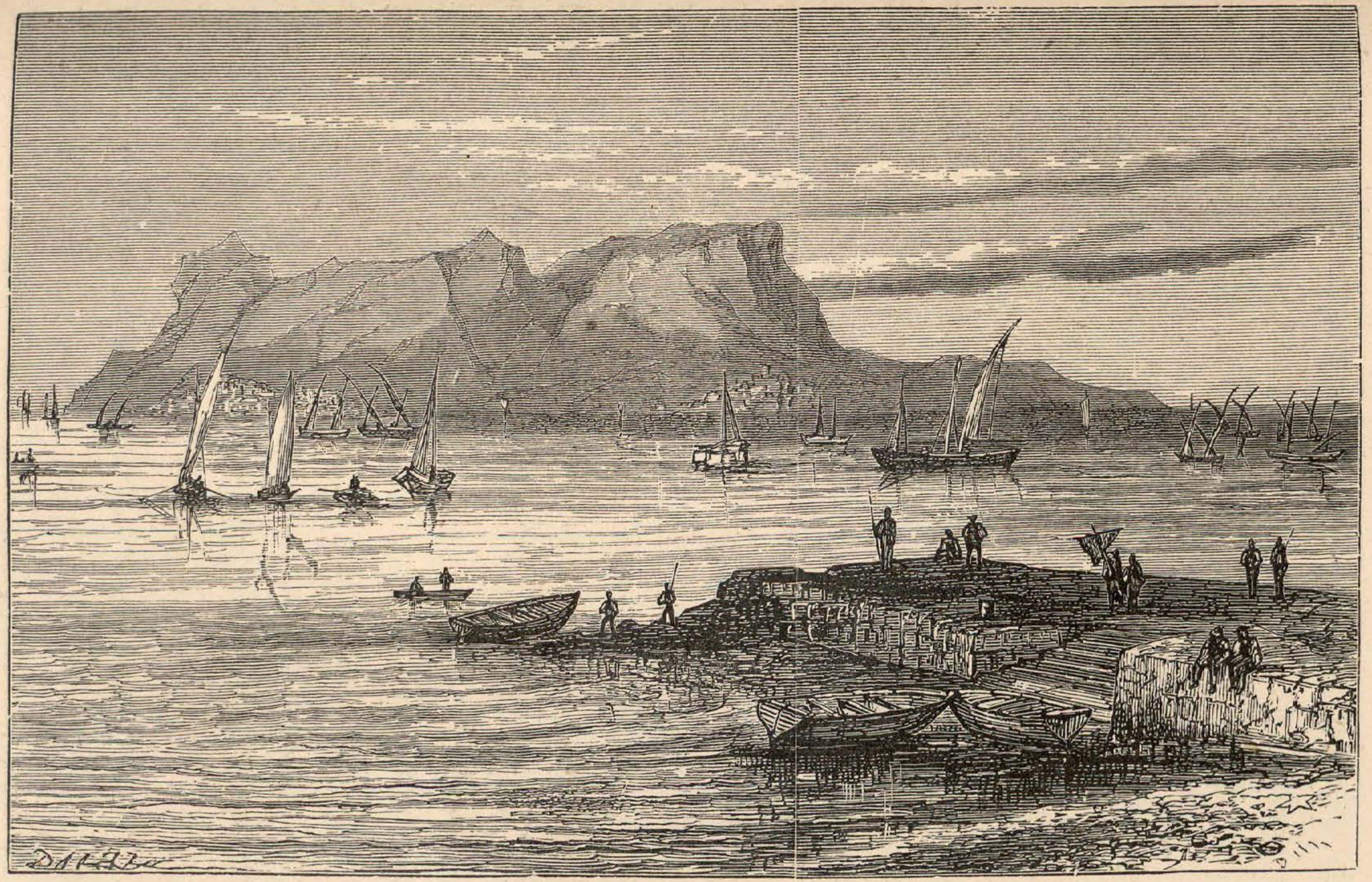
CADIZ AND GIBRALTAR.

injuries of which he died. But there is literally nothing else to see in Cadiz, and as the land road, which we had intended taking, was rendered quite impracticable by the recent rains, we were glad to find a steamer leaving next morning for Algeciras, opposite Gibraltar.

It was a lovely day, and a calm sea, which was a great subject of rejoicing, for even as it was the rickety Spanish vessel rolled disagreeably. Owing to the miserable slowness of everything, we were eleven hours on board. There was little interest till we reached the yellow headland of Trafalgar. Then the rugged outlines of the African coast rose before us, and we entered the straits, between Tarifa sleeping amid its orange groves on the Spanish coast, and the fine African peak above Ceuta. Soon, on the left, the great rock of Gibraltar rose from the sea like an island, though not the most precipitous side, which turns inwards towards the Mediterranean. But it was already gun-fire, and too late to join another steamer and land at the town, so we waited for a shoal of small boats which put out from Algeciras, and surrounded our steamer to carry us on shore.

Here we found in the Fonda Inglesa (kept by an English landlady), one of the most primitive but

charming little hotels we ever entered. The view from our rooms alone decided us to stay there some days. Hence, framed by the balcony, Gibraltar rose before us in all the glory of its rugged sharp-edged cliffs, grey in the morning, pink in the evening light, with the town at its foot, whence, at night, thousands of lights were reflected in the still water. In the foreground were groups of fishing-boats at anchor, and, here and there, a lateen sail flitted, like a white albatross, across the bay. On the little pier beneath us was endless life and movement, knots of fishermen, in their blue shirts and scarlet caps and sashes, mingling with solemn-looking Moors, in turbans, yellow slippers, and flowing burnouses, who were watching the arrival or embarkation of their wares; and an endless variety of travellers from all parts of Europe, waiting for different steamers, or come over to see the place. Here an invalid might stay, imbibing health from the fine air and sunshine, and never be weary of the ever-changing diorama. In every direction delightful walks wind along the cliffs through groves of aloes and prickly-pear, or descend into little sandy coves full of beautiful shells. Behind the town, a fine old aqueduct strides across the valley, and beyond it the wild



GIBRALTAR, FROM ALGECIRAS. P. 132

moors begin at once sweeping backwards to a rugged chain of mountains. Into the gorges of these mountains we rode one day, and most delightful they are, clothed in parts with magnificent old cork-trees, while in the depths of a ravine, overhung with oleander and rhododendron, is a beautiful waterfall.

It was with real regret that we left Algeciras and made the short voyage across the bay to Gibraltar, where we instantly found ourselves in a place as unlike Spain as it is possible to imagine. Upon the wharf you are assailed by a clamour of English-speaking porters and boatmen. Passing the gates, you come upon a barrack-yard swarming with tall British soldiers, looking wonderfully bright and handsome, after the insignificant figures and soiled, shabby uniforms of the Spanish army. Hence the Waterport Street opens, the principal thoroughfare of the town, though, from its insignificant shops, with English names, and its low public-houses, you have to look up at the strip of bright blue sky above, to be reminded that you are not in an English seaport.

Just outside the principal town, between it and the suburb of Europa, is the truly beautiful Alameda, an immense artificial garden, where

endless gravel paths wind through labyrinths of geranium and coronella and banks of flame-coloured ixia, which are all in their full blaze of beauty under the March sun, though the heat causes them to wither and droop before May. During our stay at Gibraltar, it has never ceased to surprise us that this Alameda, the shadiest and pleasantest place open to the public upon the Rock, should be almost deserted; but so it is. Even when the band playing affords an additional attraction, there are not a dozen persons to listen to it; whereas at Rome on such occasions, the Pincio, exceedingly inferior as a public garden, would be crowded to suffocation, and always presents a lively and animated scene.

One succession of gardens occupies the western base of the Rock, and most luxuriant and gigantic are the flowers that bloom in them. Castor-oil plants, daturas, and daphnes, here attain the dignity of timber, while geraniums and heliotropes many years old, are so large as to destroy all the sense of floral proportions which has hitherto existed in your mind. It is a curious characteristic, and typical of Gibraltar, that the mouth of a cannon is frequently found protruding from a thicket of flowers.

The eastern side of the Rock, in great part a perpendicular precipice, is elsewhere left uncultivated, and is wild and striking in the highest degree. Here, beyond the quaint Jewish cemetery of closely set gravestones, bearing Hebrew inscriptions on the open hillside, a rugged path winds through rocks and tangled masses of flowers and palmito, to a curious stalactitic cavern called Martin's Cave. On this side of the cliff a remnant of the famous "apes of Tarshish" is suffered to remain wild and unmolested, though their numbers, always very small, have lately been reduced by the ignorant folly of a young officer, who shot one and wounded nine others, for which he has been very properly impounded.

On the northern side of the Rock are the famous galleries, tunnelled in the face of the precipice, with cannon pointing towards Spain from their embrasures. Through these, or, better, by delightful paths, fringed with palmitos and asphodel, you may reach El Hacho, the signal station, whence the view is truly magnificent over the sea, and the mountain chains of the two continents, and down into the blue abysses beneath the tremendous precipice upon which it is placed.

The greatest drawback to the charms of Gibraltar

has seemed to us to be the difficulty of leaving it. It is a beautiful prison. We came fully intending to ride over the mountain passes by Ronda, but on arriving we heard that the whole of that district was in the hands of the brigands under the famous chief Don Diego, and the Governor positively refused to permit us to go that way. Our lamentations at this have since been cut short by the news of a double murder at the hands of the brigands on the way we wished to have taken, and at the very time we should have taken it. So we must go to Malaga by sea, and wait for the happy combination of a good steamer and calm weather falling on the same day.

IX.

GRANADA.

HOTEL DE LOS SIETE SUELOS, *April* 4.

LATE in the afternoon of the 15th of March we embarked on board the *Lisbon* in the dockyard of Gibraltar. It had been a lovely day, and the grand Rock had looked its best, its every cleft filled with flowers and foliage. The sun set before we had rounded Europa Point, and the precipitous cliffs of the eastern bay rose utterly black against the yellow sky. Then all was night, and in the warm starlight, the different groups of passengers made themselves comfortable on deck with cushions and mattresses.

At two A.M. a long line of lamps sparkling through the darkness showed that we had reached Malaga; but we had still many hours to wait before the health officers would visit us, without which we were not allowed to land, and daylight

gradually broke, and gilded first the mountain tops, and then the massive cathedral, the shipping, and the town. At seven our examiners came, and, standing in a boat beneath the steamer, demanded that all the crew should come up to the side of the vessel. "Show them all your tongues," said the captain, but apparently the inspection was not satisfactory, for they came on board afterwards, and examined each separately. Then the passengers were all called out, and great difficulty made because their number was one less than that entered in the books. "Being cannibals, we have eaten him since we left Gibraltar," explained the captain jocosely. At last we were allowed to bestow ourselves and our packages in the fleet of little boats whose owners were fighting to take us to the pier; a tiresome custom-house was ready to prove the Spanish rule that though custom-house duties need not be paid, custom-house officers must—and the proverb, "No hay tan ciegos que los que no quieren ver." Then the watermen, having done their best to extort twenty francs for doing almost nothing, and having, after a battle, been beaten down to ten, at last left us in peace at our hotel.

Malaga is the dearest place in Spain, being the

most Anglicised. The prices there are nearly the double of those in the northern towns. We wondered that it should be so much resorted to by invalids, as, when we were there, a fierce east wind was blowing, and the whole air was clouded with the thin white dust, which is almost a permanent misery, and prevents any enjoyment from walking. There is very little to see. The long Alameda is a dusty walk between insignificant trees, with a very pretty fountain at the end, which was brought by Charles V. from Genoa, and intended for his palace at Granada. The Græco-Roman cathedral was built in the sixteenth century, and is little worth visiting. It occupies the site of a mosque, and stands at the entrance of the moorish quarter of the town, which straggles up one side of a cactus-clothed hill, crowned by the Arabic castle of Gibralfaro. The surrounding country consists of ploughed lands over which the dust-storms sweep uninterruptedly, or yellow hills covered with the productive vines of Malaga.

The journey from Malaga to Granada is a difficult one. The only train leaves at half-past three in the afternoon, and takes passengers to Las Salinas. The railway runs through a gorge of most Salvator Rosa-like scenery, where the Xenil

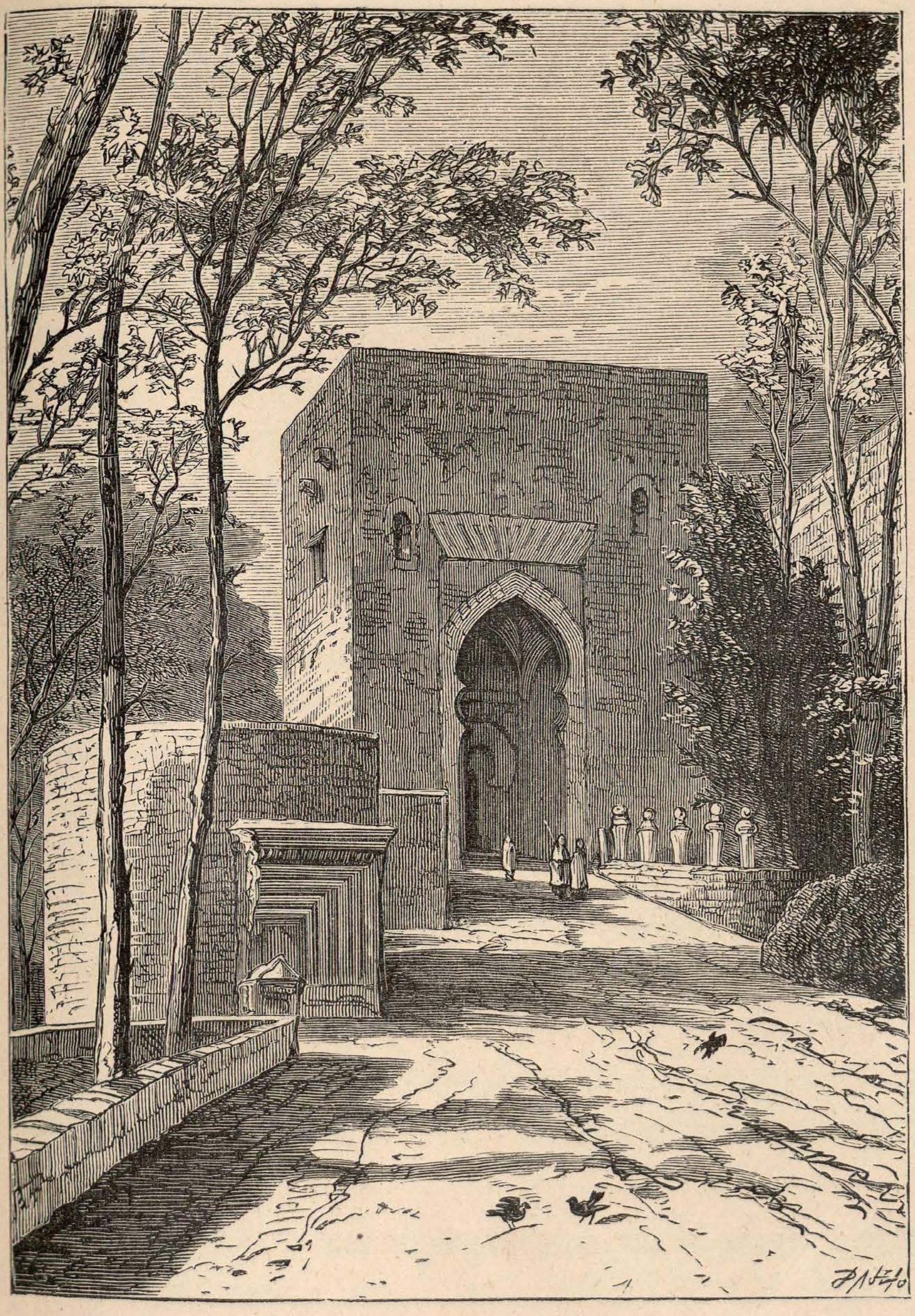
tosses wildly through a great rift in the rocky precipices, sometimes lost altogether beneath the cliffs, and then emerging more boisterous than ever. At Las Salinas two diligences were waiting for us, not nearly enough for the great number of passengers, so the crowding was dreadful. The road from hence was a mere track, broken in some places into deep quagmires and pools of water, mended in others by great lumps of rock thrown loosely down anyhow. Through and over these we floundered, thumped, jolted, and crashed, in a way which was absolutely frightful, especially when a precipice at the side, dimly seen through the night, added to the dangers. Every one was occupied in holding on as they best could. No one had time to think of the robbers, though many were known to be about, and we had an armed escort hanging on behind. As we reached Loja the road improved, and our sixteen mules swung us skilfully round the sharp corners of its narrow streets. In the valley below the town, the railway began again, and in two hours more, at half-past two A.M., we were at Granada, and climbing, in an omnibus, the ascent to the Hotel Siete Suelos, which is within the hallowed precincts of the Alhambra.

There is nothing more interesting than the

awakening in a place new, and yet so old, so well known from stories and pictures of earliest childhood, as Granada. And it was like an awakening in Paradise. Far below our windows a deep green gorge descends towards the town and vega, filled with tall elm-trees and carpeted with violets. Broad, well-kept paths run in different directions through this beautiful wood, skirted by rushing brooks of crystal water. In the different openings of the green glades are lofty stone basins, in which fountains plash and play, not sending forth a narrow jet such as one's recollection of an English fountain conveys, but bursting forth in a foaming mass of abundant waters. Here, nightingales sing incessantly in their season, and the whole wood is always alive with a chorus of singing birds. The trees, the only elms in Spain, except those in the garden of Aranjuez, indeed almost the only trees of any size which are not fruit trees, were planted by the Duke of Wellington. They have never been thinned, and though no individual tree can ever be a fine one, a change can scarcely be wished for, there is such a picturesqueness in the immensely tall, narrow, interlacing stems, in the arching foliage which bends and meets in mid-air over the roadways, and in the swinging garlands

of ivy which drop here and there from the high branches. On the right, the red towers of the Alhambra guard the heights; to the left, glimpses of the snowy Sierra-Nevada may be caught here and there through the trees. Almost adjoining the house is the famous tower of the Siete Suelos, from whose postern gate Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings, passed out with his family after the conquest of Granada. Altogether a more enchanting dwelling-place can scarcely be imagined than the Hotel of Los Siete Suelos.

It is scarcely five minutes' walk through the wood to the entrance of the Alhambra, the grand "Gate of Justice," beneath which the Moorish kings dispensed judgment. Over the first arch is seen a hand with the fingers uplifted as in a Neapolitan talisman. Over the second arch is a key. Only when the hand grasped the key, said the Moors, could the Alhambra be taken. Above the gate runs the inscription placed there by its founder Yusuf, in 1348, "May the Almighty make this a bulwark of protection, and inscribe its erection amongst the imperishable actions of the just." No artist will fail to sketch this gate—either its glowing orange walls, seen through the deep shadows of the wood, or combined with the pictu-



GATE OF JUSTICE, ALHAMBRA. P. 142

resque Berruguete fountain, of the time of Charles V., which stands beneath its terrace wall.

Hence, by a winding vaulted passage, we arrive at the upper platform of the Alhambra. That part which we reach first, gay with fountains and myrtle-fringed gardens, is called the Plaza de los Algibes—the place of Moorish cisterns. On its left are the rugged range of yellow towers which enclose the Alcazaba-Kassábah, or citadel; on the right is the grand palace of Charles V., built of bright yellow stone, reminding one in its colour of the Coliseum, and in its forms of the Otto Heinrichs Bau at Heidelberg. Its windows, which have never been glazed, frame broad strips of deep blue sky, but its caryatides and bas-reliefs are still fresh as if from the workman's chisel. The arrangement is curious, as the interior is an immense circular court-yard, though the exterior is quadrangular. Beyond the palace are more trees and gardens, a church, a convent, a mosque, a little town, all within the castellated precincts of the hill, which is pointed at both ends, and girdled with towers.

From the terraced wall you look down upon the great town, which is still one of the largest in Spain, though its population, 400,000 under the

Moors, is now reduced to 75,000. Above the vast expanse of whitewashed houses, the churches, towers, and cypresses, rises conspicuously the Græco-Roman cathedral, where the first Christian sovereigns of Granada rest side by side. The nearest hill is covered all over with prickly pear, intersected by narrow paths leading to caves, in which a great part of the gipsy population burrow and live. Between this and the platform on which we stand, rushes the rapid gold-producing Darro, emerging from a rocky gorge in the mountains, and, as it enters the town, becoming lined with the quaintest old houses, leaning, bracketed, over its stream, and looking as if they would topple over every moment. Each wall is full of balconies, upon which bright-coloured clothes are hanging out to dry in the sun, while the parapets are lined with large red vases filled with hyacinths and yellow gladiolus, and pinks and nasturtiums stream downwards luxuriantly from the boxes beneath. Here a high gothic bridge, there a broken Moorish arch, spans the narrow river. As your eye follows the Darro to its junction with the Xenil, the houses become thinner, till at length they are lost altogether in the bright green of the vega, shut in on two sides by chains of beautiful mountains, and

backed by the Sierra-Nevada, one sheet of untarnished snow, which, under this deep blue sky, is almost too dazzling to look upon.

If we turn away from the view to the hill-garden itself, what a scene of life and sunshine it is! how fresh its rich foliage and flowers, how abundant its fountains! It is as if all the natural beauties of Spain were concentrated on this one spot, which seems to belong to a different country altogether to the desolated treeless plains of the rest of the peninsula. What picturesque figures are constantly passing backwards and forwards!—copper-coloured gipsies with blue-black hair, the men in embroidered jackets with hanging silver buttons, scarlet fajas round their waists, and broad-brimmed sombreros; the women in bright pink and yellow petticoats, and with large bunches of flowers, generally yellow by way of strongest contrast, pinned behind their black locks. Each scene at the doors of the encircling towers, which are mostly let out to poor families, is a study. What combinations of colour! what picturesqueness in the natural grouping of the figures, with their pigs, their goats, and their dogs, the latter generally called Melampo, Cubilon, or Lubina, because such are said to have been the names of the three

favoured animals who accompanied the shepherds to look upon the newly-born Infant at Bethlehem, and dogs called by those names never go mad.

Much of the Moorish palace was destroyed by Charles V. when he erected his own building. That which remains occupies so very small a portion of the Alhambra precincts, and is so concealed behind the later edifice, that at first a stranger will wonder where it can be, and if he goes round to the back, and is told that some low pointed shed-like roofs enclose the most beautiful building in the world, will think it quite impossible. This excessively plain exterior was adopted to avert the evil eye, which scowls upon that which is too prosperous. It is by a narrow alley, ending in a low door-way behind the palace of Charles, that you enter the building. But, as you pass that door-way, you are translated out of fact-land into fairy-land. You never think again about size, all the proportions are so perfect. Court succeeds court, and hall follows hall with a bewildering loveliness of sculpture quite indescribable, and which, though endlessly varied, is perfectly harmonious. A petrified veil of the most delicate lace covers every wall, formed partly by flowers and geometrical patterns, but in the main intention of

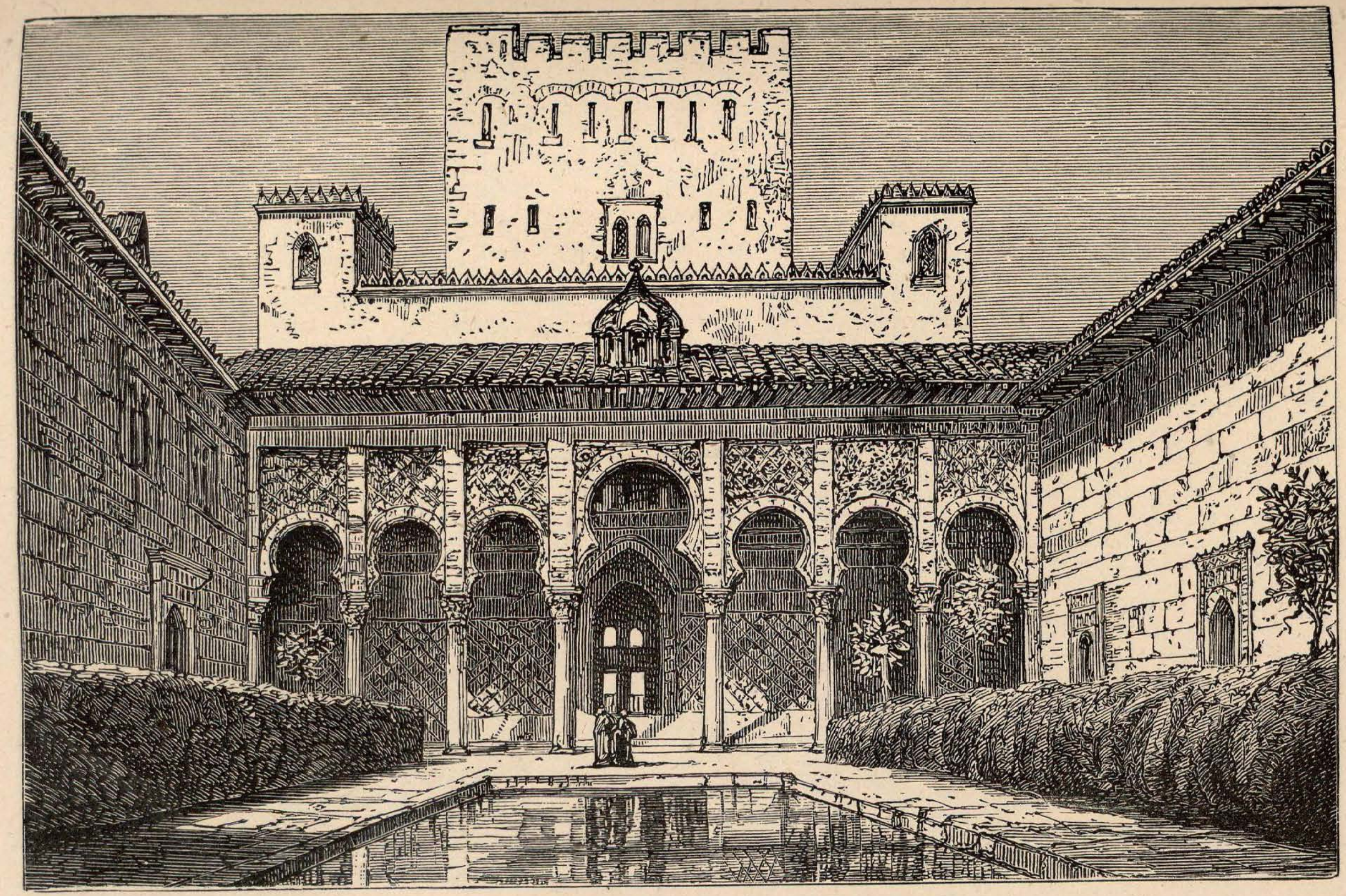
its fretwork, as strictly religious as the sculpture of a gothic cathedral, and filled with sentences and maxims from the Koran, which it is intended to bring constantly before the eyes and heart of the beholder. Over and over again also occurs the motto "Wa la glaliba—illa—allah," "There is no conqueror but God"— the words which Ibn-l-Ahmar answered to his subjects, when they came forth to meet him as he returned victorious to Granada, greeting him at the same time as "Galib"—the conqueror. The delicate creamy pink of the stucco adds to the magical effect of the whole. The only inmates are the martlets, which build under the overhanging eaves, and are for ever flying in and out of their nests,—the only birds sacred and unmolested in Spain, because they are believed to have plucked off the thorns from the crown of our Saviour as He hung upon the cross. In a few places fragments of colour remain, the primary colours, blue, red, and yellow, having been the only ones used by the Moors.

In the Hall of the Ambassadors Aveshah girt her son with a sacred sword, with which he was to defend the kingdom against the invaders. But the young sultana Maymuna wept over his departure, when she heard that he had struck his lance against the gateway and broken it, an omen which gave him the name of

the Catholic sovereigns, departed for ever by the gate of the Siete Suelos, which, in accordance with his last request to Isabella, was walled up, so that no one might ever use it again. From the spur of the Alpuxarras, still called "El ultimo sospiro del Moro," he looked his last upon the town, and wept as he beheld it. "It is well," said the stern Ayeshah, "that you should weep as a woman for what you could not defend as a man."

Several of the towers round the walls are well worth visiting, especially those of Las Infantas and La Cautiva, which are filled with exquisite Moorish tracery, though much defaced by the French. The latter tower derives its name from a Christian captive who the then Moorish king wished to add to his harem, and who, when she found no other means of protection, flung herself from its window, beneath which her lifeless form was found by her knightly lover, who came that day to her rescue. In the same neighbourhood, in a charming garden, is the beautiful little mosque, in which Yusuf I., the principal builder of the Alhambra, was murdered at his prayers.

Issuing from the walls near this by the Torre del Pico, whose battlements were added by Ferdinand and Isabella, one may cross the glen



COURT OF BLESSING, ALHAMBRA.

to the Generalife,* a summer villa of the Moorish sovereigns. Its gardens are so lovely, with their wide views over the town and vega, that Andersen and many other travellers have even preferred this palace to the Alhambra. Through its cloistered courtyard, rushes, fresh from its source, an impetuous life-diffusing branch of the Darro. Its decorations, much injured by whitewash, are still full of grace and beauty; its faded pictures of the Spanish kings and queens, unimportant as works of art, are yet interesting here from their historic associations; and its venerable cypresses, beneath one of which the Sultana Zoraya is said to have met her Abencerrage lover, are the most magnificent in Spain.

It requires many visits to understand the Alhambra, and for this purpose all who stay any length of time at Granada should arm themselves with an order, "per estudiare," from the governor, Señor Contreras, who lives in the house near the entrance, which contains the beautiful arch called the "Puerta del Vino." Unsupplied with this, the

* An order for the Generalife, now belonging to the great Genoese family of Grimaldi, must be obtained in the town from the Italian Consul, who will at the same time exhibit Boabdil's beautiful inlaid sword.

traveller will be incessantly persecuted by the troop of officious and greedy guides who lurk in the entrance. Each light in each hour of the day has its own special charm, and lends its own peculiar effect to some part of the building; but no one should miss a visit by moonlight, when the Court of Lions, strangely expanded in size, looks as if it were wrought in burnished silver, and when all modern changes are lost in shadow, and only the beautiful ideal of the Arabian palace remains in its splendour. At sunset, crossing the kitchen garden which occupies the interior of the Alcazaba, the Torre de la Vela should be ascended for the sake of the view, the last tower on the southern point of the promontory, where, even from Moorish times, a loud bell, beginning at "Las Animas" (8½ P.M.), and continuing till daylight, has announced to the farmers of the plain that they might turn aside the waters of the river for the irrigation of their meadows. It was upon this tower that the Christian standard and cross were first raised after the conquest, and a cross in the wall still marks the exact spot. Hence the fiery orb of the sun will be seen grandly disappearing behind the purple mountains, and the snowy ranges of the Sierra Nevada bathed with

rose-colour in the after-glow. The whole scene will call to mind the lines of George Eliot in the "Spanish Gipsy:"—

> "The old rain-fretted mountains in their robes
> Of shadow-broken grey; the rounded hills
> Reddened with blood of Titans, who huge limbs
> Entombed within, feed full the hardy flesh
> Of cactus green and blue-sworded aloes;
> The cypress soaring black above the lines
> Of white court-walls; the pointed sugar-canes
> Pale-golden with their feathers motionless
> In the warm quiet; all thought-teaching form
> Utters itself in firm unshimmering lines."

While our minds were still full of sympathy for the exiled Moors, and while every detail relating to their conquest was of interest to us, we drove out to Zubia, whither the great Isabella came during the siege, to look upon Granada, and where she narrowly escaped being taken prisoner. After her victory, she erected a hermitage there, to commemorate her escape, which still stands amid some tall cypresses, and contains faded portraits of Ferdinand and Isabella. A thicket of bay is shown as that in which the queen hid herself with her children, and was concealed by the closely entwined branches, like Charles in the oak, until the enemy had passed by.

Another short excursion may be made to Santa Fé, the town which rose during the siege, built in eighty days by the indomitable Isabella, after her troops had been rendered shelterless from the accidental destruction of the camp by fire. Here, the crucifix, which the queen carried with her, is preserved in a small chapel. Not far off is the old bridge of Pinos, the spot which Columbus had reached when, wearied by five years' waiting and petitioning at the Spanish court, he was about to offer his services to Henry VII. of England. Hither the messengers of the queen pursued him, and brought him back to arrange at Santa Fé the expedition which ended in the discovery of America.

The story of the conquest is told in a series of curious bas-reliefs in the "Capilla de los Reyes," which joins the cathedral. Isabella is seen riding into Granada on her white palfrey, with Ferdinand on one side and Cardinal Mendoza on the other, Boabdil presents the keys, and numbers of despondent Moors are pouring out of the gates of the town. Again, the Moors are represented as being baptized *en masse*, their costume exactly the same as that which may still be seen at Tangiers. In front of the retablo which contains these sculptures,

are the magnificent tombs of the Catholic sovereigns. Ferdinand and Isabella lie side by side upon a lofty sarcophagus. Both figures are beautiful, but that of Isabella (Elizabetha in Latin) is indeed worthy of her whom Shakespeare called "the queen of earthly queens," and Lord Bacon describes as "an honour to her sex and the corner-stone of the greatness of Spain." The effect of her character upon those she lived amongst, is touchingly portrayed in a letter written by Peter Martyr from beside her death-bed:—"You ask me of the state of the queen's health. We all sit in the palace all day sorrowing, and tremblingly await the hour when religion and virtue shall quit the earth with her. Let us pray that we may be permitted to follow whither she is now going. She so far exceeds all human excellence, that there is scarcely anything mortal left in her. Hers can hardly be called death, it is rather the passing into a nobler and higher existence, which should excite our envy instead of our sorrow. She leaves a world filled with her renown, and goes to enjoy a life everlasting with her God in heaven. I write in the alternations of hope and fear, while her breath is still fluttering within her."

Close to that of her parents, is the tomb (a beau-

tiful work of the Genoese Peralta) of Joanna and her handsome husband Philip of Burgundy. In the vault beneath, the four coffins may be seen. That of Philip is most interesting, as being the same which Joanna carried about with her everywhere, often passionately embracing it, and watching it constantly for forty-seven years, in the tearless madness of her long widowhood. A magnificent reja by Bartolomé of Jaen (1533) screens off the tombs from the rest of the chapel. Round the cornice is inscribed:—"This chapel was founded by the most catholic Don Fernando and Doña Isabel, King and Queen of Las Espanas, Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem, who conquered this kingdom and restored it to our faith; who acquired the Canary Isles and the Indies, as well as the cities of Oran, Tripoli, and Bugia; who crushed heresy, expelled the Moors and Jews from these realms, and reformed religion. The Queen died Tuesday, Nov. 26, 1504. The King died Jan. 23, 1516. The building was completed in 1517." In the sacristy are portraits of Philip and Joanna, and in one of the chapels of the cathedral are fine pictures of Ferdinand and Isabella, copies of the originals by Rincon, which were destroyed by fire.

The plan of the cathedral (which is the work of

Diego de Siloe, son of the sculptor of the tombs at Miraflores) is a very noble and peculiar one. The central aisle, forty feet in width, instead of ending in an apse, expands into a dome seventy feet in diameter, beneath which is the high altar. The side aisles also end in altars; an ambulatory surrounds the whole. In the side chapels are very fine works of Alonzo Cano, especially one of that picturesque subject often treated by Spanish painters—"the Solitude of the Virgin."

There is a great deal more to be seen in Granada. The principal Moorish street, "El Zacatin," remains, and, adjoining it, the "Alcaiceria," or silk bazaar, consisting of two narrow alleys, beautifully adorned with stucco and sculpture in the style of the Alhambra. Of the same character is the old Moorish gateway on the other side of the Darro, built in 1070, but now called "Puerta del Carbon," from the Carboneros who frequent it. Near the Darro, opposite the ruin of a horse-shoe bridge, is a Moorish bath, having a coved roof supported on low pillars, with richly carved capitals. The church of San Geronimo was built in 1497 by Talavera, confessor of the Catholic sovereigns, and first Archbishop of Granada. He was anxious to convert the Moors by kindness, and translated the

church services into Arabic for their use. He afterwards wished to translate the Bible likewise, but was prevented by Cardinal Ximenes, who declared that "Hebrew, Greek, and Latin were the only languages in which the word of God ought to be used—the three languages plainly pointed out to mankind by the inscription on the cross itself." San Geronimo contains the empty tomb of the great Captain Fernando Gonsalez of Cordova, who lived at Granada during the latter years of his life, being driven to a life of complete retirement by the jealousy of Ferdinand and the animosity of his second queen Germaine. At the very time of his death Ferdinand had given orders for his arrest, fearing that he was about to embark for Flanders, yet the king and the whole court went into mourning for him, and a hundred banners waved above his tomb till the year 1600. His painted statue remains in the church, with that of his wife Doña Maria Manrique, who survived him only a few days, but their bodies are no longer here; they were actually exhumed by the revolutionary Government in 1870, and carried in a tin box to Madrid, where a kind of Pantheon has been made in the church of San Francisco el Grande with labelled pigeon-holes for all the great men of

Spain. Some English travellers, wishing to take seats in the diligence that day, were told that they could not have them, because the places were bespoken for El Gran Capitan!

The neighbouring hospital of San Juan de Dios is very interesting, as having been founded by the saint himself in the early part of the sixteenth century. He preached the necessity of hospitals on this spot with such ardour that he was considered mad and shut up in an iron cage, which is shown. His teaching, however, still brings forth fruit here, and the hospital, whose wards all open upon a spacious cloistered quadrangle, is admirably arranged and attended to.

Hence a short walk into the country brings one to a spot bearing the Moorish name of Hinadamar, where stands the Cartuja, a Carthusian convent and church, decorated somewhat in the style of the Certosa of Pavia. The jaspers, marbles, and inlaid work of ebony and tortoiseshell are very gorgeous, though their taste may be questioned. The most real treasure preserved here is a small statuette of San Bruno by Alonzo Cano, one of the most expressive representations of touching humility and suffering that can be imagined. The old guide delights to point out the quaint images formed by

the vagaries of the veins in the alabaster and agate decorations—an "Ecce Homo," a "Mater Dolorosa," a "Grenadina in her Mantilla," &c. The cloisters are surrounded by a horrible series of paintings, representing the history of the order, especially the awful sufferings of the English Carthusians under Thomas Cromwell, which, if true, may weigh heavily in the scale against the martyrdoms under Catholic Mary. These pictures are the work of Juan Sanchez Cotan, a brother of the order, who was of such eminent piety and purity of life, that the Virgin herself is believed to have descended from heaven in order to give him a sitting for her likeness, upon which he was engaged.

As he returns to the town the pedestrian should pause, for here, at the entrance of Granada, occurred one of the most striking scenes of history. The body of the beautiful and beloved Isabella of Portugal, wife of Charles V., had been brought hither by slow stages, attended by all the young knights who had faithfully served her in life. Among these was Francis Borgia, Duke of Gandia. At the entrance of Granada the corpse was uncovered, and the attendants pressed forward to gaze upon the honoured features of their mistress for the last time. But under the terrible hand of

death all her beauty had disappeared, and Borgia was so overwhelmed by the change of decay, that he abandoned for ever the vanities of the world to become an ascetic, a priest, and eventually a saint of the Catholic Church.

Wearied by much sight-seeing, a tourist may refresh his eyes and mind in the beautiful Alameda near the junction of the Xenil and Darro, where the aristocratic part of the population, always conscientiously employed in doing nothing, unite every summer evening and winter afternoon. The ladies universally wear mantillas and carry fans; the gentlemen are so well dressed that Mr. Poole himself might take a lesson from the crack tailor of Granada. The older Alameda, lined with fine old trees, and ending in fountains, is not inappropriately called "El Salon," for there society meets and does its chief business. It is a regular evening party in public and in the open air, a Vanity Fair in miniature,—the unmarried daughters, followed by their admirers, being paraded up and down by their parents, not unmindful perhaps of the old Spanish proverb, "Three daughters and a mother are four devils for a father." On festas the assembly extends to all classes, and numbers of majas may be seen in gaudy dresses with flowers

in their hair, attended by their majos in their velvet jackets and bright sashes, and with the stick—"vara"—in their hands, without which no well-bred majo ever appears in public. More, probably, is spent upon dress, taking all the classes together, in Spain than in any other country of Europe; only, in the provinces, the soldiers often appear shabby and ragged, for they are not only irregularly paid, but are sometimes unsupplied with even the most necessary articles of clothing. Thus the following placard appeared upon the walls of the Andalusian towns proposing a reward for the defenders of Algeciras and Tarifa:—"El brigadier Cordoba ha abierto una suscricion, poniendose á la cabeza de ella, para regalar un *par de pantalones* de paño à los valientes soldados de Asturias."

In the week preceding Passion Week large placards appeared, headed by a picture of the Crucifixion, and the words, "Jesu Redemptor" in large letters. They announced a "Passion Play" to be acted in the theatre. The whole story of the last days of our Saviour was enacted, as at Ober-Ammergau—the Last Supper, and the Crucifixion itself, being represented upon the stage. A burlesque was by no means intended, yet some

parts bordered upon the ludicrous. One scene was rapturously encored by the audience; it was when Judas descended to the infernal regions amid a crash of thunder and a blaze of blue lights! It is due to the venerable Archbishop of Granada to say that he strongly deprecated this exhibition, and did all he could to oppose it.

All the ceremonies of Holy Week at Rome are reproduced on a minor scale here, and on Holy Thursday the Archbishop washes the feet of twelve pilgrims in the cathedral. On Good Friday the whole population wear black.

Easter Sunday is a great day in Granada, not because the resurrection of our Saviour is commemorated on that day, but because then at five P.M. the famous "Virgen de las Angustias" goes forth from her church to visit a sister-image in the cathedral. That afternoon the streets assumed the most festal appearance; the windows were hung with red, yellow, and blue draperies, and the balconies were filled with gaily dressed ladies. Long before the hour arrived the whole of the Alameda was filled from end to end with a dense multitude of expectant people, and hundreds of boys were rushing about in front of the sanctuary waving long branches of green elder, which they